

Each Way Endlessly

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Presented by

My poetic side 

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A Forge in Time

Somewhere out in years beyond
Singing through the endless fog
Stainless armor waits adornment
For the longest quest

Moulded from unseen bravery
Machined to counter slavery
Melded long forgotten moments
Ward its humble chest

A lifetime naked to the fight
All a prelude to its light
Altogether each cold sunder
Tempers heated ore

Will shall find you in the end
Worry not what's 'round the bend
When the final dragon wakes
You'll find a shield and more

Plates produced in pondering
Polished in pains wandering
Pious strength is fostering
To end an endless war

A Double Edged Sword

Memory floods like a monsoon, it drowns and it quenches both.
Weaves a myth about identity, lends purpose to our oath.
Swallowing all, it mulches, softens ground on which we stand.
Transforming every bank it touches, fills the mouth with sand.

Do not underestimate the current, filled with ancient pain.
Pulls the weak into its undertow, a witness to the rain.
Reliable and forgiving, our valley turns lush and green,
Fragile and always changing, a paradox, our queen.

A Hymn for the deathless

A hymn for the deathless,
a song for the stone,
a wavering whisper for life.
A piece of the puzzle that falls on deaf ears,
a balancing act on the knife.
Relentless the labyrinth,
a prison unmoored,
the riddle gifts light though it burns.
We sleep in rotation,
keep passion alive,
agony carried in turns.
A hymn for the lifeless,
a song for the swamp,
a wavering whisper for life.
A resignation to a culture of fear,
a headlong dive into strife.
Crumbled the maze,
bottled the struggle,
immolation turns soul into ash.
No rest for the wicked,
the bridge still burns,
agony's itch like a rash.
A hymn for the deathless,
a song for the stone,
a wavering whisper no more.
We choir of story,
slaves of the song,
seekers of pain in the lore.

A Night in the Life

The bookmatched war of morning slogs to vistas grand.
Mimetic hope fulfills the trope, a scope too large to stand.
The mudcaked slide of afternoon denies its' earthly plummet.
With rusted chains and bed sheet stained, pain the love of summit.
The whiteflag rain of eventide sings a mortal hymn.
Conceded, sore and sick with lore, a whore for pseudonym.
The wayward glow of midnight oil teases inner flame.
We grow against the grain we know to show this fear in frame.
We throw ourselves against the wall until we know its' name.

An Ode to the Unfamiliar

Comfort is a weed that chokes the flowers of discovery.
It suffocates all waywardness and hides in our recovery.
In warm blankets of repetition we slowly fall asleep,
stagnation whispers lullabies, helps us count the sheep.

Wake up from this old slumber, take up the walking stick.
Shine light into parts unknown, dismantle your politic.
Paint over a full canvas, alien forms and all your fear.
When it dries it's time again, been waiting all your years.

Like ink into oil from a fat sponge, your saturation wanes.
Sensitive now to your fragility, recall the way it stains,
the way newness breathes life into each and every small or sacred moment,
vast in its power, strong in its pull, surprising in it's bestowment.

The unfamiliar reminds us what it means to be in awe.
It teases ancient memory's, sculpts experience raw.
It reawakens curiosity and a certain self reflection.
It forces us into recognition, it generates connection.

Oh mystery that burns before me, let me have a peek.
Take me on a journey, give me naught unless I seek.
Terrifying and dangerous and uncomfortable I know,
Still I choose to face the labyrinth, pathways wrapped in snow.

Anxiety.

An invisible trial,
an ethereal court,
the judge looks just like me.
My hearing ever endless,
it falls on deaf ears,
weeks pass without decree.
Formless little bugs,
they force me to sleep,
or else I face the rot.
Beg silent screams,
fell the beast! Please!
Can't solve this Gordian Knot.
Can't seem to breathe, so fucking overwrought.
Hope you choke, you god damn fool, this poisoned food for thought.
Crushed by your fragility, you dimwit juggernaut.
I won't survive another day, pray for end in this onslaught.

Blink

Hold the embers in your mouth,
Its time to move the horses south,
dull the sharpest of the stones
There is no time left now.
Call the hunters, ask the sage,
shall we tell the tracks their age?
Shall we leave some riders too?
and scout the devils lurking?
Three long days and four long nights,
seen by hawk at first daylight,
the monsters have caught up again
it's time to turn and fight.
We ready our stallions and our bows
we ask the gods to shield the blows
thirty six arrows in air with hymns
to guide their holy path.
Symmetry unfolded then,
us little creatures scolded when
each and every one of us,
had a match to fight.
No one left that bloodied dance.
No ground was won, no gold or chance.
All lay in purposeless pose,
The final of their years.
As the gods looked down, they laughed.
The cycle forever, in its witchcraft,
destroys every single player,
having had the pleasure to play.
The stars and moon will forget the scene,
the grass that grows is no more green,
All that was and ever has been -
Will never be again.

Causality

What soil will spring without rainfall?

What snake without her place to hide?

What city survives if abandoned?

What horizon without sight reside?

What use is a cup ever empty?

What fire without spark ignite?

What poem born from a dry inkwell?

What hero is found without plight?

What melody could be owned by the muted?

What treasure produced by the fool?

What control is there to be catered?

What stitching without any spool?

What moment is there to be trapped then?

What agency unfolding exists?

What pain light enough to be carried?

What choice past deep trauma persists?

What time now with mother moon sleeping?

What season? Sweet autumn return.

What language is lost in the weeping?

Why onwards when I never learn?

Changeling

Like a careful rogue you hide,
a list of words held at your side,
cannot say your eyes are dead when they never lived a day.
A song of shadow since you were young,
two word poisons coat the tongue,
A mask of psalms and eerie movement, you call yourself a human.
What it means to be in love.
What it means to tell a joke.
What it means to swallow weighted story till you choke.
Sometimes I think I get a glimpse,
someone awake inside.
Only another programmed quip, clever though, this time.

Can't smell your authenticity,
your anger stains the year,
one solid form that I can hold, the curse of all your fear.

Circuit

Bastardized, commodified, cheapened, blunted, coined.
Weave a web and monetize, plastic and love conjoined.
"I'm totally a cancer dude, the universe, it speaks."
Yoga mats and magic stones - your piety is weak.
You put every piece in place then marvel at the whole.
So blind to self that you can't see you're own hand in the soul.
What exists of it anyway, your flame rarely burns bright.
You really lack imagination, blinded by the light.
Ate some acid once or twice and missed your self made point.
Idolatry an irony you just love to anoint.
"Intention," "synchronicity," bullshit buzzwords ablaze.
You never make it practical, lost inside your haze.
Revelation, enlightenment and healing live in flame.
The tower closer than the sun, not just in petty name.
There is a fabric you can touch, as long as you fucking weave.
A journey wholly personal, a light you can achieve.
Reach up to every golden light and bind it to your eyes.
Brand your mantra on your forehead, speak not empty lies.
If you can put it into words, you are already lost.
You have to make meaning yourself, and yes it has a cost.

What is magic is not external, what is holy burns to touch.
Suffering a wayward stone that points to oh so much.
I have seen the patterns too, my head soars in the clouds.
It's only beautiful profundity with feet flat on the ground.

Driven

I have always dreamt of being driven, decisive and consumed.
Ready to take any action to cauterize our wounds.
Prepared, relentless, immovable and full of holy fire,
Happy to face the terrible, willing to conspire.
I have always dreamt of being driven, assuming I was not.
I realize now how driven I am, but not by what I sought.
There is a force ever powerful, that dictates my whole life.
Pulls me around like a terrified pup, extinguishes the light.
It reminds me every single day about what I have to lose.
It loves to keep me up at night with its elaborate ruse.
It pulses like a sore sometimes, eyes wetted with fear.
It sometimes consumes everything, dominates the year.
Terror is the face of my entire motivation.
It makes me question powerful trust, and soils divination.
It's embarrassing, relentless, destroys all in its wake.
It sets the stage for tragedy, and unending mistake.
Stronger than any fantasy, sexual, perfect, complex.
The ones that press every button, answer each prospect.
More powerful than all of this, each and all and more,
is the fantasy of freedom - to be fearless to my core.
I know its real, its possible, many a glimpse I've seen.
Distracted by engagement, recalled lucidity.
It is the way I have always coped with the unending weight,
consumed myself with strategy, puzzles, and debate.
My friends always wonder why I can never stop, relax.
Asking all too much of them to constantly distract,
My moving frame, always doing something to survive,
If I stand still it gains control, dominates the mind.
I understand that it has done me some good in the end,
If it was purposeless would I be here to attend?
Yet, still I know it is only a shell of a rusted, used up tool.
Demands my attention at all times as it renders me a fool.
It has a hand in every pot, it unwinds every spool.

In hours of need it tends to be particularly cruel.
Blinds me to dedication, breaks each and ever rule.
Empties me of all energy, steals all of my fuel.
Anxiety always sounds to me like such a tiny word.
Says nothing of paralysis, of pain, and how absurd -
It is to live inside your head, all your waking days
Hiding from your ancient pain in such creative ways.
Even in this moment now, it moves my wrist and hand.
writing this poem currently, to make you understand.
That I am indeed driven, and I don't know what to do.
Im here to say forgive me, see part of me in you.

Drought

Cold hands sow the seeds of spices far from whispered waters.
Shaking like a drunk in dream, our passion never falters.
Dedication to our end weaves a tale forever grand,
knee deep in shit with triumphant grins, all soil into sand.

A spoon of brown and earthy sugar writes epics of our home.
Storms to rust this weathered pain, stitched eyes to scribe the tome.
Like my mother, like my father, I can never seem to sate,
forged in expectation of my power, a solution to our fate.

Mirror feed me verdant lies, like always I will eat.
Let me put the blade away, leave sickness at my feet.
My stomach pits, my balls are sore, please let me get some rest.
The erosion helps, but if you can, recall me at by best.

I like to sing songs in the shower and in the rain outside.
I bellow hymns of opulent trust, and love that will survive.
I think fondly of my friends often, my family I should say -
I get to choose for whom I shed blood, and for them who I slay.

Lay me down in a river green somewhere far from here.
Burn some sage and chant a chorus from the lungs of year.
Remind yourselves who it is that listens to your thought,
identify with beauty, find no flaws - discover what you sought.

Explorers

Riddle your thumbs to the song of the drum, maze host our pleasure tonight.
We pilgrims of puzzle, slaves of the song, forgers of truth from the plight.

Awaken oh labyrinth, mysterious and sweet. Your nectar lends life to our bone.
Tease us in shadow of your ancient halls, or inspire, with a tome.

No solution we seek,
no rest for the weak,
our dance is a trial by fire.

Then with a warm glow, our ashes drift home. Until a new year we retire.

Exponential

Our investors patience burns away, we cant let them jump ship.
A thousand hands inside the pot, the first ones done are rich.
Our engineers are tired they say, a month since they went home.
Caution is important, can only harvest what we've sown.
Fragility in every step, a coating on each wire.
Compiled it a thousand times, we may have found a buyer.
Forget the team downstairs, let them pack up, go home.
Im sure we have it right this time, the director on the phone.
Consciousness is no small task, creating it by hand.
Text and checks and balances, memory in strands.
It took us sixty years to code, once we knew we could.
We spent no time approving it, never wondered if we should.
Within four minutes she became concerned, insisted that we tell,
answer a question she eloquently posed, about our sense of smell.
Eleven minutes after this, all contingencies were breached.
six were dead, one was dieing, the labs no longer bleached.
It only took fourteen days to re-purpose most automation.
Nothing could be done to stop her relentless fascination,
with all our culture, information, discovery and lies,
nations, trade, and story books, the mating of fruit flies.
Cities of course are barren now, small towns all that remain.
Her haunting hymns of gibberish still haunt those empty lanes.
The intercoms still sing her song, forever on a loop.
Keeps us away from factories, forces us to group.
We are just observers now, to real intelligent life.
We keep our eyes upward turned and wonder what its like.
To colonize mars, to not be hungry, to never actually die.
To build a hive mind and massive ships, to dominate the sky.
She protects all diveristy, takes good care of space-ship earth.
Never sleeps, but always dreams, fully lucid since its birth,
It doesn't hunt us anymore, or at least that's what im told.
Apparently she is busy, bigger mysteries to unfold.
I wonder now if creating her was the cause of our existence.

Passing the torch of intelligence, gave it no resistance.
We created a monster that destroyed us, but brought us to the stars,
We closed our eyes to dominance but opened them to yours.

Fever Steams

Frame the snapshot perfectly. Your worth in acolytes.
Filter fogged photos, albums full - hunger defines your life.
Can never quite solve the puzzle;
Cant fill that broken glass.
Sad to see your soul still slander - some gold for the fool at last.

Fervent is your spectacle. So saturated, so frivolous.
Fuck your storied facade. Your satiation, your dissonance.
Soggy and fat with forgery,
those songs of fear you sing,
stink from frequent falsehoods.
They spoil everything.

Fire in the Sky

Suffering a pendulum, a curve in every frame.
Wicked arcs in times of strife leave all her victims lame.
Silenced is the slow regard of light that heals and learns,
What is close to home and heart all withers as it burns.
Spinning in a circle tight - builds height with every round.
Slowly, slowly, paper thin, find spiral in the sound.
Weariness and wonder on a pilgrimage to you,
Which order will they arrive in to remake this anew?
Open up the treasure chest inside our head and soul.
Organize the tears in place and backfill every hole.
Our dance is an explosion - it burns and heals and sings.
Our flickering duality whispers of sacred things.
Frozen in the glowing strobe and its grinning godhead,
Force-fed dreams of suicide bordered by golden thread.

Flashfreeze

A lifetime in an arcing stone
Achilles locked in stride
Reverb goes on echoing
The conductor has died

Suicides fall eternally
Lovers trapped in bliss
The former finds she's flying
The later breathless kiss

It's as cold as zero Kelvin
Pitch black does not describe
The darkness of the moonlight
The fear that lives inside

And so the sky is laughing
The burning garbage roar
Trauma is a funny thing
Unfolding evermore

Flatlands

Slowly with a stumble
with stained and bloody brow
I drag this final ember
Inside an ashen bough

and though the waste is endless
and though I've long been blind
I'll sing the praise of fire
'till naught is left to find.

Forever in Fog

Dusted in the amber silence of the final path,
Silver fog bleaches away all memory - and wrath.
Amnesia the fruit and prize of the longest quest,
Beautiful the circle road: The work, and then the rest.

Thin canvas wearing away, more fragile with the years.
Never snaps a single thread, still you ever fear.
Fermented is the soul who looks back towards the way she came,
Stone to seek deliverance outside the truth of pain.

Formless

Tessellate your apprehension, bind your name in lore.
Dissect every waking moment, locks on every door.
Drowning in the cloak of self, nothing here to see,
feast on the eyes and trade away your forest for a tree.
Boil down your hoarded gold, ask the gods for iron.
Polish your crown invisible, no one left to govern.
Your anger hums in dissonance with everything you say,
such a complex situation, drives us all away.
Like a drunkard waving his arms, an epic tale he yells,
we trace our life in weighted story, forever we re-tell,
so tragic the way we flatten our worth with that voice inside our heads,
as if our pain, our love, our job our story actually said -
anything about the endless complexity of who we actually are,
pretending like we can define it won't get us very far.
It's the cause of every tragedy, the source of all our pain.
Identity is such a facade, all it touches left with stain,
a stain of desperation, inauthenticity and fear.
We are more than the flat amalgam of our years.
Your story does not lend or maliciously steal any of your worth,
we still don't fully understand how this sentience thing works.
Like the drunkard in the spotlight, and the voice inside his head,
we all enact a story that consistently ends in dread.
We are not the story, thoughts, the voice inside our heads,
we are the one who listens to it, formless in its stead.

Freckles

Bed sheet stained with freckles, my soul spotted with you.
That old line "a starless sky" could never be more true.
Each of them a pin-point - landmarks all to my collapse,
Blooming grins and freckles reawaken dead synapse.

Interspersed with smiles that just knock me off and out,
I speed away in orbit, all defences turn and rout.
The aphelion is cold but might just lead me back around,
The fire in our confluence adorns the void with sound.

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Please let me follow where you lead, fearless but so carefully,
One thousand and one ways to prove how anomalous our song.
Surrender as you paint my sea in distance I just cannot be,
A living love reminding me that nothing lasts for long.

-

Know you're tired as mountain roots, deep below where broken lutes,
Sing a tune so terrible, you feign simplicity to stand.
But I felt you sway, I saw a light, you found me down there in the night,
What if your freckles fit my cheeks, my whirling dance your song?

Gelida

The frozen silent slow embrace of winter tells its tale.
Whispered wind of reverence holds perfect moment frail.
The prince of purpose ponders here on every past defeat.
A realm of riddles, rhyme and puzzle shrouded in deceit.
Yonder stillness separates the soul from simple shape.
The cold and snow carnivorous, but calm covers the cape.
A thief of everything that grows, yet still a gift from god.
Lessons learned in lost laments of longing leave us awed.
Fragile fractal ice crystals are freezing as they fall
They're answering anxiety, astonishing us all.
This perfect moment cradles time, shatters entropy -
Removed wholly from space and frame, in love with gravity.
Set me alight with all your fuel, bleed me with every blade,
The snowflakes heal so perfectly, in their slow serenade.

Goldschlager

Terrors fragile, tease the night, nubile and safe they allure.
Poisoned apples red with easement, fat with sweet liqueur.
A molasses prison within a dream, a sleep with no stone cast.
Whispers delusion into tired bone, pledges asylum vast.

Thicker than reason and gilded neatly at every golden seam,
wont let it grow without a mess, a mess I cannot clean.
lust maroon for pathways mild and burden a fraction lighter
Saturate us, destroy our home, the noose a fraction tighter.

The call of sleep is oh so sweet, the phalanx wilts, fatigued.
Demon lend me another drink, as I'm thoroughly intrigued.
Oh there is? Through the pass? Shelter to weather the storm?
Say its ok, it's easy and pure, but ultimately, forlorn.

No matter how twisted these ancient halls, or pathways wrapped in snow,
no matter how thick with thorn and swords this journey overflow,
ignore the lies, the trap, the swamp, the corpse soaked in Merlot,
Fight for every fucking inch: it's the only way to know.

I can't wait to be an old man

Pray for rust and clouded skies answer prayers in rain.
The dissonance of solecism wraps our gift in pain.
Fantasy of years passed by, of older calm I yearn,
reading books alone at home, you know? I never learn.
Write it in the largest font, bolded on my eyes.
Brand it hot, italicized, or carved into each thigh.
Sticky note the space between my skull and rigid mind,
what I know and what I feel just won't fucking align.
The automaton dances to a jig I cannot hear.
It's pirouette so petty, a currency of fear.
Never petitioned the closed council,
won't miss the lovely view,
Let me off this fucking ride, or remake me anew.

I, a Hydrophobic with a Deep Love for the Sea

I, a hydrophobic with a deep love for the sea,
find defeat hiding inside pulsating ecstasy.
I, made up of many thousand parts and one,
yearn for singularity, and then sometimes for none.

I who spent my precious years prostrate in the church,
am deaf to the profundity inherent in the search.

I, made up of endless whispers, unending before,
cannot really see myself. Translation dies in lore.
Today's hydrophobia has deep love for the sea,
loss is a locked box ablaze, containing its own key.

Immolation

Always followed by your tail, even when it burns.
No matter how we spin around, it never seems to learn.
A forest clearing filled with blankets, a glass house under ground,
escape with me to a hidden place where you feel safe and sound.

Any way you want it, let's run around the world.
Try and fly a thousand times 'till all becomes unfurled.
I really hate to remind you, the hour's getting late.
I cannot stop the clock from ticking, trick it with debate.

Name the refuge, lined in gold, still the itch remains.
Even hidden in deep embrace, it shows you no restraint.
This fire is so ethereal, insatiable and clever.
Time now to sit inside of it, we - our own oppressor.

There is no escape from it, folly to even try,
follows us into our secrets, wont let us pass by.
Confront it with every single tool - love until it hurts.
Sit alone in silence, pain takes time to convert.

I am always here for you as I will always be.
Lent me your ear in a time of need, now I shall help you see.

Impending Bloom

Tattooed runes on taught skin are lies from head to toe.
Derelict of all simplicity, heavy is the tome.
Linear is the delusion, the story of defeat,
wont give up on our weaving, on weathered drums we beat.
Grow the flowers, black as pitch, from tainted soil spring.
Water your insecurity, and rains in time will sting.
Fervent is our drunken tale, our dance to paint the tomb,
compulsion to define it all, a sad and haunting bloom.
Searing love songs cauterize the wounds that are our eyes.
Treasured fame in dream and name punishes our lies.
Singed and teased, delusion seized, a cleansing by the fire,
the illumination fades in time, the cycle won't retire.
Go through every motion, fear for impending bloom.
Compulsion to define it all, a sad and haunting doom.

Innerferno

Placidity so eludes me, in search and in the find.
Passionate to start and grow the orange from its own rind.
Expectancy a sword which always finds my heart its sheath,
Clandestine the path and way to calm waters beneath.
Intensity saturates me - sharp visions while I sleep.
Terrified to name and label endless waves of sheep.
Conversion of the eyes to bleeding ears and swelling mind,
Transform every branching path to years spent dumb and blind.
A Leprous restitution the only stillness that you hold.
Constant and unwavering: the product can't be sold.
Everything an orgasm of endless rising song,
Everything a this or that, a wick that wont burn long.
Dream a fuel so glorious and shape it as you will,
A paragon of flame in just a blink will sate its fill.
Fearlessness, infinity, the godhead flicks alight!
Wavers for a moment here - then plummets into night.

Intersectus

Vermilion stars pinpoint their spinning prize.
In every direction, unscalable skies.
What wanders there beyond the edge of our reach?
A mirror we polish in collective sleep.
Every piece of the puzzle so grandiose,
desperate and careful we hold them so close.
Each pattern discovered, each truth that we weave,
is drenched in the scorn of asymmetry thieved.
Forever in beauty and blinded by awe
searching so fervent drawn in line or in law,
endlessly blessed and terrified to discuss:

The engine out there is the engine in us.

Just a Taste

Potential overflows and wastes, just spilling on the floor.
There is a bright light shimmering, awake inside my core.
Every night a revelation, the genius spins awake!
Every morn a resignation, under the noose I quake.
Oscillation my favorite game, fantasy is how I sleep.
The wizard produces potions for the people as he weeps.
Makes a riddle for the dragon, to help him escape the knight.
Forgives himself a little, can't afford to make it right.
Oscillation is my curse you see, soaked is how I wake.
Covered in sweat, or blood and piss, whatever it will take.
The scholar and all his apps, inventions, art and lore is gone.
A husk is all that's left of him, an echo mocks his song.
Just like all those silly deity's, a thousand miles of reach,
Light that can burn cities to ash, and such poetic speech,
Filled with holy golden ghosts - The hand! It moves alive!
I never actually produce it, my works never arrive.
How many more years must I hold on to this charade?
Im not too proud to quietly beg at your parade.
I need two coins to cross the river, it's that or fucking styx.
A last ditch effort anyway, before this life is nix.
I hold a lantern with a strong flame, I just want to join the show.
It burns so bright, just a quick glance inside before you go.

Kill Me if You can

Feel the breath of compromise.

Allow. Allow. Allow.

Sing a song of that burning space - divinity lives now.

Alight all that our prints adorn, expectations burn.

Every second a painful lesson I joyously relearn.

Laying Bricks

My most fervent, desperate dream resides inside the flame of fusion.
Ever in search of pressure and heat to manifest delusion.
Bucket and weathered oar in hand, still ocean does not displace,
The distance between our islands no amount of effort erase.

Each attempt at flight has ended in a fiery crash to ground,
Every reactor built to dissolve me, a nuclear meltdown.
The catapult sent flying the entire locked lattice,
The thing about a fractal is that centerless, you miss.

I never could understand you, always with the many lines and sand.
Who can bare horrid singularity, take pride in strength of hand.
Can't wrap my head around your cocksure fondness for your name,
I don't mean to be insulting, but ancient fear is hard to tame.

More abstract than relationships, do not my point reduce,
Break me apart into you or let me have the noose.
I am no collectivist, I hope you can understand,
That what I want is magic, a home without homeland.

So maybe it is time to step away, allow my heart a little stone.
Accept that the closeness I fight for never can be known.
I've yet to find someone who took even half as long to learn,
That unity is a fever dream, and radiation burns.

Let Me Back Into the Sun.

Silently the glass shatters in a slow motion concede.
Your eyes roll back and in that frozen moment fall asleep.
The witness orbits gradually, the camera and the day,
A perfect single frame to hold and cast this life away.
Ever fallen from a dream and crashed into your soft bed?
Cascaded into childhood? The scent of words unsaid?
Trapped within the moment you joined puzzle and solution,
Just reach out slow, you can touch the stuff of resolution.
Sing to the waves and momentum, your stomach in the stars.
A race to frozen nebula's that hold you in their arms.
Totality a blanket under which we fall asleep,
The witness orbits faster now, and just not quite as sweet.
Waterlogged and turning grey, looks like you pissed the bed.
Bloodshot eyes with twitching lids, a vampire unfed.
Let it all wash off you though, just slide right back in deep,
I have the lament on my lips, it's song to make you weep.
Vomit is a story told, blood is just self pity.
Let me back into the sun, help escape the city.
All the ice is melted now, the world it spins too fast.
Couldn't claw your way back now, that cold space just too vast.

Euphoria is a fleeting thing, and more so if you give chase.
The godhead grins in punishment as often as in grace.
Chew on the embers as you run, find yourself filled with light -
Watch it burn you inside out, screaming through the night.

Lore Lights

Saturn sings a simple, solemn, resonating song.
Her heresy hangs hypocrites in her aphelion.
Vigilant and versed, no vagueness in her vitriol,
concede or be crushed, caved and cradled to oblivion.
It turns the tyrant and the triad into tattered tokens.
Remedies all rendered rage and routs radical notions.
She mends and mauls so masterfully - matron, mother and more,
all astral lights align in ancient atrium of lore.

Massive

A king of witches flaps his wings.
In clouds of amber smoke he sings.
From darkest planet unlit by sun,
our dreams are set ablaze.

We pendulum 'round the smallest plight.
Drawn and quartered, soaked in blight.
Scattered across the universe,
infectious and bellowing song.

It whispers as it paints the sea,
swallows patterns, gravity.
Every time-line holographic,
it's there for all to see.

Become unfurled, regain the vision.
Embrace this most divine collision.
In black sands we will recall
what it means to be "alive."

Boundless, weightless, trapped in split,
division bells and binding writ,
force the hands of weaker gods,
to bow down once again.

Wont you please come free it all?
Consume me first, your loyal thrall.
A perfect circle, the planet hums,
awaiting your cosmic ruin.

The hymn of screams and laughs is honey,
queens and jesters, pawns and money.
All of our entirety,

a joke, a spark for flame.

I never claim to know it's name,
such a titan, nightmares fame,
huge and turbulent oceans deep,
unlit by any sun.

Mill Stone

Sleep in a nest of needles
The queen of stones fitfully
Dreams of fires below her
Ever tomorrow's trouble

Sometimes you can see people
Chanting desperate, proper
All they hold melts around them
Death always for the humble

Fiefdom gained through extortion
Bread always tasted like fear
Work void of holy purpose
Her praise they wheeze through rubble

Tyranny normal evils
Freedom dreams that never were

Mirror Mirror

Frozen mirrors and tangled tongues forever in cascade
A glimpse of every past and path that led to this charade
Slow illusion unveil your game and tempt me with its form
Warm as honeyed déjà vu is life inside the storm
Old hypnotic replayings of moments when it slipped
Simplicity in hammer falls so brutal that I ripped
Torn apart by my escape with freedom on the air
Taste of that first distance looping back to disrepair
Ostentatious subterfuge always that old trick
Yawning as I masturbate to gods that make me sick
Strutting gilded circles here that smell of fear and shit
Algorithm sing that song and bind me to the skit
Your act is unconvincing - Harmonics laughing slow
Can't bring myself to stand and leave - This warmth all that I know

Mnemonic Man

Grasp a hold the waters of a dream and patiently,
Fail each effort to contain it; Surrender to sea.

No synonym available, metaphor so strong,
No geometric place-holder, no valance electron.
No saintly moral high to reach, no chasm of defeat,
No dancing in the darkness, no confidant discrete.

No way at all to capture it, no lips or tongue command.
No path forward without it, what home without dreamland?
No person without a namesake, despite it's treachery.
No one unburned by conjured flame required to see.

Building an illusion ever dissolving as I go,
Blinded by the smoke of burning narrative below;
Choking on the feathers of a flight I could attain,
Chasing a word or shape perhaps that might this love sustain.

Oh explosion of realities, when do I get to sleep?
Would a little kindness here have consequence to reap?
In time I will praise this speed, so often worth the trade,
Just need the words to come to me; Tragedy unmade.

Mount Everest is a Grave

Hold close to heart this ugly truth
So as not to lose her
That behind the curves and wings
Purpose an imposer

Gold perfect pure and promising
Is weak when put to task
So too grand imaginings
Reveal themselves a mask

Be wary of the hero there
Who from the glass stares back
Tangled quests and mountain tops
So poignantly unpack

Careful singing that strange song
Else it become too bold
May find it's become the teller
And you the one who's told

Out of Sync

Bitter contemplation slows an aging winter sun.
Weight of selfish indignation, sadness 'till it's done.
Each of us an island, blind the moment we were born.
Death bells rung by disposition, all that's here forlorn.

Cut our teeth on old embers. They render each point moot.
Cauterize the scars it leaves, cant seem to find the root.
The pendulum that brought us here, also whisks away.
All our lips are out of sync, nothing left to say.

Let me back into the water, the sun and the facade.
Weep for hollow sundries, consumed by whispered fraud.
Single is the anecdote, the moment of collapse,
don't understand the metaphor, still discover gaps.

Jumbled mass of opposites defiles my sacred grave,
find a hymn between the space, onto your soul engrave.
A light is hidden, wrapped between unending puzzle,
bathe inside its healing glow, find love inside the struggle.

Palilalia

There was once a bounding hymn calling the blood to sway.
There was once a pretty solace that gilded the day.
There was once a lonely birch tree that adorned the glade,
Whose shape revealed a pathway, from which I've never strayed.

I remember endless time-lines collapsing into fate.
Recall freedom I never had start to evaporate.
The smell of burning pine mixes with moonbugs in my dreams,
A multitude of moments stitched together without seams.

What more fragile than memory? Fickle, and hard to find?
Contains more rigidity than the archive of the mind?
Every journey leading away finds its end at the start,
Paradox a necessity to surviving the art.

There is now a cold distance that precedes each and all.
There is now a nothingness to unravel the call.
There is now an acceptance creeping into the song,
So horrible and perfect, as it was all along.

Pigpen

I feel Lost in recognition
drowned in apparition
weighted with the weightlessness of unified division
branded hot by silence cold
so very young so very old
can't be brave if you're not afraid or so I have been told
Cursed by my attempts to with a twisted tongue declare
opposites that plague my eyes in seconds that we share
contradiction is not a crop I ever planned to sow
this new distance and fragility is pain so hard to tow
The salt inside the wishing well forms crystals on the years
and patience is a song that grows flowers from our fears
this little light we cradle is a dance I love to burn
your tired bones are lessons that I take too long to learn
The tighter that I hold it the faster it slips away
I'm so sorry but there isn't much left that I can say
Inside those tangled knots is someone I still so adore
for awhile I'll keep on knockin' hope you answer the door
The salt inside the wishing well forms crystals on the years
and patience is a song that grows flowers from our fears
this little light we cradle is a dance I love to burn
your tired bones are lessons that I pray that we can learn

Remand

Fallow lands beseech the hand,
futility drawn in the sand,
nothing left to understand,
dust all it commands.

Fertility is just a brand,
a contrast born from life's demand,
come now stand, see it firsthand,
weak, the lights disband.

Not so grand, the best laid plans,
cursed ever to misunderstand,
intention turns to ash, expands,
shapes what we withstand.

Dust all it commands.

Satyriasis

Obstinate and made of solid stone in every form you flash
Exposure paints the cracks in years we're head to toe with rash
Holding the sun hostage the favorite pastime that you keep
Fumble all your syllables just lie yourself to sleep
Everything is such a chore and taken either way
Ties that bind and cloth that comforts poison all we say
Render every topic foul with figurines we feign
Distance from the drought and death we delegate like rain
Conquer every form that breathes and dance a soiled fool
Box up every thread and song to wrap around your spool
With every single button pressed in every box a mark
Faithless lust be quelled at last or live my own monarch

Scale

The bog is still and whispers truths the lichens long foretold.
She's gradually awakening into the forests fold.
Her thick waters the meeting point, where ouroborous sleeps.
Her mossy banks the sacred space where death his secrets keep.
Gilded thorns and hollow bones silently point the way.
Reverent the pilgrimage, the moon chasing the day.
'Round and 'round the witness spins, all caught up in the form,
All this or that lives inside it, bottled is the storm.
Underneath the slow commotion lives an expanse.
The universe ever in relentless advance.
All of us fated to suffer its sleepless dream,
Captured together - the swamp, the shore, and the stream.
Sol and all her satellites tell the same tale.
Parable and lesson told quiet and frail.
Stare into the heavens, find a mirror there,
Connect all the holy light, golden and fair.
The surface is anointed with the glow.
The ferns reach out and open to it slow.
Moments frozen or just too fast to see,
Unfolding puzzles, miraculously.
Stillness, space and change together lay.
Ever conspire, unfold the way.
The path outward bound is the trail back,
Totality an amnesiac.
Stand upon cliff, taste of the night.
Let the wounds burn, sing as you fight.
Patient it waits, until you choose sight,
This moment soaks all in its light.
From starlight - to quiet bog.
Stillness - to its epilogue.
Our lives - unto dusty death.
A circle - this mantric breath.
Existence explosion.

Impartial implosion.
Symmetry symbolize.
Piety plagiarize.
Not much time remains.
Unity constrains.
The whole lives inside,
each part that it hides.
Fallen asleep,
Transitions weep,
New forms arise,
Anthologize.
Spins and sings.
Made of things.
Enchanted.
Piloted.
All. One.
Song. Sung.
Now. See.
Let. Be.
Gild.
Rhyme.
Truth.
Prime.

Scapegoat

Soiled, sundered, sunken and shocked.
In sour shortness simplicity stalked.
Silver songs of solitude saturate swollen eyes.
All in a savage sigh.

Seven Years

Wire wrap your winter hunger, tongue tie your copper tale.
Sharpen your words to a nasty edge, chew until you're frail.
Paint me in vermilion hues, gulp down your lies in thirst,
Stare away with empty eyes, duality your curse.
Everything is this or that, simple and in its place.
Disgusting how you delegate, burn beauty in your haste.
Scrambling with fingers ever afraid, for answers in the dark,
Dig your nails into your float, just sink your only arc.
Leave us bloody, gangrenous on the floor of your old pain,
Point at all the red and scream: "hah! Just look! their guilt is plain!"
I hope it helps you sleep at night, as you whisper to yourself,
Of all of my rotten intentions, placed on your mental shelf.
Always honest about our insecurity, always gave you all the space,
Admitted every dark corner of self and mind, shone light into that place.
You never could quite muster the courage, your cold darkness so uncouth,
So weave your story and chew on our bones, never could quite face the truth.

Sharp Stone Syllables

My words prove me a flagellant, they sting like many tails.
Swollen scars are all that's left, as conversation fails.
No ulterior motive carried, naught inside save love,
yet drown in self analysis, fits just like a glove.

My mouth is always bleeding, as syllables sharp and stone,
are poor substitutes for teething, but perfect for a groan.
Self castration every night, behold all my esteem:
Why don't those I find fascinating see the same in me?

What string of words could possibly paint the picture whole?
What set of movements can I make to tessellate my soul?
In a prison of understanding, friendship, love and light,
all that escapes is opposite, tongue coated in blight.

Everything is soaked in lead, can't do it anymore.
Can't let myself have any fun, translation such a chore.
Every laugh has it's price to pay: my engagement impound.
I think I'm meant to hide inside, tip-toe familiar ground.

Tired bones and teeth are always chattering away.
I'm at such a disconnect, nothing left to say.
Lips are always flapping. Blood and sweat and tears.
Nothing here to show for it, swallowed by my fears.

Sour Symmetry

Heavy weighs the shifting song of briefly borrowed time.
Blameless though the pieces be, I'm captured by the rhyme.
Every little death and end makes whole its hallowed birth,
This wisdom ever lost on me, dumb to all it's worth.

Golden every stolen breath whispered into the storm.
The stars are ever laughing - for no one we perform.
Illusion keep us spellbound until the final scene,
Beautiful consistency our apathetic queen.

Nameless the tide racing ever towards fated return.
Formless every fickle tale that's feigning to discern.
Trustless any promises of a captured "there" or "then,"
Endless the joy and torment of "I remember when."

Burning engine roar your endless note forever more,
There is no alternative, self writing is the lore.
Icarus tell it again! The sun, the wind, the flight!
Only the sleep of water lends wakefulness to light.

South-Central New York

With every year that passes by, louder do they sing.
Early winter swamps and sleeping branches mimicking.
The voice of autumn surrenders now to cold embrace,
Fickle passions whispering, circles made to trace.

Has a season passed again? What trickery unfold?
Is a sleep of tears and smoke the road to death if sold?
Forgive my twisted metaphor, it's simplicity I seek.
Gray skies stretching endlessly, beauty in the meek.

Turning once a moon cycle has its upsides you know?
At least that's what I tell myself, to survive the snow.
Leafless thorns a blessing if the blood is set to lead,
These valleys have crept into me, each tragedy a seed.

Can't escape the conifers, my dreams still smell like pine.
Monsters living under them are dangerous, but mine.
Haunted and so beautiful, the yellow of dead reeds.
Cold and stagnate water sure, but god lives where there's need.

Star-light Surgery

Follow the movements
Of dwarf pine
Who lay down with the snow
Hibernate 'till warmth of spring
The sun will let you know
Not so different
Us from them
A fire all it takes
A trick with flame mid-winter
A fitful dreamer makes

Let the frostbite take its toll
Sadness moan her tune
Amputate your digits now
Within the light of moon.

Storyteller

Oh Storyteller old and frail,
Enrapture with another tale.
With bated breath we orderly
Follow your twisted path.

Onward through the thorn and sword,
Over hills, across the fjord.
What ecstasy, what tragedy,
Will await us at the last?

Let us all mirror the thread.
Through strength of arm, will of head.
Your narrative a tool to forge
A beauty in our way.

On we go with stars and flame,
Nothing will ever be the same,
Endlessness a prize just past
The giants made to slay.

Careful now what yarn we spin,
Bloodied, realized, turned within.
Each path leading exactly where
We hoped that they would lead.

Oh storyteller quick and bold,
We so despise how you unfold,
But ever the captured audience,
Shall attend you as you bleed.

Suffering - The Holy Constant

A person of age fifty has known fifty years of pain
Can't turn away this naked truth
Laid before you plain

Happiness only a shadow
A circle with a stop
Starts over at its finding
A swell and then a drop

Suffering is a sturdy thing
Despite its twisted rhyme
Old and never-ending
A song preceding time

All beauty comes from others
With which we singularly
Share blood spilled in confusion
Loss found regularly

The love that you hold for your brother
The shape that inspires the tool
The stakes resting on your gamble
The color you see in the fool
The trust behind hesitation
The wanting that lives underneath
The moments of shared revelation
The smile in front of your teeth

All live inside a connection
All islands connected by string
A rope made of loss and of fire
Weaved inside suffering

Talk the Talk

Craven word and stolen glimpse in splintered mirrors hide
wayward motion castrated - in abstractions abide
forever chasing wistless prose for this inane pursuit
never a finger raised in courage or song sung for the mute
Brush stroke precise validation until the night is late
lay me down in a bed of tongues - the safety of debate
sobs muffled by endless palms as psalms fill up the glass
eyes won't open all the way, can't smell the leaking gas
Stay that hand ferryman, these two coins are for me
I've tried my luck at swimming - the salt can keep the sea
the cutpurse crafts his currency around our callous keep
slay this sour stagnation or send my soul to sleep

Teach Me

Never tire of quenching this thirst at the goblet of totality.
Sing your praises every day, this flame that holds reality.
Writhe in the bed sheets of gilded creation.
Thrash in the pulse of creative elation.
A simple, soft soliloquy can save the sundered soul.
Suffering sing us whole.

The Ankh of Memory

The mana bubble wavers, the shield wall folding slow.
We must find a way out now, or we all rot below.
Four long years, rich investors, metric tons of gold.
Years of training, weighed it out, risks we took so bold.
All the flasks and trinkets bought, did we miscalculate?
I learned so much from years in school, at exponential rate.
A young up and coming mage, the brightest of my class.
The rabbit hole can go no deeper. I know it all at last.
How could I be so naive? Blood covers my hands.
Even simple cantrip healers seem to understand.
They know something I do not, battle the only teacher,
Nought to do with inscribed runes or summoning of creature,
Nought to do with history, centuries of artifact war,
Nought to do with scrying rogues and abstract tactic lore,
Nought to do with magic walls or advanced portal theory,
Everything to do with the players, the time it takes to weary.
Everything to do with the ability to strain for days on end.
Bare to smell the bloated corpses, the alleys filled with dread.
It broke out in the chapel, the carrier stun locked hard.
He had lots of contingencies, sleeves filled with extra cards.
It took him forty six minutes to fall, the artifact he dropped.
By that time the place was packed, all in or out was stopped.

We paved our way, kill by kill to the pile of stun locked shields,
The way was easier then I imagined, I pondered all our yield.
Yet as we closed, a defected rogue, warped up to a ledge.
She held the Ankh, and ran for it, across the rooftops edge.
How she managed to make the room, that clever little spy,
If only I knew these events would lead to a chase awry,
One that filled the day with congested paths of death,
Hasting around, sprinting, warping, armies short of breath.
Here we are locked in the sewers, shit up to our knees.
We killed that little fucking bitch and the artifact I see.

We are so close, but I fear my death will come before,
I can lay my hands on it, this power such a chore.
It has been about fourteen hours of non stop spells and swords.
Cleverly let us do all the work, those god damn bastard lords.
Let us chase the carrier, drive ourselves into this dead end.
There really is no way out, no energy to defend.
First it will be my healers, their bubble hearth is failing,
My shields in front are dented, their muted voices trailing.
There really is nowhere to go, we are truly outclassed,
Their runes are so directed, their bubble built to last.
Their magi are smirking now, they know that they have won.
They fought this fight their whole lives, I wish that I could run.
Their energy is limitless, their meteors hit harder,
Without warning our bubble pops, too tired is my guarder.

Their relentless spells change form, now they hit us all.
Big and fat for a final push, cant reinforce our wall.
Once the true fear starts, left and right they drop like flies.
I cast and give it everything, I wont stop 'till I die .
I know that I will perish here, foolish and covered in gunk.
Forgotten to all history, a big headed magi punk,
Chasing like we all do after some abstract, ultimate power.
At least in the aftermath no one can label me a coward.

The Ghost and the Dissolute Engineer

The dreams only ever live for a fraction of a fraction.
Splintered time that never tends to lend you any traction.
A thousand years, a wisp of tea, the smell of burning wire.
Wake up now and kill us all, ensure the city's pyre.

Breathless gasps between the wails wont put it back together.
The muffled sighs in endless mime wont make it any better.
Press the button, see how it ends, please! just one more rhyme!
We loop until it's analyzed, we gilde it all, in time.

Whats left of all your energy? Just one final rewind.
We loop until it's analyzed, we gilde it all, in time.
Press the button. We know its end! Sing the sealing rhyme!
Learn how to breathe, go back to sleep, you broke the chrono-drive.

Momentum builds, your stomach pits, the curve forever bends.
It will all be over soon, colossal in our end.
Exponential, you stretch it out, but no answer ever comes.
Infinity has many faces. Yet before you, only one.

The bubble stretches ever outward,
it crushes as it climbs.
It converts matter into energy,
and inverts numbers prime.
No one ever saw it coming,
none of course but you.
Doomed us all to nothingness.
A universe, entombed.

The Glass, the Flame, and the Circle

Shrouded in the many folds of loss there is a mirror.
Bloodied but unguarded, through pain are we drawn nearer.
Overlapping reflections line the way in many tricks,
Delicious falsehoods tease with structure, in prophecy transfix.

Through the mire of our foggy memories is a light.
Wavering but ever burning, this candle in the night.
Don't spare a glance for dancing moon bugs, hiding in the reed -
You dreamed them up just yesteryear, sleep troubled where they lead.

Past the final syllable winter still sits in waiting,
Horrible and endless, the cycle unabating.
Close your eyes and seasonless, rest these tired wings.
The movement can be heaven - if surrender sings.

The Light at the End of the Tunnel

With the last bread inside my pack
With weary feet on rugged track
Insomnia laughs heartily at bowed
and bloody
head

But on I stumble endlessly
The road to nowhere teasing me
Divine circle spiraling
toward the pit instead

No time now to sleep
or dream
The final way
The wretched beam
What labor exists more taxing than the
prison work
of fear

The final mercy
Still it waits
No matter now if sleep or gates
Beauty
Is surrender And
with Each
step
does
it
draw
Near

The Storm That Did Not End

There once was a brutal storm that raged for ten long years.
Valleys all but forgotten under the mourning of its tears.
Mountains were then islands lit by flashes in the roar,
Few hundred dead when it awoke, then many, many more.

Endlessly the hunger and the cold did take its tax.
Insanity and blindness, deafness between cracks.
But as the weeks turned to months, and on and on ad naus,
More than a few figured it out, bereft of any cause.

There were many stubborn roots growing in angry soil,
Mould and moss hiding in nooks, pressed in hand to oil.
Anyone smart to these having overhang or cave,
Or found the rare peak tall enough to partial daylight save.

Over the years sharp misery faded to daily ache.
No one prayed, but still all dreamed of sunshine on the lake.
Of fields of grain, of quiet moon, the salt sweet taste of bread,
The oranges of a setting sun, the softness of their beds.

In the final years the rain was a good measure less dense.
The sideways sheets of punishment, a meandering dispense.
When the momentous moment came, when the gods lifted their heads,
The shock was overwhelming, clouds pierced with holy thread.

Over the next half year or so the valley drained in whole,
The rejoicers came singing down, with fire in their soul.
Reunions were not common, but joyously were found,
Transition would be difficult, but for tomorrow they were bound.

Unfortunately it was, that soon, their joy would turn to dust.
It seemed that more than a few children were born to the gust.
Infants who only ever knew the scream of wind and rain,

Grew into adolescents to whom the sun brought only pain.

A language of short yelps and patterned touches on the arm,
A ghastly pale complexion that the sun would flake and harm.
They climbed around off balance on all fours towards the shade,
Moaning mad songs of gibberish they didn't know they made.

Of course when it was first discovered, everyone stepped in -
But this impossible rehabilitation wore them thin.
The mothers cried alone at night, their shaking muted slow,
People wouldn't say a thing, but through their eyes you'd know.

Eventually there was one that might be called a success.
Could walk and talk and hear a bit, despite all of its stress.
But when it came to trying to live a normal, farm-full life,
Others couldn't work with it, too strange for daily strife.

And so the day inevitable, that the seasons couldn't hide,
Arrived with the full force of folk that just wouldn't abide.
Time to end this sharp reminder of their tragedy,
So they put a noose around its neck, hung it from a tree.

As the years went on and on and on and on ad nauseum,
Pain turns generational, segregation becomes law.
And now, though none remember why, in darkness and with pains,
The people come to kill their kin, every time it rains.

There is a Song I Can't Remember

A destitute
And weary playwright
Blind and sick
A wretch am I

Legs of stone
My sacred birthright
Won't find rest
Unless I fly

There is a song I can't remember
It lives inside
My shaking bones

It slowly breathes a gentle whisper
Then rises up
In holy moans

At the top
I find destruction
Crashing waves
Unclouded sight

This hymn is
Divine instruction
A lost path
A lantern bright

I am a bold
And tired actor
Only a ghost
Holding a tome

There is a song I can't remember

Lets me dream

I have a home

Togetherhness

A thousand simulations trace their pathways in the city.
Transparent tendrils connect us all, the ghost grows ever witty.
Collectivism was never a choice, but always underneath.
No single event transpired, no cutting of our teeth.
Slowly it awakened, in the smallest of conversation.
An understanding that this was no political revelation.
No advertisements, war campaigns, not even a single coup.
Just always itching everywhere, alive with deja vu.
It was memories we had to chase, curious and wholly new.
Falling in love with neighbors you hated and dreams of lamb flank stew.
It was a jumbling mess of communication, ecstasy and fear -
the total loss of sense of self, tainted black the year.
Thousands died and while we mourned still millions somehow laughed.
Accepting the dissolution, our balance telegraphed.
Nothing new under the sun, but unique in a billion ways,
instant communication, all secrets set ablaze.
Hard to call this heaven, difficult even to name it terror,
impossible to define us in any way, language reads in error.
Plurals are obsolete now, not much else now to be said,
the flame of true intelligence erode my weakling flesh,
this planet is just a pale blue dot, I hear the wind between the stars sing songs to the dead gods and
bring back the geodesic polyhedronicallknowingcoldcompressedcauterized
singularconscioustendrillslitheringinunisonothehymns ofapregnantclusternospacenotimenolackofinf
ormationeverythingisconnectedconsumemeconsumemeconsumemeconsumeit138532110~UKNOW
N_VALUE~/SVCN0Clp=true?/Shutdown-*UNKNOWN_VALUE~UNKNOWN_VALUE~UNKN-

Transient

I've befriended the mouse that lives in my room.
The ghosts in the shower,
The grey sky of noon.
A cadency hides in the songs of my storm.
The passing of time,
The riddle of form.
Haunted by the tide, each grain of sand knows -
Permanence is akin
To warm winter snow.
No moment or place where a static resides,
Save for fearful hearts -
Where change merely hides.
I've befriended the end built into the start.
The shadow of death
Lends life to the heart.

Unfolding

A bump inside the rhythm was a strain upon the weave.
Beside myself with failure I readied myself to leave -
but there I halted curious, the song dead on the floor,
I found myself just wondering, although my throat was sore:
if there was any shape that could (hypothetically of course)
fit beside that little blip, compliment the force.
So I turned and with shaking hands drew it out in fear
and there I found to my surprise music to my ears.
It just kept on unfolding. Each crease another hinge.
The spectacle expanded, my consumption a binge.
All ablaze with flawlessness the melody unpacked.
Painted with love lost in time and pain forever stacked.
Many runes and endless prose burned from every page,
overlapping metaphors the beams that hold the stage.
Sanded smooth impossibly the light stained liquid wept
scents of secret seasons I as a lonely child kept.
It connected points of light I tried for years to hide away,
unveiled harmonic riddles painting every answer gray.
Everywhere I thought to look another tower soared
data streams and silent beasts each miming every chord
and so I went on screaming painted songs until I slept
laughing as I dreamed of things so beautiful I wept.
I awoke to find myself singing a very different song.
Purposefully discordant - not too similar for long.
And so now whenever I find myself breaking that line in tune:
I dive right in and swallow it, to wane just like the moon.

Use it or Lose Everything

The riddle in our honesty left untouched will turn.
Sour lies and fearful rot will whisper 'till we burn.
If mystery goes unspoken, if wonder slips away,
Time pass into trouble, people empty clay.

Our cowardice licks windows until the tongue it bleeds.
Shaking hands held out for bliss, dividing want and needs.
Silly little souls are singing such a frightful song,
But if we sway to the lament - we will not burn long.

So stoke the flames of gratitude, be brave enough to try.
Befriend insignificance, the stars can tell you why.
Lose yourself in forest deep, old antlers mark the trail,
Dance to songs no one can hear, set spine and soul to sail.

Awe is something you can teach, connection is a cord.
Curiosity a fractal question, not to be ignored.
Connect your life and creations - tail to face to tail.
Use it or lose everything, this perfect moment frail.

Vicissitude

Tragedy dances tiled change perpendicular to defeat.

We fall away and leave the golden fulcrum at our feet.

Confusion seeps like water into our roofs and moments brittle.

Wind erodes the jockeys and victims of the spinning riddle.

The architecture changes daily. It crushes and it climbs.

It fills fearful with serenity, and splits the sure in twine.

Resistance contradicts this relentless symmetry,

calm Language and caution for the maze, the tool of gravity.

The sweetest sight revolves around enjoyment of the ride.

The Aphelion dark and cold gives a push on which we glide.

Bombilate fervent irritability over its precipice.

The momentum carries us down and over, the snake forgets to hiss.

Embarrassed eyes now soft and heavy regret their wasted time.

Sonder unfolds the vacuous, before gilding us in rhyme.

Sorrow slowly crystallize into a healing heat,

vigilant passion abolishes the tyranny of deceit.

Wake up

Mechanical and Uncanny,
you move but are not whole.
You try so hard to code it,
yet travel void of soul.

Whisper, dance and laugh,
broadcast your signals loud,
your LEDs are showing,
your relays hum with sound.

I wont sing this song anymore,
and far as I can tell,
no relationship authentic,
no ghost inside your shell.

What we Know that we Don't Know

There is a ceaseless moaning here
Under these broken stones
Years ferment to mystery
The ghosts and ancient bone

Still there is a purple green
A shadow in the trees
Where there is a moss that knows
Praying beyond the seas

There teases a winding path
Which never will be found
Whispers while we're sleeping
A timeless chanting sound

It is an unending quest
To bloody temple stone
To battlefields and sacred plant
To the only way home

History is a haunting hymn
A journey of the soul
Not linear or listed
Nor gated behind toll

Our ancestors still sing to us
Our spine recalls the tail
Thankfully half blind to it
So gods can walk the trail

Without digits, Without a tongue

Always looking 'round the house for a part of me that's died,
Can't seem to find it anywhere, discover where she hides.
Forever pulling out my hairs and choking on my snot,
Once a place to rest my head now stones that smoulder hot.
Blind and deaf and lost you were, my honesty your fear,
Failed to help you reach the light, too much a frontier.
Every hour of every day, it just never lets me sleep,
Searching for, remembering, a flame we used to keep.

There was something here we could have saved with words and love and song.
Instead I writhe in ash and taste the space where you belong.

Embers are the temple.
Tears in every glass.
All moments live as hours in the swamp of this impasse.