

Mother in a Corner

I walked downstairs that silent day in June
To grab a glass of milk so I could drown
The cookies you had baked with all the brown
Sugar that I spilt one afternoon.
From what I came across I must dispute
The sanguine face, blushing and profound –
Now floured cheeks, distorted by a frown
And chalk pale, as if to imitate the moon.
Crumpled against the cabinets, you stirred
While the lingering salt of stagnant teardrops dried
Upon your eyes like a coat of chocolate liqueur.
Amidst the fall of evening (all a blur),
I glimpsed into the hollowness inside
And have been unable to escape it since.

Thoughts In a Crowd

How did we get to this point?

The hour is Dusk
And the sweat above our lips
Is musky and salted by the satin touch of fingertips
Unknown earlier this day.

Stopped in front a humming red light,
As wafts of stale smoke drift
Like brushstrokes through a cracked window,
We quiver with accumulated inertia.

Orange figures blink to my left,
And damp thighs clench tight
Around a peeling brown bottle,
As a white character beckons us to cruise forward.

Circles of green dilate with the euphoric surge
Of a shifted gear
And heartbeats synchronized
To the crash of sea-foam on sand.

The boulevard is clearer now, and lined with palms
Outstretched like tall tales among the stars—
Fingers that either interlock
Or point limply at bubbles rising to the shore.

Meanwhile, neon headlines on billboards predict
The psalms of tomorrow and the day after that:
A Generation Was Lost Today,
An Improved Generation is Likely to Follow.

DEATH BY METRO

Compartments, walls, and concoctions
Of fumes, sulfuric and caustic,
Wax faces, sullen and tragic
Yet hostile,
Barricaded fossils of biweekly paychecks
That burned into the soil
And then vanished.
Sub level. Sub-zero. Sub-weighed
Down by the pressing steel of
Fallen worlds: trade and centers of mirth,
Unfurled underground
Serpents of earth,
Mechanical shells
With inside organic
And closer to hell.
The only spectacles around
Are soulless eyes made of glass
And the decomposition
Of a dying middle class
That has asked all the wrong questions.
Paradise or Purgatory?
Keep my feet on the ground
So the third is not an option to me.
I won't be pulled down
With the ceaseless metronome
Of thudding hearts, stained brown
By the tick talking mouths of the drowned.

Yet if you should miss me
On a night when I've gone
And no sign of me is found
On the streets,
Look not for my body
In the swells.
But instead in the slow
Descent of a cell that is packed
And southbound.

CRM

Fuck the tech.

I mean no disrespect but

I refuse to recognize the blue sails

On these shipwrecked dreams.

Clouds that cover the fog

Then put the shade up for sale

Each square of walk has a price

In this cosmopolitan hell.

I'm tired of three-piece suits

Pick-stitched but still

Bursting at the seams

Two weeks in and already

Working the teams

A beacon from high breaking the game

Networking big, bitch.

Picking teams, taking names

Buying souls while

Getting rich and ducking blame

For the bodies on the streets

Shooting without aim.

The cream of the crop is curdled

So it rises to the top and

Blankets the freezing

With a stench that covers the city

It was beautiful once,

Now it's a pity.

I'm tired of three-piece suits

Pick-stitched but still

Bursting at the seams

Two weeks in and already

Working the teams

Sometimes a friendly smile

Isn't all that it seems

And behind the white teeth

And the pretense it beams

Down from the sky:

F A I L F O R C E

Volta

“About face”, she said.
And I obeyed on tiptoes,
Inching north to meet
Her downward gaze
Cobalt, and flippant and unperceiving of all else.
We spent time together, like that.
My sobs never reached her eye,
But landed on her ear
And dripped down the contour of her neck,
Outstretched and butchered by a necklace
That could have easily choked her
Were it alive and willing.
I think she liked that about it.

Young Lady and the Old Hag by W.E. Hill

I think it actually did one day --
Contracted inward and squashed the lines
That let air in to her delicate chest:
A fur coat of embarrassment,
Sweat reeking beneath her nose,
Vain glances into mirrors that turned into
Veins ruptured near esophagus into
Vain gulps of a lovely organ
That collapsed with the snap of each chord.
I think my fingers were the necklace.

For she was nothing more than
A few charcoal strokes –
Erratic gestures that mutated
Into scars on a sheet of white.
And as I realized this,
The color that was never there drained from her eyes,
Downcast now by the weight of
Sleepless nights spent devising schemes
To prevent her spotted nose from protruding.
“Forward march”, she said.
And I trekked on
In the direction of her gaze.

I think the neck may have been my own.
The depths that we reached together
Were solitary and void of oxygen.
Her face crumpled like a vacuum,
No longer lapping but sucking
For the last drops of my devotion.
The smart thing would have been to save myself,
Walk away and never look back.
But I made the mistake of turning my eyes one last time,
Downward,
Upon the hag as she made her final demand.
“About time”, Death said.
And I agreed.



July the 2nd

Is this how you write your masterpiece?
Lonely desk lamp casting light on
Post-electroshock leaflet,
Blood pressure exceeding expectations,
Bronze medallion in hand – ribbon burnt off
And a drab stain of Maker's Mark
Still wet on the inseam of your slacks...

Uncouth, weak caricature in the dark
Bleak, with two blots of ink for eyes –
The symptoms of a black-hole-heart
Sucked in by the surge of blood
Rushing towards both poles, fists
Charging towards pink faces, drinks
Darting towards failed liver, head
Eventually blast into fourths
And tossed onto pages for the world to see...

You must please them, the readers, *your* world:
Earnest believers of the truths you weave
Between lines (debris mistaken for diction),
You've created fiction from your life since birth,
So it makes sense that your self-worth is tied
To your command of character development...

But it's the finale they're waiting for.
And surely, the critics will rally
Behind your freshly-pressed draft.
"Perfection attained!" they'll cry.
"Master of his craft!"
Unaware of the ashen taste in your mouth...
Then your shaggy, white coif, a smoldering mess.

Dada (Grandpa)

You belong to the world now.
For years you've been
breaking off pieces of yourself
and bartering them away.
A steady arm for a balanced ledger
and an eye for a guy
to get us out of binds
when your legs give away.

You traded them in
for a balanced meal
-- insisted it was a good deal
and that hands are the real
source of strength anyway.
Legs only take you forward or back
But hands can help you climb
Upward, to where you are now.

I wonder if you're resting
Or if, even up there,
You share yourself like
Pieces of fruit, dripping
With sweet sugar that runs
Down your fingers
And deep in our veins.

I did not know you well,
But I knew the smell of your clothes.
Carrying with them decades of
Dirt from the village
And salt from my father's eyes --
I wonder if he cried as your last bits
Rose into the sky
And joined the passing clouds
Weightless like smoke
but still holding it down.

Art is with us in order that we may not perish through truth. – Nietzsche

Forecast

How angered is the storm
That rests upon your lips,
Pink clouds that mask the fire behind them,
Failure to eclipse
The raging waves that crash
Against your broken teeth,
Porcelain and fragile like
A sentiment discrete
But not concealed.
Still, bitterness at hand
Is but another beauty.
The wayward rain, another poem
Even if unruly.
A lonely messenger
Of all things yet to grow,
A storm invites a new beginning
After a furlough
Of mere destruction.

Scientia Potentia Est

Enlightenment found
Under veil of ignorance –
Anticlimactic.