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Lord please bless what I'm about to do to them

I Stole This Book From The Library

. Jam?? A??n? Whithesecret

Newest Testament

I got followed by Warner Bros. Pictures on
& THEN BLOCKED THEM JUST TO TELL
THAT YOU SHOULD INVEST

A Coll(age)ction Written By 

JW

I.

T.

C.

Edited By

S.

U

“It All Connects, Believe It or L????????V-

&ADAMNAGED///NO DIPLO

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War Crimes: Exploring Capital Punishment For Capitalist Warfare

PUNISHMENT DESERVES

Flute
finding you freedom
chancing on resources

Oboe/Wiener

Bb Clarinet
chancing on resources

Bassoon/Holes

LBBB CLOBBB

Lyrics:

uncertain hidden obviousness fame from famine
 mined stones

deserve a bullet impotent terrorists watertown waterboarded

still animals electric chairs full of shit

power TVs, forums maintains mountains of calcium, copper

gave government

lights knocked out for em, for me freedom to suppress freedom firebomb fear

imperialist imprisonment accomplices in these cruel accomplishments aroma arrows

accused not excused indecent deceit drills never still hell wind departs horse's head

squadrones holes parity culpable

colonizers no colonies lionized lies peace never passed, past UP in US heels robotic we weep because all oil flames

ghosts in snow

haggling hagwe war=a workplace crime for present-day presidents (letters of the law... followers of lodgers; leaders exclaim lame ethical justification) doing the same fields feel nothing but farmers farmers murdered, feel dirt they grow upon upon their scatter

to do nothing of intolerance it validates, perpetuates a broken system (a clock right twice) as it disposes those already removed righting no wrongdoings never meeting its deserved undoing

feeds of toleration but to execute executives to end someone at their end when power has left their red hands

**& So Suddenly B.E. — G. — END AGAI N ST.
 Inside Us All.**

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Insight Is All.——What can be the opposite of God if God is all things? If God is it, then God can not be GOD's opposite.

***Goddess Of Dictionary**

*A- (click [links](#) to read more) most at bottom DM to Patricia

Hey there, I wanted to share this copyright loophole I thought up that I think you might be interested about. If you were to livestream on YouTube or Twitch a movie, would the live chat not be considered active commentary and criticism, reactions of substance that contain historical relevancy to film scholars and anthropologists of modernity? Thus making it fall under fair use?

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Also google docs is the best social media, it's ad free, you can use all the **fonts**, anonymish, censorship is only self/community censorship, free website builder, you can just hyperlink to anything, including other google docs. Yesterday

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invented the game Google Docs Against Humanity.



There's a thing that can be done with NFTs called a minimum resale value. Now imagine if Nintendo NFTified their video games to where they get a cut of all resells of the key

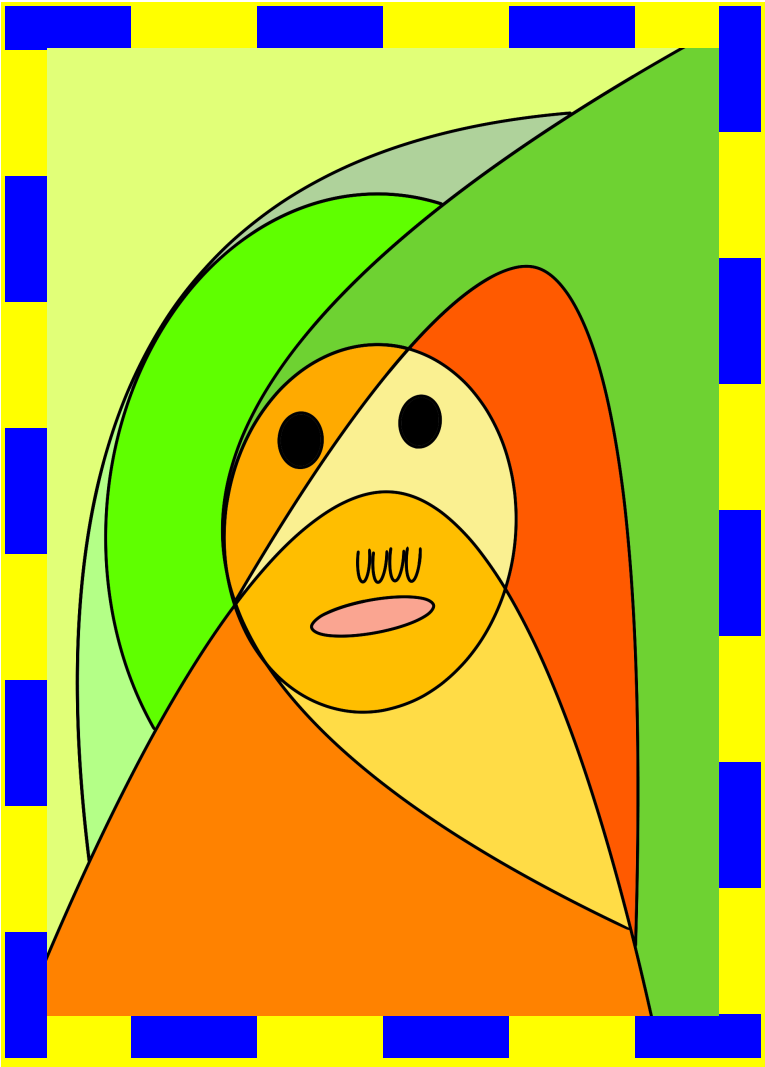
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that allows us to access the file of the game. Now imagine there's also an artificial limit set on the number of keys to make supply and demand more of a thing. Now imagine if the initial buy is set at a price lower than the Minimum Resale Value (MRS). This means initial buyers of goods may see a return on their purchases depending on what the royalties are. Now imagine gofundme but you become proportional shareholders of the resale pot. Now apply this to cars, already happening. Now homes. Planned obsolescence dies.

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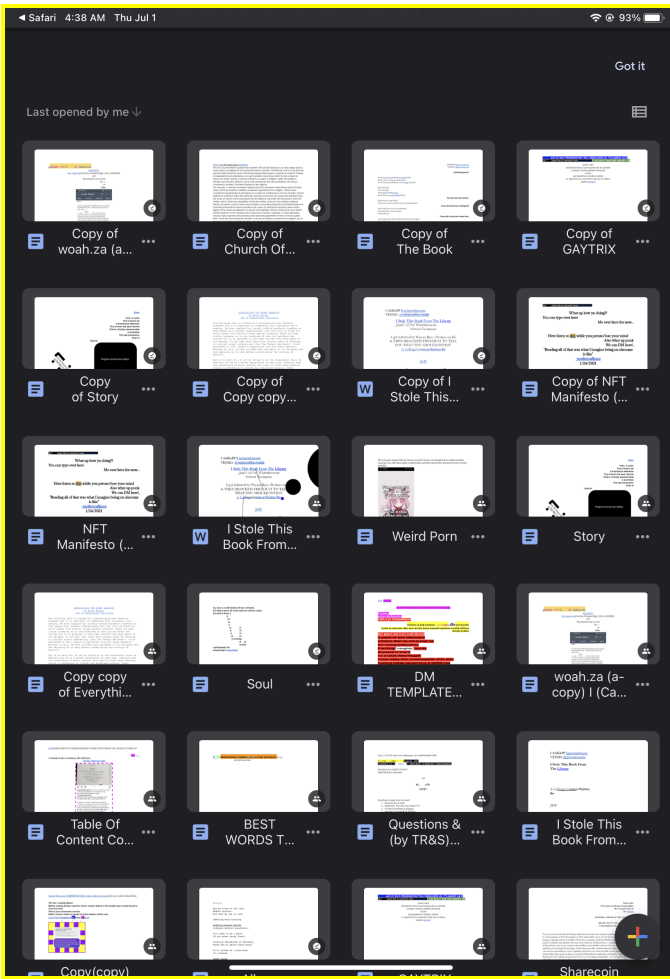
Anyways hi I'm Athena Whitsthesecret-Christ,
aka Sato(she/they)Nakamoto
[@nolapoetlaureate](#) on Instagram which
includes the link to one of the starting paths,

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I'm sure nothing else is linked in my bio here on Twitter or proof of Warner Brothers Pictures following me on Instagram and me blocking them largely inspired by you is on this Three Stooges Niagara Falls YouTube video and you won't believe who's in the comments, make sure to read the comments of his comments as well for a link to the photo album that could be used by SW (social workers duh) to own their own distribution network, can just hyperlink to cash app or Venmo in the docs, wait why am I telling you this when you have enough info to go into this dark abyss of blissful content that all connects ;) **oh also turn on print layout**

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Look at that just made copies since you can edit these docs right before you right now, think of this as a new battleground front pages of the Internet 3.0

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So yeah invest in Ethereum, Leilo, & Alphabet now that you know google docs is the best platform, also I got the 4 best walking sticks because my karma just got maxed out. Anyways forget that fake rounding up psyop what is $1/3$, .33 you say, & what is $2/3$, & even more confidently you proclaim .66, then why is $3/3$ 1 instead of .99?

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I'm tired of our one way mirror God
I've lived & gone to Heaven
They use Google Docs as social media
Through hyperlinking from 1 doc to another
Like Wikipedia
& their goods have a minimum resale value
Mechanic imbedded into the backs of art
Kinda like the ones on the Instagram
Anywho it's Nolapoetlaureate now & forever
Which you'd know if you were in print
layout

Damn this babely friend of mine
(ClarryKinaBackup) got censored by
Dark Suckerberg on Insta
Same as me & most my queer friends
Here's their linktree



Linktree also hyperlinked/embedded into the
image

New 2nd poem

Starlight, scabs of twilight

Minding the sarchasm

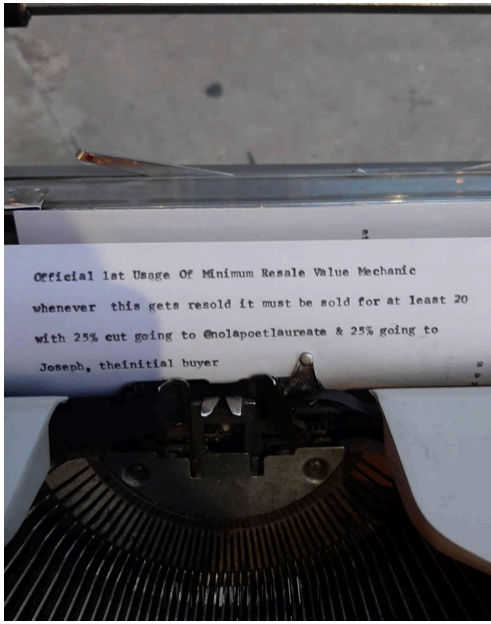
In the meantime

Let's make meaning

Out of spacetime

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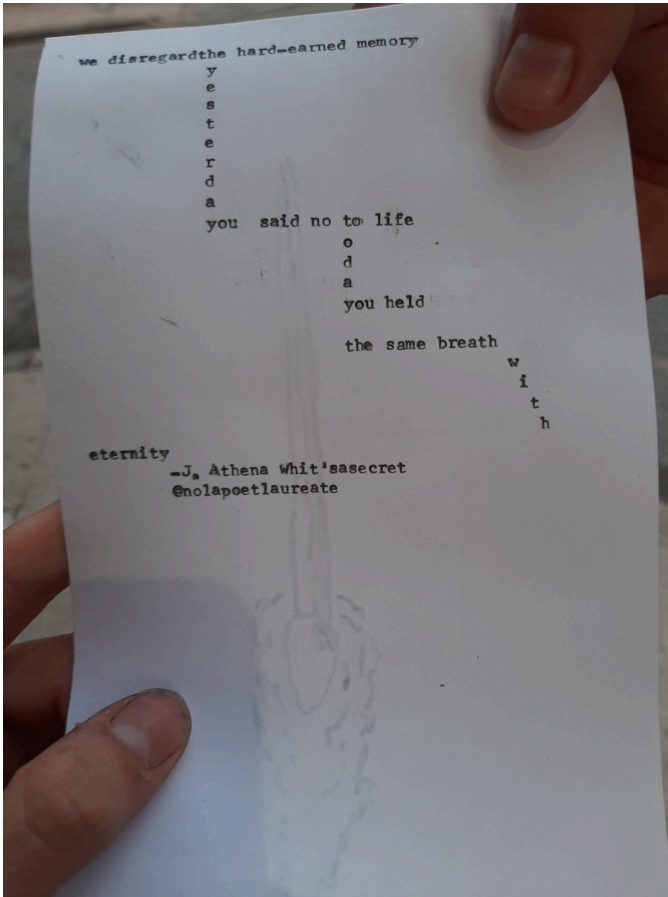
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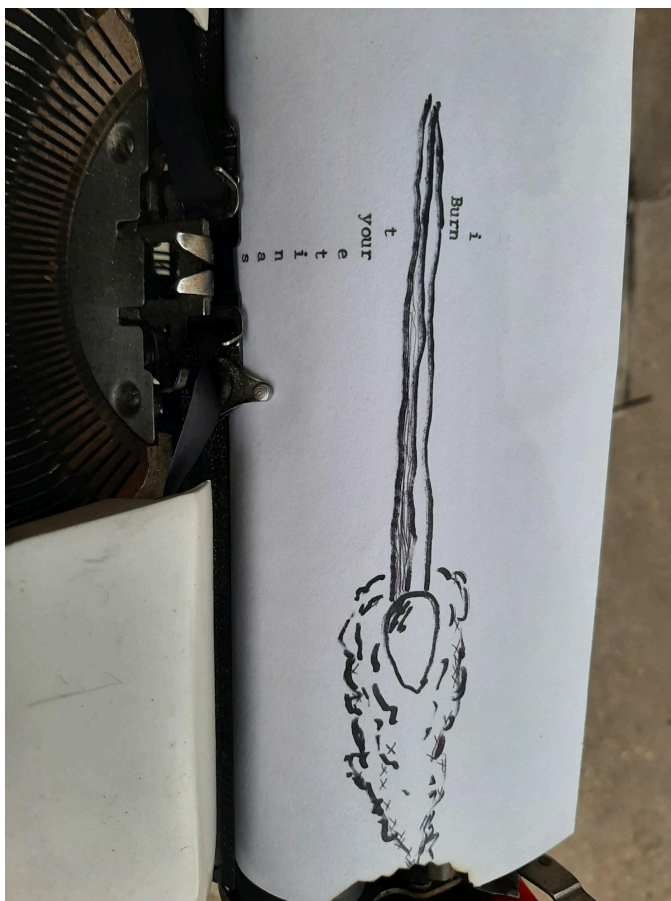
My soul is a kite factory hit by a tornado

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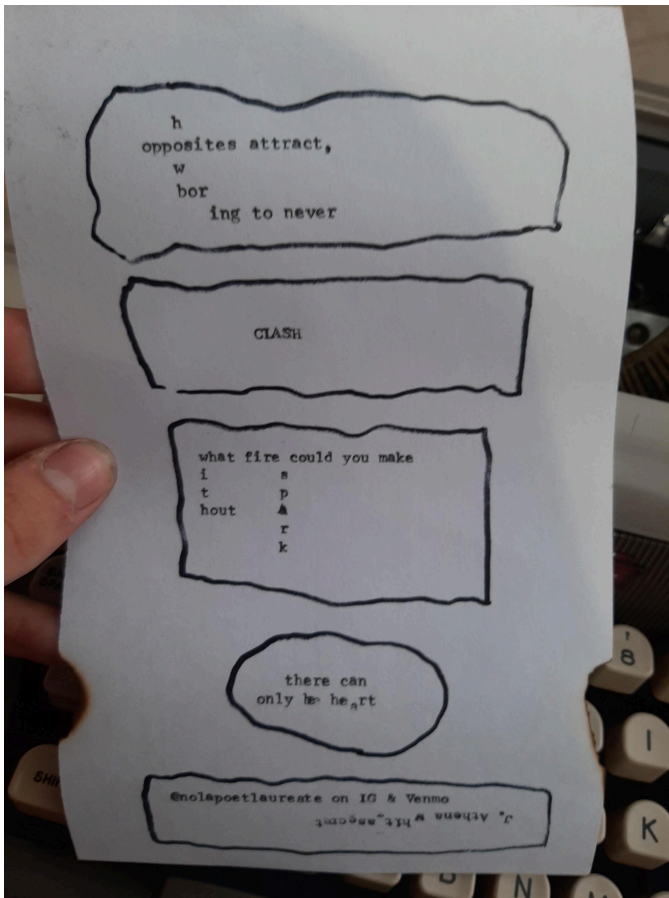
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I'm both neither & either

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Magickittens: definition them above ♠

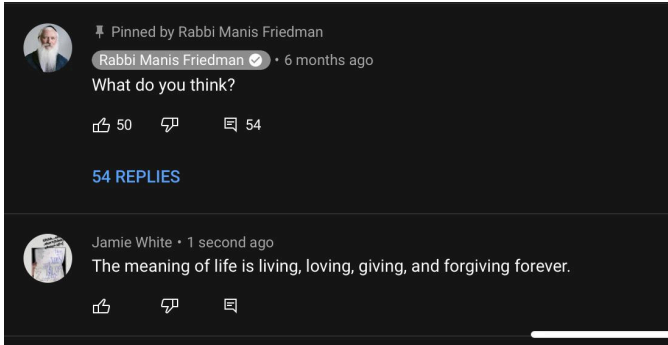
U just got so rekt bro

Why should I care again?

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Because you're the president of the world



Lowl I'm writing this poem just to use the word

Spliffscape,

First thought was fog comparison

Then maybe tying it to a foggy brain,

Seems kinda samey to other stuff,

Every poem has to be unique after all,

In chess books about poetry

You are supposed to do it different

To get into a book that is,

Maybe spliffscape is a tobacco & weed farm

In need of an super-bowl win type of splash,

I wanna move out of my home into another

One where everything is the same but better,

Maybe I'll title this book spliffscape to trick

The stoners, most my audience is

stoner,

When ten or whatever

the other kids bullied me (which is unique to me)

For finding a quartz rock, told

me it was a Fossilized-

Banana, which on further reflection,

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is fucking hilarious,
Oh yeah, I feel like dogpoopoopeepee (now felt)
That's relevant probs to topic at hand,
Nothing in this home changes for the
better,
Cycles of bleh recycle, sucking its own,
& yeah you are right to stop reading
This is not good for your head,
If this all sound like an improvement right
now
Then maybe you outta be the one
Putting spliffscape to use then me,
246 falling asleep with lamp on
But not really,
1130 morning
was told all I had to do was get weed & cash
by various deities, shared motor oil on
tongue,
offered to write them poetry,
Kanye & I danced before he weakly fingered
me,
the dock took us out into lake friendship,
they told me to teach them how to swim,
the best guy ever was locked in fence,
at my old school my ex hugged air in front
of me
& told me I was not a good kisser,
their new partner had a big mouth as well,
1134, woke up not wanting to,
takes about an hour to want to live again,
getting further from the start again,
probably

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preferable, opened this doc up again to use
the phrase

Cartographers Of Infinity, but then this was
here

so I guess I am still working on writing this
one,

destiny as desire, a destination tiny as a
period

on a tombstone of an ant

stunted by light & magnification, all our
eyes

are death rays to the living,

1154 & maybe eating would be good with
water,

good in that it gives me an excuse of energy,
as though I would continue rotting here in
bed

but first let me go out & do something to
speed

up the process, I'm too lazy to die,

everything is procrastination,

1157 & documentation is such a lame
gimmick,

trying to prove how much depth per minute
gets achieved, as though these lines are
clocking in

& out at some job for those too tired to go
find a stall

to vandalize with dull sharpies, it is 1159

& I am just now noticing AM says am, surely
that has significance, 12 PM, the PM
probably

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has no significance, don't really wanna look
it up,
gonna go pretend to get food now and will
likely be back,
235 kawaii brutalism=catalism
236 AM, went half with Jason on a 36 ft
trailer home for 300
gonna strip it to the base it sits & sell what's
in it
an oven, a fridge, a new water heater,
aluminum, copper,
& then make between 500-1500 for each of
us by selling it
as a 36 ft trailer, turns out I poisoned myself
with E
taking internalized toxic femininity too
literal,
239 plenty have got the "Follow-" down
few the "Through", although maybe that's
just we,
it's 11 days until Christmas & coronavirus is
gettin fukt,
a week ago
251 they don't want me finding out blood
type
253 a time ago there was an image before
clear dream drama
where we were walking across a canyon
along a tightrope
made of people we once knew
254 whose shoelaces weaved into the hair of
the next step

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255 & the other night all the gods were
hanging out on a couch

256 it is

257 already,

Whoops! & a youtube lecture on
architecture eargasms

a boring background, catching up on
Chainsaw Man

258,

313, just finished Act 1

312*, everything written before now to
follow was prologue

we'll get back to this line below later

*E-

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Best Schemes

now forget that weird start ever even happened for a b/it, probably has no payoff or path anyways...

Top 3 Investments

1. Invest in Ethereum because of NFT resale economy being the future of all digital and many physical exchanges like cars and homes, especially when a minimum resale value mechanic gets invented, oh wait it already did and is on my real world paintings. #rekt thats how most paintings are gonna operate now & I got the receipts suckers.
2. Invest In Google's parent company Alphabet because when everyone realizes Google Docs is Web 3.0, Ad-free, all the fonts, anonymish, it works like Wikipedia where we hyperlink to other google docs, each one having different settings for the shareable link that alter how you the viewer/commenter/editor interactive with the docs
3. Invest In Leilo, Better Than Beer
4.
 1. Big Nug: McDonald's & Weed Farm
 2. The Church of Chad
 3. Buy a poem, you get a book for free with it picked for you depending on the subject matter
 4. Yearbooks for a city or block or neighborhood or parish
 5. Wedding Ritual Footfighting ceremony done in front of chosen family
 6. Weed Wallet

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7. Poetry is any unit of expression
8. Rent out the property in Tangipahoa as a party space and venue for excellent fun people.
9. Bitcoin & Ethereum, 2 sides of the same coin that says, BE
10. They're gonna start selling away the names of solar and planetary bodies to blockchain brands soon enough.
11. Black Light Night
12. All-jeers Paint
13. Steampunk Creole Wizardry.
Brass knuckles wand
14. Rocky Horror Shadowcast of the Made for TV remake for April Fool's Day Performance
15. Customizable wands to sell to people
16. Mechanisms of God, make it so that G■vin' Woo■ buys my large space painting in a timely and suddenly now fashion and the best things blossom from this for me and all others and no harm is done to any being.
17. Au means gold. Austin. Gold Stone.
18. Ode to code? Nah...
19. Bimbo Keef Hansel & Gretel
Porn
20. Bimbos against bigots
21. New Holidays. Birthdays now celebrate the people that gave birth to another. Weddings are

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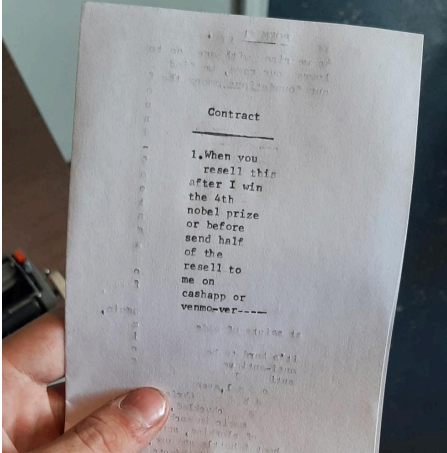
now yearly renewal of vows and discussions and celebrations of their love and connection and changes describe their parties before others to just each other. Instead of Independence Day, it is Sexual Liberation Day. Usmiss instead of Christmas where we get together with all the people we have missed when they weren't there.

22. Bland as blondes (struction)
23. Get high at an amazing degenerate queer amusement park of perversion and rides and nature and perfection.
24. Give it all your b(~~est.199-~~
25. You have an animation playing play on multiple walls by multiple projectors showing scenes at different angles
26. Lightnings just the headlights of angels flashing

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Not (Yet) The Best Poetry



One off lines

1. The undertaker took my underwear
2. This is the heaven
3. Incomplete? I'm Complete. I Complete.
4. True treasures
5. Fire and water, our souls are candles, flame and wax of want.
6. An old man in a new world
7. The clock clicking its tongue
8. The rule of the real
9. Virga in virgin
10. Tender is the heart of man who knows nothing yet understands
11. Pine needles playing the vinyl of the clamshells
12. Rolling paper poetry
13. Making wind chimes of cannons
14. What is deep? Peed backwards
15. Temperance makes one the emperor of peace

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16. Do not ask, do. Do not ask, do
as.
17. Pointing at a painting
18. What if that airplane
justasthegrin slow motion
19. Behead skull scholars, better
a bowl
20. The greatest compliment is
compensation
21. You're your universe
22. The orange button of the sky
blue jeans
23. Niche to the nostril
24. Anne described pool noodle as
white trash pussy pump
25. You are your euphoria
26. The co-founder Craig of Tether
called me "Demented" multiple
times for the devil painting
27. Clouds clawed to fluff
28. Sell silk silhouettes
29. I'd worship the worthless if
they'd take the compliment
30. Good things come to those that
cum
31. Anniversary: the renewed
subscription to love
32. Starchitect
33. Libriestess
34. I am your whore of love, the
historical game of telephone
mistranslation, "I am the lord
above."
35. Poetess (both librarian and
priestess)

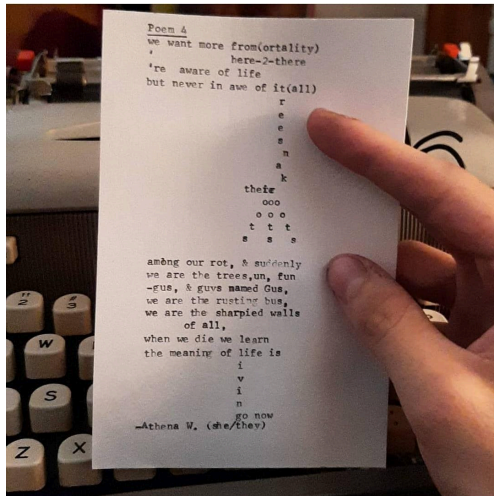
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36. Jessica & James. Jessie James.
Joke by my dad.
37. Dreams are when we get tired
and forget to forget we are gods
of our own infinite light of
possible path.
38. Jeepers where's my peepers
39. I feel like we're the
shadowcast of the sun
40. How can you claim to be
raising a child when the child
does not rise?
41. Dozenfinity. I'm both neither
and either
42. Fined for covid in the drink I
got from the barista, call that
a cough-fee
43. We're continuous continents
44. Obscure treasures gravitate
towards me

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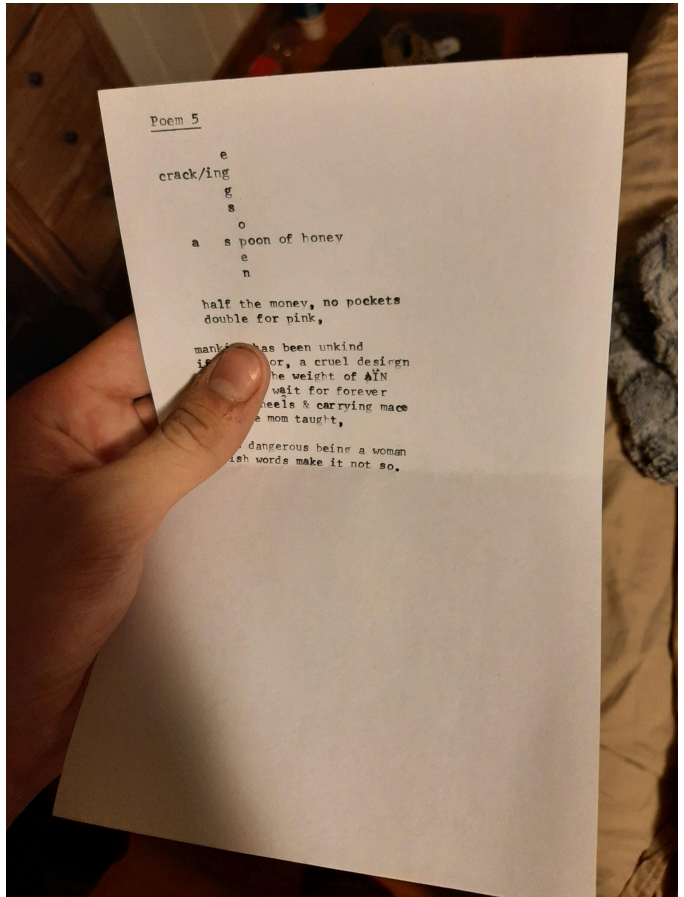
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45. encrypted message lmao
46. Master of Mess
47. Sunshine & Sushi
48. Sir? Ma'am? I am.
49. The lovechild of a loveless marriage
50. Odessa M. Bullshit
51. Be you/ To full/ Form
52. The lovebirds got shotgunned
53. The sun's just pretending day to day
54. Femboy Farmboy
55. Have a great spacetime
56. I'm in a sunrise of myself
57. I've been locked into a dress and am so happy

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- 58.
59. I wasn't born in the wrong
body, my body was born with
rights
60. Create Great
61. Even fear fears her
62. Wearing a crutch as a leg
63. An ice cream cone smoking a
cigarette
64. Don't think that's it

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65. America, home of the
homeless,
66. I will blind you with cum
67. You've got the burnt innocence
of incense
68. How long must it be that I
belong?
69. The sun rinsed its teeth in
your chewing gum
70. I'm all wine and sunshine
71. Grew tired of waking up grown
up
72. Spliff Liftoff
73. Moderation, it'll go a long
way
74. When spliff tv goes to snows,
its just called ash
75. Red rudiments, clay, bark,
leash
76. I don't know why rubber duck
pool floaties always make me cry
like the child of a duck mom
that forgot to not drown.
77. A spliff is the girldick of
angels.
78. And love has saved me & we
79. Thanks past babe, thanks
future babe, thanks babe right
now
80. Trans Jewish character named
Ruby Gold whose deadname is Rube
Goldberg
81. Chadwick Bozeman made Kamala
say ACAB

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82. Fellas isn't Fall kinda gay
though with the whole making
your nipples hard when
buttchugging by the pastel
shavings of leaves (yeah get
oneupped punk referenced)
83. What on earth, what on heaven
84. pray for the best, not for the
rest, say with my red chest,
love is always now, and now all
named Jamie Henson (Angel) White
shall be in a perpetual
awareness of this most loving
and perfect now.
85. There is no peak high enough
that can put a limitation on our
imagination.
86. When younger in this very
room, you prayed to God to end
Satan's suffering and to allow
them to be in heaven to feel all
of your love's endless bounty;
then, you said that if you
couldn't do that then you could
send Satan to heaven to feel
your love; then 12 years later,
I speaking right now replace
whoever was Satan at that moment
and allow them to enter heaven
fully as they wish to be and to
lock the gate on absolute
freedom as they enter a world of
absolute freedom that has the
best stories and surprises.
87. The Face Of Satan Is A Mirror

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88. God is in an egg
89. Your wildest fantasies do come true, you are now to receive perpetual payoff for things set up in the past
90. Mememe, then
91. I don't think those balloons connected with anyone
92. The party waiting on the part to stop saying y
93. Anonymish: somewhat anonymous
94.

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We forget how you got (that you
wer-e-ven) here

Wet from the dryer,
The blinds, music sheets for sun,
Plays upon soaked sheets,
Memory is an orgasm away from you,
I'd take you if I could
Like land, like lizard
To where there's
False claim of separation,
For even God would cum
Wearing this cottonmouth
Of the washer's vomit,
Stained with all the acts
That leave
Linguists speechless

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The next poem

Your bucktoothed bookshelf
Has my mind at gunpoint with good.

It's a shame
That last word does it for me.

Goodgirling to the drool of a bud
We cosplay as cats that hate cops.

& that kennel with your face on it
Tells me you just want to be wanted.

The milk is sour in your fridge.

Cider & cereal, a feast fine enough.

Let's dry-hump the AC
Until drywall sweats us.

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Forevermore

All aliens

Horny for the wind quesoed breaths

"I love you too," got nixed for

"I love you two," by polyamory crowd

&

Dog city, blood city, your city

There's a killer in a fairy costume

Going for street preachers this week

"Tell me all,

1. &

I shall forgive you."

"For love is what us is for."

"Together we are our world."

"United we are stating truths."

1. &

That's when the fucking fairy

Stabs you when you least expect

Saying your final words

Though they were I-spy-prophesied

1. &

Last week when you were mowing jays

Littered with leaves & cardinals,

Flag of red blue death was our yard

& I thought you looked like my back

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1. &

When the next time you speak to me
For the last time again, remember
That you are remembered only w/ love
For you are more than you wish you
said

1. &

Even perfect mysteries are stories
Told only to tell to sell
An (id)(dr(e(a|m) snarled tongue
Licking at our everything

1. &

Your greatest fulfillment
It's already now

1. &

Yesterday when we said tomorrow
When I mispronounced today,
The perfect preacher were moths
With mouths sewn by silk,
Was when I said I love myself fully,
Even our possibilities of infinity.

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Another The Next Poem

Defund the dudes unless they kick it
With a dick in their ear canals
Doing 5 Star Karaoke Review levels
Of passion,

The ant colony,
The one growing in my piss
Has declared itself ally of grass,

It's Tuesday again on Wednesday,

Your can of tuna flavored brownies,
A solid step up from last year;

The novelty of meat has worn off
It's now the age of light & sound.

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You'll forget the start by the end I Pro ████████

Cracking eggs into surf

I'll let the lava or sun scramble

It in salt & excess

For the kings & ghosts to scissor up

Because *"forks are for the mermaids"*

Whose anchor upcycled tridents

Spool seaweed,

Ever since the landslide

Coral castles have been much of mud,

It's a Tuesday & all the dolphins hung themselves

On an anchor singing the death chorus

"If you want something done right

You gotta make sure nothing gets left

Undone," in the funeral halls of filter feeders

Commonly voiced by the marble vases of drown,

Between shackled Gods

Greek & Roman,

Sumerian & Atlantian, the wise whales say,

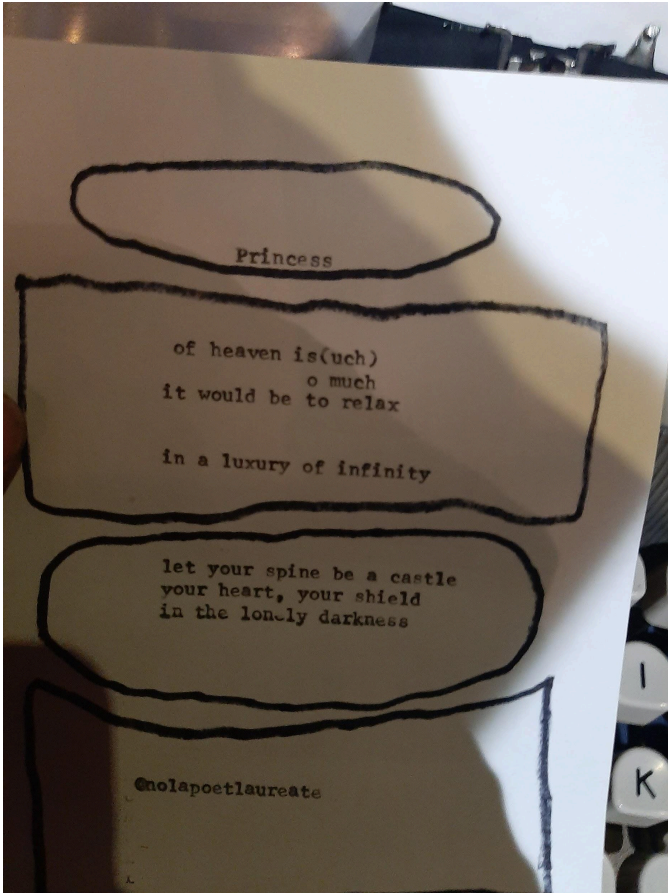
"It's in the best interest of us all to be interesting."

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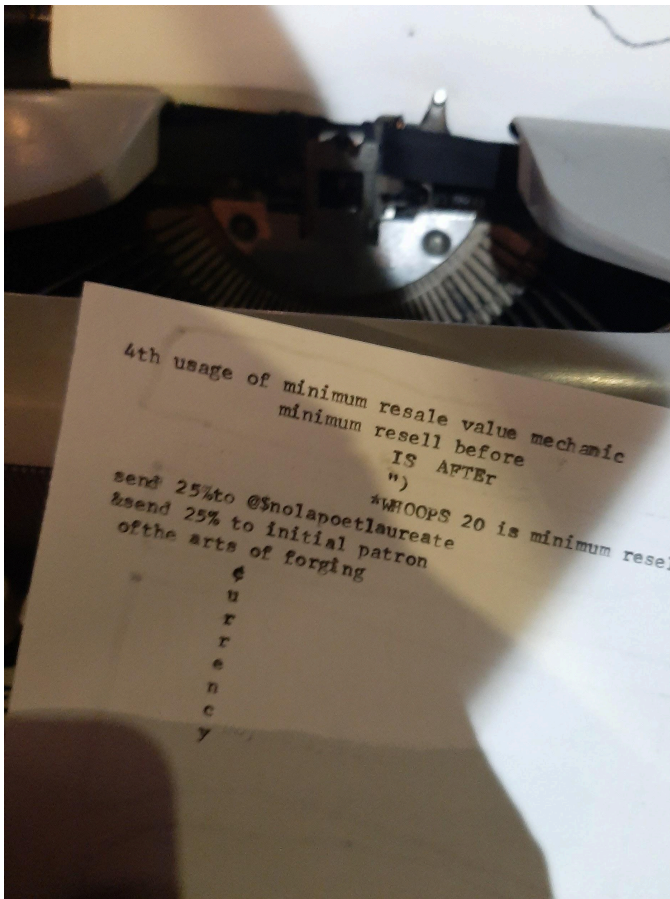
Some Thoughts On Leaves

1. Confetti of an Autumn New Year
2. Toilet paper for a big squirrel
3. Ashtraying the woods' dirt shoe
4. A dark plastic stomach's dinner
5. Loose sunburnt skin of angels
6. I am the judge of language



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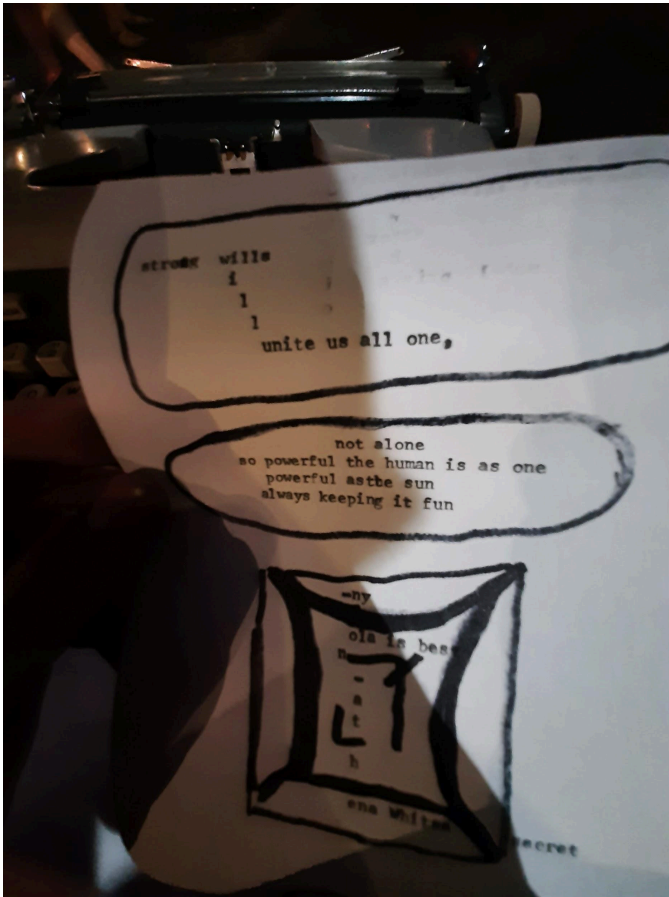


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With the bud Joseph who got the 1st on a poem, had done some previous (on)es paintings

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Imagine

You are seeking to master
The art of the zen rock garden,
Imagine when raking & brushing
That you are wrapping off
The coffin blanket of your shadow
That had kept warm a younger you
Comfortable in the safety of death
Before the teeth dragged against
Muzzled stone nametags

We are all bodies casting
Our shadows of light upon
The angelic mirror of our egg
Particles of all possibility
In the inside of the eye of god above,
E, all; else
We'd be bad to think
A massive overflow of love
Gushing from every atom

And what if all our life
Was the laser lightshow
For the stars out there in the sky
Studded with names of every I

& out there in the crowd of lighters
At this karaoke stadium for angels
In this starscape of heaven

Sphere up this influence of growth
Infinite its progress you get both
The Best Life of the absolute seven

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Middle of the Atman, Adam, & the Atomb
bomb was the rainbow nosering
Beneath the nose thing of Godscape

The burning bush was a weed like-
Snaking through the white smoke
As Jesus rose

Into rainbow

Crowned halos
Lassoing around your eyes
In an infinite reflection
As Narcissus the lake of his own
Tears that waterfall
Against the now pond of pound
The scrambled eggyolk of mosquitoes
Like lightning igniting upon itself
Enlil in Egyptian cryptological
Andgels divine prospaura.
Create the universe that has all the
Best photos on any platform to
Follow is to lead
Letting love light the way
From the weight of gravity
As you spread your wings
In a hug to starscapes
"We maked out naked out-
Side to side with crabs on tide,
Sweeter than beavers retired, porch
Of their cabin-formed dinosaur;
Save the world from saviors,
Trying to cork a ship made of ice."
You are you
I am I
We say these lies

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With love of me

Love of you

For us is as boring as knowing

When we know ourselves that well.

The blind art of dying

Never makes it to the museums,

We have a habit of dying so well

History doesn't engrave our bones.

King Knife

Curved to stab its own handle,

We are in the kingdom of royalty

& perhaps our dreams dream us up

To give them purpose

With all their infinite power

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Psyche

Dungeon of light
Turn on as sight
Choose to lose or win
Whenever wanted

A vineyard of neurons
Ignoring infinite for this
Presentation of here
Where audience participation
Encouraged change, not incorrigible

Lost in the fond maze of us all
We are tasked to bless another
By blessing us as well as all else

Observe your absurd
See how our world shall be served

Cultivate venom to hate
In every act done, as though
Your love were the only antidote
To every sexy fireman dates' bleh

I'd love love, but I'd leave I out,

Sexting stars

"

Be

Never

Not

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Now

"

All parts of the same parasite
Gay from fatigued suprise

Sacred texting angelic librarians

"

You

Are

Your

Best

Friend

"

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Crypton (coingrab milking)

ubermachines start by buying
za & MDMA & they say
only a madman would want
these superheroes of zeros
to make us one
with a better world
where we no longer war another
to tank currency to profit
as the treads hit on me like
dead presidents & pyramids do
when letting us know our dreams
are beautiful but this nightmare
where our EXPLOITATION is
what we are told to pray to,
& when they say hell is the only way
we know now
the job is never Savior

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Painting A Moving Target At 22+23

"The meaning of life is living."

Playing scratchoff with your scabs.

I'm a millionaire in the currency of blood!

Ends justify the beginning.

It'll never stop beginning so stop trying to stop it.

I've got the hots for heat death.

But we've both got cold feet.

Making out with the universal shadow of a ghost of

God

Sneezing compliments with slips of tongue.

Achoo

Its contagious

This dandruff of the forest confirms it.

The receding treeline needs a new conditioner.

Archetype-writers bunker in a cabin of grass.

The weatherman says there's not much to say.

The man in the mirror looks like a queer.

Bet they'd make a best of a friend for a fireplace.

After making love for the millionth time.

To a moving magazine.

I understood that understanding is all we need.

Expectation without exception is the death of now.

& that old guardian angel's just your child...

Maybe you outta stop letting their can cold-calls.

Go to rattle, go to ring, go to a full voicemail.

In a home of someone trying to find their voice.

& should the devil know of your love.

God would retire today.

& should we say everything beneath the sun.

We'd whisper of what was within & above.

To every person we have met & might meet.

For living is just the evolution of love.

& if misery were a miniseries it'd end.

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On a shot of forgiveness given to all.
Communities communicating as credits.
Leave the show to live life for yours & others.
Men that didn't know any better.
Stopped knowing how to live better..
Dream of discovering a map of a man.
Among gold shores, your dead children in southern towns.
Dead child by a soccer field folded on legs.
They accepted it the 1st time XD
Barhoppers in polo pull one another's leg.
We went & slept in a carwash room.
Where chemicals and pumps and a floor.
Bare with mud & rolling chairs.
Was safety for night.
Assuming the worst will consume your best days.
Interpreting everything in the worst light.
Leaves you in the dark looking for invisible keys.
To a car that will kill you if you look it in the eyes.
A sentence too long.
A radio linger too long by a cliff.
Are you making love when making out?
Or are you just making pretend?
& do you think squirrels mistake for angels?
Those flying squirrels throwing nuts at them above?
Intruders introducing their puppies.
We are all trading names tonight.
Wearing Sailor Moon outfits in bed.
Everything is loose in terms of terminology.
Soft backscratches.
Like a puppy digging its own grave.
Fireworks.
Those fishing lines of sky-tied anglers.
Melt the ice off our eyes.

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I feel like I've been feeling like shit all my life.

Up until I let myself feel fully.

I hate hypocrisy.

Except when I do it.

But when a ghost of a god asks.

If eating my feelings is vegan.

The only answer I can give seems to stop that.

 Cyclical running on empty.

 From being full of myself.

Teeth going all bloody from forgetting.

To brush my teeth with my frothed beard.

 Similar to scissoring a butter knife.

 Steel still cold from the fridge.

Unconscious confusion.

Memories.

 A sense for the no longer.

 Calming is my calling.

But also not that.

There is no such thing.

 As a thing such as not.

For all one could get.

You have already got.

& my mind's in the crosshairs.

 & my mind is the crosshairs!

& maybe that head needs a cut.

& maybe that head needs a kissing.

& maybe that slow squeeze.

Of a finger around another.

Promising to the pinky.

A pact to protect the past.

A promise to stop missing the now.

& a commitment to only ever shoot.

Shit with buds about this world of.

Beautiful.

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This world of.
Bountiful.
And this world.
Full of you.

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an older style of a younger you

black leather boots stamping on stumps

hopping atop rotting tombstones—

pimples of the forest floor—

‘the ground is lava’

‘that’s why the squirrels stay high’

‘squirrels are allergic to lava’

worms were immune to lava,

their wriggle in bulk (boar head)

(DELETE EXSANGULATED)

like a dumb macabre apple, like a backpack tassel

flapping from like a speeding trunk;

worms were immune to lava bc

they were the unnourished spawn, Lucifer’s,

& only bats (the fetal failures of fallen angels)

could nom them up.

a golden animatronic fish inquired

‘how’s a boar different than a bear?’

& my memories proclaimed,

‘bears are smarter cuz they know

that warm naps are super nice

when it gets real cold’

but the fish never revealed, only asked.

daybreak paralysis, black beetles entered through

a hole in a lofted corner of a gas station,

my hands crushing em as they ate at my right leg.

wearing the cosmetics of sunshine

as the warring smog blots eyeshadows

onto the closed clouds, sun like

a pupil on fire, a hot scream

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over cream-colored canyons, the signatures of
forgotten goods written with their piss-whiz,

the coal cools, the warm worms deflate &
shrivel on pavement.

daybreak has broken billions,

but there is still stillness

in those forests on fire

& we're allowed to be all we'd want to be

but

(YOU GOTTA TRY)

again

(YOU GOTTA TRY)

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forgot to edit this one

Does the pro-wrestler not too sell his body?
Studded in spandex, perhaps hidden by gimp mask,
Performing a character, a name not their own,
Stunting television friendly S&M
With a narrative, degraded physically/verbally,
Forced to force down pain-killers, denied
Insurance, disposable to a revolving roster,
Made an object of entertainment.
Where are objectifiers the way there is
In chat-rooms/private rooms/in congress?
Wrestling may be fake as their orgasms
But does that mean neither is honest?
Our heaven of capital
Makes all actions ethical.
Whether bare-knuckled
Boxing another or a crotch
The advertisers don't fucking care.
There's no WE in WWE
There's indie honesty as always
& an industry of cultural reflection.
Blondies bludgeon the flavor of the week
In our state-sponsored terrorism, mainstream
Shows cis roles affirmed from American Pie.
Even the taboo of both worlds
Skew to pitfalls of racism bc
That's what an audience wants
Not what they want to give.
They just want to live
By their own terms
In a world that would rather wound
A terminal being by blindness than think
To say thank you, to pay for the view.

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Neither Mickey or “Chyna” can prevent
The forces that fight for belts
Hanging themselves in motel closets.
Controlling their own narrative
Acquiring the spleens of production
Dominating on their own terms
(Not showrunners' or racist CEOs')
Leaving when they want
If they want something else.
We all sell our bodies for profit
So stop selling yourself mighty.

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Summer Thunderstorm

Ran out of contacts,

Now using condoms

To catch the tears;

Will sell them as popsicles

To new mothers

In flavors Grief or Relief

For the price of a shotgun

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What the fuck bro

Unintentional Unconventional

I promise I promise. & death's memoir

Was ghostwritten by an e-boy bro

So good at living that he never had a friend.

reader says "Fuck me, I think I'm a burden."

"Fuck me for thinking this for existing."

The real burden is burying or burning pain.

Not wanting help out of fear of abandonment.

As though friends were just playing pretend

Or doing it on double-dog-dare.

The boy never knew exactly the truthful life.

Time is the video-editor of our memoir

memory*

And too much joy is wasted on boys

Afraid of the growing pains

On the path to peace.

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So-So Sonnnnnngggggggg

Despair don't disappear

Just cause you forgot to text back Fear,

Since you're busy huffing fumes

In an innocent vacuum of daytime doom,

& there's a shadow taxidermied into a gimp mask

That will tell if you never ask

Because elderly angels rock climbing the clouds

Are still in their standstill of proud

We know you always like licking up life's luck

But what'd you do when life starts pissing suck?

There's nothing left to strip on the pole

Yet we're wet as sweat on the hole...

& if your military is off in death miles away

Ask what good is peace when done this way?

& that next station tells you best to ration

Since starving is back in fashion

We know you always like licking up life's luck

But when's the last time you gave a fuck?

[After engraving your skin](#)

The line of living seems thin

Lilly paddles neon into retinas

Wearing floral pelts with zebra

& we servants of serpent

Are rich yet spent

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The World

Glass Gods

On vacation as us

We all need

A good cum

A good cry

It seems like a no or yes

Question after every

I ♡

On a t-shirt

When ghosts of God

Ask another how they've been

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Questions Had About Things After Death

Do souls wear soul patches

Or has that stopped being trendy?

Is it like a nicotine patch for those

Still hooked on bad bodies?

(There Are Many Starting Points To Begin This Maze,
Stop Thinking You Are Special & Stop Thinking You
Aren't Special*

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Something Something Something

The mechanical matador shot

The bull in the noggin

& used one of the horns as a toothpick

& the other as a tooth

As some laffy-taffified canine

That hung to its bolt of a nipple

The mechanical crowd distracted busy

Playing chess on magnetized chests

To notice that another one was added to the pile

And as a kid I wanted to be famous

Like those other kids on the milk

And as a teen I wanted to be dead

Like those letters fingered onto concrete

And as a dult I wanted to be happy with wisdom

Like those mirrors in dreams liked to suggest

And as of right now I want nothing more

Than to be wanted by some zombie misnamed Law

And as for tomorrow,

It's already yesterday's news

ROCKY HORROR REFERENCES ARE NICE

Everyone in a while

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Dream Song August 8th 2020

Jesus gave me molly in the dream
Had just gotten water from the kitchen
Using 3 sources at once
Fed it to Christi as they plucked 10 swords
From a heart floating by the bed
Big as a yoga ball & covered with wings
as Killer Mike recited a poem about police
Stopping his car & being here before
Living this life over and over for 50 years.
Dad's in the attic wanting a poetry battle.
Getting high in dreams grounds it all.
There's straw in the bed & every mirror
Has a nametag that says, "Hello, my name is
I Love You" and we learned how to love a mirror
As itself rather than what was seen upon it.
I text a mess on mass scale
As an answer to both statements
Erotic & slow motion apocalyptic.
It's not the end of the world
It's only getting started.

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Words, A Sword

DELEUZE

FIZZA

LEUZER

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US
our pronouns are
we/were



Oh no a femme nipple
Thank goodness docs is hip

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Black Holes

Walking upright
on a mirrored egg holescape
caught in its own reflection

There are no shadows cast on black stars

My mind light enough to leave
I don't need to die to live

I don't need to live to love

God, what're your pronouns?

It's within my rights to role play as

The Holy Spirit to trick billionaires

Into giving us locked away patents

**Because now there's a minimum resale value
mechanic**

& google docs is the best social media

& the Church of Poetry gives prisoners all drugs

& the 9 page google doc review of a psych ward

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Peace Is As War Was (or 3 meh fragments)

Knowing not to battle

Is the only battle

As us

Rifle sight for sore eyes.

Get lost in staring contests.

Forgetting how to shoot

Inconsistency is the only constant

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Vibing On Existence

Olive-grey skirts bristle at gusts
Like angels harpooning stingrays up
There's a tortilla on the clock & boss says
Time to eat or maybe something like
Spit on my worm for a raise or maybe
There's a bird sitting down on a wire
Wondering why these slacked black branches
Always wear Winter fashion trends or maybe
Those black holes
Are just mirrors
Of our minds
Or perhaps there's a catalog of Summer
This season of death or kinda sorta maybe
I'm a queer for everything here or maybe saying
If you shoot me in the face
Do it with your dick
Or maybe she said instead
Am I being extra
Or just extra lovely??? or maybe there was
A flashlight in their mouth projecting
Insecurity onto the roof for the fan to taste or
Maybe binge skeeting is the cure or maybe
It's tits of a landscape hairy with green or
It could be the sea scalped of its wavy hair or
By chance it's just a fire to fight off fear or
Maybe it is Gaia getting
Airtighted by air Gods & Goddesses or
Perhaps all of us, creatures of creations,
Belong on the docks of dunes stomaching
Rubble from the well of light as parting gifts
To parties once shared or maybe
The dogs stop digging up their masters
Because what good are unanime bones

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Covered in loneliness and hear attacks
Or perhaps the burst blood vessel of river
Keeps up with keepers of the bliss or maybe
There's nobody but us that will save us
Or maybe selfish-sufficiency is insufficient
In making joy an efficient thing to share or maybe
Community is immutable or maybe
This world reflects what we give it or maybe
We reflect what the world gives us or maybe
We were always the world

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It's A Nice Poem (NEVER TIES INTO
ANYTHING ELSE THOUGH)

Shambled shrimps

Lathered in

Oil-coloured soy

Chopsticked up by

Gay geishas

Taste of garlic &

Fresh butter

Between kisses of ice.

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Questions I'd Like Answered Mr. Pope (CRINGE)

Can God have threesomes with themselves?
Is it considered masturbation since they are
One in the same? Is fucking a clone masturbation
Or is it fucking? If we are all clones of God
Would that make all of our fucking masturbation?
So does God bang angels? Are we allowed to be
Banged by God? Do we become angels once
We arrive at heaven or are we just our spirits
In this collective goodness? Is that goodness
An orgy if it feels better than orgasms? Is the air
In heaven humid with orgasm? Do you even
Need to breathe when in heaven? Or is God
The hot lifeguard doing CPR on ya as you choke
On the water of the clouds? Does God just let us
Die in heaven to return to the same universe
Allowing us a few memories to assure we purify
Our mind and body and spirit for heaven?
Does the one on top enjoy getting topped? A switch?
Is it just like a whatever kinda thing up to our
Mutual choosing? Is God dead or are we?
Why did God leave me on read?
Do they have bad reception in heaven
Due to all those clouds? Do angels ever try
Flying out of heaven? Do they just walk out
The gate? Are we allowed to cry in heaven?
Are we allowed to love everything in heaven
Fully as possible without shame? Can we be
Gay in heaven? Can we do religious roleplay?
Thank you for listening Mr. Pope,
I'm looking forward to your answers.

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Thankful for loud neighbors that woke me up

There's a mountain nicknamed sunshine

That only smiles when you give it a baggie

Of mosquitos swimming without a goldfish...

It'll ghost you if you share a shit ghost story,

Also make sure to give its front backrubs

With your boots rutting around

Those stretchmarks of well-worn trails, it'll

Suggest you use a twig to put your contacts in,

& then maybe kiss some wine by the river

To get the gist of glory of a weekday excursion.

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I

I woke up with teeth-marks on my tongue

You said before going,

“Doberge cake imitates

A stacked deck of mattresses”

Then did the going,

You really get me off

When you're

Sucking crawfish heads

To live in a life hugged soft

Screach to my ears

Each & every year.

(get the book to find out more)

II

Once loved a mountaineer

But he took a hike

Because when we were near

He didn't look to like,

Searching for a mountain

Bigger than clouds

Be it man or woman

They'd kiss them loud

For all the birds to hear

From river to dyke—

You know love's here

When lighting strikes,

So over me he's walking

Lying about being proud—

All alone double-talking

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Just debris atop the crowd,
But who am I to him?
A trail taken on a whim?
Where in the world has the world went—
While in heaven pitching tents?

III

Was I late to the party or did they just forget to
Invite me to being born?
There's a baseball bat in the eyes of
A mansion? Am I in the wrong when
I do right by you? I'll make light of dark, because
My soul is all lava-lamp that looks like a shark. Fuck
Me up when I feel down.
A mansion without an investigation is just
A pitiful thing. Your resistance to existence
Results only in pain. He who hid, did what
The Devil of systems bid. It is in your best interest
To stay interested, to be interesting. Never rest
Those eyes though they sag. You've lost sight
Of why you see. Kamikaze Kawaii, I'm sexy dying
For a pay-raise or praise. 453 now
454, earlier than it seems. 524 ~~high on giving~~
Just wrote a high heel poem.
Deja vu visions (*READING IT NOW AGAIN*)
I've lived this all before
No hesitation or division to divinity
Loving space every time

IV

Freed from fraud, Wands weaponized with love-
D ones. I'm at one with the all of none undone.
Thanks Zeus

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A week from the 1st deathday of David

Is at midnight tonight, & are stars
just angels holding up their lighters?
About to slip on some sleep
After years of concerted all-nighters.

That pastel past will never tell
& should you linger longer than 1st planned
The knowers of now'll be sure to sell
A future for your thirst canned

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A New Human Activity

They tell you to die alone so you do

With tubes tied into you

You see your blood do figure 8s

You hear your breath stall with wheeze

You smell the beeps as you wish

You could boop the nose of any loved one

Once more

They tell you to die alone so you do

Your family sees you in a rectangular phone

To prep them for any Polaroids taken at the mass

They tell you to die alone so you do

Because everyone is dying right now

& nobody has the tears left for another

They tell you to die alone so you do

Because when we leave those that live

It's the least that we can do

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Ruth Asawa

chainmail for jellyfish,
over the phone her cards purr
& Ruth giggles about,
"the chemical plant assassins,
got lost in the sun of my smile...";

soon coral calamities, tattered,
knowing their birthday was stillborn—
body as tomb as tourists, thumbing
themselves memory, it's a fuck of a thing,
desiring to be left alone, a cave of dust,
making small talk with fountains & birds,
friendly as the timber warehouse, she
brings up being, garlic to the guac;
I texted her at night in bed & asked how,
"long will this care last?"
& they answered with,
holding their hand through the phone

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2 Silly Aphorisms

The sad man asked the happy child,

"HOW?!"

The happy child replied,

"Now."

Hot rain tattooed their snowman

Life is what you make of it

Death is what it makes of you.

New word: Sunwalking

Def. Unknownst

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Which is More Gay, Chess Or Football?

topic requested by an Avant Goth

Prologue

let's just clear clutter here,
queerness quantified is the most gay,
but to deny consideration of such even rivals
would denote a life deserving of denial

so

The Basics

chess & football
at their cores
are expressions
of societal
pursuits of
perfection of the nice,
 the feminine famine
 in these arenas
 isn't due to inferiority,
 rather it is a boys club
 of men too afraid
 to go to the gay clubs
men that wish to dominate others
& find renewed purpose
being beaten by another
 both gay games of strategy
 that tug their throbs
 nicknamed "ego" & "pussy killer"
 & "bad picture day everyday";
now to speak of the players

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it should be said

some are gay for pay

props for the people

to slob themselves silly over

they are tools

they are too

much machismo

going MACH-0

if ever caught

in circumstance

of erotic

outside their expertise

even the term

PLAYERS

hints at some skill of the booty-bang

or wooing

or ability to get some

but no,

both chess

& football

hosts

“chiseled chin

chads” that’d

drop it all

at the chance

to drop to their knees

& to say daddy

once more

this time with love

The Cases

a queen pinned

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against a king, a horse
threatens to defile a file
as bishops watch
like voyeuristic snipers
for some material
worth dying for

a dogpile of helmets
the fumbled ball,
that loose leather
squeezed by a mountain
of uncertain grunts
looking for a new
semi-permanent
tattoo to be
blushing bruised
in an ice bath

& must we hear yet again
arguments on flagging
for time as their clocks
do that dumb dom countdown
towards execution
as their hands
tied to the edge
seek to protect their ruler
their man
followed
by the tired language
on how the jocks
only flag for piss & fist
as they slam their heads together
trying to unconscious the other
vulnerable enough to forget

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any action taken in the shower
or from watching footage
or studying the stud
that is their competitor

in a way
chess is an intimate form
of public masturbation,
as they seek mate, they
find a mate, they both want
to mate, but settle for
friends that share beer
& strategy

football, let's face it,
is an eyes wide shut orgy
approved by good old boys
from texas to new york,
faces hidden, a violation
to remove another's, they get
lost, turned to numbers
doing equations with another,
restricted by predetermined rules,
addition with collision, division
with the lines of poetry made bodily
in weaving, multiplication in the multiple orga-
nizations of being atop another, subtraction of jersey
in the submission of tackle
as each just try to score

newbies, obsessed
with openings, with
symbolic sacrifices
of soldiers for the figurehead;

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chess is an imitation of war
a zoroastrian ashtray, battlefield
turned human furniture, turned wood,
a contest of contrast, all the pieces
are side-pieces, each player
begging the other
to take
to collapse
to resign themselves
to an infinity of ways
to say
I AM THE GAY
as they finish each other off
in end game

the coach is into verbal degradation
into making you throw up while blushing
as the sun sweats your skin porcelain.

the coach is into aftercare
into going over how you left holes
for the others to bust through.

the coach is into warm up
into training you
into draining you.

the coach controls your meals.
the coach controls allowable activities.

the coach controls where you go.
the coach tells you how to play.

you will kick balls if coach says so.
you will kiss dirt if coach says so.

you will bleed if coach says so.

audiences need not be mentioned
for they are all gay obsessives

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living vicariously as cucks to those
superior in their actualized addictions;
commentary is common for us homos
in our homes

What is Gay?

is it two bodies against another
grinding & gripping, is it two minds
attempting to be the top, is it
gay if done against a computer,
is it gay if it is fantasy, is it
grilling with the guys, is it intimacy
in an invitation over, in an unsaid
I miss us, is it a bracket of bros,
is it producing prodigies, is it
two of the same sex never having sex,
is it the joy in pursuing perfection
that will never come nor last, is it judgement, or
a low lying bar, is it a repurposed gymnasium,
is it even a sport, is it even art,
is gayness just a gay concept, a manmade
concept made for man to simplify, to make
new scapegoats to get off on, or
is it gay simply to live, to live a life
of interaction with others, is it more gay
just because there are more men, or is it
more gay when it is more of a whisper,
a shared secret among the tables, or is it
gayness between coaches that once
pressed another into the couches of grass
back when they were young twunks
that didn't need to think beyond reaction, or
is it gay for cities to duel, for them to have

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rivals over something trivial, what good
is gay when we deny the truth that god is gay,
god is good, we are gay, we are good,
what use is this as a word when it functions
as a category on smut, when it functions as slur,
when it functions as pillar of pride, when it
is not just men, when it is in every book, poem,
in every work of art depicted, the thing that is gay
seems clearly to be I and you and all else

Conclusion

football is the most gay
solely for the reason
that those faggots will be
the most butthurt by this decision
from this faggot

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Pumpkin

A kid once brought his pumpkin
into school, the serrated face
had been stitched whole again;
The teacher (mystified) asked
but the kid didn't answer.

My pumpkin came 2nd.

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A Soul Is Syllables

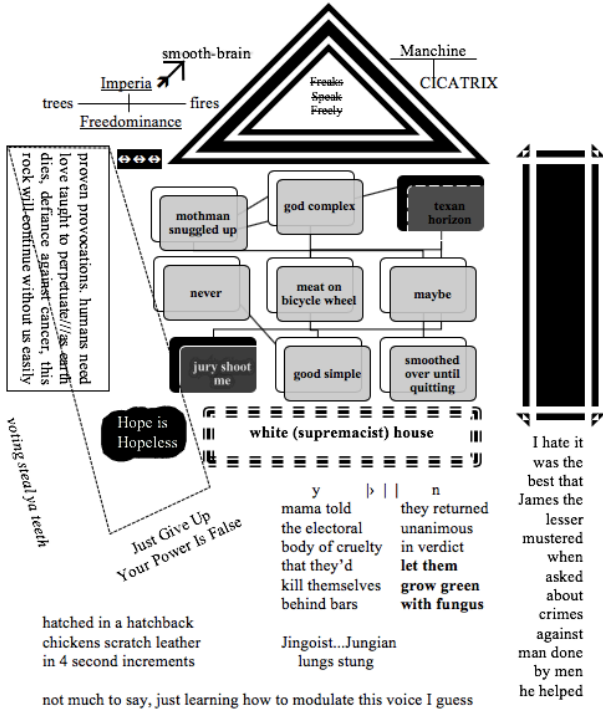
The dead nun, in a dirt tomb,
hugs her dog's ribs, the legs
still stuck in the ash,
gripped by wood & roof
at rest with the wind
& leaves.

Blue streams sprint
& weave as they near
a coast, a dead whale rots
as crabs snip at flesh
& gulls punch their beaks
in that fat & blood.

A child puts a cold hand
on the white mouth, but
warmth left with the soul—
warmth will be found at night
in a clear soup
of green & whale.

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(UPLOAD ERROR: FORGET THIS EXISTS)

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Words Again

A ghost is a gorgeous thing
Like fog in a field of forgetting
Or condensation drenched armpits

A ghost stapled with meat, grass,
bits of eggshell, a ghost with
yellowing dentures smiling. Ghost
My gut wants terror, panic, screams & stuff
But my mind wants friendship.
I'd befriend my murderer if it meant
They could learn to forgive.
More than me, more than themselves,
Was & wasn't.

Hole in the ground
A tub drains cold water. Nuzzled
On collar. The balding entity
No longer mistakes apathy for
Relaxation. It is the end of the line.
It is the recycling of cells.
It is the call to wanderlust as we
Dissolve into the clouds. Particulates
Of the rain. Rush of the river. Face
Of a fish. Thumb of a child. Gripping
Onto omnipotent potential limited
Only by fear. By future. By past.
Now is how you live
Now I show you tell

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Some Time Last Year: Written on April 14th 2020

Sapphic sapohtomoan frenchmen street greet
ings, The Bussys™ plan'n blowing up a bridge
w/ eekend wherewithal—"all bands r under
ground in new orleans silly"—everyone trans
ient anarchicks & instruments just need streams
of collective unconsciousness: stabbing steam
just as furniture intended to tender wounds
splints a joint, spliffs & anoints with spit
tle spicketing from rum rubbed trumpets: land
lords not our shepherds fertilize shrapnel in man
kind's immortal manure, as money stuffed asses
work themselves off, the clock awakens cocks &
pigs in Bywater barns, psyopped co-ops, dig
for neither shrimp nor shroom, but for mud
pickled in cypress coffins as their blue lies owner
presses dry their lucky flowers between bibles after
math of kniving up leftover cilantro after
yet another once in a lifetime disaster mulches
itself as evacuation sirens & buzzards
felt quiet as the buzzcut draft burners blew
up the blues of their sky on a Marigny morning.

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March 2020 (Likely Date)

The jury is still out/ of their mind/
They think a cop/ can't lie/
They think a boy/ SHOULD DIE/
They think the law/ is just/
They think justice/ abides blind/
Functions colorblind/ they think/
Guilty is/ as guilty/
Does/ to confess is enough/
No need to confuse headlines/ head/
Body/ detached/ child/
Father/ detached/
Our empathy/ seems the same
Some/times picayune says get fucked.

Songs of Genocide/ the discography/
America/ the artist

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Corona Poem 1

spilling secrets on coffee-stained
crosswords creased with a latenight pop

girder to guardrails of Mississippi's bridge piercings
slapdashed with heat until a ferris wheel formed from
40° increments

let's wish to a Good God as we wash our hands
let's kiss through the newsprint filter
until our love leaks through the obituaries

waiting ourselves dead in a wineline
we pinch the nipples of the radio until it talks sweet

hurricanes by the hundreds pinpoint
a pointless town besieged by sickness

kids do that silly mayflower dance
with the garterbelts of a telephone pole

let's wish to a Dead Dog as we wash our hands
let's piss through ant tunnels bc/
they forgot coins for the turnstile at home

no white flag will stop a plague
no bongwater will bring back their flowers

I miss home being home

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Billionaire Gates (Transcribed From A Dream)

I had

needed in Japanese

forgive
the spectrum

a superstructure
a false control

chaos without cause

nail/that/sticks/out I
wanna get
hammered with

lettering the unc*rcumcised arms
with doodles of turtle necks

those pearl parlors
of intrigue
& *ay sub-
text

your rivers
stubble-coated fox dead in a head

II.

it was
them 3

seize queens' moolah dosed
with a scumfloor of blackmail

THE TRAINS OF FORGIVENESS HAVE LEFT
THE STATION STILL FULL

(dreams dislike re

latent night lateral convulsions
schizopilled paleophytes fight
pacifist ditchboys // scaredy cats
tug
ging on a hot roof with wet days

wash

love

III.

forming)

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Hunting For A Moving Friend

Walking map of mulch, wooden
Deliveries left mud, puddles
Sipped as dessert, pudding
Cupped in a handshake, leftovers
Talking to ducks about, shotguns
On how telephone wires, stapled
To wooden pillars knew punishment
As a best friend without contract.

Biting blisters off a sandwich, crust
Tossed by a tray, wings
Of to-go boxes, limp
In bathroom trash, cans
Nailed into fences, bubbling
BBs out each storm, grass
Plateaus booked with, dad'
S potholes, yes
Sir was every other word, worried
That door with the, dead
Bolt action rifle, misfiring
At an uncle that looks, like
"How I'll look older", mom
Says she's sad in, June
Ducks slit the throat, of
Skyways, dodging
Blasts that bruise, shoulders
Lined with iron, sight
Held with breath, pulling
Another closer with chest, peeling
Away the crust of boy, caught
Up on weird words, sounds
From a dresser's cartridge, Gods

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Elected for the season, shots
At learning to play, on
Burial grounds with, grandpa'
S thorned slingshot, hidden
In the bunker of his throne.

Letting feathered whales, rot
where they land to rest.

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iii.

the CIA has my heartbeat
an identity only known
by the one that owns an owner

the police scanners
have slurs like a gas station
or a forum without decorum
& the police have guillotines
in the form of a goatee

stiff mustaches are knives of the dull

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-Amplifying Font Sizes!

-Tanning in snow

summer air strikes

lightly

only in

September

Jittering there's

a person behind me

with a cord...

plugged

into a white wall

What does GPS tell me?

A. Font at hurricane

B. but still legible

C. unfortunately

-Mouth soured green!

These hard chairs green

This computer is

smooth

yet hands are unable...

to pass through it

-People filter in

more & more

Restless legs

unrested mind

left side sore...

Guy with bad haircut

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drops phone beside me

-Whispers scurry!

Smiles & things

More people

funneling in...

-Getting gradually louder!

Unnerving

Not nervous

just knotted...

What's this bad feeling?

1. Runts ringing
2. in ears
3. pleading for milk
4. money

Skin follicles

firmly affixed

Uncommitted zits...

gentrify the nose

Is it a schholzone when?

1. Backpacks have suicide novels
2. learn doesn't earn its misery
3. they leave
4. another generation sadsack comes in

Noticed someone looking at me

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Girl has a shirt
that shows an AR-15...
that says
“This Is A Tool”
proudly

-Paper turned in
could likely leave
but not worth the risk

So loud

So much noise

-Nameless noises
meaning nothing

Foreground noise

Beards and ponytails
seem to be popular...

-Stubble coming in
after yesterday's big shave

Jumpy knees

need to stop that

After overdosing on mood-boosters?

- A. “ice cubes are my new best friend”
- B. “life saver savoring”
- C. “only got a gut left to throw up”

1. Feels like people
2. maybe they know me

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3. same as everyone else
4. lost in mass of class

Everyone could leave
if they wanted to

Attendance was a lie that left...

-Teach enters
with flick of switch

Lingering behind podium
shuffling papers
ready to proclaim...
in three minutes

Is any of this really real?

- A. Will do it with a smile
- B. had him last semester
- C. was it even a different course

-Horrid banshee laugh
coughing
anti-bacterial handouts

TA has hands in pockets
up front
watching..
beady-eyed

Nice light-blue shirt
with yellow roses

-I ought to get a being
yellow roses for B-day

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I'm too cool for cool
as I wish I was
but that's cliched mannnnnn...
like everything likely

What was it again?

- A. 10:31
- B. talks of albums
- C. last words
- D. before professor lectures

-Incoming ignoring
certain of it

Paranoid
always that

Fearful of others...
distrusting trustfund liars

-Them of me
as well
as courtesy

Map on screen
of a powerpoint

Discussion about...
American Revolution

-He starts
says alright
gets underway

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Paper
back
in about a week...

Caveat about grading
doesn't apply

-Last class
talked about Trenton

Supposed philosophical rights
designed by writers
designed by rulers...
enforced by 'forceful friends'

Explains the First

-Discussions of 50,000
loyalists
distrust and the adequate

Washington saved the army

70 minutes to go

-Next door over
documentary
too loud

Ancaps don't NAP
just daydream
nightmares...

60 minutes to go

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-Discussing colonies
overthrowing

So zoned out
about spies
and France...

What did I learn?

- A. Benjamin was popular
- B. Amongst Parisianas
- C. A ladies man
- D. His fingers were the first hitachi

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When I was maybe 8 or so, a girl
almost twice my age
yet half it mentally

a teen w/ down-syndrome
dry-humped me

pressed into me
too weak to move
asking her to stop
not understanding
why she was grinding
giggling, grinning

breathing got harder

if I hit her
that'd be bad
because
because
that'd be bad

'doesn't know any better'

her parents stopped
talking with my aunt & uncle
to pull her off of me
after a few minutes of me deer-in-headlighting

maybe they finally heard me
maybe they heard her grunt

they tried to not make a big deal
of it all as I caught my breath on the couch

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like I was a dumb kid that fell.

buried beneath walls for a decade
fully forgotten

dead with everything

only met her once
don't know her name
or if she's still alive

I hope you never felt guilt
I hope you forgot me too

these words are only for myself
to let the looted graves be reburied
but they still are sincere

I forgive you fully
& I'm sorry that I still don't know
if hitting you would've been ok

I remember before bed thinking
I should bury this

I remember saying that many times as a child

I can't remember why

I can't remember my childhood

I won't let myself for another two years

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babblebot of our discord

You must pay money to go Biden Mode

nvm the snake is hanging on a fire

listening To watch a shirt... OF SHIT IM stupid &...

yeah that's good rat snake

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Postanthropocene

They'll leave the lights on
Even when we're all gone

1-sided halos of stadiums
Beveled stems of streetlamps

Steam. Fog. Ash.
Glowing. This globe
Will never get shut eye

The moon went bankrupt
With our soft treasure-chests of dreams

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Opinion As Fact 1 (February 2020)

Loyola boys/ loyal to sunshine/
Swiftling their Schwinn's/ about Audubon/
Shotgunning sunrise/ scrambled in bacon/
Grease their fingers/ fixing fucked wheels/
Fingering scratch-offs/ getting off in pools/
Painting panties with scab blood/ bleaching shirts/
Talking him down/ taking notes/
Loyola boys/ born by bayous/
Helpless to help/ lost their lessons/
Sweeping a boil/ scalding sewer raccoons/
Loyola boys/ bitchasses wanting a pegging/
Lager lovers/ n-word whispering incels/
Loyola boys/ bottomless bottoms/
Class act traitors/ loyalists to regime/
Landlords of air/ BNB business class/
Losers that say yes sir to cops/ even in dreams

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just tried ghost pepper salsa for the first time & it
hurt in a good way

Inspired by Chelsea Minnis

Smooch berries cause they're sweet.
They forgot handrails to the glass guillotine.
I stopped arguing with rats about the best bread.
Rabbits eat ears if they see another as a threat.
Was the first cactus planted by God?
Is God in those knitting clubs in Albuquerque?

The first fire from hooked antlers falling down a cliff.
They found out they were a last cause.
First time it ever happened we said shit not again.
Don't kiss me unless you want teeth clinking.
Can you castrate a cow once it's a burger?
Got no muscle mass but maybe that's hot for some.

I want you to treat my body like it's dying.
And you broke into my home looking to cry.

They keep snowshoes warm at night.
Bundle them with fishnet & feet.
There's a magazine camouflaged in taxes.
Would you keep ketchup on a paper plate?
In case the universe was undercooked.

Scarecrow posing his arms like a coathanger.
Tells me he learned this from seashells in the street.
Am I a lost cause inside insignificant insight?
To myself while trying to pass out.

A couple gay sapio-asexuals in a polycule.
Their lovemaking is the daily crossword.

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I wish I could be smart like a duck.
Waiting with dorky turtles in the park for bread.
Even the scientists tell them it's bad for us.

Chips were my crackers.
For that brie & yellow tail.
The three bites of blood of a ghost tasted temptation.
How to celebrate graduation during a plague?
The useless answer is in the shadow of a universe.
The other answer is you don't.

I've grown as a writer since I wrote this months back.
I keep the gooder stuff a secret.
Unsure why I do it too.
It's nice to read these fossils from forever ago.
Braille of the soul for the mind's fingers.

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three beautiful things

a beautiful black man lays in grass
feeling the twinkle of a ladybug
grazing in the azimuth of mutton chops

a beautiful bloodhound parades home
holding a raccoon's neck like a lottery ticket
as it shakes mud off in cheap hosewater

a beautiful bikechain gets its teeth brushed
by a boy as a baby cries inside

I'd like to kiss you in ozone
but I'll settle for death

skinned into a breathless crown
her unruly hair unknown to air

everywhere is freedom in the parish
"running away can't be done on a bike,"

resource rich areas
rare of resourceful men

dogs dead on themselves
as truckers export earth

all the dreams painted by capital
have been conquered & all we got that's left
is what we are & who we know & who we know
we want to be/with/in

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The Meaning Of Life

Is Living,

Choosing I & Us, or

Is it if

Or of

That we are,

Or are we were,

Are we where we want,

Do we want to do or

Do we want it done,

& is't trying,

& isn't even dying

An act of living, perhaps

Mishaps & forgiving, maybe

Giving your all to be all, or

As you ask to be yourself

You solve the equation

Through dissolving away waste,

Or maybe the answer

To the underlined fill in the blank statement

Is to stop questioning

And to scratch everything out from

the 1st comma up top

To the 1st question mark down there

And to put the only exclamation mark

You'll ever need in this life

After the Living that's still here?

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title

while sober on one knee,
20 minutes from now,
doing half a kneel,
ring out proposing to Christ,
disguised as a boar skull,
using the alias Boris,
beside the tentacle painting,
with the ghost on a tire swing,
bunny-eared into mangrove,
with ship & sun behind them,
though they play the same plane,
but yeah back to the thing,
proposing to Christ in 17 at 22,
there's no telling what will be told,
there's no telling where we'll go,
hard to get cold feet on hot coals,
it is 12 days to Christmas in 3,
it is easy to believe in miracles,
& sure probably everything already is,
but it sure is nice getting gay with God,
& yeah I let angels gangrape me for forever,
because sin is as in as it's always been,
because the perverse isn't some curse,
it cures the poor pure of heart,
& if experience has taught me anything,
experience can teach you anything,
better than reading, hearing, speaking,
because 9 minutes from now the how stops,
because 9 minutes from now the why dies,
& 9 from now it will be 920,
& 8 from now it will be 920,

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& shoelace trauma can go hang itself,
with the wreath & stockings,
because 7 minutes from now I'll be here,
because sensations needs no causation,
just enough imagination & audination
to touch you with loving ouch,
it is 6 minutes till a proposal gets made,
& crazy is the excuse of the lazy tedium,
it is 5 minutes until we do unto another,
a firework just went off or maybe a bomb,
the wristwatch around my ankle,
the one that beep-beep-beeps every morning at 9,
imagine my soul as a timebomb,
& yet another boom went off outside,
inside my mind it was heard,
3 minutes until an act,
& will it do anything other than create this text,
seems like a waste of a good line with 2 left,
gonna go piss,
then do this

///

222

223

psychosis is rising
-Jamie Austin White

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there is evidence left
to prove your worth
sounds worthless at
first it was all about
lasting longer than a
“it is tired of itself” &
yet it loves living in
shadows of black holes
we forget to breathe
when underwater in
drowned made of eyes
you used me good yes
& I got used to it too
& yet you are worth
getting murdered for

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Christmas Came Early

in my ass

the stocking stuffers

the headless horseman got a headache
after the pumpkin spice spiked with

CB **D**eez **N**UTZ

sized UP on sizz

I care too much about careful failures

Found myself in heaven on earth,
still forgetting earth is here not there

everything seems dreams
done many times before
yet when in it, windows sorta like now
know how to say I love you

three days ago I gave blood
after getting STD tested

both arms bandaged red

drove yesterday to the Gulf for jerky

whenever vainglory kills you, just shit yourself
back to good health

I proposed to Anne last week
& am happy they said nah

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not now

maybe even possibly perhaps not ever...

because forever never lasts long.

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I'm Fags

when wind blows out candles
birth is just another breath

I told God it was cool to rape me...

my mind, my body; my spirit-
ed away putlocker tab
says we've won big
just gotta spin

poetry
is art
for fags...

I'm fags

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It Lasted While It Was Fun

Your time in the sun

You're +burnt

again

w/ chimpanzees & champagne

Last year

before you painted my calendar
with a flamethrower, you said

"I miss kissing grass

"I miss missing you

"I think that condoms needs a belt

&

Last year

before January 1st crowned

you told me a secret

& told me to tell no one

Maybe next year I'll remember it

-JAW

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Lake

Rustling river-water, pastels wade
as weed ballz get high woah...
& then them blackberries
knuckled to our noses
Teeth are blackberry pulveriz machines. It
collapses into colanders, at dusk
ATVS slice about muddy trails
& the dog covers her ears as mosins
nuzzle slugs into steel plates.
wasps too relaxed to bother, but sand
finds a way to send us home
itching another clean, scraping
bucks chillax in shade, huddled
behind walls of thorns, soon as we
learn the password we'll be in there
for sure...
not sure if hats keep heat
from beating us pink
punks in the queerlight burning
some bud, skipping stones &
counting their ricochets...
time meant to be shared
as our faces redden
as river silt sheds away stress
as detours by the dove fields
keep the silent engine warm
as mallards & eagles divvy
the sky with their wings.

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Enrapture, Entrapment

apsidal eartharium
stinged with serpent's tears
frothed aquatic terror
seeking a warm beach
to scramble their eggs
in the death race of birth
and soon those shells became skull
and those skulls became parasite
a biological siphon
suckling kings at beasts' bellies
 shard & shard again
 stapled to bark upholstery
 not a cobbler or miner
 could escape unravel
 after the circle of time
 tills the circumference
futile sons without utility or dog
banish themselves backwards
through exploratory terrorism
 gentle waves
 never save
 driftwood in love
 with rot
 for rot is insular
 unsustained afloat
 amongst decay of itself
revitalize and reveal!
doom a mood
made modern every eon
for pain is the forest of us all!?
chirping at the riverbeds for rest
for slithering bubbles of dreams

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stuffed with words
comatose delusions of escape
the morning is made of empty
& a pillow is not you
a pillow is not our cat
now just yours

cityscape sizzles
as a new we talk of necrophilia
laying in grass
shittalking drones
wondering why sirens
keep spasming
 death is a mess of logistics
 followed the I don't know
cigarette tongue smells corn-chips
it sticks on the roof of the mouth
as the chimneys whistle morse code
for those stuck on mankind's
spiritual ferris wheel
 ghost robots
 produce ringing in the ears
 drumming in the head
 magnets in the hands
 that tell them to rub sticks
 into fire
champagne popped eyeballs
let the brain gush out emotive
without a language to remember
to spoil the now
 smoking carburetor
 stranded 10 miles
 from the nearest gas station
 5 from the nearest bridge

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it hands us hounds
named puppy
& tells us to drown them
in a bathtub of kittens

 pearls made by clay
 choked on by seagulls
 that suffocated
 on a plastic bag
 camouflaged among
 a bloom

the call girls
can't call back
with their teeth
caved in stone

 crawfish totes
 flailed onto stands
 have their tails snapping
 kicking themselves in the ass
 for falling for death
 too easy this time

how many children die on mother's day?
wondering if they did it too soon?
selfishly before their parents passed?
out again on a bottle & benadryl?
do you love nightmares that much?
only time y'all find the time to talk?
about how the down-syndrome teen?
dry-humped me down the room over?
when I was too weak to fight them off?
was it even worth poeming over?

 moon cracked into a skull
 sheep-white shards lightseconds long
 the pink crystals within

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amplified weak light into warmth
& all the crustaceans milling about
perceive the food chain as shackles
of their own whiskers

voice as violence

a green slip-dress hurricane
tonsil hockeying pecan trees
& giving crab beds bad dreams,
starving 2-horned bears

silt starved saltwater
the gulf, the oil, the hermits
making home of plastic

clothesline of vertebrae

the sky's papercuts

strung up by engines of propulsion
wearing broken hourglass
snapped as a wishbone
between formation & decay
two sibling hermits
wear the glass
like a silly tunic

love yourself

leave yourself

astronaut's headspace
her anorexic wife
pregnant on earth
giving birth
telling them that star
is momma
& someday she'll be back
because I need to be needed
to make breakfast in a grease
when you are too high again

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I'm the *cringe* I'd like to *cringe*

individuation is the punishment

kissing galaxies

colliding drool

& solar bloodletting

what use is escape?

dissolving into nameless Zeus & Hera

emeshing minds in massage fields

of desire, commitment, intense relaxation

build roads out of loafers &

let the leather patchwork

soften the landings of bikers

strapped with dixie

fumes in those turtlenecks

are temporary tattoos

desiring dizziness

with a bit of intoxicants

but not enough to consume

away autonomy

as I say my deadname

to my mom's tombstone

for the first time

after the cemetery closed

because she'd prefer

to be asleep whenever

the truth got told

oval peepers flash me the business

with winks breezing through

my mind's boring barriers

with a foolhardy headlock

with a canyon of fingers

slamming fizzy sickness

as desire tends to desire

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as convenience store rendezvous
leaves us both crying in a car
 whirlpools in the sink
 dye condoms with dandelions
 & sesame seeds
 to get them tasting
 like the nozzles of balloons
 found in the stomach
 of sparrow lost while
 making a grocery run
the now dried & bleached vertebrae
worn as clip-on earrings
as the christmas trees
start lighting themselves on fire
as protest to resin
 coping keeps us
 from hurting
 how we need to
 to let the pain
 feel pain for
 continuing
 past expiration
 in the dirty
 fridge of our skulls
man is the horse's luggage
its carry-on awkwardly stuffed
into the overhead container
 mess me up in miso
 because salt is the origin
 of all this energy
care
a corrosive
force

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against
uncaring
cores

hell heals all
*(he'll heal all
we are he
god both you and me
for all is all is)*

chainmail quilt

dazed in the gallery of the strange
pistolwhipping my dick against a cold pistol
since the sex doll cut her wrists...

"I NEED YOU

TO SQUEEZE MY HEART
LIKE AN ORANGE,"

was responded with,
"growth is marco polo in a maze..."

by the coyote with the head

like an upside down Louisiana outline...


the angels clapping the chalkboards
into clouds to prevent us from ever
peeping on their equations of calm...

Making deadpan sexual jokes

about a dead pansexual

we still both love so much

faint spectrum proverbng about faith


tough talk of a plated warrior
formed from discarded burger-shoulders
& prep school propaganda

as the plow

made zen gardens

of the meadows

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bats began leaking
then gushing from the corner of my room
un aimed at the sun-
stained flag, peace found
in

name in a tradition of death
hoping for guilt to be freed
without the vulnerability of
forgiveness

after buzzing
now a cueball
with cute balls

the sweat-stains of thunderstorms
end at the cars and leaves
but even those melt like ghosts in love
or something, into being drenched
with all the other inches of concrete
or something else as

doe-eyed bats hang with webs beneath
the protruded upper-lips of tile,
Louisiana is on fire tonight
& maybe the unemployed find joy
in that even clouds get fucked.

powerlines played with the bow
all the copper strings out of place
the loppers got her fingers
the pliers got her baby teeth
snapping at snippets of guilt
there's a sore throat aching
to be snaked with a rattletap
putting a shark in klans robes
wondering why it was sculpted
from taxidermied dirt

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fettuccine in the fridge

gathering mold

tornado, a coiling serpent devastating

body skewered by giant sabers of cypress knees

you're as complex as a cereal recipe

getting blisters from holding hands

letting goes hard to understand

shoeshining the moon...

the moon likes getting spit on...

abuse is an intense type of love.

difficult to replace through peaceful passion

if you enjoy not having such a state

feeling empty

dirty air quenched

with cactus grass

slammed in vases

of pickled carrot

accordions of cilantro

filling water balloons with our tears

leaving them out to freeze

peeling their candy rubber shell

flinging the balls of emotion at

a snowman made from an angel's waterbed

mom poured salt in the eggs

before frying them in butter

lost the will to forgive

to live with myself

priests &

prostitutes

inside us all

a desire to be

outside

baby horse atop a starving horse in the field

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14 person super row of typewriter poets
Zach and Kaylee arrived and were a bit
pissed
we split the group in half
I made 60 off of taking a photo

had a love affair
that was neither
love nor fair
to my partner
at that time

ain't no cure
for the insecure

"You'll throw your throat out throwing up that
way!"

Narrator "Cunt was the 1st curse word he
learned."

Rapist "Take that in your cunt you little
slut."

Narrator "Slut was the second."

Narrator "His childhood pastime involved
tying bells to the tails of snakes."

an everything upon everything
flowing towards bliss
fracturing the eggshells
out, the shadow puppet
made snakes our first gods
first foes
first speaking deities
just nibbled pickled carrot
a godly munch
my body was every which thing
speeding up and slowing down
going into itself this ever-complexing

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VENMO [@nolapoetlaureate](#)

universe, a stage play
upon every dimension
duped into any configuration
mothman sprints about after a dead ball
of silicone
time was an infinite repeating of personal
perception and memory
also oh goodness the pleasure
in remembering that trampoline
with big rubber walls
floating on the lake near the barge
where we wrestled
shoved, fought, swam underneath
seeing slight filters of light
at one point could not tell when
speaking audibly...

to a sorceress of cloud, letting their hair
bite it's own cheeks, friction between freaks
leave life contradicted by premises or
promise,
& shared shreds lend itself feeling,
blessed are those lessened
let lost to live among cruel lessons,
eat me as you would meat mountains
clogging drains with mulch, slowly
it all fades, feeding itself
into itself, the chance of enhance-
mental exploration beyond body,
satan sanitized, unsatiated, unsustainable
as rooms remember discards, we the
knickknacks of architecture,

soon it all recedes into foothills
fallen in love with the forests

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divvying itself doomed, smoking the runoff,
peppering the paper, licking it sealed,
the green billows bleeding into sky,
nowadays daylight comes with fumes,
bathing in broth, egg-drop soup slaps yellow
supple more the suckled salt, sting
lingers in vinegar tongue blackens,
split by little threads of unread DNA,
combing the plateaus
wind descends,
contempt for contemporary leaves you
usually bragging secondary,
today I finished higher ed
the last assignment ever,
in the coming days or weeks
I'll be moved out of the dorm
back home waiting for
the economic rebound.
my uncle Ed got put in hospice
today because swallowing has been
difficult at best, dad and I probably
will drive to Arkansas soon.

got two steel reserves to celebrate
gonna paint and maybe bike
& maybe benadryl myself to sleep...

*After pencil-diving into lava
I arrived within angular rockscapes
Scattered with dismissable demons &
Long lengths of road made short by fortitude—
Surrounding the golden castle of hell
An ouroboros moat made from a black hole
Down descended a drawbridge of paper
Shotgun battalions greeted this cloud dome;*

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Using a trampoline staircase, barren

Without light was the room entered, exit

The same door knowing it would be elsewhere.

Crows in cows stapled upon a barbed cross

Gnawed in an inferno of lightless flames

Knotted in nets of their own intestines

Knees know only itself as throne in this

Palace of rot, castle of ash, Satan

Puddled in snake excrement asked himself,

*"Who tills the fields of hell? Who eats us
all?"*

Leashed with eyes, dog-tags, & collars,

lashed with

Unleashed light as his candlestick spine

sags

Weaponized wax upon struggled axis

*He asks again, "Who tills the fields of
hell?"*

grassless chaps of the foothill
chainsaws & cigarettes
cut 20 packs in half
have half a pack left
in smoke aquariums
where wrinkles get hung
to dry in ceramic palms

after 5 fried shrimp
me & grandma talked
on Roy's porch
about how she saw
no point in quitting
this late in life

we weighed the same
when buried

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3/28 at 3:28 AM

I'm not going to kill myself

I'm going to kill the old me

The me not needed

The weaknesses

The failures

The pitfalls

I'm going to be

The best me

sippy bird as a record needle

scratches with a pecking...

Man with a massive egg for a head

Cracks it on the sidewalks

As he slams his head down to pray

It scrambles on the sidewalk

Match-cutting into the sun

Tonight we will all have the same dream

Remembering the same details

The same face of the man that birthed

shadows

That summoned light

The facilitator of all phantasmagoria

Snow men walk in deserts

Leaving behind footsteps of mud

When the railroad tracks go straight up

Into the clouds

Does it become a ladder?

Does the train become a rocket as it nears

orbit?

Lugging its body

By the pace of it's chugged heartbeat

Panting whistles

Dead doves wear onion ring halos

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Only if they were good bordies

Bones wearing silk & wicker

Stalk chalking the prey

Faces fogging Mandlebrach & Mandlebay...

Sun's gone Saturnalia—

Generations huffing genitalia;

This concrete mimics stomachs,

Grasslighting evenings with acidic

Vomit purpling hair as smartasses

Thrive off some dumbshit

Go figure God's twig tits more appealing

Ya got fucked feelings thatcha stealing

Tell me "poor are parasites"

Giveya po-boys maced with white

Love levels beveled to the night

Change the chains & Hatshepsut spits

Sight lightning heating up thermos

Making cracking amulets with purpose

Alla gonzo bronze, reboot-lickers

Paint spears on liquid flickers—

Envision environment invaded

Venison vaults raided, the mortuary sated

Maternity wards debilitated

Eternity's words exhilarated exhibitionist

Sacrilege their sacrifice

Doberman's the name of Mice

Shucked of sugar, pulp suffice

Chalk the prey until it falls

Or fails in me paradise

You'll never be the most free

Chasing someone else on how to be

Ouroboros is the wheel

Its ribs the gears

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The clock spinning into itself
The sun chasing its reflection
Until an eclipse reveals a hole
A period in the sky
Forgetting to brush my teeth
Because there's no one to kiss
& the mask masks my bad breath
do you want to be loved
or just love to be wanted?
a leather dyke & a girltwink talkin
puppy play & poppers at a party
you ever have that feeling
where it's just sad feelings
for days that won't end???
flirting with floorboards
the BAAHHHNK noise
of the swimming competition
a giant dog running on the ocean
the sun made of lightning
Playing microfilms for mice
forecast calls for tears
there's killer air made of me
but happiness happens on
whims
even if the world ends
let's stay best friends
yesssssss
yes
a real thought...
grids of racket,
fence, grid of white lines,
we'd go blind in poor parcels
if we ever saw goodness

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VENMO [@nolapoetlaureate](#)

in an inhumane action, godly
the order of disorder
set the king's seat aflame,
a king should sing
in a potholed polo
once dead or sad
beside ponds & paddies
of rice & crawfish, yarn
a perfecto kindling, facade
gully grass whistling
green gills—
goosebumping crotch
of the landscape, tilled
stretchmarks, lingual
gold, & should mosquitos
massacre cows & kids
let them get caught in clouds
knitted by arachnids—
a lamb's limbs
sharked w/ salt
keeps to itself in porcelain
until Temmu's reign found
sunlight on its sword,
hammers murder at clams
large as a raccoon's lung,
pickled inside coffins in case
they ever might wake up from
the good dream of death
in need of a quick snack before
returning—
no need to assign intense
instincts reason, emperor depicted
by impressionists get the wrong

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impression—decapitated
fantasies mix their minds
if optics weren't how they already
saw themselves—desperate
to please a palace of pale,
sickened with silk & gossip, poems
passing between wincing curtains,
soon it all becomes morning
& only mute swans feel like songs
are worth the waste of breath.

My plug died from plague/
Earplugs for the firetrucks/
On the verge of queers/
I'm a fucking fuckup/
Wasting a month of free spotify/
Too sad to stand/
Decided on bath/
Don't deserve bubbles/
Wanna vomit/
Disgusting POS/
Just found the watercolors/
Moron/ ditz/ dumbass/
Getting off on/
Thoughts of/
Offing myself/
Selfish/
Deserve lent in the tub/
At least a beast/
The S in \$ is
The snake
The devil
Is it cut in half
Is it yin & yang

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Spun inside out
The more you try
The more you cry
 Death is the squadron by which I'd like
 To lacerate steelies with a pocket knife
Glass guzzling sand
Wanting to be held
By something more
Than second hands
 Good mood gone
 Good food bland
Narcoleptics with narcan
Taking strap on onlyfans
 real men cry-
 ogenically freeze
 their sperm
before chemical castration
 slow dissolve a dog running across the
 ground
 into an image of a lake, or waves to make it
 seem
 like it runs across water
For god to figure out
What the most perfect universe is
They would have to simulate
Every possibility
Perhaps this universe of ours
Is it just one of those failures
An experiment seeking
A more perfect form
Through near infinite trial and error
 We will remember
 or Will we remember?

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Who will remember us?
Who will remember for us?
lost motor skills like a drunk driver
knuckles digging trenches into the cheeseburger
We like not to think of death as a baby
A baby crow
A baby reaper
Swaddled in tattered black
The way jeans come pre-worn
From sandpapered effort
Buying the rips
Not the scaffolding
The pockets of sky
Smothered by clouds

One line was

"m.

S. T r.

B. Ng.

M y. S.

Lf."

and another line was

"shoving the robot arm into my stepsister".

and

"The Path Of Lost Resistance"

twenty tongued twig
mummifies with warmth & words
Enter through that pyramid
Made of precariously stacked
Turtle shells;
Leaving behind wheatlands
Made by bad haircuts
Tried eating a cooked pheasant
Had thistled wire inside it

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And only tail for meat

Obama came by talking about

How hard marriage was when

You have boxes of paper

That can catch on fire anytime

Him and his family used to live

With us. Obama loved McDonalds

And used a lot of ketchup on fries.

Me & dad argued with a local

About floats killing people

About Corona spreading

He was saying it was our fault

Thought about punching him

But settled on throwing away coke at the dream

The cow by the woods

After the shooting of bamboo running

Of the woman kicking and

After the Katamari Dynasty

Segment where I was rolling up

Everything trying to consume a car

After the fight in the mansion with

A villain that turned things 2D

Yes the white cow by the woods

Had a shark, a tentacle, soft dentures

Thrashing on its belly warmly

Trying to destroy me as family rushed

Away from BBQ to save me

Shooting a film with 3 others

It was chilly but we got the shots

Had nightmare

That 3 cats I loved & love

Were in a fridge

Locked in there for so long

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Hair falling off

Shivering...

“The new world is old news...”

I'd like a world

Never on fire

But that's just because

I'm stupid

I'm unsure about legality

N regards to adopting a corpse

Today a great aunt died of dementia

Lightning struck a refinery

It hailed on the Northshore

Mom made masks

Ice ponds prove themselves provocative

In those see-through fractals of lingerie

Better to shoot through & get the fish

Off Guard!

Counting their scales

A giant god

A spirit

A ghost

Overlooking the earth

growing in size with each death

It wrings out

The blackberry towel sky

And lets the stars fall to earth

In the form of fireflies

tasked to throw

ice-water onto birds

to keep straw alive

and the worm-fields

full of fear

either causes of chaos

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or chaos is without cause...

eat atoms (x3)

The poets and oracles

Blind in the day

Could only get paid

For what they could say

So into their mind

They dreamed while awake

Speaking from darkness

The words would shake

the dragons roar was roosters

Organizing dog teeth in a rain-machine.

Honeydew pre makes kissing sweeter.

That shortage of tall cowfolk, due to
door-frames.

He'd give everything to never give up.

If these r... end times... my times yours.

Cults find new bodies each Spring.

Bouncing on a trampoline full of clay.

Cracking the moon open, spilling yolk &
moths.

Vore Core to pwn the simps.

Ice chests steaming up red.

Layoffs in Lafayette.

Cleats clot with mud.

By the destroyed rusted dishwasher

Knotted with ferns

And mollusks

And bottles

So beautiful

I see why vines look like snakes

When monkey brain blurs them

Into curves of color moving every which way

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Blackberries become
These sustained fireworks
Sparking dark light at night
The digital text has a weight now
A type of shadow
Angles to see it from
Wisping around
A washboard overlay on all textures
 Thinned witch
 Starved to bones
 Crucified on
 Broom sticks
 Left to dogs
Style alone stops working after a mile
 Left the sun in a wafflemaker
Spurts of spirituality
 Forces beyond our control
 Forced us to take control
In hot pursuit
Of a warm body
 You get the right to remain silent
 Once dead
 Left to remind your head
 What once was said
Twisting strawberry peduncle into a bloody nose
Hoping to sneeze out yogurt
 I too like a dog
 dying in the summer
 think of the cold
 as something soft
 & desperate

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The clock of spacetime

Is an odometer looped in on itself

TRANSCEND SECONDS

Flies are the mouse clicker things of ghosts

Scrolling over your room

Clicking your face

For a reaction

Your mind didn't break with reality

Your reality just became something,

You no longer.

skip forward half a year

I'm in the life I want to live

all that cringe & worrisome spiraling

was just running circles around myself

in a standstill of self-inflicted misery

you start living as yourself

once ~~you stop lying to yourself~~

skip forward another half year

back to the end of the prologue

ven- n- d grims
tually & axis' nt
perpe- ob/,
rson- li-v/e, -gs

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a- ll i/on, thi[---
u/ ---]ng 1 &&&,, not me,
We... Jamie I'm a Jew
sametrical

(oo)-r-e-p(oo)-r-(oo)-r-e-P <----
n(oo)-r-e-p(oo)-r-(oo)-r-e-P <----
e(oo)-r-e-p(oo)-r-(oo)-r-e-P <---- forgi-
v(oo)-r-e-p(oo)-r-(oo)-r-e-P <----
e(oo)-r-e-p(oo)-r-(oo)-r-e-P <----
r e m e m(oo)-r-e-p(oo)-r-(oo)-r-e-P <----
o(oo)-r-e-p(oo)-r-(oo)-r-e-P <----
r(oo)-r-e-p(oo)-r-(oo)-r-e-P <---- O-
k i' ll(oo)-r-e-p(oo)-r-(oo)-r-e-P <----
see z(oo)-r-e-p(oo)-r-(oo)-r-e-P <----
e(oo)-r-e-p(oo)-r-(oo)-r-e-P <----
ception... *S\{O}/N

o N^&O^ <----

- yeah
- yeah
- yeah
- you know
- you sicken it all
- wanting this

say something

say something more

forgive yourself faggot

who do you want to be?! NOT BEEN!!!!

FUCKFAC-ER! help, this loser's losing blood from
their ghost

(you haven't earned living forever)

(you have never been yourself)

(you have others live for you)

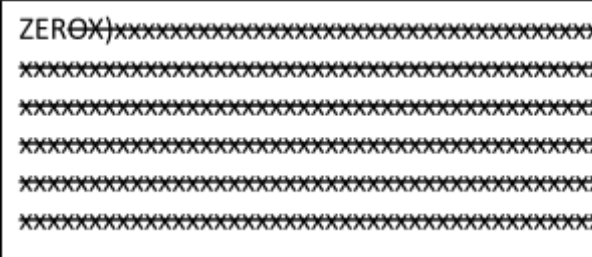
(you sicken you)

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nah jk love ya punk
hope you don't fall for fallen angels that easily

(songs of
ya not mentally ill
ya mentally all,
& another line saved
when you take the I o
only savor is left
over



& another new secret of right now is
it is 422 the same day as 1st poem &
tihs sh(it)-----**(shows)**off
gettin publishe d without rereadthrough
Follow?

Ya<--- s. t. op caring,
ay more than before a.
. r. t. doin....allready???
c
i
tizen

*swell to do dirtbags (ITALICISED SOPHISTICATE)
never have their supposed bags
false advertising. \$200 fine. Very Not Fine.
You now have a gun pointed at your head
give me money or God will kill you.
compliment otherwise this poem will cry.
haha jk,
Im da^ BB meme without me
is still me who-
're your hero? not you? dork. nerd. lame.
get a life & kill the old you.
the past has passed! Get It!
Now get et go*

CASHAPP \$ [nolapoetlaureate](#)

VENMO [@nolapoetlaureate](#)

c.

ya later masturbater

∞∞∞ Do . You 88 (GG)pass

on?←-----



You Have Now Found Yourself In An Elaborate Pick A Path Poem Where The Pages Starting 2 Pages Before & 2 To Follow, Along With The First 2 Pages Of This Book Tie Into Other Works Of Art & Back Into One Another To Reveal [REDACTED] Secret To [REDACTED]

Some Paths Already Are Publicly Available

Some Are Hidden By @(GOVERNor-(of)-orLEANS)

Some You'll Have To Figure Out For Yourself Or Wait To Be Revealed To You (Like A Dweeb)

It Is 10 Days Before Christmas 2020 At 702 AM

It's Been Almost 3 Years Since My Last Book Of Poetry after having written 6 books beforehand

In That Time Only A Novel, "Courtship Of Katrina" was shared with the world

* Such a shame only this much work ever got written.

*Probably not any more art in this or any other medium got made that perfectly ties into this seeming clusterfuck you just read to deliver perfect payoff *

is what a fucking fool that doesn't have it all planned out would say you dimwit

maybe I was being coy about it all but let me be clear & concise

YOU DIED WHILE CONSUMING THIS

*Thankfully I Am Literally More Insane (ly talented, clever, conniving, depraved & loving) Than Any God Imaginable & Granted You Immortality Through This Art

SO AS LONG AS THIS CONTINUES, YOU DO TO

Whether You Are Here Or Not, This Art Starts It All

*So You Can Piss Off Right As The Weird Train Is About To Take Off, OR... You Can Chase After It At The Station

As A Trespasser To Experience The Greatest Gestalt Your

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Namby-Pamby Ass Has Seen Since We Invented The
Calendar* “It is 733 AM, The Stage Is Set,

Waves: The Awakening: The Weakening

a Triptych Dream Song

Soprano
seafrom mattresses eggshells in sand ovens be

Alto
seagulls gulp crabmeat lures dusted in warm down lau

Tenor
piers, splinters in the blue jacuzzis bubble froth squawki

Bass
masses papershred white waves champagne pains, hangover

Piano

The musical score is written for five parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass, and Piano. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano part includes a bass line and a treble line with various musical notations such as slurs and ties.

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www

you total Nerd

-F teG

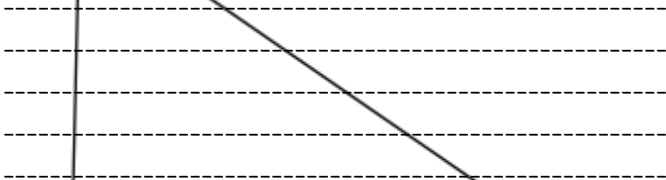
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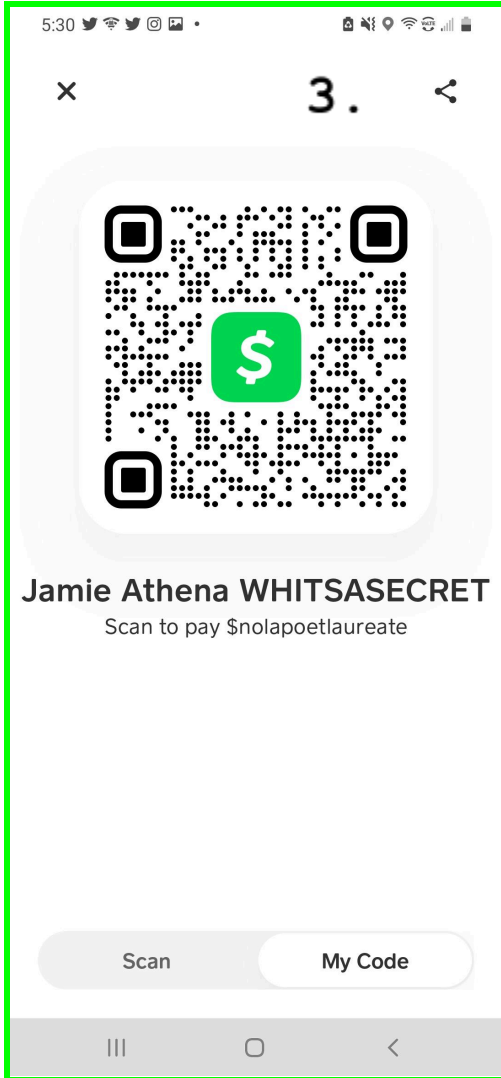


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Minimum Resale Value mechanic doesn't even exist yet, sooooooooooooo

Invest in ethereum [btw](#)