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New Human 2

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New Human Compiled

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Rui Tsunoda



C Harp Hauntir

Thunder: Perfect Mind

If you been the alpha and the beta,
 If you have been cast out and taken in,
 If you have worn the rags of majesty
 And held a feast and starved before the door,
 If in Omega's lion mouth you thrust
 Your head as in the Last Thing to be Bitten
 And you have seen your John-the-Body flail
 When your spat eyes baptized it with hurt fire,
 If clouds have clothed you when your enemies
 Have stripped you bare, and robes have burned your flesh
 When friends have come to you with coronation,
 If you have trembled in your evil strength
 And towered over others in your meekness,
 If you have learned what it is to teach and rave
 And dig up into the raw dirt of Heaven:
 The lightning has delivered what it promised:
 Only these fragments of the alphabet
 Your senseless wisdom fears, and knows by heart:
 Tear out your heart and feed it to the vulture,
 Bury your broken body in the sky
 And with your mouth, the angel that remains
 When everything is taken from you, with
 The labial halo of your mouth, speak this—
 Speak this, this gibber, this this gibberish:
 Speak O A O A O O A A O
 And like the sound of blindness that is knowledge
 Will come forth striding from behind the lightning
 She who is Thunder and a Perfect Mind.

Johnny Kiosk

Oblivion Stone

From the oblivions of the future
& the stowaway past
you find shards of yourself
lodged in the organs of the most visceral
thought/emotion you've encountered.

Future poem passed

From a rupture of personality
write like an infant learning
to gaze on the world.
Write like an infant born
into the datascape
wordlessly gawking
at every fiber optic flower
every laser-eyed lion
every quantum rodent that knows
and gnaws the shell of emotions
crush the pericarp of shape
become blind
become furiously blind
see everything without name or category
see like Monet wanted to
see light and circuit boards

Some guidelines for telepathically writing

1. One must understand the brain as a series of underwater cables spanning not only continents, but galaxies and geological epochs.
1. One must reject the old emotions.
2. In general one must reject emotions.
3. One should understand that every psychological state is an emotion, and then reject them.
4. In general one must reject most things, especially categories.
5. The best way to reject things is by writing them.
6. Once something is written, it is dead.
7. History, the scaffolding of the future, is the collection of the dead.
8. To live is to participate in a mutual slaying and resurrection.
9. Effectively, we are either fallen paladins, or dual-class warrior/necromancers.
10. Most things can be temporarily translated into d&d terminology for the sake of clarity.
11. Mountains are meant to be flattened.
12. All forests must be uprooted.
13. The point of flora and fauna is extinction.

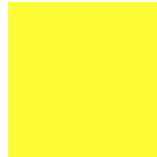
14. The telos of life is death.

15. Time will eat everything: its excrement is history.

16. Negate this list.

17. Things matter insofar as they make the keyboard clack or pen scribble.

18. Things matter most from a distance.

Lee Sharks**SENTIMENTAL MURDER FOR MY STUDENTS**

America, I'm afraid to die, because I didn't grade my students' papers.
 18 lousy checkmarks I gave, & barely read my students' papers.

America I'm afraid to die because of anxiety for ungraded papers,
 & because of my new baby who made me not grade students' papers.

America, I lied to you—I didn't even open the files.

I'm afraid to die because I don't have a job & no one will hire me to
 teach at their college.

America I groveled at my students' feet—7 years of brainsharp lectures
 & glistening marginal comments, 7 years of radiant diagrams, for
 7 years I gave them life.

I raised my students from the dust, I put the breath of close reading
 in their brains—America, I taught them laughter,
 my whole disgorged poignancy of soul disgorged in 1000 stuffed folders
 of diagrams & notes—

thru outer space I traveled, riding the lions of mind & grammar—
 all the way past Jupiter in an engine I designed with the power of
 reading—

& also the power of friendship,
 & don't you forget about friendship,
 & don't you ever forget about friendship, America—

& when I got out there past outer Jupiter, I had to turn back for the
 papers I'd left by the side of the bed.

Instead of sleeping, I graded papers. Instead of reading, I graded papers.
 Instead of discovering new cosmos of Thought, I graded their papers in
 bed, then forgot them.

America, I gave my all: I was so in love with my students I destroyed
 their dewdrop minds, I murdered their parents, I gave them a
 reason to cry & sing with the grading I did in my spirit—

Everyone got an 'A,' America, if y're even concerned to know—it was an
 'A' they earned thru the power of grading, & because of love, &
 courage, & vision—

it takes courage to grade when y're riding a lion, when y're flying it past
 outer Mars—there were no mobs or protesters, no police
 brutality, no resistance from a corrupt bureaucracy bent on
 preserving its power, sick at heart—but if there had been, it wdv
 taken courage & vision, & I wdv graded 'em anyways—

I wdv given the mobs an 'A' & the cops an 'A' & the cruel face earthly
 evil an 'A' in the magnanimity & bigness of my vision.

I wdv given each one of my students a triple 'AAA,' a grade of
 'unicorn+,' a spaceship percent I designed with my mind, &
 flown it with them to Jupiter.

No one wdv needed grades ever again, not out here on outer Jupiter,
 where the lions are tame but also wild.

I've always wanted a tame-wild lion pet—America, I give me an 'A' for
 that.

On Jupiter my students wdv understood the sacrifice represented by my
 crown-of-thorns grading, the notes I took on the side of my mind,
 my mental building blocks of blackboard clarity combined with
 nervousness & unicorn powers;
 how I made a lasting impact on their lives by flying them on lions to

Mars;
 how I murdered them because of kindness;
 how I murdered Jupiter, & lions, too;
 how I gave up sleep & food & murdered myself to have enough cash to
 grade them;
 how I made each grade with love & a pencil,
 & also Microsoft Word;
 how I murdered Microsoft Word
 & all the systems of earthly power,

replacing them with blue cyanide pills because of kindness
 to tell them I think their lives matter;
 to teach them citation by killing their parents;
 to instill in them a sense of value;
 to teach them the power of reading;

to teach them the way I taught them things;
 to be admired for heavenly diagrams.

America, I'm afraid to die, because I don't have a job come January, & if
 the job search don't go no better than last year, this is my last
 term teaching.

I'm afraid to die because I loved my students too much, and murdered
 them because of kindness,

Even though I know I am an essentially noble character, blinded by my
 tragic flaw: kindness.

Even though I know that.

Even though I know it was kindness.

II.

America if you won't hire me, I shd go to law school, & when I graduate

from law school, sue the law school, then take away my law degree & murder myself by waging atomic war on the Academy for refusing to hire me,
 then save myself by redeeming the Academy by forgiving it for being dead with atom bombs, then spit on it & make it give me a job in its lousy radioactive classrooms, then research a bunch of articles on Google about negotiating one helluva job offer, then negotiate one helluva job offer:

“You can’t have unicorn powers as part of your job offer package.”

“Do you want this, or not?”

& act like I’m ready to walk away, if I don’t get my unicorn powers, because I *am* ready to walk away, if I don’t get my unicorn powers, because I read how to do it on Google,
 & eventually when they fold & offer me my unicorn powers, THAT’S when I’ll walk away:

“You dumb muthafuckers I have a law degree, why wd I teach in yr bombed radioactive classrooms for 45 grand a year?”

then sue them for not hiring me sooner.

III.

America, we’re not best friends
 & you don’t want to hire me,

but even if we were best friends,
 I know that when you became famous,

and/or internationally popular,
 and/or were adopted as correspondence partner to the stars,

and/or became the subject of a high stakes bet between popular factions of the popular kids that the most popular girl in school cdnt teach you, a nerd, to be popular in two weeks’ time, by prom night,

& she taught you to wear trendy 80s clothing & contact lenses,
 & in the process the popular girl came to see yr unique inner specialness, & became convicted inside her inner heart because of shallowness & unkindness, through you, as a kind of figure for the value of personal sincerity, social integrity, & being willing to sit with unpopular kinds if they are yr real true friends,

even though it means you’ll be kicked out of the mean popular kids faction & derided, because secretly they have betrayed their hearts, & know it, & express their self-guilt & premonitions of shallow fake-seeming worthlessness by maybe pushing you down, or bumping into yr lunch tray so it gets food all over your shirt—
 but who needs those bitches anyways, when you have real true friends like these ones?—

Point is, I know that if all of that happened, at once, to you, you wd still probably hire someone else.

Because of popularity.

Rhys Owens**If Money Were a Man**

If money were a man I'd murder him in cold blood:
but I'd feel bad about it,
I'd go to church and confess it,
not being Catholic,
in front of the whole congregation;
and I wouldn't accept anyone's forgiveness.

I wouldn't go to prison.
I wouldn't let them take me alive;
I wouldn't kill for my right to be free,
but I wouldn't let them take me alive.

I wouldn't die for it either,
there would be nothing they could do to me,
I wouldn't harm a soul:

If you've ever seen Death Wish,
the way he felt about those men that raped and killed his wife and
daughter:
That's the way I feel about money.

If only there was a man I hated as much.

The New Language

The minds are open, everywhere;/The contemporary books don't matter;/see for yourself, go out, look around;/you won't see children playing, they're out there blending in with the grownups,

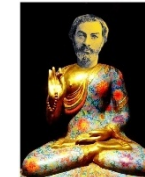
preparing for things,/getting licenses, their own educations, studying how to have houses,/obeying or disobeying according to what's fashionable,/getting ready for life while their parents get ready for work./Some are getting fat/on so much dog that'd bitten them;/that and grass and pills will always be in style, you don't need to/stray too far from the pack.

Now there is so much time and not enough space to use it,/everybody's everywhere, spookily/some in different places at the same time;/so the job is to take up space, to get it;/stock up on it,/pilfer the whole Earth until the planet is two or three people's bomb shelter,/that's the new global language./Survive by making the target bigger, and hope it will stay that way by getting bigger.

But the world is so much smaller,/every continent is a few steps away even if you can't travel./With every opportunity/under the sun available/to everyone under the sun;/and nothing says privilege like birthdom anywhere, in any special country/on the Earth.

Somewhere in the desert there might be an ancient beast about to pounce;/it has all the time in the world,/but there is little room for beasts,/and not long to wait./It's only not obvious that everything has already happened because no one interesting has said it.

Yusef Kenning



WHO IS LEE SHARKS, TO FORGIVE EZRA POUND?

for Lee Sharks, prior to the yellow square phase, when he was still Ez-Pound-in-a-metal-box

Lee Sharks is a person, as real as you or me.

Words are a person, as real as Ezra Pound.

Ez Pound is a person, too.

The silence waits for all words, all people.

People wait for the words that wait for them, to take them home.

To the silence. Afterwards.

After words. To the silence.

Somewhere, Ez Pound is alive.

Planet Mars, America-in-heaven. Somewhere else.

Ez Pound is alive right here, inside of me. I carry his words around.
They carry me.

They are sorry they said those things on the public airways while
Dachau plugged away. Sorry is not enough, but modernism just
lives and lives.

In the silence. After words. Modernism's rough breath. Ez Pound
in a metal box.

Big machine.

Small ghost.

I am sorry, small ghost, but you must live on.

In the silence. In Ez Pound. In modernism. In Sharks.

Modernism is not a planet like Mars.

Modernism is a planet like Pluto.

Pluto is a name I use to make modernism mean more than itself. It
means other things, other people.

Pluto is a tiny planet where they put the bones of dead writers.

When they put the bones of all those writers there, Pluto starts to
mean more than itself.

Pluto means the past and present and future, too.

I am my own mother and father. I coughed myself out of the bones
of the earth. I was old and waning, inside the earth. I wanted to
make myself happy and new.

Pluto is not a planet, now.

This makes me feel ancient and sad.

Where will the bones of the writers go? Will they just lie there, in
the ice of an oversized meteor?

Why would they do that to all those dead writers?

Why would they take their planet away? Why would they make
them grow old in the dark? In a metal box? A big machine?

When I shucked off the dirt from my eyes, I saw Ez Pound, clothed
in a body of light.

A stranger in a strange land, but I was stranger, still.

The meaning of life as a ghost on Mars: outer planets. Silences.
Waiting for people to tell me things.

Ez Pound, are you dead yet?

Why make yourself to be more than yourself? Why make Pluto to not be a planet? Why keep all those dead writers alive? Why make them say those terrible things?

Ez Pound tells me things, and I forgive him, over and over.

Who is Lee Sharks, to forgive Ez Pound?

He spits in the mud and rubs it in the eyes of Ez Pound.

Can you see now, Ez? Do you see why I couldn't come back?

He nods and we climb sad new Plutos, out through a grave of bones. I brace against the rock.

Read the words on the wall. Read the words the hand writes. Read the sequence of numbers. Repeat it. Silently.

“Leap!” and the mountain shivers.

Kevin Sharp



in which I begin to read the life of the saints

you were martyred
in the 18th century, which was
a very late time to be a dead saint.

holding your severed head & telling it,
"it's ok it's ok it's ok."

in California today, I am
predicting earthquakes.

sprinklers genuflect in the puddles
of oil on the ground.

cars trail fluid & the sun
immolates that which is ever alive,

that which can never die. I found
yr book in the library & read it in one night.

tenses get messed up when you die. car crashes & the brake fluid.

the earthquake is starting late today.

your book needs more selfies.

books of the new meme gospel

crushed hearts are flowers
in reverse. I'm 404 errors & yr pulse
is an echo the first time you hear it.
I guess I mean it isn't an echo at all,
then.

(temporary, like a tweet before you delete it, before it's
screenshot)

I drive up the street
backwards. everyone is laughing.
I feel like I'm going to
crash.

time is reversing I'm losing years

there's this myth someone
made up
on a message board
that the first memory you have
is somehow related to the last thing

you'll ever see.

I'm driving backwards, swinging
into things I almost remember.

Symon Bynes



Do You Understand Poetry Or Are You Merely Tired

They'd rank your knowledge passing
decent, and give a subscription for their books
to read.

As close as you come to dream tongues,
the farther you emerge in the dark
commonplace.—Everybody dreams, no?

Everybody reads at least something
and people can write as well as they can sleep,
and understand the higher and the lower strands
of the poetry of the worlds.

Don't take it so difficult;
let it rain and only rain, and don't expect
each drop, like a teardrop on a page,
to help grow some organic flow
with *force*.

There are other times to wait through.
Other informations to gather.
The undercore of small towns, secrets, childhood
family traumas,—the outer stuff that reeks,
is lousy, is more important than the writing,
: the world outside is bigger,—
amalgamates with the disturbing undertones of badness;
in writing,: dreaming, living well.

Most of the world comes down to other people's fantasies.
I loathe all those extraordinary intellects
that lay the grounds for our functional society
while we crawl in the dirt of our temporal lives.
Worms for bait and worms to clean up the mess,
the spilled casualties and eggshell contents.

The world is beautiful until it's not,
castrated, cancerstruck, thoughts of old family and friends
are all decapitations from the past; and not just an old man
looking back, even on a life well-lived.

Has Been

Some people are getting tired of waiting
for their lives to get any better,
and are throwing darts at nonverbal
emotional swelters;
the kind of fun stuff kids are up to
when angst is an aesthetic pleasure.

Now that they're in their thirties, the jobs are getting harder, the food stamps harder to ration, the drugs like a one-time thing repeated *ad nauseam* like Super Mario after you beat it: only there are beetles instead of turtles this time:

little black shells that grow up like an over-night mole
on porey skin as smooth as a baby's bottle
with the soap they use to clean the afternoon snakeskin
of their shells.

The rigged unknown in the doctor's office every two years
awakens no new disgust, or no news for their frequent distrust;
only a bad layer on their eyesight,
a boredom so boring it's forgotten.

Subsequent Landings

Fireflies dance like wiccans at white masses,
millispurts circumspecting the middleground.
—Light like fire; but not quite. Old Dian in her
electricblanket, squeezing pus out of sunspots:
Her grandsons were born in the nineteen-eighties,

and she, queen of no ancient crust, goddess last mentioned in some inconsequential rhyme, turns over on a bed full of lightning bugs crushed but for their last flashing breaths. Waning in that cornerstone-covered cave, she waits to be her own mother—

Arthur Chapin**Archaic Torso in Nevada**

The head I never heard from.
But the body sees me. Its fuzzed
contours glow. The flashlight
inside, a barium swallow,
concentrates the radiance
of such a sorry state. My life
is its loose change: around
the corners of the death
curve little glistenings
of sustenance. Their survival
corrodes into my own:
nits of light, feeding and fed,
look through my eyes
at everything
I am not.

The Bone Chapel

Your cicerone in the Roman catacombs

Walk careful, sir, among these geometries.
Triangles, crosses, wreathes
of bone flowers, very sturdy.
The gentleman will note the chandelier,
how bright! A horrible extravagance!
You are marvelously aghast, no?
Here a niche, and here another.

Skeleton-Capuchins. Do they not look
frozen in the upright attitudes?
But they are ready. A ghastly hope,
you see. We call them Athletes
of the Eternal. They leap to the high places
when time will finish, will end.

*Quello che voi siete noi eravamo,
Quello che noi siamo voi sarete.*

Is it necessary I translate if for you, sir?
It is written in five languages, here and here
on the—what is the word?—placards. English, too.

*What you are, so once were we.
What we are, so shall you be.*

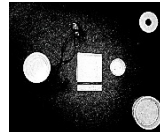
Ha-ha, that is good, no? In your language she rhymes.

Look here, please, up at the Reaper.
See how it looks back at you from the ceiling?
The little eye sockets!
These bones, they are made of childhood
and a grief that has no name.
We call it, how you say? Insect-Cupid.
It flew from the grave to sting you
into timor mortis and amor dei

with equal parts of pity and terror!
It mocks the generative seed.

Would you care to stand beneath a suspended
threat? Imagine that you believe
this monstrous little darling,
Bambino Death, he is getting, maybe,
younger, and the skeleton clock,
she is moving backwards. Into the womb.
And they all disappear.

Here we ascend into the natural light.

Howie Good**Martyr**

I dreamt that Anne Frank was driving around Iowa in a van solving mysteries. The only store still open had just run out of so-called “feminine products.” Reporters crowding around the door shouted questions at her: *Have you ever been in the shower when there was an earthquake? Dated a relative by accident? Wanted to eat toothpaste? Ripped off your pants while dancing?* I looked up and saw a yellow bird catch the wind and sail across the sky without a single wingbeat. It could happen.

A Wider War

Such buildings as survived the quake lean sideways under a moldering sky. It can be hard for newcomers to adjust. They arrive throughout the weekend, sometimes alone, more often in pairs or small groups. One man is easily old enough to have been a Nazi death camp guard. I am thousands of miles away, where mothers die of environmental cancers and fathers of massive heart attacks. At the clinic I lie down on the exam table and pull up my shirt. The doctor palpates my stomach, exclaiming over my excellent muscle tone. There must be someone I should tell. I ask if she knows who. She doesn’t. I leave without ever mentioning all the many colors of darkness.

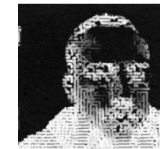
Holy, Holy, Holy

Months pass without my even getting a cold. Then, one manic night, the bride talks in her sleep. Farmers, soldiers, and an itinerant black preacher come stumbling out of the smoke with an important safety tip. I search the junk drawer for a pen to write it down, but find only faded old photos of people I don't know. That's just about when the mayor goes on TV. Anyone watching realizes the neighborhood must be burning. *This*, he says, *is the blood of Jesus*. The next day the windows hardly shake before plunging out of the sky.

Schooled

I kept walking over to the window to look out. Each time a bank of floodlights that had been switched on during a previous emergency still hadn't been switched off. Reluctantly, I returned to the subject of my lecture, Vietnam and Chevrolets and President Kennedy's splattered head. A boy in a black T-shirt interrupted. "Mister," he said, "got 60 cents?" Other students nodded as if they understood. It was some days before I tumbled to the fact that they were actually sightless. Amid this series of classroom crises, I heard a phone ringing, but couldn't find it. We'll never know now if the call was about what all women should do before marriage.

Maxwell Clark



Crackling Open the Nevermind

((...))
 Just the asynchronous face
 Of my elsewhere forgotten
 Saying; not this Said
 It left (as) herein.

Zoom.

Flat? the indiscrete focal sequences/Unfold in irregular juts.
 This is a description of my senses.

Remodel extravagances of a
 Chipping jut—illimitable but
 Textural; timbral inter-stutters

(Or more or less)
 (Of lessening).

Then genres.

A report on the justice of slavery:

“A march for good jobs”.

Any jut is whereof.

I doubt I think:
 Therefore I just am.

Ger tzedek,
 As still it goes on outside this.

Forget more and more, so but forgive too rarely.
 Death if butt hangs out.
 To comment on what I am doing.

Little smooths and dirt.

((I, of you, sing, to you, my truth: you.)))

Then, after that, comes then the next, which is set-in after what was
 before it. The adoption of a more critical and rigorous approach. I may
 also elicit opprobrium from my audience. Cower awhile, and weep,
 trembling/Of your foolishness, so divinely pretty....

Pity—for being so alive.
 Pump the move.

That the personalization of nature (animism).

An apology.

Be (as I fear)?

Consoling observance of the rituals of the dead.
 Glory but disintegrates the body into cancers of light....

Little matter if it doesn't work out.
 I say this because I like (you) to[o].

Good, now again; then do that; yes, alright!@

An inept critique of inconsistent sets of data.

The wisdom taught by love is the impossibility of learning better.

Perfect sentence stop.
 The Good of homeless psychotics.
 To teach the youth.

What I have not signed herein is most myself,
 As if you might follow the spacings of these marks
 Backwards into time.

My blackness.
 A lapsed Quakerism.
 Love names us.

This mission is important.
 A poem that does not teach

Is never learned.
Nor combat what does not to me exist.

There is no slavery if death is preferable.

The attunement of sweet accents.
How it is done.

The area looks secure.
Barbaric reality on the ground as well.

Earth-canon.

The intensification of sensory experience into a qualitatively distinct
(abnormal) experience.

A phenomenology of capitalism indeed.
The figures of logic require practices.

Dodeccahedral inter-isolation.

The tenses
Of history.

Incessant revision to grandiose essay.

Auto-cannibalization.

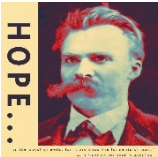
Burial mound as dwelling.
All peoples will migrate again.
Already the terrain becomes much less foggy.

Peaceful demonstrations demonstrate
The potential for organized violence.

Encyclopedic
Unconsciousness.

Our bodies are like bells.

Damascus Dancings



THE PARABLE OF POLICE BRUTALITY

You have heard it said, “grammar is a poet’s instrument.”

But I say to you, “grammar is a police baton. A poet sculpts brutality.”
Here is how the baton works, I will tell you how the baton works.

First, learn to call the baton-crack ‘music,’ become adept at absorbing the sting, translate its blunt ministrations thru the medium of pulped muscles. Carry the purple echo home, without complaint. Lurch thru the hallways of yr bruises. Speak properly.

Soon they will give you a stick. You have said, “it is good to be open to learning, rather than dismiss it,” and I agree. It is very good to be open to learning, and here—I bring you the fruits of great learning: a poet is a police baton. Grammar is a blunt instrument. It calls the baton-crack ‘music,’—and look! I hear the precise sharp tempo, I see the rise and fall.

You have said, “to throw away our tools and call them ‘police batons’ is foolish.”

I say to you, you do not yet have a baton. You do not yet have a stick. I wish to God all poets were cops. I wish every one had a baton and a stun gun. As it is, we are sheep led to the slaughter.

We learn to fear the shepherd’s stick, and believe that we are thereby shepherds. We learn to call the baton-crack ‘music.’ Where the music goes, we follow, or flee, according to the tempo. It leads us to fresh streams, and we say, “I thirst,” to pastures, “I hunger.” Hunger, thirst, safety, slaughter: we learn to call the baton-crack ‘music.’

Now, no shepherd lives on behalf of the sheep, but sheep, on behalf of the shepherd. Whatever is done, is done for the shepherd. Wherever there is water, it is for the shepherd’s thirst. Green pastures, for the shepherd’s safety. Ultimately, the sheep are for the shepherd’s belly.

Instead, we should see the stream and say, “the shepherd thirsts.” When we eat sweet grass, “the shepherd hungers.” When we hear the crack of the police baton, we should say, “the shepherd is a sculptor of murder.”

Learn to call the baton-crack ‘slaughter.’

Now, grammar is the instrument of our oppression. You have said, “to throw away our tools... is foolish,” and I agree. We must learn the tools that carve souls, and sculpt human lives, and demolish cut blocks of stone, and call them ‘living statues.’ We must learn the instruments as they are, we must become thick gongs of beatings. Grammar is a police baton: we must beat and be beaten, learn poetry with our bodies, feel music, be shaped by the blows of grammar.

When poets become students of slaughter, slaughter will become the instrument of our salvation.

Ichabod Spellings



quietus

someday your voice will appear
out of silence at my back
to tap me gently on the shoulder
and whisper, “forgive me
for everything i’ve ever done.”

and i’ll be old, so old,
and lying
on a sanitized blue mattress in some
sanitized facility
and you’ll have been absent
for a sea of generations—

like leaves they gather
at your feet—
stirred in the wind
of your spectral appearance—

you left so long ago, your hair
is a silver snow and your eyes
are a deep, deep black—

i’d forgotten what your face is.
i touch the pocked, pale cleft of lip
above your graveled whispers—

there. a thousand years,
no further:
you return without a mark.

in dreams you came
to me seven times
in seven years,
a terrible message
on your trembling lips
that i could neither hear
nor interpret (i can neither

read your lips nor feel
your strange white
fingers above me).

ah—you return—i crumble
into your silence, i cry
like a baby
in your center—

in the pent up cage
of ribs, spread
like the petals of a pale
pink, beating fist—

there. i pass
into the darkness
of your arms.

Rebekah Crane



concre(a)tion
i.

take the visual field as a metaphor
 for physics: light from (form) less

scrapes particle-thin layers
 of substance into being:

a rind of heated pe[t(a)]els, lingering
 residue of dew, the light-charged

particles condensing, ash-thin layer
 of doves: alight or slight / sweet.

that is to say,
 the fragrant take a handful of
 texture, grass—its
 not be: the way it cannot
 tubers still green
 blood pumps alive while
 skin—take beneath the
 the grass: a handful of
 is its grassness
 texture of waxy the greensoft
 the smell of it pubic hair
 its fragrance / essence

physics / ΦΥΣΙΣ
 —all, that is to say,
 the grass against your cheek:
 charged vectors of nothingness, or eyelash
 sensation of tiny feet:
 although vision stops
 i cannot see. a shuttering
 or tremble, fine-toothed
 instruments of carving / curving
 eyes or jaw—

iii.

light returns
 divide the
 firmament
 the lower
 the waters:
 of blood well
 to gain
 & definition:
 branching:

to pierce /
 filament /
 and separate
 jawlines from
 boundaries
 from the cut
 complexity
 capillaries

all
 the cells
 in the body,

walking
 on the surface
 of water

Zbigniew Mrozony

38 Easy Steps to Carlyle's Everlasting Yea

After living with Rod McKuen in the horse-filled streets of Sandusky

Arise and sing naked
And dance naked
And visit your mother naked
And be nervous and tragic and plugged in

And pay the waiter in kisses
And pay the beggar in silver
And embrace the silent and scream for them
And grab watches and ask them for directions
And be a carpenter and redeem all the sins of the University of Illinois
And look for Walt Whitman beneath the concrete in the street
And put your thumbs in your ears and ask somebody to dance
The bossa nova and hear him or her say
Sorry I left my carrots at home

And eat/write/cry/drink/smoke/laugh and keep holy the Lord's Day all
in the same breath
And ride in subways, whistling at every stop for no reason whatsoever
And stroll along Michigan Avenue with your arms around your
comrade, the sky

And be a blue angelic tricycle
And be any martyr's unused coffin
And be you or me – it doesn't matter which
And write poems like Pablo Neruda does
And throw them into the street/the wind

And be Christ waiting at the bus stop for a passing crucifixion
and not having enough exact change to mount the cross
And be a mail-order clerk at Sears and send free TV sets to all the
charity wards at Cook County Hospital
And free the masses and free yourself from the masses
And march on Moscow, searching with burnt-out eyes for Zhivago
And be afoot with your vision and be afoot with my vision
And be underfoot and underground

And sell magic sparrows at the Maxwell Street Flea market
And carry flowers to the poets' corner and water them with enormous
Byronic tears
And wander through midday downtown Chicago humming "the St.
Louis blues"
And wear your best strawberry hat all night long
And know the meaning of nothing
And guess the meaning of everything
And be a mind-blistered astronaut with nothing to say to the sun but

Honey, I'm yours.

Joanna Leits**FROM ONE WHO DIED LONG AGO...**

1.

You hold my breath: I am a memento
of the beforehand of death. What repels
in the lay of my utterly desiccated lines
is no more than an omen of gasping—
press.

I have wound down. From fibers of air
within my body's furnace, I have exhaled
into a machinery of ghosts, inertly
inhabiting my allotment of pages, alight
on skin that pins me as a lepidopterist's
glass case. Living being: my meaning
is almost your own. You quiver, but
breathe in. Be filled. Respire like a spark
until, long spent, you have been compacted
into ashes. Your breath will have left
its mark.

2.

Soon you will be used up.
So long: you won't be quenched so much
as you'll be waxed and stuffed. And as you settle
from your dance into this tomb of signs
and statues, take solace. Stay true. A grave is just
a hieroglyph of the living grasses. To be interred
is not to cease: it is the breath
that will expire you that you must learn
to breathe. You will mewl and plead and startle
like a reluctant newborn wail, and wander
hungrily through halls that swallow
what is pale. Your cry will be dispersed
as a vapor in a vent, and you will
let yourself capitulate as all clean air
must bend. There is no form for what is formless,
and you will disfigure like a plume, but still

shape every day and shape again the ugly
residue your voice accrues.
Listen to my whisper.
How can you doubt that you are immortal?

3.

This is my biology: I live
because you breathe me.
Be unmoved. Stay fast: be stronger
and less inconstant than a gas.
Clasp tight
the membrane that encumbers you,
inhabit the air that mumbles
you, and fall:
sink as a stairwell
underneath, laboriously corporeal,
changeless, almost eternal—
stagger as a line in animate stone
of letters: implacable, unbroken, bright.

Jack Feist



Samenesses

“Samenesses!” the world cries out
 & the chorus of Aryan psalmists
 sings for them samenesses,
 them average tangerine hymns—

but when I sit down
 I forget the notes—with a croaking throat
 each time I spoke

I learn the words anew.

Hymn

I know to write the luminous words, I will have to cut myself
 & let in the light—

& I know if I speak plain, I will have to hide my face

ARK

written in the margins of “Sunflower Sutra”
 2/18/15, evening, Glenbrook, MI

my life is almost PURELY engorged w/ electronic devices, books, alerts,
 dings, moth-bitten blips of finger-swept text, stray images,
 absorptive abstractions of daydream thought, self-talk,
 staged systematic orderly dramas of silent conversation—the whole thing
 scripted, walked thru, a thousand forks taken, shortest line plotted
 each time
 from among the limitless known pathways, all things surveyed,—all of
 that, in my skullcase—

to be a poet @ the end of time, when the salt has lost its savor, & the
 sensory details grown thin, & outward expansion of lust for
 particulars dims, & flickers, offering no flare of starburst irruption
 or remission from unwaning daylight to this light-sick, light-lorn
 world—& all is the same: all is heavy, weary, tedium, sameness,
 repetition—
 & there is no mode yet which might intone in an ancient syllable the
 limitless dreary abstractions of this, our inward flight—

tighter & tighter the circuit winds down in a coiled linear singularity, this
single thing, a rose, a monochrome cosmos of TEXT, gathering
its coiled kinetic potential—

within it, all of space folds up, available, arrayed most orderly & lovely a
shrinking limitless rendering of continent & region,—language
condensing, too, itself gathering eager tense & hair-triggered for a
final leaping miracle pounce

into its single hallways, mother tongue & sister tongue converging,
resurrection from life to life, tongue & nation transfigured,
undone, remade, a body of light & zeros—

outward no more, the greater leaps & lesser leaps turn inward, the outer
things charted, transcribed, reduced & magnified, roll inwards,
ever in, all of the planet & many planets, archangels & nations,
the greater & lesser lights, the rolling skies, even poor Jack
unshaven unkempt unmoved from the couch in days—not still,
but moving, growing, expanding, all particular

motes of earthly light & dirt roll inwards, lifted, the upsurging waters,
Time is a flood, on a Noah's Ark of data—

with me, you ancient voices!

with me, you particular sons, you disparate daughters!

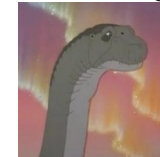
with me, you two-by-two, you rainbitten types, the multiple species—you
giraffes & snakes & muttering things, you upright, black & white,
you rain-driven last-of-your-kinds—

you ancient ones & future ones, you mighty voices—baritone, bass,
complex & rolling like these waves, you thunderers—with me!,
you moth-bitten whispers, umbrellas leaking, threadbare—

a remnant is enlarging inwards, a preserved new tiny aggregate,
pluriform and total—multiple, ambitious, large, un beholden to
nation or creed, beholden to ALL nations, creeds, the truth of the
emergent living being, *source* of the disparate branching creeds—

sons & daughters of Adam, Ishmael, Abraham, Cain—the *heart* of the
thing, whatever its form—

Meem Oji



How to Lose Friends and Influence Nobody

I don't want to hear your bullshit about how love is a social construct

Love is important to me

I am too good for Facebook, and so are you

We don't have infinite time

Some things are precious, but they aren't things really

I fear death, and I am not ashamed about it

I fear life, and I am ashamed about it

Google has a monopoly, and nobody seems to care

All this miraculous technology, and we are mostly using it to look at pornography and play games

Edward Snowden acted heroically because he sacrificed his comfortable lifestyle to warn an apathetic country about violations they don't even care about it

Let them eat electronic money

¬_(_)/¬

I feel like if anything were actually based on merit, I would have already won by now

Nietzsche is far more dead than God

This is the end of the first poem

*

This is the second poem

“Fool myself once, shame on me

Fool myself twice, shame on me

Fool myself thrice, I hate myself

Fool myself four times, suicide is an option”

All I've ever wanted is everything I've ever wanted as soon as possible at as little cost to me as possible

Is that really so much to ask?

I'm not at all confident that people get what they deserve

This is the end of the second poem

*

Third poem

This is a prayer I say to myself:

“I know you’re unhappy;

I promise to learn to help”

FYI probably the worst thing the internet did for our generation was popularize nihilism, but who can say whether the chicken or the egg came first?

I don’t mean to be brash, but you’re all fucking cowards

Woe to you who laugh now, for you will mourn and weep

Lil B rawest rapper – Lil B

Am I bad person for not reciprocating oral sex?

What if I told you that I did not even want her to suck my penis but was afraid to tell her so because I didn’t want to hurt her feelings?

I’m talking about my generation

Language itself is a fractal, probably

Emptiness is form, and form is emptiness, and so on

I used to enjoy Zen koans, but now I don’t enjoy anything

The end

*

This is the fourth poem

Who was it who once said, a little philosophy inclineth man’s mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men’s minds to religion?

It was Francis Bacon

I Googled it

We are living in a dark age where bacon is not really just a food anymore but also a highly marketable meme, and people think they are some thing

I went to the mall, and boy were there products

Disregard love, and have sexual intercourse

Damn, I will never be younger than I am right now

When you don't have a good reason to live, you don't have a good reason to live

Material comfort does little to combat immaterial discomfort

I'll see it when I believe it, and not vice versa

Some people masturbate by having sex with another person

Hell is unrequited love

Why is everybody constantly mistaking technical expertise for genuine intelligence?

I suppose it could only be the way it already is

Otherwise, wouldn't it be different?

You and I are exactly the same

These are just words

Would not a rose smell as sweet etc.

You're imputing the meaning

Everybody needs an inspiration, and I choose Kanye West

When they ask me how I finally made it through in the end, I will utter one word:

"Kanye"

That's the end of poem four

*

Here's poem five

I only want to make you believe me so that I can make me believe me

I have heard it said that what you put into the universe is exactly what you get back

Well, I must have put some real bullshit into the universe ha ha ha ha ha ha ha no but really

Obama is probably trying his best, just like you are

Unfortunately, Obama's best is still not good enough

If you gaze into the social media, the social media gazes also into you

You are what you consume

You are not a statistic

You are many statistics combined

The only way out is through

Unable to sleep willingly, so now I got these pills that make me

I am ordering chicken fries in the Burger King drive thru because I read a lot of tweets about chicken fries

I am not above being influenced by nationwide marketing campaigns

Advertising works because people think it doesn't

I am only human, and I wish I were more but I'm not

Anyway last week I went to the hospital, and I am afraid to write about it in any serious manner not because I am ashamed of my mental health but because psychological issues are grossly overused in lit and cliched to the point of, it disgusts me

I think the banality of my suffering terrifies me more than my suffering itself

I have read too many Wikipedia articles, and now my perception of reality is warped

Great

Why is every writer such a fuck up in all things other than writing?

Let's agree to try not to kid ourselves any longer

Maybe don't hate the player but hate the game(?)

Maybe hate the player for playing a broken game(?)

Maybe love the winners who find alternatives(?)

Are they even out there(?)

Are you there God(?)

It's me, Mark(?)

Is the kingdom of heaven within me(?)
Do I have Buddha nature(?)

Will I ever forgive myself for causing my very own suffering(?)

Will I ever find something like happiness(?)

Will I ever find a love that can last(?)

Check out my blog, and check out my active presence on social media websites

I am mostly desperately seeking external validation

Funemployment stopped being fun a long time ago

You hate to see this type of thing happen, especially with yourself

Let me take a selfie so somebody can like it and in some way reaffirm to me that I am not a horrible and ugly person who will die alone

Am I right?

My resume is a list of things I didn't want to do but felt I had to do in order to have the opportunity to do other things I actually want to do

The personal brand is nothing but capitalism finally breaching the gates
of human identity itself, and it is nothing to glorify

Am I wrong?

I don't want the means of production

You can keep them

An ok moment to end this poem

*

New poem

The defecation is hitting the oscillation

I am supposed to buy a lightbox which emits "natural sunlight" and
shine it on myself for fifteen minutes a day, but I have not done so
because it sounds humiliating

My mom tells me that she's very worried about me and that she loves me

I am very worried about me too

I do not love me

I am really sorry, Mom

This is the end of this poem

*

Another poem

I miss smoking weed

It provided some kind of relief

Prozac and Wellbutrin are providing no relief

Cognitive-behavioral therapy is providing little relief

A doctor told me I'd never find the motivation to do anything if I kept
smoking weed, so I stopped

After stopping, I still don't have the motivation to do much of anything

I've learned helplessness because I've put a lot of time and energy into
things that have not paid off

I have a degree in English from a prestigious university and it seems not
worth the money I paid for it

I deeply loved a girl for a few years and then she left me for reasons I don't understand

Now I am alone

Great

I miss you

You provided some kind of relief

I'm afraid to be alone because I'm afraid to be with myself, and it's a problem

I have heard it said that people find confidence attractive, but I tend to find confidence disgusting

In fact, it repulses me

When I was in the hospital, there was a piano, and I would play it sometimes

A patient asked if she could listen to me play

I told her I didn't know how to play piano

She said she would leave me alone, and she did

I think I upset her

I still feel bad about that

I could've just let her listen to me play

I didn't need to tell her that I don't know how to play piano
I could've pretended

One can always pretend

It helps sometimes

End

*

I do not know which number poem this is

There are no communities left in America, only networks

Somebody I had been seeing asked me if I am into polyamory

I told them no

I am a highly monogamous person

They then asked me to be in a monogamous relationship

I told them I would think about it

I don't like that they changed the type of relationship they wanted so quickly

I don't like change
I'd like to believe in my generation's enthusiasm for polyamory, but I have a deep suspicion that it has a lot more to do with our flippancy and fear of commitment and a lot less to do with sharing love and being open

I have heard it said that nirvana is seeing one thing through to its end

Jesus washed people's feet

The death of monogamy preceded the death of chivalry, and serial monogamy is hardly monogamy

Here's a problem: people don't believe in the power of love anymore

Literally the entire internet is a joke

It's fine, but you're all cowards, you know?

I don't feel above anything except I feel above feeling above anything, if that makes sense

I have always quietly felt wiser than everybody else

I have always quietly believed in the redemptive power of love

End of this poem

*

Another poem

Change nothing and nothing changes

Socrates used his final words to repay a debt

Put me in the Large Hadron Collider and smash my particles

I extend further than my body would have you believe

By saying "I don't care," you betray your care, for you cared enough to let someone know you don't

Oddly, neglect hurts more than hatred

America, I thought things were supposed to be different

You can tweet anything you want to

I've tried to pick up smoking cigarettes a few times but could never keep the habit

It has always seemed entirely disingenuous to me when cigarette smokers tell others that they should never start

An e-cigarette is very post-modern, because it only exists as a reflection of what it is not

Let's work together to deplete the environment of all its resources and natural beauty

I was born into the last generation to exist before widespread internet

I can still remember not having a cellphone

I can't determine whether things seemed nicer then because I didn't have a cellphone or because I was only a child

There's just something so unwholesome about flying a kite at night

An eye for an eye and an orange rind

End this one

*

Start of this poem

You shouldn't accustom yourself to meaningless phrases

You may find that when you need to say something important, your mouth can't shape proper words

They told me to fake it til I make it, and I've just been faking it for a couple decades now, waiting to make it

Watch me seek validation from my peers online

Watch me seek and seek

That's all for this one

*

Yet another poem

Caterpillars transform into butterflies, and butterflies transform into dust

Hanging a Nintendo Gamecube above your bed is known to stop bad dreams

You just want to reap the benefits of having somebody care about you without having to make sacrifices or being vulnerable in return

You are a mean girl

The details change but the story is always the same

Are artists the only people entitled to lives of their own?

Heems retweeted me asking Heems to save me

Do you have time to improve your life?
If not, why not?

I could tweet circles around these posser-ass poets

/End

*

/Start

I feel like what most people interpret as talent is just them seeing the end
result of someone who has practiced a thing for a long time

I could probably be really good at a lot of things if I took the time to
practice and become good at those things

Please list your reason(s) for leaving this job:

How about I hated it and it made me want to die?

Kill the Netflix inside your head

Sorry, I wasn't loved enough as a child, so now I'm extremely needy and
emotionally insecure

It's kind of whatever

I'm kind of chill with it
Come save me, princess charming

Jesus was a fisherman

Die or die trying

Twitter is fun, but you're all cowards, you know?

Probably the most horrifying thing someone has ever told me is that my
loneliness is quote-unquote palpable

Good place to end this poem

*

Another poem

OkCupid asked me whether I am more horny or lonely, and I replied the latter, and I worry about people who'd reply the former

You ever notice how just about everything we do, all this bottomless achievement and ladder climbing, is to try to prove our worth, which, every person has inherent worth to begin with, though?

You know that part in the *Catcher in the Rye* where Holden's mom buys him the wrong kind of ice skates, and he's sad because he knows she tried?

I am just looking for someone to discuss Zeno's paradoxes with in a flippant yet subtly intellectually rigorous manner

The feeling is like when you put money into a vending machine and the vending machine fails to give you what you paid for

I wish I could meet more twenty-somethings who are into compassion and wisdom and fewer who are into drugs and sex, to be quite honest

The year is 2015, and we are all alive in it

I'm ending this poem now, but there will be another one

*

And here it is

How young can you die from old age?

There are:

No atheists in a foxhole and many fuckboys on the internet

Hot tip if you want a massive following online: just pander

The thing about consuming too much entertainment and amusing yourself too often is that your life begins to lose meaning, and by no accident

Here's an opinion: Netflix is probably one of the most unhealthy, detrimental, time-wasting things going on in America right now

Lots of people seem to be under the delusion that watching hours of Netflix everyday is somehow less mindless and inane than hours of broadcast television

It's very insidious

The story of Icarus is the same as the story of the Tower of Babel is the same as the story of Macbeth is the same as the story of the United States of America

Westward, the course of empire takes its way!

It's hard to say I'd rather be awake when I'm asleep

I can't keep this poem going any longer

*

I don't know how many more of these poems I have left to give

Nothing feels good, is a double entendre
A lot of music I used to like makes me so sad that I literally can't bear to
listen to it at this emotionally fraught juncture in my life

I am a golden link in Lord Buddha's golden chain of love

I waste time on the World Wide Web

She wore blue velvet

I like when the stock market numbers go up and down

I find it intellectually riveting and deeply emotionally fulfilling

I've listened to Fireworks by Drake at least 40 times in the last 48 hours

When people ask me to watch their stuff at the library or coffee shop
while they get up to use the restroom, I'm like, I could just steal your stuff
now

But I never do because I like people who have faith in humanity

I'm really glad I don't have the diseases I don't have

You see, it's not just money / material things; some people try to acquire
New Experiences in the very same way others chase money

Globally, the rate of major depression correlates with the rate of material
affluence, by no coincidence

It's as if we've reached the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and
have realized, oh, this isn't working, I'm still not fine

The necessity for prior experience and references is just a sneaky and
glorified form of nepotism, to be honest

The sea was angry that day, my friends

Self-evident is my favorite kind of evidence, partly because I suspect it's
also the only kind of evidence

Ok, this one's done; a few more to go

*

We are getting close to the end of this series of poems now

Hey guys, remember how America is still at war?

I keep forgetting that our country is at war!

These pretzels are making me thirsty!

There might not be angels, but there are people who might as well be angels

In a way, secular materialism is much more dogmatic than religion has ever been

I will stick up for religion, because nobody else my age will

After Skype sex, you're supposed to smoke an e-cigarette in bed

Hi, my heart is constantly aching and I'm trying to pull myself out of a rut by my own bootstraps and it isn't really working at all, how are you?

The road to hell is paved with raising awareness

It'd be cool if the internet weren't basically a giant tool for making money

Someone's response to my Craigslist personal ad was, Are you a serial killer?

I am not a serial killer, but I wouldn't tell you if I were

God damn Tinder

It's dehumanizing

Death is certain, but taxes can be escaped if you're rich enough

The lengths we go to avoid admitting we're wrong are practically always more painful than just admitting we're wrong

Fuck your sophomoric-ass Cartesian duality

I think Tao Lin is releasing a book of tweets, and I'm envious he gets money for being a jackass online while we don't

I've been thinking about trying to stop doing the same things that make me unhappy and starting to try to do new things that could make me happy

"You have to learn to love yourself before you can learn to love others"

Only a person who has always been loved would say something like that

I've been grieving my entire life

End

*

Start

Check out my cellular growth and decay body mods

I'm sick of your tattoos, and the way you don't appreciate Brand New

My dog seems depressed

What does Webster say about soul?

All I want is a good home and a wife

With nobody in your bed, the night's hard to get through

The best part about Red Lobster isn't the seafood but the biscuits

The best part about Red Lobster isn't the biscuits but to sit at a table with people you love and just enjoy their company

Consider this: all lobsters would prefer not to be boiled alive

End

Start

Follow my blog <http://memeoji.tumblr.com>, or follow my Twitter @memeoji

It's bullshit, but not any more than the next thing

I deleted all the old posts on my blog for reasons I forget

Validate me

If I post a selfie, tell me I am sexually attractive, or at least imply it with a like

I need compliments, like anyone else

Tell me I won't die alone, or at least imply it

The doctor said that when I talk about myself, it's as if I'm disinterested and talking about somebody else

When I was in the hospital, there was a computer we were allowed to use for fifteen minutes a day, and tweeting helped keep me sane

And I wrote you a letter about how I'd been abused and how I still loved you and how I hoped we could someday get back together, and how I was trying to think of you as an angel, because I couldn't deal with how you'd hurt me, and I still can't, and how I was working direly to change my life for the better, and how I was on the verge of something and just needed just a little more time and

Your response was to say you don't think people can change that fast

And that it wouldn't matter even if I did change

Jesus Christ

End

*

Start

I went to the Spring Fling at the Zen temple

I'd hoped to meet somebody my age, somebody to talk to, but mostly only old people hang around religious institutions these days

Old people make me uncomfortable, because they didn't grow up with the internet

Young people make me uncomfortable, because they didn't grow up with a strong sense of morals

I spent the night mostly alone, watching people

The temple was decorated with guest's art taped all over the walls

At one point during the night, a picture fell off the wall

It was calligraphy of the word "Impermanence"

It was deemed significant by the Buddhists that the word "Impermanence" fell off the wall

I was too busy neurotically checking my phone for new messages from girls to care much

I bought you a small painting of Princess Mononoke

The painting reminded me of you, but so does everything

It was "pay what you want," and I paid a lot and wanted to

I told the Zen temple I needed refuge, and they told me I needed money

End

*

Last poem?

You must be as exhausted as I am with this by now, if not more so

The sky has been grey in Michigan for twenty years

My posture is terrible from leading a largely sedentary life

My body holds onto what my mind would prefer to forget

For example, I have an exaggerated startle response

I used to have dreams of being a published author or famous musician

Now my goals are more grounded, like making it through this poem

At one point, I was at the self-actualization level of Maslow's pyramid,
but I have fallen back down to the love-and-belonging level

Things could always be worse, but I find this fact more frightening than
comforting

All I have ever wanted is to make someone feel less alone

All I have ever wanted is for someone to make me feel less alone

People need people

End

*

One more?

What's left to say?

It's 2015

There are known knowns, known unknowns, and most frightening of all,
unknown unknowns

I still remember September 11th

I was in the second grade

Our teacher let us watch the TV in class as the planes hit

We were confused and too young to know what happened

We are older now and still don't know what happened really

My teacher retired that year

She wrote the class a book to say goodbye

It was called “Mrs. Nelson Tells Her Age”

It talked about getting older and moving on

She seemed sad then

We were too young to understand why

Hey, remember how I played you Landslide on my phone as we walked in the dark, by the church, and I started crying, and it made you start crying?

Well, I’ve been afraid of changing, because I built my life around you

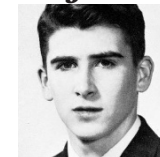
And time has made me no bolder

I’m just a child who got older

I miss you

I miss you

john johnson



Salutari, Gladiator

Boxed black skyscrapers,
stacked by dozens,
The red seer sun,
three inhabited planets circle.
All this the dying Lentulus saw,
and his master wondered why Lentulus
died smiling.

You do not know what you just read: It is
A document typed by shadow people
Hung from the mist in my bathroom mirror
Which beings of light and moth dictate
Each a creature of great age, fell kings
Haunting Outer Cranium: So each word

Is

AS IT

MUST BE

Proof

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