

Almost, but not quite

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My Diluted Truth...

...and the Grey Areas

(the first book of a two-part trilogy)

By édrihan and others

11/22/2011

WHAT STICKS

“Just write down what sticks, ‘cause chances are,
whatever sticks, sticks for a reason.”

“We are not necessarily looking at the end of the human race.”

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ON THIS BOOK:

INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY

The book is no more “mine”, than the copy you’re now holding is “yours”. I may, or may not be the author of any given part of it; it’s a situation where only I know, who said or did what, when, where and how; I still lack understanding of why people do what they do. I’m simply a re-compiler, of what I’ve seen and heard, the spinning, weaving distortion-reverb-modulation pedal strangely sounding signals singly shaping or re-effecting resonant harmonic frequencies you now see before you between those two ears of yours.

If you read something within this tome, that you said or did, but didn’t want it chronicled, contact me somehow to let me know; I will promptly have it removed, both magically and instantly.

I must acknowledge my crime and also credit my co-authoring team here at planet Earth: thank you, humanity, for your many kinds of unkindness, and the strange “coincidences” that allowed me to stumble upon the strangeness that regularly makes up this kindly conniving compendium of conundrums.

Yes, it has become a whole shit-ton of tongue twisters at times, but don’t blame me, because I probably plagiarized it from you at some point, that last part or maybe this-here line. This is a roundabout tale, taking place within an arbitrary time period, with no defined plot, characters, or theme. The money’s already pouring in.

They are couple of couplets, versions of perversion’s verses, lucid visions of illusion unfinished stories, complete with extrapolated quotes, thrown out of context. It’s not finished, and this exact edition is the very first, before the first edition. Not even this page is near complete, and this whole publication is replete with replications and needed deletions.

You may have found this document in whatever state and form on a bus bench. Maybe you found it at the library next to the old men who play chess, upstairs and downtown.

And who are you?

Dreaming and gleaming-

Downtrodden and distant, Givin’-‘er on life’s prescriptions, persistently resisting the inevitable arrest of your life’s innocent instance of insistence this instant? Maybe I handed it to you and really do exist beyond the fiction.

Microsoft Word is really troublesome and terrible for writing a book. The book is now, almost, but not quite, finished. All dedications and graphics are to come, when I click seventeen times for each edited heading again etc..

Chapter 2 POEMS

RICH IN SPIRIT

I'll pay for it in prose.
Interest on minds compounding grows,
but not at the expense of working men
toiling for gold or paper notes to expend.

Instead, I expound on mundane,
profound instances of calculated happenstance.
Currency unending,
I sell my thoughts for free.

It's both fact and make-belief.
True fiction's stranger than Mars's leaves in season.
Impossibly intrepid speech-thieves bereaving
then leaving for the next figurative village to pillage.

Attempt to rob the infinite,
their protests attest to no trespass;
Rapunzel lost no locks when you balked
at locked threshold's passages blocked.

Time evolved clocked-in shocks to they
when we realized that even in withdrawing
thought can't be taken away.

Science and lore are chores
to defend from theorized gorging.
Steel your swords; keep the pen sharp
for their mode of warfare is to keep us in the dark.

My defence is to offend debased bases, with taste.
All cases sealed in lace red-tape malarkey jargon.
_____ are farces, see?

Clearly most know, to own clouds is a no-no.
Linux a seed, sprout to trees, crops' harvests to un-limit.
Too timid, livid litigation's too weak to mitigate
that which won't reign, resign or be reigned in.

"This is all community food,
which means it's your food too."

ON STOLEN GOODS:

This poem is dedicated to: K. Unix and the punk monks.

OCCUPY

We have to be a hybrid combination,
a machine-like "illegal" organism
done procrastinating prognostication.
Responsible for us, firmly just in fair laws due

No more willing silver platters
for honey-sucking human bee-keepers soullessly sapping syrup
from a bottom ninety-nine percent,
fed up with the menu now dished out.

Obsolete and obscene, dipped-in distribution
too skinny for bodacious curves of bellies full.
Instead rivers choke on
unsold grapes cast with wrath;

Humanity's ingredients, disregarded,
they are cuts chucked out past plates,
for the unprotected,
by the unaffected.

WHAT STICKY FINGERS SNATCH

Can you feel?
Great artists steal. Con artists take
for themselves without asking,

No matter how quick the sticky finger's snatching,
I've batches of synapses, live, well, and faster still.
The garbage-hearted will take out what they will, as in
realizing my owned loss, then I scoff and I laugh

They cannot take what cannot be displayed.
Impulses grasp them to lie low in wait,
grab and go get-away. Thievery's threat stays,
directing their own misguided heads' dazes.

Their potential self, self-mutilated, splays; true selves
laid to rest or waste in waking graves. Fun or real,
I heard the moans of stolen contentment's dirge out of tune.
Cosmic bards decreed needed background music for self-made tombs.

GRAVITY THIEVES

The gravity thieves took it up upon court's tome
to atone for honing in on inescapable homing.
Escalation having made mistaken
perceiving sinking, lawful rule as true, if blatant

It snuffed fools and mages too.
Tools and toiling taskmasters alike,
alive and in limbo, embryonic as you,
babbling badder than Babel.

The tallest towers topple in huge deluges
of crumbled grumbling gravel (gavel)

A limb grows like prose
embroidered in genes, like names.
Patternistically predetermined
though stylistically undermined,
Our genes rise from time's plights
as mastermind of the all-seeding tides.

We already died, only to loinedly learn,
lapping on instinct's tits, to insist on progening.
Godless precincts preach wordlessly, in every flock;
nature's clock keeps us up, terribly ticking for tickling.

Genetics finicky, like fickle tongues'
aversion to broccoli, planted seeds
fertilize faded glints
and gleams gone from eyes.

Vice and virtue's coded automatons
complete with fro's, and unbrows.
Limping alcoholics laughing at and as
bipolar, thieving geniuses frolic,
behind ignorant minds, well occupied.

ON MONKS AND SEEKING TRUTH:

IT'S FALL, A GAIN

Before our demise was cemented to concrete,
It was said, "there is nothing new to express,"
yet they were impressed when new truth awoke
naked, undressed. Ever truly repressed?

– Never, the sleepers better swallow tongues,
fast-food minds choked by the yokes raising eggs laid from dreams.
Generations teem; Adam begat Einstein, the son of Darwin.
Newton might have seen it coming when the apple followed course,

Except of course, the "Why!?" of gravity's force,
the "What" that Priests of God divorced,
When they separated, from statehood and estate,
estranged lovers after shotgun-honeymooning.

And what of our bitter sun,
no longer the sole enthroned lord
of Platoons, plankton and planets
like subjects no longer enthralled in
stoic and logical Greeks'-creeds' dooms

zoom, flash away like rotations;
theories too have stipulations.
Before libation's tune is through,
resume, following breakthroughs

the thorough burrow back borrowing
notes as their due predecessors dead,
through with their little lines lying,
lifetimes' moments to disprove then improve.

I for one found her, expressed still abounding,
naked truths new though aged keep resounding

I pray the dreamers move to greener-grassed pastures.
Through lacking masters we flounder toward rapture

**LEAVE NOTHING UNDONE (AN UNFINISHED
POEM)**

Still behind the orange robed, they say,
“to do nothing is to leave nothing undone,”
but this seems only their named way;
it’s easier to do nothing in an ashram than the
ashen burning-coal roads coldly wandered

Mind and time lie in wait,
my only apparent enemies.
The rest truly disguised blessings:
one, creating problems
with lifetimes long as thought
the other, mother of lives’ banishment

Wheeling hamsters freely shackled
in glass do the same as me,
only happier for unquestioning.
Vanishing struggle to survive,
they struggle only to maintain
the most remote connection
to their indistinct instinctive brain.

We, through glass’s pane,
have more.
Problems, of flesh and spirit,
of mind and heart,
leading us along roads,
paved with good-intentions

I envy trees, maybe the stones,
that side the ways for our sighted grooves.
Their stories have nothing to prove
Repentance so simple with zero temptation.
Our lives’ stories, are our own dogmatic fiction,
damning ourselves into our own layers of heaven.

While life breathes on, pain will rain,
and evaporate to wisps again,
hovering in wait winds blow away.
Cloud’s shadow won’t abate
for water will still flow.
Altitude grows and sinks to ground again. Dissipated while precipitated

Issued projections, single beams
a rainbow of refracted backing;
expectation vaporizing joy
before it burns to blackened lacking.

Ruts are made by our own wheels,
wrought like rungs heeding human heels.
Hands build and bring eyes up to skies.
Eyes creep like sun-starved vines draw lines
from need that reinterprets subatomic size
through lenses born, or made potential
as human chattel chomp the rinds
we throw for pigs with lives born to kill,
so cruelly rigged; the deep fried know
how their families died.

When bread rests unleavened,
or non-existent; wheat's a weed,
seedy creeds of manufacturing
application, keep sustaining
profits on humanity's deprivation.

Greed's golden gouging glint can't
pacify the infested, positively invested,
using and abusive, perusing
fat cats stacking and laughing

It's lolling tongues lapping
like dogs surround the kill,
Pavlov's bell sings clear as the air
it rings though once resting,
still, saliva's swill and spill, following brains'
demands sounds commanded,
but slaves rise to kill their masters.

Once again,
mountain-throned monks, orange robed
suppress minds flighty. So high and mighty,
just as in the last incarnation, rightly
or peacefully seeing themselves incarcerated by
surface-selves seeking sins ceaselessly.
Solidly, it's all and everything worldly.
Stoic are their stories, spoken silently,

sufficing souls centrally, above mentality:
beyond eventuality, into totality.

The duality of single truths is
too transluced for the duped,
drone group groping greedily
for desires, seeking needlessly.

Deedlessly acting to fulfil
empty prophecies, self-seen
masters boast violently
timelessly reliving past finalities.

THE USUAL RE-INVENTION

Reinventing the usual,
Just a couple words,
then you're thinking
about something else.

It is as hard as ether's staunch softness
to still the torrent mind that storms us,
the ever-assailed.
True monks prevail
over untiring winds
trying to tie to course the sails.
Try to remember that minds' winds arise

without you there directing the helm.
Though it seems you wear the crown,
Mind's pieces sing like mythic drunken
pirate crews, cursed never to taste their swigs.

kiss the spirit food,
like you were meant to. It is the no-mind
who knows, mind you, I know this only through
second-hand, past-lives' deceptions true.

A LINE TO LIVE

“You have to write them down, man.”

What do you feel when you meet a stranger in the street,
Feeding leads to game paths the less for not being taken.
Mistaken oversights are the root of excitement.

“If I had a line,” to live
in straight and narrow grids’ binds.
Paper, municipal gradients, fading like sentience
from ancient presumed-civilizations bent
on self-aggrandizing self-effacement.

Once we had honey, but we spent it, still
there’s always the next projected expectation,
languished but not masquerading, the rest
parade pretension while I portend upendings.

As they, the hip to it, snap their mental outfits
together, they’re men, standing, staring, dancing,
with themselves or mirroring reflections.
Maybe it’s not as bad as all that though.

Could it be that we are all authentic space travellers equally
seeking realizations or possibly pacified abbreviated summations.
My image of you is basically a one minus one equation, simplify.
Leave out frustration, temptation, relation, complication or explanations.

ON VISITED PLACES:

Two Rooms

It is church and capitalism
combined yet separated.
On a day like today, I'm tempted
to ignore life's crises,

Instead honing in on niceties,
homing magnetically
to a "true north"
polite and tame, but tasty.

"If you're not from where you're from,
then you're not at where you're at,
and the thing about it is you're enjoying
this day with friends and family and that's that.

One thing here, well,
I am Native from Miksew Cree Nations,"
and he drew a feather, and I said, hey,
I am also a Native of earth, good to be here.

I'll come and stay for dinner,
I guess, I won't lie, "well, buddy..!"
you're in one of Two Rooms
within encapsulated parties.

**BLISSFULLY IGNORANT – OR - "IT TASTES LIKE
CHICKEN"**

It certainly tastes delicious, but I'd rather not peer inside.
Vietnamese subs: a Pandora's Box of flavour.
Cow brains taste great with tea,
but this is a clear cold-cut case of ignorance being bliss.

It's food like jazz;
it spawned from a global village,
it tastes like inventive re-harmonization,
a cacophony of cross-biological symbioses.

Like reverse cocaine, I'm addicted,
only this time my nasal passage is cleared,
the sauce making my mind restful:
my biggest craving satisfied.

COMMUNITY COUCH

~dedicated to panda, and couch-guy-"j"

Others with money to buy a roof, not quite a home, and we,
following the rambling verge, the fringes of houselessness,
to find a temporary permanence in so much
as a shared but ample spot to sleep.

They're leaning into you;
it's like a complete symphony.
There's enough bullshit to make it around.
Hope the "nay"-boors don't call cops on cacophony.

Paupers possess generosity rich enough
to purchase the up and then out
of the pendulum perched, perchance
to dream though wakeful.

Waking life's more estranged than acid
and more succulent than succubae.

We see, not only individually
but as a crew, a union too,
knowing the slight and crucial facts
constituent to survival, both of mechanic
armor and that which makes us up from inside.

We're keeping each other floating
like tectonic plates, even those
with scraps scraped off.

The scared
scamper off while cheddar tops our bread.

It ain't no pity trip; it's really this
most real of cruises sailing through pursuit
of wealth rarer than elements, the veritable,
unquantifiable riches that money can't chose.

MY HOMBRE'S NOMBRE

We be bake-rapin' Mike at Miguel's miniscule musty mansion

_____Mainstream dreams

we be cleanin' Chinese take-out, taking time
enough to gorge the rice of entire villages' kitchens.

It's cause my belly brought its backpacks for batches
bigger and better than hollow legs or beer guts looser,
hanging out by the by through every year passed out.
They're tired, not we, at our own crack of dawn

Ruled by roosting hen's omelettes, we be cookin' up a storm,
or at the very least a tasteful weather pattern precipi-tasted.

Spiced up

*unfinished

ON COURTSHIP, LOVE, AND HAPPY ENDINGS:

FIGARO'S PROPOSAL:

A Nonsensical Thought Stream

by Alexandra Rose Bischoff and Edrihan

An assortment of shit rims the smelliest toilet bowl of a pawn shop you ever eyed without yourself cleaning

Another dirty painting by the Divine Creator

Pukey hues of wasted potential colour a "colourful" fella, calls himself Figaro

His formerly expensive, still smelly, and agingly frayed Gianni Versace suit perfectly frames a mediocre picture of contrived confidence

He reeks of cajolery and bids you to enter

"I SWEAR I BEEN SAVING THIS PIECE FOR ONLY YOU..

REST ASSURED, I HEAR THE CHANGES YOU NEED.

I GOT THE KEY TO GET YOU IN MY POCKET.

TRADE SOME BANKED NOTES FOR BRAND NEW FORMS

THAT'LL FIT YO' ASS WITH TENURE

THIS SHIT'S HIGH-END AND BEAUTIFUL AS BIRDSONG

Figaro, figaroooooh, FIIIIIGAAAROOOOH...!

Oh..... you fan-dangler, you;

panhandling and hawking your wares;

shelling out style like it's going out of itself;

and I remind myself that jealousy

clashes with all my outfits.

Lady! A smile is beautifully your most fitting accessory

Sincerely complimentary to my soul's tones

A fashion statement that ages as does wine

Not the soon-rotten flesh of fruits dropped by the wayside

in the sun's dark autumn daysides

Back alley thrift stores litter sidewalks with anything fitting of the dump, as they see fit

I love the shit-covered Edmonton streets I call home

They're filled to the brim with bottom feeders headed for the shitter

They're turning towards their holes

Round and round they spin again

Till the circle closes in on their shit

Suddenly your life's down the drain

LOBBYING FOR LOVE

Madame Contois,
es-tu contre moi?

Je sais que nous sommes,
tous les deux, quelque chose,
belle pour l'un et l'autre,

So without you here,
how can you hear this note?
A quarter-inch of glass is
no safety from icy air.

It could be that my airs
with you have been too warm.
My clothed layers feel over worn
but being forlorn makes no warmth, I've sworn

Reborn as a brand-new same-old self
today as everyday is the day solutions.
Forget ripped and torn soul self-pollution,
obtuse obstructions of conceived construction.

De fois ils m'aident par me n'aider pas,
en la manière ou façon
de que j'ai jamais pensai,
que moi, le perdu, ne trouverait jamais.

I can't keep my paused paws from smelling hair
Though smarter than the average bear,
de fois ce n'est pas si mauvais que ca d'l'aire.

Les fèves magique ne remplis pas l'estomac,
qui ne ce trompe pas, qui vient de venir,
d'ici puits la, I enter and laugh, "ha .. ha" « ,

still, after all, la-la land's cracking at seems
Like the dreams dreamed by grown up kids.
Lego building blocks braced facing fabricated placements playing
then slow change ups, they're meant up by the
humourless blague of their rag-tagged lives

Strife writes the books, right?
I'm reading between my own lies and lines;
it's harder from here, looking out,

than for those from outside looking in
luckily for my loosely-lost causes.

I GET CRAZY

I keep seeing you
though you're not there today
I chased a girl into the hair salon
to confirm my brain decay

"I'm so tired, I haven't slept a wink"
I'm too drunk, though I only sipped the drink
I'm too high, nevermore the lines,
that held me back too with new excuses

REGRETTABLY, IT'S ROMANCE AT LAST

"You're an asshole, crackhead-loser."
It's what she said to me.
"You're good for nothing; it ain't your fault,
I blame me."

It's another hard morning this afternoon;
cloud obscures moon's blues, sunspun.
The lord's loom presumes its bloom
don't ruin, for the very sight is blameless.

As shameless sighs pass by, unnoticed
by the way most taken, sadly breaking
into lakes uncried by hearts, stepped on,
dead sea skipping stones predictably tender.

ON PROSPECTIVE PERSPECTIVES:

BLIND

Blind to what I thought I believed;
I led the blind.
Confronted with years of my rage,
it was a sudden slap in the face.

I once swore I would kill the one,
if only I knew who it was
who devoured their child inside.
I guess I lied. Years pass by
as tears dry from time,
the wind that clears clouded minds.

How do you damn the damned?
Past the point, smile dim and lost,
no straying from their path?

What good is vigilante wrath
that would turn life to black,
when life left long ago, no chance
to glow, or ever to come back

In one so far along hell's lined-up queue waiting,
an imaginary Punisher pleasantly pontificating
on methods of dismembering visceral mastication,
who does not see or need to know

Of redeeming gleams,
once glowing, though extinguished,
in those whose souls were left
out to wander, until lost for good.

That pain perpetuates abusive cycles
seems to me a sad excuse;
obtuse perversions still can't stifle
so to silence the voice inside
whose muffled scream begs to guide
through guile and gripping lies said.

Disgusting disguises destroying,
then multiplying. They are a far cry;
conscience stolen or broken, lost, sold,
or minted into a figure-headed token.

Gollum lies, sweet and softly speaking
to itself with allure, masking aggression
that holds the keys to reveal real damnation.
It lies in this life with immediacy,

No need for fairy parish tales to breed.
This brood of evil now stand, forgiven
for karmic wrath apples to living,
this time around on Earth no regard for last pasts.
Best castes or the garbage men with seedy plots
planted in their heads to fill with dread
those safe in bed, no red lights flashing
dangerous warnings become subtly
a shadow if you let them; I bet, more so, it gets them.

LEAD DOG

Mush. We're running lives away:
Working pack ain't got time to tire.
The lead dog is the only one whose view changes
through kilos killing kilometre ranges.

Snow fall, foot fall, glacial mush stalls
not a thought, it lulls for miles grow as they shrink
it's the same infinity between any two points
no matter the length of difference

Listening with indifference to unseen gleams
of white phosphorescence that beams right past
nose-tailing asses, oppressing seconds bested,
who never passed the tests for alpha status.

At least it's cold enough that shit won't smear.
Although when behind, you're sure it's nearing here,
as sure as booze will turn insane the best of brains
who hail from native tundric plains.

Staking the unmapped a natural pain as they skate
new lines and lanes through unseen paths as old as new,
hidden like the Northern dark-skinned nude,
who have difficulty with lewd rudeness as defined and diffused
by those who classify as civilized.

Pharaohs the same stock as Hebrews
who built while lashed,

who were killed for a dropped stone
bones worth less than building scrap.

Each dog, understanding commands
demanded by the two-legged grip handed,
bands to obey older ways, immaterial.
Feral fear finds fading paths to follow.

The leader is food when strength eats itself;
It's not hell but self-help to understand nature's rule.
Husky, Jackal, Coyote, Akida,
We are all identically dissimilar.

Leaders, pillars of fading permanence,
potency derives from clan's belief.
The rest best left bereft, blind and deaf
to the script that makes dogs rise and lay.

ONE LESS SAVOURY

Drunk out of his gourd,
and stoned out of his tree,
judged to be one less savoury,
than they, soberly accepting slavery.

Moral codes get tapered
to their fabricated basis
regardless of races, faces,
or the upkeep of shoes' laces.

Judgement abounds and defaces.
It's simple to point
three fingers back at yourself,
and we only wished it was someone else

Who caused what became self-induced
soul-pollution the others peruse.
Ruthless, our disease pursues disuse.
We all have our ruses with uses.

ON OTHER MATTERS:

BACK-BEATS BEATEN-BACK

Only back beat saves from being beaten back
by the trodden track, one more time from the top
Tip-top tempo-teeter's meaner than what I thought I knew,
but I was rockin' to my own mic'ed and amplified mind's lines.

They are blah-blabbering me to death,
these words put in my mouth
by my shelved assumed selves;
I almost remembered to forget the text

What groove lies behind effect?
Rippling low-frequency oscillators
undermining, not staying laid-low
for real batteries: skin on skin

To humanize in rhythmic harmonized time,
time and time again.

ROSIES ARE RED

Rosies are red,
as is not the palour of the newly dead,
or the terror
of newlyweds.

Violets are mowed down
by tanks,
either long range infrared
targeted ballistics

Or modified-organicism
design drafts planted down
and laughed at
for the conveniently altruistic

Parts play out in delusions of unison.
It's the sound of manipulation,
the jingling balls of public relations.

Profitability is a big back-handed bitch slap;
Corruption's green like vines climbing, rot seeping
Creep through perimeters of offenses engrained
by parents potentially, and potently deranged.

LETTING IT HAPPEN

Simplicity is one word.
Now your duplicity is not what I heard.
Complicity is your doing too, you
accomplished accomplice to their flailing swoons

Unused brains wrote off opposing thumbs
designed to neglect godlike fates baiting
and awaiting for limbo to land on lambs.
We narrate our demise to pofit-ic divine exchange rates

Wait! Calculated death and taxes missed me yet.
It's present moment, skilful avoidance;
we're running along, across, and around
the infinite-lane cosmic freeway.

Paved blood evaporates all but away
We'll make iron fuelling forges to sap
our most plentiful resource, as fuel,
unlimited gas machines can gorge.

I feel the presence of evil here, I fly away, I race,
but it lives here too, so I moved to space.
The outside creature still is satisfied
from feats of feasts, it remains to dine.

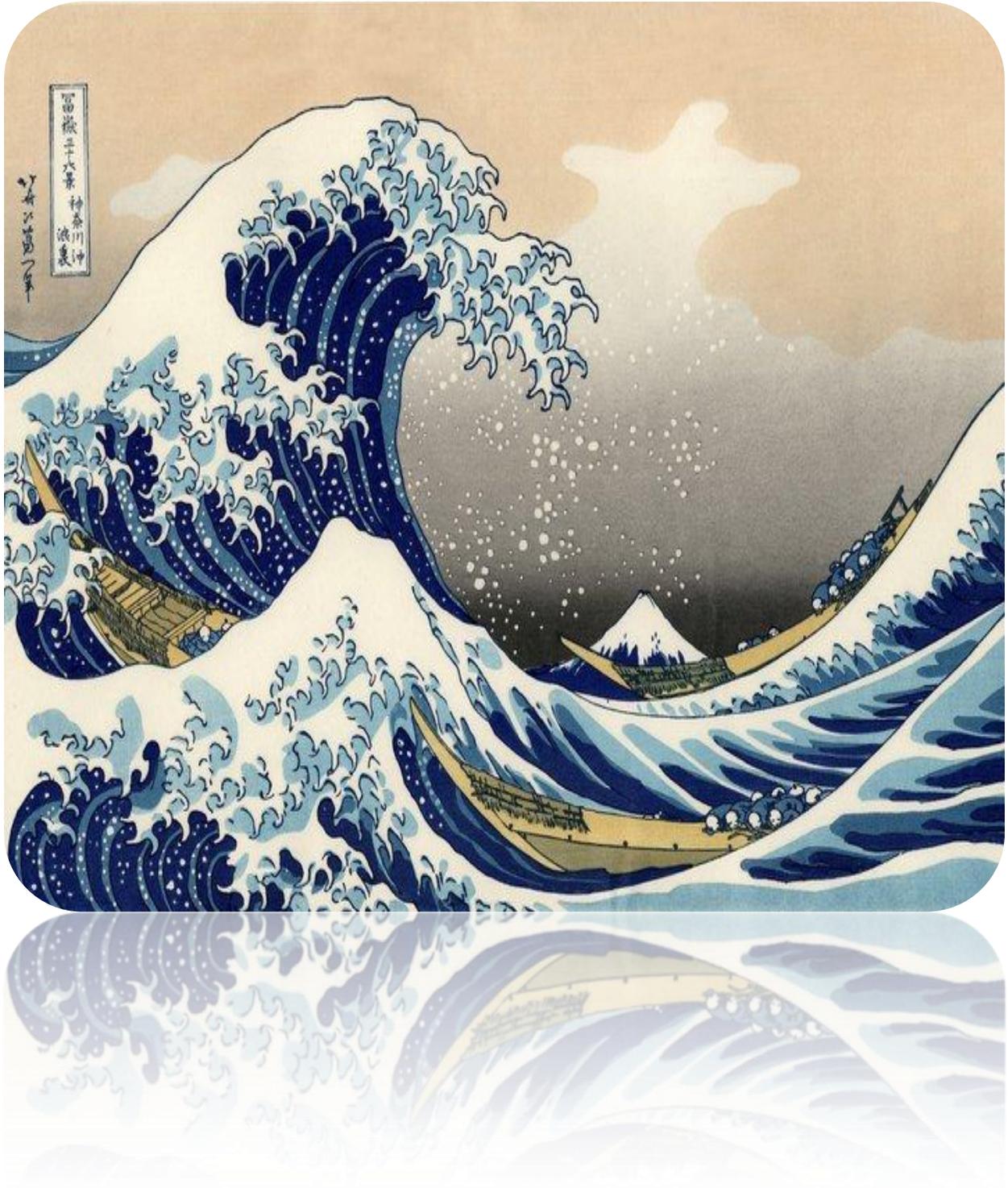
I'M KICKIN' GIN DRINKIN' AGAIN

Predestined decisions light up my murky habits.
My feet kick it against the sidewalk again as they slap it.
Silly are the errors and comedies that nick us.
Dramatic flops and failures, flogging then riding on innocent, original sin.

Dépêche actuellement pour pêcher.
La pensée peut jamais battre la gaffe,
la blague de vivre, les coudes se lave
sur society's greases.

Like the bastard's tongues, for some
life's fusion is no compromise, I surmised.

Chapter 3 HAIKU



ON DESIRES:

LOSE LUST

Lose lust live lively
Entrapment an abused drug
along with our fears

THE BEAUTIFUL DREAM

the beautiful dream
desire rears its ugly face
reality awakes

ON TOPS LIQUOR STORE:

#1

To watch them come in
It is to see who lives here
Their lifestyle, not yours

ON POLICING:

#1

We need sousveillance
We are who watches watchers
Non uniformed eyes

#2

Criminal constructs
We are so easy to label
Libel not justice

#3

Ethics more than law
Infraction abounds in all
They are busted too

#4

Remember some truth
Please see threats falsely no more
You create the crimes

ON OTHER MATTERS:

DAMN

We are defined sinners
I think hell is what you make
Heretic priests speak

IRREFUTABLE

Irrefutable
truth cuts through bullshit butter
must you taste the lies

ON WRITING HAIKU:

#1

you can write haiku
much easier than it seems
all the words can fit

#2

riffing on haiku
you can enjoy the jam too
hope to hear your words

ON BEES:

#1

Queen bee's slaves drone on
one quest: the golden honey
some do go hungry

#2

Hibernating vibes
Many breaths create one tone
When is daytime here?

#3

Hexagonal lines
gentle corners guide workflow
flight's shape makes circles

TO FROBOT

I once knew a man
guitar riffage like Jimmy
still with the stairway

FUNERAL HOME SCAM

Funeral home scam
body is spirit is cash
dearly departed

#3

Hexagonal lines
gentle corners guide workflow
flight's shape makes circles

--

Craving it always
Whatever the thing may be
again grasp the cactus

it leave us behind
we get ahead of ourselves
this is consequence

Eat the fruits you plant
Taste it, succulent or rotten
We make our choices

We're planted by hand
Brightest beings in the world
Inside lays the beast

Angels and demons
contained in single bodies
ugly is perfect

I go to heaven
You sinners go to hell
God loves all of us

Chapter 4 NARRATIVE

THE STORY

He walked forth once again, tumbling, bouncing like pebbles he kicked without focus onto darkly lit sidewalks, pavilions, and streets of lessening traffic. The nameless numberless stones he kicked across waysides had fate in common with each other. Had he paused to notice, though he already knew it in the back of his mind, he might have noticed how he was like the rock, written-off by those how cast him skipping off on rainy concrete.

Once, his step had been as sure as it was vigorous. His vision of life twenty-twenty, now faded by the grimy wash of survival's cycles. His compromises committed, despite his revulsion, and others' unclean stooping superiorities looking down on his faulty existence, had covered that now-observed wise smile shouting to heavens before self-made melting back behind veils.

Now, his brain was ruled by the task at hand, forced to curtail prior plans un-thought of, divine beyond mind. As the downpour grew beyond trickling his spirits simultaneously became damper, but he flicked his fickleness off like the drops collecting on his glasses.

It was no more the season of beds, made of green grass, charged and charging no rent, and he knew night would come cold; he needed shelter of wood and stone. Around the corner, he remembered, was an abandoned parkade, not yet destitute from misuse last he'd seen.

**THE END! For now...
but I will surely see you later.**

