

BROKEN HEART CLUB



love poem

What can I do?

i wanted to write you a poem
i wanted to tell you
from across the water
one rock to the other
that it was

...not true
but i could not
and you could not
and you can not

i wouldn't know what else to do
but write these lines broken with words
b/c i am not good with words
i am not good with anything
my heart or yours

i wanted to write you a love letter
into the screen and onto yours and i don't even know
if
you
open
my emails
but i wanted to be with you in the north
and i wanted to live with you in the north
and i wanted to love with you in the north

i can only write
badly
me:
a castaway
a castoff
and is this a love letter

your body is a ghost in mine
i visit you in my sleep
and we are happy in my sleep
we are together in my sleep
we are not lonely and sad
in my sleep

is this a poem
is this a love poem

is this something that you will read

i can not know

i was walking across a highway on a blue
bridge and i thought of you
my eyes keep getting hot and they burn
and i have not been able to be happy
since you've decided this
the worst fate
was so sudden

is it love yet
is it too long
have i changed your mind

i have been on this rock for 3 months
and i want to be back in your long arms
in the longest arms of love

3 am

she made it so she destroyed it
we were at her mercy of suggestion
love happened at their surprise

you're ghosting me around the city at the corner of 10th and Reed
my own house holds your ghost
slipping an arm around my shoulders on the couch
i stumble around my kitchen and fumble
for missing knives

sleep is elusive at this hour
working at quinn's table
wiles is under the impression that love still exists
he said he saw true hearts in ours
working in a wild way
like the weeds growing from plastic blue buckets in my concrete back yard

lucid dream love poem

i dreamt
you were just released from prison
we sat on my hideous hand me down couch
happy
smoking L's
like time had never elapsed

gently rolling around on hard wood
smiling at each other like children

lucid // together// alternate realities

indefinite seasons

he is the north east
tough and hard
cruel and cold
unforgivable beautiful winters
snowing january birthdays

brutal summers
blue summers
holding hands to fate

she cut off the red ribbon for him
he cut off the line

they jumped ship
they took care
to solidify salted wounds

push it back to start
the blue line of time
cold december love lap sitting

hold her in your arms
before it is too late
warm august walks hand holding

split open split open
her wounds are split open
from so far away
far away oceans; mythical peoples

day sleep; visits on the dream plane; houses we haunted as children

compassion is not a sign of weakness
forgiveness is not a sign of defeat

fish out of water

it's always twisting and flopping
a near dead fish
can breath inside my heart
...but
i think it is finally working itself out



the queen of dissolute dreams

it's the worst at night
when you try to connect the dots
{the why}
reality will never give it up; it became a pro at hiding truths and reasons after working for the US gov
be careful
or paranoia will run its course, straight through your veins; shot between the toes to avoid detection

there are fictions the mind creates
when it is racing at night
brass tax; it was his decision
despite what he may // may not have been told

fiction:
a stubborn milky woman sits inside the red den
fat
/w animus
smokes lies like a chimney
sits between two men in order to remain idle
they rub her milky bulbous feet and calves with divine loyalty////////out of love // fear
here/ far away/ below HER/ sits another woman
whose desire to be wanted can never be quenched\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\whose self motivated needs outrun friendships
in fact there are 4 men and 2 women and THE woman

{after math}

he tells her words these words:
i like yer poem //baby
i miss you //baby
i luv u4eva //baby
before the massive palisade of silence was erected

it took him 3 days to build it out of match sticks: see fiction; see subterranean truths

thousands of miles apart
and people wanna tell them what love is
people wanna help her out with the trite spit:
you'll find someone better (we do, we do)
(we can, we can)
...and don't you get it?
i don't sleep either fucker.

bb im yer beast
you been everything but merciful
bb im yer beast
you been everything but kind
bb im yer beast
and yer still on my mind

they call me a spider
but i have more than eight legs
and my webs are dewy dreams
of constant evolving networks

don't think i forgot all the terrible things you did bb
i just forgave you for em
held them in my elephant heart
heavy heavy
yer a repeat offender
and i should just give it up
give up your ghost
to haunt another

ima god

bb ima motherfuckin PotPOURRI too amazing for you to
comprehend

i got my hand in erry motherfuckin pot
cuz i got mult hands like Kali
with a foot on yer chest
and a head in my blue skin palm

bb ima motherfuckin ThroBBING reaction to errythin
i got my my eyes on erry fuckin continent
cuz i got mult eyes like Ophanim
with a wheel for yer angels
and a direct connection to the mother plane

bb ima nightmare to you InSECurIties & im feelin em out
i got my tentacles on erry fuckin pulse
cuz i got mult feelers like Cuthulu
with a body prone to water
an ancestor of the stars

im exercising my exes
writin em out with hexes

"i felt you so much today"
laying on my back on a ply wood
futon in a love hotel
snags in galaxy print wallpaper
from the 80s
sure i got what i wanted
but did i get what i need
venture a guess
...venture a guess

you remember when we first met?
i dint even want it
& now babe you let me go
the refrain is no no no no

waves

errrythin comes in waves

//

some ppl can ride that wake
forever

eternally coastin on a crest

//

some ppl get washed o'r
eternally breathin salt fer air

//

some ppl get under or over
depending on the tide

you had a cat that kept gettin
out
would always come home with fleas
but ugh
you bombed that house
over and over
out of love for that damned feline

you can love a ghost
from thousands of miles
...away

absence of physical presence
doesn't negate your
...love

maybe the ghost can feel
the pulse of your love
from thousands of miles
...away

it wouldnt be so bad
if i didnt feel displaced
the astral plane puts me
in a different geography // reality
it wouldnt be so bad
if i wasnt in your arms
in my sleep
every night

the problem with the broken glass mess
in aisle 4
is that
there will always be a miniscule
shard atop linoleum
&
under steel

count it as a loss
on an uneven field
the tally of loss is endless
starting with a bed starting
with dignity
 & now ...an ocean

you can trick
your body into thinking someone else is touching you if you rub yer toe on yer wrist
my eyes are nihilist wide
and im
an im
drunk again
i want i both ways
i want it both ways
like me
ill like you back (maybe)
love me
and ill love you back (いつも)(always)(always)

but pls talk to me
pls talk to me
but pls talk to me
pls talk to me
but pls talk to me
pls talk to me
water me like a plant
i need yer water talk
i need yer water talk
cuz
my eyes are nihilist wide

if you had never
" "

" "

you would have never
" "

" "

events // illusion // choice

if you had never
" "

" "

you would have never
" "

" "

events // illusion // choice

if you had never
" "

" "

you would have never
" "

" "

events // illusion // choice

and i am spinning spinning, like the earth
it's too

...fast

this is the last one
time
to wrap the project
to strike the set
&
here's where it gets tricky tricky
like you slippery slippery

this aint my first show
i wrote a similar act in 2005
but my sister...was more involved
...in the production

so do you know history
repeats itself
until it doesn't
until it's time
to wrap the project
to strike the set
&
here's where it gets tricky tricky
like you slippery slippery

i saw you at the wrap party
here, on here, and you know, you know
hello hello
would you like, a cocktail, a beer, a white wine? we have a wonderful vintage right now!
you winked and waved
from 5,779 miles away
but i been working on this project all year

this is the last one
time
to wrap the project
to strike the set
&...

How long does it take
For a person to become
Part of the // your // our past
Varying degrees of reused
coffee grounds
ink stained skin
Irregular
sleep
patterns
I mean...goodmorning...hello

love comes in waves but i would rather it be a constant gentle whirring
a white noise humming; gently lulling everyone
to forget its presence
there under the surface
helping us sleep or relax or live

Japan saved me
Solitude saved me
Dancing saved me
Walking saved me
Being on the JR saved me
You saved me

たくみくん

You all saved me

ありがとう ありがとう

& im coming home
...but not for long