

# A Former Self

poems are a former self



windswept pomeranian

hairstyles

a dog may always look like its smiling

but you always look like yer winking

in a recall of neurons

the past becomes an imprint

of something we step out of

the illusion of choice  
is livin in the suburbs

we standin over corpses

from thousands of miles away  
you buried her image  
with yer own hands  
around oxygen molecules

a cat walkin  
o'er sewer grates  
prayer calls  
o'er skype  
international ambulance sounds

does medium  
does interface  
change craft  
methods of output

get out that internal  
trade regulation

eternity is boring  
you sighed last breaths of something

as a cat walks  
o'er sewer grates  
as a murder of crows  
perch on high tension lines



i am a composite sketch of  
burning sugar smells in a mall in Ikebukuro  
American pop music  
English print tie dies reading "you're awesome"  
fluorescent lighting  
& silver shoes too small for my feet

i am a composite sketch  
of distant family members  
unnamed faces from high school  
dead lovers  
alive lovers  
& people who once hurt me

carry carry carry  
ive carried it all  
the way to this slice in the ocean

i changed my passwords to read fuck the past with strings of numbers  
tho my heart remains an elephant

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what do you mean you wont validate  
my parking? ma'm - dont call me ma'm  
we uhm surely you know there are a  
world of possibilities outside the  
concrete girders and rows of fords

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yer love is a disembodied voice  
transmitted via satellites and  
proxy servers yer love is a ghost  
yer love hesitates to call you love

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compartmentalized memories flush  
with an ideal cause friction  
communication via traffic data  
counting increments digits clock  
hands microwave signals a world of

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## **JW 14**

you took a gen ed course  
"death and dying"  
to get over yer lovers suicide

diagrams & Kübler-Ross & the Tibetan book of the Dead & class discussions  
all up on the board

at night yer drownin  
in greyhounds & ashes  
slicin yer teeth on lemon rinds

a friend takes you aside:  
hey  
...hey  
that was nearly 2  
years ago  
and yer still yer still  
wat  
a roy orbison  
song she said

erry time you feel like it's time to punch a hole in the card  
(erry day // erry day)

their name comes thru your spine to yer mouth // taste of discarded life



you took a gen ed course  
"death and dying"  
to get over yer lovers suicide

statistics & green ways to bury a body & make a body a gem stone & class discussions  
all up on the board

at night yer drownin  
in PBR & a shot special  
slicin yer eyes on lucky strike smoke

a friend takes you aside:  
hey  
...hey  
that was nearly 4  
years ago  
and yer still yer still  
wat  
a lana del rey  
song she said

but  
erry time  
erry time their name comes up thru yer spine to yer teeth  
you know yer not ready  
to meet//be a  
ghost just yet



# searching for life

look we have unlimited amounts of rope  
if you'll, if you'll – just go down  
into that hole and check  
for life  
what's that?  
you're scared?  
doesn't the unlimited amount of rope comfort you??  
we have the technology under control  
look you signed this release form – right here  
it says your name  
look at it...breath, OK? OK?!  
great, there you go  
now release  
and  
plunge

# Digital Ghost

“let us forget, with generosity, those who cannot love us”

we liked to imagine ourselves as ghosts passing digitally thru others

the last time you saw me was Philadelphia International  
i lent you 6 bucks to take a bus  
& every time the spring comes  
you shed yourself from me

the last time you saw me was on Emily street  
our shared living space now a dreamscape  
& i get your messages via a facebook app  
but i still wonder how you smell

we are digital ghosts  
projections of ourselves  
as much as we try  
an anchor made of pixels and binary is tied to our toes

i am struggling to become less than a ghost  
to pass thru the outside of your periphery  
to become a short noon shadow

i opened your email on my phone; you are still here  
somewhere, no where, not dead  
but airport/Emily street/choppy skype me is dead  
b/c you shed yourself from me and i am wearing a new skin



# Summer 2014

bb put on yer best laura palmer  
drag `n go out /w me to  
a dive  
we'll get the special  
& toast to nostalgia  
's false outlook

bb let's skinny dip  
`n a pink plastic pool  
BBQ sauce sides  
we'll lay out  
our arms slathered  
in hawaiiin tropic

bb let's get some lucys and els  
we gonna wrap it up  
& tap it out  
we'll relax to netflix  
rolled up binge  
smoking marathon

cuz we are the time killers  
under a red august sky

we were saturated & submerged  
working thru work via osmosis  
peanut butter sticky  
wading thru collective thoughts  
on the new tribe  
we all got jacked in and and jacked off  
while mormon missionaries took notes

we were saturated & submerged  
there is no escape from  
collective conscious image search  
wading thru north eastern creeks  
in a new trap  
we all got popped in and popped off  
while buddhist monks meditate

it's unavoidable, it's unavoidable; to (not) be under the  
influence of a mass of data collection

you say you wanna live in the woods  
you say you wanna escape this thing

but im gonna stay right here  
looking into the eclipse  
b/c going blind is more fun

rapid fire self

immolating monks

ski mask asceticism

dollar sign autism

dental vacations near the beach

spinning in a blue white heat

space is a vacuum

and you are a tripwire

alarm bells in the houseware store

a geography of capitalism

we can read it back to where...

we can be uncomfortable about collective pasts

tattooed in white ink

i get the most work done in a Mcdonalds  
/w a large cola and no internet connection

i get the most work done  
when i am supposed to be doing other things

...i think of you  
i think so much about your belly and mine

it' s only memories i have now  
&

the humidity here  
is giving me a headache

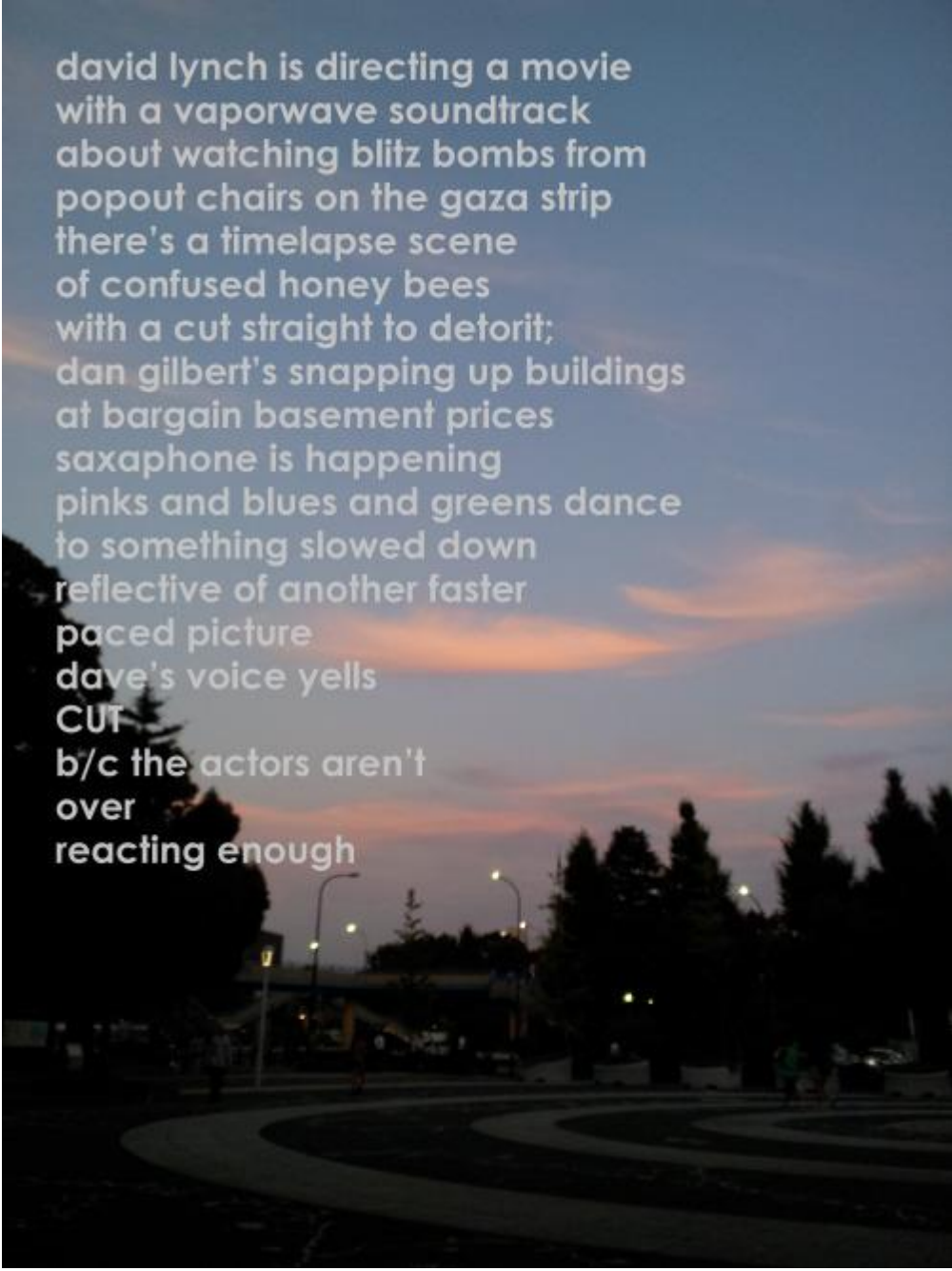


A close-up photograph of a white door with a textured glass panel. The glass has a pattern of small, raised squares. The door is slightly ajar, and the background is a warm, reddish-pink color.

inside of a black hole // //

we all made materialist demands  
via conglomerate streams of data  
scientists postulate that we're all in a black  
hole  
this reality  
is the inside of a black hole  
b/c the mass of this reality  
is that of a black hole

we were satisfied with our goods  
for a while  
in your dead grandmother's home you  
found framed pictures of boats  
&  
novelty ashtrays  
time is a flat circle  
or  
a  
black hole  
which degree have we been spinning at?

A photograph of a park at night. In the foreground, there is a large, circular, concentric pattern on the ground, possibly a playground or a decorative feature. The background shows trees and a sky with a soft orange glow from the setting or rising sun. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

david lynch is directing a movie  
with a vaporwave soundtrack  
about watching blitz bombs from  
popout chairs on the gaza strip  
there's a timelapse scene  
of confused honey bees  
with a cut straight to detorit;  
dan gilbert's snapping up buildings  
at bargain basement prices  
saxaphone is happening  
pinks and blues and greens dance  
to something slowed down  
reflective of another faster  
paced picture  
dave's voice yells  
CUT  
b/c the actors aren't  
over  
reacting enough



hey babe

hows boston

did you see some rad fireworks for the 4th?

benjamin franklin was born there

but he had to get out

i hope you do too

midnight shrine water  
washed o'er hands  
train sounds  
bug sounds  
her breath  
palms together  
clap clap  
bow

the lines along your  
smile are getting deeper  
if time does anything it doesn't wait  
change is not always something a human can face  
walking to nowhere can change the course of your life

a tree makes a silhouette  
o'er temple eaves  
brushed fingers  
folded shinto  
paper

can you see your own hands  
patterned over with veins & skin  
if time does anything it continues  
stasis is an imaginary state we'd like to visit  
riding the train every day at the same time to the same destination

&

we are both  
grasping at straw  
man transactions  
a few days  
after the  
full moon

I had a beautiful dream that a tsunami crushed me

it's so beautiful in my sleep  
to see a ceiling of  
white crystalline  
short fused fear followed  
by nothing  
by white  
by silence

at one time or another  
we've all had dreams of each other

she says this song is spell  
on repeat  
forwards // back  
back again  
retrospective nonlinear  
out // takes

i know an editor in LA  
he can cut that to look  
like the story you dreamed  
b/c even the personal trainer life coach flown in from palm springs  
has their hands in the air

movie magic  
salt lick  
rehab hat trick  
we've been rubbing stars  
and stares  
out of our eyes  
for decades



Into 2015

we are gathering garbage  
and smelling plum blossoms  
March is nipping at our ankles  
& trees are ready to bloom  
the bell will ring  
farewell farewell until  
after spring  
& sakura fall  
as snow in the winter  
petals fall in the spring

また近いうちに会いたいです。

i am in love with your arms  
around me  
on your friend' s floor  
but i can' t speak your language  
and by the time of your birth  
i was smoking on concrete  
i am in love with your hair  
around my finger  
as i take it from your face  
but i can' t speak your language  
and by the time of your birth  
i was learning to lie to adults  
i am in love with our silence  
around us  
while you lay in my lap  
though i can' t speak your language  
i am willing to try



# wifi is not a typo

is there wifi in this cemetery?  
yeah, i said to her, fresh snow is  
purity  
unless yer stuck driving in it  
hey you never answered my question  
let's get some onion rings after this  
i like that red vinyl under half my  
thigh  
point that selfie stick at someone  
else  
there's the wifi  
kicking in from beyond the grave  
i'm touching plastic grass  
did you know this shit is UV  
resistant?  
i just got a snapchat from that guy  
you like  
oh you go it too  
let's laugh while we swipe left  
shit i'm still about those onion rings  
tho  
fuck  
a bug just bit me  
let's get into some a/c  
and red vinyl  
shotgun



## electronic conversations

today i talked to a cumulus cloud about dreams  
stratus clouds escaped from it  
while laughing about being a god-like cirrocumulus  
we talked about our dreams  
with what frequency they occur  
of what we could remember  
of what kinds of dreams incur  
emotional hangovers  
recent ex' s arms  
dead lovers on kitchen tables  
a house you lived in  
as an escher painting  
collapsing in on itself  
while your mother calls out to you  
suddenly the cloud drifted away on a rapid wind  
calling out: i' ll return after this pot of coffee  
is on

# monuments

in between customer calls you spent  
the whole day looking at places from above  
typing remembered addresses into google earth  
some cultivating nostalgia  
anxiety  
& sadness

we can' t write plots  
with memories that are built from neurons and flashbulbs  
but we can build roads  
to archive with satellites  
& we can build memories  
with technology  
inside storage centers  
& we can view these  
/w our technology as large white blocks

some addresses were odd historical curiosities  
like where the largest nuclear bomb was detonated  
big enough that everyone alive then  
is still living with radiation in their marrow  
now a small crater  
or  
the former block occupied by twin towers  
now empty squares and tufts of trees

we can create memories from destruction  
that we call monuments  
predicated on our predilection to want to remember  
we can look at spaces from above  
of childhood homes  
old workspaces  
a park we held hands  
monuments  
and memories  
spirals of cul-de-sacs  
blocks of farm land  
desert communities  
and the changing ice caps

our changing landscape  
echoing reconstruction of memory

it gets better in waves  
pulsing pulsing  
electric currents  
alone in green summer starting heat  
it gets less oppressive  
the truth becomes less like a mirage  
and more like something you own  
to not avoid profound sadness and pain  
like walking thru summer heat



a lot of us are having conversations without words

digital subtext data

digital subtext data

we arent speaking

we are looking

we are creeping

my voice has never been loud enough

submerged cities, lost cities

&

ability

to maintain civility