

a jaded dream

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## **DEDICATED**

to jacob tullis & jacob tuttle, my squad. thank you immensely for sharing yr summer with me on this perpetually inadequate journey we call life. here's to many more summers...if i'm not dead by then.

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**i just lied to you; there are no chapters**

## FOREWORD

Throughout the summer, we sat in that little clubhouse and hung out into the late hours of the night/early hours of the morning. I saw him on his phone and I was always curious as to what he was doing. I learned that he was writing, and eventually the idea for a book was mentioned. To be honest I was unsure if it was ever going to happen, but I'm proud of your 'humble' writer for getting it together. Our experiences during that summer are somewhat mentioned in this book, but it was a summer like no other. We all bonded and became a true squad. We all hope you enjoy.

- Jacob Tullis

## PREFACE

the contents of this book were written predominately from may 2014 to october 2014, in a small club house illuminated by christmas lights & a mustache attached to the entrance wall. i know some readers may be thinking, what the h\*ck is a preface? honestly i couldn't tell you, but if it in any way, shape, or form makes me seem a little more pretentious, then it is certainly a prerequisite. i hope yr having a good day, & if not, continue to read & you will feel a lot better about yr own respective life. goodnight,,

## Introduction

ahhh hello there fellow readers !!! i would like to give some more background information for this little book here. initially i did not intentionally incorporate any thematic elements. i wrote these poems at my own leisure, the topics emanating from what was on my mind at the current time. upon further review of said poems, i gathered that an alternative narrator is present. though most of the content is metaphorical, i can insinuate that this collection is in the perspective of a boy who died a long time ago & is living life as a ghost. through comedic odysseys, morbidly depressing experiences, & not so innovative observations, i present to you my summertime project, *a jaded dream*.

hello hello !!!  
there will be reparations  
however vestigial  
sometimes i lose myself  
in the most bizarre ways  
& i'll hug a fire hydrant  
but i always find myself again  
in music & in nature  
so no matter how lost i am  
i won't stray too far from happiness

“like literally”  
is a contradiction  
like means sort of  
literally means exactly  
don't hang out with people who say  
“like literally”

a lunchroom full of vegetarians  
having a veggie party  
but no one would meat each other

never failed to be quixotic  
with a queue of d e a d r o s e s  
leading to my bed  
i shouted profanity  
at the spider dripping in red  
& smashed all the windows in  
visiting the graveyard  
i fell asleep in my car  
& never woke up again

i want to make you happy,  
i want to make you so happy  
that the curve of yr smile  
mimics the waning crescent of the moon  
that yr eyes perpetually glisten  
like rocks underneath the sunset  
that the spaces between yr intricate fingers  
are hubristically filled  
that every second of self-hatred  
every moment of despair  
& every decimal of doubt  
is washed away  
by jubilant intoxication  
i want to make you happy



chuckle at my desultory demeanor  
i'll apologize  
for not being so enigmatic  
secrets to me are as useful  
as the g in gnome  
but i'll still cover up  
my lethargic attitude  
with a sense of levity  
& i'll ask about yr day  
with my caustic tone  
hoping the answer isn't vague

kindergarten yachts for forgotten friends  
or the ones who just can't remember how to smile  
seven dandelions colored blue  
luminescent graves splatter the yard  
no one will hug me when i wake up  
no one will be home  
i cried out for absolution  
but my dreams belong in a far off place  
the young ones will be so disappointed  
when they realize their head is the biggest adversary  
innocent minds will thrust out their own asphyxia  
an invisible belt around the neck  
it is meticulous but eternal

jardinieres are being pushed away for a cheap vase  
an aqua green sweater & ornaments covering my face  
hair is growing purple & the mall is cloudy today  
give me the synopsis i want details  
anime festivals on a rocky planet  
i walked into a mirror store & bought a pack of gum  
never assuming will keep you from being disappointed  
tomorrow i drink to the youth  
spending summer like in the movies & finding romance in  
unlikely places & making dumb choices  
yr skin is so flawless i will walk you to the park  
i am finally significant

### **FORGET ABOUT MY DREAMS & MY MEMORIES**

cacafuego children grabbing dreidels  
makeshift kendamas & tacky yo-yo's  
haptic of poverty but no one ever minded  
algid girls left alone, fingers empty  
timid smiles & a heart longing for warmth  
pigs of men a diaspora in the city  
& we wonder how putative it rly is  
i am gibby, the sobriquet  
a sober whit  
i learned you can love without living  
but you cannot live without loving

you took the train home, society became industrialized  
the city so worn out yet innovative & commercialized  
i sat on my porch with a cheap ukulele  
playing the same goofy love songs to every new lady  
you were an outlier belonging to the roaring twenties  
we inverted, i had to save all my pennies  
i swear i could have lived in the forest  
leaving everyone behind chanting my name in chorus  
winter's kiss would send me back home  
surrounded by thousands upon thousands yet i was alone  
but if you want we can sit here & hum our old tunes  
the wind at our backs & naps every afternoon  
& if not i promise you i will understand  
not every life was meant to go as happily as planned

losing everything on a machination  
a mundane device  
& you should rethink yr decisions  
make a name for yrself away from here  
forget about my pule attempts  
disregard my cheesy lines  
but you should rethink yr decisions  
sure i may have vitiated innocence  
but my purity took away my senses  
learn the difference between harmony & melody  
i would like to know SOMETHING  
we could have learned together  
if you rethought yr decisions  
now i hear nothing at all  
maybe that's how it was meant to be

## **ONE DAY THE STORM WILL CEASE**

a 'pea-souper' of an afternoon  
intricate fog so dense  
rihanna is screaming at me  
the flood left people in tents  
i tell someone i'm miserable everyday  
in hints & in the way  
my smile fades as quickly as green hair dye  
nothing is worthless, but in yr inflection,  
i could sense i'm a meager toy  
a jument, beast of burden  
hidrosis beats me down  
along with all the weight you put  
resting so vehemently on my shoulders

wanton girls don't want on me  
that's fine

caricatures of demonic women speak to me  
the cacophonies echo like yapping mutts  
leaving pain not only in my ears but deep within my gut  
if i could soar above the trees  
i'd take you to my favorite cloud  
in the middle of yr favorite day if you would allow  
i'd protect you like a young girl's hand  
covering her coveted memento  
& a smile so wide you could see her teeth glow  
because she grew up in a bastion of a household  
with people who love her  
a bright future like no other  
with the best chances she can get  
but i can't fly &  
that girl inevitably sold her mementos for nugs of happiness  
& lived life a feeble whore  
legerity only in her hips  
if only her mind grew as sweet as her lips

what's a bloke to do?  
it's okay to just sit for hours  
& do absolutely nothing

## **PRESIDENT OBAMA THX FOR THE COOKIES**

a tyro of love doesn't know  
that from the minute yr in it  
the meaning writhens like a blender  
birthing an entire new fiend  
man if only you could have seen me yestreen  
dragon eyes stared me in the face  
aeneous pupils, an inchmeal of my life  
quotidianly, this dragon tells me i'm no good  
mirrors shatter endlessly  
something is always there in the shadows  
it could have been my demons  
but that can't be  
because every single one of them  
is in my head

chocolate lava oozing from volcanoes  
marshmallow lily pads support us  
yr love is kakistocracy!  
mavens told me my fortune  
that yr not fortunate  
you told me i was a bread clip  
worthless to so many  
but i kept you together  
you dulcorated my sour attitude  
but now it feels just like a jaded dream  
telos

**WHIFFING WITH A WIFFLE BAT,**

bats spook thy neighbors  
whose bed times range from afternoon to early evening  
it's smooth when going in  
that's when there's a reckoning  
the pungent teeth gnawing at their feet  
like when they're out & wonder if they left the stove on  
baseball will never be the same

**TAKE ME WITH YOU I WILL BE  
BEST FRIENDS WITH YR GMA**

oh i want to cry in uk  
polk-a-dot pokemon how  
ironic  
i will make oodles of money  
somewhere  
& buy you flowers because i  
have always wanted to buy a girl flowers  
& i think you deserve them cutie : )

love  
lol no

i'm more tired than an 18-wheeler  
clean the blood off the walls  
& scrub the stains  
from the carpet prodigal wishes  
leave me sullen  
when yr irises are as red as the  
devil's cock  
my last bastion was the  
bridge you burned between us

yr so cute when yr dead  
i still smile at yr grave  
my cheeks fill with colour  
it's an orgasmic feeling  
yr body so pale  
like burned charcoal  
i am so giddy  
every trip to the graveyard  
is a trip to the candy store  
for me : )



gormless girls will never catch my eye  
they'll catch anything but  
lavalieres dangle from their chests  
though they were never earned  
kites on the beach & sandals  
elemental heroes have lost their way  
my bed gets too warm to sleep in sometimes  
robin was my childhood  
don't try to forget me  
from experience i know it won't happen  
i would help if i could  
but memories return  
like the changing leaves of autumn  
things are *always* changing,,,

pls tell me i look like a teddy bear  
tell me i have good style &  
i don't look like a dipstick today  
i have an advantage on the world  
don't accept anything bad for you  
i want a good life at everyone's  
convenience & a kiss on these  
timid lips that tremble like  
yeah we can kiss but i want to be  
loved in the happiest way  
where i feel like i won't ever stop  
smiling i never thought was possible  
without you & yr hands

mortician parades in the halls  
i am becoming a ghost  
translucent arms & pale skin  
bonfire scents in the neighborhood  
burning it's always burning !!!  
saltwater baths but no dynamics  
trivial questions generic answers  
everyone is dying slowly  
slowly yet together  
don't put makeup on this skin  
take me as is or leave me  
bury me near a tree  
plant seeds near my gravestone  
juxtaposition of life  
decaying as one is growing  
just bury me with the past

baghdad terrorists loom  
i assume they didn't eat an apple  
today or the day before  
a man & a bottle of hair dye  
shot outside a deli store  
helicopter pilots on scene  
gang members flee like fleas  
from noxious gas  
kitten tombstones were passed  
& the world continued on...

i'll lick yr genitals  
so good it'll change yr life  
i said to the mailman

**NIHILISM IN A PAIR OF JEANS,**

my sense of smell is weird i smell  
cornbread music speaks  
when i can't articulate the words to say,  
"i love you, i miss you, & yr probably fine"  
indigo lakes chase me down  
& suck me up like a homeless  
cat to a pound but that  
cat was my amigo & i'll keep  
swimming no matter what  
to save my furry friend but  
these lungs won't grow gills

sTOp tHe PRessEs !!  
i am hERe 4 u  
mY foOt is FALLING asLEEP  
ASS LEEP  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S  
HAPPENING YOU BETTER MAKE  
THAT RHYME IN YR HEAD  
GOODNIGHT DRINK GOOD FOOD

brash decisions aren't allowed  
we men can't stable this  
it makes no sense for me to be  
president no one  
rly wants hillary  
she's still having p.e.r.i.o.d.s.  
you haven't knocked it out  
go chase after super mario don't  
do that stuff  
save me & get me some coins  
tomorrow we will bury ourselves  
in our riche\$t sands

### **HOOKAH HITS & POPTART TRICKS**

writing my existence isn't always  
easy but it makes me feel  
good & you made me feel good  
i'm only remembering good times  
& i think i'm becoming more  
accepting & i would do  
*anything* to be close again

you could offer him pancakes

**AUGUST 5, 2014**

you came in with good karma awaiting me  
& i offered you my strike 3  
in such a short time you somehow  
made my living nightmares such a jaded memory  
before we could walk in the moonlight  
cheekily you were hidden & now we can't even be  
acquaintances as i am not blessed  
by the fathers up above  
you said i was the biggest  
sweetheart you'd ever met  
but words fade behind an illuminated screen  
it is not a sentiment i can feel or see  
you were strike three

summon me to yr dungeon  
john hancock is making brunch  
while adam sandler perpetually roasts on a stick  
i don't mean to sound  
thirsty but may i have a glass  
of water? plaid is rad  
today we sink into the ocean  
tomorrow we fly to the moon

my lips pursed into the fakest grin  
since the last plastic surgery  
wowers i am not living  
yr doing it wrong !!!  
substances yes  
maybe i am  
nothing

**THE TOUCH OF SUNSHINE,**  
i have a crush on you  
& a rock in my hand  
i crushed you  
yr fingers bent in 10 ways  
ha can't hold my hand now  
just kidding I probably cried every night  
& my mornings were probably sad

i would rather suck the dick of a  
camel who had been playing in the mud  
all day than listen to janet jackson

i'm coffee  
& yr the bitter grinds

i am crucified 7 times  
but i will be bad forever  
no one will keep my face  
blueberry hurricanes  
swarming my home  
nothing will stop me  
except my ambitions  
because i died that night  
along with those ambitions  
& you *never* said sorry

**SUICIDE FORESTS,**

i'm so wretched !!!  
but i guess that's fine  
send me into the inferno  
& watch my embers ignite  
or take a stroll through meadows  
hand in hand in the chilly night  
watch me gormandize  
over fresh-cut grass & dead bark  
i don't want to rhyme  
i don't want to leave this bed  
fill my body with flowers  
& bring life to something dead !!!

i guess i'm always transparent  
but i thought that was ok  
opaque friends weren't mine  
& i move on somehow  
the middle of the night  
naturally makes me candid  
& i swear i'll drop everyone  
i feel beautiful  
saturn texted me  
saturn told me i'm hot !!!  
everything is ok in space

comply with me tonight  
kicking the mule again  
but we can't quit so soon  
concurrent feelings strike so randomly  
like lightning in a storm  
or can that be calculated i'm not a weather man  
epithets could be contagious  
but i'm wasting time  
we will never be together  
but 3 days choked me for a month  
i will continue breathing  
but always feel the breath of a monster behind me  
i can't live with myself anymore  
& i'll keep taking risks until  
anyone can change my mind  
goodbye cutie



flip flop fun factory  
the squad is back  
with a brand new act  
i don't sound like i'm crying  
it's wailing sry  
soft takkos & cheesy lines of pizza  
it's still hard to breathe

we are ruthless tonight!  
where is ruth at?  
you can't walk on this grass  
You can't  
mal  
i feel mal  
gracias madre  
waterboard waterbuffalos  
my body is vibrating

homeless dogs in heat in the cold  
boxes of collateral damage  
salivating over crumbs  
a land of cardigans  
every color every material  
stitched wonderfully  
& my sunburns have sunburns

you can't tell yr friend  
that her poetry stinks  
she's dying  
& i don't remember what i'm talking about  
but i could have sworn  
the window's shadow inverted  
& i watched her soul fly out  
leaving her body & friends behind

it's not about being there for me  
it's about grasping the courage  
or giving me the time  
to tell me why yr not  
tell me why i'm puzzled 96% of the time  
tell me when the metaphorical  
anchor chained to my ankle  
will cease my anguish

i feel like hanging toddlers would be fun to watch

we will all parish like bodies of flies  
uniquely dispassionately  
more often than not  
yielding to only trains & gravity  
the weight of our souls  
a minuscule measurement  
yet priceless & unobtainable  
several lines of chalk  
dirty knees upon sliding tendencies  
dueling life with only experience  
the walks alone can be grave  
lsd & raves these kids know nothing  
something is out there  
& damnation is inevitable

i don't want this line to be Known  
i don't need FAme I wanT it to be  
REd and READ  
pls i want to write about things  
things  
just things it's  
a great word  
it deserves the world  
& so do you !!!

oh my neck is snapped!  
i am walking as a ghost  
the only thing i can do  
is type this on my phone  
my body is on the floor  
pls save me  
& bring me back to life  
!!!!

wow you need to stop this hun  
yr putting me in tears  
it's so fresh  
i'm crying to feel yr pain  
it's not worth it  
it never was  
but you were  
i will not walk home again

i believe yr always going to leave me  
just like every soul before

every man must believe in love  
& be so dense & dim-eyed to believe  
sleeping around is the only choice  
i lit my thumb on fire  
but horizons still look the same  
yet unique in unison  
pls don't die in my house  
together we will die alone  
but i will hold you physically  
like you hold me steady mentally  
in our final moments  
a cauldron spills  
this isn't the last time forever  
this is the last time for now

- ❖ pomegranate trees in the park
- ❖ bedroom smiles eagerly search for me
- ❖ & i mirror the countenance
- ❖ we can both slowly destroy our lives
- ❖ i always look optimistically
- ❖ at least now i have multiple
- ❖ things to be sad about

those brave human beings  
were heroes inside & out  
object permanence to me  
is as consistent as a dog's  
i am omnipotent luigi  
give mailmen christmas presents  
& the mail women too

sleeping in shadows  
the dim light grew  
a sly remark & hand gesture  
my life in a new chapter  
i smile a lot  
my cheeks grow full  
& blush tickles me red  
i went to mcdonald's without any money

the fan makes me want to cry  
pianos in the background  
voices as well  
i don't experience hell  
in those frail memories of yr sight  
i will be embarrassed  
& summer is almost over

the storms have ended the floods have ceased  
a day at the beach  
pretty girls let it go  
if we all die  
remember yr never gonna see that stranger again  
so many colorblind  
never mentioned on the news  
reading crimson stop signs  
a weathered message beyond  
it was always you,

mark of cain against my skin  
for every awful sin  
& the sky became a green shade  
like that of healthy grass  
bob saw god that day  
somewhere in the sky  
& it spoke in my dreams

my lighter is running low  
on fuel to keep it going  
just like i am  
life as a bus driver,

i will conform  
has anyone said that out loud before?  
stab me with a stiletto  
& murder my silhouette  
urinating on rocks & my eyes  
are glassy but they haven't shattered  
i promise  
it's just too easy to drop pebbles on rocks & i am finally  
not in my head ^\_^

back-flip with asparagus in yr hand  
onto a cow themed block floating  
in air so elegantly  
when i talk to you i can't speak  
eloquently but we smile in the dark  
anyways & you stutter a bit  
i have ruined everything before  
& i will probably ruin this

some days i just want to scream, "i'm not a polar bear" to anyone  
who will listen



i'm so cavalier  
but love is seemingly not graspable  
what is so off-putting  
disenchanted ladies  
soundtracks play empathy  
for every sullen craft  
keyboard or piano  
break my heart with one  
no sweater will comfort me now

hitting up the gravestone store  
tonight is the night  
sitting in the ocean  
nose out of water waiting  
for the high tide to finish the job  
eyeless test rabbits in the laboratory  
mourn for me

sometimes for a quarter second i fathom everything  
& i painfully reject it in my head  
but other than that i'm flying, man

if i shoot you into the water  
will it make you happy?  
i'm not living life  
i'm merely surviving  
& that's the best you can ask for  
even upon stapling my wounds shut  
or putting my ligaments back together  
better than ever  
my head will never be the same

babies aren't born with sin  
yr propaganda doesn't impress me  
i love you like a phile but you died of exposure  
the media snapped us  
& everyday you wished you were invisible  
i felt every pang & saw every sign  
but no one did a thing

date me  
date me so hard  
date me so freaky  
date me against a wall  
date me with whips & rusty chains  
date me with a box of onions  
date me like i'm yr source of breath  
then fuck off because yr breath smells like onions

## INTERLUDE

i don't know how to pronounce properly  
but it's used in pieces of work for some odd  
reason i like it i think but  
there are other ludes too

everyone has phases  
like the moon maybe  
not as bright  
but definitely as dark & covered  
how should you pronounce hyperbole  
i hope it's the cool way  
highperrrrbole  
WELL maybe hyper-bowl-ee too  
bianca hills & a lake  
thrift store couches & chocolate vanilla cake

my leg has fallen asleep at 3 am  
but the rest of my body is vry awake  
earnestly speaking hey  
counter-clockwise is dissing the man  
& man i'm having trouble typing  
withiut maktnng mistakes  
why would this be fascinating  
i'm not as innovative as i seem

yr mine & you *always* will be  
i just woke up at noon  
& i think i dreamt about yr smile  
i dreamt about waves clashing  
so majestically in a rough unison  
i never remember anything anymore

i am waiting here on top of the world  
everyone said it would be grand  
but honestly it is rather desolate !!!  
straw fields as empty as my chest  
there is nowhere for me to go  
how can i aggrandize when i'm at the top?  
it is visceral for me to keep climbing  
but gratuitous so i must stop  
elders once said run until you reach yr limits  
but my elders were drunks  
so i'll eat tidbits

shout out to the gma for being a radical independent woman

you look rough  
yeah well you look smooth  
opposites attract  
a weekend in the beginning  
a life out at sea  
climbing the highest tree  
sangfroid endeavors allude me

rigamortis stains the sheets of wind  
it tastes of rotten meat & spoiled milk  
with a hint of emptiness  
“SPARKLE SPARKLE SPARKLE!”  
nostalgia would vehemently wale  
it’s getting hard to stand when yr numb everywhere  
george shouldn’t be curious  
because he’s a fucking monkey

dying in the cemetery  
when the moon was shaded out  
by who or what i don’t know  
remnants of yr scent linger in my room

dreaming about happy things makes me  
sad in real life  
i woke up in a rly bad mindset  
feels like back 2 weeks into summer  
when tentacles grasped my throat & chest  
& suffocated me frequently  
i drank last night & maybe alcohol makes me  
miss things but if that's the case i'd rather  
dehydrate than drown in substance

we're good we're good we're good!  
oi mate!! all that jazz  
no more jive talking  
no one believes i have the power  
my beard gives me a different shade of sad  
yet my heart beats like everyone else  
let's glorify a different body part  
my left pectoral flexes for you

i've got time for a cuddy buddy  
a spirit named twilight deep in the stars  
i've got time for the rising of grass  
conquering the dirt  
coming out on top  
forever ended yesterday  
sapphire girl, i loved you

i kissed you in my dreams  
a peck across the cheek  
you tasted so sweet  
i woke up later  
& forgot everything

high definition sweat beads  
tension coaxing me under  
like a shark grabbing human legs  
swallowing a diver in the salty ocean  
i'll take the blame  
for every lonely mammal  
left on an oblivious doorstep  
take responsibility for someone  
write down an exposition  
for yr introversion  
fingerprints on my phone  
but whose?

walter white is the man  
everything is literally the same  
if you take things by every molecule  
you & i are the same...  
you and me are the same?  
i'm not so sure

awkward life story walking into mcdonald's  
a lady was working in training at the  
cash register  
later on we go back through the dr

stop arguing in youtube comments  
this is why we can't have  
WORLD PEACE IF WE CAN'T  
COMment nice about about my favorite band  
but the pretentious & the sullen will  
strike me down like a crazy episode of  
star wars in space but it's odd that  
i'm the one that's 'out of this world'

i just giggled o o p s  
time is the only thing you have to get  
through it's too arduous  
& purple looks vry nice right now  
cups of ice & sandpaper watches  
with strings & makeshift ponies  
yesterday i saw you  
you looked tired  
mowing the lawn isn't fun on  
pluto



someone in life thinks yr beautiful  
many do secretly ; )  
needles are in  
my legs are shrieking  
just meet people every  
day & tomorrow too  
you are not a robot you  
are not desolate

the cigarette is burning yr lips  
the smoke breathes like a dragon  
shake hands with milkshakes  
try to be ironic  
i dare you to try  
you will be happy on neptune

kind-hearted girl sitting next to me  
up in the sky late at night  
nebulas ate my homework  
instead i was gazing at rocks  
& maybe yr voice is harsh  
but it's music to the flowers  
just as you  
are music to NOT ME HA

how visceral of me!!  
to think about yr smile  
adjacent to mine  
manikins fall in love  
with yr shadow  
it's arduous to walk  
with death chasing me  
but our sunshine castle will protect us

eyes are flinched & the word makes me think  
of sticks & wood i danced with you  
& offered my things but i was mislead  
to a door with a coconut scented ornament  
we were only meant to be friends

stop making loud voices abruptly  
hold it in & say, "hey, i'm sneezin'"  
nod yr head but i know yr not  
doing well & yr sniffing  
i boop yr nose  
such insincere conversation now  
so trifling

i hope you miss me  
i'm playing acoustic again  
& melodies soothe me  
festoons make me feel  
impudent female frogs bug me  
inane girls call me over  
codeine laced candy  
however so trashy  
tonight's darkness will beget another light

a history of violent outbursts  
episodes of creating good  
but seasons of breaking bad  
a series of mixed emotions

topaz tigers trip out tumultuously  
after the death of a grandpa  
the true heroes in this grove  
they shriek like a mother watching  
her children burn alive from a fire  
in a locked car  
they weep like a child's eye  
burned from battery acid  
topaz tigers are melodramatic

call me in the middle of the night  
& tell me about yr favorite flavor of  
ice cream it's all right  
the idea makes me tremble &  
i'm not sure if it's fear or nerves or  
me just spazzing out on the patio  
it's just tightening thus far

deracinate my body from the ground  
my legs an axiomatic mess  
scarlet water paints my face  
due to sharp brushes  
teeth crushed inordinately  
but my mouth still smiling  
the doctor's perplexed  
but i was begging for it

tic tac tooth  
a motor is revving obnoxiously  
hindering the birds' screams  
deep into the night  
the earth goes to parties  
earth drinks tequila  
& takes home infested craters every night  
squander every opportunity & wander  
to improve the enemy's lines  
missions alone keep me sane

don't be pretentious be humble  
it's an ugly quality  
& ugly personalities make a pretty face  
hideous  
it's 4 am & we are on a cod mission in real life  
be allusive squad!  
high-fives for wi-fi  
and you are!

candy cane houses on fire  
talk to me again someday  
coffee cups & a groovy  
book section we can do anything  
i will take you anywhere  
& the birds will sing in harmony  
when you flap yr arm out the window

sound on sound is always on !!!  
crickets chirp & some even meow  
some crickets bark & others howl  
giggle with glee & listen to trees  
they have bad backs & long to sit  
for just a few short minutes ahhh  
do not take sitting for granted  
but make sure to tell yr special tree  
friend that he or she will stand tall



i am the vegetable of yr loins  
sitting in my peppermint castle  
spaghetti monsters eat me up  
& the oceans keep us apart  
almond milk & forest incense  
i am the arbiter

spooky trees keep following me  
august feels eternal  
like the life of a turtle  
who gets his heart broken every  
blue moon  
summer never felt so empty  
but i planted new flowers  
in the richest dirt  
hoping something will someday grow

i wish you didn't exist  
jumping through portraits  
transporting to anti-gravity rooms  
i'm creating a world in  
front of me & it's great  
i was sitting in the hot car eating  
french fries &  
thinking, "god, i'm fried"  
i look wolfish

if yr going to try, succeed  
pay homage to the trees  
they give you life  
like yr mum did...  
except not the same

covered in sheets  
the window cracked open  
a morning of solace in small doses  
leaving bed is not an option  
when heaven is underneath you  
at least i think that's her name  
maybe she said 7

rip kitten  
yr name was jack barakat  
A BARAKITTY  
i called you jacqueline  
you meowed like a pokemon  
yet yr liver failed  
the world is fricked up !!!





mammoth ambitions precede me  
no soldier will so eagerly secede  
spit on the surface  
keep a keen eye  
the same leaf will change  
i feel significantly cleaner

pass my friend around  
i named her grace  
everyone takes turns with her  
& slowly everyone  
begins to smile : )  
after a time of unsettling

glue it all back  
& create a bastion from a lighter  
karma sutra  
but nothing can go back  
& i know that  
but it will

colloquial language  
living on a mundane yet eternal transient  
rock we call earth, you??  
goofin' around

a million crickets echo in the night  
i am running en la finale  
dazed in the movies  
tonight will eventually repeat itself  
i cut my hair short  
but the mirror is still lonely

popcorn terrorists  
g a l l o p through my city  
SORRY I CAN'T CONTROL  
sharks who bully fish  
it's out of my hands  
& so are you

banshees float during the day  
but the world is deaf & blind  
they scream out of suffering  
my mom would not be proud

mona lisa! i dislike yr name  
give me a sign!!  
that yr alive  
yr eyes scream  
i like you  
you said you were blushing  
but who knows it was dark  
nothing would make me happier  
than to make someone happy

japanese culture & a storm  
my legs are heavy as bricks  
an ambiguous strike flanks me  
the lightning reminds me of you  
struck me out of nowhere  
yr not welcome here  
weeds will never become flowers

pictures are starting to make less & less sense  
the tattoo parlor is changing my skin  
why celebrate an event with pictures  
you don't need proof you were there  
why would you have to?

spoken word speaks to me  
not just literally but spiritually & emotionally  
& makes me feel things i thought were numbed  
morgan freeman teaches me things  
everyday stop being negative!!!!  
bad vibes swarm me with yr sadness  
it's sick than a sick dog  
who ate peanut butter off an old man's nut sack

capitalize ME tomorrow  
every letter is equal  
either capital letters  
or lowercase  
i had a dream  
& it was filled with flowers  
& i think a black guy  
sentimentality is useless when  
yr dead ahhhh !!!  
bb come back to life i love you  
forever

i'm facebook friends with god  
but satan follows me on twitter  
lucifer tries taking my pants off  
urinating in my cottage  
it smells rather earthy

we've just been yelling out swear words  
for 10 minutes in song  
tripped out someone might be  
breaking down i'm just waiting  
i won't be angry this time  
carnivorous spirits watching me  
hungry for my soul

my friends are crying  
& laughing  
& coughing  
at nothing  
nuffing

i hate myself but i'm not the only one  
this isn't sadness  
this is emptiness  
void of life & unfulfilled  
i have premonitions sometimes  
of simple places  
déjà vu consumes me  
& i feel magical

i feel like i'm going super saiyan  
heart racing on pills  
exhale intensely  
crickets at the door step  
old friends judge me again  
you thought you died  
without telling me  
hairy cheeks snow deep  
winter chills me out

i'm holding hands with a dog  
or holding paws with a dog  
everything feels as it should  
i'm rubbing her belly  
& she makes puppy noises  
the ones reminiscent of her youth  
walking around the block for a dog  
is their version of a roller coaster

milkshakes will steal my heart  
pls don't take it i need it  
i need it for me  
you taste so good  
freak me  
i am a freak & you can drink me  
capisce?





write b u l l s u g a r  
it's beautiful & i strung it  
together in 2 minutes!  
my bladder is full  
on all this mountain dew &  
suffering wow i love IT  
the word IT  
it's cool

i have never had deuces wow  
some things are sell fish &  
some humans selfish  
i drank today it was  
delicious  
yr name is always pretty  
romanticism in a romantic  
but you can't find that  
beauty in this city,,

geometry is too hard how am i supposed to bisect someone's  
circumcision or find the diameter of the areola

i got us water  
i got you water  
yes water just for you  
don't throw away water  
it's limited  
like the flaws i find in yr nose  
drowning on the floor in my  
bathroom is counterproductive  
i should be writing

baby don't go foolin'  
girl i was never here  
i am yr imagination  
yr family is dead  
yr lover has betrayed you  
they always do  
but hey yr cute as frick  
& yr face is precious  
sell me them jeans bb

i just made another outburst  
taco bell twice a day  
addict me had its beef  
twas something crunchy  
ants crawling on my arm  
i killed a myriad of insects in a nightmare  
but i still don't know what's bugging me

wowers i feel so fricked up  
this summer is a blur  
every day for 4 straight  
weeks i hung out with a buddy  
for 28 straight days  
a leap year month  
my thumbs are bendy but not  
graspable unfortunately  
video juegos are background noise  
the club house is flamboyant  
& tomorrow will probably be the  
same.

“when i met you i was high”  
“well when i met you i was  
probably drunk”  
a boy to his friend's mom

midnight pastimes  
timeline irony i hate twitter  
to date i have one date  
held in my back pocket  
for circumstances i cannot control  
don't chatter

                  i can't hear       you  
                  nor see            you  
                  or touch            you

invisibility was a cock block

you dreamt about me  
humanity is insane  
it keeps them happy  
when i die put me in  
a coffin made of natural elements  
fill it up with d e a d leaves

making a scene is hilarious  
no one knows why  
i'm screaming at a fire hydrant  
at 4 in the afternoon  
they just have to accept it

## THE COLDEST NIGHT IN JULY

i'm finding anger in yr bread crumbs  
against yr belly nestled naturally  
slouched over like a rag doll  
or a prepubescent sloth  
eat at it again that wound so fresh  
innocent dimwitted look to me  
adorn everything  
singing in the background  
a female voice repetitively  
crickets during the night's hunt  
seasons are changing  
people get cold when it starts  
getting cold  
exhale warmth onto me

oh you pooped on my chest  
ducks are swimming in the flooded  
forest i don't swim  
cupidity was my cupid  
i want the entire world  
but it all means nothing without  
owning the spaces between  
yr fingers

the connotation of life  
changes as often as i change clothes  
i am like a road  
paved with macadam  
underneath the superficial  
lies caves & tunnels & extremities  
some days i long for the odyssey  
tantalized by the fortunes of others  
some nights i die several times  
as if i were quixotic  
but left with still a morsel of curiosity  
ravenous for knowledge & sentiment  
but the idea that a single thought  
a single action or picture  
could overtly disable me  
leaves me begging  
for myopia of life

my condolences to yr son !!!

he was sent to another	planet
filled with airless mass &	granite
he will never see another tree	again
nor will he see his	friends
of coerce you'd course him to	fly
he's a missile launching to the	sky
if he crashes it to the	moon
or lands his ship at	noon
at least he won't be charged	again
with child molestation	soon : )

i'm in a whole new level of a new video game

it's new i'm facing it

it's gonna hit harder

i feel different

discussing pokemon games

diamond & paper

my ears are a furnace

cotton mouth hindering me

a mom up the stairs

such a unique voice spoke

where's my gibby

jaguar skin pressed against yr apartment door

the mattress was stained along with

my opinion of you &

i don't want you to be alone

it's awful to say but

i just want you to miss me so much it hurts &

i almost believed in those myths &

you cried earnestly

i was sooooo bad at knock knock jokes because

i always rang the doorbell instead

i stay up too late i know  
it will make me look tired  
because i feel so tired all the time  
my cognizance is spacey  
are you going to judge me for my differences  
& make me look like a bad guy?  
everyone's dead!! you don't have to  
feel sad anymore it's okay

i love you so much      it hurts my feet  
why                              would it hurt my feet?  
cause....                      love is fricked up  
   like a whore stapled to a tree

yr face is on my no-no square  
i don't know how it got there  
but i think a shark is attacking me all the time  
i'm hurting in the most random body parts  
& yesterday was similar  
i could sleep but i'd rather torture myself



keep being cute forever  
yr cheeks are so coot  
i'm making that a word soon  
it will be trending  
like hillary clinton's snatch

**YOU MAKE ME WANT GOOD THINGS,**

every girl must have a clitorwrist  
no one should feel broken-hearted  
we should smile all the time &  
have our favorite weather  
every day the best brkfast  
& go to bed with our favorite  
person i hope this sounds nice  
i want to live on that island : )

i can't wait to kiss you  
i'm going to give you a climax  
while yr climaxing  
& lust isn't my forte  
i can hug you at all hours  
of the night & it makes  
me smile because yr  
rly important !!!

## **A DOGGY WITHOUT FUR**

i feel warm because yr  
smile was always inviting  
it made me tear up  
because i love you more than  
anything & it still hurts so much  
my throat clenches  
you meant more to me than the  
sun meant to the earth

## **FELL DOWN 87 FLIGHTS OF STAIRS**

i've always wondered why they call it  
"falling for people"  
it sounds romantic yet so painful  
simultaneously  
you can fall but we all know that  
once you hit the ground, yr  
fricked  
you fell! for them!  
& they get to decide whether you get  
back up or not  
i think i'll keep walking

there once was a boy whose friends  
always gawked  
he was in the tea party committee  
& he always got mocked  
“yr so gay,” they’d say  
& the boy would then flock  
one day he gave way & came in  
with a fervent knock.  
led in by 3 muscular black men,  
the friends were in shock  
he locked the door with little pity &  
exclaimed, “i’m not gay because i’m  
in some goddamn committee, i’m gay  
because i love cock”

i can describe in a million ways  
how morose life is  
but no one will ever love a pessimist  
so you should think this  
at least i’m not a fat girl named candy,

i once met a squirrel with the most tender  
nuts in town. he was allegedly the most intellectual  
specimen around. he carried his little self with polished  
claws & rabies as deadly as hell  
all the other squirrels lived in fear, i could tell  
so i shot it with my fucking gun,  
ripped out its insides with my teeth  
& served it to a homeless shelter that night  
don't do shrooms

maybe i should turn into a leaf  
& live life hanging on  
hoping not to get plucked or stepped on  
changing with the weather  
becoming insignificant  
& gradually dying  
to be replaced  
i am a leaf

- i want to write a love poem
- so enticing
- that it kills everyone
- i think i will call it
- **SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE**

“TAKE IT OUT,” she screamed with  
ardent anticipation  
“i don’t think i can!” i responded,  
a bead of sweat rolling down my forehead  
“don’t be a fucking pussy, pull out right now  
or i’m breaking up with you!”  
she exclaimed as she admired the wood  
& slowly yet surely, i took out the jenga piece  
& won the game

my mother’s only son  
is such a douche canoe  
his new marketing campaign  
about acne cream blew  
instead of a clean face  
& a feeling of bliss  
the commercial went like this  
**BUY THIS ACNE CREAM RIGHT NOW  
UNLESS YOU ENJOY  
SHITTING ON THE BIBLE CUNT**

words hurt  
but not as much as  
**SOAP IN YR URETHRA**

tell depression to go fuck itself  
yr cheating on it with happiness  
happiness is going to pleasure you  
in every way imaginable  
happiness will hit yr every spot  
& fill you with exuberance  
depression is going to kill itself

### **PARASTRANGE**

i've been stuck in my head  
& my head is stuck in the clouds  
trivial discourse is shooting me dead  
& this despondent body can't handle crowds  
obsequious & ornery, everything tastes the same  
like a once radiant candle doused by water,  
my zeal died like the flame  
i have a propensity not to leave my bed  
for several hours, & even days, i stayed up & read  
i can walk through walls & i can run shivers down yr spine  
i can float through you like it's benign  
my sense of touch is what i miss the most  
but why be alive when i can be a ghost

there's nothing quite like breaking down in the shower  
you don't know where the tears begin  
& where the water ends  
but one thing is certain  
you will always know  
where the blood of the dead mexican  
starts & ends

### **SUPERMAN DOESN'T LIFT LIKE I DO**

i am a super hero  
& yr wonderful  
i brought you vanilla raisins  
& sunflower milk  
we will have a rad time

yellow submarines, chocolate everything  
i love yr soul  
i will move my hips  
disco at our fingertips  
i am dead inside  
but that's alright  
let's mingle on rainbow road  
kiss me with yr personality i'm not toad  
you are the moon

i want amnesia  
& we all die  
in some hospital  
with the same walls  
the same release  
adamantine  
& i still get lost  
in yr goddamn smile lines  
i would eat the cancer  
if it gave another day  
however terse

### **WE CAN'T BE FRIENDS**

hello spider,  
decaying inside this crumpled tissue  
maybe we could have been friends  
you suckle upon insects that invade my home  
i give you a home to fashion yr webs  
a very prosperous deal, perhaps  
everything was hunky dory  
until you got bold  
when you decided to ride my arm  
i could do nothing but commend  
that this spider & i  
could no longer be friends



i went to heaven once  
it was a pedophile's basement  
i ate all the food i desired  
i got to sleep all the time  
my favorite part,  
when it was in my ear  
i danced i cried  
i smiled for once in my life  
oh did i say pedophile?  
i meant audiophile  
sorry...  
it was a slip of the penis

when i grow up  
i want to get paid to stand in a field all day  
& scream at birds  
it will keep me busy  
the birds' self esteem will fall  
i won't be nice  
& i don't see why i should

pls don't end yr life tonight  
or any night after that  
because yr a great person  
& i will miss you forever

i've been surreptitiously admiring this piece of nature  
i sit here in an essentially pulverized park  
of filth & graffiti,  
explaining in slang how timmy is a flaming faggot  
with this deceased grass & mucky water  
surely smutty enough to devour any forms of life inhabiting it  
i look at the crumbling pavement  
& the way the sky always resembles the opposite of my mood  
i see maggots feasting on the decaying body of a squirrel  
this place has been abused too  
what a bonding experience!

little bobby ate grapes everyday  
when little bobby turned 8  
he choked on a sandwich  
& died

how are the candy sprites so bright  
i'm so sry  
i am tripping on pebbles  
i set the bar so low  
i am tripping on everything else too  
where am i  
**STOP IT YR HURTING ME**  
**GET OUT OF MY HEAD**  
**AHHHHHH**

i'm walking in the rain again  
the saturnine skies tell me a story  
how pensive of them  
to distract me with memories  
of lovers osculating in hailstorms  
of every benevolent feeling  
in languid strolls & paths  
the countenance of every child  
in this exact spot  
& as i discombobulate  
& fade away  
the skies whisper dulcet drops  
of vague glimmers of the past  
i think i'm crying  
but the rain will *never* relent

i smiled all the way to taco bell  
& i laughed all the way home  
i met jesus christ  
he was a hipster  
with a latino boyfriend  
i made a new pal  
on the ouija board last night  
he's a ghost  
just like me  
i just want to be haunted

i am haunted by every shadow  
consuming me within every object  
they chase my peripherals  
they watch me while i sleep  
but i haven't slept in 3 days  
i won't sleep again  
my own shadow taints my dreams  
i see no color nor can i taste a thing  
i won't eat again  
these hauntings won't cease  
until i climb the most trenchant mountain  
& scream,  
"i have ruined everything & i always will"

learn yr lessons  
like i have learned mine  
don't tell yr grandma a dead baby joke  
correction  
don't be stoned  
& then tell yr grandma a dead baby joke  
what

all of my problems were once just fabrications in my head  
outcomes & paranoia swim through my veins  
like aquaman on cocaine  
i'm surrounded by too many pretentious acquaintances  
maybe i'll fornicate with the idea of exile  
& take nothing but a gossamer sweater  
& a sense of liberation  
the clouds look sluggish today

i gave Hope & i gave Time a lot of trust  
Hope wasn't a very nice protege  
Hope was a rapist  
i gave Time too many chances  
Time was a pedophile  
i won't go down that path again

i've never been happier  
to be so sad in my life  
every sick feeling creates  
an utter satisfaction  
in my creative ventures  
juxtapose that  
if keeping myself empty  
fills me with purpose  
i must truly be  
one sick individual

i've been praying for an affliction  
one that can be physically seen  
absolve me pls  
though my smile remains perpetual  
& my countenance amiable  
& i'm still loquacious  
my disease isn't palpable  
it's not putrid nor unkempt  
it's watching the sun set  
& not knowing if it'll ever rise again  
it's watching walls cave in  
it's hearing nothing but my importunate conscience  
it's in my head

i want to feel incredibly mundane  
& maybe become a silhouette  
but i am so sry  
i killed a flower  
it was truly compulsive  
but i saw its beauty  
something so natural  
i hoped it would consume me  
& make me feel alive  
i prudently plucked it  
& instead  
it died right in my hands  
so i vehemently ripped it to shreds



glassy eyes & a cigarette  
trembling like you are carrying  
3 colonies of penguins on yr back  
    & i'll stay up  
until early hours in the morning  
    with dark circles  
    pervasive under my eyes  
trying to solve the equation  
    of how to fix you  
    i'll buy a comely boat  
& we will sail to yr favorite place  
or we could fabricate artificial lives  
    & be swallowed by the sea

burning burning burning  
everything is burning  
i was never afraid of darkness  
but i am terrified of light  
there's nowhere to hide  
everything is translucent  
realism haunts my mind  
i will never be more cognizant  
darkness gives cloaks  
a poker face  
the opportunity for mediocre guile  
everything is transparent  
but unfortunately  
i am on fire



i'm feeling contumacious  
with bread crumbs on the table  
& a water gun in my hand  
luminous eyes will make me fall  
into the deepest depths of adoration  
no longer parsimonious  
yet still brooding  
chasing my own penumbra  
i will be pyrrhic one day  
& never feel desolate again

pls don't let anyone hurt you  
i want to devour the world's pain  
like a predator's final feast  
& release it into a lagoon  
sometimes i dream of moments  
visions, often insignificant  
leaving the most quintessential  
stories at the tip of my tongue  
there is still something left to love  
in the most crestfallen soul

walking aimlessly  
into night's starry incipient  
every time i grasp sunshine  
it becomes as fleeting as summer's radiance  
i've been taping my words together  
to form an antique collage  
in hopes of fashioning a word to describe you  
the dead of dark keeps me eerie  
& erstwhile i gave in to masquerades  
but now i utter a new aphorism  
nothing matters & it never will

it's back again  
i am drowning more  
& swimming less everyday  
every breath  
a whiplash across my chest  
the moon paints me  
with an incessant rancor  
the doldrums banging  
like a mapex drum  
i don't know where i am  
but i am drowning...

fear resonates from this empty home  
fumbling                      for my keys  
stumbling                      in at 3 am once more  
there's a broken vase in my kitchen  
i never owned a vase  
crawling into bed  
where all my thoughts collapse  
into minuscule soldiers  
the windows shatter  
the walls are shrieking,  
“you are as toxic as the thoughts in yr head”  
but i never meant to hurt anyone

days are bleeding into one another  
like a monotonous merry-go-round  
i have an affinity  
for the most flamboyant music  
in the most incongruous situations  
i am as outdated  
as fireworks on the 9<sup>th</sup> of july  
the irony in celebrating freedom  
is how some fireworks are illegal  
hold on to me  
give me something to make me  
as sure-footed as everyone else  
the weather is lonesome  
yet the night still young  
with every insect singing to me  
i can only smoke until i'm happy

i am as **innovative**

as the texture of every butterfly  
yet inside my jacket pocket  
contains the hands of lilith  
don't lament what was never there  
but my efflorescence  
was my final contingency  
the air smells of sulfur  
& the roads as cracked  
as the ice i'm standing on  
i'm never going to get clean

i'll write a limerick about this weather  
& subtly mention how tough it is  
just to keep it together  
the rain keeps caustically dropping  
like bodies in auschwitz  
i'm capitulating myself to isolation  
in my room as a hostage  
& all i see is the corpse of  
the mailman on my porch, as if i'd ever

i have far too much love to share  
it's bleeding out of me  
my mind can't fathom  
the graveyards you have filled  
i frown so sardonically  
yet yr lashes never flinch  
i could be king tomorrow  
set my dreams on fire  
& watch my wishes wash away  
my corpse against the table  
my hand empty  
drink endlessly for me

cold coffee in the sink  
i was drunk in bed  
spent my entire afternoon  
delineating yr smile in my head  
painted yr soul with ebullience  
but it sputtered *i'm better off dead*

swimming in a cask of contamination  
how redundant of me

the sky is turning black

how can i be human if i lack  
the conscience to stop destroying innocence  
surrounding me  
the sky is crying

& i can't stop laughing

this pudding cup  
speaks to me in volumes  
that no woman could measure  
but it can't leave me breathless  
it can't leave me with a stupid smirk  
etched across my stupid face  
my passions have been superseded  
by everyone else's agenda  
i can give my entire solar system  
but it does not contain the right star

hope yr havin' a good day, my spooky pal : )

there is no cessation for this haunting  
i ruined those memories years ago  
with the tear-soaked eye liner  
running down yr cheek  
i'm not fucked in the head  
i just woke up seeing blue  
the colour red attacked me again  
& green latched on like glue  
my voice mimics hailstorms  
yet my body is underground  
sleep is only seconds away  
we all die on our hometown

pls tell me that it's okay  
to smoke for a month  
every single day  
& to drink until my throat is raw  
because that's the only thing i have  
to take the pangs away /\  
or sleep through the day  
& pace through the night  
i'm just trying to cope  
but grasping for air has become tight  
because no one is there  
& sometimes i'm not either

i will give up i will give up i will  
my only friend is a ghost  
he stuck needles in his arms  
& sometimes made his body bleed  
i leave my tv on for him  
it makes me feel good  
cause i finally made someone happy  
every girl i meet is dead  
their eyes keep a place in my head  
pain & love are synonymous  
because they will always be felt  
& i don't want what my friend was dealt  
so much to be lost from fleeting self-destruction  
i just want to be loved

take me into the smoky mist  
& swarm me with dalliance  
yr elixir may beguile me  
but i can seldom contain myself  
somehow within a merry glance  
i have found my halcyon  
& sent my world into sumptuous leisure  
i smell nothing  
but the lovely smell  
of nature after rain



holy pig!  
farm animal jokes won't distract me  
i won't take my eye off that day  
circled poorly on my calendar  
it was the day my body died  
along with my connection to the world  
i was murdered by a schizophrenic  
with dead eyes  
& now i'm trapped in some space in between  
i can't be worthless...can i?

don't ever feel bad again  
i will love you no matter what  
& my thumbs hurt  
from reassuring myself  
i took too many longing photos  
& i had to erase  
too many photos  
i have to rip mansions out of me  
& i barely got through the front door  
now i'm omnipotent  
of how every tree feels  
after birds shit on them

waking up drowsy is ironic  
since my summer is incomplete  
mouth full of blood  
& i think it was autonomy  
don't belittle my dreams  
it's not my mouth that's harming me  
i eluded this moment  
like hot sand at the beach  
but like always  
a grain of sand finds its way  
it sneaks in like cancer  
& twists my words to say,  
"you should sit on my face"

I WOULD RATHER BE KISSING  
i would rather be swimming  
i'd rather make plans with someone  
at 3 am & eat through darkness  
aberrant of every social norm  
i'd rather watch an awful movie  
& giggle about nothing  
i'd cherish every moment  
but all my friends are dead  
& my hands will smell like  
himalayan kush forever

i get anxiety  
my nightmares are coming true  
sometimes i can't tell when i'm dreaming  
because i'm always either drowning  
metaphorically or physically  
the only difference is in one i die  
& the other i keep sinking my friends  
will just watch from a distance but  
i think the ghosts are watching too  
i hope they let me float because  
i'm tired of being held down  
my thoughts are 700 pounds

strawberry plantations  
are off limits to me  
especially on those nights  
when i am drawing imperfect circles  
because no one cares about me  
you make me feel like the moon  
because i have to disappear  
to make the sun shine on you  
& laying on grass isn't  
as romantic as it seems it's itchy  
i should drink more milk

## ESOTERIC DEPARTURE

relish me for every ounce of strength i have mustard  
it's 2 am & i am eating brkfast in the basement  
i told you to give life a try  
& instead you slit yr wrists  
how was i supposed to smile  
after hearing something like this...

festoon my grave with music  
literally & physically  
the aroma of ganja surrounding me  
i will ruin yr summer  
just like i always have  
my body will be descended into dirt  
but my soul will haunt you  
just like you haunted me  
for years

i got a million hugs from ambiguous ghouls  
they knocked on my dreams  
last night & you should know  
you should just ask me  
i want to tell stories  
i pricked my thumb on so many thorns  
the forest wasn't my friend today  
& clearly you aren't either

i can't stop screaming i'm sry  
yr too pretty today  
ominous girl with a cowboy hat  
or was it a witch hat  
shit it was a transvestite  
i blame it on the ghosts

sell my organs to the wealthy  
i will not allow my body  
taken by a dirty fellow  
who rly doesn't need a lung transplant  
well forget me, right?  
i certainly don't need to breathe soon

you can spray ghosts everywhere  
with blue tints in yr hair  
big noses & ideas  
i kept myself vain  
water can be acidic in the  
rain & i am quite right  
ghosts are eating me alive  
every single night

mayday! i'm not myself lately  
i react to news with scorn  
& my eyes grow more weary  
with every minute of sleep  
redundancy doesn't pls me  
i just want healthy sleep to appease me  
or maybe a text from the president telling me  
that white boys like myself can play  
basketball at all hours of the night

logs drifting down the sea  
a spider nesting on a leaf  
mourning the death of the sun  
i've never spent more time  
trying to buy butter before  
it's so counterproductive  
to set myself up & fail as often as i do  
but i read a fortune cookie telling me  
that i will soon get what i've always wanted  
all my hopes on a cheap edible

parsnips on the counter  
no one is home !!!  
i can sing all night  
it's been a fortnight  
sleeping on pool tables  
yr a waste of my time  
the clocks have gone to shit  
i can't remember anything anymore  
late night diners & early risers  
but i'm angry forevermore,,,

cardinals speak to each other  
in the most eloquent language  
sands of sandusky so vibrant  
washed away in murky waters  
contaminated by ignorant serfs  
the mind plays tricks as it races  
it'll take on 7 races at once  
never take me home again  
memories can fade lives will change  
a lot can happen in 55 minutes  
remember 9/11?  
someone forgets  
& everyone is far too sensitive  
never take me home again

Mirror my stumbling actions  
Yr looking too deep into the mirror  
nothing is rly there  
you aren't standing here  
BedrOom faces becomiNG  
good things are In Store for me  
hiding inside my head too often  
where i am kidnapped every day  
taking me somewhere vaGuE  
a sweaT TrickleS In & down  
like meltinG ice cream on a stick  
everyone is gone  
& i can't think like this forever  
men can be daMsels in distress  
yr tryin tOo haRd whilE I'm not trying  
i'm not trying At all  
we aren't talking about anything  
Cleverly my grandmadre says  
i'm damn cuTe to boot  
but I'm nOt trying at all  
Nothing is rly there



i could care less  
(because i care a lot)  
watching incense burn for hours  
staring idly by & time keeps passing  
charcoals fuel my fire spiritually  
but i won't sleep tonight  
or even tomorrow out of spite  
i feel not dead  
but i don't know if that's good or not  
i don't know what to do  
or how to feel  
blowing our brains out  
in the center of the ring  
during a live event  
i'd like to think the crowd would cheer  
just like every other year

when you are at a funeral  
make sure you aren't the first person  
to start laughing hysterically  
tell the mortician we didn't initially need a closed casket  
take their collections  
place them in a sapphire basket  
laughter is the only medicine i have left  
gestapo chiefs take me away

underneath an oak tree  
where i was buried dead  
no one planted flowers  
my tombstone eroded  
my name withered off  
roots began to grow  
pls don't forget me  
i've always felt so alone

the hands of time are grasping my throat creating oxymorons out  
of the spaces between my teeth & just like a girl & her innocence  
my life can end suddenly but not until i tell anyone who will  
listen to me that all my open secrets weren't just fabrications &  
invisibility is real because if you can feel it you won't want it  
anymore but no one can see that

fainting at the sight of yr blood  
i saw yr body lying motionless,  
mangled like a jigsaw puzzle  
everyone just kept walking  
as i sat there with my head on the  
ground crying for help  
no one turned a cheek  
all they heard was the wind  
& all i knew was i was dead too

protestants everywhere marching  
into the sky where can the  
lighthouses go when the sun burns out?  
i loved the sun like vegetables  
love their moms  
i'll call you a taxi & you'll call me a  
failure i guess that's why i can't go  
bike riding in lake erie  
fire pit burning before my eyes  
i stare at the embers  
the wood decaying red then ash  
i imagine myself dying in the flames  
& in several other ways  
driving myself mad but there's vry  
little i can do except keep driving  
i'm running on e

hipsters stroll with beanies in tact ironically resembling twins  
when they die in traffic  
they get hit by bozos on zamboni machines  
the next hipster won't die this way it's just too mainstream  
so he'll drown in a stream as long as it isn't main  
couldn't survive on igloos & lo-fi strain  
but girls bask in the idea of anorexia  
in hopes that the boys will succumb to basorexia  
one poke from the dactylion or one missed meal  
won't make the boy love you it'll only reveal  
maybe a few ribs & a desperate girl in heels

## LALOCHEZIA

ahh i am terminally ill somewhere inside of me  
a bee that's lost its stinger & tired of hiding  
the weather won't stop changing everyday  
i'm so cold i'm so warm the sky is gray !!!  
laugh it off laugh it off laugh it off  
my source of happiness has been extinct a month  
no one ever believes me  
but i am so terribly frightened of the moon  
it's made me sick for far too long  
this plaid shirt has become faded  
similarly to my recovery  
relax nothing can be real  
i live in my dreams  
superiority complex is all that i feel  
abbreviate yr name in my head  
the hippocampus inducing a holocaust  
it's raining but you can't brainstorm anymore

yr a mere candle in this furnace  
just a small pyro in many flames  
the sun won't bat an eye  
treat me like a stranger  
& i will do the same  
i don't know who you are  
but i don't plan on getting burned  
i am made of granite  
eroded from the wind  
i don't need to stay warm

night won't see day again

if things keep going on like this  
the darkness will finally swallow me  
like water in the desert

i can't let myself dream anymore  
nimbus clouds get darker  
as do the bags under my eyes  
my mind can't comprehend again  
i thought was gone 2 fortnights ago

you are more shallow than a kiddie  
pool yet i drown in both waiting for  
someone to grab my blue face out of  
the water & tell me that i have a lot  
to live for though my head is sick &  
my body is sick as this infected  
heart that beats like a drum in the  
wake of a voice that once sounded  
melodic but now screeches at me  
like nails on a chalkboard & i won't  
ever understand you or the devil  
within you that opens up to me  
through my reminiscent eyes &  
rests in yr presence releasing the  
angelic perfection that caught me  
like a fly in a web

i love you to the moon but we crash  
land on the way back  
it's disgusting that i can't let myself  
sleep so i drink too much coffee  
it's disgusting that i let someone else  
control my happiness so i distract  
myself with my work  
if i die just know i'd convert to  
sikhism if it gave me answers  
i'd guru until i'm executed  
you can't teach this voodoo though  
it's disgusting that i think i'm  
inadequate  
it's disgusting that i'm an addict  
not in the sense of physical  
addiction but in mental desecration  
nanak can't teach that

the world is melting  
i can't i can't i can't  
i thought i knew so much  
i know nothing at all  
when i close my eyes, colors in  
tiny dots race each other  
we're watching fake people's lives  
i'm living inside a couch the patterns  
formed a small cat  
i don't know how life works but  
i'll delete anything

hey hey willie horton !!!  
i got a willie that's too short &  
i can't pass school till i learn  
shorthand but my energy has  
become my enemy i guess i can't  
make it out of portland  
my dog ate my chinese food  
so i devoured her &  
turned her into a shitzu  
how rude  
i have vanessa hudgens's nudes  
it's like yeah she's human too  
kim kardashian though aye what's new  
AM I GANGSTA RAP YET MOM

2 lesbians were having sex  
whilst playing simpsons arcade & kissing necks  
minutes later she made her cum  
& just like that a slip of the thumb &  
marge was killed & couldn't  
contribute but one soft kiss of the  
tongue had the other lady sprung  
in a shape acute  
lisa died too which made the girls gasp  
"did you see that boo?"  
"yeah you have a continue"





the doctor with palms outstretched listened to  
every story every sentiment  
but the real therapy is talking to someone  
because no one truly listens  
treat yr umbrellas with care tell them bedtime stories  
& brush their hair  
there are few outliers everyone is equally insane  
when so many times i'd walk without an umbrella  
in the pouring rain  
the bugbear here exists along with  
goblins & demons always attentive  
yr bumbershoot won't save me  
or you let's get inventive  
divide our clothes into a knitted kite  
to float in the wind every night  
our own country won't oppress life  
the sky will be cerulean blue  
every single day & grass will grow so green  
it'll mimic green lights children won't cry  
& i won't cry & neither will you  
pterodactyls will fly in the sky so draconian yet elegant  
this world won't be full of doppelganger minds  
maybe everyone will be kind +++

it's common courtesy to say bless you after a sneeze  
h\*ck maybe even after 2  
but a third sneeze is just asking for attention  
& that i cannot do

midnight madness i can't save the world from sadness but i'll do things like a dad & i just want to hug everyone else who is sad but see loneliness can be solved when you have the presence of a friend involved & how much does everyone rely think about each other because i feel like a bother & think about everyone way too much which kills me because i doubt i'd cross a mind unless i literally jumped into their head no one looks perfect but as long as you stay clean & healthy & make dumb jokes everyday, you'll find love someway it's not as philosophical as it's made to believe beauty is a dying light in a dying world but laughter will never fade so find someone who can make yr sides split, not from starving yrself but from giggling like a young gal & read lots of nice things that amuse you that way no one can ever verbally abuse you because yr intellect can be intimidating but physical threats are illegal & always will be who cares what anyone says, words are not real & opinions are cheaper than paper & easily recyclable go for walks in the park & never be scared of the dark or even what's in it because life can go from sullen to sappy happy in less than a minute be courteous to strangers just be wary of some dangers because not every mammal or creature wants to be friends they may think of you as meat & bite yr rear end don't sit there & expect the world go after it & give it a whirl because us ghosts can't touch you & skeletons can't ride bikes or go for hikes but they definitely would never be fishing for likes stay off the internet if you want you can stay in bed or eat ice cream for 3 days straight but get back in action because the world will not wait believe in whatever you'd like to, christian, hindu, or jew, it's yr life you can do what you want except maybe type in helvetica font no matter how empty or lost you feel, yr emotional scars will heal. just remember happiness is real !!!

i will dress like a scarecrow  
the undead will hang me up  
i will let my hair grow  
until i've had enough  
hands resting on yr dress  
the witch wouldn't talk to me  
the spell made me a mess  
but i could still see  
wizards dancing all night  
wands in their hands  
across the yard were orbs & sprites  
they gave in to my demands  
gather our souls in one cauldron  
stir them around  
put our 2 bodies in one coffin  
& bury our love in the ground

my mind is a temple of colorful moons  
when i was younger i never had a best friend

## **WELTSCHMERZ**

the sky was aquamarine  
my vision focused on only that color & the nimbus clouds  
because if my peripherals looked at the souls i was taking  
& and the souls i left behind  
i would weep a river  
little girl, aquamarine eyes  
her frivolous body jumped into my hands  
you'd think i'd take a break at one hundred souls  
but my job is sempiternal  
& there are thousands of colors left to see today

tv shows so hard to find illegally  
man i just want to watch  
zach stone is gonna be famous  
i want to turn the lights out  
i want to shut the sun off  
i want to be swimming in rain clouds  
i want to live like in those radio pop songs  
where nothing is evidently wrong  
& my friends will still be alive

i will drink yr spinal fluid  
the comets, dancing with the snow  
mist or fog, as dense as an illiterate  
but the snow still sprinkles upon  
every marsh every delta every blade of grass  
the flakes superseding each other  
swaying with the wind  
eternal winter no one rly asked for  
the sun will return  
when the cold-hearted change their ways  
but i don't believe the clouds  
will ever disperse again

oblong sandwiches made with love  
by the sandwiches, which is not enough  
the shadow world consumes them  
dystopian society abuses them  
brunch ceases to exist  
as if the dictator ruled with an iron fist  
now my meals live beneath my necklace  
because i can't eat between lunch & brkfast

the skeleton war of 1893  
earth shattering & bone shattering  
skulls bashed into the ground  
clunk clunk clashing bones make the sound  
a tale outlawed above ground///

## NUMB NECROSIS

the foliage of the trees burn so bright!!!!  
you don't rly matter  
i don't rly matter  
everyone is dracula to my veins  
distance isn't an option i can fly i swear  
paint yr fingers but you will never hide a thing  
a gamut of colors in those shadowed eyes  
sew the skin back together like fabric  
hobbes was right the scream so distinct  
the spear brooding & lusting for my blood  
when i die hang my corpse up as a halloween decoration  
the pungent odor invading yr nose  
weeks later rotten flesh  
the true celebration of death

i'm not changing with the seasons  
i'm changing with the day  
i have my books you have yr reasons & i can't stay  
i will learn to blame myself for not being perfect  
because when all is said & done i know it won't be worth it  
my eyelids get heavier everyday  
my eyelids get heavier *everyday*  
i'd prefer to suffer as palamon  
my eyes would still see heaven but that dynasty has fallen  
the prophets are slaughtered & chasms have opened to fall in  
my life is forever altered  
my eyelids get heavier everyday

we cannot daydream this life away, my dear,  
nor can we surrender faith  
11:11 i still want you to wish everyday, babe,  
no matter how strong the devil's wraith  
sing to the heavens even in sabbath's rest, darling,  
exhale all the breath within yr chest  
never sleep alone at night, hun,  
gaze as the stars take flight  
one day we will sing in unison, my eternal joy,  
we will start the revolution  
& after we are long & gone, my queen,  
the youth will cheer us in song

every time someone mentions an anteater i think of something  
incestual

the horny headless horseman...all he wanted was some head

what do you think about at 10 pm every night?  
when yr in bed & demons are in yr head  
what takes you out of the darkness & into the light?  
i want to know what makes you sad  
what do you do to escape when things get bad?  
i want to know what makes you happy  
the books you read the movies you see,  
i want to know what's happening  
i want to know the secrets locked so deep inside of you  
that have been stored so subtly you forgot about them yrself  
i want to know the things you can't forget  
the words you wish you had or hadn't ever said  
what were yr first memories?  
what are yr worst?  
what gets you out of bed in the morning?  
what do you sound like when yr snoring?  
who are you?  
i want to know *everything* yr going through

I'M DYING I'M DYING SOMEONE HE



**(2 poems by jacob tullis and tuttle)**

It was our time and we  
were floating on air.  
We were on another plane of  
existence and we felt like kings.  
We ruled over an imaginary  
kingdom of our own.  
I had my headphones in,  
letting the music flow over me  
and I absorbed all of it.  
It was like I was in the world  
these songs were describing  
and I absolutely loved it.  
I felt so good I almost cried.  
I was flying up and away, escaping  
the persecution and oppression.  
Why can't life always feel like this?  
- Jacob Tullis

**PATTY**

she walks into the classroom,  
arthritis nagging at her hips.  
she moves to the front,  
and starts to move her lips.  
she writes on the board with such great fury  
then screams "GARBAGE!" and tells us to hurry.  
"STOP AND THINK" she keeps repeating,  
my will to live is swiftly fleeting.  
she tells us to analyze and ask ourselves why,  
to be honest, I'd rather curl into a ball and die.

-Jacob Tuttle