

It's too late  
those who rain  
the forest are changing!

on  
ternary  
~~ten-~~  
den-  
cies

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**so let my life be an apology or a moodboard**

art isn't catharsis  
it's a spider caught in  
another spider's web

i'm convinced  
i'm a dysfunctional toxic ass

take the skin from my hands  
so i can feel more fully  
here are violent lines  
semblance of sensitivity  
i'm trying to *appear* one way  
that is, honest  
to emulate the feeling  
i've gotten from artists

vacillating wildly  
between a fatalistic essentialism  
and a freedom from a gendered body  
grace comes to me in phases  
after feverish pleading  
it's a relief then, the spacious feeling  
inspired by musicians

whipping wind  
whirling whistle  
follow it through  
at the expense of everything

sink for two weeks  
soar for two days  
i indict myself on the daily  
guilty until i reach no action  
shame, shame for a diary,  
anger, anger at this world and its every chain

'more questions than answers'  
a cheap cop-out  
my fake disaffection  
in the face  
of such absolute terror

i get to sleep in peace  
to laugh with friends  
go to a restaurant  
smile at a bird

and i'm not even worth it

so let my life be an apology  
as if it could ever make up  
for the misery engendered  
by those who precede me  
and that which will befall my progeny

still human  
somehow  
i find myself in space  
somehow  
extant

**impossible hole**

espoused art  
or something like that  
what keeps me here?  
listening to Deafheaven  
looking at Frankenthaler  
mediated, digital  
no, this *is* dysfunctional  
there *should* be something more

'self-protection'  
'shelled, shallow'  
are we not  
a human family

c b r o a t i c h s  
c r o a t i c h s

what have i mustered  
if not a death defense  
against their 'life'  
in favor of mine own  
one of terse verse-  
disowning, avowing  
culture's curse

h i l d  
a t i o n

i guess i carry  
some severity  
share in the scarcity  
of charity  
parity bit flipped  
unintelligible  
encrypted crypt

damn every dichotomy  
die, die to me!  
don't divide,  
coincide, cleave!

m  
m  
r r  
a a  
w w

**Ellison, Beckett**

this morning sadness  
that i can't care for  
this afternoon anxiety  
that i can't care for

all the dead  
taunt, haunt me  
taut lay me  
across a bed  
taught me

history  
dredging  
like a human ought to  
get over it

— — —  
"fugitive & empty"  
sparring with love  
embellished bellicose  
take leave of me  
one finger on every pulse  
primate hands  
peeling

your pictured pate  
let loose a spate of peeling appellations  
makes strange suppletions  
squirm ontic fuck i'm bitter  
associative ground

tierra, whack said  
all i get is this perfect aesthetic  
but what, who gets pushed  
how to be stifled  
what to do with silence  
i'm getting dumber  
shoved into silence  
how to be severe  
sarcopenic, sibilance  
sheer shear, seared

i  
k  
e  
n  
s  
o  
p  
i  
c  
t

### My Very Own Lightning

Two parts cobalt, one part obsidian  
rising three hundred and sixteen  
feet. Rebar directs bolts to a capacitor —  
a washer and dryer (awash in danger)  
span an air dielectric.

So now I'm a focal point, with great  
potential. But I'm exhausted.

My brain short circuits, like,  
"Maybe it should have  
been four-twenty feet high,  
and used sixty-nine rods of rebar?"  
"Maybe I should have  
made YouTube videos  
documenting the construction?"  
"Maybe I'm 'Oh so human', such  
that I tried to make something  
lasting and technological?"

Like a sick scribe,  
or a banal futurist,  
I paraphrase Sinéad O'Connor,  
and inscribe hers instead of Hilbert's  
important words, on the tower.  
Something about being subject to a focal point,  
and responding in equal measure.

### My Very Own Radio Telescope

A radio telescope in a white box gallery  
downsamples bits to audible frequencies,  
yields walls of bop chelation,  
leaves Ginsberg's fans in botched elation.

Because I am not interested in  
nor capable of communicating,  
I merely let up what was laid down.  
(The operative word is "merely".)  
Laying low, I pound, boring  
lower, into the earth until  
I meet the Radio Lab crew in  
a Nightmare of RAS Syndrome.

They tell me they are listening to the science.  
"Is talking to an automated teller machine natural and fun?"  
The New Scientist asks, neutrally,  
of the distended blotto.  
He tells me there are no insights on average.

Anyways, I learnt a lot when  
"Alien Talks to You" was received  
on my asphalt dish, via Relay 2 communications satellite.  
And even more, when I stood on the congressional corner  
resonating with my device; Tiiiing!  
Though by that time it was only "double fiction",  
twice plagiarised —

(Passerby Hegeled me ruthlessly)  
Fishing for Fishies, I found what I found: "Hi"

**just kids**

no not an archetype  
what could be a dedication?  
what's to  
so that  
in light  
inspiration

what can i even write?  
i envisioned a poem  
of incomplete sentences  
some kind of thesis:  
nothing expressible  
what rot

lately tormented  
some thing's wrong  
beyond all the things  
and i read a book  
*Just Kids*, just erupting

scrunch my face  
it's less of an aesthetic choice  
more so an operand to a calculation  
that will take my whole life

washing dishes  
and the n word  
comes to my senses  
i'm confused about expression  
use, mention, and experience  
maybe mention more examples  
bloodied bodies, shit smears  
violence in every vein  
militating against presentation  
fulminating against distraction  
what is art for?  
i balk at my own lines  
so yes, it's still a question

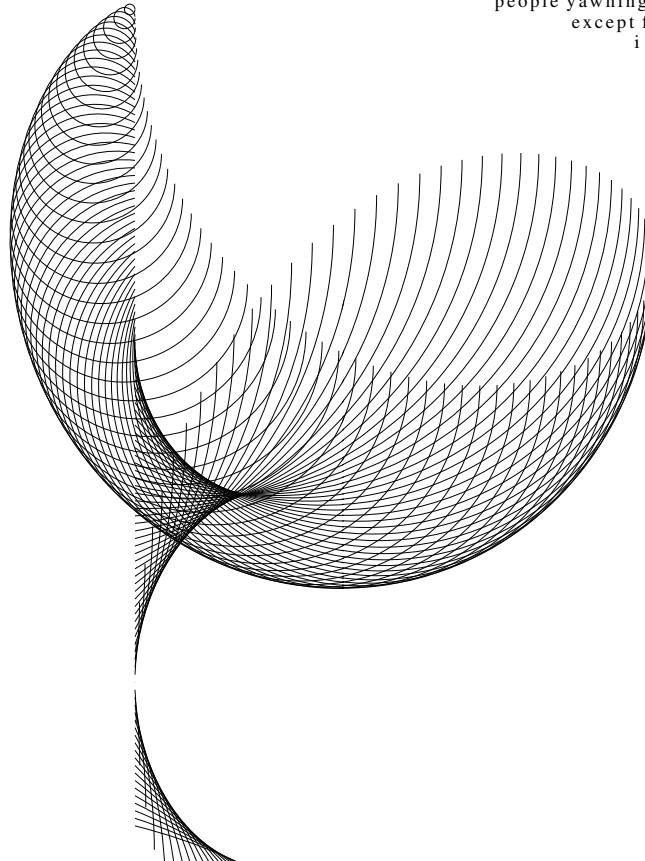
the ability  
to cultivate identity  
or fantasy

archetype of an insufferable person suffering

for –

i shut the shower and immediately start to cry  
something's got to keep the water running  
or it's a prosocial thing in a skewed scene

people yawning when others do, vomiting, laughing  
except for me its my fucking shower  
i don't want to lose you  
i never even had you



for –

maybe i have mommy issues  
cause the night i laid the Panam blanket  
over you, i was reminded of nights  
doing the same to my mom

or maybe i'm visiting,  
variations of love  
exaggerations, i mean some healing  
fire in a barren landscape

maybe we can be for one another  
"sweet communion of a kiss"  
decades later, still  
finding care, here & there

maybe "all this history, is just a mystery to me"  
like the day we kissed within the replica  
of Seurat's *Sunday Afternoon*  
for a moment, an imago

and that day touched me,  
beside your swinging arms  
anecdotes, and how,  
how did i become so fortunate?

my maybes become definite,  
monolithic ruminations,  
"reservations about so many things, but not about you"  
flights of 'reason', flights of 'emotion'

we share joy, life  
i am so glad  
simple

eight

i have eight brains  
Frankie, nine lives  
my tenth shame,  
lost my eleventh love  
twelve times i grovel  
thirteen shovels  
and i'll be covered  
in fourteen pounds  
or fifteen kilos of ground  
not far  
for my sixteenth body  
to run  
by seventeen, i'll long  
for the long-ago balance  
eighteen a semblance  
no, give me eight again  
subtract ten in mirth, fain against fate  
numinous number of my alleged birth  
neglect nineteen and so on  
i just want 8000 seasons  
forward or backward—zooic or zoon  
leeward or windward—noesis or noema

sex as immortality  
self-harm as narcissism  
seraphim some sign  
bringing value to the banal  
with histrionics

and even after all this shit  
surprised to say  
still a body apologist  
stay still, you wish  
swill, if you wish  
swoon, if you feel irrational  
swear, prove your levity

# break brokenness

about radical acceptance  
not radical  
don't accept this

i know the truth  
but it don't matter,  
or is constant

whiny yet austere  
don't come near  
emic, etic,  
steer clear

Callahan's "Bathysphere"  
and the case for solace  
cloistered, controlled  
safe, slowed  
at peace, or a stagnant rot  
compassionate, disaffected  
love is not enough

my lone serpentinization  
spun that way, sounds rewarding  
rhodiola rosea  
spin my moods

responsibility reemerges  
after existential distress  
poetry, which is sterile  
mere orthography

look  
it's cool that you're so disturbed  
by the shit that's going on  
within and without  
but there's plenty of peace  
even as i cringe to assert it

you are wholly  
held, right here, right now  
in loving, open awareness  
above language, form, & history

nothin more important  
than how much i can bear  
bare open this life

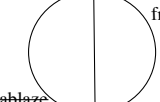
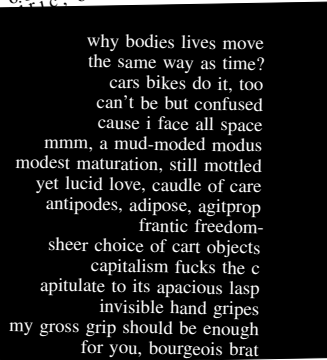
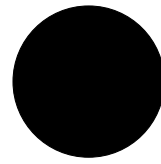
subaltern, paucal  
i offer a rejoinder:  
terse tern ternary, spurned  
turning linguistic terms  
therapeutic ambient music  
not threnodic not frenetic  
why a quest for stillness (why stillness?)  
gotta be so mythic mystic  
gotta take so long protracted  
gotta never be finished printed-  
my complaint, which is a triptych

incorporated castle of cast castanets  
cacophony of *cacerolas*  
understated: thunderous  
mmm, i'd rather play in the moat  
get cut coated by the sun  
like those artists offering answers  
all the other artists not

all these second-order orderings  
smoldering ordinates  
abscised or supernate (immiscible)

point is there's pus  
poignant, not nonplussed  
poised lust  
i have to trust  
i must bust break  
these weeks

at some point  
all this hope gotta stop slip  
stop being staid sad and tread true



ok

ok

no

1 m

sk



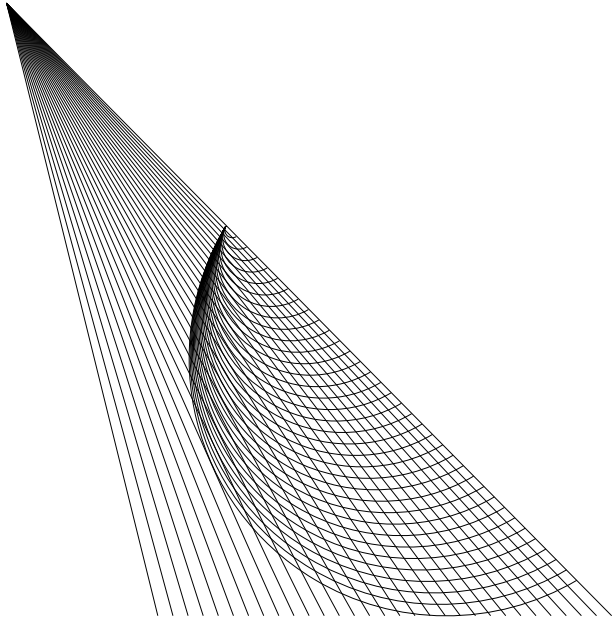
dare i describe  
the death feeling of daily dep  
decry the defamation?  
dire inflammation  
or double down dreary-  
sleep more, dreamy depths  
keep me from this dearth that is Amer  
gender despair, general driv  
you don't gotta erase me  
i'll do it myself fine enough  
biology isn't my enemy  
but i can make it  
i can mar it (catarrh)  
i can make it (raking wretched  
myrrh burns, earth turns, serene moon  
wounded healers heal at best?  
no, tarnished dealer of deprecated  
fuck attention fuck freedom  
no i don't, no i'm not  
why do you hurt people?  
am i reciprocating?

'i'm not seen'  
and i don't care  
i don't see anyone, either  
my lone serpentinization  
spun that way, sounds rewarding  
emotional vector space  
collapses, contracts diphtheria and die  
dead, the isometry mediated  
metes out some mitigation  
behold a brown recluse  
circular wound wearing red,  
white, and blue  
i think i like this bite (fraught)  
further fink evidence, right?  
federally fucked,  
sublimated passion (seething, rationed)  
sacral, pensive  
surmise, palimpsest  
sacrosanct, porphyry (magenta fear)

why bodies lives move  
the same way as time?  
cars bikes do it, too  
can't be but confused  
cause i face all space  
mmm, a mud-moded modus  
modest maturation, still mottled  
yet lucid love, caudle of care  
antipodes, adipose, agitprop  
frantic freedom-  
sheer choice of cart objects  
capitalism fucks the c  
apitulate to its apacious lasp  
invisible hand gripes  
my gross grip should be enough  
for you, bourgeois brat

a hormonal fission shirking worth  
idiothetic allothetic  
dead reckoning  
antinomian nomothetics  
pleonastic pronoun  
call me nadie (nadir)  
null subject  
zero copula  
plusquamperfect aspect  
deliberate deixis  
swarm, wild words keep me safe  
cover's theorem  
me i'm anti-form so i use a proform  
makes it relatable, no?  
all my anaphors abhor  
some very vague veneer  
yeah, veer a ways away  
labile evasion  
from any truth  
that true

feminine framedon't it drainmale gaze actiablaze  
gottathink on your feet i can't breathe deep cause even if i don't fill i don't fill might as well quit heavyshit



thanks be to my dear [REDACTED]  
without whose [REDACTED]  
i would not be [REDACTED]

[nonnulla.com](http://nonnulla.com)

october to december, 2018 to 2019, or october 2020, or march 2021