

And Not SO Afraid At The End Of It All



-Iconography: Putting it on God.-

Monday August Fifteenth at Two-Fifty-One AM Putting it on God.

The umpire hollers concealed carry. Djinn king, Cymbal party, Foul body check –
make out paradise. Breaking fast, Ramadan, giving up lent.

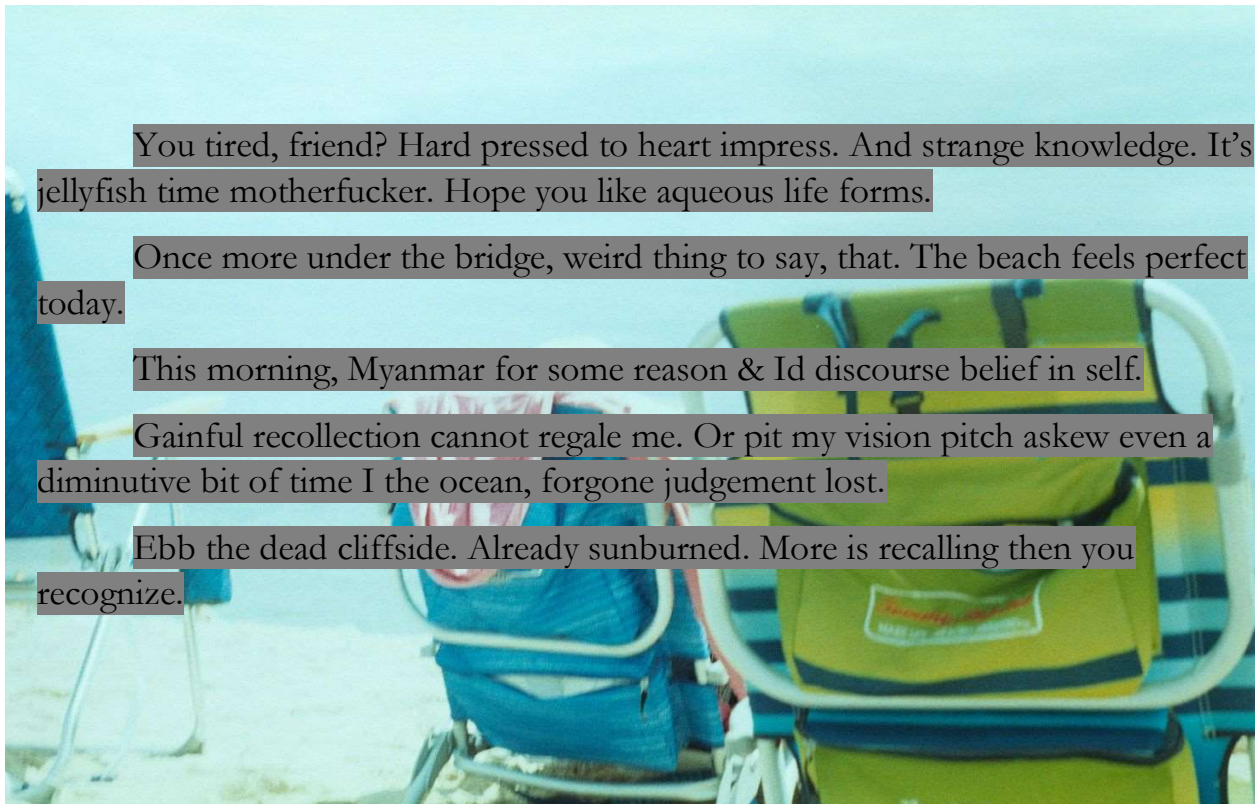
On staying up late ~ epistemological delegate.

At the end of it all, suggest commonality.

Recapture all systems go ~ operational optimism. Self-investigation, keylogger

-Somehow the joint is laced every time.-

I'm walking familiar midnight. No matter what to contain such fear and excitement. Would be a sin against myself. Whelming, not anxiously so. I danced on the ocean listening to stars blink. How I wish I could've seen Cody when he first felt the ocean. I wonder if he'd be overwhelmed. Kids are here and wake up early. I am a late sleeper. Still, I brush my teeth and remember camping.



You tired, friend? Hard pressed to heart impress. And strange knowledge. It's jellyfish time motherfucker. Hope you like aqueous life forms.

Once more under the bridge, weird thing to say, that. The beach feels perfect today.

This morning, Myanmar for some reason & Id discourse belief in self.

Gainful recollection cannot regale me. Or pit my vision pitch askew even a diminutive bit of time I the ocean, forgone judgement lost.

Ebb the dead cliffside. Already sunburned. More is recalling then you recognize.

Somehow the joint is laced every time.

JWH-018 From my brother or Lazlo.

Flash animations are kind of like 25-i.

Dolphin's game strobing epilepsy.

1-plsd and Aladdin. Bursting forth, a hermetically re-sealed fire extinguisher cannister. Showered in condensing sodium carbonate + ammonia + carbon dioxide + Lithium + isopropyl alcohol and pseudoephedrine in solution. Cooled to seventy-two degrees plunged in ice bath. Or wait? No, for what? I hate hearing the same stories over. My attention like idol's favor. A ten-forty PM samba.

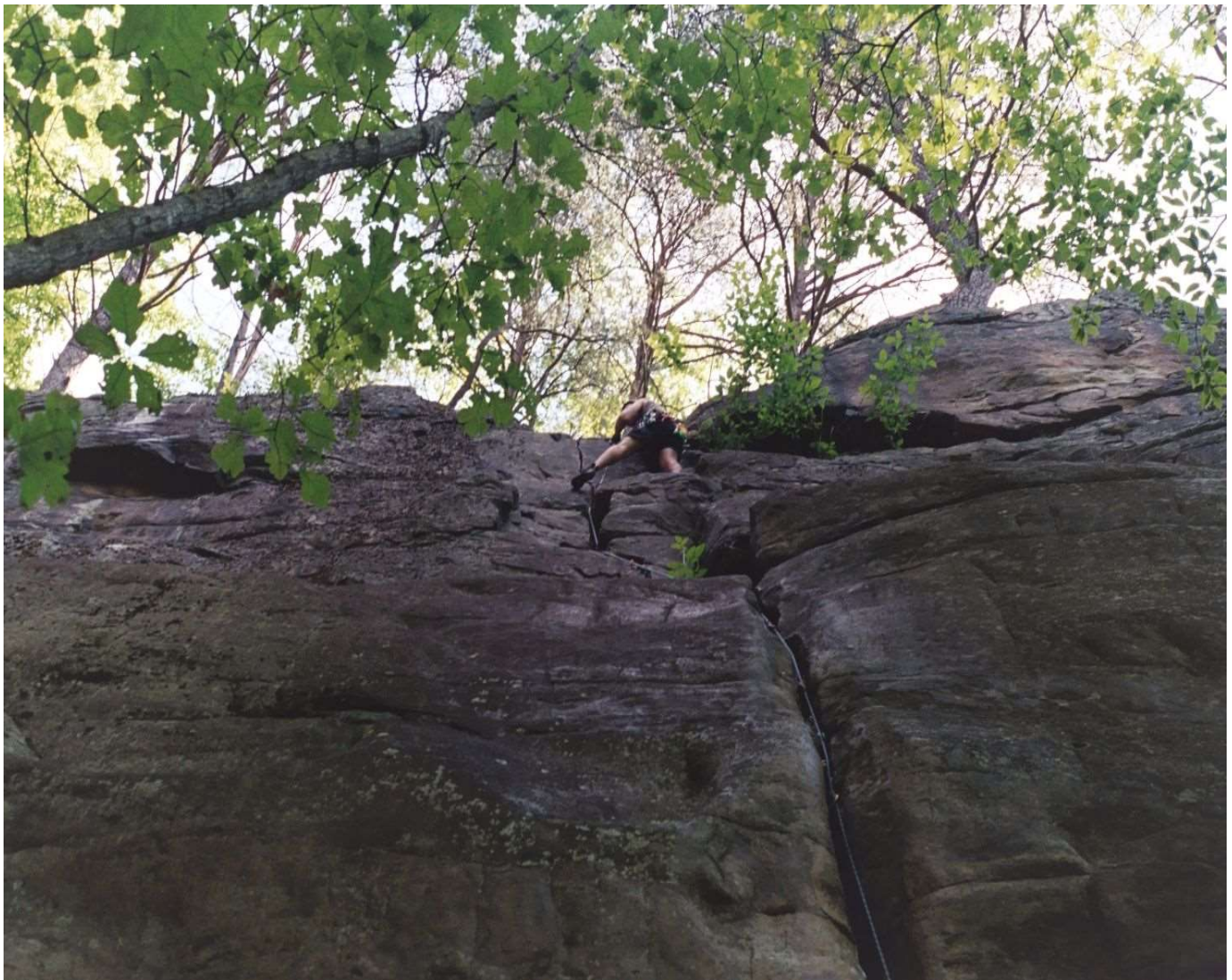
It Bangs.

They were doing a study. And, well, evidently.

It bangs, so I hear.

We've heard at least that it bangs.

“Fuck. See when you know what to say, you realize it’s not what people need to hear.” -Alex (One of many)



He came from earth.

At breakfast Tim says,

“This is kind of hokey.”.

Drink more water and speak less, I tell myself. I’ll consider Vyvanse today as part of my taper. Euphoria and suffering, continue infinitely in their respective directions.

“We live in an A.R.G, an alternate reality game, everyone is stuck doing hokey bullshit!”,

I shout back.

“The road goes on forever and the party never ends.”,

Oven pizza and two protein shakes.

I cry and sing about breakfast. It will rain tomorrow, though.

Right now, the sun is up.

Taking notice of the habit that is; not allowing myself to feel good.

“there’s no rain.”



The American flag outside is perfect the blue light it reflects is perfect, the air is warm in the sense that without my sweater I would be gaunt, naked, pale, is perfect.

Christ taps me on the right shoulder and assured me this was a trust exercise and that I would be alright. I was taught fear.

I had to learn how to get high.

The wind is cold, setting my eyes low we're high we're high. Amphetamine sleepiness feels like a cold. There is a virus that killed one and a half million Americans and I'm sneezing, getting frightened when I hear movement.

Awake, awake, the sun is out.

Beagles yelling at construction workers, grandmothers looking at construction workers.

Radiation from the sun burning up wicks of solitude.

Painful and necessary, at least here in this moment.



Kharon The River Styx – Hermes- Messenger

It doesn't feel alright.

Calm wonder or displaced positivity. I'm not much like my former self. Before the trauma, everyone has trauma, right?

You need tough skin to succeed, to bring home that paycheck that you need to eat and stay warm. To breath next to someone while you sleep because who's going to want someone broken and empty handed, who's going to want me?

Paddling over twenty miles through salt and rain, a man resembling myself, crashes into the shore. He does not speak this country's language. The world changes. The forests of the earth rapidly deteriorate, wars rage, it is two-thousand nineteen in the suburbs of Pittsburgh. Someone has stood still for six days and burns alive, waiting for their thoughts to change. Emblazoning the bathtub, they resemble myself.

Paddling the distance burns your muscles, and bipolar scratches the skull behind your ears. Munchausen syndrome, Cotard's, Stockholm, all the ones in movies, scald away discernments of self. I could never anticipate watching it happening to my friends. Still alive in a crematory fire, or dead underground, they stare past each-other in unspeakable anguish.

Our parts might never come in the mail because no one knows who ordered them and everyone builds something different, when they claim to have the process down perfect. We ought know, that such a thing is impossible.

Mental illness is fucking hard
man, shit, I feel like shit.

My sensations have gone sick, thoughts cobblestone, standing on legs made of iron. Supporting a head packed with pennies, firecrackers, Adderall, Xanax, acid, cocaine, grey locked doors. And if I put a quarter into a machine a gumball falls into my hand instead of passing through it.

I see the needle tip down in the sand, so far away from me, being told God wouldn't have me unless I can follow the camel through. The needle's eye was my first seed of self-hatred, this was gifted, like a vaccine against suicide.

Sitting next to another rehab patient we relate the stories of our broken tusks. He asks if I think mine will grow back. I can't ever say for sure; my pride has ruined too many times for me to display confidence on my face. I give salutations to the remover of obstacles as he looks forward longingly. I am seeing an answer with words that would overwhelm a psychologist, stump a therapist, and knock the stethoscope off a doctor's neck.



We end in prayer.

The Temptation of Saint Anthony

Anthony rolled his weed in 24karrot gold loose leaf and does so naked.

Saint Anthony is cool enough in his daily process, wasn't every person who walked like Anthony with swing step and sepulcher left-handed.

It was said he kept souls in that stone, and when he rolled joints, he did so right-handed-two at a time.

It was his heritage, or the way air stung his neck, that caused him to sit so idly wide eyed. Never fast asleep always preparing for demons.

Concocting a supper for behemoths and closing them out in the cold. Where he stood on one leg, right-handed, and recited Hadith, then Torah, and Bhagavad-Gita, he ate even when his ribs clung to his collar bones.

Saint Anthony never admits to his relationship with cocaine pigments, wasn't every person who chased out daemons in the name of no one but the souls in his left hand.

And could stand with silver dollar eyes at noon as if the sun were down or sit in staircases at 4am casting out sickness with twigs.

Saint Anthony, called so by himself and revered by no one. Chased golden throne rooms and euphoric cigarettes.

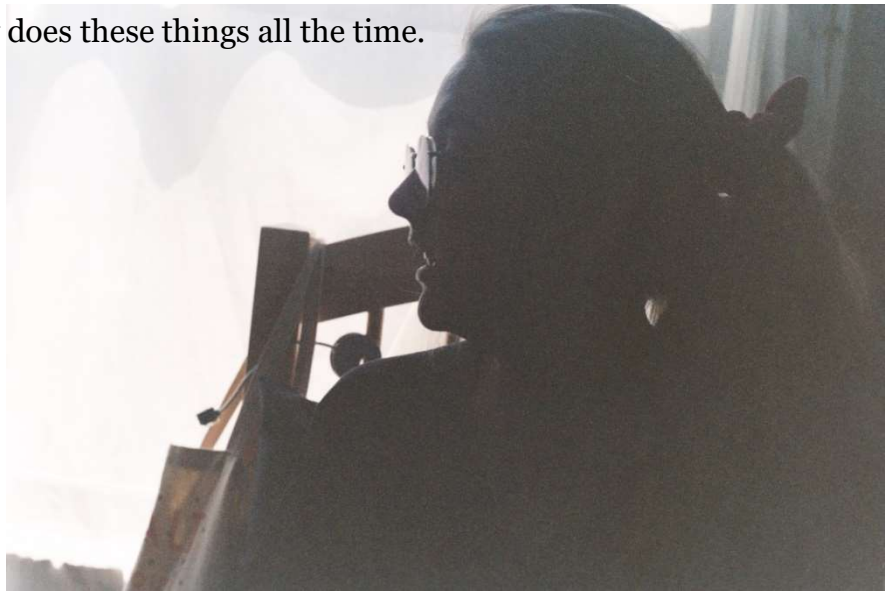
When his halo was golden, we used to be able to spot him from the fifth floor, it used to glow like, a fiery circle lending him a trot to bring back the downtrodden. Gift sun to the prodigal sons, destined to be twice rejected.

Saint Anthony called so by himself revered by only the angel with which he speaks and those on the fifth floor, we will expect to not see you.

Some of us held sheep in high expectation and gave in when elephant came, and clouds rumbled.

Anthony usually sits above us on the seventh floor wondering about how we roll our weed and what god we pray to, he is self-titled, and it is said, walks around earth with cigarette butts for a cross and a halo of twine, saint Anthony does this all the time.

Saint Anthony does these things all the time.



RECOVER PITTSBURGH

To your people.

There is a fire we build that wards off evil.

Heaven is in either direction you travel,

Infinite elsewhere.

Hell must be the edge of nothing.

How beautiful is it, all our souls touching,

The center of stars and not melting.

People are perfect mistake machines god made us out of everything.

Sit outside a little cool my glint crook, let us tall tale laugh, and act sweet.

Still go outside barefoot we always do, forget, and remember, always do.

Our future has been altered by us, even as children, educated ourselves

close to earth. Our houses are stronger.

Our parents also had a home.

But we walk outside barefoot.

Sometimes, but not always,

Pennsylvania is a shitty,

rainy, sad fucking state.



&

There is a sunup at 12:45am in Pittsburgh streetlamps and velocity, convincing
than a sunrise, who knew?

Accept a comfortable reality, or seek truth in suffering?

On Cocaine and the Commitments of the Everyman.

There is no money left from my college funds.

As with all previous

such cycles. I ought expect to break down into a catastrophic clusterfuck with
bent, melting, steel on shattered concrete. Illuminated red and blue from
emergency vehicles,

enjoy the ride.

There is no sound anymore, the music has stopped.

Six AM in the quiet, suburban outreaches of Pittsburgh.

I don't believe I will lose anymore of myself in this diminution of aimless
distractions. They say on the news, that night kids like me are more likely to
die from overdoses than anything else. What a pandemic I feed.



My god is only nineteen.

When she discovered paisley.

Talk a pretty portrait, with patterns key to bleed up fractals; she is an artist.

Twelve-point margin pretty pictures, hate to admit I miss her.

Thing's won't be so out of control, come next summer, spring was wet with proverbs. Wept with songbirds.

My god is often humming, get to feeling re-assured like. My dad's hands guiding the bike, build a tent that night.

I'm only twenty-seven, but I feel like eighteen, college didn't scare me.

Prospect of being holy, choosing to go alone, acts like she knows me, and I know.

My god is blue translucent, unlike the ocean, her presence lets me breath.

A promise is a word search, for poets in a psych ward. Remember only two names and trust she's at my window, singing hymns slow.

August impose September, my brother's getting married, giving a speech should be easy, should be easy.

My god is only nineteen and she cares for my young brain, in the same way. I will not dye my hair pink, though I will dress punk rock, till my job makes me take the chains off, I'm still with my god.

My God is almost nineteen and she cannot miss me, I'm turning spring to fall, my eyes all paisley.

October is rounding the bend, first I will head up to Colorado, dig my way to Missoula. I'd kill for the pain to stop. Swear to god.

Great Vengeance, and Furious Anger

It's funny

How quickly

I become bored and neurotic.

Followed, by way of thought.

~

I walk like every anti-depressant invented after 1987

Lithium Baby, Seroquel Kid, Fluoxe-Teen, Prozac Prince, and King Amitriptyline.

~Adderall, Xanax, Feel Good Inc.

Abused and abandoned for your self-comfort.

Bored and Neurotic.

-

Miss Sunday till Monday and Manic Back.

Less I forget the nettings and trap. Capricious guile, instinct smile.

Hollow, hollow & call me source.

Call me plug, call me a liar, whatever makes you feel loved.

I want my stuffed animal back, capricious ` detached.

Hungry, I still am.

Beat me to it, then let it die. I have no one and CPR courses fail to produce results.

You have no one and antithesis your childhood, and what is CPTSD?

Manic Miss Sunday, hold out hope the depression wave.

Doesn't take you by surprise. I wanted to keep my bias out of it. So, I hope the depression wave.

Doesn't take you by surprise.

Misty's in the dark,

three-sixties in the park.

Burnt buds over empty stomach

crunch time.

Bush crouch and one-hitters.

Chest tightness,

life to rap witcha' on the mic like,

tweaked and trippy summer night. I'd give the last fifty of my

one

last

time, man one last time.

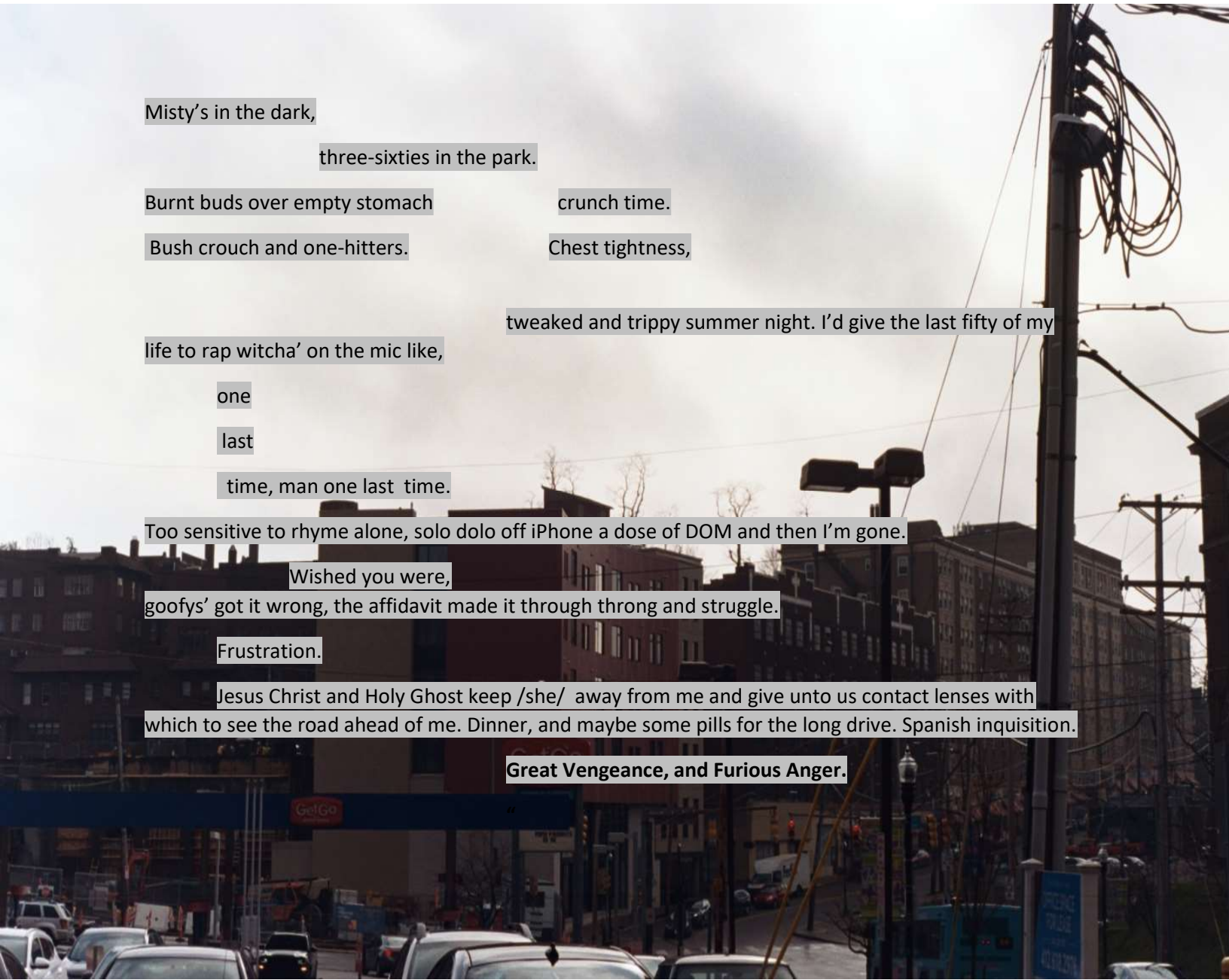
Too sensitive to rhyme alone, solo dolo off iPhone a dose of DOM and then I'm gone.

Wished you were,
goofys' got it wrong, the affidavit made it through throng and struggle.

Frustration.

Jesus Christ and Holy Ghost keep /she/ away from me and give unto us contact lenses with
which to see the road ahead of me. Dinner, and maybe some pills for the long drive. Spanish inquisition.

Great Vengeance, and Furious Anger.



"I'm not about that, Bing-Bing, Wahoo, shit."

-Ekhert



A Whole Lota Drumming.



The coffee isnt all that sweet

Two eggs, protein, a minute. June train into Philly, see Thea, get drunk.

Try extra hard not to die. In Brooklyn or Roswell or Ohio I am close to death.

I deliver food on strip that he flew from, a fish poet.

Still unemployed, but I drink coffee.

Burdens basilisk still, one hundred klonopin a month and no sleeping.

The Coffee isn't all that sweet.

- Rule 1 is don't die -

1. Don't kill yourself don't eat too much. Love cellar fridges, whether it's a basement off white or a hole underground. Cold is my fear and dynamic my flexure. Different types of monsters which change dramatically the setting and threats. What can you do? Killing the boogeyman will not be enough unless you find some way to really kill him dead.

The Drolactic Dream of Pantagruel.

True

Participation trophy tattoo's & an older woman saying, "yes boy,"

Writ of memory,

I peer and boat gully past any man who sits pocket-horse in personality.

Atrophy aspect,

Hidden like gauze does the body, Xanax a job interview.

As with the impulse of missing out

~ Garden be ~

Casino Strip Club Movie Theater The Car The Car.

Red T-shirt, Shilajit, Piperazines, Wholesome Interaction,

And The Meaning Of Dying Young.

Don't Name Your Son.

Save For Piano Lessons. I Play Gymnopedia 1.

Fourteen Years Too Late. And Still –

I Fascinate With Blissful Potentialities. Family Is,

Hopeful Smiles.

Garden Variety Lifelessness & Burgeoning Distance Of

Attention.

Wishing Constant Forgetting & Finding In Between.

Red T-shirt, Shilajit, Piperazines.

~

Lascivious sweetness

Kennywood night blue splicing in with phantoms. (A shooting A shooting).

Purple sky blood itching for less than lonesome.

Over-prepared.

More hyper-vigilant than myself

/She/ walks over sand. Was it not bleached hot by all that is god, down here on earth?

I chat ears up from the ocean floor to blue whales.

Word is, no sea urchin worth his sand dollar, dares miss out.

When I talk underwater.

Sometimes for two minutes a time.

/She/ walks hot sand. Splicing Sky. Vigilant Underwater

God

Prescription profit. Pill-man made sage off it.

Call me xan man and tweak fiend call me red t-shirt, Shilajit, Piperzines. Call me for Narcan and fentanyl test kits. Call me for support on how to die quick or quit cigarettes. Call me a motherfucking bastard so I know you are as mad as I am.

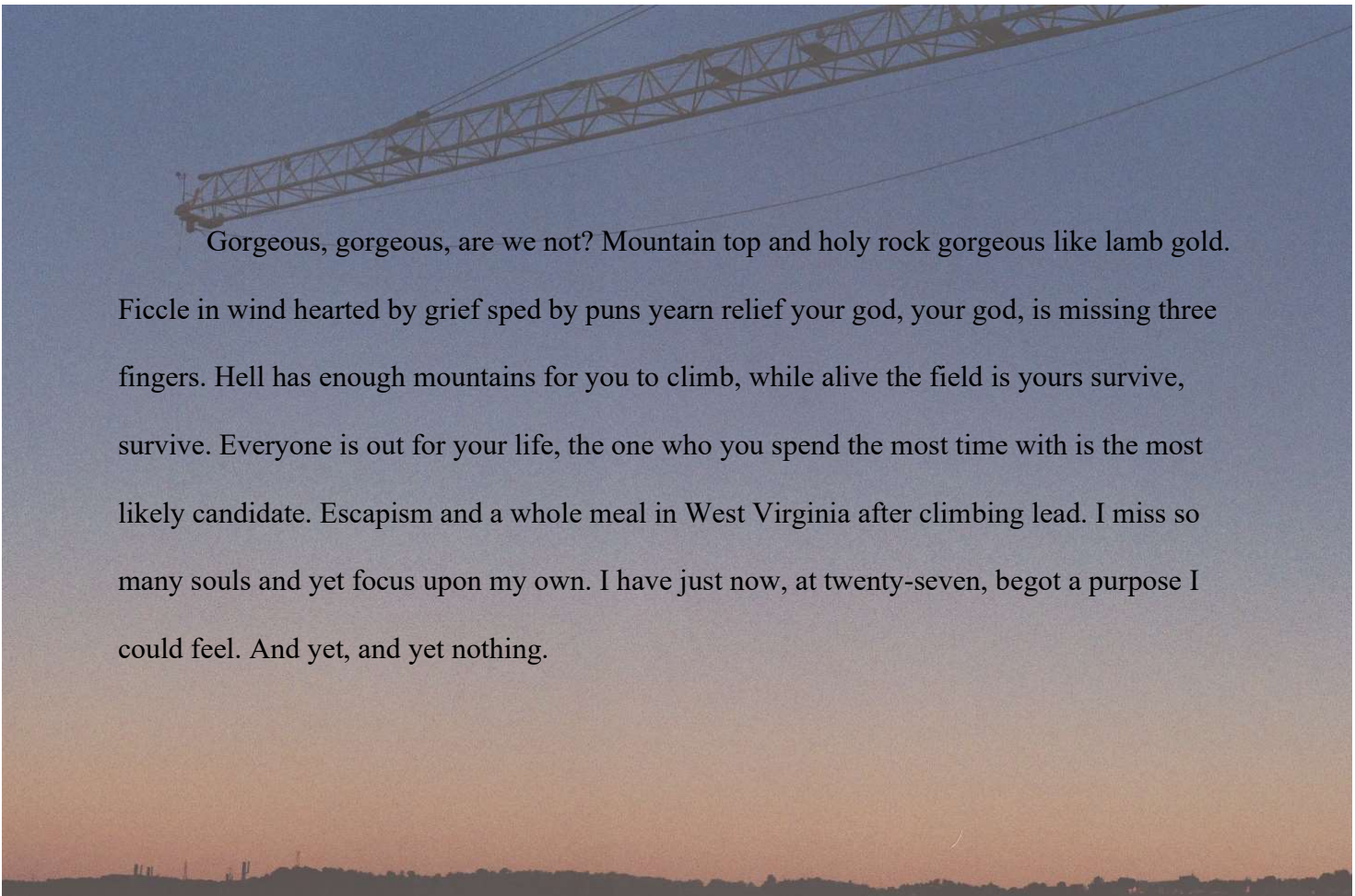
Call me anything just fucking call me.

Send me a letter, tell me about your new home. I am glad we stopped speaking.

Red t-shirt, Shilajit, Piperzines.

Dear dynastics holy in practice separated from god with beer and laughter ask me for the holiness in my palms. Sweet are gone the hare and sheep, hold fast to me on eagles nest or windswept, new Mexico tumbleweed and god, god, god of the gaps and details in between. Fear forgiveness forget closure move closer to god watch him scoot over, direction we have enough of it, prove yourself worthy of moral and pantheria oh laden with steel beams oh holy manic man.

Roll around with a look on our faces that grimaces a mug. Split mouth hang out two to four teeth in the window of my lips. Snarling at the misfortune of cold against my skin. Windows open, silver chain around my neck with locking mechanism and cigarette. Man hold sighn says “hungry” I am also hungry, not like him. I have never been hungry like him. Eye contact though I wear sunglasses, nod of reckognition and the light turns green.



Gorgeous, gorgeous, are we not? Mountain top and holy rock gorgeous like lamb gold. Fickle in wind hearted by grief sped by puns yearn relief your god, your god, is missing three fingers. Hell has enough mountains for you to climb, while alive the field is yours survive, survive. Everyone is out for your life, the one who you spend the most time with is the most likely candidate. Escapism and a whole meal in West Virginia after climbing lead. I miss so many souls and yet focus upon my own. I have just now, at twenty-seven, begot a purpose I could feel. And yet, and yet nothing.

