

The Motion of My Song

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Structure 1

A Trueness To His Dying

(For Yeza)

Some mornings
Amidst the sound of trucks
And the barking canines
I am a wretched thing
Pit of the stomach pain
The shape of me
Just an N on the ground
And all wet with tears

What if one day
You just stop answering
Among the sounds of snow
And the barking of canines
Pit of the stomach truth
The shape of me
Just nobody
All wound up with fear

One evening
My neighbor was a painter
Between the city streets of Oakland
And the barking of canines
Pit of the backyard next door
The sound of them
Just somebody
All loud with high sounds

And today
Again with the early darkness
In the line of a hundred other days
And the barking of canines
Pit of my esteem and needs
The need for you
Just you
All memories and evaporation

Rigid Wonder

When I steal glances at you
 And I am appreciating
All the perfect pieces that make you up
 Metal and plastic and cotton and flesh
All swatches
All signals
 But I have no way to read them

When I search the corridor and aisle
 Scanning the world
 I want to find something safer
 I don't want to see you at all
You are made up of rigid wonder
 And I stare

I am all palm and no fingers
I am bubbles of bone under flesh
 Scattered like ocean bits in surf breeze
 You always have a ring on
And it always shows me how
 I turned the wrong way some time back
 And time is like a tunnel

There is no one like me I fear
Or maybe it is actually hope
That no one feels so conflicted
Undesirable and terribly timed
And wished away at times
And just scattered
And maybe you can hear this

And maybe you can hear this

Untitled

Can I please burst open now
Is it okay to split myself at the seams I ignore
To shed the belief that I will hold together
To exit the fortress of feeling secure
Can I please be what I have always dreamt
Just fall down
Miss the ground
And float on and up and away from this
Can I just unhinge my mind from this frame
Can I just twist and turn in the air for a while
Sleepily yet speedily shoring up last minute ideas
Can I get out of this daydream
Just fall down
Miss myself completely
Shatter into a trillion atoms
Billions of cells
Thousands of smiles
Hundreds of tears
Can I please truly shed the shackles
This temporal wall of my emotional jail
I just want to let it go now
Let the flood of real life come and get me
Come on water
Come on and drown me and carry me out
Come on ocean
Come on and drown me and pull me into your undertow
Leave my broken and lifeless body on some unfamiliar shore
Gleaming and brimming with a happiness
Fused into the fabric of my skin
A glow
Because it was finally able to be let go of
Because it was finally able to be shed
Those thoughts
From my silly brain
Tinkering away for years
Toying with the notion of forever
A forever I would never see
But only imagine
The actualization of real life
Knocking down my concrete walls of self
Finally
Finally a feeling
Finally the synesthetic totality
Finally a feeling
Finally I can experience the motion of my song
The song of my eternal and endless soul

Lysergic Acid Diethylamide

The first
No
The deepest
No
The primary focus
The taste of tomorrow
Reading ahead of yourself
Your own pages and narrative
Nothing ever made sense like this
This is the thing I was looking for when
I was trying to be compassionate and humble
No
This is a chemical reaction inside my brain
This is eight hits
One hundred twenty micrograms each
This is being bright eyed
This is the most confusing moment
Looking down into the black carpet
And wondering if I will fall in
And asking why I cannot find what I am looking for
In this room
This dark room with thirty people who will not speak
No
I cannot hear them because I am on eight hits of acid
Frantically trying to communicate with anyone
A dark hotel room with thirty bodies in it
I am wondering what I sound like
Stepping on people who do not seem to care
And I am asking where my clothes are
Yes
I can see your face and I can see that it is just a shell
You are not real unless I can recognize and understand you
That is the basis of humanity
Culture and togetherness and the ever changing and churning tide of
IT
THIS
And THAT
Peaks and valleys and rivers and space and conundrums delivered to us
From the stars
And God
And whatever else
But still
I can see your face when I am this fucking high and the acid clouds are in the room
And I can understand a million years and a million miles and motherfucker we live this

For Elizabeth

The delicate pieces
The redness of flares in night time
The quick cuts of vignettes
The subtle scorching yesness of minimalism
How hard it feels inside me sometimes
That I have not had someone to exchange
All my love for moments of transition
When men twenty-eight-or-so
Years beyond me
Split the very air I live inside of
With their voracious appetite for:
"SEE IT CHANGED"
Slightly, ever so slightly
The tension shifted
As has been my fortune
With the life and light you breathe
Into me
Into me
And there within is all the glorious heaven
I have ever wanted to wade into
And subtly disappear

Christopher's Child

young affirmation of life
heir to memories
full of warm colors

if only i could really whisper to you
the places to which we traveled
and all the hiding spaces discovered

broad thoughts which swept across
valleys so beautifully articulate
with winds so alive and earnest

the flights and the steps across city streets
the haunts and hallows and boulevards
the luck to be the men we are
and the softest touch of autumn groves

the dark blue shade of night times
clouds across fathoms of sky
california to and froe
there and back again

timeless now the memories
how they live and breath life in
as you grow and live with love

All That Exists Within Us

All things careen
All things tumble
All things exist

All my hopes
All my dreams
All my love

It is all wrapped
Tenderly
In a spiral of shine

I cannot describe it
The description becomes
That which I describe

And it is all things
It is everywhere
This moment

The therapy and sleep
The captions of words
The family ties

The drink of sky
The view of earth
The smell of night

It is all wrapped
Tenderly
In a spiral of shine

And it is all things
It is everywhere
This moment

And I will remember
When the rain comes
How well it serves

Uncountable Blessings and Tears

Good morning world!
I open my eyes to you
Knowing my blessings
That I am not beaten
That I am not oppressed
That no one has a gun
Outside of my door
Knocking
Guantanamo
Deepest Africa
Deepest Brazil
Deepest Mexico
Deepest Detroit
East Oakland
Miles away from me
But worlds away
What can I really know?
30th and International
Last night, who knows?
Could another man have been
Shot dead for reasons I can't
Understand?
Regardless, Jesus, God, Mary,
I still awaken today
Allowed to smile, allowed to love
Who I want
Move where I want
No one is yet politically oppressing me
And I have 2 hands
2 Feet
To feel all my uncountable gifts
Like atoms
Like raindrops
How they pour their riches into my eyes
And when the tears spill out
It's because I know you
My fellow people, and I can't get to you.

When the hammer falls upon us
We must learn to drive down
Like nails splitting wood
For we are the kinetic energy
Which drives the flywheels,
And the force behind the flood

To the Tune of 28

To the tune of 28 pipers blaring
I awoke on the day of my birth
And reconciled with 10 years

Turning off telephones tonight
I'm still running down that road
But it is so difficult sometimes
Breaking through the crusty surface
Honestly taking an inventory
How I can see my own face
Like the panopticon is revealed

Above and below the horses
Dark earthen shadows encased
Weepy still I bow and close out
Chips cashed and sounds of plastic
Ringing and running that eternal ridge

Hillside on a cold May night
Robbed with a broken ankle
Amongst 5 other adults who looked like children
Creating a reason to run far away from home
Climbing barbed wire fences like nothing
Finding keys with the help of deities
Embarrassed

Structure 2

Anna

it is a
strange and languid dying
this loss of your cochlear recognition
transmissions of communication
feeling like grasping
in the blind darkness

to describe you
is to miss you

I think I miss the moonlight
more than I miss you
maybe you were the catalyst
for noticing the light
but
still somehow
this window
though clear and clean to peer through
doesn't seem as glass once seemed
refracting radiating beams
in the window of our home

Spectrum

In the great wasteland
The fullness carved away from it
Sprawls carelessly along the horizon line

There is a model of aloneness
Matter and space

The reality of death is mechanical
It means I hold the ashes of my grandfather
I am extremely aware of the time line

We are postured and we grind on
It is as simple as a trickle of water
Finding it's way to the lowest point

We are the model
Matter and space
Light and darkness

All of it is mechanical
All of it is real

Head Shop Rag

Smelling of head shops, nag champa
Sweatshirts too large for me
Wrap me up in teenage comforts
Hatred for the world, need for seclusion
Overly large, hooded, nuisance
Begs me to get clothes that fit
Tat sounds, buzzes, and adults
Reformation
Temperature rising in my punk bubble
Starkly temperate colors
Colors like family
Colors like money
Colors like unity
Speak to me, god
Wordless intuitions
Social challenges

Public Transportation

With a streak of uncommon enthusiasm
The city daylight leaps to meet my face
Just before we all enter underneath the streets
Together plunging into the underground
Together alerted at the shift in light dynamic
These lights
They will never be rays from our sun
But they supplant a bit of what we need
Photons underneath the cityscape
Under the hood of our dystopic machine
Where the people move to get to
Where they go
It's just the hum and whir
The little bits of humanity
Underneath the false light
The false light
Created by the necessity
To see underneath
These shallow sheets
The skin of the beast
The streets of the city

Hoof

Once the first thing is first

I swear to God
that shit makes sense
if you know me well enough

I am just a kid still
Stilts and skateboards
Decades of growing up
It's the shelter offered

Windstorms
Sandstorms
Heavy knocks
With iron rods

Windows and pale shades
Shades of blue moonlight
Distant howling resurrects
What wolves are inside me

I hope you know
I hope you heal
I hope you love
Except, you won't

It's difficult
The yetis of my mind
Now, just a footprint
Myths, having left
Headed for the hills
Responding to a call
With squelching voice
Ambulatory aural cues
Walking on chests of life mates
Powerful moments where strings play
And a tune far off with echoes
A gooey sound, sound of chewing
As we do when we bite our own jaw
Grabbing hold, the maw of a large predator
Bears, golden reptiles, anacondas
Ranchers with BB guns,
Shooting the children of local townspeople
Our side as opposed to their side

We wink always, under our breath
Under the surface of the water
Is how we are
Inverted

Hanging, and waiting
Hooked and dreaming

Baptized in the lies we suck in
With a simple twist of a rib cage
And the opening of tear ducts
And the ducking from bullets
And the posturing of late night
When bars won't let you stay there

When the curb hits heads with eagerness
Because gravity is a culprit
When I am no longer a wolverine
A guerilla
When I am no longer protesting

And when light opens up to me
On a warm saturday morning
And my children are not bleeding
And until those seeds are planted

And until I am not sour like the
Taste of baseball gloves
When you are left alone in the outfield
While you wish and think of the flowers
And you are hit in the head with boyhood
When that was not what you were looking for
And the seams of the mighty conflict
Lay tracks on your small cranium
And your face is red with embarrassment
For not paying attention
To a coach who never loves you
And chooses others above you

How can it not be a metaphor
And a map laid out for you
In your adult life
These moments of social pain
I ask anyone who reads this

Are you confusing the everyday ease
Of casting aside these impairments
With the realness of actual growth

And am I letting go now
Of the point
Or was there one
As I slipped
Down the slopes
Of my mind's Matterhorn
I listened for him to scream again
The man in the snow
Who is white and tall

And covered in the smell of angered cosmologies
His proportions huge, massive, not dark, and destructive

I see it as a metaphor
Slithering myths abide
To my untamed minds
And they are several
It just comes with rabid hurt

And it is sometimes masked
With the subtle illusions
Of a way to attach
Myself
To these
Fleeting
Times

Predator

thirty-nine boyish bald bad
boy breaker
salty taste in the air
white hot van rides

reactions to feminist motherhood
post modernism in torn tissue
spatter of pre-teen unripened fluids
bone pile behind the abandoned carwash

victimhood imminent
bloody black battered boys

penetration, penitence, plasticization

parents waking with screams activated

the loop
the loop

piggy properly begging for release
ironically destroying living proof of existence
destroying that which makes feeling come

knife wound in a private place
autopsy revels a life time of growing up
twenty-maybe-thirty-minutes-worth
hard as hell real world farewell

Stolen Items

all the stolen merchandise
where does it go
theoretically
who sits all day
atop the pile
of my music
my stolen televisions

who sits on top of that pile
all that stolen music
my one and only case
all those memories

all that stolen merchandise
where does it all go
all down the drain to me
those things I can never touch
remnants and pieces

shuddering in the blackness
who are you there
sitting on all my moments
damn fraud
damn cheater

how I wish wallowing in these fields
twisting in the cold
airy curses biting my skin
wish I could take control
and hear those tunes again

so stolen
so lost
who sits upon the pile
who is that there
god damn I know you

please send reinforcements
new goods new houses
new lives and new lovers
how we run out
the royal we
run out
so
quickly

Summer Leaves

If I needed to make a choice
And then I made it
How could it be so cruel
In the face of what it became
If I needed what I chose
Why must the tearing sting
That full throated searing
Which comes in the darkness

Structure 3

The Foot of The Elephant

the foot of the elephant
stomps on the red ho-
rizon, black sky be-
hind it as I lie in the
riverbed with my head
to the ground as the pounding
sound resounds and becomes
the crushing beat of drums

The Window Explained

thorax slammed with remembrance
so well comes the conjured smell
should one be afforded such tasteful memories
go cat go cat go and chase the field mice

wind winding itself around forgiving treetops
so well comes the sway in their bodies
symphonic ambient discharge amends me
my soulless memory shall be the only record

tiger trails in hot summer past snail shells
left long ago
 a foreshadowing
miserable painful white and blue rims
markers of a time left for dead

cawing like the lawless horn
casting knowledge of new immolations
the terpsichorean crickets crying with legs
with legs with legs and chase nostalgia

a period punctuating a sentence in life
a distance of neurological inference
recalling data within the grey cloud
god willing the floods will come

what has been said already about my childhood
pales in the darkness of sunlight blocked
this mountain of emotion
like salt tasted in tears unyielding

and that is why
sometimes at night
my window must
be open

Weaponry

Time is with you again

A terminus and a

Faceless specter

Bone White with

Blue Lights and

High Eyes with

Dead Centers in

Shapes Like pools...Searching...

Champions of living off of

So many naked souls and fear

Elevated with the temptation to take that which exists in the hands of another human

Maslow tumbling as the arcs and crevasses supporting the inner workings of ingenuity

Crash while aloft inside the sentient body, a corruption of intelligence and feverish need

So mortal we are, so much care it takes to avoid the metal and weaponry of our evil times

Let us be aware to let out rare gifts split open the crack between our minds and our worlds

PLEASE

FOCUS

Can't Really Exit

at 4am the world burns in its sleep
when you run out into the back yard
and climb on the old motorcycle
the oceanic sound of its gasolined belly
remind you of a simpler moment
one filled with mandarin oranges
clawing them open with child hands

again realize it is 4am in encinitas
family asleep and satisfied inside

minimum and dulled sounds of ocean
the never-ending motion of night
molecules of divine origin made only
to wrap and slither around you
make you feel things long forgotten
make you feel like running is an option
make you want to smoke a cigarette

again realize it is 4am in lafayette
families asleep and satisfied everywhere

eventually you collapse against will
and the passionate roar of autonomy
is beaten back by our baleful tragedies
our learned behaviors and reflex to recoil
eyes defeated walk along the concrete
eyes swell with frustration and questions
clawing them open with child hands

again realize it is 4am in Oakland
family asleep and satisfied somewhere

House of My Memories

California is the house of my memories
Of sitting on wet grass and changing into little league clothing
And shifting into reverse for the first time
Alone
Never to return in this life to being monitored
And of riding on clogged highways towards San Diego
Los Angeles
Tijuana
Of transforming my arc to speed down Highway 10
Away from California
And one day returning

The morning is the house of my feelings
Listening to drum programs
Clicking and twittering
Pads that sound like pink skies
Remembering my mother's voice
When I was a tiny child
Missing moments both awkward and obvious
Smoking on the balcony in Oakland
Richmond
San Francisco
Of transforming my arc to speed down the age of 28
Away from childhood
And never returning

Escaping Escape

I have watched pieces of me scatter when the tide came in
Falling off of me
Pieces of the puzzle that makes my mind and essence up
Up and away from here
I have seen the best devised scenarios I could muster
Melted and muddled and mixed with the shallow water

I am a simple idea and a constant example of bad posture
I am an array of shirts and pants
Socks and shoes
I am a pine needle adrift in a gale
Split so far from my native space
But resting again in a pile of bodies like that are just like me

Individually my story is so but
In the mixture of me and the tides
My story is just tiny and sharp bits
You can only notice the individualization
Of its pieces they glitter littering the surface and then they drown
Mixing with the low tide and shallow dark cool colors like more salt

Counting out the rhythms and trying so hard to know
Trying so hard to know what is being said behind the sheet of infinity
The horizon line
Up and away from here
I have seen the most elegantly devised tomorrow I could muster
Melted and muddled and mixed with the shallow water

Little

You are my fight
Though there may not be a fight at all
But I can make out hazy reddish orange
And tailored skylines
I can see you being you
Rolling and running up and down the hills
The crevasses and the runoff catches
I see you and I let you go
You can go and be native again
You can seek out the heaping help of a mother's arms

You were my fight I think
You were just a little pea pod to me
When I was so young I couldn't even say
"Hand me that thing I need,"
And I would stare at you so long in the mirror
When I was growing
That I didn't even see who I was inside it

There was a fight I think
There was a chain link fence I fell off of once
And I broke my wrist
The growth plate
And it left me afraid that my arm –
It left me afraid that I –
Would not grow

But you are not my fight any more
It is still all right for me to see you
Standing as a silhouette
A word I still find hard to spell
And even harder to describe
When it's all about a subtle shift

I am just saying I am letting you go
So you can run through the bushes
Run through the suburban city streets
Like it was 1962
A time when fields were still long enough to get lost in
Like it was 1988

You will always be my fight I think

Fathers

Today I woke up
From a dream where I was running
Running from my fear
That my love for my world was held
Against the values of my fathers
That my wishes and dreams
For my own love of my world
Would never be as beloved
By my fathers
The way I see the changing days
Ahead of me
The way I see happiness as an option
My own happiness
I woke up from that dream
And I recognize the saddest songs
Wailing eternally
Mainly express the delicate nature
Of having to learn to love this life
Without being held
Against the values of our fathers
And in that is our freedom

Structure 4

Maria's

to baptize

those moments of young television
after school
of divination and boredom

suburban housing corridor
sects of deleted families
surrounding the stucco compound
static ball fields and quiet schools

forever vibrating with the
shallowest of whispers
and the ringing never stops

down the hill

with boundaries
with rules

absence of fireworks
moments of newly discovered
sexual frustration
in a little boy's clothing

stale smell of a grey toy box
shitty little children
all my poor friends
burning their legs
down the slide

a sloppy wet american giveaway
and the dusty flavor of shag
shag carpet

Encinitas

On the most quiet of mornings
In Encinitas at the house of my matriarch
One would look into the enchantment of
Grey silky air

Escaping into the fruit laden yard
To the enrapturing smells
Of moistened dead crabgrass
And the gasoline still in the motorcycle

And I would pretend to be a girl then
When we would pantomime
Because the social retardation
Of adulthood had not yet crushed in

When we would search the skyline
My cousin and I
For a reason to live outside of the box
I always felt him staying there

The first time I kissed a girl
Moonlight Beach
So on the heels of battery
Emotionally crushed by family

Dusty tasting gushes from mattresses
In the back back room
Back behind the back of the house
Backs a mass of shoulder blades

Skinny children
Clinging to great grandmothers
The poignancy of her pulling citrus fruits
Down to us from heavenly branches

Dear family ties and bonds
Which lay mostly with chemical memory
I love you so much
Sometimes I cannot stop the tears

Old Times

Laying out all that should be
My wrists are like dying boys
Sudden and sharp
Piñata of false hope
Burst open to save time
Falling over the couch again
Sometimes amber
Sometimes gold

The beauty I miss is deep
Pockets of holdings unearned
More than fifteen shapes
All with sharp edges
Complex skynotes unequivocal
Shatterer smasher
Bringer of dull voids
I beg, I whimper, I plead no contest

Faking Happiness

Finger to duct, tears pulled, betraying the world surrounding
To not let anyone know that I am so emotional
To not be so cryptic, full sentences are utilized
Lingering, stuck, languid feelings of delayed passion creep
To feel like waves, vibrations through being
To work like forward progress, hatred seethes
Stinging salty feeling, wet reality on my hand skin
To not let anyone see me, phantom papers on the floor
To not be so obvious, funny times are employed cerebral
Oh, snap, will I ever be something like a picture
Hanging on the wall in semi-permanence
Glowing pigments for the outer world to see
Pastel, oil, water color, something create me
Something paint me as a picture of stability
I'm so sick of not knowing human touch
I'm so tired of not knowing human love
I feel like a robot, a robot that cries
My tears have always been oil
And it mixes terribly with my watery wants

Lifting Standards and Giving Permission For Vacancy To Leave

When I was young and unhealthy
What came up was a black storm cloud
Then came tears that would just fall dumbly
Like a cat caught outside for the tenth time
on a nice weekend
Sometimes in the dark with my lonesome
Sometimes with the back of a lover who can't help
their walls
But these tears
impregnated with the beauty
of a fight to find their way home
for the shelter and the good times
that came with earliest moments of self-building
we come
so close
all the time
to closeting it all and just packing it away
we come
so close
all the time
to just saying goodbye to the pain of birthdays
when the age sounds way too old
for all these lonely moments
and friends' faces don't bring
what they used to when summertime
was limited
even though it sounds stupid
I admit
But just a to walk along the things in visions
Silly that I still want perfect
Even though my perfection's different
than it was when I was younger
Perfect has been truly seasoned
With the reason of responses
To the times when I've had hunger
And there was nothing there to satiate
But music
And darkness
And I still find that to be
What I need beneath this surface
That surface that makes some think I'm mean
Or mad or sad or just not paying attention
But I am
And I'll never give up
Won't ever say goodbye to this struggle
I find an unscathed identity amongst the shards

And now that I know the world is crazy
And I feel it split in two sides

It still gives me pleasure to think romantically
When I'm rolling on the train downtown
Many evenings when I'm listening
To the sounds I know and trust
When I think of your face looking at me

Port of Hollow Sound

port of hollow sound
smashing against rocks
a generation seeking approval
radical gesticulations
angry
the colors of newsprint
binary discredit
a longer bed
a higher state of wander lust
getting pussy with no name
and no ideas
flat, auspicious progeny
ex-husbands disbanding
midwives alone
no babies
no mothers
whiplash like a song note
carried low
a bastard
a fort of sullied hopes
pictures of dead people
brought out again

Untitled

I turned my face to the right
Rested my head on my shoulder while
Silence was cut up in pieces
By chords and notes played and
Hammered out once upon a time in history and
Flattened on the iron of data medium

You make me think of metallic shapes
White hot and laid open waiting to be forged
Something to be set with purpose
And once cooled down to the temperature
Of the surface of the earth
The useful instrument is set to do its work

I turned my face to the right
Rested my eyes on the place where you sat
Silence being cut up in pieces
By drums and notes played and
Hammered out once upon a time in history and
I am flattened on the iron of loving you

I Dream I am Flying (For Brendan)

the oblique spheroid of my memories
suspended in the turbulence and tumult of blank pages
words perhaps i had forgotten to write
they are like sharp spaces under the mattress
stark in their emptiness
painful in that my only failure
is my fear to read my own self
without the translation
of my own intense complications

there is no currency created by humankind
enough to pay the dark side of apprehension
and all the dark circles i see
under your eyes
under my eyes
i mean

there are swans called coscorobas
they are smallish and white
except for six primary feathers
blackened at the very tip
you can only see it when they fly
but when they are in flight
 when they are in flight
you can see their imperfections

i think i mean i am like them a little
i think i feel i am like them a bit
when i dream i am flying

Structure 5

To Fly High (For Catherine)

To Fly High

To allow oneself in the face of bravado
Soar getting sorer by means of what goes down
All around

It doesn't mean a thing to get down that way
Compromising what I know to defeat the purpose

Sweet low times come through, and I pick it up off you

You might lay down now, more easily, more intense
Maybe you won't remember me, but that is not my point

Whoever I am right now, baby, I don't even know

Feeling the hands of a dying friend is like being the only one left alive
One planet will fall away, and all that is left is that embrace eternal

And so, my pain is now, wrestling with the cold trains
Passing me by in giant leaps
Train tracks, stacked so high lord

Please, have let it be the right thing

On Time

As I awaken to the small aches in my back
And I am thrust into that single moment of
Self Identification
Reattaching my body and mind
I am reminded of cigarettes past
Cosmological ideas shifting through time
The ways I have chased and chirped my mantras
Hallowed Hallelujahs
The low pass filtration of memory

It is a buzzing and humming inside me
That once brought the subtle river of renewing

Sometimes it cracks me open with fear
Looking into that studio apartment of death
Through the window of intuition and imagination
The truth that religion is a reflex
Hits the center of my being
Resounding with the dull thud of blood and tissues
Long devoid of theological purpose
Just a body made of stardust
Standing on the shoulders of giants

This is a spiritual awakening
That once brought the subtle river of renewing

When I wake up wanting
Hurting for the ways it could have been for me
Ways I could have been saved and let grow unmarred
Retaining a sense of dignity and definition
I am reminded of cigarettes past
Cosmological ideas shifting through time
The ways I have chased and chirped my mantras
Hallowed Hallelujahs
The low pass filter of memory

State Bound Overture

there is a target in the desert
a black box, cradle and hitch

there is a fuck toy in the parking lot
a pink box, satisfactory Saturday

there is an absence of students
a biege moment, public school

twice removed from america
barbarous fagotry, anti-christians

bomb blasts are diplomacy

wake up to muhammad's children
at the foot of our door

rats, mexicans, orange groves

horses, guns, westerns

we've played this game before

de ja vu, death

god damn blasphemy

god damn
these headaches

Black Cloth

Somewhere in the middleground
Where the real demons are
In Humankind – the dark years
There it is enslaved –
The plasticized body of Jesus Christ
Shown to five-year-olds
Saying – they took him in front of everyone

SON

They took the one child of God and slaughtered him
Nailing him to wood and impaling his bowels
And he let them because of

YOU

And now
Men like me cry at the drop of a hat
Mothers abandoning,
Memories of abuse
And we call out to him
Because we feel the connection
Through the bitter moments that are
We, Legion, One of many
Death shroud
Over us, a black cloth
And Jesus is lost in the darkness
And I am sorry for We

Geoffrey

My Name is

G
E
O
F
F
R
E
Y

that stands for

GEOFFREY

geometric shapes and

everything you have ever been able to

offer me, at all: the things I now live are

for you, my compromises, my unequivocal rage and sadness, my

fight, but my piece (what makes me unique) is how I remain a placid and serene divine mirror of

reflection and reclamation, and I never,

ever leave anything or anyone behind and

you are probably already thinking about how to react and grapple with me and the

vengeance and hatred i have wanted to take out on people that i learned later was linked directly to how

i was mostly just afraid that i wasn't good enough, and that the novelty of my existence ran out when i became a young man,

no one would ever love me, because i was in the throes of madness, but in the face of mental

chaos

everyone around me knew better than me but

not one person around me

took control and bothered to reach past all the things I find tedious, things that are always excuses not to learn or grow, and it's all the

what, who, where, when, why bullshit

every

little feeling never truly explored because

little things around us, bibles, babbling brooks, big brothers, or bad choices and bullshit, these are never the

issue at hand, the real issue at hand, because let's be frank, motherfucker, everyone knows

very well that

everyone who has ever had to ask whether they reached out enough to the ones who deserved it can

reflect in deep contemplative thoughts of personal inventory, and can think of someone who feels left out

I Crowd Myself

I crowd myself –
Bashful backdrop.
Bad paints, bad perfume,
Sparse + terse.

I cycle hardness
Bones and Effort
I wish love for my friends
I protect them
I pray for rain.

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan

nusrat fateh ali khan
teaches me to love myself
as I turn the volume down
I am afraid to face more
as I am watered
itches on the skin
all that needs to come
when it converges
so it becomes the reason
I weep when I hear
all the things I missed
when my mind was closed
and shame came unattended
feedback loop of unfiltered
fear of that which builds
the undeniable being
that is my life

nusrat fateh ali khan
how must it be now
when light and gravity
are no longer your reality
and the beautiful songs
left behind by divine machines
ferric-oxide exchanging
a mirror image of you
the largest parts of you
belting out reasons for my faith
the hands you cannot give
to apply sympathy
mean nothing next to
these reassurances
that love and god are one

To Terms Within

the path is a myth
 chemicals
so upset i shall become
as history looms doom-like
 under and below
a bellowing beneath the flesh

 trumpets
 towels as chokers
 dead boy jeans
bloody, blue, black, basic

polygons against the silver sheet
 of sky, of dawn, of needs
 effortless pieces of necklace chain
 damaged
 a maternal absence

power play amongst the giants
thunder piddles in the distance
the kind of rumbles you are not
warned about

willows torn against a childhood memory
 of palms, of daydreams, of prayers
 restless in the early spring
evenings in last counties before the borders
communities viewed from high above

 a removal