

Feelings Come From Gain Of Function Labs: Poems
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These are spoken word syllabic poems where each line contains between 34 and 55 syllables. They're intended to be recited at 377 syllables per minute.

Falling In Love Is Such A Bore
bin Laden's Ear Lobes Redux
Tricep Dip Bloodwork
Gin Martinis Are Pretty Good
Tiny Hair Gel Pen Oceans
Xi Jinping Mood Swing
Broad Street with a Bullet
I'm So Happy When I'm Near You
Drown Yourself
Postmodern BBWs
One Contains All The Numbers
The War On Terrorism
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12 Mezcal
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You Don't Exist
My Oil Paintings
Parallel Universe / Fun-Sized Bags of Doritos
Thinking About Architecture
The Gumballs of Pseudo-Dionysios
Slightly Inebriated on a Friday Evening
Older Lady with the Look of Pure Death in Her Eyes
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Ill-Advised High Fades
The Median Lifespan of Bananas is Insufficient
Nuclear Families & Rainforests
Basically Repulsed (In Every Detail)
New Beginnings

Falling In Love Is Such A Bore

Blowing a shit on a city street outside a JWU dorm and then benignly
driving up a big hill to buy a bean burrito at Baja's I fucked up my
brand new white vans stepping in a big puddle on New Year's Eve

I wish we'd known one another at another time unfortunately now
you're just a memory I've recalled like a thousand rewritten rough
drafts

Sometimes the people who fight for just causes are complete pieces of
shit possibly because linearity has always been a pipedream for us
collectively

bin Laden's Ear Lobes Redux

Bob Ross beating his brushes he's laughing hysterically negotiating the
minor emotional rollercoasters of corporate relationships only Jesus
can save you now

In your world you must to decide where your mountain is I used to
consume Golden Grahams without a care in the world now I'm
happily married

Nonchalantly shuffling across Cranston St in the pitch black clutching
a white plastic bag filled with two bubble teas it's fucking twenty
degrees out

Tricep Dip Bloodwork

Perusing a portal of blood work results in between tricep dips diagonal beams lightly envelop me as I kiss the concrete it might be that nothing is quite what it seems

I'm just a giggling mist that leaves this residual unassuming Sufi poem for you she left a single cigarette on the bar counter as a little clue it was cute

Naturally I took it apocalyptically you expressed yourself sincerely albeit cryptically I supported it why did you think I bought this beautiful bottle of Peloponnesian white wine?!

Gin Martinis Are Pretty Good

I notice a face that means nothing to me sitting aloof in the corner booth as I order my third of three gin martinis on a lower level bar nibbling upon an over oiled olive plate

The face of crack thin female hobo ambles to and fro in the blistering cold she paces back and forth more visible because of the full wall window

Her ice cold epidermis is an eyesore for bar patrons innocently searching for intoxication instead now forced to contemplate a near future corpse bristling in an unforgiving cold

Tiny Hair Gel Pen Oceans

My pen ejected hair gel a tiny ocean that contains the cosmos Doritos
Tacos Locos on Mineral Spring at ten to two

I recall waking in the AM at five fifty five after some crumb Ronnie
spoke shit about Silver Lake and numerology I suppose some signs are
sent erroneously

There's something a bit Nordic in the copious American Spirit smoke
there's something so me in abruptly disappearing completely who
gave you the okay to claim being

I'm not one for presumption they say God is One not two which is why
when I make plans I don't assume you good riddance to the shit that
was meant to end from the start

A wise man once said "If I only had a heart"— take a second before you
get upset to try to remember that you don't even recall my fucking
name

Xi Jinping Mood Swing

Toss three olives on top of the rocks I'm wearing a subtle grey brimless hat getting multiple unexpected compliments I wish they had Siete Misterios at Deadbeats

A thin blonde inquires if I require larger paper but I'm actually just penning these little gay notes seawater brine is a liquid that's actually preferable to vegetable oils

Unabashedly snapping selfies then eating a single slice of Sicilian pizza by myself this liquor is scrumptious I think my dreams might predict future events

Two seemingly disparate forms may actually be the exact same fucking thing you try to do good deeds because you low key like Cleveland Steamers

I'm sitting by myself fucking thinking about portals Tree texting me don't come home at three it's fucking eleven o'clock then again maybe it's not as absurd as it seems

Broad Street With A Bullet

A homeless man pants down sitting on the cold cement possibly
jacking off on the steps of an architecture firm seems to somehow
know it's Veteran's Day so it's okay to masturbate

Two pussy lips form one vagina my dear Watson duality is but an
illusion of the mob's sense of the world as representation

Drinking alone is occasionally advisable chalk it up to ritualism a shot
of Fernet and a shitty beer I could ostensibly toss my smartphone into
a haunted river fuck it all to Hell

I'm So Happy When I'm Near You

I ambled out and fucking walked home bleakly considering the question of what exactly is an image what's the shit that we'll see when we finally retire the subject-object assumption

At Ogie's I'm writing down frequencies to the fifth decimal point in the fourth octave on a purple notepad I realize my recollection is a swimming pool the bar plays suggestive Nickelodeon clips

I can't recall them at all a young man places a loaf of white bread on a table so it resembles a large penis through the speakers now Big Pun plays

He relays that he'll rip his prick through your hooters you solemnly stare at a large skull tattoo before closing your tab my index finger is burnt to a crisp from the incense event

I'm gonna air it out on a two mile sojourn downtown in the frigid New England winter everything is sentient at times it seems upon exit I left a forty two percent tip

Drown Yourself

Tiny spoon shitty coke at the COVID country club wedding whoops
the architecture of trauma the inanity of recollection I can smell my
own cologne

Disappearing is conceptually presumptuous no continue to attempt
this you haven't achieved a modicum of honesty yet the shit you
forgot is hugging you like a shark jaw

Your head is still in a sink filled up with water it's often the case that
intrinsic in the solution is annihilation and that's okay too this dive
bar is just a portal

This world is an illusion a reflection something existing as a conception
I'm the day in the night the night in the day I never learned to pray
until I discovered recollection!

What you see in dream is the only real thing a guy who looked like Burt
Young bent down on Broadway and picked up ostensibly a dropped
coin yesterday

Postmodern BBWs

Two receipts for twenty four eighty four to the penny back to back I
was slightly surprised Cambodians with breast milk communicate
through bar tabs

Just to remind you your life is a lie I'm a walking apology suck my dick
my granddad lost the lottery the United States government honors
the words of pieces of shit

To prosecute ambiguous cases against respectable men tell the right lie
and you might just tell the truth read the income statements of
enough shell companies you might find a reason to remain aloof

Chug a double espresso and pop a shroom before patronizing the
Dominican shisha establishment Ray gave Matthew twenty bucks on
Broad it made his night I was glad to see it

I enjoyed the company of BBWs before it trended you have to stay
ahead of the curve no pun intended because you can't discuss with
anyone the images that remain ice cold frozen in your mind

One Contains All The Numbers

I'm a new beginning with a prewritten suicide note asking God for forgiveness only to be told I'm an inimitable extension of what I can't compute

Truthfully I'm nothing if not basically straightforward in nature an old lady wearing a navy blue political tee inebriate-ly confuses me for some shitty son she claims she has

Being flagged and informed of body hair fetishes for body hair awareness month despite believing in some indivisible Oneness I can't comprehend rudimentary social cues I've heard

It's almost like I emerged from a parallel universe—'The organism is the first fallacy' I recite imbibing my own beauty in a full body mirror I'm trapped in an infinite illusion and things have never been clearer!—I've finally become incomprehensible to myself and I find it swell at a Clarks-Bostonian retail outlet I discovered Hell

The War On Terrorism

Bartenders at Muldowney's understandably claim you could've been present on a plane on Nine Eleven reprehensible images of youth

That can only be overridden by fresh regrets a form of hell that I accept partially agreeing with Imams texting Wordles to my mom

Multinational procurement anal probes fund pre-revenue record labels slightly unstable there's no statute of limitations on oppressive shame

Perception is nothing beyond assigning names discriminating in taste between artisanal Mezcal like a complete cunt two genders of cock the one and the many it's opulent fun

A half cup of white rice and green peas with fresh lemon and cold pressed olive oil failed to absorb my nine mezcal I gave a nice black girl eight bucks walking home she claimed she'd fuck for the twenty but I respectfully passed

The Origin of Feelings

Feelings come from gain of function labs gleefully disassembling
yourself over a subtle pack of American Spirits are you just a little
ridiculous?—

Indulging in animalistic shit or is it that the intellect is ultimately
always bereft—hold up the Caucasian chick looks like Wyclef

And she's got a cigarette and a sincere compliment while others present
a left hook and an honest guess you should always introduce yourself
as a Roulette wheel

Everything you feel comes from a gain of function laboratory
everything's an excuse for a ceremony or a photo op or a food co-op

Or an allegory—we genuinely claimed to not recall our names when
the shitty parking lot cop called the city cops he's got a heart of slop I
wish him the best in his endeavors

12 Mezcal

Watching Larry Kudlow while I tickle her buttock the ways of the world those are the breaks everyday I'm elated to be fertile if not awake

Let me unrobe as well just so you can successfully kiss my ass I drink tears like ginger-ale after twelve mezcals no disrespect but fuck you

I'm a nice guy fuck me I'll stick a Civic car key into your brother's eye
Suicide bomb your fuckin grandma's assisted living center three hipsters talk getting food truck bullshit at Guatemalan festivals

Screwing in cymbals Alice Cooper performed with Filter nah I respect that craft shitty fuckin bands relapse to playing the same shit every night it's actually nice

Koreans crank you off mid stroke asking if you're Pakistani identities are ants in fifth grade Anthony never successfully pantsed me

bin Laden's Ear Lobes

I enjoy believing what I hear they ID'd bin Laden by his ears my lobes
are super distinctive too twenty thirteen I was in three hundred
square feet double debt to income with none of it expungeable
To be honest I wasn't against being run into by a bus or two but
RIPTA fucking drives too slow if I'm gonna go ideally I'd like to go
My hair clippers sounded like helicopters in the wet Rome lavatory
Americanos the size of a micropenis agitated me
My zipper had a mind of its own on New York Avenue I didn't tip on
my second set of Fernets at the tavern oops!—too busy bonding over
wanting to cease completely
Local journalists have become too busy to write more than fifty words
on a murder some fuck got shot now I guess he rots?—let them snap a
selfie for their IG before confirming

Perceiving Trees

Being made vaguely aware I could have possibly gotten beaten up by
anonymous parties at an undisclosed period in time

The old guy with the white hair in the pink house picked up an
Amazon package on his stoop as I walked by a week later he was beat
to a pulp

Deceased in the basement by a guy with a face that looked like a decent
looking insect dying is underrated annihilation is essentially reflexive

I was elated at the baseless allegation every day I pray to remain the
politest chucking spears like Leonidas at middle aged men making
moronic threats

My sobriety's Ben Simmons on the Nets I'm embarrassing myself in
public it's the best rusty trombone phone home nothing's of interest
to me there's an indivisibility to perceiving a fucking tree

An Empty Pint of Yuengling

Even Cheryl eventually threaded more eyebrow than appropriate leaving me practically bare boned in brow despite default caterpillar contours

Questioning if the light skinned lady guzzling a creamy espresso martini was actually dating the old East Asian man or if he was only making motel donations

Meanwhile the big bearded bartender with the lower level central tooth gap seems to dap every fucking body but me is it possible he recalls my exposed bracciole and balls from his previous bar—fuck it

The empty pint of Yuengling looked like it was having a seizure on the cement in the wind on Fricker there's an architecture to walking drunk alone in the dark sometimes I dabble in gin after dinner

Analyzing arguably asinine signs in Dallas Cowboy games broadcast on solitary Sunday afternoons I no longer take what's figurative as anything more something assumed

The Home of US Government Propaganda

Tethered to an uninterrogated subjectivity we bicker about one drop rules and data dumps of public policy fat tails fuck you

The Bill of Rights is junk email I check my gmail like I'm the fucking algorithm when analyzing such and such within the prism of what the fuck seventy percent of NGOs concluded many males often pay bucks for cunts

Not to get political but a wise man once told me the only good politician is a dead politician decapitated Palestinian children keep playing the victim

While Millennial US Senators listen to Limp Bizkit with limp wrist kids who enjoy getting fisted until making a modicum of sense is blacklisted

Voluntarily shoving US government propaganda up my own ass mentioning dollar denominated crude oil trades is considered a touch crass—I caught a shitty sea bass on my Uncle's boat and tossed it back

On Incongruities & Recollection as Fabrication

Recollection of minutia as fabrication on my way to drink my face off at Needle I bought The Novelist: A Novel at Symposium the cashier was not the nicest I'd encountered—

Every center of gravity is the single center that's ever existed there are in fact infinite centers I pondered this sitting silently on a tall roof assisted by my so-called sensory organs—

It's no longer the case—things have morphed to the extent that people have no actual work to complete which is maybe why the podcast industry is on the rise with such impressive growth rates and they're all sublime—

The nationalism of the Romiosini was corrupted Romanides should have gone further east to find himself drinking scotch my glass reads 'girlfriend' scratch that 'fiancée'

I try to achieve honesty with myself every three days perusing Rubmaps with the royal nonchalance of a British prince when unevenness is evinced that's just a ripple of triplicity

Courting Caroline Ellison

Actually Giordano could have succumb to a devilish little trick his own damn self is he burning in flames of folly I'm tossing syllables onto a blockchain with the ex-boo of Sam Bankman-Fried—

Rereading Noah's nine hundred fifty year five paragraph creeds are they drowning in the flames of an immanent plane that extends into the jurisdiction of the Kingdom of Heaven?—

Troubled souls are telling us 'Timing is everything' but they only call at the absolutely most inopportune times you ask yourself if it's possible you've become morally outraged in illogical ways

Just maybe about matters which have jackshit to do with you?—wearing five dollar Foot Locker tees I tossed Dave Yurman rings into the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean or actually it could have been just the box

But maybe the relevancy is out of stock timing is everything—no waiting is a logical impossibility since Biblical eras people posted up til last call and only received chlamydia

Drinking Blended Scotch Out of Measuring Cups

Imbibing blended scotch out of measuring cups filled up with ice on a quaint Saturday night The Social bartender although polite deep down definitely held a ruthless vendetta against me

Remembering a comment I made months ago correctly critiquing her slow Corona Light service she's now superfluously charged me seventeen and a half bucks per glass of Mezcal

Faces contorted frozen in time I chugged the cup of agave helpless but at the same time it seems so antiquated investing in things like depression and elation

If you can't annihilate yourself in the midst of Mineral Spring what can you do Rocco's bar's girth got extended the cul de sac streams with lovely ducks got a cement redo the tailor's building is now a gas pump The Syrian's spots gone too I spit on the terrible white truck after doubling back to spit on the white truck in two decades we'll remain the exact same age the loogie on the windshield was just an illusion of change

I (Heart) BJ in the Singular Tense

A young Korean female is wearing an 'I (Heart) BJ' white tee in the singular tense while waiting at the Broad Street bus stop whatever the idiocy of your youth

It's indubitably true that eventually it becomes something soporific and increasingly idiotic as times passes ruthlessly asking attendants for top shelf liquor

Then quickly flickering into states of existential shock at the opulent bills received insects with telepathy hypothetically could control the cosmos we'd have no science to prove it untrue—

They tried to impolitely poop on my aura probably unaware of their actual bowels I had to head a different direction we used to obsess over revenge

Press necks against walls certain substances suggest you could evade the Unseen you might think you see a demon but perhaps it's just a generous gift?

Juicy Couture in the Courtyard

Emerging from the condo sun baking a white crackhead is naked
pulling up her Juicy Couture sweats in my fucking courtyard I carry a
black trash bag glancing at her pasty asscrack

She stares blankly back as I toss trash into a rat filled navy blue
dumpster Staten Island's shaped like the Peloponnese I enjoy vaginal
cavities when they're wet and they're greased—

On shrooms I find I'm often in tune with herbs and plants shit hit
when I exited to amble toward Cranston Street dark skies fold
origami-esque the tinnitus of June was architectural I guess—

Why would you want to be in control when you could instead be out of
control 'time to come' isn't always linear 'raised from' isn't necessarily
literal

We could consider memories recurring concurrently with current
events Sunday seems different during the day sitting in utter silence at
the bar.

Rhetoricians in Late Antiquity

Off Eddy getting politely asked by Matt to leave as impassioned we
discussed the political merits of men razor blading their legs at one
AM I was on my way out anyway

Inveterately rhetoric seems something akin to a plaything of nonsense
is that basically frowned upon in this era?

Made members of the mafia replete with YouTube channels you're on
the precipice of forty praying to get permanently pushed to pavement
by a stray RIPTA bus on Point Street

Puking up a mint hookah in a Pizza J parking lot people enjoy smoking
marijuana because they become less likely to get bounced from bistros
and bars grab the damn wet wipes please?

The true beauty of rhetoric is found in um double shots of vodka and
bummed American Spirits from people quoting Big Pun lyrics I don't
agree or disagree

Thomas Bernhard in an Ali Pasha Mosque

Eating pussy on an immanent plane reading books but in an innocent way I discovered Thomas Bernhard spent some time at an Ali Pasha mosque I wasn't shocked

Tossing darts at the impotent no one said mercy necessitates some universal innocence consumerism loses vision of an indivisible Oneness

Marx thought quite highly of discrete units on a roof lit above Broad Street orders of ice coffees in informal Spanish sound like they're emerging from a circus megaphone

Two dimensions is understudied man's best buddy ages like sped up podcasts my beta fish Larry lived for half a decade above three rocks from a Taco Bell parking lot

The live band said they had tees in their SUVs as I suddenly realized I may have misunderstood a bar fly's intention is it possible baseless presumptions can also veer from the truth?

More Akin to a Conceptual Counterpoint

I told Mario 'You know yo quiero lo siento I don't know maybe some
yo tengo' his cousin exhibited three and a half of thirty two teeth I've
detested rationalism since my sweet sixteen.

A newly minted couple shares a newly lit solemn thin cigarette as I
drunkenly question the method of Twenty Three and Me with a
Portuguese immigrant I just met

Who wants to be reintroduced to their own multitudes?—I feel
convoluted connections with select architectural structures

Yet another grotesque binary construction my significant other is a
bundle of my securitized interpersonal shortcomings

The holy legato of spoken language asexually passes through select
edifices I puked twice in July once it was a vegan Oreo smoothie once
it was living my life as a lie.

Grotesque Binary Constructions

Chord change seventh chords variations among geometric shapes and
shit tricep dips decimal points considering you have an undiscovered
mental disorder or if perhaps demons exist

I find the post-COVID inflation of light beers demonic in character a
country club wedding's hysterical you'll never see any of these fucks
again

Landscapes change for Lent you look at a patch of grass and it refracts
to black understandably some are hesitant to take that as that but
how can you fucking edit what's sent to you?

Plagiarism psychotherapy wanes in cache it's a fact I called a twelve year
old gay but he was acting cunty for a bunch of the afternoon

What you create doesn't necessarily cater to you my Aunt Dena owes
me an eighties era Cadillac my dad said it crashed yet I never saw
proof of that

Parmenides Wrote A Poem

A nipple emerges on Main Street with a brimless hat I have a taint for
TSA to taste select members of a West End Planet Fitness seem to visit
in NPC intervals my stock phrases escape me

Tony's titties drooped like tear drop tattoos at a certain juncture I said
fuck you the voices in my mind are the real ones is that still a sign of
being batshit crazy?

Ingo Swann's autobiography's audiobook on YouTube aliens at grocery
stores I'm at Urban Green perusing overpriced pineapple fractal
geometry's a hole in the floor

Mineral Spring vape shops Parlour improvisation the doorman enjoys
maqam music subpar vegetable broth off Power Street zesty with
horny GILFs at Mezzo

He said Oh you live off Woodward in falsetto he actually got whacked
off there twice a year discussing donuts with structural engineers with
wire rims that find your opinions on picture taking in poor taste

Sitting Alone at the Elmhurst Pub at 1AM

She admitted if a male wore a fitted cap to just go to quote-unquote
CVS that that was an act deserving of examination and you nodded
your cranium just slightly erect

The purple beam under my old stove struck me as black American in
essence as I laid face up on the floor for an extended period

Sitting by myself at the Elmhurst Pub at approximately one AM I was
reminded of casino Christmas parties with middle aged floozies who
still sought dick

It's been beyond a half decade since the insect's corpse survived a strong
rain in outline form on the laminated map of the Seekonk River

I said If you can't see yourself as the penis of Jesus then you'll never
understand Allah with an authentically minimal amount of irony
evident in my tone

Tapas is Actually Enjoyable

In absolutely no way shape or form do I regret expressing my vicious disgust with modern photography among young mothers who dedicate their Instagrams to infants

It's essential in my mind that we question the intrinsic value of the frozen image in fact of anything we note to be quote-unquote frozen in time

Laotian hookah bar on Douglas Avenue abandoned basketball court on Douglas Avenue recalling my own decade old imagined images also on Douglas Avenue

Have you been by any chance to that new Tapas place off Wickendon 'suck my penis' I said I haven't had exceptional sushi since Tokyo closed

Apparently Parmenides believed a divine being of some sort informed him of a certain indivisible oneness which moved him to write a poem

We're More Despicable Than Anyone in Jail

On the chest press adjacent a stress test relayed a series of wall panels shifting of their own accord to which reminded myself of being completely sober

Fucking chalk it up to some intermittent vegan B Twelve deficiency or I'm just losing my mind which historically happens from time to time

At times it seems like you're often in the process of for lack of a better wording losing your goddamned mind and I find that curious and/or disturbing don't you?

Often the text retains Byzantine intricacy because of traditions that may not even be our own outside Tripoli two hundred years past September twenty three

I feel the blood from my veins on my face horrific violence still appears somewhat regularly in dreams time travel isn't mythical it actually happens intermittently

A Jumble of Spoken Words

The gaze of others considering faithful lovers whose sole request was to express how you obviously felt in some remotely comprehensible jumble of spoken words

Instead you chose to query some old bag on her actual age like it was some sort of novel notion the cubicle blows its own brains out we can't strain out imperfection from memories

We're little more than big babies who want to reconvene with our Maker there's something fucking immanent here and It's relaying Itself in what can only be called a circuitous fashion

April five into six two hundred years amiss the middle aged redhead who doubled as the sub-Saharan bag you shamelessly fornicated with?

Two as one suggest in a quaint manner we wake up yet the words struck us as statements that hardly even needed to be uttered at all

Glancing at a Homeless Man
Quaintly Sleeping on a Patch of Grass

'I try to describe what I'm feeling inside' a guy wears an old tee inside
out explains with unearned confidence why he adorns himself is such
attire

Basking in our bourgeois tartuffery we're actually considerably more
despicable than anyone in prison for any sentence of committed crime

In fact glancing at a hobo quaintly napping on a patch of grass behind
a Broad Street bus stop I find his life decisions worthy of distinction
I'm inspired

Packs of scattered needles discarded Double Whopper wrappers a
dilapidated wheelchair there's wisdom in this unwinding of modern
capital concerns

Are you in love with the well-worn architecture of this place or is it
people who perplex you an ironic mustached man gets into what
seems to be a relatively new Nissan Rogue

Projections of Your Own Single Self

Even Moses had shit to deal with on South Street nonlocal intervals
become rowdy perhaps instead of a parallel universe your fucking
genetic history requests a brief word with you

You've been reminded of things you implicitly understand memory's a
fucking scam yet all of this shit can only be expressed in um

Should we say circuitous fashions the same abstract manner you enjoy
indulging in with others which results in people without exception
failing to comprehend what the fuck it is you're trying to say

You own a tendency of expressing things in obscure fashions that invite
absence which is perhaps the most accurate way of comprehending
this strain of befuddlement

Yet all of these people are nothing but projections of your own single
self wall panels shift it's not B Twelve it's your favorite doppelganger
in hell

You Don't Exist

It's your birthday We should inform you of where you actually are
you've been selected to experience horrific dreams how else can We
convey this it's a clear sign for your birthday

What We give to you is the simple fact you exist simply two hundred
years ago as well as two hundred and two years ago leave the city

Find a village some shit about cherries you'll begin again a new name
and life but know that the horrors you witnessed will stay with you in
dream

This is why the wall panels move why ironic mustached men ride in
Nissan Rogues until you repent!—until you return to Us in the form
We intended

In a place where you don't exist where you've yet to truly discover the
meaning of the mirrors We've placed in homes and automobiles in
this realm

Where architecture speaks where old bags confirm their ages when
asked it may seem paradoxical in concept but it's entirely sensible leave
the syllogisms to the side—We genuinely wish you a happy birthday!

My Oil Paintings

You said something deep and no one gave a shit my oil paintings looked like cunt fucked up at the Greek fest who said buying a subsequent bottle of Retsina is ill-advised?

I'm ninety nine percent Pine Sol this is ritualistic writing erotic poems for Russian whores and signing my name *χριστός ανέστη* you can drown in a glass of water.

Philosophy still can't save us people no longer chew wrapped pieces of gum no—the industry has transitioned to free floating mini buckets of gumballs.

How can I possibly concentrate on nuclear holocausts with all these big bad booty bitches around the mountain has better ears for bullshit I've never been a fan of camping.

I've always found things somewhat preposterous I suppose two hookahs twist the little knob there you go I apologize for forgetting the meaning of cuando.

Put some clothes on for Christ sake before you ball your eyes out I never lied about wanting to kill myself if anything the opposite!—mountains have better ears for bullshit.

Trees—some of them are old as fuck that's why we built cities our fictions play better surrounded by buildings a Burmese python ate a forty four year old woman alive.

It's just like a snug little sleeping bag who doesn't like to take a little nap four or five milligrams of melatonin why would you lie about wanting to drive yourself into a tree?

Parallel Universes / Fun-Sized Bags of Doritos

Walking down South Street witnessing a few chubby goth adults nibbling on handfuls of potato chips from disparate fun size bags I had an odd feeling I was entering a parallel universe or something.

She told me with tears visible on her cheeks that sometimes she wished she'd get hit by a bus I said 'Sometimes I feel sad too' Socrates only laid down with an adolescent Alcibiades.

He never fucked him in his asshole that's why Alcibiades was still in love with him years later you know there are signs in things Socrates never wrote shit down.

Muhammed was illiterate why the fuck are you enrolling in an MFA program in the coastal United States?—memory is a stain on my being it takes a different form every other day.

She told me with visible tears streaming down her beautiful face that at times she hoped she'd get hit by a bus to which I retorted 'Sometimes I feel sad too.'

What really happened in that bed with those two these are philosophical questions relativism only emerges after a certain axiom coagulates.

Thinking About Architecture

Thinking about architecture about the necessity of chance on a Nickanee's patio with a group of people adjacent.

Adjacent and discussing Chinese food in a manner that strikes you as the talk of pure imbeciles that like if chance is necessary?

And it has to be necessary otherwise everything would become irreparably fixed but if it's in fact necessary then it's also in a sense fixed essentially being a necessity?—puzzling.

There's a little triangle tattooed on a pinky finger there's no individual ecstasy in architecture only during periods of intense collectivism at any given time it's difficult.

It's challenging to quantify the amount of conversing occurring on the planet that's architecture in a sense guy with a hook nose intensely biting his fingernails as upper middle class whites watch in awe.

As other upper middle class whites recreate a modal jazz that was cutting edge in nineteen sixty five on Elmwood Avenue you recall images.

Which informs your decision making in material ways recollected images are animated and in turn falsified solely in your mind.

Which exists in a location that you can't quite place at the time as you cross a windy Washington Street bridge a figure of this or that proportion is constructed in your memory.

What we call your memory currently we'll call it your memory to move out of the realm of seminal attraction into one of pure representation.

The Gumballs of Pseudo-Dionysios

Lights flicker numerically like CPA firms Neoplatonism was a corrective on the integrity of infinite numbers Sufism a corrective on the rationalism of the concept One.

I feel more in tune with God when I vehemently condemn photography at a bar where no one gives a shit every situation is set in a unique context in what we perceive as time.

A curiously significant shift seemed to occur in the repetition of the smile addicted to dying a thousand deaths with that said hold the red onion on the gyro I'm fresh out of gumballs.

Sent to remedial English simply because we questioned the nature of signifying pronouns but we never got offended at it sans repetition you can't get back to sleep sometimes.

'If the whole ocean were ink for writing the words of'—sans repetition sometimes I can't get back to sleep mirrors are now placed regularly in households and automobiles.

Slightly Inebriated On A Friday Evening

I felt a sudden sense of the whole accelerated heart beat thing you know?—an Elvis impersonator playing his guitar with a perspicacity that was just a delight to behold.

The notion of this oneness as indivisible in essence is only truly comprehended in states of extreme intoxication get drunk by yourself and you may apprehend it.

The bartender at Figidini's explained how to order a pizza I considered replying something to the effect of 'Go fuck yourself' but instead thanked him for the extremely generous insight!

Only in states of isolated intoxication isolation that's only possible in densely populated areas the desert is a misunderstanding of solitude I think.

It assumes that people exist which is an unproven presumption of our social fabric to some extent so-called population centers of shit piss and semen it's really just a mirror.

It's not technically an offspring not in the way that you're thinking to overcome this um—seminal state this theoretical amplified seminal state as an overcoming of some implied European self.

Older Lady with the Look
of Pure Death in Her Eyes

Pepperonis discriminated by Bib at the bar marble counterwork with the homosexual Chinese quaff—managerial—Michelle said to just shoot the double shot correctly.

Mirrors looped into incoherence another Friday night sat at a bar thinking about oneness typing to yourself that you're thinking about oneness.

Tiny Bar wasn't quite as cunty the second time you went there blonde platinum Nordic telepathy dreams in technicolor doppelgangers of gaze.

Thinking about God as the precise indivisibility of this Oneness we're still typing all of this shit down as we're thinking it—I may not actually comprehend the origin of so-called feelings.

This notion of being emotionally damaged seems intriguing the shattered self assumes once again let's not forget this that people actually exist!

Which we've previously deemed somewhat presumptuous you talked to the lady with the look of death in her eyes playing pool in the black skinny jeans her name is Ellen she's seventy-one years young.

Multitudinous Feminine Entities

A sort of nonlinear seminal yearning Madden Ninety Three dream but the opposing team is a multitudinous feminine entity abutting orgasm as the Detroit Lions.

A tale of two Pearl Streets concrete ear plugs in old Earth soil a Third Reich-era Nazi said Sufis don't get fucked up—should we consider this a reputable source claim?

Siberian Russians speaking broken demotic Greek pale-faced disgusted sitting at the Chili's bar TV screens every three feet chugged sixteen ounces of Dos Equis Amber muttering something about sucking my penis.

Thought about jumping off the roof at eight fifty eight PM I remain ambivalent about grain carbohydrates pondering the social dynamic between Latin busboys and Trans bartenders.

But in a totally gender-neutral type of way treat ideas the same way seasoned exotic dancers maneuver impressionable men of all ages molding manifold fictional worlds until it's extinguished.

Until we no longer know what's true and what's false until veracity and falsity became totally subservient to a sort of nonlinear seminal yearning—until the icon collapses.

Guys From Chicago Who Don't Exist

Discrete units repeating themselves you had a dream about a guy named Nate Bonleo from Chicago a peculiar figure from out of town the name has no hits in any search engine.

Something impalpable in the language something a Hellenized Islamic scholar might attempt to explain velocity ergo legato spatial inquiries into syllabic distances.

This is a five paragraph essay I wrote an extended gaze into the human form itself can manifest divine revelations Shahidbazi tell the bitch to pull the panties off.

Those are one dollar bills in your hand dialogue heard in the so-called mind phrases generated in some sort of involuntary process Gabriel—what does voluntary mean exactly?

Sugar Free Soju At Fernandez Liquors

The word tartuffery comes to mind we sat on the roof of Pearl Street and drank Soju out of an emptied Ginger Ale bottle and asked ourselves ‘What can a poem express?’

‘What exactly can a poem express’ the word tartuffery comes to mind Gabriel in the cave I can relate a musical mode no—the sound of the fucking human voice.

You asked yourself what can a poem express getting drunk by yourself on the roof of Pearl Street drinking Soju out of an emptied Ginger Ale bottle.

We’re not necessarily in the Thirteenth Century Asia Minor one could argue we’re in Twenty First Century America it seems a lot has changed in eight hundred years.

Everywhere I look I see fucking morons scrolling through feeds scrolling through bullshit and I’m doing the same shit this is art but it’s also an indivisibility of Oneness.

Pre-algorithm the feed disseminates this indivisibility an extreme compression of time the word tartuffery comes to mind the utter dissolution of memory.

III-Advised High Fades

GFK tenor the summer months are no time for cum bibs Nubian
co-eds speaking foreign melodies thru high vol airpods on the
Bridgeport Amtrak the hair product lingered for the next four stops.

Abutting pissy on the HOA call magenta fat faced legal representatives
with tight high fades we find follicly inspiring perhaps to my own
detriment gradual extinction of the semicolon.

Meteors don't extinguish species they disappear into a collective
unconscious of their own volition I was in a cloud—descend to
vertical lip stubble.

Give her space when she needs it words replacing tones five letters for
λογος adroitly fear scriptural allusions you're the mirror in which He
sees his names.

The Median Lifespan of Bananas Is Insufficient

I detest the median lifespan of bananas annihilation has always been the ultimate end-game you write things you arrange words but there can only be the one thing.

The one thing contains multiplicities but remains fundamentally somehow unaltered as one annihilation is the only end-game and there's really nothing objectionable about it.

We love insemination of near-strangers getting our toes painted Nintendo Switch Online getting fucked up three times per week what's so bad about returning to the one thing.

Language fundamentally must precede mathematics you think lying in bed repeating four words over and over in the hopes that the memories will cease.

We must name the number two!—we must imagine two things distinct from one another to begin to construct this name without the name sans the image.

How would two and two become four!?!—it simply wouldn't is the only conclusion available to us although mathematicians would certainly scoff heartily!

Nuclear Families & Rainforests

In the abandoned parking lot on Battey the infinite fails to care about the eventual implosion of our solar system there's a reason Parmenides wrote poems.

Michael has one tooth and pays nine hundred eighty five dollars per month to live in a basement in Warwick and enjoys the company of girls with glasses.

He loves them with glasses and only considers redheads to be true redheads if they're white redheads which I personally found sensible!

I found this notion that people of color with red hair aren't quite authentic redheads in the colloquial sense of the phrase to be the sole logical conclusion one could draw regarding the nature of redheads.

It's simply what we can't conceive it's our conception of this extension of this one thing that seems so inconceivable people spend their days talking about nuclear families and rainforests.

The nature of the infinite is in no way similar to simply shaving gyro meat off a giant slow roasting kebab vomiting up the dairy free Ben and Jerry's cookies and cream smoothie.

Basically Repulsed (In Every Detail)

Eating ten dollar per pound salted pepitas over my kitchen sink I considered that distinguishing discrete items in space is a form of doubt in itself.

Shove a Corona Premier up your butt and do a handstand you could possibly get a following on YouTube a guy you'd never met alleged that Brett Smiley is a disingenuous cocksucker.

You took his word as gospel and didn't think twice about it despite knowing neither this person or any of the intricacies of the municipality's politics.

We recalled that Timothy had fairly plump breasts prior to disappearing I personally wish him all the best in absentia.

Spanish girl tossing Reposado into her body like raised ranches sinking into the Earth in the midst of acute Richter scale events a random carousel seemed psilocybin-adjacent.

'He could never come to terms with being born into a world that basically repulsed him in every detail from the very beginning.'

Around the year two thousand nine the notion that I was an individuated piece of fate became more or less nonsensical to me which caused a certain type of implosion for a period of time.

New Beginnings

(I'm a new beginning with prewritten suicide note requesting forgiveness only to be told I'm an inimitable extension of what I cannot compute)

Don't text me I'm unplugged like porno cornholes reading the Quran in place of Twenty Three and Me is it Tripoli or Tripolitsa

A cigarette is struck let the two solemn lovers fuck I'm craving pizza but by the Nice Slice I'm not gluttonous just possibly a little drunk as fuck

What happened happened but life is but a dream and her butt pointed up they say that's toward the Lord for me ambiguity is the key you can never logically deduce your bloodline