

Working Concept: Obnubilation

“I have no belief, I have no belief, I have no belief.”

I’m thinking this while unfocusing my eyes and watching two Dorians load up two cars with his things—one’s fainter than the other but just as there, well, not there, but there. I toy with the drape like Norman as Madame Bates. An air bubble blubbups from my head to the ceiling.

As I turn around as if on a spindle, maintaining my double vision focus, moving very slowly, I’m shrunken and flummoxed by the dollhouse nature of my room.

The trad-core colour, always been in the lexicon, kinda interior no. 10 perhaps. I stroke my hand on it and its dimpling seems magnified, like the sad relief of Flanders what 120 years on. Like the pores of the Green Giant, but he’s slightly tanned now from reaping sweetcorn.

The huge wainscotting that looks tiny; glued in place by a hand the size of a gate to a hare.

The books—they look so miniature! They are merely big versions of dollhouse books procured for their ensemble in the decor with no intention of reading them ever, like *reading* them reading them. The doll never transcended or spaffed a mess from a sling of Dostoevsky, never accurately quoted Sontag at a party, never blinked out a tear over Baldwin. The books merely pull focus on the doll. They (the doll) like tomes,, but also nice colours,, also they want to be changed,, want to be broadened,, want to be in a sea of opinion. Want. They are dictated by their wants. Like me, arranging their books, crouched over, with my thumb and fore, making a hip kinda scrappy helix stack there; “it’s like a litta sculptcha.” for the absent doll who’s never in the room while I’m dressing it. Maybe I catch the cuff of my floating hand on the chimney,, shifting the entire house an inch towards.

But I’m in the room and I’m normal sized like me and Dorian is behind me and down some and that distance probably amounts 17 dollhouses or something and wonder whether I could beat the dollhouse version of me to the car running

through the house, but he's got 17 houses to run through but they're all what 40 times smaller and the wee one can run damn if being lil' doesn't help.

And damn if I didn't just have a slew of beliefs.

I can beat him I can beat him. Theeeere ya go nother deadheattie me and my lil doll me.

"Ello Dorian. What fucking muddle in the fabric has got you hefting your shit outta here?"

It's autumn out and ochre shades frame my question softly and he's not taken it poorly.

"Sellin' it. Flogged to the highest bidder."

"You moving or summin?"

"Nah just relieving. Getting bare with it. Cash is king."

A lanky man with a big Paul Newman jaw makes his way from around the trunk dusting off his hands and producing a wad of hundreds from his pocket.

"All looks good to me. Thanks for this.. crazy well timed.. me moving here.. you.. you doing away with?"

Dorian nods at me and swings around, rocketing his hand from aloft into a handshake with the cash like hitting a home run.

"You betcha fella!"

The dude peels out in his minivan, Dorian's possessive history dwindling away round the corner after a pause at a light.

"Chill as,, feels good." He pockets the notes and runs up the stairs maybe five dollhouses to the porch where he lights up a gret. As I plod up behind him he's all like, "What you saying today?"

"Oh, you know, what the fuck do I do any day?"

"Amen. You oughta be like me," He yanks out the wad again to fan it and rub it with his thumbs, "Nothing to do and everything to do."

"How much the highest bidder bid the highest?"

"A cool 13."

"Gs?"

"Hundred."

"Ah."

I defocus and double my vision again and it looks like 26 or maybe just 2000. Big win big win. I pile up my beliefs in my head and figure I can maybe flog them for something, wrap up the clutter and do away with. Highest bidder for a metaphysical dump, though, not being charged to translate them all to words and sentences in pages bound up stacked up neat for a price I can make it look like it's chatting if I tense the covers real well with my thumb and all four fingers on a day with just the right amount of humidity blah blah blah two hundred paper tongues like a Smash Martian whale blah blah blah as I pretend to make eye contact with it.

My grandma had a friend in her home "home" hospice complex, goitered up and probably rocking a permanent double vision focus given her pupils and the draughty smile on her face, who every time she had a BM cantilevered down over the bowl and scooped out the produce, like how Dove advert actors collect water to egregiously splash their faces, to swaddle it up in TP and name it, jammed in the belief that it was a babe sprung from her loins, the nurses snatching and forging changelings of her daily.

That's an unsellable belief. Minimal demand for that'un, sorry Pat.

I believe there's no issue in crossing one's feet in shoes on the coffee table as I'm doing now, but other's don't see it that way, I reckon, so I must do it in secret and pretend I've just had them floating for the longest time when a roommate walks by.

15 minutes since I had no beliefs. 15 minutes. But what is that in Cretaceous, or Julian or after the sun sets on a dial? Or for a bug that I smash? Only three more quarter-hours until I feel comfortable leaving the house for the day. Perhaps seven pre-lunch. Thirty-five dinner. Fifty-nine/Sixty bed. Ninety-six and I'm back here feet crossed on the coffee table doing head math but for half hours or 7.5 minutes.

The living room has windows and couches angled such that outside observers maybe on the other side of the street, maybe in the condo across the way, can see me sitting here, feet crossed looking at summin, but can't see what; the one wall without a window or a door. I point a remote at it and mash the buttons and make faces that I believe portray various *emotions*, jovial, bored, consumptive, **ooooo**verjoyed. I like to imagine they think I'm controlling a dancing Santa but they probably believe T.V.. Ha ha, how wrong they are. They are my T.V. Tellavision.

The muck painted to the window by the great artist: *time*, lol, looks like a woman in a pashmina riding a horse in front of mountains and the horse is missing a leg and there's a blimp and it's superimposed over the yellow "yellow" condo across the street depending upon how I taughten my focus on and around the drawing. I draw my arms up skywards and stretch them and the stretch feels like a woman in a pashmina on a three-legged horse and then I'm into gomukhasana and it feels like a blimp.

I don't do anything with my days because I harbour no beliefs about what I ought to be doing, as much as I can't help but produce secondary or tertiary beliefs, a first order imperative rarely stultifies my mind with vitality. I merely have beliefs about what I *could* do, and such a list runs tantamount to knots in a Persian and beyond an incredulity towards my web of beliefs, another fault of mine is my indecisiveness. At the whim.

I swing my legs back to the floor and twist up my body like a thumb toy then hustle up the what maybe eight dollhouses straight into the shower, shedding my clothes in a pile on the bathroom floor whereas the doll version of myself would've strung them up real nice on the hooks before doing an incredible two foot jump fully stiffened into the tub wherein some massive ghostly index finger would've slid the glass door shut. Here I wash yesterday's effluent off of me and I believe I see it slightly darkening the water rushing for the drain, juxtapose to the tub but maybe the tub is filthy too or maybe it's too clean. I look out the

window and do unrealised diagnostics of how many people in it's cone of vision granted my eyes' angulature to it are showering right now and how many of those maybe five, given it's 1pm, are pulling the same shower diagnostics counting me a digit; probably zero.

I hit the hose off the second it switches itself cold, rebuking it for its grudging temperament, but I'm naked and it doesn't respect me it'll do it again next time. I towel off then I wonder how many of these hairs populating the tub are mine and I figure probably most probably not all, but I wash them into the drain trap anyway and I quantify a sliver of charity into my day to make me feel even better post shower.

Wow now what clothes do I wear? Probably same trousers sweater combo as yesterday. Probably yea they're already laid out in a crumple on my chair right there no sense in pulling a hung up number off its pedestal:: wear the proletariat of my clothes in the hopes that one day they'll revolt,, then I'll wash them. Besides, the justified true belief that I'll do nothing with the day infers that I oughtn't dirty up a new ensemble,, only whatever common decency and sense of hygiene I have been instilled with prevents me from sliding on yesterday's sweated in underwear.

There, I clap my hands, ready for the day. Then I slink stomp back down the stairs and resume my position on the couch for the viewing pleasure of my neighbours and maybe now they think I'm ready for the day, how wrong they are, same as me not a minute ago, what a gag. I crane over the coffee table to clumsily roll a joint, clumsily only because I've just washed all of the grease off of my body and my fingertips gain too much traction on the paper and I can't even draw them over my forehead to gather grease cos I washed that too. I step the three/ four dollhouses out the door to spark it up but look I'm in a coat now when did I do that? Some second nature smoker's instinct musta been and as my thinking's turned about by this I notice Robin out here smoking also and I nod at them.

“Nother day.”

"Yet another one, yes."

I power down into a chair on the porch and light the doob and pull on it like I'm tonguing vibrato on a trumpet to ensure it's lit right and even and I blow out a plume and it rises and pulsates right, out from under the roofing, and then up and around like a drawing of a plume.

"What you saying?"

"Working from home today."

"Classic."

I say classic an awful lot it wraps up typical without saying "typical" these people know I say this they expect it it is the bread and butter of our conversations. I I I I I I I typed out pinky index and thumb in a fiddle twitch octo stutter don't know what to say to them anymore there it is the mistrust in my beliefs dampening my range of dialogue to a pinprick or two like my mind's eye is an experiment of Thomas Young's some interferometer,, all topics the meagre refraction of a singularity,, the variously luminous columns become bars I want somehow to figuratively shake side to side and back and forth and bellow through then sit on a worn stone bench and listen to a leak drip its maniacal rhythm for my cell is damp.

"Well,, that's me," Robin says as he kills his roach bent up chaotic in the ashtray and steps back inside his side of the house. I pucker my lips and nod and pull on the joint and pan right over the stoop view and do the act of thinking without really thinking; zone out the noggin so it's flushed full merely of sensation, the sights, the brisk breeze brushing my face, my weight on the soles of my feet. Were I to think.. perhaps I'd manufacture plans for the day, perhaps I'd be rushed throughout with self-disdain followed by motivation. Maybe I could reminisce and let the historic feelings of my breast resurface to instill me with life again;; the feelings of joy or abandonment as a child,, the intrigue or loneliness of adolescence,, the superior thrive or initial depressive wrinkle of young adulthood. But no, instead I zone out on the surroundings,, merely metaphorically imagining my brain smooth like some marketable ergonomic like a moist, silken flat cap. I tamp what maybe the 5000th roach out and scratch softly

behind my ear like someone with something to be pensive over, then I turn to go through the door.

Now the spindle of the day's time belongs to my high for a brief stint, and the confusing way it knots and loops creates fissures that render chunks of time secondless,, smoothed out and imperceptible like my brain haha. All I need to do is unstrap my watch from my wrist and not glimpse the miniature digits in the top right of my laptop screen above whatever phantasmagoric youtube vids of Tim Duncan's fundamental bank shot or the same David Daniels strata-cut video for the 70th time. All I need to do is lay back on the sofa and focus on the feeling of my hips against the cushions or my feet and head against the arms for a while and the day will speed its rotation like catching a boost at the end of a drift in MK.

All I need to do is read for twenty minutes that is literally all it takes to explain maybe three hours to my roommates or myself:

"I read.... uhh.....yea."

All I need to do is cook an egg to justify one hour:

"Uhhh...cooked a meal.."

Three pull-ups; yesterday's four empties fade-awayed into the recycling; walk to the smoke shop. All things I can pad a description of a day with, structuring the facade of me as a regular up-'n'-at-em human. Look, even this brief meandering into hypothetical can be spun as "Worked on myself," or, "Introspection."

"Worked on the great art of *spin*. *Spintrospection*."

Wiping the soupy skin from my eyes I realise the need to polish half of my water bottle off to fend off turning into a raisin. Also a great excuse to reorient myself orthostatic where I can doubly slap my haunches and pretend anew that I'm going to be productive. I kick off my slippers and pull on shoes of mine that require no horning on or tying up. Pull my coat on willingly this time and whip out the door before I have a chance to change my mind. Lock the door beyond a

reasonable doubt and hurtle down the stairs to get the blood pumping to increase the potential of a temporarily debilitating injury. Hop three steps pretending I have one foot in a sling. Ok now I'm in this direction without looking back; the trajectory best suited to leave orbit but now where do I go? The nature of the grid in the city gives me some factorial "!" of potential routes. This makes me want to u-turn home, indulge in the basic, but I soldier on, an endeavour for purpose.

My left leg is walking funny? Not a belief but a quandary. Psychosomatic I am creating the funny it is normal. I observe people walking around and automatically consider their use of time the inverse of mine. They are all working jobs they love. They all cook themselves elaborate, caring meals. They all vacuum daily and sleep on fresh pillowcases nightly. I consider whether I am a voluptuary compared to them or they are to me? Perhaps neither. I light up the roach, previously shoved in a pocket, tucked between the covers of a pack of zig-zags, and think it must be me. But on the first hit I remember I'm not happy and figure it must be them.

I see a family walking up the pavement towards me and I must've just noticeably panicked what with being stoned and all, and doubled back for worry of spooking them then worried about the doubling back and an appearance of fallibility and tripled back and worried finally about their considerations of this insanity and quadrupled back to skirt quickly around the corner and into the alleyway at a doubled pace that they never see me again. They must just think I forgot something at home then found it then was disproven by pocket-grip.

I remember to breathe and the slow indefinite sway of a balsam fir, some two thousand lego trees, affirms me with an imaginary nod I can take to whatever bank of natural confirmation in my head. I slow my gait to lope and slalom through the alleyway where one is less encumbered by the trappings of propriety. I do a Bane-style Maximus-style open arm turnabout that morphs into Homer helicopter parenting and Maria in the hills in my head and I slam my arms to my sides and survey the windows witness to my indiscretion for

occupied gaze.

This whole take a walk outside idea is proving to be pitted with issue all unrelated to my being high it's the world that's the problem I shake my fist at it flaunting disregard for the windows' alley-facing residents. I'm ready for the streets again I'm resteeled and have accessed some superior modality where the concerns of others are irrelevant, nay, respectful,,, my gait switches again to prideful and long and my boots connect with the concrete in a most satisfying manner.

We're in the zone of higher incidence now, turning onto Main. We? Yea, me the chimera. Shut the fuck up, you. Got it. Whip my head in a cleansing flurry a cute quirky thing for me to be seen doing while looking tall and adult, humbling but also intensifying; implying anguish and confusion but therein implying mental activity, something abraded away in cities where you walk through grey and refuse to make eye-contact with people. You look to the floor or to a vague horizon or you check the architecture or you clock the time or you window shop or if you do catch eye-contact on the fly you bump out a lil nod and search for their kinetic response. It's quiet out today, though, and I can sweep my gaze pretty much wherever without stressing voyeurism.

How do the architects in this city present their work to their parents when it is so unabashedly conformist and not even futuristic and pretty unanimously uglier than what preceded it. What brash judgment, though, from me, whose thought-ideas no doubt would be grimaced at by the conscience of a person of a previous generation, wherein thought must've been clearer and more sleek no? What crude cynicism, from me, who's not built anything let alone a building, from me, who can't afford to live in a 1br condo missing a closet but there's a lift and a strata-council. Architects these days grew up too contemporaneously with Lego is the belief I will forge of this stream. The balconies balustraded in plastic lookalikes some analogue for *clean* but also beckoning towards a fake potential in alteration. The complex dollhouse of a child's imagination and willpower as opposed to the prefabricated ideologue of residence inculcating new generations

of Home Alone dreamers is the new inculcation in capitalism and its many promises fending off the constant burden of unfulfilment. Kids in these condos not raised on the chaotic lego anymore but Hogwarts/Death Star instructionals emulsifying their fantasy into capital for more fantastical cookie-cutting, brought up in some superficial sense of community by dint of occupying a cell in a large building organism, the righteousness of neighbourliness touted to them by their parents who shirk it after bedtime when they gab,, the whole construct rendered meaningless when you learn about your nation's concerning levels of xenophobia or any historical event.

Do I have more beliefs when I'm out of the house or when I'm simply high? Can I alternate to a sober mind state right now or do I have to go get stoned at home? How to even make the switch? Walk more upright? Act less like something could kill me? Or act more like something could kill me?

I'm approaching being free of belief again, everything seems in a parallax view like some reverse of my double vision earlier. I defocus again, making two utility poles of one, and I flip the arrows so I'm glimpsed variously by the phantom logs;; one sees my right side with the mole on my cheek; the other the left, with its slight stroke-ish langour. I gotta decide which object to turn into, which subject to amuse.

The right, and I perk up the sag on the sinister side and refocus on the chosen pole to doff my hat to it as the parallax me trudges in the other direction to some different future.

I can feel the urge of the loop bubbling up in me drawing me back home where there's supine in the cards. I take another right to fight it and come upon a group approaching as if from that there brewery but they wouldn't, I know these people, they're up from the park, Dana, Harry, Mo, Thea,, some friends of theirs I've seen about but don't know. Dana's goading me so I fake blank her hand up to shield my face style then loop around into the back of the group so they don't have to break their stride since I got nowhere to go.

"Look who's out and about."

I'm hardly in a shiny red convertible, glancing in the rearview, readjusting my shades. I look like a pneumatic, head high key shaded like a skull, thick hood squeezing in my face in the temperate like an incomprehensible zit.

"Research for a dream."

"Ah, so I've gotta be the one holding your hand [through the streets of underwater L.A.], now."

"Nahahah, I'm in the market for a newscaster right now."

"I can do Cronkite, sure," she grabs me by the scruff and gets all low-voiced and bug-eyed, "THIS LIFE'S A GAME,,, IT'S A GAME." I laugh it off and yea probably will dream about that.

"What sorta play you all making, then?"

"Candace here needs a new bike, we're turfing to find one."

Candace turns around to wave at me a little shoulder height static wave.

"Rockin'."

"And what is it that you do, _____?"

[[[[["I drink water cold and piss it out hot."

"Gross," Dana says.

"Here I thought it was meagre."

"Do you shit cold?"]]]] Candace is being unduly polite, maybe, which flows me full of beliefs I'd be better off not having.

"Only when I'm angry."

I hang back a step or two to light up a smoke to break this little introductory digression short, then shuffle quickly back to the tail of the caravan. I catch a brief revery glimpse of the strokey-face me palling it up in the middle of the group and I decry myself for picking the wrong option yet again.

"So what sorta bike you after?"

"Town? I guess?"

"An A to B kinda number, I see."

"The kind with two pedals and at least one wheel."

"Steering mechanism."

"Little chair."

"Some sort of ferrous metal."

"Carbon fibre??"

This is how conversations devolve now; into ironic listicles. We find it preferable to satirise our generation than to amend it, devolved to referential definitions.

"Fork."

I catch Candace's eyes and we both smize at the *funny little back and forth* how nice it is we speak the same language.

"Dorian sold all his things today. You coulda got his bike for some small sum I bet,, shame."

"What's he gonna do with no things?"

"Live without things I reckon, I'm starting to get it a bit more." No I'm not. Where would I be without bedding or a pile of books arranged just right that I can look at it and not grab one? Damn it I may just have to do things of my own interior volition! I would stagnate and my smell would finally be clear through the fog of arrangement I make around myself.

"You coming in?" We're at the shop.

"Nah, I'm gonna prowl on."

"Nice to meet you," Candace is waving again.

"Likewise," I do a peace sign and swivel around and trundle on into whatever choppy ocean of solitude the streets can provide. I cut a side and I'm walking down another alleyway now and though it's cold out the sun is beaming, and though the alleyway is cast mainly in shadow the rear sides of the shops on Main are sunlit,, maybe their top three quarters, illuminating a choppy line of paint, clumsy roller overspill of pink on white,, right angled rhizomes of tendrils bending out a twist from whatever base structure plane of inconsistency lol. Shadows scatter the walls, they are focused with the blur of a spray can or sharp like on film depending on their forms' locations relative. Occasionally my own shadow; [[[walking its bike, holding a glass coke and a cig in one hand, pant legs tucked into socks,]]] passes through a bright trapezoid and I take pause to clock that it looks cool, its posture and gait and the way its clothes hang on its body, and I wonder if that makes me look cool and how that degree is compounded by my being in an alleyway as opposed to Main and I think about

how shadows in alleyways are better than on Main where they're ruined by all the glass, there's also something nice about a shadow that only you see of yourself, some vision penumbra more evocative than looking in a mirror it's like seeing yourself from behind like in third person. And I wonder to what degree this shadow of me is smaller than me or bigger or what golden ratio distance and angle must I have to stand at to achieve some sort of identity. Would the sun not have to be my size? Or large enough that its surface would tend to flat? Is the shadow only identical when you're standing flush up against the wall letting its stucco accupoke you in your back and the shadow is invisible, basically nonexistent? When I'm a shadow like this to humanity and humanity is in penumbra I do wonder if with the definitives of definitions I have in my mind,, people with their names,, blur into theory like a shadow you can't see. I become like the sun and can't possibly believe in shadows for all I see is so gloriously bathed in like. I bathe my reality in observation. Is this solipsism? I don't disbelief the existence of other people when I can't sense them, their forms merely change for me as an individual. The language surrounding them ripples into the figurative or something. They all become presupposed shadows that must exist in the interstice between two touching objects vision to light.

I'm getting awfully beliefy here in this alleyway it's interfering with my do-nothing-mote-floating-in-space day week month year life. How am I supposed to drift according to some tangent to brownian if I can't allay thoughts and beliefs that lead to wondering that lead to desire that lead to my action/inaction bind at the end of every avenue at the end of every day my last vision before I fall asleep? Yes, this is dangerous this high solitude these are the zones in which I either accumulate too much hope or discover too much despair and then my next three weeks or so are whipped like a big dusty rug in whatever disappointing direction never will it stand up straight on its edge like some wall I can observe standing right in front of it.

But I'm out for a walk and that's good and I can grab coffee is a thing people mention they grab it'll fill out my life like the scaffold of a big white tent pitched in a field. "I consumed a coffee every day" check the pinnacles the brief consistencies between the era before coffee where, what, juice was the thing? And

the future structure where, who knows, maybe medicine for my thyroid shapes every day, pyramidal in a pattern, canvas weathered,, revellers dispersing from the function across the lawn to their cars. Cars. The revelation in my mindless walk across the zebra like Indiana Jones leap of faith presumption of safety there's laws y'know. One jerks to a stop and I imagine the fusiform body of its flange butt into the side of my thigh meet kinda cold,, bend me in a new exotic stretch. I manufacture a scuttle of the same pace I'm walking at as amends to the driver and I keep better attention crossing the other lane lest people think I have a death wish.

I enter the coffee shop with the air of a casual Sylvester, hands in pockets eyes straight up rocking on feet whistling a tune. No-one need know my drunken insecurity making me wobble for not feeling a foot to stand on. I have money to spend that I make by interacting with people in this here exact situation but mirrored and yet when I encounter it as the enemy, as the belligerent, I clam up and totally defer to whispered judgments ricocheting in my head, making me act inoffensive in public and yield any notion of territory or entitlement, not that I harbour such sentiments anyway, I'm a regular 'here's this, it's ours, let's share, I don't even want any, me' guy hands up open at my shoulders. I do want an iced americano, though, and I say as much to the cute cashier barista whose eyes brush up against mine but for a second like the attention of an independent tomcat in the street that I want to pet but whose spine of mackerel fur shies away perfectly from my hand. She doesn't seem mad at me though even though she immediately turns her back to me to prepare my coffee, and that's all the really matters. I tip my change loudly so that she registers my benevolence, such that my generosity can reverberate around the shop clanging [the christian tolling of noon on a Sunday in a Catholic country graced by sunlight]. The rounded sound washing experience in the rote simplicity of god's intention for humans to do the same thing forever until your kids are ready to fill the void that you're shrivelling out of and into yourself creates. These thoughts occupy me as I wait for my twenty first century communion. The caffeine we all now flock to to stimulate us sufficiently that we're capable of following the bogus prompts the

world now demands of us. Shift me into the gear that'll rock me over the dread hump of my depression holding me stock still, will drive me into happiness and productivity and prolificacy and my hands will grow big and my beard will grow bushy and wise and my legs will stretch out like those of a spider and I'll tower over the competition; all other humans, and all will know my wired name and see my eyes buzz with an electric glow. These clearly aren't legitimate beliefs I'm experiencing, so I'm not in violation of my rules for the day. I'm just mentally joking around playing with interpretation of getting a coffee like *what does it all mean* style like how I used to more, closer to my university days, when questions were more in vogue and I wasn't so immediately inclined to obstinacy and the notion that if there is truth, it's fucked and not worth understanding. If I were to assign myself to hardened belief I would likely take my coffee for here and indulge in the third wave confidence of my action; "I'm here to make it big and do the work in this space designed to displace the dirty shop that used to be here that revelled in its own stasis and made no waves beyond feeding a family and supplying the local community with toilet paper and kids toys. I'm here to write such code that no indigent need work for themselves again, now they can simply do the scripted bidding of a corporate machine. And I'll decry police discrimination loudly on the phone while I do so so that everyone here understands my goodness and my understanding of the problems of the age." Clickety clack clickety clack. Where does my anger and judgment come from? [Here I ironically take this thought down now on a branded laptop in a wallpapered clinically lit cafe playing indie electronic music in a bubble isolated from the grime and street markets of Myrtle Avenue outside who am I?]

I get my coffee and depart, looking back over my shoulder to the barista, an instinct of mine towards the opposite sex that I have a hard time shaking as much as I want to. I need to know what they think of me I need to be able to believe that something could happen and the only way to spark that flame and then nurture it against the cold wind of my disdain is by flashes of looks and extrapolations of the slight twitches around eyes and mouths and the way hands move slowly and intentionally through the air that we share, it's ours, I don't

even want any though, me. Not being overly religious or pursuant of success in work I need to entertain my delusion somehow, and this is how.

I have my coffee now and have furnished my day with further explanation as to what I have done for when I see people later and they want to pass judgment about what I've been doing while they've been at work. I work too, but not according to a set schedule as these people do. Also I tend to while my days off away and fear seeing my own shame in doing so reflected in the eyes of others. With coffee in hand and the close embrace of the cold outside I must now also smoke, I must balance the turbo wing of caffeination spiralling through me, driving me with buzz, with the turbo wing of nicotine smoothing out the acceleration, giving it such impetus that my body knows it's all in aid of an ultimate death. Turn RNA to DNA and add an angry symmetry to my life, a totemic scowl to the face I apply against reality. I puff back and brush the air around me with the blue grey miasma of satisfaction, then I slurp a dash of shiny golden brown to cut the dry with import labour pressurized squeeze moisture of the earth. It feels good to take and consume and it validates my existence as a human to do so. Shouldn't think too much about this though. Oughtn't believe too much about my grounded place in the world when on a day like today I want to float.

Still though, existing like this is limiting. Actively refusing to believe is draining and unintuitive. We're designed to believe to keep us alive and safe and so we can shape an understanding of the world so we can get ahead. Is my active desire to float listlessly and not hold beliefs a symptom of deathdrive? Or is it further denial? If I'm incapable of belief, I can't hold certain beliefs regarding my hatred for myself. My anger at my laziness. My disdain for the way I treat reality. But what is it all and why do I have to try to understand? Understand the pain of humanity and the ravaging of nature and the soreness of love and the ripeness of hate and the beauty of death and the rottenness of life and the chintziness of beauty and the attractiveness of ugliness and the cage of language and the wall of movement and the prison of skin and the openness of sleep and the

endlessness of trash and the incompleteness of desire and the consistency of chaos and the inertia of time and the muddle of society, the authenticity of poverty the sham illusion of wealth, and the comfort of addiction and the truth spoken by a creaking door and the coalescence of these aspects into the murky lattice of existence and I must still be a bit high at least I must carry with me a constant warp of stupid funky interpretation. But through this interplay of words and meanings is it not better to undefine and lackthereof and listless and walk slowly and just look and not think? Not contribute to the muddle. That's what I tell myself that I'm trying to do, perhaps as an explanation for my inability to think clearly and with meaning. Perhaps whatever directive-preventing mental illness I may or may not have requires an excuse to maintain itself rationally. At least the stringent insanity that envelops my life is a reasonable lawyer.

I wander around more blocks I've haunted for years. A GPS line following me through space over time would be wound like a spool inertly around these hollow buildings with nothing more than local import. I crane my head and neck back in a stretch but also the makings of a physical scream as I feel lost and at a limit and incapable, these thoughts I maintain even in attempts to reject belief do not fulfil me. They fill my time but they manifest themselves like useless ruins of an inexistent people. The blue of the sky is total and in between the fade to white elipse of my vision I can get lost and rediscover myself in absentia. The cold on my face is the only reminiscence of my physicality. It pushes down on me and I can feel the soles of my feet. I falter like this often. Angrily trapped between denial and belief.

Probably time for home now. I daren't spend any more money and this excursion has only embittered me and brought me dangerously close to hardened beliefs. I need to go back and decompress and isolate myself from the world into a bubble of disbelief. And probably get stoned again as entertainment and to dilate time, I want more and less time, at the same time, so that this stupid day whizzes by but also so that I can wring out every last drop of experience juice from it. So that I may think the whole time about the nothing of it all. What

a joke I am, I think to myself as I trip against the pavement from dragging my feet and catching one against an unflush tile. I happen forwards in three big steps to balance myself and not fall, though this instinct doesn't matter and simply prevents a slight embarrassment and a scuffed knee. The embarrassment of the stumble would have been tantamount to whatever biff I suffered.

I walk back forlorn now, beaten down by the comedown from weed high, to the slouching rhythm of a paradoxically angry insouciance, scuffing my feet further along the sidewalk to tempt another tumble to grab me and handle me from the autonomy of my own life. Have the universe act upon me instead of still only being at the whim of my own drive. My feet don't ever catch though and it can't be forced. The iced americano in my hand is just ice now, its meaning all gone, a shadow of itself. It is no longer a coffee but it is the coffee in my hand. I hold my dollhouse self in my hand, bereft of my representation, just the word untapped. Tapped out. A dry water tower or a novel of no text. The plastic crumbles down straight lines into convex triangles opposed to the shape of my fleshy grip. It winces like it's been punched in the gut. The ice is small now, itself between instantiations of existence. Altering itself with the heady heat of time from one state of being to another. It houses itself in its own soup. These thoughts are junked because I am the same. There is no profundity in my self-exclusion from belief systems as there is no profundity in my thoughts. It is simply a cop out and an ad hoc explanation of my own inability to live up to the standards of creation I set myself when I was, what?, seven years old. I've been chasing this carrot, becoming distracted by ass and drugs, for twenty three years and still have not had a nibble. Have merely shaun tooth sized strips of skin from it, that have floated down on the wind into my pockets where they wait to be woven together into cohesive fabrics that maybe other people might enjoy but likely not why would they when I've let them mould and wither.

I stop to breathe. I try to accept the whole world into the pan of my diaphragm. I want it to smother the embers of my current thought process. I look up at the same balsam fir as before. It sways as though it is making its mind up

between two pastries in a cafe. Like it is choosing which of its selves to be before shattering parallax and becoming singular. It no longer reminds me of two thousand lego trees. It makes me feel small again, which is good because it makes my feelings feel smaller. Perhaps I don't need to head straight home. Funny, on the same block where previously I'd doubled back and forth and back and forth from stone paranoia. Really makes you think about psychic energies and zones of higher inference or interference I don't even know what I mean when I even hazard beliefs I can't have them because there are no words for them. Palm to forehead to make a loud smack really make a point of cupping the air and popping it, we want people peeping out of their windows at the commotion outside.

I don't need to go home I'm out in the world it's airy and a flurry of insight. The expanse of visions string about like the dense hairs of a violin bow, but a bow the breadth of reality designed to tremor me and my sense. Bring me to sight and life. These fibres become points at home, where I know what to expect constantly, where there's no use for belief. I simply know the deal, it's a static wasteland there, a statuary of my complacency, the rooms made temple of the reverence I reserve for lounging. Impossible to float there like a particle on the wind, though, given the rigidity. The forging of a tableau morte of myself in enigmatic poses lauding screens of various descript. Best I stay outside, a dinghy to be tossed about on the rapids of the searching of my body and mind. Garner visions and sensations to bring back like kibble to my peers. Here's what I saw, here's a little anecdote, a little ditty, some words to render image in thine mind, some validation for my own experience of this world we share.

And it's sad because you want to be making hark-worthy memories the whole time with 'the one you love' but they're not there yet despite your faith one day they will be. You only have a collage of memories with others; people who hate you now, or don't think about you, or have found someone else.

As a child you only remember, like memorising your favourite book,, and your parents figure those memories framed in romance. Then you grow up, and they separate, and memory begins to fail you and sweet memories sour and you learn that memories are not the currency of relationships, quite. But the child within you yearns for them and wants them to frame the vision of a child half your own in the majesty of sweet memories; that doughy miasma of the madeleine, and you're dying to have as many memories with this supposed one person to authenticate the bank that your lil'un is meant to loan from but they are not here yet and the worth of this potential bank wanes with every moment and you long for the long wax and a wax comes and you'll stroke a mesmerising cheek in some golden ratio fibonacci tableau-vivant that sparks with life as a memory but the relationship framing it will eventually crumble and break down and wane before its fruits and the wintry moments between will fill your time as a filler devoid of 'valuable memory' and you will shirk it but for the anecdotes that prop up your value as a mate,,, as someone to forge memories with enough memories to fashion a nest with enough warmth and trust and love and the sequence of shabby, useless, and unfinished nests you've left in your wake will pound you down into unlovability and it will be torturous and this is but more fodder to animate passion in you to keep fashioning but the trappings of life now will weigh you down and perhaps you can't weather it and you miss a checkpoint in this fluctuous turnabout and you slump just your rifle your pony and you.

The sky's totally prettier when framed by brick and stucco and trees and cloud most importantly brick I guess the brown and the blue and life is totally prettier when framed by work and stress and relationships and night but most importantly work I guess the toil and the sense of direction like a column against the splendid grandeur of a vision of existence un beholden to anything a bird flying by on a Saturday.

I'm walking down another alleyway now and though it's cold out the sun is beaming, and though the alleyway is cast mainly in shadow the rear sides of the shops on Main are sunlit maybe their top three quarters, illuminating frayed paint roller lines of pink over white. Shadows scatter the walls lined with their own blur of a spray can or sharp like on film, depending on their forms' locations relative. Occasionally my own shadow; walking its bike, holding a glass coke and a cig in one hand, pant legs tucked into socks, passes through a bright trapezoid and I take pause to clock that it looks cool and I wonder if that makes me look cool and how that degree is compounded by my being in an alleyway as opposed to Main and I think about how shadows in alleyways are better than on Main where they're ruined by all the glass, there's also something nice about a shadow that only you see of yourself, some vision penumbra more evocative than looking in a mirror it's like seeing yourself from behind like in third person.

Some drunk jokers walk by as I'm sat astride the cement porch railing smoking a cigarette listening to Madlib's 'the stroll'. The one without a bike flips me double the bird and says wassup as if I couldn't jump on him from up here, destined to walk directly below me, his friend asks if I'm having a good night. I ash my smoke before it's finished and the wind is blowing tonight and embers dazzle a huge bass clef in front of me, in the middle of the railing. It's always embers and smoke that tap me into compartmentalisation of moments, thinking one is special, or reflecting upon whatever significance or feeling PROBABLY BECAUSE IT HOLDS TO REASON THAT I'M HIGH. But then I sit down to write and I pick up my stride to clock again that my stride is a shuffle.? and I have to play along by writing more of the same little notes to myself as though they mean something and I'll say something about the paper-thin stack of moments that time is like I've spoken about that before every little hiccup I write as though about a thought fleshed out they all represent small minute moments I don't write in swathes. I need to harness broader action terms like, "I worked down a mine," or, "I made lunch." Not everything requires an incredible amount of indulgence and god damn even this EVEN THIS I looked away for a fuckn second to Spotify and I'm back and

Yea who know's what happened there I just stopped I think I watched a movie that night, I my chair in my room, or perhaps I jerked off first in that chair in my room but the idea is still palpable and the ending a thought unfinished is formally indicative of what I was writing about my writing but not even in a manufactured way I swear I literally must've just forgot I was writing and now I'm scrolling around and I find it and read it and lol at the "I'm back and" what a

fuckn goof I am.