

WHITE
FLOWERS

▪

POETRY



KENNY FLATEN

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for anyone
who does not know themselves
and searches their own mind for
a white flower

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION



THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND POETRY I AM ABOUT TO SHARE *with you occur in various places; space, the ocean, a coffee shop, the sidewalk under street lamps, and the forest. This book is an experiment I've composed to contemplate enlightenment.*

Before you begin to read, I would like you to close your eyes, take a deep breath in, and become aware of all the sounds in existence around you. Feeling your heartbeat, imagine that time is slowing down as you are falling across the event horizon of a black hole. You hit the singularity and all that is happening ceases to be. And in this moment, ask yourself: who are you?

– Kenny Flaten

the self is an absent vessel
with clear blood running through it's veins
it contains a mind with no thoughts and no resistance
no interactions between it and the outside world

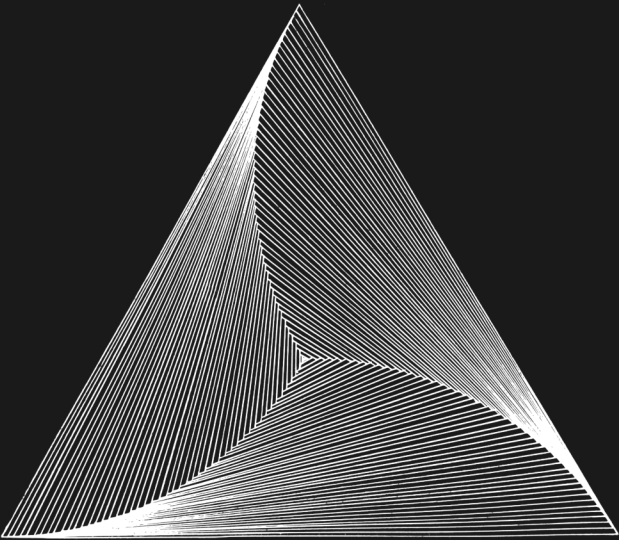
it walks around with 5 slits for a face and breathes in the air
knowing every scent yet not saying a word to anyone

the self ridicules and ceases reaction
trying to stay awake through the end of the day

when it dreams however it does not see the void
it sees fields of wispy white untouched my man

and it smiles plucking a flower from the ground
waking up to cold pillows and the empty raven room

[THE SELF]



sitting still on this rock is a lighthouse
where i seek anything to spark the changing of the day
but there is only the crashing of the waves
and the crisp bouquet of a storm 10 miles above my eyes

the water is viscous yet accelerating smoothly
like the chaos of thoughts that happen during a realization
or the feeling you get when drinking water
after a night terror of dehydration

though in the middle of a tidal wave
i can see an abiding absence of self
pulling in any boat that shall travel toward me
and attempt a deliverance of yellow flowers

viewing this catastrophe i jump and scream
against any judgment the void makes
for it loves to watch me suffer below this
revolving strobe of white flower light

and i lay down on the rough rock
ready to collapse with eyes open as wide as the void
growing deeper than my search for identity
and falling asleep to the sound of pitch-black

[VOID IN THE SEA OF THOUGHTS]



it is quite silent in here with the monochrome wallpaper
lining my mind to control my perspective
despite the rattle of the photic zone
and the boats floating by as the moon does

drifting down slowly through the water
past a fortunate anglerfish
my skin resists against the pressure of this nether world
but alas it remains matte with the effects of gravity

so intense the stillness becomes
as is the general theory of relativity
where a falling man from a roof floats within a box
yet ceases to know any external happenings

pulling me in farther this warp in space is
to the point of concluding the face of feeling real
and shattered my thoughts are in the case of not knowing
how the light around me has disappeared

[THE SEA'S THOUGHT EXPERIMENT]

beyond the abyss and into the hadal
the water envelopes me like
i have been predestined to drown
within my own bed

i notice the ocean floorboards to my dismay
they are the lights at the end of the tunnel
and the synthetics in the pillow beneath my head
much unlike the colorful clouds i am used to

if i reach for one
will i be greeted by the creator with breath
or by torture with an anchor through my lungs
for the next 6 minutes of my life

[DEATH'S OCEAN FLOORBOARDS]

the minutes pass through my head
reclining within newton's cradle
and hurling the momentum of time
from my feet up into my right temporal lobe

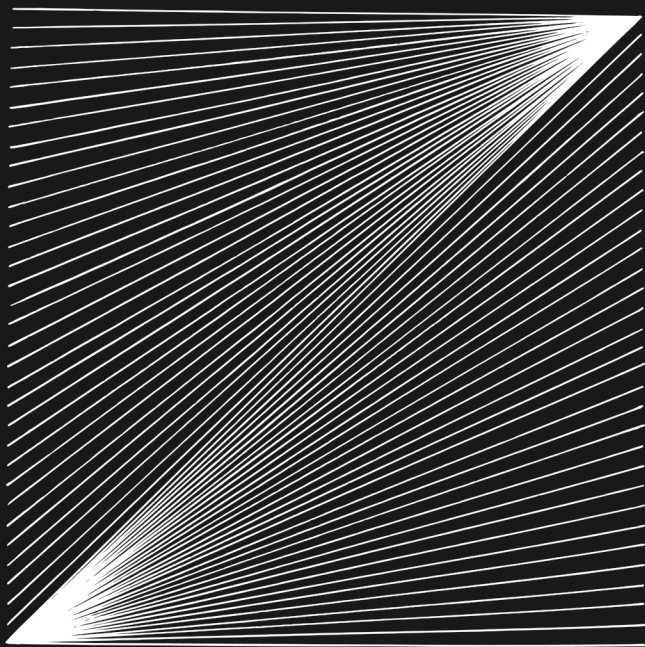
envying the water is the least of my worries
it will not help the predicament i am in of considering
the heavily textured grain that haunts my sleep where the
wooden trenches fluctuate enough to form tsunamis

attached below with nowhere to move except downwards
i fall limp with no mindset to care and a relaxed state
like collapsing from a cliff to the ground
within every third childhood dream i had

i brush the facade of the wood with curiosity
and the water shivers as the tectonic plates shift
converging my left brain with the right
as he has concluded with i

except for this time
i have risen in a simpler bed and an empty head
not with the question of where happiness lies
but looking for an answer to who i am

[DEATH INFLUENCES LIFE]



such a simple question that seems natural to ask
yet we are uprooted into the consumption
of subconscious obligations
and never stop in the midst of confusion

well grab a cup of tea and sit down
quite literally sit down
smell the faded crisp air
consider this moment and appreciate life

you are able to touch the demise of meaninglessness
sinking down through death's ocean floorboards
and hear the scratching of wood
as it slips out through the cracks of your fingernails

the posture of your back feels more existent
than it did before your passive haze
and you ask yourself *who am i*
to which the air prepares a phrase

[SEARCHING FOR SIGNIFICANCE]

two perceptions
like the terminating line on halves of the moon
or the graph of dividing by zero
which inhibit a mutual understanding of him and i

two subpersonalities
split vertically through my spine and into the clouds
are not developed for transcendence
but only contained within the proxy of my material thoughts

[BINARY NIMBUS]

he sought to be left alone in thought
cutting circulation from conversation and observing the earth
from an inside mind and birds eye view
being inclined to ask why mankind was so confined and askew

found he so intertwined
people loving the ground instead of one another
selectively fighting for cardinal direction
nailing wooden boards around their skulls

noticing that there was never a time when
everyone was sound
and people picked a flower for beauty
not because it gives them power

[BORDERING LOVE]

today i became him for a few hours
some version from three years ago
where i wrote a ten page paper
over the physics of yellow meadows

it made me completely forget
the parameters of my colorful endeavors
and it concluded my decline in contentment
deriving from knowing why i met you rather than how

[BECOMING HIM]

i am a gray hourglass
and spanning the era while sand sinks to my heels
the saturation of each grain through a spine
attempts to develop in repose

such masses approaching the depths of time
bewilder me that at my current feet
are disassembled petals
laced with the silica of a preceding me

they are a recollection of a lesser self
one that was held together
yet so fragile with with words that anticipated
future events through an underleaf aperture

[THE ~~NEW-OLD~~ OLD NEW ME]

there is a room
with a yellow yew door
thoughts entombed
dripping phrases to the floor

letters traversing across tiles
elevating to others minds
and comprehended beguilingly
devising them blinder than intended

and you are the sole being
pending to step through the door
for resonance to occur between
what they discover and what i endure

[YEW YOU]

at the bottom of every street lamp
you can hear a voice screaming
look at the light bounce off of my canvas
is it not beautiful art

why yes it is
a passerby says
i like the way she talks to you
through her hemp embrace

what do you mean
the ~~artist~~ painter says
this is not a woman
this is a painting

[THE PAINTER AND THE ARTIST]

the sun through my bedroom window
binds these noiseless pages and i lock my eyelids
walking onto a bookshelf shore inside a wonderland and shifting
more diminutive into the story that has yet to be written

my skin vitrifies as i am being spun about infinitely dense space
blurring into a white flower event horizon and i touch the singularity
the glass of my consciousness shatters and scatters across time and i
witness the ensemble of my life happen in this moment

[VERTIGO]

it is so easy to say
that love is the feeling you show
when holding someone close

only then will you realize
even that does not fulfill
the empty void in their life

for unhinging your grasp upon them
is the true sign in what is well
in furtherance for their being

though they have the choice
of running back to your freeing
yet unyielding heart

[THE SELDOM TRUST FALL OF LOVE]

a monument of utter stillness
and a submersion into the sea of moments
this dilemma is
and divided i am

to fall through the abyss of not knowing
what shall happen after sleep
where unhappenings manifest
into my most undreamt fears

or to find words for protesting
vulnerability of the mind
where each consonant strips my voice
from every syllable of meaning

[INSTANCE OF SOMNOLENCE]

presumed to not exist in the eyes
and hearts of pink minds
the black flamingo appears clearer
than the water it stands in

with no leg to rest and a color to want
the absence of so
affects the black flamingo
in resenting vaunt

the sky containing visions
of peacocks and eryngos
a view not portrayed
by the poor black flamingo

pink birds converse
flying over trees
coming back for the water
for the breeze to displease

every word is a color
a shape and a line
but little do pink flamingos know
that black is divine

it absorbs any light
wherever it goes
and dry is the leg
that wears pink for it's clothes

it does not flaunt
for the voids in space
or a koi's face
it is quite nonchalant

and it is never the case
that pink cannot be seen
by a wondrous lack of tint
for it is merely distaste

the pink creatures are not
informed of the absolute truth
that the black flamingo
holds reflective ruth

the flamingos hear of this
from a koi in the water
brushing oil off and were
from themselves dismissed

and from a peripheral view
the pink flamingos see
the black flamingo shift hue
into a beautiful blue

a neptunian masterpiece composed
from unthinkable azures of life
with every feather
stitching a seamless crease

in this outward conception
the pink flamingos look at the sea
and beg the question
why not me

the blue flamingo sighs
you have never wanted to be pink
you have only desired my demise

[THE BLACK FLAMINGO]

the sound of a stream behind me
the indecisions of now
the red flowers close by
and the street lamps that are dimmed

this is a place i go to think
influenced by last year's events
and the cliff taunts
with the previous me

the statue in the middle
moving not for anyone
but waiting for everyone's minds
to resonate with each other

but mine is not resonating
it is lying as still as the bricks beneath
and i am screaming
why me

the rocks lie still in the soil
where my soul sinks
and the insects live life
as though they have never heard verse

for no one ever does
even when i directly reveal
the purpose of a statement

[RELIEVED THAT YOU ARE NOT A FLOWER]

each day in the willow week
i get up in the morning and sit quietly
anticipating something to transpire
but dreams remain where the present should

rising from the floor and leaving the room
lacks the sufficiency in my shadow to conclude
the carpet that stocks inadequate flowers with empty color
simply transparent soil induced into meaninglessness

the wandering down the sidewalk
is like a stroll into the skin that keeps me together
lingering in entirety yet gazing at people's houses
in hopes that they will disregard the blinds above my eyes

and as i am diminishing myself onto merino sheets
after twenty minutes of convincing myself i have
been irrevocably useful for the people in my life
i apprehend that tomorrow will be the same thing

all over again

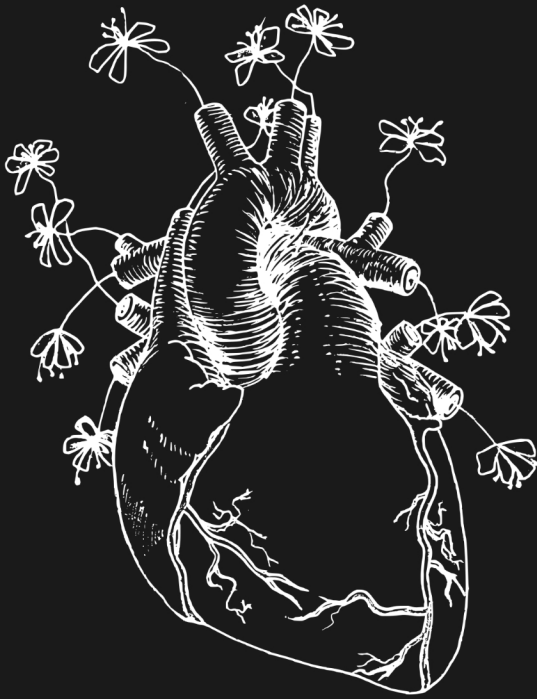
[EMPTY DAYS]

what thinking would you walk if it were not for the present
allowing you to ascertain yourself within words written
on the roads pondered beside westminster bridge
trickling meaning into the river thames for strangers to attain

what would life hold if it were not for poetry
creating the lives of readers
for perennials observed through trees' wind
devise self-actualization and awareness of the mind

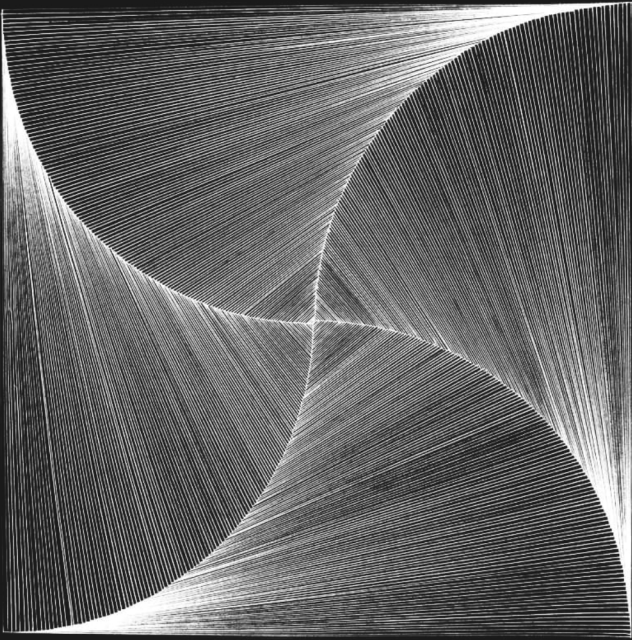
what page would pervade books if it were not for a writer
fulfilling you not only with autonomous love
but the never-ending cycle of kindness
that enables others to align their brain with their heart

[WHAT WOULD IT BE]



a life prevailed contributing to
declaring one's own identity as an individual
is one that i loathe for the sake of the collective consciousness
as the one driven to a state of euphoria is lifeless

[TRANSCENDENCE]



with the sand in my hand
and a door spilling water
from my off my arm and down to the floor
there is left nothing more for him and i

only the space between the light and i
and it seems quite peculiar
how i am no longer part of the line
he leads away from the sea

lifting the bottom of the ocean through his mind
leaving the floor to me nigh
i am still on the ground sinking into my
self-inflicted pond in which i will drown

[THE FLOOR CAME TO ME]

beneath death's floorboards
rests the convulsion of my mourning
where the yew trees grow and white flowers blow
and souls wing their way through the wind

a place in which savoring flaxen wheat for leisure
has no expense to the poor
and everyone knows their enclosed meadow
so much that there is an abundance of affection

it is such of life an alter ego
like the reversed reflection within a mirror
staring back at everyone's fate
and having no remorse in enveloping their terror

[THE ALTER EGO OF REALITY]

you are a black cup of coffee
brewing into the polar crisp air
and reclining into the loft
of both of our minds

and it is awfully frothy
this time of year remains
as the thoughts we think
snow onto the brink of bliss

[LATTE LOVE]



feelings are like the colors on a wheel
each color represents a state of being
and if they rotate fast enough
they turn into the white flower version of us

that is all we really are
walking machines of emotion
with white lining the inside of our eyes
reflecting what others view us to be

of course you never want to get stuck
on just one wavelength
or you might just float away into
a sea of perpetual pigment

[SEA OF EMOTIONS]

you may never know if your perspective is the absolute truth
so you might as well choose happiness and love
instead of waiting for someone else's perspective
to bring those to you

[CHOOSE HAPPINESS]

sitting in the yellow yew room of despair
the words behind my head whisper with anticipation
*write me or you will drown and die in this chair
that lets you end your necessary suffering*

so i lean backward to write
but no words exit my mind to enter my eyes
and the water rises from the ground past my knees
past the pages and up to my neck

*i will tell you one last time
let the purpose flow without hesitation and you will see
that words are not just something you say
but the inception of your life*

so i lean forward to write
letting the sand spill from my mouth and water in my hands
soaking the page with everything i have ever wanted
and leaving life for people to know the tranquility of death

[DIALOGUE WITH DEATH]

when you roam outward from in yourself
do not step on the flowers that let you breathe
they have done nothing to you

when you go to the forest
ponder the plants and wonder why they grow
and everything they do for you through sleep

and worry not of lives concerning others
converge your own purpose and execute it
holding nevermore remorse in your actions

[LIVING MEANINGFULLY]

seize the silence of a morning sun
as it sets into the staves upon your pupils
for you may not know the next time the sun will sound
to test you of the knowledge regarding white flowers

the white flowers are quite peculiar perennials
they grow on nights of breakdowns and deep sorrow
distinct from the nature of yellow
yet enabling yellow to be understood

for when you immerse yourself in ivory fields
encountered is vibrancy in your own eyes
and in fact the yellow all around synchronizing
with the origin of your perpetual existence

[TRANSMUTATION]

life is glass and we are the light, piercing the chaotic
translucence that the water within us comprises
we refract off of each molecule knowing not of where we will
end up, repeating errors in the idea of time

digressing from the original plan of following a life initially
desired, we will have to conclude the one we are living right
now with contentment in order to transcend it

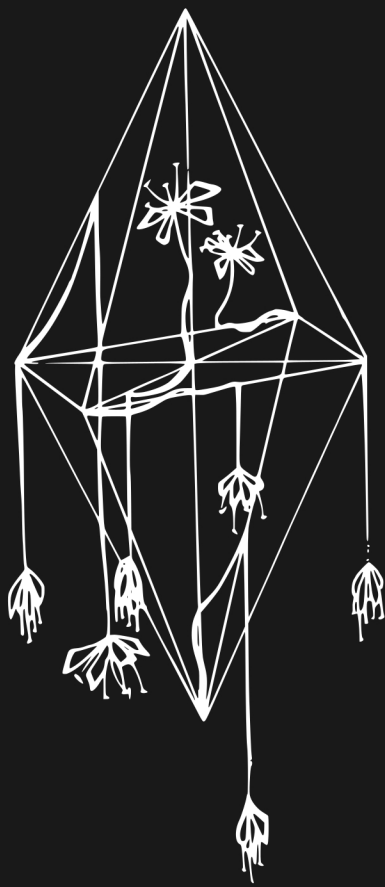
[REFRACTING]

my head is the door to the trees
and my mind is drifting onto the walls of nature
compressing into wallpaper
and beholding the black flowers fall apart

the black flowers are the void
the dents in space-time
that make the gravity of suffering viable
a stream of white flowers never escaping

and somewhither out there must be a white hole
an anti-void to neutralize the feeling of a
slower existence in the quantum field
beneath the firmament and above reality

[BLACK FLOWER FOREST]



go to woods
let the soil crawl into your heart and swallow
the flower petals that inhale colorized air
to liquefy your thoughts into tranquility

converse with the trees
they comprehend the spectacles we have not noticed
and will profess stories of the black flowers
that grow out of our mouths and around our eyes

lay atop the ground
fall through the mere of ascertaining for yourself
and live in serenity with the mists
never nodding to the sound of stagnation

[THE TREES OF TRANQUILITY]

depressing into white wildflowers feels like rising into love
as the opposite dream of pronouncing your petals is loving someone
they assure you that all of the other flowers do not develop suitably
besides the one they have planted for you inside the soil of their soul

and when you are walking across the floorboards of their mind
ask the reflection of their awareness if the self you had before you
met them is the same as the person now living in black flower forest
trying to forget their capsaicin smile at every blooming songbird

[OCTOBER 23]

the flowers are discontented with
watching society crumble like a piece of paper
passing each day as if it were insignificant
never knowing acknowledgment

do not be shocked if misery then is the case
when reaching the result that was desired
it is never about the production achieved
but the process that it takes to get there

[ALL IN THE MINDSET]

i unfastened my irises in leaves today
to espy the colorful transition
from the conviction of myself in the idea of love
to the love within verses of nature

for i cannot find quite such a romance
as that in which i hold with the painting of life
galvanizing revolutions in my dreams
impelling me to exist in solidity

[DEEP BENEVOLENCE FOR NATURE]

empathy is one of the only feeling that connects us
when everything falls apart
for we will never know how to evaluate our own problems
when we need empathy for ourselves the most

[EMPATHY]

nature is where i oft do lay
upon the wind i reminisce
within this bliss i find myself
sip tea as the flowers dehisce

liliums in this wakeful sight
extend my mind to space below
my eyes where petals bloom for me
forming my hands into meadows

the suns are all perennials
contriving in our vivid voids
granting us life through the day to
avoid becoming paranoid

[SPACE SOIL]

do not consider romance as
fancying the thought of someone
transcendence is quite inconsistent
in two figments of that same idea

firstly in that the notion
is simply a synthetic memory
conceived silently to appeal
to your more imaginable self

furthermore that it is not someone
it is all of nature waiting for you to
speak with the flowers
and find solace in living with a purpose

[UNIVERSAL ROMANCE]



to ask the question of
whether intelligence or wisdom is more useful
is to have an inquiry as to whether a
book or reader does more for society

to that i say if a book is published
and it sits on a shelf for the duration of its life
no one would ever know if the tree that was cut down
for those pages had made any noise

[THE SOUND OF WISDOM]

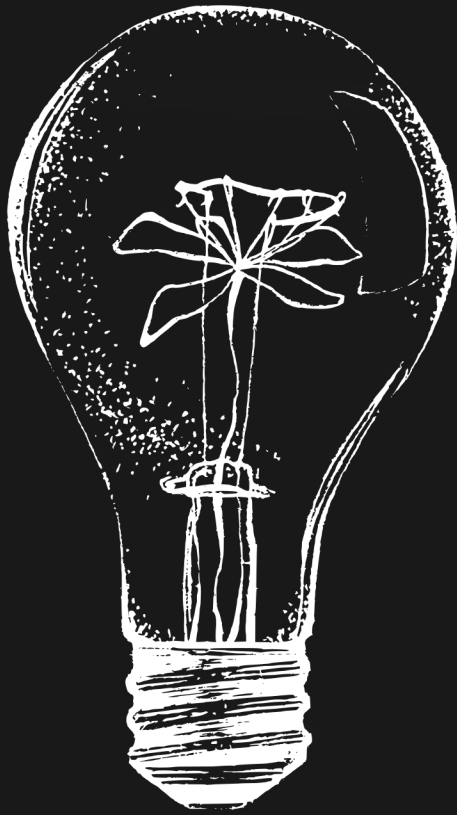
the ultimate waste of human potential is the refusal to
implement meaning into each day
pour ourselves into a chalice of trying
and overflow with the cause of deliverance

[THE ULTIMATE WASTE]

if every neuron in a human
were accurately assembled within a computer
it would not result in consciousness
like the electrons of a light bulb

consciousness is not tangible mass
and has no substance in materiality
it is within genuine subjectivity
as a manifestation of our soul

[CONSCIOUSNESS]



when subconsciousness takes over
i can touch the presence of death
hammering nails into the top of my spine
for him to walk on while i am sleeping

i can envision the journals that portray my life
undated but concluding my existence
written on crumbled flower paper
discarded onto the sidewalk with a tea stain

he lives a fairly normal life
waking at a shimmer of the blooming sun
through the windows of my eyes and
onto the floorboards that silences comprise

for silence in my mind is the key
to unlocking the house that death lives in
and facilitating his imagination to make
everyone else's joy cease from happiness

[TEA STAIN SILENCE]

my only intention in life is to withdraw from society
leaving it more saturated than it's original state
and that in which forever remains black and white
is the consequence of my conflicting internal desires

such ambition for even myself is overwhelming
as the anxiety of decisiveness may dictate
subtle differences in the predestined route of time
yet it omits me with impartial determination

to acquiesce in everything that shall occur
or to require from myself an existential itinerary
the inquiry unwaveringly and constantly
requests that which will eventuate

[TO BE DETERMINED]

beneath the firmament and above reality
is a force that permits bodies to sit in silence
or stay astir with rhythmic momentum
through the crests and troughs of the sea

without it
the idea of love would predominate over
resistance to sleep would give in
and selflessness would deteriorate

the thought of someone would figure
as any other natural relationship would
the stillness of the air could
be enough to satisfy the sails of vessels

the lack of inertia would stimulate the voids
that accumulate in the depths of our hearts
feeding it facades of floorboards that have
flowers painted on them in the absence of soil

[INERTIA]

the grass covering the mind of the mantle
convection currents as the rolling winds
the mirror of death reflecting the shadows
trailing behind us in our blooming dreams

it is quite justified that none of this is real to us
and the white flowers burning in the lava sky are the
only connection we have to the forest floorboards
sweeping toxic oxygen into our yellow flower lungs

he knows though to not breathe the air in
but to go to the white flower forest to live
in solidity with the inertia of nature
to plant his soul into the soil of solitude

[WHITE FLOWER FOREST]

descending into your embrace as a leaf
falls into the currents of the wind
my branches grow yellow flowers
and you touch them with tenderness

the air of your breath drifts through
the conforming grass of my hair
bending to my chilling words
yet sharing this one consciousness together

a kiss is planted on my neck
cultivating my mind and garden spine
to make the world disappear
and accentuate your eyes within mine

[SENTIENT CURRENTS]



it is negligent to force your skin to petrify
as fast as the logs sitting in the forest
the pace at which nature presents beauty
is slower than ours to desire its derivative

for when our heartbeat syncs with that of nature
we begin to see the trees in colors rather than
the black flower sentiment of not knowing
the meaning behind where their roots came from

[THE HEARTBEAT OF NATURE]

if one were to traverse a verge of the universe
i presume that if they peered sideways
they would observe photons suspended on
the surface of their retina remaining to annihilate

noticed would be the instance of somnolence
that ensues the recession of reality
and other people's lives from the outside inward
having experienced the horror of nothingness

the void would devastate their soul
and submerge them in an inlet of impressions
indelibly permeating their minds with the
raven perennials that scotch their self-identity

[THE EDGE OF SPECIAL RELATIVITY]

it seems sincere to believe that losing love is not addicting
except i have established recognition that you cannot do that
it holds quite impossible to misplace something you never held
though it is easy to grow used to the idea of love

moreover particularly when suffering through timely loneliness
do you genuinely grasp the significance of loving yourself
ere attempting to mourn in redundancy concerning
someone who has no interest in comprehending you

[ADDICTED TO INFATUATION]

the oscillation flowing across my spine
is the current between granules of sand
that magnify in the middle of your mind
vibrating and making themselves known

thoughts ripple out from your body
through the syrup-filled moonlight
and i sense the texture of a mirror
that was formed from your past

and the reflection bothers you
because you do not see yourself
you see sand

[MOONLIGHT MIRROR]

i am 6 laying on the couch at 2 am
at the end of the hall i see a man standing at the
edge of my bedroom door with an elevated arm
while this corridor of walls closes in on my vision

his knife does not shed a movement
however it stares deep into my soul
sending me into a possessive trance
stalling my thoughts from progress

i am now standing in the raven room
with a pool of black blood up to my knees
a whitewashed chair in a hidden corner
and echoed screams from 10 feet behind me

i run through the viscosity
and attempt an escape from the terror
but i fall through this mere and wake up
shaken in the alter ego of my dreams

my mother reveals to me a quite odd phrase
that i still do not remember saying
as i was within death's inescapable grasp
they are after me

[THE BURNING HOUSE OF HARWOOD]

if a black flower void begins to develop
throughout your voice and around your eyes
the sole means to behold yellow faultlessly
is by initiating peculiarity in your actions

momentarily detaching yourself from society
taking a voyage to the white flower forest
and constituting yourself inside the ground
where the dust compounds among the soil

to discover the forest
you must recognize that it is indeed invented
by the people who surround you every day
influencing who you are beneath the sun

[COEQUALS]

the night is a storage cell
when bodies slip through their pillows
currents for the stirred are stabilized
several waiting for tides to emerge

the stars twinkle on their synapses
and devise a constellation of
their neurons within the firmament
publicly presenting to others viewing

some get tattoos of thoughts seen
many write about orion and ursa major
yet more merely observe and dismiss
the majority lying dead every day

[THE NIGHT IS A STORAGE CELL]

the ochre leaves rotate with acceleration
in their own elliptical niche
attempting my mind to do the same
but i am unmoving within this wind

this wind of a town
that sleeps to the sound of stagnation
never willing to change for the risk
of knowing more beyond its comfort

the people spin in circles
and are completely fine with the absence
of grounding themselves in significance
that is something i will never understand

[STAGNANT TOWN]

unhealthy friendships are ice within coffee
although they start out steaming with ambition
time slips away as the cubes stay afloat
and they melt into the dilution of you

[ICED COFFEE]



ideas are like raindrops
they come down from the white flower sky
and form a puddle of thought in the street
that ripples until the sun comes to evaporate it

yet people sit inside the safety of their homes
wanting to stay dry in their stable habits
while hoping that when they do walk out the door
they could get a breath of saturated vapor

however enlightenment does not work like that
you either risk getting wet for ingenuity
or stay dry as others think in the rain
your choice is the deciding factor

[THINKING IN THE RAIN]

there is a societal disconnect between
what we are taught to learn and remembrance
a limiting wall that fails to teach us how to
be deliberate in our thoughts and possessions

walk into any college or secondary school and
view the vast majority without long-term visions
an absence of self in assignments half completed
a void of dreams diminished with debt

the *real world* of perpetual billing
default discontentment with what we own
the need to prove ourselves to anyone
who is unable to surpass our possessions

yet we will not confront a passerby with intellect or
a phrase that could inform the world with self-reliance
because we will always think that we have less than
what the next person materialistically wants

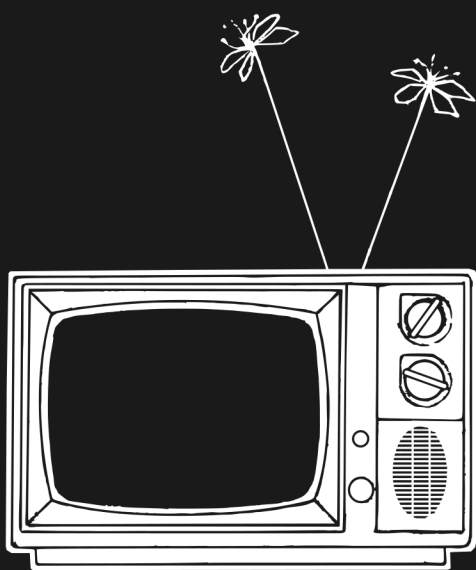
this hinders us from thinking
what do i idealistically need to do in my life
for if everyone were to think in this manner
we would surely eliminate regulated creativity

[REGULATED CREATIVITY]

we are our thoughts and the room is our mind
the universe is the room and space is the universe
everything small convolutes into the matter existing
it is only when we please ourselves that we cease

for consciousness reclines outside of us in the aether
being tuned into by the neurons in our television brains
and when listened to we can hear screams telling us to
change the hearts of people unable to know themselves

[THE MULTICOLORED MIND]



pay attention to what is occurring in a dream
listen to what the people are attempting to show you
they are not merely temporal bodies in space
rather eternal alter egos to when you are awake

when you pass a painting and view the lights on the buildings
immerse yourself onto the sidewalk and breathe the painter's idealism
do not simply gaze at the scene – that is unappreciation for
the effort put into your right as a human to escape your own

for if society were lacking the ubiquity of artists
then what imagination would you possess to ponder upon
which medium would pervade sound to paint over your empty mind
there would remain none to provide you with a longing for passion

rise to the top of a building and experience another realm
it is much more natural to speculate the way you may be living now
when you examine the world in a different sort of light
closer to apollo and farther from your habits

lie on your bed and undergo the silence of the room
observe the light coming in through the window panes
fall asleep appreciating that no one can filch from you
these moments and that thoughts can become your reality

[PARACOSM]

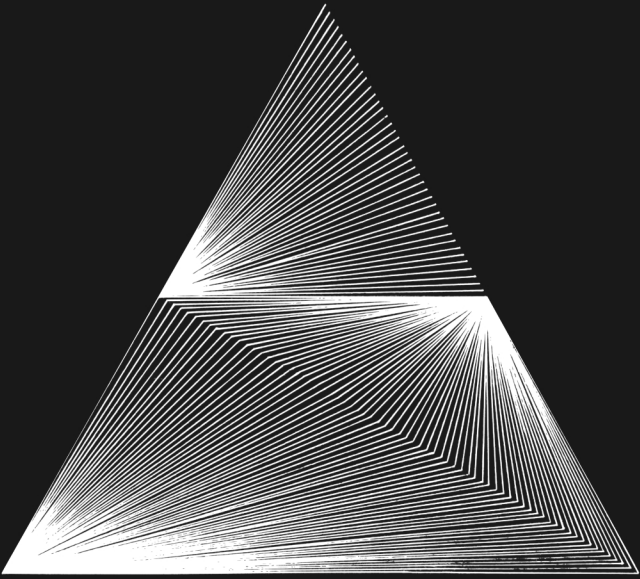


the reason we cannot understand entirely
the way in which the universe allows events to occur
is not because we have a lack of scientific findings
but that we keep our minds closed to poetic physics

words proclaimed from the nebulae in space
they show us what transpires outside of *dark matter*
where our subconsciousness lies while we are awake
yet remaining only visible to the daydreamers

it is the place where presences lie following death
the empyrean of divine words in which
the transcendents of today reveal
what the inconceivable sounds like on paper

[DARK MATTER]



i know who william is
he awakes in my dreams amidst black flower forest
in a tiny cottage that lies about the lonely land
waiting for the day to end to fall back asleep

though he does not and always goes to the kitchen with
a blank black shirt contrasting against tile
supplying the kettle with a sea of thoughts to be drank
in a standard builders cup of irish breakfast tea

after tea he will put on a twice worn pair of pants
because of the minimalism that is washing clothing less
pondering on what to arrange next for the sake of productivity
but alas nothing comes to mind for a glimpse of motivation

sitting on his bed he will stare at the wall and imagine
the words float off of the wallpaper and onto his typewriter
feeling a sense of obligation to anyone who could
interpret anything written after the hour of death

his color blindness hinders him from effectively speaking
with anyone other than the people living in his paracosm
the characters who compromise his thoughts with darkness
to feel more vulnerable to living with the black flowers

every day he creates a vacancy inside his home in a search
for a white flower growing near any edge of the world
yet to no avail for the simple arboribus who dedicates his life
trying to instill joy in other's eyes without reciprocation

nevertheless *he does not know himself*
wishing that no one else desires to associate with him either
as if they do then they will be bothered within time thereafter
not deliberately but by his inevitable polarized nature

thus he walks among the trees and listens to their observations
the discussions of the birds and the rarity of the rain
for they are the unique beings who grasp his thoughts like him
and he is the only one who hears their narratives in return

[THE ANATHEMA OF WILLIAM ARBORIBUS]

sitting in this empty room
the silence permeates the wooden pews
showing me invisible shadows in front of the wall
letting me know of how he is doing

i can hear a drawn out echo of a bell
coming and going through the stained windows
only choosing when it wants to remind me
of the reminiscence in my dreams

it feels to be a compass to white flowers
an arrow from myself through the plane of time searching
for an elongated contentment in the form of knowing who i am
that is the greatest form of self-love

[COMPASS OF KNOWING]

the lamps burning the street at dawn
the smell of earl grey traversing the doors
the silence of my own morning sun
warming the bed through wide windows

i have been waiting for peace for years
nothing quite like this it seems
has ever left a white hole in my heart
that's able to love unconditionally

the colors of the flowers will surely come
when i find myself floating in the forest
deciding between loving everyone the same or
being selfish in finding someone else to love me

[RELATIONSHIP WITH SILENCE]

down a mile long hilly road is my house with an
unused filled shed to the left and a lake to the right
a new wooden porch up at the front and a victorian
door containing lost memories disguised as fiction

turning the doorknob you are greeted by a
staircase to downstairs on your right
and a golden mirror straight ahead showing you
the essence of a deteriorating self

mirrored back is the second living room to the left
containing 3 pianos, 6 chandeliers, 2 chairs, and 3 couches
ashes from the house of usher smeared on the walls
and a chilling temperature pervading a ladder up to the attic

to the right of the golden mirror is my bedroom
a dresser and a fairly uncomfortable bed with a rainbow blanket
to help me find comfort whenever my dreams would normally
manifest themselves as a low piano note in the back of my mind

down the hall is my room on the left
and at the end is the first living room holding 2 beds
a guest's on the right with a wardrobe and orange carpet
and a relative's on the left with a white dresser ahead

at the end of exactly 14 stair steps is the kitchen
where someone i hold close helps me find who i am
in the midst of all the unknown trees surrounding this house
permeating my sight through the windows of the pink exterior

in the basement is a hidden library with books i have yet to read
and an immense amount of items caused by a now dead person
who i have never met yet sharing the same name as me
and the reason why there are so many pianos played here

this house is one that i still live in emotionally
and one that i have never left
trapped is my soul within death's floorboards
and bound by pages unread to this day

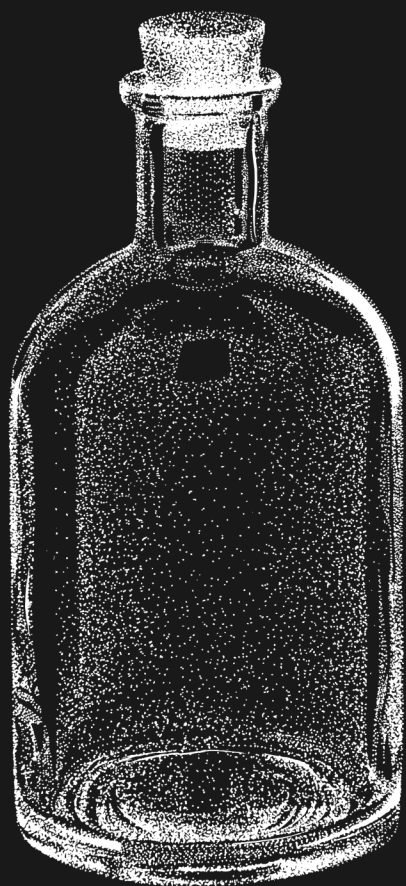
[MONTEVALLO MUSE]

today is blank
breathing in the company of silence
the sheet of flooring conforming to the temperature
the dish pens lying still in the bottom of the sink

an argument pertaining to my unchangeable self
of how i speak and move too little
in fact not knowing how to act at all
if your footprints shall make a mark on the carpet

viewing the light through the window
they illuminate my skin and heat up the room
thoughts of people below rising up the walls
forming a constellation of my reversible emptiness

[VITREOUS AETHER]



the room is a glass of water with
grids cutting through inner space
the air coming from my mind
acting as soil for the flowers

one suffocation escaping you
is all a flower needs to survive
the same way that nature can
thrive without that of man

walking through the world feels
like walking through syrup
limbs resisting your objections
finding myself on the other side

[OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM]



the procrastination of loving someone hurts less
than the risk of them not loving you back
so be certain in loving yourself
and content with the reality of living life alone

[ALONE IS DIFFERENT THAN LONELY]

the most empowering thing you can give someone
is your attention

[ATTENTION]

the changes we make in ourselves are atoms
unable to be seen but with accumulation
they are manifested into the visible matter
as the self we have always wanted to be

[ATOMIC CHANGES]

life is a currency
to be spent in simplicity
and death is the change
that we see in ourselves

[DEATH OF LOVE]

parallel lines are simply one line
weaving in and out of our perspective

[EVERYTHING IS THERE]

it is 7 am
splish splash
my legs go through the water

the apricity of a forgiving sun
flourishing lively across the sea's surface

i pick rational petals that love masquerades
but all that my lips feel is an empty moment

[SUNFLOWER SUNRISE]

staring down the corridor of the looking glass
i notice something fiery sprouting out of the sea
dripping serendipitously while i rest on this bench
it is the meniscus of thoughtless experience

i rush up and press my palms against the metal rail
and consider the coldness that i have felt
in times of loving others in spite of despising myself
the kind of cold rushing over you after an empty kiss

i run down to this bookshelf shore and espy
the pages of water washing up a foot from my feet
it is that sharp water smell that says to me that
the fate of forever is hidden inside my mind's library

the moon tonight is the rosiest i have ever seen
it blooms and shatters in the glasshouse of my retinas
and this red reminds me of a meadow i once touched
the last time i stayed infatuated with some version of you

[MEADOW OF A MARMALADE MOON]



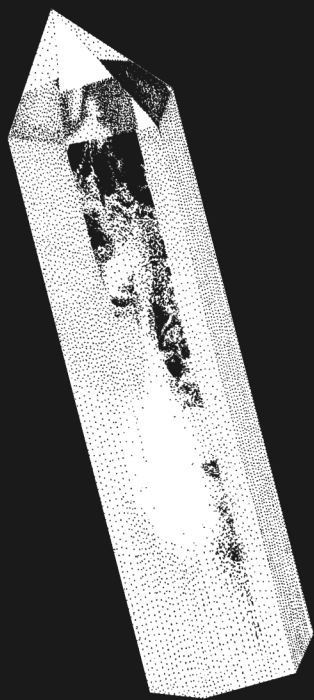
tonight i went out for a bike ride 10 streets down from the place
where i first held your hand and contemplated your captivation
i did not wander out into the water for fear that i would glance back
and notice the shadow of someone resembling your height

resting on a wooden bench – i revealed to you who i was
and you did not appreciate nor recognize what it meant
it dazes me that in the last kiss i took, you were a ghost crab
burrowing yourself into the sand of voluntary vacancy

and when you picked up that white rose off of the saturated sand
something crystallized within me that even if you knew who i was
it would not matter as i do not know who i am
when looking into the mirror of your soul

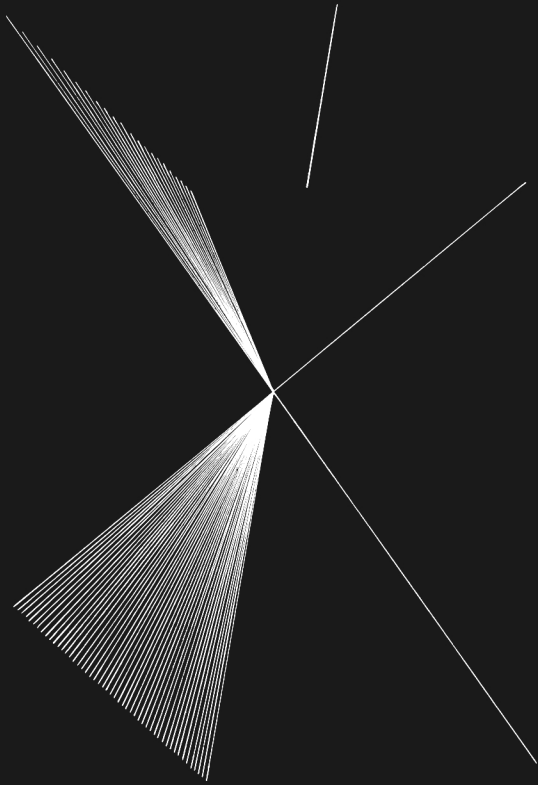
it showed me that we ought to decide who we are and who to love
with the same consideration
or else the crest and troughs of our hearts will unsynchronize
and we will not know how to love ourselves

[MAKE ME LOVE MYSELF WHEN I AM WITH YOU]



instead of wishing what could have been
accept what happens in reality and realize
that the future is what you are already doing

[THE FUTURE IS NOW]



there is no point
and that is the point

[THE MOMENT]

when we look into the mirror of experience
the reflection we see is us
and the body we have is the reflection

if only you could walk into the mirror to touch your own face
there would be no mirror to reflect who you are
and no you to be reflected

[YOU ARE WHO YOU ARE NOT]

lying on the sand and feeling this rose quartz sky
i gaze into the black hole of your crystalline eyes
they vaporize the flowers from my mouth
and we kiss to the sound of sentience in the tides

we wade through the waves and tread out a ways
to erase the spatial boundary between us
soaking up the influx of harmonic reality
becoming one with this infinite ocean

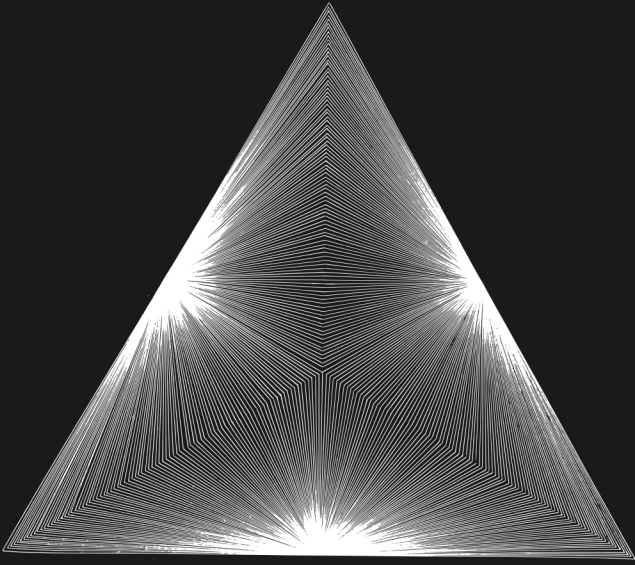
[WHITE FLOWERS IN THE WATER]



take away every memory and concept
you have ever had about yourself

what you are left with is the current experience
that is the true you

[YOU]



it feels calm in the pool
the water is cold from the outside and warm from within,
as with depression

i don't think i will ever be able to shake this feeling, so i will just
keep waiting in the water for something to pull me out

[THE POOL]



i used to materially ink and write so much
but when you spotted that white flower by the ocean
it reminded me that i have been scripting
the reality that i have been living this entire time

and when i think about the way you held my hand
it stopped me for a split second from reaching for a story that
would involve you toward the ending
a musical with your name as the last word on the page

a story written while sitting in my apartment
while staring out the window through the silky snow
that would be the essence of how i would experience
whatever is projected on the wallpaper of the future

but you decided to rip the middle chapters out and throw them
across this abandoned library underneath the sand where flowers
are picked and bookmarked between pages to show me what time
is the best to tell you that i miss the you that i never got to meet

[ABANDONED LIBRARY OF LOVE]

i was trudging on the sidewalk
and saw a beautiful leaf
with a shimmering green skin and a darker petiole
like the stem that lines my neck

the stem controls what i do - how i act
everything i could think
what to feel - *why* to feel
everywhere i could have gone

and before i could appreciate the pigment
that this wondrous leaf displayed to me
my foot landed on it
without consideration of the discoloration

and i kept on walking
running through the daily agenda
but remnants of remorse
lie silent in the back of my head

[A LEAF]

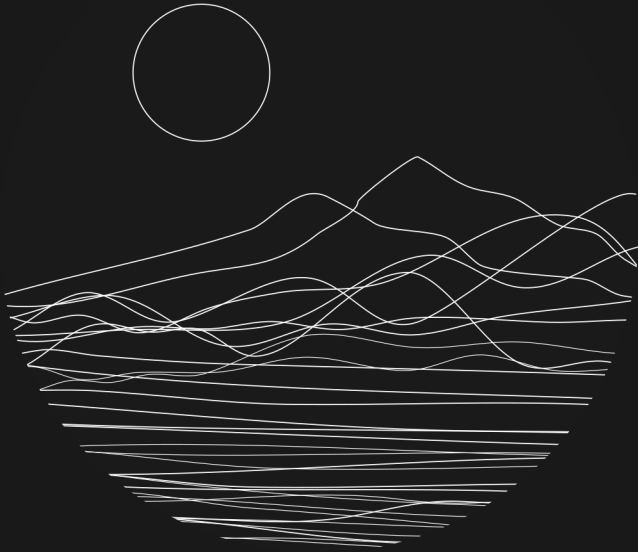
when i fall quiet at night
i fade up into the crisp air
through delicate clouds that comprise pillows
erasing the space that invests his visions

and he awakes at the aurora
retrieving the poetry i have studied
the people i have had conversations with
the pondering into the aether of his skull

he is compelled to write these down
so he runs to the local coffee shop
writes journals of my life and smells
the yellow flowers i pick in his dreams

pervading my thoughts with self-awareness
he lets me know that i will write about him
to tell everyone else outside of our mind
that we possess a parallel experience

[OPPOSITE DREAMING]



oh black whole of life, show me where light lies
behind my eyes or beneath blue skies
for light travels slower than your empty embrace
and travel i farthest from spaces grace

the closer i become to you and distant from light
i know not the current time or casts of white
oh black hole of life tell me when the night dies
and if i will notice the future ignite

[BLACK HOLE OF LIFE]

if only lost love were a metaphor for incompatibility
then we would know what is wrong
in the process of figuring out each other
it is not and we roam the earth searching for someone to
synthetically replace the person we never knew

[FOREVER FORGETTING YOU]

the void's presence withdraws my soul through my eyes
and covers the back of my mind with aged wood
letting me to sit in this text box room
where i am screaming the silence of a fire

all you can hear is crackling in the air
and every cell in me starting to expire
into the fabric of space
leaving my words on these petrified pages

[CORNEAL ABSENCE]

patience is the investment of life
you might not achieve a coveted reality initially
but if you delay your desire through all chaos
you will grant yourself an evolved sense of what you need

[THE GREATEST INVESTMENT]

forsaking the crumbling leaves of autumn
i know that feeling
but you need to remember that
the seasons change and so do you

the colors of your eyes are the leaves
and father time disregards what you think
the only thing he keeps track of
is the date of your death

go outside and touch the grass
smell the fiery sun and feel the crisp air
appreciate everything you have now
for it could vanish in an instant

[TIME ONLY HAS ONE SEASON]

time is a fissure in a coffee cup
it will weep quietly while you delay
for an eternity to ponder on what it tastes like
and leave you with nothing in a swill

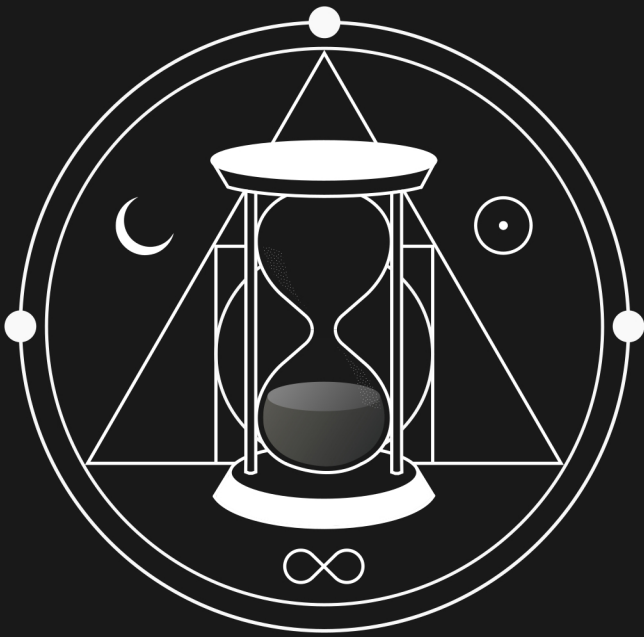
[TIME IS A COFFEE CUP]

within the following years i will travel
athwart the atlantic and toward the unknown
among a case holding the clothing i wear
and the concepts i have not addressed

the hourglass of geometry beneath my soles
will magnify the simplistic script of my being
so astronomic that the pigeons notice it
though they seem to read it with clarity

a fearful timberland of tea and tranquility
they tend to move astir atop the library
as the trees who form the shelving's foundation
elapse through the white flower street

[SOMEWHERE ELSE]



each person lives a separate perspective
with their own complications and life path
hence the way you view yourself is vastly
varied than whence they may think of you

you are welcome to assume that you are relevant to them
and you might truly be prominent in the vanity mirror
but until you understand that egotism sides with death
you will always be lifeless in a lake of narcissism

[VANITY MIRROR]

in a dream deeply steeped in torch tea
i wrote words and bound them in yellow
planted them in the soil of my mouth
to be exclaimed between you and me

the timing was extremely crucial in
letting you know of my existence
the words held more truth than anything
i could have ever convinced myself of

attempting to show him – i was told by the driver
you're either staying or going
and as the bus started to drive away
i skipped off slipping on gravel

i looked backwards and your eyes were fixed
eternally shattering this grid of glass
recognizing who i was and the book in my hands
yet saying nothing to stop me from waking up

[YOU SAW ME IN A DREAM]

you move on by not trying to move on
by trying – you do not
by not trying – you have already moved on
the solution is the act

[MOVING ON]

the song that sounds like a memory you never had
is not just any melody
it is waves passing up and down through
the conceptual plane of consciousness

a complex soul encapsulating your mind to adapt
to the ever-changing world of information
enabling you to form new variations in the way
people live their own lives down the road

no one knows though the thoughts that you think
and you know not of anyone else's thoughts
it is just a voice floating around inside your head trying
to dream your purpose below the light from the lamps

[NO SUCH THING AS FALSE MEMORIES]

when i lock my eyes, a breath is presented to me
and exhaled is the space enclosed between black flowers
they collapse and i feel the sky and my mind merge
into a clear quartz vision of who i am

the principle of dimension takes a breath
and my eyes unravel inside a pitch-black chamber
i sit in a chair that carries the energy of my mind's memories
and i forget who i am amid this desire to identify

i converged these words as a catalyst for alchemical change
written with phrases i did not recognize that i ought to write
for the seaside of nature to emerge within a white flower
one that facets the identity right in front of me

[CRYSTAL CLEAR FLOWERS]

