

pirate babble manifesto / epicenter / landing strip

i'm bad at taking up space. this is the only voice i have.
i'll be a weed, vines reaching, spread out, just this once.
i want to be an invasive plant because i've never really done that before.
i like to dive, from blocks, or also into holes. this happens most
every day, especially at night. i love you but i want this record to
say it for me. we don't need any more love songs
but i am just learning how to sing.
you love lace right now because you were told to love lace.
this is not a reference to my mother's first kiss. this is a
reference to influence. how seeing turns to absorbing, which
morphs into desire. in one ear and into the heart. if our
thoughts were truly our own, what would be left to colonize.
it's one a.m. and i am listening to needle in the hay.
i always think about that scene in the royal tenenbaums.
how it all circles back to the yellow tent.
i picked up tennis but i still haven't finished infinite jest. sadly, I am
a product of today. of idealization, glamorization, the realization that
if you can observe everything, you can learn to be anything. possibly a
guise, but it's working. i just don't feel like being a magnifying
glass right now so you might have to do that work yourself.
i am so fragile. i am a puppet. i do not know how to dance. are you going
to take it down a notch? i hear a man asking his child. not today.
this is simply a mythology of the moment. an implosion of reality.
i turn to face you. you are in your sleep. you instinctively turn away.
another night i turn to you and you draw closer to me. i only know
whatever kind of visual reality is shown to me, and this is the hardest part.

in the morning i find your achilles armpit in place of an alarm clock.
sometimes i like to poke the bear, which is something my father likes to say.
the sun is in your eyes, so you burrow. voluntary deja vu.
i'm immune to error. i'm a hypocrite. the smallness of this all is killing me.
i don't think alone will ever go away. i will just stand here
and buffer. i wait for cycles to complete, for the sun to rise.
not cigarettes, but pure lacroix after sex. if i was in your shoes
i would just sleep it off in the bushes. not this again.
oh dear goldilocks, how can you tell which door is just right.
a circular beam of light sometimes makes its way through
my blackout curtains in the morning. this happened to me
again on sunday. how sweet it was. it lands on my shoulder,
i want to show you. my hand is red with light.

behind closed eyes

I know what you were trying to say, a folded up placemat hiding your face.
you came down from a dream, way too hard. you found a map with no X,
falling out of your back pocket. you say, it's time for going outside and
remembering, for giving into the heatwave at night.

I don't think we see the same moon. it was dark then. it was my dream.

in this dream I get home and realize that

I haven't been looking into the mirror enough lately.

the door is locked, my hair is straight. my shovel sits in the corner.

the rest of my night is made up of

burnt shoulders, a layer, peeled back, a bug who doesn't know what time it is,

a one eyed jack, wishful thinking, they cut my vocal cords

with orange handled scissors. innate blockades, lack of synapses.

I'm tired of being called a trick of the light.

it blew over with the wind. I'm growing towards the light all in one day.

it's amazing, but I'm turning green nonetheless.

chaos interplay

caution, to avoid electric shock, do not listen to messages channeled from the core of the earth. my last lesson either came in the form of dots and dashes or by way of an old folk song. I only remember the clarinet and soft marimba, merging uppers and downers. at one point I didn't want to hear it anymore. I was told that it is hard to make a living by existing in a gap in the every day. the universe said that, by nature, it will toss you around and tie your shoelaces together. it will play elevator music from public speakers and from the phone in your hand. it will break your zippers and salt all of your snails. there are forces behind lost keys and dead batteries that are beyond our control. a voice announces, I'm bringing the end of the world. if you look closely, something is always off. you slip into fight or flight, despite your preparation, training, learning. even when all you want is to transcend your own amygdala. beyond the frame exists a new world entirely.

**if a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it,
can it still be beautiful?**

I'm playing solitaire in the woods, proving my past self to be an oracle. dusk walks alone, taking pictures of the sky. his light flares are better than real life, like stars. our eyes are personal camera obscuras and like true professionals, we won't allow that to be forgotten. we know the value of taking any step, in any direction. if you need a reminder, I am the name of a place that wants to be known but cannot be pronounced. if you were wondering, what did the sky look like when you realized that? it was every day combined, blue grey I guess. smeared together, finger painting with my whole hand. the sun never really leaves. it makes the moon its mirror, denying me a true black, a true black I need to fall asleep. I'm left with a dark dark grey. the night tells me that leaves will fall, lovers will love, clouds will part. I say I know but maybe if I change my duvet cover, nothing will trickle down to the roots, no more pesticides. some gesture of longing on my part. dusk says, this is kind of romantic don't you think. once I start to sing, it all just flows out.

melt into you

to me you are a river, refracting light, as if like scales,
shining like the rainbow fish,
but also a skipping rock, gliding under a thin layer
of surface tension,
there's also the touch of skin, exceptionally smooth,
we've been told, sounding like bells,
we brush our hair, starting at the ends, with combs,
preventing breakage,
finding strands from loved ones, on the sheets, on
the bathroom counter, you're glowing,
laying there in the sun,
oxytocin, from the source, to crave,
at its most primal, most prime, prone to sublimity,
like the roof of a chapel, the drops of paint on the floor,
on our clothes, on our breath,
unconscious patterns, my fingers draw circles,
shuddering from touch alone, more oxytocin, youth,
the quest to discover the fountain, then to bask
eternally

pirate babble (three records for love)

your voice is stuck in a mailbox a few states away, or cities,
but what does it matter. is it because I can't hear you at all,
is it because my headphones have yet to arrive in the mail. that will be your excuse
and I'll pretend to believe you. nobody's fooling anybody ; however.
I know why I can't hear your voice. you mailed it to the wrong address on purpose.
you never wanted me to have it. you needed it to be yours, only.
when i feel this way i just need to be in the middle of a green devastation.
a land where you can have bonfires on the beach and not burn down
the whole state. a land of high heels in the snow and rain,
long lines of spindly trees, lawn flamingoes on million dollar lawns.
lamps flash by through windows. I am finally given permission to inhale.

enatai

not too complicated , one way to see it ,
stay inside , there are fires ,
they are small , two by four ,
trees block the way ,
we could have had a view