

My Dog is a Boy Now

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To you,

Most of This was written at nineteen, with pieces and edits written at twenty. Since we are
products of our own imaginations,

This is an unboxable and adolescent collection. Everything is swayed by the beauty of uncertainty
and the blessing of free thinking.

This is an invitation. Join me on this journey, which is actually ours. Nothing is Mine and Nothing is
Yours because everything is too homogenous. I guess that makes You an author too—

—Thank You!

For You
because you dream

Every day that You breathe, You reposition this life that we all share.

Enjoy it.

[CD skips]

I should be reading
And feeding
But I feel like I'm
Bleeding
So I pass the time by weeding
And talking to Keating
Not sure what I'm seeing now

[the Moon arrives]

The phone's broken and I stopped wearing my ring
I recall that token that I thought was a thing
Time wastes away
While I play all damn day
I'll regret it?
This is bullshit
I'll forget it
Wishing I had played

[wind blows]

How do I write poems about books I don't read
Books I feel I don't need
Too hard to comprehend (like I can't see)

But not *really*

I have a lucid dream.

[rain falls gently on the floor]

If I stayed here,
I would be wasting my life.
Someone has to stop this.
And that is why
I have a fleck of contempt
For everyone part of it
But simultaneously
A ton of respect
For everyone part of it.
So there,
I'm departing,
Because I no longer want to write full sentences
Because I'm fed UP
And angsty
And I need my own perch in this world.
I want to write songs
But my brain doesn't work for that long
And maybe if I left,
I could do it.
I want to read books
But nothing ever hooks
and maybe if I tried again later,
I could do it.
I want to commune
But the time is never opportune
Because I'm always behind on my schoolwork
I continue to play
Digging deeper and deeper
Wanting to leave but I stay
I won't stay any longer, I am wasting my life
I am going to change this silly old knife
That cuts us into the people we think
But really we are just destined to sink
I'm not going to sink,
I clogged that already.
I'm going to rise
Like my fruit flies
They
are Not
harmful.

The sun is setting
And I am fretting
Because I haven't got anything done
And when I say nothing
I really mean nothing
And I missed a day under the sun
But when I say nothing
I really mean nothing
Yet
But I'm not really sure about anything
Ever.

[the Moon leaves]

How do they jump to these genius conclusions
That we worship

How do we worship these conclusions
Without cracking the illusions
first?

[the Sun arrives]

[the sky begins to lighten. Rain continues to fall on the floor, cheering like a congregation applauding the right thing.]

This is our Utopia
Here is our Life
And people who speak their mind

This is a gift we've been given?

I speak my mind.

[dew drops and fairies float]

Oodles of buttery noodles seem nice on a snowy afternoon
I googles how to make buttery noodles on a night in June
Toodles to my noodles, I ate them too soon
I googles how to fix my gurgles, my stomach is a monsoon

I wonder what I need to be able to see grass grow. I wonder if I *can* see grass grow but I just haven't been paying attention.

I spent seventy nine dollars on a charger for my computer
It charges my spot in society.
I don't even think that I need one,
But I've fallen into some act of piety
That feels a little too fiery

I will digress like the rest and go rest I guess

Buttermilk in coffee is not good
but I bet you would
have enlightened me, had you been here
and I would have probably said cheers
anyway, and still tried it

[a dusting of powdered sugar sits on top of the forest]

One white dog sits next to me

nuzzles my hand,

asks for a pet,

so I give her three

One little white dog glows in the forest

vegetation grows tall, but she doesn't notice

she rather just wanders

each step is carefree

chewing a skeleton

and then telling me

[cumulostratus clouds accent the blue day. The sun is more confident now]

Hello? Flower on
the phone. Beautiful and
gentle, but no one
listens because I'm just
a flower on the phone!
I have an idea, and I hope you'll hear it,
and I hope you'll listen,
because I'm a flower
on the phone, and have
you ever spoken with a
flower on the phone?

Once I began letting myself
doodle & rhyme
I started to find
that I can be free
with only a piece of paper

Games of hide and seek
tether us to the beat and
my frustrations near cease

[a mackerel sky enters]

I want to write and write and write, but I don't know what I want to write about
I want to open up my brain and dump the contents on this page
but before anyone would read them I would do some searching and sifting
and I would probably find something
I'd probably discover the chemical makeup of fairy wings
and then I'd leave it there
fairy wings and chicken thighs
that were maybe just the chicken wings
I had for dinner yesterday or

and I will realize
that the contents
do not add up
but then I will realize
that I was using Fahrenheit
and the answer was in Celsius
but the problem was due at 10:00 pm est on Tuesday the 1
and everything was overdue

BUT THAT WAS AN ILLUSION TOO

Everything is as abstract as my lord

I felt a little
out of place
until I fell into her world
where everything was imagined
except for the tiny furniture
that lined the edges of the room.
The place was bustling.
Full of fairies at work
and gnomes and unicorns
and magic dust that
covered the scene.
Her world wasn't
confined to her bedroom.
it flooded the valley in which she lived and
followed her wherever she went.

And what a world to live in!

(We had unmatching intonations but we managed well enough)

I now lay in my purple bag
so warm and I
gag
on my coffee
because no one puts milk in that around here
and I wish I packed
some of that dry ass
milk
with such fond associated
memories

[bees]

but maybe you remember now that I reminded you
and anyway
it doesn't matter
like that conversation in the first place
but in retrospect
that conversation was really funny
in the first place

His name
was Elton John
John Lennon, and
he was the most
favored chicken on
the farm. No one knew
his silly, little gender,
so he had two names
He was Elton John John Lennon,
and he was a star

mountains move me,
mountains use me,
mountains require me to buy new skis

but I don't really mind, because I prefer to spend my time
on these mountainside days
doing these mountainside ways
soaking in these mountainside rays

I noticed a pattern, but lost it to the changes in the sky

I have a midwest heart
but I hate flatlands
And I know that now
because mountains
I have a thoughtful heart
but a scatterbrain so nothing comes out very lyrical

I was born to be messy
I don't count time
I just inhabit
the occasional rhyme

Through the streets of Prague
I walked & I wondered
and I eventually happened upon
CHANGE
Which technically was just a sign
above a shop
fluorescently lit
and a little bit lonely
but
CHANGE,
to me, was a
loud emotional lever
CHANGE,
to me,
sent me into a world of my own
CHANGE
said something
but I'm not sure what

I wonder
had I not filled my brain with such random shit
for the past lifetime
would I have still
discovered
the being that I am?
or would I have
rolled along with society
because it fit?
According to my English teacher,
“what ifs” are stupid
because that is not what happened.
But according to me, “what ifs”
open doors to worlds that could
otherwise Not exist.
So what if I say what if
And anyway, I exist in this dimension regardless of my wishes
and I like it here
anyway because anything imagined is not confined to
that.

[the rain stopped slowly enough for the change to be unnoticed]

Wondering where all of these *bathtubs* came from
Maybe everyone just takes *showers* now?
Listening to podcasts,
Mountaintop.
That is what I call
A good education.

[the Sun is high in the sky]

Ginger Tea: Just Ginger & water
Greasy hair, kitchen jazz.
becoming kissed by the sun
Insecure & confident?
Going to Europe & not finding
Myself.
What *even* is the plan?
Hoping it will all work out?
What is *it*?
Italics, Stomach Pain,
homesickness.
I like it, I know it,
and something new.
I go to new places
and home changes.
Coffee shop out of business,
new bridge, tree cut down.
The people are different, too.
What to write & what is wrong
I hate my cellphone.
I want to call home
Just deleted Instagram!
Bread in Bed
Stomach Ache calms
Ginger begins to take action
And I
am not
(yet).

Do I have a say (or nay)
in these pieces that lay out my path?
I don't think it's predestination
but I wonder sometimes
because rather than what
happens, happenings seem to
happen.
And yes, my brain
connects the dots
between the thoughts
sometimes getting caught
UP in the meaning.

Nothing makes sense and won't it ever because I'm nineteen
Because I'm nineteen.

Swiss Flowers
keeping me awake
or maybe it's just that I'd rather
sit & wait for another day
than sleep the night away
I have far too much thought
of Swiss flowers
to sleep in this
pink-outfitted, comfortable-enough
Bed

[the clouds are so cumulus that they nearly sing]

White t-shirt, jeans. Black t-shirt, jeans.

Sandwich in hand, hand in hand.

cappuccino, door-to-door

way too hot to drink so fast.....

should I pour it on the floor?

Seventeen white men in suits,

one of them in red,

I wonder if they think the same

in their closely-fitted heads?

According to that sign right there,

a personality test is free

Makes me wonder if I'm sane

Oh.

You are such a tease

This life is so satirical

like headphones on askew

Why don't you just take them off?

come on now, take a clue

Run in with the German Police
Emily Dickinson in my pocket
I don't know what to do

My mind is sometimes as blank as the second half of all of those basement notebooks

Pencil & Pen, Ten pages left
I wonder where this train will stop next
Crossing through countries
and passing by time
Sometimes it feels like this world
is all mine
Pencil in hand Pencil in hand
Pencil in hand and
Anyone could write this poem
But I guess that I am the only
who has strung these words
in this fashion.
Turing these pages while everything
changes and **do these rhythms suck?**

Have you ever had the idea that maybe the oceans aren't rising, but rather every other piece of the Earth is shrinking at exactly the same rate? Possibly as an act of defiance, the ocean is actively shrinking the other parts of our home? Or maybe the ocean is only the last piece of our glob, The Earth, that is persisting with the correct way to act (correct meaning wholly ethical and ... kind, what we imagine we are, or are trying to become)? Maybe, the ocean is full of right turns and evenly baked bread, and we've been missing the point this whole time. Maybe, this wave of forgetfulness—the societal stray from being One, or Whole—is like a spreading disease, and the ocean is just the final survivor?

Have you ever had the idea that everything matters; each thought, word, or action, moves our culture an almost irrelevant amount? Everything is important, because everything is what we are, whatever everything is.

Even if you were to disappear forever, you were once here, and if you disappeared, then you would no longer be here, and that is a change that the universe can feel. Therefore, that is a change that all of us feel.

We are all change-makers in such different ways. You cannot go unnoticed because You were born, and even if you weren't, You are just as much a memory and a feeling. When you think about time travel, and moving a chair, and then accidentally offsetting a world war or breaking the economy or something, think also about how that is the real, but maybe imagined life that we all live, every damn day. We are all time travelers, whether we wish it so or not. Everybody does something every day, and that is what changes the world. This is why we should remember to smile and remember to cry. These simple actions turn our world. Maybe you smiled at someone who then smiled at someone who then because of that, found their dream and connected it with reality.

From afar, Your dreams are coming true every day. You are a piece of my dream and I am a piece of yours. Every day, a damn different dream floats into reach.

Where do you think they're floating from?

If your rules don't follow my morals,
then put me in jail and throw me away!
My soul will bounce off the clouds.
Pants are now stained,
souls, re-acclaimed
And existence grows forward now.
You'll for-get my story,
you'll for-ward my sound
Either way, now, I'm dressed in a gown
We'll take it unsalted-

Considering coffee as the most multifaceted motif to the human experience, but wondering if I just wanted to write down the words "multifaceted motif," or if the word most is too much to digest at this age.

[birds, frogs, and other likely things sing songs in the late afternoon]

It's 5:43 pm
and I wonder how no one else is
hungry?
Insignificance is a bag of pretzels
 is an unfinished poem
 is another lost pencil
 Soonly replaced by a ballpoint pen,
 who signs the receipt
that follows the purchase
 of another bag of pretzels

Shit, I did it again!

The cycle continues, rolling forward
like the tip of this ballpoint pen

You think that I would be clear, light, angst-less, & carefree,
but look at me!
My clothes don't match and the system's still on backward!

Wishing for infinite
blank pages
like You
But content with pages
of weird stuff
and Glue
I write with blurred purpose and wonder
Will there quite soon be a thunder or Note
that indicates a change
that we'll wait to arrange
till our luck soon burns out
while living a life we know
nothing about

[moss, ferns, and fungus whisper too quietly to be heard]

I will write in
the rhythm I need
I will carve out some time
to believe
I will travel time
I will turn out fine
Here I am writing in the past.
Here I am, waiting for Next
realizing that while I am her.
Nothing is promised, no returns, please
Here I am on this new path.

Is it luck?
Is it privilege?
Or is it something else?
Life keeps moving, as usual,
but I continue to feel surprised.

On a train full of
happy people
crossing the country
we are problem solvers
and this
is a Utopia

Still
Time passes
My tuna melt
Collapses

I'll get new
Glasses
Someday

What will I see?
Surely not
History
But maybe an extended future

Dreams live still!

Flipping through pages
And practicing patience
Will anything ever clear up?

If the clouds do stay

My five-year plan is a translucent treehouse fading like another lucid dream.

Recently, I haven't tried
To Rhyme or
Even think into a
Different dimension
I'm just
Fucked by these damn
Down power lines
And I guess
Present or more so in
This weird, adult world.

I put cardamom on everything to feel connected to whatever was before me.

[the leaves appear differently than before. The Sun shines at an angle. At once, nothing looks real
and everything looks real]

Nice things will not shine Unless you see them so
Your wings will not fly Unless you let them float
So go, and try, and get to know
This story You tell so well

I care
About your story
But I don't
Who you are.
Run & walk & talk
And we walk on
This Earth
Together.
I don't know
Who You are,
But I know
You are here.
We will play
Together
In each a song
Of our own,
Rhythmic or not,
Smiling, crying, I do not know
Anything except that we walk on
This Earth
Together.

My 30-year plan is a translucent treehouse full of dogs, children, love, and a very large pulley system.

Dirty neighborhoods are
Built on dreams
And filled with queens
Waiting for something Next.
Dirty neighborhoods are
Twisted thoughts
A memory
A curvy tree
Something not so nice to see
And
So we dream!

[rain begins to fall—no longer cheering, but rather just falling—onto leaves, bouncing toward the ground where they again create life]

Fresh swept floors,
A since washed face,
No single chore
Left in this place

Yet a wild brain,
A mess of Me,
The ignited flame
I cannot see

My room is clean
And I shower sometimes
But what does that mean

Rock hopping days
And neighborhood Nights
Am I a child
That has not yet caught flight?

Beige dough is the
Adolescent waffle
While a concoction
(of sorts)
Is manufactured
By a visionary.

Thought-less finger wiping
On unclothed skin:
The result of
What Once Was a
Women's cut short.

A waffle cut
Into time
Forgotten
With the patriarchy!

Oh, my pancakes,
Too?!
That tastes like
The individual's immeasurable
Power.

Cool off!
Biscuits are an option, too
& in fact they are
Coming soon.

The Earth Burns
While I just return
My cans, hoping that matters.

The Earth Turns
While I jump on a fallen log
And throw the ball for the neighbor's dog, knowing that matters.

To be Young,
To have Fun,
To Reside in her free Utopia
Eating affordable greens and
Playing on frisbee teams
All while
The Earth Burns
Did I do that?

Probably but
Not even a memory is irreversible so
I roll forward
Similarly to my bike
After falling off the car
On I95 going a swift 85
Then rolling forward.

Today the day is in my hands
I have no car
I'm with the band
It's 1:00 o'clock
I guess I'll bike
Around the block
And pick some cheese,
A blueberry
Or the sun that falls
Between the trees
Today, this day is up to me!

What a beautiful day. I was working with the current,
Down and across the river,
Over rocks and through funnels that were built by something unfathomable.
I found never fleeting joy in a nose full of water, stuck under a stubborn, plastic hull. Near tips and
hip dips crowded the glittering river we played on.
In moments between gasps for air & screams of fear-joy, and in moments of tippy terror and
boofing electricity, I found the most Permanent smile.
And It Was Not Until I was shooed into an eddy (PREMATURELY), that I felt my mood shake,
tipping my boat toward the tannen-tinted river bottom.
It was not because I flipped my boat that I was
Enraged
But rather because I had been shooed into an eddy Like A Fucking River Bimbo would be. Like a
fucking river bimbo should be?
It was not femininity that sparked this aqua fire, but rather unclear (yet clear enough) woman-ness. I
put myself underwater. I sank my damn boat and tried to rite it and Nothing happened. I tried to roll
it and Nothing happened.

I drain my boat and carry it back to a man's truck, silently as I rethink my Persona in society. I
change my clothes. The tangled mess of a sports bra on wet skin is an untimely inconvenience not
only in this moment.
Hello?!

I sit in the truck with great company. I think I should speak and
Nothing happens.

Today, the only executed roll is that of history

To walk on rocks and hear them speak
Is that what humans are here for?
I wait outside but will not sleep
Wondering what we are here for.

It's pouring rain again and I
Am heading out to canoe. Keating's
Visiting and I
Am enjoying that too
So many projects to do and I
Feel excited about them
And nervous about them and
There are just so many of
Them. I'll just have to make
Another brainmap but I
Don't have time for that
Today because I
Am going to canoe away
Like my parents on their wedding day But I
Am not wed
But instead simply learning
The fundamentals of solo
Canoeing so why would I
Think it to be more than
That while I
Have not yet even
Digested my weekend
Going on this way
Might have me leaking
I can't do that so I
Will just go canoe & I
Know I'll enjoy that so I
Am happy about that.

I'm sure your heart
Tore so slowly
That you didn't even realize until it's since
Impossible to once again
be nothing

Oh, to be nothing!

[the rain stops. The Sun is now low in the sky]

Picked apart like a carcass on the road,
By the ways of a hungry crow.
I sit thinking on the porch about
The dead dreams that have yet to arrive

[the Sun leaves]

Everything is as impermanent as a pallet of wood
but it serves more purpose than I ever thought it could.

[left behind is unworried, screaming pink]

If you wore English muffins on your feet
Would you run out of food to eat
Or would you rather take a seat
At the table on the porch?
If you wore English muffins on your feet
You'd sit at the head of the table.
Everyone else would be all ears
Listening to your fable.
If you someday stepped in butter
No problems would arise
The world would become your skating rink
While you float around on pies.

A million of me exist somewhere, everywhere, and
We are not afraid.
With dirty fingernails
like of those who ate cardamom,
We dream...

We learn to rearrange, like floating leaves or crashing waves or dew drops, until:

Nothing exists more differently than the Earth and another CD.

maybe you will remember your adolescence

Contents

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Yellow printThoughts from the Skipping CD

Green print A Path to Your Next Thought