

Caffeine

My blood slows
And I need it
It is my ticket to continued life
The malaise of living
The nothingness of something
The stagnant pool of complacency
They all beg me to stop
They all have reasons for my death

I drink my coffee
I am afraid to sleep
I am afraid to give in

But sleep is beckoning
Telling me it's all no use anyhow
That I do not matter
Except as an annoyance
An irritation in someone's eye
Better to be taken out

My sleeplessness
My ongoing work
They work against me
In collusion with my present mundane existence
Like water torture
Drip
Drip
Drip
Drip
Tuning my nerves to a pitch too high for each
Perhaps, at once, to snap from the strain
Broken strings
Song-less
Lifeless

Yet
I purchase my coffee
I grab my can of coke
And march off to find purpose
To find true life
Hoping that it exists
That I am holding on for a reason

But I am tiring

My strings straining against the forces of this world
Picking
Picking
Pushing me into anonymity
Telling me that I already know the secret
That life is of no use to me
That I am of no use to life

Still, I persist in my delusion
That my chemically hyped state will see me through
That I will remain awake through the long dark night
That I will make it into the freedom of the bluing sky of day
That my song will reach the ears of an appreciative audience

Vibrating resonance
My nerves quake with this fuel
My limbs tense with the effort to live
My mind's eye blinks not
Ever

I will not sleep
I will not sleep
I will not be stolen by death
I will not
I will not...
Sleep

Death Interrupted

I was content in my dying
Long, slow,
Excursion of ease
Floating down the river Styx
Melancholy mood
Seeing all pass by untended
Not caring
Letting go of it all
No personal attachment to anything
To anyone
Everything sliding slowly by
Away
My responsibility for this total
My decision resolute

But, my plans
They could not anticipate this change

This awakening
A rude shaking from my slumber
Get up!
Against my very will
You came
Suddenly, I felt the need to recollect myself
To remember who I might have been
Who I had been
Before my Viking trip
Suddenly, I did not want the arrows to hit my boat
Suddenly it all mattered again

The part of me meant to worship found you
And my heart split wide
My coolness left me
Suddenly, all that mattered
Was communicating my love to you
Desperation leapt from within me to attempt to grab you
“I must
I must
I must,”
I said,
Have her.

As if you were water slipping through my fingers
I agonized to hold you
To contain you within my hands
To have you for me
And, like water,
I contain you for only bits of time

It seemed as if you would escape
Even now, I don't know if you are solid form
If you are more than a ghostly fantasy
Come to lure me from my intended end

Other times
I reach for you
And you vanish
As if I were trying to grasp the air
Something I cannot prove
Something I scarcely believe

You have awakened me
Only to torture me
To have me linger longer here

In hope and anticipation

Always
I look for you
Listen for you
Dream of you
Think of you
My worship, even now, pure

I long to consummate this
I long to have take the most tender part of you
And possess it in my heart
To hold your very heart and soul
Within me
So that you cannot leave
Without tearing
Without ripping wide open
And hemorrhaging for me
All of your blood flowing out of you towards me
The master heart

Yet, I have been losing you lately
Somehow, you have vanished completely
Without a trace
And I scream out for mercy
I rend my clothing and bury my head in ashes
You have forsaken me
The goddess
I long to serve
Has abandoned the temple I was erecting

How?
How is it I have failed?
Shall I resume my repose,
And my journey to nothing
To blackness
On the waters of forgetfulness

But, how can I forget?
I will have to rip my heart out
And toss it away
Peaceful death is no longer possible
I can no longer carelessly drift to oblivion!

You
You will be my beginning and my end

Alpha and Omega
First and last breath
Whether or not you chose
Your presence in me has chosen for both of us
Your grip upon me
Your disrobing of me
I am captive and naked before you
Defenseless now
Nothing hidden in sweet malaise
Not even the shroud of the coming epitaph
Is covering for me now

Naked
Naked
Naked and wanting
I want only you for my covering
You for my refuge
You for my destiny

And I shall have you
One way
Or the other
In life
Or in death
My death
Or my life

Every Last Drop: Portrait of Deep Red Water

Slowly the razor glides
Across vulnerable skin
Exposing the thinly veiled veins
What was blue becomes deep red
And the white skin runs with what it once housed
The inside streaking down
Red lightening in slow motion
Wet, living tattoo, vulgar self creation
The warmth draws the flow
It touches the water
Deep red clouds form
Expanding ominously
Like small slow explosions
Personhood being released with each drop
Each orb of destruction forming at the end of each stream of red lightening
Scorching the water with red smoke
Eradicating the form that was once visible through what was clear water

First, creeping over the torso, then the legs
Gone
Identity ebbing away
With the morbid dye
That which sustained life
Now releasing it

Soon, the eyes are vacant
The skin cold and stiff
Soon a sliding vantage point
Closer and closer to the liquid coffin lid
The slow momentum of losing control
Succumbing

Slipping down, under the airless red pigment
Becoming faceless as the last wisps of hair float
Then vanish under the red glass
A quiet, complete, natural, shovel-less self burial

My one success
This last portrait
With no me left
A serene vision
With no sound
Save for the dripping faucet
Echoing on and pushing quiet ripples over the red water
The deep red water

Heroin Smile

Her smile
Infectious
Starting with the lips, it seduces her features
Her entire face now displaying her pleasure
Its infectious quality belies an invitation
Perhaps, to get to know her further
Perhaps, to join her in some way
Perhaps, to return like expression
It reaches out and takes a kind of possession
It creeps intravenously
Beneath the façade of life
To the heart
It is then, perhaps, a Trojan horse of sorts
Lulling an assailant until he is unaware of impending conquest
An intruder, in gift form, gaining entrance to the guarded places
And, once inside, it is too late to extract her influence

And then, he has become a captive
Held prisoner to anticipating her
To wondering when he will see her next
To wondering what may occur to deepen his experience with her
Enthralled by his obsession, slave to her appearance at the door

Yet, all of this may indeed be fantasy
A misinterpretation of an innocent favor
That she may indeed be unaware of the depths her influence can achieve
If this is so, the heroin of her presence within his veins requires that he endure,
Rather than long nights of endless rapture,
The painful withdrawals of love unrequited

It may be better to suffer that now though,
As furthering an addiction to her may prove unquenchable,
That his need for her will prove so great as to render him inconsolable without her
Irreconcilable to life without her
Left to die in the jaws of an overwhelming addiction
The liquid seduction of her smile

Yet, he wishes to endure
To remain under her influence
In whatever small measure that may be
Content to allow her to rush through his veins
To engage every corpuscle
To lead captive every desire
To reroute every vein
Until it begins and ends
With her

It Is

Can't ever put my finger on it
The reasons escape me
Why I am so lucky
Being so very much nothing
My contribution smaller than slight
My influence a mere annoyance
Bug in the eye

Raised in mediocrity
By a pretty thing whose beauty was the single mercy she possessed
Simple in her thoughts
Rejected in her outlook
Insulated from reality by my father
Her skewed world a training ground for idiots

Thus, an idiot I became
Unable, through my own lack, to overcome it
Algernon-like
I know what true intellect is
But have only pieces of it myself
I suppose, through laziness and a penchant to favor physical pursuits,
I have lost all opportunity to develop
Alas, I must frustrate myself to view it in others

Yet, a good wife
A pretty wife
I have
And, my four children, all intelligent and comely
Their hearts are good, because of their mother
My unseemly tendencies all repelled by her genes
Lucky

And, this is the way it is
No real deserving outcome
No product of my own goodness
Just dumb luck

If there is a supreme being
Perhaps He is chuckling to himself
To have produced such goodness with only half the material

Well, they all know it
They know me
They even seem to share the same frustration with me
To have even my children chide me
Distaining my base habits
To have them snicker at my lack of cerebral quickness
My slowly firing synapses ambushed by their sarcasm
I am left to my embarrassment
My frustration
To thoughts of leaving
Or just dying
Neither a fitting thanks to any of them
As they still love me
And would no doubt grieve my absence

Perhaps, if I just left
They would be angry but get on without me well
Or, perhaps I would finally scar them
Thinking that I do not love them enough or at all,

Which is not true
I do love them
They do love me
They just don't like me, as the old adage goes

So, I listen to my music
My one solace
That is, when my car's CD player is working
It does so only intermittently lately
When it does though, I slip into a malaise
A lovely melancholy malaise
My head leaning on my hand
The other hand on the wheel
I lose myself in the cloudy waters of Elliott Smith
Elliott, my poet laureate
Elliott my soul mate
Droning those depressing, suicidal lyrics into my head
Soothing me
Knowing someone else has experienced the pain of it
Either Elliot killed himself or drove someone else to murder
Perhaps that will be my end
Having people wonder whether it was me or someone else
A final whodunnit

Terra Firma

Adrift
In nebulous regions
Water-like and infinite
Fluid
Changing
But always the same blackness to my eyes
Antigravity defying my limbs to rest
Powerless to stand or sit or lay down
Reaching but grasping nothing
Fingers touching only darkness

A new voice calls out of the dark distance
A thought to me
An idea
A face
A voice
Terra firma

In a meaningless world
With no foundations

No beginnings
Only endless endings
Just a thought

Promising solid form
Eyes
Lips
Ears
Fingers
Terra firma

Someone to see me
Hear me
Speak to me
And touch me
All inviting
Terra firma

Someone I can see
Hear
Speak to
Touch
Surrender to
Terra firma

I, sensory deprived,
Must be imagining her in my madness
For now her voice comes to me
Her form
A mirage
Beckoning me
Like a siren
To find rest or ruin
Terra firma
Or quicksand

I yearn for this
Real peace
To be able to feel myself again
To feel again
To feel love
Terra firma

Like a mantra, I think
Terra firma
Terra

Firma
Terra
Firma

If I wish upon this
Perhaps she will materialize
From my thoughts
From my insanity
And bring me home
Terra firma