

Front Cover Art

real.m

Alfaro

It must be striking
Original
Simple
It must catch the eye
With an image
Something red
Something beautiful
Something that will burn
Into any mind and then
The mind
Will tell the hand
To open
The book
Turn
To a page
And see
What it has just
Picked up

Focus on the word
This is the beginning...

real.m

Alfaro

Silenced Press

real.m Copyright © 2006-2007 by Alfaro. All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America-Columbus, Ohio. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

First Edition. First printing.

ISBN-13: 978-0-9792410-0-0

ISBN-10: 0-9792410-0-6

Library of Congress Control Number: 2006911187

More information available at:

www.silencedpress.com

Contents

Haiku 8

Opening Or Closing 9

Haiku 10

Drowning 11

Haiku 13

Cloudy And Blue 14

Haiku 16

The Painter 17

Haiku 19

Bearing 20

Haiku 21

The Art Of Life 22

Haiku 23

The Tower Of Dreams 24

Haiku 26

The Actor 27

Haiku 29

Allie May 30

Haiku 33

Physical Art 34

Haiku 36

The Escape Artist 37

Haiku 39

The Writer 40

Haiku 42

The Creator 43

Haiku 44

The Path Of Beauty	45
<i>Haiku</i>	46
The Fate Of Unrecognized Genius	47
<i>Haiku</i>	48
Once You Lost Your Mind	49
<i>Haiku</i>	51
The Director	53
<i>Haiku</i>	54
This Is A Poem...	55
<i>Haiku</i>	77
...Page...	78
<i>Haiku</i>	89
The Con Artist	90
<i>Haiku</i>	91
Note To Self	92
<i>Haiku</i>	93
	The Critic 94
<i>Haiku</i>	96
The You In Verse	97
<i>Haiku</i>	98
How To Make Love	99
<i>Haiku</i>	100
The Sculptor	101
<i>Haiku</i>	104
The Martial Artist	105
<i>Haiku</i>	106
Self-Portrait	107
<i>Haiku</i>	108
The Art Of Motorcycle Maintenance	109
<i>Haiku</i>	112

The Other Side	113
<i>Haiku</i>	114
Tomorrow I Will Fly	115
<i>Haiku</i>	120
The Art Of Time	121
<i>Haiku</i>	123
Shedding	124
<i>Haiku</i>	125
The Poet	126
<i>Haiku</i>	131
Goodbye Sun	132
<i>Haiku</i>	133
Life Preserver	134
<i>Haiku</i>	135
The Meaning Of Life	136
<i>Haiku</i>	137

*For every act of creation
For every form of art
For every artist*

Alive Beginning

*What if I told you?-
None of this is real.
And you must wake up!*

Opening Or Closing

Doors

Books

Minds

Windows

*One day it will end
One day it will end and
One day it will end*

Drowning

And you want to be it
But not just for you but
For your mother Mary
Or your proud father
Or your caring sister
Or your dead brother
Or your unborn son
Or your dying daughter
Or your imaginary friend
Or your only love
But you sometimes feel lost
Even though you are going somewhere
And class is right around the corner
And California is a breath away
And everything will work because
There is still time
But you were late
And you never wanted to go in the first place
And you forgot that
Time does not respect
What it is not given
And you remember that phone call
And you only saw the last breaths
And they were on a ventilator
And you said goodbye but you were not sure
If they could hear you anyway
And you want to forget

Or pretend because you are breathing
And think you are not drowning
And that it will never end
And it will never end
And it will never end

A box of coffins
A bouquet of corpses
A cemetery

Cloudy And Blue

The sky
Has grown
And it is taking over
The land

Trees
Are disappearing
As it
Seeps down
Into the grass

People fear
That it will penetrate
The Earth
And no one
Can stop it

Soon
Everything
Will be cloudy
And blue
And tonight
While sky
And night
Fall
We will go blind
As the stars

Burn us all alive

*The fire in her eyes
Burned out three days ago
It's been snowing since*

The Painter

She wanted to paint the sky
Red
So she bought a skyscraper
To get rid of all the blue
And she stole
Jacob's ladder
Because
A stairway to heaven
Cost too much
And she leaned it
Against the moon
When it was full
And low
And she climbed
Every step
To get to the top
Where she scraped away
Until the sky was grey
And after she ran out
Of oil
And acrylic
She cut
Four fingers
And her thumb
And she painted the sky
And knew that it was good
As she fainted

And fell
Onto a bed
Of white roses
Staining the petals
Red
Ending
her
body
of art

The days went by
And no one noticed the sky
Until
They were bleeding

*Red drips onto white
As I wake from a dream
With my nose bleeding*

Bearing

Arms

Gifts

Fruit

Children

Teeth

*I shot a bird once
And it hit some branches
Falling to the ground*

The Art Of Life

Life is
A beautiful book
A sad song
Or a brilliant movie
And it only needs
To be transcribed
Onto paper
Into sound
Or on film
And then
It will be saved

*There's a glow to her
I feel it warm me like
The sun does the moon*

The Tower Of Dreams

Find me a spot
Next to where you sleep
So we can make a bed
Out of Death
And roses
And we will lie
To Eternity
And tell him
Death
Is waiting
Around the corner
And we will kiss
Until he returns
Knowing Death
Is right below us

I will love you
Up here
Even though
I know
Somewhere
Around here
That you
Are not
real.

If you stay
I promise you wings

I can feel
Time
He is against us
But we can conquer him
This will never end
Death is gone
Eternity has left
We are all alone
This will never end
We can do
Anything
I love you
This will never end
Just stay with me
Hold me closer
And never
Open your eyes

*These pages will be
Petals, this binding a
Stem for this white rose*

The Actor

They gave him
Millions of dollars
Every time
He pretended to be
Someone else

He wore clothes
That could buy a house
While people
On the other side
Were homeless
and sick
Starving
and dying

People honored him
Like God
Even though
He was less than human
And everyone he knew
Was made
of plastic

The public
Was pathetic
Drooling
Over the pretentiousness

Of deceit and money
And money

But no one remembered who he was
Because he was always pretending
To be someone else
And he became a shell
Resembling somebody
But nobody
Was sure who?
And then he was old
And his looks began to fade
And he went broke
And his special effects
Become ordinary
And then
The star flickered
And burned out
And dissolved
Into nothing

*Somewhere up high in
A building on a shelf
Poetry is dead*

Allie May

Today
You are tiny
Because you were born
Last Friday
Today
Is Sunday
Bleeding into
Monday morning

One day
You will be able
To read this
And soon after
You will be able
To understand this
So understand this
You will always be
A beautiful little girl
Which is good
Because the world
Was made
For beautiful little girls
And never let
The little boys
Take what little they can
Because what is little
Is yours

One day
You will know this
So know this
Your mother
And father
Were worried
About
You
Two days ago
Because you were
Closer then
Than now
For a moment
But now
It is the furthest
You have been
From it
And one day
It will
Catch up

By the time
You can grasp
Time
You will have spent
At least
One moment
In paradise
And in time

You will realize
You never left

*They tear down the trees
For concrete parking lots
And places to shop*

Physical Art

She is still waiting for me
She never really left
She would only run away
When I mistreated her
And that was only because
She wanted me to feel
The pain
When I fell
So I would never
Mistreat her
Again

I did not want
To abuse her
And never did
Intentionally

She had the ability
To turn men
Into gods
And she lifted me
To this state
As I flew with
Style and grace
Along with her body
Fused with my soul
Defying the law of gravity

And this motion
She helped me create
Became art

I want her back
Even if
The pain
Is inevitable
Even as
My body
And mind
Are telling me
No
Even after
She hurt me so bad
That I still
Cannot walk yet

Every part
Of my being
Still loves her

I miss skateboarding
As much
As a woman

*I swim behind as
Your body creates waves
Leading to your wake*

The Escape Artist

There was a man
Who called himself
An artist
Because he put
A bunch
Of giant windmills
Up on some hills
Along the highway

Everyone asked
What it all meant
Was he doing it
For world peace?

And the man
Who called himself
An artist
Just smiled
And never answered
Any questions

People came
From miles around
To see the windmills turn
If for only
One short glimpse
As they drove by

In their cars
Along the highway
Still wondering
What it all meant

Then one day
Some of the windmills
Broke
And the giant fans
Rolled down the hills
And hit some cars
And killed some people

Cameras came
And the man
Who called himself
An artist
Finally spoke
While he cried
And apologized
And said that he never meant
For any of this to happen

All this
Was right before
He disappeared

*I saw your little
Boy catching dragonflies
In a field of rye*

The Writer

He had a pen and some paper
And this is how he knew
He was a writer
It was like his little secret
Even though he told
Everyone and
No one cared
But he had his book
And he believed
In himself
And he believed enough
To find the highest building
And climb every stair
To get to the top
Where he gazed down
At the people
Below
And as he opened the glass
He felt the wind
On his face
And he took
The one hundred and sixty seven pages
That formed his soul
And threw it out
The window

Every sheet of white
Stained
With black thought
Floated down
In the sky
And he watched it rain
Art

And he knew
Everyone would remember
He was a writer
As he let go
And began
To rain

*I'll be waiting there
Under the tired sky
Looking up for you*

The Creator

The greatest artist
Who ever lived
Maker
Of all forms
The only one
Truly original
And still
Completely unknown

*She picked a flower
I heard her snap the stem
It ripped through my ears*

The Path Of Beauty

These are words
That I thought up
And I wrote down
Not to create
A product
Not to sell you
Anything
But to lead you
To transcendence

The doorway
Is directly
In front of you

Open it

*Sitting in the shade
Under a tree, a man
Legs crossed, eyes closed, smiles*

The Fate Of Unrecognized Genius

Any materials sent
that do not include
sufficient postage
to cover the expense
of their return
will be held
for 90 days
and then
destroyed.

Infatuation
Lives, breathes, grows, blooms, melts, lives
In me about you

Once You Lost Your Mind

On a Friday
You may never find it
In August
Because your mind is the broken key
Without even knowing
That unlocks the broken door
Who where you are were
But you are thinking about a window
Your lips as shocked as your mind
That leads
Nothing came out
Nowhere
When speaking or thinking
The place you have been trying to leave
Your body curled over
Because you do not know how you got here
Half exposed
And time is falling apart
Because they stole your clothes
Just like your thoughts
And gave you a piece of nothing
Just like your life
To drape over your shivering body
Which you will be lucky if
Your tears are dry
You can ever pick up the pieces
But you feel them

But you have to find them first
Pouring down your cheeks
And sort them out
Why can they only
In a order logical
Visit you me?
I went grocery shopping, first
I want to go with them
We had sex, afterwards
Please take me with you
Second, I gave you me
I won't screw up
First, you made me
I remembered how to wash myself
In this same place
Today
The hospital
I only forgot
Where I was born
To bring my clothes
I have not progressed
I had to push a button
I am a failure
And they laughed
Please find me
Before they brought them to me
I am in a place...

*The trees are bare and
The wind sweeps away all
The fallen red leaves*

The sun was falling
And the sky became
Violet carrying
Orange and red
Clouds
When a bird flew by
That he shot

And he could not stop there

He shot a man at a bus stop
And two topless women
Sunbathing on the beach
He shot most of his family
And a few cops
But first
He always made sure
The lights were just right

Yesterday
He brought
A beautiful
Young
Woman
To a cheap hotel room
And made her sit
On the edge of the bed

And he made sure
The lights were just right
He told the woman
To take off her clothes
And she did
And he told the woman
What to say
And as she said it
He shot her

Everyone
Who saw
What he had done
Praised his work
They called him
A genius
And then
Everyone came
From all around
To shoot him

The Director

*Complete silence and
Complete darkness are as
Hard to find as love*

This Is A Poem About A Boy Who Had Shitty Shoes And No Friends And Lived In A Place He Never Wanted To Be And He Had Nowhere To Go And Nobody To Blame Except Himself Because It Was He Who Lost His Dream One Night In His Room While She Slept With Him Or Near Him Or She Slept While He Waited Until It Was Morning So He Could Take Her Home And Never See Her Again Because She Only Wanted Some Cock And He Complied And Then He Demanded More Of His Dreams Since His Ambitions Ran Away With His Integrity And One Day He Found His Reputation Lying In The Gutter To His Future Self And No Matter How Fast He Ran He Could Never Catch Up With The Lies That Spread Like Something That Resembled Fire But There Were No Flames And This Was The Same Rationality He Used Looking Back At His Future Because He Could Only See His Past While He Walked Backwards Into The Unknown With Nothing But His Shitty Fucking Tennis Shoes That Were Not Actually Tennis Shoes Because He Never Played Tennis Except When He Was Younger And Less Affected By His Conscience When He Ran Around The Court Faster Than All The Girls Even Though He Was Not In A Race And Knew This And Felt Strange Leading With A Stride In Shoes That Might Have

Been Tennis Shoes But Probably Not Because Even When He Took Tennis Lessons He Did Not Have Tennis Shoes Because Tennis Shoes Were For Bitches Just Like Tennis So He Quit His Lessons And Eventually Started Skating, As In Skateboarding, Before He Broke His Ankle Which He Missed More Than His Woman, Skating, Not His Ankle, Who Was Not Even His Anymore Since She Gave Herself To Someone Else And He In Her Mind Was Over Like The Day They Met And The First Time They Kissed And That One Moment That He Knew Was Complete And Perfect And The One Moment In His Life When He Knew He Was Exactly Where He Was Supposed To Be, In This Life And Beyond, When He Lied In His Bed With Her, Naked, Just After They Made Love And He Heard The Music And He Felt Her And Everything Looked Grey Just Like He Remembered From A Dream And He Told Her This, In That Exact Moment, And She Became Scared And Wanted To Leave Because She Had Dreamt It Too And This Past Like Everything That Was Once Good But Now Was Anything But Here And Then One Day He Understood That She Was Not Listening Because He Lost A Minor Key And Even When He Found A Major Key They Were Still Out Of Tune And His Cadence Was Off And She Was An

Octave Higher And He Never Learned To Read Music And Sometimes She Spoke With A Snare And Even Though He Was Just Like Every Good Boy He Was Not Doing Fine And Her Lips Turned Into A Cold Heavy Metal And He Broke His Ax Tending His Garden Of Music And She Ripped Up All Of The Notes That He Left Her But He Still Longed For Her Or Believed He Longed For Her Or Her Or Any Of The Women He Instantly Fell In Love With After One Look, After One Smile, After She Walked Past And He Felt Her Slide By With The Smell Of Her Hair And Her Skin Trailing Behind But Sometimes He Knew He Just Longed For Someone To Lie In Bed With Him Or Even Tell The Truth In Bed Or At Least What They Believed Was True, But Truly, There Was Only He, Alone, And He Missed Her So Much He Was Forced To Forget, Her Side Of The Bed Was Empty And He Was Sleep Deprived Until Sleep Arrived And As He Slept He Dreamt Of An Empty Mirror And A Hammer And His Dreams Became So Broken That They Were Shattered And When He Awoke He Could Not Find Any Of The Pieces And All His Hopes And Dreams Were Still Just Hopes And Dreams And He Wondered When He Was Going To Wake-Up- He Was Going To Be This, He Was Going To Be That, And Then He

Was Nothing- But At The Very Least He Was Alive In A Literal Sense But He Wanted To Be Alive In A Metaphysical Sense Or Maybe A Mythical Sense But His Unicorn Was Hit By A Dragon's Tail And Her Flesh Was Black And Charred From The Fire Breathing Beast And As He Held Uni Close, Her Spine Cracked And Her Broken Neck Dangling, She Bled Blue Blood From The Circular Stump Where Her Horn Had Detached And She Cried A Beautiful Song Just Before She Closed Her Eyes And Died And He Buried Her Under The Crying Branches Of A Weeping Willow Next To His Broken Dreams And His Memory And His Childhood While Time Watched Over Them All Along With Machines Of Loving Grace And He Never Listened To The Warnings Or Advice And He Flew Too Close To The Sun And The Wax Melted And His Wings Became Feathers That Fell Along With His Flesh, Blood And Bones Into The Cold Blue Body Of Her Water Where He Struggled To Breathe, To Keep From Drowning, His Lungs Underwater, Burning, His Screams Cut Off By The Liquid And His Mind Could Only Think That This Is How It Ends, Drowning In Sounds Waves And He Waves Back And They Usually Meet In His Ears And Travel To His Mind Where They Begin To Communicate And Discuss How

Well The Birds Have Been Singing Lately
And How Loud The Thunder Was The
Other Night And How It Is Never
Completely Silent And How Annoying
That Fucking Dog Is That Never Shuts The
Fuck Up And They Reminisce About The
Times They Spent At The Ocean And How
Sound Showed Him The Rhythm Of The
Waves Crashing Against The Sand And He
Wants To Introduce Sound To Vision
Because He Has Seen The Moon But Sound
Is Blind And Vision Will Never Hear The
Birds And He Can Only Bring Them
Together In His Mind Like All The
Beautiful Girls He Has Locked Up There In
His Maximum Security Brain Cells, Nude,
Where They Will Never Get Away Or Find
Clothes And They Look So Fucking Sexy
When They Are Wet And Glistening, Right
After He Gets His Brain Washed And They
Will Do Whatever He Wants Them To Do
In There Because This Is His World And
They Were Made For Him To Remember
Because Their Bodies Are Eternal And They
Need The Clouds For Cover Because The
Angels Are Jealous And This Immaculate
Concept Will Save Him From Death And
Fear And Boredom And Solitude Or
Nothing Or This Will Kill Him Because He
Will Suffer Over Their Full, Perfect Breasts,
Complete With Ridged Pink Nipples Not
Touching His Hands Or Lips, And The

Curves Of Their Flat, Soft Stomachs And Perfect Skin That He Will Never Roll His Eyes Over Or Caress And He Will Never Know Their Perfect Little Secret That They Will Protect And Keep Hidden Away Warm And Tight Between Their Legs And Every Time He Saw A Beautiful Girl He Would Begin To Think About Her Beauty And Her Innocence And The First Time They Were Going To Kiss Even Though They Were Not Going To Kiss, They Were Going To Chicago Because He Never Liked Kiss And He Wanted To Hear Twenty Five Or Six To Four But This Will Never Happen Because This Is Only In His Imagination And He Stopped Going To Concerts Anyways Since They Were Not About Music Anymore But More About Concession Stands And Even If He Wanted To He Could Not Afford To Pay Attention Because He Never Earned Enough To Make The First Payment And It Would Cost Him Some Daydreams Which He Did Not Want To Give Up Even As The Days Were Becoming Dark And His Nightmares Were Melting Into His Fears And They Were Stealing His Heart, Broken Valves, Bleeding And All And He Missed The Boat And His Mind Went Sailing Into The Distance, With The Sun Setting, Even Though The Sun Never Actually Set And The Sun Never Actually Rose, The World

Only Turned And He Was Getting Motion
Sickness And He Wanted To Get Off
Because The Ride Seemed To Never End
But This Was Only Because His Perspective
Was Obscured By A Blur Of Her And
Maybe There Are Such Things As Mistakes
And Maybe He Is Making Them, Right
Now, Constantly, Today, Tomorrow And
The Day After, Even Repeating The Same
One Twice, Even Repeating The Same One
Twice, But How Will He Ever Know
Anything That Could Possibly Be Known
Because What Is Known Is In The Mind
And Ultimately The Mind Cannot Hold
Water Because It Is A Mind, Not A Glass,
Although It Should Always Be Ajar So It
Can Understand Before It Forgets, Before It
Dies Or Decides To Write Everything It Is
Thinking For Others And Maybe Another
Has The Same Thought And This Thinking
Will Become Two Minds Conjoined And
They Will Be One In The Thought And
Together They Will Know And Then The
Message Will Be Spread- We Know
Something- And Then Other Minds Might
Question- What Do You Know- And The
Two Minds As One Will Answer- I Am Not
Telling- And The Other Minds Will Be
Angry And There Will Be War And Blood
Will Spill Over All The People, Places And
Things Because Everything Exists In The
Mind But We Can Hope That Hope Exists

And Maybe One Day All The Warring Minds Can Come To The Understanding Of Peace And Maybe One Day They Will Achieve It Because By Then They Will All Know That The Only War Is The One In Our Minds And All We Have To Do Is Think Of Peace Or Not Think Of War And To Forget What Was Meant By Hate And To Know And Understand What Is Meant By Love And To Spread This Meaning And Put This Message Into Every Bottle, Every Action, With Or Without Lights Or A Camera, Into Every Thing So That Every Being Can Experience This Ultimate Bliss And All That Was Separate Will Feel The Oneness Like He Felt In His First Life Although He Knew He Was Not Going To Get Eight More Because He Liked Dogs And He Knew How To Swim So He Was Not A Cat Person And He Did Not Fear The Water, Only The Waves When They Crashed Down Over Him And His Insufficient Lung Capacity Caused Him, Once Or Twice Or Daily, Actually Every Moment, To Nearly Drown Which Made Him Think Twice About Surfing, Although The Third Time He Thought About Surfing He Thought He Could Surf Or So He Imagined But There Was No Specific Ocean In The Round Landlocked Land Where He Resided That Is Ruled By The Greed Of Landlords And He Knows He

Will Never Become The Buddha Because
When He Sees A Spider In His Apartment
He Cannot Abide By The No Killing Rule
And He Kills And There Were Moments
When He Switched Off All The Lights And
His Eyes Did Not Adjust To The Complete
Black And He Became Dizzy And
Disoriented And He Ran Into A Wall And
He Loved This Feeling, Like He Was Not
In His Apartment, Like The World Grew
And He Felt The Endlessness Of The
Universe In The Tiny Space That He
Misjudged Between Himself And The Wall
And He Wanted This Feeling Continuously
So He Could Live In It And Pretend That It
Was The Same Kind Of Feeling He Would
Have Somewhere In Europe Because He
Was Not Sure If He Would Ever Get There
Because He Felt The World Fall Away From
The Borders Of The City And His Life Was
Moving In Directions He Could Not Find
On A Compass And Even After He Was
Given The World He Still Only Stayed In
One Corner That Was Round On The Sides
And High In The Middle And Cold In The
Winter And Lonely Year Round Where
Everyone Has A Map On Their Wall Of A
Beautiful Place Far Away Where They
Imagine Themselves To Be And His Job
And His Basic Needs And His Dog Were
Holding Him Back From This Imaginary
Trip Or Maybe Homelessness Or Maybe

They Were Holding Him Up But He Needed A She To Hold Him Down And Tell Him She Loved Him And They Could Have Tea Parties On The Bottoms Of Swimming Pools Or On The Tops Of Mountains Or On Trains Of Thought That Take Them To A Higher Level Of Existence Where They Can Just Exist In Harmony With The Universe Because She Will Be He And He Will Be She And They Will Be One And There Will Be Nothing Further, Just The Moment That Is Actually Endless Until It Ends Which Will Be Less Than The Time It Takes Her To Run Her Finger Down His Chest And They Could Crawl Under The Covers And Disappear With The Sun On A Sunday And Pretend That They Were Never Coming Back But This Was Something Clouding His Mind Making It Too Foggy To See His Original Face And He Does Not Know How To Stop A Wild Horse Or A Bullet Train Coming Straight At Him And When He Turns Off The Music And Listens Close He Cannot Tell If A Tree Fell In The Woods Or If A Bear Shits There Or If That Was The Sound Of One Hand Clapping And His Mediations Will Never Get Past The Sufferings Of Beauty Locked Behind The Lips Of Time And He Will Cling To These Images Of Beautiful Women That He Burned Into His Memory As Life Itself Because Life Itself

Was Never A Beautiful Girl Waiting Naked For Him And Him Alone Because All Women Were Pursuing Knowledge And Once They Knew A Boy And How He Feels And What He Likes And Does Not Like And Once They Take Everything He Gives They Move On To Another Boy Because They Want To Know What It Feels Like To Have Another Boy, A Different Boy, With Them And In Them And He Was The Boy That She Knew And She Left And He Was Left Alone But Right Handed So He Played With Himself And He Became His Best Friend And He Always Knew What He Thinking And What He Was Going To Say And He Finished His Own Sentences And He Got Along So Well With Himself That He Eventually Got Bored And Had To Travel Outside Himself So He Decided To Go To The Orient Because He Did Not Give A Fuck What Edward Said And He Flew There And Yes His Arms Were Tired And So Were His Wings And He Ate Sushi And Rice And Poured Soy Sauce Over Everything And He Mastered The Art Of Chopsticks And Charades And Bonsai And Origami And The Orient Had Beautiful People Over There In The East, Beautiful Oriental People That Did Oriental Things That These Bastards That Surrounded Him In The West Would Not Understand Because These Mindless Fucks Had No

Culture And Never Stopped Eating And Never Stepped Into Art Museums Or Libraries And If They Ever Stepped Outside And Happened To Be Immersed In Nature For A Moment They Got Pissed Because They Were Missing Their Television, Their God, Their Ignorant Art, They Were Missing Life And He Was Trying To Find Them And Help Them Get Out Of The Lost And Get Them On The Path Of Beauty That Leads To Transcendence Because Anyone Can Transcend Or Dance And At Times Even He Considered Himself A Dancer Because At These Times He Was Dancing And Very Drunk And At Times He Considered Himself A Writer Because Sometimes He Wrote And At Times He Considered Himself A Reader Because Sometimes He Read Minds Or Words Or Even Sentences And Then He Conquered Paragraphs Which Enabled Him To Read A Book And Then He Saw A Bunch Of Words Hanging In The Sky That Someone Left Up High And He Discovered A Poem And Then He Began To Read Poems But He Never Actually Met Anyone Who Read Pound Or At Least No One Who Admitted To It And He Was Not Sure What Cantos Actually Were And He Thought That Maybe It Was The Anti-Breakfast Cereal That Evil Parents Fed Their Children So They Would Not Start Their Day Right

And He Wondered What Kind Of Parents Would Do Such A Thing And This Confused Him Like The Glass That Fills Every Windowpane That He Saw As A Labyrinth Because He Could Be On Either Side, Looking Either Way, But Never In The Middle And There Was Always The Separation And He Could Not Decide Which Was Better- Inside Looking Out Or Outside Looking In- Because Either Way He Looked To The Other Side Wanting That From Which He Was Clearly Separate And He Balled, Tears Falling, And He Balled His Hand Into A Fist And He Watched The Glass Break, Fragments Falling, Cutting Skin And He Jumped Through To Get Out To Get In To Get Her Together Even As She Was Falling Apart Like Time And Would It Stop If He Was Not There To Bear Witness Or Arms Because He Was Told That Time Was A Dimension Which Again Confused Him Because He Thought Time Equaled The Speed Of Light And Maybe The Porch Was Sixty Miles Per Hour Because A Moment Was An Instant And Instantly It Was Gone And Then Another Instant Came And Went Instantly Like Light And The Sun Which He Could Have Considered God If He Considered God To Be That Which Sustains Life On Earth But What About Mars Or Water And He Sometimes

Thought Of God As His Creator But Then He Figured That His Parents Were Not God- Or Were They- Or Maybe God Was His Parent's Parent's Parents All The Way Back To The First Man Or Woman Or Monkey Or Single Celled Organism Or Whatever The Fuck It Was That Gave Birth To The Man And Woman Who Gave Birth To The Man And Woman Who Gave Birth To His Mother And Father Who Gave Him Life And He Tried To Give It Back Because He Did Not Know What To Do With It Because It Was So Beautiful Because It Was So Ugly Because It Was The Best Gift He Ever Received Because Was The Worst Gift He Ever Received Because It Made Him Sick And Happy And Lonely And Alive Because It Was The Gift That Gave Him Everything And Nothing And This Was What He Really Desired Because His Possessions Were Possessing Him And He Wanted Children And A Beautiful Wife Because Making Children With His Beautiful Wife Would Be Beautiful And He Thought About A Beautiful House In The Middle Of Some Place Beautiful That They Could Live In And The Backyard Would Be A Beautiful Forest Made For Them That They Could Frolic And Fuck In And They Could Name Their Beautiful Children Ivy Or Oak Or Stillborn Or Hendrix Like His Dog Whose Toe Nails Were Always

Clicking Around On The Hardwood Floor That Are Not Actually Toe Nails Because She Has Paws, Not Toes, With Nails That Were Too Long Like The Ones That Should Only Be Used For Building Buildings Or Crucifying And She Could Not Speak English So It Was Difficult To Communicate But She Did Understand Sit And Lie Down And Shake And Speak And Roll Over And When He Told Her To Play Dead She Rolled Over On Her Back With Her Paws Bent, Hanging, And She Stopped Moving Her Tail And He Wondered How She Knew To Do That With Only Those Two Words Because He Never Taught Her This Trick So What Power Did She Possess Besides The Ability To Make Bones And Furniture Disappear And Where Did She Come From But Then He Remembers That She Was A Gift From Her And He Remembers Going To The Pet Store With Her Which He Probably Did Not Like But She Enjoyed It So They Always Went Until She Got Mad That He Did Not Like Going To Pet Stores So She Stopped Going To Pet Stores With Him And They Eventually Stopped Going Anywhere Together But At The Time In The Pet Store They Were At A Point Where They Liked Each Other Enough To Accompany Each Other Everywhere As Long As At The End Of The Day, When It Became Night, They Met In

Bed And He Remembers Seeing A Puppy That Barked Too Much And Was Too Starved For Attention And Behind This Puppy Was A Beautiful Black And White Puppy That Barked Only Because It Was Scared And There Was A Perfect Amount Of Sadness In This Puppy's Eyes And He Knew That This Was The Coolest Dog He Had Ever Seen In His Life And He Told Her This And She Picked The Puppy Up And It Was So Tiny And Cute, Yelping On Her Chest And She Wanted To Buy Her But He Did Not Because Then He Knew He Would Have To Take Care Of Her And He Did Not Want The Responsibility And Even Though They Did Not Buy Her That Day, He Was Almost Convinced But Sometime Later He Took Her Out To Eat Mexican Food And She Ordered A Chicken Quesadilla Like Usual And He Ordered Beef Tacos Like Always And He Told Her He Was Sorry That He Forgot To Request The Night Off Work Because He Did Not Know It Was Her Birthday Until Moments Before He Told Her He Was Sorry Because She Just Told Him It Was Her Birthday, For The First Time, Sitting There Eating Mexican Food On The Same Day She Was Born Some Years Ago And He Did Not Even Know And Now He Had To Go To Work And Leave Her But He Told Her He Would See Her Afterwards Which He Did

Along With The Black And White Puppy That She Ended Up Buying On Her Birthday But For Him And Part Of Him Felt So Good That She Would Do Something So Nice For Him On Her Birthday And A Very Small Part Of Him, That He Shoved Aside Because He Knew Where They Were Going To End Up That Night, Was Mad Because Now He Was Going To Have To Take Care Of This Puppy That Would Become A Dog And She Could Just Play With It And Then Go Back To Her Place And Not Have To Take Care Of The Eating, Shitting, Barking, Puking Animal Which Is Exactly What She Did And He Eventually Lost Her And He Could Not Find Her Anymore, She Was Gone And Even If He Did Find Her She Would Be Different, He Would Be Different, They Would Not Be The Same And His Projection Of Them Would Decompose And The Movie Will End And He Will Not Be In The Credits And They Will Not Leave Together And She Will Not Ask Him To Fuck Her Behind Theater But He Wanted To Open Her Box Again And Press Play Or Rewind And Feel The Warmth And He Would Not Mind All The Bad Things That Came From It As Long As He Could Touch Or Taste Or Feel That One Glimpse Of Hope Before They Fast Forward And It Closes Again And She Pulls Down Her

Skirt Along With The Blue Velvet Curtains
And He Wrote Her Letters To Try And
Find Her But She Did Not Write Back And
He Lost Her Address And His Pen Ran Out
Of Ink And He Did Not Have Any Stamps
Or An Envelope And He Wondered How
She Could Abandon Them And He Knew
She Did Not Want To Be Found But When
He Told Her He Loved Her He Meant It
With Every Part Of His Mind, Body And
Soul Even If She Did Not Believe Him Even
As They Were Growing Apart And Time
And

Space

Were Interfering With Them More And More And He Still Remembers Every Time He Picked Her Up At Every Different Airport In All The Different Cities That Each Time She Walked Up To Him Or Walked Away From Him That He Recognized Her Less And Less Until He Did Not Recognize Her At All Because She Was Not Even There And When He Told Stories About The Time He Spent With Her He Would Open With- One Time, Me And My Dead Girlfriend- And People Would Ask If His Girlfriend Was Really Dead And If His Grammar Was That Poor And He Would Say Yes And Then He Would Explain That She Was Hit By A Bus And He Never Really Listened In English Class And Her Head Detached From Her Body And He Watched All This From The Side Of The Road And He Said This So Much And He Never Heard Back From Her That He Thought Maybe This Had Come True Because He Believed In Curses Because He Knows He Has Cast Them And He Knows He Has Been Cursed And They Were Not Evil Spells Chanted Behind Smoke In A Dark Lair By Witches Or Wizards Or Warlocks, They Were Just Words, And He Knew Words Can Curse And Karma Was Very Real And Everything Happens For A Reason But He Could Never Figure Out Why Or Figure In The

Variables And He Wondered How He Got To Where He Was Because Where He Was He Never Thought Was Where He Was Going To Be But This Was Exactly Where He Ended Up- Dead Center In The Middle Of Nowhere Which Happened To Be His Life And He Met A Girl And Her Name Was Catherine But She Went By Cat And It Fit Her Perfectly Like Her Light-Blue Eyes And Matching Blonde Hair Falling Tangled Around Her Beautiful White Smile Complete With Perfectly Straight Teeth And He Knew From The First Moment He Saw Her That He, Easily, Could Completely Fall In Love With This Girl, If For Only Her Laugh Because She Always Closed Her Eyes And Tilted Her Head Back When The Sound Was Generating In Her Like She Knew That Everyone Needed To Prepare For This Because It Was Going To Be So Beautiful That You Had To Close Your Eyes And Concentrate And Listen Close As It Drifted In Your Ears But She Died, Actually She Dyed Her Hair Brown And Who He Thought She Was Seemed To Lie Under The Dye Or In The Past Or Somewhere In His Imagination Because Along With Her Hair Color, She Changed And He Could Not Uncover Who She Really Was And He Never Liked Detective Work Or Work In General Or Work Specifically And She Was Too Much To

**Understand Or Maybe Too Little And She
Said She Did Not Believe In Love And It
Was At That Point That He Knew They
Were Not Even On The Same**

*I red her mind and
It blue her mind and then
Her mind was purpled*

Page And He Informed Her That She Was Full Of Shit And Not Full Of Such Things As Sugar And Spice Or Anything Nice But Something Dark And Demented And Dishonest That Was Probably Bitter Like A Rotting Green Apple Dropped In A Garden That Did Not Contain Love But Only Contained Lies And He Vowed To Never Open This Container Contained In Her Because He Was Tired Of Fixing Things That Were Not Broke And His Hindsight Was Not Twenty Twenty But Closer To Legally Blind Especially In That One Spot Although He Could See The Injustice In Justice Because It Was Still An Eye For An Eye And A Life For A Life, Having Not Progressed From The Egyptians, With A Penalty Of Death For Death But Sequence Does Not Justify Capital Punishment And He Sat Watching The World Go By Through The Window, Watching The Glass Get Thicker On The Bottom As His Hair Grew Long As The River Flowed And The Branches Hanging From The Trees Swayed, Knowing This Place Does Not Belong To Him Or Anyone As A Bird Struggled Atop A Fence To Keep From Falling, Her Wings Broken After An Attack From A Playful Puppy Who Was Innocent But The Bird Is Still Hurt And The Bird Still Bleeds And Then The Bird Falls As It Tries To Take Flight, To Leave The Earth

Before The Ground Swells And Grows
Around The Tiny Body, Ill-Equipped With
Broken Wings, Burying It, But It Will
Never Again Leave The Earth, It Will Only
Become A Part Of It And He Gazed At The
Pillars Of Salt Next To The Isles Of Black
And White And The Keys Of Ivory And
Obsidian Leaning Towards Towers Of
Light And He Put So Much Time Into
Staring At The Blue Sky, Watching It
Bleed, Watching It Recede, That He
Believed He Earned It But The Sky Could
Not Be Earned So He Stole It Without
Being Seen And He Was Never Caught And
He Kept The Blue Locked Up In A Black
Trunk Where Only He Could See Its
Beauty And He Knew That This Made Him
A Thief And Cruel And Unusual For
Punishing The Weathermen Because Now
No One Would Know Which Way The
Wind Blows But This Was The Only Thing
He Ever Stole Besides Her Heart Which He
Kept Bleeding And Beating Next To His
Until She Took It Back And Then His
Heart Bled And Pumped Idly In Solitude
Behind Clouds Above Ancient Poets
Working With Walls And Hieroglyphics
But Luckily He Still Had A Photo Of Her
And She Was Smiling, Her Face Next To
His, And He Remembers The Room It Was
Taken In And That This Was During The
Holidays With Her Family Since His

Family Was Broken And He Can Still Look Deep Into Her Eyes And He Still Knows He Loves Her, Will Always Love Her, Even Though The Picture Is Too Grainy And Unclear, But Even So He Can Push The Photo Halfway Down Into The Envelope And He Can Stare Into Her Eyes And Pretend That The White Underneath Is Just A Sheet She Has Covering Her Mouth And That They Are Still In Bed Together And He Can Tell Her A Story Like The One He Remembers Hearing As A Child About A Boy With Shitty Shoes And No Friends And He Wishes He Could Remember Where He Heard The Story But It Is Buried Somewhere In The Past Which Is Dead Which Some Part Of Him Looked Forward To Because Then It Would Be The End Of His Life And The Beginning Of Something Else And There Was A Time When He Felt His Life Was Beautiful And For A Moment It Became What He Always Wanted It To Be- Art- And He Was Not With A Beautiful Woman Or On A Beautiful Beach, He Was Alone On An Orange Couch That He Picked Up Off The Street For Free That Hendrix Kept Chewing Up And If She Kept Up Her Bad Behavior, Then He Will No Longer Have The Couch That He Was Sitting On Eating A Chicken Caesar Salad With Italian Dressing Listening To Classical Music On Public Radio Even

Though He Was Not Sure If He Even Liked Classical Music Or Public Radio But He Sat There Looking At The Shades Covering The Window And Something Was Beautiful Or Maybe He Was Just In A Very Good Mood Forgetting For A Moment What He Will Always Remember, What He Realized Falling On The Concrete In The Driveway Of His Old House, The First House He Ever Lived In Or The First House He Ever Remembered Living In, When He Picked Himself Back Up And Looked At The Point On His Arm Where The Pain Was Coming From And Then He Saw Something Come From Behind His Skin, Something That Was Not Normal And Red And Something Was Seriously Wrong And He Screamed For His Father Because He Became Completely Afraid And He Somehow Already Knew That This Red Was Called Blood And This May Not Have Been The First Time He Bled But This Was The First Time He Watched The Blood Flow From His Body And It Destroyed One Of His Childhood Myths Because Now He Knew He Was Not Invincible Or Immortal But That He Could Be Hurt And That One Day He Was Going To Die And Part Of Him Believed That There Was A Place That He Would Go After He Died And Maybe For Him It Was Called Heaven Or Hell Or Purgatory Or Maybe It Really Just Ends

And His Mind Will Decay And Turn Black
And Maybe He Does Not Have A Soul That
Will Transcend From His Body And Ascend
To The Sky And Maybe He Will Just
Dissolve And Everyone He Knew Will
Forget And Everyone Who Never Knew
Him Will Not Care Or Blink Since They
Will Be Somewhere Else While He Is In
The Place Called Death That Does Not
Look Like Anything Or Smell Like
Anything And No One Is There Except
Nothing Who He Will Try To Make
Friends With Because No One But Nothing
Helped Him So Much While He Lived And
In His Death He Believes There Is Still
Time For Retribution And He Believes
There Is Still The Chance That His Life
Will Never End Because He Has Yet To
Meet Death Even Though He Has Seen
Him In Boxes And At The Hospital And In
The Cemetery And He Knows Death Has
Met His Parent's Parents Which He
Believes Set Them Free And He Wants To
Be Free, Actually Free, In The Most Idyllic
Sense Without Being Dependent Even On
His Most Basic Needs Since The Air And
Water Were Now Polluted And He Was
Jealous Of His Dog Because She Did Not
Need Clothes And His Home Was Not
Actually His And His Food Was
Contaminated And Unhealthy And He
Wondered At What Point Did Foods

Become So Unnatural That Organic Foods Became An Expensive Alternative And Every Time He Went To An All You Can Eat Chinese Buffet He Lost His Appetite Because He Ate Until It Was Days Away From Returning And The Rest Of The Second And Third World Were Just Looking For Something To Eat And The First World Could Feed The Whole World But Instead They All Owned Cell Phones And The Irony Of These People Trying To Lose Weight Disgusted Him And At The Very End Of His Stuffing After Two Too Many Plates Of Food When His Stomach Could Not Hold Anything More And It Was About To Evacuate, He Was Presented With A Fortune Cookie Which Unfortunately Was Broke, Just Like Him, And A Check Which He Was Not Sure How He Was Going To Pay And His Fortune Told Him That Love Is The Only Medicine For A Broken Heart And That His Lucky Numbers Were 2, 17, 33, 35, 44, And 30 And Love Seemed Obvious But 44 Made Him Wonder And He Flipped The Small Rectangular Piece Of Paper For More Answers And Then His Fortune Taught Him Chinese And That Shi-yue Meant October But This Would Only Help Him Thirty One Days Out Of The Year If He Happened To Be In China And If Someone Happened To Ask Him What Month It

Was But Who The Fuck Is In China
Wondering What Month It Is And Would
He Even Understand The Question And
Would They Happen To Cross Paths And
Even If They Did He Still Could Not See
Himself In China But Then Again He
Never Looked And Then He Wondered If
Maybe He Was In China, While He Kept
His Head Down, Staring At The Paper
Place Mat That Told Him He Was A
Monkey- Intelligent, Can Influence Others,
Easily Confused- And He Wondered What
Ancient Prophet Had Him Pinned So Well-
And Maybe It Was A Note He Left Himself-
But How Was Such Great Knowledge Left
On The Table To Catch The Red Sweet
And Sour Sauce That People Dripped
When They Missed Their Ignorant Mouths
And He Wondered Who Had Been The
Genius That Spread His Hand Upon A
Sheet Of Paper And Traced Around His
Fingers And Instantly Created An Army Of
Artists And Visionaries Composed Of
Children In Every School, Every Year In
Late November As They All Saw Turkeys
And He Wonders Who Was The First
Student To Tell Their Teacher That He Did
Not Have His Homework Because His Dog
Ate It And He Believes That The First
Person To Actually Give This Excuse Was
Probably Telling The Truth Or A Genius
Because The First Teacher Who Was Given

This Excuse Had To Believe It Because It Was So Ridiculous That It Had To Be True And This Student Was Probably Even Smart Enough Or Worried Enough To Bring In The Half Chewed Evidence Or Maybe His Dog Was Actually Sabotaging His Academic Career But He Never Had The Chance To Think Of Or Give This Excuse And His Mother Never Told Him That Growing-Up Was The Biggest Scam He Was Going To Fall For But When She Did Call Him, She Told Him How Proud She Was Of Him And He Did Not Understand Why Because All He Did Was Join The Rat Race And He Wondered What Happened To The Human Race- Who Won- When Did It Start- And Why Was Everyone Running, Living, Breathing, Slaving For Little Meaningless Pieces Of Paper With In God We Trust Printed On Them That Even Made Atheists Believe Because If God Did Not Exist Then They Could Not Go Shopping, Which Were Near Extinction Since They Were Being Converted Into Something Even Less Significant, Something Even More Intangible- A Number- Which So Many Believed Determined Their Worth Which Was Why They Were So Worthless And This Did Not Motivate Him Because His Motivation Stemmed From Love And It Was Hiding Somewhere So He Bought A

Metal Detector Thinking He Would Find It, Her, Through Default But He Kept Discovering The Cold Steel Burn Of Life Unlived And Self-Inflicted Gunshot Wounds And He Understood Depression And Desperation But He Also Knew He Would Never Become So Desperate As To Actually Believe His Only Choice Was Life Or Death, Because Neither Was Actually A Choice They Were Only Parts Of Each Other Like Light And Dark, Like Man And Woman, Like Here And There So He Decided To Move To A Place Far Away, Then And Now Because He Is Already Back And Now Only Remembers That There Was A Time He Missed Walking Into A Bar In Mexico Which Looks Better On Paper Because It Is Black And White Without The Dirt And Disease And The Desolation With A Mexican Following Him Because He Told Him To Come Along After Meeting Him At Another Bar, This Man And He Talking, Half-Communicating, Neither Completely Understanding Each Other- The Man With Broken English And He With Broken Spanish And Both Of Them With Broken Dreams- Only Understanding That He And This Man Were Now And Always Friends, One Hot Night, Walking In With A Beautiful Mexican Girl Whose Name Was Kathy But She Went By Kat And It Fit Her Perfectly

Like Her Dark Black Hair And Her Head Resting Under His Chin When They Would Stop Against A Wall And Kiss With All The Men At The Bar Staring At Them Or At Her Because She Was Beautiful And The Only Female In The Place That Was Even Hotter Than Outside With A Film Of Air That Would Cling To Everyone And Everything And Made Them Sweat And He Loved The Smell Of Her Sweat And His Sweat And Their Sweating And How Wet They Were While He Needed To Find A Bathroom Which He Was Led To By Her Which Was Only A Trough With Half A Broken Swinging Door For No Privacy But Pissing All The Same With Two Mexicans Barging In Yelling Almost Mad Because He Was Not Moving, Only Pissing, Before He Kissed Her More Along The Wall And Smelled Her Hair And Tried To Order More Beers But His Friend Hector Said They Were Leaving And They Were And He Waved And Said Goodbye To His Friend Who Had Come Along From The Other Bar And He Could See This Man Sitting At The End Of The Bar And He Could Tell By The Man's Face And His Frown And His Sunken Dead Eyes That The Man Was Completely Heartbroken Because This Man Was Just Like The Boy Who Only Wanted Another Her To Be With Him And He Could Say He Loved

**Her Even If He Did Not Mean It But Only
Liked To Say It Because Of The Way It
Made Her Feel To Hear Like A Song, Like
A Soft Rain Tapping On The Surface While
Holding His Breath Underwater, Like
Being In A Warm Bed Under Thick Covers
And Seeing The Snow Through A Window
Shining White In Moonlight Below
Darkness When He Knows Tomorrow Will
Be Christmas**

Love
lies
in her eyes

*Our reality
Is the opposite of
Our eternity*

The Con Artist

I love you
she said

*The trees are bare and
The wind sweeps away all
The fallen dead leaves*

Note To Self

I keep forgetting
what I have to remember
I have to remember
what I keep forgetting
I keep remembering
what I have to forget
I have to forget
what I keep remembering

*I want to give you
Something wrapped in a box
But flesh traps my soul*

The Critic

He
She
Or more appropriately
It
Is not human
But parasitic by nature
And it
Can only maintain its existence
Co-dependently
Bloodsucking
Feeding
Off the artist

And its work
If what it does
Can actually be called
work
Is antithetical to

Art

For
Any creation
Big or small
Universal or meaningless
Will always mean more
Than the petty destruction
Known as criticism

Furthermore
Finger-painting
Will always be
A greater achievement
Than any critical analysis

And all this
Is obvious
Because the poets
Painters
And filmmakers
May stand a chance
For remembrance
But the critic
Will always be
forgotten

*The trees are real.
And we cut them down to
Make them into this*

The You In Verse

I have never expressed

Myself

I have expressed

You

The you

In me

The universe

*I could see my face
In her eyes, she said she
Could see the window*

How To Make Love

Gather one man
One woman
A bed
The sun
The moon
And an eternity

Mix the man and woman
Place in a bed
Have them watch
The sun rise
And set
The moon appear
Wax
Wane
And disappear
And repeat
For one
Eternity

As love rises
Scrape off the top layer
And give the rest away

*I have stopped reading
I have not been writing
I have been in love*

The Sculptor

He loved one woman
And remembered her always
He never forgot
The beauty
in her eyes
Her smile
And the curves
That led him
Down her
Where they found
Each other and
The meaning
Of life

After she was gone
He spent his days
Staring at the walls
Imagining
Her lips

One day
He sealed off
All the doors
And boarded up
All the windows
And abandoned
his house

In search
Of her

He walked the desert
Twice
On two separate
Continents
Crossed countless streams
Passed the watchtower
In the wilderness
And walked until his feet
Met sand
And his body
Met water
And he entered
The Specific Ocean
And swam
To an island
Where he found
The Earth
Untouched
In the form
Of a purple mountain peak
Where deep inside
Staring
He could see
Where he must
Carve away
To see her again

He took the Earth
Day after day
His hands pressing
And caressing
His fingers
Cut
Calloused
And bleeding
Feeling every curve
As he chipped away
Day after day
To create
Every part
Of her

It only took him
Seven years
But then
Once again
she was there
with him
He only wished
He possessed
The breath of life

*Last night I dreamt I
Was buying one hundred
Years of solitude*

The Martial Artist

She had the right
To bear arms
Or sever arms
Or lie in them
And firearms
Were nothing
Compared with
her fire arms

She was gifted
With destruction
She could make
Buildings crumble
With a single glance
But her greatest power
Was her ability
To destroy two men
At the same time
Using only
Her body

*Have the waves swallow
Me, so I can drown and
Forget about you*

Self-Portrait

Alfaro

*They made their profit
The almighty dollar
They made their prophet*

The Art Of Motorcycle Maintenance

I met her one night
At a party
In Ann Arbor

Her name was
Rakin
Like rakin leaves
She said

She was going
To Thailand
To teach
Literature
Even though
She studied
Philosophy
So I asked her
What philosopher
She liked to read
And she said
Kant
I told her I liked
Descartes
Because I think
Everyone is full of shit

She asked Bill
Sitting next to me
What he liked to read
He said
The Catcher In The Rye
Of course
And Brautigan
Who she
And her friend
Never heard of
Of course

She asked me
What I liked to read
I told her
Right now
I'm reading
Zen
and The Art
of Motorcycle Maintenance
And her eyes jumped
That's what I'm reading right now
She said excited
What part are you on?
She asked
The part where
He's going up the mountain
I said
So am I
She said

I just broke up
With my girlfriend
Tonight
Don't go to Thailand
I love you
I never said
But I handed her
A poem
That I wrote
To give to someone
But had trouble all week
Finding them
Until her

What's this?
She asked
Save it
I said
Like Christmas
And she put it in her pocket
And left

Now I only wonder
if this beautiful girl
made it out alive

*No one can stop the
Idly bleeding heart of
Poetry's savior*

The Other Side

Let us walk through the mirror
And live on the other side
Where we will not have to face
Our reality

We will not shed tears
As their screams leak
In our ears
Our frozen eyes
Staring cold
through
The silver dimension
Indifferent
To the suffering
Of someone else's children

And while the world ends
We will eat breakfast
And while the bodies burn
We will turn on some music

*This book was made with
A pen and some paper
Along with my soul*

Tomorrow I Will Fly

I am an artist

I uprooted
An apple tree
And planted it
In rocks
I watched the apples
Fall
I saw the tree
Die
I tied
Seventy six
Red apples
To its lifeless branches
And one green one
I let a serpent
Crawl along its bark

I bought a
God Bless America
T-shirt
And wore it with
The B crossed out

I carved a statue
Of a shadow
Of a man
I carved
A turkey
I carved
A pumpkin
I carved
A bowl
And three-flipped
The moon

I formed
A nation of men
And trained them
Into an army
They all understand
What is meant by
The word
War
They are all
Willing to die
For anything I believe
They live
In my mind

I painted
A picture
And a house
A picture

Of the setting sun
And a picture
Of a red house
Burning

I threw a rock
Through a window
I threw
Up on some rocks

I wrote a book
I wrote a song
I wrote my name
On a piece of paper
In the snow
On her heart
In the sky
I wrote my name
Alfaro
Everywhere

I wrote a poem
And tied it
To a blue balloon
And watched them
Float away

I wrote her a letter
And laid it beside her
Before they buried her
In dirt

I took a picture
Of heaven
And hell

I carved
A key from ivory
That opened
A steel window
That led
To paradise
I met a woman there
That I made
Out of one rib
She told me
To seek Christ
I stared
At her naked body
I told her
I already met him
On top of
The Tower of Babel
We shouted down
The Mother Language
But no one was listening

I built an ancient pyramid
Yesterday
Tomorrow
I will fly

*The sun and the moon
Share the sky today as
Spring buries winter*

The Art Of Time

The past
Is spiritual
The present
Divine
The future
Mystical

The past
Is dead
But lives on
In spirit

This is what
We were

The present
Is godlike
Because it is
Creation
Every moment
Is born
Lives
And passes
Instantly

This is what
We are

The future
Is never
Actually
Here
Much like
God
But absolutely
Anything
Can happen

This is what
We can become

God
Will come
When we become
God

*Eight thousand eight times
I heard that bird cry and
Then I watched it die*

Shedding

Hair

Skin

Blood

Pounds

Light

*I want to close my
Eyes and sleep forever
And sleep forever*

The Poet

He was always lost
Because he had no direction
Other than left to right
Left to right
And
Down

His love
Was endless
And included
Words
And women

He loved
The letter t
At the end of
Dreamt
As if
When he awoke
At the end of
Every dream
Heaven would be waiting

And he wonders how
The most idyllic places
Nirvana
Utopia

Xanadu
Have the most beautiful names
And he wonders
If there is a map
Because he was lost
And so out of place
(He Is Here)*
Like the letter t
At the end of burnt
Staring into the ashes
Trying to find out
What it all meant

He loved art
Because it was so unique
Just like the word itself
And he knew how difficult
It was to create
And how easy
It was to fuck up
Just add
The letter f
And it gets
Close to shit

He knew
It was pointless
To try
To translate
Poetry

Or
To try
To write
Poems
When his dog
Decided
To rest
Her head
On his wrist

He hated poems
That he did not understand
And poems
About poems
And poems
Poems
Poems
Poems
That

repeated

words

or

had

*

strange

in

dent

tations

For no reason
And any poem
That used the word
Opaque

He knew
His words
Were never really
His
Nor were his ideas
They came
From beyond
Which was why
He was always having
Metaphysical difficulties
And this was why
He had not yet decided
Whether or not
To believe
In unicorns

Women
Stole his thoughts
Constantly
With their breasts
And lips
The soft curve
Right above their hips
The depth of their eyes
Their long
Dark
Hair
Their scent
Their skin

And their absence

So he spent his days
Sitting endlessly
Surrounded by words
Thinking of women
With his pen
And paper
Watching time
Trying to figure out
Which direction
It was going
Pouring
Black
On white
With red
Trying
to fill
The void

*Her eyes are frozen
In layers of winter
Staring into June*

Goodbye Sun

And then one day
The sun never came up
And people panicked
They were checking their watches in darkness
Thinking it should have been here by now
People in America were calling people in
China
And the people in China were just as confused
Because it was not there either
The people looked around in the sky
And could not find it
The sun was gone

*I eat surreal
Cereal, the morning
Of her funeral*

Life Preserver

If these words
Happen
To save your life
Please write back
And maybe
You can save mine

*It will never end
It will never end and
It will never end*

The Meaning Of Life

I was meant
To love you

What if I told you?-
None of this is real.
And it's all a dream...

Dead End

Back Cover Art

Top left-hand corner-

Poetry

Bottom left-hand corner-

Silenced Press Icon

\$12 USD

www.silencedpress.com

Bottom right-hand corner-

ISBN/Bar code

No picture

No bio

No hype

“Will you rub my back?”

...This is the end.

Goodbye.

ISBN-13: 978-0-9792410-0-0

ISBN-10: 0-9792410-0-6

