

I

A Century Solitary

12.24.2012

I'VE BEEN DEAD BEFORE. (I'M SITTING ON MY BED LOOKING AT A POSTCARD OF LOS ANGELES. WE JUST PARTAKED OF A GROUP SONG OF "THE DRUMMER BOY" AND AN ATTEMPTED, FAILED, RENDITION OF "~~THE~~ TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS ~~THE~~." ONE MAN BOOED AND WE CHASTIZED HIM, RIGHTLY, BUT I FIND MYSELF WANTING TO STACK UP FOR THE GRINCH. MAYBE ITS HIS ONLY WAY OF JOINING IN. I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM. I CAN IMAGINE HIM SITTING WANTING TO BE LIKED BUT BEING UNABLE TO "SELF-EFFACE," TO DISMISS HIS SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS)

BUT, I'VE BEEN DEAD. I KNOW DEATH. TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE I HELD THE REAPER AT ARM'S LENGTH WITH PUSHPDS AND MATTRESS CURLS. LAST MONTH MY HEART BEGAN TO HURT AND I HAD TO CEASE EXERCISE. I EXPERIENCED RAW ISOLATION FOR THE FIRST TIME... ITS THE DEEPEST HURT I'VE EVER FELT.

I ATE MY FIRST BOTTLED EGG, MY FIRST OATMEAL, BANANA AND YOGURT AFTER FIVE YEARS STRAIGHT OF BOLOUNT. I TOOK MY FIRST SHOWER IN FIVE YEARS. I'VE WALKED AROUND A TIER WITH NO HANDCUFFS.

THAT IS NO JOKE, MY STORY. I'VE GIVEN UP ON LIFE. I STOPPED. CARRYING... TEN! YEARS!

IT IS CHRISTMAS EVE AS I WRITE THIS. MY HAIR AND BEARD IS STILL FIVE YEARS



II

→
"A CENT. GAL." CONT

LONG. I FIND MYSELF COMFORTABLE THIS WAY, PLUS
I'M AFRAID IF I CUT IT I'LL LOSE SOMETHING.
WISDOM, MAYBE? MAYBE I'LL FORGET THE PAIN
THAT CHANGED ME. WILL THE WORLD ACCEPT ME
IF I NEVER CUT MY HAIR AGAIN?

ECCENTRIC THOUGHTS... BUT MY HEART
HURTS LESS AND LESS LATELY. MY FAMILY WILL
HEAR MY VOICE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE
YEARS NEXT WEEK. WILL WE REMEMBER EACH
OTHERS' VOICES? CAN YOU GUYS IMAGINE THIS!!!

I WALKED AN OUTSIDE YARD AND
TICKLED AT THE WIND DANCING AROUND ME.
LIKE IT WAS ALIVE. TRULY ALIVE. TELLING
ME SOMETHING IN ITS GUSTLE SHOVED AND
WHISPERS. THE SOUNDS! OF OUTSIDE! SO...
SO BEAUTIFUL! ITS ALL SO BEAUTIFUL.

I'M LIKE A CHILD AGAIN.

I WANT TO GO TO LOS ANGELES
AND STAND ATOP THAT TALLEST, CIRCULAR
BUILDING AND FEEL THE WIND. I WANT TO BE
HURT BY THE WORLD AND FORGIVE IT AGAIN
AND AGAIN. I WANT TO BLEED AND CRY AND
LOSE AND WIN AND DIE UNEXPECTED AND BE
MOURNED BY SOMEONE I LOVE. I WANT TO LIVE.

I'VE BEEN DEAD BEFORE BUT NEVER
AGAIN BECAUSE DYING'S A CHOICE. DYING'S A
MINDSET. DEATH IS CONCEPTUAL.

THAT WIND SHOVING AND TICKELING
ME ON THE YARD IS ALIVE. BEEN MILLIONS
OF YEARS AGO ON THE BREW OF OUR ANCESTOR
CHASING A CARIBOU. MY TICKLE WILL REVERBERATE

III
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"A CENT. SOL." CONT.

AGAINST THE BARBUM of ONE of OUR DESCENDANTS.
WE LIVE FOREVER IN THE WIND...

ALL The WORLD

12.25.2012

SOUND AND WIND AND PAIN AND TASTE
BRIGHT colors, GRINS pulled FROM SHELL SHOCKED FACE
FOR NOTHING WOULD I INJURE ANOTHER
I'LL BE A MARTYR, A SAVER
GIVE ME EACH OUNCE of MALALA YOUSAFZAI'S PAIN
TAKE A QUARTER of GABBY DUVÉLAs' CELEBRATION
GIVE IT TO LINDSAY LOHAN, LET HER KNOW WE LOVE HER

I CAN SEE IT IN BRITNEY SPOERS' EYES
FIVE YEARS WITHOUT FASHION, POP, CELEBRITY
MODELS SKINNER, NEON DECORATING STARVED LIVES
PAIN, GOD, THIS PAIN BURIED BENEATH
EVERYONES **AUTISTIC** OR DIAGNOSED "CRAZY"
SKATING LIFELINES SPRAYPAINTED WITH A SMILE

WE HURT. WE CANT BURY THAT. ITS IMPOSSIBLE
TO BURY EVERY SINGLE THING NOT EXPECTING
SINKHOLE OR GROWTHS
AURORA, THEY SAY ITS ALL THERE IN HIS EYES
STARING OUT. BUT WHAT HAVE THOSE EYES
BEEN STARING AT ——— FOR DECADES

AT US. THIS PLACE CREATED BY US
TRYING TO PICK BRAINS THAT HAVE SNAPPED
FROM PAIN, LIKE BLAMING DERANGED CLOCKWORK
INUNATED WITH RAIN
ITS ALL THE SAME EMOTION, THE SAME
HURT HOLDING EACH ONE ONE AND THE SAME
POINTING FINGERS, SPILLED MASCARA, CHALK OUTLINES

PALMS, BOTOX, RIGHTS, BICYCLE HOROS GONE
POPIFY, SHOOTING, MILITARY RECRUITERS RECRUITING
JOBLESS BY DESIGN. TEXACO NEEDS SOLDIERS
I MISS YOU WORLD BUT YOU CONTINUE CRUELTY
BLOOD IS HEARTLESS IN VEIN SHORTENED WITH STARBUCKS
JUST A STAGE, ACTORS STANDING TEN SECONDS