

bookmark this morning and redial me
like it was two days ago. perhaps my heart has
plummeted into a high a
tacky euphoria is oblivious to. i can't even see
a sunrise. mornings have always
been breakfasts in bed, coffee
and tea, almost suggesting that we may have a choice.
a peculiar whiff before meals followed
by the llama calling for its food.
the options have never been favorable.
but i miss them.
i miss the option forced unto me to have coffee,
to feed the llama or to sleep in and wake up
just before breakfast becomes cold.

i am hurting.

today's toast tastes
different. it has that odd crunch to it
prying open the
taste buds stubborn
to remain in denial. is beautiful
really a constant image?

and it is perhaps like sandpaper
this groggy itch each,
no, just this
morning spawning clawing its
daunting taut ring gripping my neck choking
forcing me to purge out guilt just so i
could feel innocent again.

i am hurting.

a morning has suddenly
become noise. and it is a gradual gentle
fade for me to wake up to.

my prayers fly
for a little bicker this morning.

i am **here**.

notes

Funnily enough, I only had a knife with me. Is it odd that I am greatly repulsed by the lack of childish adolescent behavior in mankind today? From the backstabbing bigots and their diplomatic ways of promoting racial justice. The anxious rapists constantly monitoring everyone, entertainers of trivia and sin converting faith to plastic hopes or the most annoying pretentious artist walking planet earth with the fattest grant in their pocket. Just thinking of them makes me mad. It's unfortunate that violent masturbation could not aid these frustrations. And there are numerous ways to play out violent masturbation. But it feels almost as if I'm cheating if I did. Violent or not.

I have grown tired of everything. I've tried occupying myself by washing the dishes, waxing cars, paying bills, visiting the old folks, writing poems, busking, sun tanning, shaving, waxing, playing cards with the hobos, learning plumbing, getting a diploma, hiring and firing a housemaid, plucking out eyebrows, achieving a degree, earning a million dollars and gardening with the ministers. Fuck, I've even learnt how to make tea in 500 different ways. In some instances, I've become a road side actor, doing monologues like I own the country. But I am a failure. The born loser from that family of doctors. The pilot's son who's best friend is a table lamp.

The luxurious system portrays stability and security to everyone and somehow the virus starts there. It spawns this coy-like urgency to everyone and the frustrations begin with either not achieving that luxury or wanting more of it. But the contentment begins when

they start pushing that penis in everyone into a hole, just to give them satisfaction and finally a penis into their holes, just to show them love. It kills the other relatively splendid desires to pursue a dream. This virus is the guilty party of giving everyone a false impression of stability and love.

I have decided that everyone with this virus must die because,

1. they have not done everything i've tried doing.
2. they are a menace to insanity
3. they are ultimately boring.

I have sent invitations to the biggest names in every industry that needs fixing and they shall all be having tea with me next saturday at the club house. But before they arrive to the tea party, they shall be killed. Because there will be no tea party. I shall visit them incognito, thinking very well that I am that respected God fearing democrat explained in their invitation letter. I shall bear a mustache and walk with a cane. With a cape, I shall be the most dashing fucker to ever walk their grounds.

I hope you'll tell me to stop. I don't even know half of what I wrote. And they say I'm messed up. ha hah haha ha ha ha hahaha ha ha.

yours truly,
the critic.

RESETTING

{one}

bookmark that morning and redial me
like it wasn't today. maybe there is a
way to
revert the bloody tomorrows.

"it's morning," she says.

{i'll bet} i say
and i believe i fell
back to sleep. that means
i've got to go in a completely different
direction.
and the mismatched signals of an alternative
begins to form a certain kind
of headache, just
pinching its way into some important
place in my brain. this feeling of contentment
i beg of You,
place it somewhere important in my brain,
please, pretty
buttons, fancy ribbons or elephant
glue it down till maybe
it stays stuck
till its past a week
or so.

"sleepy head, wake up," she goes again
playfully
swaying her hair against my eyelids.
my prayer for glue seems to have
misfired to my eyes. this is hurting.

{are the toasts ready baby?} i think
that's what i asked that morning. but the
little
patters of rain were a bit more discreet that
day. and it did seem to me that the sun
had a bit of a smile that very moment i woke
up. she was just as beautiful. the familiarity
almost seemed xeroxed.

{love?}

this is hurting more than i imagined it to be.

{two}

my hands are swallowed by the plasticine
walls.
and there are bubbles pocketing my fingers
exploding slowly, *blursting*
 like *blub*
underwater slow motioned patterns
 ..freeze...

"{sleepy head}"

or are the termites busy with something?
brush strokes form perspectives
against the muted walls spiraling
the table lamp along muddy footprints
i believe made when i returned home last
night. caves in on me,
giant pancakes swallowing
my body whole leaving my
arm, now a dot to those
walls.

i am an astronaut doing laundry
in limbo.

the soap becomes a residue
and it corrodes my oxygen supply. my right
hand prevents the line from breaking
further and just when the machine was done
i must have forgotten that i only have
one hand after all.

and i slip.

{three}

i am in space again but
there are no stars. there is a pathway.
and it's quite a distance. just lampposts
with the sun as the light bulb dim
seen as a table lamp in
space.

bits of phlegm floating around.

saliva maps on pillows come to life
and they are apparitions i see haunting
little droplets of sperm hailed from
a previous wet dream gone wrong.

"you probably wished you were running down an
esophagus now
don't you?"

streams like motion graphics for t.v
the sperms are gaming themselves
for a possible holocaust charged
by the saliva ring leaders. i am caught
in the crossfire, the pedestrian sprawling
intimate with the path given.

{four}

nail clippers talk back.
it is perched on this man's shoulder i stumble
upon
and its metal teeth are tainted with
grease. the nail clippers' not
the man.

minutes of violent silences
shattering my skull with a balloon
and perhaps it wouldn't have
been that painful if i wasn't bald.
and i am
painting in my dream.

i am as clueless
as a condom, as to the uncanny
familiarity being back here
again, once again, yet again,
with the exception of this man
this man standing by the tree.

"i have not seen your girlfriend.
but i've got a hat.
and if it flies off towards a horizon
practically drifting aimlessly
that's when i'd know it's in love."

the minute distinction in a voice
has but left a generally weak memory
phlegm raining from my nose
as it abandons sleep along that creepy
corridor where leaves nests for the coming
winter.