

15

poems

by

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Mander

1.

a sort of child
somersaulting down a highway formed
from a single unholy thought
a pile of tarantulas multiplies silently
inside my brain
this town
is always so well-behaved
the nights pass over me like mediocre poetry
and I love it

2.

void of any purpose save
purchasing marijuana as though
it were my civic duty to do so
gasping and sweating I proceed
into the flat and calculated mix

3.

there is something mildly unconscious about all of this
there is something sadly freeing in staying directly
on the surface of these feelings I keep having
stoned but alert
staring disbelievingly into a mirror I've somehow just shattered
imagining I'm Franz Kafka for some reason
or my own dad

4.

a single satellite circling the Earth
the way a matador would a wounded bull
sometimes you have to settle for what's possible
and that can have devastating results
a child hellbent on self-cultivation
extra-poetically confused
it's almost as if humanity woke up one day
and what we did was we invented Las Vegas
the total homogenization of life
proceeds steadily apace
this universe
like a memory so traumatic you can only
retell it in the present tense
everything I thought I knew I've somehow proved wrong
everything I thought I knew seems like a distant
dream to me now

5.

like a synonym for death
the son of a fig eater
when you listen carefully you can hear
the planet's atoms separating
a poem that's just a single word
the word "plums"
dogs barking at total strangers
I hold out my hands
and beg

6.

memory runs backwards
into digitally-modified synapses
until into being bursts forth
a version of yourself you feel grateful
you'll never have to actually confront

7.

a map that exists only in fragments

Diogenes in a dirty shirt wandering ancient Athens

the only sad citizen left alive

it's dawn

a shepherd picks tarantulas from his sheep

the highly polished minds

of accomplished frauds

lurk like stars in the reddening skies of Ontario

minor holographic projections

dark of spirit

dark of heart

8.

attempting meditation in the depths of hell
prolonged exposure to the heat
supposedly produces some hallucinatory effect
all I really want is to lose myself in the music
but I can't
trivial concerns surround my perception
like a menacing fringe
apparently it's the things you don't actually do
that sabotage your life the most
an odd time to be alive
sort of embarrassed that I feel so at peace
common consensus among the most perma-stoned of my peers
is that a massive asteroid careening into our planet
is actually the most preferable way to go
that it's just like falling asleep
nobody knows what death is really like though
a single flower can reshape an entire landscape
a single word can raze an entire plain
in an era of ever-increasing transparency
you'd have to be stupid to expect too much
you'd have to be like a child or a dog or something

9.

like a violin detuning toward
its more preferred pitch
in my rented room
at the end of the world
I observe the ghost of Karl Marx
taking an iPhone-filled shit
on eternity
this world
despite its obvious flaws
remains beautiful to me
I never worry about a single thing
one day when I'm finally crowned dictator
of this psychically-exhausted society
I will undo myself totally
and let loose into the world
the tiny imps inhabiting me

10.

another stoned decade spent devising
more efficient ways to mold space and time
into a series of discrete symbols
raw colours
rhythmically blinking
at all moments
like a prayer you don't really know the words to
but only that you have to wade further into it
in order to get out of it
you have to look these people in the eye

11.

as calm as a cup of water
navigating across forbidden ground at dusk
with a single sonnet alone you pierce another
Ontario-shaped rent in the celestial sphere
through which the light of heaven shines down
like the venom of a water snake

12.

shouting directly into the death-portal
the angels in their temples
of syrup-coated snow
produce another podcast
too niche for you to really benefit from
the inverse of what you're feeling
is your own face reflected in the water
at the end of the world
the moon sends down its grief-injected presence
via light beams apparently loaded
with your own dust
it's the same thing as thinking
but less instinctual in feeling
as the spirit caves in
and you walk down the world's darkest tunnel
and slowly begin to admire the darkness too

13.

it's a new year

the moon looks like a tiny pill

trees swing in place agitatedly

somehow I can feel it in my blood

like my blood was itching

14.

a creative equator
divides my brain
things are easy
when they're easy
the only thing left to do
is wait until somebody you trust
tells you to wade into the river
the moon is so quiet
I am quiet

15.

passing through the prescribed darkness
into an imaginary sphere of economic peace
the uniformed death-agents drive around town
in Honda Civics advertising a new digital currency
you confound them with your total aversion to the future
you unravel something seemingly alien but soon realize
with a sharp intake of Colgate-soaked breath
that it's your own life you're unraveling
you're another hotspot of suffering
you'd rather be a part of the whole but then again
you're convinced the whole is kind of exhausting
it seems hard to be a good person
but it doesn't seem that hard to feel good
the world grows newer
with every passing day
the world wakes up and pretends it's the world

