

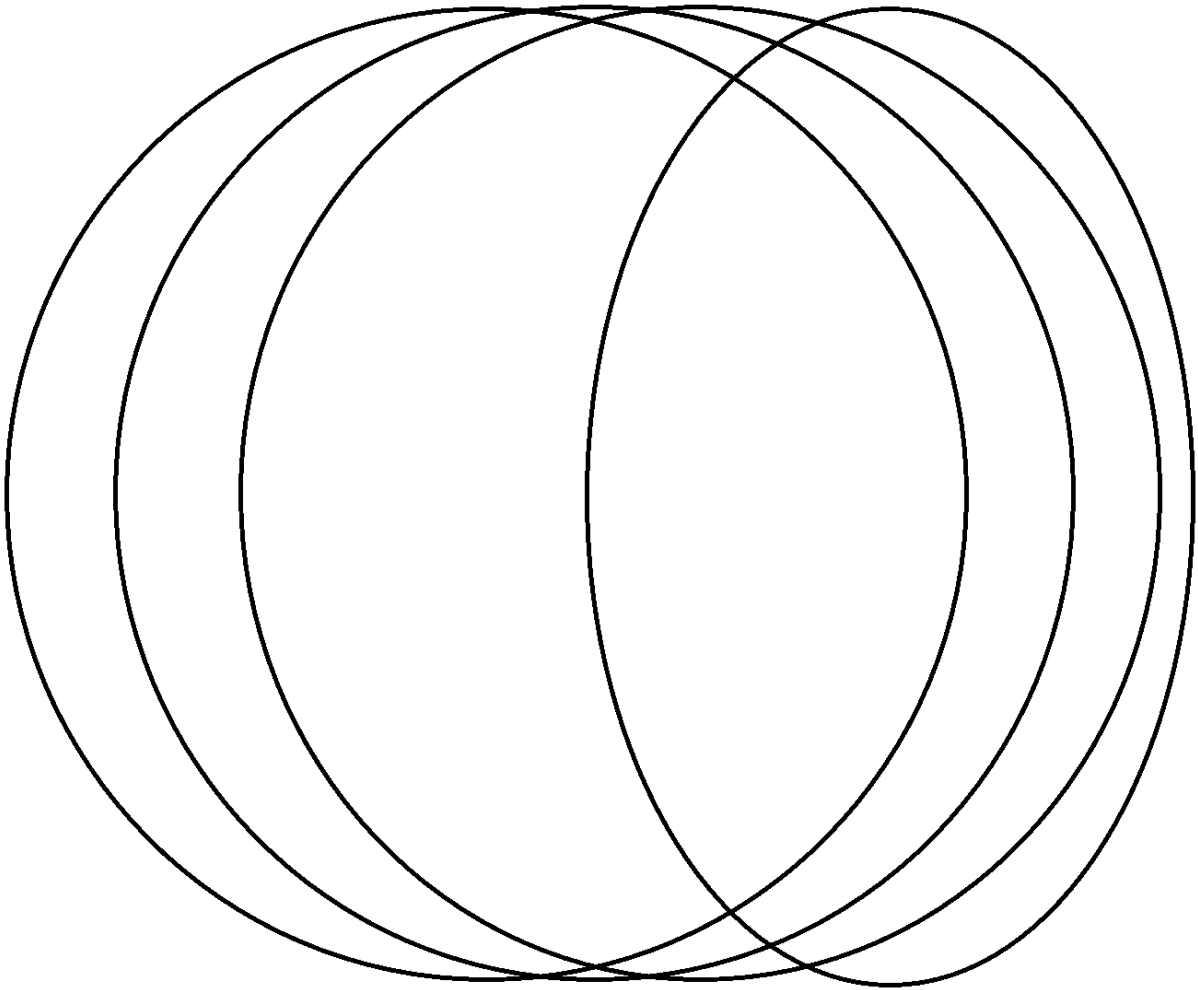
time

time

time

time

time



(by Michael Mander)

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every moment is eternal
meaning time doesn't exist
the world that I'm seeing right now
is actually the real world
maneuvering around like a worm
with dirt in my eyes
the trivial designs
of misanthropic men
pass over me like the beams of a lighthouse
I feel older than the trees are
I feel older than the moon



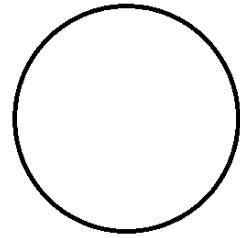
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cosmic modesty
run amok among the x-
and y-axes
in a sort of slump
red-eyed we wander
disenchanted through loop
after semi-conscious loop
it's nicer though
to meet you here
these strings attached to us like millions
of people
who can hear us maybe
maybe not
playing a sort of role right now
like sitting with the feeling
until the feeling changes of its own accord
by the time I get out of here
my heart will be in a stranger place probably
probably not



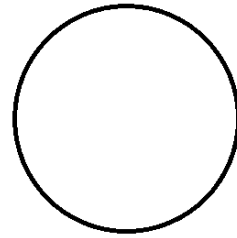
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life like a frozen river
illuminated momentarily by a flash of lightning
death like an old dog staring
directly into the sun



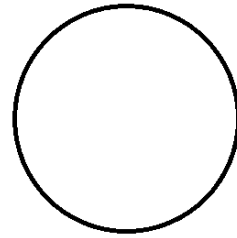
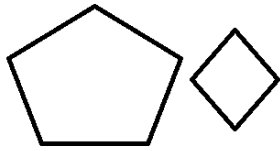
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every day felt like an audiobook in a foreign language
the ghost of Karl Marx trailed his gory locks
through the clean and hyper-automated streets
I kept myself apart from others
but always with a strong longing
to become somebody that others would want to be around
I watched my life happening as though it was the life
of somebody else's cat I was supposed to be taking care of
I did my best to keep up
it only made me more discouraged
almost maniacally envious of others around me
it made me want more than I could have thought
even possible within the orbits of human desire
I was younger then though
and less cynical than I am now
and more concerned about social status
and the accumulation of material things
of which even the most imaginative of pharaohs
knew absolutely nothing



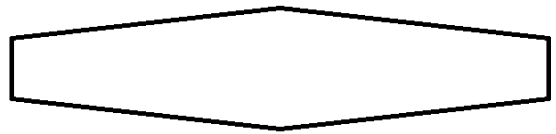
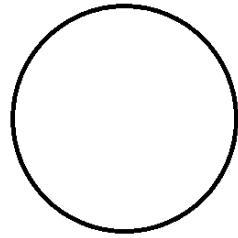
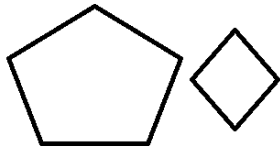
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a dust-coated record spinning Beethoven to an empty room
somehow even the deadest of poets
are still singing this afternoon
in an alternate dimension
I hope the Earth disintegrates entirely
and you and I
become slugs



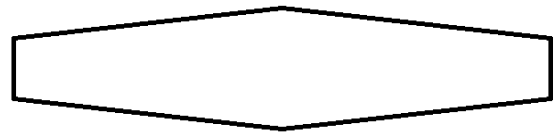
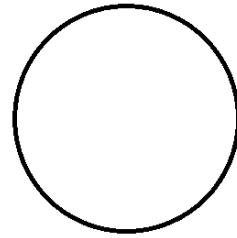
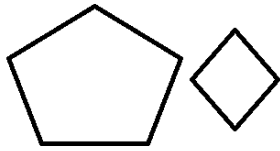
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dissolving instantly into a puddle of spite
when confronted with an inexplicable past
in which a wrong turn was taken that can never
be corrected
your mind feels stunted
like a lighthouse with a tarp thrown over it
or a Ziploc bag filled to the brim with grey paint
you direct all of your energy into something frustrating
and seemingly impossible to sustain
you look up the definition of "grace"
and smoke some more weed
and count down the days
until winter as though winter had always
solved something for you when you know full well
that it's in winter when you are at your very worst
you begin to believe in aliens again
you begin to believe in God



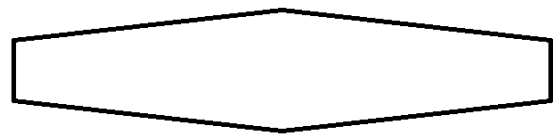
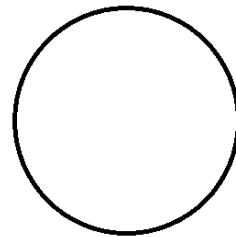
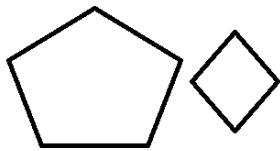
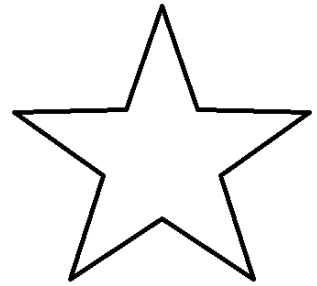
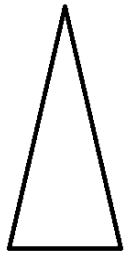
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a particular kind of nothing
as though the foundations to somebody else's future
were being poured directly into your skull



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trying to elude the thought
before you even think it
bothered always by a self-
consciousness you can't tame
you realize one day you don't necessarily need to
you come back in the winter
stripped of fear
dripping paint
you have no more money
your life grows more authentic by the second
you dedicate yourself to the study of photons
and the analysis of ancient systems
too complex to even be discussed sincerely
at least among people like us
this language
like a snake in a tree
creates an anarchy bordering on the mathematical
it follows you around like a big dog
some silent and shadow-drenched companion
you're stuck caring about now for the rest of your life



*

inner peace

like a communion wafer in a microwave

the only thing they can take from you

is that which they have given you in the first place

