Noshem Wearzen: A Dream Inspired Poetry Collection

by

Robyn Hager

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NOSHEM WEARZEN:
A DREAM INSPIRED POETRY COLLECTION

Robyn Hager
State University of New York at New Paltz

We, the thesis committee for the above candidate for the Master of Art degree, hereby recommend acceptance of this thesis.

Dennis Doherty, Thesis Advisor
Department of English, SUNY New Paltz

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Noshem Wearzen is a made-up name for the places that we go to in our dreams. It is, literally, ‘nowhere’, as our dream landscapes are equally inspired by real life as they are projected to us in a fictionalized way, making them ‘nowhere’ in particular, but in an attempt to give a name to the places that we escape to in our dreams I’ve created Noshem Wearzen, a place that occupies as much of my dream world as it does my reality. The first poem of my collection is Noshem Wearzen and precedes the two parts, it functions as the beginning to a story that ends with each poem that proceeds it in the collection, which is emphasized by the lack of end punctuation in Noshem Wearzen while each other poem ends with a period.

The introduction to my thesis will be in the form of a poem:

Irreparable

Inspired by my sleep
I await the fungal infection of
Nightmares

Where in the world
Do the blue birds fly?
High, up high
They leave trails behind their
Tail feathers

Fractals of names, last words
Slowly dissolving into nothing
I see them from here,
I could name them for you
But I'll spare you just that

Instead
I keep myself up
Clutching the grass even when
It is weak in my grasp
Unable to be tied down
To the world I’ve become
Up high I see the sky  
Unfolding in sheets of  
Blue velvet  
I think of reaching up but  
Do not act

Instead  
I close my eyes and whisper  
Bird song to anyone who will listen  
Not loud, not pervasive,  
Only belonging  
To thoughtful me  
Meant for mouths  
Bodies  
Encased in dirt.
Noshem Wearzen

I dream of stoplights
And panhandlers who
Own phone chargers

I dream of lonely people
Who live in motels in
States with abbreviations of
WA or AW
Who sit and wait
For young girls
To visit them

I dream of my sister
Across a busy street and
Instead I walk
The other way

I dream of traffic and looking
For a street called Moondusk
While the navigation is always
Bringing me back to
The subway

I dream of emptiness
In an obscure place called
Noshem Wearzen
Where they have
Outlets on the bridges
And streets that
Go in circles
My Marble Mansion

I've always had a second home
There were always many rooms
For my many friends
To stay in

There were rooms that
I thought should always
Be locked because they held
Family secrets inside

Rows and rows of items in
Rooms that held no light
And despite the fear I had of them
Being irrational,
I couldn't help
But be afraid

The air was different
In these rooms,
It was dense and dank
Like a cellar, but it was upstairs
Where all the bedrooms were

I wonder why nobody ever tried
To turn on the light

But we would find solace elsewhere,
In the spacious parlor
That was full yet empty
Because the space was inviting
Without any furniture

Except for a marble statue
Of Venus situated next to the front door

The Venetian blinds made patterns
On our skin as we rolled around on
The cold marble floor

Making time for the mundane
Music melting through cracked
Front door

Has the band come to play for us?
It was only the protesters,
Our friends,
Our long-lost friends
Come to berate us
Because they were not
Invited to the party

They found a way to
Unlock all of the doors
But I warned them against
Going upstairs
Not because I cared but
Because I didn't want
To disturb anything up there
But they rioted and filled
Up the house while we
All waited patiently outside

I looked around and saw
Only one friend left
Cuddled up in a
Lawn chair, crying
Because they had all
Gone upstairs and
Were gone now,
They found out where
We were and that it was

No place
Where they
Should be.
Brand New

Always big buildings
In big cities
Lost, in endless nights

I am drawn to their
Illustriousness,
The enigma of their
Existence, as they
Embody everything that
The world has become,
Yet they are everywhere and

I see myself crawling up
The stairs to the hazy
Incomprehensible precipice
I know where it leads,
But maybe I don't,
I see my world, I see what
Lies beyond it and I am not scared,
Rather, I am only a part of
Something much bigger than myself
As we all are even though we don't
Want to admit it sometimes, and I find myself
Always
Searching for you
Or this nature of you

Behind me, at the bottom
Of the stairs, you lie there
Eyes open, lips slightly parted
The words trapped in your throat
I hear you though, I do

I don't ask for much
I just want to see the world
As it once was,
Brand new.
California Dreamin'  

We biked along the steeples  
Of weather worn memories  
I followed you because I  
Could have led me anywhere  
We were looking for your father  
Who was crying in the corner  
Of the turnstile, waiting for us,  
Probably.  
Your friends are all  
Tattoo artists and maybe  
That's why I liked you  
Because it's always  
Sunny in California  
And the palms float as  
If they are dragging the sky  
Along their wide leaves  
And the clouds along  
Their coconuts  
We sit beneath them and  
Watch them from above as  
They move  
So slowly  
Almost as if  
They aren't loading properly  
And we see fragments of  
Their movement inches  
After the last one  
We giggle  
And wait for rain  
That will  
Never come.
The Gap

I open my eyes to
A dense atmosphere
Millions of little ants
Coming at me from
Every direction
Never staring directly at me
Always ahead
As if I am
An invisible person
The ceilings are high and dark
But I can see the sky
Through cracks in the windows
And through the massive doors
That some burly men
Four, to be exact,
Have to open each morning so
The morning sun can flood
Into the empty concrete floors
Of a day unmade
Within minutes they are just
One of the crowd
I can't notice them
From where I'm standing
But that isn't my goal
I notice all of this in less than
A second
Realizing
The stairs
That descend so deeply
Into the concrete world
And all of the ants
Swarming around me
I can barely breath
The deeper I descend
I am carried by some
Unknown force
Glancing at the large and
Ever-changing boards
Announcing arrival and
Departure
But from where?
I seem to know where
Because I am still moving
Without barely having read
Any sign,
I seem to know the complexities
Of the station without
Ever having been there
But I must have been
I must know where I'm headed
To a platform,
Of course
I set my intentions straight ahead
Focusing on my goal,
My figured destination,
But I look down and see that
I am not going straight
I am still walking down the stairs
And gosh,
Is it getting colder,
Or warmer?
I don't believe I was
Aware of either,
So I kept going,
As if I could stop,
And finally found my feet on solid
Ground, and I could see the trees
And feel the breeze and the green
Earth as it peeked out from beyond
The limits of my journey
I knew then, unknowing of
Anything else, that
That was my destination
My eyes turned to face ahead
Ahead as in, where my feet
Were facing,
And the creaky doors slid open
And me, along with a
Couple dozen peculiar looking ants
Went inside.
**Inner City**

Whirlwind escapade
Couldn't stay out past two
Was falling asleep
Body bubbling
I got into bed, still moving,
And passed into delirium

I woke up in Gotham
I was lying on the sidewalk
And opened my eyes into the
Phosphorescent darkness of
City world, I heard nearby
Cats screeching and garbage
Cans being jostled
A faint ringing in my ears

My head is still planted on ground
As if a force compels me here,
I am unable to sit or stand up
Even though I could shuffle around
As I laid down, which told me that I
Wasn't glued to the ground,
Rather, I was just stuck at this level

I looked to the night sky and
Tried to pick out a familiar star
But none made sense, they
All shone an eerie green, embalmed
In a yellow halo, they made my
Stomach turn
Twist and turn
Until I had to face another way
I looked up one end of the street

Papers rattling in the shallow wind
Flickering streetlights
Rusted chain link fence
Broken glass and bottlecaps
Ooze coming from the sewer grate
Through which a flower grows, blooms

Yet all in this same hue,
And it made me want to hurl
So I turned my head the other way
And this is when saw
A man walking my way
I knew now that my life was over
The bearer of bad news was coming
To silence me once and for all
I could not stop him now
I could not even turn back around
So I turned my head back up towards the sky
Closed my eyes
And hurled.
Bending Corners

An unending maze of
Dark rooms and
Trap doors in the
Deepest recesses of
My mind
Somewhere to find
The answer to some
Hidden clue,
A thought juxtaposed
With a navy hue
Of somberness
I wasn't afraid
But I wasn't void
Of fear
For it is
Always there
And even at
An unfamiliar house
With more familiar people
Something felt
Weird
Until the pungent scent
Of a collapsed day
A vacant mind,
Hit the fibrous hairs
Of my nostrils
I knew what was real
And what was not
And for him,
My resident from below,
I don't know whether he
Is happy or not because
His smile is always upside down
Maybe it's just to me though
Maybe I'm just the recipient
Of his unease
But I too
Can see through it

I smell the day
I smell his day
And oh
What a
Waste.
Parking Lot Fantasy

A narrow corner
A slammed door
A door slammed
Green glasses
In the
Glowing
Light
But all I see
Is blue

A universal smile
Plastered on every billboard
Yearbook page
Under every diner stool
In the rusty bike pedals
Of a forgotten home
Signed on postcards
With no return
Buried in the sand
Deeper and deeper
Sucked into catastrophic
Awareness
Misery
Thorn
To the
Cornea
Rabbit with a
Bulldog nose
A cringing stampede
Of brothers and mothers
And silent parades of spoken
Laughter recited without
Applause
Crimewave in dire need
Sink into the twenty-four-hour
Laundromat blue metal seats
Under unbearable fluorescent light

Imagine
If that
Was your life.
Who/What/Where/When/Why/How are You?

I walked through your room and waited
For you to say something
I searched for valuables
Anything to grab with my eyes
Slipping away in bleached time

We are provocative together
Enabling each other's lies
That we feed the world
Just to get by

We clog each other
There is no more purity
You take the plunger and
Keep using it forcefully against me
But nothing comes out anymore
No expression to feed
Your angsty hunger

I wish I had the power
To leave, I wish that the
World spun the other way
So we could turn back time
And I, reaching out to you
As we both slip away, wish I
Was able to grab something,
Anything

And I am not clean
My body is caked in
The sweaty grime of
Last weekend just hoping
That somehow it all could
Go away on its own

Somehow, I've convinced
Myself that anything can be true
As I see your body, covered in clothes
That belong to someone else,
Your imposter self,
I reach out to you,
Trying to grab anything
That is left but my hand
Goes straight through your chest
And I look down and see that
Yours went straight through mine too

We are both ghosts
You, myself, my home, we are
All the same

We are nothing
Without each other but yet,
What are we anyway.
Nightlife

Somewhere in Manhattan
At an Irish pub
Late
Too late
I keep checking my phone
To assure myself I don't
Have work in the morning

It keeps telling me
Different things

You can't sit down
Even as we enjoy a drink

The night has gone on too long,
I've already biked my professor
Home from the bar, saw a
Friend that I've tried to forget

And all the while,
I was just looking
For you

Reminding me of old times
When I would stay out
Too late just to be in
Your company

And as you stood there before me,
Unable to sit down,
I started to get, well, horny,
So I pulled at your shirt,
Pleading for a kiss,
For anything,
And I mouthed to you
What I wanted
Like I would have
Years ago

I pulled at your pants,
A final desperate attempt, but

The world came crashing down instead.
Shallow as the River

Full of freewill
I watch as snow melts from
Your disposition
While I dream of snow,
But foreign snow

I remember the year
That I was weary
When the sky was freckled with
Teardrops and I ate only
Once a month
I would tell people it was
A religious thing, but it
Wasn't, it wasn't like that at all

I remember seeing monsters in the
River outside of my window
I remember believing that they
Were really there

Shallow as Grendel's lair
I placed my doubt in something
Obscure, it couldn't settle in my room,
I had too much going on then,
But most importantly,
I was horribly lost
I would walk up the street and
Forget my way home,
And even when I did
Know the way home
I would go another way,
Somewhere else
Even if it would
Kill me

No bright lights, no
Life before my eyes,
Only the feeling that
Everything would be
Okay again, that
I could
Finally
Rest easy.
Self-Destroyer

Quaint streets
Old people
Shuffling their feet

A district of security
And I,
Wrapped up in
Your arms

Arms that
Draw me away
But not in
A good way

We lay naked together
In a bed with family
Nearby, I am
Suffocating
Underneath you

Seeing your angular,
Old
Face
And I cannot say no

I am transported to
A quaint world of ruin
A place I used to know

Forgotten days and nights
Blowing down my entire life
And above me was you
Always suffocating me

And I could not help
But give myself up to you
As if it was the last piece
To my own self destruction

You, my destroyer
You, my repose

I am nothing without
My memories but yet,
I am half a human
When I remember them.
Altitude

Stuck up in a high tree
Tall enough to see
The whole world around me
There is a reason I can't get down
A reason keeping me off of the ground
And as I am up here,
Trying not to look down or around,
I feel lost without the solid taste
Of the ground
My feet slip and grasp in the air
For something that is not there
Instead, I focus on the future
On being back down again
On feeling the embrace of
What is normal to me, to humans,
On being normal again

Where do we go
When the air
Is but a simile.
The World Today

I am productive, I swear
Even when I bite my fingers
Rip off my cuticles
For ten minutes on end

I am neurotic
A little bit
I dream of getting high
Especially on a day like today

Cold, bitter, but warm inside
I look in the mirror and see this
Carved into the glass
And wonder who wrote it

The sirens,
A call not of love but of
Profanity, as if a sound could ever
Be a curse

It is a riddle, of course,
Five and four
A sign of fixation

Your name carved into stone
Beneath the distant call of an overhead drone.
Unknown Ahead

A locale in the distance
Unseen to the naked eye
We are reminded of superstores
And babies left in shopping carts
Until the looking glass is presented
To us, it can be used only when
The two suns draw near,
Equidistance from each other,
And we look towards the suns and
See their reflection brought back to us,
A negative image of itself
And in the distance
White horses
Hundreds of them
We see a faint glow beyond, signaling
To us our destination
Leaving all thought of the past
Behind us and giving ourselves
Up to the hunt

The white horses
Signal more than hope,
They are stillness,
Contemplating what lies ahead.
Part 2: Reality that is like a Dream

Nowhere, New York

We drove down an unmarked street
With many great big trees
In the middle
Of nowhere
There were trailer communities
With beat in windows and
Signs that said
"Caution:
Children at Play"
There were many signs
Like this one
And I wondered if there had
Been any accidents in the past
I thought about who these people were
Because we saw nobody
The entire time we drove
Only dark houses, dark windows
No noise except the silence of nature
And we reach the end of a road
But to my left
An almost too familiar house
Positioned right at the
Crux of this intersection
So firmly and stationary
And I felt like I had been here before
I remembered children playing
On a playground in the middle
Of nowhere as I
Drove down a road
Not knowing exactly
Where I was going
I remember thinking
"Maybe this is Amish country"
But, in reality,
It was just Nowhere, New York
A place that exists only in certain
States of mind, and as I looked down
And saw my "Twilight Zone" t-shirt,
Everything started to make
More sense.
Music of the Moors

Soft cadences in his
Rhythmic speech
He smiles jocosely and
Turns away from his lover
Facing the world
The weeds
And all the pedigrees
Before him
He ponders upon
The white lilies and the
Lavender stalks that
Look at him in a
Most harrowing manner
It frightens him in this
Tender moment and he
Wishes so for a rock
To crawl under
But the gentle
Ribbit
Of the Albanian toad
At his feet
Remind him of his journey
Of his path that still
Doesn't feel like it
Has begun
And as the trickle of
The muddied moor
Water sinks up into
His spine
He feels a tinge of
Energy push him
From behind
He turns around
And her pale face
Has been long gone
But he looks instead for
The wind that lulled him
Awake, the toad
Has vanished from
His feet and
He can't quite
Remember what he
Was doing so he
Sits and starts
Braiding the
Lavender stalks until
The whole moor is
A tangled mess and he
Finds himself
Entangled in
His own
Mess.
Blue Garden

His eyes are like hers
Deep blue pools of
Mystery and trees
They remind me of
A goodness once known
Of long-lost brothers and
Mothers, a sadness I
Regret to know

A mountains edge
A fence of hedge
All leading to nowhere
Fence of blue
House ridden hue
Fair forgotten moon
Rid of pleasureous sight
Branches of stone
Making a house out of
The feeling of home

Oh, voices of the trees
Speak, speak, speak to me
Create caricatures from my bones
And a house out of the feeling
Of home.
Underneath a Skylight

The halo of my innocence
Reflected in the fullness of
A room
A picture-perfect sanctuary for
My solitude, a remote location
In my mind made into
Reality
A destitute meadow in the
Farthest reaches of the forest
With buzzing bees and great big trees
It all starts with
The hard wood floors and
Asymmetrical ceilings
Handwritten letters and hand painted paper
Pristinely aligning with the shape of our hands
Finding each other amidst the mess
Of a scattered mind,
Yours finding mine,
But mine
Is shaking
For it holds guilt
It should not have
And maybe that's just
Because I love you
So much
As we intertwine under
Black light on ancient
Fabrics worn with generations
Of use, but we made it
Our own
To escape the mass
And gyrate under the
Shimmering sky speckled
With moondust and star fragments
That they too
Once saw lifetimes ago
Years and years
Of trying to locate
The right one in between
A sea of incongruity
And, of course,
My tortured mind
Which lead me down paths
That could have been my demise
But instead, lead me to thrive
In a new life, which I call
Ours.
Melodrama

You are the decal on my
Once cherished vehicle
That was tossed into a ditch
Long before I realized how
Much I needed you

You are the heartwood to my
Two-sided mask
From his mother
With hints of him
Everywhere

In the money spent
The joy received
But not once
Have I thought about
That ditch
And that decal
That never really existed

Because you were always just
A distant, unreachable dream
That I want no part of

I expelled my life of
Such horrible laughter
Long ago now
I have seen the rainbows
That paint the sky
Orgasmic colors and
I want to fall asleep
In them
Held to them
While he blasts music
In my ears and makes
Me feel
So good

With the bass beating against
My open chest
Eyes wide
Legs spread in anticipated
Vigor, to run

To run wild towards the night
And away from the day
That seeks to wrap hands around
My mouth and tell me to stop
When all I want is to
Go
Go away
From the laughter and the
Loneliness of company
That feels so empty
So separated
As if I am behind
A thick, translucent glass
And I can only be seen out of
The corner of an
Unknowing eye

I still think about
The laughter and how
Good it used to feel
Before I opened my eyes
And saw that the moon was
Really the sun and everything
Was not the way I thought it to be
But also,
That's ok, because
It's not about that it's all about
The creation
That has nothing to do with
Anybody else
Because here I am right now
And all I can think about is
Keep going
Keep going
It only gets worse once you
Stop.
Sonnet of Forgotten Nights

We could barely walk upstairs
The night had gone on too long
And the eighteen-dollar taxi fare
Made the whole night seem utterly wrong

The cracked skylight spoke birdsongs
But they were unwelcomed, to us
The disco still blared in our ears like a gong
That made each footprint crinkle and crust

Our bed still seemed so far away
How long until we accepted the stairs
As new company? Nothing to say
To each other now, silence in our lair

When, finally, the cascading sun above autumnal mountains
Gleamed in our eyes like an antidotal fountain.
Gravity

I am protected under the law of gravity
Which nails me to the ground
Above me, a vast sky
And each star filled with a thought
Some nights they are bright, but inconspicuous
Other nights, they are malignant
Tonight, they weep like a yellowed plant
Leaning down towards earth
Where gravity takes hold
Sometimes, the nights turn into days
Or even years
Sometimes, when my feet are planted
Solidly on the ground
I look for a switch,
A button,
A mechanism,
To turn off the stars
Sometimes, all they do is harm
And even though I am protected
I am only a yellow bamboo shoot,
Withering like forgotten memories

I used to be divisive but now I am just unsure
My earth is uneasy,
It is rumbling beneath my feet
It is quaking and I am trembling
The earth is rejecting my roots and
I am no longer symbolic,
I am a human that has taken hold of words
To find comfort in crisis,
I am lost but so present
And feel my earth roaring,
I want my stars to shut off
I want them to burn out
All I want is

Silence.
I address my fixation

I address my fixation:
When all seems lost
Cry
Be consistent
Articulate
Think before speak
Use solid words
Not flimsy ones
That fall asleep in your hand
And are meant only for side talk
Dream about the mornings
Feel anxiety only for that
Which can be changed
Move to the howl of
Your own moon
Negotiate
Through whispers
In a multicolored lens
Live your life in

Bold
And never let it go
Never fall down
Mistreated trails
But head into the fog
Or the industrial smog
Through grottos or grates
Through divine fear or fate
Walk inside of a tree
And speak
As if to a lover
Or somebody far
Far away
Hear it’s response
Miles away
Or through the
Pores of carved out bark
Look into the eyes of yourself
As a baby and think of
How many times the world has turned,
How many presidents we’ve had,
What you ate for breakfast two years ago,
What it all means to you now
How did that summer define you
How did you make it out
Where are you now
I fixate on the blue in
The Icelandic flag
I fixate on familiarity
I fixate on what is unsaid
Smelling the scent that
Fills the room with answers
I fixate on books unread
When will they
Ever be read
I fixate, wholly,
On you.
Be Hot

I thought I heard yelling
But it was just the sirens
It was just the sirens
It was
Just
The sirens

And they plagued
My mind while I was in
A vulnerable state,
Tired and confused
But yet so very awake
And alert to everything
Tuning out when I should be
Tuning in, but what’s new

Captive and restless
Bordering on unconsciousness
With eyes wide open
Degenerate ears
Being honest but
So very inconspicuous
Because if I don’t say
Anything I’m not lying
And I hold myself to my honesty
I hold myself to the
Bullet in my head
That I lodged in there when
I turned fifteen
Even though the bullet
Was blooming before I was born
It had been breeding for
Longer than I’ll ever know
Longer than I’ll ever

Whisper instead
Of talking
Speak in rhythm
Constantly
And walk to the thumping
Of your heart
At different times of day
Tune in but
Never tune out
Be hot, but on
Your own time,
Don’t let people
See you that way
Tune out on your own time
Be hot
And be you
On your own time.
They Say

They say the river is cursed
I used to smell her every time
I cracked my window open
She smelled like cotton candy
And green hulks
She is dark and deep and
Full of mutated life
They say that being born with
Red hair is a mutation
They also say that some people
Shouldn't survive
What they have survived
So I guess it's not worth it
To believe anything they say
All I know is that I saw
A white rabbit on the river
One day, I saw him staring
Up at me with those empty
Red eyes and thought that I
Knew his name for a moment,
He quickly ran away, down into the
Deep dark depths of the
Cursed cotton candy river
And I knew he was long gone,
He took too many hulks
Like we all had back then
And now when I go back to
The river it smells like
Shit
But maybe that just means
I've grown up.


**Forecast**

Where does the time go  
When the words fall  
Straight out of our mouths

Cold fingers make typing hard  
Strenuous  
Even more than  
It already is

Grinding down rock edges  
In the bitter wind chill of  
April, though the forecast  
Predicts sun all week

I am reminded of my  
Awkwardness at close  
Encounters with the third kind  
They are music freaks

People I have often known  
That tend to be quite nice  
And pleasing on the outside,  
But I am suspicious of all

I hear the time, see the sound  
Of the clouds moving, escalating,  
A semblance of rhythm, nothing  
More than a cigarette and a car ride

I whisper in your ear  
And wonder if you hear  
The sound of waves.
Winter Words

We sit in winter snow
Juxtaposed in red and blue
Tiny flares in a sea of white
Swimming, frostbitten,
To connect to each other’s warmth
As we slowly turn to icicles
Our noses cold even inside
Rubbing them together
Because our lips have been
Frozen shut
By words that belong
In summer or spring
Winter words don't
Tolerate it, not at all
So we stare
Straight at the wall
Waiting for the world
To crumble down in
Front of us,
A new ice age,
Where we can be
Cold, and close
Forever.
Ghost Human

Ghost human
Stranger
Wherever you are
Breath softly
The world speaks for you

All of the suffering
Speak for you

We wonder why it
Took so long for us to
Realize it had always been
Inevitable

We see it in your face
We saw it

The hellos but never goodbyes
We waited for you
To find meaning with your
Brilliant mind
That has always been
Brilliant

Don't think too much
It's time to rest easy
You were my friend one day
And will be close to me eternally

Where have all the words gone

Never enough,
You never knew how much
You meant to us
To me,
If that ever mattered

It must have,
Even if in some miniscule way
The way my heart fluttered

Were you ever alive
Or just a wandering presence
On the streets of spilled thoughts and
Liquor, forgotten days,
Months,
And all that time I
Searched for you
Always hoping
Your self-constructed and
Destructed body would appear
Like a spotlight amongst the crowd
Always in my field of view

I wish I could have
Understood more
About who you
Really are
Were

Ghost human,
Do not walk these
Streets anymore
Find somewhere clean
And pure
To let your soul
Transgress upon

Do not make time for
This dirty world
Anymore.
J

I dreamt of you as you were
Unable to interpret
I felt your warmth,
But only from afar
As if I watched us through
A camera lens
And now it makes me think
Of all the time I had wasted
Wondering what to say
When all I ever felt
Was right before me

I realized how I never dream of
Anybody else romantically
That isn’t my boyfriend
And as I drove home and became
Emotionless thinking of you
As if you were here, the voided
Space of my car filled with your
Eternal angst and suffering,
A dead experience
From ages ago
And I felt your lifeless body in the
Ground as much as I felt it looming
Over me in the sun-streaked sky

I have always believed in a heaven
One that you can see with your
Own two eyes,
That exists above the clouds where
The sun pours out of
And I saw you there, glorious
Divine
As the sky
Moved away from me.
Words Unspoken (Palimpsest)

I tend to speak in riddles
That sound like normal sentences
To people hearing them
I like to fool even myself
As I have learned to understand
That my impulsive brain is smarter
Then my decisive brain

Chills in a warm room
Cold words, long days
Bare feet on wood floor
I feel the breaths of
A thousand lungs on my soles
And each one I've held
Is pinned to a mental chalkboard,
One so dense with scribbles
That you can hardly see my
Poem written beneath it

I've found three things today:
Blueprints of my desk
Hazel eyes, pine nut lips
My grandmother's recipes

I forgot to mention
That I found
The word I was looking for

Concubinage
No,
Decoupled.
Triple Entendre

Untitled, I become
Worthy of the world
I close my file and seal
It in a safe that locks from
The inside
Though I know it is still
Not safe

I have heard the sound
Of sirens in my bedroom
Coming from everywhere,
Closing in on my bubble,
My passion

Seek like piggies
In twilight
Work to live
Live to be more
Than one
Ignore anything
Extraneous
This category
Can include
Anything

See through the
Evanescence of our
Cosmic realities
It is only harsh when you
Believe in your own thoughts
Though they are persuading
Though they are bitter
And dissuading

I wretch until my body slithers
On the floor like a mangled
Version of a reflection

Something that
Can't be
True.
**Juxtapose**

We are perilous in the night
Even when we slip away into sleep

As I await the gentle blanket of
Unconsciousness, feel its
Plushness encasing me
Though sometimes it can
Strangle me, and I wake up
Feeling like my head has been
Bashed in, as if the world has
All fallen down inside of my head
Overnight

Though I try not to complain,
Seek proudly in the night
Find meaning in the bulk of
My subconscious existence
As I clamber up stairs
Into cobwebs of spaces
Not normally ventured

Tight, confined niches that
Make me feel like I am walking
Into my own grave

Ah, but the mockingbird sings
I hear its call in the embrace of
Sunlight as morning pools into
My room, and I am left without
A way to juxtapose for a while

I see the comfort of morning dew
In my room, and yet, I cannot
Remove myself from where I had
Just been only seconds before

Is it all a fallacy?
Do my dreams mean only
To distract me?

Yet, I am perilous in the night
Like a hooded assassin I lurk in
The streets that I call home
Removed from the world
That I only find myself
Disassociating in
Into a cellar, an attic,
A place that's all my own.