

#3

01 24

Keep Out!
(No, seriously.)

recent art





blackout poetry from childhood poems

sometimes i'm glad that my memory seems to be like ground
turning to mist beneath me. because there are so many days
that i've wasted being self destructive and bitter to myself
and to the people who love me that are now gone forever.

i still have my sad memories. the ones where i'd hold my mother
and watch her cry. sometimes, more often than not, she was crying
because of me. i treated people i loved terribly, i'd hurt them.
my mom used to say she was afraid one day i'd get too angry
and kill someone. now she says she's afraid one day i will get
too depressed and kill myself.

i ask myself why those memories still linger in my brain,
why i remember them so vividly but i remember nothing
about last week. the good memories decide i'm not worthy of them,
so they fade away. i think the sad memories stay to teach me a lesson.

/
it's been so long since we've spoke, and somewhere i still
have that picture of you i drew in the hospital.
your name was the only thing that occupied my thoughts
i was a ghost then, fascinated with anyone who would give me
even a sliver of their attention.

you don't deserve me. my life can proceed just fine without
the black hole that was our relationship,
and it's taken me too long to realize that.
your words are still scarred on my arms,
written up and down my walls,
but i suspect my words have
reduced you to shards of bone also.

i shouldn't blame you for something that was only a thought,
that was only air i breathed in and out of my lungs
quite foolishly for six months. i cannot blame you
for the false hopes drilled into me by my desperation

and my foolishness. your love was a projection
all along my arms and fingertips i could see my dreams
the one where you'd kiss me like you were burning holes across my neck
i now can see when it all started glitching. when i held your hand,
surely you could see when dreams started to be confused with reality.

/
the tree branches growing from my shoulder blades
manufacture wings. one day i will remember how
i got them, with no recollection of how to escape,
how to fly away.

Perpetual Grilled Cheese

Ingredients

2 slices of Brioche bread

2 tbsp butter

A devotion created among the universe's first breath that will remain woven into each celestial thread until the universe gasps out its final words

2 tsp Apricot jam

2 slices Brie cheese

1 holy vision cycling backwards, etching the secrets of eras unknown into your dwindling hoard of knowledge (make sure that when you see everything that has been loved and unloved and loved again, you understand that we are all returned to the universe when our time is up to become figures of tragic serendipity) (make sure to remember that we were gifted this realm to be close to each other, to function in harmony, to help the world as it helps us, a drawn and unraveled symbiosis, we were made to feed each other, to keep the world full and satiated, to put warmth in the stomachs of our communities with said devotion leaking from our souls)

1 tbsp crumbled goat cheese

2 nonsequential epiphanies

Instructions

Spread butter on one side of each bread slice. Mourn.

Thank your ingredients. Experience your epiphany. Mourn. Cycle backwards. Experience. Mourn. Witness it. Mourn. Whisper to your jam as you rewind: "Hello ancient hominids caring for their ill. Hello mother bird feeding her young. Hello prehistoric seacreature that is so vast and wondrous and neutral...Hello dinosaur. Hello my lover's likeness carved into stone. Hello and goodbye." Mourn.

Spread your jam between the slices of bread. Mourn. Place bread into skillet, spread Brie onto bread and top with goat cheese crumble, mourn again, experience your second epiphany. Mourn the optimism you felt moments ago.

Recognize what has been lost and what never may be found. Remember that the universe is only gentle in its lack of attachment, that the landscape of nightmares we've painted with our own tools can never wash away. Cook sandwich until golden brown.

blackout poetry from childhood poems

february 2014, "to exist"

i'm not even real.

why can't I breathe anymore? you turned me into fire and told me to turn everything I love into ashes.

they ask me what i remembered, when the only thing i remember is that i had finally gotten away. i played in the snow for the first time, and i started to believe it was all real. i didn't feel dead at all, i felt like i had found life.

i was ripped away i never could take care of myself.

i've always been better than everyone and worthless simultaneously.

i exist for a reason, or at least, that's what they tell me.

maybe i exist only to destroy. everyone seems to think i'm incapable of doing anything else.

i don't think i've ever existed, not in the traditional sense i've always lingered halfway on this realm and halfway

in the realm where i can speak to the trees and the creatures that live in the ocean. here i only weep and tremble, i can never live in a realm where i cannot breathe.

february 2014, "afraid"

suddenly i can't spell, i type jumbled letters and they speak.

i hear them at night and i hear them

when i want to kill myself.

suddenly everything makes no sense. when did i get that scar? suddenly, i

remember nothing, and everything.

i don't know how i got here.

that face is the face of

the person i love most, but i don't remember her.

now she is just a face. now i am just a body.

all i am is words. to those who truly know me, i am sour words and loving words and words that i don't ever want to think about.

afraid of realizing that i loved you. i will push it away.

i will carve you into my heart. i don't know how to love, i always fall for the wrong people

and they end up occupying every poem i compose.

i will always drown, and i will always forget.

march 2014, "inbetween"

it's midnight and i'm walking on shards of glass.

holy cow!

I have recently come to the conclusion that there is nothing in my soul that doesn't contain you, boil down to you, hold you in the core of my planetary mind. By this I mean that I keep seeing you in the underside of every rock I turn over, as the sunlight in each memory I can recall. I keep feeling you rustle around in the ventricles, and breathing you in with each expansion of my lungs, scattering the petals and seeds of adoration throughout the valley we grew up in with each exhale. I keep imagining what it would be like to fill in the gaps. I don't know why it took me so long to come back in from the rain, but I'm here now, heeling like a dog that's been bad, begging on four legs for holy forgiveness. By this I mean that I'm sorry, and I don't know how to forgive myself for the past. I know I've been callous. I eat myself up, inches and strands of flesh between my teeth as I chew, and then I can't stomach me so I vomit myself back up all over the pavement, too poisonous, quarantine the area. Oh, that's an ugly ramble for a love poem. That's what it's supposed to be, of course. I'm not going to give up this time. I bought a journal and created a secret language to write in, and all I do is write about you, untranslatable to anyone else's eye. By this I mean that I love you, and I'm so sorry. I can't stomach me, but I want to cook for you and be your breath-and-ventricle, I want to churn us into something boundless—I want to be there for you as long as you want me. I want — you. That's always been the case but I've always been so scared of loving something with my whole dissected heart, my stomach bared in a gesture of safety. I'm trying not to make this negative. I love you and through loving you I can stomach myself. I'm still so scared and so nauseous and above all I don't want to lose you. I'm so scared because I love you and because it's scary to face vulnerability but the constant, unrelenting factor in all of this is that I love you and that overcomes all.

blackout poetry from childhood poems

i can hear the whispering

i know no love could make me love

myself.

i miss the

cigarette s

and i miss you.

i am already

scarred

and bloody

and broken

never taught

how to feel.

i want to be

the stars.

my home is

in another universe

written across

the sky

over the arizona skyscrapers.

in your memory and

that's

the only thing left.

when you do it, it doesn't count.

i don't want to

destroy myself but

i am

my only hope.



colorblind cattle

I don't believe in destiny, but we were born on the same day. I try to sacrifice myself for the greater good but the bull refuses to attack. Do you think it pities me? Do you think it knows I am so close to it? Do you think it understands that I am an angry thing by nature that is choosing kindness out of some mangled sense of morality? Do you think it sees itself reflected in the fragile glass of my sculpted body, or is it refusing to give me what I deserve because I am a sad thing by nature that is choosing not to be sad? That I have decided to reflect, to radiate all that is myself into the air around me for everyone to witness? Does it value me? Am I asking too many questions? I'm projecting. Of course the bull does not feel any particular way towards me, except that maybe I am not worthy of dying.

Instead, he says, think about breathing! Think about the way he loved you! Endless possibilities, but you always find yourself stuck on the memory where you stop loving yourself and interpret that as a loss of empathy for the world. What is the difference between an individual and the entire universe? Endless interpretations, endless unique perception, swirling around in each coffee cup we drink, in each terrified palpitation of the heart, in each pulpit they dragged me to. What are we doing here, instead of out there, beyond the invisible screen separating us from our humanity?

monthly playlist

January 2024

theme: rebirth

1. begin again/purity ring
2. fetch the bolt cutters/fiona apple
3. deathwaltz/esben and the witch
4. drumming song/Florence + the machine
5. cheerleader/st vincent
6. home/depeche mode
7. thursday/pet shop boys
8. honeybee/steam powered giraffe

