

A photograph of a person in a white shirt standing by a river. The image is overlaid with two horizontal decorative bars, each composed of four colored segments: orange, yellow, red, and orange. The text 'SPLIFF' is centered in white on the top bar, and 'DOWN' is centered in white on the bottom bar. Below 'DOWN', the text 'river beautiful' is written in a smaller, lowercase font.

SPLIFF

DOWN

river beautiful

“3 hits from a spliff and a walk outside,
preferably by a river, preferably in the
opposite order. I usually took 6, but
that’s because I’ll do any thing twice.”

(Don't) Jump In The River

The river is going fast,
The traffic is slow.
You're in between; don't jump in the river.

Don't jump
Just because you're in between
And would like to go faster.
Don't jump in the river.

Don't jump in the river because your head is spinning and your heart is low.
Don't jump in the river because a fly has landed on your bag
These are not good enough reasons.
Find better ones:

Dream of better reasons-
don't worry about today-
don't worry about your friends-
spend your time searching, seeking!
If you search hard enough and
keep up your pace and
hope for the best,
I'm sure you can find a better reason
to jump in the river.
I know you can!
But:

Don't jump in the river,
(please.)

On People Who Stare At Rivers

There is a longing common to those who stand by rivers
Late at night, all alone, far from despair,
Those who are well despite themselves:

Lunglike currents bend the streetlamps back and over,
Rendering Van Goghs no more believable for having
occurred before your eyes,
But right there nonetheless,
And the only thought we have is
'where are you?

Where is my companion to share this,
This view that undoes pretension in the heart
but burdens it by asking
why we spend our time engaged in tasks
that are not spectacles of gravity and joy?"

In those sacred moments of 'edifying reflection,'
when god is made known
by the beauty of their patterns,
The folks who stare at rivers dwell in pools of lost companions,
Because the thought of this unshared beauty,
At once yoke and liberation,
asks of delicate souls that we consider
how we've spent our raw pathetic lives
in pursuit of anything but being,
And being together.

There is talk of crippling beauty, this it and it is present--
a view of god uncensored by doctrine or myth, fueled by symbols,
symbiosis, a sun god waving his willy around to change the course of
clouds.

How can we ask ourselves to see this
and not expect the platitudes of the heart?

 The soft, insistent whisper,
 'we need partners, we need others,'

When will god give me a soul to stitch to me,
a body to end nights with,
eyes and a mind sharp but gentle,
another wise failure who can sit beside me and,
in sharing gilded burdens,
renew ourselves as one.

A nasty, silly, thought,
But one I cling to still.

Flybynight

A boat blasting tastes of little
italy passed and likely had its
revelers a laugh at our expense:

Ha-ha! *Oh-ho!* Hee-hee!

Well then.

•

•

•

Let them laugh away across
this wet and fertile sphere,
We have plenty more than laughter here-
Though, (true,) of that there's plenty.

Models

That was the moment I realized
I had seen more 3d models of running water
than I had seen the real thing,

It had begun to feel the same way with intimacy:
A slow transformation
from being tired
to feeling antiquated,
Small, in a glass box
in a museum tucked away
Where even the overzealous
tourist doesn't end up:
Embalmed, encased,
Alive because of the fogging of breath on the glass--

There are so many ways to suffocate,
And I think I have found me another.

Fever Dreams

~~My head lulls to you as though I were in fever
Sweatslick and panting for air—
You found me wandering down by the river,
You fished me out with your warm raven hair.~~

Elliptical

They put a piano in the park
And somebody played the blues.
They put out some benches
And someone's explaining
a shit day to her friend.

The pigeons are pruning
and almost look handsome—
I haven't been here long enough.
I don't know these instants
as less than little blisses,
I haven't been here long enough
To get stuck on frustration
When the raindrops come to get me—
When my thighs dapple
in the cold and wet
And my ink runs from cold and grey—
I haven't been here long enough
To think a thought other than,
What a beautiful day.

“Smoke when things are very bad
or very good, but always
tolerate the in-betweens”

i am not a poet

I am not a poet.
I write some poems sometimes
Or even a lot
But I am not a poet--
Because fuck you.

I am not a poet,
Even when I see the moon
Reflecting back at me over the east river
Winking fireflies across the current,
Even when I see this and know it is beautiful enough that other people will like it
I am not a poet because, again,
Fuck you.

Someone told me about their friend who said
“Don't use poetry to get into girls pants.
Use it to get in their minds.”
You know what, buddy?
Fuckitty-fuck you.

I "use" poetry to stay alive
If someone wants to fuck me
Because sometimes I'm so anxious
That my only castle is pretty words
That's their goddamn prerogative,
But I'm not in highschool anymore
My acne is more on my face
And less on my heart
And I'm doing my best

Not to use poetry for anything
Or to get anywhere
Or to accomplish much beyond:
You know,
Fuck you.

Flecks

If you stare hard enough
at the surface of the river
There are some purple flecks
skirting the green-

They come out on grey days
to remind us:
Oil slicks are beautiful,
When you live in a vacuum.

Gratitude

We gave the current a spin
Because we were wistful
And,
What the hell, there's a river,
And,
Behind us, at the piano:
just enough jazz in his fingers
To make the park take notice-

Quiet now,
 The dogs are barking.
 Let them.

We have naught to gain from speaking
And I mean that in the sweetest possible way.

When we miss someone right now
Try to recall that it's because
 (At least once,)
They showed up at all.
Loss is a blessing,

I can't wait to get out of new jersey, where I've never been:

Both ends of this
park are bounded.

Both ends of this park
I've been to.

Both ends (and the inbetween)
of this park are beautiful.

If the edges were open
I might walk somewhere new.

6 in, one down

Christ,
Even the old people here run!
Hobbling along like wobbly siege engines
Impending all the same.
I tend to hunch, smoke,
And sit by the river
In my head-
(I am, not the river.)
I am. Not the river.
I am not the river-
Everybody here is running and
Boy howdy
I can't keep up.

Grey

When im all grey
Sucking some of that
Back in through my lungs
Revives the color
Which doesn't feel great,
But here we are.

Some Stupid Questions:

Do we think in words

Such that the voice of god-faith, self-confidence might just be urges, primal urges, made verbal so we can parse them?

Are we translating the very old neural impulses into readable ones to ourselves

My body's is plasticine, I'm breathing a river

What a nice Sunday morning, what a pleasant escape

Whoosh still unfolding,
I'm suddenly checking
The back of my eyes
Its all going itchy,
Thumb tips stiff wrong
Bring back the white noise
The water,
The song

The Glassblower, The Girl, and The Ferryman

How many sins to build me a backbone?
How many sins to make me a man?
How many times am I asked if I'm calm yet?
How many burns does it take make a brand?
How many grains turn a heap to a sandbox?
How many sips turn a man back to sand?
I've got a friend,
Lives to die just on hillsides,
Her man-legs a martyr to every demand.
I've always opted for swift death downriver,
Soft currents lifting my sediment from sands.
So melt off the grains and bear me to freedom;
Baptism by ferryman and glassblower's hands.

Promote Synergy

Traffic sounds calm me down
Because the chaos out there
Syncs with the chaos in here
And vibrate each other to grey.

I stood outside and felt a lot of things about a lot of things while I thought a lot of things about some other stuff. Par for the course, I have never played golf. At least now when the whole thing goes beehive I just hum along. Don't rely on anything that isn't relying on others and also yourself-- that's just plain good advice. I'm sure of it. My father told it to me. Well, somebody's dad did anyways. I've met a couple of dads, but I've never played golf. But I've stood outside feeling all types of ways about all types of things and let me tell you: I would reccomend some of it. Not all of it, that would be too much. And not too little because then what's the point? But some of it? Some of it was like going to the cheesecake factory for a first date with yourself and finding out you actually have a lot in common. Something like that. But different, probably. I don't know-- I can't keep up with young people and I don't play golf, but there's a river over there and that's something.

Jesus, dude, just hand me the lighter.

“I think it’s out. Time for a nap.”

