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## Due Partly To Inertia

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DUE PARTLY TO INERTIA

By

Justin Lee Irizarry

Bachelor of Arts in English

University of North Texas

2007

Master of Arts in Creative Writing

University of North Texas

2010

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for

Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing

Department of English

College of Liberal Arts

The Graduate College

University of Nevada, Las Vegas

May 2013



## THE GRADUATE COLLEGE

We recommend the thesis prepared under our supervision by

Justin Lee Irizarry

entitled

Due Partly to Inertia

be accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

### **Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing**

Department of English

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**May 2013**

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## ABSTRACT

Due Partly To Inertia

By

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In the preface to *Leaves of Grass* Walt Whitman said, “The poets of the kosmos advance through all interpositions and coverings and turmoils and stratagems to first principles. They are of use—they dissolve poverty from its need, and riches from its conceit.” My poetry aims to exist in Whitman’s ‘kosmos’ and in doing so advance through the turmoil and the strategies of certainty to something resembling principles. Politics is a common theme; it is not in an attempt to write political poetry, but an attempt to not leave anything out. Other themes throughout this manuscript include death, music, wanting, having, not-having, science, space, comedy, sex and the dreary light of zoo. My poetry has been heavily influenced by the poets Weldon Kees, Frank O’Hara, William Blake, Larry Levis, Allen Ginsberg and John Ashberry (to name a few) because these poets wrote poetry that hoped to whole everything, incorporating and impugning all the culture they could into their poems. Whether that included other poets, music, movies, paintings, television or anything that might be considered culture (high-brow or low-

brow) these poets kept their minds and poetry open, and my poetry aims to do the same; because as Walt Whitman says later in his preface to *Leaves of Grass*, “Anyone and everyone is owner of the library.”

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**I.**

## **A Metaphysical Problem Pragmatically Considered**

On your gravestone it might read  
there weren't enough explosions.

The air will be good for breathing.  
The sky will continue to do

nothing . The difference  
is we never realize faces  
are always made of water.  
Photographs  
are why we see particles  
and even between them there is  
this distance. Existence  
is the funneling  
of windows into houses.  
A slimming of the panorama.

Before there was hard architecture there was running.  
The silence of a noncommittal infinity.

Still,  
under us there are no roads  
only basalt gravel  
death and forgetting  
Memory is a war between time and cake  
Hands and feet

Grief is the filth after the body's leaving.

## **Campaign in Poetry, Govern in Prose.**

**Republican:** Fleet shadow, I laugh at your pompous graying.

**Democrat:** A colorful hat

**Art:** What is a game that does not admit it is game?

**Speech:** Citizens, these laws have gotten out of hand. This unchanging game of blame and trepidation. These mittens of shit. The artifice has risen against us. They say freedom is a given right, but that it is not free. Citizens, you cannot price a right. There are turbid moats of lobbyists surrounding our elected representatives. Their soft hands reach up from muck to grab the darkness beneath the sleeves of our suited representations. Citizens, they sell us something they themselves do not own. I remind you that we do not own anything. To own is to admit to a permanence that does not exist.

The real threat? Our deafening sense of entitlement, our feeble monument to boredom. Citizens, I could piss on a sheet of paper and call it a law.

If you will permit me the acquiescence, we must rise like heat in a house with an attic, we must rise against anything that separates us with the idea that it is right. Let us wash away this sense of owing and earning in the eventual rain, let us wash away the stink of possessing and leave the bare glare of being.

Citizens there are no tangible ideas

When your children's children ask what it was like when people worked as if salary was a destination, tell them art dismantled the sad tournament. Competition is the politics of trophies. And citizens, we are not confused by the shiny; there are no natural teams.

**Thesis of speech:** Flags on caskets.

## **The Selfish vs. The Lazy**

The streets are flooded  
with the ejaculate of the homeless  
And you people want to rely on the police

I've discussed it with the judges & they're<other people  
They're stubbornness & they're failure

The physical greed of their being, why are there not jails for this

What am I supposed to tell my children  
That they have needs, that they've waited  
for hands their whole lives

This is a genesis' mistake  
A problem I cannot belong to

Listen, I speak for polish  
I speak for culture  
The— even landscapes are internal

What is a society if not an agreement to wash  
To not live so closely to the ground

God dammit, where have all the bootstraps gone!

My children have had nightmares about this.  
Not about ever being beggared but about the man they saw

Him specifically. That pervert.  
They see the horror

and here you are  
Virtue the comedian  
In the moment's podium

Stubbornity and the vanity of ignorance, the vanity of failure

What I'm saying is the ground grabs everything  
it's the sky that could do better

## *Inmigración*

I see them in back kitchens cooking authenticity  
I see them negating the chaos of lawns  
appallingly trying not to misinterpret freedom.  
I see the subtle pack themselves into anonymity  
building and retreating, Scarves under hats and the beds of trucks.

I see politicians hunting scapegoats mostly,  
Men who adopt oppression as if it didn't have enough fathers.

Yes, there is blood on the feet of tender men and women  
whose white fate walks over the brown ground history  
And I see them looking down on the sweat backs of  
those who thankfully scrape change from under the table,  
from those that are never done with their endless cake.

## **We Want Our Country Back**

Let's make signs. Let's forget time  
only moves toward. Let's forget history  
is paved with slavery. Let's forget there  
is still slavery. Let's pretend poverty  
is a birth defect. Let's pretend there  
are kings, that there is sanctity.  
Let's pretend there is magic paper.  
Let's pretend famous is a super power.  
Let's pretend war is not the dung of country.  
Let's not forget they are dying.  
Let's forget they were already dying.  
Let's ignore the retarded antelopes.  
Let's pretend there is remembering.  
Let's make pyramids, let's pretend it  
ends with the white clouds. Let's ignore the night  
Let's be numerous. Let's be individuals.  
Let's pretend somebody already made heaven.  
Let's say it has gates.

## **Pyramids and Liberal Guests**

People refuse to admit someone could have been intelligent or cruel enough to build pyramids using the available resources, and since we are dealing with the dead and an intense attention to cats mystically we are obliged to be open minded. For some it's hard to imagine charcoal slaves manually laboring large quadrate stones up a man-made mountain in the name of death or against death in the name of memory or narcissism. As if slavery to the human-gods is unfamiliar, somehow unimaginable. One liberal guest on the news said he is fearful of the shrinking middle class. He feared that people seemed to lean too much on future debt. He argued the mass collapsing of the middle class would create an ocean of the lower class. A chaos much like the idiot chains of slavery. He did not mention the bridge between modern banking and indentured servitude. The broken necked pushing boulders up the road to a man who collects boulders: exploitation often builds monuments. Perhaps due to time constraints they had to edit the man's conversation on business and how it is inherently pyramidal. How he feared the conglomerates absorbing of the obelisk bricks. Eventually, he said, most of us will be working like slaves for one of the very few tapering monoliths. He probably said, in business opportunity knocks tyrannically first. The network most likely broke for commercials.

## Gutters

The sun doesn't leave the hemispheres turn their backs to it  
and my brother never called me during the day.  
People had stopped giving him money so I knew  
he needed to be picked up somewhere.  
He told me he wasn't wearing a shirt  
that he was in a parking lot of a grocery store.  
At first I was embarrassed for him. Or at him  
then I remembered how high performs,  
the area of that crack rock euphoria, that that  
feeling is the opposite of being embarrassed.

What I remember most is how comfortable the dark felt.  
How confident he looked under the streetlamp.

I tried for empathy; I wanted to say I understood his thirst for area  
A place that he couldn't belong to

but all I really had was analysis.  
I started talking about the coop of the proletarian.  
The burden of invisible systems. Cocaine and Law schools.  
The choices he didn't get to make. The slum clichés.  
He didn't want to talk about expectations  
he didn't want to talk about representation.  
Looking back I think I should have said something  
about the stacked bodies of poverty, that passivity.  
The strenuous work of vanishing.  
How they only sees the symbolism.  
I didn't even ask him where his shirt was  
I couldn't stop looking at his teeth.

## **A Novel**

### **Chapter 1: Death**

I too hate its encompassing  
white hands.

The moths fly from its darkness.

### **Chapter 2: Reservations**

If I have no shoulders  
How will I open  
doors?

### **Chapter 3: Time**

That wealth that annuls all distance.

While we talk?

All languages  
say  
nothing.

### **Chapter 4: Melancholy**

I have seen petals  
beg for corners.

### **Chapter 5: Space**

Blood continues to follow music.

### **Chapter 6: God**

The stars do not believe in each other

### **Chapter 7: Love**

I can't imagine life without  
hands  
or a shoulder  
where she  
lays her head  
waiting

or not waiting  
for the buildings  
to cover the stars

**Chapter 8:** Youth

Even before  
the pages have turned  
the horses  
carry the hands  
of clocks  
waiting for midnight.

Or they will  
grow  
like everything  
that dies.

**II.**

## Dear Happiness, You're No Thunder

Spare me the speech on the purity  
of Inuit throat singers or the elegance  
of the wooded instruments.

The first music was *boom*  
and it came without practice.

We grew thumbs to grip sticks, then we learned  
*bang*, and I'm sure heads were nodding then  
the first time, just like now; It's how brains pray.

Heart: *Beat.Silence.Beat.Silence/crash*

Our lover the thump, the archipelago  
of memory, the cadence of fuck silence;  
it's not how fast you get there  
because there is no there  
it's how elegantly you stumble.  
Music is how we've come to defy gravity.  
Though it's just a joke to silence  
drum thumps and a cymbal crash.

## Upon Hearing Maggot Brain by Funkadelic

I despise the word soul  
so I will call it Eddie Hazel's  
workshirt. The least touchable  
of all things.

The audible harp of sentience  
or paychecks for consciousness.

Lorca called it *Duende* & George Clinton  
named it Maggot Brain. An apartment  
nobody gets to live in.  
A space we've made for grief.

How do you know distance?

Consider the quiet billboard of the moon,  
the stars that keep their mouths shut,  
the atoms in your right hand came from  
a different star than those in your left.  
Atom's mass, emptiness between the particles,  
which is to say that most of ourselves is empty,  
at the very least full of separation

They say: George Clinton said to him to  
"Imagine someone just told you your mother died  
But that the rumor wasn't true."

Here they are the martyr stars  
so far away means ago,  
and when they explode  
like thumbs on garden hoses,  
                    that partial darkness,  
the gather shatters & the scattered gravities.  
This is how I imagine his fingers with the fretwork  
expanding because you can only fall so far into yourself

The delay sounded like it came from nowhere.  
The appropriate fuzzbox, the wah pedal named  
because it gives guitars weep & scream

It's minute 4 of 10:20  
This motherfucker just went supernovae.  
Yes, many. Energies potential meeting kinetic  
& right now I don't believe in silence

& though this isn't dance music there is dance to it,  
the measure of matters coming in and out of existence.  
You think it's over but he gathers again,  
and not without walking, but then again with the exploding  
because George said the rumor was not true.  
Need I remind you of the second death?

I am not myself but something more cosmological.  
I am the LSD George Clinton took.  
I am many galaxies, I am many maggots.  
I am the many brains electric with drapery.  
I am the woman with black dandelion hair  
up to her neck in dirt, silent and yet still screaming  
looking up from the earth, one of sun's many rumors

"I have tasted the maggots in the mind of the universe  
I was not offended."

## LP

Why have we stopped talking about albums?  
The dangling keys of new, while fluorescent,  
give nothing to (love) the persistence of vision,  
the stairway wit of evolution, or how  
moments easily become plastic.

We are far too aware to be competent.  
Meaning is editing and now we tread the virtual;  
those invisible kiosks. The half-actual made not  
of mirrors but of the descriptions of mirror-like views.

We are more like moths than we'd like to admit.

If measurable time is anything  
it is the origin of skepticism.  
The past wax.  
First opportunity then retrospect,  
freedom then reverberation.  
Hard art is not timeless but time itself,  
the limited chaos of now made tangible by hands,  
it then approaches history in some way.

## **Krautrock**

I hold my mortality  
like stable hands cup water.

I mean, who are we that simply exist.

I hold my mortality  
like a window that has been painted shut.

I hold my mortality  
like the desks hold wars

I hold my mortality  
only in the way stars hold names.

On a certain hillside  
stones believe god  
will manifest himself  
in the form of a stone.

I hold my mortality  
like stones hold time.

And yet there is so much  
beauty in hyperbole  
like a tree taut with distance,  
waiting.

I hold my mortality  
like nothing is funny.

I hold my mortality  
like pain holds all other feeling.

I hold my mortality like the only morality  
Is do not die yet.

## **Fugazi**

Coming from where  
they did  
the aggression seemed  
appropriately bottled.  
Reticent and consequential;  
a flick of the thumb,  
the bombast of moment.

There isn't much room  
for commerce here. Who  
needs the tables. There  
are ideas, and they are bigger  
and more just than this.  
Larger than the people  
in this room, and by this room  
I mean moment again.

When is outrage not fitting?  
no one is insinuating  
complacency, being  
angry is one thing, let's  
not throw our elbows  
into the throats of others.

The idea is that violence  
begets outrage not violence  
equals more performative  
violence.

I heard once they were homeless by choice.  
I once heard they ate only rice.  
Well I heard they sold their souls for their fingers.  
**Authority:** "That was Robert Johnson."  
Well, I heard they never use toilets.  
I once heard they gave children grenades.  
I heard the children gave them the grenades.

## **Pink Moon**

Sleep practices action.  
Time taught in coma.  
No night too introspective,  
no day that didn't leave to beat the traffic,  
In the body blood is beats.

The night is a pitbull harp,  
In the body blood is bruising.  
Cloudless thy name is bus stop,  
Syphilis it says on the decorations.  
The sidewalks smell of meat vapor.  
Who's barking the dogs?

Where's there precedent?

In the body blood is burning.  
Ebb and blowhard,  
need and break wind  
Did someone say snacks?  
Hunger's pungent, our throats are made of acid.  
You can only pray for attention,  
you can only god your own vanity,  
And the gas stations will be loud  
And filled with people  
Wanting.

What bare maximum?

In the body blood is beating, running  
Circles, winning nothing.  
Converse shadows made of need  
It's the wanting that makes us different.  
The stars have their parking lots.  
Remember Marx, and the constant revolutions of space-time.  
This galaxy's circling a drain, why are we so prone to failure?

Centripetally speaking our center is always a bottom.  
In the body blood is broken,  
cellular plates,  
Certain purpose.  
In time death is schooled in the art of sleeping.  
Grief is the uniform for memories' profession,  
in the body muscles are pink.  
Work is what we've been given.

All music: from the knees

Body thy name is doom,  
Pink, Pink, Pink, Pink, Pink Doom.

### **III.**

## **Guadalupe We Were Hoping for Roses, Not Your Stupid Picture**

The canvas is always  
corrupted by mysticisms'  
need for knees on the ground.  
Pleased to be limited;  
There are elevators  
made of ectoplasms.

Why not believe it?  
There's so much cake in faith  
Why not love the kneeling?

Memory called to tell you  
it's okay to distort because  
the past is just as impossible  
as the future. Manifest Hegemony  
or how finite resources  
annul the myth of the infinite  
individuality. Time bitches everybody.  
Guadalupe what were you thinking?  
Implication is a housecoat,  
use it to look like you belong here

Oh mythical virginity unfuck us please!

Blank slate slavery or how hierarchy  
mystifies over time. Yes, our hearts  
are asses bent over, the symbolism  
is making a chump out of you.

Eventually we will name the entire past Guadalupe  
Where did the moments go? They're with Guadalupe  
I think I have forgotten who I used to be? Fuckin' Guadalupe

## Accuracy

"I don't throw darts at balloons, I throw balloons at darts"

*-Joe Montana*

The invention of consciousness  
was as brutal as it was the birth of the past  
tense. The past itself not a place, but the echo  
of a place. Placation, endless rearranging  
and no tables to speak of. Memory  
is a bag of grapes from the grocery store.

The super market does nothing for the depiction of chaos' position in the universe.

We are a more durable smoke, or if you prefer  
a more gooey fire. What I would really like  
to know is what isn't a moving target?  
We are all concerned with the weather  
of limitation. Power is made of mostly  
overrated, what's important is how we handle  
the indignity, the reaction. Greatness: soft eyes  
to see everything as a blurry whole, not to lull  
in expectation, but to see opportunity in a world  
where nothing is fixed. Between distance  
and chaos there is free will, or if you prefer  
something more ornate, there is the opportunity  
for the staggering. But I digress, everything that does  
not need you is real.

## **The Current**

There is a building on top of my building,  
and like several other institutions it's immobile.

But these are titles, I could have easily said  
living is a type of diminishing. Which reminds

me of when I said justice when I actually meant  
self-indulgence. There is something disgusting

about accredited satisfaction, if not disgusting  
then intermutually vain. Why do you hate joy? Someone

asked me. I wanted to say irony is the shadow  
of joy, but instead I made fun of his taste in music.

Your music reminds me of the stock photographs  
given to make frames more sellable. The hiss and

click of refrigerator silence. The gloss and fragility  
of toys that accompany burgers and side fries.

There are walls that accompany my building  
because the future is uncertain, it is always winter.

## Workshop

Encouragement means nothing,  
like the knives of quotation marks.

In any event, what do you say  
to a man who only has description?

It's true the moon can pull it away?  
all these numbers beginning

with science—This world is more  
than just a metaphor for silence?

But what does intimate music  
sound like to the out-side? Onyx.

Death is continuity's gravitas, its gather.  
The matter which we all contest with whatever

arms we can use to crawl from  
this each subtle epoch. On another planet

the artifice recognizes people  
for whom they reiterate. They too

pull flowers from the ground that created  
them, admitting there is no lasting exactly.

## **Invisible Leashes**

Flying is probably more like swimming  
than I would like to imagine. Sure, there's oxygen  
but birds' lungs are comparatively more like gaunt rooms.  
Damn damp ballast and our malnourished alveoli.  
*At least we are bipedal.* Upstanding. Feet  
gave birth to hands and there is not civilization  
without hands, or perhaps they were once  
whiskers on the face of the primordial it.  
Habit is the fetal bracelets of aboriginal being.

Molecularly, we become a part of where we walked,  
then this dirt fills that slow hollowing.

Tradition is a carnal anthem. The universe is itself process.

Between the past, which is no longer, and the future, which  
is not yet, there are the aisles of now, which are empty  
if dimly lit. We carry the past in that we are decayed by it.  
The future is this now or it thunders in a corner of the room.  
Perhaps a subtle universe's lapsed collapsing  
A different gravity. Either way  
Humanity is tethered to the earth if it is anything.

**Hydrocodone -500mg]**

Ambition always dims

waiting for signs  
pendulous leaves  
and if it left

pain—regardless  
it climbs  
on the sill of some  
febrile heft.

Life is how I choose to distort it.

**[Hydrocodone -650mg]**

Lower still

distance  
is where a door might go.  
I stumble from it.

I am the gray lakes  
of ladder shadows.

Oh we have made progress in pain.

**[Hydrocodone -750mg]**

I am tired now

I am subtle

I would like to say poetry  
is the opposite of money

but it is our uses  
that forsake us.

If it is raining  
I cannot tell.

## Sleep

A parade of frames,  
usual and curious  
The body's performance  
of time. Stage perpetuating;  
the silent idle of our bones  
palm-muted and threadbare hiss

A conversation for balance  
Activity and subtle oblivion

The moon is slate,  
and I have seen nothing unending

There is prospect in dark matter:  
I imagine it to be a meaty stillness,  
the antithesis of cumulonimbus.  
The staggering gravity of dissonance.  
There is no great writer afraid of silence,  
there is no sedative like white noise.

## The Improvisational Past

I feel at home in the shadows,  
though my skin's seen more sun.

The palpable is in this place &  
The impalpable is a place  
I will drink to later.

Remember when you asked me  
why Puerto Rican women wear  
so much jewelry, I said because  
there is no worth like the white skin.

You called me a racist.  
You said this is what's wrong you people,  
you can't let go

That's certainly true:  
But I'm told the past defines me.  
The vague wind of tradition,  
You're Stupid Cathedrals.  
Do you have any idea how many people  
tell me they are 1/16 Cherokee?  
Really, it's nice to know someone  
In your family has been oppressed,  
but I can't help noticing that in Las Vegas  
it's always brown people with little English  
trying to hand me business cards for prostitutes.  
A tiny *abuela* wearing three sweatshirts under  
a red t-shirt that says we do everything.  
Anything was probably one the first English  
words they were told , how very American

And now I'm glad many get cancer from tanning.  
That plastic diffraction. Those false faces  
with their eyes still halo-ed by white.  
True, there will be sunglasses.  
I cannot expand enough on the sensitivity of the eyes. `

The complicated relationship of input and acceptance,  
but I know there are people browning their skins like wearing a jacket  
And I know nobody asks them who they are  
*What are you? Excuse me? Who are you?*  
*What? No, I mean, where are you from?*

## **What Am I going to do when I Run out of Shoes?**

Think of the concrete,  
concoction dunning solid.

What is wisdom  
if not regret  
made into helmets.  
Though nobody can  
hustle the truth  
from kidneys.

The future is always  
performed  
with the mind,  
and how  
is that not  
inexhaustible?

Show me  
your arboretum.

Here, the wind  
looks for the grief  
it belongs to.  
I'm not sure  
everything  
isn't made  
of entering.  
The yet greater  
dark. Doors  
suggesting  
disquiet.

Meanwhile, someone writes a book titled: Our lives as Parabolas.  
Meanwhile, someone writes a book titled: Thanks to Denial, I Am Immortal.

Where is the gravestone of time?

There is no difference  
between infinity  
and nothing at all?

#### **IV.**

## **Given Right**

As if in another  
world punishment  
fits crime like  
snug mittens.

## Convenience or Death

All pride is propaganda  
misused silence  
and among the days  
of installation  
and cascading  
it's device lies  
maudlin and unmoved

Who expected speech  
to leave the periphery?

I know in art they wear  
their denouement  
in the mien of peacocks  
roaming freely staggered  
in lit zoos,

But from what I see life rewards  
life with life and that's it

It's understandable  
grabbing

at what you can  
with your hands,  
like chlorophyll reaching  
but

despite its ornament  
equality does not exist

there is only the invention  
of inequality

Incidence lies

like the argyle trees  
in random autumn

What I'm trying to say is life  
is merely the music  
of what receives blood and air  
not an arrival

there are no doors.

**It's All Fun and Games Until Someone Mentions Poverty.**

How:  
it makes buckets  
of people. The minutia  
of struggling  
fiscally, the weight  
of time and  
fatalism.

What if I told you my  
mother  
was a butler  
once?

That she swept  
the halls of this  
dim mansion.

cleaning both  
what was lived  
in as well as the many empty  
rooms left over.

Usually:  
The family  
assumed the rooms  
never got dirty  
because they were  
never lived in.

## **We'd Rather See Their Faces Filled With Flies.**

Obviously chaos has a basement  
and wind well, let's just say there  
is a pressure and everything buckles  
under it eventually. Even eventually.

I want to say it's not all decay,  
but what is growth if not the decay  
of something else.

Having is a pulpit. The congregations  
are needed for posture. The conversations  
need to be fleeting. If we are talking  
real water and real glass, the glass is always  
half empty unless it started full and how  
many glasses start full?

Glass is lonely by design.

## **The Shouting, the Tragedy and the Waste**

I.

Authority or oppression, who spellchecks the paper work?

Not that uniforms don't make escalators  
of people or that nametags aren't validated by mortality  
but that law is flawed. Duct tape and garbage bag windows.

The suppression of uncomfortable realities.  
The lakey obstetrics of billboards.  
The fetid petty of speaking stone to stupid.

Imagine the pressure of citizens who have to hold it together.

The rigid stones that fill the stomachs of officers that  
have to pat the thighs and pockets of populations too scared  
to just die

What it must take to contain the muck architecture of  
civil.

....

Again with the gunfire,

not submission, residential genuflecting.

The sordid laziness of bureaucracy,  
or how quickly things become atavistic. About anger,  
not particular to any such person or moment  
but an amalgam of the impacting of reality.

II.

**Right:**

Either way  
it's a pedestal  
you made.

**Wrong:**

Chaos  
is the gift  
of existence.

III.  
Your honor,

*We have  
rehearsed  
our enemies.  
Their minds  
are young  
and inexhaustibly  
choreographed.  
Poverty is a choice  
yet no one chooses it.*

*We used to make things.  
Now we just have our hand  
in the next guy's pocket.  
There is a line between  
the decline of industry  
and the paucity and fraud  
of public education*

Oh the equivocations!

*With all-due respect,  
your honor, do you really  
think this man chose the back  
door? Illegal il-legal  
Illegality... illegality  
I emphasize  
the formality because  
that's really the issue  
here, in this building,  
that gavel and that bench  
Your honor, this man  
has never met you in his life  
and yet he, like the rest  
of us, stood upon your arrival,  
and let me say, your honor,*

*your black robe was as intimidating  
as it was luxurious, the dark  
pendulum cloth of it reminded  
me of a child putting its hands  
over its eyes how it both blinds  
and protects almost paradoxically.*

**Judge:** Is there a point here?

*I'm sorry, your honor,  
did you think this man  
works for pain,  
that he purposefully  
leaches on the weight  
of what it takes to shoulder  
the ache and pay of labor?  
Does this courtroom  
really believe this man  
wants the disintegration  
of progress, that he works  
on the side of violence?  
When did we stop seeing  
survival as self-defense?*

*My client did not invent  
the demand for endorphins.*

*My client is not the only one needing.*

*Ladies and Gentlemen of the  
jury, you are inventing sides.  
Convict is a demographic,  
and there are no blurred lines.*

## **To The Mother with the Pond Eyes and the Purple Velour Tracksuit**

A child who has not yet grown  
into to his large face looks up  
at his mother who looks down  
at her knees or perhaps the empty  
tiled floor.

I imagine this kid gets on a soapbox:

I'm starting to believe  
you chose to have me  
so that you could feel  
significant, so that, for once  
you could tell someone else  
how it is. Was it meaning?  
that you had hoped to birth?  
Should you be admired  
now that I am your identity,  
because now you can ignore  
what is wrong outside of your  
own family?

Your political stance is child safe,  
as if to say if I cannot define it thinly  
to my children, it is wrong. Is censorship  
the projection of your own struggle  
with give and take?

The suburbs we live in is an illusion.  
A reference to an order that is as inhuman  
as it is symbolically lying. Conformity  
is the language of the already slaughtered.

The most important thing is an open mind  
That's why it is the only thing I was born with.  
Loving me doesn't make you right about anything.

The soapbox is gone; though our minds never get to leave it  
This mother is talking too loudly to her phone.

## A Performance Artist and the Heterodyne Principle

When he started he just stood there silent, staring at the crowd who in reaction were looking away at their cell phones, at each other, awkward, clearly waiting, which had art to it. The music of the audience of John Cage. Waiting is what we learn first as living things. Autonomical metronomes aside, he then started writing letters aloud to the crowd. First, it was the paternal nouns. Dear Father, you taught me to be a clever doormat.

Then his letters were addressed to ideas; Dear Freedom, How do you deal with purpose? Dear Integrity, your shirt is stupid. Then he took off all of his clothes and started bombarding a large woman in the front row with insults. I see you prefer your chairs with no arms he said. Then he put on a plastic cop uniform, stabbed an abnormally large badge into his chest, went back to the heavy woman, and yelled several times, *you kids break it up*. He took a picture of her and commented repeatedly on how long it was going to take to print.

Most of the audience was laughing but guilt hung in the air. The artist demonstrated this by spelling the word out on a chalkboard with his feces. Eventually, the smell spread and the audience realized what was being smeared in front of them. They started to boo, some started to leave. In apropos he began throwing cardboard puzzle pieces at the audience and the audience leaving. Some started to throw the pieces back at the artist, others started trying to find pieces that fit together. And through the loud censures of "I think

I found an end piece" Still others did nothing but watch. Then people dressed as ghosts, or people with sheets covering their bodies, brought a small desk to the stage where the artist sat down, and to display the savage and lazy nature of human existence he shoved a large metal pencil through his thigh into the desk chair, binding the two, then with his hands, one covered in shit, the other with blood, he started to play the Theremin the ghosts had just brought on stage . Normally this would hinder a musician, but the artist's hands entered and left the magnetic fields surrounding the Theremin antennae with such grace you forgot he wasn't playing the Theremin the whole time, scoring the film of that experience or at least that's how it will be remembered and though the Theremin was broadcasting to itself, the audience felt as if it was singing to them, at first in an eerie dark place way, but then when his hand started trembling the electricity became voice and one couldn't help but imagine an opera house, projection and large women thundering electric. He could have still been making fun of the large women in the front row, but nobody noticed, not her nor the bleeding, which with the trembling was puddling much faster, only the music, and it sounded like it was infinite, like all of time was inhabited by this music, by this/these moments, now.

**V.**

## **The Paradox of Overcoming and at the Same Time Preserving**

You could lie and say I lost myself  
and considering our lives are spent  
mostly with descriptions of parts  
without thought or awe for the whole,

Someone would believe you  
and say welcome back to the path  
we all lose our center time to time.

It's easy to imagine logic as that road  
extending towards something  
adamant, perhaps overwhelming.

Show me freedom without pressure  
and I will show you thin but determined  
strings hanging things nicely  
in a place that would make you  
believe privilege sits in bone.

## **If History Was A Blimpy Hooker, Would You Call Him Maxamillion?**

To summarize the sky  
humanity is a basement.  
The stadium reagents the loam  
lame with not-having.

The pageant of earning  
scatters the roaches  
of broken so the eyes,  
can lie to the idea of a heart.  
An excuse for stupidity  
and the joke of not needing.

Why does the moon make meat of us?  
Because everyone says it does.  
World's oldest ceiling?  
Everything happens for a reason.  
Dr. Staircase what is the seating chart?  
Who pulls the dark tarps apart?

## Poem Under No Illusion of Itself Being Howl

I haven't seen the best minds of my generation at all.  
Muted in traffic, immigrant, madness like the rest of us,  
Moving like cogs into each other, dragging not only  
the teeth of the past but the warm metal channel  
of the present, bone faced televangelists evangelizing  
dollar fists mistakenly docile for the purposes of prayer  
or applause, who look creatively for anything that  
resembles pleasure or the conversation of attainable goals,  
or the unreliable rain of euphoria, or the cascading tremble  
of Montana I have seen the best minds of my generation punch  
each other with diapers. I have seen shit crows whose music  
would remind you of linoleum, who reserve tables at lukewarm  
who belong to long buildings and the solitude of repetition,  
who passed slowly through universities with lurid degrees  
in brick and silence, who are flowering poverty in the smoke  
darkness of their trophies, who masturbate constantly at  
the networking prospects of post-modernism, who  
writhe in the grass of passivity, who threw beauty  
at the page when everyone was looking at the screen,  
who were too scared to fight for the obscene or any of the  
lesser known odes, whose music slowly became more plastic,  
who cowered in the towers, in the constant mall of capitalism,  
whose nicotine teeth speak loudly to the nature of rest, who relax  
in the semblance of middle living, who drink the piss and giggle  
of Richard Nixon. Who, still, seek whatever measures are necessary  
to nullify the emptiness of ownership, who are still ignorant  
of the brutal taxes of convenience, who were stamped for laughs,  
who took some sick pride in the pigeon-holing, who continually  
mistake new for good, and old for sacred, who stood like pin holes in the screen light,  
camera obscuras, at first entertaining but eventually just  
poorly organized photography, incomparable blind streets  
of poorly draped slip-covers that pretty over and continually  
suffocate the tattered couches of time, who live in cul-de-sacs of  
unnecessary shade, drinking the fat syrup of a white washing,  
who stand blanched by the segmented light of closed windows  
by the relevant greed of manifest destinies, who experience  
distance without ever moving, whose walls are mental,  
who swallow the comeuppance, a fist down their thick throat.  
who chained themselves to the idea of themselves, unweaving  
the latticework of actual galaxies into reweaved retarded sweaters  
skipping narcotic pebbles of modern love across the rippling ocean  
of unregistered pain, who were arrested in the cloth of the proletariat  
silent like the governed eventually lost beneath the black and white  
of stretched paperwork, who bought books already sold to the machinery

of the tepid, who talked endlessly under the sinew and autonomy  
of museum speech on the contradictions of worth, bulimic intellect  
meandering in the recursive pools of politics and corporation,  
who can find no privacy under the delicate hum of satellites  
protracting the skies, who refuse to not be entertained waiting  
for life to look like that pamphlet, who made music  
for treading water, in studios of lacking palpable rhythm, who  
worked liberal days to pay the infinite rent of class with their paychecks  
of buckets, who threw attention at the cause without any idea  
of its velocity, who dream of personal drugs, who dream of  
impersonal salvation, cock and absent balls, who fell to their  
knees in cathedrals of misplaced humility, who watched it happen,  
who cannot howl without a voice, or the recognition of the voiceless,  
the silence that gave it legs, who cannot even finish this poem,  
because this the body politic of brevity, this is the nation of default white blinds,  
this is the gaggle of the willing, this is the citizenry of sheep,  
and in the republic of sheepery there is no room for the poetry of the wolf

## *The World as Will and Representation*

The clouds are sepia oatmeal.

I didn't say it was the thunder  
that scared me as a child it was  
the distance between the lightning  
and the boom. Time is suffering.  
It was the clarity of waiting,  
the lean forward. Now, it reminds  
me of this quote you gave me:  
'Talent hits a target no one else can hit  
Genius hits a target no one else can see'  
Which means the smartest among us  
see no targets at all . Still, it was the walls  
that were comforting, with the ceiling,  
it was the opposite of *target*. Except  
to the lighting, or for anything that can be bombed.

I'm not sure what's worse greed or  
the illusion of safety but it's becoming  
impossible to feel anything. Do you  
remember when you told me you  
thought banana won the lottery  
of artificial flavors and I wanted to say  
that it was simply the natural evolution  
of the close relationship to man and banana,  
but I was thinking of terrible luck  
and I couldn't see the tease of gravity  
or the interchangeability of *time* and *decay*  
and not think that certain people are born  
fucked more than others, and to counteract  
the gut-plummet of that sadness, I thought  
again about you and how love is the multiple  
tasks of hands, then I thought about how far  
that reaches, which initially brought to mind  
contracts, but we always knew to see through  
them, they impact only filing. I thought  
we could be an example, we could show  
everyone time is on suffering's side, and  
the answer is always love and more hands.

## World's Shortest Book: Revenge Fantasies of Emotionally Healthy People

I know you're uncomfortable  
with catharsis,  
but what you meant  
to say about the movie  
is that it moved you.  
When they abducted  
that man's daughter  
you started to feel it,  
somewhere in the curtains  
of your stomach. A more  
extraordinary *déjà vu*.  
The durability of mood.

But let's not miscarry rage,  
energy and its tension  
you felt a justified wrath,  
the butter of vindication  
and lost property. Vengeance  
is the diarrhea of reactions.

In the crowd you could  
hear people shouting:  
*If this was my daughter...*  
*Oh the things I would do...*  
*I wish someone would...*

As if the retributions  
would be beautiful.  
As if people would be  
impressed by the passion.  
In the movie, you could tell  
he really loved her because  
he killed so many people,  
and so creatively.  
It was practically dancing.  
Except she didn't see it  
and it actually was dancing,  
which should make the whole thing  
ridiculous, but that's not the story.

There is no morality without storytelling.  
Empathy needs it, and the film went after  
rage through that bridge.  
The ludicrous power of what

if it happened to you.

If it were this poem selling you  
Something simpler it would say  
every living human is born with  
Three things: Rage, love, and an empty  
mind with a panoply of continually  
changing systems of absorption.

Rage, I'm convinced,  
is essential to transcendence  
It's how we get from  
the kinetic. It says I am  
alive and that is work.  
It is the constant metronome.  
It is survival, and thus  
it is wind in our bones.

Love is not an expression  
of rage, or the violence  
your willing to commit  
in the name of family,  
it is the tedious negation  
of that, and that's why  
nobody left the movie thinking  
about the love that was  
expressed when the man  
finally reached his daughter,  
who was tied to a chair,  
not that climax, but the fight  
scenes, people were talking  
about the inspired ways  
they would defend something  
they loved, they left looking  
for evil to test them, everyone  
left with plenty of testosterone  
walking with confidence  
in the parking lot, talking  
to each other about maybe  
joining the military.

## VI.

## **Through The Clock**

Look consciousness  
nothing is still.

Nights are not separate.

Blood walks through the water clock.

Through.

Time is neither the clock nor your pain.  
If you leave you will leave nothing  
but your difference.

Ice to a diamond.

## Let Us Say Internal Dialogue

Why it should happen like this I am not sure, but I'm sitting at a bar,  
The man sitting next to me asks,

*If I ever wish (sometimes) for more than just this limp time.*

He makes this gesture with his hand holding his glass, waving it irregularly  
in the air as he speaks, trying in his way to represent the chaos and tumult of life  
I nod and take a drink from my glass.

*What do you do with music* he asks.

The music was loud and nobody was dancing.

*I guess a pivot for my silence* I say, putting my glass down onto the bar.

He puts his drink down, and asks me what I think of love.

*Love is the persistence of vision, the only tangible faith.*

he takes another drink from his glass,  
puts his arm around me and says

*We should always doubt gods and purpose.*

I say, *when we mention god let us say internal dialogue*, raising my glass in the motion of  
toast.

*Don't forget the childishness of suicide* he says.

We both nod and take a drink from our glasses.

*You and I*, he says, *we are products of an unnamed distance.*

He orders another drink.

*I'm glad to have met someone as smart as you are* he says.

*You wear the performance of speech like a scarf around your cold throat*

pointing his new drink in my direction.

*Would you like another* he asks, I say no, *I think I've had enough.*

*I really only understand the smash and grab of social interaction when I'm inebriated*

he says. *We are all the same in the drunk-dark of places like this.*

## **Tetragrammaton**

The stars have  
already been used

and still we ebb

As distance.  
From where  
We were

Growing  
like dandelions  
in between sidewalks

The clouds  
looked like  
nests of bone

Is that the real sky?

## **Christianity**

Consistently history  
reiterates you can  
have faith in anything.

And while we are being  
honest let us say  
that its survival rests  
in the exploited lonely  
of people dying.

I will try to speak  
for my generation  
and say we were  
born with this  
on our backs

Were humans made  
in the image of the original  
or was our vanity thrown  
to the clouds in a gospel of this  
is the best we can do for now.

## **On The Death of David Foster Wallace**

You have to wonder if he considered  
his options, if his elaborate perspective  
birthed a list that consisted of other  
possibilities checked in pen as if saying,  
these are just words, reality is old

and parading. I wonder if the future fell  
heavily onto the bridge of his face. If in  
his process of funneling his fiction he reflected  
a staunch blackness that said now, artist  
cannot be optimist. That said we as people  
are footnotes, or maybe plagued with the criticism  
that he was bad with endings he chose  
a sentence without metaphor.

Maybe, the elegance of his fiction only  
made the brick text of his life  
seem hideous and thick.

I will remember the news of his death  
because I realized art is the reaching of hands  
That art is the absence of sides. A neutrality  
that propagates from person to other person.  
A music of chaos and remembering. It hurts though

## #27 Why I Can't Talk to People

My flaws are clear  
I do not understand  
the industry of open faces.  
Where are the bus  
stops to these stoop  
choirs? Ask me  
about the weather  
I will tell you how it  
reminds me of memory  
Ghost meat. Knowledge the  
garbage Texas,  
I mean yes, lovely  
If capitalism has taught me  
anything it's that buildings choose  
to be bulldozed, it's a choice  
they make wanting more  
than the upward destitution  
of owning. Stop it, genius  
To grow on the wrong  
side of progress is to pay  
for the mistakes you made as a fetal self.  
You could've been born better,  
time works like that. Look  
we were talking about bargain  
shoes you ruin everything  
with your thinking. Your cup  
is full but trust me it yearns  
for quarters! Change chain-tamed  
dog paths. Walk weighted dead grass.  
Leave the speeches please and you  
can come in with us. Stop calling the ether  
indecisive look at all the beautiful body parts  
see how they don't want meaning.

## VII.

New Title of this Poem:

**Darkness is the Traffic of Crows**

Do not underestimate  
the intelligence of crows,  
they are both janitors  
and darkness, they owe nothing  
to the raven. The crows are cautious  
because they are planes  
and thus concerned,  
like most of us, with traffic.

We are both dirt.

New Title of this Poem:

**Time Cancels Itself**

The best way to control  
people is to encourage  
them to be mischievous.  
The deliquesce luxury  
of time, an introduction  
to void, what we have  
here are experiments  
for the replacement  
of boredom.

Time is not money  
it is a glass bowl  
that can be filled  
with money,  
but you can't trust  
the money or the bowl  
so you are left  
with emptiness.

New Title of this Poem:

**The Disgusting Luxury of Sadness**

And so we are left  
with both darkness  
and emptiness, really  
the most beautiful  
things in the world.  
Both nothing

and everything  
at the same time;  
Schrodinger's Cat,  
the magnetism  
of closed doors.

Guilt is lingerie,  
which to me is  
getting in the way,  
but people love  
presentations  
and none of us  
can ignore the void,  
so there is never a time  
when you aren't considering  
something worth purchasing.

New Title of this Poem:

**The Disgusting Luxury of Language**

I envy the crow and its lack of baggage.

## Due Partly to Inertia

All day my body burdens  
deployed to void with grin to watch laughingly.  
I let the schadenfreude out actually. The pain dazzles me  
Not the slaughter houses histories I want no part of  
Anyone who wants to be a martyr is already a dick  
Legend, roofied by bullets, collapses in front of them  
like bodies been shot, several medals given  
to several men. Pageantry you win. Because I can't  
compete with explosions, or how easy it is  
to shoot and get shot. Exploding is how stars die and we can't  
get over that. I chose not to think of myself as a flesh pocket  
but more as the electricity I sometimes feel in my blood.

Oh,

but the world is cold and flaunting and space  
is expanding at all points and in all directions so you see so from  
where I stand I am actually the center of the universe.  
This is consciousness, the who's who of brutal truths.  
And so you're always moving away from me.  
Sedulous in a way I desperately hope to explain. But I've learned  
I can't trust mine, nor anyone else's. This burden birthed gods  
Because you can lose it because nobody can hold onto any reality  
but their own, and you can lose it. Memory dissipates if it doesn't  
haphazardly create in the first place. Just before they signed the papers  
to let me out of the mental hospital the doctor told me you're smart  
and that's going to be a problem for you. And still today I can remember  
how she looked at me, but I will forget it, possibly in another mental institution  
Possibly in a room talking to toasters and chairs, while my wife cooks for me  
and resents me for losing it, because she is trying so hard not to drop it herself  
because she regrets marrying me regularly, because at some point when  
she would ask me if I wanted to have sex I started replying If there's a piccolo there  
I'm out, and I always walked away with confidence (wearing disillusion like a sweater)  
wearing  
a sweater. Because I started blanking out at funerals, and getting scared when the soldiers  
would shoot the sky in the stomach for a now dead soldier friend because funerals  
are about dirt. Memory, shmemory, burden for dirt. Strenuous bridges build traffic, a  
traffic that will eventually collapse said built bridges. The fractal architecture makes no  
room for minds only the traffic that rotates until it doesn't, exploding or whatever.

## Tarantulas Leave Behind Footprints of Silk

During the day homeless  
share the shadow of trees  
or litter the streets of Las  
Vegas blvd playing drums  
for quarters he didn't even  
have a kick drum though  
some people just have cups  
maybe hats. Heavy with their many jackets  
sometimes they hold signs  
88.8 percent of the time  
the sign ends in god bless  
you for some reason it  
bothers me it should say god  
blessed you but I hate the  
word god it's a yacht  
when I hear god I hear I can't  
control the universe.  
With, for sure.

I think they think  
they earned the right to have  
not been born to a crack head  
or to parents dead or among  
congregations of debt or tire heaps  
of underclass

my footprints are worn rubber soles  
shoes daisy-chained replaceable  
where those gun shots or someone being  
patriotic I'm not sure but I'd rather not  
go inside unless people congregate  
the sidewalks and stare believable-ish  
at me for being outside and not walking  
the trees are self-centered and pampered  
with garbage the tethered metal birds  
hum and piss glow

it relaxes me  
the sound of things getting done  
in the darkness the gypsy pigeons  
are up to something incorporate  
but my porch faces the sidewalk  
and my sidewalk is a conduit  
a middle place between two

separate parking lots and when  
our eyes meet there is dissemblance  
I continue with my cigarette so at  
least they know I can control fire  
I have to say I don't understand  
the pageantry of respect respect  
which is an acknowledgment  
of constructions First dignity, then empathy  
then respect then hopefully a waffle  
or some vodka, who cares  
if it's night we have light bulbs and naps  
in a bar the music is loud because it renders  
conversation symbolism and what with  
the women drinking for free let's wait  
in line so we can have something to hold while  
we stand or just sit there who else wants  
to get closer to the ground more open  
to the ambiguities of beauty and appropriate  
ness the drunker the louder the more vertigo  
more needed will somebody please just fuck  
the shit out me I want to know I have a body  
tonight my mind is quiet and I like it  
I am somehow tranquilized down without  
tradition let's turn the lights out it's cinnamon  
guilt we'll turn back on the lights when you're  
well wet and bioluminescent. We could go  
to the porch later let the night make you  
feel like a nebula but people should be walking  
home from the bar soon and they'll stare  
at us or be surprised at the not walking  
why not face the chairs the other way  
who wants to stare at a door

## **The Floors are also Ceilings**

I'm up to debt in memory,  
I want to leave this room.  
Call all doors  
                    sympathy.

                    Exhalation  
best after leaving,  
see manual.  
See the cruxes.  
See how the sky divides  
by itself.

Decay now, authority  
is changing lanes,  
memory lied  
                    about the lanes  
In the first place. Time taught in trophy

Capital radiates  
from the bought closets  
inside the buyable chests  
were hearts are wanting absence.

Language worn like it owes you.  
Trickle down metaphysics  
It's the resources that fucked you.

If I'm anything you're an army  
of contexts.  
The great body fishtank  
burdened by flukes, blame the bottom  
lobsters. Feed on weakness, live forever  
but be resented

Consumption. Always. Sexuality.

What to do  
with the left over sea,  
men?  
Praise it, I am not clapping sarcastically.  
I'm not fapping dramatically,  
this is a poem about consumption.  
Something I never do, I am the resource



## **Perception: Soul Donkey**

If I can't look at you in the eyes  
I guess it's because I think your soul is ugly.  
Except that the soul is a lie, right.  
Nothing more than wanting a superber pulpit  
Each mind a failure at being a stone.  
Dull lulling, near actioneering  
if perception is a house it can go fuck itself full

Outside the concrete is petty, the street lamps are light pregnant  
and I have never seen eyes so dilated,  
I could get lost in them, sea-deep like blood still in the body's drum kit.  
I cannot see any of the stars that think they are better than me.

Perception you're pear shaped.  
Your pasture made of Kansas,  
streets walking backwards like  
maintenance; power's power  
calendars drooping with interference.  
Your face is the enemy of music.

The soul is a straw man  
absence misunderstood, the underestimation of nothing.  
Let's talk about were silence gets its comfortable,  
the mortal euphoria of letting go.  
Where time gets its large apartment  
of what you are not.  
Perception is the doorman in this place  
and you wouldn't dare look this person in the face.  
Mostly because their head is down  
and everyone is so full of theater.  
What was is it the night said about getting  
more comfortable with your insignificance?  
What was it about trees trying to be buildings?  
Vivid with the invalid venting of good for now  
perception still wants names. Me, yes well  
I'm a poet call me drum machine  
you can call all the people parking lots.

## **The Self is a Victimless Crime, Like Punching a Stranger in the Dark**

There is darkness everywhere  
you just can't see it because the sun is such an attention whore.

Either way,  
I am a camera  
which is to say  
I am also an audience.  
The sky is all  
genital. Gravity  
wants horizontal.  
I am all consumption,  
need made vertical  
by teeth that grew  
architecture. So  
we as aquariums  
could experience  
the lies of silence.  
The empty and  
distorted porches  
of self. I do not  
believe in originality,  
it's the uniform that changes faces.  
All instrument,  
nothing like a subway.

## **I Too Hate Ars Poetica**

If we're not  
Translating grief  
crying with no need  
for translation.

We're music  
or laughing  
or still dying.

She's still  
dying. Well  
if she's alive  
her mortgage  
is overdue.

Listen, what  
do you want  
from me? How  
do you not  
understand  
this? I remember  
telling my mother  
not to worry  
it's not  
like they'll start  
showing  
the house  
to people  
looking to own  
if only for a while  
but the hospice  
all that beeping  
equipment

“aaand here's the bed  
room, try  
to imagine  
all these  
machines  
and scattered  
family and  
that woman  
dying gone  
they all have  
wheels

don't worry,  
this could be  
maybe  
an office  
maybe a room  
for family  
addition  
I don't want  
to make any  
speculations"  
We couldn't  
put her in the master  
bedroom,  
what with the bed  
she came  
with a bed  
and it has wheels  
so they could still  
look at the master  
we don't really use  
the bed, it's covered  
in luggage and I didn't  
say this to my mom  
so either way  
the word stay  
is inappropriate  
and not what  
anyone was thinking.  
If not for sympathy  
than for fear  
of ridicule?  
The nurse alone  
I mean we  
would all be  
thinking about  
the future but  
the real future  
the death one  
and you and I  
know that sells  
houses but listen  
anyone who  
puts in  
a lawn sign  
will get cut  
with it, and

no she can't  
come to the phone,  
why would  
I give her  
the phone?  
Hang up  
just hang  
up I would  
urge anyone  
on the phone  
with that look  
after a while  
I just started  
hanging the phone  
up for everyone,  
because we  
were all given  
jobs I remember  
I was in charge  
of the phone.

**Q: A:**

**What is this poem about?**

The misrepresentation of doors.

**No really?**

Perhaps it is about perspective.

**Is that important to you?**

I imagine it is all I have.

**What does that say about poetry?**

Humanity is mostly noise.

**Is this poem beautiful?**

In the prize's eye, the less reliable windowframe.

**What is more important than beauty?**

Catalyst.

**Why Is this poem not a sonnet?**

Why is your face not a sonnet?

**Are you angry with me because this poem isn't about anything?**

Emptiness is a mule.

**I don't think that's true.**

I 'm a fly on a window.

**How is the life of the fly?**

Like smoke that ribbons into oblivion.

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