



Feelings Come From Gain Of Function Labs
Nicholas Syrianus Katsafanas

© 2024 Nicholas Syrianus Katsafanas

All rights reserved under international and Pan-American copyright conventions. Printed and published in the United States of America. No part of this book may be reproduced, performed or utilized in any form or by any means including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and/or retrieval system without written permission from the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Published by The Blue Velvet Review

ISBN: 979-8-9987102-2-3

2nd Edition

Table of Contents

01. Jazz Singing About Suicide ... 5

Falling In Love Is Such A Bore
bin Laden's Ear Lobes Redux
Tricep Dip Bloodwork
Gin Martinis Are Pretty Good
Tiny Hair Gel Pen Oceans
Xi Jinping Mood Swing
Broad Street with a Bullet
I'm So Happy When I'm Near You

02. Body Hair Awareness Month ... 17

Drown Yourself
Postmodern BBWs
One Contains All The Numbers
The War On Terrorism
The Origin of Feelings
12 Mezcal
bin Laden's Ear Lobes
Perceiving Trees
An Empty Pint of Yuengling
The Home of US Government Propaganda
On Incongruities & Recollection as Fabrication
Courting Caroline Ellison
Drinking Blended Scotch Out Of Measuring Cups
I (Heart) BJ in the Singular Tense
Juicy Couture in the Courtyard

03. Only Exaggeration Can Make Things Clear ... 48

Rhetoricians in Late Antiquity
Thomas Bernhard in an Ali Pasha Mosque
More Akin to a Conceptual Counterpoint
Grotesque Binary Constructions
Parmenides Wrote A Poem

Sitting Alone at the Elmhurst Pub at 1AM
Tapas is Actually Enjoyable
We're More Despicable Than Anyone In Jail
A Jumble of Spoken Words
Glancing at a Homeless Man Quaintly Sleeping on a Patch of
Grass
Projections of Your Own Single Self

04.13 Golden Rectangles ... 71

My Oil Paintings
Parallel Universe / Fun-Sized Bags of Doritos
Thinking About Architecture
The Gumballs of Pseudo-Dionysios
Slightly Inebriated on a Friday Evening
Older Lady with the Look of Pure Death in Her Eyes
Multitudinous Feminine Entities
Guys From Chicago Who Don't Exist
Sugar Free Soju at Fernandez Liquors
Ill-Advised High Fades
The Median Lifespan of Bananas is Insufficient
Nuclear Families & Rainforests
Basically Repulsed (In Every Detail)

Jazz Singing About Suicide

Falling In Love Is Such A Bore

Blowing a shit
on a city street
outside a JWU dorm
and then benignly driving
up a big hill
to buy a bean burrito
at Baja's

I fucked up my brand
new white vans
stepping in a big puddle
on New Year's Eve
I wish we'd known one another
at another time
unfortunately now
you're just a memory

I've recalled
like a thousand
rewritten rough drafts
Sometimes the people
who fight for just causes
are complete pieces of shit
possibly because
linearity has always been
a pipedream for us
collectively

bin Laden's Ear Lobes Redux

Bob Ross

beating his brushes
he's laughing hysterically
negotiating the minor
emotional rollercoasters
of corporate relationships
only Jesus can save you now

In your world

you must decide
where your mountain is
I used to consume Golden Grahams
without a care in the world
now I'm happily married

Nonchalantly shuffling

across Cranston St
in the pitch black
clutching a white plastic bag
filled with two bubble teas
it's fucking twenty degrees out

Tricep Dip Bloodwork

Perusing a portal
of blood work results
in between tricep dips
diagonal beams lightly
envelop me
as I kiss the concrete
it might be
that nothing is quite what it seems

I'm just a giggling mist
that leaves this residual
unassuming Sufi poem for you
she left a single cigarette
on the bar counter as a little clue
it was cute

Naturally I took it
apocalyptically
you expressed yourself
sincerely albeit cryptically
I supported it
why did you think I bought
this beautiful bottle
of Peloponnesian white wine?!

Gin Martinis Are Pretty Good

I notice a face
that means nothing to me
sitting aloof
in the corner booth
as I order my third of three
gin martinis
on a lower level bar
nibbling upon
an over oiled olive plate

The face of crack thin
female hobo
ambles to and fro
in the blistering cold
she paces back and forth
more visible
because of the full wall window

Her ice cold epidermis
is an eyesore for bar patrons
innocently searching
for intoxication
instead now forced
to contemplate
a near future corpse
bristling in an unforgiving cold

Tiny Hair Gel Pen Oceans

My pen ejected hair gel
a tiny ocean
that contains the cosmos
Doritos Tacos Locos
on Mineral Spring
at ten to two

I recall waking in the AM
at five fifty five
after some crumb Ronnie
spoke shit about
Silver Lake and numerology
I suppose some signs
are sent erroneously

There's something a bit Nordic
in the copious American Spirit smoke
there's something so me
in abruptly disappearing completely
who gave you the okay
to claim being

I'm not one for presumption
they say God is One
not two
which is why when I make plans
I don't assume you
good riddance to the shit
that was meant to end

from the start

A wise man once said
“If I only had a heart”—
take a second
before you get upset
to try to remember
that you don’t even recall
my fucking name

Xi Jinping Mood Swing

Toss three olives
on top of the rocks
I'm wearing a subtle grey
brimless hat
getting multiple unexpected compliments
I wish they had
Siete Misterios at Deadbeats

A thin blonde inquires
if I require
larger paper
but I'm actually just penning
these little gay notes
seawater brine
is a liquid
that's actually preferable
to vegetable oils

Unabashedly snapping selfies
then eating a single slice
of Sicilian pizza
by myself
this liquor is scrumptious
I think my dreams
might predict future events

Two seemingly disparate forms
may actually be
the exact same fucking thing

you try to do good deeds
because you low key like
Cleveland Steamers

I'm sitting by myself
fucking thinking about portals
Tree texting me
don't come home at three
it's fucking eleven o'clock
then again maybe it's not
as absurd as it seems

Broad Street With A Bullet

A homeless man
pants
down sitting on the cold cement
possibly jacking off
on the steps
of an architecture firm
seems to somehow know
it's Veteran's Day
so it's okay
to masturbate

Two pussy lips
form one vagina
my dear Watson
duality is but an illusion
of the mob's sense
of the world as representation

Drinking alone is occasionally
advisable chalk it up
to ritualism
a shot of Fernet
and a shitty beer
I could ostensibly
toss my smartphone
into a haunted river
fuck it all to Hell

I'm So Happy When I'm Near You

I ambled out
and fucking walked home
bleakly considering the question
of what exactly is an image
what's the shit
that we'll see
when we finally retire
the subject-object assumption

At Ogie's I'm writing down
frequencies to the fifth
decimal point
in the fourth octave
on a purple notepad
I realize my recollection
is a swimming pool
the bar plays suggestive
Nickelodeon clips

I can't recall them at all
a young man places
a loaf of white bread
on a table
so it resembles
a large penis
through the speakers
now Big Pun plays

He relays

that he'll rip his prick
through your hooters
you solemnly stare
at a large skull tattoo
before closing your tab
my index finger is burnt to a crisp
from the incense event

I'm gonna air it out
on a two mile sojourn
downtown
in the frigid New England winter
everything is sentient
at times
it seems upon exit
I left a
forty two percent tip

Body Hair Awareness Month

Drown Yourself

Tiny spoon
shitty coke at the COVID country club
wedding whoops
the architecture of trauma
the inanity of recollection
I can smell my own cologne

Disappearing is conceptually presumptuous
no continue to attempt this
you haven't achieved
a modicum of honesty yet
the shit you forgot
is hugging you like a shark jaw

Your head is still in a sink filled up
with water it's often the case
that intrinsic in the solution
is annihilation
and that's okay too
this dive bar is just a portal

This world is an illusion
a reflection
something existing
as a conception
I'm the day in the night
the night in the day
I never learned to pray
until I discovered recollection!

What you see in dream
is the only real thing
a guy who looked like
Burt Young bent down
on Broadway and picked up
ostensibly a dropped coin yesterday

Postmodern BBWs

Two receipts
for twenty four eighty four
to the penny
back to back
I was slightly surprised
Cambodians with breast milk
communicate through bar tabs

Just to remind you
your life is a lie
I'm a walking apology
suck my dick
my granddad lost the lottery
the United States government
honors the words of pieces of shit

To prosecute ambiguous cases
against respectable men
tell the right lie
and you might just tell the truth
read the income statements
of enough shell companies
you might find a reason to remain aloof

Chug a double espresso
and pop a shroom
before patronizing the Dominican shisha establishment
Ray gave Matthew twenty bucks
on Broad it made his night

I was glad to see it

I enjoyed the company of BBWs
before it trended
you have to stay ahead
of the curve
no pun intended
because you can't discuss with anyone
the images that remain
ice cold frozen in your mind

One Contains All The Numbers

I'm a new beginning
with a prewritten
suicide note
asking God for forgiveness
only to be told
I'm an inimitable extension
of what I can't compute

Truthfully I'm nothing
if not basically
straightforward
in nature
an old lady
wearing a navy
blue political tee
inebriate-ly
confuses me
for some shitty son
she claims she has

Being flagged and informed
of body hair fetishes
for body hair awareness month
despite believing in some
indivisible Oneness
I can't comprehend rudimentary
social cues I've heard

It's almost like I

emerged from a parallel universe—
‘The organism is the first fallacy’
I recite imbibing my own beauty
in a full body mirror

I’m trapped in an infinite illusion
and things have never been clearer!—
I’ve finally become incomprehensible
to myself
and I find it swell
at a Clarks-Bostonian retail outlet
I discovered Hell

The War On Terrorism

Bartenders at Muldowney's
understandably claim
you could've been present
on a plane
on Nine Eleven
reprehensible images of youth

That can only be overridden
by fresh regrets
a form of hell that
I accept
partially agreeing with Imams
texting Wordles to my mom

Multinational procurement anal probes
fund pre-revenue record labels
slightly unstable
there's no statute of limitations
on oppressive shame

Perception is nothing
beyond assigning names
discriminating in taste
between artisanal Mezcal
like a complete cunt two
genders of cock
the one and the many
it's opulent fun

A half cup of white rice
and green peas
with fresh lemon
and cold pressed
olive oil
failed to absorb my nine mezcals
I gave a nice black girl
eight bucks walking home
she claimed she'd fuck
for the twenty
but I respectfully passed

The Origin of Feelings

Feelings come from
gain of function labs
gleefully disassembling yourself
over a subtle pack
of American Spirits
are you just a little ridiculous?—

Indulging in animalistic shit
or is it that the intellect
is ultimately always bereft—
hold up the Caucasian chick
looks like Wyclef

And she's got a cigarette
and a sincere compliment
while others present
a left hook and an honest guess
you should always introduce yourself
as a Roulette wheel

Everything you feel
comes from a gain of function laboratory
everything's an excuse
for a ceremony
or a photo op or a food co-op

Or an allegory—
we genuinely claimed
to not recall our names

when the shitty parking lot cop
called the city cops
he's got a heart of slop
I wish him the best
in his endeavors

12 Mezcals

Watching Larry Kudlow
while I tickle her butthole
the ways of the world
those are the breaks
everyday I'm elated
to be fertile if not awake

Let me unrobe as well
just so you can successfully
kiss my ass
I drink tears like ginger-ale
after twelve mezcals
no disrespect
but fuck you
I'm a nice guy
fuck me
I'll stick a Civic car key
into your brother's eye

Suicide bomb
your fuckin grandma's
assisted living center
three hipsters
talk getting food truck bullshit
at Guatemalan festivals

Screwing in cymbals
Alice Cooper performed with Filter—
nah I respect that craft

shitty fuckin bands
relapse
to playing the same shit every night
it's actually nice

Koreans crank you off
mid stroke asking if you're Pakistani
identities are antsy
in fifth grade Anthony
never successfully pantsed me

bin Laden's Ear Lobes

I enjoy believing what I hear
they ID'd bin Laden
by his ears
my lobes are super distinctive too
twenty thirteen
I was in three hundred
square feet
double debt to income
with none of it expungable

To be honest
I wasn't against
being run into
by a bus or two
but RIPTA fucking drives too slow
if I'm gonna go
ideally I'd like to go

My hair clippers
sounded like helicopters
in the wet Rome lavatory
Americanos the size
of a micropenis
agitated me

My zipper
had a mind of its own
on New York Avenue
I didn't tip

on my second set
of Fernets
at the tavern oops!—
too busy bonding
over wanting to cease
completely

Local journalists
have become too busy
to write more than fifty words
on a murder
some fuck got shot
now I guess he rots?—
let them snap a selfie
for their IG
before confirming

Perceiving Trees

Being made vaguely aware
I could have possibly
gotten beaten up
by anonymous parties
at an undisclosed
period in time

The old guy
with the white hair
in the pink house
picked up
an Amazon package
on his stoop
as I walked by
a week later
he was beat to a pulp

Deceased in the basement
by a guy
with a face
that looked like
a decent looking insect
dying is underrated
annihilation
is essentially reflexive

I was elated
at the baseless
allegation

every day
I pray
to remain
the politest
chucking spears
like Leonidas
at middle aged men
making moronic threats

My sobriety's
Ben Simmons on the Nets
I'm embarrassing myself
in public
it's the best
rusty trombone
phone home
nothing's of interest to me
there's an indivisibility
to perceiving a fucking tree

An Empty Pint of Yuengling

Even Cheryl eventually
threaded more eyebrow
than appropriate
leaving me
practically bare boned
in brow
despite default
caterpillar contours

Questioning if the light skinned lady
guzzling a creamy espresso martini
was actually dating
the old East Asian man
or if he was only making
motel donations

Meanwhile the big bearded bartender
with the lower level
central tooth gap
seems to dap
every fucking body but me
is it possible
he recalls my exposed
bracciole and balls
from his previous bar fuck it

The empty pint of Yuengling
looked like it was having
a seizure on the cement

in the wind on Fricker
there's an architecture
to walking drunk alone
in the dark
sometimes I dabble
in gin after dinner

Analyzing arguably asinine signs
in Dallas Cowboy games
broadcast on solitary Sunday afternoons
I no longer take
what's figurative
as anything more
something assumed

The Home of US Government Propaganda

Tethered to an uninterrogated subjectivity
we bicker about one drop rules
and data dumps of public policy fat tails
fuck you

The Bill of Rights
is junk email
I check my gmail
like I'm the fucking algorithm
when analyzing such and such
within the prism of what the fuck
seventy percent of NGOs
concluded many males
often pay bucks for cunts

Not to get political
but a wise man once told me
the only good politician
is a dead politician
decapitated Palestinian children
keep playing the victim

While Millennial US Senators
listen to Limp Bizkit
with limp wrist kids
who enjoy getting fisted
until making a modicum of sense
is blacklisted

Voluntarily shoving
US government propaganda
up my own ass
mentioning dollar denominated crude oil trades
is considered a touch crass
I caught a shitty sea bass
on my Uncle's boat
and tossed it back

On Incongruities & Recollection as Fabrication

Recollection of minutia as fabrication
on my way to drink my face off
at Needle I bought The Novelist: A Novel
at Symposium the cashier was
not the nicest I'd encountered

Every center of gravity
is the single center
that's ever existed
there are in fact infinite centers
I pondered this
sitting silently on a tall roof
assisted by my so-called sensory organs

It's no longer the case
things have morphed
to the extent that people
have no actual work to complete
which is maybe why the podcast industry
is on the rise
with such impressive growth rates
and they're all sublime

The nationalism of the Romiosini
was corrupted
Romanides
should have gone further east
to find himself

drinking scotch my glass reads
'girlfriend' scratch that 'fiancée'

I try to achieve honesty
with myself every three days
perusing Rubmaps
with the royal nonchalance
of a British prince
when unevenness
is evinced
that's just a ripple of triplicity

Courting Caroline Ellison

Actually Giordano
could have succumb to
a devilish little trick
his own damn self
is he burning in flames of folly
I'm tossing syllables onto a blockchain
with the ex-boo
of Sam Bankman-Fried

Rereading Noah's nine hundred fifty year
five paragraph creeds
are they drowning in the flames
of an immanent plane
that extends into the jurisdiction
of the Kingdom of Heaven?

Troubled souls are telling us
'Timing is everything'
but they only call
at the absolutely most inopportune times
you ask yourself if it's possible
you've become morally outraged
in illogical ways

Just maybe about matters
which have jackshit to do with you?
wearing five dollar
Foot Locker
tees

I tossed Dave Yurman rings
into the bottom
of the Atlantic Ocean
or actually
it could have been just the box

But maybe the relevancy
is out of stock
timing is everything
no waiting
is a logical impossibility
since Biblical eras
people posted up
til last call
and only received chlamydia

Drinking Blended Scotch Out of Measuring Cups

Imbibing blended scotch
out of measuring cups
filled up with ice
on a quaint Saturday night
The Social bartender
although polite
deep down definitely
held a ruthless vendetta
against me

Remembering
a comment I made months ago
correctly critiquing
her slow Corona Light service
she's now superfluously
charged me seventeen and a half bucks
per glass of Mezcal

Faces contorted
frozen in time
I chugged the cup of agave
helpless but at the same time
it seems so antiquated
investing in things
like depression and elation

If you can't annihilate yourself
in the midst of Mineral Spring

what can you do
Rocco's bar's girth
got extended
the cul de sac streams
with lovely ducks
got a cement redo
the tailor's building
is now a gas pump

The Syrian's spot's
gone too
I spit on the terrible white truck
after doubling back
to spit on the white truck
in two decades
we'll remain the exact same age
the loogie on the windshield
was just an illusion of change

I (Heart) BJ
in the Singular Tense

A young Korean female
is wearing an 'I (Heart) BJ'
white tee
in the singular tense
while waiting
at the Broad Street bus stop
whatever the idiocy of your youth

It's indubitably true
that eventually it becomes
something soporific
and increasingly idiotic
as time passes
ruthlessly asking
attendants for top shelf liquor

Then quickly flickering
into states of existential shock
at the opulent bills
received
insects with telepathy
hypothetically
could control the cosmos
we'd have no science
to prove it untrue

They tried to impolitely poop
on my aura

probably unaware
of their actual bowels
I had to head a different direction
we used to obsess
over revenge

Press necks against walls
certain substances suggest
you could evade the Unseen
you might think you see a demon
but perhaps it's just
a generous gift?

Juicy Couture in the Courtyard

Emerging from the condo
sun baking
a white crackhead
is naked
pulling up her Juicy Couture sweats
in my fucking courtyard
I carry a black trash bag
glancing at her pasty asscrack

She stares blankly back
as I toss trash
into a rat filled navy blue dumpster
Staten Island's shaped
like the Peloponnese
I enjoy vaginal cavities
when they're wet and they're greased—

On shrooms
I find I'm often in tune
with herbs and plants
shit hit when I exited
to amble toward Cranston Street
dark skies fold origami-esque
the tinnitus of June
was architectural I guess

Why would you want to be in control
when you could instead be
out of control

'time to come' isn't always linear
'raised from' isn't necessarily literal
We could consider memories
recurring concurrently
with current events
Sunday seems different during the day
sitting in utter silence at the bar

Only Exaggeration Can Make Things Clear

Rhetoricians in Late Antiquity

Off Eddy getting politely asked
by Matt to leave
as impassioned we
discussed the political merits
of men razor blading
their legs at one AM
I was on my way out anyway
Inveterately
rhetoric seems
something akin to a plaything of nonsense
is that basically frowned upon
in this era?
Made members of the mafia
replete with YouTube channels
you're on the precipice of forty
praying to get permanently pushed
to pavement by a stray RIPTA bus
on Point Street

Puking up a mint hookah
in a Pizza J parking lot
people enjoy smoking marijuana because
they become less likely to get bounced
from bistros and bars
grab the damn wet wipes please?

The true beauty of rhetoric
is found in um
double shots of vodka

and bummed American Spirits
from people quoting Big Pun lyrics
I don't agree or disagree

Thomas Bernhard
in an Ali Pasha Mosque

Eating pussy on an immanent plane
reading books but in an innocent way
I discovered Thomas Bernhard
spent some time
at an Ali Pasha mosque
I wasn't shocked

Tossing darts
at the impotent
no one said mercy necessitates
some universal innocence
consumerism loses vision
of an indivisible Oneness

Marx thought quite highly
of discrete units
on a roof lit
above Broad Street
orders of ice coffees
in informal Spanish
sound like they're emerging
from a circus
megaphone

Two dimensions is understudied
man's best buddy
ages like sped up podcasts
my beta fish Larry

lived for half a decade
above three rocks
from a Taco Bell parking lot

The live band said they had tees
in their SUVs
as I suddenly
realized I may have misunderstood
a bar fly's
intention
is it possible baseless presumptions
can also veer from the truth?

More Akin to a
Conceptual Counterpoint

I told Mario
'You know
yo quiero lo siento
I don't know
maybe some yo tengo'
his cousin exhibited three and a half
of thirty two teeth
I've detested rationalism
since my sweet sixteen

A newly minted couple
shares a newly lit
solemn thin cigarette
as I drunkenly question the method
of Twenty Three and Me
with a Portuguese
immigrant I just met

Who wants to be reintroduced
to their own multitudes?—
I feel convoluted
connections with select
architectural structures

Yet another grotesque
binary construction
my significant other
is a bundle

of my securitized
interpersonal shortcomings

The holy legato
of spoken language
asexually passes through select edifices
I puked twice in July
once it was a vegan Oreo smoothie
once it was living my life as a lie

Grotesque Binary Constructions

Chord change
seventh chords
variations among geometric shapes and shit
tricep dips
decimal points
considering you have
an undiscovered mental disorder
or if perhaps demons exist

I find the post-COVID inflation
of light beers
demonic in character
a country club wedding's hysterical
you'll never see
any of these fucks again

Landscapes change for Lent
you look at a patch of grass
and it refracts to black
understandably some are hesitant
to take that as that
but how can you fucking edit
what's sent to you?

Plagiarism
psychotherapy wanes
in cache
it's a fact
I called a twelve year old gay

but he was acting cunty
for a bunch of the
afternoon

What you create
doesn't necessarily cater to you
my Aunt Dena owes me
an eighties era Cadillac
my dad said it crashed
yet I never saw proof of that

Parmenides Wrote A Poem

A nipple emerges on Main Street
with a brimless hat
I have a taint for TSA to taste
select members of a West End Planet Fitness
seem to visit in
NPC intervals
my stock phrases escape me

Tony's titties drooped like tear drop tattoos
at a certain juncture I said fuck you
the voices in my mind
are the real ones
is that still a sign
of being batshit crazy?

Ingo Swann's autobiography's audiobook
on YouTube
aliens at grocery stores
I'm at Urban Green
perusing overpriced pineapple
fractal geometry's
a hole in the floor

Mineral Spring vape shops
Parlour improvisation
the doorman enjoys maqam music
subpar vegetable broth
off Power Street
zesty with horny GILFs at Mezzo

He said Oh you live off Woodward
in falsetto—
he actually got whacked off there
twice a year
discussing donuts
with structural engineers
with wire rims
that find your opinions on picture taking
in poor taste

Sitting Alone at the
Elmhurst Pub at 1 AM

She admitted if a male wore a fitted cap
to just go to quote-unquote CVS
that that was an act
deserving of examination
and you nodded your cranium
just slightly erect

The purple beam
under my old stove
struck me as black American in essence
as I laid face up
on the floor for an extended period

Sitting by myself
at the Elmhurst Pub
at approximately one AM
I was reminded of casino Christmas parties
with middle aged floozies
who still sought dick

It's been beyond a half decade
since the insect's corpse survived
a strong rain in outline form
on the laminated map
of the Seekonk River

I said If you can't see yourself
as the penis of Jesus

then you'll never understand Allah
with an authentically minimal amount
of irony evident in my tone

Tapas is Actually Enjoyable

In absolutely no way shape or form
do I regret expressing
my vicious disgust
with modern photography
among young mothers
who dedicate their
Instagrams to infants

It's essential in my mind
that we question the intrinsic
value of the frozen image
in fact of anything we note to be
quote-unquote frozen in time

Laotian hookah bar on Douglas Avenue
abandoned basketball court
on Douglas Avenue
recalling my own decade old
imagined images
also on Douglas Avenue

Have you been by any chance
to that new Tapas place off Wickendon—
'suck my penis' I said
I haven't had exceptional sushi
since Tokyo closed

Apparently Parmenides believed
a divine being

of some sort informed him
of a certain indivisible oneness
which moved him to write a poem

We're More Despicable
Than Anyone in Jail

On the chest press adjacent
a stress test relayed
a series of wall panels
shifting of their own accord
to which I reminded myself
of being completely sober

Fucking chalk it up
to some intermittent vegan B Twelve deficiency
or I'm just losing my mind
which historically happens
from time to time

At times it seems like
you're often in the process
of for lack of a better wording
losing your goddamned mind
and I find that
curious and/or disturbing
don't you?

Often the text retains Byzantine intricacy
because of traditions
that may not even be
our own
outside Tripoli
two hundred years past
September twenty three

I feel the blood from my veins
on my face horrific violence
still appears somewhat regularly
in dreams
time travel isn't mythical
it actually happens
intermittently

A Jumble of Spoken Words

The gaze of others
considering faithful lovers
whose sole request
was to express
how you obviously felt
in some remotely comprehensible
jumble of spoken words

Instead you chose to query some old bag
on her actual age
like it was some sort of novel notion
the cubicle blows its own brains out
we can't strain out
imperfection from memories

We're little more than big babies
who want to reconvene
with our Maker
there's something fucking immanent here
and It's relaying Itself
in what can only be called a circuitous fashion

April five into six
two hundred years amiss
the middle aged redhead
who doubled as the sub-Saharan bag
you shamelessly fornicated with?

Two as one suggest in a quaint manner

we wake up
yet the words struck us
as statements
that hardly even needed to be
uttered at all

Glancing at a Homeless Man
Quaintly Sleeping on a Patch of Grass

'I try to describe
what I'm feeling inside'
a guy
wears an old tee
inside out
explains with unearned confidence
why he adorns himself
in such attire

Basking in our bourgeois tartuffery
we're actually considerably
more despicable
than anyone in prison
for any sentence
of committed crime

In fact glancing at a hobo quaintly napping
on a patch of grass
behind a Broad Street bus stop
I find his life decisions
worthy of distinction
I'm inspired

Packs of scattered needles
discarded Double Whopper wrappers
a dilapidated wheelchair
there's wisdom in this unwinding
of modern capital concerns

Are you in love with the well-worn architecture
of this place or is it people
who perplex you
an ironic mustached man
gets into what seems to be
a relatively new Nissan Rogue

Projections of Your Own Single Self

Even Moses had shit to deal with
on South Street
nonlocal intervals
become rowdy
perhaps instead of a parallel universe
your fucking genetic history
requests a brief word with you

You've been reminded of things
you implicitly understand
memory's a fucking scam
yet all of this shit
can only be expressed in um

Should we say
circuitous fashions
the same abstract manner
you enjoy indulging in
with others which results
in people without exception
failing to comprehend
what the fuck it is you're trying to say

You own a tendency of expressing
things in obscure fashions
that invite absence
which is perhaps the most accurate
way of comprehending
this strain of befuddlement

Yet all of these people
are nothing but projections
of your own single self
wall panels shift
it's not B Twelve
it's your favorite doppelganger
in hell

13 Golden Rectangles

My Oil Paintings

You said something deep
and no one gave a shit
my oil paintings looked like
cunt
fucked up
at the Greek fest
who said buying
a subsequent bottle of Retsina
is ill-advised?

I'm ninety nine percent
Pine Sol
this is ritualistic
writing erotic poems
for Russian whores
and signing my name
χριστός ανέστη
you can drown
in a glass of water

Philosophy still can't save us
people no longer
chew wrapped
pieces of gum
no the industry
has transitioned to free floating
mini buckets of gumballs

How can I possibly concentrate

on nuclear holocausts
with all these big bad
booty bitches around
the mountain has better ears
for bullshit
I've never been a fan
of camping
I've always found things
somewhat preposterous
I suppose
two hookahs
twist the little knob
there you go
I apologize for forgetting
the meaning of cuando

Put some clothes on
for Christ sake
before you ball your eyes out
I never lied about
wanting to kill myself
if anything the opposite!
mountains have better ears
for bullshit

Trees—
some of them are old as fuck
that's why we built cities
our fictions play better
surrounded by buildings
a Burmese python

ate a forty four year old
woman alive

It's just like a snug little
sleeping bag
who doesn't like to take
a little nap
four or five milligrams
of melatonin
why would you lie
about wanting to drive yourself
into a tree?

Parallel Universes /
Fun-Sized Bags of Doritos

Walking down South Street
witnessing a few chubby goth adults
nibbling on handfuls of potato chips
from disparate fun size bags
I had an odd feeling
I was entering
a parallel universe or something

She told me with tears
visible on her cheeks
that sometimes she wished
she'd get hit by a bus
I said 'Sometimes
I feel sad too'

Socrates only laid down
with an adolescent Alcibiades
He never fucked him in his asshole
that's why Alcibiades
was still in love with him years later
you know
there are signs in things

Socrates never wrote shit down
Muhammed was illiterate
why the fuck are you enrolling
in an MFA program
in the coastal United States?

memory is a stain
on my being
it takes a different form every other day

She told me with visible tears
streaming down her beautiful face
that at times
she hoped
she'd get hit by a bus
to which I retorted
'Sometimes I feel sad too.'

What really happened in that bed
with those two
these are philosophical questions
relativism only emerges
after a certain axiom coagulates

Thinking About Architecture

Thinking about architecture
about the necessity of chance
on a Nickanee's patio
with a group of people adjacent

Adjacent and discussing Chinese food
in a manner that strikes you
as the talk of pure imbeciles
that like if chance is necessary?

And it has to be necessary
otherwise everything would become
irreparably fixed
but if it's in fact
necessary
then it's also in a sense
fixed essentially
being a necessity?—
puzzling!

There's a little triangle
tattooed on a pinky finger
there's no individual ecstasy
in architecture
only during periods
of intense collectivism
at any given time it's difficult

It's challenging

to quantify the amount
of conversing occurring
on the planet
that's architecture in a sense
guy with a hook nose
intensely biting his fingernails
as upper middle class whites
watch in awe

As other upper middle class whites
recreate a modal jazz
that was cutting edge
in nineteen sixty five
on Elmwood Avenue you recall images

Which informs your decision making
in material ways
recollected images
are animated
and in turn falsified
solely in your mind

Which exists in a location
that you can't quite place
at the time as you cross
a windy Washington Street bridge
a figure of this or that proportion
is constructed in your memory

What we call your memory
currently we'll call it your memory

to move out of the realm
of seminal attraction
into one of pure representation

The Gumballs
of Pseudo-Dionysios

Lights flicker numerically
like CPA firms
Neoplatonism was a corrective
on the integrity
of infinite numbers
Sufism a corrective
on the rationalism
of the concept One

I feel more in tune with God
when I vehemently condemn photography
at a bar
where no one gives a shit
every situation is set
in a unique context
in what we perceive as time

A curiously significant shift
seemed to occur in the repetition
of the smile
addicted to dying a thousand deaths
with that said
hold the red onion
on the gyro
I'm fresh out of gumballs

Sent to remedial English
simply because we questioned

the nature of signifying pronouns
but we never got offended
at it sans repetition
you can't get back to sleep sometimes

'If the whole ocean
were ink for writing the words of'—
sans repetition sometimes
I can't get back to sleep
mirrors are now placed regularly
in households and automobiles

Slightly Inebriated
On A Friday Evening

I felt a sudden sense
of the whole accelerated
heart beat thing you know?—
an Elvis impersonator
playing his guitar
with a perspicacity
that was just a delight to behold

The notion of this oneness
as indivisible in essence
is only truly comprehended
in states of extreme intoxication
get drunk by yourself
and you may apprehend it

The bartender at Figidini's
explained how to order a pizza
I considered replying
something to the effect of
'Go fuck yourself'
but instead thanked him
for the extremely generous insight!

Only in states of isolated intoxication
isolation that's only possible
in densely populated areas
the desert is a misunderstanding
of solitude I think

It assumes that people exist
which is an unproven presumption
of our social fabric
to some extent
so-called population
centers of shit piss and semen
it's really just a mirror

It's not technically an offspring
not in the way that you're thinking
to overcome this um
seminal state
this theoretical
amplified seminal state
as an overcoming
of some implied European self

Older Lady with the
Look of Pure Death in Her Eyes

Pepperonis discriminated
by Bib at the bar
marble counterwork
with the homosexual
Chinese quaff
(managerial)
Michelle said to just
shoot the double shot
correctly

Mirrors looped
into incoherence
another Friday night
sat at a bar
thinking about oneness
typing to yourself
that you're thinking about oneness

Tiny Bar wasn't quite as cunty
the second time
you went there
blonde platinum
Nordic telepathy
dreams in technicolor
doppelgangers of gaze

Thinking about God
as the precise

indivisibility of this Oneness
we're still typing
all of this shit down
as we're thinking it
I may not actually comprehend
the origin of so-called feelings

This notion of being emotionally
damaged seems intriguing
the shattered self assumes
once again
let's not forget this
that people actually exist!

Which we've previously deemed
somewhat presumptuous
you talked to the lady
with the look of death
in her eyes
playing pool
in the black skinny jeans
her name is Ellen
she's seventy-one years young

Multitudinous Feminine Entities

A sort of nonlinear seminal yearning
Madden Ninety Three dream
but the opposing team
is a multitudinous feminine entity
abutting orgasm
as the Detroit Lions

A tale of two Pearl Streets
concrete ear plugs
in old Earth soil
a Third Reich-era Nazi
said Sufis
don't get fucked up
should we consider this
a reputable source claim?

Siberian Russians
speaking broken demotic Greek
pale-faced disgusted
sitting at the Chili's bar
TV screens every three feet
chugged sixteen ounces
of Dos Equis Amber
muttering something
about sucking my penis

Thought about jumping off
the roof at eight fifty eight PM
I remain ambivalent about

grain carbohydrates
pondering the social dynamic
between Latin busboys
and Trans bartenders

But in a totally gender-neutral
type of way
treat ideas
the same way
seasoned exotic dancers
maneuver impressionable men
of all ages
molding manifold fictional worlds
until it's extinguished

Until we no longer know
what's true and what's false
until veracity and falsity
became totally subservient
to a sort of nonlinear seminal yearning—
until the icon collapses

Guys From Chicago
Who Don't Exist

Discrete units
repeating themselves
you had a dream
about a guy named Nate Bonleo
from Chicago
a peculiar figure
from out of town
the name has no hits
in any search engine

Something impalpable
in the language
something a Hellenized Islamic scholar
might attempt
to explain velocity ergo legato
spatial inquiries
into syllabic distances

This is a five paragraph essay
I wrote an extended gaze
into the human form itself
can manifest divine revelations
Shahidbazi
tell the bitch
to pull the panties off

Those are one dollar bills
in your hand

dialogue heard
in the so-called mind
phrases generated
in some sort of involuntary process
Gabriel what does voluntary
mean exactly?

Sugar Free Soju
At Fernandez Liquors

The word tartuffery
comes to mind
we sat on the roof
of Pearl Street
and drank Soju
out of an emptied
Ginger Ale bottle
and asked ourselves
'What can a poem express?'

'What exactly can
a poem express'
the word tartuffery
comes to mind
Gabriel in the cave
I can relate
a musical mode no—
the sound of the fucking human voice

You asked yourself
what can a poem express
getting drunk by yourself
on the roof of Pearl Street
drinking Soju
out of an emptied
Ginger Ale bottle

We're not necessarily

in the Thirteenth Century
Asia Minor
one could argue
we're in Twenty First Century
America
it seems a lot has changed
in eight hundred years

Everywhere I look I see
fucking morons scrolling
through feeds
scrolling through bullshit
and I'm doing the same shit
this is art
but it's also
an indivisibility of Oneness

Pre-algorithm the feed disseminates
this indivisibility
an extreme compression
of time the word tartuffery
comes to mind
the utter dissolution of memory

Ill-Advised High Fades

GFK tenor
the summer months
are no time for cum bibs
Nubian co-eds
speaking foreign melodies
thru high vol airpods
on the Bridgeport Amtrak
the hair product
lingered for the next four stops

Abutting pissy
on the HOA call
magenta fat faced
legal representatives
with tight high fades
we find follicly inspiring
perhaps to my own detriment
gradual extinction
of the semicolon

Meteors don't extinguish species
they disappear into a collective unconscious
of their own volition
I was in a cloud—
descend to vertical lip stubble

Give her space
when she needs it
words replacing tones

five letters for λογος
adroitly fear
scriptural allusions
you're the mirror
in which He sees his names

The Median Lifespan of Bananas Is Insufficient

I detest the median lifespan
of bananas
annihilation has always
been the ultimate end-game
you write things
you arrange words
but there can only be
the one thing

The one thing
contains multiplicities
but remains fundamentally
somehow unaltered
as one annihilation
is the only end-game
and there's really nothing
objectionable about it

We love insemination
of near-strangers
getting our toes painted
Nintendo Switch Online
getting fucked up
three times per week
what's so bad about
returning to the one thing

Language fundamentally

must precede mathematics
you think lying in bed
repeating four words
over and over in the hopes
that the memories will cease

We must name the number two!—
we must imagine two things
distinct from one another
to begin to construct
this name without the name
sans the image

How would two and two
become four!?!—
it simply wouldn't
is the only conclusion
available to us although
mathematicians would
certainly scoff heartily!

Nuclear Families & Rainforests

In the abandoned
parking lot on Battey
the infinite fails to care
about the eventual implosion
of our solar system
there's a reason
Parmenides wrote poems

Michael has one tooth
and pays nine hundred
eighty five dollars
per month
to live in a basement
in Warwick
and enjoys
the company of girls with glasses

He loves them with glasses
and only considers redheads
to be true redheads
if they're white redheads
which I personally found sensible!

I found this notion
that people of color
with red hair
aren't quite authentic redheads
in the colloquial sense
of the phrase

to be the sole logical conclusion
one could draw
regarding the nature of redheads

It's simply what we can't conceive
it's our conception of this extension
of this one thing
that seems so inconceivable people
spend their days
talking about nuclear families
and rainforests

The nature of the infinite
is in no way similar
to simply shaving gyro meat
off a giant slow roasting kebab
vomiting up the dairy free
Ben and Jerry's
cookies and cream smoothie

Basically Repulsed
(In Every Detail)

Eating ten dollar per pound
salted pepitas
over my kitchen sink
I considered
that distinguishing discrete items
in space
is a form of
doubt in itself

Shove a Corona Premier
up your butt
and do a handstand
you could possibly
get a following on YouTube
a guy you'd never met alleged
that Brett Smiley
is a disingenuous cocksucker

You took his word as gospel
and didn't think twice
about it despite knowing neither
this person or any of the intricacies
of the municipality's politics

We recalled that Timothy
had fairly plump breasts
prior to disappearing
I personally wish him all the best in absentia

Spanish girl
tossing Reposado
into her body
like raised ranches
sinking into the Earth
in the midst of acute Richter scale events
a random carousel
seemed psilocybin-adjacent

'He could never
come to terms
with being born into a world
that basically repulsed him
in every detail
from the very beginning.'

Around the year two thousand nine
the notion
that I was an individuated
piece of fate
became more or less
nonsensical to me
which caused a certain type
of implosion for a period of time