

i gotta look away of late

i speed by dead raccoons, tho the traffic's low-flow w/ a wide paved shoulder - an easy legal stop and yet i pass.

can't be sure it's dead, yet i suppress my urge to check, to crush its skull, a fast palliative.

can't abide the **endlessness & arbitrariness** of it! creatures writhe & twitch along every road, EVER - and **NOW** i feel a duty cuz i'm in a rented car to see my mom & dad?

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just the snoozing pets & me, home by mid-morning. a post-it, pink, from mumsy is an epigram Regret, but she ends in cheery life-hacks, a how-to map an "apple cheque".

Fazher, he was Gone To Mall For stroll, she meant to mention, and was taking naps lately in my teenage bed.

another note, bed-side: a lucid self-assessment in a hyphen list, surprise surprise! my Father is reflective as an ashram hound, a Yoga Kid!

i lifted up futon, found a crater in the slats where his head would have weighed: a wound in the

blondewood smouldering.

i'd spent the night trying to light my spindly joint, trying to write. July 7, August 8, i feel it, i am sure of it: i've missed my sister's birthday.

tire, i iz tire; i iz tryna lightza fire but the Choir blows my starter out.

am waking dull from evensleep, it's nearly Nine and dinner's always over.

simplify the Mind into a soft-lit color-space, an Alpen spa's creamy lacquered walls. furnish with a marble-mackled table and a humidor, if 1892; if it's 1984 scatter **squat molded fibreglass recliners** of the Moon Age, day-glo bubbles with an ashtray sunk in the arm bulge.

a black car goes from house to house. [dream]

is **Concernery** a word? like a Rectory or Abbey, but a place of great Concern.

mindless of my yoga, i radiate a waste-heat. it hurts my knee & shoulder, so i dwindle, so i nap.

i hesitate to line up at the MRI for facts.

i should have ended up in the Kill Room, the hard central Mech a clanging Bell as we deke a final rat save.

problem is i'm waking with my best years behind me. used to waken spry & dive deep into a Soul-world, pull out rare pearls. ujeta have Questions; now i have a bullet-list of answers, so repeat myself.

profundity, profundity: i speak in alden Undertaker's adages, in **undages**.

a long line i cannot lay, nor involute my syllables, one into the next, using abs i don't have, can't flex.

am mired in the comma splice, but write it out from duty & the pleasure of a tea-break.

**hilly's** where i'll trudge it when the head's yawing droopy.

when time for bed, i'll rasp the word **hilly** and i'll overlay a **pillow** in some Sesame Street word-sex.

a **battening** on the yard pool of phat duvet, the tarp atop: sopping up the schoolboy sweat of Summer's Last Par-tay.

i've stopped saying **synchronicity** - the signal is incessant, yet the word implies **anomaly!**

the signal is incessant, it's a **beeping** ever tracking me, a **trilling** into dire tone, a **flatlining sine** as i near my awful duty!

i won't say **synchronicity** - it will not leave me be! it's a **bleedy red alarm**, insentient to my plea!

- to sink into the plush red velour, back row, & see the thought-stream recede in the wordcrawl
- to spell it as it moves me, free as Willem Shaksprach in the Era pre-Dictionary
- never have to Run my hypotheses, i foreign-source my sussing of that Error-screen
- lobbing threats, insulting Man, since no one ever listens and my irony's an alibi
- sassy cuz they don't respond, so loudly i go on & aye
- my body an accretion, izza crusting round a bliss-core i doubt was ever there

mem-remains do congregate, repressions leak with moonlight into hallway of the Madhouse and confused, of course, this low-level Boltzmann Brain!

his Mission spoken inchoate in gnashing & admonishing. an agent-like External, he's Bequeathed of all the Promising - a seeking with the arms held out in lostness.

YES it passes walls, yet it passes with resistance. the ectoplasmic innards, you can hear it, are abraded thru the daub & wattle density - a rasp alike the sleep-disturbed Lodger's rough skin against bed linen.

i gotta look away, of late; i will not walk the desert seeking Yahweh!

all He sez: an app i never open, never Play.

all He sez are Android dings i swipe away and soon i'll switch to Silent, solely vibrate.

