



# Feelings Come From Gain Of Function Labs: Poems Syrianus of Boise



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## Contents

Falling In Love Is Such A Bore . . .	5
bin Laden's Ear Lobes Redux . . .	6
Tricep Dip Bloodwork . . .	7
Gin Martinis Are Pretty Good . . .	8
Tiny Hair Gel Pen Oceans . . .	9
Xi Jinping Mood Swing . . .	10
Broad Street with a Bullet . . .	11
I'm So Happy When I'm Near You . . .	12
Drown Yourself . . .	13
Postmodern BBWs . . .	14
One Contains All The Numbers . . .	15
The War On Terrorism . . .	16
The Origin of Feelings . . .	17
12 Mezcal . . .	18
bin Laden's Ear Lobes . . .	19
Perceiving Trees . . .	20
An Empty Pint of Yuengling . . .	21
The Home of US Government Propaganda . . .	22
On Incongruities & Recollection as Fabrication . . .	23
Courting Caroline Ellison . . .	24
Drinking Blended Scotch Out Of Measuring Cups . . .	25
I (Heart) BJ in the Singular Tense . . .	26
Juicy Couture in the Courtyard . . .	27
Rhetoricians in Late Antiquity . . .	28
Thomas Bernhard in an Ali Pasha Mosque . . .	29
More Akin to a Conceptual Counterpoint . . .	30
Grotesque Binary Constructions . . .	31
Parmenides Wrote A Poem . . .	32
Sitting Alone at the Elmhurst Pub at 1AM . . .	33
Tapas is Actually Enjoyable . . .	34
We're More Despicable Than Anyone In Jail . . .	35
A Jumble of Spoken Words . . .	36

Glancing at a Homeless Man Quaintly Sleeping on a Patch of Grass . . .	37
Projections of Your Own Single Self . . .	38
You Don't Exist . . .	39
My Oil Paintings . . .	40
Parallel Universe / Fun-Sized Bags of Doritos . . .	42
Thinking About Architecture . . .	43
The Gumballs of Pseudo-Dionysius . . .	45
Slightly Inebriated on a Friday Evening . . .	46
Older Lady with the Look of Pure Death in Her Eyes . . .	47
Multitudinous Feminine Entities . . .	48
Guys From Chicago Who Don't Exist . . .	49
Sugar Free Soju at Fernandez Liquors . . .	50
Ill-Advised High Fades . . .	51
The Median Lifespan of Bananas is Insufficient . . .	52
Nuclear Families & Rainforests . . .	53
Basically Repulsed (In Every Detail) . . .	54

Note: These are syllabic poems where each line contains between 34 and 55 syllables, with (generally) 3 to 5 lines per poem. They're intended to be recited at ~377 syllables per minute (1.618x the normal speaking tempo of ~233 syllables per minute).

## 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

## 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 inebrate-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  
Mezcals 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 Mezcal

Watching Larry Kudlow while I tickle her buttocks  
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 spots 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

## 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  
floozyes 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 is  
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

## You Don't Exist

It's your birthday We should inform you of where  
you actually are you've been selected to  
experience horrific dreams how else can We  
convey this it's a clear sign for your birthday  
What We give to you is the simple fact you exist  
simply two hundred years ago as well as two  
hundred and two years ago leave the city  
Find a village some shit about cherries you'll  
begin again a new name and life but know that  
the horrors you witnessed will stay with you in  
dream

This is why the wall panels move why ironic  
mustached men ride in Nissan Rogues until  
you repent! until you return to Us in the form  
We intended

In a place where you don't exist where you've  
yet to truly discover the meaning of the mirrors  
We've placed in homes and automobiles in this  
realm

Where architecture speaks where old bags  
confirm their ages when asked it may seem  
paradoxical in concept but it's entirely sensible  
leave the syllogisms to the side - We genuinely  
wish you a happy birthday!

## 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-Dionysius

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

### III-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

