



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



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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
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 mezcal 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 asshole 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 cunt
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

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

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

