



Feelings Come from
Gain of Function Labs
Syrianus



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Note: These are syllabic poems in the 8th Interval 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
respectively 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 buttock 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
mezcal 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 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



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