



thuglovepoems vol1  
syrianus

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### list of poems

racially insensitive remarks about women

thug luv story

definitions of poetry

ndeed

mineral springs

snowsnowsnow

jack kerouac

karl malone

retrograde artistic reductionism

the great recession

jezuz stevenson

sometimes i feel poorly

cumcatchers in the rye

dion waiters

mi amigas

tha cold war

eurrope

love is love

chupo mi pito

something about not being hungry

8 ravioli bags

monster(s)

anal hours

92-93 chicago bulls championship documentaries  
communi\$m  
nightmares about puerto rican exotic dancers  
something something  
muy loco

## **racially insensitive remarks about women**

everybody feels bad about stuff sometimes

except for psychopaths

and sociopaths, ppl w/ short memories

and attn. spans and those

of us having a pretty good day today

there's a small child starving

there's a young woman being raped

and mutilated

there's a small child starving

and there's a young woman being gang-raped

and genitally mutilated

right now.

there's a man w/ a wife

and child tweeting about how much

muslims suck in aggregate and jesus

was a feminist

as his wife cleans the dishes in the sink

despite a dual income economy

bc that's america

(i'm speculating...)  
melancholy  
hypocrites  
depressed  
narcissists  
we've all been there at 1 time  
or another  
and that's america  
...or so the subtweet said  
...or so i subtweeted  
the subtweet that supposedly said that  
(i never actually subtweeted it tho...)

## thug luv story

at 4 foot 7 she walked slowly with glistening brown skin,  
bubble butted with a right butt cheek that equaled  
the exact circumference of pi  
and dark brown vagina lips that motherfuckin formed  
a kind of butterfly formation around her clitoris  
and a beautiful soul  
up to me and said, "hi, how are you?"  
"sup shorty?"  
i replied nonchalantly  
she looked up into my eyes  
and seemed to remember why she didn't care that much  
for men  
...i gave her left buttcheek a back-handed slap  
with my left hand as i reached diagonally across her tiny  
body  
and said, "i like how that feels,"  
then winced in pain  
i'd cut my left index fingernail a little too short that  
morning

it'd been stinging continuously all day  
she smiled up at me half-sincerely  
and said, "thank you."



## definitions of poetry

i was crushing codeine  
in massachusetts back in '06  
before the youth of america  
became codeine crazy  
ill admit ive been  
somewhat derailed, and stunted,  
and subpoena'd for  
poor decisions, addictions  
to fantasies that i simply  
felt i could will into reality  
...what is a poem?  
it's a plainspoken  
statement for ppl with  
undiagnosed aspergers...  
it's a five paragraph essay  
for ppl who just dont have  
that much shit to say...  
it's a doctoral thesis of  
the ghosts of men drowned

in pussy, of the spirits of  
women decapitated by phallus,  
and the something politically correct  
of the transgender community

## **ndeed**

admittedly, i was probably a stray bullet  
straight looking for a skull the first time i passionately  
kissed her  
a late spring sunset reminded me of some shit  
i didn't really wanna be reminded of  
as the sun  
dipped its grundel into a cluster of clouds  
with the light bouncing off land like an allen iverson  
crossover  
back and forth between 50 shades of feelings  
some girls fall in love at first sight,  
some at first kiss,  
and some have spouses you may or may not be aware  
of  
and ppl can break from each other so easily  
become un-conjoined amnesiacs  
fucking all these different people  
in all these different positions  
and finding it absurd they were ever in love

with anything other than fucking  
all these different people  
in all these different positions

## mineral springs

the ukranian ponytail was only aesthetic  
to the tony tale - was it you that lebron james'd  
the pasta fagioli with a chesire grin?  
you're the debt ceiling dropping an infant ten stories  
onto the womb trampoline. now, the state  
pays for daycare, but what does the municipal bond  
yield?  
the kid with a light brown  
temped up caesar down the street  
got shot in the neck and killed, his  
mother got shot in the face. but the taco bell  
drive-thru next to my building  
is still filled; eat great even late.  
two tummies strutted with the faux swag  
of a tough town resident—  
bushy cock got hairballed on cd-r because of  
the exposed brunette rapunzel pubes.  
peel back the layers of your faith, but don't  
let your feelings blow in the

wind like jheri curls in  
september. let's not watch the lebanese christians  
committing suicide on magic carpets.  
you've become  
my nightmare of a floating chinese medusa's  
eyes spinning counterclockwise in a lake of asian infants  
swimming like salmon downstream  
as i freeze to stone.  
the flaw of the hopeless  
or maybe the hopeful - is that  
they view their lives as these grand narratives,  
when they're just  
dreams you can only remember parts  
of -

## **snowsnowsnow**

driving home tonight  
i noticed the city's using fuckin construction  
trucks to get the snow off the streets  
in the hood this winter  
lowkey at times it stings me  
that my word maybe wasn't as bulletproof as i promised  
i dont know if i even feel feelings  
anymore  
these tears fall like elmers glue  
this is grown man shit  
at a point it becomes all  
the same pussy  
just a different pussy  
if shakespeare were alive  
all he'd write about is pussy

## jack kerouac

i 1st set eyes on her after a long night  
of drinking jungle juice and successfully playing beer  
pong—  
with the exception of one ridiculous call  
that my own teammate inexplicably made  
against us (???)  
i was immediately struck by her beauty and  
elegant movements.  
maybe about 2 months later  
with my shirt half unbuttoned, and  
the right side of my  
face bleeding from a fence i'd tried  
to hurdle  
unsuccessfully, i got her #  
and continually reminded myself of the 100s  
maybe 100,000s of men that had succumb  
to vagina-related death and imprisonment  
over the course of human history



## **karl malone**

karl malone on a 10 speed bike  
on a late afternoon in autumn.  
constantly coming to new conclusions  
is cool, but almost anybody can do it  
the fat girl that looked like a fat guy,  
a dead broke  
bountiful laundromat driveby  
she had a silver-studded clit ring  
and only got wet maybe once or twice  
a month after she had her son

## **retrograde artistic reductionism**

she was like that's really stupid you write poetry  
and even stupider you reference your penis  
in your poems but i was like damn  
girl, can i express myself? have i treated you unfairly bc  
of it?

bc i've been a lyrical prodigy since 14  
and she shrugged it off and was like  
you'll never make any money doing it  
you need to concentrate on things that'll make you  
money

but, in actuality, it was actually lame that she thought  
that way bc, it's like, if things weren't created  
that made her think, laugh, cry, and be entertained  
she would literally be a robot, and, therefore,  
probably lame in bed  
and i would've never even dated her had that  
been the case. so it's like the poems  
i wrote that referenced my penis  
during that era

indirectly made our relationship possible ironically enough.

## **the great recession**

you can hit the strip and  
you can drink yourself to death  
while sending pathetic text messages  
and violating the tenets of your budget  
in every regard,  
sink into a “deep depression”  
and feel all around  
hopeless  
but seem pretty normal  
to ppl around u  
that's how you know it's real  
drinking the finest disarrono  
on the rocks at the breast bar w/ cumbib  
it was the midst of the great recession  
the struggle is real  
but the armenian genocide is disputed???  
god has been dead  
but my atheism is wavering???  
racism's over

but rupert murdoch has a mural  
of malcolm x painted in fox news's urinals???  
bulbous bum bums & ebola  
40% of all history is  
political interpretation  
40% is outright lies  
5% is my life story  
interpolated when i read a history book  
12% is between the lines  
3% is something about your mom i think

## **jezuz stevenson**

all we ever really did was shut the fuck up  
now that i think about it. love doesn't know a last name  
tho... one of the wisest men ive ever known asked me  
bluntly, "does your penis have a last name?"  
you know what he means tho? why speak  
words when words don't speak us?  
language is a lot like life—  
you'll be waiting a long time if you're waiting  
for things to even out. even steven is  
the son of god.

## **sometimes i feel poorly**

ppl change  
and trust can be as easy as  
sticking nails  
in your pupils  
and driving cross country  
i feel poorly.  
kind of felt like me and you could be different  
maybe because i always feel  
that way  
or maybe because that's what it was  
might be hard to say  
or maybe not  
maybe i'm just an asshole  
w/ a short attn. span  
and a word that has more bark than bite  
maybe you are too  
i kind of hope you are too

## **cumcatchers in the rye**

no one wants to read your tweets  
that don't @ anything or even hashtag  
shit  
relationships are hard / everyone's crazy  
penises are hard / some women are lazy  
old men pay 4 blowjobs  
bc they understand economics  
and prostitution is a victimless crime  
unless you'd like to consider  
a heroine-addicted  
pimped out  
22 year old prostitute a victim  
i'm an asian girl  
looking a little brazilian  
on a wednesday  
or a meteorologist  
that didn't eat for weeks  
after that rain  
the other wednesday



remember when chest pubes  
scratched his gucci glasses  
and said "bless you"?  
a small family of tall  
indian immigrants  
saw me standing up and whacking off  
thru the street-faced bedroom window  
in 2008 near Plainville

## **dion waiters**

ive done bad things in my life  
ive lied ive cheated ive stolen  
gone back on promises  
maybe broken hearts  
maybe given the wrong impression  
like santa clause wiggling down chimneys in israel  
misconstrued some intentions  
and shit like that...  
and there's really no forgiveness  
for these transgressions, i've rarely ever asked for  
forgiveness  
but when i did it was teary-eyed on my knees  
with my face facedown on a mattress  
and i pleaded please just let  
this end ok bc my feelings were real  
bc my feelings usurped my entire being  
and stuff  
and without them i would ostensibly have to start from  
scratch and who knows if you can start from scratch

without losing yourself entirely, i mean how could  
you start from scratch without losing yourself entirely?  
my prayers were answered old testament style  
my ego was crucified  
its limbs left to rot in the town center or something  
i prayed bc i knew i'd already lost  
control so i knew betting on divine intervention was  
house money  
that's one of the few things you can know when  
you're consumed with one emotion  
bc no one knows how exactly anyone  
becomes so consumed with an emotion

## **mi amigas**

i shouted across the room  
as she ignored my advances  
and continued to walk slowly toward wherever it was she  
was going  
with her nipple rings visibly dangling against her flannel  
button-up  
like chandeliers, or maybe testicles at room temperature.  
i'd heard the rumors  
and it's never advisable  
...to do anything, really  
i said to myself, "i mean, c'mon...  
a vagina is an actual, physical body part  
meant to be used multiple times,  
it's not a tissue or a paper towel or a napkin, you know?"

## **tha cold war**

if mkts r efficient then  
warren buffet got lucky  
it's like fuck currency  
...except kids need food  
and shelter  
...and decent school systems.  
capitalism as philosophy...  
deifies the die roll  
capitalism as philosophy...  
deifies russian roulette  
...in a roman coliseum  
thirsty entrepreneurs  
sell dreams of 110 hour workweeks  
to arbitrage the global athletic  
sock market  
...communism is bullshit  
but sometimes  
i think it might not be either/or

## **eurrope**

she told me  
she could squirt when she whacked off  
with a dildo up her bum  
& a vibrator on her clit  
while watching her favorite porno videotape  
i was intrigued...  
and felt like we were really getting to  
know one another  
...wondering if she owned a vcr  
i rubbed her left thigh  
with a somewhat sweaty palm,  
and i wondered if the day  
would ever come when i too  
would be up her bum  
and yes it would and in a juvenile sense sure it changed  
some things because there's probably  
some heteromale metaphysics  
that i still subscribe to  
where fucking a girl in her ass is a sort of

transferring of metaphysical “ownership”  
which is nice, until you consider the uselessness  
of metaphysics as a whole  
and then subliminal patriarchal structures of  
power means a little less  
as you reminisce on things  
and realize owning a person’s theoretical soul  
is just the salesman buying his own brand name  
which isn’t a viable business model going forward

## love is love

when i'm drinking a vodka  
it's never a stoli. in my younger years, i made out  
with a fat chick named donna mascoli.  
wearing basketball shorts in front of an empty mailbox  
i saw these vulchery insects  
eating a sparrow, dead bird type thing.  
and it's face was torn off, it looked like  
london broil steak.  
it was egregious how  
the kid with the cumbib  
couldn't keep his tone down about  
the pepperonis parading on the stage.  
the purple chief executive disappeared  
slowly, like a sailboat  
into a late summer skyline, into  
a lubricated black hole.  
i ate a pulled pork burrito jubilant, and told  
a quarter inch mosquito to  
chupo mi pito,



then i called it a day, and chalked  
it up as a w.

## **chupo mi pito**

what the motherfuckin fuck was what i was like  
when i found out about the heroin trafficking charges  
at about 3pm on a monday afternoon and felt slightly  
light headed bc of it  
another potentially great  
relationship ruined potentially...  
the one that says they never lie  
is the most egregious liar  
and the one that claims the most morals  
is inevitably your fem fatal, i fuckin truly  
mostly believe that, but only in the trenches  
can you realize how human lives transmute into  
social manure, personally responsible pieces of  
fate and shit

## **something about not being hungry**

i think we need more rules  
to reinforce the rules we've written. i think  
guns are cool, but only if  
you play russian roulette with them.  
"you never knew true sadness,"  
said the kamikaze pilot  
to the kamikaze co-pilot—  
a heavy set epileptic lady  
with a goatee and three teeth  
asked me if i'm upset with her, then  
told me a knock-knock joke.  
her dog max looked complacent.  
we both seemed hungry.  
she asked me if i wanted a sandwich, and i said,  
"nah, i'm not hungry."

## 8 ravioli bags

i've witnessed the most insipid minds of my generation  
dress like shit to fit in in south san francisco -  
silicon valley can suck my  
cock and also designed the technology  
im writing and recording this poem on  
upper middle class bro-bras cop coke from  
a guy who buys cigarettes by the carton on his ebt card.  
unevenly distributed wealth distribution centers, and then  
the global  
economy collapsed upon the  
underemployed employed, no we printed money and  
inflated sovereign debt.  
i've seen crushed lines of prescription pills that dwarf  
the size of nostrils beneath giddy college graduates. long  
term unemployment  
that physically changes facial structures  
—i've been an integral component of email chains  
that easily made my eyes bleed in inanity.

i've fucked women who threw pussy with the acuity of  
drew breees, the taco bell  
drive-thru being busy at -no, it's busy all fucking day.  
mexican girls that  
fuck on the first date, but not from the back,  
i've seen the gang signs thrown from folks and peoples  
outside of ChiRaq  
before it became ChiRaq, the degeneration of jay-z; a  
generation of  
hipster brooklynites raised on jay-z—  
a family home as an option on an etf, the jesus piece is  
sharp.  
i've heard the wise men lie,  
and the famous writers lie  
i've watched their aphorisms die  
when the pussy starts to get gushy.  
when the phallus is finally erected, when the money is  
easier  
than simple addition.  
then i've seen their truths rise like christ did  
when all of it regresses to attrition

and then you see where they wrote from—  
i've interpreted the interpreters  
then saw their insanity, felt their insanity, met their  
insanity,  
introduced their insanity to my friends and family,  
took their insanity out to dinner,  
and never called it back— i hope it never calls me back.  
i've seen the insanity of the wisest men,  
the slow suicide of the famous writers.  
i've stopped wondering why  
they spent lives trying to produce truth in a casino  
because it's immutable that most lives are spent  
trying to produce truth in a casino. it's the vicissitudes of  
the die's roll  
that puncture truth with oxygen, that allow an aphorism  
to bleed on our pages,  
and resurrect the wisest lies as saviors

## monster(s)

i saw you see me see you w/ your hair disheveled  
in the shape of sex and you called me  
2 days later like it didn't matter or that i gave  
a fuck, i mean sure i gave a fuck, but i didn't  
even give a fuck—  
i've been sleeping in the providence river  
bc i don't see how i could get any more dirty  
unflinchingly getting my dick  
sucked by the reticent cokehead with jimmy dingle dong  
knocking at the hotel door munching on the fun-sized  
bag of fritos  
bc i have to embrace my dirt in full before i can begin  
to cleanse myself,  
no doubt, other men are probably already falling in love  
into your eyes, you wear those colored contacts  
not for that reason, but bc beneath those  
bright blue bullshits  
is real shit, manure, my eyes are motherfuckin  
brown as manure

for that reason, i see you, but it's cool  
i'm washing myself off limb by limb, i wonder if  
you're doing the same



## **92-93 chicago bulls championship documentaries**

william howard taft was the first to note  
"these hoes have kids to feed, too"  
i got a little money  
and let these hoes feed their seeds  
on my teet, too, i mean,  
what do i give a fuck, really?  
i feel jordan in 93  
i feel like jordan in 2015  
creamy breasts & creamy buttcheeks  
i'm passionately kissing them  
she doesn't care about dick, the first  
sign that all she cares about is dick  
we'll go get vietnamese food  
next to a park street jiffy lube  
and i'll pull out her chair for her  
there are 2 ways to die young  
and be at blame for it: drugs & pussy  
she used to tell me her pussy

was crack as i went samurai  
with the chop sticks

## **anal hours**

an adjunct professor  
has an anal hour  
every hour  
on the hour  
hour glasses earn  
an hourly wage  
of an avg power hour  
power structures  
structure debt  
deliberately indebted to  
deficit spending  
spending time w/ loved ones  
w/o 1 hour glass  
is timelessly cumbersome  
cumbersome legislature  
can have cum slung  
in between the lines but no  
semen stains in the fine print  
print is dead

trees are dead  
tired of dying slow deaths in  
national parks and shit  
shit is real  
i need paper  
bc money doesn't grow on dead trees

## **communi\$m**

cop car sirens ascreaming outside my window  
fire truck sirens ascreaming outside my window  
ambulance sirens sirening outside my window  
yet somehow  
i farted loud enough to wake us both up  
omfg stfu smh  
did he really just text lmao tho?  
what is this 2005??? hahahaha  
let's look at this 28 yr old girl  
with her face caked up  
like it's christ's 2,015th birthday  
and laugh  
and laugh  
idk if i would say the second floor  
had the blumpkin pastiche she was  
going for, but i wasn't going to say anything  
they can audit the futon for  
cumstains, but we're still ballin regardless

## **nightmares about puerto rican exotic dancers**

jake the snake had that linguine skullet on lock  
button ups tucked into jeans  
fuck button ups tucked into jeans  
you can't possibly look good  
...with button ups tucked into jeans?  
you'll never be loved  
and it's better to have loved and lost  
than tuck a button up into jeans  
...i've lost love  
...love was lost  
...lost love  
...love lost  
lost love...love lost  
...lost love love lost  
lost lost love lost love love  
love is love & life is fair  
life is love & love is fair  
murder suicide domestic dispute something something

romeo & juliet  
leonardo dicaprio and  
claire danes in titanic  
for three and a half fucking hours  
do you think she had red pubes, too?  
i think anything's possible, and  
for that reason  
i'm out

## **something something**

24 hr news network something  
something but the house  
republicans and senator  
something something said  
something something suck  
my cock something  
something. this isnt just my job  
ITS MY CAREER, the car note's  
profit margin's as  
transparent as the shit  
i took this morning  
something something  
...id rather spend my afternoon  
posted up in the slums sippin shitty bourbon  
or maybe michelob ultras  
acting ignorant and  
approaching 30 as the American caste system  
makes mockeries of the  
upper middle class.



## **muy loco**

it was just crazy like we were selling illegal anal beads  
on the side of the road in arkansas or new mexico  
or whatever i was never that good at  
geography... i had dropped a chocolate covered  
strawberry on an inside-out white  
planet fitness tee i'd gotten for free  
and there was this kid blake who said,  
"sup man, the name's blake" to me,  
then put my name on a red beer pong cup  
and i slugged down the vodka realizing it was  
40 some odd degrees and i was wearing shorts  
and freezing my fuckin nuts off.  
about 8 hours  
later i kissed you w/ the passion of a man  
who would die on a cross for a cause he knew was not  
true  
and you looked up at me w/ probable eyeballs  
and probably saw problems  
and i looked down and saw double

eyes drooped a little doused in  
vodka & seltzer w/ lemon  
not lime please.  
...you're well versed in advanced methods of hoe-ery,  
but  
still sometimes i find myself blaming myself  
for the hardships you've endured  
since we met that night.