

## The December Project 2013

December 3, 2013

everytime i go for a psych intake,  
shifting clinics and all,  
everytime they ask the same questions,  
with a big one being,  
"Do you currently feel that you don't want to live?"  
and i always give the same answer,  
"I don't want to die,  
I just don't feel like living."  
i ask myself this question pretty often,  
performing a sorta self-intake as it were.  
today? eh.

December 5, 2013

music brought me to the divestment movement  
first the special aka's "free nelson mandela"  
with it's "i'm begging you, begging you please"  
looping into the title,  
then the little steven inspired sun city song and album,  
which led to me co-organizing anti-apartheid protests on  
campus,  
to hofstra saying they divested from firm's doing business in  
south africa,  
to me reviewing their financial portfolio,  
finding out they hadn't divested,  
writing about it for the front page of the new voice,  
the school announcing it's divestment shortly thereafter.  
"i'm begging you, begging you please."

December 7, 2013

lunch at my favorite,  
the former cafe le gamin,  
housed in the oldest building in chelsea,  
once home to the assistant to clement clark moore,  
the man who helped plan the neighborhood  
the man who may or may not have written "a visit to  
st.nicholas,"  
fruit salad and a chocolate crepe with philip,  
followed by coke family two liters at 99 cents at cvs,  
and a whole lotta jugs of store brand diet iced tea at  
gristedes.  
yes, a good day.

December 9, 2013

sleep my six-feet-two-and-a-half inches on half the bed,  
because the other half is covered as i clean my room,  
because you should only touch things once when organizing  
and i'm already awaiting a second  
and don't want to make it to a third.

December 10, 2013

my sleep patterns bad enough  
as i push the boog envelope  
working on what's become the 50-page boog reader,  
more than double any previous issue.  
one of the lessons my big brother taught me is  
"there's always something else to do,"  
but eventually you have to stop doing and go to bed.  
so i shut the tv off at 3 a.m.,  
decide maybe a clean bed would help with my sleep  
hygiene,  
do a second touch and move everything off the bed  
and onto the futon i cleared off two days ago,  
grabbed a couple of slices of 40 calorie wheat, toast it,

throw some cold american cheese on it  
(i'm wanting the cold and hot tonight)  
and eat them as i write  
providing a base for the sleeping pill that kinda works.

December 13, 2013

ask my mom if she knows where i was 31 years ago today,  
one week away from my 16th birthday.  
my first concert,  
pat benatar at madison square garden.

December 14, 2013

saturday we lost my mom.  
i'd arranged to pick her up on the side of my building  
and wait,  
and wait,  
and wait,  
40 minutes,  
go park car to see where she is,  
check every door leading in and out of the building,  
check my apartment,  
check the sides of the bed, sis says,  
check the bathroom, check anywhere she could have fallen,  
call the building security office,  
they say call 911,  
10 minutes later mom's alive,  
five minutes before the cops come to lead the search.

December 18, 2013

my cousin cindi's two days older than me,  
i enjoy wishing her happy birthday  
always calling her some derivation of old in my wishes

December 19, 2013

my cousin kenny's birthday is today,  
one day before mine,  
i always wonder if i didn't call him to wish him happy  
birthday  
if he would remember to do the same a day later.

my sister's birthday is the day after mine.  
wonder if she thinks the same thing when calling me.  
December 24, 2013

there's something about  
a call from your mother  
when your throat is choked close with a phlegm sidecar,  
and you're sleepier than sleepier than sleepiest,  
something wonderful

December 26, 2013

while pouring the box of elbow noodles into the boiling water  
i realize this isn't a regular-sized box,  
stop,  
look at the box,  
see it's double the size  
and ask my mom what to do,  
"pour it all in," she says  
i don't know if there will be enough water i tell her,  
"it'll be ok," she says.  
it takes 50% longer to cook,  
and now we have meatballs and marinara noodles for  
tonight  
and cottage cheese noodles, to come  
followed by garlic, oil, and a bit of salt noodles.

December 27, 2013

dream

my brother's auto glass shop's waiting room  
has been transformed into a nail salon,  
i have a few months left to high school  
and have transferred to one by him  
so i could work there more easily  
and finish out my term.

my brother's away,  
i'm getting dressed to head to school,  
and decide to put on a thick, red-striped oxford,  
that metropolitan museum tie,  
the one with the egyptian theme,  
and a blue blazer.

i'm standing among all of the nail salon stations,  
admiring myself in the mirror,  
notice i haven't tucked the shirt in,  
but like it anyways,  
when a girl in an adjoining station,  
a young, old school looking brunette,  
an anna kendrick-a-like,  
says, "i can help you with that."

December 31, 2013

leaving bank  
spot a poet  
behind her yell  
"poetry sucks"  
she turns around  
"what?"  
and then anne waldman  
smiles, wishes me happy new year,  
gives me a hug and a kiss.