

**WE MUST CONTINUALLY RECONCILE THE SELF WE CREATE AS A  
TRANSMITTABLE PRODUCT WITH THE VULNERABLE, VARIABLE  
CONSCIOUSNESS WE INHABIT FROM MOMENT TO MOMENT**

The sky looks like a Goodwill that's closing down for good  
and all that's left are three identical wool coats

The girl with grey lipstick makes a pillow  
out of bus schedules

The beggar has the wrong team  
on his hat

I am so lonesome I could  
but I won't

If I loved then I have also held  
a steak knife under my chin

The wind after a semi  
The snow doesn't blink so why

should we / You think he's throwing walnuts off  
the back of a train, but no they are wooden slugs

All night with the lights of the parking garage  
O what you thought you knew

O what you thought you knew  
Enough to make a sandwich

in your suitcase / Where does love fall  
when it falls behind everything?

**THE SATISFACTIONS OF MANIFESTING ONESELF CONCRETELY IN THE  
WORLD THROUGH MANUAL COMPETENCE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO  
MAKE A MAN QUIET AND EASY**

Hugging yourself in the shower.  
Walking home quickly after a haircut  
you're not sure about. Backing out on  
crutches from the noodle place. Bending  
over the implied foreverness of a water  
fountain. Oh right. Highest tree area you  
guessed, in the wind, but clouds actually,  
but also in the wind. The way you look  
at people while you are wearing sunglasses  
you never would have bought from anywhere  
but eBay. The lip bit right before commitment  
to transparency. I know the taste of the good  
days that don't help the bad days, but it's not  
even a taste, it's a caffeine high on your bike  
to an official burrito. The famous asshole  
praises the safety pin through the palm on  
the book cover, and the ulcer on the Burmese  
girl's ribcage: these are two videos I watched very  
recently. Food that still tastes good after you dig it  
out from your back teeth. A piggy back ride  
the whole width of the parking lot. Reading all  
the news reports of the strip club explosion for  
quotes from the two friends you know who  
escaped, even though they've already told you  
that no one asked them to say anything.

## **I DON'T SEE THE OLIVE GROVES I SEE THE OIL**

I walked around with my access.  
If you're so present, make a documentary  
we can all settle on. Wait in the car  
till they bring out the food. Sleep in  
aluminum foil. If I knew what to say  
I'd breathe. First snow, they say. So glad  
to have a crockpot full of chili, they add.  
Screenshots and shadow puppets.  
I walked with a constant attention  
toward what I sometimes held.

## EVERY DAY INDIVIDUALS DO NOT DO AN INFINITE NUMBER OF THINGS

It's not your sincerity I'm doubting, bro.  
What I doubt is the scope of your con-

sideration. Every mood should imply  
every mood. No faith is not made

of today. What people call intangibles  
would otherwise need a lot of awkward

hyphens. Don't think of yourself as a failure:  
think of yourself as a very exotic vegetable.

When you are able to give actual reasons  
to stay in the mosh pit, you have materialized

as a weather event above your own interview.  
Remember when you *didn't* like coffee?

SMDH.  
SMGDH.

O addiction when I leave the window long enough  
to feel refreshed when I refresh the window.

A flick of the settings. Twenty minutes of discussion  
on how gross your boss finds butterflies, which leaves

you nodding and imagining and asking everyone  
to imagine a live butterfly wig, which leaves

the room alone.  
TEMPORARY CORN.

The first time you tried making the ice cubes  
themselves out of coffee—remember that?

Is my appetite for throwaway jokes  
a moral failure? On par with a protein bar

for lunch? Now the secretary needs to know  
about the headset for the head coach.

Parts of me I don't normally feel I just felt  
because I just felt them melting.