

Less thinking. More kissing.
Less telling. More asking.
Less grabbing. More easing.
Less planning. More acting.
Less texting. More talking.
Less stressing. More risking.
Less seeing. More smelling.
Less numbing. More feeling.
Less hurting. More crying.
Less shunning. More hugging.
Less preaching. More reaching.
Less fearing. More failing.
Less waiting. More dancing.
Less posing. More morphing.
Less forcing. More healing.
Less filing. More violin.

When someone asks you for your hand, don't chop it off to give it to them. Leave the foreskin on your heart. Not a weapon, but a shield. A funny frown, the end is here. The vaginal eye. The vaginal I. Me don't need no I to survive. Stayin' alive. Stayin' alive. I, I, I, I--The river keeps shattering form with my eyes.

If you don't not wish you were mad mad mad--A conceptual reading?--Go ahead, I ain't mad at you: it's night in San Francisco while it's sunny in Oakland--Can the city be deleted?--Yeah, figuratively yes, now, literally no, but in the far far future which is also now, so yes, that too, but at the same time no--The instant I was born I died but there wasn't an instant-an exact instant I was born in--How I must dig out of my grave unchained-throwing chains into the dirt--I'm talking about zombie love--When the bulldozers came into the plaza and more and more people came into the plaza and the bulldozers all became soft and quiet and disheveled and purple and sexy and they all went afar afar away to be together; I'm talking about bulldozer love.

I wrote a book; it mocked me--Why clothing swaps are gendered--Nobody should get a puppy--I don't want to hang out with kids like me--The medium is the message but it's not the message--Impermanence is bliss--I'm five years younger than me--The message is more than the medium--Put your thing down flip it and reverse it--Even the bulldozer was disheveled--HANDS!--It's so you!--Islamic views of Jesus--The government is very good at making people complacent--Becoming the medium--Be careful--Living the lego dream is no dream--The only emperor is the emperor of ice cream--I danced because I didn't want to die--I broke a flower--Who defines a civil war?

when all of the men of the war had perished--i threw
the rotting roses away--can i
get away with not bringing a child
to this ride on the playground
and it's so fun when you sleep
like jesus the zombie--good morning
to suffer, we'd trip on beliefs
i don't know--but this could be the last time
i sing with you--pray with you--dance with you...
in this body briefly lent

If you want to be one of them playing in the streets

you don't need to stand in line to party--

some virtuous thoughts as brief sojourners--

traveling all places in your body briefly lent

and lifting up your voice not quite

like a trumpet in Zion.

You're gentle,

and standing in snow in Mexico, and calling up the tiny

sinewed voices of deceased. They are

the spaces in between your heartbeats. So,

I'm glad you go; it doesn't remove you.