memory | dream | ghost

into nightfall

we fall
into cold year
we return



memory | *happened*

dream | *can/will [has] happen[ed]*

ghost | *a happening*



memory | consciousness

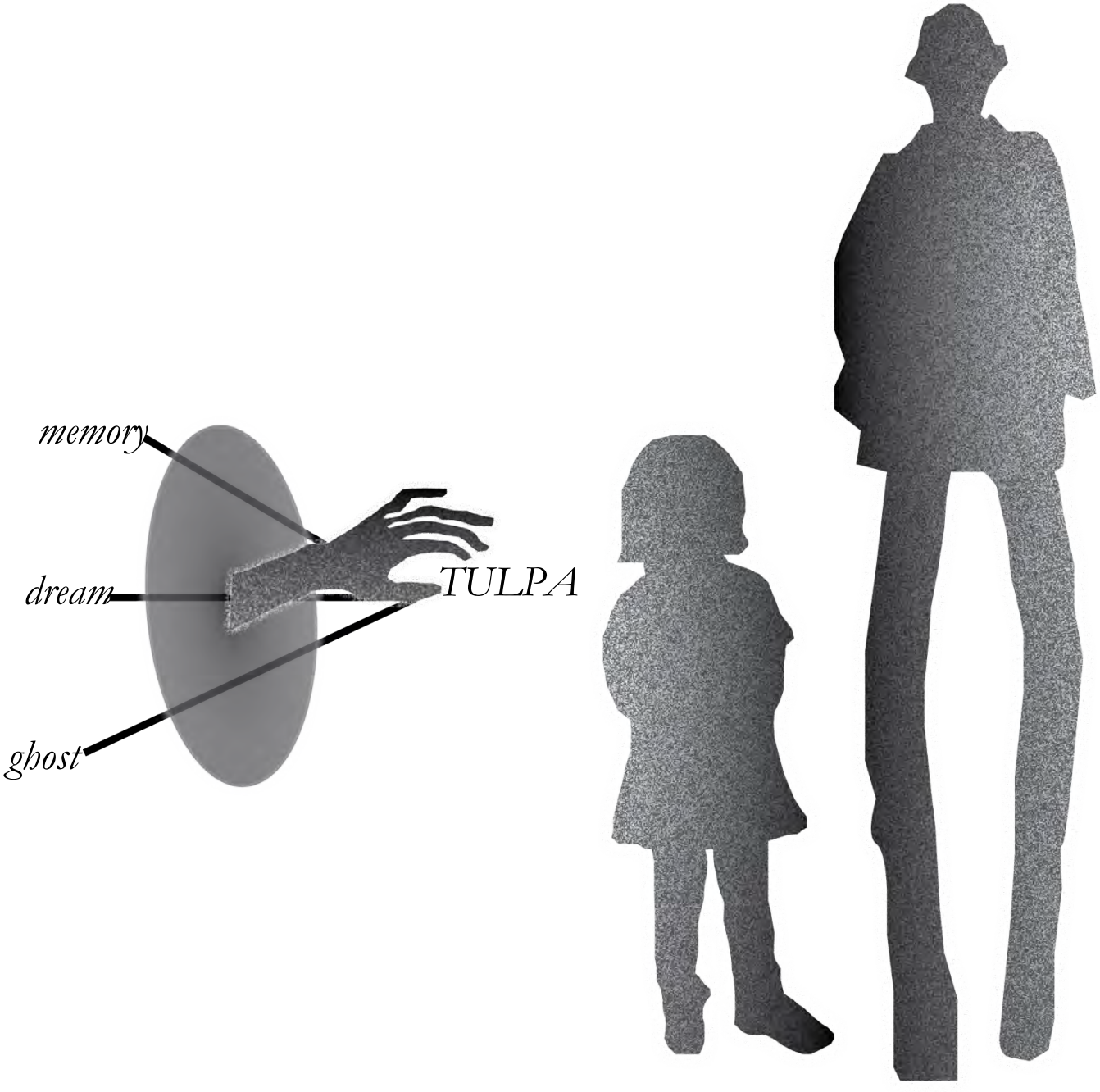
ghost | breath

dream | music

memory | trái me

dream | Sông Bé

ghost | hungry


memory
dream
ghost
TULPA

my father i remembered you

my daughter i dream you

i saw you two ghosts



at the market…

memory i thought him

f & i went

dream i will feel her

we three went

ghosts i see them

my f & my d





g star

d nebula

m nebulous







d believe me

m

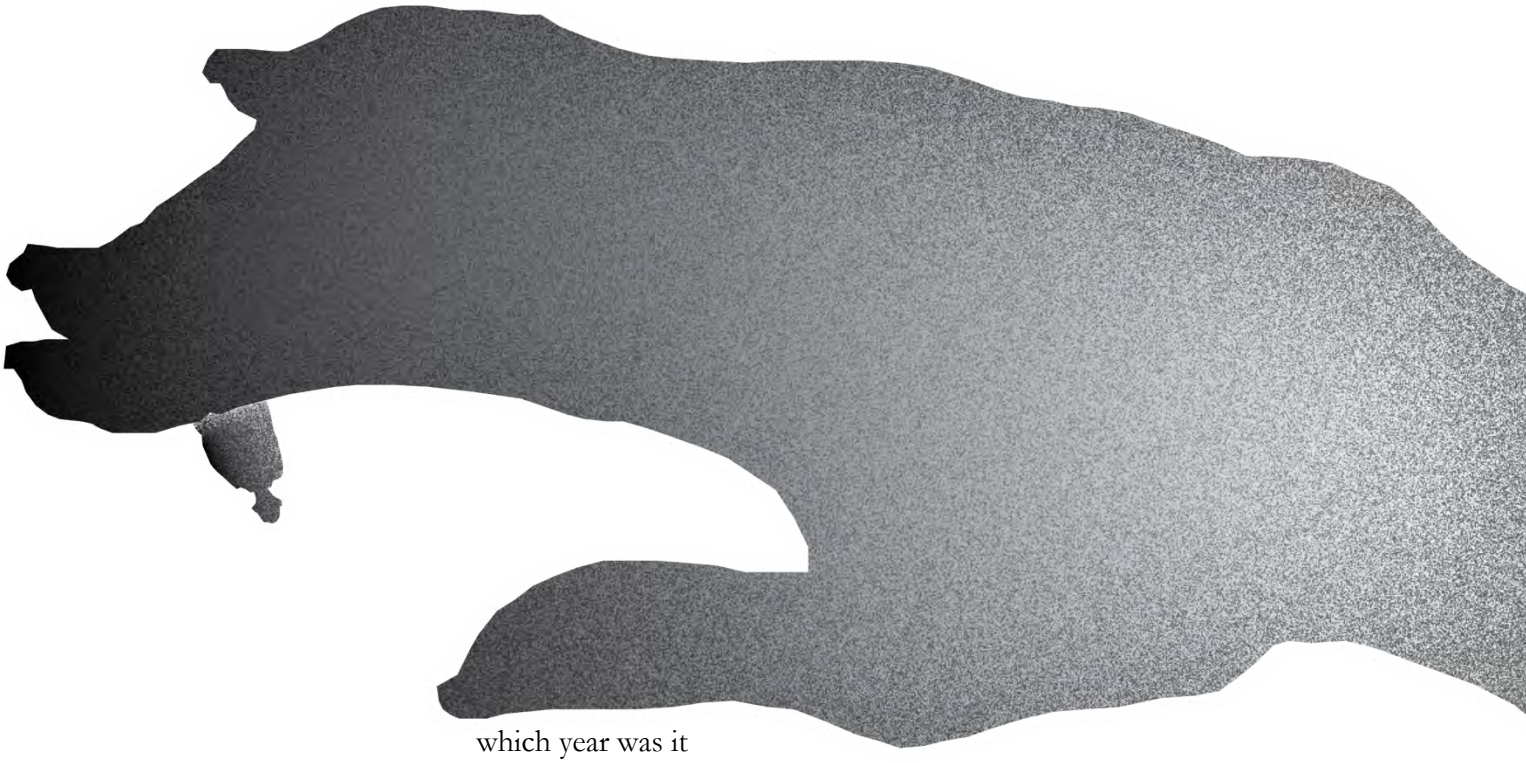


hold me





g know me



which year was it

f ? when your palms burst my cheek's blood vessels?

what a year this day is

d your incense burns forever here

where did you go

d i still want to hold you

what are you now

m & f ?

a crush of stars

g s roam the nebula

i won't know

m m m m m

what to say

d d d d

if we meet again

f g g f f f g




into nightfall
i was hurt
[you hurt me]
we fall
i survive
into cold year
i was not alive
we return
as ghosts
reach for me still
another place
another time

minestrone

soup is messy
how we make it anyway

would be nice

if either of us were

measured people

but then again

if we were

i wouldn't have come to your show
&
you wouldn't care for my poetry

we wouldn't be here

s l i c i n g
onion onion onion

s i p p i n g
Corona Corona
lime lime

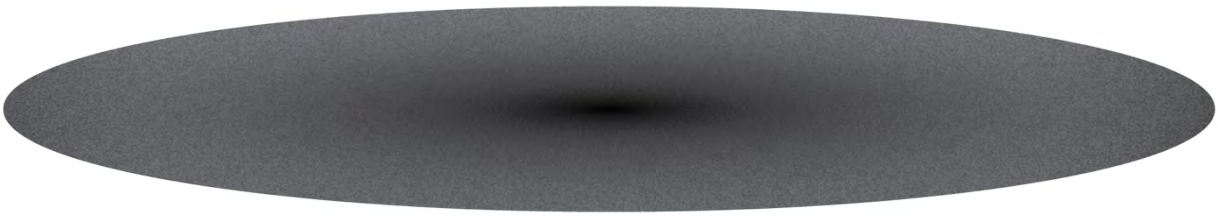
dropping

s p r i n g
thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme

s p r i n g
thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme

s p r i n g
thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme thyme

tiny trees
missile into our vat



now we watch what we put
come to a boil

in our peasant stew
we add more spice

i don't know my family had so little

i thought my family had too much

toss these into the stew

my family's gonna call you names in different languages

mine too

how are we gonna fight?

there's no expiration date on bringing something up

i tend to play the martyr

oh, is that what's happening right now?

well, i don't think you're simple

aw, that's nice of you to say

i'm not trying to be an asshole

i'm overstimulated

you didn't have to come here if you didn't want to

i thought we were just making soup

i feel like you're not saying it

i hate how cliché this feels

you'd expect two artists to have a better fight

oh shit

soup's burning

go ahead &

throw it all
throw it all
throw it all
throw it all
throw it all
throw it all
throw it all
throw it all
throw it all
throw it all
throw it all
throw it all



you ok?



you ok?

into our vat

it's a quiet dinner
a simmer sits
shamed looks all around

i'm sorry

(hand on thigh)

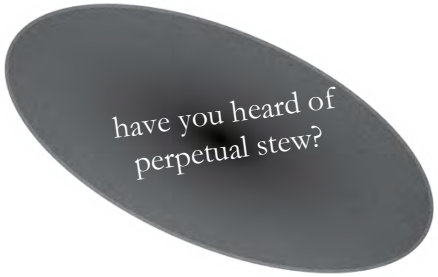
me too (whispered)

(hands on hand on thigh)

good soup

nice char

(a grin reveals)
a portal opens



make a broth

keep a smidge in the pot

for one day
then the next

heat back up

never use all of yesterday's
for today

centuries later
what first went in
is still there

that night we
don't eat it all we
leave the burner on we



The Collector at the Post-Post-Apocalypse

this is…

last stop
end of the world

before every thing slips through

for got ten

last-echo-laugh last-rice-grain last-spoken-word

i must
pluck these last
parched things
try to taste what remains

collect them
in small glass bottles
i craft myself
label them best i can

no one taught me categorization

i hungry with no mouth

time not exist

with end of the world

there are no days

nothing can be calculable or dreamt

only witnessed

i follow the empty riverbed

still hear faintly

how it flowed

maybe a fox may be a girl

buried some thing

washed away

i trace its vibrations

buried vibrations generate mycelium

mycelium make mycelia

spread grow faint yet always unfurling

what was buried

then what was washed

leads me to the guard at the gates

i hate this guard

i've special bottles

i bring to the guard
time to time



the guard never lets me cross the gates
it pierces me with their spears
its eyes perk up i know

it
is
smiling
smiling
knowing
i cannot die
not dying
ends up
hurting more
when i cannot
transition through

i don't know why
i keep coming

here at the last stop
suffering never ends

beyond the gates
maybe i wait for girl or fox
at cliff
maybe one of them will chirp a name

the last-name
of-joy-or-of-song
i've the bottle for it