

Dusk

Excerpt

Remote. By remoteness, controlled. Phantoms lead the way (present and past tense). something sticks. Gets wrapped around a thought. This is suspicion.

Aliens and astronauts have eyes that are not to be believed. Tuesday came before Monday. As Tuesday once again will come after Monday but less distance put between the two yet meanwhile, some pupils would feel free to float away. Some irises would travel above rainbows then come down containing different mysteries. These eyes, now hard as hell, fancy new fancies. Or hard as hail, rain, pour out something else of a different composure. A different purpose. Containing a fancy for another identity. An active attraction streaming into the darkest of matters.

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Ghosts are not invisible but differently sensed.

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Where lights are directly above, where the lights are brightest and floor freshly waxed, the shadows fade into reflections. What hour is it in the wake of the florescent sun? The false light on skin, touching eyes, brings neither wakefulness nor enlightenment. It's too late for a revelation right now. This is the before. Something has yet to exist. A haunting feeling comes over and breaks bread. Joins in on breaktime. Becomes coffee. Eats alongside some worn out ideas.

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The night might be black. Might be bright. Could be full moon in Scorpio. Could be full moon in Sagittarius. If only eyes filmed as opposed to filled. It is bright. Tasks asked for one to go out. To exit into the cold. Might be full moon in Capricorn or Aquarius. The seasons waver. The moon is but one face that occurs. Tasks recur and recur. It is cold. It is bright. It might be full moon in Pisces. Life is committed to tasks and misery. The schedule domesticates the traces of daydreams happening and happening again in the night. Thoughts walking out of step among the phrases hanging in the air of the night. Cold. Inherited from the game. It is cold. It is basketball season. It is hockey season. It is football season. It is holiday season. It is not Cancer nor Leo but the moon is full. It is sweeps season. The episodes are new. Commercials are breaking somewhere. Commercials have broken the stream of songs in the headphones. It is full moon in Taurus. The horoscope reads, "In love, tensions are pointless. It's going to be a beautiful day, with no unpleasant events."

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Outlines and underlays. Not for nothing, come to find out, what had happened wasn't how it was. Not even how thinking ahead thought it would go.

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Please add flavor packet after microwaving soup. It is hot. The tongue is sensitive. This bit of flesh is weak. The rest of the flesh feels no such way. Is not susceptible to skin hunger. No pangs for touch. Averse to hugs and embrace but still longing for love if love can accept the terms and agreements. Follow the instructions. Agree to some fine print.

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"... write off hospitality ... enough hassle / enough stress ... everything doesn't start again until tomorrow" (Kristín Svava Tómasdóttir - Stormwarning)

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Let it go. Just lost a lot of words. Thoughts disappeared. Made a mistake and now it's gone. No backup. Nothing to revert to. That was the before that occurred. There is no return. Whatever survived will be understood later on but there's no welcome for the stresses of trying to remember what once was constructed. Those structures that were assembled, crumbled. Leave it be. Those buildings weren't memories yet. Those phrases weren't even built as far as the world is concerned. What happened in one's head is for one alone on this occasion.

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"Disciplinarians thrive under chaos." (Zane - Nervous)

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Routine and banality. More of same. Scheduled. Eat, sleep. Consider, reconsider. Be nervous. Anxious. Start again at the end. After a break. Embrace the gap. Let the space rub up against the mind's skin. Let distance become a tactile thought. A pinch. A kiss. A lover without any sense of charm.

"The person that loves the least, controls the relationship." (Zane - Total Eclipse of the Heart)

Whomever and whatever. Even the inanimate have a sense of love that can applied to it if somebody is willing to apply it. Some folks have installed failsafe romanticism to push back against all odds.

"this is how trauma learns to behave." (Marwa Helal - Invasive Species)

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Is this happening in real time? How does the surreal differ from this? How does the hyperreal give credit to this? Who invited the magical real? Why did folks forget about the marvelous real?

In what approach to the real do daydreams appear? Is there room for a simulation or only acceleration?

Is there room for vacillation or in this vortex is there only further in and inward no back and forth? What good is being a ghost if one must remain to weather the storm minus the ability to feel the rain? Can't smell the flowers either wherever weeds grow tall enough to be mistaken for plants such as those. Definitions are malleable. Lexicons keep growing. Voyages outward are rewarded with more vocabulary but a vocabulary does have way, a tendency, to do a person in or so some corny dead white poet thought.

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Bus stops and bus rides. Commute. No communion.

More opportunities for the journey inside. Downside. To talk would be a trip outside, upside. Sides and stairs in / out, up / down.

Apron strings and coattails. Been let down before, still there is the afterwards. Is afterwards into? Towards or outwards? What direction is after heading? What's on after's mind? What was before expecting? Here is confused. There already always gave up while the submitting was good. Gave in when the surrendering was giving good offers for giving up. Haunting has learned to haggle. Ghosts are great debaters. Spectres on the other hand have sticky fingers. Pickpocket while nostalgia starts setting in – scared and melancholy. Grave robbers don't require a body, death is ever near. Aliens abduct and stories are rarely taken seriously.

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"the one true love is settling / a score / peeling back the skin reveals no meaning ... beautiful, but insincere / new heaven, new earth" (elvis depressedly)

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Is it Thursday? If it is, is it time for a throwback? Yesterday's drama is just as fresh as today's. In reference to other times, today enjoys its position of difference while savoring the similarity. The dissonance is real.

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Some thoughts will never get what is deserved. Never get what it has coming. Ideas find the slim spaces, slide in and hide out, reside, live happily ever after.

Once upon a time, things were different. Sense was never made but existed. Occurred. This was not always these pieces. Was not broken.

Wasted a lot of time. Lived life calling for a calling, got no replies. Got caught up in the sound of wishes. Tasted prayers. Could've sworn that miracles had an odor that hung in the air.

Considered hanging one way to reach blessings. Get closer to God. Was happier than those words would relay. Thought and talk never went to therapy to get the counseling needed to communicate. Come to an agreement. But love is the air. That shit stays hanging around. Ain't got nowhere to go but don't like hanging out. Sends a text. Makes no plans. Considers the span and expanse of a kiss.

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"Still thirsty determined and motivated ... Real niggas ain't never outdated." (E-40)

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Keeping that same energy, different desire but the romance is real. Exists somewhere. Is broken. The broken blade is the Negro. Time to complete each other or be completed. Repaired.

Step into a notion. Feel a feeling. Reverse roles. Role play. Whatever it takes.

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One can leave the hood but the hood never leaves one alone. One always has the hood as a running partner. The hood has heart. The hood has a heart. A sidekick for tragedy, comedy, or romance. Staves off a bit of loneliness. Keeps neediness at bay while respecting the game. Got to have goals. Got to play to win. Work for victory.

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The shadow of flesh casts how deep and far / a landscape of perspective? / how round / a circumference enough to fit the living / world does a single life turning to its labor spin? (Ed Roberson - Eclogue)

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"Inherent in all of this? Self-deceit. The notion that storms to be narrated are external. Rich atmospheres. Human beings struggle against the elements or against other beings, as if the elements and the enemies weren't also –and especially– internal." (Luisa Valenzuela - Dark Desires and the Others)

Another Excerpt from Dusk

"In Paradise, / Multitudes of letters are sent by crane. / ... No tree lacks a perched phoenix." (Li Shangyin - Emerald Walls)

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Underworlds and overworlds have varying traditions. Can't plan for everything. The myths leave out too many details. Diaries do the same. Dialogue even more so.

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The mirror returns the same nigga all the time. The shadow is a shortening and lengthening of the same. It's queer to sense it any other way. Sentiment says that's what exists. Memory can't reconcile with feelings that might suggest there's anything askew in the picture as it is framed.

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Don't get dead. Not yet. Don't make it a habit. Break as the waves break. Bring the ship to port. Bring the herd upstream along the banks of the river. The ghosts broke and were never repaired. Repairs ain't reparations so who cares about that sort of thing? Should be getting something in return for surviving. Something before the end of the day. Before it gets to the darkest moment.

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Can't hide the pain. Too much slips out. The face is a traitor. The oblivion knows what refuses to fall between the cracks of life. Fatigue and disdain catch up to the eyes. In this case, believe the eyes. But this is a case by case situation. Eyes are still suspect. Yet eyes, mouth, nose, all work against keeping it in. Trying to be OK. Mostly to not be bothered by people checking in.

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Some nights there's nobody to look at. Literally, nothing to see. Not much anyway. Sent to the gulag of the building. Confined to one's own company. Some nights it's welcomed. Other times, it's possible that somebody is looking to break someone. Should quit. Won't though. Not in the mood to go on the market again. Searching takes so much time away from no time to spare. Is there more money to get? Don't want it. The lifestyle that's being lived is built around this check. Did the math. Still doing it. Numbers always on the mind. Calculations reside on the nerve endings. There's an equation for everything. Truth tables and proofs.

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Thinking twice is one way in which desire proves that it is immortal.

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If demons possess what do angels do? Is the role of the guardian to prevent this? Which job is

easier? Angels can fall but can demons rise?

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Could get lucky. Found a few bucks a few shifts ago. Found a baggie. Found some free time hiding out in a stall. Why can't the clock be broken in this favor? Time does no favors. Space ain't exactly generous either. But time is money. Space ain't shit. That's why the ghetto is full of niggas who ain't shit either. Was one too. Am one now. Might die not being shit too. But know the value of a minute. Watched too many folks taken before getting a chance to do better, be better. Just simply to be. Don't need to be better. Let a nigga exist. All that or ain't shit, it don't matter. The good die young. The old can't live forever.

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"crowd in rotation...Somebody can't relate (hol' up) / Stay down with no fakin' (go up) / Top-down..." (Schoolboy Q, 2 Chainz, Saudi)

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Surrounded. This is America. Could be anywhere. No windows just doors. Walls and shelves. Too level. Too straight. What's the aesthetic? What's being said in this layout? What kind of tax cut did the company get that's not getting passed down to the individuals?

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"façade is just a fake / Shock horror no escape / Sensationalism for the feed" (X-Ray Spex)

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Artificial. Right down to the goals. Can't remember childhood fantasies. Had to fake new dreams. Something to fill the confines of the identity. Something to motivate when the energy deteriorates. Desire rusts even if it keeps on running. Attraction hangs around the house but doesn't really want to go out anymore. Maybe this puts love out of reach. Romance is a pot not forgotten about but not stirred either.

Discomfort against skin. Discomfort in skin.

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Get it over with. Get to the part when it's ok to go home to nobody. Make somebody up for some discussion. Clear out the mind. Get some stuff off the chest.

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So clock finicky and so clock particular. Nothing abstract about how to read the clock. Linear upon a circular face not the depths but sinking. Falling into a shyness. Suffocated by a sentimental timidity. Withdrawn into fears. Scared of what is gone. Too afraid to pursue what

might appear next. The old ticker, the heart is wound up and wound too tight and thus skips too many beats. Always aflutter. Imagination is enough bring one to palpitations. Too old to be so silly. Too many twilights have brought no tenderness. Give up. The clock, the mirror, the tasks all say it's over. It's too late. This season of life suggests self-love is the only love left. The pirate has become seasick. The sea, dearest ally, turned an enemy.

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Nature will not stopped. The pigeons make nests in the backroom. Pick at birdfeed and avoid the traps, nets, and catchers.

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Didn't ask to be a saint nor a martyr. Can't intuit how to exist as an angel. Don't want to be an android. Is this robotic? The intelligence feels artificial. An automaton. The golem. Animated. But not really alive. Even a shrug of a shoulder should be met by approval. Who is the programmer?

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Is sharing feelings generosity or vanity?

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Oh, today is just one of those days. A diary is not a memoir. Truth doesn't live in the mood. The moment is only loyal to the emotion.

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Excerpt from Dawn

One: what's next?

Other: after breakfast?

One: after life?

Other: heaven is trap house. Who'd want to go there?

One: so, zombies then?

Other: that or ghosts.

One: then, zombie sounds better. Thoughtless but tactile.

Other: ghosts must be so lonely.

One: and both are feared.

Other: who has it worse djinn or fairies?

One: definitely djinn. The lamp is a pretty shitty place to live.

Other: do fairies have it good?

One: maybe wings are a good consolation prize for such long lives of quiet sorrow. Magic's gotta get boring after awhile.

Other: magic is so mundane.

One: and so many needy folks asking for paranormal favors has to get old too.

Other: that's why the smart angels stayed in heaven.

One: and the bad ones have grown tired of playing games.

Other: Lucifer is on vacation.

One: a holiday to rival Christmas.

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" ... if there is a delay it can only mean ... a trap ... hide this diary, invent some explanation and wait..." (Adolfo Bioy Casares - The Invention of Morel)

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Other: the golem.

One: the original robot.

Other: these mechanical servants were never to be trusted. Certainly, something would go wrong.

One: go off the rails.

Other: at least the train has rails, tracks, stations, terminals.

One: what does the golem have other than commands?

Other: one cannot imagine the golem happy.

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One: not ready for bed yet.

Other: why? Thought the night was rough. Thought it was long. Can't take much more.

One: yeah, makes more sense to spend some time on the self rather than recharge for somebody else.

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Other: Nothing is what it was when it first started. Endings occur where endings occur. Don't want to decide when but it'll be over when it's over and there will be no changing that. Nothing to be done then. Love isn't ever enough. Or love is everything and it's not around here anymore. Could work with semantics a bit more. Don't want somebody else's bad feelings on this conscious. It's nobody's fault. Or it's everybody's. Nobody is innocent. Maybe there wasn't anything happening here in the first place. Now, this could be the last place. That's where everything is found, isn't it?

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One: Red, gold, and green. Dreams keep getting older all the time. Not a superhero now, not a villain either. The comic book life ain't ever gonna happen. This ain't a eulogy but it's a goodbye.

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"...busted fairies... the word heaven... assemble in limbo..." (Stephen Jonas - Postlude)

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"filled to the beautiful brim with love" (Ted Joans)

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Other: so much more to give.

One: so much more to receive.

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Stable chance thesis: that in any given possible world, any pair of intrinsic duplicate physical setups with the same chances of being subject to the same external influences must yield the same chances.

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One: objective chance made this happen.

Other: made or correlated?

One: maybe it doesn't matter.

Other: maybe. Maybe is all one ever has to depend on. Maybe is the constant and the variable.

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Other: wanted to see something coming. The view was obscured. The vision was compromised by the viewer. Didn't want to worry about the potential. Whether positive or negative, predictions are filled with anxiety. Looking forward is a risky proposition. Ahead is around a bend, out of sight but always on the mind. Tomorrow might not be first love but is a rebound that nobody can shake. Always getting back together even though nobody is really happy in the arrangement.