

In Plastic

by Christian Bell

Untitled #1

I'm more ash now than cigar. I'm the old man in the corner, dying before his time. The wind blows and I watch the pieces of me, pulverized, scattered like yesterday's birds, twisting, fireworks of the funerals, forgotten.

Sitcom Life

It's a new woman every week. Never forever to connect. You might wear the same outfit, the clothing being what makes you the person. You the character never doing the hard work, the introspection, the growth. Same every day, every day same day. Someday, you think. You think, therefore, and like that, it goes away.

Untitled #2

When you return to the water it will be there lapping waves seagulls in gentle hellos and the air you know that thinnest of blankets pulled from a salted laundry yes this is what I wanted and you sit on the sand billions of miniature pillows the sleeping pull the sleep.

The Writing Life, Shredded

He lifts a pint to the false starts, the forgotten fragments, the trains of thought that wander off like the death of lost balloons. He laughs that he was warned this would happen but ignored it. Then it got him. Now he's the staggering poet, scraps of paper, words without worlds.

Untitled #3

You think that it'll just end, clear cut and things will be rosier on the other side. Violent storms now, clear blue California then. But no. Does it ever work like that. Brace for rain with the sun out. Wet, melanoma. Tornadoes, picture perfect afternoon. Doomsday will be on the country club's postcard. There is none of this, ever.

Philosophy 102: Two-Second Axioms in the Age of Trump

If you let him under your skin, he becomes your skin. What you willingly give up you won't get back. You will become your father; in fact, you already did a long time ago. The message is the message, the medium is the medium. Entries on bullshit are the new self-philosophy. You live long enough, nihilism becomes the new national anthem.

Untitled #4

In the dark in the ether we don't. The years of blank pages speak for themselves.

Unwritten Land

There are no notes for what's to come. She whispers apocalypse lullabies into my night. Knows it all, feeds it all. In plastic, wrapped filed sealed.

Untitled #5

Those yesterdays were all too flesh. There's nothing like a rock band in its prime, you said. When do I begin to write sideways. I close the book on zero. I lean back, head full of booze, and enjoy the emptiness.

Into the Decay

This is the end. This isn't the end. This is the end. This isn't the end. This is. This isn't.

