

3 Poems and a Seething Pen

by Kevin Army

get wasted and write poetry

i've been thinking lately
about the sorry state of us
about the frozen coil of the thread
that winds through and around
behind and ahead, sideways,
we are being scripted sideways,
a thwarting and unbecoming.

stand. there.

don't you feel it?

there's an anger fermenting within my heart,
i am destitute, indigent, broken,
and no matter how i grow, strengthen,
no matter how i repair,
the glue won't hold,
the fixing won't fix, the
caring won't care.

i'm in a play,
a broken opera,
a fictional blog,
writing in anger
and pretending
this is not i

i am in twelve tone. i have no key.
admit it: i hardly matter, and
that's ok because you hardly matter either.

we maintain. we are mountains. we are crushed, but
somewhere, in some ether world, we are still mountains,

and we can jump off of each other, until
none of us are left.

there.

i am passing out. in silence.

in sound. in

words.

the shape of words, or of the silence. it

doesn't matter. where stillness is violence, and

where movement is empty.

there. outwardly.

look, he moves. the breathing, it speaks of the vapor, the inner
chill of

self destruction.

is it my fault or yours? or his.

where is the blame. tonight,

let it rest, get wasted,

and write poetry.

* * *

the self righteous hardcore song from my past

the music sinks, weaves inward,

out, throughout, and

he is standing on the edge of the sofa, not

sure what to do.

i am reading the paper, and getting

randomly pissed off, i

just want it all to stop, all this

fucking around, me and you,

us and all of us, the ocean the

earth, the pathway over there by the organic market.

the reservoir is dying. my blood pressure is

up. very up. like that hardcore song on the broken stereo,

that's been lodged in my head for the last

20 years, and

i wish he would just jump. it's only a 2 foot drop, but

we are all becoming scared around here, in our little
global community.

we don't really do anything.

i'm not doing anything. i'm just waiting for him to jump,
like a spark from a fire, like
a wound out of nowhere, like
a flash grenade, like the chemicals.

on.

my.

skin.

i still feel it all there.

everything i've done. and everything
i haven't done.

i'm ashamed for me, and something is going to break, something has
got to give, like maybe that floor when he jumps, i am
standing on that floor and maybe we will both sink,
into a lovely unexpected sinkhole,
where that fucking hardcore song disappears,
where that sound stops threading, where
it is no longer a part of me, where

i did something different with my life.

but for now, i'm waiting for him to fall,
so i won't be alone. i'm
waiting for him to fly so
i can be carried away.

i'm waiting for the walls to disappear, for
the sparks to stop, for him to jump and
for the waking, the waking.
the forgiveness and the
waking.

* * *

the water, the stabbing, the lost words

the water.

he stands there, dried up.

notepad on the floor, wet ink.

he wonders, how would it be, to stab myself
with this pen.
and then to go for a swim.
there.
well, over there.
sitting, arms folded.
he writes some more. looks outward,
an ocean of ideas. of life. of
nothing.
there is nothing left. it's all there,
blurred now, and lost,
on the paper.

* * *

it's not really about the writing,
he considers, it's more about
how all those words look around each
other. he's
more interested in the shape of things, than the
reality.

*some thought about water, what was that? these
thoughts, turned virulent, turned into
a garden of unwanted weeds.
the fucking paper, there, right. over. there. the fucking aurora
borealis
of the mind, the
flowering trees, the man yelling outside, the
beautiful seething world, the
endlessness and noise, the sound, the
thing he's working out is:*

where does this get me, and where did that get me

* * *

the water.
the stabbing.
the untold words. his words.
they were never lost, it was their

creator who was lost.
all his life. all
his
life.
he climbs up on the diving board, and
looks down, his soul before him,
a drained pool and that seething pen.
* * *

