

# Poems I posted on social media, late night, when I was drunk.

*by* Roberto C. Garcia

My dog can spend what seems  
a forever watching and licking  
his paw, lazily in a sunbeam, on  
the hardwood floor.

And I see,  
my God, I have no time, no time  
to waste in the metropolis  
of chaos, think human,  
even a dog can teach you that  
there is space in the ticking.  
The endless ticking.

Dear community,  
the galactic appetite  
of our Lilliputian world  
demands original content.

Do not try to bend  
the old content,  
that's impossible,  
instead realize the truth:

There is no reblog.  
There is no reblog.  
There is no reblog.  
It's your mind that bends.

I listen to the song all  
night & wonder at mice

maybe crawling in walls  
maybe claiming night.

Bump & rattle in the dark.  
Who that, who that, who that?  
Oh, it comes as art.  
Oh, it comes like cat.

Moon song say:  
This is who I am,  
mad moon dreamer  
just don't give a damn,  
mad moon believer.

Moon song say:  
You can't just believe,  
you've got to dream,  
let moon beams deceive.

We are here like lambs.  
Isn't that our term for bait,  
victims, innocents led to blood,  
a noble sacrifice?  
Come on.

We are here with a bulls eye.  
Trigger warning: metaphor:  
Like children at the feet of a new toy.  
We can't get past what we see  
with our eyes.

Don't keep calm.  
Wake the fuck up.  
Our machines improve.  
We don't.

The full moon breaks  
its stitches & I too  
break because I'm

an animal & God:  
When was it I saw?  
Or felt? The truth  
of it all. The stench.  
The full moon makes  
me sniff & I  
smell a beast  
marking territory:  
When is the fight?  
Or fall? The victory  
needs. Maybe blood.

