

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.

