

Downtown

We fall into those small cracks in creation
 Tiny claws reach out of crevices
 & catch onto our tangents
 (the tangents that we sprout as we continue
 to continue...)

Our bodies crash & cram as we writhe
 Out on those dancefloors,
 Those freedom-painted dungeons
 The meat market mentalities

We cling & cling to nothing
 Clutch the hands that feign to hold
 Click into the voices that sing
 Promises of later
 Promises of something we might need
 When we run out...
 When things run out...the energy
 the liquor, the new credit cards & dreams
 ...someone to drive home with when
 the cops are out in squads
 & the mind is a tornado,
 the stuff that's left inside stands still
 the eye inside a storm that swirls
 & swirls

Bits & tattered shreds of love affairs
 & almos, faces dancing, maelstroms
 of connections scarcely made
 & scarcely missed...

We're tired.
 & we forget, no matter how we cling
 We do forget
 who we saw those movies with
 who we sang those songs to
 who we scribbled out those lovesick rambles for
 who drove the thumps that kept us
 up & wishing through long nights, listening
 for signs on fm radio

God.
 Who we bought those dresses for
 Who we loved & loved & walked away from
 in mad fits of pride & drama...
 Or who the hell we lived for,
 when we were busy living???

It must have been ourselves
 it must have been our whirl,
 because in the end
 or at least in the meantime,
 the tears run down our own chests
 & the fantasies are stamped
 with seals of self, our dreams
 bear the marks of the personal &
 hand carved, anvils
 we have fashioned out of selfishness
 & boredom

Who we are (though really)
 shines through the whole big mess
 great glimmering towers, lighthouses
 of soul
 The paths we choose to walk are incidental
 nothing in the long run can be relative or free
 we clear our ways & swim our streams
 regardless of the clashes, or of
 what might coincide
 we find our places...pushing, shouting
 screaming, crying: ME! me me

creative writing

Sewers, Diving In, Page 4

Sewers, under my feet, calling me sweet to the sound of inspirational content. I could thrive to survive in a world, who's pollution exceeds my level of durability. Come watch the television blare in a corner of a room with no life, or life, or imagination. We could fade like stars at dawn. Little leopards in the jungle, in the mother land to all leopards.

Is this thought valid, and if not, is any thought worth thinking. I don't question my mortality, i just question my existence. I find it hard to comprehend, that for every possible action, there is a reality parallel to the one in which I live. There is a reality where I kill and eat this class.

Ode to the "Foxy-mophandlemama" kid

do you remember, no
 well i'm not going to remind you.
 its not my job, its not my fault.
 do you remember, no
 well i'm not going to remind you.
 its not my job, its not my fault.
 shouldn't you be reading, why
 because all the rest of the class is on page 7,
 hey, you're only on page 4.
 hey, you're only on page 4.
 the rest of the class is on page 7.
 you're only on page 4.
 why are you so much behind the class...
 well, you shouldn't be acting up...
 why, because you'll get detention, and have to stay after school.
 why do you want to stay after school.
 don't you want to go home.
 what is wrong with home.
 what is wrong with home.....

i don't like it when you put that mophandle there,
 why, because it hurts, and i don't like that hurt.
 i'd rather if you spanked me, why, because it hurts,
 but i think i like that hurt...i like that hurt.
 please don't stick that thing there anymore,
 what thing, that thing...that, that mophandle...
 i don't think i like that hurt...would you?