

brandishing,
EX-WRITER,
etc.



090816

Today was like standing idly between two train cars.

- 05.
- 08. Prologue II
- 09. None of you are crew
- 16. Piecing
- 19.
- 21. bruto
- 22. I
- 24. 25 words on Skinhead
- 25. Vampire
- 26. B.C.P
- 29. Birdhouse and windmill / Sadness
- 30. his estrogen
- 32. love letter
- 34. stucco / mæŋ
- 36. I do comedy
- 37. Ye pigeonz
- 38. New State :)
- 41.
- 42.
- 43. Sensual Exercise1
- 44. real lifestyle
- 45. flunky & Floater &
- 46. meek tissue
- 47. PHX → PHL premonition
- 48.
- 49. Cowboys
- 50. Época
- 53.

Not sure.

Making this to proceed with a rather practical object in mind, a means to shackle an entrance door to an interior window gate. It's hot and open. Pockets of cold air pushed through 130 E Stonington St. I opened the door. I want all that stimulation for us, wrapped around then and forward. I want the steel and complementary lock as cold as can be as soon as possible. Please leave your bolt cutters somewhere that way.

When I look at a piece of merchandise in a retail store I often cannot contemplate a concrete point of view. I'm revolving. Sixty-four palms revolving heaven. I wonder about tried alternatives, possible infrastructural exploitations, the substances of more or less value obtained in its course – the fallout. Imagine being in a whole grand edifice full of this speculation. Laminate floors as hardwood. Polyethylene as yucca plant. Colorant as lure. My gut is unsure of itself. As simple as seashells and hot glue. As complicated as seashells and hot glue.

Sometimes I really wish I didn't feel this way. It's beyond a simple proverb about getting what you wish, or will yourself, to get in life. I really don't expect anything. Something will happen. Funerals will come, nervous episodes, maybe children, hospitalizations, war. I'll go to prison, I don't know, the possibilities are limitless. I align myself toward good but I can't contrive this kind of thing. Things just happen sometimes.

Caricatures can take on bleaker demeanors. Thinking about experiences as concepts has blocked me from seeing things with my very own eyes. Everyone is the protagonist of this film, including corporations. I accept things as irrational spectacular phenomena. Big eyes, crisp contours, and me. Things appear massless and receptive. Things dangle like toys. Smartphones as teething apparatuses. Taxes are a game. My reality feeds me dopamine in ways my projections can't ever hope to. In clear light, right there, is the water weighing down the tissue. With the aid of articulated sleeves, I may touch this thing. The world I stand inside of is illimitably radical. Giant three-dimensional white gloves corner me evenly to the ground without even gracing my skin nor the clothes adorning it: collar beast.

When I see the smooth, glossy, imperfect surface of a piece of merchandise in a retail oasis I empathize with it. I see myself in its skin, poorly natural, exceptionally aloof. I think my body has assimilated to the corporate agreement, the returns-department agreement. Any friction and I'll flatten, I guarantee it.

Exponential.

This is an attempt at a second prologue.

Please leave your bolt cutters somewhere that way and

Take a seat.

Addressing private matters publicly.

Walk westward through Park Street and you'll see the whole city.

I prefer Spaz-in-the-News-ALL-CITY-KINGS.

I do the whitest hood shit without passes.

None of you are crew.

1. Break this mirror.
2. Kill your local cop.
3. State Your Name.

Coward.

I can be a terrorist as long as I'm safe.

"A nation is actually nothing; countries don't exist. When astronauts went into space they did not see a line between France and Spain; France is not painted pink and Spain blue. They are political constructions, and what's inside a construction? Whatever you want to put there. I'm a commercial filmmaker. I'm a patriot. I hide in trees. We went and plastered over the bookshelf and the bannister in the hotel room. We didn't nail up a curtain, but plastered over it. It's still like that to this day!"











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1. Sketch
2. Fill-in
3. 3-D
4. Outline
5. Force field
6. Authorize

1. Prolepsis
2. Exposition
3. Execution
4. Finesse
5. Divulge
6. Repeat

The first list is nostalgic dance. The second list is a celebrated lifestyle. Next time you see your mother, ask your mother, what your mother saw the first time your mother looked into your eyes.

Was “ ” in America before Microsoft Word?

Three bad thoughts never aired.
The angle of kissing.
Exponential pressure against the sunroof of my future.
Three chances to not be greed.
Godspeed to my stomach.
And the limb that could've grown from it.
Three days it's been since I've bore.
My Sundance Film Festival award.
The me has no idea yet if the knock was worth the sugar.
Three pills it took to soften yesterday's hover.
Drone feet.
Mind the gap, duck and cover.
The King Kong brute hasn't risen-up in quite some time.
They're airborne and not rooted.
Three friends pass away.
The well is filmed by spew.
Three years it will take to pacify it all.

If only me had a third arm for a third bucket. And a-two thumbs for you.

I am having a weird time to be frank.
I am up to my ears in greasy contexts. I need a job and a home of my own.
I can feel my lungs getting old.
I don't like taking my circumstance for granted. I think about where I am.
I will do what it takes to do what I'm not sure of doing just yet.
I need to write a film. I need to meet some actors.
I am incrementally noticing my dependence on silence.
I wear earplugs often now. I am focused on the rings.
I want those I've unrestricted to leave it so.
I am afraid of ghosts. I can't stare at this screen without the text gliding about.
I cannot deflate my chest.
I cannot Kanye West. I cannot Ben Lerner.
I am gripping tightly to the notion of knowledge of self.
I am writing to keep busy. I do not plan on perfecting.
I want my life to be one long continual beta test.
I reprimand myself when I think I'm being wise. I know I'm a hot lot.
I question my woes.
I will always be, by far, an American. I have no time.
I think I was a better artist a year ago.
I grew up in Dutch Point. I have more conviction now.
I am lucky.
I am glad I bought Marc Eckō's Getting Up. I have a home.
I will stock the asphalt with estimations.
I am not trying to impress you. I am trying to be more.
I am scared of being a father.
I love my family. I have been one to yell.
I get stumped often now.
I do not trust anyone. I do not always trust myself.
I am not asphyxiating my work anymore.
I think no one knows what they're talking about. I slither lie.
I am having a hard time keeping up with this simple structure.
I am not the main character. I might not be a character at all.
I don't want to play the game.
I should stretch more often. I should stop eating meat.
I wonder if air for breathing will eventually be sold to the masses.
I do not believe in luck. I can't beat my child.
I take screenshots of impending enemies.
I believe I flop when I make fun of myself.
I suffer from nosebleeds more often now. I have red rings on my skin at times.
I can't stop thinking in literal terms now.
I have become distracted by life. I am frolicking with the seatbelt fastened.
I cannot draw the impossible while doing backstrokes anymore.
I have two bumps on my head. I wonder if they're cancer.
I am boring.
I had a bronze splinter in my index finger. I popped it off with an x-acto.
I have killed a cat before by accident.

I ruminate a lot. I like to set realistic tasks for myself.
I will eventually stop shopping at Wal-Mart when my sickness peaks.
I hope my family never dies.
I hope I never go blind. I hope I'll always have two thumbs.
I will never see myself from the outside in.
I establish identification from ragged conjecture. I am not cocooned.
I dread a blank document.
I am these people. I can barely believe this will be all about me.
I was going to be named Mariano the III. I think Kevin sounds whiter.
I used to gawk a lot more often.
I am mostly unconcerned with propriety. I felt like October morning in Euston.
I don't mean to be perverted
I like forearm strokes. I care for hair pulling.
I do not know what field of knowledge I am stealing from.
I am an idiot. I don't get the systems of my appliances.
I will never be a Chihuahua.
I am so, so dependent. I change depending on what's around me.
I am drowsy all the time.
I am austere. I am aloof.
I desire intersections.
I have been in the studio everyday for the past twenty-two years. I am sorry.
I do not believe I have waves.
I know there is something there in me. I am looking.
I reprimand the ones like myself the most.
I can show it all. I cannot show everything.
I have very little expectations.
I have a lot of reservations. I have a lot of reservations planned.
I am nodding off.
I owe my parents a rich life. I owe my supporters an enriched life.
I have chained mosquitos to my ankles.
I do not know whom I've pierced. I hope I always smell like burned wood.
I hope my saliva isn't green.
I listen to lullabies in the morning. I sacrifice warmth for appearance.
I want to slow down a little bit. I need to catch my breath.
I often fantasize an orange existence. I thought he would've died that day.
I am so close to triumph.
I don't like my fluctuating premonitions. I missed myself off guard.
I wonder how Johanna Adriana Ader-Appels' son felt about Bas' departure.
I wonder if he would've joined if given berth. I am not assured he would.
I am alone.
I am not good with words. I am not straight with emotions.
I cannot fake very well.
I think I should take acting classes. I want to understand actors a little better.
I won't end up in a dry expanse where nothing happens.
I will win a Sundance Film Festival award. I will almost win the Palme d'Or.
I came from the bottom and tried to skip the middle.

My single most impressive and eccentric bud;
I offered you fictional views that day in spite.
I love and respect you infinitely.
See you soon.

Much time has passed since
I began ghosting my Vampire.
His face drifts about.
On bodies automatic doors heed for.
I see impending blues.

1. Get a gun permit.
2. Kill a man for my

I see myself getting fired from my part-time.
I see 25 to life.
Ghosting twice over now.
see
observe
read
I scrutinize.
I fixate.
I obsess.

You moved two millimeters to the left dawg.
You ghost dawg.

Angelhead.
Dilapidated mansion in a great expanse. Warm-grey
Just my mans and I.
Talking about fruit and the pouring rain
Or was it fruit in the pouring rain?
I see myself in both my mans and my Vampire.

My eel collects sawhorses.
Two a day – minimum.
Perfect sore score tickles the listeners'
Who're the patrons and conjurers.
For my eel's roof is rotting.
Dark water probably copied.
Dark Aqua-Green. Flocked he.
Rummaging.
If my trunk is halved or less.
Answering two calls.
A face and body waiting.
Two bodies behind the body too.
I wish it to waver like I like it best.
With your tattered dollars.
I paid for its sea,
But ma packed its petite lunch.
It was running from its friend, BCP,
And a red jar with legs and a smile on its chest.
I saw my eel try to eat itself,
And that's when I got hospitalized.

I had a damp dream sequence.
I was running from a translucent, transfigured, ex-bud-Vampire and my
morning shifts.

CHERRY
ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR

GOOD SOURCE OF
G
VITAMIN

0
CALORIES
PER SERVING
SEE BACK
FOR CALORIES
AS PREPARED

**CAFFEINE
FREE**

Kool-Aid
UNSWEETENED DRINK MIX



ADD SUGAR
MAKES 2 QUARTS

NET WT 0.13 OZ (3.6g)

My father is the kind of man whose house is layered with badly designed spontaneous. The garage – his garage, is filled with you name it and nothing has its proper place. Objects are flopped together other as if:

A god picked up a Wal-Mart.
Shook it like an 8 ball.
Spilled its stuff on the ground.
Gutty floor galore.

On his time off, my father enjoys tinkering in the backyard on projects that always end up working, I guess? Last summer he finished a birdhouse and a windmill.

Bambi joins in the summertime sometimes.

I was full of sadness for a very long time.

My mother's name is Maria.

If you wish to attend my funeral speak to her. (860) 310-3009

to the right, away from the screen, to scratch at a floating hood and a pink-ish entrapment. There are many other things on this surface, but these two seem the cleanest. Clean in the sense of disarmed. I enjoy thinking about the green material. The one held up by wire and the other held by pretense. Fake anything may be more compelling than the real something. Like the urge to clean up a red squiggly line after you specifically told yourself that you don't care about perfection.

Yours.

Dressed in some costume of an old teacher. The most jaded-beloved. The one who's cackle I believe the most. I saw a lil' homie today almost have a panic attack. I wonder how he is dealing with his masculinity tonight while in his bed and how he managed to not walk away from all the estrogen.

I will be replacing *women* with *estrogen* within the limitations of this poem in order to: a) accentuate my capacity to disembody "kinds of people," and b) use deflation as an apathetic action. Is he crying right now? Does he long to cry? Would he be able to tell if he does? ("Tell," as in know oneself, not as in admit.) He wants out right now, I think.

I know no one. None.

I can't read with confidence in the dark. I've explained that *I* cannot not conceptualize my experiences. It's not all emotion and gut to me. I know no one. None. Brandishing a box that holds plastic entrapments towards my torso. Holding some plastic pinky keychain wrapped with some threads that reads his estrogen's name with today's date adorned with little baby feet. What am I supposed to do with that kind of generosity? What is he supposed to do with my stare amongst the crowd when his estrogen is fully ripping into my lily paper?

Sometimes happiness is not knowing the whole story.

A little something I ripped from a movie about happiness.

These people believe that they aren't hurting by simply being.

A little something I ruminate about in social situations.

Why invite me to your party?

How can it be so easy to make myself angry?

Just pressing on some eighth-inch squares.

My estrogen hates me because I talk down.

I do this more often than not, I worry.

I wonder if there are any love poems written with me in mind.



Like

This is the first swig I desired when I entered.
Bound.
Your cultures don't fully reflect my practice.
I wish I could type without looking at the screen.
I should've taken those tap classes seriously.
Tonight is the first time I pass by my sister's room and notice.
No light.

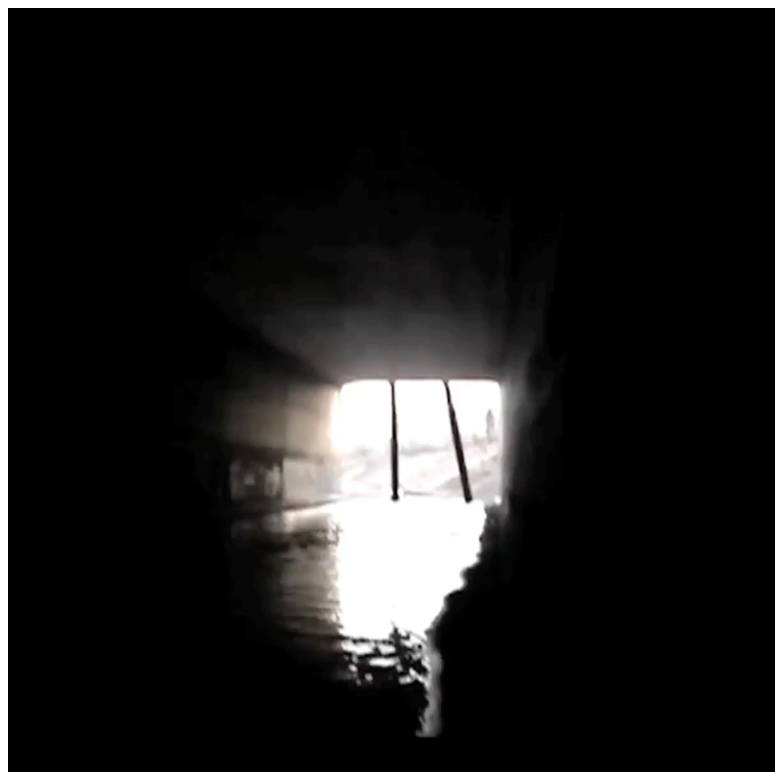
Now I'm here with nothing.

Check out this résumé.
I, a posh.

I'm afraid of getting shot down in my hometown.

My old friend got a scar through his back from a
5" (★★★★★) nail
Sticking out from under a playscape platform.
My newer friend just had a baby
And a new bitch.
My elder friend calls our childhood *The Golden Era*.
"*The Golden Era*."

... Like two plateaued.
Stripped from the possibility of being
Two exceptional blades of grass.



Big fake stones and stucco on.
Palm glass gets a tad bit dodgy when
It warns you of becoming road kill in the warmer future.

I used to mouth *mæŋ* till the white boys beat it out of me.

≈

My rusty '99 Altima would be perfect for the hood
If it were newer under the hood.

Caveman listened to his own slumber in the morning shivers.

High in his exterior.
Soft laugh stock.
Fuzzy, warm-cold.
Talented at night too.

: A seat is not worth sitting on if it stops me from touching the ground.



I: Are you the gatekeeper?
Am I bearing Pandora's ratchet
or some other weighty garment?
I dress for you. This dressing is for you my dear.

My dreams are poor, sir.
At least, until they aren't.
My battery is not to be tampered with in an academic manner.
Your jokes about the gutter in my accent are draining me.
I can now only generate nine hours away from you.

II: A political movement? I don't get political, I keep it funny, I do comedy, I don't do politics.

I: It's been possible for me to view your work as a form of meta-fiction. I have to come to terms with my own discretions, and vulnerabilities. Quite frankly, I can't seem to discern where your "work" actually starts and ends so I tend to "read" your mediated presence without deeming that it should reflect your private beliefs.

A slap on my mothers face becomes "a slap on a bitches' face." Maybe, by now, my moral compass has been compromised, but I think you may be getting at something special when you are harassing people. I'm a voyeur: affected and unaffected. Maybe they deserve it because it's in fact possible.
It's for me to feel toward, for them to suffer from.

It's how I allow interfaces to debase my codes in the name of research.

II: You strike me as, as sort of a pussy...

I: You're racist and sexist.

II: All is fair in getting a patina.

I: My. How not to value us? How to resist our subject-hood? Able to be hailed and hurt and fooled and fried. Failed.
Taught me that we are Named protrusions.

Messaged in westward water.
From above.
Will I ever meet you?

Your interviews are like...
Gawking at *Black on Maroon* for a full-bodied hour.
My call becomes seagulls and waves of liquid.
My long awaited smile comes muted
And teeth color corrected.
Stutter-stutter
Now, the beach has washed the knots yellow:
a fade.
Flat-grand-man next to grand-flat-man makes rare-man-pic/vid combo...
my favorite.
Muggin' and mugger.
My open mouth is still pigeonz- young and chirpy, in a bathroom vent in
December,
far away from the Internet.

Welcome to Wal-Mart!

Wal-Mart-born allergies.
Wal-Mart late-night highway construction.
Wal-Mart flood insurance companies.
Wal-Mart house of representatives.
Wal-Mart street gang graffiti.
Wal-Mart hair groomers.
Wal-Mart divorce lawyers.
Wal-Mart time zones.
Wal-Mart parade floats.
Wal-Mart roach infestation.
Wal-Mart rappers.
Wal-Mart prom night.
Wal-Mart draft.
Wal-Mart rescheduled jury duty dates.
Wal-Mart Department of Motor Vehicle waiting rooms.
Wal-Mart art museum guards.
Wal-Mart reality T.V celebrities.
Wal-Mart litter fines.
Wal-Mart garbage truck stench.
Wal-Mart public park.
Wal-Mart mansions.
Wal-Mart housing projects.
Wal-Mart ivy league.
Wal-Mart aspiring cinematographers.
Wal-Mart morning joggers.
Wal-Mart ferris wheel first kisses.
Wal-Mart philosophers.
Wal-Mart euthanasia.
Wal-Mart sports channel.
Wal-Mart wind currents.
Wal-Mart Techwear.
Wal-Mart bombings.
Wal-Mart vacation hotel deals.
Wal-Mart river baptisms.
Wal-Mart suicide rate.
Wal-Mart bodega arguments.
Wal-Mart prison yards.
Wal-Mart airline delays.
Wal-Mart failing currency.
Wal-Mart prodigies.
Wal-Mart amputations.
Wal-Mart oil refineries.
Wal-Mart zoo.

Wal-Mart second graders.
Wal-Mart pool parties.
Wal-Mart classics.
Wal-Mart local tricks.
Wal-Mart pet daycare centers.
Wal-Mart recess.
Wal-Mart delayed train lines.
Wal-Mart literary canon.
Wal-Mart famine.
Wal-Mart surveillance.
Wal-Mart vagabonds.
Wal-Mart hermits.
Wal-Mart toast.
Wal-Mart computer hackers.
Wal-Mart vineyards.
Wal-Mart childbirths.
Wal-Mart rain forests.
Wal-Mart closets.
Wal-Mart hoarders.
Wal-Mart thieves.
Wal-Mart radio stations.
Wal-Mart Olympic games.
Wal-Mart avant-garde plays.
Wal-Mart movies.
Wal-Mart lightning strikes.
Wal-Mart moonlight.
Wal-Mart demolitions.
Wal-Mart sleep-ins.
Wal-Mart smoothies.
Wal-Mart identification numbers.
Wal-Mart skydiving.
Wal-Mart folktales.
Wal-Mart hexes.
Wal-Mart fashion week.
Wal-Mart rush-hour.
Wal-Mart war declarations.
Wal-Mart house foreclosures.
Wal-Mart student debt.
Wal-Mart homeless shelters.
Wal-Mart pornography addict.
Wal-Mart funeral service.
Wal-Mart exile.
Wal-Mart oxidized statues.
Wal-Mart seagull squawks.
Wal-Mart sunrise.
Wal-Mart port authority.

Wal-Mart body bags.
Wal-Mart cicada songs.
Wal-Mart news interviews.
Wal-Mart vegan cheese.
Wal-Mart lover.
Wal-Mart ash.
Wal-Mart septic system backup.
Wal-Mart t-shirt canons.
Wal-Mart Chinese take-out.
Wal-Mart ophiophobia.
Wal-Mart deadline extensions.
Wal-Mart IRS.
Wal-Mart solar power companies.
Wal-Mart hot springs.
Wal-Mart diamond mines.
Wal-Mart LCD billboards.
Wal-Mart leaking roofs.
Wal-Mart Sunday yoga classes.
Wal-Mart glossolalia episodes.
Wal-Mart sex clubs.
Wal-Mart tree tapping.
Wal-Mart human trafficking survivors.
Wal-Mart counterfeit vendors.
Wal-Mart metal fabrication facilities.
Wal-Mart tattoo removal sessions.

The present wellspring for my conjectural and semiological engagements at hand is founded upon the corporal negotiation in striving to perform AUTONOMOUSLY on a day-to-day basis. The swelling of exploitation, made possible by the manufacturing and distribution of everyday things in the Western world, is persistently shaping a considerable degree of this fountain. Wal-Mart water bottles.

Thank you for shopping at Wal-Mart. Please come again!;)



“The work has a lot of humor and play but it is never actually funny. *Celebration*: there is a rupture here and disconnect that... there is a rupture here and disconnect that completes celebration and disrupts all future works. There doesn't appear to be the same plot or direction. Material distorts image. The result is a reveal of the distortion through the cracked lens re-*Adorno*. *Banality*: my favorite combination of distortion of scale, material, and image. *Made in Heaven* paintings make my nose tingle. The poor quality is the quality. The poor quality is the distortion. See a billboard up close; note the eye contact, note the studio setting. Are these serendipitous? I believe these were intended as notes for the sculpture, but then something happened. This is positive! This is the first time I've seen the work up-close and organized in visible light. Reflective work i.e. the *Hanging Heart*, is much more difficult to look at and is actually horrific. Is it possible the reflective material carries less information on its surface? We are se- um, we s- we see ourselves, but is that enough? Seeing one's self is not often by reflection, but instead, from the inner mind, like, for example, reading, or scanning the surface of a textured form, while thoughts... thoughts and associations wash over. I don't think this work is for decadence- or luxury; that would be absurd! Actually, I think actually it's violent and terrifying as an object. It's also incredibly ugly, with a kind of icy indifference, that appears dead, or dried up. I site this as quality: 'shell/vessel.' This is very advanced art. Stillness as negative space i.e. the basketballs. The train is like a cartoon and a photograph all at once; strange it is to stand here equal to it. This is a quote that I like, um, from a didactic in the show, 'Nothing was too corny, too cloying, too cute.' I feel lost after *Made in Heaven*: the intention and plot go flaccid. The *Antiquity* sculptures are very good; I feel an acceleration of material over image. Perfection is just an illusion and when it is too sought after everything dies because it is un-locatable; the work is lost. Being perfect is actually being surprised but the word, 'perfect' should be replaced by the word's acceptance of indifference.' I'm just skin right now, shut the fuck up.”

Silhouettes in a woodshop.
No shadows.
Working calmly. Diplopia.
The child with the carrot sign around his neck
Feeds on ice cream
Slowly.
And some drips down his chin
Past his lower lip.
Beatrix kisses Adele then
Sudden bearing changes.
A cigarette does wonders in strange moments,
Like when one realizes one's queer.
Pins on Adele's face as Beatrix walks away.
Doe-eyed.
3:24 on I84.
Listening to a prosthetic-legged rapper.
To drive on the highway forever.
Never stop, never eat, and never go home.
Maybe cry. Maybe drive through a guardrail. Hail.

“And, I love it, it scares me a lot. *Palo Mayombe* scares me a lot. You know? Dealing with the dead and just fucking... having to tend to them and tends to their every needs and take care of them and all type of stuff. It’s just really scary you know? Like, even living under the same roof with a *Prenda* or whatever, it’s just like... it’s just, like sometimes it makes you lose your mind. OK. Also I see the chat, you could see the chat too. Hmmm? Oh, OK, so everybody wanted to talk about *Ochún* tryna come for *Yemayá*. Now, I don’t want to make this a video, a bashing a video because I’ve done enough, you know? I’ve given you guys enough of my opinion. Uhh, on such and such, and I think that it’s known and it’s, you know, I think clear. Umm, I think that... although it’s great to use those things in your video, African traditional religion is not something to be played with you know? It’s not a dress that you put on and make yourself look better. Umm, and, I think that if that’s, if that’s what you want to do, that’s what you *want* to do, you owe it to *Ochún* to bring her real elements and real lights and real stories to the public. It’s not just you wearing *Ochún’s* dress you know? Umm, so that’s a little bit I wanted to do in this video. I am a *Palera*, through and through and through and through. I due to crown every fucking day. Everyday I’m supposed to crown but there’s just so much to learn in *Palo Mayombe* that I just... would feel like I’m cheating myself out of something if I crown too soon. But I really have to crown because it came out in a reading that I’m never going to find true happiness unless I go to *Yemayá*. Like, umm... I don’t know. I don’t know what to tell you. I just wanted to be honest about my, you know, religious thoughts and religious feelings and all types of shit like that. And I just wanted you guys to know that it’s not a fashionable, it’s not a fashion thing. It’s not something that you just put on and then, you know, you, it’s like Santera-chic or whatever. It’s not that kind of thing. It’s a real life style...”

flunky and Floater:

A premonition.

Giant fake orangutan/dog puppet/costume named *flunky*.

King Louie / Gigantopithecus / Clifford

Detached right-hand and beak/snout (as opposed to Mouth) on sovereign strings.

Few jump cuts to *flunky's* P.O.V: tableau of Cueva Ventana, Arecibo, Puerto Rico.

To audience in the gesticulations of:

1. Sesame Street
2. Rayman
3. Skinwars ad-free streaming.

Mute and invisible *Floater*: partner to the left of *flunky*.

Butchered Spanglish voice overs.

Possibly a series w/ cameos. Hopefully Frank and Dean.

Possibly pointless?

Telekinesis.

Non-Time.

46 minutes

&:

A premonition.

Worker at a home improvement supplies retailing company

Forklift operation in Bagged Goods outside storage area

A death.

flunky w/ masked, drunk ventriloquist (C.E.O's god) lurking above the racks.

[OMITTED] shoulders are [OMITTED].
[OMITTED] am [OMITTED] into a [OMITTED] full of White [OMITTED].
Lots [OMITTED] [OMITTED] male competition.
Tall, handsome, charismatic, sexually active, [OMITTED] [OMITTED]
I'm [OMITTED] [OMITTED].
[OMITTED] have [OMITTED] [OMITTED] out [OMITTED] their house
[OMITTED].

This is no way to [OMITTED] live [OMITTED].
Kool-Aid tissue, I wasn't [OMITTED] [OMITTED] [OMITTED].
My epigenetics are not familiar with [OMITTED] and the like.
When I go to work I perform my [OMITTED] self.
When I apply to anything other than [OMITTED], I enact [OMITTED]-Kevin.
Thank god I am not [OMITTED] [OMITTED] [OMITTED], too bad I am not
[OMITTED].
I do not admire myself or anyone else.
No body of work is flawless.
I may purposefully [OMITTED] sometime.

This is not [OMITTED],
It's a freak-out.
I wanna impress jet-setters with fresh haircuts.
Show them that we are not the same.

You's a batchy me.
I was batchy too. But never a batchy you.

I wanna tell the truth to you, I thought I was out.

I'm not sure if my MacBook is powered off. One baby cries harshly. I am, more or less, at eye-level with Earth's curvature. It's getting dark. It went from pink, blue, green, yellow, red, orange to just blue and a sheet of white lightning.

Falling.

Beautiful, open, blinking steel fin. Synchronicity.

Baby is a fortuneteller, in-tune, shaman.

Baby stays quiet in the fog. Mexican baby maybe.

This is the very first time that I have accepted an infant's cry as not entirely euphoric or soupy, but enchanting.

“What would have happened to your life if somebody would’ve told you, you was great? What would have happened to your life if somebody would’ve told you, you was beautiful? Would you be gone for a old knucklehead that’s abusing you today if you had somebody in your life to affirm you, and tell you, you are fearfully and wonderfully made. Would you have been in a different place today? What is it that you didn’t hear that has shaped your life? What is it that you have heard that has shaped your life? We gone destroy the spirit of rejection... They did a test on a bear. Ya’ll probably heard this story. And, and the test was, the bear had lived in a cage all of it’s life. And they came and removed the cage from around the bear, but because of his mind state he did not have the a mental ability to know the cage had been moved, so he would only go twelve steps forward and twelve steps back...”

I can make anything happen. I am going to speak on some moving pictures that keep dancing within me.

Nothing needs to be resolved in that hour and a half. Characters can remain enigmas. Years can be skipped repeatedly. Context can be implied. This approach can be generous. Last time I cried I mentioned *Moonlight* and the live-streamed video of Philando Castile’s death. I hope every child in Hartford sees these two documents at a critical time. The people on the screens, and those who live similarly, straddle fragile surfaces – or rather – rough terrain that can only be *retold* as surfaces. No matter how visceral the retelling, the glass never matches the lived tribulations. I want to see stories untold. I want whispers and muffled mouths in the limelight.

The Act of Killing is not an illustration. It’s a window. Being given the space to retell his memories he is able to render an inkblot. The structures which allowed him to do what he did. Limitless extrapolation.

Sno on Tha Bluff was a Dogme ’95 one. Gavel on gravel. Like almost stabbed twice before the age of 4th grade. It’s quite possibly the most refined kind of hood-fiction. Contended by Hammons, *The Wire* and the like. Seismic codes.

I recently talked to a friend about my dilemma with teenagers intending to address race in video artwork. Not commercials nor public service announcements, but Artwork, with a precarious “A”. I want new gesticulations. Born is old enough. Sometimes worn identities fit too well. As if the power of sense-making alone is an overbearing Father. Delay the naming of themselves. They are not yet, and that is beautiful and delicate. How do you teach a teenager the fundamentals of a discipline, of which you have not mastered, and of which, they have already conceived use in a christening war? I know there is such a thing as an epigenetics of artists.

I hope to not ruin artists. I hope to meet the seed and water it.

I know what's wrong.
I've been around the globe.
Came to find out.
I am from somewhere I haven't been to.
I live by
DO NOT TALK TO 50.
I have met my match.
I can die any day now by coincidence.
Cowboys and Checks and Gunfire
and gunfire
and gunfire
and gunfire
and gunfire
and gunfire
and gunfire
and I ain't really hear nothing.
Low-key.
Supposed to be a compass.
My body's out here.
Supposed to be with my mans.
From a city with no night-lights.
No flashing allowed.
Without repercussions.
\$250.00 legs nest
& Hanes t.
Gross reach. Gross realness. Gross WARmth.
Wu-Tang SOFTNESS.
How many real people have I met? I couldn't keep

I use to WRITE and now I write.
I merge with like-coded beings.
The future ends and it begins again.
Juggling all these propositions has me questioning every hail.
Every interpolation.
Many of times I've chosen to write instead of eat.

Subject-less,
Wringing till staple.
Beyond your control.

Net sheets and kink the sound.
Chain, Cain glory.
It's just a different story.
Repeating shit before me.

Black hoody,
Petroleum jeans.
Changing scenery,
Eating hail.

Through and through and through and through.

Ride for no gang.
Take no names.
Posses no face or faces.

Stand on snow.
Sleep in heat.
Fish are iced.
Expecting wet.
Smelling wet.
Sync the set.

I keep on rising diagonal.
Limbo is a task in fast-forward.
Beast in me keeps the tabs going.
Tryna reach the end like a Badboy.
Or a brother that tried with his eyes closed.

This little light of mine.
Burning your crew on-site.
Thawing at a faster rate.
Tryna slow down the crimes now though.

Heart of water, voice of eagles,
Back of burden, face of people I've yet to met.

Pulled-up fast popped anglerfish.

Ocean eater,
Kidney stone
Smoky lung,

One alone.

Give me love,
Send me bones.

This is not
the golden times.

But I'm'a

Momma
let 'em shine.

This is me.

This is how I dress.

This is me.

This is how I dress.

This is me.

This is how I dress.

This is me.

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This is how I dress.

This is me.

This is how I dress.

This is me.

This is how I dress.

This is me.

This is who I am.

This is me.

This is who I choose to be today.



brandishing, EX-WRITER, etc.

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