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## I HOPE YOU HAVE NO AFTERLIFE

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Can I escape it? I am constantly feeling more and more alone each day? I want a cold back street apartment to walk into. I want my music playing. I want movies I love to be on 24/7 on my television. I want coffee, jazz records, and more books that I can read in my lifetime. I want cold hardwood floors that only i know where they creak when you walk on them. I want an empty fridge. I want hollow walls. I want disturbing art work splattered on the walls. I narrowed my job down to putting stickers on boxes in a cold room. I want to kill myself, but I fear losing an idea I haven't yet had. I fear it being something of value.

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Stayed out late again  
Busy catching frogs  
Playing POGs  
Hanging out on nighthawk  
Causing a scene, making a ruckus  
Street lights came on  
No one gave a damn  
Stay out forever  
Stay out forever

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Kiss me in the blue television light  
After the VHS tape of Godzilla 1985 finishes rewinding  
The shadows of my hands on your face  
Before I grab it remind me of Nosferatu  
Ascending the staircase  
Such a sight to see  
You're beautiful in any kind of light  
My favorite is blue.  
Drown me in your blue emotions

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Scary like lawn chairs when you were five years old. The grills gave you chills and made you fear being alive

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I pulled a shade over my eyes  
And I covered up my ears  
Payed no attention to my anxieties or fears  
This went on for years and years  
I swallowed many beers  
I remember how you left me  
Standing in the bus terminal  
In the cold wet rain  
I'll never forget the pain  
When I saw you step out of his car

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Dear distant lover  
May your ghost never feel welcome  
To float around within my brain  
Sickness while breathing, astral plain pain  
Remain hidden in shadows and the rough bark on trees  
They match the cracked flesh on your knuckles  
You whispered about having grandma hands  
I told you your flesh was twenty  
Gather your mental, bring some flowers  
Tombstones for ants, windowless towers  
Rain clouds will gather, emotions will stir  
I'll never know what your grandma hands will look like  
To be honest at this point I don't care

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Flesh tones, and marrow bones  
Laugh and smile, over tombstones  
The afterbirth of aesthetic, found in your belongings  
Will be pointless after we leave  
Never sure who I'm writing this to  
She's as hard as Tom Waits' voice  
As hot as my cup of coffee  
Everything is remix of old words  
Life is a blink  
Poetry has no meaning when you're living

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Floating outside of my best friends window  
I wonder if he knows  
When he sleeps he's super violent  
The blankets don't cover his feet  
Grinds his teeth, mutters words  
Mumbles and grumbles, all that's heard  
Walks to the kitchen, picks up a knife  
Goes to the lake, ends his life  
Body of a local man, from a small town  
Was found earlier today  
Family wants answers  
I float away

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My sneakers scrape  
Across the sidewalk  
I peer through eye holes on my mask  
I see my black cape  
Floating ever so hauntingly  
Just above the crunchy autumn leaves  
The smell of sulfur and crisp wind  
Hits my nostrils  
I will forever call the scent  
Halloween

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To give or take advice. How does one judge advice? A homeless man will tell you to stay in school and work hard. To cherish your family and love full. A business man will tell you to take everything and keep it for yourself. A sad person will tell you that autumn is the best season for writing poetry. A happy person will say it's the summer. Everyone has different opinions on how to achieve pure happiness. Try different ideas and see what works, scare the shit out of yourself. I'd rather make art all day than money, but I have to eat and pay bills. I want to cry, but I'm too tired. I want to sleep but I'm most awake at night. Am I doomed to live like this forever?

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Think tank  
Parasitic monuments crumble down in tears  
Wasted on my itchy plaid couch  
The 4:3 plays loudly  
White noise and spirit worlds fill my room  
With the haunting sounds of their past lives  
I can't help but look out the window  
Hope for something more  
Long for no tomorrow  
I hope I never see your face in the smoke stack  
Outside of my frosted window  
Here, in December 1994

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Would you fall in love with my ghost  
If I haunted you forever  
Traveled to every house shared with your lover  
While you lay in your bed  
You just can't seem to get warm  
Look into my hollow eyes  
Feel the locust swarm pour down your throat  
Into your cold dead heart  
Don't worry my darling, we're never apart

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Hollow trees blasted with cold wind  
What the secret to life  
The leaves fall off and regenerate  
The goal is for me find a wife  
Our lives are something short  
For we haven't unlocked the key  
To living past 400 years old  
I want immortality

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Dusty old warehouse covered in rot  
Business owner gave no thought  
To the lives that he ruined  
Through hard tasked work  
May his family die slowly  
While his mind goes berserk

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Do you care to dance  
On the hill in Coffin Park  
Forget who we are  
Run away in the dark  
No one will remember  
Out faces or a name  
No longer will we listen  
To anyone complain  
Farther your run and hide away  
Dirt hills and side roads  
Empty bars with shotguns  
And hold up a pawn shop just for fun

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Sound/Silence/Sleep (SSS)  
The sound of the water heater  
Clicking on at 4:27am  
Reminds me of my fathers basement  
How lonely those hours were  
I am prepared for this sleep

The sound of the fridge  
Clicking on at 4:29am  
Reminds me of my mothers kitchen  
The first bedroom I had with three walls  
How lonely those nights were  
I am prepared for this room

The sound of a movie  
Humans talking at 4:31am  
They comfort me instead of silence  
Help me sleep in this horrible room

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Mood: lifted  
A sense of calm on my mind  
Spinal cord seems to be alright with my emotions for today  
My stomach demands a full meal, I demand I cut back  
The wild is calling me outward  
I fear the unknown  
To break away from something so concrete  
For a life of mystery  
Do I travel to foreign lands and hope for the best  
Or do I work forever in the icebox  
Never enjoying a single moment of my time  
The little that I have for myself  
Is wasted on basic of living  
For a mind and eyes who haven't left the homeland  
I fear not seeing enough before I die  
Of a heart attack at age 30  
Focus on the self  
Find what your worth is  
Save your penny collection for cans of food  
The apocalypse is coming

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