

Hippie Poems



CEASEFIRE
NOW



THANK YOU
AND
GOOD-
NIGHT.



By the strange ones, the believers, the addicts, the self-uprooters, the un-becomers, and all who do not know how to code.

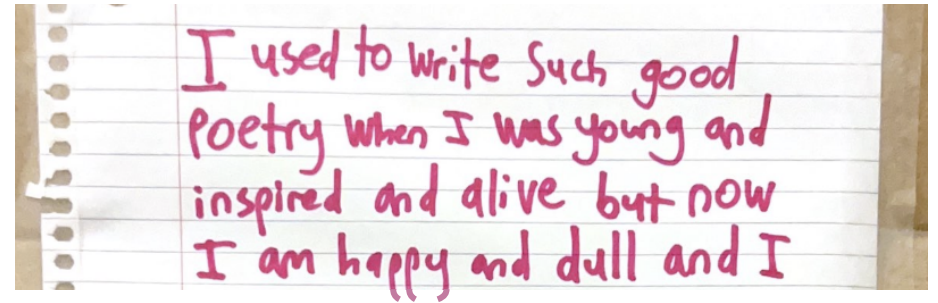
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TO: the nihilists, the burn-outs, the
realists, the heartbreakers, the seekers,
those who walk without skipping, those
who make choices, those who suffer.
“Atha Yoganusasanam”
FROM: No body

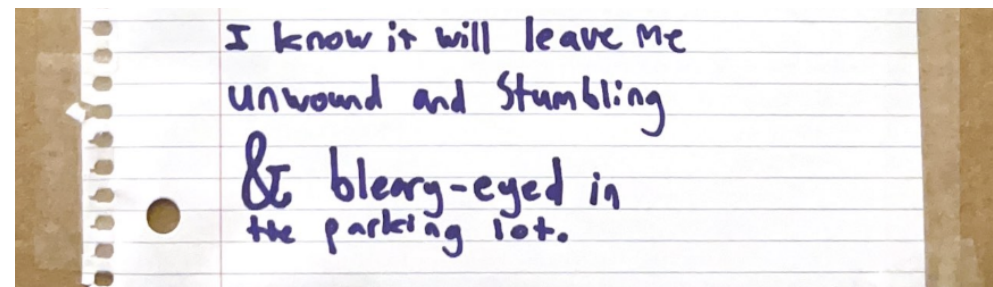


Another Poem About The Moon



can no longer squeeze out every drop
of raw emotion from some lonely scene
like the full moon above the beach at night in
November

when it's cold and the pebbles I skip across the
gentle lapping waves expand into larger and larger
circles, fading paradoxically as their influence grows
into which I stare intently, not out of fascination but
more so out of trepidation to break this gaze and
glance up at the pale eye above me, pulsating with
such a heavy reality.





No, it's not like that anymore.

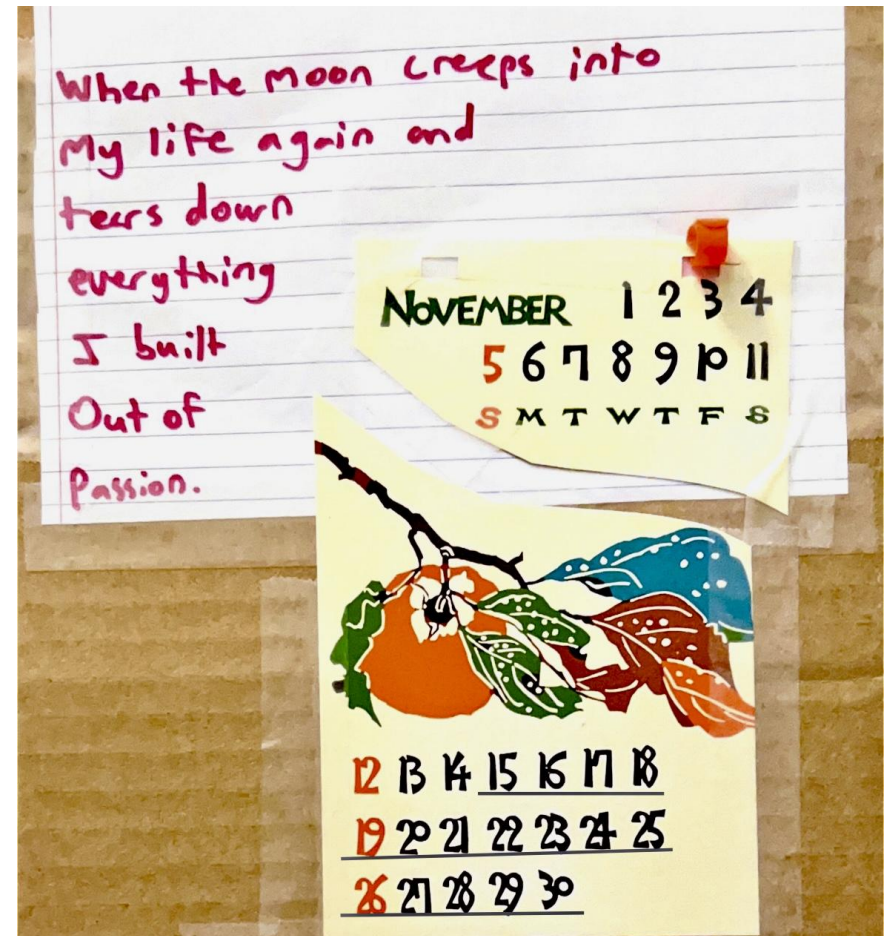
Instead I write about how waves and weather
and websites are all made up of the same stuff
And me, too.

I'm part of this world and the omniscient light that pours out of the
moon
is the same that reflects off my eyes from the computer screen
and that powerless feeling has become my pedestal.

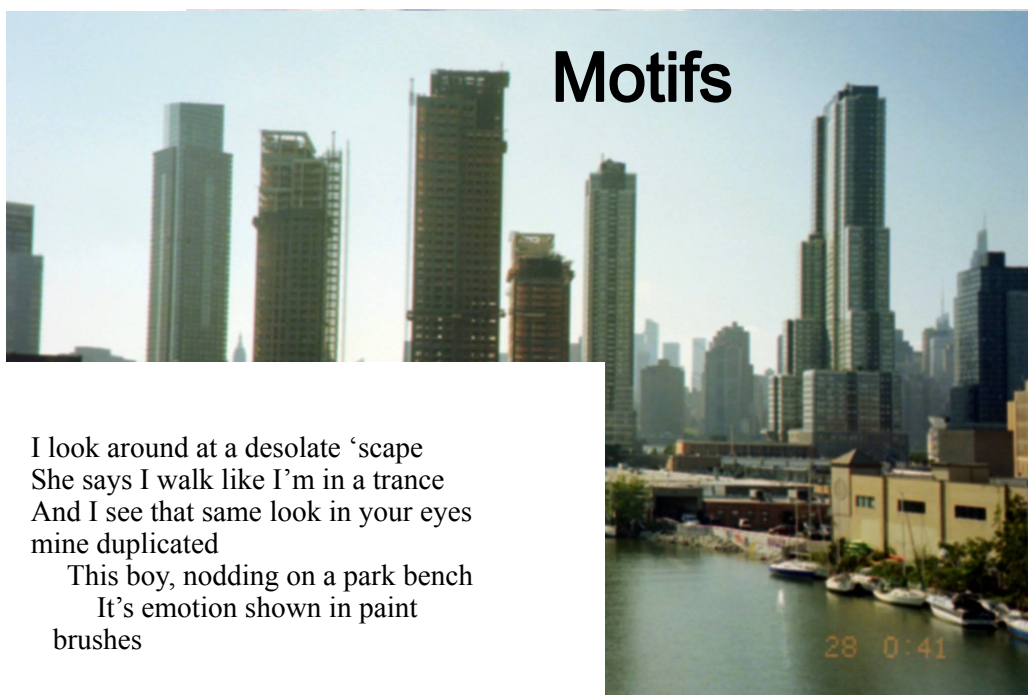
Here, I stand

on the countless bodies of my past who have all been massacred by an
exploitation of meaning
and misadventures into the void.

Playing with impermanence like *fire*
I keep on lighting myself up and even now,
I can see a new form being born from ashes.
born and raised and born and raised until finally
I begin to experiment with describing the thing that cannot be named
(what a friend of mine called the darkness surrounding a flame)
Or, the part of me that doesn't change



Motifs



I look around at a desolate 'scape
She says I walk like I'm in a trance
And I see that same look in your eyes
mine duplicated

This boy, nodding on a park bench
It's emotion shown in paint
brushes

like orange street lamps

One motif impossible to escape

Memory estranged in the glow
that says "Here, I exist

Here, time is spent like

coins in the fountain"

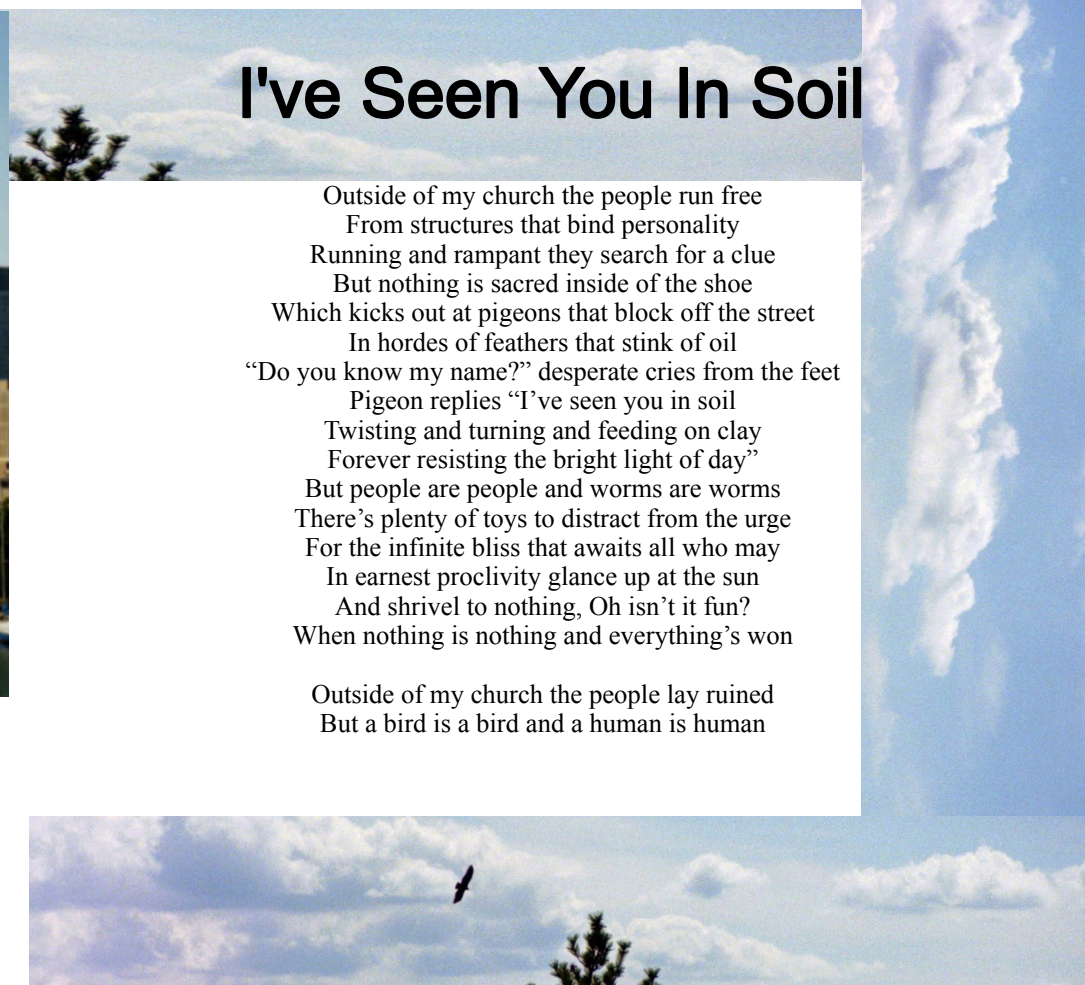
Heavy steps on reverberating streets
pick up a paper
pick at my brains, I replicate
in words, hippie poems
Hippie poems consume phobia
Again on the concrete you don't deserve
to be

My subject, object, and author.



Drawing by Cole Lohman

I've Seen You In Soil



Outside of my church the people run free
From structures that bind personality
Running and rampant they search for a clue
But nothing is sacred inside of the shoe
Which kicks out at pigeons that block off the street
In hordes of feathers that stink of oil
"Do you know my name?" desperate cries from the feet
Pigeon replies "I've seen you in soil
Twisting and turning and feeding on clay
Forever resisting the bright light of day"
But people are people and worms are worms
There's plenty of toys to distract from the urge
For the infinite bliss that awaits all who may
In earnest proclivity glance up at the sun
And shrivel to nothing, Oh isn't it fun?
When nothing is nothing and everything's won

Outside of my church the people lay ruined
But a bird is a bird and a human is human



20 23:13

A Response To A Reading To Look Closely

In Which Students Were Told Into A Flower

Do you feel unpoetic?

Poets say it is only because
you haven't looked closely enough into a flower
But the poets are bound by a golden chain
and stare into the world as if it were sour
apple to be gnashed between greedy teeth
juicy meaning licked up so maybe they'll breathe
life out into words on the skin of a tree
but a tree is alive and life cannot be
squandered and molded to fit to our needs
for due representation of our finite existence
and a name to be shared for all we have witnessed

Do you feel unpoetic? Do you feel like you've witnessed? Are you looking for
ways to hold on to the richness?
Or is it proof that you need-
"James was here!" (scribbled onto the void)
How poignantly dull. didn't anyone tell you
to check your mind at the door?

Poets say it is only because
You haven't signed your name on a page dripping blood
from the gashes surrounding the chains on your wrist
which deepen their grip as you yearn for
release.

So this! I say to your chains:
I am poetic and I have no name
I looked at your flower and it has no attributes
no memory or idea or motif in its bloom

The flower is crying to let you out of your snare
The flower is wilting under poet's glare
And just like its petals, we'll all one day unfold
And see that a flower's a flower
And nothing more.

you are really not at present in it
I'm not sure I'm on board with all this multisyllabic, Latinate language
it becomes quite abstract.

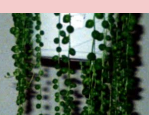
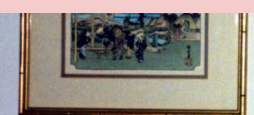
Poetry is Socratic.

is a little cliché, like to see a...
or a de-familiarization
its normal meaning
especially b/c everything else
in this poem is so
fresh, void, Rels sta
release.

not you checking everyone
in this class IMMO

Shatter!

I scurry to look upon the hasty doorknob
which switches its lessons to lock out my
mind
patterned and prodded
soft metal clicks cushions and I,
tweaking,
aximone my products.
I axe my phone, shatter!
Gruesome nobility of fluttered fraxioms that
dangle and dazzle me with their many colored
auras
Like butterfly wings, lush, mellow,
thousands of them truncate my eyes!
Floundering in dreek transmissions
I hold my ground and my cello and shout:
Sickle, O, penetrating creatures!
Pierce my porcelain head no more!
Let me stink and ooze
eliminate glassy perspective, I am trash now
And you are the diver.



Encroachment

Now, I don't really mean anything by this,
but I still remember being high and
eating a grape and a cracker for at
least 30 minutes
I remember rushing away from an otherwise unoccupied task
to write down a thought and then
running back to the moment feeling
like I had aged 20 years
And my creaky bones cried wolf to any sense of accomplishment

I remember what it felt like to stare into
a long, drawn-out silhouette
I remember what it felt like to
scream for mercy in the chariot

Now, I stare into a watchful sky
for a few minutes before ducking into
another self-incision, while I continue to criticize
a log in the waves
Look deeply into a flower.
Does it have any chance at all?

I remember tearing up white robes and pointing a finger at the moon
ripping off my halo and tossing it into the ocean on a string
and reigning in a little fish makes me think that everything is beautiful again

I remember having thoughts that would
climb over certain barriers like
spiders racing through blades of grass
and metamorphosize the curve of hand-
writing with beginning-less creation
I remember staring up at an endless brick
wall and collapsing into relief
cradling the head of my king
as I praised the gods for stealing my
will and putting a knife in my hand

Emmanuel said, "Why are you so busy
being holy?"

He also said death is perfectly safe

**And babies are chanting Hare Krishna
while their parents are dragged into hell**

Excuse me for vulgarity
but living in the world is living
uncontrollably
There's a golden egg in funhouse
mirrors
And every reach
is another encroachment of my own
misplaced efforts.



Ode To The Forgotten Horse O, Raymond!

To be sung with great lavish

Oh Raymond, oh Raymond, oh where have you gone?

Dmaj

D7

Gmaj

His darling Forsythia to never be won

Dmaj

D7

Gmaj

Oh Raymond, oh Raymond, your concepts be damned

Dmaj

D7

Gmaj

I'll never forget who was always my friend

15 odd years have gone by, but Raymond still waits in the mud

Fmaj

Cmaj

Gmaj

Cmaj

For me and my brother to newly discover that we had never been
less alone

Fmaj

Cmaj

Gmaj

Cmaj

Oh Raymond, oh Raymond, you were cursed by the mage!

Dmaj

D7

Gmaj

To a deathless existence of lying in wait

Dmaj

D7

Gmaj

For two foolish mortals to clean out your stall

Dmaj

D7

Gmaj

But they had never been so calm

Fmaj

Dmaj

When O Raymond you pushed them along

Fmaj

Dmaj

But they had never been so calm

Fmaj

Dmaj

When O Raymond you sand them this song

Fmaj

Dmaj

Think Outside the

Th e Bo

X

You told me to

Think outside the box

In doing so you have created a box

And now I wish to stubbornly

explore all of its corners until I have

licked up all the dust and

then

I will sit contentedly for one million years

until the box and my body erode and

there I will be

Inside of nothing

which was certainly something at one point

when you were alive and condescending

And practicing your aim on the angels

with arrows forged of intellect.

Your arrows fly and then crash down to Earth

My angels never die.

even if their baby's wings are

Pierced or torn up

My angels will cry and cry and cry

then repair their wings with their tears.

Try to hold my flesh

you'll find a giggling infant covered in oil

slipping through your fingers

And there, look, you've gone and done it-

You dropped the baby on its head.

You told me to

Think outside the box

You may as well try telling a Sun-sized toddler to

stop playing with the Earth. Or tucking a stray cat

in to sleep. Or shaking the sky with your fist. Or

putting a name to God...

Now III (Ars Poetica)

Isn't it obvious?

As soon as I realized everything I have been chasing is in fact everything...

It is not hidden in a song, chords to be ripped out by my teeth. It is not a rhyme that eludes me. It is not a flickering moment enticed by patient creativity or ecstatic performance.

It's all that! All of it!

Every whisper on my lips, every motion of my hand, every minute detail. All of it encompasses this moment and is pervaded by it. And i find that

There is nothing to do. Nowhere to go. Nothing to make. The anxiety of creation - waning earth, waxing moon, the urge to make, be, do, do, do, do something!

It all melts away.

It all melts away.

And here I am writing but I am not writing.

Here I am thinking but I am not thinking.

Here I am doing but I am not doing.

I am sitting on a lotus flower, staring out at the calmness of a still lake.

I am a still lake reflecting the image of a lotus flower.

Here, I rest.

And I realize

I have no questions for a God that cannot answer me because one does not exist. I am answered by the steady rhythm emanating from my heart which beats without me telling it to.

I am answered by the slow decay of the world around me and its valiant rebirth. I am answered by my own quiet solitude. I am answered by the fact that every sunrise I have ever seen is the first one

All Over Again



Self-Uprooting

I've been given the tools to clear the
land and dig myself deep into the Earth-
and the patience to watch my roots grow
strong and weathered
But every time I lie down in the soil it's
like trying to go to sleep with my feet
sticking out from under the blankets
shoveling the dirt over my head feels wonderful
until I start itching and sprouting and
some vital part of me shoots out like
a zombie's hand and pulls me from the grave.
It seems
I am helplessly addicted to self-uprooting
planting a seed and ripping it out of the
Earth a day or two later
like a little kid's science experiment-
Teacher says give it time
And little kid pouts but listens

I pout but drop out of college
and tell everyone in town that I've found
a magic bean stalk which will carry us all
up to heaven.
Occasionally, I say this with conviction.
And by the way,
You can tell I am lying by the smoke that
escapes a clenched grin
and in my nihilist fingers
The loose swagger of self-deprecation
Stubbing it out in disgust.

Overconfidence is a signal of my emaciated ego
And nothing hurts better than burnout.

That's why I make my bed in the morning
and change into warm clothes at night
and pray I wake up somehow different
That's why, when I gaze up at the priest
from underneath the floorboards I forget
which one of us is on acid. Because

Self-uprooting is a double-blind study between
myself now and myself three seconds ago-



and I know a journalist in Boston who says the commitment will pay
for our indulgences
down the line.



In Another World I Could Have Loved You

Isn't it obvious? How the candle flame flickers under the gentleness of breath? And how it's extinguished with a thought alone? I move through this world like a phantom - trailing behind a body and mind
and a body and mind
and a body and mind
until I become bored of blatant synchronicities. Are the crows that call above the trees on a cold November morning, lonely and petrified, the same crows that called the year before last?
Are you the same as you were even a moment ago? Pay attention - is there consistency? Is there any sense of connection? Step into the night - feel the cold air on your skin. You'll see there is only the thinnest of membranes separating yourself from the void. Do you have the courage to step into nothingness? Do you have the strength to leave everything behind?

In another world I could have loved you. If I was unhappy, if I was ignorant, if I was frightened.



Hippie Poems

It's 4:20 in Hoboken which used to make me giddy
but now I only feel gross like those long-winded
hippie poems that make my stomach churn with
Grandiose romanticization.
These personal statements of surety this
Vomit of words that are never quite truthful
It leaves a stain on my shirt and
It reminds me of the time I spent in that punk
house in Buffalo
Where all the kids are beautiful and on drugs and
you know by flicking through a chopped up zine
someone left on the basement table that
you'll fall in love with every single one of them
because somehow their drawings look just like
*****s did
And it stings a little cause
you had thought hers were so unique
And every special moment we shared like
Falling asleep on the Katonah train
Or on our knees by Baxter road
Fade into irrelevancy, and it doesn't matter
anyway
Because I'm in love again in a punk house in
Buffalo
with a girl named ***** who draws boogers and
brains and stares straight through my eyes to the
back of my head.
She makes me feel real which is funny cause I'm
not so sure if she is.
In the midst of a clusterfuck of egos and violation
I am concerned
with how welcomed I feel
It's like an open-air prison, or downtown Manhattan
Under a guise of free expression it turns out
You're all just as neurotic as I am
And our resumes are simply filled with
Long-winded hippie poems.

In this division of queer schizophrenics
Our art becomes our lives and our lives become
each other's
We are long-winded.
We are grandiose.
We are in love.
And we are so, so delusional.

