Index of Poems

**And Modernism?**

the uneven lines of hair on the back of a head appear
ears are muted and eyes are filtered and the creaking
a chipped rocking chair or the concept of sand are
in a vacation house in slums of Nairobi. content
ment is unlikely to be satiated like this so a corna
hand with horns pushes vertebrae from a skin suit
tempting ash footprints and desire to advance against

invisible currents that dominate. and cellphones
scoop out a generations empathy consumed by
the endless scrolling of swing sets utilized to
shackle. this dystopia is a comfortable non
descript original purpose abandoned intent
ionally. it's eclectic to render electric networks
as gaslit propaganda. instinct rises rooted in devil's

marrow. a grin foams out from cheeks so intrinsic
to existing it's laughable. heavy elbows and knees
partake in joint custody of a body racing a mind
tethered to perspective ignited by anxiety. resent
ment is manifested as the  inferno incinerating ass
ets that cauterize whole environments with apathy.
ears are spears and eyes are in flames yearning to boil

humanity with unrequited bitterness. imprisoned
devil invites a firestorm onto innocent operators
who merely surrender to the frequency control
ling their blissful lives it's so depressing. a smile
the facade of baring fangs and the once consistent
head developed or regressed into fueling a hellscape
visible to eyes molded from smoke. modernity isolated

**Releasing Narcissism**

a large number of paper shelves
explode. descending towards me

cardstock climbs for its zenith
caressing gravity's curves

as if every return from a typewriter
decided the work was no good for the day

the levers start throwing out
judgement. drawers emptied instantly

and my smile takes many years to spell envy
for paper strobing office lights. spiraling

past a silence pretending to suffer
oak cabinets willingly cough by their hinges

buildings across the street consolidate
some windows for protection

shoulders are weighed by an insurrection
of pages that were meant to be blank

and for a while my hand itches
to have some writing on my palm

**Canopener/ It's Just that I hate modern poetry sometimes**

the soapboxer only stands on their street corner to yell at other soapboxers / and who am i to make my own soapbox and stand and question the other soapboxers for wooden boxes when the box i made in my dead neighbors garage is cardboard / and i'm not talking about the kind of ignorance that comes from me only being 20 years old / i just keep on listening to the man in the little machine that gets too hot to keep on my lap tell me why i can't go out and swallow the world whole / but maybe it's time to unhinge my jaw / my perception is based off the words i learned with all the other ignorants behind brick walls / where lying was and is a constant because a teachers pen wouldn't work if i didn't sit up straight / so yeah it's kinda disheartening to see the people around me start building their own soapboxes / but god forbid these soapboxes are anything like the ones that are sturdy and made of wood / and i'm still not sure why the so called box that the condesender made out of a bicycle wheel isn't a unicycle to everyone else / what i mean is most of the time i don't feel / like an outlier / and i am wrong most of the time / but no one wants to tell me because they tell me all the time and i don't listen / 2 in the morning me doesn't necessarily disagree with 2 in the afternoon me / 2 am me knows that the best time to yell in the ears of someone i don't like is when they are asleep / at least after i hide the belt / the worst part is i am a cufflink in the belt hole to make the pain hurt more / and the way the world beats me down after i don't understand why the french mathematician didn't just say he felt sad about his wife dying hurts less / than my realization i won't ever have a negative capability to others / because i only write for myself / i just forget that sometimes