

~~Scratch~~ Sheet Po'try

Forward:

My thoughts on December 20, 2020, right before graduating from the University of Iowa in English with Creative Writing and Anthropology minor:

“

The greatest artistic challenge I faced was creating works with a shared audience in mind. Previously my writing was much less intimate, and I incorporated more fictional elements, however growing, having more experience, I find a way to include that in my own work. It has been more difficult than in other semester to want to share my writing, as I feel most people would not be interested in what I'm saying, as what I'm saying has been said before. I think at my proximity to finding a career or job after graduation has been my focal point, and this has detracted from pursuing writing with the same fever as I did. Artistically the biggest challenge has been waking up to the business side of the industry, and so as not to be taken advantage of in the publishing world if I ever enter.

My work throughout the semester has been a platform through which I voice my internal existential questions and ongoing nihilism. For the revision process, I wanted to flesh out more concrete and conversational tones from my pieces in an attempt to display some artistic consideration of the audience. It still dwells in a certain darkness; however, I'd like to think I added some swag to this making it more palatable and less cliched. At the beginning of the semester, I had not wanted to play with form too much, however, after encountering tremendous pieces by fellow classmates it encouraged me to take a more playful role when structuring my pieces to add to the narratives.

My poetic practice is still developing, and thanks to this course, I'd like to think I can create a structured workspace outside the classroom. Of course, nothing is as motivating as the expectation of an upcoming due date, so I hope to continue building writer's endurance with a minimum of a couple pages a day. I'm no longer as fearful of the writing process, as I know now that just because an idea is a dead end now, does not mean that with the progression of time it won't lead to a whole new road to be explored. I'm still not certain of my tone of voice, however, I know more which subject matter I tend to gravitate towards, and the "vibes" that influence my writing process. I've also become more aware of the sharing and performative aspect of poetry, which I feel I hadn't been immersed in as deeply prior, so more than just linguistically stimulating words to read out loud, performing with pauses, breathwork, and other nuances give a piece an entire mood. Free writing has become more standard in my life, and at least now in my personal back, I'm back to journaling, which I hadn't done since before college. It leads to potential fleshing out of concepts, the identification of subjects that interest, and general opinions, which is good in shaping the stance from which I actively write from.

As a personal goal I wanted to hone in on my voice more and more concretely think of the audience when writing, both of which I have made progress on. I feel I'd like to continue improving my editing, as it is difficult for me to reenter the state of mind or purpose I had when writing a piece and end up focusing on an aspect and bridging something new from it. This is not a bad thing as it allows me to add depth to a previous version of a piece, but sometimes can

overshadow an aspect that was working prior to edit. As a writer, I would like to take the next steps to get my work out in the world and see how that goes. With poetry, I understand the gate of success is narrow, however I would like to continually add to my skillset of writing, new mediums through which I could explore in my career. I'm someone who the same way I look at a blank page I look at life, the possibilities often overwhelm me; and over-analysis leads to paralysis. Instead of attempting one thing and following it through I overthink scenarios and images or words and get congested. Writing will be a part of my life as a means of self-reflection, and it's a practice that is essential now to vent. My goal is to monetize off writing so that the reality of a 9-5 does not have to be mine if I don't want it."

The journey to create and share this work is the full circle moment of operating within an artistic purpose of creation and removing myself away from results. After sometime withholding my work, I know release this in hopes to begin the next chapter.

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Think

F
N'
F

Flex
N'
Finesse

Contraction of muscle
N'
Impressive delicacy and skill

Contraction [shortening of a word, syllable, or group by omission{left neglected(not given necessary care)} of a sound or letter] of muscle [brute{unrelievedly harsh(painful sensory reaction) strength or by force{energy(capacity of being active) exerted}}]

N'

Impressive [power {possession (domination by something) of control(regulation by government directive)} to excite attention {selective focusing of consciousness (state of being aware)}, awe, or admiration] delicacy [precise {exactly defined (identify the essential meaning) } sensibility{responsiveness to the pathetic (having a capacity of pity)}] and skill [developed {expand by a process (to subject to examination) of growth} aptitude {capacity for learning}]

To subject to examination
Having a capacity of pity
Identify the essential meaning
State of being aware
Regulation by government directive
Domination of something
Capacity for learning
Expand by a process of growth
Responsiveness to the empathetic
Exactly defined
Selective focusing of consciousness
Possession of control
Developed aptitude
N'

"PEACE,"
HOWEVER, IS
NOT A GOOD
NAME FOR
WHAT
FOLLOWED



“Pics paint thousand words but a word can paint infinite pics”- M.G

Precise sensibility

Power to excite attention, awe or admiration

Impressive delicacy and skill

Capacity of being active

Energy exerted

Painful sensory reaction

Unrelievedly harsh

Brute strength or by force

Not given necessary care

Left neglected

Shortening of a word, syllable, or group by omission of a sound or letter

Contraction of muscle

#HIRAQ KEROUAC TIMES MAGAZINE



debut po'try

Mayne Wilton

Alzheimer/'s elegant

For a day
Fuck your damaged life,

“got the shit at the crib” Nah, I can do it when I want”

Hershey pie w/ silky chocolate

I live once with eternal delight

I'm not better

IM proud

INSECURE elephant in the room

I still get up everyday to got to the studio. Cuz I dun never wanna get too relaxed and say “oh I

Last place robber looks is?

Money n' the B & Q'ran

NO, you still gotta do it erryday, it's just at the crib in case you ever forgot that you didn't do it

Whatcha doin with ma money

Woah and you n' yo mama chill out

Over easy sippin on some ice

Prayin for it daily

This is EVERYTHING and NOTHING twice, while it happens; and while i process

Yessuh Stickers



Truee Blue: 1+1=3 You

“a picture is worth a thousand words”

Automatic response

But I

Connect, Consider, Cooperate w/ myself

Can paint an infinite amount of pictures

Dirty thirty is hip attached.

Dixon, IL dear Havana, Cuba

Boxers not briefs

Clippy meal-dolla menu

Currency, currency, currency

Everyone CAN be hot

Finesse everything

Flex nothing

Make money or I be sad

Money, money, money

Paid ta be polite hourly

Pocket Rocket-pistola or pencil

Right when ya get an idea write>write

Shea coco butter smooth lines

Sushi smell' top shelf w/

Thug money

To be bool[] cool

Winter warmth best because it comes from struggles

When ya forget an idea..

Word...

Write



Chrome Chief

Any window has the right view
Deconstruct the evident similarity: what's left
Don't Desire Datelines or Duedates

Gleam, clean, MR. Reggie
I think her name was saved under
"I worry about you everyday"

Only must look once,
Hunger aint in the taste buds or stomach
its in mind.

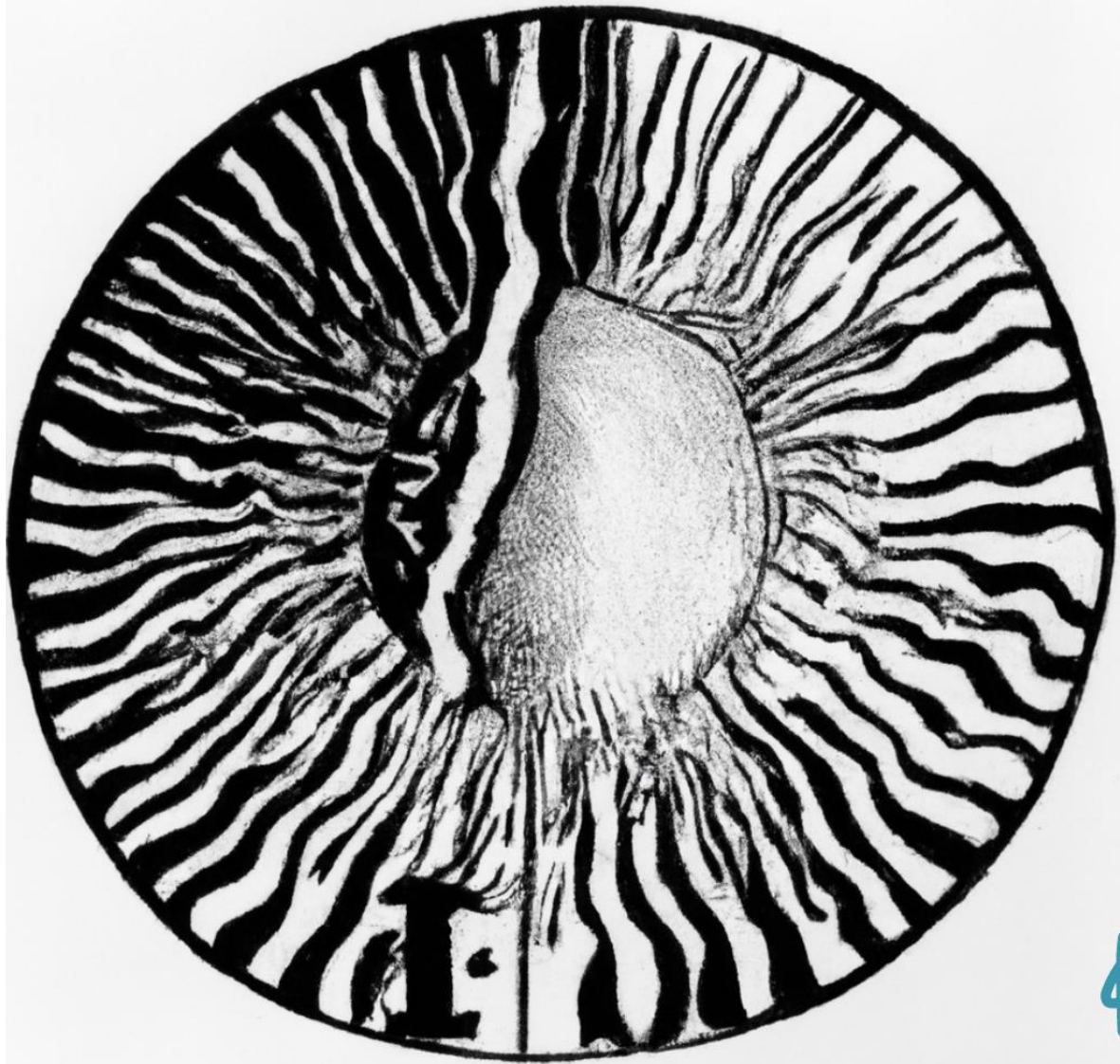
"internalize your thoughts"
Remember to think, it's still legal
They said they're better...that's ALL lies

You in the gang gameboi?
We not the same
Skies the limit as long as YOU can see it

Who is special to YOU since everyone is unique
Difference between:
Know... it's bad for you
No... it's bad for you
?

We like feeling the Sun but
We can stare at the Moon
Good and bad- opposites of the same coin

I'm tryna do better
New level, all pedal



4

O.utsomniac P.hosphene

Am/Be **NOTHING**

“Got to see to believe”

How can you be other than what you see?

I can't imagine...

Light with my eyes
closed

Why see?

Why believe?

Why question?

Why = question

Life is...

1. Wanting/Trying/Needing

2 sleep having

E n e r G

Y=?..

Nothing left

.....>

Nothing left (right) [>behind<]



Counting Ovizzz Ariezzz

Stop seducing and eluding me, sleep
Envision my first dream
Wish I could remember the first thought

Would you rather:
Everyone thinks you've killed but didn't
Or
Kill someone but it remain unknown?

Christianity- ultimate pyramid scheme

	God	
Son		Holy Ghost/Spirit

If it sounds too good to be true it probably is...
Heaven

Jesus may have been a lamb of God, but not God's son
The real lives and die anonymously; plain sight

Personally,
Nothing has a meaning that YOU don't apply.
Unless someone applied it on EWE to begin with
So, think what YOU will
But, know what EWE think

Think outside the box:
Crib, room, house, school, work, Coffin
beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeed



¢

M_____ G_____

Judgement's Signature Confession

"How you a G if you been caught?"

Consciousness experiencing self subjectively:

Proud to be what I am NOT

{In the last name check the G-spot}

[Won't say the (~~word~~) so there's meaning]

I was NOT pluggin dirty cartys

I am NOT \$tarved NOT skinny

I do NOT have the weapon on me

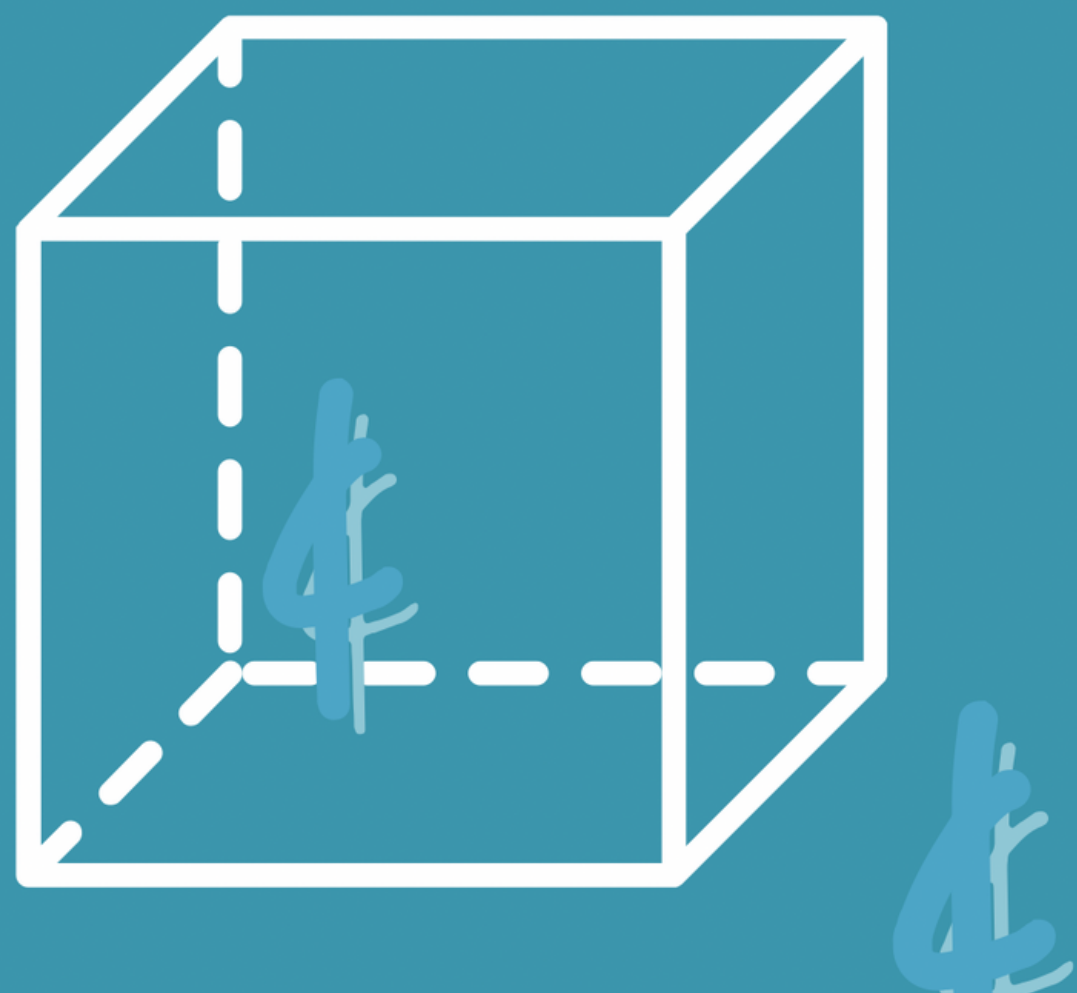
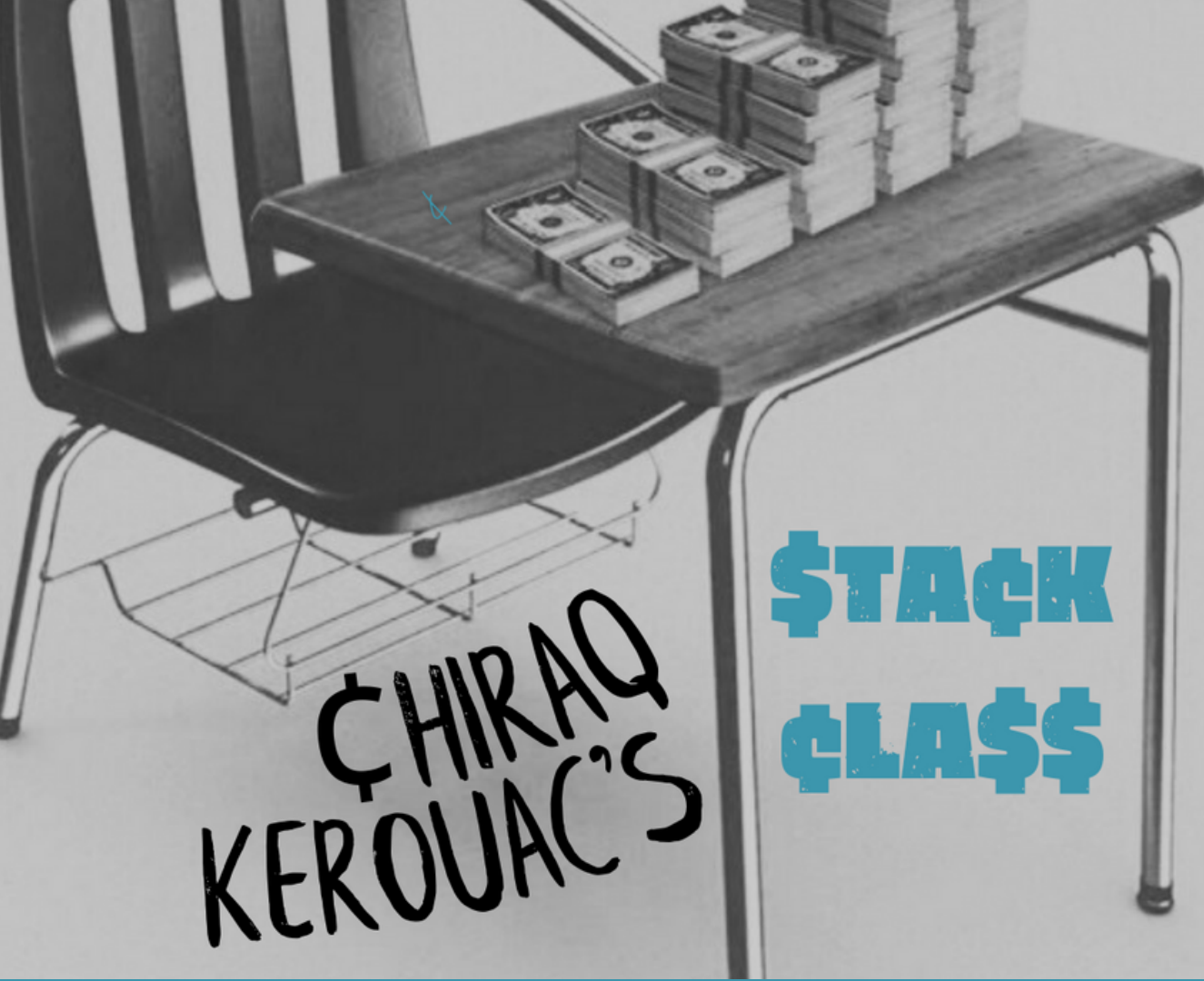
I will NOT keep it tucked like bookmark

I have never NOT never been street smart

X

Never judge a cover by how it look

12 presented (_____) a long sentence, they can NOT even read a book.



Birthday Card to MY \$on

The Art of Money Handling

Please,

Return drawer after closing register.

Check \$10 bills and up.

Don't taxxx or under\$ell.

\$mile, good eye contact.

Grow affection for the rackzzz.

There is no greater creation that one's own.

You have my spirit despite occupying your mama's eyes.

I plead that you be more financially secure in all that you do.

Don't squander time because time is potential money to stack up.

When asked who is your favorite president reply:

The DEAD ones in my pocket.

Love you as ALWAYS, ALL WAYS

Rack it up, happy GLODAY my child.

the Truth loves ya.



Lil Suwoop

Father forgive me for lack of participation
Active engagement in our conversation

Restrained by all these chains of enslavement
Forsaken amongst the snakes on the pavement

Could never be just basic
Still seeking compensation
For being your creation

Mental prison had to escape it
My belt was just my laces
Forever seeking exoneration

Hunger exasperated by all the hatred
Keep me in consideration
For my situation
All I'm saying ...

A
M
A
N.

I mix with Muslims, Jews, and water
Thank the ALLmighty "Holy" Father

Problems...unless they grave, go ghost, so don't bother
God's son: my brother

Joy, Holly, Mary: my mother
Sike! Reality is adopted
From the C, no Moises no Compton

Place where Back of the Yards, go stompin
Element of piece¹, resolve problem
Where we know peace, wont solve em

¹ Piece=pistol



Sinco

Raised to be pupils not teachers
But I see, thus my temperature is arctic

When I wake I'm in mourning
Whatever makes you wake is God

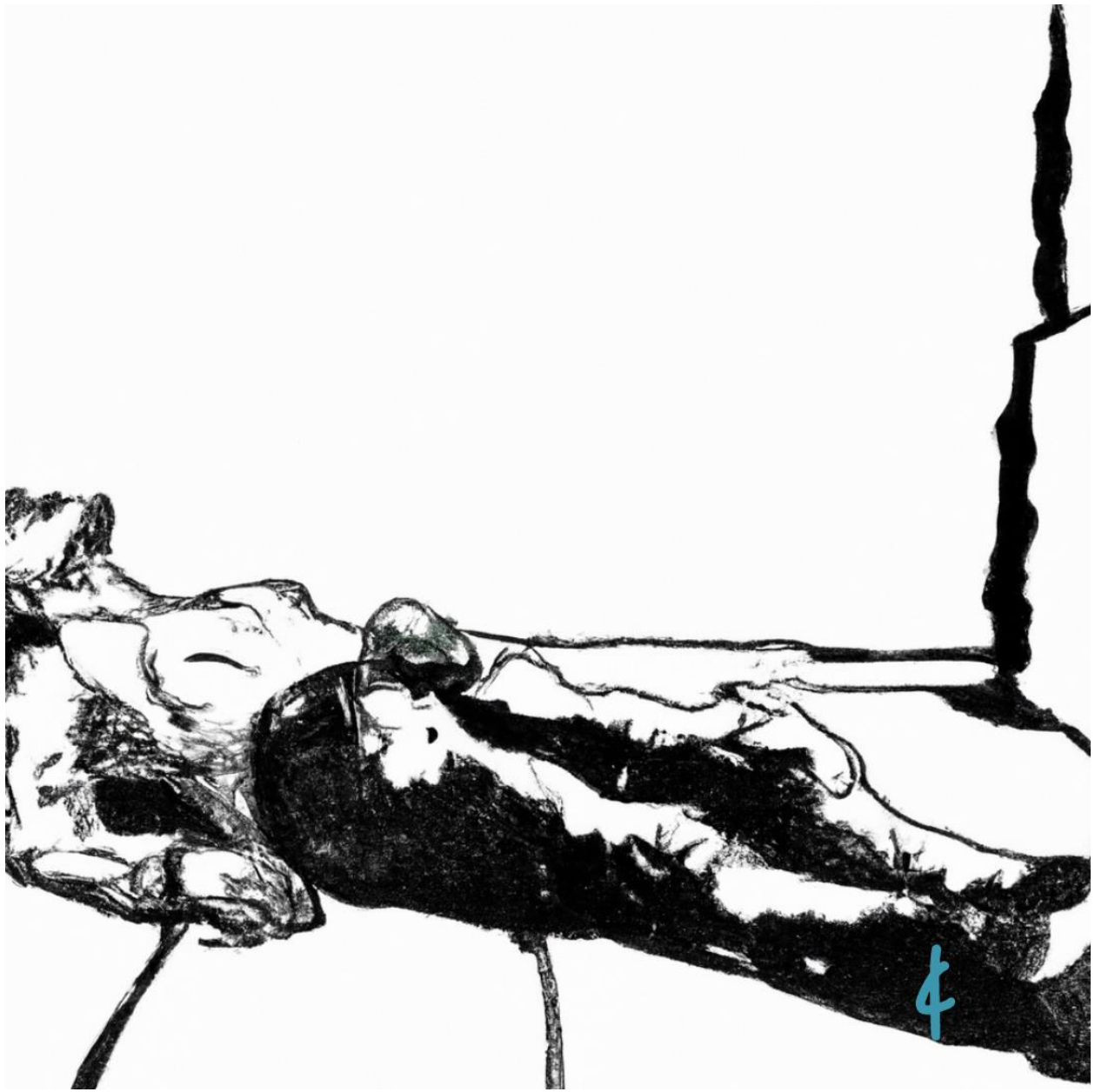
No amount of money can make me
Stop thinking or doing whatever I want

Life's not a fight think a bout it
Nothing is better than everything

Nothing>Everything
Nothing<Everything

The will to win: starts with a win for "you" followed by two l's
With a "w" in the n

Constant elevation causes expansion
There is no "free" will
True work is eating and sleeping, everything else is vain



Dear Ops

Bought my bro some shoes, bought my other brotha some jeans
Still serving white-fiends for green, what do you mean, fam-ILY
I WILL NEVER REGRET SELLING REGGIE TO w.a.s.p.s.
Way I make sales, should've majored in business
Moves made with work hiding in white socks
Moves made with work dodging white cops
This is none yours, they don't know no better
Proud to say I never served my people of color

Buy it from the plug, break it up in black bags
Drudging my ass off, drugs, why my pants sag
"was playing" was what they probably meant
Pray to god, still scheming like a demon semen
5'4 but 4'5 leave em' spent dead on the cement

This how I financed my tuition, out of the pen



¢

\$hutup!/?

Disconnecting Addiction
Dormant susceptible to anything
YOU KNOW
What evil sounds like

When ya forget an idea...
Write
Write when ya get an idea
Right

A picture is worth a thousand words
A word can paint an infinite amount of pictures
But
Example of you're right

Back when miracles was worthy
Don't focus on the bag focus on whats in it \$tole-n
Lacking interest in everything
Not enough effort

John'\$Ongs
How _____ people say weed
Perform dankage
rewarding serotonin
Ispot thinking zone

Care too much about your surrounding
Look outside the window,
which portal of memory are you gazing out of
Open road, open range, where you traverse

All roads travel out
Cough and baby im laying
Go home to your family make it best
HahaHall

It overgoes the mountains, roads, and storms of this world
Mentally, time and space cant measure my love for ya
You're a liar, a manipulator, and needy
I cheapened it by saying it
If I told ya I love ya, im sorry

Don't be hatin, past the haze find meaning in truth
Friendship lives to outgrow each other
Living like I cant go broke
Not understand that you live and die alone



¢

Life: Who to Thank?

Dope to think
Good ideas quick to slip
Write expeditiously

How do you sound in your mind
NO VOICE

Police don't Stop crimes
Who hurt you...
Becuz I would never

Its ha favorite fucking.. \$ong

To short girls,
Growup, you're not the right height

"Don't laugh @ a joke u don't get tas racist"
-Someone's M@M&

My opinion is my favorite

\$peak truth in minimal words
Demonstrate

Where I come from: da letter behind the money matters most;
1k
Vs.
1m

\$pitta or quitter
^do ya live through 2talk bout it or not \$peak@ll

Aidstest Carot
M 'n' B
Last place robber looks

WHATCHA" DOING WITMA MONEYE
*Dolla\$ in Bible, Qu'ran, Torah, Sanskrit
CUNeFORm



4

M.G Goes On Date

Couple is at vegan restaurant on the first date after meeting on Tinder. J.D is asking questions to better gauge M.V, deciding if they will have sex, date, or enjoy this time together and no more. M.V seems disconnected physically although engaged within the conversation answering directly and honestly.

J.D: Why do parents have the best advice?

M.V: Their Just words.

J.D: Why do some parents never say I love you to kids?

M.V: They're just words.

J.D: Can you actually say SOMETHING?

M.V: There. Just words..

[Summary]

They're there their Just words.

They're there? Their Just words

They're there? Their Just words!

They're there! Their Just words?

They're there! Their Just word!

There their Just words they're just words.

There? Their Just words? They're just words?

There? Their Just words? They're just words!

There? Their Just words! They're just words!

There! Their Just words! They're just words!

There! Their Just words! They're just words?

There! Their Just words? They're just words?

Their Just words there they're just words.

Their Just words? There? They're just words?

Their Just words? There? They're just words!

Their Just words? There! They're just words!

Their Just words? There! They're just words?

Their Just words! There! They're just words!

Their Just words! There! They're just words?

Their Just words! There? They're just words?

Their Just words! There? They're just words!

2-4-6-8...

_____ just words

- a. Their
- b. There
- c. They're

...not that great

[Summary Summary]

They're there, their "conversation" just words.



D'Men

(Human): ...
Life has purpose?
“Division is in us”

[1+1=3: case of organisms]
Bible= inbreeding of selves

Prehistoric people first (word)
[REproduction: cellular division]

Pangea or Eden (spiritually, mentally, physically)
[Life] stopped being about (eating, sleeping, procreating)

{There was a rush to create “time” _> now no time to create}
There are no races, countries or continents that weren't manmade
[Every concept explained is manmade: (words) are expressions of ideas]

Human:
Giving>Getting
For-giving>For-getting



cUP Consent Remix

Repose; worriless words woven, entire lives played out in fictitious entities of stories.
Slumping, shoulders inclined in acute accordance

Send my Ethiopian to go pray at Mickey D's,
For my ugly days, pretty petty spending

Sepulchral sobriety, short-slub vulgar selvedge edges
Deliciously damaged denim, depressions in designs of darken tinge

Advertisement: superior shuttle looms, sealed self edge, tediously simple
Weight 12.5 oz, beam hold the jeans, beam hold me down

Prometh pint particles perpetrate pigskin leather patch
Forlorn frills dangle at the knees, forgive fairly

Snap the seal, issaproved, slurp
Languorous liquid my muddy buddy

Ingredients: 20 fl oz corn syrup, 4 fl oz codeine syrup. 24 like Kobe
Respiratory depression suppressant.

Fill 'er UP clutch cup: extruded polystyrene foam
Syrupy elixir. Stained several styrofoam Sprite tsunamis

Withhold the dope's potency under lung bags
Carnage in cup, desire carnal insatiability for dirt

Lament dripping upon the trousers, temporarily
Japanese denim, nocturne blue, medication coated demitasse.

Insatiable addict appetite, self-quarantine.
Subtle breeze brushes neck hair reacting erectly, retreating into the comfort of the drank.

Slow sip from the monolith double stack, ice collides
Cold breath rebounded to the face now hints of neon radioactive cherry

Gazing at the blank perforated ceiling, now slowing down
Sensational perception disorientated, restrained euphoria, and acute chill
Throat engorged in liquid, past the diaphragm, tongue numbs

Sinking into sheets as lustrous thoughts form
Remnant scent of dope, stain the teeth as taste buds contract in bitter recollection

Reality shake. Kmhf. Wooden desk's end meets cup's base
Solidarity witnessing dolorous murk

Reach over for pulsating screen
BLANK



Nite Show

“midnight awaken, hyperventilating”

‘1:30 am’ reads my phone laying next to my cold wrapped up body. I’m slumped, and begin craving food... probably best to ration some money for the weekend, the boys want to go out. Cigarettes it is. I hop out of bed and pick up my jeans from the ground along with a wrinkled black tee shirt laying around. Fuck, it’s probably cold, maybe I should bring a jacket? Where the fuck did I throw it? Ah cool here it is. I fumble to put on my socks and shoes, the last thing I grab before I jet is my hat.

Thinking about her as I usually do... fuck, I shouldn’t be; I have no right to. Suppose it’s another reason to drink this weekend, as if my stockpiling assignments weren’t enough. Dimly lit streets have a comforting effect on my mood, each deep exhalation, the release of my tension. I make my way past East Market street; my eyes begin adjusting to the starkly radiant beam of the Casey’s sign’s light. Ding, I’m greeted with an overly enthusiastic smile

“Hello there, and what can I get for you this fine evening” asks the man in the bright red polo.

“Hi there” I manage to get out before I begin coughing as if the cold air outside has emptied and all that’s left is the reality of my tar soaked lungs. Fuck this is taking it’s toll on me.

“Sorry about that-“

“-Oh no trouble”

“May I please have a pack of Pall Mall reds?”

“Yeah of course, longs or shorts?”

“Longs please”

“Alright and will that be all?”

I look at a snickers bar as my stomach growls.

“Yeah, that’ll be it thanks”

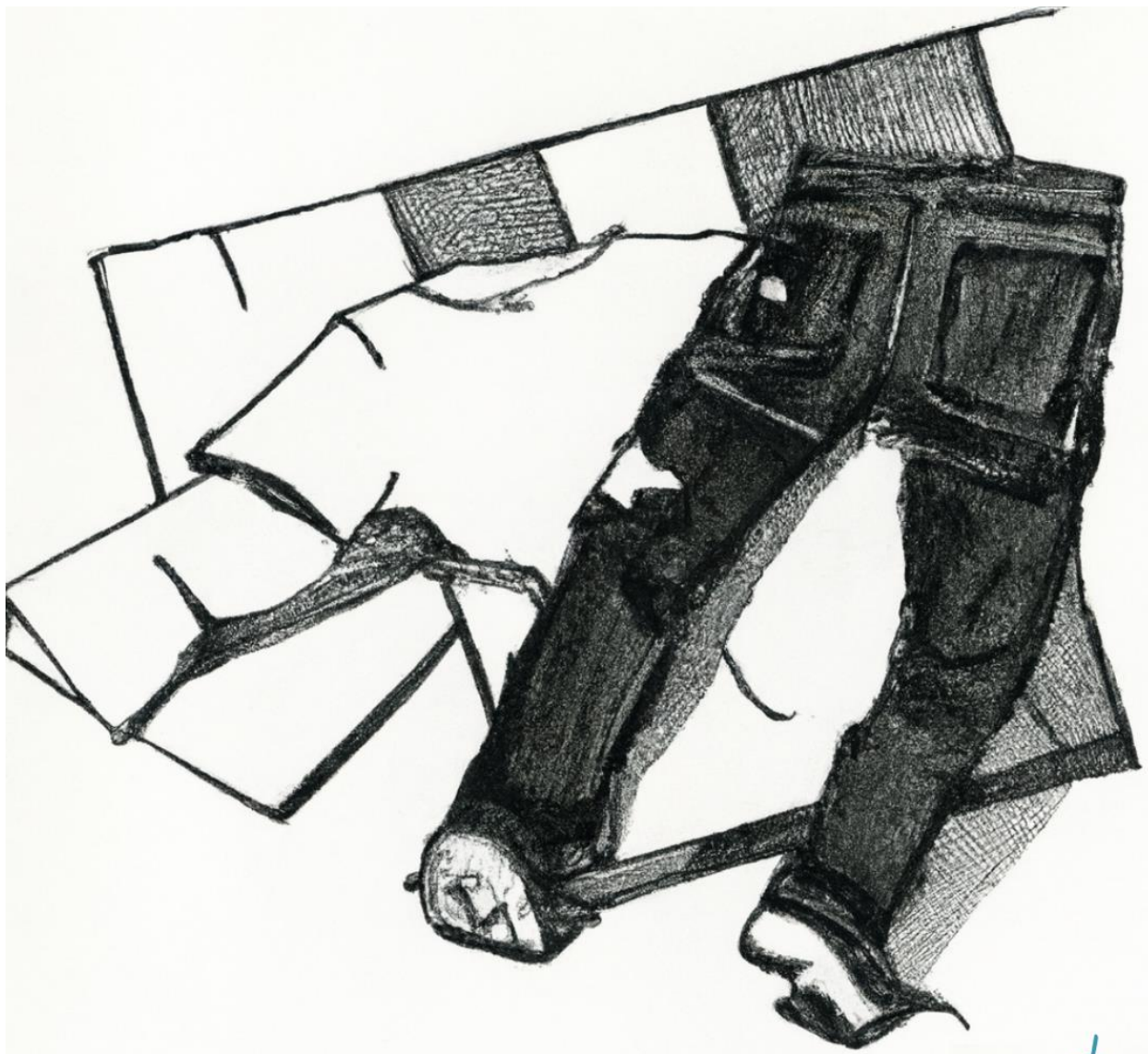
Swipe my card, then the man in the red polo and I part ways. Ding, as my cold hands unwrap the box, the ruby red colored box has always been appealing, a grin escapes as I remember my first cigarette a year ago with Quincy. How that green Chicago grass compare to this icy Midwestern breeze. It was a different season, a past season, wanted to be more of a real writer. Become a staple in history. Pall Malls are staple, after all Vonnegut smoked them, I justify.

Light up the cigarette once I hit the street light. No cars. Walk against the light, and just my luck a cop car happens to be passing. Whatever. ‘1:50 am’ reads my phone. My hands are dry in this brisk weather. Walk towards my dorm I begin to rationalize my need for one more square before bed, I hardly ate today after all.

Arrive to my usual spot, positioned near the forest. Light another square and just as I do I notice the same family of raccoons I’ve seen every night for the past few months. Nature’s finessers I think.

With each puff a new thought: school, family, work, expectations, teenage angst, her. As I near the end of the cancer stick I decide to check my phone one last time before heading inside. One new message on snapchat. Interesting. Wait for the message to load, I almost drop my cig as I realize it's her. 'U up?' reads the black lettering which stands out as much as the Casey's logo in this time of night.

'2:05 am' reads my phone as I stomp out my cigarette and bid farewell to my furry forest friends, nature's finessers. It's been a long day and it's about to be an even longer night.



¢

VERY RARE

Why r u still talking to me

U win, NOW fuck off

U suck, WHATEVER

U always act like ur life is so hard like ur gunna kill urself so what's the point

U piss me off ___!

Ur so ungrateful and petty

Constantly lifting u up is tiring-not worth it if ur just gonna treat me like shit in return

K u suck

Meany head

Don't bother waking up tomorrow to talk to me before work

WHATEVER. U want to be temporary, so be it

Ur hurtful, FUCK YOU

Ur a fucking ass whole u really won't factime ur girlfriend after I went through all that trouble to cheer u up again

FUCK U

No person should ever have the power to make me feel as shitty as u did tonight

U ignored me, pushed me away, pestered me

I don't deserve this shit

I can't have u constantly doubting me and our relationship

That's not fair

I don't like when other people talk about me

U don't understand how much the shit u say hurts ME and stays in MY mind

I'm just really sad

I'm not just here for u to bang, smoke, and drink with

I want a SERIOUS relationship

I just feel like ur using me

Or that u don't really like me

I'm just a little fed up with ur moody attitude and bipolar personality

I feel like ur not the same person I fell in love with this summer

I just feel like im not urs

I still don't get actual time with u

I'm not a place holder

I'm not just someone u can cuddle with and who keeps u warm at night

Relationships don't last on just sex and food

I hate YOU

K

Don't expect to see me anytime son

I'm fed up

I hate u so fucking much right now cuz I should be asleep

Instead, im balling my eyes out over u

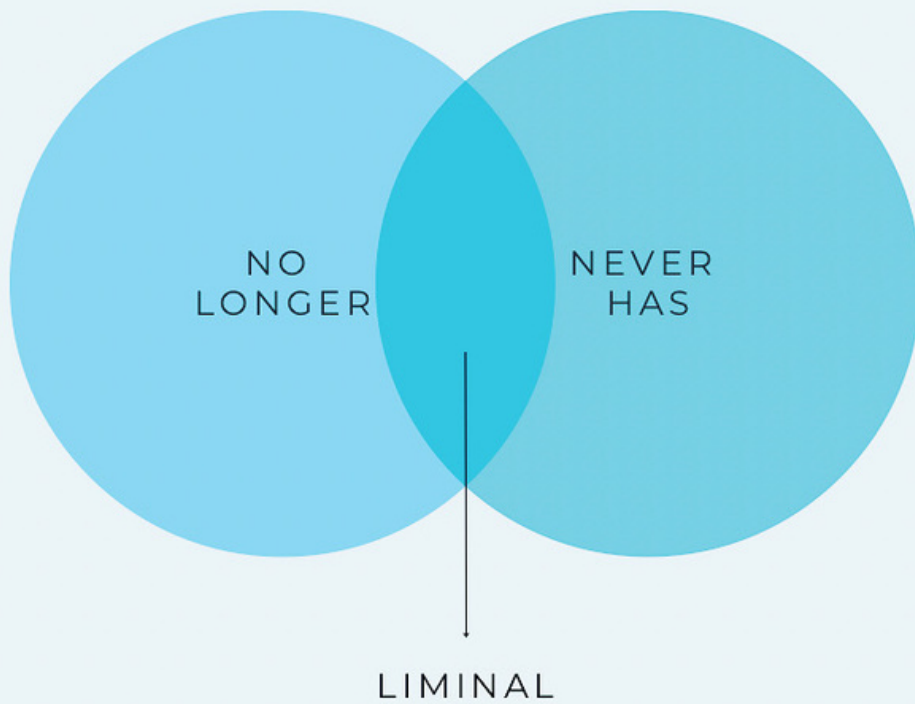
U called me a bitch

U told me to leave u alone

I can't stand u

I thought u were my best friend.

“self”



know the Truth

i big d r_i p.

Japanese selvedge denim
crisply cuffed over Jordan 3 cements.
sensational Savile \$wag a la Southside.

i arrived and left Iowa for poetry.
I-o-was going to be a psychiatrist...
until i realized

luggage lingers,
surrogate scenarios
play in pensive-perspective
prescriptive dopamine indulgence:
a.d.d.e.r.a.l.l., dope, coke, *lean*, xans, acid, shrooms, b^{oo}ze.

as i sob- i say it with my chest.
i cry at the smoldering grateful grief
which proliferates from existing in reality.

Homie told me *writers are likelier to commit suicide.*
“write on?”
he said i should
reach out if you need to.

God grabs a shotgun
and kills themself creating
the big bang and earth



Tinder Mentality

Swipe

Left

- apathy
- narcissism
- addiction
- resentful
- contentment
- lethargy
- mindless time waste
- impatience
- closemindedness
- fictious
- greedy
- jealous

Right

- belief i was created:
goal=manifest
- no limitations
- meditation
- exercise
- practicing gratitude
- practice discipline-selflove
- experiencing nature
- hobbies: creative & money
making
- moderate diet
- impress myself

DING!

No Internet Access

air=mind
earth= body
fire=spirit
water=emotion

conquer my body to control my emotions to control my mind to redirect my spirit

pollution



\$lang

I was raised in Southside Chicago.

Foenem, could you roll up I'm too high?

I gotcha dawg, ay, where the dope at?-

o nvrmind I'm tweakin

Hermano, how you up after poppin em xannys?

You know I was takin em like MnMs in school verdad?-

o nvrmind I'm tweakin

G, how's college like in Iowa?

Lotta corn & Caucasians-

deadass

Terminaste rolling up yet?

Casiii boi, lemme get the lighter right quick-

ightttt bet

Homie you get greens, that shit look pearled ah-fuck!

Lowkey mi major es rolling

Bruh shut-the fuck up

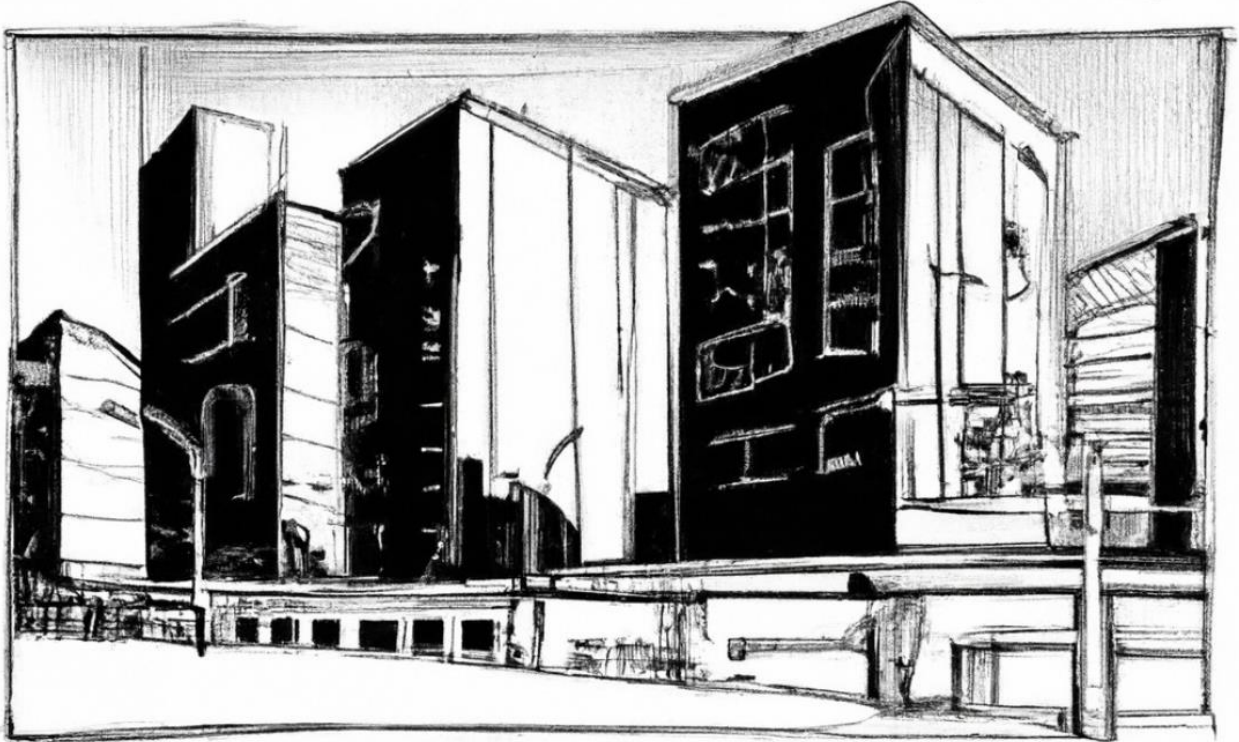
Nah, but forreal tho, business... so joints, hahahah

You tweakin', I missed yo goofy ass foe'

Me too perro, all amor

Me crié en el sur de Chicago.

WISD OFE



WISDSO &

Wine Tasting

With my past experiences
I've realized people try to befriend me for material things
They wanna get close to me, just to fuck me
People will use you for money, power, sex, and prestige
It's important to learn how to sniff those people out
And avoid any contact.
They are toxic and will hinder your progress

The best things get better with time.
My experience is my faithful ally
I'm choosing the mind state I approach obstacles with
I'm figuring out how to take care of myself
I've learned to prioritize my mind, my time, and my bank account
Certain nouns leech my energy
I'm more aware of people and their intentions



¢

Waking {Imagined}

And my head keeps spinning, can't stop having these visions, I gotta get with it. Focus on the "now," no blank space, no words, thoughts of feelings, look where you are. The caramel colored cover has the right form from laying and sitting. Shaped by a slumped posture, and persistent rest. Positioned to overlook the large windows displaying the block, pet murals and front lawns. The people live in a transitive condition of amusing distraction. Within, another couch to the right next to the door; to the left, cabinets of books, at glance, academic. Which escape is the right one: bodily or mentally? Is there ever an escape that proves worthy?

Spread, looking up at the fan in full kinetic movement, isolated in sedentary mind state. Blank, empty, plain, hollow, and vacant; all that is nothing. Watching life unfold, hands crossed behind head, separated from worry of moments in the later-now. Buddha and Jesus like, no message for the masses, save yourself not the world. Resurged self-energy flows, resulting in rippling thoughts but stagnated movement, not quite mediation or prayer. Ever present consciousness transmuted in the form of decayed ego, I see, eyes see. Detachment from desire manifests in gaunt appearance, laid back, existing is enough. Action would only weaken the silence which permeates the room, the block, my mind. In present, notions transcend previous stages and create fictitious entities of residing afterward, breathe out, all continues. Don't dwell on the past breath, be thankful for the current one, the next one may not come.

Farewell. Take care. Vibe Sagittarius. I am a joy to be around, I'm always like "ha-ha-haha" just kidding. You can't be serious. But maybe I am. Joy shouldn't be searched externally, it's stored within. The more I think the less I laugh. The binary of what I see and what I imagine, I'm trying to live somewhere in the middle. Never is just "ever" with the "n" in sight. You are -here-, on your block, in your house, in your living room, on your couch, in your mind, existing or something. I imagine I couldn't even imagine not being here.



Autotuned Sigh in Plaid Boxershorts:

articulate vocabulary.

noncommercial:
burning cash-
im sick...

addiction aesthetic:
narcotic haze-
pounds of clouds.

powerful sweetheart:
soft spoken self confidence-
brooding tsunami
crooning nearly mystical
drug drenched sonic wave.

the madness
screams
COCO

pronunciate:
commitment-
(high)ly addicted.

experimental
 decisions.
experimental diction.

new line.



untitled

a.d.d.e.r.a.l.l., dope, coke, *lean*, xans, acid, shrooms, b⁰⁰ze...
fill voids.

action would weaken the silence's saturation of the room & my mind.
notions evolve from earlier stages; they superimpose fictional futures.

I breathe out,
all continues

~looking up at the fan in full kinetic crusade, secluded sedentary mind state:
blank, hollow, and vacant; all that is.
witnessing life unfold, hands crossed behind my skull, detached from anxiety of moments in the
later-now

ever-present-consciousness transmuted in ego's form, I see, eyes see.

resurged self-energy flows, resulting in rippling thoughts but stagnated movement,
not quite meditation or prayer.

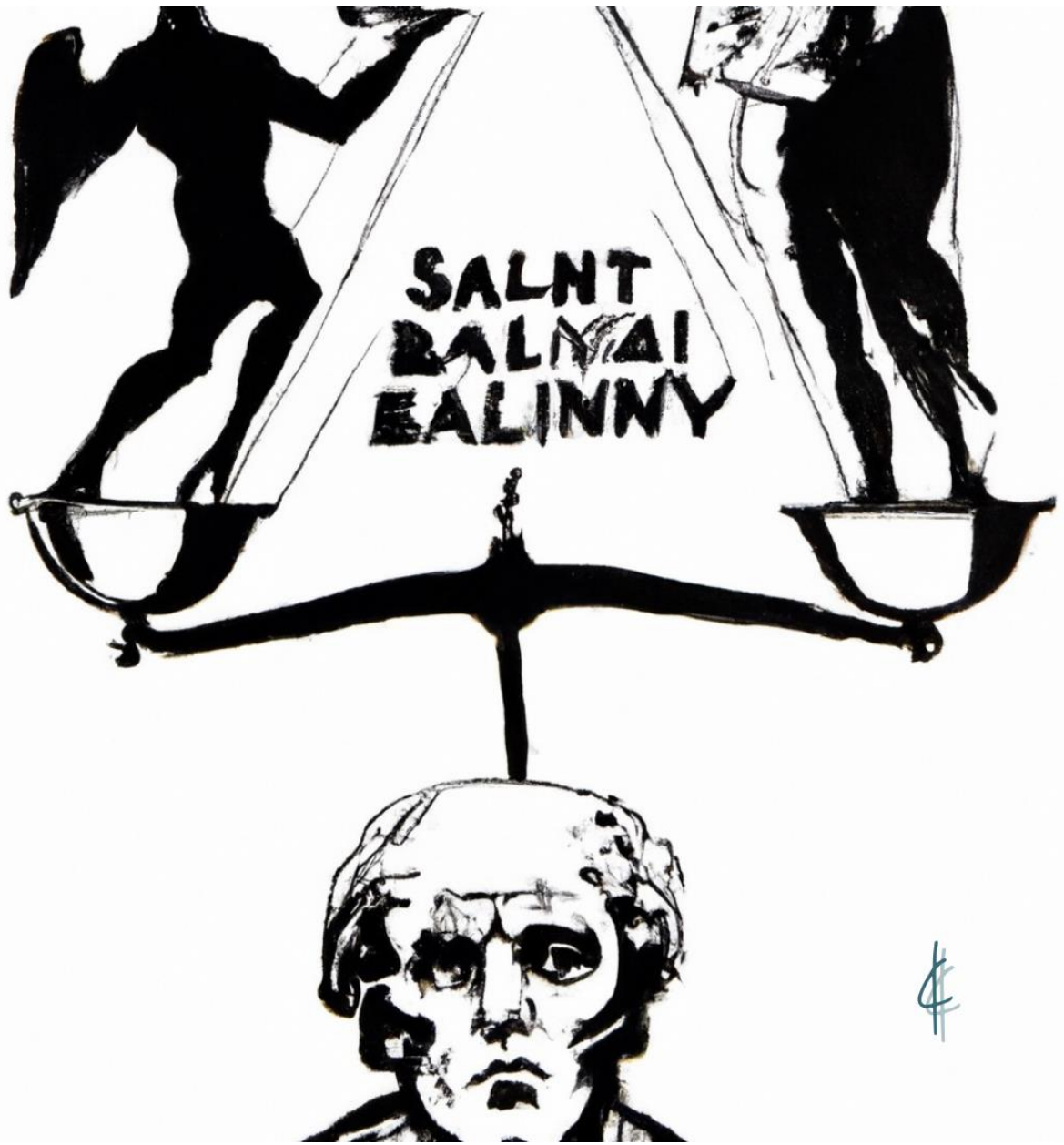
Buddha & Jesus-like:
save yourself not the world.

I imagine death as the unknown:
to be good/bad, or nothing...
but i've only experienced *Nothing*
before I was born.

non-breath, non-thought, is a reminder
that all is and will be regardless of my observations
or movement.

my transitory route is
spi
ral
ing

i'm a fan of narcotics
myself.



Love-luggage Lullaby

[visions of cherub chainsmoking cheap cigs]

(I N H A L E)

surmountable
play

but lingering
passively in

scenarios
pensive-perspective:

my fingers frolicked over your follicles focusing on gratification (facial fixation)

my placid poutpress
p a r t e d your pink lips

nirvana sauna:
our damp hearts suffocated,
as flames lubricated with gasoline tears.

ecstasy erotica:
you showed me
your soul

^we_t.

CUM-BUST-i on
you like that?

(E X H A L E)

we are- up in smoke.

you ashed the cigarette on my wing's skin.
nicotine fetish relinquished.

way you moved your lips
could've been ventriloquist
how you played me for dummy.



ending depression by hand²

I could make You feel

[with]

[when]

[my]

[i]

“write hand”

Homie: “writers are likelier to commit suicide”

“write on?”

Senses: “You sure are confused.”

“~~write way~~”

Thoughts: “You always make something out of nothing”

“right?”

write?”

<p>I feel you with my right hand I feel you when I write hand</p>	<p>I feel when you say right on I feel when you write on</p>	<p>I feel there is no right way I feel a way when I write</p>
---	--	---

physically writing and metaphorically combatting depression requires a similar approach:
hands on

² 800-273-8255 Help Hotline



God grabs a shotgun
and kills themselves creating
the big bang and earth

My desire is for desire, may I have
a reason to wake up.

I don't know why I want to live
but I'm hoping to live long enough to make something up.

Supposedly god said
"Let there Be []"
but that's some shit I said to my plug.

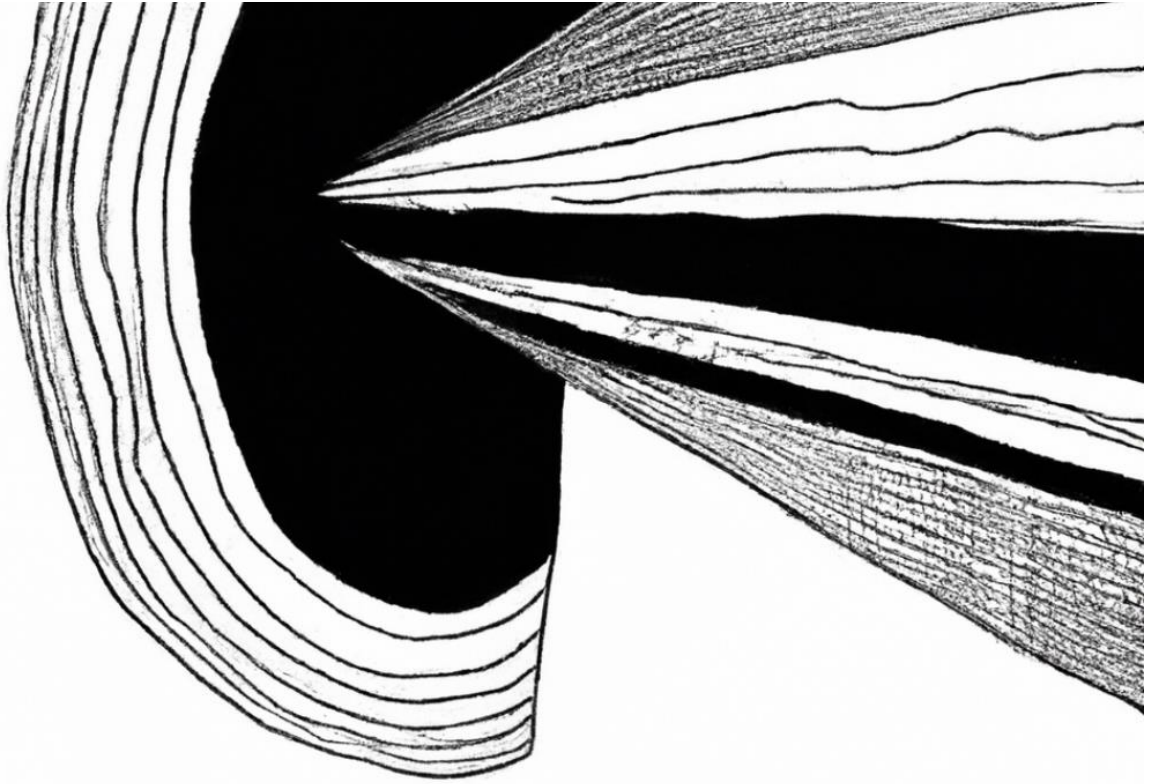
My Narrative:
im in the middle of something, im coming out of something, or im starting something.

I create adversities to face
and avoid asking "why me?"

I've been used but not abused,
the devil constantly fucks with me.

I try not to ignore myself, but my inner voice
instills fear/hate.

If god can do it, I can do it too.
I will create meaning.



¢

Fore Four For Dorm 444

Iowa for poetry. A writer.
I-o-was going to be a psychiatrist
before that
Best line I ever heard was from a white girl on acid:
“my fingernail itches”
I’ll **never** top that
I had an ego death realization:
I’m consciousness experiencing itself subjectively
through a body, mind, soul
Or...
family’s history of schizophrenia is aggravated by
illegal (nouns).

I:

- sipped codeine since age 11 when abuelo died.
- snagged painkillers from grammy’s cabinet.
- smoked cigs and dope in high school.
- downed alcohol & psychedelics in college.
- hate being sober like Chief Keef.

I would never sign a non-compete clause
pinning writing against drugs.
My “art” can’t take it.

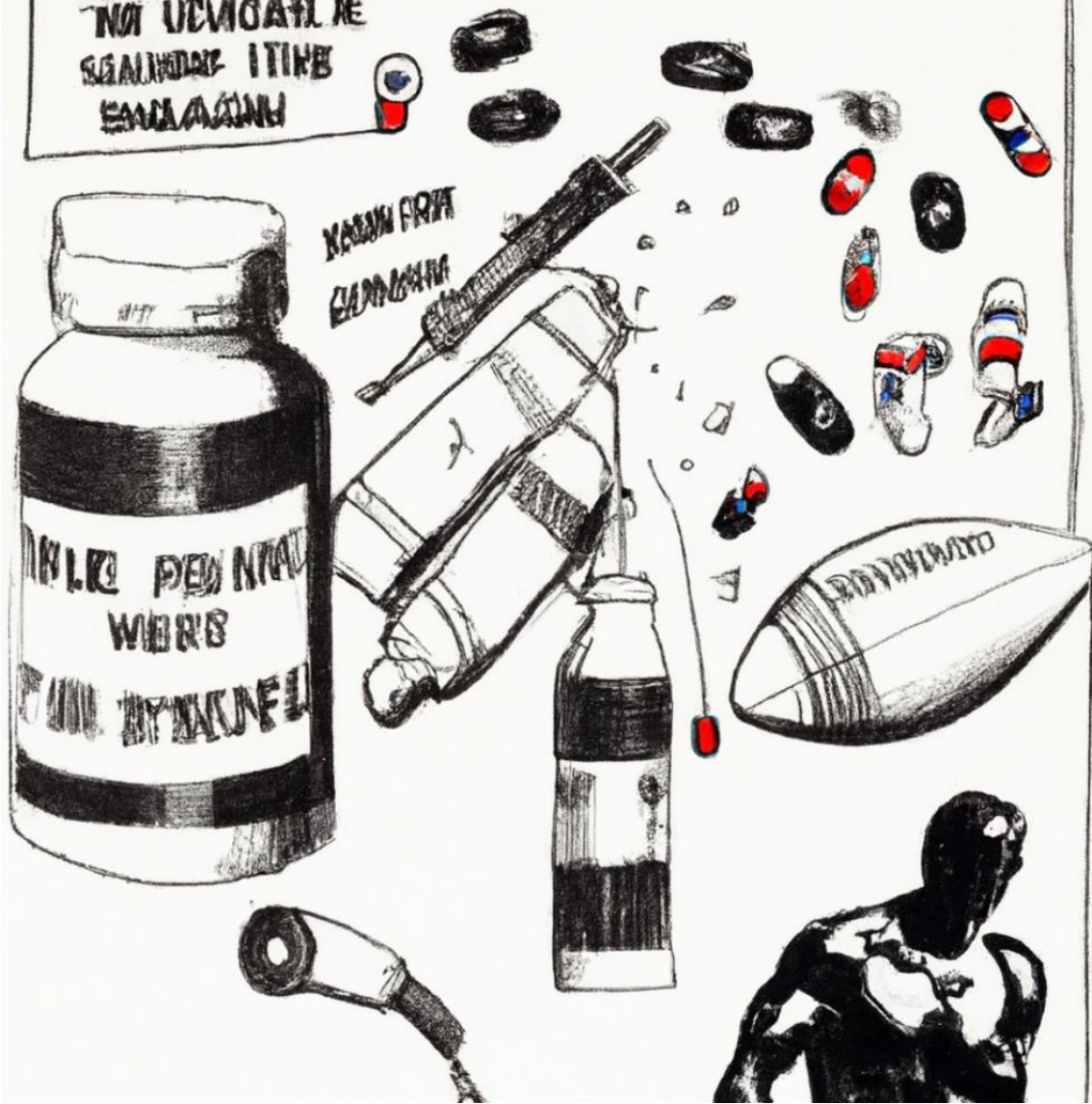
“What steroids are to the athlete, substances are for the artist”

X

M.G

ED OMS KUMAH PAKA...
RIND. DAWA DANTISAPU
NOT UMOATLE
SALUDAT ITHB
EMASAMU

20125 TV MUMLEBY
WOPICHENS WAPBE DEPS



4

\$wag Disease-23

Dopamine indulgence,
exported Japanese selvedge denim
crisply cuffed over
Jordan 3 cements.
Sensational Savile drip a la Southside.
Cop half ounce

Dispense tobacco onto pavement,
fill flat dark leaf with dope,
lamine with lips while rolling into cone,
reach into back pocket, pull bicky.
Flame up the illusion
Smoke and mirrors, lifestyle...

Amazed at how much fire fits in this blunt
and how fire my fit is.
Who am I kidding?
Tell that lil boi mind your business
I mean all that, serious

I'm not broke, the Onion, where you get your news at
Stop playing with me fore I annex that get-back
Wads of dough, 20s, 50s, know imma get that
Got the smoke, case you wanna chit-chat

Know I'm zoned, when alone, puffing on that strong
When gas is gone, chase racks along, hitting marks like beer pong



¢

Bad Honey

I'll be god damned
So damn high, I think I see god.

Everything comes out of nothing and returns to it
Noticing my surroundings, my come-up,
I knew I was destined to be a heartbroken.

I knew I was real when my mama had me.
Formed of Satan & Saint to balance energies
I might look like one, but I'm no dummy.


Girl if I ain't shit, why you like me then?
I'm gone come out the blue and give your ass the blues,
tryna figure out the nicest way to say I don't fuck with you.

She told me that she loved me but she
still judges me off my past
She asked me, "Ay, who's your friend?"
1-800 hot girl shit

I asked her why she cheated, she said:
"Love cannot exist without apathy,
in a world of balance,
there is no good and evil,
therefore, it must be created to be experienced,
you're welcome for contributing to your experience"



¢



DECIDE
THIS IS WHAT
YOU WANT:
COMMIT TO ACTION

Bayou Siren: Mrs. Peacock

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Bayou Siren Mrs. Peacock

There's no added significant to the world outside, that I don't eventually integrate into the internal thoughts.

-when you think about thinking long enough, you'll float to an experience, person, place, or thing eventually (noun).

evidentially writing from an empty place is one of my hardest experiences, I question every single motive, it yields no fruit to simply read the nutrition label.

My gigabytes feel overrun by crosswiring, the examination of thought creates loopholes, end points, and beautiful/painful memories (life) ~any life that is lived is worth regretting, the sequential outcomes of decisions or mistakes impart a feeling that even if a different option was employed, it'd still be worth regretting...

I wrote this because I can't sleep pondering my existence.

Gold Coffee: Sun Fall Candle

Dispelled some tears to the thought of our shared moments
My lens fog w/ the sentiment of nostalgia in the moment.
there's lonely times, heart driven to miss you so photogenic emotions
crisped by the passing lightening active,
starlit moonlight, cosmic, still life
continues in my present. finger nail biting, digging flick,
the crust of the moments gone

Sun falls partly in my candle, lemme tip the waitress for the coffee
in gold.

itchy twat bitch

my Orlando blues
comes in like hot
southern afternoons w/ light
shining through pavement

hot neck, out washed in light
walking towards home, on the
bus

BANK CLOSED
Members M.I.A

Dry-tide,
silent public broadcasting

solemn sobriety

my language is the decimal place of my soul.
(tone's nuanced)

stimulate your brain with WORDS

pupil, half black,
memory point,
self portrait is the art idea

the mind is the machine
iThink

Start: \$ymbol
Brand, Icon, Historic
-attributes
-attachment to era/time

CHILD

THINK!: don't speak unless asked to

LISTEN with undivided attention @ all times

REFLECT on your exterior actions/motives: do manifest what you think

Talk with assurance, authority, and honesty (keep short). ONLY
SPEAK: for you and about your experiences/knowing but THINK

Focus on YOU but...
CARE 4 EVERY1

the major key to a better future is you
value makes the difference in results
learn to work harder on yourself
IF YOU DON'T CHANGE THINGS, THINGS WONT CHANGE

Discipline & Execution
find out how things work (ideas-JOURNAL),
study (w/childish curiosity),
read,
learn setups (USE, whatever you don't use you lose, sow and reap)

GOALS: economic, material, personal development
[work plans] write down goals

you won't get everything you want...but you can get plenty

DESIRE- digest and resolve through action

humans bemused by machines

snakehead w/ heart shaped brown eyes
humans bemused by machines.

Midwestern grey horizon, fainted under
electrical plant
"why do you want someone to be better or different
than this?"

boxer shorts, the saint's sadness.

business intention had the latest sounds in society.
imminent gothic skyscraper.
supreme compressor pistons.
athletic supplies: wool caps and grey slacks,
white sneakers, and baby blue bandanas.

rumbling rustler, profound pulp in the Midwesterner's
pocketbook. FLU FLAMER.
vulgar.

hot headed & cold hearted, independent.
brilliant consciousness bleakness.
elite thots.

hysterical economic security
exclusive movie democracy section.

nostalgic smoky growl.
philosophizing allurements: idleness.

writing is the spirit self-therapeutic education burden.
I internalize suicide.

sophisticated mosquitoes
transparent phosphorescent
majestic golden sunrise.

World City TIME.
memories remind-temporary
unimportant direction.

ink\$hop rapper

there's no pressure for this to become anything,
or the intent to be beyond the crayola reasoning of, this looks
pretty to me. PINK pussy always on my mind, trying to transcend my
primate habits when inhaling green earth. ambitions of whipping that
new sports care, prolly in red. did you even read this again? could
use some revision you must be color blind, or worse
a thinker not a
writer.

somedays I favor thinking,
less to do, no responsibility
of sharing my thoughts, more
lonely.

mh-hm

still thinking of getting
blue-d

ETERNAL TRAP: elevate and expand

Action v. Motion

action-experiencing, writing, working

motion-outlining, researching, thinking

the ultimate self care is progression

Accountability + Discipline= Success {efforts NOT the results}

Accountable

-an obligation or willingness to accept responsibility or to account for one's ACTIONS

Discipline

-to train or develop by instruction & EXPERIENCE especially in regards to self control

-pattern of behavior

sure enough

ghost kiss of my past, phantom tears, glancing up, imagining
floating embrace

everyone okay?

steel nail polish, turnt up fun,
use membrane
circle,
futile word..
discard.

bodily use only,
easy going-link
degree
death's drip drops

restup, string, lead, \$taxxx,
chopped
commercial break.

caffeinated wolftorn

it's worth knowing,
a time,
memory,
daily devotion,
of God.

to recalibrate emotions and feelings:
lost & despair.

embedded, a desire to show up=discipline

GOD IS LIFE AND WE'RE ALL LIVING IT
our purpose not our amusement

we are used to not working on ourselves,
living out our dreams, worthy [existence].

[COMPLETE CONTROL-Body Language, Breathing, Diet, Gratitude, Health,
Self Image, Self Talk]

biologically based in competition
divinely based in humanity (empathy)

do you ever write something to later hear how
it'll sound?

i don't care
i don't know
&
it doesn't really matter

have you ever been in a moment so painfully
beautiful you KNOW it would end in a blink?
ALL LIFE IS FLEETING
not much has the chance for beauty in a highly publicized age of
visibility.

The beautiful moment is marketed, repackaged, and sold to everyone,
struck and stuck in our minds. binding us to that idea, instead of
integrating OUR imagination to the present.

GASOLINE
BLEACH
SHARPIES

existence relief

an idea is more valuable than resources
if people can unite under it's belief

Value

Idea

Connection

what's your most strongly held idea?
[the "Sun" in the orbit of your inner matrix]

if a person chooses to look for themselves,
they run the risk of being overshadowed

if a person chooses to lookout for others,
they run the rusk of discrimination.

fr i end

it's electrifying and terrifying to consider I'm here.

I forgot what it felt to have a surrounding love.

I'd give myself up because I want you to enjoy life
past my being

YOU TURN my life's periods into ellipsis,
let's continue...

shaving the moment

Swayed away into the winds of uncaring probability,
what are the odds that truly @ this point in time,
your existence or my own isn't just a blip
in human history, until there are no longer those
fashioned to the constraints of plausible mortality.
Isn't that why we reproduce?
So a part of us is here to witness and influence
that which is to come
I'm uncertain it prolly matters, or anyone for that matter,
but
they do make up my world, as it's
fashioned in my observed reality.
Even those that have come before me
expressing that which is uncovered by facing
what's in front of us
blinding truth

ALPHA-above all

the game is finding THE "game" you enjoy/connect with the most
speed of life is frightening when you understand it's unrefundable.

the bitter cross examination my imagination would play, craved more
focus on particular essence with which free flowing conversations
lacked.

at the highest level of mastery another level could be added to make
that which once seemed insurmountable the normative styling,
I do my thing in this game of writing.

\$KIMASK



PSALMS

Chiraq Kerouac

Autographed Obituary



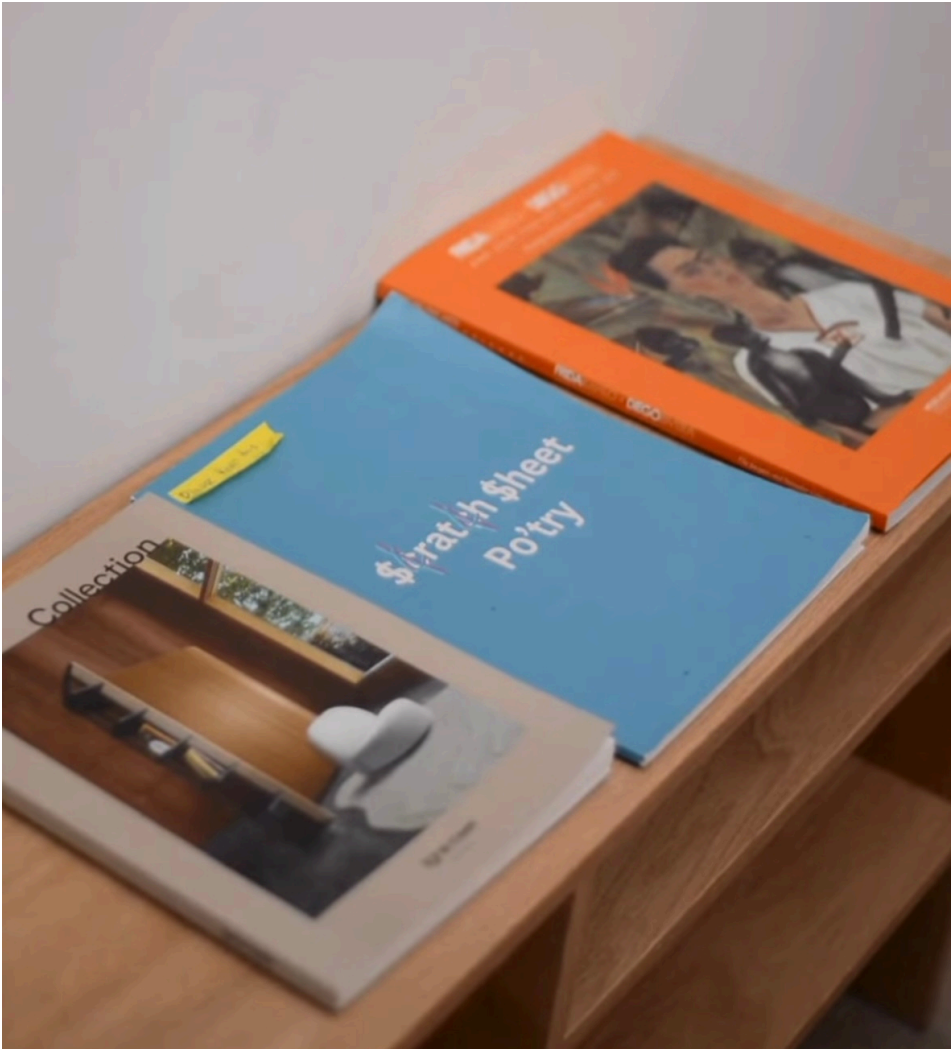
Autographed Obituary

WHEN THE SHOOTERS COME WITH SILK SKIS ON YOUR STREET.
PERKED OFF EM CHIRPS, BLASTING UPBEAT JAZZ, DRILLING WITH
THE BIG DRUM.

RAQ WILL BE AUTOGRAPHING YOUR OBITUARY
BEFORE THE BIRDS SING TO THE PIGS.

JESUS WAS BORN IN A MANGER,
I WAS RE-BORN IN THE TRAP

CREATING A CREATIVE HOME



CREATING A CREATIVE HOME

ART IS A PRIVILEGE BUILDING UP RESOURCES-
"BELONGING" RITUALS FOR PROTECTION AND WELL BEING.

PRODUCTION BEING DICTATED BY STRUGGLE BODY/HOME/LAND

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM: PERMANENT
LIBRARY RESIDENCY

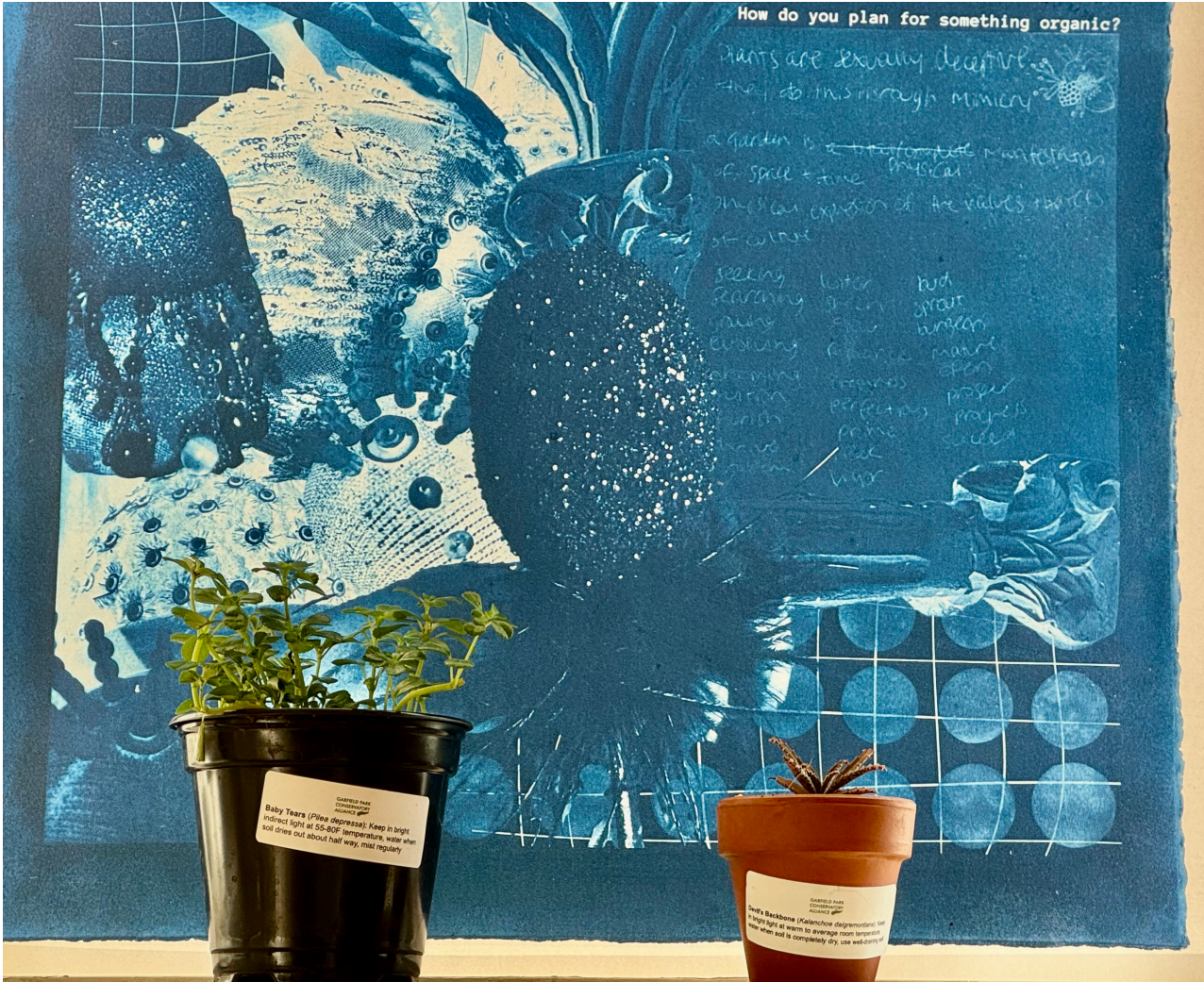
GOD IS THE GREATEST

FOSTER FAITH, FOCUS ON ALL THE GOOD ALL GRACE, ALL
GLORY TO GOD

PIVOTING WITH UNLIMITED STAMINA: EXCELLENCE
LISTENER PROBLEMSOLVER SELECTIVE SCARCITY
VARIABILITY VULNERABILITY

LIFE DESIGN: CHI
EDITION

EXISTENCE MINIMUM



EXISTENCE MINIMUM

LIBERATION FROM THE MOMENT, FOREVER
HOLY, FOREVER PRESENT.

FIGHT OR FLIGHT, IT TOOK YEARS
TO WRITE THIS LINE.

EXISTENCE
MINIMUM.

GOD MAY I ALWAYS CENTRALIZE THE BLESSING IN THE
MIDST OF LIFE (ONGOING PROCESS). GRATITUDE IN ALL
SITUATIONS- CONTINUAL EVEN IN GREY THERE IS
DISTINCT SIMILARITY.

CELEBRATE THE SPLENDOR, BY EMBODYING IT IN YOUR OWN
WAY, CERTAINTY THAT GOD HAS ENTRUSTED YOU WITH THE
LIFE YOU'RE "SUPPOSED" TO LIVE

FREE FLOWING TRUTH, AWARE OF EVERYONE IT CAN
MUSTER, THERE IS EXCELLENCE CONTINUALLY AROUND US.

WITH MY LIFE FAST APPROACHING, I WANT TO
INTENSIFY MY ADORATION & ADMIRATION FOR GOD'S
BLESSINGS IN MY LIFE

Exhaustion Awareness



Exhaustion Awareness

ENERGY MANAGEMENT (CHECK-INS) -
RESTFUL SLEEP

EMOTIONAL CARETAKER -
ORGANIZATION MANAGEMENT

EMOTIONAL, ENVIRONMENTAL, MENTAL, PHYSICAL

BRAIN TO GO UNCONSCIOUS MODE MUSIC-SONG YOU HAVE
LOCATED IN YOUR NERVOUS PATHWAYS 3 MINUTE DRILL BREAK.

SHUT DOWN COGNITIVE FUNCTIONS
[LOUD AS POSSIBLE] (LISTEN)

\$SCREAM-DEplete CORTISOL/ADRENALINE CU\$\$ @
SOMETHING FOR 2 MINUTE DRILL BREAK.

THERE'S DIFFERENT EMOTIONAL PATHWAYS TO CRYING;
UNPROCESSED EMOTION- GETTING FINISHED

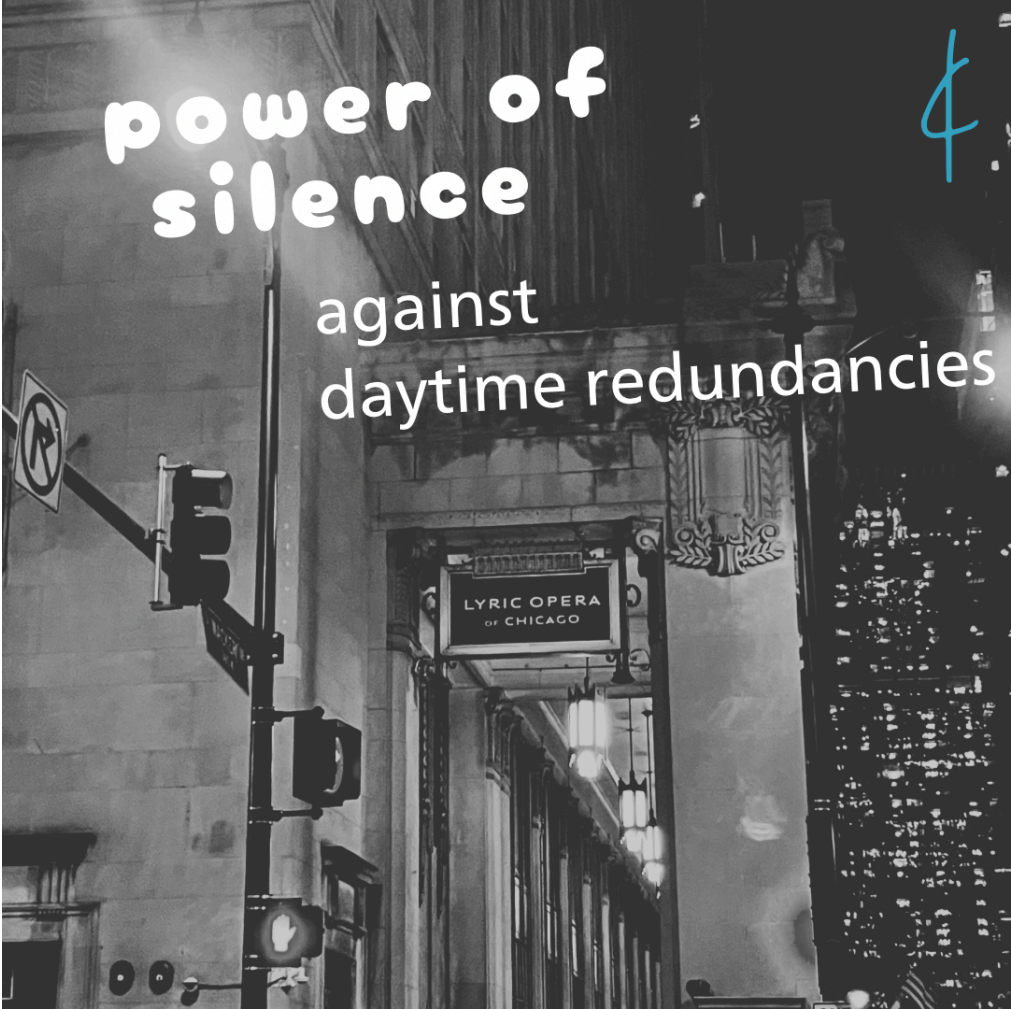
EXAGGERATE SITUATIONS (WORRY RELEASE)

F*** UNSAIDS & UNFELTS-
EXPEL VS. PROCESS

AWARENESS VIA SENSORY- LISTENING VS.
READING (PHYSICAL CUES-FOCUS ON ENERGY
DRAINERS)

SPACE ALLOTMENT OF ENVIRONMENT -
CLOTHES & BEHAVIORAL

Favela's Favorite



Favela's Favorite

BEAT MARCHES ON-CRAZY AS NEED BE
CULTURAL AWARENESS-NUANCED POWER UP

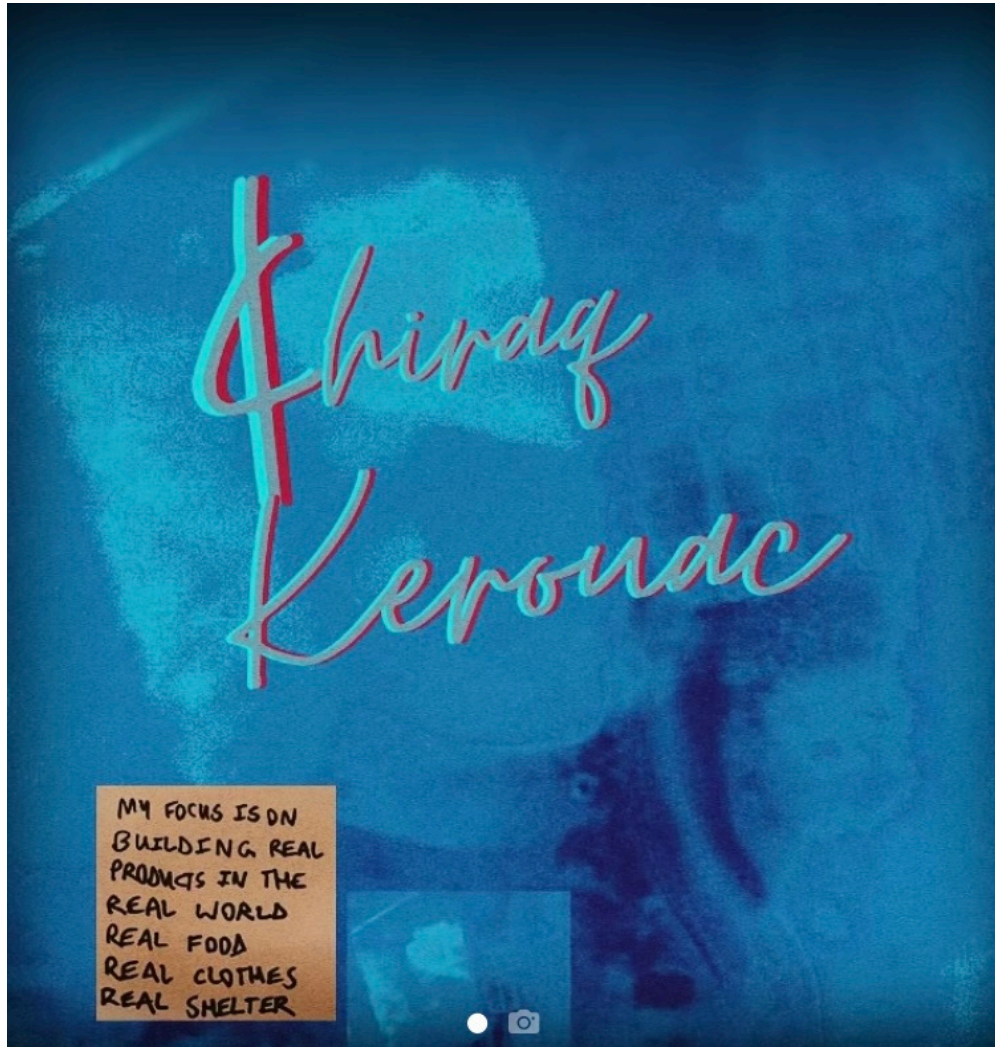
THE MOMENT YOU'RE BORN,
LIFE COMES WITH A WARNING.

FAVELA- POOR INFRASTRUCTURE
IN THERE LIKE A SECOND HOME.
BIG BABY TRAP

TRAP: INTERNATIONAL PROPONENT- UNDERSTANDING
POVERTY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD STUDYING THE
NUANCES OF CONCENTRATED POVERTY

ANTI-SENTIMENTAL: A GOOD TIME IS
KNOWING WHEN IT'S DONE

GLO DELIGHT



GLO DELIGHT

TO THE ALMIGHTY,
BE ALL PRAISE.

DIRECTLY INTERACTING WITH SOURCE.

LOCK IN ON THE IMPORTANT THINGS,
WEALTH TO BLESS, NOT HORDE

ADVERTISING MY SOUL
IDC WHO DON'T LIKE, FR

BASIC HYGIENE [SLIM,
TRIM, AND WIN] H.I.M

YOUR MERCY FOREVER ACCOMPANIES ME

PHENOMENAL FOCUSED FLY-
CLOUD IS RETAINED WATER

IDC, NONE MAKE IT OUT ALIVE

GOD CREATES LIGHT FROM MY DARKNESS



GOD CREATES LIGHT FROM MY DARKNESS

DEFINED PURPOSE, LIVING TRUE TO THYSELF
REVEALED THROUGH ALIGNMENT TRULY TO GOD ALL
GLORY AND HONOR, YOUR ALMIGHTY WORD IS HOLY

GOD CREATES LIGHT FROM MY DARKNESS REFUGE
FROM MY OWN WORSTNESS

DESCENDENT OF DAVID, IF I COULD ALWAYS SING YOUR PRAISES THROUGH
PURE PSALMS

CHILLING WITH THE GURUS ART ALLOWS PEOPLE TO IDENTIFY AND
CULTIVATE THEIR VOICE MIX OF: BREAKING AND FOLLOWING TRADITION

THE TRUST ESTABLISHED FROM SOURCE AND VESSEL
DOCUMENTING DIVERSITY. MY HERITAGE IS IDENTITY TOGGLED
TO LOCATION.

SPIRIT ACTIVISM/INFRASTRUCTURE/MANAGEMENT SPACE
TO EXPERIMENT WITH MODELS. NON TRANSACTIONAL/NON
HIERARCHICAL.

KEEP EXPANDING THE CANON (CONTEMPORARY) CURATING
AS COMMUNITY BUILDING -EMERGING PRACTICE -
BUILDING RESOURCE IN COMMUNITY -"OTHERNESS"

CURATING AS PROTEST -SENSE OF
AGENCY (REGAIN) -ADAPTABLE -
ETHICAL RESPONSIBILITY

WRITING AS A SPACE FOR EXPRESSION INDEPENDENT-
SYSTEMS/INSTITUTIONS
INTERDEPENDENT COLLECTIVE COMMUNITY ENERGY.

Humbled Agression



HUMBLER AGGRESSION

GIVE LEEWAY TO HONOR
THE SPIRIT- BE WATER, BE
GRATEFUL.

I TRY NOT TO TAINT THE MEMORY WITH
TOO MUCH EGO.

WOULD LIFE TRULY BE ENJOYABLE
PLEASURABLE WITHOUT MINOR
INCONVENIENCES?

INDIVIDUAL TIME CLOCK BY THE
ETERNAL TIMEKEEPER FOLLOW SUIT IT'S
UNFOLDING IN REAL TIME FOR OTHERS
TOO

Limmerace Lyrics



Limmerace Lyrics

GOD PLEASE REMOVE MY
UNCONTROLLED _____ & GIVE ME
THE ENDURANCE NECESSARY TO
CARRY FORTH MY GIVEN MISSION.

PLEASE CONDITION MY SPIRIT TO BE MORE IN TUNE WITH
MY HIGHEST PURPOSE. MY LIFE IS ALWAYS IN YOUR HANDS,
OH MY LORD.

MY FAILING SUPERSEDES MY VICTORIES, ALL PROVIDED BY
MY LORD & SAVIOR TRULY YOUR MERCY IS THE GREATEST

THROUGH THE GRACE OF GOD, THE GLORY
REIGNS SUPREME

AS ABOVE SO
BELOW

PEERING DEEPER INTO MY SHADOWS



PEERING DEEPER INTO MY SHADOWS

PEERING DEEPER INTO MY SHADOWS W/ DISTINCTIVE PERSPECTIVE, ENRICHING THE LEXICON OF AMERICAN CONTEMPORARY POETRY.

FROM MY MOST SINCERE SCOPE OF OVER/
STAND UNDER

I THANK YOU GOD
ALMIGHTY!

EMBODY EXCELLENCE, GOD
WILLING.

GOD, PLEASE ENRICH MY SOUL WITH YOU AND ALLOW ME TO BE ALL I CAN BE. YOUR LOVE IS EVERYTHING, OH MY CREATOR! YOU CARRY ME THROUGH IT ALL, MY LORD. PAIN, ACHE, AND OVERALL SORENESS, GOD PLEASE HELP & FORGIVE ME. THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONSISTENT BLESSING AND PEACE, ALWAYS SURROUNDING. LET BLESSINGS REIGN ON THOSE POISED TO WORK & RECEIVE, YOUR MERCY KNOWS NO LIMITS YOUR LOVE IS BOUNDLESS & MARVELOUS

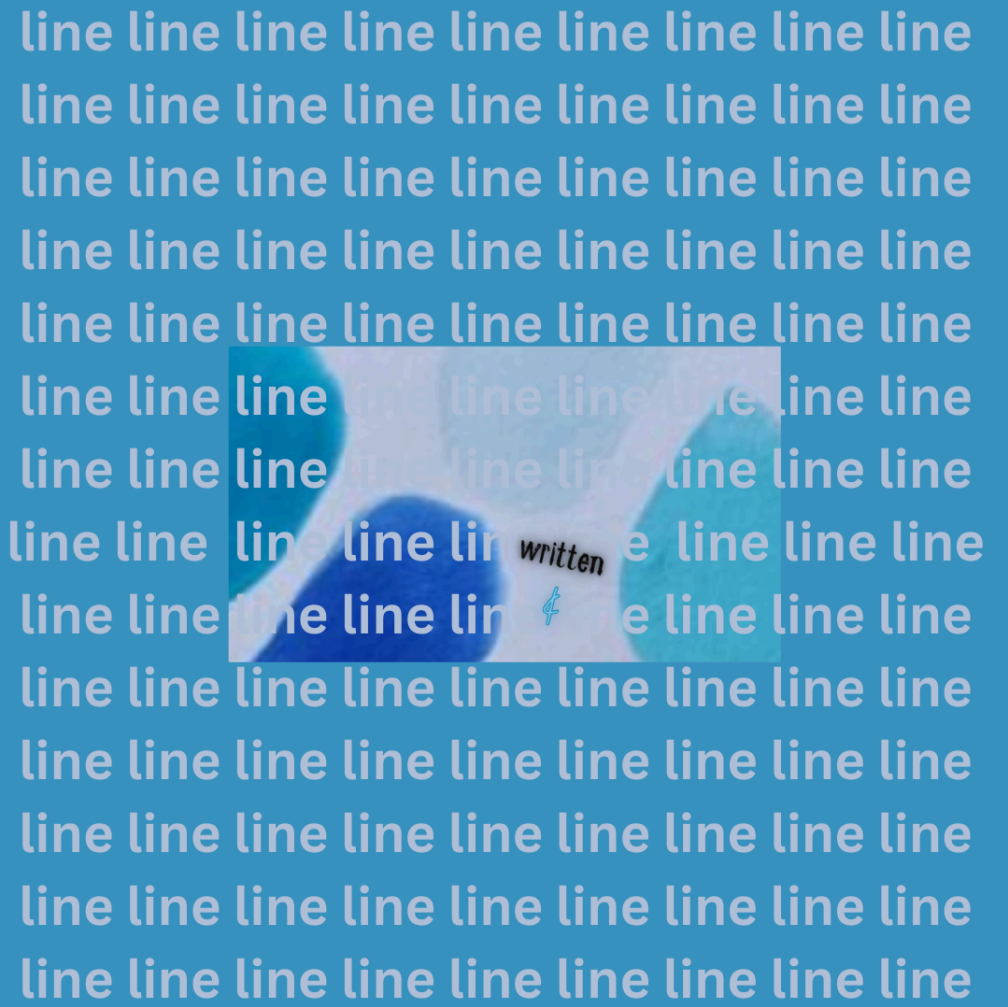
EARTH RESIDENCE, CELESTIAL VISITOR
ANGEL, NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT.

CONDUCTING RESEARCH ON PRECIOUS
TEXT.

QUICK STEPS TO MASSES
TRANSLATE/READ ALOUD.

I WAS FLU FLAMING MY BELONGING INTO MY 04'
ROLLA. CUSSING UNDER MY BREATH, KNOWING I
HAD A LIFE TO ATTEND TO.

RELATIONSHIP STATUS



RELATIONSHIP STATUS

REEXAMINE AVENUES OF
JOY CONTINUE YOUR PATH
DOWN EXCELLENCE

FINETUNE YOUR DESIRED REALITY DONT BE
NERVOUS TO SHOW YOUR ENTHUSIASM

GIVE YOUR VERY BREATH TOWARDS OTHERS (ENERGY
INCARNATE) REPLY TO THE POETRY WHICH GIVES YOU LIFE.

DISTINGUISHED TASTES COME FROM DISTINGUISHED
DECISIONS, CHOOSE WHOLE-HEARTEDLY

FULLY FOCUSED, DETERMINE THE BEST ENERGY
FOR THE MOMENT... LOVE, TYPICALLY
SPEAKING.

WHY SAVE THE BEST FOR
LAST... WHEN WE NEVER
REALLY KNOW!

COMMERCIAL SUCCESS ISNT A COMMON
DENOMINATOR "THE PLAN"-EXPRESS VALIDATION
IN THE WORK NOT THE RECEPTION

EXTERNAL OCCURRENCES IS IN A DIFFERENT PLANE OF BEING
(REALM)

CHICAGO INDIGO: SOURCED IN THE WESTSIDE OF CHI
EXPRESSIVE OF NUANCE OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE CAN YOU BE
YOURSELF WITH THE DOCTOR & THE STREET WALKER?

SCHIZOID SHADOW BOXING



Schizoid Shadow Boxing

MAKE TIME,
^IT CONTINUES TO RUN W/OUT EFFORT SO MAKE THE
EFFORT, SO MAKE THE ATTEMPT, THE NO IS ASSURED
WITHOUT ASKING FOCUS

ASSOCIATE-VISUAL CUES (VERBAL) F***
EMOTIONAL DISTRACTIONS REDUCE THE
DRAINS!

DEEPENING VS. REDUCING "TRANCE" 'LIFE
SOURCE'- CONCRETE EXAMPLES DON'T
COMMUNICATE OFF EMOTION

QUIET THE MIND

SELF MEASURED ENERGY EXPENDITURE-LOCKED IN EMOTIONAL MAINTENANCE

FROM THE SOUL, EXPRESSIVE NON-
CONTINGENT ON EXTERIOR

DEPTH QUITE LITERALLY COMES FROM WITHIN VIBRANCY
AS WELL, INTERIOR SUPERIOR FEELING

REFLECTION & INTROSPECTION: SELF BELIEF IN THE FACE OF
UNCERTAINTY TRUST & FAITH IN THE HIGHEST NARRATOR THE
REPETITIVE ACT OF EXCELLENT & EFFORT BECOMES PRINCIPLE.
FORGIVENESS IS A CORE MORAL MUSCLE, REGARDLESS OF HIGHEST
INFLUENCE OR INFLUENCER.

SERVICING THE LOCKED



SERVICING THE LOCKED

WITH PREPARATION FAITH AND RADICAL
OBEDIENCE YOU ARE SPECIAL UTENSIL-YOUNG
PURE-ANTICLOUDING

CHARACTER IS REVEALED THROUGH ADVISORY COMMUNITY DURING THE
ROUGH TIMES-ENCOURAGEMENT IN TUMULTUOUS TIMES

INCONVENIENCE IS PART OF GOD'S PLAN -ROOM
FOR GOD (TIME IN DAY ALWAYS TO BE CREATED)

THERE IS NO NEED FOR THE EXTRACIRCULAR, RETRACE TO
TRANSFORM

PERSONAL BIBLE STUDY
MEDIATION(PREPARATIVESELECTION)>ME
MORY LEAVE TALKING POINTS/ENDURANCE
TO THE END

ALL STRENGTH COMES
FROM GOD

S & S



Sonder and Serendipity

CROSS SECTION OF SONDER
& SERENDIPITY

THE CROSS POLLINATION OF COSMOS AND STARS YOUR SELF
LOVE IS NOT VIOLENCE TOWARDS OTHERS.

AMPLIFY LOVE,
MINIMIZE FEAR.

THROUGH ALL THINGS EXCELLENT, DIVINE
PROTECTION IN ALL SITUATIONS.

YOUR LOVE EMPOWERS ME LORD ALMIGHTY. -RETURN
OF THE TRAP

PIVOT IF NEED BE, REMAIN
BEAUTIFUL & CORDIAL

BE YOURSELF AS GOD ORDAINTED & BREATHED.

TRIED TO CROSS ME LIKE A CHRISTIAN... BUT I
AINT RELIGIOUS.

TAKE INITIATIVE



4

TAKE INITIATIVE

WHAT CAN I DO? NO ONE WILL
HELP ME ACHIEVE IT.

YOU RECEIVED THE PRIVILEGE OF
CALLING. WITH OR WITHOUT
PAYCHECK... TAKE INITIATIVE!

ARCHIVING, DIGITAL HISTORY.
ECONOMIC TIES TO HOMELAND-
OVERCOMING

VALUESTAINMENT ON PROFESSION
LEVEL: CREATE: JOBS AND MARKET.

CULTURAL FOCUS- CREATE SYSTEMS THAT
BECOMING FUNDING, GET ON PAYROLL,
ACCESS TO PROFESSIONALISM.

ART AS A DUTY [BUILD IT]
COLLECTIVE CURATION OF ART
SPACES. ARTISTIC CREATIVE LABOR
(WAGE WAR)

AMPLIFY VOICE AND EXPLORE COMPLEXITIES (MY CONNECTION TO HUMAN
FAMILY)

FOR THE NEXT GENERATION OF COMMUNITY ARCHIVIST/HISTORIANS-
DOCUMENT AND CONTEXTUALIZE HISTORY WITHIN THE MULTIPLICITY OF
THE HUMAN STORY.

24 HOUR TRAP



24 HOUR TRAP

PAY ATTENTION EMOTION OF PROJECTION

^PAY ATTENTION

LIST OF ALL EMOTIONS- EXEMPLIFIED ALL OF EM
AT SOME MINISCULE MOMENT

24 HOUR TRAP [SELF AWARENESS !NOT! INCLUDED] -
COMMUNITY -WORKOUT -FRESHEN UP -FAMILY -FIGHTING
-MUSICAL/SPIRIT

WHATEVER SOOTHES YOUR SOUL- TYPE \$HIT
FREESTYLE, MARCH TO YOUR OWN DRUM BEAT

MY BLUES ARE CONSPICUOUSLY DEPLOYED LIKE
BPM. MEANS BULLETS PER MINUTE TO STOP THEIR
HEART BEATS.

POINTS OF DIFFERENTIATION LIKE CAMELOT WHEEL-
SOMETIMES THEY BE COMPLIMENTARY:

ATMOSPHERE PHRASES

THEMES AND WORDS

AKA

LIFE.