

INN

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Floating twilight on a sea of sorrow

You are not alone

When someone blocks you, they love you

When someone attacks you, they love you

Love the haters, they want to be you or with you

Know you own nothing

Give like you have stolen from everyone

When you give up entirely, you're on top entirely

This is a dangerous place to rest.

The world is full of use relationships

However, you are a human, and will never be used, and will never use;

You love

Nobody will ever understand your pain

Make love like there is no tomorrow.

There is no tomorrow

Lest it be confused with yesterday

MISSING is a state of power

Shame is the state.

Dignity is sanity. Treat her well.

Try to pay people for their services.

Accept gifts reluctantly.

Running means you know where home is.

Nothing, really nothing, is a flood of joy.

Gilded Ghetto

I never thought my spirit would be broken
And it never will be.
But in the battle,
what's the cost:
I have become a vampire,
Society's engine of destruction
In a gilded ghetto cage

The Rebel

Screwed from day 1
Pre positive
Put it in
You can do it
I'm a pi pie pioneer too
You're wild
Sea, go get it
You discovered it alone
Crossed to the other side
Shined my child
Disco shift prick tiled
There's no peace for
The innocent
Wrought mettle
Testimony central
Court case
It's your way
Have it your way
Do do do it

Just do it
And you'll be
Satisfied, by
buy bye bye
Wretched midnight
Baby lite

It's no fun
No party no play
To sit and
rot
Growing moss
On this wicked
Stone
Tumbling only
In the waves of
Mind, mine
Mined out
Broken bulbs
Lost lights
Teeth still
Eating, throat still
Swallowing each
Fallen leaf and
liquid memory
Un built
Unpicked
Unpricked
Unknown
Un un um
No

The Real Mother Fuckers who don't appear to be motherfuckers but actually appear to be normal stable people, are always trying to say we in the hood need to change our ways, and pointing fingers laughing or crying over us, and sometimes people leave the hood and try to cut out the bad of their lives and try to be normal but they just cut out their heart and gonads too. They want us in prison. They want us in an insane asylum. They want us on drugs. They want us out of The City. It's not easy being a human being. It's not easy being real, being honest, having a heart, loving, losing, hurting and being hurt. So we produce the sweets we produce the bitter we produce the umami the shibui the complex flavors of the world. Love it and love yourself and love others and love the whole world. But they'll never put us away for good. Or put out the flame.

Ambition's folly

There was a life
before the drone;
compartments,
windows,
endless clicks away,
options,
tidal nightingales,
a veil before my
eyes.
Each daisy,
alone in the park,
in flocks,
herds,
swaths,
rhizomatic
empty blogs.
Here together
evening light
pours through
every groove,
crease of skin,
field of fabric,
to reach nothing really,
a gap
a radiator in vice's grip,
horsechestnuts,
spicy soft,
hairs of glass,
optics,
consumable,
of nowhere's pasts

crushed against
the rocks,
weather beaten,
in the oceans
of lost tomorrows.

Only,
under the sea
in a coral garden,
a sunken ship
a treasure chest,
in a snow globe
now broken
by pressure's deep,
in a garden
of anemones,
yellow,
lies a fountain
warm and
sweet and blood red.
The beginning of
a new universe
interconnected,
one creature.

Into it, we fall.

Poem to the White

What if the conception of whiteness grows and grows
and with it self success and self growth and self consumption
and it radiates from a place that looks like center
and leads us to believe that center has power
and beauty is on a steel silver screen
that makes us cry and makes us pity
and we see ourselves in it and
it carries our faces
we like it
we share it

and all the while the secret
is that its grace is ours to give
ours to admit
in luscious kisses
and distant haze
and sunsets over the sea

what if the whiteness grows and grows
and absorbs all the old colors
and their old paintings and pains
and there appears nothing left beyond its
blazing pale
but the most dangerous
the most peripheral

And it's a white joke that seems so serious

that pits opposites

violent vs

safe

rich vs

poor

self vs

other

then

break down

break the mechanical answers

break the salaries

break the pressure

break the success

break the failure

break the loss

break the hope

break the minds that seem so cool, so right

break the fixers

Break for lunch

break for breakfast

break for tea

break for dinner

break for love

break down

break down in tears

Wilderness First

I took a WFR course
I learned "leave no trace"
I took a walk in the mountains
and now, I have nothing

Lacking,

We sit below

Mountains like a coconut pop,

A fresh squeezed juice,

a bag of welch's fruit snacks,

fried chicken, hot peppers, salt,

fat, sugar. The rush.

Poppi here you go

the next gig.

The next challenge,

the next conquest,

the next interview,

the next time.

Dinner parties are sustained release.

Moments of clarity fall in the key of post yolo.

Easily confused with: wow, I'm fucked.

To lose

Double back and rock it

Make it twice a

Pull of chicken livers in peppery oil

Cuisine, my friend

Is what happens in between

The tides of

An ocean of melancholy

In the heart's thimble

For stitching loss

I arrive at night

in a car named compassion.

Lines in dust

make words

and darkness

closes on headlights

Sweet scents of orange

puncture cool air.

Dryness levels still.

A few trailers sprawl

across a brown cul de sac

Pale yellow translucent panes

Find me here

Woman, my stomach aches and groans -

Tired of granola bars and raisins.

Metal trailer door opens

She is silhouetted,

a mountain at soft sunrise.

Whiffs of chicken soup

posole hominy chile forgiveness

slices open my mouth

Come on.
drool

We light up.

Cardamom smoke, purple swirls
glistening ice in wheat colored redemption
The trailer becomes a valley
and water pools.

In my brain.
Because no yellow light shows
No door opens.

Cold.
Hungry.
Deserted orchard

Feet plod through dry loam.
I push back into compassion
and restart the car

Take this
blue highway
at dawn.

Round 7
Pull up, drive through's gone out
McGriddle girl no smile

her eyes- beads, threaded,
chained between
border collies and metal stakes

Red plastic booths
beg no friendship
Bathroom stinks of formaldehyde

but the window is open
I pee
and I hear her singing

She loves someone in this
pesticide drenched
pisspot

Back at the counter
I'm snowing butterflies inside
when I ask for a mountain to climb
or her number

There's a Mexican place, we make a plan
She smiles and I leave
As if I've known her my whole life

lemon and tequila can tickle

orange trailer dreams
to memories

"There's a city here,"
she says
and I realize

bigger than a car called compassion
Roadways slither between

black baked rocks

"Its a city the size of you"
she mumbles
"Baby I've got the key"

You're built of paper napkins and
doggy bags, fallen oranges
and bunky crates

Folks pass through n say
its a field
its a factory
its a rusty yard
but its not

This is the hall of Montezumas

dawn flavored kisses
Of lost puppy boys
who become hard soft men
crinkled up and broken on the inside

You go ahead now

Drive into a criss-cut car wreck
and when you're ready
and you've got no more ride
and no more know what
and no more know how
no more puff puff projects
in black sweater shades

Then come back here.

Knock on that trailer door.

And then,
We'll eat.

Hello to you

From our incredible ephemeral world of dreams

This rock, here for so long, this boulder, could crack

With water pouring from the moss

Beneath and beside

What's inside? Uncertainty

Void

Split with light from the clouds above

We live