

## *Words From The Overgrowth*



*Mr.Sun*

### *Preface*

These are words collected from a summer at home, a personal place in a personal state of limbo. The grass and the trees spent the whole summer showing me their length, and the whole summer, I spent avoiding their eye contact. Supposedly, I was focused on the future, the more, and the better, but the overgrown nature of it all comforted me, like it knew how truly naive I am. So, this is for there.

For the leaves, the disheveled yard, and the cold water. For the ones who feed me and love me. I am grateful to you like I am grateful for my skin; it almost need not be said. But I'll say it anyway, without you, there is no me.

*Summer/Across*

Days go by  
Nothing goes up and nothing comes down  
only across  
July was July and August is August  
I tend to leave them be  
but they are aggressive to no end  
  
If I were a month I'd be February  
come and go quickly  
and then I  
would be the up to come down  
and the days ignorantly passed

*Forget me there is always you*

Everyday I guess the sun will rise  
Every night I hope the dark won't last forever  
Some nights I forget  
to guess or to hope  
and the sun still rises  
I guess he doesn't really care all that much  
about me

*Lake*

I know you don't care about me

You tease me

you torment me

and you tenure my patience

You make me nauseous in my belly

and my soul

Yet I return

by choice

fully willing

*Long term girlfriend*

I see the future but not the present

I wish for unchanging peace

but critique the bore

My words walk in opposite directions

and I need space

but not *that* much space

There are parts of me well hidden

and parts where observation was learned

parts decently exposed

Things are good

great even

Yet four letters is neither too little nor too much

I am your long term girlfriend

*Home town*

This town sucks  
But I've made friends here  
Friends that know me more intimately  
Because I was not given the privilege of hiding my  
insecurities  
For they have seen them already

This place sucks  
But the people are ok  
In fact they're good  
They help me to see myself smaller and  
More insignificant

*E-transfer the rent*

Hopeless and relentless  
In the ridicule and bureaucratization  
Pigs become dirty and dunces get crowns  
When liquids become email addresses  
and when the middle man is the only man  
I'll know I've reached my own special hell

My ears don't hear so well anymore  
so I think to myself  
when will it end  
slowly I realize it wont

*Lexicon*

What and how  
never why  
Delicate dance of our language  
Yours and mine  
I'd like to know  
but struggle to escape my pride  
Why hide my words behind my eyes  
when they are still so visibly heard

*The dead kind*

I come to this shore with a demand for peace  
but in the late morning sun  
punctually covered by cloud  
I eat my breakfast between two dead catfish  
  
The smell of their dissection  
has become the wind  
I reluctantly get used to the mélange of coffee and  
organic rot

This shore is the dumping ground of the lake  
The garbage that won't sink finds it's way to the sand  
where I eat my breakfast

I wonder if I am the same  
Garbage learnt to swim  
Rejected by the lake  
stranded on the shore  
I guess if I were a catfish I'd be the dead kind  
Adjacent the thing who thinks we're different

## *Drugification*

I'll find no peace here  
because there is no peace  
and if I were a catfish  
I'd be the dead kind

There it is  
The desire to move  
To be away from here  
To see culture and the world  
To be experienced

These mountains are only an experience  
to be had yet  
for they are nothing without me on them  
Finally am I away  
free  
I think  
having never really left

*One time*

Sometimes I think about  
Some times  
Sometimes I let my eyes unfocus  
and the times I recall seem equally unclear

Sometimes I think about  
One time  
One time I was younger  
One time I will be older

For these are the same time  
The unbearable circle of the sun  
Sometimes is one time  
I is I

Sometimes I get tired of the times  
dizzy from the rotation  
and I giggle

For the gift of sight is the truth of a joke  
the ability to remember  
It's punchline

Sometimes when I think about some times  
with an unfocused eye  
there is nothing there  
As I jaunt towards decay  
time laps me with a unsatisfied smile

*Word Fatigue*

Why do we clear the way to understanding  
with confusing analogies  
and idiosyncrasies

A storm is a storm  
and you are not a flower

What a massive insult

To condense a storm and excuse a flower of her beauty

*Above*

The leaves droop with the weight of the nights rain

Now the morning sun burns away the residue

Fiddling here with these words

cursed to look down

When what is there is up

*Don't sit down*

There is no escape  
and no peace in that fact  
The knowledge of my cage doesn't provide some  
transcendent epiphany  
It only sharpens its iron

There is no answer  
No key to this lock  
I've stopped asking for one  
And every time I finish a book  
I cry less

There is no escape  
Hope of one only makes things worse  
After all, hope and delusion share an absent father

There is only the slow insolent moan of time  
Which as my rage fades  
reminds me to keep digging

*Little bugs*

Never once have I been comforted  
by the actions of others  
by the multitude of people  
suffering from the same thing

It makes me feel worse  
I feel the mass incompetence of the human race  
solving the problem experienced by so many  
is imperceptibly overtaken  
by our enormous fear of ostracization

So take a seat  
and suffer uniquely  
The world is against you  
and you are alone

*The way I use them*

Small and futile everything is  
small and futile  
And even my pain is insulted by how I believe  
good will come from it

There is a dread in my mind  
large and obtuse  
it travels rudely to my hands  
because they too are offended by the way I use them

*Voyeur's dilemma*

The gift of thought is the curse of thinking  
What a cruel joke to think about thinking  
To read these lines three times over  
and still not understand

How can I be split in two  
Inside the experience  
Outside of it in thought

*Pressure cooker*

Speaking again  
spewing and expelling  
but my words mean nothing  
They only carry the steam out  
the steam accumulated from the heat of offense

Silly thing it is to feel offended  
What use do words hold anyway  
in solving my ideological ouchy  
that's all my vocals chords are good for  
releasing the pressure of my conflicted belief  
My offended ego can't admit that my mind is just a bad  
pressure cooker

*Sawdust*

Please let go  
this is no longer a guiding  
It's a pulling  
  
I know you better now  
And you me  
No need for the formalities of love  
  
Waste my time  
Test my patience  
My self control too while you're at it  
  
This is love I guess  
Still guessing  
Accepting the pull eroding away  
Seeing bedrock through  
I've already let go

*“Only a man”*

For working I wear steel toed boots  
I've been told to  
I've even been told I don't have to anymore  
but I still do  
With my toes steeled and ankles covered  
I am invincible  
I am male

Under my armored feet everything breaks  
I am comfortably assigned  
with the other men fathers and perverts  
Those break things too  
in the nobility of the hard worked

I don't feel it noble though  
It's wasteful to me  
faceless luxury  
Beautiful floors for uncovered feet  
Buildings with a beautiful facade  
and no interior

But man in these boots  
Everything is below me  
I am both a martyr and the powerful  
from the metal cavern of my boots

*Participation?*

Intimidated by her fantasies  
insecure from the silicon the features the width  
something I'll never be

Is it my job  
to please  
What if I were the divine  
and you the beast  
Would I be enough then

Maybe we expedite the process  
Steal the sex for the sexy  
Isolate ourselves and perform  
Is this what you want

She intimidates me  
Her power is palpable  
flowing uncontained  
Mine is contained below me  
selfishly I worry  
it may never be enough

*Why wouldn't you invite me to your wedding*

What If I promise not to fall in love  
What if this time I see you differently  
We won't hold hands or touch noses to cheeks  
We'll talk like we always do and remember  
What if we weren't in love would we still be friends

When you leave I assume I'll feel it  
The hole will return to its home in my chest  
and it will suck fantastically  
all of you away

After  
if I see you again  
be gentle  
and I'll promise not to fall in love  
This time I'll know what it means

*Here is there too*

I watch her leave  
Standing in a sunning patch ignoring the season's last  
fleet of mosquitoes

For her here was a vacation  
For me it is retreat  
and to leave has proven to be difficult  
How does one leave their skin

I'm scared of what's out there  
and even more of what is not inside  
This house is filled  
every surface and crevasse  
My rebellion is cleanliness

Now I leave  
to meet the thing I've made only in mind  
When I arrive there will be here  
I will have gone nowhere

## *Symphony*

I love the sound of the crickets  
the tree frogs and the cicadas  
screaming their names amidst the chaos

Their songs remind me of home  
Leaves and greenness and the sound they make when  
they kiss their brothers  
The overgrown nature of it all  
Still they sing

Their movement sparks my own  
and I feel sorrow when I realize I can't hear them  
This building is not my home  
but these sounds are

Those little creatures as small as they may be remind  
me that I am them as they are me

So I begin to move my song for the giants  
seen and unseen who can't help but hear  
I move for the ones smaller than I  
what matters is not who hears  
but that we are still singing

*Ode to home*

Green reminds me of home  
The leaves spilling their colour into the air  
The gravel driveway  
and bare feet  
The tolerance that grew between them

It reminds me of everything I'm leaving behind  
I'll miss the green the most  
I'll miss the symphony crickets  
I'll miss Quin  
Myself their little king

Green is everything that's made me  
Green is the lake and the sand  
Green is my youth  
It is the silence found in looking upward  
at the night sky

I didn't realize how green everything was  
until my red chariot  
I'll miss the green  
I'll miss home

*Airpod pro gen 2/Zen rain sounds*

In the midst of pain struggle and self pity  
Growing seems more like adapting  
Like drowning out  
Apparently the strong have learnt to read  
in the deafening noise

*Nothing special*

It's been like that with everyone  
I sink further  
I've been digging  
For my confidence  
To cover it so it can't escape premature  
like it always does



Better to be swallowed by the current of the universe  
than to die yelling my name at it



HEADON FOREST  
PRINTING PRESS