

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