



feelings come from
gain of function labs
nicholas syrianus katsafanas

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Note: These are syllabic poems in the 8th Interval where each line contains between 34 and 55 syllables, with (generally) 3 to 5 lines per poem. They're intended to be recited at ~377 syllables per minute (1.618x the normal speaking tempo of ~233 syllables per minute).

Falling In Love Is Such A Bore

Blowing a shit on a city street outside a JWU
dorm and then benignly driving up a big hill
to buy a bean burrito at Baja's I fucked up
my brand new white vans stepping in a big
puddle on New Year's Eve

I wish we'd known one another at another time
unfortunately now you're just a memory I've
recalled like a thousand rewritten rough
drafts

Sometimes the people who fight for just causes
are complete pieces of shit possibly because
linearity has always been a pipedream for us
collectively

bin Laden's Ear Lobes Redux

Bob Ross beating his brushes he's laughing
hysterically negotiating the minor emotional
rollercoasters of corporate relationships only
Jesus can save you now

In your world you must decide where your
mountain is I used to consume Golden
Grahams without a care in the world now I'm
happily married

Nonchalantly shuffling across Cranston St in the
pitch black clutching a white plastic bag filled
with two bubble teas it's fucking twenty
degrees out

Tricep Dip Bloodwork

Perusing a portal of blood work results in
between tricep dips diagonal beams lightly
envelop me as I kiss the concrete it might be
that nothing is quite what it seems

I'm just a giggling mist that leaves this residual
unassuming Sufi poem for you she left a
single cigarette on the bar counter as a little
clue it was cute

Naturally I took it apocalyptically you expressed
yourself sincerely albeit cryptically I
supported it why did you think I bought this
beautiful bottle of Peloponnesian white
wine?!

Gin Martinis Are Pretty Good

I notice a face that means nothing to me sitting
aloof in the corner booth as I order my third
of three gin martinis on a lower level bar
nibbling upon an over oiled olive plate

The face of crack thin female hobo ambles to
and fro in the blistering cold she paces back
and forth more visible because of the full
wall window

Her ice cold epidermis is an eyesore for bar
patrons innocently searching for intoxication
instead now forced to contemplate a near
future corpse bristling in an unforgiving cold

Tiny Hair Gel Pen Oceans

My pen ejected hair gel a tiny ocean that
contains the cosmos Doritos Tacos Locos
on Mineral Spring at ten to two

I recall waking in the AM at five fifty five after
some crumb Ronnie spoke shit about Silver
Lake and numerology I suppose some signs
are sent erroneously

There's something a bit Nordic in the copious
American Spirit smoke there's something so
me in abruptly disappearing completely who
gave you the okay to claim being

I'm not one for presumption they say God is One
not two which is why when I make plans I
don't assume you good riddance to the shit
that was meant to end from the start

A wise man once said "If I only had a heart"-
take a second before you get upset to try to
remember that you don't even recall my
fucking name

Xi Jinping Mood Swing

Toss three olives on top of the rocks I'm wearing
a subtle grey brimless hat getting multiple
unexpected compliments I wish they had
Siete Misterios at Deadbeats

A thin blonde inquires if I require larger paper but
I'm actually just penning these little gay
notes seawater brine is a liquid that's
actually preferable to vegetable oils

Unabashedly snapping selfies then eating a
single slice of Sicilian pizza by myself this
liquor is scrumptious I think my dreams
might predict future events

Two seemingly disparate forms may actually be
the exact same fucking thing you try to do
good deeds because you low key like
Cleveland Steamers

I'm sitting by myself fucking thinking about
portals Tree texting me don't come home at
three it's fucking eleven o'clock then again
maybe it's not as absurd as it seems

Broad Street with a Bullet

A homeless man pants down sitting on the cold
cement possibly jacking off on the steps of
an architecture firm seems to somehow
know it's Veteran's Day so it's okay to
masturbate

Two pussy lips form one vagina my dear Watson
duality is but an illusion of the mob's sense
of the world as representation

Drinking alone is occasionally advisable chalk it
up to ritualism a shot of Fernet and a shitty
beer I could ostensibly toss my smartphone
into a haunted river fuck it all to Hell

I'm So Happy When I'm Near You

I ambled out and fucking walked home bleakly
considering the question of what exactly is
an image what's the shit that we'll see when
we finally retire the subject-object
assumption

At Ogie's I'm writing down frequencies to the fifth
decimal point in the fourth octave on a
purple notepad I realize my recollection is a
swimming pool the bar plays suggestive
Nickelodeon clips

I can't recall them at all a young man places a
loaf of white bread on a table so it resembles
a large penis through the speakers now Big
Pun plays

He relays that he'll rip his prick through your
hooters you solemnly stare at a large skull
tattoo before closing your tab my index
finger is burnt to a crisp from the incense
event

I'm gonna air it out on a two mile sojourn
downtown in the frigid New England winter
everything is sentient at times it seems upon
exit I left a forty two percent tip

Drown Yourself

Tiny spoon shitty coke at the COVID country
club wedding whoops the architecture of
trauma the inanity of recollection I can smell
my own cologne

Disappearing is conceptually presumptuous no
continue to attempt this you haven't
achieved a modicum of honesty yet the shit
you forgot is hugging you like a shark jaw

Your head is still in a sink filled up with water it's
often the case that intrinsic in the solution is
annihilation and that's okay too this dive bar
is just a portal

This world is an illusion a reflection something
existing as a conception I'm the day in the
night the night in the day I never learned to
pray until I discovered recollection!

What you see in dream is the only real thing a
guy who looked like Burt Young bent down
on Broadway and picked up ostensibly a
dropped coin yesterday

Postmodern BBWs

Two receipts for twenty four eighty four to the
penny back to back I was slightly surprised
Cambodians with breast milk communicate
through bar tabs

Just to remind you your life is a lie I'm a walking
apology suck my dick my granddad lost the
lottery the United States government honors
the words of pieces of shit

To prosecute ambiguous cases against
respectable men tell the right lie and you
might just tell the truth read the income
statements of enough shell companies you
might find a reason to remain aloof

Chug a double espresso and pop a shroom
before patronizing the Dominican shisha
establishment Ray gave Matthew twenty
bucks on Broad it made his night I was glad
to see it

I enjoyed the company of BBWs before it
trended you have to stay ahead of the curve
no pun intended because you can't discuss
with anyone the images that remain ice cold
frozen in your mind

One Contains All the Numbers

I'm a new beginning with a prewritten suicide note asking God for forgiveness only to be told I'm an inimitable extension of what I can't compute

Truthfully I'm nothing if not basically straightforward in nature an old lady wearing a navy blue political tee inebriate-ly confuses me for some shitty son she claims she has

Being flagged and informed of body hair fetishes for body hair awareness month despite believing in some indivisible Oneness I can't comprehend rudimentary social cues I've heard

It's almost like I emerged from a parallel universe-'The organism is the first fallacy' I recite imbibing my own beauty in a full body mirror

I'm trapped in an infinite illusion and things have never been clearer! - I've finally become incomprehensible to myself and I find it swell at a Clarks-Bostonian retail outlet I discovered Hell

The War on Terrorism

Bartenders at Muldowney's understandably
claim you could've been present on a plane
on Nine Eleven reprehensible images of
youth

That can only be overridden by fresh regrets a
form of hell that I accept partially agreeing
with Imams texting Wordles to my mom

Multinational procurement anal probes fund
pre-revenue record labels slightly unstable
there's no statute of limitations on
oppressive shame

Perception is nothing beyond assigning names
discriminating in taste between artisanal
Mezcals like a complete cunt two genders of
cock the one and the many it's opulent fun

A half cup of white rice and green peas with
fresh lemon and cold pressed olive oil failed
to absorb my nine mezcals I gave a nice
black girl eight bucks walking home she
claimed she'd fuck for the twenty but I
respectively passed

The Origin of Feelings

Feelings come from gain of function labs
gleefully disassembling yourself over a
subtle pack of American Spirits are you just
a little ridiculous? -

Indulging in animalistic shit or is it that the
intellect is ultimately always bereft - hold up
the Caucasian chick looks like Wyclef

And she's got a cigarette and a sincere
compliment while others present a left hook
and an honest guess you should always
introduce yourself as a Roulette wheel

Everything you feel comes from a gain of
function laboratory everything's an excuse
for a ceremony or a photo op or a food co-op

Or an allegory - we genuinely claimed to not
recall our names when the shitty parking lot
cop called the city cops he's got a heart of
slop I wish him the best in his endeavors

12 Mezcal

Watching Larry Kudlow while I tickle her buttocks
the ways of the world those are the breaks
everyday I'm elated to be fertile if not awake
Let me unrobe as well just so you can
successfully kiss my ass I drink tears like
ginger-ale after twelve mezcals no
disrespect but fuck you I'm a nice guy fuck
me I'll stick a Civic car key into your
brother's eye
Suicide bomb your fuckin grandma's assisted
living center three hipsters talk getting food
truck bullshit at Guatemalan festivals
Screwing in cymbals Alice Cooper performed
with Filter nah I respect that craft shitty
fuckin bands relapse to playing the same
shit every night it's actually nice
Koreans crank you off mid stroke asking if you're
Pakistani identities are antsy in fifth grade
Anthony never successfully pantsed me

bin Laden's Ear Lobes

I enjoy believing what I hear they ID'd bin Laden
by his ears my lobes are super distinctive
too twenty thirteen I was in three hundred
square feet double debt to income with none
of it expungable

To be honest I wasn't against being run into by a
bus or two but RIPTA fucking drives too slow
if I'm gonna go ideally I'd like to go

My hair clippers sounded like helicopters in the
wet Rome lavatory Americanos the size of a
micropenis agitated me

My zipper had a mind of its own on New York
Avenue I didn't tip on my second set of
Fernets at the tavern oops! - too busy
bonding over wanting to cease completely

Local journalists have become too busy to write
more than fifty words on a murder some fuck
got shot now I guess he rots? - let them
snap a selfie for their IG before confirming

Perceiving Trees

Being made vaguely aware I could have possibly
gotten beaten up by anonymous parties at
an undisclosed period in time

The old guy with the white hair in the pink house
picked up an Amazon package on his stoop
as I walked by a week later he was beat to a
pulp

Deceased in the basement by a guy with a face
that looked like a decent looking insect dying
is underrated annihilation is essentially
reflexive

I was elated at the baseless allegation every day
I pray to remain the politest chucking spears
like Leonidas at middle aged men making
moronic threats

My sobriety's Ben Simmons on the Nets I'm
embarrassing myself in public it's the best
rusty trombone phone home nothing's of
interest to me there's an indivisibility to
perceiving a fucking tree

An Empty Pint of Yuengling

Even Cheryl eventually threaded more eyebrow
than appropriate leaving me practically bare
boned in brow despite default caterpillar
contours

Questioning if the light skinned lady guzzling a
creamy espresso martini was actually dating
the old East Asian man or if he was only
making motel donations

Meanwhile the big bearded bartender with the
lower level central tooth gap seems to dap
every fucking body but me is it possible he
recalls my exposed bracciole and balls from
his previous bar fuck it

The empty pint of Yuengling looked like it was
having a seizure on the cement in the wind
on Fricker there's an architecture to walking
drunk alone in the dark sometimes I dabble
in gin after dinner

Analyzing arguably asinine signs in Dallas
Cowboy games broadcast on solitary
Sunday afternoons I no longer take what's
figurative as anything more something
assumed

The Home of US Government Propaganda

Tethered to an uninterrogated subjectivity we
bicker about one drop rules and data dumps
of public policy fat tails fuck you

The Bill of Rights is junk email I check my gmail
like I'm the fucking algorithm when analyzing
such and such within the prism of what the
fuck seventy percent of NGOs concluded
many males often pay bucks for cunts

Not to get political but a wise man once told me
the only good politician is a dead politician
decapitated Palestinian children keep
playing the victim

While Millennial US Senators listen to Limp
Bizkit with limp wrist kids who enjoy getting
fisted until making a modicum of sense is
blacklisted

Voluntarily shoving US government propaganda
up my own ass mentioning dollar
denominated crude oil trades is considered
a touch crass I caught a shitty sea bass on
my Uncle's boat and tossed it back

On Incongruities & Recollection as Fabrication

Recollection of minutia as fabrication on my way
to drink my face off at Needle I bought The
Novelist: A Novel at Symposium the cashier
was not the nicest I'd encountered

Every center of gravity is the single center that's
ever existed there are in fact infinite centers
I pondered this sitting silently on a tall roof
assisted by my so-called sensory organs

It's no longer the case things have morphed to
the extent that people have no actual work to
complete which is maybe why the podcast
industry is on the rise with such impressive
growth rates and they're all sublime

The nationalism of the Romiosini was corrupted
Romanides should have gone further east to
find himself drinking scotch my glass reads
'girlfriend' scratch that 'fiancée'

I try to achieve honesty with myself every three
days perusing Rubmaps with the royal
nonchalance of a British prince when
unevenness is evinced that's just a ripple of
triplicity

Courting Caroline Ellison

Actually Giordano could have succumb to a devilish little trick his own damn self is he burning in flames of folly I'm tossing syllables onto a blockchain with the ex-boo of Sam Bankman-Fried

Rereading Noah's nine hundred fifty year five paragraph creeds are they drowning in the flames of an immanent plane that extends into the jurisdiction of the Kingdom of Heaven?

Troubled souls are telling us 'Timing is everything' but they only call at the absolutely most inopportune times you ask yourself if it's possible you've become morally outraged in illogical ways

Just maybe about matters which have jackshit to do with you? - wearing five dollar Foot Locker tees I tossed Dave Yurman rings into the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean or actually it could have been just the box

But maybe the relevancy is out of stock timing is everything no waiting is a logical impossibility since Biblical eras people posted up til last call and only received chlamydia

Drinking Blended Scotch Out of Measuring Cups

Imbibing blended scotch out of measuring cups
filled up with ice on a quaint Saturday night
The Social bartender although polite deep
down definitely held a ruthless vendetta
against me

Remembering a comment I made months ago
correctly critiquing her slow Corona Light
service she's now superfluously charged me
seventeen and a half bucks per glass of
Mezcal

Faces contorted frozen in time I chugged the cup
of agave helpless but at the same time it
seems so antiquated investing in things like
depression and elation

If you can't annihilate yourself in the midst of
Mineral Spring what can you do Rocco's
bar's girth got extended the cul de sac
streams with lovely ducks got a cement redo
the tailor's building is now a gas pump

The Syrian's spots gone too I spit on the terrible
white truck after doubling back to spit on the
white truck in two decades we'll remain the
exact same age the loogie on the windshield
was just an illusion of change

I (Heart) BJ in the Singular Tense

A young Korean female is wearing an 'I (Heart) BJ' white tee in the singular tense while waiting at the Broad Street bus stop whatever the idiocy of your youth

It's indubitably true that eventually it becomes something soporific and increasingly idiotic as time passes ruthlessly asking attendants for top shelf liquor

Then quickly flickering into states of existential shock at the opulent bills received insects with telepathy hypothetically could control the cosmos we'd have no science to prove it untrue

They tried to impolitely poop on my aura probably unaware of their actual bowels I had to head a different direction we used to obsess over revenge

Press necks against walls certain substances suggest you could evade the Unseen you might think you see a demon but perhaps it's just a generous gift?

Juicy Couture in the Courtyard

Emerging from the condo sun baking a white crackhead is naked pulling up her Juicy Couture sweats in my fucking courtyard I carry a black trash bag glancing at her pasty asscrack

She stares blankly back as I toss trash into a rat filled navy blue dumpster Staten Island's shaped like the Peloponnese I enjoy vaginal cavities when they're wet and they're greased

On shrooms I find I'm often in tune with herbs and plants shit hit when I exited to amble toward Cranston Street dark skies fold origami-esque the tinnitus of June was architectural I guess

Why would you want to be in control when you could instead be out of control 'time to come' isn't always linear 'raised from' isn't necessarily literal

We could consider memories recurring concurrently with current events Sunday seems different during the day sitting in utter silence at the bar

Rhetoricians in Late Antiquity

Off Eddy getting politely asked by Matt to leave
as impassioned we discussed the political
merits of men razor blading their legs at one
AM I was on my way out anyway

Inveterately rhetoric seems something akin to a
plaything of nonsense is that basically
frowned upon in this era?

Made members of the mafia replete with
YouTube channels you're on the precipice of
forty praying to get permanently pushed to
pavement by a stray RIPTA bus on Point
Street

Puking up a mint hookah in a Pizza J parking lot
people enjoy smoking marijuana because
they become less likely to get bounced from
bistros and bars grab the damn wet wipes
please?

The true beauty of rhetoric is found in um double
shots of vodka and bummed American
Spirits from people quoting Big Pun lyrics I
don't agree or disagree

Thomas Bernhard in an Ali Pasha Mosque

Eating pussy on an immanent plane reading
books but in an innocent way I discovered
Thomas Bernhard spent some time at an Ali
Pasha mosque I wasn't shocked

Tossing darts at the impotent no one said mercy
necessitates some universal innocence
consumerism loses vision of an indivisible
Oneness

Marx thought quite highly of discrete units on a
roof lit above Broad Street orders of ice
coffees in informal Spanish sound like
they're emerging from a circus megaphone

Two dimensions is understudied man's best
buddy ages like sped up podcasts my beta
fish Larry lived for half a decade above three
rocks from a Taco Bell parking lot

The live band said they had tees in their SUVs
as I suddenly realized I may have
misunderstood a bar fly's intention is it
possible baseless presumptions can also
veer from the truth?

More Akin to a Conceptual Counterpoint

I told Mario 'You know yo quiero lo siento I don't know maybe some yo tengo' his cousin exhibited three and a half of thirty two teeth I've detested rationalism since my sweet sixteen.

A newly minted couple shares a newly lit solemn thin cigarette as I drunkenly question the method of Twenty Three and Me with a Portuguese immigrant I just met

Who wants to be reintroduced to their own multitudes? I feel convoluted connections with select architectural structures

Yet another grotesque binary construction my significant other is a bundle of my securitized interpersonal shortcomings

The holy legato of spoken language asexually passes through select edifices I puked twice in July once it was a vegan Oreo smoothie once it was living my life as a lie

Grotesque Binary Constructions

Chord change seventh chords variations among
geometric shapes and shit tricep dips
decimal points considering you have an
undiscovered mental disorder or if perhaps
demons exist

I find the post-COVID inflation of light beers
demonic in character a country club
wedding's hysterical you'll never see any of
these fucks again

Landscapes change for Lent you look at a patch
of grass and it refracts to black
understandably some are hesitant to take
that as that but how can you fucking edit
what's sent to you?

Plagiarism psychotherapy wanes in cache it's a
fact I called a twelve year old gay but he was
acting cunty for a bunch of the afternoon

What you create doesn't necessarily cater to you
my Aunt Dena owes me an eighties era
Cadillac my dad said it crashed yet I never
saw proof of that

Parmenides Wrote a Poem

A nipple emerges on Main Street with a brimless
hat I have a taint for TSA to taste select
members of a West End Planet Fitness
seem to visit in NPC intervals my stock
phrases escape me

Tony's titties drooped like tear drop tattoos at a
certain juncture I said fuck you the voices in
my mind are the real ones is that still a sign
of being batshit crazy?

Ingo Swann's autobiography's audiobook on
YouTube aliens at grocery stores I'm at
Urban Green perusing overpriced pineapple
fractal geometry's a hole in the floor

Mineral Spring vape shops Parlour improvisation
the doorman enjoys makam music subpar
vegetable broth off Power Street zesty with
horny GILFs at Mezzo

He said Oh you live off Woodward in falsetto he
actually got whacked off there twice a year
discussing donuts with structural engineers
with wire rims that find your opinions on
picture taking in poor taste

Sitting Alone at the Elmhurst Pub at 1 AM

She admitted if a male wore a fitted cap to just
go to quote-unquote CVS that that was an
act deserving of examination and you
nodded your cranium just slightly erect

The purple beam under my old stove struck me
as black American in essence as I laid face
up on the floor for an extended period

Sitting by myself at the Elmhurst Pub at
approximately one AM I was reminded of
casino Christmas parties with middle aged
floozyes who still sought dick

It's been beyond a half decade since the insect's
corpse survived a strong rain in outline form
on the laminated map of the Seekonk River

I said If you can't see yourself as the penis of
Jesus then you'll never understand Allah
with an authentically minimal amount of irony
evident in my tone

Tapas is Actually Enjoyable

In absolutely no way shape or form do I regret
expressing my vicious disgust with modern
photography among young mothers who
dedicate their Instagrams to infants

It's essential in my mind that we question the
intrinsic value of the frozen image in fact of
anything we note to be quote-unquote frozen
in time

Laotian hookah bar on Douglas Avenue
abandoned basketball court on Douglas
Avenue recalling my own decade old
imagined images also on Douglas Avenue

Have you been by any chance to that new Tapas
place off Wickendon 'suck my penis' I said I
haven't had exceptional sushi since Tokyo
closed

Apparently Parmenides believed a divine being
of some sort informed him of a certain
indivisible oneness which moved him to write
a poem

We're More Despicable than Anyone in Jail

On the chest press adjacent a stress test relayed
a series of wall panels shifting of their own
accord to which I reminded myself of being
completely sober

Fucking chalk it up to some intermittent vegan B
Twelve deficiency or I'm just losing my mind
which historically happens from time to time

At times it seems like you're often in the process
of for lack of a better wording losing your
goddamned mind and I find that curious
and/or disturbing don't you?

Often the text retains Byzantine intricacy
because of traditions that may not even be
our own outside Tripoli two hundred years
past September twenty three

I feel the blood from my veins on my face horrific
violence still appears somewhat regularly in
dreams time travel isn't mythical it actually
happens intermittently

A Jumble of Spoken Words

The gaze of others considering faithful lovers
whose sole request was to express how you
obviously felt in some remotely
comprehensible jumble of spoken words

Instead you chose to query some old bag on her
actual age like it was some sort of novel
notion the cubicle blows its own brains out
we can't strain out imperfection from
memories

We're little more than big babies who want to
reconvene with our Maker there's something
fucking immanent here and It's relaying Itself
in what can only be called a circuitous
fashion

April five into six two hundred years amiss the
middle aged redhead who doubled as the
sub-Saharan bag you shamelessly
fornicated with?

Two as one suggest in a quaint manner we wake
up yet the words struck us as statements
that hardly even needed to be uttered at all

Glancing at a Homeless Man Quaintly Sleeping on a Patch of Grass

'I try to describe what I'm feeling inside' a guy
wears an old tee inside out explains with
unearned confidence why he adorns himself
in such attire

Basking in our bourgeois tartuffery we're actually
considerably more despicable than anyone
in prison for any sentence of committed
crime

In fact glancing at a hobo quaintly napping on a
patch of grass behind a Broad Street bus
stop I find his life decisions worthy of
distinction I'm inspired

Packs of scattered needles discarded Double
Whopper wrappers a dilapidated wheelchair
there's wisdom in this unwinding of modern
capital concerns

Are you in love with the well-worn architecture of
this place or is it people who perplex you an
ironic mustached man gets into what seems
to be a relatively new Nissan Rogue

Projections of Your Own Single Self

Even Moses had shit to deal with on South
Street nonlocal intervals become rowdy
perhaps instead of a parallel universe your
fucking genetic history requests a brief word
with you

You've been reminded of things you implicitly
understand memory's a fucking scam yet all
of this shit can only be expressed in um

Should we say *circuitous fashions* the same
abstract manner you enjoy indulging in with
others which results in people without
exception failing to comprehend what the
fuck it is you're trying to say

You own a tendency of expressing things in
obscure fashions that invite absence which
is perhaps the most accurate way of
comprehending this strain of befuddlement

Yet all of these people are nothing but
projections of your own single self wall
panels shift it's not B Twelve it's your favorite
doppelganger in hell

You Don't Exist

It's your birthday We should inform you of where
you actually are you've been selected to
experience horrific dreams how else can We
convey this it's a clear sign for your birthday
What We give to you is the simple fact you exist
simply two hundred years ago as well as two
hundred and two years ago leave the city
Find a village some shit about cherries you'll
begin again a new name and life but know
that the horrors you witnessed will stay with
you in dream

This is why the wall panels move why ironic
mustached men ride in Nissan Rogues until
you repent! until you return to Us in the form
We intended

In a place where you don't exist where you've yet
to truly discover the meaning of the mirrors
We've placed in homes and automobiles in
this realm

Where architecture speaks where old bags
confirm their ages when asked it may seem
paradoxical in concept but it's entirely
sensible leave the syllogisms to the side -
We genuinely wish you a happy birthday!

My Oil Paintings

You said something deep and no one gave a shit
my oil paintings looked like cunt fucked up at
the Greek fest who said buying a
subsequent bottle of Retsina is ill-advised?

I'm ninety nine percent Pine Sol this is ritualistic
writing erotic poems for Russian whores and
signing my name χριστός ανέστη you can
drown in a glass of water

Philosophy still can't save us people no longer
chew wrapped pieces of gum no the industry
has transitioned to free floating mini buckets
of gumballs

How can I possibly concentrate on nuclear
holocausts with all these big bad booty
bitches around the mountain has better ears
for bullshit I've never been a fan of camping

I've always found things somewhat preposterous
I suppose two hookahs twist the little knob
there you go I apologize for forgetting the
meaning of cuando

Put some clothes on for Christ sake before you
ball your eyes out I never lied about wanting
to kill myself if anything the opposite! -
mountains have better ears for bullshit

Trees - some of them are old as fuck that's why
we built cities our fictions play better
surrounded by buildings a Burmese python
ate a forty four year old woman alive

It's just like a snug little sleeping bag who
doesn't like to take a little nap four or five

milligrams of melatonin why would you lie
about wanting to drive yourself into a tree?

Parallel Universes / Fun-Sized Bags of Doritos

Walking down South Street witnessing a few
chubby goth adults nibbling on handfuls of
potato chips from disparate fun size bags I
had an odd feeling I was entering a parallel
universe or something

She told me with tears visible on her cheeks that
sometimes she wished she'd get hit by a bus
I said 'Sometimes I feel sad too' Socrates
only laid down with an adolescent Alcibiades
He never fucked him in his asshole that's why
Alcibiades was still in love with him years
later you know there are signs in things
Socrates never wrote shit down

Muhammed was illiterate why the fuck are you
enrolling in an MFA program in the coastal
United States? - memory is a stain on my
being it takes a different form every other
day

She told me with visible tears streaming down
her beautiful face that at times she hoped
she'd get hit by a bus to which I retorted
'Sometimes I feel sad too.'

What really happened in that bed with those two
these are philosophical questions relativism
only emerges after a certain axiom
coagulates

Thinking About Architecture

Thinking about architecture about the necessity
of chance on a Nickanee's patio with a
group of people adjacent

Adjacent and discussing Chinese food in a
manner that strikes you as the talk of pure
imbeciles that like if chance is necessary?

And it has to be necessary otherwise everything
would become irreparably fixed but if it's in
fact necessary then it's also in a sense fixed
essentially being a necessity? – puzzling!

There's a little triangle tattooed on a pinky finger
there's no individual ecstasy in architecture
only during periods of intense collectivism at
any given time it's difficult

It's challenging to quantify the amount of
conversing occurring on the planet that's
architecture in a sense guy with a hook nose
intensely biting his fingernails as upper
middle class whites watch in awe

As other upper middle class whites recreate a
modal jazz that was cutting edge in nineteen
sixty five on Elmwood Avenue you recall
images

Which informs your decision making in material
ways recollected images are animated and
in turn falsified solely in your mind

Which exists in a location that you can't quite
place at the time as you cross a windy
Washington Street bridge a figure of this or

that proportion is constructed in your memory

What we call your memory currently we'll call it your memory to move out of the realm of seminal attraction into one of pure representation

The Gumballs of Pseudo-Dionysius

Lights flicker numerically like CPA firms
Neoplatonism was a corrective on the
integrity of infinite numbers Sufism a
corrective on the rationalism of the concept
One

I feel more in tune with God when I vehemently
condemn photography at a bar where no
one gives a shit every situation is set in a
unique context in what we perceive as time

A curiously significant shift seemed to occur in
the repetition of the smile addicted to dying a
thousand deaths with that said hold the red
onion on the gyro I'm fresh out of gumballs

Sent to remedial English simply because we
questioned the nature of signifying pronouns
but we never got offended at it sans
repetition you can't get back to sleep
sometimes

'If the whole ocean were ink for writing the words
of'-sans repetition sometimes I can't get
back to sleep mirrors are now placed
regularly in households and automobiles

Slightly Inebriated on a Friday Evening

I felt a sudden sense of the whole accelerated heart beat thing you know? - an Elvis impersonator playing his guitar with a perspicacity that was just a delight to behold

The notion of this oneness as indivisible in essence is only truly comprehended in states of extreme intoxication get drunk by yourself and you may apprehend it

The bartender at Figidini's explained how to order a pizza I considered replying something to the effect of 'Go fuck yourself' but instead thanked him for the extremely generous insight!

Only in states of isolated intoxication isolation that's only possible in densely populated areas the desert is a misunderstanding of solitude I think

It assumes that people exist which is an unproven presumption of our social fabric to some extent so-called population centers of shit piss and semen it's really just a mirror

It's not technically an offspring not in the way that you're thinking to overcome this um seminal state this theoretical amplified seminal state as an overcoming of some implied European self

Older Lady with the Look of Pure Death in Her Eyes

Pepperonis discriminated by Bib at the bar
marble counterwork with the homosexual
Chinese quaff (managerial) Michelle said to
just shoot the double shot correctly

Mirrors looped into incoherence another Friday
night sat at a bar thinking about oneness
typing to yourself that you're thinking about
oneness

Tiny Bar wasn't quite as cunty the second time
you went there blonde platinum Nordic
telepathy dreams in technicolor
doppelgangers of gaze

Thinking about God as the precise indivisibility of
this Oneness we're still typing all of this shit
down as we're thinking it I may not actually
comprehend the origin of so-called feelings

This notion of being emotionally damaged
seems intriguing the shattered self assumes
once again let's not forget this that people
actually exist!

Which we've previously deemed somewhat
presumptuous you talked to the lady with the
look of death in her eyes playing pool in the
black skinny jeans her name is Ellen she's
seventy-one years young

Multitudinous Feminine Entities

A sort of nonlinear seminal yearning Madden
Ninety Three dream but the opposing team
is a multitudinous feminine entity abutting
orgasm as the Detroit Lions

A tale of two Pearl Streets concrete ear plugs in
old Earth soil a Third Reich-era Nazi said
Sufis don't get fucked up should we consider
this a reputable source claim?

Siberian Russians speaking broken demotic
Greek pale-faced disgusted sitting at the
Chili's bar TV screens every three feet
chugged sixteen ounces of Dos Equis
Amber muttering something about sucking
my penis

Thought about jumping off the roof at eight fifty
eight PM I remain ambivalent about grain
carbohydrates pondering the social dynamic
between Latin busboys and Trans
bartenders

But in a totally gender-neutral type of way treat
ideas the same way seasoned exotic
dancers maneuver impressionable men of
all ages molding manifold fictional worlds
until it's extinguished

Until we no longer know what's true and what's
false until veracity and falsity became totally
subservient to a sort of nonlinear seminal
yearning - until the icon collapses

Guys From Chicago Who Don't Exist

Discrete units repeating themselves you had a dream about a guy named Nate Bonleo from Chicago a peculiar figure from out of town the name has no hits in any search engine

Something impalpable in the language something a Hellenized Islamic scholar might attempt to explain velocity ergo legato spatial inquiries into syllabic distances

This is a five paragraph essay I wrote an extended gaze into the human form itself can manifest divine revelations Shahidbazi tell the bitch to pull the panties off

Those are one dollar bills in your hand dialogue heard in the so-called mind phrases generated in some sort of involuntary process Gabriel what does voluntary mean exactly?

Sugar Free Soju At Fernandez Liquors

The word tartuffery comes to mind we sat on the
roof of Pearl Street and drank Soju out of an
emptied Ginger Ale bottle and asked
ourselves 'What can a poem express?'

'What exactly can a poem express' the word
tartuffery comes to mind Gabriel in the cave
I can relate a musical mode no - the sound
of the fucking human voice

You asked yourself what can a poem express
getting drunk by yourself on the roof of Pearl
Street drinking Soju out of an emptied
Ginger Ale bottle

We're not necessarily in the Thirteenth Century
Asia Minor one could argue we're in Twenty
First Century America it seems a lot has
changed in eight hundred years

Everywhere I look I see fucking morons scrolling
through feeds scrolling through bullshit and
I'm doing the same shit this is art but it's also
an indivisibility of Oneness

Pre-algorithm the feed disseminates this
indivisibility an extreme compression of time
the word tartuffery comes to mind the utter
dissolution of memory

III-Advised High Fades

GFK tenor the summer months are no time for
cum bibs Nubian co-eds speaking foreign
melodies thru high vol airpods on the
Bridgeport Amtrak the hair product lingered
for the next four stops

Abutting pissy on the HOA call magenta fat
faced legal representatives with tight high
fades we find follicly inspiring perhaps to my
own detriment gradual extinction of the
semicolon

Meteors don't extinguish species they disappear
into a collective unconscious of their own
volition I was in a cloud - descend to vertical
lip stubble

Give her space when she needs it words
replacing tones five letters for λογος adroitly
fear scriptural allusions you're the mirror in
which He sees his names

The Median Lifespan of Bananas is Insufficient

I detest the median lifespan of bananas
annihilation has always been the ultimate
end-game you write things you arrange
words but there can only be the one thing

The one thing contains multiplicities but remains
fundamentally somehow unaltered as one
annihilation is the only end-game and there's
really nothing objectionable about it

We love insemination of near-strangers getting
our toes painted Nintendo Switch Online
getting fucked up three times per week
what's so bad about returning to the one
thing

Language fundamentally must precede
mathematics you think lying in bed repeating
four words over and over in the hopes that
the memories will cease

We must name the number two! - we must
imagine two things distinct from one another
to begin to construct this name without the
name sans the image

How would two and two become four!? - it simply
wouldn't is the only conclusion available to
us although mathematicians would certainly
scoff heartily!

Nuclear Families & Rainforests

In the abandoned parking lot on Battey the infinite fails to care about the eventual implosion of our solar system there's a reason Parmenides wrote poems

Michael has one tooth and pays nine hundred eighty five dollars per month to live in a basement in Warwick and enjoys the company of girls with glasses

He loves them with glasses and only considers redheads to be true redheads if they're white redheads which I personally found sensible!

I found this notion that people of color with red hair aren't quite authentic redheads in the colloquial sense of the phrase to be the sole logical conclusion one could draw regarding the nature of redheads

It's simply what we can't conceive it's our conception of this extension of this one thing that seems so inconceivable people spend their days talking about nuclear families and rainforests

The nature of the infinite is in no way similar to simply shaving gyro meat off a giant slow roasting kebab vomiting up the dairy free Ben and Jerry's cookies and cream smoothie

Basically Repulsed (In Every Detail)

Eating ten dollar per pound salted pepitas over my kitchen sink I considered that distinguishing discrete items in space is a form of doubt in itself

Shove a Corona Premier up your butt and do a handstand you could possibly get a following on YouTube a guy you'd never met alleged that Brett Smiley is a disingenuous cocksucker

You took his word as gospel and didn't think twice about it despite knowing neither this person or any of the intricacies of the municipality's politics

We recalled that Timothy had fairly plump breasts prior to disappearing I personally wish him all the best in absentia

Spanish girl tossing Reposado into her body like raised ranches sinking into the Earth in the midst of acute Richter scale events a random carousel seemed psilocybin-adjacent

'He could never come to terms with being born into a world that basically repulsed him in every detail from the very beginning.'

Around the year two thousand nine the notion that I was an individuated piece of fate became more or less nonsensical to me which caused a certain type of implosion for a period of time

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