



thuglovepoems vol1
syrianus

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racially insensitive remarks about women

everybody feels bad about stuff sometimes
except for psychopaths
and sociopaths, ppl w/ short memories
and attn. spans and those
of us having a pretty good day today
there's a small child starving
there's a young woman being raped
and mutilated
there's a small child starving
and there's a young woman being gang-raped
and genitally mutilated
right now.
there's a man w/ a wife
and child tweeting about how much
muslims suck in aggregate and jesus
was a feminist
as his wife cleans the dishes in the sink
despite a dual income economy
bc that's america

(i'm speculating...)
melancholy
hypocrites
depressed
narcissists
we've all been there at 1 time
or another
and that's america
...or so the subtweet said
...or so i subtweeted
the subtweet that supposedly said that
(i never actually subtweeted it tho...)

thug luv story

at 4 foot 7 she walked slowly with glistening brown skin,
bubble butted with a right butt cheek that equaled
the exact circumference of pi
and dark brown vagina lips that motherfuckin formed
a kind of butterfly formation around her clitoris
and a beautiful soul
up to me and said, "hi, how are you?"
"sup shorty?"
i replied nonchalantly
she looked up into my eyes
and seemed to remember why she didn't care that much
for men
...i gave her left buttcheek a back-handed slap
with my left hand as i reached diagonally across her tiny
body
and said, "i like how that feels,"
then winced in pain
i'd cut my left index fingernail a little too short that
morning

it'd been stinging continuously all day
she smiled up at me half-sincerely
and said, "thank you."

definitions of poetry

i was crushing codeine
in massachusetts back in '06
before the youth of america
became codeine crazy
ill admit ive been
somewhat derailed, and stunted,
and subpoena'd for
poor decisions, addictions
to fantasies that i simply
felt i could will into reality
...what is a poem?
it's a plainspoken
statement for ppl with
undiagnosed aspergers...
it's a five paragraph essay
for ppl who just dont have
that much shit to say...
it's a doctoral thesis of
the ghosts of men drowned

in pussy, of the spirits of
women decapitated by phallus,
and the something politically correct
of the transgender community

ndeed

admittedly, i was probably a stray bullet
straight looking for a skull the first time i passionately
kissed her
a late spring sunset reminded me of some shit
i didn't really wanna be reminded of
as the sun
dipped its grundel into a cluster of clouds
with the light bouncing off land like an allen iverson
crossover
back and forth between 50 shades of feelings
some girls fall in love at first sight,
some at first kiss,
and some have spouses you may or may not be aware
of
and ppl can break from each other so easily
become un-conjoined amnesiacs
fucking all these different people
in all these different positions
and finding it absurd they were ever in love

with anything other than fucking
all these different people
in all these different positions

mineral springs

the ukranian ponytail was only aesthetic
to the tony tale - was it you that lebron james'd
the pasta fagioli with a cheshire grin?
you're the debt ceiling dropping an infant ten stories
onto the womb trampoline. now, the state
pays for daycare, but what does the municipal bond
yield?

the kid with a light brown
temped up caesar down the street
got shot in the neck and killed, his
mother got shot in the face. but the taco bell
drive-thru next to my building
is still filled; eat great even late.
two tummies strutted with the faux swag
of a tough town resident—
bushy cock got hairballed on cd-r because of
the exposed brunette rapunzel pubes.
peel back the layers of your faith, but don't
let your feelings blow in the

wind like jheri curls in
september. let's not watch the lebanese christians
committing suicide on magic carpets.
you've become
my nightmare of a floating chinese medusa's
eyes spinning counterclockwise in a lake of asian infants
swimming like salmon downstream
as i freeze to stone.
the flaw of the hopeless
or maybe the hopeful - is that
they view their lives as these grand narratives,
when they're just
dreams you can only remember parts
of -

snowsnowsnow

driving home tonight
i noticed the city's using fuckin construction
trucks to get the snow off the streets
in the hood this winter
lowkey at times it stings me
that my word maybe wasn't as bulletproof as i promised
i dont know if i even feel feelings
anymore
these tears fall like elmers glue
this is grown man shit
at a point it becomes all
the same pussy
just a different pussy
if shakespeare were alive
all he'd write about is pussy

jack kerouac

i 1st set eyes on her after a long night
of drinking jungle juice and successfully playing beer
pong—
with the exception of one ridiculous call
that my own teammate inexplicably made
against us (???)
i was immediately struck by her beauty and
elegant movements.
maybe about 2 months later
with my shirt half unbuttoned, and
the right side of my
face bleeding from a fence i'd tried
to hurdle
unsuccessfully, i got her #
and continually reminded myself of the 100s
maybe 100,000s of men that had succumb
to vagina-related death and imprisonment
over the course of human history

karl malone

karl malone on a 10 speed bike
on a late afternoon in autumn.
constantly coming to new conclusions
is cool, but almost anybody can do it
the fat girl that looked like a fat guy,
a dead broke
bountiful laundromat driveby
she had a silver-studded clit ring
and only got wet maybe once or twice
a month after she had her son

retrograde artistic reductionism

she was like that's really stupid you write poetry
and even stupider you reference your penis
in your poems but i was like damn
girl, can i express myself? have i treated you unfairly bc
of it?

bc i've been a lyrical prodigy since 14
and she shrugged it off and was like
you'll never make any money doing it
you need to concentrate on things that'll make you
money

but, in actuality, it was actually lame that she thought
that way bc, it's like, if things weren't created
that made her think, laugh, cry, and be entertained
she would literally be a robot, and, therefore,
probably lame in bed

and i would've never even dated her had that
been the case. so it's like the poems
i wrote that referenced my penis
during that era

indirectly made our relationship possible ironically enough.

the great recession

you can hit the strip and
you can drink yourself to death
while sending pathetic text messages
and violating the tenets of your budget
in every regard,
sink into a “deep depression”
and feel all around
hopeless
but seem pretty normal
to ppl around u
that’s how you know it’s real
drinking the finest disarrono
on the rocks at the breast bar w/ cumbib
it was the midst of the great recession
the struggle is real
but the armenian genocide is disputed???
god has been dead
but my atheism is wavering???
racism’s over

but rupert murdoch has a mural
of malcolm x painted in fox news's urinals???
bulbous bum bums & ebola
40% of all history is
political interpretation
40% is outright lies
5% is my life story
interpolated when i read a history book
12% is between the lines
3% is something about your mom i think

jezuz stevenson

all we ever really did was shut the fuck up
now that i think about it. love doesn't know a last name
tho... one of the wisest men ive ever known asked me
bluntly, "does your penis have a last name?"
you know what he means tho? why speak
words when words don't speak us?
language is a lot like life—
you'll be waiting a long time if you're waiting
for things to even out. even steven is
the son of god.

sometimes i feel poorly

ppl change
and trust can be as easy as
sticking nails
in your pupils
and driving cross country
i feel poorly.
kind of felt like me and you could be different
maybe because i always feel
that way
or maybe because that's what it was
might be hard to say
or maybe not
maybe i'm just an asshole
w/ a short attn. span
and a word that has more bark than bite
maybe you are too
i kind of hope you are too

cumcatchers in the rye

no one wants to read your tweets
that don't @ anything or even hashtag
shit
relationships are hard / everyone's crazy
penises are hard / some women are lazy
old men pay 4 blowjobs
bc they understand economics
and prostitution is a victimless crime
unless you'd like to consider
a heroine-addicted
pimped out
22 year old prostitute a victim
i'm an asian girl
looking a little brazilian
on a wednesday
or a meteorologist
that didn't eat for weeks
after that rain
the other wednesday

remember when chest pubes
scratched his gucci glasses
and said "bless you"?
a small family of tall
indian immigrants
saw me standing up and whacking off
thru the street-faced bedroom window
in 2008 near Plainville

dion waiters

ive done bad things in my life
ive lied ive cheated ive stolen
gone back on promises
maybe broken hearts
maybe given the wrong impression
like santa clause wiggling down chimneys in israel
misconstrued some intentions
and shit like that...
and there's really no forgiveness
for these transgressions, i've rarely ever asked for
forgiveness
but when i did it was teary-eyed on my knees
with my face facedown on a mattress
and i pleaded please just let
this end ok bc my feelings were real
bc my feelings usurped my entire being
and stuff
and without them i would ostensibly have to start from
scratch and who knows if you can start from scratch

without losing yourself entirely, i mean how could
you start from scratch without losing yourself entirely?
my prayers were answered old testament style
my ego was crucified
its limbs left to rot in the town center or something
i prayed bc i knew i'd already lost
control so i knew betting on divine intervention was
house money
that's one of the few things you can know when
you're consumed with one emotion
bc no one knows how exactly anyone
becomes so consumed with an emotion

mi amigas

i shouted across the room
as she ignored my advances
and continued to walk slowly toward wherever it was she
was going
with her nipple rings visibly dangling against her flannel
button-up
like chandeliers, or maybe testicles at room temperature.

i'd heard the rumors
and it's never advisable
...to do anything, really
i said to myself, "i mean, c'mon...
a vagina is an actual, physical body part
meant to be used multiple times,
it's not a tissue or a paper towel or a napkin, you know?"

tha cold war

if mkts r efficient then
warren buffet got lucky
it's like fuck currency
...except kids need food
and shelter
...and decent school systems.
capitalism as philosophy...
deifies the die roll
capitalism as philosophy...
deifies russian roulette
...in a roman coliseum
thirsty entrepreneurs
sell dreams of 110 hour workweeks
to arbitrage the global athletic
sock market
...communism is bullshit
but sometimes
i think it might not be either/or

eurrope

she told me
she could squirt when she whacked off
with a dildo up her bum
& a vibrator on her clit
while watching her favorite porno videotape
i was intrigued...
and felt like we were really getting to
know one another
...wondering if she owned a vcr
i rubbed her left thigh
with a somewhat sweaty palm,
and i wondered if the day
would ever come when i too
would be up her bum
and yes it would and in a juvenile sense sure it changed
some things because there's probably
some heteromasculine metaphysics
that i still subscribe to
where fucking a girl in her ass is a sort of

transferring of metaphysical “ownership”
which is nice, until you consider the uselessness
of metaphysics as a whole
and then subliminal patriarchal structures of
power means a little less
as you reminisce on things
and realize owning a person’s theoretical soul
is just the salesman buying his own brand name
which isn’t a viable business model going forward

love is love

when i'm drinking a vodka
it's never a stoli. in my younger years, i made out
with a fat chick named donna mascoli.
wearing basketball shorts in front of an empty mailbox
i saw these vulchery insects
eating a sparrow, dead bird type thing.
and it's face was torn off, it looked like
london broil steak.
it was egregious how
the kid with the cumbib
couldn't keep his tone down about
the pepperonis parading on the stage.
the purple chief executive disappeared
slowly, like a sailboat
into a late summer skyline, into
a lubricated black hole.
i ate a pulled pork burrito jubilant, and told
a quarter inch mosquito to
chupo mi pito,

then i called it a day, and chalked
it up as a w.

chupo mi pito

what the motherfuckin fuck was what i was like
when i found out about the heroin trafficking charges
at about 3pm on a monday afternoon and felt slightly
light headed bc of it
another potentially great
relationship ruined potentially...
the one that says they never lie
is the most egregious liar
and the one that claims the most morals
is inevitably your fem fatal, i fuckin truly
mostly believe that, but only in the trenches
can you realize how human lives transmute into
social manure, personally responsible pieces of
fate and shit

something about not being hungry

i think we need more rules
to reinforce the rules we've written. i think
guns are cool, but only if
you play russian roulette with them.
"you never knew true sadness,"
said the kamikaze pilot
to the kamikaze co-pilot—
a heavy set epileptic lady
with a goatee and three teeth
asked me if i'm upset with her, then
told me a knock-knock joke.
her dog max looked complacent.
we both seemed hungry.
she asked me if i wanted a sandwich, and i said,
"nah, i'm not hungry."

8 ravioli bags

i've witnessed the most insipid minds of my generation
dress like shit to fit in in south san francisco -
silicon valley can suck my
cock and also designed the technology
im writing and recording this poem on
upper middle class bro-bras cop coke from
a guy who buys cigarettes by the carton on his ebt card.
unevenly distributed wealth distribution centers, and then
the global
economy collapsed upon the
underemployed employed, no we printed money and
inflated sovereign debt.
i've seen crushed lines of prescription pills that dwarf
the size of nostrils beneath giddy college graduates. long
term unemployment
that physically changes facial structures
—i've been an integral component of email chains
that easily made my eyes bleed in inanity.

i've fucked women who threw pussy with the acuity of
drew bree's, the taco bell
drive-thru being busy at -no, it's busy all fucking day.
mexican girls that
fuck on the first date, but not from the back,
i've seen the gang signs thrown from folks and peoples
outside of ChiRaq
before it became ChiRaq, the degeneration of jay-z; a
generation of
hipster brooklynites raised on jay-z—
a family home as an option on an etf, the jesus piece is
sharp.
i've heard the wise men lie,
and the famous writers lie
i've watched their aphorisms die
when the pussy starts to get gushy.
when the phallus is finally erected, when the money is
easier
than simple addition.
then i've seen their truths rise like christ did
when all of it regresses to attrition
and then you see where they wrote from—

i've interpreted the interpreters
then saw their insanity, felt their insanity, met their
insanity,
introduced their insanity to my friends and family,
took their insanity out to dinner,
and never called it back— i hope it never calls me back.
i've seen the insanity of the wisest men,
the slow suicide of the famous writers.
i've stopped wondering why
they spent lives trying to produce truth in a casino
because it's immutable that most lives are spent
trying to produce truth in a casino. it's the vicissitudes of
the die's roll
that puncture truth with oxygen, that allow an aphorism
to bleed on our pages,
and resurrect the wisest lies as saviors

monster(s)

i saw you see me see you w/ your hair disheveled
in the shape of sex and you called me
2 days later like it didn't matter or that i gave
a fuck, i mean sure i gave a fuck, but i didn't
even give a fuck—
i've been sleeping in the providence river
bc i don't see how i could get any more dirty
unflinchingly getting my dick
sucked by the reticent cokehead with jimmy dingle dong
knocking at the hotel door munching on the fun-sized
bag of fritos
bc i have to embrace my dirt in full before i can begin
to cleanse myself,
no doubt, other men are probably already falling in love
into your eyes, you wear those colored contacts
not for that reason, but bc beneath those
bright blue bullshits
is real shit, manure, my eyes are motherfuckin
brown as manure

for that reason, i see you, but it's cool
i'm washing myself off limb by limb, i wonder if
you're doing the same

92-93 chicago bulls championship documentaries

william howard taft was the first to note
"these hoes have kids to feed, too"

i got a little money
and let these hoes feed their seeds
on my teet, too, i mean,
what do i give a fuck, really?
i feel jordan in 93
i feel like jordan in 2015
creamy breasts & creamy buttcheeks
i'm passionately kissing them
she doesn't care about dick, the first
sign that all she cares about is dick
we'll go get vietnamese food
next to a park street jiffy lube
and i'll pull out her chair for her
there are 2 ways to die young
and be at blame for it: drugs & pussy
she used to tell me her pussy

was crack as i went samurai
with the chop sticks

anal hours

an adjunct professor
has an anal hour
every hour
on the hour
hour glasses earn
an hourly wage
of an avg power hour
power structures
structure debt
deliberately indebted to
deficit spending
spending time w/ loved ones
w/o 1 hour glass
is timelessly cumbersome
cumbersome legislature
can have cum slung
in between the lines but no
semen stains in the fine print
print is dead

trees are dead
tired of dying slow deaths in
national parks and shit
shit is real
i need paper
bc money doesn't grow on dead trees

communi\$m

cop car sirens ascreaming outside my window
fire truck sirens ascreaming outside my window
ambulance sirens sirening outside my window
yet somehow
i farted loud enough to wake us both up
omfg stfu smh
did he really just text lmao tho?
what is this 2005??? hahahaha
let's look at this 28 yr old girl
with her face caked up
like it's christ's 2,015th birthday
and laugh
and laugh
idk if i would say the second floor
had the blumpkin pastiche she was
going for, but i wasn't going to say anything
they can audit the futon for
cumstains, but we're still ballin regardless

nightmares about puerto rican exotic dancers

jake the snake had that linguine skullet on lock
button ups tucked into jeans
fuck button ups tucked into jeans
you can't possibly look good
...with button ups tucked into jeans?
you'll never be loved
and it's better to have loved and lost
than tuck a button up into jeans
...i've lost love
...love was lost
...lost love
...love lost
lost love...love lost
...lost love love lost
lost lost love lost love love
love is love & life is fair
life is love & love is fair
murder suicide domestic dispute something something

romeo & juliet
leonardo dicaprio and
claire danes in titanic
for three and a half fucking hours
do you think she had red pubes, too?
i think anything's possible, and
for that reason
i'm out

something something

24 hr news network something
something but the house
republicans and senator
something something said
something something suck
my cock something
something. this isnt just my job
ITS MY CAREER, the car note's
profit margin's as
transparent as the shit
i took this morning
something something
...id rather spend my afternoon
posted up in the slums sippin shitty bourbon
or maybe michelob ultras
acting ignorant and
approaching 30 as the American caste system
makes mockeries of the
upper middle class.

muy loco

it was just crazy like we were selling illegal anal beads
on the side of the road in arkansas or new mexico
or whatever i was never that good at
geography... i had dropped a chocolate covered
strawberry on an inside-out white
planet fitness tee i'd gotten for free
and there was this kid blake who said,
"sup man, the name's blake" to me,
then put my name on a red beer pong cup
and i slugged down the vodka realizing it was
40 some odd degrees and i was wearing shorts
and freezing my fuckin nuts off.
about 8 hours
later i kissed you w/ the passion of a man
who would die on a cross for a cause he knew was not
true
and you looked up at me w/ probable eyeballs
and probably saw problems
and i looked down and saw double

eyes drooped a little doused in
vodka & seltzer w/ lemon
not lime please.

...you're well versed in advanced methods of hoe-ery,
but

still sometimes i find myself blaming myself
for the hardships you've endured
since we met that night.