

942DOT GRANDVIEW

Copyright © 2016 by Christopher A. Large
942DOTGrandview Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, write to the publisher, addressed "Request for Permission," at the address below.

Zalenka,castle@gmail.com
Mesa, AZ 85209
www.zalenkascastle.com

**For:
My parents Cathy & Derek Large**

Change of Pace

It's too late to die young
Time to switch gears and get shit done
No, fuck all that 'one and one with the universe'
Just need to juggle my priorities, even if it hurts
Get life moving, and refine it when it works
Keep doing my research,
While trying not to burst

Mantra

I am a creative being
The universe creates through me
I will not be afraid to express my creativity
Creative time spent is always worthwhile
My creative voice is important
Be patient, simplistic, and
Don't forget to breathe

Steady Stream of Light

My body
Wants
So much
Sleep
Please stop asking for more
I cannot create any more time
How much more is even desired
How much more will you take
If I choose to ignore the urge tonight
I will need a few more hours of sunlight
To write

Story Peering

Is it time yet,
No
Looks like it is just what's his name walking back from his car
Where did he end up going then?
I did not see him leave
But imagined him returning
'Mmmmm,'
Said the child
Fixing its gaze up towards the stars
Up towards its father's chin
Trying to see into his eyes,
Squinting
But, alas, it is not tall enough
Or old enough,
Needing to return at later date and time
To peer into those eyes
Transfixed; the child realizes
It was staring at himself
HE was there alone the whole time

Net Gain

Sitting here just watching numbers progress
Closer and closer towards one hundred percent
Fresh on the scent, and present to vent
Steam off and let
Temps rise up within my tent
Mental wit now gets intense
Seeing is needed to believe
In each and every sense

Icarus

We are the moths
The internet the flame
Where pleasure and pain
Are felt one in the same
Death at fast pace
We are blinded by our fates
As if change could come from hate
Pupils wide in search, in haze
As we block it out and say
Fuck the world today
I am exhausted...
Body wants to give up
The signal is distorted, but my brain seems stuck
While my eyes are awake and say, 'WHAT!'

Placeholder

Found my call in life, no
Feeling just fine, though
I still sit down to let the day unwind
Looking down a path with whiskey eyes
Instead of wine
Listen to the signs
Appearing over time, all the time
Whether or not you read between the lines
Context clues and moral cues all seem like lies
A lime light life
Disappeared while running with shears
Reappeared just to modify the records dear

In from the Cold

Arctic channels now enlightened
Redirect the beast of which we are frightened
Grip has tightened; like the titans playing psychic
Wishing men to fight them, although
 It's just to spite them
 All in all; despite them
Fast forward 'til you're nice then
Reward with new found spices
 Confusing the devices
 Conniving with the vices
Habits form under a crisis
 And then...
A mighty voice invites us

Fish Saddle

Eyeballs dry, dried out lakes
Waterbeds with taped tares
Kneel before a four step approach
Calculator designs dependent
On independent sound
Drowned out now, so frown
Or smile ear to ear
Beneath the gown, stares are so loud
Dripping from the corner of your mouth
Center-folded, like a creased crown
Down in a crevasse now hindered in shroud
Found moths
Dried out now
Brittle take off, flightless break off
Four doors down this hall
Past the fretful mounds
Dreary eyes, timing dies
Vibrating signs, noise just drones
Lonesome cones rolled up and crumpled
Crumbled sand castles
Rumpelstiltskin ruptured
With a feisty
Fury flow of ice floes
Transfixing on two pupils
Onto orbs grown out of hypno-gourds
Norse told legend exchanged and sold
Retold as modern mythic gold

Arid like a stone
Acrid stowing mold, so go
Gaze now,
Between my soul and shoulder bones
Find home and solace in the peace when left alone

Toxic Observer

Curiosity killed the cat,
But the lack thereof keeps you caged like a rat
Just a fact,
Lust contract, must contact the idols of my youthful mind stat
Align the trap,
Tit for tat, past is vast so wade well or get pulled down to the mat
What chats, lucky snap?
Talk to your neighbor; do not become twitter trapped
Social media flapped up rearing wings to let sanity lapse
Backtracked to a time
When chaos inside my mind was the only beast to track
A worn down path, run it up and down to save face and re-rack
The pins of my life, but there are no take backs
So I go further, deeper into my craft
Where I find myself kneeling at last at a statue of glass
Showcasing in full detail each of the strengths I now lack
Full-grown, full of adolescent feelings I get from these tasks
Ego is on blast, eenie meenie miney moe,
I choose you to hand out what I have
Leave behind the insides, the suitcases' empty now so just ask

We're Coming In

Car crashes, UFO stashes
Battle born;
Illuminati eyelashes batting eyes fantastic
Battle cries now spastic
Looking like gold; charismatic
All slate like a captain Phasma,
Ready, aim, fire!
That plasma straight from the blaster
Blood gets splattered
Attention seeking ego, flattered
The whiney young child-Sith-Lord- Master
Does stuff like that even matter
Shoot pulse cannon; watch 'em scare and scatter
Draw straws to hide short emotions torn and tattered
Battering ram to take doors down faster

Sabine Ghosts

There were a whole lot of you
Harrowing, with a ton of wait
Weighted down, hope inflates
Then gets deflated, passing suction
Story by Guttridge, accounting through loose leaf
Trying men's wills, muttered mutiny under breath
'God, Please'
Frozen solid, cold was brawling
Rolling metallurgy, bronzing
With like-minded trawls of sordid knowledge
To crawl in
Playing possum, dead and rotten
Feet up, blood veins knotted
Stealthy attempts to steal the stores
Keep less fed, voting cast aside it said
Determining death from a gunshot to the head
The rest is plain grim, embed
Grimaces all shown near the end
I bet though, on the morning of departure
Their face bore smiles as they rose up out of bed

Focus: In All the Right Places

I used to count my pennies, every one
I used to save my pennies, every one
Now I vacuum them up
Feels annoying; weird and tough
To watch the hope a penny once gave
Get swept under the rug
I used to cheat on this Nintendo game Track & Field
Except we used our hands to run fast, not feet
I used daydream about leveling up a character
Home from school; strategy guides were little kid stuff
Scoliosis, hunched back and squinted eyes
Overlooking love
With my head up above with lonely doves
In the clouds, with my buddy Adam Young
Looking down like in God-Mode
Peering down on towns
I used to ride through, bicycles on paved road
Used to be content, with just riding,
Or gaming the day away
I used to feel free and let it vent
Worries of the day to day stress let out
I used to be a kid
I should let him back out
Like I once did

Learning Curve

One, two, three; one, two, three step
One, two, three; one, two, three flex
One, two, three; one, two, three next
One, two, three; one, two, three rest
 Now do it again
 Make your amends
Snowing, with blizzard like trends
 Set in, signaling the conductor
 Bird on a wire, on a whim
Talk box on fire, choking out liars
 Smoke inhaled, martyrs
 Dead dance duo
 Now trade off

Over Folding

From now on, everything created is going into a box
Tape shut, dog hair crumbled up
Stuck to the sides
Reimagined eyes realigned to make devices re-size
Print this out and put it back on the platter
Splatter paint, boredom rises there right after
Tiger iron bent and flattened; sent
Email before the e
The mail was sent, stuck on manual, back to me
Channeling the panels, strip wires wraparound
The warping sound sounding off, resounding thoughts
Shaping concepts that rise with a thread, spider web walk
To the sky with trench coat neck
Lick toads, backside is unknown with no intent
The door swung open in the wind
The rain swept in, broom to the floor to smell the dirt pass
Wrangled while I reel it in, fishing pole of plastic stuff with Gin
Sitting at the canal, staring out with no eye holes
Climb polls, voting poles, politicians are still a fucking joke
The gnarly radiation emanating
From the console we transfer our souls into
Forced into hibernation, bear naked ether head
Loopy fools, fueled with effigy and dreams of tantric tools
Tied up with feather fluff, rein the sin inside the stuff
The clouds are low but still not fog,
Thick like an axe I can see the timbers and all the downed logs
Chopped and blogged like a nature scene

Listen for Eternity

Shared on Instagram at 5 megabytes a second
Checking social drippings, IV pumping the hollow rules
Its tandem one handed fighting over land
The man's no longer standing
Under water damning
Demanding the wielder to make it hotter
Melded into goo, the shielded loop is never true
But you circle it like a race track madman with no one in the stands
Swing the flag
Checkered black and white flying grand
There are more cells inside you then there are grains of sand
Stars stuff thrown out and cut geometric fiend
Hands out cupped for the greens
The THC in your mind melting
Motivation leaking out of your ears
Never fear this queen here
She digs out the minerals needed to get along this year
Brick and mortar, cinderblock
I burn the dear and pour out sour beer
Sourdough stacked up pepper jack
Green and red speckled cracks
Cross the threshold into the skies
Hourly wage corresponds to how much pain my soul endures
Catch the wild fish with broken seers
Whose plight was lost in spite the insight of the gift of infinite
sight?

Granular Increase

The soil feels like sand but it's not
Something more profound and now alive to plot
Skillful scenes to pierce tough skin
Light stretched out, tangled around and rounded down
Unwound like a toy from 1954, some old mythology
American Folklore, mouth sores, from sharing so much pop
Soda used to flow and never stop, spouting CO2
Rotting teeth are popping off
Grasping straws, to pucker up and sneak a cough
In between the lines drawn out in powdered chalk
Walking right and left scoring the mound a lot
Lessons of the underworld gone undertow in worth
The tide is showing girth, opening a world of hurt
Chasm of the weakness we own and skirt
While clamping down the cleats
To break up Earth and dirt
Out of breath, out of work

Trepidation

I have a migraine and the only cure is trepidation
Zooming but zombie-like stasis that I'm in
Blooming dark inside this American Nation
Just old sensation, as were blazing'
But now with rational goals
Creativity bold
The way I'm seen holding my pole
Still roasting this bone,
Go to work while recreations put on hold
Get that money take home, bread to the dome
To buy the tools to drill holes
Into your brain, and lift souls
Bringing up more legends untold
Urban myths unrecognized from the comic book mold
Is it so?
Truth unknown, kingdom come, 7 days undone
Re-lit, relived, re-writ,
So now we carve it into the stone
Cold snow is killing these bros
So rev it up to steam roll every one of the trolls
Keep it wired to the system 'til it folds
Origami, lions on me, forget a 'shottie'
I roll with blades, keeping on the list that's naughty

Form of a Germ

Trying to be a man
Swing my arms about, trying to land
A mighty punch, needing only one
Oscillating joints tense up
Floating around the ground
Like a fish poured out of its cup
With no flounder, flop around, eyes are wide do I die?
Hi I'm Chris
I make lists to follow my dreams and shit
Flipping electric pretenses like fiend
Take a lick, stick it, [see ya later bye]
The purple planet opens up its eye
Swiveling with contort, roaming for reports
Any sufficient data connecting dots to Noir
Sleuthing for clues in a war-tor comic book world
With hallways filled with stenciled office doors
I pick the one labeled number four
Open it up, communication breakdown ignored
Slated downtown turned Grey so I paint it red
White and blue
Somewhere inside my mind I still want too
Regardless of the modern news
Deception intercepted from social media tension cues
But who knows if that is even truth
Not just an intended invention to defend its pretending
Reception of our message scrawled across new dimensions
Honorable mention to that old phone game
Where everyone has terrible listening retention

Listen for Eternity

Skewed from own perspective
Super hectic, wish I had some newer Hendrix
Jamming from the riverbed
Head swollen full of dementia
Came with three eyes wide with smile snide asking 'who sent ya?'
Discombobulated stumbling about I shout out
Everything thing I know at once
Like I am super important stuff
Hot shit attention getter feeling better
When thrown to fire I come out flameproof
Thrown into the ocean, came out with Shark's tooth
Isolation booth, soothsayers convolute
Holding mighty juice, the gods hand down to you
A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent

Graphite Pathway

Favorite place is the park; I go and read after dark
Can't see the lines, but know where to start
At the heart of the book is word art
Impacted, sarcastic satire redacted in parts
That seemed hurried, such flurry embarked
Envisioned the map, walk the path with a cart
Carry the graph intact, as we ate the pie chart
No food at the mart, walking passed floating sharks
See balloons full of air like the heads of my marks
Regarded as tart, sour, cheeks puckered I spark,
Eat my shorts ya' dumb harp
Screeching out like a Narc, like that one kid named Mark
Sharp idea, wait it was Tom back from math class
The crowds gasp
As I suck the life out,
Of the room while disrespecting all vows
Opening of proud snouts, loud wandering voices now shout
Run ragged with doubt
Flood abyss with the light from their mouths

Not Working Anymore

Because my brains all wet
Any inner peace I had has been bleached clean
Burned off singe free since we
My ego and my id
Couldn't find a solid thing to agree upon
So now this! . . .
Drinking myself to sleep lately
Catching zzzzzs finally
Cause the j's, b's, and greens
Ain't doing it anymore for me
Sex drive down, schizophrenic inner sounds
Voices all around
Still a piece of shit
I just don't come around anymore
To let you see that little bit
Jokes on you but from my view it's always been dude
Theorize with four eyes on a new found theory
Realize in no time there is no reappearing
Reaping waged war in scorched Earth the satellites are rearing

Meh and/or Umpf

Can someone let everyone down?
If they've never held anyone up?

Screwy timing, senseless rhyming

Can someone take a stand for their convictions?
If they've never sank down into belief?

Goocy lining, pretense shining

Can someone drop the ball?
If never held responsibilities?

Buoys flying, defense dying

Can someone soar to great heights?
If never sprouted wings?

Goofy dining, recluse lying

Can someone find what floats their boat?
If never been off land?

Loopy signing, misused crying

Mr. Mister

Shapeshifters
Cape twisters
Fake sisters
Lake drifters
Nape whiskers
Weight lifters
Rake blisters
And rapid fire discourse

Wrecked winners
Text critters
Deck dinners
Next sinners
Flex quitters
Hexed grinners
Pressed innards
And all that is in between

Inanimate Attack

Hiding, go and fine me
Counting, try to finally bend them to my will
Picturesque, throwing clefs
Treble high pass, nightmare peering through the sash
Eyes tremble over the dash
Lighting up the wooden stash
They seem to call their homes
Device lay dormant
Brand new demise, with a power surge of torment
Identification, calling out names
Search and recall
Pair and evolve
Stare at the wall
Tell time to us all
Magnetically scrawled
Hooded with shawl
Shoveled in shoals, loads of their souls
Leveled with claws
Clamoring draws
Molasses lips create the appall
In attempts to win big with a grin in the fall

Septum Rings and Summer Dresses

Plaid, polka dot, patterned new seams
Like the stuff of my dreams
Fluid in motion
Skin smooth and learned
Lowered emotion
Same level, misplaced step
Invested in a whim
Just to be purchased again
And again
Reel it in big
By the nose, throat, or fin
Memories like adrenaline, smells take you their best
Rip cord invoked, but the rescue misspoke
With the words that I wrote
Using air and the waves of my voice
Ensnared, captured but by choice
Caught like a dropped off anchor
Dropping to the bottom of the sea
Follow me now, hold your breath
Now make sounds, but, don't let them out
Scream super loud
Dress hiked up, but you hold your head proud
Love sweat and tears
Blood of the Earth, in our veins and the ground

Fuck You

Yeah you,
Definitely

Swallowed Some Bugs

So tiny,
Yet so irritating
You shouldn't even notice
Just keep eating,
You'll be fine
Wait, were there some in mine?
Actually, hold on
Let's send it back
Together you know, but
We're home though
She replied with a twist
Oh well then, never mind
Ew, is that hair in there as well?
Yes, but
It's your hair though
Oh, sorry, again, she replied
I'll just eat mine then

Updated Floor Plans

Bold linoleum sold again
Void the mulligan, hum a hymn
Praise the Djinn
The good, the bad, the ugly sins

Held within the depth of art is not of this dimension
Tension wetting glands as the tentacles land, but
Wither out of sight
Weathered out of spite
Spit back the toxic night
Avenge the rotten fright
Rod iron sights,
Snipers lack the bite
That the bullet's might excites

Lucidity roaming frantic
Blood and steel in panic
Chaos forming matter tantrums
Mixed with tantric lines of passage
Read and quoted by the masses

Conquering all things, it passes
Molecular level, entangled with new synapses
Micro-sound wave's time elapses

Listen for Eternity

Then let the light entrap us
Snare us, electricity, please prepare us
For sanctity of truth and some awareness
Eclectic showing bare breast
In the face of beware signs
We tell nature to dare us

Megathic Encephalon

Ninety degree cuts, straight lines

But,

The timing does not, um, match

From the calculations old theories now crap

Information lacked, now questions get stacked

Without a recap, or updates to maps

Of our knowledge

From scratch it read,

3 Robins tail feathers

3 roots of lavender

3 livers carved from wild boars

60 stones

2 bear teeth, boiled

Chant: "Umaa Unamaaata Uthulama Venook"

For about 2-3 hours while it settles

Serves up to 4

We took it god-like

Although, it seems to be a footnote

From some ancient cook or something

Flying By

One legged race
In airwaves
In Planes
Pass trains
The rat cage
Is disdain
Unkempt manes
Refrain, be framed
Name of the game
Beware, believe, and then became
Giant without fame
Insane is the same
Celebrity status in flames
Philosophical, logical, reason centered brains
Is conversation gone?
Stare at your phone
Wi-Fi signal sense
That's not premonition
Just you being fucked
Kind of like all those birds and ducks
Getting plucked
Right from the sky
Nearby, energy efficient windmills and stuff

Obey the Gut-Brain

You know it is right every time
Lately the trouble has been with how to get it to sit tight
Quit making commotion
Stopping holding on to anger
It settles near the bottom
Worse off with it in there
Like bad stew, moldy gone wrong
Except it's within you
Ball of fire, or ice, or darkness
Depending on perspective
One and in the same however
Differing only in harshness
Deafening silence, retired with violence
Quell the thirst for blind rage
With one line of advice
Take a breath, and take back your head
Experience points, leveling up, and evolution
I give up the words and ways we label
Means nothing
As it's different when you feel
And when you touch
Fumbled words with rough love
Now eat lunch

Done in and Master

Turn the dials, adjust the levers
 Simultaneously master
 All external factors
Any variants, take in for control
 Cast out positive lulls
 Dwell deep in no time
 Decipher the line
Meant to travel, for your life and for mine
 Derive the mistakes at the root
 And pull hard
 Clean out I'm on guard
 Touché with clear shards
 that get slowly pieced together
One by one, like a playhouse of cards
 Towered up to Mars
 For the task seems that tall
 Mighty men still fall
But the correct ones do not stall
Just take notes, apply them all then crawl
 On hands, knees, and feet
 Until the curtain call
Fat lady sings at the ball, you know
When your life goes splat on the wall

Through the Tar Pits

Prehistoric even,
Bubbled earth and mud
Rinsed from the core
Inside and out
Forward now without the scout
Such historic meaning
Tragic blends reaching the top
End over end twirling around bends
Twists, turns and seven golden hens
Paraded throughout the town painted blue and red
Veracious, vitriol, viable verbiage
Veneered to the public as a vast wasteland of voracious vocations
Plagued with second guesses
Second glances longer then needed, half-full glasses
Yes, and plastic, mounds of plastic
Bottles sparking doubt, to trudge through now
Rift is open with organic crown
Ancient, family kept, heirlooms unfound
Kept treasure traitors covet, worth bounds
Leaps, mighty leaps over nouns
People, places, things. . .
Grammar! Make us proud
Long necks reaching upwards, to the clouds
Star leafs are the carrots to our prowl

Listen for Eternity

Baiting our mind, the brow, the scowl, and the grimace

On adventures, youthful growth is truth

Curious sponge-like brains accessing the world

So profound

Us pronouns he, she or it and write out the hit

Describe events, dialogue their intents

Amazing descent

Character building out of the unknown

Coming to be stories

More common than known, more ancient than shown

With mediocre glow; create and invent

Emphasize the human piece, the basics

The struggles of life personified will do fine

All of those things, seem to be

Writing's 'bee's knees'

Smile for Me

Last breathes, pretty pissed
Unstable at best
Just walk in and smile
Why wouldn't you prior to now
Never stayed a while
Why NOW is the time needed?
Pride, self-guilt if analyzing honestly
Tragedy in the end, how many are NOT there
And those who are may have ridiculous intentions, BEWARE
There I said it, just getting it off my chest
Don't keep me too long, if you cannot do the rest
The part that comes early on, family ties
Family vows, cannot be flakey to those people now
And never
Remember the weather, the small things
All strung together
Stay clever, long conversations are a thing of beauty
With family even more so
Just smile for me, and I will be on my way
That is all I needed today, and everyday
Wasted time, never gained but lessons taught
All along the way
Abused and taken advantage of
Is that the real process of growing old?

Listen for Eternity

Leave behind material and gold
Forgotten until rotting
Nodding on to the next;
Past the heavens; go beyond

Haven't Slept on a Bed in Years

Every time I knock I wait, I gasp
Exasperate
Only vile creatures last,
Delicate creatures pass
I still want them each the same
Personality pallets that could cleanse the soul
Rebel cowboy type rugged without control
Until he's old
When things are hidden
Westerns on the screen, likely all up in your dreams
When things are gold
Hung up on the wall with tack and mold
From year to year you still bowl
And me as well
Strength of attitude, weak in mind
Addicted natures, all the time
Likely just skipped a generation
Perforation, restoration, still gasping; exasperation
Need to learn to use the best pieces
Turn toil; get to work to put the worst on leashes; desperation
Pendulum swing, ball on a string
Fling it at me, asking at me, slow down nagging
Drop your shoulder again, skip town flagging
Brain is lagging, flying music on my banner

Listen for Eternity

When my name should lead my manner
Continue building something that matters
All the work put in then and there after
Thunder up above; just my ancestors bowling banter
Keeps it rolling 'Large' until you finish the chapter?

Fever Sleeper I

No one is watching
Stack up anything nearby
There are no prying eyes
Sickle scythe follow death
Personification to say the least
But a guardian is keeping track of your head
Tumbling over, reaching out
Fingers spread open
Like a bird stretching wings on its first flight
Past the night, not yet morning, early light
Outside trying to reach some yard tools with all might
Strength to hide when others are watching
But right now
No one is watching
The bucket that was placed as the foundation
Tilted up on one side
Cause by a loose piece of watered down, dirty red chalk
Next is the dog food container
Balancing act, with a toy truck
Making up the next layer
Wheels down, teeter totter
Fingers touch it, sparked bright idea
Finally, it's yours
They tumble down though and you as well

Listen for Eternity

Commotion heard down the hall inside

We rush to you

Nothing to see except your smile outside

Snuck out before daylight...

No one was watching

Feder Sleeper II

Staring directly at the sun, the son
Seething energy, I think we trap you too much
Try to control something that in its nature
Is uncontrollable and very natural
Burn it off, the massive jolts of fun
Outbursts, that remind parents and adults alike
That there is no real reason to cry
But sucking it up for so long, does seem combustible
Luxury for a while sure, but in later years the tension held
Is damning
Emotions dammed up
Liquid weld
Sugar meld into the blood and activate the rival one
The Jekyll to your Hide
And the testing of my eyes
Stressing out my life
Wilting from the rise
Of too many times
I woke regretting not reading to you those previous nights
Fast forward into the future I can see my self
Getting down at you, glass half empty scenarios
Played out, blaming you, projecting
And degrading
So I try myself, try my hand at something new

Listen for Eternity

Abandoned the past and start again with you

Your sister and your mother

Too turn this family into glue, a mold

That will hold forever and ever to grow and show the world

What we all can do

Discard the petty battles and meaningless anxiety

To conquer the world with the dreams that we drew

Feder Sleeper III

I was watching
I stopped letting you see me
Because you don't like to continue on
Playing those songs, that likely sound amazing in your head
You are still learning, but I can hear you piece it out
The passion is very loud
As you sit there real proud
Black and white, not everything in life is
But this
This is
Keys to keep your mind free, limited but unlimited
Infinitely committed
Ah damn, I've been spotted
Jumbled, scratching, banging disrespectful now
What a trip around
The calm just seconds before your scowl
The look of embarrassment
You do not understand though,
I look and watch in admiration
As you have a hidden hook to music
So it seems
You are young, and I may be placing something there that is not
But even so, I was watching
I know the truth; I know the side of you that is classy

Listen for Eternity

Like a brute with manners and some piano skills to boot
As you grow I will support you in whatever you choose
 Hacking coughs remind me of your mortality,
 But more so of my own
 Scared for the future and at the same time
 Hopeful of the times we have not yet been shown
 The awesome roots that may grow and mold you
Morph you into an infinitely, wonderfully and beautiful soul
 But you are, said I
 Watching you sleep your fever off
 This wretched humid night

Past the Gluons it just gets Bigger

Full circle
Through Homer's head or whatever;
The intro thing's heard
Flipping birds at the weight of matter
Dark or not
Not flattered
Membrane's meet, chaos splashes
New tares form with rips we could soar
Theoretically anyways
If you believe, however, in theory
That thought experiments salute solutions
Or is it just a wheel
Spinning and flinging
Wailing about
If time, mass, and size are all relative
Then so is existence
So is resistance
Self-aware sentient relations
Relative beyond creations
Because it is all, and all was
Alive the whole time

Stopped Mid-Sentence

Lost his passion they say
Frozen rations were laid
Bogus lashings were paid
From himself all in vain to conquer the pain
Of thinking
Out loud all the same
Reveled the times when it came like a game
The bountiful ways, energy like rays
Tube like it saves, pulsating through land like a wave
I am humbled to pave
A road we all made

Lost his passion, bog trodden rot
Caused from perspectives all off
And I nod but then scoff
Secretly under breath diluted like an inkblot
Vibe of the brain chemicals
Felt a mile away, trying to analyze the past days
Like a relay race, ping-ponged back and forth
The thoughts turn from sour and cold
To heavy and lulled
Vitriol mulled over like a clause on the road
Contracts erode, the base line is old
But wrapped up in tin foil and gold

So low and behold the mighty mind mold
The confines I put on myself and my soul
All in attempts to control the unknown
Like it is even possible from home
Telecommuting is not okay; rid your reclusive traits known
And live life like a happy go-lucky man with a glow
Just give 'em the show, never lost the passion
I know

Dead Wolf Eye

Say it ain't so
I know I know
I am Hollow
Past confidence now disintegrated innards
Sinners

Pieces throne, confetti flown
The dead wolf shows
Pride pushing, puffing out the chest
Rest

Read like a musical test
Played backwards in jest
"The devils in there!" they protest
Invest
Second, third and even fourth thoughts

I ought not
I ought not
I ought to again
Pondering, lost in chalk
Lined out on rock

False history injured just fine

Real pain with utterly maimed gains
 Again, this is real pain
 Emphasis on the correct syllable
 Is that sellable? Was it ever?

It is just burning a hole in my pockets
 Launching rockets
Dazed in space like a past tense race
 Where I watch the others fade

Away and off into the distance
The air was filled with incense
 Side jabbed resistance
 Cloak and dagger vicious

Suspicious like delirium triggers
Little critters scurry, scampi, sour
Smell of damp fur, from the lasso
 What a hassle
Keep chucking apples into the void

Feeding it with need
 One a day
 Doctor away
A car with broken parts will still run
Equations with miss-lead smarts still stun

Listen for Eternity

But mighty like a thousand suns
And to think only halfway through
You were done
And had won
But you are one
With the universe
This truly means
You are nothing to none

Eating Ignition

Devoured hardcore and heavy metal
We were too late
Devoured 'Nerdcore' and hip-hop
Was too late
Scoured and researched
Now devouring retro wave
Hipster synthesis
Stiffer differences render at varied voltage
The 70's refuse, refuge
Is it too late again?
Trying to stay ahead of the muse
The zeitgeist of popular underground music
But how do you predict and unnaturally occurrence
Or natural growth
In a culture and community
Unaware of the good times, until the times are memories
Dedicated to hardcore and heavy metal
Were we wasting time?
Dedicated to nerdcore and hip-hop
Was I wasting time?
Devourer of worlds, conqueror of none
Vigor, hunchback aging
One pained side sticks out engaging
Everlasting feelings of nothing

Listen for Eternity

Numbness

Interchanged with mile long bolts
Strapped to one side, the inner hide
Of the goals I set and make my mind reside
Inside, a cage but limiting on purpose
Creativity thrives, but makes me nervous
Like performance art gone too far
But this is life
This is my life isn't it?

Life-long Bond; Check for Updates

My flower, I
Walked past one too many times
Watered inconsistently
I am sorry
I swear that is not me
The yelling bear, within a cave
Side of the mountain
Reside in tedious snide
How do you keep on carrying me?
Children are starting to notice
The smarts are there
The strengths of you and I
Are showing through bright
Pondering our choices,
Are we adults, are we wise
Questions arise, asking us why
We do silly things in their eyes
Things we've carved into elegant designs
And excuses to keep them existing in our lives
The truth is they know more than us
They only see the simplicity
Were we let it grow complex,
Like a yard that is never kept
Never mowed

Or like a floor never swept
It's still there though
Just hidden underneath
Unable to breathe
Like our bond, but this shouldn't be
Sun; water; flowers
Needs and necessities
Priorities mixed up and spewed back onto canvas
But it is pitch black, I can't see the colors
I know they are there, deep there beneath
Head down and nose to the grindstone
Doesn't apply here
The words shown
Lit up like Las Vegas
On our honeymoon night
Marriage after glow
Take us back to those times
All innocence around
Fully abound; head up, head strong
Together our work will make it all sound
Like the happily ever after we promised each other
In heaps and in mounds
Before the toll of real life hit us down
Rise together, red is the color we will paint this entire town

Googenheim Variables

Feels like we've met before
But you're only halfway through the age of four
And 3, 2, and I
Cellular form restored, beautiful all the same
You're bubbly, yet stern
When you decide on your words
Catalyst for my life
Even when
You crush me with that face

I think you are scared of me
You scare me more though, like nothing before
Told me once, I yelled a lot
That other dad's just talk
I could write and write away on an excuse
Except with you
I've got nothing to loose
So I will try harder
You're smarter
I can do better for you
Chemical reaction; received; studied
Commence spiritual transformation in 3, 2, and I

Foreshadowing

Sudden heart attack
A lot of salt intake
Or was it the lack of exercise
Maybe the cubicle life
Or just not eating right
Knew the whole time
Though,
Ignorant to prepare
Should not be so shocking
Ticker time-clock of the body
Suddenly stopping

Take Your Own Advice

Like a pill
Hard to swallow real will
Stop awkward, abandoned thought still
Reaching out, vice-like now, for a neurotic kill
Harsh to hear
Hard to say, I fear
The best sounds of my ear
Were flushed and pale
Compared to the black lack luster year
Making me feel as if end times were near
But they are ever distant
Apocalypse is only a metaphor
For the change, within, shedding of skin
Letting off theoretical limbs
And weakness from human desire and sin
The meaning lost in a card game
Tarot depictions all lame
Like the palm readers fame
You do have control
Fate was written once, why not again
Erased and revised
Renewed as a new soul
Begin

Trip Witch 1 Lake A.D.

Trudging through the mound of wires
Thoroughly tired, refining dire walks
Like the path underfoot was lit with fire
Coal-Like, embers simmering, slow to retire
Focusing a bunch, taking on that gut-hunch
Very seriously
Staring towards a shining object
Attention attained
Fade to black
Sideways, all around peripheries
Blurry, static and generic
Soiled eyesight, but still turning to it
Still so blurry, and now fuzzy
No actual edges, non-Euclidian
I'm known as edgy
Bound more so by the salty selfies
Some group of cynical life pledges
Give the high school you went to more cred
Here though nothing resembles that timing
That timeline now hiding and defying
Defining of sorts, by all the things I did
From, I'd say, like five to nine
Holding nine to five's, with little family time
But it no longer adds up

Disregard the thoughts, the negative stuff
When they are, in honesty, much too much
Continue forward, forget that world
Go on towards the obsidian stone
Test your luck
Make it to the last full moon, ready and prepared
Preparedness for what, what's to come?
Comes easily enough, but very tough
With a touch of the now, and a future that's painless
Rewinding time now, like an old VHS
Obsess, and confess the spinning of a tale
From a tome, near the bottom lake
At the portal of vale

Trip Witch II River B.C.

Unveiled, unrivaled
Like the gunslinger' mouse named 'Fivel'
Went west ventured into progress
Personification
The vole is the same
Cretin of creation, the sea has bubbled up
Passing land mass
Captured in valleys, mesa, and areas without escape
Leaving behind the water
Where we may flow and row out our lives
But from this side, the canoe rocks
The tides rise
Eye level with my mind
But I let it wash over me
My body in wake, in waves, intake
A breath of fresh air, but only theoretically
And ironically
Otherwise it would be to direct, to planned
Unmanned, floating through a crisp plan
The blueprints for a universe that eventually added man
Added sand
Added mad calculations
For us to chase like deviant machinations
"I think it's kicking in" she said

A smile wide, pupils dialed in
Dilated slightly with light pouring in
Skewing edges where the lights defines its space in this
Well, space-time
Conjured from afar it could go far
While I'm kicking back on this lazy river
Staring up towards the stars

Trip Witch III Valley N.E.

Travelled past the limits
Past the itinerary
Literary fool, literally uncool
Like spelling it out, k-e-w-l
Dog drool, wiped from the lips
Formed puddles to jump
Or ladle up into lumps
Serve it out like soup in a cup
Walking the dried out lake bed is rough
Feet cut up, grime on the snow globe
Cannot look in, peering out though is all fine
Skewed lines
The vision of as wolf in a valley
Staring at the sun; burned out
Edge of the valley defined
Clearly retail stores will find this place and mate
Refine, with strip malls
With strip clubs out the outskirts
Sell it all
Plain as day this plane is paved
Geometrical alignments lost with the passage of time
The holding mesa grips like thighs
Of the woman you followed here
Past the outlines
Colors bleed

Summoning Secret

Polished and multi-faceted
Multi-sided dice
Made from plastic twine
Melted down and then crudely refined
All to play in imaginary times
Ghouls, goblins, dragons and new worlds of adventure
Skimping dinner, as this is a campaign
One-eyed, monster like wanderer
Depth perception is off
Head is heavy tilted when it walks
Upside down, but now in the dark
Like inverted colors schemes
Like when you are inside a dream
Christmas lights beam
Santa Claus jungles and rings
Sign off as a friend with no will power is lost
Loses the will to run
And to rise up since the lack of a Sun
Childhood coming to an end
Forced to grow, and take the rite of passage
This is the best time to do so though
As learn is better retained when alone
And on your own
Summoned a weakness of mind into a throne

Listen for Eternity

The chair on the portal of a forbidden zone

A world of our own, but totally unknown

Taken by storm, the world devours

The score on the earth from the marks of its burn

Pangaea

Super continental
Existing detrimental
My feet are in the river water now
Sand between my toes
World beneath my woes
Left off the shore, or is it the bank of a river
I don't know anymore
Like many other things, it seems, left unexplored
I implore a new sense of shedding cells at least seven years' old
Or greater; not equal to value
Solid landmass all at once swallowed
Theoretical, massive
Unsubstantial in day to day reconnaissance
Breaking apart, like a relationship turned paradigm
Just an algorithm, of what the spark was at first
Not first love, more like first shove
The first jump into the void of the next possibility
Blank, but shifted as if our imaginations
Worked together before we said a word
Let it blurt out, something about a light show of course
Starry night, dusty eyes, shoelaces tied tight
Converse covered in warehouse scum
Not seen until dusk, when uncovered by the Sun
And a knock on the dim lit Lumina, the old beat-up white one

Pannotia

Vendian, 2nd to the main one
Venn diagram
Short lived
Short breaths
Coffee orders, and enough said
I look dead
Many say as I climb up out of bed
Tilt my head to what is said
But not to what is written
Rebel in disguise with socks untied
I look for ways to weave a lie, inject a rise
Then excite the feelings as I move them closer
Pieces forming patterns with the same image
Perceptively drawn and released to dispose of the show
The crummy way I lash out with no control
Expected now and known
So I keep my head low
And mumbled below
The level you can make out my remarks
Something about the marks
I saw on your soul
Left from my claws like animal, a shark
A fiend that's not me, but my marks I did leave
Stranded with a growing divide

The tangible hide is tough on the sides
Inner most meat tender with might
Fight back with love, scrape designs out of mud
Tell each other the tales of world
We saw in one another's eyes
Mass appeal, but we are not sheep still
Free will leading us right back to it
The past that is still happening
Time is a factor against us and with us
Seemingly gutless
Guiltless trauma caused by boredom flaunting
Fauna, ferns, and fangs that grow
From blood on the ground and the cracks in windows
Cube glows brightly in the dark
Powered by light, signal the night when we sneak back outside
Away from ourselves, why do we hide?
Interchangeable, dismissive, elicit a response
Sometimes in spite sometimes with fright
But the fear is only reflective
Past time, intense
While camping in tents we looked to the sky
Watching balance commence
Planets collide, but
Align all the same
Creation, death
Alpha, omega

Listen for Eternity

Integral dementia as in the kind that resents you
Even though it is you, but not you in the 'you'
The picture of mirrors that shine back without rules
Undecided not fair this foul game is tangled
Hair stuck in machinery, like I didn't read the signs
Didn't know what I was getting into
But I did the whole time
Just hard to define the reason to justify
Inside what I truly find fine
Okay, I can make it through
With only you, through this life

Rodinia

Mother assemble
Design my childhood and teach me the rules
Banking for kids and write about ghouls
The tale of the tale of the kids with the whale
As the symbol of status in castles we hail
With shields and some swords like we came from the veil
Conqueror snail, vile worm
Planetary vision, duality in provisions
Preparing for revisions to the physics of this universe
That is all how it felt to learn every day with you
Poetry, tragedy, growing up
Staring at your role model, nothing can fault them
This salt then
To the wound in my arm
From the course with alarms
Like a rite of passage, we ran far
Laughing and jarring
Ferraris aren't cars
Remember the marks from falling down hard
Scrapping in yards
Around the neighborhood 'til streets lights lit up after dark
Had to learn myself, sorry for the stress
Could have been less, you know
Could have used my wits to arrange a better track

Listen for Eternity

A better song that put my emotions in check, string along

So hard now, those times feel lost

They feel gone, holding on but not strong

Old family and old friends I wished would respond

Except I was dumb and near sighted with wrong

Goals and passions, and to be honest

If I could go back, I would,

Just to spend more time with my mom

Edge of the Universe

Correcting trajectory
Not coming back this time out
Far and wide, space-time far-out
Wired harness hangs around my head
Neck and shoulders
Anxiety on its tippy toes
Rickety ship built while jamming rock 'n roll
Out of control, the hull of this whole flow
Story untold, but about to unfold

Wretched back, seat reclined
Tack in the spine, face forward focus
There is no spoon, plays back on a loudspeaker
But in your head
The others haven't caught on yet
Pulses to strong yet
I feel I could have belong
With these lot of astral-boys seen wrong
Seen under a skewed light, the flights right
Although I feel differently about this time
Like I know something eventful awaits
Something marking a jagged horizontal line
Across my lifeline
Etching the start of a spot

Listen for Eternity

Worthy of a blurb highlighted in a quote box
The kind in textbooks
Where people skim their fingers passed
Researching past times forgot, yet not nagged
Themselves
By the tiny facts and remnant details
That would map out the thought patterns
Of someone who had been there
For reals
The real deal
All in seconds flat, thinking out the world
The stress and daily dramatic crap
Siphoned off and filtered into a small pack
Gelatin you then add
Pill form, ingestible, no recoil
No memories to control the latter
Sub-consciously
The last night I saw her I said,
'Come walk with me'
Though conniving
I decidedly let her confide in me her brain to see
And pick apart
Like a ravenous
Carnivorous animal
Reacting to only impulse
Or the most forward and frontal faced lobe

Felt it elope with the dark
Take hold, like the lick on an envelope
Trapped inside, the days' design, but not of mine
All in a second flat, back to the rack
Back the coils and buttons
The lightning like panels going off on display
Focus the eyesight as my thoughts make some headway
To control this rot train of thought
Keeping me from my logs and duties aloft
In this ship towards the edge of the universe
No matter what comes

Blasting off now, back to reality
Three and half minutes in total to get past the moon
Pressed back with a zoom and a thrust
A motion that stuck, in my head but I went off and tangents and
stuff
No to the task lists at hand
I'm a man out in space, but I've done this before
I don't think the other have noticed yet

Day 16: sleep patterns getting better and muscles have not
atrophied yet

Day 32: getting difficult to actually stand at the panels when it is
my turn around

Listen for Eternity

Day 374: I think people are staying out of hyper sleep longer than they are supposed to

Day 408: I have not seen a sign of any other crew member taking the turns

Day 409: Still nothing, going to stay out of hyper sleep after my next shift and look around

Quiet sounds
Quietest right now
Hold your breath walking proud, puffed out chest
Trying not to be loud, look around
There
Their
Clothes left on the ground
No bodies though
Follow the trail
To the end of the hall
Control deck door left ajar
Cellar door where the food stores were kept was not far
And open as well with the scars and the marks
Of the mauls of a person
Harpy awaiting, jettisoned thoughts and emotions awaiting
THEY ARE GONE

Day 4I0: No communication, will go into auto pilot; permanent
sleep

Day 4II: Commencing the long haul, till the edge of the universe
beckons and calls

Remember the outlines
The shadows her hair made as she smiled down at me
Hovered over my head
Decree withheld but at high degrees it welds
All the little giggles, shouts, or whimpers
From a child's voice, the memories hold together
Without a choice
I head off, playtime put up
Hoisted with leftover rope
From your brother's birthday party piñata
Remember coming home
With a grin on my face, otherwise my anger would show
Like it normally did
Or does
What's left?
If the end of the day is ill-equipped
With hostility
With anxious tensions, paranoia beckons
The life they'd leave with me

Listen for Eternity

No way for me to even see they are okay
To believe in this is silly
To relive it in my head each day is psychotic
Or maybe a neurotic obsession that may lessen the blow
To what I was before the shows
Before the glow and the sting of the family sowed
No regrets at all
I just wish I prepared more is all
Enthralling details to Whom It May Concern

How to imprint those memories?
How to confront those memories?
How to control those memories?
Remember the way her hair scraped across my face
Tickles, aftermath retraced
But I am as they say
In a galaxy far, far away
Wired up, shuttled in and out
Of consciousness
Space-time dimension folds
Long lasting relativity hold
Gravity bold, enough so to cause an overload
A spark a chain reaction in which passing actions
Through the ships controls, auto-pilot, A.I
Off

I am awake
Electrocuted by my headphones
Astral project, connecting me right now to my skull and bones
Awoke

Revel in the lack of bright lights
The ship knows humans, knows what we like
Darkness calls, it beckons
Collide into the walls
Make my way winding through the cavernous halls
To start the processes required to keep well
Only me now
Alive
Awake
Survive
The wake
And drag the lake, the Atticus of the universe
Cockpit view, grand and surreal
No stars pass the edge
Nothing after this far
A mirror of yourself, mutilated, glue and tar
Reflective like soul
Not the one inside, but the music sold as gold
Airwaves in control
In sync, to the outside like an oxygen patrol
How long was I asleep though?

Listen for Eternity

The levels are real low
But pass the edge it seems to show another side of infinity
Decahedron flow
Roll the dice, I decide to go
Except the hull is slow, like pulling a sled through molasses
Real slow
Yet passing through it I feel it null
A void burst out
Expanding now from the spark of thought
I just let go
No lines, no mold, no design, just go
And listen for eternity

Edge of universe
Mirror reverse, just yourself
In reflections learned

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU STOPPED TO ~~THINK~~ AWHILE?
MORE POETRY, STORIES, MUSIC, AND ART AT
www.zalenkacastle.com

