

Coherence
a 3-years old autobiography

The State of Florida

Of nature, you wouldn't expect much
past desires unhinged and unbridled,
yet Time yields Truth, their champions groomed
rule the breathing and brush.

Of the breathing, Man stands tall
Among the silent and unmoving.
Not swayed by the tempered cry
of Other.

He is sated, content
To ruminate, and watch, and grow
Stock-still against the liquid backdrop of sky.

Low grass waits, decorating sparsely the sand.
Its keening companion the wind whispers
mournful, fallow notes
wasted in the mist and the fog.
A parting sigh escapes the blades,
grasping stalks yearning,

Alone. A canopy of leaves,
A cacophonous spread looming,
A wide-fingered hand rustling,
Each frail fingered nail vying
to rise above only to fall
to the roots of the gnarled old Oak.

The lips of the forest murmur
a prayer absent fire
We drown at the foot of the Saw.

Light filters insistent,
seeping into mud.

Abundance paves its path
through thick and torpid grime
leading as only strength befits
to a horrid and bloated ruin.

Giants locked in embrace, no
stranger to forest floor,
Muscled legs carving frozen,
sunken furrows scarring virgin moor.

The corpses taint the air;
the mighty brought low by nature,
forgotten, left to rot.

Carrion flies titter abound
All across the marsh.
They are little more than refuse
discarded cast-offs, rejected,

only welcomed in the woven web
helpless. Fated, they struggle vainly
nothing but lonely meal.

Yet the stars whose endless spinning
tell tale of all as duty
find reason (or one is lacking)
Their story they loudly regale.

And here the patient Cicada
waits in stunning silence
Only an offhand comment to Nature
a single click.

Hymn of a Children's Crusade

Raise a shot to the children
the young, and hungry, fighting
before the ones who raised (and supposedly loved) them.

The right road is not the easy
tough as it is
but tirelessly still they tread
on and on until its end.

if there is
they'll be sure to let us know
'fore our tired and wary feet fail
to march on for them to follow
heavy hearted, the prints of our foofalls.

raise a glass to the children
and hold it high
lest their small, downtrodden eyes miss
the sweat and tears and blood
filling the glass to the brim.

On Whimsy

Strained, barely heard is a voice in the dark
it comes forth once, proud. Then again, pleading.
Drowned by the cacophonous, stifling presence of the dark

Only to be cut off, abruptly
joined by the chorus of dozens more
Equals, lost, alive in the dark

Their cries die down, as it's always wont to.
Voices come from nothing, the fool who knows naught knows
caring not for the wills of laws of nature and energy

Darkness reigns, silent once more
For the whispered quiet to return
Howling hoarse, futile against the barren crazed walls

Of Man. Of nature. Of men
joining that terrible, strained cry.
Screaming their pain into the sky, into being.

ego and loss

to be small and unimportant
stabilized
however, whenever
as needed

but no more.
complete and utter subjugation
as only befits a tired and useless tool as is me.

a mere shadow of self
clawing to fight free.

where does the spirit go
when the body loses the will

where does the fight go
when the fight is taken away

lost themselves, forced out by themselves,
raped.
a terrible sinister thing, the curse.
beauty, power, wealth abounds
yet it comes at a cost
a high priced cost
too dear to pay for some.

Untitled #6: Fascism

like a knife through the heart
do you know what pain is
like an ache you can't reach
far from a dream

stabbing, in and out
well, so they say
i lived it, surely so
what is there to discuss?

trans rights, my rights
people lie everyday
it marches, never ceasing
until it's knocking at your door

than what you say is what is said
and what you do is what is done

for here and evermore.

a fool

the jester spins
bells dangling and sounding
their place. cool marble clinks
against fragile worn-down shoes.

there's beauty masked in plain
toneless eyes. serene white void
paints a senseless smile,
observing, keenly knowing.

they bow, and moue with arms outstretched.
rank, the stone soars out the window.

the sound is a welcome, light-handed tinkle
that spreads like molten fire.
All settles and falls to silence once more,
begging for the fool's last jingle.

No Use Crying, or No More Tears

Slightly does the hand tremble
cupping that worn old mug.
It steams from within, scalding
lips burnt red and tongue in cheek

Gasping prelude to its fall.
Panic paints the face
Of all involved, those
guileless eyes enamored

play out the wretched scene:
hypnotic twirls, the drink comes free
One eye is locked in horror.
The other tears their pained gaze

(ceramic cracks, she smiles, unerring)
Onto a calm composure.

The Gambler's Den

Manicured lawns and freshly trimmed pooches
bask in the quiet of opulence.
Leashes jingle. A garage door opens.
They echo on empty streets.

Condominiums stand 6 figures tall.
A Tesla drives by in silence.
The drink runs free as It grills some tapas;
behind locked doors they eat cake.

Intense, the smack of flesh against weighted
Synthetics beats through the rich, three-storied
homes that sit heavy on their foundations.
Sweat drips. They hone their craft. They study the
Art of the Gambler.

They walk in. Memories haunt them, reminding
Emotions or loss. Her full belly.
Her loving lick.
The old face of childhood innocence.

Gone. Torn up in fear.
My knees creak on top the sturdy built stairs.

The kitchen looms. A Benz key hangs.
A gas stove burns, wasting some beans.
A dog plays dumb, begging for treats.
A muted President runs in the background.

Their face trumps the heat lighting from the stove.
She shoves charred pig all over the floor.

The house is empty, devoid of hearth,
Cameras standing sentry, as is their duty,
Watching doors gaping, wide open wounds,
and logging an unfiltered tale.

She dons the stairs. Her feet stains the carpet.

Bleached wood stripped of character
Awaits her welcome harsh tread.
Her cruel visage watches.

She enters her room and locks the door.
Used plates litter her desk.
Her mouse mourns, a tool without port;

She fails to keep up the act.

Her Father's room is empty, devoid of heart.
The fear seeps in even here.

The shower patters, running free as a bird;
A company call sounds out.
Clear, cared for glass panes watch over the yard.
A dull fence waits three stories below.

Cockfight

Of all the lost children forgotten and scorned
who wait for their turn in the spotlight;
They choose you; to raise up and put out
as a shining example abroad.

You are Chicken.

Red, raw meat commoditized.
White light bleaches blood running pink.
And blue blindfolds
cover the eyes, lest they remember
their hooded victims feel pain.
Or is forgetting the crime
As knife comes down
that turns life into numbers on scales.

It survives.

The idea propagates
dominating our fearful hens:
Hope for the warm sheltered eggs.

As much as they preen and care for their roost
The cock crows, a lord o'er his fief.
Until masked panic seeps in
Putting to sleep
Low animals at rifle butt's
end. They prune the crop
Discarding the waste
Until Mother's mourned grief

gives way to cold metal's silence.

Some things crush your trust so absolutely
There's no going back

October, November

Months rush by
Drawn together in one picturesque canvas
For all the world to see

The glory, past
Reclined for those present to watch and admire.
Bedazzled to ruin, or not, those gathered

To what purpose, as is always the question:
For them, their wanting needs
Or to be of them?

The rest is shit.
Shaking, roiling waves of shit.
For who, for what, of who.

Lackadaisical

Spinning, circles up and a sides
to a dizzying tune you can't hear
if your tone falls awry
on tone-deaf ears.

Raise it higher,
your quill, or glass, or voice
to be heard
They'll hear it. No.
Acknowledge it, as they've
always deigned to,
to stall the forgone conclusion
leaving it up to chance.

A Practiced Skill

Away, out of mind and seen no more
does that fleeting warble wander,
Teasing a spark, a promised future
of more to follow, one and more

To stay for them, the progenitor.
And yet they come and go.
The shallow light fades.
But the dying hope lingers.

Hope will stay, it ought to
Else who knows who else will

Stays, that is.
And is it even the hope
of that rare, and hardy, and wily
thought, or is it the promise they hold

Sycophant

Unsure of where to go
and whom to please
Does the white man wander.
For as hard cut marble they may be

they are still, but
of Man.

But success, on the heels of pride
ever so rarely follows;
or rather, how rare
that failure and collapse
don't follow ever closer.

But don't deter that ever present fool
(for a fool they truly aren't) for misguided fools
turn the lightbulb proper once or twice
a year, a month, a week
or so the saying goes.

Who am I but the only odd fool to tell
to be one of those ever erring fools.

Little by little, the chained wheels of liberty and freedom move forwards. The efforts of hundreds, an inch, of thousands turning the wheel, mere feet. But. The wheels move, lovely lady liberty slogs through the muck, and the wheels keep turning.

In Gear

Do you hear it?
The crunch, grinding, discordant clang
of that hungry machine

As much a natural order of things
as the day that dawns, ever generous
just as hope runs dry, preferably just before

Day, night, death
It matters not to that
outsider, alien, thing
Deformed, monstrous, yet,

Give it time.
It will find its place, among
us, or them, their peers

Or not. The sun shines on,
regardless if rays nurture or raze
raise or bring low
destroy, without discrimination, or
flourish, of all newcomers with no regard.

If I Weren't a "trans"

If I weren't a trans
oh how hot I'd be
no fear of your own body
of what concoctions inside
brewing change, changes
while time marches on
forwards
stealing childhoods

you can change your mind,
whether time only does march forwards
or whether I'd be hotter

it's only a matter
of
that
little
bulge

the him/her whisper

I am your sister's brother
and your brother's sister.
He, she, it I have been called
and will be called

(today, tomorrow, never)

to me it matters not
for I am that fiendish demon
of ego
eating and gnawing inside.

To make myself known is my greatest sin
and I spit on those who would hide me.

For I am he/she
The will of the spirits and wisps of the trans before me,
And we will not go quiet into the night
Today, tomorrow, ever.

Unsure, or Uncertain

In or without love, regardless
Life goes on the same
as it always has
with deepest regards for those gone.

Dead, dying, or the forgotten few
as we all prefer to remember
their faces, brushed asunder by the broad strokes of time

I refuse. We all try, so
Give them their due. They were weak
Of the fault and blame we'll attribute to
Later, their strength shines plain

They live now. Always have
Whether in shadow or light
hidden for all to see
those pure souls shining bright in the dark.

Curtain Call

Viola! Flutes! Drum
beats galore!
A crescendo crashes
falling to ashes
and sinks to deafening applause.

The red curtain falls,
but not before a rose
slips the gap.
The star diva inspects it gently.

Rays of light highlight the petals,
shining from spotlights on high.
The metal girders gleam in the dark.

The curtains rustle.