

un ailleurs, chez moi

by Robert

untitled

on highway buses scenery
swooshes by like one
hundred tears never cried

Northern November

an ivory blanket
covers the nightmare
coming to an end
it's a little
colder
than usual but that's
ok the Dutch
guru would say.
Observe pain going
away. Loaded
coniferous branch
bending, heaving in
the warm morning
breeze
you carry each
individual
flake, rocking
them

God, I used to live in Mediterranean France. I used to bike down to the beach, wash off all my problems. All kinds of people to talk to in pubs. Cacti that made me happy each time they flowered. I used to eat well and play football. God I wanted more, you gave it to me and now I'm old. God you sly fox. There was always something new to look forward to. I'd walked away from politics. One time in Clermont-l'Hérault just after lunch I was walking back towards the bus stop and I realized I'd caught up with myself. All the bad things from yesterday were gone. My African neighbor was as untamed as I was and I had a miniature courtyard and there was the girl at the bakery that I liked, and the girl at the bio shop, and other women. It never rained. I played the role of a dead son in Barrie's A Well-Remembered Voice, visiting his old man one last time. My sister wrote me letters. I sculpted poems, drank beer and a guy showed me how music works. God you showed me Sète. Eff me. I ran away, I made it in Paris, told the Man to keep his money and to go fuck himself. I won and then God you showed up when I was sleeping and you eight-balled me. There's a way out of this. Like last time. I have to discover art, again. See that four-stroke perfect Klee painting at the Neue Nationalgalerie, stand there not even noticing my pain disappear. There were holes in my game, and God, you knew where those holes were. The Internet used to be a useful tool, at best. Now I drag it around. God, I'm gonna wait for you to fall asleep. Remember that Japanese girl with the Chelsea top? The girl from Detroit?

Petržalka

This one guy I know knows of a guy who was real insecure and he suspected that his ladyfriend was cheating on him so he made her kneel in the bathtub and shit herself and stay there in her refuse feeling shame for days for her suspected violations and unacceptable behavior on her knees tormenting her in her waste on the iron of the tub in the cement highrises kneeling on the wrong side of the river making her pay until she got a hold of the gun and killed him and got on the phone and all was back to normal.

Those Trees You Just Planted Are Marginal, You Won't Get Paid If You Plant Marginal Trees

Art lives in a world less complete
More free and alone
There nobody pays taxes
Everybody loses, quietly.

The poem says more
Solving none of my problems

Another week has passed
The day was bright
bleak, another time
I saw the solution.

We could meditate
skipping records
incomplete tunes
Art

Pockets of the naked person
Ciarán is going to Chad

And as I cross the Land

Rhys Gay said I'm going to drink my way through alcoholism and I thought fuck is he insane, fucking motherfucker, five minutes ago I thought I'm going to rage my way through this and it felt like the only true thought I ever had.

I thought I'm going to burn the yellow hotel down, burn her red car and as I cross the land I'll finally lose my ball and chain brain destroyer, my phone.

I'll throw it into the brook I ice dipped in, a tribute. I'll have gotten Pat to wait for me, at the other end. And I'll get off, on the boulevard.

Say, Pat. I didn't hurt anyone
Pat.

And as I cross the land

Pat, all I wanted
was my fill.

Pat I wanted to ride the wave again and laugh

I'm cheating
but I'm writing longer
as I cross the land

motherfuckers

There's a girl - young - in Europe
Odds are when I get there, she won't be there
anymore

In January
I was in love. If I could just make music

There's this guy and his name was Breece D'J Pancake and a person
while talking about him said

Breece

was one of those people
who believed in the right
thing

I just want to go to Mexico again.

fiction

paint me (emotion)

walk through the underbrush
dotted canopy

The fire
far away
now, still
now
at bay

and, as I cross the land

give it to me

This is one of those new stories. Edit it as you see fit.

You have your lives. Your yellow hotels. Your Ninas
Maybe I'm a girl?

As I cross the land a torrent of happinesses
flow through what's left

resisting arrest

nothing good ever happens

all that ever happens

all that ever happens

time is a noose and a suit and tie

you get all these kids

long ago

run away

once again - so close

she toured in Belgium

she was walking opposite, with a puppy

living with mental illness

how are you

write, share with four readers how much

cuss 'em out

you see these other dimensions, yours and mine

god will I ever see justice

Water-Down

I'm like porn without
the nudity.
If this weren't the
21st century on a
Death Star
swallowed by the ocean,
I'd have to kill myself.
Now, I don't have to
I'm already
lifeless, in a room
confined.
Allusion to film
delusion,
stardom
Can I apply for a Nobel Prize,
too?
Che in suburbia

Surface tension

traumas intertwined
fighting fire
soft air from an open window

Are there ways?

How does civilized
blood -
We had promised not to
insist.

Of course there are
This will have been
our -

Please

The police kind of told me
that I maybe needed
to

soft cool air, morning
damage: scaffolding
evening open window, winter
come early, no worries

An enthusiasm
camped outside
the walls

five years ago feels like
nine years ago
old days (ballast
given away like a coffee
machine)

I would like to hand out
wee bundles of
happy
I know a wild old
man, whose sole
objective
is to Left to their
own
devices.

That, that

I want it all.
The three notes
summarize it well: I
want my space, outside of
the city: I'm tired of
the hole I've
gotten myself into,
knowing full well I
was going too far:
I want to get to start
over: I want a budget.
I want to kiss cute
girls, in the
Estonian marsh:
I want my phone
to ring, like it used
to: I want intelligent
friends: I want to
drink my fill:
I want to laugh:
I want to discover
Mexico again: to see
that some people
live: I want us
to cancel party
attendance, 10 minutes
before we get there, cause

we got a better offer and
I want the others not to be
offended because that's
how Friday night in
Paris happens: I want
to swim in the sea
and fall asleep
and order exactly
what I want on the
menu: I want us
to be drunk at noon
at the garden
reception while they
play Brahms or
whatever the fuck it
was and I want to
scream at you that I've never
been happier through tears
pouring out of my eyes
like a dam broke. I
want to be back there
when I _____
and I should have _____
I want to gallop on
a horse again and
feel like I'm flying,
I want the pain to
go away. In the
Estonian marsh.

Looking to Learn

Four pictures in a different light

The swan studies her observer

The sun has set

She nests

tomorrow is another day off

i have very little money

walking over to the grocery store will kill time

two birds one stone

time time time

either you don't have it

this was not how it was meant to be

writing calls for an effort

lose enough

reap the benefits



◆ Everybody Here's On Pills ◆



**Seedy underbelly you called for and today your moan still echoes as
the rush of daily events unfold • where were you lucidity and
forgiveness when the window gave onto laughter of child in a home
and warmth**

**Plainly put your high-rises never invited me upstairs off streets
named after countries**

Falling

**The candles didn't light
But the dream is alive
Unreal and at work
The old bough one rests on
And the sawdust like fairy lint**

Étoiles qui se suivent

le temps est noir
les amis vont mal
dans la cuisine d'été
seul j'ai froid –

dimanche soir on tend à oublier :
Constante intemporelle, voyageons
ensemble cette nuit

Sentiers qui se suivent
sans attentes
souvenirs délaissés
On ne sent plus la saison
salle à manger
neutre ou presque.

Automnes – ton herbe s'aplatit
ce matin y restait rien du riz
que j'avais répandu sur tes reflets

Talk to the Mentals

Talk to the mentals, like they need to feel you

talk to the mentals, keep talking the mentals need that

reassurance not a good business to be in

talk to the mentals

Let's Improvise

We fail together, you, addicted
me just not good enough
all that emotion
mole hills erupting

so lost in our little corners
angry for absolutely nothing
you now below
stone : i visited with your mother

when I refuse events unfolded
(it is this space – the between)
when cold solitude becomes
a norm
(sorrow pollinates the flowers i alone
care for.)

It is late and I've decided not to
contact anyone, this is where you and I get to share the open arms at the harbor
pay to get the good fish at the
decreasing price auction market

– poem for Yann Faucon

Now and Now and Now

**The past is now slowly slipping away
From the fingers that wanted so much
Now the gentle breeze blowing pollen
Across streets becoming familiar**

New Mexicos

There's nothing I want to share anymore. I want love and I want to share it with the persons I want to share it with and with no one else. I gave a lot of myself and it really bore a lot of fruit but the tree is bare now. Every now and again one solitary peach appears, but there's no more sunlight, no laughter - I have, it seems, very little to offer. I'm revisiting the past and I am far from home. I used to have friends: Now I'm right.

Somewhere along the path I made a wrong turn. I'm learning a language for money, online. In Mexico things had been different. I want to never go to Mexico again. Everything changes. My Mexicos I do not want to trade (to replace).

There has to be a way. Right now I can feel the path, my path. It's on the other side of the veil, one honest _____ away. (effort? breath? peace?)

Find your own way. This is Mexico.

He Hates Art

At night he smokes three or four cigarettes and downs five beers of decent quality
In the morning he inhales breakfast and coffee and bikes to work, with the mentally insane
Double shifts
Every day he can and there's no shortage of insanity, he bikes home
He's fit
He inhales more nicotine
Drinks another five
Pulls on a cherry-flavored digestif
What am I going to do when I'm decrepit
His heart aches
and his mind wants to race
The amaretto bottle is placed back into the green cupboard
quietly for his home is at peace
less of a mess
than before

Nothing Comes Easy

All bars in Berlin are smoking bars, practically.

So yesterday I was finishing early and a waitress I work with said drop by around the corner we're having a drink. And I remember walking in, still behind the curtain that is right behind the front door, thinking it's still time to just go home. But there is nothing at home for me.

Anyway, I order a bio soft drink and the older barlady puts a straw in the bottle and hands it to me. Every table is manned and womanned by regulars, the type that keep their own personal glass behind the bar, and their regular seat is theirs so if they walk in and a student or someone that just happened upon the bar is sitting in their place the barlady tells the non-regular they need to move. Or maybe that's just how it is in these old-school treasures further East.

Either way, blablabla, we're making small talk, she asks if I prefer we speak in German, I say yes that way I'll learn, it becomes clear I can't hold a conversation in German, we switch back to post-American.

The room is a high school smoking room (back when high schoolers smoked cigarettes as opposed to weed): it's a cloud but I'm managing.

We have the conversation where I explain why I 'stopped' drinking.

And then I get to the bottom of my soft drink – why am I drinking with a straw anyway – and I give a hard pull, a crisp suction, to get the last of the surprisingly satisfying raspberry beverage but somehow I either don't put my lips around the straw properly or smoke had even gotten into the bottle and when the insufficient quantity of drink makes way to air I basically draw in smoke, deep into my lungs (or whatever it is you call those tiny airways – bronchioles).

And I'm a little queasy this morning.

Quelle poésie

le poète hésitant
se retrouve toujours
ce sont les
murs et les fauteuils
qui meublent - les
blessures guérissent
ou pas ,
la pièce reste .

on se précipite si
souvent sans objectif
dirait l'homme et
maintenant même
la femme d'affaires
oh transaction
sur ces terres
bordant un fleuve : princesse
africaine, rien de tout ça
importe –
quelle poésie ?
on expire

My Father Killed People with a Machete, and My Mother Died Sifting Shit in an Open Mine

They sound like special people, your parents.

Yeah, they're introverts.

My Dad is like, fifty percent introvert. And one day he said, I want to do something I usually wouldn't do. So at one point, he sold the house, he did it, and then they bought a van, and they lived the van life. My Dad trusts people until he doesn't trust them.

Oh wow, my parents are super relaxed too. I didn't visit them a lot because I didn't want to give them a virus.

My grandparents have an amazing story. They used to be very rich, and they got out before the war, and then they lived in Japan and India.

Oh, wow.

De l'idéal

Un mot sur l'idéalisme, un mot faible qui inspire une sorte d'empathie.

Sans contact à l'utile, l'idéal est moins, même, qu'un rêve. Nos rêves existent. Le sommeil nous transporte au-delà d'un voile qui sert de pont, vers un monde, donc, qui existe.

L'idéal est un souhait, souligné par une déconnection, une absence.

En tant qu'artistes, en tant que personnes spirituelles, on nous accuse souvent d'idéalisme. L'idéalisme n'est pas une bonne chose : je n'aime pas l'idéalisme (l'idéaliste ne crée pas ; l'océan d'art sans vie, un peu partout ancré dans une sorte d'exercice en réseautage, s'appuie sur un idéalisme - quand on idéalise on se cache).

Là où mes voyages m'ont permis de voir (de toucher), c'est sans lien à l'idéalisme.

C'est, bel et bien, du concret.

faces in the crowd

**disappointments abound
the rain falls on a Saturday evening
creamy peach rays of a sun setting**

charged atmospheres

**fear still here
droplets dance and blue spruce glow**