It’s
Quite
All
Right

Joshua Amaya
a poet’s kink

does not these wordsmiths
lie around
waiting
for something
awful to occur

getting off
on grief
like some type
of shameful
pornography
	the authors
are eager
to have their
hearts broken
and melted down

don’t they act as saints
that have no idea
the subject matter
will be used as
stain glass windows

the expressive fiends
salivate over
erotic fantasies
of adored
creations

to rebel against
publishers
would be
equal to
heresy

new age poets
revere themselves
as modern day Jesuses
turning tears of the past into
deart into
fine whines

their audiences
are struck
with awe
climaxing
at these godly acts

but the hilarity
of it all?
We crucify ourselves
and our trespasses
are never forgiven

but it’s okay
we like being tied up
rated h for human

“what happened to you?”
like I’m almost a human being, I reply to my past lover
but presently unobtainable fuck buddy, detached, “I just
had a crying spell, then my nose started bleeding, I’ll be
fine, don’t worry”, too much she knows I’m disgustingly
attached to her.

With certainty, she thinks of me as dead weight, even the
bottom of my shoes grind themselves away when I’m not
looking, they’re sick of carrying the weight of the world.
Even sometimes, the weight of a girl as they bear witness
to sex in the concert hall’s bathroom.

Even the viruses use me as their last option as host. My last
girlfriend knows I’ll stick around no matter what torture she
puts me through, but to the therapists joy, I say I fucking
love the rush it gives me. It makes the taste of her love, that
much more mouthwatering.

If I treated her the way she treated me, I’d be locked up in
solitary confinement. She’s started noticing my manifesting
grimace whenever there’s silence. I smile because I’m
already confined to my solace.
February 13th, 20XX

If I had to pick one regret
out of the miserable pile of dried up socks,
it would be that I didn’t make enough love to you.

We fucked,
so many convenient times.
We fucked on your birthday,
we fucked on mine.

We fucked the day we began dating,
we fucked the day after we broke up.
You even fucked up what was left of my brain,
I know yours was already decimated from the years of cocaine.

The beautiful angels and their sorry excuses for bows and arrows, probably look at me with such disdain.
I prevented them from attaining their quota.
Even more so, you ABHOR my existence.

You’ve been hearing about my bad luck.
I bet you are fucking basking in adoration for karma.
Just know, if you ever want to make love again, I’m free the day before Valentine’s.
The umpteenth session

I wonder if this therapist knows I’ve been eyeing her
she’s got quite a seductive voice
like she almost actually cares about me
Like those before
she asks me to describe myself
the look on her face
no comedian could make me laugh as hard as I did

on the inside of course

she asks what’s going through my M
if I said
the truth this session would eNd
so I think we’re just better off as frienDs
Take out

We went to get some take out and the smile on your face was beaming. Your laughter probably annoyed the other customers in line, but to me it was better than listening to a pop music station. You were so happy, just being there, vibrating at the same frequency as I. I was but an observer, watching the sun rise before me. But like the sun, she was unknowing of her importance, beauty and centrality to my world. She asked me what she should get, I said whatever you want my lover. She told me my input mattered to her, so she left it up to me. I told her to get the chicken pesto pizza, she fell in love with it, even harder than she fell in love with me. Even to this day, when she visits my city, she orders the same thing. At least that’s what the cashier tells me, when I go to the restaurant alone to order the fettuccine chicken alfredo.
By myself this time.
Parallel to zenith on the pyramid: part I

A midnight stroll through Golden Gate Park
with three strangers and a familiar friend named Jack Daniel.
I was ready to call one of the strangers my girlfriend, but I
was unsure if she was available as she was flirting with Jack
earlier that night.
But she proved my insecurities wrong, as she picked out
flowers for me, apologizing to mother nature as she was
incredibly gentle.
I told her how much she meant to me, like we met a year
ago --- we met two weeks ago.
She was unsure if I was telling the truth, as she was older
than me and aware of treacherous, horny little boys like
myself.
But like Ali in the ring, I knocked out her undefeated world
heavyweight hesitant nature in the eight round.
Under those stars, upon that tree, the universal civil court
deemed the other men undeserving of her love and gave me
full custody.
But no, I never wanted to own her, nor do I now.
I have a terrible memory, but the night I asked her out plays
back in my head constantly like the trailer of a movie in the
menu screen on DVDs.
That slight little release of air as you laughed at the thought
of being happy.
The hiss of your tongue against the roof of your mouth as
you said yes.
The call of your friends followed by a quick meeting of our corporate lips.
I wonder if that tree misses us as much as I long for you.
**blonde helicopter**

profuse spinning towards an indefinite heaven
dazzling acrobatics of the mind leads to Excedrin
if this vessel had no limit
the ride would never end
gaining altitude to cope with reality in the land of pretend

she claims she takes vacations occasionally
definitions are but opinions
and hers is fact
she takes control of the trip nasally
keeping her beautiful arms a little more intact

she’s never ridden a train before
but she’s familiar with the tracks
sometimes her clients leave her a little sore
but the revenue makes her numb and speed she never lacks

sometimes auto pilot becomes option
sometimes she let’s others take control
to keep the height rising
she’d place her own vessel on auction
she’d pay the Angels any toll

there are days where she wants to come down, calm down, and cut down
but she’s so high now
afraid the helicopter will lose altitude into the ocean and she’ll drown

she lives dangerously
she’ll live like this until the fuel says e spiraling down
like the death of her ego
even the stars declare her stunts as illegal
a shooting star is what she has now become

the blonde helicopter is a fireball burning with the withdrawal of her fulfilling sun
Elements of a screenplay soaked in bleach

uniform movements
dragged across textured surface
a billion expressions
rendered worthless

friction of two pairs of jeans
the relentless heat of twenty somethings

the bed sheets speak
they complain
of the every now and then leaks
but now one in the same
but even they have begun to long

the mouth sounds
the gripping of their bodies

water droplets
cold metal
condensation
has become evaporated

suffocated fire
pulverized rock

the morning alarm
no longer audible

yells brought by a cock
silence is what floods the room

now
brainwash aficionado

cleanse the inside of my head

filled with
dish soap and water

in hopes of

turning grey matter white.
The morning after my second wedding

a throbbing headache, pulsating at frequencies harder than mourning wood.
the cells even ache, they drowned in the now dried up vomit.
the rooms a mess, equivalent to Mardi Gras in the French Quarter while Katrina joins the festivities possibly a climactic earthquake, the tectonic plates shattered.
But fine-china is not okay.

seemed the stranger even undressed the flesh underneath mesh with battered necks.
taking one another to Bangladesh.
found some fresh water and open packets on the desk.

where’s the perpetrator?
why aren’t they present?
Did they realize they had made a mistake when they were taking control of the reins and that this steed goes wild no matter how much you tighten the straddle?
got up to see the crime scene.
couple trash bags full of one another’s essence.
don’t even remember the names
don’t even remember a face behind the mask
mention tar and the junkies will resolve quantum mechanics
remaining for weeks on task
I want that kind of drive but
how much was drunk the twilight before?
All I remember is tunnel vision but I was stuck in the slow lane.

don’t know, definitely care.
freaking out, falling down
the endless flight of stairs remind me of the endless turbulent
stares, stripping what's left of one’s guard bare,
the strips of skin begin to fall off of my limbs like some kind
of mammalian metamorphosis.
Maybe my soulmate for the evening found that one night stands aren’t much redeeming, maybe they left the country to find god.

Well, with how much she was screaming for God, you would’ve thought she found it.
I never did see her again, I believed she was the foreign heroine I didn’t deserve, despite my own achievements,
that house was abandoned and I was in purgatory.
City life: now in 4D!

I’m fine;
the long days are beat by the long nights.
Insomnia is domestically violent towards sleep.

The neighbors are fine;
the moans can be heard down the street accompanied by
‘you’re so tight’.
If these walls could talk, their eyes would weep.

My lover is fine;
she ignores me constantly and drowns my voice out with
alcoholic delights.
What’s a true love without wanting to sit on the cliff and possibly take a leap.

The city is fine;
Everyone believes themselves to be a star but are dimmer than most street lights.
When she’s charging through the crowd with earphones full blast to ignore the city, everyone stares at her like she’s some kind of creep.
The bridge is fine;
Holding onto everyone and every single one of their dreams
protecting them from the sea like knights.
If only the bridge would decide to one day take a rest, let go
and let its cables finally relax and breathe.
A romance novel

somewhere in between
lost and unseen.
admitted to many drugs
and love
is the worst.
cocaine doesn’t ignore my calls.
heroin doesn’t leave me with withdrawals
as bad as this.

I’ve tried them all,
in search of an equal,
a familiar feeling.
I’m dehydrated;
alcohol to quench my thirst.
but these rash attempts have only left my nose a little more
runny
with marks that you can play connect the dots with.

I started out with a line,
but now I’m snorting novels.
I started out with a high,
now it’s just being able to function.
I started out with a sip, but now it has become bottles.
when you whispered this is it,
the sound waves left me hung;
d
e
ad.

i think romance is kind of funny,
it’s a killing joke.
i hear the laugh reel ensue,
as i light up another smoke.

sometimes when I’m coming down,
i hear your laughter.
i reflect on the great times, but they’ve been drowned.
let me snort another chapter.


**Stuttering attraction**

at last
the atlas of his architecture
beholding the bond of her betrothed
creatively captivating his
captive
deadth dances in-definitely with life until it is but
exhaust
eyes are but the beholders of love that emboss
forever frozen he is the one that seems free
guaranteed that she is greater than any grand entity with a G
he is hellishly attracted to her heart of heaven
ignorant and indifferent to finding the reasons of his and her
intertwining
just as fuel jumps out of a jet engine, her jewels have been
jettisoned
kindness is kerosene not worth kindling
Love is long gone lingering by half a lung
mingling with macaroons and mocha mugs
nevertheless she gives him nothing less, a nun undressed to
nothingness
ordering her to oppress the orphans known as
people, with organs that are like prophetic pieces of
propaganda with peroration
questioning quotes on the Quran
her quotas must be reached
he is relentless, she is regretful
she rarely resents him for putting her subjects to rest
he suggests space-time is the succubus surmounting her success
she tenderly tests how much she can transgress him
she can tell his true intentions, no need to undress him
he is death
she is life
unconscious she is of his unknowing
he is unfortunately undergoing venomous vexation
she took the standing Oh and left the vation
wherever she wanders he wonders her way
he can’t be without her
xylose for diabetics, death is xenon
youth and the beyond, life is yellow and death is the black after the yawn
zillions will die, zillions will live
the zodiacs will zig and zag
but death will always worship life as if she was a ziggurat
Singularities of the tenth dimension

internalizing my affinity

eternal eyes lost in infinity

found a wormhole to her soul

only to be sucked up by black holes
Only a minor request from the flower girl

All she really wanted
was a mechanical lover
but even that
manifested jealousy
within me
even that
manifested devilry
within her.
All she really wanted
was to please herself
to the sound of my voice
while squirming around
like the Lord had moved
through her
though we don’t talk too
much
anymore.
All she really wanted
was to spend more time
with me
but I was absent
simply corporeal
I thought I was that mechanical lover
she desired.
Cold, useful only when she turned me on.
She has yet to explore all the settings.
Maybe she’s planning to return me, I have a musk like I’ve
been used before. Another unsatisfied customer.
And there goes Esperanza on the keys

The ways I could finger her organ
baffled her
she told me I should really try out
at the church down the street
from her house
I told her pretending I’m a
repentant person and being on my knees
for an hour wasn’t really my style
But I gave it a shot anyway.
I soon stepped into the house of God
and I was asked to take my shoes off
then asked to take the skin of my feet off
so I didn’t track any filth into the institution.
Right away El Padre asked me to confess
all of my sins
I shook my head and said I don’t put out
on the first date
the church boys all laughed
I was but a boy myself
but I wasn’t dumb enough to be lead into
‘a man who likes to be called Daddy by everyone’s
trap.
I was told to recite 100 Hail Mary’s
and my soul would be forgiven
until I sin again
which is bound to happen
when I get back to Esperanza’s instruments using self-compressed air and a single pipe.
I started reading the dictionary today

I wish there was a scratch and sniff for words like ‘the’ and ‘a’
would they smell like reality
or dark matter
they’re there but just to occupy space
sort of like my existence
I actually tried to look up ‘my existence’
in the little, thick book
but I couldn’t find any meaning

my favorite word in the dictionary
is word
described by other meaningful words
but definitions are nothing but different perspectives
and the viewpoint can change so quickly
from Apartment to Balcony to Concrete
words are all the same
equally uninviting
but they give you warmth
and sometimes they give you sense of the world
when I’m flipping through these pages
it’s almost as if I hear them whisper
keep going
well I do
in hopes of finding the right combination of letters to
describe the way that I’m feeling
I reach the end disappointed but hopeful for the next edition
the ocean bears many gifts

She likes the lights to be off
when we fuck
I say seeing is believing
I prefer when her face is well lit and moonstruck

And like the moon
I have control of her tides
She’ll hit the shores soon
and rest like a beached mermaid that has died

She was strangled by plastic rings
but she likes to be choked a little bit
She takes control and smothers me in the warm springs
and tells me she wants to be filled with spit

She doesn’t mind the oil spills all that much
it gives her a reason to complain
I’m into wildlife protection and she’ll receive my touch
but she also knows I’m into eating game

She knows I’m into the chase
more than the dinner
But I can’t tell the difference
when I’m 1000 Leagues within her

her skin tastes of sea salt
she forms herself to what I desire like wet sand
she’s taken back by the tsunami and leaves my body behind
Don’t hold me accountable tomorrow for the things I said yesterday

And what of our future?

What of it? I am unsure what I’m doing in the next 5 minutes let alone a year from now. I may be living in Amsterdam or East Los Angeles, whichever gives me more peace of mind or cheaper drugs.

Do those plans involve Me?

You? I’m unsure they even involve me.

You said you wanted to move in together and grow old with one another!

I say a lot of things when I’m drunk.

You didn’t even fucking drink yesterday you asshole.

The magic of vodka in water bottles, I drown out your screams with my hiccups.

Do you even love me anymore?
Does the sun set in the south east?

Shut the fuck up with your poetic bullshit, you will never get anywhere with your nihilistic and indifferent attitude. All you do is stay home on your days off and write in that damn diary of yours. I’m getting so fucking bored of hearing the same depressing bullshit slip from your decrepit excuse of a mouth. Despite that all, I believe in you more than you believe in yourself.

On the contrary, I’ve taken up religion and I am a devoted worshiper of the holy trinity: my misery, this paper and pen.

Go to hell, I’m leaving you tomorrow!

I’ll see you at your mom’s birthday party, should I bring the gift I bought for you to give her?

Yes honey, I love you.

I love you, too brown sugar. You’re like magnetic sand, gorgeously tumbling down the porcelain container.

You’re the sweetest molasses.
See you tomorrow

My regulars at the cafe I work at always say this to me. How are they so sure they’ll see me tomorrow? My name is on the schedule they’ve grown accustomed to my Monday face but that’s no excuse that I’ll be here tomorrow. I’ll fail attempting suicide for the fourth time tonight so of course tomorrow. A new customer came in today she asked -Do you ever smile? I say of course just not today try seeing me
tomorrow.
I pray the lord
my soul to take
just in case
I don’t wake up
tomorrow.
Must be the ground
espresso beans
clouding my judgment
of course there’s a
tomorrow.
Without a cloud in the sky
today
I hope it rains
tomorrow.
Would you like that
for here or to go
I’m already so tired of
tomorrow.
But my requested time-off
is coming up
I don’t think I’ll be
coming in
tomorrow.
Luck has to be an attractive woman, because she’s been leaving me on hold
This customer service representative tells me she’s here to be of service
I am just looking for someone to talk to
I ask her how her days going
Nowhere fast
She’s been sitting in the same chair at the same desk for the same rate as the tone of her voice hardly there
she asks what she can do for me today
I say a lot of things but today
I was wondering if I can order something to go she says
you’ve got the wrong number this is for general inquiries about Disneyland
Yeah I know but as solicitors of the happiest place on earth
I was wondering if I could get that to go
San Francisco

the variety
of smells
that have
rented out
my olfactory space
have mass produced
unpalatable gags
and a nauseated face
it is like the sewer system
became homeless itself
inhabiting the streets
begging for change.

But like the heavenly smells
of a bakery
you get fucking used to it.

The sights
are just as
rugged
with people on
filth absorbent
concrete
they could be dead
or just taking a siesta
the red and blue lights
respond to anything
but necessary action
the blur of lights flashing
shrinks down to nothingness
as their bodies become one with
artificial rock
beginning the natural process
of decay.

But like watching your first
porno
you get fucking used to it.

The perverted touch
of cold air
infiltrates
the surface area
of your skin
only to be cast
into the underground
with the body heat
of a thousand somebodies
that think
they deserve more space
than you.

But like the cold touch
of a steel toilet seat
you get fucking used to it.
The conversations
of these empty faced
pedestrians
drown you
harder than the
strength of these tides
that call the bay – home
but they don’t pull you in
you try to escape them
as best as you can
but they infest the air
with their pollutants
their endless drones
give me asthma.

But like the sound of your own
breathing
you get fucking used to it.

The commercial taste
of over saturated flavors
that include
cilantro and soy sauce
pepperoni and burger grease
the filth from under their nails
the mucus that they rub off onto their hands
the genitals from the night before
all onto your taste buds
through some native San Franciscan
delights.

But like the taste of morning breath you get fucking used to it.
All seeing

the saddest comedians
make the audiences
laugh the hardest
so when I take this
last

step

cast wilting roses
give me
a laying ovation
sorry
I don’t do encores
she’s gone off to college to become a mathematician
so I wrote her a letter

wasn’t it supposed to be you and I
in these parentheses
exponentially increasing
towards the void
we planned to multiply someday
and settle down
all I asked was for your
undivided affection
you could never put two and two together
you never provided what I asked for
so now you’re stuck doing long division
and subtracting me from your life.

We’ve come to this impossible equation
settling on separate beds and sexual frustration
I thought you were integral to my being
but we were but a derivative that lost its original meaning
I promise you
you will never find a substitution
maybe I was just an example question
in preparation for your big exam
you could never see the solution
I am
Here I lay in this bed where my love is not returned
Dreaming of a high rise that screams 1997
The building is surrounded by various flora
some of which look like body parts
hanging from branches held up by stems beside the flora
lies a DO NOT TOUCH sign but I see hands that I want to hold lips that I want to kiss hearts that I want to love but they are monogamous in relationships with themselves and their caretaker who keeps yelling at me to turn off the flash photography
I just want to show
the person whom I am sharing this bed with
even if they don’t care to see
what I see
she says I’m nothing special
but I think she is more unique
than these lively plants

I enter the Poetic Politician’s Bookstore
it is as vacant
as this indescribable emptiness
I now sense
from the person
who now holds
a **DO NOT TOUCH** sign
on her porcelain smile
with hands
that I want to hold
with lips
that I want to kiss
with a heart
that I want to love
but she’s in love
with herself
and she
keeps yelling at me
to turn off the flash photography
A Parisian restaurant

A regular November night
gunshots and sounds of mortar and screams and sirens
--- all the while
My tender waitress shows sign of warmheartedness
asking me to please sit inside in her native tongue
There’s a couple of drunkards
celebrating the Paris Attack the night before
shooting their guns and yelling their triumphs of war
--- all the while
I’m eating pizza topped with fresh salmon and it is just okay
My family rings me asking if I’m safe and I am just okay
But the damned carefree Parisians in this restaurant
swing and dance away
with their wine and cigarettes
They say they are used to the killing
As attacks happened months before
But all I see fill this cafe is grimaces galore
I just want to get out of here
but my waitress keeps checking in on me
I think she might like me
I ask her to escort me out the door
She said she’d leave with me if she could
but she didn’t like how I remained grounded
in reality
So she went back into her dream land
where wine and cigarettes and smiles
was better than sex with a stranger
Parallel to zenith on the pyramid: part II

Like a dog, I followed her, wagging my nonexistent tail as she told me she was going to take me to her favorite spot, maybe I’d have a chance to bury my bone. This was up a huge amount of stairs as if we were on our way to shake God’s hand herself on the pyramid. The clouds were so close, I could almost reach out and eat them, of course, offering my darling the first bite. There we laid, under the same stars as the first night, becoming unfaithful to the tree that hosted our newborn love. She whispered she comes here alone when she wants to cry or needs time to think. I never thought I was deserving of such kindness, as I was only a dog, but for some reason she saw me for something more than I was. Pure. We stayed there not more than an hour, but our hearts were heavy, overstocked with affection, likely leaving imprints on the concrete floor. In all of my years of trying to find a reason why she gave me a flight of stairs and a clear, star filled sky.
Larva

the apple of my eye

suffered ruptured skin

revealing

larvae within

but I didn’t mind

a little protein
it’s quite all right

I welcome all of my shortcomings
as they allow me to compile
another few amount of words
satisfying my poetic kink for a while

I’m only rated h for human
it’s a cumbersome rating to hold
so long as I am skin and bone
I’ll be free February 13th til I turn grey and old

I enjoy getting take out alone
it’s much quicker for me to decide
at least that’s what I tell my therapist
when she calls me to come in and I have yet to hide

And I’ll always skip part one
because the altitude takes over
The blonde helps me write this screenplay
I should stop before I need more of her

So like the good christian I am
I hop in the shower and wash away my sins
I make sure to wash the folds in my brain
to drown it before it gets a word in

I dare not try to remember
my second wife
she damn near killed me
when she snapped the bridge with infectious city life

To forget the abuse
I took up sniffing romance novels
But I noticed I began slurring and stuttering more often
life and death both agree I should leave the snorting to
models

My love notices my singularities swallow the light
but like a fool she’s trapped in my event horizon
the flower girl blooms late at night
I pet her petals as she vibrates her eye lids

Con Esperanza
I detest the back and forth
Flipping through this book of definitions
Attempting to find the Lord

These words sway like the ocean
if I hold my breath maybe I can sink
But I stumble into the timid tomorrow
Regretful of the unreliable yesterday and what it might think

But of course I’ll see you tomorrow!
Oblivion is overbooked and I procrastinate
Maybe I’ll parade San Francisco for something borrowed
Or maybe I’ll roll down the hill to sleep in the mess I’ve made

I am aware of my flaws
Eye see them with my all seeing I
Math is easy when you disregard all the laws
like you substituted (i) with that other (guy)

But like most impossible equations
you wear a sign that says DO NOT TOUCH
our sex was Parisian
in another universe it never mattered all that much

And although there is yet to be a part three to parts I and II
I know you are infested and have a core black as night
But so do I and you wear human so true
Despite everything I have inhumanly said it’s quite all right
hidden track! don’t tell anyone?

the last sun I saw
    blew up in my face
    before I could even think to thaw
    I melted without a single trace
yes baby certainly
    I am in love with complacency
    she’s a good fuck and only slightly crazy
    all in none it is all the same to me
the second to last sun I saw
    ended up laughing in my face
    when I told it god exists
    when she’s not looking
yes baby
    I am in love
    she’s a good fuck
    all in none
the first sun I saw
    believed earth was center of the universe
    she was very disappointed in me after
    I said she was the center of mine
yes
    I am
    she’s
    all