

# Utopia

## I

I feel nothing too intensely today, as recommended  
By the anti-Nietzsche, god of trifles, inventor  
Of the quarter-shrug, seen sometimes bamboozling  
The underclassmen with paradoxes and time warps.

My back hurts. There has barely been a real silence  
All day, and when it finally comes you can't take it,  
Blame it on me. Everyone tries to be the deepest bore-  
Hole. Then incoming, Interstellar Space Talks with Hiss

The Alien, whom you first meet from a scene  
In *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*, when Jay points  
Into the trees, and you have a seizure because you  
Ate too many mushrooms. And from the seizure, someone

Whose face you think you have seen before,  
Introduces you to Jim, and I tell you that's all bullshit.  
I always listen to you, even when nothing does make sense,  
To the pile of fire hiding out temporarily

Beneath my heart, burning up, instead of burning  
Out, with breath. Burning off, I went to the Fiestas  
By your houses, bought two of everything you both  
Like, two baskets, and put one of each in each.

I got what I'd expected. Every person in me  
Cried, and the network, the  
Scaffolding of metaphors that made up a concept  
Collapsed, a defective Personality, because whom did I

Benefit anymore? The white was used for road  
Stripes. Blood painted the faces of tires.  
I wanted to go to Europe and then I wanted a road  
Trip around the U.S. of A. Unfortunately Japan

Was out of the question. I wasn't ready to die yet.  
I heard over there is where you got abducted.  
The men in neon green suits hid behind corners,  
In palms and willows.

# Utopia

## II

You peeled off another layer of yourself. Who were you  
Kidding? Who would need more of you? The inner  
Quadrangle where the old you fed beautiful stupid  
Purple pigeons, stomach turned inside out,

Your enormously small ulcer catching the ultraviolet.  
You smoked cigarettes, tossed the butts in the grass like you  
Owned the place. On Houston Ave after we  
Exited 45, we went under, past the orange

Flashing light that warned us of the swamp hobo  
Who lived in the underwater staircase. Under  
Then over the railroad tracks, which always reminded me  
Of my whole life based on a theme of how long it took

To spike planks from Montana to Texas.  
The new you had found a home, and it was anywhere  
You could smell what you could no longer recognize,  
But still knew, like a good memory that had no fabric,

Fragments, dreams, anything self-contained, inaccessible.  
When we got to the hotel, we walked through a closet  
And ended up in a basement in Colorado. I lost you,  
I think three moaning shadows swarmed you. I didn't look back,

But climbed the stairs, up a ladder leading into the ceiling.  
You were waiting outside on the attic balcony. I couldn't see  
Anything but the quick falling star of your cigarette after  
A puff. You murmured last night's dream, how we

Walked the earth of apartments and garages,  
Emerging out of a crater in New York City a needle  
From an eye. We forgot why we came to that place,  
How did we get there? The smell of scorching

Rubber behind us and the warmth of dirt.  
I scaled the top of a staircase that ended in a mantle.  
I didn't know who you were again. I looked down.  
You were training a pack of crows to fetch a tongue.

III

You should understand this time  
You can't make me more minimal by being  
More idle. I can't say much to you  
Without it sounding like much

Too far. I have written the same set of ideas,  
Felt the same way about the same wish a dozen times.  
What were you the result of? Mixture's speciousness,  
An overload in content per second, or maybe

The brain's impotence to crackle the first real thing?  
I can't love myself for anyone. Why should I  
When you won't. Why should we love  
Now? Badly we wanted to shake

Each anonymous hand, look in every eye,  
Only if we know we will get something back  
For our overbalances, when we disperse ourselves  
In uneven mass.

My great great grandfather's golden pocket  
Watch ticked together the equal seconds,  
But the truth was that no one wanted Equality,  
They wanted some new way of not telling

Time. The steamroller shattering my mirror  
Turns into a moose with roller skates.  
Your dreams smashed with my dreams smashed  
On the vacuous plate of white matter.

When people walked past you they stared  
At the skin pasted between clothing.  
It wanted to show itself, wanted to drink  
The air, hang itself over its own edge.

I saw a dog sipping a puddle on Crockett St  
For a second. As his eyes looked up,  
I had the feeling he was too tired to keep drinking,  
Too tired to stop.