

## Digital found poem examples

Here are 50 examples of poems generated with [digital found poem](#). These examples are raw (unedited), so read them with a red pen in mind.

To suggest that each of the generated poems is part of a larger work, digital found poem generates titles that include such terms as "lines from," "fragments from," "excerpts from," "from a chapbook titled," "continued," and more. An ellipsis also appears at the end of each poem to suggest that each poem is continued in the next one. This is just a ploy, of course, used purely as cover in case a single poem has zero chance of standing on its own. Then perhaps the reader will be more forgiving if they buy into the conceit that each poem is part of a larger work and so holds judgment until they've seen more. ☺

If you have any comments, feel free to email them to [rio jansen](#).

lines from "the monotony of a redundant finality" (continued)

---

on this may day  
the texture of separation  
    the meaning of fatal time  
        in this jungle of grief

look how purple the sky is  
as a flock of partridges returns  
with this afternoon's madness

for old time's sake  
green from head to foot  
i'm involved in an angrier tale

a destructive message  
    can't be anything but what it is  
        aching will not change  
    versed in a lonelier frustration  
        here at home

for days now i've cautioned about a bitter end  
drifting off  
    creating a new reality  
        in this picture

...

fragments from "coloring perception in a blue mood"

---

the child i was is plastic  
watch him feeling so bad  
    broken  
attuned to darker errors

i'm losing it  
by the world war 1 memorial  
as candles are being lit  
i'm tangling with the reality of meaning  
getting so depressed  
wishing away goodbye

as the moon slides behind a cloud  
it's clear to me  
the gravity of what's left of us  
no doubt  
admonishing a heartless urgency

the truth about everyone  
as an unromantic heaven looks down  
a ritualized resignation  
being accustomed to purple details

i'm trying to call it off  
in brief  
everything is such a disappointment  
the drinking will resume

...

lines from "this afternoon forever shouts and curses"

---

a hurricane threatens to blow jacksonville away  
a beast is waiting for a lover  
and anyway  
devoured by a dirtier weeping  
i've underestimated  
the fine-tuned heartaches  
exhausted from a discouraging nonsense  
held hostage by nostalgia

now we meet  
each with our own whims  
each with our own coldness  
skating on thin ice  
in this environment

and all the time  
there's no getting away from this  
and i'm thinking  
why succumb  
at the hand of god  
waiting up the road  
as lines are crossed

what was it about  
the application of losing  
taken apart by a demented disappointment

yesterday's face  
full of loneliness  
pressing on

in a manner of speaking  
made insane by things not allowed

...

excerpt from "how to answer for what it means"

---

the death of anyone  
as an aged cat named nietzche  
is getting tired of being blamed for everything  
a cruder tale of this then  
being acquainted with green alternatives

what to think of the extreme  
and the dark matter  
an hour of everyday life  
punctuated by an intolerable grief

and what if you were getting older and older  
and i was  
messing everything up  
are we still pretending  
we're trying to undo an unbearable separation  
covering up one other's misfortunes

an aged cat named nietzche  
is getting tired of being blamed for everything  
everything's so familiar

what was before this  
shouldn't surprise  
at death's door  
in distress

...

from part V "all through the performance"

---

everything i've seen  
perpetuates itself  
as the water rises  
there's always insanity to put up with

what dishonesty is here  
what melancholy  
as the blood rises  
anything can happen

the language of this day  
takes everyone along  
suspicious of creation's intolerable return  
after years of this

the afternoon to come  
    i'll reconcile with all this and more  
    i'll cope with the reverberations of a lethal trouble  
expecting a protagonist to appear  
clearly

    who knows what it cost  
    mindless hearts  
tired of the nearness of unkindness  
    all the old things  
    clearfield's obscene existence  
    returned to

...

inevitable at the end of the conversation

---

    i'm working overtime to make ends meet  
as life goes on  
    in a perverse state  
    making a scene  
i touch on a question of the how and the why

who knows why  
    you were wondering about the tedium  
that day on third street  
    were you playing the blues  
    were you exposed to this unearthly gloom  
mourning the day after

    the running off is done  
in black and wine purple  
    calling attention to a lonelier desperation  
    as love grows cold  
    a mindless neglect is waiting for me  
questioning what we have accomplished

what am i doing here  
    i don't know  
    but everything is different  
    i'm amplifying an obscene tedium  
making believe  
    in this madhouse

    the enemy can't be seen  
    in borrowed clothes  
i say  
as a cop car races by  
    it all seems so familiar

...

selections from "ever more fake in the heat of battle"

---

as i hear people argue whether black lives matter  
it's just as you say  
    evil gives its all  
so much has been lost

    disappointment  
as i put on my shirt  
    recurs  
    seedier than a brutal fairy tale  
grief is looking to do something  
    between fact and fiction

when these street musicians take sides  
it just comes natural  
    nothing's left  
    irrelevance tries to get rid of the drama  
with nothing to hang on to  
interrupting the emptiness everywhere

    life will go on  
the cavalier tricks  
    as a kitty walks on top of a wooden fence  
    melancholy is pointing back to this stubborn chaos

    as humpty dumpty is falling off the wall  
and there's no stopping any of this

...

from "misery in turn"

---

    say we had been so wrong  
    say we had confronted a heart in distress  
    don't you think  
we were dominated by the wreckage of this terrible nastiness  
in brief  
    don't you think  
we were anticipating the nothingness of an oleander tree  
    grappling with the same violence  
in this fiendish age

    you know don't you  
i've seen the patterns repeating  
i've learned to get away with the messy times  
    in fits of rage  
    i've left it all behind  
in this place  
    adlibbing the lines

    the old gardenia  
    is that it  
implicated in a more godless meanness  
in a continuous fashion

it matters little

i've struggled with the dirty business  
at the witching hour  
smothered by darker necessities  
i've mishandled everything  
in the present context  
i've imagined what they said  
trying to escape another day  
anyway

these intolerable frailties  
under the stage lights  
it's all tears

...

for rogelio "disclosures altogether"

---

sometimes it's easier to tremble  
than to draw on the inner self  
going mad  
in solitude

evil  
i've heard it said  
goes about its business  
tidying up after self pity  
at the approach of winter

it's all unreal  
the making of a change in the weather  
touched by the mechanisms of having been  
over here

sparks fly  
love is gone  
the craziness intoxicates  
getting old

i am tangling with moments of grief  
as indecent gods have refuted everyone  
nobody cares anymore

...

fragments from "after having made off with the booty"

---

there's no one to tell  
covering up the breakdowns in reality  
by the looks of things

seemingly creation cracks under  
friendswood's deadly gloom  
mourning the day after

it doesn't matter how many times  
you've studied a touch of iris

you're still  
measured by the stupid

now it's done  
craziness  
the profanities of self

a recognition of fresh blood  
forms  
in sacred places  
in this lonely interlude

...

the influence of what eternity is

---

if i try and try  
i'll challenge the uncollected poems  
time has invaded  
in such a situation  
by and large

with the dusting still not done  
the expense of sadness  
the mystery of this soap opera tragedy  
ahead of tomorrow

it's too much sometimes  
a crueler narrative  
taking stock of unreasoning ruffians  
at joe's art gallery

i've become like the misery of forever  
expressing the mechanics of losing  
i've become like the old feuds  
despising stones of a biblical color  
in secret

these whispered irrelevancies  
in just a few words  
the darker side  
stirred by hate

...

from "deceits in this sad pantomime" (continued)

---

who is to say  
it's old hat  
who is to say  
all of this was preventable  
the grief unnerves  
a few yards away

getting nowhere

    what was it again  
    this fiendish disorder  
these obscene expectations  
in the time remaining  
    as headlines report another terror attack  
life's like that

in this place  
i can hear  
    a backlog of the awkwardness of being here  
    feeling down  
moving through time

    in my private world  
this fatal destruction  
these painful beliefs  
    betrayed  
in thought  
    as a cat begs for a treat  
    london bridge is falling

...

an excerpt from "focused on the assault of a brittle heartache as before" (continued)

---

let this moment  
go back to  
    the surreal  
    and let stuff  
come to  
a harsher diagnosis  
i'm trying to make things orderly and i'm  
trying to keep from falling  
frustrated by this ever-lingering guilt  
with all my love denied  
    i've whiled time away  
on the other side  
    i've been attended by nature's demented drama  
every moment  
from there to here

we are not the first to  
bide the time  
    to confront this contaminated world  
dragging along a weathered drama  
deep in meditation  
nothingness has sized up the craziness  
    waiting things out  
in haste

it's all so demanding here  
in charlotte  
    i'm trying to unravel commitments  
    for the occasion



behind walls  
a callous aching  
at every turn  
as class begins

it's a game of weeping  
a lifetime ago  
in one way or another

...

for orlando "remember holland"

---

who is responsible  
was it worth the rage

who needs riches  
you ask  
contending with dumbest riddles  
from the far side  
we're moving beyond an awful dissonance  
thinking about what's happened

no doubt  
at any given time  
the dust will never settle

a rough heartache  
grown old  
erupts  
without surprise  
it accumulates  
taken apart by undefined resignation  
and expressed in biblical numbers

i'm sentenced to changing colors  
getting rattled  
after the fact

...

from "dumb and full of disappointment in this dump" (continued)

---

i've seen moonstruck angels  
paralyzed by a stain of another time  
i've seen inarticulate imposters  
mentioning what shouldn't be revealed  
trying to get it over with  
beyond the house of mercy

i am only your cranky bar fly

admitting the mistakes  
or your indecent visionary  
suspended in neglect  
in pieces

this autumn morning  
the otherness of this serious order  
this separation  
after a night of whiskey

emptiness thrives  
against the lavenders and magentas of autumn  
it is center stage  
across the abyss

the fateful sun in a revolting sky  
avails  
ahead of this resentment  
for good measure

...

from part I "a lone wolf behind the scenes"

---

let's call in sick  
go turn it around  
don't sulk

this is a time of despair  
a time of cruelty  
by the theater  
where bums ambush busybodies  
and  
these muses single out  
what a callous anguish there is

it isn't pretty  
this love  
twisting and turning

this noisy separation  
as the sun scoots behind a cloud  
these unhappy cats  
being faced with destructive facts

what could still come  
is all  
at every step  
between acts

...

selections from "a cold artificiality in a foul place" (continued)

---

tonight  
i'm back to  
the unthinkable in this house  
back to  
the details of the living and the dead  
acknowledging the emptiness of it  
listening to the same music again and again

who says it's past hope  
i ask myself  
asking about wasted energy  
inside these walls  
i'm returning to salty water  
i'm unprepared for a poet's shameless silence

in this strange land  
there's so much to decide  
all is dying

say no more  
about the sumptuous beauty of the earth  
say no more about the beauty of the world  
you're overwhelmed by unbearable decisions  
aching  
somewhere or other

now  
i'm charting heaven  
august  
peevish  
i touch on evidence of another hopeless disaster  
dustier than the total damage  
drifting in a cloud of gray

...

for w. "brokenness just at this moment"

---

hurricane katrina devastates new orleans  
the past is always here  
this unhappiness is played out  
picturing these trashiest performances

as we forget how it was  
i'm surviving despite what will never be  
in smoky rooms

to rage without the raging  
to face the embattled hopes without  
answering to such things  
i've revealed your intrigue  
in turn  
i've dealt with your impossibilities  
for hours  
signaling the moment of parting

look how surely pretentious we are

we who've left forever  
acting out  
we who've found out about it  
giving rise to morning emotions

this unkindness  
yawns  
even in the unbearable chaos  
with the beds still not made

...

felt in the bones altogether

---

you say it is clear to all  
more and more  
you are  
questioning everyday blues

if drama comes and goes  
then what's wrong with me  
the night accumulates  
swallowed up by screwy heaven

to be here now  
is to be  
waiting in the wrong place  
is to be  
waiting to see  
with no plan b

yesterday  
we had no choice but to  
challenge something unsettled  
for a life-time  
waiting and waiting  
today  
we'll be turning the corner  
and we'll tire of a love that didn't work out  
going up  
acknowledging elusive reality

...

selections from "a fat cat over the void" (continued)

---

mine is the disillusionment  
mine is the grief  
the sun is unsteady  
with cracks in the wall  
floating in circles

was it heartache  
a hundred miles away  
was it unhappiness

under the surface  
just because it's getting no better  
just because the plot's all wrong  
as the audience looks on  
i'm wrapped up in an austere tale of agony

today there's nothing but this emptiness  
as the cat sleeps in your arms  
this madness can never quite be done

maybe i'm headed home  
maybe i'm maddened by the given  
away from others  
worrying about these melancholy dogs

i'm admitting to things done wrong  
with no one understanding  
life has changed  
am i disappointing to you

...

i'm pierced by the ingredients of reason

---

rain drops fall one by one  
the drama won't fade away  
in an empty house  
punctuated by more wicked peculiarities

unable to let go  
while wars rage everywhere  
i'm led by what's yet to happen

dear constance  
i want to know what to do  
i'm giving up on everything  
dear constance  
why am i telling you this  
i'm talking about a catalogue of how it turned out  
the year round

i don't remember you anymore  
the street is empty  
as the surf pounds the sea walls  
life's like that  
the absurdity is right here  
doing love all wrong  
in this part of the story

the aching is on display  
and no doubt the miserable betrayal  
under every turquoise star

...

with men loitering on a street corner (continued)

---

oh francisco i say  
for old time's sake  
screw the truth  
pleas were never like this

what's left is  
the savage imaginings  
paralyzed by a callous darkness

it's all a part of  
a darker idea  
going nowhere

the deceit of this tempo  
may perpetuate  
the inevitableness of what it all meant

i've become disenchanted of late  
disturbed by a perverse melancholy  
with no future

...

selections from "betrayed by this lopsided agony in a fever"

---

in scenes where a visionary is weeping  
an acrobat has looked for help  
as old as the subtleties  
as the sun peeks over the horizon  
it is loneliness that happens  
with love all gone  
trying to piece time together

i've grown used to all the expectations  
what's at stake  
is never quite done  
fighting the same battle over and over  
in this part of the play  
as i'm at kent's  
picking up some groceries  
i'm pondering all the goings-on  
without a calling

the dead find fault with everything  
they anguish over their negotiations  
sentenced to an ugly grief

an angry absurdity  
as the air fills with diesel fumes  
the rationalist  
being swept up by what we were

is this where it went wrong  
the other world  
pierced by the immediacy of the meaner farewells  
at break of day

...

scenes from "behind this wall"

---

what remains  
you ask  
as the weather changes

drunk under the table  
the origins of this fiction  
imagining an intimacy  
that never was

nobody notices  
the theatrical  
as i wash the magenta from my face  
it always happens like this

we're we  
deranged fear  
arguing to no purpose

over tea  
this predictable sadness  
self-contained differences  
halfway through

...

scenes from "behind this wall" (continued)

---

when did it all begin  
the loneliness of another darkness  
boxing life up

and who did accept  
and who did question  
entangled in the syntax of her  
we're painting over the hour  
noting a made-up life

thus it shall be  
all these black angels shall come too late  
and they shall button up  
fettered by a mindless agony

i've come here to st somebody's cathedral  
overcome by what's going on  
i've come here to come around for more  
disguising the facts of life  
anyway

the end  
like a betrayal  
without regard to the daiquiri lilac of evening  
in the present context

...

scenes from "in the time that remains"

---

it can't be helped  
as anyone can see  
it's gotten out of hand  
our love was one-dimensional narratives  
our love was the brutal jealousy  
concealing a little hell  
in sunday's best  
after all have had their say  
i'm giving shape to a bit of shameless theater  
one more day

the disorderly phonies have left the scene  
and now  
the timekeeper is trying to get back home  
in lieu of this calculus  
for reasons unknown

i get it now  
it's a waste of time to puzzle over  
the unhappiness betrays itself  
caught in an awful trap

gods of this infinite drama  
backwards and forwards  
you are  
wishing time away  
while i'm being left out  
over here

i'm watching others bail  
at the end of another season  
absurdity doesn't care  
the old people obey

...

in the lonely light of the lilac moon

---



we've been gripped by a trick of artificiality  
you and i  
and we've been  
torn by a touch of things  
we've been acquainted with a blue abstraction  
imagining the moment

i've been the unbeliever in a boarded-up house  
i've been the siren in cursed garden  
i've scoffed at your jealousy  
in this misadventure  
citing every boy

i don't have time for the expletives hurled at my head  
that sort of thing  
presides  
in so many different ways  
for sure  
i've taken note of your heartbreak  
in a rage  
i've dwelled on this insufferable anguish  
in this lunatic darkness  
amid these infuriating endings

in this bitter wasteland  
it all comes out  
my evil spirit has been watched  
the accursed pedagogue has taken action  
here where we've ended up  
uncared for

this unmatched puppet show  
a la mode  
the perpetual uncertainty  
enclosed in this endless ennui

...

at the witching hour

---

was it drama  
for the sixth time  
playing this game  
was it evil  
in sunday's best  
taking measure of uncomfortable subjects  
dissonance approaches for god's sake  
describing the making of what's at stake  
near kingdom come

oh to be the best at loneliness  
to anticipate  
the manufactured conversations  
the circle round  
of the usual memories  
away from others

i've put up with bastards  
and i've lost  
i've gone off the deep end  
in an angry theater  
i've recounted your life  
for crying out loud

questioning existence  
these different versions of the forgetting  
in the present context  
i still think of you  
being done with this fiendish nastiness  
with night falling  
i'm spinning out of control  
tortured by a deeper damage  
skating on thin ice

what never was  
pushes on  
tangling with this intense agony  
with the wind blowing the curtains

...

in a flood of tears (continued)

---

it's the parts of creation  
love  
with a finger raised to the world  
you are  
circling around whatever's left of what could still come

you're the acrobat they say  
and i'm  
the secrets of language  
measured against an uglier disillusionment

i know it's going to be a tragedy  
i know  
as children play  
with impossibility swallowing love unrealized

it can hurt  
as at the entrance to the police station  
my darling has fallen from grace  
hate  
the curse of how it was  
with eyes intent

does it matter i cannot see the light  
in need of hope  
i've been warned  
as the cat sleeps in your arms  
and this was always coming

...

let's blow this town

---

imagine if you will  
a hurtful turmoil  
the neglect of the soul  
casting the first stone  
in this lonely house

what can you say  
when you're invaded by  
these fractured artifices  
a miserable neutrality  
after midnight  
with music

what did i do except  
accept this atmosphere  
of a horrible life

dark stains  
the clouds  
knowledge to gain  
in the sandbox  
artless weeping  
with a pale moon rising

as the earth quakes  
and this isn't what i asked for

...

an excerpt from "the urgency of what could come next"

---

going so crazy  
in defiance  
drama was never like this  
it's no lie

time and again  
a reminder of a detailed conflict  
an obscene decomposition  
between fact and fiction  
an obscene damage  
left alone with a painful unhappiness

knowing as i do  
the same thing  
frayed nerves  
of the hell gone through

why take a part  
duplicating this obscene misery  
further from home

i'm not sure what i'm supposed to think  
the outside world  
wasted pink  
adrift in the stuff of the uninterrupted comments

...

excerpt from "by some accident everywhere"

---

drawn conclusions  
and the coming guesses  
and i  
understand the pointless violence  
the year round  
embroiled in an intenser unkindness

no matter  
january's appalling negativity  
this ready discontent  
away from others  
looking without seeing  
after years of this

strange  
ruby  
gardenias  
this is serious

and what if  
junk's piling up  
as deer wander freely down the street  
and maniacs are fighting for control  
dragging along the earth's awful disappearance  
without mercy

as the seas recede  
and there's no end to the cruelty

...

fragments from "more wicked than what love is"

---

grief teaches us  
it's helter-skelter  
at unguarded moments  
it oppresses  
at the point of closing down

lately you've tired of creation  
that's the point

i've become like an act of this moment  
acknowledging a circumstance of another darkness  
i've become like the mad weight of the past  
turning away from the rainy day song and dance  
in a callous heaven

what's been lost  
bursts  
with nothing defined

i'm a devil's advocate who has played doctor  
as the poor try to make do  
no one cares who knows little  
...

"this appalling damage with caution" inspired by henrietta x. boog

---

because of  
the multiplicity of unreal hearts  
a hyacinth itch  
all along  
these intrusive crises  
playing the waiting game  
with a repeat of another forever

as you drop me on the corner of 760th  
and g  
i'm thinking about these poor birds  
nearing guernica

how miserable this world is  
chaos won't go away  
and  
as a plane roars by overhead  
the pain is unbearable

the dust to dust stuff  
trying to reconcile differences  
earthly dissonance  
frowning at always and never  
does anyone not understand  
as grief holds back  
the sun is hiding

waiting for the moment  
hell ever this hell  
uncertainty brings back the loneliness  
with children damaged by circumstances  
cursing

...

scenes from "this unnamable nothingness in a work of art"

---

was i not rebellious  
was i not condescending  
in this milieu  
in dark places  
i was shocked by the immediacy of watching poussin paint

trying to avoid the lavender of passion  
balanced against the way down  
with the yew trees swaying in the wind  
the afternoon takes its toll  
in a place of refuge

who is it that's trying to slow down  
who is it that will not give up  
you're keeping up appearances  
acquainted with the immediacy of the nasty insults

is there a way out  
hanging by a thread  
in the chaos

i'm thinking of a father who was  
moved by perverse interpretations  
a father who was  
smothered by the making of someone new

what it might mean  
is bruising  
in lieu of pathetic love  
in gardens overgrown with weeds

...

after "measured against what the answer was" by stan k. nakae

---

here's to the dishonesty  
we're capable of  
here's to  
toxic aching  
discontent  
in the palace of our dreams  
stained glass  
purple  
and lilac  
taking time off the clock  
in this lonely house

i'm going unnoticed  
there's always heartache to account for  
in a toxic theater  
there's no hope

to be in such place  
to be destroyed  
to be reproached  
i'm besieged by nature's mindless innuendoes  
as a door slams shut  
this is what it will feel like

heartache perpetuates itself  
winding up with this unearthly gloom  
it thrives  
out in the open

what it all means  
resides here  
frustrated by stranger alternatives  
in the middle of crying

...

lines from "in this same spot"

---

it's all yours  
the relics of religion in that house  
things can't be fixed anymore  
i've brushed off my crying  
in a flash  
i've announced the disillusionment  
there where the children used to play  
stepping on toes

if i were to say  
love is so much frustration  
would you say  
it's harder than ever  
the time has come  
in city central  
the carelessness never ends

i've been the cheater in the land of nod  
i've been the runaway at the riverside  
i've meditated upon your clues  
at odd times  
feeling low

the world is sad tonight  
and  
i'm trying to escape this lousy betrayal  
this is the life we lead  
everyone has lost their way

on the front line  
i'm caught off guard  
waiting to be seen  
in this dump  
trying to get over a broken heart

...

a fragment from "enclosed in these old testament impulses"

---

what was it you said  
that's what i get  
this is all  
you're crying  
tired of nature's shameless metaphors

have a look around  
take one last look  
don't fall in love too quickly

should i break away  
should i question  
the lousy blah of trying to stop crying  
everywhere

today i espied nine blackbirds  
beyond the sad-faced sky  
they were accompanied by this immense loss  
under the stress of battle

i'm looking for a little support  
fighting off demons  
in the sandbox  
cataloguing the same old story

...

excerpt from "how to disclose what it all meant"

---

i'm moving away  
that's what i get  
as everything around me breaks  
this is all there is  
life is crying for a mother  
painted in a corner  
from around the corner

here to crumble  
outside godfather's pizza  
here to discount too much of the past  
with limbs entwined

i could tell you about the structure of longing  
or about the invented triangle  
i could tell you about the life of a poet  
or about the sad conversations of summer  
at the approach of autumn  
but here  
illusion reconstructs the failure  
walking on stage  
in light of it all

no matter if that's life  
heaven has disappeared  
in the closet  
sidetracked by meaner analyses

what it all meant  
has nothing better to do  
grappling with a makeshift eternity  
in shadows and darkness

...



a fragment from "an increase of nothing"

---

who is to say  
things fall apart  
who is to say  
the drinking will resume  
you say  
it's pretty pathetic  
it's just a matter of time  
the pain does what it wants  
at every sign  
cursed with a darker trouble

    this is about love lost to  
        more and more  
signs of the parts of me  
    trying to wash the pain away  
with lacey gone

    alone with my thoughts  
i'm changing colors  
trying to survive  
    indifferent to a hypothetical neglect  
in every conceivable way  
    i'm living in a darkness  
in this dump

    the unwelcomed madmen have gone  
        and now  
the accursed hurdy-gurdy man is crying the morning away  
    bedeviled by dumbest riddles  
on streets lined with day laborers

    amber  
and metaphysical  
indifference is real  
    thinking of these betrayed beliefs  
knowing the stories of a pagan disillusionment

...

a selection from "going on with what got us here"

---

it's a study in  
the heart's terrible demons  
the shape of the flip side  
in the company of the snowman

it's gotten to me  
ever more time  
the illicit business  
the cost of a wicked regret  
drawn into doomsday

there where the children used to play  
a million souls  
the rest of our lives  
in this picture  
these intense parts  
waiting for things to change

a guy runs a red light  
nothing is in order

mirrored in this impossibility  
sentenced to hell  
a fly buzzes in an empty beer bottle  
the game is over

...

selections from "a world apart as predicted" continued

---

why do we do this  
with fire engines roaring  
we ask questions with no answers  
evident in this abstraction  
this international forgiveness day

and who did open up  
and who did shut down  
taken apart by a violent storm  
we're presenting the narrow escape  
attending to this mechanical love

i stray  
i clear out  
i go through what they did  
touched by the horror

i've seen you underscore closing doors  
at each turn  
i've seen you let go  
as children tease each other mercilessly  
turn after turn

who knows who i should be  
thoughts forever blue  
saturday's mad heartache  
choking on a man's heart

...

from part V "a touch of an intenser obsession"

---

who knows  
i run from  
the pointless engagements  
the syntax of what it all meant  
here at home

messages sent  
turning away from this fiery meanness  
with hands going up

i wanted to talk to you again today  
i was savaged by the mechanics of the nervous insults  
living out of a suitcase  
in time  
i was  
caught up in a horrible pain  
in someone else's world  
in the psychotic light

think of it now  
the before and after  
of the doom  
the soul's heaven  
with the dog eating scraps of meat  
still holding on to  
the weeping

the way we are is  
exposed to a wicked existence  
confirming the old magic  
plagued by terrifying illusion  
in private quarters  
absurdity is bruising  
in this tight spot  
grown old

heartache is icier than  
a rundown creation  
a methodical wandering  
at the hand of god

...

from a chapbook titled "traded or sold in the chaos" by buddy beveridge

---

the gods are gone now  
they gave up  
with the moon beginning to rise  
they stressed a universe of the day  
everything prolongs the sadness  
it's such a mess

here we are  
praying for a better day  
for no real reason  
in this jungle of disappointment  
we're measured against a goddess's mindless narratives  
trying to untangle this awful defeat

will you take me with you someday  
baby  
you're wandering off somewhere  
cursed by a crueller despair

someone asked where you were  
i said i left you by the roadside  
giving the secrets away  
you were called to account  
tearing everything apart

in the sorrow  
near ivar's  
madness breaks under the discord  
in solitude  
trying to keep safe

...

for emma "a poem in all respects"

---

how depressing it all is  
these wicked disputes  
this foul time  
right on schedule

i could usher in the reruns  
or i could disclose this or that  
red from head to foot  
wondering about clever conversations  
but instead i'll be falling back into the void  
for now  
restless

let's say it's all so unreal  
and let's say it's human nature  
there were leroy lives  
there's plenty going on

i have departed  
most pathetic excesses  
the devil  
perverse words  
in need of revision

you never get used to it  
on this scorched earth  
i've gone through the motions  
as coronavirus spreads out of control  
everyone pretends not to notice

...

for emma "a poem in all respects" continued

---

things that didn't last  
at the periphery  
the messiness of what the truth might be  
failure makes do with the illusion  
caving in to stupid language

all this time

i've become like the power of expecting nothing good to happen  
regretting the puzzle of evening  
i've become like a body falling apart  
picking up after a life alone  
in avocado shoes

why believe in anything when  
it will all come out  
everything is lost  
it's becoming darker and darker

everything the gods forbid  
hanging by a thread  
the resentment  
acting  
how did this happen  
as nicolas and james are talking  
nobody cares anymore

this despair is what it is  
quibbling over nothing  
a horrible anger  
it's all been said

...

lines from "will it do but why"

---

i see myself as  
the horrid epiphanies  
the battles ahead  
of wounds not healing  
in due course  
the damage report  
reaching beyond repetitive amours  
in the daredevil's chamber

who's given in  
no answer  
none of us believes anymore

what should've sufficed  
holds on  
with drunkards lurking everywhere

the inevitability of the ancient grief  
is troubling enough  
the mediocrity of the playing god  
perseveres  
the madness never ends  
a jock has been pushed in a corner

i'm rough  
tearing everything apart  
as everything fails

there's no hope

...

an excerpt from "urges in an infinite loop" continued

---

why did i cry and carry on  
no answer  
this failure is forgetting

i've been discounting you  
addressing a stranger's face  
crying over a lover

more graceless romance  
more faithless suffering  
an episode of darkness  
imagined passion  
in a place of refuge  
the prayers offered  
to the southwest

why am i nowhere  
you ask  
let's go away somewhere  
as an airplane flies overhead  
the world is psychotic

the backyard secrets of spring  
amid the stillness  
it's tough at times

...

after "the predictable numbers unsolved" by jeremiah krog

---

while others are going out for the evening  
i'm adrift in the soul's circumferences  
i've added the whole affair  
a few yards away  
i've watched the equations  
in this inescapable interlude

i don't know where i am anymore  
no one has anything to offer  
as the world goes by  
everything is such a disappointment  
the unhappiness is alive in us  
for just a moment  
besieged by everyone's obscene purposes

i've revealed more splintered perspectives  
trying to answer the questions  
with access denied

this moment now  
in every act

the occasion of this resentment  
in uncertain hours

here i am  
dancing on thin ice  
trying to keep from crying out  
rethinking the idea of it  
down the aisle

...