

I've been spending my life  
between nation states,  
a no-man's land of insanity,  
a scattering of see saws and physics.

Powers that slink in the mud  
and chew on the landslides,  
searching for salt with their tongues,  
surviving on thyroid needs.

Yarn octopuses to teach patient  
system and a schedule for every deed;  
duck feet trails scratching ruts  
in the block radius of alarms.

Pages of stickers to rainbow  
the world that I always knew  
had colour without the lines,  
and basic car answers.

I've had funny cloths and stupid pants  
in Tetris games of hangers;  
finding jewels within the mess  
and passing them onto unlucky chaps.

Hand-slapped wrists for touching glass  
and praise for looking through it;  
so I ditched the geometry  
and meddled with stickers and sand

I've been spending my life  
between nation states,  
keeping tabs on the allies  
and their boxing gambles.

Zeppelins stood as sentinels  
over my head as I slept  
for centuries before we switched walls  
and replaced them for bells and books

Away went the railings,  
the warm fuzzy boots,  
and I tread on the soles of a stranger,

making up their Canterbury tales

I've prepared pitchers of orange juice,  
And a box full of strings  
for a stolen hideaway  
with a name spelt correctly.

The rationed temperature tickets  
turned me towards the ladders  
of paper plastic and glue  
and I built myself a fortress.

I've been spending my life  
between nation states  
reforming toppling polymers,  
signing treaties and forging a name.

I've been helping the sores;  
the scabs made the iron and me,  
following the Zedong forging lines,  
made cogs to help me along

Reeling the land as the barnacles fled,  
I caught a glimpse of below;  
I've made fish my entire life  
but I've only been line casting twice.

The breathable excitement of frogs  
on a chemical world  
set the time as meticulous chests  
were be raided and restocked.

I memorized the earth-shattering blue;  
diamonds and apples bobbed  
underfoot but stranger soles  
froze me safe in the snow.

I've been spending my life  
between nation states,  
carrying a metal striped box  
full of trees and a hill.

Little girl hair bows of a man that I knew  
and a stack of messenger birds  
sway on the clothesline  
that I never hung up

Bunnies that burn in October massacres  
that foretell of a pumpkin coach princess  
and the running boat lost  
in the midst of an unwanted picnic.

I never had childhood cares  
like lollipops, gumballs and shoes,  
instead I had broom stories  
and waterlogged mangrove yards.

Then there were fears of monsters below  
the ancient sand-ridden beasts;  
they sent out the feast invitations,  
and free cabbie rides fees.

I've been spending my life  
between nation states  
with cares of the life on the shore ,  
brave facing the sleet till become a finch.

So I tried to find others,  
the normal heart locks  
that crippled teddy bears  
and fixed them with aluminum cans.

leg-shaking heat and scratches for sale,  
waiting my turn for the fall,,  
battling brazil, hoping to fail,  
and training, learning to kill.

Planning and teaching  
learning to swallow my pulse  
and speak out to the beetle eyes  
hoping for signs of a fear.

They gave me winged women,  
a chalice and praise,  
medals, a grove of trees

and even tossed in a bucket of coal.

but the only deep demon  
that searched for his stones  
was the mighty sand fossil  
who drowned.

He pulled me down under the integers  
to gape at the size  
of the ocean crevasses,  
cracks and the wonder.

But I've been spending my life  
between nation states,  
a landlocked pool  
of a dispersing clouds swing set.

Often out there is a tangle  
of hollers and round-headed men,  
a white wall case that bars  
the traveling scholar.

These pockmarked city states  
have a mound of tabby policies  
to focus on stamp collection  
without binders and Dewey dictators.

Trash libraries were forced to combine,  
and I've been marching  
with Fibonacci for years  
of cheek leeches and dilated hearts.

I've been shattering sky-scraping edges  
and in a rush to pick up the shards,  
I lagged behind  
on iron dust and asymptotes.

Through the absences I became  
obsessed with marbles and magnets;  
watching the faces of strangers  
who stumble upon a pipe.

The Tuesday trash man Sampson  
Picked up dropped jaw bones,  
and fingers crunching  
he made me a shell out of teeth.

The unmyelinated crack  
exploding in shared excitement,  
and then the trailing crash of terms  
kept the gears cranking;

They kept me dreaming, drunk with stars  
even as I drowned in salt,  
held in artificial arms  
that rocked in solitary rhythm.

I've been spending my life  
between nation states  
surrounded by hundreds  
of mirror slabs galleries.

Shouting spectrums  
that hooked my heart;  
Within a single night  
my world turned Green.

I labeled the chain mess  
as squandering links slipped  
and I gripped onto quality,  
following the sailor tattoos.

Wool sweaters and bowties  
in a race for a life  
pried off the barnacle junkyard  
and set out for meadows.

I live by docks and scrap metal yards  
under the spontaneous watch  
of acronyms as thousands  
thrive on an island without regrets.

I've been spending my life  
between nation states  
in a part time tug-of-war

with a boat.

It dropped off a shipment  
of party ribbons,  
W-D 40 and shells  
and then sailed away without a word.

I sent out telegrams, calls and letters  
but never the scream of taps  
in case it turned around  
and stayed for alphabet days.

Turtle dances of elbows and knees,  
with heel stamping  
and the hovering grating of hair  
worked its way into my ears.

Leaving a trace of powdered glass  
that spread in my veins,  
the contagious calm ran underground,  
leaching into the web.

I've been nesting in a bed full of trees,  
curled next to the ink stamped bark.  
I'm packing the organic in boxes  
getting ready to transfer my fleet.

I've been crowded by arcade style dumpsters  
as they settled onto the floor,  
leaching through the walls  
and staining the bathroom doors.

And I'm ready  
for my minimalist phone booth  
that I've planned out  
since objects were lost.

Having spent my life  
between nation sates  
I know a few tips  
about crowds;

But despite the deposits  
the most I've learned  
comes from the giggling  
outbursts of spiders.

The quote tickets kept safe  
in a gold tin box  
to remind me of the snickers  
that guided me outside.

A flurry of red tags  
that pointed towards connections  
in the hopes that a few  
would continue on.

Rhythm hills and rolling roads  
that marked out maps and markets  
with splattered numbers,  
dripped across the river.

Houses overflowed with shoelaces  
that double as ropes to hold in the walls  
while the time spent in calligraphy cafes  
turned into unused status cards.

While I've been plotting  
out my white wall cage,  
I happened across a field scattered with ashes,  
and the skeletons of bicycle beasts.

The melted plastic cigar trays littered  
the remains of a princess palace,  
while my fuzzy boots lay smoldering  
as sparks ignited the rain.

When I lay in an unknown bed  
film reeling it through,  
I notice hand flames and knife lines  
of butterfly travel.

Since the cremation  
I walked out on the fields  
of lost toys and letters

that trap the daily men.

I hadn't noticed the pact  
until the storm of moments  
then I scrambled backwards  
and searched for a single anchor.

I've been spending my life  
between nation states  
calling our through the floor  
searching for salt patterns.

The boats are all run  
by huntsmen and pirates  
that facebook the mainland  
as you step overboard,

So I've been floating around,  
holding my breath, drowning  
on false command  
in the preparation for a marathon.

The endurance test fabricated memories  
of a life that many live;  
where my lungs, undependable  
were pumped by a dragon.

I readied my drowning,  
planning it through from the moment  
I swept ideas downstairs,  
stockpiling the supplies for a trip.

When I'm done with the staring,  
I'll call out the beast,  
and plunge into below  
gambling for the prize of wings.

I've been spending my life  
between nation states  
with the fear of accidents looming  
over my poker chip closets.



I've been shoulder checking  
for the advance of Jesus  
as I dribbled paint through the forest floors,  
carefully polished and waxed.

Forgotten dust tunnels surviving  
under the weight of hockey pucks  
and the ash piles on carpet mainlands  
map out the ways to skip and leap.

I scouted out safe places  
to be quiet and still  
while rewriting the dictionary  
entries about my glass frame.

Two rations a week,  
my dose of courage  
to be worn off  
by the chants and the desk tapping.

So bricklaying became my new task  
as I set up sequences  
of mirrors and microscopes,  
cutting away the connections.

With brass goggles as intact  
as a well-used rusted crown,  
I notice the chains of yesterday  
colonies, floating.

Then with the hard pounding knobs  
and a few dozen gears  
I tapped out the rhythm  
of a yellow brick road.

I've been in a snail airplane  
crawling across the hills  
as transformers and fuses blow  
back behind its dog tail.

I've seen the eyelashes  
of slipping bar graphs  
while the argyle windows stay

strong and encircling.

I've noticed the sunken eye sockets  
of the Scottish Ladies  
that knit Kleenex  
for their own dripping noses.

So I hid my own  
and searched for the lost  
shoes as I wrote Pipe lists  
and snapped blue gum to the walls.

I've sat between cardboard boxes  
as safe houses to hide  
the knickknacks despite the shade,  
now geometry sends me running.

I've been spending my life  
between nation states  
standing on lantern heights looking  
out past the Night Furys.

While I flicked the coastlines  
I dabbled in iambic pentameter  
only to end up dropping pedals  
and jamming on the earmuffs.

My voice saltwater shelled  
repeatedly hermit crabbing  
until the sand inches  
slowly began to grind away.

I've made Abraham hikes  
and Golgotha visits,  
with the rice paper books  
coating the ground.

And I've seen the daylight  
stars that weighed down  
on the guillotine strings,  
strumming out a hanging tree tune.

In the groves of ruler saplings  
I caught hold of mermaid roots  
and hung them up around;  
an insurance bank of pessimism.

Out in the leg-gripping desert  
reeds, I've stepped on my soul,  
made myself stop and howl  
sending rainbow waves screaming.

I've been arm wrestling walls  
in the euphoria high of progress;  
building plans and twisting  
the knuckle punches.

I've been imagining an island  
whale to take me along for a tour,  
to search out the judgment seat  
and lay down a reservation on salvation.

I've been spending my life  
Between nation states  
caught in the crucifixion of firearms  
and a civil war of the Ancients.

I've been clutching on for this  
stuffed owl reason,  
hoping for more than a list of chain links  
that I make into my own anchors.

I've been memorizing maps  
of these nation states;  
the back roads and markets  
of a possible home.

I'm planning my great escape to the sea,  
the drowning of Ophelia's maid;  
I've collected the doll parts  
and the pillows to frame.

I've been to see the glass bottle shards  
And the column man below,  
but I haven't been to sand museums

and walked along their shores.

I've been planning over the ocean  
writing these notes on the maps,  
and in the quick spotless moments  
I've been setting up my pack.

Well I've been living my life  
of the mechanical pumps  
buried in a pile of stranger soles;  
and I'm much in need of a hike-able hill.

Even an ocean would do.