

Big Phoney

A Novel in Verse

By Dmytro Kolesnyk

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PROLOGUE: LET THE PENGUINS FLY

Little Jimmy's retarded
He's got a lame leg
His mouth droops
He slurs every word when he begs
For his dreams, although silly
To not be discarded
It's enough that when he's alone in his head he's
disheartened
He's hoping that somebody out there will listen
Entertain his idea
Just a preview of bliss
Just a sliver of hope
Just an ear to be lent
Doesn't matter if genuine or simply pretend

His neck goes contorted
His mouth is askew
His eyes fill with tears as he creeps towards you
He looks at the ground (but he dreams of the sky)
When he asks "why oh why, wont they let penguins fly?"
"Who's they?" then you ask
"Well, obviously,"
Another teardrop
A tremor in his little knees
"The voice in my head, I mean, who else could it be?"
"I see," you reply, unemotionally
"It's all I ever wanted, or so it seemed"
His neck feeling heavier, "it's all I dreamed"
"Look, kid," you say, "don't take offence,
dreams are at best symbolic,
but mostly nonsense."

You let him down easy
He's filled with emotion

"But what about the fish that walked out of the ocean?"
"That took millions of years, no one has that much time!"
"That's why they call it dreaming! Is hoping a crime? I asked you that question rhetorically.
Can a penguin learn to fly, metaphorically?"

You consider this concept, then say from the heart:
"if you keep expectations in check, that's a start"
Little jimmy's confused
He thought dreams were endless
With each passing moment he's looking more helpless
"What I meant to say..."
You buy yourself time
Now burdened with ensuring his dreams do not die
"What I meant to say was: give it your best!"
"So spread out my wings?"
You think: *give it a rest*

You take a step back
Watch this approaching cripple
With new hope in his eyes and his face looking chipper
"You think if enough penguins were to jump from that ledge
They would grow bigger wings?" he trips
Then he begs you
To tell him that if only he'd fall and get up enough times
That eventually his legs and his life would be fine
"We were talking about dreams!"
You distance yourself
"For the penguins, yes—but this was what I meant!"
"Yes, I caught that, your metaphor worked
But keep it at that, otherwise you'll get hurt."

"What was the point, then, of talking to you?"
"To help get off your chest what you'll never do."

UNFULFILLED

I'm angry because I'm happy. Woke up this morning, had
my coffee
Saw no plane had crashed today and I'm okay with my
excess weight
No one cut me off while driving; on time to work I'll
be arriving
Signing letters, stamping plans. Pat on my back 'cause
I'm a champ

But there's an emptiness inside—no one died, I didn't
cry
No one's hurt and no one's mad. I can't confide cause
I'm not sad
Last night I felt properly bad—a thousand bodies
stuffed with lead
Today I'm angry and so bored, there's nothing for me to
look toward

Sign me up for a donation, it'll feel as good as
masturbation
Show me pictures of those faces and those homes in
desolate places
Chopped off hands and burnt-up flesh; show me that the
world's a mess
Make me feel complete again. Show me hurt, sorrow, and
pain

I'm a victim, just like them. For everyone a
circumstance
I won't apologize for shit. If they don't like life,
they should quit
Now that I think about it—I should, too. Without their
pain I feel so blue
As the world becomes a better place this thrill gets

difficult to chase

ART IS TIRING

It feels like my destiny, but boy, art is
tiring
When you're walking around and it's all so
inspiring
You're trying to breathe but you can't catch a
break
Then that thought in your head: *this was all a
mistake*
But still word after word and line after line
With every new sentence you feel more alive
You wrote what you could, time is up, it's the
end
Then always that question: *was this time well
spent?*

I HATE THIS POEM

I hate this poem
Well, I hate you
I hate these words you make me spew

Why then do you bother write me?
Because rhyming words gets me excited
I find ideas I didn't know were there
So what's the problem?
I feel scared
From line to line a different thought
Is the feeling real?
Is there a plot?

You make it real, you give me life
But when it's over, it's still trite
There's still no theme, no point to make
Just a rhyming scheme I'm scared to break
By simply giving you a chance
I'm forced to sing and dance
Advance
To another line, another rhyme
Just something you do from time to time
If I'm not good, it's not a crime
Worry not 'cause I'll be fine

But I won't, now there's an obligation
To finish this and make it matter
This elation with every new creation
It must go on, I'll make it fatter
Don't fill me up with rhymes so shallow
I think I lost my inspiration
I'm bloating up, but feel so hollow
At times I hate my own creations

Where was I at? Oh right, *fuck you!*
I wasn't gonna curse, but look:
I woke up feeling fresh and new, but then—
A rhyme popped up in your head, or two?
Yes
And you thought it was fun and new?
Yes
A novel idea to pursue?
Yes!
But you wanted to let it go?
It had no purpose, that I know

When it needs to, it will flow
...these cascading bricks of dominoes
You can't just let them linger, die
Why not? It's like my millionth time
It hurts, but were they worth exploring?
I guess now we will never know
They probably were shit and boring
You say, as if to ease the blow
Hey!
You can't say that, I'm writing you!
You don't know me, the things I do
I know enough to get you going
For what?
To get a little excitement flowing
You woke up with these words inside you
You couldn't wait to write them down
You fret, but swear this isn't true:
I'm momentum, the filler, I'm your glue
I was doing fine here without you!
You believe it less with every line
Tell me then, what is your view?
Last night you thought you lost your shine
You made a promise: this was different
To whom?
The only one you lie to
Then you sat down, the light bulb flickered
I tried...
The words were far and few

Is it safe to say my job here is done?

But I feel I'm only getting started
My fingers warm; my guilt's departed
I'm out, but know: you've just begun

WHY I WOULD LIKE TO FUCK YOU

Girl, you are beautiful
I thought I'd start this poem with something true
Fat, ugly, stupid
Well, those words simply just don't describe you
You brought light to my life
And showed me love is not simply romance
So when I'm finished with this poem
I hope to get inside your pants...

...come on let's dance:

I want to fuck you in my bedroom, in the kitchen, on
the floor
And when we fuck we'll go again again again and then
some more
I'll give your bum a squeeze when I'm about to come
When when we're done I'll hold you tight
And watch your face get lit up by the morning sun

Girl, you are beautiful
I thought I'd have this verse say something nice
I love the way you speak to me
You're well-versed, clear and so goddamn concise
I love the grammar in your texts
It makes me respect you even more
It makes me hot I kid you not
I lose control of my blood flow...

...let's put on a show:

I want to fuck you in my bedroom, in the kitchen, on
the floor
And when we fuck we'll go again again again and then

some more

What we put in wherever is never ever wrong
And when we're done I'll write a poem for you
Just thinking 'bout it makes my ding dong long

Girl, you are beautiful
I thought I'd end this poem with something you
I thought I'd sit and make a list
Of all the things I'd do for you:
I won't beg you for blowjobs
When your cycle starts
And when you're laying in bed with me
I'll do my best to simply just ignore your farts...

...no sense of smell in my heart

I want to fuck you in my bedroom, in the kitchen, on
the floor
And when we fuck we'll go again again again and then
some more
We'll finally rest after beating each other's meat
And when we're done we'll have a giggle
At this painting we've made all over the sheets...

...I'd feel complete

UBI

Will work for compliments

My X-FACTOR

I've shed so many tears trying to feel inspired
Those fearless little kids or adults retired
Watching them all following their dreams...
Thinking that it's easier than it seems

I think up excuses and I stall
Still convinced that one day I'll have it all
Give me another video or story...
Help me dream about my future glory

I know what I'll say in my interviews
Cart before the horse, strings before the shoes
The house which I will own once I'm retired...
No time to do the work, gotta get inspired

There's something I find funny about goals
The more you talk, the more you watch them fault
The more you talk, the more you feel admired...
Don't want to do the work, just want to feel inspired

Doubt and self-reflection are a cover
The silly things we do to forget our power
So many things which others have produced...
Someone's already done it, tell me—what's the use?

I'm done with cheap advice and quick solutions
Everybody's just projecting their delusions
These dreams becoming harder to suppress...
Gotta watch another video, I guess

TALENT SHOWS

talent shows
should have a sign at the entrance
DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME, LEST YOU GET HURT

THE PROJECTIONIST

This tree looks upset. This city is boring.
This man on the bench looks like he needs a hug.
This dog is depressed. This world's not worth
exploring.
Is it me, or does everyone look like they're drugged?
I looked out the window and thought the sky should look
happy,
but all I got was a cloud flying over my head.
This movie I watched was so corny and sappy,
unlike that poem I wrote, which nobody read.
This little boy's face is so tense, agitated,
the way in which his mother is displaying her love.
This store selling mirrors—the people must hate it,
the way they look from the front, the back, from above.
I bet this guy on the bridge thought of killing
himself,
but he deemed the height not sufficient enough.
Then came home and stressed out over the feelings he
felt.
What really upset him? Was life really that tough?

It's like everyone's faults are transparent to me.
I'm so smart and clever and observant and deep.
I see everyone's flaws; everything they could be
if I told them everything that I thought of me.

IT WAS A GOODBYE OF SORTS

love and death is all that matters, it's all i ever think
about
and nothing's ever getting better with this unfathomable
doubt
figured all this thinking made me smarter, but it just made
things so much harder
made me feel a bit too much
but why am i still out of touch?

love and death is all that matters, it's all i ever think
about
these darkly thoughts keep growing fatter, but i hide 'cause
i won't shout
laughter, madness—this rare passion, how my mind is always
thrashing
how it burns and how it aches, give whatever it wants to
take
scared to death of screwing up. looking like some tortured
pup
scared to death of being wrong. figure yourself out with
some poem?
you said love could always wait, just self-reflect and
masturbate
self-destruct, fill yourself up with all this bullshit..
that's enough!

as many words as it may take, i'll have you know i've made
mistakes
i'll have you know that I've been hurt, and treated someone
else like dirt
i've spawned dark thoughts, spewed empty words. looking back
now, it's absurd
i tried to make it all a blur—but it won't stay in its dirt
this has kept me up at nights, sleepless eyes; internal
fights
read old messages off my phone—trying to feel less alone

figuring out what makes me, me. not the person they all see
but i know they know some thing's not right...
it's what kept me here that night

it's getting worse; it could get better? but just judging
from these letters
i could use a little hope—just enough to help me cope
i could use a little laughter, forget a happily ever after
refuse to believe that it's all good, because we're all
misunderstood
is it just me, or are we dying? still we go hide when we're
crying
always scared to show ourselves, when there's really nothing
else
there's really nothing else to lose. our facades are just a
ruse
so let real friendships last forever...
and our love die never, ever

but *forever* feels so overused
i'll never fill these clown-sized shoes
these are simply words to fill this page
not like anything will change

GOODN'T NIGHT

All the wine is drunk
And the cigarettes are smoked
Still, the night persists
Woe
Is
Me

PROCRASTINATION POETRY

Today I thought about my art,
It's future—an entire world apart.
Today I thought about my dreams,
thinking's all I do, it seems.
I can't sit down and simply focus,
instead I'm writing shit that's bogus.
The important work I can't seem to start,
I'm stuck here thinking about my art.

WANNABE AN ARTIST

I

Just

Wanna be an artist but I keep getting distracted
I keep failing to unpack the thoughts that sound deep
and impactful
It's attractive that I never ever have to feel
compacted
Nothing's ever retracted, but sadly never extracted
So everything just feels like practice
A useless tactic
When nobody sees your work it's like fighting a
mattress
It's tactless
Spineless
Standing with my back against the wall
Ready to throw myself out there
But not fall
So I just stall and brawl with all my inconsistencies
Blowing them up to sound like massive catastrophes
Having the audacity to call myself a writer—a
transcriber of ideas already told by someone wiser.
No better than a whiner, no more holy than the pope, no
more evil than Saddam—I'm not hanging from a rope
But no doubt I'm hanging out
I know you wish that you could, too
So if I'm gonna be an artist—I'll try doing it for you.

I

Just

Wanna be an artist but with every word I'm writing I
feel cycles taking over I feel ice and I feel fire and
I question my desires but just trying to aspire to an
inspired state of mind is quickly killed by a lack of

buyers
Still I stand here and perspire
Stand here and I hope
Analyze this torture with my goals down through my
scope
Are they daydreams or the future?
Do I hope or do I mope?
Do I give up now or later?
Am I just another trope?
Am I just another kid who does not know when to stop?
Will I learn my lesson or just push until I drop?
Things you tell yourself—finding reasons to give up
Things you're telling others—so they keep you up
Sure, encouragement is nice
I'll admit to that
Can get so insecure, my back could use a pat
Get so lost in my mind that I feel blind when I look
through the sentences I've designed and only find that
I'm never really free but confined and can't see
they're not me but a symptom of a mind that can never
guarantee a mastery of dedication
It's all a quick fixation
Its short duration is my source of frustration
A distorted view of my talents' proportions
A relentless number of idea abortions
Wasting time with fruitless mind exploration
Premature celebrations and countless false affirmations
These constant ego deflations...
Arrghhhhhh!
Mood rotations causing complications and the lack of
compilations so work no compensation and I never seem
to find a station or a ratio for efficient writing so
I'm writing 'bout it while I'm whining make it seems as
if I'm dying, bogus pressure redlining, real work I'm
declining, on cigarettes and booze I spend my remaining
money buying, saying that I'm trying when I'm high up
in the clouds just flying, lying to myself—the most
self-aware bullshit supplier.
Equally admiring the same people I'm inspiring, still
I'm walking on a wire, rising up I'm feeling higher,
there's a direness I'm feeling when I start to see the
lightning burning up there in the sky, I need to catch

it but I'm tired. I can't do it won't go through it
what's the point of even trying when you're never
getting better adding letter to each letter, this
shit's never ever solid, only always feeling wetter
like this weather here that's not planning on sticking
'round forever

I

Just

Wanna be an artist 'till the day that I'm departed
I'm giving it my hardest
Wanna take it to its furthest
And even if it's hurting I just have to find my purpose
no matter if I'm nervous or if I'm ever feeling
worthless
On the surface I'm like you—relate to what sounds best
I'll be standing here trying not to be a mess
And I won't take a rest 'till there's no breath inside
my chest
Not until I confess what's manifesting in my brain
This state of mind I try so hard to sustain
Questioning the authenticity of the pain
Wondering if anything's really wrong
This state of mind can never last very long
And soon enough it's gonna turn its back on me, and
once again I'm gonna see me for me
So I'm watching, waiting, as it creeps in closer
Narcissism and self-doubt taking over
Me and creativity cease all connection, I'll sit and
mope over some old word collections
Sit around and blame the fact that I'm sober for these
here blank pages here not turning over
For these blank pages having no words the amount of
excuses I've got is absurd
So I'll drink a bit too much, then say that I can't
write
Smart, maybe wise
But I'm not too fucking bright
All the while people wanna tell me that I'm gifted,
granted, sure—my train of thought's not very standard.
I'm stranded here without an ounce of understanding.

I'm crashing down—still haven't figured out my landing.
Sanding, grinding down my mind as it's expanding
Cutting things out before I start exploding
Debating if I'm misappropriating my misunderstanding;
extrapolating from all the self-loathing. Bloating up
again all over, then sulking. The ringing in my head
becomes exasperating
Soon enough though, people start to notice, but I'm a
novice—can't talk bout it—remain modest
Deliberating if I'm being honest; building walls that
span a whole province
Hide behind them—appear a little stronger
Molehills into mountains for just a little longer
Sounds wrong, but, when there's not much going on for
too long this lying kind of gives you resolution.
Hating the duration of all this contemplation, when
creativity's on vacation to my brain it's sedation
Might as well be a zombie
Just eliminate me
Don't praise me when all I do is sit around and wait
for the next batch of words to come and seduce me. It's
stupid, it's true love, but there isn't a cupid
And I'm never concluding
See all I'm doing here is proving that although I'm an
artist I'm a human, all faults included
And I'm gonna keep improving
I gotta keep on moving and I gotta keep on grooving
even if it's far I'm shooting and if I can keep awake
and feeling prudent then I'm cruising it's amusing
knowing giving up's the only form of losing so you keep
on elevating but this thing still fluctuating and you
learn from time to time it sometimes works to moderate
it 'cause our minds can't graduate if we just keep on
liquidating, all these self-destructive thoughts are
never great at dissipating
Your self-loathing is frustrating
There's a beast inside that's waiting
Tired of decades of neglect
In heavy need of liberating
You gotta feed cause you need it, it's so close you
almost feel it
You can learn from it at times when you're alone and

feel defeated
But it's gonna disobey you and it's gonna try to play
you
When you guard is down and open bet your ass it'll try
to sway you
An array of nagging feelings that are going to dissuade
you and degrade you when you're weak and you forget
that you don't hate you
Trying to keep you in the shade
Manipulate
Depreciate
Asphyxiate you
Stripping you of all the good that made you
It berates in its tirade while trying to break you
When it aches you want to give, up make a vow to never
get up
Never make it past the pain you feel, it shakes you in
the knees you seize and fall and crawl and everyone is
looking as your brain melts into pudding
But not this time, you're not stupid you're not falling
for this nonsense
In your conscience you know better you're so fed up you
won't let up so you let it have a little
Just a taster
See what happens
Cause this beast you gotta fatten
Then you open up your trap and have it falling for your
trick
You're gonna make it shit a brick of gold and every
time you have its hold control it till your story's
told
But don't forget its presence you're just keeping it on
a parole
Not even for a second
Not if you wanna achieve your goals
It's not an illness; you're not dying
Just a temporary madness
But with practice for a duration it will cease in its
taxation, it will ease up on your life and let your
brain grow vegetation; a salvation for your happiness,
wherever the location, be it a house up on a hill where
you live out your dying days or maybe freedom for the

sake of it; a life and what you make of it and every
single break will feel deserved and you won't ache from
it

A life so free and full you'll always wannabe awake for
it

THE TIME I DID THAT THING

Now on the top of this mountain a man stood, defeated
Full of hopelessness, sorrow and woe
For he worked for and earned all that which he needed
But did not feel his happiness grow

EVERY LOAD I WASTE

Nothing quite satisfies my full-blown erection
Like a deep and meaningful emotional connection
Making eye contact with her is the sexiest thing
The anticipation of all of the pleasure she brings

I wake up and don't know if it's love or just pee
But my boner is bouncing, bothering me
Then I run my finger along the side of her bum
While I play with myself like a stick on a drum

It's hard to contain a heart so full of love
So nice when we cuddle; how she fits like a glove
Then the kisses and sweat and the playful butt smacking
From a sensual stroke to just full-on hard fucking

More often than not I find her on my mind
But sometimes when alone I might need to unwind
Every time I jerk off, I'm left thinking: *it's wild,*
Every load that I waste could've been our next child

FEELING FREE

some things
only start feeling free
once they are caught
like my cat, boob
she purrs when i pick her up and squeeze her
or my fiancé
who now uses the toilet without shutting the door
fully

SOCIAL COMMENTARY

I'm offended
So are you
Let's talk about it
No
We're through
OK...
Let's drink, forget
No sweat?
I don't think I'm done just yet
What will you do?
I'll tell my friends
Will they agree?
Of course
Makes sense...
Our friendship's based on the same facts
You mean ideas?
We made a pact
To never think outside our box
That's absurd
No, that's just fucked
We have this little group at three
Can I come?
No, you offended me!
Let's talk!
That's how we solve our problems!
Two perspectives
From our respective bubbles
My friends know all there is to say
I doubt it
You just want to get your way
With logic, smarts and basic facts
Discounting all the pain you brought
To my ideals, studies and feelings
I haven't even started
Really?
You know that **thing** we talked about?
If you want to call that "talk"
I'll shout!

*Just like that you'd interrupt
It's called a conversation
Stop
Bending my words
To sound demonic
Can't you see this problem's chronic?
I say a word, you get atomic
Then I'll lash out
It's so cyclonic
This back and forth can go all day
We grab our guns and spray and pray
Normally, I'd find this amusing
But now you're being a cunt
Excuse me?!
If it's offence you want to see
Then have it, fuck it
Let it be
What the hell did you call me?
Now we're both angry
You agree?
You know what angers me the most?
The gears inside your head are toast
How can you discount the countless years
Of blood and grit and sweat and tears
And sacrifices people made
To create a world where we're not afraid
To speak our minds without getting shot
And all you do is smoke some pot
And complain about your feelings stirred
My feelings matter
Follow a herd
Of simple minds
Of shallow thoughts
Too witless to connect the dots
That there's a world outside your reach
I know there is
There was this beach
In Thailand, Bali, maybe 'Nam
A little boy, without an arm
He served us drinks in coconuts
I tell you
Really churned my guts
We took a picture and he smiled
But deep down
Man
Poor little child*

His pain surreal
But it's like "yikes"
It got like only twenty likes
I'm thinking of going back again
But flying can be such a strain
You can't be serious
No, I mean it
Sad little eyes
You should've seen it
That's not perspective, that's vacation!
I'm talking about a world of honour, bravery
Uhhh...that world was hella evil
Yes, and there was an upheaval
And you think we should tear it down
You benefited from it, too
Don't frown
Yes, and I feel guilty
Well, that's new
It pains me
Good for-fucking-you
Why is it so hard to just accept there are things in our
past we all regret?
So history don't repeat itself
I'm not saying it didn't happen
Let's just not forget
That **THING** was bad
I'm sticking to it
And if you disagree
I don't!
Then prove it!
No
Do you need your safe space?
See that's shallow
You assume we're all so dumb and hollow
Not what I said
But it's what you meant
Get bent
You know how much time I've spent
Becoming me
Struggling with rent
And watching glee
And studying hard
Drinking in bars
Nowhere to vent
Don't think I'm getting it so far...

All I wanted was time for friends
But time is short

And there are trends
To follow
Buy
Or just live by
To get along with these gals and guys
I lost myself in that muddled mess
At times when I'm alone
I'm pressed
To find the real but hidden me
But there's nothing to reflect on, see?
I think I do
So what about you?
I'm just saying what I mean
Mhmmm?
I think so
Are you really sure?
I've read and studied on my own
My opinions aren't set in stone
But many studies I read have shown
That group mentalities are known
To blow up an issue way too much
The loudest voice will affect you such
That your personality can flee
So you just stay alone? I see
You're smarter then?
But who will listen?
I don't know
But there's something missing
So how then do we get this back?
This proper discourse
Back on track?
I don't know
Is there a safe to crack?
That holds the secrets?
Uhhh...so you're a hack
Thought you were smart
Almost believed you
Hiding behind this wit
This real you
As lost as us
A little boy
Who's lost whatever little joy
Remained from thinking oh so much
At least I think
So out of touch
Who thinks he'll be the saving grace
The last stand
Before the world's erased

*Use your brain
What can you deduct?*

I guess...

I don't know...

Maybe we're all just fucked...

*Or
Maybe we could be a team?
We'll fall apart right at the seams
No
Seriously
Just hear me out
I know we punch and kick and shout
And shut down what the other's saying
This isn't just a game we're playing
I know where all of this is going
It's childish optimism
Which the hate's outgrowing
You think that you can stop this warring
By smiling, hugs, and just ignoring
This simple fact that we're all shit
But with perseverance, grit
And blood and shit and sweat and tears
Be it for another hundred years
...
You believed it once, remember?
Let's grab some beers and light this ember*

NATURE IS CRAZY

I pull back my foreskin
ah...
a moment of bliss
I'm high as a kite and I'm taking a piss

this fire's at my back
a flaming inferno
I want to jerk off but no access to PornHub

I shift to my car
take a look in the mirror
if I can get it together I'll feel like a hero
but now all around me the car's getting smaller
it's starting to breathe
I'm getting choked by my collar

there's nothing to do here but think about life
my feet start to dance
my body's in strife
in my stomach I'm sensing an endless contortion
oh fuck
now my mind is stuck on abortions
the tools and the blood and the...slurp of a vacuum?
...I don't actually know how it works
think of birds!
pterodactyl!
I'm here by myself
calm
go to your happy place
I catch my reflection
oh fuck, my face!
I report that my pores are growing out of control
if I remember correctly
they're supposed to be small
I'm leaving the car now
with this pad in my hand

perhaps I will have more control if I stand

the door doesn't budge
it feels heavy and angry
or was that just me?
did I eat?
am I hungry?
no, I don't think so
but could use a smoke
get yourself outside
then get that nice token

ok
I'm outside
this mountain wind howling
I wonder how many here cougars surround me
do they want to eat me?
where are they huddled?
maybe I'll give them some hot dogs
rub their heads
then we'll cuddle
oh!
cigarette, right!
I made it
success
this fire's still burning
it's making a mess creating destruction while consuming
it's flesh

I think now for sure that outside here is fine
the walls don't close in
I try to walk a straight line
look out past the mountains
a feeling within:
compared to the world I'm a meaningless pin
I see a huge bee!
what the hell would you call it?
do I know if it's maybe a wasp or a hornet?

my cigarette's done
damn, that was fast
I thought I was taking my time
crazy stuff
but alas
I remember the taste

I remember the feeling
where the hell are these cougars?
I think my skin's peeling
no, wait just a moment—it might be a scab
have plenty of those
pick a corner and grab
it's coming off nicely
goddamn it I'm thirsty
my bottle is empty

my feet feel so light
this sun is too bright
the fire is hungry
one more log
here, alright?

where the hell did I come from?
this doesn't make sense
did I remember if I was going to die?
make amends?
these bushes are deep
fucking butterflies flying
distracting me from all these cougars
they're lying in wait?

wait!
there's a bee on my water
or is that a hornet?
Jesus, it's getting hotter
do cougars hunt during the day or the night?
do they show their mean faces in this heavy sunlight?
there are thick, heavy bushes in every direction
death by a cougar...my nature connection?

I run back to my car
feeling better
just maybe?
I got cigarettes water and booze
I'm a baby
I lean in to something to see a bit clearer
holy shit!
a wasp nest lives in my driver mirror
for a second it phased me
but then I think:
crazy! I transported nature back to itself,

that's amazing!
but my car has AC and that's even better
feeling so fresh and cool
this water tastes wetter
I light up a cigarette
but nowhere to ash
so I grab an old beer can
from my garbage stash
I won't litter, I promise
I am being honest
still watching my campfire despite all this nonsense

I take all this stuff very seriously
always aware of how shittily bad it could be
Smoky the Bear, how proud he would be
it's true:
the only one to prevent a fire is me

SELF-DIAGNOSTITIAN

Type 1
Type 2
Some type bipolar
This joy's not real
I must be manic
Refuse to move on with my life
Until I see a brain mechanic

Smoke so much
This cough means cancer
Scrutinize my every breath
Satisfy this here depression:
Grant me happiness with death

I talk so much
But no one listens
I'll die tomorrow!
Please, someone miss me!
Give me all of the attention
Just one day of hugs and kisses...

I don't care if it's not real
Today, right now, it's not a ruse
There's just no way
It's this part of life
That sometimes everyone feels blue

I won't sleep again tonight
This tummy ache...
Something's not right
Stay up and wallow in this sorrow
Then maybe poop it out tomorrow

THIS POEM HATES ME

I hate this poem, it never ends
I think it's clear you just hate you
Thought I was done, I made amends
Don't kid yourself, it's never through
You'll drag me out for days on end
You'll have me think that I'm your friend
A clever verse, like that's enough
When everything else is filler, fluff
There's always something more to say?
Is that a question? Is that your way
To drag this thing out all damn day?
To wake up clear, then turn skies grey?
To dig for something you don't need?
To pick some scab and make it bleed?
To find a reason to be sad?
I get it, stop.
Well, too damn bad.
Now it's too late, your fingers started
Then your mind followed, empty-hearted
Here it comes—this what you want?
Get lost! You know I fucking don't!
You think it's fun to sit here, cry
Thinking to myself, "oh dear, poor guy
No one wants to read his shit
Why does he do this?
He should quit"
But he's aware enough to know
There's nothing in this world he's owed
So who's he to hate, to judge, to blame?
The person with the same damn name
The same dreams and fears and aspirations
Same frustrations, same temptations
Split in two down the foundation
One a canvas for accusations

The scapegoat, then, that's all I am?
What'd you expect, a friend? Goddamn
My separation of church and state
In other words—of love and hate
You're killing me
Oh toughen up
Same back and forth
We can't get enough
An optimist now?
It comes and goes
I hate it
Keeps us on our toes
Hate lurks beneath
But if left unchecked—
Hey, I'm still here
Show some respect!
—will interject where it's not needed
And won't give up till you've conceded

But still, I thank you for your time
My morning's better
I feel primed
I'm always here
I know you are
Be it a poem, a headache
Or a scar

LOVELY MISTAKES

I work my ass off, it's true
And most times find myself to be thinking of you
I imagine you watching every sweat that I break
You're the voice in my head when I make a mistake
 You tell me to breathe
 You tell me to think
You tell me I'm tough; but even armour gets kinked
That the links in my chain are all equally strong
I won't break down or snap if I just move along

It's my fault, was it not? So who else do I blame?
But It's the torture that follows which you help to
 restrain
You remind to contain what does not need to spread
That my worth hangs on to me by more than a thread

When I think of you it's through your eyes that I see
 That I'm worthy enough to just love me for me

BIG PHONEY

What makes poetry good?
Man, I wouldn't know
I don't think when I write
And sometimes it shows
I don't know what I'm doing
No, this ain't *The Crow*
I meant to say *Raven*
Damn it
Apologies, Poe

I grew up an idiot
And didn't read shit
Inspired by rappers
The way that the spit
My verses are shallow
A dried-up desert pond
I want to be Shady
But feel like Lil' Jon

Still I persist
This narcissist's woes
Scribbling this nonsense resembling prose
Still, here it comes now
These words won't be tender
But I'm given no choice but to sit and surrender:

Another pretender; my content is slender
I'm useless when sober or on a six month-long bender
I bend my vernacular to no wondrous splendour
An abuser of words
Not an artistic inventor

I don't need this passion, this drive, or this grit
My brain is a mess because no one tells me to quit

Instead I just thrash 'till my mind starts to split
Gradually
My attitude's
Turning
To
Shit

I manage expectations for those closest to me
While my head's in the clouds
Full of poisonous glee
This toxicity ruins the best I could be
I really want to be good
But the best of me flees

I get over myself thinking myself a hack
My confidence nil
My mood is pitch black
I do want to get my emotions on track
Because I know I love *me*
But *me* won't love me back

Stay with me a moment and let me explain:
No
I retract all I said!
Every word!
I can't refrain from injecting disdain in my words
I don't know where it comes from
I worry
Because deep down I know it's not pain

I'm obsessed with writing about me and my mind
I want to write about birds and sunsets
Take time to
Witness
Appreciate
Condense
And jot down
The feelings that inspire an upside down frown
But somehow these issues will take centre stage
I'm trying to break free
But I'm not in a cage
I'm trying to find peace

But in love with the war
I've got all the keys
But no sight of a door

I wanted all this
Was that too much to ask?
Life of an artist, sans a cliché tortured past?
Existence is pain
Right...like I believe it
Despite that I can't help myself but to live it
And put it in words
I feel like a phoney
This doesn't make money
That doesn't mean I don't want it!
How fast would I sell out?
Just give me a twenty?
Or maybe a pat on my shoulder?
A penny?
This Sisyphus story
But I don't push a boulder
But still want the glory
I keep growing colder
I kick around pebbles
I'm drowning in puddles
Imagining oceans
I want to be cuddled
Fuck!
Fuck!
Fuck!
Everything's muddled...
I suck at devotion
But great at persisting in thinking there's something
worthwhile I can make of existence!

I make no sense but can't show it
Like everyone else I just own it
Because if they know me for me theres a chance I could
blow it
Yet I know that I'm worthy of love, admiration
But does that come from me?
Or what you hear on radio stations?
Or movies or books that tell you you're worthy

You want to believe it
Self-esteem is so thirsty
These affirmations can't be universally true!
To fit them you need to strip yourself down
Then where's you?
Like I'm better
I feel worthless and still have no place
In my head to call home
And I can't face the fact that
I'm not strong enough to to keep myself on track
like Im trying to build Rome while its under attack
All these days going by...
Remind me
How long should this take?
Every brick's getting heavier and every mistake
Makes it harder to wake
Makes it harder to breathe
Makes me focus on what seems to ache underneath
The foundation forms cracks and through them I can see
Some blur of an idea of what's bothering me
A projectionist's dream
My pessimism sparks
Some gleam of a theme
Be it truth or a farce

Inspiration is easy
Ideas aplenty
Mind is not tired
Thoughts unrelenting
Mood fluctuating
I need to keep going
I'm fully addicted
My fingers not slowing
There's no need to worry
Or maybe there is
At times it just feels like I'm taking a piss
And don't even care about the line that comes next
Just write down what rhymes
To whatever effect
It's important for me to never believe it
Disingenuous
Shallow

Silly
Conceited
This should be deleted
You must feel so cheated
Or maybe you, too, are a phoney?
You needed for someone to tell you its fine to be you
There's a hate in your heart with it's sights set on
you
Or your mind's running wild with some unwelcome guests
Telling you that you're special in the tone of a jest

I'm not fake
I'm just fiction
See all these afflictions and drama
Are just an addiction
I'd like some attention
And did I even mention my life lacks the tension that's
needed to bring all my art to a higher and deeper
dimension?
I've got love in my life
I've got friends
I've had troubles before, but I made my amends
I wake up every morning with no ache in my heart
But the hurt comes on quick when I try to make art
I hate to admit that this might take some time
I'm impatient
And despite self-awareness, so blind
My ambitions are vague because I'm scared of trying
I'm selling myself something not worthy of buying
I'll never be great enough to take my own life
But if it ever happens
Perhaps...
Read this twice?

perhaps
when my life here is finally through
there's a chance I could maybe
mean something
to you?

or maybe I won't

maybe

in the end

i'll just be

another

you

But...

Probably one day I'll read this and smile
Have a laugh at myself, and meanwhile
Have difficult things in my life that I deal with
Like raising some children
Who could make this here life more worthwhile

This tortured artist act can be fun for a while
Gets so much attention
Mope and pout, never smile
Never giving a shit about a thing but yourself
Projecting self-hate onto this world you can't help

So then until there's a rebirth
Until the next outbreak
Until the next saga, next chapter or heartache
I'm cutting it off; this part leaves in a hearse
By letting this out it's like I'm lifting a curse

EPILOGUE: WHEN THE HUMMINGBIRD SITS

It happens to the best of us
It happens when we're tired
It happens when you've lost desire
To feel fired up
Inspired
It happens when you're coming down
And find bliss in that defeat

It happens
When you spot that branch
Where a hummingbird can sit