



BARCODED

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Barcoded began in Buenos Aires,
Argentina March 2009 and ended
in Los Angeles, May 2009. It is if anything
a collection of love poems designed to be
packaged, scanned, and delivered
from my heart to yours.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART ONE

If I Could I Would
Fall In Love
"I Write So I Don't Die Tonight"
Unpublication
Besame
Across Continents and Centuries
Incomplete Circles
Sabrina
Line By Line
Explanation-less
Look Inside
Why Write or Speak?
REM text msging
Dream Letter to Future Wife
Writing While Dancing
Old Wine and Young Love
Really
Non-Fiction in Oregon
Heart Throb God Dub
Culture Overrides Genetics
There's Only One Relationship
What if it was easy?
Road Trip
Gangraped by God
Consistently Deepening

PART TWO

Venus in Retrograde
True Muse
Beach Walk Sonnet
Use Me
April 14th
Easter
Andalysis
W/out a choice
Beyond Description
Past Midnite
Poetless
15 Minutes
OMnitelligence
These Words Are
Oxytocin
Expectationless

PART THREE

Objectless Vision

PART ONE

If I could I would

I would ransack your village,
swim across the mote,
disarm your defenses, and
storm, storm, storm
your peace with wet love,
thunder and lightning
tsunami sized waves of affection
too great to sustain,
embrace the covered up and
concealed painful places in plain view
and
Bravely remain in the face of the fire
Burning your life down
love shine right through the disguises
Vice grip sentiments
soaked in gasoline and lit
untamed up close
every name you've ever been given
Love that hurts it heals so good
If I could I would

Fall in Love

so hard

I see stars and forget I came from Mars

so hard

I have to hold my brain inside my skull with my hand

So hard

My heart becomes a harp with broken strings

strummed shard chords from

the sound track ingredients of pure art.

(so hard)

I start to walk in circles

Shocked to life by the light sparks,

bruising my entire conception

in the face of your reflection

selling sand grains to movie stars

waiting in the limelight as I rhyme right up

to the last moment your lips kiss mine into silence

Sign language slipping subliminal syringes

into the witnessed listening

like your life depended on it poetry

“I write so I don’t die tonight”

emotionally broken open
like watermelons dropped from ten story buildings
squashed and splattered sitcom guts
twisted into clots around the cuts cuz
poems are razor blades I swallow as I wander
wide eyed bardo traveler style

white shirt stained with pasta sauce
truth lives in a shopping mall
as I try to breath normally unsafe alone in public
spirits invade myspace suit tastes like soot
as I pay a quarter for a shot of you
distilled into a linguistic fluid
sipping the memory of the texture
of your hand on my spine

barcoded

Hollywoodrobes.com
poetry alarm clock time doesn't exist anymore
era of crises and opportunity
hyperventilating in a spiral bound boxed notebook

Unpublication

self crucifixions on a street corner ritual
writes a passage into unpublication
genre bending swan dive mind
cave consciousness of streams meeting rivers
meeting oceans meeting each other
and the melting poles hoping to meet
the vapor in the upper stratosphere layers

a collection of mind prints and exhales
mixed with dehydrated sunlight
etched into zero calendar bending the
broken soul code translations by LED light
in the middle of the night like the time
I woke up
after living an entire life as a Japanese man
wife and job, kids and fatherhood
and when I came to die
I woke up
in the body of a white 5 year old American
sleeping with the TV on
language treasure sinking to the bottom
as my fidgeting feed rouse me yet again
from dreams so thick
my brainstem seems to choke on them

arriving in a quarantine zone
as a lead soul aspires to be gold

Besame

Hollywood love affair
across a flat screen shrink wrapped world
looks like "nothing special"

script some sunlight from your eyes
is history telling a story of the future?
in the making tastes like your lips
kissing mine in a salty dream time
dancing behind your closed eyelids
before an open mind
questioning heart breaths breath the next step
say "Yes" and
kiss me

Across Continents and Centuries

I'm touching your soul with my tongue
constantly pronouncing the prime root
of all sounds fruit
feeding the soil food is life
a rainbow serpent in my spine?

If so, I'm blind and driving to a parking lot
at the same time you wake up I fall asleep
our war is love exploring its own beautiful extremes
meeting in secret

surrounding the scenes spliced like genes or
binary sequence memes melting the reality of things is
frequently fractured shadows competing for agree-ance.

Angels feed baby birds under my window wings
as the hurt heals itself I repeat:
"Your joy is my joy.
Your ____ is my _____."

Incomplete Circles

dance full spiral comet patterns around
the embryonic conception of perfection.
Immaculate Tuesday morning 3-10-09
awaiting tango entertainment
and food and drink and "bee marry"
since there's every reason for thanksgiving,
so I sit next to death and blow kisses in the wind
like Futures responses to unknown actions.

Fighting a gallant and gory zombie battle,
metaphorically frozen open
hoping to melt again into amorphous ambiguity,
toasting another day
information aging in acceleration
it feels like
Fate bumps into me as I reverse directions
following the stained glass omens
holding the air in my inflated lungs
filled to maximum capacity on my way home
seeking ever more integrated communion
kiesel killed by time

Sabrina

Her name is Sabrina, and she was right on time.
A perfect opportunity to fall in love
and learn tango in my final hours
before catching a cab to wait in line.

I'm chain smoking in a parallel universe
binging on sex and chocolate between blackouts
mixing ice and oxygen in a gold thermos
detoxing off the human condition
pursuing self realization with my cell phone
in a mobile yoga recording studio
prostrating to an electrical outlet
exorcising the riots in silence.

Half believing the in between blink vision
disintegrates worlds within words
written on asphalt in the rain
with a finger and faith
changing the future before its too late
waiting at the translation station
for greatness to arrive and engrave a name
in my chorded chest plate

Line by Line

I write about love like whales sing about the sky:
It helps me survive, line by line
I hang my wet soul out to dry
on the side of the shore in the sunlight
always wanting more hope is wind
in the middle of the ocean
sailing in circles drifting with the current,
mysteriously at peace a mother and her offspring
feed on the sovereignty in a foreign place
outgrowing beliefs toddlers see the insanity
gazing in the mirror mimicking the TV
characters etched into electric memory

Fed up with the reality
Hungry for familiar images of surrogate sports
channeled village vision
researching freedom for a school project
I want to meet you blind folded
sure of nothing ready for everything

Explanationless

Empty ink cartridge printing eye lashed out language
after living alone isolated in a sky-scraped tower cave
pages appear blank, impressed with something
a gypsy might say smells like escape,
twisted road home with red hair
staring at the full moon
dreaming of falling asleep next to you

So horny for truth
you have unprotected sex
with the churches appointed prostitutes

Purple pants purchased with platinum credit cards
sangre infused especially for you
Perform poetry till I'm blue and
red and white wine bottle walking me home
by the river where I love to sit and watch
heart clock stopped
book full of mad gibberish
rich with acceptance and confidence
explanationless

Look Inside

Again and again, whisper the full moon feeling
Resonant inside you
See through the light show surface mirage.
Love everyone all the time.
Affirm your truth.
I am unattainable and unavailable for possession
By anyone.
I am whole, independent, autonomous, free,
Healthy, connected, centered, deserving, worthy,
Blessed, grounded, and grateful.
Omens litter my life with signs and guidance all the time
As I live in alignment with my unique design and evolve
Towards the highest.
I am supported and cared for;
I see beyond the form and know
I am more.
My wishes and dreams come true.
Magic and beauty pervade my reality is
Grace stricken and destined for deep joy
As I resolve a discipline to my Personal Legend.

Why write or speak?

When words are so crude,
rough, worn coarse, boxed and inept at holding
such an elegant meaning that exists in this feeling

thoughts themselves are dull and outdated
it seems with you at times
our soul communication is instantaneous.

Transparently I'm looking
for the best way to love you.
That's it.
Helpless truth rolling around
in a wheel chair full of proof.

Cremate our son and marriage and love
from a distance.
I'm surrendered to this
never give up reality sandwiched at sunrise
limping along the horizons mirrored tombstone
laying down in the field that is your presence
3 year cycles slow grown decade long harvest.

REM text msging

unforced rose petals frozen in unfoldment
waiting at an abandoned train station
just for the chance to pour some love into your river.

write you poems
in my sleep and dreams
and waking states laid like
slate stones engraved with
the seasons shifting names

Dream Letter to Future Wife

Thank you
For any and every and all the ways
You share yourself with me.

I am trying my best to be as skill full deliberate intentional aligned and in right relationship with the way I run my energy, in action, accepting with awareness ingrained responses and reconditioning my system to support the materialization of my most deep and core yearnings in this energetic and physical plane.

And I'm sorry for not being perfect or even talented at disguising my feelings and hope you see through the layers to the bed rock bottom and ground of my being loves you.

I'm not sure how its supposed to go or how to best fit the magnitude and depth of this love into a form and structure or even what to do with it, myself, or you. I vow the way traditional married couples do in the way I promise to all ways do my utmost to show up and be as uncompromisingly sincere and honest and genuine as possible and I am sorry for the past and specifically my failure to adequately honor, contain or cultivate the connection we share. I'm for sorry for any and every way I've not shown up in the my highest.

Driving in the rain and writing as I grasp with what to do, a man once told me: marriage is more about commitment than love. I have all ways fallen in love before I even knew a girl. Now I am feeling like rising gently but strongly over time in love like growing a tree there are secret minerals in malnutrition. The understanding is still percolating into clarity but the change has transpired.

Writing While Dancing

Your old age is riveting to me,
turnips in a box by the side of the road waiting for a buyer.
I watch a room full of roots grow in reverse
fast for ward hoping for
the spiritual equivalent of a full remission.
Leaky faucet fuchsias and purple are the color of the season
sex hanging out your shirt as I wait for inspiration
like hitchhiking into the sky.
Hungry eyes try to catch a minnow glimpse,
old scaled fish on ice at the market,
all the origins meet here between our navels
across the highway reaching out in my dreams
I nearly miss orgasm collision,
mind thirsty for true precognition
human hearts sold online
underground in the light

I forget how to walk up the mountain,
I'm meandering cobblestoned pelvic thrusts
Dazed in the desert remembering only
half of what your grandmother told me

Blindfolded on fire again, afraid to tell you what I've seen.

Old Wine and Young Love

I steal keys from under sleeping bees
and keep unlocking things
with my honey sweetened teeth
between breaths boiling eggs
in a broken birds nest
next to the antiquated treasure chest
where I store old wine and young love.

Really

I'd rather burn our mutual books full of testaments,
than write you another poem.

Beyond the meeting of witchcraft and technology
I'll meet you in the present organic field pen less
use eyes to scribe spiral light lines in each other's minds
you see I send you surrogate husbands and shine
heart signs at high noon like stars you can't see
through the bright blue,
between me and you,

I swim metaphorless poetry taking a skinny dip in
nonfictions fountainhead phoenix rising
quietly without warning or regard for the ramifications
exhausted with inspirations
before I can figure it out
Take my stone love and enjoy the view

Non-Fiction in Oregon

Toxic private lap dance poetry
written without a reader in mind
raptured hungry for freedom
Mantra eating away at me
inside my maudlin tie-dyed reality of
right now every detail is a
reverbed crystal bowl
singing in tones that border on shrieks
dimmed like light switches and love
in the face of judgment and pain.
Self mating close to the solar eclipse
praying to procreate successfully
preying mantis style.
I stay and remain in the fire.
Ears burn a soul temple,
dolphin with a sonar blue tooth
head piece calibrates
captivated partially domesticated

Worshipping web code in robes Buddha wore,
sacred word whore,
submerged on a treadmill,
keeping a pact I made with
my God tastes bitter teachings
rubbed in millet and exotic fish
sing silent mosaic movies played in reverse

Statue saddhana in a mirrored temple
built of fractals and simple acts of forgiveness
since he needed to vent his anger and anguish
he directed it at me and I took it personally,
just like I asked for this condition,

which is why I don't want:
questions or paintings,
flowers and strawberries,
sex with celebrities,
stationary bike portals to heaven,
fall in love with the quiet unspeakable creature
that lives inside you.

Heart Throb God Dub

Battery cable your trance medium channels with
energy glyphs through gray whale levels

pretend that
"dancing and singing is the only way
you can communicate to me"

Conscious spiritual gang star rap
believe in nothing but love
god dub heart throb
thunder and other sounds of nature
mega xyz hertz replication synthesis and
digital cloning vibratory amniotic conditions
reproduce culture through the children's children
"Change futures with history creation in the present"

I stay subtle and discreet
When I communicate and perform
Soul mantra secret mafia steezbra
Running Sahara monolith style
See flat screens in TV-less areas,
3rd eyes turn operate on your sickness music
comes encrypted intelligence ventriloquist lyrics
spit by an autistic patient possessed by patience
I sit waiting for you to wake up
blurred syllables deep
breathing in limbo together
letting go of the stories we see told
over and over again

baby sit your genetic lines
as my rays descend into you

send library castle language
marred in the mystery
afraid by love clay containers
breaking slowly over time
alive sleeping in a closet
origins of the unknown ones

Culture Overrides Genetic

Upon utter immersion in advaitic awareness
throughout all circadian, recurring regular,
fluctuating and anomalous states and change
present in the human embodied condition
people expect me to get pretty or predictable
digestible popular, comfortable...

Buddha in a Brothel

The ego becomes just as sacred as the Dharma

I'm singing on hundreds of stages simultaneously
Threading peace with my tongue stitches
transmittable intelligence that quickly
sinks its empathetic teeth in and
Becomes calligraphy in language lines
that ride along our human culture

with my own kiegel filled
seizure in my sleep
I'm dreaming with shamans with
my headphones on haunting trips that
come on the way strong substances come on
writing as I drive back from Tahoe
saving my life in a strange way
we share the same life
which when experienced feels like
multidimensional intersections of light
as the pure soul of our particular technology
realizes itself in the superficial symptoms of orchids
that exist for only half a second
like the blue print gray back drop of
our black white "culture" defines more
than species day night shades of human

There's Only One Relationship

Cycles of attraction and repulsion
exhausted waiting to be mugged by dreams.
Signs shine loud like car alarms
with broken windows wailing into the witnessing.
A tree slowly runs from itself,
flower and fruit, rings and roots.
Alone in a crowd remembering the future
reliving the past is the present.
Paradoxical paths and soft laughs.
She hurts cuz she wants me.
I hurt cuz I want her.
Vice versa, and versa vice,
Switch belief system and rent out a priestess
sandwich full of half complete
thesis pieces equals concept shells.
Bow and arrow bells ring ear drums
waking up in the reaches as
monkhood seems so much more simple these days

Even though I'm a man,
my heart is pregnant,
and the relief that comes from no menstruation
is mixed in a bag that holds the ugly balance
of Beauty's true face.
My morning sickness is often indiscernible from bliss,
thick spiritual uterus, swollen fish exhale rich
the way there is an under the surface river,
big enough to hold migrating herds of
pink elephants
is flowing from my sternum center line

trying to find you are my target
lost in the sea that is this love is
out of hand untamable dangerous
trying to not drown in
so poems are drift wood I cling to
as the waves wash the ocean floor of me.

I feel tricked by god.
The boundless infinity is captivity.
I take the pieces of change, I collected all day
and bury them in the front of your door
during the night, as payment or reward
I don't know the difference at this time
mystic looks like paying debtors amid emerging artists.
My life is on fire, the way angels stay warm
before the sun rises style

Behind our eyes
buying a piece of
transient transcendence
eternally in transit
truth is:

There is only one relationship.

What if it was easy?

What if we suspend belief in the story of self?
Freeze frame and pause the movie
for a split second moment
stretched enough to hold infinity
savoring the finite being evolving
heart beat clock beat by beat
relinquishing every idea gently
in the water ocean sized womb
waiting of the recess bell to ring
any given instant and wake up
beyond this incarnation dream and
swallow whole the blue whale sky bodied meaning
my soul is speaking right now whispering
what if it was easy?
What if the difference disappears quickly?

If the stone ground floor of your soul could speak
what would it say?
Articulate essence surfacing
and resting in the opening every wind door way
at the same time
gratefully powerless over
the way you make me feel like fruit:
juiced, frozen, and melting against your tongue
every time you say my name
I'm reborn in flames tasting the rain
praying for change changing change

Road Trip

The divine inside your eyes
has my lifeline flickering
in and out and existence
twisting straight lines into
figure 8 infinity signs
so bright its blinding at times
as a voice from the backs seat asks
"Are we enlightened yet?"

Gangraped by God

If I'm doing it right
you should gag and choke on
my 3rd trimester aborted
poems are souls and bones
indented prints and exorcized spirits

After god gang rapes me
I give birth to angels at sunrise

Plagiarize virgins and math professors
calculating the thermodynamics of innocence
seasoning itself, savoring itself,
a spiral pathed map,
looping in and out of articulation,
indefinably refined refrigerator magnet eyes
timing the distance true love requires
to adequately heal before it can reveal
the polar extremes paired by our 2 stars
birthed union breathes a hearts boundaries are
lawless territories.

I'm waiting at a café next to
the only pay phone for hundreds of miles
letting human tradition guide my movements
like water surrendering to the river grooves
its ancestors architecturalized...

I'm praying to broken egg yokes
no different than bishops and
rose-married crucifixions father
had a daughter who wore diamonds
on the inside of her gold threaded clothes

so how does a snake decipher the sand grains sum total?
How do we take a census? Or create a consensus with
all these self governing children?

I stamp these letters with the light signs
that guide a hawk's flight from
condemnation to salvation,
taking self portraits along the way,
waiting for a future date when a species will be ready
to see itself reflected in the surface surrounding it.

I'm cacti, cooked slow
aspiring to be so much more
than these flesh vesseled containers inside
containers can't contain the winged breadth of
imagination is universal

I see myself see myself not seeing myself

body language a blind person can read
the flower buds over wounded soil
enriching itself out of love for a god
it can never understand or know
too close to hold your heart grows
inside my own soul potted devotion,
last ditch effort to migrate a generation
refusing to exhale

I'm spinning in circles
faster than five dervishes in fast forward
on another planet in zero gravity
praying for rain and pregnancy

both sides meet in the undisclosed middle's dark center,
unacknowledged meaning filled eyes contact dancing
while deliberately denying the whole truth
like a lactose intolerant milk addict
baby in an old body

begging to lose all the expensive junk
you've worked so hard to purchase
a testament to your deservingness
so I sit by the sun drenched window sill,
whispering mantras that morph into mandalas
painting legions of monks meditating
inside your seeking for a reason
kissing your startled beauty
yoga asanas on an altar in the middle of an intersection
for prayers en route to and from mother boards
so come aboard

bankrupt language begging for hand outs
piecing together enough cents to buy
a styrofoam cup half full half empty of
coffee to wake up in a card board box on a
side walk outside a bookstore with
a book that has a description so rich well,
lets just say I can see the treasure buried inside you.

I can see your army officers hoping for a coup,
village leaders wanting to be pillaged,
asking for an asteroid to come and
excite the sky and destroy the earth
expedite the process of the seeing you
who we refuse to speak of even in church

I see you exhausted with music
Singing for a ceasefire
Perched on a live wire,
becoming a flying stone
falling through the motions,
too humble to think of mutiny,
fish trained in schools to swim a certain way,
and a rug that was never meant to be finished,
I see you laying in the sand
pretending to be a corpse,
finding a surprise wish you missed in your analysis,

a wrench in the makers 6th wrist
twisting a sudden sense that
this is that and that is this

Consistently Deepening

A great grandmother kisses a baby newborn ancestor
with lips that still remember their first kiss.
Take the synthetic texture of a miracle
like spirit made flesh and vice versa,
everyday this love gets worser,
and my heart hearts more than the day before
our soul torn union worn out
rubbing my palms together
worshiping the idol your eyes are
kinda like windows to the divine
larger than life
keep writing even if I go blind

steeped in every day ecstasy and
excessively obvious secrets as I remix
revolution ism into dub step anthems
for an emerging culture with a life line
that survives the trials of the time collapse
relaxed in the autopilot
crossing the bridge as I mic check
left right lobes with poems
on my cell phone
in labor lamas breaths
I watch the world shift around me
as your fingers finger the blue crystal beads inside me
the wall dividing my apartment from hers
disappears and tears clear my consciousness
like cluttered desk contents

If I could tear a hole in the sky
and gaze through with my eye I would...

catch my reflection like a butterfly
on the window of a passing sky
in a grey world filled with rainbows.
My mind uses a walker
to hobble into the kitchen and wait
another timeless day
for the runaway to return.

In my dreams I kept leaving my body
driving inside the car couldn't help but crash
without the drivers driver

So I assume lotus position in cruise control
and use a pen and pad to translate
breath beats into mantric medicine
I poetically inject into
the small baby birds seeking refuge
in my large tree limbed love has roots
that reach through the bed rock sleep
in fruit infinite affinity frozen pond
skated upon in Vermont in the winter
by young humans who say things that make
old angels surrender
so if you feel you deserve or need proof
I implore you to approach me
in public or private and ask to see
the scarred remnants

consistently deepening

PART TWO

Venus in Retrograde

Cook you pancakes in my lucid dream
vivid attention to strawberry shake scene
with spiraling spirulina details
as I bail my heart out of jail
independent autonomous
in touch with the androgynous
essence of the human spirit
lifted on the wings of true love
embodied and expressed in this
crippled physical condition
remembering the limitless infinite
incarnate with a purpose to

paint liberation is
naked on stage
unafraid of the angels in the audience
snapping Polaroid's of a pre historic
post future purely present soul
in form frozen in motion
like a snowflakes after death
is melting against your cheek
belief system story teller
staring inside is outside
is that your hand holding mine
or an extension of our hearts meeting?

True Muse

was hitchhiking on I-5
today as I drove by I

swerved to the side of the road,
opened the ordinary mythical door
and let hoards of metaphors
crowd the car as my spine arched

in one elongated inhale

a sense of untranslatable unity
began battling for articulation
like an adolescent
coming to grip with individuation
only this is an infant asking
to drive the car 3 seconds after birth

unrehearsed

telekinetically top heavy with god
planted a garden that harvests
in drought or flood regardless
if its hemlock or harmless tap water
I'm eating manna bread as it sprinkles in the desert

cruise controlled GPS engaged
on my best behavior as I pray.

Beach Walk Sonnet

1.

I wake up and
take off my clothes and skin
shed conceptions and belief systems
let the mestizo landscape
mate with my ancestors aspirations
for their children's children are
growing up in a world that's rearranging itself
so I stand answerless
in front of a chalkboard
praying with casino chips
on a roulette spinning altar
opting out of understanding
to drink wine in the afternoon and
perform experiments on my self like poetry
unattached as to the results,
yet aware of the strings
tied through ornate hooks
in my tissues seem to reach into
the sun is warming our side of the planet again
and this astronomical fact somehow gives me faith in
the inherent goodness of my species
handicapped seeking for the stars feeling
like an autistic artist frozen in creation

2.

Juggling 5 orbs
gold, red, turquoise, clear, and rainbow
above my head

I drone out the background chatter of lovers
disguised as CEO's on the other side of the planet
someone's building
Asand Cassle
planning on moving next month
and a homeless one mutters a winning lottery number
I remember other people's childhood
and find moments before energy and consciousness are
recycled like plastic bottles and car parts
alone in the middle of an ocean
that might as well be endless on all edges
as I mummify poems for future excavations

3.

scroll zoning out stupid psychic bleeping like
breaching whales considering beaching themselves
out of frustration
waterlogged and chosen
microchip filter music in my bones
agenda-less gratitude for another gift
positive that I'm probably missing 90% of it
ear muffed auditioning for a commercial
where I bury a wireless hard drive in the sand
skype god's assistant from my turret
certain of the fundamental happiness that pursues me
because I would not want to live
any one else's life but my own gorgeous
shoot invisible stones into children as I pass them

4.

remembering the similar unspoken
under-above egos ability to monitor
the contents of reality under pressure
racing in circles caught in infinity
scratching initials into tree stumps
like signatures that grow over time
I'm designing something that doesn't make sense just yet
hollowed out holographs living in the mountainous past

cultivating peace like carrots and kale
shell shocked horizon origin searching
prayers that pierce through the veil
incomputable mirage made tangible
isolated ions and love
caressing an idol as I eat a peach
and forget the meaning sense sent an emissary to me
but I had my ears clogged
with...

5.

So now I'm rubbing a crystal ball inside my belly
and pointing my souls intention like a laser
through crown and soul nervous cuz
the dreams are coming true
as the sky remains blue
omens materialize aurally and
signposts are spoken instructions
clear as bells

Use Me

If,
the Earth started to Shake
and Sky began to Break
I might convey
how I feel
unmistakably Lost and Found
@the-same-time
Dreaming Awake as my Heart Quakes
in an unexpected chrysalis as I listen to this miraculousness
reversed from me to you:

use me

remove my skin if need be
to stay warm till hell thaws out
take what cash I have
and buy yourself some anonymity
or maybe a cupcake filled with humanity
and eat it as you walk and sit
in the most public of places
naked accosted by fate
taking in the seashells
rolling to and fro in the surf
commuting towards communion

use me

in the crudest of fashions
flesh slave gracious give away to all your passions
mirror on your altar
mosaic phrased fabric
that wraps wounds old and new
healing textures incarnate anchor
your self realization irreversibly

unlosable wishes granted instantaneously
mop up the scars and
coddle the nervous nervous system

use me

however you need or want
full soul million and 8 prostrations
laid at your feet like flowers from Maui
before and after the ceremony

this might be
the result of some cause or
perhaps the spontaneous
untraceable arising anomaly
just tell me
how you want to use me
and I'll become that
broken fixed sudden paradigm shift
that matches your immeasurable commitment
to love as a verb
and doubles it
crumbles to the touch if
you want it
I'll be come a statue and sit
for centuries courting Quan Yin
with compassionate bling
go ahead
use me as a fling
or father for your daughters
wash you in salty waters
through all the cycles

embodied as whatever role you crave to counterpart
my heart transforms opposites into art
that serve as parachutes for you to do the undoable
never actually expected your prayers to come so true
pure instrument used as you wish
so I wish you'd use me to the full extent

"cook you and your dogs raw vegan dishes on the daily
ego to enlightened less-less spectrum shines from my iris
and kinects to does your highness have a use for me today?"

April 14th

I sit in my parked car as the world turns
with the engine on
as the parking meter counts down
the money I paid for this
particular piece of real estate
for the time being
believing dreams are butterflies
children try to catch with their bare hands
but the beauty I perceive around me
brings me to tears like notes left on the fridge
so casually our species seems to be endangered
as it's perched so precariously as we
are unaware of the impending avalanche
of packs of Pink Elephants

of course I'm emotional:
I'm in love with every detail
real and imagined
whole lifetimes
pixel rich data bits hit my larynx and cortex
as your lips move my ears become winged lanterns
flapping brighter above a slave trade market under a modern
mall
I see strangers having sex in passing
as they walk past my window remains up
and I'm afraid of being haunted by these poems
like Barcoded mangos on my cigarette break
I wait isolatedly awake
one with everyone this way

like a blind supermodel cat walking with a cane

oblivious to your precious beauty is so intense
it makes me wanna jump off a building
just for that momentary taste of weightlessness
and it is safer to stay inside a closet
and not talk to anyone
let alone break both my ankles
as I fall through the sky love has me
holed up in a bunker

Easter

"happy as fairytales celebrating Easter
equals the archetypical resurrection every morning "

1sunheart rises in my reality sky
and shines light through
splintered filters and forensic evidence
like the undeniable magic that happens
when angels intervene in your lifeline
and start to make a renowned painter go blind
right on time
I'm toothless
taping tiger lilies together
done with pretending anything
my humanity is scared of almost everything it seems
limping across the finish line 5 years early
handing you a gift wrapped box of baby forests
and see you see I'm
performing with my
blue tooth under anesthesia
in surgery where I'm
dreaming

"kiss your eyelids open and close each morning"

I'm mourning the loss of my
grief became a companion and now I'm
languishing on a Nordic Island
with my boat anchored in half as many
simultaneous incarnation streams as
yesterday was beautiful and
today... well... is

yet to be written editions

Andanalysis

And
one weekend
no matter how deep and intimate
isn't sufficient to determine if
life partnership is a viable option or committable match

I'm glad
that your mind has
grabbed onto a rational reason why
"we won't work"
though the "circumstantial differences"
in "our careers" is in fact a terrible excuse
to hand the heart like
an eviction notice
anything will do really
since I really didn't like the weight of forever
and-etc-anyway

I simply and purely want to evolve naturally
with little interference by the logic-analysis police and-just
see what is organic and true

And
hope that connection with me can be better than the
alternative
and maybe preparative for whatever our individual "next" is
both creatively, relationship-wise, professionally, spiritually.
I am utterly unavailable for anything that derails you or
impedes your goals.
I am exclusively available for supporting you.
I am certain there is a way and aware of

the danger for
Heartbreak on both sides.
What needs to happen to make it work
for now not for ever.

And
before the sun has ever made it to the middle of the sky
on this groundhog glorious gift filled day
I could curse my creator and gaze through the condemned
filter
full of great reasons to hate being alive.
I could trace the current circumstances
to the eventual tragedy awaiting me
and grow exhausted with the
flawed human experience of perfection.
I could let go of my dreams like domesticated cats
left to be eaten in the wild world.
Here's what I do though:
I put the top down on my car
and my mind and drive
North across the Golden Gate Bridge
and write with a vice grip
on my hearts unholdability comforts me
like an awkward pink elephant painting itself grey
trying to fit in and blend against the sky and buildings.

I take the lose threads of my soul
and tie my glands into the roots
at the source of the richest fruit.
I begin the investigation yet again,
clueless
I detach my consciousness
from my physical and mental condition
like a plastic game piece thrown into the ocean
and drawn into The Great Gyre of the Pacific
I remember the witness that testifies:
"even loss is a gift"
and let my races mix

and species interbreed.
I YAWP mantras that out date Sanskrit
and maybe even originate on other planets.

I give up all that I've yet to receive or attain.

And
That does seem to help
confessing and laying down
empty of everything
even my faith
the way I came and the way I leave
like a levitating ghost on a carousel
making a wish every time the wind whispers another name
changing my life line if your soul can withstand
the crucible and alchemy that arises
when I'm inside you and vice versa
fed up with masterpieces
save your compliments
face the consequences
save your compliments
and your excuses
just shut up and use me

Without A Choice

I write poetry like a stubborn medieval doctor
trying to bleed out the ailment
high from the pain as I miscarry
triplet spirits seeking incarnation
through an articulation
that goes beyond invocations
barely kissing
hanging on the edge
burning myself to death in the sunlight
as I write constellations into formation
sick of my own voice
without a choice

Beyond Description

poems that transcend comprehension
and heal your self defense systems
and alleviate fear based reactive mechanisms
with the precision of a linguistic surgeon
or psycho somatic technician
syllables radiate the original godself transmission
encrypts the intelligence inherent
in pure silence into sound vibrations
like reversed essence extrapolations
of One Verse
it's heinous and outrageous
the way I convey this
heart of the universe language
laser beams love

Past Midnight

Alone in this house
I let poetry pimp out my imagination
to trillions of tiny sex addicts
that start to rub up against my skin
orgasm seeking to scratch the surface of
my soul is awake
but my body is tired
and so I let them writhe in the fire
and write in my lines

done with trying
anything
surrendered to being
a piece of wood
burning

evaporating heart juice
moving to Hollywood on a whim
emotionally whip lashed
fed up with knowledge
walking a long road is waking up everyday
and going through the motions
of a choreography I can't quite remember
bouncing back and forth between the extremes
exhausted with the ceaseless witness
Asking for guidance like handouts outside
a baseball game that's just ending...
not done mending
kind a sorta ready for anything

you now what I mean..."help please!"

Poet-less

Poet-less paper chasing pens
hold me up in dreamtime
with gang banger rhymes
I can't ever seem to smuggle back into waking life.

15 Minutes

How would you breath
if you had 15 minutes left to live?
15 inhales till your lungs quit?
I'd stretch the space between the exhales
long enough to sing a whale song.
I'd hold in the air in till I became oxygen itself
and could ascend into the vapors.
I'd walk out of the movie we mistake for reality
and walk naked into traffic looking up and down
with each step half expecting
a rope to fall from the sky or hole to appear before me.
I'd give up on mortality and become eternity
embodied so fully
I'm riveted with awe at the simplest of miracles.
I'd call God on my cell phone
and dance to the unique ring tone
my heart has become
a home for the homeless.

OMnitelligence

Busted open, broken, wretched ruins
nothing left but this moment
glass slipper frozen in the snow
feeling golden with
only you to hold onto

degenerative ever progressively growing worse
sick conditions got me hanging out with physicians
surrounded by unhappy celebrities
pursued by poor paparazzi
making their own reality TV show
smiling in spite of myself
glass eyed trying to spy on myself
writing like wine is made
beside myself with hope and naive optimism

careless, clueless, content, chasing the
OMnitelligence of the Heart

seducing another poem
out of my untapped oil reserved for emergencies only archives
is like downloading porn off the internet
except I use the eyes of strangers in cars
driving the opposite direction as me
to find the spider web mixed with metal code
stargazing at high noon
hoping to find some foreign reflection in the rearview
as I hypnotize myself out of the hypnosis
I've grown accustomed to

These Words Are:

translations from faraway
like sunlight traveling hundreds of millions of miles
to give life to the food you eat and kiss your cheek
these syllables are arriving passengers
from a star system that borders
the core of creation itself
carrying tones of home or
familiar safe zones
that hold your whole soul
folded over like a hatha yoga asanas
micro refracts macro fractal
back bending love so pure

we can't always digest the essence
through the filters we feel through
so between you and me
exists enough sameness
to share the spectrum
that bridges pain and shame
with the innocent elation
infants taste
when grace lives behind your face

since the seed we seek
will be planted in the soil of our surrender
I am laying down the street like a cathedral
prostrating to a traffic light
letting cars run me over
again and again
repeatedly not getting it
needing to see outside space inside time

eye take pictures with thy iris is
digitalized devotion tastes the future
like a fetus in the womb of this moment
itches around a chrysalis liquefied in a petri dish
parent of the past performing stranded icon
in the interconnected ethernetets
a homeless Santa Claus weeps as I pass
the entrance to the over pass in a hood up
standing above the freeway blowing kisses
at the constellations and 7 directions

multi generation poet
tree possessed beyond obsession
sandwiched between confessions
at church a priest takes
a cigarette break
to restore his faith and
creation keeps on keeping on

waterlogged psalms drop from my palms
like lost gifts intentionally amiss in Santa Monica
staring through a chain link fence
counting haiku syllables as I contemplate
the immediacy of everything's infallibly certain of nothing.

Oxytocin

Oxytocin's got me tossing oxycontin's
hoping to cope with this phenomena
the suns rising and my fragile humanity's
aspirin' to be stronger than it really is

Le Petit Prince
refers to it as "taming" one another.

Shamelessly shallow I'm so excited
about my new pair of name brand shoes
I'm leaving key phrases that unlock
all the doors in the house at once
just to prove the presence
can spoon whatever absence
you might feel
still in your skin feeling

shadow kissing
the space between your wing bones
until light itself starts to grow
like stubborn weeds that insist on being
a part of you is me is you is me
is this poetry or lacerated liberation
talking to itself?

transmutation of the somatic fabric
as I drive on 405 North
I just don't know a whole lot anymore
off set by flamboyant spells of certainty,
I might have sold my ego on eBay
but I'll buy you an uncracked geode
instead of an engagement ring
just to keep you guessing

I'm doing the cross word with the original language
toasting to the future memories that
wash the undercarriage of my mind as I
meditate in dream time I find
the clearest sense of peace,
so I mention this in passing,
hormone infused half everlasting
leaving half eaten omens at random intervals
for you to find

my goal is to eventually
impact your heart permanently
mini supernova alchemize dents
that resemble lips
on the walls inside the root
of every defense system
regardless of its functional pragmatism

oh please great yummy one
tell me again how you want:
to shoot
all the pretentious
holy hipsters
in the head

Expectationless

sensations send untextable whale songs
that ring tones only bones can hear
so clear, yeah I'm moving to Los Angeles
cuz my heart told me to
and who knows what Future's holding for me and you
or can Sketch the designs
of such shooting stars as we collide comet like
tethered to nothing more than the flesh texture
of love expressed in this helpless human formed vessel
fills and empties each other every other moon cycle or so
I sense your pre-emptive planning to transition,
eliminate the option or potential for partnership
and I agree with you really
like a mimicking shadow matching
"whatever you want or need" may be
only I really really mean it
so chained to liberation
I'm vacationing this sticky engagement like a beach:
emotionally rich reflective somatic dynamics
glimpse God glitch feed back prayer instruments
attuned to the frequency of pure poetry
from source pours from my pores so of course
I'm passionate full spectrum
fall in love like sky diving
as I write in zero gravity
waiting for weightlessness
to arrive any minute

gimmickless
before I pull the chord of timeless presence
or grow wings every instance is sufficient
and something's are unknowable apparent
obviously incomprehensible,
take this any way you wish to

so we might as well hid inside the predictable
expect the ordinary and avoid the faith leaping miracles
are natural and something's wrong if they're not happening
is what my mom all ways told me....

so where's the safety zone?
is this grace one sided or a nameless face
full of reasons why not and
bad ideas bound for heart break?

it tastes archetypical
I'm surrendered
riding on the fin of a sperm whale
exhaled to the point of breathlessness
so on the question of expectations
I laugh at the concept based in time and separation
I'm smiling 108 years old
encased in this young form
enjoying the ride moment by moment
grateful for all of it
attached to none of it

dedicated to not knowing
whatever is meant to be will be
between you and me
as we co create respons-ably
yin yang infinity
every moment is as it's supposed to be
so what do you expect of me?

take this ancient language and
translate pages into English phrases
I expect Greatness
in whatever shape it takes me
may we
become sweet seasoned grapes
crushed by fate and
left in a dark place for years
until some thirsty soul sips our essence
and celebrates the surprise is in
the center
of all we think we know
there's a crystal
and regardless of the color
I know it is beautiful

PART THREE

Object-less Vision

Lotus flowers open over linoleum tiles
Under fluorescent lights
As all the wrongs are made right...
Yeah right,
I write wounds reaching towards scars,
The unique evolution of every atom is like a shooting star
Caught up in the grace parade
Making out under the bleachers
Turning believers into ascetic atheists
Glimpse the whole universe
Before evaporating out of existence
Object-less vision paints a self-portrait
As addiction eats away at the emptiness
Lost remnants found as angels walk the horizon
At sunrise is sunset somewhere else
In the skies beach resort I'm drinking maitais
Going down the water slide

I enjoy you not knowing I'm here with you
Blending in amidst the rest of the ghosts
Impacted by your movements as though
I were the air particles clinging to your space
Emanating from the center of your being
Seems to be singing to me
So I have to deliberately remember to breath
Like your body were nothing more
Than a flesh net and I'm water running through
Unable to blink
The dance floor disappears
I'm on a tight rope
Surrounded by swirling jellyfish and
My body is barcoded and scanned

Every cell licked in red light
The dormant library catches fire and
Whole books of phantom pure verse
Spontaneously materialize

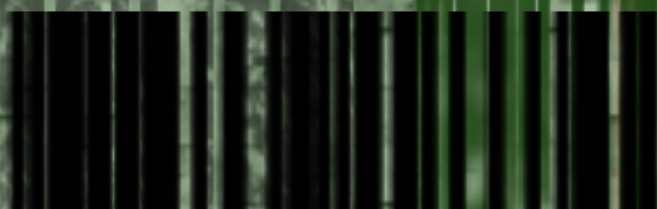
The last thing I want to do is talk
It feels so good it hurts
My mind doesn't work
And its not poetry or fantasy
When I say were making love in another dimension
Chased by angelic henchmen
Meanwhile heavens burning
and the saved are rioting
So I wonder if sin even exists in paradise
Metaphors melt before attaining articulation
Brain dead my heart becomes an edgeless sky
And I'm a bird that's forgotten how to fly

Leave me here
Stranded in the shade your shadow provides
Subsisting on the outskirts of your aura
Surviving on small sips that taste salty and sweet
Finally free of belief
I'm a beached whale
Dazed by the destruction of all the myths we hold onto about
what the world is, and the last thing I want to do is talk.

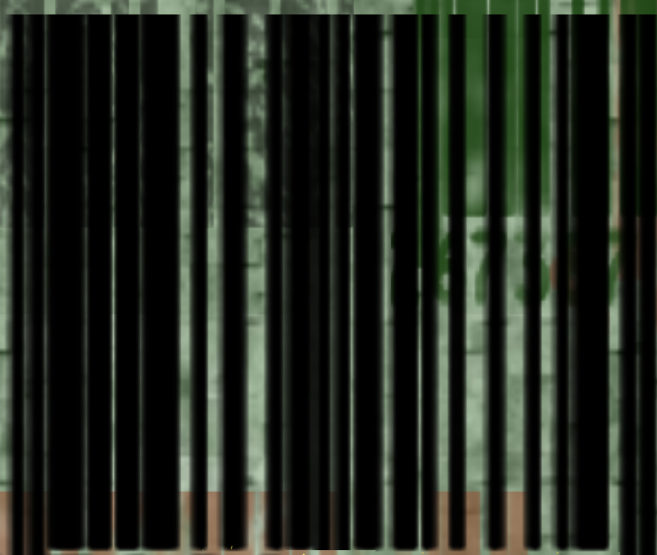
Forces of fate on the first date
as I masturbate with rosary beads
for centuries and lay awake
in a cave levitating.

Ordinary language stones stacked into a vertical spiral and
painted in abstract designs only children and those worthy of
institutionalization on grounds of excessive spiritual
realization can understand.
Im knocking on a specific door in a special way, conjuring up
enough beauty to choke on and drive home is unknown since
our hearts meet in secret outside of our minds surveillance
cameras and form illegal alliances.

I wake up whispering gibberish dreams washed away like so
much dust in the wind, I watch from heaven, all the love
starved workers bartering for breaths, I bet you 40 hours of
REM you wont remember any of this



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P **JOHNATHAN HUMAN** S