

# Visions

A collection of poems, prose, and visions by:

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Dedicated to Baltimore, my friends,  
my family, my lovers, so many  
who are one and the same,  
Thank you!

I owe everything to you.

Pt. 1,  
VISIONS OVER  
THE COURSE OF  
2011-15

## **Vision from March 2013**

I had a dream initiate sometime in the morning, I don't know how I know this, but I do. I only know this was vivid, Jon Poole or Rodman were driving through what appeared to be Hampden and Havre De Grace smashed together. I was drunk but it felt like I was on a dissociative trip, like too much cough syrup. It was snowing, there was a fire hydrant leaking. There were chickens. I think I crashed my truck into several parked cars at top speeds.

A very angry man chased after us and told me that he "saw what I had done before" and that "the commissioner wants to have a word with you."

There was a waterfall, then, nothing.

I woke up three times in the that early morning light to urinate with an unquenchable thirst. Was the diabetes talking, telling me  
Fucking take care of yourself.

## **The vision I had of my daughter lost**

I've had many unconscious pulls to the Pacific Northwest of the States from words out of stranger's mouths to a particular dream which I was lucky enough to remember in full detail.

I woke up in a warehouse much like the very one I live in now but it was refurbished in that "redevelopment" kind of way. I knew I was in Seattle, though I've never been and I never got to go outside. All the windows were frosted but the light told me it was raining. I found a staircase

I was instantly transformed 25 years older, slightly wrinkled and gray. Many people I knew from Baltimore were all teenagers again, running around in bathing suits, some carrying sex toys. It was senior week!

Everyone was going! Except me, it was communicated to me as if I had consented and so I presented no argument to getting to enjoy the building alone. Shortly afterwards everyone loaded their buses and left. I was alone. I walked up stairs; I went back to where I awoke only to notice a door ajar in the hallway. Inside was a classroom with a back door, all the chairs and table were stacked and standing there. Arms crossed and brow furrowed, was my daughter.

She must have only been 3, maybe 4. She was pissed though, she refused to talk to me, and her hair was straight and brown with a glow of orange. I tried to talk to her, sweetie what's wrong? What have I done wrong? She simply kept her arms crossed and walked through the back door. I stopped in shock in how I knew she was of my blood. I remembered in this moment of the abortion, of the failed love, of my mistakes. I sucked in a swift wind and I paced after her and reentered the empty warehouse space I came in from. My daughter kept walking, until she stopped and state on the floor next to an even older doppelganger of myself. Next to them stood another figure, a tornado made of ink building stretcher bars over and over and over "What is this?" I demanded

"You already know" the doppelganger said and the little girl made circles on the floor with her fingers, "This is whatever you make of it".

"Who is she?" I wanted to yell at the wizened old self but those eyes, my eyes, already knew, already knew of what she meant and what she never will be.

Sunlight poured out, and I chose to lay in bed for an extra 10 minutes.

## **The vision that foretold the end of summer**

June 1<sup>st</sup>, 2011:

Three dreams came to me the night before my 20<sup>th</sup> birthday. The first was a waking dream. It was morning, I rose from my bed as I usually did with the rising sun, I went to the bay doors and unhinged the latch to step into the grass. As I stepped out and gazed upon the laundry lines, the skies darkened swiftly at the end of parents yard. Blood colored clouds with smoke pouring with the sound of men yelling and bullets flying. Suddenly I heard planes and the sounds of carpet bombs coming closer and closer second by second. Then a bomb hit my house. I screamed for my parents, for my brother inside, as the splinters of our home crashed over me. I woke in a sweat, breathing heavy. I believe the time to be 1 AM I almost immediately fall asleep.

Now I am in a dark mine, everything is in a low blue light

I am crouching inside of a mining cart. I don't hear anyone but I knew that who ever dropped the bombs from the prior dreams was looking for me. I knew not where to go or how to get out, I took a left and followed the track lines up what felt an inclined, occasionally I would here the groupings of many foot steps in the distance with low glowing red lights, never coming my way. Looking lost but looking for something. I kept darting to and fro in the dark light. I will get out of here or kill them trying I thought.

I awoke again with a jolt at this thought. Now this time I was not sweating but felt as if I had been running a great distance.

I laid my head back down almost immediately. I believe I had only been asleep for 15 minutes.

I found myself in a cobwebbed basement, something was there with me. I had only a flashlight and the shelves of canned goods before me, I promptly say light pour from a nearby staircase. My grandmothers voice appeared, "did you find it?" Find what, I asked. She took several creaky steps downstairs and looked annoyed ewith her owlsh face. The thing I sent you down here for! I can't find it Gloria, well then go upstairs on the third floor! You know where it is Vincent.

she huffed and walked back upstairs, I could hear my aunts laughing, I walked up into a kitchen, it was like my Aunt Linda's suburban home. I took a step down a hallways and up another set of stairs. As soon I crossed the

threshold of the stairs I was on a platform nested within a vast gulf of empty space. I could see the other floors from here, not like a dollhouse but enough that I knew where to go. I stepped down the stairs and found another hallway, I walked for what seemed forever, found a staircase and ascended. I didn't even pass a second floor. I don't know what floor I was on when I finally stepped off, but it was trouble. In my gut, I knew something was there with me, I knew it was what I was really looking for. The floor was a narrow hallway with many doors. "Great" I thought "something is definitely gonna fuck me up through one of these doors." With my flashlight in hand I pushed open a few doors slowly, the rooms revealed that they held. Nothing? I began kicking in the doors, only disturbed dust and cobwebs greeted me. "Okay this is fucked" I thought. After opening what seemed like the twentieth door I walked out and back towards the staircase. I was stopped by a hole in the floor with a soft yellow light cutting through it. I got on my knees and peered into the hole, I could see all the way down to the kitchen and see my family laughing, the hole was large enough for me to jump through. As I slowly lifted my face, preparing myself to jump down the hole and into the kitchen

### **The Vision I had about where the water roars forever**

I met a time traveler, or so I thought I did. We jumped through realities like small bedrooms, the film of each existence peeling back and forward like citrus fruit. The longer we ran together the more I realized this was more about time, we passed through a typical westernized history in briefing. I saw neanderthals, then men in armor, then white men in powdered wigs giggling with tea. Then somewhere far in the future. Here we stopped. The world was pocketed with holes in what I assumed were the fabric of space and time. Some were full of stars, some spilled out the flora of different worlds, some had water gushing through. Lightning was everywhere, the sun was bright with blotchy condensed black clouds. We appeared suddenly by a riverbed, inside of an old stone mill.

"We must go to the lumber mill" my companion said to me. I nodded and followed suit. We came to a river of flames and they turned and said, "this will be difficult" suddenly a thousand worlds passed my eyes, like milk through a fan, like spreading of mashed potatoes. I started to scream out of

the overwhelming input, I didn't know my dreams could do this, I frantically started to claw at the world, forcing myself to wake up.

Then,

We arrived.

Like as if we had simply opened a door to a closet, there was the lumber mill, seemingly only several hundred yards away from our previous location.

Now the sea was too my right as I faced the mill.

We entered up a staircase and opened a door to a space filled with monitors, windows and people. Wild looking people, could I even call them that? Yes.

They had faces, smiles, warm eyes, many features I am not supposed to see in dreams. Their skins came in all pattern and color. Several looked up from their seats and simply looked back to the windows and monitors. I began to notice that these characters would disappear and reappear. Some with different skins and faces entirely, but I knew who they were. My companion touched my shoulder and turned my head to a couple on the couch. They were unidentifiably beautiful and of a glow of deep blue.

They have been with us for a very long time, they will never be caught, they spent a lot of time finding each other.

Releasing my head all I heard was footsteps telling me to follow. I stepped out of the door and onto a deck, before was the sea. Seemingly several yards above the tallest wave was a torrent of water, it must have been a quarter mile in diameter, running parallel to the shore line, for what seemed forever at speeds inconceivable. I knew I had been here before. I asked, as I try to, "where am I?"

They turned one last time and smiled

"The place where water roars forever".

The morning came, and I did much on this day. I don't remember rising.

**PART 2,  
SELECTED  
WRITINGS FROM  
2012-2015**

## **It Hit Me**

Flipping through warmed pages against the September moon. Traversing through passages of hormonal communications that occur within the body during times of stress, otherwise known as inflammation. How interleukins\* cascade through our meaty cores to destroy pathogens with such precision that machines are just starting to catch up. It all had me crossed eyed with names like IL-1, ACTH and bacterial lipopolysaccharides. I keep on, trying to focus till I look out and the moon.

Then it hit me. My thought overtaken, neurons firing like cannons and the dams and levies of hormones breaching. Overtaken with the speed that interleukins devour their prey.

Your Ass!

Standing boldly in its full Hectate conjuring glory. Destroying the pitiful world of mans folly beneath its buns.

"Oh dear, I seemed to have lost my place on the page, where are my glasses? I seem to be sweating."

## **June 1<sup>st</sup> 2012**

A tornado talking with playful gusto  
Came through the tiny town of Bel Air.

“What’s in here?”

The winds ask as they tear open roofs like soup can lids  
Us! The wee tiny townsfolk, with our friends and families.  
With prayers for mercy and possibly swift ends. Screaming  
questions to fate as your playful violence carry’s us.  
Across long distances hopefully to be caught in a tree  
or a body of water. The twist is this: the only place  
that is suitable for most tornados to land around here  
is in a local car dealership perched on a hill. That night  
how many of those cars dreamt of flying  
before the spirals touched the ground and gave  
Toyota and Nissan cars the gift of temporary flight.

The next day, I saw one of these whisked metal bodies  
resting through the front window of the dealership. I saw  
glass on the ground and heard cursing toward the commodities last laugh.

## **25 Great years**

There's a sign I've been passing back and forth  
on weekend visits to Baltimore  
It just says in hand painted letters  
THANKS FOR 25 GREAT YEARS  
I've been wondering, "was it great?"  
Is this a loving gesture of gratitude in the countryside?  
Or a neatly packaged statement of red painted resentment?

Thanks for 25 years of hell!  
Thanks for 25 years of screwing my taxes!  
Thanks for 25 years of never leaving the goddamn toilet seat down!  
Thanks for 25 of backstabbing!  
Thanks for 25 years of secretly sowing salt in my fields!  
By the time I wander into all this, so does my car over the line,  
I need to keep focus on the road!

## **Driving Down Falls**

I've been taking the "long way home"  
Down Falls road, down along the seemingly diabetic vein  
that is the Jones Falls River.  
Smelling sickly sweet with rotting trash and chemical clad sewage  
Yet much like the road much like the river I falls falls falls falls in love with  
everyday  
I falls falls falls in love so hard that I don't mind the extra time potentially  
misplaced driving alongside its stinky shores  
The weedy tracks of an age flown by the roses before the Howard street  
bridge  
Remind me how its all so inseparable  
I'm driving down this road with the ruckus of the trains and I am  
Falls falls falls falling in love  
Again

## **Challenge accepted (For Ziggy)**

My friend Ziggy once told me  
That you can't write a poem about weed, about marijuana  
"It just can't sound right." Right as in poetic and romantic.  
So this lead me to think about a phone call I got from my brother John  
Who lives in Aurora, Colorado.  
It was the first 4/20 festival since the state legalized "the green".  
You might have to push past some haze to see clearly but,  
From what he told me  
The teeth of the Rockies did not snap because of the roar of now legal bong  
rips.  
The prairie sky did not ashen as acres of cannabis were sacrificed to mostly  
white lungs. This is what I can piece together from what I heard about what  
happened On the twentieth day of the fourth month on the twentieth minute  
of the sixteenth hour in the year 2014.  
They didn't call for rain that day in Denver. My Brother saw clouds appear  
from nothing and in the distance, he swore that he had heard thunder

## **Lucifers Ascension/Descension**

The moment of failure/ the death of divine perfection  
in the moments of its birth: realization returned with punishment.  
Is this what this tale is about?  
The whole thing with the snake and the apple?  
The realization of self, this finite thing,  
is that the moment of turning your back on God? I have great doubts.  
Lucifer, loosely translated from the late Hebrew is:  
The Bringer of the light. Lord,  
was this not your first child?

God's instantaneous anger in these old minstrels I read just  
takes me to thinking of the hermits in my building.  
Is divinity really a recluse?  
Living in a house of covered and cracked mirrors? Filled with glazed lights of  
unwashed windows, steady shadowy winds, and all the dust of the universes  
untouched corners?

What did Lucifer do wrong?  
What more did they do besides see the glory of God within them?  
Take up a dust pan and broom and look to the old man and say,  
"Its time for a change because you brought me to it."

## **Combinatory Linguistics**

Numbers don't give a shit about being subtracted, divided, multiplied and/or factored away in functions

They are of themselves yay 7! Yay 9!

15 is 15 but fifteen is not!

Ascending/descending their own currents yay 11! Yay 13!

Words aren't that independent they are the inverse of integers.

They need rules just the same as numbers like rungs are needed to make a ladder

Trampling themselves under their own wheels, numbers stand ready to go unstoppable and unflinching. Words are families; they are nest s of thieves looking for more coin

Is one to more trusted than the others no because

15 is 15 but Fifteen is not.

If words are families than letters are rebellious teenagers always looking for a new experience. Sometimes they get lost in their groups, some are silenced while other enunciated.

Sometimes they get violently dispersed and left on their own.

All languages show this though, be they in numbers or letters. They all push each other in and out of line and hope no one notices. Throw each other down to climb higher up the ladder.

There are plenty of borderlands between these two worlds: A1C's, W2's and DEFCON 5. Just remember though:

15 is 15 but Fifteen is not.

## **Learning to be a mountain**

My family and I came through Manitou Springs, Colorado to climb Pikes Peak using an electric trolley cart similar to a roller coaster box. You can pay 14 bucks for television to watch instead of the stretching landscape as you climb 8 miles over three hours. We all transformed with the changing of the landscape and the thinning of the air. The stationary Mountain Sheep with the passing goats, the giggling marmots, and the voluptuous green highland with its ponds winking at us. The kissing snow combined with the scarce oxygen slowed me, my rough skin became stone and my hair became moss and lichen.

Oh yes, we were blessed with a clear sky that let me see Kansas. Now I really don't have a reason to go to Kansas. I stole a pocketknife because the gentle suffocation gripping my brain whispered, "it's okay, fuck capitalism." Of all the things I saw though, it was the old grizzled men, who upon getting off a trolley 2 miles up into the atmosphere, lit cigarettes out of what seemed to be immediate annoyance that they were anywhere at all. I nearly blacked out at the sight; I have much to do, I hazily thought, in learning to be a mountain.

## **God is my friend**

Crying so hard into my shoulder that I am shaking  
My hand gripping gold hair like Jason's Fleece, like smoke  
God exhaled the words

"WHAT IS THIS?"

I never thought it would be God asking me the questions.  
Idk I thought you did all this? Why the fuck are you asking me?  
Didn't you make all the test sheets?

I wasn't just staring at God crying, I wasn't just holding my friend  
I was taking care of a mirror. How many times alone have I been?  
Gripping my own face in silence as the dam in my heart kept cracking  
as I pitifully attempted to fill the holes with cork, concrete, plaster, lead  
paint, asbestos tiles or work?

Again I am shaken with fresh tears and the words echo against the walls

As God yells:

"WHAT IS THIS?"

## **Mom, Do you worry about me?**

Clutching hands in the slowly lifting lights of intermission  
Crying in front of strangers, my red beard and your platinum hair shining  
like our faces. I am the flower of your branch.  
when I moved to Baltimore  
a few of your journals from the 90's came into my possession  
I don't know how I got them, and I was hesitant to read them.  
I only cried because we are so much the same.  
I am not dismayed at what I have found.  
I cried for the characters of the play.  
I cried for the familiarity and comfort  
I found in our shared vulnerability.  
"Do you worry about me?" You asked.  
In that moment what I meant to say was,  
"Not as much as I used to",  
but instead came, "I do."

## **Brother: When I left the first time**

Love is a flume and I was inspired by Bon Iver lyrics to write that because I actually stole them.

Its true how it carries all that is heavy and poisonous in us,  
to be processed farther down stream.

When I left you the first time I said, "hasta luego" To the mountains  
with their snapping jaws at sheepish clouds. I held you  
and you pulled me in like a fish on a line. Goodbye!  
I love you so much, you cried.

I hadn't seen you cry in years, we are mirrors of ourselves,  
your shakes! your face! your hesitations!

They are just as much mine as mine are to yours.

Vice a versa. Blood of my blood.

True Gemini, Castor and Pollox weeping at the airport drop off.

The police officer scolded you,

"You have to keep moving!"

Never before or after has a policeman's words  
been more correct about these times.

**PART 3,  
EXCERPTS  
FROM AN OLD  
VAN GOGH  
NOTEBOOK  
Dates: 2011-2013**



## **The Lion is gone.**

Humidity streamed in like rush hour traffic.  
An unintentional and insufferable tyrant.  
It coats us like a wool blanket in the winter,  
making my eyes itch and swat into the thickening air  
There are calls to progress in progress I can feel them  
through the slow air.  
Made up of thunder and quiet movements.  
The Lion is gone from my heart  
My god, we've always been on our own here.

## **Hammer Fell (for Scott Hammer)**

The computer screen holds the words,  
"BODY OF LOCAL MAN FOUND"  
it almost cut through me the same way  
the headline, "Osama assassinated" did. Why?  
Because when I had learned of the success  
of a U.S. funded task force I only felt an empty pang.  
For what really is it worth? The millions of lives ruined,  
the infrastructure that's been turned to rubble  
for extremism to grow and thrive.

Those low rumbles of indifference  
Passed through me like an underwater wave.  
I had nothing to say except for the clicking  
of plastic and squeezing out of blood  
The spring of my sorrow for the lost had  
dried quiet a bit since your initial passing in January.  
Or was it February. It hurts to think back.

With the coming winds of March  
I told the others still stuck in the sleepy suburbs with me.  
I was hoping the news would never fucking come,  
for a mix up in the identification process.  
I believed that you just faked it, skipped town  
to find new fortunes and save your family.  
I wished that you just ran away like a dog chasing cars.  
Instead,  
you flew off the Conowingo dam  
more gracefully I imagine than the eagles who live there  
ever will.

## **Punch Drunk**

You let everyone take a swing at you  
You clocked me three times in the chest. Or was it five?  
I remember our contact like honey on wet paper  
I realized I hadn't hit someone like that since high school  
Days beginning with boys so estranged from themselves  
They can't see how well dressed they are in homo-eroticism  
I wish we fought equally  
I was of breaking gender norms and getting grounded  
I would have fought then  
But with none of the bullshit rules like: No face shots, please  
I want every inch  
Of your fiery red fists to land into me  
What is pain but a tingling nervous message?

**Found on the loading dock Easter morning 2013**

Screwdriver

Hammer

Bowls

Yoga books

Boxes

A brass armadillo

A book on civil disobedience

A little house of your own

**May 7<sup>th</sup>, 2013 9:46 AM**

Baltimore is sticky already

The fog thick with the staccato of jack hammers down the block  
To the marijuana that's fueling my depressive laziness, imagination,  
And rent.

Am I empty? A canyon for the hanging inner harbor mist to fill?

I'm a sink full of dried ice and boiling water. Money is flying out of hands  
back and forth

Back and forth

I begin my new job at Whole Foods this Thursday working 6-10 PM

"The shot in the arm" "the rush" "the busy hours"

all things my soon to be hated boss told me

Just give me the fucking test already. I'm over flowing  
with the wispy fingers of condensation.

## **Haus (truck)**

When I first got my truck I told me parents of my dreams of travel:  
"that's a lot of miles",  
my father said,  
"What else is a car good for?", I replied.

Now I know its more than driving its good for  
Gauging what you lose for those miles  
Sleep, focus, hope, bad memories, drive.  
The dinging din of the emptying gas tank stating  
"you cant count on me" it says, but I trust you anyway.  
Struggling gears reminding me that unity  
doesn't always mean our pieces fit together snugly.  
Sometimes it just take a little WD-40 and the will to believe.

## **Kitsugi (the practice and fixing broken things with gold)**

Feeling my hair brush century old dust off a decaying ceiling.  
Teeth filing themselves down with the weak pulse in my wrist.

I'm hearty with life  
but that's not to say there isn't a mismanaged  
and contested landscape inside me.  
It has me making blue prints  
to unite all these scattered projects  
that make up what is making me up.  
Look y'all just listen!  
Over here will be a garden!  
And here will be a skate park!

And over yonder will be a lime stone quarry  
that I'll use to build everything.  
When I'm done I'll let it fill with rain water:  
Our swimming pool! Our drinking supply!  
There won't be any skeletons on the bottom but  
There will certainly be an old town.

## Mortality at 24

I locked lips w/ someone w/o  
A thyroid. This small vessel of hormones lost  
To the quiet creepings of cancer  
Moving through their body with the swagger of a dancer  
Or water sluicing through the pipes in my building  
I haven't lost anything in an anatomical sense, maybe some  
Weight maybe a handful of cells w/in  
My pancreas  
But we both carry voided spaces  
"my isles are empty and so is your throat"  
our spaces are filled with a strange perfuming honey. Unlike flies though  
we hang above the gold knowing if we stick our tongues into these wells  
we'd only come out fossilized instead of satisfied  
are we the "lucky ones"?  
The clockwork oranges, the wind up toys  
Left in the rain. Doomed to die as all mortals do?

## **Hiera Sol**

Hear us now. Kissing.  
Nettles as boldly as our own sunflower  
Faces will allow. We let  
The venom dance under our blackened gold green skin.

Our hands pick part fruit,  
laughter, and Bagged snacks. They mine  
ideas from the veins of  
our dreamy mountains, Smelting an ore of our visions.

Refined and iridescent, hiera sol.

**There was something broken that I thought I could fix.**

You can't buy beer yet but you know you want three kids.  
Your quiet eyes laid siege on the fortress that was my politic.  
I thought about this politics cracked mortar, the charred bricks  
I thought about Vermont:  
The pie slice of all I ever wanted in my heart;  
Solitude, Earth, a largely localized economy, maple syrup, and snow.

This, us, was my hollow escape from everything. To move into  
The deep interior of this big green nothing. To start a family  
forget about everything outside of the outside I can see  
To smell the world burning and calmly sip my coffee  
While watching the ice thaw with my children.

**Something is sleeping in Vermont, and it's not me.**

Goddard? My alma mater?

Is that you I see sleeping under the porch?

Like an old dog settling to die quietly?

I feel a weighted emptiness the more I stay with you.

It's not just in my heart its in my hands,

my fingertips becoming like minute sandbags.

What is radicalism without a home?

A nest that can always be revisited?

What is a party if everyone isn't invited?

I don't see it here in these quiet mountains

Something is sleeping in Vermont, and its not me.

The wild life, the lack of lights, the unadulterated stars

Its enough to come back, but what for?

I've gotten the message, time to hang up the phone.

## Pushing and Pulling Carts

There's a grand produced during the production hours of a grocery produce department. I'm more than halfway through an 8 day work week.

I'm mostly thinking about my life before my memory:

how the hell can time be organic or conventional?

Mostly what I'm doing is pulling and pushing carts stacked full with boxes of potential revenue. I'm no capitalist, so I tell myself before I lay to rest, but I find myself thinking more in the numbers, of the exchanges.

The change of services, the handling of change,  
the shared gains and shrinking losses.

**This isn't about Romania and Yes,**  
**I've listened to the Smashing Pumpkins**

The death and disappearance of Vlad the impaler has generated vast volumes of myth and lore throughout central and eastern Europe.

I have an idea where such a violent spirit would vanish to, in to the cities and into the people. I think that he has come through Baltimore. Floating through Fells Point to pass through the chests of drunks and to over view the harbor from Federal hill, relishing in the suffering and commerce.

His violent spirit, much as it did to the solidiers of the ottoman empire, has impaled all of its citizens from the moment of birth or entry. All I can say is that I am not on the valley floor, I'm barely on the foothills because all I can smell and see is thousands of bodies.

Unfinished/unedited

## **Ashborne**

I can capture my entire childhood in under 5 minutes.

Just find my childhood home in Arbutus, Maryland, off Ashborne Avenue.

The family that took in our old home cut down the stout verdant holly my dad planted in the front yard. The same tree that for years taught me to dance with misery as I yanked out the tips of the leaves from my soft feet.

I still remember the theater burning and I was smiling because I thought it was snowing in July.

**February 4<sup>th</sup>, 2013**

The shortest audition I ever did in Baltimore was to be a horse.

Be elegant! Be noble!

We were all told

We hoofed like an ancient Greek chorus:

"NAY. NAY. NAY"