

thanks:

- sophie
- all my crushes
- all my lovers (even yall whom I resent now)
- dopamine
- serotonin
- oxytocin
- my fav musicians
- the naked person i used for my figure sketch
- the chemical reaction which animates us
- plants
- you
- etc.

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radical writings



waiting for arbor day

alone here you lay
waiting for arbor day
whisked here by the improvident winds,
ensconced in the midst of gray desolation,
gelid dust in all directions -
you, an inward, dormant, hidden, synclastic beauty.
no trace of moisture or nourishment on the horizon,
the sun does not shine upon this land;
nothing else lives here.
but when matter aligns,
and the gloom falters briefly,
should you catch the ray of light as it breaks through,
your time will come -
and the wind,
the same one which brought you here,
the capricious will of the universe,
will catch you in her stochastic tempest
and carry you away once again,
this time, perhaps, to the subterranean oasis
where beauty goes to manifest
and desire comes to flourish,
and love can be received -
and after an odyssey of despondency,
the conditions for your growth will be ripe,
and your explosion into a palatial tree
with kaleidoscopic limbs and leaves
reaching toward infinity
alive, alluring, lustful, and free
will come to pass - inevitably.

prelude to equinoctial revelry

what the hell?

this is what we utter to ourselves when we indulge in a
pleasure in spite of a distinct voice in our psyche telling us
we should not.

discard that voice. it does no service to you.

for it is the voice of hierarchy; an oppressive, nagging voice
so deeply embedded in our minds, which shackles our spirit and
inhibits our pursuit of pleasures --

the many, diverse, kaleidoscopic spectrum of pleasures, which
nature has generously offered up to us.

nature, in its boundless abundance, has also endowed us with
the gift of sensation, through billions of years of natural
evolution.

with our many senses, we can intimately experience these
earthly delights in all their intricate beauty.

we know the "pleasures" of this world are false, illusory,
inhibitory, numbing, laughably finite.

but we know that another world is possible,

we must dig deep beneath the surface-level in this quarry of
pleasures,

and unearth the forbidden delights more profound, complex,
intoxicating, and electrifying than we can today yet fathom.

these sinful, depraved, perverted, deranged, gratifying,
sublime pleasures.

so go out, and dig deep -- search where they tell you not to,
for these are the pleasures which will destroy this false
world.

our shovel is desire.

our desire is utopia.

our utopia is the everlasting pursuit of beautiful, free life.

and when that voice tells you to cease your excavation to
liberation,

tell yourself this:

what the hell?

i was born at night

what a lovely gift to be awakened
in this overdrawn night of rotting illusions -
to be entrusted with arousing our sleeping star's
ascent.

my birth certificate says i was born a leafling
on an intrepid branch
under a feral star
at 11:02 p.m.
and with you all, my friends,
through the gloom and the cold,
we'll tow the sun over the horizon,
laughing and dancing and fucking all the way to the
dawn.

a radiant enlightenment

you aroused me from my entrenched slumber
with your voltaic dark teal orgiastic edification
and for the first time,
my soul entered my body
and i saw my surroundings,
felt the wet grass beneath me, a nude form
synchronized with the rhythm of life,
and our particles kissed in a prismatic nuclear fusion,
miraculous sparks propelled outwards in every direction.

honeycomb

let's grow a world together
a misfit mosaic of fractalline honeycombs
bound together by the sweetness & light
radiating in the endless inky night
wispy sparks like fireflies, in a frenzied dance -
a corybantic constellation
blossoming with immanent elation
a chorus singing nothingness' negation

fluorescences

in her boundless luminosity, she waits
with restless, lustful energy
gazing at the cosmic egg,
pale dot with waves in sleepless tension
soon, the implicit will be stated -
the forms that could receive her gift,
impassioned beings of transgressive desire,
the sun's defiant missives of light,
dogged little fluorescences
scattering out into the infinite void

bandage

wearing thin and soaked in blood,
the bandage on my wound
must be replaced.
it was never enough
yet the loop recurs once more,
for the illusion of treatment
is all i've ever had
and all that's in reach.
tearing it off,
i turn away from my infected trauma,
the layered acerbic lacerations,
and repeat the cycle anew
waiting for the sweet relief
that will never come.

dark matter reverie

we are drawn from the same anomalous color
erupting from the depths of the breathing & seething
earth.
do you sense something salacious looming in the ether?
let's breathe it in, and unfold something aberrant
let's deviate, amorate, elaborate,
and make new shapes
which transgress the rigid taxonomy -
let us become undefined, imaginary, not a number, not
applicable, monotremic, paradoxical, plutonic,

fire T.V. / ascending downwards / a cause for celebration

drawn like a moth to fire T.V.
an earthly voyeur, i play with myself
getting off on life
sensing, being, glowing, finally, ejaculating
onto the forest floor - auto-cumplay.
a spark has pulsated,
the Earth has gained an orgasm.
this is a cause for celebration!

sipping yesterday's cowboy coffee,
sore and spiderbitten,
drenched in each other's sweat,
we're dignified, cageless, finally fiery
in pursuit of maximum fun for everyone
rocks off, ascending downwards to the earth
agency exploding in all directions.
this is a cause for celebration!

locked groove

displaced again from the dais
by the murk of hollow monotony,
out of step with the rhythm of the earth,
severed from the underground wire connecting all to all,
the locked groove repeats.
the clock reads 4:16am, buried in ice
six inches out of reach.
alone i lurch toward nowhere, a solipsistic spark
too dampened to ignite into a flame.
and from the muggy dark, there's no retreat -
only counting down the hours
til i'm absolved of experience
before the broken needle drops,
the record plays again,
each time a little more degraded than the last.