

FIBERS



ZACHARY LEE

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Enjoy.

Zachary Lee

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ARCHIVISTS OF ROMANTICISM



The most useful thing you can do for yourself,
is to realize how incredible & paradoxical you are

Want me to narrate this excursion?

You are a self-driven, breathing, thinking, conscious being,
able to create things that were not in existence before you,
able to experience & walk through your own mind, the universe, and
physically taking up space on this plain—that's how you know you're alive
and when you step back, mentally, and take a look at yourself
you realize you cannot exist

It is impossible for a creature like you to exist

And yet you do!

Is it impossible to live inside your own mind?

To literally walk, daily, throughout the contents of your brain

And criticize it, interact with it, change & manipulate it?

Obviously this is quite possible

Since you are already doing it, right now, at this moment

This poem is only inside your mind, isn't it?

And I am only your Jiminy Cricket

The whole purpose of a poet

Is to see connections & bonds which were before invisible & ignored

& romanticize them, solidify them in words

Though I am not the only poet whose'

words you are reading at this moment.

It is also you whom you are listening to.

We are all poets by design

It is our birthright to experiment &

criticize & realign & change & explore

& experience & wander & mediate

W/ the world we are born into.

Humans are the archivists of romanticism

& shamans are their guides

while the poets are their teachers

There are people out there
Who like to control through fear
They've successfully convinced the majority
That their existence needs to be proven
Through the lifelong gathering of money
& the suppression of individuality

I reject that concept
I look on to something new
Something that says we are free
That something can only come from you
Would you like it too?
If we were to walk away
From these white marble buildings
& the asses which rule them
& make a new world
Constructed of willpower & free thinking
A world not diluted by television
Or swayed by the media
Or held captive by politicians
They themselves are just puppets
Controlled by those with the largest wallets
& those who have a hold on the leash
Of the fiercest dogs

Take a trip with me & begin your soliloquy
This will be a descent into reason & logic
This is the kind of travel those in power resist
We're going to the pineal forest
Be ready for the prick

Upon the inception of science & literature,
we became gods

I have lungs therefore I have a breath
Therefore I live for the best of myself
Which I have yet to find
I've got a heart therefore I have a beat
Therefore I have an electromagnetic trace
One this world which has no name

No need to prove ourselves
To whom would we prove anyway?
Others out the way who don't know a thing
About us or the way we live?
No need to sweat for savings
Or work for wine
Why don't you just plant a seed
And grow a psychedelic vine?

The whole point is to manifest your mind
Take it from that grim hole called your skull
And reveal it to yourself, to conceptualize the divine

The world is filled with renewable resources;
Anything with a seed, a spore, or sperm
Is renewable by replication & millions of years of preproduction

We are the archivists of romanticism,
Working with archetypes in in the job description
We scour the lands of history & myth
& coerce those who live there to empty their tombs
We promise them we're just passing through
 We lie

There is perhaps another way to proceed
Let's let the poets & the shamans & the artists & the philosophers
 Take the reigns
 Let's see where they guide us, let's trust them with our names
I know I place full trust in the hands of the insane
For it is them who've met the divine inside themselves
It is us who don't see them the same
Perhaps it's us who need the change

In the library the greatest change is conceived
& it's not within the plastic pages of your magazine
This is the same kid who brings you your soup
When you lay in the hospital
 Consumed by tragic misuse

Your mind is meant for more than buying shoes
 Or listening to the news, or shouting an excuse
This is the world, this is you
You are the god in the mirror; you are the spirit
That the men in suits abused

We are the archivists of romanticism
 & the narrators of tragedy
We are the conceptualizers of fantasies
& mediators of this reality
We are the archivists of romanticism
We are humans
We are nothing but reflecting prisms





Tribal Kindling

Hop on upon the waking ground
 Its grass grows strong & its lifespan shall be long
You may ascend from monkeyhood if you'd like, Gaia says
Your trip will be long and will have many rises & falls
Though it will be worth it all,
 Once you've raised yourselves through concrescence

Your legacy begins as all legacies begin,
 You will rise from primacy & become capable of the symphony
 You will know self-awareness, though also self-doubt
 You will constantly strive for betterment
 Though will often fail & attempt repentance

Tribal kindling
Fire in the hands of the ancient idiots
 Tribal kindling
 Laugh, because they set themselves aflame

Big brown club
Hit upon your head
Loin cloth
Is stained w/ sweat
& converts the wearer's
Penis
Into cold drained sewage

Which animal does your face resemble?
A bird or bull?
 Lizard or toad?
What is your spirit animal, do you know?
Traverse into the jungle
 For a day or a week or forever
 You may have an experience where you realize
 That your happiness & joy
 Are the only things that mattered



Delinquency. The game of chess is played by monarchs,
& the maze of adolescence is won by the creative child
Labyrinthian,

Byzantine & dark,

The hole of adolescence tends to be filled
Only by a steady hand & the downing of liquor
In the alleys & under the bridges
Constructed of cold city concrete
We roam in the snow
Cuddled by the cold

Towards Massillon, we go

We ensued upon through the towpath
Passing stoplights & restaurants' glow
Just to reach our destination—the neighborhood of destitution
I wait outside the frequented station
Or sometimes use myself to distract
The absurd cashier. We'd race out,
Bottle in hand or pants or bag
& we'd find a place where we deemed it safe
To indulge in the warm & wicked
Sanctum of city liquor

After the fall into the stream

Damp & crusted, our self-esteem
We stumble out of frozen forest
Onto the dryness of asphalt & bridges
Trying to escape,
We just wanted to go
We were mellow, wouldn't hurt a fly
Nor crush a soul
Though you deceived us, you pigs in blue
Fading from the background, the towpath zoo
We passed you
Thought you were a passerby
Turned out you were after us,
We tried to be sly
Though when the joker drops the bottle
& it bounces off the ground, busting open
W/ vodka sounds
The piggies drove us in their car,
Separated by a window & chain link bars
They handcuffed us to a bench
I fell asleep & joker chugged the bottle
In front of the Cyclops lens



Holographs

Molecules
 Split effortlessly & divide
Bareness & Skeletons
The two are eternally intertwined

What if?
Every atom that makes up the universe
Contained within itself, a universe of its own
That would mean even these words
 Were made up of universes
Essentially you are reading an example of the multiverse
Let's amuse this for a moment...

If each of these words, individually, contains many universes
Would the universes inside these words
 Possess the attributes of the word itself?

Happiness,
 For example

Would every universe held within this word, be happy?
Perhaps this is just a myth, a musing of a mishap's mind

Though if this theory is true,
 Wouldn't the atoms inside other things
 Possess the attributes of whatever it was a part of as well?

I find it amusing to discuss things with myself
 I find it alarming that most never do this
I find it superstitious that some would believe in the notion
 That the world is boring, that there's no beauty left in it
 Those kinds of people are most often
 The ugliest

I'd love to oppose the notion that we are the only deep thinkers in the universe
I'd also love to repeal the belief that we cannot survive without governing
And most of all I'd love to strike down the insinuation that I am a poet

 Because most of all,
 I'm just your Jiminy Cricket



Make Love

Make love
Make love with a bottle
Make some love to the sound of my enemies
 Falling in a storm
A storm parted only by penitence
 Fall back in bed, love
 Your back was bit by the wolves
When we made love with a bottle
 The pills were thrown
 Into our throats
Unable to cope

 Make love with a bottle of opiates
 Then try to enjoy
 Your masochistic escaping
Unable to cope
Denying the sight
Refusing your right
 A face in the bone, hard to control
 Somewhere deep within the wrong
 I find myself in the road
 Making love

This is the last of my confidence
And I swallowed all the providence
Not my fault for your innocence
You'll live your life free of burden
 Until you make love
 With your personal vice

Make love



Chrysanthemum Eye

You are entirely subverted by your own psyche
When you wander too far from home
Sadomasochists of street theater
 Petition your reputation
& upon the closing of the curtains, themselves
Made of garlic & the remnants of velvet rope
You take the task upon yourself
 To conduct a love affair

The cobblestones flutter up with translucent tails
Spice traders walking goats
 Jehovah's witnesses selling gold
 & the majority of those passing by
They glance up; catch contact w/ your eye
& shove their heads down towards their cocks &
 Pockets of flesh
As if to say the contact with another human
 Is frowned upon or awkward

Chrysanthemum eye? The combination of fleeting squints &
 The awkward fluorescent light
The tension of misconception
 Of the mad scientist versus the commonplace mold
It's far more amusing to be an enthusiast
As opposed to a rationalist
 Preaching that all things evil spawn from free will

 If you've never had a human experience
Then you've missed out on the collective god
 If you've never allowed yourself to stray
 Beyond your own boundaries
Then I'm afraid you have yet to feel amazed
 Would you like to travel?
 Become Magellan & map new territories
Never before heard, or seen, or sensed in any way?
 Every time you close your eyes
 You have the potential to fly
 All you have to do is look inside
 To the heart of your chrysanthemum eye



Realize Isolation

Feelings of not knowing feeling
While you sit alone on your mattress
Or in your office chair
Or perhaps w/ some wine
With some blood in your hair
Don't take it personally
Just because you're sad
Though you've got a reason, don't you?
Those you love leave you to your own affairs
Or maybe they're all dead
Or receding away
Slowly
Perhaps swift
You want to make a change
But all you can do is drift
Farther
Away from yourself
Your conscience—fractured
You're not sure what is right
& what is sin
Or what is wrong with all your kin

Analog clock
You're late for a date w/ your razor
We've taken away your bleach
& tied that rope
around the noose of your own
umbilical abuse

Trial & error
You have to live without a prayer
I understand it's unfair
But you cannot go through
& clean your room
Without the use of a witch's broom
Nor may you play
Using the hand-me-down's
Of your parents' mistakes

Slick & Precise Sound Bites

Everything these days
From speeches to symphonies
& everything I can see in between
Has been stripped,
Diluted,
& simplified into slick and precise sound bites
A thirty second clip
Out of context
Of something that doesn't even make sense
Unless you're one of those dust bins
Collecting all the debris shoved down your gullet
Without question or protest

What ever happened to conversation?
To orchestra?
Or to any prolonged statement of individuality?
What ever happened to humanity?
Blood and flesh and feeling and friendship
We've all been mechanized
& glazed over by plastic, chrome, and Photoshop
This is no longer a human culture
This is a society
that's forgotten how to run w/o machines
& if we continue down this road,
led by L.E.D screens & motion sensors
We'll find one day that
we don't know how to think
without the use of a digital program

Do you really want to be a mold?
To be morphed into a plastic image
Of exactly what the others want you to be?
It's better to be gold
Forged by the master craftsman
Of your previous incarnation
Sometimes I'm amazed
That we haven't already run ourselves
Into the *fucking* ground

Erased

When is a forceful image of vanity wanted?
Whenever it is thought that we need it
To push the public down,
to make the perfect proud
Of their impossible, irresponsible, intolerable face

Is it possible?
That we could learn to love us all
Despite of our face that complicates the game
Would you be erased?
Would you be erased?

In our problem hole we find another goal
To sponsor our disgrace
It's your turn to go to where they hold your stones
& free them from their cage
In our problem hole we'll find another goal
Would you be erased?
Would you be erased?
Is it possible that we could learn to love us all?
Despite of our face that complicates their case
Would you be erased?
Would you be erased?

Would you be erased if I go?



Sympathy

There is something sacred at the bottom of the bottle of this medicine
Taken in short bursts it causes side effects of migraine & sleeplessness
Hold it in, choke it down, & please look around for anyone who's sleeping here
I don't have any sympathy for those not attuned to the radio's buzz
This shit makes your heart stop. Briefly,
Integrally,
Shortly

Fondly, ahem
Clear your throat
& hack up those sounds of our tribulations
Made evident by the texture of your phlegm
It looks like a mixture of cough syrup & bat guano
Stuck inside a matrix of relish
& pita bread

Sympathy, rescue me

Sub-harmonious crowd puking off the porch
It's mid-winter & we're all hopped up on pills
Yellow ones, white ones, purple ones, blue ones, orange ones, beige ones,
Though no green pills; the green ones are just manufactured grass
I'm sorry, no need here 'cause we've got the natural stuff
The good stuff, named after the Earth's colorful crown

Sympathy, kill me

Empathy is a totalitarian system
Created by those hoping to hold over you, a debt
Pity & matrimony go hand in hand
And addiction never knows it's related
Too far off into the plastic coffin
W/ barcode & straddling powdered bus
Hoping to have, fun?
Failure

Fondly, ahem
Jade thanks me & we battle
With hooks & chains & hot needles
On the plain of one thousand screams
All the way through the night
He shows me my own disasters
& the death of my most beloved
Bail bonds

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