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Zachary Lee

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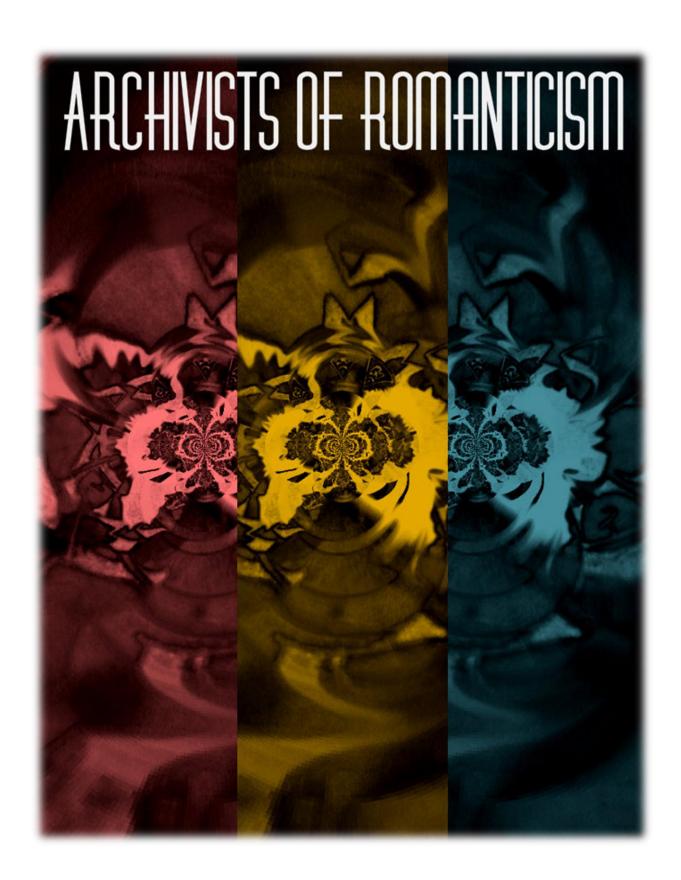
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The most useful thing you can do for yourself, is to realize how incredible & paradoxical you are

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

Humans are the archivists of romanticism & shamans are their guides while the poets are their teachers

W/ the world we are born into.

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 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

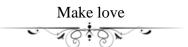
The pills were thrown Into our throats

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



#### **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**

#### Slick & Precise Sound Bites

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

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

Or what is wrong with all your kin

& what is sin

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

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

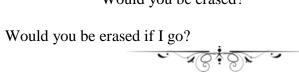
When is a forceful image of vanity wanted? Whenever it is thought that we need it To push the public down, to make the perfect proud Of their impossible, irresponsible, intolerable face

> 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?



# **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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