

FATE!

FEAR

Dreams



FATE FEAR DREAMS

by

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It's really hard to stay awake,
to balance on a precipice,
overlooking housing blocks
where your life lives, never waking

from dreams that the world is shaking--
when, in fact, it's wholly still.
It sits there, whole, in space, until
it doesn't. A world. How boring.

People, like some god snoring,
make living almost hard to bear--
and lovely too, if we're
being totally honest. We're not.

What we need is something hot,
like the sun, or a beating heart,
to burn us, wake us with a start.
Or maybe just more of the same.

Maybe that'll do the trick.
The same old thing, all over again.
I'm making myself sick

Just thinking about it.
I have to think life is more than some brain
struggling to doubt it.

WRITTEN ON A PHONE WHILE DRUNK

A man is a bag of balls. Each ball is an idea or a fantasy or a desire or a memory.

One ball just fucked the blonde woman at the table opposite in the tight jeans and indigo sweater without her noticing.

One ball is a memory of getting naked with his friend and imitating sex.

One ball is Bob Dylan.

One ball is jerking off in front of the mirror, watching the semen ejaculate dispassionately from his penis, the look on his face more emotional than his actual feelings.

One ball is a feeling of kinship with all of humankind.

One ball is a sensitivity to the stupid, crude, unfeeling sex talk of men with men.

One ball is a list of favourite songs.

One ball is a list of songwriters he believes he is as good as if not better than.

One ball is his mother's soft, tan thighs and how cool and still they feel when he falls asleep on her lap.

One ball is unfollowing his ex-girlfriend looking beautiful on Facebook.

One ball is walking in on his grandmother changing her blouse: her soft aging flesh giving more than slightly around the rim of her wide white bra.

One ball is shame.

One ball hates people and wants them to die.

One ball loves people and wants them to live.

One ball is Walt Whitman.

One ball knows better than you do.

One ball talks to God.

One ball says God can go fuck Himself.

One ball cries in bed at night, asking God WHY?

One ball expects an answer, another ball doesn't.

One ball is loving friends.

One ball would kill that fucking rapist. Fucking kill him with bare hands.

One ball understands the social and economic conditions that lead a maladjusted individual in a capitalist society to reflect the violent materialism of civilization in the form of riot.

One ball thinks you're full of fucking shit.

One ball wants to get a blowjob every day. At least.

One ball wants romance and nothing else. Romance without a sense of time.

POETRY IS THE ART OF ECONOMY AND SURPRISE

Mid morning market
Dust from the roadside
A man calls out from his open chest
Eardrums burst
Strewn vegetables
Spilled meat

AN OPEN LETTER TO JESUS CHRIST, FORMER CELEBRITY AND
STATESMAN

Jesus, I need to have a word with you. I think there's something you should know, and you'll want to hear it from a friend: the work will commence without you. We can correct our own errors. We'll take hot baths and treat ourselves to rich meals. In spring, we'll come home for the lambing--but don't ask us to believe. We have too many sons already and no father at all. There is a band of green in our bellies that needs feeding daily, hourly, every moment. I'm sorry, but you're much too red. Don't worry. No one can see you hanging suspended in mid-air. Don't be afraid. There's no place to fall. You took it all with you. There will be a new kind of smoke to carry you where incense could never go. With every breath you move closer to the emptiness that holds you, cloistered in the public dream. You know it's your time. Thank you for your generous silence.

Hydrogen
H — Name of element
 — Symbol
 1 — Atomic number

METALS										NONMETALS								RARE GASES VIII
How Unique You Are!																		
I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII	VIII											VIII
Li	Be	B	C	N	O	F	Ne											He
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10											2
Na	Mg	Al	Si	P	S	Cl	Ar											
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18											
TRANSITION ELEMENTS																		
K	Ca	Sc	Ti	V	Cr	Mn	Fe	Co	Ni	Cu	Zn	Ga	Ge	As	Se	Br	Kr	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	
Rb	Sr	Y	Zr	Nb	Mo	Tc	Ru	Rh	Pd	Ag	Cd	In	Sn	Sb	Te	I	Xe	
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	
Cs	Ba		Hf	Ta	W	Re	Os	Ir	Pt	Au	Hg	Tl	Pb	Bi	Po	At	Rn	
55	56		72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	
Fr	Ra																	
87	88		104	105	106	107	108	109										

Lanthanide series	La	Ce	Pr	Nd	Pm	Sm	Eu	Gd	Tb	Dy	Ho	Er	Tm	Yb	Lu
	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71
Actinide series	Ac	Th	Pa	U	Np	Pu	Am	Cm	Bk	Cf	Es	Fm	Md	No	Lr
	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103

Do the order and harmony of elements in the periodic table reflect mere chance or intelligent design?

My friend Peter is dead.
Here was a man with a heart.
Here was a man who typed thousands
of words every day
with one finger.
Here was a man who understood
the fatal black energy
sticky from the earth's belly
that powers our ignorance.
Here was a man who endured my moods
which may be the most colossal feat
I can list here.
Here was a man who said to me:
"You can write"
then expected me to do it.
Here is a man who travelled the
length and breadth of the English
language, then came back to the
humdrum world of party tricks
and souvenirs
Here is a man who gave me a dictio-
nary and expected me to use it
which I did and now I'm travelling
the English language too and I keep
finding his footprints wherever I go
Here is a man who exploded with
pride in his gardening
who taught me to crack the earth
who kindly guided me in the
supernatural conversation with
soil that makes lettuce grow
lettuce that becomes salad that
you feed your friends to tell them
that you love them
Here is a man who shed tears for
wolves
who fed a raccoon through a
rip in the screen door next
to his desk
Here is a man who loved the animal
in cats
gave them the names of Roman

emperors
let them stalk their empires
freely even if it killed them
which it sometimes did
but that's life and they were
animals and he loved the
animal in them
Here is a man who was a viking
without being a barbarian
who locked forearms with
his friends instead of a
touchless wilting handshake
who hugged like a bear because
he really loved you
who never gave up on a friend
who stormed through armies
of knowledge to emerge hurt
but wiser, because he knew
as much as the next guy
who dried as many tears as he
shed
who cooked for 12 even if he
was all alone
who kept milk in the fridge
even though he hated milk
because his friends took milk in
their tea and what if they
surprised him with a visit?
who spread out feasts for the
birds, happy to watch them happy
who knew some terrific insults
who taught me not to shout to the
drowning from the riverbank
but to jump in and convince
them to swim
Here was a man who was my friend

for Peter Beutel, 1955-2012
14 March '12

NEPENTHE

Sliding down the sticky side
inside my Nepenthe.
Face first into the sappy sweet.
I could lay here, sleeping, happy.

Let the toothless world chomp itself.
I've got better things to do than die here--
like sleeping. Screaming. Waking up dreaming.
Gliding down some Elgin face on a tear.

Don't bother me. I've done my penance.
Three thousand years of roundabouts, frozen.
All that whispering erases you.
Seven billion tender hearts--dime a dozen.

Nepenthe sunspots on my cheeks.
Because while I sleep, the sun sleeps in me.
Night's cool finger, the drunk who speaks:
a city of night light keeps in me.

A city, a saw, a sour apple seed--
a jungle where the trees are falling.
A jungle where the flowers need meat--
beating hearts hear the sweet sleep calling.



SPAGHETTI FOR BRAINS

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