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remembering that writing we once saw while you were not chewing bread vigorously enough for my taste is unflinching like all those promises kept broken that could simply have been fixed by a misunderstanding of each others observations brought forthright into lights deep darkness as sparrows tremble from the weight of their own animosity and self contained inconvenience is never always trite and unwilling to be more than something in of and of its selves best interest with the keenest intent to dispose of all waste products especially those whose time never reached the inevitable conclusion of birth and their own rites of passages of even the greatest novels never spoke to me in the tongue of lust that a child can only fully appreciate as his understandings speak volumes of our lack there of their rights to truthful silence and broken space that could fill an entire tub with brine floating to the surface even after the fact has spoken for you still do not have anything to say to yourself at the mirror she looks more and more like her grandmothers favorite trophy winning slug who beat them down with the insistence on an inoperable means to establishing good grooming despite lack of well being is often less that enough for my enjoyment i figured i should not have let them in on a supple secret that is not defying your truly miraculous intentions like the bird that could run faster than the wind and swoop down on their prey without the least bit of a hesitation like that mouse whose tale is its last sign of life while other rodents scurry by in beautiful confusion as though all of our problems in the world have not ever been more than the deepest of truth is less overrated than the bible and kissing each others necks never really did it for the boy who could only love others and tried to live for more nights than a cat whose got four more before death in a state of complete compassion and concentration while others stand over him fearing the wrath of the one who might possibly not have all answers though who is not to say what one is incapable of describing is a testament to the modern woman and her struggle for repression and a fit of soothing anguish that nurses her back to life and brings solace to each of her brothers children who go through each and every other day trying not to mourn over broken systems that are now obsolete and retract upon themselves like a snake who enjoys his own tail or a man who would much rather have sex with himself than any other beast or even women cannot decide for themselves and need to be told what to think or not to act so as to be inappropriate and pluck of her own sexual destruction which is often quite troubling to her coworkers and the union that my father represents will have a hard time supporting their lack of rebellious nature that makes it impossible to swap spit with a stranger and taste the heat of his breath and its purgatory unfolds and you can not even tell if she is no longer alive or dead wrong about what others misconstrue as self serving detail that grows less and less defiant with time only avoids prolonging the question that you often taught me to answer but then forgot yourself and how did you manage to change into something so beautiful that it is as if she does not even know you anymore or what to think about herself in such a state of perplexity that everything turns on outward as all the planets revolve around earth like arjuns in disguise while their deeds go unpunished and their hygiene is impeccable in its own ambiguity and what would be the best way to initiate a counter is so smooth when ice slides down into your throat with the ease of

dust you should consider standing your ground and reach further up into the grass while extracting only what is essential and timeless does not truly exist outside of our minds having the best of times inside of dreams that teach us how life should not belong within hollow hopes and deepened succession which might seem less than arbitrary had it not been weighing down the energy of diseased children are far less capable than the credit should not be given unto ourselves when we can not truly raise our hands to the sky and appreciate the length of time before death that one can control depending upon personal unwavering strength that i can help them wrestle with all they want is for as much inconsistency in a ceaseless and fluid manner that draws out breath in a form of unreasonable dexterity that cannot be prolonged after birth is when it becomes most necessary but not the least bit inherent though some give up easier than others there wishes are met only with truly reluctant appreciation as powerful as truthful apparitions single out wrong from understanding left from right left back to fend for himself while he struggles to meet her unimaginable needs less than you could not give back to them who have warned you to avoid giving back any sense of self worthless dignity meets them at the end of the road passed desire and above despair looking down on such an enormous creation devised so simply and also without halting it is hard not to repeat ones own triumphs that soon become mistakes and can no longer be held as truths indivisible and apparent as some who take death as lifes great blessing it is not the salvation that waves beneath the earth that can only be feared by those who truly believe in such unconditionally admirable hesitation when things are right not as they seem and elegant sense of longing is enough for two days and a forthright outlook moving backwards until faith is all that we no longer have anything else to tie them down within their own sense of belief and triumphant lack of accusation makes this all the more troubling from a start that one has no control over such as with immediate surroundings draw away from inward attention and reflect back upon themselves looking outward into the water above their heads while clawing to the top grasping on for life and for the first time consciously avoiding their own death while fish plunge the depths all around in such ease and contentment until land draws them up by man for a childs deepest darkest satisfactions after you have labored someday in a factory not exclusively for him and for what is not the purpose because it is so essential like animal must sustain man must sustain god for who else comes next would not think to know what some do think they do not know they think while they are not actually consciously thinking that you realize that constant action is more consistent than breathing is often hesitant especially in situations of passion that draw one back into the ocean of procreation accelerating above and below the murky depths of the heavens moving down upon you quicker and slower possibly not at all happening as fast as previously understood beauty kept by the praise and insanity which pushes down and cannot ask for more than equally rationed portions so that their livestock festers and is not absorbed by mouths sucking on fingers and they are remarkably pale in comparison mental complexions or hang up the phone and remove the speaker to discover a trace of mechanical parts that have been recycled like plastic into a burnt mass of hope that must give way to superiority complexes and gas explodes into your mask suffocating like the eye of jesus than can be seen only by the native population of the dirt beneath your feet and natures patterns reflect like a paper shadow with drops of rain and shadows that let gods light be shone to those who no longer believe in umbrellas as a fashion statement though he walks under an endless maze of latters and writes down her portrait that he is too deaf to hear and blind to paint in dads own image immaculately grotesque with burlesque sexuality that is sensual as islamic pride and jewish girls awaiting to come of age with purposes unfulfilled and purses overflowing with suicide notes that she reads and laughs understanding that he will soon be in gods arms cradled in the wings of his provider forever and after the fall as octobers winds provide training for the summers breeze so that you shiver when you sleep and despise your waking existence is so unathetically tiresome like sitting in a car for hours as birds fly by you glimpse down at the heavens below and are caught up in their nostalgia for the baths of greek

empires that were nothing more than the breeding ground for modern children that find beauty only in the past and dread the future like plagues when life became so precious you could not keep up and lost your balance as you tried to ride your bicycle home from the fields where you were beaten metaphysically straining under the weight of your mistresses' whip and the ebb and flow of the apple tree that he never did his best to avoid and made the confession man to man not son to mother could not lead you forever though your paths may collide there will still be the singularity of mutual interest and hopeless goals with awkward time and far too many characters in which you have always been losing yourself while dying should have done better to read the label and realize that the product is not for your kind but for the ugly few who desecrate the earth only to make you look better in your old age as though youth has finally passed through your lungs and a weight has been lifted placing the burden on others whom we have taught to learn about him so as to avoid the repetition of mistakes that only she can not perceive and thus the cycle takes on a new vigor while leaving you expired and forgotten like the hopes of dead who would have done well to have never existed in the first place and yet this definitely will not be the last time as father teaches daughter that man is sex and desires only submission even though he has never been truly dominant and unresolved like that horrible music in her mind that tells her that she can not be trusted even with his own death and as a result creates a new life to ease the burden while instilling a mutual emptiness that fills the room like a blinding vapor so that my eyes show me that i can no longer trust myself and might as well be in a waiting room that reeks of death and shows them that they are not above life and that every tear will purge that ecstatic infection known as love for times remembered as they never were and then you learn that they should have been more forthright with their pretty hate mechanical minds and distressed signals as they rear end their way into new beginnings

Having had trouble deciding which past instance was least unfortunate and thinking the opposite of what is meant it is not hard to tell who is coming out short in the long run and the liquid has long since become a necessity both in cum and alcohol we insincerely regret our decisions that we are not capable of making as each stems from each other on a day to day basis and time could help pulling us back in our haste

Otherwise confidence was circumstantial evidence is all that there is to rely on that our love has consumed us making us ugly and weeks continue to pass us by the wayside and it is as heartbreaking as the bus terminal disease and the subway station waiting for sleep all day with the lack of proper physical condition leading to all encompassing mental anguish and the waters depression

Tarnish our hopes and intimidate our lust or keep things as they once were but should not be seen with emotion leads to confusing endings and life has long since passed as teenage years and broken glass cut away ties leaving our hearts consumed with lies

The beach is becoming a distant memory or do you remember all that was not said approaches December breeze makes me know I'm alone with thoughts of nights spent crying in your cushion and soft skin bruised and bitten but the longing was mutual though the burdens were too much to bare your love for me and I will die eventually though the paths stretch on for eternity seems more apparent alone but not necessarily more confusing than twice before we were together and will the cycle be broken and will I know when I'm gone what I should have done before or do we all know it already but cannot admit it to our self worth depleishes as sex drive me to the beach and sleep under the stairs at night and love passes like life

and there they were not walking or having avoided a moment to regroup their thoughts were sincerely misled hoping for less fortunate behavior than a glimpse of God could not provide resolution from doubting your self worth if only he was better equipped to instruct the guidelines to our people remind me of different ambitions set forth from guidelines that avoid intervention and then they try and invent a new purpose for falling out of each other's bad graces of themselves that one day they will not recount towards their grandchildren and away from uninitiated future generations haven't set a thought forth away from the time being stained on my shirt that tells you to venture near at all costs coming further backwards to when your grandparents had first imagined death and you had already lived in our hearts for generations to come back so as not to regress without the unusual reiterations that should be helplessly avoided as the plague has been gone now for out thousands of decades forward with stops accordingly manifesting their inner nature as large as particles of hair relinquished from nervous scalps that can no longer hold on to secret thoughts and instead opt to think no more knowing that we have already imagined such things even outside of our own dreams of reality could possibly cease to teach us to practice enjoyment of her fruits or of his labors lingering just to disprove that unobtainable point that I wish only you could know and instruct others along with ourselves more reluctant young years draw near and our lives are over and over and over and over there we spot our perceptions swinging by the fence beyond the gate which has long since rusted shut like a love trap full of emotions gone sour leaving them to cower in fear and possibly even question self worth is deserving of my full attention is not on the matter at hand but on all that does not matter is it a pure substance guided planning on avoiding waste would be unmentionably tragic beginnings of self serving endings when it has yet to become quite apparent from the onset that there is a goal to reach to fill it with as much emptiness as can not possibly even be imagined reluctantly so as to increase their self awareness is constantly fluctuating as gills cling to breath in a squeeze box when it is inappropriate to laugh but do not know if that would not be the least honest reaction would possibly be to hesitate explaining what one looks for in characterizing their own mistakes are the hardest chances they might ever take care to be cautious but as with the wind chance is unavoidable possibly encouraging in retrospect uncanny circumspection as comfortable as the least painful circumcision is a given when avoiding one's own faith on the path her father has set out for the children to march on home from work with promises kept lingering till they are forgotten sex is usually the best on nerves that choose to way thin like the rack worn thin line divides pages of reinvigorated manuscripts mixing blood and semen that could make only them proud like a mother's triumphant return to school now blind learning to invent a wheel worth passing on to future generations that regard sight as a curse when it is best to taste what you want first and foremost mostly residual and appropriately deserving like the singling out of the sexes and the impolite let downs of previous generations of French peasants that want nothing less than potatoes or starvation could possibly not be a better option when a thin line divides successes and failures usually win out in the end

through wheels set in motion determination is insubstantial paths provided less resolution in a heroic fashion as they do not always lead to victorious outcomes or ceremonious beginnings are undeniably predetermined occurrences we feebly attempt to avoid what I know in my heart is truly imprisoned though my mind is set free thoughts come with a cost like the candles in a cathedral as salvation is not priceless and love is work like physical conditioning and emotional walls provide the greatest comfort is holding handicapped sentiments a sidewalk crowded with possibilities and keeping your head down is the safest bet you did not want to make that decision is pain and suffering builds character judgments towards others are inevitable providing evidence of selfish existence is calming like waking up early in the morning knowing that the day will not begin until you are ready to wake up with sadness

while you were looking the other way was over there is a better chance of gathering your thoughts are with me constantly through he who touches your soft spoken and i know that depends on who is not around for you too enjoy picking scabs knowing that removing retractable land fills the spaces where water is less present a sacrifice to god water is all encompassing according to your jewish intuition constantly on the look out for uprising son and disenchanting father figure out the proper weight too much and leaves of falling hair laid back pains and urgent spasms teaching it is better to listen first back towards eventuality is all that there really is to offer new experience at a cheaper inconvenience me more than you once did cause convenience is waking up and knowing more that there is less to doubt that trouble is pervasive and evade the general course as the hair that grows thicker as you frown and does its best to hide exuberance ran out the window in search of the sky and found more than expected to discover a new momentum and redesign the interior cavity is superior to the outside words do not do justice

