

Tyler Drenon

Nous/e

It's a false universe of prison
Trying to grow up and make itself anything.
Trying to fill the chasm it made
Scratching through a pinhole.
It's a braided hill of worms
Crazed by voltage and genesis.
Folding into itself
Like the ocean chewing earth into sand.
Rolling as a sluggish sphere
Only shuffling a momentary belt across the desert.

Blood Orange

Deserted skin in a bowl watches the unblinking tomb of the crux open up.
Loose from it's bulk, scored and hemorrhaging.
Hunks of pulp seizing in acid.
Family vapors waltz and wax gestalt.
The swallowed wombs' immune energy opus digs in.
Roots audit the Earth from a pile of shit.
Burst from a flowering stalk and spin with it until its spread too thin.

Sciencish

Oak silhouettes carve the slatted blinds to bone
Where they sag, kissing the window.
Segmented and relative concretely,
But hominiform with the soft curls of bended light.

Don't just sit there.

They could shiver and fall on the floor,
If life could forgive itself for being.
They could burst there
Into a chalky cloud of vinyl
And recreate the genesis of the universe
Eddies in eddies in bigger eddies
Or the tumult of an atom,
If there's any difference.
They could fan out like a wing from their stations
And skim jagged waves
Through the billows of orbitless dust
Cropped in the beam of their projectors.
They could scrape against themselves
In bowstrokes of dead skin and plastic.
But they won't.