

Jacob Reber

Milk Sweat

clumsy nerve endings

spill milk all over the warped

wooden flatlands

we knew it would happen

barely make us laugh

we would be dead before

anyone came to find us

not save us

they already tried that

with greasy finger tips

and rotting epiphanies

they lie through their lips

but we can read the brainwaves

The Cult of the Fictitious

Lepers' graying hands
Trace the outlines on my arms
Of the life that thrusts its way through
to find existence-
essence.

Like a frightened child
escaping
the screams
of his father's stumbling
rampage,
I crawl through
the seeing iris
with blistered palms,
to live a life
deliberately-

I slip beneath the lens of the exterior,

Miniature mountains coat my arms
As the icy oxygen irritates the wind
I kiss the wilderness within the
fragments of my psyche
musing giants of contemplation,
with leaves
my skin howls
laid bare,
I wail lovely thoughts

The anthropocentric animals
and I
can stare into the night
with our eyes sealed
And see the stars through our
immaterial eyelids

It is here
We become
The cult of the fictitious,
Praising the transcendentalists,
Transcending

Burning holes in our brains
We see the dripping sun spill
Silhouettes
Swaying towards their eventual graves
Deliberately.

I Can Still Hear the Echoes

I can still hear the echoes
of the self proclaimed beat gods
rousing my soul.
I feel the coyote snarl room dividing me
from the rest of my generation.
Another hour was meant for my poems
To drip from my pen
And mix
With a xanax driven psycho highway chaser blinking sleep.
The needle in my head is skipping and scratching
At the embryos of my adolescent thought, creating
New mountain knuckles
To let old church harmonics
Ring out
and let the Holy Cross and rushed nails scab over my drug loving heart.
Pain is the easiest drug to get your addict finger tips on.
One quick slice, splice opens up the spiritual truths you've placed your dreams on, the natural truth riddled with
screaming tendons of tranquility.
We are real when we chose to live in the druggy sanctuary and cling to madness with broken fingers and blistered
knees
And sun aged eyelids and white out pupils.
I revel in every soul squeezing phrase with mankind diction and iodine spotted periods.
Religious words spat out on pages among coffee stains
Magazines, broken bottled beers, blank sheets, rolling paper, and ghost rings of empty glasses.
Asaph melodies remind us of
cultural captivity, the materialized man.
Soft soaked mind thoughts
In acid contemplating madness and religion in
One empty sentence,
Sing to me
with no bullshit bluntness.
The enlightened dead beats rise
In spiritual memories – we
Are only as mad as
We ought be.

Seamless Doctors Silky

silky seamless doctors

put words into the mouths

of anesthetized

patients with their eyes

wide and cotton

balls in their ears and nothing

in their brains anymore

unless the broken glass

hopes still exist in fragments.

doctors seamless silky

gray professional suits

funereal carpets

real prescriptions

used recreationally

their sunglasses don't recognize

they are still too cool to see dead patients

Swimming pools Nude

Coated in green-tinted cytoplasm

where our arms are connected by saggy tissue

the dogs hum into the feedback

stitched with amateur precision

knife wound cut backs

in lung water splashing fishlegs

we split uneven down the seems

sewn fresh and foolishly

even hearts slip out spread puddle

gluey liquid seeps

then explodes as it drips

oozing atomic explosions

the doctors made promises

but love only sees the new

fireworks

rockets remember the transparent

human gelatin messes

pools of the liquid saliva

or bloodhound swooping drool

collected until we float

so our feet do not touch