

About *[Untitled in Black]* by Greg Bem:

This book was originally written in October and November, 2016.

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All words in this book are by the author. This book is a compilation of tweets/Twitter poems originally published via [@gregbem](https://twitter.com/gregbem).

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This book is for Scherezade Siobhan, who built me into structure despite it all and despite it all I'm sorry, all I have is this visceral refuse.

This book uses the font Century Gothic.

The companion book to this book is the poetry compilation *American Works: Efforts*, also released in December, 2016.

More information about these books and Greg Bem can be found at <http://gregbem.com>.

For inquiries about this book, send a message to gregbem@gmail.com.

Independence or bust
I'll take my American
And eat it too
The rot left on outside
Fur a lag for the jaw
Cause these muscles
Be newish

Ps

Michael Gizzi

Or bust

Like a wall

Like Justice

Rest in peace

American pieces

Filly and filthy

And the sediments

Are golemish

Trigonometry

Of the face of the

Plutocrat

A liked candidate

Has jawbones

As mastered

As jowls

Or did I mean jewels

Emerald drip loss

Pale limbs
And the joy
Does not matter
Objectively
The white
A porcelain
Popcorn
Scrumptious
Tho futile
For in six months
We'll burn

Nodding off

The Uninstaller

A gesture

Sit in bed

Lie in bed

Uninstalled

From the world

From the Uninstaller

A punk rock

With no tones

I mean really
Your tweet was—
Who cares
The way cars roar
2 blocks away
And your tweet was—
And who cares
Just memories
Of snow
In cities

I can give it up

As live as

A whistle

And a shout

Or a cleverness

The death of it

More alive

Than the life

Cause they notice

Our gasps

No one

Or everyone

Or between

It will

Or won't

Be read

This alley

Of text

And mediocre

Space

Is waiting

To erode

To rapidly

Disappear

I look down the well
Of a city that holds me
Cradle of thorns
Of a city that holds me
Entrails of unborn
Of a
Claw scratch
City that
And

Those who come
With eyes of sapphire
Replacements
Those who go
With eyes of basalt
Soothsayers
A placement of fides
Relinquished stone

American poems
Suit them
Selves are
Deadened
And dependable
While street corners
Are drunk
And sloppy
As are these blankets
My vomit

An American poem
Written in a parking lot
Snake of a hangover
Around my neck
Snot barely bursting
Nose as cold
As an open heart

Speaking of

Silence

The heart

Is chilled

Refuses to give

Fuses to receive

There is a sun

Somewhere up there

And here

Same people

As before

A reddish glare

Original gangster

Of seasons

A dying

As blaze

Of glory

Originally

Monstrous

Now mostly

Pathetic

Or perhaps

Textual

These days
Life hurts
Like siphoning
Or cypher
Glyphs as coughs
Lungs as mirrors
Pretense
Of health
This old
Must leave room
For collapse

a walk
through dead leaves
a signal
through living thieves
and the winter
cuts the purses
and rips the hair
my scalp
bloodied quadrangles

ramp of rain
screaming bonnets
across my glasses
and there is precious waiting
and an overripened heart
falling into moldy chunks
blood ends

could have been
the mold of the moss
or the breath of the metal
that scathing brushes skin
turns fingertips rusted
a cuff of wind seals tone

then remembering

Excedrin

and the oxidation

a neuro blanket

an activity

of bright faces

stolen gaze

covering mourning

remembering

mind death

No Messiahs

none

this town cry

a dead book

a filament

and angled characters

All the Messiahs

we thought were born

are torqued

tongues torn

what happened to love
the love that I called freedom
that I called the steps
that led out of this cellar
perhaps ethereal
it could escape

if death arrived
there would be a pitiless toss
unused lighter
hitting damp corners
eyes falling away
fullness of shadow
lack of flame

as usual

the drunk will come

for it is a clock

singing singeing

patterns repetition

bluish blur of fate

scorn for concern

the docked skull

you don't know
where it's come
where the success
coexists or
it's a form of craze
like a lake
open
whole
swallowing
current of wind
visible

And then
The Roma
Comes to
Across
Many coasts
And vision
Gets blurred
And cries
Ring out
Landscape
Not stopping
For any breath
Or love

Her cruelty
Is an art form
Played slowly
Vague reflection
Of chrome
Or melted plastic
Though it drapes
Like a flag
Darkly bearing
History

Reach

Inwards

Bell ringing

Trauma frozen

Shadow unflinching

Wordless

Along streets

Offering sorrow

Or a dance

Fully inebriated

Fully awake

Nina Simone

coats

broken hearts

parts floating

down

rain gutters

building up

collective

of beating

endings

in a world of

gored

beginnings

she drinks
the fountains
of past lovers
and has been
drinking
drinking
from that fountain
sun risen
warped to dust
their words
shiny heat

One too
Many
Tom Waits
Tunes
In a youth
Of war
Of attention
And thus
My heart
Reeking
Of aches
My mind
Perpetual
Stupor
In gutter
And alley

Uninstaller

Only to become

Reinvigorated

Through the trauma

Of a dying screen

Dead romance

Kept on my waist

The drunks

In the distance

Twirl

It is self

Serving to

Write these poems

The same way

Her lyrics

Only sing

To themselves

The world

Washing away

As with any

Of these coasts

At dawn
The birds
Drop to
Death too
Soon
They need
More time
Before their
Ordained
Lives fade
And I watch
Curious
Dead myself

I'm dreaming
of a white
Christmas
because
things have been
dark too long

Sitting

With back

Against

The wall

Billy Joel's

Angry

Young Man

Portrait

Of an artist

Shattered

Glass and

Crooked

Wooden

Frame and

The self

it arrives

like police

object though

filled

suspicious

though malicious

oh how it grays

knowing this

burden this

morning that

arrives

again

I will go
and when I do
the tears
will be as streams
their waters
glacial mountain ice
holding secrets
beyond any of us
but for all of us

health
the way the
pretzel
snaps
between
molars
and also
the way
a code
gets crafted
health
as moan
between
incisors
robotic
life
twin iris

War Pigs
oh War Pigs
and the stability
of a quiet office
in the middle
of the night
when anything
when everything
could happen
could burn

arranged

honey

melting

inward

all and

alone

sweetness

uplifts

like steam

from grates

otherwise

sewers

the same

identities

renewed

The dirge

Besieged

Known of

Womb

Known of

Bodily

A too soon

Twin touch

Parallel

Horrors

We sit and

We wait and

Candles

Light dark

Entombed

0 replies 0 retweets 1 like

Reply Retweet

Ought be
Feminine
Stomach
Prowling
Pouncing
Ripped prey
Prayer rip
Flipped to
Mania
This absence
Abscess
Along
Edges
Favoritism
Despised
Too

A single tear
That is urgent
And invisible
Pinch behind the eye
Like lamination
Then the crease
Like peeled fruit
Then the rot
Oh this tear

Indeed

Like a

Calm

Drink

Of time

The liquid

Floweth

Easily

Easy

Ease

Easement

On a liquid

A pain

Or discomfort

Of discourse

Liquid

As kiss

slowly challenged
the autonomous breath
starred or bulleted
through the window
where desire is dead
as is the held blade
clattered to floor

Eluard

Along bus lines

Made of gold

And general leftovers

Is a companion

Or a piece of human

Haunting the skies

And my stomach

On puke verge

Arrogance
In floral patterns
The thorns
Interactions
Barely held
Or forgotten
While we smile
Or grimace
While dirt
Is dug up
And removed

I enter

Forest

Like

Cavity

Slowly

And

Intently

Shadows

Distractions

Light

As noise

And roughly

A path

Takes me

To water

Where slime

Festers

as untimely
as timed out
the death stands
sand sculpture
dancing with wind
sepulcher
held within
twitching wrist
and to dance
could be hope

I have

Terrible

Things

To say

The mind

Terrible

A thing

To waste

So say it

Let the right

Thing out

Or in

Frozen

Boiling

The liquid

Matters

Reject

Animals

Their image

Images

Stolen

Barely it

Ephemeral

And the sky

Barely lit

A darkness

Barely folk

Animals

Not living

As you scroll

Those paths crossed

The way markers

Dream in marks

A language

Of the damned

Jewelry faces

With jeweled

Kisses too

It's quaint

Kaleidoscopic

Applications

Developed

To develop

And to apply

The lipstick

And the hair

On the lips

The leggings

Light green

The mosses

Taking over

Limbs

What does
It mean
Fob key
In hand
I'm reaching
Out
I've reached
The void
Our spaces
Get ready
To travel
Breathe on in
And ignite
The engine

Strike up

Conversations

With pillows

And glance

At ceilings

Be alone

And look up

Oneness

Big shadow

The black roof

It's neutral

Its gaze

The eyes hurt
The boy coughs
He's old
His dying
Precedes him
The humming
Of actions
A pathos
A spoiling
Sensations
Faded gray
It's the grime

Let me out

Get me in

Ecosystems

Simulations

Deepest veins

Furthest blood

Retribution

Retroactive

Of memory

Of losses

The folded

Dry palms

What do you have

And what do you

Offer up?

A yawning

Protected

By unseen

Sunlight?

A touch of grease

Upon the cheek?

Stretch the request

Try

And no
This symbol
Is not known
To you
Your motives
Prevent
Knowing
Your fingers
Clenched
Like rubble
Warlike dreams
You warlock
Sisterly

Distort

Or don't start

A ladder

Is pulled

To a house

The siding

Rotted

With worms

My hands

Calloused

Beneath

A cooling

Sunlight

Tears stream

enjoy
the rush
of the Thai
playlist
as it strikes
your brow
electric
this is what
music
feels like
so pushed
my heels
and jumped
into ache

Jacked
Prices
And grown
Belly
And teeth
Hold signs
Secrets
The food
Sticking
Ancient
Language
Sickness
Encroached
Eyes
Heavy
Head
Swollen

Pounded keys

Pounded

The thunder

Of media

Simulations

Are festering

And we are up

Awake and greedy

Before the vortex

Of mouths

Of language

It's not
This rain
But all
The rain
Tiny
Immense
The same
A rain
Of all
For all
& while
Sitting
Does help
Trickles
Echoes
Drive forth
Anger

Eye writer

The cornea

Punctuation

The iris

A scream

Performs

Throughout

Center

The love

A vision

Purity

Thinking

Of imps

For what

Posterity

Joe of
Trader
A traitor
Traction
And deals
The way
Blondes
Look right
Through you
The way
Brunettes
Are art
Fully
Grubby
The way
Eggs stack

I want out

The same way

All of us

Do or don't

We are like

Chancellors

In the night

To carry fire

Hands charred

Smoldered

The torches

Touch

Remembering

The sexual

Within the chapel

From years ago

Only memory

Has been served

The staining

And I hardly know

Or remember

What inspired

And so I cried
Knowing crime
And salt beyond
A blackened tongue
And altitude
Where the deeper
Could be achieved
The fall
A sphere of flame

Putting her things
In a box
After a long night
Of dreams
And then waiting
Waiting for traffic
Decongestant
Combustion
These deadly talons

Françoise

Hardy

And a love

That will be

And mournful

A trust

It's not enough

To be strong

When the sun

Balloons

Into pain

And the rose

Wilts

Every
Person
Sick of
Body
But me
Sick of
The mind
It's all
Orange
From brow
To heart
To sole
And wait
Solo
All broke
River
Of blood
Trickled

Gripping fingers

With a yellow ceiling

Overhead or heads

And the glow is open

Like hair embedded into skin

Or like clothes melted into flesh

Soaked
To the core
The wayward
Warp
Precious thing
Indeed
And it's best
This drone
Of rain
As it
Blossoms to
Discomfort
Leaving me
At risk

Fractured
The way
The light
Hits the
Packages
Of candy
When I am
Already
Sick from
Eating
Marzipan
And standing
For hours
In the rain

The wretched
Waking
Weeping
Compassion
Broils at teeth
That have come
To be gritted
And I wait
For the train
Not worrying
Or forgetting

standing
upright
shower is
& isn't
blasting
the soap is
& isn't
working
(appealing)
the Rust Belt
scenes settle
like fan buzz
train tracks

Waiting
Patiently
The tomb
(Building)
(This hotel)
Cracked
Colliding
With sound
Yellow
A fading
Orange
Mindless
Coffee
And aches
Of home

Beyond

Carpet

Regal

As this

Coffee

Swells and

Blisters

Excise

Of turn

Agent

Of fire

Laughter

A hound

Hungry

The tongue

Hanging

Dried up

Sags

It's okay

You can be

Alone

I say

Italian

Diner

Surrounding

Me and

My phone

The web

Of warmth

Social

Tho empty

Soft light

Offering

Little

I'd rather
Be present
For my wine
And the cool
Look of white
A napkin
Giving me
The stare
Intensity
Fixity
A dream
Before
A return
To away

How is your Italian food?

Said no one

Their faces

Were all stuffed

With garlic bread

And all thinking of

Policies of life

Growing paunches

Sleepless in Seattle

Dead Drunk in Milwaukee

And now just wanna sleep

Or rest

And write

629pm as existence is futile

It takes
A breath
Heartbeat
Hyatt
Blanket
And a
Buzz or
Four more
Mirrors
Facing
Other
Objects
My hands
Facing
My phone
Fatigue
Sets in

Existence

An existed

Tense

A tower

Playing field

A field

Language

That beats

Like hearts

Readied

To go

Or glow

And lit

Animated

Flirtatious

In tubes
Connecting
The body
With blood
A screen
Screams out
Across
Empty but
Arranged
Readied
And tables
And tokens
And breaths
Left in awe

The foolish
And the fooled
Weathered
Triumphant
Sycophant
Like a diamond
It never stops
Shining
Or dropping
Along
The narrows
Below lives

I want
To hold
The wants
That make
My tears
Form and
I want
To hold
The needs
That keep
Our talk
Together
Like feathers
Stretching
To wind

Ardent

Avenger

The beats

I sit

Approached

By vats

Memoried

Or storied

The lurch

And hug

In warm

Brick light

The world

Outside

Crisper

Drying

Delivery
Of wasteland
Caregiving
Beyond known
And what's out
Lashes in
This glacial
Sense of now
Of being
Invisible
Before snow
And sparkle

traitors
are born
aquatic
acrobats
of night
and sleep
comes last
(at last)
with gasps
and teeth
rotten
mirrored
from within
while we speak

I spin my legs
up over head
and watch tallies
of predators
across a courtyard
the lights stay on
and we are all
and all alone
every night

a poet
trying so
to become
what is not
applicable
applicants
and triumphs
before the lake
or ocean
soggy mess
or messes
colored black

Unnecessarily

Twitter as curtain

As vomitorium

And the audience

A splash of fish

Representing

Projectiles

Landing upon files

Red from blood

meanwhile
I think
wine's better
than beer
and that must
make me
older
or aged
and that must
make me
ask the q
do I taste
better than
before?

dem moments
when I don't
belong to anyone
or anything
that I should
belong to
the vino
and the cost
of living
is forgettable
in blank
stare

Sharon Jones

I remember
seeing you at
Bumbershoot
years ago
this poem
as foolish
as me then
in a crowd
using words
to describe
a goddess

curious about ingestion of banana
and how long I have before said banana
will no longer impact state of lucidity in dreams

Greater
Freedoms
Unfold
Like worms
Who must
Enter
The dirt
Upon
The rain
Pounding
Like bombs
Patterns
Leaving
A wake
Leaving
Ourselves
Awake

I hear
The birds
They call
But I
Don't see
Them now
Open
In their
Abyss
Like mine
Like all
Its poise
Personal
Dreaming
Like bones
Scattered

a slow
vessel
is out
outrage
is time
timely
goes the
pucker
radical
and dead
the lips
chilled ice
stuck twice
into a
position
flowery
a rose

it's as if
I didn't
sit enough
in one day
the sitting
continues
trimesters
of life here
before work
during work
after work
my legs
coiled up

these twitches
are ramblings
and abuse
my impale
a sword black
sword of storm
cannot grasp
can be stabbed
the slicing
rigidity
forlorn dip

don't bother
staring lit
your eyes right
and brightly
remember
dust patterns
the desert
and its sighs
sights shaken
stirred by wind
and hope

nothing echoed
rolling lives
lifestyle glass
shattered &
splinter web
will slice quick
sprightly owned
a hole's sound
when body's
been bent

pondering death
the decay
of mushrooms
and the rot
of the logs
in silence
of dampness
forest quick
rush of weight
blight of care
passageways

I research the poor
and somehow I am
always without
wisely lacking
though my books
have been read
and my skin scalded
by a water of cooking

pulsing a thick ice
a bludgeoning cold
and the quirk of freezing
within and beneath ice
there is a purge of data
imagination of devices
done

how would you ramble
about a poor you wish to know
and the lack of coinage in a purse
and the lack of care to seek it out
and the "and the"

light shines through blinds
lightly but piercing pure
and the blinds do as they say
and I am blinded in the space
hands energized eyes weak

she refuses
to believe
anything good
while hungover
I believe this
that hangovers
are forever
& that we
are perpetually
sickly &
constricted

banana

moistly present

& mostly done

& my bulged gut

rotten core

acidic true

& also container

housing

memories

coming forward

for us all

