

CONSTRUCTION

4

2/4/18 - 3/21/18

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2/4/18

A further imagining of endearment in Columbia City,
each moment feeling sprinkled with the beyond-ideal.

2/6

I am imagining it as smoke but in reality it is day.

The original cackle of the city a quiet, material thrill.

2/8

The studious construction in the morning studies my waking patterns,
aroused to be spilt like dreams across our floor of consciousness.

2/9

They have built stairs that reach the infinite.

The path is visible in every moment imaginable.

2/10

The more ominous we become when we are asleep:
feeding mechanism to how we view external structures.

2/11

Wind's presence on all the corners, all the edges,
speaking to us through ninety degrees, all degrees.

2/11

The return to the text is a porous surface on a spatula.

Who is smearing the beginnings to match the continuation?

2/13

They stand still in the penultimate platforming,
arranging to meet the light which is already out.

2/13

I am curious for the losses we keep facing through building,
how replacement becomes a satisfactory scene but not for all.

2/14

The dhamma of the reversal of the vehicles in their engines,
in my echoable presence in the bathroom in the well-lit.

2/14

My consciousness bounces post-skullcap and pre-skullcap,
bookended paralytic pounce in the air of the middle.

2/15

Facing towards the Cascade Mountains bedrooms walls a visor
or a vice or a processor or another set of creeping tools.

2/15

Yesterday the men were on the roof, and today they are invisible.

Do not count them as being absent even with exploding voices.

2/16

There is a wall of walls in our distant eye's creeping click.
Within the walls we see the iterative barriers dance before us.

2/16

Relit daytime in the elastic present and knowing we're like circuits
presented with an ecstatic exuberance as we push to open to know.

2/19

Looking to escape the clatter of a new moment,
I turn into filthy and mundane dreams and fully whisper.

2/19

A roundabout way of describing the ideal would be tasteless.
Beyond the pale with no mouth to remind you of perfection.

2/20

Some peril is the state that stares me down the longest road.
It's the street called Hudson, here in Seattle, namely.

2/21

The relics of the floor as the next floor will be higher.

Peace and piecemeal through the wrangle for a chosen height.

2/21

I breathe in headache and the momentum of a frozen season.

Green patches of grass are slivers of former certain selves.

2/21

I never noticed the white trim that elegantly stands grotesque.

Neighboring buildings hold the harshest secrets of American beauty.

2/22

He mentioned illusions of grandeur as though it were a pommel.

They are building ceilings above my own with orange wooden frames.

2/22

The Winter Wasteland is filled with the same streets of waste.
In my soulful harness I carry tools of survival, and destruction.

2/22

They come with world politics and the changing colors of cold
while the pain of nerves in my elbow seeks to wake me into care.

2/22

A promenade of verse through the brittle, broken extensions of finger.

When even the slightest vibrations cause acidic pain, type and type more.

2/23

Sometimes there is hate in the construction.

And that hate is right in front of you and the construction.

2/23

Gaslamp the lingo of the throat.

The mixtures of an endless spool of fallacies.

2/23

We could all live in that tower of treachery.
But we would call it by another name entirely.

2/24

Early Saturday where he hangs on like a phantom.

Face is as obscure as the precision of memory.

2/24

Shoveling food into my mouth to feed the throat
with reddened, useless hands splayed in abstract dance.

2/24

These lines could be tools lined in an invisible shed
while the throat of morning swallows me again and again.

2/25

I borrow a line of hatred from my fellows when the light's on
and the windows reflect that light at night to keep out the good.

2/25

Where is goodness? It's out there beyond the breath that goes and goes.
It's out there in the night where things are better comforted.

2/25

Pointless perhaps or perhaps prevalent or prevailing or otherwise.

I hold my face in the sinkhole of reality (being plot device etc).

2/25

Quick and quickly known and the grown aspirations of futility.

What does it even mean except that it comes from a fluff of mind?

2/26

With the stepping out of bed comes the rumble of some beast.
Mechanical. Gargantuan. Full breath of oil, rust, paint, potential.

2/26

They have installed the blackest frames of the windows,
open like jaws of tan gators slowly drawn in mid-exhale.

2/27

Nerve spasm and nerve wreckage leads me to think of curses.

The complacency of a building of white phantoms barks back.

2/27

Are we already confronting the red polygons of inhabitation?
Somewhere my eye twitches fainter than you've ever known.

2/28

The last day of February impales us with a special chill.

Days of the frost laden are now the shiver struck, awe down.

2/28

As aural warzone it is now a fringe space at 715AM.

Still waking up as tho wrought with urban pestilence.

2/28

Wearing a cap of skull in a post-skull-cap whirr.

Retro glance with inimical intentions seeking stillness.

2/28

We are more than the props we come from (and again).

My toes are like the innards: remaining views revisited.

3/2

I hear the call of the UI humdrum of the mind:
more questions asked in familiar ways, freshly.

3/2

Spelling out a series of retributions and the building's empty.

Early is late is early is late among the reckless and sleeping.

3/2

This program is not responding, this life is not responding,
this insinuation appears non-responsive, or it's a test.

3/4

What will this become, what will these lines become,
dark patterns sprawled like limbs upon sagged earth.

3/4

A strange hour to be wailing upon the reflective space,
and art is dreaming and rising and falling, a mélange.

3/4

Inward through to outward, and outward back by joints.

Beams. The spirits swinging, our own growing to puke.

3/5

Amidst the crooked mouths cordoning goblin spittle.

Keeping the shades drawn as we fade in and out like fireflies.

3/5

Mouth's gum a numbing effect: the pinkness, the rawness,
the incredibility habituating in this room of morning nocturne.

3/5

Pause, take in the russet-colored memories, flange fill
along the banks of tourniquet rivers to snare stomp horn bust.

3/5

It's as beautiful as you could remember it if you could remember
the memories of good always more furtive, like splice, spleen, charts.

3/6

They come with the brooms and they leave with the brooms.

The sweeping is the most silent gift imaginable.

3/6

In all the awe of the spur of the morning
a lesson in sparkles and equidistance.

3/6

Tongue rapture is finally noticing the flavors stored within mouths
while the crooked and the bent within collectivity outshines us all.

3/7

When they call and their peripherals call too
it wakes me up from a bluish space we call coherence.

3/8

Some days the muse is stapled to the wall, clogged to the drains.

Bound to frames, terminology in place, the muse croaks out, cloaked.

3/8

Slow start to a busy day for the workers of the American world.

Pertinence and beauty. Frill and thread. A retribution sticks.

3/9

Landscapes fold into landscapes, the earth crumbling, earth also humble.
I speak in the tongues of arguments of perception while they hammer.

3/9

Another layer, another piece contributing to the tower.
Timing is everything and it appears that it is also always.

3/11

I've caught up with myself through beat by beat by heart.

Trinity with overlap amidst a warm and speckled night.

3/11

Honey tongue catches the fractured pieces of mind peace.

Reword into lattice of pinkish phrases, while construction hulks.

3/13

I have given up the idea of cooking rice for just plain eating it.
Just eat it, stupid, while the workers work and eat their pockets.

3/13

Through glistening visages of carnivorous worms I woke to a sunset.

Bloody tears draped curtains covering the Cascades' west, troubled faces.

3/13

The plan is about morbidity and death.

This plan is about a cherry-blossomed pacific.

3/16

Is it through the newly-minted sky I find teardrops made of skin?
Sequence of electro pursuits of time diamondizes tones of milk.

3/16

The building is more or less of what I make of it in uttering it.

Juniper-colored forbearance of image, cherry-spoken eczema knuckles.

3/16

The eerie collapse of a vision through the slithering spin of silence.
The mood of the sleeping city and its silky inhabitants laying over.

3/16

There may be a million chirps careening across our timelines invisible,
the bounty a pleasant surprise of a docile unconscious and a fiery gut.

3/17

Designing a book the color of lips, color of the metal of the street.
Shoveling in memories, piling them into the sacred corners.

3/17

Empty building with many constructions while time slips down like honey.

Bolder here, bolder now, slick trick of taste dominating the sublime.

3/17

Where have they all proceeded? The slack jaw of another existence?
There isn't enough spiked energy in this world to control frailty of fate.

3/20

Has it really been this way for so long?

Millions of movements within the isolated crystal.

3/20

Closed blinds lead to closed eyes and a soft cough.
These buildings stack themselves up in manifestation.

3/21

Sweet sigh of the last goodbye through an Equinox,
divisions of labor through divisions of perception and clarity.

3/21

We've prepared while the building slowly builds its ghost state.
No workers in days and now we will be slipping quick once again.

3/21

In a duel of appreciation, conflict becomes mercy becomes persistence.
The twine that binds is storied, riptide of thinking is a fallen hammer.



