

Construction 6

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September 2018



poems written during

7-8-18 – 8-31-18

Hello.

You're still there.

Hello.

I'm still here.

Stuck with adhesive,

I fill the notes

allowing furniture

to allow to see

cabinets and brackets.

Revolutions and rails.

Hello.

It's insidious,

their stooping,

my stoops.

My nothings.

All evaporating

in a trail of heat.

All evaporating

the next image

propped into weight.

Construction of a static face

buried in cement

I'm buried

and very futile

the laughing stalk

of the *human* diatribe,

most human human,

most eruptive.

Erroneous, auspice, clever,

it never saddened her before,

anecdotal psycho-stimulae,

the arrest was a thickening agent,

pure blast-off bliss shake.

Incredible ceilings with posture.

Pus, pestle, the pestilence.

The lance of the pedestal.

We age like machinery ages like
projects age in this dreadful what.
The fences have grown weak and played.
The men stretch, laugh, grin, sip, puff.
Like the bats I haven't seen,
moments of movement dip and drip.
It's a solid piece of history
with solidified images of dreams.
Sequences of a landscape
beneath a bubbling
with chagrin and ecstasy
waiting to explode
upon the mark.
Volcanic slip, a slapstick,
a skate across the gentle surface.
Powerful fist of letting go.

Honesty shot down like the cat.
Broiled over the feline children
moving through shadows and shadows.
The beeping never forgets to beep.
Incessant wasping of a forest,
forested paths of concrete and refuse.
I refuse to acknowledge any degrade.
The mood of the candlelit fantasy.
Retraction of footsteps and guessing.
Experimentation a skeletal jumble.
The lack of honey is apparent and orange.
The throat once red has alluded,
been alluded to, an allusion.
Effervescent and cruel.
But all fantasies dry up industrially.
All post-fantasy works lap up sun
in day-baked realms of construction sites.

Good morning and good throat.

Good specimen dance-dating
through the quasi-abyssal mode.

It is tamarind-colored shapely
and it is the right before.

The party a paradoxical laundry.

The language a rip of paper
fluttering across a rusted gutter.

Moot points in this quarantine
beeps bumping as wave form.

Myriad of forms stumping across
and here I go again fattening up.

And here go again the girders.

And the dialect like licorice
and the heat like sentience.

Immense trade of images
for an immense neighborhood.
Give and take rituals
like breathing, meditation,
or giving in towards giving.

In my breaking body there is a broken instant.

Visions of limbs coming together in reverse.

Discontinuity of arrivals as spirited sequence.

Sip, sip before passing into summer vortex.

Oils on skin and hair like electricity's grin.

We are menaces while the city changes itself.

Vacant homes of the wanderers busied by dusting.

A groan admits while the absent chuckles omit.

The patchwork of those who menace are drills and wind.

The wind like a smooth coat over our faces.

Chloroform hypnosis and we spin out of control.

Moan into the emerging analysis of withdrawal.

But it's still there, the world, the uptick.

The strange moon's still there sitting glib.

The fiery sun's baking and brittling skins.

The dance we champion as we choose where to spit.

It's the grit in the flickering narrative.

It's the additional plating of walls making us cower.

As the wasting lands of the daily practice flicker,
dreams of the powerless home fall into the pit.
Idealism as stone fruit carrying spoonfuls of flesh.
The color of the tropics. Green. Red. Orange.
I hold onto my gut like the gasping of air is thorough.
A self-awareness leads to a resolve and preservation.
The building finds its ways toward a completion.
Nothing is really resolved, though, and all is dirty.
Truly lit by the posts of the maddening molding
the exquisite reverberation is as cellular as mountainous.
Gasps formerly mentioned are thickening agents.
Feedback mechanisms slosh like waves against distant rock.
I can hear the trigger clicking into a realized position.
Flash forward into canopies of overlap and montage.
The collaged agencies of influence are wavering again.

Oh gosh, another dollar!

And another smile

and another moment of happy grace.

The serious needs of quintessential mixes.

My body aches the yellow colors of scaffolds.

My hair turns toward the indelible invitation of paint.

Reflective or is this density the type sucking you in?

Statements on being alive and being able to understand time.

The walls aren't moving when you're not looking at them.

But men are men and work is work and the sky is a bluish white.

Nothing here is sacred or unique; nothing is an exposed possibility.

Stoner beads dangle from the anus of a contemporary crucible.

No one's watching, the forest is expanding, new links forming.

What type of scream would it require? Orgasmic? Boil of water?

The infinite pain keeping you on your toes?

The beeps of madness coming out of the lifts?

The rocking of the boat of another dollar and its smile?

Like the hem.

Or the hum.

Goes the gem

of the human.

With bulged eyes

slicing forward.

Latex written

in the dusty skin.

Horns appear out of nowhere.

The brewer's poems stick through the night.

It has never been this simply put:

falling into the slumber of the emerged day.

Are we rigid in the absence of creativity?

Is our anatomy of the grotesque forgettable?

Do we hold our faces above the pools to drown?

Scratch our skins and let the blood surface?

Thoroughly put as if there was another way.

Fiercely strange and estranged by name.

I remember her arriving in that terrible car

lifting and throwing me fists-first through a portal.

Quiet morning. Do they know they haven't contributed?

Like the jewel within the forehead do they know?

Stampede of youthful voices serves the morning well.

I hold my breath the same way we wait and wait and wait.

Until you can hear the pressure within each chest.

There is change and this project may never meet it.

Holding close along the edge of circumstance unruly.

Unruly again is why the master tricks us into open eyes.

It really does sound like a stomach.
Or I really do sound like a fool.
The champion of the day lingering in the tub.
The glass fragments I rode the bicycle upon.
Prepositional closure equals transition.
Movement is a statement like all the rest.
We can't sit still and we can't stand.
They send me fake bucks in the mail.
I listen to the piano music of Haron.
To "dodge" in the form of an automobile.
Writing what you think you know.
Taste of sweet chili on the back of the throat.
Similarities to being incredibly sick.
Thank the gods for veganism and breathing.
I won't stand because I must sit.
The water bubbles while my fingers type.
While my fingers type another black man shot.
Minoritized states of mind;
that is, focus: and intrinsic and extrinsic biases;
that is, saviors upon saviors lined up:
bubblehead complexes and intrinsic motivation.
The typing and the aphrodisiac of the colonial subconscious.

The way the lines bend the way the construction settles.
Dreamers like yolks of an egg thrown to sizzle.
What the world doesn't even know about DACA.
Does it even have to ? More powerful to know blood.
To the point: down with bureaucracy: a piano is tuned.
Or maybe the coffee is rotten and this stimulation leaks.
It is summer, however, as I watch the duckling lose.
The eagle's talons heading over the lake toward its dinnertime.
The construction site's sunset dessert: still vacant
after all these days of listlessly toiling into questionable beauty.

A pause for the idealists,
and the remotely controlled,
tethered to the threads of time.
It gets later and later.
Hour moves to hour, again.
Motioning into sugary obscurity.
This is the lacerating silence.
Bloodied by uncompassionate noise.
The human breath begins again.

I hear the sawblades
and it's the first time.
Reason being or being reason.
The slide of the quick metal.
The dash of incinerated matter.
Plow through one surface to make another.
Lotic memories hang on notice.
Things become contemporary.
This language as reaper's tongue.
I could be in Seattle for days.
Fortunately, fortune's slow gait.
The low gate swinging open and shut
in a landscape brought down.
On the other side: transcontinental.
Sawblades schisming and schisming.

Slugs are faster.

The image of the fired beacon.

The relapse. The theft.

Reading Cooperman and Walton on Rome

while things build and crumble within.

Or without. Does it matter?

The synchronicity is what's important—

to me. And the infinite padding of unawareness.

I keep the shades down so I don't have to—

I keep the window blocked at all times.

It's not even about the light anymore.

Memory triggered with or without illustration.

Hushed muse. Dull enlightenment.

These moments strung like chains around the breath.

I walked by the rooms and I could smell them.

The scent like the death of an idea.

They have put the advertisement

on the side of the building

featuring the smiling white woman.

The design in white, black, and gold.

The entire experience of being here:

whitish, blackish, enrobed in gold.

Values continue to throb with pressure.

Costs continue to expedite pain.

The smoke has returned, gone since last year.

We are marooned in the tiny pits we cling to

like new smells finding space in corners.

All aspects of you and all aspects of lights-out.
The darkened place as in: absence of electricity.
As in: we sit beyond the quiet or noisy rooms within.
All abrupt and concealing again and again and again.
I imagine her dancing like Shiva to the music.
She could be alive or dead and she would still be alive.
The building is alive with potential and unoccupied.
Soon it will be revitalized, like everywhere else.
Or nowhere, as I've written it, and siphoned with writ.
Truisms like holes bored into the fret of sickened feet.
Mesquite and marvelous, time thrown into the banter.
I can hear classics begging for attention in the distance.
Like water there is the constant push to expand and die.
Evaporation with or without a referential clause.
I sit alongside and baulk at our brutish bulk hawking along.
A thrum for excisions surrounding those who've lost face.

And now they are tearing up the road
because the road needs to be destroyed.
Each rubble is like a tooth, each crevasse
a single aligned grin to match the noise.
The air or the noise: which is worse?
Or the imagery of the machines' crushing.
It all flits about like sparks: it's energy.
In the tides and the dust I wait still.
When in fact, I destroyed my positioning:
walking down the street, I stopped to breathe.
The photo was like dynamite or sugary gasoline.
Unworking and potentially explosive the same.
The crossed wires of the dramatic insinuation.
It lingers on the breath like grayed grass patches.
The road is being destroyed because it needs to
and this poem's destruction fulfills need.

Who described this world as erroneous?

All I see are triangulations.

The bloody teeth fallen out of the mouth

chattering into their empty bedrooms

sleeping tightly among dust, spider,

shadow of blackberry empire,

the empirical observation of a spire,

the cycle and funnel of rampant loss.

It all becomes a bitter taste on tongue.

All becoming sweeter with every breath.

White shirt on brown skin: comfort.

Brown dirt under my nails: incisions.

The decision to down-slot across the floor

pirouetting the smoke-served example.

Mirror image utter cracks and traditions.

The zest is silent in the sampled letter z:

smoke covering those teeth like bedsheets.

The day they took the fan blade sizzled
and my breath guzzled into a hurried rain.
Watch the pathways of those suspected
where the wind shapes each leaf to language
and terrified trees stand naked.

Back at *Construction*, there is time
and it is identified through its silence.

An identified humility sits like a lazy smile.
My documents go on, maybe thick with mercy,
my sympathy maybe contracts into a bellow.

This is immediate.

This is a toll.

Slow start to the old day.

Smoke lingers in this air.

Stains and strands.

And so, we do little.

In living rooms

there's no laughter.

A crushed tone,

whisper-beautiful

ringing against walls.

Unspeakable medallion,

we're awaking,

voices of the corners.

We are dead,

we sip here,

we give tokens

to dead identities.

Homely spirit stays intact once more.

We stray on forgotten paths
like glistening blood along a gumline,
like cracked dirt beneath nails.

We are on it, cries to future lead us forward,
blackened ground spotted with lightning,
changelings within our hearts and breaths,
marauders beneath them then, skin taut,
opened like a mouth now dripping.

You look like a dripping mouth this morning,
behind individuals and their tendons,
behind cords leaping to keep us together.

Spouted and decadent, there's little more,
but for now, that's enough.

To say:

a path is taken and foundationally present
the same sense as our brightest longing.

I write not for this time.

The curl of the crow's catch

a keeping and a taking.

Playful defense leaking images.

Remember reading the Russian.

Remember feeling interior pieces.

A proposal: keep the winged grounded.

I dream, still, of sugar in gas tanks.

Now they have a poster on the wall:

smiling white woman with white teeth.

“Now Leasing.”

The poster curls at its edges.

I curl wondering who will live here,

minimal apartment rooms

in squares, just like me, just like us,

the whole city a great, perfect inflation.

A giant nearly-burst balloon of lifestyles

satisfying and enriched with a tilde.

I thought I could hide from the smoke,
from writing about suffocated landscapes.

Just barely
edges of *Constructed* made out.

Bobbing necessity of invisible traffics.

It aches the way it tastes in the morning.

In the demonized vacuum

of the intense throws

of this climate:

my hair spiked,

my skin aroused

my simple, shaking exhaustion.

An aesthetic of discomfort,

of paranoia, and of retribution.

I contribute and so on,

with a blank face chiseled, scraped.

The smoke moves away like a gesture of a human hand.
There are fears greater than breathing but they're hard to feel.
The burning on the throat lingers and is dull:
apocalyptic, apoplectic, riddles gaunt a singular, slung womb.
Wrists are as weak as the waist, the wasted, the wasting.
Today they are pounding the gravel, without wearing masks.
I can see the horizon again, as clear as the gravel.
Road torn up like it had to be, men with cracked skins.
There is no "we" in this bleak late-summer situation
stained against the rising slide of the built environment.
No depression but in the loudest things:
the alarm wasn't the same this morning, and we're all depressed,
and the loving moments are about as tender as the old grass.
Roots as thin as hairnets clogging the drain to the Duwamish.
Today's marked glide is tidal and bowing before golden moon.
Or it's all hollow and we're not much but collected silence.
I say this, in knowing, and feeling a cryptic future undone.

Whatever tier is now is a tier breeding whiteness.
In other words: more of the same, of the same: more.
It's a quiet, wet night in a city that doesn't have them.
In a city that's summer's face is a fallen clump of dust.
The building sits vacant, workers moved out, or in.
Out or beyond the vicinity to the sanctuary of otherness.
A precious space to be, another simulation, more building.
This machine doesn't cease, its hands all bloodied,
calluses perhaps slightly infected, ripped, malleable,
and beyond skin, beyond the face of the erected, beyond,
an escapism coming easily, breathing mimicking erasure.
The city's terraformed heart beating eruptions of paths,
rubbing against the street's curbing spines whirling complacent,
thrust hips of the new didactic, throbbing-turned-patterns.
They look at me wearing faces oozing question marks,
grim, grayed reality, intimacy split, corrosion a coordination.
Beyond, drained pipes echo: more to say in death than this.

Next day is a day of bleak bones scattered across the neighborhood.
This is of the coldest moments: interior contractors as missiles.
Range satisfactory, target hit, greatest impact, then the emptiness.
The ghosts of this explosive design erect their memory.
Sauntering across floors I will never see, will never care to,
Drab drawl of the gray painted sky wishes me away.

Their screaming again
and the sun is cooler.
Summer is throat slash
and wind burn embezzled.
We've stolen it away.
We've climate-soured
and the lashes are sizzling.
My lashes coated in dust.
The way the air scrawls
and we crawl into it.
Into the gray position.
Into the handling.
I forgot: we have power.
Staring out the window,
two men ready to act.
There will be a blackout
and it will be intentional.
The mind is goat-like.
I eye the world like meat
before the drying scrape.
Sip and act wily again.
Polish the horns against.

Frolic and upturn dirt.

Thirst is a real act,
of the animal lunge.

These men and their lives.

Textures expected and loved.

Somewhere someone misses.

Here is where I miss:

images as shuddered gifts,
realistic mashed chatter,
pebbled eyes inquisitive,
milky throat of cashew.

Empty hallowed pumping,
perhaps they will live
and perhaps they'll explode.

Their screaming no more.

I am more love today.

The yellow cap is calling.

A calling card wailing.

Situational sprout of blood.

Let me give you a hand.

Let me build this bridge.

Let me extend my mechanics.

Let me open my belly.

There will be a brightness.

It will be off your head.

It will be your protection

from my screams.

I'm more love than you know.

A thorough affair.

A looming essence.

The back's tides

a glossy water.

Chops and skips

across the lips

of bloodied surfaces.

There are black tents.

There are ruby men

wearing neon yellow

and orange stripes

and strips of pants.

An audience of grass

takes away nothing

and gives nothing also.

No knowledge but

in destruction.

Or: blithely put,

flaccid faces

carrying banners

and weird totems.

Carrying the weird.

A longitudinal study.

I breathe and you breathe

while we pick skin

and wait for it.

Last night your light was on.

And this was the first step in my undoing.

Your majesty a prime exceptionalism.

It will be a day before my light goes out.

Then we will be back to baseline.

Then we will turn the covers over.

Then we will start accepting applications.

Riptide of planks covering memory and identity.

Stolen silos of image and rebellion loosening us.

This vibration capped at maximum effectiveness.

What can you do but set the motion aside,

the blunt object readied forever, striking now?