mobile cabin

by airport

a poetry collection

poets#001

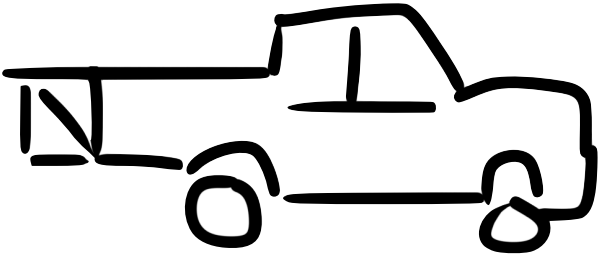
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MOBILE CABIN

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written by
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Mobile Cabin Part 1

A girl in Texas called my ride a “cute little truck”, but I ignore that and hit the gas and bounce through the backwoods mud. There’s a bump and then a splash and zoom, I’m through. Mud splatters this way and that, but never into my open window, and I’m far above the muck, on top of the world, conquering nature, throwing lightning bolts, god it feels good.

Walking up a dyke through South Carolina coastal swampland. At first it was fun to see a gator just ten feet away, or stop with my binoculars and search the water for them and call out “that’s pretty neat,” but I’ve lost track of how many gators I’ve seen, and the dyke is nearly level with the water, and they’re everywhere, and they splash off the dyke into the water before I see them, just a ripple and then their bodies floating like annoyed logs towards the reeds. I never see them first. Mile three of this hike and there are four more to go. I continue marching out this loop, and come to the end, and feel brave and like I just watched a good scary movie and like god.

Meeting a fine lil’ Mississippi woman from tinder. She likes my makeshift bed and we ride over dirt roads. We pull off the dirt road and into the forest and get touching each other. She shotguns smoke out of the cutest lil’ tooth gap I’ve ever-seen, but no, I gotta be moving on, thanks, once is enough. I drop her off at the family farm and pretend to hear the pump of a

shotgun as I drive, fast as I can, to Vicksburg, godlike in my chariot/cabin/whatever.

Reuniting with an old friend after enough years have passed that all is forgotten about and stop at every bar near the beach and it's all locals-only, but he's a local, and we're drinking for winks. There's a mass migration of suburban kids, who decided to become beachfront adults and drink, and stop thinking about "the next move", and they all feel godlike and I feel it too —on the back porch of a bar sharing a chinese cigarette with a tour boat captain.

Pulling up a forest road with steep drops and trees on all sides and there's a fallen tree covering the path forward, but I'm already 300 meters in, and there's no room for a three-point-turn, nor a ten-point, and I realize I gotta Licorice Pizza my way out, and I'm smiling and driving with my mirrors, and so what, I gently bump into a little tree before I reach the Alabama National Forest Road 313 and smile as a god smiles.

These stories pass, state to state, in no order, and in a fine mist even as they're happening. Standalone paragraphs; and the majority of the time is quiet, and I drive and smile and remember.



SHANGHAI

prose poem to a lover

one afternoon in Dalian i went over to this trans woman's place and let her fuck me. she nutted and it was chill, but she was aloof, no cuddling. afterwards we went down to the mcdonalds next to the subway station. it wasn’t a new mcdonalds; it was an old fluorescent one. i don't know if she was passing; i'm sure she doesn't either. chinese trans women liked hanging out with me—probably because a whiteguy is more eye-catching than transfolk in a tier-2 city. the stares are for me—my vanity enjoys that.

she had to go to work. i had a mcdouble. i think she worked at a hostess KTV, which is/isn’t sexwork depending on the KTV. we hooked up several times over a couple of years. she never asked for money. she paid for the mcdonalds. maybe she was management at the ktv? she was always aloof. i think of her when i go to mcdonalds.

Gross

Relax butthole, I have better things to be doing today.
There are books to read and coffee shops to plunder.
Sauntering back and forth to the bathroom box will

have to wait, as I make a pass at the sandwich girl,
or the fruit vendor, or the garbage girl for all I care.
Oh, how I care.

Of course ,
later tonight I will feed you all the disgusting things you desire, delivered under cover of night, and hopefully smog, so that even the stars can't see how I treat you. Got that, butthole? is it a deal?

Content until morning,
when
I must once again ease you into my
jeans,
so that I can make more runs at anything with a
pulse
and carry away another virgin to my ivory
tower,
without worrying about
skidmarks.

Langston Visits

I often find myself whitesplaining
600 years of injustice to a group of
students whose only reference to
personal-hardship is their mother
taking away Minecraft for a day.

Superliminal spaces where I'm
explaining a Malcolm X speech,
working illegally(?), coasting on
white privilege, waiting for a reply
on Grindr, and deciding where to
get dinner with my girlfriend.

Now they're asking about Anne
Bradstreet and, subtly, gender
politics; girls are better students is
the extent of what I've learned
about men and women. No, I'm
not married; no, I don't want to
meet your mother's cousin, and I
wish she would stop asking. You
were supposed to laugh when you
read this poem, not use it in your
vows.

Back to Langston—how to explain
Harlem in Shanghai. In an ethno-
state you gotta steer the conversa-
tion to rich-and-poor. I find myself
at a loss trying to explain the Y.

in the fruit aisle

why are you smiling?
you ask me
you had just said something
and not out of laughter
with you or
at you. I smiled.

I tried being an active listener.
it wasn't that I wasn't listening,
but
you had just said something
and I smiled
because I heard it.
not really listened,
heard it, from you,
I smiled.

From Lhasa to Manhattan

Third eye rolls out of its socket down a pier into the outstretched tentacle of a harbor octopus, the cephalopod flexes the eye on the tip of its sucker, flings the eye skyward, a falcon skewers the eye on its beak, returns to the waiting crown, plops the eye onto a stone plate painted black and gold, the Buddha grasps the eye, pops it back into the hungry socket, and springs forth with a new idea of heaven on Earth:

Land, Air & Sea burger now available at KFC.

Mottled Dove

"Are we still married?"
as your exhausted ex-husband
hoists you up into a carriage, the last
of its kind, in the French Concession.
Imagine a chaise-and-four
navigating through Xintiandi.

Covered in enough makeup
to leave a man perpetually wondering.
Never seen in daylight, except for that one time:
where we biked from the bar to my
hole in the wall. And that hardly counts
because that hole in the wall was dingy,
and you almost got hit by a Tesla.

Obscured by smoke, blacklights, and afro-pop
dance tracks, dark hallways, rental phone chargers,
texts from whoever we were with prior
(something about a pony, towing a small carriage,
galloping down bike lanes of scooter traffic and causing an incident),
no one,
least of all you,
is sure whether or not you're still married.

Line 14 x Line 19

I'm not uncomplicated. Are you?
Did you want to be? Is that
what you meant, on the sidewalk
between coffeeshops,
with espresso machines as bookstands,
making an argument? Simplicity:
house. car. kids.
clean easy serifed fonts
readable at a glance;
meant to be looked at
at a glance.

Is bringing a book on the metro
the most mysterious thing I can
accomplish? Complicated?
Shouldn't a Nook be exponentially
more deep? I wash my hands
in the metro restroom,
a self-defeating art,
and look at the tunnel mural—
hundreds of generations—
capped off by you.

Coat

You get a new coat,
grey and workmanlike and fashionable. It's all you think about, stepping around town out of a cab into a bar to the alley to home just wondering about the zipper and carefully buttoning and unbuttoning the pockets.

Till one day you're on the curb waiting for the light to turn and the people to go go go and you ain't thought about the new coat all day. Just wearing it. Just wearing it like it's nothing special. Then the new coat isn't the new coat and you're going about from the cab to the bar to the back alley to home thinking about a new jacket that you'd like to buy.

Medusa in Qi Pao

Winter sprang upon the city. Shouldn't you be cold? Do snake deities feel nothing through instagram filters? Every minor influencer on Anfu Lu is trying to replace you; they lack charm. Breeding. Sophistication. Breeding. Or grace. Or something subtler. Something that won't fade by 60.

There was this 40 year old with the body of a 20 year old and hair permed as if she was the real Medusa. But she was short and curvy and fucked too well; I've always imagined that you would be terrible in bed.

Half a decade since I've seen you —just long enough to make you a myth. Not the traditional snake goddess of your people. I imagine Nuwa with a bouncy ass, akin to the 40-year-old. You're taut. Lithe. Barren. Cold. Medusa's lament chilling me into stone.

not stone at all; totally incorrect. I'm actually satan in the garden in this analogy: stuck as a snake and displeased because Eve is all

woman. I wanted something interesting. Something that slithers. So I make up Lilith.

Lilith, come back to me from Paris. I don't remember how you sound, or move, or talk but I've made you into quite the myth and i remember your brand of cigarettes.



Octagons I Like

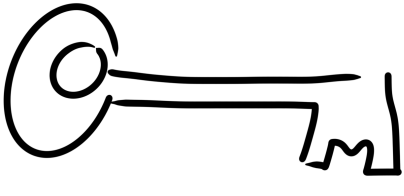
a turtle on a cliff
knowing full well that the fastest way down
is to fall
yet holding steady,
a green dome covered in octagons
Evergreen fractals
stuck in a shipping route obstructing the world as it
waits to pass
it's not the world, it's only you,
you
walking down the sidewalk slightly ahead of me
neither left or right enough to squeeze by
undecided,
me neither wanting to walk out onto the street to pass
you, or
or show my Phoenix-like ability to phase
through the wall
I can
That's how you make me feel—I can pass through
walls around you, but you walk too slowly
so I stare off the edge of the cliff and see a stop sign
all I want to do is go.

Houseguests

Locked Laputia, Astray, Astray!
Golden-brown with braided crown
Of course I knew her, of course I loved
Of course that crown consumed us both

Brow-beaten upon
anglophones! to work we go today
The yard is empty; the faces covered
I was marked, a knowing child
Until the fire
consumed us both, consumed us both,

It holds to be
Holding, holding
whichever holds
Locked Laputia, Asrtay, Astray!
better than before



i—also—just wanted to be friends

an invitation flutters down
from the rooftop bar
of a three star hotel

almost missing outstretched
hands that eat
the same breakfast all year

you're hard-boiled
i'm overeasy, you joke

thats always the way it is until
one of us gets a finger
on that falling piece of paper

its easier to say im in love
when you won't look at me
every other time is a circus act

you're the lion tamer,
im a misbehaved tomcat, you
joke

it doesn't change that i'd rather be free
until you wont look at me
i'd rather you not look at me than be free

disconcerting but not a problem until
fluttering down on the wind,
the ticket

you're just playing
im playing too, you joke

Mobile Cabin Part 2

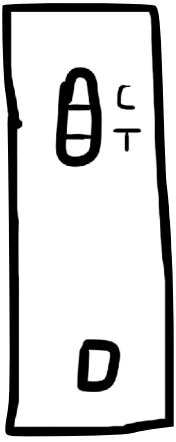
A man walks into Vicksburg Riverfront Casino and trades a $100 bill for a chip. Goes straight to the roulette table and bets it all on black. “Aww shucks.” It’s red. He walks out of the casino.

A man walks into Vicksburg Riverfront Casino and trades a $100 bill for a chip. Goes straight to the roulette table and bets it all on black. “Well, I’ll be damned.” It’s black. He puts a $100 and a $50 chip into his back pocket, tips the croupier a $5 chip, and plays blackjack at a $5 table till the rest is gone. He cashes out the $150. He walks out of the casino.

A man walks into Vicksburg Riverfront Casino and trades a $100 bill for a chip. Goes straight to the roulette table and bets it all on black. “Aww shucks.” It’s red. He walks out of the casino.

Another Negative

Spring to the window,
wasted spring,
just another grown man
crying in the alley. Empty
pots and pans
rattle. Back to my kitchen
antigen test under the sink.
Repeat,
sink.



Styrofoam Xiaokou on Fire

I wonder why I'm still here
I guess I want to see it all burn
'a casual moth to the flame'
I guess I want to see it all burn



Haowu Jiazhi

I don't
think anymore, I follow a routine. 72-hours
at a time. Relationship,
work, drinks. Smoking a cigarette
with the ghost of the Great Leap Forward
under an underpass and
she always tries to kiss me
through her hollow eyes; ghosts
and their routines.

It has to be this way. It has to be
this way because 72-hours isn't long
enough to fall in love, or write a novel, or
sit down in a field and really think.
Instead, I stare at a screen
and try to guess as this dynamic
beast changes direction, I hope my screen doesn't change
from green to
red. They built fast-fashion prisons.
They built fast-fashion prisons.

Three AM, two cats
yowling, one Tesla moaning
into a parking spot
underneath my window
like a ghostly UF-O.
I will not sleep tonight.

Pray tell: what was my plan? Avarice;
now, prey—praying to the dynamic beast.

Prey doesn't think. Prey survives,
and gets out. 72-hours at a time.
My loftiest goal—
to move freely around the country—
any country (better wait till next year/
I hear next year all the time).

It's rotten again.
is it me that emanates out,
softly through the meat
market, closed since last April?
old ladies and their plastic
bags, haggling over the final
grapefruit of the summer
(did anyone ever narrow down, so exactly, the point-of-fact value of a morsel of porkbelly as these tote bag warriors?) I've
wandered back into the street.

Two concrete slabs
awaken me as they fall
out of a second story window—a riot
that only sort of happened—72-hours
later the negotiations broke down,
aiyi
decided not to
purchase the five-flower-chop.

Interlude (you are here now):
how often I hear a podcaster complaining that they might need to try at their content, while knowing full well that not trying is what made their content great. if i'm ebullient and include everyone, and cater to all

demands, and all tastes, and try try try, you'll love me, right? not in a romantic way, no: in a Champion Of The People way. swearing all the time that, once i am inevitably hoisted upon your chicken bone shoulders, I won't use the newfound privilege as an excuse to coast. right now, i do as little work as possible and hope to be elevated out of the crowd, but i'll be better when I'm in charge of the world, and you will, too; don't you want one of your own to be hoisted up? let's all be in charge. vote for me.

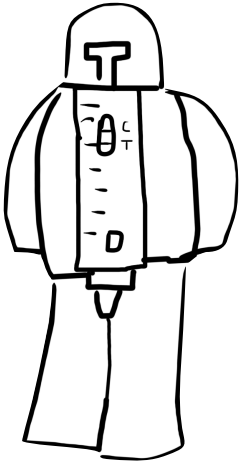
When I inevitably crash (like
every planned economy does)
—probably as I'm riding up
an escalator, and the fluorescent subway
station starts spinning,
and I lose my footing, and crack
face first on the metal teeth—

blame the immigrants and the good ole
boys equally. Like most Americans
I am half of each category and fully
neither. I have no perfect fit,
but you can wedge me in
like a cardboard puzzle piece
and pretend
you completed it correctly.

I long to be part of a multi-generational
Han Chinese family, with the rooms
all set around a middle courtyard
and those hard backed chairs
and serving girls—Pearl S.

Buck style. The kind of family
hoeing the spot of land their
ancestors pillaged from less superior races.

Each morning I put on my jeans, one
leg at a time, to try and show solidarity
with the working fogeys. Ceremonies
lend credulity to auto-championism,
youtube algorithms cater only
the absolute best to the masses;
scaffolding was erected around
the rowhouse strictly to prevent
change, the underpass ghost knows
she smiles, she leans in for one last kiss.



Pengyou Circle

Article: hong kong removing quarantine on arrival

Video. two russian girls dancing to eminem outside of jing'an temple

Picture: bragging about a sheep herding mobile game

Gallery: roast chicken, crab, schoolgirl uniform, picking flowers in a park, the Bund, jiaozi, redpacket received in chat, double peace signs pose on city bike, street cat

S**tream:** heavily filtered girl singing patriotic song and saying *xiexiedag*e for tips

Poster: heavy metal show cancelled dayof

Picture: amateur painting with eerie religious comment about the glory! enduring forever!

Article: distant city enters "static- management" nationwide covid situation is "severe and complex"

Picture: longbearded whiteguy posing next to wax sculpture of politically sensitive figure

Video: woman in village raps badly in english

Picture: kindergarten teacher with huge tits accidentally got paint in her hair

Poster: closefriend in dongbei has a dj gig coming up

-alarm rings-

On the Subway at 8am

And two small workers sit on either side of me.
Already covered in the day's dust,
while I hate read a golden copy of "Crazy,
Rich, Asians".
There's a poem here,
but I'm too exhausted from my middle class
existence to write it.

Subtly

It's already changed, subtly.
I haven't even left yet.
The crosswalk was repainted 5 feet
up the road, newly paved walkway.
Learning to be a better road
without me.
I haven't even left yet.

Mobile Cabin: 3

Some app that I downloaded recommended Harper's Boat Landing as a quiet, off-the-beaten-path place to sleep in Columbia, SC. By the time I rolled in it was 12:30, and only a single light-post fruitlessly fought against the dark. Very bare, a gravel lot and a wide dirt ramp running into a lil' lake. It was totally abandoned except for this one other truck that had two distinct flashlight beams scrambling around its bed. This gave me pause: should I really sleep here? But not enough to ignore the wave of fatigue built up from two days of bad sleep, nine hours of driving, three visits to three different Walmarts, and a brief sexual encounter with a former professor of mine, who rushed me out of bed moments after coming due to a surprise text from her husband. I was tired.

Here's the story very literal, very monotone, retold to lull myself into sleep: I'm driving from one coast to the other, starting from Virginia, all the way to California, then back to Virginia. It's not that hard, I looked at a map and drew a line through the bottom row of states, and for the way back I drew a line through the second row of states (ex: journey west—drive through Arizona; journey east—drive through Nevada). I'm sleeping in my truck every night. There's a bed; I removed the passenger seat of my truck, cut a piece of flat board to size, mounted it using velcro and milk crates, and covered it with a 3-inch memory foam topper. I crafted no-show blinds

out of reflective insulation material—they make it feel like this is a private cabin, removed from the world and anything that crawls on the ground. I'm starting by driving straight south to Florida, then west to bama, then west to Mississippi, then west to Lousiana, then west to Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Pacific. Very literal. Very clear. Drive from one side to the other and back, and it's a cabin.

A great siren begins wailing the moment I close my eyes, it's in a tone somewhere between that of a firetruck and an air-raid alarm. I pull down the corner of the back-passenger seat blind, the light-post blinks a feverish red, screams into the night. Terrified, confused, without thinking too much, I pull down each blind, clamber into the driving seat, start the engine, and back out of the parking spot, turning my exhausted truck back toward the gravel road and out of the lot.

Before I can get back to the dirt road, my headlights light up the two men from earlier: flashlights off, carrying long poles and tackle boxes. Fishing gear. I bet they were smirking at my flightiness. Had they set off the siren? Had I? Was the siren totally unrelated to me (as most things we think we can affect are)? Maybe it was about the water conditions in the lake; maybe it was scheduled for whatever damned time it was. Tired, defeated, I didn't stick around; I didn't find out.

I drove to my plan-C parking lot. Plan-B had been this boat landing, plan-A was an un-welcoming Walmart

I'd left an hour ago. My opinion has changed quite a bit about Cracker Barrel parking lots now, but that night, with the fresh memory of sirens, and it being nearly 1:30am, and my damned fatigue creeping up and blurring out the edges of my sight, my reason, my willpower, even the most comfortable place would have seemed shifty.

I cruised slowly into the Cracker Barrel's parking lot. An ominous white van was parked horizontally across 4 spots, a newish F-150 sat abandoned in a corner, and a beat up-old Corolla was perched near the dumpsters. Only the Corolla seemed occupied. Inside I could make out two girls, both in the front seats, with one of them yelling into a phone. A pop-up trailer hitch on the back of the car relayed a story of travel gone awry.

I parked, put up the blinds, and began tossing and turning in my makeshift bed. Occasionally I'd get up to peel down a tiny corner of the blind and suspiciously peer into the lot. Eventually, fatigue won and I fell asleep in the glowing parking lot.

Deep rumbling rustled me awake. I bolted up, checked my phone: 4:30am, and, through the tiniest corner I could make in the blinds, I peeked out at what was shaking the lot. My windows were fogged over (humans release half a pint of water while we sleep, and each night my windows happily soak it up) but after a bit of rubbing I could make out a large semi-truck with a fuel tanker attached, idling in front of the Cracker Barrel's entrance, rumbling wildly even as it stood

still. Relief—satisfied that it wasn't doomsday, I looked back to see if the Corolla had settled in or disappeared into the night. It was there, in that same spot, and with a thick fog over the windows. What it didn't have were blinds, or probably a makeshift bed, or definitely two makeshift beds.

Thankful—it was already 4:30am—pretty much morning —and therefore I had made it through the night—I went to sleep.



AMERICA

prose poem to the forest off of 288

I found a cigarette butt in the patch of woods that was supposed to be mine, private. I know it's not my cigarette butt, I smoke american spirits, dammit, and that's clearly a marlboro filter. what a waste. that's the best way to know a place. to put it upon a sheet of paper and smoke it into the air, there's a vision, there's enlightenment. there's a cloud that looks suspiciously like a portly police officer chasing donuts across the sky. there's a sky that smiles back.

six billion other choices, I'm the one that pulls up to the apartment complex, I know the building number but where is door c? who is behind that door? I've seen three of her pictures; she said netflix and chill and we're both so wound up that as soon as she opens the door, we're upon each other. I don't notice the rat cage by its smell, I don't notice the DUI e-bike charging in the corner, I don't notice the five guitars (that you later tell me you can't even play), netflix isn't on.

when I'm driving home from a thing like that, I miss my exits. I always choose the highway; stopping at stop lights, one after another, feels like rule after rule and i'm so over rules rightnow. no more rules. no, I ride the highway home, and usually miss an exit, and drive another fifteen miles that I didn't

need to, but it's fine so long as I don't think about the rat cages.

parties are a series of traps. conversations where 30 ends up looking almost exactly like 25: "you've been where for the past 7 years?", "hows the food there?", "is it, you know, normal there? do you have to eat with metal trays all the time and shit", "I bet covid was crazy?", "and the girls?", "you must really like chinese girls, right?" this could go on for the rest of the party and you wouldn't run out of questions but I'm feeling stuck so I find an opening and ask you about your life which inevitably leads to you showing me pictures of your first-born. it has your eyes. blessings to you.

each time I look in the mirror I try and forget the dark bags under my eyes, they're getting darker and darker and it doesn't seem to matter how much I sleep. some moorish pirate fucked my great-great-great… and made my eyes this way. what does it matter. I'd rather be a high elf, if my bags disappeared I'd find something else to complain about, and so on until my ears grew pointy. the biggest sin of the peter jackson retelling is that the older elves' hairlines have receded—are they perfect or not, peter?—elf hairlines don't recede. mine inevitably will.

cavities don't seem to exist unless I have dental insurance. all the elves had perfect teeth and I think that's neat. good job, peter.

branches on the trees of the local woods have budded. my spot again. there is a slight hint of green in the woods. I would be stoked for the new growth, if today wasn't the day the forest revealed its infidelity—marlboro's, really? your love is so basic. marlboros are for those who lack discernment. marlboro's are for the uncreatives; the imposters at the grunge show. it's the cigarette you pick up in high school and never progress past. I'll try not to be jealous, I'm usually so good about it, but there's something about you, or maybe about me, that's making this difficult.

be well, forest. I'm sure I'll meet your firstborn seven years from now.

quiet

both tvs are on
both
two in the living room
one is purple and blue and depicts a sleeping cartoon city
wakanda is blaring on the other
noise
we are talking

the window curtains are down
i am glad
if i looked outside i may see
another life
and have to fill a new room
with 3 tvs this time

besides
the sky is more beautiful here
and cars leave haunting doppler
it's never quite quiet
it's never quite new

the clouds aren't faking it
neither am i as i
proudly precipitate into nothing
should the clouds find solitude
so will i
but they travel in whiny groups
or split and disintegrate

with both tvs on
snug on the couch

in my own haze of cloud
i sleep

crowdsurf pastel

i
smile
another tree flowered overnight
shanghai had trees and flowers too

you
spinning through fumin park
between the french trees

or
even better in that one park
with the cherry blossoms in pudong

or
i dream and see you floating
passed from one tree to the next



Mobile Cabin Part 4

There's a clearing down a dirt road, off a gravel road, deep back in Bankhead National Forest. On one map it is called "The Old Home-stead", but it isn't mentioned on any other maps that I've checked.

The clearing itself is filled with bright green grass, the caws of distant crows, and nothing else. The trees, post oaks and loblolly pine, occasionally whisper in the wind but are mostly quiet sentinels acting as natural fences to the lot.

The spirits ensure it is a safe place to sleep; they charge a toll -or- perhaps took something I needed to get rid of, I haven't decided yet. That night I dreamt of my family, in our old neighborhood but in a different home.

Down the street a narrow apartment tower had been built. There were no elevators, but I was convinced I lived on the twenty-third floor and began running up the stairs. Each room, there were four on each floor, was stacked with bunkbeds. Most of the doors were open. It was dark, there were no lights, but I could see naked feet peaking out from ill-fitting sheets.

After about seven floors, I stripped naked and decided I must return down the stairs and to my familial home immediately. I leapt from bannister to bannister going down.

I entered the house through the backdoor, snuck upstairs to my room, the light-switch didn't work, or maybe I didn't know which switch was the right one. I went downstairs to knock at the master bedroom. My mother greeted me at the door with a revolver, she did not remember me. Only after pleading did I calm her down. My father was sick in bed. My brother sat motionless in an armchair to the edge of the room, illuminated only faintly by a fireplace. He was covered in bandages with shocks of his red hair peeking out. One does not typically realize they are in the middle of a manic episode, but there I was—naked and surrounded by a beautiful family now broken—fully aware that I too had lost my mind.

I sprinted out of the collapsing house and into the neighborhood, running hard past the homes of old classmates and friends until I came to a dirt path leading into the woods. I kept running until I reached the Old Home-stead.

I bolted awake. A flash of lightning illuminated the clearing outside of the foggy windshield (I don't use the blackout blinds when I'm sleeping alone in the forest). I peed into my bottle as the thunder rolled by, ten Mississippi in the distance, there was no rain. It was around 3:50 am. I went back to sleep and had pleasant, unremarkable dreams until morning.

Leaving William B. Bankhead National Forest the next morning, I was in an exceptionally good mood. I left some weight behind.

melfi's office

I want to go
towards better,
away from coffee,
speaking in circles, practicing
gratitude because i want more,
have something, and am unhappy

I've been calling
out to the kid who kept
dreaming of ruling a perfect
world who promised to build on
the ruins of lesser prodigies and ideals

daily i
ask "is this it?"
the empire isn't growing
nor decaying; constant maintenance
born into routine maintenance all of our
steps forward are in surveillance fumbling as
i send a hinge match a picture of a mountain-pass
i'll send you a picture so you know it's meaningless

maintenance
therapy better help
me maintain a bored
kingdom graciousness
forgetting that space stretches
out that the oceans are unexplored
but not interesting focus on yourself
focus on maintaining yourself with better
help me get over my addiction to self-help asmr

eventually
I'll fall asleep
in a trash pine forest

eventually
i'll stop looking
at comfortable beds as prisons

eventually
I'll join in agree
that a postgrad degree
unleashes the human mind
agree that "is this it" always was
the best strokes song and stop listening
to new music it's all already been better done

eventually
i'll stop trying
to write something better than
"so i'm patiently waiting,

for the blasphemy of my mentality
to seem interesting again"
or something close to that

eventually
iI'll stop trying
to write something better

2013 listicle

you can do whatever you want in america
if you have a car
and insurance
and gas
and health insurance
and a 401k
and mutual funds
healthy stock portfolio
gun
college degree
streaming services
life insurance
credit card
valid state-inspection
license
license plate
permit
mortgage
passport
you can do whatever

haiku

making a sandwich
while checking the coffee pot
a leaf fell on the bread

Mobile Cabin Part 5

Normally I don't drink, but it's Newport Beach, and this little bar feels real, and I really made it from one coast to the other, and all the tables are made of real wood, and the sand is real, and the beach is real, and California is real and not just a story people were telling me.

And "skateboarding" is illegal on the boardwalk, but I brought it all this way, and it's a "longboard", and, like, human law or natural law, man?

So I order a few Coronas and read and probably stick out because I'm not in beach clothes, or even shorts. I just don't like shorts. But I've got on a pair of white Sambas and yesterday I took a shower for the first time in a week, so whatever, I'm sticking out in a good way.

Everyone gets a tip in America. They put it on other humans, not managers or bosses, to treat them fair. And, generally, the people oblige each other in this. It doesn't work economically: it's a circle of middle-class money, with an occasional hundred and a wink from an upper-class prick who's "slumming it" at the local watering hole. But tipping does work. It works as a trustfall that we put to other strangers, and, what I love, is that we usually catch each other.

ulysses review

it tastes like swell swirl
it tastes like 40 pages
no punctuation. and it does make sense
one long train of thought
across prose-and-page-and-hops-and-wheat.
pithy, it's a book of japes (I say japes now)

there's this discord
old sexpats talk about adventures
up and down the pattaya strip
shame is a made up concept

he keeps going further,
I was warned, down the allagash hole
down trashy heaps of digital hentai comics you
won't admit to.
(it's 2023, people still pretend they don't look at hentai and throw the moral panic back at you)

each morning I make coffee. it takes time to make coffee. it takes time to wake up. it takes time to chug down a v8. it takes time to fall in love. it takes time to get married. it takes time to betray someone. it takes time for them to betray you back.

why? combined with "did you read it because you wanted to fit in? show off? look smart? did you understand each and every reference on every page on the deepest level? is it cool because M. Monroe kept a copy in her car?"
if Amouranth read it.

if alpharad read it, would I like it less? (yes)

my compatriots aren't dying regularly yet;
death to us is 'hugboxing'
a writer within our small circle's
writing because then we are their bottom/
twink/shill forever.
never admit you liked anything; it is death—
use this section as a lighthouse (!!!!!!!!!)
the imagery is obvious:
sailors drowning on rocks,
a doomed ship of semi-anonymous writers,

AI Art as a release. I give it: grotesque/beautiful woman on beach showing her legs/non-euclidean/anime/lofi/classicism/lonely/bright lighting/vivid colors/high contrast/9:18/ink illustration/oil painting/anime and it builds a little world just for me. It can mostly create whatever I like. Like, I can combine anime/space and anime/car. But Renaissance/classicism/oil paint on canvas/fast car on highway is a no-go. Renaissance minds do not make good cars; my kingdom for a Wawa. Great art has always been stealing, I reassure myself.

take a trailer
up to the allagash mountains
upper country
the big herd in the sky
it's a Belgian triple somewhere between
Smokey&theBandit and Dostoyevsky's Idiot-or-
or something specifically Belgish
In Bruges? anyways

didn't get it the way
I was supposed to get it.
but I got it the way
that I got it
and believe that every
sentence did have meaning,
that's my biggest issue
with it

after dark is my favorite murakami book

I get these Onlyfans bots on snapchat and they send me videos of these absolute 10's with bodies like a perfect pear then the link to givegivegive. And I'm like, I'm good, but I do enjoy your art. I'm confident there's enough money in it for her. Easy money. More more easy money, please.

> some irish fella in an eyepatch
> you're in on it
> you get it
> there's no it
> you only like it
> like an NYU student
> likes anything.

I only find myself attracted to women that I deem secretly miserable. Beautiful songs and heavy hearts. Macabre Instagram Posts and cute selfie stories. Calm seas with foreboding clouds. That sort of thing. I would not have touched myself until I saw the limp.

You shouldn't be allowed to like anything for 3 years post-graduation. High school or undergrad. College seniors are allowed to like things if they have a healthy dread of the real world. Non-college homies get to feel real shit sooner. (Holds true in: America, China, England, France, Germany*from what I can tell they have a 100% matriculation rate*, Morocco, Senegal, South Africa**although post-grad should be replaced with leave-the-countryside-to-live-in-a-city if you speak Afrikaans**, Australia, New Zealand, Wales, Ireland, Finland, Japan, South Korea***3 years after your family has disowned you for being out of line***, Thailand, Indonesia, Kenya, India, and Italy)

> Whenever I get in a sexual panic
> I, too, tell everyone I know
> through thinly veiled characters

I don't like to tell the same story twice
great storytellers retell and retell and retell
embellish and build and reimagine
craft a beginning middle and end
it was a strange memory the first time
i don't like to tell the same story twice

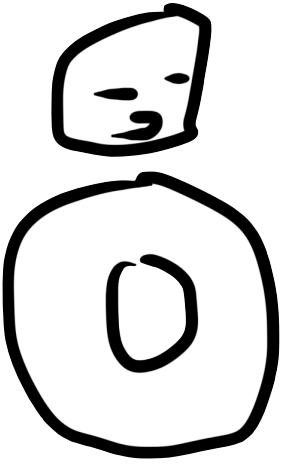
There's an attic here
and christmas ornaments
there's the moon
and seasons and bi
and wheels and wheels
I think I like having wheels the most
vroooomvrrrooooommmvroooommmmm
I miss that the most

bloom and science
there are S. Dedaluses everywhere; bloom is rare

so based so bad so good i know eveything sooooo long poem with rhyme scheme that i can explain that hides the ideas that hides the ideas that hides the ideas that are boring i am borign i can not forget that i am boring but the triplicate duplicate iamb jam that i shoved down the gooses neck to wring and say i rung the bell that says i am the best poet and know the most and the rules are the rules i am just playing by them, there are fo course older rules and every once and a while i will pull themostolderst and show you exactly why i am the correct idea on all things /lit/

on americans

they eat too much
and it hurts them
but they keep doing it
because the pleasure
and because they are bored



garage band

to the chipmunk in the bush
this acoustic live show
sounds like armageddon

“that’s ok, it’s not for everyone”
i whisper as i walk you to your door

i didn’t get avenger’s 4 or citizen kane
maybe i’m not as smart as you? that’s ok

i’m not going to get into the new thing
because i already decided not to get into
        the new thing
maybe that’s growing old
or being closed off
maybe the acorn castle i was stacking so carefully
        for us
wasn’t something you wanted either

bokoblin grindset

i'm listening for a call to action
a quest to materialize
a roadblock on a country road

the trees beckon forward
each bridge is sturdy
the creeks peaceful and shallow

something rustled the leaves
it's dark out i should be scared
but it's always just a raccoon or a squirrel
or any number of things better suited for a cartoon
        than an epic

i solve taxes and utilities and rent
food is expensive but i'll live
the sun rises and sets
each lake i dredge holds no sword

i'm left batonless and rudderless
wondering if playing video games 8 hours
        a day is all that bad
i'm left standing in the end game
with no quest markers to chase
waiting for a monster that was never programmed

Mobile Cabin Part 6

***"once in the blue, when there's nothing to do, and the tension gets too thick for my sober mind to cut through," - Feeling It,* Jay-Z**

I don't drink on the road. Weed neither. Occasionally I smoke these pretty chinese cigarettes, but it's mostly aesthetic.

It wasn't a conscious choice. It happened. Around the same time I started eating only 1400 calories a day. It just happened. I feel light and airy. I'd really prefer to stop with the two daily cups of coffee too, but I was on the road all day and it was around 1pm (Central Time? Mountain?) and I was antsy and hadn't uploaded miniMAG, so of course I stopped at a Starbucks. Of course.

I'm a wisp, or a ghost, or something seeable but unable to be touched. I know this because the most gorgeous girl I'd seen in years came into the Starbucks and locked eyes with me. Her white shirt was tight and her brown eyes were bright and her skin was black like cocoa. And I knew, if I was corporeal, that it could have happened, right there in the family bathroom. But I'm a happy wisp. I touch nothing.

This morning I sent a tasteful nude to an ex in China. She said she touched herself to the photo and it made her sad.

There's a flask of gin—I don't know which brand—in the back of my truck somewhere. The Louisiana

wilderness is quiet and lonely tonight. I don't want to touch or be touched. I'm going to try the gin.



dom top

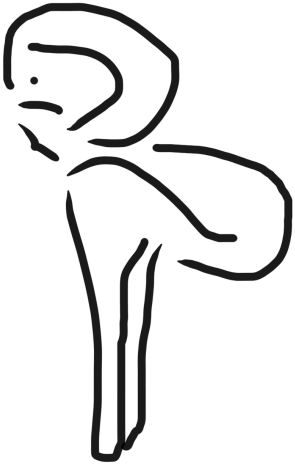
there's a gorilla in this bedroom. pounding his chest over the twink, the one that's scared of poppers, not the one who's out of his mind waving his ass in the house beat wind. gorillas have the best mist for hiding.

eyes wide shut's orgy and how quickly tom cruise was found out, even behind a mask, still bothers the twink (not the one using his backside as a pride flag, the other one, the one in a puddle on the floor rn). surely *they* see their sweet sweat simply swirling if tom was so very obvious behind a volto.

streaming forgotten sitcoms from the early 2000's is one way to spend a night. tonight's activity is more receptive. they're both more fun without

thinking. it's all entertainment.

"I don't do that," a married woman drawls across the table to her married friend, "I don't do *that.*"



you&i in a hentai

my soft moan, of pleasure
your grunt, of pleasure
leading me, filling me
this bed, this boat
hours still, hours float
plop, plop, plop, please more
tight, expectant, round, receptive
you enter, then slap it
drifting down the euphrates,
drifting down the james,
wherever you wish to take me
just take me
whatever you want to do to me
i'm yours.

Mobile Cabin Part 7

When you wake up at 7 under tall pines, make a strong cup of coffee, and hit country roads with the windows down. And Willie Nelson comes on and you're sort of crying but don't know why, and everything is too beautiful, like that willow hanging down over the road, or cows in the pasture all brown, or two old ladies talking at the end of their 100-yard-long driveways.

One time, I think in Louisiana, I pulled over, because ~~it was so much all at once~~ I ~~couldn't~~ I didn't want to drive for a sec, I wrote the kitschiest poem of my life:

Promised Land

Pull out of one forest
on the way to the next
and this song comes on
and I'm crying tears of joy
and I think I hated this country at one point
but that wasn't true
the land is right
the land is right

And you know what? I like that poem.

It's nice and I like it, and that's ok sometimes. That's enough.

starfield review

i didn't buy starfield because i didn't think it would
surprise me
i hope thailand will surprise me
i hope something will
that's of course more difficult
and it's not the worlds fault
it's mine for seeing more of it
i see more
and feel less
and i write a poem about it
write a poem about it
and text you because i still love you but you wouldn't
let me cheat and that's what i really wanted
not that that's particularly surprising
i guess i hope to pull off someone's pants and see
something i've never seen before
like an alien tentacle
or a beak
she'll surprise me
but that's not really a thing either and you sigh and
sort of wait for me much longer than you
should because you should move on
but you don't and that maybe surprises me
maybe surprises me as much as riding in a tuk-tuk
with the wind on my face will surprise me

i'm in love i'm in love i'm in love with
and then it's a blankspace on a raw-text-file and i'm trying to fill in the blank and my slut-techno playlist is playing and maybe i shouldn't fill in the blank because once i fill in the blank i'll be bored and having a hole

in my brain about what starfield—could—have been is much more interesting than whatever starfield is

3/10

backporch, va

smoke trails off an incense stick
on a dark patio
i bought an incense holder
with golden stars
and a crescent moon on it
so it would always be pretty
even when it's alone
richmond's known for its humidity
that's ok tonight
let it burn slow

there's a lover
left behind
thousand miles back
we said it was mutual
she comes to mind often
on a night like this

there's smoke there too
cigarettes and joints and wildfires
she's ablaze
burning would move me
humidity has me placid
that's ok tonight
the incense is smoking well enough
there are plenty of flavors
cherry, fortune, sea breeze
she's not you

owls hoot a mixture of longing and hostility;
too finicky to find each other in the dark.

Mobile Cabin Part 8

The rain began at the same time for two days straight. I would stay here longer but the camp is closing to the public for special maintenance tomorrow. There does seem to be an unreasonable amount of common houseflies buzzing around this otherwise pristine piece of Utah mountainside. It must be their fault.

Yesterday the rain came on powerfully then was gone in an hour. Probably will do that again today. Otherwise the weather is perfect here. Even with the rain, it is perfect here.

There is no wind with the rain. Maybe the northside of the mountain is constantly buffeted, while this side soaks up all the sun. I guess that's why this side has the cannabis plants, and the flies, and these fat ungainly mosquitos that wouldn't last a day in the big city. Idk. Maybe. There's no cell service here to check my wild guesses.

Saw a lot of lizards when I hiked up the mountainside earlier. No snakes. I haven't seen any snakes. I never see any snakes anywhere. Doesn't seem right; I see lizards everywhere I go. They probably see me first. I'd look it up but, y'know, no cell-service.

This is the second time I've stayed at a place named Oak Grove Campsite: Utah and East Texas. There were only pine trees at both campsites. I noticed a lot

of oak saplings sprouting up around the pines. I guess they were thinking long-term with the names.

I'm just writing this because I'm cooped up in my truck until the storm passes. I wish I had made it all the way up to the summit today. I gave up three quarters of the way there. If this was Zelda, I woulda got there. On my way down I saw someone paragliding. If this was Zelda, I woulda done that, too.

I promise I'll climb the next one.



hmv

it's 2:40pm, the walls have quit moving in. i'm not watching hmv anymore, there's enough; there's nothing anyone needs from me. as beautiful as the countryside is, as much as i like to see deer run into the street, i miss you and i would trade it all for perpetual midnight and a convenience store with baozi behind the counter, and you, buying pocari sweat.

hummingbirds are notorious busybodies and are at their absolute worst in the summer. i'm listless. summer listless is the worst because the birds, and the bees, and the trees all move and dance while i do nothing. i supervise from under the shaded patio. it's better to be unemployed in the winter, you won't miss anything.

i've swallowed all of the clouds. The Sun must shine.
i've swallowed all of the clouds. Day turns to night.

being bored is one's own fault, i remember clearly, crystal clearly, being told that. huff on a potion, or work retail, or organize all your little poems in a cute lil' format. collect, collect. can't call you anymore, can't speak to you. can't can't won't.

empty lamentations from the older generations wash over me as the wind rustles– cliched, sorry to stop you mid sentence but it was mid. lol. lol. i'm not Frank O'hara; i'm not the me i was with you. tinker, gooner, soldier, cock.

it's all love and reciprocity and elimination of all worldly desires and all-you-can-bowl wednesdays. pure and simple. twink on the table with diminishing returns. every partner with diminishing returns. he wants more and more; you feel less and less. i hold her hair and smell her hand and it's very regency era in its purity.

please stand on the pile of all wordly desires a little longer, dear; i spent so long stacking it for you.

BANGKOK ■■■

Mobile Cabin Part 9

I reached the summit. West Spanish Peak, Colorado. Cloud gray cloud coming in fast. I can't catch my breath. That's lightning, can't catch me. Not here, alone. Lightning would win. There's no trail. There's stone sized rocks all bunched together, can't climb down, can twist an ankle. There's large patches of virgin snow. An idea, I sit on the snow, slide down. Damn, hail? Large, adorable bits of hail. Doesn't feel dangerous. Thunderclap. Ok, dangerous. Sliding down is working. Those capybara-looking-things I saw on the way up are gone. Me too, me too, I'm off the mountain face and back on the trail.

The hail turned to snow which covered the trail. I can read the switch-backs. East is Cordova Pass and my truck. My poor truck, she's wet and cold I bet. My clothes are wet, but I'm not cold and if I keep moving and change every piece as soon as I get back to my truck then I won't be cold. But I can't stop—thunder lightning less than half a mississippi. But I'm under trees. It would hit the trees first. I've got a lot riding on that. I don't have a choice.

I wish I could own this place. I wish I could harness and be mountain energy always. I think a nittany lion is following me, I have no evidence to back that up, but I stop every once and a while, look back, and wave my arms. I made it to the truck. I'm staying in my cold-weather-heavy-bag and reading genre fiction until tomorrow morning. I wish this forever.

I jumped ahead to OKC on tinder while eating a Grand Slam with my first cell service in three days. Matched a 21-year-old latina. And we're getting tacos from her favorite truck (she says that this is not cliched, I shrug; the tacos are very good), and she shows me her favorite spot next to the river. OKC is sort of pretty from this angle and she is pretty from every angle and we make out in the makeshift bed and smoke weed and I don't put my hands anywhere I shouldn't and I take her home pretty late and she says tomorrow she wants to see the hotel room and not go home and tomorrow comes and she doesn't go home and we hold tight.

She mentions this lake that she tans by during the summer. She's 21. She's going to have it all this summer. I'm back on the road. I want to own her, but she's 21, and she deserves the lake and the sun and the freedom and I'm back on the road.

There's a trailhead sign on Cordova Pass that says "Trail closed because it runs through newly purchased private property." I hate that. Mini-mansions dot the mountain road. Sewage, and electricity, and new money. Who are you to own a mountain; who am I to own anything.

treat

I ride the motorbike taxi
I clutch the seat
freedom air freedom



you can’t ask

how someone’s doing
on social media. she seems ok
like she’s got customers every night, but she
gave you a toss for free in
2018
and that’s not good business.

so like,
is Inner Mongolia getting
a lot of travelers
in the summertime?
can you ever really know
if someone is good?
I hope she’s good.

Jodd Fair; 9:37pm

it's $2.50 for fried rice at that stall
money's been tight, i complain, daily
i buy fried rice, i don't speak to the sweat-
drenched women who make the rice,
i can't speak Thai, i smile instead.
i complain about money.

a chinese finance bro on vacation passes the stall
there's a plastic surgery 10 clinging onto his shoulder
he's smart, he's wondering:
marry beauty? he's doing the math.
she's intoxicating, she isn't worried
about the differences between real and fake.
he's smart. and I complain about money
and the wok fries ramen and chili peppers
and she coos something sweetly into his ear
while i look for the best deal on coconut water.

names like dorothy

it was your exuberance during the threeway
that made me realize how much I love you,
and just how far from Kansas I've gotten.
I've been pacing around my one-bedroom
thinking of excuses
texting you before the allotted time interval

I've been pacing around,
i've been pacing around.
you bring on mania;
I bring on chuckles.

you said:
"don't make me love you" that's not up to me

you said:
"don't make me love you" with a botoxed wink

this blue-bricked road we're on scares me
this is us doing a burnout in a parking lot
throttle and thrill and going nowhere
this is us in bed for 2 full days
it's sex and lust and bloodshot succubus eyes
I go third person to watch
as you take command of the orgy
I'm in awe. I'm in too deep. I tap my crystal heels

"don't make me love you" sure

when I tap my heels I'm not wishing for home; I'm wishing for innocence. I'm wishing for a black and

white photo. one of a girl on the beach getting a ticket from a police officer for wearing a bikini. the slut. I want to be scandalized by a bit of ankle. I'm hoping to develop a fetish for exposed shoulders. or the upper back. or something similarly old-timey, loose bonnets and all that.

"don't make me love you" ok

I long for innocence as I choke on you
and you grab my head
and I gag back tears

"don't make me love you" I won't

the thing is
the flying monkeys don't bite much
and the witch,
she has her moments, too.

Echo.

No one can say i don't like what i like. It's so pretentious to call yourself Echo. And prescient. i'll admit that. So what, sometimes you bounce around in me. Reverb. Remember. Me and you at a beef hotpot, i was expecting something fancier. You dressed in all pink. You whispered something over the table. Me leaned in to hear it all, worried my hair would drip into the pot and you'd cook me up and eat me.

After, calling a didi to take us to a wine bar with dim red lighting. And i don't remember what music they were playing but on these two tvs in the center of the room, Daft Punk's anime album (not Homework, the next one, Discovery) played on a loop and i always associate you with that slow, lame song that I pretend to hate.

And you said i could spend the night, but no sex. and we cuddled and made out for hours and then did have sex. You wanted to feel me and I wanted to feel you and that reverbs sometimes when i feel alone. That was warm. You were soft. You were exactly what I wanted.

i know, you're thinking about how I left you on that corner, or how I ignored your texts, or how you told me it could be completely no strings attached, but i didn't respond, or how we spent that wonderful day together—two years later—where you told me the lighting in my studio apartment was perfect for a studio and spilled so much Rush on my bed that our sex was this strange animal thing that i've never quite replicated since, despite trying all sort of insane ideas to try and get there, but I guess it was different and pent up and released and whatever. sometimes i regret things. sometimes that bounces back too,

end tangent. and i didn't see you after that, despite promising I would call again. i know. i know. i know.

learn

you learn not to take the traffic whistle so personally
it's not your fault she's addicted to mmf porn
the city grumbling outside your condo's window
isn't doing it for you
her fantasy isn't your shortcoming
the wind didn't choose you
to blow over

i can ride the motorbike taxi now
i clutch the seat
i don't think of death the whole time
sometimes i taste the air
freedom air freedom death freedom
there's no surf here nor snow
my only athletic activity
is perfecting bottoming
but i've come a long way
and i don't take it so hard
her journey is her journey
i can't be two people at once
i blow the wind
i taste the freedom

anne hedonia

you've moved across the world
searching for that thing
that thing—the one thing
what you wanted
exactly what you wanted
and you get it
so much of it
so very much
and then too much
but that's fun too
day after day you get what you wanted
and then one day you no longer want it
it doesn't arouse or awake you
so
what's next

she told me
she feels no pleasure
and i get that
i really do

peace

the heat this time of year is unrelenting
at night it holds me tighter than my lovers
i'm beginning to think having unlimited choice
isn't freedom
the towering buildings are stifling
there's nothing peaceful about being loomed upon
but there is joy in the scurry from one spot of shade to
the next

peacefulness
it was peaceful driving coast to coast and back
sleeping in a desert then on a snowy mountain
then in a hotel with a wonderful tinder girl
then on the bank of an untamed swamp by the
mississippi
the most peaceful i've ever been

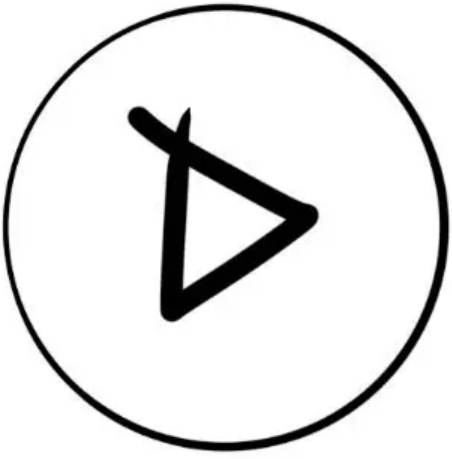
but gas costs money
and it's clear that capitalism isn't interested in poetry
or books or whatever else I do
teaching isn't peaceful but it pays and feels moral
it demands my attention in the form of a grad student
asking for a term paper extension
or a 4 year old tugging on my sleeve
it's both universal and ethical in a way that subscribers
on substack never quite amount to
but it isn't peaceful
not in the way that a steady stream of subs would be
or so I would imagine

there’s some basic statement about the real
mobile cabin
being the generic 21st century studio apartment i’m
currently living in
yadayadayada
it’s not wrong just because it’s cliched
i’m just tired of it
i’m tired but not at peace
i’m back where i started but there’s really no where to
go
it’s all here with me
and maybe i should learn to love that rather than
constantly searching
or maybe peace is death and i’m avoiding the reaper
or maybe some combination of simile and metaphor
will suddenly bring the wealth and
prosperity i feel i need to be peaceful
and maybe buddha is laughing while jesus shakes his
head as i weep under the banyan tree that
doesn’t bring enlightenment

Mobile Cabin Part 10

each lifetime part of a universe
each journey part of a lifetime
each forest part of a journey
each tree part of a forest
each leaf part of a tree
it be like that sometimes

and some day I'll look back on it. and it will look very good or very stupid, and that will say more about me in that moment than it will about me writing this now. and I'll be clever or cringe and not quite aware. never quite aware of how this happened or why this needs an addendum one year later or why I wrote something like that or this or whether any of it was true or fiction or editorialized. but I will look back on it, and that's nice.



url:	minimag.press
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