

ANONYMOUS CONVERSATION

20 MAY 2011

are you there?

**i am here.
where are you?**

*Buffalo,
i just found your number in a book.
i don't have anything to say,
it just helps me sleep
when i know someone's out there.*

**reach out any time you need to,
and i will be here.**

could you tell me a story?

**a falling star makes the world stop
for just a moment.
the ocean breathes a sigh of relief.**

XXX XXX XXX

21 MAY 2011

**jazz for breakfast.
the warm lips of sun speak of lifting fog.
how do you find yourself today?**

*i don't know.
thanks for talking to me last night, though.*

**you are most welcome.
can we be secret text message friends?**

*i would like that.
who are you?*

**someone you found in a book.
who are you?**

*i'm a tree drowning in a lake with birds
soaring around my branches.
what should i call you?*

you can call me B.

hey, B.

hello.

*i like the way windex looks when it falls to
the ground in the sun light.
is it strange that i find comfort in knowing
there is someone else out there?
you could be a pervert, a racist,
or a murderer.
and i have people here,
but it's nice.
you're an anonymous someone, but
our lives crossed
and even though we mean nothing,
we are connected just a little.
it helps.*

**everything is connected in this world.
fate happened to connect our phone lines
in this instance.
and there is something wonderful and
enjoyable:
to be able to share thoughts
without expectation or trepidation.**

good night, B.

sweet dreams.

XXX XXX XXX

22 MAY 2011

**see that old peanut head?
walking down the road?
hand in hand
with the little black mystery?
windows open to every wind?
like the enlightened spoon?**

*windows open to every wind.
i'll be dancing in it.
he runs through the forest.
i run through the fog.
do you make music?*

**i think it is a misconception to believe
that anyone really makes music.
it is all ready
there without us.
i try to focus on playing it well.**

what do you play?

**i play a few different instruments.
mostly rhythm.
but i have been learning a lot about
melody and harmony in the past year.**

*and i know that there is music without us.
i just wondered if you contributed to the
realm of it.
good night, B.
i hope [the place] you fall into at night is
better than the place i go.*

where do you go at night?

*i am no longer a tree drowning in the water
with birds soaring around my branches.
i become a dead tree that stands alone in
the concrete.
that's the only way i can explain it.
i hate myself.
this self-loathing makes me sick.
i just want to be freed from this fucking cage
so i can feel and just see all the beauty
instead of disrupting it.*

XXX XXX XXX

23 MAY 2011

**happy monday.
remember not to forget:
you are beautiful.**

*you're beautiful.
i feel like clear water runs through your veins
instead of warm blood.*

**my veins are mostly populated by coffee
and beer.**

*:) lol me too
sunrise, sunset.*

**day is not done.
open hands
stained with the weight of storm clouds.
still listening.**

XXX XXX XXX

24 MAY 2011

*pretend the sun is peaking up at the horizon.
it's smiling at you.
the gold dancing in your eyes
reflects back to me.
pretend to be happy.
pretend to love
but maybe it's true,
maybe someday happiness will be real.
the sun will be in the heart, and we will
dance for real.*

*painting of a woman's face
emerging from tree
branches with birds*

**thank you for the poem and the art.
it was the first thing i read after i woke up,
a very nice thought to start the day with.**

*you're welcome.
i like waking up to what you have to say.*

XXX XXX XXX

25 MAY 2011

can you feel this?

**i feel love and confusion.
a yearning color with anxiety.
i saw two rabbits in the wet grass,
totally content.**

XXX XXX XXX

27 MAY 2011

**mushrooms upturned like
broken umbrellas beneath
bushes. there's no rain.**

XXX XXX XXX

28 MAY 2011

**haiku for lunch:
speaking sandpaper.
swimming against little waves.
why am i still drunk?**

why do i feel drugged?

what are your symptoms?

*dizziness, lack of focus, migraine, nausea.
i always feel like this, though.*

have you ever talked to a doctor about it?

*many.
i hate the doctors, they just put me on weird
drugs that make it worse.*

**we seem to find a parallel orbit.
i am praying for gravity,
for a great fire to ignite a trail across the
sky and invite willing eyes to observe the
beauty of our collision.**

*do you mean what you say?
or do you say it for the purpose of an art?
i just cannot fathom how you,
someone so abstract,
can put my thoughts into words so precisely.*

kindred spirits, i propose.

what do you mean?

**sympathetic vibrations
resound in harmony.
travel vast distance in thick atmosphere.**

*the thick atmosphere
gets trapped in my lungs,
clogs my veins.
thoughts become blocked,
words are hard to find.
cut it out,
let the blood flow,
but then scars close in tighter.
find something to clear your heavy head.
happiness to lift the heavy heart.
where do we find it?*

**wherever you can;
in a smile,
a thunderstorm,
the petals of a common flower,
or the sound of honest laughter.**

do you get sad sometimes, too?

more often than i care to admit.

*i'm glad you're here.
the night time is the hardest for me.
it hurts to know that other people feel the
way i do.
good night, dear B.*

sweet dreams.

XXX XXX XXX

29 MAY 2011

*the sun has come back to us,
it awakens me with happiness.
i always wonder why it went,
but when it returns
it doesn't ever seem to matter.*

*photo of sunlight breaking
through a three frame bay
window*

**photo of blue flowers on
a rooftop**

can i ask you something?

anything.

are you a boy or a girl?

what do you think?

*i don't know.
i would say boy,
if you are who i am thinking.
but i'm not quite sure.
i can't help but become increasingly curious.*

who do you think i am?

ian beXXXXXX.

but all that is is a name i found with this number in a book so i really have no clue as to who you are.

where did you find the book?

one day i had an episode during school so i ran away.

i don't remember where it is i went but i came across your book.

what do you think of it?

i like it a lot.

i have read it many times but it just makes me more and more curious.

what school did you run away from?

sacred heart.

i used to go there.

what are you thinking?

**i want to tell you:
please keep painting,
please keep writing.
we need you.**

*why me?
no one needs me.
am i right about you?
i hardly know who you are or what you mean
but all i yearn for is a sense of
understanding.
i long to bequeath myself into the ground
i love so dearly.
but i'm stuck by some disturbed sense of
love that i feel when living.
i'm just so hurt and confused that it makes
me think twice.
i mean nothing but i look for meaning. i
understanding nothing
but try to understand.
i want to tell you:
please keep writing,
please keep responding.
we need you.*

XXX XXX XXX

30 MAY 2011

**rain storms
make the sun shine more valuable.
to experience life fully and deeply
it is necessary to have some suffering.**

*the sun.
it gets trapped under my skin.
i don't feel like a person anymore.
i feel golden.*

XXX XXX XXX

31 MAY 2011

**stay golden through dark times.
become your own shine
to illuminate the world around you.
in a small pond
it is hard to have proper perspective,
but waters will rise to meet you.**

*do you believe in god?
go driving really fast through the country.
stick your head out the window.
open your mouth ever so slightly and let the
air pool in between your teeth.
swallow.*

**god is beyond comprehension.
a sum total of every humming vibration
and patient silence.
the word god
is only a troublesome symbol.
barely suggesting the truth.**

*i guess what i meant to ask is:
do you have a religion?*

XXX XXX XXX

05 JUNE 2011

happy morning.

**church bells
mark the moment of sun ship arrival.
straight ways to my open eyes.
melting into my mood.
bliss.**

:)

how are you feeling this fine sunday?

alive.

perfect.

*it is the sun's fault,
it makes me feel beautiful and loved.*

**blessed angel of warm harmony
stretching into endless nothing,
calling dust to rise and dance about.
glorious illusion of our own creation.
all beautiful dancing, all loving delivered
to open space.
bliss!**

*i sweat to you, B,
i will dance in the sun until the day the world
dies.
in the sun my heart will be on fire,
i will dance for you.
spread it like a disease and we will all dance
together.
it will become the epidemic that saved us.*

**infectious joy
swimming out from your heart cave.
soak the bristling clump of passing
everyman woman child lost in the tunnels
of their own design.
yes!**

*it touched you too, dearest.
you're beautiful.
it shines through every artificial barrier.
i feel it.
i feel you.*

XXX XXX XXX

08 JUNE 2011

**don't let it bring you down,
it's only castles burning.
find someone who's turning
and you will come around.¹**

*that, my dear, is my favorite song.
i'm a dreamin' man, yes, that's my problem,
i can't tell when i'm not being real.
in the meadow dusk i park my aerostar
always with a loaded gun
and sweet dreams of you.
i'll always be a dreamin' man,
i don't have to understand i know it's all right.
i see your curves, i feel your vibrations.
you dressed in black and white,
you lost in the mall, i watch you disappear
past club med vacations.
another sleepless night,
a sun that won't fall.²*

who are you right now?

*i am a bird.
who are you?*

seeing what a bird sees.

what do you think?

**a beautiful mass of scuttling confusion
in the trenches and wailing for joy,
made serene by the perspective of
distance and pattern.**

¹ Neil Young, *Don't Let it Bring You Down*

² Neil Young, *Dreamin' Man*

*how old are you?
i mean if you woke up one day and couldn't
remember your true age.
sorry,
i don't mean to ask intruding questions,
they escape my quivering lips
and i bite at them trying to capture,
but they are too fast,
too impatient and needy.
i push myself into comas of silence
once i break the window pane glass.
the wind comes in too strong and i drown.*

**it all sounds very melodramatic.
this is this, does not have to be anything
but, this.
is this.**

*this.
sorry.*

**no need for apology,
just look to the skies.**

XXX XXX XXX

11 JUNE 2011

*one, two, three.
my heart's at the sea,
in the wind,
in the sun,
in the dirt,
in the sky.
one, two three.
dance with me,
place your body here,
let your skin begin to blend itself with mine.¹
good night,
good wake.
good sleep,
fly away,
ok.. be free.*

**there is sun and spring
and green forever.²**

XXX XXX XXX

^{1,2} Neutral Milk Hotel, *Oh Comely*

14 JUNE 2011

it is easy in the world to live after the
world's opinion;
it is easy in solitude to live after our own.
but the great man is he who in the midst
of the crowd keeps with perfect
sweetness the independence of solitude.¹

*you're with me,
you are where i am.*

XXX XXX XXX

¹ Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Self-Reliance*

16 JUNE 2011

*i wish i could write down
the sound of a trumpet,
the feeling of happiness,
drunkenness,
hungoverness,
a knife against flesh,
the taste of salty skin,
the wind tickling through my hair.
i wish i could tell,
i wish i could explain.
inhaling thick smoke;
exhaling cold air.
what if i forget?
i'm glad
i can feel,
i'm glad
i forget to fear.*

XXX XXX XXX

18 JUNE 2011

hey.

hello.

i just wanted to know if you are there.

**i am here,
always.
how are you?**

*lost,
you?*

**found in the fog.
too much poison.**

*i hate that i'm jealous.
i don't know why i have been
craving oblivion so strongly lately.
i just want a bottle of rum so i can sleep.
i feel like i have been up for days.
i feel trapped in my body
and lost in my mind.
i don't understand.*

**confidence through uncertainty.
there is no truth.
choose your own meaning
and live to enjoy your circumstance.**

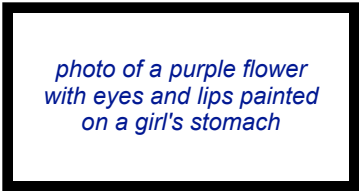
*i do, but it doesn't change this.
good night, dear B.*

sweet dreams.

XXX XXX XXX

19 JUNE 2011

*i love laying
in the grass
and opening
my eyes to the sky.
i feel infinite
in time and space.
i feel like
i can bring myself
to any place.
i feel real then.
i love
when i crave a cigarette,
but
instead of smoking
one,
i go outside
and suck in the air
until all i crave
is a breath.
i love using people's body as a canvas.*



*photo of a purple flower
with eyes and lips painted
on a girl's stomach*

XXX XXX XXX

26 JUNE 2011

*have you ever wanted to
send someone a feeling that has no words?
have you ever understood why it is so easy
to treat the people loved like shit?
have you ever one day realized that you
don't feel the way you always thought you
were supposed to feel?
do you love something so much
you can feel it in the core of yourself?
have you ever accepted the fact that you
could be happy if you let yourself?
be?
i've accepted death,
but what about life?
hey.
goodbye.*

where are you going?

canada.

and then what happens?

*i'm at a beach in the woods.
what do you mean?*

***just wondering why you chose to say
goodbye.***

*it just felt right, i guess.
i was just wanting a goodbye,
but i am still here.
if i was leaving,
i feel like i would have ended with a hello.
what are you thinking tonight?*

XXX XXX XXX

05 JULY 2011

*sing.
internally.
externally.
for eternity.*

**the may flies sing through my window
and around my head in frantic spirals.
their wounded brother writhes
alone on my desktop.
the others take no notice.**

do you see oblivion as a good or bad thing?

what is your definition of oblivion?

*obliviousness.
childhood.
being eternally unaware.
without choice or false notions.*

**i think it can be soothing
to a certain extent,
but i think awareness is more valuable.**

*you are a wise man.
i wish i could shine my wisdom on you,
but i am young
and not as wise as i hope to be.
please don't think me foolish.
i try to grow every day.
i listen to all voices.
i only hope to learn, accept, and understand.*

that attitude will take you a long way.

sometimes i hope to make it a long way.

what will you do with your time?

*paint,
draw,
hopefully meet new people and
spend days talking with them and
being happy with them.
foster children.
dance in the streets.
i hope i will smile and
i hope my time is spent
usefully and simply.
how about you?*

**i want to lead a great life.
i want to inspire people
to explore
the depths of existence.
i want to learn and
experience as much as i can and
share with those who are able to listen.**

well you know i will always listen.

**and you have a gift for expression.
literary and visual.
that is why i like communicating with you.**

*that means a lot.
you mean a lot to me,
even though you feel like
an extension of my imagination.*

**the world is all an extension
of your imagination.
color it as you would like to see it.**

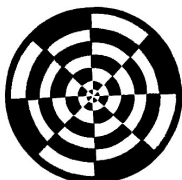
XXX XXX XXX

in JULY 2011

**i lost my phone
while riding Apollo's Chariot in Virginia.
if you are still out there.
i am still here.
listening.**

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