

(Self) Immolation: Or, On Breaking the Fourth Wall

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(Re) Fine-
 The final syllable
 Dropped two days before
 You departed for some sort
 Of new Nirvana(s).

The "i," ice(ily) accented,
 Crashed in a state of (im)perfect (dis)order-
 A pile of cinderblocks throwing off an
 Ashy (un)holy cloud. To this day, light
 Drifting and Sifting downstream to my face
 Is a dirtied sepia. And to think the light first arrived
 With another face ready to meet mine.

That word, still that word tastes of
 Frozen air Yellowing decay Smelted skin
 And (self-) forced exile.

A triptych:

Left Panel: A plain oaken table with an intrusive light set above. A white note stained with cream lettering--This was pored over like a holy text until the words lost their meaning and body then were reincarnated as points and lines and strokes.

Center Panel: I sit hunched over in a chair, staring at you, Casual Viewer, Indifferent Reader. Peer into this scene. Share your thoughts. And please be something more than silent strained pity eyes or a muffled "What the fuck?" No. Enough of that. Tell me, what is burning?

Right Panel: Strident Vacance-A b(l)otched plaster wall with fissures spiderwebbing over the surface. Whether I d(r)i(l)in g out the ground, (re)record all the (already happened) current happenings, (un)dissect writing(s) until the bare bones (de) lay before me- Soft light touches on some other (Ex Nihilo) rivulet trickling off the cracks. Disappointed? Well, this is your art. From the darkening corners to the ghostpale skin.

Out the (s)liced window,

Pruned trees remind me of a thousand limbless Shivas
[They used to dance in the breeze. So well, so often-in the breeze.]

They'll act as my (pseudo-)meditation, shrouded

In a hazed winter light. Inhale. Exhale.

Inhale.. Exhale.. Inhale... Exhale... Inhale(s) Exhale(s)

Light brown *Inhale* Light brown hair *Exhale*

Light brown hair falling *Inhale* Light brown hair

Falling from the tower *Exhale* Light brown hair

fal-

Ling from the tower to the ground *In-... Kha, kha,

kha-

Light brown hair falling from the tower to the

ground

Was my last sight of you.

My breaths come in shallow and (un)sure
And I go splash azure and (s)cold(ing) water
All over my body. Do what must be done.

Still in shock. Note to <<self>> control the
Pen stroke. Note to <<self>> the body is only
A vessel, and a frail one at that. Note to <<self>>
You no longer belong to my"self." (I) found an
Answer in muddied greys. What was burning?
Glimpse around and find any empty spot.
The body's only a weak vessel.