

Wondermental

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Into Greenville

The situation is about losing your
past by growing out of it. The
unbending vestige is an ugly thing

Yet you can't escape behind you

I missed a few possible entries into
the conversation and so I started
internalizing my thoughts

Fecal material touches everything

Any tranquility you find here will be
temporary

Now that writing has ended there's
not much to say

I'll tell you a little about how it's
been, but i won't really tell you how
it's going

Your enemies love certain things

Typewritten instructions on index
cards

Oatmeal farina cream of wheat

Something's run afoul

I lost all my computer files

There is no poetry, no eloquence to
save us from ourselves

There is no
And it's been
Did you read that
Across the nation

Quality control is
One depression isn't
A boat was spotted
A concert of bullfrogs
Retaliation was required
The use of tongs
The light was so
A targeted group
A weather wheel of sorts
There's a distinction
Paradise waits
Theories abound
The clouds came rushing
I know several really
The moon is not
Won't you consider
The screens melted away
We hugged just before
Let's place those out by
If there's a flat
The bee is an afternoon
I was devoid of
The quarantine was
Two holes in the dingy

There is no jockeying for position.
The trees most exposed to light
survive

The subway, the underground
thrives with its scurrying and active
subconscious

Noise is the brick and mortar of
sound

Compelled toward the door handle,
it too moves out of reach

This nightmare is real enough to
walk right back into

A sea without eyes, six without nine
or know without seeing

It's all a knot, the pleasure of fitting

It's been two days

It's been three weeks

It's been four and a half months
since

GET OVER YOURSELF

The bodies suffocate from lacks of
oxygen

We keep living through history like
it's intentional

Over and over again the winner is
kept aloft by its losing scaffold

The fingers work for the palm as the
palm works for the wrist

I'll tell you this, you will continue
even without your crashed hard drive

Spring is the most fecund, how it
dresses trees with leaves every time

The subtle out in the open, out in the
middle of nowhere. An odd
conjunction with nature. The
rhetorics of how am I supposed to
make myself heard

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What can I tell you about being
adjacent to an endless gaping void

The diorama has no light fixtures
and is not quite yet a livable space

Forget about the concrete

Forget about the mythological figures

Drag racing with blinders on. The
nothing imbued with specialness

Seems I don't care anymore

I lost my way
I can't fashion lush poesy on a dare
I'm all thumbs

Abandoned business districts after
rush hour

"Tents of nomads frozen into stone"
Arendt

A collapsible view tucked like
thought folds into cloud

Tumult is killing me. Thrashing
through the snowbound Charlies all
revved up and squawking

I could hold my tongue down on the
t in tungsten long enough to run
amok in the grapple part of a shade tree

Yes, I hummed my way through a
breathalyzer

TTTTTTTTTTTTT

The sweet mucus of revenge
sloganeering its way down the
benefactor's throat

Someone's being coerced, you can
smell it.
Maybe it's me

My anxiety is ordinary
It stems from attempts at initiating
organizational ideas
That never get started

Time for psilocybin

This is my heel

Defunct as a musical score

I remember things going so fast I
could never be boring

Tsk tsk...

*

This is a containment zone

You go somewhere, you become
part of the economy

We need more candles for the power outage

People are strange, even on a
playground they'll vie for dominance

There's something delusional about
reaching for sweets

Options designed to kill specific
nerve endings

You'll have to throttle the garment to
release the microbes

You'll have to fashion a satisfactory
response to inevitable questions

Differing postures attract a variety of
potential endorsements

Eating crackers while talking

There won't be an easier time than now

Which is to say, I hate lists

One calamity, two Janes, three high
stake points of view and four pass cards

I gotta have those pass cards

I was whatchamacallit

I was Breeze

I was given the name of my super
hero power, The Mingler

It's an inflammatory set of questions,
a survey conducted in conflict

Whatever, it sucks fork

I sense deviation, a ripple at the
central intake valve of this poem

Is it food or a relationship

It's the exchange of money, really

I'll throw chiaroscuro in just for
contrast. The difference between
authority and power

Keeps us subservient and giddy with
a bag of treats

Ruination is charming as a cleanser,
but I'm lazy waiting for my stimulation checks

Totally lazy
Totally wired

The glowing orange ember before
the toast pops up

I can't help you
And even if I could
This lane is closed

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It's a machine with a LED display
that announces death

It's fine, these units come with an
internal weeping system

From a distance I explain in the least
amount of syllables

Gwa Vong Koo Ehrtey Sheemza

You were impressed I used that word
as only 12% of the world knows the
word and its meaning

You'll need a pick axe, a spade and a
post hole digger to finish the trench

Those are the basic instructions

It's like someone in the family
winning the lottery

We all feel good

The protesters are holding up blank
signs, but still they're getting arrested

Doesn't matter what you say, but
where you say it, I guess

*

What is torn remains

To circle a word, to keep focus upon it

There are fewer exits than there are
ways to enter

An object that holds writing

Even your griffonage faithfully
recounts the event

You will salvage what is erased in
order to read what transpired

Being free is not easy
Society involves entrapment

You know, I can't be in charge of myself

It might seem interesting, but not
enough to take the extra steps required

This shit is unrelenting
Caught in loops you can't shake

We are weak. Our beauty is in being frail

They provide the tension, but we pull
back before we break

The advertisements are the show.
Everything else is just there to keep
you glued to the screen

Hola Papelito

“Charting relationship in language”

I lifted that line

My object relationship

A letter

Collapses into a word

“We're building a machine

that'll be more

sensitive”

I lifted that line

The buoyancy punctured

Sentences only slightly

different from each other

“Are you remembering for me”

I lifted that as well

A line goes for a walk

Walks through the house

What is it to make

a beautiful thing

*

Candy on your doorstep

This time it's different, I want to

destroy you

*

You tell me what's important...

environment is, to me, an instant classic.

I want so much for you to love me... but

an accumulation of energy gets exhausted

Very honored to be included...

Considered legitimate for half the country

It's pieces of a puzzle torn from my face...

You need to be in therapy boy

This wave-of-life-coming-toward-you

board game requires one of the players to be

immersed in the void

This weakness lasts just long

enough to produce this:

Cafe Du Monde

Bert Weedon
corpus callosum
lacks of cohesion and a fizzing out
of momentum

I noticed your post the other day...
for death and forgetting my phone was awake
yes, for death and forgetting my phone was awake
I was distracted by another moment
How to not disrupt the building
How to live honestly
Conversation has become shorter and shorter
What's the crux of what I'm looking for
I just don't feel committed
The window's a shortcut, but I can't get it in

*

I'll tell you what I think about last
night in the most basic way I can

Going to bed is too formal

*

I am oh if
The whole day long
It feels wrong
Someone's taken my whistle away
Yea, it's hitting me alright

This weakness lasts just long
enough to produce this

If I could, I'd wheel you home in that
radio flyer, and too one never imagines
being two gigaseconds old

*

Altar boy ice cream fasting
Spinning across the floor
Tearing off red long johns in the shower
Moon rocks made of dehydrated dog shit
Low flying meteor

Welcome to the Machine the first time
Crow flying across the windshield
Decorative kale
Hermit crab on my tongue
Orange orb (Goodbye, Mrs Ogden)
Space between traffic signs
FM radio and the "Wont Get Fooled Again"
synthesizer solo
Not thinking in words till 15 yrs old
Jerking off on Greek ruins
The dream tree in inwood park
Tripping at the produce section with my dad

*

Olive Oyl

You gotta tie her legs in knots to
make knees

*

The Old Testament
The kingdom of god
The year of the cat
Al Stewart is an astronaut

That's sexy knowledge

*

Mr Random eyes a sequence of
lived-through events

The way you are expected to be
overworked for the same pay and
smile at the opportunity

There's a station ahead stocked full
with exploration and new devices

External threats are mounting. The
citizenry sense tension and are
willing to take on risk

Rife with intentions. You hear me?

Well, we're a few steps passed that

*

It's hard to imagine the blackboard
being erased and clown drawings
assaulting us for the next few years

This is our status - viral and empty. A
propaganda you can trust to fuck
you up

*

I WAS LOOKING TO DOCUMENT
WHAT MY LSD EXPERIENCES
WERE DOING TO MY BRAIN

It signaled myriad possible
manifestos. Insects roaming over the
face. Javelins through eyelets,
Jacquelyns through pockets of
space. An arabesque throwing you
off the double-helix

An armed Ear MD companion
dreams of the madre

Grasping for the untranslatables like
magnets to a fridge

*

You take up space, it's yours

TOWARD THE (FUTURE)

Where you and decay and death
Sit in a happy hand-holding family
circle without insurance

The crumpled images, the anti-
psychotic, the burned edges, the
title itself -

In your absence

The redemptive
Acquisition
of
Cheerful
Disposition

Now that's trying

Lie down, dear, Lie down

There's the irony of an extra space at
the end of the second paragraph

My feeling about that is
There will be a kind of new
perfection achieved

As if the future is getting absorbed
How circumference kills
Keeping intuition awake
Keeping an eye out for signs

The alignment between what I'm not
thinking and what I'm not saying is
making itself known

Therein is a high bar, an
entanglement of bebopdom at just
the right portions

As if this sentence hasn't lost its baby fat

It's like I'm sleeping for two people
Black white and green

Was always uptight about how I was
going to get home

There is this thing and it's
Valium in the parking lot

You associate the future with some
direction

Truth and finances

Left hand smoke

Please remove the hyphens

In the middle of dense text you will
see the word saccade

The wonderment of things gets fucked up
I've got a back-up heat lamp for just
this situation

Shar / maza / Plan
just for the sound