

Short Poems Put Together to Make a Longer Poem

And because I'm asking you to start here you do.
And because these words are here you're reading them.
Can you finish?

even in six a.m. radiant orange this
porcelain world is slowly shattering and
as it is breaking it's making
a beautiful sound

A bell is ringing.

Ringing and fading.

Fading and ringing.

Tiny and loud.

Can you hear it?

A bell is ringing.

God is asleep.
God gave up a long time ago.
All god can give you is love.

i like girls that
kind of look like guys that
kind of look like girls that
kind of look like

Not one. Not two. But three.

If I legitimize you, will you legitimize me?

BUT WHAT IF I DON'T WANT TO BE LEGITIMATE!

Of course sometimes I smile while I'm still pissed off.
But you reading this is *more* than enough.
I am not different than an actor. I am not one.
I hate you. I love you. I'm not ungeniue.

i (why) love (don't) every (you) one
(shut) and (your) every (mouth?) thing!

am i just a person who happenstanced into your life?
why does this keep happenstancing? do you like dancing?

I like my status. It's a good status.
Didn't you say you have a story to tell me?
I like my status. It's a good status.
I'm still waiting...

The story is waiting to start.

The story is waiting to start but she has to be found.

Where is she?

Let's you and me be like Jesus.
And do something completely pointless.
Except instead of destroying a fig tree
we'll piss on it. That's kinder right?
That's what this is all about, right?
Being kind?

windows are shattering

in the the the orange light

in slow motion

glass like confetti

can you feel it?

windows are shattering

In the beginning was the story.
And the story was with god.
And the story *was* god.

Ok, now it's time to make your own damn

story.