Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Kenning JP Garcia: Two Poems

Kenning JP Garcia · Wednesday, July 1st, 2020

Wait

time

restricted

prescription – who

found out about whom?

signs / symbols

distracted thoughts

moments alone

heavy – recounting

*

holding onto / holding out

for

a reason

tragic / strategic

staring at boats

to stay current

*

ungrounded in flux

bored, embalmed

life sucked out

of space

*

day crave luminal leeches

revisionary sheets

unwashed

*

babble brook to willows weeping

in the dark

respects paid to the flow

can’t unsee where silhouette

once was laid –

a profile

never to last

*

simple hints

inquiry mystery

– concealed / revealed –

infinity strung out

self built

both old and new

*

cheap shot

big shot

hot shot

lip gloss

stale crumbling

come off

the wall

last to know

*

been going along

with and without

a thread to wear / penny to spare

strut worth wasting in a walk

manufractured by

loneliness and hope

– vision compromised for sightseeing

guides

hoodwinked / unwavering

*

never meant to

but intended it

hurt fancies itself up in

forgiveness

for the next beating

*

spent downtown in the drain

lingered at a gutter

considered a grate

misunderstood a manhole

*

lived it up

died of embarrassment

tried to hold on

took too long

got lost in thought

while daydreams accused attention of being a poseur

and reality slipped a disc

– vertebrae by vertebrae –

forgot attachments

said bon voyage

gave daps / pounds

to squad

broken up for

brighter days to come

with a ways to go

before

sun acts right, gets some sense

up in its head to

give a little shine

get a lot of shade

*

one in the hand

two in defense

of the term

‘s

of dis/

agreement

for content and conditions

*

up at arms

again

drowning traps sounds in bubbles

*

enjoy a doubt / savor it / forget what was intended / call a grudge what it really is / a plan unfolded + misinformed = results unattended (to)

[with]

ignored but not for lack of caring

*

passed on cents never received dollars

nothing

was ever

worth the wait

***

Thought Work / Feel Work / Feel Methods (excerpt)

of constant sorrow… of worry and being back on wobbly feet. never came out. never called an ambulance. never did lots of things others did and there's nothing to do about that. now, it's easier to think about what might have been.

*

"… every feeling is the perception of a truth…" (Gottfried Leibniz)

*

slept away yesterday. hour upon hour in bed. couldn't or wouldn't get up. that means something. it'll mean something else some other time. whatever the reason was, it won't matter soon even if the same reason returns later.

*

has later returned yet? is it on its way? will it remember what happened last time? will it matter or will it spirit? will it be less than perceived? not trivial but less material. less substantive?

*

from love to lie is a lateral move. a crossover to make some space. get room for the jumper or go to the hoop. but life isn't basketball cuz ball don't lie. but then again, there is the love of the game and how does that compare to a lust for life?

*

could go back to bed. could be there until these moments no longer matter. stay past relevance. unbecome. submerge under waves of nightmares. trade terrors for terrors. paralysis for hesitancy. let subconscious hopes rewrite scripts and cash in favors from snooze buttons. let horrors continue as long as possible so long as reality remains out of reach.

leave glasses bedside, lights on, as lamp is too long a walk at this time of night, of day, of life.

*

undermine the mundane – endlessly everyday. enter into language new clichés from which to choose.

*

prove possibilities to the garbage can.

*

been forgetting how to wake up. how to get up and get going. is this aging? been needing more time with dreams than are never remembered. more time with thoughts. with loneliness, solitude, inactivity. more time away from perception and sensation, just a sense of oneness and worries and plans and attempts to repress desires. time to recall failures and misunderstand patterns better. all this as opposed to more youthful insomnia and constant need to always be working. getting ahead. having a hope in crafting skills through extensive amounts of practice. a creation of habit over hobby.

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