

ENEMY CHASER

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Tomorrow morning will be really fun, there will be clouds in the air and you will find yourself next to a turntable, more than likely.

This morning we will watch Alien and the next morning we will watch Predator.

Please make sure we've got tiny mammals around us, or at least one.

The wireless router will make sure everything works, this flat blue thing flashing at night.

The wireless router is another way of saying, "Here is our capsule, down to 3 HP."

This morning the torrent for Alien will go by faster than expected, as always.

The closest we will get to watching Alien in the morning will be successful.

Heems is doing his thing and I'm unable to focus on
the constant state of my cell phone.

"And you're on Facebook a lot. How?"

There are constant tabs open and available.

Constantly HAM and I temporarily forgot what HAM meant.

THIS NEW SONG IS ABOUT CRUCIFIXIONS

No not quite, but I would like to think it would be.

David Duchovny Was/Is a Sex Addict

David Duchovny had a big problem and that problem was being a sex addict.
David Duchovny liked to have sex a whole lot, so much that it messed up his life.
There are 0 Comments and then there is a picture.
Is this monkey doing yoga?

David Duchovny didn't have to do much besides admitting himself to a clinic.
David Duchovny was at the clinic for a set period of time and then he worked more.
David Duchovny was/is in Californication and was in The Joneses.
David Duchovny had to spend some time with Demi Moore.

**There are choice words in the
air, they're called:**

“U R SO SO SO KIND 2 ME”

North Korea, you are doing a great job.

North Korea, we had great times Kim Jong Iling it up
and we assume there will be many more Un-times to be had.

But the only thing that bothers me, North Korea
is the fact I don't get enough attention, personally,
from you.

It was like I was on a blank ship
with nothing else there, no ropes or pulleys or safety boats.
This empty white boat, with me on it, out, looking at you, North Korea

and it is Faustian in the way I want to open a door behind you.
Where did this door come from?
Did you get that? Do you get it?

Me? I'm from the old village.

Here is an image of me drinking coffee in the shower. Here is an image of me quoting a famous person and putting the famous person's quote on the internet. Here is an image of me attempting to do something resembling parkour. Here is an image of me in the prone position in bed for three hours. Here is an image of me at the store buying a brand new pair of jeans. Here is an image of me bending my thumb too far. Here is an image of me feeling both scared and content at the same time while holding a baseball bat. All of these images can be found in my new compendium, new images of Harold Alexander Savage.

The future was in a dream, on a cell phone. The future was inside of the dream but the past was on a cell phone. The past was played back in real time.

this is how we were, do you remember?

witness the days and these moments.

The future mistook itself for something that would actually happen.

“These drones, they’re fake, they’re just empty shells.”

And the future would really collapse and it would call itself another one.

So these piles of future would stack up and all of the cell phones would shake.

HERE IS THAT FUTURE.

Domino’s is the best place for delivery,

Papa John’s is the most reliable

Sarpino’s is open the latest

The future would press its cell phone against its chest

during heightened moments of peril

and during pressed moments of relief

The future’s dream was not on a cell phone or it wasn’t on a screen

It was difficult to distinguish its pattern

YOU DON’T REMEMBER ME

Let the future ghostwrite for your twitter account

and let the future pile up some more

on your cell phones

your patios

your pet cats

your towers

your cable boxes

your scattered silverware

your flooded back yards

I was a tiny guardian of this stupid bell
I said

Ring this stupid bell and I will kill you
I will kill you with my gigantic army
I will find your army
which is not as gigantic
and I will murder you and your army
I've got one gigantic army and I will find yours

OH HOW WE SHAKE DURING THIS NEAT LITTLE MOMENT

This is my infinite Bud Light Ballad.

How many times can you rhyme “sinew”? How many basketball games are there?

(Right now, how many are there?)

And in this highlighted zone, this gripped sheen

here it is, an infinite Bud Light Ballad. Dwayne, LeBron, Larry,

all blinded, all to their shins parallel

Infinite Bud Light Ballad blocking the sun to create a new one.

Though, this is not what should be noted.

What should be noted are the bright futures we have

in the mines and in the catapults.

“Hey,” they will spit out.

“Hey, we are not in any order.”

We will tell them that, certainly

they must face their specifics

and their very special “right-clicks” and drop down menus.

Infinite Bud Light Ballad remains suspended in the air

and Dwayne, LeBron, Larry rise up

cautious and glowing.

Where were we when we made those street views?

We were out in the fields with our AKs

We were in our based floors, before we knew about our connections

Thanks, thank you, we're here sitting in a rolling chair

I am twelve years old and I completely understand this

We were doubling over, thinking about our AKs

We were on 1.3, and we stopped at 1.6

And our Youtubes were not yet realized

TO WHICH THIS IS A MAJOR EXTENSION OF WHAT I AM CAPABLE OF: CROWDED SPACE EDITION

That isn't to say that this is about Evan Williams because it really isn't
but it is more about the scope of what kind of injuries could happen.

I used to write artist statements
now I just have sex for URLs.

I said something, out loud, about floating
one night when I thought it was the last one (again).

What did you think about my clean corpse?
Did you smile at the lock around the case?

And, oh, if I've ever talked to you on the internet
but in the private sections of the internet

you're allowed to call me a "cold beast"
or even something slightly better.

A drunk, open letter to my landlord that I do not know

Dear landlord that I do not know,

How many times have we actually, truly spoken to each other? I'd like to think your face is one that is sort of meek, one that is sort of tepid on the surface, but, after a fairly prolonged period of time, one that is almost frightening in the sense that we have no idea what is going on behind that face. I want you to know my real position, if anything.

Have you ever had to deal with my sort? I'm sure. I'm more than positive, you are a landlord, and you have to deal with all sorts of human conditions. How long have you had to deal with Motown played throughout your roofing structures? As a landlord, I think you could understand the basic human plight. Can you give me a break, maybe? I'm going to wake up in a few hours, and really, I can still get a decent night's rest. I can count eight, a few moments before I really have to get up and do things, but I need to be up early tomorrow, you understand.

Can you do something about these dogs? Can you do something about the rife human prospect of these neighbors? I'm not too sure how I feel about all of these walls. Can you wake me up from these dreams? I would like it if you could slowly nudge my left shoulder, seeing it is the one closest to the free area of the room. Please, gently nudge my left shoulder and ask if I am calmly waking up. Think about how we're all doing, of course, but please, let me know if things are okay. Please let me know if I'm going to choke in this apartment by myself. Please let me know when it is okay to break my barriers.

I CAN SMELL YOUR FEAR AND NEAT PANIC.

can we find ourselves DEAD in a pile of FUN?

All of us die on a Ride the Ducks boat. We all die on a Ride the Ducks boat and all of us go to heaven. Once we are in heaven we have a difficult time finding other people there. Where do we go, we all said, all of us with our Ride the Ducks mouth quackers draped around our necks. We kept walking in heaven, hoping we would find someone. How did we all die on the Ride the Ducks boat, we all wonder. What really happened to us on that boat. There was nothing around us besides the water and our duck boat. We kept walking around heaven looking for someone and thinking about how we died on a Ride the Ducks boat. One of us stopped walking and refused to find anyone else in heaven. One of us stood there with the duck quacker in our mouth, evenly quacking as the rest of us left. We kept walking in heaven with a distant quack, quack.

Bethany
Tamatha
Gabbie
Tamera
Brittany
Jessica

These are the names of all of my wives and they say that they are all the best wives. I made them line up according to height, once, but then I felt bad about making them do that, so I let all of them use me as a bridge from one hallway to the next. They all said, you are one of the better bridges we have found and utilized. I said, Bethany, Tamatha, Gabbie, Tamera, Brittany, Jessica, you are all welcome.

With your hands on your hips you said it was just another Indiana Jones rip off.

With my hands on my hips I said that it was a _good_ Indiana Jones rip off.

I am imagining talking to you in a shower and it is no different than when we are / we could possibly be talking normally.

And I can only think about the song “the shape of the slope” for five seconds, and then

I’m able to think about everything else I want to think about.

Some of us are in Japan, right now, and others, but not all, want to be in Japan right now.

I do not want to be in Japan right now.

But I can’t write a poem about that.

But I can’t write a poem about how I have a gorgeous dick.

Two managerial staff walk down the street. They look ahead at their huge violent sunset that will destroy everything on the earth and then it will sink into the earth but the earth will still remain. Thomas and Glenn will live another day after the violent sunset. Thomas and Glenn will crawl out of the ground on a new day. They will both hold each other and feel wary of their new surroundings. Thomas and Glenn both feel that same way like they did before the violent sunset.

OH MY GOD
did you hear about
the new wave of commerce?

OH MY GOD
no. way.
did you hear about my new trepidation

OH MY GOD
just like that one time
we saw that helicopter crash into the ground
and nobody was bleeding and nobody was broken

OH MY GOD
that sounds just, like
something i would do!

OH MY GOD
your cool new pain reminds me
of, something i would feel

OH MY GOD
that makes me think of selena gomez
and all of those people she has healed
also all of the snakes she has destroyed

OH MY GOD
these trees aren't so good for us
i don't think we're ever that healthy

OH MY GOD
you just HAVE to give me the backstory on that one
because otherwise, I would totally ruin my own life
and, oh, yeah, the backyard is PERFECT

OH MY GOD
I heard it was banned in China
for being so emotionally draining

OH MY GOD
that reminds me of this amazing dream I had
I kept falling asleep and I felt like
we had really done something about castro

OH MY GOD
just like all of those documents we burned
the ones that caused our own
real cool social collapse

**We strike down large
panels that read, “NOT
HERE, PLEASE NOT
HERE.”**

There was this one real cool moment in time
I thought that we were real cool, real built
but there were no other notes to be sent
and there were no other ways to prove that.

My first real cool moment in time wasn't apparent
apparitions of a small building I had imagined
with cut up television programs in the background
curtains and shelves
and strong breastbones
countries that would always bleed out
countries that would shift under miles and miles

it would surround me
but only halfway
and I could step backwards out of it.

And I want to step backwards out of it
For all of the time I really can
I found out I wasn't too real
I found out I was a closed shell
and that my briefcase mind
was a real element
and I shake all day
and I would turn into a silent charm

A silent animal

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