

All of these dogs sound like screaming people but then I listen to them more
and they are just regular dog barks.
I would videoblog this in my room, in my real fun skin.
Do they liveblog often?
A super blue hiss talks to a dog.

There are all sorts of killers out there
my head, my feet, my arms, my legs
(I paced and talked)
when all of those things that have been said
(about complete platonism, about shrugging off)
I extend a cool warm hand out and
truly realize
(your cell phone is in your hand)
simple syrup
and multiple spills on couches, sheets, benches
they're all open and fine and normal for everyone.

there are these men in uniforms but they have no color to them
there are a few transformers movies in this world
there are infinitely costumed rulers
(coaches
bakers
outfielders
masters of ceremony)
but if we wait inside, for hours
we will get to notice these things
no more uniforms or costumes,
And I will announce
I Am An Unknowing Emotional Oppressor

this is also known as binge depression
or constitutional, brisk, total crime
we need more seeders for our bodies, we say
honestly, seriously

HOW WE CHURN, HOW WE RIP OFF CUTE PEOPLE

I'm unsure of what to call it, if anything.
My last two days on the earth will be immorally sequential
and I will never think of you as much else besides what I know.
For example, I never knew you had a car
I never knew you had a cell phone
I never knew you had temperance?
(I don't know if you have temperance)

"You're not of magnetic poles"
was one of the most recent things I thought about you
and I want to and enjoy being one of the last people to talk about it.
"Which one of us has former customs?"
was one thing I thought about, just now.

Bethany is on the porch, looking outside at something. There is the ocean nearby, but I'm unable to tell if she is looking at the ocean or not. Her vision is hitting something between the ocean and something else. Bethany is on the porch, not looking at the ocean, more than likely.

These are troubled times, Bethany says. The ocean makes a packaged, distant sound. Bethany says something which contains the phrase, "grossly unimaginable," but I was unable to discern the rest of her sentence. Daytime television was on, and the sun felt weak. The voices from the daytime television were marginally over-produced and comforting. There was a soft crash of voices from the daytime television and Bethany's focus remained vague. What do you think we're supposed to do now, and where, how? The daytime television hissed and there were some trees outside. I was standing next to Bethany. I clouded myself because I felt absent from her, the daytime television, and a few of the trees. Bethany's elbows were resting on the porch. The skin around her bones was taut. Her skin was rough and pink and white. I was staring outside, my elbows slowly moved to rest on the porch, there was daytime television in a quiet resounding pitch, and I closed my eyes.

“Frank is a huge joke” is what I just typed as Frank walked by my desk. Frank is a huge joke. I want to turn myself into a large court system, sometimes.

Though, I’m really ashamed of what I am doing and also what I am not doing.

I want a real right transparency for myself

(it is a daring thing, especially for my circumstances)

There is an old round man sitting on the floor behind me, he fixes printers for a living.

Not a problem!

No problem with that!

I’m speaking to him like this. I. Appreciate. Your. Life. Decisions.

The world’s printer is like a huge fucking lake.

This guy

He is like Arthur

Unfucking the world

kinds of hulks
hulk
red hulk
she hulk
dead hulk

hahaha, lol

If you think that we're made out of a series of sponges and tubes
you would be pretty correct
but you can't say goodnight to someone at 4 PM

I would touch your face outside, in the parking garage
when it is the fall, I will touch your face in the parking garage
"Look at those suckers," we will say
"Look at those saps outside of the parking garage."

I want to be a flirt babe forever
I want to be on a the top of a mountain and tell you that
sure, yeah, he is selling

THERE ARE BIG RED DOCUMENTS IN OUR FACES
there were emotional moments in my life where I would talk about combing my hair
backwards
and now
there are emotional moments in my life where I comb my hair backwards

I'll write you a poem because you wrote one for me
because I can understand
most anything is caustic
and I, just like I imagine you might, close 3-5 tabs at once
to avoid furthering self disgust

I'll write you a poem because you probably deserve it
PUT ME IN THIS NEW LAND
PUT ME IN THIS NEW LAND

RING OF FAVOR AND PROTECTION

I am better than everybody
is what happens in distraught kinds of light
(we'd say it wasn't, we'd say it was close to home)
in New York there are people who are like me
and in San Francisco there are people, who maybe
and lightly
might share my blood

I'm in a loose grasp of headlights
deer get killed
baby pandas will die in unknown ways
and I will stay here, next to you, for what seems like a brief moment
but in reality I will coax out a dream of a dinner party.

I'm a beautiful baby

If you get fired today it will be all right
I like the feeling when I'm uprooted
I like the feeling when I'm sinking in my own tracks

Google Video is now Youtube
Google Documents is now Google Drive
my tonsils are two cute little things in my mouth
and my neck sometimes touches your neck

9 gag dot com is a social attribute to your networking structures
I can no longer physically type www dot 9 gag dot com

someone has their own retail store
and you have a press conference in the food court

I'm going to sneeze on every mother fucker I see, you said.
I said, there is a small brilliance outside, if you look through it enough.

You love my Instagram account, I think
and my cat is kneading my stomach
and maybe you love my stomach

I was at a party and nobody talked to me
and before I went to the party I almost smoked a cigarette backwards.

I was going to type "I am in an infinite struggle" but now I don't think that I am.
I don't think I am in an infinite struggle because I can talk to people
without harsh reason or ways to convince them.

NOPE

we were unable to convince you
and I was a lovely burden to have to settle down with
and to comb not only our beaches but our temperate drones
of silence and of rushing, immediate death
we had imagined on the wide pavement
our bones driving into the earth.

WE ARE TOTAL FIRE AND AMUSEMENT

I want to sulk past alleyways
I want to bridge many gaps, understandably

and we chant
forcefield, forcefield

Do you want to sleep in the same bed as me
that is the most of any question I could ask
my literal thumbnails, however
are a real thing, and possibly not present.

I can certainly contribute my life to nothing
the only tired thing I can do is hope you are okay with my dead limb
* we are lofty gargoyles, we are stupid dead states *

I'm in the 1990s and you are in the 1990s
and what is stopping me from giving you something blatant
and what is stopping me from ripping my own guts out

I did not know much about the spaces

my best cosmos

WOW. WOW.

I get scared whenever I'm outside and there are no differences between anything.

There is a .JPEG of your signature out in the world.

Have comfort in knowing this

because I know I do

because I know that if anyone wants to know

I just found out that there is a kind of hulk called

devil hulk

I don't know what devil hulk does

Fuck a Billowing Landscape.

ACT I:

I was boundless for the longest time. You were boundless for the longest time.
The Grocery Store is open until 11, you said. You said there was nothing to eat.

In this scene we see a balding man carry a can of Pepsi Cola and a pack of Pall Malls
in the same hand.

In this scene we take a deep breath,
understanding we are truly, extremely, not this man.

ACT II:

a new short form of understanding
we said

ACT III:

A face will get very red under different circumstances.
Each kind of redness will come from a different cause or
tribulation or languish.

A red face doesn't belong to anyone, we thought.

I hate the kind of threat that never exits
the living space.

A new red face is a new alive face. Nobody owns it.

ACT IV:

I feel brilliant in two different ways. One of the ways doesn't matter. The second way is in my typing and how it falls about and apart.

I want to tell you, "Fuck a billowing landscape" and to mean it in a soft way. How we can both understand a new fun harsh world but sequentially understand the imperative, slow pace of orange juice.

I want to tell you, "Fuck a billowing landscape" as we are both looking at a billowing landscape.

ACT V:

At first it was a joke I made with a friend when at first

oh when at first I was making a joke about feeling like a rap star
or similar to what a rapper would be
or similar to what a rapper would feel like submerged in water
but not being baptised
but being submerged in water but also being safe
also knowing that they are a rap star.
I made a joke about feeling like a rapper.

How many endearing raps can happen in the world?
I rub my face in some dirt like a very short ostrich
every change I make is saved

"every change I make is saved," is a very sudden, almost guttural mode of thought
which can easily translate to:
I WANT TO EAT STEAK WITH YOU

TEAM TRYOUTS / THE MOUNTAINS / FINDING A SPORTS UTILITY VEHICLE

Is there not the, uh
quite amount of a moment, u know?
omg

Who made the triumph? Who made the offering?
Who said, "Fuck this tribulation?" and suddenly afterwards
William set his head on the desk and thought about
a cool body in a house
a cool body on fire
a cool body shot in the head
and suddenly
an Ace of Base song and fell asleep
and suddenly
William has a dire smile
like a dire rat or a dire wolf or a dire ox or a dire spacial awareness
and William thinks, "Do it again, do it again," as he stands up
and greets the FedEx delivery and consumes some air.

There is a man across the street and William is picking up his own person.
The man across the street waves his arm at William, and William, in this order:

1. Thinks that there is no foreseeable escape.
2. Believes that there are sharp bones of fun in his own body.
3. Outstretches his own arm
4. Says, "There will never be any peace!"
5. Hears the man across the street say, "I heard about that! I really did!"

and then William dedicates his life to evasion and doing yoga
and then William dedicates his life to warm embraces and
100 hand slaps

I can think of “Vib Ribbon” and people always commenting about my cold extremities.

I'm a Toyota Celica

I'm Rey Mysterio

I've got twenty different ways to make you patient

I've got ten different ways to remind myself of patience

and when we speak

conscious

and well more than half drunk

openly

I'm a Toyota Tundra

I'm in a parking lot

and you say something about a Yaris

and you say something about a Kia Soul

and I write to a very indiscriminate You

and I think about a consulate

and time and time again I am situated.

In the specifics I would like to think we plan these crimes.

I would like to think we are both small towns

bustling with vague ambient waves of very slow crime.

What is life if it isn't fleeting moments of sexting?

I'm trying to find a specific moment in time where I can speak to you
HTML5 is a new standard of too much, happily
HTML 5 is also and also conquest

“Monday Sushi Specials”

“Monday Terminal Destruction”

“Monday Late Capital”

“18 Year Old Boys Talking to 18 Year Old Cats”

“everyone’s favorite iteration of ? ? ?” (question mark x 3)
actively constructing deals with COOL PRINCIPLES

Actively Tepid Mental Catalogue:

What am I if not trill? What am I if not amorally hyphy?
What am I if not slow, destitute, and drank?

I am at a slow pace
and we might be dumb.

This is a new thing I found out about Sailor Moon
(the series, not Sailor Moon in specific)

Also I didn't know much about Sailor Moon
I didn't realize anything else about Sailor Moon
and I will talk about Sailor Moon
for as long as I am physically able to
on my tiny fun deathbed
I will make one very simple cough and then
I will tell you all about what I thought about Sailor Moon

*I'm sorry I'm not straightforward,
xxxxx
My thoughts are about to short circuit,
xxxxx*

Jesus was a cop killer
and he killed the cop of my heart
with two different bullets.

Jesus was a cowboy killer
and he killed the cowboy of my heart
with two different bullets.

Jesus was a baby killer
and he killed the baby of my heart
with two different bullets

I wear a sweater and I look like a Grand Marquis
I wear a sweater and I look like Zechs Merquise
Everyone tells me I look like the Marquis de Sade
But in large print Comic Sans
But with a different face

I'm the first American rapper to rap about
CONDOLENCES
I'm the first American rapper to rap about
CONDOLENCES
And I'm the first American rapper to discredit myself
And simultaneously confine TRUE BABY FEELINGS

I Want to Communicate Your Vitalities for the Next 20 Hours.

I hear that everything is peaceful, I hear that everyone knows how to live
in a terminal, certain scope.

I can't say so much, yet
but I would fall asleep with you for 20 hours
and I would crush my bones
slightly
in a new bold space.

I would dip my voice down a few octaves, if you needed.
I would touch your shoulder like it was a zoo animal
that was allowed to be touched
like a slow calm thing
that needed to be allowed its own personal space.

I want to touch you when I don't know anything else.
I want to touch your face when I don't know anything else.
I feel romantic and also at a deficit.
I would do what you needed.

Zoolander was a movie
is there going to be another Zoolander, I wonder.
I am going to go to IMDB right now.
Yeah, there is going to be a Zoolander 2
and it looks like Jonah Hill is going to be in Zoolander 2.
None of this affects my life in any way, shape, or form.
This does not affect my life so much,
so much, that I am going to walk outside
and put my face on the ground
and mouth the words into the ground,
“I am king of the world and I am king of everything I really want to do.”

Thank you for putting up with me watching Street Fighter videos on Youtube.
Thank you for putting up with my stupid baby pug voice.

Remember when people used to have calculators?
For math? And also science?
I've never been sure why those were needed
also how we speak to each other.

WE STUNT OURSELVES

I ate too many meals in one year
I felt like I didn't compost enough
and I threw too many vegetables at trees in disgust

now, suddenly
I am thinking
"I want to fuck until the sky turns out"

or rather:
AN UNKNOWN RETURN TO MY WORLD

o and I crumble
o and I crumble
right now, suddenly,
I have already typed, "in a loose grasp of headlights"
somewhere
(where did I already type that?)
but it feels good to think about you in that way, again

I want to rock back and forth like the poets I know
and I want to rock back and forth in the morning
when I am scared
and I want to rock back and forth

sometimes I feel like a bat and I am in a movie
and I am in a movie where I am surrounded by strangers
and in this movie there is a soundtrack
and I am calm and calm
and I echolocate
and we are calm
and we stunt ourselves

I'm streaming in 720p and I'm a huge jerk

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