

Rhythms 2008

Frowning Clock

by Joseph Iaia

Frowning clock

The numbers are rubbing numbers

New York minutes become Wall Street seconds

A tempered and tusked façade of plastic and glass

Diligent language, I know not what I speak

I make promises when all I want to do is lie

I am prompt on tardiness and slow towards hastiness

Walking contradiction, or writing paradox

Call me a window of oxymorons

I'll bet against me

I can chew on thoughts and gnaw on revelations

I am a traveling verbivore, a spiral of wayfarer ways

Tipping lamppost

Ovals of light volleying against the nothing

Lights on, lights off, lights on, lights off

I find myself leaning, more towards one way than another

And nothing is symmetrical

Anymore

Anymore, I want to hold what youhesheme may say

Anymore, I want to follow through, follow you

Into a vast chasm of unknown and indifference

Let's be independent together, our own paradox

A coined contradiction

Let us

Let us walk and run and foil and fumble

All of my best accomplishments were my friends' fondest follies

I am a healer, a priest shrouded in vestments of muse

The divine intervention, the cleansing spiritual journey

This is me, stroking my ego, signing off

Rhythms 2008

I will heal you, if only it would save me
Anymore, I just want you to make me the hero
Or at least the neutragonist
For I am wrecked with ruin and dusted in June
From when the January sun nipped me at the bud
So save me from I-think-you-know-what
Because I could and would and will
Do so
Much for you

One (Will)
First and Foremost
by Joseph Iaia

-no way
You started, I started, it was all fuck'ed up to start(ed)
*even dead daises may blossom, and the phoenix may
revive
-c'mon man, no learn all loose
-leave me. Alone®
Bribery-briberies!! *Circles do circle and complete
-come inside, come inside and start a revolution with me
-this is all digital man, I can dig this
And that was how it started-year one, begin.
Lifetime only, commence. We.
Us. The republic of US!!!!!!sss!
I'm getting jazzed here, keyed up
Play me, play me!!!! I was once a minor key
I got a new song now that you're here
*All instruments can be re-tuned, re-strung, re-learned
*dissonance can be assonance, perception permitting
Synapses, synapulari!
!hallways neverendingneverender!surrender!
!to-me!
Four-scorehundred 24's later, still be me, still be me?!

Rhythms 2008

The newcomer, I hate him I hate him

-he's got all the latest greatest

-I can't handle that cool

-no , you ©(a)n-NOT!

~~~~but... please?~~~~

I can buy the works, I swear I got the right stuff!!!

\*the devil -zuh- redemption coulddddd taste ({{of}})

honeysuckle

And

I am

Not

-a-

Sane

\*tuh\*

~~and if you would just give me a chance, I could show you  
that~~

[w}}RECKlessness, wreckajunction!! I can bring it all back  
together-----

----comma-----with my oldnew song and my oldnew ways