

made by two people having little
from memory

with spotted eye (eyespecken), as passenger
of a tunnel. Where the light at the
end of the light at the end is so
far to grasp it. Our senses then
depending on our sensitivity and then
we see monsters. It's a tiresome
we rely on our mood and the
pleasurable.

Shall I do it? These are not
mel.

NICK MERLOCK JACKSON



#2 - Samuel Ashford, Katie Bradshaw, Nick Merlock Jackson

organized by Morgan Vo, cover by SA

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The two faces of solitude; them the fiercest most unforgiving monster. It's nose turned inwards, inhaling constantly the stench of digestion. Decaying raccoon bones in a sack of permeable skin. The leaking drips to the feet, where they stagnate around the big toe. Now a poor sense of balance. The fear is so great so as not to move; before the imagination of movement there was no stillness, only rocks. Even when beckoned by the presence of kindred spirits, (waving to them as they leave) and there you are alone again, staring the monster in the eyes, despite the quaking. But what is a shake a movement? Is a startle the beginning of something? The realization perhaps that there is no monster, only you. A dark shadowy form of yourself.

The other eyes hold a boundless exit from being. A window with wilted white curtains that invite the leap of any cat. Egging the feline to heights she can't understand, so she jumps, to break some legs and have some balky cat casts. Stripping of grace. Or a tree could be there, groomed and ensnared with a net; or both outcomes. No space for emotion, the letting go of a wry smile or smirk of knowing more than the rest who can feel the mirage of company.

A step above or away? looking down on are from afar the things as they happen or don't. Nothing to look at, no looking, pupils bisected by lids, and an eye's lashes are its fringe, venetian and slitted.

Missing

While I'm wishing you
give me something heavy
with pages clean inscription
missing the back of your head on
everyone all I keep looking but you aren't seeing!

Being cowardly together is how we change
commands into suggestions the back
of your head I see your hair wet
in my head I see down
invisible missing.

- fr. 'Blindness'

As if the eyes were missing a crucial piece. From the beginning when they were built. The fallible piece; a corroded metal where the threads did not lock around the machine. And this is the foundation we speak of, so now after years of accumulation, the tower towers high, impressive; impressions, one laid on the other; pressures. But there is a creak, not visibly flawed for it is from the source of vision. And at some point, unknown to the looker, the integral piece breaks and the castle crashes to the ground or off the cliff to the waves, or inside of itself. And a twinkle known as love vanishes, or a piece of it. A hair of light, the mirror of the ape's eyelash ceases to me.

I have seen it so few times, a choked back scream that can't be heard, but is seen in a world that gets darker.

The satellite in perdition trails offward to the distant abyss, in search of a void of which there are few. The absence of everything is delimited here, though its limits are as vast as the place is empty; empty of everything; empty of nothing, and therefore holding all possibility. The presence of absence. Its beacon beams for those who may follow it there, to the un-place. Maybe they were in perdition as well; or else they could only look down, which is non-universal. But the satellite was too fast and its spiral seemingly random even in time's absence when everything is patterned. And jupiter could not suck it off course, where all others were lost by unseen forces. It was only upon arrival that it realized it was alone, and that probably there was no way back.

Fatalist Plant

At a table in the back I sat
with the story how do you feel?
My vulnerability evident on purpose
though I didn't care about your answer.

I didn't care about knowing
you couldn't talk about me and I think
how much of the sex is about me?

To hurt you I told you I cared for
you I hoped to hurt you
and part of me wanted nothing
you keep figuring.

I think I fetishize you but I find
that you keep using me I want
to keep could you never?

I mean you couldn't
there is no one to tell me I'm wrong
wanting to care less all along
want less want nothing.

At some point it was more important
to be I should be honest
to this love, your name which settles in the mind.

Might you be affected I might not
believe you or the way my legs look
after the last time you wanted to fuck me
leave no marks I wanted nothing.

I don't hear God in you
fatalist plant.

NYC 02.10.14

- A translation of an obscure Kafka text
understanding of the others language,

We can be viewed, by the earth
on a train that has crashed in
entrance is no longer visible and
small we are constantly trying
are so heightened and dependent
degree of our wounds, we

Kaleidoscopic game. Otherwise
Kaleidoscopic game may be

What shall I do? why
questions one asks in a fun