John Maurer **Deliriant**

A worrier worrying about worrisome worries An obsessor obsessing over obsessive obsessions

A crystal chandelier falls on the stock market floor With sparkling strip club dandruff

I am just another drug addict

Addicted to drugs that make me forget them

Another monkey with symbols that clang like clunky syntax With my vest at the cleaners; grandfather's candies

Mother I'm so sorry Every poem I write freezes over on my palate as afterbirth Lysergic acid discovered aliens in my un-human personhood fuck iT I am a big ball of tepid rubbish

Not a diamond of something law enforcement roughed up

Grave dug eye sockets sink with sand that has its coffee delivered

A teething great white that bites at what is good and dull

And still swallows its pride with a tongue spooned with semen sputtered by whip cream canister

Work Dad work Work so I can work And we can both die and say at least our misery was noble in wet-flinted candor Feathers will turn to dust instead of dusters And won't be able to collect themselves or my own rancid marrow

Focus on the nasal-burning olives pulled from toothpicks I thought about inserting into my eye Then you won't see the railroad spike through my sopping pink The butcher says I slice the meat of my obtrusion too thick The bile is dripping on the thermal foil

My drool for worst case scenarios makes me a poor criminal A humanzee with glass teeth fogged by breathy glossing

What is your political stance on analingus?
And how it affects foreign rice economies
Or how grandmother swoons at internet ads of men frenching men Another dead eyed father's father; a demagogue drunk grabs pussy we just let him do it
Gorilla faced humans with the human faced gorillas
Muddling about the smuggling of heads
Climbing the rusting vine of fire escapes
Towards inferno superb with grandma getting lost in mountain forest Man stopped praying
God got on his knees And was made to read our prophecies about venereal roulette or felonious fellatio About how elephants have a lot of unachieved sexual potential About how I have been drunk more times this week Than I was sober in my whole childhood God read the instructions backwards Left a tongue thumbed bible on the radiator, a sizzling flambé Gave us the light given off by our sweet smelling, slow burning guts As far as I can remember remember remember forget remember remember remember What day it is, is only as important as my will to get out of bed Everyone says I'm proud of you I'm proud of you You are doing It Really do doing it do I writhe in hunger pains because I hate to fuel the fire Waterlogged logs leave me still too warm; especially my blood Too alive for my lifestyle Nightmarish sweat seeping through the floor Drips into my tea onto the coaster of My handdrawn 'I VOTED' sticker Can't explain how my swamp ghillied species They went bonkers with such reverence Drowned in thirst and not even refreshingly Improprietous property monism under slitted sheets saying ICANTHEARYOU Because a tangerine said he wants to fuck his daughter Fruits can't fornicate freely this way Sticking their rotten apple cores in the hooha's of their swan spawn Self-arson seems honorable and pleasant in aroma Eyes coined Greekly and tongue split symbolic of young girl's legs Head on a fucking spike in the middle of times fucking square I tell my mother I will go to church and kneel on my way out If the not-happening happened The happening always happens; the universe or the great happenstance stills stands Too much this and that More this and this and that and that Flamed by a crack pipe so hot my skin can't comprehend I make love to a river nymph in a lava flow Cum so hard that I die

Die so hard that I don't even notice

What is a standard of living

For a broke man who is handing out his own change

With horse remains pasting floral wallpaper on the walls of his heart

You won't even see the cracks

None of us are cracking up about our future

Getting lost in a mall stressed at the barbecued ribs

with things I want to want more than I need my needs

I would rather be nipple clamped to a car battery while disassociated

On the drugs of any street corner I turn my owl neck around on

Then be what I remember sobriety felt like

Even if the winner will always lose and the loser always win

The game isn't worth stretching for anymore

I take naps on my not-girlfriend-girlfriend's yoga mat

No one has ever wanted what I call my glitch in the miserable mathematical mutation

we stagnate through quickly

the deviled eggs and the angel food cake on plates trimmed with tungsten street lights of northern sophistication I found dim

I find myself in another diner

high on another drug I bought from a homosexual stranger I met on the internet thinking

if I had tattoos my scars would disappear

I look around at tapestry skinned pill crushing, like-like crushing, children it stirs in me an urge to crush a child under my car

I forget that I'm nervous for too long

It makes me nervous

I drink a dozen cups of coffee and smoke a trillion cigarettes and speak to no one until

my political views and religious hate-seepings align with my spine and drip out with the acid it's like everyone around me is just like me

as long as strangers are strangers, I'm not that strange The drowning of self in self has been a drowning

in masks that look so much like my ancestors faces that they are my ancestors faces assimilating with this age of asphyxiation, call it erotic if you are so optimistic

in a draw at air, I tear the crest off my family shield

scream my name like another drunken fuck word

The final conflict of the life journey of a misanthrope is

either to kill everyone or to kill themselves instead I wrote this poem This poem was written on November 9, 2016