

TELEPHONE COMPANY:

Date: / /

ISSUE #2 of BEAMS, a poetry ZINE by Julius Sherbert
<http://tea.fry.me>

DESERT POEM

soft sweet breads
glutens of the sand
barrage of warm gray sand
warm, wet plastic enclosed cafe food
or
nuts from a bag
jiggles as vast as desert
infinite goldenrod
reasonable kids don't want to use inside voices
windows so large it feels like outside

SECOND LEVEL CALTRAIN

peering downstairs
I'm observing this
Man's wrinkled red hands holding
a beer in a cozy, two sci-fi books
each garnering
equal attention

USING A KNIFE IN THE DARK IN A CAR ON THE HIGHWAY

I gotta open this banana
pull tab didn't get a chance to form fully
it's one of those bananas picked before it was ripe
So that it can sit in a box for a while
Before it gets to the clients office
For the office fruit bowl
But now we're on the highway

Am I crazy? Do I sound like a crazy person spewing emotional film flam after a first date? Yes, but ok, but whatever. It's just trying to explain how I feel with alcohol. When everyone leaves. When I'm alone in my house and no one is around. When I haven't had love in a long time. When I'm here in my house without love.

I would have kissed her tonight. I mean, I wanted to. But perhaps I wasn't flirting enough. I mean, I imagine she would like a kiss. Maybe I should have asked her, 'Would you like a kiss?,' 'Can I give you a kiss goodnight?,' 'Or just -kiss goodnight. A goodnight kiss. Maybe I should have just given her a goodnight kiss. I wonder if that's a thing. If there's a wikipedia article on "goodnight kiss." If I had internet I would look that up.

But I don't. Just my tipsy self in this cold empty house and my computer. Fuck, all I want right now is a little bit of tongue on the end of my tongue. Just a little of that tiny knobby texture on my tiny knobs. My little array of taste muscle, I want that to feel yours. Just a little wet whisper of a gesture. But a couple. Just a couple, give me just a couple of those please. Can I have one of those before I go to wait for a half hour for the Caltrain? Will you kiss me on the bench? Can we kiss on the bench until I have to go? I know you need to 'rally' in the morning but seriously, don't you want to just kiss until the Caltrain comes? Come on, just kiss me until the Caltrain. I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, we just met and stuff and it wasn't a particularly hot date, just talking about our lives and what we're working on and my hair looked kind of dumb. But come on, don't you just want to makeout? You do, you totally do, it's a human thing we like to makeout and you invited me on this date because why? Well I know why I accepted the date, it's because I want to make out on the bench waiting for the Caltrain. Actually to be completely honest I was hoping I could invite you back to my place. But to make out. I went on this date hoping that we could make out soon.

Fucking alcohol. If we had made out those 2 beers would have been so worth it. Alcohol is a gamble. You're betting that it will put you in a better position to makeout. That by the two of you getting tipsy more interesting things will happen and you will be less awkward enough that you might makeout and sleepover at each other's houses. But, if that doesn't happen, you're worse off for the alcohol. I would have preferred having no beers if I knew this was going to happen. But I couldn't know beforehand. I couldn't ask her like, 'hey, you think we'll makeout later? Like, if we have a couple beers do you think you'll want to makeout?,' 'Because that's kind of weird. You just gotta take the risk and do your best at being yourself or whatever and hope that you do the right things so that you end up making out.

So that's what alcohol makes me feel like sometimes.

FEELING WEIRD -> WALKING AROUND

-> VOICE DICTATION INTO PHONE

(unmodified from voice to text, except for spacing on last stanza)

Boom boom boom bombs around my ad smells like laundry some reason laundry smells like laundry wandering around can't get out of my head

Full moon cool yards walking around people over so many people it's pretty dark pretty smooth and I just feel totally crazy

People I said there's lots of people put their people it all really some people a few what is this fake yard

Just walking off crazy feelings making poultry into my into my phone and decoding who

It next skins next watching cars cars suburbs cars in the servers Swanner I got the headlights the driving and I'm walking I'm walking around aimlessly looking for snacks in the suburbs

Full moon full headlights headlights full head beams highbeams beams lights make yards real yards mostly fake yards lots of cars

Going settle in the world :-)) I just have a level walking down the street cars and the other way's concrete going to 7-Eleven and that's that's all it really is to say why would I even make it home about it

Long walks it's actually helping a lot get rid of my crazy feelings talking it out walking about checking out the dollar store and buy just walking bye

Burritos snacks subway dollar store coffee place to me options him out of the suburbs more concrete but options things lights people money to be spent things to consume crap to put my body

The highway's like we do
they heard
they heard
of cattle
like if it's like waiting into some similarities
here why would they not be other similarities

BUYING A TRACTOR

I'm on my way to buy a tractor
it smells like skunk
vast lengths of videotape strewn between
bushes swishing in the afternoon scorcher
sweaty neck sun some sunscreen
tree branches hang in my face concrete sidewalk
irradiated particulates cratering my surface

SCOOCH OVER

An excerpt from something I wrote when dates were upsetting.

I hate alcohol. It makes me fucking lonely as shit. I'm cold and alone and lonely. Cold. And tipsy. And so clean and ready to makeout. So ready. Just let me stay over. Can you scooch over here and touch my hand? Sit closer and touch my hand. Hey can you scooch over? No, like closer to me. Just sit closer to me so our faces are close. So we can feel eachother's breath and heat from our faces. That if we move too quick we might run into eachother. I want that. Please be that close to me. So that we may kiss with the slightest of effort. I had my face up on your hair for the splitest of seconds and it was the best part of my day. When we had that really quick hug at the end there. And that awkward moment like 'ok-ok-heh-ok goodnight.' Should I have just kissed you there? Should I have hugged you longer? You said you had to go like all of a sudden, 'I gotta rally in the morning so I should head to Woodside.' Oh, well fuck, ok. It's only 9pm but I feel you.

I just want a hint of nice things in the future. I want to touch your hand and for you to smile like you liked it. I don't need you to blow me. I don't need to see you naked. I don't need all that raunchy stuff. But I want a hint that you enjoy my physical contact. To know that if I hug you for a long time you won't feel trapped. You'll also enjoy it. You'll enjoy me enjoying being up in your hair.

...

I just want you here. I want you in my armpit. I want to be in your armpit. I want to lie in your hair. Can I just take your glasses and your shirt off?

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I like to use synonym as a synonym for cinnamon.

Reply FAVORITED More

FAVORITES 4

5:08 PM - 11 May 2014

Trab on Twitter: "Why yes notebook cover, I agree, "college ruled""

Trab @broabprobe

a dinner of beautiful napancakes.

Reply Favorite More

11:54 PM - 29 Sep 2014

Trab @broabprobe

Haphazard naps

Reply Favorite More

7:15 PM - 16 Aug 2014



Tral @broabprobe

Why yes notebook cover, I agree, "college ruled"

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RETWEET 1 FAVORITES 2

5:11 PM - 21 Jun 2014

Reply to @broabprobe

Leslie Bienenfeld @lesliehoneybee @broabprobe haznap

Trab @broabprobe

I fill my bindle with naps

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6:24 PM - 10 Sep 2014

rub your feet together, enjoy life

Reply to @broabprobe

Trends

#XFactorLiveShows #NYCC #TCUvsBAY #AUvsMSST #CeciliaAtMidnight Wayne Train

Scott Hartnell Lorenzo Cain Stereo Kicks Yordano Ventura

Living, accumulating, permeating that indelible layer of crud and fuzz. The dust and oil of bodies and roadways.

life's little mysteries

When I sleep funny I wake up with snoozel arms.

Reply Favorite More

12:12 AM - 11 Sep 2014