

3 shots to the chest at the arcade

Sadness is my favorite video game
I am its hero
the little man with facial hair
scampering through pixelated cities
looking for clues
and accumulating shit
without knowing why
trying not
to be crushed
or free fall
into the not-world's dark
as 8-bit clouds
scroll across the pre-
programmed sky
it's exhausting
but I take it
next level
I am happy here
it feels real
and I can always die



SADNESS IS MY
FAVORITE VIDEO
GAME

I am often associated with flowers

Hello, my name is Charles Baudelaire.

I was born in 1976, where I was raised in Pittsboro, North Carolina.

I am a poet. It says so on my Wikipedia page.

My themes are beauty in the modern world, the fleeting, ephemeral experience of life in the age of the internet and Mac products, and the responsibility art has to capture that experience.

My first 4 books went mostly ignored and was soon forgotten, although it is still available on e-Bay for \$22.84.

Tiny cookies of my life are crumbled around the internet, most notably a nude photo covered in chapbooks, that too will be buried.

I am poor, ADD, drunk, and might be masturbating to death.

I am this close to moving back in with my mother, or at least “renting” her house on Airbnb while she vacations in Mexico.

I will probably die of syphilis... again.

No one will leave flowers at my grave.

The End.

how to enjoy your new ghost

the first thing you'll notice
when you tear open
the packaging
is your ghost
is just like you
(white and bound
to disappoint)
imagine everything
you've ever lost
love ♥ money 🏠 people 👤 🤒
opportunities 🏠 time ⌚
memories 🗣️ blah blah blah
all repackaged
and marketed to you
and your customized damage
finally you have something
you can't lose
for best results
you should die
💀
now lie back
and watch
your ghost
go
🤒



Is a “shrieking forest” a thing?
I feel
like it is
& I am
its king
listen
to me
sing



*GIF The wiggling trembling penitentialium of mystery... Keats, in a letter somewhere, mentions the time Solange, in a hotel elevator, threw a flurry of ungodly haymakers & constant elbows at Jay Z... somewhere between them the secret of the universe resides.



Love, Art, Hell
share a waiting room
like a strange
efficient law firm
where we
shake the shit
out of this freedom
vending machine
nothing falls
except expectations
you fish
your hand in
and pull us
apart
like a sticky bun
or the city
with your mind
in the sense
that it's a decision
that everything
you kill
comes
back
you hear me
singing
without
a head
searching
all of hell
for you
who hold it
lovingly
in those hands
that only kill
occasionally

*GIF Beetlejuice and two dead people sit patiently in the bureaucratic bliss of purgatory's waiting room, as a Voodoo doctor sprinkles juju dust on Beetlejuice, shrinking his head infinitesimally.



Life is
a To-Do List
growing like a gremlin
thrown into the ocean
astounded no one's
around us
you finger scroll
the screen
a story
with no end
pixilated cities
fly into
the ground
our souls
are the post offices
of tomorrow
you text
like a teenager
I text like Dostoyevsky
we fuck
and the Internet
does not exist

*GIF Naked on the edge of the bed, you scramble to find the giant iPhone that controls your dreams, frantically hitting all the buttons like transcribing the most important poem of...ah, whatever.