



Timothy Donovan Russell

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSENT-MINDED.....	1
WILLING SUSPENSION	2
MONEY, FREE MONEY	3
DIVISION BY ZERO.....	5
PROCESSOR.....	6
AS IT HAPPENS.....	7
THAW ZEN.....	9
POSTMODERN ETHICS FOR DUMMIES.....	10
RELIVING THE PRESENT.....	12
THE VAULT OF CONCEPTION.....	13
IF STARS ARE NOTES THEN PLAY THE SKY	15
THE EMPTY NETWORK.....	16
THE DIRECTION OF VECTORS.....	18
SYNESTHESIA, NONETHELESS	19
SNAP OUT OF IT	20
DONE AND DONE.....	22
YOUR PICK.....	23
COMING TO YOUR SENSES	24
TEXT ADVENTURE.....	26
WARMING UP	28
COMPREHENSIVE APPREHENSION	30
BACK TO THE PRESENT	31

ABSENT-MINDED

Life in slow motion
listens to the breath of the sky
and sees light inside a sand grain.

Everywhere is the center
of the universe.
Everywhere is home.

Nowhere is utopia.

Here is where
perception begins.

Is it silly? Absurd?
Is it sacred? Special?

This is everything aware of itself,
the perpetual view of life.

WILLING SUSPENSION

I don't believe anything,
let alone that.
It all comes and goes
like thieves taking
ideas from me.
Of course I'd sometimes
rather be in charge,
but this meeting
of energy isn't under
anyone's conscious control.
The weights pick up
the muscles, so
I'm caused and causing,
and though I think about it
now it's already all happened,
which I vastly prefer
to the burden of free will.
I don't have a choice,
and that's the epitome
of great luxury:
ultimate freedom.

MONEY, FREE MONEY

The energy consumption
is throwing your wallet
down the sewer pipe.

How much was the bill again?

I'll send you an invoice
you can burn with cash.

Get your head caught
in the furnace.
That's better: ashes to
sweep from the hearth!

It's an unlucky
dichotomous
pain
in
the
assumption
that the problem
isn't also a solution.

Get your book out,
cut one
(CC yourself for balance),
fold it into
a blank letter
to avoid thieving eyes,
and mail it to everyone.

We all deserve riches,
and anyone can forfeit.
Dollars might be manna
from the planet.
Food is abundant
(though currently hoarded
and/or abhorrently wasted).
Water rains from comets.
Air breathes freely.
It's a sublimely
nebulous
pleasure

on
the
factory floor
where the solution otherwise
drains the life
like cow blood
from assembly line
workers, hunched over
with that white-hot
fork in the back
of the neck feeling,
the very utensils
we should melt down
into computers for
mining cryptocurrencies.

It's a dream of
financial liquidation,
P2P (peace to peace),
and overflowing bowls
of ownership.

Click here to donate
and be a part of the
Great Experiment
we call (r)evolution:
survival of the friendliest.

DIVISION BY ZERO

This day becomes
a work of art.

The work of art
becomes me.

It's less than a detail.
It's more than available.

The day grows beyond
magnitude, measuring, meaning.

I become days after days
when I see it as such.

Only a moment
passes for art:

through twilight
into a universe
of gradients.

PROCESSOR

Are you sure you want
to send your ideas
to the Recycle Bin?

If yes then
 open your eyes to see what is.
Else,
 close your eyes to dream of flying.
End upon end, it's never over.

It's one trouble starting
after another.

While sitting today
 do nothing or allow nothing to be done,
 which in any case is something.
End after end, it's over.

It's one solution beginning
after another.

For each practice in life
 rise as you would rise
 regardless in the morning,
 no functions added.
Next, first, last, it's this.

One life, continuing
after itself.

AS IT HAPPENS

Curse my agony,
and curse this wind!
I pedal to better myself,
not submit to God
and this stupid hill.
If things could be
different they would be.
Hence, He must be out for me.

The AM sun burns my face.
The glare barely lets through
the sight of another bike
ahead and right in my way.

I can't see a damned thing.

I yell into the solar dystopia
something about "Hey!" but
the other rider keeps coming.
I yell again and a third time
as collision is imminent.

At the very last second
I veer away
and watch as the long shadow
of a riderless bicycle
races down the hill.

The bike smacks into a parked van,
flips into the air,
and lands, twisted and defeated,
in the road shoulder weeds.

I'll never figure
that one out, I think.

Much later, though, I have.
The wind is still against me.
That bike is still after me,
and God remains mean.
Nothing has changed
apart from the sun,
which has gone nova,
enveloping the Earth

in its red giant phase
like an angry,
gluttonous star.

Just my luck, I know.

THAW ZEN

Here I am
being alive,
a wave
to the horizon,

the joy
of simply
existing,

a gift of enlightenment.

What does the beast say?
Think about it.

Notice the business
of habits
here and now,
how the room becomes
a peaceful place sometimes,
like a lake
is placid
when the winds calm.

Bubbles rise to the surface
and pass into the air.

Notice that, too.

Toss it back.
Move on.

POSTMODERN ETHICS FOR DUMMIES

I don't want you to quit
burning ads in sleep,

taking in the trash,

and smashing your own
flower bed.

I need the hole
in your head
to stay open
to the idea
of filling it
with money.

I say we are bottomless
because that's how I feel.

I believe we are separate
and that fortune is moral.

Soft hands toss you drugs
for calming the shakes.

Tough times, I say, for you.
Rough people.

I wish we'd never met.

I'd give anything
to be higher above the city,
on my way to your distance.

We share the same need,
really, a sudden one
to attain,
to acquire
for peace of mind,
just in case.

If I burst at the seams, then,
you can clean it up
and keep the change.

You can put me
back together,
pouring sweat for glue.

I'm poor, too, you see, but
the difference is
you deserve it
for slacking
through life,
whereas I'm lacking
the newness
necessary to
put more space
between us.

Of course, I'll leave
and forget this ever happened,
drunk again on the air.

I'm sure you'll remember me, though,
while going from station to station
and stealing from my waste.

In the pictures of my efforts
look for a hope that I can
soon get up and never come back,
because I believe in more,
life after death, and destiny,
and when I see you I glimpse
less, death after life,
and the chance
I could somehow be you,
none of which can be true.

RELIVING THE PRESENT

I remember
like a drug.

Endorphins pass
through the body
while the past
plays theatrical
nostalgia,

pharmacological memories
both general and specific.

This neurologic light
is an amplification source,
living completely
with staying power.

THE VAULT OF CONCEPTION

That brick wall
I smacked into
smashed my sunglasses.

I'm not complaining.
It's less an excuse
than an explanation
for why I can't see.

I hear shards tinkle
to the concrete
foundation and blindly
step into my dark room.

There's nowhere to go
in the mirrored cube.

The beam from the lighter
degrades over time
as it bounces
about the infinite
reflections inside.

A swinging bare bulb outside
cracks against the bricks
between water drips
in the drain on the floor.

I wake later on the cot
in the box, startled
by my glowing green
Misfits shirt
repeated down
the hall of images.

Underneath I wear
a glass suit
with a silver lining,
and looking closely
at my sleeve
I notice my face
in the watery gloss
of an eyeball.

Crushed, the shades
will make
particulate dust.
Up will go the walls
into the smoke as
my vision adjusts
to the falling night.
A cat will soon follow
my moon shadow
with double sight.

The last place
I'll look is under
the surface, then.
I'd try to buff
the skin until
every part is
shiny and smooth.

Each warp and pinch
would show me there,
because in the visible
spectrum I am
completely naked.

When the sun rises
again it might explode
this universe.
The cell's mirrors
could be two-way.

Everything gained,
nothing is lost.
Within it I'm a star.

IF STARS ARE NOTES THEN PLAY THE SKY

I could sit forever
in spite of, not because of,
rounded corners
and being
bright and sensitive
in this deep chamber of time.

It would be my final chapter,
your last chance
to apprehend me.

The space of time
and the time of space
are simply examples
of faces the twisted
program of life
takes, so
mine is no different.

My time and space
are bone and star dust
turning to mud in rain.

THE EMPTY NETWORK

Powerful you,
you're irreverent
and flailing.
The nodes connect
and we are all related,
and you are loud,
drowning.

Select another place.

Join another idea.

No matter.

This huge family
is now an organism;
our planet
is now a village;
so what's with all
the conquering?

I won't follow you
to the floor
of the flooded house.
No one lives there
in the waving fibers.

I won't even comment,
considering the competition.
You've forgotten us
in your social haste.

One billion droning
murmurs, we speak
at once, levitating
out of the muck
and into the banal
and extremely trivial.

You're coming with us.
Bring the whole family!
Hook up, and listen close:
that's the sound

you've sought.
It's not a winner or a loser.
It's turning gray, rather,
and it's learning
to take care of itself.

The water cooling
the machines inside
flows over our tired
coding fingers afterward.

We're a lot alike.
That's how we are, how we
reach down and pull out
the sinkers by the virtual hair.
You can thank us later.
Cleanup comes first!

Now, drive to the bay
and pick out the trash.
Lead, mercury, copper:
we all have downsides and values.
The netting, too, turns
to toxic dust again,
reformed into plastic caskets
for storing queries
regarding the afterlife.

You're sure you want
every part of it.
Hand over power,
and power is lost.
Keep it, and it
takes over everything.

I know who you are.
I've seen your record.
This is all possible,
more so and more so, even.
Don't fret. We're always
already here, where
gestures coalesce
into change, any of which
is stress, but all of which
is inevitable in any case.

THE DIRECTION OF VECTORS

Doing is all there is.
There is no me, or you,
or anything in between.

Not doing is doing.
Walking in a circle is going
nowhere and everywhere.

We talk of acting,
and in the act of talking
we do whatever is required.

Becoming never ends
with something eternal;
it begins with
the pebble on the road.

SYNESTHESIA, NONETHELESS

There. I'm doing it.
Wasn't I?

I pulled the plug on language.

In between thoughts peppering
my blank slate like
a negative night sky,
the vents sighed,
relieved in the present.

To find it there, still,
return in the middle
and float in open space,
the space you are.

You are me,
and I'm not sure
which of us
is enough
to imagine
being incorporated
into life by death
and the reverse.

Imagination sounds
like smelling touched
by the taste of feeling.

Perception is where I am.
Wasn't I?

SNAP OUT OF IT

It's enough. It's a lot.
Calm energy.
Relaxed focus.
Drop by drop, it's an effort.

Walking through science-fiction
daydreams, my trance,
or hypnosis, or ideology
of language and culture is a mess,
I think.

The connections are far
too numerous to make in time.
Space is much more vast than
exploration would ever allow.

No time. More space.

Still, here I was,
connected to
pain clinics,
payday loan stores,
and blood plasma donation centers.

Enough, I say, this business
of misfortune,
of discreetly bleeding
people like batteries,
symptoms over causes.

Drip by drip with time I see it,
and so it also sees itself
and changes as a result.

The marrow makes a fresh supply.
The cells in which we sit
are bursting
with fired sunlight.

And, for a moment there is no cell,
and at once there never was and
never will be.

That's enough, drop by drop.
That's plenty.

DONE AND DONE

1: Done

It's the brain,
the guts,
the bones
and the toes
that do the doing.

Everything moves
simultaneously.

Shortly afterward,
we think we did it,
the moment split by
thought into this
and that,
there and here,
before, now and later,
etc.

What's done is complete,
everything ever.

2: Done

The mind churns
regardless like the stomach,
with pains (sadly),
satisfactions (happily),
and all the ongoing work
of making our "us".

The act is awareness,
and that is feeding it,
however mindful
the case may be.

What goes in is processed
and returned by the function.

All is what it is,
to whatever extent "well"
by human standards.

YOUR PICK

My aching head
is a war zone
perpetually battered
by tooled edges
that while refined
coalesce as habits
in secret selves
and nerve messages.

At any site where issues
flower, pleasure erupts
like addicts swamped
with soft tissues
that though resilient
bleed and swell
in locked rooms
and empty wishes.

When people see me
in tiny trips over
crushed gold
or cheap discovery
I doubt the worth
of the everyday product
that otherwise calls
for kept intimacy.

The silence is telling.
My shield is flailing
keeping up with the work
of making me in the world.

Who does this?

The air of obsession,
a crust of attention,
this scraping pattern of
narcissistic love
continue their momenta
through muted explosions
which however delicate
are draining my ocean.

COMING TO YOUR SENSES

My head is full
of darkness.

It's a weedy cemetery.

I sit there in the night
before my image,
praying, trying
to look good.
I want things
to be different
from the way
they are.

I conceive all this,
and it changes nothing.
Only your words to me
make anything move.
When you talk I hear
everything happening.
I speak to you,
believing you
can hear me
through the muddle
of desire and pain.

The discomfort is fine,
you say, but I want to
not want, and so on.

I get closer to you
in silence and in a wall
of noise, too.

I'd rather not admit to
admitting these things.

It's okay, though.

It's one thing to
wake what's sleeping.
It's quite another to
wait your whole life

for perfection.

TEXT ADVENTURE

I'm miles away,
trying to shut down
the game between us.

Home next to home
has fallen over
like a million dominoes.

What a violence it has been,
the vacancy spelled out
by the collapse of our path.

At some point when inside
I looked out
at the tilted ground,
and you were there
beside me choking up.
I began crying
for joy at the wealth
of possible continuation.
We righted the building
together and the foundation
shuddered back into place.

Around you was a forest
of thorny language.
A small stream of words
flowed out of me
and down a gully.

At the end of the road,
we could have gone anywhere
within the program as coded.

I would quit playing, however.
There is no winning, I see.
I drew a map of every room,
and you kicked it
into the babbling water.
An endless loop had begun.

Every pun, dream, and hidden meaning
we've discovered

still floats
through that place, though.
It all continues
whether we ask
for an exit or not.

WARMING UP

Why so negative?
Winter have you down?

Your car turns over,
crushing drifts and
throwing road like
a rolling factory
showroom of bloody
paper wads.

Your individual case
makes an argument
that your hypothermia
is everyone's
in the very end.
We all suffer,
you suggest.

You plan a net
to catch every fish
and boil it alive
with your basement
nuclear furnace.
Cave-ins will eventually
bring down the government,
you laugh.

It's easygoing daily
when all the plastic caps
will be mined riches
melted into radiation
shields for spaceships
made to throw us off
this god-awful place.
The news today
is so terrible,
you stress.

It's a conspiracy
to keep scientists
in lazy sweatpants.

It's a fluke of nature,

the new project
of killer cycles
in which you prove
your strength over
the past and evolve
into a creature
with superior money power.
Your father was a lizard
with bad credit,
you sigh.

What's funny is summer.
If Fahrenheit were alive
he'd be baking in his own
glass-blown terrarium.
But, you'd cruise a balmy
January anytime and then swear
at the confounded spring bugs.

It's all relative, of course.
This freeze would be fair on Mars
and completely unlike Venus.

You're not negative.
You're employed,
bundled with down,
and floating in a pool
of disaster insurance.
Winter is short
like life is,
and though grabbing
at the flaming engine
scalds your hand,
the warmth of the burn
clinic is sure better
than falling into
cryogenic rest next
to a frozen water bowl.

COMPREHENSIVE APPREHENSION

Fly fast to be
the whole of the flock.
Soar across storms
of the imagination.
I've seen you
wandering through
the sky over
the paper ocean.

You pierce the surface
on a solar ray
and inject yourself
into the fiction.
I turn a leaf
and discover pages
never seen before.
Your family there is
a ripe fruition.

Get lost in waves
of sheets and notes,
where coming back
is more a path
and less a decision.

I see you like
you might see
the moon below
on the flat plane
of the sea.
It rocks our planet
back and forth
in loving perpetuation.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

Staring off into space,
it takes me there,

this river of language
running through my head:

contagious concepts;
linguistic disease;
viral ideas and ideals.

The entertainment of notions
is filled with shiny distractions.
Back.

Quiet time.

Now, objects bubble
out of the subconscious,
such as these...
and the circle chase
continues.