

—On 'We Took Everything Not Nailed':

The poem is about substance abuse/addiction, both how I've dealt with it personally and what's around, what others deal with. Part of a series based on trying to catch salt water in various ways and whatever salt water manifests itself as, 'We Took Everything Not Nailed' looks at how futile doing something like catching saltwater is at the 'struggling' level in society and how from the outside it's insane and crazy but standing in that moment you're catching saltwater for better or worse, like you always have, like those above you on that big stupid tree have, and probably whatever seeds fall off your own will too.

One day I opened my eyes and looked around as well as the drink would let me and wondered how everyone else was functioning while feeding, but when looking closer I noticed the seams fraying and the bits of cotton started to burst through like the biggest Disappointment Pinata made at the Disappointment Factory on Disappointment Day. We're all a bad-one away from the worst, but when you're left out to dry you tend to raisin-up quicker than the rest from the bunch. Unfortunately the stress and struggle is a permanent figure, bad, better now but getting worse; unfortunately when you move out someone comes in and takes your slab for theirs, crossing out your name and writing that they were more-here than you ever could've been.

There's a concept in prison where the system imposes its will on the prisoners by enforcing the idea that it is not **their** cell, it's the state or federal government's, and behind that is the right to invade your personal belongings and private space and essentially harass you at will. There are reasons for this that make complete and total sense, but to me it's a bit dehumanizing to not have a space to call your own, or at least have it be so prevalent in any kind of rehabilitative system like that so that you never forget it's not your home. Addiction follows this, but it's more like a groundhog-day-on-the-Titantic scenario. Most all addicts choose that first one, whatever their drug or drink is; no one chooses to be on the never-ending hell-ride of your ship breaking apart at the center, your life constantly crashing from a seemingly OK-enough spot until you take whatever it is that is whatever it needs to be.

And when you ask how to get out, all you get are the echoes of the street, the creaks of grass growing and paint drying, the rustling of flies on a bag in the summer heat when the shit really starts to stink and all you want to do is scream but when you do the flies fill your throat and not a sound can be heard through the buzz of a thousand wings holding you up just enough to make it to bed and wrap a blanket around your throat.

-I can send a pic if we need a third beyond all this.