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An Introduction to Hunger
For Krista

ALL THRIVE

The Great Mentor, frailed premature, backleaned against the sidewinds strong, holding upside down an inkpen, so The Boy could study the draining ink downslide through the glass shaft – *fragile! fragile! fragile!* – and tipout as purple blue waves in the wind: a lullaby nightmare occurring; recurring; re-occurring.

AN INTRODUCTION TO HUNGER

For 68 days his dreams were highlighted in The Four Colors of Hunger, and so the man spent all his half-waking hours walking down and up The Avenue of Appetites – in search of EVERYTHING – fearful of the few short feet planted between him and the brilliant pale-blue hue of NOTHING.

CONCLUSION:

Urged on by his Great Nutritional Despair, the man returned to the house of his dead mother – *his once-a-breathing-genius-of-a-mother* – where he proceeded to eat 29 tall stacks of \$1 notebooks; thousands of college-ruled lines, filled with her original algebraic formulas: his childhood memory...memories: symbols, figures, and numbers; numbers, numbers, numb... and numb-ER.

Some Same Redundant Loopholes

EXPLORE THE ZOO for your Doctoral Focus in _____ Translation, and watch what you get in return! OR better yet... strip a wild fox of all its *cunningness*, then DISASSEMBLE an origami paper crane, and *finally* pluck your three initials from the eyebrows of A DONKEY.....Some-of-This is what you were left with

Le Noyé

Carlos swam at dusk, while I dreamt of spreading muddy sand across The Surface of The Sun. He had no time for dreams, Carlos. He never feared The Sea, slipping in between the waves.

I rubbed my eyes with sandy fingertips, and *he was gone*.

The (Un)expected Second

Soon we will all be witness to

The Time (so, so near to us)
when Man & Woman will
become so utterly confused
that we will not be able
to hear or see anything

& at this Pinnacle-Moment

when we will be least likely
to expect any sort of solution

Winter's arrival will arrange

the sharpest of tree branches
to wrap-around & tear-thru
the (plentiful) arteries of the
(return-visiting) *King of Kings*

& then all the avenues & alley-

ways of The World will open
wide like aroused mouths
& through them will flow
Great rivers of bile & shit