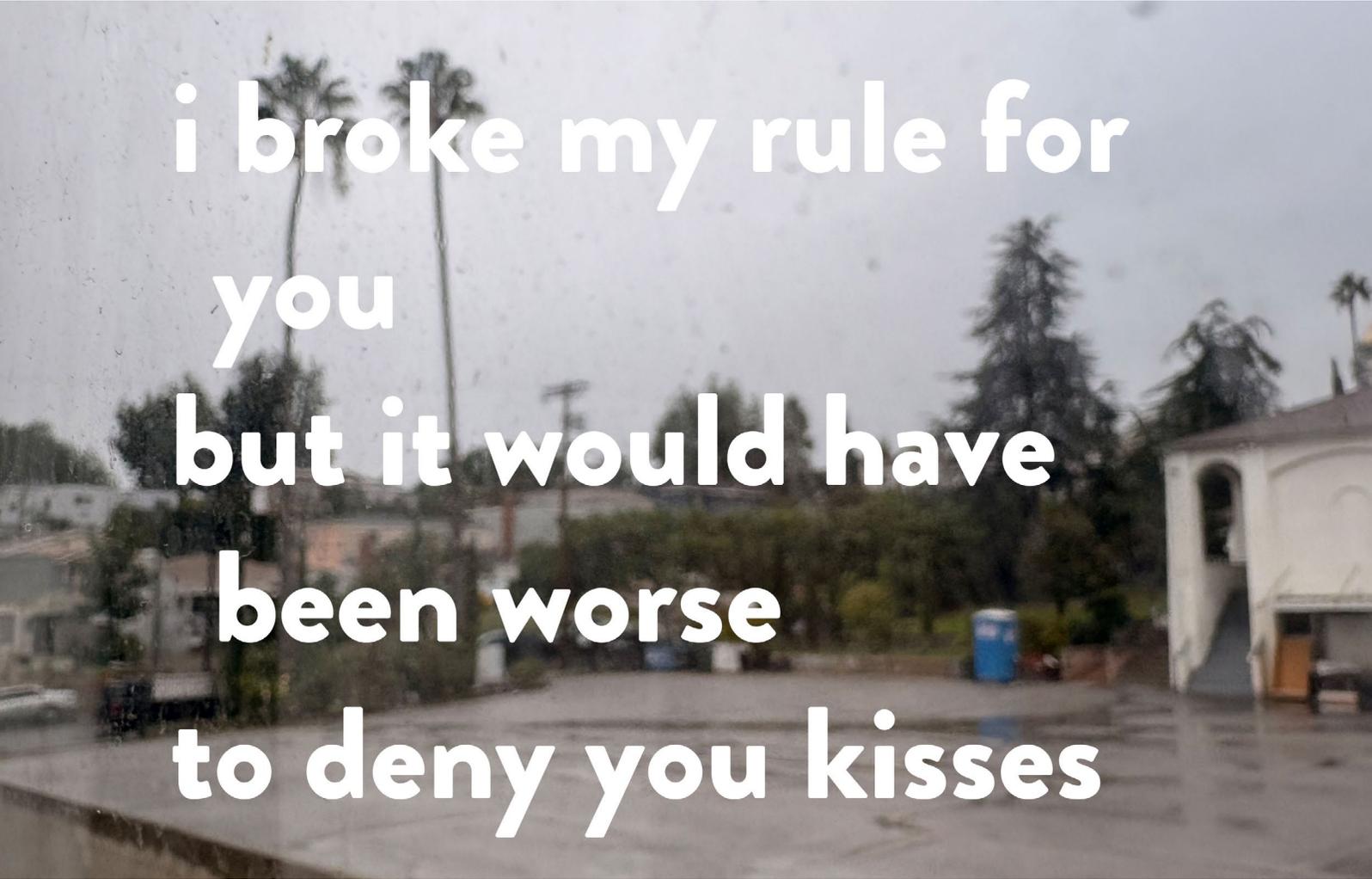


NOVEMBER 16, 2025

A photograph of a residential area with palm trees and a white building under a grey, overcast sky. The text is overlaid on the image.

**i broke my rule for
you
but it would have
been worse
to deny you kisses**

NOVEMBER 23, 2025

i want to fold you in half
and break you
into a million tiny pieces
that i can suck
and consume
your body brought me closer
to my own
i felt you
as soon as we kissed
you gave way to me
soft in my mouth
like overripe berries
underneath my tongue
pushing hard into me
i felt you
tense against your weakness
rocking gently on my leg
my tummy dropped
in ecstasy
i felt your tongue
with my mouth
receptive to my touch

i am the weak one now
aching to see
even just your lips
puckered out
toward the life
that left them there
i felt you climb on top
your body taking new shape
full with desire
ready to be received
i felt you
and tasted
your desire for pain
begging for that blessing
i felt you
and i will feel you again
lying here on my back
saying your name

NOVEMBER 24, 2025

hold in



what is overflowing now
there is a path to stop it
but i can't find the way
no marks or indicators
here remain
just aimless desire
w i l d
like an open field
your hair still covers me
your words
rest on my skin
i put my hand there to feel
t h e m
and remember your name
what else could i need
from moments like these
the moon heavy with light
overwhelming my window
turning my vision white
i now see through
the veil that draped
itself across my mind
my vision encumbered
my understanding misaligned
there is no end to the worlds
this place contains
no box for belief
no broken midnight

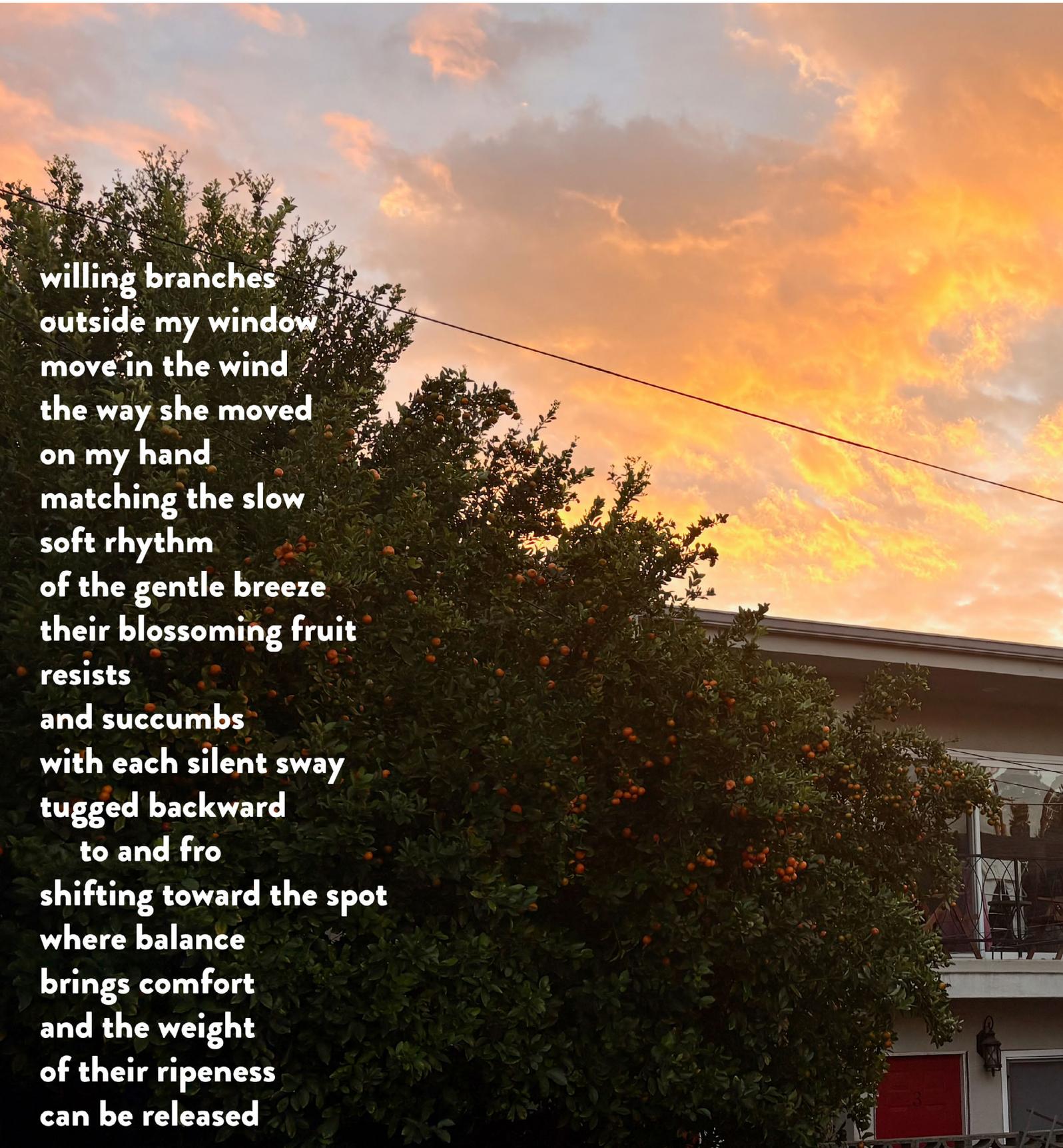
NOVEMBER 26, 2025



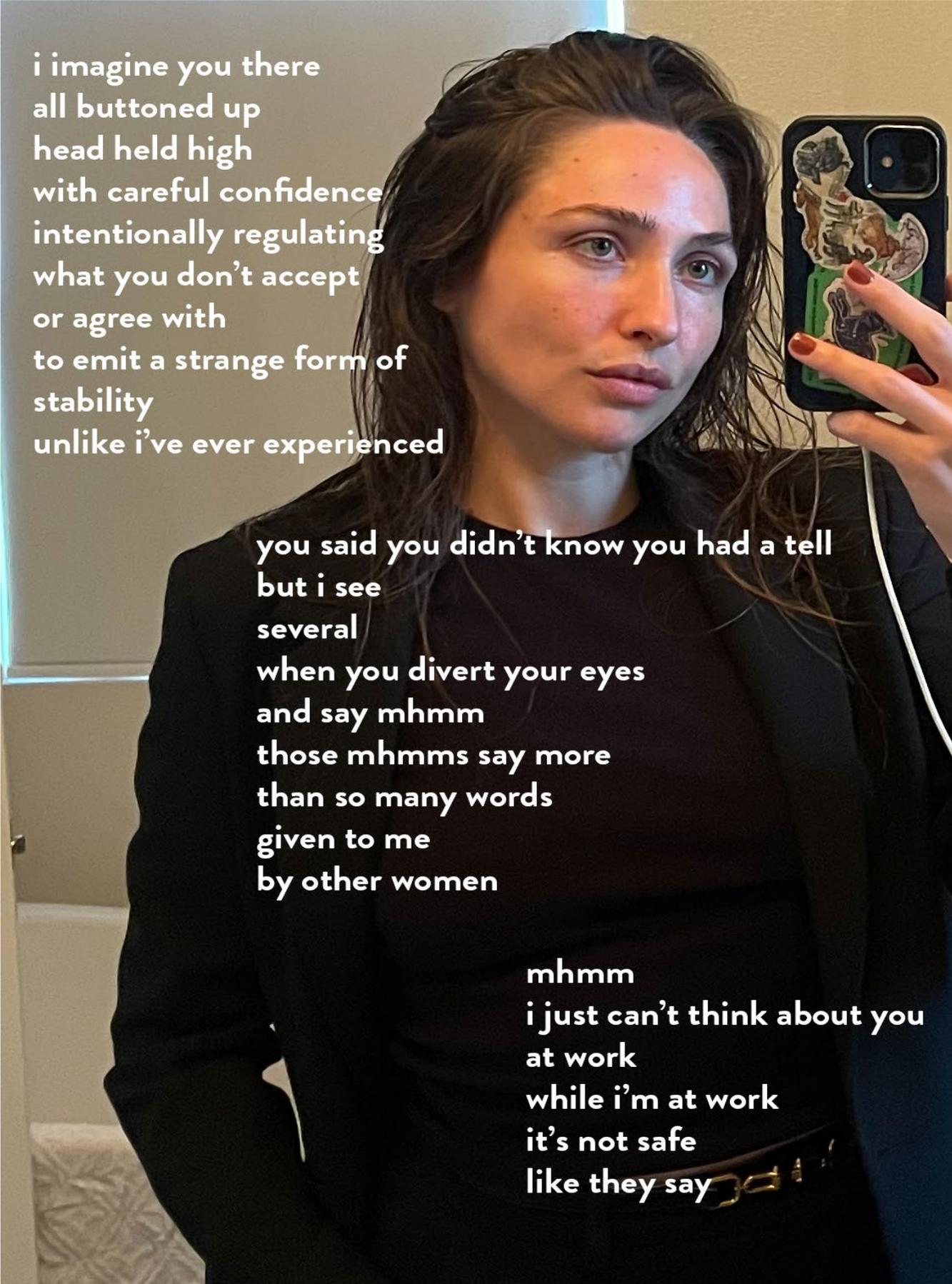
describe to me
the plump
s w e e t
b e r r i e s
this bitter earth
can bring forth
and i will bring you
s t o r i e s
from things
nurtured in my mind

NOVEMBER 27, 2025

willing branches
outside my window
move in the wind
the way she moved
on my hand
matching the slow
soft rhythm
of the gentle breeze
their blossoming fruit
resists
and succumbs
with each silent sway
tugged backward
to and fro
shifting toward the spot
where balance
brings comfort
and the weight
of their ripeness
can be released



NOVEMBER 30, 2025



i imagine you there
all buttoned up
head held high
with careful confidence
intentionally regulating
what you don't accept
or agree with
to emit a strange form of
stability
unlike i've ever experienced

you said you didn't know you had a tell
but i see
several
when you divert your eyes
and say mhmm
those mhmmms say more
than so many words
given to me
by other women

mhmm
i just can't think about you
at work
while i'm at work
it's not safe
like they say

NOVEMBER 30, 2025

A close-up photograph of a woman with long, wavy brown hair and blue eyes, smiling gently. She is wearing a grey sleeveless top and a gold chain necklace. A grey dog is resting its head against her neck, with its tongue slightly out. The background is a warm, indoor setting with a window and a door frame visible.

sweet baby girl
i can call you
all sorts of things
that others would never allow
tell you that you're good
you don't get mad at me
you play all the parts
each woman that's in my head
you embrace and embody
or burn down
in front of me
when we started
i didn't know
what all i could give
but you make it easy
to find my way to your needs
and the things i bring you
break down the metal bars
you built around your heart
letting breathe
desire
and vulnerability
that you place in my hands
god will damn me
if i drop a single thing
they are all precious
and i'm proud
to say your name

NOVEMBER 30, 2025



i waited
all weekend
weak and desperate
and wondering
about you
i don't know
what you were up to
but it left little time
for you to reach out
toward me
so i waited

so i waited
at times patiently
i waited
while sitting
at my house
and cooking with friends
alone on the couch
i waited

i waited
when i went outside
drove santa monica blvd
waited for you
in my car
waited walking around
the farmer's market
in hollywood
where i tasted
a ripe persimmon
that burst into my hand
leaving me no choice
but to lick it clean

and still i waited
with a sticky palm
i waited
and would be waiting still
but last night
you came to me

NOVEMBER 30, 2025

IN SPACE

i orbit around you
your attention
my gravity
my motion
your presence maintains

somewhere next to me
some millions of years ago
a star exploded in the sky
sending flashes of light
radiating back to my eyes
and yet somehow
you are still bright
your smile
your eyes

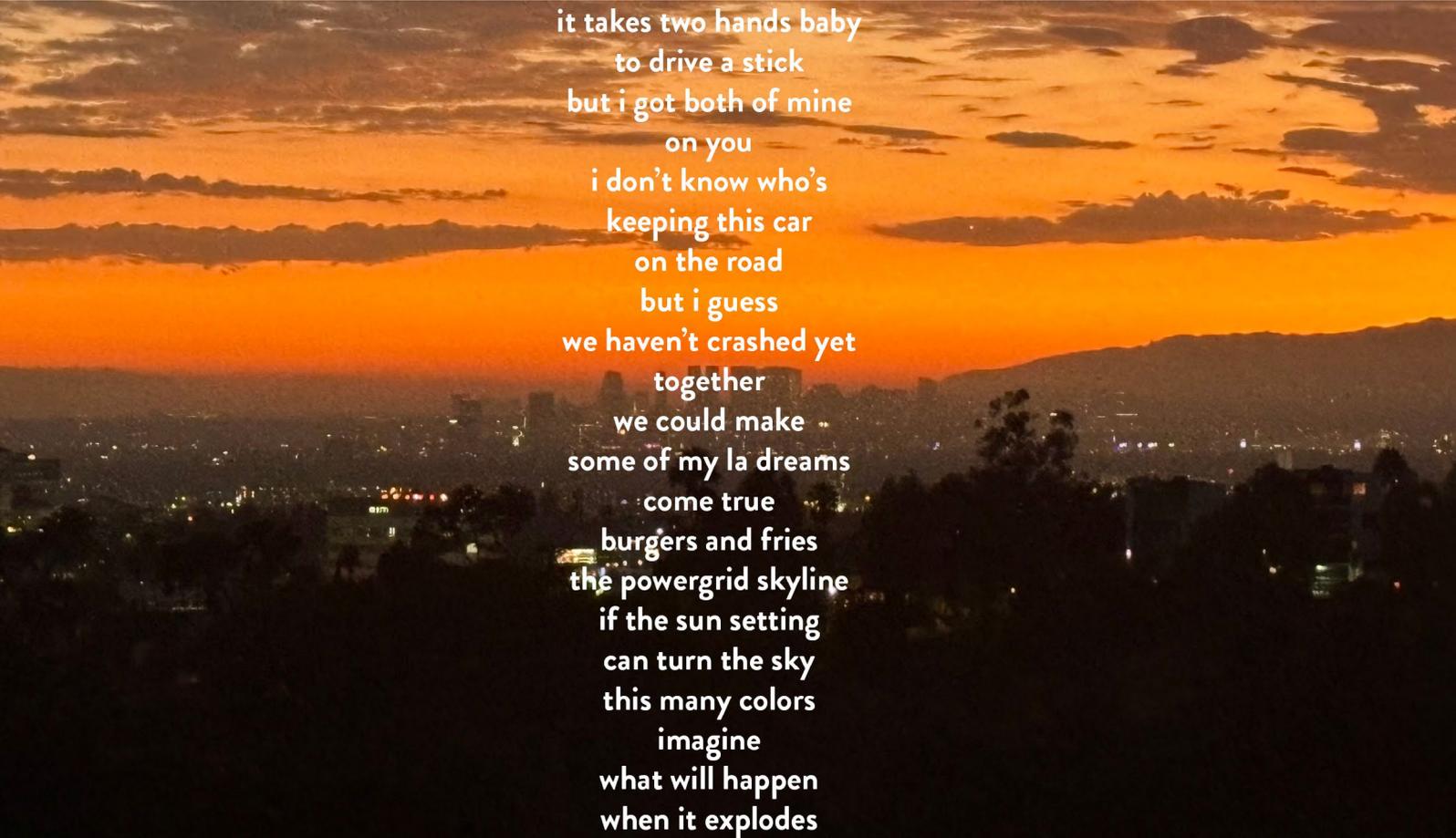
what are the forces
that made you this way
what scars from
ancient storms
gather and form
where you are
what set you on this course
to spin wildly
in front of me

i see every side
and smile

OUTER SPACE

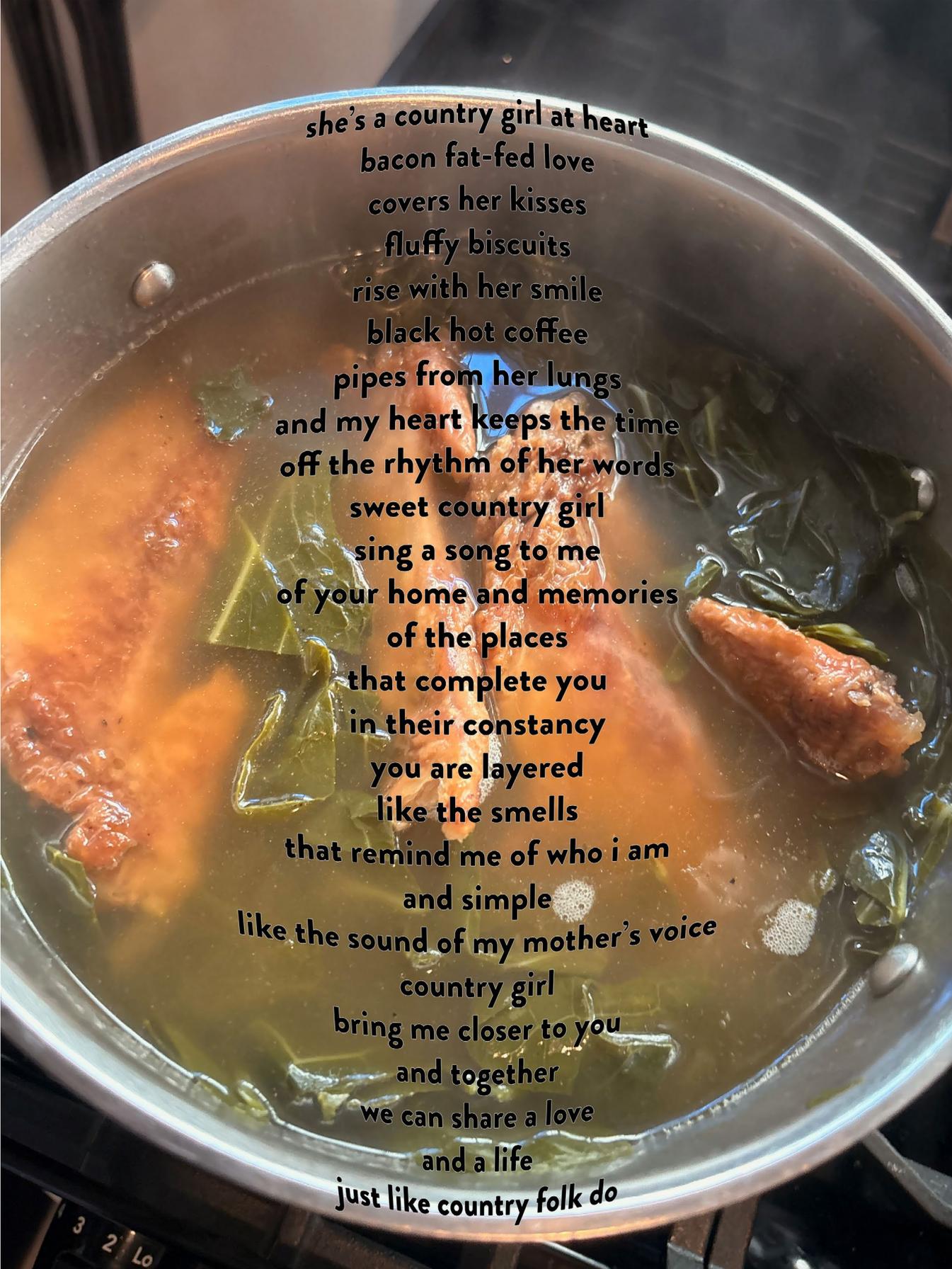
what a sweet place
to be
without gravity
in your eyes

DECEMBER 2, 2025

A photograph of a sunset over a city skyline, likely Los Angeles, with mountains in the background. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and red, with some clouds. The city lights are visible in the foreground, and the mountains are silhouetted against the bright sky.

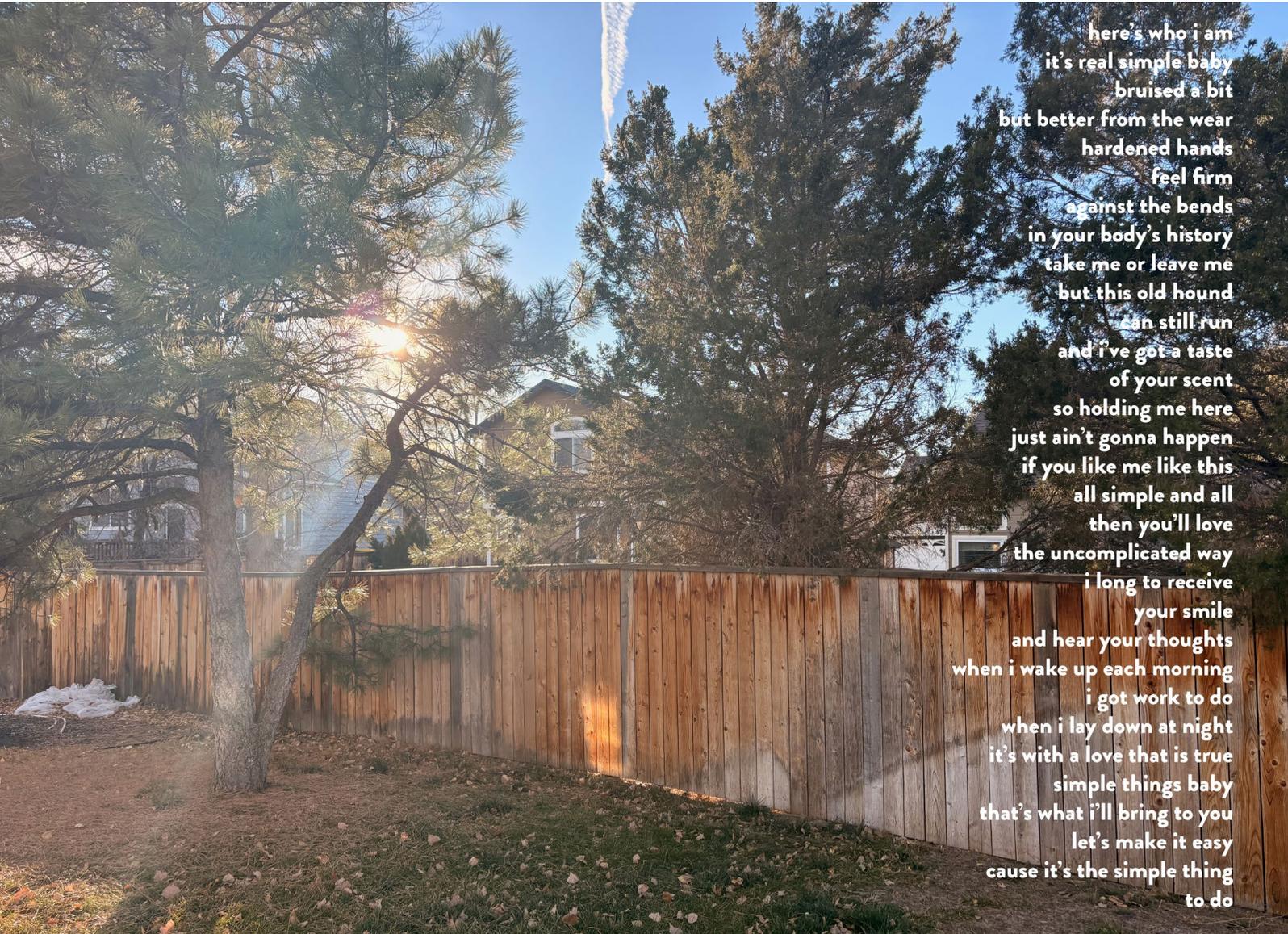
it takes two hands baby
to drive a stick
but i got both of mine
on you
i don't know who's
keeping this car
on the road
but i guess
we haven't crashed yet
together
we could make
some of my la dreams
come true
burgers and fries
the powergrid skyline
if the sun setting
can turn the sky
this many colors
imagine
what will happen
when it explodes

DECEMBER 4, 2025



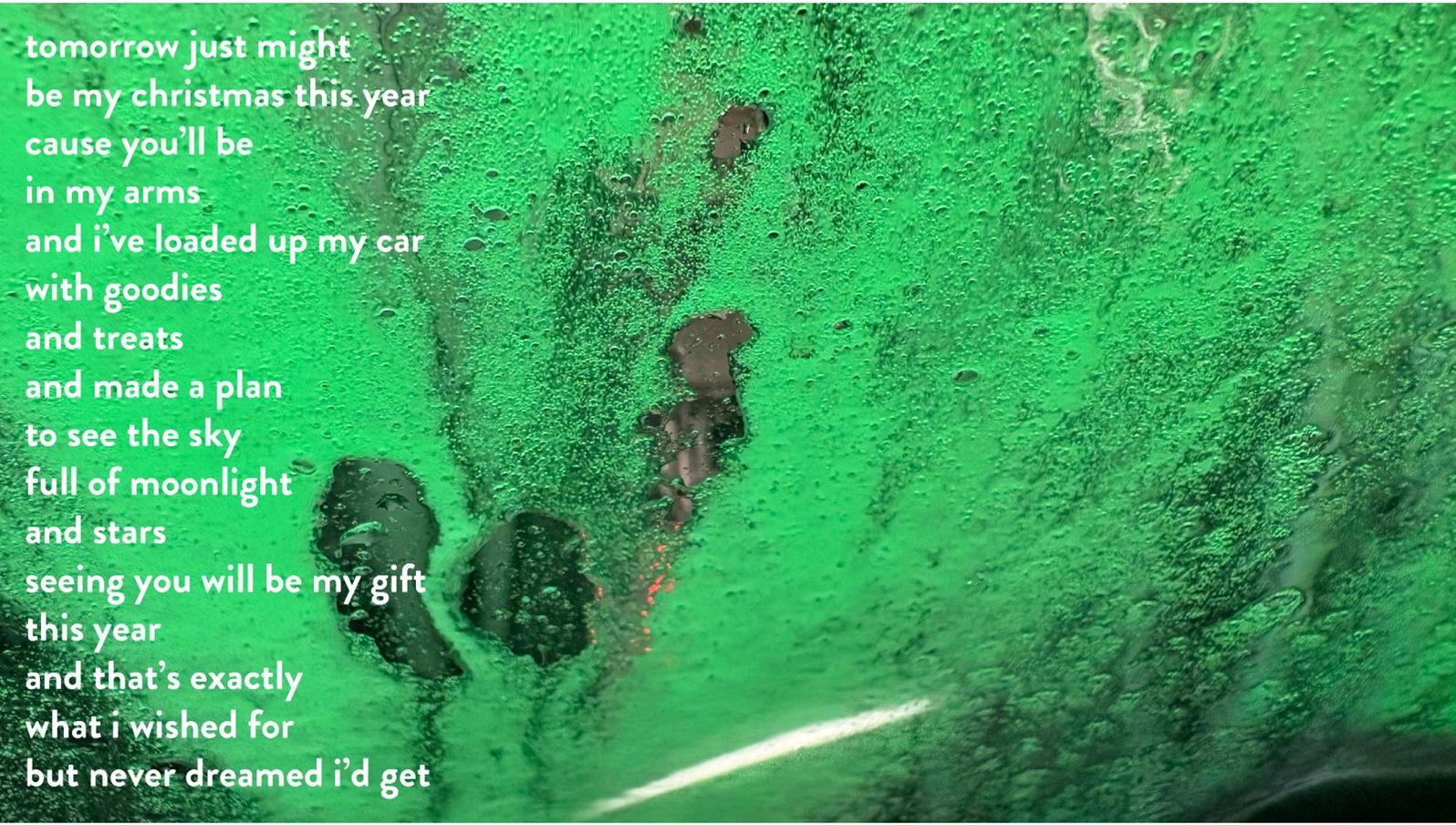
she's a country girl at heart
bacon fat-fed love
covers her kisses
fluffy biscuits
rise with her smile
black hot coffee
pipes from her lungs
and my heart keeps the time
off the rhythm of her words
sweet country girl
sing a song to me
of your home and memories
of the places
that complete you
in their constancy
you are layered
like the smells
that remind me of who i am
and simple
like the sound of my mother's voice
country girl
bring me closer to you
and together
we can share a love
and a life
just like country folk do

DECEMBER 4, 2025



here's who i am
it's real simple baby
bruised a bit
but better from the wear
hardened hands
feel firm
against the bends
in your body's history
take me or leave me
but this old hound
can still run
and i've got a taste
of your scent
so holding me here
just ain't gonna happen
if you like me like this
all simple and all
then you'll love
the uncomplicated way
i long to receive
your smile
and hear your thoughts
when i wake up each morning
i got work to do
when i lay down at night
it's with a love that is true
simple things baby
that's what i'll bring to you
let's make it easy
cause it's the simple thing
to do

DECEMBER 5, 2025



tomorrow just might
be my christmas this year
cause you'll be
in my arms
and i've loaded up my car
with goodies
and treats
and made a plan
to see the sky
full of moonlight
and stars
seeing you will be my gift
this year
and that's exactly
what i wished for
but never dreamed i'd get

DECEMBER 5, 2025

**i can disappear
into that thought
let it swallow me whole
if i just close my eyes
and think of yours
and their soft roll**



DECEMBER 6, 2025



bring warm socks with you baby
next time you're in town
i don't want your feet getting cold
and i'm hoping
you'll stick around

DECEMBER 7, 2025

give me your peace
and i will put down
every weapon i've honed
to preserve my pride

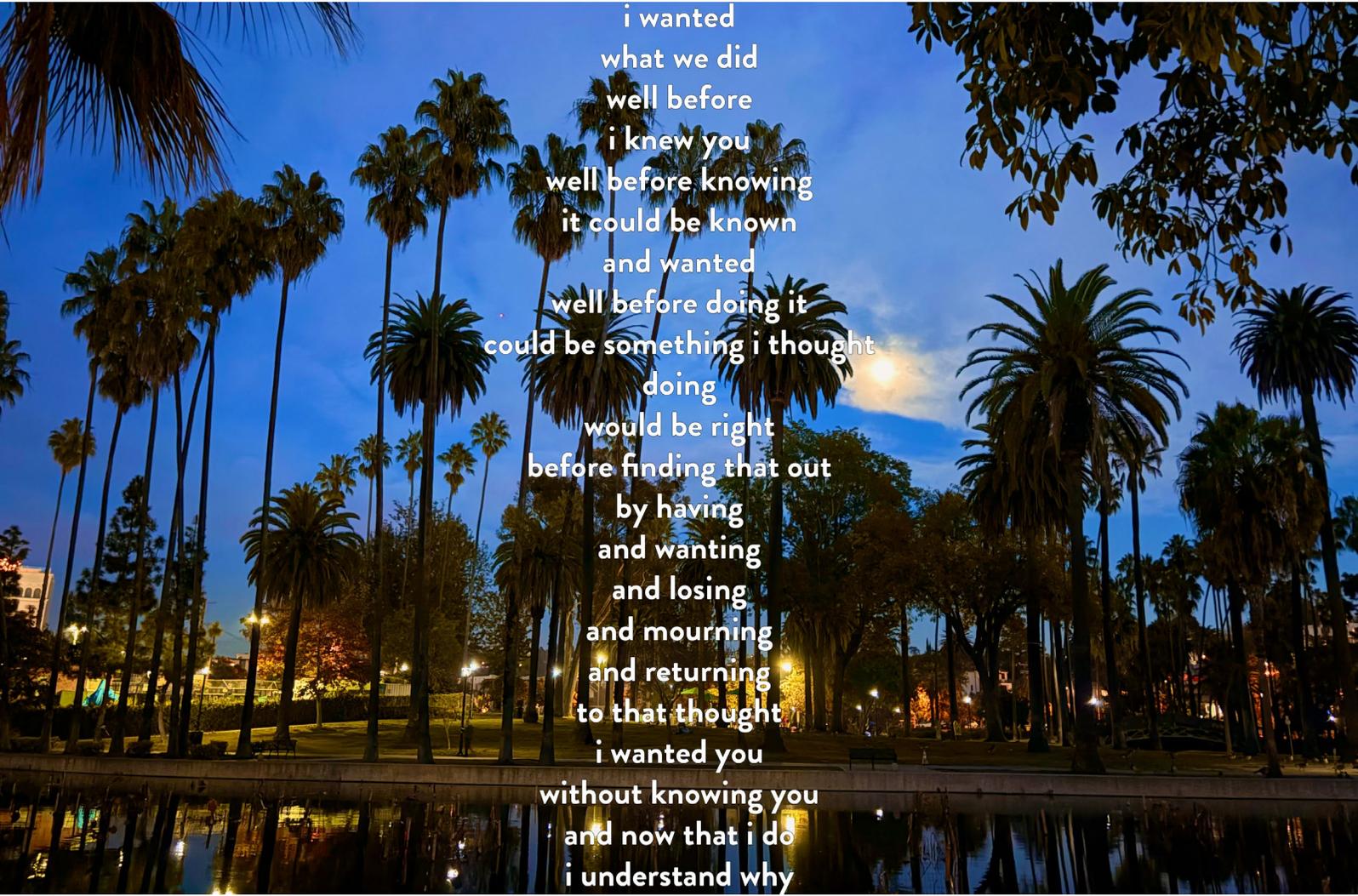
tell me i am wrong
i won't tell you
i am right

tell me i hurt you
and i will apologize
and when you are ready
to receive it
i will gently
tell you what feels or looks
or seems nice
about wherever we are
and whatever we are doing
so whatever weight was
attached
to my error
will shed its burden
and fly

and you and i
can tie with tiny
invisible strings
new hopes and dreams
to those fears
as they break free
from their chains

and we will watch them soar
up into a multicolored sky
where they will receive light
and shine brightly
above our heads
and in our eyes
where others will see them too
and say it is good
for two people
to love each other
knowing that what they witness
is the happy resolution
to a mystery's long
awaited end

DECEMBER 7, 2025

A photograph of a park at dusk. The sky is a deep blue, and the sun is setting, creating a warm glow. Several tall palm trees are silhouetted against the sky. In the foreground, there is a body of water that reflects the lights from the park and the sky. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

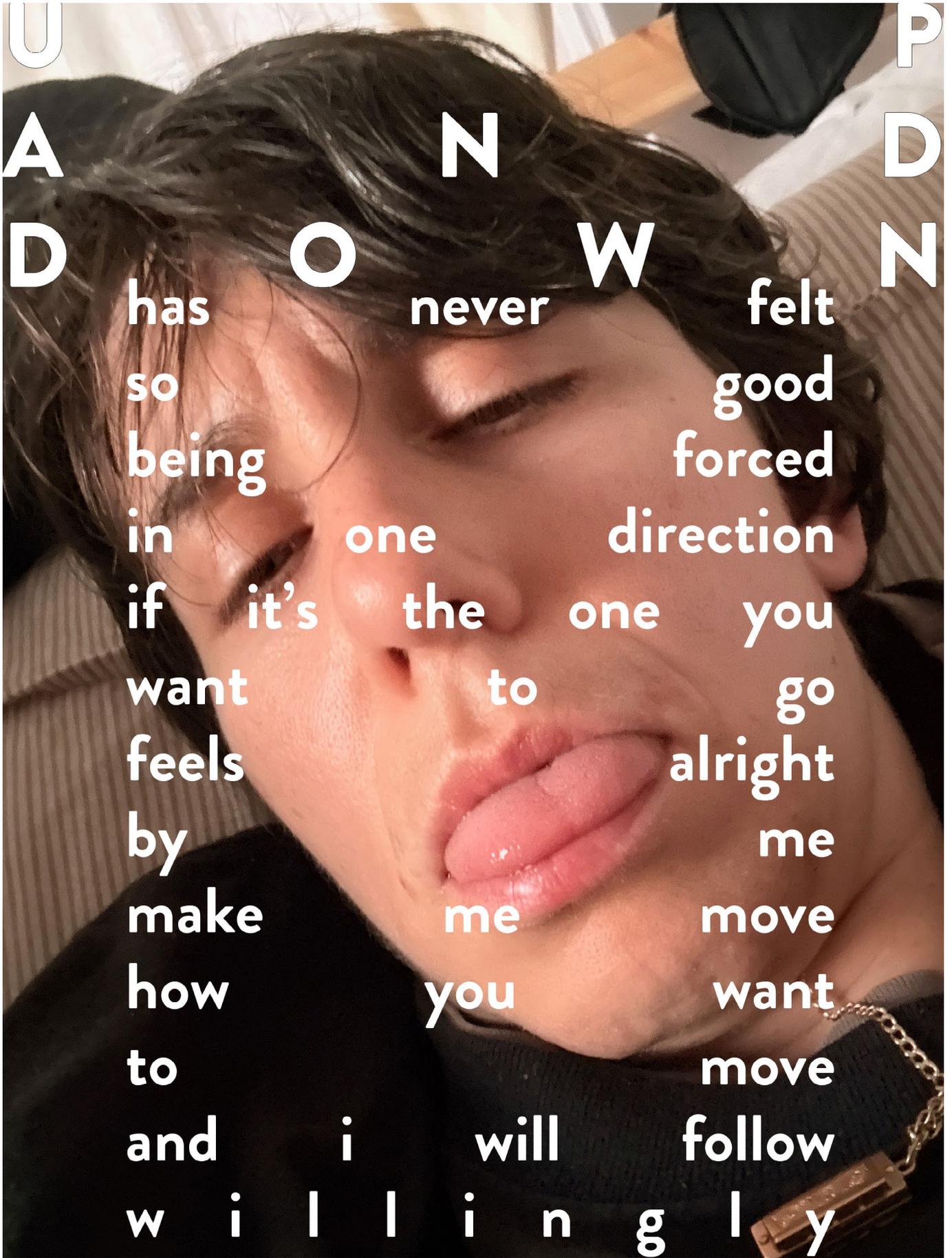
i wanted
what we did
well before
i knew you
well before knowing
it could be known
and wanted
well before doing it
could be something i thought
doing
would be right
before finding that out
by having
and wanting
and losing
and mourning
and returning
to that thought
i wanted you
without knowing you
and now that i do
i understand why

DECEMBER 7, 2025



don't fuss baby
just think of me
as if i were there
with you
you'd be fussing
then too you know
with your hands in
my hair
don't fuss baby
it won't be long
till we're back
together again

DECEMBER 7, 2025



has never felt
so good
being forced
in one direction
if it's the one you
want to go
feels alright
by me
make me move
how you want
to move
and i will follow
w i l l i n g l y

DECEMBER 7, 2025

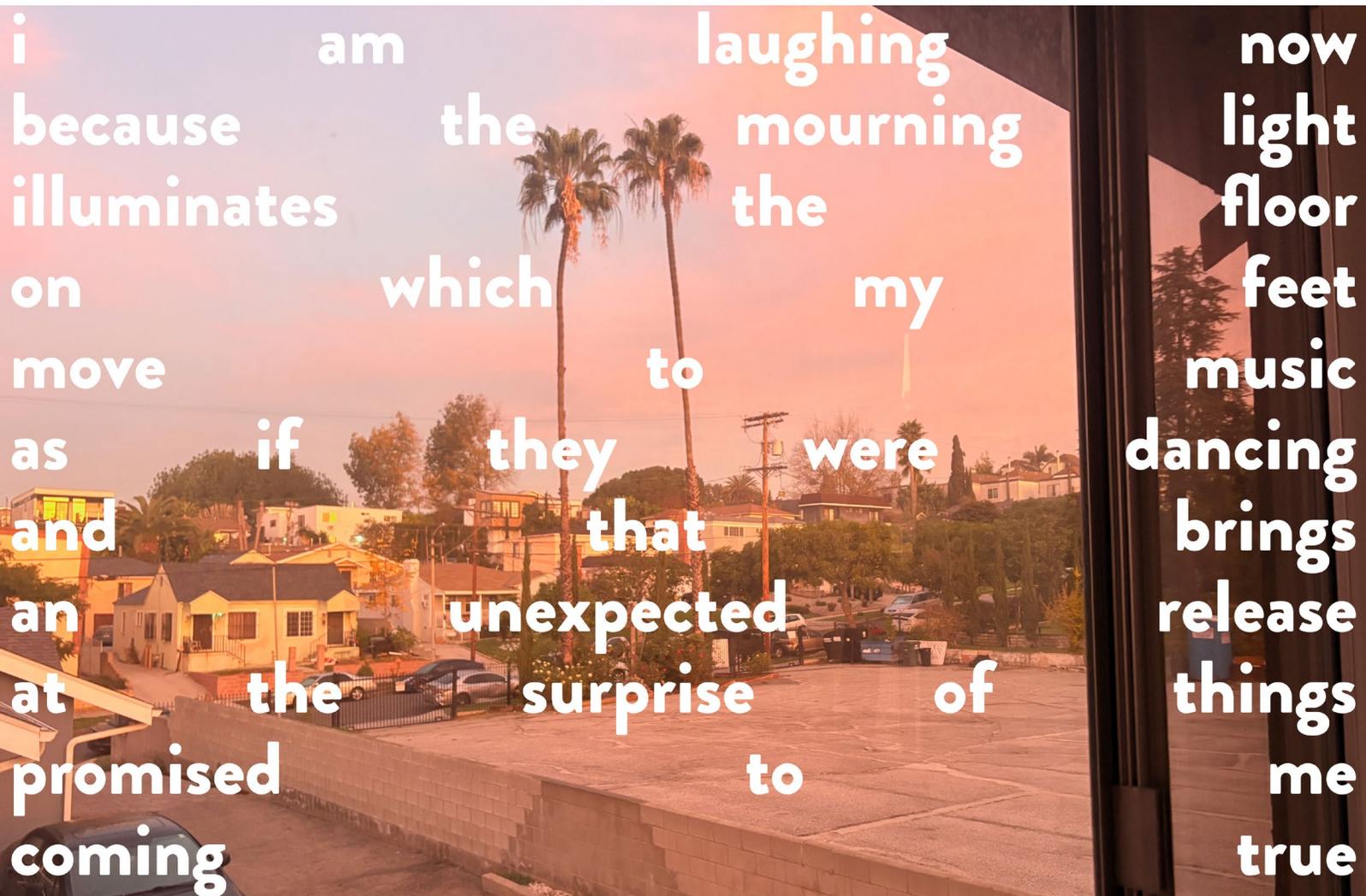


my baby girl
is good
sweet and well-intentioned
she can have all the treats
she wants
i'll give them to her
you left to save yourself
from what
we would have done
to each other

she looks directly
at those possibilities
and speaks truth
into their bruised ears
reminding them
that history
can and will be changed
through choice

in that moment
those choices appear to me
as possibilities
my mind couldn't have foreseen
and i am thankful
for me
that is love

DECEMBER 7, 2025



i am laughing
because the mourning
illuminates the
on which my
move to
as if they were
and that
an unexpected
at the surprise of
promised to
coming

now
light
floor
feet
music
dancing
brings
release
things
me
true

DECEMBER 7, 2025

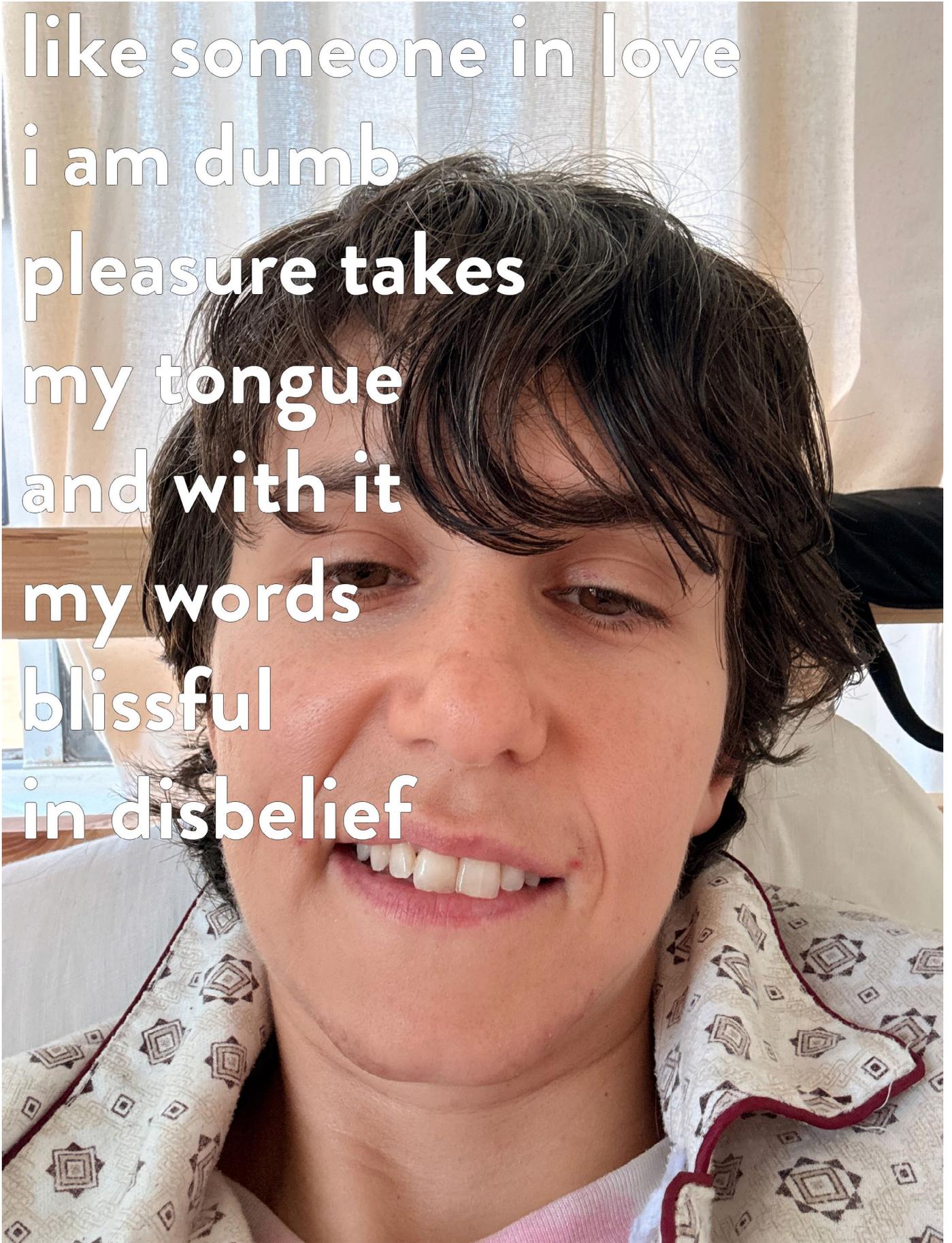
what if i had stopped
before this
what if i had given up
what if i had left
on notes
that would have precluded
this resolution
from ringing through
my ears
if i were any less grateful
or overwhelmed
by this joy
i would be angry
and resent
what has happened before

but no
my pride
must submit
this makes what was painful
and hard
and set to kill
a frivolous thought
now passed
from my mind



DECEMBER 7, 2025

like someone in love
i am dumb
pleasure takes
my tongue
and with it
my words
blissful
in disbelief



DECEMBER 7, 2025



grayed out
each hair
tells of some
part
that makes you
exactly
who you are
and that is like a forgotten
memory
to me
of boyhood dreams
that were lost on the battlefields
where i destroyed my
understanding
of how to be a man
whatever tales
your hair tells
sound familiar
and full of promise
to me

DECEMBER 7, 2025

W O W

feels like i'm 5 years old

again

and when i think of your

love

i say

W O W



DECEMBER 7, 2025

S U B S P A C E

you put me there
and i acted
willingly
free mind
hypnotic bliss
you took me
deeper
than i've been before
i can still feel
the calm barriers
of your words
and the mindset
you held me in

S U B S P A C E

i learned
something new today
with you

DECEMBER 7, 2025

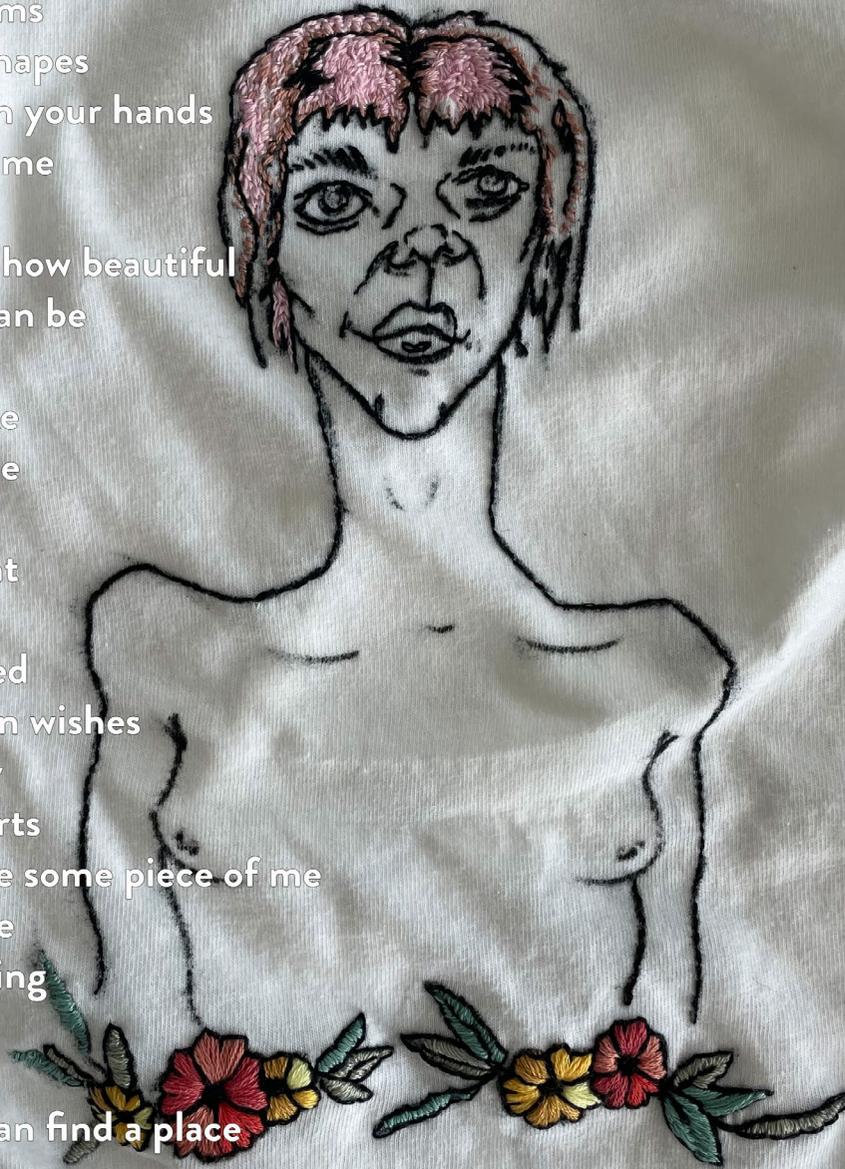
i need to eat now
sex with you
has wet my appetite



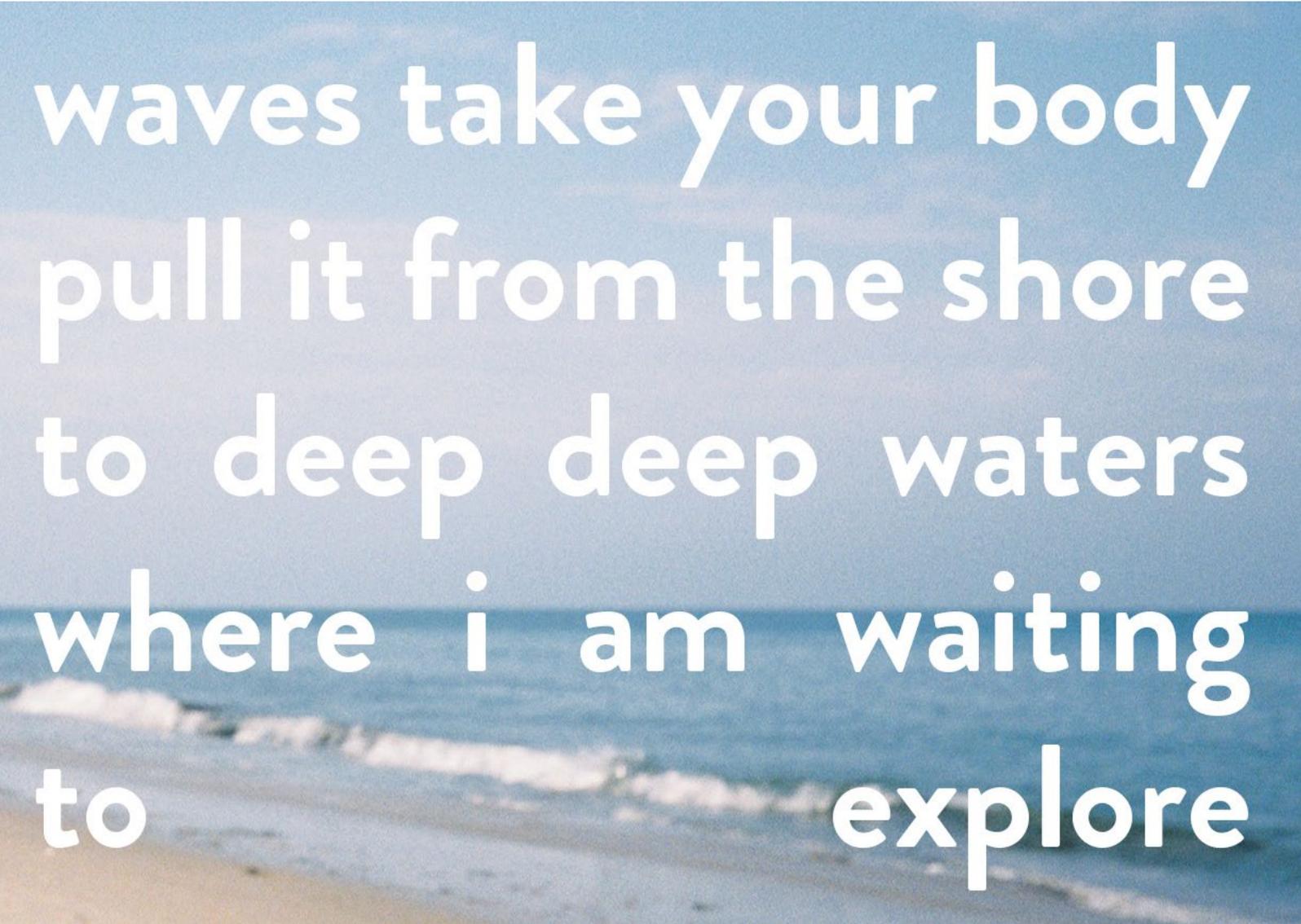
DECEMBER 7, 2025

time has brought me
to where i am now
waiting to go
to you tomorrow
and explore the world
we've begun to build
where my dreams
take tangible shapes
that you hold in your hands
to give back to me
and not break
there i see just how beautiful
and real they can be
when before
they felt so fake
so unimaginable
so unnurtured
in the basement
of my mind
where i've stored
a million broken wishes
hoping one day
their jagged parts
might complete some piece of me
or someone else
that went missing
long ago

if my dreams can find a place
in your hand
then i can hold them too
they can be real
and your imagination
can bring this old dog
back to life



DECEMBER 7, 2025



waves take your body
pull it from the shore
to deep deep waters
where i am waiting
to explore

DECEMBER 7, 2025



my back doesn't hurt
when i'm around you
because to see you
i have to stand tall
what you hold back
and in
is more than i could
ever contain
with gracious hands
you take that from me
your thoughts
are a scent
that is sweet in my ears
and your needs
a melody
that feels good on my tongue
your understanding reflects
the complete spectrum
of color
across my skin
making me a brilliant
illuminated citizen
of an enlightened world
and i think to myself
what else could
a guy want
than to feel strong
in front of a beautiful view

DECEMBER 7, 2025

what do you do
when the communication

is good like that

what do you say
to explain

what that means

when words satisfy

and other needs

fade

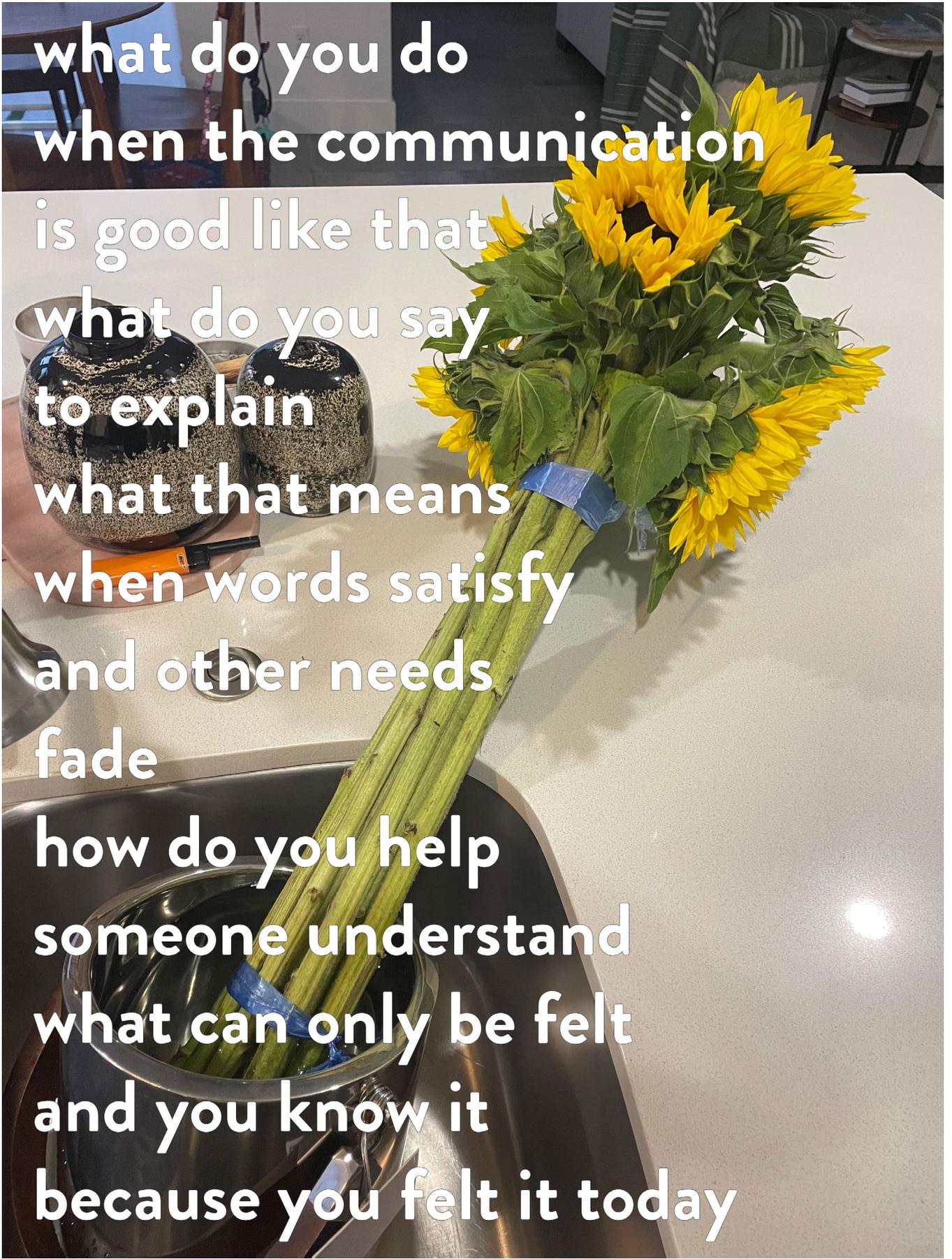
how do you help

someone understand

what can only be felt

and you know it

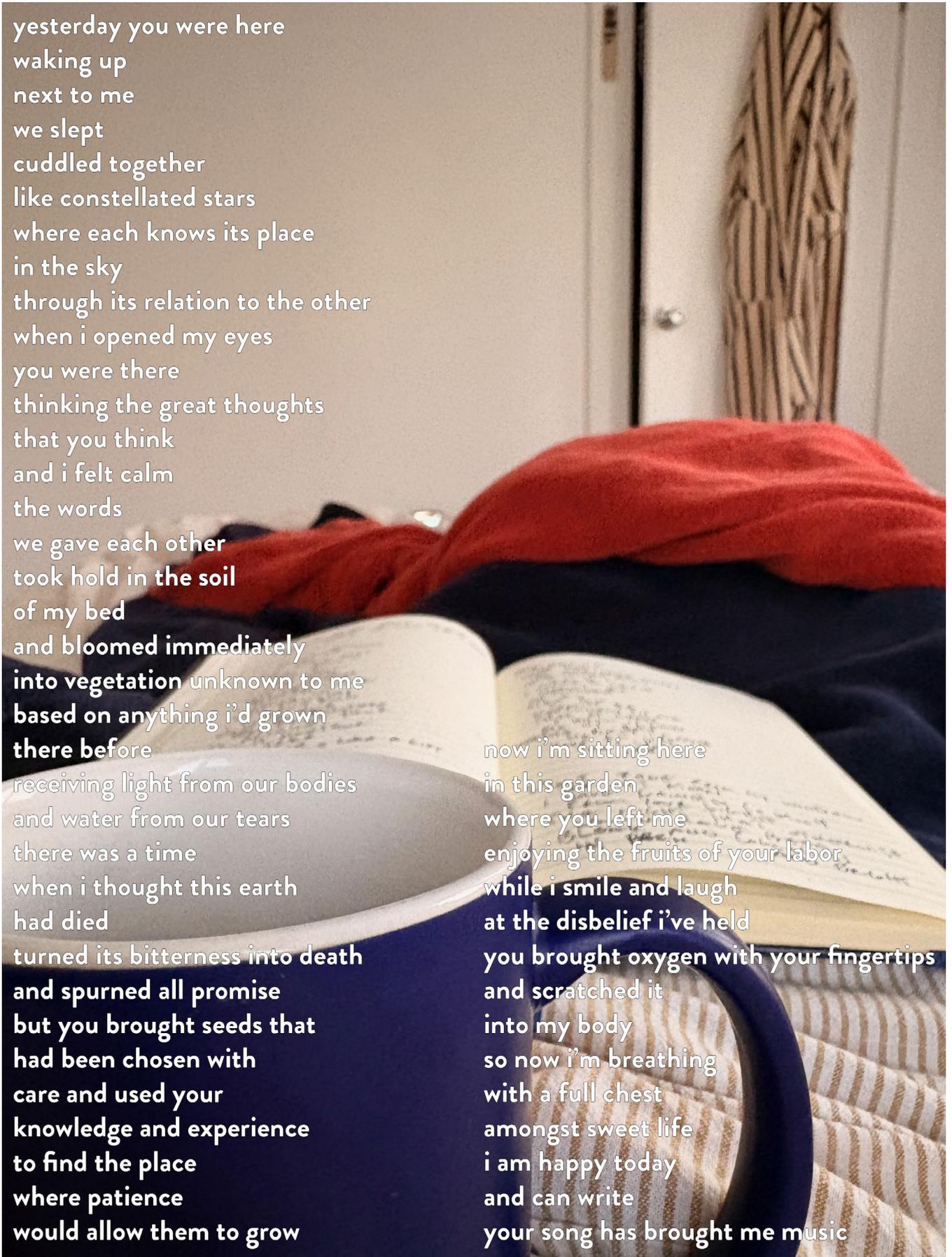
because you felt it today



DECEMBER 8, 2025

yesterday you were here
waking up
next to me
we slept
cuddled together
like constellated stars
where each knows its place
in the sky
through its relation to the other
when i opened my eyes
you were there
thinking the great thoughts
that you think
and i felt calm
the words
we gave each other
took hold in the soil
of my bed
and bloomed immediately
into vegetation unknown to me
based on anything i'd grown
there before
receiving light from our bodies
and water from our tears
there was a time
when i thought this earth
had died
turned its bitterness into death
and spurned all promise
but you brought seeds that
had been chosen with
care and used your
knowledge and experience
to find the place
where patience
would allow them to grow

now i'm sitting here
in this garden
where you left me
enjoying the fruits of your labor
while i smile and laugh
at the disbelief i've held
you brought oxygen with your fingertips
and scratched it
into my body
so now i'm breathing
with a full chest
amongst sweet life
i am happy today
and can write
your song has brought me music



DECEMBER 8, 2025

B A B Y

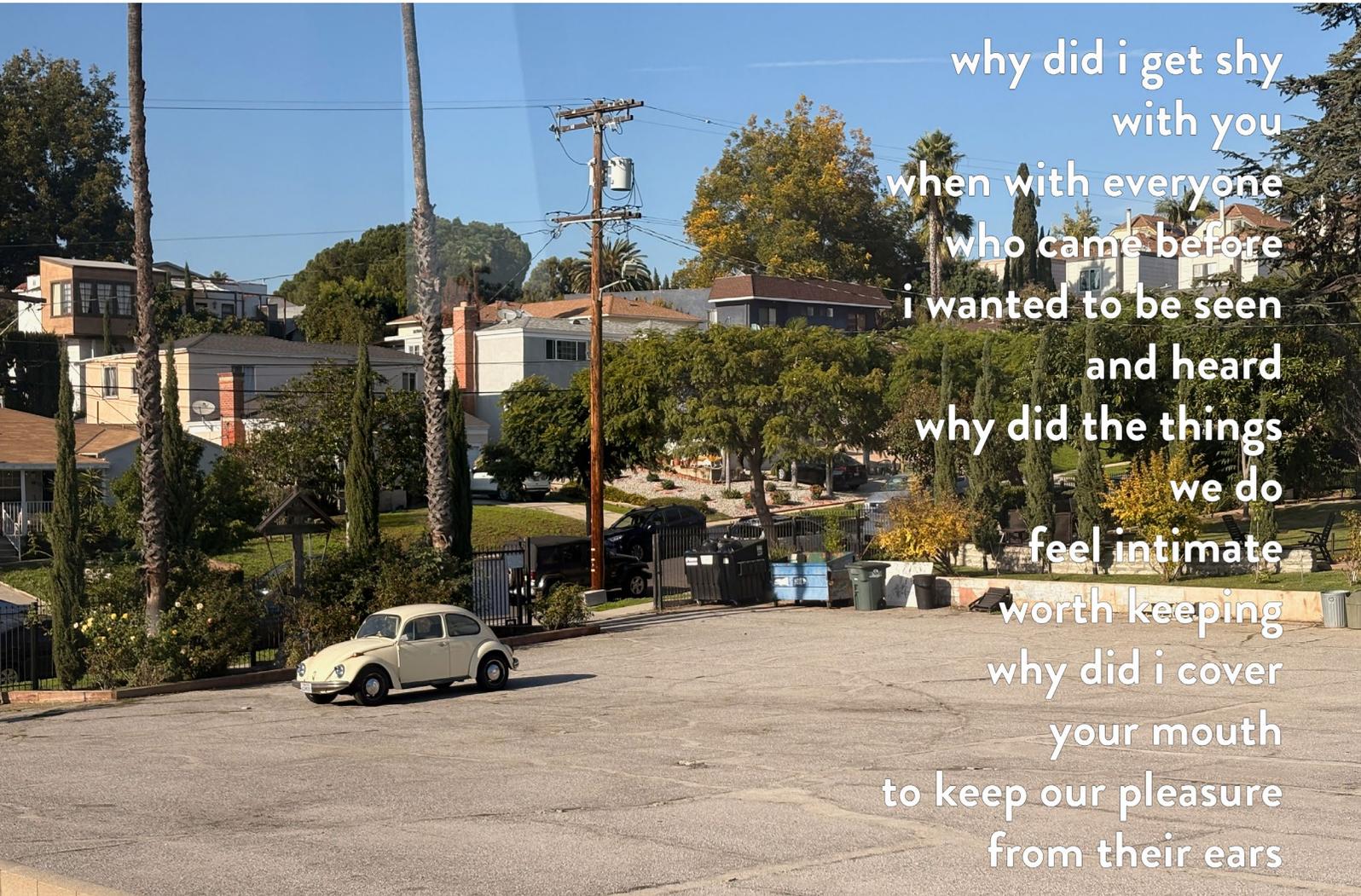
i've said it a lot
said it
meant it
can't
and probably wouldn't
take it back

each time
it takes on
new meaning
by encapsulating
the individuality
of a soul

but for the first time
now it's
more literal
to me
a person
i want to
take care of



DECEMBER 8, 2025



why did i get shy
with you
when with everyone
who came before
i wanted to be seen
and heard
why did the things
we do
feel intimate
worth keeping
why did i cover
your mouth
to keep our pleasure
from their ears

DECEMBER 8, 2025



**you think
and behave
like a man
and i'm a complete f*ggot
for you**

DECEMBER 8, 2025

nothing feels fake with you
even though perhaps
some part of it is
and we know it

with you it doesn't feel fake

**BLOOD RED
DRIP SLOWLY**

old feels brand new
you cannot convince me
otherwise
i did not know that
there were such
things to miss

**DOWN THE CENTER
NEAR THE VEIN**

i have opened myself up
to the mystery of finding
understanding through
companionship
and let my desire
grow stronger
than my fear

DECEMBER 8, 2025



it's kinda scary
the way i feel
for you
it's all so sudden
and still so simple
you give me everything
i was told i could not have
and i accepted that
and believed it
but now in disbelief
i am amazed
to talk to you

DECEMBER 14, 2025

throw it all up
i suppose i had to be
on my knees
looking up

this confession
came quicker
conviction compelled
freed
only through offering
ancient exorcism
primitive belief

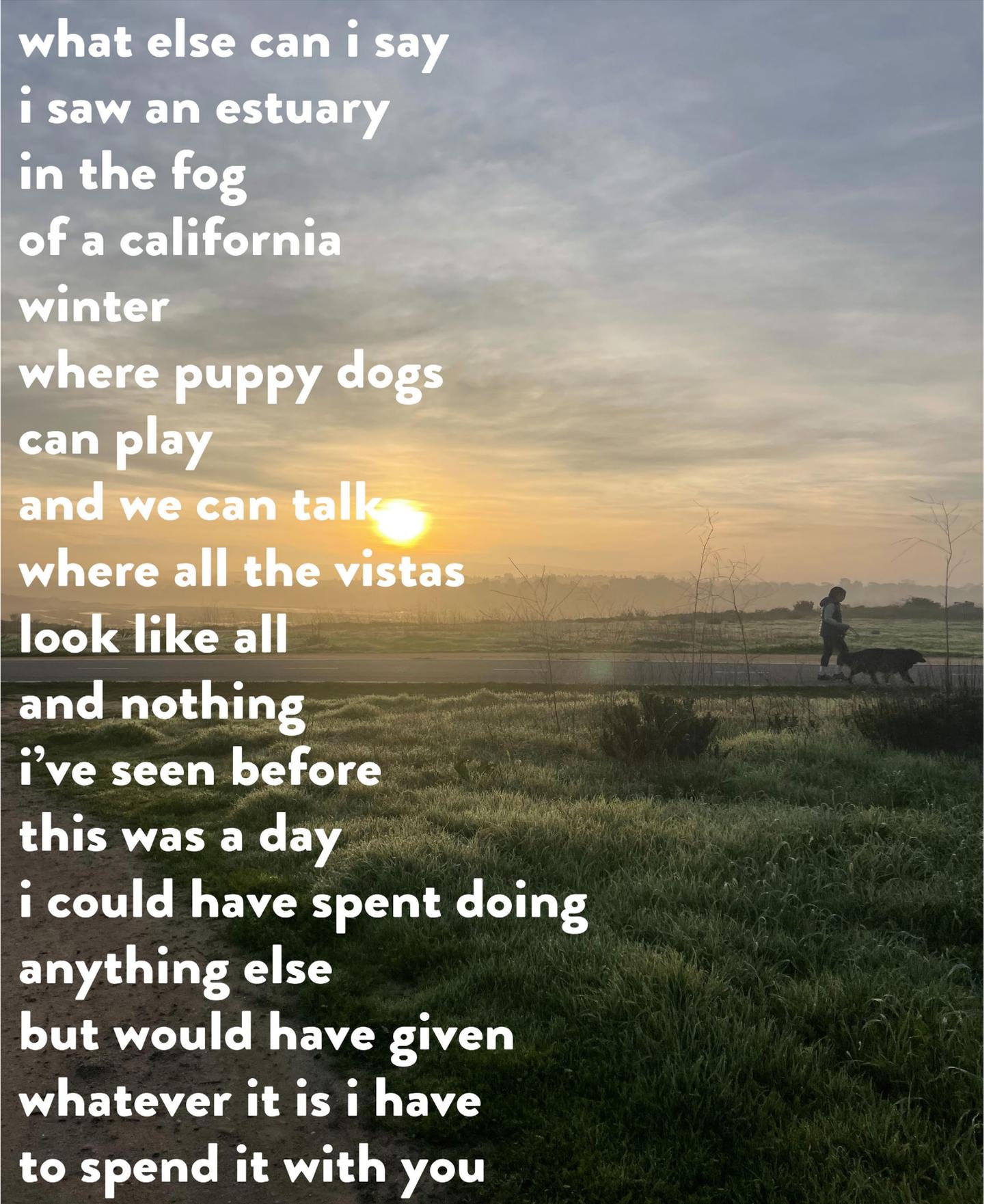
my eyes swimming in tears
forced out
by the swelling of my
soul's heart
in adoration of you
your patient tenderness
the tears
you can no longer hold
and thoughts
your heartbeat carries

you've made my dreams
a place in reality
where i use words
that before
were never mine
i have stumbled blindly
into bright
 brilliant
 beaming
 bliss

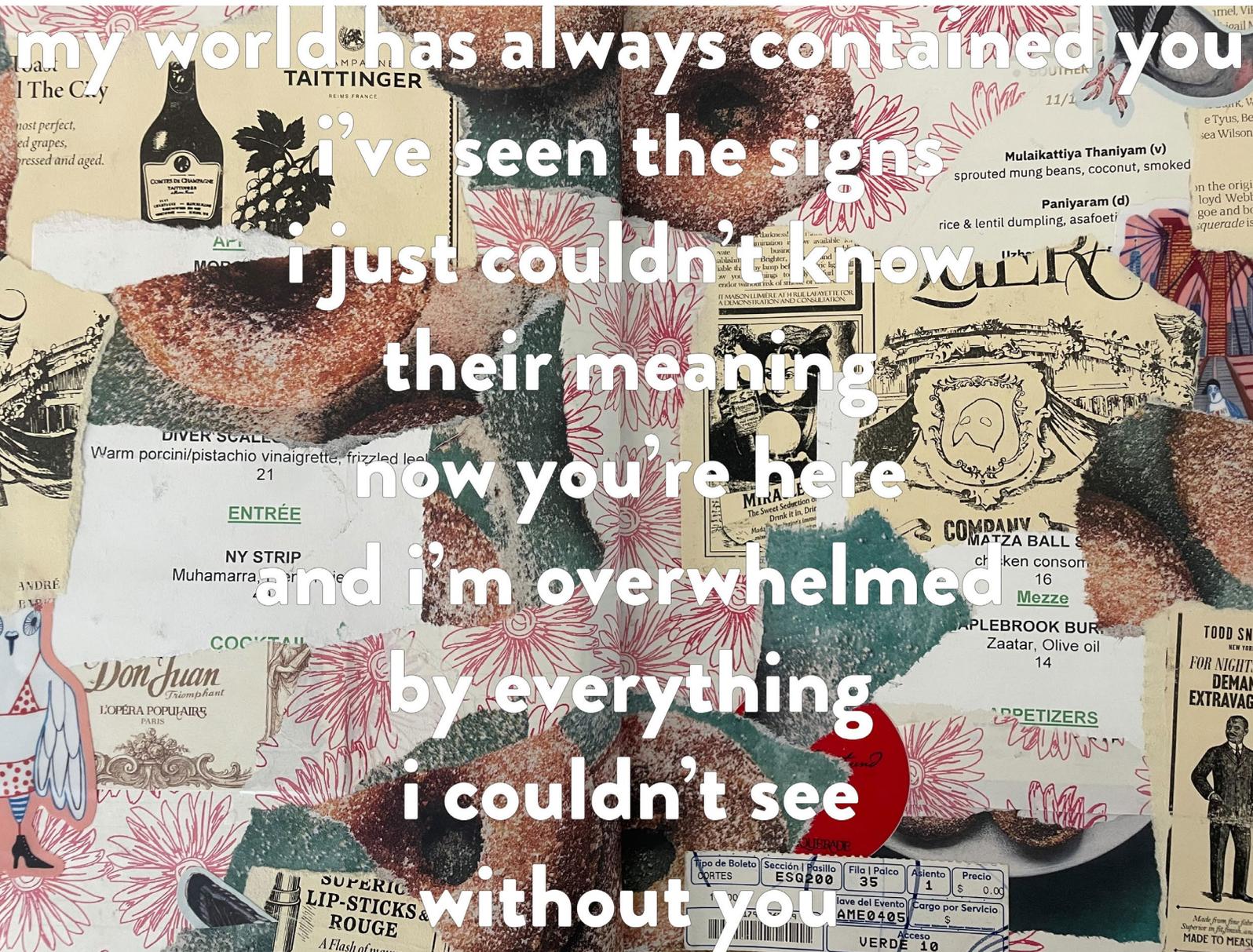
how could i have known
that my girl next door
 grew up
somewhere on the other side
of the world

DECEMBER 14, 2025

what else can i say
i saw an estuary
in the fog
of a california
winter
where puppy dogs
can play
and we can talk
where all the vistas
look like all
and nothing
i've seen before
this was a day
i could have spent doing
anything else
but would have given
whatever it is i have
to spend it with you



DECEMBER 15, 2025



my world has always contained you
i've seen the signs
i just couldn't know
their meaning
now you're here
and i'm overwhelmed
by everything
i couldn't see
without you

DECEMBER 15, 2025

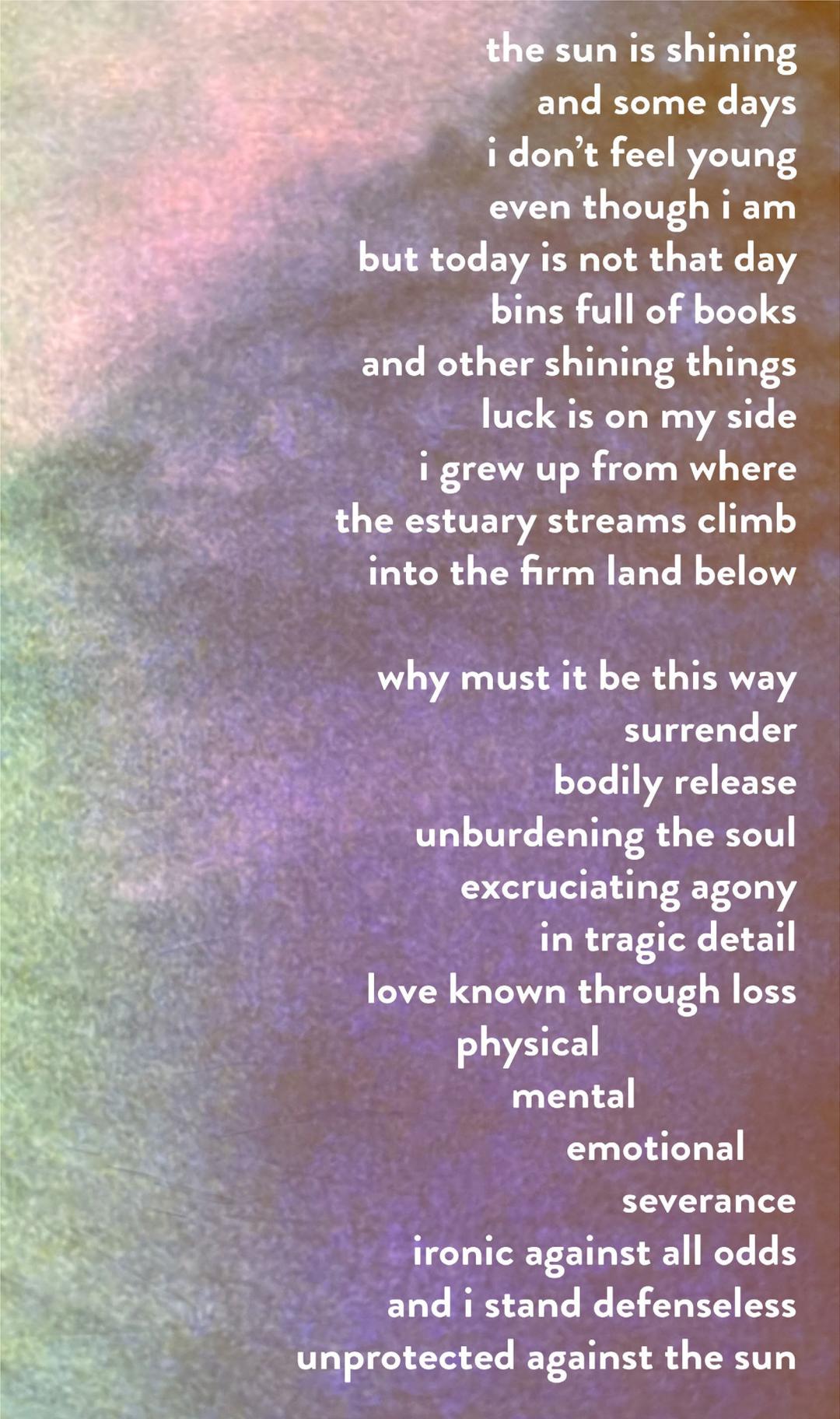
tears
and no turning back
words that break
the train of thought
that carries my intention
and meaning
to your mind
and understanding
no turning back

eyes shut
a subtle twitch in your arm
is somehow enough
to keep it all in
but not enough
for me not to notice
you cannot unhear my words
any more than i can unsay them
sorry
only gets us so far

but you chose not to leave me
in your mind
you chose
to reopen your eyes
and let your tears fall
into my hands
so that i could
know your pain
by the way that it felt
and the shape that it took

i washed myself in those tears
so that i could lie clean
before you
you smudged my face
and told me
that dirty men
never did bother you much
so here i sit
half clean
half shamed
but completely covered
by your forgiveness

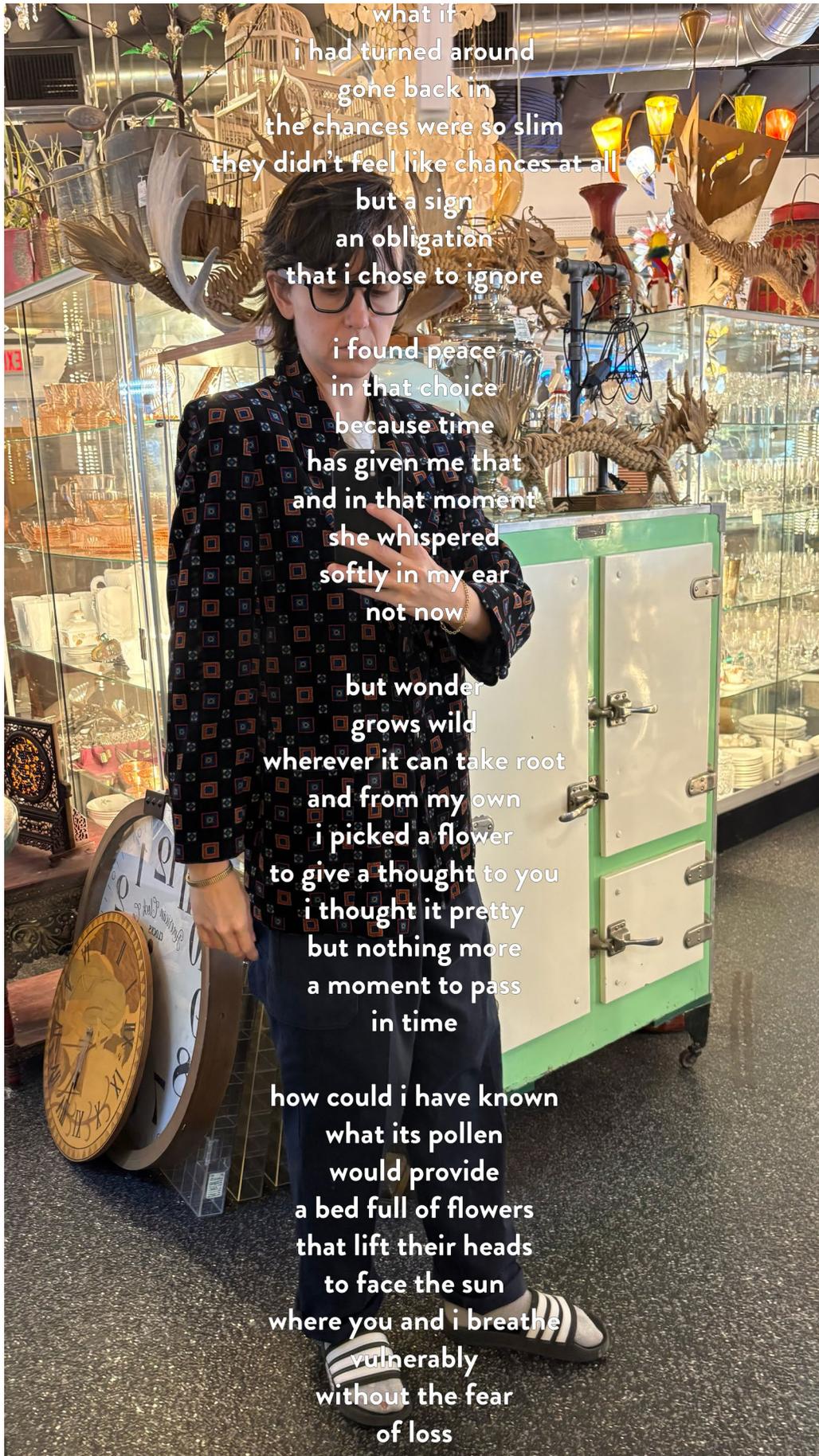
DECEMBER 15, 2025



the sun is shining
and some days
i don't feel young
even though i am
but today is not that day
bins full of books
and other shining things
luck is on my side
i grew up from where
the estuary streams climb
into the firm land below

why must it be this way
surrender
bodily release
unburdening the soul
excruciating agony
in tragic detail
love known through loss
physical
mental
emotional
severance
ironic against all odds
and i stand defenseless
unprotected against the sun

DECEMBER 15, 2025



what if
i had turned around
gone back in
the chances were so slim
they didn't feel like chances at all

but a sign
an obligation
that i chose to ignore

i found peace
in that choice
because time
has given me that
and in that moment
she whispered
softly in my ear
not now

but wonder
grows wild
wherever it can take root
and from my own
i picked a flower
to give a thought to you
i thought it pretty
but nothing more
a moment to pass
in time

how could i have known
what its pollen
would provide
a bed full of flowers
that lift their heads
to face the sun
where you and i breathe
vulnerably
without the fear
of loss

DECEMBER 15, 2025



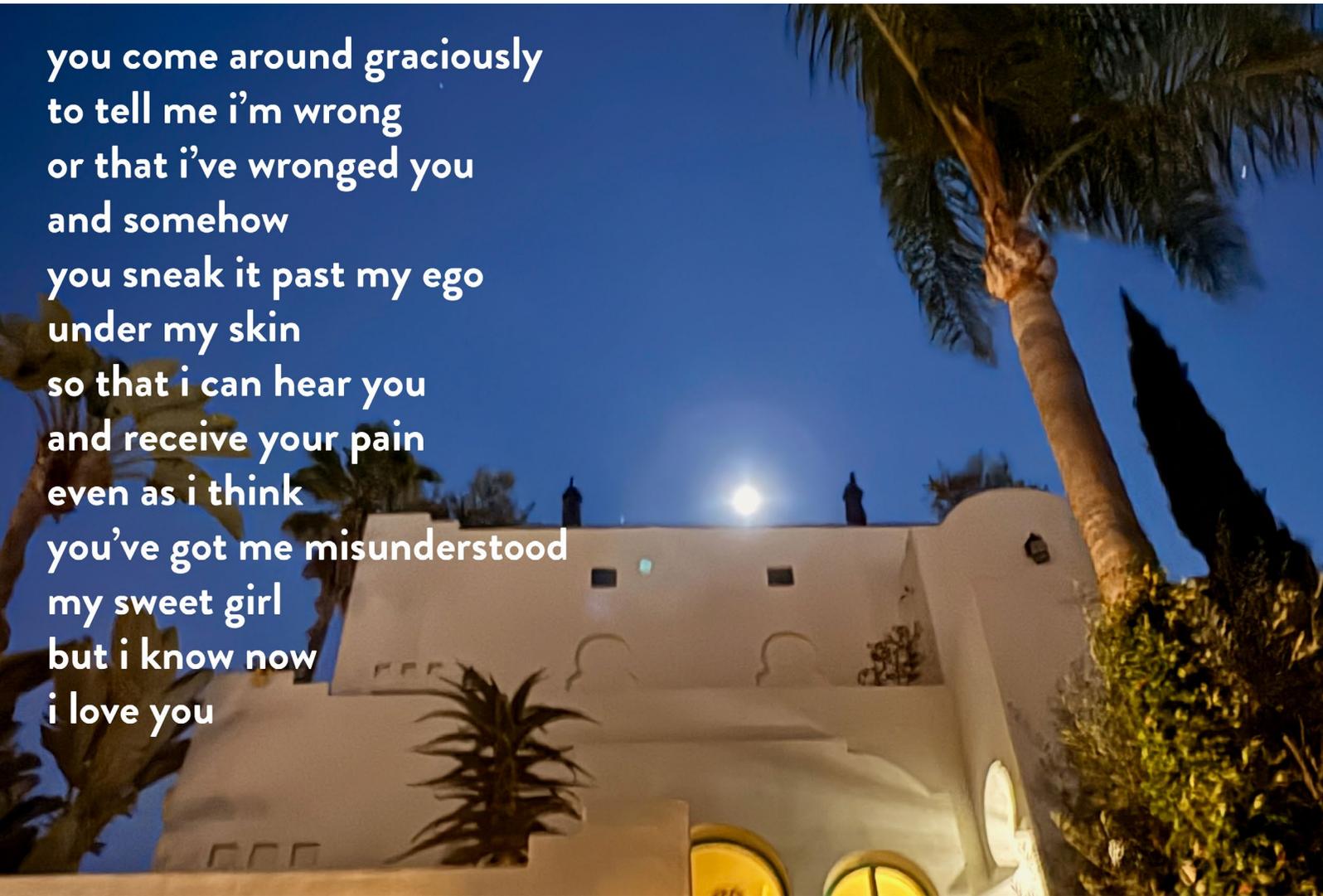
it's not been diminished yet
so i won't diminish it either
why would i degrade
something so good
from the moment i saw you
i felt that i could read
the histories of thought
recorded in your mind
we have not stopped talking since
even in our dreams
in fact they were
talking long before
yelling toward and from
this unknown future
unfolding before me now
i could not
and will not
diminish this
before it diminishes
itself

DECEMBER 15, 2025

what am i missing
when i close my eyes
and breathe
air exchanged from your lips
what state have i slipped
headfirst into
from this trail
of your scent
i am a fool
n o w
and i've rushed in

DECEMBER 15, 2025

you come around graciously
to tell me i'm wrong
or that i've wronged you
and somehow
you sneak it past my ego
under my skin
so that i can hear you
and receive your pain
even as i think
you've got me misunderstood
my sweet girl
but i know now
i love you



DECEMBER 16, 2025

imagination glistens
like black pavement
wet with dew
where we splash
like children
in the world of our thoughts

a world where
imperfect things
raise their tired voices
to sing sweet songs
in our ears
inviting you and me
to sing along

i open my mouth
and let go
words you gave me
come confidently out
to find your precious ears
which receive too much
to allow just any old thing in

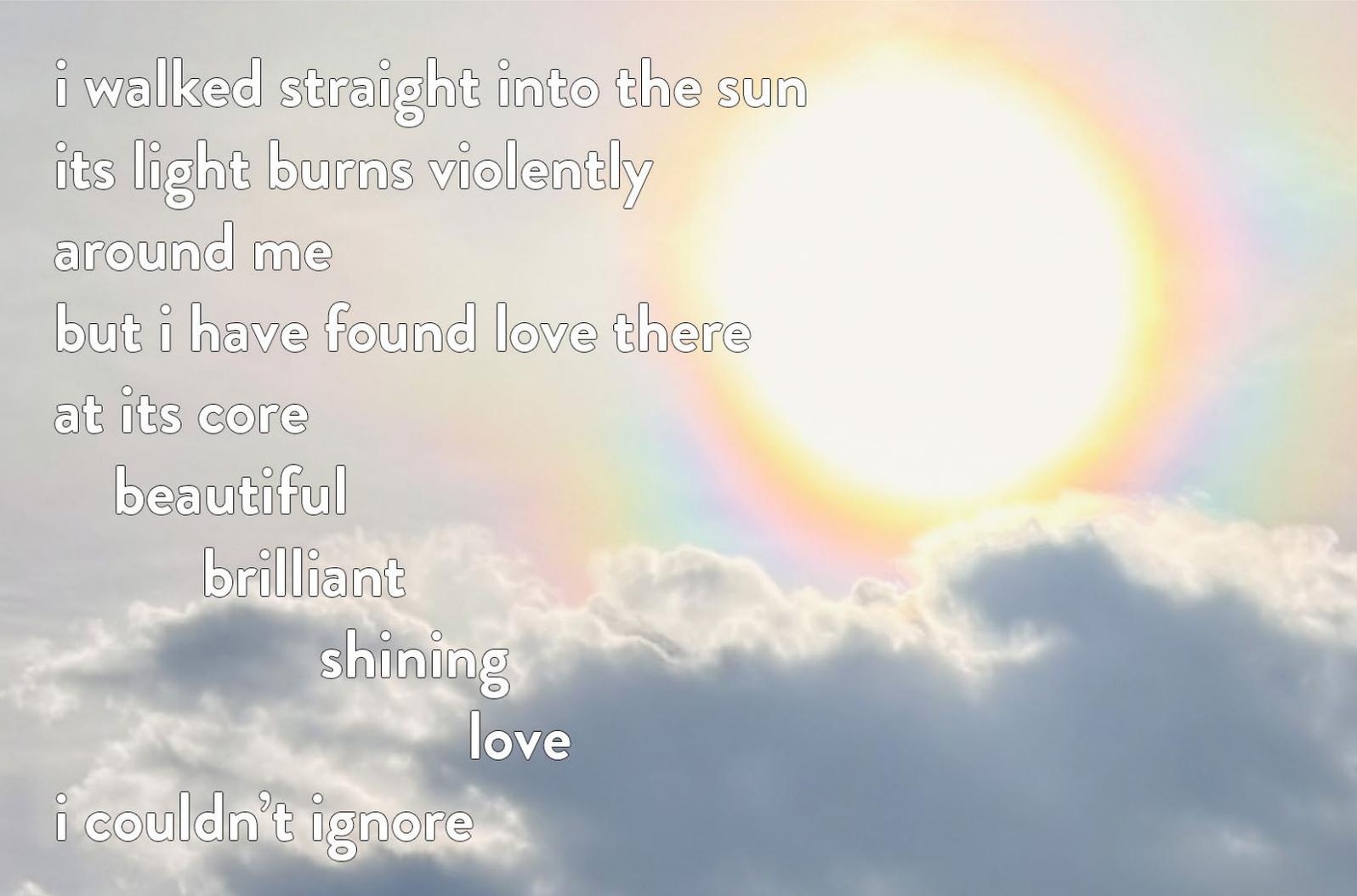
but for me
and our world
they have healed
completely
and through them
my desire becomes sick
and dies
so that i no longer know longing
but receive a world
that is whole

DECEMBER 16, 2025



she said my words
put her back in her body
and if you ask me
that's right where she belongs
if i'm lucky
she'll bring it my way
and sit beside me
while the day is long

DECEMBER 16, 2025



i walked straight into the sun
its light burns violently
around me
but i have found love there
at its core
beautiful
brilliant
shining
love
i couldn't ignore

DECEMBER 16, 2025

i see najee in you
who told me
i had to control
the heat
i laughed
and didn't listen

but today
i brought the garlic for my sauce
right to the edge
of burning
and asked it there
to stop
now my house is drenched
in the smell
of knowing
najee was right

najee on my doorstep
with crab legs in his arms
najee on my floor
because he slept there
the whole night
najee i often wonder

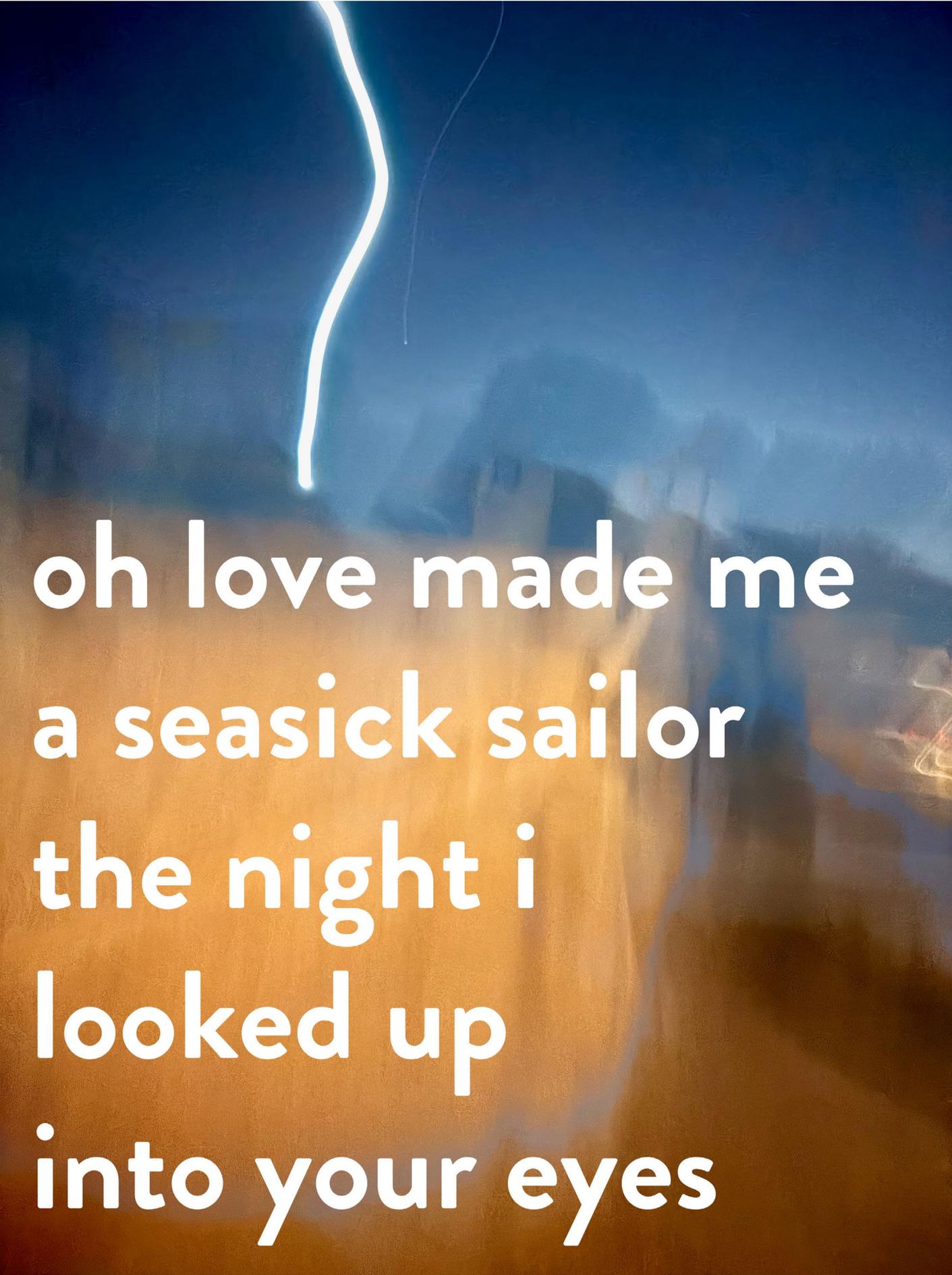


DECEMBER 16, 2025

i fell headfirst
feet in the air
directly
into the arms
of you
what perfect grace
i've now known



DECEMBER 16, 2025

A photograph of a lightning bolt striking a dark, stormy sky over a body of water at night. The lightning bolt is bright white and jagged, extending from the top left towards the center. The sky is a deep, dark blue, and the water below is a warm, golden-brown color, reflecting the light from the lightning. The overall mood is dramatic and intense.

**oh love made me
a seasick sailor
the night i
looked up
into your eyes**

DECEMBER 17, 2025

i eat my words with you
and i smile at the taste
humbled in my chair
by the mess i've made
on my plate
that somehow
despite the plainness
of the ingredients
i've found
blends together perfectly
with the perspective
you endow
deep
complex
soothing
flavors
that's what you bring to me
soul food baby
the good good stuff
that bitter life
made sweet
can be



DECEMBER 17, 2025

the very thought of you
has become every dream of you
so quickly
i have the future in my eyes
and i want to savor it
slowly
as if every moment
offers the final taste
of this current happiness

i am patient in its promise
it is so simple
so chaotic
and yet so perfectly orchestrated
to be the greatest symphony
of my life
only the mysteries
of my story
could have led me here
to play out these scenes

and as i write them
they feel familiar
like the sitcom
my sister watched
a million times
and new
like leaving the theatre
with my mind blown
i cannot comprehend such grace
i have found love

DECEMBER 17, 2025



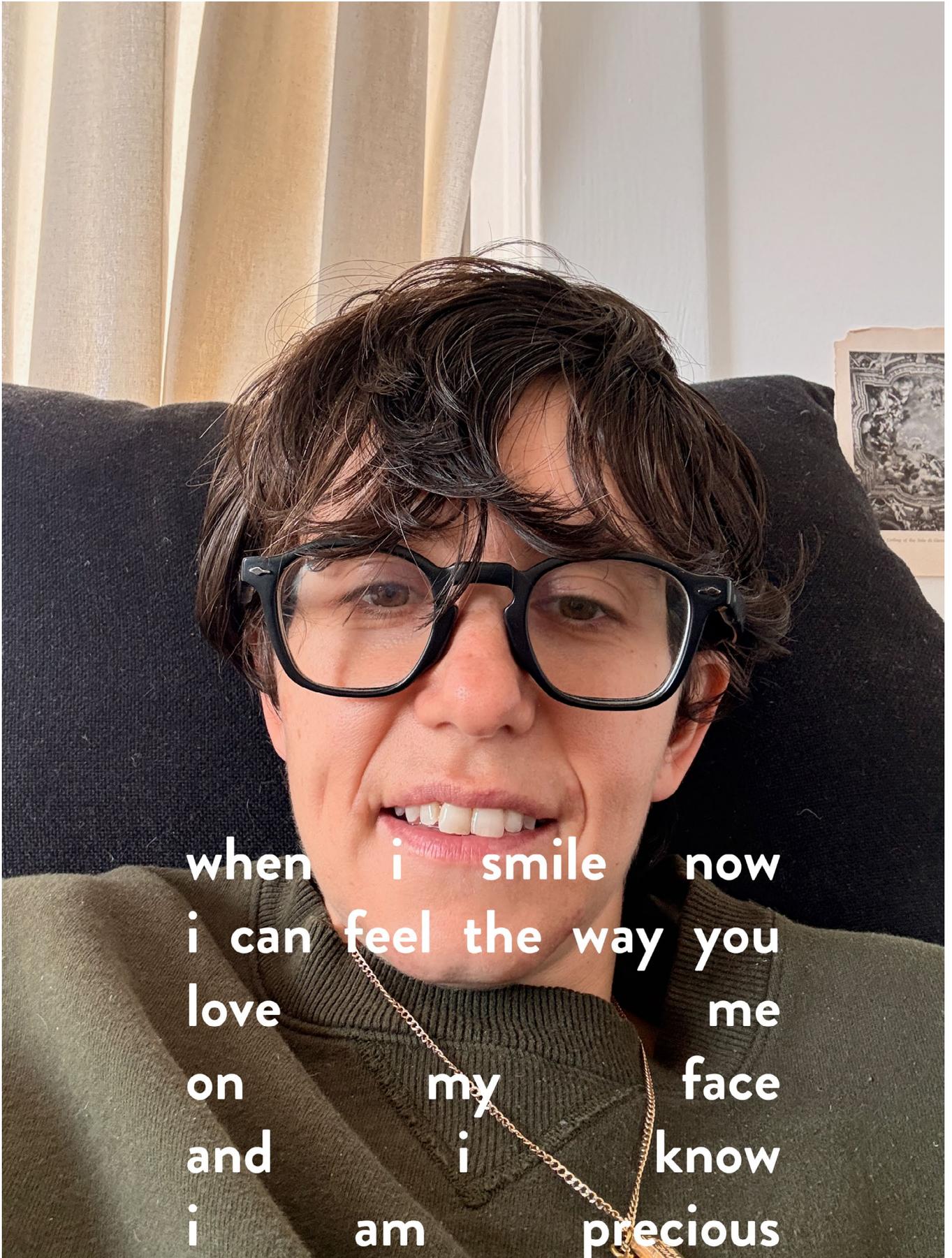
there are so many games
we can play
all of them good
no one will get hurt
just me in my hat
and you with your laugh
riding off into sunsets together
all over this town

DECEMBER 17, 2025

i know you won't understand completely
but the way you do understand
brings me peace
and a new perspective
that i see take shape before my eyes
so i can hold it
and know it
and let it change
my mind



DECEMBER 17, 2025



when i smile now
i can feel the way you
love me
on my face
and i know
i am precious

DECEMBER 18, 2025



you sound southern to me
or maybe
i'm just falling for you
so i hear the voice
of my mother

DECEMBER 18, 2025

23:23



2025 Dec 17 23 : 23

23:22



2025 Dec 17 23 : 22

17:00

two fish and a bull

play somewhere
in a stream
both far from the course
duly slated for them
but in exactly
the right place



the water's edge
brings them together
its power
tamed by the earth
where the sturdy bull
stands and dips its head
to satisfy its thirst

the current holds mystery
and swirling
intangible truths
around which
the twin fish float
bringing their mercies
to life

and when their eyes meet
at that place
in the sun
worlds of opposite beauty
collide

and time calls it
harmony
and song
as the stream's edge breaks
the rhythm of it's tide

within that sweet song
there is hope
there is love
and worlds unending
to be found
together as friends
two fish and a bull
gaze kindly at the grace
by which they are bound

TAURUS

Hyades

Uranus

PISCES

Algenib

Neptune

(2024 PT5)

Saturn



29° x 60°



+12



29° x 60°



+12



DECEMBER 18, 2025

the point is
cause there's always
a point
though i don't always get to it
and it doesn't always make sense
the point is you make me
feel understood
on a deep
soothing level
a transcendent level

i mean it
you are precious to me
your tears are precious to me
your thoughts are precious to me
and your smile
sighs
and busted up ears
sweet ears
you are so unbelievable to me
and in general

i like what i like
and when it's a material object
i'm willing to pay
and when it's a friendship
i'm willing to fight
and when it's something
more than a friendship
in addition to a friendship
well there's just no tellin'
baby

so i'm curious about us
and this california winter
and its pink
orange
blue
sky

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my room is all pink
right now
from the morning light
it's those cotton candy clouds
from last night
that came to see me
and your voice
through the phone
that's gone
all soft
and i feel like i'm 23 again
with rose-colored glasses
on my eyes

