

The Light Headed Years

25 Poems by Scott Sherman

#1

The taste of copper
amidst pantheon beds,
cracks just large enough to swallow
me, I
used to sleep in them
though I was told not to.
Abyss smothers morning warmonger's
warmth. Soon I'll never wake
until I need to.

#8

It takes years for me to make love,
like splitting drops of water
in a thunderstorm.

I'm something ridiculous,
I promise
I'm going to slow burn a miracle.

I'm not a hostage negotiation
a television blackout
or the inside of a hollow tree.

Picture warm lanterns
a record player
smoke with smell, but no bite.

#18

Too tired is just an excuse
that comes neatly out of its packaging
when I truly can't cook up a real reason.

These are the circles I operate in,
learned to approach fluidity,
yet there's such a childhood charm
to academic corners, the gratification of fucking
inside a rough edge.

#31

Seven hours until morning,
burning eyes.
Eulogies printed on electronic screens.
I only know now
how forgiven I was for adolescence.

The sense of smell left me
the same time I met cigarettes,
became Olympic at inhalation.

I mouth the words into the arch of your back:
being forgiven is the most painful part.

#53

There is pain in filling space
to capacity, pouring over the brim.
A spinning head gets comfortable with the floor,
on top of the inability to produce
in every way asked.

#54

There is nothing for me
but cave ins at the end of primal mine shafts,
where instincts have too much emotion.

Born To

The sun woke up, still dressed in moon's skin
With all the world,
watching.

Planet sentience can be seen
in messed skies
and rotation's reluctance.

It's been so long
since I've heard time sing
to claim an Earth
born of nobody but itself.

Howl

New England is hexes,
bells howl
to be let out of church tower mountains.
Savage ringing, calling
for horizons.

Five Hundred and Eighty Two

We need to be able to see
the other planets in the sky,
close enough to hold a conversation
with what they left behind.

#60

It's been a while.

I just want to talk about sleeping pills
addiction, halo headaches.

Basic math by hand feels like an achievement,
feeling warm a responsibility.

I need a pros and cons list
for uppers and downers.

#62

I wash my hair with dirt,
push guilt through my head.
If my fists were clenched any tighter
they would be an infinite loop.
I am not young anymore,
some ships just aren't designed to make it across
whole oceans.

#63

Life is aligned to frames of time
consorting for synthesized goals.
We've lived so long in pain and fog
purgatory must be a half-way house,
named after a motto from fortune cookies
or desk calendars.

#64

I cut nails &
hammer them down &
trim my teeth &
sting all day &
live in bed to prove
survival with a fabric phalanx

#65

I walk on toe tips,
crush my nails for the sake of silence.
I promise I will not be a problem.
It sounds like disgusting repetition,
rhinos dehorned.

“Why can't you let me know what's wrong?”
When my feet don't hurt so much,
I can walk over and whisper the answer.

#66

My skin is cold cancer,
trying to hold my eyes in place.
Please focus
away from such blind rage.
Cold radiation, my skins wants to leave,
shake off in the fallout.

My body is a neatly packed lunch,
convinced enough of age and abandonment.
An aquarium
left out in the sun.
It wants to leave, glide down to non-euclidean seabed,
rest alongside glacial murk

#67

The hieroglyphic symbol for sky
is long and safe,
a girder between us and the rest.
In my dreams I pull it over like sheets
and disintegrate into the freshest, sober warmth
I'll ever know.

Light Headed Years

Anxiety pills in advent calendars,
I know everybody is wrong
I know everybody is wrong
I know everybody is wrong.
Run my hands over reassurance like braille.
Spit into artifacts mugs, petrified
with dry coffee.

these are the light headed years
dayweeksmoonststretchinglikeskin
blood bordering words
smearing everywhere
jesus they'll start to know

The aether of everything grinds against focus
there is a brood of wrong,
so deep within the fabric that I pick
my hands down to nail edged bones,
trying to point out what it is.

#69

Loneliness becomes a tombstone
suspended on neon night dirt
and one way murmurs.
Coffins don't get tips,
just one time paychecks.

#70

I've never known how to respond
to specific moments, passings.
I can tell you this room is hot, sticking
to me. I want it,
I need it off. It takes notes on me,
lined paper with the heading:
How could something like you ever be forgiven?

#72

In the cinnamon warmth of summer dusk,
I love you. I love you, from a memory.
There is no prettier way for your body to fit mine,
no key can open such welcomed nescience.
Lock me under the chalky whole beauty
of that ethereal thought.

I run on, any moment you fill
is orange yellow red sherbert
when it's needed most. I close my eyes.
I love you, I love you
from a memory I know that you have.
Love is a holster for me like that.

#73

There are piano notes in my head.
They love me, I love them
like fluorescent bulbs,
that know their meaning
despite the ugly shades they give.

I cannot be beautiful
but I want to be.
A birthday party that looks up
and in, forwards and backwards.

I can feel the veins under my eyes shifting.
Everything wants out,
so close to my brain.

I try to reason with them, promise
I won't drive off the road

because this is the family car.

#74

Don't leave me alone
with such painful cooking.
Loss of hours, boiling
towards sunrise.
Mix confidence and a forward path
into a mask that lasts until I've eaten it away.

I want everyone to know they're marvels,
but words wont travel so far up a deep hole,
without emerging battered and cruel,
remembering the bottom.

#75

Morning is disgusting.

An obligation that gets under yours sheets,
drags its nails through bone marrow.

Anxiety of full days straps me to an electric frame
designed to fit all sizes.

#76

I would freeze time in orbit.
around any planet but the ones I know.
Look out onto such an unknown,
like a blanket from childhood.
I saw the same in knots of wood
on my bedroom wall, years ago.
It taught me how to love,
not how to say it.

#77

Five years,
your smell wont come out
of the shirt I lent you.
I know it better than your face,
obscured like tattoos on a window

I never wanted anything but to put my arm around you
and watch childhood cartoons
until there were no tears left in my scabs.