

About the author

Vega is a southern-born west coast anarcho-nihilist. Their identity is found in subtle notes throughout their prose. Being a constructed element of self, their identity has been constructed through a warped vision of what's in front of you momentarily. Nothing written can capture that which is Vega, so nothing written will really do. If you knew them you would know. And that's all there is. One might label them disabled or a drug user. Another might label them another construct to convey emotion. What resonates here is what matters. Leave the rest for someone else.

Grotesque & Tranquility

A Queer Nihilist's Compilation of Poetry



Introduction

Sometimes one's experiences lead to an understanding of life as inseparable from living. In other words, the suspension of the belief that we as individuals exist *within* life, and instead an acknowledgement and embracing of life as *existence* itself - a reality individualized through subjective experience. All the colors, shapes, and magic of the universe vanish the very moment the life of an individual ends. All truths and experiences, memories and emotions, are absorbed into the bleak nothingness of non-existence, only preserved second-hand from the grave of history by another living, experiencing individual.

In this compilation, the author relates to life outside domesticated programming, sometimes incoherently and in a confusing manner, while attempting to convey emotions that challenge the authority of language. And due to the production of this zine - the forcing of emotional expression into the boxed confinement of symbols which we call words - much of this author's reality and experience has already been lost due to translating emotion into symbolism for human comprehension. Nevertheless, we collaborate in an effort to hopelessly share a story, fragemented as it may be, experienced through the eyes of a lifeforce named Vega.

-Flower Bomb

Blueprints
I'm enraged
Can't you see
Noose bent
You've been sent
To break this cage
Set me free

Haiku #2

Peace is a virtue
Earned and not given in life
Walk wholeheartedly

Lost ground

The unreleased are pure
The deceased are insured
No worries
Lines are blurry'd
Their connection to life is urgent

Life in waste
Beauty taken up by space
Second take, to be relieved
Lost cause
Harm done
Value set, horse cum
You're the snake in the trees

Apple picked
Plucked and sicked
On the weakest of the bees
Plight played
End of days
What's it worth?
The vaguery..
Life born
Empathy torn
I'm the scavenger in the trees
Feral gimp
Lady pimp
I'm the scorned in tattered fleece
Life delayed
Senses splayed
I'm in pain, can't you see
True stint

Words Unwritten

words unwritten
cast shadows on eternity,
do not fear
the search for meaning is over

i took uncertainties grateful hand
i danced to the whippoorwill song
echoing, joyous in the moonlight

I've felt the frequency of form in step with the strings of my heart
Ive sung my expression into an ocean of bewildering confusion

I've drunk in deep the night
to wake with stars still in my eyes
with the wind in my lungs
water in my veins
those are the moments
the quiet soliloquy
the ultimate peace
in reverence
at one with earth

to a bird there is no foul note
only a step in the dance
the song,
a seed of wordless thought
birthed into grass meadows
weaving melodies untold

born out of an instant of chance,
impressed on me forever

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raindrops
become rivers
become oceans
become raindrops

Shady Grove

Shady Grove
where the eyes of night peer into day
where the winds gentle kiss has no enemy
a state of being, existing in totality
every perspective
every act
equal
I surrender

I surrender and I am enriched
the blood of the earth pumping through me
the soil
dirt

In it's apparent simplicity
teaming with life
millions of organisms
synthesizing nature
formatted to fuel my body
as I, in turn, one day fuel theirs

as I feed consciousness
I dream of a life outside of it
outside of definition
outside restriction
the unobserved particle emitting vibrant visions
never to be perceived
nonetheless understood

you ask, who makes the man?
my dear the answer is easy
it's the man who makes himself
he is the fool who believes he can understand,
that he has control
it is the man who makes such particular distinctions
that he would separate himself
from the force that created him
that would attempt to destroy creation
to strike down the bearers of life
so as not to return to the womb

Desires evoked, then immediately relieved
Yes sex sells, it's a commodity
Fuck religious hypocrisy
I just want my dopamine
The only part of my brain
That is rooting for me

Manic Panic

A few panic attacks ago
Lying on the stretcher
Not allowed water
Or to lower my mask to breathe
One fireman was nice enough to respond to me
He got me water
And helped me breath
I asked him through trembling
"Do you know what it's like
For your own mind to want you dead"
God spares no mercy on innocence
It's allegiance and obedience he values
The weight of sin
Is a fools burden

Neglected Perception

I won't be perceived
Nonetheless understood
It's always the bad
When you're blind to the good
I've endured pain
That would break any man
So don't blame me when I do
I'm doing all that I can

Our messiah is dead

Our messiah is dead
Though he is with us every step

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Until our very last breath
To the gates he steps
Though no longer of this earth
Our messiah is dead

Holding our hand
Letting us walk alone
No judgement to pass
No challenge to unfold

No load you must bare
He comes with no price
Just the songs of the mountains
Shown through your eyes

For every messiah
You meet down the road
Is no exchange of burdens
To lighten your load

So if you walk alone
And die of neglect
He will cover your body
Our messiah is dead

Bernays

Honestly I don't know what's worse
Bernays, selling form on the picture screen
So we would become so entranced
In the immediacy of things
Anesthetic aesthetics

but to destroy it
only to find himself, once again
synthesized into the earth

The tao that can be named is not eternal

As Nietzsche said
God is dead
But the eternal tao
Is wrapped around my head
A blanket so soft
And warm for the cold
It rocks me to sleep
Through the days of old
Perchance there may be
A better idea
Or a way to view
What's understood by few
But to everyone
Is so potently clear
For now the tao
As the fire burns down
Warms me through the night
In this smokey rock town

I remember you well

I remember well
the notes of the past
closed eyes display dreams
of what I wanted to last
from love and loss
having such to gain
my ship was tossed
on remorseful waves
but as it goes to show
ive come this far to know
that in this life
It's from hurt that we grow

Kill the poet

Kill the poet
For every word they speak is a breath wasted
On the mundane
On the every day

Where are the illustrious fathomings of phenomena
So close to our hearts
But so hard to define

Maybe the poet found their peace
Maybe they stopped writing beautiful words
And chose to live them

Haiku #1

Giants crushing rock
Preparing tea, breathe in deep
Nature surrounds you

Love poems

I think about your eyes
The clouds they carry
Storms you couldn't see
Unless you stripped bare
And swam in them

I hope your melody never ends
That this crescendo keeps climbing
That I never fall
And fade into silence

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I think about the curves of your lips
Soft, delicate

Time tattooed them on the back of my eyes
So every time I blink
I feel their warmth

And when I close them at night
I'm sent off to sleep
With a kiss from your memory

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I want to write a poem about being in love
About falling so deep you can't crawl out
About digging until you find clay
Carving their memories into your bones
Searing them in your brain
Right behind your eyes so when you cry
You never cry alone

Your tears an escape from loneliness
That loathsome delusion that a dozen people aren't thinking about you

Worried without the words to say

I want to write about wanting to leave but staying
About how self sacrifice is not martyrdom
Self care is not selfishness

And self realization is a path that can turn in an instant
Or strays over time until you turn around
And realize you are walking alone
And you have been for a long time
:and your heart aches:
:but keep it soft:
:and you will never cry alone: