



this bike

is

a

pamphlet

i, vega!, love writing. im just getting started on this journey
but im trying to go in with honesty. its a beautiful thing to
me. its my art. so i write for you and i write for free
because it's my passion. its the satisfaction of an urge of
the living. to leave the world more beautiful for having you

-1-

reason be damned
if the truth be told
making sense out of dollars
you only have what you hold.
our fellows wear masks
that we see through in time
to speak is my task
in hopes you see through mine.
reece is in pieces
fallen out on the stairs
dancing in the dark
of a midnight prayer

find your peace my friend
the world is at war
have a round for lost love
press your lips to the world

-6-

.:Jesus Christ.:

Fentanyl in a bathroom stall,
Your savior is dead.

waking up naturally, saying nothing, with a ballroom of cascading thoughts snaring my mind. what's left of a dreamy sleep state where belief becomes true and magic still holds power. i turn away from the wall and brush the pillow next to me. i find myself adrift, careening down the rivers of consciousness. lost in a sea of coffee stained memories. i don't preoccupy myself so much with the movement of days. i abstain from such unfathomable mysteries. instead i spend my time entranced with the sureness of my feet, the frailty of my time. this is my reality. this is existence.

i remember the fires
the smoke in the grass
I was drawn to you. your love slowly,
quietly spun its web. it's membrane
sticking to every piece of my heart

times bitter wind has rusted the chains
that bind us
the earths pull has loosened their grip
on us

i question whether those chains will
break
or your hand will slip and you run away

is my love so shallow that these chains
are the only thing binding us

Oceti

ask fire to return
the bridges burnt
she would look and laugh
then scorch the earth

.....
as night falls
the fire feeds
its warm embrace
its gentle kiss

be at ceremony at dawn
and the one at sunset
we give birth to god's
awake in the grassland
we've filled up the truck
to head them off at the pass
sofias wounds will never heal.
those bastards probably laughed

so we remember those days
how the moonlight shone on the hill
with creator awake into night
howling, with everyone here