I Don't Drink Whiskey

I don't drink whiskey

But I drink in thunder

On the days when air becomes rain

And the yellow street lights

Turn the world into an old movie

I drink in thunder

Till nothing is real

And the camera through which I look at the world

Shakes and sways

I run along roads in the rainy dark

In the thunder

And contemplate jumping in front of cars

Not to feel something

(Cold rain guarantees that

Soaking through my shirt

For the men sitting under the awning

To whistle at)

But to see if perhaps

The world is as unreal as it seems

I run till I am tired and lost

I consider calling you

Calling anyone

To help me find my way back

But it's still raining

And you're not real either

Even if you say my name

Interact with me

And don't know how to deal with my

*Crap*

It might pull me out of it

Forced social interaction

But it's uncomfortable

To force myself into an unreal world

Entirely different from reading, reading, reading, reading a novel

And I'm not sure I want to be in the real world

So mental health be damned

I walk back in the rain

Not really feeling the slosh of water

From cars So Close

And when I wander around enough

I come to a sign I recognize

A shining green clue

I wonder who gifted me with it

The thought terrifies me

Noises too loud

Colors too bright

The world, too chaotic to be real

I run again with my terror energy

Fumble with and drop, drop, drop my keys

Break into an apartment

I can't be sure is mine

Anything could be reality

The corners of rooms seem flat

A cube drawn on rough brown paper

I can't be sure what's behind those corners

Doors could open to anything

I'm too scared to shower

Instead I put a blanket over my head

Shiver in the wet warmth

My fear doesn't end with hiding

So I put on an old detective show

And watch, rewatch, rewatch, rewatch, rewatch

Meant to be unreal

Always wrapped up in an hour

And more familiar than my bedroom

I can never shut out all the noise though

Even as I buy headphones again again again again

So I drink in the thunder

And wish I drank whiskey

Nothing  
  
Ever since,  
As a young child,  
A science museum displayed a vacuum to my brother and I  
I have obsessed over the Possibility of   
A Nothing.   
  
But we got older   
And gaining belief can lead  
To more hallowed eyes  
Than starry.   
  
He tried to fill it up  
With needles, knives, and women  
And I let air and soul leak out   
Too thin to fill a room or corpse  
With anything but haze.   
  
But I later learned of outer space:  
A vacuum  
A Nothing  
Filled to the bursting point, constantly expanding  
Arteries of light streaming through the air  
Beat forward by a thousand suns  
Gyres swirling ever out into infinity  
Black holes and mistakes  
Not redacting the chaos of the color  
But admitting the power of autocannibalism  
And leaping life forward anyway  
  
Ever since  
I've wanted to go back to the museum  
And let Everything into the vacuum  
Because it's most important to Learn that  
  
A Nothing   
Can hold  
A Something   
Once again.

Ceramics  
  
A gentle pressure with the foot  
The wheel turns, turns, turns  
Rhythmic. Smooth.  
The clay forms slow. Constant.  
"Shit!"  
Lined hands pull it off-kilter  
The walls are too thin  
The base is too heavy  
It is wrong.  
Perhaps the metaphor lies  
In a life unaided by others  
But God,   
I can't help questioning   
If your hands are skilled