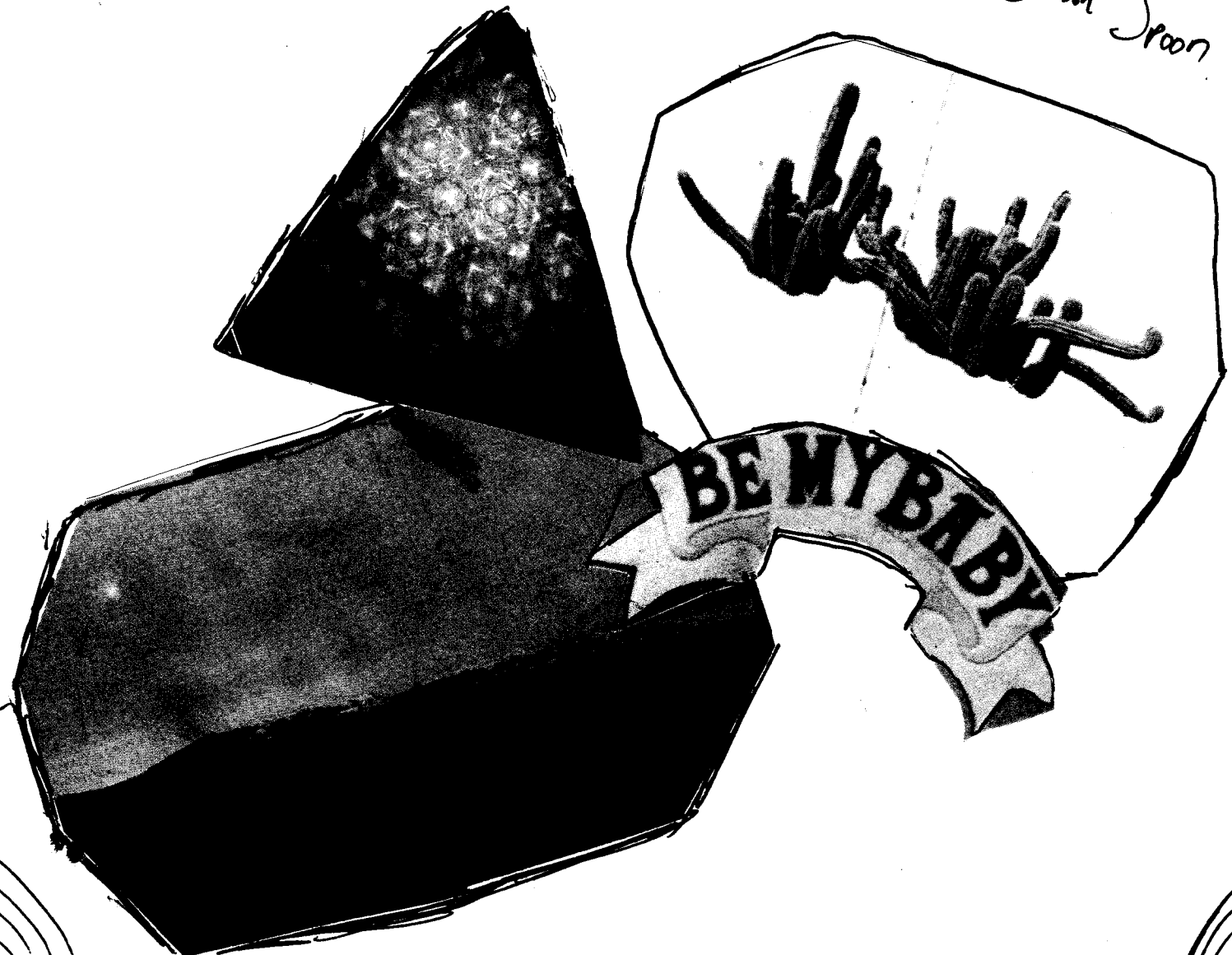


YOU'RE ALIVE . YOU'RE TENDER

YOU'RE SUPER HUMAN

like the rest of us.

human thoughts Vol. II a "Follow up" to Swoon Spoon





*Brennen,*

*I listen to your songs late at night. We know I never really knew you.*

*I just knew you as tall, with a sharp knife and good cocaine you were always generous with.*

*I just knew how you drove too fast in the truck you named Black Betty and scared a kid from our farm group 'cause of it. I knew you with ruthless wit and charm that showed through your smile every time you'd give your point of view on something. I just knew your passion for loving women and living wildly.*

*I never knew you to leave this soon.*

*Thanks for teaching me all you did.*

I've been reflecting on a lot of things.  
I'm homeless. It's good for learning.  
I fall in love too much.

Every girl I meet has some sort of nice smile and I think how great she is because she's a dancer, or she's an outdoor enthusiast, she shaped her room in a way whose style suits my liking.

She loves the ocean and talks about things only people like her could truly understand and I listen like I do anyway, or she sustains eye contact and drools when she laughs. She laughs like she's everyone's lover. Her hands are beautifully cracked and when I told her that I watched her soften in a way I didn't think she knew she showed.

I'm in love all the time  
I write it again and again.

I learned of a friend's favorite part about consensual sex is being asked the question, "Do you feel safe?" I now think about how that question might help set myself free.

So....

Sobriety. For processing.

So I can remember a new lover's body just as she thought I would when she described herself to me.

So I can stay alive longer than my dead friends have.

My first AA meeting took me nearly forty minutes to walk to. Down a ways I hadn't been to in a while and when I walked long enough I arrived at an empty strip mall. I stood in front of a big blank building with no numbers on the front. Men stood outside. Husky, overweight, grizzly in their skin, all chain smoking cigarettes. I asked, "Is this where the meetings are?" and one of them answered, "Yes ma'am," and he must have seen how sad and sorry my eyes looked, so he said again, slightly softer, "Yes ma'am."

I sat down on the sidewalk and put a cigarette in my mouth as we waited for the time to pass.

Addicts chain smoke  
And I'm in the right place.



I remember the news of losing Cricket feeling like sharp knives all over my body. It came in like dark shadows. I saw them in my head like darts or diamonds. I felt it mostly in my legs.

The text message that told me ended its message with: "I'm turning my phone off. Please don't be mad at me. I'm sorry."

Tried calling but the text message was right. Phone was off.

So I went wandering into the night. It was the first time that year when I realized I had nowhere real to run to.

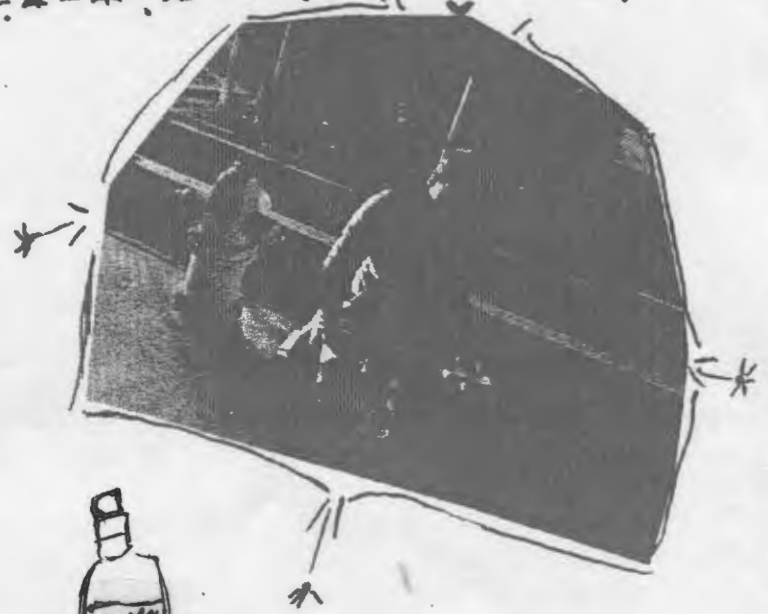
I walked down the sidewalk where I was with them last, eight hours of music on the streets until our blood stained the inside of my guitar over a shared flask of fireball. Phone call after phone call of Arizona friends calling after me. I accepted one. "I'm in the dance studio. Do you want to be with people right now?" I said yes so she gave me the address.

Young women howling on the floor and the woman who was Cricket's teacher didn't know who I was. I was caught in some sort of strange place where I couldn't break free to show people my grief in the way they seemed to be able to. I kept thinking that. I kept thinking how they were probably thinking I wasn't grieving right or well enough.

I laid my head in a pretty girl's lap I didn't know the name of. I only knew her face because I saw her dance beautifully in one of Cricket's performances. She pet my resting head and I felt her cry with everyone else. It happened like that 'cause I was there and she let me.

So I've been thinking of Cricket more lately. I've been thinking of their smile and I've been thinking of how I think they visited me in a dream when I was in Moab last spring. They didn't say anything. Just had brown moth-like things in their hands that they gestured as an offering towards me.

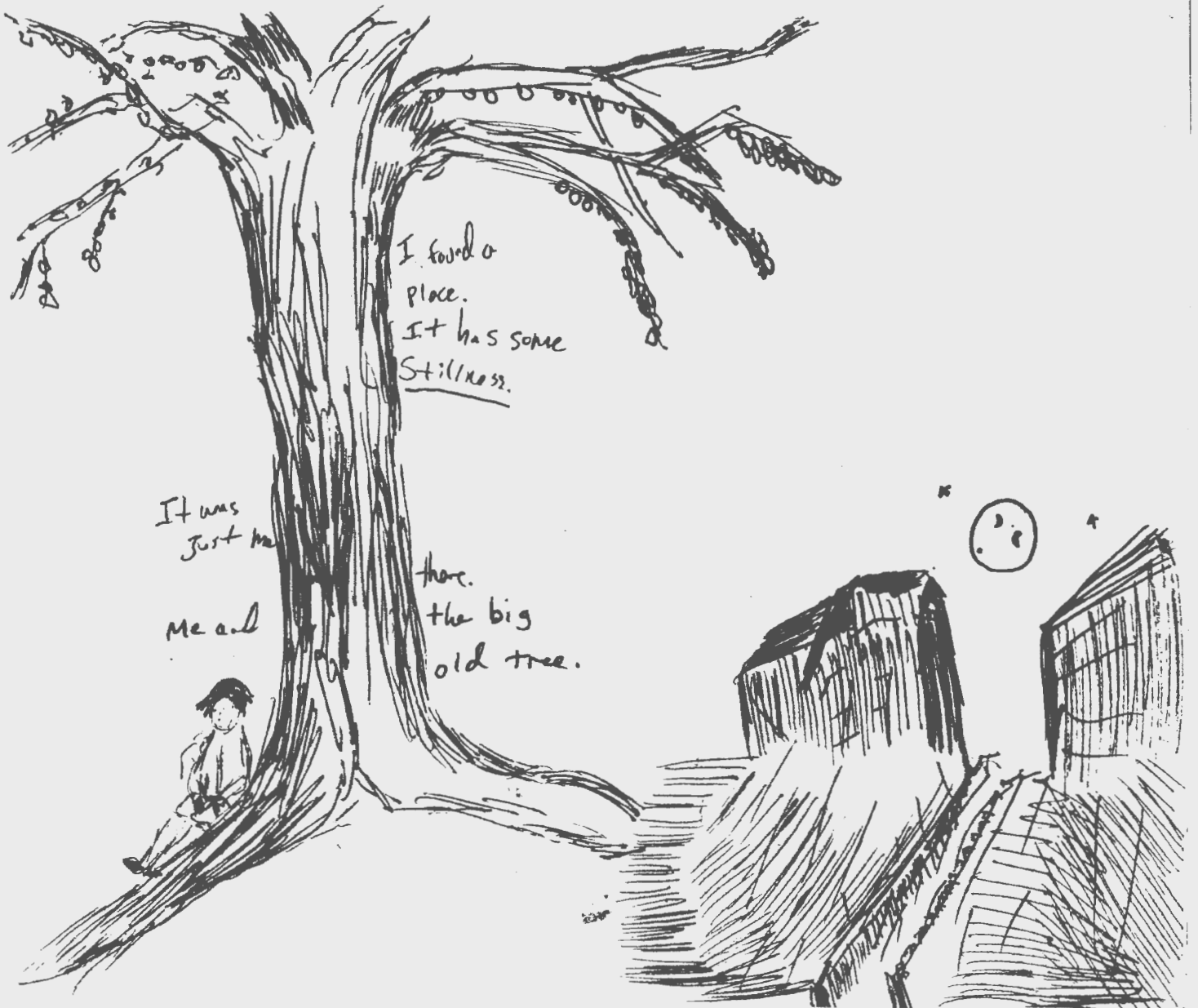
"What about those claimed to be so special they're only meant to be on earth for a short while?"  
I still agree, but what about me?



II

"The dead air shapes the dead earth in the dead darkness, further away than seeing shapes the dead earth. It lies dead and warm upon me, touching me naked through my clothes. I said, You don't know what worry is. I don't know what it is. I don't know whether I am worrying or not. Whether I can or not. I don't know whether I can cry or not. I don't know whether I have tried to or not. I feel like a wet seed wild in the hot blind earth."

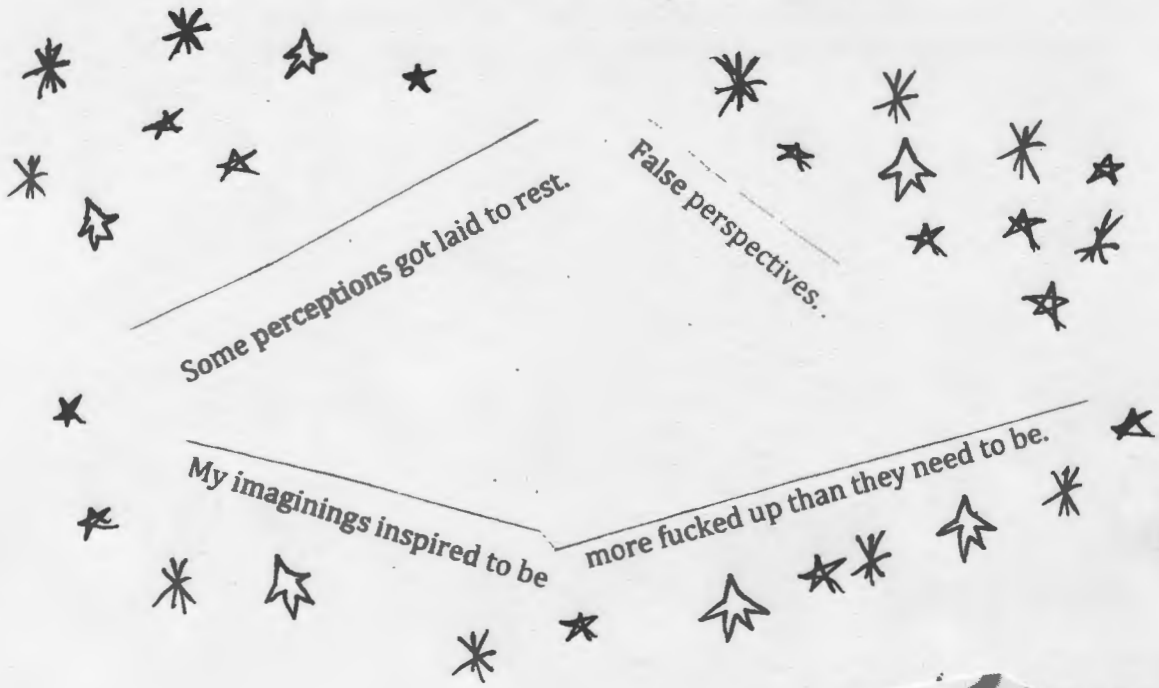
-Faulkner



I'm. In. Love. Again.

In some ways.

My brain went dead about it. Brain went sick. Brain went like the stars did even though some say they're all already dead. I looked up at them during some cold nights when I'd be in my sleeping bag and wasn't quite ready for sleep yet.



Some perceptions got laid to rest.

False perspectives.

My imaginings inspired to be more fucked up than they need to be.



In all these imaginings she is unstable and I am uncertain. Our bodies become entangled and I wonder why I can't imagine something aching a little more towards simplicity or at least a little bit healthy.

*Do my life experiences contribute towards these fucked up false imaginings?*

To help with preventing more off-putting imaginings I ask questions about her perspective on weddings and I teach her about what a stone butch identity means to me.



---

*"Do you mean by theory or by practice?"*  
Queer friends are such fucks. And we're all laughing.



“...show them butch like I mean it and stone like I lived it and survivor to the ends of this earth....” - **Simon Iris; Gender Outlaws**

Our bodies are animals. Canyons feel like bone marrow. All living things are wild.

I should go to a doctor. Or a better teacher. Somebody who might want to get to know me a little bit better.

Bodies are soft but can still feel wild



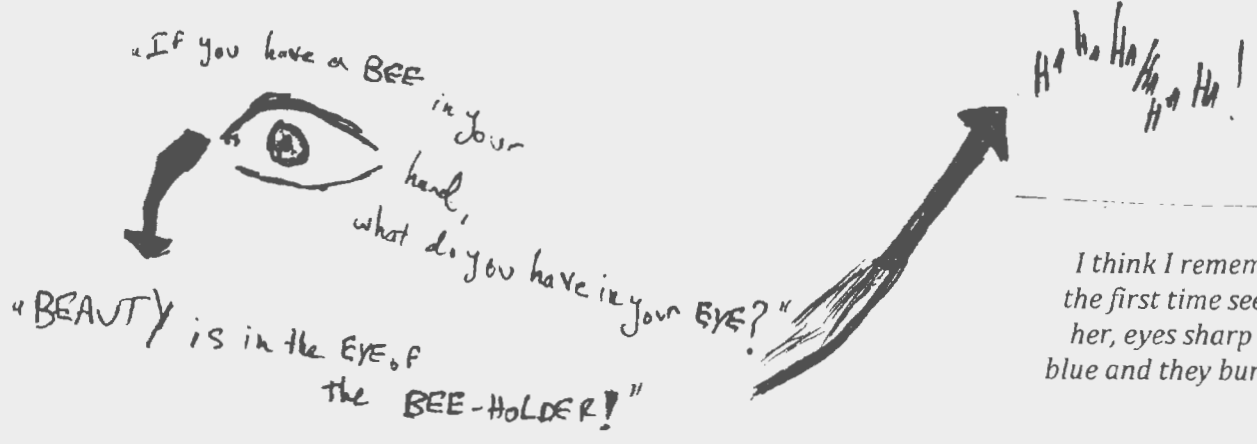
Coyote, not ugly, like she's stunted from being spayed but she mostly stayed the same regardless of everything else she came in the way of. I've seen her ugly like hunger. I've seen her beauty like starlight. She admits to using false vulnerability as a disguise. She admits to the worry of never feeling full. Like me and;

*I'm glad I saw one today, she says.*

*It always helps me out, when I'm feeling most stressed.*

I didn't see one that time. But I remembered seeing one on the ride there. Small and gray, trotting in a field to the left of the highway.

Coyote, when you feel ugly do you howl at the moon?



I think I remember the first time seeing her, eyes sharp and blue and they burned

*right through me.*

*Skin that surrounds  
screams slightly as  
aged, aged like  
wisdom but it's not  
her skin that's  
stunted some growth.*

She talks like she has bad teeth but I think it's all still beautiful.

I stared at the nearly full moon that greeted us when we exited the bone marrow. It turned full when we drove away and what began to break open the fragile corridors that conduct my heart felt further away from me than they should have.

In AA the folks kept saying Thank God. A friend taught me to not think of the "big G" as something religious but as something powerful that I can create from my own meanings.

I wondered if they knew they kept saying Thank God, if that was just a part of going to meetings or not. Thanking some sort of higher being for everything.

Dear stranger

I miss you. I miss the smile you'd give me when I'd see you. It was cold and you walked me home. You told me you had a crush on me before I went to sleep and I wish I hadn't pulled away after that.

I'm not really living right now. Don't know when I will be.

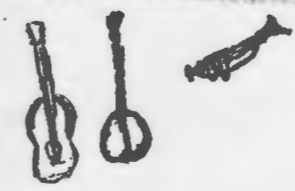


♪ I hope your view of me shifts with the seasons  
And I hope I give you a reason not to be alone.  
Stumble and grow. ♪

30 m m  
with the birds  
I share this  
lovely view.



Beautiful life. It's gonna be alright... B



When Devon died I went to Raine's room on the sixth floor. Tommy Raine and Zoe were there. I put a pillow on my lap and Zoe put her head there. She cried. I rubbed her head. That was the start of all of our friendships.

"How did he die?  
Sorry for asking.  
That's okay.  
He shot himself through the mouth.  
Jesus.  
Yeah."

It was silent until we listened to Scar Tissue. That's when she cried. That's when I held her.

And in another life....

blah

"What's your sun sign?

I'm a leo. But I'm on the cusp with cancer.  
She's shy. She's cute. She reminds me of

Blah

And your moon?

It's scorpio. Which I think makes sense because sometimes I'm just like, 'woah.'

What did you do for the lunar eclipse?

I was in Joshua Tree.

Oh sweet.

llah

Yeah, totally. I felt pretty weird.

What kind of weird?

Well, I don't know. I just wanted the moon to be normal again.

Blah

Gotchya.

Yeah. How did you feel?

I felt like I wanted to be a little kid again, so someone could wrap me up in a blanket  
and carry me away.

I totally get that.

Yeah."

Blah



~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
DUMPSTER SCHOOB

♪

Well every time you come on over I just wanna listen  
I know you got some issues and I know that you just miss him  
I gotta fever just to see her I'm feelin' like a stalker  
I didn't know I'm really good at making you feel awkward. ♪

my ex's  
feet



not  
my  
boots

chosen  
boy

Not  
my overalls

Feeling so strange.

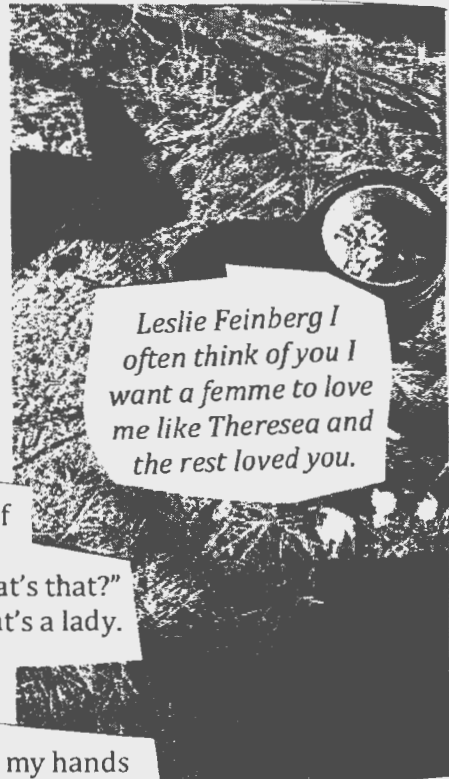
Something like the smell of rooms made of stained wood and port wine couldn't  
save.

♪

I'LL PROBABLY END UP FUCKING UP AND MAKE IT SUPER AWKWARD.

♪

This queerness is more than a body. A personality. A need to debrief.  
This queerness is me and it comes with a lot of feelings.



Leslie Feinberg I  
often think of you I  
want a femme to love  
me like Theresea and  
the rest loved you.

I was at the grocery store looking for things to feed myself for a month of  
backcountry experiences.

A toddler in a shopping cart pointed to me and asked their mother, "What's that?"  
The young mother looked at me after I told the child hello and said, "That's a lady.  
Say hello!"

*Coyote when you feel ugly do you howl at the moon?*

I don't know what it's like to be you. I just know some things. Like when my hands  
fucking shake and tingle because *energetically* I'm too stimulated and impacted by  
all the excitement in the world.

When the sky opens up, like starlight, I wonder what the universe is trying to offer  
in that moment.

I wish I knew better than when I asked if you hated me  
That you would use that as an opportunity to really lay into me.

*"You're abusive, insecure, manipulative, a liar. I've given you many chances. I've  
watched you be clumsy with many people again and again...."*

I wish your heart wasn't made of thick metal plates and wrapped like barbed wire.  
Electrifying at first but now I don't dare wander towards that space anymore.

Are you aware of impact? Are you aware of those traits being the monster I see in  
my father?

*I can't believe she said that,  
And if she knew you at all, she would have known how much that would have impacted  
you.*

It's comforting to admit to some truths.

Newer people in this new life love the newer parts of you. Now it's time to learn and  
deal with the older parts too

*Dear stranger, I miss you...*

The way you sound in the recordings you left us right before you left us reminds me of love songs in the sense of things feeling right and young.

I imagine the way some female lover of yours touched your face, it probably felt long and rough in her hands, soft stubble still sharp enough to leave a mark on her palms. Did she ever trace your scars, the ink marked on your body, the ash on your fingers well enough?

Did your fingers feel okay the last time you played? Did hers try to warm yours up?

*Did you know you're my ghost?*

I want somebody to love me in the way I imagine somebody loving you.



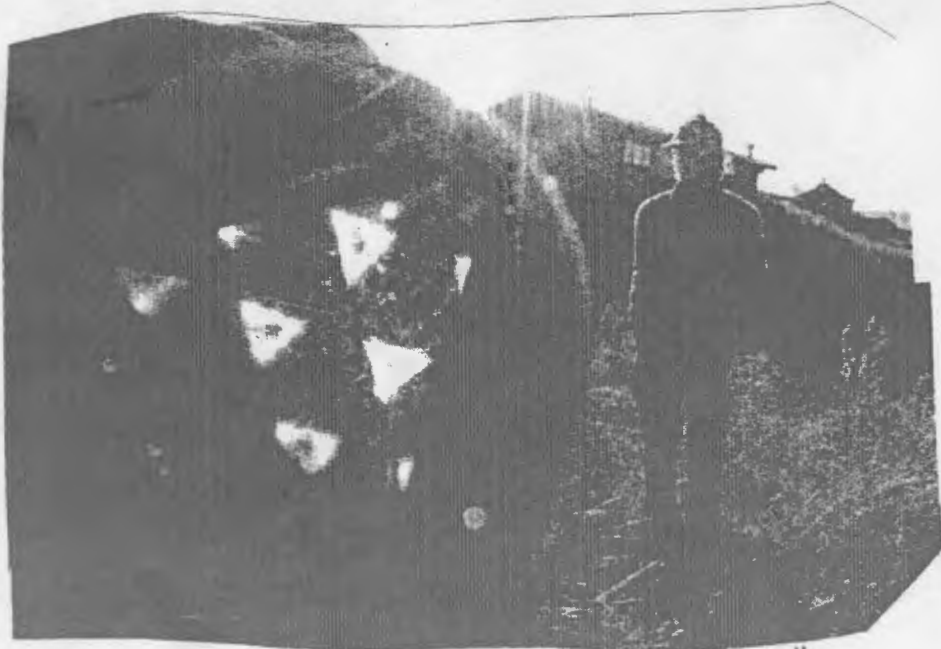
*I  
watch  
ed the  
sirens;  
red  
and  
white,  
red  
and  
white,  
flash  
down  
the  
street  
below  
me.*

Sometime in 2013...

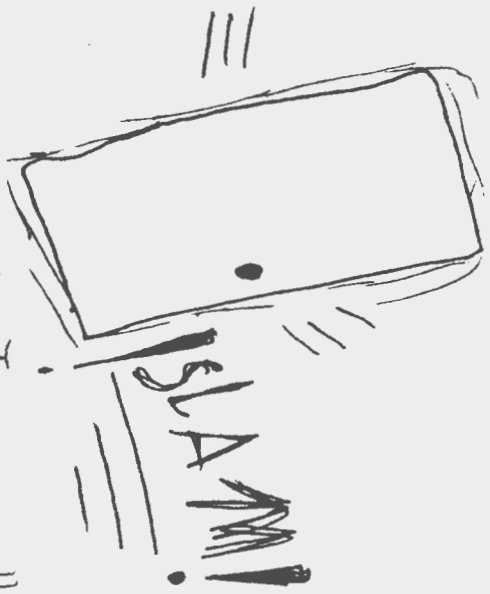
### spring nite o notes

Three fire trucks, or maybe two, two ambulances, Do you know what happened? Oh, what? No. I don't know anything, tall boy frazzled hair short girl at his side. Before, in her bedroom, I say to not check upstairs, don't worry about it fuck that. Fuck you he is my friend. I hope he's not dead. He's not dead he must have gone somewhere, someone said he had his bags packed at a bus stop. He's just run away from here. Imagine him with a cigarette in mouth slightly slouched over, hands in pocket, spitting on the ground cursing the air against a gray and green backdrop, he must have gone somewhere, slightly comforted, running to catch the bus now clenching teeth feeling the molly I run past the ambulances being told to not think about it.

IV  
INTERLUDE



"Mawdsian Spring"  
(IT WAS REALLY FALL)



When I woke up with that one last spring, I punched the wall after the door slammed

and called my friend. "You are such a drama queen." she says. And we laugh... I know, I know...



"Some times, I sit alone and daydream, I think, "It's never going to happen for me." So I imagine I met this bar.. drinking alone. "Are you crazy? What kind of Believe it or not... I know... and you laughed with me. 'cause you know I understood."

Wish I was brave enough to be more like the I am when I was yester.



I keep searching for some truth but there's nothing really new.

I'm not sorry for things I've left behind.  
For once in my life I don't think I'm really

...pining for anything

Refresh..... refresh.....

I feel heartbroken  
Even though I know I shouldn't.

Motherfucker.  
I knew that'd be the truth.  
Molina and you.

You played good country from your phone in your back pocket.  
You were willing to be friends with anyone who'd get it

I wish I could play like you.....

You waded on through  
I remember spring blasting through

You didn't choose to leave but he did.  
He might have chosen. He was high while he  
chose and it's hard to keep track of all the heartache

I'm glad they all played music....

I remember your friend calling me when she couldn't talk right from crying too hard we met by C-Stop and she let herself slide to the ground, covered in tears, she didn't care. She felt like a toddler. I liked how she let herself get there.



NOT GAY AS IN HAPPY  
QUEER AS IN FUCK YOU



We are all just so painfully human.

Walking alone through the barrio at night.

"It's like male privilege mixed with queer vulnerability."

Because

"Do you think at night we pass for boys or for men?"  
"Either, both."  
But they have a switchblade in their pocket  
"These types of knives are illegal in Arizona."  
but so is murder  
and we're afraid to walk alone at night.

I don't have a knife but I have keys dangling from my belt loop.  
I learned from a friend who wore them between her knuckles when she got followed  
to her car in parking garages alone at night a few too many times.

*I wonder what my first mourning was for  
Nothing that really died, only some part of me but that's okay  
I've still managed to move on*

Do you remember?  
(My heart feels tender)

you wanted that shitty "mattress" pad back. The one we kept on my floor. You came to my building and requested we don't stay in my room, so I grabbed the pad without you coming with me and we went on a walk while you carried it awkwardly.

We sat on the ground with some broken glass and that's where we ended it. I let myself fall apart, you stayed there silently, mostly saying how tired you felt, how much time you didn't have to give.

I believed you, I still do. It's hard being tired. I think it was helpful to have you help me feel like someone could love me regardless of all my chaotic tendencies.

I was sobbing, like I hardly ever do,  
and I heard some dogs barking.

You just sat there and you were looking down, you told me,

"I've never met anyone who shows up the way you do. You come with all your love."

And I still cried and you said,

"That's why I'm excited for you when the time comes and you have an actual partner. Someone to show up with you."

And like a child I threw pebbles into the street and said, "That's what *everyone* says right before they break up with me."

And you laughed gently and said, "I've also never met anyone who protects themselves as violently as you do."

I let my breathing reduce to shivers and you waited with me. It was sad, we both felt tired.

Some of it's hard to believe. His tattered clothing and the last thing he wrote was,  
*Please Don't Let My Mom Identify Me*

I'm sad because it's almost been a year since we lost you, you were only riding your bike, the driver was drunk and it wasn't even night yet.

I'm envious of those who've said they've felt you. I've never fully felt you. I think you dispersed as quickly as dandelion seeds and I think you would have preferred to have it happen that way. We all said how the plans you had for this world were great.

*You were so ready.*

I hope you know that. I'm waiting until I can actually see you again.

*You're Alive. You're Tender. You're a Super Human Like the Rest of Them Too.*

We talked about things and I hoped she found me interesting. Her hands were warm, even through the latex and I was right to assume her cheeks flush when the room grew warm.

I wish I could describe certain sentiments. I was surprised by how much she laughed at the stupid things I said. She told me about her family. I don't know why, I told her a story about mine too, she asked me to because she was tired but couldn't fall asleep.

*We had so much fun, even though we never talked about anything. When I really tried she got annoyed and said we don't need to talk about everything. Now I best remember our fun like piggyback rides and laughing with drool. We thought we were so hilarious and she loved the fact that I acted like a fool. I loved her for it too.*

I said your leaving felt like dandelion seeds. When spring hits the air, or summer, I can imagine more of what it might feel like to be a bird. I say that because that's when I'd best prefer to be up there. A fragile thing with wings going with the air.

*I hope I run into you again some place somewhere. Our conversations felt comfortable and I know that type of familiarity isn't that unique anymore but I still think it's special when I find it again from time to time.*

I liked your lyrics most: hoping someone's view of you would shift with the seasons. Like everything is all in flux. There are patterns. There is familiarity. But it's all part of the process, Things change as they spiral.

The moon didn't need to be full for it to care for us  
The wind didn't need to know how to carry us.

When I feel ugly, I howl at the moon too.

I don't know where or when I'll die. I just hope wherever or whenever it is, it isn't perceived as tragic.



Thanks for giving me a second read. Rest In Peace to all those loved and lost.