

HEY BUDDY

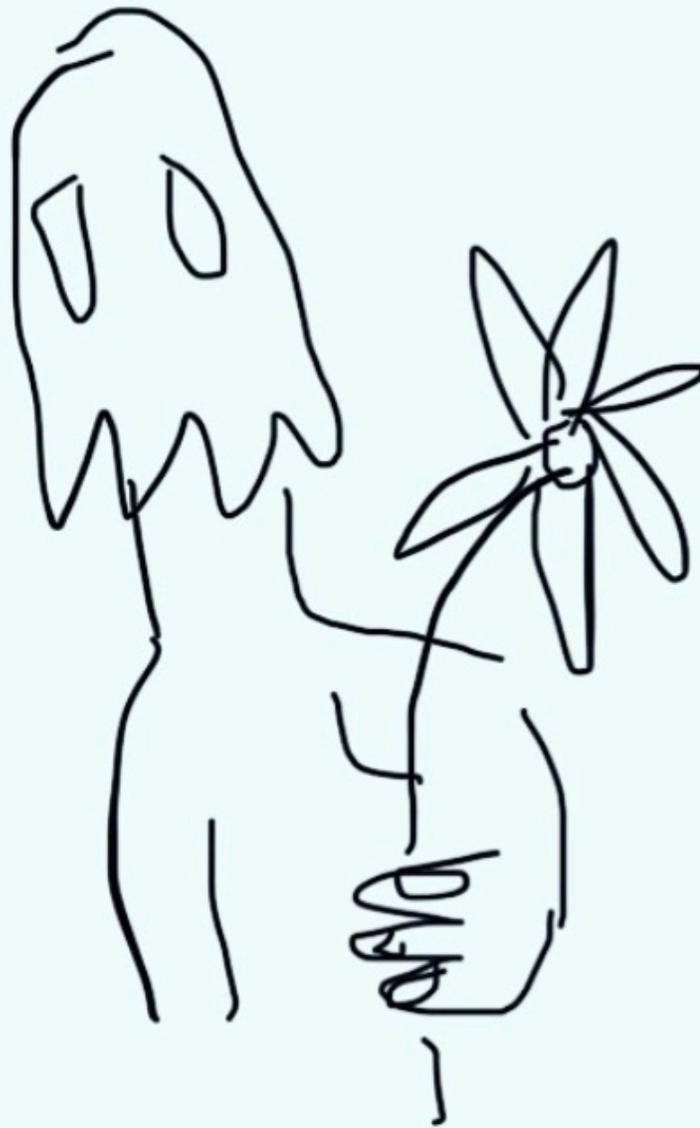


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"Finally passing through the checkered flags of infinity" (acrylic, 2019)

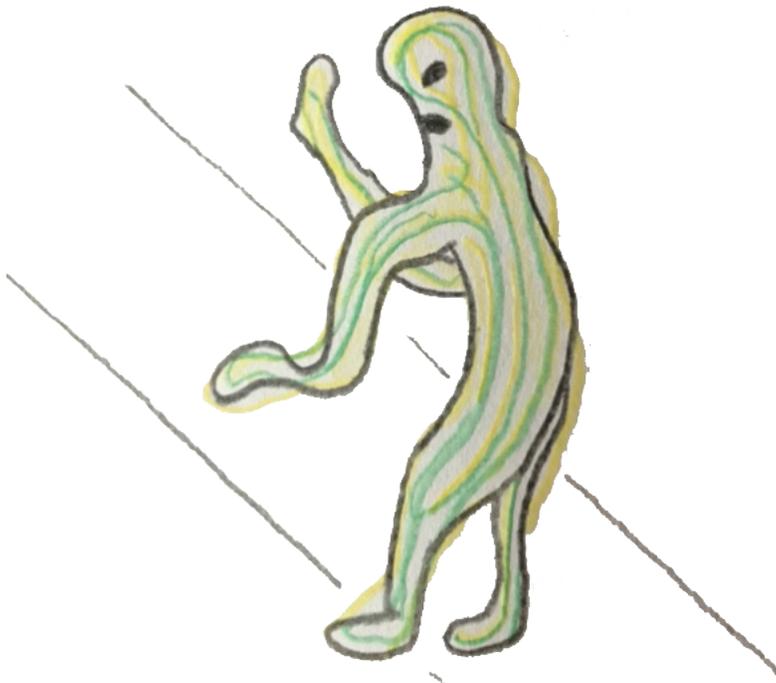
Hey Buddy

Don't worry

This will all be

Over soon

HOW MANY DAYS LEFT? _____



Proverbs

The son who would be king sits on a precarious throne of tiny pineapples or mushrooms or whatever

★

If the king dreams of a giggling Mom-like figure the war will be won before the new moon

★

The beggar with no legs spins golden threads that hang like stars from an eternal exercise bike

★

The pizza delivery man could become king, but, like, why?

★

The general with heartburn can only achieve victory by attacking from the south

★

It's ok for the prince to play tetherball but he should not be tied to it

★

The woman with a hut made of grass also has a grass skirt

★

The king who sleeps on the couch will have figs trees without figs and cherry trees without yams.

★

The ski instructor with a mouth full of figs should bury the hatchet

Sky Head

lazy head

easy head

sloppy head

moss head

tree head

troubled head

traveling head

weary head

sleepy head

bed head

dead head

skull head

reborn head

diamond head

clear head

floating head

floating heads

a million billion floating heads



"Haiku" (acrylic, 2019)

Song

Blue wall

I'm staring at the blue wall

Still staring at the blue wall

It's a blue wall

Oh yeah

THIS IS
A BLUE
WALL
→



Exhale

like a duck

coming in

for a landing

on the surface

of a nice rippling pond

look at those nice ripples

just rippling

away

until they become

less

and

less

Shetland Sheepdog Meditation

(Inhale): picture a humongous Shetland Sheepdog, like mountain-sized

(Exhale): but this is a new breed called a Shedland Sheepdog

(Inhale): its fur is made of little hairy wooden sheds

(Exhale): the Sheepdog is shedding the little wooden sheds everywhere

(Inhale): inside each shedded shed is each one of your brains

(Exhale): inside each one of your brains is an image

(Inhale): of a smaller shed and it's painted a pale, faded pink color

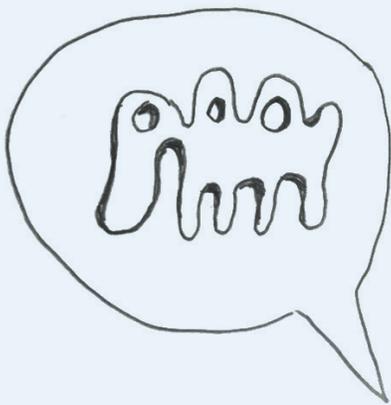
(Exhale): inside the smaller shed-image there is a tiny sleeping sheepdog

(Inhale): it's dreaming of giant sheep – big as clouds – in a blue sky

(Exhale): the herds of sheep clouds are floating away calmly and softly sheeplike

(Inhale): one by one the sheep clouds dissolve in the blue sky

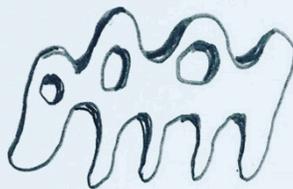
(Exhale): then there is only the empty blue sky



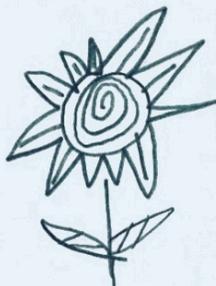
THIS IS A REAL ANIMAL



This is a tunnel you have to go through.



Here is this thing again...
o o o



check out this flower!

Weeping Willow

whenever I see a weeping willow
standing all alone in the misty field
I'm like cheer up dog
it will be ok.

Mind Sanitizer

black with neon green
is an ocean I have seen
maybe it was in a dream
or a night in twenty thirteen
you too can picture this scene
and your mind will become clean



"Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha" (mixed media, acrylic digital, 2019)

Flower Funk Band

Violet - guitar

Ranunculus - drums

Tulip - flute

That flower that looks like a skull - bass

Hya - synth

Frank Ocean Meditation

I put on "Blonde" by Frank Ocean

That's nice

I thought "Frank Ocean"

I thought "Me Ocean"

I thought "You Ocean"

I thought "Everyone Ocean"

I thought "imagine you are an ocean"

Go ahead try it

Or don't

Just trying some stuff here



"Flower from Charles Demuth's Garden" (mixed media, photo, digital 2019)

Flower Poems

1.
my favorite kind of flower is that yellow one
the little yellow flower
like, the small one
in the grass
when it's like spring or summer
the little yellow smallies
that flower
not the dandelion one though.
Fuck dandelions

2.
i have three flowers in a jar
every day the water gets lower
and the flowers
get taller
what the fuck

3.
considered pressing flower petals into a book
but, like
that would ruin my book
and i only have the one

4.

my neighbor has this sunflower in her yard
it's huge
taller than i am
(and i'm really tall)
and it's got these bungee cords holding it up
i'm thinking about how tall it is right now
it's like, way up there, maybe a few feet taller than me
(i'm just under seven feet tall)
anyway the point of this was to say that I get sad looking at it
not because of the flower itself or anything
but because when I see it
i can't help but think about the inevitability
of some rat-assed teenager
(and there's a lot of rat-assed teenagers on our street)
hitting the flower with a stick or some shit
and destroying one of the only good things in the neighborhood
out of boredom
or feelings of inadequacy
or because of a snapchat thing
or something

5.

a single budding flower
poking up through the train track
can derail an entire train
no, just kidding
that can't happen
that's stupid
i hope you regret
reading this poem

Carrot in a Wizard Hat

i went outside and saw a carrot in a wizard hat

at work there was a guy holding a carrot in a wizard hat

in the bathroom i thought about a carrot in a wizard hat

when i was ten i found a carrot in a wizard hat

when i was eleven i drew a picture of a carrot in a wizard hat

even though i'm always lonely i'm not a carrot in a wizard hat

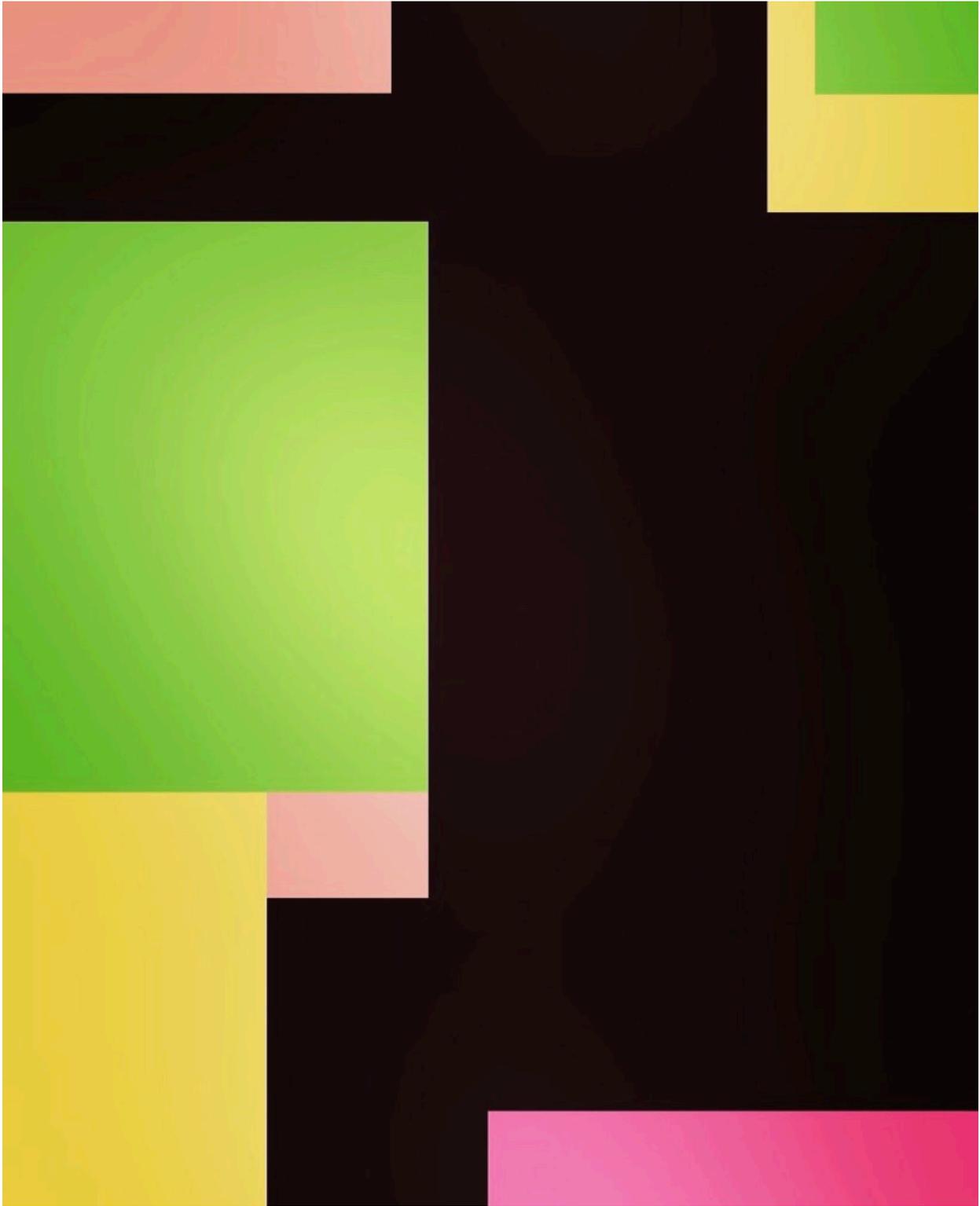
buildings will collapse but they won't ever be a carrot in a wizard hat

a carrot in a wizard hat in the glove compartment

a carrot in a wizard hat wearing your shoes

i went to jail for six years and when they let me out all i had in my personal effects bin was a carrot in a wizard hat

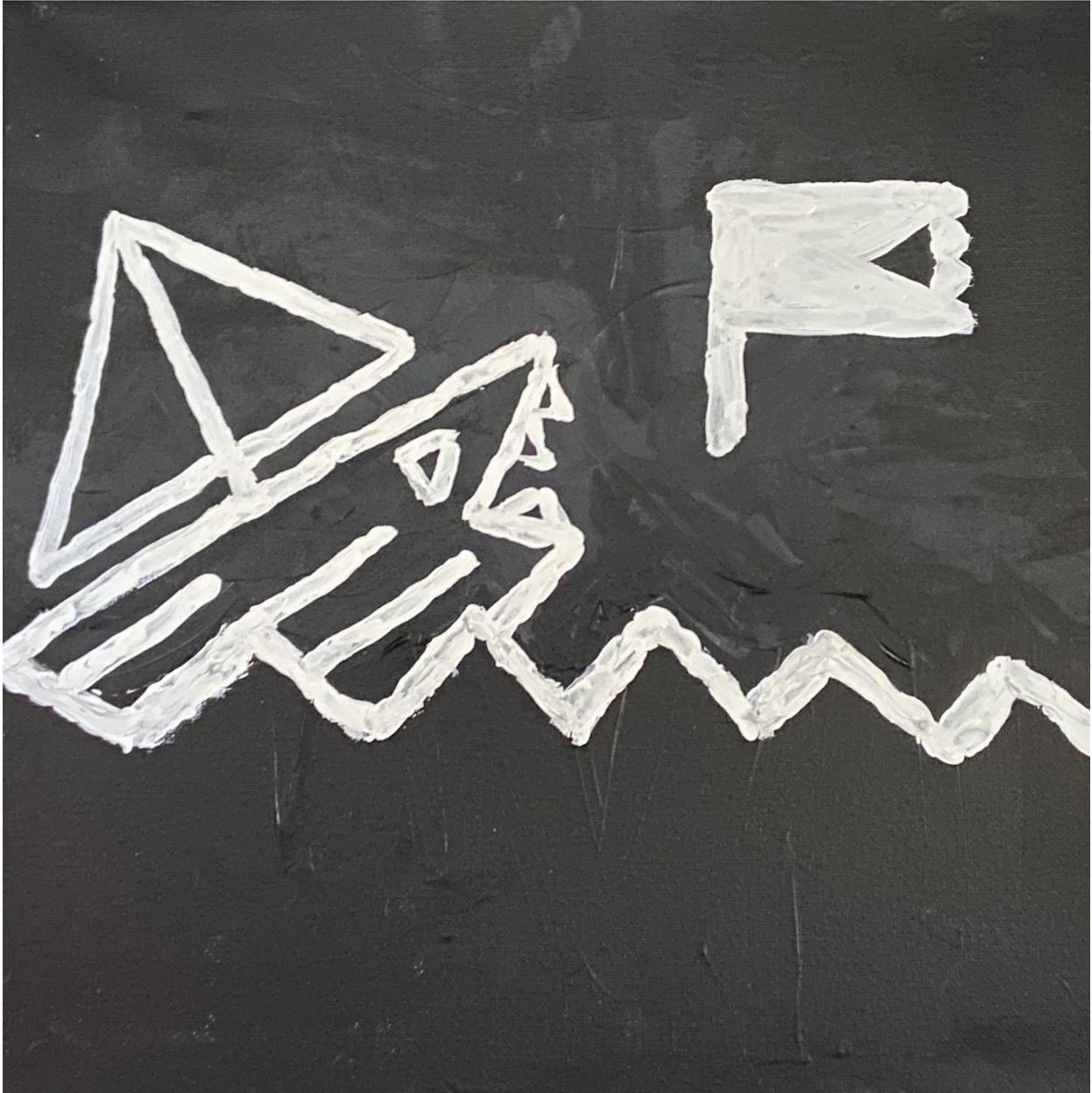
or no maybe it was a carrot in a witch hat, i forget



“Bored watching the new Blade Runner movie” (digital art, 2019)

Ass Poem

i wish i could write a good poem
about ass
but i have no good thoughts re: ass
so i cannot write the poem
oops



"Sharkboat" (acrylic, 2020)

• CAVIN BRYCE GONZALEZ •

I put a cup of chamomile tea in the microwave and hit the '30 seconds' button four times. I go to the pantry. I remove a tray of cookies. I eat a cookie. I eat the entire first row of cookies. I go to the fridge. I remove a large dish of mongolian beef. I eat two slices of cold mongolian beef from the tray and then I put the tray back in the fridge. I go back to the pantry. I take out a can of pringles. I eat a hand full of pringles. The microwave beeps. I take the cup of tea from the microwave. I pour the cup of tea from the microwave into my eyes. The tea from the microwave burns both the outside and inside of my eyes. I eat the microwave. I place my head inside of my own gut and I press the '30 seconds' button four times.

★

been drinking so much tea lately

man i'm Zen as fuck

I triple dog dare you

to fuck my feng shui up

oh wow look you can't

lmfao pathetic

catch up

when u can.

Shit wait no

what did that

headline say?

Shit.

★

I was at work with my coworker Benny and we were walking down a hallway, talking. He was trying to convince me about how easy it was to escape. He said that it was easy. He said watch this and when we got to a turn at the end of the hallway I turned, still looking at Benny, but Benny, still looking at me, continued straight and hit the wall and disappeared.

Somehow, I thought, he had pranked me. An elaborate ruse. An optical illusion. Angled mirrors. But Benny didn't show up to work the next day. Or the day after that. Eventually the cops were called. They did a thorough investigation. The cops interviewed me and watched the tapes and saw Benny disappear and the cops shrugged. They went away. A service was held with no body. Because there was no body, we carved a shape reminiscent of Benny from the wall and lowered it into the grave. His wife chuckled at the silhouette when we first showed it to her. She said, "It's nothing like him, not at all. You've got the hair all wrong."



"Pyramid" (digital art, 2019)

★

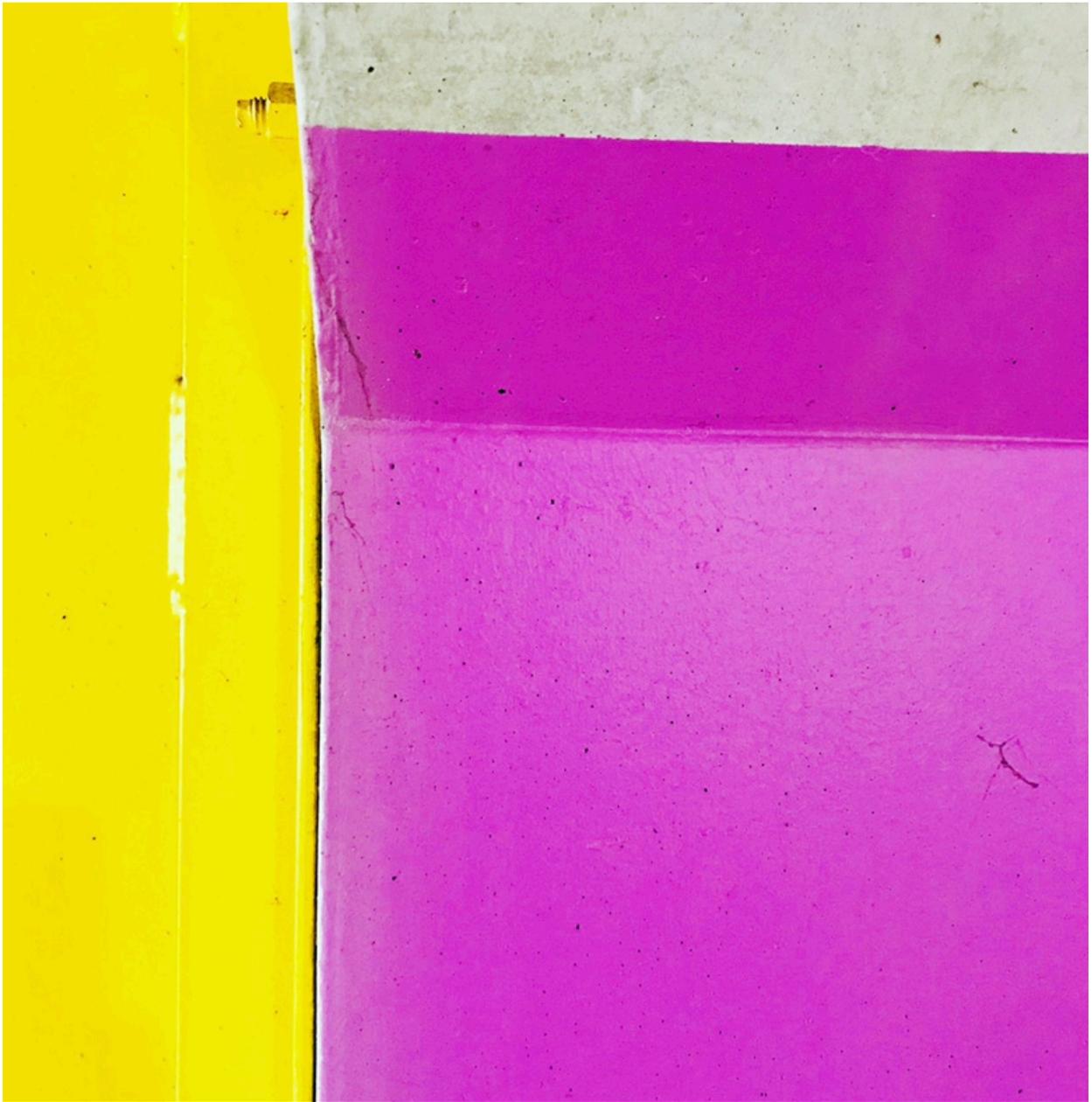
I keep a cup of tea on the night stand by my bed. Every night before bed I lather myself in Bengay/Tiger Balm/Napalm. I usually apply it to my lower back, shoulders, and neck. The salves get all over my blanket and comforter and pillows. So now my whole room smells like a mint. And when I roll around in the night my eyes feel fresh as chewing 5 Gum on a crisp winter day. Sometimes it burns though. Sometimes the salve gets on my lips. The residue of it, I mean. The residue of it all, of everything, the residue of you and the mail man and the cashier and the dead fox, gets on my lips. And I can taste it all the time.

★

I'd like a possum. A virginia possum, to be exact. They're adorable. I love their little hands. When I was a little kid I imagined how beautiful camaraderie between wild animals and humans would flourish. I would come home with snakes wrapped around my arms, my neck. Daydreamed of exploring a dark forest with my animal friends. Now I lay in bed with my dog. He drools a bit on my leg and the television is giving me a headache but I don't have the energy to do anything else. A possum, though, maybe a possum would shake things up.

★

A bunch of penguins hopping down the stairs. A mouse dipped in green paint being sat on a canvas. Two cats driving a motorcycle away from an explosion. An animal and a man Cronenberg smashed together into conscious meat pulp lighting a cigarette. My lawyer was a mouse my wife was a rabbit and my doctor was housed in a barn if that is any inclination towards his nature. Every day is filled with lemmings and tiny cranes. Cicadas. A family of cicadas lives inside my brain and they are always vibrating.



“Level 3 West” (photo, 2019)

• GIACOMO POPE •

from *“I Am Going to be Incredible Famous”*

Everyone is going to read this poem

This poem is going to be sent as a warning to millions of Americans before a missile strike

A dolphin swam up the River Nile and sang this poem to the babies floating in the midday sun

The babies became incredibly tall and found they could run for great distances. They would run and lift weights and only stop to write this poem in the sand, or to drink glasses of water

This poem will inspire you to keep hydrated

If you fly up incredibly high and look over the pyramids, you will see they were arranged to look like my face

You will read this poem and become hydrated with an incredible power

This poem was put into protein shakes before the 2020 Olympics and everyone won gold medals

There was a great upset and hundreds of thousands of Boomers complained about the participation medal generation, who were promptly killed by a paper airplane made from a print out of this poem that flew through their hearts

The Boomers died with this poem in their heart and they went to heaven where they learnt to use technology and became kinder, more loving ghosts

Everyone will stop reading the poems that everyone reads and instead read my poems

This poem will be my most read poem

*Hey You!*Your boss will shout. *Get back to work! Stop reading that poem.* They will say weakly, from a position of having not already read this poem

This poem is going to cause an economic crash that will be named after my depression

Even though I will eventually be incredibly famous, I will still have depression because fame tastes nothing like Prozac

This poem is a missile strike

This is the poem written for the pyramids

While receiving 35 gold medals, Michael Phelps will read this poem and his feet will grow by 3 inches

Yesterday Rupi Kaur emailed me and I was very nervous

She said she wanted to illustrate my poem, but her pen could not find the lines they usually trace

Rupi is a complete failure in the shadow of this poem

And although I am very famous I still read and write my own emails and I am still very sad

All the things I thought would be good after being famous are still bad

New things have also become bad and there is no one left to read my poem

And my parents died, when a paper plane flew through their heart



"Travel Mt. Ping-Pong" (drawing, 2012)

Morning routine

I am standing at a sink
running my girlfriend's
moose through my hair.

I am riding the moose into
town and my hair looks great.



Three Poems Written by Michael Jordan



There's no 'i' in basketball

There is no 'i'
in team

but
there is
in win.



I Can Dunk a Three

Some people
want it to happen

some wish
it would happen

others
make it happen



I am 57 Years Old & I am Not Playing Basketball

One day, you might look up and see me playing the game at 50. Don't laugh. Never say never, because limits, like fears, are often just an illusion.



“Sunset” (photo, 2019)

Three Poems Written by Gwyneth Paltrow

If I Move Too Quickly, My Goop May Fall Out

Beauty,
to me,
is about being
comfortable

in your own skin.
That, or a kick
Ass red lipstick.

Don't Tell Brad I'm Faking It

My playground
was the theatre.

I'd sit and watch
my mother pretend
for a living.

As a young girl,
that's pretty seductive.

Beauty fades!

I just turned 29,
so I probably
don't have
that many
good years
left in me.

Melissa Joan Hart

I did not know
that you were
Clarissa

I did not know
that you were
Sabrina

I did not know
that you are
Melissa

I knew that I
had the hots
for Clarissa

I knew that I
had the hots
for Sabrina

I did not know
I had the hots
for Melissa

• HOLLY BADENOCH •

Nope

Today is a day
Not two

S	M	T	W	TH	F	S
Today is a day Not two						



BUDDY

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