

Mind Straws Volume 1

Pavan Cheruku

Stuffed in Your Aisle

It's stuffy

Like a supermodel's experience in a grocery store

She turned to me and asked me
to stop trying so hard
So I cried and relieved myself

Shuddering

Lost in the colors of the moment.

Tongue Points the Way

I smile with my ears

And where do you go when you look really hard?
I'm in the palm of my own hand

I was pointed with a flicker of your tongue
To an escape fitting of a king
My king is in my feet
And from my feet he manages to call out
Through my mouth and out of my being

That I'm real.

Shaking Limbs

When I shake I think
About the muscles that hurt nobody
That leave me breathless and full
That take me places only a giraffe could imagine

And stretched out from this heart comes a bridge
Outside of time and space
A bridge that brings me back to who I know best

The laughing crow sets his head down after
a lost day

And I don't forget the delicacy with which
We both were born.

Bad Posture

My fingers are worn
They don't know how to lead a life
Or buy groceries
Or fend off a potential robber

Sinking into a red opportunity
Living from a sense of careless optimism
I am on my way now

Slouched in hell with a cowboy hat
Is the only way to be.

The Math Equation Inside

I've checked whether I'm okay a million times now
And each time brings me a math equation
I don't have the calculator to solve
Or the love to realize

A mountain greets me
But when I turn around
I see nothing

And from nothing comes the light
The light that holds you and I together
The light that drives us apart
Back to ourselves

Sincerely the goat eats his grass
Sincerely I write about this goat

Are you sincere?

I can't fool you
You can't fool me

We already know how to drink the gatorade and shut up
We might as well go for it all.

Loud Stars

Live and let me live
Your serious glasses paint a fanciful picture

Backpacks don't tell stories
We do

With your ring finger I see you
Pointing out from inside of me
And suddenly things become confusing
Where did I buy these pants?

I'm not wearing pants

Seriously take a look at what you've become
And hold yourself back

So we can listen to the stars once more
And know for sure.

Waiting to Glimmer

Shimmering lies keep us in contact
And though living is innocent
Your gait says otherwise

I know where you're going
But you'll never get there

Without a shred of evidence the doctor concludes that everything is wrong with you
And soon he retires home to his bed
To his animatronic partner
Snuggled together after a long day

And you think we need to be restless?
Let's just hope for the best and forget our troubles

Doers are seers in disguise
Let me see through your eyes
For at the crack of dawn

I'll be under my fire
Waiting for God's final loss.

Confessional Loss

Synchronicity of the wave and the heart
Brings me to the forefront of my own experience

I'm driving the ship that reeks of confession
And you're sinking away
But I don't know if I have it in me to search for you anymore

Can we just be free again
To make a mistake
To say something that doesn't make sense
It always does make sense at the beginning and the end

But really what I'm talking about is freedom
I just can't escape
I can't escape my own escape

And even if I could
I would stay here with you and repent.

Alien Dances

What's the thing you want really
But that you deny yourself

So much so that you can't even name it
You can't even remember remembering it

It's a half-reality but really it isn't a shoe or a sock
It's a number on a calendar or a clock

Wondering where you went
It still looks for you in the dark

It doesn't need sunglasses to pretend
Unlike you or I

The alien that holds me captive wanted me to tell you that he thinks you're pretty
But I can't say it
I can't even make food for myself right now
I would rather sink a ship than lay naked in the arms of a tree

But things are slowly changing
And I'm not proud of myself
But I am myself

Welsh flowers make me sneeze
Where my hands meet the screen is
another trip to repeat.

Sugar Leaves

My sugar baby sees me for what I am
An inexhaustible green
Lying to the bank shouldn't be this easy

I run from myself with each step I take
But going in circles isn't as fun as it used to be

I'm just cold now
The party ended too soon
And I'm not usually the type to say that

The drink in my hand
I've desperately tried to fill over the course of many sleepless nights
Has no reflection
Only bottomless regret.

Remember Myself In You

You ever look at your reflection
So intensely
That you forget who you are?

Are you the person staring
Stuck in the glass surface

Or the person dying in your body
Seeing through your eyes

After a short while
There will be no difference

How do you want your eggs?
The waitress asks
And I'm not listening
I've already left and walked down the block by the time I answer

But as we lock eyes
There's a flicker of recognition
We both feel it true

It is forgotten as soon as it was remembered
And the glow of our light separates once more
There are no miracles.

The Weather Man

It's chilly and
Goddamn it
I have no jacket

I'm just sitting here, staring
And I hope warmth comes out from within me
Like you said it would
But it just feels colder here day by day

There's mud under my nails
My legs left me behind a long while ago, thanks for asking

Everything has a mind of its own when you're this cold

A fuzzy creature
Not a rabbit
Not a squirrel
Not whatever you're imagining right now

Crawls into my lap and looks at me with distaste
As if I've decided the weather
And I just can't take it anymore

But the creature's face softens
And though it has no mouth
It smiles

We huddle together now
And we're not any warmer
But I've reached the bottom at last.
