

cmd shft 3

an ebook by moon tzu

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I

i called up my next door neighbour since
some nights i see him
through the window when i put the bins out
usually chair-outline
tv wash flash flicker yellow pages under 'B'

beep times eleven and its!

*"don't you know it's two fifty
in the morning"*

"sleep well and thats that"

"who is this"

dial tone, dial tone buzz

II

shall i write you down my credit card number on the back of this receipt?
then you can spraypaint your PIN on my house
no one will know what's going on
but's it really bloody important information!

III

i was writing on my lighter in the carport
and had problems with the
motion activated trip lights with the
on off on off performance they had worked out
it seemed every time i had the pen down
they would be unhappy to comply
act one spotlights four hot halogens
creating dust stream highlight tubes
you can only see them under
direct light and they/i dance to
glow rhythm sheet music

IV

today ive bought
pure orange juice from
(and) concentrate(d) *very* hard
(on) looking at a glaring screen for long hours
well in 34 minutes the internet will die which is actually ok
because words are
pushing around on the page in a fight for importance
unbridled lines grow longer than intended and
i cant even see the night sky from reflections of screens

IV - II

i was at my friends house and a drunk girl came round
i left them for some privacy and went to write this poem
i traded cigarettes for more cigarettes of a brand i preferred
and he gave me his big fleece because it was a cold three in the morning
i lit up locking his door now im on a bench at the end of his road
plus leaves skitting on the road give me the chills instead
of noises coming from maybe an owl or the wind
i feel colder the moment i finish smoking
every vibration is intensely unnerving and
the trees are making goats horns shapes over my shoulder
but the optical illusional sky-emitting streetlamps turn the
gradient of the sky in the east black to blue orange

IV - III

i came in really quietly so i didnt disturb them both
got a glass out the dishwasher and just left it on the side
i couldnt go up to bed so i lied down on the sofa
the least sleepy id ever felt in my whole life
and if one things for certain i dont trust myself to
wake up in the morning
without dull painful eyes and way way too late
im so disorganised
and should so much know better
im meeting you tomorrow at 3

V

the moon makes holograms into thin mist dust clouds of moist floating
drift seamless and patchy and smear up when i squint my eyes
or duplicate on a reflective or translucent surface and
the clouds become masses luminescent very temporary
and the (consistent) lightbulb decays atom by atom by photon

VI

came in drunk last night
came in drunk last night
couldnt speak normally
came in drunk last night
(and sung everything to the tune of
“bringing in the sheaves”)

VII

(if you know enough
about quantum physics
to write a book about it:
nice try)

im in a park on a
wooden leaf sculpture
cans are scattered all over the place
the suns high enough in the sky to
fool you into thinking it wasn't six thirty five

youve gone off for a minute so i will
write something while im inspired
how can we kill 3 hours drinking coffee and
just talking, question question?

i wouldnt bring my laptop to the park
it seems so antisocial
i wouldnt use intensifiers on words
it seems *so* emotional

i want to feel like i felt that time i was walking
at 3am in a place (i don't know very well) and just talking
thinking:
'we are the free youth
the type kerouac writes about
but it isnt nineteen fifty
im not in denver im in louth

not to cheapen the scenario
because feelings are universal
and i feel like kerouac did
when he set off on his journey
were just going to fill our lives with really cool stuff

VIII

im safe since youll never read this
im in my bed under the covers
youre in your room i guess at least
hows the ambient noise where you are? im really interested

today was open enlightening and
helpful to my life
im grateful that i know you
so idont even think twice

if i didnt write things i would probably
be so couped up
and if we didnt talk so much
i guess i would be worse off

im safe even if you do read this
im in my bed under the covers
yr in your room i guess at least
im sad i had to leave

closest i came to writing you a poem
and only time ill say 'yr'

IX

time to go to sleep
my default alarm just went off
its broken you see
and sounds at 12 every night

my brother used to own it
around 1987
the sounds it makes is all i get
to tell me to go to bed

the same ding ding ding ding
to a tune every one knows
but no one can sing
literally *too* well known

X

dont be offended or
annoyed or put off
you'd be in your room
and think ugh what a creep
connect the dots all you like
theres nothing underlying
its about you mostly when i
say 'you' directly

the thin mist (spell) aroma
you cast in your room
(near the mirror)
feels like my/our summer
hopes dreams and everything
dont be offended or not
talk to me again

you sneezed and then cried
you're just the cutest person i have met