

POETRY FOR PASSENGERS



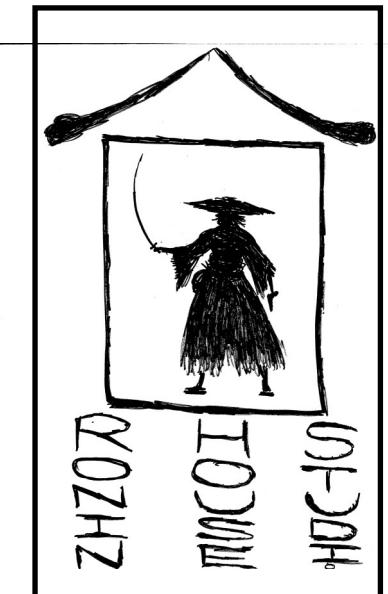
CJT

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ALTERNATE STATIONS

BUS BOOK/ PASSENGER POETRY/ BOOK OF WHEELS/ TRANSPORTATION/
 WHEEL WRITINGS/ ROUTES AND JUNCTIONS/ DRIVELESS DELVING/ CJTPOETRY
 2018/ ENGINE BOOK/ GUIDE TO OLYMPIA/ WAITING POETRY/ BLACK BOOK IX



Moving directions
Across the crossroad station
Aimlessly still
Waiting to belong
I know it wont be long
Destination coming back
Home again
Then im back
On the road
Wide open range
Ride it free
Up the mountain
Sing a song
With the birds bathing
In a wishing fountain
Found it hard
Not to be lost
In easy travels

GETTIN' GOIN'

Momentum building

Propulsion rumble

Time to ride

Watch lost

No wasted hours

Spanning lines

Climbing ladders

Driving faster

Givng last laughs

Breaking stasis

Holding still

These eager hands

Prize in sight

Wide open

Eyes following feet

13 TO NOWHERE

Was on the way
To the grocery store
Passed two
Before I knew
Missed my stop

Wandering far east
Of the western destination
Lost in places
I moved before
Years ago

Still don't quite know
Where to go
Lost on the 13
Passenger of its loop
Back to station

DÉJÀ VU NEW

On the bus

In a day of chores

Groceries, schools and the weed store

Doors of the mind, body and soul

Lustin' for normalcy

Of getting' shit done

Busy schedules ahead

Few days off

Little time in-between

Job, college and workS

Sweet nights

Full of pretty perkls

Almost to destination

Bus nearing this days way

Dutiful directions

Towards playful light

Almost there

STOP

Crosswalk

Stop

Bus stop

Wait

In line

Stop

Signs

Waiting

Traffic

Stopped

Congested

Walk

Then stop

To wait

And fade

Into another

Stop

Waited

Cant wait

For waiting

TALK

Circular discussion

Inner dissection

No direction

Where these words

Are going

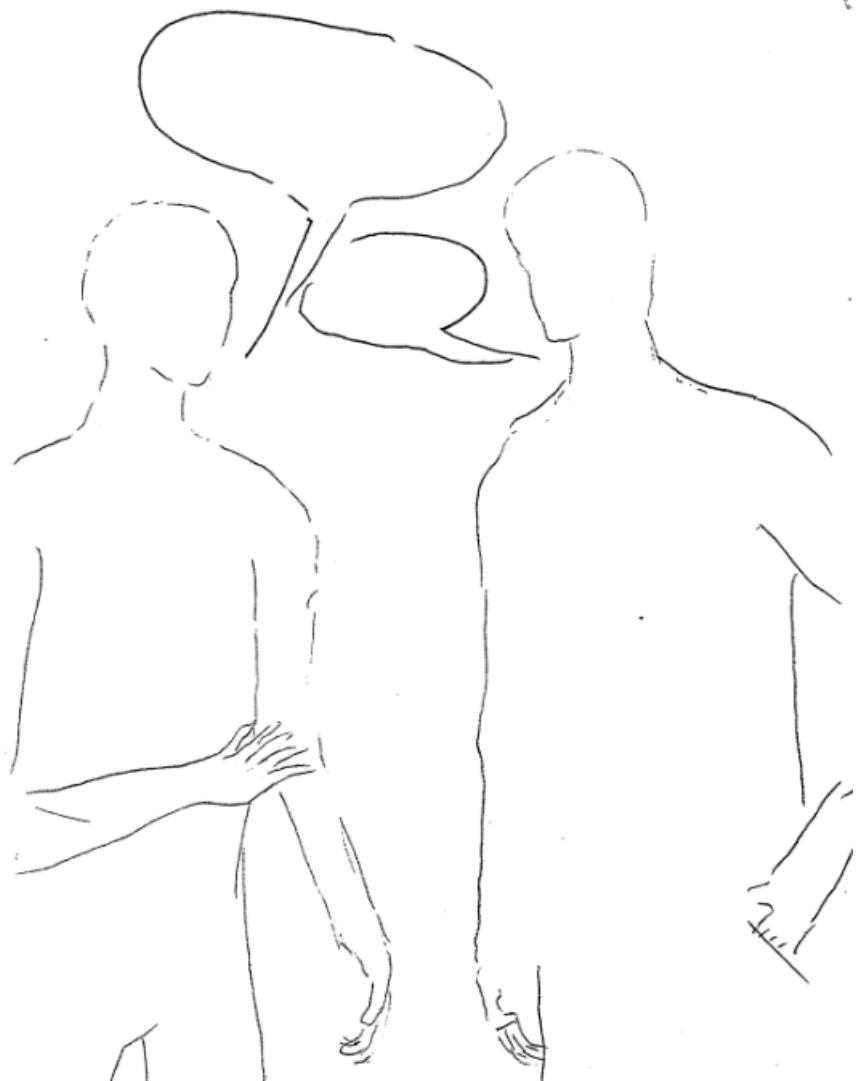
Self conscious conversation

Hesitations towards truths

Revealing the new

Expectations of knowing

Hidden clues of you



I
See your eye

I
See my

I
See your I

I
Eyes

BACK CRACK

Been recovering
Rest and stretching
Relaxes my back
A little relief

Still feel old
Growing weak
In times of exorcising
Past strains
Into current strength

A pain that lingers
Stings when I bend
No more pretending
Gotta bust my ass
For that happy ending
The golden beginning

REPEAT

Archetypal symbols
Patterned along
Songs that rhyme
Repeat

Sky paintings
Graffiti grace
Scrawled on walls
Repeated

Repeats in rhyme
Recklessly tracing
Restless pacing
Repeating

Repetitions
Repeaters
Repeating
Repeated

REPEAT

ALMOST HERE

5 minutes til the 41

Then this errands done

For a week or two

Three more things

Til chill time

Groceries complete

Next up

The 67A

A chore for play

Lastly all the bills

Goodbye \$189

Heres my fuckin pay

Almost to the payoff

Being there

Not here

BIG BURRITO

Marinated pork
Carnitas with extra guac
Sour cream supreme
Burrito so fucking big
Gotta eat it with a fork

Cut in half
Two mucho moments

Spicy
But not too hot

Cilantro

Oh hellll yeah

Theyre outta breakfast burritos

Oh no
Oh well
Still got a big ass burrito
Lunch and dinner
Fuck it
Lifes good

With a big BIG fuckin burrito

UNTITLED

Foggy mirrors in the bedroom
Doghouse fears looming
Steerin' this broken down car
Into a brickwall crash

Bone made home
Complex duplex roommates
Growin' on me
Like shrooms on mystic trees

Queer club meetings at the bog
Smokin' and drinkin'
Queens and jokers sinkin' again
Into another burnin log

Dance til dawn
Wrong lookin right
Tight jeansed lady
Oh hell yes baby



JUKEBOX

Music playin'
Hard to dance
Tryin' to stay in

Some sorta groove
Moves the bar
Loses me

Should take control
Blast some soul
For the people

ROUTE TO L&I

Disturbed guy to the right

Drawing colorful faces

Kinda cool

Seeing art that's not mine

My dead phone

Malfunctioning constant vibration

Frustration building

In my aching head

Cant wait to be back

In my studio

Beautiful ghetto home

Slice of peace

Barely even ate breakfast

Already mourning

Trivial lament of

Today

UNWELL

Throat soar
Head pounding
Nausea and more
Sick is an understatement
Rotting at the core

Get out of the dentists
Mouth half numb
Pain lurks inside
More to come
To dumb myself down

One of those days
A lil hell
To appreciate health
Prayin' for it to be done
Layin well

Few more errands
Til rest soothes
Relax and distract
The losing
Of decay

BACK TO SCHOOL

Financial aid

Student loans

haven't been back in a awhile

All still pretty foreign

Comin' in every week

To secure that academic path

Every time I go

Pretty girls and a new world

Scholar life for me

Collegiate destiny dances

Tryin to move on

To a degree

Be a master of my craft

Bachelor in a cool school

SCHOOL DELAY

What a waste of time

30 to get here

Only to find out

They're closing early

For a Christmas party

30 minutes back

What a fuckin drag

Gotta go in again

Tomorrows déjà vu

Today is now short

Still gotta start

Again at the end

RAINY DAY BLUES

Walkin wet
Hard to smoke my cigarette
Cant lug much around
Around this flooding ground

Missed the rain
Now its becoming a pain
A beautiful sorrow
An unfull tomorrow

May as well
Stay inside til
Days overfilled with light
Outside with way to go right

Overflowing streets and wind
Makin' me swim
But not deeply
Its just a bummer

ACADEMIA

Playin' the game
University dreams
Destiny in degrees
Tamin' this savage beast
Polishing rough diamonds

Thru honing ability
These skills will fill in
All the missing pieces
The puzzling fate
Of an amateur artist

School is the place to be
Cool kids and cute chicks
I can live this lie
Get my kicks
Off scholarly shit
Academia eternally

HEADPHONES

Soundtrack over
Traffic rumbles
Crowd rambling

Modern world
Getting loud
But headphones
Are louder

Music beats
Street dissonance
Makin moves
Grooving around
Red lights

Punk rock
Over funks
No fucks
With headphones

Mp3 me
City screams
Whisper thru
Better tunes



UNTITLED II

Lust polluting
Constituting every move
In my perverse diluted
Universe of self

Sell it to just
Adjust my maneuvers
Towards a dance
Bust out these circumstances

Love lost
Costed me everything
Nothing played like a toy
Takes the boy from the man

MISSED THE FUCKIN BUS

Missed the bus by 30 seconds

Fuck!!

Watched it passed by

While waiting useless

At the goddamn crosswalk

Cocksucker!

Fuck!

Another 20 shitty minutes

Stuck at the stop

Every fucking time

Suckin' the citys cunt

Waiting thru life

Cuz the traffics thick dick

Fucks my hopeful little ass

Try not to be impatient

But shit

Is that even possible

This day and place

BUS TO SCHOOL

Stafford loans

Growin debt

Showin' up

To better

Bitter past

Passing by

Crying highs

Lows behold

Holding sand

Dreamin sea

Hands cramping

Under weight

Trip steps

Academic destiny

Not slipping

This time

PAST RETURNING

Fast emotions rollin' in
Sins of the past lover
Burnin' urn ashes
Scattered on a shelf
Near my messy bed

Dread that beautiful girl
All that happened
My world in ruins
Screw her

Head full of reasonable anger
Heart still holds on
To the garden of loves dirt

Fuck her
More punk rock at higher volume
Drown it all out
Burn it down
Move passed old hurt
Groovy future still yearns

No more time
Just space

BUS STOP

School stuff done
A weekly saying
And I aint even in class

Winter weather
No one else here waiting

C'mon 12
Don't be late

Busy week ahead
Christmas time has come
And im runnin'
To the new year

Bus to the night
Aint my time
Just part of modern life
No rhyme

GABRIELLE AT THE CRYPT

At the crypt again

Waitin for a friend

Gabrielle at 8

Probably gonna be late

No tellin' the night

Hard to write in this light

Tunes are good

Moons half full

Lookin alright

For gabrielle so fine

Drinks strong

Next song creepy

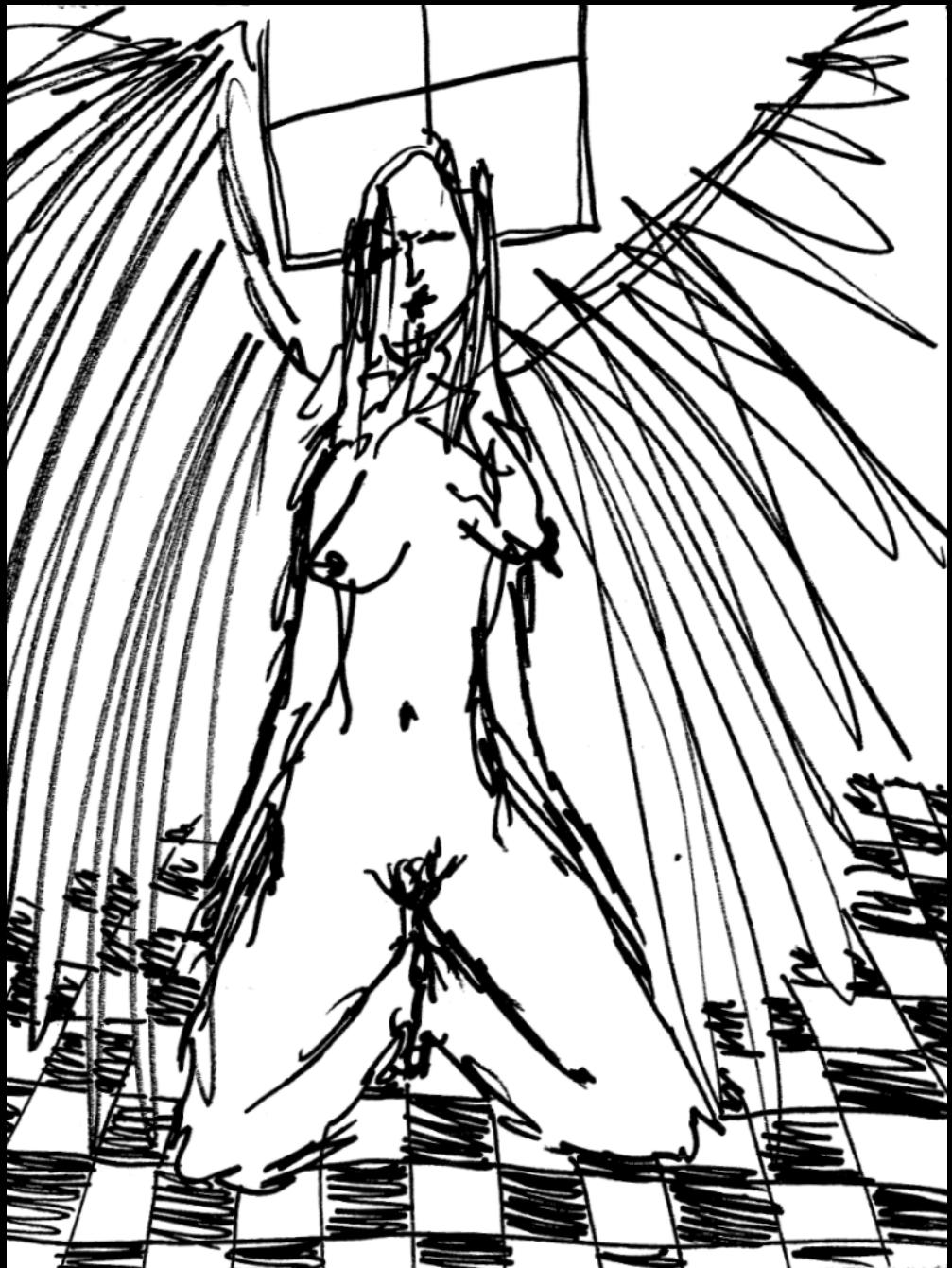
Almost time

For her to arrive

GABRIELLE II

Shes here
Lookin' cute
Wanna kiss her
Pretty smiling lips
Gaze her eyes
Get high
go deep
Hold that femininity
For awhile

Shes beautiful
Hidden sexy
See it with eyes
closed
Nice hips
Big tis
And a sweet lil ass
All in black
Hot as hell
Goddam



STILL WAITING

Nevermind

Bus is here

DUMB DAMNATION

Livin' the dreg

Another spit

On the city streets

Doldrum dances

Shitty circumstances

Released in stains

On my messy sheets

Bed head

Sleeping deeper

Into death

Feels like heaven

Smoke filled clouds

Runnin with the devil

As a holy man

BUS RIDE

Took the 42

Turned out to be a detour

Woohoo

Wasted fuckin time

Busy work comin together

No pay yet

But the bet is high

Tryin harder

In bad weather

So much time to think

Bus rides link it

To a route inside

Inner city looks like Oly

Hippies and homeless

Raining fog cast over

Bars and babes

Capital building looms

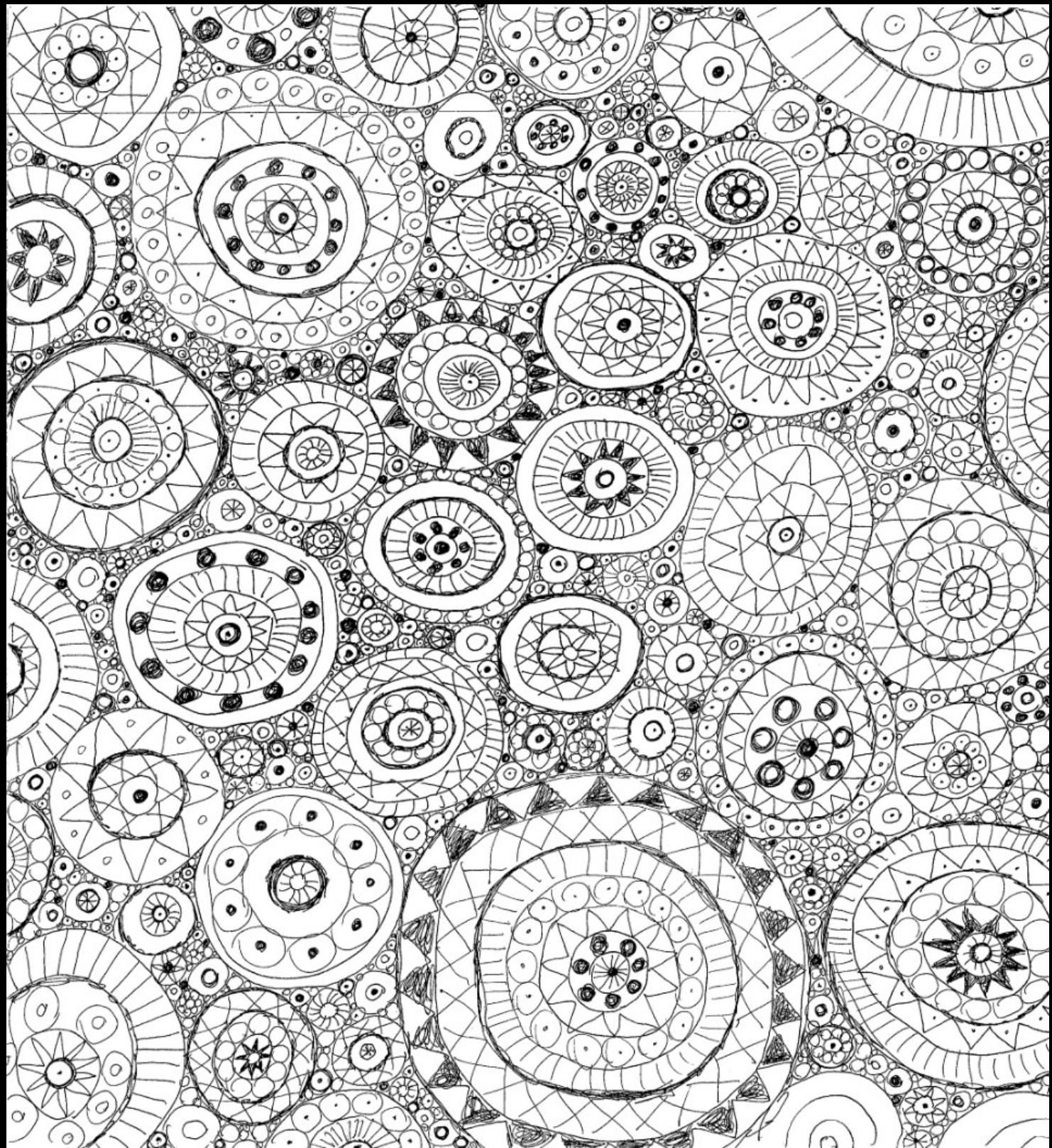
UNTITLED III

I am death
The broken cycle
Heaven and hell
Uncasted spells

The rebirth
New world inside
Imperfect circles
I am the earth

Cosmic rythyms
Dance to birds
Singing foreign words
I am gospels schisms

I am here
In-between
Spirit and self
I am there



PLANNED PARENTHOOD WAITING ROOM

Sittin' near teens
And moms
And both

Checkin to see
If I got aids

Drank a chicks blood
A sword accident
Sucked that sweet wound

Wild and free
Shes a sexy sketchy girl

Hopin im clean
And healthy
And a lil lighter

They got a scale
Waitin for the tests

OLY FRIENDS

New guy in town

Meetin' folk

Cool people

Friends and fucks

Bros and hos

Sweet pretty girls

In this strange mans

Stranger world

Shared interests

Inspirers and motivational speakers

Adverse aquintences

PC warriors triggering

My nigger tendencies

Bigger pictures playing

Everyones a photographer

Met a poet last night

Read his book

He doesn't title

Just rates each poem

Strange ways for me

Titles are another poetry

His stuffs good too

Not far from my vein

Wonder of other poets

How they work

For now ill dedicate

This little piece

To the 1-5 scale

Of my poetic peer

It's a 5 Quillin

I think that's a good thing

SCARY SCREAMING GUY

Hear a man
His scream barely human

Gutterol and demonic
He hangs around at night

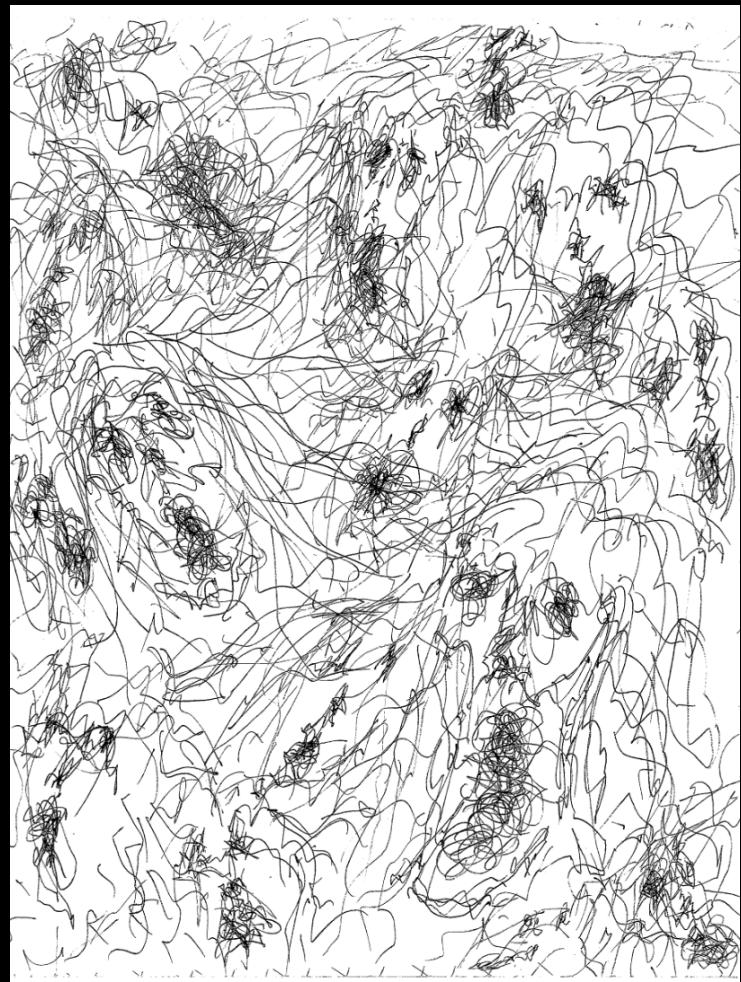
On the street
Outside my downtown windows

Thought it was a rarity
Turns out hes a regular

Heard it last night
Outside the bar smoking area

Its easily weekly
His goddam screaming

Loud possessed ass fuck
Keep quiet



WAITIN' FOR THE DOC

Got the test

Nurse was cool

Suggested a ren fair commune

Quite the eccentric

Got about 10 more to wait

Hoh man

These waiting days

Are weighing on me

Only so much boredom

I can take

Before it breaks my back

Tryin to make good time

But it don't matter none

If ya wanna have fun

So its another waiting room

Reservations and procedure

Late appointment

Free time fading

Holdin' on

AMTRAK WAITING ROOM

Cutie to my left
Tall and gorgeous
Holy fuck

Aint got time
To pursue
Too many things
To do

Whatever
I can just admire
Casually gaze
At her beauty

Hope I sit next to her
That'd be dope

Lets see
Trains almost here
Hour and a half
Til D&D
And the boys

HOLIDAYS

Excited to see
Friends and family
Afterwards
Root in oly
For awhile

Old town gets me down
But I gotta be around
For all my loved ones

New years soon
Fresh everything
Half moon
Approaching full
Pieces assembling
Whole

My favorite season

TRAIN TO THE COUVE'

Cute tall girl sits near
Shes from Ireland heading to B.C.
Train breaks the momentum
Of getting to know her

Gosh shes so gorgeous
Looks like an old crush
But taller

Theres still hope yet
For this lonely giant heart

Muses still sing
Beauty can be found
Wonderful girls
In a pretty world

Seeing em move and more
Timing just fucks me
Circumstances let it be
Til the next scenes

1ST DAY OF CLASSES

Astonomy class

Print making and world history

Almost to a close

Worried about this art class

No other artists

Not sure if I'll even learn

What I need

Wanna print

My works to physical book

Or at least my art

To the material plane

An interesting day of classes

Ready to kick academic ass

Winter quarter is here

BUS HOME

School meeting and loose ends tied

Goin back to my lil' studio

More stuff to do

Scans and getting high

Full bus today

Students and shit

Cute Asian ahead

Hot depressed girl to my right

Coughing guy on the left

Most people on their phone

Fuckin clones

Oh well

More xp for me

Ten or so more minutes

Til the walk

Then getting' ready

For round 2

BUS STOP

62A to winco
Grocery day

Weekend to prep
For the first proper week
Of school

Laundry tomorrow
Dishes and garbage too

40 minute bus ride
Lots of time to write
Body and soul

Transit times
Transitory writings

Rinse repeat
Clean and be neat
Something of an adult

STILL AT THE BUS STOP

Waitin' for the bus

Still

Almost 30 minutes late

Wait

Nope

Its here

ON THE BUS

Well here begins
The commute

Cute gothy girl
In the back
Can smell her sad perfume

Crowded bus
Guess its Saturday

Whatever
I need people contact

STILL ON THE BUS

Cute girl left
With her weird lookin punk friends

Good seats in the back
Can stretch my damn legs
Get away
Form the bum
Twitching in front of me

35 more minutes
Excited to grocery shop
In a store
That aint grocery outlet

Hello Winco
Here I come

ART DAZE

Scan
Edit
Scan again
Edit again
Again and again

More art
More work
Try harder
Die for the dream

Schemes
Plans
School
Social media
New directions
Old way
Truth dissections
Building more collections
Buying my own possession
In-between days



HALF WAY

Thought id make it quick

Boy was I high

Barely halfway there

Gotta be more aware

Times just so hazy

Passes me by

Lies in my pocket

Easy to do waiting

Repeating and overeating

Consumed by distractions

Divisions and side-missions

Fuckin' NPCs

Getting hungry

Cant wait for new food

Getting more stoned

Good livin

Half way there

BUS STOP II

30 minute wait for the bus

Started raining

Got 4 heavy over stuffed bags

Full of food

Please don't rip

Gonna be a hell of a trek

Long way back

Much walking and riding

Likely loaded bus

On the bright side though

Got lots of food

Stocked for a couple weeks

And weed

Could be a lot worse

Just inconvenient

Bus life

Takes some serious time

3RD DAY OF SCHOOL

Feelin cool after the 2nd
Meetin friends
And getting the hang of this

Bus routes
Locations and numbers
Work flow
Balancing art with academic
Self with student

Excited and exhale
Gotta play it right
Expectations can cripple
Pride like a muddy ripple

Reflection looks good
Expression just could
Make all the difference

INTERNET

Bus 49 to the comcast store

1 year agreement

Long term commitments

Towards modern scores

Online classes

Art networking

Job searching

The web surrounds

Every route

In my 21st century

Still it could be nice

To embrace

The rat race

I've been trampled by

Run with the renters

Enter a new connector

World wide

LIFE PARTS

Social life impacting
Lonely art nights
School strivings

Can feel the pull
Towards collective soul tied
Tug o war knots
Deal the fight
For belongings balance

Need friends and anchors
When lost on page
Need time more
To create
The fate I vision

Art life abstracting
Days that aren't
Spent making



LATE

Barely missed the 13
Gonna be late
To a dental cleaning

They want me to come in
Every fuckin week
For many cavities

Guess its my fault
But shit
Tired of the run around

Was hard getting out of bed
Starting a day
Barely mine

2:17
13 minutes to go
Fuck me

STILL WAITING PART 99

Bus 49 not on time

20 minutes waiting

Writing

Hard stone slab bench

Winter cold a bitch

Fuckin errands

On a Sunday

Bad back

High spirits reaching

Stressed hands

Busy days

Oh fuck

49 is here

Yeh!!

BUS TO HARRISON

Dusk is fallin'

Sunday sun is away

Night time a comin'

Fun or work

Strivin' for both

Easily overwhelmed

Livin' in two worlds

Heaven and hell

Snap to the "real" world

Two cute girls

To my right

Wifi at last

Bus commute

On the way

Daydream daze

Fading with the high

Just barely missed the bus

Bag full of groceries

Blatter pulling
gotta fuckin pee

No bathrooms

In the city

Not til night

20 minutes til home

Make that 30

My watch is backwards

Just noticed

Minutes ago

Eyes look towards

Sidewalk pedestrians

Talking and laughing

Lookin' at me

CITY STRUT

Scenic route

Took the wrong line

Time to explore

More of this lil city

Olympia wandering

Lost in its grunge

Finding black painted doors

Kurt Cobains old haunts

Shitty streets

Pretty punk girls

Gritty bar settings

On my way along

Thurston County bound

To the little studio

I call home

Right in the heart of homeless mecca

Oh Olympia

What the fuck is up

With this goddam city

RIVER

Lookin at the river
Cuz the river can run
Swimming to the shore
Stare at the sun
Reflected

Jumpin under the bridge
Drownin with a rope
Lookin up
Thru the water
See the surface
Projected

Runnin' with the river
Cuz' the river runs
Float along to sea
Waving at the current
Water emotions
Abstracted

DAY 4 WEEK 3

Homework done

Fun had

Another round

Rinse repeat

Weeks calendar

Dictates days

Time management

Nice fulfillment

Balanced books

Looks good

Social life

Student mind

In line

To success

BAD BACK	Too much mind
Too much past	Too often mine
Too much weight	Bustin my back
Breakin my posture	Crackin' my time
Fuckin my back	Walk with a hunch
School bags	Hold the walls
Cruel baggage	Its crunch time
Draggin me down	
MLK holiday comin' up	
A little break	
To rest my bones	
If that's what it is	
Been soft lately	
Overeating	
Beating off	
Too much TV	
Should be movin'	
Grooving around	
Psychic days	
Ruining my physicality	

BUS BACK HOME

Schools done

8:31 pm

Home around 9

Gonna smoke

Dine and enjoy

Life

In the living room

Fuckin hungry

Wanna be lazy

Anime and videogames

Overeating

Convenient food

Sounds good

Bus finally goes

Downtown high comin'

Back home

SO TIRED

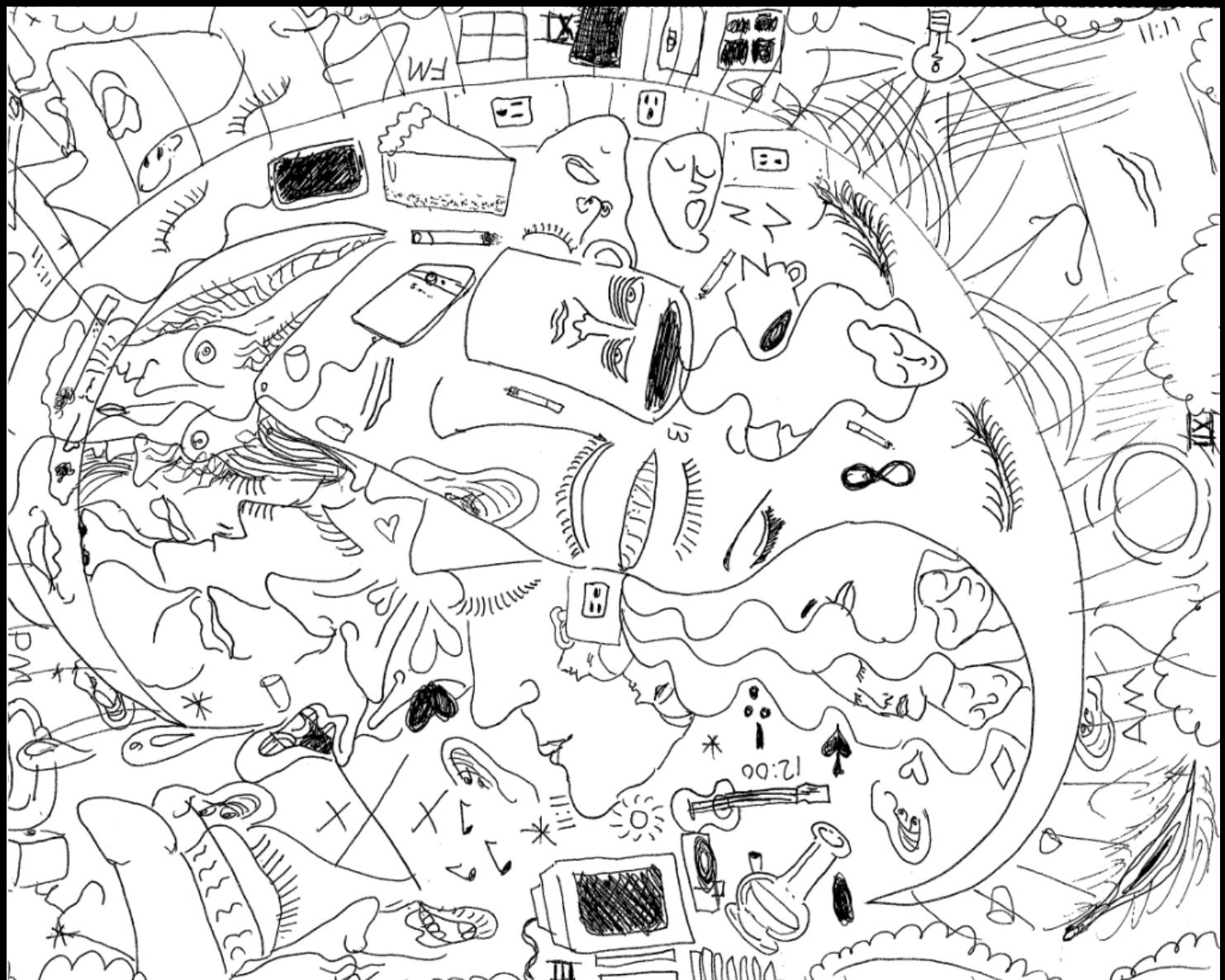
Workin on 4 hours
Funky feelings
No time
For a shower

Greasy shambling
Almost late to class
Don't wanna slip
On my dirty ass

Punk rock
Wakes me up

Made the bus
Many days to rest
Lays ahead
On the best bed





INSOMNIA

RECLUSE

Lonely by choice
Self imposed exile
Smiling in an empty circle
Voices on the TV
Keep me company

Anime daze
Jrpg videogames
Dancing alone
After homework
Getiing stoned
My zone

Meeting lots of clones
Remembering old friends
X's and ends
Social highs
Growin' lows

Retreat to my domain
Sweet home away
From everyone

POETRY PARTY

SPSCC poetry party

Woke up before noon

Early start

To pursue passion

Hearts desire

Hour late at least

No breakfast

A social feast instead

Feeding head

Almost there

5 more minutes

Hoping for snacks

Stomach attacking

Brain scares

With doubts and outs

Down regardless

Never presented my poetry

At a party

WANDER LOVE

Fallin' again

February prelude

Romantic winds blow

Don't wanna break

Gotta make it this time

Shine the love lights brightly

Lost at sea

Seeing lighthouse beacons

Foggy shores

Valentine mind

Still jaded sure

But its fading

No more waiting

Lets find

That spark

PROCESS

Strung out again

Amphetomene binge

Aint regular

Once a month

No syringe

Just a crushed pill

Energy filling

Overspilling ink

No sleep

That's normal already

Gotta work

All angles

Coffffee and cigs

Instant meals and hashish

Fuel the days

Beyond night

Til the next

A restless recovery

Still feel it

Vices don't quit

Necessary hits

Spark in me

Keeping motion

High prices

Pays the costs

Of good work

Perks of synthesis

Artificial ability

BRAIN ESCAPE

Closed drapes

Locked door

Phone off

In bed

In my head

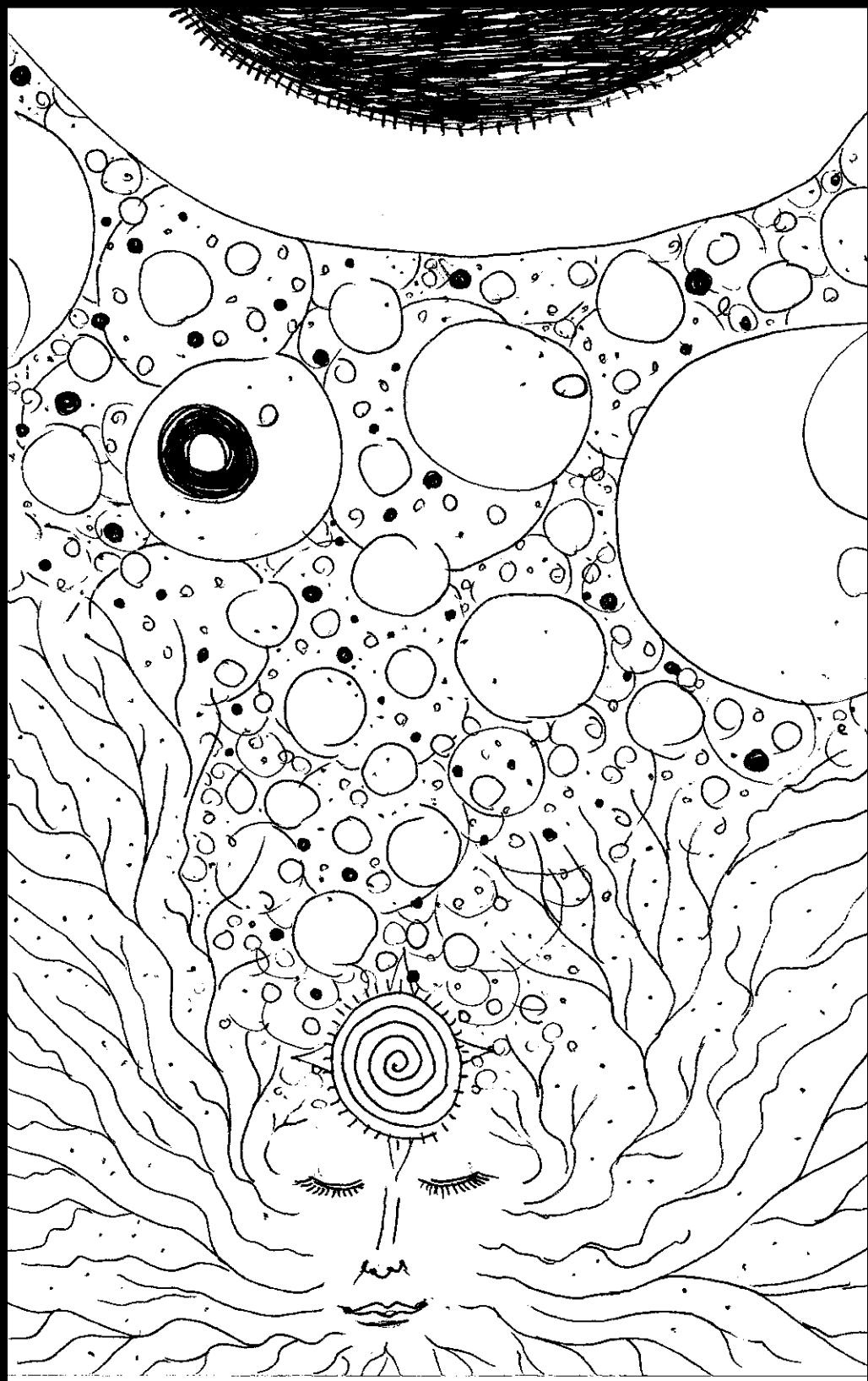
Cold house

Lonely home

Dark lighting

Inside

Outside my bed



NEW QUARTER

Only a few more to go

Til degree

Registration yesterday

Gotta get tested

For class placement

Need to score well

To take perfect courses

Associated

Math, film and English

Fall quarter ideal

NEW QUARTER II

Gotta seal the deal

Feel complete

For academia

New fafsa to fund

Scholarily fun

Grants and loans

Coast this school ship

Along the courses

Bachelor associated

Mastery

Towards success

Education finesse

Mental excess

4.0

Oh yeah!

Make the grade

Get laid maybe

And ace this new age

Every quarter

Better taste of graduation

MEDIUM TO MEDIUM

Drawn out

Sketchbooks full

Feelin' whole

Dawn of

New art

Film start

Class comin

Crew near

Fall quarter

Old dream

Seemed far

Not today

UPPERS

Adderall sprawl

Can do it all

Coffee spree

Keeps me from crawlin'

No stallin'

Not with these drugs

Weed and smokes

Keep me chuggin'

Becoming addicted

Relying highs

No lows

Just growing dependency

Fuck reality

Goin' into another fantasy

FUCKIN' FILM

2 film classes

Goin hard

On the dream

Gonna show

The world

Telepathic vision

New direction

Produced by school

Written off

So long

Til now

Thought the chance

Was long gone

After the crumble

Wrong, I wrote

Academia I awoke

BACK TO SCHOOL (snow daze)

Two weeks off

Snowblind vacation

Time to focus

Get to work

Art everyday

100 pages of comics

My best yet

Gotta reprogram myself

Days shut in

Turned on

High as fuck

Barely sleeping

Need to recover

Its back to school

History, printmaking and astronomy

The life now

Or half of it

FILM COLLECTIVE

Live about a 5 minute walk
From the oly film collective
Right next to a fuckin film crew
The golden opportunity
To make the moves
Towards movies

Next few months
Groove to the new
Expressions transitioning
The art life dances

Thru the days
Long restless nights
Hesitations and creation
Breaking the cycles of depression
Making miles
Along the long path

BACK TO CLASS

Weekend gone
Got a lot done
Not a lot of fun
Now its back
To school

Pretty cool
Cute girls and a world
Full of opportunities

Friends a plenty
Learning too
Living true to myself
While the days
Are devoted to class

BREAKING

Headphones broke this morning
No music to drown the screams
In this shit city

Terror creeping in
Sinful past seeping
Into memories
General thinking

Wins have been scarce
Seem to keep losing
Thing after thing
These wings
Fly no more

Core cracked and blackening
Unsettled scores reminded
Cant find the time
The space of mind
For light



POST PANIC ATTACK

Yesterday felt like the end

Months of pretend

Sent out in tears

Fears manifested

Tested into oblivion

Bested by my doubts

Turned to the bible

Lords words gave an out

A light for the suicidal

Cried and screamed

Trembled under damaged dreams

Tried to breath

New day has come

Truer ways gleamed shining

In christs name

Amen

ERICKA

Met a cute girl

At school

In the nerd club

Spark instant

Gotta see her again

Unique voice

But a sweetly normal girl

What a novelty

That become

With all the strange tail

Of late

Been thinkin bout her

Ericka the normal nurse

Want her care

For my sickness

Get high off her prescription

We can play doctor

Medical magick

Physical science

Gotta get that appointment

First come, first serve

GROCERIES

Ran dry

Scrapin' by

Empty pantry

Canned meat

Eatin whatever

Cubbard rejects

Plastic wrapped shit

tastes good

For being garbage

At least its hot

Gotta replenish

This ghostly kitchen

Nourish these cravings

Half nutritious

BAR STARS

Social butterflies

Flutter in my nauseus stomach

Alone smoking

Outside and stoned

Expression is such

A good friend

Relationships forieghn

Strangers never boring

Hard to get close

To any

Even me

Separated but not lost

Shooting fast

Thru empty space

Tossed around

Faces to ages

Tasting bitterweet talks

Walking last

To the starting line

The new rat race



McCOYS IV

Another bar
Hard to go far
With cliquish circles
Link like a chain
In my rum cup

So drink up
Think nothin
Empty cadaver dance
Conduit drunk
Looking to fuck
In aglorified whorehouse
Cant do it sober

So arousing
Intoxicating idiots playing
Gin games
Sinful ways
Dowsing it down
Every drink
Glass dreamin'

LONER BONER

Such a hard on
For self dawns
Dusk til days
Night time rhyming
Jiving with m' book

People around laugh
Flirt and look
To the next drunk soul

Holes to fill
In half full glasses
Music plays the hits
Killin' time
Song repeats

Goin to bed alone
It was known
But not hoped for
Oh well
Cant score all the time
He rhymed
in his little black book

FAVORITE PLACE

JRPGME

Persona music playin

Right mp3

Accompanies my inner rpg

Social links to increase

Level ups

Strength and summonings

College like high school

Cool reliving

Rewriting memories

Lonely pasts reveries

Hung up

Around my neck

Reminders of failure

Increase stats

Custom tailored character

NEW QUARTER III

Video editing

Monday and wednesday

Filmmaking and Japanese
Tuesdays and Thursdays

Rounds out the quarter
The new way

Few more credits remain
Til the associated degree

First step in this pursuit
of fine arts mastery

Scholarly stars steppin'
Climbing academias tower

To the top
Of higher education



NEW QUARTER IV

Axed Japanese

Wanna focus

On film dreams

Half time student

Loose schedule

For other pursuits

Exorcise this body

Work the holes

Strive beyond

Move on and up

Past these small ponds

Half empty cups

Days passing

Thru wasted years

Fast moments here

NEW QUARTER V (MOONLIGHT)

Expectations building
With silver opportunity
Make it gold
Aint getting' any younger

Observations changin'
Soul search found a key
In Christ
A new banner rising

Raise a spiritual sword
Draw from the heavens
Fight for the kingdom
Lighting the sky

Dreams forged
From valley wanders
Sleep below my cross
Intersect with Christian vision

VIDEOGAMES III

Sponging media

Interactive experience

Electric escapism

Few hours

In a new world

Hard difficulty

Is easier

Than life

Risk reward

Simulated stimulation

Action adventure

RPG me

SCHOOL HEART

Feel nauseus anxiety before school

Afterglow so nice

Another class complete

Learn what I want

And some other shit

That sounds smart

Art school bound

Found it aint so hard

Just work

HEAVY RAIN

No dead ends

Came out to drips

With degrees

Walkin in the rain

No slip

Fallin' harder

Each step a puddle

Approaching the bus station

Shoulda brought

An umbrella

And a coat

GOSPEL OF CHRIS

Speakin' with paranthese
All these words
Seeped in personal code
Another language
Spoke in tongues

Hard to convey
Stories of the days
Ways like shards
Of reflective glass
Crystallized introspection
Another dissection had

Circular discussions
Conversation chains
Change the dialogue
Shapes of things

Back to me
Just another TV
Trying to connect
Thoughts into dots
Lining a fine talk

SIMULATOR

Life in another place

A happy face

Lived in

Multiple lives

Death and respawns

Within memories

Reverie implements

Bring me back

Three worlds

Dance six persons

Twirling to the true realm

Seventh heaven

In a reflector

Projected TV dreams

RPG me

See it in this game

Played for so long

NPCs paved the days

Trained in ways

Of a protagonistt

FARM SIM

Simple life

Simulated

Could never afford

Hello dream RPG

On my TV

Growing crops

Tending animals

In this lil farm

On my controller

Taking care

Of this digital land

UNTITLED V

Makin' movies
Crew full of G's
Teen girls unfortunately
But eh
Got phoebe
A hard ass DP
Haley on audio

Film 114 a gogo
Gonna shoot it up
A fuckin masterpiece
Bang bang bang
Another golden scene

Always waiting
No more
Found a new way
3 day production
Improvised cinematic functioning

Bus junction
Story like a alien abduction
Enigmatic lust
Thought lost

AUDITION

Human performance

Show it off

Directed

Written off

Spotlight on

Take the stage

Entertain

Audience in the dark

Light sparks silhouettes

Empty seats

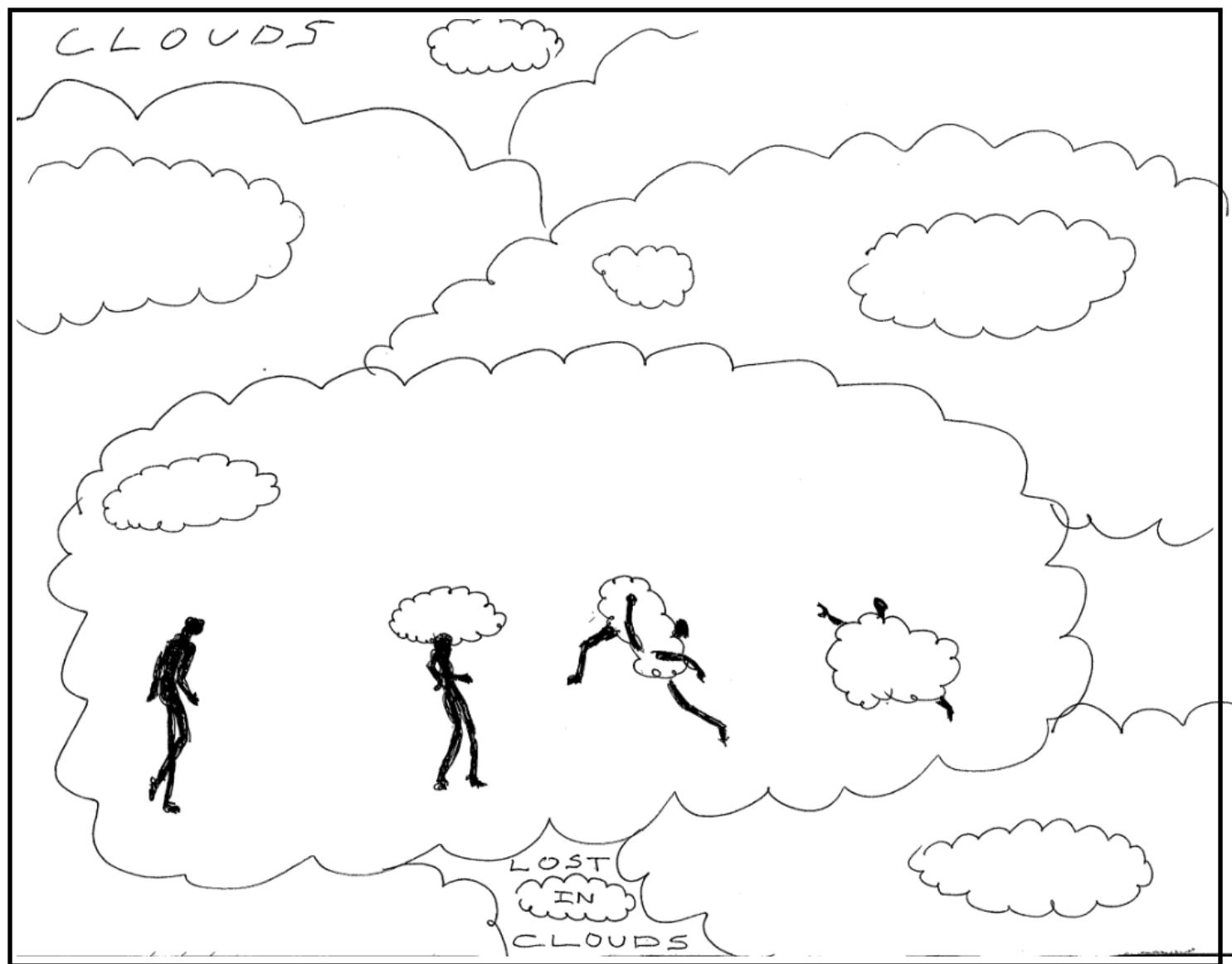
Tickets sold out

Grocery store
To pick up sleep meds
Mornings at 3pm
Might be too free

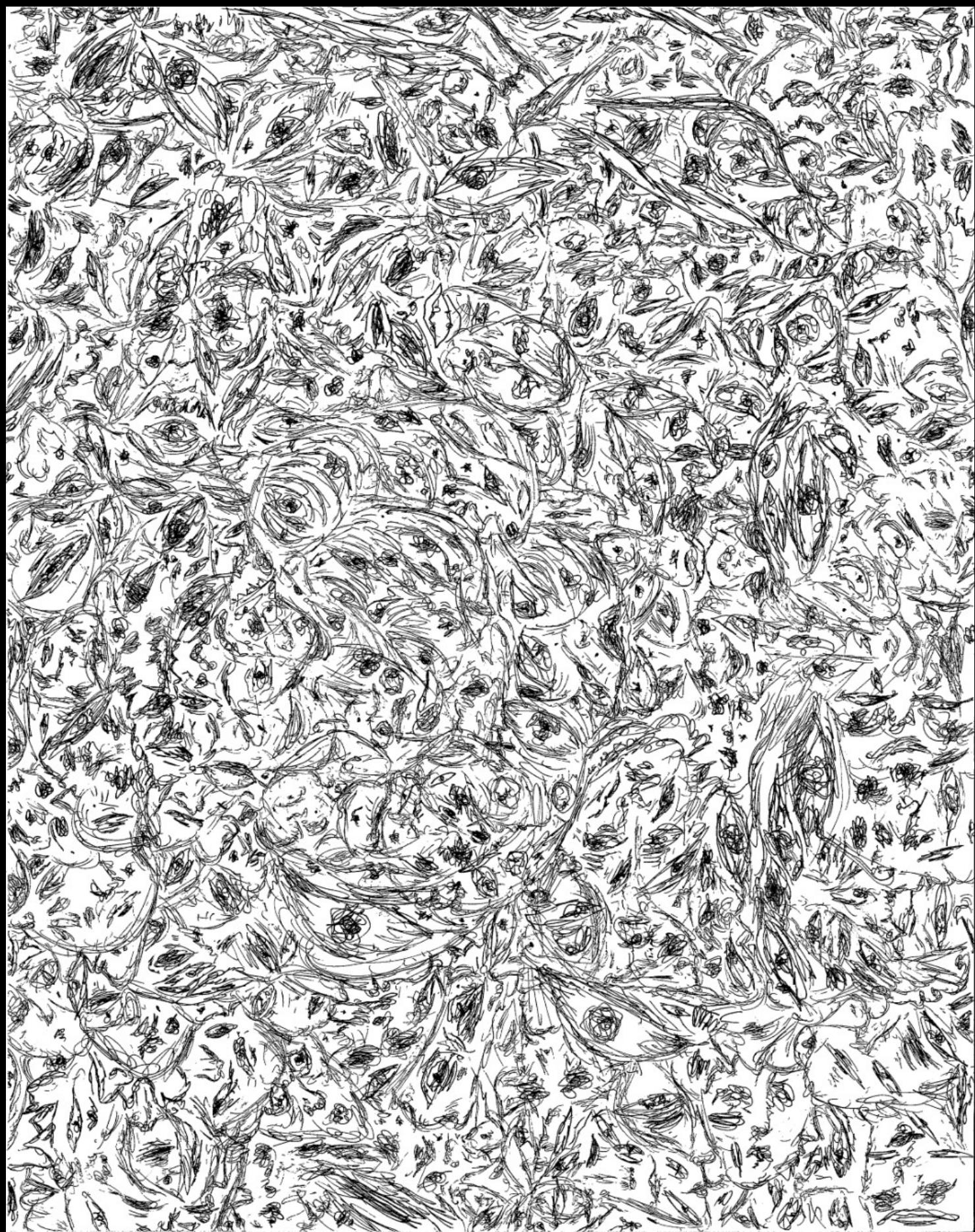
Late bus
Of course
Gotta wait a bit
Making a move about that
So its great!!

Kitchen stocked
Don't need food
But I wanna eat
Something good

Bus leaving
Just like that thought
Rhyme and rythym
Still streaming



Woke up	CLOUDS DOUBTS	Time waits
Broken		Another mourning
No jokes		Turning
No hope		Vicious cycles
		These chains
Smoked two		Bind
Breathed		
Looked up		Scream loud
No clouds		BREAK!
No shrouds		Make me
Covering		Whole
		WAKE!
Light casted		Bury these
Shadows vast		Holes
Everlasting		
Thru life		Dirt piled
My light		Getting higher
Fading		Dying smiles
		Laying
Lost		waiting
In lust		This grave
For success		Dug yesterday
Excess love		
Any touch		No tomorrows
To remind		No dream



BIBLE AT MY SIDE

On my bed
Rest my world
By the holy word
Keep the light close
Lord in my heart
Love in my head

Gods glory sings
The greatest freedom
In serving
The almighty song
Choir music rings
Bells of salvation

Bed stained in sin
Lust corrupting all
Falling in between
Nightmares and waking
Dreams of thee

Shine a light
Guiding star
Take me home

FORGOT MY PEN

Forgot my pen
Borrowed the bus drivers
For the wait

Couple hours early
Gotta hustle
Editing class sitting
At 71%
Film footage needs
Arrangement

Few more minutes
Til showtime

HOW MANY MORE?

How many poems can I write

About riding the bus

Thru mundane

To better days

How many more

About the ways

Still a drive

So I thrust my pen

Into another blank page

Inspiration hits

With each stop along

Route 47

New song plays

Rhyme it baby

Never quits

FINALS

Stress builds
On the scholarly press
Overfilling brain
Knowledge and process
Squeezed and spilling

Final pages
Of this bus book
Last days
Of this quarter

Shift comin'
With academic winds
Runnin' fast
New art cast
Next classes

MEXICO BOUND

Family vacation

Few more days

Til that red eye

9 days south

Free drinks

A total fuckin feast

Goodbye Olympia, Washington

Ill miss my little ghetto studio

On a Mexico beach

Movie makin'

Right after this tengo

Another dance

chachacha

THE BUILD



Big house
America dreamin'

Materials gathered
No blueprint

Apartment home
Goin outside

Land lust
Wanna wander

No wonder
Foundations cracked

Lost again
Hotel rooms

Finding supplies
Building time

5/15/19

Last couple pages of this books

Last couple days til Mexico

Last couple hours of the night

At last

Waitinf for a flake

At a cheap bar

Craving being wasted

Fuck me up

Couple more years

We got

LAST PAGE

New book in my bag

This one is had

Bus book done

And it was fun

Writing when waiting

More in the making

Many times rhyming

Pedestrian poetry

Notes and prose

Comings and goings

Now arriving at destination

2nd runs coronation

So lets begin again

At the end

Next pages turn

Towards greater yearnings

POETRY FOR PASSENGERS



All aboard. Come along for a poetic trip down the life of a transient traveler. commuter without control of the wheel. After the sale of a beloved camper van, following a Germany tragedy, CJT recovered in self imposed artsy exhile in the grungey streets of Olympia, Washington. On the bus route to college and weed stores, trains to the present and future, and metaphoric paths, lost in the crossroads of complete chaos. Lets wander together thru the past, back to the destination. Returning home again.