Poems I posted on social media, late night, when I was drunk.

by Roberto C. Garcia

My dog can spend what seems a forever watching and licking his paw, lazily in a sunbeam, on the hardwood floor. And I see, my God, I have no time, no time to waste in the metropolis of chaos, think human, even a dog can teach you that there is space in the ticking. The endless ticking.

Dear community, the galactic appetite of our Lilliputian world demands original content. Do not try to bend the old content, that's impossible, instead realize the truth: There is no reblog. There is no reblog. It's your mind that bends.

I listen to the song all night & wonder at mice

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/roberto-c-garcia/poems-i-posted-on-social-media-late-night-when-i-was-drunk»* Copyright © 2013 Roberto C. Garcia. All rights reserved. maybe crawling in walls maybe claiming night. Bump & rattle in the dark. Who that, who that, who that? Oh, it comes as art. Oh, it comes like cat. Moon song say: This is who I am, mad moon dreamer just don't give a damn, mad moon believer. Moon song say: You can't just believe, you've got to dream, let moon beams deceive.

We are here like lambs. Isn't that our term for bait, victims, innocents led to blood, a noble sacrifice? Come on.

We are here with a bulls eye. Trigger warning: metaphor: Like children at the feet of a new toy. We can't get past what we see with our eyes.

Don't keep calm. Wake the fuck up. Our machines improve. We don't.

The full moon breaks its stitches & I too break because I'm an animal & God: When was it I saw? Or felt? The truth of it all. The stench. The full moon makes me sniff & I smell a beast marking territory: When is the fight? Or fall? The victory needs. Maybe blood.