

Broken

December 31, 2025

[History, Redux](#)

If you don't understand, then you'll never understand. Understanding feels good in fleeting moments. Understanding is a lie. Understanding is true only for a moment, then the balance returns to chaos. Scared, broken, and alone was familiar to him. Happiness and sugar and smiles were sinister in intent. Sweetness always had an agenda. He never trusted feeling well, he never liked it. Good, by definition, was precluded with, "But."

Even before everything changed. Everything he did, he did silently. Without malice he acted dastardly. He was cunning. Always able to see the crevasses, he filled them with intent. And still he saw himself a victim. Of course, the universe was agnostic. It was an unending flow of water. Wishes mattered like sticks in a stream. Everything goes where the water goes. Choice is irrelevant. Fear and hope are the only things you have once the water comes. Fear usually wins. And he was afraid.

His fear was as nebulous as it was constant. It was provoked by the immediate and the eternal. He walked the world ready to pull away at a touch, but was simultaneously self-righteous.

Hard truths

December 31, 2025

[Fiction, Redux](#)

And so reality had become motionless, inside a box of what he could think or feel. As his body melted, his mind froze. It is hard to describe what could never possibly happen. The worst part about any kind of incarceration, and he was almost perfectly incarcerated, wasn't the lack of freedom. It was boredom. Freedom is mostly overrated, and almost always misidentified.

The hard truth that we don't like to think about is that we're all dying. Degeneration happens at different speeds, but it happens. He stopped the inevitable with a wish. And then he wished for an un-wish. Death has a reason. It may not be immediately clear. When you cannot die it becomes the everything. He wished he could die as strongly as he wished he might live. Lessons don't come the way you want them. When they come.

Killing me softly

December 30, 2025

[Fiction, Redux](#)

There are songs that kill him. Songs kill slowly. They don't cause cardiac arrest, and at the same time break hearts. This song was playing when, that song then. He couldn't listen to some because it brought back a flood that he couldn't dam. And maybe he wouldn't even if he could. He liked being neck-deep in the water. He liked the ghost of her. She was nicer as a memory. So was he.

Blink

December 30, 2025

[History](#)

I moved to Dallas from Venice Beach on this day 27 years ago. High on Adderall crushed into a Gatorade bottle, I drove alone with a U-Haul trailer hitched to my gold 1995 Saturn SL for 22 hours on I's 10 and 20, with only a AAA map of the U.S. and a Thomas Guide for the Metroplex to guide me. There was no Google Maps. (I wouldn't own my first cell phone for six months.) And just like many points in my life, I thought I knew much more than I actually did and was much more innocent than I felt myself to be. This was also the day I learned (the hard way) that I-35 splits and that I-35W goes through Fort Worth 25 miles before I-35E goes through Dallas, before reuniting north of both. Turning too early I spent the morning in Keller before a police officer pointed me toward the correct city. In hindsight, that drug-addled, blind, solo escape from Los Angeles is a perfect metaphor for my life at the time. And things were still to get much worse. Don't get me wrong it was beautiful too. Beautiful and terrible and strange.

They tell you life goes by fast when you're young and you don't believe it until it actually happens. The blink of an eye. Twenty-seven years.

Wasatch

December 2, 2025

[Rants, Redux](#)

My reflections on Salt Lake City's airport: Sitting in the belly of the beast. Well, the beast's international airport, anyway. The mountains are snow-covered and beautiful. And, of course, the Department of Metaphors, located in my head, immediately sullies the beauty of the almost-winter, desert landscape with this thought: isn't it appropriate that rising above the heart of one of the newest, strangest, whitest belief systems ever concocted by man, are the harsh conditions of the Wasatch mountains, also now covered in white, hiding the ground-level impurities and imperfections with a smooth blanket of pure, white snow.

Everything is in its place, buried under that which seems to fall from the heavens.

Lā Kū'oko'a

November 28, 2025

[History](#), [Rants](#)

Today, November 28, is the day that the independence of the Hawaiian Kingdom is “celebrated.” I vacillate about how I feel about this. My natural tendency is to be skeptical about arbitrary (i.e., man-made) constructs of “nation,” or even “independence” as it is used in this context. Independent from exactly whom or what? The kānaka of ko pae 'āina were here for millennia before the European and American colonial powers happened upon us. In 1843, their recognition that nā aupuni kahiko already existed, that a real Lāhui already was flourishing in a place that they “discovered” was an external recognition. We already knew who we were. Kauhikaouli's attempt to diplomatically protect Hawai'i from the onslaught of impending imperialism was not a declaration of independence. It was an identification to the world. And in the end, it only delayed the dam break of change brought on by disease, capitalist-driven greed, corruption, and the ideas of Euro-American (aka white) superiority.

The recognition of independence was militarily usurped by America when it became convenient and beneficial to do so, and summarily ignored by Europe. What is there to celebrate from this legacy?

Here is where I vacillate. Because I do celebrate Lā Kū'oko'a. I celebrate the intricate, aloha 'āina-based society that was already independent. I celebrate a society that was able to support a population (comparable in size to what exists today) with innovative, sustainable methods of land, water, and resource management, food independence, and spirituality. Modern Hawai'i, with all of its modern technology, would starve in less than a month if the ships and planes stopped coming. I celebrate the Lāhui that has survived every effort, both natural and invasive, to eradicate it. I celebrate the resurgence of 'ōlelo Hawai'i to a degree that was unimaginable (with the exception of some very special kānaka mākua). I celebrate what I see happening on social media; Kānaka TikTok is a vibrant, living community. I celebrate the new ways of teaching at every level, from preschool to university. I celebrate that we now acknowledge the diaspora and are actively looking for ways to bring people home. (I was away for 25 years, and there were times I thought I would never come back.) I celebrate that I feel pilina to everything I am trying to describe.

Our kū'oko'a is not given to us by recognition from any “other.” Our kū'oko'a, our ea, exist in us. They exist in the Lāhui. They exist in the aupuni, in whatever form it has come to take in 2025. Kānaka maoli came very close to extinction. I celebrate that this did not happen. I celebrate the future, a future I did not even know was possible. That future is now.

Aloha Lā Kū'oko'a.

E kaumaha au

November 25, 2025

[History, Rants](#)

Do I miss the feeling? I suppose I do. It is too soft and comfortable in a blanket and a bed. I am not far removed from pulling my arms into my sweatshirt and feeling my hard clavicles tightening, and liking the fact that I was skinny enough to feel that hardness. Waking up to some asshole pulling my Walmart bag full of things soft enough to put my head on at a bus stop. Yelling when he pulled it out, and my head hit the concrete, “There is nothing in there you want.” Maybe there was. I stumbled across the street to the Wai‘anae police station, before I knew they did not have people in the building due to a labor shortage. A cop did *drive* up slowly, and when I slurred what happened, he said to move along.

I suppose that is a part of who I am now. Stronger. With my wits. Knowing something is wrong in this system. I needed help, and at that point, I could have been helped with the smallest bit of intervention. I can speak. I can write. I am lucky enough to have resources the oligarchy did not strip away. What do I do with this? It is easy to be angry, and I often am. How do we get change? You have to ask for it. You have to take it. Auē. My kūpuna. I was an impotent fighter on their behalf. Now I will fight as I breathe. You do not understand. My brain was colonized to the point that I have to push against my own thoughts. “Why speak?” “Why does it matter?” This is rhetorical. He Hawai‘i au. A e like me Wilcox, e kaumaha au i nā mea a‘u e loa‘a ai i mea e ‘ike ai ‘oe.

New originals

November 13, 2025

[History,Rants,Redux](#)

This is the new beginning. The new originals. The new today. This is the past countable. It is impossible to count. If the universe has a bookkeeper, then this is accounted for. But for all real purposes, there will be no count. It's a thought exercise. Like wondering how many potentially fatal doses I've ingested, or how many times I've actually been close to death. No one is counting. But it is a set of integers greater than one and less than infinity.

Baseball

October 22, 2025

[History](#)

I actually wrote this in 2022.

I am a huge sports fan. But only baseball has my love. Only baseball has made me cry. (I got legit wellness check phone calls in 1991 after the Braves lost 1-0 to Minnesota in ten innings in game seven of the World Series.) I have to like a team to enjoy a football or hockey game, but I'll watch any baseball game at any level, from Little League to MLB. There's something about the game. It's timeless; literally, there is no edict of time to the game. It ends with the last out. Whether that takes nine innings or nine hundred. Until now.

In 2023, MLB will implement a time clock for pitchers and limit the number of pickoff attempts to two. A failed third attempt will be called a balk and the runner awarded the next base, and the batter a ball. I understand. The league wants offense. Offense sells. But there has to be another way.

The beauty of baseball lies in tension. The hitters' idiosyncrasies with the bat, batting gloves, and stance. The pitchers' mound routines. All in the middle of the most important situations. The hours of seeming inaction are punctuated by acts that are only possible by extremely prepared athleticism. You try throwing a ball even close to 100 mph. Harder still, try to hit one. Hit one out of the park. Hit 62 of them in 162 games. All impossible. Yet possible.

The game is great because it gives you time. Time to keep statistics for everything. Batting average against left-handers on grass during the day? It's there. Percentage of sliders thrown to right-handers with a two-strike count? Check. It's all documented. No other game produces more math, poetry, or lore. It is a pastime of reflection.

A clock has no place in a game immune from time.

(And, yes, the Braves lost the ability to hit in the final week of the season against the Marlins, and this continued until yesterday against the Phillies. Solo home runs do not win championships. This is the last time we will speak of this until pitchers and catchers gather in Florida next February to start Spring training. Bleah...)

Inexorable truth

October 8, 2025

[Rants, Redux](#)

We all know our own obvious flaws. It takes eons of time and wisdom to more fully understand our more nuanced scarcities, but the others are obvious. You don't need to tell a fat person they're fat. In the middle of that spectrum of our obvious proclivities, we are really capable negotiators of denial. A drunk knows he's a drunk too. But there are a million good reasons why. When you're fat (like I've been), it's self-disgust and shame. When you're drunk (like I've been), it's because she did that, or he said that, or I lost my job, or she left me.

Here is the part that's embarrassing. If you are half a human being, these are obvious, inexorable truths. Did I say obvious? Everyone can see them. Everyone knows they're true. And I guess this evolutionary survival mechanism helps you explain why it's not true. And this earned weird evolutionary instinct helps the closest to you in your tribe make you feel better; they describe infections as a phase. As an anomaly. They look for reasons to share blame.

I'm telling you now, a human living in the midst of proclivity. There's probably no one to blame except the universe. And that's not really blame; the universe is by definition everything. Your proclivities, faults, and failures are by definition part of everything. It was inevitable, but that doesn't let you off the hook. If your sadness and falling down were inevitable, in an infinite reality, so was your happiness and standing up.

The choices we make feel like free will. Ok. I choose to be an alcoholic sleeping at a bus stop. Does that make sense? Ok. I choose to finish my master's degree and buy a house and have a beautiful wife and two kids, and a garage. Those sound like opposites. I am the same person, and I HAVE chosen both. And they both seemed like the exact correct decision when I made them. EXACTLY. THE. SAME. Confidence at DEFCON 1 when I pressed the button.

What I've realized is that even the best minds of our generation risk being destroyed by madness. I've been mad. Mostly I love, but I've been mad (crazy) and mad, and when I was (second) mad, there was no reason to be mad. I've come to see, and it's taken far too long, that madness is actually sadness. It's like a white blood cell response to a threat to your body. You see a threat, and you grab a can of Raid and spray everything in sight. The people who love you and reach out a hand. Fear is a cunt. You spray their hands and mouth because you're so afraid of whatever is making you feel is making you feel so much. You spray their hands and then go hide. And hide and hide and hide, until showing your face becomes a threat.

Hawaiian journal of history

October 8, 2025

[History,Rants,Redux](#)

So, these constructs that taught everyone how to box it all in, I didn't have that. First, I was the fat little boy who seemed to know everything about volcanoes, whales, and the solar system circa 1980. Then the fat pre-pubescent who seemed to know it all, and who certainly believed he did. From the age of 12, I could do whatever I wanted to. No curfew. No rules. (I didn't break any major societal ones; that came much later.) And at 16, I was on my own in Tacoma at university. The smartest boy in the room, so even more, I could do or say anything I wanted. And everyone seemed to listen. They asked for more. Now, in this relationship world of deadlines and people who cannot understand the pace, I think I am troubled. I used to drink to slow down so I could speak slowly enough. The problem has been that I don't enjoy or naturally speak or think slowly. Imagine your mind is a browser. Mine is only comfortable with 26 tabs open, and I'm monitoring all of them. This path, though unnatural to me, will be healthier in terms of my interactions. Do I want to shut down 25 tabs so I can make everyone else happy? Can I live in the 1?

A story about everything

October 6, 2025

[Fiction](#), [History](#), [Rants](#), [Redux](#)

How do we start this? How do I tell a story about everything by telling a story about me? Why would you care about me? I certainly don't. Why should you? I'll give you a reason. This isn't a story about me. It isn't about what happened to me, though that is all I'm going to tell you. Every word that follows is about you. I only know what I've seen and read, so I can only write that. But none of it is that specific. I'm not that good.

This is my story, so it's everyone's story. It's my voice, but it's your voice too. My friend told me I was self-absorbed. I've been wrapped up in the vision in my mind since I knew I had a mind. Her calling me out is just saying the obvious.

We were talking about lovers. She's happy with hers. I've been juggling. I was telling her that as I get older, it has become very easy to talk people into doing what you want them to do, especially sexually. We have this whole pretense, mostly women, about how sex is this fortress that needs to be climbed or conquered. It is not. It wants to surrender. It wants to be given up. It just needs a reason. If not for the world, then for itself. Legs want to know why they are spreading. I didn't know that when I was a boy. I was always looking for a superfluous cause. Everything is so simple if you don't make it difficult.

It's why drunks succeed before they get too drunk. Alcohol removes pretense. It removes that chameleon dance where you jump and jump and try to fit this skin or that color. And instead just be the fucking lizard that you are.

Deep Ellum

October 2, 2025

[History](#), [Rants](#), [Redux](#)

I stood with you, three feet away from Robert Cray at the Gypsy Tea Room in Deep Ellum. The blues. I've always had such an affinity for sadness. Some come to mind. I'm not sure if it was born or learned, but it certainly is. I watched the movie, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, because I thought it might be sexual (spoiler alert: not really, unless you're very patient). And then I tried to read the book because I liked the title. I bought the titular *Fine Young Cannibals'* first album for the same reason (and the *Screaming Blue Messiahs*). I still don't understand the former. I still listen to the latter.

Can you kick it?

October 2, 2025

[History](#), [Rants](#), [Redux](#)

This is always how it starts. The voices and music don't come until much later. But this is how it starts.

The anger and the boredom build. Drown them both in wine. Then regret. And try to stop. Usually, on your own. Usually, it works. Overdose on B12 and fill yourself with water until your bladder bursts. Take cold water baths. Bath because you don't want to seize and fall in the shower. Not too much water, because you don't want to drown like Whitney Houston. Soft music. Shallow cold water. B12, B12, B12. Valium if you have it. Ativan, but that usually requires an ER visit. Lie down in the dark, someplace soft in case you seize and fall.

Who would choose this? Your judgment means nothing. I don't want this any more than the people who love me want to watch it.

And I know you're mad at me. I said some shit before I started trying to kick. That ain't me. I mean, I guess it's obviously a part of me. This fucking predilection. I guess I mean it, but it's shit you don't say out loud, yet you do when you're fucked up.

Am I going to kick this time? Probably not forever. It's a running joke among addicts of every kind: it's so easy to quit, I've done it 75 times. But that, if there is one, is the devil. And when you dance with the devil, I promise you, the devil doesn't change. You do.

Hindsight

October 2, 2025

[History,Rants,Redux](#)

I'm at my best early. And four am is such a cliché. I remember our shared, casual sadness, bathed in a hope that cried for the sun to rise. This human condition is weird. Defined by its humanity. Your body. Where the skin was so soft and where the bones were hard. Those determinations were not yours. And what they wrought was sometimes choice. I like to think of you as soft. But I'm not speaking about touch.

Binary determinism

September 29, 2025

[History](#), [Rants](#), [Redux](#)

When I was younger, better looking, and dumber, and still knew everything, I was convinced in the indisputable truth of binary determinism. All problems could be solved algorithmically. Broken down into its smallest components, every problem could eventually be converted into yes/no questions that always had a correct answer of yes or no, 1 or 0.

As I've gotten older and not-so-wise, I've realized, "Hey, not so fast."

Some questions have proven irrefutably, repeatedly, exasperatingly, and counter-intuitively to have not just more than one answer, but impossibly, every possible answer.

How profoundly that changes life and how it's lived. More accurately, it is this realization that causes perceived change because what is always was and will always be

He penikala melemele

September 25, 2025

[History](#), [Rants](#), [Redux](#)

You know, when I'm holding a pencil and my hand hurts and I don't have a computer to type in because last Thursday I got drunk and walked away from my laptop in the park? Run-on sentence. You probably don't know. I'll tell you what happens, and you act incredulous. I'll try not to say the things alcohol would say. But you can't tell the truth and tell people what they want to hear. Am I happy? Fuck no. Are you happy? I don't know anyone who is happy for the next five minutes after they smile. It's an inconvenient truth how much it hurts to open your eyes in the morning. I look at my son. I look at my daughter. And there is a true respite, however brief. Then my son cries because something hurt him. What is the correct response? Kill what did it? Here's the truth about life. It's mostly really boring. Some good shit happens that you planned for, some happens just because. And some shitty things happen. It can't be avoided. People lie. People die. Nihilism is an easy choice. It's very easy to wander, and the conclusion that nothing matters is within arm's reach. You know, I look into my girlfriend's eyes, even after a fight, even after she just said, "I'm not your girlfriend." In her weird European accent. And it makes me smile. Those eyes are so beautiful even when they're crossed. You know what? No matter how much I hope for the contrary? I will die. Everyone I love will die. And if I'm alive when it happens, I won't like it. What are you going to do?

Boulder 1991

September 20, 2025

[History](#)

So I can sit here full of rage. Or I can put the fire out. The last time I was fat was at the Cuervo (beach volleyball) in 1991 in Boulder with Kep and assorted hot girls. I had tweed, multi-colored board shorts with a thread unraveling to my left knee. It's funny what you remember.

A voice from the pretty crowd said, "Sit down, fat ass." Quiet calls for calm and respect mocked in four syllables. Da da da DUH. And I was embarrassed. I pretended I saw who said it. I feigned anger. I felt shame.

Two months of steeped fear later. I lost all the weight. Then I lost more. And I was pretty like you're supposed to be. Happy is a long-term find. It doesn't just land in your hand because you did what you were supposed to. It's a ghost whispering at sunset, fleeting. It is a smile clenched. It is never again and probably never was. It wins six nights in a row on Jeopardy. Hollow.

Yes, you understand pain. But it's different. You were born beautiful. You hurt because people don't act like you expect. I hurt because they are what they are.

7-11

September 19, 2025

[History,Rants,Redux](#)

I don't feel lucky, I feel saddled. I feel trapped within this bubble of "supposed to be." I played along. I really did my best. Best is never enough. There's always better. There are past mistakes for everyone. Eidetic and see them every time you close your eyes. Close your eyes, but your mind is 7-11; always open, taking anyone in. The power of pathology is difficult to explain to people who function as people. Get married, have 2.3 kids, buy a house, just be happy. There are those of us who look like you. Went to the same schools. Eat turkey at Thanksgiving. We look the same. But this cognitive dissonance between what I see and what I feel is undeniable.

I get to judge

September 15, 2025

[History,Rants,Redux](#)

There are two kinds of hard rock fans. The first enjoy Brian Johnson's vocals, as do I. We all loved *Back in Black*. The second, remember when Bon Scott came out with bagpipes and a kilt, and I'm in the group too. He gave zero fucks. And Angus Young was thrashing half-naked even as a boy dressed like a schoolboy because he was one. Then Kiss blew up and merchandised everything that a logo fits on. And Ozzy was snorting ants in the parking lot on a dare because he said he would do anything, and he certainly did even more than that. I understand that impulse. "You can't possibly swallow that whole thing." "Give it to me. Right now. Give it to me." "I don't think that's safe." "Now you're the voice of reason? Give it to me." Oh yeah, Mötörhead opened and Lemmy never looked down from the microphone and made punks look like hippies, which in a way they are. I have the word punk tattooed across my neck. I get to judge.

Unreliable narrator

September 15, 2025

[Fiction](#), [History](#), [Redux](#)

I **am** an unreliable narrator.

I make no pretense to disinterest. Everything I use to fill the vacuum of this life is done by choice. Consciously or subconsciously, I am neck deep in my interests and biases. So are we all. The difference is my memory. It is eidetic. I can often remember things exactly as they happened. The trick to being unreliable is the interpretation of these events to suit the argument I am making, which may or may not remain consistent. It really depends on the moment. It depends on the audience.

Now for the hard part. Sometimes I am the sole member of this audience. And the cognitive dissonance that occurs during the process of packaging a situation is far more dissonant when the package is for self-consumption. It's not impossible, clearly. And by what I've witnessed, I'm not the only person doing it. You see it in a color-by-numbers, kindergarten-simplicity when the law becomes involved. Statements are taken, snap judgments are made, then all evidence that fits a hypothesis is hoarded, while anything that subverts the accepted idea of "what happened" is summarily dismissed as coincidence or superfluous. In our personal lives, we do this shit on a whole other level. Why? Because we are fighting for our perceived actualization and the definition of our capital-s Self. That is a constant battle waged from cradle to grave, and everything is sacrificed in its effort.

The few individuals who can subvert this compulsion, or rise above it, are pointed to as heroes and anomalies of selfless wonder. Again, I don't include myself, even remotely, among these beautiful freaks of human nature.

Pi revisited

August 17, 2025

[Rants, Redux](#)

Pi is a never-ending unfolding of an unlimited process. To the right of the decimal point, the numbers appear never to settle into repetition. For all intents, it is random in a way no intelligence, organic or artificial, can improve. In these ways, pi is a perfect proxy for what can never be known. No matter how long we look.

Perfect

August 11, 2025

[History](#), [Rants](#), [Redux](#)

What do you want? Perfect? Perfect shames and mocks you constantly. Should I bother spending half my life learning how to spell words that no one ever uses? Would that be perfect? Would a perfect score on the SATs make me perfect? Dial down a little when you judge me. Full disclosure? I'm almost the opposite of perfect. My brain articulates well. Don't confuse that with I know what the fuck anything means or what I'm talking about. I'm the same sapient primate that you are.

Silence

August 9, 2025

[Rants](#)

Now watch me move the middle. I eat beauty all day, and then I reckon it a mess. Secrets, lies? They can't be trusted in my ears or mouth. I'm good at lots of things. Silence is not one of them.

The ear of the mind of the soul

August 9, 2025

[Rants, Redux](#)

The difference is I was finished. I didn't want it anymore. I'm not sure I ever wanted it. It felt like I wanted it. When I was holding it. I watched the heart of it beating. And I thought about what would make it stop. The heart is the ear of the mind of the soul. I wanted silence.

Calm air

August 8, 2025

[Rants, Redux](#)

There is a calm, creative air that my air breathes. And my best words are an approximation of this air. The wind blows harder occasionally, and it changes what I have to say. How about this? Know I love you. No matter what comes out of my mouth for 42 seconds. It's going to be shitty. And it's going to be true. And then it will be done.

Human nature

August 8, 2025

[Rants, Redux](#)

I don't know how I know, but I know I know. That seems solipsistic, but, in fact, it is the opposite. I don't know myself at all except looking backward. I constantly amaze myself with what I'm capable of doing. If my life were a movie, I would nudge you in the theater every three minutes, asking, "What the fuck did he just do?"

Give me three minutes around you, though, and I will know exactly what you're going to do next. I know human nature, I just don't know mine.

Soft-boiled egg

August 6, 2025

[Fiction](#), [History](#)

She was slightly taller than me, 76 times better looking, and super age-inappropriate.

“Why do you like me?” I asked.

“I like smart.”

And so this weird thing began. She was smart, too. More street smart than me. Unfortunately, she had earned that. She was a soft-boiled egg—hard outside and soft in the middle.

The curse of knowing

July 31, 2025

[History, Redux](#)

How do you turn good into bad? How do you make things better when the easy always keep making things worse? Why is bad easier? Why is it bad? Most of us choose it soe of the time. Then we judge. We hate in others what we dislike in ourselves. This life is a crazy thing.

Sentience gave us rule of this world, but it also brought us inescapable suffering. Gazelles don't fear death even when its neck is in a lion's mouth. We got understanding. Loss became reality then we got fear. Knowing is fear.

Count

July 17, 2025

[Fiction, Poetry, Rants](#)

This is the new beginning. The new originals. The new today. This is not countable. It is impossible to count. Impossible to accurately measure. If the universe has a bookkeeper, then this is accounted for somewhere. But for all real purposes, there will be no count. It's a thought exercise. Like wondering how many potentially fatal doses I've ingested, or how many times I've actually been close to death. No one is counting. But it is a set of integers greater than one and less than infinity.

Sociopath

July 15, 2025

[Rants, Redux](#)

Of course, we all have the ultimate responsibility for who we end up being. By the time that happens—is happening—blame has almost no real value anyway. And culpability is only recognized by the small subset of the guilty who possess insight **and** the ability to feel guilt.

Turning the dial

July 15, 2025

[History, Redux](#)

I do remember that night. We were on the patio, so you existed in half light. Coffee. SoCo. Late-night Austin. So beautiful and sad you were. You knew what your part was. I asked who you stayed with when you went home to Beaumont. “I don’t want to talk about that.” The internet churns. I already knew. I saw the pictures. I swallowed my tongue, and we laughed at Greg Giraldo. The implosion wasn’t fast, but it was quick.

Everything is nothing

June 21, 2025

[Rants, Redux](#)

Peace seems like a silly word to use here. Which is weird because I'm a pacifist. My rage looks in the mirror and hates what it sees. The milieu is safe. I'm pretty sure I've never hit someone in anger on purpose. Your conspicuous rage baffles me. Which is weird because there is a storm in the center of me that will never quiet. It's the sun and the moon and the stars, all at once, burning a fire that never stops.

Diaphragm

June 21, 2025

[Rants, Redux](#)

I wish to think that we're not just slaves to dopamine and serotonin levels. The cynic in me recognizes chemicals and their resulting imbalances. The part of me still capable of tricking the rest cries, "Love!" I listen to songs or I read poems and the words shuck and jive, as they should, but sometimes one or three land a punch to the celiac plexus and still manage to draw my breath. Just like the literal and metaphoric heart, the diaphragm is a muscle that might work forever without your notice. Until something goes wrong.

2023-24

June 17, 2025

Click on the .pdf link to access posts from 2023-24.

[2023-24.pdf](#)

Ambition kills

March 8, 2025

[Bumper Stickers](#), [History](#), [Rants](#)

You don't know me like I was. The me when I was corporate. It's why I was always welcome and always rehired through my myriad proclivities. You never understood my value, and it's why you wrongfully think I have no ambition. I am loyal. I am political to a fault. In that world, I only knew resilience and survival. I ate people I didn't like or who I thought were unhelpful. I would sabotage your bungee cord and return your smile when you jumped. I'm much, much softer now. There are still teeth in my mouth and bile in my gut.

Letter to someone

February 27, 2025

[Correspondence](#), [History](#), [Rants](#)

It's weird, all these things I curated to a greatness in my mid-teens have come around to be the defining characteristics in haute couture. You might know the story of how I went to undergraduate Tacoma with nothing but a box of ill-fitting sweaters, two pairs of size-44 Levis 501s (that I squeezed into so I wouldn't have to buy a bigger pair), and 500 LPs ranging from Kiss to Depeche Mode to Iron Maiden to Nina Simone to Queen to Rocky Horror to Miles Davis to the Escape From New York Soundtrack. I didn't even pack a turntable and wouldn't have one for my first three months in school. I carried all of those albums into a future I had no idea what would bring; they were how I defined a pretty big part of myself. And in just 12 months, I would trade all of those albums at the Jelly's on Pensacola for the promise of about 40 "permanent" compact discs.

The lament I have for that moment is not financial. There are far greater "what—ifs" that would have resulted in far higher values lost or found. At best, those albums might fetch five figures if the collection remained intact, and mostly undamaged (highly unlikely). I lost more selling Apple stock too early (I still made a lot, not life-changing a lot). But that makes for a good story. This one always feels like a blow long lost could-have-been. Those albums were me. And I traded them all in for the illusion of a new permanence. I rebuilt that CD collection even larger, and the mp3 collection larger still. But I've never had something in my personal space like those discs.

The salt

February 27, 2025

[History](#), [Rants](#), [Redux](#)

This is how you fall when it's inevitable. Falling when you stumble is so predictable. The shoestring. The inevitable. Falling when you know you're falling.

Brush off the arms pulling you perpendicular to the ground. "Brush off" has more intent than what happened. Shrug off is a better choice of words. Ignore the whispers. Ignore the screams. Ignore the blood. Blood coagulated. Coagulated. It made the effort to stop. This is not that. This is, I don't know.

Wake up to a dog licking your knee because it (your knee, not the dog) was still bleeding. He liked the salt. (I type that, and I suddenly find it very funny.) He liked the salt. Not table salt. Not sodium chloride. We iodize it because, by itself, it is not enough. This is all a metaphor.

Now you are her

January 26, 2025

[Rants](#)

Heartbreak—no matter how predictable or anticipated—lands as a singularity, a before-and-after point. Once there was warm certainty, now cold distance. Once there was we, now only me. Once there was you, but now you are her.

Rehab doesn't work

January 23, 2025

[Rants, Redux](#)

Generalizations are usually not a good idea. This one holds. This is not a qualitative deconstruction. There is no agenda. Look at the numbers. Crowdsource the answer. You can lie, but 1 billion nods move in the same way. Listen to anecdotes. Ask anyone even tangential to the process. Yes and no questions are rare, but here, the answer, like $1+1$ is always 2, is always no. I can point to 200 that died today. In memoriam. Black and white. Slow-motion. That's heroin and alcohol. Those are easy. It doesn't matter. Choose something slightly less toxic, at least slower. Tobacco? Sugar? Ask someone to stop. Put a black lung on Instagram, then reply with a cirrhotic liver. Give someone a new lung. A new liver. Say, "Don't smoke." "Don't drink." Metastasis is far more clever than you are. It's far more insidious than even me. Just quit. You know better. Try harder. Yes, 12 steps that anyone can choose at any time, and it's all in this big blue book. Now, choose it. Choose. You're not trying. It's your original sin that makes you choose otherwise. It's a choice. You choose no. You choose to lie where you are. You are choosing. To lie. Lie where you are. Don't choose. Don't choose. You. For the overwhelming majority, rehab doesn't work.

Spleen

January 23, 2025

[History](#), [Poetry](#), [Redux](#)

I think my spleen hurts. I'm not quite sure where my spleen is, left side, I'm pretty sure, that's why I'm not 100% on the diagnosis. I fell when I was drunk a few years back; it's not like my pee is orange or has blood in it.

I used to tell people that my family dies of things they put in their mouth, mostly cigarettes, but sometimes too much food or alcohol (once it was an ice pick through the mouth into the carotid, but I don't think that counts in the spirit I intended). I don't smoke. And for a long time now, I don't drink. Mine would be the first spleen casualty, though I'm pretty sure you can live without your spleen if it's removed before its rupture causes peritonitis or, more likely, exsanguination. I'm sure there have been times when my liver could have been happier with me. I cross the street carefully.

People want to die fast. While sleeping if possible. There will never be a DNR order on my charts. I want to live forever by any means necessary. Dulce et decorum es pro dignitas morti. Bullshit. I see no nobility in giving up. My personal black eternity happened for at least 13.6 billion years before me, and I'm not looking forward to going back.

On the other hand, even if you believe in all that rah! rah! Christian stuff, living forever seems like it might get boring. I get tired after an hour of sex or seven hours at Disneyland and I love both of those.