

SEDIMENTARY IGUANA-LAND

CARL MILLER DANIELS

BareBackPress

pale shadow of your former beauty

Now let's talk about the past

and the worms

that bore into my skull

do these worms burp?

jeez i hope so

burps are so simple

and the past can seem

so complex...

the skies that turn red

the dawns that rise pink

ps the sucked dicks, the

un-licked assholes

I shall soon be

dust.

So shall you.

Just dust.

dust. (ARE THESE DOTS

IT?)

ALL

of

it? dust.

ALL.

dust. (so... very

Kansas?)

allusional

without...

This blog is
passion. This
blog is beauty.

Everything is art.

Art is no joke. Haha.

There is no nihilism.

Only wheat thins, and
asparagus.

And soap. And Jim Beam bourbon
and Canada Dry ginger ale, mixed
gently, over ice... ahhh.

And, by the way, bologna is
not cheese.

Long live Marcel

Duchamp, my long-dead
dada friend.

wanted

sexy boy with

LONG SLIMY FINGERNAILS...

i

guess it

must be halloween

or at least

october

Dealing with **mental**

health issues

such as...

writing poetry

Life

Don't expect me to be
normal.

Don't expect anyone to
be normal.

Don't expect.

FUCK!

old car.

the smell of old upholstery.

old.

(young boys, waiting in the wings,
playing with each other's
penises.)

better. much

spanish dicks

french dicks

"these things happen."

I Am Divine

Harris Glen Milstead
John Waters

West Side Story
Leonard Bernstein

my only poem about
writing a poem

it's like all my poems
are accidents.

accidents

and my real life just
considers cheerfully on...

To All People who think you
are artists...

You are!

Doesn't mean you are good.

Doesn't mean you are bad.

Just means... you are.

(sometimes that's enough??)

My Overall Philosophy
about growing old --

everything (die)

enjoy it while it
still works.

Art is about creating the
illusion of intimacy --
with perfect strangers.

Art is about creating the
illusion of intimacy --
and yet we are
alone.