

1

poems by an avocado

April, 2017

you can call anything a project and then it is one, a new thing
saying to death: not yet thanks but while you're here is there a
poem in you

A sheet of paper
ruled by lines
holding this thought:
your burden is heavy
and
bearing it has made you
different from me
(The next line makes a mistake:
Where it should be solid, there's space,
)

volzumasrfz asked: how nutritiional are avocados

how noble in potassium, how infinite in photosynthesis, in form and moving how sedate and admirable, in action how like an orange, in apprehension how like a pear! the beauty of the world, the paragon of fruits

There are sparrows living in the terminal
While departure announcements play
They swoop over people
Making comfortable perches on flatscreen mounts over QR
codes and Seinfeld
Dark lives against white drop ceiling tiles
Not refugees; newcomers

most doctors don't care if you know about this one weird
fruit, the avocado,
most doctors are too busy to care about your knowledge of
fruits bc of capitalism

a concert of choral music performed by professional and aspiring beekeepers and it's called Lift Every Voice and Sting, maybe Sting is there

8

If you don't do what they say, they have no power

this works for fears, maybe other things too

kiss me with your lips
decaying
share a cell,
your last meal
ours

I think we could live

The bigger we but not the only we

the cat enjoys smelling library books
(this is a poem about a cat's hobby by an avocado)

twitter lets anyone put "real" in front of their name but only a clownish fraud like an avocado or a president of the usa would do it

bees mean there will be other fruits later

everything
happens
between one
breath
and another

In this idea you can be a small but capable boat
on waters that are bigger than you

These words can be a line
tethering

A hand can be a rope
in this idea

and sometimes not

Where the waves are real,
a gaze in passing,

a leaf,

the thought of fruit,
can keep you here

separate a feeling from the catalyst of feeling

allow the feeling and let it pass

be a fruit on an ad site

tbh it's a way of not doing war

You say I took the name in vain
I don't even know the name
But if I did, well, really, what's it to you?
There's a blaze of light in every word
It doesn't matter which you heard
The holy or the broken Avocado
Avocado, Avocado
Avocado, Avocado

I did my best, it wasn't much
I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you
And even though it all went wrong
I'll stand before the Lord of Song
With nothing on my tongue but Avocado
Avocado, Avocado
Avocado, Avocado
Avocado, Avocado
Avocado, Avocado
Avocado, Avocado
Avocado, Avocado
Avocado, Avocado
Avocado, Avocado
Avocado

The fear came again. I asked it what it thought would happen.
It told me. Then it left.
I remain.

White people started to lose things
It wasn't what anyone had expected to happen
but it happened anyway
Every day more and more things went missing
White people approached police
especially in areas white people hardly ever saw before
walked up to police and talked
looked each other full human in the eyes and talked
about missing things
things lost
things unfound
and the police had to help
What else are police for
Why else have so many around
A lot of people must be missing something
And the white people needed all their help
The police were so busy helping the white people
they never got around to killing anyone again
No one ever found the lost things either
Might have made the whole thing up
No way to know with white people

#introduction

I am not a man.

You can think of me as a fruit.

I am thinking of chickens.

A chicken, seeing an egg, sits on an avocado.

What can a chicken expect? Not orchards.

Words are stillness in pursuit of motion.

Sitting is motion. Expecting is still.

For now and here, I sit with you, a fruit, a witch, a whole, and none of these.

I am not the words. I am that motion the words approach by sitting still, apart.

But a fruit, which was

a seed,

its root,

a stalk,

then leaves,

then flowers,

then itself?

A fruit is something like a spell.

A spell is words and will and then not knowing:

“What words will chase our next becoming?”

you can reach an avocado by email
realavocadofact@protonmail.com
tyvm