

Your Words. Volume 1

(To be read aloud)

by Chase Tyler Nelson

To give a single word
Is to give the entire universe

Thank you for your words

Sumo

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @wittyself

Could a thing so large move so quick?
Could it spin and could it twist?

What a dance so ancient, a dance so old
Sacred bows with looks so cold.
Bare body of a man, so round, so bold.

Could you stand so tall with all your fat exposed?
Could you stomp and clap, and hold a pose?

And with only cloth preserving private parts,
Could you go to war and not be torn apart?

Feel deep to Earth
Beneath your feet
And push from here
Toward flesh-clapping meet
And fall heavy here in your defeat
And repeat
And repeat

Til you know in victory
Every soul's the same
No matter weight of meat.

Illuminate

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @jscar82

Only when the day is gone
Only in the depth beyond
Only when the darkness comes
Only here where fear belongs
Only in the deepest cave
In windowless and hollow nave
The place where air is heavy thick
In the very darkest thick of it

Only here do I see right
Your eyes aglow like candlelight
While others dim around the heart
Your bright burning fire starts
When hopes have cooled to tepid ash
Your spirit strikes white lightening flash

Only in the deepest cave,
Your love unfolds to warm our days
To shine our meager narrow way
To places we can feel safe
To glowing orange familiar face

In dark
It's clear
You illuminate.

Generosity

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @kmprice

If I were a little boy
In a world with no more toys

If I felt scared
And you did too
And I saw your tears
Through the window
Of your room

I'd cross the street between our homes,
Just to touch your hand.
I'd cross any stretch
of God forsaken land.

If I had one
Last red balloon
I'd blow it up
And give it to you.

Dancing Girl Emoji

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @gab1p

A whirling dervish finds his stillness
In the eye
Of the storm

The spin of your dress
Your dark hair against your red lips
The way your eyes flash
Feet stomp
Hands clap

Your fingers paint hieroglyphs in the air
I read them nightly in my hungry dreams

This southern Spanish flame
Licking at the stage
Kicking
Dancing

Do you make the music? Or does it make you?

Enigma of my suspended heart
Phantom of passion
Kali
Come
Calling

Do you dance the guitar. Or does it dance you?

The dervish spins
And his mind is still.

You spin
And
The universe
Holds
Its breath

Would I breathe again
Could I spin
In time
With you?

Neat

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @sean_maclean

It's a clean thing
Really
With the right process
And the right instruments

These bodies are a mess
But I
Am a maker of order

Flesh on a cold metal slab
Butchers work

Is also a clean thing
With the right process
And the right instruments

Cold is important
And surely
First
Draining
All varieties
Of fluid

A sharp scalpel
And a strict order
Head to toe
Organ by organ
Inspection: Thorough.

I sew them up
My stitching: Neat.

Give them to the undertaker
And write the report.

I tell them
Only what they want to hear

But never the truth:

The cause of death
Is always
the same

It's life.

Juicy

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @jocelyn.kelly.reid

Grape burst
Sweet to tart
Tongue twisting art

I salivate
Hungrier with every taste
Some fruits
Like devil's work
Will never ever satiate
Only now invigorate
My ever desperate famished state

Your curving call to procreate
My primal unadulterated rage
In ravaging one's holy mate

Divine our fire
Burning gates

My breath to bate

Lip bit
What fruit would burst
So sweet as this?

Not orange, not peach
Not red watermelon
Would call the armies
Like Troy of Helen

Nor fig

And its fleshy skin
Nor plum
Running off my stubbled chin
Nor pomegranates bliss within
Nor any other fruited kin

Lord,
Give me sin.

This fruit
With endless ocean
Hid within.

I'd pick the tree
Slow
Limb
By limb

I'll pick it bare
If I begin.

What fruit so juicy, plump and ripe
Made good men lost
To wrong and right

Etiquette

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @speak_to_soul

It's not proper, Dear
She would say
When we'd run naked
In the summer sprinklered mist
It's bad enough they don't have shoes on

It's just not proper, Dear,
She would say
If I set the fork to the right
Or squeezed green peas between my little fingers
What will the others think?

In coats of mink
With fancy pinky flagged drinks
Hollow laughs and crystal clinks
Gossiping like loose-lipped shrinks
Perfume to hide the rot that stinks
The waltz of squares makes spirits shrink
Righteous sea where hearts will sink
Just what, oh what
Would the others think?

We're civilized, not savages
Court ladies with corseted lavishes
Coitus like planting rows of radishes
Never romps, Lord, never ravages.

So sit still, now dear,
Do what you're told
Don't be yourself,
Don't be so bold

We'll put this world
Right in its place
Pretend you like it,
Don't make that face

Say thank you and you're welcome, Dear
Or I fear the others may think you queer

She'd say,
When we'd go out dressed "that" way.

It's not proper,
The lords would complain.
When the poor and hungry held out
Their
dirty
skinny
hands

It's bad enough with the plague these days
Why don't these vagrants stay away.

Propriety to congratulate
Silk linens made specially to masturbate
But days will come when silver spoons,
Are useless with an empty plate.

A warning to the clergy
Calling animals
The things they ate

Etiquette is gloved in white
But the rules may find their roots in hate

Grace

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @beyond.bodywork

Is there any other word
With more definitions in the dictionary
And less meaning

And what could be more worthy of understanding?
That all the other hollow words make this one.

Divine Beauty, Virtuous Light of God's Love and Approval

I've said nothing
And still, we must labor to both serve and taste
The most illusive force
It is Grace.

What holy grail?
What riddle?

Only in forgetting, is it remembered
Only in losing, do we find it
Only in sour times, is such a sweet fruit tasted

Only a man,
Made light through heavy days
Could walk with such a fair maiden

Her very glance
The sun that burns the flesh of vampires
And other forms of ghouls
The pain of rusted shackles breaking

At once, the burn and the balm

At once, the courageous act and the parade
At once, a million mile voyage across seas of doubt
And the very sight of your home port
Where bells ring
For your return

The unthinkable act of love
For love exists in the realm beyond words and thought

The unthinkable act
Which joins tears with laughter
Turns enemy to friend
Shows the death of day to be the birth of night

Were it water, it would be a river and a lake and an ocean.
Were it air, it would be a tempest and a lover's hot whisper.

Were it a woman,
She would always be dancing.

When the world plays a poor note
She spins with every inch of her flowing form
She is the tempest in her twirl
A lover's hot whisper ready on her wet lips
A river in her curves
Lakes, her knowing eyes
An ocean, this gentle infinite power.

See
She makes
The music
Perfect.

And still, I have said nothing
Yet you have the taste of Grace

Serenity

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @irmacacaj

I lowered myself into the gentle center of the river
Orange canyon walls framing that sky
I leaned back my head
Ears going under
And
For a moment
There was only the world
And nothing else.

—

*Mi sono calato al centro del fiume gentile
I pareti di roccia arancione incorniciando quel cielo
Mi appoggio alla testa
Orecchie vanno sotto
E
Per un attimo
C'era solo il mondo
E nient'altro.*

Compress

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @schmaz

You must step back
You're too close here
From here
It looks like war

Two walls of metal
Closing toward one another
The space between
Ever smaller
Ever tighter
Until none of us can breath

Our faces blue
Eyes panicked wide
Nostrils hungry flared

No room to be
When where two walls meet
How did we get in the middle
Of these things?

You must step back
You can't see from here

It was always
Just the coils
Of a spring.

Breath. And get ready to fly.

Warm

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @caitflanders

Could I seduce you to my feet?
They are still cold and it has been a very long winter.

Could you come into the air?
For I'd see the ground again, but the snow has yet to melt.

Could you sneak into my heart?
For there, it has been winter for far too many years.

Would you hide within my words?
For I would thaw the whole world over.

Would you linger in my touch?
That when it traced on skin, it sang both of safety and fire.

Would you melt butter?
For together we could make plain bread golden rich.

Would you come quick?
For I'd know Spring again, before the end.

Fiddlesticks

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @caurihammer

(To be read in an Irish accent - preferably of County Kilkenny)

Out on the road of the Wicklow Way
Beyond the sun's shine and deep in the rain
There's a pub, more a hovel, that's never been named
And it's not on a map, what's all more the shame

Because every fine Thursday round about noon
A bard stumbles in, well he's more of a goon
But he sings a fine tale and weaves a true tune
And by half past of four, he's well drunken to loon

But too loon or too moon he's filled up the room
With a sound that's so honey, every single gal swoons
And his words cast a spell like the seeing man's runes
And he takes out his strings, and you know that's a boon

For in the green country, a man's not a man,
Unless fingers fly on his string-playing hand
Unless fingers dance up the neck of the lass
Unless fiddlesticks prance till she pulls off his pants

Now I joke and I jest, but my hand to my chest
Don't take no offense until you've heard the rest
And I'll stress,
His words make a lady tear off her dress

So he has to beware and to cast a good spell
For he'd take them to heaven fore he'd take them to hell
So the bard or the goon or whoever he be
We go on the journey whichever he leads

It leads deep within where he opens the heart
Where all the bars patrons are falling apart
All the sky's tears of a sad troubled past
All of the anger is all cooled to grey ash

Every hard grudge is melted to gold
Over waves of emotion, the whole bar is rolled
Deep in a trance we croon, how we crow
The devil let go from deep down below

And we spin all about and our feet pound the floor
And if he stops for a moment, well, we beg him for more
And he plays, oh he plays, till the devil's worn down
Then he just whispers the dearest of sounds

The strings well they whistle like a zephyr through pine
And his voice starts to echo like we're down in the mine
How it shines, Yes, it really is fine
So sublime that you're certain you're losing your mind

You've sat now, the dancing past prime
Drawn in by the low cantor of rhyme
A humble man here, not many of kind
Drawn down by the slow canter of time

And you'll wake the next day, where you sat, now you lay
Sheepish to red cuz you're naked as babes

Every last one stripped of every last bit
Showing every last lump and every last tit
And you'll all put the pieces back in their place
But somehow the smiles, they won't leave your red face

And you'll wonder some times, if it was only a dream

But it's clear you've been cleansed of anything mean
And your heart and your mind have been thoroughly cleaned
And you see, just right where, he left his fiddlesticks lean

Untethered

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @hepcarestream

I'm waiting to see a sign that says
"All Dogs Must Be *Off* Leash"
Because, I'm ready to bite

This bondage has rubbed through my skin
It chaffed, it oozed
Now it bleeds
Soon it will be infected
And I may go mad with fever

Off the line
I'd run like I used to
With my whole body loose
Letting gravity pull me down the big hills
My arms wide
Smiling

Off the line
I'd tell you what I really think
But I'd only say nice things
If I felt free to say anything

Off the line
I'd love like hippies
Free topless drugged-up spinning
Until I fell into flesh
And just did only what felt
Really good

If you were to untie this cord
I may fly

Float to the ends of the earth
Send postcards from Mauritania
Or Canada

I could do anything then
But then
I'd have to decide what to do

It may be better to stay tied to you
I whispered to my fear

Hypothetical

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @therobenglish

Root 'thesis', from Latin:

Unaccented syllable in poetry

I'm worried now I haven't accented my syllables
Nor do I know how

From Greek:

a proposition, a downbeat in music

a setting down, a placing, an arranging

In this torrid sea of sounds and sights and senses,
How would we point to the music?
In a boundless universe,
How would we draw edges?
In the thick wood of consciousness,
How would we mark the way?

See

A downbeat gives you something to cling to
You can't help but move, can't help but bounce too
And when you bounce, your boo do
And out of nowhere you're making magic like voodoo

For the first, you're hearing something brand new
That's always been in the ether and somehow snuck through
Like somehow we all listened to 2Live Crew
It may or may not be true

But in our minds we hold plans and we play them through
Like time travel in the real, Dude.
Envision possible realities like wizards do
Go to the future to be sure our life gets cool

I see myself, I'll give him daps cuz I like to break rules
Don't worry about the time-loops, it's only theoretical
Like marijuana's only medical. Heretical!
We carried that one long enough. Let's let it go.

Don't worry nothing's lost, it was only hypothetical.

Discernment

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @liveyourrad

And the waves come

We've been here a while now

Haven't we?

Just beyond the break

Bare chested

Goose bumps and easy smiles

Hair wet and salty and in our faces

Boards, between our legs

Here is where you taught me

It's not in the look of a thing

But in the feel of its approach

The early sun mosaic reflections dance

To the endless West

Others to the North

Others to the South

Searching for their own

Us, always somehow near the middle of things

And its as much about waiting

As anything

But waiting is never nothing in the ocean

It's the music of the rhythm of this heaving mass

Rolling, growing, crashing on a curve

Melting to a quiet lull

The in-between time is where we learn

To hear beyond our ears
To see beyond our eyes
To feel beyond our kicking feet

I've tried for many, many that weren't mine
Slipping sideways early
Board shooting out from under
Paddling madly
Only to paddle back

I've caught many, many that weren't mine
Ridden short
Thrown hard
Tumbled and battered into cutting coral reefs

And I've caught enough, enough that were mine
Felt it a mile out
Rode it forever in
Smiled for a year

Somehow we forget as soon as we're beyond the break again
Back in the middle of things
That trying only wears you down

But I'm learning
Mostly waiting
Always watching them roll
Paddle to position
Listen
The music of the waves, the tone and volume, the speed and catch of each one
Feel for the pull
Enjoy the early sun
Ignore the rest
Yours is coming

Oh, and always watch out for sharks!

Succulent

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @boulderguidedretreat

To the last drop
That day we sat in the garden
Feet bare, hands earthen

It was July, I think
'Cause the dust painted our sweat
And we fed each other
Cherry tomatoes
That popped between our giggling teeth

Stain splattering my white shirt
Your light blue summer dress
Your skin tan

Take it off
I'll wash it
You said

Much, much later
Your eyes matched the stars
A new future full
Ripening within you
And we hadn't cleaned anything yet

It was just the most beautiful mess

Lucid

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @lali_divinebody

In thick cover of clouds
A crack breaks open
Like morning curtains
That one gap where day pours through

But you must remove your stick
from the water
If you want things
to settle

In the shallows
A fish must be still
to see

So you must be still
For you dwell in the shallows
The mirk is thick
And I'd have you find your way to the clear deep

So you can dive
So you can pick up speed

So you can know the rays that pour forth from the crack in the clouds
When you finally breach

Smilin'Atchya

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @sumsmiles

Must be that bright day
After days of the storm, Edinburgh in August rains
I had walked the silent graveyard till the warmth of morning
Hundreds of years of bones
And walked beyond its stone arch, just the other side of death
Where the city hummed to the beat of foot clapped cobblestones

I stopped to lean on the warm rock wall
And watch so many moving things
The joy of sunshine on those faces
Its warmth smiling my own eyes to happy lines

Of all the passers-by, not a soul met my gaze
No person looked back from deep within their world
Deep in mine, I didn't mind at all
Happy, just to watch a simple thing as life unfold

Until I caught you smiling at me, and me smilin' atchya back
Wasn't til I saw you there, the rhythm of my heart laid bare
The rhymes chanting in my mind made clear
And I knew
Just what I lacked

Gratitude

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @jkenglish33

I stopped on the corner of Geary and Larkin
And took the hand of a dying man
And sat there so he wouldn't die alone

He gazed right to the very center of my soul
I could not feel pity or feel even sad
His eyes alive, more perhaps than I'd ever know

Why do you smile, I asked, he said
Listen boy before you're dead.

I live with the deepest sense of being blessed
It comes most strong when I've had less
Not what we want but what we need
Bury want
To plant a mind of peace

His hand squeezed mine and I squeezed back
A tear rolled down from both our eyes
I know I had been mesmerized
The first sound of truth in a life of lies

He said, time'll fly, it'll pass right by
You won't get to know how
You don't get to know why
Everything you bought is gone when you die

And, he laughed, his hands to the sky
Look around, there's just nothing to buy

Your breath is so free and so is your smile

I've walked many years with only these things
And whistled all the while
I pay rent to the sky with my daily due
Of feces and urine and flatulence too

And the sun and the earth, well they grow my food
I pay with my song, notes of gratitude

What is this thing, I asked with despair?
You'd think I was dying
How I pulled out my hair

Don't fear
He said gently and patted my leg
Squeezed again at my hand and leaned back to lay
Or perhaps was it pray?
For he lay there in silence the rest of the day

And when sun set the whole sky to a blaze
with oranges and pinks of its now hidden rays
He said his lasts words, his last rhyme to say,
The rhyme finding its time in his final last day
And here's what the old bum would pray:

It's not to be given when you're given in turn
It's not to be touched, can't fill even an urn
Unearned, is the only way to
Be filled with the secret I whisper to you

Listen true
The gift is to see what is here
To look till you see every fine hair of a mare
A mare so divine that we ride her through time
In a place so sublime time stops on a dime

When you find

That there's nothing to do
But listen well, till the music comes through
And to dance till the days of your life have turned blue

No, don't kick with your spurs, don't pull at the reins
Let the bitch run, blood pumping through veins
Throw your arms wide, yes cast off your chains
Let the wind clear your mind, 'til nothing remains

And just before he took a very last breath,
He winked and he pointed to both of our chests

This is all that there is

Learn to love all the rest
And he died with his scraggily head on my chest

I said, thank you, my friend.
And, I'll do my best.

Wind

By Chase Tyler Nelson

The Word of @rana.meshkaty

And when I die
You will know me in the whisper of pines
The rattle of skittered oak leaves in fall

You will know me in the tilt of the ravens wings
Over the long ridge lines
In the spiraled rising of the vultures

You'll know me when your sail goes taut

In the way the August heat runs upriver
In the way the rain sneaks under your hood
To lick at your lips
Like I always loved to do
In the way the snow swirls around your hands

You'll hear me in the crashing waves
Know my lullaby sent them to sing you to sleep

You'll hear me in the fire's crack
Its reaches and its dips
It dances for me
Its glow, I move for thee

And when I die
You will know me in the whisper of pines