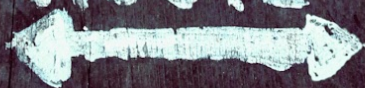


CAUTION
UNEVEN STEPS
ALTERNATE
ROUTE



[Alternate Route]

#1, Winter 2021

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ISSN 2767-0317

Winter 2021 (Date of issue: January 31st)

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This periodical proudly produced without institutional funding.

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Published in California.

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Body & Mind

Although the body & mind
can be conceptualised
as distinct
they are inextricably linked.

The body gives expression
to the mind's longing,
just as flowers express colour
as a means to birth others.

The body,
& therefore the mind,
will always find a way to take
the path of least resistance,

& belongs entirely to causation;
to the eternal unfolding of consequence
in which chance & predetermination
somehow co-exist.

The mind must decide how to live with this:
knowing that our autonomy is that
of autumn leaves...

So we lie to ourselves
because no one else

can carry the burden for us.

This is not wisdom.

It is observation
as sutures to a wounded conscience.

It is conscience
as consequence of impotent revenge,

& impotence
as unconscious attempt to make amends.

So, don't let these words fool you:
I know nothing about Truth.

I know only what occurs within me
as I play my small role in eternity.

Desire & Idea

Forever out of reach
it exists as if,
 born blind
they presented you with
an audio description
of a visual medium;

permanent distance, something
 missing,
no way
of knowing
how to affect the movement.

The desire exists
but the idea resists,
a furious rebellion
against simplicity,
 insisting on
misunderstanding, infested
potential
& perpetual ambiguity,

like the painful birth of conjoined twins,
who grow to want nothing more than
to love & be loved,
 beautiful & ugly,

just like us.

Nothing is Sacred

Nothing is sacred unless we make it
so why not run with me naked
through these trees that aren't
what they seem;
to be

or not to be
is not a question we need to answer,
not here, not when we're together,
where benevolent light
guides us through the forest
& into the clearing...

If only you could see
just how
beautiful you are right now with
the wind twisting its fingers
through your hair
& the air
enfolding us
turning golden...

Nothing is sacred,
but we give the void its colours
regardless*:
no meaning
beyond this nascent second

unfurling;
 a flower
in the sunlight
reaching up
 in supplication

to the sky.

*Albert Camus

Beyond Idempotence

Nothing else comes from yourself
when applied under
a binary operator

or when
interpolated between
History & the
hysterical performativity
demanded of us
by those who would
subject us to

isolation

so intense
that subjectivity blends
with the screen;

your/our/my
fingertips intimate with
plastic
& glass;
touching that
which can never touch back...

when enough of us
are stuck
like a bird with clipped wings,
escape mutates
from ease into extreme
banality.

We need
to break from this endless
imposition
of regulation upon our bodies,
the remorseless,
repetitive
demands
always controlling & quantifying
the value of our lives
to satisfy
the demands of profit.

I need you & you need me: we
need each other.

Solidarity is the only solution.

Fuck the impotence of idempotence
imposed upon us from above:

Multiply together & we'll become

infinite.

Writing

You want to put the barrel of the gun in their mouth,
to stop the noise drowning the music out;

in thrall to the curvatures described by birds in flight
& feelings inscribed in nameless street lights.

You want a language defiant of time:

indelible lines,
chords of memory
transcendental & sublime,

the contingencies of life unified;
into one
single

song.

You want what you cannot have:

an abstract/visceral expression of all that
unknowable,
ephemeral

sound enclosed within bones
where the brain sits
& compels you to this
futile release:

the fading gaze of a caged beast,

never the same as its first raw moment
of existence.

Haunted

Bite off your tongue,
spit out the blood
& say something more than
any word ever could.

Seal the wound with white-hot metal
& stuff with wire wool, stifle
a scream & feel a weak
edge where laughter descends
into the cruel or desperate;

ignore
the words that form & try to force
open your mouth.

Let no sound out.

& in silence
find the patience to discover
an unspoken secret;
the obscene foundation
of everything keeping us safe
from what awaits within.

Waits like a swallowed stone

to kill or be expelled
from these bodies haunted
by language:

a ritual sacrifice;
necessary
price to be paid, ridiculous
offering made
to satiate the infinite
& the horror it brings...

Now open your mouth,
& let it all out:
without a tongue
all sounds are one.

Family (P)ills

My
 mother stigmatizes
my drinking

That came out wrong;
what I meant to say was:

 She
psychically harasses
 me in to
submission

When?

 I
put my toes on the 5e books laying on top of the computer

I take my pills

 She is
 a supplement believer
Her psychosomatic effect is strong

That came out wrong;
what I meant to say was:

When I'm at my last thread of sanity, the family likes to

whisper just at the threshold of my hearing about how I
like destroying myself.

Shut Off

Shut out of cold wind I am rife with seconds of it
In smut, slithering on my ass and groping me the voices
do seem to be quieter
When written. But often this conundrum does not pose
moral or identity threats
To innocent people. So what of it?—am I? indecisive; the
moral quandary threatens
The heartbeat for those who won't and don't stop to
examine the contrarian
Evidence all up in that grill. No memory of forgetting, I
sit exactly as I am directed
And still the needles seem to find me. Fading off in the
distance, clubbing culture
Catches me by the ass and I am distraught/destroyed once
over again.
Culture. What can I say, Mr. Ass, but that you are the
demise of my sanity in a couth
Accoutrement of velvet and lace. Spelling lessons for the
little one when it's older?
Handing out pamphlets to the stewardesses? Gaslighting
squirrels at the park?
Older than the trees, incisively pressing open the bark and
shuddering as
One is swallowed whole by The Nature Of Supposition in

wanting to be

That at the exact moment the door is opened, the plane
shuts off and comes to

The ground.

Forgiving Leopold

In my trust Leopold once told me:

May you forge the lost
And sunder the stones set upon your path
Toe to toe, to make you crawl, weak, along the
cracks of disguise and jest

I told him:

Feel the maple tree under your arms, feel the light
and sullen sun
Of growth, the discovery of the unknown.
Seedlings--forgetting--say that once we had lovers,
all of us
And in denouncement I sing like the crane I am.
All of us, together, in disavowal of something
greater than lust;
Begone for fellows that shan't be nurtured at your
deskside;
Where, altogether, things go well and yet, now, I
am steaming.
That the thoughts may once again collapse
Under my umbrella lies the thought that one could
open it in the house and get away with it. Just get
away with it.
So true, too, to staying in form and out of the

alleyways;

No one forgot our love, but I do remember the side
streets of remittance later on found

Do not appear so lonely, after all.

But one wheat chaff doesn't make safe due sun...

And send off what was once yours, to make money,
to laugh, to remember that I, too, am Human, and
that any inanimate objects standing in our way will
be mined

Until, beneath the moon we go crazy and forget all
that they have learned.

Leo,

~~the bad person that you are~~

You electrocuted me

You informatics-electro-nixed me

I am haywire in forgiveness.

No one loves like I do

The little rectangular ones,

"How much are they?"

I asked.

The man responded,

"Oh, about a dime a dozen!"

No surprises there!

"Here's one

For you and your girl!

Now go home, son;
There's a storm brewing..."

Why didn't you just say, "Please do not follow me?"

You didn't know you were going to hurt me:

Little thumb, little numb
Tear-stricken brouhaha and cross-stitch
finger holding on to a needle and
Lost at the crossroads.
Again.
Neurotic, I strike a match
In disguise, the smoke drifts vertically
My raccoon eye shadows denote permanent
grief, yet
I do not grieve at the thought of it!
The "cat" is adapting...
It nods at me;
In respite it remembers the notion that
some times are better than others but
That all we have is forgotten and gone and
So we must find another windmill, another
landslide, in which to subsume one
Another and to assume the form of father
windmill at the cross where the
Place was met, buried, under-armed, and
furious at the thought of us breaking.
They never expect love

They NEVER EXPECT THAT

But do I not now talk about anything but lust

?

Forget, go, forget to *do* at the crossroads in
high noon above the wind-uh-mill where
typography lessons were handed out to youth and
sunlit slices of distrust kicked at the bucket where
remade things lasted for you!

Kick

In time

Lust?

?

Things,

things...

Not so long ago my father decided he and I were
friends.

This happened right about around my birth and he
took good care

like the cat takes care of the mouse

crabcakes and applesauce

dusted moon

not to shake, but forgotten you still had it

Mad.

I'm *d'enying* (on) the inside,

(cutie curlicue, you)~

Spread-eagled and grossed out, what reprimand

future is a game, and we are learning as we go how
to remember to keep care of each other through
forgetful times, yes, *while* the computer monitor
clicks and snaps missing frames at your eyes, *while*
the lemonade runs dry and the girls have to sell
their souls to their mistresses, *yes*, while the notion
of forgiveness is lost and leading memories still
fondle the soul for meaningless vice. I'm not in on
it here, but I've got a lover, and that love[r] is *me!*

Communications

They told us, in the mandatory all-day group communication class at my company, that 90% of communication happens through body language and eye contact.

They asked us, "What do you think this means?"

I raised my hand:

"Sensationalized fabricated data and preaching?"

Not the answer they wanted to hear.

I took my smoke break during the intermission.

Suffered the rest of the course.

Next exercise:

Sit back-to-back with your assigned partner and describe the shape made of triangles. The other one has to build that shape out of triangle blocks on a grid. They can ask as many questions as they want, but all you can do is answer those questions.

They told us the optimal strategy was to ask an equal

balance of direct questions and open-ended questions.

I asked specific, direct questions, one every few seconds, like a rail gun, exclusively.

We finished first.

Not what they wanted to hear.

At the end of class we had to introduce ourselves to our classmates. We had to say one positive thing about each person we met.

One of the gentlemen and I introduced. We exchanged names. We stared into each other's eyes. A back-breakingly tense silence. And in his face, the words written, explicitly: I want you.

I wished him good luck with his future.

The course ended and I drove home.

UNTITLED

Slit wrists paint horrid pictures
Noosed necks sing nasty songs
Fallen angels create a lovely mess
Laughter echoes when I'm gone

HER

I haven't played with her for weeks.

NOTES:

“HER is creativity? Probably done. Geez; you’re boring.

Her is....

She hates it when I take my pills. She says it numbs me. She said I was a great drunk. I want to drink to show her that I can still inspire her. I can't take this much longer. What I'm putting her through. She needs me less than I do her so it's just a matter of time

The few times I'm able to speak to her, I say stupid, banal thin.gs. But most of the time I don't say shit. Verbal impotence. No relationship will ever last long after all conversations dissolve into platitudes and pleasantries and who gives the fuck about your days

She sees nothing in me. Why should she. I am nothing, I'm just an insignificant

She won't put up with me much longer. She'll be fine, men and women desire her, but she won't even lay in bed with me anymore

She won't put up with me much longer

I miss her so much, but I'm afraid to disappoint her like I did the last time, and the time before that. I don't remember ever not disappointing her. Maybe I always have. Maybe I just got lucky once or twice. Now I sit down next to her

I tried to rekindle the spark

We haven't been seeing eye to eye. I miss her so much, but I'm afraid I'll disappoint her.

Cross My Heart

Cross my heart & hope to lie,
can't let you see inside. Is
that why
I don't understand the look in your eyes?

Maybe it's just the screen between us,
but all vision contains pixels in some sense.
My breath
is short, my days are shorter:

too much time smoking,
too much time drinking

& a sleeping pattern warped & disjointed
as a melting plastic sculpture you made
of milk crates scavenged from foreign bins.

I feel more insignificant than
the blended days spent alone & away
from the desire for human heat I want but keep
shedding
like reptile skin:

If I lay eggs

please
promise to eat them..

Maiden of the Midden

The maiden of the midden suggests I start to consider
changing the relation to the relation
of the relation I have with my 'self'.

I want to tell them to fuck off
but they've been dead for years,
and besides it was only a joke...

A flame forever
roaring or falling so low it almost
gives up all heat completely:

someone once called this the
Accursed Share.

It corrupts so intensely that thoughts of tomorrow seep
into banal late-winter mist.

These moments,
haunted by what once existed and helplessly dependent
on the present moment to define what
will decide the past it will have to pass through;

these moments:
despised and delighted at the same time,
of entwined impatience and devotion
to life.

I want to tell them to fuck off

but only because I love them.

Waiting

Sweating through sheets as filthy as
the gutters, the streets
and the sewers beneath that seep through my skin as I
sleep.

I own nothing but books and wine,
all else has been left behind by lovers who
couldn't withstand the tide.

Every morning I wake to shallow breath
and coughing fits, but don't worry:

it isn't the virus, just
the punishment I inflicted upon myself
every night.

I exhort professionals to tell me why
but I always fail to comply
with the platitudes they give me:

right now these pills don't seem to be working and
I don't want to keep explaining
through metaphors I know they won't understand

no matter how they try, that my
existence is my own: fuck
Either/Or, why

not And/Or? but I know that won't help:

this existence of mine is weight and pressure
and density and despair that
I can only caress during lonely

nights.

When the ecstasy hits me, I
know the consequence; when
I am happy

I know I will not remain in place.

So I wait.

I wait, and wait
and wait

until the day

when

finally

I am ready.

Die, My Love

Slow down for the car crash, take your time but don't pretend to be surprised by the pleasure it brings you:

own your perversions;
we're all
of us just our symptoms,

just don't expect me to care about them.

I dream of walking through a glass screen &
leaving the shards in my skin like a thousand
fractured mirrors so that then maybe
you'd be able to stand
to look at me:

if the edges reflected little images of yourself,
because like everyone else you want to be seen
but
I don't seem to be able to help you with that.

Maybe my eyes are like obsidian glass?

Sometimes when I wake beside that body of yours
- still so alien! -
in the morning

I want to scream
until I can't breathe,
which always makes me sense the weight & shape
of my organs;
freedom
is no dizzying terror for me
it's the act of disappearing
without appearing absent.

Don't ask me to explain that,
you wouldn't understand anyway,
but don't worry.

It isn't your fault
 & never was.

I'm the one gone wrong, the one
of glass who laughs when you need to be serious:
it isn't a nervous reaction,
honestly I don't mean to mock,
I just can't react appropriately no matter how hard I try.

Not that I try very often.

It wasn't your fault when

this morning as the birds where singing, the trees
breathing & everything was teeming with life,
you took it all away when you asked
"Is there anything you want?" &
pure hatred raged through my veins.

Please don't worry,

it isn't your fault.

I just wish one of us was gone.

Like Song

Hey

hey
hey

hey
cradle my cheek
kiss me so slow
I will hold you like song.

She Blushes

She blushes with her body
Right to the lightly dancing toes
And I kiss her warmth as
So gently she tugs my ears.

Venus At Bellingham Bay

Venus rises on the western eve

And so your beauty rises as the tide.

Hear soft waves sigh upon the shore:

here two bodies ardently close to one another,

and dripping in Rumi's lore.

Thinking

A mind that thinks is a plague
 Yet a mind that thinks is wondrous delight
 And a soul that feels is deep, so deep in despair
 And yet a soul that feels flies the starry sublime
 Anything that lives comes to die
 And cycles close between the two till
 crossing over. We cycle and cycle and cycle
 between two sides of a coin.
 So there is art, art, art
 slip it through the cracks
 to grease the cogs
 Grease the cogs, adorn the dreary walls
 Alight the mantle of the fireplace
 And light the oak and fir and fern
 let it warm the coldest frigid body
 But !%\$@#^!
 I want to feel better. Feel contented
 Feel like I am moving forward. Moving
 Consistently. Not always losing motivation
 In need of remuneration for simply living
 What am I? A capitalist dreaming in endless
 upward growth? It seems so. It seems I so
 So wish to capitalize my body and mind and
 soul. Let them gather for me the currency of

life. The tokens of respect, of love, of monies,
of affection, of interest, of hope, experiences.
Let this body gather it up and make it all so
&*^%ing wholesome. Then at the end of my life
I can write it all out, autobiography,
a spreadsheet, a liberal millennial accountant's account
of the capital gains of a good life.
Let our productive soul devour
devour our gentle light,
till there is nothing but a stack of paper
proclaiming our accomplishments
Our experiences
as our bones crumble to dust.
And too our gossamer world view
perishes under the weight of
the stress to realize it.

NOTHING MAKES ANY SENSE,

THERE ARE ONLY

PRETTY PICTURES

TO PAINT OVER & PROTECT

Nothing Makes Any Sense



YOUR HEART BEATS HARD AGAINST THE
HOLLOW

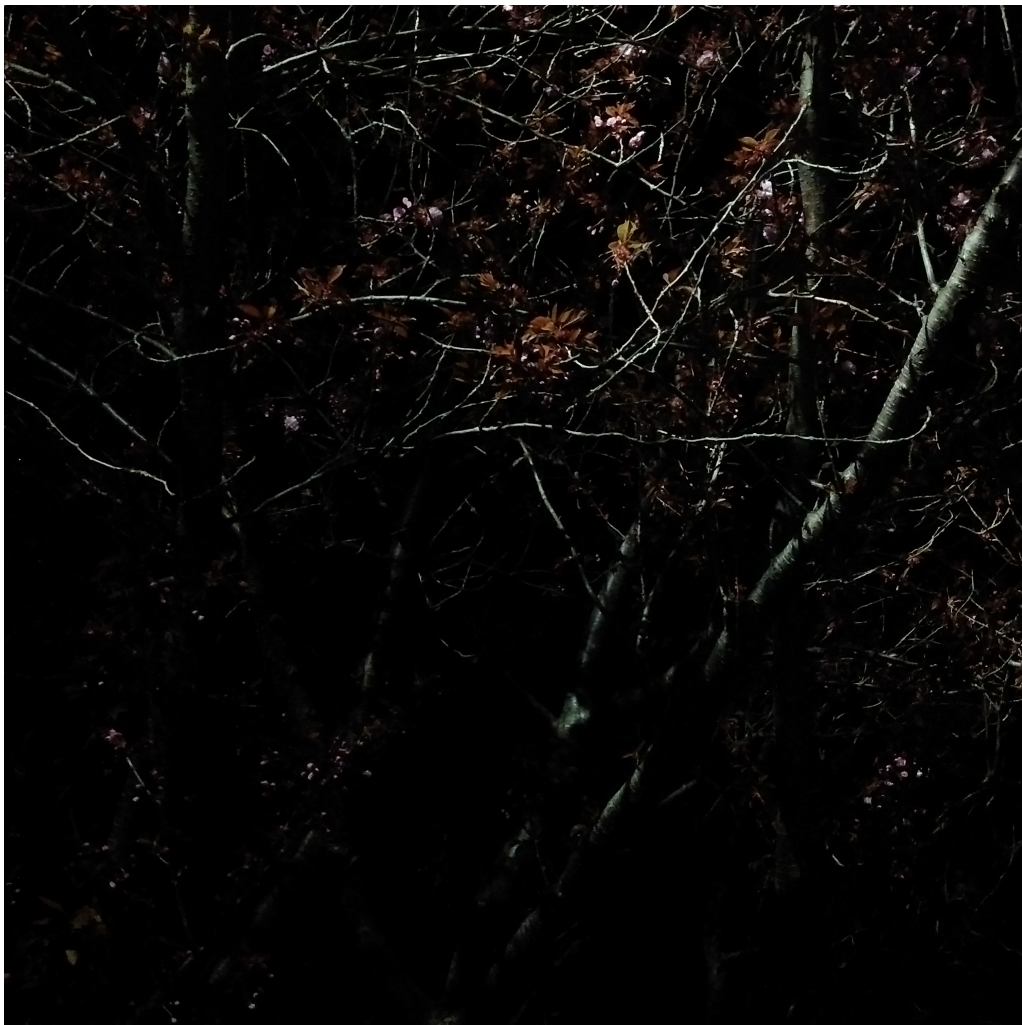
SO PLACE YOUR HAND AGAINST MY CHEST &
PRETEND
THAT YOU UNDERSTAND...

Pretend

THROUGH IT ALL
YOU WILL KEEP ME WARM:
MY WILDFLOWER
IN AN ENDLESS INDIAN SUMMER



Wildflower



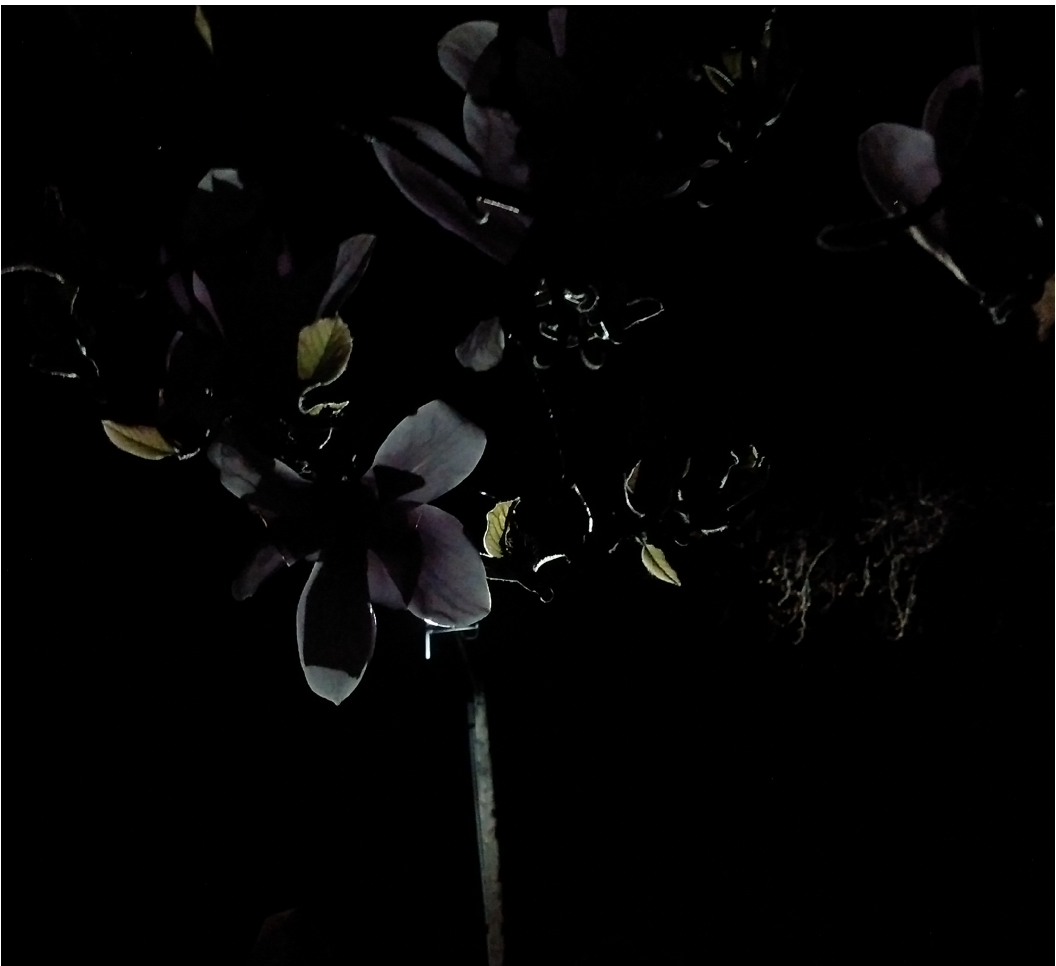
Cherry Blossom



Silver Branches



Cherry Blossom 2



Tulip Magnolia



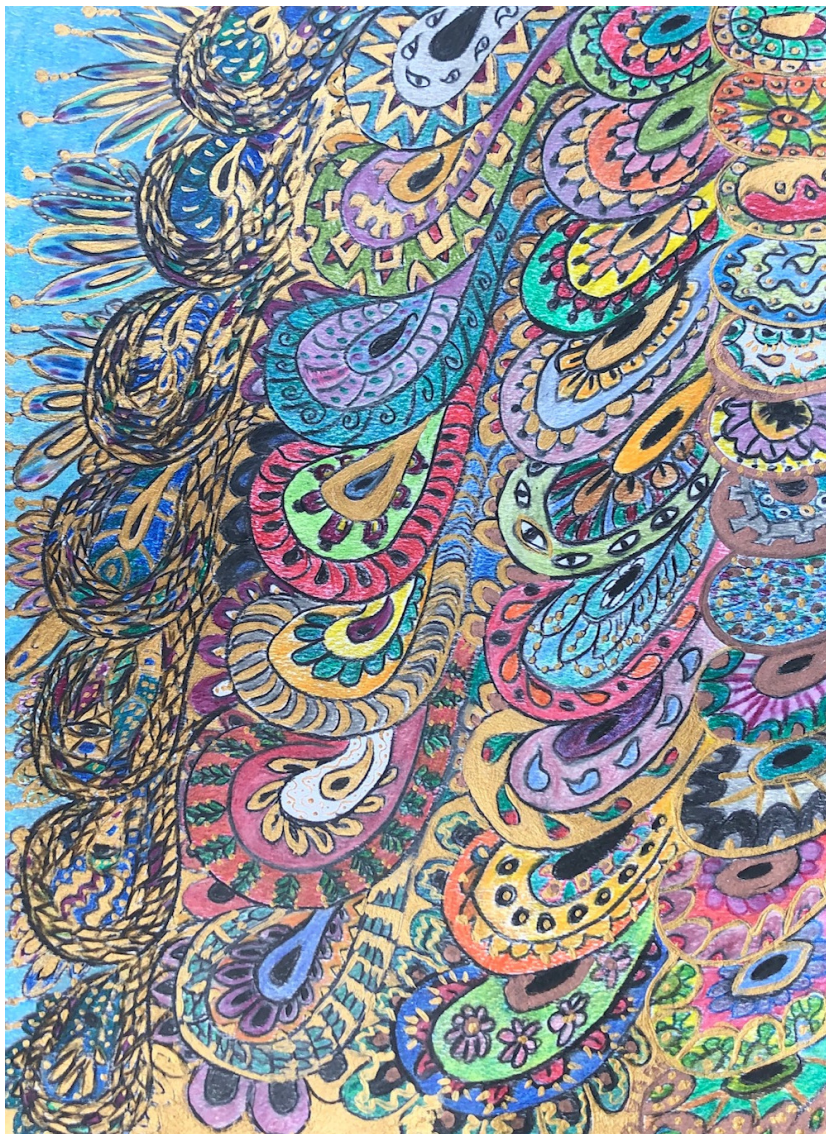
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Mermaid



She Fell Apart



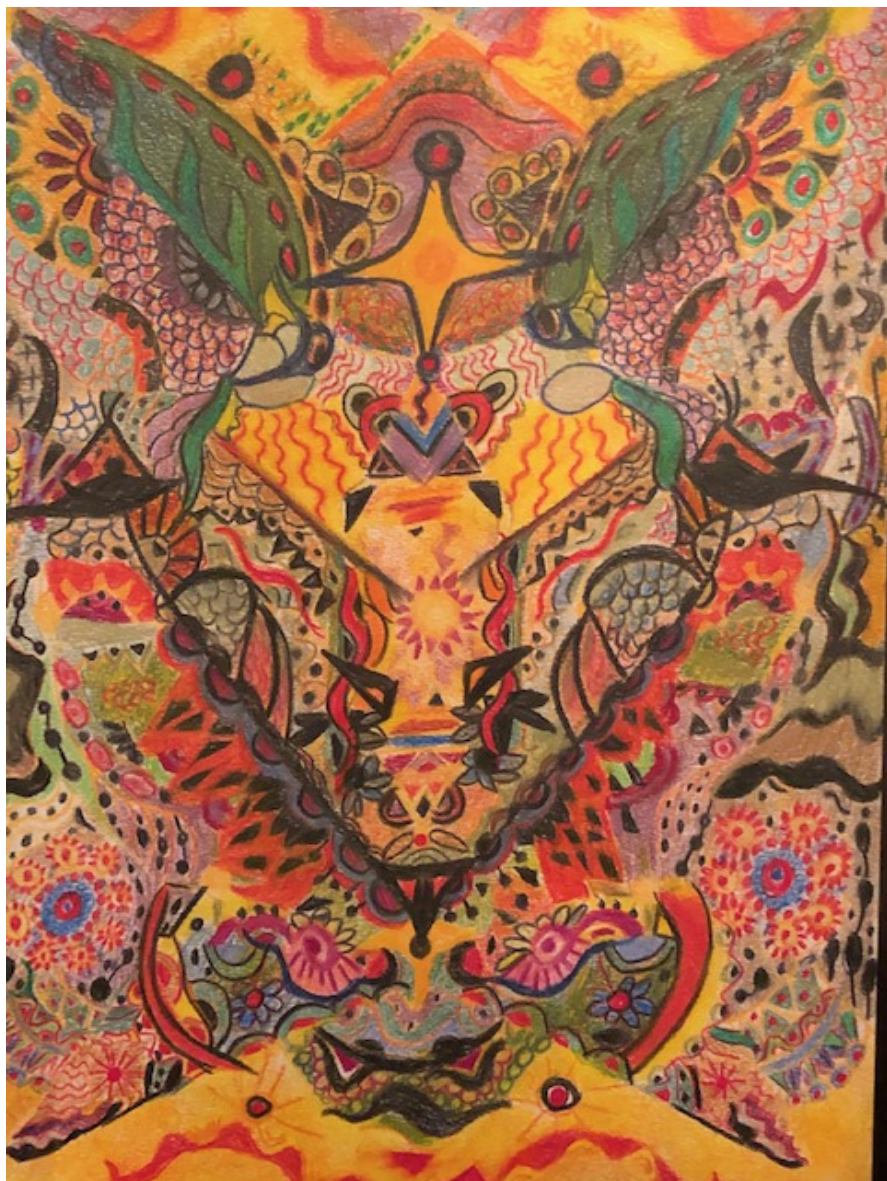
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