

NEW

COOL

BREATH

harold alexander savage
2012

im writing something to you right now
and it is a neat changing thing
you
because i have these tabs open
because i have these sidebars
(flashing and appearing with numbers)
everyone says thank you
everyone says let me make these automatic changes
in the book you appeared almost skinless
on the internet your flesh grew paper thicker
and in real life i knew your bones were in there
sort of deep and hidden

all five doors (or two, or one long hallway)
and i said "you don't have to write down anything"
and you said "i create machines of knowledge"

this wikipedia page of elvis presley won't delete itself
this wikipedia page of my fiance
and your car
is full of beatitudes

courtney love is tap dancing somewhere, at some point in time
robert rodriguez is channelling someone distant

during the penultimate refresh
or other kinds of archiving gmails
i call out a really

i want to get powerfully drunk with you for only five minutes
i want to climb on top of a building and be very scared

during your life
and about it
there was a boring synchronicity of costco memberships

i said i was going to leave for coffee, be right back
and i went outside and there were sprinklers and blue
uh
waters
and skies

this coffee is way too hot though, i said in the most professional manner
you said that
these computers are smoochers
i woke up alone and there were fifty different moments where i realized, where i thought
to myself

oh, oh god. my neat new chimes of living are far and long gone.
i woke up alone and there were two kinds of tortoises plated in gold
and steel
and they shone like big slow lobbies and we put our heads on them.
(but you weren't there so it was just me resting my head on a tortoise)

google maps is present during my birthday.
google maps eeks its way into the stratosphere, falls apart
people call it the Brand New Challenger
i'm sitting alone on a park bench
the grass reminds me of the beach
and i want to be at the beach
there is a forcible amount of presence here, of groceries

in a nice quiet breath there was a real Pepsi Cola in my hands
in the summer twelve astronauts are dead and spiritual
in my head there are two imaginary boats
you are in one of the boats
and i am in the other boat

i am a multitudes of cops and i helped you open a jar
i am a muppet without a neck and a timecard

and instead of a BOGO kind of lifestyle we die in a box
i'm not talking about anyone in specific here
because this is just a placeholder
if you are hearing or reading this there is the chance
this is going to be about you or
not entirely or at all

talk about "radical freespace" and these urchins. i'm on this plane. i'm on this desk
saying "thank you" like it is never an issue.

i was left alone in the house and nobody said goodbye to me and i woke up alone and
there was nobody there to say goodbye to me. i put all of my things in a car and there was
nobody there to wave goodbye to me and that was about it.

I will have a son named Trevor.
I will do my best to hate him.

The future ghost of Henry Ford is a terrible thing
as he will reach his arms out as far as possible from his body
he will look like he is reaching for an idea
and the future ghost of Henry Ford will have a complete
no-nonsense lack of understanding for those around him.

The future ghost of Henry Ford will spline and resume
with his constant arms out, his shoulders bending towards his face
and everyone will see the future ghost of Henry Ford
as he will take the New Ghost Form of real
true, grossly incandescent body.

The future ghost of Henry Ford will not know machinery
and he will never know about it
instead he will rise through these gated communities
asking, "How is your meal?" and
"Do you remember how you were three weeks ago?"
and repeating
"Clara would completely understand your sentiment."
The future ghost of Henry Ford breaks into all homes
Turning, looking, jostling a few objects, jokingly
"I'm under construction, I'm not a scientist"

WE LABOR HARD is a new moan
I MEANT WELL is a new chain

**the large face of
george lucas**

**the large face of
steve jobs**

**the large face of
h r giger**

**the large face of
betsy ross**

we are in a new cool breath of things, whitney said. whitney said that there are bursts of opportunities and that we have to be in the right place when they happen, otherwise we are gone and left. whitney said that there were always going to be these larger decisions, and that we aren't always able to read and expect them. it is frustrating, says whitney. phillip said nothing in response. he ate two handfuls of crackers and whispered to himself, we're all real cool piles of dirt, i think. phillip touched his face with his left hand and he looked at whitney. whitney was busy doing her best to cloak her feet in the grass. how much of my feet can you see, whitney said. phillip closed his eyes for two seconds and then opened his eyes to see where whitney's feet would be. I would say I can see about forty percent of your feet, a new record. though, i am a lazy sap, and I could afford to look harder and in more detail. whitney laughed for a few seconds and moved her feet out of the grass. can you see one hundred percent of my feet now, whitney said. phillip smiled and said yes. whitney said that she wasn't sure what the day was like. whitney said, i think that the air is good today but i am not sure of the rest of the things surrounding it. philip touched one of whitney's toes and said something about the earth of the world and how it was rarely real and good. philip said that he had made a comic strip and asked if whitney wanted to see it. whitney moved her toes and said yes. philip showed her the comic. it had two dogs standing next to each other. each panel featured one dog barking a single bark at the other. the dogs would trade barks in each panel. the odd panels had the left dog barking a single bark, and the even panels had the right dog barking a single bark. this was the entire comic for the whole page. whitney laughed and ate some crackers that were in philip's hand.

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN

the most conclusive statement was from a picture from the internet
and it was a neat thing that happened
and nobody thought it would happen, this way, specifically
and we all talked about new ways to rap
and my new way of rapping was to count down the days until
we felt a whole lot better about ourselves
it reads: YESTERDAY: 1:35 AM
and i couldn't take it better than anything
where did you go on the internet?
where did we all find ourselves two weeks after the fact?

and the last time i saw von trier on top of anything
i felt that we had made more progress
but no,
we were all gone, i was alone in a cool dark night
with neat little pads and paws on my neck and storms
and real neat things happening around my body
red creaking upholstery on my feet and stinking
red whiskey in my hand and real real paw on my neck
and on the screen my whole life was "chaos reigns"
and i truly felt relieved of how i should feel about myself

ALL OF MY FRIENDS MOVE TO CHINA, pt.1

All of my friends move to China and I stay at home
in China, they say, there are lots of buildings.
They have no new names and no new languages and wake up
they wake up every day a little bit frightened.
Do you remember that t-shirt? Do you remember the other one, too?
And we cry a little bit about t-shirts, but not in the traditional sense.
Our brothers are very different
are the brothers different in China?

ALL OF MY FRIENDS MOVE TO CHINA, pt.2

SCATTERED
AND
SMOTHERED

ALL OF MY FRIENDS MOVE TO CHINA, pt. 3

When you are in China tell me about the ports
or tell me about the kinds of mountains.
Did you date anyone else? Did you date someone?
In China, tell me, do they have 8 minute dating?
If you were in China for the rest of your life
could you 8 minute date everyone?

ALL OF MY FRIENDS MOVE TO CHINA, pt.4

I hear that most things are combustible. How much
does everything cost in China? I want there to be
a mutual understanding of where we were in our lives.
I feel like we should have burned more things, together.

THEY'RE WRECKING OUR SITUATIONS. THEY'RE GOING TO BREATHE LIKE IT ISN'T A PROBLEM.

call the cops, call the cops, call the cops
we go outside to call the cops
cops, we say, oh cops
the cops come running
we have called you all here for a good reason
the cops listen earnestly
cops, we say, oh cops
how would you like it
say, if one were to approach you
and cops, oh cops
to have them caress the soft part of your neck?
the cops continue to listen
the cops raise their hands like they are underwater
the cops gently raise their underwater hands
well, cops? we say
the cops begin to rattle and look at each other
the cops meet our gazes with theirs
cops, oh cops, we repeat
how would you ever stand it?
the cops bring in their lives
the cops bring in their amounts

HEAVY MACHINE GUN

Hey. Hello. I lost my, face?
I was briefly tuned in and ready, and eager, and willing.
Courtney is outside. Joseph is outside.
They're basking as little as possible, only because
we don't like to bask too much, you know?
Oh, and there is this new shape! It almost looks like a fish.
Courtney and Joseph speak to each other
but I cannot see their mouths make shapes.
They are like Bermuda, I think.
Courtney and Joseph are like Bermuda.

Though, my face, it is gone.
I'm well under control, however.
I have this cell phone that shakes whenever I am near danger.
There is a man banging his fist against my car window.
My cell phone shakes.
There is a dog that is growling at me.
My cell phone shakes.
There are hoards, there are what some would call minions.
There are headlines and there are tectonics.
I am fully capable, I tell myself.
I am fully capable and willing to take on these challenges.
Tomorrow there will be an earthquake.
Tomorrow I will accept full responsibility.

A Press Conference, I will say:
I'M DONE WITH MYSELF
HERE IS MY NEW IDEA
HERE IS MY NEW COAT
HERE.
I AM SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.
PLEASE HOLD YOURSELF.

and I will say "life w/o almonds"
and I will say "it looks like an expressionist 15 frame animation"
and these plans make themselves so clear
and so much barking.
I would want to say "Terminal Illness" but that has never been the case.
I could say "Kony 2012" and I could say "Limitless possibility"
as much as I could say anything else.
Tell me about the river, will you?
I can name a specific place, if you'd like or
rather, I can trust you to remain just. like. that.

Just as I've practiced it for a long long time
grouper, salmon, halibut,
A NEW ROLE IN SOCIETY
IT IS COOL
IT IS REAL
FIND OUT AND ASK YOUR DOCTOR

the gang is most beautiful
the gang is most beautiful

1. IPHONE

2. My car

3. Shopping

4. Pizza

5. FROZEN

YOGART

6. WII

Bethany took a look at her favorite cell phone. There were exactly three moments in time in which she thought about her next door neighbors. What Am I Doing, she thought. What Is On The Ground. Bethany stood up and felt dizzy. My Cell Phone. Bethany concluded that there was nothing here for her. Bethany felt like as she had many times before, conclusive and resonant, in a strictly dim sense. Eighty years ago, she remembered, there were lots of men in this house, and they were fighting about something important. We caught a glimpse of them, she remembers her grandmother murmuring. We caught a glimpse of them, we caught a glimpse of them coming up the stairs, we caught a glimpse of them opening all of our doors with their feet. All of them were cold men, wrapped in animal skin. Bethany took a look at her favorite cell phone. It read, 3.34 GB available. Bethany resigned, temporarily, and found that there were no USB cables, there were no other animals here, either.

I put on my wool socks and I live forever. I walk around the spaces and navigate them while doing my best to remain still and quiet. I have a dirty quarter on the mattress and I am unable to reason with it. I would like to move it but at the same time I have no real reason to do so. I keep my wool socks on my feet and pretend that I will never die. I continue to be this way for as long as possible. I rip out a hair on my back and I think, "Jeff Goldblum."

this was a pdf ebook chapbook by harold alexander savage. you might know him as harold or alex. if you are going to use or cite this anywhere, just let him know, please. email h.alex.savage@gmail.com or visit haroldsavage.com or twitter.com/focra to get in touch with him or look him up on facebook as alex or you can do anything.