

# When I Lived in Realtime

by Jason Fletcher

## Table of Contents

Mysterious Cosmos  
2

War Again  
26

Warm Nostalgia  
44

Realtime Life  
64

www Children  
86

Shared Love  
100

Mysterious Cosmos

I can now remember  
The beauty on the far horizon

The haunting music  
Of a time less defined  
But better understood

I was born old  
And knew my old name

What waits ahead is  
Already whole

It's empathy  
There is no gate

The dark night is of earth  
Deep dreams, other my lives  
Changes by day, found at sleep  
The bright light speaks of time  
When the animals did play  
We found the hidden shores  
White ship, silver key  
Tomorrow matures today

Waiting by the star pond  
The animals knew it ancient  
Put a blanket on the planet  
My eyes should see the water

All at once  
All together  
As long as  
As things are  
As of now  
Closely contiguously cursorily  
Decisively directly expeditiously  
Feverishly forthwith  
Furiously hand over fist  
Hastily hotfoot  
Hurriedly in a jiffy  
In a wink, in no time, in passing  
Just now, just then  
On the dot without hesitation  
Without delay the point of departure  
Holy here and now  
Directly even now  
Heated and hereat  
Latterly but not later  
Simultaneous in our time  
Asked to apace  
Constant contemporaneity  
Diamond of the immediate  
One time of the whole  
Hunting historical present  
Momentarily now  
Instantaneously intimate  
Practicing present moment  
Time being  
Golden now  
Golden eternity

Don't wait for me  
My atoms will be yours

Across tomorrows ocean  
A tiny boat for today  
And the oars of the present  
Lands of the past in fast fog  
The other shore  
The other shores await

When was the time  
Feeling the soft rain of  
Wisdom lost  
A skip across the field  
The milky way wasn't  
Much farther  
Where is my history  
To know that I've lived  
Many lives  
To sit in front a machine  
And listen  
There is a countless  
Love and pains  
There is

Knowing a learned eye, here  
A parade of years, with yearning  
Wait for me in the sweet grass  
There is time, oh there it is  
To feel the mysterious  
    nature of my bundle of atoms  
To know intuition ineffable idleness

Burning sphere highest bright  
Fractured star in my body  
Lighting earth particle wave  
Supernova to this moment  
Galactic mingling now and then  
Home is in the stars, know it  
Paste, presents, and future

Into my dreams  
Into my life  
Grok with me  
Waters to music  
Sweat the nuance  
Vapor of music  
Anymore anyhow

To feel the soft breeze  
Of song  
Eyelids, universe, awaiting  
A melody felt with  
And follow  
Beating the suns drum ho-hum  
Watch it, music speaks again

With a wind  
My fire grows  
Smoke billows up up  
The smoke, the clouds, the sky  
Stars blotted from the smoke  
The nebulae within

Waiting pops quick  
When realtime makes sense  
A moment gone past  
Purposeful thought to be ready  
To plan for enjoying the moment  
Plans within plans within plans  
And so it passes you again again again  
Until you stop trying to control  
Be with it  
Now

Whatever deep beauty you seek  
The thing most yearned for  
Is already there  
How else would you recognize it?

As it was  
As it should be  
As it could be  
As it is  
You shall see

This rock we know  
The sun for day  
With stars we share  
Another

To wait, as atoms  
Weathered another sun  
Elements heavy and sundry  
From mothers belly, stars

In the high sky, there is night always  
I have seen the fires, coals, embers  
They call, they wait, a home tonight  
The stars are alive

Other worlds  
Aether worlds  
Waiting for time to wake  
Bold but lulled, as moons  
Other life may await

Mathematical elegance  
Matrices that breathe life  
Singing equations that sway in the wind

Consciousness is not a hoax  
Or a problem to solve  
But an experience to share

It's better unfinished

Deep snore to a bird  
Among the seas of Twi  
Wrapping to the tapping  
Birds fly to note to wide  
Sleep is a destiny  
Not to anyones dismay

Postman of the sea  
Show me your quills  
Who owns the leafy deep?  
Take my dreams and make them sleep

War Again

Empathy dust  
Cobweb tomorrow  
And a whole pack of lies

An army I wave to  
Marching to, marching too  
I wish to, I wish too  
Killing too  
Two hours till  
I too will  
March to

Square hole in the hills  
Smoke smotes the hoop smut  
He'll open hell, smother the huts  
Hating the smell of hubris  
History will not forget hitting

Blank peace, bricks decay too  
Blunt practice, painful cannon  
Pace blame, puny change

Throw your money into the wind  
Hold your child closer

Found object, war scene finished  
Soaked up to the knees, lost lips  
Gray hair, used candle wax

Coats of fit fire, flat horizon again  
Pool embrace kindle caress  
Walking across the reflect bay  
Running into your all arms

I'm a paid man  
Families death brought chooks  
Sent to store plaid graves  
Gathering triangle brings sun  
Grassy poll and dean road  
A skies mile made to show home  
Cried till awe

Your dream is my owners drunk  
Patented your dream and secured  
An acid glue you can't  
I patented your dream  
It's not full of enchantment  
My job fulfilled, money picture  
Sue shells and sue drunk  
You're lost to the secured

Clothed hell hound, clothed hell hound  
What spoiled beauty do you seek?  
You should spend some steam platters  
And wear our father laced shoes  
Walk through our gate building  
Towards the seven seated store  
An advertised hotspot for you only  
I'll be waiting for you, to show you  
Upon three wings, we will show you

The saint, a fix, paint him  
The sounds of foes  
Them those thumped through  
Magazine magnify wash  
And a trench full of blank point  
The men are recording scared  
Give them a place  
Give them the places

Heaven is not a golden city  
It's the giant sequins that shine to wry  
Attic space of earth  
Folding clothes called the trees grump  
Tucked in suit dress-up is the middle man  
Seeds to feasts, the opposite side  
Cannot ever vanish  
Training wheels without need  
Owls eyes phone fire  
No beautiful soundtrack here  
Hell is a black nose

Bump brigade  
Messy toss up  
Blood burning  
Bossy beatings  
A wartime friend

More over, I've let curves fluff  
And I let the seducers wear  
When share closed eyes did grope  
Of dirty pleasure and hold appeal  
Courts could not find space  
For one so lost and crow

Stare did we  
Unto a lake negative with spree  
For the sight  
Of this truthful vague  
Is nothing but overcoming

No regret has come to claim its shame  
So make home abode  
Things of point  
The pending ending

Blizzards of daily confusion  
No guide proves meaning  
Lost my shirt  
Made a new one

Running around in circles  
With a slight offset

Modern obvious life

With the sacrifice of community  
A human is lost to humility  
Books and bits  
Lights and litter  
Lost in civilization  
I have trouble finding perspectives  
God is alone too

Toppled tired tree today  
Frenzied freedom frolicked  
Lusting liberty lettered lewd  
People pause probable problems  
Water wild wicked woods

I delight into the storm  
As a way to perform  
Platoon! platoon!  
Arms milehigh!  
Start up that rain  
Close down the sky  
And let me change into my costume  
An arm click on some thunder for it  
Motion distort swings wind to it  
I start my gun dance  
Floppy side to wade  
I'll quickly change back  
Before teacher storm  
Lets the actors go home

A deep longing  
A weary black scar of hope fading  
Tattered wings of the ship sinking  
Watch for the others  
The mystery changes  
With every single  
Lip biting endless  
Lost moment of  
Lust and raw  
Not just one

Warm Nostalgia

Acting bold yet feeling soil  
The dirt had a void, long gone  
Know the feelings, ancestors now

Furrow my brow, time wrinkles mother  
Endless line of history  
Changing with each memory

We skip to a harvest place  
To wind plows for sascha beans  
Migrate primate to plants  
With a stupe  
And a stupa  
Grandma made the field

The winds carried you to  
Their mother is far  
Away and needing  
To sit on the slippery  
Green green mind

Children bound to soaken necks  
Dream elephant fluffy  
Mother walking pendulum  
Taking me to rhyme moon  
Father holds a ladder today  
They sent me in rhyme moon  
I'm a rhyme child  
Yet I have no ladder to climb

Waited for the moon  
Howled at the snakes  
Caught stars in my bowl  
And grew old

Learning that a calm hand  
Lets ladies let us know  
Like the children she dreams of  
Lying on curly bosom jackets  
Loft lost lunge little love  
Lighting to a never home  
Then lightning to the never home

Soldering older and older  
Cultural oddities called petty  
Grandpa says I'm old  
Grandma sees the young  
Plugged in the modern aging  
Faithful elders are the young  
Demand the older pule  
Older times are a youngen's prime

A door handle folk song  
And the sound of plastic bags  
A modern dance to an old tune  
Jiggy jig zap, wappa sip zog  
Wishing for a giant old volcano  
And being a frog to see it glow  
A dance will show its elegance  
A folk technology in plastic bags

Working the water machine dry  
Earth the old power of old wisdom  
Dry feast fire of delight danger  
Sweat my culture wish crafting  
No need for shoes  
Who needs the machine anyways

The ancient light snakes taught me  
I've seen the star stuff in my blood  
The wolf of my blood craves the sky  
Howl with wisdom always felt

Twilight alone street man  
Pushing glow to spar  
And tying sprocks to bins  
Allowing a space  
So I may walk that way

A meadow of comfort guitars  
Stacked upon the universe couch  
Mothers writing dew  
Papa's stamping wrinkles  
A jackets temper turns around  
The shows excuse is poor  
My chest beats anew  
Lazy cotton, short songs  
This meadow is mine

Mystery paint  
Finger painting  
Growing younger  
Remembering ancient things

Exit draft  
Unknown revisions  
How many lives does it take  
Wrong question

Unconscious symbols  
Nonsense suddenly brightens  
Those mundane moments  
Live lightly

Tattered corners of a busy book  
Lovely locks longing letters  
Whirled up ideas on paper  
A wonder of memory for anyone

A harbor of orange comfort  
Beautiful squeak violin  
Tell the story of your only  
When a siamese twin spiral  
Their shoes take this harbor  
Takes this and pastes it  
The new shoe harbor  
And a comforted siamese twin

Being a citizen  
Harmonica thoughts

Running to hidden home  
Hum harmonica, hum

Oh masterous judge  
Your broom sweeps too high  
The lost lands won't be found  
Dropping beams like rice  
Bitter water, better fret  
With three hands held high  
The moon came to take my place

Nocturnal lights to bring  
With a hat and cat  
Setting out to see lost  
Lands of dune and merry  
With danger all but single  
Nothing will stop me but  
The one lady of lights

Realtime Life

Tapping my shoulder  
Behind me always  
Is the self knowledge  
Of a time long long ago  
When I lived in realtime  
I've forgotten the way  
Five minutes later  
The vague dense sense

My archives clean  
My ambitions plain  
Brevity needs no bottle  
No spin, just a kiss

A far cry from  
To the end of  
Wandering from the  
And the road winds on

Of deep old choices  
Forgotten determination  
Pride in a future of dreams  
To surmise the memories  
Abandoned but yearned  
There is much waiting

Dog dragging me so far away  
Cat acting for me to believe  
Snake organizing me to sleep  
Canary singing me for truth  
Human whispering me many lies  
Dog dragged me so far away

Feeling the sands of time  
The passing moment  
Found again and again  
Of time, we change  
Paradox here, paradox there  
Balance the ocean  
And find the others

Times of new  
Times of old  
Lets live in both  
And brew the bold

You can theorize  
But it's all fantasy  
Until it's experience

For a long time I couldn't see the road  
The fog an endless highway  
And now future made past  
So much made clear  
Small pebbles now boulders

Love accepts death, time

It was those loving times  
Heard those shared thoughts  
To know power or know the self?  
It is the ever present  
Not the ever past

Love yourself  
And you will find

Lost in a wonderful game  
The fantasy line and fact spiral  
What is your dream name?  
Break from the road ahead  
The path awaits any life

Splendor usefulness with but question  
Does farther future know tall times  
And do an electric innocent prove  
Too spry and sallow to hit  
To party, to flock, no mellow to sock  
Today's record is my vision  
Without knowing yours

From middle thought  
To trickle time  
I sat on my hands  
And waited

You read this  
You read that  
Meet me there

Being a lover  
Of the antlers that sway with fortune  
I've admired them from a far conversation  
None too charged does its purpose  
    surprise the king  
For the stare and the thought  
Brings everyone to know perceptions key

Ultimate defeat = death is not loss  
Real observers = interaction required  
Ancient endings = hybrid moments  
Listless outlaws = community ideals  
We are all making the quilt  
Focus your intuition, not institutions

A clause just because  
A cause to pause

Worship nothing  
No clothing for cosmolatry  
Worse knowing and noting

Apotheosis rouses poses  
Knots lust growing voices

Every so often I can't jump the hill  
Reach its full summit  
And experience fresh vistas  
Why is it rare?

Waiting among the quiet reeds  
The answer to your question  
Was already in kind minds

New years  
Begone old tears  
The gears of fear no more

[www Children](http://www.Children)

Below the lucid machine  
Lays my child in nature's cradle reach  
Behind the bars I wait for forgiveness  
Completing the virtual circle

It taught me no name  
But we knew it all the same  
To this I left no truth  
For no sights will prove their fit

I've lost my home  
In the strings of memory  
Elder boredom, tradition wishes

A backup of home  
With a home gone awry  
Clouds of data pass overhead  
My precursor to absolute abstraction

I follow a pale square intruder  
Researching the new way  
Filling senses with chimes

I have seen the graffiti  
That lies upon my back  
The honor it brings  
To know your true name

Guiding me into swift weather  
Preparing the night sky  
A memory of scents left imprinted

I give you the life I know  
Generate together

Chaos and its window  
A view into  
Or something through  
With which they bring the virtual peace  
Upon the tall fences

A postmodern mindset withering  
Into unknown lands always  
With a familiar map in tatters

Flux flow with the oscillating orgasm of life

Altruistic does not mean you are old  
Grassy hills of the techno days  
Oh what layered beyond

Nostalgic smells trigger memory  
Gridwork ideas lost in stress  
Funding the modern life  
The digital lore is worth half

Tangents are the best love  
Kiss them or ignore them  
Your loss

Century focus, one second past last  
Relativity blog  
Gandi Schwarzenegger  
Big boy disco  
World war XFM  
Lobotomy domain name  
Groovy w00t

Children should laugh often  
They don't see algorithms

Adults need context clues  
They want exhilaration

Society learns new musical instruments  
Seeking dasein through solace

What if everyone knew math vision  
But would they hear the new bpm

A square on my wrist  
Importance of golden seven  
Starting from remind me math  
Three spiral memories  
Upon a testament  
Telling me I'm in golden  
The city math was

The cogs of simplicity  
Hidden in complex fog

The golden ratio is a drawing  
It is also infinite series of numbers

Galaxies broadcasting guidelines  
Nerve cells seem to mimic

DNA marries the stock market  
Spider webs duel road maps

Fractal reality loves recursion  
Strange loop central certainly

To find a bullet in a petal

To plant a light-bulb  
In the daisies

Testimony microphone  
Laced with placed antlers

This reminds sleep  
While recording browse

Leave clothes on or off switch  
Trophy conclusion to jury  
Give us wigs, we are judges

With information from  
Tired as a camera  
Sweet upholstery from  
Trumpets throw water  
Pickled legends  
Concrete ghosts  
A wave of light here  
A swamp of sparks there  
This fire explosion  
Feeding the heat  
Floating ashes from

Shared Love

One may say  
Two will solve  
The world would forget  
But we work for each other

Finding solace in your home  
Hidden love that lust after nothing  
After solace, sweet satisfaction  
Sweet sweet finding

Love sex as a temple  
Whole parts of us  
Your love is real and realtime  
It is shared sacred sultry  
Fun fast frenzy frolic  
Slow sundry seas stand still  
It is your life and mine  
It is now

Budding pace  
Toy wake, govern rhythm  
Juice juke jamboree baffle  
Enhance produce feel joy

The world around, twirl inside  
Your honestly sets motion to the ship

Quarry gather, youth desire  
Tumble the known histories  
Walk home, carry womb  
A child will know us bells chime  
Dusktime, kisstime, time to age  
We are just beginning our love

Yearn the stern of a boat  
Seeing the quality of the horizon  
I miss your caress  
Billows of untethered love blossoms  
Fall upon the rules we conquer  
Needing you close  
But distance bonds origami tight

Unfurling the banner  
Daily sweat, hardship  
Wisdom built slow, together  
Making a spaceship for two  
To the stars of today  
With my love for her

Amber quilt light burns away doubt  
Our silent firetruck, carry us home  
Silent home, noisy world

Changing frontier, evoke evolve love  
Put history maps of our journey  
Kiss me like it was snowing  
Hold me like you're nervous  
Play together like we want it badly  
With sex passion we forget

Love you deeply  
Stars shine their light  
The oceans depths lit  
Enjoying time together

Whisper your two flowers  
With no wilting watered time  
Wrap while shifting patterns  
Change clothes with me  
Wonder of wet wacky witty tracks  
Chill the booze, we need to be alone

Cities have the will  
Mixing melodies from afar  
Gallop into wide devotion  
Sprinkle and flock rosy feelings  
Into pocket thoughts  
Win two hearts collide  
With these humble cites  
Whatever the heat, care cushion  
Walls whatever, two hear compassion

Sunwhip thigh song  
Thunder wider the arch back  
Yet wet and as fingers explore  
Tested time something really ripe  
Walked waffle wraps without wording  
Setting while foxy AM dust styles  
Music guides, we follow  
Drifting home, we zoom consciously

Virgin version  
Cooky blinks  
Seduce zoo  
Lip grinder  
Pipeline blow  
Garden sown  
Lemme gimme

From the sink to the sun  
Our crafted fireflies spun  
With spurs on boats of steel  
Their announcement will be  
The space between  
You and I today

Not ever alone

From the obvious daily  
To the depths of my mind  
There is a longing for your presence  
A knowing that you are true  
With the delight of connection  
And the growth of time  
We grow old together  
Across any distance