

# Worth 1k --- Volume 2



July 4th through September 27th, 2007  
Working, eating, pain and longing

A collection of poetry instead of pictures by  
**Teel McClanahan III**



Modern Evil Press  
Phoenix

First Edition

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for love,  
still,

7-4-07

Home, with Mandy, feeling broken

I am very fragile right now.

little things can

easily

become big things

as I crumble.

Too easily.

DATE 7-4-07

Home, with Mandy, feeling broken

I am very fragile right now.  
little things can

become big things easily  
as I crumble.  
Too easily.

7-5-07

Work, @ my cubicle, waking up

grey walls,  
grey floors,  
a window, yes,  
looking out on  
grey skies.

There is something so  
hopeless  
in this  
sameness  
row after  
row after  
row after  
row of identical  
muted, muting,  
draining,  
inhuman,  
home away from home  
-which is to say, heartless-  
grey cubicle.

DATE 7-5-07

Work, @ my cubicle, waking up

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grey floors,

a window, yes,  
looking out on

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There is something so

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row after

row after

row of identical,  
muted, muting,

draining,  
in human,

home away from home  
- which is to say, heartless -

grey cubicle.

7-15-07

@Work

lists, columns of numbers,  
charts, calculations, spreadsheets,  
on and on and (on the weekends, too)  
— It isn't **my job**,  
these things are part  
of **my fun**.

Repetition, calculation,  
distraction  
I fill my head with  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5,  
because popular media  
movies,  
video games,  
(not to mention sex)  
isn't enough any more,  
6, 7, 8, 16, 32,  
my job isn't challenging enough,  
if I do math (and write poetry)  
to occupy my mind.

@Work

DATE  
7-15-07

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charts, calculations, spreadsheets,  
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to occupy my mind.

7-15-07

@Work, thinking of my grandfather

vision wavers, now  
and then, my body trembles  
— not as bad as his,

this weary melancholy  
is nothing next to his pain —

I suffer for the loss of  
him; the loss will be his gain

@Work, thinking of my grandfather

DATE 7-15-07

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and then, my body trembles  
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this weary melancholy  
is nothing next to his pain—

I suffer for the loss of  
him; the loss will be his gain

7-16-07

@Home, in Bed... awake @ 3:30AM

sweat doesn't bead

but I can feel it  
on my skin

fire doesn't dance  
across my vision,  
nor acid melt  
my corneas away

but I have felt  
my eyes burning  
for hours

untired  
unfocused  
naked body on  
naked bed, no blanket,  
nothing to protect me from

another  
sleepless night ...  
time isn't torn away

but I can feel it  
on my heart

@Home, in Bed... awake @ 3:30AM, 7-16-07

DATE

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but I can feel it  
on my skin

fire doesn't dance  
across my vision,  
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nothing to protect me from

another  
sleepless night...  
time isn't torn away

but I can feel it  
on my heart

7-19-07

My old room, Pine, AZ

could almost forget  
he's dying, in his brown chair  
sitting so content

It's easier not to look,  
not see him go quietly.

My old room, Pine, AZ

DATE
7-19-07

could almost forget  
he's dying, in his brown chair  
sitting so content

It's easier not to look,  
not see him go quietly.

7-21-07

Lunch Break, Pine, AZ

Plans collapsing

so we don't

less and less to do

and we will be

less and less complete

when we're done.

the progress we can make,

turning,

in on itself

each iteration smaller

though it hurts just as much:

fractal soreness

L. O. D.

level of detail?

limits of disappointment?

living out despair...

... look closer,

see our best

(isn't good enough)

Lunch Break, Pine, AZ

DATE
7-21-07

Plans collapsing

so we don't

less and less todo

and we will be

less and less complete

when we're done.

the progress we can make,  
turning

in on itself

each iteration smaller

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fractal soreness

L.O.D.

level of detail?

limits of disappointment?

living out despair...

... look closer,

see our best

(isn't good enough)

12:20AM

7-22-07

Safeway parking lot, Phoenix, AZ

I continue to be defeated  
don't stop trying  
as though trying were virtuous

I did the research,  
looked online, and called,  
and they're supposed to be open  
and I'm supposed to be shopping

Milk,  
coffee,  
cream,  
just basics

but Safeway must not want

my money  
my loyalty  
my preference,

because they already went home,  
and now I'm going to end up at

Wal\* Mart.  
Again.

Safeway parking lot, Phoenix, AZ

DATE 12:20 AM  
7-22-07

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and now I'm going to end up at

Wal\*Mart.  
Again.

12:53AM

8-5-07

Driving across town, Phoenix, AZ

A flash, a wave, a rush of  
old, used, worn out  
memories:

Going home. Riding  
in the backs of vans  
holding hands  
all the way

Her mother, driving,  
these same roads and  
night time sliding  
sweetly by

All gone, years and  
simple surrenders  
stolen away  
forever  
ago.

Driving across town, Phoenix, AZ

DATE 12: 53AM  
8-5-07

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these same roads and  
night time sliding  
sweetly by

All gone, years and  
simple surrenders  
stolen away  
forever  
ago.

8-5-07

@Work, Phoenix, AZ

I didn't see the rainy morning  
before

I didn't want to leave my bed

d		
r	d	
i	r	d
p	i	r
	p	i
		z
		z
		l
		e

—

My eyes haven't rained  
down even as much as this  
sad, sorry storm,

just past moistness,

in... y

e	a	
a	n	o
r	d	f
s		
	y	
	e	t
	a	e
	r	a
	s	r
		s
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		.

@ Work, Phoenix, AZ

DATE  
8-5-07

I didn't see the rainy morning  
before

I didn't want to leave my bed

d  
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i  
p

d  
r  
i  
p

d  
r  
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p  
e,

My eyes haven't rained

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sad, sorry storm,

just ~~Past~~ mistiness,

in... y  
ears

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...

8-15-07

@Work, Phoenix, AZ

in six weeks

I haven't written as much,  
I haven't had as much to show,  
I certainly haven't travelled  
as much as I did in the last one

in six days

in the last

“fast”

poetry journal

I wasn't living my normal  
everyday  
familiar

life. I forget

I have something to say  
about life.

Maybe I'll remember it

tomorrow

@Work , Phoenix , AZ

DATE  
8-15-07

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I haven't had as much to show,  
I certainly haven't travelled  
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in six days

in the last  
"fast"

poetry journal  
I wasn't living my normal  
everyday  
familiar

life. I forget

I have something to say  
about life.

Maybe I'll remember it

tomorrow

2:51AM

9-3-07

@Home, in my room, Phoenix, AZ

Late nights.

late nights,  
restlessness,  
cooped up in  
my own head

there is something  
beautiful  
terrible  
longsuffering  
in killing myself  
by living

this life  
is  
terrible,  
beautiful,  
and restless  
late at night.

@Home, in my room, Phoenix, AZ

DATE 2:51AM  
9-3-07

Late nights.

Late nights,  
restlessness,  
cooped up in

my own head

there is something

beautiful

terrible

long suffering

in killing myself  
by living

this life

is

terrible,

beautiful,

and restless

late at night.

9-11-07

@Work, Phoenix, AZ

anguish...

...another step,  
a little push,

death...

@ Work, Phoenix, AZ

DATE
9-11-07

anguish...

... another step,  
a little push,

death...

9-11-07

@Work, Phoenix, AZ

Overtime:

Others strain towards it

like it is sunlight  
and they are plants

Or, I suppose since it is rare

like desert rain and  
they are dormant, waiting

I accept out of duty

loyalty  
work ethic

It isn't the money:

I just want to see

the  
work  
get  
done

(right)

@Work, Phoenix, AZ

DATE  
9-11-87

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Others strain towards it

like it is sunlight  
and they are plants

Or, I suppose since it is rare  
like desert rain and  
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I accept out of duty  
loyalty  
work ethic

It isn't the money:  
I just want to see  
the  
work  
get  
done

(right)

9-13-07

McDonalds, Phoenix, AZ

doing business (

selling art,  
selling books,  
selling you **this**

) means

doing taxes

paying taxes

three ways from Sunday

and circumstances

(stubbornness) means

paying taxes

takes half a day,  
and a bundle of

## **STRESS**

the stress is

not from the taxation itself  
from the traffic  
from the parking  
from the deadlines

Why can't I just give

my arts and still live?

McDonalds, Phoenix, AZ

DATE  
9-13-07

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selling books,  
selling you **this**  
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not from the taxation itself  
from the traffic  
from the parking  
from the deadlines

Why can't I just ~~give~~  
my art and still live?



DATE

## About the Author and the *Worth 1k* project

Exploring a world where digital photography is ubiquitous and the value of words is diminishing in a sea of noise (and of blogs, videos and photostreams), *Worth 1k* seeks the other side of the equation describing a picture's supposed worth. Examining a sometimes mundane daily life (including its pain and loss and longing) through words - not endless streams of words updated and distributed digitally to the world in an instant, but brief snapshots of experience and emotion hand-written and collected over months - this poetry seeks to illuminate what cannot be readily captured by one image or by a thousand images flashing by on a glowing screen, trying create the illusion of life.

*Worth 1k* is language leveraged.

It is also very personal, a sort of journal of the life of Teel McClanahan III. If there are universal themes here (such as evil ham, for example), it is because Teel lives in the same universe as you. Actually, he lives in Phoenix, AZ, so judge that for yourself. He is the author of several works of short fiction, serial fiction, novels, poetry, and, yes, even an online journal. You can find out more about him, and find his other poetry, his serial fiction and his novels, at Modern Evil:

<http://www.modernevil.com>

Or email him: [teel@modernevil.com](mailto:teel@modernevil.com)