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
easily
become big things
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

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

There is something so
hopeless
in this
sameness
row after
row after
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row of identical,
muted, muting,
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inhuman,
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-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,
on and on and (on the weekends, too)
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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

DATE 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

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 protext me from
another
sleepless night ...
time isn't torn away
but I can feel it
on my heart

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

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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

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
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)

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 12:20AM
7-22-07

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don't stop trying
as though trying were virtuous

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because they already went home,
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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.

DATE 12:53AM
8-5-07

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night time sliding
sweetly by

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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
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d
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—
My eyes haven't rained
down even as much as this
sad, sorry storm,
just past moistness,
in... y
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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

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i
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d
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i
p

d
r
i
z
z
l
e,

—

My eyes haven't rained
down even as much as this
sad, sorry storm,
just ~~[illegible]~~ Past moistness,
in... years
and years
of tears...

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 written as much,
I haven't had as much to show,
I certainly haven't travelled
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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,
rest less ness,
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 9-11-07

Overtime:
Others strain towards it
like it is sunlight
and they are plants
Or, I suppose since it is rare
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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 art,
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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