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Twisted Nostalgia

Do you remember the faces
of all those abandoned buildings,
mocking us
like a metaphor we wanted but could never touch?
& so how we turned to punk & the band that
turned to shit
because we fucked up by being too fucked up
on speed, weed, drink &
the fear
of the stage we were too afraid to admit?

Sometimes,
I miss those days:
there's a freedom in nihilism
so often forgotten or ignored;
nothing hurts those who believe in nothing
& care only for the comfort of pleasure.

The last man
cannot be turned back after walking the path
for too long.

That place was a contusion upon
the surface of the earth & we
were the worms
crawling

in the dirt...
but at least we weren't alone.

Somehow,
together we created a nostalgia
I can still feel,
& as our mistakes drift away,
one day,
maybe they
will join the birds
who will sing for us instead.

Past//Present//Future

Each anticipated day arrives &
elides into the past,
as we wait,
 again,
but for what?

How long will it take
for the pattern to change?

When will the cycle end?

With no past the future
becomes a desert &
 the desert grows,
surrounding us
 like the slow
creeping
of midnight mist...
with no future
the present becomes a test
you will fail unless
 you refuse
to fight against
the meaninglessness
& dance instead
with the

absurdity.

So,

dance with me?

Ocean Eyes

With your tongue in my mouth
you try to tease out
the secret of my silence,
but I keep it hidden
 like
a garden
 full of dead
 & dying
flowers.

With your tongue in your mouth
you make sounds
that unfold my rib cage, take
each strange organ
in your hands &
show me that
bones need not be broken
 to be open.

Somehow,
in the blue reflection of your ocean
eyes, the poison in these organs
rise like vapour to the sky;
somehow,
 that ocean brings me back to life.

So let me in
 & see
if I will sink
 or swim.

Master<>Slave

The Slaves hate the Masters &
themselves.

The Masters hate both & everything else.

A glacial surface is crawling across
our collective imagination,
while the world burns
waiting

to destroy civilisation.

When we stare into mirrors or
out of windows every day,
do we admire or look away?

Do we know that what we see is only
one more object
consumed
& constituted
by an infinite sea of others?

Do we feel the horror of that
brief tremor
beyond the horizon of thought;
a something that is nothing
at all,
&
when we chose to avert our gaze,
to pretend that everything will remain

the same;

when we shatter the mirror & the shards
dig deep into our hands,
will we realise that
we have no one to blame but ourselves?

Of Other Days and Other Stays

Pretentious wretch she was, she
loathed me
in the waves like a tug of the tug boat drowning our second,
third, fourth, fifth, ...
child, cradled me
when there was nothing left but powdered bone and ashen hair,
killed me
as if I were the only one she thought to penetrate, with her
words, her eyes, her noose.

One in a dozen dimes is misprinted
she says
and I believe her, in another way, in some other idea, where
they wanted to have a go
at it
at her
at the stage and
at the mountainous, murderous cacophony of musical talent
that was destroyed when the bomb fell on that town in the
valley between the rivers in our heart.

I miss those days, too.

Stay With Me

Show me light

Show me your eyes, the crystalline gems of a love from wartorn
eras

The demons inside, in a weary traveler

Your heartbeat warm and gentle

Still, against a stranger wind

No winter passed without slipping on ice

And a hill to climb and return

Every evening

When the sun sets

Show me your gracious manners

And a smile that gives me hope

When we were younger we held hands

And I remember what you said

That we would remember each other a thousand lives to come

That the crushing void of space could not undo our friendship

I miss those days, but I see past it

To the home you have found

With the Earth, with the stars, and in my heart forever

Our Home

Our land our home our God-given right to dethrone
Our brothers our gold our light our soul
Then the darkness the plague the filth
The greed the mourning the guilt
I stay in line with the mothers who sway
No other style than living to stay
To this day
No other way
It is wrought of grit and no other than merit
But I stick to the grind and leave when it's cruel
I send message to senders
Give in to lenders
Back-benders
For I am weak
Weaker to the day
Don't find the transition odd
There are others in disarray
What we need is a real God
What we need is a job that cares and catches us
When we fall when we die when we lose when we give up
Because what are the failures but momentary lapses in an
eternal voyage
The rock hurtling through space likes its panoply
Or so we tell ourselves
So some give and some dance in glee
There are no other places to delve

It is with great depression that I say

The moment has come, we must find the courage to stay

Today

Of Mattering Less, My Mind

This placidity of thought in my ingrate mind lends itself
To less than a shallow light
I am not less than this
I seek grace in the loftiest of places and know no other
direction
It is hate, it is hate
There are others, in direction of place
That know how to go about the weight of a burden
So many placed upon
But leavening and lightening undertow does no moral justice
Other than an equalization of infamy
So stir with me, so stir with me
We eat this bread, of life and blood
And spill each other like cupboard juice gin down the stairs
There are things I would like to tell you with time
But you are not there for me
Because you do not care
Seal the deal and be with fame and fortune
One hop gets you to the next island
Ten wins the war
There are too many dogs here to feed the homeless
So why not stray into the jungle and start anew
A fresh stance on lightness won't be undertaken without
quandary
So it is standard
That you know

But we hate, but we hate
And there are more
And that is just the beginning
To the dear ants: Be with the people you love
And in the finding of them you will find yourself
If no success then no matter
You mattered less anyway

A Chaotic Cocktail Fresh, No Doubt

So fresh
Like the lemon in my eye
Like the pigs in the sty
A guerilla in disguise
Some later straying off the beaten path
All aboard the Chaos
Control your tempo and breathe
In-Out-In-Out-In-Out...
All my memories barfed out for you
The partners in the pantry
Raiding the bank and disrupting the motion
Of a time forgotten, defunct, and decrepit
Titillating tango for two
No ropes to hang by
Just jest and tomfoolery
Be with me
Be the best you can be
Send the senders their final send-off
Go away, leaves of the Northern autumn
Vinyl in the living room
And a cocktail with a straw
Salt, marsh, marmalade
Little is made, little is done
But won, again, and won some more
Splits equal
Lore has it, they went inside and underground

Lately, the spittle from my nose is dry

Make no doubt: We have our sights set on you too

Exam

When I see that there are
Memories in forgiving spots of
The spotted hills,
Dug-up fecal stains on your
Eyes and shirt, give me
Your mouth's last drop of
Saliva,
Send me to the morgue to
Pull out the bones from her
Grave
And let me feel that
Last gut wrench underground.
The scent of maneuver for the
Flowers to grow with the
Idea that freedom sinks to the
Bottom trophic layer wilts
Timelessly is
Nice, y'know, but it won't
Cut it in class.

Fleeting

I've never been one to contemplate the future. And now that I contemplate the past, I find this a strange thing. Don't most people wonder where they will be in 5, 10 years? Or is it more common these days to be overwhelmed with tasks and to-do's to the point that you can't plan what's going to happen next weekend, let alone years from now?

Of course my father has lost his keys again. He always does that. He grew up a strange person, parenting me. Not alone, obviously, he abused his wife verbally and emotionally until there were no more emotions to abuse. That is, she doesn't really love him, but she cares about his safety / well-being. But this is a side-track. What I mean to say is: His memory has been slipping, particularly with keys. Almost exclusively with keys. But mom says he exhibits some other strange behaviors, such as not being able to finish one activity before starting the next one, right in front of her eyes. He'll be fussing with his hands, handling something, and then I or mother will say something, or he'll get a phone call, and stop what he's doing and never come back to it. We worry about him. He (most definitely) developed an undiagnosed schizotypal mental illness approximately fifteen years ago, when I was in middle to high school. The things I cared about back then seem so distant now. I remember vividly being worried about, in Senior year, the appearance I would make by letting my friends see the outside of the apartment I lived in with my family (sized five). It seems so inconsequential now. Father's lost his marbles, I've grown wiser. But neither of us really thinks about the future.

He's in his mid-60's, so I don't know, really, what it's like to think about your future at that age. I'm in my early 30's. I feel as if I've failed and have no solace or reprieve coming—ever—and it's stupid, objectively. I have to remove myself from myself to berate myself for being so blind. There is so much time to do things you love, to meet people you love, to go places you love. I don't know if... well, I've always had an awkwardness when talking about the great beyond that takes us when we are no more. The blackness. You know what I'm talking about. Mortality. I don't know if that starts to scare you at my father's

age and almost scare you at my mother's younger age. Or if you keep planning. When does it seem like there's a cutoff, both emotionally and pragmatically, to that which can be achieved by your mortal self? It's unfair that we all have limited time. When I think of mortality I mostly think of the fear. Panic. I've gotten less cool as I've aged, developed my own (diagnosed) schizotypal disorder. Panic attacks have happened. I know what fear tastes like now. And mortality brings it forth in me.

The noise from my laptop (read: music) hits beats and bles synths that motivate me, to, to, to... what, exactly? Feeling motivated is great but what do you do with it when it strikes? I've found that self-improvement, or self-expression, are both excellent choices.

But me, I always go for the easy way out. I troll Twitter. Not literally, but I do browse too much. I watch streams on Twitch, probably less cognitively engaging than Twitch.

My friend wished me a hasty recovery from my whatever/sore-throat illness as he bid me farewell upon our conclusion not to go for a mutual outing today. It would've been for photography.

I always feel so trampled. I don't know if that is a literal fact or an abstract conundrum my brain is still messin' with, but it's hard to differentiate.

Ridiculous to even think that.

My lower back and hamstring muscles are sore, too, from lifting wood panels to assemble a bookshelf with my mother for myself yesterday. It was quite the ordeal.

I say these things knowing... what, exactly? That I look for the easy way out, knowingly, that I look for a simple life. That hard work comes wrapped in pretty bow ties but that I still wretch at the sight of it. Reading, studying, playing music—it is most taxing to partake of these activities, for myself. And so, more often than not, I don't.

Why am I saying this? I don't really know. I came here with a good idea and I'm ruining it by giving you my daily news.

I guess what I mean to say is: If there is time to accomplish

everything, how much, how much dearly, will be wasted by my avoiding the work required to get it done?

I'm on my first day of no nicotine patch. I was supposed to be on step 3, 7 mg/day, down from step 2, 14 mg/day, but I didn't realize I hadn't yet ordered the patches for step 3 from my health insurance provider. So I'll have to wait 3 days. I might have one or two step 2 patches remaining but, oddly enough, I don't really feel cravings for nicotine or lozenges or anything, so maybe I'll just leave it like this.

Maybe I'll just leave it like this.

Only...

After falling asleep for a few hours, which my mother said I shouldn't have done because she doesn't want me to stay awake late tonight because I have work in-lab for the first time tomorrow, she found an extra two boxes of Step 3 patches, not from my health insurance provider but that I had purchased myself at an earlier date. I got out of bed, out from my face-down position on top of the covers, and went to the bathroom and put on a patch. I stayed awake.

Now I am here. Thank you mother. Thank you for I am awake now.

And now I think thoughts, and forget them, and (hopefully) remember them. But what does it matter how many are forgotten, in the end? Maybe it's a unidirectional stream, after all?

And as she assaults me with questions about my sore throat, incessant witch, out of love I suppose, I barely can conjure any thoughts. The words, like gnats, pester me and I am unable to focus.

What was I going to say, to do, again?

Fleeting thoughts.

It was good. I promise it was good.

distant darkness
empty shell of flesh
floats in limbo

space time debating the fracture of reality

soft blow
soma
thin lips spread

orbit of black hole no reason no light

lighter neon flame oblivion erasing matter

fracture reality
a door
in nothingness

Countryside

I live in a village
Far from rest of world
In childhood, when i saw
Smokes of Rocket in sky
I wonder above us, lives our friend
I used to wander in green fields,
I loved to lose myself
In embrace of nature
I often went to the Graveyard
Aside it was a temple
A unique place for us
In Graveyard, Muslims
bury their loved ones
Aside, Hindus chant their prayers
A soul gained salvation
On other side
Some praying for salvation
The amazing correlation
Between two great civilisation

The Rage

In the age of injustice,
In the times of oppressors,
In the reign of criminals,
Justice is rare.
Dark is the new Fair !
Truth dims,
And lies glare.
All we share,
Is torment and pain.
The Sons of Cain,
The inane and insane,
The profane and inhumane,
Stomping the fragile morality.
Desecrating the sanctity of the world.

An Unfinished Poem

Years ago,
I tried to put together
Some words.
That could make sense.
Hence, i wrote my
Unfinished poem.
I tried to finish it,
But none words did justice
To my poem.
I wrote 'Truth' and 'Justice '
In the first stanza.
People made fun of me.
They said i copied an old
Scripture.

The Blank Page

I tried to write something
 Beautiful and meaningful.
 Later i realised, beauty
 Doesn't relate with meaning.
 And meaning is not
 Always beautiful.
 I thought to write about the truth.
 Oh, but i can not tell,
 How I pay to publish my poem.
 Love! It's easy to write about it.
 But wait why I'm hating to write on it.
 Let me criticize 'Greed'.
 I will write a poem like Rumi,
 As I want to be a published poet.
 Oh Dear me!
 I'm not pure to write any of it.
 Let me think, why I need to write.
 For nothing.
 Why i should pollute,
 This beautiful blank page.

The Observant

I don't have tongue,
I'm not deaf just dumb.
All I have is two dark eyes.
I don't speak, just gaze.
My existence is unnoticed.
Yet I know much about life.
The truth and lie.
I know you think
I'm just a stupid guy
Timid and shy.
Oh my dear, i don't care
What you think about me.
Someone else opinion
Doesn't change me.
Life is to be lived.
Enjoy the serenity of the ocean.
Play with moving wind,
Yet be aware of
Cunning humans.