

No Reception

By Nyck Robert Gallo

Prologue:

“No Reception” was written exclusively on a cell phone, from bars and house parties in the greater Los Angeles area. The idea was somewhat forced into fruition, when I was spending so much time out at bars, waiting for a love interest to return from traveling. To be honest, it’s been fucking hell writing on a touch screen cell phone. I hope you enjoy it!

Title: AA

Through this life, this abstract painting, with colors that sometimes miss the canvas, only the best things are worth being afraid of, and only the best things endlessly satisfy. Life may fill you up, and I insist; it’s healthier than when it cleans you out.

Title: Longing

There’s a woman next to me drinking wine; they’re both aged, and sad. I’ve been drinking my beers fast, like my time is running out too. The woman looks like she’s thinking about a love that blew away in her time like a spring leaf. I’m thinking about my own love that stands like a Greek god, or a stimulated bear. I want to kiss her as time drips down our chests like the brightest acrylics, or lay her on the bed and make the prettiest human music.

I feel like an old man; longing, waiting, deprived. Awaiting my next triumph; and the big hand is running through me, like a sword through velvet.

Title: Love/Hate Birds

I got so drunk, and fell into such a deep sleep, it could’ve been confused for a death. I had dreams of losing time, and had dreams of women showing up in the tide face down.

It was another day running around the airport looking for her way out. We were two people bustling about like everyone else, trying to squeeze in enough time for an endless goodbye. I love the terminal, and I hate the terminal, depending on the circumstance.

The imaginary numbers that were time, closed in toward our detachment. In the span of a few

minutes, she'd go from ground level in my arms, to a cotton seat thousands of feet in the air; ultimately toward the other side of the world. I'd have dreams of globes spinning, and her in bed. Naked, laughing, drunk. Perfectly; softly.

I possessed the blood-work of a melting igloo. I watched her walk away. A lump grew in my throat, and a void in my core. There was no way to deflect this melancholy, or relieve myself of this dreamlike state, walking through crowds of comers and goers. A man looking on told me, "Parting is such sweet sorrow, isn't it?" I wanted to throw a hard 1-2 combination at his face.

I got lost taking the wrong bus home. I think my subconscious did it intentionally. I felt inclined to talk out loud like she was still around, and it dawned on me, I hadn't said a word since she left. I looked at all the faces on this wayward bus, completely convinced they were directionless like myself, and trying to convince myself the bus was in fact wayward. I found a liquor store, bought a pint of St. Pauli, and realized she was gone. My God is a passive boy.

Title: Old Soul

My soul wants to walk down to the bar with the sun still out. The only other souls in there, have wrinkled faces, slow hands, and subtly buttoned shirts. And I notice I'm just like them, because I slouch at the bar just like them.

All these guys smell like old women's perfume, and I probably smell like fabric softener, and cologne. It's nice and dark in here and me drinking my beer as a complete nothing is utterly acceptable. There's a guy next to me wearing a nice watch, and I'm just wearing a cotton bracelet that's basically become lint.

Title: Grime

But everything in the sun is too hot anyways, and those days without grime are too exhausting to keep clean. God damn are things sexy with a little rust around them, Jesus Christ don't ever take that away from me.

Title: Xoxo

With each exasperating breath, we're just a moment closer, to being close.

Ardent wishes are just prayers, and lusting for each others touch is just sexual fantasy. Time is all,

that's on my side.

I remember her soft face. Nothing holds me from calling it beautiful; no logic interrupts my accusation of perfection. She'd smile, drink her beer, and those very motions tucked my soul in every night.

There's little consolation this way. States away. Countries away. Beds away. Sinners separating other sinners, lovers in between other lovers, for nights on end. How many eternities must we clinch our love, and battle through?

Title: Breaking Camel Backs

My hand is on my beer, and it's been getting warm. The condensation is still dampening its surface, like tears on a grown man's face. Everybody's depressed; the golden and the grey.

I've always worried, about everything. There was a time in elementary school, probably fifth grade; I got into an argument with my mom before class. It was intense, and probably concerning my punctuality. She sped off, and the entire day my stomach twisted. I felt a defeating sense of sadness. I missed her, and thoughts of her dissolving into thin air like my father did the year before, broke through every square inch of my mind relentlessly.

But worries are just grapefruits for pessimists to bring to bed when they can't have women. And instead of masturbation, they make funny noises with their mouths, or blink real hard. The world has the easiest job in the world, withering these ones up.

Everything can be taken away. Life is a Bear. There's nothing divine that deters. There's no god in the driver seat. Somebody loved that camel. Somebody sweated it.

Title: Camaro Hood

But the ones with the better stories, are all worn down. You're an idiot for forgetting that. But I still love you pal. You're so cute with your scruff, and your tales of failed romance in dark bathtubs; thinking all the kids on edge will eat that shit up.

But at least you don't hang out in coffee houses, typing on a laptop, listening to jazz, posturing for credibility, falling in love with the opposite of everything.

The paint falls onto your bare feet, and you kiss Saturn's dusty rings with your words. You open blouses with your words, you open arms with your words; and the world gets no prettier than this.

Title: Forest

It was the first night I picked her up. She was much too beautiful for either of our own good. We gulped on a bottle of Saki, and added an 18 pack for good measure. I imagined myself relentlessly wearing through the alcohol in an effort to ease my nerves, I was a nervous guy.

The easing of the nerves came the second she smiled at me, not only was there something there, but there was something deathly poetic. We sat and drank the wine, while driving through winding mountain roads. I felt the alcohol coat my bloodstream, and cushion my softened nerves. I looked out at the dense forest and convinced myself it actually did end somewhere.

Title: The Hole

I am alone in Hollywood, and the clouds look like cotton candy. I'm growing out my facial hair, in hopes of suffocating myself, follically. I don't mind the extra dead skin, and lint I pick out of it occasionally.

I find the stool in the center of the bar side, to conflict the lonely presence of the bartender, who was an older man, picking pieces of a lesser beast from between his teeth. He turned toward the bottles, and poured a large shot of Jagermeister, then slid it toward me.

"That's probably the only thing I don't drink", I told him.

"Why not?"

"I just always find myself apologizing to someone after I have that."

He started to laugh, and then asked me what I drank. He turned his back to me, pulled out an untouched bottle of Vodka, and poured two shots.

"This is probably the only thing I don't drink" he said as he poured, "but look around in here...who's 'gonna ask for an apology?"

Title: Keep Right

The air is as crisp as to opposite sin. The trees are green and inject a vibrant livelihood capable of resuscitating the deadest of chests. Long windy roads we stand in and redirect lost people, blowing stogie smoke out of our mouths, hung over, exchanging stories of sexual bravery; we're no one, to tell one, where to go.

And during the night, the lights would reflect off the smooth trees illuminating them like polished bones. Cars accelerated down the hillsides, lost, and curious to achieve an exit, and sometimes

completely fly off the road. We'd stand and guide them, while in mid sentence about the figure of the woman that walked by.

The cars inevitably went to sleep, and we retreated to our small spider webbed office, engulfed by heavy trees and power lines. A cooler of Croatian beer was lifted open, and the caps were flicked all through the office by abiding drunks.

The lights would go up during the holidays; the air was freezing from the loose winds in the golf course. We'd watch bodies walking hand in hand, and permanent fools become temporary lovers. They filled up the park, coffee in their hands, hats on their heads, walking slowly. I was really high, and developing quite the mound of sunflower seed shells.

The ambience continued whipping me with joy, with a whip made for sadness. I knew she wanted me, and I knew I wanted her, but life was merely livable, and I was fine with being simple. I wasn't sure where I was going, I was fearfully falling for a face that was so worth falling for, direction was irrelevant anyways. Maybe one day, my simplicity will bore the fear out of me.

Every story of a wild fuck, breeds a recollection of a coffee book love. But we fear talking about those, almost as much as we fear those.

Title: No Room for You

She opened her eyes just to wake me up. There's an endless peace in leaving for work so early, I'm forced to kiss your face that's drained of all of its definition. My teeth chatter as I pull on my stiff brown pants, and tan button up shirt. I'm half asleep, the TV's still making noise, and your warm forehead displays glowing text that reads: "Today has a perfect chance at being perfect...wake up".

I'm not much more than one with the road, shivering in my Mercedes, to the sound of rubber on morning pavement. Just minutes removed from her heat, I reminisce; and the cold never seemed so cold, but nothing is in vain these days.

We throw our arms up chronically, to question absolutely everything but this. And we lay onto each other at end of everyday, like solved puzzles, or snug mittens. Thank you for constantly being the most beautiful thing; that I'll ever find. Thank you for reminding me, that today is just perfect. Thank you for waking me up.

Title: Country Song?

My attempts at sliding paper notes,
Underneath your sliding door,
Well they never get through.

And my blood to your brass,
Well that's not just an act,
Your inked scar tissue somehow can't seem to see through.

I love your magic carpet feathers,
Wrapping the coldest shit is such unparalleled splendor.

I love your golden waves from my childhood films,
The waves you love to hate,
And I'll sin within that very fill.

And your chest on my back can put a tweaker to sleep,
I'd die by the time I woke if I couldn't smile at you sleep.

Title: Shit

Her heart had just been wore into a deeper wear than usually comprehensible by the standard human. She was 43 years old, and a bartender in Pasadena; I'm getting bumped into as I type this.

All the young men in the bar were after her perfectly preserved complexion, they all thought her friendliness was fuckable. And one by one, they tried and they failed. She started crying and giving out shots for free. Life had her bent over, before these broke, mischievous, fuckers even had a chance.

She'd just watched her husband sleep into his death, after an exhausting battle, with something exhausting. And her fine, aged flesh, had now looked rough, and old. An older couple just in-locked in a drunken kiss, 3 blondes think I'm texting someone I love.

The drunken, loose spirits singing "Hotel California" have no chance at her broken soul, let alone her compromised pussy. And it should be compromised, that's love. And if it exists in here; well, that's fuckin' crazy.

Title: The Necessary Thorn

There's the yellow lawn chair I used to bump out of vials on, drinking a beer, and waiting for the poetic drip. My stomach would toss until I was a man about it, my eyes would bleed, my nose would follow suit. There was nothing here, just my dampened skin, my stimulated mind, and my sleeping soul. Everything in that place, was either broken or breaking.

I wish you were here, by the pool, drinking a natty ice with me. The weather's perfect. Your

clouds are up, just for you, and every time I smile, it's just for you. In a world that leaves a lot to wish for, I'm your typical human being, always wishing for something more, because my soul woke up to you; and it showed me that there's something green, underneath all these dry weeds.

Title: The Never-ending Straws

Forgiving and forgetting is quite the brave movement by a lover. When did forgetfulness, get adopted as virtue?

Cutting the flow of rigorous romance is about as inclining as plugging your nose when searching for scent. Is there any wrong doing, evil enough to command such solitude?

Title: Morning Greens

Driving through wealthy neighborhoods in the morning, I rub my allergies deeper into my nasal cavity. I hear the broken training wheels of kid bikes scraping the floor, dogs wiggling on the losing end of leashes, and the rustling of large trees coughing bunches of dust and shit into the air.

I think about what tag is up on the dumpster this week in the alley behind my room. There's an indescribable cuteness to grittiness I don't know if I can ever get over. I enjoy the sounds of clanking midnight beers reflecting off the doors and windows of our close quarters. I like being force-fed the smell of detergent, when someone else feels dirty. There's a disgusting swimming pool with piss, and dead bees, and chemicals. I love to dip my feet in it and pretend it's worse than it really is. I admire its character. There's never a shortage of things to clean or fix.

Training wheels are just for peace of mind, expensive cars make expensive wrecks, and trophy wives take up too much space on the mantle.

Title: House Party

There's a giant mural of a dead Flamingo on the wall, I'd just spilt the only beer I can afford, the bass is rumbling off of the wall and into my torso, frantically; and tonight is just one bad beat. Everyone I talk to turns away at the end of all of my first sentences. But I'm too lazy to get up, and too content in being passed up.

They think because I have a book with my name on the front, I'm smug. Nobody has time for anyone that thinks they should be heard more than themselves. At least not some Californian with agoraphobia and Nikes. The anxieties of this very lucrative lifestyle can only be compared to your soul

hiding underneath the covers that are your own flesh, overheating, over sweating, and overanalyzing. It's so exhausting under here, I can cry, and call it sweat.

I need to get these beers down, to feel comfortable with myself. Being comfortable with everyone, always follows suit. But it's always a rigorous exercise; that gets old, like a pair of Redwoods.

"You're a writer? What do you right about?"

"Just a bunch of shit." My golden answer every time. And it gets fucking old.

I'm fine with talking about loss, love, space, and beer; but I'm not fine with talking about, how I talk about loss, love, space, and beer. It makes me feel uneasy. I'm hardly a "writer". I'm just arrogant, and think the things I say, for the most part, are a lot more profound, than anything anyone has to say on the book shelf at Ralph's. The people with agents, and PR, and editors, and teachers, and mansions, and commercials, and lifetime movies. All of that shit is so watered down, generic, and synthetic, you couldn't sell me the fact that there's any personality behind any of it. 30, 40 year old Men and Women, talking about the rigors of High School. Yea, that's what I want to hear.

Title: Snapping Daytime

It's too early for a first impression. It's even too early for the rest of the world to clamor to the freeway I'm on. I'm getting my day, before it's just the leftover of someone else's; I get to take life to the head today.

If I end this silly little symphony, on a tune less than brilliant; I guess I didn't deserve the jubilation I begged for. Fuck the money, I wanted the fame. Herald me 'cause I never lied like you, don't vilify me 'cause I told our stories. I took a shot of the same shit that made you blow the quarterback in high school. I did the same line that you overdosed on. I speak from your throat, which manages to sound like there are chips of aluminum in it, every time you speak of loss. Tribulation is our language, let me get through.

Title: Just Visiting

I can hear a clock ticking, but I can't find it. There are balls of dust exploding, and expanding, and existing in every corner of this religion. I'm terrified, because I've endured all, but nothing close to a trapped sneeze.

It's this empty, cluttered complex that reminds myself so much of myself. Picking up small dusty galaxies of time, and stagnation, waiting for the divine bang. It's been all too long since I've let my heart

explode. It just makes such a mess.

I could never find the time, to find the time these days; because it becomes an illness to thoroughly satisfy. And not satisfy the world, because I'm smarter than that; but to satisfy myself, because there's a chance at being whole in there somewhere.

Title: Bad Dream

You slipped into the dark room, touching the carpet so gently, I mean for a second it looked like you were levitating, and I knew you weren't because humans can't fly only birds, but this could be a dream still, I'm actually only sweating because I'm terrified this is only a dream again, and I can't afford to wake up another morning with no reception, and you across seas, tip toeing across another carpet with your bedroom feet and your frizzy hair and your iPod, but I'm just enjoying the moment, and the moment says your here so I indulge, it laughs, I pull my hair out, your months away, I'm anxious, I'm dusty, I have no reception again, I'm inebriated, your inebriated, I'm lost your hidden, my heart is bleeding, it's staining my shirt and they tell me that I'm dying but I just think I'm dreaming.

Title: Stardust

I walked into the exhaustingly polished home, through the large brown double doors, onto the white tiles that stretched into the distance like a great white ocean. There was burgundy sequins sprinkled across the floor, and an empty bar with neon lights, unlit. There was a meteor shower to happen that night.

I was there with another writer. He was as young as me, and he enjoyed me; I introduced him to this shit. He always had women around him. He was good, and he lugged his craft behind him like a fine piece of bait. That's one thing I did like about him. That's the first thing we learn to do.

The hostess bent over behind the sleeping bar side, and pulled us two Heinekens. We cheers'd, pounded 'em down, and began rattling each other with intellect. He spoke the language, but he still wasn't quite bitten by the culture. Four or five beers later, the hostess; a pretty blonde with blue eyes and huge tits, asked him to join her in the bedroom. They came out about 15 minutes after, lively. Their existence was the most apparent thing in the room, their heartbeats fostering a pushing match between life and death. He got a hold, of what got a hold of me. He drank his next 2 beers, before I drank my next one.

And then she came. The blonde. She had a smile that could break the sternest of ideologies. All I

wanted from her was just one more second. I have seen brutal things, and I have seen things that oppose them violently. I noticed small beads of sweat forming on the brows over her wide, open eyes, as she started to inform me what stars are made out of. I pulled her into the bathroom, and turned on the cold water in the sink. I wet my hands, then rubbed them along her hairline.

“Oh my God! That feels so good! It feels like your squeezing the core of Callisto over my face!” She said excitedly. Tears of joy fell down her face, along with sweat, and sink water.

“Please put the Chemical Brothers on my iPod”, she said.

“Let me guess...”Star Guitar”?” I assumed.

“YES! But wait, first put on “Local Joke” by Neon Indian!”

I turned the song on, grabbed myself another Heineken, and stepped outside the door to watch the shower. She followed me shortly after, her forehead still damp, her eyes still wide, her conscious still restless. At first glance, you can see vague shots of light zipping through different sections of the night sky. Within the next five minutes, they were blasting through gaps of space so violently, it became what felt like a normal fixture in the sky. She grabbed my arm, and started jumping up and down to the music, laughing hysterically. I was so impressed, and so drunk, I was laughing hysterically too. Fragments of these stars zipping around up there, millions of years away, began to hit the pavement in the backyard. They crash landed, making large clusters of dust, and dirt and ice. Some chunks were larger than others, and during this time, the night sky, almost look like the morning sky. And for the next million years, we sat and drank Heinekens, dampened our foreheads, and danced with shooting stars.

Title: The Gods in my Teeth are Rolling Pures

I could walk through every fuckin’ pit of broken glass, and child blood, and ex lover kisses. I could stand with the tallest, and sink with the lowest; and pretend with the cutest. I could swap dirty words with the thinnest of soul, and wax poetic with the drunkest of intellects.

At the end of the day, I break even.

I’d love to call everything by its scientific name. I dream of living in the most buried of solitudes, touching some neon flower, looking up at the Red Tailed Hawks, my arm covered in tattooed Herons, and feather pens. I take pride, in striving for the barest of livelihoods. I just seem so sure, it’s the fullest I’ll seem.

I’ll sleep better at night, with all these inevitable cancers I surely retrieved, in the midst of these

creatures that don't bicker or exploit or lie or cheat or imply or impose.

Life will always be the beautiful flirt, that squeezed her tits in my naive face; coughing and smiling, waiting for me to misunderstand. I'm not hurried at all by last call. It's just a number on someone's watch.

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