



AN UPTON THOROUGHFARE PUBLICATION



Hello denizens of toofartoreach land. I am
your Anti-Christ and long time observer.



THIS TITAN IS DEAD

I were a fortress
in all old glory
the stuff of legends, stone with a story
you would be hairy tarantula
creeping... creeping
all through my hallways
defiling my treasures
creep you will and that will be always
though you are a spark to my blaze
weakling... weakling...
you will always win
for though I am mighty
I have no hands that can reach within.



CUT MYSELF SHAVING

I am... a god!
a deep blue vortex!
I own the earth I
feast on your forests I
piss in your oceans
Humans are mere bacteria
Spawned from hygiene neglect
Watch as I twist their little hearts
Observe the chaos I weave as I
lay sustenance on the middle ground
I would do them a favor
I would destroy their existence
But their pain and fear somehow
Lays my loneliness to rest



SILK PRISON

Checking in from the rainy season I
exist in a cavity of corporate a
cell of Cthulu
if only for now it cannot go on forever
I must break free I
must declare my static face I
must breathe the fresh most air let it
douse my burning throat I keep on
!!!



OVAL AROUND THE GLOBAL

I have my eye on you
you, that shining silver traveler
when the mist falls upon our fair city
you emerge you
continue on your road to nowhere
oh silver traveler, our souls fuel your engine
we wish to see your journey's end
let our young pull your chariot
let our vision rest upon you we must see
if something goes wrong
If a happening occurs which we could not foresee
tell us what it is like over the rainbow
for it is beyond me



DAY CYCLES

When I rise at the left perpendicular I want to be a pot-bellied piggy. Pillage and burn the cabinets that house yesterday's sport. Microwave for thirty seconds.

\1

Time for a waterfall. I wash away the salty film of my nightmares and emerge a fresh face, all ready to be ruined throughout the course of the day.

11 o'clock

Let me spew mindless tongue into the depths of the new frontier.



DESCENT FOR A BETTER PLACE

Sixty four! Forever more!
Cried crooked neck and eye.
Let my soul and gore spill on the floor!
and he fell into the sky.



EGOBEAST

The fate of a man who,
in ego driver fervor
raises his bar above his abilities
is doomed by ominous stretches
eyes becoming red at the sight of himself –
at the knowledge of his hand grasping a channeler.
“How can I stretch one man into three?”
he says through a wall of mist
“I can barely half a half-work”
to the sound of deep drums
Is there nothing to draw upon?



MOTHER

Oh you, with denial sponged into your roots
splashed about your aging head
it is useless to cover up the gray that persists
that was born from the one you love.
Yes, an illegitimate child in your household.
What else can be fueling the rage that flows
through each and every one of us,
the offspring whom, only a lifetime ago,
had suckled milk from your chest?
Mother, you once wrapped me in blue blankets.
If you would, if
your skeletal hands still possess that same magic –
wrap me once more before the stars fall.



HYMN #45

I awaken every morning to the sound of bells
I am out of my cocoon and I put on my face to the world.
Then it is off to the institution, where I
put my heart and soul, my soul, into my work.
For my efforts
a place in my country,
my... country.
At the end of the day I reunite with my bourbon
and retire in a stupor to my cocoon,
my... cocoon.
Mother says that if I stay here long enough,
I will emerge one day as a beautiful butterfly,
butterfly!
At least 'tis what I was told
when I was more of a lad than I am now.
Mother's heart failed in her cocoon,
and the question arises of my fate.
The answer, it seems, lies in the sights of my
bolt-action bedtime friend.
Enough power to slaughter a pig!
... pigs? In a blanket?



STUPID PEOPLE

I've always dreamed of men in clouds
All along the wispy heaven tops
angels behind the cover of shrouds
having their share of malt and hops
I can hear the party from underground
but it seems all others choose to ignore
what I hear and what I have found
forever now and forever more



THUS FAR ON THE EVES OF MARCH

Welcome to March. A land tempered by frigid winds and dotted with dirt-trodden snow boulders. Jagged, wooden spires line the sidewalks and claw at the impenetrable sea of gray in the sky. The sun peaks out occasionally and sets its gaze through tiny gaps, but only in a seductive manner. Torturing the land's struggling denizens with broken promises of a time so close yet so far out of reach of their shaking senses. Still, this sporadic arousal is enough to keep their hardened members pointed firmly towards days of marshmallows and loose shirts and wine. Welcome to March. Welcome to my birth-land. I inherited this domain from my fore-fathers and my blood is the rain that feeds the spires and the sidewalks. I am wired beneath the surface, where not even the false hope of the sun can reach me. The universal energies flow through my soul – the good and the bad. My purpose is to filter through the chaos and derive meaning from the madness. But through this process my heart becomes weary and my liver runs dry. The striders above know not of my existence.

Welcome to March. Welcome to a land suspended within a vast black space, held together by Elmer's glue. A plane



destroyed long ago yet still knows life as clusters of cells
held down against its astral winds.

Welcome to a struggle shared by many but known by few.

Welcome to Tartarus, the divine landfill.

Welcome to the final resting place of those grand serpents
in blue skies.

Welcome to March. This is where I was born and where I
shall perish.



Mr. Streetlight I grow tired very tired
of your antics, won't you come
down, crashing
from your perch up high?
You smother that sweet moonlight
with your static glow

*

Frigid sprinkles dot the airstream
but when the planted lie they will
cease and
spirits can finally emerge from
stony solitude

*

Teased and scraped by bickering portrait faces
Whispering cried of unwelcoming sting
They insist that I go far from their holy spaces
Their eyes are of rubies; pain they sing

*

Beautiful music hides an ugly thrust
cold walls incase shattered glass and shattered souls
soon the sofa will cushion an empty husk
left for dead in this all encompassing hole



*

What a desire
to require
peak residence atop a pyramid
a point no higher
atop stone of which can never
hold true to my eyes

*

You stride a long stride
my hardened, fatigued friend
upon that long slab of black granite
you are persistent, but
be careful not to trip
For upon contact your icy facilities
will shatter and when your
shards melt you will become feast
for the ground you once mastered



*

Crash through this transparent
wall with your primal fingers and
make a picket for me to
nestle and be warm in
but be sure to drop me
oh so softly
when the mist rises

*

I need my drugs, I want my fix
Too bad they're nameless or I could ask
some gentle, rough around the edges soul
wantwantwant so my vision ripples and my clocks
tick with relentless determination

*

You see I've found that I
have burrowed oh so deep
Oh so deep, I'm afraid, my friend
my sanity I cannot keep
It must learn to fly with its iron wings
and leave me to my tortured peace



*

Go away You And
you Sickly bastards
stop polluting these streets
with your piss and wheeze
you make life as a sweeper
even more so
unbearable

*

There is grime in your mouth
my green-eyed friend
did you know?
Someone gave you a string of pearls
priceless, but common
at least not for you, you high maker
come here, come here, carved
into your forehead
and everyone flocks



*

Hello, hello
welcome little blue shine star of mine
I'd offer you pleasantries
wine and dine
but there's so much to do
through and through

*

These wings require attention
neglect has worn them incapable, I'm afraid
What happened to this bowstring?
It requires mending
What is this?
Edge this stone
Make these eyes keen to love
Make these arms strong
Give this heart heart.



Bearded giants are rebuilding the Berlin
Wall, caging my brain. I say to them, “no,
stop!” to their reply, “stop? No!”





Matthew Sacco was born on July 13th, 1992. Abraham Harping was born several years later, slicing Matthew's soul in half in order to accommodate himself. Abraham whispers things, Matthew hears them and writes them down. Matthew wants his good friend Abraham to have a voice. Matthew joins Upton Thoroughfare in Abraham's name. Matthew possesses a liking for Walt Disney, sushi, Bob Dylan, and hot sauce. Abraham likes parks, and dreaming.

