



commander

# Sensors





***commonalex\_***

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Seniors". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "S" and a trailing flourish.



made entirely with open source  
and closed windows  
distributed for free online  
2020

*to glover,  
to kafka,  
to debord*

## lemonade

five porches  
three households  
one and the same  
fatty son  
dumbass stepdad  
momma tired of this shit  
and 1/3 of melon each  
talking grades/shopping/holidays  
but car's still parked 3 months and going  
with the phone bills still on hold  
fuck

news be blasting from inside  
dreams float murdered in the coffee cups  
parfait and lemonade  
sounds of fifa/beatings/summer hits  
and time melting away by the sun  
like a balkan miami  
with the palm trees lighting up  
just so husbands and housewives can see  
how far it feels from sidewalk  
just in case they one day slip  
accidentally i guess

## bad lungs

hoping off the subway with my stress  
step by step by counting breaths  
till i get to see you  
(or till these steps add up)  
and hit each other with the how are you's  
oh you know's  
fine and you's and all that mumble  
that gets draining if i can't speak them in person  
with my mouth buried in you

but you don't vibe with kelela or yourself  
and i've run out of the words worth wound licking  
or my tongue must have dried out with all that  
don't you start again with all that shit's  
until you hit the filter  
cough just once and curl upon me  
telling you to cut on fucking up your lungs  
you give me \*kanye shrugs\*  
and say i worry way too much for way too little

time grows legs to catch the night train  
can't afford to catch a breath  
or tell you i got too afraid that i will miss you  
so i sink my voice in tv  
playing an artsy flick we have already seen  
and only speak to say some bs i don't feel  
just for you to feel a thing about me too  
even disgust  
that i'd still fuck this cute dead poet from the 80s

## satellite

the sun bleeds into my birthmarks  
mother never really saw me laughing out loud  
i don't know if it gets difficult to put it into words  
or the past tense that is getting too fixed  
still the hand guns chill my jaw down  
and i'm gassed once again  
sky slipping and hitting face first on the ceiling  
i swim through my neck deep tar pit sinking  
so much time spent on the surface  
swimming grew out of my skin  
waves pull me in  
i'm busting my head open bumping satellites  
until the stardust pours  
and my thoughts get stuck in orbit  
round and round the shore  
round and round so devil catches up to me  
but i got too short breathered 'bout halfway there  
guess i never really grew a pair for night swimming  
or at least changing the title here  
just sayin'  
to the impressions of a drowned man



## kristina rose

another batshit day living in miami  
sun's been bouncing on your back  
dog's been barely walking  
and you are barely sliding on the beach road  
red light 'round the corner and the tires screech  
peeking over the sunglasses for cute faces  
but no luck  
an obese man in a honda  
two mild potheads working wendy's  
and a little girl behind a window crying like hell  
all the sensitives might find some allegory  
but who gives a fuck about them

another batshit day living in miami  
how many can recall your name today  
phone now rings only for rent  
the tl got filled with incels  
and the days pass on the bed  
catching sunbeams from the blinds  
like time passing  
slowly fading just a bit above the ass  
with the thought of someone somewhere right now  
that could still be beating off to this in private  
all the sensitives might find some vulgarity  
i guess nobody fucked them after all

## puzzle

no cap no cap  
i'm picking up my pieces  
hug them tightly till they cut my veins open  
like fountains on the floor

no cap no cap  
my arms feel stuck together on my wrists  
they don't seem they fit my body  
like they caught me pocket picking or just crying  
feels like same guilt to me

no cap no cap  
the door's wide open for the daring  
who talks the talk about the arts and culture  
but all he does is sneer or putting weights on my anger  
fifty fifty if he has me on a beating  
hunnid zero if i turn his face puzzled

no cap no cap  
rEalLy BrO rEalLy  
sweet chin music hitting speakers till he stays down  
mAnNeRs EvEr HeArD oF tHeM  
7 years jinxing and i'm all about it  
wHeRe'S tHe ArT iN aLl Of ThAt AnD aLl YoUr cUITuRe  
bitch you fucking look right at it

## 58Hz

soorry my bad didn't see ya  
but they're hitting me with shoulders  
sierras of them stacked in queue in front of me  
so i pull mine up  
(contagious like)  
let them pass in peace  
till i'm not seen panting  
stuck at the same place since yesterday  
i hit head first at their peaks  
cannot catch them  
they still run their lives right over 60 hertz  
i'm still tied to 58  
cause painkillers screwed my legs  
and the soreness got me running late  
by carrying all this shame around like a fucking dumbass

## terracotta

fancy apartments by the shore  
20k sleeping quiet on the parking lot  
beaches on a plate and thai food places  
fancy kiosks and artsy galleries  
sun filled top floors  
dancing back and forth before my eyes  
carbon copies with the boujee grandpas on the bench  
playing chess and fist fighting  
with them broken lids and baked ass foreheads  
made with messy terracotta

keys with gym memberships  
picture perfect houses straight from ikea  
soy milk inside the fridge  
and relatives well put in office  
heat waves hit my face while riding balconies  
dropping rich kids and gold diggers  
shoving refugees poor junkies and sex workers  
so the grandpas finger point us from below  
stop on getting their tongues messy  
do the cross

## thousand tabs open

world's right on my fingertips  
slipping off and nowhere to be seen  
stress and fomo fucks my sleep schedule  
splinters in my eyelids and sawdust in my dreams  
every noon i walk around in 2d

koniec

thousand tabs open in my head  
either swimming in the highways  
brawling trigger happy cokeheads never met  
'fore i drop down semi dead with headphones on  
as the roaches dance around me  
every day every day every day  
mixing lungs with the salt water  
sad boy way to catch the wave  
or i'm just way out of grip  
way more than milk and honey  
got fed up because the internet  
way more than odyssey  
got my style by the trial  
way more than the dogtooth  
got consumed by the fire  
going round and round and round in the night

## best families

you shut my eyes with wax  
you rubbed my back on soap  
until my insides light up

you drowned me with your milk and inner bitterness  
you closed me in your arms  
trying to latch me onto you  
trying to get me used to you

hair turned ashy from your cigs  
and you jump through threads and needles  
ready just in time to sew me  
from the stabs i got from birth  
just in case rain gets my guts

but why even care  
could be worse  
i mean i used to be real nasty as a kid too  
what can i really say to you  
maybe that's how things should go right  
even in the best of families

## montreal

must be a while  
cause your back got real chills by my hand  
i say lean on me  
you barely hid a laugh  
but you can't catch up to smirk  
you threw roots around and wrapped me  
you say it's not like that you need it and all that  
it's just the habit of it all you know  
you ain't too mad about it right  
you would tell me  
ain't that true  
can you please speak up for once like fucking hell alex

dunno

d'accord d'accord  
your dogteeth mon petite mort  
got me rest in peace when i had so much more to say  
eg  
wish i had you in my arms every morning like the sun  
run around the world with empty backpacks  
fuck you on a hotel suite somewhere in montreal  
because i never had a home to call home  
besides you  
how easily my thoughts untie with you  
feels so surreal  
how cutely your neck fits inside my hands

## panic attacks in real time

time kicks my ass  
and i melt away loony style  
counting with my fingers all the days  
it's gonna take to keep pretending having pulses  
as i age in real time  
until i see your face again  
parasites crawl up my limbs  
and my world's fucked upside down  
like noe's climax  
dutch tilt  
american  
netflix and chill  
and migraines that go off except on top of you  
how can a poor ass sofa make room  
for two bodies twist-and-turning in sweet rage  
sugar scented sweat still dripping off the clothes  
you're the best i've ever had  
of all panic attacks left  
and i'm a late bloomer  
cause my sensors bloomed for real with you



## alexnet

mom i'm leaving for the moma  
things get lethal over here  
nosy balconies and diving dreams  
from the rooftops of the projects  
ath or atl  
life's a rodeo  
all day making circles 'round the claw  
and the art the only dope  
(or the last resort before the black bloc)  
i won't stop  
till my face gets on the walls of your dystopia  
like diamond in the coal  
on god  
i'm carrying myself just fine at last  
so father stretch my hands  
i feel like kanye right before the yeezus  
and for that i thank my home sweet home  
dusty grannies at the buses  
all old classmates we don't talk no more  
my city  
and in case i just forgot about you  
send your flowers and complains over at 127.0.0.1

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