

Hummingbird Drama

Year Five

July 2024 - June 2025

Gregory Nero

BECOMING

Mole Portal

Gregory Nero

Abstract—green june beetles, the ambassadors of conversation

Index Terms—stuck, unstuck

I'll take a nap and rest a bit. Next to running water, a bed of rocks. Beneath the tree I'll fall asleep over and over again. Tiny ants are curious about my ankles and legs. Busier times are coming, rest now.

Lamb, Wolf, Dog

Gregory Nero

***Abstract*—I want to devour. I want to be devoured. I want to protect. I want to be protected. I want to be gentle. I want to be treated gently.**

***Index Terms*—innocence**

TORUS

Today it rained in the canyon.

Before the storm (we were sure about dodging it)

I saw a cloud shaped as a torus and thought about you.

Far above the walls of cactus and rock

A clear blue opening surrounded by white.

—

I showered with the lights off this afternoon while the skies
were grey.

I thought about you and wrapped my arms around myself,
head tilted into the tile.

I thought about holding you, and the way you held me.

This is ceremony, ritual, blessing.

A torus is a shape you can see through.

I wish I could pull open my body from the middle and see
you now.

Mother of Cups

Gregory Nero

Abstract—I feel like the moment when lightning struck the algae sea and life began.

Index Terms—over, whelmed

I. BLUEJAY (PRELUDE)

What is my earliest memory? I've recently been struggling with this. Well maybe not struggling, but turning about in my hands, expecting a weight to be there but feeling nothing substantial. The analytic part of me is troubled because in the fog of reflection I have no surefire way to definitively say if a memory, should I conjure one, is in fact my earliest. This is a fool's way of thinking of memory, though, especially distant memory, which is subject to re-interpretation and which has been misconstrued by time (sometimes beautifully, sometimes tragically).

There's a time (now) though that I'd like to say, (for now), that I've chosen my earliest memory. This way of putting it is essential. I don't really know if this is my earliest memory, and I really don't care. There is a time (now) when I simply must say *fuck it* and choose. Not because I feel pressured to, but because this particular memory feels special and is early enough to exist in that regime of *sure, this could be my earliest formative memory*. I choose this simply because I want to. I also make the "formative" distinction here, which feels equally essential. Other memory contenders didn't have the same gravity as this one. And maybe I'm just forcing this memory to be formative to conform to some narrative about how I grew up and what that looked like. Perhaps. Perhaps not. *Fuck it*. Every memory can be formative if you have the lens for it.

II. BLUEJAY

Blue is the color that falls the quickest. I know this because I remember the way the bluejay fell from the tree against the backdrop of winter. Or maybe it was autumn. Either way, I remember how the bluejay fell. A silhouette of blue on spring's green or winter's white or autumn's orange or summer's red. And does summer have a color?

I shot the bluejay with a bb-gun during the springtime or maybe during the winter. See, it had this habit of flying up to the kitchen window and curiously pecking against the glass. This was an issue for some reason. Many other birds took the easy way out and flew full-speed into the kitchen window and **THUNK**. They would collect at the base of the wall on the deck, dead as can be. But not this bluejay.

Or, maybe it was my dad who shot the bluejay with a bb-gun during the springtime or maybe during the winter. I remember him complaining about the curious bluejay pecking and pecking against the kitchen window. He lined up the shot one afternoon or maybe morning and after the quick *thwip*

of the gun the bird plummeted from its branch to the ground below. Problem solved. No more curious *peck, peck, pecking* at the kitchen window.

Anyways, I shot the bird or maybe my dad shot the bird but we both watched it fall from its branch. Did I cry and mourn the death of the bluejay? Did I run over to the bird and sob *why! why? why!?* Did I say a prayer and dig a grave? Did I shout triumphantly from my post, gun in hand, mission accomplished? Maybe I thought to myself *finally, enough with that fucking pecking* or maybe I thought *what have I done?* I can't remember. And in this primordial memory soup I am both a murderer and a grief-stricken bystander. I can't remember and that haunts me.

Utopia

Gregory Nero

Abstract—Apparently there's a huge artery that runs along the inside of my thigh. Or is it a vein? And what's the difference? Regardless, there's a blood highway right there. At night, I sandwich the heating pad between my thighs, right up against this blood highway. Then to stay warm, I imagine that warm blood being pumped throughout the rest of my body. My hands, my feet. Up into my heart and into my brain. Warm blood.

Index Terms—cold, mornings

I.

Mist spills into the shower from the broken window. Steam colliding with fresh morning air. I keep waking up with this *thing* in my chest. I don't know what it is but I do know that I haven't taken a genuinely deep breath in weeks. In the shower this morning I was fog, a collision of hot and cold.

Identity Putty

Gregory Nero

Abstract—In my balaclava era.

Index Terms—approaching, something, big

MOUTH LOG 11/25/24 - 12/1/24

Monday

It was so over but we are so back. It's finally time to return to mouth log. Ate a decent dinner late last night so not super hungry this morning but still wanna eat so I can get those nutrients. Let's try not to eat super late anymore so we have appetite for brekky. Going to just eat a small breakfast and focus on preparing a good lunch.

Brekky is: chobani flip cookie dough yogurt, banana, jar of water (idk amount but it was a nice big jar, used to hold sauce I think)

Another 30floz water by noon hell yeah

Feeling pretty hungry around noon

Lunch is: tofu rice bowl (tofu, white rice, celery, green onions, pickled red onions, furikake, salt, tamari, one egg), green grapes, blueberries

Pretty full after that

12floz coke

Snacks after lunch: two cheese sticks, nature valley biscuit bar

Late snack - nature valley bar

Nite bike ride - interrupting dinner
Hot choccy on bike ride

Okay so it's 9pm. Going to opt not to eat dinner since I'm not super hungry + I want to have an appetite for brekky.

JK got hungry - made toasted bagel with butter, pepper, cream cheese + slice of tofu Lola made. AND I WAS GONNA HAVE SOME SMOKED SALMON WITH IT BUT I CANT FOR THE LIFE OF ME FIND IT. I KNOW I GOT THAT FUCKING FISH I STILL HAVE THE RECEIPT BUT I CANT FIND IT DISISBEJDJDJEJDJE. PAIN AND HORROR.

Okay. Coping with the fact that it is gone. It's gone, honey. Leave it. Forget about it. You made food and ate it, and even though it wasn't how you planned, it still counts for something.

I think today was a great first day back on the food grind, nice work babe. Love you forever and ever.

TUESDAY HEYO

later start to day, got some good sleep. Going to eat big breakfast and probably just have snacks throughout the day instead of big lunch.

Brekky is: breakfast sandwich (toasted bagel, butter, cream cheese, two eggs, yellow peppers, green onions, pickled red onions, baby spinach, Sriracha), blueberries, chobani flip yogurt (cookies and cream), jar of waterrrrrr

Throughout the day: decaf latte, banana, nature valley bar, two twix bars

Fucking legendary dinner prepared - white rice seasoned with furikake, diced yellow peppers, green onions, celery, garlic. Tofu slabs marinated in tamari, Sriracha, coconut aminos, egg, pickled red onions. HELL YEAH BRUTHER. Plus - 12floz sparkling water, a few oreos

Wednesday weeee!

Okay yesterday was great but needed more fluids I think so let's try to focus on that a lil more today bb :)

Brekky - toasted bagel (butter, pepper) with cream cheese and smoked salmon, two eggs

30floz water by noon

A feww muddy buddies snacks before lunch

Another 30floz water by 3pm

Lunchy - leftovers from dindin last night, blueberries, banana, nature valley bar

Dinny - rice, furikake, green onions, celery, tofu (slabs, with tamari, salt, tumeric)

After dinner , a few drinks out and ice cream

Thursssddayyyy

Spent day cooking/eating food with Mitch :)

Friday

Brekky is - toasted bagel with butter, pepper, cream cheese, smoked salmon, two eggs w salt/pepper Blueberries

30floz water by 11am

Glass of water and decaf latte at cafe

Dindin- rice with furikake, tofu, tortilla strips, small naan

Saturday and Sunday lumped idk

Ate some things, certainly. Too tired to elaborate. Decent first week back on the log.

Sun Sneezing

Gregory Nero

Abstract—Spending too much time thinking about identity !!!! Forfeit this thought for tonight. Leave some trouble for the philosophers. Just ask: Do I know myself? And to what extent? Sleep is what I want, really. But when 11pm comes around it seems critically important that I figure out everything, immediately. What about our rule? No big thoughts this late. Rest is good, too. I want to address this tension. What tension? The tension from: the careful, intentional dismantling of identity. What else? Perhaps the problem is that I've gone from holding hundreds of things lightly to a few things with a treacherous heaviness.

Index Terms—inward, inward, inward

I.

cross the stream before it be becomes a river

II. SAID THIS IN A DREAM

This is truly a place to build our flesh.

III.

When I look at a blank blue sky: black stringy wisps and mini white comets.

IV.

Been a lil' confused recently. Admitting that feels good. It feels like I've been messing around with some of my firmware, some of that deep sticky stuff that makes me who I am or who I think I am or who I thought I was or who I might someday be. And I've been poking around at it. But god, I love poking around at things. This last month has been pivotal in some kind of way. There's some tidal system in me, and all at once I felt the shore rush back into the sea. I call this 'introversion' but what it really means is that my boat is out at sea instead of in the harbor. This is exciting. What's more exciting that feeling the winds of identity and solitude blow through my own sails? But the wind, the ocean: they are fickle, aren't they? I will sail these waters. Importantly: I will love these waters.

V.

Because as you know, I shave my face in the shower now. I don't use a mirror. I've had six sessions of laser hair removal on my face and neck. But my hair is stubborn, like me. Islands of semi-smooth skin emerge from patches of hair. In the shower, I navigate with careful fingers. I love the patches. At first I hoped for *smooth, smooth, smooth*. Baby skin, hairless. But that isn't what I got, is it? Months of waiting and five painful sessions later I still have plenty of hair. I fold here. Caught now at another in-between. Not completely hairy nor completely hairless. It's a bit wonky, isn't it? Sure, sure enough. But I love that.

MOUTH LOG 12/2/24 - 12/8/24

Monday here we go

Banana for breakfast hey it's better than nothing !

30floz water by 1pm

Lunch - panda Express (kung Pao and white rice and fortune cookie "accept kindness from others")

Cosmic brownie, 28floz blue Powerade

Dinnnerre - tofu veggie stir fry (tofu, celery, peppers, garlic, tamari, salt, pickled red onions, one egg, Sriracha)

Decaf latte

Tuesday oh my GOD it feels like ajabeidjene

Cup of hot chocolate

Okay not off to a stellar start but we can bring this baby around

Feeling pretty anxious today, tension in body.

Late lunch is leftovers from last night's dinner with extra white rice

Another hot choccy cause I'm on that grind today

Dinnn - chicken sandwich at time

One brewski and chocolate for bike ride

Nature valley bar in bed reading A Wizard of Earthsea

Okay getting recalibrated this week, more fluids tomorrow please babe love you

WEDNESDAYYYYYYYYYY

Spotify wrapped dropped today so feeling really good. Lots of good science ahead today too. And, concert later. Grateful for lots today. Now go drink some water bish.

Okay well it's 4pm and I've eaten nothing and drank nothing ! BUT did a lot of really great science today so that's fantastic. Now let's look after our body plz.

Banh mi tofu sandwich and fruity drink and chocolate

Reflecting recently on how to harness and guard and cultivate and protect my energy like, in the metaphysical

sense but also food too I guess

10pm need to actually drink some water now please do this now, I know you aren't thirsty but god please drink some water

Some water, string cheese, chocolate
Ain't much but it's honest work

Thurssyday

Rice crispy treat

??? Ahhh

The rest of the week idk bro

Okay so ,, not a super great week for food and liquids .
Upcoming week is : focusing on introvert energy, nourishment,
lovin on myself . Need some alone time . Love you always.

MOUTH LOG 12/9/24 - 12/15/24

Sunday eve food prep: F1 - rice, garbanzo beans, peppers,
celery, green onions, tofu, bean sprouts, tamari, salt, furikake
F2 - sandwich - pepper jack cheese, black forest ham,
pastrami, onion with poppy seed buns
F3 - everything bagel with butter and garlic and herb cream
cheese, two eggs, smoked salmon

Monday !

Okkayyyy here we go love. Feeling drawn towards self
this week. Solo time. On my own agenda. Some time to
recharge. To honor and release some of the tension in our
body. Engaging with the community inside of me.

Bfast - F1 + one egg + tomato basil tortilla (stir fry), jar
of waterrr

Lunchhy - F2, Banana, nature valley cashew bar, two string
cheese sticks, small orange fruit friend, Oreo cakesters

+ 30floz water by 3pm

Dinny - F1 w Sriracha, garlic pepper crispy onions, pickled
red onions, peanuts , tomato basil tortilla
Oreos

+30floz water by 11pm

Tuesday

Yesterday was solid. Great strides made. Keep up the good
work hunny. :)

Brekky - F3

Lunch - scattered throughout day, but: F2, small orange
friend, nature valley cashew bar, banana, Oreo cakesters

Cup noodle snack

+30floz water by 7pm

Diinnn - F1 w garlic pepper crispy onions, pickled red
onions, peanuts , tomato basil tortilla

Some coconut waterrr

Wednesdayyyyyy

Appetite is pretty low this morning ! Regular eating =
lower appetite on average? Perhaps ... But, the rumblies also
emerge as an artifact Will need to investigate this more.
Anyways, not to over intellectualize this. Ur doing great.
Keep it up lovely.

Brekky - chobani flip, banana

Getting hungry around lunch (different kind of hungry
— like, it feels like a different hunger if I've been eating
regularly compared to if I'm eating irregularly)

+30floz water by 1pm

Lunchhh - banana, two cashew nature valley bars, two
string cheese sticks, small orange fruit, Oreo cakesters

Decaf caramel latte

Dinnyy - F1 with buttered tomato basil tortilla, garlic
pepper crispy onions, pickled red onions, peanuts

+ 25.4oz topo Chico, 90 percent dark chocolate

Lola moonbow brownie

Thursdayy

Breeeeaky - toasted everything bagel with butter, two eggs,
smoked salmon

Lunch - buffet at holiday party

Small snack of muscles and saltine crackers after digging
hole

Dinner - takeout paneer tikka masala, Gatorade, cookie
dough ice cream

Frifrifry

Brekky is chobani flip and banana

Lunch - nature valley cashew bar, banana, Oreo cakesters

+30floz water by 2pm

Everything bagel with butter and smoked salmon and two
eggs

—

Rest is lost did pretty good though I think

Noticing that eating is best when I am on a schedule

And, less likely/inclined to log when I am out and about

Anyways ! Good stuff. Love love love you.

Breakfast sandwich and hot choccy

+30floz waterr

Rice, carrots, green onions, tofu, pickled red onions, tamari, furikake

Chocolate

Coconut water

MOUTH LOG 12/16/24 - 12/18/24

Monday !!!!

Anxiety is HELLA bad today eep. Feels like a wireframe is woven throughout my body and mind. Shallow breathing and skittish. Meet yourself where you're at today. We'll do our best to get some foods in.

+30floz water by 12:30pm

Two granola bars, veggie straws, Oreo cakesters

+30floz water by 5:20pm

Leftovers from last week in the form of two small burritos, Sriracha

Some cookies, hot chocolate, kettle corn, chocolate very lovely evening under the winterhaven lights with the homies, really helped with the anxiety

Some Gatorade

Tuessassy

Feeling better today. Got good sleep. Knowing myself more every day. Giving myself the permission to explore. Loving the facets.

Doing a social media detox cause I'm addicted tbh. Been hard. Realizing how much time I spent on screen and in virtual world. Rewiring is hard but necessary.

Chobani flip for brekky

Late late lunch - chick fil a, cup noodle

+30floz water

Returning to running - feels extremely good . need more of that .

Practicing being a guardian for myself and my energy today

Dinny - Magic soup from lola

Coconut water

Wednesday eeeeeeeeeep

Chobani flip for brekky

Moon Switching

Gregory Nero

Abstract—Birthed from god's open mouth into a pool of gusher
blood and juicy-drop-pop sludge.

Index Terms—stream, lined

REALLY IMPORTANT REALIZATION

Love means wanting to build a community with someone.

What's Not Today?

Gregory Nero

***Abstract*—I am me and you and here and there and this and that. All the time.**

***Index Terms*—entanglement**

I.

I eat my sushi upside down
I eat my cosmic brownie upside down
I like the way it feels on my teeth

II.

This spring, I am lace and dust. I eat the air in the afternoon. I trim my beard in my underwear in the backyard when it's windy. I knock off tiny black hairs onto my thigh and watch them blow away. Outside, at night, I am an owl (there is an owl outside my bedroom window, or maybe it was a mourning dove, I don't really know). I've been open for weeks. My bedroom window has been open for weeks. The flowers you got me are still alive below the window that has been open all spring, next to the owl, or the dove. Nearby, small black hairs might be twirling with mesquite leaves. I look at the flowers and daydream about green tea and spit. More specifically, I dream about how you slowly spit green tea into my open mouth. And to think I knew what thirst really felt like until now.

I've been thinking about the shadow as an ephemeral image. In groups I feel like the owl that was maybe the dove and I press my hand to my heart. Don't you know that I hold lightning in my chest? Anyways, I stretch on a dark green towel in the morning and say three things I'm grateful for. I'm already missing the feeling of Here.

frisson

Gregory Nero

Abstract—7:15am: morning rainbows from the glass ball hanging near my window.

Index Terms—copenhagen, spit, kool-aid, container

I. HOUSEPARTY

Sticky slabs of moonlight on my front porch,

Like porcelain eggwhites. Earlier:

I sweat through six layers on the floor that is the sea,

Reached further into the air towards the ceiling fan,

And drank from the sink that is a metal boat, straight from
the faucet like when I was a kid

And I'm bigger now. Chipped nail polish on fingers grabbing
tangled curls, bumping into bodies and sharing glances at
120 beats per minute.

And I'm little again, small enough to fit in the front pocket
of that gigantic sweatshirt : armor, against the sweet fresh air
that turns cold cold cold

Should-to-shoulder on the couch looking at our stars. Who
knew that I'm a Leo Venus? And who knew that everything
can be so good?

In the house that is many tiny compartments of perfect.

II. THOUGHTS, SOME TREEHAVEN

Scooped scum, pool water tiny bug

Quick cupped hands, onto the asphalt

Sprawled with wet filthy rubbish and

Scorched in the sun, emptied from the net.

And I'm the furthest from home

But closer than I've ever been to moving into the new.

The smashed blue Camaro on Stone , windshield wipers are
the last bleeding artery of the night.

Piss in the kiddy pool during adult swim

And eat soft pretzels and airheads down on the basketball
court

Pelted by tennis balls, shattered basketball wrist

three things i'm grateful for

Gregory Nero

Abstract—time for, it's, it's, time, uh,,, for. it's time for. we're ready for somethings new!

Index Terms—transmit, receive

WAVEEE

mamaw
gold ring
who am i
would you be proud of me?
today in the grocery store
i forgot where i left my cart
i'm collapsing
flakes of myself
learning and forgetting too much

LEVELS OF ABSTRACTION

Gregory Nero

**Abstract—FIGHT GRRR ARGWHAHS BITE SCRATCH
GRRR**

Index Terms—time, alone, in, redmond

I.

Nauseous melancholy on the 545 line into Seattle

Knitting teal blue

The rain is a friend, the rain is a friend

Yellow is a color and it's the color of the dandelion

Behind my ear. I am slowly frantic here

Lisa the neighbor says that there's an Italian plum tree in my
yard

Fuck, I left my bedroom window open

Anyways, about the plum tree: maybe it will bear fruit, if
it's old enough, Lisa says

Quiet time to think think think about who I am and what I
am doing and what I will do and what I won't do and all
those important things

II.

The lion head lady meditates
I pick each seed from the dandelion one by one
Or scoop up the fluff like snow.

III. BUS TO DOWNTOWN FOR A SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW

9:30pm bus from RTC on the 545 line

Brought what ?

- In sweatshirt: poetry book, 2x3 zyns
- In short shorts: coca cola cherry lipsmacker chapstick,
wallet, air pods, phone, orca card, 2 condoms

IV. LIKE HOW I'M CERTAIN THAT I'LL DIE

And that when I do I'll sit with Carolyn in the grass and
talk about the clouds and about how funny it is that we are
all actually god

V. PUMPKIN SOUP

You rubbed your body on mine.

Spoonfuls of careful and tender

Touch. Rough, slow,

Straddled by the mountain of you.

Moonrise, for a brief moment:

Whole. Pleasure is sweet dust.

Floating, diving eyes are fire.

Heat and patient passion.

I never saw you again.

Little Deviations

Gregory Nero

Abstract—god created the public transit system for writing poetry

Index Terms—tug

I.

Choking on stones over and over and over and I can't fall
asleep early and I can't wake up early

I'm learning that once things Arrive, the best I can do is
keep my heart wide open

In the summer we'd pop the heads off these little plants with
their own stems

Wrap green fiber around once, pinch, and with a quick flick
launch the top off into the grass

If the sky tonight is blue then I'll rip a page from its
perforated seams and make paper airplane clouds for the
Moon and sing

hmmmmmm oooowayyy hmmmmmm oooowayyy

Deep in my throat there's a landslide.

Dark red blood paper cut, my eyes squirm looking at the
leftover edge of paper on the metal spiral-bound spine.

I know I'm exhausted when I stare at myself through your
eyes and see the

Blue sky at night, still, I'm shuffling through on some
deadbeat path toward home to collapse in yellow and static
radio midnight.

On the bus home I wonder if you think I'm pretty, pretty
like the way lucky charm marshmallows float on milk.

II. 23RD AND MONTLAKE STATION, PHONE DEAD

Big hustle, drenched pink and heart pounding.

Just in time for the 10:48pm bus back to Redmond.

I exist,

(and this is proof)

to be exactly on time for the things I could never expect.

20 minutes earlier: dripping with the

last few seconds of a song that put hearts into motion.

I'm a glasses-pushing, down-hill sprinting, fingers-gripping,
solstice chugging whore

Looking to fuck the last 30 minutes of the longest day of the
year.

Time, sweet and untethered, loose unto me your hounds and
let them gnaw at my shaking euphoric bones.

III. TO YOU,

Who just sat down next to me at this table in Elliot Bay
Book Co, Seattle. I was overcome with the feeling that
somewho, we are entangled. You're not exactly me and I'm
not exactly you but parts of us have been or are or will be
intertwined. You: with books on learning Spanish. Me,
thinking about learning Spanish and reading a collection of
poetry translated from Spanish. Dark, dark blue beanie and
balding. Long wool dress, hair like dry grass trying to grow
on a yellowing hill.

IV.

Monday morning 7am on the E line out of Seattle.

Feeling the heartbeat of this hour, the sun is gentle and
today has sleepy bright eyes.

Plainly: I smell like sex.

It lingers like bite marks and long red lines of ache and
pleasure.

545 Eastward to whatever home means to me today.

V. AUTOMATED TRANSCRIPT FROM AN AUDIO RECORDING
ABOUT A DREAM

00:03

Reason reoccurring dream?

00:17

Booker. I grew up.

00:26

Parachute gliding. I don't know the name for it. Around the yard.

00:35

One current. The Setting Sun.

00:44

In the part of the yard. To the left of the driveway. Looking toward the house from the top. That strip of grass?

01:03

At Sunset. Caustics of sunlight. Ripple over the grass. If you stand in that and they're illuminated by that Dying Light. You may want to talk to a saint. And only in that time period. Can you do so?

01:28

Just. My mom was in the dream. She rushed to that Rippling. Moving caustic of golden light and? So, you want to talk? I don't know, I think.

01:48

Mary Magdalene.

01:56

I flew really high in the dark. What are the air currents too high?

02:06

Almost crashed. I was able to Glide down at an angle.

02:24

Yeah.