

**Confessions Of A
Black Ink Junkie**

Dave Boles

Confessions Of A Black Ink Junkie

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Cover Design and Illustration by Bodhi

A PRIMAL URGE PUBLICATION

Cold River Press
102 S. Church St.
Grass Valley, CA 95945
www.coldriverpress.org

*“Be not content, for the heretics of life are
the only bitter remedy against the entropy of
human thought.”*

- Yevgeny Zamyatin

Foreword

Dave was born in 1373 when gangs of artisans in Florence, Italy ran through the streets crying “Long live the people and the crafts.” I learned this while reading Steven Greenblatt’s recent book on how the world became modern and his discovery of the works of Poggio the scribe who developed the Roman type face after Petrarch wanted a clean type that all could read (reminiscent of Blake’s “sit thee down and write in a book that all may read”.) Upon reflection I thought that Dave may have stuck himself with eternal ink. The ancient world had more books for sale when books were hand copied than does the modern world; the computer is making it more so. This is to say that we must take Dave’s confessions seriously. The old saw of printers who say you have “ink in your blood” takes on a more serious import.

When the image doth fall upon the page there be enlightenment. Seeing the first impression, realizing that in modern presses one can crank them up to print on many sheets of vellum a minute. To the careful eye a printer now can tell the impression of the platen press, or the almost

invisible dents at the end of the sheet where the paper is grabbed from the offset press much the same, as one would see the tiny pinholes in the ancient vellum to steady the sheets for the scribe.

There is more to black ink than one can imagine. That's why the Bard himself used it to outlast stronger things like steel and stone and invested his own self in the chemistry. "That in black ink my love may still shine bright." Befittingly, the continuous tone color process uses nature's basic sunset colors, miraculously using a Seurat-like technique too, lifting dots in a screen film and placing them beside each other in certain geometrics from the original image to behold a full color image when overlaid again with black ink aligned. Simple details become overwhelming to explain as the impressions become hypnotic in volume. Dave's addiction is not just another book of poetry, it deals with a serious devotion. Be it hot lead, cold type, screening color separation dots with a camera, from the ancient scribe's point to keyboard composition there is always way more to it than a Gutenberg, Heidelberg or Ginsberg.

When I visited a print shop with Dave and pointed to a "windmill", we knew the jargon meant a classic letterpress. We understood the

old printers saying, “you got ink in your blood.” When the first copy of one of my books was finished by Haselwood, he gave it to me saying it was the “gloat copy”. With Dave’s Confessions of a Black Ink Junky, we can all now understand the excitement of seeing the first impression on a sheet.

Charles Plymell 2013

Confessions Of A Black Ink Junkie

- I -

blanket wash
fixer
developer
unlimited amounts
of delicious chemicals coursing
through my body
energizing
my mind
elevating my
pulse
increasing the
torque
on my soul
i'm a black ink junkie, baby

filling the paper with ink
and rage
hunting savagely
for the correct
word
feeling the
enunciation
as it flows from my finger tips
to the well oiled machine
that churns it out
by the hundreds
the thousands
crisp
black
characters
on a soft
white
sheet
just the
appropriate
amount

of wash
leaving
the ink
raised
on the page
an indelible
mark has been made
and i'm the mother fucker
that made it
created it
suffered it
brought it to life
sent it
out
to the great
beyond
for all to read
at least
that's
what i tell myself
in order to

mainline
one must create
an
atmosphere
an assemblage
if you will
of items needed
to maintain
the fix
without the need
there is no junkie
without the ink
there is no need
a never ending
twisted
cycle
of chemical
fumes
long felt
years after
the state

mandated
processors
and filters
and
water
based
safe for the user
safe for the environment
safe for the fishes
and the planet
and the children
and the grandchildren
and the prurient internet mother fuckers
that seek to imitate
but never even fucking come close to
coming close to.....
black ink
the ink stains
the mind
the soul
the raised lettering

becomes the only
god
that is needed
the only
message
is any
message
there is no
discrimination when the machine howls
sending forth pages
upon
pages
of body, soul and flesh

“eat of this
my child
and you shall embrace
my body”

“drink of this
my child

and you shall know
my name”

it's a fucking religious
experience
with the sound
pounding
the ink
coursing
the pages
traveling faster
than the eye can count
future hieroglyphics
lying on paper
encased
lovingly
with
other
hieroglyphs
on other
pages

it's a god damn orgy
of symbolism
as pure as any
transgender oracle
telling your future
with either their
dick
or their breasts
the paper is filled
with rage
with envy
with love
and devotion
conspiracies
piracies
mediocrities
it's all there baby
right fucking there
on the page
in raised black ink
my fingers stained

my eyes burning
my lungs filled
with the loving
acrid
taste
of ink
there is a need
here
for a child to smile
a need here
for a dark night
or a lovers
glance
a quick
darting of eyes
a sampling
a tease
of emotion
there is a need
here
for all of this

here
on the page
and we all wait
impatiently for it
purchasing it
hoarding it
caressing it
as books
magazines
papers
articles
these collective
words
these
collective
markings
that guide our lives
direct our souls
drive our tastes
our indulgences
couple our fears

with our dreams
these blessed
glyphs
formed by the disposed
banalities
that only a
black ink junkie
will ever
truly
know
repent now
sinners
i've a religious
experience
to put down
on paper
to bind up
and offer
to the masses
though perhaps some
political

agenda
might best be met
this evening as well
it's all food
for the soul
nourishment for the mind
it's black ink
baby
black ink
no matter the cut
no matter the shot
a junkie knows
they must
fix tonight
and tonight
baby
tonight
the fix
runs deep

- II -

Any junkie
worth their weight
in the
chemical
of their choosing
will tell you
there comes a time
when the anticipation
the urge
the need
the desire
for the chosen high
is not enough
as a black ink junkie

i am no different
a new
longer
deeper
more
sustainable
high is needed
to fuel
my search
for a new
Jerusalem
a new kingdom
that awaits
my intrepid
traveler/pilgrim self
as i journey forth
from the land
of the obscene
to the land
of the dispossessed
shaking off the remnants

of my shattered soul
like so many long haired
dogs
drying themselves
after swimming
in a stream
a great, muddy mess
upon the banks of the river
but dogs care not
for such worldly things
they happily run
after the first
available
rabbit
for it is in
their nature
to run
to chase
to jump
in the river
and then

back out
again
and again
it is within
their scope
to focus
solely
on the task
at hand
whatever
that task might be
so to
do i
focus
on the task at hand
and the task
my sweetness
is to chase
the high further
steeper
more intense

than ever before
the task
my friend
is to discover the truth
of ink
of beauty
of print
to fully embrace
the beatitudes of my lord
and saviour
Gutenberg
as revitalized
through the workings
of his disciples
Koenig, Baure, Hoe and Miehle
in a word
to simplify the matter
the need for a greater high
is all encompassing
there is a driven desire
to reproduce the magnificent

color
of the world
around us
through man's incessant
tinkering
with the process
of
the emulation
and
glorification
of
color
turning four basic inks
yelo
magenta
cyan
and the always faithful
black
ink
into a rainbow
of colors

that wash the soul
clean
and delivers me to
the promised land
of milk and honey
where a content and
happy people
rejoice
in the advertising
the marketing
of their products
and desires
where
artists and photographers
exclaim to one another
the virtues of their
work
now
there
on the page
for all to see

in full living color
it is a miracle
the people proclaim
a goddamn miracle
though god does
quickly
damn them
for rapidly
there are movements
all throughout our land
to evolve all means
of communication
to encompass the ever lasting
effects
and wonderments
of color
the institution of
color
the very word itself
color
becomes a mantra

for society to obey
and
for a moment
i become lost
in this glorious moment
when i realize
there are immeasurable
values
of color
to place upon
the page
i become one
with the masses
in their euphoric
dance
of media
possessed
not by a purity of word
and ink
but by a quantity of
images

awash in its embrace

so

much

ink

to embrace

i inhale

deeply

keeping it

locked

within my soul

but the fix

is thin

the cut

is short

the high is quickly

displaced

by the need

for more

color

doesn't matter

the message at all

doesn't matter
the content
nor the intended
market
all that matters
is the feel
of
ink
on paper
the selfish glow
that appears
from one
dystopian
image to another
too late
i realize
i have been had
the new
high
is a lie
a poor

replacement
for the original
it is one that delivers
nothing
of consequence
yet demands
a fix
at every chance
i
spin
fall
i'm caught
in a spiral of
color
and
ink
and
print
the Philistine
masses
demand

until
exhausted
i lie
retching
upon my altar
of print
my new Jerusalem
shattered
by the wickedness
of a people
my people
that lost their way
giving their souls
to the possessed demons
known harmlessly
as
advertising
and
marketing
coupled now
with political agendas

this demon becomes
immense
as my fellow populace
succumb
to their savage
wants
and desires
in a land devoid of purity
there will be
no enjoyment
in this land
delivered
by the gospel
of whomever
seems fit
at the moment
as long
as there
is color
for there must be color
it is the cry of the land

and the demon replies
as the paper of machines now past
are traded
for the view screen
of the possessed
burning deeply
into the shallow embers
of a once great
peoples soul
controlling
the actions
of all whose gaze
falls upon it
unlike print and the
written word
this new image never sleeps
it is alive at night
it is alive in the morning
it is alive when you sleep
it is alive when you die
the images flicker and grow

brighter
steadier
generation
by generation
the demon gains control
of a once noble people
and i
a black ink junkie
now worthless with no voice
a disheveled
heap
of a man
used
and discarded
lie naked
in my disgrace.

- III -

My fall from grace
complete
groveling
at the feet
of the mass media
demons
that now believe
to have my soul
this junkie
has learned
his place
in the order
of all things
though quietly
i begin

to expose
the demons
for what they are
there is no
known
panacea
no
known
cure
for the addiction
to black ink
but it is
exactly
this addiction
the demon masters
have overlooked
for there
in my junkie's soul
lies the spirit
of ink
the nature

of its purpose
the essence
of its being
while all about me
now languish
amid their banal
desires
of view screens and electronics
their hedonistic dreams
elevated
to the top views of the day
i begin my search
for the message within
developing it
slowly
evasively
i begin my campaign
delivering my message
as clear as i can
as quick
as i can

my body
wracked
with pain
from years of addiction
has not have much time left
and i churn out
in whatever form avails me
the message
the ink speaks
on paper
in print
for the message
is the same
as when i first began
to fix
so many
years ago
in that place
filled
with wonderment
and magic

where nothing more
was needed
than a thought
and some ink
my travels
my journeys
have now come full circle
as i
a black ink junkie
surge forth
one last effort
to thrust my printed spear
into the media demons heart
to deliver my message
clear
concise
no need for imagery
or fancy devices
to fool the masses
to gain control
in this dystopian land

all that is needed
is a message
a communication
from one person
to the next
a message devoid
of altruisms
and manipulation
a message
a communication
of symbols
and words
a message
that reaches deep
into the soul of a people
resonating with truth
of a world held hostage
by the manipulations
of a media
controlling the many
with the actions

of a few
once again i shoot
the pain diminishes
the fix is in
baby
set upon the page
here
for all to read
my message is pure
no color needed
my message is
exact
it is one of revolution
to regain the thoughts
of a once proud people
to be able to imagine
without the use
of machines
that dictate
the image
that

demand
the fleeting moment
we now call
attention
my message is one
of a return
to the days
when ideas
thoughts
innovation
could occur
independent
of any
corporate
master
in my final thrust
into the demons heart
i cry out
“i am
a black ink junkie, baby”
and this is my message

to you
printed
here
in
blood
and ink
for all
to read.

