

*JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research* is a bi-annual, peer-reviewed, full-text, and open-access Graduate Student Journal of the Universidad Complutense Madrid that publishes interdisciplinary research on literary studies, critical theory, applied linguistics and semiotics, and educational issues. The journal also publishes original contributions in artistic creation in order to promote these works.

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**Volume 9 Issue 2 (December 2021)**

**Kníc**  
"yaborcoti:kyle#2"

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**Recommended Citation**

Kníc. "yaborcoti:kyle#2." *JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research* 9.2 (2021):  
<<https://www.ucm.es/siim/journal-of-artistic-creation-and-literary-research>>  
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**yaborcoti:kyle#2**

oh, i didn't see you there

hi, hey  
come here, gimme a hug  
and/or just your tie

two or four things have happened since i last talked to you  
i got rid of the jacket  
like for good, dude  
or it got rid of me, not sure  
hmm  
whatever the case, we're no longer wearing each other  
(down)  
i sometimes remember its warmth  
it made cold days seem hot, and it made me look green  
i don't think i've gotten rid of the idea of it  
i don't want to actually

that's what keeps me warm sometimes

i don't think i've gotten rid of the shame either

and maybe because there's that need to cover my two very brownish arms, i got a new jacket

it's brown

and it has sleeves

and it's also warm

you know what? i read somewhere that one should not hide in someone's warmth, and i've wholeheartedly believed that, but i'm not so sure anymore

about that or about what that even means

whenever the warmth sparks more warmth is two warmths and four arms

it's complicated and yet so simple

it's left and right and green and brown

I'm \*lowers voice\* in the library again, and look at this, a new pen and a coffee stain in my new jacket. I shouldn't have ordered that coffee this morning, but I did. And you gotta roll with it. I gotta roll with it. I rolled with being renamed Cayle too.

Kyle, I'm Kyle. But a name is just a name, right? Don't know. Right to my left though is this person I'll name, um, Jeremiah. Yes. Jeremiah has been looking at the wall in front of us for some good ten minutes. There's nothing remarkable about that wall if you ask me. In my eyes, that makes Jeremiah a remarkable person; an annoyed person now. Jeremiah might not like to be stared at, I suspect. He is standing up, ready to leave.

I go out the library. It's pleasantly chill. I see some people taking a cigarette break and having a laugh and whatnot. *Ha ha*, what great times. I decide to cross the street to get as far from that as possible. There's this huge store there and a woman complaining to her friend or whoever that might be about how unfair it is that she doesn't have enough money to buy the same skirt she just purchased in blue. People, buying shit they don't need. Like the fucking coffee I bought this morning. Darn it.

I don't know, guys. Girls. Tim Johnson.

I think it's about being more aware of the choices we make

maybe capital letters and periods are not that important

or not your thing

or my thing  
what's left and right, green and brown, yours and mine? -stay away from my jacket,  
brother-  
who decides what's the path you should walk?  
should contains the word *soul*  
and the word *loud*  
too much noise out there to listen properly

i got rid of the jacket, the capital letters, the periods  
but not the blood  
and i didn't get rid of myself  
and i think that's what more often than not gets in the way

i thought of myself as this really cool guy with a cool jacket  
and i'm just realizing that in order to wear a good item of clothing, or a good life  
i gotta wear myself out  
i have to get out of myself:  
not get into things  
but into souls  
no *h*(ole)s and *d*(ick)s  
and no jackets

ah, i see you there

love,  
Kyle

**Bioprofile of the author:**

Knice is some guy who was born in an island, and who is an avid baseball fan in his mind.  
There are not a whole lot of things left to say that are important, other than you might find  
him in the hallways sometimes.

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