

New Age Remedies
Félix Ruiz de la Orden

MODEL

unpaid mental health conference call

blue light demagogue! what an end to eternal veil capability
your best wellness workshop band-aid solution CEO-like pathology
speaking of illness how do I communicate an alkaline breathing
program à la gwenyth paltro gift shop idolizers club IRL
a stand against fed-up car rant men and natural medicines

are these pants becoming?

matter as fashionable praxis statements fascist or anti
syllabic hierarchy dialogue like pleasurable poetry experiences
in times like these? I wish the organizers were my self
aware friends dedicated to formal logic or in vogue progress
report fit pic praxis: fashionable anti-fascist statements

but my landlord smokes weed

auxiliary volunteer leader support ear drum machine me! me!
me! my mid-gab machismo desires like should or could I count on
you have determined that I am not enough but am still
relevant without his blunt independent ego-like small talk
redundancy contracts and determinist e-transfer requests

new age remedies

perhaps dialectics like lacking histories unmaterialized dreams
east van open house socials constantly toward an almost
if the doctor tells me I'm fine then I'd rather not make a fuss
a maybe diagnosis or CBT séance shoulder devil purchase
agreement some good luck with that well-deserved me time

100% renewable energy yacht club

post-infographic influencer historian or critical theory merch
retailor the urgency care of oh shit neoliberalism for CV padding
in which case should I put community organizer on my linkdin
post-circulation care home for culture war veterans with a
new money supererogatory why not and so what drapery

give it to me like an acronym, that is to say straight up

avoid the sentimental FYI personal post nostalgia
the deep recesses of a misunderstood highschooler
whose topics of choice were drugs before politics
were cool windowless basement monist ontologies
simply one with the petrified fantasy of an MRI patient

it needed to be said

I like hating the beatles even though
the moment I realized I enjoyed
music was listening to I want to
hold your hand like a moment of
self-awareness I hate liking the beatles

the utopia of a mastercard ad

the threshold between nightmare and dreaming
depends on your thread count therapy scarcity
is making my friends more expensive all that?
leftover rubbermaid hashtag adulting and the like
it ought to be over and over and over and over

GPS aficionados

technophobic drifters vs the new print
out map yuppie game guide play date
efficiencies in a rut? break your routine
with microdosing transaction addictions
set up status factory setting awakenings

gamers rise up

internet lingo I get it I get it recognition,
laughs, some prescient social critique or
political constitution, he said life imitates
artists and all their gaming PC decadence
an easy choice be it writing or engineering

support the gentrifying small businesses too?

waffle cone drip chocolate tip fiend the latter
half of the twenty-first century intolerance
for fast food fakery: the bastion of the old hood!
some bougie neighbour's analog clickbait lectures
zero waste minimalism and other anti-DQ moralisms

would debord be a meme lord?

I want to be part of an avant-garde indistinguishable from other avant-gardes when looked from far enough away but only if I don't have to make such a big commitment RN

(na na na na na na na) (refrain)

positively public TMI personal praxis

coherence formless names without content

those were the days when the lyrics didn't

matter this specific table these particular

hands no pen like mine uh huh uh huh

work hard play hard

like an understanding like a rave-filled body

like a george carlin youtube education

I'm filled with meditation languaged MDMA

for a kitsalano tax bracket like a red bull

influencer drive-by community interpellation

whispers PLUR at the water cooler

just this once sort of weekend warrior therapy
as busywork as poet suppression as misguided raver
entelechy constitutes the kill me now of cashing out
personal brand points before I was cool I was mere
capitalist potential pre-unce upon a time euphoria

shit happens bumper sticker receipt

these PMA posse discourse indulgent
echo chamber curated TTYN god complex
emotions before simple emoticon accounts
this particular angle with this particular caption
this old dog, okay, that's just the way things are

normie longing

between the enjambment of a sponsor subject
to embourgeoisement and proper suburban chiasmus
where twelve steps determined BFF validity better
than the analytically minded high drunkard of philosophic
negativity was too much and positivity was never enough

Félix Ruiz de la Orden is a second-generation Spanish Irish settler artist, musician, and poet living on the unceded lands of the x^wməθk^wəyám, Skwxwú7mesh, and səlilwətaɫ peoples. His poetry has appeared in *The Capilano Review* and *The Lyre*. He is currently working toward an MA in English at Simon Fraser University.

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Toronto/Tkaronto, for now
rcfmod@gmail.com