

Fusebrain

by Tyler Berg

Thoughts hurtle around my skull at terminal speeds.
I have problems, massive, immense, immediate problems
I can't solve them.
Too much data
Too little brain
It overheats, the fumes reek like burning plastic and singed hair
It's all plugged in wrong
Cylinders firing at random causing the engine to flame out
It's a burning husk, a shambling shell mimicking motion
The stream of thought sputters and halts
A disjointed dive into the depths of slackjawed idiocy
I do not know
I am unaware
I am penniless
The yard is too tall,
I have no mower
I hop from
place to
place
Hoping motion will restore me.
It doesn't, it won't
It delays
the
failure.
I am an icon of drunken ruin, sunken cheeks and shaggy face
Breath like molded barley and eyes like old oysters
placid and grey, devoid of illuminating
thought, My feet are killing me the
bones smashed together all
wrong. I have walked
miles towards
nothing.

I can't find a rhyme nor reason, no hip explanation for this spurious
poem

Is this the flashing beacon on the bow of a sinking ship?

The proverbial canary asphyxiated in the mineshaft.

I

Am not

strong enough to

beat this I fear, I lack

something crucial, something others have

I want to crawl through this, robbed of my pride if need be

I have so much to love, and so much self to hate, a balancing act

My faith is strong yet shaken, I pray feverishly , litanies against
reality

I haven't slept, I smoked too many cigarettes, something will kill me

Booze or nicotine, no clear frontrunner yet

And I will sit here, smoldering with internal heat.

Waiting on the meltdown

