

Syndrome (re-mix)

by loulou pollen

The brain had elected itself Judas, sleazy loud with silver jangling
In this grand guignol of new and quickly old concussion
Limbs roasted themselves to occult temperatures
Yet remained whitely chilled under air that strove to rub, scrape,
signify
Thoughts chased themselves till they forget why they could run
Randomised into particles of passion and pain
A small bed-bound Jesus crucified by nerve endings
Twitching was sporadic, evidence of breath in throes of misfiring
ideas
Head heard Monk, The Bird, at duel, with strange violins at
intermissions
Cracking against the neurones and Dura like a blind vision made
palsy
Sitting, sat, shutting out the all that was not within, blinking
against brain
Misshapen words extruded upon a rogue tongue
Glossolalia for village idiots to divine the profane
Nothing of worth but heroic under effort
After the storm this ship was shattered with nary a rock visible
Heaving after hours, a sprawled birthing of both saint and sinned
upon
Whore of metaphysics, drained by the Johns, now smithed into
wet nothing
Alcohol verboten, still ju-ju juice for salvage
As Jack baffled the more nefarious symptoms and bearded any
lion's mania
This before the dreams, triggering stream sweat like incense
And the day began somewhere far from this wasted being-ness
Rem-sleep running SOS semaphore behind wild, silent-movie lids.

