

# 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.

