

# 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

