

Brian Anthony Hardie

BRAINS IN ALABAMA

ya know, provided I dont say something I would be safe from all stumptown eyes blinking twice, rather to leave it soft sizzling in a skillet amongst summer sex I will not have hence to where I will be longing. The crunch of buttered bread burnt to our crisp retrosexual romances, sliding poison lips down the curves of our lazy libidos, forgetting the transfer to walk back through the freedom captive in a capsule in a bottle on my dusted bedroom floor. Breathe, you.

cause you let the blahs set the groove as a mind stain, you will catch those tears in rain buckets while you bob with hands tied trying to remedy the riddle of the rotten apple brooding at the bottom. your last cigarette will burn with numb forgiveness, your withdrawal of substance will shake you sick in an unwelcome home, guilt will set the stage with barrels of booze, fear will be invoked in the thorns of our devils.

WEST COAST ROCK TOURS

at the existent withhold, drowning
Columbia carp, smiling in memory in
smelly high school scent, and withhold,
to leave it and me a sake taken to leave alone,
gypsy love lost on the mind flowing a rapid
end to a long fight not won.

exhausted interviews seen to the channels
thought to provide a comfort, not even
on the edge, forgotten in the ring of
a text message vibration. Scandalous
strings strum covers of cliché sounds
heard so often. My machine gun trigger
invites me to blast happy tension into the
eyes and ears for conventional speakers to
later mention when addressing a non-pleased
audience, attending only for the will to
be seen in the eyes of any name announced.

Back to the triggers... no, never mind. I am
done now with you here. The only
reason I continue aloof is because it feels
good to do so with this one pen I found. The
art gods to be fooled not, I am not
bowing down to any of your cunt blood
feet. My scribbles look of a font anorexic.

A little matter for observation
to keep the sun from rising today. There
are more worthless awakenings in my
internet screen than a
more reflected truth in a mirror shattering
before eyes, complete.