

Heath Brougher

## You'll Find Me

You'll find me in the gutter, next to Poe,  
all laudanum'd out in the aftermath  
of the smash of a planecrash;  
burnout and overwhelm reign among  
my life's helm; I tell them I am not  
the Overman since I can barely stand  
the strands of toxic blue light pouring  
from the glands in the age of abeyance  
to the gadget's commands; focus stranded  
in La La land; I go walking; I go Walden;  
I must unplug and grab a slower hand  
to brand myself sane and sleepfilled again;  
I will rise from the damned and slaughter  
the Quo's preciously pixelated bombs and lambs;  
I will banish their technocracy to the sands  
of an eternally voided realm of the utterly bland.

## Smashedup Headberries

*"few are made for independence. it is the privilege of the strong." Nietzsche*

Intellect      deployed  
    does not always mean intelligence  
's calculations will manifest properly—>  
for each one becomes their own unLocked island  
    once all castes have been *lopped* O

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and the nations can admit their beliefs  
as    nothingmorethan    delusions of evo-  
lution's—>    lotion—> awretched and awry/∟

why should we not drink whiskey all day?—>  
whyOwhy should we not acknowledge the fact  
that before we decided to *dive*      O

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the joyous cliff sparked by neuroplastic connections  
into the endless oceans of epiphanic euphonium!—>    map-  
ping out a biology of words  
*hing*ing more toward a sane & genuine  
commitment to a commonality 'cross  
    every continent's nonnumbered communication!

## Death

Death is not  
a skeleton wearing hoodie-dresses—  
death is nothing  
more than an inevitability—  
it is the tail of a cod—a mumbling  
orange—a cessation of birth—  
it is silly string—it is the  
inflammation of the cells and thoughts—  
it is remembered to  
be forgotten—it is a simultaneous  
ink and eraser—it is a pebble  
I threw into the catch-woods  
of the acidic black of  
the Multidimensional Multiverse.

## Pineal Perceptions # 1979

Malnutrition nutmeg  
bloodstream ascream  
nevermelted icecream  
icecorn popcorn  
numbered guns  
ballroom silicon  
shadows ablaze  
tintinnabulation alarum  
sounding reveilles  
Mr. X-Ray evisceration  
bespoken brokenphoned  
shadowboxing Luigi  
dopenoses drug(*k*)no(*w*)se  
housewife addressed  
nosewear relaxing  
husbandry wipes  
hands cleanly—  
patriarchic terrorism  
polished ingrates  
negativity prescription  
zirconium throats  
paradox periodontal  
colorless quartz  
monosolid lunarplexus  
idiotal sexistsseize  
theday.

## In Time

One day I'll be a dirty old bum  
standing in the street arguing with time itself.  
It's the 6s I think I'll have the biggest problem(z) w/.

6:07

according to the clock

I yell out

“why do the minutes take longer  
in the house of the 6th hour?”

——> seconds bulk big bilges of blubbery biblebelt blubberweight <——

6:08

is struck 3 hrs later

“whyvwhywhyvwhy?!?(?)/!” I scream  
in the guttural streets  
the people beginning to  
wear some fright on their faces  
as they try to reconcile a mad longlost  
dharmic bum/ halfassed existentialist ascreamin in public domain  
——>might have to break out  
of the hawaiian straightjacket  
sooner than later as

6:09

befalls existence 17 hrs later  
“can't you people see that time is a figment  
of hewn'd barely-sapient imaginations  
scared shitless of their own Shadows  
and Einstein and Sigmund and Hawking  
were on the right side  
of dead wrong all along??!!”

6:10

is struck 5 weeks after that  
and I bellow “I'm going to fuckin kill this time”  
while standing in the fictional streets of real life  
and screaming my nuts off until  
the very idea of a clock's implications  
are abolished and hung noosely from every tree.