Reason, Resin & Dead Brain Cells

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol24/iss2/64
We lived together died, cried, vomited, smoked and fucked together.

A new bored Generation of children dressed as kids of past generations

Wasted in the Laundry room.

Sick dead and Dying in dresser drawers Pipes of

Reason, Resin and Dead Brain Cells

We gave no thought to old age. We had No Future. Fighting the passage of
time with drugs of suspension

Progressing into Anemic West Side Junkies vomiting

Bile into mothers sink crying

With stolen happiness and trust and love for pawning

I ask

What is the pennyweight of mothers kisses with

a loan on fathers neglect

We wore unsober angry faces

as our only defense against the cold wintry snows of reality

and hid from happy day light sun-burns waiting

for melancholy summer nights

So our clanking bottles would not alert the lazy watchdog

of suburban society

We lived these years to the fullest emptiness

with as much excess drugs excess love excess hate

excess sex excess violence excess speed excess madness

and excess excess excess as we could swallow

never reaching a point we found it to be absurd

We were all told we were brilliant

we all felt dumb

we never let it show

We did our obscuring dance with fists, force, phallus, fucking, with hate

Though no hate existed,

only sadness

Sadness of lonely suburban homes

Sadness of longing for city streets

Longing for sad city streets and lonely solitary lampposts

Longing for the connection to each other in the center of suburban street

souls

but finding the connection only in the fleeting moments of

Orgasm or Intoxication