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Reason, Resin & Dead Brain Cells

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Reason, Resin & Dead Brain Cells

Matt Kucik

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