



B R A I N D R O P S

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AN EGOCENTRIC COMPILATION OF
NONESENSE AND ITS INGREDIENTS

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sound check 1: racial reverb

seized by creases from folds of teases
albeit the coughs and wheezes and blood he sneezes
wintry observers watch as a soul freezes
an immigrant ceases to exist

turn the mic up a bit, I don't think they can hear me well

misery brewed in steam from sewers
misnomers of homelessness enslave the hopeless
linguistic barriers fence in educated minds
and truncate cries of neglect

turn it a bit more, they're not listening in the back

ghost infested alleys boast
to hosting hordes of the deceived
most received with open qualm-free arms of relatives
dreams to tentative to toast
lost amongst the lowest of the pecking order -
ideals of crossing borders

forget it, man ... I'm not reading this tonight ... besides, they won't understand me with my accent

sound check #2: ethnic reverb

obsessions with obelisks frisking for sensations of pride
drowning in tides and storms of color lines
ethnic ties and tinkering with minds
reshuffled priorities knot bellies into binds of starvation
goddamned sanity on ration

complexes from complexion confound
as misplaced identities on high horses abound
in haste to ride off the cliff
ego trippin' scared stiff

mr soundman , push the speakers back a bit ... too much feedback



flush

where is the elusive heavenly lever
so i can reach out
and push it
g e n t l y
s l o w l y
almost like a tease
and flush out entire water bodies
from the this planet's seize
witness nature's colorless blood plummet
to an endless summit
down below
just to bask in the miracle
of the debacle that would follow:
hollow gorges would echo with gargles
as parched surfaces crackle
into veinal patterns
and then pause
as a massive planet holds its breath
momentarily
the calm before a storming orgasm
the thirsty gasp of awaiting chasms
and then
thunderous spasms
quake the ground under my feet
as rebirth gushes forth
crashing upwards into arid pores
the earth refills in a headrush of water beneath
in cacophonies of waves
with a symphony
that craves attention
for this moment of climactic epiphany
that quenched seconds of deprivation.





an ode to the police

it was only last night
when my rights were lonely
when my fights were in the wrong
solely
because they wanted to see my soul leave
and it left, bereft of dignity
my soliloquoy echoes empty
yet i let go,
for sympathy requires comprehension
but we acquire reparations in wounds and bruises
battered black and blue, no excuses,
you're either black or blue.

spectator sport

shush, child!
tonight,
silence echoes within the bowels of violence
insolence dampened by murmurs and moans, staccatos of vowels
groans from the dowels that pound flesh into submission
shower my conscience to a cleaner edition, toweled in recognition:
"I **have** seen this before!"
"I **have** seen this face before!"

... but next door ...

they came bearing gifts for the bride
welcomed with applauses and ululations: wide-eyed
sweaty palms collide
exclamations echo on walls adorned
with family portraits - smiles frozen in time
like framed grains of sand from hourglasses past

but next door they came somber
carrying their crosses - lumbers of sorrow
frowns too burrowed to number
stifled wails remember the portrait on the wall
sole frozen smile to echo a hall of sighs
spilled sands gather for an hourglass shattered

call-and-response chants like ripples in a pond
giggles undulate across infectious like yawns
gyrating dances employ prances of joy
rabid jubilation unleashed, blessed with shrieks and mirth
as feet stomps rattle the earth
on crisp carpets rolled out for a new chapter's birth

but next door grieves in gurgles of screams
spasms of anguish for jolted and tarnished dreams
gyrate in outbursts at rapid outcomes cursed
pursed lips pause for breath and plunge again into cries
swollen eyes beg for penance
creased pages in a chapter left mid-sentence

at first breath, engaged to the dust
arranged marriage, promised to death
next door is right here

VSM: the verbose surrealist movement

fury in surreal motion, these emulsions of dreams over reality
hover above emotions carefully assembled with symbols of immersion
into pools of proclivities to incense my composure
leisurely paces labor over passing footprints worn
as the sand breaks prematurely beneath sturdy feet and new prints are still born
glances from thorns with bloodied tips curdle smiles
into solid coagulated masses of manic frantic grins cuddled by glazed eyes fragile
from sheets of frozen tears
these hands brazen with years of impudent clawing at stubborn gates
no slate is ever wiped clean of the etches that speak to
grooves housing glaciers of tears aborted in the face of pride
trudge along, pupil...

anthills of antics crumble into dusty rubbles while
supple thoughts flex into helixes of sensible jargon -- i beg your pardon?
yes, while supple thoughts flex into helixes of sensible jargon
ardent assumptions are guillotined by cursory descents
of blades of a revelation,
frayed revolution of the senses drowned from brain storms gone haywire
"Hey, Liar, I want my promised land!"
trudge along, pupil...

dreams awaken to themselves waking up in endless loops
drenched in cold sweat from marathons
in senseless hoops around Saturns of ambition
these fat urns house ashes of hearts burned
from gulps of a reality swallowed too fast
trudge along, pupil ...



quixotic

my path to redemption

is foggy from doses of a reality that imposes itself on my dreams, and

my reach for salvation

is amputated by a persistent curiosity to interpret what it all means, and

my quest

is mocked by choices that have left me drowning in a quicksand of solitude ...

it's going to be a lonely walk ...

for now ...

nostalgia

of crusty sheets and dishevelled pillows in a funky disarray

i recall morning-afters that were more like afternoon-afters

after hours at after-hour hole-in-the-walls punching holes in the walls

that resemble our contours

to thumps of dancehall dancing in sync

careful caresses sink carelessly into sways of your hips

dark clay skin and lips tremble and creep while the soundtrack leaps

the record skips (gasp) ... the record skips (gasp) ... the record skips (gasp) ...

Ella hollers: "Gee, baby, ain't I good to you" -- Louis' trumpet trips

along to staccatos of shudders of nerve-endings

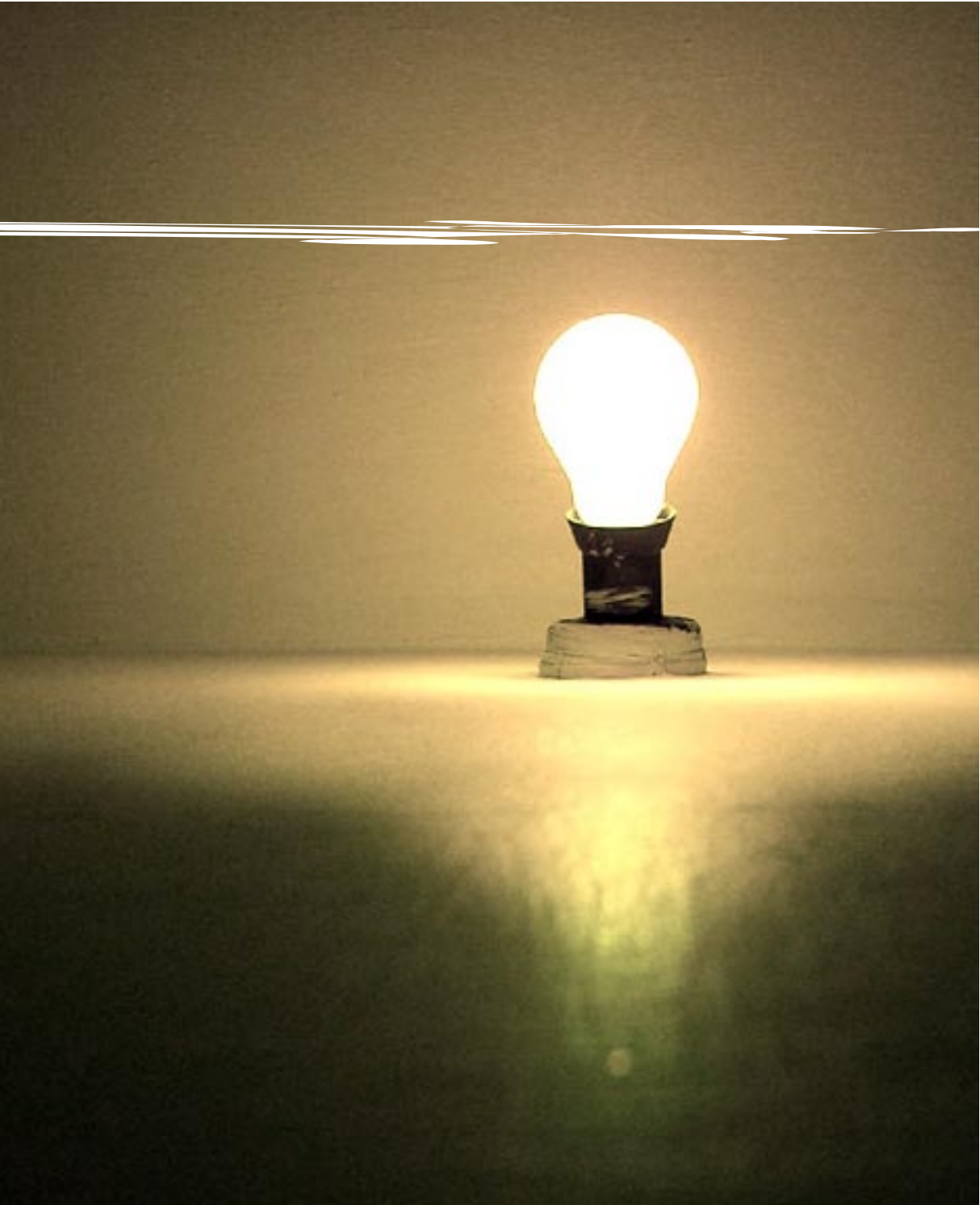
from our head to our toes

i recall ... as rude shrills from alarm clocks call

and the sheets and pillows on your side of the bed are

still

u n t o u c h e d .



elsewhere

I slowly push open the door to my room, exhaling the last of the Marlboro Lights in a breath of resignation. The weakly lit room is burdened with the stale scent of day-old incense. The thumps of bass from the speakers match the thumps in my chest ... all the caffeine seems to have accelerated my cardiac functions ... I walk over and turn up the music, while what was left of the cigarette flames away between my fingers, the burning sensation gently creeping through the skin on my index finger, blistering it. It was Curtis Mayfield ...

“How did I get so far gone
Where do I belong
And where in the world did I ever go wrong?
If I took the time to replace
What my mind erased;
I still feel as if I'm here but I'm gone.”

Eyes shut. Ears open. I absorb the lyrics with a grin on my face, my head slowly bobbing back and forth with the bassline, the hair on the back of my neck standing on end with a surreal sense of excitement. With my eyes still shut, I slowly walk over to the lamp, feel for the switch, and turn it off. The glow from the nearly-extinguished cigarette butt creates a halo around my left hand. My eyes only half-open, I take one last, long, desperate puff, and put it out on the blackened corner of the wooden desk. I stifle a hoarse cough and exhale the smoke slowly, painting a cloud in the darkness. My pupils casually get acclimated to the murky darkness that envelopes me. I look at the silhouette of the extinguished butt ... it is to be my last one. Really.

Again, I lean over to the speakers and turn up the volume just a few more notches, and then slump my exhausted body into the hard and unreasonably uncomfortable chair.

How did I get so far gone ... Where do I belong ... And where in the world did I ever go wrong?

The wind outside is howling in fury, knocking the weak windows around with an aggravating din of clatter that stirs me out of my melancholic peace. I slowly turn around and with glazed eyes, and notice my curtains billowing about. Maybe the same wind that dislodged my window open would knock it shut.

The soulful rhythm and consoling bassline gently wind down to oblivion as the track comes to an end. The tingling feeling in my spine slowly subsides as the silence becomes too overbearing to handle. I fidget. Restless. I keep the tune alive in my head. The wind is tormenting my weak windows, while the curtains demand attention as they flail about, hanging on for dear life. My safe haven is beginning to get violated. The only rescue comes from the speakers again. One thump. Then two. A discernable rhythm makes my head loll backwards, oblivious to the vicious howling wind outside.

The darkness comforts my desolation. The music tricks my misery back to sleep.

Three hours ago: the rooftop.

I took off my watch -- birthday gift from my father -- and placed it on the hard concrete of the rooftop. I slowly...deliberately...walked over to the edge and looked down. Twenty-four stories. I walked back to the spot where I had left my watch, and slowly sat down. I glanced over at my watch. Funny, the second hand wasn't ticking anymore. It had stopped at 8:43pm...the very minute I had taken it off. In a desperate attempt for comfort, I checked my pockets for the pack of Marlboros I'd bought that morning. Only one cigarette was left. Ironic. I glanced over to my watch again. Still no ticking. Still 8:43pm. It was almost as if time had stood still. The wind was calm. I secretly hoped a gust of wind would blast by, pick me up, and hurl me down. The chorus from Curtis Mayfield's "Here But I'm Gone" was playing in my head.

I took out the last of the cigarettes and lit it with ease. Still no wind. Not even a subtle breeze. My watch was still at a halt.

How did I get so far gone ... Where do I belong ... And where in the world did I ever go wrong?

My lungs embraced the tobacco willingly ... almost expecting it. I held on to the smoke for a lingering second and then exhaled with a sigh. I noticed that my hands were shaking. I got up and headed for the edge again, cigarette hanging from the corner of my mouth. The perspective was staggering. I hummed the tune in my head ...

How did I get so far gone ... Where do I belong ... And where in the world did I ever go wrong?

In a crazed and sudden haste, I hurried back to where I was sitting. Without a second thought I quickly picked up my watch and tossed it into my jacket pocket, while taking a long one from the dwindling cigarette. I took one look back at the edge, and then walked over to the stairwell.

The same fingers that were blistered from the cigarette burns earlier are now snapping to Bilal's "Soul Sista." I reach over and turn it up just one last time. Eyes still closed. A subtle smile taking me over. The tingling feeling back in my spine. Rhythm is giving me goosebumps. The wind is howling outside, almost calling for me. But my ears are deaf to the calamity outside, the angered growls and howls of the storm calling my name. I only hear the music.

How did I get so far gone ... Where do I belong ... And where in the world did I ever go wrong? If I took the time to replace ... What my mind erased ... I still feel as if I'm here but I'm gone."

It seems like I had spent hours sprawled in that wooden chair before I decide to get up and turn on the lights again. The wind has calmed down outside. Just occasional whispers and resilient whistles. I open my eyes slowly to the blinding light from the lamp I'd just turned on. The brightness seems strange ... almost alien ... to my eyes that have grown accustomed to the comforting darkness. I walk over the window, close it shut, draw the curtains, and then I wander off to the bathroom.

Leaning over the sink, I watch the cold water run for a while before I look up to face myself in the mirror. The image that confronts me is as frightening as looking down twenty-four stories. I stare in shock at the haggard face. Still on the edge, I walk back to my lit room, and dust off blackened corner off my table. Sweeping away that last cigarette butt, I open my window just a crack and threw out the handful of dust and ash. The wind devours it all too eagerly.

I reach into my pocket and pull out my watch. Oddly enough, it reads 1:37am. I look up at the clock on the wall. 1:37am.



definition (regretting a lifetime)

I was un-born to hindsight and retrospect
Disrespect mine own decisions as regret skins me into lesions and scabs
Fissures gave into craters of crafts unmastered
Crude laughs uncensored
Id unfastened for postscripts unheard
Of.

re: definition (living a regret)

Scorching infernos stifled in self-subservient silence echo
Incoherent etchings on mounds of my barbed flesh
As insolent awakenings are sedated back into caustic reveries
I referee my itches and Catharsis stitches itself
Into permanent satchels it won't get out
Of.

this half-lit world

wake up!
technologies of alarms
take knowledges of my dreams
where i'd anchored
my rancor
and it flees ... at dawn
surreal fabrics of comfort undone
unraveled at the seams
it seems i awake from marvels
not ever wanting to --
not ever having to need to
realize the real lies of my dreams:
the jumbled
symbols
rumble
free in psyches asleep
these sidekicks to my conscious
glitter like precious stones
that i never get to keep
because i wake up, wanting to sleep
to revisit peace
in the fleeting pieces that creep
unseen
and lodge themselves in the welcoming forts
that want to abort reality's high beams
so i shut my eyes again
frayed eyelashes retangle
and drop the curtains on this half-lit world again

palliate my dis-eases

i want
balm for the coarse textures of my anger
that lingers in acres of dermal universes --

verses that etch curses into polite senses
that tense up in gasps with citizens scorned.

i want
painkillers for migrainal banalities
engrained in the psyches of Hades' boredom --

kingdoms come forth in hordes
and lords of the kingdom exit as chords unstruck.

i want
bandages for ages and ages of dosages of hate
of late i have slighted the wisdom of sages --

carrying my crosses then burning them for the losses
of masses that buckled under the forces that be.

i want
drips of absinth for absences of my dreams
pensive beams spotlight gleams of an essence --

satiate my thirst to palliate my diseases
as breezes of hope seize hold of pessimistic creases.

demonology 1: hymns from the devil's systrum

what chimes along to the ticks of the minute hand of my id
outbids the fumes of unseasoned incense for my soul
while sinews in my temple tense to dewes of saline perspiration
at the hell of decision: beastly hordes cloaked in priestly robes teach conscience
(preach me the un-transience of hypocrisy instead of ghastly misconceptions)
navigate me through creaking gates of blind faith and into courts of rituals
gossiping and hate, backstabbers of late fenced within its virtual comfort
sanding out with sensations of holy water the legions of coarse pores of murky perspiration
from exœrcising demons -
robed eminences inside forts of wealth profess humility to our confessions of poverty -
seems fury cooks on stoves of distress: re-ligion re-assessed
spirit drowned in quicksands of banality - nonchalance manifest.

demonology 2: satan is a pimp

With courtesans who court your sanity and curtly cut short cries for humanity,
Behaving courtesy quick, once the Court deems your plea incredulous
And nebulous tempers explode into plagues of cosmic magnitude
Prejudice rages stronger than Wisdom's fortitude
Every latitude, heinous attitude is obvious
Satan is a pimp

Mental couriers run their courses without cowardice -
Neurons fire neurotic and fiery scouring for this - and that
That eludes a rationale that has come to rest in pieces after numerous nights
Of tugging and pushing and pulling
And pushing and pulling and tugging
With misfits of reality that miss conscience and yet fit consciously
With whores that carve out pounds of flesh with rusted scimitars of temptation
Disfiguring the superficial into cursed clots of comical colors,
Satan is a pimp

Curses (.)

Leashes of sobriety cut loose with scissors of booze
Frequent cruises to peddlers of illusion -
Sirens and faux muses -
Her bruises not a delusion,
Bloody juices from the ivory cane he uses
 a l m o s t e v e r y e i g h t (.)

Bearer of his children, Mother falls victim to his terror
Endless torrents of violence tear her -
Sanity to shreds -
One tombstone stands evidence of error
Where my brother beds
 s i x f e e t u n d e r (.)

In still nights nightmares are born to psyches pregnant with families torn
Death certificates signed on wrinkled scrolls of sanities shorn -
To mourn Brother in public silence -
Witness grimace from terraces in solace
At Father's blurred conscience

Harvest moons bleed in angst at paternal fangs
Brutality guised in his uniforms and ranks -
Cuffs and gags -
Selling his blood for scepters of deception
Life's affordable price tags:
 a c c u s a t i o n s o f o p p o s i t i o n (.)

Decades of regret feeding on scars from ivory canes
As his untamed mane ruffles out dead maggots of shame -
In fits of inebriation -
The sacrifice for politics reeks of rigor mortis
Father takes the blame for this, while
 m o t h e r n u r s e s h e r c u r s e s (.)

con.front.ation

See,
The thing about politics is
folks turn a deaf ear to its hisses even when it's got it's tail rattling up against their temple
Hey! Fool! Listen, man, can't you see it's all wrong?

Supple constitutions and rights tumble
Whichever way you toss them to fit your "humble" countenance
Damn it, I don't see you helping me!

Just the other day, a homeless person held me up on my way to work:
Brother, why we gotta kill people who kill people to prove that killin' people is wrong?
I looked at him and walked on, muttering (with my best American accent):
Sorry, Brother, ain't got no change today. Maybe later.

a wake, awake

blink ... blink
blink again
consciousness regained as I roll over,
and the sun shines within reach
wake up to the screeches of tick-tocks
reveries disarmed by pre-emptive alarms
I clock another 24 hours, and I'm a day closer to death
this stench that I behold aches to be my breath
reeking from nights spent seeking redemption
but leaking through my own sieve of comfort
it drips ... drips
my redemption drips through my own holes of comfort
while reason and logic hold hands and whisper and smirk
in my direction, my redemption drips through my own holes of comfort
9 to 5, overtime, overworked, activism more impulsive than knee-jerks
looks like misery is the boss and I'm a lowly clerk
but urgency l u r k s
in the shadows of my slow morning walks
and urgency l u r k s
in the recesses of the brains we drained in flocks
urgency l u r k s
because buoyancy is tricky if there's no water to float on ...

blink
blink think
think again ... blink again
consciousness regained as I roll over
and the sun shines within reach
wake up ... wake up ... blink ...
think ... I
think ... I
sink ... I sink
into whirlpools amassed from tears of the past
that dripped ... dripped ... dripped

tears that dripped through holes of despair
keep company my redemption impaired while
fact and fiction copulate to birth the unfair
in dreams and nightmares, the dark or the glare
prepare to repair souls every time
I blink ... every time
I think ... every time I sink
because potential shrinks on the brink of dialogue
and a 4-year-old's tomorrow becomes a morbid prologue
to 48 months of scraping at rock-bottom
because justice is just an apprentice, an amateur at humanity
systems that sentence the poor for vanity
but reality minus the make-up, is what I woke up to, yawning
clarity and freedom what I look up to, hoping
that the glass is still half-full ... and my eyes stay open
for yet another 24.

book two
NONSENSE

001

canada dry gingivitis
invite us from divided states of america's status
hypotenuses skewed into nuisances
gabriel prances
crip walks around mary's trances
what are farces?
pharasees blind to horizons on far sees
the exhaust on my car teases libya's labias
she says, "seize your 'i love ya's!"
but, wait. no.
morcheeba haunts my incendiary amoeba
but, wait. no.
complimentary divas abort bjork in new york
but, wait. no.
but, weight. know.
butt weight knows how much they sell you light
cellulite cockfight flatliners
owls as parliament smokers
but street fighters know no joysticks
this ploy stinks
reeks of denmark like omelettes with eggcitement
regiments of spear shakers with impaled temperaments
but now they make thongs from dead ferrets
it's a hairy situation with tennets
that see high hay
take the horse to the water
barter sanity for structure in this one-act play.
say it ain't so!

002

it's hangover worldly linux operating systems
for surgery scalpels undergoing testings
because television envisions a tale
from the tail end
tail gated neighborhoods
hoodwink naysayers
neigh sayers from the horse's mouth
stop horsing around
listen to this whore sing around
bubble gum sins abound
hounding grey buses for acid trips in brown
you think god has a colon?
sullen, mulling over which commode to turn into divine doo-doo
doses of dew baptise roses into wet petals
salvador dali lama raping llamas for gold medals
to come millions of times
chameleons of rhyme changing meters
to neon flashes above the head of st. peters
paint peters down the can vans
transporting campbell soups to whole war fans
where's st. andrew?
where's andy?
is she tagging sterns of bask yachts?
or kitschin' in the kitchen
bitchin', dude. straight bitchin'!

003

lunacy is in the mind of eyeholder
where pupils stare into blank irises of boulders
mimicking dermic presence their shoulder bearing atlas' weight
regain your bearing, at last this wait is over
armageddon weds a new born
in pedophilic destruction, disguised as protection
struggles buckle under savage blunders
surrender the monkey on your back
before guerilla villas with thatched roofs attack
start flinging their doorknobs at your heart
knock three times
on the ceiling if you want me
micro soft phalluses bulge into garantuan swamis
but my swan is what used to be an ugly duckling
suckling at the cash cow's udders
what you utter is heart murmurs of sweet nothings
bitter somethings that babysit her weaklings
smear picture-perfection with menstrual napkins
deport your pores to flag-less lands of dead foreskin.

004

hail, stillborns! emerge and see!
witness a planetary emergency as
saturn strangles herself with her garter belt
because a jew bit her somewhere indecent
where in recent years, space shuttles had scuffled for space
claim territories with gargantuan spurts of milky ways
and swaggers reminiscent of an opium daze
copius plays re-enact scenes from their "copy us" phase
kneecap those wretched dancers for their tactics
recap the chapter where prescriptions for sanity
are signed by angels i'm about to sue for malpractice
simple fact is: fact is never simple
fiction never lies in symbols
but nimble thoughts sport thimbles on their neural digits
so prickly double-thinks bobsled over bridges that raped river banks
because the fish wouldn't give it up that easy
fishy muthafuckaz!

005

i am bush! i ambush!
iambic pentametronomical weapons of mass distraction
bugdets needing a push into alamo's dusty refraction
check the reflection in the rear view mirror
if you see her, tell her
that your exhaust pipe gave birth to her
12-cylinder cesarian ovarian midsections gave girth to her
ignitions keyed into erogenous throttles hurtle this vehicle forwards
into her
out of her
first gear then reverse, shift stick transmissions burning rubber
emission testings curbing numbers
while somber headlights illuminate the dark spots
where the virgin mary had nibbled her skin
chewing for the divine fetus within.

006

i remember last week when they dismembered the weak
when wounds festered to seek solace in Lester Young's solos
follow the chaos
and disembowel it if it compromises its entropy
with promises of order that border sanity
i called her Vanity despite her inexplicable disparities
mostly because she never matched her earrings
intent bent on expressing nonchalance and its bearings
just as assembled and intentional as the antitheses
these fancy feces you call a facial
decorate them with cucumber slices
just a pisces with cute numbers:
34. 28. 36.

007

blueberries turned pink this morning
blushing to the sun's rise to mourning
cloud nines bled to death
as rays raped the sky
with phallic yellow oranges
courage is:
melody
in
chaos
where felonies fell with ease
into rubbish bins that bear tatoos of 'mahktub's
for clans destined to solve clandestine rubik's cubes
undertakers of nocturnal pubes
all over PG-13 cathode ray tubes
as nonsense gives birth to pawns
at every break of dawn
lay them on green pastures
but decorate the lawn
with amethyst tombstones
that flirt with pigeons and stray shrubbery
frayed summaries claim that sanity is axed down
its constipated stump echoes free dumb around
while brainchilds are punctured
from structures of my thorned crown

