

nineteen seventy-two

the butcher took my brain that day
-ripped from adjoining skull-tissue!
and carved up my thoughts
for a new kind of pie.

the man who eats of this
will see the world
with powers of chemical vision:
the best that has been made!
and joy is but an appendage
to a rotting carcass
while smiles hung from lockjawed teeth
visit in the night
every night.

the butcher took my brain that day
and hung it up for all the world to see
that raw unhealing muck.

hooking to a hungry steel tooth,
hung in the smokey air
i pay it tribute!

there was a time not long ago
when bodies were what counted:
bodies bodies everywhere
to carve up for the king,
he sits alone with greeding eyes
while time is lingering.

bodies come much cheaper now
when brains are on the rack!
when brains are on the rack
the rack when brains are on the rack!

it's cleaning time in the brainyard:
time to collect the speckled spike-fish
that swim in a dirty canal.

the wind is blowing through wintry
skeletal oaks, whistling to the furies
that take up residence there.

i am not bruised and blemished
like some would think a brain to be
but all my cells are changing:
the whole organism cannot control
or even comprehend.

a hooded man casts a leering smile
through a fish-eye lens
as a thought tears on a nail.
his eyes are glossy
and rimmed in black,
he's sampling the brainyard soil.

a raven perched upon a rock
against the glowing mist:
silence in the brainyard draws
a tiny tear
to the skin rim of her eye
and rolls off upon the parched patterns
of clay, to moisten them.

i collect these things in an ivory cup
and pour them through my teeth
while looking out between my eyes
i see reflections upon the ice.

decay decay — i'm on a bus!
and all the brains are propped
— on sagging ill-clad shoulders —

feeling sore and weary
while diesel dust cementing snot
to swollen membranes
rips through the brain causing headache.
asprin makes the difference now
while genes split like amoebae
i thrust my hands into the air
and scream with a ripping voice
and all the eyes turn in violence
to the source of this brain invasion.

insanity is a negative electrical charge
upon the positive thoughts in a brain.

james angus brown

