

Syndrome

By Kirk Wood Bromley

Based on the case of Joshua Lewis Berg

(Egon is in his apartment. His phone rings, and the machine answers it.)

Machine - I can't get to the phone right now. *Cry champ's pettin the bone, pow wow.* So leave a message. *Be the low voice 'hind their know noise.* And I'll return your call as soon as I can. *Back to the land of missin yr fuckin crap.* Sorry. *Beep.*

Mother – Egon, it's your mother. Are you there? Your father and I are in for a show and thought we could have some dinner. Maybe it's good for you to get out and see what other people are doing with their lives. My co-worker Yelena might join us, and you two could talk Russian. She absolutely loved you on that shopping channel, just please don't mention your Fringe play as it was quite traumatic for her. You could bring your girlfriend...Litmus...Lupus...oy, I guess it's time to get measured for diapers. Anyway, we'd love to see you, so call me back when you get this.

(She hangs up.)

I want to go.

please welcome been done to the stage

But how?

diagnosis hullabaloo

Syndrome will come with

o shit my kid's got my mouth

and to the cordial doorman

nobody's om in your vicious fucking circle

and to the harried passerby

devotion to emotional etymology sabotages relief bill

and to the driver with his hunger on the wheel

you'll never yearn into the pre-burn urn

and to the dolled-up hostess

so many ways dead words can be worn

and to the impatient waiter

my spirit animal is the universal choking sign

and to Yelena the Fringeophobe

vyselyat', chtoby osvyatit'

and to my hapless mother

just shoot yourself in self-defense already

then my dad will smack his lips

no smack daddy no smack daddy

(Egon hits the machine.)

Mother - Egon, it's your mother.

hi mom human hymen hohum ho

Mother - Are you there?

thoughts are tackle echoes bouncing off gecko testicles

Mother - Your father and I are in for a show and thought we could have some dinner.

go smack daddy go smack daddy

Father - Tratama hatama

Watama tratama

Batama watama

Soonchkiss

gooning in paradise

I have not always been an

escheatable freak

Plummeting headlong thru maladies

of medleys ranting wordlessly

In words.

sexual strife as satellite dish to the stars

Muted

loud

Belittled

obnoxious

Liberated by reflex

Laughs like dud chaperone

An ashy spectrum organized into

stuck multiplicities

Of untenable unity.

like facing facts feels counterfactual again

A compromise harshly rendered
Amidst esoteric immovables.

isolated shareware popping up treacherously across the glitch

My precephalic impulses did not
Always predominate.

i, syndrome, phenomenate

For the problem began

bobble head jam

With smacking lips.

mapping slips, trapping quips

Smacking lips embezzled Syndrome

Into my

only left with failed fantasy

State.

clapping shits settle aesthetic debt with celebrate

But I'm not talking about smacking lips.

so smack daddy so smack daddy

Tratama hatama

Watama tratama

Batama watama

Soonchkiss

cloying captivation makes no suffer-duckin sense

My special Syndrome is called Tourette.

excrescence upset

But Syndrome hates the word Tourette.

wreckmaster, beget

He sees no reason why his

dap diamond armadillo studio kit

Should be autofilled by some

fucking forgotten French neurologue with a kink for his name on every nut

Instead, he prefers tourist.

enjoy yr plight

For according and thanks to his status as

juvenile elder Invisamime in charge of cutting off access to admin

I am a tourist in my own body,
and when in Syndrome...

do as modems dismantling mowglis

The physician who first identified my

panache for post-volitional dance

Stringently advised against self-study

blisst-out chunks of fusty oral draconia enspasm judgment flow

Due to neurological disorders
Being uncommonly susceptible
To the ravages of information.

thought a lot but naught was got

So with my prescription for ignorance
Wisely in hand

dickin that wiccan lordosis

I proceeded to bury
My downstream head in the cancel culture
Of his precautions and

eat my camel with ruining acts of auto-didact

“Age at onset: 2 to 15 years.” My sucky cumber was 11.

the twin towers of pubescent terror

“Presence of recurrent, involuntary, repetitive, rapid, purposeless motor movements affecting multiple muscle groups.”

chock full o’ flatus

“Multiple vocal tics.”

bought em a got em a fought em a wrought em a fuck cinch

“Ability to suppress movements voluntarily for minutes to hours.”

lake cries non-lake water

“Variation in the intensity of symptoms over weeks or months.”

not if I can unequivocally crescendo it

"Duration of more than one year."

awfully catchy hooks is here

I meet all the DSM-III Criteria
For Tourette so deep down a dark alley
They beat me to myself.

weak me back to health

A tic

peaking deceased

both satisfying and aggravating

wreaking belief

Feels an irrepressible urge seeking release

by any means nugatory

These body-wide burps come in muscular,
Phonemic, and psychovisceral forms

mystical snitch enlister

Though all abide by the same principle
Of being endemically unprincipled.

he talks to know why he talks

The most distressing type of tic

O my sin-spitting goddaughter

Is called coprolalia

woe-stalled shitty tongue

While stereotypes of Syndrome promote
His stan for smut

nice dirty penis, lost phalangeles

Only 15%
Of all tourists flop in that half bath flat.

kick howdy boobs of functional fallacy folk

Last but not outclassed, there's echolalia,
Which involves the repetition or mutation
Of a word or phrase or sound or

frown-crowned crowds drowned proud loud clowns

Ticcing is a system of

compost catastrophe produces rawsome views

That installs itself

via fiducials for fellatio fixations

in order to preserve

spontaneous instinctoids of kamikazi maturation

The speaker is only

syrupitiously

Represented by the speaking

damn that dawdle bible squad smell

For the sheriff of the tourist's phrenic
Settlement is perpetually

dry-gulched by undesirable maladroits in discernibly small detroits

Who then hurl his corpse
Over the guardrails of signification

mazeltov cocktail

Smashing society's elaborate

opaque windshield diapers

In the despotic name
Of a foregone inhibitor resentment.

try this bomb at home

In a world whose main psychophobic thrust
Charges on the mandate of honesty,
The ticcing tourist stands as a warning
That the chill of repression often outwarms
The fervent candor of the swinging sun.

more callous on the phallus

For a true glamping amidst native tics
In their

mid-anthropocenic splendor infestation experience

Head on down

with your nobs in a tizzy

To the annual Tourette Convention.

why talk right if you could care less?

At the

i stand dissected by a tourist convention

tics ramble forgiven thru the

swapping mall of derisory tourista trap pang pong

As unloosed environmental stimuli

jackpot love knot forgot for rue born soft spot

Procreate

like buxom fame school lice

via

la loquita sensitiva

of tic induction

tic triggering tic triggers inflict uptick in ménage-a-tics (sic)

Over the course of six Tourist Conventions

moshing mammoths divining museums

I've traded intervenient truth

sloppin t-bombs

with a veritable

Herbaria of shadow-sided life-lights

they felt the belt of each mental-urged or

The woo woo woman woo whose woo woo every woo other woo woo word woo woo
was woo a woo whooping woo woo woo

The failed suicide attempt re-enactor...*gun goes off wide of head...pills fall from
shaking hand...neck too nervous to needle the noose*

The clinically obsessed nursery rhyme deviser

*Like the county fair cow
With the plexiglass skin
So the kiddies can watch
The magic of reticulorumen digestion,
The fuck made of fuses
Explodes thru her day,
Ever outing her innards
In a bountiful boisterous belching ballistic ballet!*

The old crochet lady who cross-stitched her chipper yarn circle chat with periodic
porntube titles: "just bring the losing stitch *dasha squirts dasha* over the lead thread
blonde butt song in cat barn between two end rows *honey demon vs. nacho vidal* then
work the existing strand *big hairy fart brazil* into your back loop *slutty granny on top*
you are not exempt."

The racist nonsense news announcer: "Coming up next: *Africa Misses Due Date*
Again, Stolen Innate Congratulator Declared Mangy Raconteur of Asian Irrelevance,
As Another One Bites the Dust Wetbacks Start Charging for Dust, and Why White On
Earth?"

The docile

dainty sniffing wink

who'd picked his earlobes off over years of

cute insidious carpet bombing along the ganglia line

gently rocking and whispering

This world don't want me cuz this world can't haunt me

The Vermont hippy chick dressed in

mindful over-eating robes

and a sound-bath smile who introduced herself with

I'm in all the movies

And then there's the crotch-grabber with a thing for maximum security.

this too shall make a pass

Waiting for the elevator to land,
I asked a small, neat, collegial woman
If she knew when the breakfast buffet closed,
T'which she twitcht

minimum security

And grabbed my crotch.

help's a hostile nation

Not wanting to appear as if I had
Anything to do other than appearing
To want what I was doing, I grabbed her crotch.

manual sublimity

The tic induction

haywire incestival

was on.

vogue truth or live in garbage caramel

She grab crotch.

minimum security

He grab crotch.

maximum obscurity

She grab crotch.

minimum security

He grab crotch.

medium impurity

Me and the impenitent crotch-grabber
Spent the remainder of the Tic Together
Grabbing each other's crotches and even
Tried making the mildly absorbent
Relationship work

for less than pro bono genital stage

Beyond the padded orange
Lobbies of demure conventional sanction,
But despite our

waist binocular dreams

It's actually quite annoying when someone's

life-everlastingly

grabbing your crotch

flabby notch makes scruples butt munch faster

(Egon hits the machine.)

Mother - Maybe it's good for you to get out and see what other people are doing with
their lives

they're all fucking infected with babies

When my parents asked me what I wanted
To be when I grow up...

how you free when you flow up?

I said, "I wanna be everything."

eye so nisi all I see is me

When they said, "A person's gotta choose,"

man too drunk for drink of choice

I said, "I choose everything."

low on sex? Try our shhhhtek.

And when they said, "How can you be everything?" I said, "I'll be an actor."

*by the power divested from me through the meta-tactical renunciation of my
subordinating impersonality*

I'll be a heretic, a lunatic, a psychotic, a neurotic

all you do is sue for revenue spikes in yr creatic subplot

I'll delve into politics, analytics, logistics, semantics

re-perform tropical trek to exist

I'll be so charismatic, cinematic, problematic, dramatic, psychosomatic, altruistic,
fatalistic, hermaphroditic, parasitic, materialistic, spiritualistic, realistic, fantastic...

be brief on way to panoply

As if to prove I was proof of the powers
Of as if to improve our powers of proof

landscape scarred by soft hunt

I booked my inaugural acting gig
As a primary school visiting artist
In a show called

e-wait for nobody knows you

Arithmetickles.

perfectly timed outburst now remiss

Who's ready to play Arithmetickles?

it'll make yr nipples litter

All you need is a brain.

grindin up the slippage of song pattern spillway

So who has a brain?

another irresponsible architecture award

Now raise yr hand if you think math can be fun.

is that your inguinal answer?

One tickle plus one tickle plus one tickle plus

flighty for a sticker collection

Teaching math to anti-math might sound

Like the ultimate Stanislavskian task

muted private thickets of melodic longing

But Syndrome's triggered

domination not having trouble getting cucked

Actor out of work.

non-adapter back to lurk

(Egon hits the machine.)

Mother - My co-worker Yelena might join us, and you two could talk Russian.

micro-tyrant uploads body to save democracy

My junior year I got it into my head

i just rotted into your bread

That Syndrome could be silenced by conducting
My cognition in another language,
So I took a year abroad...

a year o' broads

For an immersive in Russian.

the other white meat

Sensing my education was

progressing toward extermination

Syndrome battered
My bilingual

smokehold

with a barrage
Of decerebrating locker room talk.

*creampie toilet snob ravages skittery old guaka twat with hagberry rollick mamilla on
fricative elegance abandon pork chop piss flaps*

Like a koan spit back at the sensei,
This is surprising because unsurprising,
As sex for Syndrome is the

*hot contraband cutlery ickup chopping the sincerity ickup salad of sympathy-sick four-
flush ickup probity*

His immodest obsession with dressing
In everywhere by entrapping

crass fanatical joys of non-genital reality spectacles in the episensor of fruiting death

Is due to his fact that
Survival's the story of surveillance

and surveillance the glory of sex

So Syndrome serves as the insidious
Internal screening of the struggle

To survive our disservice to ourselves

per the intentional malfunction of our transition resisters

The suppression of sex has honky-tonked
Syndrome's controlled brushfire brigades
Who

wise beyond their beers

re-educate
To the enemy drunk and giving himself away.

this town ain't big enough for you of us

It was in such a sweet bicameral frenzy
That Syndrome shadowed me

one uppity eeyore night

To a groovy American discoteque
On the tinder buttons side of Moscow
Where that creep who rents the basement in my bland
Met Ivan the terrible bartender.

Ivan - What you want?

Stoly and soda, please.

and a pretty party member for my hammer to get sickle on

Ivan - Excuse me?

Sorry, just the vodka tonic.

with a healthy pair a stroikas

Ivan - You want girl?

No, thank you.

matryoshka agitslop

Ivan - Haha, you funny guy.

wappy caviar for borscht belt

Ivan - Ok, I get you girl.

No, please.

a duma to do me

Ivan - But no rough shit or I stiff neck, ponyala?

goodtime gulag haha

As the thwartist currently known as Syndrome

butt-dialed Nymphetamine Bropocalypse

Ivan pushed a plug under the drip lip,
Causing a woman to warily enter
From behind the fraying Avengers drape
And stand

two yaasquatch inches

from me.

Nona - I am Nona, and I turn on you.

Old enough to eat whatever she wanted
But too young to

die from excessive dingdongs

She was an expired cheese log sample girl
With je m'en fous hair and cathodes for eyes
That frantically flickered

you're almost alarmed

Giving cultivated Syndrome the caveman
Overboard of his wastewater rainbow.

No, thank you.

ruble blintz got my samovar on big mac

Not interested.

unshut red curtain and knout me some woodka

I'm leaving now.

bang my sputnik banya

Nona grabbed me by the unacquired taste.

Nona - You have Tourette?

No

Na

No

Na

Nona - Come with me.

His top-shelf trick de-salooning with a yank
Spread

fiasco sauce

on Ivan's

peridental perineum

Ivan - Where you go?

Nona - To my place.

Ivan - Why not upstairs?

Nona - Mishka is using.

Ivan - Mishka is in Karkov with hockey team.

Nona - O, I thought I hear her.

Ivan - Make him pay, or I cut you.

Nona - He sick. Like my brother.

Ivan I don't care if he have wallet cancer, he pay or you get cut.

Nona - Fucking pig.

Ivan - I be gutting pig less I get paid, you backwash cocktail.

lurid calls for calm

Nona's place was a stumble down the street,
And there her mother, father, and sister sat
Troweling dinner off a small kitchen table.

Nona - This Egon. He have Tourette like Vitaly.
He help him go America for treatment.

All parties then turned to a teenage boy
Sitting across the room in his clench pogrom
Who blurped like a seizure perched on a shock

*emotsional'naya kucha skuperdyayev prevrashchayet migriruyushchuyu skazku iz
nepriyatnoy v somnitel'nyu*

Syndrome leapt at this cross-cultural tic-off.

free germination of stress trajectories

khodit' v prazdnichnykh ukrasheniyakh mertvykh

not sold for food level lonely

tol'ko nesposoben na stoyashchiye veshchi

Rudely interrupting this gruff contagion,
Nona led me by the arm to her room,
Where I told her I had no idea how
To get her brother to America
And that I wasn't looking to buy sex.

motion detected in your butterdish

But Nona had the persistence of a failed
Progress Rocket, and after five vodka
And vodkas, Syndrome got his dream vacay

on the international submersible, Unsubtle

What followed was the Trans-Siberian Heyday

Of my life. My Russian immersion became my

Nona perversion

She seemed to relish
Revving Syndrome's

emoceited countach

By freeing me from my innate speed traps.

Speak Russian.

*nezhelatel'nyye konfessional'nyye laski reklamiruyut proverennyy rynkom
mrakobesiye*

Nona - Speak more Russian.

myagko katapul'tirovannyi geniy tishina

Nona - More.

*beskonechnaya merzost' ispuskayet shest' rezkikh vzdokhov nad starymi dobrymi
vremenami seksual'nogo strakha*

And when he reached frustration's highest seat her

python pulled that rabid raccoon down

In an ichorous coil of downing the host.

if this thing gets any bigger I'll have to debate it

There is in Syndrome's rearview urges
Some suicidal autodox, as near the only time
A tourist's tics abate is per coitum.
If you can stay on a tanagram bull
Composed of seven gorillas being shipped
To Ohio State for electrode research
While steering a lightning bolt down the beak
Of a Pixar hummingbird named Temblor
Who never made it out of graphic trials,
You'll discover a rare and peaceful khao sok
In the flesh of a tourist, as Syndrome
Disappears into maelstroms bust loose
From a bush lodge gone infinity pool.

Yet as he is

Syndromian Christos

This internment in pleasure is but a brief
And childish matinee

paradise stinkbird

that briskly precedes
His post-bop resurrection

fuzzle me muckpot

As once the give
Is gunned, he's back, ticcier than ever

stroller gargles ethnoparasite meat wrench

Burning like a slow shutter wide angle shot
In a coprolalic colloquium on coitus

*a mere dalliance of mudgeon mrtasana that mimics the aplomb of the carcass to
ichorize axe wounds in rebirth's farcical bonery bonnaroo*

The first few times me and Nona hookt up
I made movements toward remuneration,
But someone always buckled himself
Into these beltway barter and appeared
To oddball out her zeal for getting even.

I pay now?

Nona - What you want.

you should live a day in your shoes

How much?

Nona - For you, free.

ain't break my funky strutter dancin with no bouncy check

Nona, no.

Nona - You help Vitaly get America.

and tonight it's world vs. peace

During our one party congressional talks

on the anarchy native to the commons

Nona would often color my book with claims
That on my return to the land of the free
I'd arrange for her brother to come over
To receive treatment from the finest doctors.

stochastic logo, stochastic logo

And though I told her again and again
Such sharp turns were

beyond my tenderfoot

Once back, I spoke to the Tourette Association
And found some leads.

be the bug you squash

But when I called,
Her parents said for weeks that she was out,
Til one day her father answered yelling
In Russian

far too fast for my slow bus

Then her sister got on and said in English sobs
How a package had arrived the night before
From America, and they'd all gathered round
Thinking Nona had run away with me
And Marlboros, Levis, and Tom Cruise videos
Were about to

snort em up the Godhead

But instead they found Nona's foot with a note
Tied to the toe, which her sister rendered:

"This what come to slut no pay."

ah the invigorating opacity of protolopes

And with the dead broke out in fixtures,
Nona's brother Vitaly grabbed the phone,
And our Syndromes gave their dueling eulogies.

ona byla tem, kogo iskali, ne vidno

perfect trophy wife goes bad vacation

otsutstviye mesta, kotoroye pozvolyayet prisutstvovat'

too fucking scattered to shatter

kotoryy zastavlyayet nas sochetat'sya s tem, chto my dumayem, chtoby zastavit' sebya

crazy with compassion

neobkhodimost' zabluzhdeniya pri izgotovlenii namereniya

instant incessant induction trauma

strana mezhdu nashimi glazami

debris swappt out for grope, the conceptus game

ya nona, grebanaya mat' pechali

(Egon hits the machine.)

Mother - She absolutely loved you on that shopping channel

really digging the luxuriance of my hard-shirking similars

Shortly after Arithmetickles

durp

I landed my first professional acting gig
As an on-air auctioneer for Bounty on a Budget,
A late-night

shit-shopper show

broadcast live
from East Jersey on a four digit cable station
Hot with crapaholics, bored insomniacs,

And rejuvenating masturbators

so everyone's seen me at some point

It was the Church of Lonely Consumers
Set in Jean Benet Ramsay's unconscious,
And I was its High Priest of Pirated Products.

yr superhero name is fondleman

Just one week before my first appearance
I hit upon a method of suppressing
My tourism for 23 minutes,
The scary length of my live-ish allotment,
Called Egon's Exhaustive Perplexicon
Of Syndrome's Querulous Characteristics.

character is tics

Act One: The Affective Tics

Fights with peers
Attacks adults
Shouts at parents
Extremely competitive
Cruelty to peers
Cruelty to pets
Lies
Steals at home
Steals outside home
Fire setting
Vandalism
Impatient
Impulsive
Reckless
Easily upset
Excitable
Low mood
Cries often
Sleep problems
Low opinion of self
High opinion of self
Few friends
Excessive need for attention
Ignores directions
Resents discipline

Craves structure
Oppositional
Compliant
Stays out late
Never leaves home
Projects blame on others
Projects blame on self
Insensitive to others' feelings
Lack of remorse
Overabundance of guilt
Worries
Worryless
Fearful
Fearless
Nervous
Indifferent
Stomach aches
Scared of new experiences
Desperate for new experiences
Happy
Sad
Present
Absent
Phobic
Inert
Compelling
Boring
Lonely
Never alone
Always alone

Act Two: The Motor Tics.

Eyeblinking
Eyes rolling upward
Opening eyes wide
Squinting
Closing eyes while driving
Facial grimacing
Sticking tongue out
Licking lips
Licking shoulder
Biting tongue
Biting cheek
Looking at the sun
Grinding teeth

Brushing hair out of eyes
Sniffing
Vertical neck jerking
Touching shoulder with chin
Throwing head back
Shoulder shrugging
Extension of arms at the elbow
Flexion of arms at the elbow
Flailing arm out
Flailing arms up
Biting nails
Finger sign (aka copropraxia) Sorry
Flexing fingers
Piano fingers
Smelling fingers
Smelling objects
Picking at skin
Picking at lint
Poking
Popping knuckles
Waving
Inhaling
Exhaling
Gasping for breath
Kicking
Hopping
Skipping
Jumping
Bending
Stooping
Stepping backward
Flexing ankles
Extending ankles
Turning foot in
Turning foot out
Dragging foot
Shaking foot
Stamping feet
Tapping feet
Tripping
Toe curling
Walking on toes
Banging
Blowing on hand
Chewing on clothing
Flapping arms

Hitting self
Kissing hand
Kissing others
Pulling at clothes as if too tight
Scratching self
Shivering
Sticking finger in throat
Twiddling thumb on nose
Twirling hair
Hunching over while walking
Whole body jerking
Smacking lips

Act Three: The Vocal Tics

Animal noises
Barking
Belching
Burping
Deap Breathing
Blowing breath out
Coughing
Grunting
Hiccups
Hissing
Honking
“huh”
humming
motor noises
jet noises
screaming
sniffing
snorting
spitting
squeaking
stuttering
stammering
sucking breath in
throat clearing
uneven modulation of voice
whistling
yelling
smacking lips

Though I'd squealed this whole hog list enough times
To pass for a total ham, I soon found out

By being found out that I'd misst one tic.

one dick, stiff

Here we have a lovely toaster.

Ding, *squinch*

And it's lined with a band of diamonds.

Ding, *squinch*

Those are genuine diamonds.

Ding, *squinch*.

And on the side you'll see a tiny television.

Ding, *squinch*

Which also serves as a shaver and a weed whacker.

Ding, *squinch*

But when you're not shaving or whacking
Or toasting or flixing or blinging,
It's a combination phone elliptical
Condiment dispenser so you can bell your bae
Slathered in co-marketed neon picalilli
Right off the whacker shaver's carburetor
While toning your tele-boiga body.

Ding, *squinch*, ding, *squinch*, ding, *squinch*

With each ding of the remote auction bell
Signaling a bid from the netherburbs,
My sphincter squincht, and I was so good
As a rip-off peddler it took just one shift
For me to call it quits so's to prevent my

Anal mucosa from mounting Golgotha

Actor out of work

and ass in danger

As my sphincter squinch triggers migrated
Off the set of Bounty on a Budget
And onto Planet Bounty for the Billions,
So every time I casually encountered
An innocent act of consumption

sic

My sphincter squincht, and that was it for me.

angry ejaculate rejects bottom line

Sphincter squinching became my leading tic.

the dream of inanimate feeling, frozen in warmth

It was like I was sucking myself into myself
So I could go nowhere fast.

squinch

Release

squinch

Release

illcome to asshole aerobics

Defecating was getting a rectal exam
From a Ginshu chef.

vim is chince

Blood spindled thru
My stool like the threads in a taken bill.

shake it, you oil-dippt dog!

Unpretty soon, I was at the proctologist
Imploring milk of analgesia
For my

leather cheerio

which he gave me

By, that's right

no that's tight

snipping my sphincter muscle.

the new must-do impediment

I can drop the kids at the pool like you
But I've got no inner squinchability.

stop being so particular not particularly popular

My autobiography, A Cut Below

how the squinch stole E-Zpass

Will be the first all-rubber
Washable book, feature before and afters
Of my discredited duodenal truss,
And its backmatter will be bigly smeared
With a fluffy heap of steaming accolades:

number one on number two!

you'll mess yourself!

don't poopoo this feculent excretion of gastrointestinal word spray!

join the snipping movement!

better than a chili crisp colonic!

this book is crap in the best of ways!

i laught, i cried, but i didn't squinch

(Egon hits the machine.)

Mother – just please don't mention your Fringe play as it was quite traumatic for her.

stand by for obsolete affect

With the growing sense that Syndrome's skittle
Was transcribing others' scripts to fit his mood,

I decided to write and perform my own,
Which quickly became a collaboration,
Which quickly became entirely his creation.

lucky flunky

Appearing in the Indianapolis Fringe,
A redundancy lost on me in my role
As an

award-stealing wartime brand rep
For MC Escher's Efficiency Mountain

The play, a 5 hour mosquito bloom
Of scatological and bioptical non-sequiturs

if twilight in your soul, got up too fucking early

Was entitled

"When Correcting Children
With Surgical Strikes Circle the Answer."

A tiny, dirty apartment. Objects are strewn about the floor: a slightly smaller than life Spaghettios promotional manikin, adult diapers filled with silly string, two stuffed squirrels in rut clash, a giant black tampon costume, hundreds of unpaid parking tickets, an Abba lava lamp with a Minshew mustache, the overturned trunk of a trans-contortionist, cheaply printed Serbian atrocity photos, 20 perfectly stacked copies of Creflo Dollar's "You're Supposed to be Wealthy" whereon green plastic army men freeze tag in copulatory bliss, and a pink velvet tuba with a rodeo clown stufft headfirst down its bell.

constitutionally guaranteed bad side

Enter Ipecac Tralalitious, a Liza Minelli enthusiast who's missing three fingers, has a voice like a vacuum cleaner inhaling a mug of pennies, and is chewing a dino-turkey leg pulled from a Teletubbies golf club caddy. Limping, laughing, and lunging like a Nascar executive on a company-mandated gin fizz bender, a button on her lapel reads, "Wanna lose weight? Fuck me now!" Like the sweet syrup of ireful melancholia pouring down the back of an unsuspecting PETA protest victim, she speaks.

fucking capitalism is alienating my authenticity

this chatroom's a spawning facility for don't just do something, sit there

or is my alienation fucking capitalism with my authenticity?

hilarity's a chore in the cringe pustule

or is my authenticity capitalizing on my alienation from fucking?

*there's a cave in her where I rave in her like a craven slur slave staving her sweet
vagina grave with woeful waves of tottery were*

By the time I'd completed this lag test,
Which, due to its longevity, was only granted
One performance, I was alone in the theater,
Save for you know who

i who make it impossible to be alone in the theater

Which means should you become known in the theater
It's you know who

not you

who's become known
So you stop being you and you become
You know who dreaming of being alone
In the theater

when will my armor be gay?

which, we who want to be
In the theater but can't be cuz we're
Too theatrical, call "Being Theater"

*an unattended space where you're only seen as a tralatitious theater fag known for not
being in the theater*

Actor out of work.

all shows are too long

(Egon hits the machine.)

Mother - You could bring your girlfriend...Litmus...Lupus...

I once had a lover named Lettuce.

Let's do as you say and see how we do

We met when our Syndromes hit it off
In a café line.

must run always mean engine while waiting for new unbinding religion

I'll have a large chai tea

inner glee pollution me

strangling language bangs wayward advantage

hintersubliminal mismatch ratchet snatch

flaming anonymity's test-based inequity

Lettuce and I quickly settled into
A sputter pattern of

drinking and poofing

24/7

three point forty too long for Lettuce

So we could get a word
Into each other apart from the

solid shart show

Our Syndromes sent

down the septic systems of abstruse cacophonous wetlands

And then, thanks to my mother having read
About a tourist suppressing his tics
by

plinking invaluable bagatelles

a piano
Walked into the bar we called Our Low Life.

fish cleans pan it was cooked in

Lettuce dove instantly

incapably

Into the thing,
Her arms flailing like carwash air dancers
Caught in the exsufflation of a future
Circular collider power source blast,
Flanged fingers banging the pucelle keys
In frenzied carpal bouffe, as from her throat
Came periodic tumulting scrobbles
Of sonic olio

decidedly desperate meets pathologically doctorate

No, Lettuce had never played piano,
Which made it all the more jazztacular

spazzcrapular

Spawning both my addiction to vigils
Of improv as tic hoodia and our band,
The New Tourette.

blorp that yummy yoni, purported faux-male

Overbilling itself
As freeform chamber punk, the New Tourette
Lived and died a yearlong stay-at-home tour
Decomposed of various unwelcoming acts
Of successful-by-design experiments

vedic vaudeo tripe

In aggressively private symphonic
Failure recitals

crowd around who wiggle in wires

And while the New Tourette
Was way too random to be re-enacted,
The group was an imperfect example
Of the exceedingly reviled and thus
Institutionally rewarded movement
Known as "Free Music"

torturing the pleasure out of pain

A fussbudget aesthetic
That grants mandatory

intravenous d'milieu to sad progressive ranklers

The New Tourette's elusive sound substance
Was pelagian scream

at last I'm last in line for lasting!

Was sigmoidal
Parlance of unrecognizable pain
Symptoms

*i like a challenge so fatal
it sneers in yr ears for years*

Was joyfully inept emissions
Control

yr kinda pretty for a 404

Was cranial hindsight quashing

*it'll all make sense beg
for the end of the road map*

Was history buffs terrorizing the arts

get away, hamburger nose!

Was crash-only miles accumulation

*i'll stop complaining wen they turn
the power back off*

Was O the music I would play could I play music.

*you're having a deleterious effect
on wut i wunt to do with my life
now that it's been floated as totalled
by yr sniping pejorative crash ride*

Overnite that to yr mom

and watch her kiss yr genetically bad ass buh-bifacial

Welcome to a world in which finally
Getting the picture means you cut it up.

Yr harmonious griping's a lugubrious sledge

If you're looking to see yourself smile

without making yourself cry

There are lots
Of subcutaneous fame disputes down
The street where you can get

pleasantly frackt of your eery clutch animalism

From the outside in

by the multiplex infection flash mob

Rupturing thru the hope

we'll all be dancing out our graves in no time

But if you feel like an atmosphere
Without a sphere

plz don't forgive me if I repeat myself

Are eager to work thru
Some intense internal issues by way of
The interrogation of your suspect
Instruments

plz don't refresh me if I delete myself

Want to avoid dilution
Into the most recent liquidity

plz don't complete me if I deadbeat myself

Love the forlorn ambition that calls you
To sound your difference thru an indifference
To how it sounds

plz don't respect me if I half eat myself

Lent legitimacy
To your technical lapses knowing they
Can't repay

plz don't believe me if I bereave myself

Have a temperamental tempo

plz don't preserve me if I secrete myself

Seek a capricious, inter-oneiric
Desublimation of the nervically
Normalizing sound business decision
That's polluting our auditory canals

plz don't concrete me if I reseed myself

And suffer reflexes against the wack
Personal drama employment pattern

plz don't regale me if I defeat myself

Then the New Tourette is awesome coffin.

paypal up your jazz is stupid

A clamorous sub-obvious mimetic

O terribl asset perseverator

A self-aborted cerebral rebellion

*y is yr demilitarized quislingism
sniffin round my brain kennel?*

An extravagant invisible pose

No more next wave belly-aching

A noise bomb tossed into the public square
That wants to be adored by all it kills

In the name of an unsearchable urge

Its scam agenda of exorcising
The earth of diffidence by embalming
The earth in dissonance untrained itself
To accredit its ephemeral pathos
That survives by indulging in the conscious
Retardation of our higher faculties

*my idea of a party is getting enraged
cuz all I get back is wut I put in.*

The revered tradition of improvisation
Regressed into the embarrassing spasms
Of immoderation

*traditional circulatory system
suffers a glamorous paleosectomy*

this throbbing gristle

befancé had a diagram

this Xenakian pile-up

that she'd headslam

this silent cage

ad nauseam

This endless loop of tangential squawking

cuz befancé had a thespian

This ICBMicillin against
The earworms of commercial redundancy
Put forth the idea that it was better for us
Than early death, tho it was in fact instant death,
Its active ingredient a depression
So exulted by its own ineffective
Possibilities it rendered the speaker
Null and void in the only exchange
That matters to the mattering mind:
The exchange of un-natural selection.

whose piece was blight as show

The new Tourette did not expand upon,
It geek-puked upon meaning, melody
And rhythm by replacing music with mayhem,
And in that it was simply flaccid proof
That the ethos of “doing what you feel”
In the name of personal independence
From one's agonizing precursors is just
An impersonal dependency to the acultural
Forces in our bodies that are seen as nothing
More than glands of advantaging agony
And anyone who claimed to actually enjoy
Listening to the New Tourette was simply
Supporting, in the most unguine of ways,
The ration of a sound that but postludes:
“Is't to be conceived of such misfortune,
Such fortune must be granted others ne'r.”

part ape, part epa, part lazy as a log on fire

Audience aversion being so central
To the counter-show of the New Tourette,
And thus its only audience being
Its no-show self, the band, which was nothing
If not recklessly devoted to its own
Dynamics of dissolution, dissolved
During its capstone private performance,
When, like she weren't sittin for no smitten,
Sweet Lettuce artfully dropped her fallboard,
Gored the door with one last exanthem

people loved it. i'm fuckt.

And scene on the girl I was seeing

yo, I just invented the new tourette; ya let it be and it gets upset.

You missed her immensely

*That's what happens when you try to shoot
A small woman with a big bullet*

(Egon hits the machine.)

Mother - Oy, I guess it's time to get measured for diapers.

child freed against will into free will

Tourists must not only decoct the lignin
Of Syndrome's post-structural polymer,
But as their public ticcing often seems
A diabolonian possessive,
They daily face

the eternal nightriders of intolera

who cure the freaks with fist.

rebel mirrors group tantrums

My exhibition premiered in sixth grade
And was met by so much

bloody poundcake

By seventh my blubber burst its buttons
In "Clit Slap-a-Weeny Takes On Diaper Man."

concretely suck my conceptual trunk

Clint Savioni - whom his beleaguered,
Weaker, and budding genius victims

you mean me

spitefully referred to as

Clit Slap-a-Weeny

Was the inner offshoot
Of the proprietor of Savoini's,
Our town's western wear and livestock feed store,
So he possessed little inherited
Stamina for anything that didn't

Kiss the butt pads of my beef-washt wranglers

But after so many ritual beatings
Syndrome lost his pit bull in the playground.

flies on yr shit don't make yr shit fly

Clint - What you say, faggot?

Nothing.

the prickly ass of doom will sit on your face soon enough

Clint – Here's for your foofy ass.

Bam, I get

bro-hooft in the stupitch

It wasn't me.

yr mama's stufft with goon fluff

I have a disorder.

my better half's your discomfort zone

Clint - I'll put you out of order, fairy boy.

Bam, I get

grounded by a biff of Clit

Please, I can't help it.

fuck yr exotic rebutting surface-to-air drivel

Clint - I'ma beat that queer outta yr hide.

and Ima tell diaper man to cut your savage weenie off

Clint - Diaper Man? Get that, boys? Egon's still in diapers.

No, I'm not.

drop them inspirational left-at-home pants and we'll see who's wiping with their shirt

Clint - Diaper Man, Diaper Man, Egon's wearin diapers, man!

I wasn't wearing diapers, but I was pantsed and dumpt in the dirt, and someone was feeling defeathered.

talk to the toilet, you backward asshole

Clint - Shut up!

Oo, i'll trade my pbj for your vd

Clint - I said, shut up, boy.

diaper man will repatriate your shit

Tratama hatama
Watama tratama
Batama watama
Soonchkiss

That night my sleep stayed up to beak my wounds
And duff the dark with clips of vengeant scheming.
There I am, on recess, flopping about
The beams, when one look woodward smokes him out:
Diaper Man. He's normal kid size, bearded,
Naked save for the diaper, and holding
A machete. Still and silent, his eyes
Kringle from tot to tike to dick the lock
On which he's gonna kill and eat and shit
Down his diaper, cuz that's Diaper Man's rent:
He kills and eats and shits kids down his diaper
To prove no matter how you do in school,
The cramming funnel drips to Diaper Man.

compulsory deodorant loves living under arms

By daybreak, my mind's a fine sandpaper
To flat the fangs of Clit Slap-a-Weeny.
After school I cloak myself in costume
Along the labor trail he daily tromps
To daddy's shop, and in his bumpkin-by
He sees me – I'm normal kid size, bearded,
Naked save for the diaper, and holding
A machete – but before he can speak,
Diaper Man gives his password to Syndrome.

howdy, clit

Clint - What the..?

time to fight for darkly backwards flung

Clint - Who are you?

i am diaper man

Clint - Help!

In a rashy rage, I chase Clit Slap-a-Weeny
Down the trail, up the street, and thru the town,
Syndrome dropping credentials as we dash.

you can't run from the cranky angels of a nature you abhor

Clint - Dad!

this is a national fucking (network interference) emergency

Clint - Help!

i'll flush your conceptus til i find myself

Clint - Daddy, help!

When I reach the porch of Savoini's,
There stands old man Savoini, shotgun
Pointed at me, son shivering behind him.

Old Man Savoini - Boy, you drop the knife, or I'll change that dirty diaper from a distance.

Milk my gila monster, cowgirl

'Fore too long I'm hog-tied in the hoosegow
Listening to my dirty diaper mom
Sing "Mama's Misery Blues" to the heavies.

do I look like I can trench a household?

Mom - When Egon was born, I was so happy I cried for five years. He was a little wise man droppt into me by the Sophiomithids of the Cerulean Crypt and my command was to irrigate him with pactitious milkfat until he grew hulking and sagacious and hebetic at which point I would unshackle his latch and we would sire a new race of augurs, ones with eyes of samudran sundogs and nerves conduiting Areopagus.

fucking queen of querulous

Mom - Then the tantrums began. He would thrash like a harpooned chinook for six, eight hours with no provocation save the seconds, and my cure lobs were so much overdose. He hit when hugged, bit my kisses, hisst at help, drove a rake into our neighbor's back, threw a glass at me and cut my eye, and juiced our fish and served it to his father.

home is hatred's hospice

Mom - We've seen an endless corps of counselors, put padlocks on his bedroom, removed sharp objects, we even tried living in a group home for families with challenging children, but they'd never been so challenged.

pitiful steady state of self-expression

Mom - Sometimes a sweet, loving child shines thru the psychotic haze, he sits in my lap, we talk all nice, and I'm like in heaven, then boom, we're back to the same old monotonous terror blaze.

another broken promise fakes the cake

Mom - Controlling him is killing me. The life I gave has taken my life, and the love that I should feel has turned to hate. Boys will be boys, but my boy is a beast. Help me, please.

ride hard thru typo in wildebreast

The Diagnostic Debate!

wanted: murky origins of colloquial caring

The Psychotherapist: your son is in the off-target throes of an underfunded Oedipal Complex; we must acquire more funding or be forced to double-cast you as his whore.

i'm a tit you can't bring yourself to trust

The Beckerian Death Therapist: your son is afraid of death. To cure him we must kill him.

they raised a family in a funeral home

The Neurologist: your son's axons aren't firing his dendrons, his put-ons aren't becoming bygones, and his Tucson thinks it's the Yukon.

I can't stop sleeping with evasive answers

The Evolutionary Psychologist: your son is stuck in a maladaptive modality hardwired into his primordial finch brain, causing him to seek infertile, low status females, i.e. you. I recommend one pound of birdseed, ten pecks on the skull twice daily, and this sexy decoy flirty birdy doll, i.e. me.

currently detaching from the most recent profitable rebuttal

The Spiritual Guide: your son is the Buddha and you are the middle way. If you have no mind he will hit you, if you are mindful he will hit you. To avoid all such suffering, the path to enlightenment has been rerouted down the road to avoidance.

be holy handful in share slop

The Psychiatrist: your son has a severe chemical imbalance in his brain causing his tightrope walkers to fall in with his lion tamers. Only a carcass can save the circus!

tranquil dread vs. the hurling abstract

Hi, I'm Halperidol, but my friends, who don't know me anymore, call me Haldol. I'm tired, cognitively blunted, depressed, anxious, bloated, riddled with nightmares, libido-defunct, weepy, and tender-breasted.

sold on a scene you can't afford

Hi, I'm Methylphenidate, but my friends, who I can't remember, call me Ritalin. I'm irritable, sedated, overly sensitive, phobic, impulsive, aggressive, inert, and maligned in the press.

if you so gopro why shoot found footage out yr self-incriminating gumption cop?

Hi, I'm Pimazide, but my friends, who I can't fucking stand, call me Orap. I exhibit fewer side effects than those two fucking dirtstars, but I don't work for fucking shit.

one small step for Egon, one giant step on Egon

After fifteen different formulations
I can say in all honesty I've no
Honesty left, or this year's nominees
For Best Actor in a Remedy are:

Egon Covert as Lord Melotrauma in

Look, Dad, It's My Dad!

Egon Covert as The Broke Belligerent in

Nobody Likes Who Nobody Dislikes

Egon Covert as Slap Happy in

Loving Myself Is Like Rooting for Both Sides in a Street Fight

And lastly, Egon Covert as Savior Starvation Fruit in

Rubbish Never Talkt So Fine

And the winner is...

Syndrome as Egon Covert in Punish Never Lookt So Shrine

Wow, I don't know who I am

video game moratorium video game

And I don't know what to say

so I talk

First, I want to thank

depends on falsehoods

For giving me the opportunity to

loosen the oversight snare, jobsiously

I'd also like to thank my

antagonoids forging pilfered depictions

For being such loving

conflicted sorry sludge

Lastly I want to thank the

developmentally challenged community

for being so

developmentally challenged community

It was relatively easy for me to

rise to slump top

O, and of course I want to thank Syndrome

pull yourself up by your own dickweed

Without whose

motivational seizure

I wouldn't be accepting

hands-off steering committee

for something I didn't

ineptitude still inspiration's solenoid

When Syndrome first offered me the part of

coming soon: free placement in the almost photogenic background battle

I was like, but I already am

not eligible for therapy apps

But he convinced me I'd be perfect for the

nothing comes of 17th Beatle

So I took it.

good story's good rape

At first I found it quite humbling and confusing to play myself being played by something that clearly despises me.

man joins cast of own epic fail

But soon I settled into this, as it were, alter-Egon of myself.

only follower count profound

If only for the glory of being more myself the less I am myself.

classic single origin attachment error

And in the end I realized it can be quite satisfying to strike a balance between who you are when you're not yourself and who you are when you're

a chicken with its head stuck on

Well, they're telling me to get off, so

hijab handjob regurgitates amateur life coach

I'd like to say a prayer before the psychobattle
Against the can't-be-known that's all I know

baby with mother's nuts loves brain teasers

Struggling against the inviction of Syndrome

strove for greatness

Only to find my aggression has taken
My weapon from me

but lateness drove

I beckon you now,
O beautiful dead children I have been,
Into my cause of persona-shredding peace,
As

intimate alone with anomie

I ask for your support in reclaiming
My base of unattainable being

fraught sure swipes at smatter of fact

For I am the loneliest sociable
Aggregate ever.

flameless in feelsmith

Sift my stress dependence
With your much wonder spirits that I might
Engrave my spilling clay with livelihood,

O beautiful dead children I have been.

houseplant eats harvard forest

At my tranquil Syndrome bugles awkward

rising anxiety over writhing dubiety

At my science thrusts his irritation

i'm opening my mind, so get out of the way

And normalized by cult anomalies,
Charmingly mad, averse as love to love,
His tamas leaves me scavenging for sattva
In the rajastic corners of torpor,
Where I, the loneliest everyone ever

recrudescent prepubescence depresses adolescence

Can live no longer discernible to
The patented idols of patient violence
And their chipper status in the slow
Insistent orgy of virulent time.

bowl a strike in erosion work

I wish to live as one irrelevant
To all propension-sniffing terror cells,
That thru your preparatory, bombardier
Parenting of my rummaged liberation
I might be lead by you, O beautiful
Dead children I have been, unto the net
Expergefaction of all those characters
I call not mine for practical crashing.

you are what you cheat

O help me degenerate with desire
The hyped inceptive spoils of forlorn insight

O golden explosive betch status symbol

O help me sever angry awareness
From the far mind-playing appendages
Of my hybrid inviability

And grant alleviance in mutuum

O geriatric newborn cultural institution redundancy finnagle

O show me the one occurrence that may
Lift my declining, dissensionist mist
Of pericorneal grief into the spin
That cherishes of me for me alone

O source-soiling, shit-throned addle brags

of me in foreign stages of reform

the fruit of learning is grumbling

of me attending me and hearing you

transliterated urps of expensive what?

O beautiful dead children I have been.

no stopping cheap better mood merch

(Egon hits the machine.)

Mother - Anyway, we'd love to see you, so call me back when you get this.

I was eleven and we'd sat down to dinner.

father of year gets lawyer

Just having overcome a vicious bout
Of strep throat that had oddly triggered
These strange tremors in my neck and hands,
I was on edge as I dug into the lamb.

can you conceive with such a thing?

Chewing, I became increasingly fixed
On the sound of my father's slapping jowls.

hurt love laughs at thick skin

He seemed to be chewing with an excessive
Sloppiness and volume, and there soon became
No other sound save his smacking klaxon lips.

stunted by ambition mindset

He'd heft some massive maelstrom of mall rat meat
Into his prognathous jaws, settle his teeth flaps
Into a tight vituperative embrace, then,
His cuspids gnashing like gussied thugs
Over some petty insult, he'd tear into the slab
And his lips, those chattering fat old bean flickers,
Smackt and smackt and smackt, a sonorance
Blasted by their limpid fleshy sections
Banging like tankers astray in a storm quake.

*smack, smack, smack your lips
loudly in my face,
terribly, terribly, terribly, terribly,
fuck your mother's shitwhistle with a dead stick*

The slosh of his drenchy diffidence
Penetrated my pre-cambrian brainstem

knockboy begets shard boy

Awakening fugit's neanderthal enclosure

begets offtrack by popular command boy

Forcing my aboriginal rage
Into the afterglow of his pillow-talking
Caribou wreck

*meets slam boy deletes another hazy detail from the mudstuck libertine convoy in talk
boy learns to mock boy*

til my spinach could shrink no more

begets

Dad, stop smacking your lips!

can't turn a corner of it's nailed to the coroner

And here he comes, his illuzion spine erect
As a Saudi royal in Soi Cowboy,
A jury of twelve in the smell of one,
More sternway principles than you can shake

An accelerationist at, the man
With everyone else's plan, speaking and smacking
His lips at the same time, an admirable feat
For someone inept at coordinating
His opinions with his options, my pops
And his poopoo theory of law:

Father - Get a grip on yourself, son.

psychosource one: chronic masturbation

Father - You're not the only one in this house.

Psychosource two: paranoia

Father - You need to accept others as they are.

Psychosource three: multiple personality disorder

Father - It doesn't hurt you if I smack my lips.

Psychosource four: interrogating pain for signs of pleasure

Father - Besides, you're hearing things.

Psychosource five: hearing things

can't be 'less do as shown

And so, never able to fully absorb
My father's fickle-down wreakonomics,
I built up an injurious intolerance
To his smacking freeform chamber punk lips,
And two weeks later was eating dinner
In my room and haven't dined with him since.

surfidentitaunt to emotional balkan

O sure, we tried to dine a couple times,
But he'd always smack his lips, I'd kirk out,
He'd weaponize some lofty sugar spill,
Then off I'd trudge into my soundproof life.

affirmations are death's accessories

When I was first diagnosed as a tourist

At age 26, stunned to find my chortling
Snarcade suborned to a mintier gum,
I thanked my dad for regifting his tie.

Father - But that's a disease.

Egon - A genetic disease.

Father - Your mother's relatives are whackamoles.

Egon - But you've always said how similar we are.

Father - Hyper, wild in words, and a bit twitchy, but not diseased.

Egon - Maybe you have Tourette.

Father - Is this about me or you?

Egon - You've always said...

Father - Don't quote me out of context.

don't give head-on collision to my career uniform compulsion

I'm fine with my dad denying he's a tourist.

you're just jonesin for some higher style hypocrisy

In fact, I'm fine with my father's entire
Industrial park of denial, as it formed
An R&D department whence I could deploy
The raw materials of his mental fluxion
In my own pathognomic productions.

thank you, master hoard fresh meticulous nasties of sentimental yestermore

And when he said "don't quote me out of context,"
I realized tourism is a lot like
Being quoted out of context, as Syndrome
Speaks for you in a moment not your own,
So you're incessantly represented by
A remnant of yourself created to
Address a situation long extinct.

here we go racin round in a rain-hatin blaze

Which makes, in an uncertain sense, the self
A quote out of context, a phrase auto-rippt
From its origins yet repeated as
An originating concession to
The brighter future of the disconnect
Which I am when Syndrome speaks for my past,
And my only context is being quoted
Out of context, and my only authentic quote
Is that my quotes don't equate to their context,
As I struggle to make sense of what I've sensed
With senses that have no real sense for sense,
And when I speak, I hurl meaning from the past
Into the present like some Hunger Relief Program
Airdropping dehydrated charity mush
Into war-ravaged deserts, yet the bags,
Being bombed, crush who seek to catch them.

und alles stirbt wo wir uns abschinden

(His phone rings and the machine answers it.)

Father - Baddy Egon, it's Daddy Egg-on. We're at the restaurant, waiting on you, and that's life, a bilaterally symmetrical and fusionary matter subjugated by matters which are purely hypothetical, and parenthetical to the main question at hand, which is, of course, the subjugation of matter by nuclear fission, aka, are you joining us? The place is Laughy Dice, Sassy Vice, Café Spice. Your mother's having "O my lord of unpredictable love, how I doth love thee so unpredictably and how thou dost predict me so unlovingly to love thy poor predictions," and as for me me me me me me me...

(He smacks his lips. Egon hangs up.)

you're stalkity stalkin thru your mind

I don't care if my dad smacks his lips

thinkity thinkin you might find me

But Syndrome does

then blinkity blink you fall behind

And Syndrome is the genital of mimesis

and winkity wink, you're my baby

So must I consummate with his castration

i'll skin your skinner dog and leave your instinct in stink

If I ever wish to know what's natural

homeboy hails from a long series of barrels that won't go over the falls

Fleeing the fragmented husk of his backward,
Elitist premonitions I must press on
To caress my adaptive oddities
And take the route that stretches longer
With each plain-spoken intricacy.

Desperately seeking bubble repairs

I must stop living in the impression
I leave of suffering heavy assault
Against my civilized affiliations
By the ferity I savagely disown.

tough being one of those dopey yips you spend all day trying to avoid

I must cut my connection to the ditch-rich
Aftertaste of self as doxologic
To some superior interior.

such a sound business misprision

The tense robot I try to kick over
To evidence my engineering foo
Must give way to breaks with romance as shame
For giving in to a programmed public.

who'd a thought you could die and not know it

And I must re-instate earshot corrigenda
Proportionate to psychobiotic intoxicants
That don't fret the bet when fruitful me down's
The only futile upsell I spend on

seeking life balance on a turning dime

your beatbox does not control my limbs

can you love me with the screen at this mangle?

You are the leeching sitzkrieg epiphany
My drama must go somewhere tho I have
No uplifting message for the ages.

stop farming out your motives to the gift hand you bit

I will trouble my big baby enough
To silence our subcutaneous dispute
Over whose tradition is most historic.

aloof headstone sees no death-bounce in visitation

Your emulation undertow impounds me
In this hibernaculum amphitheater,
But aboriginal vasopressins
From unknown inosculates still debouch
My rebuff out your social networking disease.

the retrominge looks himself in the rear

Countenancing reverse admonishment
Is yet another loop to be love in.

*that sexy estranging tizzy's gonna get deep-set messy once it's outbid by an affective
dream dump*

This is a rewinding revolution
In probiotic statistical error
That will set my hurt smile on a voyage
To mlk its ohms to lying down
With species ambivalence that I might
Live the nomination of your body
To my negentropic heap of schesis.

the breeze you shoot can't blow your mind

I can unheed your opposition grin,
Induce a trusting rut with fusive risk,
And you will melt away.

*my orcic foaling chince of hammering, obtuse polyglot will fleam your stoa's neath
releasing irate konks of mis-spit sordid steam*

Why flinch to condemn before you seek to convince?

that splatter shield but atomizes my sacking prance to baffle milt

Yet I alone can sparkle in the choppy
Channels of becalmed communication.

whose demented, rancor-backt knuckle soul constructs this chaos cage?

What signs away designing deepest strives,
Then romps in flux, to optive bond annealed.

sad resistance-resistant theory satchel

This contentious enclave of empathy
Churned by tedium's oblativ, pre-proud
Incompetencies frees my ravenous
Soilage to resist your timed aggression,
Which cannot be both impartial and just.

you fight an army you fund

These semi-ordinal motherhole thoughts
Are the hatred that has glaciated
My personality with its deposits
Of an age in which every contoured drive
Emanates from a reduced reactor
That excludes me from my only fair shake
To be remodeled in unforeseen ways.

*when will you turn off that anaerobic continuity eye-print projection with synchronic
optionitis that you're way too afraid to be afraid of?*

This belittled body but dreams of death.

meaning is the power to make pets dance for shit

Maybe I prefer the lie of escape
To fashioning an accidental cry
That only opens up to what eats it.

i'm the suffering you can't recycle into phantom urges

You are my syndrome, and I disown you.

(The phone rings and the machine answers it.)

Mother - Hey, baby, we're heading into the show now, but if you get here fast you can still join us.

seeks freedom from family by dramatizing family

I want to go

cheesy gathering of feted matter

Mother – I'd be happy to call you a car.

But I cannot go

such fit incompetence

Mother - If you're there, please pick up.

Syndrome will come with

blanket perception's bossy wrath

Father – Come on, son. Don't let that edible complex put you in a mood coma.

i am the actor killer

Father – Put crowd mouth on the line.

and we are the terrible twos

Father – Hey, Symdrone, wutcha say:

tratama

hatama

watama

tratama

batama

watama

soonchkiss/soonchkiss

(Egon hangs up)

THE END