**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 so 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 town for a show and thought we could have some dinner. Maybe it’s good for you to get out and see what others are doing. My co-worker Yelena might join us and you two could talk Russian. Just please don’t mention your Fringe play as it was quite traumatic for her. I still think you should try to get back on that shopping channel. Why not bring your girlfriend…Litmus…Lupus…ugh, I guess it’s time for diapers. Anyway, we’d love you to come, so call me back when you get this.

(She hangs up.)

I want to go.

*nobody’s om*

But I can’t.

*care to live on a turning dime?*

My dad will smack his lips.

*please welcome been done to the stage*

And Syndrome will kirk out.

*o shit my kid’s got my mouth*

I must yearn into my pre-burn urn.

*stackin scrips makes no suffer-duckin sense*

Depopulate to consecrate.

*so many ways dead words can be worn*

Find release in the devotional roots

Of my emotional etymology.

*professional foundling desperate for cold hard hug from magnanimous bleak*

I must re-instate earshot corrigenda

Proportionate to psychobiotic

Intoxicants that don’t fret the bet

When me down’s the only upsell I spend on.

*sound business spasticity*

Cut my connection to the ditch-rich

Aftertaste of self as doxologic

To some superior interior.

*just shoot yourself in self-defense already*

I will live free of you.

*diagnosis hullabaloo*

(Egon hits the machine.)

Mother - Egon, it’s your mother.

*hi, mom, hohum human hymen hi, men ho meme homonymnum*

Mother - Are you there?

*thoughts are tackle echoes bouncing off gecko testicles*

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

*o smack daddy o smack daddy*

Tratama hatama

Watama tratama

Batama watama

Soonchkiss

I have not always been an escheatable

Freak plummeting headlong thru maladies

Of medleys ranting wordlessly in words.

*strife as satellite dish*

Faint

*loud*

Poignant

*obnoxious*

Liberated by reflex

*laughing like dud chaperone proteins*

An ashy spectrum organized into

Stuck multiplicities of unity.

*screaming thru outmoded moods for a billable conviction*

Sense demoralized to sanctuary.

*til 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 faltered state.

*clapping shits settle aesthetic debt with celebrate*

But I’m not talking about smacking lips.

*smack smack smack*

Tratama hatama

Watama tratama

Batama watama

Soonchkiss

My special Syndrome is called Tourette.

*excrescence, beget*

But Syndrome hates the word Tourette.

*wreckmaster, fret*

He sees no reason why his dap diamond

Armadillo studio kit should be

Autofilled by some odd French physician

With a kink for greedy nomenclature.

*fusty oral draconia*

Instead, he prefers tourist.

*enjoy yr plight*

Tourist Syndrome.

*in blisst-out chunks of shredding fuck-flow judgment*

For according to juvenile elder

Syndrome Invisamime, I am a tourist

In my own body, and when in Syndrome

*cut off admin access to ease*

The doctor who first identified

My signature form of post-stubborn dance  
Sternly advised I learn nothing about tourism

*thought a lot but naught was got*

As being a neurological disorder

It’s susceptible to information

*modems dismantle mowglis*

So with my prescription for ignorance

In hand, I proceeded to bury my downstream

Head in the cancel culture of his instructions

And tap my camel dry with self-assessment.

*dickin that wiccan lordosis.*

“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.”

*full body flatus*

“Multiple vocal tics.”

*bought ema got ema fought ema wrought ema 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 unevocative crescendo it*

“Duration of more than one year.”

*detestably catchy riffs is here*

I meet all the DSM-III Criteria

For Tourettes so deep down a dark alley

They beat me to myself.

*eat me back to health*

A tic, both satisfying and disruptive,

Feels like an uncontrollable urge

Seeking release.

*peaking deceased wreaking belief repeating uniques*

The nasty aunt of ticking

Is coprolalia, or shitty tongue.

*nice dirty penis, los angeles*

Syndrome despises this stereotype

As only 15% of his tourists

Flop in that house.

*kick howdy boobs of functional fallacy folk*

Then there’s echolalia,

Copro’s notorious EKG sister,

Which involves the repetition or mutation

Of a word or phrase or sound or

*frown-crowned clouds drowned down proud loud clowns*

Ticcing is a system of

*sitting up straight composts catastrophe*

That installs itself

*fiducial fellatio searches “grows on cars”*

For purposes of preserving

*spontaneous instinctoids of kamikazi maturation*

The speaker is only surreptitiously

Represented by the speaking

*dawdle bible squad smell*

For the sheriff of the tourist’s phrenic

Settlement is perpetually dry-gulched

By undesirable maladroits

*indiscernible small detroits*

Who then hurl his corpse

Over the guardrails of signification

*mazeltov cocktail*

Smashing society’s elaborate

Opaque windshield 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…

*all u do is sue for revenue spikes in yr creatic subplot*

Head on down to the annual

Tourette Convention.

*why talk right if you could care less?*

At the Tourist Convention

Tics ramble free thru the swapping mall

Of derisory destruction…

*jackpot love knot forgot for rue born soft spot…*

As environmental stimuli procreate

Like fame school lice via la loquita

Of tic induction.

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

Over the course of six Tourist Conventions…

*moshing like mammoths divining museums*

I’ve traded 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 freak 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 sniffling twink 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 yarfed…

*maximum 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.

*maximum security*

The tic induction haywire incestival was on.

*vogue truth or live in garbage caramel*

She grab crotch.

*maximum security*

He grab crotch.

*criminal maturity*

She grab crotch.

*maximum security*

He grab crotch.

*cynical precocity*

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 minimum

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

Love 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 others are doing.

When my parents asked me what I wanted

To be when I grow up…

*whaddaya wanna see when you throw 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 shhhteak.*

And when they said, “How can you be everything?”

I said

*that’s my inguinal answer*

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, I’ll delve

Into politics, analytics, logistics,

Semantics, and 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,

I booked my inaugural acting gig

As a primary school visiting artist

In a show called

*e-wait for nobody looking at 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.

*total loner uploads body to save democracy*

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,

But Syndrome’s triggered by collective learning,

So actor out of work.

*non-adapter back to lurk*

(Egon hits the machine.)

Mother - My co-worker Yelena might join us and you could impress her with your Russian.

My junior year I got it in my head

*i shit it in your bed*

Syndrome cd be silenced by conducting

My cognition in another language,

So I took a year abroad…

*a year a broads*

For an immersive in Russian.

*the other white meat*

Sensing my education was veering

Toward extermination, Syndrome battered

My bilingual stokehold with a barrage

Of decerebrating locker room talk.

*creampie schoolgirl toilet snob ravage skittery old guaka twat with hagberry rollick mamilla on fricative elegance abandon*

Like a koan spit over the slain, this

Is surprising because unsurprising.

*re-perform tropical trek to exist*

Sex for Syndrome is the hot contraband

Cutlery that chops the sincerity

Salad of sympathy-sick four-flushing

Probity.

*landscape scarred by soft hunt*

His obsession with dressing

In everywhere by entrapping the crass

Fanatical joy of non-genital  
Reality spectacles in the episensor

Of fruiting death is due to his fact that

Survival’s the story of surveillance,

Surveillance is the non-story of sex,

So Syndrome serves as the insidious

Internal screening of the struggle

To survive our disservice to ourselves

Per the perpetual intentional

Malfunction of our transition resisters.

*muted private thickets of melodic longing*

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 this town*

It was in this sweet bicameral frenzy

That Syndrome shadowed me one eeyore night

To a groovy American discoteque

On the tinder buttons side of Moscow,

Where that creep who rents the basement in my brain

Met Ivan the terrible bartender.

What you want?

Stoly and soda, please.

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

Excuse me?

Sorry, just the vodka tonic.

*with a healthy pair a stroikas*

You want girl?

No, thank you.

*matryoshka agitslop*

Haha, you funny guy.

*extra caviar for borscht belt*

Ok, I get you girl.

No, please.

*do me, duma*

But no rough shit or I break neck, understand?

*goodtime gulag haha*

As the thwartist currently known as Syndrome

Butt-dialed Nymphetamine Bropocalypse,

Ivan pushed a button under the drip lip

Causing a woman to warily enter

From behind the smoke-stained Avengers drape

And stand two yaasquatch inches from me.

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, “yr almost alarmed,”

Giving cultivated Syndrome the caveman

Overboard of its 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.

You have Tourette?

No

*Na*

No

*Na*

Come with me.

His top-shelf trick de-salooning with a yank

Spread murseradish on Ivan’s perineum.

Where you go?

To my place.

Why not upstairs?

Mishka is using.

Mishka is in Karkov with hockey czar.

O, I thought I heard her.

Make him pay or I cut you.

He sick. Like my brother. With Tourette.

I don’t care if he has wallet cancer, he pays or you get cut.

Fucking pig.

I be killing pig less I get my cut, you backwash cherry coke.

*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.

This Egon. He have Tourette like Vitaly.

He help Vita go to America for treatment.

All parties then turned to a teenage boy

Sitting on the couch, like a seizure perched on a shock,

Who blurped in Russian from his clench pogrom.

*emotional pile of stiffs take migratory tale from objectionable to questionable (Russian)*

Syndrome gayly leapt at a cross-cultural tic exchange.

*free germination of stress trajectories*

*walk in the festive frippery of the dead (Russian)*

*not sold for food level lonely*

*only incapable of worthwhile things (Russian)*

Rudely interrupting the gruff contagion,

Nona led me by the arm to her room,

As in a mix of English and Russian

I told her I had no idea how to get her brother

To America, that I wasn’t looking for sex, and…

*motion is detected in your butter*

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.

*domination not having trouble getting licked*

What followed was the Trans-Siberian Heyday

Of my life. My Russian immersion became

My Nona immersion. She seemed to relish

Revving Syndrome’s emoceited countach

By freeing me from my innate speed traps.

Speak Russian.

*unwelcome confessional petting touts market-tested obscurantism*

Speak more Russian.

*softly catapulted emotional genius silence*

More, more, more.

*endless abomination emits six cringey sighs over good ole days of sexual fright*

And when he reached frustration’s highest seat,

Her python pulled that rabid raccoon under

In an ichorous coil of downing the host.

*if this thing swells 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 a maelstrom sprung 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 that briskly precedes

His post-bop resurrection, for once the give

Is gunned, he’s back, ticcier than ever,

Burning like a slow shutter wide angle shot

In a coprolalic frenzy, just like sex

Were a mere dalliance of mrtasana

That mimics the aplomb of the carcass

To ball in rebirth’s farcical bonnaroo.

*paradise stinkbird fuzzle muckpot seed slit fucking ethnoparasite homemaker scowl*

The first few times me and Nona hookt up

I made movements toward remuneration,

But someone always buckled himself

Into these beltway barters and appeared

To oddball out her zeal for getting even.

I pay now?

*gargle my stroller*

What you want.

*yr the bug u squash*

How much?

*ain’t break my funky strutter dancin with a bouncy check*

For you, free.

*u shd live a day in yr shoes*

Nona, no.

*stochastic logo, stochastic logo*

You help my brother get better in 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,

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, 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 run down,

So her sister got on and said in 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 them 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.”

And with the dead broke out in fixtures

To break dance on the indurate one,

Nona’s brother Vitaly grabbed the phone,

And our Syndromes gave their dueling eulogies.

*Vitaly - she was what being lookt for can’t be seen*

*perfect trophy wife goes bad vacation*

*Vitaly - the absence of place that enables presence*

*too fucking scattered to shatter*

*Vitaly - the mate that makes us mate with what we think to make ourselves*

*crazy with compassion*

*Vitaly - the necessity of delusion in the manufacture of intention*

*instant incessant induction trauma*

*Vitaly - the country between our eyes*

*debris swappt out for grope, the conceptus game*

*Vitaly - i am nona, fucking mother of sadness*

(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 –

Was entitled “When Correcting Children

With Surgical Strikes Circle the Answer.”

*if twilight in your soul, got up too early*

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 Finish contortionist, cheaply printed Serbian atrocity photos, 20 perfectly stacked copies of Creflo Dollar’s “You’re Supposed to be Wealthy” on which green plastic army men freeze tag in copulatory bliss, and a pink velvet tuba with a rodeo clown stufft head first 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, sow!” 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, the one that makes 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, which we who aren’t in the theater

In the theater call being in the theater,

An unknown place where you’re only known

As the tralatitious being with no theater.

*wen will my armor be gay?*

Actor out of work.

(Egon hits the machine.)

Mother - I still think you should try to get back on that shopping channel.

*luv the luxuriance in which my hard-shirking similars spend their invigorating opacity*

Shortly after Correcting Children’s limited run

I landed my first professional acting gig

As an on-air auctioneer for Bounty on a Budget,

A late-night shop-for-shit show broadcast

From East Jersey on a four digit cable station

Viewed only by shopaholics, bored insomniacs,

And rejuvenating chronic masturbators,

So everyone’s seen me at some point.

*punt-loaded protolopes*

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 fondle man*

Just one week before my first appearance

I hit upon a method to suppress

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

Second act, 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

Sniffling

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

Even though I’d squealed this whole hog list

Enough times to pass for a total ham,

Ain’t an actor don’t go up before they’re off,

I soon found out I misst one motor tic.

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 clang 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.

*angry ejaculate rejects bottom line*

Actor out of work, yet anus still 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:

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. Clench, release,

Clench, release, hey, it’s asshole aerobics!

Shitting was getting a rectal exam

From a Ginshu chef. Blood spindled thru

My stool like the threads in a taken bill.

Unpretty soon, I was at the proctologist

Begging for relief, which he gladly gave me

In the form of snipping my sphincter muscle.

*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*

Here’s my autobiography: “A Cut Below,

Or One Man’s Heroic Battle to Overcome

The Squinch.” It will be the first all-rubber

Washable book, feature before and afters

Of my discredited duodenal framework,

And its back-matter will be bigly smeared

With a steaming heap of juicy accolades:

*number one on number two!*

*you’ll mess yourself!*

*don’t poopoo this feculent excretion of gastrointestinal word plopping!*

*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 - Why not bring your girlfriend…Litmus…Lupus…

I once had a girlfriend named Lettuce.

*all shows are too long*

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 soy latte.

*inner glee pollution tea*

*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 dranking and poofing

All day and night so we could get a word

Into each other apart from the shart show

Our Syndromes sent down the septic system

Of our abstruse cacophonous wetlands,

And then, thanks to my mother having read

About a tourist suppressing his tics

By plinking bagatelles, a piano

Walked into the bar we called Our Low Life.

Instantly, Lettuce dove into the thing,

Her arms flailing like carwash air dancers

Caught in the exsufflation of a future

Circular collider power source blast,

Her flanged fingers banging the pucelle keys

In frenzied carpal bouffe, as from her throat

Came periodic tumulting scrobbles

Of sonic olio decidedly

Desperate meets habitually fuckt up.

No, Lettuce had never played piano,

Which made it all the more spazztacular,

Spawning both my addiction to vigils

Of improv as tic hoodia and our band,

The New Tourette.

*blurp 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

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”

*history buffs terrorize the arts*

A fussbudget aesthetic

That grants mandatory intravenous

D’milieu to sad progressive ranklers.

The New Tourette’s elusive sound substance

Was pelagian scream, was sigmoidal

Parlance of unrecognizable pain

Symptoms, was joyfully inept emissions

Control, was cranial hindsight quashing,

Was uncanny distance swimmer being lain

To silt in a shark frenzy bento box,

Was crash-only miles accumulation,

Was O the music I’d play played I music.

*plz don't forgive me if I repeat myself*

*you're having a deletorius effect*

*on wut i wunt to do with my life*

*now that it's been floated as totalled*

*by yr sniping pejorative crash ride*

*but that's ok*

*cuz i like a challenge so fatal*

*it sneers in yr ears for years*

*til yr sexy griping becomes*

*a harmonious lugubrious sledge*

*plz don't refresh me if I delete myself*

*get away, hamburger nose!*

*plz don’t complete me if I deadbeat myself*

*it'll all make sense beg*

*for the end of the road map*

*plz don't commit me if I deprive myself*

*terribl asset perseverator,*

*y is yr demilitarized quislingism*

*sniffin round the brain kennel*

*for that next wave belly-rubbing*

*in the name of an unsearchable urge*

*whilst the traditional circulatory system*

*suffers a glamorous paleosectomy?*

*plz don't believe me if I bereave myself*

*we will be flying*

*over the dying*

*whose tireless crying*

*at lucrative lying*

*runs away with the boon.*

*plz don't fellate me if I relieve myself*

*my idea of a party is getting enraged*

*at the wildebeest veda video-tripe*

*cuz all I get back is wut I put in.*

*plz don't concrete me if I reseed myself*

*i'll stop complaining wen they turn*

*the power back off.*

*plz don't regale me if I defeat myself*

*befancé had a diagram*

*that she'd headslam*

*ad nauseam*

*cuz befancé had a thespian*

*whose piece was blight as show*

*plz don't preserve me if I secrete myself*

*at last I’m last in line for lasting!*

*plz don't respect me if I half eat myself*

*yr kinda pretty for a 404*

*plz don’t forgive me if I repeat myself*

*yo, I just invented the new tourette;*

*ya let it be and it gets upset.*

Overnite that to yr mom and watch her

Kiss yr genetically bad ass goodbye.

*survival not an option on youtube*

Welcome to a world in which finally

Getting the picture makes you cut it up.

*books are problems*

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 yr 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, are eager to work thru

Some intense internal issues by way of

The interrogation of your suspect

Instruments, want to avoid dilution

Into the most recent liquidity,

Love the forlorn ambition that calls you

To sound your difference thru an indifference

To how it sounds, lent legitimacy

To your technical lapses knowing they

Can’t repay, have a temperamental tempo,

Seek a capricious, inter-oneiric

Desublimation of the nervically

Normalizing sound business decision

That’s polluting our auditory canals,

And suffer reflexes against the wack

Personal drama employment pattern,

Then the New Tourette is awesome coffin.

*paypal up your jazz is stupid*

A clamorous sub-obvious mimetic,

A self-aborted cerebral rebellion,

An extravagant invisible pose,

A noise bomb tossed into the public square

That wants to be adored by all it kills,

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

Retardaction of our higher faculties.

The revered tradition of improvisation

Regressed into the embarrassing spasms

Of immoderation, this throbbing gristle,

This Xenakian pile-up, this silent cage,

This endless loop of tangential squawking,

This ICBMicillin against

The earworms of commercial redundance

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 estimating mind:

The exchange of un-natural selection.

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

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 wut u 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 ungenuine 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.”

*be holy ladle in share slop*

Audience aversion being so central

To the counter-show of the New Tourette,

And the New Tourette’s only audience

Being itself, the band, which was nothing

If not recklessly devoted to its own

Dynamics of dissolution, dissolved

During its capstone private performance:

*wanted: murky origins of colloquial caring*

*i’m a breast you can’t bring yourself to trust*

*sleep with evasive angles*

*you mow eloquence*

*detaching from the most recent profitable rebuttal*

*tranquil dread in the hurling abstract*

Then, like she weren’t sittin for no smitten,

Sweet Lettuce artfully dropped her fallboard

And gored the door with one last exanthem:

*people loved it. i’m fuckt.*

(Egon hits the machine.)

Mother - Ugh, I guess it’s time 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 ticking often seems

A diabolonian possessive,

They daily face the Eternal Nightriders

Of Intolera, who cure the freak with fist.

*rebel mirrors group tantrums*

My exhibition premiered in sixth grade

And was met by so much bloody poundcake

By seventh the blubber burst the buttons

In Clint Savoini Takes On Diaper Man.

*suck my conceptual trunk*

Clint Savioni - who his beleaguered,

Weaker, and budding genius victims called

Clit Slap-a-Weeny – was the way offshoot

Of the proprietor of Savoini’s,

Our town’s western wear and livestock feed store,

And hence possessed little inherited

Stamina for anything that didn’t

Kiss the butt pads of his 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 - You fuckin colon cucker.

Bam, I get bro-hooft in the stupitch.

It isn’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.

Woosh, I get grounded by a rush of Clit.

Please, I can’t help it.

*fuck yr exotic rebutting surface-to-air drivel*

Clint - I’m gonna beat that weirdo shit right outta yr head.

*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 beaten in the dirt, and someone

was feeling defeathered.

*push down button in broken elevator to underwear*

Clint - Shut up!

Clit kicks.

*everyone gets your jokes cuz yr a fuckin venereal disease*

Clint - I said, shut up.

Clit kicks again.

*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 treeward 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 kid to kid 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 hide myself in costume

Along the labor trail he daily tromps

To daddy’s shop, and when he bumpkins 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 fuck?

*it’s time to fight for darkly backwards flung*

Clint - Who are you?

*i am diaper man*

Clint - Help!

In a state of rashy rage, I chase Clit

Slap-a-Weeny all the way to the store,

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 me!

*i’ll flush your conceptus til i find myself*

Clint - Daddy, help!

When I reach the porch of Savoini’s,

Our town’s western wear and livestock feed store,

There stands old man Savoini, shotgun

Pointed at me, son shivering behind him.

Old Man Savoini - Boy, you drop the knife, or I will change that stinky diaper from a distance.

‘Fore too long I’m at the not okay corral,

Cuffed in a chair, listening to my mother

Sing “Egon’s Mama’s Syndrome Misery Blues.”

*do I look like I can trench a tsunami?*

When Egon was born, I was so happy I cried for six weeks. 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 mother of madness*

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*

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*

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*

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 tribe*

The Diagnostic Dialectic!

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.

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

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.

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 bird seed, ten pecks on the skull ten times daily, and this sexy decoy flirty birdy doll, i.e. me.

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.

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!

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’ve never seen*

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

*a suicide 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 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.

*can’t be less do as shown*

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

*man joins cast of own epic fail*

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*

And now a prayer to myself before

The psychobattle between what made me known

And being unknown’s no proof you’re in the know.

*baby with mother’s nuts likes brain teasers*

Turning against the invictus of Syndrome

*strove for greatness but lateness drove*

And finding my own aggression has taken

My weapon from me, 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

*fraught sure swipes at smatter of fact*

In reclaiming

My base of unattainable being,

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.

*unidentifiable plant eats harvard forest*

At my calm Syndrome thrusts his awkward,

At my science he trumpets irritation,

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 crash-land.

*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 you to come, 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.

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

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,

*rising anxiety over writhing dubiety*

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 yr fuckin grace.*

The slosh of his drenchy diffidence

Penetrated my pre-cambrian brainstem,

Awakening fugit’s neanderthal enclosure

And forcing my aboriginal rage

Into the afterglow of his pillow-talking

Caribou wreck, til my spinach could shrink no more.

*knockboy begets shard boy begets offtrack by popular command boy meets slam boy deletes another hazy detail from the mudstuck mother convoy in flail boy learns to mock boy talk begets*

Dad, stop smacking your lips!

*stunted by ambition mindset*

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

*only follower count profound*

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.

*surf identitaunt to emotional canton*

O sure, we tried to sup 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.

*Decorations 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 tad bit twitchy, but not diseased.

Egon - Maybe you have Tourettes.

Father - Is this about me or you?

Egon - You’ve always said…

Father - Don’t quote me out of context.

*head-on collision career uniform compulsion*

Ya know, I’m fine with my dad denying

He’s a tourist.

*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 cd deploy

The raw materials of his mental fluxion

In my own pathognomic productions.

*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

*racin round in a blaze hatin the rain*

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 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 Egon. 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 I’m having….

(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 inside me*

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

*he 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.

*just shoot yourself in self-defense already*

I must 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*

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*

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 enuf

To silence our subcutaneous dispute

Over whose tradition is most drunkle.

*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.

*resistance-resistant theory satchel*

This contentious enclave of empathy

Churned by tedium’s oblative, 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*

The belittled body but dreams of death.

*meaning is the power to make pets dance for shit*

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.

*wen will you turn off that anaerobic identity eye-print projection with synchronic optionitis that you’re way too afraid to be afraid of?*

Maybe I prefer the lie of escape

To fashioning an accidental cry

That only opens up to what eats it.

*you fucking used me to recycle your suffering into phantom urges*

(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 Symdrone shut you in.

*i am the actor killer*

Father – Put Symdrone 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