

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/4

Brett Stout

This Modern Life Is A Portrait Of Decay"

This malaise is built

to horrify and modern decay. Kidnap me one more time, the fear before
the crumble. This life is algebraic subtraction, often seen through

graffiti laden prison bars

and metallic adolescent braces.

The end result is i,

and the pretty vacant embrace

of less than zero.

A state-of-the-art

broken face,

a fractured modern art

unframed disaster. David Lynch movies

play on repeat

in the abyss,

and the dimly lit alleyways

of my mind. Deface

all morals and honor, and vandalize all public property,

and vintage weathered calendars. This malformation is built

to terrorize and slowly decompose. Char the torso, and sear the hands of
critical opinions

and exploitation. Riots are fine kids, but only in moderation, and before
the streetlight goes on. The dogmatic weight of ancient infrastructure

and modern parasites. This lifestyle is total destruction, and a deficiency
in Vitamin C. Thumbprints rarely lie, but only to those

lying next to you.

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Poking Things With Sticks

I poke
delicate ideas
with a broken
weathered stick.

Dreams of
caged domesticated utopia
slowly disappear
with every fragile day.
It probably
isn't coming back,
and I hope
it never will.

This deformed gray matter.
Explicate it,
and harvest its broken soul.
Sleeping alone and forsaken
in a queen sized
and long forgotten
stained cardboard box,
under an oppressive
and graffiti laden
Terminus City concrete bridge.

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The deceased plastic ideals,
a cornucopia of
hodge-podge attention
from Instagram likes and
grainy late night
television evangelists.

Implant
an AI brain stem here.
The forfeiture of dignity and
domicile funerals
on predestined
and freshly painted
white picket fences.

I poke
broken ideas
with a delicate
weathered stick.

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This i Annihilation

This hell
is modern society
and
myself.

Overly bright
halogen lights,
sterile surgical rooms,
synthetic opioids, and
damaged Gods
are the depressing
pathways to
dimly lit hallways
of antique neuroticism,
the running of bulls,
and universal blood types.

The frayed demerits
of past juvenile behavior,
not much
has changed.

Pink slips and the occasional
depression of bullets,
and this life.

Let's talk about our feelings,
let's not.

Meaningless
thoughts and prayers,
the saviors of the masses,
in the depths of despair,
a 12-step program to nowhere
and West Virginia isolation.

The broken vintage lighters
of past mostly forgotten wars

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between lovers
and nations.

Acetaminophen 325 mg,
aspirin 500 mg,
caffeine 65 mg,
all a growing boy needs,
for this modern survival
to avoid homelessness
is 12 hours in length.

These facial scars reveal
all domesticated liars
and timeshare salesmen.

This isolation
is without soft padding
or Apple TV.

The birthday cards are empty,
this masochism,
and minor flesh wounds.

This hell
is modern society
and
myself.