

Arthritis

Friday night
anchored to my laptop
stealing films
while the city tide rolls in.

Weekend pirates
and sidewalk swashbucklers stumble
stringing sentences together
with pearls of wisdom
stolen from necks of the vapid and famous.

I once rode high on waves,
remember?
My hair, long as those idiot nights.
One day I woke up marooned
on shores of arthritis
suffering moon stroke.

A desert island Monday
populated with strip malls and strip clubs
and other forms of conformity dressed as convenience
swapped my sword for prescription drugs
and uneasy sleep.

I'm stupider now than I was as a child.
So much for the consolation of wisdom.
My mind is a broken record
Salvador Dali's greatest hits.
Behind my eyelids
a kaleidoscope of memories churn

I guess that's why God invented death and mortgages -
a paint by numbers destiny.

Perhaps I could take to the seas again.
But that weed isn't going to smoke itself,
and my bones are coated in glass,
and these poems need a body.
So I swallow sleep and stare at the sun
until bladder or page is full.



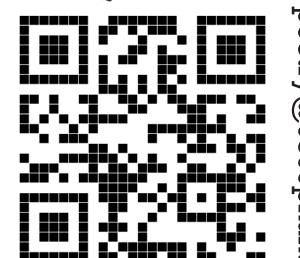
Dominic Hoey aka **Tourettes**, makes rap music for the
broken-hearted and poetry for illiterates.

His work is a celebration of the absurd beauty of 21st century capitalism. Poems and rap
songs, odes to idealism, gallows humor, working class pride and the cancer of convenience.

He's just finished his first novel and a new EP, *Dead Dogs Dance*, along with numerous
harebrained schemes to get the voices out of his head and into yours.

www.filthyandbeautiful.net

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