

the dopamine deep-fryer

don't worry. this isn't another boring poem  
about *phone = bad* or tiktok videos turning your brain  
into a plastic paint tray. i just wanted to tell someone what's going on  
because it's starting to feel as if it's all drying up like,  
like a trout under salt or, or a sigh hung out to ossify. i  
have memories from when i was still able to self-mythologize  
(we *need* to make narratives of ourselves) but those are harder  
to access now and they look more like ribbons or reels  
cut up for someone's birthday i won't be attending.  
what i'm trying to say is that i think i'm running out of  
dopamine. but i can't quite put my finger on why.  
i think i've made a fool of myself already.  
you want narrative pieces now but  
my brain's fried and we're not talkin' lightly crisped  
in extra virgin olive oil we're talkin' double-basket deep-fried  
in the nastiest sluttiest day-old hexane-treated vegetable oil ain't  
no stories comin' outta this beer-battered organ no more the  
ones who poisoned me n' all of us made damned sure  
o' that lemme tell ya but hey if it makes you (me) feel any better i hear  
this pinkish delicacy i got suspended in my skull goes great  
with frijoles and a side of mayonnaise.

addendum // (sardine king)

you<sup>1</sup> see, i<sup>2</sup> am desperately unhappy<sup>3</sup> because i can't<sup>4</sup> get through a single sentence<sup>5</sup> without interrupting myself.<sup>678</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> you: a most valued and respectable reader.

<sup>2</sup> i: the speaker of this sordid poem.

<sup>3</sup> sad, sorrowful, dejected, depressed, downcast, downhearted, down, despondent, despairing, disconsolate, out of sorts, desolate, bowed down, wretched, glum, gloomy, dismal, blue, melancholy, melancholic, low-spirited, mournful, woeful, webegone, doleful, forlorn, crestfallen, broken-hearted, heartbroken, inconsolable, luckless, grief-stricken...

<sup>4</sup> am not able to.

<sup>5</sup> a lingual unit composed of a subject, predicate, and full idea—ex: “i hate myself.”

<sup>6</sup> see: <sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> see: <sup>6</sup>

<sup>8</sup> this reminds me of a story i once heard about a sailor who used to frequent a tavern down on fog-shrouded, anchovy-shaped granville island.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>i</sup> he would come in covered in fish viscera, pull a seat up, and order the same dark sleeman lager around 9:00 pm every time.<sup>i</sup>

<sup>i</sup> he was a dour-looking fellow, and he seemed habitually tired, so staff had come to assume that he had suffered a great tragedy in his life and had been working in silent penance since. they rarely ever troubled him.<sup>α</sup>

<sup>α</sup> but one day, a waitress who had just started there (the red hedgehog) approached him and asked him if he might like something to eat with his beer. he answered no in a particularly gruff voice (there were more fish guts on him than usual, and surely you know what that means), and any other waitress would have known not to press the issue, but this one (again, she had just started), was not yet aware of the establishment's many unwritten rules and decided to pursue it further: “we've got fish and chips on special. fresh halibut!” she said, and again he replied no.<sup>β</sup>

<sup>β</sup> she continued: “or maybe you'd like something heartier, like a minestrone soup or a chowder. our soups are world-famous, you know.” and now the man was looking reddish and vexed, but the waitress, oblivious to this, kept going: “but i guess you spend a lot of time around fish, so maybe you don't want anything fish-based.”<sup>β</sup>

<sup>β</sup> in that case, i'd recommend our yorkshire puddings—they're really quite lovely.” this really wasn't pleasing the man, but she pressed on: “the chef makes the gravy from scratch with the yummy drippings from the roast beef we make for our smoked meat sandwiches. oh, they're really quite good, too, i could always get you one if you'd like. they come with a side of—”<sup>γ</sup>

<sup>γ</sup> and having heard quite enough, the man barked out a nautical word, a real salty curse not worth repeating here, and the woman, who had, it must be stressed, just started at the red hedgehog was caught dumbstruck. 😬

😬 and because she did not yet possess the quiet calm of a veteran server, she let out her surprise at this remark: “well, aren't you a nasty old curmudgeon! what kind of a man insults a server he's just met while covered in the skin and blood of a bunch of dead fish? you really must have no shame,” and at this the curmudgeon was momentarily soundless. <sup>Gaddis</sup>

<sup>Gaddis</sup> perhaps it was because he realized how rude he had been. perhaps it was because realized at that very instant that he was, in fact, covered in the remains of scores of deceased fish and that he was, in fact, smelling rather ripe. feeling a bit guilty, he thought of this woman, who was in many ways herself like a wild, unbreakable fish, and wondered why she had taken the time to be nice to him at all. he felt the need to apologize. “miss,” he said, “i am

*Poetry movements, as understood by the chud from your MFA program*

Romanticism  
Symbolism  
Modernism  
Imagism  
Objectivism  
Harlem Renaissance  
Beat Gen  
Post-Modernism  
Confessionalists  
New York School  
Black Mountain Poets  
San Francisco Renaissance  
British Poetry Revival  
Hungry Generation  
Martian Poets  
Nuyorican Poets  
New Formalism  
Post-Post-Modernism/Metamodernism

← You Are Here

Post-Post-Post-Modernism/Post-Metamodernism  
Mongoliattitudeism  
Pentageometricism (Ba'al Fellators)  
Nickel Square Branson Babies  
Polyamorists  
Pre-Post-Post-Post-Ironism  
Nu-Alt-Rightism  
'MOJERS  
AI Aristocracy  
Self-Pubber Syndicate  
The Duolingo ESL School  
Twitch.com Neophytes  
Reactionary Masculinism  
**Los じゅうに Globalisten**  
Deadinsiders/Wordshitters  
Gen Alpha Betas  
Guamanian-centro Futurism  
Second-Wave Primitivists  
The Lingua-Schizoids  
The Devry Community College Slam Poets

Bug-Singers  
Pro-Corporate Colloquists  
ReZENTERZ/Trying-Sincerity-Yet-Againists  
Millennial Boomers  
Reverse Colonialists  
Apoco-Acolytes  
???  
???  
???  
Post-Nuclearites  
[END OF POETRY]

*war-war*

war = bad  
shouldn't have to say it  
but i do  
missiles  
dropping  
uav  
pulsing  
rations  
being rationed  
yellow  
blue  
red  
red  
*red*  
UGH  
think of the damage  
schools museums synagogues crying  
BABIES!!  
*no*  
*NO*  
so  
war  
you see  
BAD  
(xcept 4 when NATO :3)

*Narcan*

*From the perspective of my former addict self*

Street side. Phrygian mode.  
Cracks a scale up like on cast iron.  
Like quartz or mind-fracture communication synthjazzmodalities.

Space. Men/women/onesthataremore.  
Channeled into discarded FAT TUG can shard (FAT PILSNER): Nothing's *phat* anymore. Or JUICY, for that matter. Asses

stuttering and blubbering—fluberring  
unbranded like from-auction steers/sows.  
To know your identity is 2 epine\*-----: the cast iron? not just eat out of it, trough-style. What

might we do to extract that JUICE? j ref.  
Laryngeal mode.\*\* Cattle-drive stars. Lone lonestar belt buckle not so lonely-lonely.  
With Telemachian mist! Anything's worth

fixin' that canun\*\*\* get unfixed! The get-off-the-road of it all atonce.Shout! Create yer own mood now— Stygian. Scurrvian. For daymares, to staymate: wake and ullshall be receiv'd 'n the arms of grandius kooter (emts).

(Local street thug-cum-graffiti creatiste) Ho!  
Every dusk an unmasaowed\*\*\*\* bubble gum: spray me down/up!  
Use Narcan this time. Make it hum in the fissures of my grey matter. No, I won't go peacefully—that's for gator-drifters.

Fill my gillers to the gill hers down the drain bugs all the 4/4 standard double-time lines feed 'em sirens phases go po-po jus' for me up south two as as as perspicacity stimatized asphalt recumbent play all who behold cheebichu\*\*\*\*\* the foam-mouth

laodician goad. no—

*krreekkakkckkakhchcla* !!!\*\*\*\*\*

Oh. I'm back.

Yeah. I'll get up, man. Real soon.

\* Epine (*eh-peen*) (v.): To take epinephrine or norepinephrine recreationally (through any method, but usually intravenously) (It has little effect if you aren't OD'ing)

\*\* Laryngial mode (n.): An invented musical eleven-and-a-half-microtone key (occurring in—but not limited to—jazz) that reads: C, C#, back to C, CT (top of key of C), D#, D#T (top of D#), F, EmSL/Db (middle-side-left of the E key, catching Db ever so slightly for extra tone) G#, Ab (there's a difference), B, BbTSSs (played to the upper-left side of the key, softly [Ss], so as to create a partial sound). Unlike most keys, this key accounts for the subtle wavelength differences between first and second strikes of a key. It is said to have a warm, polite tone, well-suited to singing—hence, the portmanteau of “laryngeal” and “genial.” Best played over 15/6.5 time.

\*\*\* Canun (*cah-nun*) (contraction: “can” [v.] + “not” [adv.] + “un” [det. (French)] : A version of “cannot” that also integrates the philosophical potentiality of content-neutral positive liberty, in the fashion of thinkers like John Christman.

\*\*\*\* Masaoed (v.): To chew sonorously. Derived from the contemporary Greek word μασάω, which means to chew.

\*\*\*\*\* Cheebichu (prop. n.): A deity whose power is yet unknown to this world, and to this poet.

\*\*\*\*\* *Krreekkakkckkakhchcla* (inj.): An onomatopoeia designed specifically to simulate the sound of the administration of Narcan and one's resuscitation in response to it; bears some similarities to Joyce's “thunder words.”