

Hypnosis

[I had a friend who sketched some soldiers with mad looks in their eyes who were charging as if transformed into soulless killing machines. When I wondered aloud what must be going on in their heads he said I should write about it, preferably in the form of a poem. Here's what I came up with.]

It's a rhythm, and a tum, and a clatter and a roll
a shatter of a matter and a jump black flame
a fear and a fall and a toe-tag toll

steppin' little fetchits in a scarecrow run
and a tum, and a tum, and a run tun tun
and a shuffle and a rhythm and a cold blue steel
and a finger on a trigger and a *numb numb* feel
and a fall and a fool and a hole deep rule down
trigger jigger mutilate manipulate disintegrate

hole in a flesh and a hole red fresh
and a clash/ chip-chop/ stab/ flop-flip/ boom drop flicker-flash
gish-gash slice/cut deep splice rut weep/ need mish-mash
fore-slice sickle scythe fish-bash gut steep/ bleed bish-bash
rut-food meat wagon paddy wagon blood red bloodshed
cut head bust rust rut deep gut weep
catgut slice sheep meat tum tum
and a thrum/ let go!/ and a clatter and a glow
and a spatter of a matter and the matter of a flow
and a fumble and a stumble and a rumble and a hum
and a fee and a fie and a foe flee from
and a finger on a trigger and a *numb numb* feel

and a matter of a rhythm and the clatter of a roll
and the clatter of a rhythm and a matter of a role
and a cla— —