An Angry Comic Book Speech Bubble

Solenoid-operated brain. What a bumper!
The singer has just stepped onto the stage. "Um..." Fanny taps her microphone: "He'll be up there, on the lighting gantry"—and she begins to hum!
"He'll be up there, on..."

Terry used to be the drummer for the Black Sheep Band, but now, with all four of his lungs, he is locked into a hysterical, brain-cracking style of singing. No contrived colors, no standardized water droplets.

Nothing but a rainbow.

Still performing his zany solo in his own peculiar way: by sucking on small, colored pieces of blotting paper! Riding cymbal, four time: and one and two and three, 4. Again, and then. Yellow E. Purple completes red. And so.

And so.
Instrumental sounds course through wide-awake synapses, and suddenly the gears of synesthesia are perfectly lubricated beneath the hood of our noggins! In and out.

The delicate connections of the *medulla oblongata*. Rainbow. The Judas of sounds. A lexical blend to hook one's skin onto. Some kind of a portmanteau. Lost words. Mike stands tall on his tiptoes—shoes covered in obscene graffiti, drawn by his buddy. Mostly the carrion of mollusks, and uncatalogued plankton. Nothing but line-based stuff.
A conscience that's down at the level of one's sneakers. Here is T. Some flowers: "no future" written in black letters on a white background.
A pirate flag...
A pirate flag... Two shoes that are like casts and do not allow him to walk.
Not at all.
Mike is a man of the hand, lands and of sounds.
He can jerk it off hard.
Or, at the very least—given that our sound engineer is truly well-versed in vast sonic spaces—within the irreverent, boot-shaped cranium that he carries around with him everywhere!

And now he is milking him, the howling one!
One strike, and the ball flies off.
Or, at the very least—given that our sound engineer can keep it quite, um... But whatever! In a game of pinball, you either win or lose. And now he's actually dealing with the guy who's shouting!

Terry is tearing himself off.
She who does not trust words—"hush!" is the one who implores them—feels deeply uncomfortable in the face of ambient noise. A white one. Ultimately, a word that is not a surrender.

Second strike!
Oh my...
Not an additive synthesis.
"Oh gosh! Oh, my womb... How can I dig it out? The world, the embryo."

Some sine waves.
And...
"Oh! Oh gosh! Oh my ghoul..."
Oh my.

A completely disjointed scream—as white as what could be a jellyfish inside a blank speech bubble. And...
And what?!
Is T. flipping?
A carcass.

Lacking any body articulation, any sense of what a spine might be, he is now simply howling plain guttural and screamed vocal sitting alongside blast beats on the drums!
Terry crashes himself...

Or, at the very least—given that our sound engineer manages to remain fairly... well, let's just leave it at that!

The "Shh..." whispered into the mic doesn't seem to have any effect on them! Kick it out straight up!
He crashes hard, again and again!

Fanny has left.
Bored.
Pole of the magic post!

It's a musical note with something missing—a color taken away—and perhaps the beginning of a style. A gender in between, a true expression of nonself. Extra ball. Do not say lastly!

A mallet shatters—shards and debris scattered everywhere all around the kit!
At last!

It looks like semen, splattered here and there beneath a pair of toms, all around the bass-drum pedal of a drum kit that exploded in mid-air on a single final strike of the hi-hat!

Um...
Finally, a jingle that is not a capitulation.

Fuzzy Nick | Terry Naughton