My Lover Is Nothing
More Than A Patch Of Skin

Red

There's something about our drummer.
A leak has occurred. He's sharpened a song designed to slay ableists—but more on that later. Shy early morning.
Vicky calls him "Terry the Knife-Grinder."
She has a nickname for Julie, too—a colorful one, and rather harsh, at that. So lush and green—except for the thorns!...
Hole beneath the sky.
Verdant words—as I have said before! And... and ones that bleed, deep down.
Fortunately for her, Julie never saw through her.
Mourning lanterns.
Flying Terry, a tangy lollipop addict, and Vicky-the-Kick gives him the dope.
A rubber band that is too loose!
He is not merely hypersensitive—like a batch of fried fish before you've even put it on the end of the hook—; he's autistic and has ADHD. On the other hand, his mind is as sharp as a scythe. A low cry—a slow one. A vein on the forearm that rolls from side to side. A sharp, throbbing pain, and a syringe used in vain—the needle tip just won't slide into the bloodstream. *Strike!*
Like a rolling ball in fire, an altar cloth. Both of them are messing up the cow-milking time. "Ouch!"
But Mike is a true denizen of the sonic prairie—hidden away beneath the irreverent, boot-shaped skull he carries around with him is a man of few words, a quiet farmer!
Mike is the Milky Man of sounds.
In rough weather, knowing the direction of the winds, he brings his livestock back to shelter beneath the trees of his own long-winded discourses.
Terry's wheelchair is his compass rose.
When Naughton's joints begin to creak under the pressure, that's when Mike steps in to calm people of both genders. The girls, who have been swept up in a fit of hysteria by the gust—or the guys caught in the gale. And those who are perched on the edge between the two sort of straitjackets—the not-so-orderly ranks of normality.
The not-so-parallel rails.
Structures to which the spotlights are attached, up there. High within the stole...
Hippopotamus Polka by L. St. Mars.
Aversion for small-talk!
The downpour of colors. "Purple in the morning, blue in the afternoon, orange in the evening." Those who get snagged!
Whether there's a gust of wind or not, Mike steps in to adjust the sound.
Squall or not, Mike steps in.
In the midst of the seizure, he prepares a dose—a fix to perk them up. *With him*, there is no idle chatter, no shouting born of a sullen mood, and no ill-timed remarks blurted out indiscriminately.
For Mike, it's lo-fi.
On discrimination underpinned by elitism.
He milks our cow's udders, looking somber: his face, marked by the blow of a riot-squad boot-kick right across the forehead, appears deeply sculpted by electric storms.
Matrix forms. Electric storms.
Storms...

Orange

Terry the howling tetraplegic, a pungent fellow.
His mental processes throw off sparks—and sometimes, *poof*—a new stair is born. Not a star, a stair.
Two, three, not four... He thinks in terms of space, color, movement, and geometry. A podium.
The two highest-ranked after Terry—come on, let's go!
Hop, hop, hop.
All at once—and to the sound of music. Hop, hop, hop.
A psychic process that owes nothing to a straitjacket.
Splash!
Or perhaps I am mistaken.
Nowadays, there is no shortage of people who keep wheelchairs in their brain, just to avoid having to think.
Shower of cunts.
It was there, latent, and then it accelerated after his accident.
Top-ranked.
He is now unable to walk without a prosthesis—sometimes requiring two crutches, at other times a four-wheeled aid.
Bulky jaws.
Thug's fart.
Yet, his thoughts have wings.
And the shackled minds who look at him—supposedly standing on their own two legs.
The narrow-minded.
Green pill for sleep, mainstream media to avoid thinking.
Storms of the Norm
Switching pilgrim.
Slimming pool.
Flat hooligans.
Surviving within a hologram—that is the essence of his solo drama. The seat then starts moving in... in zigzags and spinning like a top!
His roller, too, experiences emotional dysregulations. Much like Ivan IV, Terry is starting to become quite a terrible dope fiend!
So, in cases like these, Terry is prepared to split hairs. The ones that gnaws at his nerves. A storm that tears away all those antediluvian television antennas, disconnecting—in a single stroke—every channel owned by the billionaires.
Illness.
Putting the woes at the hearts of mankind.
Filthy cis.
Pot-bellied and sickly individual who owns the Earth.
So they think.
Bringing ailments back to the heart of the village.
All of them stealing.
To think deeply is to breathe slowly.
It's his chime of colors.
The pain that courses through him, from the sacrum to the *medulla oblongata*.
His only compass rose!
The wheelchair turns into a chopper, and he slices everything that moves—in every sense of the word—into tiny pieces. That kind of mobility impairment is now nothing to him!
Terry the Shaman.
Regarding verses on the theme of imposture... *Hurry up!*
Once the rush of an adrenaline spike has passed, you need to know how to come back down to earth.
Land your mental plane, and step out of the cockpit.
Socially speaking...
That of mental health.

Green

We will stand together, you and I.
The drummer is my darling heart, a faithful lover that is nothing more than a patch of skin sporting a green Mohawk, topped off with a speech bubble.
He is a true shaman.
A sonic bullet pierced his left lung and shattered his shoulder blade—along with a few ribs, no doubt—without creating a conical exit wound or deviating from its trajectory.
A comet, a glob of spit.
These impacts are not the same as those that formed the craters on the Moon.
Oh, absolutely not!
Let's hope, for Naughton's sake, that she shares her reserve with him.
He is who.
Is who she?
Who he is.
"Is she who?" or "Is who he?"
She who is!
Is he who...
Who is she?
Not the one that's been cut with who-knows-what!
Who knows...
But all is well: a bit of alcohol, a dash of Mellow Yellow, electrical banana and—presto!—his soul returns, bolstered by a spirited transfusion...
Oozing woes!
No idle chatter, no bellowing saturated with moodiness, no spraying off at the mouth!
The bones... in his mouth.
The ones of the mammoths' non-thought and the fury of the T!
It's his seizure, and the storm.
Those who sit in their own fur, and those who devour. But Terry never encountered one of them.
The global economy. They went extinct long before.
A comet, a glob of spit.
Only tracking the entire sounder at once—only monitoring the entire group of instrumental sounds in the soundtrack simultaneously has any lasting effect. Here is Mike milking Terry.
And the mammoths!
A purulent ooze at the tip of his little dick—Prigent-style—an excess of energy, with a frothy, semen-like substance leaking from an optic nerve.
It's an epileptic seizure.
Hilarious! In this latest riot—the final one he takes part in—he carries himself like a character out of a Western.
The bison of the screen are the last mammoths.
Miscellaneous of various woes...
They have horizons that extend beyond their homes. Harvesting an assortment of sorrows!
They are grazing on the green pills.
Our ears are going to gather an assortment of misery!
Terry now engages in howling, purely guttural sounds, and screaming—all accompanied by "blast beats" on the drums.
Vicky the "junkie" slips him the stuff.
His sense of time is already highly erratic, and it's made even worse by the joints he racks up over the course of an evening.
Extinguish the hatred from the wild witch's hat.
Pinball and bats,
what a basic electric stroll.

Nejlah Shaddouh | Terry Naughton