

Impulses and Screams:
A Poetry Collection

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The Family Above Me

The family above me doesn't know
So many different aliases
But sometimes I count my lucky stars
They don't go in the basement when I do
Next to the laundry machine
The family above me doesn't know
My laundry is quite dirty
But its okay, I get my cleaning done
So many bloody towels
And this isn't England
And that ain't slang
What they don't know won't hurt them
I pay rent on time
I keep the noise level down to a minimum
And the occasional guest that gets rowdy
Well, their quickly silenced
So rude to keep your neighbors awake
Fourth city in the last twenty years
Funny, sometimes I even forget
Which ones I used to live in
But I never forget the screams
They help me sleep at night
When I'm having trouble
The family above me doesn't know
But I overheard the wife talking to her husband
About how she saw a woman come with me into my apartment
But how she never saw anyone come out
But, the family above me doesn't know
For sure
Plus
This new set of steak knives
Said on the commercial they cut through the toughest of meats
Like butter
The family above me doesn't know
And I intend to keep it that way

The Ages Stained with Blood

Taste the smashed grape, now turned to wine
and the bitterness that it brings
the taste
but also
the regret and the memories of a life lived before

Purple is its color
purple, mixed with a dark red
as of arterial blood
fresh and dripping

Love is my penance, but I shall receive no absolution
from the skinny jester upon that absurd cross
Nothing for God, if he truly exists
Just hatred and pleasures of the flesh
And the life blood of the flock

London seems ever closer
Each night I dream of its sights
So new to my tired eyes
Harker comes tomorrow
I eagerly await his arrival
I so seldom have company
That stays

I shall be a plague upon humanity
It shall suffer under my breath
And I will cry tears of joy
With each town that I enslave
And exterminate

Time is a sick harlot
Bedding the land
Making fools of us all
We forever itch from her embrace

I'm not so different from the rest of them
We are both assaulted by life
Cut deep in thousands of places
I simply don't die

But
the world shall know my name
And speak it
Before I rip the sound from the air
Replaced by the slashes and tears of tender skin
the gush
the nectar of life
As it drips from the veins
Of millions

Ancient

The last night in an antiquated house that creaks and groans
Changing times, yet strong architecture stands through the ages
Here I sit, listening to the new appliances added to the old attic

The walls were whitewashed some years before
Yet all efforts of modernization seem to have ultimately failed
For the original structure of the place is what catches the eye
Admire the refrigerators and air conditioners
Televisions and Telephones

Spirits and apparitions of years past float about the rooms of this house
Filling me with terror, and a strange sense of hope
Hope that strong ideas outlast generations
And fear that misinterpretation is so easy with something so simple
As wood and stone as it is with ideas and words

Drawers are filled with trinkets and clothing
Current things of necessity and of comfort
Modernness in an ancient landscape
Awe inspiring, a muse of construction, towering over the streets

'Tis the scenery of old New England amidst new New England
Which seems to be more of mediocrity than of progression
Yet these essential angles and measurements stay
Stay to remind us never to forget the past
Stay to remind us hard work can outlast the pessimist in us all

Classical beauty, similar to classical expression
Seems to never stray that far from the path forward into the future
Cutting through vegetation older than the oldest one amongst us
Eternal shelter from the storm of the cutting edge

Still the echoes of voices from men and women now gone
Can be heard in the moan of every stair
Can be felt in the struggle to open the archaic window frames
Can be seen in the stains and holes in the walls

Despite it all, I will never forget this place
And my ghost shall walk these halls
Accompanied by all who have come before
And all who will come after

From Another Dimension

This being, with thoughts and dreams
Awake, despite the lack of sleep
Amidst liars with clear consciences and bloody hands under the sheets
This thing he has a secret

Flown through space and time
From another dimension
Galaxies where anatomy and physiology are different
And the languages know no bounds
An alien walks among you

Beyond the wall of sleep it dwells
Unable to comprehend singular planes of existence
But rather, ponders singularity in solitude
While the Earth spins on its axis
Amid a wide and endless universe

We are all the same, and we are all different
We struggle for different goals
And for the same
You and I
She and He
It and Them
All circle in a typhoon of knowledge and pain
Fear and Wonder
Life and Death

UFO's or Weather Balloons
Unmarked helicopters watch them both
And they track me, despite an overwhelming tranquility
and docility
People fear what they do not understand
And the inner workings of this shell of astral projection
is not free from protection from the pentagon
or the department of defense
But rather, is biding it's time
Until the man-made apocalypse

From ignorant and greedy men with fingers on black triggers
And friends in high places

The Whore

Once, after a fist fight, after beer-y
While I fondled a new glass of Sherry
Over a cheap and shiny volume of self startiing porn
While I diddled, nearly napping
Suddenly there came, soft rapping
As of someone, softly rapping
rapping by my apartment door
Tis some dude I blew
This hoochie uttered
Only that, and he probably wants some more

Ah distinctly I remember
It was in the cold ass December
While each seperate used up wrapper
lay like fuckin' ghosts or some shit, upon the floor
I was wrapped up in the TV
wondering if I had an std
So I grabbed a glass beside me
then went to greet some d-bag i hard rapping outside my door
Name forgotten from the night before

Hey go away some visitor
I yelled through the apartment door
You ain;t got no more ones, I aint gonna let you in no more
I have no time a left to blow
Tell me you got money or leave my door
besides, theres still a stain on my floor
Christ, men ain't nothin no more

Presently, this hooch grew stronger
hesitatin' then no longer
Yo, she cried out, bro or slutbag
Your forgiveness I ignore
but the fact is I was sleepin'
and your ass came a creakin'
over to my place this weekend
then my ass threw wide the door
a dark hallway there
and nothing more

Into that darkness, staring
long I stood there, mouth agape like a herring
my legs nair-ing
loudly swearing
waiting for scrubby fellas never seen before
But the quiet never ended
so her rear end soon rescinded
and the only sound was stretching
from the booty shorts that this hooch wore
only this stretching sound, and nothing more

Back into the apartment, venturing
I went inside, and its worth mentoning
That my ass heard a little rapping
the same rapping I had heard before
Prolly, she said, prolly some rap I have never heard before
Surely, she said, that's all, noise from outside or under my
floor
Only that shit, and prolly nothin' more

Suddenly, a bird came flapping
from down the hall, it flew, while rapping
going inside my apartment, crapping
slapping shit all over my apartment door
it stopped flapping inside,
inside my apartment door
this it did, and nothing more

Then this black bird started dissin
rappin
“bitch, I saw you kissin”
and trick i saw you tricken
my ass yelled,
“motherfucker what’s yo name”
bird replied
“none of your buisness, you’re a whore”
“Shut the fuck up bird, you are a fucker” I screamed
“Stupid bird, you stupid sucker!”
“Aint no buisness of yours what I do”
“after I’m done down at the charlie horse”
“I dance nude for money, a course
and I love to have intercourse
how does that make me a whore?”

But the black bird, sat, unmoving
suddenly, it seemd, he started grooving
to some unheard beat, and these words he did outpour
“It don;t matter that you dance for money”
“others have danced before,”
“but you sleep with some of the clientell for money honey”
“that makes you a whore”

Shocked, by the birds skilled flowing
I soon stared going
“bitch get the fuck from out my place”
“get the fuck from out my door!”
“You just a dumb ass bird anyway”
“don’t give a shit about you anymore”
still the bird croaked
“you’re a whore”

Finally, I caved in
“What the fuck” I said to the raven
“Just because dick I was cravin
and got paid by the men
does that really make me such a whore?”
the bird replied,”Yeah, you’re still a whore”

“Did my husband put you up to this?
Did you see me clock him with my fist”
I asked, scratching, as my right breasts had an itch
man he rushed out and was quite pissed
quite pissed he was, of that I’m sure
But i still got the paper
got the paper and more
the bird, it hopped down onto my floor

Then the bird looked at my hair
and sniffed of the powerful scent of nair
on my legs, to make them bare
i yelled”what the hell are you doing on my floor”
“fuck off raven, I’m tired, go away
AM its almost 4”
Quoth the Raven, “You’re a whore.”

“Fuck off” said I
Evil ass bird of the devil
Bet you aint even on the level
aint got no rocks, aint got no pebbles
and I got ice galour
I said, “plus I was in a new hummer the night before!”
Still quoth the raven
“you’re a whore”

Getting pissed, I rushed in my room
and brought about a thing of doom
a shiny baby 380, i had bought the fall before
I checked the chamber, bullets loaded
cocked the hammer, and the barrel exploded
hit the annoying raven, it sure did
knocked its ass 10 feet across my floor
hit the bird, and bust a hole through it, bullet shattering
the side of my door
Still it coughed out, ”you’re a whore”

And the raven, somehow, is still spittin'
it crawled up, and it is now sitting
on top my tv, and night after night, oh what a chore
it hacks up blood and bile onto my floor
and I clean it, vacuum where it spits
where it spits blood and bile onto my floor
my husband even came back, and this thing still wont leave
wont leave through out my apartment door
still quoth the raven
“bitch ass trick, you’re ass is still a whore”

No Job

Millions jobless
They've robbed us of our dignity
An economy in decline
With no rise in sight
Trudge down the unemployment line
You a writer
Ha
Take a number
Get in Line
Only countless thousands before you

Useless
Penniless
Bitter
Cynical
Yet everywhere wants excited employees
Hard to be excited
When the wind whistles failure
And the snow freezes your potential

The Hole is the Whole of You

Try to pin it to the ground
Keep it from showing
The cracks are showing on the concrete
So to speak
Keep it together

Don't let anybody know

Just put that fucker in a headlock
Tap him out,
One
Two
Three

Shit, it broke the hold
You need to wrestle it down
Can't let anybody know
Something else has control
Now

It isn't you
Certainly not
Its the hole in your pocket
That contains the key
To the door that covers
The hole in you
The hole is the whole of you

Sunshine is so bright when it marks you
For what you are
A need with legs
An itch that becomes the only thoughts
The only thoughts that matter
Anymore

Slowin' Down the Ol' Brain for a While

Just got paid
Easy Widens and junk food
Time to slow down the ol' brain off for a while

Now, you can judge me
But, the anxiety kills me slowly
So some days
I need to slow down the ol' brain off for a while

Maybe a dumb movie
Numb, and fine with it
Laugh, it helps you live longer
So does slow down the ol' brain for a while

Go take a bath
eat chips in the bath
read a book in the bath
drink a beer in the bath
just don't fall asleep
But by all means
Slow down the ol' brain a little

Relieve tension anyway I can think of
Because I can't take being so intense
So wound up
All of the time

Sometimes being lazy is good for the soul

Death Comes Running

My life has been a constant chase
Pursuer king of nothing
I carry on, through love and hate
I know that Death comes running

Scythe, and a pair of jogging shoes
Black headphones on a white skull
Small as atoms, large as a mushroom cloud
A universe under the command of his pull

The advantage is the Gods, I fear
Out of shape, my form quietly lumbering
One day, I'll feel the whisper near
No escape for Death is coming

Through different aeons, weathered storms
Through time, the ground shakes, rumbling
The Earth it turns, soil thick with worms
Listen to the quiet song of decomposition they sing

A genius being, all knowing all seeing
Teacher, excels at silence
Imbecile students, smart mouthed, impudent
Soon to know an immortal's violence

The most physically healthy, the poor and the wealthy
Don't lie, your not that cunning
You can't pay it away, useless to cry, or to pray
In the end, your death is coming

But you see tonight, I start the fight
To break down the barrier; send matter tumbling
Friends, enemies, relations, lovers, strangers, salutations
Hear the plan to set the end lord to grumbling

Yet, there is one loophole
I've been Death's star pupil
Years spent in study, effects been quite numbing
If you will a fascination
Without a moments hesitation
I analyze complex cosmic plumbing

Saw tight squeezes and wide canyons
Traveled with reckless abandon
New pavement, christened while thumbing
And I've witnessed old highways
Upside down and sideways
Right side up, reflected on a world crumbling

Witnessed large and small animals
Whilst in shoes socks or sandals
Women, men, children, elderly
most fumbling
But, I soaked up some theories
Bold statements and queries
All to know the answer to Death
And its running

Now I sit at this crossroads, while the universe erodes
Explodes, implodes, locks loads and starts gunning
What the fuck is the meaning?
What's the use in even breathing?
Am I merely just game for the hunting?

Closed my eyes and realized
One day we all die
But words live on, forever
Floating, eternal
I have opened the portal
Learned the secret of the immortal
As simple as inking up pages in a journal

My life is still a constant chase
My pursuer is still King of Nothing

But its existence is the meaning
Its the reason your reading

I know I'll be ready

Will you?

When Death comes running