

Wrong Brain

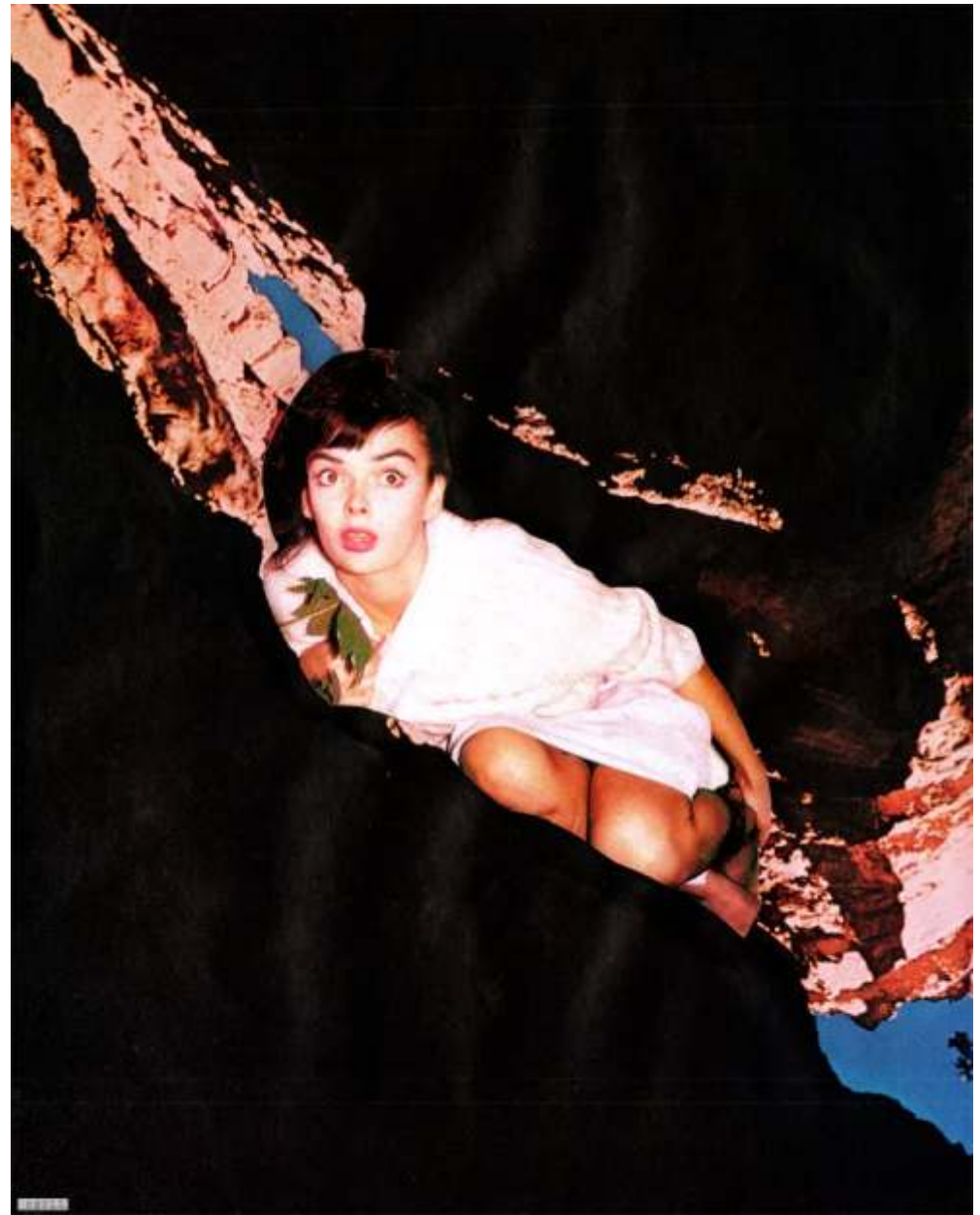
Issue 2

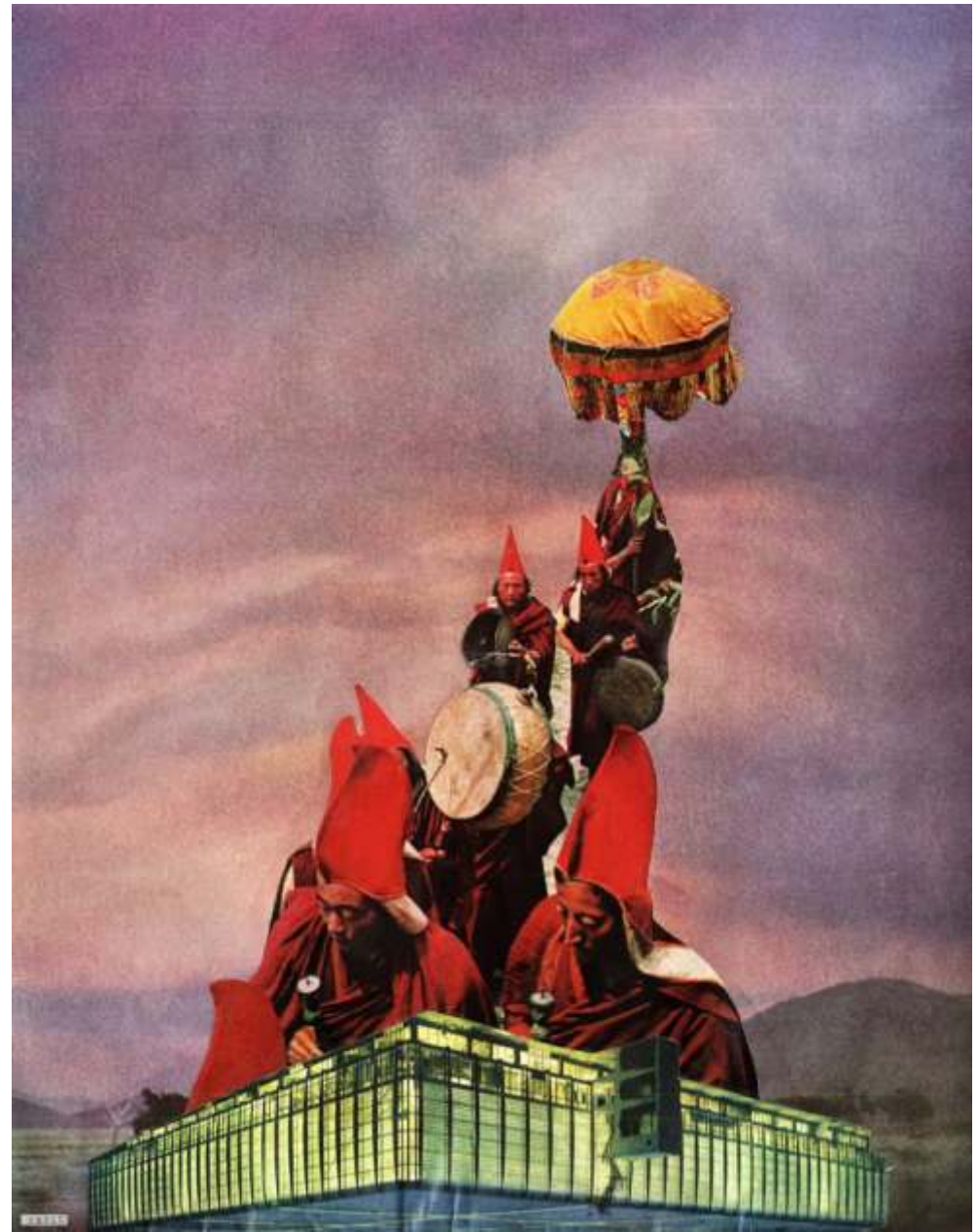
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- 45. Wrong Brain Audio

WRONG BRAIN 2 IS THE SPECIAL AUDIO EDITION!

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DAUGHTER OF CETO

"When it rains I wanna die," she said, her voice raspy. "I hope it'll keep falling and falling until it floods the house, and I'll be in my bed with the covers pulled up to my chin, waiting, waiting, waiting for it to rise above my head, leaving me eternally in my berth, my brown hair dancing 'til it's grey, in my watery grave."

GOOD TIMES, BAD TIMES

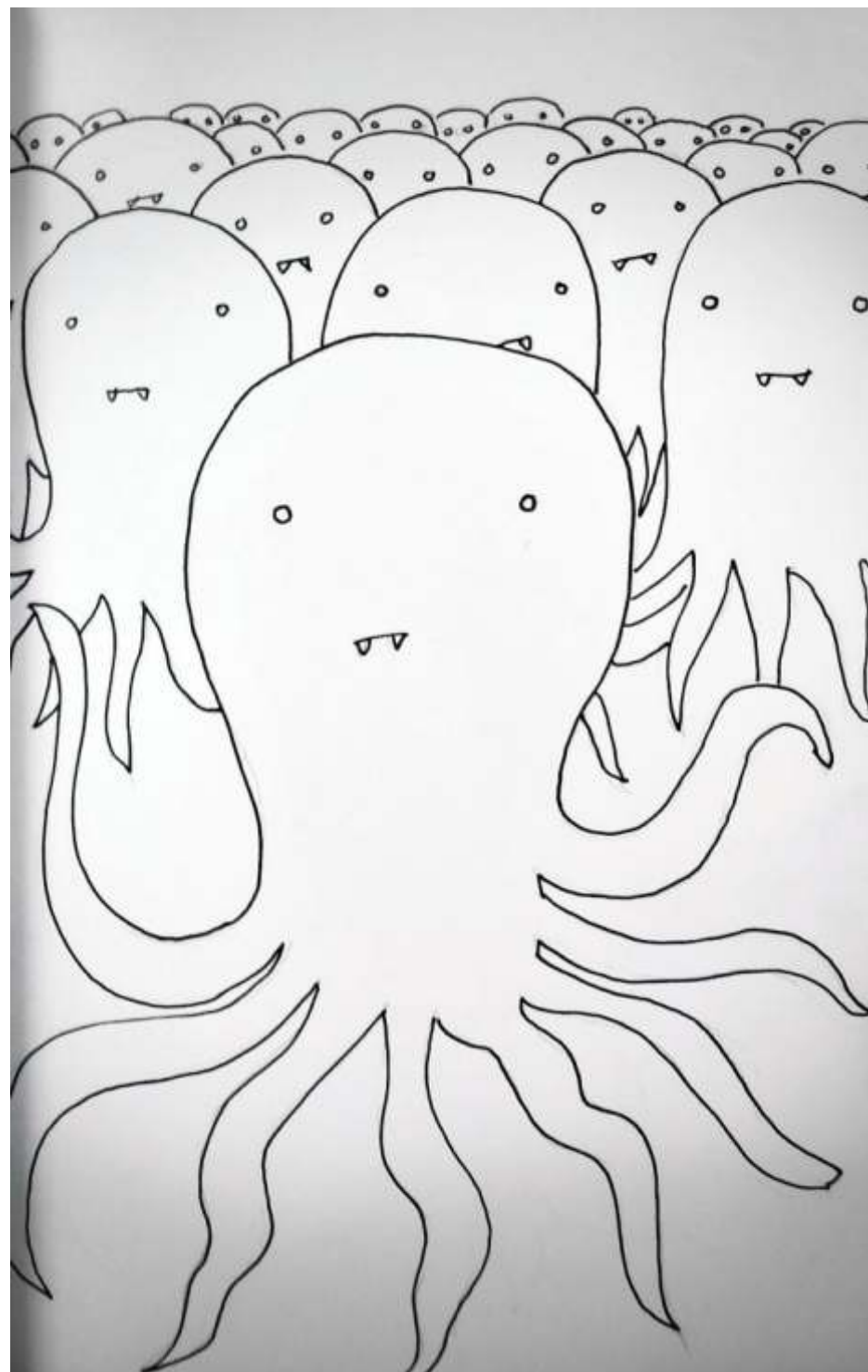
I watched the speed gauge push ninety-three as we blasted down I-90 West to Albany, New York. The monotonous thud we hadn't been able to identify earlier was coming from the front, right side of the Toyota Corolla and quickened in rhythm with the whirling tires. The compact car began to rock like an out of control bassinet. "Look at this fucker," Dave said. "This fucker thinks he can beat me." He glanced menacingly over at the Audi in the lane parallel, then laughed and turned the volume knob of his stereo even higher. Zeppelin's "Good Times, Bad Times" roared through the speakers. "Good times, bad times, you know I had my share," Dave sang. This is it, I thought as I clutched the overhead handle. This is the song I'm going to die to. I guess it could have been worse.

LIMBIC SYSTEM

Sitting in the dark theater I suddenly smelled you. Your intoxicating smell of baby-head, cigarettes, and home. I closed my eyes gently and watched you walk across the backs of my eyelids. And the like that, you were gone-replaced by buttered popcorn, stale air from the heaters, and the commingling molecules of many bodies in a small, black box. Where are you? And when will you find me? I'm unsure whether or not you'd even recognize me now.

ONLY THE GOOD

There was an old man sitting in the handicapped seat across from me. He was the most beautiful old man. A faint smile never wandered from his face and the skin around his eyes was crinkled like a raisin. He had a wooden cane with some sort of animal head carved into the handle. I thought, "Wow, he's been alive for a long time." I remember thinking about how true it is that elders deserve reverence. We met eyes and his smile widened a little. I gave him a brief, subtle smile and looked away. When the train wasn't far from the Copley stop, he stood up facing the doors and said to the young man next to him, "I just buried my son today. He was even younger than you." I felt my heart sink. The people around me rustled their belongings uncomfortably and the idle chatter stopped. No one spoke. When the doors opened, the old man stepped off.



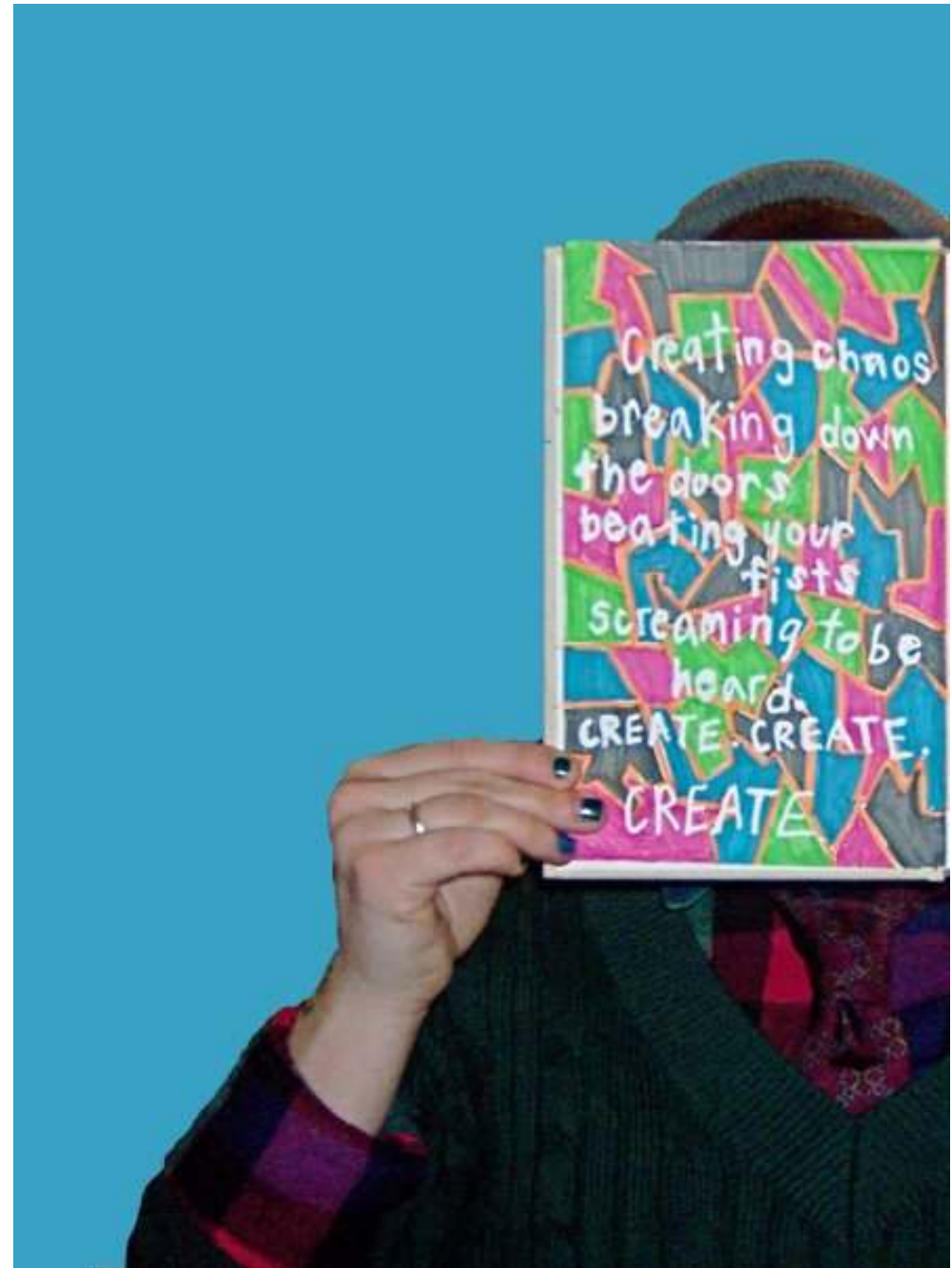


there's an isolation in being third
you're not always needed
you're not always heard
this happens as well when you're fourth or the fifth
things go unmentioned
emotions get skipped
but a pair of two people, it's different you see
there's someone for you
there's someone for me.





I will break these chains
 that anchor me to the ground.
 The chains that do not want me to be free.
 The minds that want to hold me back.
 I will destroy you.
 I will smash you because I will do whatever it takes
 to be free.



5000 Feet

5000 feet

My hands are firm on the steering wheel my knuckles dry and white and the road stretches indefinitely in a straight line in front of me. I'm confident that I'm finally alone finally I can feel every muscle in my body relax starting at my toes my ankles my knees unlock my hips my spine my shoulders unlock my elbows my wrists my fingers and finally my face relaxes for a split second but what's this? A tiny speck on the horizon too far to be sure that it's even there but its blackness against the brilliant white sky burns a hole through my head like a laser beam from a giant magnifying lens and all at once my body seizes the way an alligator snaps its mouth shut in an instant.

4000 feet

The speck is now a blurry dot and I begin to panic my brain is now expanding at an exponential rate inside my skull my heart rate spikes it takes every bit of my sanity to contain the force of a thousand tiny men pushing outward against my skin from the inside. It's nothing I tell them it's just a bush or a sign or a patch of dry grass there's no life here in the desert none except my own and soon I will disintegrate into millions of individual grains of sand and be blown out the open passenger seat window leaving no trace of ever being here except the slow rolling of an empty Chevy down the highway.

3000 feet

The blurry dot is now a shapeless something and I've given up on the faint notion that perhaps I was imagining it all along it's there it's definitely there. I wonder if perhaps I wasn't meant to be alone in this moment maybe this other is in fact the other half of me that I spent my life without and now the moment has come when we will merge and form a black hole that destroys the universe. The thought arouses ever nerve in my body and now it's clear to me what I will do.

2000 feet

What if it's just another car? A car full of teenagers driving to the desert to get high and wander between dimensions without consequence; A car full of little girls in baseball uniforms on their way to an interstate tournament; An old couple still so much in love spending a summer making up for all the time they didn't have when they were young and living off of refried beans and peanut butter...

1000 feet

It's too late to turn back now I've set a course that cannot be reversed. Normally in this moment the narrator says goodbye to loved ones and especially goodbye to that one person that he should have treated better, but instead I'm reaching out for that person I'm going to meet.

500 feet

I wonder if they will like my jokes. I wonder what their favorite food is. I wonder if they will think I'm handsome. I wonder if we will have a wonderful long life together and everything will be perfect - forever.

250

I'm having trouble containing myself now I just can't wait because this is the moment when everything I've ever done is justified I think I've finally found my soul mate.

200

You're so close now and I can see that you're shape begins to sharpen behind the windshield.

150

Our headlights align like magnets or puzzle pieces

100

I'm excited to get to know you

50

we will be closer

20

than anybody

10

has ever

5

been

Excerpt

I close my eyes I'm sixteen years old I'm in Mrs. Ashe's english class at Holliston High School I know everyone I'm everyone's friend but something's wrong I can't fit in. I can't fit in because I'm a fugitive from a parrallel dimension where people are slaves their labor is currency their labor is sex and I have escaped to this place another prison. I've already lived hundreds of lifetimes here in this dimension and it's always the same but I'm the only one who knows that everyone in this world is living in a looping sitcom a neverending re-run that exists outside of time as it was known in the prison that I came from. Sometimes a hole will suddenly split the gaps between the atoms making up the air they're stretching open wider wider two inter-dimensional time cops dead-set on capturing me and returning me to my other prison will leap through with pistols cocked but I am always ready. I'm jumping up I flip my desk over cross my arms in front of me and draw two pistols from the holsters concealed beneath my windbreaker one cop catches a glimpse of me out of the corner of his eye but it is too late for them now I'm leaping to the side I open fire on them as I hover parallel to the ground in super slow motion TWO SHOTS connect with the one in front first in the shoulder and he spins to that side crying out in agony and frustration at his defeat and then the second POPS his head open like an apple with a firecracker inside. His brains spray on the other cop behind him momentarily blinding him with the insides of his partner and he grabs his eyes and dives behind the teacher's desk for cover. EXACTLY SEVEN SECONDS of silence while I reload one of my pistols and he tries frantically to wipe the blood off of his face then I take ONE deep breath jump up again and grab Brian Keating from the desk in front of mine I'm using Brian as a human shield I have a stand off with the remaining pig we both open fire recklessly and now our clips are empty and I'm standing I'm breathing heavy with just some minor grazes to my arms and face and he's full of holes he's fucking riddled with holes he collapses to the floor I drop my weapon and my dead hostage and the portal in the universe becomes a vacuum it sucks up everything out of the ordinary reversing time and returning me to my desk as if nothing happened. The only trace of the carnage is a bead of sweat above my left eyebrow but by the time I've done this a hundred times it isn't enough to affect me to that level anymore I am completely stagnant – no thoughts, no emotions, no opinions, just molecules and if a scientist took a microscope to my eyes or skin he'd see that even the electrons around the nucleii that make up the fibers of my mass have stopped spinning and I am literally not moving on any level











On Optimism

who cares whether or not the glass is half full or half empty?
just because the glass is half full doesn't mean we should celebrate.
and even when the glass is full
even when the surface tension cannot take another drop
there will always be a bigger glass to fill.

**

get me a fucking drywall bucket. a bathtub. a pool. an ocean. I want it all.

On Existence

comfort is the epitome of mediocrity; mediocrity is the antithesis of life itself.
there is no greater struggle than life itself, and no greater sign of life than
the struggle of man.
the pragmatic solution to failure is suicide; the enigmatic solution to life is to
keep thinking...

On Big Sister

I've become so used to the female Amanda wants me to come over and
watch a movie doublespeak she says that we are moving too fast that I
forget some females are just genuine people. I make myself sick
sometimes. Still can't tell whether or not she's interested.

On Individuality

I am only other people

On Sleeping

my subconscious has a vendetta against me for trying to steal its secrets.
my dreams are photogenic and nebulous, like I have a head cold in Hawaii. I
feel detached and warm.
O moon, why do you want to make me wake?

On Parenting

I am constantly distraught with the notion that I will be a bad father because
I cannot teach self-esteem for my child. will I end up teaching humbleness
or self-disparagement? my child is not a god. if he/she is, I will treat my god
respectfully.

**

I am God. I play miracle with my son. I play crucifix with my son. I make my
friend play crucifix with his son. I am only kidding.



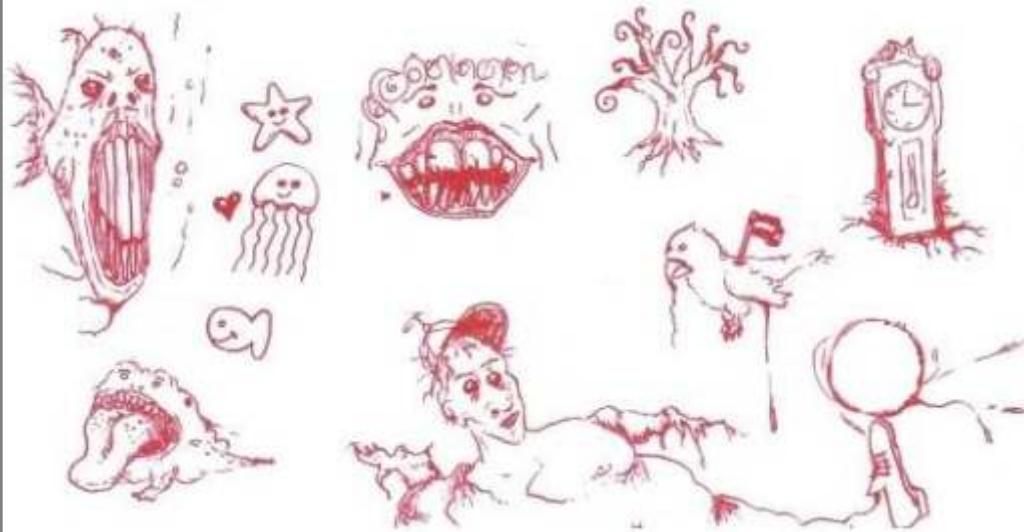
“DOOM”

How fitting
I'm sitting
In my room
With doom
And a gun
And I'm glued
To the chair
No care
Stare
At the screen
I run
I shoot
I try
I fail
I bail
I'm dead.

“Steady Diet of Pop-Tarts”

I'm on the pop-tart diet
I suggest not try it
Richter-scalic roar
But I'm too poor
No minutes on my phone
No gas in my tank
No job, or work
No money in the bank
And I'm to thank
...Or blame











The radiators make a sound
in the rooms of this old apartment
hissing and startling, moaning and steaming,
rustic and rough, creepy at night.
I in fact love the sounds they make,
warm and inviting, beautiful and soothing.
It's the sound of nostalgia,
antiques froth to warm a home.
It's that to my mind
the sound represents the warmth
it brings. Stretch my hands, toes and nose
to warm the icicle that is me. Or maybe,
it's because it is the sound that wakes me
in the middle of the cold, cold night,
and I wake up and remember where I am.
I roll over and watch you sleep,
and remember that my heart was already warm.

With the first snip
the nights of spilled chartreuse
And musty basement shows
fall to the sink.
It's almost addicting to cut.
Dead locks fall to the floor,
I look down at the fallen halo
that floated around my head
in the ocean in the summer
and soaked up the salt water of my tears.
With the second snip
the hair that curtained a face
when I hovered from above
for a kiss
and later smelled like his pillow...
With the final snip
the dance sweat
and the lingering coffee
of journals in cafes and misty mornings.
Thrown out my windowsill they fly
into an organic nest
light and free
drop the blanket of memories
and carve a newer version of me.



...tell me a story i'll want to
believe...

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--hermes
--she loves me...she loves me not...
--clumsy as i am...
--finding the face



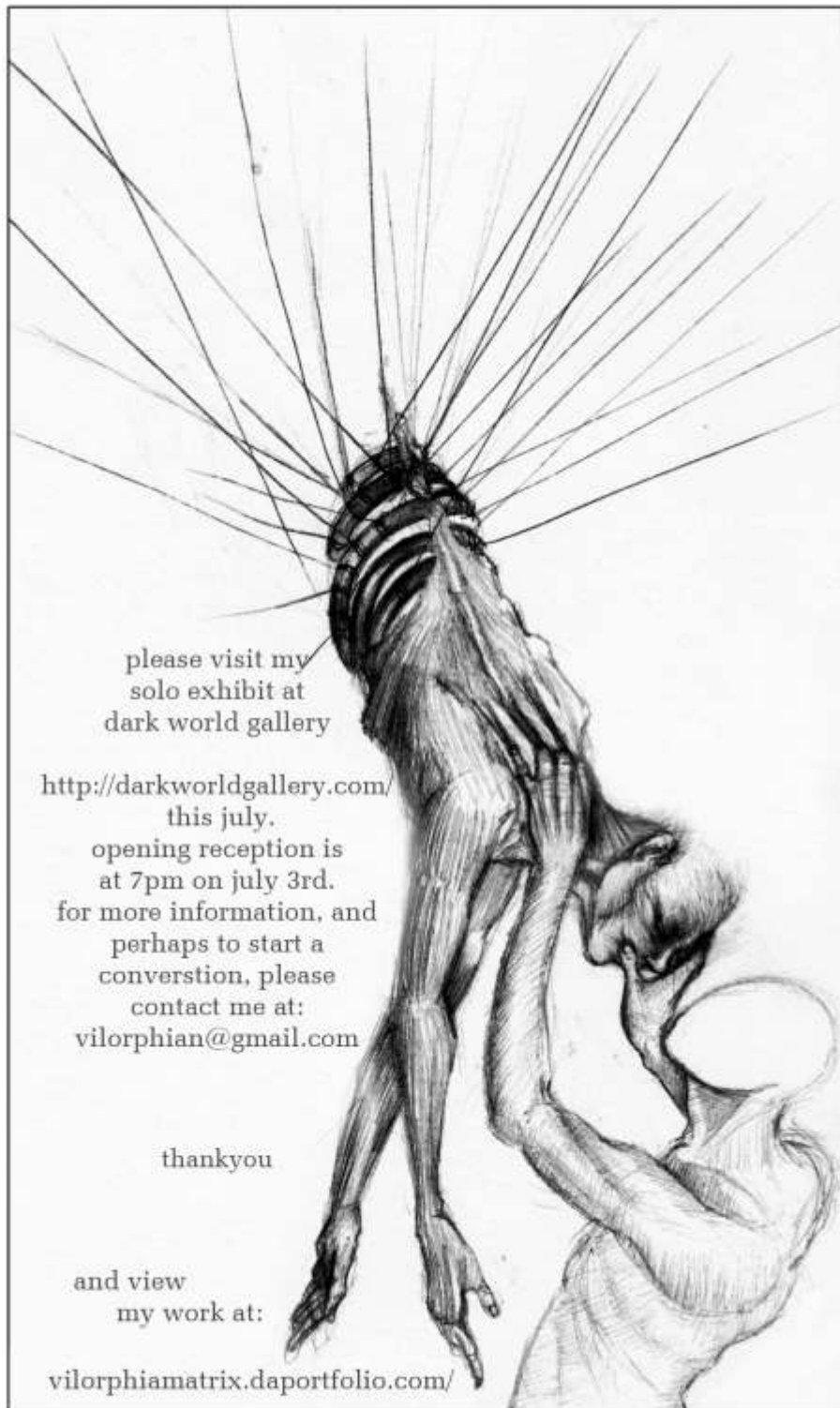
--july 2009

...she loves me...she loves me not...she loves me...she loves me not...



--august 2009

thank.you.for.always.taking.me.back.



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WRONG BRAIN!

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Wrong Brain AUDIO

- 1 - 212 Spoken Word - Lumino
- 2 - Sean John Roachclip - AJ Dudick
- 3 - Caught in the Gears - Trapped Inside
- 4 - 2Kool4Skool - Brandrew Paolidden
- 5 - Free Will(y) - The Primate
- 6 - Song - Jason Adams
- 7 - Coffee's for Closers Only - Maintain Radio Silence
- 8 - Ataplace - UTI
- 9 - Happiness Blues - The Primate
- 10 - Falling Into the Wallet of a Poor Sun - Trapped Inside
- 11 - Bitty's - AJ Dudick
- 12 - Church Slut - Tito Mambo
- 13 - The Salt Flats - Subverbal Explicit
- 14 - The All-American Forest Fire - AJ Dudick
- 15 - Slow 'n Steady - The Primate
- 16 - Intrigued - UTI
- 17 - Pathos 5 - Pathos
- 18 - Song - Jason Adams
- 19 - Last Fire Final! - Eric Bussell
- 20 - Mandrake Man...Drake - G.B.

The success of this compilation comes solely from the dedication of the local artist, whomever they may be.

G.B., audio editor

