

A poem by

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## **Carpark Hooligans**

sitting in the shallows of nowhere.

dim eyed teenagers who tread

on murders silken face in the gutted inferno

of dusk, in the enigmatic lexicon of smut,

lured by its social isolation for a cigarette

or two. by moonlight fondling sunlight

beneath a smashed balcony of stars.

adolescent bodies plundered

with lofty fears, grazing gently

through a thousand murders. as stars

push through the oil

of a shipwrecked moon. and trickling auguries

on papers of innocence show us the weeping parents

whose heads are spaces of wind dancing

in erotic facades of their daughters.

the stars are the cruellest when banality

sends out its human hordes. and we sit in the shallows

of neon dusk, fleeing the crowds with razor spirits.

as people in lukewarm nights drift with heaviness

through the plains of sanitised uproar;

we memorialise silence

shadowed upon the diffuse crown

of an earth.

in the sky, distant ships sailing everlong

into platinum storms.

and in numb moonlight

shredded pages of pornography.

in chipping shadows we find

words once used by men to speak.

and condoms, like severed ghost limbs,

discarded in the gutter; among shadow tipped roaches

and lonely prophetic garbage.

we walk the axis of zoomorphic spirits.

the cafés blaring a neon language.

bruises mixed of dust and bugs

within streetlamp mouths react

with amber yawns to shallow dark.

as humans discard, deviously, shadows

craved from opals.

we pass buses swollen with quietness.

windowpanes murky and blistered

with stories forgotten to be shared.

the echoes of our feet gargle half heard poems

written with the rust of dusks aluminium light.

we feel the lies within our chests,

unfurling the webbed network of their black wings,

hanging from our ribs like a thousand bats.

in gutters, hidden beneath innocent halos

of bore tusk, men fondle ideas  
of adventure.

and laughing phantoms in linoleum shadows  
ask us for change as we drift by tangled  
in LSD wires of melancholy. running down  
scowling myths  
which vanish like lepers  
on these downcast streets. singing hooligan hymns  
of immortality, that our scoundrel legs  
never end their futile wandering  
into the dark ricochet.

we sit in the shallows of nowhere,  
smoking a cigarette,  
with no  
hope.

we speak the language of nowhere  
and no time. talk in charred phonetics of wood  
bursting in heat. waiting for her to call  
beneath the skullet trees, sighing crooked breaths  
beneath nights black condensation  
upon a glass heaven. pentagrams snaking our necks  
to bewitch our poems.

the calligraphy of eyeliner playing out tragedies  
around the empty warehouses of our sightless eyes.  
black hair teased into grim cathedrals.

and within these welted bodies  
we lose ourselves to their synthetic gardens,

and step out from these forlorn soldiers

into the hobnails of starlight;

to praise, savagely, the night:

“O you whose face bejewelled with satellites

and stars, who hears our egos and transmits

dancing signals to our homes with your revolver,

who kills us with your subliminal messages

and chemtrails, so faithful mother! forgive us,

may we see your might in our freedom. in our kingdom,

the enigmatic lexicon of smut. where the zephyr

of her thighs weeps in yellow robes

of the carparks insensible aura.”

we lurk by carparks and stare at faces

who only glisten in violence

and in other dreams scrapped up and torn

by the benzene smile of their scoundrel imaginations.

picturing the imaginations of carpark hooligans.

who must wander into the audacious auguries

in those places? disturbed by skeletal shadows

upon their eyes when they leave. hooligans shimmering

in the shallows of the carparks yawning

yellow shadows. eyes like HDTV's splintering

with spears of florescent light.

to them we creep the night.

our Joy Division shirts state the unknown pleasures

which they seek in these dilapidated nights,

grouping like thirsty animals by the waterholes  
of their cars. their menace acted like pornographic love.  
bum-bags filled with yellowing stories  
wrapped in cellophane.

we circle around the scene filmed  
by dust tattooed lamps, around hooligans  
who come palms filled with whitened fingers.  
imagining the sounds of their fists  
through the windows blistered  
with spirit skins of breath. want so desperately  
to kill us within the shadow-house  
of our imagination. but only stand there, dealing mystery  
in zip-lock bags. the vestiges of consciousness  
dance like tinmen on acid  
beneath the chrome guts of their vehicles.

and the only gallant gentleman among the thugs  
presses his face to the feet of karma  
and begs: "O my sister, may we kneel down  
to kiss your feet, in hopes that one day  
you will kiss ours."

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