

Brighton Oasis

I was soaring over a cultural desert of false pleasures
On a pair of stolen wings made from beeswax and vulture feathers
I could barely hold them together when I came to a barren ocean
And entered this oasis of Arizona weather
Alternating with rains wetter than Amazonian rivers
And I found shelter there with the local rebels, who entertained
Themselves by experimenting with their serotonin levels
On pebble beaches, before descending into the nether regions
Of the hills, dressed in leather breeches, necking pills
Like skittles in the seamiest dens of sexual deviance
Ready to pledge allegiance to nothing less than pleasure-seeking
Yes, a festive ethos infected them every weekend
And this bohemian Mecca needed a network of creative
Musicians, MCs, and DJs for entertainment
The kind of place where the night life is just as vital as
The fire brigade, where a guy can ply his trade live on stage
In front of a bunch of primates with deep fried brains
And hey, I can relate to the desire to change your mind state
Every night, wake up with a migraine, and the next day try it again
So I stayed in Brighton for quite some time
Mostly because I like the way the locals play this rhyme game
But I was never quite native to this tribal oasis
Just an honorary adopted member, so I left them
To the onslaught of winter, confident that liberty
Is something they will not surrender

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