

# Somerville News

## Lyrical Somerville – November 23

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Endicott College Creative Writing student Kara L. Bonelli loves Red Hot Chili Peppers—no, not the food, but the music group. She shared her zeal for these “monks of mayhem” with her poem titled “Red Hot Chili Peppers.”

### Red Hot Chili Peppers

The funky monks, three kids from L.A. went and fell in love  
making a mess of my mind from the moment I heard their swanky beats ripping apart the radio.  
And then three became two when heroin balloons out phased sweet Slovak  
to rest in the souls of his brothers.  
Slim, you showed Anthony and Flea what it felt to lose  
and taught them how to tear on.  
And Johnny boy came along and blew us all away with that riffing, amazing.  
Her brought us to our knees.  
And the psychedelic, hip-hop funk bites that spill, sliding out of A.K.'s mouth  
slap my face into a smile that's plastered there for hours after,  
leaving me to wonder if our tongues feel the same when we sing the cry of Don't Forget Me.  
I'll show you love with no remorse, I do it everyday.  
As Smith's outrageous percussion bangs my head against the wall.  
And just when the euphoria is about to blow my brains to bits that skinny kiwi slinks into my ears  
with that slap-bass groove that only exists in ecstasy.  
Bare chested, high voltage; you sexy peppers could break my heart  
and do every time a thought comes popping through my mind  
with a drumstick shoved in my side, guitar strings and bass stings, the hyped up raps of your front man  
and your lyrical, messy clean bumps of fuck you funk  
knock my voice to the floor from loving so loud.  
Only you could have your words stained onto my ribcage; we were all made in that sea.  
You musical masters of mayhem made me.

– Kara L. Bonelli

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To have your work considered for the Lyrical send it to:  
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