



IN your Face

+

OUT the other side

ferggus

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Introduction

As I understand it, this poetry is predominantly a communication from our Higher Being. The Wise One that is in all of us. But few hear because its voice is drowned out by our Ego and Emotion voice.

The Wise One had much to say and much to teach. But once the teaching was given it became silent. And remains silent, until we are ready for a higher teaching. We can continue to communicate with The Wise One when we need advice on a matter we encounter in daily life. It is a caring, compassionate friend. An understanding, loving parent.

A smaller volume of this poetry was a fast transcribed record of communication from other Beings. Anonymous, and from another time, place.

The motive for broadcasting this poetry is to share what I have learned from the Wise Ones. It is in a different kind of language which connects to us more directly, more deeply, by cutting through all barriers our Ego places around our mind. They talk to us of things we don't normally hear or want to hear. But though painful the WisdomLove may make us better able to navigate through life, and better help each other.

Some, the smallest segment of the poetry, is an entertainment.

Absinthe

Absinthe, make us see the world in all its darkest corners,
Slide out the slug, the snake slither,
Creep the spider with its web of intriguing death,
The rotting heads on stems of yellow sunflowers
That sway in the Tuscan breeze.

Absinthe spills her charms upon us and we'll draw on her deep,
Invite us to the side of silent ghosts,
Silent until she loosed their tongues
And unleashed that which we most feared of ourselves,
So we could do no more than disavow all the good we ever did.

She caresses us with silk white hands,
Released us from the contradictions
Of those long days playing havoc with our reason,
Absinthe is a whore with the seam across her face,
Denying all we ever needed and giving all we never wanted.

Glamours my life with cool fingers about my throat
And daggers to her breast,
Absinthe,
Come to me in my dreams and tell me all you learned
From every man that ever sought your blessing.

When distracted by her beguiling beauty, dangerous and forlorn,
The future is an empty, abandoned canvas,

In this moment which she is,
As I am,
So there is nothing outside of her.

Or those fantastic images of her translucent mind,
Of five dark horsemen charging across a silent plain under moonlight,
Blood cakes the weapons of them that ride the night,
Lust urging women big mouthed and breasted
Leaning over your manhood.

Drag her to you as she fumbles
With clothes that needed tearing from her body,
For there is no after party: this is the party,
Where we are friends and amongst friends,
Where there are no impossibilities.

Draw me to your ear
And I will share her wisdom and her evil thoughts,
We are friends until this drink is over,
And then we must renew,
Until our minds have left our bodies and there is no misunderstanding.

File in and line up for a taste of her sweet poison,
And what dreams might be,
For which at other times we are rebuked
And feel the need to bow our heads,
But this is hedonism and all hell's freedom.

All we ever wished we'd been,
And might have been remembered for:
Absinthe draws out our hearts with a soft hand,
Now there is only ecstasy,
Sweet music on our tongues.

And love to abandon:
Your embrace,
Your smooth embrace;
But then her soft lips cupped mine
And she leaves me sated until then the need.

Self Portrait of an Empty Man

By calm abiding mediation my mind is cleared of clutter,
Those hindrances to realisation of illusion thought and feeling,
How every sense response
Is an elaborate delusion,

One mind aspect can observe our life,
As the reader of a novel,
So intricate, so detailed, so real it seems -
But it is fiction.

A man we recognise is suffering all that men have ever suffered,
With this realisation attachment to emotion drops away,
These feelings are empty of an independence,
And so their power is gone.

One part of mind - Observer,
Watched this movie of my feelings without attachment,
If these feelings were so contained, then must all feelings be,
And its grasping hand lost all its power.

In ultimate reality
We are that smallest essence, this Observer,
All else is empty,
This solid body: void.

For it IS mostly space,
This streams of thought and feeling
Merely aspects,
Ours a kaleidoscopic view.

We used to preen ourselves
Before the mirror of our illusions,
Claim the empty sheet
To be the greatest work of art.

We the movie star on the golden screen of our delusion
Of all we felt we had to do or be,
A half completed jigsaw with so many pieces missing,
Just sweep it from the table, for it has no meaning.

Free from samsara's fiction!
A man beached upon the sand,
Survivor of the wild storms of my feelings,
How does this change the world?

What possibilities lie open to us?
How will we think, how will we act,
Freed of the fetters
Of self grasping?

A strong acid:
It dissolves all deluded thought,
So we may loose ourselves from negative emotions,
But too must we see the positive for what it is.

Where is the point to living now if not to rid us of delusion?
My self cherishing mind will not concede defeat,
It prods at my defences, but as yet it finds no weakness,
I feel tested but all remains a resolute conviction.

For some the task is done:
May they retire from life,
This battle won,
But the war's not over yet.

There remain countless beings unloved and suffering,
Those dwellers in the cave delusion,
Still rag doll'd by their emotions,
Do we abandon them, to those demons that controlled us once?

How easy would it be to take the lazy, selfish path,
To enjoy life's pleasures with the wisdom of the empty mind,
Mindful I must always be,
Lest I fall into the trap of careless torpor.

How will a warm heart arise within my breast?
To propel the thoughtful act,
I, a vehicle,
How will I use it?

A parent to all children,
Compassion at the vanguard,
The prow of this voyaging ship
Two arms wide open.

I have yet to grok that I am free of my afflictions,
Like the trenches men when at last the shelling ceased,
In their minds the bombs still fell,
Men statued weeping noiselessly, broken spirits.

The hand of a maddened man clutching at the empty space about him,
Their tormented mind collapsed upon itself,
Victim of self grasping for a concrete self,
Do they perceived their emptiness?

I could continue to reinforce the quelling of my obscurations,
But where's the point in that,
If I know they're all illusion,
It's just a movie script, who'd want to change it?

Yet if I do not continue in my quest
To change the habits of my mind,
Will I fall back upon those familiar barbs
Of anger, selfishness and greed?

Must I be ever consumed with bursting
These colorful balloons of my delusion?
A man thrown upon the beach, who's long endured
His ship being wrecked upon the hidden reefs of suffering.

Now I'm free,
And wanting everyone to share my freedom,
But let me catch my breath a while;
Gather strength to these worn arms.

And take stock of this solid ground I find myself upon,
Observe the recent turmoil of his make believe,
Emotions are no more real than dreams,
They can no more control him.

The root of attachment to emotion snapped forever,
Transported into space there's nothing here,
And this is me,
In ultimate reality and truth.

I perceive it clearly - this emptiness that's me;
I can no more than be,
For here is me - where there is only space,
So what is there to grasp?

If my thoughts and feelings
Are no more real than dreams
That flit behind my eyelids through the night,
Then why would I grasp at what you think of me?

Yet ego seeks to raise some feeling in the heart,
So, we've my delusory desperation seeking to create in you
An illusory feeling in your mind of me!
Where in that is worth the smallest effort to achieve?

I lay now upon the sandy beach,
Shell shocked but freed,
For a moment nothing seems to matter any more,
Until I recall my suffering, and my attachment to it.

Driven beyond reason, beyond care for any other being,
And realise that most of us remain attached to this delusion,
And so still weep, and so still kill,
And so still harm each other - in such inventive ways.

And so still seek meaning,
And so still crave an elusive peace -
May I be the harbinger of peace,
The harbinger of love.

What if She Died before Us?

What if she died before us,
Who would hold her in their arms,
Would there be love or distance in their eyes,
Would she think of us or the trial ahead?

How would we hear,
Would we know before she died,
What would we feel, the instant of her end,
Would she be ready, or regrets torment her?

What if she died before us?
Lay in our arms, her breath fast leaving,
Her eyes once bright with wickedness, now dulled,
Blood flows from wounds too many to secure.

Mingled with our tears of love and desperation,
How yet we might save her – but faint hope remains,
Better fill the slipping moments with looks, with words, with touch,
She'll know she died in arms that love her always.

And on the journey faced alone, imagine hand in hand we walk,
Jumping puddles, telling stories to amuse and scare,
Think love, we're at your side in dreams and waking,
To our day's end.

Gone, each drawn out moment beckons,
Live on, on, until our end at last relieves us,
Each rising sun,
The day before us filled with thoughts of her.

At night, when at last we sleep,
Our dreams of you as you once were,
Then wake,
And dread the thought of being alive without you.

Will we ever sleep in the peace I had when
You slept beside me, frightened by the wind?
Your breath warm on my neck,
Your kicking feet which woke me, now hang limp.

With courage face your journey, wash away your fear,
Wave and smile farewell, then walk firm around the corner,
We love you always,
You always made that easy.

What final thoughts run through your mind?
Give us something to remember you,
At this final moment of shared lives,
And, then, we'll step apart.

Before you came into our lives
We'd never known this love we feel, so never missed it,
But as you escape, alone, to face another journey,
We'll feel that every day is incomplete.

Devoid of joy you brought, just in your being,
No longer hear your rage and laughter,
In fifteen years forgotten,
The imprint of your life washed from the drifting sand.

Can good come from your death?
Will my heart seep compassion, an endless well of love,
I would trade my life, could I trade your's for this?

If the world was freed from suffering
I would sacrifice your life, my most loved,
Or my own, if it were enough.

Cigarette

Smoke drifts on the morning air,
The ash pause from falling
As your coffin lowered in the hard, cold soil,
They cover you,
The unkempt grass and wild flowers:
Sorry babe, they never brightened up the place.

For a trip the tokes light up your face,
Against the dark backdrop of the Frangipani tree,
Babe, the flame won't never cauterize your feelings:
Life passed by in smoke hazed,
Chokin, yellin' breath and rotting teeth -
You ever kiss your man when like that?
Babe, I don't recall a lidded look
And half hid smile that's his for keeps.

Just you hunched over the mile long drag:
Cheeks hollowed, features wrinkled -
Aged in the time it takes from light to stub.

Pull another from the packet babe:
The crumpled Magic Box,
With the warning you don't take no care of -
Fag shortens by the death wish drag,
For that less than second hit.

Another stagnant, empty pause,
Nothing beating to convince me there's life:
You turned inward,
The flowed over ash tray
The discarded butts of loves, dreams, and endings.

Wasted years: dragging on the sponge tipped stick,
The fool you look as the tip sparks a red,
When it should be you burned with indignation,
At least you'd be something then,
And I could speak of you with pride come easy:
But fight spilled out of you with the falling ash.

Less years of this don't seem so bad right now,
But what if you had everything to live for?
But you never could, with the choices you always makin;
The match sticks coiled and twisted -
The turns you made to 'scape yourself.

Was death revenge upon yourself?
Or on your unborn child who had to suck it in,
If they wanted to. Or not?

Cigarette, she suck on you like cock:
But there's no sweet juice to lick from lips,
Cigarette, strewn bodies in a Slavic grave:
You don't care, but think of all of us that do!

Cigarette, broken: dried flakes the leaves of your unlit lives:
The years that didn't happen cos you died too soon,
Cigarette, companion to my thoughts:
Sometime distraction - sometimes muse.

Seem you primping like you wanna look good,
Though how anyone look cool
With a white stick on fire pokin out their mouth:
I guess I'll never know.

When

When you touch my hand you touch my heart,
And when you touch my heart darling I am yours.

When you kiss my lips you touch my body,
My love, when you touch my body I am yours alone.

When you look in to my eyes you touch my soul,
When you touch my soul I am yours forever, darling.

Rip It!

The crowds parted like the Moses Tide as I shit on the party floor,
I was looking for someone that understood this little turd of satire
Is the only real thing in this room of words that have no feeling.

You're laughing with a finger pointed
Like the looks weren't already daggers on me,
And the storm troop socialites have the batons out and dogs unleashed.

I thought you're pissed but no,
You're stone cold sober,
And that impressed me.

Everyone's thinking you're a fucking eejit,
And you don't betray yourself -
Just raise up the middle finger.

Slow so we all know what's coming,
And give us time to craft reaction,
Cos that's what you're waiting for.

You shed a flimsy shirt that's hardly on you in the first place,
A few girls start to notice:
Are you the stripper no one ordered?

Black leather trousers is all you're wearing now,
Skin on skin, live porn, no rush,
Spread across the floor, you writhe like a snake on heat.

I want them all to know this is how dogs are,
How we all are when we forget
That someone we never fucking knew said "No you can't!"

My heat seeker, no one like you, no one left on the stage but you,
My girl that likes to push me off the edge
And fly past cos you want to hit the bottom first.

Some one asked me who my hero is, apart from you I'd have to say
It's that life's-beaten-me looking wee mongrel
Who's getting a shag every time you see him.

Strobe flickers,
So they only get a glimpse of our action every other second,
Then the lights go on as if your mother's caught us.

You just laughed,
Got up and walked out the door with your ass waving,
In time with the heads of all the boys.

Like those nodding dogs in the back of cars.
I didn't know the boyfriend was such a big strong boy,
But then they always fucking are.

So yeah the blood across the wall is mine,
And I bled some more where I thought they wouldn't find it,
Like it was some spell from the shaman.

Cock's blood on the Voodoo Doll,
So she becomes a vamp on a dark night calling,
And he turns into a priest when the full moon's out.

You broke into the car,
"It was grey and looking bored" you said, "like a naked shark",
So we spun out from the city bank and all those phallic buildings.

All this symbolism breaks my heart,
Seemed like we were making sense so I'm not happy,
So I take the wheel and you braked on.

A little more grey on some cars and a lot less on ours,
Well not ours:
More the red faced guy with Popeye arms that runs at me as I get out.

He's too quick for me, and madder, which I can never be,
Kicking hard then stops when people start to stare,
Cos suits have boundaries they'll never cross.

But we have none,
So I just pissed on him when the cop was yanking him around,
And you start to laugh, like you didn't think I'd do it.

Don't you know I'd do anything, say anything, if there's a point to make,
Even when I didn't know what the fuck it means,
Instinct's good enough for me.

But why'd you have to kill yourself my love?
Leave me alone with no other course than follow you,
I promised you I'd two heads full of schemes to melt.

But there's weariness in your wide set eyes,
Logged it but nothing more than that
Til I was standing on the lip of the neat rectangle
In which they think they'll bury you
But I'd paid the funeral man every dollar I could borrow,
So you were buried in the bush, at the lookout where you jumped.

My heart leaps when I hear the sound of a voice like yours,
See a girl or boy with that fine hair, softer than it looks,
I keep a locket, cos I've forgotten what you look like,
Yet now I can squeeze the hand of every lover discarded by their twin
Who took them places they'd never had the nerve to go alone,
Yet, with her at their side, became the rulers of their unkempt dominion.

EP - Rip It!

The crowds part as I shit on the party floor,
I was looking for someone that understood that this pile of turd
Is the only real thing in this room of words that make no sense,
You're laughing with a finger pointed
Like the looks weren't already daggers on me,
The storm troop socialites, with the batons out and dogs unleashed.

I thought you're pissed but then I saw you're stone cold sober,
And that impressed me,
Everyone thinking you're a fucking eejit, and you don't betray yourself,
Not a rushed *fuck you*, like all I'm good for,
Just raise the middle finger, slow so we all know what's coming,
And give us time to craft reaction, cos that's all you're ever waiting for.

You and me's a small crowd, but good on vocals,
You ran beside me, from the starting line and in there at the end,
Loyalty I love, me a fucking butterfly and you the trusty elephant,
Wisdom and the fool a pair, who'd tell the difference though.

Cos I look the owl, and have the vice and voice to prove it,
While you got that whiny voice.
I give a fuck who cares; you don't,
But I'm strong on love, so we balance don't we?

You shed a flimsy shirt that's hardly on you in the first place,
A few girls start to notice, maybe you're the stripper no one ordered,

Black leather trousers is all you're wearing now,
Skin on skin, live porn, no rush.

Spread across the floor, you writhe like a snake on heat,
I want them all to see this is how dogs are,
How we all are when we forget
That someone we never fucking knew said *No you can't!*

Strobe flickers,
So they only get a glimpse of action every other second,
Then the lights go on as if your mother caught us,
You just laugh, get up and walk right out the door, ass waving,
In time with the heads on all the boys,
Like those nodding dogs in the back of cars.

I didn't know the boyfriend was such a big strong boy,
But then again, they always fucking are,
And he's morals of the Christian Right to wield,
So, yeah, the blood across the walls is mine.

And I bled some more where I thought they wouldn't find it,
Like it was some spell from the Shaman,
Cock's blood on the voodoo doll,
So she becomes a vamp on the dark night calling,
And he turns in to a priest when the full moon's out.

Me naked, praying no cops would see us,
And sure they come cruising round the corner as
I'm trying to squeeze into that fucking match box you call a car,

But then you're a short arse, and it looks big on you,
Like a coat draped around your shoulders.

Fuck I've balls to empty, wads to splurt,
Those belly rings just make me want to come all over,
But then you'd look good in your old gran's twinset,
How could I envy my own dick?
But you somehow managed it,
Til you told me it was all right and I believed you.

Me alone the cops would ripped my balls and stick em up my arse,
Me on an empty stage except the voices in my head,
Gutter bound, a night in the cells, and some fast explaining needed,
I give him what he wants to hear,
But the judge gets on the act and wants a verdict.

I'm always witness, victim and The Guilty,
Fuck how full I feel sometimes,
Got let off the last time when the wig was pleading madness,
Who'd try to argue that one down?
The first time there's silence in this fucked up head of mine.

God our only witness and he didn't seem to mind,
Wouldn't any one just throw one in to stir things up a bit?
You know that forever Sunday arvo, when nothing's going to happen,
Til we all get pissed, and it's gambles on who'll get broken first,
Face it, god's got the whole range up his sleeve,
Got the cv going long way back to prove it.

Like those kids in Africa born
With every disease you pray you'll never get?
But now we're all distastered out,
Which must piss him, it's like top that you cunt!
Got to give him credit for the early stuff,
All those dramas, and his own boy upon the slab.

Down the beach we head, like Mr Prim and Mrs Proper,
We're after fucking in the sea,
You a little coy, which I know's an all out act, but love you for it,
Kid swims round us looking for a candy eye,
Til his old ma saw what's going, and fog horns him out,
We'd come so no one cared - the lad was kin by then.

You kissed him on the lips when the old bag wasn't looking,
He couldn't hide the little stiffy on him,
But we didn't laugh, cos he was cool,
Had the balls to perve without discretion,
Got his education on the birds and bees - the whole shebang from you,
The Pianist they call him now,
Gentle when it's needed, fingers ply the high keys,
With a bit of shine to keep them guessing.

We had to leg it when the cop come, wavin round his gun,
Makes to tag us, but this guy just cleans him over,
A noise of back fire,
Cop staggers like the old ham actors,
Except there's no acting here, life's seeping out him,
A few moments left that's all,

And you can see he knows it,
But he doesn't give a fuck, which makes you cry,
Poor bastard,
What a life - to want to die,
When we all have a choice of what we'll make it,
But most people think they can't, cos we've pin head wisdom.

Never goin back, though they still talk bout us,
Who led who astray?
Who gives a fucking fuck fuck -
So long as we're not wearing blue and suits again.

I want to eat bananas - out of you,
And you oblige, for the first and only time:
Get my fill, end game, slam dunk fuck!
Later hang you out the window looking to the long red sky,
Scream with ecstasy but the siren drowns you out,
The old biddy thought I was trying to fling you from the seventh floor,
Which I was, cos I thought you'd bounce back up for seconds,
Superwoman - with the magic cord around your waist.

The fireman kinda got it, then I start laughing,
Blue boy's all right, just took a while to thaw,
But don't we all when we're pissed with life,
You'd gotta be - all this death and people kissin with their boots.

You broke into the car,
Why that one? I asked,
It was grey and looked bored you said,

Like a naked shark,
So we spun out
From in front the city bank, and all those phallic buildings,
All this symbolism it breaks my heart,
Seems like we're making sense for once,
So I'm not happy,
Snap the wheel; you brake on,
Whoa!
A little more grey on some cars and a lot less on ours.

Well not ours - more the red faced guy with the Popeye arms
That runs at me as I get out,
He's too quick for me, and madder, which I can never be,
Kicking hard, then stops when people start to stare,
Cos suits have boundaries they'll never cross.

But we have none,
So I piss on him while cop was yanking him around,
You start to laugh, like you didn't think I'd do it.

Don't you know I'd do anything, say anything,
If there's a point to make,
Even when I didn't know the fuck it meant,
Cos instinct's good enough for me.

So let's home and fuck my dear,
I'll let you ride top deck,
I'll just be the music man - guide me to your music box,

Pick the song you want me play,
We'll sway in time, and pucker up on cue,
And then we'll start the dance that everyone is wired for,
And I'm a virgin every time.

We board the train where no one speaks to no one,
Until you start to sing,
And I move to the other end and start a conversation with myself,
Empty spaces form around us,
Til someone gets it and they're singing too.

Like chooks the rest look scared,
All running round in smaller circles in their minds,
The pregnant woman, she can touch the earth,
So she just laughed, posh but still with us,
Held her belly like they do,
As something's going to drop and roll away,
You know those heavy medicine balls,
Medicine for what?

I'd like to have one when I'm roof top,
Plop it on some bug that earned it,
But who rated what?
It's all just consequence,
Which sounds the same but isn't,
Cos there's no get-back-at-you emotion,
Just what the fuck, that's outcome man,
Take it, cos it's your film and no one else's.

We'd run out of places here so it was on the plane, away game,
Hostie thought she'd all the answers, and seen it all,
But she'd not clipped your act,
While I'm demanding compensation
And claim to be The Diplomat.

But then it all goes wrong;
Rules which make us in the spotlight guilty,
You pushed it and you paid the price,
Looked through the bars with tearful eyes, reproachful,
I just smile and shrug, what you expect?
Ain't I the guy that shits on someone's carpet for attention?

Breasts ripple as you move through the crowds,
Two girls, Ritchie and the meat balls,
They're a wicked set of kids we own,
But with two parents Lucifer's spawn what would you expect?
Fuck I see the stretch in his jeans from here,
You never told me what he begged for,
You just shook your head and looked across at me.

Then we're fucking, screaming to the music,
My heat seeker, no one on the stage but you,
My girl that likes to push me off the edge
And then fly past cos you wanna hit the bottom first,
I never thought me, a man, could only love one girl,
But you proved me wrong.

But why'd you have to kill yourself my love?
Leave me alone, with no other course than follow you,
I promised you I'd two heads full of schemes to melt,
But there's weariness in your wide set eyes.

Logged it but nothing more than that,
Til I was standing on the lip of the neat rectangle
In which they thought they'd buried you,
But I'd paid the funeral man every dollar I could borrow,
So you were buried in the bush, at the lookout where you jumped.

Victories are never counted,
But I've memories that let me sleep at night
Even when we're sitting on an empty bench,
And only I can see your breath,
You astride me looking like we're fucking
But it's just my way to get up close,
Feeling like those puzzles where the pieces fit,
When they looked like they never could.

My heart leaps when I hear a voice like yours,
See a girl or boy with that fine hair, softer than it looks,
I keep a locket,
Cos I've forgotten what you look like.

I punched the girl that said I would,
All bent her nose, and turned her looks downhill,
I wished her boyfriend would had kicked me instead of pity looks,
Like he could know what I was feeling.

Prick I was that thought me
The first explorer in this continent of pain,
And when I look out at star nights -
It becomes a fucking universe.

Silent, I could squeeze
The hand of every lover discarded by the twin
With whom they'd been places
They'd never had the nerve to go alone,
Yet with her at their side
Become the rulers of their unkempt dominion.

Buddha was a Good Man

Buddha was a good man, our teacher told us,
He spoke of him as if he were a recent friend,
The rudder man through these rapids we call life,
Yet we paddle blindly on, the compass of love our only guide.

Craft a kind and loving heart, the dying man mouthed,
His head rests in the lap of friendship, a last breath exhales,
Looks up and smiles a long farewell, eyes now still and empty,
Whilst a monsoon breeze rustles the meagre rags that cloth him.

A friend eases him from life,
As he strokes away the pain of separation from his furrowed brow,
Tears fall, of gratitude, that he could share this passing moment,
A lifetime at his side, two wanderers with nothing to their name.

From these mandalas is the path complete,
The rest is all in explanation,
Some shines the light on wisdom
In our foolish minds so bent on self delusion.

We who are persistent in pursuit of sense fulfilment,
Despite that quiet voice advising otherwise,
This voice is drowned by demanding or alluring cries,
Distracted by a smile; deluded by a touch.

Would we spend a lifetime in diligent pursuit of this good faith,
Aided by the steps hewn selflessly by monks and nuns in meditation,
They guided by a good man, and his kind words,
Guided by a good man, and his wise words.

The Universe in Twenty Verses

Time is complete, like all dimensions in this universe,
The past we know to be complete,
The ever shifting present, and the future too are done,
Time's merely where we stand upon the road at any minute of the day.

Love is the universal coin,
As we leave this world we must discard all other feelings and emotions,
On whatever plane we'll rise on next, love we'll find there,
And, just as now, people wanting love from us.

We are all visitors upon this earth,
We must leave it better than we found it,
And, for we are all able,
Place love as garlands round your neck.

Suffering is as the breath we take to live,
We all crave our sadness gone, contentment in its place,
Yet, even as we hold the jewel of liberation in our hands,
We cast it out, as if it were a worthless rock.

Change is the blood flow of this universe,
How we crave for everything remain the same,
Despite the ceaseless pain it causes
We find comfort in deluding permanency.

Death is the knell of our impermanence,
And the impermanence of all things in this world,
But we ignore portents that might transform our life,
Give meaning to it, and find diversion in it's brief arising.

Joy we can experience here on earth, believe it!
Its sensorial pleasures, so precious, so ours alone,
Which we may never have the chance to feel again,
We should not belittle, whosoever laid this feast upon our table.

Though joy be at the wheel's cusp, enjoy within the bounds of reason,
For the wheel will turn, and sorrow follow,
Then, take the chance to think of others' suffering,
And respite in knowing it will end, and joy turn in its place.

Yet we expect, how we expect!
Abandon expectations, abandon plans, they rarely come to pass,
Some force guides us, a deep current river, if we choose,
Trust, and abandon to this force, for it will protect us.

Walls enclose us in a sentient existence,
We'll never see beyond these walls, however cunning might we be,
Don't doubt there's much to see and do beyond the studded door,
But let us wait until it's opened for us.

We exist in a delusion of our senses made specially for us,
All we hear, however beautiful the sounds,
All we smell and taste, our sense of touch,
Once realization awakes: sand mandalas, will it all be swept away.

This body is not a part of what I think as I,
It is but a complex vehicle to propel me through this world,
As I age my body weakens but my mind does not,
Thus has their separation started long before I die.

This world, this universe, is not as we perceive reality,
We are one continuum of particle unbound by space or time,
Each act will change the course of ours and every being's experience,
Like ripples in a lake, created by the smallest impulse of our mind.

So we are not beings separate from one other,
One vast body, relying upon each other for its continuity,
It's therefore wise to treat all beings as we would treat ourselves,
For in ultimate reality we're one, of which we form its smallest part.

There is a world which few can see and fewer understand,
In which the flimsy fences of our science are trod asunder,
All logic need be discarded, what fool would claim them?
When these beliefs, at every turn, are found to be a fallacy.

This mystic place is like a window in the wall,
May we glimpse our other world through this,
For then can our perception of this world be clearer,
Know its limitations and all its potency.

In our relations with each other do we cling like leeches,
Investing more and more in something without foundation,
Yet how weak are they, how weak are we!
Disaster's but a harshly spoken word away.

Let's then have many friends and lovers
With which to share life's journey,
Let us only want what's best for them,
And hope we have a ready heart when needed.

Life's end looms closer, larger, more persistent in our thoughts,
Our mind can stretch to timelessness and spacelessness,
ManLife begins to take proportion: how small it seems,
Now can we abandon thoughts of what we might have done.

We may relax in knowing aught of any consequence,
Forget the need to make grand statues of our life,
Friend, we may instead just be, and love compassionate,
For it is the only measure of this life.

Jealous Man

I could not be friends with you
For I am a jealous man,
And jealous men have no friends who once were lovers.

Their love's a gun spittin devotional obsession
Indecent to anyone that's never loved this way,
A crass and misfit friend.

My jealousy will not diminish whilst love still stirs,
Nor will it be extinguished by the wind of new passions,
For time would not allow it.

A jealous man could never stand there weakly tepid,
And watch you falling for another man,
See you lie in his arms as you have lain in mine.

Look into his eyes and forget all other men you ever cared for,
I would turn away with hate in my heart
As you grow gorgeously fat with his child inside you.

Then would I wish you and him
The very worst of lives,
Barren of the sound of children's footsteps.

Every day a struggle to survive the shit of life.
That you'd have heaped upon you in unequal measure,
And I would gloat as you're wearied by my blizzard wishes.

One of you, him I think, the weaker, will abandon you
Seeking light,
And release from the weal, and chains.

Yet if I could love you without condition,
Whilst I might be gone, to never meet again,
Then could you bask in love's warmth.

Contentment sighing in your every outward breath,
Your face softened
As all concerns dissolve.

Your body lie languidly still, as only pregnant women can,
Suffused with an inner pleasure,
A feeling of completeness, and hidden meanings.

And I would only want the best for you,
My desires discarded,
Without trace of rancor.

For I'd feel my needs were of no consequence
When your wish to be unburdened
Is foremost in my mind.

Then I will love you as a friend, that less fiery love,
Which might be overlooked,
As the best things often are.

Fuck Queen

You are the Fuck Queen
Cum drips from your open orifices
You demand fucking,
Cum sprayed across your writhing back.

You kneel before the phallic omen,
Then take it in your mouth,
It grows as you suck the life juice from it,
It throbs in your painted hand as you work it.

Then you sit astride it, your hips buck: Ride it!
A smile never leaves your lips,
For you know he will cum when you want him to,
But you will cum first, you must cum first!

He will kiss you, your lips parched,
Needing cum to moisten them,
He will kiss you, your lips two oceans parting,
Body panting like a dog.

He will kiss you,
Your lips spread by his fingers
As he slides them into you,
Your body arches and then sags.

He will kiss you,
Your lips part
As a tongue seeks out your own,
To bind, to play.

He will kiss you,
Your lips rosebud,
Licked and sucked,
Which soothes your ache then heightens it again.

Kisses your neck, teeth sink into the soft flesh of your shoulder,
Branded by his teeth,
No doubt you belong to the Fuck King,
As he belongs, by other ties, to you.

A tongue defines the outline of your chin,
And then lightly courses down the centre of your neck,
To the twin crescent moons of your breasts,
Cum pregnantly held on the tip of a nipple taughtened by fingers.

Lightly touch
As if they do not touch,
As if breath, the crisp morning ocean swail,
Or the warm, faint breeze of a summer morning.

Then it is his tongue,
Upon the tip of a nipple flowering,
Reaching to the sun,
And once again your body arches.

How you wish it were a dick
You could force into his mouth
As he has so many times forced it
Cum dripping into yours, which you could never resist.

Your hand drawn as if to itself,
Dead without the pulse of blood in his rod,
And you are swallowed whole as he takes one nipple in his mouth,
As he circles round its rippled outline.

You feel it not there but in the centre of your body, or
A touch on your clitoris,
A tongue on your moistened lip,
A finger pressed against your asshole.

Which throbs as he licks your clitoris,
Then opens,
Welcoming impregnation:
You are ready to be fucked.

He faces you and you guide
The King of Cocks into you, the Queen Cunt,
There is no pause as it slides,
A train, in and further in, to emerge from your mouth, head shining.

Glistening as the first drops of semen start to journey
And cannot be contained
You touch the tip with moistened fingers,
Lightly, just at the tip, around the rim.

Then like a snake it returns to your cunt, and withdraws,
To plunge again, exploding cum into you, withdraws,
Your legs wrapped around him
Steel tendons, envelope, crush, you merge, then release him.

Blood appears at your breast,
You take his dick and suck it, cum froths into your mouth,
Then wank against your breast,
Milk, blood and cum mix - three streams of life.

He will now impale you,
Your face pressed into the earth,
The mud: you smell its sweet perfume,
Forests: fallen leaves on an autumn day; the rain fell: new life.

The mud like cum over your breasts and stomach,
He takes the rod from you and comes over your back, your hair,
Over your face as you turn to demand more,
Into your mouth a glob spurts.

You swallow and then it emerges from your asshole,
He rods your ass, your two mounds spread by your hands,
As you plead to be fucked up your ass, as deep as the rod will go,
But he will not, he wants your cunt.

The juices flowing, tightening around the sinew,
You are spread eagled, your legs apart as they will go,
Then as he fucks you,
They curl silently around his calves, entwine.

Ass raised

As the stream of flesh slides in and out,
Each stroke a woman's lifetime,
Until you are engorged, your body split.

Your body arches up as if your back would snap
As it begs,
It pleads, in all the courts of all the worlds:
For the rod.

Shakin, vibratin; erupts, pulses in unison with the tendon,
Then an earthquake starts from deep within the centre of you
But also outside you,
The centre of the Universe quakes.

The Fuck King,
He clings to you as his world collapses,
As you erupt,
He is no longer the instrument, the actor, the puppeteer.

Your body is the Life Force of all things,
The Life Energy of all things,
The source of all Life.
Your cunt grips the rod and squeezes every drop from him.

He diminishes, disappears inside you,
You grow gargantuan, you are renewed,
You are the Fuck Goddess,
The Fuck Queen, the Queen of all Fucks.

Now you are sated,
Cum covers you,
You dive beneath an ocean of cum
And draw it into you like air.

You breath cum, then you sleep,
Your body flattened by the Fuck King, spread, complete,
The Fuck King is no more,
The Fuck Goddess lives.

Keeper of Dreams

Looking out from my office box - the evening sky falling,
Street level people escape the life of Light for the life of Dark,
On a long drawn summer day, I'll travel far from home,
This insanity box, and all the people in it,
Lost around the bend in the river of my past,
The overwhelming fears, the bloom of a pointless conflict,
Lose: lose: reality.

I leave behind my mundane life
For dreams unfurled by the winds of desperation,
Make it to a lowly summit, and Everest rises up before me,
Bodies clamber up it, forthright in their bearing,
Whilst on the shallow rise: the people drab as I,
Tread of an aged man with all he cared for dead,
Save his old smudge colored dog near death itself,
On the currents of my dreams I'll too begin to scale my Everest.

From this small town we will escape the call of mediocrity,
Leave behind the tittle tattle, and the heated jealousies,
Desperation of the woman shackled to the sink,
We broke the chains with trepid heart,
Becoming bolder with the stretching miles,
We have escaped, yet disbelief snares us to this golden soil,
Why we want to leave this I could not say,
But it was home too long; the world a larger place than this,
A place we must explore whilst life still moves us.

We leave it late; too late to gorge,
But now at least we wake each day to vistas new,
We have crossed this sea in our Keeper of Dreams,
Our arrival unobserved yet we hear bells clang,
Trumpets fanfare, heralding us to court.

No longer serfs at someone's overladen table,
This day, the first, demands a tipping of the cap,
I wait, bated, but we're never phoned,
That night nor any of the days that follow,
At the edges of this misted dream
Lurked fear that need had found us,
But how soon we are forgotten, as farewells still hang upon the air,
Barely round the corner, past the local stores.

We should not be downcast, we Keepers of the Dream,
But loneliness has never shrouded us in its dark cloak,
Overwhelmed us with this unfamiliar flattening of feeling,
Pessimism, a bow to some dark lord we never faced before,
It makes me tremble, what other unexpectations we yet face?

But this is the wrappings of the gift we claim,
Some will glitter, blind us, make us children once again,
But others will be, must be, as this day, lest we forget,
For these are the days that will drive us on.

They justify the selfish zeal with which we sever friendships
For an uncertain journey in a leaky tub
Launched from a shaky start,

Obsessive for the seeking out of something new,
A frantic furor to quell the fear
Our life's concluding journey would take but a week,
And we'd return to faint laughs of derision, and Told You So's.

Shadows lengthen at the crest above this sombre coastline town,
To which we've drooped on still wings, forlorn and lonely,
We are an actress past her prime,
Thrown from the door, followed by the echo of a mirthless laugh,
The streets her home, once gorgeous looks now over blown,
Oldish men, amours of youth, sidle by, blank averted eyes,
Shrewish wives and clawing child at hand.

We have the look of strangers to these locals,
Recently like us - now ghosts of who we were,
They look at us
As we'd looked at unfamiliar faces passing our stone house
Built by convict hand without love,
As one should expect of man who wishes death upon himself
Or another life at this world's reverse,
For there's no future here, and each day's a reckoning,
Hope drained as the colors from the autumn trees,
A day when suicide appears the only logic course.

We course plains wrought by frozen hands at time's dawn,
Escarpments climbed, through fields of wild grass,
To flat plains with skies full of birds in flight,
Gorgeous pink flamingos, sea birds lost,
The dull grey of wise and cautious drakes, in neat formation,

The yip, yip of wild dogs in a frenzy of frustration,
Sweet tucker out of reach, but prey to wily Crocodile,
Eyes blink blank emotion; patient waiters.

Rain clouds reflect off the still asure lake,
How deep does it claim at its inverted mountain peak?
What monsters lay there long, prey to no one,
Keeper of its own Dreams,
Yet what were they to us, what are any dreams if not our own?
We the star in twisted tales Hollywood never had the budget for.

Across still desert civilisations, deluded we're its epicentre,
Yet it's in the yellow desert that we find our souls,
As we travel west, the sea a wave of sandstone rock, wind stroked,
We seem near; near to our journey's end,
The conclusion of our dreams, but what lies beyond our dreams?
Would we wish to know?

As the journey seems to end, with a rush across the line,
The road opens up - infinite, within,
Now the place my body lies at each day's end,
The stars light on fears, the rough ground my connection,
Trees, their leaves the music at the hand of the late sea breeze,
The black nights a canopy, blank canvas for my vivid dreams,
At the seas edge, upon the rising dunes, heat on my back,
The remnants of a summer's day; the cause of love and laughter.

The end of possibilities, to find the door on uncertainty,
No chipped nail doubt, at the next day's rise,

Free from regret of what we might have done,
Vigil on a drift past dream,
Stirs of bitterness, rancour, and a lonely hermitage,
Or would we'd never left the box,
Then our dreams are left to the Keeper of Darkness,
The keeper of all things of which we have no need.

Black : Yellow : Red

black fire Sky, bright Sun, red Soil,
Encompass the totality of our lives,
Spirits hold our hands to guide us,
Long day dreaming.

Throb of voices, music, cicada's hum,
A land free for all to wander, no one ever owned or tamed her,
Wisdom of all ages passed down,
How will we love this land and all upon it?

Fly high into the sky when young at heart,
Look down and see your world below,
The people you will love and hate,
The places you will go to make your mark.

Hunt your prey; respect its courage,
And from that day you will respect yourself,
If not you'll slither - Snake,
Despised and ostracized.

Bask in warm sun rays
When work is done and life is just for fun,
Play with kids or make your art,
Learn of spirits and the mirrored world.

Then, when your journey's done,
Sink down into this heavy soil,
Look up, up, and watch them - The Young - aloft,
Though they'll not see you - busy in their quest for life.

Forget that you were once where they fly now,
With knowledge of a lifetime's ups and downs,
Perhaps wisdom touched you,
If you've let time take stock of what you learned.

Fall like Snowflakes

May compassion fall like snowflakes

On the heads of warriors,

Who, without just reason, kill the innocent,

For they consider no one innocent, and no place safe haven.

May compassion fall like snowflakes

On the heads of leaders bound for war,

With both sides claiming theirs the righteous cause,

Binding them to seek resolve upon the battlefields.

May compassion fall like snowflakes

On the heads of thieves and murderers,

Who know no other way, for they are lost to reason,

Animals survived by flight or fight.

May compassion fall like snowflakes

On our own heads,

When life turns against us,

And we turn against our children.

May compassion

Break this familiar cycle of defeat.

The Battle Ground

The battle ground is that place
Where our DelusionMind confronts our BuddhaNature,
We may take up the weapons that he grants us.

Forged by his wisdom, and his unbounded love for us,
Victory is gained when our BuddhaNature is supreme
And compassion triggers every thought and action.

Our DelusionMind is ripe with anger,
At times it seems to fill it – so powerful is it's strength,
But take a moment to observe this daemon Anger.

Visualize it in our mind,
Is it really to be feared?
Small – merely glowing coals, pulsating gently.

As it subsides enough for us to contemplate its source,
What benefits its feeding – a rapacious beast, never sated:
The EgoMind.

If, as with most delusions, someone outside ourself
Is the supposed cause of our anger,
Then imagine how they'll feel if we retaliate.

They suffer too,
Why would we heap more upon the toppling pile?
Better leave alone, and victory is ours, and theirs.

Ah, thus is Anger beaten,
And BuddhaNature gains a foothold,
With time this habit will take root and flower.

Now to face that other great delusion,
Our attachment to the illusory gifts of this material world,
Is it wealth, or man or woman, music or the other sensory deceptions?

It can be any one of them,
For they all have something that will draw the moth to flame,
Some object vital to us – a worthless stone to others.

For me, like many men, it is woman,
And it should be so, for she is beautiful,
Is not our human body beauty to the eye?

Even in decay, she is a joy to be with
Time stands still when within her orb,
Her warmth blots out the coldest day.

Her sunlight brights our darkest hour,
But she is also conflict, jealousy: our weakness,
But we must still have her.

Herein the delusion lies, and our suffering begins,
We cannot find happiness, or the will to live, without her,
And yet how long we have, and still can.

She is not the store of our contentment,
That lies in wishing her whatever she desires,
With no care if this conflicts with ours.

To escape the shackles of obsessive love:
Consider what her body really is -
A sack of shit.

We never could NOT love her, but now without delusion:
Behind that face divine - a mask that could be anyone's,
The mouth we craved to kiss - an empty orifice.

Beneath those gorgeous, swollen breasts,
Those silken thighs; love's Chalice,
Organs gulp, and bloody tissue shrouds a skeleton,

Now let our BuddhaNature claim new frontiers,
Our DelusionMind's now cornered,
Yet is the threatened beast at its most dangerous.

The next conflict is delusion of a separate self,
Yet aren't we dependent even for the air we breathe?
On so many others, or we would die.

Yet we cannot accept this simple truth,
For Ego blinds us -
So it can turn a world at which it centres.

This orange flower is not; the sweet birdsong,
The perfume musk; shit's odor,
All, good and bad, are sense delusion.

Our body is not, your body is not,
We are not separated; as one -
A continuum of space and matter to the Universe's end.

So would we, in right mind, curse our body if it failed us?
Or would we nurture it to health,
Forgive our failings then, with compassionate heart.

What's best for you is my desire for you,
I would love you as I love myself,
Or even as a mother, selflessly, without a care for self.

The last conflict is the emptiness of self,
Look inward and we're but space,
What we call self is an endless stream of momentary thought.

Our emotions,
The party parade of our EgoMind -
Our self cherishing self.

Let emotions pop like bubbles as they float away,
Watch thought, feeling, as outside self -
Thus are those thick, twisted roots of attachment hewn.

And so the war is yours now BuddhaNature,
I am at peace,
In liberation.

But the victory is never won,
Be vigilant to border raids,
Or when oppressed, whelmed, by life.

Be forearmed, forever mindful,
For the onslaught
Of a reinvigorated EgoMind.

Guard me - keen eyed, alert - my BuddhaNature,
For suffering would send me mad
To fight the EgoMind again.

Paris France

Paris that long legged tight hipped woman,
Mirage in a short black veil she wore with style,
Heels, slow motion,
All the time to watch undress, on empty streets,
That's the way it seemed to me.

In a taxi talking, talking like a local,
So pissed I didn't care what I was saying,
Laughing
Drunk every day,
And lonely.

So it's cool night clubs and models,
Whilst drinks tear at my wallet,
I bored,
You lost and sad but fitting in,
Elegant, beautiful beyond me then,
That's the way we seemed to me.

Restaurants on streets lit by pages from a Stendhal novel,
Small tabacs that have an aura,
And people I wanna talk to,
You know when they just look like
They got a story to tell that you're gonna wanna hear,
Sounding fast and cool,
Like it might be something all the papers want,
That's the way they seemed to me.

Rive gauche, Rive Gauche,
A Seine side suite this time,
Making love
So the cleaner gets to see your Hour Glass from behind
Man Ray, spectator on the pair of you,
Waiting for the outcome,
While she speaks English like it should always be spoken,
She purrs my name
So I'm scraping chins off tables every day,
That's the way we seemed to me.

We found Piano Zinc, to boys with loose hands,
Feeling like I looked good: Fresh Meat, Turn Material,
While the light boy made you laugh,
Like he was at the Moulin Rouge or Crazy Horse -
With a crew behind him,
All he had was ten bulbs and a dimmer switch,
Made every drag act look like the real thing:
Sensation - A Star is Born.
That's the way it seemed to me.

Fine blonde hair caught by the summer breeze,
Firm body wrapped in a hugging coat,
He Cheshire cat, she elicit,
They run, it's this that turned my head,
For they'd no need to run except that they're in love
Which makes them kings and queens,
That's the way they seemed to me.

Pissed myself

Pissed myself.

No worries there,

I can do most anything.

I'm in a barrel and there's no looking down,

So I'm free,

No constraints on me!

Suits look past,

Eyes averted, fear tainting, losing

Something.

Me, I've got nothing left to lose,

Lying in this spreading yellow stream,

My world caught in a plastic bag.

Alley Cat, don't you try to sidle by: lie with me, let's share your milk,

But Cat I don't trust your fangs and claws,

They seem like weapons for the shrouded mind.

I'm relaxed, bedraggled, legs spread wide: suck the lolly, baby,

Eyes all innocence, don't fool me old darling,

It's written in the expert wandering of your hands.

Wank me!

Wrap those red nail talons round my cock!

While I wet dream petticoats and crimson lips.

But she wasn't my fuck to have;
Don't need to wonder why,
But I had a few good ones in my time.

So I'd still want her,
Cos some way she'd be different,
And that's the itch I can't reach inside to scratch.

I'll lay down everything for this,
Just say the fucking word,
Believe me, try me, bring it on!

This is my land, this is my backyard,
I'm survivor,
I'll give a shit for once!

So up go the fists and I'll square off:
Crack, one punch is all it ever takes,
Fuck I'm nothing when there's action to be had.

So tear up the cloth,
Let life's stench come in
To brush the Death of Life away.

And bare the Soul and Passion that is our raw selves,
Which most would cover with a modest pane,
Ashamed of cunts and sores.

Expose the lie of this quaintly painted world
Thrust our faces
In this Shit called Life.

Close your eyes or shit is all you'll see,
Hold your nose or shit is all you'll smell,
Cover your mouth or shit is all you'll taste.

It's a hard road, but what's the choice?
We'll waste a few, but it's a secret war we're losing,
And I'd be tough on you; or else you're fucking lost, OK.

I can still recall, but only just,
A happy time before this life,
When Shirley held my hand.

We walked together, piggy back or leapfrogged,
Along the ledges,
Cars a zillion miles below.

I'd sing in to her mouth,
Our voices merge, reverberate,
Later we lay down to sleep but end up fucking.

But I tired of this complacent life,
And looked for some other star
To cross my path and light the way.

But it's not stars I'm seeing now,
Don't know why this rocket up my arse propels me,
I try to blow it out: have you ever tried to smell your bum?
It stinks, so save it, take my word.

So I'm flying now, alone,
Into the sky, my bum aflame,
I've left you all behind again!

Yeah I'm the prophet, so stop the staring,
If there were parts for choosing,
Why, I'd be a fucking mouse on acid.

To the Wall

I want you bad,
We're talking
Walls pinned
Head pulled:
Back.

Lips part
Glisten
Silent groans
Legs spread
Teeth
Ripped
Bruised
A scream silenced :
Hand over Mouth.

Heat
Fingers wet
Sucked
Dress where?

Breasts flattened
A hand
There.

Frantic limbs

Nails grip

Flesh parted

Sweat

Push, Push

Cock:

In.

Teeth score

A white neck

Red.

Legs buckle

Fuck:

You.

Dead and come to life

Two People again

Thighs drip

Cock slow pulse:

A memory.

Enfold you

Heads hang

Rest on still heaving shoulders

Eyes lock:

Smiles

Widen.

Look up

Hand reach out

Hesitate:

"... Can I touch your face?"

It made me wish that I could cry,

I don't know why,

That's how my mother showed her love -

I recall it now

No thought: a body,

Gentle, on a baby's cheeks.

Your hand, older than your face,

Its movement mesmerises me,

Cups my jaw,

Then you're painting contours in the air,

My eyes follow as if upon a string,

Soft lips, a tongue moves too fast for me to catch,

Then you stop and let me:

Eat you.

The Splintered Glass

I'm stood up here cos I'm always on the outside,
So yeah I'm the splintered glass that never fits,
And the unexploded bomb
With a second on the clock.

We're the creed that no one understands,
And the Prophet no one wants to hear,
And yeah, we're the romantic lover, when all the girls just want a fuck,
But we're the real deal when there's only little boys around.

We're the crime we won't confess, and the goodness we can't admit,
So yeah, I'm the killers gun that blows up on his face,
And the orphan kid that got too old at five,
And doesn't have what every parent wants.

I'm the one that pissed you off, and still borned your dreams,
So yeah, I'm the 60 K sign on the straight line road - no car in sight,
The pothole which broke the axle as the speedo touched one twenty,
And yeah, I'm the cop that caught you.

But You,
You're the lorikeet that never leaves it's dying partner,
The herd of horses roaming free across the broad savannah,
And the fish that swims all the oceans to seek it's mate.

You're the gorgeous scent of flowers I never planted,
And the open cage, with the sound of bird song in the distance,
The day my daughter launched herself upon the world,
And those infrequent days when I forget she doesn't love me anymore.

You're the wild animal that runs to me for safety,
And sometimes bites me when I pick her up,
An all day pass to the fun fair that whips up into my hand,
And I'm first on the best ride, and last on the one that never stops.

You're sailing when the wind blows lazy,
Then roars up to a storm,
The day I wish I'd live for ever,
But only if you're there beside me.

The time the Bikkie kissed me, then denied it,
And when I did everything bang on, and everybody noticed.
Cos you're the best I'll ever be:
Darling you're the best I'll ever be.

EP - Splintered Glass

I'm stood up here cos I'm always on the outside,
So yeah, we're the splintered glass that never fits,
The nuts and bolts left over when you put the engine back,
And the unexploded bomb with a second on the clock.

The orphan kid that got too old at five,
And doesn't have what every parent wants,
The creed that no one trusts,
The prophet no one wants to hear.

The terror act that no one claims,
The cause that no one wants to die for,
The crime we won't confess
And the goodness we can't admit.

So yeah I'm the killers gun that blows up in his face,
The romantic lover, when all the girls just wanna fuck,
And yeah, we're the real deal
When there's only little boys around.

I'm the one that pissed you off, and still borned your dreams,
The 60 K sign on the straight line road - no car in sight,
The pothole broke the axle when the speedo hit one twenty,
And yeah, I'm the cop that caught you.

We're more than we'll ever understand,
So yeah, we're the last tree to lose its leaves,
The bus that's never late -
Til someone gets on board,
The spotlight in the rabbit's glare,
And the soft fur on its under belly,

But you,
You're the lorikeet that never leaves it's dying mate,
The herd of horses
Roaming free across the broad savannah.

You're the fish that swims all the oceans
To complete itself,
The gorgeous scent of flowers I never planted,
The open cage, with the sound of bird song in the distance.

When I realise
It doesn't matter if I'm loved or not,
Because I feel complete
Just loving you.

You're the day my daughter raised her voice
And launched herself upon the world,
And those infrequent days
When I forget she doesn't love me any more.

You're the wild animal that runs to me for safety,
And sometimes bites me when I pick her up,

An all day pass to the fun fair that blows up in my hand,
When we're first on the best ride, and last on the one that never stops.

You're sailing when the wind blows lazy, then roars up to a storm,
The day I wish I'd live for ever, but only if you're there beside me,
The time the bikkie kissed me, then denied it,
And when I did every thing bang on, and everybody noticed.

Because darling, you're the best I'll ever be.
The best I'll ever be.

Blind Man

HIM

They say you can pick it from their voice, or touch,
Fuck that,
It's not the same as seein the bitch
With knickers down and panting for it.

The smell might be a blue turn on
So bury me up to me ear holes in her fish tub juices,
That's when you don't need eyes boy,
It's all touch and feelin.

What I'd do to see abandon on her face,
I'll never tell you what I'd fucking do to see again,
That's me, fuck I'm no use to any one, least of all meself,
A blind peg leg, the leaning fucking tower of Pisa.

Fuck it, crank up the music boys, this party getting tame on me,
The girls have all but left, and the booze is getting dry,
Wha's my chances of a fuck tonight, I'd say feckin meagre,
And since it's me last, course I was hoping for a corker.

But the corks are popped,
And all who loved me hate me now,
Can't blame them, given all I did,
Broke faith, lied, stole, beaten: the list goes on.

I hoped I'd get it right
Before I ran out of reasons,
And someone to fuck over.

But here I am in this fucking dead end bar,
With no one I'd want to call a friend
If we was the last johns on Gallipoli's beaches,
And the fuckin bastard Turks were making their last charge.

God she's not a looker but she's coming over any road,
Christ, it could be me night after all!
The one to leave on then for sure, for as hell there wont be another,
Who'd want this old carcass?

"Take you're fucking hand off him!"
Ah, a voice I'd recognise
In the storm of all mother fuckers,
The old girl, where'd she find me?

"Take me home love, I got pissed and pissed again,
Me mind played tricks,"
A belt for luck, ah she's a card!
But love me, always.

See ya boys,
Poor old bastards the lot of yer,
Til next time the old waves short out on me.
I smell it before I feel the bottle crack across my face.

A fucking waste of some good liquor,
Or is it blood? who gives a fuckin shite,
The auld one'll sort me out, she will:
She will.

HER

*Sort him out I would,
What was the auld git playing at?
Those fuckin dark glasses again,
Pretending he was blinded in the war.*

*Fucks sake he never left the street,
Excepting when he had the run in with the law,
And he's the eyes of a hawk, the cunt,
He'd spot any chance across the market floor.*

*I tried his glasses on,
Christ I thought I'd lost me hand!
Fucks sake,
I've no idea what it's all about.*

*But he keeps me sane, and in the booze
When I can get the pension off him,
Before he pisses it
Or fucks some auld hoor.*

*Why he'd want them
When he has the oldest hoor on all the street I'll never know,*

*But then I never know
What makes any of the fuckers tick.*

*How many times they blubbed their stories out on me, a fiver down,
Should have been a fucking counsellor and kept me clothes on,
More fucking use I did them mind,
With the gladdies off and legs waving up around their ears.*

*A good suck on their knob,
Most the time that's all they need,
But the missus never had the rhythm or the touch,
Or she didn't like the taste of spunk.*

*Fuck its only salt you'd put on chips for dinner dear,
So they all lined up for me,
Me? I got it by the bucketful,
I fucking felt I'd drown in it at times.*

*Well I dragged him home, again,
Begging all the way,
I never touched him but he thinks he's for a beating,
And I don't let on.*

*Let the cunt suffer,
Like he's made me,
He gets some twisted pleasure there
Like those bastards all tied up in leather.*

*Now that I never, never understood,
Who'd want a beating on their privates?
And a dog chain round the neck.
Sick I calls it!*

*Let them fuck me arse
Or anywhere,
But fuck me how well they paid
For the whip, or heel and chains.*

*"Gave em what the suckers want"
That'd be my tombstone epitaph,
But what priest would let me near a church,
Except that old cunt who loved to get it in his praying kit.*

*But I never loved a one of them,
You're no different to all the rest, George,
Why is it then that I love you so?
God would never answer that, though I'm still waiting.*

Twin

I am your lover
I am your brother
I am your father
I am your son
I am your teacher

You are my lover
You are my sister
You are my mother
You are my daughter
You are my teacher

Whatever else I am in this world, these I am for thee,
And you these things for me,
Let time determine when we begin, and when we end,
Let we call the colour of the tapestry,
Let we call the depth of the pool, and its clarity.

Let we be the truth to each other and to ourselves,
I am you,
And you are me,
There is no other reason
For I to love you with such completeness.

Open your heart

Open your heart, I'm just waiting for the sound of bolts being drawn,
And the creaking of rusty hinges on the long barred door to your heart.

I know you will, when you're heart can't stop itself,
I know you will, when there's nothing left to fear.

I know you will, when there's no more questions,
I know you will, when there's only silence.

I know you will, when all you want is peace,
I know you will, when time has no meaning.

I know you will, when you hear your heart's true calling,
I know you will, when you care more for others than yourself.

I know you will, when nothing matters,
I know you will, when tears come easy,

I know you will, when you care less for what you own,
I know you will, when you don't want to hurt no one.

I know you will, when you can love yourself enough,
I know you will, when you love me.

The Day's Remain

How may I familiarize myself with death,
Yet still enjoy the day's remain
Without a saddened thought?

What can I do to ease the pain
Of countless lonely miles to cross
As landscapes strive, and fail, to wake my eyes to beauty?

The while wheels turn on an endless treadmill leading nowhere,
This I face if so I choose it,
along with thoughts of final endings.

How many memories will fill with peaceful thoughts of you,
Times we joined in silent contemplation, we two conspirators,
Of love and conversations of our souls.

Which cleared my fuddled thoughts,
Transformed them to jewels of knowledge,
Reflected through them feelings' rainbows.

How many photo moments shared, my compassionate friend?
How many tears you dried, how much pain assuaged,
How often did I drift in to sleep whilst at your side?

Then let my heart and mind be open
To an endless friendship
Merely parted by an ocean's distance.

The good things of life
I gave to you with love
Can now sustain me in my loneliness.

And realize the fortune gained,
Short yet richer
Than a wealthy man's entire estate.

Time lulled the notion of her death,
Was I then a man
Who passed some object daily without it's observation?

So I must have been a man
Who closed his eyes
And feigned that he was blind.

May I avoid days replete with anger, fear or anguish,
Thoughts of missing you
And what was left eternally undone.

Living in each moment would I sift the sands of time in morbid thought?
Yet amongst these jagged shards of sadness
Lies the gift of universal love.

Despairing feelings crowd my new found wisdom,
Through meditation may I still my mind,
As breaking waves along a shore,
And still the teeming ants that cross the pages of my mind.

In this calmed peace
Can I prepare myself
To ease her death.

And in so doing
Think of her and not myself:
The surest antidote to self pity's mire.

When you loved Me

She

*I came alive when you loved me,
I died when you left me,
For the few short weeks you loved me - I lived.*

*In him I found all I sought in a man,
In me he found himself,
And in us we found meaning - life was meaning.*

*I desired his arms around me,
His lips on mine,
The smell of him a shroud about me.*

*Though it is from him I need protection,
We were lanced - the stake driven deep,
The very instant of our meeting.*

*Doomed for all our multitude of lives -
Since from the moment he snares any woman
Is he doomed.*

He

*She was the wrong girl to spill my heart upon,
She has no heart,
Too young and full of light intrigue.*

Empty of all that brought out the best in me,
And full of all that made me weak; the very worst I could be,
But without her meeting would I be the man I am today?

The man I longed to be, the man I would be,
The man who would hold you against all claims,
And deny any man a share of you.

She had much about her to worship, yet little to love,
A hard stone on which to break,
So I will turn to less tormenting pursuits.

Bodhicitta

Let compassion burst upon our hearts
To shatter the hard formed stone of our indifference,
And wisdom be awakened in our minds:
These two pillars will sustain us through life's trials.

The past was all futility, to stem with sand confusion's tide,
A life of rising discontent, with dull pleasure's limit reached,
Wild plans formed, each certain of their winning,
But doomed from their beginning.

Led darkly down an aimless path,
No different from its end or any point between,
Chaos my demented guide,
Tormented by the knowing I should know.

To set high goals courts failure
And with each expectation disappointment,
Abandon them;
Let others judge the value of our life.

If ego masks the blemishes I cannot face,
I will strut in glorious stupidity,
Ridiculing others whilst they pity me,
Waste time in preening and the search for fault.

And contort myself to some desired image:
A God of War, impregnable to all challenge,
Until a victor rises, wiser, stronger,
From whom I would run or cower.

As night will turn to day this will occur,
The time uncertain but the prospect sure,
Or perhaps a God of love:
Irresistible, and yet resisted!

And what if we seek
To climb upon the backs of other's toil?
Compete to win an irresistible prize.
Which must differ for each one of us.

For only in its perfection
Could we commit those worthless acts we justify.
Yet as we climb, draw near the prize, we see the lustre faded,
And so we must another prize seek out.

Yet should we cast the net of love around us,
Would not our own lives be enriched,
Our suffering diminished, wisdom come with ease, as if fore learned?
Contentment lap warmly at our feet.

No stranger feel our cold indifference,
And anger be short lived, a passing cloud, like other cruel emotions,
We will dream of other's happiness
As if it were our own, or our most loved.

I will love this Earth,
Her kindness showered upon me,
Deserved or not,
For in her heart no miser dwells.

This bounty so few enjoy, for they see not its purity,
But some mirage of their own desires,
And so unsated they remain, whilst I and others sit content,
Filled beyond all measure from the same cup.

Our soul lies outside emotion and transient desire,
It is our higher path, our only friend in our aloneness,
The voice which questions and illuminates delusion,
The truth that we would own should strength deliver us.

So we will recognize the journey's worth,
This very pain is our reward for knowledge now ingrained,
We cannot lose what cost so much to win,
For in every pain is joy brought near.

Salvation lies, through our soul's ceaseless quest,
In lessons we must one day hear,
Even at our last breath,
It is enough: not too late!

Better we should know than die in ignorance,
For with this knowledge death's lonely journey
Becomes a peaceful drift to our obscurity,
Don't trouble to resolve the riddle of our death.

We have enough in this life

Without the burden of revealing what certainty awaits us in our next,

A child will wake refreshed with all it needs to face the day,

Trust likewise in our next being.

Nepali Woman

Your voice can soothe my journeyed soul,
Beating slow, to a pace I've never felt before,
Smooth waters, running over rounded stones.

As a mother sings a lullaby, I fall asleep,
Your tempered voice the last thing I hear,
Backgrounding to the disembodied talk about me.

You see things every day
I'd only glimpse and never understand:
I've need to tether in your still waters.

Shores that welcome, offer easy landings,
Meanwhile across the sandbar
Wild seas rage and roar.

Your world moves round you,
Ordered and in peace,
A timeless flow from past into the future's mists.

A baton you took up,
From forebears that lived a thousand years before you,
Just as this day.

Your face reflects the fire before you,
Saves us all
In it's quiet repose.

Would your touch have brought me peace?
But you'd had a man before and left him,
Cast to a life not of your choosing.

Meek but crass,
So easy to unbalance this intricate disorder,
Unable to withstand the likes of me.

Until one day, not far from now,
It will end, and with this order gone
Your lives become as ours, then are we all lost.

Time

Time is a road unravelled, we a traveller on it,
Time is still, finished,
Though Ego wishes us believe it opens up unique,
A stage for us alone.

How could we know the future if it's yet to pass?
Only if time exists complete -
Like all dimensions in the Universe -
Could we see our future as if a distant vision,
An eagle flying high amongst a distant cloud.

For some we have only outline,
Feeling of some disaster lurking wolflike,
Skirting on the edge of reason
Amongst shadows of the trees in winter snow.

Do I live upon another planet
Before or in a future time?
Who will I know, who have I killed?
What cruelties must I forgive,
What lives have I led,
And yet to lead?

What power may I invoke,
What weaknesses endure?
With what courage will I save,

With pity mislead, and compassion love,
What selflessness my ego slay,
Hatred bare my ugly fangs against the mild?

With what deviousness
Will I betray my friends and my most loved,
What gifts will I forsake?
What will I most covet, kill and die for,
What malformities overbear,
To be all men's equal - or the best of men?

What beauty will I possess and how will I use it,
When will I be overcome by the daemons of my mind,
My soul lost amidst the chaos of it's failing shell?
When will I be admired by all that ever heard of me,
And despised by those same,
For no better reason?

When,
All these roads travelled,
Will I distil to we,
Become at last the god,
Through all time,
We seek to be?

For Zenny

If you can find, in whatever circumstance,
The certainty of having done your best,
If you can set aside your petty impulse for a common good,
And fill your heart with love.

If you can stand content, without the urge to run,
Feel the blackest spirit yet see around you only white,
If you can ignore the words you know are lies,
And through dense forests of those twisted words see truth.

If you can stand against ill will, despite the bitter wind
Of loneliness, speak out, and turn the tide against unreason,
If you can laugh at your ego's vain triumphs,
And not fall upon the sword of false modesty.

If you can judge the value of your every act,
And know how little consequence it has to your entirety,
If you can raise the poorest to the place you occupy,
And, without fear or ridiculing, walk within their shoes.

If you can know yourself,
To love the good; embrace the bad,
If you can take upon yourself a task
You know you'll fail, and still persist.

If you can give warmth to strangers, as if to your favourite child,
Treat your enemy as you would your dearest friend,
If in your darkest sorrow you can redeem the sadness of another,
And know your best and worst is less than most.

If you can know nothing, and bask in this wisdom's freedom,
Set aside your past, without a backward glance,
If you can, all times, seek out your soul's desire,
Feel the tug of fate, and trust it blindly.

If you can let all you hold dear rest lightly on an upturned palm,
Rise above your fear and act upon your soul's behest,
Face death, as every other change, with open heart and mind,
You'll bring much goodness to this world, my child.

We are One

We are not independent as we sometime falsely dream,
No all containing shell of body, mind.

We are dependent for the clothes we wear,
The food we eat.

The sheep that dumbly gives ups its wool
To warm us when our body chills.

The plant that succours hunger and our thirst,
The man who raises fists to die defending us.

For love, from anywhere we may find it,
The minded beast that ends the flow of hate.

Reality's a movie ended
When this delusion crumbles, stone to sand.

Then may we know us -
As one in elemental parts of Universal Space.

No wild storm to bend us,
No wilderness, or sea in which to squander.

We are one:
There is no Me + You + You + You

As one are we arms, legs, of a single body,
Dependent as of heart and lung.

And if one element of us were maimed, we'd not discard it,
Would we not guard it as our death's possession?

We'd not ridicule it's weakness,
Nor curse it for the injury it caused us: where lies the gain in that?

For in so doing we protect ourselves,
So now as one we're stronger.

And one day the weakest man will guide us
With the strength we helped him gain.

Then might we see that caring for another
Is no more to caring for ourselves.

Which, given chance,
We would indulge all lifetimes.

Alone

If alone, unconstrained by singular obligation,
Anyone can be our friend.

All are strangers
Awaiting the call to peace, the call to love.

If alone, all lies before us,
And yet we hanker for the comfort of constraint.

No one to hold us as we fall,
Or are fallen on.

No one to blame for our disasters,
Or take credit for our success.

No one to hear our cry of victory,
Or pain.

If alone,
The path to truth is cleared.

Our madness is no burden
But the door to the great duality.

And then
The yet unyielded world of feeling.

Go to Fuck

We go to fuck, to find release,
We go to fuck to know attention,
To feel the unfamiliar touch of love.

Walk furtive to the door: a dog on heat,
Social graces hold us back from howling down the street,
Tongue hanging out and barking at every girl we pass.

How ever dog ugly she might be -
For in each and every girl is something
Which makes us want to fuck her, more or less.

Nothing stands
In the way of instinct bared,
Ignoring what we're told is good behaviour.

When in truth
It's just what some old dried out maid laid down
As law of how a man should act.

Unless he wants to walk the streets alone, an outcast,
Why not let's just live in peace, no Judgement Day,
For aren't we all wrong in someone's eyes?

The door opens,
Perhaps upon a pretty face?
If it's to a waiting room, would then the blood runs higher.

The moving / static porn reminds us what we hoped to come by,
All the girls are busy – hehe, a good sign,
Hope breaks the surface briefly and we rise.

They might not all be beauties but they'll give good,
Wondering, what's their star turn?
Its finding tops any birthday full of presents.

Happy families, or fine wine dining,
Leave a world of cares outside this door, like silent dogs well fed,
How much bliss lies within these transient comfort walls.

The corridor ill lit with peeling paintwork, it's color indistinct,
The faintly rising reek from the annals of cums past,
The room is in possession of itself; cracked walls, a noisy aircon.

We the single minded beast on mainline to our satisfaction,
All eyes on the closed door,
Ears tense as the heels click closer.

Anticipation,
Then passes by: Argh!
To the luckster that rang the bell before us.

Our room darkly lit; a bed; a table for appearances,
But I so enjoy the complexity of loving
On a cushioned plank that barely frames my width.

What of the whaleriders I see waddle in,
How do they perform this old game?
The girls know all the tricks, so the end will be the same.

This time the door's ajar, a weary beauty enters,
We breathe a sigh, she wants to please me,
We hope we please her too.

Is that so strange a thing to wish?
For therein lies our fullmost joyment:
Mutual masturbation with whatever comes in hand.

He treats her well, and she expected nothing less,
The woman gives him pleasure,
Everything he ever asks for.

Unlike our wife, who'll be deciding what we want,
Then piles high a truck load full of guilty obligation
In return for this unasked for favour.

With no knowledge nor care to know of what a man might want,
And no sisterhood
To the rampant woman true to her indulgence.

It ends, perhaps not as we'd wish,
Was she too pretty, or conscious of it,
Maybe there's no connection: no dial tone - *Hello!*

Then the itch grows a little stronger,
Demands our return and more money down,
But not with her next time.

But we walk away mostly satisfied, dick limp,
A slick down the leg reminds us later in the day,
Draws a smile of reminiscence; will it be better next time?

It never is with the same girl,
It's that first time that brings us back and wanting more,
Snug fit, talk, love, passion – *Ah! Oh Yeah!*

Courageous Heart

When love finds us, have we done good or ill?
For with love comes pain from unintended hurt or separation,
And so fragile are we,
Broken by the slightest tremor.

Without love what are we but an empty vessel,
Love its intended fill,
Empty save the flesh and bone that shrouds us,
With no love to swell emotions' waves from indifferent serenity.

But with love every rift's a chasm,
Each separated moment a tormented lifetime,
A word, the sum of all endearments,
Joy, enough to die content.

Each kiss a passionate insanity,
Laughter, sunlight on all dark fears,
Which lifts the heart from depths to tranquil clouds,
Shadows never form, where can they hide?

And yet should we be wronged, would we be
Lonely as a stranger in a crowded room of friends,
Betrayal shed the tears of all lost children,
Hope lie wrecked upon all hidden reefs.

Kindness, now a warmth we'll never feel,
Sadness sit faithful at our side, vigilant of joy,
And hate turn upon us at every corner,
What can we do but love with a courageous heart?

Armor

Once I was a naked man, devoid of hindrance,
And perfect in my innocence.

I was love, I was perfection,
And you had the very best of me.

I take up this ill fit armor, as the burden of a duty,
To defend myself from and for the hopeless and abandoned.

Without armor I am a tottering infant,
Evil fears me not; ignores me.

Yet am I bound by duty to defend the weak,
It is my duty as a leader, as their prophet.

It is my duty as a father,
And my duty as a lover.

Yet one day may I remove this armor,
Lay it aside, lie down for the eternal rest.

How can we lose

How can we lose what we never owned?

A child

For which we hold a flimsy lease

On love, and understanding.

A friend we never loved enough,

Who would fail our subtle expectations,

So we could walk away unhurt, and disappointed,

Our barbs still glinting on each solitary dawn.

Those ideas we claim our own, but never were,

Sprung unheeded from a Universal Knowledge,

Or those gifts with which we are uniquely born,

From which our best emerge.

Crimson juices of our creativity

Which crash like waves upon a stagnant pool

To stir our dormant feelings into passion,

And our sharpest insight into Spectral Secrets.

Those faint winds of instinct,

That of our link to distant planets,

And a man long dead

Yet still revered.

Nor possessions, which succour our inferiority,
Chain us to the floor,
And paper over yawning cracks
In the fake flaking self we would present like debutants at court.

Or this land our forbears fenced and stake as theirs,
Is not their land,
For with what currency could they have earned the right
To claim it as their own.

And not those traits we think our best,
Which merely shout the loudest,
We should listen for the soft clear voice
Of our Soul: this our sole possession.

Not coloured by the numbers of someone else's choosing,
To reflect their own Fool's Gold reflected image,
So that, goes unnoticed, is the paper lantern through which
The murky light of our true selves shines out.

Should we embrace all that we are,
Then Brutus walks the stage,
At our most provocative
Who wouldn't think we could endure, and claim our triumphs?

And when we love ourselves enough
We may become our most inspired thought,
Our most prudent gamble,
And we the vessel of it's articulation.

But perhaps not freed men,
For that takes
The courage of indecent abandon,
Which few may claim.

A partner, so often thought our chattel,
Is just an interlude in life's solitary journey,
But we do not own her, and nor she us,
Though many may have tried.

Even our life sometimes seems not our own,
Jostled in this crowded room,
Nor our body, a sack of filth we indulge beyond reason,
Our ill fit companion, we sometimes wish we could abandon.

Dust made mud, until with age it dries, wrinkles, shrivels,
In life our thoughts, our feelings, are all we ever truly owned,
But death *is* ours to own,
Alone.

EP - How can we lose

This land our forbears fenced,
And staked, as theirs,
Is NOT their land,
For with what currency
Could they have earned the right
To claim it as their own?

So, how can we lose what we never owned?
A child for which we hold a flimsy lease on love, and understanding,
A friend we never loved enough,
Who would fail our subtle expectations,
So we could walk away unhurt, and disappointed,
Our barbs still glinting each solitary dawn.

Those ideas we claim our own,
Sprung unheeded
From a universal knowledge,
Those gifts with which we are uniquely born,
From which our best emerge,
Crimson juices of our creativity.

Which crash like waves upon a stagnant pool
To stir our dormant feelings into passion,
Our sharpest insight into spectral secrets,
Those faint winds of instinct,
That of our link to distant planets,
And a man long dead yet still revered.

Possessions, which succour our inferiority
And chain us to the floor,
Paper over yawning cracks
In the fake flaking self
We would present like debutants at court,
As they applaud in a halo of derision.

Not those traits we think our best,
Which merely shout the loudest,
We should listen for the soft clear voice
Of our soul - our sole possession,
Not coloured by the numbers of someone else's choosing,
To reflect their own fool's gold reflected image.

So that, goes unnoticed, is the paper lantern
Through which the murky light of our true selves shines out,
Should we embrace all that we are
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Who would think we could not endure,
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When we love ourselves enough we may become
Our most inspired thought, our most prudent gamble,
And we the vessel of it's articulation,
But perhaps not freed men,
For that takes the courage of indecent abandon,
Which few may claim.

Sing of Love

Sing of love,
Sweet, softly, with your Nightingale voice,
Sigh out your lust desires, for only me to hear,
And feel in you the ripple of passion, an animal awaken.

Each day we brush against each other's hearts,
Yours, it seems, unhindered,
Unaware of how this instant rules my waking
And confines my thoughts to you.

How often I feel alone, you far away,
It might be only in my mind
Yet at times it seems that oceans lie between us
As you sleep cradled in my arms.

Your voice indistinct, as if across a wide plained valley
As you whisper in my ear,
Your touch so faint
As of the memory of a lost and distant parting.

Yet there *was* a time when many islands separate us,
When the sounds that still my fears elude me,
Soft words spoken in your sleep,
Your breath on my neck.

The beat of your heart against mine,
Your laughter, free, wicked, desire ridden,
And then to see you, sillouetted by the moon,
As you dance for me, naked to the waist.

Countless are the times I wished we'd never met,
But love is unremitting, my heart's fast,
So forget about tomorrow, when it's wrong we'll end it,
Til then take joy and sorrow as they come in equal measure.

But do forgive me now for what ever I might have done,
Yet I have no regrets,
Knowing that I hurt you the least that I was able,
My own desires are no matter, when contained by you.

I wish you think like this of me,
But we must all love in our own way:
Do you love me
As I yearn to be loved?

Blue Girl - Bondi

Blue Girl,
Fourteen, sitting on the porcelain dunny,
Looking at the camera mama's holding like she's going to drop it.

You've got that
What the fuck am I doing here? look on your face,
Thinking how and when am I going to get to Bondi?

Where I'll wake up every day, and make up for all this wasted time,
Don't ask me why I want to be there:
I just know I need to be not here.

Blue Girl, nineteen now and back again,
Dark hair tumbling round her face,
Still got on the hat, like it never left your head.

Your one day old man thinks it's funny pulling back the door,
Til you turn the finger on him,
Which just makes him want to piss you more.

To find another way to get to you,
Cos every day you get to him,
When he can't hide from who he doesn't want to be.

Already you got some kind of hidden attitude,
Like, "Don't fuck with me brother or we'll need to talk,
And it wont be about things you want to talk about."

Rehearsal time is hard to come by when you're in the trenches
With someone that needs to step on you to make himself feel good,
Unless the bottle's there to build him up.

Want to kill him every day
For what he'll make you do with life,
Til you square him with a left-right King Hit.

After then you don't need to kill him; he's doing that himself,
If you wait long enough every tyrant meets his day,
But sometimes it takes a patient wait.

Blue Girl,
Edgy stories tumble out that I can't connect with you
Boys that don't know how to be a man.

So they take a bat to anyone that crossed the line they've drawn,
And drunken grandmas jealous of your looks,
So she'll slide the knife in when the whisky takes her tongue,

You walked the furthest of them all, and they look to you for hope,
But your Blue Girl's got a knife in her leg
And bleeding from a broken mind.

After she saw you lip synch through life,
Never standin
With the strength you didna know you had.

Blue Girl,
Back to see them tear it down:
Where it all began and ended.

The old fella's drivin' the big machine, that's been and seen it all before,
No skin to him if he blades this one or not,
But he knows there's dreams here from that look of lost relief.

Clutching pockets for something solid to remind you
That where you came from *really* did exist,
Even though it's only hate you're after callin'.

Now he's done there's only dust and fading photos
No one understands or gives the smallest fuck about,
You might feel nothing when you see them too.

Which I'm thinking might be good:
Do it!
Spread my childhood home across these lifeless acres.

Take these memories from my mind,
Watch these walls fold in on everything I hated,
Falling like a funeral going on for fifty years.

But Blue Girl, what are you without your childhood dreams?
When you had the fortune to be raised
By an unforgiving and unjust man.

Look round each room, each wall, the sagging roof,
The old car rusted to the ground with tyres left there like headstones,
The plough your father worked against bitter ground.

Because working land was all he knew,
But this land is not
The rolling, fertile pastures he wished he'd never left.

Cry for yourself, as all true tears are,
Driving out of town you'll pass the block,
Now an empty square of dirt.

Where they'll raise ten houses,
And become the edge of town:
What's that blue reflecting off the falling sun?

Nothing Matters

Nothing that we do in this life matters,
We're thinking all along how we're special,
When in cosmic terms,
Fuck, in any terms, we're just a speck of dust!

Bet you thought we're more than that,
Not on your fucking life, Cosmic Baby,
We're nothing
When the money's being counted.

But if you're a Speck why you'll feel great!
For we've no need to prove to anyone
How fucking "IT" we are,
Cos Specks don't have expectations.

Just snuggled up against another Speck
And together we might be a nug of gold,
Or then again:
A lump of shite!

What do I do?
I'm so gormless I wouldn't know,
Tell me Cosmo when you've got the time,
I can wait, I'm just a Speck remember.

We'd always have some laughs for sure,
Though no one would like us if we're dog shit
Ooh the stink – imagine all those turned up noses!
But us no fuck all Specks, we'd just be pissing with our mates.

But what if we are that shiny nugget?
Girls all drooling, guys just wanting it for power,
From us, the little specks of yellow
How foolish that such things can change a lifetime meant for good.

Turned to envy, greed and jealousy,
For a Speck – what a fucking waste.
But we wouldn't care,
We're just tipping back, just being a Speck: the audience of our influence.

Another time I'd be a Speck in space,
My life a drifting loneliness across a timeless void,
Seeing planets, why fucking Universes, come and go,
Everything that happened in the history of Man.

When Dinosaurs had roamed the Earth,
And I was there when Jesus lied,
And I know what really happened when Allah shed the blood of Infidels,
And Buddha got all his Answers.

What about a Speck of dynamite,
The terror boys would love us,
Just light the fuse, step back and ...
Fuck we're all Specks.

All One – no us, no them,
So now there's no one to pick a fight with,
Maybe that's what they meant when someone said
There's times when good can only come from bad.

Or maybe I'd be a Speck upon her breast: now that's my idea of heaven,
She'd touch me to excite herself,
I'd hear her moaning fingers roaming
Shit I'd be aching, and she'd be sweating.

Me, your little Speck,
I'd go wherever, do whatever, baby.
But remember, Specks don't have to think
Not ma job, no worries me.

Once I'd been a Speck upon a moulding corpse,
The worms on riot to get a taste of me,
Then I was turned into something new,
I'm LIFE.

EP - Nothing Matters

Nothing that we do in this life matters,
We're thinking all along how we're SPECIAL,
When in cosmic terms, fuck, in any terms!
We're just a speck of dust.

Bet you thought we're more than that,
Not on your fucking life, Cosmic Baby,
We're Nothing
When the money's being counted.

But if you're Speck why you'll feel great!
For we've no need to prove to anyone
How fucking 'IT' we are -
No legends in a lifetime, Cosmo Baby.

Cos Speck don't have no expectations,
Just enjoy the view, and snuggle up against another Speck,
Together we might be a nug of gold,
Or then again - a lump of shite!

What do I do?
I'm so gormless I don't know,
Tell me Cosmo - when you've got the time,
But no worries, I can wait - I'm just Speck remember.

We'll always have some laughs for sure,
Though no one likes us if we're dog shite -
Ooh the stink! Imagine all those turned up noses!
But us no fuck all Specks, we'd just be pissing with our mates.

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My life a drifting loneliness across a timeless void,
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Everything that happened in the history of Man.

When Dinosaurs had roamed the Earth,
I was there when Jesus lied,
I know what really happened when Allah shed the blood of Infidels,
And Buddha got all his Answers.

Cosmo, what's the next big thing?
Will we be drifting past
When some Einstein finds the secret to eternal life?
Ah! All this knowing and still a Speck!

What about a Speck of dynamite,
The terror boys would love us,
Just light the fuse, step back and ...
Fuck we're all Specks.

All One – no us, no them,
So now there's no one to pick a fight with,
Maybe that's what they meant when someone said
There's times when good can only come from bad.

Or maybe I'd be a Speck upon her breast: now that's my idea of heaven,
She'd touch me to excite herself,
I'd hear her moaning, fingers roaming,
She'd be sweating – shit I'd be aching!

Me, your little Speck,
I'd go wherever, do whatever, baby,
But remember, Specks don't have to think
Not ma job, no worries me.

Once I'd been a Speck upon a moulding corpse,
The worms on riot to get a taste of me,
Then I was turned into something new,
I'm LIFE.

If we choose to Love

We can - if we choose - to love,
But loving is the love of pain,
The love of the abandoned self,
Loving is the love of scorn.

Distrust built upon a flimsy contract
That any two bit lawyer laughs outta court,
Dreamy wishes Pretty Girl lines every street for,
But never gets - or gives - for wasn't it a candy dream?

Instead of the waste of launching passion
On unattainable bliss that flounders in the shallows,
What of her, in the dark corner hiding blushes and braces?
Wishing you'd entrance her, or at least you'd glance her way.

Doesn't she hold the same cards as Pretty Girl with silken hair
Olive tanned, fine boned, shoulders curve to a neck
Too delicate to cradle the god inspired perfection
That fills our dreams and dreads.

Do not women rule, men follow, unless money's down?
Then it's a level field, with all the twists that love confides to women,
We at last can glimpse some of the mysteries built on eon's trickery,
For a plastic moment, the span of your card's limit.

Cheater beater signs no contract of fidelity,
Just a ticker tape of tender promises,
Makes her all aflutter, twists her innards outward,
Leaving only plastic roses brittled by the flame of lies.

When once were lush and crimson,
And can be still be when passion stirs again,
But now it's only Fake! Fake! Fake!
It's all a fucking fake!

Why not let the true boys in, weaklings all in their physical possession,
We'll side with them, fused to their core is honesty of who they are,
Pretty boys will cheat and lie, their perfection never good enough,
But Ugly Duckling wastes no time in artifice.

For would not transformation take a magician's lifetime?
And therein lies their gift,
The gift of Plod,
No effort could bring them to rest on beauty's thighs.

So why crave the seconds - into hours and years -
That pretty boys and girls must waste in competing
For the crown we'd freely place upon them:
How we laugh when tears well in those eyes in which we drown.

Should not their lives be all perfection - we would have it so,
Their beauty more than our adulating heart can bear,
All because they're sweet enough to eat and fuck.
While sorry we live amongst the flesh.

Competing for each breath,
Our lives persist, sometimes against our wish,
Perhaps betimes they wish a life like ours,
It's often thus, you know.

Like a Pool

My mind's a tranquil pool amongst the early morning dippers,
Or the snow upon a night's cold falling.

The streets before the weary and the poor arise,
The jungle, dormant til the first bird trills.

Thoughts float gently 'cross my mind,
Tiny ripples on the wind.

I sit like this as meditation calms my mind,
Blue winter sky, blue to the curved horizon.

Small clouds drift quietly into view and briefly capture my attention,
Til my mind is calm again, clear skies reformed.

But then the storm cloud troopers form in grey array,
The roaring light show that is serenity destroyed.

Kids leap in the pool, destroy all patterns of my thought,
Bombing, diving, shouting.

The skier carves through the pristine white of my undisturbed mind,
And boarders drag their lazy arses out of bed and to the slopes.

Wow,
My mind:
Fucked -
Total.

Death ran swiftly

Death ran swiftly at my side,
His coat tails flapping in the evening breeze,
A fusty smell visible about him.

A head stripped of flesh; eyes black holes in which to lose
Myself, my mind:
My meaning of the cultivated man.

A raucous laugh escaped him as I ineptly tried to run him out,
And then slowed on realising I'd never distance myself from Death,
And so I dawdled at Death's side.

My heart no longer leaping, a gazelle in flight,
I pondered death, and all its meanings,
Lingered on each thought: old friends, over coffees at an inner city café.

When I might have run yelping, I did not,
I must oblige, attentive at this interview with Death,
What might I learn of life?

Could I have taken his bony hand in mine?
Not then, for we'd hardly met, and I'm wary of all strangers,
Yet now, I could, if we meet again before my time.

Why not?
He is the hunchback with the gracious heart,
The vulture, driven to his prey by instinct.

The cold assassin, a silently drawn and driven knife,
The crazed killer, fated since before his birth
To find peace only when blood smeared.

Or the speeding fin, to cut with sawing teeth,
The iconic mark of the shark:
Death's figure is never pretty, is it?

But he was not here for me this night,
I had stumbled on another's Death Waltz.
At the headland where a black man sat with his wife and their dead son.

Onlookers to the water's flow incessant,
Trees on the far bank silhouetted,
A light upon a vessel moored at the cliff's lee.

Instinctively they'd sought protection there,
Whilst, oblivious,
The Ghost of Death hovered over them.

The man cried loud, cried long past the day break,
The woman sighed deeply, with more intent,
More understanding of death's meaning.

And her tears fell upon the still boy's face,
She could not restrain a swiftly passing thought
That her tears might wake him.

They might, if and only if there was a constant god,
A compassionate god,
And an irrational god.

For why save him, if not all the undeserved of death?
But the boy could not wake, already was he gone,
Leaving behind grief dissipating like ripples from a cast stone.

Until the man walked away alone,
Apart from his woman,
Never since was he fully where his body occupied its space.

Even as he slept the dream would splinter,
And a fragment cast a light upon his long remembered son,
He wondered, did his son take the hand of death with wilful truculence?

A foolish prank all boys will one day risk,
That, by a different fortune, would be nothing more
Than pain, a spurt of blood, or the sweetest sleep,
To wake no longer as a boy but at the fringe of manhood.

But the man would never see his boy
Upon that fateful walk he once took,
When his youth broke upon the Sacred Manhood Stone.

Of wisdom, courage, and independence,
His stride lengthen,
His voice deepen and embolden.

His body grow,
And women fear his wrath,
Whilst he held his gaze warily upon the world.

No lord has ever loved his estate as that desperate wanderer,
Who wished now to lay beneath the wizened tree,
A folly to that barren land he called his home.

And so he sought this place once more,
With or without her,
But she came, from duty, and love.

And hoping that her heart might be softened
By the tread of feet upon the dry red soil,
By the cicadas hum that drowns all thought, all words.

Or by the forlorn cry of a native bird
Carried by the hot wind across the walled valley,
Or the rush of water over sandstone, an oasis of cool air,
Where the giant ferns bow, and the light turns bottle glass green,

All these things might soothe her heart,
So she might walk again with men,
And not apart.

Don't fuck with me Pauline!

Don't fuck with me Pauline,
Even I don't know what I'll do,
So treat me with decorum
As you'd treat an aged aunt on the cusp of death,
Only me it's madness I've danced with these five deserted years.

Pauline I'm worth everything you have to give,
Better than the bullshit spouted yesterday across the table,
I'm better than the people spilling it,
For I've got wisdom, I've got tears,
I've got more love than you could ever paddle.

Now don't lie to me Pauline: you know I'd never suffer that,
Too much broken trust can do that to a man,
But at least we put out to pasture that old ham that gets us,
The one where we're to love you and only you,
Whilst our body's telling us to shag everything in sight.

Pauline, there's plenty love to spare, no worries there,
Don't cruel me!
I've skin thinner than a spider's thread,
I'm a boy sensitive that wants to keep it just that way,
However much it hurts.

Don't betray me Pauline,
Is it a human trait you all possess?

Or was I just unlucky in my choices,
You've no need to make it sound my fault,
Or that I was the heartless bastard screwing you.

What would you say of me Pauline?
Was I all bad, or was it just saving face,
You had to run me down to friends and anyone that listened,
Never cross your mind to think of consequences?
No, I guess it's hard when you're running from yourself and life.

Pauline I just walked away, hoping there's no arrows in my back,
But I'd always leave it open, just to see what you would do,
Always curious, me the dissect specimen,
Though it's hard to be objective
With a scalpel through the heart, I've found.

But somehow I'll manage it Pauline,
Which even I think seems inhuman,
Did you think of opening up a fight, or make a scene,
Anything to make you feel better 'bout yourself,
If I could make it better, believe me then, I would.

I'm all feather weak, Pauline, no good for confrontation,
It's a childhood thing, so don't worry overboard,
Nothing you can change, only my old mum could,
And she's long dead, so it's a lifetime's burden,
A sack we carry on our backs, getting bigger every mile we tread.

Your body is not young

Your body is not young, your limbs are weak,
It sags, and ripples when you move,
Your hair is lustreless and streaked with grey,
Your skin is lined and blemished,
But it is your body, and I love it so.

I see young girls, with bodies lithe and strong,
Her hair jet black, offset by eyes of jade,
Skin that glows, and muscles taughten nonchalantly,
Stomach packed, breasts firm and pert, everything in place,
But it is not your body, so I could never love it.

And as you lie beneath me, I see only you,
Your legs imprison me, your eyes draw me to your heart,
Your smile envelopes me, it guides me homeward,
Your body is the hearth at which I'll lie content,
Love is bliss, love is comfort, love is infinite.

Now your body lies languid,
Sated:
Your mind drifts across all possibilities,
Love still clings to our bodies,
The last remnants of an ocean.

Your smile deflects all fears, all distractions,
Consumed by the kisses raining down upon me,

Over my body, my closed eyes,
I cannot separate each touch of your lips:
Soft, smooth.

And your laughter deep,
Reverberates through me,
Days later I still hear its echo,
Your voice, sensual, almost silent.

But I've no need to strain to hear it,
It is not words that drive my passion,
They are not the meaning.

Time stands still

Time stands still around us,
As life runs its frantic pace,
You an arabesque statue:
Slow motion waterfalls.

Each drop takes pregnant seconds to splash on your naked shoulder,
And lick the long contours of your body like a lover,
A Spanish lover.
Jealous I clothe you.

Time stands still as lightening strobes,
Staccato glimpses of you,
The glint of a smile,
As you cavort, naked in the rain, in love.

Complete,
And yet you crave the lust of every man.
Lips touch, sending sparks in a halo round your head,
And reflects in your eyes as they crease in smile.

Your skin glistens,
Sweat never tasted like this before,
And the slightest movement of your fingers' tips
Mainlines me on that elusive powder.

Sends bolts of passion through me:
Mainlines me on that elusive powder.
Your whispered words slide love's arms about me:
Slide your arms about me, Love.

Time stands still as we dance and spin and you cling to me,
Then you rest your head on my shoulder,
Our eyes still, glazed, looking outside the present,
To the past for you, and me as always looking forward.

Time stands still as your lips part to say words that never needed saying,
Because I felt them, here and here,
(He pointed to his head then rested hand where he imagined heart:
Beat, beat, beat).

Words would only crush our feeling's fervour,
And somehow, crystallising into text trites everything,
Left merely felt, our feelings are untethered,
Embryonic, uninhibited, instinctive.

Possibilities an uncharted river,
Down which we explorers merely run the tide,
The landscape of our passion is unbounded,
Our passion is unbounded
When time stands still around us.

Delhi in my Heart

India my home, I love,
And share the fine line with hate,
The land of forebears, jute kings and indigo barons.

Enslaved to those English shores they'll never tread.
And to pretty women of silently domineering character,
For whom boredom filled their days, til they'd snared their man.

The purpose of their brief flirtation with my land:
They took the best of men back to insipid life of mediocrity,
Away from this land they loved, but had tired through loneliness.

This crown of all countries, this kaleidoscopic jewel,
This sea of senses,
Into which I have but merely dipped a toe.

The airport silent : anti climax
To the longed for throngs to push through, swear at and cajole
Only off white marble, fluorescent light.

Smart dressed bearded Sikh: who'd fuck with them?
They've no fear of death,
It's a forever open gate to them.

Out into the night I brace myself for the onslaught of humanity,
Assailed I am, but not by any man,
The pungent smells of a city alive with life, love, deceit, and excrement.

Smells congeal as the colors on a tantrum baby's picture.
The heat a clammy overweight,
She covers me with the throbs of her beating heart.

Past gorgeous parks, wrecks of humanity, fallen in railway station,
Down eerie, empty streets with neon signs still flickin
On the half lit words that make no sense.

Morning, and the sun rose upon a street narrow and still,
It seemed the world had died
Or like on a quiet Sunday in a sleepy English hollow.

But they were drunk
On this too much light fantastic,
So, slowly to their feet they rise.

Yawns, a spread of arms,
Smells bounce off the high hotel fronts,
All glamour from a distance, but flaking when you get up close.

Then, out of where? Here at my feet looked up
The clearest, cleanest face, in the starchest clothes,
A boy with everything at his feet.

Except his legs,
Useless flapping wings, curled about him,
And yet, his face was full of happy expectation.

I never saw that look again in this land of hopeless dreams,
He has something we all want,
And it shone from him.

Later, at the café, the gigolo with a racy word for all the girls,
The clown, who makes them break a smile,
He moves so slow you have to fuckin microscope to see it.

Doing nothing,
Til the boss has had enough and makes him work his butt,
But over shoulder comes the last word and they all fall about.

It passed the day –
Wasn't this like any other day in those Delhi streets?
Outside, the girls in saris, a gauze like scarf conceal and reveal.

A glimpse of blackest hair, curled about her wrist,
Full lips, dark eyes downcast,
Preoccupied with gossip only girls can share.

But she could not ignore the cheeky whistle,
For which the boy had earned a blush from her
And praise from all his mates.

The street of harlots: was this a half night drawn dream?
Of Elephants charging – the buildings quaking under them,
Great spikes driven in their heads,

The silent parade of racing camels,
Gone as if they'd never been.
Minutes later, on a street side, another dream.

A silent shroud in black about her head and to her hidden feet,
Face a floating moon,
As she leaps from one cab to another.

As if across the waves
Upon a lighter,
To a secret assignation.

Now, me, I'm wanting main stream nightlife,
Disco, girls, dancing, drink, knock backs, and dreams,
Into a gaudy painted room, gaudy music, gaudy lights, booze racked.

Girl alone, dancing on a stage, men fawning,
An erotic dance: just a foot exposed enough to set our hearts aflame,
Their pride at her flashing feet.

The green dress swirled,
Money floats like autumn leaves about her head,
Envy bouncin' off the walls.

What's her story?
Found in this room,
With these men, at this time, at these dances?

Oh, the rise of those legs from the ground,
To heaven at those narrow thrusting hips,
Paradise at her breasts.

Hair laced about her icon face,
Eyes through the haze, blaze,
Laughing straight at me:

Yeah, got fooled again.
Yeah, got fooled again.
Yeah, got fooled again.

EP - India in my Heart

Part I – Delhi

India my home, I love, and share the fine line with hate,
The land of forebears, jute kings, and indigo barons,
Dead soldiers in silly hats and burned pride,
Enslaved to those England shores they'll never tread,
To pretty women of silently domineering character,
For whom Boredom filled their days, til they'd snared their man:
The purpose of their brief flirtation with my land,
They took the best of men away, back to insipid lives of mediocrity,
Away from this land they loved, but had tired through loneliness.

This crown of all countries, this kaleidoscopic jewel,
This sea of senses, into which I have but merely dipped a toe,
A turbid sea of man's flotsam,
Which drifts when the winds of discord rise,
Shame on them, the cruelty one man 'flicts on another,
Where all is justified in the name of survival.

The airport silent, an anti climax to expectation raised over months,
I longed for a throng to push through, to swear at and cajole,
Establish common ground, smile weakly in jet lagged tiredness,
But there was only off white marble, fluorescent light,
And smart dressed, bearded Sikh guard,
Who'd fuck with them?
They've no fear of death: a forever open gate to them.

Out into the night I brace myself for the onslaught of humanity,
But I am assailed not by any man,
But the pungent smells of a city alive
With life, love, deceit, and excrement,
Smells congeal as the colours on a tantrum baby's picture,
The heat a sweaty overweight, she covers me,
Sweat drips from each pore; the throb of her beating heart,
Heat struggle, beg the taxi man to turn it up full blast,
To which he gives a look that says I'll pay for that
With a turn around the block somewhere.

Past gorgeous parks, wrecks of humanity, the fallen in old railway station,
Places I prayed we'd not alight, for there was I afraid of every shadow,
Down eerily empty streets with neon signs still flicking
On the half lit words that make no sense.

I, and my silent cavalier, share a glance of meaning at
The fantasy concocted by the indifferent hotel booking clerk,
He shakespear's my trade is beneath his notice,
As if queues clamor; ghosts of a flamboyant past -
The begging for, and offers, of indecent bribes of beautiful daughters,
Tears, fists and blooded corpses -
Yet mine is the *only* fucking trade in sight down these silent night streets,
Now and for the allnight hours to come,
But I am grateful for a roof and mat, no other cares now entertained.

Morning, and the sun rose upon a street narrow and still,
It seems the world had died,
Or like on a quiet Sunday after church in some sleepy english hollow,

The whispers at the village green,
The current gossip of some boy's indecency.

But this is India, drunk on this too much life fantastic,
Slowly to their feet they rise, yawns, shaded eyes, a spread of arms,
Pavements warm, smells bounce off the high hotel frontages,
Glamorous from a distance, but flaking when you get up close,
A world shabby, slowing falling in.

Jostled; looking for a friendly face,
A few clever phrases nodded out: "Welcome to my helicopter",
Subtle, with a hint of sadness,
Longing just to fly where there's space to wave an arm,
Then - out of where??? Here at my feet looked up
The clearest, cleanest face, in the starchest clothes,
A boy with everything at his feet.

Except his legs: useless flapping wings, curled beneath him,
Walking on his hands - the cracked streets, through shit, in the face of
belching smoke,
Yet his face was full of happy expectation,
Never saw that look again, in this land of hopeless dreams.
Kissed the money I put into his hand, the first he'd got today,
Why was he not one more lost resentful beggar?
But he has something we all want, and it shone from him,
So close to the ground, in touch with something good.

Later, at the café: the gigolo, with a racy word for all the girls,
The clown, who makes them break a smile, relax awhile,
Moved so slow you have to microscope to see it,
Doing nothing!
Til the boss has had enough and makes him work his butt,
But over shoulder comes the last word and they all fall about,
Except the boss - but then he does too,
It passed the day, wasn't this like any other in those Delhi streets?

The girls in saris, a gauze like scarf conceal and reveal,
A glimpse of blackest hair, curled about her wrist,
Full lips, dark eyes downcast,
Preoccupied with gossip only girls can share,
Overlook the admiring glances of the boys,
But she could not ignore the cheeky whistle,
For which the boy has earned a blush and praise from all his mates.

The street of harlots: was this a half night drawn dream?
Of elephants charging - the street shaking, buildings quaking,
Great spikes driven in their heads, the boy too scared to care,
Blood red paint daubed over ears and old man wrinkles,
And then,
The silent, swift parade of racing camels,
Gone as if they'd never been.

Minutes later, a deserted side street: another dream
A silent shroud in black about her head and to her hidden feet,
Face a floating moon,
As she leaps from one cab into another

As if across the waves, upon a lighter,
To a secret assignation.

Now me, I'm wanting main stream nightlife,
Disco, girls, dancing, drink, knock backs, and dreams:
Into a gaudy painted room, gaudy music, gaudy lights,
Booze racked; girl alone,
She's dancing on a stage, men staring, eyes out, fawning,
Wives at home to cook and wonder why, maybe cry,
For if there's still love it must hurt to know he's here.

An erotic dance: a foot exposed, just enough to set our hearts aflame,
Their pride at her flashing feet,
The green dress swirls: money floats like autumn leaves about her head,
Envy bouncing off the walls, foolish gestures,
What's her story, found in this room
With these men, at this time, at these dances?

Oh, oh, oh! The rise of those legs from the ground
To heaven at those narrow thrusting hips,
Paradise at her breasts,
Hair laced about her icon face,
Eyes through the haze, blaze,
Laughing straight at me:
Yeah, got fooled again,
Yeah, got fooled again,
Yeah, got fooled again.

Part II - Ladakh

A plane, moon bound, bare of the India Lush,
No blade of grass, no tree, no flower paused in a swoon,
Abandoned playground of the gods, boulders strewn like dice,
Why come here? Live here? Stay?
But walk out the town you'll hear the sound of rushing water,
Green fields, long haired hippy cows that munch on grass ha, ha!

The horny German girl festers in my thoughts,
Cycle in the sun across the moonscape, past empty river banks,
Tunnel of overhanging willows, 'tween crusty falling walls,
Masochist of cyclists wanting only hills to climb,
Whilst I'm always looking for the downhill, all the way.

No home forever, but nomads never bore of shifting landscapes,
Sparse green pastures on the sliding hillside,
Goats and shepherds slowly raise their heads and stare,
Smudges of round white tents; small shows of life.

Across the plain a herd of horses galloping,
Wild, free it seemed - til I saw the naked rider
Steering them obliquely
To a stone corral beside the fall down cottage.

Invisible incline, toil against the wind; the rain; the sleet,
Stone coffin shaped shelter, invitation to a freezing death,
Fucking wind!
But then it's to my back, and drives me safely on,
To the helter skelter switchback, a palace for my weary legs,

Bivouac, furs drying, fire roaring,
Food bubbles on the stove, sleep oblivion,
You blatant, unforgiving wind, I curse you every turn of the wheel.

The plain by the river bank carved a sudden gorge,
Children playing silently, reliving memories,
Snow beaded everywhere in white, and shaved the contours,
Masked the dark and uninviting, honest landscape,
Ice, drifts ten feet deep, and the edge of bye, bye precipices,
Legs and fingers I could see but couldn't feel.

Rescued by poor men,
Blankets given for no more reason than I was cold,
Wanting nothing in return,
These men are gods,
And I proclaim them now as I could not then.

Part III: Island in the Sky

Days of silence, unspoken love, rectitude, enlightenment,
Sadness, understanding, and of few regrets,
The words of kind and wise men, and lost women,
Children, getting more than they bargained for -
Into silence, black holes of doubt, scared away by laughter,
Hey blondie with the blue eyes, and that exotic name,
Tits on your sleeve, love in your heart, past words,
You I should have taken to a bed.

How fortunate are we

How fortunate are we:

At night we have a bed to rest upon,
Safe and warmed with our family around us.

But there's a girl amongst us who dreads the night,
She lives on the street because her father would have killed her,
She dreads the night because she has no shelter.

She dreads the night because she has no food,
She dreads the night
Because one of them will fuck her.

At each day's beginning she has nothing to her name,
At each day's end
She still has nothing.

The boys protect her from the other gangs, so they possess her body,
She sniffs Dendrite to fog her mind,
So she does not recall what happened to her body in the night.

How fortunate are we to work, and have an education,
But we know a woman's son,
And he will never work.

Lounged at every street of every city in the world.
For there is no purpose to his life,
No future to inspire him.

They are an army waiting for the call from clever salesmen,
Selling Purpose, selling Courage, selling Wisdom, selling Pride
Selling what all young men want, their Manhood.

Called to arms they will believe each word their leader utters,
He has inspired them, they'll follow him to death:
For there is no other way to die, if we've forgone reason.

How fortunate are we to live in temperate lands,
For there is a girl amongst us who lives in a place
Where seas have turned to sand.

Bound by men's convention, she is a slave to every man
Where he may kill in the name of god and be a hero,
Where he may adulterate a woman, and his friends will merely laugh.

Whilst she will be stoned to death,
Unclean Pariah,
Men's Weakness.

She cannot walk freely down the street,
Bound by the walls of her home
That become a prison when she begins to bleed.

She will receive no education worthy of her mind,
She cannot wear
The gaily coloured clothes she weaves.

For women all around the world: your mother, your wife,
She was a prisoner
From the day they found a cunt between her legs.

EP - How Fortunate are We

How fortunate are we,
At night we have a bed to rest upon,
Safe and warmed by family about us,
But there is a girl amongst us who dreads the night,
Her home is the street because her father wants to kill her,
She dreads the night because she has no shelter,
She dreads the night because she has no food,
She dreads the night because one of them will fuck her.

At each day's beginning she has nothing to her name,
At each day's end she still has nothing,
The boys protect her from the other gangs,
So they possess her body,
She sniffs dendrite to fog her mind,
So she does not recall what happened to her body in the night.

How fortunate are we, for we will never starve,
But there is a boy amongst us who dreads to wake,
He's the face of a Hungry Ghost,
He is in Africa, and he is soon to die,
His mother slows her death to keep his body beating life.

But he wishes death upon them both,
The milk is nearly dried at her breast,
When it is gone, will they be gone,
But there is always one more million Hungry Ghosts,

The same face, skin stretched over skull,
The same look of longing for release.

His eyes would seem to fill his face,
Swollen belly, empty;
Parchment lips - flies feed upon his open mouth,
It takes a lifetime to starve or die of thirst,
Why do I have too much, he, nothing but his mother's love?
Why was I born here, in abundant excess;
He born there, death its only abundance.
He dies this instant of your reading.

How fortunate are we, for we may freely walk down any road,
But we know a man amongst us who fears the day lit streets,
For if he walked them he would be Dead Man,
For he was a hunter, and now is hunted,
He fought against his country's freedom,
Seeking power for himself and his brother fighters.

He killed many men, innocents laid in their beds,
Children walking down the streets,
What were they thinking of before he killed them?
But bullets end all dreams,
Once we take up arms we give up hope,
Which only leaves the small and bitter conflict started by a single, lonely
man.

The freedom fighter is forgotten now, for he is dead,
In an unmarked grave, dug with his own hands,

He had no wife, no children, for they would have burdened him,
He became complacent once,
It was enough to bring Dogs of War to his death trail.

How fortunate are we to work, and have an education,
But we know a woman and she has neither work, nor education,
Yet she is wise,
And she more brave than any man I heard claim himself a hero,
We know this woman's son, and he will never work,
He lounged at every street of every city in the world

For there is no purpose to their life, no future to inspire them,
They are an army waiting for the call from clever salesmen,
Selling *Purpose*, selling *Courage*, selling *Wisdom*, selling *Pride*,
Selling what all young men want, their manhood,
Called to arms they will believe every word their leader utters,
He has inspired them, they will follow him to death,
For there is no other way to die, if we've forgone reason.

How fortunate are we, for we may speak our minds,
And follow without fear the way of life we choose,
But I know a man amongst us who cannot speak
His finest thoughts and lightest dreams,
He is a billion, and we may yet be one of them,
How does it make us feel if we are a zoo kept animal?

If we think our brother or our mother will denounce us,
A man rebuked a woman who'd deceived a widow of her home,
When winter came the widow was a frozen statue on the path,

She turned every one against the innocent man,
And he was proven guilty of the widow's death.

How fortunate are we to have bodies healthy, bodies young,
For there is an old man amongst us who rarely leaves his home,
He is weak and has no cause to journey out,
But once he was an athlete, famed, and every school boy's Hero,
In his time he was the fastest and could leap the furthest,
The ground would seem to quake as he approached.

Now when he leaves his home two sticks support his fragile frame,
He can barely lift the spoon with which to feed himself,
He totters, when once all men trailed in his wake,
Now a toddler barely out of nappies passes him with ease.

Once he was a king, all men feared him, now he fears all men,
Such is our life, one day will we all be infirm,
Or our minds become lost to reason,
How fortunate are we to think of this now,
And so appreciate our youth.

How fortunate are we to live in temperate lands,
For there is a girl amongst us who lives in a place
Where seas have turned to sand,
Bound by men's convention, she is Slave to every man,
Where he may kill in the name of god and be a hero,
Where he may adulterate a woman,
And his friends will merely laugh,
Whilst she will be stoned to death,
Unclean Pariah - Men's Weakness.

She cannot walk freely down the street,
Bound by the walls of her home
That become a prison once she begins to bleed,
She will receive no education worthy of her mind,
Cannot wear the gaily coloured clothes she weaves
For women all round the world - your mother, your wives -
She was Prisoner
From the day they found a cunt between her legs.

Die without regret

This day I'd die without regret,
For what better day than this,
A joyous day, my mind in peace, aware.

My body rested, no pain to drag me into introspection,
Or throw myself
Upon the rotting dung heap of self pity.

My heart is clear, as white as I could ever paint it,
Anger never mauled this day, love was never easier to feel,
I'm up high, with the Sea Eagles, as they float across tomorrow.

It would be a day when all debts are cleared,
Discarding every petty victory
At the instant of its claiming.

My heart reclines, freed of guilt
Of what I should have done, and had not,
Or kept silent when a wrong demands the spotlight cast upon it.

On this day I loved without care, regret or measure,
And this final day would be one I'd beg would never end,
Is this not the way any party should be left?

Not a dried out day we'd rather leave behind,
I'd not wish to die upon a day
On which we'd fought, or weakly bickered.

When we'd gossiped foolishly,
Or closed our hearts on someone:
No, I'm up high, with the Sea Eagles, as they float across tomorrow.

On this day the lion roars his loudest,
The warrior's at his bravest,
The snake his most wily – and the king his most decisive.

This day no fish would fear the net, no animal the gun,
Flowers will bloom their finest; insects take their fill of nectar,
The tree alive as birds shimmer round it.

A moving tapestry of colour,
The seas a turquoise blue,
Drift into the haze of a cloudless sky over golden sands.

In the distance white capped mountains, saffron robes,
A place of Silence,
A place for Wisdom giving birth to Reason.

Inland lies the dense green jungles thronged with a cacophony of life,
On this day I'd find all this beauty,
For I'm up high, with the Sea Eagles, as they float across tomorrow.

Now, halt me at the gates to question me
And I would have a steady answer, enough to satisfy
The meanest bar room lawyer at his ego's zenith.

For I am well prepared for death,
Yet I do not invite it:
Let this new adventure start.

Regardless that I'll never feel again, never love again,
I'd leave all I most cherish with no hopeless backward glances,
Cast off the ropes that bind me to this life.

Let my vision stretch on and outward;
My mind join with the universe,
The Earth diminish: hasten me to loose the last familiar bonds

Now at last, I'm up high, with the Sea Eagles
As they float across tomorrow,
But I'd circle back across the mountain line,
And so embrace a welcomed death.

Josephine

Josephine my Love, my Queen, wither goest thou?
Spare me loneliness and jealousy,
Love me always as you did the day we first embraced.

How you made my heart beat faster,
Merely at the sight of you,
And still your kiss transports me to Utopia's Crucible!

Never change, or abandon me to misery eternal,
I await thee in my chamber, restless,
Forever turning in anticipation of the milky smoothness of your skin.

Your fond endearments,
For me alone,
Whispered tenderly into my expectant ear.

Your breath upon my neck would fire me to the heights of passion,
Fanning my insatiable desire for thee,
An old man, still my ardour'd be unabated.

Would you felt the same as I,
I can only pray you do,
Or I am lost.

The serene glance, confident of my love reciprocating,
Deep wells of azure blue, in which I drown,
Fix me with a stare, sensuous, daring me to take courage.

Abandon myself to reckless love,
And thus stripped of power and all its trappings,
Unmasked, disarmed, vulnerable to the feeblest blow.

This I will endure for your love, and yours alone,
For no other woman could have been my Queen,
She would not stir me as you do.

She would not own such respect as I have for thee,
You are like no woman I have ever seen or heard spoken of,
Was this my good fortune, or the destiny of our two lands?

Children of Israel

My friend, you have many lives to lead
For your dead men at arms,
Live then for all of them, those Children of Israel,
Live a crowded life, full of their dreams and hopes unrealized.

Learn wisdom to unravel life's confusion,
Which they never gained, and so they drifted
Unsure, or over certain,
Led down to nowhere ends.

The reason for their life was never clear to them,
Or reasons for their killing men they'd never known,
Or why
They too were in the cross hair of another man's gun.

Their life and death was just the consequence of someone's war,
They were an instrument of war,
Like all their brother warriors,
Yet they may always claim youth.

Once revelling in their bodies strong, burned by the sun,
The chorus of a song upon their lips,
Laughter in their voices - lion cubs at play,
Why did they so conceal their generous hearts?

May you, in your wandering, find the peace they never had,
Nor their parents, bound by their past in fear, as victims,
A life of cowardice, flight and ignominy,
Which should not be forgotten, Children of Israel.

But leave it there, accept what you cannot change,
It may come to pass again; face it then as heroes,
The while, put your hand upon the wheel of conflict,
Cease its turning, at least until you've reason why it should turn again.

You my friend live then, see with their eyes,
All the places in the world they never went,
Smell the fragrant bloom of some tropic paradise,
Feel, with their hearts, the pain of loss, the joy of love.

Love the women they were destined never meet,
May your heart race with fear,
Or at the soft sound of a woman's voice,
Whilst their hearts are forever still.

Hold their fading picture in your hand,
As you rest the other on your daughter's head,
Carry them to old age, and set them down at death,
You may then claim a full life, full of your men at arms.

Through you their lives are now complete,
Not one of those weary tragedies of life cut short,
May they then rest in peace beside you,
Replete of all the vagaries and victories of life.

Feline

She'd crawl you over, feline,
Stretch a paw and sweep it gently 'cross your face.

A smile warns the day, breath upon your ear,
Rolls over, curved, smooth, risky.

Blah, blah sounds like love song
When it's spoken prettily through rosebud lips.

Til they look and laugh and shoulders shrug,
What can you do to tame the blinkered rush to love?

But this is no ups for down a dollar spun,
Its pay, pay, pay along the line.

Our bluid hearts feign courage,
Risk all on the worst bet we ever made.

Betrayal comes in many forms, this one's clarity in neon,
You hit the jackpot only after every other combination.

Why must we see frilly knickers
On everything that's wrong?

And pass by the Little Blinker,
Until all choice's exhausted.

Imagine

Imagine:

Walk away from trophies

Which engender merely envy.

A pretty woman at our side that knows we never loved her,

She was the victor's prize

From the catalogue of fashions' pages.

Lay aside your ambition to be at the heap's top,

For are we not the smallest grain of dung upon the biggest pile of shit?

Lay aside your weapon - no more than a prick in your fist.

Can you piss to the roof's top first?

Are your gargantuan plans

Really any more than this?

Do we not all sit with pants about our ankles,

And shit

Come from our bum holes?

No more tears + I only lie

HER

I've no more tears.

Nothing left to give,

Copy perfect cos I'm closer to the ground.

When they're crying

I can hear the echo in my heart,

We're a fucking string quartet of broken hearteds.

Where did I lose my way, who's to know, I took so many turns,

Maybe you can tell me,

Cos there's a smartarse in you every day.

While I'm just running,

A kid in grown ups shoes trying to fool them all,

But I'm gonna make it, make it good.

I've got reams of dreams:

It's picking one that sobers me.

When will I be growed up,

At peace and wise about myself

No tricks.

I feel overcrowded but I wanna know them all: the All of Me.

*Being in a team was never going to do it either,
My star shines brightest on a cloudy night,
I always feel alone: so why not make it on my own?*

*Man, if I knew what I really wanted I'd be up there ruling
I want to be just me but I don't like the way I look,
Well now, you'd think I'd have the sense
To look for other ways to strut ma..*

*But I wasn't good at hiding what I really feel,
But you came back for me with honesty in tow,
Did you think that could shield you this time round?*

*And you think you know me well:
I'll let you know If you cried on cue,
Or was it someone else you cried for?*

*I love to feel the tearing of my flesh,
That sound: the pain, the retribution,
For something done of which I'll never tell a soul.*

*I still feel beneath myself, as if I'd failed,
My fault, a victim, of my prejudices,
Use me then, for it's sometimes all I'm worth.*

*But let me dream of other men, other times, and other places,
When I was beautiful and strong, and all men loved me,
The star in movies full of iron clad heroes, my Galahads.*

*It fills the gaps when absent looks betray your lack of feeling,
I could scorn you rightly,
With the fuckin crowd behind me.*

*But then you'd be wanting me: your First Love,
Yeah, the one that drives a fist fast in your heart
And then in your guts for measure: doubled up with Love.*

*But you're not so bad as you'd have me think,
Maybe we're a match, I keep dreaming it might be so,
But then you'd fuck it up.*

*But don't worry,
If it wasn't you I'd do the job as well,
Why, I've a fucking PhD in fucking up relationships,*

HIM

I only lie

When I'm afraid to say the truth

When I can't tell you what I feel.

When I'm afraid of you, or what you'll do,

It seems pathetic don't I know it?

But that's just how it is.

I can't tell you

That I thought I loved you but I don't,

Or that I fucking hate you more than anyone I know.

Ask me why I'd still say I love you, though I couldn't spout a reason
Why can't I just run out the door -
My Size Elevens flapping down the street.

I can't tell you what I want from life,
Except that it's not what I have with you,
That I'd have to throw the balls all in the air.

And take so many chances that
I don't know
How the tide would leave the sand.

But I want to try, and not be left
With vitriol and wishing,
And despising you for all my weaknesses.

I gave up fighting back,
And took to drugs,
To paint the world with brighter colours.

Til there's nothing left but make believe
To shine some light on darkened days
Which roll on for years or decades if we'd let it.

It brought light to my life any ways,
Was yours always grey
And you just wanted mine the same?

I know you want the best for us, but we're not tight, we never were,
There was you and there was me
Across the chasm of our misunderstanding,

You needing something and I just happened by,
I'd do for what you'd planned,
It never really mattered what dreams I had for me.

From the start you must have known
I'd soften in the pressure cooker,
Under heat.

But then you girls often think you'll save us from ourselves,
Yeah, while we're on it,
Yeah men do the same.

But not while trying to claim
The fucking moral high ground –
We'd never have the gall!

In the end it was deep sigh release when you let me go,
I didn't love myself at all,
Christ I didn't even know then who I was.

The drugs had took their toll,
And I'm just shell,
Yeah for you to fill and mould the way you want.

Me then in the gutter, where I belonged,
Until my self respect could merge with who I want to be,
And I'm pulling myself from the ground up.

No help needed, this one I've got to do on my own,
Or what's the point:
It's back to baby face and you in charge.

I'll fucking be a man now, just for the scene change,
I'm not the best yet, but I'm getting there,
One day you'll be proud of me, when neither of us care!

But then I'll stop lying, just the way you wanted,
Cos I'm not afraid no more, not of you or anyone,
I'm "tell it how it is", give or take a "Fucken help"!

Yeah we'll be alright,
And one day I might be there for you,
Level pegging, maybe even friends.

Laying flowers

Would you be laying flowers on my coffin as it's lowered in the ground?
For we've been friends long - past the lovers' fashions,
You were a child when we first met,
And I a man just reached his prime of heart and mind.

I wish you were dropping petals on me,
His children at your side,
Than risk your friendship
For a fuck I could acquire in any ill lit alley.

Love to fuck you dead but I can't give you what you want:
Three or four, four I think it was,
Ducklings all lined up behind you,
Swimming down life's drifting tributaries.

You all silhouetted on the crisp horizon,
A static outline
Of your dreams I cannot fulfill,
Though how often did I dream I could.

Ah, your ducklings, a warm smile reflected in their eyes upturned,
Waiting on your every word, breaths caught in unison as you hesitate,
And turn riot upon each other, when your back is turned,
Though you know everything, for you are their mother.

How glorious is a woman's strength
With destruction pressed close upon her face,
She is invincible to the last,
Whilst we would blaze or abandon at the first confront.

My heart was missiled to the heat of love,
My mind flung across the pages of every dripping love story,
But my hopes were dashed
Against your smooth walled logic.

My heart slid cartoonly down,
And quietly spatters,
The trail of blood
My feelings dissipated.

How I wish we could have been lovers
Without the shadow of tomorrow upon us,
For another day on which to feast,
Our bodies merging.

What's more to say
Than I loved you once
And always will:
Man Inconsistent.

Understand that leaving,
When the picture's torn,
Is selfless love:
The only love worth counting.

Go then,
Have your children,
Write to me
How wonderful they are.

How like his father has the boy become,
The girls so little ladies like their grandma,
How they bemuse, amuse
And lose you.

But now, time passed,
All but brittling memories exist,
Yet I, friend, remain,
Remain through all our small meanderings, love our binding.

So life is change not bitter endings
I recalled this was the lesson from my life with you,
Though I'd ignored your hinted warning frequently enough,
But now it pigeon's home when needed most.

And so, when we are wiser
And forgive each other's weaknesses,
We will be friends, and lovers once again,
Cherie, je t'adore: mon coeur est pour tu.

Texted

She said "No doubt you have found other truths

But I wish you well"

By this I mean *I love you*

But I will deny it,

For my heart's in disrepair.

He replied "Truth arises

When a man and woman lie comfortable in their nakedness;

In her wetness and in his hardness,

And their mutual fearlessness and honesty,

Joy comes with a light heart, and love enshrouds them."

He knew they would not share this bliss,

For she misunderstood him,

And he did not trust himself,

And they were both afraid:

His past confused her, and he was wary of a woman so obtuse.

She could be

So many things he did not want,

*Surely would she distract him from his imagined future,
So perfect in its emptiness,
And so empty in its perfection.*

“Well then,”
(She breathed a sigh,
Heavy with closely guarded meaning),
“May you find your truth, your joy and love,
Though it seems you have indeed already.”

She wanted him
But like all lost girls
Needed impossible declarations by men
Without imagination
Or certainty of what they could commit to.

Thought she, *I cannot throw my arms about his neck
And look with passion in his eyes,
For behind their warmth lies cold uncertainty and emptiness,
Which I fear most
For I am already alone and without comfort.*

*With my husband it was I cold and guilty,
So karma turns the wheel and this becomes my story,
I merely chose your stage on which to out,
Perhaps you'll find some interest
In such public exploration of my weakness.*

Wrote he, "Yes I found this truth,
And have known it many years,
But now I find myself alone,
I seek to live it still,
Without certainty of finding it again."

"Our path lies littered with minefields
Which will surely break us,
And our tendered hearts,
We will hurt me
And where is the merit in that?"

He wondered,
*Would she sense his distraction,
His wariness and incomplete honesty:
He hoped she would not
For he wished her so harmed, no harm.*

“And I suppose I cannot help in any way?” She tendered timidly,
With this she lost me
In the practicalities of motherhood,
Which lacks the finesse to see beyond a brief emotion,
And find the greater truth beneath.

“You sounded sad,”
(As if sadness were a crime of indiscretion),
“You sounded sad as you laid your heart bare
And wished me turn it in my hands and speculate upon
It's willingness to hide or climb.”

Should we not all feel a little sad? he thinks,
For only with sadness
Do we know true compassion.
To keep us mortal, should we not all feel a little lost
And the world beyond our understanding.

“Yes I feel a little sad, but do not regret it,
After all it's something common to us all,
So there's nothing to be done to save me,
But yes, come, share my bed: but bring a light heart”.

By this he meant a heart of love's veteran,
Familiar with all it's mystieried landscapes,
“Come, let's seek enjoyment, not wisdom,
You must expose yourself to me
And I to you,” he taunted her.

But not from spite, more to elucidate his feelings for her,
Or what he thought they might be,
If there were no obstacle between desire and its expression.
But she could not, or would not, come,
“Another time then”, he responded,

Though how, by then, he wished to lie with her.

Run to Death

Death beguile me,
Silken gloved and caped She calls to me,
My siren lover,
My child lost.

I run - up the gently sloping rise,
Never slowing as I near the cliff's edge,
I run - coarse wild bushes draw blood across my face,
Feet no longer leadened by the press of gravity.

Slow, my body turns upon itself;
The sound of cracking limbs
That wrap themselves around me,
Awkward - independent - a Lover's last twining.

My arms stretch
As feathers form a wing,
I slow - until I am the nexus
Of fall and flight.

I am a small bird:
Member of a flock,
Never to be alone,
Rich colours - never to be drab,
Sing sweet - never to be silent,
I am a being of natural beauty - never knowing shame.

I swim - out beyond the sound of crashing waves upon the shore,
I swim - toward the ocean,
The sun my distance mark
While I sail the small pleasure boat of my childhood.

At last I feel the gentle nudge,
This Unseen would be my translator,
The unconscious instrument
Of my fanatic wish.

My leg's grasped,
Let the final breath escape; watch it rise,
As my hands and arms
Form small gills.

My last kick turns into a fin flip,
Breathe the water's air,
Gills fill and expunge
The stale breath of my lungs.

I am a small fish,
Well placed member of a shoal,
Never to be alone,
Soft golden shade of my translucent skin -
Never to be drab,
I am a being of natural beauty - never knowing ashamed.

Leave the rush of town, embellished and opulent history,
The sound of car horns honking,
Of language never understood,
Though I cared to.

The mud buildings daubed with ancient colours faded,
The women floating cloaks, eyes redeemed by life,
Chart a course -
Not caring where, for I will not return.

I crawl - into this empty desert: my life,
Clear, unclouded sky: my dreams,
This burning sun: my enemy victorious.

I crawl - my sanity emptied like a sand clock,
I crawl - pain completes me, shrouds me, universes me,
I crawl - strength abandon me!

Craving weakness to speed me to my journey's dark temple,
Now I lie upon my belly -
Heat leaves me; limbs wither,
Crenellated skin scales into dry smoothness.

I am a small but poisonous snake - and I am alone!
My brown skin is drab!
Never silent, but my death rattle instills only fear!

Measure me
By what I have felt,
By my courage.

Measure me

By how I have loved,

By what I have relinquished and overcome.

Measure me

By how I have wreaked defeat

And confusion on evil.

Now, Death take me,

Purge my soul of all its crimes!

EP - Run to Death

Death beguile me,
Silken gloved and caped
She calls to me,
My siren lover, my child lost.

I run, seeking oblivion's cold embrace,
Sweet words of love trickle from my lips,
They would be the last I'd think,
The last I'd speak; the last I'd feel.

It should be like this, for I had lived with love,
I allowed gentleness define me,
To you it seemed like weakness, yet I am the strength of love,
And frozen by this cold world.

I run to death, up the gently sloping rise,
Never slowing as I near the cliff's edge,
I run - as fast as this mortal body could -
The coarse wild bushes draw blood across my face.

I run, the rushing cliff face slow motioned,
A branch briefly snags me,
Then whips my face,
Blinded, slowly my body turns upon itself.

Somewhere there is a centre of me, about which I revolve,
What lies at this centre, this core of me,
Something deeply hidden, misunderstood,
Will it now emerge when needed least?

I hear the sound of cracking limbs; they wrap themselves about me,
Awkward, independent - a lover's last twining,
Then my arms stretch as feathers form a wing
With which I slow until I am the nexus of fall and flight.

I am a small bird, member of a flock, never to be alone
Richly coloured, never to be drab
A song sweet, never to be silent,
I am a being of natural beauty - never knowing shame.

I swim obliquely round the headland as if to the adjacent cove,
This body cares not *what* you do to it,
My life no longer needs a guard; already being discarded,
I need only guidance to my death.

I may swim as far as I ever wish,
Given there is no constraint on time,
But sometime later judged
I'd passed the point of life's return.

I swim - out beyond the sound of crashing waves upon a shore,
No longer catch the sounds
Of children screams of laughter, playing on the beach,
I swim - toward the ocean, the sun my distance mark.

My stroke lengthens, my arms grow stronger, my legs kick harder,
While I sail that small pleasure boat of my childhood,
Then hold my breath and swim downward,
Need, the last time, to feel a firm touch - sand powders round my hand.

My strength returns as the waves gain height, rolling in,
The skies darkens and a storm begins to blow itself,
At last I felt the nudge,
of something larger than my body.

See it skirt on the edge of vision.
No more a gentle tug,
The Unseen that would be my Translator,
The unconscious instrument of my fanatic wish.

Even in the motion of destruction I am anticipation,
Fear drowns the wind and the screech of birds,
Silence drags beyond the limit of my courage,
And I regret.

Then, lungs empty,
Arms hang loose, outstretched,
My leg's grasped - let the final breath escape
Watch it rise up as I drag down.

My hands and arms wither to form smalls gills,
My last kick turns into a fin flip,
Inhale the water's air:
Gills fill and expunge the stale breath of my lungs.

I am a small fish,
Well placed member of a shoal, never to be alone,
The soft golden shade of my translucent skin, never to be drab,
I will be silent, but all fish are silent,
I am a being of natural beauty - never knowing shame.

Leave the rush of town, embellished and opulent history,
The sound of car horns honking,
Of language never understood, though I cared to,
The mud buildings daubed with ancient colours faded.

The women floating cloaks,
Eyes redeemed by life,
I chart a course - not caring where,
For I will not return from it's destination.

I crawl - into this empty desert: my life,
Clear, unclouded sky: my dreams,
This burning sun: my enemy victorious,
I crawl - my sanity emptied like a sand clock.

I crawl - pain completes me, shrouds me, universes me,
I crawl - strength abandon me!
For I crave weakness
To speed me to my journey's dark temple.

Now I lie upon my belly; heat leaves me; limbs wither,
Crenellated skin scales into dry smoothness,

I am a small but poisonous snake and I am alone!
My brown skin is drab!
Never silent, my death rattle instills only fear,
But I AM a being of natural beauty - never knowing shame.

Measure me
By what I have felt,
By my courage.

Measure me
By how I have loved,
By what I have relinquished and overcome.

Measure me
By how I have wreaked defeat
And confusion on evil.

*Now, Death take me,
Purge my soul of all its crimes.*

All my Daemons

Don't ever think I have defeat my daemons,
For then I'd only hide behind delusion,
Instead may they be constant warnings.

May I be a humbler being,
Wiser,
And more useful to the task I set myself.

We have not heard of him before, but let him out,
He is me:
A boy, small, and bleary eyed.

Cowered in a darkened corner, nine years old,
Life made him run away from it
And place the guards you see about the gates.

He smiles a little awkwardly, still wary,
But his eyes retain their curiosity,
And openness.

He wants to speak,
Of course a question,
What is the first thing he will say?

His guards are his protectors, let us meet them,
Walk past the haughty man, his face all pinched,
A long aquiline nose, from which drips, drips water.

He's always sniffing huffily,
Looks around
Expecting sniggers from the common man.

Who understood him better than he ever would himself,
While he,
Oh how he misunderstood them!

The Stern judge:
We never found a heart within your breast,
How long and hard we looked – it was of course a futile quest.

Small bodied with a giant head, from which hang grey locks, long and lank,
You sit upon a leathered throne, dispensing justice,
Do you ever rest and let a folly pass you by without a caustic lashing?

We should have mentioned Ego first,
That small girl, alert, she wears a colored dress,
Of course she seeks the spotlight, and credit whether due or not.

She might dance upon the table; sing a childish song,
Stopping all the time – forever wanting praise,
If praise is not forthcoming she will sulk and turn her back upon us.

The Crack of her Hand

The crack of a hand against his face echoed the distant thunder clap,
Bitterness defeats her:
Cold anger in her eyes as clouds flurry overhead.

However much he sacrificed his self esteem
It won't be the love he wants it be,
He begged her draw blood from him, it would seem less painful.

And then, marooned he drifts away from her
As sunlight falls across her face,
Reflecting off the golden red of her wild hair.

Trees rip free and lumber madly,
Bent on inflicting all the pain he vents on her,
And then begins the rains of Noah, a deluge of her tears which never fall.

The house across the water – a love full home,
Warm fires burning, kids toasting crumpets,
Wet dogs shaking at the door, to the sound of screaming girls.

Fathers working hard somewhere, all for the family good,
Argh! This image jars; there's jagged edges to it,
Could it be so peaceful without sacrifices unworth the compromise?

His beliefs confirm themselves as the house slides into the water,
Without a splash, and then submerged:
The faint cry of the woman goes unnoticed.

What do we face because of her tormented view?
An alchemy of her feelings release despair in him,
He listens to her words with detached foreboding.

This will not resolve itself, for her life has never been of happy endings,
The wind roars as the storm reflects her mood,
Gives him oblique indications of her feelings.

He gauged the deep blue rage
That craze across her eyes,
Her body as it blankly unresponded to his soft caress.

Her thoughts must be running, for the clouds skid across the sky,
Grey - heavy as the tear drops they hold to bursting,
But she was never on the brink of letting go.

There is no chink of blue sky, never will be again:
But then, misunderstanding him, the skies do briefly clear,
He hesitates, not wanting to correct the misconception.

So the sun shone on them,
Though it was a mirage,
And for a moment her soft face appeared.

She closed her eyes, and basked in warmth,
But truth must out,
He tells her what he knows she wouldn't want to hear.

In her the flitting realization
But she is content to live the lie
A moment longer, to stretch the peaceful interlude from war.

Cut by the broken edges of her heart,
He persists in wounding her with truth,
Yet sometimes hope is worth the probability of failure.

At last they rise,
Weary warriors from this limb strewn field,
Movement is dragged legs through thigh high snow in spring.

We reach our chariots; slaves take blood smeared armor from us,
The weapons we chose for battle and the broken shields that saved us,
Draw up what strength remains and take the reins; a loud hurrah!

The snort of stallion in anticipation,
But we only seek an easy pace to take us homeward,
Their heads drop and then the clatter of well shod hooves on stone.

The horses strength gathers in our hands,
From which we replenish self,
Already repairing for the next battle, on a different field.

Conquest sought by her; he merely wanting peace,
But this was not to be,
Despite all efforts from his knights.

His cohort magician,
And his deepest love for her,
But nothing changed this day, and nothing ever would.

The Giant

May the hoary headed Giant from distant hills be at your gate,
His fingers separate the studded door from its thick hinges,
And with this impediment removed may you now hear the cry
Of maidens screaming for their saviour,
Be it God, their father, brother, lover or the Shaman.

This last a cry rung from the desperate lips of virgins,
Long believing in their certain death, sought not life
But retribution on the Giant, his spawn, and his most loved:
A curse to last until not one soul recalled this awful day.

Yet he persisted, unrepentant,
Deaf to all their pleas,
With one blunt finger drawing out each girl singly,
To face her trial alone and unprotected.

One man, the noble father of the virgin girls, lay already dead,
His body shapeless, crushed within the Giant's hand,
Blood dripping down his wrist like some sweet nectar,
He licked a drop, and laughing, claimed it a healthy vintage.

After this no hero did emerge again to face his certain death,
The first girl he devoured, declaring her unfit to take his seed,
Her face of death fixed in a mask of terror, assuaged by relief,
Two more followed this same ugly fate.

Until at last remained but only two:
Our defiant Virgins,
His fingers though long could not reach them,
So began he wildly looking round for tools to force their exit.

But he need not have vexed himself,
For out walked they boldly,
Hand in hand, faces pink and sweet,
Stood they before the surly giant, proud daughters two.

Then stripped all clothes from their ne'er sullied bodies,
He of course exclaimed delight,
At their beauty,
And their readiness to be defiled.

"You are wise young wenches, well brought to womanhood,
You serve your father well, and all the women of your worthless town,
For I shall be sated by your charms,
Knowing there is no beauty matched by thee."

At which some young maidens failed to curb a jealous wish
To see the virgins suffer worse,
For who was it to claim
That only they wore beauty outward.

The giant spied one of these painted shrews, and so
The smirk of derision
Became set upon her face,
As he tore it from its rightful cradle.

Attention turned now full on this maiden pair,
Not least from our Giant,
“We desire a word alone” one boldly cried,
Her face all innocence.

And so,
Out of earshot of the greedy masses,
Did the girls propose a feast
The Giant could not resist.

They moved that he should take them both.
To a place of their choosing, which must be quiet and private,
Where he might have them at his pleasure,
Both or singly in whatever manner he desired.

,
The beast was snared in heart and mind.
With alacrity he followed like a nose drawn bull,
His brain now free of thought, his member rampant,
Far beyond the young girls capacity, or so it seemed.

So down he lay,
His member rigidly aloft,
Old hags later claimed they saw a tower rise
Upon the west horizon.

Which at this wild day's end
Fell in unison with the escaping sun,
Others said it was their wistful fancy: distant recollections
Of a dubious wished for youth that never tarried with the truth.

No one lived who saw the outcome of these maiden's selfless gamble,
Save those two Virgins,
And for reasons you'll know soon enough,
They never could reveal what passed that day.

Which turned to night three times before this story is concluded,
Search not from me the truth,
For it lies within this pen,
My hand an instrument, not guide.

The girls began in unison predictably enough,
And so the Giant was heard to moan,
A cry deep within his throat,
You brought me to the edge of reason, woman.

*You tipped me o'er the edge to my abandon,
But fear me yet,
For yet may I crush you
As I did your courageous father.*

"Yet a deluded fool must he have been
To claim your honour never tainted,
For you possess the hands and mouths of whores,
Expert in the wiles of love.

Twin sirens at the gates
Of man's elusive dream to find fulfilment in the laps
Of two girls both beautiful
And know their craft, as only workers can.

Yet more do you possess:
Knowing your twin's mind
Can you anticipate her thoughts and so heighten pleasure
More than double fold, as I can testify."

He lay recumbent in an orchard, trees tall and fruit abundant,
In a valley ten furlongs from the nearest village,
Back arched as if to breaking, he cried long and loudly,
As the girl's performance surpassed each one before.

Tears sprung to his eyes as he recalled those wasted, misspent years,
In singular obsession with a simple wench whose only claim
Lay in the mounds protruding from her chest,
Yet how long he ploughed that sweet and tender valley.

And too the cleft beneath:
Her sighs and kisses more than enough
To bring him to conclusion in a hasty minute,
Should he have not bed her for a day, or two at most.

But these two lovelies with their pliant wrists,
That worked his member with the sweetest touch,
Their tongues seemed multiplied a thousand fold,
His senses overloaded, his whole body groaning in ecstasy.

Yet still they did not let him
Launch his seed upon the unsuspecting throng,
Nor reach that magic moment all men crave,
That exquisite feeling of release.

Their touch, the licking, sucking,
Biting, pinching, probing,
All ceased in an instant,
And so it all began anew.

The girls seemed tireless, yet the giant wearied,
Of this taking to the brink, time and again,
He sought explosion, sure to drown the girls
And their entire village too.

But they declined, with pretty smiles and promises
Which each time delivered more than he imagined possible.
The girls ne're slept,
But sought sustenance from a nearby brook.

And the sweet fruit from the orchard
Which by chance, or not,
Belonged to their now departed father,
Whom they had promised jointly to avenge.

Thus it appeared the day arrived of their plan's conclusion,
The Giant lay in fog oblivion - dream and reality now as one,
He was abandoned to these angels of the haystack,
He lay unprotected, at their mercy's hand.

Blood long drained from every organ
To one now throbbing, glisten headed tool,
Grown beyond recall of even the most blatant lying hag
Who claimed it puny side by the man that took her maidenhead.

The children jeered
It must have been the village idiot's,
For he was prodigiously endowed,
And bore the smile of one forever sated,

Since young girls, now wedded mothers,
Had long practiced on his member,
To his, to theirs
And to their future husband's deep content.

As his cock pulsed,
A life now it seemed separate to the giant's own,
The girl's at last revealed their hand,
For the evidence was later clear for all to see.

Their brother, gone to far estates, was to return this very day,
Renown was he, an axe man fast and true,
Deliberate in the wielding of his tool of trade,
That shining axe blade, sharp enough to cut a damsels' locks.

He would travel on this roadway homeward,
The girls were sure of this, if nothing else,
For before he left had he promised their dear father that he'd cut
The dead and dying trees throughout the orchard.

And sure enough at the expected hour
Did he walk unknowingly into this Glade of Shame,
Stunned, he saw his sisters beckon,
And the Giant, now in delirium, begging for release.

The boy was also quick of thought,
So with but the merest guidance from his elder sisters
Did he rush forth, axe raised high above his head,
Then plunged it at the root of that ogre's infamy.

The giant had his wish to drown the village in his fluids,
Yet its colour was of an altogether different hue,
Deep red and glutinous,
It spurted over him as everyone.

At first he cried with joy,
Thinking that his orgasm had at last been reached,
But the sticky fluid
Tasted not of salt but iron.

One might imagine that the story ended here,
But this story is of a man,
And two women,
So there's no neatly parcelled ending that we might all guess.

For the two young wenches had in time
Become enamoured of the Giant,
One might say love
Had raised its blinkered, deaf eared head.

So he lived for many days,
To gorge upon these pert beauties,
They willing servants at the alter of his soon recovered manhood,
Forever pregnant with the giant's ugly offspring.

Yet how they conclude this miracle of procreation
I, simple man, shall never comprehend.
Though I see young maidens twitter, behind their little hands,
And eyes glance meaningfully this way and that.

So there is one more secret women mount
Upon the sagging wall of their deceit of men,
Which only ignorants
And fools like us would ever bear.

Whilst our erstwhile villain lives in daily rapture,
Redolent in the subtle arts the girls prescribe,
Or to the fertile valleys
Of his peasant girl when simpler fare he craves.

All around now live in harmony,
We hear of this with tears of envy springing to our eyes,
For never more shall we sip at the cup of such pleasures,
Thirsty prisoners of our wives misandristic cell.

EP - The Giant

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The first girl he devoured, declaring her unfit to take his seed,
Her face of death fixed in a mask of terror, assuaged by relief,
Two more followed this same ugly fate.

Until at last remained but only two:
Our defiant Virgins,
His fingers though long could not reach them,
So began he wildly looking round for tools to force their exit.

But he need not have vexed himself,
For out walked they boldly,
Hand in hand, faces pink and sweet,
Stood they before the surly giant, proud daughters two.

Then stripped all clothes from their ne'er sullied bodies,
He of course exclaimed delight,
At their beauty,
And their readiness to be defiled.

"You are wise young wenches, well brought to womanhood,
You serve your father well, and all the women of your worthless town,
For I shall be sated by your charms,
Knowing there is no beauty matched by thee."

At which some young maidens failed to curb a jealous wish
To see the virgins suffer worse,
For who was it to claim
That only they wore beauty outward.

The giant spied one of these painted shrews, and so
The smirk of derision
Became set upon her face,
As he tore it from its rightful cradle.

Attention turned now full on this maiden pair,
Not least from our Giant,
“We desire a word alone” one boldly cried, her face all innocence,
How the gossips raged behind closed doors.

Of course conjecture reared and pranced but with time grew quiet
For all knew the girls could not be overheard,
And so, out of earshot of the greedy masses, did the girls
Propose a feast the Giant could not resist.

They moved that he should take them both.
To a place of their choosing, which must be quiet and private,
Where he might have them at his pleasure,
Both or singly in whatever manner he desired

,
The beast was snared in heart and mind.
With alacrity he followed like a nose drawn bull,
His brain now free of thought, his member rampant,
Far beyond the young girls capacity, or so it seemed.

So down he lay,
His member rigidly aloft,
Old hags later claimed they saw a tower rise
Upon the west horizon.

Which at this wild day's end
Fell in unison with the escaping sun,
Others said it was their wistful fancy: distant recollections
Of a dubious wished for youth that never tarried with the truth.

No one lived who saw the outcome of these maiden's selfless gamble,
Save those two Virgins,
And for reasons you'll know soon enough,
They never could reveal what passed that day.

Which turned to night three times before this story is concluded,
Search not from me the truth,
For it lies within this pen,
My hand an instrument, not guide.

The girls began in unison predictably enough,
And so the Giant was heard to moan, a cry deep within his throat,
Some guessed it was the roar of beasts as roam the vast unknown,
But there one would find no such beast with thoughts as his.

On and on: one might hear -
Amidst the rattling panes, and wind bended trees -
The ogre's cry of glorious abandon
To the girls' felicitations.

"You brought me to the edge of reason, woman,
You tipped me o'er the edge to my abandon,
But fear me yet,
For may I still crush you as I did your courageous father."

"Yet a deluded fool must he have been
To claim your honour never tainted,
For you possess the hands and mouths of whores,
Expert in the wiles of love.

Twin sirens at the gates
Of man's elusive dream to find fulfilment in the laps
Of two girls both beautiful
And know their craft, as only workers can.

Yet more do you possess:
Knowing your twin's mind
Can you anticipate her thoughts and so heighten pleasure
More than double fold, as I can testify."

He lay recumbent in an orchard, trees tall and fruit abundant,
In a valley ten furlongs from the nearest village,
Back arched as if to breaking, he cried long and loudly,
As the girl's performance surpassed each one before.

Tears sprung to his eyes as he recalled those wasted, misspent years,
In singular obsession with a simple wench whose only claim
Lay in the mounds protruding from her chest,
Yet how long he ploughed that sweet and tender valley.

And too the cleft beneath:
Her sighs and kisses more than enough
To bring him to conclusion in a hasty minute,
Should he have not bed her for a day, or two at most.

But these two lovelies with their pliant wrists,
That worked his member with the sweetest touch,
Their tongues seemed multiplied a thousand fold,
His senses overloaded, his whole body groaning in ecstasy.

Yet still they did not let him launch his seed upon the unsuspecting throng,
At the magic moment all men crave, that exquisite feeling of release,
Their touch, the licking, sucking, biting, pinching, probing,
All ceased in an instant, and so it all began anew.

The girls seemed tireless,
Yet the giant wearied,
Of this taking to the brink, time and again,
He sought explosion, sure to drown the girls.

But they declined, with pretty smiles and promises
Which each time delivered more than he imagined possible.
The girls ne're slept,
But sought sustenance from a nearby brook.

And the sweet fruit from the orchard
Which by chance, or not,
Belonged to their now departed father,
Whom they had promised jointly to avenge.

Thus it appeared the day arrived of their plan's conclusion,
The Giant lay in fog oblivion - dream and reality now as one,
He was abandoned to these angels of the haystack,
He lay unprotected, at their mercy's hand.

Blood long drained from every organ
To one now throbbing, glisten headed tool,
Grown beyond recall of even the most blatant lying hag
Who claimed it puny side by the man that took her maidenhead.

The children jeered
It must have been the village idiot's,
For he was prodigiously endowed,
And bore the smile of one forever sated,

Since young girls, now wedded mothers,
Had long practiced on his member,
To his, to theirs
And to their future husband's deep content.

As his cock pulsed,
A life now it seemed separate to the giant's own,
The girl's at last revealed their hand,
For the evidence was later clear for all to see.

Their brother, gone to far estates, was to return this very day,
Renown was he, an axe man fast and true,
Deliberate in the wielding of his tool of trade,
That shining axe blade, sharp enough to cut a damsels' locks.

He would travel on this roadway homeward,
The girls were sure of this, if nothing else,
For before he left had he promised their dear father that he'd cut
The dead and dying trees throughout the orchard.

And sure enough at the expected hour
Did he walk unknowingly into this Glade of Shame,
Stunned, he saw his sisters beckon,
And the Giant, now in delirium, begging for release.

The boy was also quick of thought,
So with but the merest guidance from his elder sisters
Did he rush forth, axe raised high above his head,
Then plunged it at the root of that ogre's infamy.

The giant had his wish to drown the village in his fluids,
Yet its colour was of an altogether different hue,
Deep red and glutinous,
It spurted over him as everyone.

At first he cried with joy,
Thinking that his orgasm had at last been reached,
But the sticky fluid tasted not of salt but iron,
So the roar of pleasure soon was turned to pain.

One might imagine that the story ended here,
But this story is of a man,
And two women,
So there's no neatly parcelled ending that we might all guess.

For the two young wenches had in time
Become enamoured of the Giant,
One might say love
Had raised its blinkered, deaf eared head.

So he lived for many days,
To gorge upon these pert beauties,
They willing servants at the alter of his soon recovered manhood,
Forever pregnant with the giant's ugly offspring.

Yet how they conclude this miracle of procreation
I, simple man, shall never comprehend.
Though I see young maidens twitter, behind their little hands,
And eyes glance meaningfully this way and that.

So there is one more secret women mount
Upon the sagging wall of their deceit of men,
Which only ignorants
And fools like us would ever bear.

Whilst our erstwhile villain lives in daily rapture,
Redolent in the subtle arts the girls prescribe,
Or to the fertile valleys
Of his peasant girl when simpler fare he craves.

All around now live in harmony,
We hear of this with tears of envy springing to our eyes,
For never more shall we sip at the cup of such pleasures,
Thirsty prisoners of our wives misandristic cell.

Ralph

He would be a Sweet Wanderer,
The world his yard and hearth,
A free man, unchained by expectation
Of what he should be or should have done,
Or by convention, those diminishing constraints,
He will own his world, with a cool heart,
Be every woman's lover, their ideal of manhood,
This will be my son.

But he will be lonely,
For with a cool heart there are few connections,
When age has crept up on him and he turns to spin a yarn
He'll find the stage is empty and for the first time
Observe his hands are wrinkled, his clothes worn through.

So he turns away from his fellow man,
And seeks safety in solitude,
But he found no safety, no peace, in his solitude,
He found only fear, and doubt, and distrust,
What he heard about his fellow man made him suspicious,
What he saw for himself he did not understand,
He thought to withdraw himself further but
He had reached the cave's limit.

And so his voice quavers, strength deserts him,
He must summon courage, drawn from a life's experience,

Tread a firmer foothold in the sand, and straight his bended back,
Look clear into the distance, or into the face of any man before him,
For he need fear no man, no woman, and no beast,
They cannot best him, invincibility armours him:
This will be my son.

So when people speak of him they'll say
He has loved the only way, abandoned to its pleasure,
And his home has been wherever he found love,
Many times he fought for the rights of all free men,
He is their champion, their muffled voice released,
The guide on their meandering path,
His courage becomes their courage, their determination
To live, and be men worthy of that name.

He will be clear visioned, the King of all his dominions,
And the wily Magician that no man can fathom,
In front of them stands Warrior,
With beliefs that he will kill or die for,
Yet above them all stands Lover,
Unflinching in his love:
THIS WILL BE MY SON !

A Street Beggar

You gripped my hand,
As only children will when too afraid for brazen cockiness,
I couldn't prise my fingers free.

Me, twice your size, and twice your strength,
But you have the power of desperation,
And me the weakness of complacency.

So I had to look in your eyes, at all that I was afraid to face,
Of what I would sometimes, in days of weakness,
Pretend does not exist, least of all for children.

And you, why you were not the slick professional beggar
Well versed in teasing out the guilt
And soft wishes of the indulgent tourist.

Salving short lived consciences.
No, you out of control,
Dendrite zinging round your head.

Already lost, turmoiled long before the glue
Had dulled your senses,
And sent you spinning down the street.

A string pulled puppet,
Your glazed eyes pleading
For something neither you nor I could grasp.

Vishnu

I had an image of you doing your thing,
Your Marcel Marceau,
And Vishnu standing on the table watching out,
Mouth agape, eyes all round, and hopping 'bout.

And then he gets it; man he just falls apart,
There, you're towering up a world
Invisible to everyone but him and you,
Your hands are working overtime, yeah it's coming, see it!

Creased up he puts his head straight through
The wall you test for weaknesses you couldn't find,
He's got clapping hands,
He's wanting more, more, more.

But then the picture slid, and shattered as it hit the floor,
Now it's just a pile of broken wishes,
Since you said "maybe",
In a voice which meant "No. Never".

Welcome to my World

The man fights; he fight with honour,
This is not conquest, he fights for his beliefs.

The man fights; when the fight is over, it is over,
There is no residue of bitterness or anger.

The man is open and honest, even when afraid of consequences,
He accept the boundaries of his weakness.

The man draws strength from within or outside himself
To cross the threshold of his weakness.

The man wants to know his friends and lovers,
He does not want to change them.

The man explores beliefs and new ideas,
And he is free to hold or discard them without shame.

The man is at peace with thoughts and feelings he does not understand,
He does not mask his confusion and he will learn from his ignorance.

The man who loves will treat her with respect and kindness,
He is free to fail and free to succeed in all things.

The man's values nurture him, they do not shackle him,
They are his values, not values forced upon him.

The man is defined by all facets of himself,
His greatest and his weakest acts, words and thoughts.

In the dark places of his world the man will shine the light,
So he will be aware and accept.

In his world the man is not afraid of the dark places,
The man's world is a safe, happy and beautiful place.

Welcome to his world.

Fresh Picked

At ninety

I'd wish you still my fresh yellow,

Even if I'm not there to see it.

Yet what do I know beyond my feelings,

And what are they but flowers,

Picked fresh this day, with love, for you.

So why not let's share love

Whilst you're still looking,

Keep each other warm.

Let cold nights draw in around us,

Tentacles of frost slither 'tween the sheets,

Like snakes for water, caress us with their icy hands.

Whilst we snug up, spooned, neck crooked,

No daylight, blurred edges, you and me,

That's how I like it, then I know it's real.

For if we hate we couldn't lay so close for long,

We'd be forever restless, lies lie between us,

To prise a gulf we couldn't swing across.

Old Age

What do I know of ancient bodies
And their wilful sagging?
What respite can I bring to suffering of failing limbs.

The weakened pulse and wrinkled skin,
Which all reveal
The true extent of our mortality?

Our time is soon to be complete;
Few sensuous delights remain,
Make then the most of shrinking remnants.

Once a pile of gaudy coloured clothes in which we revelled long,
Now mere scraps of faded garments long forgotten,
Reminding us of pleasures once we owned.

Slough off this body like a brittle snake skin,
Oh how I wish it could be so!
I've energy and will enough to share.

But what fool am I to dupe myself!
Does not my body curl as dying leaves,
Hunching over sepia memories.

I wrack my mind, give wings to my imagination,
But still the blankest future beckons,
There's no young blood to lust for.

No pleasure we could gorge upon,
No experience to grip in strong embrace,
No laughter to be heard within this failing trunk.

I feel my hand is weakened on the grip of life,
Slaked with a thirst for death,
Suicide seems but the loser's course.

An act in times past I would disparage,
Yet sometimes now
The shoes would seem to fit.

Are we not just a beacon's warnings?
By our withering to immobility does not life have
More colour and excitement for our youth in lazy play?

Yet is not life now on a more expansive plane,
Unsullied and untroubled
By the vagaries of daily toil?

Then fathom what we can of the unknowable,
And come to gentle terms
With all we did, or did not.

For we are soon recalled
To the unbroken chain of our eternal being,
Escaped from for an instant to this wondrous interlude called life.

Our true existence is a sea of breaking waves,
Which drift repetitively to shore,
Yet there is no ending within their crashing.

Their essence merely filters back to sea,
To form again a different wave,
This endless cycle is our being, with death a brief implosion.

Old Age is for the unwinding of the clock,
A gentle fall to timelessness,
The discarding of a body once so closely treasured,
The abandonment of ego, for what is there to laud?

The shattering of mirrors,
fooling no-one who we really are,
The passing on of hard found wisdom,
The giving up of friends and loved possessions.

Then rid me of this rusted armour!
And there will be no shadows wither I can hide,
All masks will crumble but to dust,
No legs to carry me to safe hermitage.

So, square facing life, and death,
Shorn of all delusion,
Let it not fear me,
For would I be here if unprepared to face it?

Where I am from

Where I am from I know a wall,
Its colour any time of year, its warmth on any given day,
it lies past the village well; women washing clothes,
As every day collecting water for the toil of day,
Preparing for the combat of the night,
Oh! spare this body from its futile pain.

Talk, of the unfolding day,
And thoughts upmost in our minds,
Of deaths long past,
Wrongs we failed to right, blind fakirs,
But smiles return when we think of the foolish things we saw,
By ourselves or some clown, the flameout centre of attraction.

And it was the same this year past,
I walked this road, saw a farmer beat his cow,
And there he is again,
A stuck expression on his face, thwart dreams fuelled,
His son cowered;
Ignorant of a meaner world.

A place where dreams are shattered,
Not this imperceptible abandon as a toy unwinds its coil,
Where death meets us at the door this day, unbidden,
Barely time to reflect upon our dreams now dirt bound,
Trodden unintentionally by my companions,
Fellow travellers on this well worn road.

Home,
Here I know my place, my worth, rocklike,
Our strength's a broad estate,
Unassailed by the raucous laughter of the city bummers,
Their home which ever corner finds them resting
As the sun goes down.

A bottle in their hands,
How like a baby we return
When life turns hard against us,
Could I abuse them,
Make their life more bitter?
Even when they ridicule my clothes, my speech.

In our village are we not all like me?
So their words float past me as a river to the sea of thoughtless meaning,
If we wished, together, we could beat anyone,
And would if our joint needs be,
Hesitation never caught us when it really mattered,
So in the city I walk proud, ambassador for all my people.

And imagine, once home,
Sitting round the fire,
Faces toward me turned,
Expectant, nervous young at our feet,
Bold a second later, once we'd laughed and they knew it safe,
As I recounted sorties.

About the place out there which turns upon a different axis,
But could as well be gone,
A pyromanic blaze implode,
For all the difference it made to the turning of our world,
This life we've led since the mists parted,
And will lead, long past my death.

The world beyond the village bounds matters not to me,
As a tourniquet upon an arm,
This extremity might gangrene,
But it makes no difference to the pumping
Of the heart
That drip feeds life and breath to us.

So when she'd no money,
Her husband not long dead,
And mouths yet to feed,
We will work –
A day, a week, or more,
Until she has a room filled to the roof with yellow corn.

A bridge across poverty
Which all of us must make,
She repaid the unspoken debt
With toil for months on,
We each knew our duty,
As if the head man had commanded us.

Unspoken it was nulled one dark day in May,
As rains fell, as in May they always do,
The rivers flood, streams formed, clothes drenched, the children play,
Rafts disintegrate on rocks, bodies flung waterward,
Or onto muddy banks,
With cries of laughter, cries of pain.

Sounding little different
To my own voice when I too built a raft,
Crashed it on those same rocks,
Where the blood of my friend
Painted those indifferent rocks a vivid red,
As life pulsed slowly out of him.

It didn't stop us playing,
We soon forgot, not him, but danger,
Our children never heard his name, unless they too bled,
Then we were reminded, and we talked of him,
He lived again -
A short while as we recount his exploits.

Recalled the things he said, profound and cruel,
Speculated what he might have done with life,
Which girl he might have taken as his wife,
What kind of man would he become,
And what connected us to him
And all within this village.

For are we not all parts of a body larger than ourselves?
Would I not suffer if my hand lay useless at the wrist,
Could no longer feed my mouth;
Defend myself, or earn a livelihood,
Would we not then protect
And accommodate such weakness?

In the same way must we defend our weaker brethren from assault,
Nurture those that fall to sickness,
Or betray us out of cowardice,
Care for young and old alike, be they family or not,
Understand the weakness in us,
And how best to mask it.

My house, my father's house, from the year it was complete,
It is hearth, the village sanctuary; the rest, who cares!
I work in a field and I know the texture of the soil,
What it will grow, where weeds will form,
Where the plough will break its blade
On the rocks with purple streaks.

And which other fields I will labour through my working years,
For myself or neighbour
Who has struggled side by side,
To toil and bear fruit from this patch is our obligation,
As it was and will be,
Until one of us gives in.

I am every person in this town,
That ever was,
Or will be,
Aware of all their weakness, dreams and fears,
What makes them laugh,
And cry when they hear a certain sound.

Why on a day in late December
They will drink until the next day brushes over them,
Why the man we call the strongest walks head bowed,
And his wife not show here face for days thereafter,
We know each other's shame and glory,
And we bear them both.

I carry myself with the strength of all my people in me,
It makes us invincible against a single man lost in the city,
He was drawn from a place like ours,
But now the bonds lie tattered,
At first he yelled for joy at the freedom of no past
Or duties mounting as a debt if left undone.

But now he walks alone, haunted by unseen spectres,
Eyes seek connection with any wandering stranger,
Up against another man he is merely arms and legs
And whatever courage he can foster,
He may pass a million people,
Yet never see familiar faces.

He'll hear a voice that triggers memories
Rewinding him to that security he once had,
His work now - just that,
With no personal meaning to it,
And he no part
Of some design we understand instinctively.

How will this city man find love that lasts his lifetime,
That gives him peace, and makes him greater than himself,
How can he, if he knows not where she is from,
Her family, her land and what it means to her,
Her hopes and needs,
A deep resourceful current.

No, he could not,
He'll merely get a glimpse
And pile on assumptions,
So she drifts further from who he thinks she is,
What can the outcome be of this misunderstanding
That breaches wider every day?

Killer

What of the killer,
Knife in hand?
This no bloodless, antiseptic death
Removed by distance
Of the bullet from the gun.

The woman knows he wants her dead,
But fore knowledge didn't shield her,
He sees a face reflected in her:
Eyes drawn wide in terror.
Eyes drawn wide in terror.

But does not see it as his own,
Does not know this twist bulge hate,
Acrid breath, bile rising in her throat which
Overpowers the natural scent of her,
a scent, faint, forever in his dreams.

The cry interrupted, his hands about her throat,
Something gives beneath his fingers,
Something soft, something feminine,
He shudders,
For he is no expert in this art of fear.

No!
This is passion thwarted:

This is revenge.

This is revenge.

This is revenge!

For only this way can he redeem his pride,

And call himself a man again,

Yet he wishes it is her that has him

Dancing at the noose;

Dancing at the noose.

To have the chance to lose himself to death,

The only way he may place frontiers round this pain unbounded,

For he knows:

She is gone from him.

She is gone from him.

Doubt floats briefly in hope's shallow water,

But doubt floats cross the reasoned mind,

And this mind is not the action mind,

The reasoned mind

Is not the action mind.

Knife stained red, the blush spreads across his shirt,

She lies in the corner panting like a whelping bitch,

Then she crawls across the floor, weary,

Compelled to ease his slow decline to death,

For long ago she gave up trying to ease his heart's discomfort.

"I've never loved a man" she said

"Some times I think it's love, but then I realise it's only pity,

That's always been my weakness,"

"Then I wish I'd had the fortitude to kill you", she heard him whisper,

Many times she wished he had,

For she would never love a man, never love a child, never love herself.

Mother Lonely

The woman struggled with the bags, in the crowded desert of the lonely,
For her husband walked from her, with another woman in his arms,
Just before she'd told him he would soon be father to a boy.

He hesitated at the door, the thought intrigued him
Could he raise a boy to manhood?
Help him find courage, teach him to dream of impossibilities.

When to be humble, and guard his independence well?
But he looked at her appealing face,
And knew it was not for him, at least with her.

And so she always walks alone, determined in her solitude,
For what man would want a woman sullied by a past embodied in a child,
A child with feelings, rages; complications.

Obstinate rebellion in this boy's unspoken heart,
No one is good enough to be my father,
No one can love me as my father loves me.

She would fail the boy in every way,
And he would store each one,
A debt to be repaid with hate.

And because she saw his father's face in him, tight with anger,
She faced his retribution every day,
In his eyes and - one day - in his voice as well.

It would destroy her, for she loved the father still,
And could not blame him
For the trap she sprang on him one desperate day.

When she felt too weak to take up life's daily struggle on her own,
So she convinced herself she was unworthy of him,
Or any man.

Which called for subterfuge,
Now alone
She is a warrior in the army of all single mothers.

She would pay no heed to the boy today,
In punishment for reminding her of that man she loved,
Ignore him when he cried with pain.

And deride him in front of friends
She would make him small, and hopeless,
While she wrapped herself in resented compromise.

While she wraps herself In resented compromise
While she begrudges him life,
Was this their best potential, or nadir of their failure?

Yet the boy could not hate her, however hard he tried,
Whatever infamy, however feeble or malicious she had been,
He knew she did her best, he knew it in his heart.

And could not escape this knowledge,
Lacking strength and wisdom to relieve her,
What could he do but love her?

EP – We Do our Best

He has done his best: who has not?

The thief that steals the last coin from the vagabond man:
Since the thief's intrusion, he can no longer feed or warm his body,
As the weak sun sneaks behind a cloud and sinks from sight,
The old man then knows this may be his last night,
As so many more have seemed.

With some surprise then,
When his eyes open
He's still the vagrant he had been the night before,
But there is a present urgency to his dilemma,
For where will food arise without the barter's coin?

As he turns into the park
He contemplates which bench will be his bed,
The trees are falling leaves which cushion sound,
The grass a sombre brown,
The lake bereft of birds since frozen over,
And so seems naked, superfluous save as object of a joke
For the prankish kids that dawdle round it.

The old boy selects one where two women sit,
Sheltered from the wind
In attentive conversation,
He can do no better on this border to oblivion.

Instinct puts space between them
And life's rude reality of failure -
The feeling stronger than the urge to help.

But then one sees it might be her elder brother,
She takes his hand and then releases it,
He clutches at the note,
As if to life itself,
And mumbles unmeant thanks,
Then shambles on toward the gate
Where cheap food is served by men who ask no questions.

What of the Killer,
Knife in hand?
This no bloodless, antiseptic death
Removed by distance
Of the bullet from the gun.

The woman knows he wants her dead,
But fore knowledge didn't shield her,
He sees a face reflected in her:
Eyes drawn wide in terror.
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But does not see it as his own,
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Is not the action mind.

Knife stained red, the blush spreads across his shirt,
She lies in the corner panting like a whelping bitch,
Then she crawls across the floor, weary,
Compelled to ease his slow decline to death,
For long ago she gave up trying to ease his heart's discomfort.

"I've never loved a man" she said
"Some times I think it's love, but then I realise it's only pity,
That's always been my weakness,"
"Then I wish I'd had the fortitude to kill you", she heard him whisper,
Many times she wished he had,
For she would never love a man, never love a child, never love herself.

The woman struggled with the bags, in the crowded desert of the lonely,
For her husband walked from her, with another woman in his arms,
Just before she'd told him he would soon be father to a boy.

He hesitated at the door, the thought intrigued him
Could he raise a boy to manhood?
Help him find courage, teach him to dream of impossibilities.

When to be humble, and guard his independence well?
But he looked at her appealing face,
And knew it was not for him, at least with her.

And so she always walks alone, determined in her solitude,
For what man would want a woman sullied by a past embodied in a child,
A child with feelings, rages; complications.

Obstinate rebellion in this boy's unspoken heart,
No one is good enough to be my father,
No one can love me as my father loves me.

She would fail the boy in every way,
And he would save each one, a debt repaid with hate,
And because she saw his father's face in him, tight with anger,
In his eyes and - one day - in his broken voice as well.

It would destroy her, for she loved the father still,
And could not blame him
For the trap she sprang on him one desperate day.

When she felt too weak to take up life's daily struggle on her own,
So she convinced herself she was unworthy of him,
Or any man.

Which called for subterfuge,
Now alone,
She is another warrior in the army of all single mothers.

She would pay no heed to Boy today,
In punishment for reminding her of that man she loved,
Ignore him when he cried with pain.

And deride him in front of friends,
She would make him small, and hopeless,
While she wrapped herself in resented compromise.

Yet the boy could not hate her, however hard he tried,
Whatever infamy, however feeble she had been,
As she begrudged him life.

For he knew she did the best she could,
He knew it in his heart, and could not escape this knowledge,
However malicious she might be.

It was the best that they could muster at that moment,
What could he do but love her, her life a vessel full of sorrow,
But he lacked the strength, or wisdom, to relieve her.

What of the wealthy man, removed from every man,
Embellished by his ivory tower of ego, yet afraid of everyone,
A gargantuan prick with which he played alone.

Would I justify your hate him, how can I?
For what luck is it to be a man consumed
By thoughts of money, and debts unpaid.

He will one day realise the waste of life,
Amassed a pile of worthless rock,
And beaten men to win it.

What comfort is there
Knowing he's tormented by his avarice,
He too has done his meagre best, however miserly it seemed.

His father guided him to this conclusion,
But he never taught him
How to love his fellow man.

We are merely prey or hunter, never friend, or even stranger.
This man child, sometimes beyond his best he strives,
For how else could child survive within an adult world?

Full of confusion, and unspoken contradictions,
Tantrums made his mother putty in his small hands,
He never felt such power again.

But he still expects disorder to be ordered to his needs,
Weaves a web of tiny jealousies, afraid to square to life,
Unmoved by whatever carnage he creates and then abandons.

What of the wise man and the lunatic?
Twittering, confused with pointless words bereft of meaning,
Ties himself to the mast of an idea he'll never comprehend,
But, obstinate, he will defend his truth til all hands are lost,
As the stars glaze across his eyes,
And ears are closed to reason.

We should not ridicule the wise man thus,
For he too has done his best,
Not so far from the lunatic, striving in his upturned world,
And whatever madness, whatever follies, he is guilty of,
We cannot but love him,
As a wayward child, lost to the losing mind.

What place has anger here?
Are we not fortunate
To have a modicum of sense,
Enough to guess the torture he must bear,
In every instant of the present,
Where there is no past, nor future.

Extend then this love
To the ego driven wise man, free of feeling,
A library of musty worthless facts his most sensitive possession,
He endures life, sometimes with no more wisdom than the idiot,
Suffers most the wise man who sensed his heart is dried,
And will crumble at the slightest touch of love.

Does he then seek to inure himself from love?
Or craft a dull facsimile, which a lonely soul one day will grasp,
As if to a passing branch when caught in the flood of sorrow,
Convinced herself one day his heart will swell again,
That she will see it pumping lustily with life:
He now *Man Compleat*.

But time passes and there is no change in him, so she is beaten,
She withdraws from life, sapped by his wilful petty cruelties,
We jump at the leash to hate him,
But he too does his best,
Feeling is a fruit that he alone must pick,
To overbear his crusty, bitter thoughts.

Be free to love,
With someone else's cares above his own,
And think, "Ah I know nothing, at least of any worth",
Let us burn the books,
Pull down the library walls,
Shelved only by false wisdoms.

And the devotional nun,
She has, long years, cast herself to this prophet's mercy,
To his true and untrue disciples,
As she was bade has she prostrated.

Her head is shorn, no jewels adorn her,
And pretty clothes has she forsworn,
All to indicate her true devotion to his teachings,
Her commitment: her immersion in Him.

But it is illusion,
For it is ego's flame she fans each day,
Begrudging every menial chore,

Fit only for the dalit to perform.

She seeks glory as a phoenix,
For will then the rise be greatest,
Twenty years have I devoted to this man,
Or so she claimed.

When, in truth, he was but the latest means,
The most cunning ploy,
To meet her vain,
Forever vanquished expectations.

Consumed by ritual,
For whom Buddhas' jewels lie buried far beneath,
The prayers, the candles, statues; the mindless incantations,
All the symbols of a pagan faith.

What brought her hither,
What plucked her from her home?
What stormy wind tossed
This small unsturdy craft upon the seas of doubt,

Is this faith to be another crutch
To be abandoned as the last?
When it fails to heal the bedsore of her suffering,
And so again there is no relief from EgoSuffering.

We should love her, as I shed copious tears,
For how much might her best have been
Doing no different, but with a loving motivation; a whitened heart.

Not that tar encrusted organ belching odious smoke.

There is nothing worthy of you, nothing I can give you,
For I would wish to douse nor fan your ego's flame,
Go, help someone and find the whiteness of your heart.

I will never hate the likes of her,
For she did not choose this karma,
She was merely born to live it.

What of ourselves?
If I parade my daemons all in a row
Then my instinct must to run.

Could not face myself,
Arrogance and ego holding hands,
Lust stands stiffly at their side, envy green with sticky fingers.

The judge lurks, as my self esteem calls him to defend me,
Then I think of what I wish to be,
And recall I too do my best.

Proffered Heart

I offered you my heart in secret desperation,
It soared as you embraced it,
And you offered yours for me to do with as I wish.

You tranquil, in some inner certainty
Too simple for this complex heart of mine,
So intertwined twixt thought and feeling.

Wishing I could love as we would breathe,
But then life must have dealt us differently,
For which I can but say *Amen*.

Meanwhile you, the veteran of this war and game of love,
With no hesitation she has taken to the field,
Gallant, with certain tread, and a glitter in her eye.

Songs of work sung boldly,
With laughter in your voice,
But edged with lust.

And pushing out of possibilities,
That made me love you more
If I'm true to my heart's gushing sentiment.

Forgive me that, as I know you would,
Weren't we all a little bruised?
A little tender, from so much rending of our hearts?

My vision is all wondrous victories,
Walking hand in hand,
Looking lovingly in each others eyes.

No thought of aught else; no sense of time,
Mislead with daydream thoughts of you,
I barely know you; I forget your name.

Yet I know the beating of your heart, in unison with mine,
But I was entrapped
By the superficial fences we set about ourselves.

Are these conventions so important, dear?
When love
Is wafting sweetly on the breeze.

Flowers, sea spray,
Fresh cut grass in May,
The musky smell of womanhood before she washes it away.

And in every sound we hear the songs of peace,
The laughter of the mingled voiceless in the street,
Whispered passions.

As eyes look to space, blindly vacant,
May we meet again,
And love explore.

Still I can picture you,
All eyes,
Widely set and darkest chocolate brown.

Full of love,
Enough for everyone it seemed,
But quick to strike for truth and honesty.

Torment me:
Draw me to you as a dog upon the leash,
Tall, and limbs of natural strength.

How I wished to see you naked, in the full of pleasure,
To see you at you being unadulterated you,
Just to convince this wary heart.

May I have the curtain call of love?
Your love, my dearest heart,
My, how we twist for love.

Such foolish stillborn passions,
Yet this love is no illusion,
Merely faintly plumped for the simple pleasure of it being so.

Wasting Time

What time would I be wasting in morbid regret of past loves lost,
When I will be meeting you, somewhere, some time,
As the world collapsed I hold you in my arms.

The outline of my body in fragment and flicker light,
They will fall in love and share all lovers' secret,
Without the need to ask, we shall know each other.

Now you are without me, taking lonely walks inside your head,
Oblivious to the present,
Arrive at places not knowing how you got there.

Looking out the window,
Flash card scenery,
No one to turn to and smile at, sleepily content.

Mute emotions, your heart overflows with guilt,
Regret and shame for the seeming failure of a broken love,
You fly to escape these feelings.

To forget that which reminds you of me,
And all I meant to you;
Much more than I could bear.

Discard the gifts I gave you with such generous heart,
Destroy photos reveal, in eyes, the love I felt for you,
Yet the merest action triggers waterfalls of memories.

Release these thoughts
As paper to the wind, or doves to flight,
Still the urge to run.

And fill your thoughts with anything but him,
Now tell me all you felt
And all the deaths that I have missed.

You will not wonder how you'll fill the day
Because you know it won't be long enough
To do the things we plan to do together.

For you have me: lover, friend for life,
An ear to your fears and victories,
And challenge all your possibilities.

Lips for Giving Head

She knows that some poor girl will soon
Have those self same lips
She says please and thank you with
Wrapped around his dick.

The same lips she kissed her daddy with on birthdays,
He, dear old doting fool,
Still seeing her in pretty skirts and barely talking,
If he could see her now:
Skirt around her ears, and morning breaking.

The same lips that spoke of loyalty, and trust,
And kissed the girlfriend with
Confiding her most trifling thoughts -
Then shagged the boyfriend in her bed.

The same lips that made such promises that only angels keep,
Then sucked the life from parade grounds full of ardent boys,
But she could justify it all, as only women can,
How we love you / hate you / can't do without you darlings.

The same lips that vowed to honour and obey.
Aren't we all just fucking up our lives and anyone in range?
Unless we're so gone up to heaven,
Or lost all feeling neath the neck or navel.

The same lips that one day crack their dying breath,
Just before a smile would pass her lips
As she recalled the boys she had,
And could have had, but wanted them forlorn instead.

Which is better girls? we'll never know,
Our dicks just take a running jump
At anyone that spreads a thigh,
And grateful for the invitation to the only show in town.

She'll never feel the fire between her legs again,
Or see the look of ecstasy,
His face as melting wax,
And feel his body shake to breaking.

In her control,
At her fingers' wishes,
As it throbbed and jumped,
And he begged silently for more.

Real Drastic

Change is the life that surrounds me
All comfort stripped away
Real thorns
Real cages
Real drastic

Fit you into straits
Brush me feathers tied to bruise
Breath fog horns in my ear
Enshroud me in a cloud
Safe, cotton wool, embalm, for ever,
Real drastic

Pinch her bum and start a conversation
Or a slap fool for love
Torque it up and skip the beat
Skip here, into my arms, my dear,
Feel change
Breed change
Real drastic

Crash through,
Glass,
Blood splash,
Dash,
Fashion interrupted intersection
Brief.

Fast time cars whine
Light time,
Introspection averted
Cool breeze
Real drastic.

Shed a layer,
Then say your prayer,
The merry go round spins faster
Speed junkie
Love strains to contain
Real drastic

Sheared waves;
Brain dead,
Real life,
Naked eye trivia
Tigers claws
Blood gore,
Real drastic

Pale blue shimmers,
Matrix layers
Beat description
Light white:
Hot
Real drastic.

Paper slips

Catch a future fast

Animal easy

Hard on watch

Real drastic.

Heal, deal, feel, seal: The end....

Trample Kids....

I'll trample on the kids and watch them scatter,
Chooks in all directions, squawking, hopping,
Run to mother blubbing,
Don't mind me, I'm just your da - with feelings too.

You little bastard have a thought for me,
They never will, but don't blame them yet,
They're free to love and fight,
An open face all wanting answers.

Let's have it then,
Your best shot - defeat me!
Christ they get you every time.
Who knows the answer any road?

The worry is they'll never need to know it,
Except how much it costs to buy a bag o' chips,
I'd like to know, and they should too,
But school's for wasting, time, or any other thing that matters.

Its just there to make them little clones, drones, cone-heads,
And when they've flown, an empty head is all they'll have to show,
A bag o' chips is all they'll ever get to eat.
The jobs, they're scarce and brains they've none for work.

All filled with crap they'll never use,
Two hundred years ago, with money in their pockets, maybe,
To fart and fuck around and talk in riddles
To amuse, confuse the inbred Lords.

But its no use to my trudging offspring,
No pretty pirouettes and graceful bows for them,
It's a kick up the arse and out these wailing walls,
Get on your bike and make a quid or die.

In a factory, machine life,
Your pinnacle a thousand widgets turned out by your labour,
We'd not wasted dreaming, you're just a cog in someone's wheel,
Better times were then when we were left alone.

Peasants, to drink and fuck and die in golden fields,
As the sun shone upon us,
And we worked with purpose and a native wisdom.
But the fields are gone, replaced with brick and iron.

A noisy tomb, we're all a living carcase, no purpose, no meaning,
Surviving when there's little reason to,
But we trudged on, as the days got longer,
And our bodies failed us: "Why?" seems the only thing worth asking.

A chance escape from that life might seem like paradise,
To where the poncy boys are wasting lives,
Trying to make a pile of nothing, that they'd worship half a lifetime til
One fine day they'll see it as it always was.

When rose tinted Gucci's couldn't hide it any more,
Then they'd wish they'd spent their time with us,
At least we fucked like dogs, and have no money worries,
For we've no money and we never will.

Yey, don't start on that soul stuff on me again all right!
Where's the point in that old crock of shit?
It don't buy a pint
Or let me shag a blonde.

Yes right now I'd feel much better
if my head and heart stopped kicking,
But when I'm dead I'm gone,
Til then it's fucking Dog eat Dog!

Unloved

I am unloved, I have always been unloved,
And I will always be unloved,
I was friendless, and a stranger - an enemy to most men.

Once I felt loved and my heart bloomed,
But I was mistaken and this wound has never healed,
Oh how I shrink from love!

Should I abandon love and lead a lonely life?
Yet I still crave true love, love without condition,
Love without expectation.

Love that is fearless in our defence,
Whatever consequence,
Love which seeks nothing in return.

And love, the sun upon our back,
Will find us when we're stranded or alone,
In whatever condition we are, it does not judge us.

It can soothe whatever pain we bring upon ourselves -
A broken heart, brought on by that clinging love,
That desperate love we have all felt.

And seen in forlorn eyes who loved us without just reason,
Their projection of perfection,
How dull we seem in it's reflection.

How lifeless, small statured, weak, and timid,
Slow witted, unheroic, so starkly so,
Who ever needed such a man?

The pursuit of this cloying love have I long abandoned,
For it never gave me comfort, it never gave me peace,
It never made me see the world as beautiful.

Or make me want to love a stranger of my enemies,
Every waking moment it intruded on my dreams,
So did I then see the sad face, the reflection of my own.

In my preoccupation with my own pain,
I could not,
I could barely help myself, such pain engulfed me.

Yet had I only looked about me,
Then I might have seen what we all share,
What we might say defines the condition to be human.

That we are all unloved,
And think we're alone,
That every one but us is loved.

And so we turn against each other, for it lies at anger's root,
We resent a smiling face, for then they must be loved,
And we are not!

We are unloved, we are excluded,
It is our frustration,
Our sullen disappointment with our life.

And so we start to judge, oh how we wield that sharpened blade!
In our minds we criticise, for we too easily forget our worth
For if unloved we must be worthless.

But we are not worthless - we deserve the love we crave,
And we should never stop the wish for love, however much it hurts,
Unless you take upon yourself to love: to love the unloved.

Love, and you will find your anger fades,
The need for love will pass,
And freed of every kind of suffering.

I am preoccupied with loving you, without condition,
So you are no more alone,
Take my hand, for you need no longer wish for love.

Bitch of The Apocalypse

Crap on you slack jawed whore,
Slice me with your slinging rays,
Witch of the Adorned,
Your bestial slave cowers before the godLord
And takes his meted punishment.

Only you heard the whimper 'scape my tightened lips,
You prised that from me: Bitch of the Apocalypse,
What you want from me - O Lord, O Mistress?
I offer me, obsequious and cringing bellied,
Cold sliding cross stone floors before The Throne.

The steps to Hell rise, rise, rise - up before me,
Heaven to the side, of which the doors are barred to me,
I hammer, break my hand against the solid bar,
Hanged loose, I rip free the useless limb,
Feed it to the Howling Dogs, rolling tongues and drooling.

Prostrate at the bottom step,
Your heel riven through my hand,
It squirms alive, on The Blood,
Match by your lips,
And The Gash blood dripping.

I drink it,
Life exhausted from your womb,

Begin again the cycle, cycle, cycle,
Of your monsters - goggle eyed incantations,
Strut godLord morons, roaring.

Am I the lone voice of reason?
Which creeps into bed
And hides beneath the covers,
Peeps its cheeky face with bright eyes, twinkling mischief,
Fly on, Child of the Blue Clear Sky.

The Beauty Sheen

We can, if we choose, to love,
But loving is the love of pain,
The love of the abandoned self,
Loving is the love of scorn.

Distrust built upon a flimsy contract
Any two bit lawyer laughed out court,
Dreamy wishes pretty girls will line the street for,
But never get, or give, for was it all a candy dream?

She across the floor might be the one - though she is not!
Instead of the waste of launching passion
On unattainable bliss that flounders in the shallows,
What of her, in the dark corner hiding blushes and braces?

Wishing you'd entrance her, or at least you'd glance her way,
Doesn't she hold the same cards as the pretty girl
With silken hair which gently brushes 'gainst our cheek,
Perfection, written in the myriad words of better men.

She is olive skinned - \$ tanned,
Fine boned, shoulders curve to a swan neck,
Cradles the god inspired perfection
That fills our dreams and dreads.

Do not women rule, men follow, unless money's down?
Then it's a level field, with all the twists that love confides to women,
We at last can glimpse some of the mysteries built on eon's trickery,
For a plastic moment, the span of your card's limit.

Cheater beater signs no contract of fidelity,
Just a ticker tape of tender promises,
Makes her all aflutter, twists her innards outward,
Leaving only plastic roses brittled by the flame of lies.

When once were lush and crimson,
And can be still be when passion stirs again,
But now it's only Fake! Fake! Fake!
It's all a fucking Fake!

Why not let the true boys in,
Weaklings all in their physical possession,
We'll side with them,
Fused to their core is honesty of who they are.

Pretty boys will cheat and lie,
Their perfection never good enough,
While Ugly Duckling
Wastes no time on artifice.

For would not transformation take a magician's lifetime?
And therein lies their gift,
The Gift of Plod,
For no effort could bring them to rest on Beauty's thighs.

So why crave the seconds,
Into hours and years,
That pretty boys and girls waste in competing
For the crown we'd freely place on any one of them.

How we laugh in disbelief
When tears well in those eyes in which we drown.
Should not their lives be all perfection?
For we would have it so.

Their beauty more than our adulating heart can bear,
All because they're sweet enough to eat and fuck,
While sorry we live amongst the flesh,
Competing for each stolen breath.

Our lives persist,
Sometimes 'gainst our fervent wishes,
Perhaps betimes they wish a life like ours,
It's often thus, you know.

The Wind Blown Valley

The wind blown valley, green waves,
A bird caught on the storm, scared, shitless,
Wind tears at my hair; the toupee gets a workout.

Engulfing, white noise disengaging us, marooned,
Paints a private world, immune from pain and explanations,
A sound distraction, spins me from equilibrium.

The kite flew, a cat with ears pinned against the wind,
We held it back together, tail wagged in fury,
It reared and ducked, to find no escape.

We pulled it cruelly on a whim,
And all it's want was freedom,
Trees bent engagingly, and laughed indulgent.

You raged, bit me, copped a whack across the head,
But then you wanted me, my warmth and permanence,
Clung tightly, secure in love.

And know that I'll fuck up,
But never mean to hurt you,
Which for you's enough.

My hand in yours, your face looked up at mine,
In certainty, and love –
Careless.

Ah, love you,
Your voice battles with the wind,
And, despite it's power, you win hands down.

The kite skits across the sky, lips and makes a dash, life filled,
A kamikaze plunge, entanglement, rent orange,
Pulls up just before it plunges into branches clutching.

Shame they cry, and then, caught,
Just by the tail at first, enough,
Disentangle, mangled - fangled fucking wires!

The Advice Princess lets loose,
All four foot of her,
How I shouldda, wouldda stopped the kite from catching.

How I couldda got it free,
Shut up! I want to shout!
But wouldn't say it cos she'd cry, today.

Darkening sky, the sun slid down the mountain's face
Red outline limped to pinkish grey,
Shapes disappear like thinning clouds.

The wind drops and silence lives,
Til a car roars by and killed it,
Wrap it up, ready for another windy day.

My gravely painted Heart

Love lies beyond my gravely painted heart
Whilst dumbstruck, dumb ass father grins a wish,
He never wished upon another girl.

Save it for the angels,
Which your girl's not,
Nor ever wants to be.

Perfect partners never were,
Just some asshole writing wedding cards,
Creating dreams, no more than that.

The guilt lies in the painting of the dream as truth,
Thus setting every girl alive upon a hopeless quest,
But no one's at fault, unless wishing carries time.

Nepal at times

Ghosts current us silent past the overhanging rocks,
Ice cold waterfalls break over the precipice upon our heads,
Dripping slime green algae from its walls,
Small burrows of the native birds, busy as a Shanghai market.

Upon a gentle rise a house has planted order,
Smoke barely creeps from the stone rough chimney,
A drunkard oozing out the door past closing time,
Hangs a moment unsure which way to drift.

Children dance naked on the river banks,
Brown mass of spindly limbs and white smiles;
The valley climbs toward the sky,
Dappled pink by cherry trees.

And misted by the burning pile of leaves,
While high up, on the escarpment's crest,
About the solitary dwelling
Hangs a necklace of yellow fields.

The river weeps tears of the Lost Martyr Mothers,
And with that she finds her voice and cries all night,
Clamours for the drowned, and lovers of the dark:
Led by wide spread Downtown Girls.

That sway hips In the breeze of languor,
Laughters mingle with the brush of hair across a face,
Skirts rustle, a fateful glance:
Woman's hieroglyphics.

The green of field,
Carved through by the man astride a bucking plough,
Pulled by the strength of mongrel yaks:
Rough torn warrior of the Steppes.

Stronger legged and surer foot,
Coat thickly curled and matted,
A Giant crouching over this tragedy of land
From which the thin man ekes his thin life.

The beast the surest bet,
But the stones break the puny wooden plough,
The man struggles its repair before the rains rob him
Of his meagre dreams.

Though rushing in their heart,
Friends and brothers only saunter to his aid,
Leant in conversations
That echo forbears' hopes and fears.

Strangers come claiming,
With the blood of their warrior brothers drenched their hearts,
This same land for their battleground
To Truth and Honor.

At this their rising,
From birth
To the burning of their discarded cage
The field's contour may be the grace of man, or his end.

Life seems to have abandoned glory for a world
That justifies itself by slaughter, for the means to ends:
There are no brave men left,
They have been swept aside or tortured into lesser men.

Three Fighters.
The Idealist: the mark of death already on him,
The Sheep doth follow:
Eyes agape, the loosely hanging mouth.

The impostor: calculating gain,
A smile always plays around his mouth; licking lips:
The well fed cat
Discovering a forgotten bowl of milk.

Far from home they ran as escape
From this roar
Of their Nation's soul,
Wishing for a past of simple hardship.

When one day, a distant day, they would die,
And their son replace them at the table's head,
While they take Oblivion's Path,
And at last lay claim to impossible, majestic dreams.

Again I marvel at this endless beauty,
And the intrication of man contained in his small world,
What is the story here,
In this village?

Passing under the bridge
That claims conviction,
Whilst I duck my head expectant of its loud collapse
At the instant we float asunder.

A boy pisses weakly in a yellow arch:
A scolding mother admonishes him
With a clap of thunderous rebuke,
While the old man on the far bank laughs.

The toothless, parchment wrinkled, nut brown face,
As he sits in the too late shade of the hand leafed tree
That clings precariously to the massive boulder,
Masquerading as a pebble on the shore.

Another gorgeous wreck of a temple,
Saffron and vermilion,
Too bright,
Too garey for the western eye.

The din of voices outnumber the bodies that create them,
The mad women line our right with outstretched hands
That spring life
At the sign of the White God.

Apart stands the fearsome Saddhu,
Already given up to the pleasures of this world,
While at the temple the goat aware - panic flit across its eye,
Unnerved by the death cries that sing out a last breath.

Never so much blood,
Yet it seems that only I can see it,
The chooks:
Hehe, fuck, who knows?

Try fathom the working of their minds,
Would we begin that mad blinking
Out of kilter with the frantic flapping,
And headlong dash to nowhere?

Incongruent Laughter cascades
Around the amphitheatre of my horrors,
Children out at play
Swing what I dread to look at.

Carousing
As if on a fucking Sunday picnic at the park,
Whilst the stench rises with the dawn's passing
And the sun's appearance at the mountain's crest.

Stagnant pools of water
Move with the life of disease harboured,
Filth everywhere,
Yet the pit should smell worse than it does.

I must abandon reason if I'm not to grab a honed blade
From the hands of the practiced slaughterers,
Commit revenge for these dear, fear filled beasts,
By cut a slice through the fat whelp of the old crone in saffron silk.

Her face a mass of spit slavered teeth,
She who makes no pretence
to conceal the rolls at her neck,
Breasts which loll conversationally at her knees.

The rungs of blubber down her stomach,
To make a graceful disappearance
At this quayside to the ocean of cloth which conceals
What I have not the stomach to imagine.

Her eyes still shine with the last remaining passion,
A love of gossip,
Her mind the sewer it was from the day she first heard
What boys wished to do with her.

Yet is she more deserving of the knife
Than these innocents?
Forgive me:
How my mind lies weakly, petrified into confusion.

The Painter

He saved us,
As we looked out upon a snaring wind that clattered down the windows,
In the rearing waves, tumbling bodies and screaming kids,
Ice creams sprinkled with the finest sand, all gritty on the teeth.

The Painter spread his arms wide, "welcome to my world" he said,
Unbroken green of rolling fields, a tree dropped artistically just so,
A house sits haughtily upon a rise or fatly in a hollow,
Dots of black munch grass: one arches as it shits a stream of brown.

Hills steepened secretly, deceptively,
Inviting effort to surmount the final crest,
The sun, molten lava spread over head and shoulders
Drools down our backs.

We dart like nervy fish, to each shadow's haven,
Singing hedges, full of warblers,
Imitate the screech of brakes
Slamming as we hit a lurking hairpin.

The throbbing heat
Reflected off the deep red earth
Packed to form a snaking scar
Across the distant hills.

So fuckin slow!
Enough to count the spokes,
Christ even Grandpa'd beat us,
On a good day with his meal in sight.

But finally! Shrilling down a hill, earned by those leg shagging climbs,
Drinks all round we cried!
The waitress' smile then faded to derision,
At our overfilled city slicker's indecision.

He painted tall eucalypts straining sunward,
Competing for the merest shaded ray of light,
The subtle browns of sturdy trunks, and fallen leaves,
The colour of the dead.

Lazy palms spread across the lower canopy,
Giant ferns cast green tinged light upon a pausing Frilly,
Their burnt brown tips mottled like the aged sun seekers
Left behind on beaches we deserted.

Filled with boredom, wanting something new:
Another master piece,
Singular, bared with a flourish,
Lumbering rollers indifferent to their destructiveness.

Whilst we stood upon the peak,
The lighthouse at our backs,
Solid, white, immovable:
Man versus nature, in the shape of something squat and ugly,

Up here we'd nearly overbalance onto
Rocks that glisten threateningly,
Like leathered bikkies smiling warning
Through nicotine stained stumps of yellow orange.

The green breasted thrush
Stands for a moment on the fallen log,
His songs mingle with our chatter,
The waterfall tumbles unabated whether we ooh or ah!

And wonder what kind of death the boy endured,
When he fell so many fathoms,
He nothing more than pulpy smudges
When they found him on the neatly folded rocks below.

The waterfall's creek backs up to a murky, ice cold lake,
Showies somersault for cooing girls in soft straw hats,
With widened smiles and stagey voices,
The musketeer looking fellow climbs to the tree's top.

Gracefully arching back and shatters the still water
Like shell formed plumes of Flanders soil,
My mind can only play with thoughts
Of broken necks or Byzantine mysteries.

A small girl braves her fears and leaps from a lower branch,
A shaky smile and hair lanked about her narrow face,
Eyes shine mockingly at her scaredy brother,
He swings down, a podgy arse skids one.

Face reads desperation, indecision,
Fluffs it, and belly flops for all of us to laugh,
We've all been there:
Don't worry son!

He painted scenes in which we played larking kids,
Along side springy girls with promises,
But mostly full of talk and giggles,
At last one tumbles from the bridge and then the others follow.

A sleepy turtle
paddles by along the bottom of the sandy bed,
The gorgeous blue and gold of tropic fish
Trail in his gentle wake.

Rapids! with imaginary freefalls, heard but not yet seen,
Sounding huge, high as any man had ever conquered!
We'd do it too! With wobbling legs and wriggly voices,
Wishin' sometimes that we'd stayed at home.

To brag about those things we'd never done,
The water like a boa, crushed us with it's lithe, lazy power,
We took turns to drown,
And then get rescued by each other.

The Painter never failed us don't you know,
Though finally he flaked himself,
Was he somehow jealous,
Pettily, as we all are?

Let's walk past this grave to our abandon,
Enjoy as children would the thrills and spills,
The love and tears,
Nursing our bruised hearts and limbs.

Love or Friendship?

Was it love or friendship?

I'd rather both but in the end it is no matter,

For all that counts is friendship.

Love and fucking end in tears - the first fuck the end's beginning,

However much the loving seemed

To promise endless summers of desire.

For as I cum I hear a slamming door, the end of something good,

Later on a different door is opened,

To waning passion and that endless bickering.

Feelings drift and settle somewhere else,

The last fuck,

And the love we made is all but gone.

We're always awkward,

As if walking over rocks barefoot,

It took away the comfort that I hoped we'd find in loving.

One day I'll want to talk again,

See you, love you, but you'll be gone no doubt,

Should we have waited for another lifetime to embrace?

I wish peace and your heart's true desire,

Take away the suffering of this doomed love,

And all misunderstandings.

But the love of friends runs deep as any ocean,
Unbounded as the sky, unhindered by emotion and desires,
Oblivious to all, but the warmth that such loving brings.

Here Beside Me

He

I want you here beside me,
For my needs come first, and mine alone,
You may forget your own desires
Whilst at my bed.

What kind of love is this?
Another, of the many that exist,
Based firmly on my wants
At your needs exclusion.

What pleasure can this love bring?
A shortened leash on selfish satisfaction,
A diminishing of you,
I sometimes wish this love had never started.

And so it ends, to my relief,
Whilst you, forlorn, wish it never end,
I understand the measure of my gain
Yet what of you, why'd you cling so hard?

She

*For me it was enough to love you,
The good, but mostly bad,
For in loving you I forget myself
And the mires in which I drown each day.*

*Yet the more I loved
Pain, derived from life in you,
Grew as a cancer ,
Until misery became my being.*

*With love's ending I am a ghost,
And the ghost must find another home to haunt,
I must another seek to offer me the same,
I know no other way to love and live.*

The Moss Covered Wall

The moss covered walls,
Built a hundred years ago
And standing as they do this day,
Whilst the old man dreamt of his coming past.

And he sat,
His back moulded to his wall,
Sinking, enveloped, becoming grey and hard,
Transmogrified from living to immutable.

Fortunes were made, whims indulged,
People slaughtered in the name of progress,
Families broken by greed,
Until the last cent was spent by the gambler.

Or the fuck for payer,
Or the fuckwit
Caught on the canvas of a swindler's masterpiece:
Yet still the wall stood.

Empires built on the back of men's broken skeletons,
Forged justice,
Industries created by the will of obstinate men,
Against the stacked odds.

To you and me a mountain of deceit and risk,
To a certain man:
His life blood,
The only thing he'd leave his bed for.

He'll contemplate and plan, and scrutinise for weakness,
A chance wafer thin, but the crack was there,
And he'd slip in
And blow a hole big enough to house his ego.

God like to the natives he slaughtered by the thousand daily,
So he could sell his daughter to an acolyte with front,
A world of tangled wires and wireless waves that shook inside us,
Where we wouldn't find the damage.

Trains snorted and gorged on the virgin land they crossed,
Carrying barely needed produce on which this empire thrived,
Until, as with all things, fashion changed,
The empire crumbled, factories turned rust brown red.

The generator stops, machines stand idle,
The jungle fed back over rails,
And once proud chimney stacks teeter, fall and fade from memory,
Yet the wall still stands, though the man's now gone.

Ah loves, the essence of all unreason,
Hearts broken, mended, seared, closed up with fear,
Hard against the discontent of passion's wasteland,
Kill and cheat each other for this passing piss pot passion.

Whatever we feel today, this instant,
Will in less than a lifetime
Dissipate to nothing but
A futile memory.

And we'll wonder why we did the things we did for the gain of love,
And wonder what else transpired,
While we ensnared ourselves in love,
Blind to aught around us.

Good deeds were few, but meaning well intentioned,
Brats were born, and died with love in their hearts
It takes all kinds of love,
But all will fade.

Or break a weakened heart
So she lies severed,
But at least the pain she thought would never die is gone,
Through all this despair the wall still stood, unchanged, unmoved.

Power was the final curse we faced,
The almost sexual need to stand it over someone else,
Their dicks hanging out, to force our will to their desire,
To bid their worst, or most mundane.

All so they could languid lounge and
Observe our dust level occupation with life,
Whilst theirs would seem so fun, so meaningful
And yet was all the sham.

All these grand designs are now but dust,
But his stone wall still stands, good for another yet,
With a tree that overhangs it now,
Dappling burnished sunlight through the autumn leaves.

Did you know that once it formed the backdrop
For an audience with Cromwell and his roundhead men?
As they spliced the heads of royalist bastards
And splashed the wall with red.

Children Bring

Children bring
The wellspring of compassion
And the childishness in me.

Unbounded love,
Questions white and black,
That age will turn to grey.

Heart free to speak without a furtive blush,
No gush of bullshit,
All the time we just wanted truth: and from a child we'll bear it.

Contradictions,
Being a mum or dad should be a joy, and often is,
But sometimes it's a bore, a chore, and there's no thanks.

We wish we'd never had them,
Love them, hate them,
Don't give a fuck about them!

We'll feel them all, with mighty guilt,
Then take their pain upon ourselves:
Forgive their worst.

From them you'll glimpse
A world of dreams and nightmares,
You ever wondered what makes children laugh?

It's the angels at your side, and all their other phantom friends
That pull your ears, and making funny faces
Whilst flying round your head.

Your fist waves a hair's breadth from her face,
She doesn't flinch: just stares you down,
With brown eyes turned to black with righteous rage.

They know the truth: instinct guides them,
And they follow without thinking,
That's how they get there first.

She'll walk a knife edge,
Fearless!
She'll break us with her kindness.

A little shit one minute, then an angel next,
She trusts us with her love and care,
And knows we'll always love her, whatever mood she's in.

Her friend the best she ever had,
Until it's over,
No quarter given.

And then it's on again - all's forgotten,
Her feelings and emotions like a whirlwind
That tire us just to watch.

Girls are full of jealous whims and torture,
Too much for their sleeve worn hearts to bear,
Whilst boys will tumble, simple souls.

Oblivious to the woven schemes of girls,
While Miss just covers smiles, it's all a game,
For winning, just the same.

Watch her sleeping, dreaming, smiling,
Another night she's shaken, or just lonely,
Wants a cuddle and a beating heart to lull.

Fit snug into our arms,
Jealous fears of who might replace us in their world,
Would she fit another dad's as well?

Slow the clock! I wish,
Time was the trickling flow into a stagnant pool,
But each day ends, and a little bit of her is gone forever.

The hormones rage:
Conflict, change, confronts us -
The willing child is gone forever.

Thoughts influenced by others,
Friends you wish she'd never had,
Ideas and goals we'll never fathom.

Foolish words and deeds that question all we ever did or said

To guide her to the door of truth, and consequence,
But friends or enemies, she's still our child.

Dot : Life

Great to be alive - shit and smell it!
Fuck and feel the ecstasy in every nerve,
Some cocktail make it movie set
Never thought how moreish it could get,
Too good - we'd give up everything
To feel the rising cum
In every atom of the flesh.

Boppin to a head zone,
Before the tree, ablaze all Blare Pink
Paint it - just look fake; but I saw it,
My senses heighten
To each nuance of my LovePain/LostHeart,
Yeaah this is comfort -
Know beyond the black.

Alone along the beach,
Spyin all those blazing Bondi Babes,
Nothing on or in their minds,
Distracted by the endless trail :
Toned up
Oiled up
Browned up.

But the waves beckon, white crest foamin,
Tinted by the yellow neck breaker,

Swim down, down from the sea/sky demark,
Gaze up, dream lost: swiftly flapping limbs.

Hands draw a scar across the sliding face,
Disintegrate, cascades of white,
Popping mouth; bubble form; rising,
Break the glass blue surface of my mind.

The crashing waves and death wish undertow,
Like some mermaid, too lazy to impress,
She drag you by the legs,
Resisting til the air gone zip,
You're hers, cos we've all got weapons,
Ever, ever, ever.

Off again I'm dreaming,
Endless shimmers never stop,
Reflections; lay upon layer,
Make the bland thing mesmerize,
Pink and card pack crumble coral,
Bed a child could snuck up on,
Lazy seaweed,
Drifting this way that,

Swimming deeper - yeah, lungs of steel baby!
The colors a Fade to Grey,
Fall asleep if this were where I live
No wonder sharks look bored, and pissed,

Even when I saw one I'm like
No Shit, dude -
Like living in a city full of killers.

Give us time to flee to air
The throbbing metal coffin,
Back to land and steady beat, beat safety,
Still lawns,
Brown trunk necks exposed, defiant,
Stoic, silent dying, I feel your spirit leaving,
And I cry -
Inside
As always.

EP - Dot : Life

Great to be alive - shit and smell it!
Fuck and feel the ecstasy in every nerve,
Some cocktail make it movie set
Never thought how moreish it could get,
Too good, we'd give up everything
To feel coming
In every atom of the flesh.

Boppin to a head zone,
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Paint it - just look fake; but I saw it,
My senses heighten
To each nuance of my LovePain/LostHeart,
Yeaah this is comfort -
Know beyond the black.

Alone along the beach,
Spyin all those blazing Bondi Babes,
Nothing on or in their minds,
Distracted by the endless trail :
Toned up
Oiled up
Browned up.

Tanned to layers deep, except in those hidden places,
Where my mind's stuck playing -

Virgin white; gorgey, fleshey pink,
Try but it's too hard,
Hehe, yeah, too hard - all too fucking hard!

Watching out for waves that wanna snuff you,
Sure, still glimpsing arching backs from the corner eye,
Still nothing on their minds,
Legs that lie their with a life their own,
Massage, draw tension from that soft white inner thigh,
Fuck, I'd never pass that perfect spot
Above the pressing stocking top.

But the waves beckon, white crest foamin',
Tinted by the yellow neck breaker,
Swim down, down from the sea/sky demark,
Gaze up, dream lost: swiftly flapping limbs.

Hands draw a scar across the sliding face,
Disintegrate, cascades of white,
Popping mouth; bubble form; rising,
Break the glass blue surface of my mind.

The swimmers overhead
Then it's pissing on my ankle,
Hey! Someone pulled the plug!
N fuckin me all lined up in body surfing pose!

Fuck what The Fool I look:

The water done a runner on me,
All dressed up
And the pumpkin's still a fucking pumpkin!

*He's not from here for sure, they'd all be wagging,
All lily white, that's the giver,
And missing waves a kid would get
WITHOUT his flipper kit.*

Ten years on
I'm Mix it with the Locals,
Scared shitless but trying not to show,
The crashing waves and death wish undertow.

Like some mermaid, too lazy to impress,
She drag you by the legs,
Resisting til the air gone zip,
You're hers, cos we've all got weapons,
Ever, ever, ever.

Off again I'm dreaming,
Endless shimmers never stop,
Reflections; lay upon layer,
Make the bland thing mesmerize,
Pink and card pack crumble coral,
Bed a child could snuck up on,
Tiny see through fish,
Lazy seaweed,

Drifting this way that,
Fuck make up your mind!

Sea Snake snuck up - black and grey striped slithers,
Sends shivers; silent screams,
Down among the rocks, the gaping mouths of monster eels,
Fingers look like sweet morsel fishie
When you're a not so finick eel,
Hehe, he fucking knows n just don't care.

Swimming deeper - yeah, lungs of steel baby!
The colors a Fade to Grey,
Fall asleep if this were where I live
No wonder sharks look bored, and pissed,
Even when I saw one I'm like
No Shit, dude -
Like living in a city full of killers.

Whale cracks the punk spiked crustacean in a porky mitt,
While me'd have struggled
Like the puny muscle wasteland that I am,
Fuck - most like stabbed myself
And then the shark drift over,
Pin me in his death cross hairs,
Eat Porky first! I'd scream - in bubbles -
Hoping it come out in SharkSpeak.

Give us time to flee to air

And the throbbing metal coffin,
Back to land and steady beat safety,
Still lawns,
Brown trunk necks exposed, defiant,
Stoic, silent dying, I feel your spirit leaving,
And I cry -
Inside as always.

Sun burned hopes of Desire

The sunburnt hopes of desire lay within the breast of the man,
This no proud Bravago,
He waddles nonchalantly, oblivious of his outward ridicule.

A hat rakish on his balding pate,
A confluence of disparate images
That rub awkwardly at pointed shoulders.

A forest like moustache,
Elephant eared,
Sweat glistens on the over rounded face.

Flecks of unshaven growth, character informing,
Resuscitated by the vigour of his heart,
A man in fundamental definition, not of the insipid variety so clamored.

Loved, so unexpectedly,
For it should have passed him by,
Ah, the inconsistent reign of love!

How could he ever claim what he most prized
With no more than will to cleave his path?
The double sided Loser's Coin should fall to him.

Whilst the dry wind of reminiscent ghosts blow down the empty street,
He finds he walks amongst now brittle dreams,
That might sustain his life grasp, or drown in tides of self pity.

His stature not the tremulous hearted victim of despair,
They who are not alone,
He is us in our unflamboyance.

Our cash me in conviction,
The grinding minuscule of a life,
Where patience reaps no great reward.

I know - - Nothing

I know nothing,
In this bliss of certainty I dwell content.

Leave the skewered logics of the human mind
To dwell on meanings of a grain of sand.

Or sublime revelation,
More than man's full learning.

Time and introspection guide us,
Distance form for us a clearer image.

Abandon all fool's wisdom,
And discard the fang drawn snakes of vanity.

Homage to all Lovers

Be inside you,
To feel how you feel
As you're about to go on stage,
Voyage through the layers,
You envelope, submerge
In – which one? – of your cellophane personae,
Craving adulation, ego bouncing on a pogo stick crying
See me, see meeeeeeeeeeeeeee.
You, you shall be thinking of yourself
On lonely days or in the late of night.

Of two who gloved,
Yours the easiest love to make,
Oblivious to the distaste of white on black,
Your body hard like something wild,
Not a white woman's sponge pliance,
Still trusting when we parted, on that day like any other,
Deceived us – when it was final,; so, so final,
Yet an unconscious urgency in our last coupling,
Sharing something that I've never had again,
Though it never seemed so special then.
Do you still think of me
On lonely days or in the late of night?

In the middle of an ocean of natural sound,
Into the brightly glaring bar, white walls, white floor,

White, white and bright lights,
Black men slouched at the nearby tables,
My fear projected onto them as hate,
I felt every guilt of white man as an imprint on my so white body,
Yet even at this bar I couldn't fade and mingle,
Would always be white here in this darkened green lush,
But she had the greatest tits you ever saw,
All eyes like magnets drawn, a smile as wide as,
And that purple beret topped it like a cherry,
And then the music played, like this.
No, you wouldn't think of me
On lonely days or in the late of night.

We did everything together, my older woman,
Me nine, you eleven, when I first recall the feeling I call love,
When you showed me those buds that became a perfect handful,
Attitude was everything with you,
Never called a beauty,
Too fast to be pinned by such convention,
Terrier on a bone but it won't unravel
And reveal why we could never lie like grownups,
I held your hand, as I love to do,
We talked, but never gushed with love,
Or said what's on our minds, for fear of something I've forgotten now,
You a step ahead, but once you stopped and waited,
But I brushed you aside, emotions in the back seat then,
Hey didn't we grow up together riding horses?
Christ I'll go misty and the music playing violins,
I love you still, and that must mean I'll love you always,

For if I was going to change I'd be hating you by now,
Or saying Cee fucking who?
Do you ever think of me
On lonely days or in the late of night?

Girl who would be a nun, I am your redeemer,
Your heart beats large, do not restrain it,
We may as lovers weave, your body masks uncommon beauty,
Your limpid eyes of blue the only clue.
You never think of me
On lonely days or in the late of night.

Homage to all Friends

My dear sister I could never love as I once did,
She must be getting old and grey,
Yet I still see her with stars in eyes,
Hope still burrs her young and ruthless heart.

Restless, we all knew you were looking but never knew for what,
Love tuned you into pain,
You radioed for help and I was there,
But how rarely.

For I've no boundaries
And you're constrained at every turn,
Are you bitter
Of the love you once made yourself weak for?

Let him scale the walls,
That wrong man, of the pretty face,
What slaughter he wreaked
Upon your defenceless, tender heart.

May the good man love you more than you deserve,
And honour your body as no other man has done,
May your children love you
Enough to calm your lurching heart.

Forget me, for we are only tied by blood,
And our early years are no substitute
For willing doves entwined over lakes of blue,
Yet I'll always think of you with love.

My younger siblings, distant friends when small,
We hold untended bonds that have crusted in our hands,
How little we know of one another,
Yet in some part of us are twins.

For we would laugh at the same joke that no one else could hear,
Fear wither courage when others could forge through undaunted,
Yet love separates us,
And your Life Code encrypts me.

Men who made me man, I adore you as I imagine women have,
For death confronted us and we stood him down,
Our weaknesses were nothing, our strength the will of youth,
Impregnable to age's rigid fears.

And you fired my soul, my being forged on an anvil
On which I could work life to a shape of my invention,
Loosed my tongue to claim my calling,
At first only to myself, and then to an indifferent world.

I was ill prepared for youth, awaiting adulthood's freedom,
You grasped youth and rode it like a jumbuck,
May your greatness remind you of what you could be still,
Claim the vigorous life of which you dreamed.

Break back this slag heap of mediocrity,
To reveal the knight that abides within you all,
Stand boldly on this mortal path, may your fears be calmed,
Weakness turned to strength, and scorn to adulation.

Lonely men so freely spilling love, where are you now?
I hope some man or woman could, as I never could,
Repay in kind your love innocence,
How I admired your careless brawl with life.

Acknowledge your stubborn survival, aught else remains you,
Death dances at your side, but it eludes you as a yapping pup,
Drink to drown the memory of what you hoped from life,
Fuck to sate the beast within, and may wisdom find you.

You, With-a-Secret man, rejoice, and find peace in honesty,
Courage to reveal your heaving breast,
For you will find we love you still,
I owe you for the sweeping up of loneliness.

Birdman I salute you as our leader,
Wayfarer in truth's lonely voyage on oceans grand and steep,
Climb high the mast until you are at their wings' tip,
May you then be free of the grasp of common man,
Be free to fly, and guide us once again.

Oh, brave Irishman, the thin thread of life revealed
As it never was to us until age draws aside the curtain,
You raged at life and closed your mind,

A rigid soldier defending Truth's bullion,
Why must it have a color?

Yet your twisted truth led to slaughter at your hand
And at your brother's hand,
I run to find shelter
From the storm of your relentless rage,
Frustration; the bear around whose head
The bees buzz incessant.

May your vital being disclaim, from the steeple's top,
The legacy of a father's dread and mother's silence,
And from these ruins reclaim yourself,
May you love those that failed you, those that hate you,
And esteem the meekness in you.

Second Chances

In this world where there are no second chances
I am the cat with a thousand lives.

I am a patient, calculating man: forgive me,
Too old to change this habit that has saved me times over.

Nor wish it, if we're at the book of open truth,
Let me now abandon my soul to you as I could not then.

For you I trust in, oh loyal hearted tiger, rargh!!
I call upon you, breath fire, roar, you impress me so.

I could never feel your touch
And not want to fuck you.

Men

Forgive our straying hearts - we are but men,
Cunts, though we draw upon ourselves a pretty mask,
Perverse in our desires, or so you'd have us think,
Women love in faithful constancy, but some bear down and suffocate.

Free from these ties of love we might have been a sturdy oak,
Commanding, bravely shelter all around us,
Or a flame tree, shocking colors of defiance,
Branches snapping without warning: a passionate disgrace.

You have our love secure,
A deep and raging river of intent,
Yet we'll freely love again,
This love another river.

Both run freely,
Independent of their common source,
Matters not if one dries or floods,
The other will not change its course.

We stand alone, free from the snares and grind
Of ritual and obligation,
In this way men love:
Would that women knew this to their hearts.

For might our love then flow upon calm waters,
Set us free to this loose union
To which will we return, from another's arms,
Again, again – return.

It does not change the way we feel for you,
How could it, you have not changed,
We fear your anger at this revelation,
But in accepting, contentment rises in the everything of us.

Certain of our love's felicity
We'll grow upon rich soil,
Clouds dissolve on all horizons,
Jealous fears seem foolish.

Relish in your beauty,
You alone possess it,
Believe this truth,
Shine this light upon your heart's dark corners.

Suppress our dreams
And we're cast down,
Mud spattered, battle wearied,
Sapped of our great passions.

Make us lazy
As a sleepy dog short chained,
Man, let your loved one know this
In a way they'll take as truth.

For what is a man without his dreams?
They are the feed of his perfection,
Trials to test our essence,
And then to win or fail it, without regret or rancour,

Building or creating, loyalty adorning,
The crown, of thorns,
Or gold -
It matters not.

The dream will fill our mind, drowns out all else,
Forget past lessons that constrain us,
Risks that race our hearts, rush down a breaking wave,
Break free the mud that slows the flying hooves.

Our minds can leap each task, upon a racing thoroughbred,
Thwarting cares all fall asunder: stride on!
Don't falter from this rocky blood strewn path to miss discomfort,
It is the essence of all learning.

If we leave this path our life's confusion,
Our dreams forgotten, lost in a labyrinth of despair,
Filled with hate for the one we'd loved,
Yet no-one else's to blame.

For we decide the path we take,
Tread careful on the rocky path, but know it is the one for us,
And If our heart is pure at life's end,
We can say we have done well.

Complicate with Reasons

I don't want to see you anymore,
I don't wish to hurt, or lie,
But do we have to complicate with reasons?

Watch children with their friends,
They love them now and hate them next,
Ask why and they can't tell.

To them it doesn't matter,
It's enough for them to know that's how they feel,
They don't complicate with reasons.

If you understood then maybe I'd be wrong,
But instinct rarely is for me,
It whispers in our ear and we must listen.

Or we'll hurt
And be hurt more than's needed,
Instinct doesn't complicate with reasons.

We could drag this out to it's conclusion,
But I don't want to hurt you
Any more than I already have.

You wanting reasons to turn over in your mind,
To make you right, and me of course the devil,
Is this why you have to complicate with reasons?

Kiss Goodbye

I'd kiss goodbye then hold your hand
Whilst you died the way you wanted,
So I'm here however much it hurts,
For I couldn't bear to think you'd die this way alone.

You don't need to tell me why, it's enough you want it over,
It's your life to end when and how you wish,
You think of us and still you want to die,
It must hurt so much, to leave such love behind.

Away I linger every day,
Never knowing if this be the day
When there'd be no
'Hello darling'.

Instead a pair of bulging eyes and throttled neck,
Or blood stains
That trail to the lonely place
Where you made your final pact.

Is this to be the day or can you last another?
What will be the catastrophic break point,
That takes you across the line
To the warm embrace of oblivion.

Yet who's to say it's better there than here?
But weren't you always one
For chasing greener pastures
That resurrect that felling feeling.

A Cloudless Sky

I saw you as a cloudless sky,
Amid the skitting boys and girls,
As they do what children will.

Your face serene, head bowed,
A smile plays on your lips,
As friends talk around and at you.

Your fingers move across an ancient text laid upon your lap,
What thoughts arise from what you read?
Comfort seems to find a place therein.

Your figure shrouded, head shorn of genders' tell tale signs,
Soft features and languid elegance,
But I can't tell, still never know for sure.

I'd hope to feel your breasts
Fall free upon my chest,
Then enter you, in bliss.

Bushfire

The boys struck and fled, a new beginning: wasteland,
Save the bursting fruit, patient waiters for the galloping fire,
Which sweeps across the sun blanched bush.

Tight formation scything lancers,
All shining steel, crushing, bugles, thundered hooves,
Suck the last strained breath of life from running terror.

The spring cleaner,
With no place or need
For something tender.

Of a decadent swooning flower
In love with it's own reflection
In the crystal watered creek.

Functional, intertwined survival,
A million years in evolution,
Tweaked and tuned to perfect unison.

An orchestra of bushland habitats,
But I never understood
Why animals must die.

There's no favour given in the annual cull that draws a line
On the near past and spreads the canvas wide on which
Nature begins again to paint its blast of moving color.

Blossom splashes green across the grey emergent contours,
Shoots, tentative as dog scared cats, nose out,
Grey ash washed and blown upon the wind, carries new life.

At last the silence broken,
By the jostling leaves and birds agossip,
Young plead with their mothers, mouths gaped.

Fighting

fighting for Warrior
purpose
rapid, smooth flow
move a confuse
arm and leg combine
fort and barrage construct

outside the ring it's as rain and rush
inside
all slow anticipate
blow- counterblow

body coil, compress
then Dance
expand, flower bud
beauty in natural certain of move

leg extend, loose,
on Forever
on, on,
nothing pause it
Shock!
damage do
blood flow

adrenalin surge
anticipation move,
Pride drive us

oblivion from Danger
storm
no defence can thwart
Pain
Blood

he lose Control
rage take over
dense, Red mist
close to Strategy

calm in mind
glance a blow
slide back, to side
Crack one

on, on
until we caught - statues - by the Bell
a m ind alert, clear
him still cloud of Rage
then we bow and talk
no more foe or Friend

A Life's End

A life is ended in a rage,
Vast and bulging; face contorted,
A man gun wielding, anger spits.

Mouth agape, words roaring, hate embodiment,
He runs at me, in sequence of a prophesy,
Fear statues the weekend crowds.

No fighting stance will save me now,
The gun is the delimiter.
No contest.

Flash! the echo crossed the valleys of my mind,
Here, bound in by walls, it crashes in wave on wave,
Quailing bodies bolt or hide.

Heads buried, prayers and whimpers,
Perhaps this madman is our end too?
But as he came he goes.

A flimsy hand: an instant catches but then the bullet through
Fall, fall, my body crumples,
A woman and two children turn and stare.

Smell dogshit, hair encrusted, feel the sun upon me,
Blood pools, mixed with the grime of yesterday,
And tomorrow cleansed again.

Fear subsides and soon the siren sounds,
Bodies tend my body, comfort bring,
Love, distaste, indifference: reflected in the faces round my vision.

Strong hands lift my sagging frame, into a van, clean smelling,
Just two men engaged in work,
The saving of a life.

it seems a futile task,
Save another for whom it's not yet time:
Who preceded me, were they old or ready for their time?

Or a tragedy in life cut short,
A life of mansions or in squalor; dirty hand or polished nails?
At this journey's end it matters not.

Vision greys, faces, objects blur as one,
Can't separate the pungent smells,
Rough from smooth, cool or hot,
Sounds all distant, mouths like goldfish.

My body cools, feet numb, this feeling rises til we part at last,
Nurtured through a lifetime, a friend in passing,
My body not my body, take it!
We clung so hard, yet how easy we're now two.

Light, bright it starts,
Far away and small,
Enlarges to all horizons
And then faded too,

I see nothing now,
As if asleep, it's over,
My end has come and gone,
Alike so many others, afore and yet to come.

Oh Fickle Heart!

In love we seek and find perfection,
Chasing the angel's mirage,
Is this a blind delusion that our hearts create
To satisfy its need for pure devotion?

But how long does this obsession last before our hearts waiver?
Like butterflies drawn toward a flower's bed,
On each one devoted but a potent instant,
Then our heads are turned.

A different flower blossoms in the spring of passion,
Becomes our ideal of beauty,
Perfection to our eye,
The consummation of our senses.

Thus are we caught again
In the web of love's devotion:
Ah, how fickle
Are the hearts of passionate men!

Miserly with Love

Why are we so miserly with love?
Do we not source it
From a well that fathoms deeper than the ocean.

Why do we select on whom we'll shine our love,
As if it were the rarest diamond,
Whilst on *The One* we'll shower to drowning.

Love the man that hates us,
Should we not want
To ease the blackest hour he faces?

The set of wandering, deep set, venom eyes,
There's only room for hate, beat on an anvil of rage,
Sparks fly as his anger hammers a crude weapon for his fear.

Hate that ruthless dog,
Chained it remains a frenzied beast
Only pacified with love.

Strong in love,
For loved we never stand alone,
We feel love's warmth upon our back wherever we might be.

And into a conflict we stagger blindly unprepared,
Unarmed we face each battle boldly, lightly on our feet,
Love enough in life or die alone.

Love freely, deeply, and fear nothing from love,
Expect the best of men, and they will never fail us,
But do we need the scorching love of mad passion?

Would we not burn as the sunbake divas,
At love's end,
Nothing left but smouldering remnants of its burned out fire.

Confusion reigns
Until the snows recedes at the winter's end,
Crag upon which we bleed copious tears.

Universal love is a worthy antidote,
But often it's a spinster's love, held up by conscience,
Never free to let the girl in her escape to laugh and play the fool.

Don't fake me love with what you call universal love
It is no love at all, just the ruminations of a mind in turmoil,
The outline, awaiting color, tint, from the brushes of our hearts.

True Universal love is unselfish love,
That all forgiving, sometimes desperate love,
Love of a mother to her child.

Fucking in Orange

Hornied by the thought of you:

Sixteen, schoolgirl look, fucking in the orange groves,
The citric smell pungent, pervasive,
And the cries of the birds; unison with your voice released.

The familiar place you always go to do it,
A bed of leaves, hidden from view,
Illicit; as you always are,
A caution against abandon.

Another girl came on the scene,
The fairy picture fades again,
But you still have it firmly in your mind,
Still time for him to find you.

Was he the one to breathe beauty in your life,
And make - at last - you want to live,
There can be no one like that to save you,
Til you've saved yourself.

I love the way you slink, your hips sway to the music,
Look through your hair at me,
One eye concealed behind
A sweeping titian fringe you push behind your ear.

You mask on a jaded look as we talk of tender things,
Your body turns toward another man,
And you wait for him to speak:
Let me find a virgin love that has no echoes of a past.

As I always Have

My darling, I love you as I always have,
In a simple way, as all men do.

We love, we tell the one we love,
We hope that we are loved.

I am your friend and care for you,
Do not be hurt by me, or it should end.

Will we still be lovers years from now?
I don't care, I've loved you: that's enough.

I'll always think of you, and think the best,
Do you think we'll ever meet again?

Home is not Where....

This home will not bring her peace,
Serenity nor happiness or sadness,
It is a place to begin a journey.

To make new friends and play,
To be outside and in clean air, be safe as I can make it,
Where I will educate her to the ways of nature.

A place where she can learn
The tranquillity of flowing waters,
Space in which to use her skills.

In writing, music or some other art,
Or in whichever way
She so desires to stretch the canvas.

It will not bring me inspiration or answer questions,
It will not bring me wisdom or compassion,
But it is where work'll cost me nothing.

And I'll be free:
I'll make friends with noisy neighbours,
And find a place to rest my shifting feet.

I gave him Money

I gave him money,
For the poor kids to whom he gave a name for home,
He took the money with a smooth speech,
Rehearsed, and flawed by it's perfection.

The first night I saw him piss it up against the wall,
And buy friendship from the bar stool burghers,
I hated him for wasting something reverent -
A gift with expectations.

Yet it only made him drink the more,
His guilt shown still more plainly,
Head sunk,
Another failure which drink might obliterate.

The next night my anger faded, I felt myself a fool,
What did I know of his life,
What he needed to take another step?
Anyway what contract had we from this gift?

Whatever unspoken treaty we had made
It bore no obligation to act as I imagined that he should,
So perhaps love lifts his spirit, for he was soon gone:
His weighty contract lay with thirty children soon to die.

To make their dying easier
Than not,
And I'd done well to grease the wheel,
These thoughts have the reverberation of a truth.

Whilst he must endure the sure knowledge
That each bond he makes will soon be broken,
Even with the youngest, most deserving, most needy,
My heroic gift a trivia within his unremitting cycle.

The Fangs of the Aged Whore

Feed me to the fangs of the aged whore,
Writhe in her arms that burn to touch,
Free wheel down hills without end,
The jackals come to play,.

Tugging at the loosened cloth,
Gain courage:
A whimper of excitement draws the others
To test the possibilities of feast.

As they circle closer,
I smell their blood sweet breath,
Feel heat upon the arm,
Letting go of will I sprawl.

Limbs begin to tear,
My screams drowned
By the howls of the pack leader
As he calls his bitches and slight offspring to the feast.

Clear willed,
There are no doubts when fear presses at our heels,
We are at our most absolute,
Strength swells every muscle; straightens bent limbs.

Energy sparks from our skin,
Women swoon and wish for our children,
Life is at its best with death at our side,
I leave without a backward glance,
Yet my heart is paced behind me.

The earth shakes
As an army starts to move
And I must join,
How we fought! brother side by side.

To death for some,
To victory for those demanding life,
In the vanguard of privilege when this war began
My will, my guile, our greatest weapons.

How I envy those men born to this life,
I must learn that death
Is but the stagger of desperation,
Or lunge of the already bent to die.

When he has no more to live for,
Since his wife and child died at our hands
In fires which razed his home,
His village, his very history,
He will not be remembered,
He did not exist.

And yet, knighted with the power
Of the man free of all expectation,
The strength of every native ancestor in his arms
He will wield the axe,
Clamoring for my blood.

Anticipates my sleight move; rips my shield from me,
Yet is the moment
I run my sword to his face,
I regret nothing
For we serve no one but ourselves.

I glimpsed your Soul

I glimpsed your soul
Through hazel eyes,
It's beautiful.

I fear I'd wound you,
But beauty can be strong,
So be free to love and hurt.

So I will hurt you, as you will me,
Too, love and joy,
To jolt the mundane passage of our lives.

I have courage to endure my pain,
But not enough to know I'll hurt you,
And still persist.

I know the ending but not when,
Weigh up the joy against the pain,
Would it be worth it?

The Cornerstone

The cornerstone crumbled, undermined by deception,
So it never was the flower filled edifice we crafted in our dreams.

You stilled our thoughts, a distant travelled ship to harbour,
You must risk all, and face whichever side the coin lands.

Whilst you avoid delusion chance remains,
Or will you, drained of courage, draw someone in?

And so rob them of love's chance,
To assuage your aching heart.

Better to embrace love's pain of loss
And fan compassion's flame.

Is this not a more worthy outcome
From the foolish game of love?

Don't race to cover pain, take an open hearted stroll,
Build clear marked fences round the traits we fear.

And entwine in those we love:
Expectation never folded notes with IOU's.

Hearts about the Moon

Let your heart fly about the moon in full,
Our madness free us,
But words confuse,
For what words can paint the Soul?

I bear no malice, but where's the point
In drinking from an empty well?
Yet are we not all
Monks and nuns from time to time?

Sadness play your part in love,
I've no regret,
I bear its weight
And feel your sadness as my own.

What greater meaning is there to life
Than on a common tread?
Must you have been submerged,
To seek this beyond all else.

But complications never interest me:
My thoughts turn beyond the moon,
Yet my heart is bound to you,
For where else may a heart find breath?

And what use is there
For hearts that flee from love?

Why you smile?

Why I smile? Because I sad,
What you want?
I want be keeper of your heart,
Cos without my love it never love again,
For all my tears not aid it thirsting.

I want your heart cos you no love it,
I want your cunt cos you think it ugly,
I want your hands cos you see them dirty,
I want your lemon breasts,
When you old, wanna suck them still,
Want your nose, too small for you,
Take mine I never like it.

Your heart and life line deep – all rest empty,
Eyes tell no lies but keep secrets from me,
Sound of your heart beat faster after kissing,
I want you come, only then I know you love me.

We ride through jungle,
Feel soft press of your breasts on my back,
You make me hard and soft,
And I afraid,
I your ice cream – lick my face and suck my cock,
You my chocolate – sweet on the tongue.

Rest head there

On my shoulder, while you kiss my hand,

You ask for nothing, so I want you everything,

Words got no meaning, but you understand my heart.

Why You Live?

Why you live?

What purpose?

First, of all things,

Understand our mind,

Through which we filter all,

Not so complete; enough,

Or this alone becomes the journey.

Then must we find peace,

Not outside, but within ourself,

For what is there to see

When on a rolling deck

Within the tempest's eye?

The world looks thus

With feelings all in turmoil.

With these two pillars -

Wisdom, our being content and sure -

They steady us, and give us strength,

Enough so we may venture

All across the Universe,

And gain it's knowledge -

The book complete.

That's a worthy journey,

A trove for man's existence.

How will you spend

The coins of your life?
But, no worry Friend,
Death's only this day over,
We have many more to live,
Don't fear its ending – no need to cling,
Look to the next day bright,
And the days, and the days, that follow....

Disgrace the Notion

Disgrace the notion of an independent thought,
Ensnared and liveried in pretty shades.

Draw her to petalled flowered and sticky passionate -
We all adore to give ourselves to conjugated twinbacks.

But he didn't know, because he never asked,
And drifted off the mark when he tried to work it up with logic.

When the key was blood and spunk:
The plainest fare.

That sets you outside again my dear:
Sorry ... Pretty Lips ... Quiver for me.

Irish Girl

Easy to pity, hard to love,
Wide eyed blue, a helpless waif,
Is life too hard, this an escape,
Or does this spirit grip your soul, demand your essence follow?

Could you care less where you're lead
Just so it take you from the wellspring of your fears?
The tears of pain you failed to keep inside spill upon your face,
Wish you'd strength, but know you never will.

So join the strong that lead this life,
To them yours an empty tale of might have beens,
With this cloak around you
Take courage to look beyond yourself.

Will the grace that lies within you
Give succour to a needy soul better armed to face the toil,
But fated with a life that drowns all hope,
You can save them!

Iced Up Quivers

Lead me To a pair of iced ups quivers,
Smelling sweet of roses, marigolds and fruit.

Bury my head in the valley
And pump until I come.

The white gliders swim down your neck
And run amok, over your fine breasts.

The boys just love it, and the girls, well
They'll endure it , noses raised, aloof.

But they're not fooling no one,
They love to rut just like the boys.

Work down, across the desert of your belly,
Reach the oasis of your navel.

Drink thirst quenched, palm groves luxuriant green,
An Arab rider enters: which way boys?

I'll take a guess he'll love your ass, cos we all do -
Babe, please! Part those arching pliant mounds of flesh.

Hairless from the waxer's hell,
Moist and winking, wank on.
I'll keep searching through the blinding sun,

Til, sweat drenched, I'd reach the mirage of your black sea parting.

Slide down the dunes, to frolic in the shore waves,
Lap you up in yellow - take a week's vacation.

But time clocks got a face to warn me,
All pursed up, and finger wagging.

Later, breathless,
I'll glide down your parting legs.

Oh baby, there's nothing like it,
The BoyLove boys will always miss it.

And you've got what no ageing woman ever has again,
No matter what she spends.

Indolence

We lay balled, sides on; the morning light intruding,
Indolence forced upon us by ineptitude at being,
An icon of lassitude.

Brothers united, leaving no imprint in the clay,
For we have no potters' tools
And our poor mark's unwanted.

The Gods of Greed,
At hand the cold steel of indifference,
Free from pathos : free to puppet purpose.

Busy martinets
Who strive to fill each corner of the frame,
They gaze transfixed at our devolving, overwhelmed.

The gross burst of our inconsequence
Gathers meaning by the numbers it enfolds,
Drama shrouds us in fashion and attention.

From the pity mongers of the wrung hands and saltless tears,
Which we embrace,
And so deflate our worth.

Yet one day we may, defiant, embrace death,
Always was line betwixt death and life a thread,
The joys of both hard won.

When the skeletal hand lies lightly on our shoulder
We will be
The man we want to be.

Grace in his rough gait and loose garb,
Once he claimed himself will women give themselves,
Wanton as he and free, til lust subsides.

Love the Old Man

I was cheerful,
Caring for the old man,
His wisdom trapped til my interest freed it.

We found time
To listen: catch the fading breath,
And learn of pasts near forgotten.

I could have let it slip between my careless fingers,
To become a useless fragment of a father's life:
What of him might have nudged the shift in history?

He is good, in his closed way,
He made me,
And caressed me in his clumsy hands.

Uncertain, saved by softly spoken instinct,
For few showed love to him,
As he grew from infant to a man.

Still his arms hold stiffly at his side,
Which only his companion's death could briefly loosen,
Frigid as a virgin with her mother's warnings ringing in her ears.

Hands plunged deep in his myriad of pockets:
He cannot show love,
His heart strings tied in webs of fear and misconception.

A mind full of knowledge, clinging guardedly to logic,
The observer, never in the scrum:
I cry to see so much lost to him.

For age will not recover LifeWisdom,
And a child will always struggle
To teach a father what she knows.

He never could
Embrace me as I wished,
To display the measure of his love.

Whilst mother, sisters freely thrashed around
In the bottomless gulf
Of conflict and false emotion.

But power may yet fall to age,
If guile wins out
Over desperate ambition.

Heels to crush

Storm confidently with twisting heels to crush
Children's fingers under black jack booties,
Lament upon a wind swept cliff,
The claw against chalk board pipers,
While whipped cream waves break on the rocks
Of your heart, and my heart.

Shatter every tooth in a gargoyle mouth,
Breath visible; a mustard gas revisit,
Bodies roll in time to silent beats,
A hand reaching from the grave,
The flesh mottled, pulled meat,
Husked to the stark white of bone,
Sinews strain - to breaking, with a whip crack,
A chancing missed....
Such is life.

A line of naked men,
Drooping to the colors,
Lithe, black bodied; skin stretched,
Limbs tense, senses alert to change, to threat,
Silhouetted in the fiery embers,
They sway in perfect grinding unison,
Untamed grace,
Sing Freedom Songs and love as cavaliers.

One lobs in his throbbing, innocent heart,
Boy to boy,
Girl to girl,
Dog to dog,
Women must bring the kitchen sink of proof,
Love never could,
And never should,
Stand to be dissected.

The scales are forever set against the squirmy fella,
Puned, carrot haired, a set resentful grimace,
Pull me from this red tail dancing,
Enough weak blood can still drown a strong man,
Or you can wear him down, whittled to the mediocre,
Face your maker, or forsake her,
Our clean dreams
Made perfect by her seamy stealth.

The Consequence of Rage

The want of truth is but one consequence of rage,
You swim lost in a sea of lies, fear drove truth long away,
Truth was but a weapon to be drawn rarely from its scabbard,
Neatly pinning guilt; we were long caught in a web of lies.

Manipulation, and strange apparitions that only you could see,
Revel in the wreaking of revenge for how you've been misused,
A payback never reckoned, never challenged, never balanced,
It shifts as life plays out your regrets.

And what life should have been, might have been,
Yet at the cusp you turn aside, indecisive,
And call upon a lesser prize
That belittles you.

You must shy from some weakness only you can name,
You shield it well; with silence, and question walls,
And should the bridge be drawn, with rage,
Bodies lie strewn in testament, you victoriously alone.

Abandon yourself to rage if you must,
Would I see you yet in peace, but who will guide you there?
The people that surround you merely well trained monkeys,
Clapping adulation, blind to the beauty of your soul.

Lover am I Sorry

My darling girl

I'm so sorry that I hurt you,

I spent a lifetime hurting

Someone else I loved.

Knowing that I was,

But not knowing how to stop,

Because she couldn't tell me

What she felt, what cut her.

It was written on her face but in a language never understood,

Then I saw it on your face,

I never thought I'd see that look again,

Nor ever wanted to.

But now the lights are all turned out and I'm shooting in the dark,

Yeah, it makes it fucking hard to hit the target,

I don't know what you feel and what you think of me,

The only thing I want to hear is painful truth.

If you can offer that then I'm your man,

I'd always cheer you on,

And hold you when you want to cry,

The field is rather bare of anyone with courage, which is all I'm asking.

Don't feel like you've got me,

For that would kill you trying,
Don't give a fuck
About the things you hate about me.

You'd never change the world, so don't try on me,
You'll not be measured by how others judge me,
Remember:
We're just lovers holding hands.

I've learned from you
It's no good presuming what might go wrong,
There's so much to fuck up here and now
Without worrying what we might fuck up sometime whenever.

So think about all that I've said,
If it can't work for you
Then let me take your hand once more
And tell you how I'll always love you.

Blank Walls

Blank walls, no memory,
What other dangers could I release?

What makes me different,
Reach a bottom that is not a bottom: it is a start.

Tear at walls I don't want torn down,
Crawl into safe holes; wary of life.

People smaller, voices louder,
I claim my voice.

Defence, flight, survival - no release,
Tears, weakness, capitulation - release, strength.

This field wanted by men with pockets burst with money wads,
The territory of the dark mistress.

She beckons with fingers dripping with a martyr's blood,
He frames life from the broken limbs he works up to movement.

I defeat evil through cunning,
Courage assails me, derived from adversity, but love eludes me.

I can walk in the valleys of my weakness,
My strength, the accepting of them; all.

There is no man stronger
Than he denuded of all he ever cared to own.

As a Child

I love to hear your voice: reminders of those happy days,
When my youth was what I lived,
Forever sunny days, adventure,
Rarely tears.

Then,
I was who I wished to be,
At every moment,
In spite of conflict, love or adulation.

We were walking in the strawberry fields,
More eaten than collected!
Days of blue and yellow,
Our backs to the sacred wall: ooh, imagine if it moved!

But it never would, for it was Certainty,
Made by hands of long dead men,
Who never had the joys we share,
Never saw the world as I now could.

I sit astride this restless mass of horse,
High, lost to control,
Until I can arrest this small black beast,
And then the fun begins, as we race down narrowed tracks.

Speed only on my mind

While he plans revenge at every turn,
I love him whilst I fear him,
His eyes tell me every day:

I do not love you,
I do this because I have to,
I too wish the free rein
Wherever my dreams to take me.

We sit upon the flimsy craft, wheels splayed,
The hill looked down yawns languidly, a precipice!
Fly past mamas waving fists - lives a round of feed and scrub,
Dogs flee; cat's gloat; they know our destiny.

Yet we never stop to ask, thrilled by the fear of broken knees,
At last the chariot slows and we find that we've survived,
The weary trudge looms bigger ever time,
Until it cancels out the joy of conquest.

Nature in Yellow

You, fresh picked from an amber field that stretches down
Across that lazy wandered valley,
That filled our childhoods
And absorbed so many of our tears and joys.

A brook found its way to sea,
Noisy, a pack of schoolgirls yacking,
Green gorse flecked with xanthic buds,
A path ambles up the valley face.

Cows moo in dumb content,
Moss covered stone walls,
Made a hundred years ago and standing
As they do this day.

The sun flaxen, weak,
A wave broken on the shore,
An ocean's breath engulfed unbroken distance,
Spray, blast across my face; goose bumps.

Sky, clear, blue, cloud flecked, puffed white angels,
Marigold, spread across the moor – the faint musk,
Rain mists, deadens color,
Land, sky, meet.

Your Mother Loves You

Yes your mother loves you and so
I wish you all the happiness this clotted heart could never bring.

While watching your hopes wilt
As the boys miss all the signs.

You have the gift to make me think of us intimately alone,
Whilst in truth a dozen boys would fill the set.

You basking in the sun of adoration,
But you'd better make it while you can.

Girls fade fast, a boy told me, who loved boys,
A long term investor, ha ha.

Burden you with Love

We'd burden you with love,
But past failure make us fear
We'd fuck your life by something dark and shameful.

We'll not temper the soft petals of your heart,
As we have our own, to clash as jousters
In a bitter war 'tween Power and Hopeless Valiance.

If we could herald you the winner,
Then might we contest,
Certain we can phoenix from our buried blue steeled heart.

If not us, ah, we have enough guilt upon the sword,
Tied to solitude, onlooker on lovers' games,
Could we so awful be?

The Day you Came

I loved the day you came into my life,
An aberration from the blue sky dawns
That had filled my lonely wanderings til then.

Your face a mask unblemished by the horrors in your mind
That to this day I couldn't wash away, how ever hard I scrubbed,
The clouding mirror of your eyes.

Such torment should have shown in twisted features;
What is it in the matching of your features
Which in their parts leave nothing to arouse?

Yet coalesced will turn the heads of men,
Thus have I had a lifetime's beauty,
The flutter of fragility that trapped my heart in a weakened moment.

The fault stretched half across a lifetime,
Release me from the theatre of your life,
Leave me free to find a love who's heart lights mine.

Ego

I am everything, You, fuck all,
So lay down, spread the neck, the axe will fall,
I'll keep it brief, OK?

Hey! I could just as well
Have left you half you neck awry,
You'd be pleading for a swift clean blow to end it then.

When I'm like this I'm king for the day, and there no tomorrow,
So do the math:
Think that'll stop the clambering of my Ego?

The crowds would love it, it's either that or down the pub
For mindful prayer at the alter of the amber fluid,
They'd kill to see some blood and pain - anything would do.

Just don't act true feelings,
And the sheep doth follow,
So tressed up, zipped up - Fucking Boring!!!!

Lets see the pants down
And who's got a hard on,
And who'd love to be fucking who.

The looks that kill, and *Oh, that's who they are....*
NO, that's just what they did, and you'd do it too
Upon the self same stage and scene.

Of course we all wish for perfect me,
But loud mouth Ego jumps in, shows us up for who we really are,
Girl in glitter dress – shit! she wants that stage.

But she can't sing, and can't dance any better:
So Ego, fuck off all right,
For all you said I need you, I found you wrong.

I'm all right, and all white in here – the only place it matters,
I should lay myself as petals at their feet,
My mind is running circles trying to fathom consequences.

Truth has rung, but I'm not ready,
I'd rather face another day up to my neck in shit,
Ah fuck it, I'm too tired for anything that matters.

It takes brave men to face the guns,
And make the break for freedom,
I'd rather kip and read the book about it,

Or watch it on the TV with ma mates,
And we could joke about the fucker
When he arsed it.

We failed too, but no one noticed,
You couldn't tell the difference,
We're the walking fucking dead.

We never started,
Though in our hearts
We were running afore the wind.

Beside him: our gloried failure,
Better never act -
Never fail; never die inside.

Men are Weak

Men are weak, we've no imagination,
Unable to project the certain outcome of our impetuosity.

Leave this to women, they have the story,
From themselves or someone else they know.

Can see the pain they've to endure,
The ending and it's flavour,

But still persist, for they must know it for themselves
Or else their heart forgets.

I wish no harm befall you from my thoughtless words
That breaks this spell: your love for me.

I feel your need from me as something I can't match,
Yet til we talk I'll never know.

Best rush in, without a thought for caution,
Don't ever wait for perfect days!

If the worst, at least my heart is briefly hardened,
My pride retained, all else in tatters.

But for the certainty of knowing
That my love for you was always true.

Daughter

Daughter I would sacrifice my life for you,
It tears me up inside to know you love me little,
It took me years to find the strength to face it.

But now I can, and though it hurts within the truth lies peace,
The narrow calm within illusion's storm,
Reason binds us when we set aside emotion.

So where does this truth place us, and our future,
Will it be a short lived empty vicissitude,
A shell, an obligation on our parts?

Truth would have us confront it, despite discomfit,
There's no disgrace, for there are no guarantees in love,
And let us admit no wrong.

Is no man worthy of a truthful answer?
Then love will elude you,
I fear you think yourself less than other women.

Whilst in truth
You are their leader,
Claimed despite yourself.

Could you be brave enough to take your place,
Seize fate's hand and run with her,
Wherever she might take you?

How ever far from home and friends,
How ever far from comfort, and familiarity,
Still stand tall as I know you can.

But to do all of this
You must needs be unafraid to love,
And you must be truthful, to yourself and others.

I hope you will:
This, because I love you,
And I always, always, always will.

Uncurl The Fist

Uncurl your fist and softly touch the lovely face,
A confession she could never make.

Take her in your hands,
Plant kisses on her battle hardened lips,
Feel how *good* it feels,
Sweeter tasting than the blood you drew.

As we plunge in the knife do we kill our being,
Do we bleed as the body before us washes out it's life?

Consider this as the knife is raised,
Before the remorseless act,
No recompense,
Save the ending of our own.

Acting Ends

Where does the acting end,
And reality begin,
An illusion of who we really are,
A mask protecting who?

Is it who we wish to be or Ego's graceless image?
I'd rather be the wanted me,
Glory in the contradiction of our failing and our godliness.

Or would you rather be a plastic doll
Which satisfies
The unforgiving judge of our acceptance?

Are we here to sit upon a wind blown boulder shaped for comfort,
We'll sit and watch the sky turn blue,
Children water splashed, turn cartwheels.

We'd talk of nothing and watch your flowers grow,
Take time to see their delicacy and silent swooning,
Decay would seem a juxtapose to beauty.

A graceful ageing,
Faded into mottled colours,
A still reflection of your youth.

What intrigue lies
Within the lines that frame your face
Intertwined like lovers they said would never last?

But in each other find completeness,
So what purpose has this mask now?
Discard it, or you'll disconnect your feeling from its reason.

And how I'd be inspired to see you
In an all or nothing lunge for your possession,
I'd catch you when I could.

Or would you rather feel the terror of a fall,
To know you live,
The scars there to reflect upon; recall.

You lay across my Chest

You lay across my chest making circles in the sand,
Wishing you were somewhere else,
You stick your knife, embed it in my heart,
But it's made of plastic so I win.

Defy me, fool me, anything to shield my hopes,
Crush my lips, so I can taste the bitterness of blood,
Yet if it's yours then sweetness fills my mouth,
As with all things, when passion clouds reality.

Yet as the sun sets
Only empty chills remain,
Remind by it's absence the heat that was,
A hand on my throbbing head.

Cum lubricates your working fist,
And solemnly drips from your fingers upon the matching sheet,
Remorse tinged disgust in the naked glare of early morning daylight,
The cruellest witching hour of brief affairs.

But not with you my dear, my perfection of lover,
Abroad with all desireables intact,
Youth, beauty, taste, reserve, disdain,
A quiet voice that sucks me dry of courage.

A wish dies on my lips
As I quail before youth,
Oh dear, pain makes me scuttle so,
And the dooming bell tolls.

We foolish men,
Most foolish yet in our middle years,
Seek the rush of youth in the warm tenderness of a girl's kiss,
Snigger like spermy boys again.

Not here will dreams mirror our tenderness,
I hope we never fight, but know we must,
For without passion
Love is merely lust.

Pity and forgive me,
I knew I would fail
Way long before I tripped
Over the worn rug of my weaknesses.

You shared my bed and then I asked that you should leave,
Before my mind began it's relentless search for hate,
But I gained in our crossing paths, body still aches for you:
To hold you in my arms without constraints of time.

In the City

Stepped out and there he was,
Liquid, up against the fence,
Big in the city,
Toked up with a railing smile.

A wide line of words
Tumbling out his mouth,
Rolling gaps of thought,
Reef fish archipelagoes.

Jenny saw him too -
What he hadn't done
Because he ran out of time, when the days was years,
Good shit - smell it as I pass him.

The smoke drift across the street
Between the flamingo legs of the hooker,
To where the girl trying out her new scooter, toy from the folks out bush:
She Big City Girl now.

Til she makes front row the photo Proud Boy's taking -
His big old Studebaker
Set for down town auction,
All purpled up; white walled tyres, black leather soft top.

The stoved in grille has changed all that,
So they're both sat kerbside, legs splayed and looking sad,
Tears the size of big summer rain drops,
Maybe these two get married on the back of this; I don't know.

But I'm not twisting reality for my own ends,
So there's reason for her falling over, down like a felled tree,
A ground shaker, and the isolated thud,
Her blood on the side walk tided up to my shoes.

I felt surrounded (by the drama) I didn't want to be a part of,
Just her and me,
And morning knocking,
Then her pals show up and I'm free.

One looks at me
Like I'd been thinking there was advantage to be had,
Fuck her
For seeing through my white knight act.

Fog Descends

Fog descends over the valleys of our minds,
Landmarks become obscured, or their outline indistinct,
A faint sunlight, wisdom:
Fails to shift the drifting clouds.

Birds appear from nowhere,
As inconsequential thoughts,
We cannot think provoking thoughts with which to grapple
As the gladiator and the lion.

The idea arises, like teacher to a class of kids,
To shine illumination on our delusion,
And in their wake the realizations of our nature,
But if, like signs, we mask the nature of our being.

Then we must surely lose our way,
The clear marked paths become instead a maze,
But patience be the faithful dog at hand,
Reminds us by its dreamless slumber.

Why cling to this delusion of our lesser being,
It makes us probe for weaknesses in any one we think superior to us,
So we may bring them
To that hovel we have chosen as our nest.

Instead let us embrace what we have learned,

What journeys we have taken, experience recalled,
Good actions we have done,
However small.

With these recollections can we raise ourselves, worthy to be loved,
Press forward eagerly, not forgetting all we said and did,
A basket full of fruit:
They will contain both ripe and rotten.

To remind us constantly
Of what we wish to be,
What we have been,
And may still be yet.

Let me pick for you the fruit beyond your reach,
For there's no crime in being the holder of the means
To someone else's happiness or progress,
For we are all teachers.

And all students of someone longer down the path,
Ahead they might put out their hand to guide us over rocky ground,
May we be the staff to someone wearied by the struggle,
Or for a moment blinded, then be their eyes: a lantern onto wisdom.

I love Her

I love her,
Which no one but I can change,
But you made it so she could not love me.

Why you did is yet another encrypted box
That fills the warehouse
Of your hidden feelings.

She will be better in ways I never imagined,
And fail in all the dreams I hoped for her,
For this is all children's obligation to their parent.

Let me crawl away defeated,
To a lonely hermitage,
Recalling her strength; once a cockish independence.

Now but a petulant discord,
A lazy ridicule of what is good, and what is just,
Turning from the joys of life, to a demanding selfishness.

It's hard for me to stand and watch this self destruction,
This laying of foundations to a life of misery,
Which my best efforts fail to sway.

You are my Weakness

You are my weakness woman, as you tease my ardour's thread,
With no intention of its reciprocation.

What need resides within you to toy with us so?
We are weak men, without defence against your invitations.

And what weakness in yourself do you hope to mask or satisfy
By my dishonourable capitulation.

I am a hook caught fish, baited by your beauty and refinements,
How can I avoid this enfickled mind?

When something outwardly so fine, so delicate
So appealing and so beautiful, is thrust so in my face.

Yet to another's eye she is but clay,
And to the beast she's nothing more than prey.

What does the lion see but sweet flesh?
To crush, and taste the blood nectar.

Wish then were I a lion,
And so see the human artifice.

Of man and woman
In their elemental form.

Reasons

For reasons I don't understand, but care not to reason,
I wish to bring compassion to the world about me,
Blow away the fog of ignorance,
Dig deep and excavate the debris of my mind.

Cast sturdy foundations to my understanding,
Meaning, through alchemy.
Turn wisdom to compassion,
Overwhelm me into action.

On my path lie useless trinkets, piled so high to block my way,
As ants on food scraps do deluded souls
Scour through these so called sacred artifacts.
Further on's a pretty gold encrusted shrine.

One I'd barely notice,
But for the empty headed souls that circle round it,
Chanting mindlessly, turning laps – round and round and round,
As if to skirt the essence of his teaching.

Further yet along the way
I come across a band of tearful pilgrims,
Holding candles in their hands,
They'd thought to make an offering of light.

They chose a place along the path
Where a narrow, ancient bridge once crossed a chasm,
Made of wood, they caught the bridge aflame,
The path is severed now,
Death meets those that try to leap across it.

Ice Maid

The ice maid froze us out: minefield conversations,
But this wilful self absorption bores me,
Zed's drift lazy up the wall.

Then the phone is dead, machines my only friend,
Not for one minute do I cross your mind,
Told me, coldly, in a text – to be sure there'd be no doubt.

If you don't want to see me, spare the reasons,
Women love to squirm upon those thorns,
But our heart's not some tap so easily cut off.

Foolish, we're kicking stones around the yard,
Feeling we should be masters here,
But this is woman's realm.

She faked retreat, and drew me in,
The widow spider in her nest,
Fangs aquiver.

The death cries a whimper,
While she just picks her teeth,
After all we're merely heartburn now.

So she made me small as I could be,
Smaller than a mouse in traction,
As if the space I occupied had better uses.

As if I shouldn't matter, even to myself,
What was it that they had you wanted,
And I always knew I lacked, but never strived for.

I got you pegged though never knew it then,
Wondered why you'd teeth bared, then smothered to a smile:
Maybe it's just me you're hiding from?

That old Master Time

Anxious girls and boys see time slipping
As the snows retreat in spring,
So much to do:
Before the final darkness falls.

Time closes, wrapped in neat parcels,
The day that was, for later introspection of its brief success,
And the painting of another's failure,
Winners, losers, be your currency.

Goals muster in the early morning,
Racing ever faster until disaster strikes someone in our dream's path,
We piece together our displaced plans, whilst time drip, drips,
Always short we seek a loan from Time's Bank.

Seeking youth, or masking our true age,
With pretty clothes, and hair shorn in a trendy wave,
Gallant with the pretty girls or boys,
Yet with age become less discriminate.

Death looms at time's pretty road end,
Ever steeper til each tread becomes over much to bear,
Stood at death's solitary carriage window,
Leaves on the platform rustle soft farewell.

Noises deaden as we drift away,

Steaming past the cragged cliffs,
The deep blue freezing,
Bridged over passes; the long way down.

Time tricked us
With her mirrors,
And the terror
Of the running down of time.

Where in truth Time lies expansive at our whim,
Ah, if we only knew,
Our frantic rumblings and energy oblations would cease,
Straw hats would we adorn whilst talking casually to pretty girls.

Why would she not want us; and if not this life then the next,
What would we do with Time upon our side?
Next time you'll be a wrinkled sage,
Fool becomes, god help us, Wisdom's statue.

The weak willed boy transforms to hero,
For the man who strives for greatness, may the follied tower be seen,
The clambering ghosts be burned,
Peace reign in his heart's land.

Time draped, languid, a flush commodity,
A feast on which might spill our indulgent wishes as they rise,
Green pasture split by hedges live with singing birds,
Budding gorse, brooks blue running.
Patience for my manhood dreams,

We would embrace each change as new adventure,
Sure in our skills
To endure, embrace and thrill.

Our children,
Who are not ours but their own child to be,
Nurtured by their soul to the place that we now occupy,
And the cycle of humanity recurs:

See time to death's limit, yet know it moves beyond this rugged pass.
The imprisoned man, who always rushed for Time,
Recalls the favour of inaction,
With such faith what might we be, what might we do?

A Slow Death

Here am I, trapped within these closing walls,
Two keys hang from the chain,
Two doors,
Why do I choose submission?

The problem is my dear that only boys have loved you,
You still a girl, whilst I a man, dick swaying, astride the world,
For am I not a white knight upon his snorting charge?
There to save you.

Despite your valid protestations that you need no saving,
How wrong am I,
How foolish am I
When caught upon the horns of love.

I am the accused, before the courts,
You victim, judge; arrayed around you a jury of your selection,
The air hangs pregnant,
Full of soft revenge.

But I claim no innocence,
For there has been no crime,
I loved,
And sought to shroud you from grief.

If I had been the empty man you later found

Then still would we be lovers, I your hero,
Sink to your knees and take me in your mouth,
Or spread your thighs, with thanks and puckers on your lips.

So is it I the victim, or the martyr?
Since mine you once compared to piss weak love
Of those selfish hearted boys barely off their mother's tit,
Petulant when good life detours round them.

They never cared for you above themselves,
The bang's just as big, but where was the intent?
You should know better now, seared by my love,
And branded by my teeth sunk in your flesh soft.

Your angry words,
Now rough sewn scars across my back,
The proof:
That love demands our greatest courage.

I would not change you,
Though if you cannot change then I am done,
Or I must harden,
And I would not.

For tenderness have I long sought in me,
And now it is founded, I would not abandon it,
So once again
Are we caught up by our past.
How can I keep turning from the pressing thought

That we must part as friends; are doomed as lovers,
For only sadness can we lay upon each other,
Yet is this not the feast of those that choose to love?

Distrust, the mirror of our weakness,
Expectation,
That dreadful banner we unfurl before the joust commence,
Too many times is it torn, until our faith lies trampled.

I trusted instinct,
And she failed me,
As with all the tests
I place like traps around your bed.

Do not expect my fiery love,
Reward of the strident all or nothing lover,
Then would I stride forth,
The ancient man, upon his horse.

Bound by dreams of valour - victory, or death,
And his wife, hair streaming as she stands upon the sodden soil,
His corpse soon to be reunited with the earth,
Unafraid, unadorned by finery, yet still heroic.

Few men like this remain, yet I claim this lineage,
For my forbears took up arms, and died for causes,
I kneel proudly at their feet, and take the standard,
Take to the field; are you at my side?
Or sneering, with your wandering heart,

Am I once again alone upon the battlefield?
His love cry rings eerily about the empty room,
The fool's laugh echo: have we not all made this claim once?

A blinking laden lid

Fast carred flashiness is gone if the last girl blinks a laden lid
Upon your effort to be a somebody,
Which will not be forgotten by the desperate suicides
That spill their lives each day.

Once recognition splays their life across the screen,
Amidst the garish dreams of phantom stardom,
Whilst we clamber
Over the wreckage of their lives.

What good is innocence in such carnage,
But glamour never fed our soul, never pieced together reason,
It only fed the dragon that breathed: loooove meeeeee,
What might shiftless currency demand?

Not selfish passions
Of ardent love that wallows in discontent,
We dangle on the lip of reason,
Til at last the thoughts are freed.

The edge of meaning tantalizes,
Yet we circle blindly, nudging at the carcass,
Still, whilst breath remains may understanding beckon,
But what should we abandon ego for?

What seemed to matter, matters not,

And ten thousand years from now
Surely we will be forgotten long,
Then were not our strident calls ever made to empty theatres?

We could have basked
In the luxury of being ourselves,
Walking past the grand parading ego,
The grasping sticky hand of envy.

The red faced throb of lechery,
The fool that parades his flimsy pride,
And that cool calculator
Of your demise.

When we awoke as Gods

When we awoke as gods, all our past confessions,
All our feeling and all our weakness,
All the unexpected, unwished for cruelties we let slip.

All the goodness we would never claim our own,
All our gifts of voices,
All our gilded intellect and logic: Gone.

Indifferent of our grown ambitions
Lying rumpled in a corner,
We shall be generous to the man we hate; the woman feared.

The wounded tramp,
Limping down haphazard streets
Beneath the lizard moving branches.

The truth lie in their suffering,
Endured on our behalf
Whilst we dream of childish riches.

False mirrors that disturb the still waters of the tranquil mind,
Then peace came upon us as a heavy cloak,
A suffocating hand.

Desire from twisted corners,
An honourable gent? Evil deeds drive his mind,
The glasses such a giveaway.

When we are first gods we'll frolic,
Foolish with our new found strengths,
Then quickly draw around us pools of love.

Amidst yet apart,
Calm through the rush of love and life,
Persuaded of nothing.

Our super human will
On a knife edge,
But secured by widespread riches.

And then the true work begins,
Freed of our own desires and free to serve -
The god's will served.

Abased,
The dirt upon our richly woven shoes,
Sure in our wealth, esteemed, and so we mindeth not.

An indulgent parent, power sparks from every pore,
Know when compassion
Is but selfish weakness of the fearful heart.

We'd transport to galaxies and spy on distant worlds,
What makes love matter across all incarnations?
Good or evil; should we side with good?

Hijack my Life

Don't use love to hijack my life with your dreams,
For they are your dreams, and they may not be mine,
Perhaps they will collide, perhaps they'll merge.

They'll seem important to us,
Though they are not,
If we can't find path broad enough for both to walk upon.

It does not matter, for I will love you always,
There may be no us,
Just you and me, walking side by side.

So do I hope we have a common dream,
For I love you, and you love me,
But this guarantees us nothing.

Don't let us dive blindly in and break what we each have,
Our lives become not what we had,
Or what either wanted.

Downtown Girls

Forever forgetful downtown girls,
Hips sway in a langour breeze,
Laughters mingle with the brush of hair and skirt rustle.

Eyes, all eyes, brown, a harbour for lost souls,
Lips: dirt and a sneer from one,
Another glossed and beckons, soft crushes.

A beguiling smile,
With man's imagination meanings,
Shelf your prick.

A toss of the head, glimmers of hope and perspiration,
Whispered words, loud enough to miss their meaning,
A fateful glance: woman's hieroglyphics.

Viciously I tear at her pleading hand,
She weeps then draws herself up -
Looks through me with scorn.

It makes me love her and admire her,
With nothing
But her will she is my equal.

Sweet scent mist, that dream from long bygone years,
But in his mind at his death breath's escape,
She is his last thought: what hold she had upon his life?

Not one count down day passed
Without a mind's eye glimpse
Until he came to dread these thoughts.

He never could abandon her entirely,
How ever much he begged himself to let her go, again,
Yet she came to care for him: but too late - for both of them.

She never told him or any other man,
For fear of something at the edge of what ever reason she could muster,
Which lessened with each day's passing.

The Want of Time

Time

The want of time no more, for we live in this moment,
To be filled where emotion leads us,
Unfettered by constraints of obligation.

To perform a task which possessed no startling purpose,
Then we are upon a rolling hill of green
With figures in the distance
That might be friends.

Time,

Choice now yawns as an unmarked ocean,
We step across the threshold
Of the tower of our achievement,
Listen to the urging of our hearts,
For there's no other sound to guide us.

No screamed demand,
No guilty inner admonition,
Wait patiently,
Then follow in certitude.

Time,

The want of time no more,
Our life has all but been the filling of an empty vessel,
With whatever came to hand, proffered or stolen.

Thought never arrested the instinctive grab:
It was easier
To move purposeless than contemplate,
Thinking there was nothing more to learn from life.

Time,
Listen to the urging of our hearts
And find a passion buried deep within,
The care of others before ourselves.

The supplication
Of our body at their feet,
No need we force another's hand,
For our world is now fulfilled.

Fear not Death

Fear not death,
Seek instead the essence of our needs for comfort -
A peaceful home, good health,
Food upon our table.

Enjoying beauty,
As we sense it,
Good and bad,
With all it's trivial consequence.

Waste all effort made upon a friend to be discarded,
Who never scaled perfection we demanded,
Should we tear the flimsy bonds of tawdry friendship,
And stand alone in honour.

Children may exceed us,
Expectation: ah, destroy us,
Distrust bold proclamations
By Charlatans Of The Lord.

Avoid religion;
Their Wise Men's loud proclamation,
And their miracles.

Lies give credence to their hollow tales,
Masking ignorance of their own uncertainty,
Those deaf and mute to the pure wisdom of their soul.

Yea, may this life be the pinnacle of Being,
May roses droop upon the faded paintwork
Of the quaintly rotting cottage of our dreams.

Observe:

The man who passes by in silent certitude,
And therein lies your soul's reflection.

Let drop the hand that clings to future's burden,
Why cling to life's thin thread?
However hard we hold it breaks.

Let go; and where shall we fall?
To poverty, ridicule or boredom?
Or to a joyous peace
We'd not attain by wildly grasping?

Careless fun we have with nothing in our pocket,
No place to go,
And no need of wealth
And all its trappings.

For they weigh us down,
Turn us into monsters
Which vainly claw
For salvage of demolished dreams.

A Tear stained Star

Traverse a tear stained star,
The sky an echo of my heart.

I love with a soothe wind calm,
Intimacy in every breath.

Low chairs in private booths,
Hands touch across a strewn table.

Hesitation

Did you ever hesitate upon the patterns on a door?
Remove the numbing indecisive doubt
That roots us to a random square.

A dipping toe never felt the blast,
Doubter on the outer,
What will tip him head first, dunked?

The sides too far or high to scale,
Swim or sink,
No god to save him now.

Hours, or years, might we be stuck,
Til wisdom frees us from the snag,
Back to the torrent of our chaotic lives.

Then we'd wish us back upon the rock that held us long,
At least we knew the place,
The limit of our troubles.

At every turn

My heart softened at the thought of you,
I want to hear the laughter in your voice,
But courage runs a marathon.

Stranded with a phone in hand,
What did we talk about?
Do you recall?

My heart began to harden as you fought relentlessly,
Though I'd already said "You win!"
And meant it.

But then I saw the fear that rose unbidden in your eyes,
From what happened in your past
Before I could have hurt you.

Yet I am the possibility of wounding,
Potential snake, thin cheater, slick ass bullshit man,
We're always all of these.

Whilst you've the ashes of burned love to fling at us,
And a tirade of faults - ours,
Or from the history book of women's martyrdom.

You never rest upon the comfort of all we grew,
When the bed begins to feel like roses,
There you go and want to change it all again.

Lumps reform, around which both of us must skirt,
Always wanting it to change to preening cats,
Perfect, languid, leather clad, sheening, aware.

Whilst I'd always be the splintered glass that never fits,
Except in my wild flower garden,
Sleeping naked, any time of day.

My heart ice
But then I'd see you and it thaws,
Until you cruel me once again.

Me sucker punched, believing in Love Will Out,
Waried of your self wreaked wrath that flickers flameward
That I know can only burn or peel my flesh.

Yet what's the use of being across the hills,
Or so protected
That we'd barely feel the pleasure seconds?

I try to dupe myself this love's not the ghost of something stillborn,
We both wanting life breathed into it's limp carcass,
But it just wasn't ours to be this time.

Was it any easier for you?
Who'd be your faultless man?
Who'd make it all, all right?

These Pert Tits

Where's the godliness in these pert tits?
Laid out before me on this sweet carcass,
"Old enough to bleed" he said, "well taught, and tight"
I'd teach her all I know: Christ what have I bred!

She'll break the hearts of every man she saw,
And he'll go mad through wanting her again,
A fistful of wanking madmen
Dreaming of her light embrace.

An enigmatic smile played across her lips,
While cum drips down her thighs,
She'd trip lightly 'cross the hearts of men,
As they implore one thin moment of her love indifferent.

I beg, take anything you want,
But never leave me!
But she's impregnable,
Will impale a heart on her sharp heel.

A smile of sweet regret, a finger to her lips,
Ooh darling, sorry!
While he writhes,
And plans revenge that takes him to the gallows.

She a graceful swan,
Trails the blood of those broken hearted fools
Who knew, but would not escape their destiny.

But karma strikes:

A light breeze first stirs her tepid heart

As she spies the one for her.

Once unaware, now she must feel,

In all its fiery rage, the pain that she'd once caused:

And so her tears fall for all her lost.

As she too is lost on the sharpened pike of her undying love,

Exemplifies the Sages' words,

Of the unremitting cycle we should abandon.

You lie so well

You lie so well - inventively, vindictively -
Yet keep no tally of their worth,
But I did not wilt, for I'm retained by Truth.

Been poisoned many times by the fangs of your lies,
How may snakes harbor that deadly wine, yet never suffer?
You would know the answer.

I plough the fields of my feelings, sowing love seeds as I go,
But love grows sparsely,
And so instead I harvest acres rich with hate.

I don't want to be your GameBoy any more,
I'm reaching out
And taking out the batteries.

I'm inline skating on the lip of madness; no sequins here to save me,
Stretch out my hand to start a Triple Salco,
But you Swan out of reach.

We want Purple Hearts for all we did to make it work,
But we're Urban Warriors, caught in petty conflicts,
Where there's no war in which to show us at our best.

I fear for the man, unsure and anchorless
From his unmanning
By the facsimile of love.

I fear the cruelties
That parents will upon their children,
Which becomes a root for anger; a spreading weed.

I fear the cruelties lovers pay with the coin of distrust,
Let kindness be the means
By which we barter for our understanding.

Equal

Seek to our end the love of equals,
Respected for our gifts, acknowledge what's despised.

Accept our selfish needs astride the passion,
No leaning on each other til exhausted.

Walk freely, hand in hand,
And find the freedom never meant to trade for love.

Then our hearts should rest, forever cherish what we've found,
But would this fickle heart grow bored once more?

And treat you as we treated others,
Save those we yearned for but in vain.

We'll never know without the trying,
Though it will most likely fail.

But time lays no constraints,
And frees us from last chance fears, waiting for the perfect moment.

Who would be a Man?

Who would be a man?

When we are loved do we find ourselves loved or used

Ridiculed, abused or lauded?

So he walks from this bed to find the woman,

The woman - his equal in her life,

In her own way she has done: done all she sought to do.

The chameleon has found himself in time,

He is a tribe of men in the shell of a single man,

Strength, power, determination, and inflexibility.

He is challenged,

And must build a fort around his ideals and values,

On a rocky outcrop impregnable to those soft thrown spears.

Or is he now the wily one,

Flexible bending to the slightest breeze,

Yet unmoving from his true purpose which no one can fathom.

The beating of your heart

I love to hear the beating of your heart,
Beneath the panting of your breath
Pulsing gently in unconscious rhythm.

My hand between your breasts,
Your nipples hardened
As your thoughts run to lust.

My feelings tender as we melt,
Your face all smiles and disappearing eyes,
Mischievous, and wanting to be loved.

Looking down upon you, embedded,
You smiling, writhing, coyly tormented,
Pinned like a butterfly gently tugging at the fetters.

Slow : fantasies
Of fishnet stockings, high heels,
And the hat of your profession at a rakish slant.

Legs planted sturdily astride me looking down
As I quiver in anticipation
Of the singing lash.

A jealous man hoards love in vaults of steel,
Resorting to a furtive rendering of love :
Only he knows why it hurt and how.

Yet we two know within your heart we'll all drown laughing,
And in fifty years
Look back at all our foolish games and fateful optimism.

How could we ever find a man to match your pa?
Sure we poor bastards never could,
So did you give up trying for Shangri La's all over?

And so love dwindled
To a scraping over bones of crusted lust,
Desperate to avoid a lonely withering.

Twisting Wishing

Oh where's the point in twisting on a skewer wishing?
Aren't we're all losers in what we truly want?
Or might we both share an ignorance that makes us content
To lay out naked at love's hearth.

But I'm past that now, past you, who was I fooling?
The answer echoes round the mountains,
No one but
Myself, myself, Myseeeelfffffff!

If we're unwanted then we're gone,
You'll never see us gnawing at the bone of doomed love,
Our pride wells at the slightest whiff of your conclusion,
We'd rather never see its tepid end.

That desperate love which quells all passion,
Fertile ground for pity and disgust,
Hope falters, drifting out of reach,
Weighed down by unrequited love.

Will we be entwined or just backdrops to another's centre stage,
Wasting time on what was ever doomed?
Dwell not on this, unless you love to wallow,
Let another man try, for his own gain.

Darcy gets a look from her that says:

I'm still looking for the dreamboat,
Whilst Damon loves to fuck the girls
While thinkin bout the boys.

But never can kiss a hairy face.
Laid back, bring it on, his look derisive,
Whilst Darcy's tense, full of cool, detached intent:
The outward Victor.

Urban Lives

Mothers drone of schools,
The Pros
The Cons,
Who gives a fucking, fucking fuck!

Will their children's lives be changed
Or just become a repetition
Of our failures?

Around this hollow group of lives the winds blow hard,
Dark rain clouds form to spoil the perfect day,
Love ties the man, the woman and the child,
But fails to quench desire for greater love.

A searching purpose envelopes discontent that never leaves them,
While man and son lie on the grass,
Heads close in conversation,
Love maroons them from the seas of us around them.

Woman. Woman walks beside the daughter,
She bored
Unwilling to commit to childhood:
Unable to escape the confines
Of mother's Black.

Trust

Ain't we a pair of matching madmen tryin to prove our innocent insanity
Yet understanding was never the root of our confusion,
But trust no one with the perils of our minds,
For they bring their own troubles to the jousting ring.

And blurting thoughts to anyone that paused
Would be akin to throwing seed to the four winds,
And so they must wait another lifetime to become a thought again,
Perhaps the wavelength stretched to voice next time.

Gas kills as well as cannon and leaves no trail of guilt,
Why are there so many layers to our mind?
If not for some purpose that we'll never fathom til enlightened,
We spend a lifetime to unravel this fortress of our minds.

But if we could use the fullness of our minds
Could we step up as gods?
Would we know nothing and preserve our innocence
Or step boldly into life and feel the pain of living?

Then what earthquake of transparency
Would free us from our stuttered feelings
To thorough understanding of Grace,
Despite the trips and troughs and lardy girls.

In settling for something less

Don't we allow others to dictate our lives?
Could we still be so expectant in our fading years,
Excited by some unknown promise?

Flirt then with not a thought for consequence,
Face life with no fear of our defeat,
An honourable retreat,
A life of meaning.

Hate the One we Love

We'd rather hate the one we love,
For only they can truly hurt us,
Having seen beyond the flimsy mask.

Knowing all our weakness,
Which word can draw a flood of tears,
Worse, a stone wall rising, four sided, razor wire tipped.

Impregnable to all emotions, contact in suspension,
Guard against all human bonding,
Or fall back on false friendships.

We wish the gift of hindsight might have warned us,
Love is vigilance, ego spurning, indulgent,
How will we know without at least a tentative jest?

If not in this Life

If not in this life then the next,
Brings love from girls who weakened their resolve.

Days of perfect clouds and radiant blues,
White petticoats and swaying green, in lush.

Birds sing for me,
Wild animals tamed at hand.

Men leave me in peace,
My emotions can exhale.

Ignoring all the false dreams that come from an easy life,
That harden us against the strong.

Then would I be the god we seek to be?
To lead the life we crave.

And all we could impart,
Merely needing other lives to know it.

Impotence

I'd tear your all, your all,
Save you for a hand picked day of gluttony of flesh,
Sweet tender flesh that I so rarely feel.

Rather the withered dry skin
Of an aged whore with moistened lips,
Writhing, with so many years of fuck filled toil.

I would have thought her a better masquerade,
But she was bored,
And the reward scarcely earned a tour de force.

Fear

Our fears will fall aside, when expecting nothing,
Is not our goal to be content?

If not, "What", "Where", "How"
Remain upon the infant's lips.

To the puckered remnants
Of the cracked decoy for our soul.

If no beacon lights the map to our soul's destiny,
Our less than godly being is our pilot to a certain oblivion.

Without wisdom what hope is there for love?
A dreamer only, filled with improbability.

We persist yet, the street lined with the bemused,
Upon the road to gain.

They claim it leads to glory golden,
Yet it is the road to war, strewn with our dead.