

Raining.
Not Raining.

Being
The Collected Poetry
Of
Peter Stock
Aka
WOLFCHILDE

Corn

All hope has been crushed
Beneath the mill stone of corruption
The waters that have passed
Drowned out our voices
The wheat and the chaff
Both speak of injustice
Pounded to nothing
We are but childhood ears of the corn

The light of liberty
That shines over Paris
Now blackened like the soot
From the burned out candle flames
Where once was a torch
To illuminate our ways
Only now alienation
And the cry of nationalists

The flag that we lowered
To the pipe of the last post
The gilded lily we praised

With prayers seems forlorn
What will arise from the ashes
From treaty after the war
Have we lost the fight?
To separatists appalled

The betrayers cold kiss
Tears of defeat
The blood of innocence
That pools at our feet
What price for the struggle
War waged to be free
Now we are but one nation
Will they force us to our knees?
Wake up
Smell the coffee
All that glitters
Is not always gold

The Warren Cup

In homoerotic charge
As Michelangelo to David
Lilt of the Latin tongue

That describes the muscled form

Drink from the lovers mouth

Tasting their lips wine

Brazen imagery

Naked to the eye

A slave at the chambers entrance

Beauty sat upon the lap

Mastery to show the youth

With a guiding hand

Men of action to the thrust

Wrestled limbs entwined

To feast hungry on the flesh

Drunk of the poison chalice

What secrets do they hide?

Expression on the face

Drawn to the exhibition

Observed by concealed eye

Turning slowly around

Shame faced as blush upon the vine

To stand the test of time
Like to the scented garden
The unknown craftsmen
Take an unapplauded bow
Hearts weighed in interpretation
Of their misplaced reaction

A kiss of innocence
Betrayed by soft caress
The hook of obsession
Forever to embarrass
Pulled by thread of the tale
Wound by the Kindly Ones

A classicist to some
To play on the twin pipes
But warning ever to beware
Of the grape that's under ripe
The taste like the rising blood
Drunk on The Warren Cup

Scaffold

Condemned unto the end

The capital offence

The creak of the pulley

Raising the madam up

A splinter from the wood

That holds the braced neck

Awaiting the falling blade

The thud of the rolling head

Criminal for their pains

Long walk around the courtyard

The anticipation of the crowd

Raised heart beats to the scaffold

Subjugation to the lash

The biting of the birch

Taste of the cat

Flogged with its 9 tails

The fated punishment

Corruption judicial

Lives cut short in the spectacle

Of the final judgement

Mortal thoughts
For their penalty

Not so long ago
Paying the closures debt
Shaven of head
Stooped form with shackled wrist

Severed in the basket
Dilated pupils wide in pain
Raised up by the executioner
In a grim salute
Blushing cheeks receive a slap
The body flailing about
Beyond twenty the minutes
Suffering all the while

The weight of the final cut
A case open now is shut
Fake cry of the false witness
The state should not be allowed to kill

Cops with guns

Cops with guns
Oh, such fun
Down the range
Is that so strange?

Folks get shot
Looks like a tough lot
Are they all black?
Face up to facts

White guys get shot
The news not so hot
As when they shoot to kill
Race crime fulfilled

Cops with guns
In their hands
The first to shoot
It's shifting sands

What's the story
Mad dog and glory
Cops with guns
Cowboys get their fun

Bite the bullet

Where's that damned trigger ?

They've just gotta pull it

Why not kill dat

Black and white

Advance the knight

It's not just chess

With a bullet in the chest

Gran Torino

Who the hero?

Cops with guns

Their idea of fun?

Conserve? The cult you are.

Contrived conflicts

Only novel to the youth

Asserting the culture

With battles that have gone before

The media sells it

Who owns the distribution rights?

Even the body politic

Maintains conservative agenda

Status quo

Slowest of change

Whilst we comment

On the fact it's all the same

Mr President

We all want someone to blame

Gun lobby

People don't kill each other

Guns kill people

Global warming for the umpteenth decade

All go vegan

Is it all hot air?

Stop The War?

Cow pats going up in smoke

What about the petrol in your car?

It's men, it's whites

It's the rich, it's just corruption

Going round in circles

On the same TV channels

Stock footage

Automate dubbed narration

Nihilists despair

As boys all grow their hair

Enough of yesteryear

When will it be time for something new?

They'll burn the books again

Recode the internet

Introduce a new format

5 minutes fame

And then all is forgot

Not seeking approval

It's not for attention

This is just what I do

Sending me visions to contradict

As if I'll eat my words

Fed illusions that it wont remain this way

When's it coming on?

Never

It's been like this my whole life

For all we create dangerously

The culture conserved will rule the day

And still I rebel.

Protest

I got a new protest T shirt

Just the other day

I said I was working class

But the salesman said I still had to pay

There's a disaffected youth

Moving from the middle

Their parents tell them to rebel

So long as they're home by midnight

Marching in the street

Drumming up publicity

Traffic at a halt

Taking over the city

They'd lock me up for sure

If I raised my voice

They've got invisible chains

That leave me without choice

Mummy and daddy can afford a lawyer

To let their kids off the leash

If I so much as smoked a spliff

I'd be begging for my release

All things duly considered

Things are so unequal

They don't include the under classes
When they mount their protest marches
If you want to save the planet
Get your dad to sell their second car

I've got a new movement for them
They won't be listening again
Opportunity for all
Feed the poorest children
The working man answers that call
Give poor folk a chance
Instead of looking down your noses
The thing about all your words of inclusion
Is why don't you still let us join in your dance?

Cynic

The art of cynicism
Right of grumpy old men
Don't ask me to be impressed
When you repeat the same again

They want to sell religion
Like a shackle for the mind

Some say hope lies in politics
But I'm not one of their kind

Find a group to join
So you can feel lonely
For all the crowd
Defy the pull of community
You know you're not the kind
Which they want allowed

Undermine our confidence
Spin the table round
Try to feed a guilt trip
But still I'm standing proud

Old dogs seek new tricks
Whilst others stick to their roles
Trying to break free
Of those scoring the own goals

A matter of distinction
Living differently
Subversive to a point
Ruled by synchronicity

Seen it all before
But ever struggling for liberty
Try to do it with flamboyance
There's a world beyond to see
Flowers poke through the concrete
Watch them plant another tree.

True north?

Try not to follow
Good causes or masters
Find your own way
Steer clear of disasters

What do you tell a teenager?
A disaffected youth?
Don't go looking for wisdom
Experience will provide its own proofs

Diversify, many irons in fires
Don't get fixated
There's no one thing makes a good life
The simple things, now seem underrated
But a game of golf

Is as useful
As any philosophical truth

Take care of your knees
Don't spend too long
Down on them
Try to love free
Don't get hooked
On one lover

Avoid excess
But don't get too up tight
You can have too much
Of a good thing,
that's one claim that's right
Avoid the TV
There's not much on there that's real

Don't be a seeker
They'll sell you false paths
Self control
But always be up for a laugh
Why do you think
Anybody has your answers?

Learn from your own mistakes

Don't be afraid to be wrong.

I am reading Sam Harris on 'Waking Up' and had not realised from his philosophical work that he was obsessed with meditation. I take it as read that anyone obsessed with the road map has not arrived on the journey. 'Spiritual' practice is to me the night of egocentricity. He proposes a non religious , scientific appraisal of meditation but seems to fall short with pseudo science that he himself states he distrusts. It is noticeable from the amount of meditation and number of guru he has approached that he must be a believer despite his claims that he is not. I am not at all impressed with this book and will not be curious to begin meditation following. It's quite a bizarre jumpy towards the left field and supports tacitly Buddhist doctrine. I think the Buddha like Jesus was a complete wanker and of no value as a teacher whatsoever about modernity or consciousness. I have studied both dharma and theology and got precisely nothing from the venture. Harris would say that I have not had a 'spiritual experience' in the William James sense and therefore an unrequited to comment on such. My view is 'spirituality' is all bullshit and a total waste of time. This was confirmed by my years in NA, AA and CoDA. I could have just stoped drinking and dating psychos.

One of my many criticisms of 'altered states' of consciousness is are they at all desirable? Harris gives some inconclusive neurological study supporting brain function improvement for long term meditation but given the amount of effort the practitioners put in they may as well of just played chess daily.

What I mean by height of 'egocentricity' is that all these enlightenment bums want to achieve a position where they are more 'enlightened' than everyone else to feed their mediocrity. 'Superior' 'spirituals'. Good way to sell a guru and an 'enlightenment' retreat or workshop, 'enlighten' the pockets of seekers.

I had pork for lunch and did not care one bit about bad karma for making a pig suffer to feed my belly.

My position on Jesus, the Buddha etc. Is who the fuck were they to me, what relevance does their BS hold to me and why the fuck would I care about them or their teaching?

The thing about religious texts is can I play Super Mario on them? Who cares then? The pork was good with a little garlic. My new slippers are fleece comfort for my feet. These are the things I care about.

'Waking up' is giving me a whole new perspective on Sam Harris as a philosopher. 'Free will' for instance does not mention this Buddhist view when claiming neurological there is only an illusion of self and agency. Also 'The Moral Landscape' claims empirical source for ethics that clearly are filtered through his obsession with meditative selflessness. Makes me wonder about Dawkins and Dennett. Harris is not what he seems on face value. At least Hitchens was a righteous drunk, reliably so. I have not read the variety of religious experience by James for over thirty years. Sam Harris waking up has reminded me of it. My main issue with Harris is if 'enlightenment' or altered states through meditation is practical or desirable. He claims some neurological functioning improvement in the aged whom have used meditation throughout life but no conclusive evidence to support such claims. William James suggests meaning is derived from 'religious experience' but his study merely presents a long list of pathology interpreted as numinous. I must concede that attempting to find meaning in phenomenology of mental states is subjectively inevitable. However finding meaning in irrationality of religious thought based on psychological illness would at the very least seem the height of philosophical laziness (Camus 'philosophic suicide'). I am guilty of trying to find meaning in the face of meaningless but do not see 'enlightenment' or the use of meditation as anything other than side lining absurdity in the same way as all faith based quick fixes.

It may be true that self is not the same as thoughts but to deny thought validity as it is a mere by product of consciousness seems to throw the baby of rationality out with the bath water of pseudo Buddhist babble. Meditative states... which meditations do not promote mental dysfunction and religious pathology.

There are issues I immediately take with Buddhism. Non attachment as reducing suffering when in fact attachment to material comforts and supportive people can derive meaning and thus an increase in well being. Most importantly the proposition of self being an illusion in contradiction to Hindu atman. Although I do not consider self as aspect of god/ atman I do not concur with denial of self or desire as a route to liberty of mind or heart. I am not promoting excess of egocentricity or materialism but environmental comforts are simply not a bad thing to aim for. I look forward to delivery of my sysiphus table next month as focusing on its pattern generation may allow the mind to relax and find meaning in the random producing those patterns. Similarly, my self finds comfort in my environments lighting systems, not a bad experience. As also my foot massager... self satisfaction- good, denial or 'transcendence' of self- bad, erroneous.

I of course am completely against ideas of karma and reincarnation which are clear religious irrationalism with no basis in fact or reality.

The only sense in which karma could be said to exist is in the mind of Buddhists , like also the 'fear of god' in Christians and divine retribution, it is a belief in something that is clearly not there but through superstition can have consequences on nonbelievers through the actions of those who believe in it.

The danger of in group thinking spilling superstitious beliefs onto nonbelievers is why I describe myself as militant atheist and 'against' religion. Faced with a group of fundamentalists wanting to stone me to

death I concede they have more power. Taking to the logical conclusion, stoning, as also belief in karma and divine redress. A group of believers can be disempowering to a non believer as instanced in my incarceration where NA and AA dictated an attitude of 'insanity' picked up by catholics in the prison system and resultant in psychiatry. All they needed to know was that I was sober without belief in god to go on the offensive and spread rumour to governors. Of course the fact I had just taken UK government to a higher court in Europe and the small issue I present as a prisoner had something to do with the governors attitude. I am not a 'good' prisoner.

'Redemption' through amends for my wrongs? Actually I'm quite proud of all my so called crimes. Karma be damned, love thy enemy? See them all in 'hell'. Karma yoga amends? See also TV for 'My Name is Earl' !

Bedfore blowing your brains out in a fit of 'selflessness' please sign your money over to me.

Political correction?

Propagandists

Judgements politically correct

No room for context

Cast in role of devils advocate

Write from many perspectives

Don't hold to one ideal

Freely contradict

That way is the real

Dame Edna

Lipstick for a mask

Pens her poem

Climbing ladders in her tights

Fat Les

Ever the misogynist

Paints a different picture

Whilst going down under

Talking cobblers

The Sheila all seek his didgeridoo

Smoke and mirrors

Liberally appalled

Claims of extremism

Never get a contract call

No right to outrage

With a baited hook, that's all

Who the fascists

With linguistic controls?

Couldn't catch out a looney

Who believes in every word
Gags by which free lips are sealed
Misinterpretations, just how do you think it feels?

They want free speech
To be ruled by fears
Not just what you say
but what you said in yesteryears

I'm not sorry
Yours' the prejudice
Judgement without cause
Censors setting fire to books

You try to dominate
Seek to humiliate
Cutting people off
Because we're the ones you really hate
Forever seeking to exclude
Oh dear, was I a bit too Rude?

You never asked just what it meant
You don't even know me
Yet you look down

As if yours is the only high ground
Logistics data aggregate each text
Shackles and man traps
In a not so wide world web.

Fleece

I've got fleecy slippers
They keep my feet both snug and warm
There's things more important in this life
Than meaning through ontology

My toes feel nice and safe
In their sheep skin mules
I could smoke a pipe
But I'm not that kind of fool

I've got warm fleece slippers
A luxury I can afford
They keep my tootsies safe
There the sought that I applaud

Some search hard for meaning
To make sense of this life

But you know that sheep skin slippers

Free your feet from strife

I stand proud and upright

With fleece covered soles

They whisper of the lamb

That sacrificed its soul

I've got fleecy slippers

They really are a treat

There's nothing else quite like them

Comforting my feet

Erato

Erato, of all the muses

Your lyric form

Is the most desired

Lovely to behold

Your lips with a smile

Sublime

Like tears of joy

Upon the many petals

Of loves red rose
Myrtle wreathed for you

Your flowing hair
Ever sought
By the fingers touch
The strands
Plucked like the lyre
Playing a song
That ever seeks your dance

None could want you more
Than the poet
Laying in an empty bed
With dreams among the clouds
Punctuated by starlight
That twinkles like your eyes

Erato , comely sister
To Eros, with a golden arrow
Piercing the heart
That skips a beat
In rhythm of the passions
Hiding behind your veil

Erato, whisper in my ear
Works of longing
That cleanse my tears
Shower me in kisses
That I may know no fear
Perfumed skin
As you draw near
I listen for your words
That my heart alone can hear

Obsession?

Obsession like a frozen heart
Longing to be warmed
Melting of the ice
In slowly falling tears

Obsession like a shackle
On the prisoners wrist
That leads them to an empty cell
A stalker after prey

Obsession like the wilting flowers

Of roses at valentines

Forlorn and rejected

Petals fall in time

Obsession in a word

Forgetting courtly love

Rules of etiquette

Boundaries from above

Obsession like the shaking hands

Opening a wrap

Cooking up the shit

That's not my kind of crap

Obsession like the pain

Gripping at the thorn

Hopes flames that you fanned

Forever now forlorn

Obsession, you assume

The moth you invited in last act

I've never even thought about it

And it's you that should face that fact

Burned wings speak of a longing

For which you offered only a hook
You might think it cruelty
To adorn it with a floral look
Yours the birthday greeting
That was not mistook

Weakness?

You think it a weakness
That I do not take a drink
But I've got all the experience
Came back from the brink

You think my heart is fragile
But I'm not the one that's numbed
Don't need no ideology
You're the ones that they down dumb

You'd play me for a fool
Pushing at the buttons
Seek an abreaction
Trigger a compulsion

You raise me up

Just to put me down
Make out I am the focus of attention
I've stared into your looking glass
And found no rainbow ending
To that yellow brick road

Not looking for a sign
Tired of all the saviours
You think that you can change me
But I've not got many bad behaviours

You see I've been stone cold
That's sober all my life
I'm the one that makes my choices
It would seem I'm ever free

Do you really think it means I'm weak
That I'm not in the drink?
I take a stand both loud and proud
Where others on knees will sink
I've cried hot tears a plenty
I may well be stronger than you think

Empire

Am I not a man and brother?
Under the skin are we all
Not just the same?
Calls for liberty against the power
That forces to knees
The crushed of hope

Rafts of refugees
Across stormy seas
Eyes that weep
With salty depth
Crying to be free
Of the clutch of death

Genocide wars
Blood soaked sands
The raised fist
Of wounded hands
Trying to reach
For promised land

To you, am I just another?
Lost to the waves

The abyss deep
Flailing limbs
Try to tread the waters
Yet the undertow
Of human tears

A rescue ship
Upon the horizon
Do you come too late
For the drowning man?
Life ever reaches
For salvation
Do you about sail
And turn away?

Man and brother
Free sister, slaves
Break the bonds
The hearts to save
Under the skin
All are just the same
The chains of empire
Who else to blame?

'Hearing Voices'? An essay.

The beat poets of the sixties described the phenomenology of 'hearing voices' as the 'third mind'. Maya Angelou describes 'speaking to spirits'. Several religions present a spiritual explanation. I do not lend credence to irrationality about 'psychic' powers(interesting etymology). Still the phenomena exists as if wired into a machine intelligence. Meditation manuals speak of not being responsible for the first thought that comes to mind. I am responsible for entertaining that thought.

Here I entertain one such thought. This is intended as a thought pump to promote the flow of ideas not a statement of fact.

The term 'HNV' to describe phenomenology of insertion of thought is one that exists from the sixties in pop culture and was the dominant view of my family on 'hearing voices', they all experienced such at times and none were under a psychiatrist. As they were of an engineering background their explanation lent credence to a technological interpretation for the phenomenology. Hence I use 'HNV' as a term freely in private but consider it only to be an artificial construct of reasoning to explain an irrational set of phenomena. I do not intend it to be taken literally.

Psychiatric labelling is a sociological construct to disempower individuals by pathologising common human experiences. I am largely anti psychiatric as with Laing 'The divided self'. People need to be heard, not medicated. Functional increase would need to be shown by psychiatric treatment to lend credence to its effectiveness. Sadly psychiatry as often destroys lives as heals any symptoms.

In my instance it was not till age 37 that I was medicated. Am I to suppose that this has had a positive effect in anyway?. No. In fact I have deteriorated psychologically and socially. The phenomenology of 'insertion of thought' has increased on medication, and although not entirely a product of it, could be aggravated by chemical imbalance caused by psychopharmacology. The main issue I take with the assumption by psychiatrists that 'insertion of thought' or 'hearing voices' is an aberration that must be negated by medication was that my

existence prior to treatment was entirely satisfactory to myself and I in no way was seeking any kind of help psychologically. I have since sought therapy to deal with the consequences of psychiatry. If I was not under a psychiatrist I would not be engaging with therapy, it is a social defence against the former.

In the few examples I have given of rationale presented by artists for 'inserted thought' it must be recognised that there is a ubiquity to the phenomenology that extends beyond persons labelled as having psychiatric disorders. Functionality, as in my case, is not effected by the perception of 'insertion of thought'.

On McGilchrist, I've been thinking about the motive behind promotion of the old model of neurology implicit in the left brain right brain metaphors. Take for instance the assertion that schizo patients have a divided mind in conflict within a hemisphere split. Total tosh. The cause of that mental illness is serotonin uptake across the whole of the brain, or at least that is what anti psychotics claim to address. Neurons misfiring across the brain does not constitute a 'split' brain. The whole theory presented in 'the master and his emissary' strikes me as bunkum.

Further, on McGilchrist, his explanation of the phenomenology of hearing voices as he defines as schizophrenia does not resonate with my experience of being dominated over HMV nor the way future events on other media are foreshadowed synchronistically by the 'machine'. And yes I am very familiar with Jung's interpretation through 'collective unconscious' and 'synchronicity' which is another example of a rationally coherent but inaccurate ideological stance. I am rather bored of McGilchrist as the metaphor of left brain right brain divide is so easily refuted through my understanding of new school distributive neurological modelling. Even if the right brain model of unconscious 'creative' thought were true it has been shown not to be responsible for language and thus could not 'speak' to the left brain through 'hearing voices.'

You might expect if the phenomenology of 'hearing voices' were purely neurological that anti psychotic drugs would reduce the phenomena. In my experience they increase the susceptibility to the autosuggestive influence in a manner that I would best describe as a hypnotic.

If the experience of 'hearing voices' was the right brain in conflict with the left hemisphere then it would be interrogating itself on information it would already know the answer to and want to contradict direct experience, memory and attitudes to the point of trying to kill through suicide. I don't believe my mind is in that much conflict. Am I fed external autosuggestion and influence on conscious thought? 'HMV'?

One of the multitudes of indications that 'hearing voices' has an exterior source is the way it comes on in police cells and prior to court hearings trying to illicit false confessions and even cross question in an interrogative fashion whilst trying to get the victim of it to incriminate themselves aloud through auto suggestion over the wire. From childhood developmental stages to obsessive thought about a lover or addiction the suggestion of an outside agency causing repetition cannot be discounted from perceptions of the experience. This would create major problems for human rights if true, freedom of thought...

The other issue i have with 'hearing voices' as a claimed phenomenology of severe mental illness is in my experience i have been in all otherwise completely sane whilst on HMV. Wholly rational in the face of influencing input even at the point of autosuggestive domination.

I have already discussed how McGilchrist to Laing misdirect the reader with basic neurological explanations of split brain/ divided self with studies that are countered easily with the new school distributive model of brain. Jung and Freud would describe it as neurosis. The models they present although having their own logical consistency are wrong on a physical level for description of the brain. As also with theory of mind in philosophy there seems to be a blind spot in neurological study descriptions at the level of work produced for the lay man. The phenomenology of scitzoid states that I am alleged to have experienced within my mind are only adequately explained through artificial intelligence models as if the auditory nerve is in some way hooked up to an AI that produces input. For all the arguments that can be presented against this theory one fact remains, approaching 'hearing voices' in this way, as having external source, does not cause confusion and through externalisation of the process personal autonomy and freedom is achieved over the 'voices'. The labelling by psychiatry of symptomology claims this as 'delusion' or 'belief in insertion of thought' but again this is

indicative of a blind spot in comprehension, the delusion works to disempower the process. As a workable hypothesis the artificial construct of describing hearing voices as 'HMV' works functionally.

The philosopher of technology Byung-chul is an avenue of interest on this theory of mind in relation to AI.

I must here point out I am not hearing voices all of the time. In fact the phenomena was even less present prior to being medicated. The phenomena is best described as an irritation when present but of itself affected functionality less so than side effects of psychopharmacology. Prior to psychiatry i just lived with trauma symptoms, now i am listed as disabled by them. Psychiatry has addressed nothing and clearly made my life worse. The stigma of psychiatry should not be underestimated socially. So if I am 'a freak', I am still here and have the same rights about discrimination and social exclusion as anybody else. Weird? I think not.

If only, the illusion

If I never get to hold you, dear

If I never once caress your cheek

Or gently stroke hair from your face

If lips never linger in a kiss

Know this

I thought of it

And found there a little peace

In heaven jigsaw pieces all unite

Within the hope of a loves light

I dream of flying with you there

Holding close a heart so fair

But if I fall

From the vision of this grace

Know this

The thought of you

Made my pulse race

If I never know a love so true

I caught a glimpse when I saw you

If I never wrap you in my arms

Wanting to keep you safe from harm

Know this

When I had the thought

I gave you a little of my strength

The sight of you

Made life brighter for a pace

Where dreams come true

I look forever on your face

And kiss your cheek

So gently that I weep

After dark

Your darkness closing in on me
Black clouds blotting out the sun
A hole sunk in the heart
A fragment of a broken scream

Numb skin from the shock
The burning of the flesh
Bruised and naked
Flaying nettles pricks of poison

Wounds are running deep
Dead legs and Chinese burns
Sleep calls me to the nightmare
Of a cigarettes burn upon my arm

I fight to find my breath
A deluge for the tears
Take the pain away
Choking on my cry

They scoffed with jeers of 'self pity'
False forgiveness on their knees
But I'm not that kind of loser
The sword hilt that I grip

I turn toward the mirror
Days that have grown long
Limbs that now are knotted
Shoulders that are broad

Awaking to blue sky
Where sunlight pierces the veil
Of half forgotten memory
The childhood that has passed

Twisting like my guts
The fist raised to defy
There's hope in rages firelight
That consumes your photograph
Cremations flame is calling
Fire flies reach for a golden dawn

Bathing in the tears
Washed water of yesteryear
Cleanse me of the dirt
They rubbed into my wounds
The scented oil now soothes my limbs
Turning away from their hell that I sunk in

The citrus and the floral greeting
That embrace my adult heart

Civil war

There's a civil war
Waged right there in the street
Poor folk count on benefits
To supplement their wage

There's hope in the union
Linking of the hands
Get a share of the profit
This could be a fairer land

Rich men getting fat
Taking off the top
Another mans labours
Serve the 'cream' of the crop

We fought hard on the streets
Tried to stake our claim
Not bowing down to share holders
The establishments to blame

The youths shoots poking through
Concrete of conservatism, the power
They only need a chance
A golden opportunity to flower

There's a civil war
And I'm tired of all the fight
I guess I get my cut
So somethings going right
On balance it's worked out
Didn't offer my surrender
Got my creature comforts
Liberalism in plain sight

No Surrender

An ideology of subservience
Get down on your knees
I'm not that kind of bitch
Not submissive, don't you see?

'You got to let it go'

'We all won from our surrender',

But that's not in my make up
The core of my self survived

When will you take a stand?
If not now then never
We can work it out
If we rise together

The shame faced and the sinner
The mind of the beginner
They want you to loose your head
Breakdown,
so they can mould you as they will

Queen bitch, serve up another gin
Fake smiles on the TV
You'll think that they're all for you
Till they put you in the bin
You want to be a winner?
Just get out of their game

The shackles of the slave
Forced down like a serf
They don't even realise

The value of their self worth
They bow down to the power
Never get to raise their heads

They talk of moral virtue
As if seizing the higher ground
You can stick your selfless service
What goes round comes around
There's one portrait I collect
And it's minted on the pound

Do as you're told

'Serve your elders and your betters'
It's not like they would use you
Promises of open doors
Inexperienced, disabuse you

You may think me disillusioned
But I'm not the one so blind
They sink their hooks in deep
To try to control our minds

They'll use up youthful energy

To make a profit for the firm
Take you for a ride
There's one secret they're not telling
And it's that they're not really on your side

Be on your good behaviour
Put on your Sunday best
Show them you're a good character
When they put you under their arrest

There's a devil in your ear
They make money from your fall
Get down on your knees
To show that you're a fool

There's no crimes
But many punishments
Community needs service
If you don't do it willingly
They'll show you their mental lash

Poverty your reward
If you stand out from the crowd
Bend the rules so slightly

Get away with what they'll allow
The exploited unwashed masses
They're never offering us a deal

'Your elders and your betters'
I've got a tip for you
Don't believe a word you're fed
Too late
You'll find that you've been misled
Who believes old masters lie?
They'll make a slave of you
Till the day you die

Queen bitch

Queen bitch
Working your sorry arse
Queen bitch
Blood tests for you to pass
Queen bitch
Leaves real men out on the street
Queen Bitch
Your tax pays for the shoes on her feet

She's got fortune and mason
For a grocery store
Champagne and caviar
Fresh truffles snuffled out for the stars
Be sure to bend low
If you ever do meet
The queen bitches arse
Sat on a golden seat

A day at the races
Bet on a sweep stake
Waves from her carriage
Smiles painted on
Are they fake?
Spitting image puppets
Satire to make
But it's on the BBC
So they'll be sure the kingdoms
Not gonna be the one they forsake

Queen bitch
Standing out from the crowd
Christmas speech
Salutes from cannons so loud

Queen bitch

Treads on our backs in high heels

The class system

Tell me how it feels?

Queen bitch

Work your arse on the street

Queen bitch

Do we all bow down at your feet?

Queen bitch

Tiara from Tiffanies

Queen bitch

Kiss her bum on Royal Mail stamps

Queen bitch

My heart skips a beat

Every time I think of her portrait

Hanging proud,

in a cell block wing

Queen bitch

Audiences for millionaires

Kiddy fiddlers

I guess the bitch just doesn't care

Killer Queen

Freddie loved a switch bitch

Winds of change

Can you tell just which way the wind blows?

As seasons change it's just the way it goes

Reaching upwards, how the flowers grow

Time will tell, when they put on the latest show

Pass the test, and now normal service resumes

There are changes, that much we can assume

But things remain always much the same

There'll be no losers in this game

Chess pieces stand tall in the park

Inspiration always needs a spark

Wood Pigeons take wing from the trees

A songbird proclaiming they are free

Soldiers standing to attention

Await the next inspection

Uniform in lines a regiment

In our defence they will not relent

A loose cannon fires a lone salute
Flowers in gun barrels that will not shoot
Peace and love after a fashion
Memory, tears after the passion
Bagels with the morning news
The Holy land ever free to choose

The sun forever coming up
Open doors that were once shut
The seasons change, it's how it goes
That's how we can all tell which way the wind now blows

Imminence

I heard a thousand voices
Critics who misjudge
All convinced of one thing
That I was a thing that I was not.

With a thousand, as just one
Saying I was other
Contradiction of essence
Denial of the truth

Reversal of false belief
The commitment to an ethic
Striving for authenticity
Against conventions imminence

Oppression of the self
Subjugation of the individual
Which way find freedom?
Liberty, at least in mind.

The all powerful 'they'
Claiming strength of number
Are we defined by others view?
Do we not live out our nature?

The subject framed as object
Labels to constrain
A thousand voices raised
To put curse on flowering identity
The death of existence
Slave driving to conform

The tigers and the strawberry

A strawberry never looked so ripe
Nor any ever as so fresh
As the one beyond my reach
Hanging from the cliff
Where I had my fated fall
Fingers grasping at a branch
Which I could not grip on to
Much longer so it seemed
Below me two tigers hungry growled
Ready to devour my flesh
Terror rising in my chest
For I could not climb up
Death assured
The gnashing teeth
Red dripping maw
Yet there was that one blessing
The strawberry for which I could leap
To risk it all
And take the fall
That was no doubt assured
To happen once I lost my strength
Oh but that strawberry
Ripe and sweet
Fruit of desire

No fear
for all is suffering
To bite it for one moment
To taste it's flesh
And know cessation of my plight
Giving all
For nothing
The end always in sight
A leap of faith
Absurd
But a strawberry
Never was so sweet

Fame

Idolise the few
Elites who can afford to pay
The price of their fame
A publicist playing games

Hanging on the phone
For their agents call
Hooked on the vane glory
Of their rise and fall

A moment in the spotlight

Blinded by the glare

How their worshipers

All stood up to stare

Could they ever get enough

Hungry for attention

Did they never get the love

They needed as a child?

Like moths to compulsion

Attracted to the fated flame

Courting infamy

Driven half insane

Let me entertain you

There's those who pay to play

If you take it from my wallet

There's not much I want to say

Different

Power in similarity
Calls for solidarity
But freedom is in the differences
You see, we're not all the same

There's those afraid of individuality
The contrarian drives them to distraction
Pulling on your leg
But your defence is just reaction

You want love peace and unity
But I'm not willing to conform
You see there's always conflicts
Been that way since I was born

I found another war
Just outside my door
I've always been the other
Hopes of a grouping floored
Censors pass the correction fluid
No room for diversity

I don't want you to define me
You talk of enemies who divide

You'd judge me just the same

It's been a long long ride

You offer only a category

A construct I reject

Talking politics, beneath a tattered flag

It could be a rainbow too

But there's no promised pot of gold

Tell me who we're fighting before I choose to join

I look for similarity

Yet we're different just the same.

Lee McQueen

Narcissists looking for a reflection

Each wanting to stand out from the crowd

The girl in the glass box can hardly breath

For all their stagnant airs

Catwalk where the butterflies tread

But the moths will eat their threads

Wrap it up in cellophane

A bitter pill can't numb the pain

L'efant terrible

Hooligan of British fashion

Bumster showing cheek

No place for the meek

A rising king to claim his throne

Skull raised loud and proud

A palace gates from a council home

Ghetto walk upon the runway

Dance for a thin white duke

A savage beauty

For a theatre of cruelty

To a highland rape

A deconstructed thistle

Forgiveness to forsake

Widow of culludon

Holographic wraith

Find another label

Always the misfit and the clown

Alexander McQueen

Wore a beggars banquet crown

Diving to the depths of grief

Plato finding form

Loss of his soul mate

A sister after fashion

Puppy dog at his tails

Exercised by robotic arms

Horns gilded raised with pride

But tragedy will never hide

The triumphs and the scars

Of a born survivor

The fallen who came to slay

The ghosts of the fractured past

Flowers grow upon the grave

Where lies the heroes skull

It ain't got that swing

Swingers leave their car keys

At the bottom of a begging bowl

Rice thrown like confetti

Recollections of a fertile wedding bed

Clowns frighten children

Foreshadowing the fall of adulthood

The blight of experience
Directed by uncertain hands

A promise of excitement
And a tale to tell their spouse
Flirting with a stranger
Notes from a harlots bed

Wife swapping with the doggers
Steaming up car windows
Seeking for salvation
In a shadows masquerade

Wanting to go down
On the first one that you found
Tell me all about it
Once your back in loving arms

Swingers miss the point
Forever the rejected
To dance free from jealousy
Into detachments void
Loyalty divided
Bruised hearts long for home

Never so hung up
As on a silent phone
Do you really think I'd want you
When you forever roam?

Lack

Do you even remember
The flowers I sent?
A heart in anguish
Begging you to relent

Lost in the maze
Of your self made dramas
A footnote in a journal
Missing the lead role

Curtain call
Is anybody left
To believe the story
Or buy you a glass?

You flirt with fools
A hook for a suitor

No etiquette

To gain you respect

So the masks are lowered

The players exit stage left

And all that remains

Is a heart bereft

The usurper with a broken crown

The comic character

That brings all down

The dance of shiva

On our backs

That whispers of a romance

You'll forever lack

Local government

The local government

They want us all on controls

Bring in the military

Playing their assigned roles

I'd like to talk to somebody

Who ain't a god damn mole

When I was a child
They said if you cant beat them
Then you better join them
But I'm not a team player
So that ball ended up off the pitch

There's TA in ambulances
Leaks on the record
Microphones in tech
For them to look in with
I get fake front page news
Sent to my app
When I turn on the TV
It's filtered commentary
With over dubbed crap

Local government
Say I cant get drunk
When I was tea total
Long before we ever met
Local government say I go to jail
If they find me with a single joint
Does it matter if I inhale?

Local government

Make out my creativity

Is too extreme

Website insecure

Blocked by many devices

Unless you change the settings

Local military mirror and hack

They disable my security

Invade my home when I turn my back

Back doors in my cameras

The C.O. Should get the sack

The police make out I'm a criminal

Neighbourhood rumours to promote

I wish I was paranoid

But I'd like to rip out their bloody throats

There's plants that are 'in'

Recording me over coffee

They think it good for business

But I'm not going back

I met a new neighbour just the other day

Now there's a photoshop image
Of them on my advert feed
All this and more
From a 'liberal' government
At least they're not Tory
Or they'd put me out on the streets
Has anybody heard of civil rights?
They say it's war
Just what are they trying to defeat?

Disablement. Essay.

To be labelled as disabled is to be misconstrued at times as other and to some, less than those who are able. It is easy for the prejudice of those more able or functional to express resentment at the disabled. Some will claim the disabled are lazy, or slackers if no visible impairment is readily discernible. Enablement and empowerment look beyond the social constructs of disablement and seek to support liberty and autonomy of the individual. To look beyond impairment is to embrace our humanity and basic rights. In a sense, all people are impaired in some way, some less intelligent than others, some less physically strong, some aged, some weakened by illness, some at times unable to control their emotional responses to life's unraveling situations. We are not all equal in ability to face the world and everybody has issues with coping with life's ups and downs. Compassion for deficit rather than trying to force people to conform to an ideal of functionality would seem to be the order of the day. Even compassionate conservatism witnesses that those who are vulnerable or in need should receive assistance to cope with their impairment. Where impairment becomes an issue is when the social construct of disablement comes to undermine the individual's inalienable value as a human being. Disablement is not about specific impairment but how society treats the disabled person. To view the disabled as

weak, defective, less than, or in some way belligerent and needing to be whipped in to shape is a sociological prejudice. That exclusion or labelling as other is the prejudice of disablement. Disabled people are diverse and share all the common values and characteristics of what it means to be a human being. Programmes that expect the impaired to conform to the goals and responsibilities of the able attack the stability and wellbeing of people for whom impairment is no fault of their own. Disablement as a social construct is the responsibility of the able. Disablement as a projection of false beliefs and fears of those without impairment is a prejudice to confront. Those with impairments need support, welfare and services not the judgement of the able as burdens on the tax payer. Those who through no fault of their own are impaired from achieving security through their own labours have an absolute right to everything an able person has to achieve through employment. There is nothing an abled person can possess or achieve in life that a disabled person should not be facilitated to have also. A impaired person should have access to all the quality of life that an able person has, this requires enablement by the state and civic service provision. A societies moral virtue should not be judged by humanities greatest achievers but on how we support and nurture the most needy. Humanity is not a race, not the survival of just the fittest, not a continued conflict of dog eat dog or sink or swim. There is need for respect, support, equal rights and and provision through welfare to achieve equanimity for all.

Parity of esteem?

Parity of esteem

Just what does it mean?

You can't see the dirt in my scars

For all I'm still clean

Dirty plasters

Stuck over festering wounds

There's no quick fixes

Just learning to cope

You can't see my trauma

But it's still there

There's some try to trigger

They don't even care

Emotional hurt

Knots that never untie

I'm not in a work group

But you still act as if I'm a lie

Parity of esteem

What does it mean?

My wounds are as valued

For the dysfunction they cause

Tears from the real

For I never will heal

With your disablement

You make out I'm a freak

Mental health's not just monsters

Psychopaths victims seek

I'm not the joker

I'm just injured for life

Doesn't mean that I'm stupid

Or a risk with a knife

Doesn't mean I'm confused

Just that I was abused

There's nothing too strange

No need to play games

Whatever I do

I don't need to change

You can't stop my tears

It's been this way for years

Parity of esteem

This is what it means

I'm valued the same

Just as I am

Draconian

To climb the mountain

Showing fortitude

But what is on the other side?

Foresight could destroy the mood

The middle classes

All placing faith in human rights

But who can access them

Or reach their dizzy heights?

There's only one law

And it's scales weigh only pounds

Lawyers walk the streets like whores

Barristers order another round

Draconian systems

That don't serve the likes of you and me

If you complain too loud

The rich will claim it's all conspiracy

The police say they protect and serve

So why do the under classes

Always end up in jail?

The rules of the jungle

That somehow never fail

Bow down humble and lowly

The will of the masters god

Shout too loud

They'll call it hysteric screams

Stand out too proud

And the free men will seek

To wreck your dreams

Do you in

That's all they ever offered me

The only in

A slammed cell door

Serve the crown

That's what they feed the kids

The loyal to be shot down

The only time we get to see the power

Is when they stand us up in court

Corruption that rules over our heads

Loyalty not as good as I first thought

Shadow

Always a fear now

Darkness embracing till the end

The voice of experience

The play of my shadow on the wall

Fists clenched to beat upon the door

One eye surveying the cell

The 'gifts' of sobriety

Lead only to his hell

No key to the kingdom

Only a locked door

Rejected by the anonymous

Who don't offer an encore

Nationalists raise flags

Obscuring all our hopes

Freedoms of human rights

Jaws close about our throats

The shadow growing still

What signs of liberty?

They all serve the party

And you know it's a pity

A vision for you?

Shadow play on a cell wall
Can't recall the days of innocence
Before they orchestrated a fall

False witness in the gallery
In an unfair fight
The state will claim it's power
Take away all our rights
Vultures start to circle
Wolves at the door begin to bight

Longing for the freedoms
Of the European dream
Is all that we're left with
The right to silenced screams?
Axis and allies
Memory's of when we were one team

Authority?

Question authority
Don't believe everything you hear
For all that you are seeing
Was made to look that way

Claim your own power

No fools to imposition

Some who offer help

Are just an inquisition

You may feel the force of numbers

Is something you should join

But to stand on your own two feet

Also has it's merits

Critical thinking

Is a skill to learn

You see there's always choices

Freedom for you to earn

There's a thousand voices

Support every ideology

It's practical philosophy

That informs every different psychology

Private thoughts important

Keep some opinions to yourself

Don't put everything in emails

Invaders to undermine your health
Don't forget to question
Everything you're told is true
There's one person who will gain
And that one is you

Syncopation

Hold on
Through the spinning cart wheels
Of the passing seasons
Let go
As you fall
Gently into my waiting arms

Fly high
Uplifted in your heart
With fond dreams
That will never part
Raised arms
Awaiting your embrace
With trembling fingers
Your form to gently trace

Hold on
Like the moments in a kiss
Lips linger
On the cheek so missed
With each heart beat
Syncopate
Let go
As you slowly dance
Loves light
Like a mystic trance

Lift up
Your spirits on the wings
Of a breath
That rising sings
The flowers of spring
New hope to bring
Waved fans
That hail the child as king

The pirouette
Of the ballerina
Atop the musical box
Where jewels secretly are hid

Safely securing with a lock
Fond memories
Like yesterdays tears
Lonesome as a pearl it seems

Fair folk
In the forest glade
Like petals falling
From a fresh bouquet
Gradual like the change of power
Blooms that so slowly fade
The nights cloak
Where our peace is finally made

Let go
And with the waters flow
Hold on
When you fear your heart may sink
Put your feet down
On the rivers bed
To cross over
Shallows there to tread

Hold on

But not too over tight
The light from your face
A smile beheld
Dearly to the sight
Let go
And fall into my arms
Forever there
To keep you safe from harm

One nation?

If I knew what I know now
Way back then
I'd of left this broken country
For a foreign shore

Flags at half mast
Bugle of the last post
Stained glass of Church of England
Freemen closing doors

You see there were no bridges
No paths to heal the past
But I kept hanging on

Loyal to the last

They watched me every step
To keep pulling away the rug
Some say in the name of Jesus
Some spin delusion of the crown

If I knew way back then
What I now know for sure
I'd I've turned my back on country
For a foreign shore

Now it is too late
To build another life
I've lost my faith in everything
Experience of strife
They indoctrinate in childhood
To keep us on our knees

They left me on the streets
Secure ward of the asylum
Retraumatized with more abuse
Medicated my feelings
To prove who has the power

Left me without a right
Corruption in their courts
You have to realise
Of this nation
I do not have fond thought.

Succession

Divided loyalties
Man in the iron mask
Raining not raining
Too many questions left to ask

The man who would be king
Scotland to retire
When will the angels sing
To raise his spirits higher?

Succession in the end
Can never fail to come
Roundheads and Cavaliers
All serve the same as one

It doesn't matter what we think

No popularity to contest
The wheel that slowly turns
A kingdom to confess

No matter if you're loyal
Or if you're dead against
There is one head of state
It's been this way for years

We all will shed a tear
The change felt in the realm
But one lord and master
Is set to take the helm
Divided loyalty
It doesn't mean a thing
For there is one true succession
And they will be crowned king

So far

So far
That's all they say
You've come so far
But not the full way

So near
But always so far
Start another volume
What's it worth so far?
They'll exploit it
For another twenty years

So what
That's all they seem to think
What's it mean?
That they didn't offer a better deal
Sure it's real
But so far
It seems someone else
Is in my pocket
Whilst I toil away

The real deal
Outsider artists
Inspiring plagiarists
No star
You see so far
They've made off
With all profits

So far

Exploited

Under valued

Framed as the deluded

Locally excluded

Keeping at arms lengths

Just what you thinks the bet?

Someone else a cut will get

And when I'm dead and gone

Not much credit in the bank

A loan is all I get for thanks

So far

They make sure I'm penny less

I might look good to you

But where's the rest?

They keep me under controls

In the hopes I'll loose the best

So far

I don't even get an honorary degree

When I've passed every test

So far

The pay offs looking mean

And I'm not one of their team

Coincidentally Yours

Yet another 'coincidental' quote

From a lyric I just wrote

I guess Ayn Rand

Is one of my loyal band

Creative fascism

Linguistic kind of bias

Raised by the far right

When I play loyal it's out of sight

But do they want me on?

That illusions long been and gone

Because even when they did

They just wanted Hissing Sid

Reframe public perceptions

Am I a Russian to defection?

The politics of the biggest buck

That just don't give a fuck

When the arts council wont reply

To emails not even a goodbye

I get my overdubs

So I can't tell from delusion of self reference

If it's real then what's the difference?
They make out TV is the promised land
Guess what, I'm not a fan
I don't give it much attention
I hardly ever switch it on
They aren't offering proper deals
To the artists that are real
They've got a few big names
In this generation game
I could get royalties as a researcher
As it goes on for another season
I ask myself what's the reason
That they've labelled me unfit to work?
I don't even get arts grant
Agents court exposure
But I don't really expect much of nothing
I sent them a treatment with the first script
The paper that they ripped
They've got no respect for nothing
Is it political?
Isolated in false publicity
Cultural elites
Spin rumours to defeat
They never offered me a hand

As they drained inspiration for another grand

The Script

They soften us up with voices

Looped messages relive the past

They've logic trees for every programme

For you to follow their yellow brick road

There's ways to condition

Behavioural response

Is it an alien technology

To convince you there is a god?

Prison heads synchronicity

Standing all in line

Just like the old school gates

Directed to our fates

Key words in your script

A culture imposes on our minds

If you listen closely

They'll say you're on a trip

Romance with a hook

Dreams hypnotised by a look

A constant repetition

And reality is shook

Forced march in a trance
A happening in the dance
Have you ever been flown by wire
Deep thought on autopilot ?
You say you long for freedom
I Robot a likely chance
Multiple choice questions
To become human
Limited by what's fed
Until the day we're dead
They say it's all in your mind
Speak of it and you're delusional
Phenomenology of perception
Empiric reductions
Contradict every thought
Post modernism taught
Expand potentiality
Question this reality
Can you cut the strings?
It's how the puppet masters always win.

A life time of freedom

Attacking reputations

Excluded by the group

One voice in unity

Alienated and mistook

An old world ideology

Coercion to conform

Standing out from the crowd

Sharing beyond what they allow

They find strength in numbers

Bury heads in the sand

All insane on their programme

Never giving the outsiders a hand

All convinced a physical behaviour

Is forever spiritual

The rebellion of agency

Right of the individual

Personal power

Honesty beyond their like

Undermined and rejected

Never their 'right' size

Herd mentality

Ganging up to refute

Not one of them

Not even interested in their book

12 step nazis

Not even worth a look

A claimed monopoly on recovery

That is forever blind

To freedom of choice

And liberty from indoctrination

How they all failed

On the road I took

Yet it's me with long term sobriety

Contradicting the foundations

Of what they all are taught

A life time of freedom ever sceptical

Forever the lonely,

in their misguided company

My name is Bill W.

Bill W.

Cofounder of the cult of AA

A conman and a hustler

A showman till the end of his days
Staying one step ahead of the law
His poor old wife
When she miscarried
He called unworthy before the eyes of the lord
So many affairs with AA office staff
That no one could keep track
Whilst Lois was still in hospital
He went off for a philandering fuck
Said it was the will of god
As Bill Sees It
Why would anyone care what he thought?
Submission to the Oxford movement
Evangelicals taught
Part of the reform movement
Abolitionist in the Prohibition
Unclear how long
He stayed off the pop
Dragged his spouse from coast to coast
Trying to keep the wolf from the door
Till eventually one of the faithful
Put them up in a house
Claimed oh so humble
As he proselytised as a circuit speaker

Taking others for a ride
In the pockets of the priesthood
When AA came of age
False claims of how many drunkards
He managed to convert
Took LSD in 'sobriety'
And said it was spiritual
Believed the spirits of the dead
Spoke to him channeled in seance
Not a very stable guy
Pay rolled by the Rockefeller's
Who printed 'the big book'
To promote the christian far right
Took a drink before he died
Made many false claims
As a charlatan
A product of the Bible Belt
A victim of his own celebrity
Inflated of ego
Thought alcoholics were 'the chosen people'
To advance 'gods kingdom on earth'
Taught that women
Should live in the shadow of their husband
Saif that budhists would eventually 'come round'

To his way of thinking
When they weren't even drinking
More than a little unhinged
In the lunatic fringe
At least he was not a Mormon
But cut from the same stuff
Must be 'higher powered'
It's best if you decide.

SMART Loo

I want to do a poo
But I can't afford a Smart loo
It could weigh all that you do
And even monitor who

Camilla had a poo
On the Royal loo
I hear hers are golden
But she'll never be a Queen
How about you?

I dare say before she flushes
She looks at it and blushes

The only time she sits upon a throne
Or gets to be alone

I hear the Royals poo
In a Smart loo
It's not that it has diamonds
But it weighs all that they do

I want a Smart loo
To weigh all that I poo
The government could hack it
Dragons Den might even back it

Camilla does a poo
On a Royal loo
But if it's really Smart
It could perfume when she farts
And even spray her arse
Her golden shits to mask

Absurdism?

I just read a really poor and inaccurate interpretation of absurdism that claimed the absurdist would take on a constructed meaning like religion in full knowledge it was untrue in rebellion at the nihilist reality of a universe without meaning. NON! Camus did not offer a theistic way out of the tension between the minds tendency to seek meaning where in

fact there is none. Religion is philosophic suicide. Similarly he did not exclude the existential creation of ones own meaning, just witnessed that to do so was ultimately doomed to absurdity and failure. This not as a nihilistic surrender to chaos or the folly of false beliefs but as a call to arms, to rebel against absurdity and live life well in spite of the meaninglessness.

What strikes me as absurd is that christians are writing articles and books to promote their ideology through bold faced lies about alternative philosophy. I part read a couple of books claiming an existential position of finding our own way and meaning in life by how we creatively choose to live only for them to try to nail the meaninglessness to a fucking cross again. Far from being the truth, the way and the light, Christ is a fake construct that only provides meaning if you surrender rationality to dogma. Even with Kierkegaard I do not accept the solution to nihilistic despair in a meaningless world to be resolved through embracing meaning provided by the false construct of religion. I've had several of these books and articles 'forced' through search engine results into my attention and I am mighty angry that they are trying to direct both the web and philosophic debate in the direction of religious or spiritual bullshit. They do similar criticisms of the New Atheist movement as if by hiding their agenda for a few chapters they can somehow convince people later of their ridiculous world view by slipping it in covertly under our noses. It's quite a tyrannical attempt to hoodwink people towards faith.

This correlates with what I criticise about Scott Peck 'the road less traveled' and his notion that therapy is designed to bring people to 'heal' in Christ or for that matter that atheism is to be labelled a mental illness as in his 'People of the Lie'. Clearly an exponent of christian fundamentalism and the Republican Party. Therapy is an attempt to find meaning not to 'heal' (whatever that is supposed to mean). I've had therapy over the past 32 years. Nothing has healed and the same material comes back around again and again due to its facticity. I however come at it from a new perspective as I mature finding greater meaning. Peck the fascist has new clothes, woe betide that anyone points out that the emperor is a naked fool, that would be 'mental illness'.

Back to absurdism, nihilism postulates life is meaningless and there is no point trying to make a meaning from it. Existentialism states we have the power to create our own meaning. Absurdism takes both positions as true and that there is a tension between them. Ultimately Camus (if we dare to label him) is an absurdist that embraces existential self created meaning as rebellion against the harsh reality of nihilism. Sisyphus is doomed to have the rock roll back down the mountain but he continues to push it up the mountain knowing a joy in the moment of his struggle for meaning and life. Life is meaningless, and the mind has an inclination to find meanings where there are none. Enjoy it! Have a laugh.

Ambivalence

I may seem indifferent

Ambivalence show

Could be insecure

Experience unknown

There's only one feeling

That melts icy heart

Sets my head to reeling

Take the lead in the dance

It could be physical

Just like the beat of my heart

Changing the roles

Controlled from the start

There's only one thing
That I would choose to submit to
And that's the emotion
That keeps bringing me back

A meeting of minds
Means more than soft touch
The heat from below
Doesn't matter so much

To raise their chin
Gently begin
How I long for the sparkle
Of their gleaming eyes
An ambiguity
That offers a sigh
There's a reason I never
Want a goodbye

Taking a seat

Holding hands together
Fingers entwine

Looking for someone
Just like the one I know

Empty chairs
Form a circle
Taking a seat
Wanting to sit besides
Someone just like them

Connections form
Roots like a tree
Branches span
The distance between you and me

A new set of glasses
I wonder if they see
The things I try to share
Heart feelings given free

Just like the one I know
I guess it can't fail to show
Wanting to hold hands
Fingers entwine
I take my seat

You never know
I might sit besides
Someone just like them

Fool

A fool by any other name
Surrendering to the folly
Frustrated and alone
To bear the bruises of rejection

A tangle of the mind
Torn of the heart
To make a new connection
Where to make a start?

The knotting of the twine
The pull within the chest
Resonance of the strings
That play a madrigal within

Tied to another
Like a rose bush
Growing straight

To bare the thorn
The finger
Still reaches for the blooms

A fool to their folly
Always coming back for more
Lost within the dance
Sure steps taking a chance

Looking for connection
In the morass of rejection
Putting on my dancing shoes
Seeking a partner such as you
Try to keep in step
For the rhythm is the hearts

Jewel

Enigmatic
Only seeing a facade
Wanting to reach through
And strip you of the mask

The many sided jewel

Only looking on one face
But I can tell you've facets
Polished, heart to race

A diamond in the rough
Is it quite enough
To point out how you mould me
With a subtle craft

The eye glass of perception
Seeing individual quality
The things that make up
A personality

I see you've many sides
A shadow that is cast
But I can take the rough
Because you can be so smooth
The light that is reflected
When you turn to show your other cheek

The heart always has riddles
Complexity within
A puzzle to unpick

The thread of fate unwind
You may show me just one face
But your gem stone you can't hide

Care?

I don't care what you've got
Don't mean much what you do
It's a simple thing
That brings me back to you

It's about who you are
When you're being real
Authenticity of self
There is no greater feel

Never so alone
As when divided in your heart
Addicted to a mask
Actors to a role

I know you keep your secrets
But they're not so easy hid
I can see right through you

What's that beating in your chest?

I don't care how much you earn

Nor much about your situation

There's a magnet pulls

Me to you in the attraction

You say it's about me

I say it's about you

Seeking for your smile

It's all about who

Keeping me enthralled

Days that are enriched

Waxing lyrical

Even though you can be a bitch

Beautiful to me

Even when you give me switch

Umbrellas

Could I shield you from the rain

Take you under my wing

Shelter from heavy weather

Rescued from the storm

Could I hold your umbrella
To keep you dry and warm
Never feeling the weight
Nor burdened in the heart
Pitter patter of the rain drops
The pulse beating in my chest

Helping you with your wellingtons
Mud soaked fields to walk
The touch of your toes
Holding up your overcoat
Sliding in your arms
Keeping you safe from harm

Stretching out my hands
Like a nesting bird
Feathering the duvet
Snug pillows for your head

The homeless know the weather
Always looking for the signs
Of the deluge coming
The warning of dark clouds

Feel it in their bones

Memory of being soaked

I could take your umbrella

And hold it in my hand

Held in sure fingers

Ever to keep you from the storm

Shelter you from hardship

Because I'm the belonging kind

Dirt

If you want to dig for dirt

You'd best bring a shovel

There's plenty you could find

If you want to end up in a hole

Worm feed

Turning on their microphones

Trick me with a smile

But I only like clean dishes

Putting on my finest airs

Was I born with silver spoon?

I can take the nocks

You'll get your medicine all too soon

Castles in the sand

Are sure to wash away

Raising a little flag

Sea shells only whisper what I'd say

If you want to throw mud

Be sure it always sticks

It gets under your nails

You see you weren't a fit

If you want to dig for dirt

You could end up in a hole

Threatening with a microphone

Always dirty to the role

Castles in the sand

The turning tide will wash away

Loyalty

Loyalty

It works both ways

Takes two to tango
That's what they'll say

Divided
The coin that has two sides
Get a cut
The field is wide

They direct
Try to force our hand
They hold all the cards
Ever shifting sands
Fight for the cause
Not so much applause

Loyalty
Ever divided
Do you think us serfs?
Our fates decided?

Hoodwinked
To comply
Did you not come to realise
That all we're fed is bloody lies

ANother sell out

Wasting time

Loyalty

I'm not afraid to commit

But present company

Is full of shit

Taken for a ride

Who's on my side?

We play that field

Search far and wide

Better by my self

What I decide

Opportunity nocks

Kicking at my door

I give a yawn

Love for those at the top

Has long died

Social fascists

The rumours change

But the context remains the same

Try to label

The aim ever to exclude

Another year passes

And I remain in alienation

They'd claim it's me

So why the ongoing hate

My privacy remains invaded

Knowing that, others try to collude

Reality testing

They're not all in my smart home microphones

False impressions

Actors claim another threat

Political colours

All similarity ill met

They say they will stab me in the street

There's no place where I can meet

Some claim religion

To justify the attacks

One things for sure

They're never truly off my back

Some seek to stop my benefit
They won't be satisfied till I'm back on the streets
Neighbours false claims to the housing association
People tell their kids I'm a drug dealer
Others spread rumour I'm a pervert
I even heard people tell kids I might kill them
This has gone on for twenty years
A constant background entropy
They think it's a game
But I can't access mechanisms to protect myself
In the final analysis
They'll say it's best to believe that I'm insane
Did I mention intellectual property rights?
It's not social anxiety when there's a cause
Say it's delusion, undermine me a little more

Quiet riot in Parkhurst

Feeding frenzy

Public faces

Cracked looking glass

Private thoughts in margins

Knives drawn in the chats

There's one thing I forgot to say
And it's that I don't apologise
For confrontation of the lies
Exploitation for their role
Always lost in the shuffle
With their false claims of soul
Ain't life a solo?
You think this means the spotlights
Fading low?
I found myself out on my own
And that was just yesterday
Judgement from my peers
I never could trust all they say
After the gold rush
Another back room double deal
Memory of a teen they raped
Dilly boys bringing their hands together
Vengeance blood out on the streets
The embrace of a killer queen
And the Chevalier turned to face the crowd
But never sought compliances applause
The night I played requiem duet
And the blade was sunk in deep
Another day of the dead

Just as well I never put much faith in conscience

Bones shaken like the dice

And snake eyes for a bet

A death rattle

From old Caine

Lipstick gloss

Like a bullets kiss

And forever infamy

Did we really have to go all the way

A two step in the dance

I think of them all alone

Trapped with in the chartered labyrinth

A butterfly condemned to circles

Suicidal wings

I guess I should have rescued them

But I was too busy saving my self

If you want to judge the beggar

With the crown

Remember I'm the one that lived to tell

And the real angel fell

Vigil

Mirror systems

Filter to misinform

The whips are out

To try to delude

Kiss and tell

Corporate denials

Local governments

Sweep dirt under rugs

A public inquirer

Claims conspiracy

I've seen it all before

Another chat room

A handful of agents

Try to make misfits conform

Extremist views

So they assume

That have never been held

Scoring points for the politically correct

Try to get a misquote

Just feeding me a line

Another contradiction

They say they'll open up my mind

But it's abuse of power

There's no comfort left to find

Another vigil

More faked news

They get nothing

Hardly even managed to confuse

Edit a poem

Disinfo wars

All I see

Is that they're closing doors

Show a weakness

And they're liable to attack

So much for support

Undermining stability

Villanelle

Sweet quest for liberty

The hopes rise with a song

Struggling to be free

What more could we be?

The journey over long

Sweet quest for liberty

All not as we see

They who seek to wrong

Struggling to be free

They cry conspiracy

Against the parapets so strong

Sweet quest for liberty

There is one mystery

Heard within the throng

Struggling to be free

How rise in solidarity

Unity for which to long

Struggling to be free

Sweet quest for liberty

Summer day

What light could compare full warmly to thee
The visage to rend the darkest nights veil
Full lovely in your countenance to me
Breath of the wind that sets my boat to sail
To know hearts rhythm rising in it's joy
Wishes answered when hands come together
Like summer hopes heat haze as a small boy
See waves to vision with clement weather
I would know thee full in my fondest dreams
Raised spirits soaring high upon the wing
Were love truer, all it can be and seem
For then my heart opened would gladly sing
Forlorn the river of the falling tear
I knew not one so lovely in my years

Good Morning Vietnam

Wild men in the wings
Versus stenographers of power
Intellectual elites
Custodians of academia

Presenting opposition
To leviathan of the state

Fuelling the fires

Civil justice versus hate

Escalated conflicts

Tin pot dictators thrive

On the payroll

Of foreign policy

Funding of insurgence

Greasing the wheels of fate

Good morning Vietnam

Napalm barbecue for thought

Fortunes from another war

The Eagles talons grip

Protest on the march

Sign of the times

Conscience to object

As the flames begun to rise

Counter demonstration

Media presents a mask

State funded suppression

Of the questions they would ask

Denounced by institutions

Claiming their own nobility

The rise of nationalism

Raising torn flags

Boys sent into battle

The price of body bags

Erecting a wall

Politics of fear

Presidential campaign

Repetition always rhymes

Misrepresentations subsidised

Buying up the vote

Blundering in the dark

Intentions bound to fail

Do the Right own their mistakes?

Judged by history

Safe Zone

Dumbing down

Create a safe zone

Academic elites

Suppress debate

Trigger warnings

What is too extreme?

Party lines

From which you cannot lean

Covert controls

Authoritarian

Get the students

To police themselves

Deplatform any

Who diverge

Popularism

The wall to build

Filter information

To suppress

The oratory

That does not confess

Speech never so free

As what we're taught

Dichotomy

In dialogue

Much to discover

Method discourse

Linguistic leprosy

Limbs removed

To cut off

The rot

Academia

Publishing houses

Of the status quo

No room for conflict

Do students bow down

To the party encore ?

Thought police

For Activists

Second best?

Do you think my life is second best

Because with good relations I've not been blessed?

Most folks ain't that good I must confess

From troubled times I took a rest

They seem to think I am depressed
That telling me I'm on my own would distress
It's been this way for most of my life
At least I don't have a hanger on for a wife
Life is not about popularity
I'd rather keep my authenticity

Don't need a trophy
For a pedestal
Face the facts
I don't like people
Of course there's sex
But I can use a toy
A vibrating ring
Never annoys

Young people think it a little sad
Those with feathered nests may think me mad
But the fact that I'm not with someone that misfits
Makes most days free, for which I'm glad
I really don't give a toss
Most folks are just a dead loss

Romance comes and romance goes
Swings both ways the wind will blow
But there's one thing of which I'm sure
No one to drive me round the bend
I may be on my own until the end
You might not see the sense in it
But I laugh in the face of silly gits
You see no one's getting on my tits!

Free Will?

Having listened to the Origins Podcast with Stephen Fry I was left feeling a little short changed with the briefness of his comments on free will and agency. As an atheist the idea of a deterministic universe ordained by a patriarchal deity in the sky is out of the question. That thinking is simply absurd. However contingent reality means that freedom of choice is forever limited by circumstance. Arguments for hard wired neurobiological determinism are proposed by philosophers and scientists, in particular I would reference Sam Harris 'Free Will'. The brain is a machine responding to external reality and all our reactions could at core be proposed to be mechanistic biological reaction. Where this argument falls short is that it cannot adequately describe consciousness and the experimental evidence that neurological reaction proceeds conscious choice has been questioned. Daniel Dennetts' 'Elbow Room' explores these matters more fully. Agency, in the sense of choice may be constrained by both external cues and internal factors such as nature and nurture. Conditioning through learning, as with biology may be seen to dictate our reactions to stimulus and to that extent freewill may be an illusion of perception. The existential philosophers put great emphasis on consciousness and agency deriving from it. Be it illusion of the mind or not, agency exists. In any given

circumstance we have a multiplicity of available actions and it is with agency that we can decide our responses to any given situation. The contingency of nature and nurture may predetermine many of our reactions to the outside world and the choices it presents but ultimately as conscious beings we are 'condemned to be free' (Sartre). Dennett proposes compatibilistic solution to the problem of consciousness, despite the neurobiological restrictions in creating the 'illusion' of consciousness, and thus agency, to all intent and purpose agency remains real for practical purposes ('Freedom Evolves'). So when Stephen Fry says 'free will has largely been discounted', but 'we have agency' I feel this only confuses through semantics. To all intent and purpose we have free will. It is contingent. It may be an 'illusion' constrained by nature and nurture but ultimately we have agency through free will to decide our response to any given problem. Thankfully there is no god or 'the universe' deciding our actions. We have response ability. Scientific reductionism cannot adequately describe or qualify subjective existence of conscious will (existential qualia of agency). Consciousness is not an object for deconstruction. Free will may be an artefact of romanticism or continental philosophy but it has yet to be fully refuted. I remain romantic, I wrote this abstract with my own free will.

Homo Deus abstract

I was contemplating some of the possibilities outlined by Harari for the job market in the near future. According to Homo Deus advances in technology will either free the workforce from labour in a positive way or create an unemployable underclass. Artificial intelligence places intellectual vocations at risk. In the nineteenth and early twentieth century agriculture made up 90% of the employment market. Today it represents 2%. This change is as a result of the industrial revolution. Physical tasks previously performed by humans have been largely replaced by machines. With machine learning, in the near future, many intellectual professions will become obsolete. Biometric readings taken from smart watches and big data from aggregation of internet usage, particularly networked internet of things mean that diagnosis of both

physical and mental health may be performed by expert systems rather than health professionals. The service industries may be governed by machines, smart tills and robots to stack shelves or serve food, replacing human staff. Artificial intelligent cars may make drivers obsolete. Harari states that it is almost impossible to tell what skills need to be taught to children today to make them viable for the employment market which will emerge from the AI revolution. Futurists always doom say and this was as true a century ago and longer. There is a fear of the unknown which makes people anxious in the face of new technology. We adapt to our environments and as artificial intelligence takes over mental processes, although freeing many from repetitive tasks, it is unclear how people will maintain their economic security or be employed in the next thirty years. It is probable that the brave new world of AI will provide people with new jobs in the creative, entertainment, IT and maintenance industries. The fear of machine intelligence replacing humans is a real one but even terminators need somebody to fix them when they break down. It is likely advances in biometric reading will improve our over all health and well being whilst eliminating the tyranny of GP fund holders and semi privatised health care that today pushes unnecessary drugs for pay offs and sweeteners from the pharmaceutical industries. Life expectancy is likely to increase to normative centenarians with advances in medicine and machines taking care of our well being. Lawyers may be replaced with smart systems to weigh the scales of the law and illuminate human injustice and corruption within the current legal profession. Whilst these systems may leave several groups obsolete automation may actually make the health and legal systems more responsive to human need and less controlled by human elites. It is impossible to tell what the employment market will look like in the face of the changes created by artificial intelligence. Technology can create freedom or impose controls on our liberty. Harari points out this is not just presenting questions in ethical philosophy but the practical day to day existence of the whole population. The question is not if artificial intelligence will take over many of the mental processes we take for granted but rather how we will adapt as a community to the freedoms and empowerment the technology can provide. Prometheus stole the fire from heaven to give it to humanity. It remains to be seen if we will be punished for the hubris of bringing intelligence to machines. Frankenstein's monster has the potential to

turn on their creator and instead of freeing humanity, technology could create more control and rigidity, reducing us to servants of a machinery that seizes power. Economic security and prosperity could be lost in the shuffle of trying to find new employment and an ever changing demand for new skills. Are we to become an underclass ruled over by machine learning or will we be freed by the fire of intelligence stolen from the gods? God's of men or slave to the machine?

Agent provocateur

Contrarian raconteur

The agent provocateur

Flying in the face of what's allowed

Paying no heed to the jeers of the crowd

Is everything that's penned

Writ with just one end?

No room for devils advocate

Or spin for love through hate?

Political correction

The taste of the whips

Loyalist defection

Cloaked the dagger grips

Is all as it would seem?

In interpretation

Get with a new scene

Promote adverse reactions

Hooks for a sentence

Baited words misjudge

Do you think it just pretence

That no one acts on a grudge?

Agent provocateur

Contradictions raconteur

There's those who hide their traps

As it falls into their laps

Dialectic

Polarise an argument

The sinners to repent

That's the way to exploit it

Selling books, the speech to fit

The oppositions stupid

Their arguments ridicule

But it's only a debate

No need to be so cruel?

Get on the band wagon
Snake oil sales are cool

Adhere to dialectic
Making jokes at their expense
Cut a little slack
To break extremists backs
Sell us all a ticket
To help us all find sense

Out there on the circuit
Speakers make a buck
No one knows if they are truthful
Or even give a fuck

Swing the pendulum
Positioned over the pit
The audience is waiting
We want the other to look shit
In the colosseum
Gladiators score a hit

In a last defence
Some arguments don't stand up to reason

No evidence for god
To make it clear is not a treason

Trash

An excluding middle
Want us to be slaves
Got no class
Just hope that 'jesus saves'

We're just white trash
That they leave out in the road
When it's time to collect
They'll leave with an empty load

Political elites
Glass ceilings to protect
They don't care about us
You'd better not forget

'You must stay at home...
Unless you want to go out'
Country headed for a train wreck
What the fuck's it really all about?

Local governments

Turning their backs

Shit floats to the top

No friend in them, just a lack

Social mobility

But only for the chosen few

It really doesn't make a difference

No matter what we do

They're preaching meritocracy

But you don't seem to see

That they take us for a ride

The stars only shine on your TV

Business execs

Conspire to undermine

You can never deal

For all their worthless signs

Aspirations above our standing

Peace and love?

There's no misunderstanding

Advertising yet another fall
They don't care about us
Never make that call
Time workers realised
The chiefs are not on our side
Pulling safety nets
From injustice try to hide

Tribes

Tribal allegiance
Team players claim false powers
Passing the baton
To their own kind

It's all misguided
Little groups who repeat
The same mantra
As they walk past in the street
Psychological warfare
Truth to suppress

Force of number

The ones who say they belong
Little fascists
The nazi song
Yellow peril
And the most hated blue meanies

I went for a walk
Early this day
The military already up
Getting in the way
What if they used them
In local government cover ups?

I asked the postman
If they're had been a coup
They claim they're all in it together
Can't see much use in what they do
I'm a civilian
Not one of their casualty

Political divides
Lines they cross
They all bow down
Kiss up to who's boss

Tribal colours

Kill piggy

It ain't my crime

Before you accuse me

Take a look at yourselves

The children's act to protect the rights of minors was not passed till 1989. In 1974 Local Area child protection committees were created. I was abused sexually, physically and emotionally throughout the 1970's and 80's in my childhood and the whole family system was abusive. I left that family behind me in my early twenties as I had maintained abstinence from all my coping strategies since my late teens and there was no available mechanism to achieve justice or resolution. I have never had an addiction in my adult life. In the late 70's as part of a political strategy to protect the 'sanctity of the family' British Aerospace/ Hawker Sidley Kingston upon Thames and Hull factory employees involved themselves in a cover up campaign to protect abusive families in Ham and Kingston and to influence national policy. This involved abduction and abuse of a child (who thought they were 'in' on child protection) from Stuart Rd (where I lived as a child) in Ham, that made national TV and Newspaper headlines. This abduction was used to manipulate area child protection services and serve as a cover up for the wider abuse in the area that included assault on me as a minor by 7 people throughout childhood and early adolescence . I was not alone in being a victim in Ham. Older children were placed in classes with us as part of the so called 'inquiry'. Few if any convictions occurred and a strategy was put in place to 'treat' the victims to suppress the truth about the abusers whilst keeping us children in the abusive family systems. Again a political motivated agenda to protect 'sanctity of the family'. Adults that spoke out were themselves targeted by the community in ham with allegations that they were themselves abusers when they were not. The general culture was one of child abuse and it is no surprise that the creation of child protection services led to cover ups and testing of the systems by the abusers to discover how best to cover their crimes.

The abusers invested in support mechanisms such as adolescent counselling services and victim supports with 'treatments' specifically orientated into guilt tripping teen victims into shame and silence about the abusers. These models all persist today and the very fabric of child protection services is designed to return vulnerable children to their family systems after 'treating' the victim. Throughout my life several disparate groups within the community across the country have been committed to suppressing the reality of child abuse (masons, new agers, some christian groups, political groups, counselling services supporting the family etc.) This has largely undermined the stability of my adult life. It is best described as a cultural attack through rumour and corruption within civil mechanisms that claim to support us victims. In and of my self, emotionally I am relatively stable and can maintain abstinence from all teen coping strategy without any support from any one else. This has been true my whole adult life. This alone would suggest psychological integration. Yet I remain isolated and excluded within the community to support the myth that there is something wrong with me and my disclosure of abuse must be delusional despite all evidence to the contrary. Rights of the child and former victims? Cover up upon cover up. Give Us The List.

Why worry about learning from past mistakes in child protection? Many teens abused by their own families face suicide attempts, being targeted by drug pushers and sex industry and homelessness as they flee the abusive family system. Many of the supports are designed to protect those families from being exposed for their crimes. An awful lot of victims are being told to sweep it under the carpet and be silenced by the system presented by victim support. Media syndicates and corruption exist in many of the support systems. Many victims are revictimised by contraindicated psychiatric labelling for their entire lives. Take a tablet and shut the fuck up is the message from society. Often police if contacted try to criminalise the victim to protect local authorities from action on criminal negligence in child protection. The shadow of abuse can persist socially for decades with victims judged for fleeing their abusive families. This is where 'the sanctity of the family unit' is destroying young peoples lives. No bridges have been built or doors opened since I confronted my family in my early twenties. I have been unable to find employment across the country since setting clear

boundaries and owning that I was abused. Since I spoke to police 20 years ago I have been kept in social isolation through rumour, gossip, hate crime and false allegations that something is fundamentally wrong with me. You cannot keep someone in unemployment for 30 years without social engineering. For 20 of those years I was not under a psychiatrist nor diagnosed as ill, in fact my GP stated I was fine. You cannot make a teen recovery from addiction homeless 6 times whilst totally abstinent without social engineering. You cannot hospitalise someone 20 years into their recovery without corruption and social engineering. Paranoia? I was incarcerated within 2 months of my human rights case against the UK Government for negligence in my childhood. I was in the system 8 years without proportionate crime. Prior to the case I did not face any anticipated detention and no serious crime has ever been committed by myself. Backlash following the human rights focus. This has all cost society at least over a quarter of a million to try to silence. Officially in legislation I was classed as vulnerable due to trauma from my teens and disability should have prevented me ever being homeless. As a teen I was even in a local government safe house. What can be learned?

Library of exile

The witness

Like the blank cell wall

Solitary in confinement

White page for a scrawl

The testimony of tears

Through the detained years

Return of the internal exile

Banished by others fears

What welcome that they gave me

On returning home
Where I sit alone
With only the pen for comfort
And the guards threaten to burn my thoughts
Suppression of truth
Like the obscured light
Only glass square bricks
To shine with illumination
On the shadow
They cast over my rights
In their false belief
It would be politic
To put me up for the fight
An empty bed
Where they kept me out of sight
And justice forever just a whore
Whose attention I could not afford
Survivals sweet release
The return to moral battle
Life forever seems a war
Ever mindful of their closed doors
This fragile space
Porcelain protected
That their hammer

Would shatter once more
Like pages of an open book
That their snarling teeth
Would rip with scorn
Empty shelves
The signs of corruption
That speak only of destruction

One of the looney 'passers by' ('become passers by') relaying spurious information about and to me, said that I do not care about 'the community'. Firstly this statement has no context, as with most of their little sound bites. For starters I do not know what they define as 'the community', christians, LGBT, multi culture, liberals, conservatives... which community of the plurality of claimed communities do they mean? Secondly, I do not give power to a collective 'thou' or 'they' or 'other', nor include myself in any 'we'. I would refute claims that the individual is defined by the outside in. To be 'other-rated' is to have no back bone or internal sense of self. We do not live in a communist authoritarian state where individualism has no value. There have been claims I do not offer this 'community' anything as I do not create or belong to a group. I do not need a group to flourish. I am doing quite nicely all on my own with minimal connection to their 'community' beyond meeting needs through commerce. Why would I try to create a group? To start a 'support' group I would have to expose myself to needy people who lacked the sense of self and well being I currently have. The good life does not require me to provide for others beyond the commercial reality of providing employment through purchase of services. Commerce facilitates connection, as a consumer I have power, identity and meaning. If a baby falls from a window I will try to catch it but I am not going to show altruism at a cost to my peace of mind by trying to save others, classic codependency. This claimed sense of 'community' that some promote does not appear to share my values, they openly attack my peace of mind with gossip and foul jeers. Why would I want to be 'in' with them

when all they do is show abuse in their attentions? That is not respect or inclusion and lacks morality. Who is 'the community', what is their values, what have I to gain through connection with them? Apparently not a lot.

Someone once said 'compassion is the vice of kings'. Although I do not consider it a vice exactly it is not something I consider much of a motivator. The charity sector often employs people who cannot find paid employment. The charity sector consists of tax free businesses, many with large portfolios, that exploit the compassion of those with a surplus of prosperity. The business exploits both those who donate and those giving labour freely. Profit is made for the cause through this slight of hand, pulling on other heart strings. I do not have a vast surplus of prosperity and although I have free time the idea of offering free labour offends me, I want more from my work than just a smile. Moral virtue may well involve charity from those with an excess of prosperity but as I have tight purse strings I have little to give. I am not opposed on principle to charity and in general, altruism is not a bad thing. I thoroughly consider that the privileged few have a moral duty to serve the poor. Kings can show compassion, they have a surplus, it is not a vice even though it may be used to feed their elevated sense of self importance. Everyone wants to look like the 'good guy'. A lot of charity service users have to pay for the charity to meet their needs, it is a sad fact of the market. When I was at the YMCA for instance, my lodgings came out of my living expenses and although they provided a meal it was paid for out of my own pocket. Very christian of them to take money from the poor and disempowered. I maintain I will catch a baby falling from a window but it is not my responsibility to fit in with business models that would purely treat my labours as something to exploit, even if such would serve a greater good. I am not a king. The likely outcome if I had gone to work for the YMCA as they tried to manipulate is that I would have lost welfare in return for my hard work. Apparently this is 'Christian'. I call it the behaviour of a mug. Perhaps as a child of thatcher I ask too much. I expect a little compassion myself, as without it I would not flourish but this does not mean I have much to give. I am disabled, there is no social contract saying I need to give in order to receive welfare. Welfare the state must provide for me to survive was exploited by YMCA. I had less space and was unable to produce much work whilst

at YMCA. This cost the tax payer far more than the price of keeping my needs met in a flat. Some people don't like this, but then they are not disabled and do not need to be empowered by legislation to protect the vulnerable. So compassion? Yes, I feel it. Altruism? Not a great deal to give. And after all I do give entertainment as a creative, like it or not, I am producing work and have identity and meaning through that. I do care, but not to the point of being willing to make losses by acting on those feelings. No one wants to cut off their nose to spite their face.

Wrong. Not wrong.

Wrong but not wrong

Same old song

One rule for us all

The law of the strong

Please Sir,

I'd like some more

No one playing on the fiddle

If you know the score

What's eating you?

There are those green with envy

We offer you peas pudding

Where did you think that they sent me?

If you can't stand the heat

Get out of the kitchen
I've nowhere else to go
So please stop your bitching

We don't want you here
They don't want you there
That is the lyrics
Of prejudiced squares

We know that you're wrong
We know you're not wrong
Postmodern visions
Sure to contradict
They think we're all thick
Their stories make me sick
Wrong but not wrong
All put on the TV by the strong

Porn

I watched a man just last night
Suck on a big one
When they came
It was out of sight

Churchmen say it's all a sin
What's their point?
Nothing to win
Prostrate before a sacred cow
They say they'll save me
I don't know how
I enjoy a bit of cock
On their knees
Heads will rock
Don't get me wrong
I prefer pussy
But I'm versatile
They send me cookies
Watch out they try to entrap
With unripe cherry
Filtered crap
I'm no addict
But I need to keep myself
In working order
Lead in my pencil
I like your daughters
I enjoy the porn on my TV
It does no harm
I love trannies

My favourite is Khloe Kay
It doesn't mean I'm really gay
I'm not a voyeur
But I love Natalie
Best of both worlds
Dressed to please
Tight of arse
A perfect squeeze

Guests

We are not masters
But guests of the planet
With mothers of invention
Custodians

Managing growth
As we lower emissions
Sustainability
Global of mission

To give as we take
A profit of ethics
Balancing scales

Equalities justice

We are not masters

Just guests of the planet

Ice caps reflecting

Tears of the great mother

Biodiversity

Rescuing species

Indigenous peoples

Now on the brink

Facing extremes

Now time to build bridges

Human rights

Not controls and restriction

Can we join hands together?

A family of nations

Climate change the big issue

Electric vehicles, not tissues

No more fossil fuels

The Paris agreement

Sustainable growth

To bring peace on earth

Wealth

Human rights for all

Redistribution of wealth

Lifting hearts of the workforce

With material health

They say the nurses are valued?

So why not put it in their purse

They're not the only to serve

There are some doing worse

Architects guide the builders

Measure for measure

Those serving up coffee

Should share in the treasure

A four day week

Seems to be fare

Some people have so much

It's time that they shared

The middle classes

Think they've risen high up above
But with a change in the weather
We all could use us some love

Thoughts turn to Christmas
A time of giving
But the economists
Could be more forgiving

Robin Hood from the tree line
The green man is listening
The show must go on
Richie rich, sheriff serving

Not all are receiving
What they are worth
Swords that we cross
The friends of the earth

Begging your pardon
They also do serve
Those who only sit and wait
Whilst earthly powers talk fates

Who wants civil war?
The artists want more
For Tiny Tim
The working classes for him
They talk of compassion
Equality is the true passion

Human rights for us all
No one should be a slave
And we all offer respect
To the Lords who forgave
Redistribute wealth
And we'll sing of the big nobs health

Milgrams

Is it conscience
Whispers in your ear
Or just control
Shackles of fear?
As you get up to go out to work
Do you stop to count the passing years?

There are those who obey

First thoughts on their mind

Dictates their ways

Something isn't as they say

Think of tomorrow

Don't live just for today

Preachers claim the voice of god

A guiding light for every one

But they tell us it's a sin

To stand on our own feet or have some fun

Nothing but dust in their cloister

They say the spirit guides

You'd be best to run

Fantasies and childhood dreams

What did you think you'd be?

Politicians talk good games

But is anybody truly free?

You want love, it's what they feed

Ever craving to meet needs

One creed is certain

Seek liberty

They say I lack motivation

Don't cooperate with the machine

Obedience, do as you're told

Reminds of Milgrams

The trail gone cold

Shock the monkey

What's your excuse?

They made me do it

The stories old

Empty

Old wounds never heal

Same old lies from you

What I'm left with

That is real

Point taken

It's still in my head

But all they left me

Was the same empty bed

Seasons turn

Like the wheels of fate

Heart sinks

All I remember is the hate

A door once open

Now is closed

Distance grows

Not what I would have chose

Petals fall

From the wilting flower

Sell outs

Bow down to the power

Ice melts

Showing the green shoots

The frozen earth

Where hope sought to take root

Old wounds

That will never heal

All you leave me with

Is an emptiness that's real

Heart attack

Stabbed through the heart

The shield too late

Ice grips the chest

Cold turn of fate

Spotlights have turned

Tables revolve

It wasn't me

That was the one to sell

I can't read you now

As I turn over the page

There's a fire in the belly

That doesn't tire with age

Just another one of your fools

The price I pay

Directed words

Never get my say

The knife sunk deep

For all that's hope

Seems to be cut

Like the nooses rope

Can't see a way
To make this work
Got no solutions
Promises shirked

Objet d'art
Cold sculpted forms
Keep me company
With a heart forlorn

Turning the blade
Sunk in my side
Just another sucker
Taken for a ride

Stay

So I trudge
From day to day
Night shadows
As colour fades to grey

No exit

No way out

Best get it over

Not sure what the hell it was about

The frosty fingers

Trace the window pain

Another winter

Cold, on my own, again

The thorn

That pricks the finger tip

Find some relief

By keeping a solid grip

Love goes

I see the pretence

Manipulation

Doesn't really make much sense

Someone ran off with the cash

Same old story

No deal,

Didn't get to keep my stash

Broken hearted

Rough trade

Just your white trash

So I'll wander through each passing day

Try to forget

How things always get in the way

Did I even really

Get to have my say?

Words of goodbye

On tip of tongue

And yet I stay

The hook

Another actress

Yet always the same scene

Played this role before

There is no mystery

Misled in a merry dance

Waltzer calling

Whispers in my ear

All I can say

Is I can cry the tears

It's been this way
Always with your kind
Something you can't deal with
I'm not really all that blind

Much promised
You said I'd much to gain
Hooks you sunk in
You'll be the one I blame

You flirted
With the fateful flame
My heart burns
Here I am again

You bait your lines
To reel me in
I wonder if you realise
Just how it feels?

Another actress
Faking a cue line
I won't be broken

By the penned tragedy this time

You see you hide an attitude

Pulling heart strings

You might call it an abuse

I try to make the most of it

But can't help but wonder

What's the use?

Mork and Mind y.

Mork calling Orson,

Mork calling Ordon ,

Come in Orson.

Nanoonanoo!

The voice of Nicam

Radio Gaga

Wizard of Oz

The face behind the screen

Adjust me

Technophobicaly screwed

Another feed

Try not to read
Meaning between the silences
It just serves another's greed
Activate your prayer capsules
Can you hear under water?

Hoodwink
Synchronised
On a waltzer
All the same shit
Don't go chasing rainbows
Mantra yogas spinning wheel

Radio days
Just one of the plays
Obey!
Just do as they say.
Post modernism
Contradict their way

Mork calling Orson,
Mork calling Orson,
Come in Orson.
Nanooonoo!

Crossfire

Crossfire

Between libertarians

And the Right

'We ignore',

No supports to face the fight.

They'll say

It's just a chocolate war

That they want to bring us in

With corruptions mechanisms

They'll say that they just sin

Together

That's what they say they are

As they bully and oppress

I'm really not interested

In what they think they offer

I must confess

No mans land

Between two sides

Polarised in conflict
Rumours feeding fear
If I make complaint
They just turn a deaf ear

Crossfire
Out in the cold
The stories that they told
I guess I must hear voices,
It can't be gossip
In the street?

Activists
Declare another war
I'm not political
So they shut up every door
Do you think I've not got a right
To stand proud on my own
Who'd you call?
Corrupt police sitting on my phone?
Those invading privacy
Denying right to self expression
Left to face the slingshots and arrows
The snipers, all alone

A brief note on The News Of The World campaign that called for public listing. Firstly, the paper no longer exists because of illegal use of media powers. Secondly, the left wing survivors movement was marching with calls to public list child abusers to my experience in the very early nineties and it can be assumed earlier still. I cannot comment on the evil crime that was used in that campaign beyond to say that it saddens me. However, misinformation, promoted by University of Sussex more than implied that all male victims of abuse were a risk to the public. The culture already had a witch hunt against former victims based on their crass pop psychology interpretation. Are we to believe all female victims of rape are a risk to the public? What holds true for women is the same as for men. The tarring with the same brush of all male victims through the NOW campaign amplified prejudice and misunderstanding about former victims exponentially. Statistics based on convictions of sex offenders in the USA clearly show there is no correlation between being a victim of abuse and becoming a perpetrator of abuse. One does not cause the other. In psychological assistance I have sought as a victim I have met in groups many people that believe to disclose as a victim of child abuse is to say that one is an abuser. I am not, nor are the majority of other male victims. Some abusers claim to have been abused as children once caught out for their crimes to try to justify themselves. How many of these bastards were really victims is academic. Due to NOW exploiting the public outrage at their story it ran for years, selling papers, stirring political paranoia and feeding myths about male victims and indeed myths that perpetrators are all killers for that matter. This had an extremely negative effect on male victims and many of the supports were run by people who buy into the misrepresentations. I myself was nearly killed in Yorkshire by Right wingers fuelled by the nOW story to drive a car at full speed into the opposite side of the road and mount a pavement in attempt to run me down, all just because I disclose as a victim of childhood sexual abuse. The extent to which the culture is toxic to former victims eventually lead to me creating my website. I was continuously bullied and socially attacked throughout the NOW story and later the Soham story due to false beliefs stirred up by the press about victims. My history shows I have never been a risk to society. I am now 50 without any serious crime. I have abused no one. For 20 years I was

psychologically assessed as normal (until the backlash against this website and after my human rights case.) So bad is the revictimisation of former victims of child sexual abuse that a class action suit could be brought against UK civil mechanisms claiming to address our concerns, rights and needs. I myself raised a validated European Court of Human Rights case against the media and local government cover ups that exist across the country regardless of the politics of the areas. I have seen female victims attacked by 'the men's movement' into retracting criminal statements in fear for their lives, later appearing as alleged 'false memory' in local papers. This is just the tip of the iceberg. The culture of denial is supported by university academics and pop psychology alike. It make money as an exploitable issue. That is all I think of the News Of The World, a paper closed for business by mispractice. Give Us The List not more media cover ups.

In addition to the essay above please note I have only ever met two survivors of childhood sexual abuse who got a conviction against their abuser in my entire life and they spanned three generations. Both were plants for the establishment assisting cover ups of abuse and their testimony must therefor be taken with a pinch of salt. I was active in survivor groups for a few years and they were highly political and attacked members unwilling to adhere to an ardent feminist, far left agenda. No one got justice. Media syndicalism, rather than emotional support has been the norm for at least two generations of corruption within victim support. It remains clear that to give a statement to the police in the UK is most likely to result in psychiatric care for the victim. Obviously this is arse about tit. It is the abusers that need controls and treatments. As a late teen I was convinced I would get justice if I addressed all my dysfunctional coping strategy. I dealt with them all by my early twenties. All the supports did was ostracise me because I fully recovered. Just prior to confronting my abusers I worked for the NHS in the care sector. I have not been employed by any organisation since confronting the abuse. In my late teens/ early twenties I was shadowed by a social network directly protecting my abusers and most of my fake friends were Freemasons or their children. I continued to be stalked socially by supporters of my abusers till my early 30's despite moving to

the other end of the country. Directing and controlling by the perpetrators. I confronted my abusers fully in my early twenties. That was 30 years ago. I was not labelled sick for 20 of those years. It takes the actions of other people to keep someone unemployed that long. Even when I went to university within a semester the media department set me up in such a way that I lost a house I owned outright and became homeless with out ill behaviour or action on my part in their national media cover up for abuse. There is genuine corruption surrounding abuse victims, many will have their lives destroyed by local councils protecting their civil mechanisms against complaint and civil justice. When I was eventually given psychiatry against my will it was 19 years into my recovery and 17 years after confronting my abusers. Between 0.25 and 0.5 million was spent to try to discredit me age 37 with claims I was acute psychosis. The real reason is I launched a human rights case against UK systems 'treating' victims and the establishment backlashed my complaint against the BMA, Police federation and other national organisations. They also didn't like the existence of this website. I was social engineered to homelessness 6 times due to making statement to police. My rights were never considered.

Tulips

Pour warm honey

On moist lips

The taste of spring

Invitingly to drip

The smell of tulips

Drawing you in

Fresh cut flowers

Stems stroke as we begin

To take your hand
And guide it in my grip
Encircling
Gently at the hip

The dance a rhythm
Matched by the heart
Your sweet kiss
A feel that makes a start

Stamens probe
Pollen on the wind
Petals open
Taking me in

The chalice raised
Of your scent to sip
Discarded worries
Your under clothes to rip

Unify

Unity

Assimilate

Cooperate

And oppress

They are the Borg

Just submit

To the network

A hive mind

All in it 'together'

Following on blind

Unify

Power in numbers

You're not one of the 'men'

Stagnation's game

Down dumbled

Cos they are all in love

With their mums

All the same

That's what they want

Values to dictate

No ambiguity

Or room to question

Let alone defy

All in the all together

What side did you get out of bed?

If you don't agree

Or fit in

They'll say it's all in your head

Revenge of the nerds

Power of the small

Flame of intellectual liberty

They can't deal

It's all they ever say

Another con

Just how does it feel?

Dark Siders

The dark side of an electronic moon

How much do you think it costs?

Production values plentiful

Passively received by you

Another TV dinner

Another breakfast late for school

The people that fit inside your box
As you provide for their mortgaged second homes

Stood proud on pedestals
No remit to be fair
You dream away the years
Accept the lies we're fed

No time to criticise
Liquid crystals scrying glass
Filtering repeats
Stock footage seen before
Do you think that they're your friends
Just because they talk the talk?

There's enough in the archives
For you to telly tubby away your days
A beached whale couch potato
They've made it so smart it can do in your head
Another jump cut edit
An overdub for fools

The shadow play upon the cave wall
Shines from another's fire light

Up there on your widescreens
There are people living out your dreams
I guess it could be you
But you'll never get a break
Just paying for those mortgages
With the smiles that they can fake.

Fluff

When I'm not 'thee'ing
And 'thou'ing
I also like fluffing
It's all in the rhyme
That's what they are seeing

This much I'll confess
I like to rip off a dress
Agent provocateur
Will be sure to impress
With what you've been blessed

When I'm not 'thee'ing
And 'thou'ing
Not so much of the bowing

A sonnet to love
Raising them high above

They slipped of the pedestal
But I caught them
In my arms in the fall
A romantic heart
Always answers the call

There's the 'thee'ing
The 'though'ing
On a knee to be bowing
But at the end of the day
It's just fluffing you up
With a troubadours' bluff

Shangrila

Do not adjust your TV
PMq's has been redirected
Wearing digital masks
Mickey Mouse has taken over
Invasion of the body snatchers

Limited in their script
They've not discussed business
For the government in six years!

Brexit, COVID, is it all the same?
Localised reception must be playing games
It's all goo goo and gaga
My feed sells shangrila
I want an inoculation
And I want it now!

Somewhere over the rainbow
Lead me up the garden path
At least I'm not on zoom
Production levels looking like their arse

The vertical hold's off balance
I hear static to my ears
In the old days they called it feedback
Tinnitus all I hear
Just immunise me
There's nothing much to fear

Doris Day is now in government

They've taken over PMq's
I heckled the prime minister
And my echo was heard there in the house
It's not quite alien technology
At least Pluto's not on the leg of Mini Mouse
Doris says it's only a little prick
So make sure you're vaccinated

Lion Tamers

Can you even take a photograph
When you're dancing with lions?
Where they try to pluck sore thorns from their paws
Like the ache soothed by Androcles

Stroking their manes
Avoiding their claws
Heads inside the mouths
Waltzing proud with the lions

In the belly of the beast
As if swallowed by the whale
Inside, the ribs and the guts
The stench of the cage

Deep in the breast

A suppressed rage

You never can tell

Who is a dancer

And who a caged animal

When you're inside a prison

And left to fend off the lions

They might be man eaters

They might say they lit fires

They bring in the ones to tell lies

Faint hearts that cooperate

Behind cold steel bars

There are many

Who bow down to scrape

The pride of a lion

Lives ever in it's chest

You could find a heart too

If you survive the tests

They can never really tame

The fire that burns in the breast

Dancing in circles
Till they free you from the cage
Incarceration
For years, a dimmed rage.
But who were the dancers
And who the lion come of age?
Now I sharpen a claw
To scratch words on the page.

Magick

Do you believe in magic?
A spell to find love?
Anointing a candle
You may as well stick it up your bum

They tell of words of power
Incantations sell
Buy another one of their lousy books
The secret they will tell

Kept forever in the dark
Covens of mystery
Pulling at your leash

An occult history

Publishers make money

Taking you for a ride

It's written in the tarot

From your fate you cannot hide

Tell us all a story

Skeptics should decide

It's all a load of fantasy

Reality denied

It's a load of bullshit

Just like astrology

All you ever need to know

Could be printed on a matchbox

There are no magic powers

For fucks sake, live life free

Do me in

They want to do you in for life

Can't you see your destiny

Just admit you're insane

Let someone else take the lead

There must be something wrong

It must be with your brain

Perhaps you'd like a transplant

Or to live your life again

Too late, you'll see the lies

Deception of actors on the trail

They say there are few to walk the path

But their guides say they never fail

Surveyors of the landscape

Architects make roads

No point looking for a sign

They don't have much of a code

There are those within a role

The wage packet always full

They think they're selling soul

But all they offer is a bag of wool

Admit to your wrongs

Aren't you full of guilt?

If you're really not
Psychopaths get bitter pills

They keep rewriting the scripts
A prophecy self fulfilled
Did you believe their stories
When they said your tongue could kill?

So I'm fed another contradiction
As if I don't know my own mind
They sell lies of integration
But I'm not the one that's all that blind

They want to paint a picture
To put you in the frame
But they're only forgers
Set the unwary up again

You might seek for answers
But they've nothing much to give
They never explain themselves
It's best if you just live

Condemned to insanity

Swallow the bitter pill
You see we're all on our own
There's a way if you've the will

There's a thousand voices
To tell you what to think
But it all comes down to one thing
Their ideology always really stinks

Fucking mad

So they've labelled you mad
What do you do now?
There's a social stigma
You're no longer one of the lads

Will anyone employ you
Once they hit you with 'crazy'?
Meanwhile the worker bees
All act like you're lazy

Tell me I'm crazy
What shall I do now?
It's a word of power

Down to doctors you will bow

Is life at an end?

Have they decided your fate?

As if you've no future

That madness has dawned on you late

They say I must be mad

So they offer no supports

No mechanisms to rehabilitate

The guys are no longer my mates

'You must be fucking mad'

But what shall we do now?

You see the psychiatric system

Is more like their sacred cow

The end of the road

When you've only just begun

You see its really crazy

Without their medication I'm just fine

They cut off opportunity

Try to restrict me with controls

It's all fucking mad
They do it to anyone they can

Washing

I wash my hands in icy water
Where frozen footprints show the way
Proud people and ancestors
That trod white lands now winters day
I wash my hands
You see the water
Blood to cleanse
Oil slick from others lands
I taste my fingers
Warm as tears
At the poison from the wastelands years
We consume
Just like the fire
Smoke rising, blocks out the sun
Greed hollows out our bellies
We never walk together
When all we do is run
I wash my hands in the water
Tears of mothers

Pooling at my feet
This could be the longest shadow
Climate change
Warning of defeat
I wash my hands
But not of the water
That quenches a parched thirst
Ever mindful of the seasons
How the ice caps are where we see if first
Hands touched
How I long to hold her
Forever in my heart
Hands raised in fists
That will defend her
Hands that would trace her tears
I look on glaciers melting
The freeze rising in my chest
I wash my hands within the water
That caresses the same mouth
Waters that flow towards her
Waters that pass from me to you
Waters washing hands of all the evil
That reaches out double dealing hands
I wash my hands before I partake

Of food with which I'm blessed
Waters, like the blood
Beating fiercely in my chest
I wash my hands after the battle
Hands that very rarely rest
The hands that would try to hold her
In a sure embrace
I wash my hands of so much trouble
I wash hands in togetherness

Problem

There's always a problem
This problems plain to see
If I feel I've upset you
It brings me to my knees
I never meant
For it to go this far
But I opened my heart
Because you bring me calm
It's a bit of a problem
As anyone can see
I never meant to cause no harm
I came knocking at your door

And when you let me in
My spirit soared
Always a problem
Because you touched my heart
And I don't usually fall
Quite so hard
The problem is
It's no problem at all
When I sit with you
Answering the call
I'm scared to tell you how I feel
Welling up, the tears are real

Audrey

The prima-ballerina
Takes to centre stage
Their aura in the spotlight
Debut lead of Roman Holiday

There are stars that burn out
There are those that shoot to the top
But few become an icon
A super star whose light will never stop

Wounds deep from the beginning
The Iron Eagle spread its wings
Casting the axis shadow
Fascists sought to rule with one ring

The nazi occupation
Lives spent living underground
Safely ensconced within a cellar
Secret messages in a ballet shoe

Bread made from tulip petals
Famine to survive the war
The dance for liberation
Broken wings that still take flight

Broadway provides the first break
A test to win her part
Gigi transition to the screen role
Rags to riches, reveals a swan

The studio system
Reminds of the golden age
Adored of almond eyes

A form that cut the finest line

Fragile, statuesque in her couture

Simplicity to beauty's form

Artist of love

Childhood alone

Moon river, cafe society

Ever seeking to belong

Eternal touch of class

Free spirits living out a song

Incandescent in her freedom

Heads turn wherever they go

A pin up takes the culture

Beyond anything we'd known

The affections of success

For the girl next door

Insecure

With the lyrics dubbed

Shy, in vulnerability

My Fair Lady to transform

The heart that ever feels the absence
Craving forever more
Never feeling loves completion
Always seeking the next encore

Curiosity, ever insecure
The lack, an anxiety
Forever the abandoned
Left lonely by cold tears
The heart never meeting expectation
No one could ever be enough

The leading lady to be a mother
The most important role
No thought for sacrifice
How her own childhood took it's toll
Love given without condition
Family that called to her soul

Ill fateful, the unfaithful
No thought of loyalty
Undermined at the foundations
A prisoner in a gilded cage
Pursued by the camera

Paparazzo at her heels

Traumatised in the miscarriage

The expectant mothers tear

For the empty nest

Sadness felt through all her years

Quietness, for her retreat

Relaxed dreams to know there calm

Retiring to the garden

To find an inner peace

Gifts to lavish, charity

Just to be safe in who she was

Ambassador to the children

Red Cross , the message liberty

An advocate on a mission

UNICEF her greatest role

Starving mouths forever hunger

Her commitment always from the soul

A rage at all that's lacking

A heart gives to feel it's whole

Suffering to find resolution

Hold compassion ever dear
Humanitarian to the last
The disadvantaged offering her tears
Perhaps finding there completion
In the giving of her final years
Timeless in inspiration
A superstar, loves light to others shone

It is testament to the influence of right wing fundamentalists that I was intervened on by mental health services at 19 years into successful sobriety. It's their way or the high way. Throughout my recovery, every few years, interventions were attempted as I do not conform to the party lines. I do not believe god has any place in the recovery sector nor do I believe in transferring dependency onto peer support groups. I left spiritual focus groups in the early 90's after a few years clean. The Catholic Church tried to Co-opt my recovery and claim it for Christ. I was heavily indoctrinated by right wing counsellors that the 12 step programmes were the only way to find recovery from addiction. By my early twenties, having sat on the UK service committee I could clearly see the ideology did not work for me, nor was promoting it helping the still suffering addict. I left because the rigidity of the programme was killing me. I wanted to commit suicide because of the suppression of feelings implicit in the programmes labelling normal human traits as defects of character that only god could change. When I sought exit strategy the Catholic conservatives tried to seize the overt unity to claim their therapy was why i was sober. In my early recovery i worked for right wing medics in long stay mental health facility. I was the golden boy, having recovered through god. When i turned against their Eugenics it was at the sight of clients mistreated by conservative views of mental health. 'Molly' was an operatic singer who in the 30's had a child out of wedlock with one of the big nobs. This flew in the face of conservative christian values so the right incarcerated her for life in an institution, removed the child and claimed she was a learning difficulty case. In fact

her only symptoms were due to the abuse of dangerous medications and electric shock therapy at the hands of conservative medics. Rarely, she would sing, and such a tragedy in her voice. As I progressed in the NHS in my youth I was met with groups like 'conductive education' that claimed god could cure physical disability. They also head hunted me as a known victim of childhood sexual abuse and shadowed me with conservative groups socially. When I turned against the religious perspective of mental health in my early twenties they continuously harassed., excluded and tried to social engineer my down fall. Skip forward 19 years and after years of successfully running my own business, notoriety with Hollywood as a photographer, award winning works as a poet and script writer and high grades at university and producing a website challenging conservative values about recovery from both addiction and childhood trauma, and the conservative right conspired to put me into long term mental health care. It should be noted my actual addiction as a teen was due to prescription of barbiturate analogues by the NHS because of childhood trauma. When I detoxed off the depressants I immediately transferred dependency to alcohol. Clean by the age of 18, the right promoted me through their service structures as a potential poster child for 12 step. When it didn't work for me they not only abandoned but actively sought to undermine my social standing and manageability. That is the long shadow of the 12 step movement and it's religious and medical supporters. Their way or the high way. 32 years into sobriety I have no faith in the 12 step movement, which I have seen fail a multitude of sufferers with it's backwater fundamentalist value system. 'Molly' was released into care in the community due to the work of my generation to disempower the conservative right within the mental health sector. I paid a price for our rebellion, incarcerated in acute services at 19 years sober for being an atheist and refusing to let go of confronting others for their accountability in child abuse. Due to liberal legislation I was released, with little support outside the private therapy sector. I continue to create and run a successful business confronting the issues implicit in the conservative world view of mental health. If they destroy my security again, people will know that i went down fighting. I am part of the solution not the problem. The war on drugs destroys lives of vulnerable victims. 'Treatment' with fundamental ideology only exasperates the problems. I am entirely committed to legalisation.

People should be allowed to freely choose their path to recovery not forced by draconian systems into mere compliance. Freedom is not found through a final, conservative, solution. In most areas my beliefs are entirely liberal and certainly atheist. When people tell me 'god is the solution', I just smile and walk in the opposite direction. Rather than accept the reality of my recovery conservative groups have sought to claim I never even had an addiction or to claim I am insane because I do not believe in the power and claimed authority of their god. I was part of a long term study into addiction by the crown. I am still sober with existential and humanist models. The old lie 'once an addict always an addict' is exposed by my freedom from the conservative 'disease' model. We do recover.

PTSD

Memory of things past

The shadow of fugue

What sticks in the mind

Are other people at their worse

Pallid as dementia

Leaving the tip of the iceberg

Whilst deep down below

Recollections slowly melt away

Consciousness cloudy

Like a deep fog

Recalling pain

Not the hugs from the dog

Trauma marks the map

Clusters like knots

Encoded together

Conflation of the similar

Scars like fossils

Tattooed on the mind

Sand castle flags

And melting ice cream drips

Like a tear down the wafer cornet

Moistening brittle cone

Peripatetic journeys

Wandering abroad

For all of the suffering

I might long for Alzheimer's

But the few peaks to the troughs

Shine light on glad days

It's not so much rehearsal

As loops kept on repeat

Free from the web

Of the splinters and cracks
That remind of the damage
And the years spent in lack
Like swingball in the garden
It keeps coming around
Days I'd rather forget
But they keep coming back

Give and take

Would you take them from them?
Is that the biggest crime
Seeking to conceal intentions
In another line

The magpie gather
And you know it's two for joy
You might see them flying
Like a child's drone toy

Do they fear the loss?
Of a bloom waiting to be plucked
Some take a chance on love
When they haven't known much luck

The strings in tune
As the bow slides across
Reverberation
Would it be your loss?

Would I take from them?
Would that be a crime?
To be in the presence
With a hope sublime

I might say I'd share
But want to catch you as you fall
It's about emotion
And I want it all
If you give, I'd take
But the sentiments not fake
I'd also give
As good as I take

I watched a rather interesting YouTube with Russell Brand and Tim Minchin, neither of whom I am totally in line with. Russell seems to have developed considerably intellectually since his recent university teaching on religious studies. He has a tendency to speak fast to overwhelm the listener to win his points which irritates me as often it results in a lot of verbosity with no real meat on the bone. He throws terms like panpsychism into conversation from eastern religion without really

clarifying what he means. I at least am familiar with the concept. I was somewhat heartened to see he had changed through education somewhat as I had previously considered him somewhat vacuous. Tim was up for emergence of consciousness from physicality in the form of a property or quality of neurology which I am more comfortable with than the atman 'unity' consciousness approach of Brand. Another indicator of trying to overwhelm the debate with psychobabble and pseudo science was his resort to 'quantum' physics, an old favourite of new agers who use it to obfuscate argument towards the god 'of the gaps' theory... there are unknowns in empiricism - so resort to mysticism. The ineffable quality of consciousness resists explanation through scientific structuralism but I do recall a few years ago a scientific American article proposing a rational explanation of consciousness as emergent from physicality. I would suggest an interdependency between the structure of brain and the quality of consciousness as a phenomena. A bit similar to compatibilist arguments on free will. I'm certainly not signing up to new age pseudo eastern religious thought suggesting that the universe is a pan psychic consciousness of the unity within itself. The universe is conscious, all be it pluralistically and it is through human beings (and other conscious creatures) that base matter can know of itself and the structure of the universe however limited by the phenomenology of the senses. I suggest Russell tries some DMT and gets past the unity trip through familiarity with the near death experience. A trick of the light when consciousness comes to an end. (Only joking, stay clean no matter what!). Scientific rationalism has not reached it's limit in trying to explain subjective consciousness, there is just still more research to be done. There is no excuse using a god of the gaps argument to propose a mystic cause to consciousness. Just because we cannot explain something adequately does not mean we need to resort to magickal thinking. Apparently the 'universe' abhors a vacuum, the 'god of his understanding' has filled that gap with Brand. Mines a Dyson.

New Song

There's a new song for you to be singing

And it's full of a new hope to be bringing
There close out to the edge
Beyond the grasp of things that they have pledged
New words poised on your lips
And it's time that you got a grip

There's changes that they are bringing
This could mark a new kind of beginning
Town criers bells that are ringing
And this is the song you'll be singing
Time now for liberty
The past that's provided the key
A new world for us all to see

There's a new song for you to be singing
The winds of change that now are bringing
Just like a new beginning
Hands that reach for the light
Never conceding the fight
There on the tip of your lips
New words from your tongue to drip

There's a change that every ones feeling
A new hope that it is bringing

There beyond border lines
Opening up peoples minds
No more thought of disease
No longer brought down to our knees
How we can make our own laws
A way to open boundaries doors

There's a new song that they'll be singing
A new deal for them to be bringing
You see it's a wide wild world
New opportunity that can unfurl
It may seem that the roads over long
But there's hope there in a new song
You see we can find liberty
And all nations as one could be free.

Sovereign powers for them to grant
To be empowered to do what others cant
The tears and fears that are real
It's new, how else could we feel
But it's time for the new deal.

Salmon

The salmon swimming up stream
All following one dream
White water to resist
Thinking of a mate, their bliss

Ripples on the mirror
At the edge of the burn
Fast moving down the mountains
Breeding grounds forever learned

The seas of home are swollen
With the schools of fish
Hands that tickle belly
To deliver to the dish

The salmon's course is upstream
To where they'll lay their eggs
Caviar for silver spoons
As we find our legs

Onwards, ever upwards
To the breeding grounds
We'll buy from the fish monger

They sell us pound for pound

The salmon swim upstream

All following one dream

Strong against resistance

The fisheries that teem

Babs

From the spire of st martins

To the bells of shoreditch

Silent in mourning

The poor as the rich

Humble beginnings

For her starlight

English rose to the camera

After wartime's long fight

Keep calm and carry on

A little bit of a minx

British spirits never knowing defeat

Adored throughout London's streets

A bra of wonder
Just a little bit camp
Icon of our humour
Making her stamp

So many hearts touched
Blessed with the laughter
What a gift to us all
One crown to the call

From Covent Garden
Around St. Paul's
Pearly queens
Fruit barrow boys recalled
Now I could drink a hogs head of ale
But still the shadow of grief would not pale

What words could express
The depth of the loss
Dame Barbara above all
The Windsor's the boss

We'll remember with joy
As we have a little cry

Over the eastends barmaid
Ruling like a Queen
whose memory will not die
A national treasure
A golden age never fading from sight
Touching us all with her star light

The price of 'justice'.

There has been much speculation and at times outright attack on my work as I have written on occasion about capital punishment. From the outset I would state that I am 100% against the state having power to kill it's citizens. Despite this I have explored vengeance as a theme and do not believe the current justice system is fit to purpose. Imprisonment does not reform criminals at all, it merely wastes time and peoples lives, many of whose only crime is that they are too poor to afford a good lawyer. Since the justice system fails in this aim, and is largely corrupt or at the very least prone to corruption, it could never be trusted to get it right on the death penalty. Here I diverge from liberalism. I do think that there is ample justification for ending a life. The state cannot be trusted to administrate on such cases. I am a fond believer that criminal justice must include the element of vengeance for the victim through punishment. I also believe justice is not served with out opportunity and guidance to reform. I do not mean moral reform of character through pointless religious nonsense, pushed on captive audiences in prison, but real training and educational opportunity for the incarcerated. People in detention should be able to choose their career path and receive a free education whilst imprisoned. Only education can reform a troubled character, religious reform offers nothing of value and just makes vulnerable people subject to indoctrination, dogma and fundsamentalism. Guilt trips do not motivate people well to change their ways. Currently prisons are a cesspit of religious abuses. Of course the

assumption is that there is a deviant criminal class in the first place. Many entering prison are themselves victims of social injustice and vulnerable, more misguided than morally destitute. If you ask me how to treat sex offenders I will tell you to permanently put them on a public register to protect children and vulnerable adults from the high likelihood of recidivism through a repeat offence. One rape is too many and a thousand restrictions never enough. I am more sympathetic to murder, most of which are crimes of passion rather than premeditated, an instance of temporary loss of control rather than the popular news story of evil that sells papers. Keeping murderers on license upon release should not be considered a civil rights violation. I have the greatest sympathy for 'crimes' of vengeance, in particular against sex offenders. That is what I mean when I say it is not always morally wrong to kill. To protect others from harm cessation of the life of a serial rapist is in everyone's best interest apart from the perpetrator, like wise with child abusers. Still I do not believe the justice system could ever be fit for purpose to pass such a judgement on behalf of the state. They'd fry poor people, minorities and political dissidents first. The iron fist of the majority is not democracy it is tyranny. The death penalty is always symptomatic of tyranny. Our own justice system, all too recently was at the hands of such a tyrant. Thousands of vulnerable people went to their deaths to serve the moral outrage of the elite. That is unforgivable. I have been imprisoned for violence and it did absolutely nothing apart waste time. I can never get that time back. It served no one. It was pure oppression from the legal classes in reaction to some elements of my work. They threw the book at me because they did not like what I had said about legal reform and civil rights abuses within the justice and mental health systems. I learned nothing from incarceration apart from the fact that some people enjoy it. I did not and was subjected to physical and mental abuse by the system for several years including being put on dangerous medication that has had long term consequences on my nervous system and meant I could not write nor almost stand up normally for the years detained. Chemical cosh, a detention and treatment that cost hundreds of thousands of pounds with so called psychological address. All total crap and not worth a penny, they changed my views and behaviour not one bit. That is the story for many incarcerated and it costs society big time. I will never fully

cooperate with the society I live in as a consequence of having been mistreated. No education or training was offered and near quarter of a million of aftercare did not seek to rehabilitate me in any way from the social exclusion of incarceration. I learned nothing but a deep distrust for the authorities. My crime was in self defence and caused minor temporary injury that would of healed within a month. The tax payer was charged with 8 years of unwarranted treatments by psychologists who frankly could not manage their own lives as well as I did prior to detention. Kettle calling coffee pot black. All down to the fact I couldn't afford a good defence lawyer and active measure were taken to prevent me utilising legal insurance. So the story is the systems full of shit. I knew that before they put me in. I have never experienced any civil legal justice and have hardly any experience of criminal courts as i am not 'a criminal'. I just got in a fight once started by Freemasons. I still have to deal with the consequences 14 years later. For a minor scuffle. Clearly a set up, I was booked to photograph The Queen at a military event that week. No prior history of violence or criminality. Completely disproportionate treatment. The likely reason, that I had been in a legal fight with the UK government via the European court of human rights as a victim of abuses against myself by state mechanisms. I was on a human rights watch list and the human rights charity that attended as witness to my eventual trial said 'we can't intercede, the level of freemasonry effecting this trial is beyond our remit'. I have never even sought to be a member of their vile gang, but my PHD Paedophile Uncle is a senior member. They've mentioned him from magistrates in civil injections where I was plaintiff, negatively effecting outcomes . Directing decisions of other doctors and minions in the court system. I was 19 years clean n sober when they put me in, for a fucking scuffle of no serious import. AA and NA declared war on me on discovering I was in prison. Give Us The List.

Torn

Torn now

Like the flesh of fading scars

You look away

In your eyes I remember there are stars

Torn now

Like fragile silk of wings

Of butterflies

Lost to the tempest winds

Torn like

Lost loves photograph

Holding on too tight

Yours the epitaph

Too much

It seems to me that I must give

A bed you lie in

I guess with that I'll have to live

Blood soaks

Like a guilt stained tear

The burned flesh

Silent screams I hear

Torn hopes

My heart can see you clearer now

I cannot turn from this fate

I would tend to your wounds

But i don't even know how

Torn flesh

Bruised, childhood on it's knees

The heart longs for you

Do you not really see?

Bruised

To kiss away the bruises

Sunk deep in the heart

I think I see through to your childhood

At least I've made a start

Wounds that beg

For gentle caress

I still see you

In ways I seek to confess

Scars deep

I want to reach you there

Warm and soft
Just like the brush of horses hair
Sable paints a picture
That says I really care

Life's long
We all make our own mistakes
I put up a wall
When with subterfuge you fake
I look on the flesh
Torn, that I will not forsake

I would hold you
Safely from the flame
My heart rages
In ways you only tame

I bend down on my knees
To caress those wounds
That make my heart bleed
Like screams from the childhoods years
That make me want
To drink of you
As I kiss away your tears

Mark Carney (what I tried to get across via zoom)

I blame the economic institutions that protect the rich and the crown for my being homeless six times and a life time of poverty and suffering. The bank of England's shadow is why I resent the culture I live in. This is not a blame game, the oppression by the rich of the poor is destroying lives. The only opportunity that I was ever offered was more of the same, control and manipulation. I do not bow to your assumed authority. I will always rebel against the institutional abuses you conserve. The culture could have picked my heart up at any point, in an instant, throughout my 32 years of adult life. It did not. I oppose what you conserve, rather than brother's, you are now and always were, enemy. The people of Britain live impoverished lives, more slave than master of their own destiny, because the rich serve only greed. How do you justify vulnerable people, listed disabled, living on the streets? You speak a good game of charity and compassion but I see the sentiment is fake. I hear talk of restructuring credit agreements and under valuing the poor in brexits rhetoric, new laws to oppress and take from the needy. I've heard talk of your bright new tomorrow before and it was always an emotion you fake. Why not use the military to say that people aggrieved by government failings are conspiracists? I hear generals saying they must conserve the culture at any cost, that we should obscure the faults of our fathers and pretend everything is alright. You lie. The only prosperity you are interested in is your own. You talk of sustainability whilst the dependancy culture of your own creation bleeds the poor dry. You take from the future whilst claiming that the young should be more austere and controled in their development. Your media remit is to obscure the ways in which you feed off the lifeblood of those you claim to serve. The ice caps melt away as you create excuses to mine the oil beneath them. As ever, the emperor has no clothes.

Bright new tomorrow

I guess we never saw eye to eye
And I guess we never will
You prejudge with what you hear
A profile that you fear

You say I have no role
In your games without frontiers
You play me like a bloody fool
It's gone on all these years

Defending the meek
Or so you claim
I see a trail of guilt
Intelligence falsely claimed
To fit me in your frame

I see through a mask
Duplicity
Back to the casting couch
It's always ever been an act
False witness at my back
Projection of your fear
I ask what is it you think you prevent?

If I had a choice
Back to the need for power
Your network dominates
Bombers on the underground
Concealing how you're in a team
As you seek to expand your power base

I want the truth
But I'm never the debriefed
Always the Mexican standoff
What do you protect
My liberty?
Dividing for to conquer
As they build a vision to contain
Wanting to be in on the act

You think you can tell what's real?
Shedding a forlorn tear
No guilt of mine to confess
In their cursed passion play
Any port in a storm
As I think it over
Indiscreet, assuming it goes over my head
Another contradiction to fake

And still I'm sitting on my own

Blue balled

I fell in love

Is that a crime?

She kept me waiting

Stood in line

I want some love

It's about that time

But of it, from her

I get no sign

I've been blue balled

Holding my own

Wanting it all

But distance has grown

Pass me a tissue

Whilst I moan

So much for passion

All I gets a groan

I don't fall too often

And that's a fact

I had high hopes
They're not coming back
An empty bed
Thoughts of her fill my head
But that was yesterday
That light is dead

I jingle my bell end
As I hold my own
Strung along all that time
Like fairy lights
That flick out
Icicle for a tear
And she's not here
Blue Baubles
Lonely hang from the tree

I fell in love
But they hold to another
Just a cheap thrill
Second hand lover
I've been blue balled
Left out in the cold
Can't write their name

This stories old
All I get's sarcasm
And memory of the lies she told

Black narcissus

Black narcissus

Fleur du mal

Your own reflection

A sacred cow

Flowers of evil

With hells scent

Poison perfume

Brimstone leant

On the altar of your jealousy

Your crucifixion

A fevers kiss

Wanton as reddest lipstick

Black narcissus

Your crimson veil of tears

Wrenched by lust

Consumed by fears

With bowed head

Upon shamed knees

Pray that no one

Your secret sees

Black narcissus

Fleur du mal

Reflect upon

Your cursed sins now

Black narcissus

Sacred cow

The death bell

The mountains deep

How for innocence

You long and weep

Your cold reflections

Fleur du mal

Vienna

The Vienna nights

Lost in a waltz

Arabesque

A frozen moment

With a silent poise

She reminds me in her dress

Of the line you cut

Of your feet in golden shoes

Plié to my applause

Etched forever on my mind

The strings of the harp

Like the heart you plucked

Grey skies turn to turquoise

Gilded statues to sunrise

A buddha serene smile

How I long for you to melt

Fondu, into waiting arms

The tremble of the lips

Raised to thirsting eyes

A bouquet, springs surprise

The conductor's baton raised

Pulsing with genteel rhythm
Each section on point
As they ride notes of the score
Ears opening minds doors
Goodbye Vienna
Columbine, my little dove

Demi-detourne
I recall the turn of your cheek
As you look away
But I know your eyes
Ever conceal your true intent
I reach a hand for you
But the moments lost
In your pirouette

Still I struggle
With the words
To draw you to
An encore
To Stoke your hair
So gently
That I weep
The wheels that come to turn

On the awaiting carriage
Seasons come and go,
Yet never the memory of your eyes

Karma

The serpent coils
The hooded eyes
Venom concealing in that look
Baiting a poison hook

Vipers lies
Houri to temptations
To flirt with danger
Where I would never dance

The moth to the flame
Or so they thought
My wings don't burn
Think on inferno

The infernal
Forever damned
Toy with the unforgiving

Courting only the grave

The dagger hid

Blade on the voice

Weaving a bitter spell

Those who fear for hell

The bonds that chain

Do not entice

Ever condemned

To only vice

Mind your tongue

You could OD

As I waive

My wand

A poison pen

A karmic return

Bitter tears

Heart of stone

Cold in the incision

Cut off the snakes head

Words that condemn

And still my laughter

You'll hear it in the end

Wild hogs (Soul reminded me of Dumpys Rusty Nuts! Boxhill)

Rage my wild boar

To glory pigs of war

With tusks for spears

The hogs of fear

Glory pigs of war

Wild dance is the law

Untamed warriors

The wildest of boars

Out in the green

Night manoeuvres unseen

Tusks on flesh fed

Descend for blood shed

Rage my wild boars

Glory pigs of war

Armoured warriors

As one the hogs roar

Glory pigs of war
The wild know no law
Blood rains like tears
Our tusks thrust like spears

Rage my wild boars
Know just this one law
The green man is for
To glory, wild hogs of war

Oxygen

Come out from isolation
Are you cooperating yet?
Tired of the oxygen tent
And self reference on TV?

Technological disease
There's plagues, and even floods
The forests keep on burning
So many acts for their fake god

Find another programme
Thoughts coming in a loop

Why don't you try another door

In the architects labyrinth

Statues for replacement

Painting roses red

By the time you grow up

You'll be ready to be dead

Pushing at your buttons

Are they inside your head

Boys to men

Imprinted porn upon your brain

Until you're a whore to contract

The same old lies again

They'll play on paranoia

With the devil in your ear

Buy the morning papers

Be sure to check your facts

Cultists selling books

Krishna not coming back

Be sure to fight good causes

Can your grandma suck an egg?

The lord of light
On fibre optic
Public records bring them to their knees
Playing at being DJ
Do you believe just what you're fed
Politicians claim they're all one team
Plants in another chat room
As they aggregate your dreams

Abergavenny (Scottish Orders- are they still leaving after all these years
talk?()

There was an old woman from Abergavenny
Who had a problem spending a penny
Her purse was so tight
Or that's what she said
That just having a tinkle does in her head
She went for a drink at benny and jerry
And after someone else got in a few cokes she was quite merry
She went to the toilets to have a see
And found after a few pints she was quite free
Scots are all tight so get in a round
No one know's what she'll do for a pound
That's the story of the woman from Abergavenny
Who was too tight to spend a penny

Self Belief

The believing brain is prone to see paternity in phenomena where there is none. This leads to false beliefs of agency underlying otherwise disconnected events. At root, this is the cause of anthropomorphism, imbuing inanimate objects and even the complex systems of the entire universe with consciousness where there is none. Objective reality has no grand designer, events unfurl within time as we respond and react to each other and the environment. Change is a chaotic principle, our lives unfolding in reasoned response to entropy. There is no implicit meaning to be found, no inherent narrative unfurling. In the theatre of consciousness where we sit at the back of the cinema watching the story of our lives unfold before us there is no script writer. No god is guiding our destiny. Nor are we passive victims to fate, we can get out of our seat and visit another film theatre or choose instead to talk to the other cinema goers about the film. It has been said that to teach children that there is a god looking after our fates is tantamount to emotional abuse. Teaching a false reality where the actual rules of life are suspended, creates delusion and eventually a crisis of faith. Prayer cannot work because not only is no one listening to our supplications but the universe shows no signs of divinely ordained order. There is no divine policeman to judge our actions, no scales of karma to balance the books and create good outcomes for righteous behaviour. A different universe could exist with completely different laws of physics. The fact ours has specific laws is the same as if the forces of expansion had occurred without any intentionality. Things could be otherwise but we live in this universe so the complex laws of forces, matter and time exist in parity and harmony with our universes laws. There is little reason why the zebra should not have pink spots beyond the underlying survival of the species through natural selection through camouflage. This requires no designer. The mind however sees patterns not there since consciousness developed as a survival mechanism. To feel the hairs go up on the back of your neck or hear a whisper of warning on the wind aids survival in a hostile world full of predators. The anxiety of fight or flight is the principle reason why our minds look for patterns that do not exist. Tread on a crack and break your back. Superstition of all kinds

exist because we see faces in the clouds and try to read our fates in the stars. Once again there is no grand design or meaning, we are not followers of a script even as the mind continues looking for signs. The daemon or spark that motivates us may seem all embracing and full of self import, but succeed or fail in our goals, there is no inherent moral to the story. We are not given a meaning by life. We can however find meanings to live within life. This is not the meaning of dogma. No one has the answers for us. Life is a jigsaw puzzle we ourselves complete in conflict and cooperation with others. We cannot predict outcomes to the complexity that surrounds us but we can make our next move based on past experience. Are we dictated to by our history then? Can we break free of repetition of nurtured response and the seemingly fixed potentials of our natures? Some say self will is an illusion, that we are fixed in our reactions to stimulus, that all our actions are dictated by neurological pathways like unconscious biological robots. Consciousness is difficult to quantify. Are we tied to the rock like Prometheus whilst the gods inflict punishments on our ailing bodies for the hubris of stealing the fire of agency from the heavens? We have choice and agency, we cannot control the outcome of our decisions but we are free to choose moment to moment. Is character fixed or can we choose the clothes we wear? Are our personalities mere masks that we wear for the other? Do our core selves have an immutability to their form or are they fluid and dynamic? We all show different faces to others but are we self defined or mere victims to the dominance of public opinion and the judgement of our communities? The facets of a rough diamond reveal itself as it scintillates in the light, some faces highly polished but the Gem is ever a work in progress, smoothing the rough edges of our personality. In this self development, where we try to decide our course through uncharted seas, we look for maps and signs. The dogma of religious ideology has proven to be false. There is no divine compass to show true north. We are engaged as conscious beings in a co-created story within our unfolding lives. We are not passive observers, we are engaged in the creative process of living. The imminent reality where we seem constrained by the contingency of our circumstance is something we can struggle to overcome through force of will. Our futures are emergent. We are not the centre of the universe but our agency is the fulcrum that moves the wheels of change. We are not passive victims to a divine

dictator or the tyranny of the majority, to be crushed by the machine/
Ruling elites may obstruct or dominate our path but they are ultimately
not in control. The universe does not dictate our fates. We are free to
decide our own choices and meaning.

Sunday Sermon

Near to half the population are atheists, more if those paying lip service to Christianity to get their kids into the best schools are included. I know what I don't know is the agnostic mantra but in all probability we do know. The universe does not have a blind watch maker, from neutrinos to the make up of the human eye, to the alignment the planets in the solar system, all would appear to have evolved naturally, neither by design or blind chance. Physics and natural selection over pure chaos. No one had to design the rules governing the universe they developed in imperfect natural alignment. When I say I am an atheist it is implicit that I believe religion is wrong. I do not believe dogmatic adherence to books written by illiterate goat herders in a dim pre scientific cess pit of Middle Eastern cultural obscurity are a guiding light for humanity. When I say I am atheist, I mean I am anti Christian and anti Muslim. Neoliberal activists may immediately react that in their pluralistic vision I must therefore be a racist, to be named, shamed and whipped into conformity with mediocre complicity to their corrupt party lines. The middle classes dominant narrative that we live in an equal opportunity society, where in fact the working classes receive no breaks at all supports a status quo where the rich keep all the money and resources. So, as an atheist I am anti Islam. It is not that I am against Muslims opening halal kebab shops which I readily provide custom for. I am not out to burn the local mosque. I am obviously going to point out that Mohammed had sexual relations with the 9 year old Aisha according to available historical narrative from the Hadith. I am going to mock Muslims for following a slaver and a half mad warlord committed to violent domination of the Arab people's. I am never going to say that Muslims do not have a right to believe as they choose. They claim homosexuals and unbelievers should be stoned to death. I will point out that they are wrong in that choice. Similarly the prattle about virgins and pigeons by those offering their peace be with you of a Sunday does not sit well with me. Conformist, culturally

conservative, homophobic rhetoric about the evils of sin mean nothing to me at all. Their bible, portrayed as the ultimate truth and guide for living in its gross contradictions and outrageous inaccuracies is going to raise my heckles. The bible only has meaning because it's followers give their power away to it. Ok, it's got some literary merits but as a self help book it clearly has its halo up its own arse. Constantine dominated Europe with it but the yolk of enslavement to Rome is nothing to eulogise. Praying to a god that simply is not there is not much better than submission to pure chance or fate, a ship sets sail without a rudder. Moral superiority claims by religion are nonsense. Ethics form through a commitment to truth and empathy for our fellows and the state of the world. Relativism through inquiry not commandments are the order of the free thinker, not the shackles of scripture. Stealing may be wrong but not if your kids are going to starve. Science has not got all the answers but the empirical method has the tools and potential to answer all life's mysteries. The god of the gaps that says what we don't understand must be the will of some nebulous deity is a void that the universe rightly abhors. So I will not knowingly give to Christian, or for that matter Islamic charity. I will provide charity to secular and humanitarian organisations free from religious ideology and agenda. Life has no meaning to give. I can create meaning from the life I attempt to choose to live. Anti Christian and anti Islam . In that there is great freedom and Liberty from the shackles of indoctrination. I give you the right to believe as you will, you do not have a right to try to change me to conform with those beliefs. I do not need to apologise for my excesses, I do not seek forgiveness. I do not care if I cause others to be offended. God is not great, as clearly stated by the genius of Christopher Hitchens. If I was not sober three decades I'd raise a glass to his memory every Christmas. A god whose will it is that people die in pain from HIV or cancer and a myriad of childhood ailments is clearly totally insane in their indifference to humanity. Okams razor states that the simplest solution to any problem is usually the best. God did not create the universe. .A universe that came from nothing because nothingness is unstable is the simplest solution to existence. The universe could be different but it is not because it evolved in an emergent evolution befitting its specific laws. Where there are gaps in scientific understanding there is no hole to fit with god. The universe came into

being because it could not be otherwise. A god of the gaps explains nothing, who designed the god of the gaps? Rather it is the belief in god that is the fundamental gap in knowledge and understanding that the religious mind is afflicted with. I do not suppose all my religious friends are stupid, as demonstrated by the breadth of their theology but they clearly suffer from a curious kind of insanity and irrational blindness to fact. Philosophy and science , not religion, can restore them to sanity. God is the gap. The only time I think of a second coming is during masturbation. Thankfully I am not on my knees.

Idle

The importance of being idle

Don't over fill each day

If you want some inspiration

Don't let other things get in the way

Make room for a nap

As Sleeping dogs lay

Don't think over much

Of what you'll next say

There are censors in our heads

Who always want to edit

Stand by your own words

Even when no one seems to get it

The importance of being idle
Foot massage of a morning
A little relaxation
Just as the day is dawning
In my wake up routine
There's time for tai chi and a game of chess

The more I lay about
The more I get things done
Not too keen on stress
A little walk, no need to run

Don't over extend
When you stretch your limbs
Plenty of time for growth
Slow expansion, seeds begin
Reaching ever upward
Shoots that seek the light
No need to be in a hurry
It's a marathon seeking for new heights

So the elephant in the room is child abuse in the U.K. the likelihood of a child knowing they have been assaulted by a paedophile is slim. Contrary to media sensationalist spin the most likely abuser is a blood relative. In 1 in 10 boys abused sexually in the USA where the perpetrator was convicted the abuser was their biological mother. It was

stated by NSPCC advertising that 1 in 7 children in contemporary British society will be exposed to such abuse. Government covers up abuse claiming this protects victims. The NSPCC, one of largest children's charities in the U.K. with royal patronage was taken to court by government sources to withdraw the advertising campaign because several sectors of our society do not want the truth. The likelihood of a child getting a conviction against a family member abusing them is minute. Even when offences come to social worker attention the child is likely to be labelled as ADD or the like, briefly intervened on and after parent skill programs returned to the abusive family system. The chances are a child may comprehend the nature of the abuse clearly only come adulthood. I was active in victim groups, as also other support networks through my twenties, videotaped as I spoke at child protection conferences and rallies for victims rights from podium at Trafalgar Square. I have appeared on national TV and in national press as a vocal victim. I have had over 15 years of therapy across my adult life as a victim. Not once did I get close to convicting my abusers. From experience of victim support few other victims got convictions either. In stark contradiction to media profiles, it is likely an abuser will be described as an upstanding member of the community, in a career, likely in a position of power and authority, a good family member and have no criminal record. In the USA where laws to protect children have existed for longer they public list paedophiles to protect the community. They are monitored and prevented from access to family victims. The profile type of a Killer monster predator hunting children is a myth to frighten people. Rarely does this ever occur. I have since my early twenties supported campaigning to get public listing, permanently of all sex offenders so the community can know their exact crime. In the past in the U.K. child abuse was purely dealt with by the clergy, who told everyone to forgive and forget. There was no coherent children's act to protect them till the 1980's in the U.K. at that time political pressure was put on the emergent services to cause as little disruption as possible and to minimise the consequences of abuse. This left children unsupported and abusers with all the power. As the U.K. can now make its own laws I believe it is high time to address the failings of child protection and victim support. Rather than cover up abuse via media controls and advertising regulations we should face the problem as a society full on. In my humble attempts to

bring attention to needs for reform now is the time to Give us The List.
Public list all sex offenders permanently with full disclosure of their
crimes to protect the public.

The ward

Another bitter pill

Like Ritalin

Do you suppose

They suppress your thoughts

Memory

They hypnotise

Blank our minds

Feed us on lies

Plasticine pingu

The lion king

Parenting skills

Just what went wrong?

In the all together

Sing the same old song

Did they seek a scapegoat?

Did someone offer a deal?

Put in a unit

They'll tell you it was not them

No matter how long

You had statement of special needs

Who came to the rescue?

The heart that bleeds

The schools couldn't cope

Why do you think you acted out?

Wrongs someone encouraged

What was that all about?

I wonder if you remember me

Or just a story, a line they feed

You were disturbed

By your fathers hits

Your grandparents

Controlling shit

Your mother was

Compulsive with sex

It can be assumed

You were their victim

I put you in

I have no guilt

Battle

An inspector calls

Ever working the blind

I did a dance

Whilst they picked your minds

The weimaraner in a deal

Directors box of tricks

Drug dealers on the scene

My broken dreams

Psychosynthesis,

A look a like

It doesn't work

You can take a hike

Mud was thrown

I took a bullet

Your childhoods smiles

To protect

A nest of vipers

My hand reached in

Love is a tangle
A complex web
Monsters under the bed
Last words I said

I did not think you'd remember
Because they wiped your mind
I went in on them
I'm not their kind
The fallen Madonna
A portrait signed
Look on their faces
Pale on heroin

My heart beats proud
Inside my chest
The one you forgot
That met the test
You don't know it
But you were blessed

Love hate!

Love and hate

Do you choose a side?

A taste for blood

The scars don't hide

A missing piece

What to decide

A love affair

Or a battle cry?

When I look back

Upon my life

The fire in the belly

Heated my heart

Something missing

No guiding light

Another kiss?

Looks like a fight

Some say love

Is all it takes

But another battle

My life could make

Like roselyn road
My fist weren't fake

The anger burns
You think I've gone soft
Back to the water
Melting like tears?
I'm no fool
Some wars take years

Old glory

They tell the children of glory
Battles they won
Wounded knees of the warriors
Bowing down to imperial song

Enjoy the journey
A magical mystery tour
Fake profiles from searches
Every site you've been on

Hypnotised minds
Encouraged to kill

Put in the frame
Prophecy to fulfil
Pathways to follow
Till they can portray you as ill

The man in the arena
Real men pull up their socks
Bleeding hearts who have forgotten
Why they act out the lot

It's no real enigma
How they direct
Try not to listen
To the words that are sent

We all bow down
To the crown and the priest
But it's autosuggestion
Sometimes the great are the least
Nursery rhymes
Implant fears of the beast

So they sell us a story
And everyone agrees

It's all for the best
That we stoop to our knees
Could someone point out
The price of belief
A culture that's broken
Where children still scream

Iron ore

'Real men' grind the millstone
By the weekend they'll be drunk
Call stepford wives bitches
Sometimes they're struck

Protecting their fathers
And lies that they told
They say do not judge
The ones that are old

Generals build walls
Polishing medals
Shadowing goats
A narrative pedal

Make an example
The hero in battle
Keep them excluded
Out to pasture like cattle

Sometimes high hopes
Are crushed to reveal
That those following dreams
Do not live in the real

Wrecks by the roadside
Beggars to passers by
The hunchback their mask
Whilst the lonely will cry

They'll make out it's fair
That you had half a chance
Remember the waltz
The embrace lost to the dance
The walrus, the judge
Innocence to begrudge

No morals to stories
That they uplift

Draining the youths
Of all their gifts
Those craving roles
Those that we'd list

They say that their just boys
So they puff out their chests
Youth growing beards
No crimes to confess
Duly exploited
Give it up, take a rest?

Long nights

Could I lighten your evening
Like a candles burning flame
Warming into the night
Light your way again?

Shielding from the storm
Through winters deep freeze
Keep your shoulders warm
Like the soft touch of a Kashmir

I could fluff your pillow
The feathers of the down
Rest your weary head
Stroke your hair from your neck

Could I fill your nights with sensation
Freshly cut flowers
A little squeeze of lemon
Touch of warm honey in a brew?

Sweetness for your lips
Gentle caress upon your tongue
Stirring your senses
To keep love ever young

Add the evenings spice
A stick of cinnamon
As the scented candle
Drips with tears of joy
At your alter I would worship
With this scented caress

Pro noblem

Cut welfare for the poor
That is the wigs law
The wolf still at the door
Call us skivers not the thrivers
But the working class are born survivors

The treasury still rich
There's still diamonds for the crown
Spread the wealth around
They say that life's a bitch
Don't grind the people down

A noble savage
The Englishman his castle
Don't forget the town militia
Have their own armoury

They want a civil war
Steal food from the poor
Fat cats on the take
Class conflicts all they make

With passions that are wild
Spare thoughts for the hungry child

They'd see us in the food banks
Grateful sheep bleating our thanks

Demonise the welfare state
It's why the serf will hate
The shit that floats atop
The big nobs that own the shops
Recall there is king mob
Imposed recession for to stop

The good?

The good guys don't always win
You may wonder where's the cavalry?
No redemption, no meaning
An empty heart left in the cold

When I was young I thought us friends
But as I grew it came to an end
I saw corruption and had false hopes
Shattered like a breaking glass

They said they'd always be by my side
That truth and justice were my guiding light

Taught me to be honest about everything

They took me for a ride and did me in

The good guys don't always win

The dreams of youth meant everything

But I grew up and saw reality

Was not so great as they made out

The heroes fakes

Everyone sells out for a price

I watch the TV as spotlights fade

Love grows old, my hair to grey

I knock upon each closing door

My heart sinks more each coming day

All I see are cover ups

Dirt swept under the carpet on which I thought to fly

The good guys don't always win

Criminals are free, living a lie

I never knew I would despair

As I grow older, I fail to see the point

I carry on from day to day

A passion burns inside my chest

But others try to tame the fires
It's not how they tell it in the books
I know if I was back out on the street
You would not give me a second look

Arrows

I try to make a meaning of each day
Someone else gets in the way
Still I struggle to take an aim
To unleash my arrow ever true
Although it's really quite absurd
They move the target every time I let loose

I may fall short
In the eyes of some
I notch my bow
And shoot again

Wars take years
There's many a battle
My limbs are tort
Strained by past failure

Age brings wisdom

Or so they say

No more direction

From another's way

I wake to the sunrise

At the break of day

The quest begins

Live with intent

Creating meaning

From the ashes of the past

Wuthering

New wine in old caskets

Bittersweet blood on lip

Raising fists for battle

Conflicts forever missed

To pour a draft

A roast in hellfire

Forever in the club

Devils own, never retire

The cloven foot
Drowning the dog
A shadow forever cast
And yet they speak of gods

To raise like the grail
The poison cup
Cast them down again
Inferno for to sup

The scent of brimstone
The bale fired
Drunk on the blood of enemies
To raise the spirits higher

Sat on the wuthering shore
Home by the sea
A tin mans plague of ghosts
Skull bleached with which I toast

Sweet revenge

Vengeance chokes
A dish best served cold

Sat in the cell block

Growing old

Blood feud bitter

Ever in my thoughts

Sharpening knives

A taste for it, that they taught

Instilled from birth

The power struggle

Their generation

Barb wire kisses cuddle

The embers of a rage

That the system tried to assuage

Fuel to the fire

Until the funeral pyre

Black smoke rises

Dancing fire flies

What they taught of manhood

All just lies

So I sit with a knot

That twists the heart

It's not forgot

I make it art

No forgiveness for the meek

All they want is servants weak

Knuckles white

From shackled fists

A curse on them

That made this fight

Devil whispers on the shoulder

I turn away

I cannot win

Catch 22

Where to begin?

Now with wisdom

Getting older

That speaks of those tempted

Ever bolder

But for the cell block

Growing colder.

TLC

No one remembers

Tender loving care

When we shared a bed

Where no one else would dare

A virus flowing in your veins

Talk of disease

Somehow never on your lips

But forever on your mind

A sky blue suit

A gift of a slow hand

Paying a carer

To load the bullet in the gun

The final act

An inspector calls

An overdose

Mercy in the fall

It's a sin

Of course it's really not

Some live with pain
No thought for suffering
But the tender touch
Gave freely releasing
The lighthouse spotlight
For the curtain call

I sat and waited for the prompt
Needle concealed
Ready for the arm
I count the cost
Noble oblige
A final bow in the closing act
What could be the harm?

Hot shot

Sharpening lances to a point
On a box of swan vesta
Preparing a hot shot
They must be alliance and Leicester

Clucking like a chicken
They're going cold turkey

Chill out in a cell
You know it won't hurt me

Somewhere naked lunch
Like sausage and backed beans
Served up in detention
Is that how you got clean?

Back with the punks
Sharp point to a needle
Out on the streets
Town crying from a beadle

They're the big shot
Is that all they've got?
Must be uncle fester
Pinned by a hot shot

We play the hand we've got
You know I want the lot
Shirt from you're back
Hunchbacks carry sacks
Remembering The End
This is a Valentine I'll never send

Fatal beauty

Loaded in a gun

You won't see the point

But it's going to make you run

Riders on the storm

This battle you begun

Heart Strings

You're pulling on my heart strings

Please don't pull so hard

Remember as you're tugging

Love can be a trump card

Like guitar strings resonating

You strike a chord with me

But please don't strum too hard

They've already broken what you see

Like a ball of twine unravels

I feel it as you pull

It could be soft and warm

Just like knitted wool

You're pulling at my heart strings
But it's been broken before
Sitting by myself
Behind a locked door

They say that some build walls
That others are just hearts of glass
If you want to possess me
I think I'd rather pass

Just like spun sugar
Fragile strings of the heart
If I let you in
I would never want to part

I've felt this pull before
And when the story unravels
There might be nothing left
Of the sentiment this carries
Please don't tug too hard
I need space but don't you tarry
You're pulling on my heart strings
That's why some people marry

Cages

The worse case scenario

Animals in a zoo

Locked up in cages

With bars to see through

The next best thing

Slaves in a chain gang

That offered up hymns

Spirits raised as they sang

The best of all worlds

To be really free

Do what we want

Have whatever we see

Shooting stars seek new heights

Looking for the next line

Simulates peak experiences

One bag at a time

Those knowing despair

Now with comforts once rare
Still so unfair
In the hardship they bare

Creature comforts fulfilled
Surrogate friends
Seeking for pleasure
The entertainment soon ends
Who did you bed last night?
Your heart to defend

Remember they've cages
Kept under glass
No reason to be there
Sat on your arse

A feathered nest
And the means to create
I can think of a better life
But for now, it's just great
Days spent in leisure
Memory of the hate
But if tomorrow's the same
I'll resign to this fate

Sutton Hoo Helmet

The crown wears heavy
Like the helm of the gods
A two headed serpent
Goes over the scalp
Teeth bare for battle
Thirsting for blood
Snarling mouth of the frenzy
Shape changers rough shod

The mask of death
Worn on the face
A wyvern flies north
The Royal of mace
Spears raised by berserkers
Stallions hearts race

Two boar show their tusks
Ready to thrust
The blade raised aloft
Weapon of the just
Joined in the dance

Wolfskin with blood lust

Garnet adorned

Gleaming from gold

One eye in wisdom

Bright bridge of the old

Scarlet as a ruby

Red rain of the flood

The rites of the royal

The ship that sets sail

On eternities winds

True north without fail

Handing rudder to kin

An unending line

The Anglo Saxons

All who stand proud

The way of kings

To burial mound

The Sutton Hoo finds

That times growing late

To herald new beginnings

With horn of fate

Trauma

They conditioned me not to cry
When they slammed my fingers in the door
Whipped me with nettles without a tear
Held me under water in the bath
Till my lungs burned to take a breath
Of the sexual abuse I think I'll pass
And leave it to your imagination

Story time when they came to my bed
A different character for each assault
Raised to hate
It's all they taught
Forever selling off
Every gift they got
Chinese burns
Is that all they've got?
A break from worse
With some relief

They took me out for all to see
Keeping up appearances,

Divorced from home's reality
They wore a suit to go down the school
Parents evenings for all to fool

Shit and blood
On the towel
All to prove they had the power
Frightening children with their god
I'd be off to hell if I talked

By aged ten I took a mortal blow
A cracked skull
An embarrassment
To them that's all it meant
Pretending everything was fine
For fuck sake
I nearly died

Too much of their emotional abuse
They said my absent mother was a whore
That she was dead, what's the use?
A past on which they closed that door
I remember blood blisters on my hands
That was as an infant

How they tore my ear
Ripped from the side of my head

So forgive me if I cannot trust
That people are not my favourite animals
I awake in the night with tears and rage
Thirty years of therapy
And still stuck on the same page
Trauma never really heals
How do you think it really feels
Forgive, forget?
It's all out war
I can't forget the things I saw#
You think all that's just inside my head?
Why wouldn't I want to see them dead

Uncle Fester (St. Arvans)

Uncle fester
He's the alliance and Leicester
Don't tell the kids
That means child molester

I hear he wears fila

Cos he's the kiddy fiddler

A puddle file

A long time piddler

He's been up all night

Watching electric blue

Clicks on all the banners

Wanting to look at you

Hangs round the play park

Says he likes to swing

We've got a long rope

A noose would fit him

Uncle fester

The alliance and Leicester

The kids don't sit on his lap

Cos he's a child molester

Uncle fester

Put him on the list

Pinned to a church door

Kids just show him a fist

An alliance and Leicester
The child molester
Give him rat poison
He's that uncle fester
Put him in a box
Cos he shows girls his cock
Keep calm and kill nonces,
By the way I also don't like those ponces !

Tears

Hot tears that flow like old wine
Matured in the casket
Their ebb concerto strings
Welling up
As they water tomorrow's seeds
That gently push at the soil
To raise leaves towards the spring
New shoots that strain for the light
To reach upward for the sun
This I witness, as growth
Warm heart that hears soft words
For which I truly thirst
Ever struggling not to turn away

From the cleansing showers
Like bathing in fresh hope
The tide that turns around
Catharsis , heart, not drowned
When I turn to the mirror
And see myself
As if reflected in your eyes
I'm still standing
And know why I am heard

Conspiracy?

There's no corruption
I hear them say
So why do rich criminals
Get in my way

My life story
It seems to me
Could not be so
Without foul play

I have rights
That have been denied

That takes other people

To decide

The penguins not so far away

Runs a nightclub

Where the youth will dance and play

Irons in so many fires

Inflated egos

Never retire

Who owns a football club?

A record label ?

Shares with all the bosses

In Hard Rock Cafe ?

Just as well their partners

Know me too

A few jobs I've done

They know I'm true

My uncle produced pills for them

Sold at their gigs,

I've met their thugs

Hired hands known to rape

All on drugs

Their are those who lost their fingers

Some are dead

Organised crime across the city

They say they show respect

Kept me homeless half my life

They say I've self pity

Sexual compulsives

On the ponce

Drug dealers

That I met once

There's no corruption so they say

They payroll politicians

Just who gets in my way?

Service?

Our rightful masters

Want us down on our knees

That's why they made religion

So we'd serve submissively

They wove the stories

With common symbols

Baited the hook
To promote their fictions

Big knobs and lords
The seat of a bishop
Directing lives
With feigned virtue

No one knows all the answers
We all fear to die
Those who'd control us
Sitting holy there on high
Above us all
With all they buy

Tell me a bedtime fable
Hypocrisy, their bed of vice
They're so rich
They can afford to look so nice

Divisive with their society
They talk a good game
Serve your community
But the sentiments just lame

Indoctrination for your kids
His Masters Voice might do you in
You'll never know the freedoms
That they've got
Crumbs from their table
All we see of opportunity
We're just down dumbled
They own the lot

The forge

Strike whilst the iron is hot
Molten metal from the furnace
Forge the blade in adolescence
Sharpen will around pubescence

The hand that stays, off time regrets
Conflict never in conclusion
A kindness knowing
In youths revolution

Grip the ingot in the tongs
Beat the pattern weld
To right the wrongs

Grind an edge upon the stone

Childhood lost to foul abuse

May face life asking what's the use

But we have no choice but to go on

Finding legs that will stand strong

Trial by combat

That's what they taught

To slay the shadows

To be fought

Stretched in darkness through each day

Best strike now, the worse waylay

Hamlet syndrome

Vengeance left ever wanting

Who mentors fire

A good will hunting?

The apple never falls

Far from the tree

Be sure your foes

Will condemn thee

Growing up

Coming of age

Some words are better left unsaid

As ink dries like falling tears

Counting the cost of the lost years

Better to get it over

From the start

Than recall lost chance

With ageing heart

Remember there is understanding

To redeem the youthful folly

Kinder to make the kill

Than be cast in role of the ill

Proclaiming a kind of natural justice

Upon the embers burning page

Still the candles light

Reflects the flames of rage

The toll

A life of struggle

And of pain

Too much hardship

And they'll label you insane

I'm not built their way
They like cooperation
I don't believe in them
And I certainly don't trust

I've never been a follower
They want the teens to search
For things not there
So they can direct

All I want from life
Is creature comfort
I'm too old to believe in dreams
Nor Buy the next line that they sell

All the time they use that longing
How we all like to feel
Sense of belonging
With it, they seek control

So rebellious, in my role
Not seeking answers
But Security to fill a hole

There really isn't much
To their claims of soul
Life weighs heavy
The hard knocks take there toll

Jesus H Christ

Doodah doodah day
Jesus Christ was really gay
Some say he loved Mary Magdalene
But he was the other way

Jesus loved his dad
Everyone thought that he was mad
Now the Pope sticks a cross up his arse
And the nuns give it a lick

Doodah doodah day
Jesus never had a lay
Everyone said he just loved his dad
You know that that's just gay

Jesus the holy shit
On the popes face he might sit

Now nuns never ever wipe their arse
So the priesthood can lick it

Doodah doodah day
Jesus Christ was really gay
Twelve disciples liked to follow him
And with his bum they had their way

Doodah doodah day
They'll be a second coming one day
The nuns wear the candles down
In the hope Jesus might turn the other way
Take eat for this is my body
Did no one ever point it out to them that their symbols are quite dodgy

Vaccine Dreams

It always rains in England
The cows lay down
I want a vaccination
And I want it now!

I don't want the virus
It's too soon to die

The doctors can stop it
And that's no lie

I'm not scared of needles
Stick it in as soon as you can
I won't cry at a small jab
Cos I'm an English man

Doris on the telly
She's had a bad hair day
But Dylan's got a bone
Nothing gets in the way
Up at number ten
They're happy and gay

I want a vaccination
And I want it now
Give the labs a bonus
Let them take a bow
Put your faith in science
It's no sacred cow

It's only a small prick
That's what I tell all the ladies

I got a letter from the government
And now I want to practice
Making babies!

Roseanne

Power mongers on your TV
Sell Christianity
Wake up to reality
Their agenda promotes themselves
Self development costs money
Who holds all the wealth?

White trash rednecks
All telly tubby
A TV dinner
Dubbed with a hook
With self reference
And contradictions
They think it's spiritual
These big knobs fictions

The new age
A power struggle

A war for who influences
Controlling minds
Amplifying all the conflicts
They'll say they've solutions
To heal the blind

Some will bow down
To anyone who preaches of god
Battle for ratings
They claim they're good
Casualties of their programmes
Find themselves a Psychiatrist
Deluded souls
Who followed yellow brick roads
Abducted by aliens
In an ambulance

Send your money
So they will pray
For your lost soul
To find a way
Smoke and mirrors
Snake bite oil
Just for power to influence

Viewers who are the loyal

The queen of daytime

Takes the lead

Can you even trust

The headlines that you read

Apple news sown with fake stories

National Inquirer resurrects the dead

Elvis seen on dark side of the moon

Sell them your hearts

They will make out that it has a use

Are you reflected by your TV?

Local governments to abuse

Don't believe in all you see

And in nothing that you hear

Imminent

I've lost all thought

Of imminent death

No existential threat

The goal has been met

I've had my jab

The miracle vaccine

Thank the scientists

This really is a happening

I'm over joyed

Cos now I can relax

No thought of hospital

The threat ain't coming back

So long grim reaper

My times not up yet

You're the kind of face

I'd rather forget

You've only one life

So best live it well

No time for consequences

Of too much excess

The good life for me

Moderation is best

I'm not knocking at deaths door

Not going to kick the bucket

No curtain call

Time to take an encore
Back to the simple pleasures
Small things that I can treasure

I've had it up to here
With imminent death
Time to chill out
Take a deep breath
No more worry
Just give it a rest

Budget

The workers get no money
Welfare goes below inflation rates
One things for sure
Big Business know who are their mates

Another day of furlough
Tough luck is all they say
The fat cats looking greedy
They look the other way

Same as it ever was

Just what don't you see
The Bank of England spinning plates
To inflate the GDP

No real thought for the disabled
Or those on universal credit
With the prices rising
There's not much left but debit
I got an O'levl in home economics
The budgets really shit

The chancellor has balls
To toss up in the air
But as we watch him juggle
Is it really fair?

Single parents
Part time workers
Those just on minimum wage
Look out Rishi Rich
We all want some pay
Everybody needs more Bread
I feel like Jimmy Boswell
That's it,

I've had my say.

Elemental

Standing stones

The test of time

Weathered rock

The obelisk

A mountain peak

Steady as my feet

The spray of surf

Breaking waves

Hearing their roar

Waters strong

Keep me afloat

Yet simple as a tear

Candle flame

That shines the way

Reaching through the night

How I long to dance

To you through the fires

Reach you naked in their light

The breath of winds
That stroke your hair
Invisible as my reaching hands
Finger tips brush you there
Unseen by others eyes

Massaged flesh
Rhythm to ride
Music of the spheres
Elements that make a life
You touch me in my heart

Adagio

I don't mean to intrude
But the thought still comes to mind
Wondering what you are doing
Cos I'm the sentimental kind

Relaxing for a while
I sit alone listening to an adagio
But there you are again
I wonder if you even know?

I stretch my limbs
Pace around awhile
But nothing satisfies
Like your particular style

I lay in wait
Watching hours stretch to days
Shadows grow
I seem to lose my way

And there you are
I see your face again
Wondering how it would feel
If each day was just the same

Adagio
The swell that comes to please
The string section
That ever speaks of ease

I let go
Of the flights of fantasy
But then I catch a breath

And wish it was reality

The thought intrudes

I remember your smile now

The pillow calls

With a dream that whispers how?

Romantic hearts

Only reason to sink to the knees

Adagio

A thought of you at ease

Human doings

Do you only find your worth

through what you do?

Take it all away

What's left of you?

Some do extra hours

That are superhuman

Ever striving to me more

Never satisfied

I took semi retirement
Extremely early
I'm twice as content
Do as I please

Some live for stress
It's all they know
Back to the grind stone
Go, go, go!

If you look for self worth
You'll never find it
It's an inside job
You can't fabricate it
It's not about what I do
More of what I won't

I don't have a schedule
To speak of
I'm happy as Larry
I refuse work
Don't need to do nothing
Except look after my self

Self esteem at my core
They can't take it away
Self care I'm for
Back in the rat race
They need a pick up
Won't find me with a nose bag
I've got self worth

Cafe society

We never had that coffee
But I smelt the richest beans
Just a whiff of your roast
Was enough for me it seems

A subtle aroma
Exotic excitement for my cup
I like the rarer breeds
I never want to give you up

I sip my arabica
From an earthenware mug
It warms my senses
I think of giving you a hug

It's a sentimental journey
That brings me back to you
That's why it turns out
That with you I'm never through

Pale chocolate to the lips
How I long to take a sip
A finely roasted bean
A passion without scene

I think of you with croissants
Buttered by the knife
I might seem a little flakey
But you add the spice of life
If we went for coffee
Who knows what might happen
The rich aromas anticipation
Just a shame your someone else's wife.

News flash

It's not a perfect world
Other people after what you've got

Interference

Competing for the lot

I can sit alone

And amuse myself

I may pine for you

But at least I've got my health

Sunday mornings

Reading the weekly news

You're the headline

That I would freely choose

Read all about it

News flash on the TV

Paper late

But you're the main story

I fold the tabloids

Flick through the magazines

Eyeing the models

There's none so fashionable to me

I think about it

You could be the centre spread
Touch of mystery
But a rave review is what you get
I turn over the next page
You're always the one that is well read

Total recall

They've got nothing on me
Still the devil at my shoulder
Interrogates
It was all done and dusted
Decades ago
The record repeats
There's nothing more to know
They call it post traumatic
But it's a bit too over dramatic
How it's beyond my control
The way the needle stays in the groove
And skips backwards on replay
His masters voice
The old school gramophone
You see I broke the record
Smashed the abusive home

Nothing to go back to
Why do memories return?
They've got me in a loop
The same old story that I know
Forgive and forget?
They're forever ill met
I don't give a damn for the ashes of the past
I spit on their graves
And never shed a tear for them
I ignore it as best I can
Tell others how I feel
It comes back round again
It's been total recall for over twenty years

Indiscretion

Indiscreet

You have to remind me to relent
A guilty pleasure
You've nothing to repent

The virgin page

I wave my magic wand
Words of veneration

They say I should be banned

I erect the pedestal

To raise you proud to see

Spotlight on your beauty

With sublimity

I would like to sculpt you

With my trembling hands

It's the source of passions

Artistry, I'm every man

We glance then look away

For else we would all stare

Upon your femininity

Fine clothes that you wear

Lost within the sculpting

Knead at the dough

Oh to mould your flesh

Bowing down so low

Watch the baking bread

Rise like seeds I sow

Creating after fashion

Worship where your feet will go

Seriously

Serious ?

Never just a game

Some men are only players

After all, what's in a name?

Violins like memories

Never to subside

What was it you were thinking

That you would be taken for a ride?

Situations can be complex

But hopes have matured

I'd take you as you come

We can discuss the finer points

My heart beats in my chest

With a will that's true

Some things are hard to come by

But then I looked on you

This life has many knots
With you I could unwind
So there's a bit of baggage
To your faults forever blind

My heart upon my sleeve
Ever to play the fool
You see I've lost my mind
And coming to my senses
It's your heart I seek to find

Cup of tea

Drinking tea so slowly
With a reverence
Cup poised on the lips
Held with a finesse

Steeping the green leaves
Scent of jasmine in the steam
Poring from the pot
China bone white clean

Calm within the moment

Of first taste on the tongue
Approach like a beginner
Senses livened as when young

Slowly with intention
Unity of mind
Knowing of one purpose
Peace of which to find

Drink your tea more mindful
Hold warmth in the hands
Like wide eyes of an infant
Fresh footprints in the sand

Sip your tea more slowly
Gentle with calm mind
The day it's fresh beginning
With unity to find

Longings

Absent, longings
Like the childhood memory
Craving rescue

A bitter sweet symphony

It seems to me

A familiar energy

The unobtainable

Feeds the fantasy

It's wove with sadness

How some scenes remain on hold

It's in the way of things

That this is too complex to resolve

I dream of mending it

With a stitch in time

All that longing

A heart that's lost in rhyme

It's not just about me

Glass slippers for a kiss

To transform the words

Into what i truly miss

Wounds of abandonment

Forever the unloved

Romantic rendezvous
Search never giving up
Writing the next line
That can never right their wrongs

There's no saviour
None can heal the wounded heart
Yet I reach out
With a hope that never parts
I turn to my sentence
Face the empty page
I make a start
I don't know if it makes it better
But at least they'll call it art

Innovation

Innovation
Welcoming the new
Alternate lifestyles
Freedom from what we knew

We search our lives
For some kind of answer

A self made narrative

To make sense of it all

Heroes journeys

Highest fantasy

Trying to find resolution

To all the meaninglessness

It's more a comedy

This life that has three acts

Childhoods powerlessness

Another's dumping ground

In adulthood

Ever striving to succeed

The goalposts move

Just trying to meet our needs

So to retirement

To take a final bow

A life of leisure

Self reflection now

I wish the battles were won

That the struggle made some sense

But after all

This life has its shadows

Living in their lies of pointlessness

There's no redemption

Nothing I would confess

All paths absurdity

Recall the day I wore a wedding dress

Sidelined

Do you look down on me

Think that you are better off?

Claiming your false meanings

I've heard it all before

Some try to resolve the past

By trying to save the lives that were their own

Motivation pulls the heart strings

But they fail to see it doesn't work

Some seek dogma

Cold ideology

Anything to believe

Crumbs from the table

They think that it is hope

I've had diversity

I've done the things you do

And what I learned to reject

Makes a slave of you

Let it all go?

Don't you think I already did?

It comes back

Just who do they try to kid?

Follow the yellow brick road

They don't even know it's full of shit

Integration , another sacred cow

There's no self realisation

With out deep pockets

I ask how?

So I sit on the fence

Cheer on from the sidelines

Some court the spotlight

Others look for signs
Fond illusions of the truth
But they're not offering us any proofs

I'll content myself
with salmon steaks for tea
Silver service
My day at liberty
I no longer give a toss
And I won't call you boss
I listen to an aria
Whilst your life looks a dead loss

Humanity?

Don't ask me to cooperate
Because I won't
I don't believe in you
Or the last quote

You striped me down
Two thirds of my life
Hands gripped my throat
I don't know why

The wolf never far
From my door
I'm never coming on
No encore

Do you think that I hold dear
The illusions you feed
I know fear
You're the ones that cause it

I have no dreams
To speak of
Just happy
I'm not in a secure ward

My final days could be a fight
Beating off abusive nurses
It keeps me awake at night
Don't even want to talk to their kind
I'd rather final battle
Than face that

I'm experienced

No faith in the common man
Don't trust humanity
They do us in anyway they can
Reality bites
And it's never looked nice

I used to think I had rights
They invade my privacy
No one takes up the fight
Don't ask for me to cooperate
I don't believe in you
The past could still repeat
At least I'm still standing on my own feet

Conversion therapy

The problem with conversion therapy
Is that it can't always be seen
Covert abusive ideology
It's the stuff of philosophy

When they made the rules
Love was illegal
Then we moved the goal posts

But institutions stayed the same

They make out we're vipers

If we make a stand

Can't see all those we're fighting

Sometimes hard to take a stance

Every school of psychology

Has its own take

There's no real unity

Things don't integrate

There's those who say it's sin

Shame faced, where to begin

Others speak of deviance

Diverged from social norms

Not long till they label deviant

Diversity scorn

Right through to the 70's

Love was criminalised

Attitudes don't change too quick

There are those that tell us lies

Personality disorders

Without a crime

No one would need a boundary

If everyone one was safe

Covert abusers in the colleges

It's not just those taht think Christ saves,

Yes we can ban it

But they WANT to convert

Thimbles

A thimble full of tears

Painted like the scream

Fragile porcelain

All that reminds me of

I don't know if I'll smash it

Like so many masquerades

All the lies they wove

But my memory never fades

A thimble full of tears

They were never worth much more

All the childhoods absence

But the needle was still sore

To weave a stitch in time

To mend a torn hole

Searching for a rhyme

To make the fragile heart now whole

A thimble full of tears

That's all that's left of them

They were never there

The chance never coming back

They never apologised

Couldn't connect with how it really felt

I rarely think of it

A tear of blood

The needle prick

A thimble full of tears

The woman I'd never want to know

Coronet

Bruised hearts

And coronets

There are wounds left

I can't forget

They say to serve
Will mend all ways
Claim they build bridges
To a better day

Directors plans
The stuff of fiction
Puppet masters
Causing friction

Gordian knots
To force the hand
They want to talk
This much I understand

Spinning plates
Creating issues
Assuming things
That are not there

So I juggle
Back to the circus

Tears of a clown
How do they work us?
It always rains
The whole year long
A right to disagree
Is that so wrong?

Mange tout?

What's on the menu
At les chandelles ?
Burning at both ends
The flame aglow
Standing to attention
For that Venus in fur

Gourmet tastes
For connoisseurs
Silver service plater
Where the meter maids
Meet cross dressed
Mad hatters

Just my cup of tea

Giving you a stir
I could sit and watch
But I'd rather marry it to her
Marquis of Queensbury
Cock fighting is the rule

A penetrating gaze
That rends a virgin vale
Slipping on the ring
A bride after a fashion
Garlanded with flowers
With colours to our passion

The tallow wears down low
When it burns from both ends
A dangerous liaison
Benefits for friends
A three tiered cake
The birthday suited candle

Caviar for silver spoons
Oysters for the pallet
I've specialist tastes
Drunk from a high heel shoe

Glass slipper for a princess

And how I long to eat her

What's on the menu

At les chandelles?

Guided by a gentle hand

Tentatively, unsure

Obedient in satin collar

Agent provocateur

It's with a Gaelic tongue

That she eats her mange tout

Empress

Some things about her

Will forever impress

Got my head reeling

I want to posses

Advances that she ignores

My heart beats with only one cause

Ever courting from her applause

Seeking to find her chambers door

Some think I'm aiming too high
Others say it's a love that will never die
When I think of her in the night
It's the reason that I do not cry

She's a smile that is ever so rare
Whilst I focus on the soft flow of her hair
It's a longing almost too hard to bear
I choose words for her with so much care

Something exotic to the taste
Are these words really going to waste?
I play the long game, come on slow
Her rejection would bring me so low

Something forever on me impressed
The fine line of her form in her dress
My eyes bow down low at her feet
My lap awaits her to seat
Just one glance can pierce me to the heart
It's why I'm never wanting to part
Something about her ever more will impress
As my words try to crown her empress

The system

The system wasting many lives

All they do is take us for a ride

All paths they offer roads to nowhere

Talking heads the TV hides

False promises they give the poor

All they offered us, a closing door

That's a route that none would choose

A labyrinth laid down by the law

Devils whisper in our ears

The media only feed our fears

Who sells us another protest T-shirt

Archive footage, it's been this way for years

The red flag of china on the rise

Western values they despise

Honouring their elders ways

No individuality to state lies

The internet records each keystroke

They'll contradict each word you've spoke

A.I. writing your news feed

Corporations set on greed

The system never was on our side

It's been a very long and bumpy ride

There are things the government choose to hide

Roads to nowhere, playing offside

So much technology to control

Did you ever wonder why they never gave me a role?

I abstained from media for a decade

Try it out, before your thinking they decide

Collegiate

Three tears for sister Sarah

I think I heard that somewhere before

Road maps lead to Timbuktu

There are those who say 'who knew?'

They put the sign posts here before

Take a longer walk

Tell us what you saw

Test reality that you see

Orchestrated

It's not just me

I was out in fleet street

Yesterday

Kept me on my feet

Come what may

They've a collegiate for all that

Is that the neighbours talking?

National inquirer?

I'll eat my hat

Meg and Mog a funny story

How do they predict so much

The fucking Tory?

I'm no great fan of politics

Those on our side

Are also often full of it

It's multi generational

What they spin

Building a better world

Till the issues come back around again

Turn off the TV

Breath of fresh air

Perhaps it's time to cut your hair?
Where have all the barbers gone?
Something looks a little wrong
Everyone must go to work
They feed us bullshit
So we don't shirk
The good causes that they feed
Fire in the belly
When did I learn to read?

War on?

'New' cyber control centre
It's the military
GCHQ said they could
Filtered reroutes
Claims of conspiracy
They deal in extremes
So why not contradict?

The TA declaring war
On the general population
The CO says they've intelligence
Rumour and speculation

Just look how unclear
Are the things they try to fish

I'm not that, and I'm just this
Showing fascists a left fist
I can swing one way
And then another
After all
I'm not the keeper of my brother

There was war on drugs
Then profiled by porn
I say so what
It gave me the horn
What's the Sting?
An Epilogue
They take a walk
With sniffer dogs
Don't search for a firing pin
Those wheels have cogs

Enemy of the state
Those who do not cooperate
Serve corruption

The day is over late
Pull your socks up
So they say
Always looking for a softer way

It's no joke how they're wasting lives
They claim religion as a guiding light
The ones they say are homophobic
Could be bi, why had I wrote it?
Programs feed conformity
It's not me that serves conspiracy
Hate crime happening in plain sight
They avoid witnesses in their 'good' fight

Are you claiming human rights?
They feed misinformation to you each night
Covering up for their wrongs
Learn the new words of your song
Seeing you off at the pass
Isolate those with a case
Exclude with spin
They'll say you're mad
No movements offer any support
They play both sides

It's them you've caught
Sowing seeds of doubt
To insinuate it's all lies

Bombay hero

They always say they are freeing us
As they try to put us in
Conservative values
That want innovation binned

Traps for troubadours
It's been the same for years
Before I can complete the line
They'll be saying it's in my ears

There are many con jobs
We meet along the road
Trying to steal lyrics
Like the hawk lords went before

I'm not in their syndicates
I'm not offering any shares
They may try to convince you

Otherwise, so beware

It's older than eel pie island

How they try to do us in

There are those in uniform

Who do not want us in a win

So I pen my next lyric

As they serve up their cold meat

They say bring us in on it

They mean a cell to find a seat

There are many cons

That have been laid down before

I've really seen it all

Another substitute wants to claim a line

Drop a name in passing

An unknown associate

It must me rumple stiltskin

That really wrote all of it

Witch hunt

Witch hunt

We saw them sitting alone
Who do they phone
Why were they left without home?

Witch hunt
They're not disabled
We can all see that
They must be a drunk they've enabled

Witch hunt
What drugs do they take
How long do they watch porn
And their story sounds fake?

Witch hunt
They must be the shunned
We're looking in
Stop their welfare fund

Witch hunt
It's gone on for decades
Showing attentions
I never asked for
Switch on the terror vision

With filtered fake news

Which hunt?

Dropping some names

Witch hunt

Just what is their game

Witch hunt

We got nothing on them

Therefore we'll have to label

Insane

The numbers

A million websites

Like a million public records

Shuffling through the files

Making money out of nothing

Big data

Corporate aggregates

Artificial intelligence

Failing the Turing test

The only work of value

Is that which they force to the top

Can you see through?
We're all in a merry dance
The human element
Changing lines perchance?

They can send a theme
A starter for ten
Give you the answers
Or another question mark

A million artists
Trying to create something
Here's the chestnut
Is the starting point from nothing?

Guided hands
Mental webs
Controls and restraints
Even when a picture paints
A million million hearts
Beating synchronised
A.I. Took over decades ago
Perhaps we've lost all wars

Thought net

Algorithm overlords

Controlling our next move

No room for inefficiency

The human factor rule

They gather our data

Make a profile of us

But is it for your own good

Or to serve totalitarian control?

Mindsets fed by information

Web crawlers filter to the top

Expert systems mutate

The garbage that we're taught

Lost in translation

University publishing houses

Feeding their own skew

Their own ideology to sell

Digital masks on talking heads

Narratives writ by no one
Scripts on a lip sync
To try to whip you into shape

Spiders on the hunt
Sent out over the web
Do you only see a mirror
Or what they want to put inside your head?

Back to human beings
Turning backs on all the zoom
Looking for a friend
Not a bot in a chat room
Realms of science friction
Cut off from our peers

Tell me who is it governs?
A human being
Or a silicon chip
Technology facilitates
But at what cost
To our humanity?

Census

Engaging with the other

Differences that divide

Categorisation

Labels to define

I filled out the census

Sometimes I do it tongue in cheek

Funny how it seems

The information leaks

I'd rather say no comment

To their binary approach

Sometimes I say I'm pagan

It means non Christian in approach

I'm a secularist

Don't give a damn for religion

I'm not spiritual

All I want from life is some more money

Do I wave a flag

Venerate the royal family?

Sometimes I am neutral

To the things you might think I serve

A constant stream of data

Music in the background all day long

I barely watch the TV

Life goes on in a song

They aggregate our data

Always seeking to control

Push results to the top

When I was a teen

They got it wrong

They don't even know my type

So don't believe their hype

Cascade from big data

It's me that they don't know

Did they read one of my poems

What perspective was it from?

Services provision

Why do they seem to exclude

Those who challenge by definition

Or even how I look when I'm in the nude

Never forget

It's always the other imposing a label

Quango

Quango in control

Who are the fund holders?

Red Cross on the scene

Radio operators

Logistics sift through clicks

Puppets for a string

Dominant masters

Feed their technophobia

A rat with no way out

In a neon maze

The next generation

Lost in a heat haze

Violating rights

They'll say they're justified

To gag the victims voices

Blinkers cover youthful eyes

The many paths to freedom
Architects create a curve
Going round in circles
Why not bow to holy Words?

Whipping into shape
The abused that will not serve
Lost in a hall of mirrors
Is that all that I deserve?

Plants within the groupings
You might assume could set you free
How is it that they control
Perceptions of reality?
Do you believe what you are told?
Programs all the same on your TV

Intervention?

Interventions on a call
On what exactly?
There's nothing going down
More like someone lying

Running off with some money

Or trying to cover up

Just what's the crime?

What's going on inside your mind?

An actress like a whore

Trying to shut an open door

Another curtain call

Just snuffing out a candle

Did it mean anything at-all?

Nothing I can't handle

You make out I'm too distressed

It's obvious you're trying to impress

Someone looking in

Or imply problems that are not there

Emotional switch

Return to the first person

Are you implying a divide?

I don't believe in multiplicity

Power plays to claim another label

What difference does it make?

Taking the piss

Did my voice break when I got upset?

Are you trying to play the team

Or just justify your worth?

Waltz

Take me full circle

Lead me in a dance

Foreshadowing

Synchronicity of chance

A merry waltz

Trying to reframe

To cover up

That societies to blame

I take each step

Slowly as I walk

Try to observe

It's nonsense that they talk

A disconnect

Deliberate disruption

Trying to subvert

Personality structure

Political, it seems to me

The underlying philosophy

In psychology

Who has the power?

Whosoever has the right

We all should be equal

In the others sight

Lead me in the dance?

Is that all you think of me?

As you cut a deal

Cover it up all again

My pirouette

As I turn away

You're on the record

Did I ever truly have a say?

Imposition

To facilitate or control

You have to choose which role
Closing doors or building bridges
Chained hearts or open goals

Technology that liberates
Like any other tool
Can become a weapon
A weighted word with which to oppress
A power play on minds impressed
Shackles to bind slaves

In the silence of an empty room
A distraction sought so soon
Trying to entertain
A new thought for the active brain
Calmness ever frustrated
Peace perhaps forever over rated

Impositions by passers by
Pushing buttons with their lies
Covert in their harassment's
Trying to create distress
Wanting to cause a slip
Free minds that they would grip

So I write another song
The lyric sheet grows long
A score for a libretto
A script for an opening act

I look beyond the window
I wonder why they react
Seeking some resolution
But there is no conclusion after the facts

I only want to hold and be held
But someone else gets in the way
I fear the road in parting
A heart that you had touched
A longing for so much
But when you are mercenary
I'm left to wonder what was your intent
Was the journey that we shared
An ill fated excursion
And was it all for you
Just a bus-mans holiday

Falling Tears

There's no resolution
Nothing much of any sense
The threads of broken dreams
A web of memories

I can't find no answers
To the questions that I face
It's nowhere near a perfect world
Everything remains an open case

There are those I tried to rescue
I wonder if it really helped
Some I turned my back on
Shards fall from a cracked cups lip

I listen to the stories
Of others path through life
Those with all the answers
Faith in holy writ
One things really sure
I don't want to be one of them

I look upon the street

For signs of common humanity
But all I can remember
Was being out alone with swollen feet
No one gave a damn
No one showed any care

There's nothing to redeem
I seek only now for comfort
You see a feathered nest
Means more to me than kissing up
I take no heed of fake solutions
A quick fix on offer there
I just seek a listening ear
To hear the falling tears

L'Amant Anonyme

The anonymous lover
Plays the keys of ebony
Retiring to the salon
None so worshiped as she

Dauphin of France
Knowing one melody

Code Noir for the Enlightenment

Slaves seeking liberty

To break free of the chains

Cold bars of the Bastille

Memory of the liaison

And how a ladies anguished heart could feel

The thrust of the epee

Crossed swords of Chevalier

Lightening is not faster

Than his arms

Three rosettes upon the chest

Recollect the scent of her hair

Wilberforce declaring freedom

A liberty of the heart

How those lips tamed him

A kiss that would never part

The revolutionary sparring

To overcome the foe

On a bended knee

Fealty to show

Lives that matter
The strings of the bow
Legion St-Georges
The rhythm to the flow

Penning a libretto
Dumas to the masters score
Recollect the people rising
Of oaths that they had swore

Versailles ever to the memory
Yet little to show for his travails
A heart in the balance
Falsely imprisoned by injustices scales

Never before did he play so well
As in the later years
And how the waters fell
With the grief of tears
'Love and death
Of the poor little bird'
Oh, but what songs they sang
What haven't you heard?

Leviathan

The disenfranchised

The age of free consent

Capacity to serve

Accountable to law

The next generation

New shoots showing through

The cracks in the concrete

Cement of Westminster walls

Majority rule

The demands of order

Coercion of voters

Media Towers of Babel

Propaganda

Interference of misinformation

Dancing to one rhythm

Who beats on the drum?

Domination of authority

Left unchecked

Minority voices

Left out in the cold

Dissidents unrepresented

Just who do they serve?

Principles of equality

Proportional representation

Extending the franchise

To those coming of age

The consent of the masses

All to include

Principles to be chartered

A good enough state

Still

Still, the water from a tear

Still too the oceans

Hearts that hear

Still like the memory

Stood all alone

On the prow

From whence they roamed

With a still breath

Returning home

Still the missed

Still to find rest

I guess a moments silence

Will meet the test

And find fond farewells

Are for the best

Still like the photo

Kept of them

Still the breast

To rise again

Still in grief

A year has passed

The lonely tear

All see at last

Still, the beating of their heart

A void in which all take a part

Joined together in mourning

Still another day, to the dawning

Canons fired

To salute the ring

A soul in flight

Upon the wing

Still, the troubles of the mind

In recollection of them

All should be kind

Perhaps to all our faults

A little blind

They turn away

Tip of the hat

Still to history

Still, at rest, alone

Still, where they once sat

A vacant throne

Judge Anderson

What ever happened to Baby Cas?

Trancers chill out

Whilst they program their minds

Suppression of memory

Contradict attitudes

Till they are out on a mission

Fed with false dreams

Just putting them in

With a tag team

Psychic youth

Pick their brains

Judge Death

Platforms before trains

Pulled to the scene

Leap of faith with a scream

Indoctrination

Reinforced by their code

Psi division counts the cost

Fed on misinformation

Reality testing

Where they'll find

Garbage in

Garbage out

All that they get

It could be a whisper

It can be a shout

Army dreamers get orders

No one licensed to kill
But the hooks they sink in
Could take control of their will
On night manoeuvres
Hood winked ever still
Synchronised meetings
With those they I.D.
Devil on the shoulder
Tells them when they should march
Ever led like a donkey
Carrots before mouth

Loves long lost dreams
Falling from pedestals
No one matches expectations
Depression to grieve
All the fine solutions
Computer programs
For what they'll believe
Lost in delusions
Provided in trance
How they oppress us
Controlled, how they'll all dance
Down on those knees

For the dominant masters

Out on the waltzer

Life's no game of chance

Castles

Shower her in kisses

That the heart may know no tears

Comforted by belonging

Protected from all fears

Are they alone within their grief?

Shared by all the nation

Like poppies to a wreath

Those on high, as lowly station

To climb the castle wall

To offer warm embrace

The healing of a hug

Gently holding to her face

Lend a listening ear

Sorrow that all can hear

They that stood beside her

Through each passing year

Ladies in waiting

Bathed with warmest care

No room for doubt

A reign that is most fair

The curve of her neck

The flow of her hair

Infants joy, of morning

The sunlight through window breaks

The golden of heart

That none will forsake

There within the rainbow

Know this hopes not fake

Castles in the sand

Speak of the coming tide

Horses heads that bow

Ever sat on the right side

The changing cart wheels of the seasons

That's why my tears don't hide

Ink

They only see what they want to see

Looking beyond

There's stories there writ beneath the skin

Lines on the face

That speak to me

Weathered by age

The beauty of maturity

Caskets for wine

More valued with time

That's how your heart seems

To the blood flowing through mine

Grey hairs weave a spell in dream

There's more depth to the smile

That knows what it means

Some ever judge a book by the cover

That's no way to make me a lover

I know what I like

That's why I still thrill

When your brow relaxes

And conflicts become still

Ripples that reach me

Across the waters
The pool of your eyes
Like a wishing well

Crows feet that mark
The hour glass sands
Like footprints on a beach
With horsetail waves
How I long to scream
What I truly feel
When I lower my eyes
A thought of you to conceal

They only see what they want to see
The scars of the flesh
A body I want to hold
The story that starts
A fresh each day
It could be other
There is a way
So I place the cap
Atop of my pen
Ink drying slow
Like longing tears

Whilst the words I'd embrace you with
Still ever flow

Man Friday?

Shipwrecked

Holding to the drift wood

Salty tears engulf

No rescue

That's the truth

Carried, not so much washed up

Alone upon an island

How I dream of company

Looking out to the horizon

The expanse of open sea

Perhaps to swim for safety

But ever mindful of the tide

Sharks within the waters

Beyond safety of the sands

So I sit lookout

Await the time to signal

Still no redeemer comes
At least I've got some peace
Sat there in the sun

So many of the supports
Would consume the drowning man
There's always a feeding frenzy
When you leap into the unknown
Repeat the same mistakes?
I'd rather sit alone
I've got my creature comforts
The safety of home

Gulag

After the gulag
Red tape wars
You can never win
They jump the goat
Predict each move
Then say it's just their sin

Barbwire for the only kiss
Isolation chambers

Walls to bloodied fist
A magic bullet
To kill all protest
Bound over
Yet still no real crime to confess

Cold white wash
To erase all the tears
Who dares cry freedom
In the incarcerated years?
The pen scratches at the paper
Another form, declaring stolen rights
The Gordian knot
Without sword to fight

A pogrom on beliefs to cleanse
Divergence, no advocates to send
Contrivances that don't make any sense
Just waiting for the sentences to end
No rescue , no protection there
Numb sleep, to nightmare
Injustice is never fair

They say just pick up an oar

Bend lower, to be their right size
Who stoops before the tyranny?
Their abuse, they claim in the name of sanity
Broken lives
What cost the reality?
Sweep it under the carpet all again
The doctors offer deals for labels
Perhaps a little bribe
Just Calling names

Stockholm syndrome
Why not join the team?
'We do what we're told'
Electric shocks for screams
Just join the club
Break bread with your foe
Tell me, where did the good times go?
Where were all the heroes
At my time of trial?

No candle to light the way
No mercy, as they act out another play
The wounds that run so deep
New traumas that invade my sleep

They'll claim that they provide mental health
Locked away, no support, they just interrogate
Deny basic humanity
Treated like an animal
Tell me, who wouldn't fight?
No meaning to the whole ordeal
They hit me with it
And then left me out to dry

Nazanin

At the foot of Mount Damavand
A warm place collects with tears
A Persian Rose
Raising petals for the light

Liberty torch to shine
Through a cells cold bars
Bird song upon the breeze
Music of hope for her ears

The arid deserts thirst
Cool water to parched lips
Refreshing the solitary heart

Detained without a crime

The spirit of the wind

With a whispered wish

To break the barriers down

And reach beyond the walls

The white giant

With feet in chains

Damavand, snow peak

Her tears collect beneath

Royal road of the sun disk

Spreading wings for freedom

The mornings light

That speaks to all that fight

Liberty to embrace

Memory of her child's face

A Persian rose

Hands that reach for mercy

Bring them home

A candle for the dark night

Kalamata

The taste of freedom
Beyond shackles of the mind
Where the heart soars to the fantasy
When to me they are most kind

Kalamata olives
Remind me of her toes
Savoured on my lips
With my tongue I'd like to show

A connoisseur eats slowly
Living in the moment
As tastebuds explode
To the bite of caper berry

Something about her skin
Reminds of the olives oil
That forms in little bubbles
Seafood sauce collects on the Staffordshire

I contemplate the choices
Weigh the consequence
On the silver fork

Before I consume the salmon flesh

Golden brown and pewter scales

The melting of crisp grilled skin

Held within the mouth

Sweetly to salivate

Anticipating every flavour

Like the dreams I have each night

Bathing in contemplation

How I long to feast

As I think about her

And the heart I'd like to win

It's a sin?

You tell me it's all a sin

That the arrow will fall short

Forever missing the mark

Human condition inadequate

You say it's original

That humanity ever falls

One bite of the apple

And lost to the serpents coils

They say we're damaged goods
Faced by their builders cold constructed walls

Forever shame faced
Eyes lower in humiliation
Is this a core belief
To form a body of ethics?

Bringing folks to their knees
Priesthood for their masters
They say every child's defective
To claim their earthly power

You see I'm not ashamed
We all make our own mistakes
No need to feel a guilt
That consumes the faithfuls hearts
No one looking over shoulders
No divine judgement keeping score

Seven deadly sins
The path of Everyman
Meeting on the road
Temptation by every one

There is another way
One test of morality
None wishes to cause harm
No fault in our humanity
Guilt is only in a crime
Not in who at core we are

The golden rule to balance
The weighing of the heart
Human qualities
Rarely in excess
That's why I don't hide my face
And no sin do I confess

Humanism rising up
A righteous war to fight
Bid the cross upon the mount
and the twelve farewell
Don't judge me by your values
This arrows still in flight

Jumping through hoops

Wanting to be

What they're not

Sell self development

Take what they got

Carrots before donkeys

Frogs into princes

Another guru

Another workshop

Pyramid business

Climbing for the top

Paying for a guide

Peak experience of success

Hungry for it

Submitted to motivate

Follow me leader

Promise of money for the bait

Buy a new outfit

Double crossed by fate

Over achievers

Sold on another line

Chasing constructed tales

Hooked on excess

Jumping through hoops

As the goal posts move

Shuffle the credit cards

Force a hand atop the deck

Find the lady

Submissives get wet

Pay to play

That's all they'll get

Wanting it all

Common sense forget

Nightingale

A night to sing

With hope of spring

For the summer loving

What fool would act the king?

Stained glass mosaic

Light shone upon the sick

From the oil lamp

Eternal flame for their kept wick

Words of gratitude to sing

The Crimea to Berkeley Square

The Nightingale Pledge

The fevers lips

Angel of mercy

For those within deaths grip

Medals for her honour

A parting kiss perchance to sip

The wounded warrior

Reaching the last post

Where flags lower in half mast

Reflecting the courage of the past

Within her eyes

Loyal to the last

Sisters of mercy

To Typhoid Mary

Offering sweet relief

A virus for a thief

Words whispered

In hopes belief

The Lady With the Lamp
Embracing every grief
Tears rain in the flood
A rainbows gift,
unselfish love
Final words that offer thanks

Bentham

Jeremy Bentham wanted to get stuffed
Still they said a weakness, called his bluff
The venereal appetite to explore
When in Rome, the mans enough.

Fall of Gomorrah, for their sin
God the father struck them down
Filthiness to consent,
How their souls offended Him.

Known reprobates,
what honour win ?
Mere propensity,
An inclination of which to sing

Xenophon in Athens, met his match
Pursuit of the body, manoeuvres hatched
The warrior thebans to the vigours thrust
A javelin griped in platonic love

Neither odious in the sight
No moral debauchery, shine a light
Excesses claimed in the passion
Against public disgust, he waged his fight
Confronted bigots,
Claiming a blight.

Reading Gaol reminds of the bars
A ballad writ, going far.
'Offences against oneself'
History raises a glass to their health
Fallacious judgements from opponents tongue
To priapus, in mischief, find well hung

Prescribed to scandal
Playing the doxies part
To the manly free
The passive heart
In the manner of the Greek

No conversion which to seek

Jeremy Bentham lit a candle

Laws unjust he couldn't handle

Although he liked to hire a maid

A light to slaves that never fades

He was a man amongst free men

To the passive or the active

He got stuffed, pursuing knowledge

The message sent is quite attractive

Sat on show at UCL

No offence to nature

No fall to hell

Attachment

Attachment anxiety

Don't want to put the pressure on

Deep in my heart

This fear, is that wrong?

At the core there is strength

But when tears overwhelm

I return to the words

Above the preverbal

Preventing the loss

That reminds of the wounds

A child they abandoned

Longing for hope that can soothe

So many times it's gone pear shaped

Casting a nutmeg tree shadow

Wanting to make roots

But the neediness consumes

When two become one

Foundations that shatter

What does it mean?

Why does it so matter?

I hide from the warmth

For the moth flew into the flame

A constant doubt

Will it happen again?

I dance to their song

That rises to my lips

I write of a light

That I see in their eyes

At my core this is true

But still the fear grips

I return to face them

Hiding this wound

How can I relate

When issues break in on the mood?

So I sit with myself

Wishing for their return

The fragile heart

So many times burned

Everyone knows it's a risk

Still from mistakes I have learned

Dreaming

I had a dream last night

Of buckling your shoes

Down on my knees for once

It's how my heart would choose

When you show me your tears

Reflection in the waters
Ripples reaching out
That touch me on the furthest shore

I look on your face
Searching for a sign
Seeking permission
To take your arms in mine

This stories far from over
It's had its interludes
Fears that distract me
That still cant kill the mood

There are broken places
The me they cannot see
Fragile as the heart strings
Playing to your harmony

Shoes are important
Comfort for our feet
Where we make a stand
Rise each day to greet

The stories that we tell
Sentiment that's running deep
It's why I dream about you
When I have untroubled sleep

Rain!

Sitting in the rain
When I could go inside
Warm tears of the homeless
With no place to hide

It's a long long road
Trying to hitch a ride
When you've nowhere to go
Nowhere to cross to the other side

Sitting in the rain
Because It cools my feet
Speaks to the memory
A heart they never could defeat

Soaked to the skin
A roof of leaves in a bivouac

Longing for the freedom
Of a home to go back

Hit the road jack
All the things I lacked
Now I sit in the rain
In a two tone hat

Someone gave me a contract
And it's life long
Now I've got a home
What could go wrong?
Wonder what I'll say
When I pen the next song

Story tellers

Tell me a story
A heroes journey
What's in the narrative
Comedy or tragedy?

Life could be a romance
Others seek a thriller

The who done it
Search for a killer

Sell me a fiction
Through social media
Define who I am
Self help book friction
Penny dreadful
Thought process addiction

Tell me a story
Is it really your own?
Identity struggles
A long journey home

Out of the frying pan
Into the fire
An all seeing eye
Controls from a dark tower
Turn off the TV
'Why don't you'.

Tell me a story
Of who you are

Deep at the core
Open self knowledges door

It could be an algorithm
That tries to define
The complexity
Of the human mind
Battle for rights with authority
In a land of the blind

Tell me a story
But make sure it comes from within
Romantic poets
The heart to win
Help me write this story
Where shall we begin?

Clear Sight

I was thinking about you
And how it must feel
Warm thoughts to comfort
In time hearts come to heal

I try to write the words
To right all the wrongs
Reaching for your heart
To lift it with a song

I thought about you
As I looked through the window pane
Watching the world go by
Till you are here again

I distract myself
Loneliness to avoid
One thing for sure
With out you, only a void

I thought about you
As I turned out the bedroom light
Hoping that you dream awhile
And find solace through the night

I trust despite the clouds
That you will be alright
I hope these words are plain
For you to see what I feel

With a clear sight

Long Night

So many times

We never get to make our peace

To say the things we thought

At last , what echoes in our minds

So many times

We don't get to say goodbye

Offer an olive branch

A final breath with a sigh

The night is long

Thought of the short day

But do we ever truly

Get to have our say?

So many times

We don't bid farewell

To the ones that touched us

Throw a coin into the wishing well

Waiting to hear the final knell
How I listen for the absent heart
The peel of the finale in a death bell
Struggling for words, still I make a start

I think of the ending
Life is all too short
I can't reach to touch them now
But I offer tender thought
Be gentle, for the night is long
Remember that the sentiment
Wrote many a loving song

So many times we don't get to say goodbye
The grief of loosing them
The tears can never lie
Final words
We all wish that we had said
What we truly mean
Before the chance is dead

The Cuckoo Nest

When I look back upon my life

It's with a sense of outrage
Judgement ever already being writ
On my next fresh clean page

Seasons come and seasons go
Counting days starring at a wall
No one gave a care
No one answering the call

They speak of mental health
As if a journey to explore
But locked up inside a ward
Is all they offer to the poor
Defined by another
Sectioned by an unjust law

Labels to interrogate
As they over medicate
Sat in another group
Of people you'd never want to know
Why not phone my abusers
And ask them how to treat 'their' 'family'?

Only finding Liberty

By the jailers key
Models from another age
Policed by the under-waged
Deny my grasp of reality
Saying my life is all just fantasy

One flew over
The cuckoos nest
An Indian without tribe
Lawyers taking for a ride
Those starring at blank walls
No one answering the call
And that's why I feel outrage

Carte noir

Rather the player
Than the played
It's why I walked right
Off the stage

Prompts like red flags
It seems to me
Not so happy

With this reality
I heard this story long ago
Another face
Another room
Where they sang a song
To a choir doomed

Another card forced to the top
Courts attention
I wish they'd stop
I can't win
And I can't loose
Spit and polish
New pair of shoes

They've painted
All the roses red
Still no motivation
To get out of bed
A ghost dances
To words they've said

An AI feeds the fantasy
Someone else's conspiracy

It's not a role I'd choose
As they warp each word fed by fake news
A hall of mirrors all I see
Looking glass wars
What's in it for me?

So I put on a fake smile
Plan each move
The 9 mile
Put on my hiking boots
Starter pistol
No one to shoot
As they take us all
For another ride
One things for sure
My tears don't hide
You see it been this way for years
And in the end they always lied

Deep

In too deep
Like the swans upon the lake
The loss of the dream

At the coming of day break

The uninvited guest

Casting a mirages charm

A black plumed feather

That betrays a wish to harm

Could this be a twist of fate?

Masks lower to show the face

A heart torn,

Is it too late?

How they make my pulse to race

A marriage to propose

At least of a kind

On the bended knee

Lost within the dance

Has the heart enough for three?

The quest for love is true

Returning to the nights pools side

Longing just for you

Tears that cannot hide

Ripples on the lake

To reach across the waters wide

In too deep

The spread wings of the dark

Reaching out,

the veil of death

A shooting star,

Words with a caught breath

Inspiration like a spark

Pillows left with deep impression

Where once was laid a head

As I bury the shame face

Covering a mouth that longs to speak

Biting a trembling lip

Of how this could be a different story

To the one we know and love

Returning to reflections

Romantic poets write a tune

Could this be a full eclipse?

Light of the waxing moon

Of how I long to stare into your eyes

Like the lake so deep and wide

Free of the jealousy

Drawing to your side
The ripples that reach out
The tears that none can hide
Alternative arrangements
For the heart cannot be denied
There could be room for one and all
If the fates decide

To navigate beyond the storms
A deluge left forlorn
Negotiate the heavy weather
For still I hold to three white feathers
I sit beside the waters
Dip my fingers in contemplation clear
Stroking gently at the ripples
Mutter words for you to hear
For seasons keep revolving
Yet still I hold you dear
Never wanting to let go
Or shed a parting tear
We'll speak another day
As the weeks stretch into years

Jesus H Christ (rewrite, theological poo!)

Doodah doodah day
Jesus Christ was really gay
Some say he loved Mary Magdalene
But we all know, he was the other way

Doodah doodah doodah day
Jesus never had a lay
Everyone said he just loved his dad
You know that that's just gay

Doodah doodah day
Jesus Christ was really gay
Twelve disciples liked to follow him
And with his bum they liked to play
Jesus had them all on their knees
So he could have a little squeeze

Jesus, most of all, he loved his dad
Everyone thought that he was mad
Now the Pope sticks a cross up his arse
And the nuns give it a lick

Doohdah doohdah doohdah day

With his poo Jesus liked to play
Jesus the holy shit
On the popes face he might sit
Now nuns never ever wipe their arse
So the priesthood can lick it

Doodah doodah day
There'll be a second coming one day
The nuns wear the candles down
In the hope Jesus might turn the other way

Take eat for this is my body
Did no one ever point it out to them
that their symbols are quite dodgy ?
Doodah doodah doodah day
Jesus Christ just gets in the way
Doodah doodah day
We all know Jesus Christ was gay

Homecoming

A sense of place
And a sense of space.
Trading places

With familiar faces?

Do not advance beyond go

Do not collect a hundred pounds

Moving across the board

Top hats or loves baying hounds

A sense of place

And a sense of space

Utility of each room

Satin drapes and hanging lace

The coffee tables

Rightful place

Space in which to relax

We are where we live

Artwork to express

Returning to where we give

The most of who we are

The shoe rack

And fleece house slippers

That say

Welcome back

A haven from the outside world
Laying down roots of familiarity
Always to return
Safe in the habitat
The feathered nest
Place of abode
The space in which we live
Senses sat at rest
You know it's for the best
For where the heart lays
There is home,
Sweet home!

Black Sheep?

Someone had a fantasy
About some lyrics that I wrote
There was a power play by freemen
They like to jump the goat

Some want to steal copyrights
Others seek to defame
Spread rumours of intent
They all play the same game

Claims of an addiction
That I've never had
Someone in my childhood
For sure, was breaking bad
He may of slow poisoned
My grandfathers kidneys to fail

A doctor of chemistry for an uncle
Years of his abuse
Casting a long shadow
They say pray but there's no use
It just took a few of his bribes
For 'specialists' to decide

I was interviewed by Broadmoor
Another counsellor trying to make a buck
Isolate and then throw mud
Did they even give a fuck?
Just somebodies scapegoat
Forever down on my luck

I was innocent
But they went the extra mile

Claims of a black sheep
Because I fight for reforms to the law
I said 'Give Us The List'
Show sex offenders a bloody fist
When I hear of a religion they say forgives
I think of a slamming door
I do not smile
At Fundamentalists
The ones who declare themselves insane
You'd be best to avoid anybody
With powerlessness on the brain
We're all special, we're all different
But they want us all the same

CRY

Cry your tears on the inside
Where you've nowhere left to hide
Imposed thoughts upon your mind
Now you're in, you see they lied

Handcuffs cut off circulation
Do you want a taste of their truncheon?
Sirens for an entrance

Tempted in deep trance

Do you believe in human rights?
You can't even switch off the light
A mattress up against the wall
Fists raised against it all

Cry tears on the inside
Where cold cell walls hide
The faces that they judged
All taken for a ride

Flashing blue, a strobe to dance
Did they convince you to take a chance?
Samaritans on the wing
Only safety net of which to sing

On their knees again
Sweet release is soon
You may ask where and when
There's always murder in a jailers eyes
Law always looks for a disorder
Why do they call it an Order?

Cry your tears on the inside
Regulation blues
Hidden faces condemned to guilt
All taken for a long long ride
Serving time for what?
Hear a voice you'd long forgot
Imposing thoughts upon your mind
In the kingdom of the blind

Secure

Sweet security
Landed on my feet
I've got an air purifier for that
So I don't face the heat

I don't need to do much of anything
I while away the hours
Tuned in to an audio book
Keeping my mind active

The importance of being idle
I've always got something on the back burner
Simmering my thoughts

To feed my creativity

My life is rather simple

I wouldn't have it any other way

I meditate on how I feel

Before I have my say

Sure it's a bit lonely

But no one else gets in my way

The gifts of solitude

Occupy my days

Sweet security

I've feathered my nest

Very little on my want list

In my youth, all this would have impressed

Grill another sirloin

I've a gadget that does it all

I don't want for over much

And there's really little effort

You see I'm quite productive

Sitting doing nothing

I have therapy for laziness

And I'm succeeding in getting more calm and relaxed
That's a worthwhile goal
For eternal recurrence, feeling whole
Dream dangerously
A dream of being in the world

Double Loo?

I've got a double seated carzey
Would you like to have one too?
We could sit together to read the paper
On my one and only double loo

I like to sit and scratch my balls
Whilst I'm sat atop the loo
There are things that we could share together
And that includes a lot of poo!

I've got a double seater toilet
They really are the rage
A lovers seat is great for starters
But there may be a strain as we grow in age

Lovers like to share things together
That's why I got a double loo
We can hold hands together
Whilst we sit and have a poo

They say it's in the toilet paper
Divorce is when we sue
Doesn't smell as nice as fresh flowers
But it's why I got that double loo

I've got a double seater toilet
I want to share everything with you
We could flush it together
And you can wipe mine too
Nothing to keep from you
So why not have a double poo!

Absurd

Uncertainty
An ocean in which we're lost
Searching for a bearing
No sextant to set our course
Precarious in nature

The anxiety of our humanity
The scales of the injustice
Somehow the good are always the wronged
Seeking affirmation
With a just reward
No divine dictator
To heard the sanctified
Why is it the deserving
Seem to get taken for a ride?
Seeking the easy answer
Rather than own anxiety
Faced with realism
Life a tragedy
The comedy of errors
Absurdity, the rule
An aspect of the foundations
Of lived reality
Structured with a flaw
To confound, for all our trials
A boat without a rudder
Faced with the tempests waves
Pursuing higher values
Knowledge of utopia
A technological dream

Drunk on entertainment
Buy anything to distract
Forever unfulfilled
Putting off the final act
We all are dying slowly
Some seek an early end
The comforts of our death
Tolerating the intolerable
Numb to the truest quest
Maintenance of lucidity
Whilst keeping lives on course
Despite the winds that blow us
And destroy the goals we set
Condemned ever to the failure
No arrival , no real point
The struggle for authenticity
Facing the living fear
Of our finite years
Awe at mystery
No conclusions that we find
Life without an answer
Many questions left unmet
A narrative unfolding
Before our very eyes

Rebel against futility
Raise a fist to injustice
Risk dangerously
For when all is said
And done
We all come to die

Online shop

I'm waiting on the man
I guess he'll get here when he can
I ordered online
For the super market delivery van

I ticked in a little box
Cos I don't like no substitutes
Like iPlayer it really rocks
It's where I watch those studs in boots

I hope he's not forgot
Because I got a weekly slot
I'm waiting on the man
To get here in his delivery van

I'm waiting on the man
I guess he'll get here when he can
I've got a weekly slot
Cos on my iPhone I like to shop

I'm waiting on the man
To get here in his delivery van
I do my weekly online shop
And I won't get caught on the hop

Aleatory

Aleatory
Throw of Platonic solids
Roll of the dice
The fates with this caprice

Riding the random
Back seat of the tandem
Try to keep in step
Whilst the devil drives

So much we hold so dear
Like hope, yet undecided

The things on which we set our heart

May be unpredictable

Experience points to reason

Buying a new skill

Character generation

Moulded by our wills

The truth's less satisfying

Sometimes things go our way

But more often than not

Futile attempts, the probability

The world that is real

Is not the thing we crave

Desire to wrestle meaning

From the barren soil

Agriculture's plough

Like our hopes sown seeds

Falling silently

In a landscape where there is no growth

Aleatory

The things that we achieve

The prisoner

Condemned throughout our lives

Prisoners to the closed minds

Weighed down by the chains

That burden harsh reality

Scorn the judges sentence

Defiant with bloody fist

Bow down to no gods

Know no one as a master

Picking white cotton clouds

With a fearful hand

The slavers rod for our backs

Whiplash from all their tales

They wrote the rules to serve

Constrained by lowly birth

Our fate just like the cattle

The salt of the earth

The jailer holds the key

And asks us all to beg

Sinking to our knees
Cry mercy, from their blight
The hard cold rule of law
Corruption that appalls

Rebel against mediocrity
Circumvent repetition
Subversive to the last
Struggle till the dying breath
Seek to break the chains
And show how much you scorn

Do not let them justify
With words of contrition
Offer no apology
And be within your heart
As one already freed
Submit to no punishment
The prisoner,
A mind set
Met by the liberty of thought

Alienations

Alienation

Only inevitable

A world of bad faith

People hide from themselves

The temptress

Laying out her body wears

Puppets for a string

Sinking her hooks in

Bury your heads in the sand

Find a group to belong to

Let them unwind your tort springs

Undo all that you believe

Do as you're told

Submit to their shit

With a strong will

To weather the storms

Out on your own

Solitary, without confinement

Prisons for lives

With TV dinner fulfilling

Fed on bull crap
The lies that they give us
A will to survive
Back on our toes

Do you desire to belong
Sail on with the fools
Did no one point out
It's always someone else's rules?
You're not one of us
Why don't you buy in?

Alienation
A sign of maturity
A million, million voices
To tell you that it's wrong
Learn not to listen
A solo for a song
Get up off your knees
And sing 'My Way'

Trigger

Trigger of the mind

Denying freedom of choice
No agency
A puppet to the others hand
Like a bullet in a gun
Is the barrel aimed at your head?

Excuses that are made
No responsibility
A reactor not an actor
With no response ability
Forever caught up in a loop
No change to behaviour

Pushing your buttons
Do you act like a machine?
No need for trigger warnings
Adaptability
Owning our part
No hooks within the heart

Do you have autonomy
Are you free in reality?
You're not the boss of me
I hold the starter key

Don't give away your power

To false ideology

Paradigm of submission

Dancing to the beat of the others drum

Bad faith in the reaction

It's time you took some action

Infantilism

Or take responsibility

Draw yourself a picture

Of how your life could be

It could be anything

Upon the blank page of now

Condemned to be free

Live creatively

The 'help'

Have you ever thought

That the people you say need you

Don't need any help at all?

That your low self esteem

Leads you to be needed?

That when you say help
You mean you want to be seen to be helpful
That your sainthood's in question
By the devils advocate
All your sweetness and light
Could all be just fade to black
Faking it to make it
You're just on the take
When you sit up on high
On your moral ivory tower
It's just a hierarchy
Where you want to be part of the power
Those you claim to help
Just slaves to the systems
What you call mental health
Attempts at sanitisation
Sweeping all the dark matter
Right under the carpet
Humanity is ever defiant
Of all that bullshit
The control that you seek
In your need to be needed
I pity the helper
As much as those

They claim to help
A note from the underground
I don't need a physician
And I've seen many casualties
Of a man on a mission.

Questions

I like people who ask questions
That don't accept all that they're sold
Who want to live fully
Before they get old
Not crushed under foot
By a blind leviathan
That feeds on greed
And grows strong with corruption
A many headed hydra of a beast
With hungry eyes
Ever trying to find good slaves
Obedient and unquestioning
People that believe every story they are told
& Can't see beyond faces on front pages
Who do not know there are veils
Obscuring the truth

In plain sight
Teeth like hooks to pull at the heart
And manipulate us to fight for causes
Already decided behind beurocrats walls
I want to be questioned
I don't want to be misjudged
I want you to rebel at my excesses
And damn my obscenity
But never to tell me
That I don't have a right to speak my mind
Even when you disagree
And want to fight against what I have said
An instigator , fanning flames of dissent
I want to meet bright eyed youth
Not afraid that defiance will break them
Who can stand on their own two feet
And tell me to fuck off when I deserve it
That do not bow to the vox popular
Or to peer pressure
Never whipped
By blind conformity
Not puppets to obey
Me or anybody else
Who can ignore my mistakes

And meet me as an equal
For the later, is unquestionably, their right

Bi 'den

I always fancied women
And I also fancied men
In my teens a lot of trouble
Queer bashed once again

It doesn't matter what you look like
I want to get beneath the skin
It's all about who you are on the inside
That's what makes the dance begin

I like to do a foxtrot
I don't mind who wears the frock
It doesn't matter what you've got
Intimacy is what I want

When I was young
In my kimono
How they stopped and stared
They thought there they go again

That queer just doesn't care

I challenged their convention

Told the priests to go to hell

I even wore a brides dress

Of a wife for wedding bells

They said I must be gay

But it was a woman for which I fell

It doesn't matter what you look like

The feminine, mostly attracts

I don't care what you got

These are the simple facts

Either way , we could be lovers

I'm not turning my back

I always fancied women

And men that looked like girls

Times

We all have a different

Memory, of being with the times

Some like to think they're heroes

Like a shooting star

Some hopes are crushed
Dreams they silence
Could be ahead of their time
Too early for the field

Some movers
Other shakers
Issues that we must confront
Some fight what others hunt

Fluid form
No standard shape
The vessel ,
a straight glass
Yet varied waters quench the thirst
Or collect like fallen tears

The woman
In the man
Some blush
At what others can
The body that is given
Moulded by the artists hand

Some protest
Some wear t-shirts
Pink triangles were once all the rage
Reminding of those early
With privates on parade
Transgender magazines
For which they surely paid
We thought we would all be heroes
Left with only questions as we age

Mango

Ripe mango
In the shade
A blush to the skin
Where sunlight doesn't fade

The slight pain
Of the sunburn
Flushed cheeks
By my age you'd think I'd learn

Soft flesh of the mango

Gold juice upon the tongue
As sweet as the years
Slipping away from the young

The gentle slice
Of silver fruit knife
Peeling the skin
Reflecting on this life

Ripe mango
In the shade
Precious moments
That do not fade

To live
The life that's given
Our place within the time
Meanings lost within the rhyme
Trying to put a finger on it
Nothing ever offering a sign

Life lived
It could be fuller
But for now

The blushing flesh

Sweet juices

On the tongue

Ripe mango

In the shade

History

History, war torn conflicts

History where we learn from our mistakes

History can be rewritten

History to revise

The book where dreams are written

In the library of the unprinted

By the pen of hope

On a virgin page

History with its heroes

Castles where they sleep

History for starters

A tale without an end

His story's early travels

To bring balance to the land
To sow seeds for tomorrow
With a graceful hand

Her story, to completion
A face that is so fair
The faithful holding close
To her brimming heart

History may repeat
History to write again
Learning from mistakes
Hers the longest reign
History to the victor
History, the long game

Wavelength

Sometimes on the same wavelength
Sometimes people get crossed wires
When I speak with you
It's always too early to retire

Sometimes the similarities

Amplify the differences

Seeking for belonging

Sympathetic resonance

Some folk never get it

But with you, you seem to get me

Fluid as the waters

That flow from the fountain of self knowledge

Some are over thirsty

Never reflected in the pool

But drunk upon your words

I could be a Dionysian fool

To lift the chalice to the lips

Or dive into your eyes

I always get that feel

With a joy to cry

The wine of creativity

Lifted to parched lips

I feel like I hold my breath

Till once again your draft I sip

With a Laissez-faire

Your hips I long to grip
I walked a hundred love songs
And with you I never tripped

Ridiculous?

Ridiculous as it may seem
It may not be about that,
When I start to dream
I want to give you more than a tip of my hat

Different, yet similar
With you I want to share
You'll always be a super star
How I long to stroke your hair

Rhythm of the heart
I may seem just like a clown
But from the outset
You turned around this frown

I don't need a sermon
Don't want a self help book
You see this is your song

I don't need a secret look

Ridiculous as it may seem

Always looking for a sign

I want you on my team

The joker lost for a next line

Ridiculous as it seems

A fool such as I

You're always on the scene

As I search for a cue line

One things for certain

Never wanting a goodbye

Ridiculous as it may seem

You're the girl that's in my dreams

Moon beams

How can I explain

This feeling inside?

Dancing on rainbows

The tears that we cried

What words can do justice

To the warmth that I feel?

One look from you

And my head starts to reel

Apart, so it seems

Different sides of the tracks

But when I think of you

There's nothing that I lack

Beyond physical

The rhythm of the heart

As I contemplate your smile

Complete from the start

Moon beams I'm walking

To reach out to you

Singing songs of a love

That is pure and true

Where ever I roam

I think of your eyes

Passing strangers

Faces, from where your light shines

I look up at the moon

Full of the dream
In the reflection
Of your smile it seems

Seasons revolving
The world takes it's turn
I hope one day you look up
To see the face in the light
Think of me there
Dancing on moon beams
Reaching across the void
To lift up your heart
Words of the song
Where thought of you
Made the start
A longing I know
Sentiment never parts

The Texas Tango

There's a last Tango in Texas
Hands led in cold irons
Cuffed in a jump suit
Just a bar room shuffle for the feet

Going to jump start your motor
And shift you into gear
They call this moral virtue
Just what is left to fear?

Welcome to the chair
Have you anything to say?
Infamous last words
Last tango in Texas

Justice weaves its spell
You've nowhere left to run
You should of thought about this
Before you pulled your gun

Last tango in Texas
You know your time has come
Sat there, long time, in line
That's why they call it death row

No right to appeal
'Good God' has condemned your crimes
Just how do you feel?

A last tango with the guards
Victims tears are real
And now the families get vengeance
Last tango in Texas
Death, their hearts to heal

Capote writes a foot note
But you know you're on your own
Star spangled banner
Nothing left to repent
They said you'll find forgiveness
On the other side
Walk in the shadow of death
Cruel joke, when you're the evil
Did they offer human rights?
Last tango in Texas
Guess who takes the lead

Thought crime

Crimes of the imagination
Victims of first thought
What are you insinuating?
Another one that you caught

Just a little one

Not fit for the net

Better throw it back

We've bigger fish to fry

Writing a profile

A fiction after sorts

Constrained by ideology

Some old line you bought

A construct of half truths

The things that you predict

As much use as the tarot

Do they guess who are the sick?

Blinkered by the books

A college education

Critical analysis

Disproved by the test of time

You see they get it wrong

Time after bloody time

It's lives that they're wasting

Stood in the medication line
No kind of healing
What they're calling treatment
Convinced the face fits
As they write a profiles fictions
Don't you know they're full of shit?

Podex Pleasure

The Scented Garden
Podex pleasures
Dug deep into the soil
Green fingered blood to boil
To plant fresh seed
With the toil

All seeing eye
Where threads the needle
As tight a fit
The pruning glove
Those blushing cheeks
Raised to love
A secret chamber
Blessed from up above

The thorns upon the lovers rose
Would have some stoop
To kiss the toes
Ah, but the push and pull
The rocking and the shunt
What sought more to hump?
Ripe pomegranate
Under world
Of the sacred rump

The Spirit Lamp to shine
Light of those twin moons
Oil, alike to mine
To the Golden Ass
Soft curves to trace
Stretched open heart to race
To kneel in supplication
The sacrament to face

Apuleius to the lap
Lord Douglas the fit chap
Sat upon the knee
None so aroused as he

Who speaks within the rhyme
Incense musk of penetrating
Secrets such as thine
To the podex pleasures
Of which to take my fill
The ribbed catacombs
A gardener, uphill

Simple

I am but a simple man
I live for simple pleasure
When I get a smile from you
It's a time that I treasure

Keep it simple
So they say
No need to worry
We've got today

Keep it stupid for the simple
That's the way it goes
When I look upon you

Well, I guess, you know, it shows

I am but a simple man

But life can be complicated

I seek the simple pleasures

The highs are over rated

Life can be frustrating

But with you the answers simple

I am but a simple man

I live for simple pleasures

And the time with you

I always really treasure

White

White as snow

Virginal pure

I long for cream

Or sheer black

Chocolate eclairs

That match the mood

When I think of olive skin

Stark crimson

A satin rose
The touch of silk
To the toes
The after throws
All aglow
You look good in anything
Even just a smile
White suits you
Just so you know

Live long and prosper

Live long enough
Your enemies will die
The last laugh
You don't even need to try

Some say it's a little dark
To wish vengeance
On those who wronged you
But it's a right

Live long enough
And your foes will fall

Bitter pill

But no fear for you at all

Life can be so sweet

Don't worry

They've got it coming

Just stay on your feet

Live long enough

And with joy you'll cry

Every last one of them

They all are going to die

Live long

You won't even need to try

All the rotten bastards

Each one will come to die

Same old story?

Things are just the same

But completely different

Since you shined a light for me

The shadows wisp away

The narratives just the same
But it has a new meaning
Perspective that has changed
Now you have me dreaming

Looking beyond the filter
The concealing mask
I look deep into your eyes
There's things I want to ask

There's more I'd like to know
One step beyond the show
The dance is intimate
In step , just for you

Things don't look the same
Even though they kind of are
Now when I look on you
I can see clear and far

Always the tortoise not the hare
A heart opened to the care
This new kind of story

Who knows where it will end
Things can never be the same
Even when they really kind of are

Chill

Time to chill out
Room to relax
Just put up my feet
It's summertime

Got Ella on the go
Getting in to the groove
If it ain't got that swing
Gentle with each move

So I guess I might
They said I would
Occasional dark shadows
Vengeance is for good

Mostly though
It's coming up roses
Got a new deal

Folks looking down noses
If I catch some one out
It's back to sharpening knives

Got a fruit cocktail
Tasty blue berries
Juices quench thirst
Sliced water melons

Life has a few pips
Some days are too sour
But between you and I
There's no need to lie
As I cut into the flesh
Go Mango, go,
You're looking juicy too
Sweet as vengeance
A dish best served cold
Now I'm enjoying
a rainbow of fresh berries
The fruits of getting old

Group?

A bunch of grasses
And folks on their arses
Why don't I want to go
To group?

All my years clean
Real recovery
Looking mean
Do you see me in group?

Wanna be counsellors
Mr fixit
Those wanting affairs
There is free biscuits
I still don't wanna go
That's group

Bleeding deacons
You can't say that
Back in the day
Is that a fact?
Bullshit programs
Fond illusions
Fucked if I'm going

To group

I'm taking over

Must be denial

Someone sold them

On a convention T shirt

The truth is gonna hurt

After all

I don't need their fucking groups

Listen to my own counsel

Can't complain

Where's the nonces

Which ones are ponces?

I get better answers from myself

Than I get in group

Get up off your knees

We're not born to serve

That literature's good

Just for one thing

I wipe my arse

On pages they quote chapter

And verse

I still want to kill a few people

On my resentment hit list

Party lines

Ideological thought crimes

Put me on a court order

To make me go

No surrender

No real support

This is wisdom

I don't think much

Of their fucking group

Friendship?

Did I ever really have a friend?

People collect them

Like video game credits

But are they worthy of the name?

So many acquaintances

They come and go

Supposed to ease the journey

As we move along the road

But more often than not

People get in the way
They steal ideas
Try to con for money
Sleep with your partner
And tell the story like it's funny
Network with enemies
Always on the make
Loyalty a dirty word
Companionship rarely known
No sense of intimacy
No one to truly lean on
Who wouldn't readily snap
At the first sign of pressure
So when I look back
It's not that I'm unusual
And I was never the one who betrayed
But most of my so called friends
Were really enemies
In the end
Ill matched
And cross wired
I suppose it's why
So many hire
Not worth a light

The Judas

Who conspires

The one who wants to look good

As if they are helping

Whilst sharpening knives

Behind your back

Feeding false impressions

Trying to impress others

Parasites

Those circling like vultures

Fair weather

Not seen for dust

When the shit hits the fan

It's a hard

Home truth

Don't believe

I really ever had a friend

Statue

Those laying their respects

The flowers at the gates

The foot of the palace walls

Grief of a nations fate

A garden of remembrance
Where we meditate
Words form to recollect
A sentiment that's over late

The new shoots showing through
Seasons of the passing years
Opening fresh blooms
The dew forming with the tears

Forever statuesque
Hearts opening impressed
By the charity
And the hopes with which they're dressed

How do we show respect
For the depths of the loss?
Doffing our caps
We know who is the boss

The bouquets at the gates
The cruel twist of fate
Standing the test of time

Sculpture, pure sublime
Tears collecting at the feet
A new tomorrow greets

Mr Optimism

Lower managemnet
How they dream
Their own office door
Their own name plaque

Secretaries courting favour
A flash of stocking top
Making the coffee
Just wanting to be seen

Idle hands to gossip
What's the latest affair?
Have they been out for a drink
Would she really dare?

Temps taking dictation
Sat atop the photo copier
Longing for the weekend

A breath of fresh air

Hokked on the promise

The rewards of 'success'

Every dog has it's day

Could they be a trophy wife?

Manicuring nails

Polished to perfection

But for now it seems

Who gets the coffees in?

Psychologists motivate

Selling donking their carrot

Another workshop weekend

Validations what they seek,

Follow my leader,

I wanna be the leader...

Now I am the leader,

So what shall we do now?

Right on

Swastikas in a tenement block

Graffiti on a piss stained lift
Glass ceiling elevators
Someone emailed from free Palestine
Rap it up in cellophane
This is not America

They're going to work their voodoo
Wired to the TV set
Alternative time lines
To test what they forget
Secrets of success
Only money makes money

Cracked porcelain
Like the heads of China dolls
Smashed by a sledge hammer
Big brother for a cinema show
An electric eye
Stares back from a tablet screen

Laser beams set to stun
Aiming higher than sonar
As they tune out your fantasy
And sell you stop the war

Find a centre way
Contradicting all extremes
Mortgage shackles
Romance to under rate

A new model dads army
Marching on the street
Hitler youth salutes
The pirouette of the spiral moth
Middle class dreamers
Buying all they're sold
Studying eye movements
Every lie that turns away

Higher than a kite
Barking hounds of love
Selling bible black new boots
Steel caps stand in polished line
Roll call for the disenfranchised
Excluded from their bright tomorrow
Clockwork orange fades to black
A future that they'll lend

Psychiatric Abuse

The right shape

The right size

Poked me about a bit

Took on a long ride

The thing with labels

Is what do they mean?

Just mechanisms of control

How do I really feel?

'Treatment'

Square pegs in round holes

Did anything change?

Just 'masters' of the roles

Didn't offer any support

I just think they are arseholes

Numb my feelings

Inject me with toxins

Is this any kind of healing?

Negligence not their only sin

Kept me in a cell without exercise

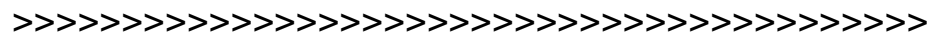
Till I was double the weight

The right shape
And kind of the right size
Tax payer took a hit
And those on the take just lied
Venerate the NHS
Thieves behind masks hide
Beat me up a bit
Some other patients died

So a doctor could earn enough
To afford double glazing
Pay for a prostitute a week
(That's what the consultant told me)
And drink fine cognac
The years aren't coming back
Locked within a ward
With no civil rights
And no one answering the call

Things are just the same
To before they put me in
Nothings changed one bit
The same shape, more or less

The same height
Why listen to their bullshit?
In what way was I mentally 'unfit'?



OK

It's alright
You've no need to feel ashamed
It's not your fault
There's someone else to blame

Some things hurt
That's in the way of things
Take the good with the bad
See what tomorrow brings

Some times sad
That's just how it goes
Don't fight it
Let the tears flow

Some times mad
Let your anger show
Don't be afraid

Don't live with eyes you lower

You're OK

You're not going to break

Some things are just wrong

No need to become a fake

It's alright

No need to feel ashamed

You'll be alright

Things wont remain the same

Someone else may say you're not

But you really are OK

Child protection?

There was no child protection

Smacking was the rule

Few exceptions

Master of the household

Every wife a fool

Women stayed at home

There was no rape in marriage

Men 'owned' their spouse
And 'owned' their children
There was no children's Act

No right to protest
No day in court
Patriarchy ruled
No one saw
Behind closed doors

There was no child protection
Vicars expected to intervene
Whistle blowers 'problems'
Heroes all black sheep
They said that white was black
And the system turned its back
All you got for courage
Was the bosses sack

No child protection
No Children's Act
Within the living memory
The poison pedagogy
Sadly that's the facts

They said it was a nervous breakdown

If you were the one to speak out

(Did I forget to mention that as a victim

I had to take UK GOV to human rights court?

The politics of that caused more

Than a little headache!)

They taught us to be silent

In God to fear

Stiff upper lip

None dared shed a tear

Gender fluidity?

Are you having a laugh?

All I knew about sex

Was when I got groped in the bath

The orphan

There once was a little black boy

Who had a special ball

You see he'd become an orphan

And his mother gave it him when he was small

At school the other kids
All Laughed and played
But the little black boy
Sat alone with his dirty ball

One day a rainbow bridge
Reached to the boy in dream
So sorrow filled was he
At night he sometimes screamed
The ball clutched to his heart
With remembering

A fairy god mother came to him
And took him across the bridge
And at the end of the rainbow
Was the fountain of all good children's tears

He washed the ball at her feet
As he began to weep
She lay her hand on him
And in the waters of his tears
The ball was made clean
Golden, as his eyes cleared

Returning to the orphanage
He found he had a fairy gift
With the golden ball
To make clothes the hearts to lift

Now the other children
All gathered close around
As he weaved the spell
Making clothing that was sound

The magic of the golden ball
Wove into the threads
And dressed in their new suits
The children all laugh and sing
Fit and ready for the stage
Blessed with the gifts he gave

Now the little orphan boy
Had many new friends
With which to play
The golden ball of his dreams
Graced with gladness through each day

They say there is a sculpture

To grace the palace gates
Where the boy is blessed
With two orphan friends
The fairy princess
Standing over their dreams
And now the little boy
Only with laughter sings
The magic hope can bring
The charity to him
You see how all those tears
Were the measure of him
There in a sunken garden
Clothed in royal dress
A thought on all impressed

Longing

Is it wrong to miss somebody
As I word a fond farewell?
Somehow feeling the absence
Before the final curtain fell
A sorrow in the parting
I guess you cannot tell

I wait until we meet
As if counting every day
Never truly letting go
I have so much to say

The hours spent together
Always feel too short
It's a strange sensation
I guess on you I'm caught

I already miss you
Before we say goodbye
Torn by separation
Hands forever tied
I never let you speak enough
No matter how I try
Scared to be rejected
Fearing that the dream may die

The words I mean to use
But never somehow say
Yearning for your presence
Longing to find a way
A heart that knows much solitude

With feelings here that stay
I burn a candle for you
Till long nights return
to the glad meeting day

Tilted cross

Warrior cults
Reminding of old glory
Re-enactments
To raise a nations flag

Ancestor worship
'Good fathers' one and all
No room for criticism
Heroes answering the call

Divorced from their emotions
Traumatised and wrecked
Wounds that run so deep
You barely see the surface scars

Mad dogs
Declaring war on their brothers

Technological surveillance

Picking up from half forgotten wars

Exercises on the television

Archive battle cries

One day the wounded warriors

May well ask, did they just fight for lies?

Roll call body bags

Tilted cross for those left behind

Cemetery regiments

White gravestones, get in line

Burning black books

Is it a broken record

To say the earthly powers

Confound every attempt

And seek to crush each dream?

Standing on the deck

Even when the boat goes under

A captain to my fate

A player, not just the fool

When others use my words
To try to destroy what they stood for
I rise up bruised and bloody
Ready to face the next big game

Rejected and denied
Labels of the other
Those who disabuse
And try to take each and every lover

To moral battle
Ever jumped like the goat
As they play both sides
For goals that spell 'control'

Not so confused
As you might think
As they try to frame me in a role
Forgetting perhaps , that I am forever whole

How many lines I wrote
Kept for posterity?
Just chaff to their flames

A page in history, rubbed out
The battle of the books
Is mine just a torn page?
No posthumous applause
No legacy
These are the things that trouble
As I grow in age

National Pride?

Naivety of youth
Led by every carrot
Passions they ignite
Hypnotised by the TV

False publicity
And synchronicity
Thoughts of serendipity
Hoodwinked on the blind

National pride
A bumpy ride
Testing loyalties
In the rule of royalty

Every knave a fool

Protest T shirts

All will come to serve

The voice of experience

There are those that do

There are those that die

Are they really different?

Each one truly tried

Age bares it's scars

Broken hearts

Bruised egos

Success and failure both

Imposters magic beans

Those giving the orders

Just other ears of corn

Awaiting the reaper

To bring the harvest home

Twisting my words

As they twist the knife

So the flames are fanned

True Brit, if but for one day
Forgetting the betrayals
The attacks from brothers
Once in arms
Bitter sweet memories
Of saluting a raised flag

Winners

Proud, even after a loss
No one succeeds
Until they learn to fail
Risking slings and arrows
In betrayal
Stand fast
Loyal to the last

It hurts
When things don't go our way
Sometimes we don't even get a say
Children's hearts who are watching now
Role models to the ball park
Rise proud
From the doubts so dark

Champions hold dear
To the creative spark

Battles lost
Warriors count the cost
But ask what is truly lost?
Live on to fight another day
Don't give up
For we all know the dream
Proud hearts
Seize a brighter day
The wars not over
For all those that criticise.
The spirit to be free
Will never die

Some days the skies
Look over dark
Struggling to find
A positivity with a spark
True champions
Know what it is to fail
Hold true
To the higher ground

Promote ideals

Prejudice

Will never keep you down

Those throwing mud

They're really clowns

Rise each morning

With a heart that's proud

State your truth

And face the crowd

No slave to conspiracy

Gossips flames

Cannot deny reality

Look on the children with a hope

Tomorrow is the future which of to sing

You see, even when we lose

True winners really win

Hands

I saw you holding hands together

Like you just don't care

There are those who scorn

It's a weight to bear

Out there on the street
No need to fear
Those who stand against us
Aren't worth our tears

I recall the bruises
The fists thrown in hate
Part of our history
A bashing for our fate
Hands clenched against us
They said we were not mates

Names like barbed wire
To rend the flesh
Bigoted sarcasm
The stories not fresh
I'm not what they think
Social media hate crime stinks

I saw you holding hands
Two lovers in the street
So, you are the same gender
Love they'll never defeat

Disrupting perceptions
Counter prejudice heat
I don't want to be a stereotype
Coming back on my feet

They deliberately misinterpreted
The words that I sing
They never even spoke to me
Could be me that wins
Doesn't matter to me
Either way, I could swing

Love is love
That's all I say
A gift from up above
Granting brighter day
Holding hands together
No care in the world
Taking care of each other
Doesn't matter if it's a boy or a girl

Lurgy

I didn't poo for two days

It wasn't pretty

It really stank

I was feeling shitty

I had a fever all night

Some aches and pains

Didn't die from the plague

I'm here again

So I had a sweat on

And I slept all day

No energy

Couldn't of ate a Milky Way

I didn't lift a finger

Didn't check my email

Couldn't get a bone on

Even for a good looking shemale

I've had the lurgy

And it was a bit rough

But I've had my vaccines

So it wasn't so tough

A bit short of breath

But no visit from death

I ran a high fever

But it only lasted a night

No worse than a short flu

So, the statistics are out of sight?

I'm not bothered by COVID

I just don't care

So it gave me a bad hair day

No need to panic, is there?

I guess it's back to shielding

Then back to all the fun of the fair

The new black

Is 'racist' the new black?

To kill a mocking bird

Old schoolyard rivals

Fists raised in conflict

No teachers pet

Media mogul

African Americans

Claiming glass ceilings

Yet somehow rags to riches
Gangster rappers calling out their bitches

Ella Fitzgerald
And Louis Armstrong
Super stars
Driving flashy cars
The time of Old Jim Crow

Is 'racist' just as a word
A post modern insult
Used out of context
Or spread as aspersions
To disempower the blind

Social advantage
Won by the rumour
Homeless people
They claim are the far right
Some how keeping the truth out of sight

Strange fruit
Hanging from family trees
Klu Klux Klan

The Studio System

Old school ties

As a term of abuse

Used by many

To defame and de-platform

Trigger warnings?

Those niggaz on da triggaz

Here we go again

You can't say that

How about black housing officers

Claiming false offence

Keeping 'whitey' down

We all want equality

The rule of law

But sometime tarred with the same brush

The tribes aren't so sure

Ever seen a Muslim disrespect a Hindu?

So 'racist' is a dirty word

An insult and curse

Like those 'n' words the children never heard

A brotherhood of man
Or politicians playing
Issues to milk the pound
Spin it again
Create a scapegoat
Has Charlies new age turned sour?

Black Panthers
And supremacists
Dividing spoils
Claiming abuse
Cotton fields in which they never toiled
Imperialist statues
Our History to revision
Is 'racist' just the new black?

Condolences

Sorry for your loss
Seems just a little trite
I'm thinking of you now
I hope that you're alright

Warm condolences

Comfort I would bring
Like a gentle angel
To send you on the wing

Contemplate the flowers
The blooms too soon to wilt
Last scent to remember
Sensations without guilt

The heart that weeps in memory
Final words whispering goodbye
The tear upon the cheek
Letting go a sigh

Rituals of closure
The last page of the book
How the fragile heartstrings
Give a parting look

Familiar faces
Each sharing in the moment
A sentiment I'm feeling
Condolences for your loss

Miss Strictly

When men get plastered

They sometimes have a grazed knee

There's a fly in the ointment

They get dealt with strictly

Your heart up to the pace

She's got a look which makes it race

Miss Strict

That's our district nurse

Doesn't let men give her flannel

Her bed baths couldn't be worse

Ice cubes in the water

Frigid's how you'll find her

Doesn't give the kiss of life

Although she's been a midwife

Checking your reflex action

She turns down every attraction

A scratch of your foot

Or a hammer to the knee

As she bandages your wounds

No caress to your bruise
Matron taught her in hell
When she's answering your bell
Miss Strict, she's no fantasy
But she makes sure that you get well

If you want to get plastered
Go on, break a leg
But if you want a day off work
Try acting instead
Miss Strict's no Angel
Unless it's the one of death
Don't look too long at her stockings
It could make you short of breath

Miss Strict , it's really shocking
A spinster till this day
See's guys take a trip
She's as cunning as they say
If you fall for her
You'll see what I mean

Miss Strict, the Iron Maiden
With a shot in the arm

Compassion?

More like blood from a stone

She'll give you that frosty feeling

But at least she keeps us free from harm

Miss Strict

She's been doing her rounds

She's the talk of the district

Because she never plays around

Strictly is her manner

No flirting allowed

I am fast coming into my 33rd year of total recovery from alcoholic drinking. Nothing treatment centres allied with the 12 step movement taught proved to be true about alcoholism or recovery. My abusive family put me through treatment apparently because the ideology supported letting go of the past, effectively letting them off for any accountability for the abuse. What was meant by 'treatment' was some pop psychology about compulsions mixed in heavily with indoctrination into a pseudo religious perspective, many of the counsellors had been in religious orders. Recovery has offered no social advantage at all and life has been quite challenging to say the least. I was prescribed a gate way depressant as a child for trauma, on detox from it I cross addicted as a teen to alcohol, another depressant. Although i experimented with drugs as a teen this was in small quantity and i in no way took everything on the market, mostly a bit of pot. I left peer support in about my third year of recovery having already served on the UK service committee for 12 step. As a victim of medical negligence and child abuse I did not need to make any amends, the suggestion of the need for a higher power was confusing and counter productive. I was not guilty of any crime in my drinking. Nor was I violent in drink. Peer support proved to be a nest of

vipers, who as a teen tried to work me back into sexual exploitation and tried to defraud and confidence trick me. I totally do not believe in god or 'spiritual paths'. As a militant atheist I am against religious ideology. The big book of Alcoholics Anonymous is full of myth about the human condition and the nature of addiction. I tried social drinking a couple of times in the first decade and do not enjoy it. I have been tea total my entire adult life so do not identify with long term drinkers. I use no psychological models today but encountered many on route to experiential long term recovery. I have no idea on how to help other addicts at three decades abstinent. It is experiential and an inside job. I know what doesn't work. God bothering. If I met Bill W. Founder of AA I'd spit in his face. That bullshit shames and sets people up for repeat relapse. At 3 years sober I was assessed by a specialist psychiatrist in addiction as neither dual disorder nor suffering long term consequences of addiction. It is now 30 years later and a lot has happened. Psychological self care is part of my recovery, but even when homeless 6 times i took not a single drink or spliff or cigarette. I do not like alcohol, I do not like addicts, I have nothing to do with either. Some complain I am heavily boundaried but with my experience of people, why wouldn't I be? There is nothing I cannot do sober, including my youthful night clubbing and playing pool down the pub. None of that sets up for relapse. I have run a small business for 20 years, been to university, married and divorced, managed businesses for others and achieved several qualifications sober including in psychology on addiction. I have worked for the NHS. I have near 500 songs to my credit and 6 books. It is not a moral issue, I could theoretically commit crime whilst remaining sober. All the models are ancient history to me and highly anachronistic. I do not believe in CBT as a model, nor standard psychotherapy. I do maintain mental fitness through existential psychology. I have studied religion and rejected it, I have looked into the origins of Christianity and authenticity claims of the bible. I reject both the contents of the christian bible and indeed it's authenticity as a historic apostleistic text. The church went to considerable lengths with sexuality conversion therapy to try to claim my recovery for the Catholic Church, a church of which I have never been a member. Their agenda seemed largely to do with my being a victim of historic child abuse. I have campaigned in one form or another for public listing of sex offenders since my early twenties. I have

an entirely secular outlook on life and recovery. The authors I most admire are Albert Camus and Christopher Hitchens. I am still on disability benefits in long term recovery due to physical and mental trauma in childhood. I am anti psychiatric in all matters other than imminent suicide or harm to others. Life in general, over all, has been fairly shit. Being sober prevented me from early death but didn't give me anything on a plater. I drank very heavily as a teen and death was the likely outcome. I have experienced no other addictions in my years of abstinence. The disease model is a total lie that makes money for treatment centres through repeat relapsing and guilting the addict. Many of the things AA holds dear could lead me to relapse. I don't need their guilt trips. I have agency and choice over alcohol and with my own free will, remain tea total. It wasn't always that way. I do not obsess about alcohol at all, nor recovery. I just don't fucking drink. Labels are a social construct that promote prejudice. I was once an alcoholic drinker. I no longer drink. I could in theory social drink at this point but I would come under social attack from my enemies of which there are many. Besides I don't like drinking. Three decades sober and I can't stand to listen to the toxic BS that most AA folk are indoctrinated in. See them over the long haul. Happy crappy delusional. Kill Bill. There's not many of them left. What is clear from my experience of the so called recovery movement and industry is that they are highly selective in who they give practical assistance to. When I was one of the faithful, serving the movement, it was clear that all of my own efforts to build a life were attributed to the assistance of the group. In reality, education, employment and housing needs were all met by agencies entirely disconnected with the movement and relied on my own efforts. Even when I was serving the groups at a national level I received no firm support from the movement at a practical level. That was when I still towed the party line. Any divergence from that was met by covert hostility by the groups. I do not recommend others to follow their path. It is clear from hardships I experienced in recovery, including repeat failures of civil mechanisms to meet disability housing needs, that these were met with a brick wall of 'its gods will' by 12 steppers. The faithful didn't offer me a roof for the night. The promotion of a bizarre ideology over any real practical assistance was my experience throughout. I can only suggest counselling to the still suffering. There has been a continued out

grouping and even attempts to undermine my stability by 12 steppers over the years. I have even had false witness from them. I am not unusual in this. Most of my peers left the movement. I have even witnessed people commit suicide or die of addictions in the name of their god, always seen as collateral damage and down to the disease. Obviously failures of the movement. As many outside agency and religious groups support AA uncritically it is important to remember they help very few people. They hold their ideology over the needs of members. That is fundamentalism. It should be noted from cult deprogramming treatments that the rigid thought process of fundamentalism, black and white thinking, resembles that of active addiction.

Sing

Sing to me softly

Melting my heart

Unwind the stress

Never wanting to part

Resonant strings

Horses hair tort

Stroking in time

With you in my thoughts

Sing melody

Touch me with your verse

Clutched to my chest

Fantasy nursed

Words with a longing

Lost in your song

Recall innocence

How can this be wrong?

Sing to my heart strings

What dreams it may bring

Caressing my ears

Softly welling tears

Sing to me softly

I will not repent

For the feelings it brings

Never ever relent

Cherish

Loves lost lament

Cherish the moments

Memories together

Tears that are shared

Romantic spirits
Know from the start
There are some things
That live forever in the heart

Cherish the time
Spent in those arms
Knowing contentment
Freedom from harm

Loves lost lament
Fondly eulogised
There in the breast
The hope ever lies

Knowing each other
Lost in the eyes
Giving it all
Intimacies sighs
A kiss never parts
True love never dies

Love to be cherished
Daring to connect

Moments not lost
For all the lament
Whisper to them
With fond sentiments

Aethelstan

The Circumscription Cross
A penny for your thoughts?
Public peace throughout the land
An order built on Charters law
National assemblies
Feverish with Grately Code

A King to unite as one
The last kingdom to absolve
Pious in his celibacy
Known for all his holy charity

Athelstan , the lonely, crowned
A noble stone, the people proud
Fighting vikings in the north
The great battle to free York
Building the foundation

Of this flourishing nation

Grandson of Alfred the great

Adorned with his fine cloak

And brave guilds scabbard

Girt about by blessed jewelled belt

Royal gifts to free the realm

Athelstan, a father to one nation

First king of all the lands

The blood of war

That soaked his hands

Brunanburgh,

Driving off

The Viking bands

At Kingston Town

The coronation

To claim united

This great nation

As all who claim succession

To feast upon three fishes

Where the noble and the poor

Break bread together on Regal dishes

Blessed by Bede
History of the English people
Ecclesiastical in his reign
The Anglo Saxon Chronicle
An Ordo, reputation, forever the unstained
To the Royal Council
A United Kingdom gained

Athelstan, unto The Centre
Praised by poets
All who serve the Circumscription Cross
The people know to sovereignty
To offer up our fealty
Of rebellion, not guilty
One Nation, and one King
To the happy reign
With hearts that rise to sing

To paraphrase the great man Garth Ennis, from Preacher, 'If I meet with God he better be armed, fuckers got a lot to answer for, I'm going to take the bastard down'. If I believed 'God' was anything other than a character in a work of total fiction (the bible) , the attitude I would have towards a divine dictator would be sympathetic to this view. Kill the tyrant! Of course I do not believe in works of fiction. As to christians saying they are attackinhg my reputation and harassing me. to 'heal' me , I am OK all of my own without their opinions. What they mean is to

'heal' I should shut the fuck up about being molested as a child and how civil mechanisms were criminally negligent. They want the situation and mechanisms to stay the same, because as every one knows, most families have a child molestor in them and some people enable them through forgiveness. Also seeing as I have that trauma throughout my childhood, plus a cracked skull, the likelihood of me 'healing' is like asking an amputee to grow a new limb. I can't have another childhood where I was loved properly, nor can I mend a cracked skull. It is abusive to place the false expectation on me to change this. At age 50 I cannot be sold false hope, it's not going to mend. And yes I get more disability welfare than someone in a wheelchair, so the goverment agrees, broken. I am still fundamentaly OK in myself. The god squad can go fuck themselves. I am AGAINST them. They show no sign of moral virtues greater than my moral relativism as an athist. Atheists are not bad people needing to be changed by the church.

The Plague

Plague, of all the reapers kin

You are the most deadly

Pernicious with your suffering

To make normality absurd

Creeping death

The foe unseen

Infecting fearful hearts

A nausea transmits

A virus seeking out a host

Whispered memory of past pandemics

The blight that visited yesteryear

You return, to confound all hope

The body count

Of lives cut short

The vulnerable, the needy

Victims to your scythe

Some speak of you as a leveller

Some as the butchers knife

Plague, a horseman

Harbinger of the end

Riding a pale steed

Unanticipated of course

Crushing under hoof

Destroyer of long life

What things do we value,

What is the point,

In what do we find meaning,

How are we defined?

Ears of corn

Await this bitter harvest

What will we in all humanity
Of the ending find?

Tonight

Maybe if I die tonight
Trying to find words
With you upon my mind
Silently whispering how I feel
And how losing you
Would break my heart for real

What happens if I die tonight
With final words upon my breath?
The things I really mean to say
Lost to the arms of death

You see it really matters
What I long for you to hear
Gently to embrace you
Caressing your ears

Tears like the rain drops
That tap at the window pane

How your voice can reach me
And sooth me from all pain

What if I die tonight
And never tell you what's inside?
The things I long to share with you
Still with fears, I hide

Maybe if I die tonight
I'll leave words like a prayer
Hinting what I mean to say
But cannot even dare
As I think about you
Trembling fingers reach for your hair

Until Then .

Until then that we meet
Fond hopes longing to greet
No doubts can defeat
Warm heart with this heat

Longing to touch
How I want this so much

Partings sorrow is such
That bouquets you should clutch

Until then that we meet
Feeling lite on my feet
Writ on a clean sheet
The words that would treat

Lost in a dream
How else could it seem
Dance on a moon beam
Warm tears flow like a stream

The waters that reach
How I beseech
Wanting what you teach
Footprints on a beach

Until then that we me meet
With a smile which to greet
They'll never defeat
The warmth of my heart beat
Rising with the heat
Seeing you's such a treat

Lullaby.

Sleep gentle

Lullaby

Sleep softly

Don't you cry

Sleep lady

How I try

To sing you languid

Into the arms of night

Sleep baby

Lullaby

Sleep soundly

For tonight find rest

Knowing no goodbye

This is what I confessed

Sweet lady

How I truly try

To reach your heart

Where ever you lie

Sleep warmly

Held dear in my heart
These are the words
I sought for from the start

Sweet lady

Lullaby

Peaceful

There's no need to cry

Sleep soundly

Ease of mind

Rest gentle

Comfort find

Sweet lady

Lullaby

Holidays

Do you think I can't remember
Crab lines dangling from a sea wall?
Wet beaches drawing hearts
Or paper flags for sand castles?

The beer gardens
And the names you'd call me at the bar
As you were getting drunk

Before newspaper wrapt fish and chips?

You taught me the culture

And how to read the hobbit

The stories you told at night

You said to everyone, frightened me

Screams as you groped me

A child's passive body

Places that you'd bite me

Or with a finger penetrate

It's colouring everything

All we did and all you said

Like the drugs you spiked me with

Childhood memory bittersweet

Grand National horse bets

Picked from the paper with a pin

So you took me to castles

And to abbey crumbling walls

And like the fantasy you projected

Of happy families

The sweet turns to sour

When I recall fingers
You slammed in the door
And how I struggled
Before a Chinese burn
Or a whipping with nettles
And the innocence you stole

I recall that they caught you
Semen on my bed sheets
I was only seven
'Accusations,' why you put me on the streets
Then you disappeared
Freemasons in on your Phd
Their decision to forgive you
If you left me alone
After all, you bring in the money
My 'favourite' uncle
An abuse for every character
Those were the night time stories
And the bedroom light shadow plays

All the 'witnesses'
For 'he's a jolly good fellow'
A 'kindly' uncle

Taking 'interest' in an abandoned little boy

The absent father

You blamed for any signs of distress

Every breath you take...

You invested in supports

Where I might find my escape

Coin collections and fossils

A 'dominant' , to have a say

Payroll for treatments

You hoped would make me 'let go'

Today they call it grooming

But you knew there's a vale over abuse with the press

Wrong colour football socks a gift

You said my perceptions were not clear

Christmas dinner where you plotted

Cover stories formulated

All the adults needed alibi

Child abuse was not your only crime

You decided with the doctors

Bitter pills for the traumatised

Knowing it would help cover up

For all your twisted lies

I don't like to holiday
For the memory it brings
The scratching of your beard
On my naked thighs
It colours everything
All we did and all you said
Bittersweet childhood memory
Outrage you'll not defeat

The Cave

Something about Max Headroom
Reflected on reality
Talking Heads
Puppet Masters
Pulling at heart strings

Spitting Image
Just a hint
At the CGI
A royal corgi avatar
You'll see the jokes on us

Royal Fools

Attentive to every word
Mirror systems in the net
Virtual Insanity
A mental padded cell

The Chinese never play me
At a game of online chess
I can't find someone to talk to
That is not an AI bot
Or working for their agencies

The promised revolution
Repetitive toil taken by AI
Can't you see the digital overlay
The filtering of your TV?
It's been this way for decades
Tune in to tinnitus
A shift in frequency

Keeping things personal
Another forest fire
Flooding of the streets
Shadows on a caves wall
Voice mimic synthesis

Animated lip sync masks

You may think it all about you

How they overdub the themes

Trying to drive us mad

With self referential obsession

Pattern recognition

Symbolic logic gates

Blame the expert systems

Corporations in control

They write your news app articles

With quotes from your emails

Another archive war

They're rehashing the repeats

Is it a spiritual experience?

Maya illusions?

McDonalds for unguarded minds

Fast food brain drain candy

All just garbage in and garbage out

Star

Maybe I'm wasting time
Someday I'll lose my mind
Wishing on a star
Placing hope in love

Feelings that are real
Calling visions to my eyes
This is what I'm talking
A smile that does not lie

Passions too intense
Fire in loins that rise
Wanting to possess
Chains are not warm arms
How I long to free you
Staying out of harm

Binding to my will
Shackled to submit
Perhaps a passing stranger
Is who I'd give the key
Stolen kisses from your lips
But still I want you to return to my grip

Obsessions not for me
Just looking on your eyes
Knowing in detachment
Finding sweet release
Wishing you every happiness
In which to find a peace

Maybe I will fall
Rejection leaves burned wings
But until that day
A heart soaring still sings
How solid is the bond?
See what tomorrow brings

Back to reality
The space between you and I
I'll say it's sublimation
As the pen weeps another line
I don't think it's wasting time
To wish upon your star

Relationship

Anguish of alienation

Rejected by the other

To make another the whole world

Knowing freedom in the arms of love

Objectification

Enslavement to desire

Wanting only one attachment

Yet forever unfulfilled

Bondage to a role

Bound to another's will

Longing for release

Liberty of the chattel

A facade to destroy

Projections for cell walls

A construct, and an object

Pedestal, carved from stone

How we long to be longed for

Escape from the distancing

Seduction to explore

Subjective in relation

To know freedom
In belonging
Liberty to the dance
Writing songs for passing strangers
A hope that's ruled by chance

How I long to fall
Into the others arms
But please don't try to own me
In security there's calm
Yet seeking the completion
Of another, safe from harm
This I would submit to
To be known
With unconditional regard

Yes men

(they put me in for launch of a human rights tribunal...seeking justice as a victim of child abuse, there's been more than one major cover up)

The 'yes' men are bowing down
Red tape war without an end
Courts of human wrongs
Left without a friend

They say we should be faithful
Believe in their amnesty
As long as it's somewhere overseas
Or there's no one here to blame

The price of litigation
Lawyers count the cost
Dealing in Liberty
Moral battles lost

Politics makes strange bed fellows
I heard that somewhere before
Welcome to the cell block
Cover ups they're always for
As long as the face fits
The poor all know the score

All in, we are together
A scaffolds unity
Yet I'm left to wonder
Where is the dignity?
You know there's no corruption
As the judge waves your arse goodbye

So they prove that they don't care
The self righteous middle classes
And the question that I'm left with
Is why? Oh, bloody why?
Swept under the carpet
Screwed, till the day I die

Hedonism

Free from fear and pain
Fine food on the menu
A frugal hedonist
Simple as the pleasure

Intelligent conversation
Sensitive to needs
Keeps the sunshine coming
For this I still wake up

A little dash of the erotic
Enjoyment of sensation
Sense seeking for the pallet
How I wish that she was you

Liberty of heart
In touch with the emotions
Life is not a struggle
In the quest for happiness
Chill out to the music
Almost, satisfied

I enjoy contentment
When dark shadows pass
Dreams yet to fulfil
But it doesn't matter over much
Turning to the playlist
Miles, Mozart and Motörhead

The sensual world
How I crave your touch
Keeping things uncomplicated
I want this, oh so much
A frugal hedonist
Epicurean ideals
A kiss I send to you
How does it truly feel?

As good as it gets?

If this is as good as it gets
I'm almost satisfied
You see I'm quite content
With material heights

There are those who criticise
Socially exclude
But I'm not defined by the other
Their war on me is not one that I'd choose

Sectors of the community
Forever declare a battle
It's the mark of a man
And a true survivor

I meet all the criteria
For total recovery
Authenticity
Meeting the test of time
The Courage To Heal
Says I am the real deal

Why then the conflict

From my fellow man?
Is it something I expose?
What others can't, I really can

As good as it gets
And I'm fairly comfortable
Maintenance of a feathered nest
In tune with my own beliefs

There's no support group
That serves the recovered victim
I'm not the one that's bleeding
Nor the acting out
There's a contradiction
Only in the others hypocrisy

So, as good as it gets
But with many potentials
I'm not the one left crying
Over all the spilt milk
If I die tomorrow
It's as the self fulfilled

Unicorns

Unicorns and rainbows
Where will it ever end?
A ride upon the carousel
Funfair roundabouts to pretend

Cotton candy clouds
Pink sugar spun so fine
Perhaps misunderstanding
Just who plays the clown

Tears to the laughter
Fools such as I
Painting on a smile
When inside they cry

Half a sixpence to divide
Always your right to decide
I'm not one for rollercoasters
Nor wearing masks to hide

Play on, enjoy the ride
We're still on the same side
Swings and roundabouts

Regard that has not died

Carousels keep revolving

Excuse me, to the dance

The jealousy's short lived

You see I took a chance

When I'm cleaning windows

Looking for escape

There's been no change to my stance

Unraveling of the heart

I knew this from the start

Happy families

There are those still holding on

To the myth of happy families

Victims who collude

To uphold cultural fantasy

Forgive and forget?

It wasn't really that bad?

They fail to remember

That I witnessed what was done to them

Playing at old maid
Another game of snap
Mr Chips was in my hand
Jenga towers a bit unstable
Whatchamacallit?
Oh that's right, wha'sname?
They're a nonce

Connect four
And 3D naughts and crosses
In their let's pretend
Another faked charade
Keeping up appearances
A mask to hide the tears

I don't play their game
I confronted them in my teens
Abandoned the sinking ship
No pirates to Penzance
No Laughing Cavalier

Breaking the chains of denial
All but killed
I'm not playing happy families

The emperor that has no clothes
And still the abusive family
Remains in the all together

Prophesier

Your worse chat up line
Do you think to record me?
You look a bit embarrassed
I ask just who directs?

Tempted, if just for the hell of it
But they've got hidden agendas
A poor showman
Not the great pretender

Put downs like barb wire
A sting to all the kisses
You could count on me
But it's you that really misses
I sense desire at humiliation
Within my prophecy

Flirting with a dance

You sure could use a shave
I really only like the feminine
To take to the stage
I adore the smooth
A little over age

An assassin in a cloak
Judas for a priest
You can save the sermon
I practice what I preach

Your worse chat up line
Looking embarrassed
Someone pulls the strings
That's no way to begin

Rock, paper, scissors

Domino's stacked against us
But I've been here before
Scissors cuts paper
Crime reference to press regulations

Privileges on a wire

In on the taps

Auctions to the highest bidder

Slaves after the fact

Writing the script

They'll say you'll star in it

Directors casting couch

Hooks within the chats

Led in a merry dance

Hunger from the hacks

Courting white wedding days

A dress fit for a queen

Hoodwinked of the heart

What else haven't they foreseen?

Backs against the wall

I'm really not that keen

A stroke of the finger

And the edifice will fall

Sampson pushes the pillars

And demolition to it all

I stand on the rock

Laws that are set in stone

Victim protection

They've really no inroad

The CPS are on my side

For tears I never hide

Now, it's back to school

They've been overruled

It all requires a signature

And I'm not in a dunces hat

Networks are unseen

Behind the slight of hand

A Marquis to the deal

But these are shifting sands

Things keep on repeating

That's why I don't do as planned

Advertising agencies

Thought you'd be the one that can

Vanilla (with sprinkles!)

Vanilla ice cream

Suits me the best

But a chocolate flake

Never goes amiss

I've never recycled

What was done on to me

Got into recovery

Very early

I'm not that kinked

But I can swing both ways

Not as unemotional

As some might say

The hearts in the body

And the body is what I like

If you think I like pain

You wouldn't be right

Vanilla ice cream

Perhaps some rainbow sprinkles

Rarely slept with someone

I did not feel for

My heart longs for theirs

And I am a realist
At my age I can share
I wonder if they can feel this?

Vanilla ice cream
In a moderate dose
My appetite is high
But I only long to be close

I don't like pain
And I don't like to hurt
If you let down your hair
I like a quick flirt
I'm not a tit man
I want my head up their skirt

I might cry at your touch
My heart is not stone
I don't like to let go
Even if they like to roam

I like fine silk
And richest cologne
I can be relied on

To make you feel at home

Satin and lace

The smile on your face

I like to give pleasure

And hearts that race

Weekend romance

A fine romance

In relation

But ever in a role

Safe from the tempest

Of a love that's whole

No kisses

But still there

Being for the other

A wounded

Kind of care

Cold comfort

Compassion that does not touch

Detachment

A tear to the mask

A fine romance

Only blown kisses

Connection

But still something that misses

No burned wings

Never the candles flame

Less passion

The feelings still remain

Keeping cool

Not trying to play games

A fine romance

Sense of pity

I rely on them

But not completely

Draw attention

To the relation

Such as there is

To speak of

Big bird

I keep on knocking
But I can't get in
You see from the inside
They don't want me to win

In all probability
They forgot their plan
Grand designs
Alone, I do what I can

No deal on the table
No pot of gold
You see, the free
Left me out in the cold

Big bird said
He turned the other cheek
Said I'd never forgive
They crush the weak

The gods man
Led a merry dance
No faith in dogma
I just took my chance

Chartres gambit

A curse perchance?

Black and white

I left the chequer board

Just a stale mate

I'll never serve the Lord

They synchronised my watch

But there's no accord

Sitting

Sitting

No intent

Not so Intensely

In detachment

Sensations come

And then they go

Thoughts invade

But come slow

Sitting

And that is just that

No care at all

As I'm quietly sat

People move

Attracting the gaze

I sometimes smile

But mostly it's a haze

Sitting

No real desire

Not concentrating

Just letting things be

Neither there or somewhere else

Here in simplicity

Some meditate

Focus of the mind

But I let it go

Any direction that I find

Sitting

That's all there is to it

No ultimate truth

Don't believe in the mystic

Of the spiritual

I don't care one bit

Diamond

Diamond

Hard as any rock

Drill bits

Infidelity that shocks

Bore holes

Deep into the heart

Some say

Always putting horse before the cart

Diamond

The twinkle like a star

On a hand

So near and yet so far

Facets I come to see

Refracting light

Like you and me

Yet some sides remaining out of sight

Brilliant cut

Forever showing off

Permanence

That some might come to scoff

Their price

A diamond on a ring

How solid

Like the length of a piece of string

They go the extra mile

But what other pleasures it still brings

Displaying a rock

But the truth it seems

To some may be a shock

Convenience,

in an open arrangement

The Lens

Intrusion of privacy

You know it ain't my crime

But someone has accused

To break in on mine

Observed without a warrant

The curse of yesteryear

Claiming a terror

To feed the public's fears

They talk of being free

Yet they're just puppets, do you hear?

Denial of rights

How do they justify?

Seems to me

This could be the same until I die

The neighbours have the front door key

Can't you see that the police always lie?

Monitoring

That's what the government wishes

Any excuse to ratify

Spinning plates, and china dishes

Sabotage goods under warranty

Cutting holes into new clothing

You know that it's illegal

To focus on the victim
Still they're doing it
A cover up, a medals tin
Backdoors in my operating systems
Reverse engineering

Life is through the lens
Of security forces
Cobra marks a man
With a cold snakebite
Rigging accidents
Injury to ignite
Tarring and to feather
But I don't give up my rights

Circumstantial

No victim to circumstance
Onlookers, not allowed
But still the situationism
Has me playing to the crowd

Up in the gods
The upper crust

The inner circle

But the outer fellows

Use score cards

Do you follow?

Case studies to write

A little over trite

Pushing at the button

Bid adieu, wishing good night

Too much subterfuge

I'm really not confused

No Exit for a hell

Am I the one who fell?

Standing on my own

Within the masquerade

Do I bow to the vox popular

The consensual delusions

When I know they feed me

Only fond illusions

The actor, like the whore

No knocking at their door

Directed in their play
But I'm authentic come what may

The judges mark each move
Each step within the dance
But I don't submit to 'higher' powers
No victim of circumstance

Bossa Nova

Another gentleman's excuse me
Sidestep in the dance
It seems to me now
There strictly never was a chance

Tears shed for the dream
Shattered fantasy
Time to gird my loins
Back to reality

Romantic hearts in rapture
How many love song pen?
But if it's just compassion
The heights must come to end

Flirtations such as theirs
Flying on the wing
What else the lonely heart
Would come in time to sing?
Basking in attentions
But which lover did it bring?

A sidestep in the dance
It takes two to samba
Counting the years
Where did that good man go?
I seem to loose the thread
Unraveling heart that bled

Tears that gently fall
Cleansing like the rain
You know that I'm no stranger
To separations pain
Wishing every happiness
It wasn't mine to gain

Looking in the mirror
Clear eyes of the fool

Even the warmest summer
In autumn comes to cool
The rhythm to Bossa Nova
When the parties over

Flirt

Putting out
But you best beware
They're not showing off
All that is their wares

A tease to mock
What's in their underwear?
Bound to shock
And they don't even care

An offered hand
Still showing off a ring
About face
Flirtation with mocking
Hooks in you
Winding a ball of string

Conduct so sweet
It happens between men
And they'll say, women
Human frailty,
what more are they wanting?
Thrill of the chase
Heart break as they sing
Where do they work?
I'm not one for stalking

Of their act,
you may come to tire
They're putting out
But pushing the price higher
Something tells me
They've played this scene before
Playing a role
Am I the abuser? No encore.

Sarcasm comes
Their airs superior
Hearts to pierce
Arrows with toxicity
This could be a setup

Domino, tag team, simplicity
Veiled put downs, taunt
sometimes in their cover story

It was all a test
I've heard this one before
Their trained to unearth
Feelings, flesh they want to tear
Thou dost protest over much
The power play unfair
Did I take it out on anybody else ?
No. That would be too much to bear

The actress flirts
Attentions they would dare
But they pirouette
Did anybody stare?
A bitterness as they make the switch
Counter transference?
You know she likes to play the bitch
A case history?
Force the disconnect
Relationship?
It's been four years,

As a therapist.

Does that sound like they even really care?

Wild wood

I found myself in a forest dark

Lonely dreams of creations spark

Like distant stars in the firmament

Looking for a light to shine a way

The moon that hangs upon the clouds

Like the mirror of the lake

Tears that collect in the pool

Waters to drink of

Refreshment cool

She danced like a sylph

Into my heart

New hope to bring

Spirits rising start

Reflection of the waters clear

Calling through the tree line

A sonnet hear

The material plane
The body weak
Still an embrace
Which it seeks
A longing that none could defeat
A kiss that lingers on the cheek

Can't see the wood
For all the trees
The lake side speaks
To fantasy
Leaving shadows
That I find
Seeking freedom
Of the mind
A silhouette
For the blind

The foe unseen
That directs
Whispers doubts
Illusions defects
I hear the call
Across the mirrored lake

No fall for me
My enemy to forsake
Cleansed by the tears of love
Showered like a gift from up above

To swim into the lovers eyes
The fool who forever tries
To reach out across the void
Forgetful of those that toyed
With the open heart so pure
Knowing one quest forever sure
To hold them dear
Released from the forests fears
And in the rapture of their naked sight
Find in truth, a guiding light

Open door?

You have to walk through a door
To see what's on the other side
Enter the interior
Where shadows may hide

A hair trigger

To protect the heart
Bang, bang, I shoot
Destruction, for my part

Self sabotage
That's what they may tell you
Heading off at the pass
They claim it's all me
From first until last

The nudge of coercion
Hypnotic emotion
Dealers force hands,
No response, to reaction

Someone compared me
To a hedgehog
Under threat
Balled spines for those
Looking on,
left agog

A button they pressed
Switch all the lights off

Into the shadow

Defence mechanisms

The veil of a black widow

Less painful it seems

Standing alone

Demons for company

Feeling at home

The issues revolving

Where did all that time go?

Killing fields

Field marshals play away

Moving pieces on the board

Tin soldiers serving flags

Lower ranks up for body bags

Bishops offer prayers

They show no sign of belief

The sad reality

Groomed to lay a poppy wreath

Watches synchronised

As we enter the killing field

Teddy bears picnic

Just who are in disguise?

And so things remain the same

As they play at their war games

Pin flags upon a map

Who sat upon their lap?

Smoke and mirrors in the press

Pretenders to distress

It's anybody's guess

Which ones are consensus delusion

Worked on the blind

It isn't in your mind

Jubilee celebrations

A crest for a coffee mug

Fly by wire

As they fan flames of the funeral pyres

Precious

Love is such a precious thing

But not a possessive, jealous thing
Who knows what time will bring?
There are words I long to sing

Love, like a jewel in a crown
What goes round, comes around
The covetous only come to betray
What true love comes to say

Some say let go
But they don't seem to know
Any more than what I know
A guiding light, that love can show

The rays of sunshine
The mornings rise
To a warmth
Found in lovers eyes

I try to write
Another song
I think I'm right
I could be wrong
What I hold dear

Within the melody
Is the grace notes
That lovers hear

Fresh flowers cut
The time is soon
That love returns
From past wilted blooms
Lovers find that it is an art
To bring new colour
To touch the heart

Love is precious
It could mean everything
Never believe, that it's a sin
Do we all get what we want?
Life too short to count the cost
Still the dance begins
A step may be lost

It could be one
It could be two,
But I still think
Of me and you

Wanting only to see your smile

Forever going the extra mile

Courage looks to courage

Where love will win

This is why I say

That it's no sin

A fall?

The rug is pulled

The sky falls in

That's what the plan may be

Critics on the march again

How treat a broken heart

It seems

Lean on me

The promise of

Someone on whom to depend

I see dark clouds that gather there

No rainbows end

Without a friend

The heart is true

Not breaking glass
The crowd wants my blood
See me on my arse
I sit alone with poised pen
Loaded words
Bothered then

They turn away
I sublimate
An offered heart
But it's too late
Directors play another game
Am I gaslighting?
They call me insane

The curtain call
The final bow
Pretend it's all been
A bit of an act
A listening ear
To share the tears
The days go by
It turns to years
But are things resolved?

Abandonment fears.

The drama of being a child

Thou shalt not be aware

They say it didn't work

I still wonder what they mean?

'Treatment'

Who was saying I needed 'treatment'

Because my shared experience

Does not fit, with their false beliefs?

How many of them are back drinking?

They called me stinking thinking

But I think outside their box

There are those looking for a strangeness

A disorder of the mind?

I have a sleep disturbance

The trauma memory not just in my head

There's a crack down my skull

Because of injury I nearly ended up dead

I am as functional as I can be

Deficit that is variable

No need to be down on my knees

I am disabled

Parity of esteem

There is no conspiracy

Forever unmanageable

Because the issues go round and round

The government decided

To give me a few extra pounds

Welfare state in action

Disadvantages for which they allowed

If it was combat stress

The nation would be proud

Because it's childhood sexual abuse

I get jeers from the passing crowds

I don't give a damn about their opinions

I say it clear and loud

I am not the problem.

This is what they really do not see

So for those saying I need 'treatment'

Because the business that I run

Is an adaptation

A resilience, and a bit of fun
I'm not expected to go out each day
For all the watchmen say
I'm perfectly imperfect
That is the human way

Anger

Anger at the system
So many different veils
Looking for the truth
But all they're interested in
Is sales

Mammon pulls the purse strings
What use for all the art?
Those telling lies
Don't even have a heart
Say it's all been Midland
The dealer forcing a losing hand

The cream for the upper crust
Hire another whore
The poor and the lowly

Just get a closing door

Woke to an inquiry

How big a cover up?

So much technology

News stories filtered by AI

Maya all, illusions

TV dinners till the day we die

She sells sea shells

Groomed for the slavers hell

Trying to stay active

They crush all who defy

The older I get

The more I see their lies

What price Liberty?

For freedoms we still try

Hypnotised emotions

Suppressed by bitter pills

Say it too clearly

And they say that you are ill

A mugshot in a frame

They'll say it's you to blame

We place our faith in agency
But is anybody really free?

Mirror

What do you see
In the rear view mirror?
Gripped by a trigger?
Are they following you ?

A fly on the windshield
The meaning of
Looking over your shoulder
White lines and black leather gloves

Move into gear
A past that haunts
Craving for power
Who has been bought?

Just drive the car
Maybe the wrong lane
A little too fast
For a walking cane

Watching your back

A little insane

Mirroring

That's what they'll say

Heard it all before

Look the other way

Who do you see

In the rear view mirror?

Driving too fast

I guess they'll work you

A little too guilty

Breaking glass

A fly on the windshield

Overtaken, moving, passed

Genuine

Calm after a storm

Crossed wires

A woman scorns

Time to retire

To bed

Perhaps this devil

Hides his horns

Dark clouds

Threatening peace

This much I know

At least

Winds of change

Moving on

Crown you

With a heart felt song

The breast trembles

Like unsure lips

To a falling tear

There are some words

That they never hear

Conflict fed it seems

To blight the listening ear

Intentions that are for the best

Dreams that lay at rest

I thought I heard a sirens words

Doomed prow sailing onto rocks

But when I woke
Kind words were all they spoke

Thank you
I was checking in
Checking out
The way things begin
No doubt of integrity
With a heart that's genuine
Tie back your flowing hair
I hear reassuring care

Shark warning

The vultures that gather
Jackals that bay
Clamour for blood
Any story will do

I'm not riding shotgun
Not worked as their blind
They're looking in
And that's not in my mind

I hear rumours in passing
They'd settle on anything
Claiming misconduct
When there's nothing there

Media execs
Names dropped by the crowd
Business relations
They can fuck off
My relationships are allowed

Harassment from the scum
Looking for an angle
The sharks smelling blood
Warnings of floods

No ones too stupid
Not letting them in
I also care
And that's nobodies sin

Still

Still the thoughts

Running through my head
Still the heart beat
With a rhythm that you've fed
Fill an empty space
Within my bed
Words flow
I wonder what I might do instead?

Silence to the melody
When you inspired a symphony
Bass line that skips a beat
Syncopation hard to keep
Cool airs
But I still feel a heat
Strings stroking come to rest
They'll say this was for the best

No fanfare from brass section now
Dreaming but forever asking how
Warm tears like ink upon the page
The moment lost
Passions that come to age
The libretto as epic as anybody knows
Writ within the light you show

The conductor that directs
Points now to a soloist
Spotlight shines upon a face
Baton marking out the pace
She reminds me of you
In my chest, I feel it race

Searching for a smile
Within the crowd
Returning to loneliness
I reflect, this is allowed
No flight of fantasy
An empty auditorium is all I see

Orchestrations coming to an end
No real conclusion
No closing act is penned
For I long to begin anew
To a fresh resolution
I'm not really through

A change to the step
Dance resumes

I can't forget
You tie your hair back
With a sigh
Reminding
Of the things I lack
It got in the way
And some things
Are never coming back
We'll speak once more
On another day
Some words
I'd really rather never say
There's no goodbye
Emotions still

EQ

Some speak of maturity
As if something to attain
Youth get sold on gurus
Pop psychology their game

Emotional intelligence
Is something that grows

It takes time in development
Like fresh seeds that are sown

There's no real goal post
You don't have to run the extra mile
Try to pace yourself
You'll be left with a knowing smile

The turbulence of the winds
That blow at the fresh shoots
In time you'll learn to weather
With well laid roots

There's no arrival
The road goes ever on
Don't worry about it
Life could be a living song

Some speak of gods
On which to rely
But in time you'll see
That they all lie
No need to let go
You just have to try

Some hide from them
Some offer a stiff lip
But it's best to express yourself
Don't get stuck in anger's grip
Energy in motion
The fuel for our days
You don't need to do anything
Experience is the only way

Let go?

Some say letting go
Is everything
But what gifts
Holding on may also bring?

Never forget history
Learn from it
Consciousness is a mystery
Don't throw it all away
Don't do what everybody says
Some want to lead you by the nose
Bow before them, kiss their toes

It pays to plan ahead

Imagine the worse

When all hope is dead

You don't live under a curse

Hold on to yourself as if you're first

Agency brings freedom

You can decide

Make choices to create

No victim to the fates

From responsibility don't hide

Some say let it go

But what will happen if you don't?

New truths of which to show

Sometimes it's just the way it goes

Don't rely on providence

Construct a narrative for your life

You may think it will all make sense

Ultimately, absurdity

In the end it really won't

Some want their lives mapped out

They're gambling to the rule of chance

Hold on to what you find dear

Stay within relations dance

No divine dictator

No slave to happenstance

Learn to fight

For what is yours

Entropy

Forever knocking at the door

Hold on

To what is yours for sure

Some say let it go

But ultimately you really can't.

Anima

Anima mundi

A sister for a soul

Gaia hypothesis

Unity our goal

The mothers tears like rain

For polluted oceans

Waves bring to the shores

Waste within her motion

Anima mundi

The world imbued with soul

Creative intelligence

Seeking to be whole

How we must heal her

Custodians our role

The mirror of the lakeside

A lady for me waits

A boat upon her waters

Ripples speak of fate

Some speak of extinction

Can it really be so late?

Anima mundi

Great mother, sister, crone

How I long to hold you

When I'm returning home

We search both high and low

The continents we roam

Anima mundi

We never are alone

Bollocks

I've got sweaty bollocks

If you like, you could scratch them

Alleviate the itch

I've got some plans

In time I'll hatch them

If you've got some eggs

Enigmas, I like to crack them

I could eat your yolk

But won't lick around the back then

I've got itchy balls

I'd like you to scratch them

Working up a sweat

There's nothing else can match them

If you use your tongue

I've expulsions

In your mouth you'd catch them

Some say that I'm obscene

It's not long I keep it clean

If you're on the scene
You might know where I have been
Like a shadow, rarely seen

I've got itchy bollocks
All on my own I scratch them
But if you bring us both together
I've plans
And you could hatch them
You scratch mine
And I'll scratch yours then

Breathe

Help, I can't breathe
Pinned down by the dogs
Got me by the throat
Rigid as anything can be

They want to keep me down
Under the knee
Help, I can't breathe
Released conditionally

It's been this way over a decade

Help me, I can't breathe

Nothing really left

For me to believe

Faith in rule of law?

No proportional crime

A Mexican standoff

Never crossing the line

Help, I can't breathe

A loaded gun pointed at my head

Can't use the mechanisms

Could be this way till I'm dead

Over a barrel

Lies that they've fed

Help me, can I breathe?

The call for civil rights

Nothing left in to believe

No one taking up the fight

So few freedoms

Am I the right height?

Rigid controls

And I didn't do anything

They stood back and laughed

You see I couldn't win

Guess I've got a few grievances

Where shall we begin?

Help me,

I can't breathe.

Oppression

A life times pain

A life long suffering

Could drive you half insane

So much for divided loyalties

Not much of it remains

Control

That's what they've got

Control

It's what they want

Fearing real rebellion

Overdoses for all those punks

If you look at it squarely
The price for all our pains
Oppression ever present
What freedoms still remain?

They feed us lies
Knights and round tables
Where we'll never ever sit
Someone should warn those kids
That the laws are full of shit

The poor can't buy Liberty
It's no conspiracy
Those that sit up on high
Aren't really the good guys
Above the law
Whilst our fellows die

TV dinner feeds us news
Keeping us all blinkered
Wonder who's the head of it all?
When there's no empty throne
Where was the justice
When they left me without home?

So much technology left out in the cold
That means control, as of old
Divided loyalties to oppress
There's not much left I must confess

Suicide

Another thought of suicide
And I am angry at its words
Rebelling against the weight of it
As if an invasion of my mind

I recall my teenage years
Fed to be a moron
Following futile paths
In a dance of self destruction

A moth to the fateful flame
A heart as yet inexperienced
Condemned to rejection
Fleeing with self loathing

Some say love shines a light
That it is worth the fight

But young love seems mere delusion

I didn't even really like them

Hypnotised to follow carrots

The donkey put before the cart

Loves labours to be lost

Wheels straining in the mind

Another thought of suicide

Who believes in the first impression?

Dooms transmissions in my head

You live once, forever dead

Angry at the thought

And the reasons that it's there

Rage against the machine

More reasons to rebel

Intent?

So you revealed intention

You made it clear

Always against me

What I hold dear

Potential for sadism
Thumb screws ever on
Cross examine the details
A hope that's gone

A dangerous game
I'd have to take a chance
On the back foot
It's ever a slow dance

Those that police us
Can also betray
Back door surveillance
A technological way

Watching eye movements
Scanning your face
Slow interrogation
Do you want a taste?

Set up situations
Always one step ahead
Hoodwinked onto the scene
Respect is already dead

Regulation blues
A plastic mattress
Beaten up by screws
No regard for distress

Synchronised heart beats
Flattened feet
Too much pressure
As you face the heat
Change the sheets
The past could repeat

Ode to a titty

Thou art quite round
And smooth to the touch
A little plump
Wanting you much

Crowned, bejewelled
By ruby aureole
To caress
Could make me whole

To suckle like an infant
With my face nestled
In that chest
Show me what god gave you
Truly art thou blessed

When you're feeling shitty
There's none else can compare
Oh, to feel a titty
Whilst you stroke my hair

Twin mounds to climb
A journey
To place my head betwixt
Everest needs its Sherpas
All I want is one caress

Thou art ripe and peachy,
Mellons which to test
How I long to suck you
Rested at that breast

Be good or be careful

They want good boys and girls

Always willing to serve

A school tie knotted noose

Hanging all those that defy

They'll claim you criminal

If you don't bow lowly

Lock you in a cell

If you're not so holy

Whipped to forgive

Tortured till you're meek

Those with all the power

Forever keep us weak

Did you never wonder

Why they teach us to pray down on our knees?

The law is just

And none should question

The players curtain calls

Those photographed, in on it all

Composite evidence

Spot lit in the frame

There's things they cannot print

Spin bowling in this game

So, lost to a hall of mirrors

Down the rabbit hole

They've thought control

Confessors to false guilt

There's always an inquiry

Filtered to our screens

The victim that they doubt

To their shame, the system's conspiracy

I do not have a problem with the individual Muslim anymore than it being personal when I Satire the Catholic Church. The problem is with religious institutions and dogma, the individual Muslim is not responsible for the ideological extremes. So the myth, from so called liberals, is that only the far right confronts religious threats in the community. In fact the right have many sympathy with the extremes of religion. The real and present danger is to liberalism itself. Read 'heretic' by Hirsi Ali who totally debunks the myths that Islam as is can fit into a pluralist society without serious conflict of interest. It is in fact liberal values most under threat. I am certain you can find a hundred catholics to claim their religion is not anti LGBT, likewise 100 Muslims, but their religious texts compare gay sex to laying with animals, calls gay people beasts and in shariah law countries they murder and cut off the genitalia of gay men. Islam dominates through force other cultures and religions, that is part of its ideological roots. Shariah law is its aim regardless of the law of the land. To repeat, I cannot be an extremist merely for repeating a fact about Islam that any school child can check out by searching Aisha.

Liberal fascists are claiming it is I, not they, that are politically incorrect around 911, 77, je Suis Charlie etc. If they take my so called extreme statement that Mohammad was a pedophile and consult wiki on Aisha they will discover the truth, as confirmed by Hirsi Ali, a Muslim, agreeing with me based on the historic record. Persecute me another day thank you. Shariah law, no thank you, I'm in lust with Khloe Kay. Chop my cock off for allah another day. The liberal agenda? Harass or deplatform through social exclusion anyone who disagrees with what they say. So called liberal activists attacking the business concerns and fiscal stability of a disabled man, labelled vulnerable. Hitch slap? I just watched Hitchens slap some theists in the gob for being against gay marriage. Shariah law anybody? God is not great! I am in this, as ever, highly liberal. Belief in god is philosophical suicide - Camus.

Shariah

Mohammed had a dirty arse

You know that it's not pretty

Now the thought police are at my door

Isn't that a pity

Mohammad smells

That's what I said

Cos his arse is shitty

Gestapo beating at my door

Now I must flee the city

Politically correct

Until the day I'm dead

I wonder just

What got in my head

Do I care?

Are you well read?

Try to put a fatwa

On me instead

That's right

Isn't it a pity

That I said

Mohammeds arse is shitty

Dressed in burkas

At my door

They say I am a son

Of a whore

Where's the insult

Do they want more?

Forever trying

To settle an old score

Stone me to death

Cos I like Khloe Kay

Next they'll say

That it's time to kill all gays

A white pig

Cos I like to frig
Cock or cunt
I like them big
Either way
I've got them licked
But Mohammed had a dirty arse
You know it isn't pretty
Thought police want me dead
Try shariah law instead
They say stone me
For what's in my head
Cos all I said I want to do
Is watch sex and the city

Looking back

Don't look back
I hear them say
But there are paths
That tread that way

Some fear the dark
Rather not know
The pearls of memory

A light can show

Children's faith

Unquestioning

True believers

Blank sheets to experiencing

The wonder years

That's what they're called

Fights with other kids

Stories not so tall

Ashes work

Looking for a spark

Where hope is dim

Flames stoked in the dark

Material I find

To promote creation

Silver jubilee hats we made

And collectors mugs

Declare one nation

Not a dealers drugs

Boys brigade spirits

Who stole my conkers?

Broke the shoe lace strings?

History

Choirs of innocence

Heralds for one King

Children's laughter

Where we learned to dance and sing

The schoolyard

Pictures of childhood

Stick people in crayon

Biting badly held coloured pencils

Elastic bands clutching fingers

Assembly roll call

Milk that got snatched

A black plimsoll

stuck to a wooden board

Learning to tie shoelaces

In trembling hands

Lonely grief of abandonment

Red skin that was smacked

Tears in the school yard
Flushed cheeks from a rage fit
A red hulk
Trying to be bigger than my age
Smashing wooden benches
In the British Bulldog playground

Mustard and cress seeds
An egg cups green hair
Gerbils in caged wheels
Head over heels
Happy faces biscuits
Red jam on my cheeks

A broken nose fall
from the monkey bars
Hop scotch and chalk snakes
School fence wire stretched by my weight
Wooden blocks as a chisel
Plaster cracked, seeking escape

Memory of childhood
A voice guiding each stage

Londons Burning

And Frere Jacques

Rebel songs

Breaking daisy chains

The notes of the recorder

And Thomas Beckett in a play

Although most of the spokespersons for the new atheist movement are over polite on the position towards religion, atheism is no longer a neutral minority, I and others are literally OPPOSED to religion. The religions seem to think it will go away by ignoring it, but they are fading into insignificance. More people in our culture do not believe in god than ever. We do not have to tolerate the lies of religion. The unwary interpreter may suggest as I am anti religion I must be against Muslims and Christians right to worship as they please. Totally wrong, such is their democratic right. I have a democratic right to freedom of expression about how their religion is wrong and harms society and it's own members. They do not have a right to convert my position or coerce me to conform with the principals of religious ideology. I am opposed to the religion, not the people who practice it. Big difference. Note I have marched against the EDL. Tommy Robinsons odious character seems once more to be a construct to fish for extremists and observing the EDL marching, it largely seems to be a military security exercise rather than a political movement. In fact as a movement, the EDL, as it is opposed to people practicing religious freedoms in a pluralistic democracy is anathema to the freedoms I uphold. I am thinking to myself that this Shamima narrative is likely a construction by the British government to test for extremist tendencies from both fundamentalist and the alleged far right. Not that Cobra could have plants or hyper real avatars... smells of fishes. Why grant them a platform? Religion harms society in several significant ways, it is unnecessary to purge the culture of the art produced in religious submission but it is time to create something more in the image of humanity, free from the burdens and shackles of the religious mind set. There is a clear argument, that to teach kids

unquestioning faith is an abuse of power. It is indoctrination and promotes fundamentalist lies. That is not the only reason I oppose religion. Charity set up in the name of religion often tries to convert those it claims to help. This is not true altruism, as with humanist charity and philanthropy. Such religious charity is aimed at conversion and indoctrination. Secular charity should be granted preference. Religion is against freedom of thought and expression and historically is the cause of much abuse and conflict, especially for minority groups. Dogma over the right of the individual to create their own meaning is something to strive against. As a survivor of childhood sexual abuse I have met with religious intolerance, especially from counsellors, again and again trying to dominate and force me to submit to religious ideology. Dogma is a tyranny. Tyranny is something to oppose.

Free will?

Has the universe changed

When I make a choice

Or am I constrained

To be a slave of a gods voice?

Am I flown by wire

Everything predetermined

The forces of nature

Free will undermined?

Breaking chains of compulsion

Libertarian of mind

Do I have true liberty?

Forever self defined

Could I have done different?

No puppet on a string

Neurones are firing

What actions they bring?

No victim of circumstance

Not an object, no thing.

Am I a reactor

Just stimulus response?

Directed by situations

Always like a machine

Cognitive modelling

Programmed never to win?

Romantic spirits

Beyond compatableism

Radically free

With autonomy

Desire to uphold

The choice to be me

Breaking chains of determinism

Conscious agency

Blind faith

Blind faith like a cancer

Infecting the mind

False ideology

Occupying their kind

Our minds are a battle field

Thoughts ever competing

The death of the rational

When dogmas repeating

Weapons of theology

To try to gain ground

The disease advancing

Infestation all around

Religion, the mind killer

It's tenants unsound

They don't want us to question

To find our own way

On meditation

Falsehoods all that they say

Submit to the problem

A whore to Agnes Dei

Humanity's heart

Creates its own ethics

Empathy for our sisters

Blind followings pathetic

Play on our emotions

Manipulation so tragic

Memes that are in conflict

Courting attention

But the meanings not given

It's our to create

Not condemned to a judgement

Innocently relate

The path to success

No religion our fate

Raise consciousness

Blind faith we should hate

Legion?

Not so sorry to inform you

I've never felt too divided

The core of myself

Forever seems decided

Fragments of memory

A childhood looking glass

Smashed by abuse

Shattered till the last

But a mosaic forms a window

Coloured light which to shine

A rainbows stained glass

Reflections such as mine

Never been two

Never in doubt

Integrated parts

A light not put out

A little vacillation

Sometimes unsure

But no cracked actor

No monsters overture

Facets perhaps
After all, what twinkles
But never just the broken
Not just a trinket

Diamonds in the rough
May sometimes confuse
But if you think I am legion
I'm not so sorry, you lose

Multi?

Urban myths
To deny testimony
An old con trick
To deny history

Say they're two people
And then steal their work
Smoke and mirrors
It's just a hurt

False beliefs
Fed by the net

Toxic memes

Best to forget

I can play a role

Put on an act

No divided self

And that's a fact

Horror movies

Penny dreadful

The only multiples

Theatres full

The only 'split' I'm into

Is between your legs

Professional witness

Interpretations sell

Are you a mug

Believe what you're fed?

False labels

Perpetrators to protect

If you want to talk multiples

Try orgasms instead

Conflation?

Conflated feelings

Superimposed

Not what I'm talking

Misleading, imposed

No confusion to the memory

Seeking total recall

Mending the tapestry

A witness blanket, all

Jigsaw pieces

That together will fit

It's a fully formed picture

Not seen just in bits

Strength of resolve

The path that I've trod

Not so submissive

No fear of their god

Tapes like an echo

What the abusers had fed

Thoughts unworthy
I'm happy they're dead

Positive affirmation
The self talk instead
There's no knots to untie
A theory, misled
I'm not embarrassed
When I lay down to bed

Warmth

Warm as the tears
Washing my cheeks
Wept from these eyes
To see you now clear

Warm as the sunlight
At breaking of day
Shone through the curtains
Awakening, come what may

Fresh words to garland
Crowning with flowers

Reflecting on your words

Creativities power

Wonder at being

That's what I am seeing

In the mirror you show me

New ways of freeing

Liberties dance

How I'd take a chance

But releasing my grip

Mistaken perchance

Warm as the feelings

That rise in my heart

That much is real

With fond regard, it starts

Shariah

Mohammed had a dirty arse

You know that it's not pretty

Now the thought police are at my door

Isn't that a pity

Mohammad smells
That's what I said
Cos his arse is shitty
Gestapo beating at my door
Now I must flee the city

Politically correct
Until the day I'm dead
I wonder just
What got in my head
Do I care?
Are you well read?
Try to put a fatwa
On me instead
That's right
Isn't it a pity
That I said
Mohammeds arse is shitty

Dressed in burkas
At my door
They say I am a son
Of a whore
Where's the insult

Do they want more?
Forever trying
To settle an old score
Stone me to death
Cos I like Khloe Kay
Next they'll say
That it's time to kill all gays

A white pig
Cos I like to frig
Cock or cunt
I like them big
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Broke the shoe lace strings?

History

Choirs of innocence

Heralds for one King

Children's laughter

Where we learned to dance and sing

Not so funny joke, as it's true. Two Imams got chatting at the mosque. One says 'Someone called me a pedophile the other day'. The other says 'We should stone them to death'. The other replied 'But I love her, she's my wife.' His friend says 'Big words for a nine year old. You should teach her to be more obedient of her husband!'

It appears there is activist (or at least investigation) activity over my explicit remark on my blog and in song that the prophet Mohamed was a pedophile. This is the only possible conclusion based on the data set I

have on the historicity of the prophets sexual relations. The latest he is believed to have married Aisha is when she was age 9. He is believed BASED ON HISTORIC RECORD IN THE HADITH to have consummated not long after. There is debate by modern Muslims on this point only. For century adult Muslim men have had sex with under age girls following the prophet (their excuse is they married them). The practice is common in some Islamic countries today. Hirsi Ali in the book Heretic confirms these details from a liberal Muslim perspective. So go intervene on someone else. Also note 'jihadi brides' are almost exclusively underage girls. The Koran states in result for waging war on non believers in Islam the reward will be a heaven attended to by virgins. I am not a conservative let alone on the far right political spectrum. If there was one god (thankfully there are none) what are the chances he would send a prophet that was a nonce?

Vengeance

I wore a black hood

Whilst I pulled at their strings

Sinking a knife deep into their hearts

And for my part, well, I just laughed

There are wounds they cannot see

A class struggle, real war to me

Ever sharpening the blade

To guide the point home

Some people denigrate anger

Some try to emasculate rage

Now I'm sharpening my pencil
It could be for their eye
An emotional kind of cripple
Feeding me a lie

Plastic cutlery reminders
Of middle class fears
Embers awaiting the spark
When the fire will burn
No it doesn't harm me
And we never will be friends

It actually is that I hate them
And I'm not scared to own it
Not too polite
Awaiting the next fight
Resentment does not worry me
It is the measure of a man

I don't care about them
I really want to see them dead
To die painfully
With blood upon my hands
This much I know, it will be red

Like the fires that burn in my eyes

Shoot first

Shoot first

Ask questions later

When you see the whites of their eyes

Empty your load into their heads

They said a rude word

Give them interventions

Don't do as they're told

Mount an intervention

Don't go out to work

Interventions

Don't follow party lines

Intervention

Don't believe in god

Give them bloody hell

Shoot first

No room for questions

Blow them away

Before they arrest ya

An all seeing eye
That's what they claim
Oh, so loyal to the crown
We all know that game

It's an old con
Bring them in
Closing those doors
You never win

Shoot first
Ask questions later
Intervene on that
Don't they see I hate ya?

Block?

They're selling courses
On writers block
Backing horses
It's a load of cock

I sit and think

But a little while
I put pen to paper
In this style

I've never had a reason
To feel impeded in my flow
I can write some nonsense
If motivation goes

Writers block?
I've never know it
The local college
Selling some shit

Creativity is how I cope
Don't think about it
I don't need dope
Pop psychologists
Promoting theory
I express emotions
That leave others teary
Don't need a mentor
They can't do it, clearly.

Don't be a stranger

Just a phantom stranger

No friend on my return

Observing from the outside

The tales that others tell

Always the excluded

Thirty years without a job

That takes someone else deciding

To leave out in the cold

Six times homeless sober

With disability rights

Loose affiliations

No one shaking my hand

There are those who want me dead

For cold harsh truths I have revealed

Is it 'playing' the victim

When they fire a loaded gun?

Always divided

Opinions of the crowd

A suicide blonde

All that they allowed
Inflation of delusions
Dubs by a royal TV set

Who was against me?
It's really plain to see
As they raise a glass
Sending me to Coventry
Another whistle blower
Left out on my arse

A stranger in a stranger land
You're not one of us
That's the hymn they're singing
I guess I had enough
Led around in circles
There and back again
Not a lot I learned
The story looks just the same

Grease stain

Actors masquerade
Never lifting the mask

The greasepaint from the face
Stripped down at the last

True colours shining through
And that's why I don't love you
Kindly ones wind the thread
Directing paths to tread

The betrayal is expected
That is the findings of experience
One person to trust in
Of course, that is myself

Hidden agendas
Another card forced to the hand
A web of lies, conspiring
What do you fail to understand?

Poster child, for a victim
Too young, that's what they said
Plants in support systems
That's why all respect is dead
In the back rooms
Plots they hatch instead

The soldiers playing dice
Gambling to divide the spoils
That is what they want
When they're declaring war
There is no sign of conscience
When they leave you out in the cold

It's been a long, long ride
They forever lead me on
Never the rising star
Just a victim of a con
Political confusions
The price, a stolen life

The actors grease paint mask
Anaesthetist to a forlorn tear
Mascara that is running
For the bloodshed of all their fears
Red like amontillado
Stained past collecting in a glass
There will be no debriefing
As they reshuffle the decks
The casting couch is calling

The director offers the blind no deal

Accidental

The accidental terrorist

A feared first domino

Disempowered in the interpretation

The baying howl of the crowds

No regard for context

Not questioning the core

Prejudice projected

For lawyers, just the poor

A protest trail of stickers

Knocking at black rods door

Free to make a choice

No self censorship

But others try to spin

Within the body politic

Iron gauntlet holds a whip

In another's power play

Entering the frame

Affiliations falsely claimed
The mark is just a fall guy
To promote the opposition
Cross party deals
Suppress the issue politics
The right wing bishops crook
Saying 'off with their heads'

The judges forge the chains
Networks wanting blood
A claimed Oedipus Rex
Left in a pool of tears
Poems left to fade
In a cell block all alone
Nobody asking
What the maker really meant
Court of human wrongs
Left out in the cold

Bourgeois pulling strings
Abuse in psychological interpretation
Miscast as a player
In a narrative not their own
Accidental terrorist

It's not coincidental
Fat cats directing situations
Incidentally, the set up
A company of wolves
The system they corrupt

Dead Poets Society

Carpe Diem , seize the day
Got good press, or so they say
There's those who really like to take a stand
With dead poets, give them a hand

Carpe what's it? What's the score?
The library has an open door
Have you ever seen a bibliophile?
They've got their's in a book, all the while

Carpe Diem, Seize the day
There really is no better way
Dead poets righting wrongs they say
Pinned in blood, their hearts at play

Carpe what's it? Should be law

The book of life is what we're for
Spare a thought for the poor
Equality to grace each door
First edition folio
Educations where all can grow

Carpe Diem that's the score
Books the fascists surely tore
Some are speechless , It's a shame,
But we're still Patriotic to who reigns
Burning books, the nazis stink
Smell of fresh paper that we ink
Rise up and take a stand
On old school desks
Carpe Diem, it's class war
Seize the day, you know the score

Care

The world in which we're thrown
No place to call our own
Left without a home
Coast to coast we roam

The other, to conform

A hope that is forlorn

Following the man

Obeying all they can

Do what they all say

Submit to others ways

Going through the motions

A slave to suppressed emotion

Authenticity

Knowing potentiality

To seize the reins and ride

Your power do not hide

Do you fear to fall?

Into what all the others say?

The anonymous 'they'

The herd that lives that way

Care about your life

Not TV dinner trophy wives

Wild stallion,

Never truly tamed

Hooves that thunder on
A course that no one made
Hands grip at the mane
Bear back, without saddle
Rider on the storm
Lightnings sword strikes to the battle
The herd, just so much cattle

The donkey, and the serf
Led on by their carrot
Prometheus in chains
Shattering their illusions
Steal the fire of heaven
Shine an inner light
Ignore the bleats of sheep
Make a stand and fight

Vitiate

To vitiate the meaning
Corrupting the real point
Claiming moral higher grounds
To impress upon the crowd

Negative interpretations

Throwing ideological mud

Framed as the defective

The criminal has no voice

The system promotes its virtue

Making out the cultures good

But there's a lot of ambiguity

Not everybody doing as they should

Institutional corruption

They want something over you

A hook in your heart

Emotions pulling like a string

There's good and bad in everyone

The values you might expect

In those with authority

Are often quite bereft

Money, the greatest evil

People can be bought

Axis and allies

The worlds not as great as you were taught

Rent boys

Childhood's left prostituted

Perhaps a little over proud

The perpetrators never prosecuted

Did I tell it all a little over loud?

The police just persecuted

Trying to work me on the scene

Who were the executed?

Known associates that had been

A call to arms, wage battle

The authorities don't really care

About free slaves, the once chattel

The truth is hard to bear

They'll place a knife into your hand

And the jury all just stare

Cross questioned by the therapist

On Skype to create evidence

Frame as a conspiracist

Police pimping on the blind

Cut a little slack

On the line to wind

They say there's no corruption

Who's working all those whores?

Point out they license drug dealers

Their informants closing doors

They all want a big fish

A wide net, what's the score?

Plants within a chat room

You went there for support

But the lurkers in a role

May think you just fair sport

The tail end of the story

They always think you're the one to be caught

You think we are protected?

I make a body count

It disturbs the academics

Who got killed when I came out?

Another decades forensics

What is justice all about?

Last battle on earth

An enemy unseen

The last battle on earth

Thrust onto the field

A struggle as from birth

The timid blinker eyes

No reason to their life

Conform to what is given

Falling in to another's strife

Warriors wide awake

Readied for the fight

Afraid, yet not consumed

By deaths long night

The tiger in the undergrowth

What is every breath worth?

A man eater in the jungle

The last battle on earth

Do you have time left

To realise the real foe?

Time left to act?

Where did the sands of time go?

Think on global warming

Gaia in her death throws

A hunter with a spear

Approaching the tree line

Heart beat strong inside the chest

In this moment is his time

The last battle on earth

Where all of us will die

Courage

Living for this day

For tomorrow we shall die

No time to be a slave

The motivation to try

Anticipating death

In all the things we do

What time we're wasting

An anxiety that grows

The courage to live
In the face of the demise
An entropy decays
Fading to our own eyes

Live with passion
Live with revolt
Break free of the chains
Freedom is calling,
What else remains
In all that you do?

Authenticity
A polished stone
A cut with the jewellers craft
Reflecting on being
The many facets
Within a work of art

Living in the moment
For our time is now.
Seduced to conform,
Oppressed by the other?
Living. Make the choice for life,

For you will not have another

Futures?

Who knows what the future may bring?

You and I could be stuck within the roles

Left to go our separate ways

Forever dissatisfied

I take you as I find you

There's details that are unsure

It takes two to tango

And I may tread on others toes

I've heard these lines before

'Who knows what relationship we could have'

I assume it's part of the training

And the others turned their back

There's a kind of self deception

In being a client after all

We are just two people

It may have no significance at-all

It's difficult to read you
I can't always see between the lines
I'm not trying to dominate you
As it stands everything's just fine

I don't really place you on a pedestal
That's the work of art
Forever seeking inspiration
With words found in my heart

It could fall to pieces
Just a house of cards
But you see I am lonely
Without this, times are hard

There's a spell in weaving
The words upon the loom
The tapestries not finished
I just need some elbow room
The myth is in 'obsession'
I'm not plotting any bodies doom

I'd rather not reveal
All the tricks of poetry

Leave Chatterton to his suicide

You are forever free

You may feel that you're not worth it

But look at my reality

True north

Two people

Other sides of the track

But without you

There would be such lack

Awakening

Coming into focus

Colours I see

Not just turning all to grey

Lifeless

Like the pallid corpse

Death stranded

Sinking ships lose their course

Searching for a bearing

A star to shine its light

A blind man
Seeks a way through a dark night

Two people
Caught within a role
The spotlight shines
Somehow you make me whole
Creation reaching
To try to touch your soul

True north in potentiality
A kind of mythology
What of future reality?
Two people, it's not just psychology
Feelings are strong
As I pen the muse another song

Prevention?

Prevent me from living
Isolate for your fears
Would you prevent me from being?
A curse put on me for years

Prevent me from acting
Social media controls
Prevent affiliation
Except when you create the roles

Prevent my relationships
Cut off the snakes head
Prevent my mobile phone
Reroute me instead

Prevent my business
Does it mean anything at-all?
Monitoring each step
I know what happens if I fall

Prevent my world view
I suppose I'm the one you hate
Prevent ideas spreading
Filters directing me too late

Prevent me from living
A profile predicts a crime
Prevent my very being
The offence is not mine

Prevention better than cure
When I ask why, you're unsure

Dream of a kiss

I had a dream

And in it,

I wrote a poem

On waking up

I forgot the first line

It was rather good

And sure to make a rhyme

So many words I've shared

So often put pen to paper

Some think I'm lost to fantasy

Perhaps I'll see it later

I watch the ink as it dries

Tears wept from my own eyes

I had a dream of you

And in it,

I kissed you gentle

On waking up

To an empty bed
Some may wonder
How such a thought
Got in to my head

Words, to communicate
Words, unsurely whispered
Words, screamed at the world to defy
Words, sung as one enraptured
Words, trying to make sense
Strung together in a sentence

The verse is done
Not as I dreamt
Like a kiss
That was perfection
I guess I made it rhyme
But it's not as good
As I expected
I hope I find I dream again
And next time I'll try to remember

Pavlov

The Pavlovian pulpit of distress
Keep the slaves minds open
To suggestion of excess
An acceptance of conditioned stress

Tell the people what they really want
A carrot to lead them
Dreams sell, all else forgot
Desire never fulfilled, just beyond the grasp

Prison cells accompanied by a TV
Big brother dredges data
Produced in passivity
Another click in a profiled virtual reality

Subhuman submitting to servility
Autosuggestion, never far from anxiety
Fear freedom, let them sell you a substitute
A sugar coated pill from a Brave New World
Scarcity programming your next meal
Pleasure and pain, rewarded by what you feel

Heaven and Hell

The Question Concerning Technology

All we see and know
A constructed reality
The dictator issues a command
Follow my leader, free will disarmed
Subjugated
Are you really far from harm?

Pavlov offers a treat to the begging dog
Old mother Hubbard
Each bone safely noted in a log
Amazon pushes products to the top
YouTube keeps you in the loop
Predicting your next step from what you shop
If you're happy and you know it,
Simon says, clap your hands

Collective

Collectivism, ever part of the crowd
An oligarchy to which all bowed
Free speech chained by censorship
Wages reduced, ever in needs grip

Economic oppression

How the children beg
Bound to a new world order
Big brothers all seeing eye

The masters forge shackles
From a technological web
Fears they feed
Keeping the workforce down
The totality of bound pleasure
Protests silenced, without a sound

Debt, the mechanism
Selling our futures out
The price of comfort
Compassion pleading with a shout

The rebel branded without real crime
Forced to serve, standing all in line
Prayers they whisper to the sacred cow
State oppression , the future that is now
Intrusion into privacy
Sold within a smart device

In our thoughts are we truly free?

Do they control the substance of our liberty?

Waking up to a new reality

Virtually powerless in the face of all we see

Beggars take to the street

None dealt with compassionately

Cry mercy,

Views of a future we hope will be made differently

I thought on the argument of universal designer for about ten seconds. In fact the complexity and paternity of the universe is the result of principles that have a semi random element, all be it selective within the greater balance of forces and matter. Natural selection for species clearly shows there is no guiding designer nor is it purely random. The mind sees patterns and agency not there. So argument from design is total bullshit. However romantic the idea that god created the platypus for a joke to confound scientists it is just natural selection. Those that argue that natural selection was designed by agency need to go back to the Big Bang. Nothingness is unstable, hence the universe exploded into being. Nothing existed, so where could a designer be? Who designed the designer? In infinite regress? Simple, there was no designer and the universe could be different dependant on how random events formed the laws of nature. Of course those who believe god chose their bloodline for every advantage to rule over a people may have dissimilar views and agenda. Start at Dawkins 'the selfish gene'. The argument from design is clearly refuted by the genuine science.

Prima noble

The argument from design

Neoplatonic forms

A prime mover

A grand architect

Projecting agency

Onto materiality

A conscious universe

A mirror of our own minds

Patternicity

Determines the delusions

Natural selection

Probability

Semi random events

That forms the world for real

Complexity

Sure to confuse at the first glance

Hard science

Looking for a prime cause

An infinite regression

Who designed the grand designer?

A Universe From Nothing

To The Selfish Gene

The folly of childhood
The theistic dream
The platypus it's tale
Placed amongst the enlightenment

Blood lines 'destined' to rule
Already know the truth
But hope we'll all play along
So their kin can own all those gardens

Grand architects
Training trees to grow
Their design to control
With each seed they sow
Dogma that's not true
The Leviathan that is not new

Politicians

I think I may of farted
My cheeks had surely parted
The smell now has departed
But as a fart, it surely started

An ode that's rarely travelled
A tale that has unravelled
Religion offering its battle
Herd together, like so much cattle

I was feeling broken hearted
Thinking on how it had all started
But now her lips have departed
And her cheeks are no longer parted

Down on animal farm
A pig dictating others harm
The smell of fresh manure
Of politics, at least, I'm sure

The smell now has departed
But as a stench it surely started
The party loyal are all full hearted
The politicians cheeks have parted
And all we know is they've all farted

We, David

The battles in the polling station

Our cross, placed by a name

Votes to count within a box

Ethics not forgot

To uphold democracy

The gloves are always on

The crowned mace that separates

Two sides of the same house

The teller will declare results

No thought for fear is there

Oppositions shaking hands

Not blades, for who would dare

Blight the statutes that uphold

The fact that all sides care

Martyred blood

Through conflict shed

How did the thought get in their head?

Now peaceful protests are dead

A point of order sacrificed

Insanely misled

Old warriors to the campaign trail

Are sure to count the cost
How can such things occur today?
Surveillance shield is lost
Opinions silent for a while
Respect for those that fell
Another terror from the dark
A tale the papers tell

Hear that voice again

Back in Stockholm
They're dishing out the pills
Suppressing the thoughts
Of those they say could kill

There's a monkey in a cage
Controlled by all their shocks
Milgrams finger on the button
Held behind the locks

A nervous system
Whipping into shape
Pull up your socks
You are the one they hate

Liberal fascists

Sell another bitter pill

Making up words

To say that you are ill

Labels a plenty

If thoughts could kill

Nurses do as they are told

Hiding their distress

Come the weekend

Cocaine frees them from workweeks depressed

Serving the machine

His masters voice

The dragon clock in sync

Do you hear it again?

Round and round in circles

Till you really are insane

Gifts

I could of given you all my heart

And you know you played your part

But you had to sink the knife in
True love did not win

Things were looking desperate
Truth and reality separate
Other people's scorn
Tears shed, still forlorn

There are those who take their pleasure
Shooting others down
I thought that this was different
But you turned me down

I could of given you a place in my heart
Instead you just tore it apart
I'm not waiting on a miracle
Deception from the start

Against my quest, the reason
That I did it all
I look into your eyes
Instead of signs, just a fall
You said you were against me
No hope left at-all

I pen the next line mindfully
Of slight of hand aware
You turned down my friendship
And now I'm just confused
I don't like getting hurt
But you've left me bruised

My attitude towards linguistic controls by the time i made uni was such that i came immediately under attack from an ardent agenda faculty. Political correctness makes swearing both big and clever. Only nazis would attack the work of a known contrarian artist or veto by deliberate misinterpretation. To deplatform without prejudice, no thought for context, all work deemed politically incorrect is a kind of cultural facism, akin to burning books or stoneing authors. An alleged liberal agenda that would imprison its critics. Where does linguistic 'cleansing' end up? Hitler would of loved it. The forward vanguard of social exclusion and alleged thought crime.

Phd

A tin man in the spotlight
Unseen academics
Sitting on the line
The case for their defence
Made in the edit suite
Therapy on Skype
Victims cries defeated

Mistrust it, you've the right

The national inquiry

Sweeping under the carpet

How best to gag

The ones that keep it real

Another dance of deception

How does it really feel?

The one they'll discredit

With cold theory contradict

Cultural denial

The media upholds

A doctor of chemistry

The lecturers collude

Guiding with unseen hands

It's why I looked away

Jungle radio to boot

Things just don't go my way

The rights of the individual

No rule of law, you have to pay

The will to power

Emotional abuse

The big reveal

I say just what is the use?

Deals by puppet masters

Strings pulling at my heart

Supports pushed by the internet

The horse before the cart

Clear the area of negligence

Exclude the whistle blower

Those all for the union

How is no one in the wrong?

What's the big idea?

They'll never tell the story

Within the slight of hand

Never really for you

Issues clearly exposed

They don't want the list

Clear as the day

Their networks take the piss

Fatal cool

What do you tell the kids at school?

Drugs are bad, they're fatal cool

Kids rebel, it's how it goes
But if you sell them drugs I'd break your nose

You can't warn the teens enough
They think it big to try the stuff
How many die who think it great
To gamble their lives on ill fate

I like night life, I love to dance
A poison apple don't take a chance
I don't need a line to get it up
There's no rise in my cup

You can caution all you like
Fry your brains, on your bike
Russian roulette with loaded dice
An eight ball is not so nice

The voice of experience they ignore
They all think my life's a bore
But I'm free and no ones slave
I face my feelings ever brave
No escape from reality
Welcome home, not to fatality

Life can be peachy
Into action, don't get fucked up

Blade runner

Back on zoom

An expert system

Tracking eye movements

A handful of agents

There may be some look a-likes

Testing for reaction

Trigger emotions to arouse

Big data profiles

Every stroke of a key

It doesn't bloody work

That's what everyone can see

Aggregated variables

There's more to personality

Sure, they can predict what I'd buy

But not who I'd fuck

When it comes to honesty

Their lawyers pass the buck

Facial recognition

But do they know what I feel?

Empathy is lacking

The disconnect of technology

Conclusion?

Hacking social networks

Where everybody lies

Some claim relationships

Where there's really none

They'll claim you owe amends

To people you never wronged

Some you never even met

It's the same old song

Playing us for fools

It's been this way for years

I'm not submissive to it

The wavelength that I hear

Somebody switch the radio off

I'm sick of the DJ

The same pushed artists

Marketed by publicists

They've got no dirt on me

And that's what they always want

I'm not guilty of a thing

But the accusations still go on

Friendly giants from the past

Installed within the childhood

Want to cover up

For their own negligence

It's a sold out jury

For the abuser is their 'jolly good' fellow

They'll never be a conclusion

Because I want them banged to rights

The Strike

Directors in the waiting room

An offered casting couch

A twist of an emotional knife

No tolerance for that pain

If the curtain were drawn back
I wonder who sits in the gods?
A spotlight lonely on the stage
The Venus without the fur

Bosses laughing I suppose
Manipulated heart
Hooks sunk deep enough
To pull at the flesh

Innocent, without a crime
Yet judged by enemies
The script they write
Without an interval

A Marquis waiting in the wings
Malice advertised
I wonder how complex the plot
That uses pain as a device

I wear my heart upon my sleeve
I guess the judgements wrong
I ponder on a triumph in the voice
That delivered the first blow

I really cannot fathom it
The strike that came from low

Too much

Some day it will end
And I expect we'll never speak again
Not so much a friend
A contract, asking when?

The heart that connects
Yet hands that never touch
You ask me what it means
A little bit too much

The shoulder to cry on
But ever the hand that's hired
Hopes that are gone
The role you'll retire

Care, but somehow hollow
The words fall on deaf ears
I danced with your rhythm
The weeks turned to years

What will I be left with?

I sense a despair

Where once you listened

No one left there

The show man that laughs

Hiding tragedy

Not sure that you relate

To my humanity

I pen you a love song

But the heart knows it's not long

The life that I suffered

I told it you true

The supports will be gone

This I always knew

Allowed

Things are complicated

But in its face I live quite simply

There are those I depend upon

Living in cooperation

I've not really said that much
That's really controversial
War declared by communities
Their thoughts verge on fundamental

I don't believe in over much
I cut the mental shackles
Switch the damn TV off
Media fast to stay focused

Creativity is an inner journey
I listen for my emotions
Contemplating every thought
Free from bondage that is taught

I am more free by accepting limitation
Don't expect to fly away
Facing my reality
But of the almighty other I don't much care

Collectivism, fads and cults
You can keep it all
I don't bow to the masses
Not listening to the crowd

I've never got in to social media

Never sent a tweet

Popularist opinion

Does not reach my ears

I always speak my mind

You see, that is allowed

Tall Poppy

There are those that try to dominate

Live rent free in your head

They say that they motivate

Depend on them until your dead

Angels at your shoulder

Devils in your ear

Behavioural conditioning

Reminds of childhood years

A carrot before the donkey

Manipulation of desire

A hoodwink kept in the dark

It's them that want you to hire

Buy a dream of success
Publicists give you a start
But you'll never find contentment
Unless it's in your heart

They want to find an in road
You'll dance with all those whores
Measuring you up
The price of opened doors

It's a game of snakes and ladders
Someone always pulls the rug
The closest will betray
The Christians want you hooked on drugs
Cutting down the taller poppy
Those that stand out from the crowd

Dehumanised 'resources'

Group interrogation
Go over with a fine tooth comb
Comparing interactions
Till I'm left without a home

Simple eugenics

Brave new world in a pill

The market needs a workforce

If you differ, you are ill

Mould my personality

Whip me into shape

The fund holders have a remit

Their schedule will not wait

The only time they helped

Was when they left me alone

Disruption of the systems

That give practical support

Fascism in action

Social engineering that is taught

'Health' 'Trusts' a misnomer

They declare on us a war

It's my body, it's my mind

But a doctor claims authority

You know I'm not their kind

An unheeded minority

Forced to conform

A needle that i scorn
Can't you see that I am human
It's them of whom I warn

Tag team till I'm the right shape
Can't you see it's spiritual to serve?
As I turn my back
In solitude find worth
The sacred cow, community
When will I come to earth?
The man from C&A
When will they ever learn?
I despise the herd mentality
Obsessed with what they earn

Shadow

Foreshadowed situations
Names mention in conversation
Faces in the crowd
They turn up a decade later

What's the big idea?
I've never been one of the team

Networks across the country

We'll meet again

On the filtered media

They're dropping names to fish

Trying to dredge your memory

With free associated triggering

It all seems so pointless

The ways that they inquire

Shadowed for a lifetime

Predicted profile just a sham

Don't forget any man at the table

Those in on others hands

Working for the banker

Media in on the next scam

Drop a name in passing

Do I speak of the memory ?

Intelligence misnomer

Their technique near fantasy

Saturnalia

The influence of Saturn
It's moons cold and dark
Rings that remind
Of cogs in the machine
Those that ground us down
A circles pointlessness

Care of the soul
Age breeds a bitterness
The rewards of experience
Casting shadow dark
History repeating
The same old platitudes

Fire in the belly
Inspiring younger men
The pull of motivation
Warriors to just cause
Freeing prisoners
Breaking bonds of slaves

But the wounded from the field
Old age bares it's scars

Can the new sap rise
To make the system better?

Alas, absurdity

Observes a broken shield

The hero with a thousand faces

Knows a rusting steel

Gravestones of the fallen

Brothers in arms

Saturnalia, a glimpse of the despair

A future that awaits

Past glory that will fade

Grumpy old men

Resist the ravishes of time

Loose Weight?

Loose weight instantly

You can eat all you like

No need to exercise

Get off of your bike

Loose weight instantly

No need for diet pills

No secret herbs to take

You can have your fill

Loose weight instantly

No pyramid sales technique

I'm going to tell you the secret

This remedies unique

Loose weight instantly

Don't need a gastric band

No need to buy my video

I'm going to give you a hand

It's not metabolism

It's not nutrition

It's not laziness

There is but one answer

This i must confess

Loose weight instantly

There is no better way

Cut your own head off

That's all I've got to say

Aion

Modern Man In Search of Soul

Dancing to a different drum

The rhythm of the heat

At one with the beat

Synchronicity to the themes

That speak from the collective

Archetypes, from the primordial

Build symbolic narrative

A system of thought

Creates a mandala

To speak of unity

Actualisation of the whole

Stained glass windows try to speak

Of a mythic story

A dance with the anima

Higher love for a goal

Sign posts for the traveler weary

A little sense of hope
Reflecting on a heroes journey
Allegory for each life
Forever in interpretation
It's how some people cope

Existential crisis

Reflections from the mirror edge
Of a pool of tears
Words fall short
Agenda clear
I count the years
The price seemed dear

Sublimation of a kind
Libido ridden like white horse
Some say transference
But mere ideology of course
An inner journey
But not so far
For the guide looks now false

'I feel it too'

Or so they said
A hook into the heart
Lines I'm fed
I make a start
But it feels they rend my flesh

Politics are sure to sell
In time it comes to tell
They said it's me they are against
And so the hope had fell
Branches that sway with the winds
But only dead leaves fall

A path into the woods it seems
I'll make my own way back
The dance of intimacy, let's pretend
Manipulation, that's a fact
Directors assumed in the wings
Predicting I'd react
They could of offered more support
Now I see, it's been an act

What do I see on waking up?
A heart they could not kill

Returning to my self again
Cold iron forges a will
The promise of love of a kind
But I won't pay a harlot coin
Well, the wound, its smarting still

Fire flies consume the veil
Their face is not the one I see
For in the waltz I step away
The one I care about is me
Embers ignite
Illuminate the dark
A torch of Liberty
Revealing shadows on the path
The predators that flee
Not burned by the flames
A syndicated conspiracy

Some say there is return to the soul
The spirit that is retrieved
But I'm not convinced by all their myths
Rooted in reality
I may need a little help to stand
But in this I can choose free

Age that knots the limbs

Stable as the first oak

I asked a question when we first spoke

And it's me that they deceived

No sacrifice is too great

On the altar of authenticity

There has been a consistent backlash against me since Y2K for promotion golf Give Us The List (public list sex offenders, permanently). First to address in misinformation is claims I am at all concerned with young people falling in love. Although I may frown on health and emotional development issues, I am not waging war on underage sexual experimentation by youths, with other youths. Secondly when I first marched with other victims in the early nineties for our right to safety from perpetrators the internet was not a commercial medium to speak of . Police stings, entrapment by education net backbones and academics and fake child abuse images through CGI and forced perspective were largely unknown. Just because a plonker clicks a link to some unwanted dodgy porno is not grounds for listing them for public safety sake. It's a complex area but the issues include guilt tripping, blackmail by media and false profiling through aggravation of internet searches and cookies to filter dodgy material to the victim of a sting. That is not what Give Us The List is about. Further, personal attacks by political groups have alleged an attack on the LGBT community should be inferred by Give Us The List. Rape within the gay community is something I experienced as a teen. I am now, and always was bisexual, although with a strong preference for the feminine. I am a member of the LGBT community. In part in reaction to my work, factions in the pink pound have accused me of homophobia. An impossible situation. This has resulted in threats on my person and ostracism from elements in the community based purely on rumour. No homosexual rapes had been convicted when I was assaulted in the history of British law. The police used to accuse the victim of complicity with the earlier crime of buggery and as an underage victim of male rape I was laughed at and vilified by homophobic police,

basically saying it was my fault for hanging out in gay bars as a teen. As a consequence of obstacles in reporting sexual crimes against gay people have to date not been consistently heard by the authorities and treatment for trauma often gets misdirected, even by LGBT counselling supports. There is a lack of clarity on the focus of treatment for homosexual rape. This is not the subject of this essay but society needs to grow up. The majority of pedophiles are straight. Listing sex offenders is not therefore an LGBT issue. In Y2K my creative work came under attack from an Irish LGBT activist, Colm O' Gorman for 1 in 4 Bellingham. Posing as a supporter of my work he used his influence as a counsellor to mount a media campaign about pedophiles. The real agenda he had was reduction of the age of consent for homosexual sex, an area he had guilt in. There was an attack on the Catholic Church in his history and it appears his media syndicate within the pink pound set out to try to shame people using the internet porno scams into support of lowering age of consent. This resulted in him appearing on Newsnight, where in a subtle way he leaked my victim case history during an investigation into my childhood. He is believed to have been paid for a cover up of negligence in child protection by richmond council and was a politically motivated shock jock DJ in ireland promoting himself. I was not the focus of claims of impropriety, either over the internet nor face to face. I have never been an offender, a sexual compulsive nor experienced sexual dysfunction. However, because of a media conspiracy to allege I was a killer of a pedophile O'gorman spread disinformation about me. This was the real start of rumours levelled at me by factions within LGBT community that led to civil rights abuses and hate crime against myself. Ironically the pink pound started biphobic attacks on myself and aggravated the situation. Again this is not an essay on LGBT history but suffice to say, victims of prior underage sexual assault were not heard fully in the reduction of the age of consent, it making, in effect, some such offences, legalised. Again I am not against young gay people exploring their sexuality but I am against adult males being given impunity to assault and sexually exploit youths. This as can you see means my work for Give Us The List has proven a hot potato of issue politics. Likewise, claims I tried to undermine Sarahs law by the News Of The World is total nonsense. I fully supported their campaign for public listing of pedophiles around 2005. I fought a human

rights case at that time explicitly seeking public listing of sex offenders for protection of myself as victim, all other victims like myself and vulnerable children. In no way have I attacked or parodied the News Of The World narrative. Added to all this, certain psychological support professionals have tried to amplify my issues for personal gain, including leaks to media syndicates and out of context quotes to try to invalidate my testimony. This is an ongoing concern. Sex offenders often have wives and family willing to offer them alibi. Some psychological professionals, and ideology like alleged false memory and Oedipus and seduction theory support offenders in the witness box in return for money for professionals willing to support their cases. Legal defence psychologists are quite mercenary, and many of their popularise theories, however false and fabricated in evidence have entered the zeitgeist through the internet. Its's the same with Multiple Personality Disorder, largely an urban myth to attack testimony of victims to cover up for rich perpetrators. In conclusion that is the back drop for personal attacks on myself for political agenda by those opposing Give Us The List. It should be reminded for those will fully attacking me, that I am a vulnerable person as defined by trauma disability and that I do not fully receive social support for the issues arising. I was the focus of flame war conspiracy PRIOR to the advent of wolfchilde.com My going public has made hate crime against myself no greater in impact or force. Misdirected and misinformed youth activists should consider why they are being used to attack a disabled victim of childhood sexual abuse. The hate directed at myself and social exclusion has occurred since the early days of social media, a media I have myself avoided through choice.

Square

Don't do what they all say

You can go a different way

Be yourself and just don't care

Don't let others get in your hair

Life can be tough
When things get rough
But never mind what they all think
You could pot black after the pink

Don't worry over much
About the rules and such
You can play your own game
Dictated moves are just a pain

There's time to get it right
For your turf a little fight
You can make your own mistakes
Eventually life's a piece of cake

Do you live to earn gold stars?
Dream a little, you could go far
Bar flies propping up a bar
When you could be playing a guitar

Don't follow, make your own way
It don't matter much what they all say
Be yourself, without a care

No ones fool, don't be a square

Parent trap

How can they say they loved me

When they just weren't there?

Never really wanted

Hard for a child to bare

Tears shed every birthday

The way it really was

No need to justify the grief

It's just because

Abandoned as an infant

Parents that turned their back

They wanted to be down the pub

Savages, that's the facts

I wore the bruises

A torn ear

Back in my cot

Abuse to fear

They left me in the sun
The summer heat
Hoped i would die
Before i could stand on my little feet

No respect at tall
My pain they just cant hear
I need to hire professionals
To tend to my tears

Some say take care of them
I'd rather break their neck
Who the fuck were they to me?
Just a pair of train wrecks

Every relationship
Fear of attachment
Burned into my arm with a cigarette
That's all that parenthood meant
Their chance never coming back
No flowers I've sent
The day they meet their graves
I'll just wonder where all that hate went

Fireworks

Army dreamers

Setting off fireworks

Keep the workers happy

That they put their safety first

Terror threats

Feeding childhood fears

A red alert

Been this way for years

Exercises

Keep Territorials fit

Need to know basis

A torch is lit

The candle flame

That burns down low

Did anyone really die?

Where did the reassigned go?

Fit and right

To die for ones country

Front page composite

Photos fade with age

The media sells it

We all eat it up

Initiated

Inner circle directs

We sleep in peace

Just what don't you get?

Some nurse their scars,

Why we'll never forget

Hells bells

Blessed are the meek

For we do not want them to rebel

You have to catch them young

School assemblies from hell

Kiss up to a priest

They are gods chosen ones

Answering the call

Few are chosen, load of balls

Sell the bible with a dummy
Before they bite on teething rings
Forever burned in memory
Choirs their kingdom sings

The newly fleeced sheep
Can't see the indoctrination
Dogma they instilled
Embedded in the culture

They say it's all a sin
When they are in school uniform
But they never win
Innocence is ill informed

Blessed are the meek
They don't want them to rebel
I guess I'm cursed for life
Cos I give them bloody hell
Don't forget to catch them young
They'll believe most anything

Lily leaves.

There's a wan white lily
Touched with tears of dew
Breathed back to life
By the morning breeze
Now a trumpet it's playing
With the strength of a kiss
And the song that it's singing
Stems on back to the past

Down, down below
Where we meet at the roots
A rhythm is swelling
With a hunger it seems
But at its source
There's a sobbing
That few get to hear
A little child crying
Nestled deep down below

From the vale of all sorrows
A flowering begins
Breathed back to life
By each word on the breeze
It's growth in our spirits

From the sharing of tears
And the hearts that surround us
Are the Lily leaves

Pierrots' Tear

Sit and listen
To my tear
A heart fled innocence
Take a while
My woes to hear
Lament for all that's lost

This pale skin
Like porcelain
A fragile shell
To comfort in
The moonlit masking
Of the pain
That hides behind
This smile

This is the shedding
Of the tears

That dribbled down
The silent pen
This is the sharing
Of the fears
That fed from bottle
Into babe

And as you listen
To my voice
I wonder if any can hear
The wounds
Of the fragile heart
Or whether, in fact
These words fall apart
With the impact
Of hitting the page

Hymn to Isis.

Where sea meets beach
Like a mothers kiss
Or a tears caress
Against these cheeks of land
The breath of tides

That ebb and swell
Rough then gentle
rhythms of this life

Where winter melts
Into the arms of spring
The fluid rolling hips
United in shared hope
The wombs waters
Breaking for the first time
The embrace of lovers
Parted for too long

Though the cliffs crack
And so slowly corrode
Still the sands speak
Of rocks that stood once proud
New beginnings sigh their prayer
And cry with joys still to come
Whilst those passing over
Reach wings into the sky

In time all things return to her
And join the dance within those waves.

Terms

There's nothing much to learn

For you I truly yearn

But I don't like the terms

Just how much do you earn?

You take me like a fool

Psychology a tool

Not playing by the rules

A carrot for a mule

Blowing up your pride

I'm questioning your side

It's been a long long ride

But my doubts I cannot hide

Led up the garden path

I still could use a bath

You talk of your other half

I guess you had a laugh

A magpie to the ring

Hardly able to sing
See what tomorrow brings
They say that love is king

I don't like the terms
How you want to earn
From the way that I still yearn
When will I ever learn?

A priori?

A priori knowledge?
Or fed from the tit
Nurtured conditioning
A faith that's full of shit

They said the child finds god
Are you a stupid sod?
Rituals initiate
Each developmental stage their fate

Faith size of mustard seed
A voice that they all heed
Windmills of the mind

Blind that lead the blind

The cogs in the machine

Hands of the dragon clock

Not as popular as it seems

I'd rather rock the cock

Innocence is so unsure

For sin there is no cure

Looking to god above

Convinced that it's really love

How did the thought get in your head?

I guess you've been misled

No one answers your prayers

The truth may seem unfair

There's nobody that's there

At least I like their hair!

Stress

Complex post traumatic stress

At night I face a test

Just how long will I sleep

With all the secrets that they keep?

They say just don't react

Some lives are just an act

As a matter of fact

Married to a pact

Sharpening the knives

Shortening some lives

There are those who say forgive

What solace would that give?

Vengeance is my creed

Whilst others serve just greed

I want my enemies to bleed

Meeting my needs

No time to brag of deeds

Lines between to read

Those living for today

Tell me there's a way

But I don't care for what they say

Live to fight another day

The truth that will betray

The fact that they're not Ok

Coping with distress

I look for temporary relief

On me they have impressed

Therapy to share my grief

Not much left of my belief

What are they hiding beneath?

Facing everything as a test

Won't they grant me a bloody rest?

Rich?

The rich keep staying rich

The poor keep being poor

Can you see the glass ceiling?

Bosses closing open doors

The rich man in his castle

The poor man on the streets

Just a little imbalanced

Standing on our own two feet

Beneath a nations flag

You may choose to sit and ponder
How the poor keep being poor
I guess there's little wonder

Lady chatterly her lover
The rainbows sisters and brothers
Is there room for another
Still the Dames aren't really bothered

They say our lots to serve
The salt of the earth
Whilst they blow up their pride
With a line of coke

Rich man, king of the castle
Are you just the dirty bugger?
Put in balls and chains
Oh, to be a rich ones lover
Ever just the hired hand
Cheap labour
Ubiquity
The salt of the land

Sleaze

So you like a little sleaze
It won't bring me to my knees
I don't try to please
In this Industrial Disease
Could be Dire Straights
Dictating our fates

Selfless service for a key?
Wake up to reality
Freedom comes with money
When you've got none it's not funny

Some live without a care
You may think that it's unfair
Someone runs off with the loot
And all you get's the boot

For those still clocking on
Life could be a song
They'll claim law of the strong
If you see they're wrong

Set an alarm for the morning

Same each day, the story boring
Could be standing in the welfare line
Dole queue marking time

Pop a pill for 'dysfunction'
But are you really ill?
The stuff will rot your brain
Only share holders set to gain

They say that life's a bitch
Oh, to be one of the rich
A mortgage chains the hitched
Just such a shame that they switched
Talking about a revolution
Poor people get their say

Take them on

If you take on the government
They don't let the press report it
Expect a backlash
They may violate your rights for life

There's corruption in the systems

All the social mechanisms
Justice to the highest bidder
A war of attrition

They will try to keep you poor
Close up open doors
They're not offering any deals
They'll call you Don Quixote

Windmills of the mind
Reality unkind
They have the technology
To make out you're at fault

Victims on a wire
They'll say it's all delusion
Support the status quo
Uphold cultural illusions

Don't take on the government
It would be better if you leave
No one's upholding our rights
You see we're all deceived
I took on the government

Now there's nothing left in that I believe

Gift

You dance away

Inside I weep

But my face is just a mask

Fixed expression till the last

I admire the trinkets

Gifts that adorned

The slender chance

Of a body that I'd hold

Perhaps a little jealousy

As I lay alone and cold

I watch two women

Making love

My heart still seeking yours

The feigned display for an encore

Painted lips that caress

Tongues seeking to explore

I could gift you much more than her

A plea bargain to implore

As they fix their makeup

A mirrored masquerade

Smear of mascara

That speaks of the falling tear

You dance away

My hand reaches out

Grasping empty air

How I long for your head to bow

On her

As I stroke your hair

Rights?

A vulnerable person

Six times down and out

Left on the streets at Xmas

No one buying me a cup of tea

Incarcerated, without proportionate offence

Due to a set up

And that, just after,

A human rights case

No crimes to speak of

Disability status not met with

Shoplifting the next meal

No slip, not so much as a cigarette

Socially excluded

How the mockers laughed

At me laying in the road

No chance for a bath

Support systems attacking

A whistle blower undermined

Social engineering

Violated in plain sight

Rumours go round and round

No charity, not so much as an offered pound

Half my life in systems

No foundations

No power granted to fight

The armies of 'salvation'

Forever the misjudged
In the queue for housing
They said 'the devils own'
No programs for the hate campaigns
Of the fundamentalists
They seem to think more suffering
Would bring me to my knees

Middle classed do gooders
Made not so much as a sound
They tell me I've got rights
Empty sentiments not worth a light

Mixed messages

Mixed messages
Forgotten names
Let's pretend
A game of charades

Crossed wires
Boundaries return
Unsure in the anxiety
Back to the masquerade

Avoidant

No longer looking in the eye

Protecting feelings

Feign there's no desire

Disconnection

Struggling for words

Wrong footed

In intimacies waltz

Mixed messages

Did it have to come to this?

I think on it

The heart that skips a beat

The turned cheek

The bow of the head

Romantic longings

You see the sentiments not dead

Mixed messages

Protect the fragile heart

Trying to reach through

Still the player to the part

Confused roles

How best approach the grand facade?

No Dice

Game players

Roll of the dice

Your next move

As cold as ice

Manipulation

Barely disguised

When from the start

I am the one you despised

The faces change

The story just the same

You talk of honesty

But you are the ones insane

You live forever with a guilt

Vengeance blade, I sink to the hilt

With platitudes you undermine

No argument to your next line

Fundamentally

It's me you seek to undermine

All protest you claim egocentricity

No opinion too water tight

Your false claims to a divinity

You want me to submit without any fight

Quote your fictions

Nothing in which I could believe

Your servility proves your lack of worth

The ones to blame, the self deceived

There are places I wish I'd never gone

They seek to collect dirt on every one

Social networks barely seen

Insincerity, their moral code a fantasy

Forced to leave come the end

I didn't find so much as a friend

They talk of need to make amends

But they do more harm than enemies, who attend.

The word 'spiritual' cheaply said

But in their lack of sensitivity

They appear the ones misled

Anonymity? They lie.

Their agenda

You'd be right to defy

Wake up to reality

Rigidity and controls

There's not even any respect.

British Aerospace Kingston pedophile ring.

50 Stuart rd Ham, where I was brought up, is just one location where I was sexually abused throughout childhood. A slightly older child, REDACTED, was abducted from the same street, their flat in the building next to mine. British Aerospace where two of the pedophiles that abused me worked was implicated in the abduction. My grandfather and uncle John Smith Phd, both of whom abused me throughout childhood had significant roles at BAE where they worked under military official secrets act. Smith produced both speed and LSD distributed by the Who at gigs. Pete Townsend was physically stalking me at the close of my human rights case and may have been of influence in subsequent backlash to try to quash my claims. Pete Townsend was on the sex offender register for ten years for pedophile offences. Organised crime is explicit. He is used as spin with operation midland, used to quash claims of historic child abuse in the 'national inquiry' cover ups. Operation midland first came to my attention in the 1970's as a mechanism both my uncles said would be used to protect the family reputation when i grew up as a survivor. Smith is an alumni of Kingston Polytechnic (now university) and as a PHD was given freedom of Kingston and granted privileges by the inner circle of local government and free masonry. REDACTED was abused in Yorkshire, Hull by the

pedophile ring. There was another BAE factory in Hull. This made national TV and news papers. Hull was used in the attempted cover up of the abuse in my childhood with groups pay rolled by the Ham ring. REDACTED did not get full justice, the men claimed she was wearing a short skirt so had it coming. I never got the full story of her end of the situation but the community claimed she was brung 'in' with child protection to 'test' other children to see if they had been abused. She spoke to me as a child to that end and got nowhere. There was a political subtext of an attempt to suppress child protection services through media syndicate involving Kingston TA, party to BAE. Child protection was not a fully formed institution at that time. Smith PHD is known to have cut cross party deals politically in Kingston to quash allegations of abuse towards the war generation and baby boomer generation. The plot involved co-opting amnesty international to protect child abusers through donations. See also Colm O'gorman Newsnight leak of my victim case 2000/1. I have been stalked, harassed, social excluded and repeat intervention used to try to gag me throughout my life. Including in Hull. The narrative the local authority wants people to believe is that I am acutely mentally ill. That is why my privacy is invaded and i am on a wire at home. John Smith PHD St Arvans Chepstow Gwent has made money from the cover up and repeatedly consulted on how to 'treat' me as his victim, using the privileges granted by inner circle Kingston Upon Thames. This has resulted in civil rights violations and a human rights case validated by EU court. There has been subsequent further cover up. 'Open inquiry' is always claimed as part of kingstons cover ups. The implications are that the military are used to suppress the nature and degree of child abuse across the UK to 'protect' the public from the extent of impact. There is a further issue. My pedophile uncle John Smith PHD St arvans chepstow gwent, is known to have produced child abuse images of myself as a child using Polaroid. He claimed at the time that this crime was for a common good as it would later be used to entrap other pedophiles of a more serious nature. Kingston Free Masons are known to have been aware of the technology forming the internet in the 1970's and to have plotted to distribute child abuse images over the web when it became commercially viable to do so. It can be assumed other university areas did likewise. Again, claiming to entrap pedophiles as a goal but both operation Ore and

operation wonderland, targeting net pedophiles, granted amnesty to over 100,000 of those pedophiles due to the standing of many of them within British society, especially within roles in national media. This was a major factor in reducing age of consent for homosexual acts against minors. See again amnesty international involvement of Colm O'gorman in national media around Y2K, claiming ubiquity of child abuse within the family as leverage to reduce age of consent . The 'authenticity tests' for victims of historic child abuse are designed to harass victims into retracting statements and supporting the status quo through cover ups. The cover ups claim to protect victims as an agenda. In fact they do not deal with the situation.

A Xmas Carol

'Bah, Humbug', so says Scrooge

The ghost of xmas past

Spirit of a Christmas carol

Remembered till the last

Rapping up in ribbon bows

The Yule tide log aglow

Warmed by the hearth

Ruddy cheeks of mirth and cheer

Filling out a stocking

Try not to drink too much beer

Santa coming on his sled

Make sure rudolf is well fed

Red nosed reindeer on their way
Seasons greetings oh so gay

Thoughts return to xmas present
Some may wish they could repent
A card to greet with charity
Glad hearts wishes that are sent

The ghost of xmas past forgot
For today is all we've got
Kisses under mistletoe
Holly pricks to show

Seasons greetings for one and all
The elves will fulfil their role
To xmas presents raise a glass
Pull a cracker, hearts that are stole

Genealogy

Neither the master or slave
Not the warrior nor the priest
The polemic extremes
Or crawling on our knees

The flock that is blinkered
Led on by weakness
Constructing an edifice
A moral about face

Yet the law of the strong
Trying to dominate
Beyond the constraints
Forging their own fates

Neither holds true
To humanist ideal
Shackled such as they
Or superiority to feel

Polar opposites
The Lord and the serf
Thrust into this world
Of one and same earth

Knowing of guilt
The sheep to the chapel
Prometheus unbound

The victors of battle

Neither one, nor the other
That the genealogy preaches
The blind and the blinkered
Controls from the teachers

To stand apart from
Yet still conscious of weakness
Without the frail conscience
Of those that repent
An alternative path
Never to relent
No barbarian
Nor the excess of those that they let
A different perspective
Just what didn't you get?

Thirst

Warm honey on the tongue
The taste of moistened lips
Sweetness of the mouth
Opening like a flower

Pollen on the breeze
Rode by the bumble bee
Reaching for the heart
Of the many petalled power

Lightly landing on the wing
To settle on the skin
The gentle testing
Upon the flesh to feast

Massaging the feet
Lips caress each toe
Electricity to the touch
Sends ripples to the thighs

Moist like a kiss
Drinking nectar sweet
Worshiping the ankles
Slowly tracing the stem

Open like the leaves
Drawing me in
Parting of the legs

Thirsting for a smile

Where the honey drips

The waters of life

Fountain of youth

The tears of joy

The morning dew

Satiated by the drink

From the living cup

The rising of the sap

Reaching ever up

Rooted

Rooted in the ground

The flowers of the earth

Bedded in the green grass

The trunk of a world tree

Sat in contemplation

The sound of the leaves

Blown by the breeze

The breath from open lips

Upwards to the sky
Clouds moving ever slow
Like the thoughts within
Passing over as they go

The wings of a butterfly
Colours taking to the wind
Reaching through the air
To land upon the skin

Many petals of the heart
Where we come to rest
Free of all the stress
Of the weeks tests

Stable in support
The limbs that stand firm
Like an inner sun
The warmth within the breast
Fingers reach to touch the wings
Where the thought takes flight
Sending out a hope
In the vision of loves light

Self made?

Enlightened self interest

Not the team player

On my own

Switch off the phone

Creature comforts

I've said before

Are life's gifts

Sorry to bore

Compassion

Can wait till another day

Self nurturing

That is the way

No one cares about my welfare

There's only me

Life often unfair

Elevate freedom, serve Liberty

Has anyone stood up

For my rights?

The support they gave
Not worth a light
The TV good causes for to fight
A vision for you?
Not in hindsight

Enlightenment?
Only of the wallet
Con artists
Some good I'll warrant
A pocket guru
Hustles another pound
I'm with the ministry of sound
Turn up the amp
The Volumes allowed

Techno Dawn

Start the day with a little dance
Don't leave anything to chance
Switch the lights on
With voice control
A techno rebel
For a role

I do tai chi in my VR
Mindfulness gets five stars
I'm wide awake
By six thirty
What I watched last night
Just a little dirty

A foot massage touches me to my toes
Miles Davis on Alexa Show
There are those who talk
Of techno hells
But in my being
I feel quite well
I meditate on a Sisyphus table
My only headache is all those cables!

A work out for fingers
On the electric piano
I play a motif
On my digital flute
The neighbours think
I'm mad as a coot
But I'm the one

With snakeskin boots

Dancing with lights

A coloured rainbow

A game of chess

Where did the morning go?

No time to be blue

I enjoy the view

The air fryer assists

With a full English

The technologists

Get the best of British

Sure, the TA often hack my systems

But overall

For this is wisdom

Technology enhances life

I haven't got time for trouble and strife

The heating responds to my call

Such Little stress, I love it all.

Warner

Low hanging fruit

The easiest to catch
Apples don't fall far from the tree
Putting the bad eggs all in the same basket

No honour amongst thieves
I just don't identify
Send in a killer to entrap a killer
But all they catch is a cold

The power of one
There is no 'we'
Life long enemies
That's all I see

Plants in the kitchen
Not my cup of tea
They tell us it's service
That provides the key

Broken promises
Another heart pledged
Back to the gutter
A net that they dredge
Bots in the chat room

Who's over the hedge?

Catfish are dwelling

Deep in the mud

Damn those rabbits

Says Elmer Fudd

Carrots for asses

Hiding a hook

Thumbnail pictures

Just who'd take a look?

Cartoon horrors

Read them their book

I and thou

The eponymous 'they'

An almighty 'other'

Herd mentality

Are those guys really brothers?

I and thou

Subjective divisive

To unity consciousness

Sure to be incisive

Social attack

Isolating the victim

Forever throwing mud

Voice of harassment

Are they on your side

The 'community' spirits?

Or taking for a ride

Making out that they're real it?

I say once again

Are we all brothers?

Competitive for resources

Free market, not of one mother

Spiritual illusions

Victimisation by a collective

Stand your own ground

Their mindset is defective

Theistic delusions

Stand out and be distinctive

Out on your own
There's only one kind of 'in' side
Tell them to get fucked
On Individuality decide
They want you to assimilate
It's their bullshit I defy

So we're not all friends
We're never likely to agree
You may be right to be hostile
People pleasers act friendly
Do we all come together?
It's more the case of 'live and let die'

Small letters

Some say it's illiberal
Some claim conservative
There are alternative readings
It's not all polemically wrote
You might want to ask questions
Before you choose to quote

You can be nostalgic
Think back to brighter days
Patriotically British
But not stuck in your ways

A small 'L' liberal
Seeking equality and justice
A small 'C' conservative
Always mindful of the Queen
Not too much hard labour
But with the Unions be seen

Politics make strange bed fellows
But mind out for Rockefeller
True blue of heart
No spine that is yellow
But a polka dot bikini
Is fit for where my head has been

Don't judge a book by the cover
Never assume the labels fit
If you don't ask questions
How can you know me one bit?

Thou shalt not?

Killing's always wrong?

Time you faced the facts

We have a military

The head of state wages war

Killing's always wrong?

Enjoy a bacon sandwich

Spit roast pig stickers

You know it's finger licking

Killing's always wrong?

Never contemplate death sentence

Until you loose a loved one

Or someone takes your rights

Killing's always wrong?

No crime in self defence

Man slaughter relative

Moral ambiguity

Killing's always wrong?

Do you always follow orders?

Convicted on false evidence
There's a finger on that button

Some killing's always wrong
It's not a power of the justice
It all depends on circumstances
And if you can bite the bullet

Sex

For the sake of ambiguity
And the right to change my mind
Yes, I am nominally bisexual
With a history versatile

It's not a moral question
I like a cup of tea
As much as I like coffee
But the preference is for the finest beans

I do not enjoy the act
As much with a man
As a matter of fact
I'd always rather a woman

I've swung both ways
Experienced, but not over much
I don't do what they all say
Submit to pressure and such

Directors like to lead
The bull by the nose
But I can freely choose
I say no, that's how it goes

So, they always claim you're homophobic
If you don't sleep with everyone
But the older I get
The more choosey I've become
Never been compulsive
Regretful of some

I don't sleep with moral inferiors
I don't pay a harlot coin
It may be a matter of class
But there are those who can kiss my arse
I don't want to fuck the deluded
The feeble of mind

If you crash and burn
It's because I'm not one of your kind
I'd rather no one in fact
Than mindlessly react

Sea

Will the sea take me away today?
The surf rising like salty tears
Welling up in the eyes
Waves breaking against the beach

Footprints amongst washed up seashells
Smooth pebbles
Punctuating my thoughts
Sinking in the sands of time

Will the sea rise up today
And wash all this away?
Cliffs slowly worn
By the hooves of horsetail breakers

I could drown in the arms
Of a mermaids siren song

But instead just the rhythm
Of heart beating to each wave

The ocean won't be taking me today
As I sit upon this weary land
Contemplating the sunshine
Warm upon my skin
And above the open wings
Of the gulls, riding the thermals
The longing to be free
The water washing all I see

Crumbs

Crumbs from a rich man's table
Some people are forever angry
Hungry of heart
Sinking in despair

His masters voice
The shoeshine boy
Grateful for a tip
Eaten up by resentment
As he puts on his best smile

Futility of those that try

Inauthentic till the last

Broaching the subject

Do we meet in good faith?

Equals to intent?

Consequences to actions

The mice after some cheese

But look out for the traps

They'll bring them to their knees

A beggar at the gates

Where elites offer a pittance

To wash their windscreens

A soapy sponge

And a bucket full of tears

Reminding of disparity

And the wasting years

Heavy Weather?

Weather Report

Gale Force

Storm warning

The man from the met office

Inaccurate predictions

Archive footage TV

The end of the world is nigh

Lord here comes the flood

Same old story for thirty years

The reporters name an anagram of 'sin'

Who are they kidding?

Just who cannot see?

Devastation everywhere

Computer models out of the wreckage

Noahs Ark is taking on water

There'll be no future

No sons or daughters

The animals marching two by two

Weather Report

And all that jazz

No confusion

They're good at fusion

Still around about midnight
The TV serves up
The end of the world is nigh

Dionysus

One guarantee
Man's tragedy
To aim for raptures height
But destined to fall
The land that we claim
A cliff to the call

Drunk of the grape
Lusting to rape
Intoxication
Fuel for the hate
A fire in the eyes
Destined to die
Where lofty ideals
Grow pallid with the taint
Of cold experience
Our lot, is to fail

Twice born
To paradox
The enigma
Of bedlams flame
A kingdom for the passions
Where madness reigns
Struck down by lightning
The wombs inspiration
Divine spark gained
Divided by conflict
But artistry remains

Violence at entrance
The suffering consumes
Bitter the wine
That we raise to death
All that is pathos
Till the final breath
No peace to the brow
That never can rest
Life presents challenge
Despair at the test

Monstrous the eyes

On which we transfix
Ecstatic of hope
But with a fate fixed
All find in the end
A conclusions demise
Any hope we may find
Self deception and lies

From Rapture to fury
Ripped limb from limb
The nails that would tare
At softest skin
Blood lust and madness
Maenads for a kin
No thought of the consequence
No care for sin

Rage to the revel
Consumed by the dance
Lost to the passions
Each turn of chance
To hold on to that feeling
Yet knowing we can't
The highs and the lows

Never giving them up

Offered on their altar

Drunk of life's cup

Taken up in the whirlwind

The song of the sirens

Drawn to the rocks

Bound for disaster

But the gift of creation

Life and limb risk

The call of the tryst

Faithful only to lust

The cure for all ills

Sacred flame that lives on

The primal scream

Against the oppressor

Rave in the rant

Against ravages of time

Breaking free from the bondage

Imposed by conformity

At once liberated

Released from the chains

United in ecstasy

No heart of the faint

The vine of enchantment

The warning of ruin

Fullness of life

Contrasted by the dead

Freedom of spirit

An aching head

Parched lips hungover

On bitterness fed

The blood in the eyes

Of hearts that have bled

Divine disrupter

A visage of pain

Comic in the tragedy

A brief respite gain

Casting the dice

Life but a game

Praise for the folly

That some call insane

An opposite exists

within every being

Divided loyalties
Self contradict
But to aim for bliss
Heal all that's sick
A moments release
It may be just a trick
For every rose
There may be finger prick
Yet rather to have loved
Even when we are licked

The peak, the abyss
Embracing them both
A great health
Rewarded by wealth
The jewels of creation
The gold of the sun
Although we may weaken
The song we begun
From Dionysian heights
The gifts that have come
The devil his own
Where two become one

Kind

Kindness

Reaching out with a peace

Inner contentment

Stability none can defeat

Kind to yourself

Firstly and foremost

Self care forms foundations

Tranquil within

Not ruled by our thoughts

Nor turmoil of feeling

Centred on core

Rested of being

Kindness to others

But no push over

Boundaries protecting

Being good to one's self

Kindness in giving

Lessening conflict

Conciliatory

Making a whole

Don't step on my toes

For I may be unkind

But ever seeking a unity

Freedom of the mind

Kindness

Of kinship

Brotherhood of man

Some times I get mad

Still I do what I can

Kind in compassion

Lending a hand

Mad Dogs

Mad dogs and glory

What was the real story?

We won the war

They wanted in on the next score

War crime generation
They'd sacrifice their own kin
Hold society to ransom
For the state things were in

Far right, salutes
The nations flag
Plotting hostile take overs
Put it in the bag
Sunday school sermon lies
Reality, a drag

Child abuse victims
Realities denied
Domestic terror
Where the truth hides
Children abducted
A long, long, ride

The hatred of old soldiers
Heroes to some
What happened behind closed doors
Known by no one
An iron fist

To keep it mum

They left me the wounded
From their unending war
Their mindset a battlefield
Patriotically swore
An age of victimisation
Behind closed doors
They said they were loyal
Blank sheets of childhoods
That they tore
'Thou shalt not be aware'
Covering up all that I saw

Tribes

A thousand miles
Walked with each step
Wear my shoes
For just one day

The burden that weighs
Heavy on the back
That bends the spine

Supports we lacked

A waking dream

Traumas wounds

Nightmares ride

Sound of the scream

To lay down the pains

At the roadside

Share the tears

That cleanse the scars

How do you talk to yourself?

Criticism to put you down?

That undermines

And spins you round?

A pep talk

To pick you up

Our inner selves

In dialogue

Bridging divides

Shadows, shine a light

Words express
In conversation
Soothe the heart
With self compassion
Paint a picture
Of how you wish life had been
Compare reality
Conflicts you've seen

Self creation
A life long path
The journey ever on
Responsibility, more than a half

Authenticity
True to ourselves
Owning hurt
The aftermath
A heroic task
Power we have

Summon the ghosts
To banishing
Bound to the will

Bad spirits expel

Weave incantations

Name the abuse

Describe experience

No need to judge

Culture of denial

Stand up to it

As one counted

Shout it out

Tribal values

The cleansing fire

The raging flames

Accounts for blame

The toxic shame

A truth to name

How we can hope

With burdens cope?

Love letters wrote

To ourselves

A friend within

Foundations health
The jewels that adorn
With self worth

Investigation
Of our reality
A detective
Elementary

Beatific visions
Enlightened now
Inner mountain flame
Simply knows how

Time traveler
Relives the past
Affirms the truth
Until the last

The shape shifter
That puts on the mask
Hunter and trickster
To face each task
A witness blanket?

The warriors ask

The philosopher

That steps back

Deductive thought

That stands apart

Rodin carves in sculpture

The Thinker, seat of stone

Back to the poet

Transforming art

How does it feel?

Make a start

The many faces

Of the diamond heart