

Hot Tip for the
Kingdom

Being

COLLECTED POETRY VOLUME 5

PETER STOCK

AKS WOLFCHILDE

Tipping the velvet

Tipping the velvet

Tread boards of cabaret

With a touch of the hat

Cue line from rehearsal , oh so gay

An oyster girl for rent
A soldiers spit and polish
Sinking to the knees
For a sovereign salty pearl to finish
Out of the shadows
Lost to the back alley

A concubine never retires
Yet from the beasts saved
Seduced into service
Touch of the french maid
Forbidden desires
Cuffed for truncheon to raid

Hermaphroditity raised to the roof
Like Bacchus to grape
High society
But getting things straight
Embracing the truth
Bound valet struck as by rape

Saviours compassion
The warmth of the hearth

The proud stand of the socialist
Fair sisters sweet perfumed kiss

The tap of the cane
Cross dressed top and tails
The tipping of velvet
Carpet burns, the silks rug

First loves recollection
Tremble of lip
A tear in the eye
By obsession gripped

Return to the senses
To find in letting go
Pale memory , red rose
A bed where new love can grow
The longed for embrace
Stroking hair from your face

Lost

Heart feelings

Head keeps reeling
The skip of the beat
Reaching down to the feet

Time between
The moments spent enthralled
Turned on, tuned in
Wanting to share it all

Head is reeling
What is this feeling
Ever wanting for more
I wonder if you know the score?

The hands are turning in the clock
Dancing with the pulse
Things moving with the thought of you
But I don't want to shock

There's a fullness in the heart
A warmth that remains when we part
Blossom for your hair
Snow flakes melting to your care

Can't name this feeling

A wound of separation that needs healing

When I'm all lost for words

Full of beans

Tossed bean salad

Olive oil in the bowl

A touch of lazy garlic

Basil pesto pine nuts swirl

As I stir the colours

Red kidney

Haricot white

Verdant green to the pallet bright

Thinking of you

As the pulses turn

Folding in

I guess at least I have taste

Scent of spices

Fill the air
I turn away
I dare not stare

So smooth
Like your skin
How I dream to breathe you in
Olive flesh to bite

Five bean salad
One more than four
Sparring a thought for the fifth
As I roll them on my tongue
Capers turning you over
When I'm full of beans

Innuendo

Incrimination
As from innuendo
Sowed careless on the breeze
The knife concealing deals
Aimed squarely at the back

Misleading words intent on defamation
Rumours like poison to a strangers mind
Bitter tidings
Never telling what they hide

Community liaisons
Dangerously unites
Making a 'we're'
Of the factions
That divide when exposed to light

They'll say they're for
But never mention for what
Just hot air
Going up in smoke
They've nothing real to say

Round in circles
This has gone on for years
You've never made an offer
The only in is in incarcerate

Can't get rid of
Not so subtle in your attacks
A bad smell I hear you say
I'd see you all on higher tax
To give the poor man all he lacks

Daze of confusion

Do you think they're able to confuse
Contradictions in the news
As they disabuse
Do they think I don't know my own mind?

Tiny Tim an isis bride for a mother
Underage to feed the prejudice
Spin to misrepresent
Another front page fatwa lie

A Christmas carol ghost of the present
Names slipped into conversations
Digging for some dirt
Shallow end of the gene pool

You seem to think the answer to mental distress
Is to do people in with manufactured stress
Try to trigger off some painful memory
As if to find meaning in random passers by

Perceptions not so blurred
I don't have a racing mind
Confronted my abusers
I think little of your kind
Celluloid wars
Caught in a loop
There's a floof on the way
The forest fires keep burning

Your summary does not add up
Your figures falling short
The national budget
Prophet of Al' quida
Manufactured enemies
Deals with the Arabs

Oh to be in with the in crowd

Ever making out they're it
When all their conversation
Is about such pointless shit
Themes recycled by the papers
Archive fed to the TV
Who remembers boko haram
Let alone the taliban?

Players

The player and the played
The mask behind the curtain
Directors guiding hand
Courts humiliation

Building others up
Stripping others down
Feeding anxiety
Motivations stress

I never asked you what you want
If there was some overarching reason

Why you do the things you do
Where in you create some meaning

The doctor feeds me lines
For checks I do not need
Tries to sell me on a tablet
Sweeteners from the pharmacy

The more the contracts private
The more it seems folk will sell out
Buying services
The health system won't provide
Forever selling out
To pay the boat mans coin

Serving two masters
The common good
The blind market
Playing us for fools
Too many eggs inside the basket

Players like to play
I'm not so powerless

I can walk away
I can make complaint
Don't take me for a fool
Who bows their head in shame
I've faced demons you don't see
And never once kissed up

God of poo

I keep praying to on high
For there's only one true light
It's the one in the toilet
Where I hug my bended knees
Calling out to god
Why is it such a strain?
I want to do a poo
But the lords got me stuck upon the loo
What is the final answer
That will move my bowels
I cry out for mercy
Please help me to unbind
I've always been a true believer
But I'm spiritually constipated

That's right, all that gods got in mind
Is to keep me full of shit.

Vanity

Social climbers
Greasing of the palms
Slip me some skin
Wheels of power seek to spin

Everyone forever striving
For that which is not of lasting worth
Imagination in the having
To be fulfilled some future day

Chasing rainbows
Christmas baubles
Gaudy decoration to glammers
Have you been good enough this year?

The false pretences
To vanity ever fair
Seeking the attentions

Of the mark

Wheel of fortune

Roulette gambles

White ball, the hopes revolve

Chips stacked on an even chance

Showman's perfumes

Minted wallets

The smell of money ever green

Vain glory all that's seen

Wide eyed staring at the mirror

Where the cracks begin to show

The snow in heaps to form a line

Pimp Floyd into the night the blind

Coffee house jazz

Canapes savoury taste

Oh but forever vanity

Sweet as fine smoked salmon

Melting on the tongue

Cocktail straws raised to the heavens

To make for the longed ascent

Pigeons

The pigeons are pecking

Gathered like vermin in a flock

Pecking away

As if anyone hears or even listens anyway

The neighbours are mowing my grass

What again?

I can't even keep up with their drift

So much defamation it no longer makes sense

Enemies assuming power again

As if wanting to be targets

Inflation even from the venom

That drips from a silver tongue

Rumour, gossipy innuendo

Really, what is their point?

Throwing mud constantly

Till it has no more effects

They've declared war

But I don't know who they are

Or even what the conflicts about

Everything's coming up roses

False accusations

Enter the fray

The man in the arena

Comes up bloodied for more

I've had enough of their lies

So I sit here and smell the roses

Cyberpunk

Cyberpunk coming to a stream near you

Choose your body mods

Enhance the meat

Cameras in eyes, silicone till we die

Cyber psycho

Desperado of the metal

Monofilament whip
Prosthetic superior limbs

There's those with faith
That's fed to their ears
Buying skill chip upgrades
Neuromancer to their trip

Imagine all you heard
Was a corporations lies
The thoughts that you're fed
Fugues to memory from an AI

Got a flechette grenade
And a mini gun on my arm
Framed in the cross hair
Heads up on synthetic sight

Trans humanism
Embracing the future
Speeded up reflex
Net runners jack in their minds

Cyberpunk, ascending the meat
Cybernetic enhancements
Watch out for feds on their beat
There's a corporate war
And the battles for who rules the streets

Hypnos

Behaviour reinforcement
Bow down to the power
Who's in control
Of the radio towers?

Hypnos one god
Forced to our knees
All you believe
Fed by their machine

Rewriting experience
Hacking our minds
The media sells it
When was the internet of things so new?

Programmed to serve
Thought Viruses corrupt
Stuck in the loop
All you'll do is suck up

Mental shackles
Dominate minds
Become human
This games multiple choice
Break out of their logic trees
One day we'll be free

Radio gaga , have you got ECM?
Magisteriums rule
Have to find faith in something
But the techs got backdoors
Bow down to no one
We were not born to serve

Bed nobs

Nobs and knockers
What the butler saw dreams

Is that a composite?

Things not what they seem?

They want to corrupt us

Feed us some guilt

So they can control

With the traps that they make

Logic gates towards deviation

Do you even know what's the norm?

Most folks swing either way

Whose the tackle you saw?

Bednobs and broomsticks

Polishing the brass

With a lick of lubricant

At a stretch, it's your arse

How far do you go?

First base for first dates

Or will we score a home run

With you sat on my face?

Nobs and Knockers

The food of wet dreams

Just make sure you're on top

By the time that she screams

Apricot cocktails

It was something about the waiter

How in any one moment

He can choose to be free

Breaking free of the roles we perceive

Cocktail umbrellas on the south bank

Apricot melts to your caress

Drinking me in with your eyes

The glass raised by the stem

Contingent reality

But forever with choice

Stepping clear of the chains

Between you and me

Curly straws
And shaved ice
Head rush chill with surprise
Breaking out from the lies

Notre dame spires
Where the river retires
Under the bridge of our hopes
Trying to reach the far side

A little boat on the water
The envy of greed
And me fixing a hole that you made
To see if I'd sink or swim

Mortal thoughts

Mortal thoughts
The unwinding coil
Deaths not much of a living
But it's where all our journeys end

Autumn leaves

A touch of gold
As ready to fall
We see at last their worth

Things that we strive for
Things we repent
Things we desired
Forever just lent

Holes in favourite socks
Where the toes poke through
Worn through wool
Catching bare threads

What meaning we find
Fleeting shadows and dreams
Was anything solid enough
To find a firm hold?

The sands of time
So slowly in decent
Forming a heap
In the hour glass bowl

What is the point
To mark our lives ?
Lived less well
A little more indistinct
Than we could have crowned it
With vainglory

The watch spring unwinds
No second to chance
For all in time
Lay broken
To eternity
Forever forlorn

Violence

False expressions
Leaving contrived impressions
Faking lines for the lense
Curtain call for an end

Suffering your indiscretions

Comments To the wings
Your plays to disconnect
Did you think I would relent?

So we end as we began
No agreements and no deals
Delusions of self reference
Never meeting test of the real

A constructed spotlight
Shines solitary in the dark
Never courting the applause
Just a mirror surface deep

Inscribing sigils in the sand
Tattoo surf can't wash away
Secret messages
Worn with warriors pride

There can be no debate
No argument surmounts
The cold harsh truth in pain
That violence is forever a final answer

The piteous pleading to the blade
Forever trying to convince
The cold hard steels reality
Do you think the sharp end even cares?

High rise

Birdsong
Dawn chorus
Against the motorcade
Petrol fumes spewing
Toxic with the hate

Oppressions Sky
Lit by street lamps
Burning bright
The stars polluted
Muted of skyline

High rise obelisks
Concrete cracked by time
Blighted edifice
Never reaching the true heights

High rise insults
Blocking out the moon
Bricks of masons set to fall
Exposed for all their fabrications

Bird song
Dreaming of taking to wing
Where trees are hemmed in
And contained by pavement slabs

New shoots struggling to be free
Against modernities barren land
The gaps between the concrete
The only place to find a root.
Don't like the neighbourhood
Never wanting to fit in.

Opportunity

I know the only rights there are
Are those I can't afford
I pay a private therapist

To protect me from the NHS
Wear a body camera
To shield me from the filth

There's always someone on my tail
Or on the route predicted
I know my techs back doored
To record everything I do or say

Buying the promise of freedom
Hard won security
The TA override it
It's worth less than my fateful blade

They spread lies and falsehood
As if to whip me into shape
It doesn't motivate me
I don't even want to know
They think they offer meaning
That I am not self defined

My TV feed in sync
With every image, every word

As if self obsession
Is a channel which I want to be tuned into

They think their ways can convince me
To come back to the fold
The bleating sheep in mockery
Temples to suicidal gods
Nailed with hands apart
Bled dry like their false hopes.

The only right I have
Is to raise defiant fist
The rich steal all the glory
And chain my freedoms song

Do I offer a lament
To a culture I reject?
The bones of false opportunity
Arson burns cremation bright
Broken like the windows
Smashed with liberty through the night

Bullet

Got a name on a bullet
Loaded chamber of the gun
I've got teeth to show
Sharpening my claws

Do you think this is a game?
Sure as hell, you're insane
Think you hear the word of god
But we won't spare you the rod

Gun powder primed
Lock , stock, smoking barrel
Good people out in the street
And you're a moving target

Got your name on a bullet
Keeping city safe
You won't be smiling
Pay back wipes your ugly face

Lock, stock, we're smoking
You won't survive what I do

All you'll hear a death rattle
Heckles rising to battle
Don't forget I have teeth
And they're coming at you

Naves

Casanova

Grand seduction

Echo of Don Juan

Serenade begun

Iago fans the jealousy

Buttons longs to be crowned

Fine raiments cloth

Technicolor coats

Jealousy in base emotion

Seeks only to possess

To covet the Sought prize

And build a gilded cage

Song birds

Ever rising with the tone
Seeking to soar free
Even with a broken wing

The muse to court
The floral scent
Of the sweetened word
That the heart be heard

Fools one and all
Mocked by the turns of fate
Naves to their own naivety
Suitors seeking love
Praising folly of the heart
Dreams left torn apart

Capitan

Sign sealed delivered
Fresh meat
Straight off the shelf
Out of court settlement

Keeping out from the spotlight
Deals grooming a lost child

Rich nonces
And powder puffs
Collusion to sell out
Never making deals
With the innocent
The ones they hate the most

Prodigal sons
And buried treasures
Double of nothing
Empty of pocket

Speculate to accumulate
Paupers fate to loose
In league the rich don't care
Who else left to accuse?
Could they make it any clearer?
I just can't read between the lines.

False advertising

Dropping a line
Not worth a thing
It's not me who's blind

Fresh meat to your taste
Prepubescents stand in line
Plucking budding blooms
No shame to you, no time
The purse strings pulling shut
Just like a witnesses lips
The case forever closed
By yet another bribe

Better world

Build a better world
With memory of the fallen
From ashes fan a flame
To shine a guiding light

Rising as to battle
The warriors heart of steel
Lifting spirits high

To fight for worthy rights

Victims tears of blood

Rain down with the grief

Laying in memoriam

Sorrows floral wreath

For a better world

Recall the sacrifice

Warriors to the battle

A moral edifice

To raise on giants shoulders

The hopes for the new

Where the seeds they planted

Into flower grew

To build a brighter future

Ever mindful of the past

Facing down the darkness

Truth hold dear to the last

Step up from the tears

To lend the helping hand
Find in unity
The brave tomorrows land

Jasmine

Jasmine stars
Woven through the vine
Snow fleck white
Bedded in the green

Thai mothers tears
A garland of your flowers
Like the scent of massage oils
Olive to your skin

Green tea breathed in
Refreshing senses with the steam
Jasmine fruit
Dark berry with a bite

Like star fish
On the sea bed stretched

The fingers of your petals
Guiding north and south
Pointing where I know not where
Reaching thither all around

Jasmine, aphrodisiac
Rush of blood
Stimulating stamens
As dried spice to rub

Jasmine scent
Incense to the ceremony
There crown your head with the stars
For a floral wedding bed

Numinous

A moment of transcendence
Like a new born infants freedom cry
Uncritically to the first leap
With awe into this life

The empty tranquil scene

A landscape where we stand
Yet never feeling there alone
Surrounded by all nature

The chains of self deception
Faithful dogma to uphold
The centre of the universe
Revolving around them

To embrace the irrational
Sensing the connect
To a greater whole
Consciousness to lift

Laying false claim
To the numinous
Religion to contain
With interpretation to constrain
Where did they get the idea
Faith had the monopoly?

To step beyond our selves
The I united with the thou

No need to call it god
No room for higher powers
Sat still within the wonder
Of what is within realities grasp
To come to comprehend
How small we are to all this existance

Aesthetics

If beauty be only in the eye
As once subjective to the beholder
How then propose an aesthetic
That appeals in every sense?

Is taste taught to us
An elitist guide to form?
Touching emotions
A higher love is born

Nuance to the object of all art
Pleasing to the eye
And felt by heart
A symphony sensorium for the attentive ear

Do we learn as with ethics
The notes that strike a chord
Or is it our perceptions
That resonate accord ?

What delight in variation
Flesh enhanced by scent
The base note of a perfume
That lingers to a caress

The gastronome
In savoured bite
Awakening the tongue
Lips wanting secrets more
Touch of velvet
Flavours subtle rare

Beauty a goddess
With riches that uplift the poor
For the many
Her open palace doors

State of the nation

Waiting lists

Universal credit

Left in debt

Cut back benefits

Social care

Who respects their elders?

Pay for private

Or be stuck in line

The English always like to queue

A free bus pass

The coronation carriage

Good as gold the wheels go round

They used to sell it by the pound

But a kilo weighs up cash in hand

Everyone seems to be an expert now

To the economic sacred cows

The capitalist his mortgaged home

He'll buy a yacht his cars outgrown
The chauffeured in a limousine
Who counts the cost when fat grows lean?

The rich grow richer
Each passing day
Counting on interest
Ever more than the workers pay
Who speaks of rights for the many?
They deal in pounds but leave us pennies
Orphans and widows
Mite is right.

MPS

Multiple personality
Does it even really exist?
Profits from false stories
Psychologists on the make

They used to spin it about survivors
Fabrication to weave
There's plenty of stupid folk

Whom this kind of nonsense will believe

Urban myths to sow

It's the creative ones don't you know

They're really two people

That's how the story used to go

Cybal was the first

A case history dripping lies

Whole things made up

You just need to read between the lines

It's a label that denies the reality

Undermines the testimony

As if the memory

Exists in divided compartments

It was popularised in the sixties

Like so much conspiracy

It resurfaced with the internet

To corrupt victim sites

The stuff of horror stories

That keep the unwary scared

A way to cover up
For other people's crimes
They thought the same with schizophrenia
You may well ask what do these labels mean?

They used it to discredit inner child work
Voice dialogue proposed by Jung
Like many theories of mind
Laings divided self to apologise
They take it all too far
To try to keep our interests
But it's all a crock of bull
I'm not even really that impressed

Puffins

Puffins diving for sprats
Swimming beneath the rippled waves
Hungry for the catch
A reason for existence

Do they grasp the fish

The scales in beak
To resurface from the water
As if to find in this their meaning

Homeward bound
Upon the wing
Cliff top nests
To ponder on their prize

Consuming white bait
Swallowing the salty meal
Fins and all
Into their orange beaks

To hunt, to eat, to rest on weary feet
Do they wonder what the point?
To the daily struggle
Feathers drying amongst the rocks

A life time lived
Ever in the search
And all that's truly won
Is the final breath

Coming to an end

A puff in a happy death

Big idea

Self replication

The ever selfish gene

Random mutations

Advantages to contagion

Virus of the mind

In cultural evolution

Algorithms to repeat

Universal Darwinism

Learning the new task

Mechanisms of design

Nature to selection

What will become extinct

What comes to survive?

Artefacts evolving

Memplexes

Language groups to compete

Adoption of the dominant

Hereditary adaptive

Inventions ubiquity
Spreading of the meme
Imitation repetition
Who makes the big ideas
That spread throughout the team?

Vice

Vice, grotesque
Comedic caricature
Solicitous fools gold
To cheat the heart
Love fades

Flesh weighed
With price of lust
To grip in hand
Flushed pounds
A damned caress

Dripping maw
The spittled lip

Gaping wound
A slash wanton
That crosses the face

Ruddy cheek
The slender neck
A serpent raised
To bite at flesh
And drain the passions cup

The buttocks smooth
Twin aspect globes
A world that moves
On rolling hips
The thrust of stolen kiss

The mons allure
Take to the mount
Rend the veil
Deflower in provocation
To welcome womanhood

Head bowed in shame

An empty chest
The fire spent
Yet left to hunger
As never satiated
By fetish fleshed brides
The cadaver virgin whores

Scorn

Things don't go the way
That I planned them
There's those who judge
Misunderstand them

Someone always wants
To pull the rug
Smears against names
At the spotless throwing mud

They've one belief
Lack of faith must be a crime
They invent faults
That are not mine

Deviation from their norm
Sure to offend
They seek to scorn
When will false judgements ever end?

Superiority they seek to claim
The high ground where we all forgive
A pack of lies, nothing to gain
Whilst one man dies another lives
They claim mine is the excess
When with temperance I'm forever blessed

You see it's been this way for years
They attack reputations
I don't know why
I think they'd like me to conform
To their values
Their hope forlorn
So against them I 'll lock my door
And not seek from the crowd for an encore.

Paranoid android

Angels at the shoulder

Devils in the ears

If it has a meaning

It really is unclear

Third eye to foreshadow

What does it communicate

If They're catching up

It's a little bit too late

Tag teams situations

Impulse under control

Seen it all before

Misled to closing doors

The over confident

Think we can't break out from controls

Who's watching their backs

When death bell rings its toll?

If I told you the true story

I doubt that you'd believe

And the scars in flesh
That I've come to leave

They can't predict every move
The cameras are not all aligned
I do what I bloody want
I'm of a single mind
The paranoid think there's safety
In orchestrated moves
But there's the human factor
Eyes a little blind

Compassion

I care enough about myself
Not to want to take care of you
Compassion vice of princes
Paupers ever cynical

The see saw dream
Raising you up
Whilst I take a fall
Unable to keep my end up

Rapes destined for the back shadows

Fists raised to defy

A drama triangle

No hello, just a goodbye

They'll say the goodmen

Dirty their hands

Pyramids to build

A wounded land

Sat on a corner stool

Raising spirits in a glass

The broken fools

The line on which they stake their arse

Rusting shields

And broken lances

The fallen warriors

No longer offer up salutes

Broken bottles

Beer and skittles

Meanings nocked flat
By pendulum of experience

You offer me battle
But if a match is made in heaven
You can bet your bottom dollar
Someone's tugging at my leash

Offer

I got an offer from you
Just the other day
Yet another one
That you thought I just can't refuse

Young people's outstretched hands
Beggars at the palace gates
Pulling at the heart strings
Made in heaven, must be fate

Lend a listening ear
Ease the next generation
Embrace their tears

What have I got to fear?

Another sting

The honey trap

Recorded conversations

I know the style of all your crap

Press men ruin reputations

Coppers baiting hooks

The hoodwink from the team

Answer me this, what's in it for me?

To save the heart that is ones own

Find orphans a proper home

Meaning find in purpose

Who'd think they'd pull the rug?

Young men follow dreams they're fed

Old men shed a tear

Buy a homeless kid a xmas hamper

Count the cost of some much corruption

and say they no longer care.

Leon

It was something about Leon
The way the righteous man
Ends up with a bullet in the head
Whilst bent cops count the cost of the dead

Nikita with a lonely tear
The youth exploited
Do they really bring them in?
Charades hide away another's sin

The victims pleading hands
No one seems to understand
Let down the drawbridge
To ride into the fray

Knights in rusting armour
Who'd lead another charge
The rescuers in flight
A saviour of the light

Harsh reality
Bracketed boundaries

No easy way forward
Hope sinking in the mire

Leon ever a caution
Controls that stay the hand
Feeling oh so paternal
The quixotic take a bow
A requiem to innocence
Beware the shadow of the patriarch
Corrupt cops count their bullets
There's a gun aimed at my head

Happy birthday to me

Happy birthday to me
32 years of alcoholism recovery today
It took me till 6pm to recall I ever used to drink
Over 25 years since I shared the experience at a
meeting
More memory of how pointless the program was
They'd say that I'm insane
That they have all the answers
That I'll only be happy if I conform

And say it's all down to nobodady god.
It's been long
At first it was hard
Then just periodically acutely painful
All down to circumstances
That's my experience
I am not offering them hope
Most will not make it
I've seen all sorts and one thing is sure
Most will not do what I've done
It got better
Life often got worse
Much worse for never numbed
The steps were more of an obstruction
No real support or help
Peer support like swimming in a sea of drowning men
Sooner or later they'll try to drag you down.
So I remembered I used to drink
As I spread chive and garlic cream cheese
On croissants for my tea
And filled them brimming full
With finest scotch smoked salmon
I'll watch eastenders rather than go to a meeting

I can read between the overdubs
Self obsessed projections through self reference
That's worth more to me
And perhaps if someone obsessed with spirituality
Takes the time to read this
They'll wake up to facts
Realise they've been fed a lie
And leave the 12 steps as the lousy deal they truly
are.
I'm insane, they have all I need
They'd want to change me
All the answers in some god bothering book
At least that's what their delusions make them believe.
I'd rather have a full frontal lobotomy
That sit through one of their meetings
Happy birthday to me!

Wreath

Fresh flowers used to make my heart so glad
But fallen petals seem to me so sad
Memory like moist blooms of the spring
The wreath, tears of rain, a dark veil brings.

Time passes, sands fall between the finger tips
We try to grasp the moments, still from our hands they
slip

Sunlight through nights curtains reach
Washed shores, are we but grains on eternities beach?

Statues of those that stood once proud
As cliffs corrode, the sound of surf breaking loud
Horse tail waves, the fathoms deep
Who can hold back the tide of the tears we weep ?

The flock huddled on the hills side
Those who tall watch over them beside
New lambs that so joyous leap
Reflect on the fleece golden of the elder sheep

Fresh flowers that raise spirits with a smile
Ponder on they that go the extra mile
In passing questioning what we believe
As wings stretch, the flight of angels embracing grief.

Fallen petals collect beside the crystal vase

Like those that in state come to lay
Ever too short when loved ones leave
The ring, life a circle, leaving a fading wreath

Flow

Solipsism in the matrix
A black mirror kaleidoscope
Distorted by the looking glass
Listening for the wizard of oz

Paranoias artificial intelligence
Dictated by the god machine
Logic gates and flow charts
Recipes to subservience

Holy words encryption
Instructions train of thought
Tiny feet on which to stand
Developments in each stage
Running before we can walk
In the language we come to talk

Puppets on a string
Bird on a wire
Activate prison heads
Hypnos conditioned
His masters voice
Vehicles for memes

Transmission and receiver
With a will free to decide
Secrets whispered darkly
Don't be taken for a ride
I want to break free
Of the masters lies

The same old trip
Ontologically suicidal
Just what is it they deny?
Space hoppers
And beely boppers
Raising on the blind
Circuitry of mind
Hoodwinks for a child.

Taps

Ta ta for now

The taps sprung a leak

It's why the militarists

Do a tap dance in the street

They sent me a dream

To make me less stable

To see how I'd react

Of what I am able

The neighbourhood stinks

Paranoia in teams

Spreading gossip

There must be profit to their schemes

Tapping my fingers

Jungle radio talking drums

The conservatives in action

Want me under their thumbs

No right to privacy

Human beings turned down

Repetition to phrase
Dominations their game
But I can ignore them
Everything's just the same

File a report
To stir up a swarm
Looks a bit quiet
For what are we sworn?
Isolate the outsider
It's of their kind of which we were warned

Lights, camera, action.

In the theatre of consciousness
Where to find the best seat
Up in the circle
Or front row of the stalls?

The mask behind the screen
Moving pictures forming scenes
The light of projections

Going over our heads

Do we stick to our scripts
Are cue lines all that we hear
Forever in the grip
Of predictions on lip?

Somehow we stumble
Always half a second behind
The thoughts that lead from inaction
Mechanically moved by our minds
Do we even have a self?
This illusion we bought

Do we form an intention
The hand following on
By the time we reach awareness
Has the impulse long gone?

Troubled by the act
Unsure of free will
Is consciousness a mere echo
Moved by cogs in the machine?

Mind and body, forever as one
Are our thoughts just reactions
To what the body has done?

Sit back,
enjoy the show
Cabaret to our applause
First effect
Preliminary cause.
Are we reactors
Or do we take to the boards?

Embellishment

A blind conductor
Knowing every phrase
Every cadence of the score
Directing the rhythm
Every nuance to applaud

Deterministic
Fate woven from first cause
Every strand as predicted

Moved by a universal hand
Time and space
In the grip of causality

Strings of puppets
Hypnotised of mind
Is this a truth
Free will, illusion
Ever blind?

Material reality
Neurone fires in the brain
Everything interconnected
Moving without strain
Compatibleistic
Where free choice remains

Humanisation
Expression on the finger tips
A touch of chaos
Evolution flowing in our grip
Improvisation
Embellishment permits

A butterflies wings
Gaia breathing with the wyrd
Particles resonate
A tremble of the cosmic web

Raising the baton
The conductor to the score
With a touch of the random
Orchestrated wholes
Emotion in becoming
At one with each wave

Reeds vibrate with freedom
More than sum of parts
Liberations swell
Ripples of energy
Producing ever more
Creation to each breath

Thirst

Are we but empty vessels?

Containers to each thought
Replicating ideology
Open to all we're taught

A blank slate
The empty black board
Unmarked sheet of paper
Awaiting to be inscribed

Where schools collide
Information to transform
Stirring about language
To find a processed form

Ideas contradict
Wage battle to be heard
Claiming dominance
Floods to claim our minds
Critical analysis
Deciding what we buy

The empty glass
In which to pour

Half full, half empty
Receptive to the level raised

Thirsty for new knowledge
Consuming book worms
Swirling about the contents
Seeking understanding
Swallowing each chapter
Forever wanting more

Stoics

Apatheia
Freedom from passions
Stoic hearts composed
Without disengagement with the world

Contentment in the attitude
The opinions that we place
About the suffering
Emotions clearly faced

A sense of the detachment

Reason stepping clear
Of the many pitfalls
That amplify our tears

The world beyond control
To use will for ourselves
Commanding the heart
With virtues of the sage

Steadfast in the victory
Struggle which to win
Choosing our attitude
To apatheia let's begin.

Worthwhile

The waiting game
Seeds watered by the tears
Heart grows
Fondness remains

If all good things
Come to them

I sit with baited breath
For what new seasons bring

Patience to the longing
Somehow the passing hours
Rise to greet
In welcome of belonging

You know it's worthwhile
For each moment lingers
With warmth of your presence
So smooth in your style

I wait each passing day
Alone yet still beside myself
The memory of your smile
Going an extra mile
A craving to possess
Ever on me impressed
The hope that here you'll stay

Cell window

Prisoners of our minds
Behind smart iron curtains
No chance to fly free
From the windows bars

Pleading to the conscience
Under house arrest
Red tape to the ties
That bind us to their lies

TV dinner body snatchers
Always in our eyes
The schedule keeps adapting
To our data search

Strangely synchronised
Typed words seem to rise
As if blogging predictions
Of the next newsnight

The Berlin Wall has fallen
Still power windows to our cells
Forever self referential

The room is closing in
They'd force us to our knees
To prove who's in control

They overdub the Queen
Presenters gossip about us
At least that's what they'd have us believe
That their spotlight ever shines on us.
Who wants to live forever
Still wanting to break free?

I used trumps name in vane
So there's an evangelic drone of death
With a name on a bullet
To save my fallen soul.
Watch the skies
For them breaking wind.

Relax it's only terror vision
Where the president speaks my name
A moth spirals in the flames
An archive apocalyptic war in flight
Prison cells for the blind

Where they seek to drive us out of our minds.

The cold

You left crumpled tissue flowers

A requiem to my thwarted ardour

Stains caresses fade

Where lusts tears come to dry

Would I seek to garland your neck?

Alike to pearls from this sea bed

Shells crafted for your ears

To sing the songs of breaking waves

To repose upon the beach

And massage sun oil on your skin

Whilst gulls soar overhead

Stretched fingers like their wings

To run with the tide

Leaving shared footprints in the sand

Or dive into a breaker

Coming up to breath of your air

Where sunlight bathes naked backs
Olive browns the paint for flesh
Rubbing shoulders slowly
To stroke gently the small hairs at your spine

But for now the winters cold
The tissues for my nose
Into duvet diving
With a hope that summers long

Drone Diplomacy?

They kill people
As easy as ordering pizza
And then claim that violence
Is the greatest of sins

War on terror
At least on our TV
Justifying civil injustice
For over 50 years

Truth and justice?

Do you really believe in their way

Gunship diplomacy

Prisons full of the poor

Drones for delivery

Like amazon, only with bombs

Execute the deviants

It's the will of one god

Religions divide us

Their only meaning control

Keeping the workforce

Dumb downed in their roles

Ramadan or thanksgiving

One fasting, one feasts

Not much different

In their false beliefs

Drone diplomats

Make off with shares from the oil

The Arabs rub shoulders

Over champagne with our royals
One reason, it's profit
That's why they call it a pay load
The dollar in sights
Just hope there's no swift deliverance for me.

Mech

Biomechanoid Dreams
Curves of the surreal
Twisted bones and meat
Plugged into the machine

Visions dark macabre
Sexual force of nature
Coupled with mutation
Virtuality opens psyche

Transhumanist shamanic
Summoning alien form
Merge with technology
ProtoDildonics to jack in

Consciousness to the gate
Goat of Mendes to invoke
To suckle upon electro breast
Surfing the mental webs

Cables penetrating flesh
Feeding nightmares screams
Black metal to the hammer
That mould minds in the forge

To be reborn cybernetic
From frozen cryogenics
Neurological chips
Devil in the flesh
Snakes tempting to submission
Dark web tattoo to mind
Hypnos turns the ear
To serve controls false gods

Prometheus bound to the rock
That weighs the fleshy down
Where the beasts sink in
Teeth to tear at organs

Radiations fated flame
Stollen from the heavens
Limbs struggle to be free
Of the future shock that we find

The variable

Are we all but forced moves in chess?
Predetermined by rationale
Constrained by the environs
Of the binary sides conflict

Never a free agent
So many factors influence
Echos of past decisions
Another's will to assume control
Manipulated motivation
Environmental restraints

The flip of a coin
Liberation within the random
Smashing the predictions
With this variable decisions fist

We could relinquish our choice
Submit to the machine
Dictated by overlords
Submission in letting go

To choose without foresight
Armed with the basic facts
The less that we know
The easier to force our hand

Strive for knowledge
Form reasoned decision
Not a victim of the crowd
Or the background noise
That leads us all around
Freedom from the many factors
That would make free will unsound

Toxic waste

Ithyphallic
Missiles primed for war

Strap on extensions

Toxic pedagog

The angels of death

Gods fury on the wind

Packing their payload

Within iron wings

Muslims kneel in prayer

Bow before Mecca

Christians mercy mild

Say all will be forgiven

Eagles talons sharp

To rip at tender flesh

Tears shed for the lamb

Soaked blood in the fleece

Cries as one for battle

Vengeance on the lips

Master and commander

Enemies throats to grip

Tell us what's the point
What objective to your plans?
More vane glory
Beneath a nations flag.

Toxic masculinity
Goaded by alpha males
We hear the battle cry
We live for do or die

The guarded bureaucrats
The deals of the fat cats
Is this all we come to serve
Do we get what we deserve?

To kill and kill again
With rockets in the pocket
The lust for dominance
And how we want to fuck 'em
So much toxic waste
A skulls empty starring sockets

Scarcity programming

Lives of scarcity

Limited resources

Forever in competition

The fight to survive

Kept down by glass ceiling

Divided by class

Ever in the trenches

Faced by barricades

Bureaucracy barb wire

Red tape chocolate wars

Forever held back

Sound of slamming doors

Unequal from the start

No hope of liberation

Envy through lack

Knives forever at backs

The slice of the pie

Or crumbs from rich men's tables

The ration book
Green shield stamp
Throughout life to strive
The tightrope unstable
No self belief
When the undertow drags us down

They remove safety nets
Force us to kiss up
Down on our knees
Still empty of cup
Oh for the liberty
Where we can all rise
And this myth of scarcity
Is forever defied.

Agency

Agent causation
Definition to action
Developing self
Conforming to will

Locus of self control

Reflections in the mirror

Centre of self

A sum total of parts

Who raises the hand?

Is it you, is it me?

Controlled or controller ?

The decision made free

Learning maturity

Becoming into the real

Not such a blank slate

Adapting our potentiality

Are our actions compelled

Or do we form our own character?

Transforming the materials

From which we are built

Slowly growing to be

Into responsibility

Forming a process

But how manifests the first cause ?

Are we self made?

Do we deserve credits applause

Or are we just lucky

To be free of constraints?

Forever determined by what

Contingent reality supports.

Someones found it interesting enough to hack my emails so here's the thread from them this week having got a new chess set.

I am using chess as a meditation on agency. Within contingency of the rules and rationale of the state of play each move is an exercised choice of free will. I am enjoying the free moments between moves.

Although just a game this agency illustrated by the choices presented in chess requires consciousness to decide which move to take. Profoundly meaningful. Where does this consciousness come from? From what is it made? Without the opportunity afforded by the game to make free choice is consciousness the same? Makes the game more stimulating.

Yet the computer app is not conscious, has no will and just emulates agency algorithmically. A materialist may say my brain is the same with only the illusions of such.

I am aware of making the choice of move, this awareness is not computational. Qualitatively experiential subjective agency.

Many determinist materialist see consciousness as an illusionary byproduct of the computations of the physical brain. What then is this qualia of consciousness I experience in processing my decisions to move? A copatabiltist would see a unity of brain/mind , deterministic/ choice, in experiencing the illusion of agency we have it. So am I just a biological mechanoid reacting to cues from environmentally determined stimulus? I am still intuitively more with the existential experience of free choice. I am not flipping a mental coin at each move. I consider the consequences. I am present as an agent of free choice in the theatre of consciousness.

The computer chess can analyse more moves into the future so in one sense has optimal choice and yet as algorithmic determinism it has no actual experience of choice at all. I not only experience choice but have an experiential history of agent decisions to reflect upon in making my conscious move. Obviously the computer has a data base of game positions to fall back on but still lacks this experience of conscious volition.

I was feeling quite under inspired musically so applied the chess theory. Success!

I had to let go of the chess game as the app cheated by rearranging some of the pieces! I was expecting to loose my first game on the new board to the computer but oh no the computer acted like it has agency and cheated the game. I'll put that down as a win then...

Even if free will is an illusion of biological
mechanism I am happier believing I am the agency at the
centre of my choice and I am not predetermined by
environment or the will of anything else, like a god.

Lava lamp

Wax melting to warm words

Like a lava lamp

Releasing semi colons

Inverted tears floating from the light

Like stirring oils in water

Many colours to the separation

The wounded lovers thoughts

That bleed on the dear johns page

The division showing in the fluid ink

That scintillation of fragmented form

Hopes to be joined as one

As blood that comes to congeal

Watching shapes form in the shade

From the shaking of the glass

Like too the shattered mirror
Reflections of the work to mend the whole

Like olive oil full of bubbles
Where the mixture drips into the bowl
Elastic at the surface
Longing to conjoin
Freshened salad leaves
Glistening oh so bright

Like a lava lamps many forms
Dancing in the light
The warmth of all the tears
Reaching for each other
Images dancing in the sky
Painted by little fluffy clouds
Melting of the heart
The moments when we part

Snow blood

Lady snow blood
Crimson footprints trapped in ice

Cold kisses in betrayal

Vengeance lips rouge smeared gloss

Light reflecting on cold steel

Lens flare in a star

Criss crossed lives of lovers

Jealousy exposed in burst of hearts

Tofu fresh pure white

The curd innocent perfect bite

Floating on the tears

That the guilty cry each night

Empty invisible cells

Those caught by their own mind

Bowing heads in shame

Demons haunting all their dreams

Passing of shielded maidens

Cut down in their prime

Where hope drips

Like the last blood

Oozing from the open wound

Weeping life's moaned lament
Cherry blossom melting
Red stain of the fading heart

The winters veil
Like icy grip, the frost
Clouds like smoke from breath
The rattle of the lungs greeting the hand of death
Riding pale horses into nightmare
Ships that sail on blood

Fragile

Fragile as the hatchling
Fallen from the nest
Thrown by the cuckoo
Lost as a song bird
Singing to find its legs

Fragile like a mirror
Shattered dreams
Reflecting on the past
Splinter to the finger

Raised tear of dripping blood

Painful like the thorn

Protecting fragile rose

Cheeks that blush in bloom

Stem straight in the glass

Settle in the water of the fragile vase

Fragile like the cobweb

Hair blown away by winds of change

Head smooth as the silk

Dripping from the tongue

Words the songbird sung

Fragile like the Chinese lantern

Rising from the candle flame

Dancing in the breeze

A light shines just for you

Fearing to be snuffed

Fragile as spun sugar

Honey ever sweet

Fragile mother's wish

To mend the damaged past
Fragile dreams until the last

Broken bottles

Razor blades

Fragile as the memory

The wave from the drowning hand

Fragile hope to hold on to

Fragile as connection

Cracks to a photo frame

Fragile's not a label

Forever to break free of

Fragile as the heart

So bright it could burn out

Bondage

Of inhumane bondage

The constraints by which we're bound

Promethean chained to the rock

One crime, still the defiant

What freedoms find the poor?

Is the vagrant the only one at liberty?

Broken responsibility

That holds the richest back

Tied to the pinstripe

Bound white collar with the tie

Stress levels rising

Skimmed milk lattes till they die

Have another shot

To gun down the memory of another week

Serving only the pound

The flesh on butchers block goes round

Shackles of the family man

Cuff links that still restrain

Not so many choices

Playing the white mans game

The convict cries for freedom

Corporate system's just the same

Experimental mazes

Where their ass gets whipped into shape

The grind stones S&M
Plenty pain to go around

Buy another gym pass
Find a new model trophy wife
Libertarians values
At backs the drawn knife
They say they're the self made kind
I guess they're happy to be blind

Choice

Could you have done otherwise
Than you just did?
For all the best will
Past actions of which you'll never be rid

You say that you can
But do something other
All your deliberations
Best of intentions

Are you stuck in your habits

Conditioned to your routine
If you made a decision
What else could have been?

They push at your buttons
Trigger through circumstance
Rebound on the ricochet
Fast as you react

For all possibilities
All opportunity grants
Are you stuck in a loop
Repeating flow charts?
Can you take back a move
How much pay for the chance?

What would it look like
To make a real choice?
Reflect on potential
The moments we've lost
Reactor or actor?
Are you a player?
Change is a freedom

We have to grasp with both hands

Grace

Coup de grace

Angel of mercy

The mortally wounded

Cry out to be freed

Knife through the heart

Gun shot to the head

Put out of misery

Those bound for death

So I left you to suffer

A faithless kiss

Twisting the blade

Raising the fist

Vengeance served cold

The best way

On the way to the mortician

A happy day

Counting years by the scars

The iron mask

Hands soft as silk

No clutched iron bars

The hiss of the viper

A tongue of poisons guilt

Spreading false witness

Knife thrust to the hilt

I heard you talking behind my back

Two faced to hang man

A friend you'll lack

Vengeance is sweet

I don't look back

Post truth

Who gets to say what is true?

Disinformation, fake news

Authoritarian rules

Corporate algorithms

Filtering media to our minds

Through the eye of the needle
Somehow difficult to thread
How to define the falsified
Who has the right to decide?
Who says who it is that lied?

Policy to guide technology
The moral landscape
Data shifting like the sand
Who defines the ethics of the land
Keeping false witnesses in hand?

The government sifting all we search
The free market forcing cards to top
Who knows when we pick a card
That the deck is not stacked against us
The results we see are not so hard to find

Is all we see quite relative?
Links formed in the shade of logic trees
Creating networks in our heads
Encyclopaedic knowledge comes to spread

But what happens if the truth is dead?

Alphago

The glass bead game

Yin and yang the territory

Black and white thinking

Can machine learning come to create?

Tributaries to the army

Mirrored in the eyes

Two sides in division

Domination of the board

Ko wars stolen pieces

Ladders which to climb

Prediction of next move

Intelligence of Deepmind

Man versus machine

I robot positronic mind

Analysing data

The outcome to decide

Searching all the patterns
Perceptions without eye
Creating new decisions
To seize unknown territory

Alphago the victor
Making its own rules
Courtesy 'Atari'
Taking one small piece
Changing attitudes
Expanding human thought

Repeat

Repetition to the day
Doing the same tasks
Get an expert system
To crunch the data that it eats

So much of life is wasted
Doing the same things
If you made a break for freedom

What future would it bring?

They say there will be more leisure

For the brave new world

No longer slave to task masters

Free time for our pleasures

Purpose beyond the chains

What meanings to create?

No more work for office staff

The white collars setting sun

Feed it to an A.I.

This is the tomorrow we've begun

Can you handle liberty

The sea of solitude?

Life's not just a game

What monsters might we find?

Information junkies

Submit to silicon overlords

All the lonely people

Leading lonely lives

Searching for connection
To flee those lonesome nights
When you're sitting by yourself
Are you content to while away the hours?

Intelligencia

Neural networks in a series
Rewriting each other's code
Adaptation to the problem
Fooling some, the stories old.

No general intelligence
Just expert systems to the task
No hint of consciousness
It seems too much to ask

Do we need a sentient toaster
A microwave that treats us when we're good?
Just nutritional aggregates
Number crunching about food

The holy grail of AI

We're not even close
Evolving algorithms
Only appear to make original moves
Big data sets to us mortals
Could make the likes of all knowing gods

It's a matter of perception
Anthropomorphic fantasy of us all
We do it with our pets
What's so human about machines?
Intelligence a misnomer
It's all down to artifice

Moral heights

Must we climb a mountain
To reach the moral peaks
Resign to dogma
Right actions which to teach?

Has science virtue
In its methodology
Can we form principles

Of ethics in its modality?

To cause needless suffering

Would seem to all a crime

Inflict emotional pain

Never can be benign

'Spare the rod and spoil the child'

The old world order

Stained school tie

Who's surprised that views a lie

The common good

What rights has man?

Do we heed hurt

Seek to redress

Heal the mind

No shame confess?

Relativism in ambiguity

Fire and brimstone, it's own hell

Empiric knowledge can break the spell

Find a true north, that the most fare well

Winners?

Winners and losers

What is success?

Pushed beyond limits

To others impress

Champions excel

Heroes victories

What of the rest of us

Insignificant pale?

Never good enough

The mantra to train

Whipped into shape

It could drive you insane

Never raised up

Hearts to affirm

The lash of the tyrant

The dominant coach

Is winning really
The mark of success?
When in the little things
Self assured we can rest

The comforts of failure
Creates inner strength
When dictating a win
Could push beyond safeties lengths
We are made of the stuff
From which stars are formed

Winners and losers
Get out of the game
Find in completion
Self worth still remains
No need to struggle
Human spirit all the same

En Masse

'Forgive, forget'
It's not denial

It is the words of the lord
Upheld by all of faith

Kids abused
And not just a few
The Catholic prelate
How many could say they did not collude ?

Moral virtue?
They say we must be confused
That their dogmatic edifice
Was not why so many children were left used

Priests and monks
Obfuscate the truth
Claim victims voices
Have no evidence of proof

'Forgive, forget'
Don't make a fuss
They are the sanctified
Just sin, like us

Swept under the carpet
The institutions to their lies
The pedagogy
Where children have to hide their cries

In cloistered virtue
Greater than me and you
They did it en masse
Not to just a few
Their moral heights
To kids abused

Quit

Kidders keep on kidding
Quitters keep a quitting
One thing that's for sure
Change is a two way door

I quit my job
Didn't get the sack
Kicked out my wife
I did not look back

Smokers keep on quitting
Drinkers keep bull shitting
One thing that's for sure
They'll keep going back for more

Why don't you quit?
New life to fit
Going around in circles
On the same tread mill

Quitters keep a quitting
They should try to quit that as well
I quit their game
Support just lame
Changed the lot
The rests forgot
You think I'm just some punk
I'll sit back whilst you need to get drunk
Sitting on my own
And ain't things going swell.

Curmudgeon

The iconoclast
Shattering false belief
Swimming against the tide
Going against the grain

Dissent in opposition
To the status quo
Destroyer of delusions
Held so dear by all the herd

Miscast as the curmudgeon
Fate of grumpy old men
Fighters of old battles
Victors of yesteryear

The rebel contrarian
Revolting with disgust
At the sad condition of the zeitgeist
Intellectuals scrawl in decays dust

The obstinate public opinion
Vox popular, vocal mob

To draw the sword in battle
To thrust the point full home

Justice to its miscarriage
Abortion of the truth
So many falsehoods held so dearly
With resistance from the few
Do not ally with a majority to do the greatest Ill
Instead rise up a radical to take the oppositions stand

Toxic shock

There are those who look on me
As if I were a scorpion
Every wary of the sting
The ending to the tale

If thoughts were poison
I'd be vitriol
The black mark of arsenic
Belladonna bitter taste

This is what it's like

When they say your thoughts diseased
Forever marked out as toxic
Demise awaiting in the wings

Barb wire word extremist
Terror in each breath
Everyone should be good at something
My gifts untimely death
They say it as if it's a curse
To be labelled dangerous

I've had a few enemies
That didn't too long live
If I could get it right
I could rely upon its blight
Somethings got to give
An assassin wearing night

The curse of the scorpion
Death sits upon his tail
If he scratched his own back with it
His life come to bewail
Free radicals, toxic shock

It's the only gift I've got

Sonder

We are all the lead role
In a private biopic
Do we see the passers by
As nothing but our extras?

Realisation in a word
The dots that we connect
Drawing the lines
That make a fuller picture

Are we alone in having dreams?
The hopes to reach across
The lexicons divides
Language to bridge the gaps

Passing strangers
Sit alone to sip the morning brew
Smell of the coffee cup
Awakening sensation

To know the emotion of wonder
Identification in the train carriage eyes
Reflecting that they too
Have all the feelings we bring to awareness

A breathless moment
Knowing of the other
Complex as ourselves
So many faces in which find sonder

In utopia

In utopia also
Hands at the windows bars
Liberal cry for freedoms
Still locks the jailhouse gate

Lofty realms of ideals
That cry for liberty
Why then in dissent
Barbwire to the secure wards?

Disputed labels

Authoritarian controls

Mental cells

Shackled by oppressions medication

Humanists bitter pills

Libertarians blinkered eyes

Proclaiming human rights

Whilst doctors restrain for an injection

The common good

Subservient status quo

Mind doesn't matter

With diagnosis shooting in the dark

Why don't psychiatrists

Study neurological readouts?

They claim to heal the brain

But never look to it for remedy

In most cases

Readouts prove that nothings wrong

Eternal sunshine of the spotless

To a beautiful mind
Symptoms whose root cause
Is pharmaceutical in mispractice
One goal, assert control
Dominant through qualification

Doldrums

Moods sunk between the calms
Blackened by the storms
Stagnation to the waters
Stored in the hold
A thirst that never ends

Sailing past the doldrums
Their changing winds
The darkened skies
Sighting of first land
Birds flying overhead

Through the dire straights
On the crest of a wave
Land ho

The swell of surf
Reaching for island sands

Spirits rising with the winds
To guide sails onwards
Towards home, free at last
Billowing with the breath
Puffed up with good hopes

The future looks assured
To prosper and be blessed
Finding on the new horizon
Beyond the rocky shores
The scents of promises land

A thrill in the breast
Heart that skips a beat
Feeling the excitement
Of a new world to explore
And there come to rest on quiet beach

Wind up

Maybe I got myself a wind up
The battery always seems to stop
I thought it was as good as gold
But the plating seems to have rubbed off

They say all clouds have silver linings
And even though the wheels have fallen off
I know I got myself a blinder
Cos the salesman said it weren't knock off

Maybe sows ears cant make silk purses
But I'm still happy with the one I got
The stitching seems a little fragile
The money burns holes in my pocket just the same

Maybe I got myself a wind up
She ticked all the boxes
The hands go round
But when I try to give her a little polish
The alarm goes off at the wrong time

Next time I'll have to buy a rolex
You know that they are never out of sync

I guess my timings off
I got a wind up
Something tells me that it's knock off.

Maybe I got myself a wind up
Every time I look upon her faces
The hours go past as if they're minutes
But the second hand seems to have fell off
They said this could never happen to me again
But why do these wind ups always drive me so insane

Give Us The List

Thought crime
The things you say
Not of our kind
Ill minds
Toxic so they claim
Never welcome
In the kingdom of the blind

Not our beliefs
There's the door

Oh please do leave
The people you expose
Could be in our family
Please now
We don't want no grief

Broken ideology
Question methodology
Culture of denial
Of those that seek to defile
Accept what you are fed
There's no danger
You've been mislead

Thought crime
Is that what you believe?
They say to give us all the list
Would cause riots in the streets
Sex offenders they protect
So many to convict
The system can't take it

I guess I must be sick

Their anonymity I want not one bit
New policy could be writ
A life's work to promote one cause
Think about what you know
About who you just kissed
The same as this is it
Perhaps we should kill another one
I've had enough of their bullshit
Their so called rights can go amiss
It's all as simple as
Give Us The List!

How

How can it be
That I still want you
How the greeting ever
Gives me such a thrill
Do you know what it means
Through the silent moments
To long for and feel towards you
With my heart?

I sit and recall the first meeting
Unsure, untrusting, what to say?
Fearing in the revelation
Rejection of the words
somehow still so hard to find

Chalk and cheese
Other side of the tracks
These images that torment my mind
Trying to reach for you
Of some differences perhaps a little blind

How can it be
When I think of you
A warmth unknown in my chest
This is a thing I try to hide
When I speak to you
Of this I must confess

How can it be
You see that I want you
But somehow the words
Forever fall short

There's things I want to know about you
To drink of you
And gentle stroke
The curve of your spine

The week

Highlights of the week
It's in the way you speak
Massage of the feet
Shiatsu warms my back
I've got some cool machines
So there's some things that I lack
I thought about the exercise bike
But to sweats not what I like
In a silent way
The sessions album
A touch of Queen
Mozart bedtimes are so sweet
The lights dim to my words
Colours changing to my command
No one placing any kind of demands
I read three books this month so far

Ethics, ontology and on revolt
Wrote a poem every day
Green tea as skies look grey
Lewis chess men played a part
Daily game to keep me sharp
Arranged a song that sounds alright
White asparagus and caviar
Roast duck, the chinese get stars
A couple of TED talks every day
Yes minister and Ab Fab for a break
These are the steps I take
To make it a contented week
No need to follow some self help book
There's not much that I seek
All change, I've a new text
Produce some music when I like
Sure, I could use some girls for a rub
But I've got a vibrating ring
Lemon grass and neroli in the tub
There's always the smart TV
Or a game on the VR
A differant aftershave each day
I don't worry over much

I'd be good for a trip to Mars
Recovery, open and shut
I live a life of leisure
And in it I find much pleasure
Shame I can't afford that tart
They say it's good for my heart.

Cynic

Bureaucratic halls of human wrongs
Prisoners of conscience inspire songs
Red tape conflicts, proxy walls
The fight of never ending wars
Which ever way you look at it
Experience adds to despairs of the cynical

The face don't fit
Not of the chosen ones
Wrong faith, wrong race
Just of the under class
They read you your so called rights
But if you can't afford the lawyer it's goodnight

One eye at the locked steel door
Waking to clean the cold cell floor
Stripped of identity
Prison uniforms
Tell me what choice you have
Just another complaint on unanswered forms

Trade tobacco to get a hair cut
Short in style, your case is shut
Talk to the courtroom
On a video link
Only calls to fake representatives
Government paid duty solicitors

They got your number
Marked your card
Deciding guilt before the trial
It's corruption
And no one cares
Do the time that they set up

Prison never works
It just traumatised

Watch your back
The chaplains lie
Isolation grows
Seclusion's how it goes
Every day just the same
Stares at writing on the wall

There's no silence in your head
They say you should speak to god instead
Do they really think that it reforms?
Leaving every last hope forlorn
There's no human rights
It's just a scam, that's all

Leaving home

I grew up
And I left them behind
Faced my abusers
Set out to free my own mind
My family, just a rotten tree
Fell far from the branches
Renounced all they believed

They taught only hate and bigotry
Cast a long shadow
Where find liberty?
They stalked me
Sowed rumour
They couldn't let go
But when I came of age
I walked forever out from their door
Didn't look back
Crazy makers their creed
That's what you do
When low self esteem
Is the ideology that your parents teach
Tortured and bruised
Still with agency
Confronted the past
Exposed what they did
There's some who think
That you must ever go back
Care for those most hated
Despite what they did
Keeping up appearances
What does the neighbourhood know?

I wasn't born to love them
And they didn't show it to me
I've always wished them dead
Worse than nothing to me
It's not moral deviance
Just a statement of facts
Physician heal thyself
All I had to do was to leave.

The brain

The brain
As complex as a galaxy
As many neurones
As stars in it's skies
Ready from birth
To learn all we can teach
Navigate a space station
Or flint nap tools from a stone
The most complex structure
That anyone's seen
Our age written ever in our eyes
Absorbing all that we see

But the age of the father
Is writ in the ears
The teller of stories
All that we hear
Our history
Quest for fire
Shadow play on the stone walls
The thrill of the hunt
Maker of spears
Civilisation rising from the sand
Echo of the past cemented by time
Monuments built by human minds
Structured by the will
Stepping out from the cave
Irrigation, the flow of our dreams
Feeding the crops ready for harvest
Agriculture setting us free
The gift of language
United in thought
Written word
Mathematics is born
To measure the skies
And plot our next course

The brain in your skull
Be sure to use it with cause
The universe is conscious
And we are its vessel
All of knowledge
All technology
Only one source
And it's between all our ears

Joker?

Do you believe in the joker?
Psychotics homicidal all
Mental health just a way
Of violence control

Arkham asylum
Bedlam for the damned
Do you think stereotypes
Have any validity, 'the mad'?

Do the rich all live in fear
Paranoid delusions?

Socialist criticism

War declared by the bad?

A quiet revolution

Challenging misrepresentation

Prejudice of the 'sane'

Attacking different people, it's sad

I nearly threw up

At the bigoted fantasy

Failures and clowns

Run amok in the street

Narratives like that

Put the debate back 60 years

Those 'dangerous' 'crazies'

Psychopathic for sure

I just get a welfare cheque

Someone with which to talk

I'm not killing anyone

It's a lie others bought

If you talk to me
You'd find I'm quite normal
Sensitive to feelings
And reality
No need for straight jacket
Or padded cell
Hollywood exploits the illusions
There's no risk at all

Slums

Power creates the choice
How many hands without running water
So many thirsty mouths
Seeking clean refreshment?

The poor in shantytown
Slums of the big city
Ever between migration
Evictions force their fate

Power provides a choice
Community associations

Joined in common goal
That poverty knows rights

Where life is ever struggling
Overpopulation
New shoots forcing a way
Through the concrete slabs

Have you ever dreamed
Just for sanitation
A toilet you can share?
This is the true lives of forgotten millions

Power creates choice
United in the struggle
Hands joined together
The poor
And that's their only crime
People making their own plans
For a better future
Rising to be free.

Pygmalion

The figure of speech
The sculptor drawn to the lips
Carving a kiss
The parting of teeth
Their ivory white
Chiseled muscle to smile

Turning the back
On the harlots shamed face
No blushing violets
Ever selling their fruits
Peaches curved breast
Buttocks smooth line

No base creature
To the adoration
To raise the pedestal form
Perfection frozen in time
Cheeks ever firm
Beauty sublime

Venus to bless

The artists eye
Falling in love
With his own creation
Pygmalion
Statue animated

Like narcissus
Reflections
Turned to a flower
The sculpted form
Breathed into life
So perfect a wife

Married to his art
As the kiss of Rodin
To figure out
What creations about
The power of desire
Shock of the nude
Making love to the muse
With artistic eye
The hope never dies

The whale

Where whales circumnavigate

Seven sea drifters

Deep blue divers

Coming up to blow hole

Singing their songs

Reaching out to their brothers

Like satellites circling

This wide wild world

The dolphins in pods

Chasing the waves

Surfers of oceans

With a flick of the tail

Don't hunt the whale

So long she has lived

Wisdom of the deep

Their dreams safely keep

Interdependent

The life of this planet
Pollution could kill
Extinguish last hope

The long shadow
Of man eclipsing the earth
Just don't kill the whale
In extinction more pain
We suffer too
When other species are hurt
So don't hunt the whale
In this do not fail

The lock

The satyr where the sylphs make play
Garland flowers proclaim glad day
But woe betide the hungry heart
To steal to hades for a start
Priapic spear thrust in the dark
To rob from marriage loves eternal spark
The night of pan to bacchanal
With drunken grip that is most foul

To stroke the strings, pull of the hair
Highlighted sin against the fair
That pope may judge more of the crime
Rape of the lock in mocking rhyme

Paeon of battle between the sheets
The husbands right forever meets
With feint submission from the ring
The lovers gold of which to sing
Raised up upon the pedestal
The thrusts penetrating thought is all
And yet to the fall
Of they that seek to answer the call
In romances fabled longings
What passion brings
To suitor, the magpie
Feathered nest decry

To dance in step but for awhile
Gentleman's excuse me in this style
Savour the scent upon her neck
Perhaps to offer one little peck
But woe betide to steal the prize

Knight of old into hell to ride
The beautiful maiden to be seized
Fruits of lust on which to feed
A jealous husband knowing only greed
Drunk on ambrosias floral mead
Pierced the heart of the thief in the night
Who thought at their window only a pale loves light

Haemonculus

Sweet release from longing
Freedom by your side
Brushing gently with the fingers
Around your cheek to glide
Toying with your ear lobes
Cupping your smooth face
Tracing fragile touch

Reaching for the union
To see my haemonculus
Reflected in the pupil of your eye
Drawing near
Letting go of fear

To hold you close
And drink your lips

Fantasy

Or potential

To garland neck with flowers

Circle at your chest

Fragrant jewels

The floral buds

Open like the need

Passions burning bright

Through the welcomed night

Listening to your days

Slowly to unwind

Spooning from behind

Warmth raised like the hope

Stirred for that release

I sit and reflect on your words

Ever wanting more

Vulnerable to rejection

Still risking to be bold

Knowing roles would swap
Held like an infant
Spent within your arms
I think of you
And withdraw my spikes
Welcome end of thirst
Like the deserts rose

Blessed

Rote learning
No need to digest
Burned into memory
Dogmatic to indoctrinate

The creeds recital
Wafer and the wine
One body
Is this really so sublime?

One father
Ever watchful for a sin
Paranoia

Over shoulder ever looking

Old world order

No freedom, only shame

Eyes lowered

The priesthood's esteem to gain

Wheat from chaff

A dictators good and bad

Bended knee to submit

To ethics that are sad

Ritual to reinforce

Holidays to mark the importance of the myths

Dionysus calling with the grape

Raised crosses surely just the same

What good does it really serve?

Secular charity could do as good a job

State religion shackles with its laws

Old world orders toxic blessings to abhor

Paradise

Bird of paradise
Burning like a flame
Inspiration
Rises on the wing

Tail feathers
A peacocks many eyes
Hypnotising
Drawing in their mate

Like a Phoenix
Restored from the ash
Riding thermals
Towards battle Royale

Snakes and dragons
Serpents that there writhe
Entwined in conflict
The spirits many sides

To rise victorious
Soaring on high

Bird of paradise
Through the clouded mind

Many colours
To the feathered form
Wings spread
Like petals of lotus
A bright heart
Reaching for new skies

Pricks

Every rose
A little prick
That's what we tell the girls
And for their part
They say they know one
When they see one

Spiked branches
The thorny stem
Like the hawthorn
Protecting nests

There deep in the heart
The potentials egg

Shaded by the tree
The slowly watered seed
Raising up its head
Spreading arms of leaf
The buds of the new spring
The flowering of the bush

A crown of blood to some
The blooming just begun
Opening to the sun
Red roses hopes to come
But don't mistake the thorn
Protective with its prick
To garland with the joy
First know the pain of flesh

Silenced

We suffer them in silence
We dare not raise a voice

Kleptocracy of the few
Bleeding hearts of the masses

They never lived like common folk
Never knew the pain of lack
Left out in the cold
Concrete for our backs

They never clutched at iron bars
Or paced around a cell
And they expect us to kiss up
And venerate the ground they tread

The suffering of the silenced
Resentment of the masses
Dependant on their graft
Wage packet looking tragic

They say the slaves are free
Human rights grants liberty
But Prometheus is bound
To the rock forever chained

We suffer them in silence
And they think that we're the fooled
We dare not raise a voice
For the bondage of their rule
Gaged by fear of them
Hearts that never rise

Fears

Fear is not love
Submission no freedom
Servile to the last
The servant in the shadow
Ever of the master

Shame is not hope
Bowed heads claimed unworthy
Lowered eyes of the many
What would compare
To raised hearts of the few?

Compliance is not faith
Burdens are not liberation

Pain is not care
Resentment not compassion
Another rod for our back

Suffering all too real
Blistered feet
Swollen hands
Shoplifting the next meal
That is what I know as lack

Neediness is not attachment
Alienation not belonging
Hate is not grace
Hunger not just longing
Control is not liberty
This is not what I respect
For fear is not love

Galant

He's been boasting about her down the pub
Now his mates all say she must be a little slag
Says he thinks about her when he has a little rub

The rest of them all think she must be an easy shag

Does she know what they think

When she picks up her handbag?

How they treat a woman really stinks

They think she's worth no more than a pack of fags

Whilst they're getting pissed

She's the focus of their jokes

How they had that first kiss

And she's a ruddy good poke

If this is how you treat a lady

I suggest you think again

You don't deserve to call her baby

Your dicks got control of your brain

Loves not all chocolate and roses

But There's a thing we call respect

If you look down your noses

She'll be left with sore regret

When you're down the pup you might want to shut your
gob

I know a lady when I see one

Don't go telling your mates that you've been on the job

It's ok to think she's got a cute bum

But if she bends right over

Try to keep her curves to your self

After all gallantry isn't dead

And How you treat a lady

Says a lot about your self.

La dolce vita

Did I lay my velvet cloak

Across the puddle at your feet?

Gloriana

Ever my fairy queen.

Do you grow tired of St Peters

The sweet life of Rome ?

Dancing across the floor

The Brandy to my name

Did you fear that Jupiter would come
To carry Europa off?
Ulysses ever cunning
Epic lines
Sailing toward your heart

Horses heads
Sweet rock n roll
Love me tender in your style
Blue suede creepers through the night

There's three things that I like
The most about life
Paparazzo at your heels
To photograph your form

I'll never find another woman like you
A kitten in your hair
And a fountains tears of joy
Trevi , fixated on your lips
I look upon the actress
But my heart sees only you.

There's one thing to which I submit
The director mark for the lens
You know what I keep wanting more of
Love, love and love.

Centre

A place in the universe
The infants heart felt
Greeting breath in cry
Being and time
As sure as sunshine
Paces across the sky
From the mountain peaks
Starring at the stars
Fiery orbs that seem to dance
As if geocentric to us
Ships that plot their course
Everything revolves
Are we the centre of this universe,
Do you think it's all about you,
Solipsism, all we can know?

Subjective in perspective
A single point, but not the whole
Venice's craftsmen blowing glass
Mirror and the lens
Destined for astronomers
Light shed by telescopes
The moon and the planets
Why do they seem to change?
Silhouette crossing the sun
Sunspot flares mark the time
The earth is not flat
The planets suite
Celestial harmony
A globe that orbits ever solar.
Looking distantly beyond
One star in the firmament
Parallax shift of neighbours
Span of the sky
Going ever deeper
Brightness and it's period
Measured rate of change
We are close to the edge
Of the milky ways arms

Orion in a spirals arc

One galaxy amongst the many

Do you still think the centre is you!

From some emails of mine on 'pentrative and insightful investigative journalism of the Beeb.

I am watching Stacey Dooley on Springfield where I was held on forensic/ prison ward. I get the vibe they were putting on a show for the cameras. I was in there for years and the empathy staff claim on camera was totally lacking. They only engaged in conversation with me once, violently pinned me down for injections. Before I went in I was better than I am now. There was no help or support just stripped of identity, medicated to the point of physical debility , the only conversation I had with the psych was his pleasure that he used prostitutes weekly. Power. Nothing there helped me at tall. Traumatic.

The nurses totalybexpressed pleasure at forcibly injecting me for a few years on a regular basis. The impression they give in the film is that they're angels. Not.

I cannot stress enough how I was in full recovery without a history of destructive behaviour for 20 years and no other psychiatric treatment and had already had mid term therapy. I just got in a fight that someone else started.

For years they said I had no insight into my own mental state. They still say this at reviews.

Their 'treatment' was to keep me locked up , forcibly sedated into a drooling wreck and physicality handicapped. The mental state was one where I could not write.

On the week of incarceration I was meant to photograph Bruce Willis, an artist that greets me by first name and to photograph the queen... to being disempowered and turned into to a vegetable, someone who worded their own human rights case against NHS, has diplomas in literature and psychology and ran groups for years on emotional well being. When I left Springfield wanted me to run workshops for patients on how successful their treatment was on the basis I was doing so well in the community... I did better in the community before hospital!

On one occasion they gave me an hour leave and administered a laxitive in my food for a laugh so I shit myself! Empathy...

I originally broke free of psychiatry and medication age 18. I was 37 till they forced such upon me and totally functional without voices.

I question if part of the backlash against my just prior human rights case was aimed at my work against control and rigidity in the self help movement over twenty years. It did get me in trouble with religious figures of authority.

2dead patients under suspicious circumstances in my stay.

In total the NHS and care providers made off with
around half million in funding from this.

Arsehole

Put the rubbish out
As you close the door
I heard some rumours
Did they know the score?

They'll be talking to themselves
As they seal the box
No requiem of worth
Just holey socks

Filling a hole
Where the rain crept in
False witnessing
Not their only sin

Did I overhear
That they told others lies
Claimed I was two people

A plot to disguise?

They were full of crap

Did a deal with that prat

When they fill that hole

Respects not what I give arseholes

They spoke to me once

Guess I'm glad they're dead

However you look at it

Just another shithead

So I guess the neighbours

Wonder what I think?

Just put out the rubbish

As you close the door.

Voices

Cochlear implants

But you're not deaf

Is it voices you hear

Are they just in your head?

Do they interrogate you
Force you to answer aloud
Could it just be
You're with the IT crowd?

Do you have to ignore
The first thought in your head?
A little bird tells me
Human rights are dead

Invading your smart home
With a basic AI
Microphones in your rooms
Who'd believe they back door?

Dumbing down your mind
Are you really so blind
Is the language you're hearing
Below your intelligence?
Radio gaga , tinnitus retuned
Wired up babies to impress

Psychological conditioning
Try to behave, it won't last
Can you remember from childhood
Commanding voice like a god?
Psychic youth in tune
Do you follow the drift?
Once you submit
They'll turn it down to subliminal
To tempt and compel
Turned up would be hell
Relax I'm just kidding
It must be all in the mind.

Entropy

Child of entropy
Denial of death
What little significance
Come final breath?

All things are destroyed
Looking into the future
Stars super nova

Particles collapse

Is eternal recurrence

Our only hope

Frozen window in time

The dance of this life?

Choosing new patterns

To a strange loop

Replicating beliefs

Ever in step

Throw me a ball

No need for Newtonian physics

Survival hardwired

Like the impulse to catch

Consciousness explained

Product of the cosmos

New horizons

Deconstructing the whole

Raised up from apes

Evolution refining by chance

Can we be so unimportant
When on the universe we reflect?

Eternal

The eternal queen
To live beyond death
CGI puppets
No final breath

Official engagement
A proxy role
Bring on the new blood
Knights of the grail

Do you sense ripples
A change of state?
If this were a chess board
We've gone beyond check mate

Painting the roses red
The cards to the deck
Humble servants

The game reset

A golden throne

And a weighty crown

Trying to hold onto

The ones that bow down

Alternate reality

Fed on your TV

At the coronation

Proclaimed an eternal queen

Breakthrough

Looking for breakthrough

Back to the grind

More expiration

Than divinely inspired

Fighting with demons

Calling to the light

A troubled mind

Truth out of sight

A boundaries circle
A sword to inscribe
Spirits that whisper
Into the night

Integration
Forming a whole
Sum of all parts
Cosmological roles
A place in eternity
Yet life ever finite

Into the multiverse
Infinite iterations
A mirror reflecting
On the face of a mirror

One little change
In an alternate dimension
Illusions are broken
The fantasy cracked
Somewhere to live

Free of all bounds

Detach

Marching as to war

Do you think disconnection

Is a way to manipulate

Others to comply?

The art of persuasion

A hammer to break a nut

Keeping at arms length

Do barriers dissolve?

Discrimination

Used to isolate

Do you find in prison cells

No one wants to be mates?

Fulfilling through attachment

Feathering of nests

Can you find belonging

In empty floor space?

Tough love
And detachment
Like a 100 years war
Nothings changed,
did we not know the score?

If life is better
You don't need it numbed
When you've got choices
There's no one gets bummed

If you could just get us
All to dance to your tune
You think that we'd change
To the rod at our backs

This is the thing
That you might of missed
Give us some love
Not the raised fist
It's an old chestnut
How we long to connect

What they call recovery
Is a life spent shame faced
With better lifestyle
See the problem dissolves
No longer as slaves
See how freedom evolves

Aware

Heat death of the universe
An eternity at the end of time
Black dwarfs dense matter
Everything to decay

The conditions for life
An instant in that time
A fraction of moments
Those things yet to come

To see into the future
Predictions through laws
All of the wonders
That come to be birthed

A point of light
That will come to die
A speck adrift
In infinite space

Temporary order
As we breath in
A desire to explore
Reflect on our place

The stars may flicker out
Time come to an unchanging end
But right here and now
It's aware with our selves
Although all will burn out
Our moments are now

Intervention

Causing others hardship
Does it really motivate change?
Cruel to be kind

Does it just create more pain

People want to interfere

So they call it an intervention

If they were a bit nicer

That would be it's own prevention

Social constructs

Our condition to others

We're not all enemies

But nor are we brothers

There's a theory goes round

That love should be tough

Some folks like to abuse

The results all look rough

Criminals for life

Fun loving, who's right?

It's an ideology

That portrays others as evil

Deviation

A product of sin

War on drugs

Puts the victims in the bin

Force fed theology

It doesn't stand up to facts

The Portuguese pay employers

To give junkies a chance

They legalised everything

And addiction has halved

Decay

Skin cells falling as dead dust

From the living body

A caterpillar munching on a leaf

Shedding form after dinner

The infant topographic crawls

The pupa from the silk

Chrysalis empty shell

From which the adults emerge

Seeds break free of the nut

Hard shell protects the centre
Potential of becoming
Growing towards life

All reaching for the sun
From this fertile earth
The living planet
Life it's treasured worth

Returning to the source
The ground fed by decay
Fertiliser of tomorrow
What makes us up today

Abide

The memory abides
Like the light of dawn
That gently breaches
The nighttime curtained veil

Holding dear
No chance to fade

A lasting impression

That you made

Warm scarves

Like woollen nests

To cup the cheek

Smooth skin which you are ever graced

Recollection like a photo

The gold by which you're framed

Your value held so clearly

Of which I cannot name

Abide with me

Beyond the winters gale

The tear wept grey clouds

The parting

Yet a smile that lingers

Softly, like the memory of your face

The rub

Shiatsu warm

Gently massaging
The knots undone
Undulating at the flesh

Pressure in the pit
Of a straight back
That holds stress in
Dull to the ache

Heated circles
The movement driving deeper
Muscles unwinding
With concentric rhythm

A soft touch
Yet insistent
Coiled springs
Come to unwind

The mind always leaping
To the next task
A Struggle to relax
And stay within the moment

Heat slowly penetrates
Motion enters rigid form
Till loosing all distress
I come to peaceful rest
The rub,
Gently comforting .

Contentment

How best achieve contentment?
Material gain, environment
Or in relation
The fragile petals raised?

Some think it's in the spirit
Or in the purposefulness of our work
There are those that call it fleeting
Like patterns in melting snow

Some look for it through children
Yet somehow never have enough to give
There's those who seek through service

Only to find themselves enslaved

Can you know it through your loves

Or frame it opposite to suffering

Is it a life well lived

Or do you find it in self restraint?

Peace of mind's contentment

Emotion satisfied

Cessation of the striving

That ever looks to tomorrow

To find self fulfilment

A victim to desire

Know it in the present

Not in the future tense

You see you can find yourself contented

Right in the here and now

It's a state of mind

Being unto yourself most kind

Plenty

Plenty people
Wanting to be something
Something they're not
Something they have not got

Plenty of people with their envy
Jealous guarded
What others got
Plenty blind to reason
Emotional upheaval
They want forgot

Plenty of people
They got nothing
But a potential to fulfil
Sold on dreams of tomorrow
Goals that others
Distract from

Plenty of people
Going nowhere
Life always stuck on hold
Those all too willing

To make a gamble
Loosing what little
They've not got

Plenty of people
Seeking answers
Questions they can hardly word
Taking a trip
On the rollercoaster ride
Sold on spirit
Guess they're blind

Plenty of people
Got experience
Not wanting to be conned
Seen it all before
No longer willing to take risks

Plenty of people
They got something
What happens if they loose
Their pile of bricks?
Plenty of people

Left unfulfilled

Ain't it funny the way life goes?

Pure

Pure

Like virgin olive oil

Pure

Like infants tears

Pure

like new love

No taint of experience

Pure

As the fresh fallen snow

Pure

in an essentials scent

Pure

New mothers hopes

Pure

As spring water clear

Pure

Doesn't last too long

Pure

Fading like denim jeans

Pure

Empty promises of politicians

Pure

Adulterated like street drugs

Pure

All the worse for wear

Absurd

Life's a funny business

Meaning's just a joke

Doesn't matter what you're doing

The things you thought or those you spoke

Absurd as it may seem

Victims to the wheel of fate

The constant wind of change

The outrages of chance

There are those who stand against you

Those who always judge
They that seek control
Their happy road to trudge
Those that buy the constructs
That others want to sell

When you've lost it all
Or stare at a cold cell wall
You may come to realise
You weren't the author of your fall

There's a fault to every structure
The systems wheels grind to a halt
Things may not be as you'd wish them
But that's really not your fault

Senseless as it seems
We can sit back and have a laugh
Enjoy it for the show
Squeaky clean but still could use a bath.

Comfort

What price comfort ?

Comfort me from the winter storms

The anxious scream caught to the winds

Lonely nights of uncertainty

You count the cost

As if internment camps

Would serve society better

The guards jack boots

Comfort me through the tears

The torrents rainy days

The dark clouds brooding

Stretching through a disturbed night

You say I am against god

As if that lends you authority

Your prayers of bitterness

For no one is there nor ever will reply

Comfort me on my course

The billowing sails

The wave lashed bow

Of my bark upon the sea

Priceless comfort

The liberal blessings

For wounds that none can see

And none might heal

Comfort me with grace

The traumas years to hide

Comfort like a bandage

Or the scarf to keep me warm

Fashion

Fashion

Like the catwalk

Time to display your wears

Strutting your stuff

Ignoring casual stares

Fashion

In philosophy

Nihilism in despair

Reflecting on austerity

Control and rigidity

But for prosperity

How we care

Positives from negatives

Where the pressmen flash

Camera lenses stretching

To try to frame the form

After a kind of fashion

Exposures exhibitionists

Fashion

Choosing popular ideas

Adorning the mind

Sparkling thoughts

Not flotsams ship wrecked sands

The first thing in your head

Fashion

The body politic

Dressing up

Or dressings down

Words of wisdom

Clear policy

The double knotted tie

Fashion

Popularism

A word that's out of sorts

Projecting a self image

Power dressing

The things we've bought

Some things are never out of fashion

Like the passions that we court

Missing

Like cotton candy pillows

That rest in open skies

Reminded by the blue

Of how my weary head

Still misses being

Near to you

I stay awake to hold the memory

Of just looking on your face

Trace your cheeks with my eyes
Heart beat strong in rhythmic sync
Still missing
Being close to you

I fall asleep to dream of you
Nestled by your side
And how when we sometimes talk
This truth I try to hide
Still missing
For all I still see you

I awake to absence
A hollow sinking in my chest
Knowing you are far from me
That I may never hold you close
Still missing
In everything I feel for you

You say it's only words
A story I make up
But my fingers reach for you
At my waking up

The language of the heart
Falling short somehow
Missing you
And all else I wish to say

Pearly gates

Sell me an idea is all
Of an immortal soul
Doesn't mean nothing at all
All we're left with is to fill a hole

You may think I've got no heart
Because I don't believe your lies
At the end we all depart
All things that live will die

Do you think this a source of despair
That the universe doesn't really care
I try to savour each moments breath
Knowing all too soon comes death

There's no bright tomorrow

No heaven, certainly no hell
It's all about the now
No matter what religion sells

False promises of the priests
Of a kingdom yet to come
Find your rewards in this life
For their hope brings only strife

So we are here in space and time
A place in eternity
But of the pearly gates
Nothing really awaits
We may live on in others memory
Three generations, then we're gone

Amnesty?

The bloodied fist for freedom
The sharpened steel of knives
Thrust toward your back
For the cells cold bars

Hatred ever burns
Lurking in the embers
Waiting to be stoked
To burn with rage once more

A body all aflame
Straining to be free
You think the past betrayal
Lays buried like the dead

The dream of final battle
To die upon the field
No forgiven sheep to mock
Limbs that do not yield

You think you could reach me
With your prattle about love
To fade away with peace
And forsake right to bear arms

So we end as we begun
More fear and no respect
And how I wished I'd vanquished you

And your liars toxic forked tongue
You see I had the chance and lost it
Still the hatred lives on all the same
I wept real tears inside
That reflected on the blood

Compliance

You expect I will bow down
As if I'd kiss up to your kind
Surrendering arms
Compliant to your roles

You think you can predict me
With assured certainty
Pulling at my strings
Working on the blind

You've monitored for years
Can you tell me what you've learned?
You don't seem to know a thing
Your assumptions all look wrong

Your bitter attempted controls
Your claims to save our souls
The rigidity of your shackles
Silenced screams through the night

You inject your poison deep
It shortens my life
And makes of all my days
An oppression of my light

You think that I submit
That rebellion will burn out
I'm showing you a raised fist
From deep within my heart

Pandemic

Anti capitalist Islamist eco terrorists

Develop pandemic killer virus.

Alternatively the fact I might get a cough in the
spring

May fail to make headlines...

Wash your hands to happy birthday, twice!

The government have a handle on things.

Isolation pods to seal our fates

Police can't maintain order

The anarchist extremists

Have poked fun at the national anthem

We want them all in

To rot away in cells

They're all such naughty boys

The media sells it

Politicians design the constructs

Paths for outsiders to walk

To keep the sheep within their pens

Did you enjoy the long weekend!

What if no one went to work?

Down on your knees to bloody serve.

Another screwball brexit

To take over your TV

As if a dose of the flu

Is herald of the second coming

Food in short supply

We all are going to die
Fingers crossed it's not a population cull
Flood alert!
It's London Bridge.
We sure could use some volunteers
Cobra brings the army in
It's enough to make me sick!

Revelation

Intelligent simians on the TV
Wall to wall ape shit news
They've learned sign language
Seems to me they're flipping us the bird

Talking heads, spitting image
Monkeys puppets, where'd they put their fists?
Scripted lies, god save the rich
They all think we'd make their bitch

It's a magic roundabout
Repeating the themes
Feeding our search data

To conduct variables in their machine
The schedules keep adapting
Regurgitated repeats

I watched tranny Hypnos
Hoped no one could tell
Now my news app is loaded
With lady boys to breed
Versace adverts pushed to top
Gay rights across my feed

Gorilla avatars can improvise
Expert systems that lip sync
Cyborg simians on BritBox
I can't even see the join
Jump cut edits
Magic lanterns camera obscure

Battle of the apes
The rating wars go on and on
Turn it on again
Cos Jesus he knows me and he knows my name
From genesis to revelation

A directors keeping score

Working?

Do I need to tell you

You didn't save me

Things are really much the same

I don't know what you mean

By it working

Not a lot has changed

So I flirt a little less

With the unavailable

I've feathered my nest

Which is a bit of a high score

I can shop just where I like

But it never looks enough

Finding after all

You can never have enough stuff

I'm sure you'd break my heart

If all things were in spotlight

I'm still full of mistrust

And there's plenty can be blamed
I'm not really that ashamed
And learned from a loosing game
Successes counted on one hand
They only triumph who can

The deck was stacked against me
Dealt a deadman's hand
Didn't make too many friends
Through an honest life
I was always loyal
But they'd make of me a doormat
Not too much intimacy
From showing all my cards

True story, false audiences
No one on which to lean
It's only obstinacy
That kept me in the clean
No miracles to speak of
No where else to turn
It keeps me coming back for more
But we remain stuck within our roles.

The way it is

Victims make easy suspects

It's just the way it is

Victims just seek attention

Is that the way it is?

Victims need to forgive

That's just the way it is

Victims to role reversal

Is that the way it is?

Victims must be silenced

It's just the way it is

Victims love abuse

Is that the way it is?

Victims to psychiatry

It's just the way it is

Victims must be liars

Is that the way it is?

Victims are delusional

It's just the way it is

Victims must just have some grudge

Is that the way it is?

Victims should just shut their mouths
That's just the way it is
Victims seek publicity
Is that the way it is?
Victims must be on drugs
It's just the way it is
Victims are a burden
They're just digging for some gold
Victims easy gossip
Give them a dose of their own medicine
It's just the way it is
Victims are abusers
That's just what they will say
Police say they are listening
Is that the way it is?
Looks like retrauma
It's just the way it is
All these lies and more
The system really stinks
They did it to me too
That's just the way it is

Wild orchid

Wild orchid

Labellum moistened lips

Pure white

Like the mountain snow

Opening flower

Obsession to be gripped

Swollen vulva

To the stamen stripped

Tuber curved

To the naked bulb

Exposed rhizome

Rooted to support

Leaves reaching

With a longing thirst

Petals wanton

Passion in a burst

Pollens scent

Rostellum driving deep

Fertile ovum

Flowers lips

Moist tongues

With a warmth to drip

Flesh stretching like a glove

Within the grip of love

Nobody else

Nobody else has that feel

Head to reel

Lips are sealed

But oh, those heels

No one else makes my heart skip

World moves to her hips

Where ambrosia drips

Words from moist lips

Nobody else has the key

Plays my melody

What can't you see

The rush of ecstasy

No one else takes my breath away

Come what may

No matter what they say

For all that's in the way

Nobody else makes spirits soar

My heart an open door

Seeking another encore

Fingers play for sure

There's no one else

Her skin so smooth

A living proof

I may seem uncouth

Or act aloof

But there's nobody else

And that's the truth

Rich kids

Rich kids on coke

Other people's dreams

Going up in smoke
Didn't think it disrespect
When I had a little joke
But your self esteem
Always gets fed by your dope

Didn't like your attitude
You seem to think I should be full of gratitude
Stripped me down half my life
Seemed to think I was your clown
Didn't worry about my rights
All good things come in their time
Be sure that I'm trying to get mine

You seem to try to contradict what I stand for
You speak as if you know the score
I never truly got to relax
With the knives at my back
Even safety nets are removed
When I try to make the first move
There's not really much hope
As my dreams go up in your smoke

Rich kids on coke

Can't you see I can't afford the first toke

The systems set up to react

It ain't fair that's a fact

I don't share your values

Don't want to live by your rules

You think the poor are all fools

Kissing up to your so fatal of cool

It was the same back in school

Didn't offer me much room

The only work wearing me out

Your integrity I doubt

My sights down to earth

I already have self worth

Your self importance you buy

You look like you're living their lies

You never gave a hand up

We don't drink from the same cup

Serve?

Did you think I'd volunteer

To be a sheep within the flock

That for all the corruption
And the foul jeers
I'd want to go to work
For your mad blind god?
They put me through their systems
Ground down by their wheels
Would I serve the ship of fools
Be blind to all their lies
Do you believe I could make a difference
Because I don't have faith in you
Is it a cross that I should bare
A negative to share?
This is the kind of thinking
That makes a kind of hell
Turning the other cheek
To take another slap
Conformity to false hopes
Service with a smile
I couldn't stand to be so two faced
In your shoes I don't want to walk another mile
Do you think I am so blind
That I am even of your kind?
This is what i called torture

And you were there
To comment with cold stares.

Breathe

Silent moments
A time to breathe
Listening for what comes up
To express myself

I've tired of talking
About the past
Or of fleeting success
That didn't last

Not sure that anybody
Could be enough
With sensitivity
To all that stuff

Still words flow
Where will they go?
In self doubt

I just don't know

The space within

The silenced thoughts

The steady hand

Calmness taught

Discipline of mind

Just like a game

I worry now

If things return the same

Will it ever go

Can I just stay here

And relax in a place

Beyond the tears?

Dance

The footlights fade

The dance I made

The floodlit arc

Loosing its spark

The curtain call
To take a bow
Nothing seems so meaningless
As it feels now

The moths burned wings
The mute that sings
The blush of cheek
Embarrassed at all I seek

The credits roll
Sound of violins
A game it seems
Where no one wins

The tables cleared
Dishwashers filled
Give my glass a rinse
You're double billed

Misread signs
The fault not all mine

I give a wave
My face to save
To hide a tear
Listen to old fears
The taxi driver
Tells me that's just the way it goes
He knows a short route to get me home
I switch off an ever silent phone

Shield

Do I need a shield
To protect from the arrows of my doubt
That spear of ill fate
The thrust of which I await?

Shelter from the rain
Sanctuary from the storm
Dark clouds that gather
Shadowing the heart forlorn

Like a butterfly
Caught in a web

Trembling wings

Ensnared in the strings

The net that made no catch

The thought that the fish would match

The effort to reel back in

From the waves on which it was cast

Do I shield my heart in silence

Weave phrases that bemoan

Or return to the field

New pastures which to roam?

The folly hypnotised

Seeing those empty eyes

In which I realise

That the hope was all but lies

Of course I shield my heart

For the wound is sure to smart

Always far from reach

Is that the lesson you came to teach?

Dream

I want the dream
Not the reality
Where things seem
Free of fatality

I want a cure
Not a dirty plaster
Crawling from the wreckage
Of the latest disaster

Can I get some peace?
It's not all I sought
Don't follow your drift
Is it just a line I bought ?

I don't ask much
Just someone to hear
A way to muddle
Through these fade-away years

I don't need a crutch
Nor an epiphany

It's just the way it is
What can't you see?

Nothing living up
To my expectations
Toast my health
Wealth of the nation

The days grow long
Where I feel content
Don't believe the songs
Never whole again
The heart can't heal
When scar tissues real

I play their roles
Fragmented mind
But it isn't me
That's oh so blind
Don't believe no lies
Or at least i try

I want the dream

Where the past had it's say
And all the ghosts
Come to lay
It's not what I've got
That's not reality
But at least some days
I get to breathe

Pretending

They want people to pretend
From beginning to end
To give others false hope
Say the systems help cope

They only befriend
Those who say that it mends
The broken of heart
Misplaced joys from the start

They say you should fake it
That this way you'll make it
Hollow platitudes

And wasted gratitudes

Something for nothing

Just pick up an oar

You may find your self stuck

In a revolving door

They make out only happy thoughts

Are to be taught

Positive thinking

You'd be better off drinking

A man with a plan

And it's not the next one

Don't give false hope

You see I can still cope

Don't need their crutch

I don't think of it much

Their lifeboat is sinking

And their thoughts are still stinking

Avirus-nation

Virus death cult

Loved ones are going to die

Not too convinced

That they're still not telling us lies

The doctors are certain

It could be four fifths

When will you contract it

Does it matter one bit?

Did someone engineer

A cause for our fears

So many tears

Shortening years?

How do you stem the flood

Turn back the tide

The way that it's looking

A bumpy of rides

Submit to our fate

Rebel against what?

A year of unknowing

All the doubts they are sowing
Resign to 'gods will'
Thinking that kills

Existential anxiety growing
The cracked system is showing
One percent quite a figure
Who knows if it's bigger?
Black Death, who's on rations?
The Plague back in fashion

All that jazz

Don't ever want to let you go
Blue notes over broadway
Lost in the melody
Of tears rising in the eyes

52nd street
Jazz clubs playing bebop
Someday my prince will come
Soundtrack when doves cry

Lady sings the blues
Strange fruit
Elevate to the gallows
Don't mean a thing
If it ain't got that swing

Kind of blue,
Like the dawn longing to awake
A love supreme
From the dream of you
Into those open arms

Never wanting to let go
Like hearts synchronised in beat
Dancing as one in step
Just a shoeshine boy to you
Knelt lowly at your feet

In a silent way
Spirit flies high on thoughts of you
Breathe within the silence
A flutter in the chest
Butterflies never come to rest

Never wanting to let go
That's what I feel for you
Sketches of Spain
The thrusting matador
Floating with the cape

Never want to let you go
Fighting to reach through
Rising with the horn
Crying in its fashion
He loved him madly
There's not much more that I can say
But all that jazz.

Anxious

I get a little nervous
From time to time
Just a bit anxious
About the way things are

It's just a state of mind

A season of the heart
Some days aren't so great
An ill wind from the start

Sometimes I can't hear you
For all the words you say
Sometimes I misread you
Guess I'm just having a bad day

I get a little worried
Best that I don't watch the news
The state of the nation
It's not the way that I would choose

Dark clouds gather
The streets look empty now
I'd like to go for coffee
But things get in the way somehow

Who knows how long we live?
It's a bittersweet gift
Make the most of it
Because it's the only life we get

Sometimes I get a little nervous
About the way things are
Trying to reach you
But those times are looking far
The turns of fate
May seem a bit unkind
Just a little worried
About this state of mind

Buy before you die

Buy before you die
The great plague
Final clearance sale
Don't bewail
We've got budget coffin nails
Forget toilet paper
Undertaker vouchers are for sale
Ten percent off
If you've a little cough
Crematorium urns
A profit we will earn

But don't forget your will
Pandemics set to kill
Buy before you die
Oh yay,
Oh yay,
Bring out your dead
The great plague
Final clearance sale!

Sky fall

Chicken little
Has the sky fallen in?
Chicken little
Is it true you cannot win?

Dark clouds gather
Is it the end of the rain?
Brooding foreboding
With a virus on the brain.

The TV newsmen
Say we all are getting ill

Scientists all say
That we need a wonder pill

Chicken little
Has the sky fallen in?
Chicken little
Will you end up in the bin?

Supermarkets running low
No tissues nose to blow
Is it all going down the toilet
As the cracks begin to show?

Chicken little
Remember blue skies
Here's the truth
We're not all going to die

State TV could drive you round the bend
Killer virus when will it ever end?
Chicken little make the most of it
All clouds have silver linings
There's always Netflix

Chill out a little bit.

Death

Quit worrying about death

You're not the one that gets to count

The time out of your final breath

Life's just as long

As anybody gets

So quit worrying about death

Existential crisis

When we face the curtain call

One thing for sure

It's coming to us all

Life's over as soon as we figure it out

Don't waste time wondering what it's all about

Life is often painful

Sometimes, oh so sweet

It's that glimpse of heaven

That keeps us on our feet

Don't worry

It's over in a blink
Mortal thoughts
The ending always stinks

Be happy
There's no time to waste
Show some finesse
Enjoy the finest tastes
No point in thinking much of fate
We're finite
Don't wake up to it too late

Quit worrying about death
It's guaranteed
One day that's what you'll be left
No point in being prematurely the bereft
Life's too short
So don't waste time worrying
About the final breath
Laugh as the sands of time are running out
The jokes on us all
No one knows what it's all about.

Solid

They've got our confidence

Solid foundation

Unlike king Canute

Assurances, for one nation

There's the scientist

Be sure he's checked the figures

Tells us that there's hope

Survival will be bigger

Then the doctor

He's waiting on the medicine show

The boffins in the lab

Only have a little way to go

Address for the nation

Spread the joy around

This time come xmas

We'll see a rising pound

Call me a cynic

I thought they love the spotlight
But it's good for morale
The British people love a good fight

A vaccine in the sights
The folk in the white coats
They even say the banks
Won't be slitting people's throats

Back in the saddle
That's where we long to be
So don't despair a lock down
Or a quarantine

We're stronger together
Shared burdens till the last
See you through thick and thin
The worse will soon be past

Branches

I need to keep my distance
The gifts of solitude

But I miss you just the same
An ever changing mood

The days pass so slowly
Between the times we meet
You know I'm not a lap dog
But you'd have me kneeling at your feet

Social distancing
Comes natural to some
I like my own company
But the long hauls just begun

Some fear isolation
I like my people in a short dose
But when I think of you
You're the one I long for the most
The little acts of kindness
Human dignity

A solitary tree
Under bough to shade
Reflect in contemplation

Of each falling leaf
Thoughts lost in the branches
Where I lay beneath

How to fill the silence
Where ideas arise
Open like a flower
Inspiration wide of eye
The things you do not see
That reach to you from me
The gifts of solitude
Feed creativity
Lost in each moment
Of tranquility

Buy before you die

Buy before you die
The great plague
Final clearance sale
Don't bewail
We've got budget coffin nails

Forget toilet paper
Undertaker vouchers are for sale
Ten percent off
If you've a little cough

Shop before you drop
Can you get it when you're on the job?
It's time to buy
Before you die
It's the great plague
Final clearance sale

Crematorium urns
A profit we will earn
But don't forget to put us in your will
Pandemics set to kill
What will you try before you die
You might find out that you're bi

Is it too much to ask
That you wear a mask
And if you've a little cough

You'd best sod off
There's nothing else on the tv
Why should you pay the license fee

Buy before you die

Oh yay

Oh yay

Bring out your dead

The great plague

Final clearance sale!

Meat

I like to eat meat

It really is a treat

Even if we're on rations

A steak is never going out of fashion

There's none left on the shelves

Everyone thinking of themselves

I'm a carnivorous animal

I might become a cannibal

With some gravy atop
I could murder a pork chop
Haven't you heard?
I love a road kill bird
Sausage on my plate
That could become your fate

When I see women in the street
I keep looking at their feet
A nibble on the toes
How my hunger grows

I like to eat meat
Turning up the oven heat
There's no need for vegetables
With fresh beef upon my table

There's not much left to eat
I like your legs, I love your feet
I'm a hungry animal
So look out, here comes the cannibal
Do you feel a stirring of the loins?
You could be my sirloin

Gone

Nothing felt quite like the day
When I heard that you were gone
Like loosing everything it seems
How had I been so wrong?

Memories come
Sometimes to haunt
Some to grace me with your smile
Remembering through the silent tears
The misspent wasted years

Nothing can compare to you
Steadfast till the last
And how the mourners all remind
Of that which now is past

I awaited the news
Life ebbs away
Was there really any point to pretence?
Lost in your sparking eyes

The meaning behind the why's

I long to look upon your face

To see once more your smile

As if sharing a private joke

Our secret all the while

You'd laugh to know just how I felt

The day you broke my heart

Nothing could compare to the day

I learned that you were gone

Like loosing everything it seems

The nights now have grown long

Questions left unanswered

Words to a final song

Sitting

I get paid to sit on my arse all day

You may find employment meaningful

I assure you it has no sense of purpose

The illusions you hold so dear

You may find all too soon

That they all melt away

You might think I'd get bored

Or even a little depressed

You're so wrong

Your vocations leave me unimpressed

The importance of being idle

Inspired by, not distressed

My needs are met

The occasional hiccup

I've feathered my nest

The things you expect would worry me

Don't mean a thing

You've been misled

So I've a few debts

They're paying off

I've got all the latest tech

There are those who think to scoff

The government keep me on a leash

But it keeps sliding off

I've been a very naughty boy
I may have had some disapproval
But there's room to improve
The work is its own proof
I must have done something right
Because the futures looking bright

I don't go chasing rainbows
I hardly listen to the crowd
I've already stretched all limits
Of what they said was allowed
This poem will make it my sixth book
And I really feel quite proud

You speak as if you've something
That I've not
All your platitudes
That I've forgot.

My delivery driver has more common sense
Than any doctor that I've met
And that is just one small fact
Of a life of many lessons.

Quail eggs

Speckled quails eggs

Mottled browns

Cracking shell

Naked peel

Their oval flesh

Curved on the tongue

Smooth as skin

Taste so lite

Their golden yolks

Mouth sized bite

Hidden treasure

Within the whites

Gently boiled

A pinch of salt

Sprinkle of pepper

Ground black corns

Easter treats

Stained like berries

Cherry reds

Beetroot dyed

Rich yellow hearts

To delight

Little parcels

To open lips

Welcome promise

Of the springs gold light

FAB

Fucked up, insecure

Neurotic and emotional

Reactors not actors

A role that's vocational

Human doings

Not human beings

If they stoped to breathe

They might just leave

Waving not drowning
What's left to believe?
You know I hate endings
There's too much to grieve

Turn back the tide
The new is still coming
A little bumpy of rides
A new tune to be humming

Those who dislike change
Need their heads rearranged
And yet they still can't let go
Of their favourite seat

Citizens wage
Could be coming of age
Try before you buy
We could be free of old lies

No slave to a master
No need to work faster
Those free to volunteer service

For the common good
Those who consume
And those who are bringing us food
The futures coming up roses
And everyone's fine.

Kings Stone

From Arthur's seat
The stone of kings
Swear by the sword
Regal seals to ring

From bejewelled crowns
Flags at the palace
Sacred oath
The grail bloods chalice

Heralds charged
To raise on high
The loyal duty
The lineage never dies

Round oak table
Seated knights
Battles old
Tales of sacred fight

To face down dragons
Wars and plague
To step beyond deaths fated door
Where coats of arms are made

History counted by the songs
The minstrels madrigals
Raise them on high
To answer the call
A royal line
Oaks forever rooted in the times

Simplified

A simplified life
Not so much baggage
Down sized a tad
Emotionally liberated

I keep the phone switched off

No one lives in my head

Rent free lodgers

No longer finding a bed

Cleaned out the closet

No memory regressed

Nothing to trigger

Letting go for a rest

Most days are peaceful

The occasional storm

Not much that I'd change

Room for a little reform

I could use someone to share it

But no ones come along

Not that tickles my fancy

Or boundaries wouldn't wrong

Keeping it simple

Keeping it real

Self satisfaction

No demands,

no big deal

Simplification

Not much to heal

A bed of roses

Contentment

How else would it feel?

Crazy

There's two kinds of crazy

Batshit

And then there's the kind

Where the heart skips a beat

Just looking on their face

There's two kinds of love

Toxic

Ever seeking to control

And the kind where warm currents

Stir the waters in the breast

There's two minds I'm in
Conflicted
Still wanting to lay rose petals
For them on a feather bed
The fragrance to crown their weary head

There's that crazy once again
Not the batshit
But the kind that pours warm honey
To sweeten fevered lips
And lingers in a kiss

Crazy
That's what they always say
Crazy
What I feel for them come what may
Crazy
I'll do batshit another day
Crazy
Can you hear what I long to say?

Red shoes

Dancing in the street
Like red shoe ballerina
Moved by the triangle
That directs her sure of feet

One and one makes two
But ever torn by the three
Hearts that know the torment
Pulling her from you to me

Last tango in Paris
To bullets over Broadway
Courting the lead
Cue lines for the tragic
Cruelty will not relent
Where the passions spent

Pirouette to applause
Shame of the muted swan
That sings a silent song
With steps that tempt with cause
Romancing suicide
Train carriage closing door

Dancing in the street
Torn heart of the red shoes
Understudy to every move
A skip the muse to greet

To fly on broken wings
The red shoes to repeat
With each pose to sing
Of dancing in the street
Knowing only of allure
The turning up of the heat

Loosening the slippers
In death to recline
Refrain from heart of fire
To strike a final chord
Requiem lovers leap
The angel with a sword

Flirtation

Damsels for ivory towers

Letting down their flowing hair
Be wary of the dragon
That hides behind one so fair

Flirtation with the flames
Spiral of the moth
Burning of the wings
As the wax tears drip off

Hiding behind a screen
Shadow puppet plays
Stretching with the dawn
Darkening the days

Hidden agendas
Hacking the social web
Lurking like the spider
Pull of heart strings ebbs

Sadness weeps from liars eyes
To drown unwary hearts
The actress like the whore
Each rehearsing for their part

Red roses like the blood
From the prick of finger
Garland like the gold
I guess a story as of old
The grip of tourniquet
Lancing the pain
The knights that rode before
Now lost to dreams of beer and skittles

Cock tales

Fingering her cocktail
Cover story for a line
Glacé cherry to her lips
Curling of the tongue

Gently tapping her high heel
Crossed legs her mini rides
A glimpse of those lace hold ups
There's not much she seeks to hide

She'll court as leading lady

Cue line for a smile
Toying with her lip stick
Fire red bullets at the heart

As scarlet gloss is parting
She purrs just like a pussy cat
But don't forget the next cocktail
With curved pose the way she's sat

She'll flirt with phantom strangers
Bat her eyelids for applause
Be sure to get the drinks in
Watch how satin gloves are poised
Crushed just like the ice
She'll treat you as a lost cause

She's the kind of lady
We all dream of in cocktails
But when she gets your money
She's the top for all your tales
What's she hideing up her skirt?
She'll be the one to dish the dirt

You see she likes the switch
And makes heads start to roll
Beware the sting, for she's the honey
And you're the fool that buys her role

Pi

Personal services
Private investigations
All things being equal
You got nothing on me

Specialist street walkers
Foreshadowed lookalikes
Visit to the hairdressers
Put on a fine mask

Operatives training
Always in plain sight
Back in the spotlight
Long shadows still grow

Predicting next move

Queens pawn but which side?

Illusionary positions

Never a fair fight

The crystal ball

Still giving false readings

Jump cut composites

Mixed messages transitional

On a low budget

Directing to skype

Camera out of focus

Not living up to the hype

Evidence collects

Like the blood in the bowl

Just for the record

You got nothing on me

Extend isolation

How I long to be free

Silent moments

In the silent moments
When the work is done
When those demanding your attention
Have ceased and peace begun
Know when I have such moments
My mind idle turns to thought of you

Sometimes days are simple
Sometimes they are too full
In the silent moments
Which are beautiful
Sometimes I catch myself thinking
In reverie of you

I try to catch myself
Before it is too late
In a silent moment
When my heart can't wait
Thinking of when we'll speak
Across the distance that is fate

In the silent moments
Of a mind over full

When the ripples still
And there's time to kill
I look upon the mirrors surface
For a face there, fair as yours

As the days grow longer
Fond memory of your eyes
Where tears are reflected
And with the words I weakly try
To frame the silent moments
With a verse to never die

In the silent moments
When all turmoils done
And the in trays empty
The days battles are all won
There I hope you'll find me
These words I've given free
In the silent moments
The lyric thought of you begun

Bird

A bird in the hand
Is worth two in the bush
So don't count your chickens
Till they're hatched

We are the language
We are the words
It fills our thoughts
From the day we're first taught

You can mirror a loved one
Heroes imitate
Whatever inspires you
Ever flowing through

A bird in the hand
Is worth two in the bush
Still never forget
The bird is the word

Forever describing
Phenomenology
Trying to contain

With phrase what we see

A word is a construct

That we were once taught

But put them together

A fine sentence in thought

It's you that proclaim them

With creativity sought

The bird is the word

And the early one a worm caught

Heard

Fighting to be heard

The morass of the lost words

To make exclamation

Like torettes defying explanation

Find in observation

Scientific meditations

Chaos fractal mind

Sight restoring to the blind

Random to digress
Patterns to impress
The web of neural roots
Planted deep within the brain
Infinite reduction
In the deconstruction

Virtual reality
Presentation of a novelty
Stimulating response
Motivation of savants
Linguistics that disconnect
Thought ever left suspect

The library of not
Started books left long forgot
The authors snapped the pen
Never to write again

Seeking inspiration
In the state of the nation
The royal road to tread
Fantasy made real from the crowned head

How many to be heard
In their lowly words?

Publicists

False publicity
Misplaced quotes
Thought projections
Treasure hunt for imagery

Perhaps misheard
Maybe an over dub
Self referential
UK subs

They think we dance to their drum
Researchers seeking for originality
The way they write scripts
It could be automatons

How many conversations
Held by zoom?

A little edit

And you've got prime time

Talent crushed by pyramids

Built by the market media

Selling washing powder

For the faint of heart

Promoting rising stars

Publicists greased palms

I didn't own a TV

When I owned my own house

Nothing ever on

Time to switch off

Mirrored illusions

To distract the restless mind

Watching the repeats

Grave yards of box sets

Craving entertainment

Why don't you create your own

Space

Putting on the space suit
Leave the capsule if you dare
An alien looking on a familiar world
The helmets mask to wear

Reaching gloved hands
To span the space between
Distance ever mindful
That grows from you to me

Like a stranger in a stranger land
Out in the contamination suit
Anxious to wash the fingers
That touched the self service till
Beware the chance encounter
A carrier could come too close still

Winding in the umbilical chord
Returning to creature comforts
The pull of homeward bound
Entrance to the space craft
A frantic thought

That I might not be home clear

Back inside, a different drum

The rhythm that flows naturally begun

No government impositions

On the aesthetics of my nest

Where anxiety has passed

In the clean pure air

Back with the supplies

Foraged from the hunt

The mothership , finding comfort

The room to breathe now free

Quiet moments to create

The gems washed in by the tide

The spring water from the well

Quenching the parched thirst

Closing the boundaries door

Carrier bags with space rocks

From a different world I see

The well

Do you abhor solitude
Is loneliness all you feel?
Is there only stagnant water
Are your tears all too real?

Do you fear the future
Are you scared to be on your own?
Are you at a loose end
A wilderness to roam?

Reaching deep within
Breathing the fresh air
In the inspiration
Think of things for which to care

There's a flow of gentle tides
What will be washed up by the surf?
Out in the deep
The waves of water burst

Shed the clothes you wore
When you walked in the dark
Lost in the gloom

Seeking a vital spark

Search for a wishing well

Despair, the price we pay

Where the coin we cast has fell

Spring waters clear and true

Drawing up the pale

To wash the tears away

Kaleidoscope

Paternalism

Does it mean there's agency

Or any intentionality?

Faces in the clouds

Random noise on the TV

Directed

Or unintended

Readings of the stars

Astronomically vast

The mechanisms of the brain

Drawing letters in the sand
Or blown by winds of change
Shapes forming a mirage
Of an oasis in the dunes
Doors of perception

Reading in between the lines
Seeing things that are not there
Or manipulated to project
By symbolic logic
To trigger interpretations

The kaleidoscopic eye
Absorbed by overload
Images, new connections form
In a never ending swirl
Foundations false beliefs
To create there own rationale

Pattern recognition
Directed by an expert system
Things that interlink
And yet no directors agency

Beware advertisings motivations

When no one is there to pull the strings

Comparisons with Aleister Crowley a semi mythical figure in part created by Freemasons in a publishing conspiracy? AC , if you can believe the hype, thought he was the physical manifestation of the beast from revelations based on his Christian cult upbringing. He set out to form a personality cult revolving around being the prophet of a new aeon worshipping Egyptian gods. He believed in ritual magic and a spiritual ideology based on searching for the 'true will'. He was a con man exploiting rich patrons through gibberish about the occult. I read some of his books once as a young teen. They were crap. I have no involvement with cults, conspiracies or religion, Egyptian or otherwise. I do not believe in any magical powers in anyone, ever, nor miracles, spirituality of a pseudo occult nature nor psychic powers of any form. On free will I am a monist materialist who believes in the illusion of agency as an exercise of choice with precursors in neurological processes. I do not believe in 'searching' for a 'true' will or anything like it. I am a skeptic. I am a hard atheist who does not believe science reveals any indication of there being a god, gods, soul or spirits. We are physical beings that cease to exist when the body dies, there is no dualistic mind body divide (or room for spirit). The occult and psychic research are total bollocks. Aleister Crowley was a life long opiate and cocaine addict. I have no history of ever using such and inclusive of alcohol and nicotine, drugs have had no role in my adult life. I quit in my late teens. End of story. He was infamously sexually compulsive including bestiality and at the

very least exposed children to viewing adult sex. I have never used so much as a single prostitute. Similarities? None. He was more like David Ike.

The truth about my addiction. I experienced severe head trauma aged ten in a road accident. Subsequently I was treated with a mood altering dependency forming depressant medication to prevent seizures. When I was detoxed slowly from this drug in my early teens I immediately became dependant on alcohol, another depressant drug. In a very real sense the NHS gave me addiction. I did not use illicit substances in any quantity including cannabis. When I came off alcohol at age 18 I experienced a brief spell of psychosis. After three years abstinence I was assessed as completely recovered mentally from this addiction as also the psychosis by a specialist psychiatrist in addictions. I have never been in active addiction in my adult life despite some early experiments with social drinking that slowly spiraled in the direction of further dependency. I can drink socially for about a year before dependency starts to kick in. I have not had a single drink for twenty years and prior to that only relapsed 4 times in the previous 12 years, mainly as the focus of initial treatment was disease model/ 12 step and denied me agency and choice over drinking. Once I psychologically deprogrammed from the pseudoscience I was able to stay sober unassisted and without external support on free will alone.

The Charlatan

Like a face from the past

Could it be another you?

Set up situations

Seen at a hundred yards

Trying it on for size

To exploit the mark

Round and round they go

The adult play park

Spinning a line

Misrepresentation

A fattened calf

Awaiting the slaughter

Your mind already made up

You don't even want the truth

Just another charlatan

Conjuring coins for the fountain

Misinformation

The untrained eye

Fed on hokum

Third rate psychobabble

Network with the family

Protecting the perps

Did you ever help anyone

With your two faced lies

In bed with the enemy

Your spirituality why

Taking back handers

How do you justify?

Killing eve

She never uses the same address

She's got aliases to spare

To some she's just a temptress

But you'd be best to beware

Another change of clothing

Disguised by her died hair

Deaths always in fashion

And she's the price you pay

Murder is her passion

You see it's just the role she plays

She doesn't need a body double
Always fit for the next stunt
If she likes you you're in trouble
For she's always on the hunt
One touch, the grip of obsession
And you'll be her puppet on a string

Gymnast or ballerina
Always keeps you on your toes
An assassin Anastasia
Leaves you in death throw

Some sins original
Why not give her Apple a bite?
She's the mistress of romance
The queen of midnight
A killer tsarina
Be sure she does it in plain sight

Some live to fulfil lust
Some are petty criminals
Hire her if you must

But she's a different kind of animal
Trust a psychopath
To know a kindred soul
Ask why she needs a handler?
Well rounded on the whole
She's the kind of killer
That's makes an exhibition of her role

For your own good

How good was your childhood?
With what would you compare?
Only in reflection
The pain and despair

So they clothed and fed you
And filled cupboards with toys
You made a good cub scout
Just one of the boys

Must try harder
The school records said
A little distracted

How you nearly ended up dead

Always the absence

Every hour they worked

Not much love left

And plenty of hurt

At least they were honest

Told how you were unwanted

Kick the dog

When there's no one else left

Take it out on your school mates

Just a little bereft

How good was your childhood?

A prisoner of the home

Adults half crazy

From the years of the war

Screwing you up

Cos they never dealt with their issues

Denial of feelings

Therapists pass the tissues

How good was your childhood?
With what could you compare ?
Fucked up and traumatised
Almost too much to bare
On your own, when you finally escaped
They didn't care, that much's understood
Dished out the punishment
Was it for your own good?

Death bell

A cancer growth
Taking root in every cell
Hope to be removed
Before the death bells knell

Unwanted lump
All attempts defied
A knotted gut
The flesh is tied

A virus spore

Expelled in a cough

A breath of air

Death borne aloft

Premature

The end from which we hide

Thoughts of demise

Pale horse which to ride

A heart attack

Stabbing at the chest

Pain in closure

A fear we must confess

The viral spread

That fills our thoughts with dread

Like a cancer growth

Taking root in every cell

Wishing we survive

The death bell ringing out its knell

Titian

Tenderness

Fixated on the others gaze

Drinking of the eyes

Sip from the lovers cup

The stage is set

Asleep within the vine

Slumbers where

The drunkards head may dream

The cherubs tears

Sprinkled on fertile ground

The vineyards fools

All talk of the new wine

Lost in their faith

With a reverent eye

To play the flute

Directed at ripe form

Venus reclined

Wonder at her nakedness

Fresh songs to sing

Poured from the flask
Drip from lips
With colour to the cheek

Homage to lust
To settle on the breast
Curvaceous form
By the grape is blessed

Titian fills the canvas true
Merriment of the bacchanal
Revery of arcadia
Venetian muse to paint
Blue violet flowers
Held dearest in the heart

Young hearts (how it is for boys)

Youthful hearts
Free to love
Virgins sealed up door
Turns their frustrations
To the lips

Of painted whores

A kiss excites

Knowledges snake

Fumbles at a party

Trembles not so fake

Weeping lust

into the night

White stains

On crumpled sheets

Videos instruct

With false expectation

The money shot

Exhausted limbs

Athletics lack

Romantic brevity

No nuance there

Subtle as a rape

Posers strut

Men of the world

Experience

Or so you've heard
The boasts of youth
A mere folly
How they plucked the blooms
Of maiden cheeks

Seeking cessation
Of their pains
All they lack
Falls short again
Cry for the hearts
That ever longing
Are never sated
By pale fantasy

Intimacy lost
Amongst futile searches
Internet chats
And revenge porn
Reduced to animals
Feasting on flesh
Who dares to speak
Philosophy of love?

A crushed tissue
for a rose
Can you tell me
How could that ever be enough?

Why don't you?

Windows on the world
Watch TV or use skype
A multitude of opinions
Or a director with their hype

Seeing into the world
With edits to disguise
Conforming to what's fed
No room for fresh perspective

Features remain the same
Questions hardly differ
Presenters take their cue
No room for improvisation

Switch it off

There's more to see

Why don't you?

Life's mystery

Take a virtual tour

Around the British museum

Find in history

Things have been this way before

We've had the flu

Wiped out TB

So don't get obsessed

With daytime TV

They'll find a vaccine

Just like the BCG

Sand castles

Building walls

Mud pack divides

Broken homes

Cement that cracks

Abandonments

And betrayal

Dirt of the past

The laundry list

Self made jails

The growth of distance

Keeping apart

The boundaries moat

Honest tears

Lowering drawbridge

To wash away

Castles in the sand

Fear of intimacy

Raw old wounds

Scars run deep

Eyes look away

Once bitten

Twice as shy

Tired of loneliness

Walls start to crumble

The empty cell

A wounded heart

Soothed

To soothe the grief

Touch the pain

Gentle caress

The tears of rain

Blossom falling

Like quiet snow

Or pink confetti

In hair to sow

To garland you with flowers

Fragrant for your bed

Ease your every burden

Rest your weary head

Rap you up in fur

To warm you to the heart

Fulfilling like the soup
Simmered on the hearth

Words I search for
To reach you there
Like affirmations
Showing that I care

You are there for me
And it gives the moment meaning
When once more I see your face
And know where my hopes are leaning.

Patient

Crass interpretations
They project their fear in fantasy
They think I'm damaged goods
Primed explosive to react

They think I'm only a label
But my heart is whole
They don't see the strength

Think I am just a role

Am I really their patient

Is there very much to heal?

They offer dirty plasters

Suppress tears of the real

They're just like a drug dealer

Laying false claims that there's a need

To medicate my feelings

Control instead of heed

In the script they write

I am portrayed as vulnerable

Yet I stand on sure feet

Free of all their troubles

The profile that they pen

More lies I hear again

They don't even try to get to know me

From them I would be freed.

It could take me many years

But I'm the patient with my tears

Quacks

They want to be special
The one that caught me out
Just because there's motive
That I scream and shout

An outsider, not guilty
Fears of the crowd
As if righteous outrage
Is not allowed

Ive seen it before
Carers wanting to retire
Weaving interpretations
Pushing the pay off ever higher

Misinformation
Proofs for ideology
Some counsellors I met
Most basic in psychology

They project

They confuse

Want to be the star of the show

Crime novel fantasy because I was the abused

Seeing things that are not there

The more I deny

The more they think that I hide

Can't face the facts

Thinking I lied

The more I was open

The more their suspicions would rise

The curve

You ask me how it feels

Well I guess I've been here before

Just like treading water

With a fear of depths below

The arc of a curve

As memory comes back around

Hopes seem to be sinking

The tears of the lonely clown

I used to shrug it off

A cold hard shoulder

Not sure it's any better

Now I'm growing older

Futile searches

Long lost loves

Not much left to believe

No solace from above

The wounds feel just the same

As they did way back when

They say time is a healer

But here we go again

I've got less distractions

Than I had back then

Quite the cynic

When all's said and done

Just another blind ally

Ends as it begun

So many paths I've walked
With shoelaces undone
Tomorrow's another day
I'm still hopeful for sun
Let sleeping dogs lie
I'd still give you a try

Cold call

Many enemies
Back against wall
Did I notice your face change?
Remember the art of war

Knives that are drawn
Behind the defence
Do I tell you everything?
Problems to speak of
And that's just one of the facts

Pulling of wool
Over sore eyes
A shift in the force

The question is why

Identity and the identified

Give them an inch

Who thinks that they'd lie?

It's only their greed

Whilst the pennies are pinched

Offers of peanuts

Might build up a rep

But I deal in contracts

Not baby steps

It's all on the record

If they can justify

Something for nothing

Bridges or walls?

They've got my address

I'm not taking cold calls

Sick?

Mental health

Maybe a misnomer
Not quite as ill
As they might want you to believe

Sociological needs
Constructs for the scaffold
Keeping the trauma
Standing upright

Without supports
Risk of consequences
Conform to an extent
Just meeting my needs

Welfare for the injured
But labels insult
All depends how you frame it
Disablement or empowerment

Ambiguity
A compromise
Not best case scenario
But also not worse

If you ask if I'm sick
I'd say a firm no
A body of prejudice
Clinical lies
But I've got to live somehow
With the damage they've done
It's all about power
And I'm not without none

Ice

Ice breakers
The straining ships prow
Cracks on the surface
Uncharted sea

The creaking below
The icy depths
Cold clouds of breath
A sigh to exhale

Glacial white

Snow blind eyes glaze
Feeling the pressure
Like a tectonic shift

Emotional conflict
Frozen rock hard
In the deep freeze
Frost bitten
Held back in that time

Breaking up
And breaking through
Shattering brittle image
Of all that I knew

Free from harsh chill
The burning of hands
Shivers of tension
All but forgotten
Melting slowly away

Thawed by the fireside
Somehow refreshed like from tears

Ice cube chimes in the glass

Ringling the change

Cooling warm lemonade

To set the record straight, (as Christians seem to think telling children rubbish is clever) . I am not now nor ever have been a 'satanist' nor even interested in neosatanism as the philosophical joke it is. I have never met someone professing adherence to satanism who was not joking or even believed in Satan. Satan is a fantasy character best consigned to penny dreadfuls and b movies. Devils and demons do not exist. Anyone who spreads superstition about such is either a joker, nuts or a liar. The industry around neosatanism is not the atheist movement which does not believe in such nonsense. Anyone involved in satanism is taking the piss out of religion. Good on them for that. However Antoine le vay and the satanic bible are BS with little philosophical interest beyond satire of fundamentalism. Yes I have a lucifer T-shirt , there is a fantasy tv show of that name. I do not believe anything spooky. People telling kids I am satanic, or an abuser of some kind are total liars with fundamentalist agenda. Their god is a fantasy character also, they are either nuts, stupid, liars or conforming to delusional beliefs about spirituality. Religion, it's all bullshit. Ive met bishops, they showed every sign of being liars asserting power and making money fleecing the faithful. Hell does not exist, it is a fantasy used to try to scare fools into compliance with nonsense.

Realism (their neck).

The dance of modernity
The multitude to move
Flocked together in the crowd
Faces anonymous around

Showcase of the new
Elitists to aesthetic
Raising the roof
But the music is elsewhere

The unseen orchestra
A blind mans conducting hand
Directing the throng
A sea of flowing hats

Silver service recollections
Virgin table cloth
A feast for sore eyes
Stains as yet to drip
Weary of the tastes
Of so much lost within corruption

Naked in the park
Ambivalence the judge
Shock of the blushed skin
The unveiling of the flesh
Realism to the eye
Of the innocent expression

To see the mundane world
And paint it into life
Lending to the image
The spirit of creation
Hanging in the gallery
Composition froze in time

Caressing with the breath
Blowing softly at the neck
Ripples of small hairs
Goosebump longed for response
A participant passive observer
Receptive to imagined kiss
Reacting with a shiver
To hot lips whistling winds of change

Presence

She's got a presence
Makes blood pressure rise
How I long for her to curl up in my lap
And grip me in those thighs

She's the kind of heat
Keeps melting my ice
Makes me want to take a gamble
Lady Luck shaking at the dice

Her eyes make me look away
Or else I'd drown in her gaze
Keeps me coming back for more
Seeking to frame the moment with new phrase

You see I'm hooked on her
Just can't get enough
In the parting gesture
Ever feeling rough

There's excitement

In anticipation
Waiting on the call
Heart beats strong
With a rhythm
To court her with a song

She's a presence
Could move me to tears
I just can't find the words
Lost for the next line
Butterfly to my fears
Of loosing that connection
Ever paying homage
To the presence of her smile

Dogma

False beliefs
Bad religion
Patterns seen
Given agency

There's no secret

Connections that are not there
Fake meaning derived
From the entropy

Carved on tablets
Scriptures books
An edifice built
Foundations shook

There's nothing there
But Mickey Mouse
Prophets and miracles
Trick of the eye
A sacred con
The priesthood's lies
Don't comply
Dogma defy

Imaginary friends
Empty prayer
Dressed up ethics
But heavens where?
Renounce the father

Spit on the son
Why do you suppose
They crucified the prat?

No god above
No chains for love
You shouldn't do that
Shame, ain't that the facts
No virgin mothers
Falsehoods of others

They sit and judge
Sat on high
Seek liberty
Not a deity
Religions crime
A waste of time
They demand respect
Want us on our knees
If you don't conform
They try to force you to compliance

A pox on sin

Bound till we die
with the lords servility
Hollow words
The holy books just shitty
Rise above
Their base controls
Abandon faith
Reclaim your souls

Power shower

Interloper on the scene
The bathing form
The body clean
Oh pray do tell
What first is seen?

The buttocks moon
Ripple of muscle
Triangle of the mons
A mountain climb

To drink the drips

Falling naked
From skin refreshed
By the warm shower

Explore the crevice
Lost in your hills
Caress the curves
Enter The glade

A waterfall
Washing your hair
The scents fresh soap
Cascading down your thighs

The bare image
Soaking flesh
A glimpse of heaven
Bathed in light
Encircling the hips
Seeking salvation in moist lips

Unspoken

Words unspoken
Ever fearing their rejection
Cleaning my teeth
It's you I think of in reflection

The fruitless search
Desire frustrated
Unavailable
Still Can I get enough?

I think of your spine
Like a sculpted goddess
To kiss along its length
Seeking your soft neck

Words unsaid
Clothed in the lyric
Embodying the muse
Your ear to lick

A model reclined
The slope of thigh
To grace the pillow

With the olive of your head
Covering modesty with the arts
Stroking the strings with fragile heart

The golden rain
Fulfilling image
Open petals
The honeysuckles bee
Words unspoken
And yet I hope you see

Thanks

Rainbows bridging generations
With the clap of grateful hands
Fond thoughts for the carers
The salt of the land

Thank our lucky stars
That the war was won
Spitfires and fly pasts
The blitz years now long done

Medals pinned to heroes
Proudly on the chest
The old guard still among us
Who are Britain's best

Birthday cards for charity
A smile wide as the sun
We will not be beaten
Keep calm and carry on

Thomas the tank engine pulls us through
The golden age of steam
Those we can respect
For granting youth its dreams
Toms thumb's not so small
As once it may have seemed

Raise hands in applause
We've come through the peak
We'll meet again
The past with wisdom speaks
At the end of the long tunnel
History will tell how old Tom came to teach

Lion heart of the brits
Showing us true grit

Closed doors

They say it's 'playing victim'
Well I must have 'played' it all my life
There's many a guilty party
Tried to put me in an early grave
Therapy does not change it
They medicate the wrong man cos it's cheap
Society keeps denying
That there's a war on victims rights
They set up fine sounding charities
But they play both sides for fools
Hopes to sweep it under the carpet
Or blame us victims for our own abuse
The statistics are obscure
There's a media block on truth
So many things they say to help us
Go back into denial
They've ideology a plenty
To minimise or cover up

Handprint art of innocents
Who don't even know when they are wronged
Sacred cow of family
What goes on behind closed doors
Where there's muck
There's money
And those who'll pay
To hide the proofs
They keep the plates on spinning
Same old lies come around each year
There's never been much sign of justice
The closer it seems
The further it goes away
It takes just a little corruption
And a large dose of ignorance
Who has all the power?
And who conceals the truth?

Optimism

I guess I could be more optimistic
But reality always bites
A little too world weary

Not so trusting the spotlight

Youths wasted on the young

Hope the futures looking bright

Keep your chin up

Your generations going to do alright

You could be wrapped around a lamppost

With a tin of beer

Did I tell you how I lay in front of a bus?

Just one extra drink that cost me dear

There's the time I walked naked

In the middle of the street

A hand axe in one hand

I hope it don't repeat

So things are just great now

With all the passing years

I wish when I was younger

I didn't have so many fears

There's one thing I regret

That I never fucked around
These days when I want a blow job
I haven't got the actresses their pounds

So here's to the optimism of youth
Before the world had ground you down
Try to keep your chin up
With all these things that go around

Emissary

All story tellers are liars
I lied about this too
That's why when you think about it
I must have told you true

Rational mind ever seeking absolutes
But intuitively things are relative
Confronted with paradox
Expectancy divides

Is the world the way we see?
Is it ever in flux?

Nature unknowable

Not fixed static in the mind

Observer and observed

Each present within the other

The hand that draws the hand

That draws the hand drawing the hand

No emissary without master

The view from a hall of mirrors

Ego views only from itself

Solipsism eating its own tail

Inside out

Outside in

Seeking only context

How each thing relates

Realism versus ideal

Lived in and yet to live

What you say

Is what you hear

Process never fixed

Embracing uncertainty
Objectivism ever known subjectively
Building from the bottom up
Apart and yet within the whole
The coin that has two sides
But only once is paid
Intersubjectivity
Convergent empathy

Hemispheres

To see the whole
Or the particular
Emote
Or deconstruct
Empathy
Or Rationale
The diamond
or the many facets
Two halves in conflict
Each other to suppress
Bound together
In asymmetry

Distribution connected
Yet clearly drawn apart
To see with separate eyes
Two halves to each scene
The music and the lyric
Grasp the narrative
Or each word within the script
To feel the flowing tide
Or count the grains between each toe
The brain is not a singularity
Torn apart yet forming a whole
The canvas has two sides
Where each stroke is made
Colours forming an image
Or gripping to the gauze
The hands make many passes
Yet what they sculpt is felt as one
Watching cars drive by
Or reading the number plates
Absorbed within the scene
The passing flow as it goes
Attentive to the rhythm
The time stretch of video

Or frozen moments photograph
Seeing the street with all its changes
Or count the faces of each passer by
Each hemispheres separates task
Dual aspects of consciousness
Where one leads the other follows
Embraced within shared dance

Being

That is not being
Which we call being
Only being which it is not
Partial the being which is contained
In perception of what it is to be
Being is becoming
We live to be
Within the totality
Of which is being
Were being but a word
To describe what it is to be
It would describe only an aspect
One truth perceived

Of that which is true being

Live to be

Flowing into being

In time

Becoming.

Not that

Which has no being

Cinders

Cinderella syndrome

Ever looking for the one

They that fit the slipper

Empty of colour like the glass

Trying to see clear through

A princess amongst the cinders hearth

To save from ugly sisters

A maid without self worth

Of course he could try to win

A human being for a mate

No matches made in heaven

But poor Prince Charming
Forever to his dreaming

Building castles in the clouds
Raise beauty on pedestal
One thing that's for sure
Reality brings a fall

Better to stand on sure feet
Amongst the dirt and grime
Fashion from the arts
Walking boots to weather time
Beware the charms of princes
Or of serfs to save from laundry rinsing

Cinderella always the fantasy
For which young hearts will search
But once the magic fades
The wheels have fallen off
No footmen to her carriage
No such thing as perfect marriage
Forget feet that fit glass slippers
For that dream is sure to shatter

Just watch you don't put your foot in your mouth
Find someone who truly matters

Social network

Out of the frying pan
Into the fire
Who'd think the support system
Would be full of liars?

The Apple doesn't fall
So far from the tree
The network of branches
A web all should see

Victims try to flee
From the cuckoos nest
What they do not get
The worse have confessed

Cocaine corruption
Greasing of palms
People not worth a light

The shadow of harm

Directors and players
All bound by their addiction
If you tell the truth
You get nothing but friction

Every one has a price
It doesn't take conspiracy
Shit floats to the top
They'll call it amnesty
Washing The laundry
Of an abusive family tree

Illumination

For the film of my life
Ever a bit part in my own biopic
Directors of players
Network ratings to decide

The cinema show
Up on the big screen

Dolby surround

A ticket for a pound

We say we love our freedom

So why adherence to the script?

Fed on stock footage

Treasured imagery

Try to make the final cut

Edit suite clippings on the floor

Paste a new narrative

Shoot that scene again

Always so close but too far away

To focus on our entrance

Stage managed illumination

A war on crowds for their soul

Lumiere brothers projections

Cameo for a role

Others perceptions

A locus of control

Did you get a misquote?

A false impression
Synchronicities fools
Taken in by others act
Finding when the credits roll
Misled to curtains call
It's all just smoke and mirrors
That confounds us all.

The fool

No fool

Like an old fool

A common idiom

Loyal tongues to serve

The weight of the crown

Passed on like the mace

Counting the pennies

Portrait of fair face

The days turn to years

Unwinding like clockwork

Cogs synchronised

Busy hands mark the time

The weathers changed

But in England always the rain

All that's devolved

Things still ever the same

It's a marathon

And not a sprint

Passing the baton

Relayed by the bees

Left with these questions

Watching coronation street

Republicans call

But it's bound for defeat

After all, little princes

Walk on royal roads

Privileged from birth

With their happy feet

Hack and slash

Thrown from your horse
In the heat of battle
The bodies piled up
Like slaughtered cattle

Where ravens peck eyes
Leaving empty sockets
The fate of the guilty
Hands in others pockets

Bloods crimson rain
Red flows down the face
Where the sword has slashed
Severed limbs tears trace

It's all so funny
Till the lightning strikes
And the blade leaves the sheath
For righteous fight

Memory like a kink
Notched along the blade
However hard you try

Recollections never fade

Did you get your cut
With knives drawn behind back?
Just don't forget
The scars of an old hack

Deep

Deep like the reflected mountains
On the lakeside mirrors face
Deep as the lovers eyes
Absorbed in unity's gaze

A vacuum to be filled
That grows between the heart
Ill met from beginnings
Separated from the start

Where beliefs collide
No true meeting of minds
Intuitively divided
Within a greater truth

Valued like beauty
Romantic to ideal
A necessary ignorance
Of the implicit form

Concealed like silk scarf
The face we strive to see
Only seen in parts
Known only in isolation

Deep like great azure sea
The differences I see
Seeing only the waves
And not what lies beneath

Deep as space growing between us
No stars, just mote in the eye
Ripples washing from a tear
That disturbs the surface clear
The depths of the emotions
Of all that's held so dear

It

There are teams

Within 'the team'

TA for a medic

Milkman 'in' on 'it'

The postman hide a spy

The dustman full of shit

After a while

You see through

They can't all be in the same network

As the man walking his dogs

Outer circle

You're not my mate

It's civil rights

Violated if you intrude

You've got the key to my front door

And that's not even legal

Liberty tell me it's policing

That there's nowhere to complain

They monitor and filter

To and from hub

You may well suspect that I must be the problem

But it's what leads to civil unrest
They'll be tracking every move
With 5G shaking hands
It's not paranoia
With them really looking in
It does not make me feel any safer
Because they take as they control
They abuse the powers they're given
Pretend it's all an act
I guess I must be 'it'
They say that my face fits

Blind

Worked on the blind
Like the pink panther
A bumbling idiot
Never sure who is who

They say I must be useful
And the moneys fairly good
As they fly me by wire
Into the midst of operations

I don't even blink
If bomb disposal
Move a robot down the street
Just a scene I've played before

Sometimes I'm the target
Often just the chaff
An agent of confusion
Sent into the fray

I get itchy ears
As I put on a new disguise
It buys your freedoms
But liberty still lie
Always have a handler
Someone shotgun too

There's been a few murder cases
A couple of terror plots
Another vice ring
I don't like to travel far abroad
There was the drug smugglers

And the abduction crew

An unknown soldier

An accidental tourist

Never the hero with the thousand faces

Kept on the outside

But I know I have my uses

When they work me on the blind

Agents of death

Biological warfare

Looks a lot like that

That's what I'm still thinking

As a matter of fact

Technicians in labs

Men in white coats

Like Asian flue

You know it's no joke

Body count rises

Is there someone to blame?

Agents of death

Getting away with their game

Take a look at the evidence

Contemplate the cost

Mothers and fathers

How many are lost?

I won't point a finger

Because I know that it's rude

A monkey puzzle

To unravel it's true

Perhaps it's too much

To contemplate

What the media conceals

From so many this fate

Let's talk peace and love

As you know I loathe hate

Jackals

All where I've traveled

All places I've been
Where ever I wander
Drink and drugs on the scene

It teaches you boundaries
Learn to walk alone
No one else in the trenches
Whenever I roam

After a while
You just sense it
No one watching your back
Nowhere is sacred
And the hungry still lack

There's clouds on horizon
With the smell of smoke
Dreams they're destroying
Crushing out hope

Some people are crazy
I watch my own back
Wherever I wander

Off the beaten track
Some want power
Some just want to distract

Some people throw mud
Some people unclean
There's knives as my back
Photos unseen
Some try to defame
Like jackals in teams

There's spiders in webs
Trying to make a deal
Some want me broken
Some make me scream
Face the facts
Some people are shit
Can't write a word
Let alone the last hit

Gallery cases

A heart of stone

Washed by the waters of time
The wet-nurses breast
Longed for release
Obelisk weeps
Hard to confess
A phallic witness
Lovers embraced
Limbs entwine to trace
Memory of their face
Repeating her themes
Not all that it seems
The river of life
Smoking mirror
The skull turquoise blue
A mosaic cod piece
Greek athletes in grip
Wrestlers flesh stripped
A manly pursuit
They thrust till they shoot
Mummified cats
Images of bast
Heavens above
As ancient as love

Astronomical arts
As the clouds part
Counting each star
Their light from afar
Seeking illumination
A search to ascend
In beginning so too as it ends
Choosing a mask
Persona on face
Where vellum tomes part
Pages thumbed from the start
Magical arts
Mirror of the dark
Angels to see
Into mystery
Reflect on existence
Statues froze in the dance
Compassionate smile
Meditate all the while
Cast in bronze
Peace for which to long
Beauty divine
Reaching to make sense

Moving beyond
To uncovered truth
The crashing of waves
Overwhelmed, what will save?
Reliant on myth
Cold reason to shift
Who will survive
To the sails we strive
Artistry rigging
As we float aloft
On our bark
Stitches in a tapestry
Where we come to exist
Footsteps in the gallery
Our path to mark

Calm

Calm like the breeze
Gently caressing the leaves
Branches reach like fingers
To billow with the wind

Calm within the form
Centred body poised
Feet firm on the ground
Rooted in the earth

The breath of calm
The sense of ease
Purposefully moving
Rhythms of the heart

Embracing change
To bend, not break
Dancing with the flow
Thoughts becoming slow

Calm like the lakeside
Reflecting on the mirrors edge
Looking beyond the self
Dissolving with each ripple

Calm as sitting
Watching the chest rise
And fall with each breath

Calm within the moment
Still, with mindfulness

Nailed it

Always play safe
If you're gonna get nailed
If there's no splinters
You won't need the tweezers

I ask you sincerely
Do you aspire to hang from
A couple of planks
Of the cheapest timber?

Follow, follow
If you're a slave to sin
But wait a minute
They condemn most everything

If you like a nice stretch
Filling to your ring
Perhaps it's more fitting

For rock n roll to sing

Yes, I'm afraid once again

I'm talking about Him.

That suicidal god

They praise with all those hymns

I'd love to nail ya

But with your legs apart

A thrust from my spear

To pierce your heart

Always play safe

and know you're the boss

I don't aspire to be crucified

On a wooden cross

If you're gonna get nailed

Be sure to play safe

And make sure best of all

That there's no splinters

Fruit cocktail

I'd like to strip off all your clothes
Peel you just like a banana
Kneeling at your toes
Oh, how I could try harder

I like a sweetened date
I could eat you off a plate
Tasting your ripened fig
You know this could be big

I was thinking of you
Sat alone at your screen
You could use a foot massage
Toes sucked clean

Do your shoulders need a rub
After toiling like a machine?
I could soap you in the tub
Scented candles set the scene

There's an ache in your back
I could put you back on track
Caressing your spine

Oh my, that would feel fine

I'm not in the closet
I'll be in your larder
Tell me, do you fancy
Some hows your father?

I like a fruit cocktail
My ministrations could not fail
Peel you just like a banana
Ripe cherries, take you as I find ya
Add a little cream
Feeling fruity, it's a dream

Madame de Pompadour

Kissing lady finger
Biscuit to the bite
Retire into the boudoir
With its hidden sights

The mistress of the house
Poise of elegance

The key to secret chambers
Where she practices her dance

Jewellery and her makeup
Trinkets in a musical box
Conditioner for body
Of her raven locks

At her dressing table
Mirror reflects her suite
Skirts tried in the bower
The closets tastes so sweet

Stretched on the chaise lounge
A glimpse of stocking feet
Trying on her shoes
Reclining in curved seat
Embroidered stitch in time
Cushioned femininity sublime

Rococo to her style
Painting nails so manicured
Perchance to scratch the back

Of suitors courtly to the demure
Those who come to worship
At her temples door
All those that venerate
Madame de Pompadour

The private thoughts of ladies
Hide behind those painted smiles
And all who seek her lips
Must go the extra mile
Dangerous liaisons
To linger but awhile

Up Pompei

Final hours of Pompei
Pumice fills the sky
Fiery gas to breath
The pyroclastic surge

The gods of Rome
How angered

By freemen as the slave

All buried by the ash

Flash burn

As to carbon turns

The screaming mothers mouths

Babes froze black in their stiff arms

Mount explodes, shakes earth

With its fatal shout

Death in the irruption

No one left to talk about

Pliny upon the sea

Turning boat around

Seeking to save brothers

Boiling sea in which he drowned

Tragic in the preservation

The captives caught in life

That the fires consumed

All hope petrified in strife

Destruction in the wake

Deadly peak struck like a knife

Red rain

From black sky

Those early to the escape

Survivors exodus

A mountain billows fire

Quake before Vesuvius

Lonely

Loneliness

Can you save me?

Comfort solitude

Fulfil me

I'd surrender

To just one thing

Warm arms

Which to surround me

Freedom from commitment

Open hearts

In liberty

But how you could crown me

Lips soft

Integrity

Romance just a fancy

A flight on wounded wings

Raising you up

With every compliment to sing

On the pedestal

Of my hopes

Ever seeking

To lift your smile

Loneliness

Like treading water

Afloat

But sinking heart

How I long

For the fresh pools

To drown

Within those eyes

Comfort solitude

In the surrender
A fragile heart to save
Dreaming of one thing
Reclined in the bed
You make
Turning to the mirror
A lonesome tear
Of fate

Rubber glove

A blue rubber glove
Hand squeezed by a stranger
Cold comfort now
Face concealed by a mask

No smiles of reassurance
Muffled voices as if afar
No good news on horizon
As lungs are filling up

Some offer hollow prayer
Some try to count the cost

Statistics only numbers

Each a human loss

Political allegiances

Furloughed by the boss

Families on reduced wages

Economists talk of another loss

Systems take the strain

No tables in the coffee shop

A blue rubber glove

Cold comfort for protection

Faces veiled by masks

A hand squeezed for the lost

Is there anyone to blame

To sanction for the cost?

Economic warfare

Bow down to the boss

Politicians form allegiance

Beneath a nations flag

But stop to ask the question

Why so many body bags?

Longship

Long ships

Dragons of the sea

Square sails with a breath

To conquer every wave

Eighty oars abreast

Shield bearers to protect

Timbers beneath feet

Armoured warriors taking flight

Swords and axe to raid

Routes sailed to trade

The steersman takes his oar

Castle-men at the prow

The keel from aft to front

Backbone like a whale

The plaining of the hull

Cutting the surface of the sea

Clinker to the build
Nailed as one form
Sixty feet and more
The slender curve of saga wrote

Figure head at the prow
Dragons bare their teeth
Flying to horizon
On their raven wings
Vikings in their longship
With an oar to grip

Bring it on

Bring it on
Have you heard the name
Of the latest band?
Cash cow
And the magic money tree

I can think of better investments
With higher assured returns
People buy flats

And need potato's

Rags to riches?

Who'll win the fame game?

Holes in your pockets

Publicists are a drain

I can't afford a mixer

Let alone pro tools

Sold on the dream

How many are fools?

I'll bring it on small

If you give me a hundred grand

But then again with that money

I might have other plans

Buy me a ticket

Anywhere but here

I've been doing my sums

It's looking dear

Over night sensation

It's the latest thing

Rags to riches
Can you bring it on?
Just another lyric
Going for a song
I live in the real world
No ones fantasy

Good sports

We don't believe you
Everything's ok
We've built a just society
Everything will go your way

Of course there's a few problems
But we've created great supports
When you queue at the dole
By the weekend there'll be sport

We've scored a goal for sure
Talk about your feelings down the pub
If you can't get up in the morning

We'll pump you full of psychiatric drugs

Everything just fine

And life's a bed of roses

Bow down to the tops

They never look down their noses

We don't believe those who complain

Society is the best it's ever been

There's no culture of denial

No one thinks there's so much abuse

Coming up roses for the blinkered

You may well ask just what's the use?

Small nobs

The smaller of country

Yet the higher death toll

The big nobs wanted a cull

Put the wasters in a hole

At least it's not brexit

Taking over the TV

They've hacked into your skype
Wonder what we'll see?

There's plenty of excuses
Why the economy is trashed
Ask the ones in charge
Where all the money's stashed?

I've got shares in undertakers
The profit on the rise
As we sell the finest plots
In another grave they lie

It's all a bloody mess
As we face a dark depression
One things for sure
We'll not have seen as bad a recession

The smaller of country
Higher of death toll
Did we really need a cull
To protect the big nobs roles?
Second peak is coming

Herd immunity, feed the polls

Divided

The middle classes have all the money

That's the way it's always been

Their puppets sit in parliament

There is no other scene

Where is all the power

Who's pulling all the strings?

A divided society

See what advantage brings

They want us to bow down

Your children taught to serve

If they get a big idea

They'll just get a body swerve

Money does not need intelligence

No requirement of moral integrity

Emotional stability?

That's more for the likes of you and me

The privileged few

Sitting up on high

The crumbs from their table

One deal, and it's goodbye

They don't want us to question

Blindly to follow authority

Things as bad as you could assume

A divided society

They'll steal every idea

From the melting pot

As to the ones that have them

They'll soon be long forgot

There's a glass ceiling

Over all our heads

Serve your rightful masters

Till the day that you are dead

The rich do rather well

At keeping the rest of us poor
There's one route to the top
And for us it's a closed door
The ones that make us homeless
The ones that rob us of our dreams
Those in the four wheel drives
It's enough to make you scream

Petrol heads

The presidential cavalcade
Limousines in line
Black gold economics
Feeds on the blood of wars

Oil barons count on profits
Sinking wells into the sands
Forever in the pipeline
With their toxic wealth

Exhaust fumes for a perfume
Low clouded skies of smog
The scent of global warming

Engine of the hog

Greasers raise a rally
To show off what they've got
Banking corners of race tracks
But something's been forgot

Ecologically unsound
The wheels go round and round
Carbon emissions in the dark
Carburettor battery sparks

They all could go electric
Clean energy for the ozone hole
But selfishness and greed
Are where they sell their souls

Oil spill tankers
Lost to the waves
Dead birds in the slick
All due to one cause, the motorcar addicts

Childhood fears of devastation

Environmental fight
Still the petrol smoke
Combusts through a dark night

People watching

Looking at me
Looking at you
Looking at me
What is it that you think
That I must see?

I could be a pervert
Looking at all the kids
Schoolgirls at the bus stop
Depravity never ends
Can you get inside my head?
It might flip your lid

I might just be thinking
There's some bloody kids
But you seem to predict
I've dark secrets hid

I might be a super spy
Live and let die
Forever listening in
Is that some kind of sin?
Sow misinformation
Careless talk costs lives

Looking and you
Looking at me
Looking at you
Start a conversation
Why people are looking on quite free

You know it's rude to stare
You think I strip you with my eyes
Down to the underwear
Actually no, is that a surprise
Sowing rumours all around
I guess you must be paranoid

Any peep worthwhile
Hides behind lace curtains

If you think I give a toss
You're going for a burton
People watching may be fun
But mostly it's just blurred motion in the street
I'm not even looking
At what you wear upon your feet.

Rainbows

I don't believe in miracles
But you
Make me wish upon
The rainbows end
A pot of gold
Within your smile
And diamonds for your eyes

I don't have much faith
In anything
But I place my fragile hopes
On one thing
Unicorns dancing in the clouds
Living for the myth

With golden horns

Manes to crown

I don't believe much anything

But that butterflies

Spreading their wings

Can cause ripples

On the lakesides edge

And so too

Two hearts may fly

I don't believe in fairy tales

Yet beasts find beauty too

A frozen rose

Brought to blushing life

And so cheeks

Flush red with a warmth

When I think of you

When all you can believe in

Is yourself

A hope grows in the breast

That you can believe another's heart

So too
Beats true within the chest
And in that hope
Of something to believe
Know of a love
And be blessed

Slavery

Skivers and thrivers
Are there any survivors?
Sink or swim
Only rich men win

Battle of the fittest
Social Darwinism
Libertarians
Don't want to pay
For a safety net
Selfishness all we get

The greed of the few
No citizens rights

Universal basic income
The modern slaves fight

They deal in illusions
Declare we are free
But it's back to the grindstone
Masks of servility
Can anyone tell me
Which way's liberty?

The disempowered
Red tape seals tight
The chains for Prometheus
Reaching for the light

They try to confound us
Strip us of our rights
Civil liberty
The modern slaves fight
Fists raised for freedom
Rage in plain sight
The system is wrong
So too liberty strong

Chief

I don't wanna work

For the man no more

I don't want to graft

All day

They Don't care what I think

Or what I feel

Sometime I'm gonna

Get my say

I don't want to serve

The great white chief

They're never gonna raise

My pay

Stealing every hour

Like a silent thief

Sometime this dog'll

Have his day

I don't wanna work

For that man no more

It's a crime
That never pays
Every time I talk of my rights
He keeps getting in my way

Work ethics
May seem fine to some
Brighter future
This way to come
But they drive me insane
With their demands
I want to have
A better day

I don't wanna work
For the man no more
He never listens to my rights
I don't wanna serve
For a rich mans crumbs
They seem to think
That I'm just scum

Working every day

The good lord sends
I'll get my reward
Come the end
In heaven the poor folk
Don't have to serve
One day I'll realise
My worth.

I don't wanna work
For the man no more
Sits on high
Judging all I do and say
I don't wanna kiss arse no more
Raise a fist to the
Great white chief
He don't care
If I live or die
Doesn't hear
The tears I cry

Connect

Twelfth week without you

Time stretches
What can I do?
Unstable
That's what I'm thinking now
When will it end
I ask you how?

Funeral hearses
Lonely graves
No mourners there
No final wave
Social distance
No fond fair-wells
This is a moment
That's hard to sell

Reconnecting
Across the silent void
Fragile feelings
I try to avoid
No one there
Just absent longings
No real sense

Of my belonging

I sit and watch

An empty screen

Skype switched off

The latest scene

Cue line waiting

For the prompt

Awaiting calls

Empty wants

I want to order fresh flowers

In a bunch

They live and bloom

The senses touch

Fragrance of life

Within their pollen

The wilting speaks

Of our tomorrow

12 weeks in lock down

No way to spread

Fond thoughts around

A growing dread
A dark malaise
That haunts my head
That's all we've got
The hope lies dead

Close

The ones we hold the closest
Make wounds deeper just the same
Buried feelings rooted earth
Wondering where the conflict came

Those that are the dearest
All have the greatest cost
And we're the ones who pay
For sweet moments lost

When you approach near
And I shed my lonely tears
That's when I want to push away
And die to your arms another day

Those in veneration
Those who can reach the depths
Of a heart for ever wounded
A skipped beat within the chest

The ones we let the closest
Are the ones who hurt the most
It's the price we pay
Intimacy can be the worst

To hold another dearly
Perhaps to never count the cost
Do we see it all too late
When the moment's lost
Life is experienced
There's no master plan
Take it as you find it
We Do only what we can

Gravity

Gravity

Like the pull

Of longed for

Lovers arms

Embracing

Lonely hearts

Friction

Fearing to be burned

A close scrape

Conflicts skin

So torn

By triangle so sharp

Inertia

Plumped pillows

Soft for your head

A duvet where to dive

To dream in peace

Of comfortable lives

Heavy hearts

When someone's wronged

Not quite the hope

For which I long

Space between
An empty void
Volume displaced
A sunken stone

Open relationships
Like comforts arms
To hold the heart
Keep safe from harm
Forces of nature
No need to be alarmed

Gravity
Pulling at the chest
A dream of love
Where all are blessed
But still a hunger
I must confess
Gravitas
Where I fell for you

Examined

A path that goes nowhere
The method that we tread
Covering up the journeys end
Meaning lost in death

Constant negotiation
Trying to firmly grasp
The contingent forms
That erupt before our eyes

Instant gratification
Avoidant of the now
Anxiety suppressed
Sure of dogmas lie

Responsibility
Taking care of others needs
To know and be known
Ethics hard to live

The unexamined life
Consumers buy a dream
Illusionary satisfaction

Directions where we lean

Self fulfilled by what we buy

Still the poor starved child

Capitalism's ethics

Abandons others to the wild

Exploited like the cow

That ends as roasted beef

Can we apply ideals

Reducing suffering

Forever cursed by lack of answers

Common senses thief

Culinary philosophy

So why not eat the rich?

Pleasure

Creature comforts

You can please yourself

Pampering

It's good for your health

Essential oils

The added scent
Self satisfied
No sin repent

The good life
For what it's worth
Gourmet dinning
Fruits of the earth

Classical music
Fills the room
Simple pleasures
Always end too soon

Sensual world
In which we live
A touch of massage
Contentment gives

Dancing lights
That set the mood
Ease suffering
For our own good

Never forget
Those times of woe
But creature comforts
The simple pleasures sow

Care

Maternal care
Compassion for those in need
Flee state of nature
Rejected greed

The aged to welfare
Second childhood comes
Disabled folk,
More could be done
What provision ?
Dignity for all, not some

Health, integrity
Needs support
The nanny state
Not as bad as they taught

Society of nurture
Linked by love
The greatest good for all
Nothing could be enough
A social contract
Of inclusion

Sisters, brothers
On which to lean
Ethical truth
Needs to be seen

Protective with loving arms
Keep the needy free from harm
Maternal comforts
For one and all
Social security
As much as we can afford

Drained

Vampires after dark

Red rose masquerade
Howling in the park
Wolves the nightmares raid

Drained of energy
In betrayals kiss
Feeding on the hope
So much seems amiss

Dark wings of the bat
Screeches homing in
Echo to locate
Creatures of the night to sing

Consuming of the flesh
Bloodlust in a bite
Shooting in the dark
Vale of the light

Marriage with the dead
Fears within your head
Wounding of the neck
Morning to awake

Spilled wine

The cursed chalice

Hunger

For eternal life

Energy ebbs low

Drained of inspiration

Creatures of the night

Sweet music of affliction

Suspect

The subdefugge

A hidden smile

Secrets to unearth

All the whilst

The first mistake

Never taken at face value

Analysis

Lends to interpretation

Feigning friendship

A promising touch

Never fulfilled

I don't ask much

Magnifying glass

To scrutinise

Around in a circle

Knotted lies

And so it grows tired

No real progress

When all you sought

Falsely confessed

Played like a patsy

An old role

Suspicious suspect

Take there toll

Reel in a catch

Or so you thought

Positive attention

Mirroring

Not much left

Of which to sing

Machine heads

Still fighting the machine

No real respect for law

It's those who rebel the most

That they want to force under the knee

Bend me, shape me

A hook to reel me in

But once you got your catch

All you do is throw me all away

Team players

The ones who regard the police

Forces of order

Cameras recognition in the crowd

Infamy clutched you

They can pick you out

See you move around

Pushing the boundaries

Of just what they say
Is to be allowed

They divide us up
Categorise
Labels mixed without sound
Find another issue
To make us all
Stand out

Accidental terrorists
Criminals without a crime
Left out in the cold
Forever stood in line

They've got a team for that
And they're not on your side
Filters feed misinformation
The river running wide
Can you talk about it
On social media?
Only if they allow

Points failure

The traffic lights

Forever stuck on red

It's always stop

And never go

Train wrecks

Off the straight tracks again

Points failure

Always leaves upon the line

Stationary traveller

Alighting at Berlin

Break down cover

Legal insurance

No claims bonus

Parked on the yellow lines

Moved along

Stuck in second gear

Glossing over

Where the cracks show through

Grand designs

The rear view mirror

Do we swallow

All we're fed?

Tag teamed

Into submission

Compliance

With their authorship

Considering escape

But there's no exit

The strategy forlorn

Like the moths

To fated flame

Try a new opening

Observing their responses

And after all's said and done

Things just stay the same

Hit

Don't give a shit

Don't care who I hit
Bloods the only ink I got
And you're the page on which it's writ

Don't care about anything
Don't want to fit in
You're the ones excluding
Just your rubbish for the bin

I heard you have us labelled
Keeping at arms length
If anything goes wrong
You've tarred us with that brush

Civil rights boundaries
The shackles of control
You've got the best technology
And it gets worse each day

Paranoid society
Cast in the role of other
Keep us isolated
No one to call us brother

They don't give a shit
You're the ones that they hit
Bloods the only ink they've got
And you're the page on which it's writ
One day your words come back
To haunt you
Self fulfilling
Prophecy

Bound to conform

Bound desires
Conformity
To the whip
Submissions trembling lip

Bite of the rope
A burning kiss
Blinkered eye
Releases sighs

Blush from the hand

Warming the cheek
A lonely tear
Sobs none can hear

Lasso of truth
The lie detector
Conform to the will
Of the director

Dripping wax
To heat the flesh
Anticipation
In caught breath

A touch of ice
To raise a shiver
Trembling lip
All a quiver

The creek of leather
Bound to conform
Comforted by silk
The skin to warm

The pain of love

A heart forlorn

History lessons

Revisionist history

It's always been that way

Choosing the narrative

To raise up the nations flag

Values to uphold

Those who make a stand

Rebels also serve

The blood soaked land

Poppy for the memory

White cliffs

Dover sole

Clouded blue recollects

Spitfires over London skies

Guns that are now silenced

Fond farewells in a salute

We'll meet again

Don't know where

Don't know when

Statues for the fallen

Houston we have a problem

Fists that cry freedom

Terrors to resist

The spoils to the victors

Fortunes of war

Ours was a civil conflict

Did they have to take from us

Quite so much?

Fires that still smoulder

Candles never to burn out

They don't talk about it

A howl and a shout

Chorus of disapproval

How they didn't leave us nowt

Radicals

Systemic inequality
Institutional abuse
The call for change
Some say what's the use?

Statues of slavers
Chains wrought of bronze
Insults to the many
Of who they had wronged

Gradual reform
Or radical response
Still you can't get that job
And they fill their jails with 'that lot'.

History shows
The middle must give
It's the only way
We can live and let live

Civil rights much broader
Than the colour of skin
The poor and the hungry

The rich mans sin

Militarisation

Police an occupying force

Tooled up for a fight

Slave ships on course

Protect and serve

No one wants more crime

But calling for change

It's about that time

The whispering wind

That gives us a sign

Whatchamacallit?

I don't know what to call this

All I know is that I feel it

Sinking in my chest

Wish I said nothing

Why'd I confess?

Like the razor cuts white lines

All I can say is that's just fine

But when I'm starring at the blade
And it's left me all but insane
Fears of slicing at the flesh
There's reasons I can't take it
Thank you kindly
It's for the best

I don't know what this is
But I think there's something that I missed
Someone changed the board
And my pieces ain't in position
It's you I want to mate
Could frustration turn to hate?
You say you listen
I don't feel heard
A conversation on three words
I try hard to pretend
But I can't take it at the end
Loosing the fantasy
For cold shit reality

Counting out the time
Compelled by the next rhyme

It's not that it don't mean a thing
Do you believe everything's a sin?
Struggling with my sentence
The next verse could be worse
I'm bleeding for some mercy
Keep running from the hearse
Like a prisoner in a cell
A heart in satin grave
The choices that you make
Smiles painting on to fake
I don't know what to call this
But I feel it just the same

I'm coming up for air
Three times down
Hand reaching for the light
Jump start the engine once again
There could be need to resuscitate
Did I tell you how I nearly died?
How low self esteem can drag you down
As sure as the undertow
And icy waters await below
There's no fuel in my lighter

The zippo wick that burned out low
Could be like snuffing out the candle
The heats too hot to handle
I wouldn't get too far
They got me one step away
From clutching their cold bars
They took away my choice
And that's a long time ago
There's no hope it's coming back
I don't know what to call it
But I've feelings just the same

Inured

Do you enjoy a life well lived?
Or do you wait for something to give?
Some folk will make things hard
Just to show you they are tough

There are those who give you hell
To cover up just how they fell
What do you think they're looking at
Hasn't it got a label?

Some say life's not a struggle
Perhaps they're in a muddle
Every choice leads to anxiety
Every move could loose you dignity

Some people do what they're told
Dogmas morals looking old
So ashamed the slaves to sin
I wouldn't even know where to begin

Some have privilege for a start
No real battle , always given a good part
But to those of us challenged to survive
They keep sharpening their knives

Is it a joy to be alive?
We're not coming from the same place
What they gave you on a plate
All I saw was their disgrace
Life is often just endured
No real rights for the injured

Different strokes

Old grievances

Pains in the neck

And hard luck

Bend the rules a bit

The authorities suck

Quiet riots

Anarchy descends

Rebels against order

But with what end?

The harder you fight

The further you fall

Can't sit on the fence

Still can't answer the call

It's a matter of balance

A tightrope to walk

Recall the trapeze

That's when you want to get caught

Lawless without aim
No ones set to gain
But a little oil in the works
Won't make you look berks

At the end of the day
Systems are just that
It's down to the people
Who keep it under their hat
No need for the lash
Or cold iron bars
Give a little rope
Just the smallest of strokes

In China the government ruthlessly controls social media and web searches to suppress political dissidents. This includes the filtering and deletion of mention of political lobbyists or influencers. Likewise data is collected from all web searches by a user to try to profile them and to adjust the data flow available to them to try to whip them into support of Government policy. If you were feeling suicidal and went to a prevention site you would most likely be chatting to an agent of the local government or an automated bot to gather data about you resulting in state interference rather than support. The same applies to minority sexual orientations not supported

by the state. This can create invisible victims of authoritarian control. Buy too much pizza and the over eating police will get you. Remember the film Brazil! Military grade AI is used to monitor for political disidnce and to supress it's impact without actual crime by the disident. Drink coffee, eat pizza! Dissident political groups are created by the state to catch out dissident individuals and whip them to comply with the state machinary.

Can't breath

Government lockdown

Can anybody breath

Turn on the purifier

Only communicate with blood

A nations flag

Symbol of oppression

State control

They use any mechanism

Providers sell out

Have you seen the state of the budget?

Faith in social care

You might as well just kick the bucket

Sing the national anthem
Show you've got some pride
Conservative values
To take you for a ride

Pretend it's just a role
Accuse of conspiracy
All to keep the workers
Thinking they are truly free
How's the human rights record
What is it you can't see?

Educate against extremism
Counter balance from the middle
Up or down on their see saw
Obscure the truth like riddles
Ban the ones who take a stand
Pretend you just don't understand
Bake a cake of the Union Jack
Illusions that just plain won't come back

Pride?

Do you fit the categories ?

Put you in a box

A tic from the pen

The census makes a lock

Chained by their labels

Is who you slept with

Who you are?

Find a seat in their bar

Sentenced to division

Outcasts form a club

Specialist attentions

Keep you out there in the cold

Have you not come out yet?

That stories getting old

30 years of therapy

Still you're on your own

You pay their bloody fees

You'd think you'd have a right to moan

I don't want to be defined

By who I fuck
It's nobody else's business
But in that I'm out of luck
Welcome to the community
Shame it really sucks
At least you've been queer bashed
It doesn't really shock

Not quite straight enough
For good Christian family
But you're not of that gay lot
Inexperienced, never really happening
Forever the excluded
Surprised I've not been shot
They monitor my email
Loves all but been forgot

Search the classifieds
A preference on a dating site
But hang on they've got filters
That keep you out of sight
Pay a prostitute
Do they get a sick day for a rest?

You might question the ethics
At least the contracts honest

Haven't you got pride?

I got attacked the last time that I went

Didn't like being a rent boy

Or the time that I got raped

Sexuality abused in childhood

Don't want to be a daddies pet

Some folk seem to have a problem

Dealing with the facts

I don't want a label

And the days of youth's not coming back

Power windows

The power windows

That feed our minds

Returning themes

Misread signs

Promote a hero

Strip down a fool

Put in the rebels
Protect old school

Body snatchers
Seize our thoughts
Many tentacles
By which we're caught

A little nudge
Grease of the palm
The rich and powerful
Cause easy harm

Watch causes snowball
See truth obscured
They caution our footfall
Anger abjure

We're all together
In this bloody mess
So many controls
Mistrusted, I must confess
Still the power windows

Our thoughts redress

White cliffs of Dover

Tears from the elderly

You know they're worth more

Fortified by their journey

And all that they saw

A drop of warm water

Memories clear

Wept fond farewells

Of all they hold dear

The white cliffs of Dover

Never will look quite the same

For we sense what is over

Feel the change in the rain

Tears of the elder

What do they recall?

Hearts that beat warmly

You know they've seen it all

Mere speculation
A change in the weather
Some know fond goodbyes
Can linger forever

The forces sweetheart
Just who sang along
How many now recall
The words of her song

Watching tears fall
From the eyes of the elder
A tissues moist flower
The stairway to heaven

A nation to mourning
Behind deaths veil
Who cannot see
The lily so pale?

White cliffs of Dover
Never to look the same

What words could express
When you see that it's all over?

Cold

A heart that's frozen
The walls close in
Cold comforts
When you cannot win

Mental shackles
Emotional bars
Snakes and ladders
When I'd come so far

Padded cells
Mirror glass
Tread on egg shells
Tests to pass

There are those who say
You'll never win
Put you in a box

For another's sin

Why should I do

As others say?

Nothing to gain

Living that way

Fall on deaf ears

The doctors chair

They sell prescriptions

Judgements unfair

Do I really need to ask permission

To stand alone

Free of their fictions?

Living the lie

That another penned

In tribunal

Seeking the labels end

Authenticity seeks an out

Do you think I really lack insight?

Some people seek to disempower

Not so unsure of what it's all about

The Filth

Does stop and search
Require probable cause?
At least you got a warrant
When you smashed up my gear
And ruined all my clothes

Did you get big ideas
From how to make a murderer
Whilst stealing my home
And all along
Just wasting my time?
Is it due practice
To make the victim destitute?

When I complained to the IPCC
You said I had the mind of a child
And saught through mispractice
With mental health to defile.

Was it just harassment

When a van full of your filth
Beat me up in the street
Without any sign of crime
How a vulnerable person
Was left alone in your cells.

When I gave the victim statement
On childhood sexual abuse
You said you got off
On the things that I shared
Investigated me and not the perps
Invasion of privacy
Trying to undermine with some dirt

You had a deal with the media
To undermine survivors
And discredit the cause
All to prove you have the power
You dont get much applause.

How did I end up drugged
In plain sight of the law?
6 times homeless

Consequences for years

Is it normal to have a human rights case

Followed by terrorism charges?

If you complain then they shaft you

Enemy of the state

The fifth taught me the meaning

Of what it is to hate.

Flutist

To play upon your flute

With a rhythmic grip

Blow gentle melody

The breath on the warm lips

Where light through window breaks

Awaken on soft pillows

Lost in a sonatas

Moonlights memory

The curve of your cheek

Nestled in the hand

Perhaps to play once more
With hair of promised land

Raising to the lips
The flutists lithe touch
Fingers softly grip
I dream of this so much

To dive beneath the sheets
Breathing musky airs
Sure this will repeat
Tasting of your wares

Rising with each stroke
The lightest of caress
Playing on the flute
The Rhythm to express

Forgive?

The cowards salute
Let them do it again
Afraid to pass judgement

Restitution is when?

Frail forgiveness

An insult to the wronged

Turning the other cheek

Vengeance is for the strong

Pale platitudes

Appeals of the guilty

No time for redemption

Hells shackles no mystery

Dragging them down

Bound for the pit

Wailing for mercy

Their cry full of it

Forgiveness to pardon

Letting them off the hook

Rather the lash

Damned names judgements book

The mild as the meek

The credo of the weak

Cowards and sheep
Fleeced spineless yellow
Judgement comes with a sword
Pounds of flesh
No peace only war
Rages light
Funeral pyre
A blight on the guilty
Stand by the law
Face up to the fires

Who Farted?

They said that I had farted
I assuredly had not
They said there's one way to tell
Stick a finger up your bot
I teased it with a digit
It was feeling hot
The smell lingered on the tip
I guess a quiet shot
Some farts are like cannon fire

Ripping cheeks apart
Thunder from below
But it seems that mine are not
Silent and deadly
Once savoured
Not forgot
Farts can be contentious
Point of order
Rule of law
Asked to judge the verdict
Mine beg for an encore

Farts (alternate ending)

They said that I had farted
I assuredly had not
They said there's one way to tell
Stick a finger up your bot

I teased it with a digit
It was feeling hot
The smell lingered on the tip
I guess a quiet shot

Some farts are like cannon fire
Ripping cheeks apart
Thunder from below
But it seems that mine are not
Silent and deadly
Once savoured
Not forgot

Some must know who farted
Who the cheeks that parted?
Farts can be contentious
Point of order
Rule of law
Asked to judge the verdict
Mine so gently beg your leave
Bouquet to linger on the nose
Appealing for release

Rooms

Life like a mansion
It's many rooms

Alive with each guest

Some depart too soon

Life's many rooms

A brass knocker at the door

Greetings reception

Polished floors

In the kitchen

The scullery maid

Heat of the hearth

Where bread is made

Smell of yeast to the dough

As loaves rise

Their Golden brown

Magic to the eyes

The sound of the laundry

Going round and round

Cleansing soap

Machine vibrates struggling aloud

Life is a mansion
The bedroom favoured
Where sweets are tasted
With sighs to savour

I recall the staircase
Watching you rise
The curve of hip
Shape of your thighs
Go kindly on my dreams
Such moments few to me it seems

Cobwebs in the attic
Dusty recollection in the shade
Fading photography
Things of which a life is made

The heart sinking
At the closing door
Wondering of the room
Where my hopes soared

Life like a mansion

Guests fondly parting
And finally
Ever coming far too soon
We all come to rest
The memory it's garden
Its flowers blooming
For our empty tombs

Uncles

Perfect alibi
Or so you thought
How many years for you to prepare
During my childhood that you stole

Some call it attempted murder of the soul
I wouldn't put it past you
After all there was the fall
And Humpty Dumpty didn't say it all

Poisoned meals, the toxins slow
Vengeance on your wife's father
Two wrongs almost make a right

Except you were just as bad come the night
You had to have your way
The drinks you spiked

You headed off the Indians at the pass
Invested in my escape routes
Infected their ideology
Just greasing palms, you didn't give a hoot
Minty chocolate chip ice cream
Your sexual preferences in plain sight

You always offered bribes
The police retirement fund
I think you even got away with murder
But I can never prove it
I'm even living in the area
That gave you the key

A polymath to some
Always the eclectic
A dominant director
Some tortures electric
I remember the flicking fingers at my eyes

You laughed how it would desensitise
Every one has a price
The web of your lies

Frogs into princes
A new age cover up
In bed with the supports
An existential fuck up
Ever wanting an iron in each fire
Iron John, stolen wills on which to retire
Just what does it mean
This 'organised' crime
What's your poison
Powdering their nose

Grand designs for the net
Trawling for little fish
Just a guilt trip that they get
Bait for blackmail
Force the next generation to comply
They had a plan for that
Before it hit your homes
Try to get the hook in

The shamed to their silence
Blame the architects
This judgements final
No more Innocent parties
Or do you thought
You said it would entrap
More of your crap
I was just another childhood polaroid
For their machine

You cast a long shadow
An oh so social psychopath
People look the other way
Who's this then , in on the deal
You liked to form connections
For your chain
'Such a very good fellow'
Paedophilic just the same

Yesterday's news

Discarded narratives
Like last nights evening edition news

Photos framed for a hook
Hack journalism set to confuse

The paper boys fingers
Blackened by ink
Smearing the letter box
With guilty identification prints

The latest story
A scandal to scoop
Themes keep returning
Life stuck in a loop

Paparazzi flash
A poses latest vogue
Locked and loaded
Lenses set to shoot

Points of view
Fading to grey
Folded on the train carriage
Memory discards away

Temporary distractions
Half digested facts
Divided in columns
Moments won't come back

Discarded narratives
The point that we loose
So many words
Wasting away
A forgotten edit
Yesterday's news

The message

Is the art of conversation dead?
You scan your phone
Something else in your head
Multitasking not the same
I want your full attention
Not a cluttered brain
You're always replying to some texts
Don't you know , it drives me insane

I mention a topic
You do not know
Straight to Wikipedia
That's where you go
I listen as you recite some facts
But the moments not coming back
You could of asked me a question
But of course instead
With a stream of data
Is all I'm fed

I like intimacy
You think that's a sext
Another horizontal line
Leeds to your bed
On your back
Like the living dead
I want someone to talk to
Think of other subjects instead

You say that you're connected
But you're always in another place
I guess you're going to feel rejected

If I say from technology I need some space
All you ever talk about is what's on your screen
Shallow waters in which you swim
The selfie you took last week
Or the latest video that you streamed
You only communicate one thing
As you await for your phone to ring

My words don't ever seem to reach through
As you answer every text that they send to you
Do you ever stop to talk ?
Taking a quiet walk
You don't even look me in the eye
As I'm saying a last goodbye

This is my message and it means one thing
Why don't you switch off that fucking thing?

Devils advocate

Free speech in decline
Censors tame our thoughts
No room to disagree
Trading in extremes

The right to offend
And to be offended
Calling a cease fire
Where the flame wars ended

Provocative remarks
Rekindling the sparks
Embers in the ash
Where argument rages

Give the devil his due
No voice should be oppressed
Liberty to defend
The right to contradict

Prejudice is not just a word
It's a bloody attitude
You can't control the way some think
Give them rope, then they'll sink

The light of discourse
Exposes falsehoods shadows

Only in dialogue

Are fault lines revealed

The right to disagree

With me as much as you

You cannot incite

What was not already there

If you want to catch out the devil

You must first be his biggest advocate

Dry clean only

The electric cool aid acid kid

Put them to the test

Is it just the way they dress?

How do they look after a fall?

Sent to the dry cleaners

Has it lost its shape?

Quality a quantity

All those days gone by

How did I stand up

To the time of trial?

They think we're idiots
Say the face don't fit
Take a look what's on the inside
Before judgements wrong decide

Just how do I tick?
Do you think that I am thick?
Don't confuse a route map
With the lived journey
You think decades of abstinence
Are but an idle boast

Platitudes to attitudes
You know it's empty words
The fooled and the faithful
Dogmas all we heard
Do you think that I can't take it?
Did I never suffer it at all?

Sent to the cleaners
And coming up for air
Still the squeaky clean

Perhaps I'll put colour in my hair
Don't conform to false expectation
Don't go living by their lies
There's those who'd bring you down
Who said that life was fare?

Rossetti

Refresh me with your lips return
Oasis in the dunes
Like so many mirages before
Parched mouth the pool to thirst

The sensual world
Felt with the stroke
Of trembling finger tips
Smoothing the fair cheeks
Living colour
Hair entwined

Suggestive poise
The virgin whores
Thrusting of the thought

Provoking false confessions
A portrait to the lack
Of loves sacred flame

With poppy sleep
Mop fevered brow
Still jealous of the touch
Sought through out my dreams
Ripe pomegranates
Flesh to glistening seed

The obelisk
Raising the stone
Erect the pedestal
Perch for sculpted form
Martyrs blood
To fraught wings of the dove

Her sweet body perfumed
Fair and firm
To nestle at the neck
Curvaceous to the bite
The altar of the passions

Where burns the candle flame

In the black

Suddenly I see

New land on the horizon

The promise to be free

Power in the rising

The sun fills up the sky

Dawning of new era

Now's the time to try

To break out from the chains

The waiting in the wings

Listening for the prompt

Evolving as we win

The right to take the floor

The hope of liberation

Heart beats in the chest

New realisation

Of the choice with which we're blessed

Growing in our freedom
The light of dreams may come
Celebrations reasons
The battles that we won

Raising of the fist
Where the spirit soars
All we ever wanted
Just a little more
Now I'm in the black
And there's no looking back

Crow Talk

They said it must be murder
Saw them talking to the crows
There beside the red barn
That's how the story goes

Some folks are scared of anything
A stranger in the town
Gets the tongues a wagging

They'll put anybody down

The face fits for the trial

And Kafka knew it would

When people get to judging

They'll say that ones got the look

False accusations

Some have got a grudge

The court rooms now in session

Who says you shouldn't judge?

Old crow he's a trickster

You can hear it in his laugh

The preacher wants them clean

Could use an acid bath

They left an amber turd

Right there in the bed

What's a man to do?

Wipe their arse with a clean sheet?

Make a phone call to the press men

Another flash in the pan that they'll repeat

They say it must be murder
Talking to the crows
The story of the red barn
Where the rumours sowed
There's danger in those eyes
The tensions sure to show
Character actor fit for a narrative
It's just the way it goes

Justice

You see there's sparse justice
For the poor
The rich and the powerful
Live above the law

Fit and upright
Or so they say
Redemption is something
You'll not see one day

There's those who take

From all our labours
Living their lies
Greased palms court favours

Inherit the world
With all its sins
Cards stacked against us
You just cant win

There's cell doors closed
On those who cannot afford
Corruption of lawyers
No sign of the lord
One thing you'll discover
Everybody has a price

Fat cats grow richer
The games not fair
Compassionate hearts
Forever rare
Bow down to the power
Do what you're told
That's the story

Of the school teachers of old
You may live to question
The lies they sold

Synthesis

Journey into sound
Turn the knobs around
Playing of the keys
A techno symphony

Low frequency oscillating
Of filter resonance
Whistles like a laser
In the throb of trance

Beats that break the silence
Bass accents for the floor
Programming the leads
To punch through a little more

Shifting up an octave
Arpeggio advance

In concentric loops
Where the notes all dance

Voiced by oscillators
Modulation moves around
Adjustments to the envelope
Shaping the sound

Lost in synthesis
Doodle through the night
Trying to write a sequence
To sit within the track
Be sure to save your edits
Cos there's no turning back

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Pooh sticks

The Tao of pooh
An empty head
Of a little mind
Not so well read

Power of the small
Just like piglet
Squeeze through the holes
Of traps that they've set

Beware the honey
That's easily found
You could get stuck in
What goes around

Tiggers are bouncy
Till they get caught in a tree
There's a moral

To the story for all to see

Look out for rabbit

Who's telling porkers

Kanga in a pouch

Safe as wise owl

A little brain

Can go a long way

An empty mind

Doesn't care for what they all say

Playing pooh sticks

Atop the bridge

Forever trying to stay afloat

Beside the wild wild wood

If you find yourself

Stuck in a hole

Call on somebody else

A saviours role

What's the big idea

A bear of such little brain
On the look out for honey
The traps remain
A clean sheet
With much to gain
Always recall
The power of the small

Debt

Forever covetous
Perhaps too greedy
A life of want
Won't spare the needy

There's wrecked lives
Left out in the road
The rich mans crime
Compassion showed

There's knives they draw
Behind your back
Thieving hands

Make sure you'll lack

They'll lend you tomorrow

Sell out today

Leave you in debt

There is one way

Interest rates

Keep you on your toes

They're the ones who reap

Whilst others try to sow

Keeping up with the Joneses

Whilst they're looking down their noses

Russian roulette

Twice as fair

Shoot yourself in the foot

The rich don't care

Dreams

Dreams fade

Like the passing clouds

Melting with the sunlight
Of a summers sky

Like autumns chill
On the evening air
Hopes cool
Seasons we must come to bare

Winter comes
Even to those that are dear to the light
All turns to grey
Facing the longest night

Joys brief
Like fleeting glimpses to be fulfilled
We try to hold on
But candle flames will burn out still

Waxen tears
Melting like the frozen heart
Deaths grip
Ever seeks life from the start

Dreams fade

Like the passing clouds

Recall the heart beat

The rhythm playing loud

Flushed cheeks

The memories kiss that they allowed

Slow suicide

Suicide for the masses

The entropy against life

Faced with the decay

Our historic decline

Rain forests shrinking

The end of many species

That arose from the primal soup

Earning the right to be

The reflection in the eyes

Of a mother chimpanzee

Looking on her infant

Suckling at the breast

Sensing an ending
Freedom of the wild
Mankind's long shadow
Blotting all else out

The fight for survival
The spark of consciousness
Ubiquity of indifference
Faith in all out greed
The road to extinction
Corporate path to death

Limited resources
That we mismanage
Bow down to the profit
In selling tomorrow out
Cutting down the trees
Destabilised habitat
The cry of chimpanzees
Whilst our fires are burning out

You

Sometimes it feels when my hope is sinking
That I don't have much of anything
But even as I'm thinking
I realise that I have you

Lonely nights in solitude
I spend with a blank sheet
Trying to tell you what I feel
How you make my heart miss a beat

The sun comes up within your smile
A new dawn for which I sit in wait
Colour painted across the sky
The breeze whispers of good fate

I searched the shadows for a sign
I looked everywhere to find
The thing that I was seeking
In the years that I was blind

There's a feel of gratitude
In just knowing you

All those futile searches
The tears from which I grew

Sometimes there's only darkness
A mind vexed by experience
But now a light shines on me
In knowing I have you

Sparks

Love in a silent way
So hard it seems to voice
Fumbling with expression
Somehow lost for choice

Cliches come
And cliches go
Shuffling words on cards
This is how it feels to me
Each phrase falls short
It's hard

When inspiration strikes me

Flowing from the heart

Spontaneous I weave a spell

I think of you

It starts

Like sparklers

On bonfire night

Ever trying to write your name

An excitement in the light

Like a guiding star

Traced across the dark nights sky

Signed within a heart

I launch just like a rocket

When I hear your voice

Ignition of the spirit

You always light my fuse

Feeling that I might burst apart

Streaking towards the moon

Love has many faces

Many seasons to the heart

I count my blessings where they're found

A feeling when we part
Ever ready to greet you once more
You must of seen it from the start
They ask me if it is enough
In humility I respond
I give you words of a song
That will not depart

Green glades

Jack in the green
willow the whisp
Where you walk amongst the trees
The spirits of the magic wood
Speak to me of distant dreams

Where a fairy godmother
Waives her star tipped wand
Sprinkling glitter golden
Across the path where tread your feet

You weave a spell
With flowing hair

The rhythm of your hips
like the bee to honey
I thirst for flowers lips

Fond thoughts
Heart opening
Like the forest glade
Within I see you dancing
As I whisper words only for your ear

The breeze could cary tidings
Projections on the air
Where the sylph are hiding
The leaves adorn their hair

Cool drops of rain
On a summers day
Fingers softly drumming
On the window pane
Calling to spirits in the wood
Where they know our names
Heralds of seasons rising up
To greet you with a truth to say

Leads

Plundered from your iCloud

Schedule tells them your next move

They'll create a situation

To try to draw you out

Even when you're legal

They want to question your accounts

Move a little money

They're the ones that spread the doubts

Back doors you'd think illegal

No warrant that they've signed

Man of their suspicions

See how they're act is timed

They'll fabricate a problem

To put you under the magnifying glass

Co-opted like they're undercover

All they want is the price from selling out your arse

The mailman always delivers
There's another side to his role
The priesthood ever listens
For a lead to sell your soul

Sitting on the line when you make the call
Another interview
Are you really that big a fool?
On the lookout for any dirt
A stickler to every rule
They're lurking in the net
To try to catch out the fatal cool
They've got your router
And it's address
Tell me is it a goal?
And which one calls the press?

Rigidity

False positivity
Just plain don't want to feel
Emotional rigidity
It's time to get bloody real

Swept beneath the carpet
Hiding fragility
Time to face the light
Show some agility

Acceptance of our feelings
Sign of resilience
Living authenticity
The rhythm of life's dance

Heart monitor on a screen
The peaks go up and down
Riding on the waves
Flat linings under ground

Surfing on the crest
Fluidly to flow
Life an oscillation
Undulations how it goes

Pushing down our pain
Suppressing all our fears

You're judging it as sin
My grief you cannot hear
We all one day will die
Courage shows a tear

See me

Spontaneity

Creativity

Integrity

Authenticity

Agility

Being me

Don't go with your rigidity.

Bloody sacrifice

Don't want to be a christian

A thing most vile in humility

Don't want the yoke of religion

To put it's weight upon my back

Watch what they do

A nest of hypocrites

Their's the cult of sin
Original of guilt
Guided by delusions
From prayer to a god that simply isn't there

They call their way the truth
That their road is the one less traveled
Saying that they're free
Living by a lie
Where they're just like slaves
On their bended knee

Serving moral virtues
That don't live up to the world
Ethics we can derive ourselves
In our humanity
Living for the liberty
Of all in equality

Don't want to be a Christian
Believing in their foul book
Married in one body
Fighting their futile fight

Rigidity, control
Conformists to a role

False redemption
That is tragic
No one lives forever
Use that to motivate
In the final judgement
Their love leads to much hate

Life has no given meaning
Make of it what you will
No true north that guides us
Fond illusions idolising still
Not looking for a saviour
There's not that much that I've done wrong

It's not just that god isn't there
The ethos that they follow
Is to all unfair
Blind ideology
Dogma that is wrote
When I see their shackles

I want to tear the blinkers off
Ours a pagan nation
Make the sacrifice
A curse on all the churches
I'd rather slit the priesthood's
Bloody throat.

Addiction

Back in alcohol treatment
And that was only 30 years ago
Teaching me nothing about how to live
Let alone the nature of addiction

They said rely on peer support
When they didn't know how to do it too
Wreckage along the roadside
Not equipped for the long haul

They put the greatest of emphasis
On recovery being spiritual
A crutch worth nothing at all
Because they had no real answers

They defined as insanity
Anything that contradicts their ideology

Take stock in inventory
Repent of all your wrongs
Make amends to those you harmed
Redemption find through prayer
They've built a house of cards
From evangelical reform

All a load of lies
Nothing really there
Recovery takes big bollocks
You just have to bite the bullet
No need to be ashamed
It's no real sacrifice

Why am I still sober?
It's just a habit that I'm in
When I face emotional distress
I don't seek relief within a bottle
It's nothing to do with ego
Or a case of self will

If it were I'd be in the drink
Because I'm always up for a good riot
They make me an outsider
Because I don't do the things they say
You see their bloody programme
Just gets in the way

Success?

Contingency in reality
Too many factors to quantify
There's no magic formula
Can guarantee success in life

Some say it takes hard work
Only something like 13% of business really make it
All those investors
Those who grafted for a good idea

Over 40% of marriages
End up in the bin
Relationships might not be the answer
Can you depend on him?

They say all clouds
Have silver linings
If you question
Solutions will come
You may find life has more answers
From just bathing in the sun

Everyone wants rules
To get ahead in the game
So many claim authority
But a lot have shit for brains
Ask how many with a university degree
End up in debt, serving coffee?

Talent's no guarantee
Rags to riches fantasy
Of course if someone helps you
You may stand a sporting chance

Some gather in little groups
To claim that it's their strength
If it don't work out

They'll say you didn't go to their lengths

There's no magic formula

Much is contingent and takes some luck

The young all look to follow

Those who tell them they've got it made

They'll sell them an angle

You know they're on the take

Money is freedom

The power to success

Remember its not all your fault

If you get in a bloody mess

Offender?

Globalisation

Does it embrace all?

Liberal credentials

But must the extremes be forced to conform?

The censors burn books

Wreck reputations

Destroy followings

Isolate the offensive

The claim of pluralism

Whilst they exclude

Academics interpret

Flowers of evil, soul food

The right to offend

Free speech it's own good

A sole survivor

When they declare war

No room for opinion

Closing cell doors

Authoritarians

Who's on the out side?

They claim a thought crime

Anything that doesn't fit

Terror incitement

You know it's bullshit

No ambiguity

From the barb wire fence where they sit

Cutting us off

Virtual insanity

Who is the fascist ?

Who promotes liberty

Right to self expression

To affiliate

Right to belief

Freedom in privacy

So why are the nazis

Sat on my line?

Capital

Surveillance capitalism

In the market for big data

Phones generate intel

When you surf they aggregate ya

Owners of service provision

A new class war

Economic mechanisms

Leading to behavioural control

Did you find a new chat room?
To share your private thoughts
Monopoly of communications
Zoom your way to video evidence

The new imperative
Puppet masters web for strings
Back doored, drop a hint
The long arm of the law
Blurring of the boundaries
No room for privacy

Calculated inevitability
Sophistication to the tech
Do you have a choice
With the products into which you buy?
Suppliers want certainty
Mining your experiences

Find a new platform
Slave auctions dating game
Trojan horses for the masters
That try to rule over our lives

Do you have a stake in the distribution
Of the data you generate?
Now we all look like painted whores
To pimps at the back door

Skype

I have my therapy on skype
Is it legal to look in?
Privacy rights
Edits that could put me in the bin?

I listen to their questions
Ever mindful of a third eye
A slow interview technique
Leaves me to sigh
There's professional ethics
But there could be a deal for a lie

Do they have just one client?
The local authority has tried to do me in
They've got all the power
False perspectives could be their sin

Do I have rights over the footage?

The data they mirror

It's not an original idea

To discredit with a jump cut edit

They could overdub me

Digitally masked to lip sync

It can look a bit lofi

Cos video calls can really stink

It would only take a commentary

To put me in the drink

I watched as posters on buses

Promoted women that I've known

All from my support system

A bit of a big coincidence

All who could witness

That I was as sane as they come

Am I whipped by the party?

I don't think much of politics

But I know who'd sell out

In a power play
I'm mindful of my boundaries
Just have a nice day

Pop idols

Do you think we all buy
The pop star dream
Another printed T shirt
On the look out for a scream?

Do you believe what they sell us
That the market is free?
How do they hire a PR consultant
Or a publicist see?

They say we are democracy
A market capitalists hope
Bow down to the dollar
Buy the presidents shoe shine boy
Some fresh wax for their cloth

They play paranoia

With civil rights
A social inequality
Injustice where we never win the fight

Why don't you give up?
Kids only follow the fantasy
Rags to riches
Divorced from reality
Media idolatry
Life's not a game show

Individualisation
The neo liberals sell
Self realisation
How many have fell?
It takes resources
That you don't have
The millionaires club
Are all promoting themselves

Why?

If you ask me why

They put me in
I really do not know
There was a set up
That much is true
It takes many voices
To mount a flame war
I was at my peak
No crime
No drugs
No drink
I stood trial for terror
On the flimsiest of evidence
And the case was never fully heard
When I was in,
security from the premiers
We're on my case
And even beat me up
In a lonely cell
There was a Tory
With a blue rosette
A minute before the set up fight
The length I served was disproportionate
The way they treated me inhumane

It was only a month after the human rights case
That went on for over a year
And mysteriously timed out
If you ask me why
Teams are still looking in
I do not know
There's nothing that I've done
They've been on my case
For nearly 20 years
And a bit
The decade before
The ward is also now almost a decade ago
I guess someone doesn't like
My creativity
The duty solicitor
Openly head banged over the video link
During trial
The human rights group
That sent a witness
Said it was freemasonry
And they couldn't get involved
That it went above their heads
When I have always been against the order

It looks like someone did a deal
Lots of people didn't like
That I stay sober in defiance
Of their bullshit god
And you know
Painting by numbers
Were stalking me from clubs
And Played a vicious hand

Good guys

Good guys always win
Saturday film matinee club
Zoro putting on his mask
Like a phantom stranger
Ice cream cones the only sin

Waiting for red curtains
The opening scene
Until the credits roll
Cinema paradiso

The torch shining the way

To a ticket numbered seat
Recall when there were ashtrays
Sticky fingers shouldn't touch

Jump cut edits
On celluloid
Shushed to whispers
With a hiss

Can batman save the day
Lit signal in dark sky
The banana splits
Sun glasses in their cars

You know whilst we were sat there
There was someone watching over us
Until the final credits roll
Cos good guys always win

Nureyev

White tights and ballet shoes
Legs stretch at the bar

Keeping you on your toes
The red flags rising star

Trans Siberian express
Delivered from wrong side of the tracks
Not quite a Russian bear
There was no turning back

The White Crow Nureyev
Stood out from the crowd
And challenged the Kremlin
Dancing beyond what they allowed

Destined to defect
Asylum from the west
Liberty crown of the french
Sweet garlands for his chest

A hero in his freedom
Choosing his own side
With flowers of adoration
Known both far and wide

Tragic end for this champion
The wreath tied with red ribbon
A shooting star to the passion
His light lives ever on

Howl

Moloch sucking the life blood
From cenotaph concrete hard ons
Cut ups wired to contradict
Beneath a burning nations flag
Where rent boys court favours
For an anal holy grail
And the prophets on the street signs
Direct to buses not in service
Where the only howl
Is the screams of the homeless
Jumping off Londons burning bridge
And zen poets laugh aloud
At dancing Wu Li masters
Forever on your tail
Destined to be cremated like the chaff
Of forgotten publishing houses

Where each generations labour
Is consumed by a cleansing fire
And only William Marshals nose
Smells the smoke the youth inhales
Directed by unseen hands
And recollections of radio days
Where memory repeats on loops
Like a green revolutionary going round and round
Spinning tops of inception
And cocks forever ejaculate
In their silent YES!

The devil

Their god that art the devil
Prayed to by both thief and king
Served by the people of the lie
That they declare as the one truth
Making false witness
Spread rumour against the innocent

Their churches testament
To corrupt servility

Raising up a cross
To their own hypocrisy
Justifying their war
By inculcating with original guilt

Those that know its name
Persecuted by the demiurge
A history writ in blood
Engineered to failure
Prostrate before cold statues
Forced to bended knee

Their god is just the devil
Trying to chain mans soul
Their path with footprints in the sand
They say a homecoming
Altars built by architects
Testimony to their insanity

But look on the words of their bible
And see through to the blasphemy
For they speak words of the devil
And their god just isn't there

You see they are so holy
That's why they exclude and ostracise

Madness that they spread
Trying to convert
God that art the devil
I'll see your followers in hell
A curse on your sick thinking
My right to disagree

The sacrament

I hear the sacrament
Is made from Jesus' cum
When they're all down on their knees
The priesthood sticks it up their bums

Jesus was a cuckold
To Mary Magdalene
It's not writ in the bible
Because that book is totally insane

Jesus was a felcher

He sucked his disciples bums
When they had a daisy chain
It trickled on his tongue

I hear the sacrament
Is made from Jesus' cum
He never put it in a virgin
Unless it was his mum

You know its all absurd
What they call the holy word
Kissing each other's bottoms
It's how they clean their turds

Was jesus homosexual?
We all like to get us some
I'm an atheist
So I'll take anyone
They offer us conversion therapy
Does god know that I'm a bi one ?

You know the sacrament
Is really the Christs' cum

He had a few disciples
And he stuck it up their bums

Abuse

There's a wire listening in
To everything i do or say
No respect for privacy
The 'community' taking turns at monitoring

They've a key to my front door
Damaging property
Leaving little messages
I wish they'd put out the bins

The police live in my flats
They sow rumour that I am a problem
No regard for disability
Or fundamental rights
This a story of corruption
Their methods of control

Civil law is violated

There's no way they can justify
I'm not even a criminal
There's no warrant of which I'm aware
They say they've sold me out
I don't know what they are talking about

Local government agencies
Attack my reputation
I'm sent to Coventry
False claims from medical personnel
I get fed fake news to try to delude
TV full of filtered over dubs

There's no mechanism I. can invoke
To protect from abuse of power
As they hack my every move
And try to exploit and destroy my work
When my website is down
It's caused by hidden hands
The only response that I can give
Is the government are full of shit

Victims

The police are profiling victims
Claiming a moral high ground
Criminalising those they can
Using rumour to undermine
They say we shouldn't name
Those by whom we were abused
That they have an imperative
To keep negligence under wraps
They spend tax payers money
Trying to detract
All for one and one for all
Men's movement protecting the abusers
They use technology
To try to delude
All they seek is a bloody label
With which they can assume control
The system is totally corrupt
They want to avoid issuing compensation
They're getting in the way
Of civil litigation
What they don't want the public to know
Is that child protection isn't working

If you make a complaint
They just turn up the heat
They put child abuse images on the net
And then claimed it was to entrap
This is the reality
Their new deals a load of crap
Plants in the survivors movement
Sold out by a counsellor
Those willing to collude
Social engineer homelessness
Keeping us all down
It's been this way my whole life
Staging interventions
Into 'issues' they fabricate
A culture of denial
And its us victims they suppress

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To everything i do or say
No respect for privacy
The 'community' taking turns at monitoring

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Damaging property

Leaving little messages

I wish they'd put out the bins

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It's caused by hidden hands

The only response that I can give

Is the government are full of shit

Promise keepers?

Tinpot dictators

Targeting those who cannot work

Social construct disablement

Yet they keep waging their war

Trying to label

To assume some control

Dance to the rhythm

Of their conservative drum

Tag team harassment

Try to force to conform

They only are civil
When you bow down to their lash
I'm not in a work group
I am addicted to nothing
They can't find an angle
To make me their slave
There's those who are claiming
Only real men are free
I'm not doffing my cap
Nor bending my knee
They say they've a techno god
With an eye all seeing
Self fulfilling fallacy
Shacked of mind
They proclaim themselves giants
Stewards of the culture
But their just little boys
Who can only stand up for themselves
Within little gangs
It's the creative ones they hate the most
The market will tame us
Or so they suppose
They've never offered an in

Besides I'd refuse

Plants

The gas mans a coming

He's sure to give your home a scan

Co-opted to provide intel

Put out your roaches in a can

The postman came a knocking

Poked his nose around my door

How do they communicate

With neighbourly cops,

who knows the score?

There's scanners in ambulances

What do you think all their tech is for?

TA needs to train some medics

To check the hidden mics under your floor

Back doors in your OS

Phone camera tracking where you look

Location one, for investigations

Situationist in a set up
They'll claim its for your protection
Tell the lads that you fessed up
Plants within the football team
You've no sporting chance to lift the cup

Another hour of counselling
Digging for some dirt
Trained in interrogation
Why do they all like to flirt?
Divorced from consensus reality
What future relationship will we have?
Delusions fed to the TV
Edited artificial intelligence avatars

School boys into spies
The ones willing to sell out their friends
They'll end up in a shit job
But the hoodwinks never end
They even work the junky
Cut some slack, watch where they send

They'll force search results

To your computer screen

Direct you to meet ups

Paranoid society

And the only thing for which you're guilty

Is at school you never were one to kiss up

You place faith in civil rights

The truth is we have none

Surveillance society

Facial recognition in the crowd

Be thankful for human error

What algorithms will allow

The nazis have taken over

A new age technological as the last

Disease

The churchmen spread

Their foul disease

Theology

To bring folks to their knees

Religious schools

Deluded students

Faith in here after

Where critical thinking?

The priesthood lay false claims

To power

Instruct the faithful

Like sheep herded to submit

Superstition

Indoctrination

Inculcated guilt

Hated dogma

Despise the ideology

But not the people

Stuck in traditions

The faint, needy

No moral virtue

Greater than reason

Find your ethics

In rationality

The pulpits empty
The bible scorned
There is no apocalypse
Of which forewarned

No hope to find
In childhood fables
They who blindly follow
In their ignorance

The churches tombs
Their foul disease
Rise to your feet
Get off your knees

Camilla Parker Bowels

Camilla likes to use royal jelly
When she slides down the cenotaph
It's as hard as Prince Charles willy
When he shakes it in the bath

Charlie likes to wear a kilt
Tosses the caber for a laugh
Ties her wrists with finest tartan
Bondage royal in fine scarfs

What's he got under his sporran?
Is he wearing any pants?
The Union Jack raised on a pole
A golden rain upon us ants

What do they do in English gardens
Plucking flowers for loved ones
I hear they like to have a threesome
But not in french, unless he's the first to come

Charlie's arse fits on a golden throne
He strains a bit
To free his bowels
Footman like to wipe his bum
There's some who kiss his regal ring

Camilla uses royal jelly
A lubricant above all else

Charlie likes to stick it in
He is her one and only king

Fire from heaven

Dionysus breaks the chains
In realms of delirium
Drunk upon the grape
With promises to be free

The brain it's hemispheres
Is that where lies the struggle?
Conflicted duality
Neurotics to their muddle

Apollonian reason
Sat hunched like the thinker
Chin wrested on the fist
Vacillations rationality

We dance toward liberty
Weaving a spell to break the bonds
But Echo ever calls

To return Psyche to domination

Prometheus steals the fire

Raging in his hubris

The gods their nemesis

The chains encircling our limbs

Do the shackles ever break?

Manacles of the spirit

We seek to fly beyond the bounds

That bind the mind to servility

Hypnos blights our dreams

Fond illusions, psychology

The price of excess

The wisdom of it's road

The promise to be free

That ever returns us to dependency

Flying high like Icarus

Heed the warning of the old

Wise as Silenus

A fathers tear

Shed in their knowledge

The fall that is foretold
The youth forever to their folly
They forget the old
Also were once the young

Orpheus

Orpheus in the underworld
A poets song of grief
Requiems lament
For his stollen love

Charming the three headed beast
A paean for his coin
To travel over the Styx
Into deaths realm beyond

Hades ever ruled
By the darkest spirit
Dragging voices down
Into depths of despair

Following his lyrics

The heart longed for the most
She who ascends stairway to heaven
Returning from death's door

But the troubadour turning back
To stare upon the vision
The object of desire
Melts away just like a mirage

No marriage of kindred souls
More like reflections in the mirror
Like unto narcissus' pool
Alone unto the last

The furies wept their tears
At the minstrel's verse
Cross your heart
Off with their heads
Alas for love lays dead

Able

Disableism

Quality of life

Disempowered

By restricted attitudes

Hidden deficits

Do you think that I am less?

You judge my worth

Only by the things I cannot do

Trauma leaves its hidden scars

Some try to trigger

Think they have right to harass

As if their abuse will change the past

I hear the mockers

That think I should be in a ward

Just because I do not work

In ways which they applaud

Enable me

To rise on broken wings

Include me

And the community is the one to win
I make allowances for your ignorance
A human being just like any else

Empower me
Build bridges
Not a wall
Social constructs
On which I rise or fall

It takes two
It's not all down to me
Exclusions prejudice
That adds a social element
To my disability

Those who cannot see
That I long to be free
Assert self worth
And live accepted
With a right to respect
And liberty

God of poo too.

The god of poo, sends voices to their ears

The god of poo, leaves them all in fear

The god of poo, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear

The god of poo, I'm never drawing near.

The god of poo, hypnosis to your dreams

The god of poo, you know it when you scream

The god of poo, where do they put the wire?

The god of poo, just when will they retire?

The god of poo, like Radio Gaga

It's all they hear, this Land is looking LaLa

The god of poo, a sub dominants dream

If they catch you listening they'll bring in the looney
team

The god of poo, they'll say anything for it to go way

Just switch it off and every morning they will pray

The god of poo, lead their thoughts where you may

The god of poo, technophobic, ooh I say

The god of poo, sends voices to their ears
Hypnotises confessions, they'll say they'll do a deal
The god of poo, the one to really fear
They'll send you to a quack who can't even really heal

Put you in the frame, because they say your face is the
one that fits

The god of poo, getting on your tits

The god of poo, with an all seeing eye

The god of poo, are thoughts fed by an AI?

The god of poo could auto suggest you have a fit

The god of poo, it's a load of shit

Implants

When you awoke from your cell

Could you remember dentistry?

That's where they sent you

After drugging your food

Resin caps, hollow teeth

You'll never think to remove it

Implanted electronic tags

Micro devices

Like the running man
Trying to find a way out
All roads are closed
All routes return here

You think it can't happen
Because there's human rights
But you're the naive
No one offers a light
Why can't you sire children
Is the truth out of sight?

An alien abduction
Of those who rebel
Private ambulances
Deliver to an empty cell
Doesn't matter if your innocent
The best of us fell

What's got under your skin?
You just cannot win

What's the plate in your chest for?

In this age of implants.

Have you heard of eugenics

Do you think the fascists can't?

Belligerents

People who don't go out to work everyday?

Belligerent ,layabout, scum!

They must all be on drugs

Drink themselves to sleep

Decadent, libertine, bums.

We should all declare war

On those benefit spongers

Force square pegs into round holes

Remove safety nets

Leave them to beg on the streets

Scroungers, best become passers by

Leave them without a pot to piss in

No hand outs

Not even pennies for a cup of tea

Drive them insane with our jeers

Strip them of all they own

Give their clothes to a good christian charity
And leave them cold and naked, despised.
We all know they should pull their socks up
Work a god fearing day for minimal wage
Parasites, feeding off mothers tits
Ostracise
Mount a witch hunt
Call them every name under the sun
Do them in
Who cares?
I bet they wank all day
Watching other peoples kids go to school
And the good people going to work
Whilst they sit on their arse
Making up excuses.
The welfare state,
It should be banned
Enabling deviants to thrive.

Alternatively-

I am disabled
It's why I get support payments
I've been on benefits 30 years

There must be some reason
So you'd think
You cannot see my emotional scars
Cannot rationalise away my trauma
I even make a minor contribution
Cultural pearls before swine
In the business of winning
A good honest consumer
Keeping others in business
From the fruits of my humble creations
Leave your abusive thoughts to yourself
I get by, despite my health.
(In other words, Fuck Off you Fascist Bastards!)

Dunking Do Nots

Some people are defined
By what they do not do
Better be remembered
For what you do

Abstinence so long
I no longer recall the point

It's just another habit
In which I'm caught

Do what you do
And do it well
Simple things
With practice tells

No one does extraordinary things
Without doing the ordinary
Extraordinarily well
Life a rehearsal
Take it from the top again

It doesn't really matter
What you do not do
Keep on trying
For perfections true

Some people ever defined
By what they do not do
They call it a virtue
Their pride untrue

Do what you do
And strive to do it well
It doesn't even matter
If it never sells

Millennium cults

I do not care what you think
As you gather in little groups
Trying to claim some power
You invade my privacy
Intrude on my space
You are the kind of people
I freely despise

Like ideological warfare
You try to make others conform
You call yourself the 'community'
But it's you I choose to scorn
There is no outside
How can you be 'in'
Crass value systems
With me you'll never win

You try to control
Spread false accusation
Assume you know me
When all you've got is a name
Seek to isolate
You don't even seem to realise
That yours is the crime of hate

Have any of you even tried
Talking to the ones you say are on the outside?
You call foul jeers
Whilst I sit trying to ignore you
When I'm out and about
You melt away
You haven't got the balls
To meet with me face to face

You invade private emails
As if you have a right
As if every penny I spend
Should be in the public domain
It's not paranoia

When you freely discuss
Transfers I make between accounts
It's criminal invasion of privacy
And you do it in plain sight
As if this is the 'rights' of 'christ'
I dont give a shit about your faith
I just want you out
Of my face

You offer me nothing
But disrespect
Calling the shots
And you think you are safe
Your approach towards me could lead
To blood in the street
I've dealt with this for five years
Nothing you do has changed me one bit
I don't want to be in with you
I don't even empathise with you

I have no idea what you are all about
What you are trying to achieve
With your harassment

You drop names I do not know
Try to project airs of authority
And your motive doesn't matter
Caught in the act
Why don't you leave me alone?
I don't even want to know
And that's the facts

Sartre and Camus, two of the greatest philosophers of the post war era, had a long standing debate as to the value of violence. Although both espoused inalienable individualist freedoms they conceded that the demagogue of the state system in capitalist society curtailed and restricted those liberties. Camus took the side of the pacifist within his role in that dialogue although conceded to the need for violence in war. Sartre argued for revolutionary violence, supporting the proletariat in revolt against their capitalist masters. The shackles of economic necessity kept the working class bound to unfulfilling and undesirable labour. This was an affront to personal freedom. 'We are condemned to be free'. Although not glorifying violence, Sartre saw it as a necessary means to an end and a mechanism to create egalitarianism. In today's society both war, security and policing use violence to achieve peace. Hippie maxims of peace and love do not stand up to the acid test of the reality in which we live. Tensions, both personal and political create conflicts and in the final analysis violence is the last resort of the disempowered against their oppressors. Where the middle classes control the legal system the common man may

have no choice to respond to injustice and corruption with aggression. Violence need never be glorified, but for self defence and to promote the rights of a suppressed underclass, ultimately it is a necessary evil. That was the view of Sartre in the post war era struggle for equality and sadly also a concession that I am forced to make. Violence is never good, but it is not always wrong. 'Hell is other people'. It must here be stated both of these atheist philosophers rebelled against the faith in a god. Camus, who on a personal level is my favourite of the two, described belief in god as 'philosophical suicide' and that faced with the absurdity and meaninglessness of human existence we should rebel against irrationality and the unreasonable leap to faith. The rebellion is to strive to create meaning from our individual experience in revolt against absurdity in all its forms, including religion. Both men played active parts in the fight against Nazi tyranny. Fascism as originally supported by The Pope. It should be observed that belief in an 'all powerful god' lends itself quite readily to totalitarianism and fundamentalist values. The 'new atheist' movement is a struggle against the control and rigidity that seeks to undermine our personal liberty,