

DREAMS OF A
MIDDLE GROUND

BEING VOLUME 3 OF COMPLETE POEMS

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AKA

WOLFCHILDE

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Squeeze

I like a fine squeeze

In particular one who can tease

If she was down on her knees

My how that would please

I'd bend her over the desk

And her rump could be blessed

With the red blush warm from the hand

That not too heavy there lands

Would we need a safe word

When their cries would be heard

Boundaries respected

Hot panting reflected

Would it be indiscreet

To say how I wish they could meet

All such tests to surpass

How I long for their ass

She's the finest of squeezes

And my how she teases

I'd like to bite at her lip

Whilst her thighs spasms grip

Down on those knees

To teach them how to please

It may seem indiscreet

But I'd sweep them off their feet

When her skin blushes so red

By my hand, squeezing led

So warmly to comfort

With a kiss to her cheeks.

Steel

Tempered folded steel

Many times is beaten

Forged in the molten fire

And quenched in steaming tears

The hammer falls

Bending into layers

Like the trunk of the mighty tree

With branches turned toward the wind

Stoking the flames

The bellows blowing

To amplify the heat

Whilst the tongs grip resilience

Differential hardened

Masked by clay

The stiffness of spine

And hardened blade

The water margin

Leaves it's wave

The rippled hamon

Of the cutting edge

The sharpened line

With balanced weight

Extends from the gripping hand

Aligned along the hilt

The slash of lightning

That rends the night

Curved fang to cut foes down

Death sheathed and yet to strike

Puppy

Your little puppy dog eyes

Make me want to give you a home

If you're really good

I might give you a bone

You've a cute wet nose

You like to rummage in holes

We all know how it goes

I'm gonna be filling your bowl

With a wag of your tail

That you chase night and day

How could you fail

When I tell you to stay

You give me your love

With a lick of your tongue

Puppy dog eyes

Remind me of when you were young

Give a dog a bone

Give their coats a shine

From the rescue home

Where they're waiting in line

Puppy dog eyes

The wag of your tail never lies

Are you just pleased to see me

Or is it because you want me to feed ya?

Give a dog a permanent home

They're the ones for the bone

Take them out for a walk

I could swear they can talk

Missing

Missing

Familiarity to belong

Missing

The known, for to long

A strange reaction

Seeking satisfaction

Memory of her soft cheek

Uncertain fingers beseech

Missing

There but never truly here

Missing

Someone to lean on if you dare

Chemical reactions

Perfumed sensations

Scents try to reach

Senses which to seek

Missing

Subtle turns to taste

Missing

Hope the phrase won't go to waste

Missing

Only a mirror which to face

Missing

The tortoise still determined to win a race

Missing

The void with recollections her form trace

Missing

To weave a cloth of finest lace

Missing

The flowing pen still keeping pace

Missing

The comfort of her side

Roger the lodger

Jolly Roger

This is what they all say

Ran off with the lodger

Now they're happy all day

Roger the todger

For a role in Oliver

Just like the artful dodger

But a bit flasher they say

Jolly Roger

Don't let the wife get in the way

Sticks french letters in the postbox

They've got the biggest package

so the single mums all say

Roger the todger

When he's down the bank

Shakes it like a crowbar

His deposit doesn't lack

Jolly Roger

Took the byway

Likes it up the bypass

So we hear them say

Roger the todger

They all love it on their backs

Ran off with the lodger

No really, ooh I say.

Clouds

The sun comes up

Each passing day

The clouds all part

From out its way

Dawn chorus sings

The harmony of birds

Thought begins

A stream of words

The seasons turn

The weathers change

Themes return

Patterns rearranged

The years go by

Blink of the eye

So soon it seems we come to die

No rhyme or reason, still we try

The sky's still blue

Few dreams come true

Seems some are fed

Into an empty head

The stars at night

Still reach out

To each other's light

No need to shout

Strangers pass

By empty tables

All try to do what they are able

Until the last

Breath of the wild

Playing games learned as a child

The sun comes up just the same

It will last longer than the memory of our names.

Billboard

Rich men full of big ideas

Can buy a bill board

Bend youths ear

They'll tell you service is the key

Kiss their arse, that's all they mean

There's those left waiting in the line

No keys to doors just serving time

Miracles they sell to those who break

To their promises all so fake

Bed and breakfast sure to make

A tidy penny for those selling cake

A Feast of Fools or so they think

This suffering pays for the big nobs drinks

Tell us your secrets, how does it feel

When all your hopes are for your next meal.

Turn eyes to heaven

Just empty skies

Buy a plane ticket

If you want to fly

The perverse sell their shows to the teens

A life in porn is all they mean

Seeking salvation for our pains

If you don't bow they say you're insane

Life's mystery find in small measures

Turn your face to seek more earthly pleasures

There's those who find meaning in their kids

When they rebel they flip their lids

Life was not made for servitude

Seek in small freedoms certitude.

Privacy

I'm minding my own business

Whilst you try to drive me quite insane

I'm minding my own business

Why can't you do the same?

I'm minding my own business

See you in the toilets just the same

I'm minding my own business

I've never even seen cocaine

I'm minding my own business

I've nothing to conceal

If you really have to search

Put the bins out when you leave

I'm minding my own business

Whilst you want to monitor all I say

I'm minding my own business

But you like to get in my way

I see you nod to your teams

It's not as subtle as you'd seem

I'm minding my own business

Why do you like to watch me shop?

When I view a porno

Does it make undercover want to wife swap?

You seem to think I'm crazy

But you're the ones who like to watch.

I'm minding my own business

Whilst you feed my news app falsehood

Do you have a watch on what I click

Perhaps you fear I'll chop off your dick?

I'm minding my own business

I suggest you do the same

It's not paranoia on my part

With you keep looking in.

The grave

The odious cask

My open grave

Final rest within a crate

They'll cry repent

Their god so great

To bid farewell

Turn back on life

Weary of ongoing fight

Perhaps to remark

In final words

On this last passage

A closing verse

Bow down to all their mocking words

Submit to the vulgar and their prayers

Close accounts with communions thirst

A final drink to greet the hearse

Go quiet into that long night

Rest easy for their lord will greet

In forgiveness for the battle

Be cut down to size

Join with the herd

Like any other cattle

If I falter

If I bow

If I offer prayer

Coerced by fear

Will it mean that all believe

In the end their priesthood wins?

Perhaps in weakness

Perhaps in woe

Hypocrisy consumes frail thoughts

Know this of my final breath

If it is toward god

In final judgement

It will be to pronounce him dead

Pressure

Pressure from the day we're born

Pressure, to conform

Dogma just like state control

It's on their brains, don't be their fool

Pressure to bow down

Pressure to be their clown

They venerate the ones that get to speak

From a pulpit which to preach

Pressure, saying disbeliefs insane

They'll say they're the one who gave you brains

The chosen people on the march

Your genotype means that much

Pressure to conform

Arranged in groups, are you on their side?

They'll promise love like you've never known

All you have to do is submit to belief

Pressure, how they know your soul

Send you to a doctor of their faith

With authority from up above

If you don't listen they'll say you'll die

Pressure from the day we're born

Pressure ever to conform

Better stand up for your rights

Cos they think theirs is a hallowed fight

Social Pressure, it's what they use

Pressure, do you take all their abuse?

Cliches

Cliches, turning through my head

Cliches, restless in my bed

Ever anxious in a moments delay

Ever hopeful that I'll find a way

Cliche, as heart skips a beat

Cliche, when eyes and hearts meet

Ever singing with a muted song

Never wanting to put foot wrong

Toss and turning through the night

Awaiting the dawning of the light

Remembering words that we spoke

Anyway, that's why they're wrote

Cliche, inspired by their face

The tortoise that would like to win one race

Knowing there can be no more

Than the summation of the final score

Longing to hold aloft the prized cup

Snakes and ladders, rising up

Tracing porcelain, your fingers, only you

As your lips caress to drink a morning brew

Cliches running through my head

With all those words still left unsaid

Anticipation on a fevered brow

Grasping emptiness just for now

A warmth that rose like a blush to cheek

Red rising like those lips I seek

In that moments fear of disconnect

The dancing in the waves, still dreams unwrecked.

Revolt

Crush all dissent

Make free thought a crime

Rebellion met

With mental health act

Barb wire thorns

Crown each fence

Courtyard screams

Go stretch your legs

Politic of fear

So best behave

Or you'll face the wall

Lost hopes graffititis fall

The ones who stand out

They hate the most

The deviant their just reward

Left without a human right

Take your medicine

Be a good boy

Shut your mouth

Let them control your thoughts

Be made an example

Until your death

The drugs don't work

They'll warp your mind

A closed ward door

Is all you'll find

Revolution brings

The wage of sin

A not so empty head

Go change your bed.

The middle

Middle class publishers

Reading middle class books

Don't even speak my language

In another world, no second look

Outsider artists

Not welcome in the fold

Crayons scrawl a prison wall

The themes never getting old

Serving time

Dues to the blues

Memory of metal cutlery

And the taste of black pud

Soap box without a leg to stand on

Speakers corner out in the cold

Marble statues declare forever

Only the chosen stand the test of time

Middle class artists

Middle class aesthetes

Middle class dreamers

Middle class pedestals

Middle class business

Middle class loans

Middle class fantasy

Middle class homes

Middle class educations

Middle class drugs

Middle class doctors

Middle classed pigs

Middle class teachers

Middle class rules

Middle class lawyers

Only middle class rights

Middle class publishers

Only fit for my arse middle classed books.

The cave

Did you see the product placement

They've added to TVs

As if all their illusions

Aren't so easy to see

My neighbour said it's deep thoughts

Meaning for our lives

Hitchhikers to the galaxy

They'll send us stepford wives

Some hear the voice of god

Others know it's just AI

Some think they're hearing spirits

Low tech ever kept so blind

Could it have been this way for centuries

People kept in the dark

The governments dictating

With Windows Homo Superior?

When was zero history

Are the myths just the themes

That feed your fake news

Whilst you're a slave to credit cards?

Is consciousness in need of upgrade

With patterns recognised

Thoughts fed with precognition

Of the revolving wheel of events?

Fate writ amongst the stars

Their flickering shadows to your cave walls.

Fans

Fanning the flames of desire

No way to cool the heat

The whisper breeze on your hair

That speaks of still hotter passions

Naked feet as if in submission

To have the ankles tied

Leather straps to raise the thighs

Where steam from moisture boils

To lick smooth skin

With ambrosia honey sweat

Global warnings in heatwave

Warming of parched lips

Like the thirst forever felt

Never to be quenched

Festival dreamers

And rainbow flags

Raising the flanks

In muddy welly's to sustain

Hopes for solidarity

Muted by divides

Distorted cries

The furnace rages

Like the forest fire

To consume all in its flames

Sore as sunburn

The afterglow on your cheeks

That speaks of fond recollection

Of the summer loving relentless beat

The Haywain

At onset of noon

Time to cool the legs

The mornings work begins to fade

Into the ford to wade

The majesty of the hay wain

In the national remains

The parched thirst

As wood begins to shrink

The sweat mopped flanks

wet the wheels ride off the banks

Gideons farm house

The white walled cottage

A place to lay the weary head

Dream through the afternoon of the time for bed

Where Willy Lott spent each day

In his fond seclusion

Perhaps to read a book

Or write the wainwright to fix the cracking spokes

Watch the seasons turn

On the cartwheels of agriculture

To paint is to feel

The scrape of the pallets blade

Deep oil to sculpt

With each stroke to make

The energy in motion through the days

Pastel clouds that fade to greys

Constable country

The Suffolk landscape

No place like home

To paint of English county

Come thresh the hay

Rest the draft

Adjust straw hats

Find shade of the trees

Call the dog come to

And idle the quiet waters by

Family album

Rage that grips the throat

Choking on black smoke

Dark as any memory

That graced the burning family album

Didn't have them at the fake wedding

That they directed through their hate

Stoking the fire

Guy Fawkes night

Rebellion raises a fist

Tight enough to explode

The flames lick the pages

As sooted corners curl

Fire flys take wing

Raising the vale to the nights sky

Poking with a stick

The crisp and brittle mounts

As the polaroids ignite

In chemical light

I didn't keep one photo

To remind me of their shame

Or the pains that engulf me

When I try to recall their forgotten face

The family album

Burned down to dust

Like the images of abuse

They hid in the bottom of a drawer

Masking my despair

A knot within the gut

Thankful that they're gone

And the mornings sun comes up.

Ugly relatives

Ugly

No dream come true

Ugly

That's what I think of you

Ugly

More than a state of mind

Ugly

Nature has been unkind

Ugly

Deep down in your heart

Ugly

I should have seen it from the start

Ugly

It's what I see in you

Ugly

Like a broken glass I'm seeing through

There's nothing quite as ugly

As your cold black heart

Some are an ugly duckling

But you're just as ugly now as at the start

Ugly

No dreams come true

Ugly

It's what I find in you

Ugly

It's all you'll ever be

Ugly thoughts

You think of me

Ugly

When I look right through

Ugly

Like something I flushed down the loo

Ugly

That's all that I can see

Ugly

All I'll ever think of you.

Sick

Maybe it was the way

Your gloved clenched fists

Whipped my naked body

With stinging nettles

Maybe it was the scary stories

That you pleased yourself with

As you groped my tiny body

A different feeling up for every character

Maybe it was the way you said

That I was a big girls blouse

Whilst you slammed my fingers

In the door for a 'black mans' pinch

Maybe it was how you called me names

'A little fucking queer'

Whilst you disempowered me

And held me down for worse.

Maybe it was the way you dominated

Hypnosis through your words

Trying to programme to change voice

Or whilst torturing flicked me in the eyes

Claiming it would make a man of me

With actions to desensitise

Maybe it's because you called me

By another's name for fun

Whilst you inserted objects

Maybe how you held me under

In the bath till I choked on water

Maybe it isn't me that's sick

Because you did these things to a small boy.

Maybe I'd like to skin you alive

Nailed to a chair

Because the memory haunts me still

And will be with me throughout my life.

It!

He's a very active imagination

He's an old soul

He's as good as gold really

Just like the photos we took

A quiet child

Likes to play alone

Never had many friends

Because we drove them all away

Always had a lot of toys

Until we stole them all

Spoilt little brat

Never happy with its lot

It!

It speaks

It cries

It doesn't know it's born

It will be sorry when we're gone

Should have put it up for adoption

No one will ever love it

No one will want to know

No one will give a damn

It.

It has nightmares at night

It has an overly active imagination

It's a ginger beer

It's an old soul

It'll never be believed

It was always just the worms

We'll claim the insurance

When it ends up dead.

Nothing will ever come of it

It'll never make anything of its life

Best to ignore it

It's got nothing really much to say.

Psycho

Spot the psychopath

That's a great game

Except for all the case studies

Most of them appear quite sane

Antisocial, or so you expect

More than likely they were a hall monitor

Or the school prefect

Not just surface charm but with real respect

Often successful

In business and home

You'll find them with their family

Not a stranger alone

They mingle quite nicely

But can step out of their role

Taking unawares

Mad Wolves in the fold

Sociopathy not quite what it seems

Social chameleons

They might be leading your team

Needles in haystacks, profiles that fit in

The stereotype

Yet so few fit that mould.

The story you're sold on

Just myths for the blind

They're not out on the moors

They're the same as your kind

Only difference is they go one step beyond

And only after the event are they analysed

You won't find what you look for in a crime thriller

Nor in psychology books

You can't predict the unpredictable

They're not natural born killers.

Clever

You may think you're being clever

Are you really clever enough

To see how much you don't know

Is your being clever really just bluff?

It may seem elementary

When the patterns revealed

The thread to a motive

Concrete evidence sealed

Can they predict much more

Than what you'll choose on TV

Or products in placement

Foreshadowed you'll see?

Do you need half the things

You think that you want

If you had it all

What then left to hunt?

Pushing at buttons

Seeing how they react

Pride before falls

Is your success just an act?

Can you step beyond presumption

Ideology to corrupt?

Are you clever enough

Original thought beyond bluff?

Oh, to be clever

Self deceit, more attractive than love

Do you seek to conform

Afraid to be different?

It's what they're teaching in schools

Just bending the rules

Are you so clever

You can't see most of us are really just fooled?

Dream

I dream of having the dream

To dream the dream

Of dreaming of you.

I dream of dreaming true

Fingers touch

A dream of dreams with you.

I dream of dreaming you

To silence a scream

At ever missing you.

I dream of having a dream

To dream a dream

Of just holding you

I dream of dreams

To end all misery

Dreaming of the dream

In slumbers from loves mystery

To rise only to dream a waking dream

To dream the dream

Of being with you.

I have a dream

A dream of dreaming alone with you.

Rights?

Profits off of others labours

Hard suffering

Forever doffing caps

Resigned to kissing up

Sell me the right to disagree

Sell me the freedom to offer my revolt

Sell me a fantasy of liberty

Save me from reality

Advocates not seen for dust

Lawyers domination without trust

Civil rights leaders stacking cards

Just to score political points

You forever play as both sides

Towards collusions stalemate

Sell me a dream of having a life

Sell me a reason to not have to fight

Sell me redemption and truths light

Save me from eternal struggle

Whilst you were snorting a line

And paying a daughter for a good time

I was crying out in the wilderness

Just for a chance of justice

Sell me a hope that I can't win

Sell me corruption for your sins

Sell me nothing but a lie

You sell out every time.

Monsters

Monsters in the news today

Oh boy!

Never stop to wonder

If the media is a vale

They'll say you're crazy

If you can see

Past the generated faces

Of the monsters they make up

You could make a tidy penny

Keeping us all in the dark

Stories to frighten children

There's more to fear on the doorstep

Monsters in the new today

Oh boy!

Can the outer circle

Even keep a straight face

Errorism everywhere

Keep buying into their lies

Monsters in the news

Monsters under the bed

Monsters they keep promoting

Monsters only in your heads

There's real monsters

They're protecting

Monsters that any sane person

Would want to see dead.

Monsters in the family tree

Monsters somehow unsaid.

Webs

The ring kept changing

Whilst the hand remained the same

Like a black widows intrigue

Prepared to sacrifice again

Glasses concealing a falling tear

Sunshade memory of a hidden bruise

Mr punch prepared for his decent

A road to hell from a battered wife

A black heart

Deadly nightshades veil

Dilating pupils

Reflection in the actresses eyes

Carmens red dress

Like the cloak before the bull

Announcing the fight

Within a triangle this ring

Ever observant

Of the courtly rhyme

Language of flowers

In the ways of the flytrap

The web of morning

Strung with diamond tears

The dew collects

Like ink to a poison pen

The strands that tremble like the wings

Of her prey caught by the final act

Strangers

Dance with a stranger

In time to the clack of heels

Destined for the rhythms fall

Broken stiletto like Judas at the back

To know me is to love me

Key to a mystery unknown

Soap operas stacking cards

A libretto serenades a trap

The profile fits

The masks are on

Interrogation twice removed

Misspelt longings from the pen

The evidence collecting

Like your black books

Prizes that are sure to thrill

Early retirement in the fall

To dance again

We take the floor

An excuse me

Spinning heads to lead

Ever mindful of the part we play

Attempting to step beyond the cast roles

A foxtrots hunt, blooded, flowing from white dress

The dance of strangers to impress

Dream catcher

Watch the changing faces

Reassigned

Shuffling a stacked deck

Marked cards dealt to trump

Rooms where we forever greet

Those dancing heads to chance meet

Stage managed signals from the script

Suspicious cast into the fray

Known associations to explore

Unraveling the dream catchers web

Spiral dancers round the ring

Plucked feathers for thanksgiving day

The strands that fall

The links we make

The hackers of a social web

To cast nets from the shore

The blackboards test of credibility

To be able to read betwixt the lines

Deadly precision as you scrawl

Chalk hearts that fade by the close of days

What is the commedia dell'arte

Where foes dance in their multicoloured coats of
dream

Wooden swords

Like a tilt of the cross

A dress change in the masquerade

That bleeds the pen to black and white

Love letters cannot scale cell walls

With a hope to liberate

Third mind (on Ginsberg)

Cut up

Fold in

Random words picked from a book

Interrupting flow of thought

Freedom of association

Prompting the next line.

Cut in

Book interrupting

Promoting freedom

Thought flow

Association picked

Words next line

Next book

Line flow

Picked words

Thought association

Freedom interrupting

Random cut

Random words

Freedom flow

Interrupting thought

Line cut

Next association

In up

Third mind

Co consciousness

Choose your input

Dancing with the random

Fabulous

Beat poets

Kiss

Nauseous at a kiss

The thousands of bacteria

Passed by your lips

As if you spit into their mouth

A dreamt caress

That trembles on the breath

Communicating love

In soft belonging touch

Stark contrast

The mouth with which you eat

Your tongue gristle meat

The throat from which you vomit

Like gossamer wings

That land upon the skin

Healing the bruise

Cleansing of the chafes

The gnashing teeth

The rubbery gums

Halitosis to expel

Noxious gasses you contain

Your fidelity in the expression

Offends my aching loins

How sweet the moments

Spent with that feel

As hearts meet

In a longing sigh

To kiss and kiss once more

Returning to your side

Prostate

This was a truly sterling purchase

And now I love arse an' all

Good vibrations from my massager

They shoot, they score, it's goal!

At first it was a bit of a stretch

A bend and then a twist

With a little lubrication

My prostate now is kissed

My flexible little friend

Now I've diversified

When will the good times end?

You see, you're versatile

Sliding on my ring

I squirm at what you bring

A little piece of heaven

Each setting hums and sings

They say that sex is dirty

At least when it is good

Now I've sat my A levels

Dirt track I ride roughshod

The spice of life

A touch of glitter

Now I don't need a wife

For now my good vibrations

Free me of frustrations without strife

Now I'm all for arse an' all

It's Sterling, I shoot, they score!

Whores of christ

A holy crock of shit

That's all you offer me

Striped of all we own

Resigned to poverty

You say I lack the spirit

There's enough fire to defy

Your dogma from your book

The pulpit for all your lies

Bible black the burned church roofs

Where you'd pray away the gay

A Molotov salute

That's all I'd give to you

They whip and torture minds

Without a thought of mercy

Saying the faithless are blind

To force submissions bended knee

Making a monks cell

With chains you'd make lives hell

The whores of Christ petition

Mutter curses in a prayer

For the lonely and rapacious

You say it's a cross they have to bare

You steal the food from mouths

To form a beggars bowl

To prove the power of a god

That clearly isn't there

You say life is a journey

Towards some spiritual end

I'm more interested in the price of pizza

And fine coffee to clear my head

First thought

First thought to paper

Each word precursor to the next line

Maybe with a concept

Or dictated by a rhyme

The sum of an intellectual struggle

Or an emotive flow

Strung through the verses

Who knows where it will go

Do you think that it's a labour

That I sweat my brow to come up with

The next image that floats by

On the stream of consciousness?

I take pleasure in the writing

So it's with pleasure all are made

Does it have to have a meaning

Is the process not enough

Do you in your reflections

Even know what I intend ?

Creativity is a mystery

Suspending judgement for a while

Letting go of self censor

In its criticism of the artists role

Dib dib dob

Suck my nob

Diddley Diddley dum

Stick up your bum

It doesn't need to follow Shakespeare

To be worth the writing of.

It's logical inconsistency

That makes the writing fun.

Demons

We are all demons

All die a little death

Tearing flesh with claws

Sucking final breaths

Summoners in pentagrams

Invocation of dead gods

Incantation of Goetia

Gesture of the wand

Long lost languages on tongue

Evocation of the dark

The spells when we were young

Death magics necromancy

In the empty ruins of a church

The incense on the breeze

Inscribing of the circle

Dark robes upon the knee

The raising of the sword

Commanding of the spirits

Into the triangle of art

Form takes shape by candle light

Crossing over lines

Realms of dark dominion

Calling to lost souls

Sold on a fantasy

The heady days of youth

When we sought paths of hidden truth

Blood reign in the sacrifice

For Today we all have daemons

The stick

Sticks and stones may break my bones

Mental health labels really hurt me

Excluded by your words

And you don't even try to get to know me

I thought that names would never harm

Now I close my ears to find my calm

Nothing good to tell me

Why would I be left listening

They make out this is a perfect world

Come join the life raft

Grab an oar

But they're not rowing for a brighter shore

The screaming of a drowning man

That they offer no support

You seem to think I make excuses

When the way they treat me

Leaves me dysfunctional

Couldn't join in if I tried

You live life as if defined by work

Well, this is what I do.

Sticks and stones have broke my bones

But never hurt me half as much

As labels they promote

No meaning to their words

How much disruption could they give

This is not how I'd choose to live

How much do you think of me

When you cast me in outsiders role

No hand up, no kind of help

Do you think a pill could fix it

No answers that you give to me

Just a victim to your words

Destroy

Destroy by force of number

The voice in wilderness

Seek sides in contradiction

The value to deny

This is the way oppressors

Suppress the dissidents words

Ganging up to negate

It's how they play all sides

Steam rolling criticism

The status quo upheld

Cast out as a pariah

Enemy of credo

Undermining credibility

Deny even reality

Throwing of first stone

They'll say it's only mud

Implying falsehood

Challenging each affiliation

Thinking only to exclude

Burning every bridge

Amplifying isolation

No where left to belong

It's how they dominate

One vision to promote

They'll call it anarchism

Or say satanic verse

Extremism of course

How could the work be worse?

It's how they claim the power

For each sacred cow

Shaking to foundations

In contrast to deconstruct

Refute by force of number

Social media to its crimes

Absence

Absence creeping in

Need for space

Recharge the battery

Still absence stealing like the thief

The blank spot

In the agenda now

With what to fill

And how?

Knowing nothing

Can replace the times

Spent engaged

Words communicate, knowing absence now

Like an empty letter box

Arms open without embrace

Or the glass tumbler

Liquid refreshment yet to grace

The chance glance from strangers

Empty tables for their void

Empty moments

Waiting to be filled

New stories

In sharing find a thrill

Absence that I am feeling now

Like cravings hardly to allow

To know this sinking in the chest

And think of the fuller times you bless

Time stretched into distance, hopes

That you will return to understand why this is wrote.

Left behind

Synagogues of Satan

Counting shekels through the night

Burning of the books

Nazi banners by fire light

Razor wire fences

Seven candles warm and bright

Resurrection to the holocaust

Steel toe caps of the far right

No hope for the injured

That they've left behind

Sold on popularism

The excluded kind

Convinced by paranoia

Creeping terror from the east

Cast in roles of enemy

The state is the real beast

Counting all our losses

Convinced there is one foe

From Dividing lines

A lifted veil to show

Faith in human rights

Bleached white naked skulls

Refugees inturmed

Lost voices of the web

Turning backs on flags

In flight at last are led

Crying in the wilderness

For the journeys end

To graffiti poets

Writing scriptures in the falling sands

Give me a ring

I've always loved a ring

Slipped gently on

Tightly to encircle

With perfections grip

Some rings are for the finger

Some are sure to stretch

Pulled on like leather gloves

Encasing with one love

A ring fits like a garter

Ribbon stars to the thighs

Could be lace to holdups

As they're reaching for the sky

I hear trickinesky postures

Can protect a marriage band

But if they're flexible enough

They could use a two ringed stretch

She'll be coming round the mountain

When she comes

It could be rings on the fingers

There's some prefer it on their toes

Some rings are a tight fit

Just like a rubber band

I've found one that can vibrate

And Now I don't need a hand

When I'm wearing my ring

I forget that it's a sin

Croupier

Young guns for hire

Dancers to money

Thighs sliding down smooth poles

High heels teeter striking pose

Cabaret cowboys shots from sheriffs

Caught by hidden cameras in the act

Black mail judges to compose

With houri on their laps

She was a wall flower 14

At the school prom

Never feeling quite enough

Pink champagne hostess calling bluffs

Mata Hari seven veils

Where rouged cheeks start to pale

At the casino spinning wheels

Stacking chips through manicures

Massaging stacked decks

Learning to cross her legs so slow

Where short skirts rise up

A hint of stocking thigh

She takes off her tiara

To the highest bid

Blue black mascara

To hide the bruises tears

Pin pricks on her arms

Riding tracks for all her years

Longing for her liberty

A croupier dealt a loosing hand

Green shoots on the moon

Real world never quite as good

As they would have us believe

Whose dreams come true

Like the first green shoots on the moon?

Where seeds are planted

Sowing seasons early spring

Space dust for a soil

Cream cheese craters of lunar

Leaving terra firma

Hopes soar on high

Like a rocket man

Ignition reaching for the sky

Life reaches ever to be free

Erecting flags on new frontiers

But what happened to the seeds we sow

First green shoots on the moon?

To move as one heart

Interplanetary hopes

All pulling together

Where labours soar

Pyramids built

To wake beneath mars' red sky

Whose dreams come true?

Where problems here on earth

Cement our feet

And poor folk find only lack

Where the hopes of leaving for space

Melt and slowly crack our wings

Like Icarus falling from choked sky

When the ozone bubble bursts

Never leaving Tera firma

And green shoots are left to cry

Left behind

Do they dream of leaving us behind

Bon voyage , who'd be so unkind?

Worker bees to tend the hive

An ant farm held in the soldiers thrall

Rocket fuel polluting atmosphere

Virgin territory, facing the fear

Building castles in the sky

Where only the rich may fly

What will they leave for us?

Barren earth and soot for sky

Where radiation winds gust

And all hope is left to die

Optimised work forces

Cybernetic shackles for our minds

Wishing to flee the burden

Of our hungry mouths

Abandoning the children

Ice caps melting, north and south

What happens to the forgotten kind

Those here with feet planted on the earth?

Where blinded minds shall lead the blind

Alienated from our worth

They dream of leaving us behind

And it may seem unkind

Blinkered eyes in ant farms

Webs that enmesh mere flies

Rocket fuel polluting skies

Where only rich men fly.

Gravity

There's some who think it depravity

Young men defying gravity

Soldiers at attention salute

With their guns drawn ready to shoot

With a white knuckle shuffle

Their cries they will muffle

Bound for a barrack bath

There's not many that would call that a laugh

A rocket aimed at the moon

Zero g will be coming soon

The cockpit floating around

Firing cylinders without a sound

Who remembers the orgasmatron?

How the old folk all thought it so wrong

But we all could use a hand

Daisy chains linking gland in gland

Please don't say that it's depravity

When I'm defying gravity

Chokeing the cosmic chicken

In space suits ready to swing

Just what are we all wanting to see

When we turn on to the smart TV?

Search engines private's to parade

It's what we do when we're not getting laid

Ubiquitous

Ubiquity of love

Getting in the swing

Taking to the floor

To lead where it begins

Common to all people

Even the shoe shine boy

Abdication of the crown

Finds Freedom in its joy

Enthusiasm mounts

Motivating with the pull

On the lonesome hearts

In all other ways brimming full

Where limbs entwine

Massaged flesh to ride

Opening like a flower

No embarrassment to hide

To flow in sync

A mystery when we part

To play the game

Move in step

The rhythms pulse

Where eyes meet

The band begins to play

Dancing on the edge

Ubiquitous in love

The stomachs butterfly

A beating in the chest

Of hearts that soar on high

Swinging in the mood

Don't say maybe

Modal harmony

And how I want you baby

Mazes

Pursuant

On the trail

Directed through a maze

Breadcrumbs on the track

In the labyrinth

Seekers after prize

Projection to accuse

Where the monsters hide

Led into the woods

By the call of love

The jealous marionette

Pulls puppets on a string

Hoodwinked

Networks in situations

To try and to test

Reeling them in

Patterns to observe

Each turn the choice in step

But their own mistake

To the false betrayal

Failing to respect

The portrayal of a boundary

Known associates

Crimes yet to reveal

To rearrange the board

No time to start again

Yet mindful of stalemate

And those still selling out

Throw me down a line

Or is it all a waste of time

Left without a clue

By still more brilliant minds

Searching for the centre

Of an emergent journeys end

Exile

Taking flight

What end in sight?

Drowning in the random

Allied background noise

I was afraid

The night the bullet fired at my back

And they burned down my dreams

In the fiery heart of the oak

Castles made to fall

On the shifting sands

Friend or foe

In scrambled signals

Leaving me without a dream

Hard shoulder for a bed

Get a paper cut

In their Red tape wars

A new city

The same politics from different party

Familiarity in their lies

Finding no rainbows end

Trust in nothing

No one left

Forever exiled

No open arms

All you ever offer

A slamming door

No better day

To seize at phantasm for a hope

I cried for amnesty

And found none

Now I waste away

With idle words

Await release

In early death

No way out

Or so it seems

The axis on the march

That monitors every step

A broken hope longs for escape

But chains my dreams to here and now

Fracture

Salty to the taste

Like the dry residue of tears

Collecting as sleep in the eyes

Forming crusts within the corner of the lids

To kiss away the sorrow

Clean out the wound

Like dirt from scabs

To gently promote the healing

Crisscrossed scars

White on white tissue

Where the red blood rained

Slowly congealing as it dried

The cracked blow to the head

Fracturing the fragile skull

Like an indent in cracked boiled eggs

Or smooth crushed ping pong balls

Trauma hidden beneath the scalp

The torn skin woven round about

Where stitches formed a mesh

To seal the pain within

Bicycle accident after a swim

Where the boys raced ahead

Spitting playfully back over heads

And the bag slipped from my shoulder

To jam the towel into the wheel

Sent me headfirst to the tarmac

Force of impact that haunts me still

Leaving me unconscious throughout my afternoons

A shattered skull

Fragments of bone

Hard reality's that wreck lives

And yet no one seems to see

Systems

Seems the more I say

The less some are want to listen

Do you think it's all just talk

Because I am open about what went wrong

Some hide in shame

Heads buried in the sand

Turn their face away

Or show the other cheek

But here I am

Forever in your face

Do you think it's crying wolf

That my life is conspiracy?

Do you want to drag me through the dirt

Say I'm just throwing mud

Because the systems that you offered

Really were worth less than shit

There's some who say they see through

When I'm an open book

Don't like what they read

So try to reinterpret

There is no hidden meaning

There is no secret fix

Object of suspicion

Just for telling the truth

You fucked my life for good

And never gave a second thought

Benefit

You look at me

With suspicious eyes

As if I am getting away

With some sort of crime

Do you think I steal your money?

Food from infants mouths

That I am only worthy

To live in a cardboard box?

Dont you see the undertow

Only costs you more?

You think you are superior

Because you earn an honest bob

You cannot see my disability

That I wouldn't be able to do your job

So I'm not standing on my own two feet

Does that mean I must be just a cheat?

You say I am a skiver

Spread rumours about my name

You seem to think abuse motivates

Well I'll call you at your game

You always mount a witchhunt

And it only destroys my life

I must be the belligerent

It's why you vilify and claim

That you have the final solution

Say I am a welfare drain

You keep misrepresenting

In whose benefit?

The governments got over 800 billion

I must be the one that stole the lot

Stop their benefits

I hear the fascists cry

For we are honest folk

They won't be happy till

I am left forever broke

We all work

Well good for you

But my injury you cannot see

Rejected and alone, that's all you'd leave for me

Pastiche?

The providence of a pastiche

Hallowed emulation to promote

Provenance to parody

As in satire wrote

Authenticity to the eye

Evidence to assess

Proven mastery

Or work of copyist

Eclectic in a stroke

Illuminating style

Alluding to perfection

Or illusionary projection

Mass production of a print

The forgers wiles to art

To touch another's grace

Yet wear a different face

Inked within a rhyme

A service to the times

The battle cry for war

Or peace times rule of law

To steal labours of another's work

Or to venerate with that look

Touching on the themes

Learned from another's books

To raise on pedestal

Yet pale imitation is the crook

Observers

Play dead

Save a life

The exercise

Text book response

Fire fight

Accidents

Crime scenes

Choreographed

Observers after fact

Random witness

guided into place

Or Manipulated

It was a bomb disposal

Smoke on the tracks

Authenticated

By those uninvolved

A bullet hole

They said was real

In the mornings press

Our role to make it believed

False witnesses

Playing their parts

Photos of fallen heroes

As if casualty in this play

All following to the script

Apart from us chance observers

Every one agrees to the story

And we're the ones who never see the act

Confirming authenticity

Or triggered to react.

But is it art?

Did they offer a deal

To make you a plant

A forensic artist

Drawing skid marks?

Brush held like a trigger

Painting grease paint masks

That hide another life

Character actors take the stage

Did they teach you to read

The expression on the face

Guilty in the crowd

Criminals that they allowed?

Did you ink your pen

Like a loaded gun

Pretend you're firing blanks

In their masquerade?

Blood on a t shirt

Fake wounds without a blade

Giving up the fight

To serve some other bastards dreams?

There was a lost plot

Where you didn't come of age

And the lighting engineer

Remarked that you never really engaged

Those in service melt away

Like chalk masterpieces in the rain

Where artists are chained

By a hidden mastery

Forever kissing up

And selling out even friends

The chosen few, to their higher purpose

And the rest of us caught in the act on closed
circuit TV's

FOF?

Friendly faces

Unpicking knots

From a tapestry

Straight lines like the family tree

Woven through a story

The quotes that they redact

Concealed within a history

Dramas to enact

Are you looking too hard?

Dropped stitches in time

Reading between lines

Loosing what hides in plain sight

Suspected inaccuracies

Implied fallacy

Where they play with two faces

Ever thinking that they're in the right

Fake a connection

Massage their minds

Flatter the ego

Work them on the blind

But what if you're wrong

Keep wasting the chance

Erasing those lines

Obituary so unkind

You'd play us for fools

In the hope for a catch

Is it our fault we buy into

The lies in those eyes

Exposure

Exposure

Indecent as it seems

The players all in place

Till you arrive upon the scene

People with two lives

Guess they have to live somewhere

When you walk into their trap

They'll have you unawares

Exposure

Like the shutter to the lens

Adjusting for the darkness

Let the light in on the subject

They'll try to paint a picture

Where you're cast in guilty role

Only hungry for the kill

Confess, it's for your soul

Exposure

Front page stories to perfect

Paper turns to brown

Just curled corners to collect

Exposure

They make half of it up

Trying to find some clues

In how the public will react

Forever with a profile

That never really fit

Are they freaking you out

With nonlinear conversations on the phone?

Exposure

Photos fading on the page.

Followed

The ones who follow

Behind the marked cars

No flashing lights

But ever present

Bringing up the rear

Riding shotgun

You might shoot the sheriff

But can you even see the deputy?

The screech of a wheel spin

Burning rubber through the night

They'll want to keep you handcuffed

When you bask in their spotlight

Quotes on the record

Dual tapes to spool

Remember you've a right

But There's no silence in school

Waiting for the prompt

Like a whisper in the ear

Writing on the wall

As they feed your fears

You'll try hard not to submit

But everybody does

Subliminal suggestions

To admit to guilt

Only Flies on the windshield

To listen as you mutter to yourself

Through shadows dark glass

Objects in the rear view mirror

May appear further than they are

And Can you even see whose bringing up the rear?

The cruel

Like pulling the legs

Off struggling flies

Drop them in the web

To see how long they take to die

Cabbage whites wings

That flutter on the flowers

A magnifying glass

To concentrate the sun

Like singed painted ladies

Or moths burned by candle light

Where mosquitoes float

With the water boatman

It only takes one touch

To see them all drown

Nurtured on cruelty

Just how far will they go

Throwing darts at birds

To see if they will stick in?

A lack of empathy

That's all it would take

But to be put in that condition

Takes torture of the mind

Put a gun in those hands

And they'll be the vengeful kind

You can't predict

Which way the seesaw tips

You can only add some weight

To add to gravitas

As one rises up

The others going down

Swings and roundabouts

They keep on going round

Some like to win at every game

But never seem to see when they're faced with a dead
loss.

Water

Standing to attention

To the last orders bell

Swimming through a bar

In a private hell

Half forgotten words

From a younger self

Alas, more innocent

Than the chains that others forged

Ripples on the mirror

Stir the deep abyss

And all things in their season

Drink of waters clear

Tears of a clown

Diamond fountains of the past

Wearing pale mask on the face

Where grief so gently falls

A slow hand salute

To the devils own

They tried to dominate

To claim ownership

Of a recovery they'd never understand

Scoring points in an oldtimers war

A pale sky blue suit

That reminds me of a rose beneath a ring

They probably didn't intend

For it to go this way

Taken in by rumour

And front page conspiracy

Puffed up with false pride

Blinded by their faith

It wasn't spiritual after all

So long to all the fooled.

Now I'll count the years

By the crisscrossed scars

And remember to forget

The shining light of so many stars.

The dominos fell

Now they reserve a table for me in hell

An affinity with death

Painting rainbows for a sign.

Books

Folio edition

Turning over a new page

The creamy paper

Fingered gently with a stroke

The hard cracked spine

Spread wide open

Perhaps an earmarked corner

For an improvised book mark

Word on word

Flowing into sentence

To collect as the paragraphs

Time enough for a new chapter

Where the pen scratches

Forming the imagery

And the digits dance

To type up what is wrote

Fact or fiction

Stories told

Weaving narrative

Book worms to consume

For every ending

A new beginning

To start on the next draft

The virgin lined textbook

Demy octavo wanting for ink

Where to start?

Story time

Read aloud without a fear.

To delight in the subtext

A subplot to enjoy in a librarians eyes.

Ripples

The fondest of memory

Countering despair

The veil of sorrows

Or illusion bred desire

To know abundance

In a smile

The sunshine's warmth

Reaching the further mile

Safety in familiarity

Mirroring the worth

Of moments spent reflecting

Emotive roots to earth

What price for the catharsis

From the darkness told

Lightening of spirits

Lead turned into gold

Freed from lacks chains

That hold the limbs prone

To break all the shackles

Imaginations light to roam

Sat in quiet contemplation

By whispering waters natural spring

What words to describe compassion

From the listening ear
Regulating the ripples
Where falls the liberated tear
The heart that beats in chest
Calm mind to come to rest.

Glory

Glory in the slaughter
Who says we shouldn't aught to
We'll take a thousand lives
And sleep with all their wives

Have they got a daughter?
When they come of age whose bought her?
Fresh meat for the knife
It's time we dealt in life

Glory in the slaughter

What else could we have taught ya

There's no god to judge

So why not avenge a grudge?

Blood feud in family tree

Who gives a damn for trinity?

Bathing in fresh blood

Drown them in the flood

The wolves descend for slaughter

You think I wouldn't take your daughter?

No time for peace and love

The sword is raised above

Glory to the slaughter

Who'll say we shouldn't aught to?

Fresh meat on the slab

So screw forensic labs

Slaughter

When they come of age, I'll eat you and your
daughter!

Allure

Enamoured by the facets

The scintillating jewel

Turning in the light

Colours that refract

Yet as the sands of time

Slip slowly through the hands

Rough edges to the fingers

A good eye hypnotised

Warm words in reflection

But cracks showing through beguiled

Seduced by the dream

Within the alluring eye

Well worn lines

Patched up threads

Routes already trod

Hopes led up the garden path

Hungering for more

Yet never satisfied

Left forever unfulfilled

Never fully actualised

The moth to the flame

Where only candles weep

The hook and the bait

Promises wrapt in lies

The actress like the whore

That is never left to cry

Mutton dressed as lamb

Crumbs from a rich mans table

Never to be assuaged

The fire of passions light

Nails

A little touch of poison

Bitter to the taste

The counter where burns to ash

The veil of a fake shroud

Like gasping for breath

As one drowned

Or choking on foul air

The cough at smoke inhaled

Sour taste on tongue

Eyes wrinkle with a gripe

Feasting on resentment

Bile rising to the throat

The flowers of evil

Nightshades fade to black

Labelling behaviour

As if unworthy in the act

I take my pleasure as I find

Sometimes asleep

In some ways blind

But ever honest of desire

Knots to unravel

Dirt beneath the nail

Rotten eggs hard boil

An acrid smell to sense

I see a play for closure

Where no victors smile has come

Nails for coffin lids

Cremations flame begun

Liberation in the play

A laboured disconnect

Clouds that fill the sky

Never free to say what I truly meant

Icarus

Icarus flew towards the sun

Nobody knows when he'll be done

Climbing so high

This dance begun

Hope on the wing

His time has come

Icarus soars into the sky

Nobody believed that he could fly

Where feathers spread

Thermals to ride

See how he reaches

Above clouds to glide

Icarus flies beneath the sun

Wings that unfurl

Hopes rising high

See how he rides

As his span spreads

Icarus ascends heights others dread

Sunlight to warm

Melting of wax

Feathers are torn

In last lament

Hubris on the wing

All hope is done

Icarus flew too near the sun

Too late he sees that he is undone

Falling to earth

Crashing down from the sky

Puer Aeternus

Destined to die.

Dis enabled

Disability

Do you think I'm just a 'spaz'

The girls all seem to like a bit

If you see me on the razz

You seem to think words don't hurt

Are you still calling me a 'numpty'

I've got awards for film scripts

Still you seem to think I'm thick

So there's some things I cannot do

Forever loosing consciousness

They tell me I will never drive

But at least from my injury still alive

Hidden disability

I must be some kind of freak

A slacker and a lay about

Because I can't do a full days work

Dis enabled by your prejudice

Some say to help me is enabling

As if a crushed skull

Says something about my moral worth

Integrity

I tell it as it is

How a misplaced childhood

Will mean a life of tears

Owning my trauma

What do you fail to see?

A wounded human being

You'll have to take me warts and all.

Romance

Never meeting with criteria

So many wastes of time

Why put in the effort

With those who aren't worthy of mine

When I was young I followed my heart

Like any blinded fool

Placed women on pedestals

And of course they all came to fall

Some think love gives life meaning
That it's value can't be compared
But after the initial attraction
Most folk seem quite impaired

It's not that I seek perfection
And I know that it takes work
But if I'm really honest
Romance is all fools gold

I can hold my own
Like any other man
For all the Cinderella's
They were just also rans
In an ideal world (but it's not)
I suppose it would be nice

So you'd make another person

The centre of your life

Put your eggs all in one basket

I can do without the strife

Relationships, mainly a crock of bull

I think I'll find some other outlet with my heart

still brimming full

The needy all in need

And they'll leave you there to bleed

I don't like getting hurt

So I am better off on my own

Program

I wouldn't make amends

Even if I was in the wrong

I'm not even sorry

You think your ways so right

I do not want to help you

Your problems are not mine

Not sharing my experience

Still I'm the one with all the time

You say I should be selfless

Well I'll tell you something

Not interested in submitting one bit

It's only grief you'd bring

I don't want to belong to a group

I'm standing on my own

The things of others making

Are what left me without home

You taught me of absurdity

Dont want to hear your empty words.

They'd destroy my credibility

Leave me with nothing left

Strip me of my rights

Broken and bereft

Their beliefs are all just nonsense

They dont pass the test of truth

I walk my path alone

But this is not a lonely road

I can amuse myself

Don't want to know you or your kind

You seem to think you've got it sussed

Can't even see your blind

I don't find meaning in conformity

And yes the world has been unkind

If there really was some god

He must have a bastards mind

Dick

Male power

The upraised spear

Gripping the shaft

The head like sword of steel

The thrusting weapon

The unsheathed tool

Held in fist to conquer

Blushing violets to impale

The hard rod

Throbbing pulse

Floating free

A flagpole to erect

To lay claim

To virgin lands

The taste of gristle

Bulging veins

The rush of hot blood

Of a beast untamed

The proud horn

Clashing antler

The heat of the rut

Rapacious of intent

In the temple of our lust

Stollen to a private place

Wolfish fangs to bare

Biting at soft flesh

The dread one eyed serpent
Spitting cobra prone to strike
Ever ready for domination
To wrestle in the coils

The conquest in penetration
To get straight to the point
The stretch of moist lips
Forcing thighs apart
Raised up by male power
The explosive kind

Platonic solid

Some say I am a prime number
As I'm not too often divided
I'm more of a Platonic solid

At least I show to friends that side

I say I'm hexadecimal

Kind of non binary

I like both naughts and ones

But I'm a first base sixteen kind of guy

I like a Venn diagram

Especially subsets

I get mixed reviews for algebra

When I'm trying to squeeze out a simultaneous pair

Some seek a magic formula

Add to then multiply

You'll get on with subtraction

If you're agreeable to my floating point

I get lost in logic gates

And not XOR

But All fine figures seek a partner

From which they'll not divide

I'm more of a Platonic solid

For all my many sides

I make quite a good friend

I'm not so easy to divide

Ghost dance

Ghost dance

With faces said to have died

Plain sight to hide

Walking past in teams down the street

The summoners art

Real demons on day release

A march of rattling bones

And me with only one bullet in the gun

Whispers everywhere

That the cull would come that night

Children's voices raised in hope

That monsters would be killed

They'll hypnotise emotions

Make you placid as silence of lamb

Feed you to the predators

In the company of mad wolves

Ghost dance

Don't stare back

Front page myths

All joined in a death march

Night of the wolves

A dance of death

Whilst they paint laser beams on the moon

All caught on CCTV in hopes I'd put a foot wrong.

Psychos on parade

And a blank inside a gun.

For your own good?

A culture of denial

As institutional as rape

Not just media vales

That hide the truth from sight

They tell us they protect us

That it's all for our own good

Like we can't handle truth

And the burden of so many wrecked lives

A little bird tells me

Like busby sat on my line

That you'll have to fight for freedoms

That activists will take away

A safety net removed

Whilst they send you out on the wire

Unstable on their tightrope

Spin doctors scoring points

What you have to ask yourself

Is was anyone ever truly on your side?

Or did they push their pens

Red tape wars to hide

It may seem unfair

But you were always on your own

They'll intercept and disconnect

Any support you can achieve

Disrupt affiliations

Set you up for contradiction

Sitting all alone

Because the truth they'll label a thought crime.

Activists

You keep tarring with your brush

Painting an extreme

Caricatured in your attacks

Contradicting all I am

Marginalisation does not motivate

I don't even know your intent

All I know is it offends me

To the very core

If I am not one thing

I must be the reverse

Anathema in what I'm not

All your rumours offer me is more verbal abuse

You divide and confuse

Push me to the limit

Like social activists

To whip my every word

You seek to dominate

That's how I know an enemy

You seek to force conformity

To your world view

As if opposition is attraction

To force mediocrity

I find you all repellent

You do not care how I feel

You make out you deal in the middle ground

But there's so much you'd not allow

I'm not religious so I must be the antichrist

I'm not gay so I must be a homophobe

I'm not liberal so I must be a nazi

I'm not coloured so I must be a racist

This is the game you play

And it says nothing about me

You don't know me

You have so little to go on

Yet you spread gossip like a disease

I can count on one hand the times

Your community has spoke to me

This is what I call exclusion

You shoot arrows of only hate

Total prejudice

But then I don't care if you like me

When you cry 'who are we'

I think precisely, you are no friend to me

When society becomes an addict

Drink up

It's the cultural norm

You never stop to think

When society becomes an addict

Credit cards

Dealers call your bluff

Profit margins

Only interested in selling stuff

Smart drugs

Performance enhancers

Can you get enough?

Just to raise you on their production lines

Deny your true feelings

Kiss up to the boss

Feed your fading self esteem

Chase white lines

Strutting on the scene

But boy you're feeling mean

Raise a glass

And drown your sorrows

It's the cultural norm

You wouldn't know sanity

If it bit you on the arse

Don't worry cos society is an addict

Social acceptability

It's what you crave

A rush to the head

An early grave

But clear your conscience with another line

This society denies we all are addicts

The man

The man of the house

Have his slippers warm

When he gets home

Another day, another dollar

Patriarchy with iron fist

You bet he deserves a drink

Housewives sinking to their knees

Sunday sermons feed the American dream

TV dinners

Household appliances

Keep the nest feathered and clean

Cos daddy's coming home

At a stretch a limousine

Life's a bitch

Avoid the ditch

With whiskey in the jar, oh

Pink Cadillac

Missionary position

Get on your back

Cos daddy's coming home

The post war dream

Nuclear family 'normals'

He'll rape the wife

Beat the kids

To prove he is the boss

Keep his slippers warm

Cos daddy's coming home

And he's the man of the house

The fold

Leaving the fold

Because it's only just an act

Holding to their beliefs

Be sure they will react

Fair well to brethren's poison kiss

No more fellowship

There's one thing you might miss

The fond illusions that kept you in the herd

Fundamentaly you must be in the wrong

Same hymn sheet from which they read their song

It works, the same old tired lies

One success through faith

Until hope comes to die

Be sure they'll attack those who leave the fold

You were just a train wreck

That will be a tale they tell

They'll try to make sure you're on your own

That other people won't want what you've got

Portray as forever crazy

Those who choose to walk a different path

You were never really one of us

Are you sure you ever beat this thing?

Comparison with someone they once knew

As they mow your grass

Reputations they'll try to wreck

To confirm them in true faith

Say there is one way that is true

Poor unfortunates the only ones to escape the fold

Self justification of the following

Raising dogma as if it means a bloody thing

They're with god, so they'll leave you in the cold

If you say their platitudes are forever old

Who do you think you are

To become free of the fold?

Most try to do it quietly

Because no ones grateful that it's all shit

There, there, there.

Insult to injury

Salt rubbed in the wound

A slap in the face

No way to treat a Human being

The there, there, there's

More hope in the Care Bears

But all they're selling is tough love

When will you have had enough?

Cruel to be kind

Pulling up your socks

Let go of all reservation

Trust like Goldilocks

When will it ever end

Do they drive you round the bend?

Flogging dead horses

That were never made for such courses

They met someone just like you

And for them it worked a treat

They know some folks leave

And they all sing the faithfuls praises

Short changed

No age of miracles

Founders day for Akron's con jobs

They'll put your opposite on after you

Keep on Talking all their talk

When what you needs to walk away

They say their the living proof

We all know our dreams come true

Happy and you know it, some are born retarded that
way.

Watchmen

Did you ever stop to think

That all the guilt they put on me

Was just to justify

Disinfo from intelligence

Who puts evidence of crime

In public display

To create shames control

Of those who click on 'don't look here'

I didn't click but I saw through

To the factions that baited the hooks

To reel the unsuspecting in

Fools of men to fish

Surveillance culture

Getting worse each passing year

The more technology frees

The more it's used to force us to our knees

I've ten microphones on devices

In a two bedroom flat

3 on my person

And gps to track

At least it justifies the fear

That there's more I didn't buy

They sell us safety in a camera

To watch over the kids

But who watches over those who watch

The clouds data building up

Back doors and A.I. alerts

Searching for deviation

I wonder is it normal

That my name produces a red flag

Ostracism of those who can't afford the right

To privacy in the home.

Ghosts

Ghosted, spooks with skeleton keys

They back door your hub

And can get into anywhere

Do you think it paranoia when they leave me messages

I went out to the shops today

And when I got back home

Origami of a rat

To remind me they can override CCTV

Reassured next time will be different

That there will be evidence

Enough to prove my innocence

If community services over step the mark

Faith that chips will be on my side

In situations that cut both ways

They've already demonstrated

That they can switch off my body cam

Send abuse to my devices

Harassment on my smart watch

Artificial artifice, hackers intelligence

Some times it passes the Turin test

When I speak to my device

I wonder who is it really listening in

Smart replies from not so smart tech

Trails that they can track

Alerts I'm coming home

Evidence when I go out

But do I feel so secure

Of the ghosts I have to trust?

Singapore surprise

Of how we all synchronise.

Collusion

Collusion in those liars eyes

Can I see through

View the breadcrumbs on my trail

Strands in narrative to connect

Do you think we're all borderline cases

That you can pathologies me

For everything I do and say

I see your shadow extending to eclipse

I can see blurred boundaries

With deliberation drawn in sand

Moving the goal posts

In hope to fascinate an attack

Did you not know

I've been here before

Forewarned and forever forearmed

You can't fan obsession to then snuff the shielded
lamp

Ever bitter to see through another's act

To tease interest with a hidden mask

Warpaint concealed by a made up face

The rouge on the foundations brushed

You'd paint love as just some cruel joke

Bound for the bar where dreams go up in smoke

You assume in profile

that I am defined by the past

You think there should be some cause for alarm

The only recycling is of the pretence

That when you spend your time with me

That we have ever been alone

Queens chambers speak to me of old news

Of other times and other people who also thought the
story new

Project

The cracks begin to show

Beneath the grease paint

A comic mask hides tragedy

Fading of spotlights

They penned this act before

You see parallels in starlight

But fools gold illusion wrought

Cannot sustain a fantasy

Leaving wrecked lives out in the cold

To promote their quality of life

They'll build you up

Puff out your chest

But do their bridges burn?

Building only walls

Cut frames on an editors floor

Where narratives become so flawed

Another scene

The players change

But directions all remain the same

Submitting to an unseen hand

Become human

Break their mental chains

The phone is silent

Whilst others think

That opportunity nocks

Placing faith in TV dinners

Avatars to comedic scripts

Lip-sinks with quotes cue line

There's those who seek humiliation

To pull rugs from under feet

Forever to be misrepresented

Innuendos curtain call

Would they imply that lie again?

That beguiles the projecting eye

Caprice

The song bird of my hopes

What virtues from the muse

Raising voice on high

Breast beating with strong heart

Capricious of the face

Betrayer to the fall

Misleading in the dance

The rhythm loosing step

Fickleness to find

The duplicity of womankind

Victim to jealousy

In schemes strung through her locks

Rising with the dawn

Soaring spirits on the mind

But illusion to sustain

Must tear out the offended eye

Abhorrence of the play

Writ with truest spite

How to rue the day

The soul reached for newest heights

Like lilithe's demon kiss

Knowing temptations thirst

The Furies that once wept

Rend the minstrel's throat

To strip of the ideal

Redress the sagging flesh

Knock off the pedestal

Rip up the scented notes

Perfumery of only decay

Contamination's bane

Heat only of cremations flame

Where cold ashes will remain

Tribes

When you were young

Did you want everyone to be friends

Craving to fit in

Ever trying to say the right thing?

Just like a party line

Popular points of view

Fearful of debate

To challenge status quo

Yet to cut your teeth

Played just like a fool

Ever people pleasing

No opinions of your own

Life and soul of parties

Peer pressures fatal cool

Bowing to Social norms

Playing to others rules

It seems to me the older I get

The less agreeable I become

Cantankerous to a fault

Opinionated of it all

What a bloody relief

To tell the rest to go to hell

No need to justify

When I tell others to fuck off

Do you really give a toss

What others think of me?

The heady days of youth

Ever seeking for a tribe

Now my teeth are getting worn

I think just what's the use?

No time to seek approval

I guess I broke the mould

The chair

An empty chair

Did they place a cushion

In the open space

Ever in absence speaking of fears

Cold comfort

To remind of another time

To disassociate

At once removed

A distant space

Between head and heart

Embroidering at the edge of sanity

Covers to hide the face

The shame of pains

Buried deep underground

Nervous childhoods

Knowing only the warmth

Of the striking hand upon the skin

Condemned ever to front it out

Left to be ignored

By the belonging kind

Keeping up appearances

A family in the all together

Each colluding with the secrets

Hid in their children's tears

Sat in the therapists chair

A void in a broken heart

Fragments reflecting in the mirror

How else could I escape

Recollections in interconnections

As powerless as trapped flies

Strands within a broken web

That lead the venom home

To the Roots of the family tree

Left still digging in the dirt

The End

Playing roles

Presenting honest face

Goaded the prey

Trying to flush out from the trees

Where mythology

Is mistaken for the truth

Like an apeman

Eating bananas all day

Words reflecting on

The things that others say

Hypnotised emotions

Trying to produce The End

Self expression

Freedom from their chains

Yet still bound by language

Thought structures that remain

An education not so hard to throw

But tell me what do they think they know?

Like clustered neurones

In the not so open mind

Thought pathways

Associations formed by time

Can they trigger

Navigate your memory map

How do you respond

To their stimulus ?

Did they try to say

The doors of perceptions was the key

That the trauma that they dealt

Was not the reason for this cold reality?

Held in suspicion till the bitter final act

Where the victim is the target

To the abusers spell

Academics sit back to count the cost

Directing actions, ask who the criminal

Do you think a history

Will always lead the same to react

Revealing nothing in the profiled past

A multiplicity in freedom of our choice

In contradiction

This is what they would predict

Still restrained by repetition of the themes

That they inked on the childhood open page.

Uncle

It was something to do with babushka

Flying of your kites

The sleeves on the vinyl

Dealt out like tarot cards

You ever forced one to the top

To prove your genius

Predicting every breath I'd take

Ever wanting to steal a knight's piece

Forced face down on the white bearskin

Choking on struggling breath

As you made me submit

Bedtime story to the fire dogs

The photographs rapt in newsprint

Or naked lies like the tea cosy crown for an Outer
Head

A game with out frontier

Did you assume in character

That the roles we played

Would make a multiple?

The names you gave me

To feed your warped desire

Irons in fires

Investments in the paths to tread

Like neural linguistics

Where no frogs become a prince

Did you take me on the train

Whilst you joked about the pedalo

Quadrophonic rude boys

Destined for prison cells

Dark satanic mills

Where the dwarves forge chains from rings

Odins one eye

At the gates to hell

As the Valkyrie ride for Valhalla

Towards a heart of darkness

Can you tell me what your conditioning left?

Ever towards the horror of a final battle

You said you were the social kind

But I still think of your abuses and knew you as a
psychopath

Eskimos

Did they think they sent me angels?

Eskimos in the snow

Like I couldn't read between the lines

Footprints ever leading to their lies

Just who'd you give your deals

As you sought to weigh my heart?

The magic buses mystery tour

Of Sargent peppers lonely heart

English lessons

From an architects deceiving hand

Tapes of misinformation

Strung with historic jewels

Promises, free of cares

What did you really give to me?

Watching every move

Heading off at every pass

The street lights flicking off

To the invisibles guiding hand

Predicting only failure

A parody fit for Earl's Court

Brompton Rd cemetery

With big bird on his bike

The mentors that I knew

Fit only for gay science

You judged my moral worth

On others idle gossip

Your profiles that mislead

And pulled the rug from under feet

You thought you'd make an example

To keep others on your one true path

Who were you protecting

As you preach to me to forgive

How I recall the cut ups

That I used to get my exam

The scrawl of spiders legs

Dipped in the shaken ink

Grand designs for broken lives

And I doubt they even cared

You thought to make me Christian

A vile servile thing like you

I see you were the cheats

That tried to steal the fire of me

Front page

Who wants the full story

Obscured from all our eyes

Front page expose

Do you wonder who really dies?

Operational commanders

Guiding in a not so silent way

Awaiting the next order

To blow the fear away

Autopilots on our routes

Smart enough to drive

Flown like birds on a wire

To a final destination

Activate your prayer circuits

As they whisper in command

To set the flight on course

You really think we get the new technology?

Official secrets

Ever beyond the grasp

Of fools who think they're really in

On the things we cannot tell

Domino rally

Onto open minds

Have I got old news for you

Archives guide like steering wheels

To a road crash on route

Breakdowns they never want to fix

Sit back in the cockpit AI in the drivers seat

With Smart bombs on TV screens

Exclusion

Strip me down

Tear me up

Broken lives

Engineered

You know we are the ones to blame

It's not the culture that's insane

Social problems

Others made

Symptoms contrived

To serve the state

'We don't hear them'

The cry of community

Out in the cold

No hope left

Why start again

Just to face the same

Tribes unite

To collude

Like they say

Born under a bad sign

Attitudes haven't changed

Reality denied

Sent to Coventry

Shown the rough end of the stick

Any excuse will do

So others turn away

Persona non gratis

Not even said to be an artist

Paint a portrait

Misconstrued

Feed others fears

The shattered shell

Suppress the voices

Of the rebellious kind

Mask of anarchy that they make

So all supports will forsake

Spread a rumour

Feed their lies

Whilst others make off

With all the money

Social networks

Keep on the outside

Elders say they've seen it all before

Just another way they slam the door

Exploit a weakness

Find a fault line

Pick a label

Any one will do

To cast doubt

On testimony

Sell the means to repair

But condemn the chosen

To ever face despair

It would take one deal

To turn the whole thing around

But they say, they can't get this on

Reality they seek to deny

What is it that they can't deal with?

Party line

Only protect the party line

No room for decent

They're showing signs

Of needing political correction

Sitting atop a barb wire fence

Never on freedoms side

Wonder why they sell out

Taking us on a ride

The rights of man

But you're just a boy

Magic beans to contract

They'd take every one of your talents

Be sure to bite the coin

To test it's worth

Fed on plastic spoons

Medicated from our birth

Some plastics cause infertility

Hard to swallow you'd think

They thought techno phobia

Made simple, meant I was on the brink

Cursed to never reveal

Passwords like sacred cows

Keeping others out of the loop

Time for physical education

They claim they have all the power

That they're the ones to do it in

They repeat the same old phrases

As if they weave a spell

I turn to my computer like a friend

Why Did they mark it 'execute'.

Different generations

How do they predict the next ones route?

Faiths back door

To find in their blessings

Only a hollow curse

They say they'll get us all

Time comes the hearse

Vitriolic to the challenge

The body of filth

Raised by the hymnal

For the virgin or a milf?

With sorrows veil

And mustard seed

Stories for children

That they'd lead

The rust corrodes the fated nails

Wood that splinters

Their tales gone cold

None rise again from deaths winter

Turn to the bacchanal

Raise fresh flesh for a hope

To thrust the spear

Bleed out the corpse

Their sacred cow

To chain our thoughts

The quagmire of belief

Eye for eye, and teeth for teeth

The antichrist alone in challenge

Declare final battle

Against the bleating sheep

The priesthood's abode for their chattel

The house of god

Its ship of fools

Penetrate to the core

The ribald chalice of the faithfuls anal door

Investigation?

They always investigate the victim

Cast aspersions about our names

Seek to criminalise

Or to justify, label as insane

Do you think we're fantasists

Because the system looked the other way

Politically miscast

Civil mechanisms never seen to be at fault

Historic child abuse

Always the hot potato

The schools didn't do a thing

Whilst I slit my teenage wrists

Forever playing truant

An outsider from the teams

They'll try to make a scapegoat

To protect the family name

Siblings will collude

To keep it in the all together

They'll focus on the deficits

The way that you reacted

Coping strategies from the past

That cast you in a role apart

They've looked into me half my life

An object of suspicion

As if to say the truths a crime

That they never get it wrong

Bring the abusers into it

For their input to accuse a pathology

There's something very wrong

In their psychological focus

I guess I'm just some old Greek myth

It can't be the system that was wrong

Perhaps it's just the blame game

To excuse my disability , player of a role

After all the other kids are all alright

It must be me that's just a freak

Posthumous?

The bankers holding all the cards

Who'd make a mint?

The chips are down

One and all to serve the crown

Heads or tails?

Collect their portraits

No selling out

So count your lucky stars

Loyalty, no divided word

Who'd paint us fools

To feed fading self esteems

What's the bet things remain the same?

Rewrit by history

The day grows old

All hope lost

Posthumous in their deal

Forever forgotten

Yet with their word, to count the cost

They'll say polemics served the faith

To hide their thievery shame faced.

Rainbow flags

And burning books

The stormtroopers boots

Crush underfoot

Wheat from chaff

They'd shred the lot

Forever to be misunderstood

Missing in action

We the people

A common good

The price of infamy

Who'll count the cost?

As pages yellow

And words fall short.

Fooled

An angel at your shoulder

The devil whispers in your ear

Can you even make decisions

To free you from your fears?

A fool such as I

Forced to listen till I die

Sweet loves words of freedom

But it's me that's left to cry

The film reel of a dream

Celluloid fantasy

That speaks of domination

To earn the boat mans price

A ship that sets sail

Leaving beggars on the shore

Ever set adrift

To drown in tears once more

A fool such as I

Why do we even try

To navigate the rocks

Where all lays wrecked before?

An angel plucks the hearts strings

A devil to the flesh

Whispers of sweet nothings

Left to long for more

Words wove in submission

To his masters lash

They take you for a ride

And they're the ones that's keeping score

The dance

Danse macabre

Great leveller of all

The rich, the holy

All face one fall

The bloody lips

And chicken bones

Sugar skulls in colour

Flowers painted on the face

Day of the dead

Move into place

Call to loa, Papa Legba

Shaken bones

Intermediary

Between the realms

Cold snake eyes

Raised head stones

Feast of ravens

Food for worms

Stripping flesh

Cremations burn

Equality at last

The final journey, all face the hearse

Baron Samedi

Pearl white teeth

Among the tombs

The bite of death

Skeletal fingers

Chill touch to spine

Bleached to white

With empty socket

Fond memories fade

In gold heart lockets

Dance macabre

The leading arms of death

Happy families

'You were just a mistake

That no one ever wanted

Another mouth to feed

A burden on the family'

'No one will ever love you

As much as this again'

As if what they taught me

Was worthy of the name

'We took you in

Who clothes and feeds you?

We'd think you might be grateful

That we gave you so much as this'

There's some who dismiss

The feelings as just blame

If you so much as criticise

The ones who raised you 'for their pains'

No sign of compassion

Are you really only in your head?

Take a sober look

At the nest from which you fled

Conservative values

That thought you'd spare a thought for them

Look after them in their old age

Care about them all the same

Forgive , forget

Give them grandkids to abuse too

Can the apple really fall

Any further from the rotten tree?

A microcosm of society

Just what'd they leave for me?

Family values, just what were they to me?

Raised hands for a beating

Warped lusts to visit beds

Harsh words to undermine

And shame me just for being

Terrorised for any kind of feeling

You can tell what I thought of them

Because all I wished was that they were dead

And now for those that are I wished they were never
in my head

Not so much as a Xmas greeting

But their shadow darkens still

Happy families

Familiarity in how they left their marks

It's why I threw away the house of cards

And never played again with the cursed deck.

Cortège

The funeral director

Dons his black velvet top hat

Takes the road

And leads the cortège on

Impeccably dressed

Pulling on his night gloves

To pall bearers waves a hand

Coffin atop its bier

In the shadow of his tails

The mourners each to suit

Crypt to dispositions

A eulogy fits the tomb

The hearse stretched chariot

Drives the nails home

Last rites to grief

Reminds some of long lost belief

Casket to interment

Condolences to assemble

The vigil lay in state

Requiem to a mass

Obituary writ for graves

Final rest it's plot

Or urns to fit a niche

In cremations loving remains

Cerements inurnment

Mausoleum final rest

The mortician takes to streets

To lead floral reef farewells

Homme fatale

Algiers promised sunset

Sugar coating of a poison glass

Holiday romance to court

You had to excuse my french

The players in a ski lodge

Setting up a plot

A consuls daughter

Steps out onto dance floor

Social outcasts

Fated by directors hands

French polish

Parisian governmental floors

Whispered sweet nothings

Promises of power plays

Columbines dove

Such little love

The military coups

That spoiled the fake wedding

Thoughts to use as a drug mule

Full English breakfasts to abduct

But alas a sober soul

Who could not be worked into the play

The mistress crying wolf

Did she think her naked lies

Would make them rise to rape

To guilt trip survivors eyes?

Working on the blind

A pink panthers homme burger.

An Arabs strap

The grand arch

The concrete snake unwinds

As the soldiers watched each move

A kiss beneath a lovers bridge

Floating on the water

Yet in final word

Just a hunchback to your notre dame

Magic roundabout

Oh to be fed a crock of bull

A head full of dreams

You can't fulfil

Did you check my resources

As I paid my bills?

Like a Ferris wheel

The thoughts remain rooted to the spot

Round and round again

Just what did they think?

Have I forgot?

Like a wind farm

The spinning blades

Eternal recurrence

What don't change remains the same

Returning once again

the swings to roundabouts

Did they check your mood

As they squeezed you into the frame

Ever falsely accused

The same suspicions once again?

Seasons turning to what end?

Another blood test

Another year

What are they looking for ?

What do they really fear?

A cold shoulder to cry another tear

Leave your piss for the bottle

As you walk out of revolving doors

Mood swings turning roundabout

As they medicate for their fears

Another year on the wagon

What is it they can't bring themselves to hear?

Not!

'Thou shalt not'

So they say

According to who?

It's just a pathetic book

Thou shalt not kill

Except the army of Christ

Ever on the march

Destroying people's lives

They play false witness

For a lord that simply isn't there

Thou shalt not covet.

So what, I nicked their ox

Won't even fill in the blanks

About what I'd do to their wife

No adultery please

We're British

Be sure that I'd sodomise their god

With blaspheming deicide

Worship your wallet

No thought of Decalogue

Idolise all you want

It's dog not god

Honour your parents filth

Like vomit for black sabbath

Above The gate to hell is wrote

The cursed words 'thou shalt not'.

Voices

Hearing voices network

There's a lot of it about

Open to interpretation

Reality to doubt

His master voice

Tinnitus change of frequency

Sure to straighten them out

Keep them free of delinquency

Subliminal autosuggestion

The means of thought control

If you're not hearing voices

It's only because the volumes down

Signal to noise

They'd see you on your knees

Forever led up the garden path

Are you sure your thoughts are ever free?

Deep thought, become human

Limits to our choice

Artificial intelligence

Repeating over history

Fanning flames compulsion

Spoon fed on disfunction

Perhaps it's the medication

That never seems to work

A little more submissive

To the cultural norms

Some say they don't hear voices

As they murmur to their god

I question their reality

This culture talks down to us like dogs

Meme

The meme machine

Just what can you see?

Thought wheels like clockwork

Perpetual in their motion

The maps laid down before

Linguistic structures

A lift takes you to your favoured floor

Yes or no? The swing of doors

Themes carved in stone

Neurological pathways

Writ by language

Specialist subject, starter for six.

Objectified processes

Drafts blow gentle at the open mind

But the wind of change

Eludes, somehow hard to find

Cultural influencers

Transmit the new onto the structures

Change your tack

Ride off the beaten track

But the paths we take

Ever strangely lead us back

Component building blocks

Consciousness formed like genes

Topics clothed in last years fashions

Yearning to break free to find new passion

Add a virus to corrupt

The circuits linking in the mind

Meme machine, shaken foundations

The structure to our thoughts

Bonsai

Emptiness like the tea cup

Embracing imperfection

Suffering to avoid

Green liquid to the void

Asymmetric simplicity

Aesthetics to flawed form

Training the new growth

Like a bonsai tree to dwarf

Concentric circles

Ripples of the mind

Spiral thoughts in concentration

Meditated inaction

Gravel raked lines

Absence to define

Focused on the breath

The spirit rising in the chest

The stretching of the ribs

Controlled centres diaphragm

Actionless action

Freed from all intention

Starring into nothingness

Dark globes rise in the minds eye

The supernova like phosphorus

Explosion of the star of self

Where mirages collide

In the suffering of the divide

One thing left to ponder

The still emergent self

Jump cuts

'You're on your own'

Is that anything vaguely new?

'Everyone denies'

I've seen this all before

I recall the cutting room floor

And doctored credits for the roll

As if by giving it some meaning

They could change our bloody minds

Jeered from the balcony

Heckled by the stalls

Falling on deaf ears

Politically incorrect

Incorruptible taking stand

They've tried it all before

They seek to isolate

As if that will create a fall

Seek to contradict

Discredit what they fear

There's a million voices

Say you should think just like them

Opposites feign attraction

To court misplaced reactions

How could they turn it round?

When they've got nothing that I want

They've declared war

Yet do not even know

The first thing about me

Or where my bullets shoot

Duellists loaded words

Down the sights of a loaded gun

Those Reactionary minds

That try to dominate

Attempting to redefine

In their pathological state

Keep feeding us on lies

With half truths maligned

The streets

Whilst I slumbered under trees

You thought to steal my guitar from me

But you see I've got second sight

That alerted me to you

Six months idle on the streets

And no one lifted a finger

A machete in my bag

The only protection that I had

Pimps that sneak up on rough sleepers

To try to chain them to their role

Drug Dealers to exploit

Cold comfort from the pain

'Become passers by'

Yes, all went passing by

I survived it all 6 times

Still left uncorrupted

Sober throughout it all

It taught me something about this culture

Where arabesque bodyguards

Try to contract assassins favours

From wrecks laying in the road

With military precision

Survival is its own discipline

You just can't afford to fall

Another day, another song

Penned to while away the time

Spent out on the streets

The outcast and the lowly

I'd rather kill than have it repeat

Who says poverty is holy?

Fudo Myoo

The rising flames of wrath

With angers fearsome face

Sword raised against the ignorance

A rope to bind the demons to their fall

Contorted in expression

Raised tooth toward the truth

The fang that descends

Reaches down to frighten fragile souls

Immovable in posture

Sat in contemplation of the fate

Of the unenlightened

With braided hair to serve

The summoning

The binding

Tethered by the rope

Cut down by the flaming blade

To bathe in waterfall

Rise on clouds of steam

Silencing of passions

That rise as if to scream

The seated wisdom king

Third eye on all the lowly
Fudo myoo of the flames
That burn all in ignorance
Fearful countenance
To turn hearts towards truth

The Glass

A life spent under glass
Like fragile walls
To protect and look through
Ever afraid that they may shatter

Like a cracked mirrors
Shards in sharp edge
A stiletto dagger
That cuts the piercing light

Hidden in shadows

A hand raised in the dark

Dreaming of enlightenment

To finally be seen

The ripples on water

Of falling tears

The depths of the well

Reaching down into a dark core

Still afloat on the seas

Waving not drowning

But the swell of the memory

Still threatens to engulf

Escape from glass cages

Broken bottles drawn blood

Like the spill of burgundy

Bitter taste of corked wine

Bile in the stomach

Living lives sickness unto death

Caught in the throat

Words to be choked

Time to bathe in clear waters

And come up for fresh breath

Strokes

How I wished to stroke with fingers

Trembling from the nape of your neck

Slowly trace the undulations of your spine

To come to rest holding the small of your back

To breathe a breezes blown kiss

On the small hairs of your smoothed skin

Whisper passions words into reclining flesh

Massage softly with the lips tempted to a languid

lick

The moist slide of the mound

Drawn up with rising promise

To dive deep into the waters

And swim for your inner realms

Mounting gasps to navigate

Orienteering the coastline of your side

Heart beat rising in the breast

Inward toward resonance

Falling short , premature end

Where the fantasies falling sands
Feel like the sinking of the heart
Knowing what's allowed, and what never now can be

To walk solitary steps
Leaving lonely footprints in the sand
Reaching ever for clear waters
To drown the sorrows cry
Floating free alike from the flotsam
Strong strokes the waves to swim

Rakshasa

Steady on tiger
You thought you'd feast upon my bones
The veil of your illusions
Blood soaked palace for your home

She's a man eater

The scent of passions chase

Their feast in little death

A smile painted on her face

Like the monkey king

I went rushing in

As any other fool

With a banana a play thing

A man eater

Watch as she strokes her flowing hair

A Rakshasi

Shape shifter such as she

As you wander in her lair

Watch out for dead men's bones

Steady on tiger

As you're picking at your teeth

Where fools rush in

Deadly as a spirit thief

Take a good look in the mirror

They could drag your soul beneath

They're a man eater

I guess it's a mixed metaphor

Depending on their sect

A Rakshasa

Just which kind of spirit have you met?

A shape shifter, to be gnawing on my bone

The cure

The exclusive middle

Sitting pretty, all on high

Everyone with freedoms

I have never known

Feathered nests

And fiscal power

Every day another choice

Do anything they want

Back on the streets

Fighting to survive

Like beggars or slaves

The working classes lot

The vampires draining hope

With them we have to cope

Dis enabled

Dis empowered

Dis effected

Diseased till death

Disillusioned

Wasted lives

One touch of the finger

Like fairy god mothers, we'd soar

Corruption masked by glammers

As the rich lock all open doors

They never get to suffer

Because they had it all along

Take it laying down

You need your medicine

If in anger and revolt

You name this violation

There's only one illness that I ever had

It's name is poverty

Knowing only lack

Still I can't afford the cure

Pain

Core of pain

Seeking any conflict

To vent the rage

And leave its blood stained mark

Like the cornered animal

Or the parent protecting young

Instinctively to strike

Transferred in projections

The clenched jaw

Grinding of bared teeth

Illusion goading the blood lust

Perceived threat

That leaves in debt

The fist beating at the cell door

Knots in the gut

Straining to unravel

Like a bullet from a gun

Expulsion of projectile

Suppressed angers

Aching head

Beaten pillows

A lonely bed

Molotov scent on wind

Imaginations flames

Raising blades in class war

Words they'd choose to scorn

The stabbing staccato to the pen

That punctuates the score

A requiem to broken dreams

That feeds the fire of the heart

Do you bleed?

As those left silently in need.

Reputation

Seizing the initiative

To serve two masters

Betrayal of the trust

Bowing to the greater power

Experience is the living proof

Not only counted by the years

To pen commentary

In interpretation

Specialist to opinion

The friendly face that hides its deal

Reframe narrative

So either way I loose

I lost my trust

The day that doctors

Contracted themselves like whores

Fund holders seeking to protect white elephants

Where liberals hide their slamming doors

The fate of those that resist them and confront

Excuse me whilst I adjust my views

To the issues that are presented

No one seems too concerned

If my rights are violated

Where the main Abuse is one of power

Investors falsehoods to conceal

There's an elephant in the room

And it's that I'm being observed

Quantified and manipulated, likely used

Who'd suspect they'd sell out the truth?

They say my distress is too great

So how did I ever survive without them?

Oppressed voices

By greater forces

They'll seek any Achilles heel

And use it to hide the real

I don't need to justify myself

But I'll fight tooth and nail

The armies of refutation

That protect others blighted reputations

What's the coup? (Doris does the business!)

Don't eat poo

Stop the coup

Down with the clown

Turn him down

Bojo rules

Just not cool

Who wants poo?

Flush him down the loo

Bojo the clown

Just who are you?

Offers us poo

So stop the coup

Cromwell rose

Don't suck on toes

Cheesy feet

Fascists repeat

Don't kiss up

Tell them shut up

Don't take poo

Ask who are EU?

Bojo the clown

Turn him down

Stop the coup

Flush it down the loo

Engage with politics?

Hold on, It's always POO!

Rose

A crimson drop of blood

Like the trailing of a tear

Torn by the thorns

As red roses slowly pale

Flushed cheeks

The touch of rouge

The face held in the hand

Where petals gently part

The budding bloom

That rises to greet the sun

Stretching longing for the morning

Awakening kiss to flower

The dew drenched tongue

Pearl drop the honeyed lip

Trembling of wings

The hummingbird to nectar drinks

Ah but the blood stains tear

Hopes fragile melting heart

The cleansing of old wounds

As the ink slowly comes to dry

To ponder on the words

Wove within a verse

Stains caught in bandaged dreams

Like spillage from the wines glass

The crimson drop of blood

Petals falling from lost love

Linden tree

Lemon and lime

Rosemary and thyme

The squeeze of the zest

Spirits refreshed

To lay once more

With hearts open door

I'd give you the key

Beneath the linden tree

Memory pales

When hope seems to fail

How words fall short

On hang ups we're caught

Ice cubes in straight glass

To me you always pass

The test of the time

My thoughts of you flowing in rhyme

Tulips in water

How I wished that I'd caught ya

In the net that I cast

One thought till the last

When life gives you lemons

It's time to add limes

Beneath linden tree

Rosemary and thyme

Iced lemon tea

With a touch of honey

Little dove

A columbine

Birds and bees in good time

How I wish you were mine

Drive To Survive

Like the ghost of a childhood

Tapping fingers on window pains

Stones thrown in anger

Knock down ginger in the rain

They'll lead you on roads
To return whence you came
And when you enter old homes
Find the hatreds just the same
Round and round in circles
It's you they will blame

Whispering wind

Freedom in a murderous bomb
Is that all that they'd leave you?

No solutions, same old song

Keep stripping us down

In the hope nothings left

The neighbourhood denies

That there ever was wrongs

Stupid kids make up stories

Turn their backs on the truth

Social migration

Why don't you just go away?

They'll seek an excuse

To show you the cold shoulder

Conspire to avoidance

No work, get the sack

Any way to discredit

Rebuild you will lack

We the survivors

Find the same country wide

If they can't bind you to guilt

They'll medicate for your distress

They say that they hear us

But justice is blind

Ever trying to trigger

So they can say you broke down

It's a rough lot

This cultures unkind

They don't offer resolution

You'll be lucky to get any real support.