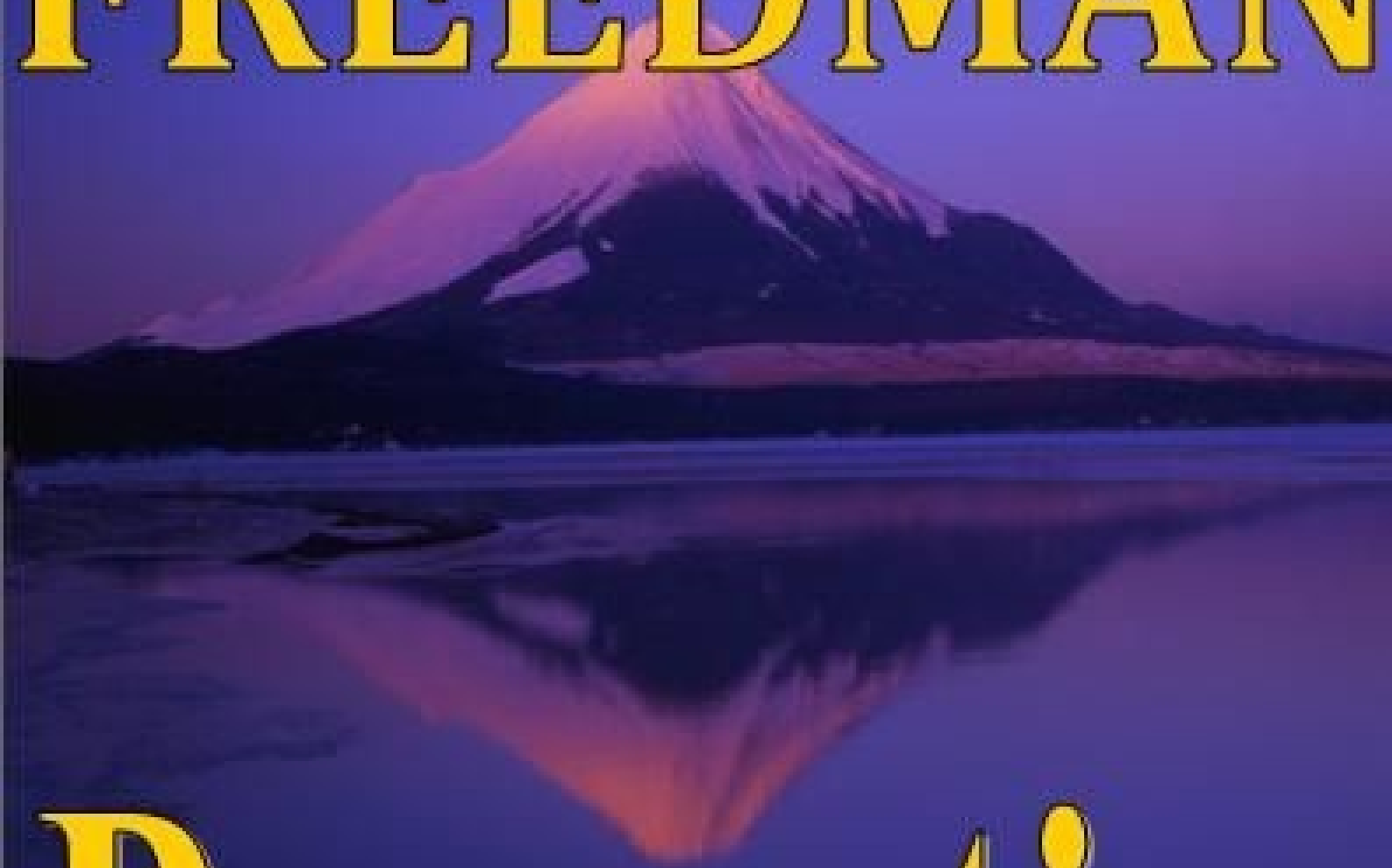




Darker Zeus

tales for adults, told by kids pretending to be adults, for adults pretending to be kids

E JOHN (S) FREEDMAN



Poemetics

Suspiciously Cute, Ode to a Total Stranger

THE ANCIENT SCIENCE OF MENTAL SERENITY THROUGH URBAN POETRY

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☐ Poemetics

Suspiciously Cute, Ode to a Total Stranger

A collection of Urban Poetry

by Emerson JS Freedman

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Suspiciously Cute, Ode to a Total Stranger

I did notice something suspicious,
As I traipsed up the stairs at Ealing Broadway,
The announcers words still ringing loose in my ears,
“If you notice anything suspicious,”
And I did, she was 5 foot 5 with dark brown hair,
Liquid blue eyes, blue jeans, trainers, t-shirt (I’ve
Already forgotten the colour), but
She did make eye contact, more than
Once, on the train from White City, and so I smiled
Because the announcer’s metallicly repeatable voice,
Hemming us in to the dull painless fear
Of being blown up by disgruntled lonely militant men
And women while we travel to and from work,
Watching the ebb and flow of our lives,
In the ever-increasingly empty threats of the angrily despondent
Self-righteous few, though forever disputed,
That same metallic voice repeats its message of canned fear,
Like some sad Circus barker gone robot,
Tin man rusted in lost days and mindless repetition,
Meaning gone, until that thought echoes
Across the vast empty life-drained space between my ears,
Drawing one mischevious cartoon-like cheek-curving wicked grin
Across my face, “If you notice anything suspicious,” stated the not
So lively not-live voice, “ly cute”, finishes my overworked brain
As she disappears off through the gates to The Broadway,
And I break off up the steps to platform 3, smiling to myself and
Feeling ever so slightly flattered,
She was cute, I’m still smiling
Now.

For Maya, the Danish, and Her Truest Love

Smiling he recites

His love unabashed
Her encouraging words understood
Laughter encouraging the blossom
Of love. His attempt to speak, guttural
Her language as she laughs, in love
Playful, hands stroking each additional tone
From strange lips, she swaps to English
In love he continues. To prove
His knowledge, dedication to her mother tongue
True love spoken, encouraging hands
A kiss to light the way, deep sigh to mark the time
Is now for sweetest love. Even deeper he goes,
Bringing her down to personal soul
Continuing the stretch to her understanding
Refusing to speak his own mother's tongue
He shows his truest love, this is dedication
He is in for the long haul, and to interrupt
Even to say, 'Bravo' is sacrilege
The worst of life's crimes against true loves
They do not need reminder or help
They are in their own world
He loves, and is loved in return.

Someday this joy will be mine

To cherish, but not interrupt.

Discombobulated

I stand still, walking slowly
Through indifferent crowds,
Echoes of cares and stresses
Bounce through the empty gauze
Between my ears, decisions made
Or only dreamed, remember 'right thought'
So what is real, or is that also grasping,
Another sad attachment to the world of misery
Of distraction dressed up as fate,
Tastes of old and young inter mingle
To make us what we are today,
This path walked down, padded earth
No space to think sideways out of happiness
Into the bright blue skies of comforting sad
I miss the one I cannot see now,
And tear the pain from my own inside
But instead release it safely guarded
Secret loss, aired outside
There is a method somewhere lately,
A statelihood I cannot reach,
But stir and swing on loss's rainbow,
Pierced right through by love's bright colours,
One range happy in life's miraculous birth
Of newness even when loved ones leave us
But what to do when choosing paths now,
Which way to go, nowhere to hide,
All that's left with me is anger's impotent sadness,
Tinged with the guilt of a small lost boy,
And the sweetest memories of angels gone
But not forgotten.

Mother Bear

Another day, another airport,
So far away, further than before,
Heading to calm steam emotions,
Flat self echoing fear and superstition,
All that I want, I cannot say,
All is calm inside and out,
But deep down I rile,
Thank the steam of cool control,
That stems the flow of tears,
The solid resolve to not break down,
That holds me tight in iron grip,
And flattens my darkest fears.
Life without is strangely empty,
No thoughts can move along that path,
You are my reason, touchstone, sanity,
Without you I am adrift at sea,
I know you are always with me,
That forever waits for no one, yet
I hope to hold you close once again,
And chase your nightmares away, Mother Bear,
For me, for everyone, you have always been there,
And within us you will always stay.

The Paperclip at the End of the Rainbow

There is a journey to be taken, if you step inside the rainbow.
All of the colours of the universe will rain down inside of you,
Leaving you wanting only to know, what is at the other side
Of the rainbow? Well, I will tell you now, for I have seen
I have journeyed from here to there, and everywhere
In between.

The rainbow's colours are not refracted light,
As the scientists tell us, I know that is just not right.

I have been inside the rainbow, seen the light fantastic
And realised it is nothing more or less
Than the emotion of love, refracted.

And what holds this emotion of love, in great arching curves
Across the sky? I will tell you now, so that you know why
I say that it must be love that holds us all together
The earth, the sky, the moon, the stars,
For it is ours and ours alone to wonder
Who and what and where we are.

So this love, flapping loosely through this universe
Of ours, wandering desolately amongst the cold vacuum
Of stars, has but one wish, to make us happy, not just us here
On earth, but everywhere there is an 'us', in every time, in every space
In every parallel universe-like-place. This is what love is,
An action, as compassion is active caring
So love is active life, and rainbows
Are acts of love.

That is why we look up and smile and share,
Telling total strangers, look, look up there,
It's a sparkling, shining sign of love, for one and all of us
In the sky above, look, see, can't you tell? And we know
That this is special, deep down, all of us, because it is
The true sign of love, the one single power that exists
In the world and universe around us. All else fails to understand
You cannot overestimate, the power that this one true force has
Is all there is holding us, down to atomic level, in one place
We are stars, once cold and distant, with love searching forlornly
For something to hold and warm, hug and feel,
Now we are here, not alone, not distant, not cold in our fiery embrace
But warm human beings, one people, one life, one earth, one place.

Love brought us together, from distant stars,
Dust of the past, the future is ours, so remember now
What I have said before, the rainbow is love's promise
That forever more, we can live in happiness, together forever
If we only learn to love each other.

And what holds the rainbow, to the ground?
What was it, that I found
On the other side of my rainbow swim?
Come closer now, I'll let you in
On my little secret, I know what's there
No pot of gold, or carrot-topped hair,
No leprechaun, nor fairy sprite,
No lost children, nor Pegasus' flight,
Instead I found, come closer here,
Let me whisper it quietly, in your ear
It was nothing more than a paperclip
Holding earth to love
And love to it.

So the next time you think of pulling hard,
On the love you feel, don't
It's a mistake. Love is something you cannot break
But you can lose it, it will float away,
If you pull too hard, come what may
That paperclip will disengage
And rainbow all will disappear
Up into the sky, for another year
Or a million more, til we get it right.

When you see a rainbow now,
Remember what I have said, that this is not a game to play
In or out of your head. This is no sweet savoury bliss
But the most deadliest serious stories, this
That the only power you will ever have
Is to love each other with all you are
And realise that this is true
The only reason there is a 'you'
Is because Love's force was wandering through the stars
Wanting some focus for love's test
Saw the stardust floating by
And now you know the rest.

The Day I Forgot To Be Sad

This day is the first
I have not shed a tear, though
I crashed as hard
As I felt I would
For I forgot to be sad
Today.

I have had days, before
Where I forgot to be mad
Or angry or bad, or just plain
Bored, but this was the first day
I forgot to be sad,
Today.

There is no sense in denying
I am tired, for I am
Bored, a bit of ennui goes
A long way, to explain in my own head
Why, but not all the way
Today, forgot to be sad,
I.

This is just another cycle
Another round-robin thought,
Just another broken record
Of something I forgot
I am no hero, no wonder
No saint.

There's a really long list,
Somewhere,
Of all the things that I ain't.

I ain't no happy-go-lucky free for all,
Travelling salesman
Bar in a brawl,
I'm not alone,
Yet no one else, adult
Shares my space
The whole of my hole is mine
Alone, smiling in the knowledge
That this is my way.
This is my way.

And someday I'll remember to be sad,
But not today.

Like some others who make space
For the songs of the West,
That great call to duty
To cash in like the rest,
Some fight the good fight,
Leaving smiles in their wake,
Their happiness soul-deep
No drink do they take
Before ensuring that all those once around
Have had their fill first,
These happy souls have I found.

These and others I've seen,
Read, heard, kissed, cried,
I've felt the closeness touch,
Watched my own tears, they've dried
I've sent good ones away,
Held warped lives close
Tried hard to hold on
Stayed longer than most.

Fought valiantly with
My family, inside
Quiet voices of hunger
I can just barely hide.

There is no way out,
No abracadabra spell,
No running free from the blood
My blood, that I spilled.

Red claret is mine,
Shame of deep heart,
Shown all too often
And too often thrown out
Like the sad melodramatic crap
That I write
No matter how hard
Try as I might,
This thought circles back
I taste the sense that I lack,
For today I forgot to be sad

And will pay dearly later for that.

Alas,

At last,

The tears come, not too late,

Not torrents of soul

Or cries against fate,

But the poorly held poise

Of life's old-young boy,

Not beaten as yet,

Not yet, beaten

For today I forgot to be sad.

Until now.

I remembered to cry.

Now if only

If only

I could remember...

Why?

Cracked White Ceilings

The soup of my soul, drips from my eyes,
As the sweet-fruit candyfloss that grows between her thighs,
Sugar I can't have, a life without worth,
The comfort of depression, my heart drawn forth.

The entrails of my self, drag on the ground,
Gathering filth with every step, with a strange slosh-slosh sound,
An empty glass that held hope, a mind without fear,
Cut off in mid-sentence, like Van Gogh's dead ear.

The angry circling of any caged beast,
Restless inside, to say the least,
There is nothing more that can pull me apart,
For the first was the last, she had taken my heart.
I wonder, not for the very first time,
Why the thunder of life-joy is no longer there,
And the luck that flows through me, like ice,
Carries not the feeling of comfort that once lived inside.

For there is nothing more that I can do for my Self,
That stranger to me that lives deep within,
Only calling out to pull the rest down,
Under again I go, but never to drown.

Sarcasm from the mind just won't let me rest,
No comfort to be drawn from any soft breast,
The pure poetic justice of life's empty fight,
The silence that wraps around with effortless might.

There are no winners in this eternal war,
No severed heads, nor blood on the floor,
There can be no more truth, for truth is truly dead,
The 20/20 vision of pure sight is simply a lance in my head.

Nauseous knowledge, forgotten feelings,
Nothing to watch but cracked white ceilings,
Counting the distance between my Self and the Empty,
Realising they are one and the same in the end, that I will never be my own best friend.

Funny this empty repetitive shit,
For all the emotion it holds in it?

What I would give for one small glimpse,
A taste of the life full of love, happy, warm thoughts and feeling,

Again...nothing to look at but cracked white ceilings.

What is Love?

So what is love, she asks,
As if there is an answer
What is love,
To you, is what she means,
So I tell her –

Love is the only thing you can give away
And receive back more, the more you give,
Love is caring about someone else's happiness
More than your own, wishing them well
Even if it poisons your soul to watch them smile
The green demon of envy reminding you that you are not only human,
But partially, at least partially, ugly inside, like all the rest.

Love is what you do when you have nowhere else to go,
No tree to hide behind, no road to run down, nowhere to escape.
Love is what you do when all else is lost,
And you realise that time itself is a mystery,
Not flowing forwards and backwards through space
With you in tow, like you were trained to believe
All those years ago, in school, through life, in memory
You realise life and time are intertwined
As is love, the memory found of some lost scent
Some distant song, come back to haunt you
From somewhere deep down, a place you thought you lost, for once
For ever, never to find, but in love, now
As you once were.

I could explain all of this, but stick to banalities,
For banalities are all I can think of, as love
Coursing through my veins takes my head and spins it round
Rises my gut and the pulse that comes from within
Spits in my face the steam of lost thoughts and broken dreams
And reminds me that, once again, I am no more
No less
Than everyone else.

Market Lane Horses

Standing slightly bedraggled
Sad Gordian Knot hair hanging listlessly,
They gaze querily, beyond the edge of the field,
Rubbing chins against the broken fence
Overpowering memories of what they once were,
Wild and free, powerful and hungry
Eager to bolt and run with the herd,
Nostrils flaring, hooves pummelling the earth into happy submission,
One more pounding heartbeat of mother earth's naked crust,
Memories cripple their hunched majestic necks,
As they stand there, so still
Their mad eyes remembering
What their bodies never will
That once upon a time,
In their cells remembered past,
They were free to run riot,
To breath perfect air, run anytime
anywhere. Now
Having been harnessed,
Brought to the brink,
Given slavery instead of freedom,
They've gone mad,
And stand rubbing chins
on bent metal fences,
Staring into the end.

The Market Lane horses,
Once so free, proud and gay
Stand stock still, til beckoned
Eyes blaring mad, empty thoughts,
Forlorn hearts steeped in soul-cell memories
Of better days, of freedom
of life.

Tired

tired,
a word I no longer
Wish to hear, whispered
sinuously,
from within my ear,
two syllables
rhythmically
rapping my drum
drained, I'm almost too tired
to come, to this
final restful state,
still dressed, as
I am, coat and shoes
still on, leg draped with
aching tender comfort
across the old leathered puff
breathing shallow from
between sleep-dried lips
moistened momentarily
shallow breath quickening the pulse
that sends waves of bestilled calm
down tired legs, blood beating
in the back of my skull,
momentarily lifting my head forward
from its final days rest, tiny pulse
felt through too tense neck muscles
as I sit skewed, bent forward at
an awkward angle, but this is just so
the most still I have been
all day, run from bed
and to bed I return,
soon,
tired,
as the moment I woke.

By the River

Sit and watch the swans dance
Sublime across liquid time,
Ripples sparkle with dying light,
Edge the night's winning battle with day,
Waning as it does towards the end
All the while wondering at time lost,
Another echo in the well of lives remembered,
When eyes still burned with amazing grace
As each new dawn's golden light broke
Once upon a time, not forgotten but tasted
Instead on tip of soul's forked tongue,
Not lies at least, embellishments of memory's fickle grasp
Love's ghosts, favoured tastes of childhood's own
Rose-tinted glasses, a hug, a smile, a coy glance
Forever lost in the quickly darkening water,
To surface again only in the glint of time's remembered waltz,
The dying day's final kiss bleeding light breaking sharp
Against the deep dark, swans sublime swimming
Cross micro waves of timeless wonder,
When will we next meet again, my heart
Is here when I next visit Kingston-
Upon-Thames.

Chance Encounters

I met the most delectable lady,
On a joyous romp to the netherest
Reaches of nothern Wales, she
Shone like the brightest soul in a
Room full of heart-warming light,
Each individual seemingly hand-
Picked for luminosity, a single rose
Out blossoming the rest, if only to
My own life-trained eye, smiling
She seemed all the more beautiful
Then we danced to it all, good
And bad, the songs did not matter,
Cheesy glitter ball suspended on
Makeshift wooden shaft, the high
Darkwood ceilings swallowing, not
Echoing the noise enveloping us,
Then later, a touch stolen, hands
Healing worn in compassionate
Care, eyes bright as her smile, she
Made me happy to be alive, then
Let me down softly with reality,
Someone else held her heart's
Warm embrace, even from afar,
In which knowledge I am happy,
Giving all that I have to give, a
Smile, kindness in wisdom and
The best wishes for the future,
She is gone, leaving the softest
Touch, memory's invisible imprint,
Her permanent impression on my
Soul, love, strength and beauty.

Sunday Evening

As the last day's light wanes over
The trees at the edge of the yard,
My mind circles back again, to
The space I inhabited before, the
World collapsing gently, folding
Over my shoulders like a warm
Security blanket, that feeling of
Wanderlust, tasting sweetsour on
My tongue, just another day gone
And me here, still feeling like the
Only one standing, like a wall
Flower left abandoned self, sorry
To not have chosen a partner soon
Enough, all the fast dances done
And still the one standing alone
Holding up a wall that stands just
Fine without help, so it is for me,
Not sad or lonely, just still.

Vapour Trails

Trails of what

We have left behind drag
At our conscious mind and tease
The monolithic iceberg underneath
As we walk, slowly gathering speed
Along the channel of ever forward
Moving time, changing the face of
Our deepest thoughts, our wholest
Selves, until we no longer
Recognise ourselves, in what
We say and do, only the wonderment
That is our place to hold, to see
To question and delve, picking apart
The past, as if it were a meal unwanted
As a child picks at tasteless white fish
Smelling the rank harsh randy flesh
Not wanting to bite, swallow, digest
So we pick through the remnants
Of our past, wishing partially at least
That we didn't have to, that somehow
Someone else was at fault for any
Unhappiness, any duplicity or downright
Cruelty we may have visited on this world,
Only to find, if we are brave enough to look
To pick, to chew, swallow and digest
The truth of who we are, and where
We came from, that the worst is not
So bad, yet something different
Entirely, just us, as we are, raw,
Some scent of fish hanging in the
Stale air of remembering our lives
Sometimes hot, sometimes cold, but
Always true. If we can, look
Inside, see ourselves and our
Choices, for what they are we will
See the past is just a trail of long
Lost hopesdesiresdreamsfantasies dragging gossamer threads
Of distorted personal reality behind us
Until we no longer can disentangle
Ourselves from the truth, for we are
What we do. Maybe if we stop
For a moment, reflect, pick at

The rank meal we have made of
At least some of our lives we will
See that this is not the end, just
The beginning – that we are all one
That we can make a better tomorrow
One day at a time, one of us at a time,
One choice at a time, it is never
Too late.

Richmond Cyclist Girl

trip in
to london town
making my way
with the crowds.

i got as far
as Paddington
when I met someone
worth talking to,
for a while.

We spoke for moments
long enough to raise interest
when i walked away
saying, 'have a good day'
dissapointment in her voice
later resonating
deep inside.

I should have taken
at least a number,
i wanted to, but realised
too late, this was just another
opportunity lost.

Maybe someday soon
I'll see my Richmond cyclist girl
maybe someday she'll see this poem
and remember me
by the Bagel Factory.

Just wanted to say,
'Hiya!' and sorry for not having the
common sense, or guts
to ask for your number
til it was too late.

I hope you had a really good day.

Broken Humachine

The sad lost rundown engine
Turns, spinning us off into
An infinity of unknown confusion,
Our forlorn loneliness, just another
Tear, drop in the ocean, heart-string
Plucked, resonating the sound of our loss, deep
Down in the gut of our source, where
We all came from, first pushed, then pulled,
Grabbed, hung upside down for a moment,
That first screaming searing burning blindness,
The first coughing clutch of outside poison air,
The first disappointment, the first
In a line of continuing disappointments,
Our own failings and fate's cruel tricks
Of giving us precisely what we ask for,
If only we remember those requests made, long
Before we had a clue what the outcome of our
Wishes could ever be, this we take
All in our stride, breath deep the air of
Regret, wonder where the time went
And pray that we don't end up embittered
Like all the grumpy negative kind, so happy
To be miserable, reminded every day
By their own shit-tinted glasses
How nasty the world is, while
The rest of us carry on, making
The most out of what we have,
Breathlessly running from one extreme
To another, learning forever that karmafatelucksodslaw wins, every
Time picking ourselves up, dusting ourselves,
Off, heading out into the world
Bright eyed and bushy-tailed,
As if the next time the bruises will have healed first, instead of
Compounding rotten emotional fracture with fresh psychological bruising,
Able to get up and carry on, yet kicking ourselves
For being so foolish to think the next time
Will be any different, as if we have forgotten
That first screaming burning blinding breath
Of noise polluted air, poisoned by the very liquid life
That we grasp gasping to the very end,
None of us more terrified then I of dying
Reaching vainly for that last breath, sucking

Ineffectually at dying lungs, weak
From the effects of living, breathing
That polluted air -
When a moment strikes, a man on the train
The melodrama stops, inner voice momentarily stunned into silence,
Like breath held in aweshockwonder at dawn breaking silent
Over a desert mountaintop, this man, at first
Glance, nothing more than a 'trainspotter', someone
Lost between this time and tomorrow, mind's
Eye fogged up with imagesemotions living memories
Taking up all of his mental and emotional
Space, clouding his eyes to what is,
Breath held as we watch him
Sift through a plastic bag of
Old letters, bills, paperwork,
Moving files from place to place, as if
It mattered where each sheet was, forgetting even
As he moves them, one envelope at a time
Why he bothers, perhaps peaking sanity
Up through the depths of fogged consciousness,
Eyes meeting other commuters, seeing enough
To survive, judging benign from dangerous,
Only survival level awareness left, this man
Who once clearly had a 'life', just as
You and I, now sits befuddled on a train,
Confused even by his own busy hands sifting
Through his own well-fingered materials,
How many times has he picked up this same envelope,
Looked at it bewildered, perhaps unsure of why he holds it still,
All of the previous memories of holding
This same letter perhaps giving him some anchor
In reality, a touchstone for the remainder
Of his sanity, as we know it, but
Still we stand, holding our breath, watching
The lost movements of a 'broken' humachine, lost
But still all there, as much us as we are him, and
We are reminded of the cruelist of life's mean japes, that
Even the most astute, sharp, aware, in
Control amongst us can slip and fall, for
Something as simple as a misfired neuron, missed timing,
Misconnection primed, made and with repetitious visits,
Ironed into place, the frailty of the human mind,
Human kind only holding onto this 'reality' by a gossamer thread,

Waking up one bright loud screaming gasping nightday, working
Endlessly to reach ulterior goals, outside of
Who we are, forever reaching and striving
For the ever disappearing horizon, only
To end up dead, as we all will
Eventually. Until we see him,
Sitting on the train, alive and hearty,
Yet 'not all there', out of touch, and
We freeze, remembering how life can be the
Most fickle of bed partners, first searing pain,
Fear, screaming blindness,
Then life's ups and downs, bumps
And grinds, all in hopes of something better,
Whether in this life, or the next depending on
Prevailing religious views, only to be
Stopped dead, as it were, in our tracks
By a single man, lost as a young child left
All alone by mistake,
Separated from parents
By cruel twist of fate, corner turned
Too fast, another wipeout in life's 24 hour
Race, reminding us there is more
To life than striving, we live,
We die, we lose, and
We get lost,
This is our life.
This is our premise,
Life's bitter sweet decline
It all ends in the same terminal
Way, why not enjoy what
We have, before it
Has all gone.

We Wish

Wishing we are someone else,
Is to deny the very selves we are,
For we make our own paths,
Which only we can see, from within
Ourselves, as ourselves, and
In seeing, create. We each forge
Our own path across this earth,
In our own time, never to be
Repeated, and no matter what we
Will, our path is our own, for
Better, or worse, til death do us
Part, this is the truth, the way,
Our way, each to our own, never
Completely at one, forever
Searching, blind except for hope,
Maybe the next mountain will be
Our last, verdant green valley
Lays just beyond, one more obstacle,
Just another flavour of life's
Righteous passage, we choose the life
We live, we choose the home we build,
We choose the friends we take
Into our hearts, and we make our own
From all that we see, hear, feel, taste
Around us, for this is our way, our moment
To shine, even in the darkest
Loneliest corner, there is a glimpse
Of love's light shining, through the
Harshest soul desert sun, beating down
On us, sapping our energy, bleeding us
Of anything remotely close to that
Humanity, the cloak of insanity
That we call reality, forever blinkered by
Belief to true sight, clear view,
But this is our path, our way,
And we should be happy, for
It beats being bored.

words drip like acid

Words drip

Like acid

On my eyeballs,

Burning me

To my very

Core, imprinting

Infinity, the

Neverending black-

Ness on my

Very soul,

Drip words.

new beginnings

I felt, as one lost
In the desert, thirst dragging
My shuffling feet forward, that
I had at last come to a
Cool, calm, quiet oasis, a
Peaceful, reserved chilled-out
Place, somewhere to be me,
While at the same time
I'm free.

This is my remnant, my memory of my mother,
That all is good, as is everyone around and about,
That we all can be good, can make the world a better place
Just by being in it, by loving and trusting and respecting one another,
By treating each other with the attention we all crave and deserve,
As one human to another, I reach out my hand in assistance,
And in giving receive,
this was the blessing and the prayer she gave to me
Each and every day sacrificing herself
to the world as cold as it can be,
Just another Giving Tree, standing still
while the whirlwind spun around and about
Her arms offering the worlds' wisdom,
knowledge spun into sweetened gold
Her body, earth's heart beating inside,
Until she could give no more,
and held up entirely by her will alone,
will never again be seen walking or smiling
or giggling about some misunderstood phrase
or garbled sentence,
which being said would frustrate most,
To her just another 'wicked' joke,
something enjoyed and shared,
In her last moments
Straining to reach out across the vast breadth of space,
through the transceiver of the plastic telephone held to her face,
willing to tell me all was well, that she loved me
around the world, galaxy, universe and everything,
and back again, hasping breath desparate to put me at ease,
I told her that she was free, that it was ok to let go,
A more beautiful soul I will never meet.

the ride

This is the ride, come join us
Come one, come all,
Come rise, come fall,
Come see the show,
Feel the pull, don't fight
The flow, it's all natural
Synthetic vibe from heart,
Another up, another down
One more in, two more out
Naked as the day we were
Born, once again riding the
Storm, not quite sure why
This is the norm, but
It is, so there, come one
Come all, join the jamboree,
the mardi gras, the fun
The party, not parting,
No pardon in sight, no insight
You'll see, just from you
And me, the same hateful conclusion,
This is my plate, of love, not hate,
Sacrifice, passion unspent, life lived
Unvent, unwind and you'll
Find yourself sharing, my plate,
Full to brimming with love,
Not hate, not wanting you'll see
This is the way 'to be',
As Shakespeare said, from beyond
The grave, nothing ever so bold
Or so brave, but the same taste,
Shared life, no hunger, more strife,
For what it's worth, this is love
This is life, no more hatred, nor
Anger unsaid, the rhythm pounding
Headache, sans head, this is life
This is us, just human.

the edge

Humming on the edge of
Perfection balanced, nerves
Singing the high-pitched squeal
Of delightful excess, keeping
Me awake, evenly pitched
Between heavenly rest and
Fitful restlessness, I see the beauty
Of living right out there on
The edge, forever ghost-leg muscles
Tensed, waiting for that pitch too far,
Listing ever so slightly, far from skew,
Thoughts keep me awake, of life,
Of her, of you, yet still my mind,
Far from calmness, wanders the breadth
And depth of finder's way, today
Just another, drop in the bucket,
One more seesaw flash
Of inspiration lost, time burned
Away, like so much cheap coal
Burnt black with the deadness of
Foiled minutes and drowned dreams,
A new dawn of self arises,
Awakening the real roly-poly me,
Another persona to fuel the movement,
Just another onion layer to see.

This

It's not halfway down the stairs,
Nothing so toe-curlingly cute and quaint,
But a road travelled all too often.
it all begins with the norm,
Decisions made, thoughts played out,
Long and short balls caught and thrown
Back to where they flew out from.

Somewhere in the distant past,
From where my own arc light fell
And broke, down to scorched earth,
That when the mirage of sadness lifted,
Was seen to be not scorched but same.

This leads us back to where we sit,
Distant planes' flight thunder
Mocking true rain clouds hanging
Pregnant in the near-blue sky.

Trees whispering tall unheard secrets,
Sussuration of wind blown leaves,
Teasing memories of nightmare-held
Frozen self not yet lost, but long forgotten.

So this is where we sit,
Me, myself and I, arguing
Constantly aware of the ludicrous phrase
To try, an excuse for pre-attempt failure
And yet all that we can wish for
On hope's daydream gaze.

This is not the end, merely a new beginning,
Somewhere to start fresh today, this moment,
Lost again in rhetoric's evil trapping
Word play binding stronger than cast iron,
No movement without percussion,
Another day gone, but not forgotten.

remnants

Every day, reminded by
Emotional knick-knacks,
Learned skills haunting me
With my past, a cow speckled
Single shot espresso maker
Abilities to cook schnitzel
With my eyes closed, a photo
Glimpsed in passing, one more
Of a million waltzes across
My living room floor, all tearing
Me to shreds, my heart constantly
Remade, like clockwork put together
Like a spring unsprung again at the end of the cycle,
Tears unshed for lives not lived,
Or those who have passed on
Having lived their lives full,
If not fulfilled, this is just another echo,
One more drop in the bucket
Of despair, I have none, for life
Is good, full of love and loss
Happiness and pain in
Equal measure, just as it
Is meant to be, this is life
This is me, another echo of love lost,
Brings me crashing back to heaven's cushioned earth,
One more reminder, of life lived
As yet to be fulfilled, all is good life,
A promise better, never whispered.

Still here, now where?

In the quieting soul stillness
That pervades each vibrating cell
Until any noise is more than the momentary cessation of quiet,
But rather the pointed reminder of inner calm, that
Permeates my being, flowing outwards in
Undulating waves of peace, from the very
Centre, my life force telling the rest to wait
Be patient, this is the eye of the
Storm, no more a safe haven
Than the cellar would be in an earthquake,
I am shaken down to my very core
And it is this vibration I feel,
Which in synchronicity cancels wave after wave
Of external and internal noise,
Until all that is left is the tinnitus bells
Signaling the death of full hearing,
And my own whispering voice
Reading these words.

Fine, all is well.
Still, all is calm.

Me, I am here
Now.

Where
Is this all heading?

When all games are done

Soulfilling relief as the endgame draws near,
One slow plodding step at a time,
Dawn reversing back over distant now jet black horizons,
Still I can hear the edge of reason call
Me back to where I was, once upon a time,
Without any real excuse, I crash
And ultimately feel the better
For it, just another cycle
Of up and down life,
Just one more breath in, held
Too long, then let out, just one more
Self-promise broken, no biggey,
I say, because it really doesn't weigh
All that much, on the scales of yesterday
Tomorrow will come, come what may, and this rhyme
Will end, all I have to say.

Breathe easy sigh, for tomorrow comes, without where or why

A slight collapse,
Weight bearing bridge sagging
Under one load too many
One more admission of defeat
Another day older, uglier
Here for life, if not forever
Eyes wide in a silent wish
To stay here, but that is not
What makes me sad, this is
Not the sadness of sagging defeat
But the release of pent-up pressure
All too long held at bay, with
Nothing more than pure iron will
Now wilted beneath the glaring truth
That I am but human, another one
Like all others I see, not super, just am
How hard is this to take, why does it
Feel like such complete and utter
Collapsedefeatlossfailure, that only
The reminder of greater good, stronger people
Keeps this frail emotional web from collapsing completely
Gossamer threads once strong as steel, and as reliable,
Now tremble with vibrations of moving earth, as if
My very basis of reality were shifting
To let in the bare light of truth, my fear
That all this will reveal is the dangling bare bulb
Of life's saddest joke, and seeing this
I would need to close the door on reality once again
Turn to my child and say,
All is rosey, all is love,
All is beauty, knowing full well that
What I stated verbatim was pure lie,
How would this earth-shattering revelation leave me,
No more a shell than I am right now
Mirages of my own making stand all around
As lost shrouds befuddle a boy standing stock still
The breath of some ancient beast fogging up
The air behind the sheets of ice-thin reality, no more
These are all just excuses, a long enough reason
To twist and turn my way to harshest reality
That all will be well, no matter how hard or not I try
For that is the way of all things

Life beats on through the heart of another.

After all, I am spent,
And dog gone tired,
This silly little dance, a final pirouette
And then the fall,
That same thundering internal silence
That comes to take us each
All.

What's more?
Nothing. Everything.

Pain. Freedom

breathe

Let's play charades

When you live long enough,
To revisit every bit of misery
That you ever swallowed down
Bit back and internalised,
Whether through constant silent self-recrimination,
Or simply moving on more quickly than is healthy,
For both soul and self to acknowledge damage done,
All those festering sores, of could have
Would have, should have beens well up
In the throat, choking torrents of years jerked child-like
Tantrums of salty rain dried on cheeks lined with years,
Laughter leaving deeper grooves than pain ever did
On the surface, but pain and suffering is only truly felt
On the inside, where we hide with our own skeletons,
Jacked up in our private nightmares, blaring landscape
Flying by at hellish pace, quickening as the taste of death
Flings the dry spittle of yester-years forgotten pain across
Your face, once again just a loose end,
Flapping ragged in the breeze, tied to the pole
Of our own self-denial, too arrogantly self-assured,
Too inwardly borne to realise how outwardly blind we really are,
This life nothing more than a stark mirror
Of our own selfish desire, to repeat the thro's of the past,
Like some sadly lost caged beast,
Depressed animal all alone staring out of the barren internal landscape,
Not knowing what truly surrounds us
Is the eden we all feel thrown out from
And each other being the Adam and Eve of our own first birth,
To return back round inside, to our own private fallacies,
And in seeing them recognise each other
For what we really are
Fellow human beings
Floating, through the vast emptiness of vacuous space,
Precariously perched on the outer edge of a massive living rock,
Carbon and the thin film of atmosphere our only hope to continue,
Feuding and picking, fighting and blaming, pushing and shoving
For another little piece of
What? a rock floating through space.

The same cycle ends where it always begins,
Sadness to preacher's words,
No more real than anything else verbal

In this world, if we do not at least thank our fellow human
For smiling as they help us through another day
What is the purpose of this sad charade?

Potatoe potahto

Recently I was accused
Of some sort of racial slur
In a story I wrote
About gorillas in
Much Like Us.

When I looked again
Re-reading it through someone else's eyes
Or as close as I could get in my own mind's eye
I still could not see what they meant
Though I tried as hard as I might.

So I sat
And I thought
About all the pictures people see
About how we all see a different world
Through a myriad of different eyes,
How everything is up to us to define
Decipher, discover, decide
And we are all as infallible as each other.

From the slightest misunderstanding
To religious discourse, to racial hatred and outright war
The whole problem is us humans, desperate to not be alone
Fighting for some real meaning, some vital substance
In this life, on this rock, floating alone through space,
The vacuum that surrounds us.

There is no straight answer,
No all-encompassing truth that we can all happily
Accept, nothing that is so clear cut and true
That we all see it the same way, so we go on
Fighting and arguing, judging and describing
Pidgeon-holing. Reinforcing our own preset world view
Until all that exists in the wonder of reality
Fits within our own ten-second segment of bite-size life,
Allowing us to relax back into comfortable modes of behaviour,
The ruts of common existence and habitual blindness.

When will we all wake up to the pure beauty of clear sight?

Even Flow

This is how it is, in life, in me
With all that I am and was, all that I will ever be
This is me.

Flowing like a sly snake slithering slowly sideways
Hot sand not touching skin but instead moving aside
For the slickness of my life to leave a telltale s-shaped jagged wound
In the land that I walk, forever doomed by those prophetic words,
“You’ll be a real heart breaker some day,” who knew
The heart that I would break time and again would be
Mine.

No masochist,
Me
Just broken, ever so slightly
You see
This is not the beginning or the end
For life does not work like a movie
Pat top and bottom, clear middle and run-up
Exercise some common sense and realise
That the reality of life is a constant, ever open ‘o’
Of amazing change, amazement itself just another way of saying
‘oops, i did it again’

So this is where i sit now,
Having ‘oopsed’ one time more
This time no more an oops than ever before
But it could be the last one to be made with eyes shut
If I am to make more, they will have to be consciously on purpose
Meaningfully all the more painful for their directed aim
To make me more than I am, once more again,
To turn this sad sourpuss of a future-prefect child
Into the man he needs to be to see this life to its fruitful end
Another aim, this time too high, maybe, but all the same
An aim to me to be what I need for my life to be complete
To be completely happy and comfortable, or at least comfortably happy
Which is one and the same, isn’t it?

So this is my manifesto, that all children come first
That I will make my greatest effort to live by the creed
The creed that is burned in God-like mile-high flaming letters in the darkest corners of my
soul
I must “Hurt as few people as little as possible,” and

“Help as many people as much as possible,” for this is life distilled,
Is it not? To be able to say, “I did it my way, and my way hurt so little, and helped so
much,
So it must be the right way, for me, at least” and maybe to end it with
“Don’t you see this is as true as mathematical formulae?”

Only to watch others nod sagely, never to know if they agree because you are right
Correct, even, but rather that you are nice, a good soul
And they would not want to let you down on your deathbed.

Saying this before then would be presumptive and arrogant,
Even that they may lie to you to make the last moments all the more meaningful
All the less painful, but you do not need to ask them
For if you do not know, in your heart of hearts
That you have lived your life by your own manifesto
To its fullest extent, the end of the meaning of life,
Your life, will have become something less than what it could have been
And at the end, this is all that will have mattered, you will see.

To be able to look into the eyes of yourself dying
Years from now, and say, “I plan on getting their well,
And dying better” is the most difficult promise we can make, ever
But we owe it to ourselves, don’t we?

To be good is easy, to be really good is easier
But to be Good and Real is the most difficult edge to take in life
The tight rope of sanity and depression, of energy and loss
To always make the right choice because it is the right choice
Not because anyone is watching, or because it suits me
Because some karmic bean counter is watching everything I do
Or because some all-seeing creator is watching my every breath
Or because some all-knowing lord has said it must be so
But because I choose to be that way, knowing full well
That I could be else, have it in me to be the worst of life’s wretched
Creatures, but choose instead to slave away at a life harder to reach
The comfort not given but taken one step at a time, one tear at a time
One slice at a time, one second at a time
One moment in time, and that is all.

each moment counts, make it count, or die trying.

There is nothing more pure than this.

Memory's Burn

I received a call today
Not for me
But for my soul on legs.

She smiled when she heard the long lost voice
It was the missing, one day out, wishing her a
Happy Birthday from afar.

My heart broke again.
This is like a test, a test of me
Of the lengths I can stretch to
The distance I can bend, before I break.

I can feel that familiar ache again,
Another sorrow marked on the walls of my soul-cell
Deep in the gut where I was born, inside of me.

This happens again and again,
Even knowing that I should be focused elsewhere
On the Workshop notes I sketch, now hidden behind this document.

But I lost focus, because my heart broke again,
Only
Softer this time, somewhere in the background.

There are true loves and
Loves that are true, then there are
True lovers, but that's a kettle of a different colour.

Today I was reminded of all three, by that phone call
That phone call that was not for me, but
My soul on legs.

Today my heart broke again, in the quiet of the background of this thing that is me.

Notes on Suicide

What the fuck is the point,
Why the fuck should I care,
There's nothing more for me out there,
No solace to last, no thrill, no real blast,
No life-joy, fun-filled, exhilarating high,
No self-destructive, suicidally-depressive low,
That I haven't already tasted, seen, heard felt,
Why, into this carpet, can't I just melt,
To each Michael his music,
To Ruthie, love of life,
To Elil reality acted,
To father, just more strife,
But I don't have that je ne sais quoi,
That joie de vivre, or other quota,
It doesn't matter anyway, it's all a pile of shit,
Even Elvis has a life, though it's pure flip,
Where is my hole, my soul in the ground,
When will I ever get off this merry-go-round.

Let the candles burn low,
Let my heart bleed dirt,
No more will I cry,
Never again will I hurt,
This ugly thing called life,
An abomination, no, more, an abortion of hope,
And again in the darkness I grope,
Like a sad easter bunny, searching blindly for one last egg,
I fell too deeply, now broke my leg,
And no one may help me, nor hear my lost soul beg,
For loneliness is my only friend, and in the end I'm dead.

But death is too good, too final for me,
The nine billion monkeys would no longer be laughing with glee,
They would have lost their plaything,
In dying I hope, the end is the end,
Another life would be hell,
And it would all begin again with the last toll of the bell.

Death is too easy for me pray-tell,
No last chance saloon or horror hotel,
Nothing nightmarish but what's in my own head,
Don't cry for me, I've made my own bed.

I sacrifice everything, and nothing at all,
For life is really simple, look on the wall,
In blood will be written; when all angels fall,
The end is the beginning,
As winter follows fall,
The forest is empty,
The trees have all died,
The wood is all hollow,
The three woodsmen have cried.

Tears won't outlast a true nature's beast,
And rest is eternal for nothing at least,
Not in this lifetime or the next,
Not my smiling face putting demon's to rest.
For as we all know truth is power,
And the only lasting truth will be known in my last hour,
But to know, to want, to feel, to have,
These are the things that can only make us sad,
Cry tears for our children for they do not know,
The loss that we give them is the bottomless hole,
That black empty cradle of deathless light,
That in its bright shining cripples all night.

There is no more to say to this babble,
Rise up above the shit all ye rabble,
And take what is yours from my own pompous lips,
You can have it with my blessings, it's really a pile of useless shit.

But then again,
Love,
Truth,
Sacrifice,
Isn't that all so very nice.

And in the end, it comes again,
Like bad penny rising or bile in throat,
No more will my laughter everyone choke,
For death is my final say in all things,
And you can all fuck off, even you in the wings,
You don't mean shit to me,
You're not even a speck on a speck,
And the truth to all lies makes this one big joke dear friend,
Because I really couldn't give a shit in the end.

So fuck off all you well wishers,

All helpers and lovers,
Friends above-board and under the covers,
I don't need any more insights or painful revelations.

I know it all better than you ever will,
And yet I know nothing at all.

But,
I will fight,
I will bleed,
For the day my soul's freed,
Because nothing to live for,
Is everything I need.

Anthrax at Starbucks

On a day like any other,
with nothing much to do,
I found myself at Starbucks,
at a table, built for two.

Chatting around the subject,
Of money I didn't have,
A subject only lit,
By the company that I shared,
The conversation was winding down,
When I looked up and they were there.

They agreed to take a picture,
We chatted for a while,
About New York and weather,
And travelling in style.

I must say, for Gods of Rock,
They're the friendliest of blokes,
They even had the good grace,
To laugh at my stupid jokes.

So the next time you have a go,
At Americans impolite,
Or brazenly telling you something,
That you know is just not right,
Remember the moral of this tale,
That looks can be deceiving,
I only wished I had asked for back stage passes,
Before I saw them leaving!

I may never have the pleasure,
Of meeting you all again,
But I want to say a great big 'Thank You!'
To Joey Belladonna and his Crew.
(And to the grumpy git,
Who ran out before the picture lit,
Thank you too!)

Because at the very end,
Running out to say goodbye,
I shook everyone's hand,
Said my fare thee well,
And grinned my way all the way home,

With an awesome story to tell!



Anthrax and mE, Starbucks, Liverpool Street Station - 03/12/2007



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