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# POEMETICS

SUSPICIOUSLY CUTE, ODE TO A  
TOTAL STRANGER

THE ANCIENT SCIENCE OF MENTAL  
SERENITY THROUGH URBAN POETRY

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# Darker Zeus

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

## ☐ 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 statelyhood 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 hopes desires dreams fantasies 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 karma fate lucks sods law 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 images emotions 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.



*now 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  
Collapsed defeat loss failure, 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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