**Written Memories**

**Poetry**

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RIP

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*...Jaryd-Dayne Stapleton...*

*Written Memories*

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*Poem 1 – +*

# ***+***

he failed me

the world failed me

Life failed me

words fail me…completely

*Page 2*

*Poem 2 – 5AM*

# 5AM

Typing on the keyboard  
downloading mp3s  
Speed dialling your best friend  
sending a message to someone overseas  
  
Loud music playing in the room  
It would have to be a loud hard rock song  
blaring out of the poor 250W speakers  
and barely waking anyone up at midnight  
  
The late night is one filled with pizza, coke and chips  
Not the healthiest of food or hours  
  
Typing is not your favourite task  
downloading images from your mind about the day  
speed killing those who wish to press the accelerator  
sending messages of hope across the oceans  
  
Loud as the thunder outside my windows  
it would have knocked out all of my electrical components  
blaring away would be the parents who would have to reimburse you  
and barely listening you would be at this time of night  
  
The late night doesn't suit me anymore  
Not the healthiest of events or hours  
  
Typing is what I stop doing  
downloading my mind into the sleep mode  
speed turns to stealth as I fall asleep  
sending messages to my muscles to relax  
  
Loud is the thud my head experiences on the keyboard  
it would have hurt had I not been so dosed  
blaring away and cursing heavily I head for bed  
and barely note that I am fully clothed as I fall onto it

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*Poem 3 – 2001*

# 2001

sitting at the side of a room  
the desk the table whatever it might have been  
the summer heat seeping through the bottom of the closed front door  
the outlook is grim  
  
Ricki Lake on e  
a room or two away  
a double bed greets you as you leave the only room  
open the door find a world  
a central main road you happen to live on  
  
your windows look out onto bushes and bums  
beyond that a small park  
the ocean fills your hears  
filters through that TLC you're listening to  
  
those school exams were hell  
the three weeks off school well deserved  
taking the bus once to school  
made you realise why walking three kilometres was better  
  
the small neat kitchen  
the daily sachets of breakfast you had  
oats wasn't it?  
a renovated flat high class expensive  
one that made the rest of the building look like crap  
  
the beach the summer the 2001  
the old run down Funland arcade in the centre of town  
the junior year of your high school career  
making friends feeling small enjoying life too young to have known  
  
the heat and everything else  
as much as it was a year to forget  
it was a year to remember  
and if only I could go back and do a little more about it

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*Poem 4 – 3000 Lives*

# 3000 Lives

Many lives were lost

on the autumn day

A Tuesday of all days

9/11

3000 lives were lost:

many more affected

Those touched and harmed by the day

will never be forgotten

though weak words can never compensate

humanity will survive

and succeed in every right

yet finally destroying itself

the men of insane minds

will continue to kill without sight

but we will still survive

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*Poem 5 – A Bad Day*

# A Bad Day

Somehow today was not

exactly what I expected

Somehow I wanted a good time

yet I never do get what I want

I had but an evidently bad day

I really enjoyed it; no

a bad day I would receive

for being just plain old sad me

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*Poem 6 – A Cacophony of Violins*

# A Cacophony of Violins

there is no question

to an unanswerable...

it's merely an ultimatum

be forward and proactive

or be archaic and backward

the neo-people of tomorrow

are vastly superior to you

and you know it

that's why you fear revolutions

liberations and change

they're really dangerous, these people

they will infect your world

and they will bring about certain despairs

like those of humanism, and compassion

the evils of the world will rise from the ashes

and promote sin like tolerance and acceptance

understanding and love

your world will crumble

so look now and change the laws

harvest the conservative masses

before the way for change is paved right in front of your eyes

take away civil liberties

and wave around a little black book

stand on your podium and deny people their love

deny them their choices

and their freedoms

today: make your mark

because tomorrow: you'll be the same

and everyone else will have evolved

your conservatism will stagnate and their liberalism will change you

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*Poem 7 – A Letter to Everidge*

# A Letter to Everidge

*Dearest Everidge:* As if living my life was not hard enough

you had to come and take everything away.

If ever there was a way to pray,

then this would be it.

Although I wish you would return to me,

I know that I would just turn away,

knowing what I know now.

You will always hold a burning light inside of me.

Would I take everything away from you?

Make your life harder by merely entering it?

My only prayer is that you can forget me

as easily as I wish to forget you.

All along you knew the pain

you would cause me by finally telling me.

Delaying the inevitable,

was that all it was?

I thought you were in it for good,

for the long run.

How I was wrong when your tidal wave washed over me.

I cannot even remember the devastating state I was in once you told me.

I have forgotten the pain when you told me to try to relax.

How dare you expect me to take it well?

I don’t even remember what I did that day afterwards.

That is the extent of the pain you have caused me.

You took everything that was given to me.

How could I try to relax afterwards?

Did you think I would continue to speak to you?

I tried to escape – escape everything – and end it all.

I can’t describe the emotions I was experiencing then.

I was holding on to everything by a thin string.

Loneliness is all that is left to conquer me.

Escaping into myself no longer even works.

Do I believe we will ever be together again?

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*Poem 7 – A Letter to Everidge*

Believe me, when you lie, you dig a grave that is your own.

Go find someone else to dump flowers on your casket.

No sacrifice will I ever make for your happiness,

believe me that when you lie you allow me to recognize you for exactly who you are.

When you decided to reject me and my life from yours, I fell apart.

But since then I have fixed myself and seen through the clearest of glass that it is you who is broken. Broken inside – a place that can never be fixed.

Go climb a fucking tree.

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*Poem 8 – A Little Something*

# A Little Something

Something's wrong

this is going to shock them

Caution on the roads

danger lies ahead

I'm about to break

those around me are about to die

and I will rise again

Results may vary

I don't care

when I've done what I wanted

and said what I did

then I'll be the one afloat

Something's wrong

I feel slightly higher than normal

I have the power to shock and cause hatred

among other emotions

I have the choice, I hold their sanity in my hands

I have nothing to hold on to

but if I don't speak up

I'll still be in the same place with the same stress

I'm about to break

something, someone, this damned silence

Music suddenly fills my mind

Say what you want

I don't give a damn

it's my choice to tell you, torment you

and it's my life

the oncoming hysteria

forces me to burst out loud

to say what has been boiling inside of me

all this time of my life

It's breaking me

tearing me apart from the inside

and releasing that tension would not only

benefit me, but destroy you

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*Poem 8 – A Little Something*

So I'm going to turn this place inside out

I'm going to reveal to you something

that will shock you, break you, make you gasp in awe

you feeble minded fools of judgement and presumption

Something's wrong

I'm getting this powerful feeling

this evil feeling that I wish to destroy you

by letting myself free

and if I don't, then I know

I will be subjected to more

freedom for you

and pain, anger and destruction for me

So caution couldn’t help you here

I hold the key to your demise

The roads are dangerous

especially the one you've just travelled down

now face the consequences of being you

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*Poem 9 – A Lover, A Stalker, A Murderer*

# A Lover, A Stalker, A Murderer

And everything will be okay

And didn’t they know that they were going to die a horrible death?

And every enemy of mine becomes yours and then we fight together against the common ground

The pounding of the earth, the wolves of the nights and the vultures of the citadels

And did you really expect to get away with this?

You forget. My every waking minute is spent watching you.

And thinking of the us that I’ve invented.

I’m tired of giving. I want a fifty-fifty relationship. I’m going to need you every input now

I doubt you have the longevity to outrun, outwit and outlast me

Forget the insults, the injuries, and the fact that I’ve betrayed you a thousand times

That’s a poor convergence of the enemies, and my life is nothing without you

But every breath I take is harmful toxic painful pressure against my soul

Your every move surveyed

Your every step monitored, watched, desired

Confusion only breeds confusion, and this won’t last forever

A rollercoaster of highs and lows and the lack of everything in-between

And I’m sorry that I’ve been there, behind and beyond the shadows, all this time

Hidden from all views including my own

And everything will be okay now

Because I’ve decided to stop. To leave it all alone. To delete the records of you.

It will prove difficult erasing you from my memory, but easier erasing you from my life.

It could have been that you had said yes. And then everything would have been okay.

I’m so sorry that I had to kill you. It was the only way for your escape.

For you to get out of the way, the path and the wrath of me

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*Poem 10 – A Profusion of Apathy*

# A Profusion of Apathy

What do you care?

I’m not good enough. I know.

And there’s nothing I can do.

Nothing I’m willing to do.

And then comes an attempt to communicate.

What a worthless gesture.

I’m not in the mood. I lack the inclination.

The maturity and the insight fail me.

But what do you care, anyway?

I certainly don’t.

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*Poem 11 – A Reason*

# A Reason

Objectiveness

Motivation

Life

Apologies not accepted

Life is unfair

Or is unfair life?

There must be a reason

For something or other

To make you look around

Find out what it all is

And about

I need the answer

You need a reason

For the answer to appear

Surely reason must be given?

A deadly circle

Which happens to have no reason

No beginning and no end

No answer

Not a reason

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*Poem 12 – A Short Something About Life*

# A Short Something About Life

A fundamental element of species survival

An idealistic ruler of the universe

Everything below the social norm level

Truth and beauty

Sex. God. Filth. Poetry.

Life's a game... play it.

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# *Poem 13 – A Slight Discovery (That Something Might be Wrong)*

# A Slight Discovery (That Something Might be Wrong)

You’re falling a little behind view

get up and continue running

don't mess with me for a single moment

I never did understand you

how are you feeling?

Get up you little disgrace

get up from that ground

deep inside your soul there might be a little hole

there's nothing anyone can do

Have you taken some drugs for the pain

is the view getting a little steeper

that hill jumping ahead a little forward?

Get up now

what seems to be the problem?

I just cannot get my head around you right now

I might just leave you here is you don't reply

Fine, go on, be like that

do what you want, ignore me

get up now

have you had enough of the view?

I never could get my head around you

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# *Poem 14 – A Slight Overload (That Left the World without a Population)*

# A Slight Overload (That Left the World without a Population)

Disaster! cry me a river of twisting metal

let the towers fall, let the headcrab get my face

see what the bitter end has to offer for you

let me not to the marriage of true minds find the rest of this sonnet

wish upon a star

a little one named after a dog

a certainly black dog who is capable of murder

it's raining outside

smile at the window for no really good reason

get a little too scared to move

you're a little paranoid at times, I guess

let the pillows guide you through your trip to the rollercoaster

find an alternate entrance to the television box that consumes your living room

do you want something for free?

ammo. gun. load. aim. trigger.

ever wondered.... about... something... but... never... bothered.. about...

remembering the damned this?

take a deep breath

life is futile

religion is absolute trash

society is a bunch of stuffed up idiots

flowers on a casket. some random clown laughs

now didn't you want to be cremated?

caution on the road

travel no more than 60km an hour

no real reason actually

just you might like die or something

listen to me going all insane

because I cannot think of everything at once

a slight overload occurs and I cannot focus correctly

I seem to go on about every random little thing

but they are all in some small way interconnected

I cannot seem to function right now

not properly anyway

ten thousand thoughts fly through my mind

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*Poem 14 – A Slight Overload (That Left the World without A Population*

and I have no idea how the hell to filter them all

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*Poem 15 – A Supreme Attitude*

# A Supreme Attitude

keeping afloat  
an easy paradise to goal for  
  
it's the lifeboat that counts  
a territory of pigs rattling the skies  
open up wide the dentist asked:  
*you've got nothing to hide*  
  
a waste of a brain electrocharge  
keeping it down  
pushing the limits  
of the skies, the seas and everything in between  
a search: a find: a loss: and the end of a rope  
nothing ever matters and nothing ever fattens the coffers  
done and done overdone and reduxed and encored  
and everything else *isn't* going to be alright  
  
all my life I've been here  
I've seen the warfare, the pain and suffering  
there are monsters here. now. and everywhere.  
take a leaf out of my book. it was painted green anyway:  
end the life with a touch of a killswitch

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*Poem 16 – About to Break*

# About to Break

Finding the right words to say

is quickly becoming a very hard task

with you babbling on in my ears

I need to take a breather

You are highly entertaining to say the least

but you're starting to piss me off wholly

You dexterity with everything is superb

too bad I wish to drop you oh so accidentally

By the way, if you don't leave me alone now

Apocalypse now if you wish to carry

If you didn't already catch the hint

then know one thing

whenever I see your face

I am about to break

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*Poem 17 – Aftermath*

# Aftermath

This is what I want  
and now is when I want it  
Now be the best person you can  
and hand over the goods  
  
Endlessly you stall  
your mortal peril awaits you  
I'll lose control  
and you'll be no better for it  
  
Running down corridors  
I notice the cleaners  
the lack of good lighting  
I trip, fall and break something  
  
Running into the elevator  
I press a random button  
not caring where I go from here  
as long as it is away from you  
  
I take your hand  
and smile, the winter rain cold as ever  
the beauty of the overcast day  
the ice wind blowing over at high speed  
  
Your hair, the wind and a random smile  
After this moment  
we can never be the same  
the kiss... an ice breaker?  
  
Give it up, do as I say  
Give it up and let me have my way  
this is what I want  
and now is when I want it  
now give me what I want

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*Poem 18 – Against it All*

# Against it All

It's just me  
against the world  
Yes I may have allies  
But I have enemies, too  
  
The world is a competition  
And in my own way I'm winning  
Yes there are shortcuts  
but there are barriers, too  
  
I will stand on my own  
I will face the music of the world  
And I will succeed in every endeavour  
I will stand alone, against it all  
  
Don't hesitate  
take up the world's challenges  
Take the world on  
be against it all  
  
You cannot fail

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*Poem 19 – All for You*

# All for You

I can change  
if I wanted to  
I could give everything up  
and give in to YOU  
I could put on a facade  
or seven  
if I had to  
I could dump me  
for a better sort of YOU  
I could rebel the desire  
of individuality  
if you demanded it of me  
if you really wanted a new me  
an extension of YOU  
then just ask  
I can shift planets  
I can please you at the snap of a finger  
I can permanently be there for YOU  
I am a shape shifter  
a malleable and ductile human being  
I can adopt and adapt  
personas mean nothing  
nuances and likenesses are meaningless  
YOU rule my world  
I am nothing without YOU  
you demand and requisition  
I supply and submit  
and it's all for YOU

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*Poem 20 – All I Know*

# All I Know

What was I thinking?  
What was going through my mind?  
What plan did I have?  
Was I thinking clearly?  
  
all that is known  
is that there are consequences to face  
I must have been crazy  
this was a big step to take  
  
though I’m not sorry  
honestly I don't give a damn about you  
I’m just concerned about my own reasoning  
why I would do such a thing  
  
all I know  
is that I’m happy right now  
your solace is that I don't care  
and I never will  
  
though it was a slip of the tongue  
I’m glad it happened  
now I don't have to think about  
whether or not I shall divulge any  
of my information  
  
all I know  
is that whether or not you know  
I do not care  
and now, that you know, know this  
that all I know is I’m happy  
  
so what was I thinking?  
Nothing I should do too often  
but when people like you approach me  
all boundaries and barriers fade away  
and that's all I know

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*Poem 21 – All that I’ve Done*

# All that I’ve Done

What have I done?  
Who have I become  
Am I just a shadow of a person?  
Not enough for you or anyone else?  
  
Have I committed a depressing sin?  
Am I just nothing to you now?  
Is that is? Fin?   
  
It is the tragic disappointment?  
Or the shame it brings about?  
The horrific thoughts that you could have prevented it?  
Where did you go wrong?  
  
Am I no longer your son?  
No longer worthy of your love or respect?  
Does my opinion now carry no weight?  
Or would you even listen to it in the first place?  
  
I wonder sometimes.  
Do you wish me dead? Wish that I was never born?  
The embarrassment I bring you. The pain and anger I inflict upon you.  
For doing nothing. For trying to be myself.  
Sometimes I wonder. Sometimes I wish you dead. For you are nothing to me.   
You were everything. Until that day. That moment of truth.   
  
They say there comes the point when you realise your parents aren’t perfect.   
That they’re just humans, too.  
That point came long ago. And the point that I realised you weren’t human at all.  
Incapable of love for your son, how can you be?

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*Poem 22 – All the Rush of Wind*

# All the Rush of Wind

Finding your way  
Is rather hard  
Within this forest  
  
The trees are too high  
Can’t see the sunlight  
Dark as a cave  
So dark it could just be a cave  
  
Finding your way; not easy  
Looking for a way out  
You’re lost beyond looking for  
Need to get out on your own  
  
Can you see?  
No, but you can feel  
Feel the wind all around you  
As it looks for an escape too  
You realise  
Follow and escape to the path  
Where you are free  
  
And all the rush of wind  
Has set you free  
Feel it now  
All the rush of wind

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*Poem 23 – All the Wrong Teams*

# All the Wrong Teams

Disillusioned?

I’ve never been able to see better.

Clear as a valley of ice.

Coherent. Concise. Able to breathe easily.

Try a mirror. Try a phone. Try again.

Grips and handles.

Reality failed me.

Life was altogether more. And handles less.

Large holes on faces.

Black with sundering. Two minds

apart.

I speak. I know. I see. I am.

Blinkers off, trail ahead.

Excuse me.

Mind if I fucking step on your head?

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*Poem 24 – Alternative Needs*

# Alternative Needs

I want something  
I want someone  
I need something certain  
and I need something from a certain someone  
certainly not you  
  
push me aside  
cast me aflame  
burn the living daylights out of me  
I do not care  
  
I want something else  
I want the alternative  
I didn't choose the route I’m on  
but I’m happy to be on it  
  
I want something handsome  
I need someone to love  
don't you need somebody to love?  
certainly not you  
  
push me aside  
turn over another leaf  
leave me alone already  
I want more than you  
and more than you can give me  
more than you'll ever try to be  
I need

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*Poem 25 – Always Bloody Wrong*

# Always Bloody Wrong

Everything goes wrong  
nothing goes right  
everything that happens is bad  
and destroys you  
  
Why can't something just go right for once?  
I have been living this life  
of disaster and turmoil  
nothing ever going my way  
  
Murphy's bloody paradise  
being confined to the gutters  
 would be a better life for me  
and the worst part is me  
  
Everything's a mess  
always my fault  
Why can't something just go right?  
I don't understand it

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*Poem 26 – An Abrupt Ending*

# An Abrupt Ending

Commit a moral sin  
You’re not understood anyway  
A parallel effort of twisted proportions  
Intertwining cords of truth, deceit and everything in between  
  
Take a look in the mirror  
Cry a tear or two – the stifling of pain and pleasure  
The music will uplift your soul, and soil your future  
  
A transformation. A pigment of your imagination.  
The colour of filth, sin.  
A sex. The god. Filth and then some poetry.  
Hold still - this won’t hurt a bit  
Life’s a game meant to be played hard.  
And then a mangle of metal  
A vehicle within another. An end. A relief. And no salvation.

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*Poem 27 – And is this the End?*

# And is this the End?

And is this the end?  
Has it finally come then?  
unwelcomed, but not unexpected?  
  
And is everything I've done now worth nothing?  
Has it all been in vain?  
Did I strive for something I could never obtain?  
And did I live in the shadows of doubt about my immortality?  
  
Could I change the course of history?  
Could I make a difference in someone's life?  
A positive difference?  
  
I have lived a thousand lives in my dreams  
all the same, yet all infinitely different  
and is this the end of all things?  
The full stop to the sentence? The finality of death?  
The ceasing of existence? The stoppage to life itself?  
  
The urgency, the emergency of this moment  
is overshadowed by the sense of dread I feel  
this deathbed of black roses and endless fog  
And this is the end, isn't it?  
Or is this just another question without an answer?

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*Poem 28 – Another Lesson to be Learned*

# Another Lesson to be Learned

as I sat on the edge  
of something I couldn't comprehend  
with my brain seething  
I thought about the vast and unimaginable  
  
as I sat on the rocks  
bare and covered with lichen  
with my brain beating  
I thought about the rhythms and patterns  
  
as I sat next to someone  
so close but so far away  
with my brain bleeding  
I thought about the interconnectivity and intercommunications  
  
as I sat with the enemy  
on my side, but still my enemy  
with my brain haemorrhaging  
I thought about the simplicity and complexity  
  
as I sat high atop a mountain  
an absolute position, a fixed point in space  
with my brain less-than-functioning  
I thought about where I was in life and where I was going  
  
as I sat in front of others  
talking, opening my mouth sporadically  
without my brain  
I thought about this world and ended up dominating it

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*Poem 29 – Another Way*

# Another Way

If there was another way  
I would surely use it  
if there was another way road  
I would surely take it  
  
This current path of destruction I am on  
leads me nowhere  
but then again I have no choice  
this is the only road to take  
  
I cannot forget; I cannot forgive  
I will not stop doing what I do  
the course has already been plotted  
and it cannot be changed  
  
If there was another way  
I would surely take use it  
but since there isn't  
I need not have a choice

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*Poem 30 – Apathy: for Internal Use Only*

# Apathy: for Internal Use Only

And then something just gets in the way.   
An uncontrollable flutter of thousands of wings.   
And they converge upon the point of your soul.   
Your inner being is plucked out right beneath your feet.   
And you didn’t bother to open your eyes to the warnings.   
  
And the scream.   
And the shout.   
And the burning of the memories recalled.   
This is the worst thing you could have done.   
And this is the last time you’ll remember a past of honour, sanctum and life.   
  
Hope burns across the television screens.   
Like a parasitic virus, the channels broadcast blatant subtlety.   
But it all goes over your head.   
The abandonment of reality forsook your sanity.   
And you wish you could forget me.   
And everything I’ve indirectly done to you.   
  
It is the meaning of all of this.   
And yet at the same time, none of it.   
Your choice is your choice made. And everything comes of it.   
I wish I could be so brave, so stupid.

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*Poem 31 – Approval*

# Approval

That’s right  
can you fathom it now?  
Do you finally get it?  
get what I meant all those times I spoke the truth  
  
yes, perhaps I kept it hidden  
I never said enough  
but it was rather a lack of telling the truth  
or just being quiet; neglectful  
rather than outright lying  
  
I tried to tell you  
but every whisper was in vain  
there never was the right moment  
the right time to tell you  
  
I can never say enough  
to tell you about how I wanted to tell you  
but couldn't find the strength the heart  
oh yes, that's right my heart  
that now regrets telling you in the first place  
  
could I have been wrong?  
Did I make one big mistake?  
telling you was just a dream  
happiness would have flowed over us  
and life would have been better, a little easier  
  
that's me over there losing my religion  
that song inspired me to do and say so much  
but you never understood  
the rain on the field could care more I suppose

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*Poem 32 – Asthenia*

Asthenia

For all intended purposes

This is not the rollercoaster of your life

This is not the primetime news

This is not anywhere near enough

It’s everything you’ve feared

Sick sudden realization that hits home

For every action, a reaction

Reaction, reaction, reaction

Bluer than the scarlet sunlight

Redder than the violet cloak

Every reason not to wander out at night

Ever chance and opportunity crushed

Mysteries of the eternal imagination

Chasms of the mind

Eyes to the blind

Life goes on as if it never bled itself dry

*Es tut mir leid!*

Your mistake on a pedestal

Mirrors and television the constant reminders

*Rue, rue, rue your boat!*

*Life is but a dream*

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*Poem 33 – Balderdash*

# Balderdash

What was that?  
Those words that came from your mouth?  
That utter garbage you pollute my ears with?  
  
When will you stop with your annoyances?  
And all your pathological lying?  
Will you ever give up the chase?  
  
You speak in random patterns  
and sense cannot be made from what you say  
You go on and on  
and repeat yourself more often than not  
  
Conversation with you  
reminds me of conversation  
with a wall, you are so boring  
  
Let me be free of your trash  
let me be able to hear again  
Let me be free of all your incessant balderdash!

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*Poem 34 – Bayoneted Marionettes*

# Bayoneted Marionettes

Cones of silence swirl through my mind

An attack of the senses

An overload of gestures, a reminiscing of the past

And everything eerie that spawned from your soul

A dark prefix to the events that precluded the outcome

The suffix to all that is admirable and viably so

Reasons to feel safe seven through forty-two:

Another table to be turned, another façade to hide behind

The cleansing of the castle may commence currently

But every step I take forwards towards the you that is

Is another step backwards I take before I crumble

And everything that seeps into my dreams is real

And though the incongruency doesn’t add up

The number of times you’ve hammered my soul does

Resistance is futile, yet futility is the meaning of it all

But what does resistance mean?

Is everything I do merely the sum of the parts of a puppet show?

Or is there the freedom of the personal ultimate choice?

Is my every waking minute, the seconds of tears I rain upon this world

Even worth it? Is it even worth it to speak of such a thing?

What’s the value of this life? This emotion? This expression?

Is it all for something profound and meaningful?

Or will I just be erased?

Stabbed in the back by the very life I lead? Pulled and tortured apart

Will I have my strings and wings plucked for being me myself and I don’t understand?

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*Poem 35 – Be Yourself...*

# Be Yourself…

trust no-one  
live your own life  
be what you want to be  
do whatever you want  
  
wake up and get a move on  
take command and control  
of your own life  
define your own parameters  
  
start a fire  
break a wall  
bash a car in  
do whatever pleases you in your life  
within reason  
  
the truth lies ahead  
you'll never get tired of the search  
be yourself all the time  
constantly push others aside  
  
born with nothing  
die with everything  
be who you want to be  
be who you are  
yourself

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*Poem 36 – Best Friend Funeral*

# Best Friend Funeral

Memories are regrets not yet realised

Monsters lurk at every corner of the mind

And nothing matters anymore. The meaningless of life sets in.

And like a gelatin slab of putrid pain, it comes alive.

A dare to become something other than you are.

An attempt at climbing out of the pit of despair.

And the screams from the back of your mind wake you.

But death is near. Nothing could be closer this night.

And you may not want it, but it won’t let you go.

The speed of dark consumes the light around you

And strangles all breath and voice from your poisoned lungs.

Greed and avarice never had a hold on you.

But jealousy and envy were bedfellows, weren’t they?

All that’s left is the silhouette of a human soul.

A paradox in the making. A death of a life.

A mere existence snuffed

Out.

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*Poem 37 – Beware the Bavarian Motor*

# Beware the Bavarian Motor

Walking along the beachfront  
not a soul in sight  
I walk up to the ocean  
my feet cooling in the sea water  
  
Unknown to me, the only car on the road  
now drives down the coast  
At an offensive speed  
unknown to me  
  
Early in the mornings  
like this one right now  
I walk down to the beach  
rediscovering the beauty of nature  
  
My time here is done  
I have to go home now  
Getting ready for work  
for the day ahead  
  
Running through my head  
were not many thoughts of the future  
Only of how nice a day I have spent  
here by my favourite beach  
  
I begin to cross the road  
this feeling of panic down my spine  
Suddenly grips me firmly to the ground  
the car speeding towards me  
  
The driver not noticing the road ahead of him  
me just standing there, wondering nothing  
  
Hit fly bump break crash fall  
Beware that Bavarian motor

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*Poem 38 – Black Holes on Faces*

# Black Holes on Faces

Someone walked past me today

“Smile” they uttered, almost too softly to hear

A careless whisper, the enterprise of a devotee

My blood clotted

I saw the red stains of fury and fire in the haze of my desire

And it was all too much, too late, and never anything

Bring myself to smile? Upon such a day?

A smile

I’ll take that smile

And let it greet the mud

Meet its maker beneath the sewer grates

Such a travesty it was to show false face

Such a crime that façade of deceit

Punished. Hung. Quartered.

All because of a smile:

undeserved

unrequited

given

taken

lost

and never found

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*Poem 39 – Broken Promises*

# Broken Promises

I've got something to say.  
I cannot stand the way you act.  
All I'm left with are broken promises.  
And I can take no more of them.  
  
I think about all you've done every day  
I wish I could take it all back.  
All I'm left with are broken promises.  
About how you'll change and then...  
  
Your endless attempts to make me happy,  
are useless and pathetic.  
Everything over.  
There's nothing more to be done.  
  
You've left me here in the dark  
Without nothing left to see, or to do.  
Didn't you think I'd have something to say?  
You're down with the sickness  
that infects your mind and takes away your human side  
Leaving only a changing reflection of yourself  
and of what we had, what we shared  
  
I can see inside your soul  
I know your about cruel intentions  
and you apathy and fearlessness  
to inflict harm upon everyone who dares to love you  
  
But I can do no more with these thoughts  
I have to depart and leave you in the dark  
You're too filled with broken promises  
Pathetic attempts to keep up together

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*Poem 40 – Cage*

# Cage

Open the windows  
let out all the birds  
Let them fly where they want  
Choose where they want to go  
  
Be who they want to be  
do what they want to do  
Let them tell the world  
of anything and everything  
  
Let these birds be free  
as free as the birds they are  
Strip the cage of its meaning  
Rusted to the core of the wires  
  
Crush this cage that kept  
these birds on ground  
Throw into the ocean  
that which blocks their way  
  
Shoot the fool who damned them  
to such jails  
Let him see, though  
what he has been missing  
  
Fly as far as you can  
away from this place  
Away from all evil  
away from this cage

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*Poem 41 – Castles*

# Castles

Crashing down the castles  
of the French Southern Coast  
I walk about the rocks on the beach  
in the rain  
  
For all puns not intended  
I lay down the cross of my sword  
for this rock I sit on is wet  
wet with beauty and life  
  
And the autumn winds and snow-capped mountains  
look down upon me with pride  
For this land I dream of living in  
calls for me every day  
  
When the sunset comes  
we rush for cover  
from the bitter cold night  
and seek refuge in our stone castles

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*Poem 42 – Catch Up*

# Catch up

You have been searching for me?  
You have been using your resources to locate me?  
You want to get to me?  
  
I take pleasure in the hunt  
the chase and fact that you'll never find me  
because you suddenly woke up  
doesn't mean I'm going to run any faster  
  
I've been on the run a long time now  
and you've just finally woke up?  
you allow me to insult you too easily  
  
You like to think you're never wrong  
I like to think you're wrong  
in that you'll never put my name to shame  
you just won't ever find me  
  
My pace is too fast for you  
you'll never keep up  
I'll outlive and outrun you  
and there's nothing you can do about it

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*Poem 43 – Caverns of the Mind*

# Caverns of the Mind

the light dims  
the night fills the void  
a dead chorus of sound escapes a cave  
a temple breaks a chest of pain  
  
forever the only way is out  
the suction pulls and the force blows  
waning and waxing moons pass  
and it becomes worse  
  
it's now or never  
but it's always forever  
lost in a narrow cavern of attention  
blinders every which way you look  
there is no escape from nothingness  
and there is no way out when there is no light

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*Poem 44 – Chasing the Blood in Your Veins*

# Chasing the Blood in Your Veins

bang bang  
bloody bitch got away again  
not the next time though  
no  
no no no  
  
down the street  
up the alley  
across the avenue  
near the underground  
  
the heat is turning up again  
the race is on  
chase  
chase  
chase  
  
romantic crazy hair wind rain spit  
spinning around in this world  
climbing a ladder  
in search of higher ground  
  
what's the point  
running up a hill  
down a cliff  
a random railway  
  
bruises, breaks  
you should have thought before  
you jumped  
  
focus  
stop  
turn around  
scared yet?  
  
blood here and spit there

hit in the side by a fellow pedestrian  
kill  
kill  
kill

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*Poem 44 – Chasing the Blood in Your Veins*

a pick you up?  
another random occlusion  
the water bursting from the pipes  
screech brake stop bump  
taxi  
taxi  
taxi  
  
what are you doing in the middle of the street?  
your jacket, your washed out hair  
that face, that running mascara  
give up  
surrender  
the chase is over  
I have you now  
here, right here and now and forever  
ha  
ha  
ha  
ha ha ha

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*Poem 45 – Cheap to Rent*

# Cheap to Rent

all night and day  
the metalworks grind  
the city never sleeps  
lights flood the sky  
  
everywhere you look  
streets, systems and services  
a profusion of mechanisation  
and all the harshness of industry  
the orange sky and green river  
the bridges of unrecognizable copper  
steelworks factories billowing fumes and death alike  
  
Utilities beyond repair  
electricity is the religion here  
the only guidance comes weekly  
and the 5000 blocks house no homes, no people  
all the evils of the world meet at this crossroads  
  
call upon a plague  
the tenebrific cobble stone roads turn black  
the flow of traffic and blood slow down  
the market demands the supply  
but the virus is here to stay  
  
the voices call, scream and shout  
the shiver of the night consumes  
operations cease, infrastructure freezes  
the blight that comes never leaves a trace

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*Poem 46 – Collections of Satisfaction*

# Collections of Satisfaction

I have a collection  
of a couple of things  
Things I've collected over the years  
  
I have a large collection  
of everything I could find  
Over the last couple of months  
  
I have the collection  
of everything in the world  
it took me only a couple of weeks to find  
  
I hate this collection  
of everything I have  
I have no one to share it with  
and nothing more to collect

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*Poem 47 – Collide with Myself*

# Collide with Myself

I need more  
this is hardly enough  
It needs to make me feel  
like I'm not here  
  
I should be happy  
not sad as I am  
I should be having fun  
not crying all the time  
  
But wait, I never cry  
I am never unhappy  
This is more than enough  
I am right here, right now  
  
I collide with myself  
on more than one level  
I smash the brick wall  
with my multiple personalities  
  
Although not serious  
this feeling inside me is so painful  
Yet so blissful  
  
I dream not of days and nights  
where I am not all together, all there   
  
How can I be happy and sad at the same time?  
Why can this be?  
Is it a normal feeling?  
Or is it just me?  
  
I collide with myself  
no survivors  
Or was it that there just were no injuries?  
  
Did we both walk away?  
No one of us died  
The bad part of course  
I'm still alive

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*Poem 47 – Collide with Myself*

Perhaps it was an accident  
perhaps it was planned  
Anyway it's finished  
it's over, this fight  
  
This crash, this burn  
this tumble this fall  
No longer do I need to collide  
with my inner self anymore

# *Page 53*

*Poem 48 – Catch Up*

# Catch up

You have been searching for me?  
You have been using your resources to locate me?  
You want to get to me?  
  
I take pleasure in the hunt  
the chase and fact that you'll never find me  
because you suddenly woke up  
doesn't mean I'm going to run any faster  
  
I've been on the run a long time now  
and you've just finally woke up?  
you allow me to insult you too easily  
  
You like to think you're never wrong  
I like to think you're wrong  
in that you'll never put my name to shame  
you just won't ever find me  
  
My pace is too fast for you  
you'll never keep up  
I'll outlive and outrun you  
and there's nothing you can do about it

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*Poem 49 – Come Back Tomorrow*

# Come Back Tomorrow

I think that you should  
go now  
but not for long  
come back tomorrow  
  
Now is not the time  
for conversation  
or blatantly blank stares  
I cannot stand your sight right now  
  
Get on your bike  
and drive through the rain  
go do anything  
but just don't be here, now  
  
No one said it was easy  
but I want to break right now  
I don't want to have to go on  
and pull through this thing  
  
It cannot be explained  
That's why you must go  
I'll tell you later  
come back tomorrow  
  
I can solve this puzzle alone  
without any help  
I don't need you here, now  
come back tomorrow  
  
I'm closing this door now  
retreating to my bedroom  
the rain will slide down the window  
and I will go back in my mind  
  
and solve the puzzle of my heart

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*Poem 50 – Communication Phobia*

# Communication Phobia

a few moments have passed  
the phobia is irrational beyond comprehension  
looking at the machine  
staring at the receiver handset  
knots in the stomach, frogs in the throat  
swallow, breathe, close your eyes  
slowly take your hand and pick up the death-trap  
  
the purr of the dialling tone sends shivers down your spine  
you put it to your ear, make a small prayer to the divine  
as you press every aching hard ugly button  
you recite the conversation you loathe so much in your mind  
  
you wait. and wait. and wait.  
a ringtone. you heart almost skips a beat. it's ringing  
there's no turning back now. someone on the other end is lurching for the phone.  
it's ringing. every sound a drilling in your brain, driving it into the ground  
making it smaller and smaller and smaller.  
  
the ringing stops momentarily. you think it's over.   
then the voice pops up, driving the hairs on your neck skyward  
your heart does skip a beat and the beads of sweat pour down your body like monsoon weather.  
  
'good day. how may i help you?'  
the sickening voice on the end of the line interrupts your inner near-death experience  
you struggle to open your mouth.

the only voice that comes out would be ridiculed by a mouse.  
you manage a 'uh, hello' barely, without breath or enthusiasm.  
instead of the formalities, the expected social telephone etiquette, you rush right in  
there's no point in waffling, right? get straight to the point.  
'um, I’m having a problem...'  
you leap right in

explain the issues and problems you're experiencing and end off as quickly as you can.  
the conversation picks up

you get enthusiastic about what you're talking about

you know your world  
the climax is reached and the problem is solved

the social school kicks in 'thank-you and goodbye'  
you put down the receiver, shaking

every part of your body feels like it is repelling every other part.  
your worst nightmare has just come true  
you've just been embarrassed by someone

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*Poem 50 – Communication Phobia*

who's paid to fix things over an analogue communication line  
life couldn't get any worse right now  
  
a few more moments pass  
and you wish you never had to make a phone call  
they're terrible. the scum of the earth.  
even worse than the technical support you had to phone.  
conversations were not made for communication  
they were made for embarrassment, irritating and ridicule.

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*Poem 51 – Considerations*

# Considerations

I happen to love  
I think therefore I suffer  
I happen to hate shadows  
and I happen to be an individual  
  
I can never express these feelings properly  
I live in my own world  
I am hidden, putting on my mask  
I wear it every day  
  
I happen to love someone else  
I think I want to tell you  
I happen to hate the process  
but I think I'll give it a go  
  
I could never fully explain it  
I live alone with this   
I am hidden, my secret safe within me  
I wear depression and anxiety as a badge on me daily  
  
I happen to love someone, did you ever think of me?  
I think I want to tell you, but I know you too well - and I won't  
I am hidden, and will remain so to you  
I wear no guilt - you are you and I cannot change that  
  
so you will not know  
not yet anyway  
until you change  
or I leave

*Page 58*

*Poem 52 – Corridors of Intoxication*

# Corridors of Intoxication

take me to the place I want to be with you  
alone us only wherever whenever I don't mind  
every time I think about you I smile  
it doesn't matter where I am; what I’m doing  
  
without your presence there is always something missing  
something inside me is incomplete  
I need you every minute of the day  
and you need me to say that every now and then  
  
in a world where togetherness is constant  
I am forever able to breathe  
looking out of the window I see nothing but bush  
and all I want to see is you  
  
I still feel connected to you though  
as if you are there in mind and soul  
turn around quick glance I imagined you there  
gulp now I’m starting to miss you a little bit  
  
who am I kidding  
I love being around you and I bask in your warm glow  
you lighten up my day when I see in the mornings  
walking past me I look and I smile  
now I am happy  
  
now I can continue with my day; tolerate it  
until I have a break to go and see you for a second or two  
and then I have to go back to doing whatever I do in a day  
without you just for me just not together for now that's all  
  
every time I look for you  
you're exactly there where I want you to be  
depression fills me whenever I come at the wrong time  
and you're expectedly not there  
take your aura away from me

I’m getting a little intoxicated over here  
I want to leap over and say something  
stand in your way you cannot pass you cannot get away  
you're toxic every time I see you and I like it  
I want to see you every day together just me and you

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*Poem 53 – Crossroads Lacking Intersection*

# Crossroads Lacking Intersection

I can change. I really can.  
It’s just not enough. It never has been.  
I can at least try. If you’d give me the chance.  
This isn’t going to work. We want different things.  
I can make things work for us. I can mould around your demands.  
Our paths don’t cross. Not anymore.  
I can meet your requirements. I can bend over backwards.  
This pedestrian of a relationship has already been knocked down.  
I can change my ways. I can deny myself.   
The brakes didn’t work. They were never supposed to.  
I can alter my code. I can be who you want me to be.  
The deed is done. The tale, spoken. It never really was anyway.  
But I can do something..  
*There is nothing to be done, even if you could do it.*

*Page 60*

*Poem 54 – Crucify*

Crucify

Standing in the rain

At the bus stop

Staring into grey oblivion

I’ll do it on my own then

I never needed you anyway

Take another step back

Retreat, back down, give in

Trying to resist the urge to scream

To show the side of me in agony

But it’s fine

I’ll cry the tears by myself

You were asking for more

Than I could ever have offered

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*Poem 55 – Cry Me a River*

# Cry Me a River

when you sit there and stare  
me awaiting a response  
you now have the power  
you hold the friendship in your hands  
  
you're frozen outside and in  
you cannot move, speak or blink  
you hold the key to me currently  
but I am not vulnerable  
  
don't place blame  
I will discard it like rubbish  
if I lose you I will be broken  
but if need be I will fly away  
  
I wish to melt your heart  
that piece of stone lodged between us  
no longer holds any strength  
you hold the key to me currently  
but I will no longer wait for a response  
  
I’ve told you already  
you don't need to confirm  
you only see what you want to see  
and no one can alter your decisions  
  
but I wish to challenge your reasoning  
your foolish pride and ignorance  
I will not give in and I cannot change who I am  
say something now  
before I leave the table forever

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*Poem 56 – Cry Me the River of Loss*

# Cry Me the River of Loss

*a loss*  
a entire removal of faith  
in the hope that life will turn out  
to be what I want it to be  
  
*a cry*  
tears of emotion  
fountains of fury expel themselves  
beyond the rivers of mountains  
and go just where they want to go  
  
*a river*  
endless to say the least  
forever flowing without hindrance  
  
*a loss of something*  
a cry over it  
and a river drowning the world  
cry me the river of loss

*Page 63*

*Poem 57 – Dark Muse*

# Dark Muse

I think I’ve found

What I’m looking for

In terms

Of what I know

If only everything

Were this easy

Life would be simple

Vast and empty, devoid of living

But you’re my inspiration

The reason I get up

In the morning

My creative muse

And though I am imperfect

I’m trying

You think that I’m strong

But you’re gravely mistaken

When you awake the sun rises

And when you sleep the sun sets

The world is a better place

With you around

Life’s too short to search endlessly

I think I found

Exactly what I’m looking for

A forbidden love? No matter

I am no idiot, I leave no chance

We are an opportunity to be grasped

And if my judgment is sound, then you are for me

My everything and my reason to be

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*Poem 58 – Die another Day*

# Die another Day

It’s not my time to go from this place  
I will jump off the cliff and survive  
Your axe will not chop me to pieces  
*My blood will not spilleth out ad infinitum*  
You cannot burn me with fireballs  
You cannot use the pillows to suffocate me  
My health level may be low  
But I will survive this night  
  
Throw me off the ship  
Drive over me with that car  
Hit me with the history book  
Lock me in a well  
  
*I will die another day*  
For today is not my time to go

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*Poem 59 – Directions for Apathy Cream: Apply Liberally*

# Directions for Apathy Cream: Apply Liberally

*denial* (you tried to convince yourself otherwise)  
a lovely little exercise in mind politics  
making all the same mistakes again  
but it'll bring you down one day  
  
*lies* (you tried to convince me otherwise)  
you'll not be able to keep up the charade  
you'll not be able to handle this for much longer  
every tower of lies crumbles soon enough  
  
*betrayal* (you tried to turn them against me)  
piece by piece you kill me  
cold inconstancy flows through your veins  
but in an endless search of a heart that isn't there  
  
*suicide* (you tried to turn them against you)  
you realised that you don't make a sound when you're drowning  
your lungs are a little too busy swallowing chlorine water  
you couldn't live a life worth note, a life without me  
but now you'll need not worry about that anymore

*Page 66*

*Poem 60 – Dirt*

# Dirt

Get that off your shoulder.  
I know what you really want  
The kitchen table. The bathroom cabinet.  
42 is not an answer.  
Gay is not a proper adjective.  
Pointlessness is not a real word.  
Inanity without insanity.  
The very worst part of you is you.  
To be or not to be?  
Sane or insane?  
Tolerant or intolerant?  
Open or narrow?  
Don't forget to wear you protective Hazmat today  
else the dirt of liberalism might get on you.

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*Poem 61 – Dog Eat Dog Eat Life Eat Death*

# Dog Eat Dog Eat Life Eat Death

Overwhelming pain.

How do I put this emotion into words?

How do I bring back the dead?

How do I cope without you beside me?

Overwhelming pain.

You understand, you say?

Indeed. You know exactly what you’re talking about.

You offer words of consolation?

Baseless words – social requirements – etiquette?

Your shallow heart. Her fatal fall. And my personal apocalypse.

This is not the game of life.

You play not to win, but to endure as long as you can.

And then sometimes, Fate comes along. It looks a lot like you.

And it breaks the twigs that have grown, aiming for the sun.

And steps on them. And laughs.

Overwhelming pain.

No barbaric rage could ever make you see.

No outcry, no scream for vengeance or meaningless questioning

Will ever get me anywhere.

A suicide? A genocide? A tragedy? These mean nothing to me.

The only thing that matters to me is that she is gone.

And all that is left… is overwhelming pain.

But you’ll never understand it.

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*Poem 62 – Don’t Stop*

# Don’t Stop

Don't tell me what to do  
don't be so bloody bossy  
don't you ever do that again  
but actually... don't stop  
  
Don't tell me when or how  
don't tell me I'll get it right next time  
don't go on about my mistakes  
but just don't stop  
  
Don't stare at me like that  
don't judge me by my cover  
don't flaunt yourself around me  
and don't stop  
  
I constantly contradict myself seldom  
please don't do the things you always do  
but remember to never forget  
that you should never stop  
  
don't go on and don't say a word  
but don't stop

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*Poem 63 – Don’t you Wish you Knew Why*

# Don’t you Wish you Knew Why?

***Can you hear me?***

I’m trying to be audible.

It’s hard though.

I have no energy. I can’t move my hands.

I crossed the road. A tad too far. I tried to turn back as the car approached. But it was too late.

And the hits came one by one pulsating slowly, pumping blood through my heart and the drain

‘Hold on!’ screamed someone in red. I was in red, too. But a different red.

***Can you see me?***

I’m trying to hide my face.

What’s left of it.

My finger was on the button. I switched the light on.

A spark flew and the room lit up. Illuminated with a slightly red tint. And then I smiled. And fell.

***Can you feel me?***

I’m at the bottom of the floor.

Trying to claw my way up to comfort.

I can’t feel the air in my hands, on my feet. I only feel the ground, the sand.

How wet my bed must be. Drenched.

Can I stay? Even I disobey the rules?

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*Poem 64 – Dreams*

# Dreams

I awoke this morning  
to find myself without knowledge  
of the content of my dreams  
  
I awoke this morning  
knowing though that I had in fact  
dreamed many dreams  
  
The night before was unclear  
the day ahead, unknown  
If these dreams could come true  
it would be scary and fatal  
  
For the content of the dreams is not known  
and yet always seems to be true and good  
But no one can say what's in a dream  
and for who is it good?  
  
I dream not of things I want to  
I dream of the things my mind wants me to  
And all I know in this world is not the dreams themselves  
but the mere fact that I simply dream

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*Poem 65 – Drive me off a Cliff*

# Drive me off a Cliff

temperature is rising  
pain threshold is collapsing  
the life forces are being sucked out  
essences being crushed  
  
nothing works anymore  
functions are misfiring  
connection have been scattered  
communication split up  
  
the walls are caving in  
the ceiling falling down  
the cliff nearing  
the barriers tearing apart  
  
metal twists and turns  
paint scratches and peels  
glass shatters, rains everywhere  
eyes avert from what's happening in front  
  
the inevitable  
one second or two  
you know what's happening next  
and all you can do is wait  
  
water rushes, crushes  
fills up the tank  
ice pours itself and freezes you over  
mind has departed

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*Poem 66 – Drive*

# Drive

Collect fuel at the petrol station  
sure wish I owned that diesel Beemer  
Get in the car and forget that thought  
It's not what you drive, but how you drive it  
  
Driving is something you do off a cliff  
Or someone being pushed up the wall  
Or going insane and leaving the country  
Or simply going insane  
  
I cross the highway, into the forest  
My Porsche 911 Careering over the road  
leaves rustling along, move by my tires  
I cause only the smallest of influence here  
  
The coastline approaches. It's autumn.  
The leaves fall with the wind, always  
Cliff nearing, I speed on  
Bumping against the barriers  
  
Not looking at my speedometer today, I feel  
like speeding my way through this day  
And finding another waiting tomorrow  
  
But instead I find myself pushing down  
on that steel silver accelerator  
Then finally with a gust of strong wind  
I slam on the side of the road  
  
Rocks and barrier fly off the cliff  
My silver beauty unfolds  
  
As I fly through the air  
I realize something  
The road is there for a purpose  
  
To drive on and enjoy and get me to point B  
and stare at the sky wondering  
why I need to do such a foolish thing  
and dream of Careering off the road

*Page 73*

*Poem 66 - Drive*

So sitting here, accelerating in second gear  
I wonder what could have been

But instead dismiss the thought and carry on driving  
Who want to drive off a cliff anyway?

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*Poem 67 – Elements*

# Elements

Of all the things I find  
within this closet I open  
the pain and suffering often seem  
to find their way out first  
  
Only after that cooling down period  
do people stop to realise  
what fools they have been  
by not listening or understanding  
  
But by then it is too late  
Someone has been rejected  
someone has been hurt too much  
and someone has left this place in too much of a hurry  
  
But then the people get angry again  
and lay all the blame on themselves  
yet this vicious circle of hatred and death  
blinds their true feelings of the matter

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*Poem 68 – Encounters*

# Encounters

Paint my sky blue  
green, yellow or red  
Do I see the world  
as it was meant?  
  
I find a shell  
at a petrol station  
Immediately you think  
of my Blood Pressure  
  
The rain is missing  
like my other puzzle piece  
That web page is rather dull  
and lost in the world's haystack  
  
I carry on walking and find a clown  
sitting on a bench, how normal  
I walk up the street and find nothing new  
The optometrist must have done a terrible job  
  
This world needs to be ever changing anyway  
now I'm in the centre of town  
Standing outside the barber shop  
a bus drives past, there goes my ticket home

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*Poem 69 – Endlessly Losing Control*

# Endlessly Losing Control

its bugging me  
its all over me  
its caving in  
turning inside out  
  
its consuming me  
its breaking me  
its destroying all  
that I know  
  
endlessly nonstopping pain  
excruciating expressions of disgust and  
the total lack of enjoyment  
  
the pain and the anger  
a need to get out of the equation  
there is no escape  
despite all the corridors  
only one exit remains  
  
its bugging me  
there are no brakes to this vehicle  
its caving in  
my idea of life  
  
turning inside out  
getting run over by the truck  
this reckless  
is totally wrong  
  
the pain and the anger  
pointless and unfair in their own hidden ways  
its consuming me entirely  
there is no escape  
endlessly losing control

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*Poem 70 – Enparis*

# Enparis

The coffee in the mornings  
only barely keeps me awake  
This is the only thing I have  
to keep my mind alert  
  
I jump off the block  
see the red penguin on my fridge  
Turn to the Eiffel Tower  
and see a plane nearby   
  
French airlines above  
clouds of thunder and snow  
Slip off a piece of metal  
There goes a Concorde again  
  
It was even lucky enough  
to be noticed and noted  
On a video clip of crashing  
planes and towers alike  
  
Never travel backwards in time  
whether take off in NY or Paris  
Life goes on though  
music will bring us all together

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*Poem 71 – Epically Authentic; Only Not*

# Epically Authentic; Only Not

*Dearest Everidge.*Your abundantly slack error of comedy has drooled its way into submission.   
To revive the Xetesk tower, you will need to speak to Denser   
and find the Mars City Underground garage   
so that the coffee bean can be used to kill the mega heart  
and restore order to the city of Balmora before it is too late   
and you get fired to run as a senator.   
The amusement park.  
  
Lakeside Amusement Park wishes to congratulate you on your birthday.   
Men in bunny rabbit suits will promptly be sent to your home   
as a surprise gesture of the love our corporate company has to offer.   
Management at the Lakeside Amusement Park also invites you   
to spend your next birthday right here in Silent Hill.   
You and ten bunches of your friends   
will be allowed to spend the entire day free of charge in the Park,   
gallying on the rollercoaster, farting at the wet-works   
and having all sorts of injuries and fun.   
  
*This has been a live broadcast of the SABC News.*

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*Poem 72 – Erasure*

# Erasure

For one moment I wish you would understand how I feel

The truth is blinding in my eyes

As I stare into the sun of the world, revolving around my centre

Hold me for a few moments

I’m open minded enough to listen to what you have to say

But I all I want is my memory erased

My dark muse has left me; my soul is bleak and white

The slate clean and crystal and perfect and bright

My life without you… is not a life. But it is something… else

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*Poem 73 – Escape Route*

# Escape Route

Mirrors are more fun than television  
they let you see the truth and the comedy at the same time  
in life, just as television there are commercial breaks  
and of course, episodes repeated  
  
She has dyed her hair red  
but as the shower fills with blood   
you no longer believe the statement  
and start to wonder what is happening around you  
  
You are insane, psychotic  
are of course the words of a bespectacled white overcoat wearer  
who happen to have a degree  
in telling you that you belong in a certain institution  
  
The pink flamingo  
an image of your past, the pain of your history  
The bathroom  
place of many accidents, planned killings and suicide  
  
You have a tumour in your head  
It is making you mad  
but you are the only one who knows  
that you are sane and in the right

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*Poem 74 – Essentially*

# Essentially

I do what I want to  
I go where I like  
I am myself  
essentially  
  
in my mind I am free  
I am me  
in my mind everything is fine  
everything is essentially the way I want it to be  
  
but on the outside you'd never tell  
that inside lurks fear and hell  
essentially that's what you're meant to believe  
and never question  
  
essentially it's all hypocrisy  
the surface lip servicing  
the lies, the untruths and the deceit  
all essentially surviving in an endless network of cycles

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*Poem 75 – Everything; and then Some*

# Everything; and then Some

I am done with this.

I’ve had enough already.

I’m going to make a change.

I don’t need this anymore.

Numbed by your actions

Tortured by your heartless body.

My soul has been crushed.

And I’ll never see things the same again.

I knew it all along.

Bound to happen, bound to you, bound to yourself

The rising tides of pain could be seen from far

Yet I paid no attention

And now I pay the price

How could you? How could I?

What possessed me? What changed within my mind, my heart?

What are these questions I ask?

These questions without any answers?

What does it all mean? And what is wrong with me?

It was everything I didn’t want to happen

And then some

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*Poem 76 – Everything was Meant to be Okay*

# Everything was Meant to be Okay

Rain fell down the window sills  
and spluttered my inner soul  
My sanctuary collapsed  
like a city of eternal shame at the hands of a callous earthquake  
  
The catastrophe was almost not noticed  
the vital signs of my being diminished  
the shadows of eternil peril creep at my door  
the light filters nothing, with its inevitable carte blanche  
  
A fear of the dark overwhelms me when I am alone  
it is only natural to fear your own shadow when you've been so lonely all your life  
this empty street, this ocean of bleak greyness  
fails to wash away the devastating winds of change  
  
And I take everything  
And I crash and I burn  
And I see nothing else  
but a sorry little boy suffering alone  
all alone in the corner  
without a blanket for protection against this everlasting harsh weather  
  
Rain fell down the window sills  
and made a puddle of my life  
it took everything  
it made a fool of me: ridicule  
and I feel nothing but nostalgia laced with regret  
an idiot of my own accord, not a survivor but a coward  
but I couldn't care, I've nothing left to care about

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*Poem 77 – Everything will be Alright*

# Everything will be Alright

out of it all  
*everything will be alright*  
a funny feeling crawling up my spine  
better than the air outside of my window  
  
bittersweet regrets and the ultimate rhetoric  
you won't feel a thing  
a suppressed rage  
a flak cannon  
a boiling and teeming mass of brain movements  
*everything will be alright*  
  
an overwhelming sensation of:   
*everything will be alright*  
I'll tell you what the truth is  
we found him the next morning  
dead  
cold  
*'can't I just shut my mind out of it all?'*  
Without a pulse; an ounce of a will to survive  
to carry on without cause, reason or concern.  
Kiss me goodnight  
say: *everything will be alright*  
you may as well; nothing matters anymore...  
but did it ever anyway?

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*Poem 78 – Everything’s Changed; Oh Well, Too Bad!*

# Everything’s Changed; Oh Well, Too Bad!

Well, well, well!  
Isn’t this just short of a surprise?  
I thought so.  
Oh well.  
It’s too bad, isn’t it?  
A shame - but a waste? No.  
  
You could have taken it with a smile  
I wasn’t always in denial  
A slight out of line remark  
Would be mistaken for the untruth  
  
But I knew I could bring you down  
I didn’t think you’d be able to handle this  
Oh well.  
It’s too bad you’re the one who’s changed.   
  
It was great knowing you.  
But that’s not what you need to hear, is it?  
You haven’t been listening to anything I said anyway though  
  
Isn’t this surprising?   
No, not really.  
Get used to it, mate. Or get out.  
I’m not the only one. And nothing’s changed  
It’s not about what you wanted from me.  
I’ve put you though a lot, haven’t I?  
Well shame. A real pity.   
It’s not how I meant it to be anyway.  
Too bad you’re the one who’s changed.  
Look what you’ve done now.  
You’ve made a mess of everything -

A real waste.   
Oh well!

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*Poem 79 – Evidently*

# Evidently

One moment I'm telling you something  
but you're not listening  
a moment later you ask a question  
the same bloody thing I was going on about before  
  
I am not afraid to say what I need to say  
It's about as much I can stand  
I hate when you never listen, and I hate it when you talk  
  
You catch me doing something you don't approve of  
and ask me deceptively what I'm doing  
but I stand my ground and get ready for the fight  
evidently I was pissing you off  
  
You think you've won when you've said a clever line  
but deep inside, you burn of pain and hatred for your sarcastic self  
I dream of having a bullet put through your heart  
making you fall and scream and regret your mistakes  
  
You try to outsmart me in front of everyone  
and frankly, I'm bloody tired of it  
The next time you open that trap  
will be the last time you eat with that jaw  
  
Evidently I will not throw in the towel  
or give up the battle for survivor  
if it means I die, then I'll go down  
making sure you go down with me  
  
You've crossed the line  
it's the end for you now  
I have the upper hand  
I take you by your ego  
and flip you over and lie to you about mercy  
  
let the neck snapping start and just try to stop me  
I will wait until you have been cleared from my sight  
And then you will find out what has happened to you  
evidently you were the one in the wrong  
and evidently I won

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*Poem 80 – Evolution*

# Evolution

It powers up in the morning  
ready to do the day  
No moans or groans of waking up  
just performance demanded  
  
It tells us the time  
It lets us communicate  
We give it fuel  
it lets us play for hours  
  
It causes broken relationships  
it fixes relationships broken  
It renews friendships  
it spams the world of evil  
  
It searched our souls  
our lives and our information  
It scans for our own evil  
or that of the evildoers  
  
It lets us see  
what we're not supposed to  
It makes it's place  
in this world for us to praise  
  
It reaches every part of the globe  
it lets us see what's on the other side  
It cannot think for us though  
and doesn't do anything on it's own  
  
It breaks, it gets fixed  
we break, and it fixes us  
We are fixed, but it is left broken  
that we will break it when it is not fixed  
  
We have it now, everywhere  
whether we are happy with it or not  
is totally beside the point  
it has evolved with, beside and unto us

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*Poem 81 – Exclamations of the Ways of Life*

# Exclamations of the Ways of Life

chasing the wind  
and falling down cliffs  
driving at high speed  
slipping on soap  
  
that's the way things go  
deafened by the music  
blinded by the television  
amputated by the tree  
and titillated by lightning  
  
that's the way things go  
dancing in the rain  
drowning in a sewer  
barely missing the vein  
and damn the down pillow  
getting lost in the forest  
a cliché nowadays  
but that's the way things go  
  
getting a headache, a route canal or a vasectomy  
it's all the same to those who cannot feel  
I feel for you, really  
since you have no nervous system of your own  
  
getting in the zone lately?  
buying a junkyard car?  
second hand fries anyone?  
that's the way things go  
  
running through the sugar fields  
the crop circles, the acid plugs  
this existence is mere futility  
but that's the way things go  
  
getting a work out?  
doing your maths homework?

paying off the second mortgage?  
that's the way things go

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*Poem 82 – Expression*

# Expression

I write out my heart

Not stories. Not untruths of imagination.

But an inner part of me that wishes to escape

To find it’s way in the world, to seek a place

I ask not approval

I merely am, and if you acknowledge it, then good

If not, oh well, that’s life for you

A mass hysteria doesn’t define me

No revolutionary movement can alter the way I think

If I choose to smile, it’s of my own accord

An affront to the human race?

A race against myself is won and lost at the same time

With these words, I confess, I’ll come undone

Expectations of comprehension? I don’t think so

Who’s to say I know what I’m talking about?

Every waking second spent staring at the torch

But what about the source? Who’s to say it’s there anyway?

Living is no different to existence

And life is no different to death

Growing slowly, a cancer spreading throughout the body

Slowly decaying the very being of the soul

So pour the black wine all over the white screen

Empty your heart’s vessels and pride yourself

You’re taking chances and leaps others do not

And I write out my heart here, not stories or figments

*Page 90*

*Poem 83 – Fatigue*

# Fatigue

Tired of the bloodshot eyes

Tired of the loose teeth

Every time I stare into the mirror

I find another excuse to exist

It's not what you said that made me think

It's not that look upon your face

It's just not what I wanted

Everything ruined, dirtied, sullied

It's what I said. It was my dismal demeanour

The thoughts that hurt me inside,

Screams and cries of pain you'll never know

But I just don't want this anymore

*Page 91*

*Poem 84 – Finger on the Trigger*

# Finger on the Trigger

I'm sorry: was that a question?  
Or was that you telling me who I am?  
I didn't quite catch that opinion of me there...  
Was I doing something wrong? Something unfavourable? Something immoral?  
  
A deem of notable proportion for you.

And the rest of the stuck-up arseholes who you call your friends.  
More like a community of fiends.   
  
Someone had something to say about society. It was however benign.  
A theory of relativity? How about morality then?  
I must be dreaming out of my mind to think that truth and justice prevail.  
It is not so. At least not in my experience. The plights and dangers I face are far worse.  
But you sit there. On your high horse. With your continental cavalry.   
And my island retreats, runs away silently and in shame.

The proverbial tail does its trick and you smile.  
The hysteria and panic set it and the cornered dog let's go of itself.  
Your smug look says it all. Your highness has reigned and conquered once again.  
Mass disapproval they called it. A caveat more like.   
Run. Retreat. Back away. What other choice is there?  
  
They're too high to stone you.  
But you're too low not to be stoned.  
Oh, the dilemma.   
  
Should we persecute him? Or execute him? How about both?  
Should we let him be? How ridiculous the notion! All in favour say DIE!  
  
And they wander why they die feeling lonely and empty;

Soulless bastards without a heart or a pulse.

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*Poem 85 – For All Intended Purposes*

# For All Intended Purposes

For everything I know  
And all I see, feel and own  
Can be taken away  
In the flash of an instance  
  
For all I know  
It could be a disaster  
To take a break, a holiday  
But then what do I know?  
  
For all that could be  
I could win a lottery  
Fall off a cliff  
Gamble my house away  
Be cheated on in marriage  
Get a bit too drunk  
Feel the need to get away  
For all intended purposes

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*Poem 85 – For Crying Out Loud!*

# For Crying Out Loud!

For crying out loud!  
Did we ask for this?  
Did we expressly demand this exact life?  
Was there ever a choice in the matter anyway?  
  
For crying out loud!  
There’s a wolf at the village border!  
A thousand broken hearts fluttered about in the sky.  
And nothing made sense when the green tea hit the spot.  
  
I said to thee: For crying out loud!  
There’s a melon in the sky!  
A panic of manic proportions. An epidemic, he replied!  
If there is sense in life, then there is sense in this.  
In a perfect world there exists democracy.   
The weak link? This is NOT a perfect world.  
  
We screamed to thee: change our world! Do great things for us!  
For crying out loud!  
But he was bogged down in bureaucracy.   
*You’ve called the government. Please wait until you’re attended to. That will be in approximately…*   
  
The demise of a government is its rise to power. The death of life as we know it!  
For crying out loud!  
This does not make sense! Dictators waged wars and invaded countries? I think not!  
Down with the majority!  
*For crying out loud!*

*Page 94*

*Poem 87 – Forgotten En Passant*

# Forgotten *En Passant*

do you remember  
the large complex  
at the beach side  
running and playing in the late afternoon  
  
finding a sea creature  
or swimming in your clothes  
the thunderstorms approaching  
or the deep end of the sea  
  
let the wind blow me away  
my throat gets a little choke  
every time I remind myself  
through nostalgia of the past  
  
the Shangri la of all places  
I cannot change the past  
I wish I could I have so much more I want to do  
you'll never know  
there's no way I can save it - my thoughts memories and life  
all my life I’ll search for something  
and die  
and that will be the end of this great life I currently behold  
after that what will happen to my memories  
  
the taste of the salty sea water  
the Agulhas of all places  
farewell my past  
farewell the passing of a millennium

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*Poem 88 – Four Walls and Two Floors*

# Four Walls and Two Floors

melancholy consumes me  
black light filters the thoughts of regret  
the toxic potent harsh devastating nostalgia burns deep inside  
and I wish I couldn't remember  
  
every waking minute is agony in my mind  
falling ever forward into the future, without a hold on the past  
my handle on life never really existed  
but at least back then the illusion kept me content  
  
now I suffer at my own hands  
the conspiracy of one crushing my internal government  
I’ve brought myself to my knees  
and all because I dared to have a little fun back then  
  
but moving on is impossible  
how can I ever be as jovial as I was back then?  
Everything seems to be so inconsequential, so futile  
and I wish I couldn't remember  
for at least then, I might have a chance at life

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*Poem 89 – Freedom of Night*

# Freedom of Night

Beyond the boundaries of gates  
and across the fields of shadows  
my heart beats at a rate  
that I cannot control or understand  
  
If I make it out of here alive tonight  
then I will make sure I spend my life  
helping those too weak to get out  
of the same position I was stuck in  
  
And through the freedom of the night  
I run, I trip, fall and get up again  
and I take pride in the fact that I have no reason  
to ever look back or return

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*Poem 90 – Fuel*

# Fuel

Sick as dogs these people are  
of the mundane days of work afar  
Commuters strike the impending doom  
of petrol price increases past the moon  
  
They hunger the price  
once seen ten years ago  
But stop to realise and criticise  
those who dare to grab some cash  
from their pockets without theft  
  
Though the politics is deeply involved  
minister still gets a nice Mercedes-Benz  
Swearing it was a gift of sorts  
too bad he still has to purchase it's life blood  
  
But to us, the meagre middle-incomers  
what do we do when the money runs out  
Only due to one small fact  
and that is the cost of fuel for our vehicles

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*Poem 91 – Game Over*

# Game Over

Tick tock tick tock

Lock the door, bin the clock

I think I’ll die alone

Give the dog another bone

A working mind

Sometimes deaf, always blind

The cogs of revolution

Absolution is never the solution

I don’t work here anymore

Off to the centre of the earth’s core

Else I might find what I’m looking for

Else I might find the floor

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*Poem 92 – Getting Out of the Dump*

# Getting Out of the Dump

Leaving this place now  
it feels so good  
this place of doom  
this concentration camp  
  
I will break these shackles  
I will leave forever  
  
Letting go of this  
is my last resort  
before I crumble and die  
  
I am glad, therefore  
that I left the crap-hole  
the place where I learn nothing  
the place I don't want to fucking be  
  
I will leave this place forever  
leave it in ruins  
for it has done nothing else  
than ruin my life for me  
  
This prison, this jail  
I will break out of now  
and forever be glad  
that I left this shitty place

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*Poem 93 – Go Away*

# Go Away

Tonight I wish to be alone  
I need some time to think; reflect  
it feels good to have my privacy  
can you take a hint?  
  
don't press this button  
you won't like the results  
just do yourself a favour  
and make yourself scarce  
  
you laugh  
a joke this must be  
but how you are oh so wrong  
now do as I ask  
  
I wish to be alone  
without the company of you  
when I pretend everything is as I want it to be  
you are not here; now make it so  
  
the truth will come out  
as soon as I have time to ponder about it  
now grant me the pleasure  
and get out of my sight  
  
you are not needed here now  
get your stuff and depart  
leave me to myself and my mind  
I still need to work out what just happened

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*Poem 94 – Gone; Quickly and Unexpectedly, without my Permission*

# Gone; Quickly and Unexpectedly, without my Permission

over a bit of a mountain  
down a slight stream  
ten thousand kilometres away from there  
a new cloud wisps it way around  
  
happiness governs you for this moment  
nostalgia fills your mind  
everywhere you look  
you are reminded of life and life itself  
  
a system breakdown occurs within  
the heart stops pumping blood  
collapsing from the heat  
the absolute mundane living for a day  
  
while you can't rely on yourself  
while you think you can't hold on  
your failure reigns supreme  
but you don't command the kingdom  
  
by yourself the light of day shimmers in  
you say you're stretched do thin today  
a simple little task that sits before you  
conquers you so easily  
  
all I know is that I cannot give up  
no matter how hard you die  
I have to always try  
to never get stuck on the outside  
  
is your death sinking in yet?  
Didn’t you smell this fresh air only a second ago?  
there you go now I'm left alone

you've faded away in a second already  
  
I can't awaken the dead  
I can't ever get you back  
you'll never knew where you lived  
or what you did... for me as well

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*Poem 95 – Handle this Tragedy for Me, Will You?*

# Handle this Tragedy for Me, Will You?

everything you ever wanted  
everything you ever dreamed about  
has fast become an accidental blur  
if you've got the time to waste, go right ahead  
  
memories are an intoxicating drug  
they ruin your future and mess with your present  
but one thing they cannot do is bring back the past  
but if you've got the time to waste, go right ahead  
  
the paraphernalia of the depressant that is life  
is not comparable to the pseudo-happiness you live  
your mind is merely rented space  
expensive to keep intact forever, but cheap to rent  
  
in the world of machines and hypersensitivity  
what do you do for recreation in your own private space?  
ELEVATE yourself to a higher levelled nirvana?  
well, if you've got the time to waste, then go right ahead  
use your brain as an extension of your inner self  
it's easier to superimpose and live yourself a grand lie  
it's easier and cheaper to rent, isn't it?

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*Poem 96 – Hanging Up*

Hanging Up

Will I see a bitter end?

The end, is it?

Already? Leaving so soon?

But it's only just begun. It's only the beginning. The start. The initiation. The apprenticeship.

Who am I kidding?

Opinion doesn't matter here.

Death does not discriminate.

But this isn't death per se.

Just a noose. A hangman. A little later, maybe just now, maybe ten years, but not right now. Have a nice day.

Five years, is it?

No one told me. I barely remember that day.

But oh, do I remember every single little memory about that moment.

Time goes by. Revolts. Revolutions. The same shit, just a different day.

Take it back? Would I?

A mature me would say no. I say fuck the mature. They're about to die anyway. Shitty Elderly. Wise bastards.

No one knows. No one understands. And that's not teenaged mythical beliefs.

It's the truth about the world. And yes, crime does pay.

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*Poem 97 – Hard Rain*

# Hard Rain

Bills, expenses, payments  
cheques, income, freebies  
How different these lists seem today  
a hot, humid, cloudless day  
  
Let's wait for the rain  
let's see what it brings  
For a drought ridden town  
everyone rushes outside  
  
The summer rains never fall  
unless they are not needed  
But when the rain does come  
the highways freeze over  
  
All traffic comes to a halt  
the towers seem to open up  
Windows everywhere welcome  
the moistness of the rain  
  
She wants to run inside  
afraid of what might be  
She has never felt it before  
but feels it and remains outside  
  
It comes down quickly, with pain  
it starts to get harder and colder  
It is the best thing to ever happen  
until hail forms  
  
Now it cuts, breaks and slices  
through all trees, cars and houses  
Beating down on every person  
running for cover  
  
Then the hail stops, but the rain continues  
and does so for days to come  
Now this small town, ridden with drought  
wish they still had the drought  
For the rain now floods the little streets

*Page 105*

*Poem 97 – Hard Rain*

it submerges the houses  
Sweeping people and vehicles away

It never ceases, this horrid rain  
  
Glad I am to be sitting here  
in the safety of my house  
watching the light drizzle fall against my window  
that it would never be more than soft rain

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*Poem 98 – Have a Holiday*

# Have a Holiday

I've had enough  
go now before I lose my temper  
take a break - we both need one  
leave now before I explode  
  
have a holiday  
be on the other side of the continent  
nothing seems right any more  
and everything you do  
upsets me to the extreme levels of fury  
  
get out of the car  
and walk home  
your toxicity poisons me  
and I cannot take it any longer  
  
you have intoxicated me enough  
I need some fresh air  
take a break  
have a holiday  
  
you're irritating me  
and I'm getting dangerous  
do not dare taunt me further  
I won't hold back  
  
for your own safety and security  
and my peace of mind  
take a break  
have a holiday

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*Poem 99 – Head Over Heels*

# Head Over Heels

I want to be myself around you

But all I can do is wear the mask of another

Someone you want me to be

If I stop speaking untruths

You might turn away, you might leave me

And I’ll just disappoint and disgust you

But I want to be all I can be for you

And all you want me to be

The problem is that those two are not the same

They are far from what I want in life

Is it good enough for you?

Can I dare to be myself?

Take the risk of jumping into a frozen lake?

Maybe, if, but, what happens then?

The point of no return. Another notch on my regret belt.

What’s the point of being me?

What’s the point of hiding behind a façade?

What do you want from me?

Do you want the real me, or the me you really want?

I don’t know the answer to any of these questions.

But I do know I’m head over heels for you.

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*Poem 100 – Headache*

Headache

Post traumatic stress disorder

Syndromes of the mind, cauldrons of the fire

Cylinders of toxicity, virulent episodes of epileptic attack

And then some

Forget the money, take the umbrella

Crucify your parents above your fireplace

And turn around and smell the roses of compensation

Not to mention the endless requests for refugee status

Evolutionary disorders

And apt punishment for your sexual sins

Plug and play, they screamed at us

The boxes were merely wires and lights

More than was asked for

Less than was intended

Too little, too late

And too much, too early

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*Poem 101 – Helpless Superimposition*

# Helpless Superimposition

'hold on' it was bellowed over and beyond the canyon  
'get a grip' said a voice of the mind  
'help me' screamed the dying one  
 plummeting down into vastness beyond was heard  
  
 ‘A break. A snap. A twitch.'  
  
Direction: downwards  
the force to reckon with: gravity  
the battle outcome: not in favour  
fate: one. life: not anymore  
  
the bridge of death gives in beneath you  
a sudden, sickening jerk gives you less than momentum  
and in a few short nanoseconds you see all  
you can't hold on  
you can't do a thing  
you're going to die

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*Poem 102 – High Craze*

# High Craze

That alien is out of place  
in the Amish community living over there  
the clock is wrong, or wait is it 2005?  
who cares actually, life is all messed up anyway  
  
It doesn't really matter if it's good  
bad, ugly, disgraceful, or disgusting  
Don't lose your day job, or play hard  
if not you better get off the wrong planet  
  
Are you for the life?  
Screams through the roof  
a dog with a cigarette in it's mouth  
A donkey driving a car  
  
Mind the elevation changes  
fill up the Cote D'Azur  
Streamlined cruise ships crashing into the beach  
the Chinese military on the horizon  
  
All can be seen, or am I just high  
from this rooftop in the centre of town  
Location is bad, it's near a school  
stinks of sewage here too  
  
*All the things she said*  
slipped through my one ear  
And came out the other  
without the christmas dinner even being near  
  
Up on this roof I see below  
the real world and it's deathly glow  
A cliff in front of me, an ocean afar  
do I drive off it without my car?  
  
There I go, now I fly  
Oops, there I land  
and slip off away  
and die

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*Poem 103 – ‘Hit That’*

# ‘Hit That’

Consequences are above me

raindrops keep falling on my head

the sun shine pathetically through the clouds

and I am out of bounds

Out of the water you might say

out of the closet that's sure

now I’m on a roll

chasing guys for fun

You know you want to hit that note

that little bankroll

the fan spins inconspicuously

and this small dark room does nothing

for my already pale skin

But the summer is coming

and I want to hit that thing

turn off the television

turn up the music a little louder

Full blast I party on

the more he's trying the more he loses

you don't need to know what you blame on your mom

the world better be getting ready for me

I’m on a roll and everyone better watch out

because I’m about to hit that

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*Poem 102 – Honey, Death’s at the Door*

# Honey, Death’s at the Door

Life is but a dream

I am alone

It’s all too much

Too late

And never enough for me

Bullets, wars and news abound

I have no faith in the world

Every time I see the screen

I scream

But things couldn’t get worse

For the better the dead marriage

Carriages and corpses

Dying wishes

And the will of the master

I’m losing myself and time

The end of the world looms closer

But I can’t comprehend

And I don’t want to imagine

The day is today

The deathbed calls

It’s seven forty five

Time

So long

Reasons to be still at night

See through the glass

That cuts into your heart

I don’t want to

Not now, not soon, but ever

Scream

Kick, fight, and try to get away

Your life on a noose

Hanging on a thread

Just above the pit of peril and darkness

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*Poem 105 – I Always Want what I Can’t Have*

# I Always Want what I Can’t Have

Reasons to smile stretched to my ears

Look up at the sun, the shining is just for you

The seeds of scattering, the encounters of chance

You are the light, and all good that it brings

Questions as to why I am without one eludes me

I cannot see for myself why I am the way I am

I’d build of a mountain out of ice and then melt it in the sun

In the wake of you I have no real idea why it all began or ended

You are awesome. And I need you

I’ll do anything for you. Obey you to the last command before my last breath

But I don’t have a chance. Access denied.

It’s just another lesson to be learned

This infatuation causes me distress

But I’ll constantly chase you anyway

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*Poem 106 – I Failed to Mention...*

# I Failed to Mention…

I'm sorry, I failed to mention

that I was about to change

I didn't inform you of the inevitable

and I didn't want you to know

I wanted anything but this

not to feel so down and without you

but every time I look in the mirror

I see another putrid face of yours

Never fear, I'll always be by your side

in your mind on your shoulder in your dreams: killing and harvesting you

unfortunately the world isn't just black and white

there's a fair amount of Chinese, too

and since you cannot comprehend anything beyond your big head

you can remain in what you call your mind

your warped opinion of life

I’ve been fading out from you for a while

I've been a different person for a long time now

but today you changed when I tried to explain

I knew you couldn't handle this

denial? something you experienced today

you make the same mistakes every day

thought you could bring me down?

you've lost what you never could find

pushing me away, you've given up on us

on your life and on yourself and your heart and soul

glad to have brought you down on the rebound

of trying to crush me

I'm not the only one and I'm saner than you think

anger resentment, outrage and flaring tempers?

take a hike, a pill, a fling off a tall building if you wish

I knew you couldn't handle this

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*Poem 107 – I Should not Have Asked*

# I Should not Have Asked

forever to go  
and everything is still a blur  
a flurry of thoughts flash across your face  
and the regrets of a thousand lives  
  
it smacks of the ultimate rhetoric  
and in the darkness of light  
your head turns back time  
only to discover that you had dreamt it all along  
  
and everything would be alright  
if only you could find the key to your own heart  
the bleeding distress of your confessions  
and the tightness of your own voice  
there is no blood, god or drink that can save you from your own beyond

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*Poem 108 – A Used to Believe*

# I Used to Believe

I used to believe

in the pretty pictures

I used to believe I could speak to her about anything

I wanted to tell her

about all the pretty people

that were all around me

but now I know for sure that I never wanted to tell her

and that I'll probably end up never telling her

I was of course being stupid

More stupid than ever

But I used to believe

that I could show her my pictures

all my pretty pictures

and I wanted to tell her everything I knew

but now I certainly know for sure

that that thought was absolutely stupid

more stupid than the thought

that because I wasn't treated

like all the normal people

that I decided

to stop caring about them

and had thoughts of killing them

but I really did decide

to tell them everything

and I told them of all my pictures

and all the pretty people

but I've now learnt

that it's not easy to do so

and it hurts and causes pain

so I'll end up never telling her

because I know how stupid it was

trying to tell the world

and I know how stupid I'll be

to tell her

what I used to believe

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*Poem 109 – Ich Liebe Dich Nicht (I Don’t Love You)*

# Ich Liebe Dich Nicht

(I Don’t Love You)

One more time. I promise it will be different.   
  
*And then he threw it to the ground. All of it.*

*It was as if the light itself were sundered for barely an instant.*  
  
But you’re killing me. I can change. I can be who you want me to be.  
  
*The glass hadn’t even the chance to shatter. They say the mind hears what is not spoken.*

*In times of extreme pain or anguish. But the mind wanders and becomes lost far too often.*  
  
We must be together. It was written here, there and on your face.   
  
*The confession comes at the most inopportune time. It was just not meant to be. Ever.*  
  
I am nothing without you. Don’t you understand?  
  
*Countless decisions. Countless chances to make the same mistake. But I won’t. Not again.*

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*Poem 110 – I’d Rather be in the Rain*

# I'd Rather be in the Rain

it's raining outside

I’m too scared to make a move

it's a great day outside

and I’m stuck here with you

I could wish upon a star

pray to a god

or just hope for my own sake

that you let me go now

I’ve had enough talking to you

it's raining outside

stop the sentence; halt the hazardous speech

the sky is opening up

and draining itself upon the earth

there is no better colour than grey

and you are currently

the only thing standing in my way

of pure pleasure and fun; and life itself

now listen to me

I’m too scared to make a move

request denied

I don't want to be with you

I would rather be with the clouds outside

than with you; now is the time to lower that voice

to an absolute silence

I won't make a move; not ever

I’ll just tell you what I know

and wait for you to exit the conversation

even though I’m not really a part of it anyway

the rain drips down the windows

the cold drops of pure bliss

the gutters and sewers fill to the brim

rushing down the street, flooding my mind

it's raining outside

leave my presence

I’ve already denied you

I need to go outside

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*Poem 110 – I’d Rather be in the Rain*

and enjoy myself while I bask in the lack of sun

and get wet beyond all reason

I can't be with you, don't you see

get away from me; I share not the desires

that you have for me

I’d rather be with the clouds

I’d rather be outside where it's raining

beyond all of normality

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*Poem 111 – If I Ever had the Chance to Break Free...*

# If I Ever had a Chance to Break Free…

More and more

I follow my feelings

the only way to find myself

is to lead the search

Every time I try to deny

whenever I turn my back

I always feel empty inside

and a dark feeling of betrayal consumes me

until I find myself inflicting pain

causing damage and harm

but more and more

the cycle continues

until I give up

*Page 121*

*Poem 112 – If I Understood, then so would You*

# If I Understood, then So Would You

*1*How ridiculous the notion  
Your big head above mine?  
You serve not the people of this world  
But merely yourself; that’s all you care for  
  
*3*You think I am the scum of the earth?  
When last were you near a mirror?  
  
*5*I work for you all night and day.  
I make sure you are happy, fed and nourished  
But I cannot continue this much longer  
I long for something more satisfying than you  
  
*7*You used me. Was I that cheap to rent?  
The ditching came easily, didn’t it?  
You didn’t feel a thing. Not a drop of shame.  
And what am I left with?  
  
*9*The machine of life continues  
With its well oiled conversations  
With lies and untruths hidden from view  
And everything means nothing to those without it

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*Poem 113 – Ill Logic*

# Ill Logic

fear the consequences  
they're out to get you  
the sudden irrationality  
makes you think about what you've done  
and what you thought you'd get out of it  
  
every time you try you fail  
and everything's for nothing  
they will prevail  
life is unfair  
that is the meaning of life  
and you're not getting away with anything  
already dead on arrival, awaiting the end  
life is that miserable moment between birth and death  
and you don't want to know your time of death

*Page 123*

*Poem 114 – I’m Leaving*

# I’m Leaving

I am leaving this place  
I am going far away  
I have not planned for this at all  
it all came unexpectedly  
  
I didn't know what I was doing  
what I was getting myself into  
I couldn't see into the future  
or even think about the past  
  
Ready or not, I'm leaving  
leaving behind so many things  
So many things that I have not explored  
I'm leaving  
  
I don't want to be a part of this crime  
and I don't want to see the outcome  
Of what is happening right now  
I don't need to expose myself to that again  
I'm leaving  
  
Out of this place I need to be  
with good company far away from here  
Someone has to help me through this  
I cannot do it on my own  
  
But what I can do by myself  
Is get out of this place  
Move to where I feel free and be peaceful  
I'm leaving

*Page 124*

*Page 115 – Imperfect*

# Imperfect

The imperfection of my body lights up a fire of hell within me

And I see myself in a jaded broken mirror of anguish and self-hate

Reasons to cut myself into the shreds like my broken heart

The night hides what the day dares not show the rest of us

Run away to places where people do not spare glances

Where the stares and daggers cry out for sweet existence

Where the heart, soul, mind and existence is preferred to the sweet curves of your body

But it’s not going to happen. Simplicity and obscurity reign

And the judging of people from afar: I am misunderstood

And I myself am not worthy; I am guilty of all the crimes abovementioned

And I will continue to do so, and so will they. What cannot be helped cannot be helped

And I will strive for perfection, and I will obtain imperfection. The power, the taint

The reasons to feel shame and be shamed and shame others.

*Page 125*

*Poem 116 – Impossibilities*

# Impossibilities

Finding a resolution

departing the atlas

seeking a window

getting chokes by the gases

the fumes start to mess my mind out

I need to find my way out

these black clouds do no good for me

all the trust in the world couldn't save me now

little energy is left

I’ve been giving up too long

to know what it's like to win

trust is not an issue here

you've deserted me before

the bullet enters a slight flesh

and time and time again I fall

searching for the truth and a window

I yearn to be beside you

I crouch to attempt to breathe

I curl up and die trying

what I never found out though

was the ending to the story

that little missing piece

that might have changed everything

or not

*Page 126*

*Poem 117 – In Anticipation of Every Effort not yet Made*

# In Anticipation of Every Effort Not Yet Made

I’m sorry. My smile just met the camera shining upon my grave

And I tend to be imbecilic when it comes to this sort of thing

Screams into the night, mirrors upon mirrors of reflection and refraction of my life

And the pulsing throbbing non-stopping beating of my heart awakens my inner soul

And every waking hour upon minute upon second upon moment screams a smile

Questions as to why this is prose and not verse are beyond meaning and me.

Oh no, I’m fine. That was previously. This is now. A change. A heart. A moodswing.

Things that tend to go bump in the night tend not to be too friendly.

In anticipation of something to go by, some reason to survive this day, some handle on life

*Page 127*

*Poem 118 – In Awe of Opposing Forces Crushed*

# In Awe of Opposing Forces Crushed

Reasons to feel loved they screamed at us through their microphones

Their podiums weren’t high enough to reach our ears though

And the bulletins of a thousand dead did not match up to the lies of the holy one

But we resented the fact, the change in momentum

Adamant that we could make a difference, we lived life each day as if it were the penultimate

Everyone survived for a few weeks, everything was going smoothly

Until the accident that proclaimed him a symbol of being, the reason to live

Until life changed our lives, the outlooks of a thousand became the view of the one

And anything that happened was of a reason, made to be, forced to exist

There were the marionettes who took it upon themselves to crusade the world

Their bayonets up their arses and in the throats of others

Demands to be safe and live healthily arose, reasons to feel safe, sane and loved sprouted

And they surrounded the towns, villages and slums of the lives of us all

And pointed mirrors when fingers were launched in their direction

To change the world is an impossible task

Not even Atlas himself could cover all the bases

The centre of the world, an abyss of corruption and deceit

Commands the legions of a thousand symbiotic nations of allegiance

Rock upon rock upon thrashed body they rose

Conquering all, becoming nothing, subjugating all beneath them

Then came a withering, deviant soul, and said:

*What’s going on here, ey?*

The last of the last of the resistance crumbled and crushed beneath the boots of the crown

*Page 128*

*Poem 119 – In Terms of what I Know*

# In Terms of what I Know

And I'm not sorry

It’s in my nature

In terms of what I know

I’m right beyond all doubt

What I have done

What I have said

It’s all true, all worth something

Did I say something true?

And now I’m being ridiculed for it?

I had a point of view

I knew what I was thinking

And I knew what I was talking about

And I’m not sorry

It’s in my nature

I was and always will be right...

In terms of what I know

*Page 129*

*Poem 120 – In the Dark*

# In the Dark

Darkness prevails

when the light ceases to exist

darkness fills this empty space

and loneliness cannot even find itself

in the dark the unknown awaits

the fear creeps in

getting ready to pounce to attack

the fear waits and in the dark

you stand not a chance to escape

the dark plays tricks on the mind

and the fear waits

*Page 130*

*Poem 121 – In the Event of Anything...*

# In the Event of Anything…

The sun shone today

I got up feeling refreshed

I had a great breakfast

I cleaned myself up

I found a new path

I climbed on my high horse

I put on my face this morning

and turned on my ego

I stumbled in public

I embarrassed myself

I got up again

Only to fall three times more

I got home today

full of mud and hatred

It was raining

and the sun was no longer shining

But I turned to look

at the dark clouds in the sky

before I went inside

and cleaned myself up again

Tomorrow I will wake up

have a great breakfast

put on my face

and again turn on my daily ego

and never get off this high horse of mine

*Page 131*

*Poem 122 – Indiscretions*

# Indiscretions

Everything keeps crumbling down.

The riverbanks can’t hold the encroaching everlasting summer.

It’s a slight rise.

And a hard fall.

A step backwards. A place unknown.

They didn’t get it right the first time.

The experiment failed.

Evolutionary disorders of the mind.

I did try.

Not hard enough, according to you.

But your blinkers obscure your rites of passage.

I’m waiting. For that moment.

That one that passes you by.

That one that induces

Nostalgia. Regret. And the rue of a thousand mistakes.

*Page 132*

*Poem 123 – Industria Derelictus*

# Industria Derelictus

night falls

on a little village nowhere

the first thoughts

about the oncoming hysteria

are internal conflicts

finding bliss

in the landscapes

of truth

the injustice

and grand irritations

of a closed theme park of insanity

I don't have a choice

I just don't care anymore

escaping the cursedness

the propylon index breaks down

anger mismanagement

fails in breaking the tension

the confessions from within

leave me with thoughts

that it's been a bad day

nothing can stop me now

not even life's introductions

night falls

on a little village nowhere

*Page 133*

*Poem 124 – Influence upon No One*

# Influence upon No One

Your mighty influential tactics

that you spew out of your sewer beneath your nose

*124 -*

Your intellectual bliss and ignorant attitude

convince none of us.

Get off your high horse your majesty

your crown no longer fits your stretched skull.

Take this ray of light and shove it for anyone

can see the fallacy that is you

Does the lack of demand for people like you

not despair you in any way whatsoever?

Find yourself another podium - this one's occupied

and no you cannot come in and eat our dinners with us

Your entire downfall and collapse - our crowning glories

Your death our celebration of life

You may have a lot that you have to say

But nothing you say will ever amount to anything

and anything you say is worth less than nothing

and nothing you say is worth ever mentioning

and everything you mention is trash

Your meagre existence, your blank expressionless face

that miserable utterance from your northward orifice

entirely surprised that your influence upon no-one exists?

*Page 134*

*Poem 125 – Insomnia*

# Insomnia

greed is not something I have

anxiety is the way some things just go

impatience is my only virtue

*it's in my nature*

she needs to be silent for this now!

deep inside a soul

there is so much energy

so much insanity

*how are you feeling?*

even though I try to listen

I cannot possibly calculate what you're saying

this view I have from the top

shows me the world below

every single day

the profusion of frustration bewilders me

*scream*

every blink I make

every step I fake

every time I slip and hit the fan

this weapon; this drug

this is beyond fun

consequences are above and beyond me

it's really such a shame

everything's a game

*I cannot sleep*

*Page 135*

*Poem 126 – It May not be Up to Me*

# It May not be Up to Me

What I believe or not. What I feel, and who I am.

Is it okay if I feel the way I want to right now?

Would it be alright if I was a little depressed right now?

Do I need your permission to be myself?

Would you mind if I felt like crying, killing someone, dying and being myself right now?

I don’t believe it’s a bad thing to be myself. To think for myself. To act the way I want to act.

Does that change or affect your world? If it did, did you think I would care? Would it matter?

Can I proceed to cease with my life?

Can you take with you the idea that I’m going to leave everything of me behind?

Is there a reason for your resistance, or are you just being your usual difficult self?

Do I have to explain myself once more or further,

before you’ll understand that you do not need to understand what I myself do not,

but would try to?

Does it matter anyway?

*Page 136*

*Poem 127 – It was Once Called Love*

# It was Once Called Love

Oh. Was that something I wasn't supposed to hear?  
Are you questioning the truth?  
Taking the justice of argument into your own hands?  
Now don't be condescending, dear. It's not your fault you're as thick as a worm-infested plank.  
Oh no, no one's perfect. But you're pretty far from it.  
Shut every love album off at track one. No one believes.  
There is no love in this millennium. Haven't you read the signs?  
They are posted every day at every intersection of life. And then some.  
  
None of this rings truth? Well I spy. Something with my little eye has just seen the light.  
The truth. And the policemen. There is no truth. There is no justice.

No place you have been will ever help you find the one you're looking for.   
  
I'm sorry to have interrupted your life. Please, get back to your meaningless existence.  
*You know you want to...*

*Page 137*

*Poem 128 – It’s Less than Enough*

# It’s Less than Enough

Why does none of it make any sense?

Where did I go wrong?

What is the meaning of all this?

And when can I return from my exile?

They have forsaken me.

They have left me worthless and alone.

It’s everything I’ve ever feared.

And it’s not going to resolve itself.

But what is there left to do?

What, to conform? To diverse?

What is it that I need?

The offerings don’t meet my requirements.

And the clothes don’t fit.

There is no real welcoming.

And I feel so out of place.

So out of time and out of mind.

*Page 138*

*Poem 129 – Just not Enough*

# Just not Enough…

I tried. I really did.  
But I cannot take away this pain  
This feeling of life depleted of essence and being  
The reason for existence pulled out of my stomach  
  
We were meant to be.  
But you left, and took with you a part of me.  
Something went wrong. Inevitably wrong.  
  
Release me from this cage. This emptiness.  
This lack of everything and desire for anything.  
This taste of blood and fury on the tip of my tongue.  
  
I tried. I really did try my best.  
But I could not overcome my fear.   
A rejection of love? The prohibition of fantasy?  
Every day I wonder. And every time I try.   
But I fail. Inexorably. Inevitably. Every time.   
  
This lock just won’t turn. And the chains weigh down ever more  
And every time I think of you. I think of how it could have been  
If you just would listen. And try to understand.  
But it’s gone. I’m dead already. I did try.   
  
*Just not enough…*

*Page 139*

*Poem 130 – Just Though You Would Like to Know*

# Just Thought You Would Like to Know…

I won't deny it

I’m not trying to hide it

and if you ask me upfront

you'll get an honest answer

but if you just assume

and make up your own mind

then you'll fail in your quest

to judge as you so love

it's the time and it's the place

I don't care if this offends you

I don't care if it's a shocker

you deserve it

you deserve less, actually

but who am I to judge?

I’ll just let it loose

but then why should I go around

informing everyone they're wrong

going out of my way to make sure

they have the right impression of me

no, forget that

I don't need to tell them

they don't deserve the satisfaction

of having me stress about telling them

they can carry on with their lives

and I’ll know what idiots they are

to have judged and presumed

whatever they felt like

I won't deny it

I’m not trying to hide it

ask if you will; if you have a brain

you'll get an answer

*Page 140*

*Poem 131 – Killing Machine*

# Killing Machine

mushi mushi

take a trip down the lane

tear the bitch apart

search find destroy enjoy

never fear

never give up

she stole from you

she took a couple of lives

bring your weapon of choice

theft murder sabotage assassination

she never sleeps

chase gun sword

the highway may be busy

but she's bound to be running

her yellow motorbike

should be easy to spot

kill her

it's cruel and it's a wicked world we live in

you're forgiven

*Page 141*

*Poem 132 – Killing Time*

# Killing Time

The time flutters by

an endless beating of broken wings

the ridicule spared or spent

none matters; not now and not ever

Everything slows down

a motion of sorrow and gloomy despair

this time will drone on

in the frozen wasteland of nothingness

The vast vats have opened their lids

the toxins leak and leech around us

time is a relative value

a value without value; without life or existence

*Page 142*

*Poem 133 – L*

# L

driven to madness  
by the traffic on the roads  
the rage boils inside  
a few hundred degrees above zero  
  
changing lanes  
has never been so difficult before  
making a decision  
the need for forethought really shines through here  
  
give me a sedative or a brake  
I need a little less acceleration  
there's a leak or a puncture  
something is slowing me down  
  
multiple turnoffs  
endless decisions  
chance and coincidence  
versus folly and fate  
  
apply the brakes liberally  
slam into the wall at a few hundred kilometres an hour  
life has no airbags to speak of  
flying forward has never felt so good before  
  
watch out here and watch out there  
ditches, collisions and everything  
isn't going to be alright  
sometimes what's right should be left  
behind should be checked  
blind spots that are overwhelming  
  
but no one ever bothered asking me  
if I wanted to drive this vehicle  
if I wanted to propel myself in this direction  
I didn't get much say in the matter  
but I'll have to pay the fines and bills anyway

*Page 143*

*Poem 134 – Leaving this Place*

# Leaving this Place

I'm going away now

to another place

another time

I take with me nothing

nothing but memories

of which I hope

I will forget

The war is over

the battle has been lost

find yourself a new soldier

but not at my cost

I need to find

somewhere else to live

*Page 144*

*Poem 135 – Life to the Power of Negative Three*

# Life-3

Do not pass go

I just want to live my life

Should I shut up and be a victim of authority?

CURRENTLY UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Do not stay with the Dursley's

I don't want to change the world

Or should I succumb to society's desires and requirements?

THIS IS NOT A TEST

Do not collect R200

I don't want to be the best

It's strenuous and insidious and pathetic rules and guidelines?

PLEASE KEEP LEFT

Do not pass maths

I don't want to be someone I'm not

Must I be what everyone else expects me to be?

SAFETY FIRST

Do not be a victim of authority

I just want to be me

Or am I even allowed to express myself as who I really am?

WE APOLOGISE FOR THE INCONVENIENCE

Do not take maths

and I just want to live my life my way, my rules

WARNING: This product may contain traces of nutcases and idiots.

WARNING: SELF DESTRUCTION IMMINENT

*Page 145*

*Poem 136 – Like Violence*

# Like Violence

Like violence you have me

spilling money down the drain

what a waste of time

do you feel the same?

Walk right on by

I have no interest in you

for ever and after you have me

you kill me with your smile

The pain never ends

slowly drowning

falling asleep

like violence you have me

In your grasp I fall

I rise and rise higher

for ever and after

you kill me

*Page 146*

*Poem 137 – Losing Streak*

# Losing Streak

*Seven hours*

*eleven coffees*

and you're not home

Another drink

with something in it

and you're not home yet

Three calls

to your cell, but it's off

and you're not back yet

Two years down the line

a random place a random you

but you're not coming back home

And the next day

a you at the door

but you're bringing me gifts this time

hoping for a change I answer

but you fail

*Page 147*

*Poem 138 – LTM*

LTM

It’s easy to ignore the signs

Spread across the wall

It’s easy to climb on the ride

When there’s nothing left at all

It’s the merry-go-round that is your life

A constant uphill battle, ultimate strife

Confessions, but no time to regret the past

Too little, much too late

The censorship, the devious ambiguity

Your life is about to come to an end

Resistance is useless, futility reigns

It’s the end of the line for you

Can you see that I am in need?

Begging for a better chance at life?

Connecting the dots of the infernal nostalgia

Leakages of the brain that once was

Spoiled milk across your face

Amorphous renders cascading down your eyelids

Vast indiscretions of denial and seizure

Allusions to the life that once was

How I wish I couldn’t remember

*Page 148*

*Poem 139 – ‘Lying from You’*

# ‘Lying from You’

When I pretend to be someone I’m not

everything is what I want it to be

and everything in this world is perfect and ideal

I build myself a wall of lies

I cannot consider other options

I have no choice but to live this lie

I keep it hidden and I keep it secret

you have no idea

mark my words you don't know the half of it

I can go on all day and you will still have no idea

I smile and lie my way away shrugging off every little comment

this isn't what I want but this is what I’ve got

I scream about religion

but that untold and ungodly thing

never rears its ugly head

I’m sorry, what?

oh you would have never suspected

not a single moment in this lifetime

you claim to be shocked

oh how you probably are

but your facade doesn't fool me

just to let you know I don't care

telling you or not is an indecision

I never really felt the need to actually

but if you reject me I will know

to not have expected any more than I got

which is why I challenge those

who claim to be my friends

with the most powerful test

and I always win

but until I tell you

I will have to keep my silent ways

and keep lying my way from you

*Page 149*

*Poem 140 – Mass Approval*

# Mass Approval

a majority of people

have a certain view

most of the people

are blind and stupid

they like to point and stare

make fun of and spit at

they have an insane fear

a phobia of many sorts

they cannot see beyond their crass little noses

and they cannot perceive tolerance

I do not need the approval of these people

I do not need the approval of those who do not approve

*Page 150*

*Poem 141 – Minority*

# Minority

The ridicule of the masses

The time of your life

Once bitten, twice vengeful

And then the apocalypse occurred

Perceptions and conceptions

The ambiguity of you

Open to interpretation

But closed to the world, to me

Revelations of the pages that flew across the street

And sum of the above seam to sew there own read shades

The chance to be yourself, and then impose it on another

The patriarchal hereditary obsession

Tired of being dragged through the mud

This is no crime against humanity

It’s hysteria

*Page 151*

*Poem 142 – Mirror*

Mirror

Action reaction reaction reaction reaction

The chains, bound by the bow of the creek

The answer to the riddle, fumbled by the tomfoolery of the sabotage

Smashed into the wall, found the floor on the way out the door

Toxic swirlings within the minds of many

And every other feeling kicking its way outside my mind

I’m sure it never used to be this way

*Page 152*

*Poem 143 – Mirrors of Insanity*

# Mirrors of Insanity

Now that I am stronger

I will leave this tormenting place

in search of a way out

There is no escape I am told

Yet above them all I do not believe

that they can touch me

without me giving in to them

Of all these mirrors

I cannot find one

to show me what I really want to see

and that is why I have to break out

and see myself as I was before

I am not staying here

I am leaving tonight

these mirrors of insanity

do not reflect the real me

*Page 153*

*Poem 144 – Moments in Time*

# Moments in Time

the sky rains balls of fear  
the road seems to be without a destination  
if ever the moment were to be repeated  
now is the time  
stuck in the mud of the heart  
moments wax and wane  
and finally fade  
and everything in between becomes a blur  
a memory is more important than you think

*Page 154*

*Poem 145 – More Often than Not*

# More Often than Not

I visit a certain place  
at a certain time  
with a certain thought in mind  
  
I go there when I feel like it  
watching the ocean, smelling the air  
finding my way around the rocks  
getting wet from the spray  
  
More often than not  
I visit this lonely place  
where I can get away from everyone  
  
Where I can leave the world behind  
and voyage into my own world  
And I like doing this  
More often than not

*Page 155*

*Poem 146 – Muse*

# Muse

every time I try

I fail

everything I do

is in vain

everyone I meet

unimportant

all my talent

non-existent

all my begging, requesting, asking

turned down

all my essence, soul, existence

futile and pointless

everything going around in my head

seems to flow at a rate not constant

and everything I am worth

is disproportionate to what I stand for

and I cannot argue the fact that my life

seems to have no point

no boundaries, yet no direction

escaping this doom there is only one way

but down that path I will not walk

everything that is me

is only everything I want it to be

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*Poem 147 – Naturally I Can’t be Forced to Know what to Do*

# Naturally I Can’t be Forced to Know What to Do

Depressing weather events choose my daily routine

Declaring the day an emergency brings about a change in flight and momentum

For all the reasons I’d like to stay indoors

I have to be where my heart pulls me towards, forwards into the battlesphere

And then is this the end of our relationship? I don’t know.

Perhaps a cleansing is in order. A shower from the heavens

To wash away from freedom and enemies

I’m tired of all this taking and giving. I want. And what it’s all about anyway?

A slight confusion tends to tendril its way up my spine

Pacing up and down the stage of fright

But oh my baby, what are we supposed to do now? How do we move forward towards…

How do we converge against our enemies, take a stand and a life, make something of ourselves?

It never was easy, but now it is just a hardship, and the endless rain of the realm does not help

*Page 157*

*Poem 148 – Necromancer*

# Necromancer

essence of confusion

alter of redemption

a certain magic in the air

tension release methods

games of chance and luck

raising the dead

conjuring a slight ache

hordes of the monsters

from within this chamber of darkness

glimmer with the red light of blood

the crowds are dead, not waiting

missing the surface

but not the target

inheriting a tower

a slight disease

beneath between beyond

look into the eyeballs

and say hello to the twisted

one who kills without questioning

the only way out

158isn't selling your soul

it's not giving up

and it does not exist

heretically speaking

there isn't a chance

hope and prayer don't work here

god's little blind spot

but such evil can only prove one thing

and a slight realization swims over you

tired of trying; eyes blurring

a large red light protrudes from the hand

of the sorcerer who turns everything to dark

*Page 158*

*Poem 149 – Never Ask Why*

# Never Ask Why…

If you don't leave

I'll kick you out

Don’t try to tell me what to do

And don't ever ask why…

*Page 159*

*Poem 150 – Next Wave*

# Next Wave

I missed it  
As simple as it sounds  
It was in fact the only one  
But I found a way to miss it  
  
Now I’ll have to wait  
Wait until the next one comes  
Waiting for the new wave to come ashore  
Waiting for the next wave  
  
Can’t wait for it to happen  
For the event to occur  
There is a sudden need  
For this power surge  
  
I need more frequency in these waves  
They come only every now and then  
But I need them now  
More than ever  
  
I’m still waiting  
Waiting for the next wave  
Surely it will come  
Before I lose interest  
  
But if it doesn’t  
I’ll just still be waiting  
For that damned thing to come  
That next wave

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*Poem 151 – N’Gasta*

# N'Gasta

an ode! a poem! something!

for the young at heart and mind:

n'gasta! n'gasta!

the bridge has been built

the tennis courts made

the moat: filled

something for the night

tonight to be exact

for the forelorning of a pauper

the embarrassment of a corpse

n'gasta! n'kava! n'gasta!

dwarven ruins aside

rain slipping down the window sill

*the eyes wide*

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*Poem 152 – Nostalgia: Laced with Regret*

# Nostalgia: Laced with Regret

Removing all traces of you

was a little more difficult than i thought

even without the photos of you everywhere

I still see the apparitions of you that haunt me

going about everyday business

gets me nowhere

I realise it's a weakness, but I can't help it

I’ve got to get away from here

*this three act tragedy of having said goodbye*

*isn't doing anything to let me get over you*

Getting someone new didn't help either

he is the antithesis of everything you were

and this reminds me a little too much of you

the nostalgia laced with regret I feel all the time

I’ve tried everything

I’ve tried to remove all traces of you

but your face is imprinted on my mind

it is in everything I see

and wherever I go, whatever I do

you are still there, haunting me forever

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*Poem 153 – Nothing can Stop This*

# Nothing can Stop This

Running across the airfield

in the middle of the night

I can't wait to escape

and get out of here

Taking the midnight plane

to another place

has never been so scary

yet so fulfilling before

Climbing aboard I see

the lights below

as we take off quickly

running from the police

Nothing can stop my leaving

bar the plane crashing

but nothing that sinister can happen

I've just left the country

Nothing can stop this

never will I return

Nothing stands in my way

Of going where I want to

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*Poem 154 – Objection Overruled*

# Objection Overruled!

you're on the stand now

there is no escape

a lonely alley

a dark corner

exactly what you deserve

if you thought you had me fooled

then you're absolutely wrong

no denial now

don't ever confess your sins

soon I'll rest my case

you're on the stand again

the lights have gone out

you have no more cards to play

you cannot even retaliate

whatever you say has no meaning whatsoever

wishing it was a public holiday?

wishing you had paid your bail?

well, too bad

you never deserve anything you get

and that makes me happy

no longer will you be able to cause pain

or inflict random flames into my life

we don't get along now, anyway

have a break. have a sentence

your objection has been overruled!

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*Poem 155 – Oblivion*

# Oblivion

And I miss you so much

“I’m sorry, we have no records of such a person”

But I was here yesterday

And my head collided with the wall

And I couldn’t believe he was no longer here

Not even a stone to kneel upon

No place for a single flower to go

A denial. A denial! A DENIAL! An ultimate denial of what I knew to be true

Why? Why did you define your exit so?

Your own scrawlings damning me?

Not even a place to visit when I cry inside

You ended it all. But you went one step further. And ended… IT ALL.

A bathroom. A hearse. An ending.

I miss you. And I can’t even acknowledge that. I CAN’T EVEN BE THERE. Where you’re not.

Where you wouldn’t even not be if you were there. But you’re not!

AND IT’S THE END. And all I wanted was to say goodbye. But you’re not even there.

It’s like I’m mourning a non-existent entity.

They lost the file. You lost the plot. I lost our life. They lost your body.

You lost your head. And I lost the plot.

I wish: I could have a dark terrible and sad cemetery to mourn at

BUT I DON’T! I have nothing! Not even an ash! A cinder! A memory! A photo!

And I miss you so much! But you never even existed! Not by record, and not by definition!

Is this what I deserve? Is this how you wanted to go, and how you wanted to leave me?

IT HURTS SO MUCH. But how can it? There’s nothing to feel. No one to mourn.

But I miss you so much. Even though there’s nothing to miss. A CONSTANT CRY. For nothing.

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*Poem 156 – Obscurely Insane (for a Moment or Two)*

# Obscurely Insane (for a Moment or Two)

tonight it's alright

you can enter without permission

every time I shave I think of something

a certain little something

step outside and uncover your eyes

now do you feel alive?

you drive me crazy

and no I’m not that able to sleep at all

I’m lost without you

I’m so into you

you spin me around every time I see you

and I’m jumping myself insane within this little corner of mine

I cannot sleep

no minute passes without a thought of you

I’m just going to...

getting out of hand

this analysing

I’ll die another day yet

but until then I’m going to smile in denial

the ground is way too above me

murderously sly

touch feel sense it all over

blur

streets are like a concrete brick

for absolutely no reason at all

the pain of a thrashing

oops I did it again

there goes the house we called a home

on and on this reckless abandon seems to outlive and outlast us

oh for god's sake ask me out already

it's all fucked up really though isn't it?

nothing to hold on to and no strings attached

randomly wishing to hug someone on some small narrow stairs

I learned a lot today

but since then I’ve forgotten the point of it all

something's wrong

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*Poem 156 – Obscurely Insane (for a Moment or Two*

this is going to shock them

they should quiver with fear

but since then and always I had no idea

that without you I went insane

and of course on you I lay no blame

break a window

crash a car into the wall

throw the glass against the window

and split the keyboard in two

none of it ever matters

without you

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*Poem 157 – Oceans of Silence*

# Oceans of Silence

The room is filled with nothing  
yet empty of everything  
The sun peeks through the window  
day has just broken  
  
The sea makes no sound  
the ceiling fan is quiet  
Ruffling the pillows makes no noise  
there isn't a soul in sight  
  
But the coast is not dead  
the mountains, not hollow  
There is life all about  
But not a sound is made  
  
The waves crash and roll  
but you cannot hear them  
The seagulls above chatter away  
but you cannot hear them  
  
All that you hear  
and all that you know  
Are two different things  
separated by everything

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*Poem 158 – Oh, what a Shame!*

# Oh, what a Shame!

I can be proud of who I am.  
But can *you*?  
Can you look beyond your own nose?  
Can you fathom that someone is a little different to you?  
  
Is everything I do now a sin against you?  
Against the god I never see or hear?  
Against humanity and life itself?  
  
Your son is who he is. I am who I am.  
There is nothing you can do. Could have done.   
Except for smothering me with a pillow.  
Sometimes I wonder. That might have been the better choice.  
Sometimes I feel like I am nothing. To you. In your eyes. Less than nothing.  
But I can rise above your faults. Your mistakes. Your grave errors in code.  
I can be proud of who I am. I am someone. And you are less than no-one. To me.  
  
Oh, what a shame, they said.  
I didn’t listen. I didn’t hear it.   
I refuse to be pulled into this vortex of pain and self-hatred  
I am afraid my love for you has expired.   
I will go my own way. And not ask about yours.   
I am proud of who I am. And you are not.   
You are embarrassed. You are ashamed. You are a coward.   
An inhumane being I am ashamed to have been associated with.   
Go climb a tree. Go rot in a dark corner. I am me. And I am proud of me.  
And I look ahead to life. You only hang your head in shame.  
But no one sees. *No one cares*. Certainly not me.

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*Poem 159 – On Intoxication*

# On Intoxication

Dark muses taunt my tattered soul

And my resistance buckles beneath me

And every dream I ever wished came true did just that

Leading to the bursting of my brain and the end of the world

Cheaper to rent than what was expected

The use of my life to lead another was adamantly protested within reason

The boundaries of the border no longer encompassing the full idea

It almost made me laugh, it almost made me cry, it almost made me feel

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*Poem 160 – ‘Oops... I Did it Again’*

# ‘Oops… I Did it Again’

I cannot deny that which is true

never mind if it was noticeably so

oops I did it again, I told another soul

I took your heart by getting lost in this game

did I crush your expectations?

I played with your heart and now its a scandal

a shock you think I’m in love with someone else

I’m not that innocent

and I haven't been sent from above

you should be so lucky

to even know

and I’m not afraid to proclaim who I am

I am who I am. the one and only

nothing will change me and no one will have a say

in who I am and what I want to be

oops I did it again

I let another in to my little secret

yet the best kept secret it was

you had no idea

no one ever suspects

it never even crosses their minds

this actor that they know so well

is in fact himself all the time, only silently

not an actor at all. just someone who will no longer

be taught to care about the world

oops I did it again

and yes I don't give a shit

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*Poem 161 – Overload*

# Overload

too many bruises

and a break or two

too many crashes

missing a wheel or two

speed kills

but not this time

I’ll be crying

and then you'll leave

I’ll be dying

and then you'll see

I can't handle this right now

I’ve had way too much

too much excess

an utter overload

my mind is at a level

unknown to me

and all I can do is think

about how I might be going crazy

that cliff should have been avoided

the actions of last night

have taken their toll on me

and now I have the time to think

you have caused this pain

this frustration and anger

this overload of hysteria

it has been all your fault

even though I pushed the pedal

it's been a bad day

an overload of everything

and I’ll never get over it

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*Poem 162 – Overloading Exercise*

# Overloading Exercise

hold on tight, I tell myself

I might just let you go

take the one way ticket

to an unknown destination

and let your imagination run free, yourself run wild

in my sleep I think of you

I throw axes and roll punches

I was lonely before I met you

but now I know I’d rather be lonely forever

than open to your interpretation and manipulation

the tension snaps

all hell breaks loose

bullet ridden walls bleed paint and dust

and all that is left is an ideal

one of utter personal destruction and chaos

the madman situation

that I voluntarily put myself in

turned toxic when you decided to take control

I’ll just have to keep going without you

you're in a better place now... and so am I

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*Poem 163 – Pain in Any Language*

# Pain: in Any Language

It makes me feel  
Pain. Anger. Sorrow.   
It makes me feel  
And that’s the point.  
  
I feel so terrible. So empty inside.  
My stomach doesn’t exist, the convulsions too strong  
The numbness creeps up my body  
And my heart aches as if it were an attack by evil forces  
  
I remember only the best of you  
You were close to perfection  
What was your life?  
Was it a happy life?  
Did you find peace and joy?  
It makes me feel  
So bad. Like I don’t deserve to live.  
I need you now as I needed you then.  
*Waar is jy? Wo bist du? Where are you?*

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*Poem 164 – Party*

# Party

Turn up the music  
play the song louder  
all my people  
get on the floor and dance  
  
For the imaginary people  
at my party  
they all have the time of their lives  
they have fun  
  
For all the people at my party  
get on the floor  
work your bodies, dance all night long  
crank up the tunes  
  
But in the morning  
the party was almost non-existent  
no rubbish, litter or mess  
just the foam from an insane host

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*Poem 165 – Podium of Loneliness*

# Podium of Loneliness

She found her place  
upon the world  
She found the podium  
she was told  
  
She lived the life  
of a glamorous queen  
and enjoyed all the benefits  
that to us are unseen  
  
She cries at night  
she has it all  
she is alone in her bedroom  
that costs more than you'll ever make  
  
Yesterday, today and tomorrow  
you watch her everywhere  
she appears to be happy  
yet how would you know  
  
She has the world  
in her small lonely hands  
she has it all  
yet she does not have it at all  
  
She never found her place  
or her purpose  
she is alone in this world  
her podium made for one

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# *Poem 166 – Polytetrafluoroethylene*

# Polytetrafluoroethylene

it's been a bad day  
though I should count my blessings  
before your volcano of anger erupts  
you should know this and this only  
  
I’m no longer keeping my end of the deal  
no longer will I stick to the plan  
your attempt to have me accompany you has failed  
  
this means war I guess, then  
you're probably going to blow your head off at me  
but I don't care, I probably deserve it  
the television speaks of something random in the kitchen  
  
I’ve had a horrible time  
trying to figure out what to do with my life  
leave that video camera alone; I’m not in a good mood  
don't touch me or try reconciliation  
  
you think this is a joke  
one of hysterical proportions?  
slam the door and kick the pot plant  
I’ve had enough of you and this place  
  
I should have known  
sticking to you should have been avoided  
can't you take no for an answer?  
now you see me, and now you don't  
no longer am I stuck on you

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*Poem 167 – Pull me Closer*

# Pull me Closer

Pull me closer  
let me speak to you now  
Like I never have before  
I have something to tell you  
  
The weather is crazy  
Snowing outside again  
I have something to tell you  
Pull me closer and listen  
  
The fireplace tells the story  
of the polar bear rug we sit upon  
I whisper something in your ear  
as you pull me closer than before  
  
We comfort each other and console  
we talk of everything we want  
I am just so glad  
that you pulled me closer

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*Poem 168 – Push*

# Push

why I never walk away  
why I never see ahead  
why I never defend myself  
why I am constantly quiet  
  
why I’m alive  
why I want to die  
why life is unfair  
why life is  
  
I never see ahead  
and I never walk away  
I never find a solution  
to the constant problem that is me  
if I was willing then maybe I’d have a chance  
*but…*

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*Poem 169 – Queen of Damned*

# Queen of the Damned

How can you say that I do  
things differently?  
I do things like you, in the same way as you  
I just have more power  
  
Shut your mouth, I'm speaking  
Go over there, you're depleting my aura  
I tell you what to do  
And you better do it  
  
Or else tonight, someone will visit us  
Someone who you know you hate  
Someone who hates you more than hate itself  
Don't bring up the Queen of the Damned  
  
For tonight, she does not sleep  
She will make a point of disturbing yours  
She haunts the world of order  
and enjoys taunting and merciless killing  
  
So beware of angering me  
For I am not merciful  
For I can summon her,  
the Queen of the Damned

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*Poem 170 – Question???Marks*

# Question???Marks

what's the point of twenty rand?  
of creating websites?  
of saving?  
of bothering to get an education?  
of ever having hopes, ideal, dreams or fantasies?  
of getting up in the morning?  
of turning on the television?  
of never crying out loud?  
of discovering a new continent?  
of believing in luck?  
of getting someone's number?  
of spending so much time improving and updating?  
of cleaning the house and the furniture?  
of sleeping every night?  
  
what is the point of greeting the day every morning, only to be  
constantly shown and given the cold shoulder every night?  
  
to have something and to idolise it, when it can break, be lost  
or stolen at a moment's notice?  
  
of having fake relationships with those you wouldn't trust your  
money with?  
  
of trying to console everyone all the time, when they wouldn't  
return the favour?  
  
of impressing everyone around you - everyone the backstabbers?  
of getting on to the road when you know you might die today?  
  
what is religion?  
what is sexuality?  
why does one and one make two, not eleven?  
what is comedy? and what is it's difference to tragedy?  
why is drama the centre of attention?  
the news overpowered by evil and negative things?  
why does poverty exist?  
why does death, pain and suffering exist?  
why the hell is the search for an identity so important?  
why must society be so superior?  
what the hell does the world think of society anyway?  
why does influence and arrogance exist?

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*Poem 170 – Question???Marks*

don't tell me the answ???ers to any of the quest???ions  
I query not that which I alr??eady know  
but I constantly ques???tion that which I do

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*Poem 171 – Question there are no Answers To*

# Questions there are no Answers To

if I had to smell the roses of your life

would I intoxicate myself with exotic perfumes

or would I be more likely to choke on the sulphur?

if I had to take a look at the back of your mind

would I be seeing fleeting memories of beautiful nostalgia laced with regret

or would I be examining the filthy veins and arteries of your lack of grey matter?

if I had to kiss you for one last time

would I be pleasantly surprised by your vigour one more time

or would I be wishing for cold fish to fill the room instead?

but I already know the answer to the question

to doubt at all is the key to knowing the ultimate painful truth:

red is the new black of your heart

your mind is the corroded copper of the buried statue you once were

this theatre of tragedy has to come to an end sometime

the curtain falls, but the show doesn't go on

not in your case anyway

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*Poem 172 – Quicker than a Ray of Light*

# Quicker than a Ray of Light

quicker than a ray of light (on the 23rd of May) she's flying over the mountain

trying to remember where she learnt to do such things

or be able to conjure up such ridiculous acts of ill wisdom

but to be able to sink beneath the sun back through the universe

on a count of the thunder that threatens the lives of everyone

quicker than a ray of light someone else will be there

whenever you depart so that someone will always know what happened

as time goes by quicker than a ray of light, life will continue

and I feel like I just got home

and as the shooting stars fall and the earth spins and everyone does their thing

I sit and wonder if my tears sink beneath the sun

the zephyr in the sky goes quicker than the universe

that travels at the speed of a ray of light

and I feel like I just got home

Trying to remember where it all began I carry on with my life

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*Poem 173 – Random, mmm Skies*

# Random, mmm Skies

a cloudless sky

what a piece of trash

no masterpiece has a cloudless sky

no beautiful sky is ever cloudless

thunder, lightning, hail, wind

without clouds life would be hellishly boring

zephyrs, snow, droplets of water spitting at the ground

a feeling of intense happiness and rage at the same time

frontal systems, depressions, the lack of light

the grey, the matter, the utter beauty

rain, thunder, all that comes with it

who needs bland, boring, cloudless skies?

with such an intense, revolting blue?

who needs such form, such perfection, such exact, pure, ordered sunshine?

oncoming thunderstorm moves in and randomizes the sky

order is not there within

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*Poem 174 – Ray of Light*

# ‘Ray of Light’

now you know and now you see

who I am and who I seem to be

are two different people

but luckily I am who I am

and its your view that is distorted, not mine

but quicker than a ray of light you are

to getting directly to the point

of what my conversation is about

and all I can do is drive around in the circle

and enjoy the chase

I spin you and others around

constantly knowing more than you

having fun toying with the idea

that you think I’m this person you want me to be

but you're so unfortunately wrong

so falling off your chair

but quicker than a ray of light

I am to assure you that you were wrong

your assumptions and suspect ideas

never even existed with you

and the best part of all is that I hid it well

you had no idea

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*Poem 175 – Ray of Waste*

# Ray of Waste

Everything has a meaning

everything has a beginning

everything has an ending

and somehow everything has something

I believe in not many things of this world

I regret not trying to change anything I could

I wish I could go back and make a small difference

for this ray of waste the earth permits to shine across the universe

gets on my nerves

I wish only to go forward in my life

forgetting what I have done and also

what I have not done

I may have wanted to change this wasteland before

but why try when defeat is at your doorstep?

there is no escape

and no ray of light

or hope

only the ray of waste this world emits

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*Poem 176 – Reasons to Exist*

# Reasons to Exist

Are the vultures of the citadel here for more?

Am I the one to be and have and am and is and why not?

Isn’t my life a waste of time, a lonely road of negation and denial?

Reasons to exist fail me now, reasons to exist benefit me no longer

All the while I smile

writhing in my inner pane of pain of tears of tiers upon tears upon hours upon hours

But I’m alright, I’m doing well and fine enough for the time being

Change brings about a momentum of its own, and the reality of the fakeness sets in

Dominant social roles align my axis and make and break my every other move

Does everything I do offend and distraught someone or someone else or something sane?

Is this normal is the average what is the standards are for losers of the game of life.

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*Poem 177 – Reasons to Feel Safe*

# Reasons to Feel Safe

Rain pitter-patters the grass of my soul

And the garden grows fastidiously

Blades ever upwards pointed

And a fury to go with it. A stomp. A flatten. And rebirth.

It’s none for one, but all for all here

This sheet of green life survives the winter,

Turning only a shade of brown to disguise itself from hostility

And every shield it builds get chopped down short

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*Poem 178 – Reasons to Feel Scared*

# Reasons to Feel Scared

Reasons to feel scared

Include the general abortion of air around my building

Tired of living in the cold of the dark of the void of outside

With or without a blanket and a friend

The moon shines down upon like us, blesses us with graces and ignorance

Pacing up and down the beach, the forgotten waves beseech the sand

Trees sway in awesome synchronicity, and I remember who you fell for

Tired of living? Tired of being a doormat? If I could have you, I’d forfeit most

Reasons to feel scared include my mind being allowed to wander

To go about it’s own desires with utter freedom and personal choice

Beyond the shadows of a doubtless garden, I see myself in threefold mirrors

Edging across the horizon of the next morning

But then the twentieth storey always did have a bit of a breeze

Cleanse my mind of the beauty of the skies when I close my eyes

Cut this noose, my mind is beyond repair, beyond redemption

Did you want to change who I was, to better the rest of humankind?

I am myself, an individual

trying to be who I want to be in world where everyone is trying to be who everyone else wants them to be and more, and all I see is my almost certain doom and gloom and death.

Change! A strange request. A reasons to feel scared and fear who you are

What happened to the importance of my bliss? To the universe centering around me?

I had hoped you would be what I expected. But I painfully mistaken. And then some.

You could just have been yourself and not what I wanted you to be, but you had to be what they wanted you to be as well, and that changed everything. I wanted you, but you reacted

And gave me all the reasons to feel scared, so I guess that’s it.

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*Poem 179 – Reasons to Ask Why*

# Reasons to Scream Why

This is just not enough running from my head

Kissing the lips of every trickling adventure and reason for existence?

Losing myself losing my mind and all its troubling contents

But it’s not and I can’t and I don’t know how and the reasons for why elude me constantly

The dying wish of a pleasant fantasy. So long and thanks for nothing but the memories

The harshness of the reality of existence stark naked there right there right now just now

Life is but a dream and everyone says that dreams are happy thoughts and events

But they don’t know what goes on in the mind of the analytical thinker

The critically inclined absolutist and realist

cynically judging everything and trying to judge nothing at the same time

Systematically the pragmatists are killed off day by day and it’s too late for all this now

The killing sounds of animals fighting for the right to breathe in a space of their own

They take their time to choke off the supply of the mechanisms of existence

And every now and then the pool overflows:

letting out a horde of anti-the-dotes to anti the system

And then it’s the saying goodbye to the funerals of choice

All seven colours of the washed out rainbow come alive at moments like these

But you’ll never end up marrying me anyway

Take pleasure in the saying of goodbye, the breathing of air and the gulping of liquid cyanide

Cups of coffee get to my head and I bleed out the caffeine

Waging the war against gravity the blood seeps through my brain and meets the ground

Where was the middle ground? The centre of the universe the reason I think out loud?

This is just not enough for me it’s less than enough it’s enough but only just not almost

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*Poem 180 – Red Mountain*

# Red Mountain

Within this camp

of concentration and work

we find ourselves with

the worst of wardens

these dungeons we

daily visit keep us in

and if it were up to them

never let us get out

the dragons slay us of all

our rights; and force

failure upon us

no democracy; no freedom

no choice

within this deathly volcano

of ash, the blight consumes

us all, until we age enough

to leave this place of gloom

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*Poem 181 – Red Strata*

Red Strata

Have you ever seen the sky at midnight?

A crimson disillusionment

Scarlet sweeps of shame down your face

Cheeks and tears and endings to stories

I’m falling, beyond and between realities

When you’re faced with the truth

It’s your choice to stay or walk away

What remains? What line of symmetry do we draw?

I don’t know if I ever loved you

Maybe it was just a crimson disillusionment

A brief fillip, an encounter too intense, too condensed

Neither of us can return from this dead

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*Poem 182 – Regret*

# Regret

Feed Africa for a week

take a shower with the beads of sweat it creates

the name of the game doesn't begin with a capital

and it's not as desirable as nostalgia

The game being played in front of you

around you and with you as a pawn

deceives you at every turn, flips you around

when you least expect it and doesn't apologise

You and the others try to bear false witness

denial is the order of the day

the puppets think they have the supreme control

relishing in the pathetic little auras they 'command'

Here we go: take your pick from these

a fork in the road or in your hand

choose now, lose later

the path of life is littered with incognitos blind to themselves

Going crazy about your internal struggles?

worrying about what could have been,

would have been,

should have been,

wasn't?

every choice is by definition

everything else's incorrect one

these selfish thoughts of the future

lead only to sorrowful thoughts of that future not come true

and you carry on like nothing has happened,

like this is what life is meant to be like?

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*Poem 183 – Right Now*

# Right Now

Right now, someone is crying

someone is laughing

and someone is finding himself very funny

Right now, someone is sad

someone is happy

and someone is acting the fool

Right now, an accident is occurring

someone has won the lottery

and someone has realized their stupidity

Right now, a punch is in order

and slap, given

and someone well deserving of the above needs to surrender

because right now, I want to show that someone

exactly what I feel about them

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*Poem 184 – Semi-Darkness-Conduction*

# Semi-Darkness-Conduction

lightning strikes twice

lights have blown out

appliances shattered

the rain starts to pour in

ocean is black

sky even more so

clouds abound

an unnatural profusion

a refusal to stop

a flood soon near

waves are dirty

ocean is freezing cold

rivers are full

sky is cracking

dark as a cave

this world seems to be

lightning and thunder

command the skies

petrified people

run for cover from the oncoming hail

showers expected for tomorrow

perhaps even a sixteen

people hysteric

semidarkness and the conduction thereof

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*Poem 185 – Seven Hours*

# Seven Hours

It's been a while

of hard times and easy falls

the seasons come and go

and never return

How much time have we lost

through these childish games?

Will we ever speak again?

In seven hours things could change

then we could stop ignoring each other

and talk once more

But we will have to wait for seven hours

for you're gone now and I have lost the chance

The chance to once again see you

to apologise for my behaviour

fallouts of anger and depression

I cannot wait another seven hours

If you do not make it through this

you will kill me, too

Another seven hours

before I can talk to you

*Page 197*

*Poem 186 – Sex, God, Filth and Poetry*

# Sex, God, Filth and Poetry

if you're feeling a little down today

if that dirt just won't come off your shoulder

that little devil giving you a bit too much advice

then never fear, death is an inevitability

inconsequential clubs of bunched up people

hallowed sounds and condescending talks

of the persons not fitting in

trying to find out the truth

and some answer to the life taken away from them

they'd rather be alone

anywhere on their own

the very worst part of their existence

is the way they give in to the easy path

the spleen caused by the bullshit injected

no hope for the masses

no mercy for the heathens

so sick of all these empty thoughts

these monsters keep feeding us day in and day out

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*Poem 187 – She Exudes*

# She Exudes

And every time you smile

The rains fall in torrents

And are you tired of living yet?

Gracing the catwalks with all that you are

Blinding spheres of light your eyes

Seem to be able to see through my soul

And knowingly you defeat my enemies

Merely by suggestion

But I’m not falling for you this time

Not again, I’m not that stupid

This counterstrike, the taint of the choice

The desire and the escapades that result

If every time you smiled I gave in

Where would I be now?

Reasons to feel safe fly past me now

Reasons to feel sane? None such exist

And every time you smile at me

My knees buckle, my world shakes

And the rains fall in torrents

Freedom should come naturally

Everything should be based upon happiness

Can I be your muse for a day?

What’s the meaning of this coyness, this time-wasting?

The meaning of power, an absolute entity

You paint my picture daily

The essence of health, beauty and strife

Everything about you is holy, the spawn of gods

And every time you smile at me

Laugh a little at yourself being silly

Trip up the stairs twice in a row

The rains fall in their torrents in my mind

And a storm rages… on and on… forever unnoticed

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*Poem 188 – Silent Scream*

# Silent Scream

I rocked and rolled to the beat of your heart

And I jumped for the joy you inspired in me

Every time you walked through that door, the world stopped

And my heart skipped a beat to match with yours

*But what is it for me? What’s in it for me? Is it all I need?*

Your every word was golden gospel syrup

And your every move, fantasy made real

The light shone upon you, it seemed to emanate from you

And Adonis didn’t have a thing on you that day

But that day is over. That day is gone. The night has come.

And I am stuck here. With the sickening knowledge

Thank Athena for the opening of my eyes. I see now where I went wrong

You’ve been taken to Hades. By another person.

Not even I had the chance to pull you down.

Make it up. Break it up. But what do you care anyway?

I doubt you even knew a thing. Blind as Tiresias you stared at the sun

And it all came to an abrupt end before it began

The rock, roll, crash and burn of my heart, silently unsung, lonely dead, scream.

*Page 200*

*Poem 189 – So be It: I Tried*

# So be It; I Tried

Blessed are those who are not kin.

The promiscuous will suffer their fate. They will incur what is coming for them.

Those who stay away at night will come to a sticky end.

Actors of the tragic theatre will find themselves

living out their dreams and fears at the same time.

A poison would have been a better method to.. execute.

Borrowed dreams always have to be returned.

If today is the last day I have to be candid, then so fucking be it.

Well I'd to tell you about a little story I found intriguing one day.

A nation divided and conquered by fear.

The urban diversion with culture defined by vandalism.

The ultimate dream is coming true - public access television in its own right.

The future is determined by thieves, thugs and vermin.

Capitalism and workaholism characterised

by the hungry desire for cold, hard, green slips of paper.

When the truth walks away, everybody stays,

because the truth about the world is that crime does pay.

And even though I try, I really just can't get my head around you.

Fuck it.

*Page 201*

*Poem190 – Social Connections*

# Social Connections

I visited a friend the other day  
it was pointless, mindless fun  
We connected in a way  
that made sense for just a moment  
  
Then that connection broke  
and we realized what it had been  
That moment when you feel uncertain  
about what's going to happen next  
  
The visit was to the school  
the place of study for us both  
It was a day of tragedy  
though not to us alone  
  
3000 thoughts went blank then  
in the afternoon  
all resistance crumbled  
the towering waves  
came crashing down  
how much of a pun is there in that?  
  
Connections between people are strange  
they come and go so easily  
You feel the pain, the happiness  
yet you never understand why or how  
  
September is the spring here in the south  
In the north it must be autumn  
Yet leaves were not the only ones to fall  
so did the towers of New York

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*Poem 191 – Society*

# Society

let yourself go

never going to pretend

falling in love

with who I want to

expressing myself

being who I am

letting myself go

I fly into the sky

I’m not sorry about it either

this is who I am, what I want

nothing can stop this now

and I won't let them say anything

letting go of the world

leaving these idiots alone

to suffer and wither away

as I happily go on with MY life

I will live my life

and I will do what I want to

you cannot try to deny me this

you pathetic fucks

and I’m not sorry

it's in my nature

go trip off a platform

you just don't understand

you never will

it's not your fault you're blind and intolerant

no one can blame you for your stupidity

your lack of hindsight

your pathetic blindness

I’m not apologising

and you're a stupid idiot

and I’m letting go

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*Poem 192 – Strange Things I Haven’t Felt for Years*

# Strange Things I Haven't Felt for Years

Somehow and sometime

I invited you over to my house

you couldn't say no

you didn't dare refuse

I asked you out

and you replied that I

should have asked sooner

in my sleep I think of you only

this bed is empty

you are at home alone

same here

it's been a while

what's your destination in life

would you like to divert to the nearest airport

you know, me

set a course for success and happiness

no turbulence here, though

please don't say no

raise the alarms, bring out the fire brigade

I think he just crash landed

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*Poem 193 – Strangers*

# Strangers

Did you ask for the time?  
A cigarette or a lighter?  
Directions to the nearest post office?  
Or none of the above?  
  
See these strangers know what they want  
before they even ask for it  
They always want something from you  
the world's worst charity cases  
  
Get your own watch, it's simple  
stop smoking - polluting the world  
What poison it is to ask it of me  
when only I know I am underage  
  
Never before have I acted like them  
going around asking people things  
Or perhaps it's all random  
with anyone asking anything anytime  
  
Or a secret profession  
pick-pocket, highjacker or murderer  
Or your future boss or colleague  
you would never know  
  
Now the strangest things  
about these strangers  
Is the stranger it seems  
the stranger it is

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*Poem 194 – Stretched Beyond Limits*

# Stretched Beyond Limits

The barren landscapes of truth

Are all a part of me

My mere existence is futile

To the point of insubordination

Authority has no bounds on me

At least not an authority with a name, persona, meaning or existence

Every part of me is concrete acid

Tangible for the masses, socially constructed to be haphazard and dilapidated

The pain that inflicts me, inflicted by others, ravaged by the raving ravens of this real strife

My face is anguish, a pulse of the heart blackened by the soulless of the grave

Something seems to be in order here, someone random

The chaos of the leashes bound by the people who harness themselves before us

Meanings without meaning, what I don’t understand, this is not the point.

Grace and advantage, the study of the link between heroism and hermetic personalities

A kick and a shove, the right direction looms forward

But what now? Stuck in the groove of the moment, contemplating choice

Randomness leads forever forwards, choice stilts and stutters the flow of the incontinent

Brains to fix and bodies to edit, white stripes to paint and the average norm of standards

Nothing has a hold on me in this planet of truly mad apes with business suits

Mute the voices outside of my head, further the wishes of my command

Truth lies: dead on the pavement, all the time

And the greatest moment of humanity? The deconstruction of building the mind’s dereliction.

*Page 206*

*Poem 195 – Suburban Life*

# Suburban Life

Beneath the carpet

and under the stove

lurk discrepancies of another kind

in the double garage

breathe in and breathe out

don't go up the stairs

exercise in the front of the TV

farting at the dinner table

and washing the dishes afterwards

upgrading the SUV

and taking the kids to school

the double storey house

the dog and the fish tank

a slight autumn wind

and a holiday every year

Don't look at the floor

there's nothing on TV tonight

water guns running through the house

mad kids handling them

five in the afternoon

everybody's home

TV dinners and midnight snacks

the tree house fell down today

a small piece of heaven

suburban bliss

the life of an average family

the 2.4 kids and wife

not in great demand

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*Poem 196 – Suburban Opposed Duality*

# Suburban Opposed Duality

BEGIN:

Tunnels of vision

precede the slightly grey skies

I do what I can to prepare your arrival

on the clock you're here.

As usual as any other day.

HOWEVER:

today you find yourself surrounded

cornered and beaten

you inherently breathe quietly

and I have no idea of your plans

equal to mine

NEVERTHELESS:

I am ready, as I always should have been

any other day I would see you die slowly

BUT:

today is not that day

and you need to suffer slowly

the forsaken plan to eradicate you

has been replaced with the ultimate fantasy

to split you apart in interesting places

AND:

when you do walk in that door

one thing will happen

one of us will be dead by 5:02

and no matter who it is

it will be for the better

END:

*were you expecting more?*

shame.

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*Poem 197 – Suddenly Crumbling*

# Suddenly Crumbling

delicate and innocent

you stand in the doorway

I have entered this place

with an open heart

but this is beyond the mean of sanity

of any rational thinking

you turn to scream

and I know I have done you wrong

it's raining outside

you slam the door as you run through it

I follow you out into the rain

the clouds, dark and mystical

everything around me is a rush

the highway and its rush hour traffic

the rain and its incessant irritation

your screams filling the air

a sudden air of emptiness

I show you no love it is said

you lips they move slowly, painfully

I try to explain and deny your accusations

you resort to exaggeration and untruth

but I know I have done wrong

and I know everything is over now

but we can still be friends, right?

it doesn't all have to end here

I can explain. that was the climax

of the sudden departure

I tried to explain myself

I tried to excuse myself

but I should have known myself

and I didn't

everything around me caves in

and suddenly crumbles apart

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*Poem 198 – Suicide*

# Suicide

Blood on the mirror.

A television tuned to no channel in particular.

A trouble with the weather, there seems.

An open window. A shudder. A shatter.

A fatal fall. A shallow heart. The Apocalypse. And then some.

A shower filled with doubt, filling with blood.

And not much else of sense or meaning.

A globe breaks. A light fails. A lonely life of misunderstanding follows.

And the white-cloaks tick off the points. Administer thought patterns.

Mutter every other second “Yes. Yes. Hmm. Yes”.

And then they disappear behind the mirrors. Mirrors of truth and sanity.

And turning around doesn’t help. The world, decayed and bleeding appears.

And blood on the mirror curbs no ones enthusiasm. An advert about a lifeline. A crack of the sky.

A quickening of the pace of a failing sac of blood.

Reach inside the body, and kill the soul.

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*Poem 199 – Supply and Demand*

# Supply and Demand

If I pour coffee all over here

and rub sand into your face

would I make you jump?

would I make you angry?

Would you care if I slapped you right now?

Would you laugh it off or kick me in retaliation?

If I didn't come home one night

would I be without you the next day?

Would you take to heart

everything that I said and didn't mean?

Would you see me as an ass

if I laughed at everything you said?

Would you try to control me

if I did what I wanted to do?

Would you still be so bloody demanding

if you only lived in the gutters of city streets?

*Page 211*

*Poem 200 – System Breakdown*

# System Breakdown

The system works no longer  
as it was intended to do before  
The drives are floppy  
not working as usual  
  
The games are either unloaded  
or not loaded at all  
Tears run down the faces  
of the poor damned users  
  
Windows seem rained through  
dried up and flaked out  
Life can longer go forward  
though it's not backward compatible either  
  
The music's no good anymore  
it's all 2001 anyway  
  
Bad things have happened to this system  
enough to make this entire world listen  
But who would want to anyway  
let the system breakdown just go away

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*Poem 201 – Ten*

# Ten

ten seconds from a nervous breakdown

ten metres from the edge of the cliff

ten years ‘til proper independence

ten minutes ‘til I get up and carry on

ten seconds ‘til I apologise

for merely being who I am

ten seconds ‘til I leave you

and let you rot in your own existence

ten weeks ‘til freedom from school

for the moment

ten months ‘til the next year of school

the final, ultimate year

ten seconds ‘til I hit that wall

ten seconds ‘til I break down and cry

ten minutes ‘til I get up and carry on

ten years ‘til nostalgia of my youth

ten years to make the music outdated

ten years ‘til my car breaks down

ten seconds to a nervous breakdown

ten entire seconds

until I get a chance

to end it all

to finish this writing

and get up and carry on

with the ten moments of my life

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*Poem 202 – Tension Kills*

# Tension Kills

throw a vase

punch a window

hammer a wall

let all resistance crumble

and release all tension

think about who it was

and what they did to you

and then let yourself go

smash and break everything around you

until you are filled with satisfaction

your heart beats

and you hear it

and all you want to do

is commit murder

but since that is beyond reason

you take out your frustration in other means

try to relax they said

how the hell was that supposed to be possible?

imagine someone in the mirror

try to focus all your energy on them

and break their face

try to behave now

it's what they expect of you

have a lie down and take it lying down

give in to their demands

who the hell do they think they are

feelings of hatred make you vomit

all over the floor beside the broken glass

and you look up and smile

let them try now

to suppress you

you will be ready

you're going to get your way now

let all the tension out once more

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*Poem 203 – That One Anomalous Word*

# That One Anomalous Word

get on the train and reach the city centre, they said  
you need help, help needs you, marry a tree, they said  
the dawning of the rest of your life just found its sundown  
and the twilight park sets in, murderous rocks and water features  
prance around in front of your eyes like wild fire log support bits  
  
go! go! they're waiting for you gORDON! In the test chamber!  
don't let them catch you swirling around the room, they said  
nonchalantly they shoved you aside, in the room, down the alley  
each and every time they suppressed you  
emotionally physically spiritually every other which way you could be  
but just one word UTTER JUST ONE WORD and the world crumbles around you  
the bits fly down like snow only not  
  
take a holiday, they said. it looks like you need a break, they said  
but you had no intentions of turning the underground inside out  
insensitivity aside? but what are you comparing it to? was there ever sensitivity anywhere really?  
the random circles of the revolution wagon and the independent views and opinions OCCUR  
OCCUR and will continue to do so until someone UTTERS ONE WORD  
and all resistance crumbles all life ceases but the world carries on  
how can we be forced to live such existences? such mere pathetic lives are pointless  
get out of your rut, they said. you need to exist, not just live, they said  
they kept saying all of this, but they never believed it  
and maybe just maybe if they did, I might have as well  
well I was walking alone until then, until I saw that I needed to walk no more  
sometimes I felt like I needed to apologise, but there really was no time place inclination to UTTER ONE WORD

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*Poem 204 – The Alternate Ending*

# The Alternate Ending

what I’m about to tell you  
might come to you as a shock  
you might never have known this  
nor never expected it  
  
you may never want to know  
what I want to tell you  
but that has nothing to do  
with me telling you  
  
this is a choice  
a random decision  
this random place  
the equilibrium  
this gateway is famed  
or rather made notorious  
  
by my unwillingness to shut up  
when it comes to things like this  
  
this place; this plaza; this mall  
this is the place  
where you find out  
and what you find out comes in a bit  
  
a little danger; a little excitement  
there's no adrenaline rush without fear  
without worry, pain and anxiety  
it will pass  
  
she needs to be quiet for this now  
it's not her time to speak  
shut your trap right now please  
I’m about to speak  
  
nothing egotistical  
nothing arrogant nor rude  
but listen here I have a chance  
to spill all my beans all over you  
now you cannot deny me this direct second  
I need to speak now, or I will never speak ever again

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*Poem 204 – The Alternate Ending*

kindly shut your face already

listen to me now  
I have something of astronomic proportions to say  
scream  
  
running through my head  
were tiny clusters of logic  
and I walked away from her  
leaving her mid-sentence about some random little topic  
and a smile upon my face

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*Poem 205 – The Art of Survival*

# The Art of Survival

Who is steering the course of your life?  
Who is tipping your scales of insanity?  
What borders on the edge of morality?  
And where do we all come from?  
  
What is the meaning of life?  
*What is the meaning of this?*  
Don't take me for a fool. I'm not like that.  
*But I demand an explanation!*  
  
Are you afraid of a little rejection?  
Could you not handle being a failure?  
Was the insomnia just a bit too much for your frail self?  
You need a brain to think. And you didn't think.   
  
Go on, take your little white pills.  
They will help you sleep alright.  
And for the better part of the night.  
Except when the nightmares come. The reality of life.  
And then you wake up. Another day to tolerate and survive  
The art of survival is not to survive: It's to act like you are

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*Poem 206 – The Beach*

# The Beach

Sun and sand  
ocean waves  
Island cliffs  
parades and caves  
  
I need to find a shelter  
from the harshness of it all  
The sun the sand  
that yellow beach ball  
  
Taxis hooting  
ice cream bells jiggling  
people on the beach  
sea worms wriggling  
  
The crowd of the deep  
scream all together  
as the wave comes closer  
light as a feather  
  
It sweeps them ashore  
a smile on their faces  
How stupid are these people  
could have died with disgraces  
  
But it's the general fun  
of seeing it all  
Coastline and islands  
sun, sand and a white brick wall  
  
The beach is the best  
when it's crowded  
Though it's also great  
when you're the only one there  
  
Everyday I visit  
the edge of this continent  
I love this beach  
this sun sand and waves

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*Poem 207 – The Blighted Kagouti*

# The Blighted Kagouti

Everyone has their iconic mascot  
Yet not as good as we  
I’ve heard it all before  
Reality is a bore  
Live in the world of life  
Not boring work and school and exams  
Nothing really changes  
Though it’s all different  
Be a mage or thief, not an accountant  
Become Morrowind  
  
Reality is a bore  
Compared to this glorious world  
Live in Vivec, or maybe not  
Perhaps Caldera or Balmora  
Ashland beasts aside  
Follow the white guar  
Take a boat to Sadrith Mora  
Break into Balyn Omaven’s house  
Steal the Nordish Battleaxe  
Slay the stupid cliff racers!  
Wear glass armour, use ebony weapons  
Join the mages guild!  
Nerevarine

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*Poem 208 – The Bridges will Burn*

# The Bridges will Burn

They had it all wrong

with that London bridge of theirs

they misinterpreted the event

and wrote down the wrong history

what actually happened

has nothing to do with what you did to me

but everything to do with what I'm going to do to you

before I was endlessly caving in

and twisting around to your delight

but now that I have broken loose

there's hell to pay

it's been haunting me; forcing me to think

to meticulously formulate a plan

and decide upon your fate

and now that I have the chance

for sweet revenge

you have a chance to get what you deserve

and burn to pieces on the spot

if ever there was a day to do what I wanted

then today would be that day

I'll give you the chance to jump

before I burn this bridge down to ashes

I will make this bridge burn

assuming you don't want me to

and I will have my glory; my satisfaction

pyromania set aside

I wish only one thing; you learn from your lesson

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*Poem 209 – The Call*

# The Call

There is a time to work  
and a time to play  
a time to live  
and a time to die  
  
for you it will be soon  
too soon to mention  
too far to wait  
your time to die is close  
  
There is a time to run  
and there is a time to fall  
a time to leave it alone  
or a time to answer the call  
  
for you it is soon  
your time to die is near  
there is a time to live  
and a time for you to die  
  
you will answer that call  
you will allow yourself to  
you won't run from the call  
as there always is a time to die

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*Poem 210 – The Cursedness*

# The Cursedness

Did you just say something?

Did you mutter out of your mouth?

What's going on? Are you alright?

You look like you're coming down with something?

Shall I call someone?

You're hot, have you got the fever?

Hello? Blurry vision? Slurred speech for sure.

Have you gone out of your mind?

Do you need your medication?

You seem to have gone crazy

Oh well, just the cursedness.

But no, the cursedness is not a sickness

A disease or blight

But it infects everything and is contagious

You have to be stronger than it to survive

But you'll never outlive or overcome it

You have it when you are born

you have it when you die

and the most unfortunate of it all?

You have it your entire life through

See this is no cough or fever

It is a curse, no points for guessing

But as curses go this is the worst

You may live, yes but oh how you live

Things not going your way?

Everything seem imbalanced?

Running out of luck?

Fortune not your fancy?

Wondering why you do your next task

without thinking of its consequences

You are no longer the hunter

But the hunted, the tortured

Nothing will go your way

You will have luck of good and bad

Misfortune will be your fancy

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*Poem 210 – The Cursedness*

though balanced it all is, in a funny enough way

Avoidance does not work here

there is no cure, no prevention, no symptoms, no diagnosis

just remember when you notice everything going strange

it is due to your cursedness

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*Poem 211 – The Death of Democracy*

# The Death of Democracy

*Democracy!*  
He screamed to us. We replied:  
Enlighten us! Emancipate us! Elevate us to new heights!  
*Democracy!*  
But he wasn’t listening. Too busy handling customer service calls, she said.  
Bogged down in bureaucracy? Not a chance. Busy changing the world. That’s it.  
*Democracy!*  
There existed a time when the world was ruled by class and capitalism. The richest ruled the world. That time is over.  
That time is far from over. What has changed?   
*There was a time when brutal dictators wiped out thousands of innocent lives and invaded countries for their natural resources.*  
And what has changed?   
*Change! Transformation! Democracy!*  
These weak democracies are better than those strong dictatorships.  
But for who?   
Corruption? Scandal? Capitalism? Class system? Injustice for the masses? A thing of the past?  
Not a chance. Nothing has changed.  
*Democracy!*  
He screamed to us. And we screamed to he:  
*Democracy is Dead!*

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*Poem 212 – The Dominatrix*

# The Dominatrix

a smile crawls across my face

a happiness erupts and comes alive from within

a sadistic emotional fervour boils and bubbles

and everything in-between

every waking second is pleasure nowadays

every bog-standard action turned sour, turned wicked

but the vulgarity sparks an interest in the brain

the switch is flipped on and everything in-between

you be my master and I’ll be your slave

there are lessons to be learned the hard way

you give me pain you give me pleasure

and everything in-between

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*Poem 213 – The Endless Hauntings*

# The Endless Hauntings

Haunting me till the end of time

endlessly caving in within myself

collapsing into a heap of burnt ash

my existence seems temporary

losing control I flip over the road

skid and screech almost to a halt

almost dead lying in the vehicle

the wind plays with a couple of leaves metres away

Or taking one small leap off the edge of a building

I find myself floating quickly hurtling down to the ground

like a throttling bullet aimed only at one place

no brakes - only breaks

A general fear occupies the space of my mind

what will happen next to make me lose my life?

endlessly uncontrollable fears of death

haunt my constant daily life

*Page 227*

*Poem 214 – The Fear of Rejection*

# The Fear of Rejection

It started out as a fantasy  
A ludicrous world of everything as you wanted it  
  
But the meaning of life  
has opened it's doors to me  
And I now see the end of the tunnel of truth  
And everything in-between no longer matters  
  
I'm cutting off my dead limbs;  
That happens to include you  
Everything's changed since then  
And everything's different now again  
  
But I no longer feel the pain  
Numbed by your lack of apathy and support  
it's all just a sad story of 'too bad', isn't it?  
But I'll burn your memory well, don't worry.  
  
There's something in this world you brought about  
but it no longer exists. It has been excised and exiled  
And I'm telling you now, above and beyond previous doubts  
That I no longer fear your rejection -   
To me, it means less than nothing.   
Which still happens to be worth more than you.

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*Poem 215 – The Fever*

# The Fever

If I was in the market

I would choose you

No doubt about it

But I’m not

And so I can’t

And this is the end

You’re too dangerous

And although I love it

I can’t take it any longer

One taste of your lips

And I know

I don’t want someone right now

It’s not you

It’s that you are that something

That I cannot have… yet

Perhaps some other time

Maybe another day

But just not now

I’m not on the market

I assure you

Really, it’s not your fault

Your face, your body

Just being you…

But I cannot have what I do not want

It’s not your fault

I’m just not in the mood right now

Just not there yet

This fever will come and go

And when it does I’ll take you up

But until then I’ll have to wait alone

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*Poem 216 – The Gate*

# The Gate

Wasting the time

with no consequence

I stay up at night

just to see the fence

And in the morning I

set off for the gate

I will leave this place

I will never return

I will go beyond

all measures and existence

I will find my true self

wherever that may be

*Oh well*

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*Poem 217 – The Grey Departure*

# The Grey Departure

How do you expect me to know what to do?

Don’t you know me?

Surely by now you can foresee perhaps my future decisions?

I can't hold any longer, I’m letting go

of everything I have a hold on

it's all to much to take

I think I want to let go

a scream, a cry

should I follow my instinct here or not?

trust - I trust nobody, this building of concrete conceals the true me

within it safety reigns - but I’m not inside

hanging on the edge with a single hand

I make the decision to end this or not

the darkness seeps through the windows

the rain and the clouds consume the sky

a whisper, a crack of the sky

the greyness dawning upon me

everything goes silent as I let go

slow motion sets in

above the silence I hear my heart

slowing down as it shouldn't be doing

what did you expect me to do here?

when I have the power, why would I let it go to waste?

falling, this concrete jungle I am about to leave behind

gives me a quick smirk of thrill

absolute enjoyment - an experience

haunted by the blowing wind

I turn to face the skyscrapers

the glass reflecting the rain, the clouds, the fall

feeling the rain against at this time

almost assures my satisfaction

surely by now you know me

my every motivation

my every reasoning, my ever desire

to take control, to have power

over my own life

open your eyes

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*Poem 217 – The Grey Departure*

I did this for me and me only

feel the guilt if you have to

but remember; I chose to let go

*Page 232*

*Poem 218 – The Gutter Yacht*

# The Gutter Yacht

My boat will sail the shores

of every tropical island

My ship will move

from continent to continent

My vessel will float

and never be sunk

My transport will take me there

like no other can

But for now, while I am stuck here

my yacht will collect mud

get wet, fall apart and break

for until I get out of these gutters

I cannot call on my yacht

to get me where I want to go

for the gutters trap you endlessly

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*Poem 219 – The Hunted*

# The Hunted

The air is filled with a slight disposition

to kill the world and it's favourable

the earth, it wants to kick us out

and find a way to destroy us

and it wants this now

it wants our hearts and our souls

it wants to break us up into little pieces

and spit us out onto lava filled continents

endlessly trying to crush us, stop our supply

it wants everything we have

it needs to get rid of this parasite

this naked stripping of natural resources

this barren wasteland we have created

an ultimate strife to get rid of us

to kill, murder and annihilate us completely

our pathetic mere existence

crushed by a globe consuming us

while we consume it

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*Poem 220 – The Impenetrable Darkness*

# The Impenetrable Darkness

Black sadness covers the room

The television is still on, snow spilt across the screen

The blue sky to forever isn't visible from here

And gone are the memories of what has been

Stress overwhelms the body and the soul

There's never any time for tears

And tonight I look upon this bleak, empty bed

And gone are the constant compassionate fears

Once I had a heart, a heart of gold

But all gold turns black the hands of men

And leaves only tainted emotions

And gone are the thoughts of the love we had then

If going back was even an option

It would be promptly denied

All good must come to an end sometime

And in the end one of us would still have cried

I won't surrender to the thoughts

Or the nostalgia laced with regret

Of times when we were happy together

Or even that cursed time when we first met

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*Poem 221 – The.Inevitable.Break/ Up*

# The.Inevitable.Break/Up

teach me the techniques

that can.not be bought

fill me in on the ups and downs

of such a situation

find me a solution

a puzzle pie.ce that works

some.thing concrete that can in.stead

be used to keep us together

uP

the comfort zone had been blown ^

the writing(and the vase)'s on the |wall|

watch now for the bitter end.

it is inevitable once more

the after(3x+2)math will not be pretty

the problem cannot be fixed

hence the blood ... the breaks ... the bruises ... the shame !?!

who will [leave] first?

never again will a con(v)er(s)ation occur

i won't ever want to (c)(see) you again

the next time you see me you might DIE

of a heart..///../attack of inevitable proportions

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*Poem 222 – The Irreversible Chromosome*

# The Irreversible Chromosome

Breaking out of this prison

Losing control of my mind

Painlessly easing my way through reality

And beyond

Morphing into creatures and myths

Beyond a scope of existence

The pleasures of reality fade away

Becoming only the shadow of a doubt

A fade. A sweep. A crash. And a twirl.

Broken fragments of the universe

Litter the very wastes of my mind

Beyond the need of the vas deferens

Prevention is better than the cure for life

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*Poem 223 – The Knelling of the Void*

# The Knelling of the Void

Counter the stroke

The strike of resistance

Every blessing a moment of the underworld’s shuddering

Reasons to feel sane elude me constantly

The time is an illusion of the mind of the body of the soul

Faceless clowns with masks of fury and silence

And all I can see is the fog

What I’ve lost I’ve not found before it was created, destroyed and then made

Touching the void of this place they call the inner sanctum

The screams and the cries of pleasure and pain mix and fall from grace

A blank expression devoid of life, of anything, screams with the rage of a thousand fiends

Release me from this prison I have myself created for the punishment of others through my own

Take the place of my counterpart, switching sides until I’m on my own

And every time I step out onto the plains I am nowhere to be found

But right here all the same

Blind as I may be, mad as I might imagine myself to be, life goes on

The cycles of hoods and beings and life carry on, endlessly, without control, without check

And a doomsday of arrivals disappears beyond the rafters of a hill of grass and stains

And nothing else matters but the scent of the cindered hair once there

Their reason to be, their meaning to life, their clouds of joy and anguish

Their everything…

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*Poem 224 – The Legacy of Pain*

# The Legacy of Pain

You want children?

But you have children.

Oh, you want real children?

Children who will have children.

The greatest disappointment of the century.

In your blind eyes at least.

You don’t need to speak the words.

I can see it already on your face.

Smeared across your intolerant existence.

I’m so sorry. I can’t afford you another generation.

Oh, I’m so selfish. Living life for myself.

Killing your heritage. Severing the head of your pride.

Does it hurt? Does it make you pray at night: “Why me?”

Does it crumble your soul and tarnish your reputation?

Am I not worthy? Am I some twisted offshoot?

From the other side of the family tree?

That tree of poison and rotted apples that die anyway.

Or get eaten by their own turmoil with snakes.

In this life we all make choices. And you choose to forsake your children?

Because they cannot bear the children you so deserve?

You want children?

By the end of this, you’ll want your child alright.

You’ll want him back. One day. When you realize the error of your ways.

And suffer you will for eternity, until your blackened soul carbonizes.

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*Poem 225 – The Lights*

# The Lights

The computer is on  
music is playing  
Though the sound is off  
you hear what it is being sung  
  
The queen of the house demands attention  
another task to be completed  
Distraction from the dull life  
of the computer depleted  
  
Memory of the last incident  
where they fell down a cliff  
Going anywhere out of sight  
to die or to live  
  
Let me go to that place  
where unfound dreams lay low  
Where the usual is unusual  
where the lights are on  
  
Let the sun shine through  
to those damned dark places  
Let the lights be turned on  
forever leaving traces  
  
To the light that was once on  
now turned off by an unknown source  
Turn it back on  
for the lights need to power us

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*Poem 226 – The Machine*

# The Machine

Welcome to the theatre of tragedy. Look up here and look down there. I am the new one.

Tangled in words, having a memory overload? tomorrow is.. well, we've all seen.

If the only way you'll stay is when it isn't night but day

Then I’m afraid I might have to say goodbye now before it's too late

Build me the truth today

You’re like a computerised, voice synthesised machine to me

All you do all day is absorb information, but you don't bother to process it

Do you feel at all? During the night, or the day?

Can’t you see how you're hurting me today?

If the only time you'll stay is when the day is devoid of light

Then how might I be able to survive this fight?

Build me the truth today

Do you feel that the only way to see yourself through the night and the day?

Is to lie and cheat your way around it all?

Then I’m afraid I’m going to have to leave today

Because you refuse to build me the truth today

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*Poem 227 – The Meaning of Life...*

# The Meaning of Life…

hit the ceiling

speak again to the twilight horizon

oceans afar fading out into the distance

I will bring you down

I’ll decide about the hit or miss of life

Never mind…

you'll lose what you can't ever dream to find

and you'll know what it is to be left out of the loop

it's not about what you need or want

*I don't think you can handle this*

came a voice from above, below and beyond

I will bring you down

isn't it easy when your eyes are closed?

isn't it innocent when you're not in the know

I’ve said this once before

in the past, the present and the future

just in time for a smile

you realise the meaning of life only once in

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*Poem 228 – The Natural Habitat of a Blighted Kagouti*

# The Natural Habitat of a Blighted Kagouti

of green fields and pastures

of all the land in the free world

this wild creature chooses to descend upon

this oasis, this waterhole

diseased, fractured, injured

it seeks help: and water

the wild guars stare ahead at it's limp

it wonders not whether they see it

for they know it's condition

and the prey does not run away

but the blighted kagouti is undeterred

it's prey; food; enemy of the state

can stay where it is; it's hurt now

and not making a move

the blighted kagouti falls

falls down onto the long wind-swept grass

and almost as if in a foetal fold

crawls within itself; and dies

this blighted kagouti; a beast of sorts

is brought to it's knees by a simple ailment

a life threatening disease; a plague

and by all means weakened to the knees as well

and without notice; without warrant

departs by itself

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*Poem 229 – The New Beginning After an Event*

# The New Beginnings After an Event

how are you feeling?

get up

get down

get up get down

spin the motors

you've tried it before

you can't do anything about me

lawnmowers wreaking havoc on golf courses

my head contemplates not

what you do in your sleep

but instead denies

that which is true

this

this

this

is a problem

that needs to be faced

an evident little problem

of a volcano erupting

though not of volcanic proportions

take a good look around you

bid your farewell to this island

ammo

ammo

ammo

shots fired, we're leaving now

collateral damage? dare not

the books fly into the wall

the door

open

open

open

you've become an easy target

your safety is no longer guaranteed

the ray of light beckons your departure

the sky

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*Poem 229 – The New Beginning After an Event*

endless

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*Poem 230 – The Paradox*

# The Paradox

'True love,' you cry 'exists!'  
ludicrous fantasies  
are your speciality  
  
the love of your life awaits  
never let him get you down  
everybody may be looking for it  
but life holds no guarantees  
  
when there's no one in the foreseeable future  
no one lurking around the corner  
no net in hand when you awake in the zoo  
and you feel absolutely deprived  
  
don't despair; don't commit suicide  
you're not the only one getting on a bit  
it's called the game of life  
and your delusions of grandeur  
and beauty incarnate crumble  
  
one day in your life  
you'll find someone who fits  
for now  
ludicrous fantasies  
are your speciality

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*Poem 231 – The Pressure*

# The Pressure

I’ll take your word for it.

You’ve never lied to me before.

And every time I think of that one little incident

The lack of the screaming of four

Conditions and allegory

Supersonic cries outward hillward and above all else

Pan pan pan to the right a lot

Blow up what was your house, and what was sometimes not

And then stop. Halt. Cease to exist.

Too much, too late, and just not enough anyway

Overload, sensory misplacement, and the premisconceptions

Ticks and tocks stop the clocks, speed up the starlight

And swim the sea of evolutionary disorders

Turn the dial, twist the cogs, and alter the valves

Pouring out of your brain at the speed of resistance

Systematically mal

Functioning

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*Poem 232 – The Prevailing Insanity*

# The Prevailing Insanity

my life flashes before me

every second of the day

I wonder what the difference

will be today

If I ever wake up from

this haunting dream

then life is fair and

uncomplicated, it would seem

to miss the mark entirely

to be totally pointless anyway

if there was a reason

for this existence; then

surely it would already

have made itself known

but as my life flashes before me

time and time again

I realise that life

does not need to be deeply thought about;

instead life needs to be lived

this prevailing insanity

that covers the world like a blanket,

trapping the souls and minds constantly

makes me think about the constant fuss

we make about:

who we come from

where we come from

when we are always forgetting

about who we are now

and where we are now

this prevailing insanity

causes much distress and turmoil

not to mention death hatred and prejudice

if only everyone would realise that life

isn't about who made us,

but rather what we make of ourselves

and that life isn't about pondering

it's about living

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*Poem 233 – The Purpose of a Light*

# The Purpose of a Light

The purpose of a light  
is not to light up our lives  
It is to show us the way  
We walk there ourselves  
  
It lights up the darkness  
only to find what we feared most  
That which would have been left uncovered  
were it not for that wretched light  
  
That light that only shines so far  
for us to never see the road afar  
But only see the road right in front of us  
And fail to get anywhere  
  
We have no-one but the light to thank  
That is meant in ways good and bad  
For the light is not to blame  
It only ever serves its purpose

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*Poem 234 – The Rain*

# The Rain

I sit in a corner  
the curtains not yet drawn  
the night encompassing the room  
the cold air sweeping in from every space of air  
  
I sit huddled in the corner  
watching out of the window  
the rain falling from the sky  
at no particular speed  
  
with no absolute reason  
motivation nor demand  
it sinks towards the ground  
and drowns itself out into the gutters  
  
The night lights of the street  
allow me to view the falling of rain drops  
onto the tarmac and pavement  
of this residential area  
  
but nothing can compare  
to the acrid falling  
of pieces of water  
frozen beyond a liquid  
  
I stand at a body of water  
looking up into the beautiful grey sky  
and all I see is a mesh of water vapour  
and a drop every now and then falling  
  
soon the whole sky cries out  
out loud as if to declare itself  
like a queen's grand entrance  
and all I do is stare up into the clouds  
  
the body of water is attacked  
by the tiny droplets of fury scattering  
to find a place to target independently  
and splatter the world into wetness  
  
I walk down the street  
almost flooding, water running down

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*Poem 234 – The Rain*

at such a high speed; fully clothed

I walk slowly, silently in the middle fo the road  
not caring for the cars attempting to pass  
the road is soaked, washed out and flooded  
but I'm enjoying it; every drop of it  
  
this is what i want; what i need  
every day of my life  
dark greyness above  
water and wetness below  
  
the essence of rain  
is capturing rarely  
but when you're get caught out in it  
unawares and unprepared  
savour it; every drop of it

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*Poem 235 – The Sane*

# The Sane

Looking across the horizon

falling off the mountain

walking down the side of a skyscraper

and jumping on the roof of a car on a highway

As I get closer to the truth

I lose all of my mind and more

The toxic gun will come for you

the theme park will haunt your dreams

Creaky clowns with big shoes

fill your house with antics here and there

Screams and blurry doors down narrow corridors

and windows that never open when you need them to

The unexplained floating around

paranoia sets in, and keeps you alive

Blood slipping down the drain

messy chutney mixing in the blender

Tasting the ocean water seems sane

when you find yourself inland

Cutting a watermelon into three hundred cubes

when you're already late for school

Can there be anything more potent than the blue books?

If you stumble upon a horse within your house

and narrowly escape death from the fake gun

then you will have noticed that nothing makes sense

and that that does, is all to scary to think about again

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*Poem 236 – The Small Print*

# The Small Print

Stop asking me to subscribe to you

Another lesson to be learned

The endless pursuit of perfect ends here

I’ll do it on my own

When it pleases me, not you

When I’m ready for the commitment

Communication is the key

I’ll get back to you, after I get inside of me

I never did read the small print

I never did expect this to go this far

I never did plan this through

I just never knew what was in store for me

But what did I do too much of, and what too little?

Asking for so much more than I can offer

I can’t change who I am, redundant or inadequate

It’s too little, too late. But never enough anyway

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*Poem 237 – The Sum of All I Am*

# The Sum of All I Am

I woke up this morning.   
Not pretending to be who I’m not.   
And I smiled.   
  
I have no trouble with the way I feel.   
The broken promises mean nothing anymore.   
The lies and the untruths slip away like the sand of a thousand despairs.   
  
But I triumph this morning.   
I am me.   
And this morning, you can tie your own noose, for I am done with mine.

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*Poem 238 – The Sun Sets on the Horizon*

# The Sun Sets on the Horizon

The sun sets on the horizon  
And you change your mind about tomorrow  
Every time I try to convince you otherwise  
All I get is a slap in the face  
  
But every time you don’t listen to me  
The sun sets on the horizon  
One by one they fall to your wrath  
Your bag of tricks and smoke fools everyone  
But the change in the world is small  
And when everything is said and done  
The sun sets on the horizon  
  
You lure us into your trap of honey  
But soon we sicken of your taint  
As no one can keep up appearances for too long a time  
And when all your resistance crumbles  
The sun sets on the horizon  
  
And every time I try to explain to you  
That you are your own demise  
The result is always the same. Always nothing  
You can’t even save yourself at the end of the day  
There is no future. There is no past. There is no one else  
But the truth is: there is no you. Not now. Not ever. And not when  
The sun sets on the horizon

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*Poem 239 – The Whirlpool of Life*

# The Whirlpool of Life

Streets like a jungle

busy as hell

love in this century

is paranoid

Streets lined with guilt

gutters filled with your heart

heavy shoulders carry

the cold leftovers

The pool is full

but there is no lifeguard

finding a needle in a haystack

would be desirable about now

Play your favourite song

eat and watch your favourite movie

nothing will change

nothing can help your situation

Stuck in a groove

you can't get out of it

down the drain

in the whirlpool of life

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*Poem 240 – They’re Only Wrong when They’re not right*

They're Only Wrong when They're not Right

I'll take the beating

Ramming and battering of rain on my windscreen

To breathe

When drowning

Is suicide, induced by fate

Allergic

To all who cross my path,

To all whom my path crosses

The light

defines it. Defines you.

You fit the profile,

but the ideal doesn't suit you

Born

To die, to suffer

a fate that was never yours

Infected

with knowledge and perspective

And a world that doesn't understand you

The polished white pills

The daily dose of drops of Jupiter

and it's all the same

They said

everything would be okay

this isn't a death sentence, only it is

They've let me down

And they don't even know it. So true

So infinitely sad and true, it makes tragedy look comical

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*Poem 241 – Things that Could Kill You that You Should not Do*

# Things that Could Kill You that You Should not Do

do not cry  
do not leave the Dursley’s  
do not fly on September the 11th,  
  
do not ‘somehow’ get to the centre of the earth  
do not go to Africa  
do not fail your sonnet and best subject  
do not love watching MTV Music Awards just for the kiss  
  
do not go to a dentist with a better work computer than yours  
do not listen to Linkin Park if you think they’re Limp Bizkit  
  
do not consider purchasing a book entitled “Last Resort”  
do not page through a 12 year old edition of Land Rover  
do not choose Maths  
and do not listen to the voices, they’re out to get you!

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*Poem 242 – Think with Your Heart*

# Think with Your Heart

sinking in  
the feeling of failure  
the silence I caused  
forced upon me  
  
I could not commit myself  
to ask the question  
to ask any question  
to even make a pathetic irrelevant statement  
  
a desire burning within me  
how stupid I feel  
to have ignored my feelings  
my impulses, my instinct  
  
the brainless wonder  
who walks around now  
feels the guilt and pain  
of remaining in silence  
  
there is no word for what I felt  
a burning desire, need, want, a crush even  
  
now I walk every morning  
missing what could have been  
suffering alone away from him  
without him  
  
why could I not see  
what could have been  
why didn't I speak my mind  
when I had the chance to  
  
now I suffer  
and now I feel the pain  
of my misjudgement  
my wrong decision  
  
I thought it through too logically  
I thought with my head  
and not my heart  
and ended up failing

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*Poem 243 – This and That: But not Much Else*

# This and That; But not Much Else

And the pain. And the fear.   
And the sudden desire to remove a human from its life.  
But this is the last time I’ll look at you.  
The last time I’ll see what I’m looking for.  
  
And the pain. And the fear.  
And the sudden feeling of loneliness mixed with a putrid hate.   
But the emotion I feel most, above all the hatred and anger  
Is the apathy that seeps through my veins, infecting my every existence.  
  
A shallow heart. A fatal fall. The apocalypse. And not much else.  
The life of my life, crumbling away before me.  
My hands as stone, tied behind my back, fissures of an uncertain future eating at them.  
  
And the pain. And the fear.   
And everything in-between. And what it’s put me through.  
But the outcome is positive. Or rather the outcome is satisfactory.  
As the apathy sets in, like the drugs traversing my veins, everything falls apart.  
And falls into place at the same time. This is the end. The absolute entity of it.   
And I turn away from you.

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*Poem 244 – This is not Enough*

# This is not Enough

give yourself to me  
I am asking you once more  
if only your heart could open  
open up to the warmth I wish to share  
  
I have so much to offer, to give  
but if I'm alone, I'll turn cold and hard  
because I know I won't be able to handle loneliness  
  
so give yourself to me  
open up before it's too late  
before I give up asking  
turn away and slowly crumble to pieces

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*Poem 245 – This is Now*

# This is Now

*Welcome*To the place you have always been  
And always will continue to be  
This is now and forever always  
The time it takes to get something done  
  
*Yet*Things never seem to be finished  
Out of this place, this time  
Now is the time and  
The time is now  
  
*This is what it’s like*As good as you like it   
Or as bad as the worst moment  
In your entire life  
  
*Do something*With this time you have  
Don’t wait, save or procrastinate  
You always have the time  
This is now

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*Poem 246 – This is Who I Am*

# This is Who I Am

This is who I am

and nothing's going to change

This may be news to you

but I've been stuck on it for years

I know what I'm doing - I have to

I wouldn't take this step if I wasn't sure

This is who I am and will always be

it cannot change and neither will I

You may not have known before

it's not something you can see

this is who I am - accept it

you did a minute ago anyway

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*Poem 247 – This Time...It’s Me*

# This Time… It’s Me

I looked at her once again

this time for the last time

I couldn't tell when last I saw her

but I know that I didn't want to see her ever again

She stared back at me

with those devilishly good looks

blinked; expressions running in the opposite direction

I closed my eyes and turned my head

never to return it to that position again

in the background I heard her slowly walking away

this time was the last time

Our history only scratched one surface

that of a brief fling years ago

But nothing made sense then, and nothing makes sense now

all that is left is for it to be forgotten

If I had one more chance to make it right

I wouldn't; not even if I could

I don't think she would be able to handle it again

and to be honest, neither would I

The friendship is now split

one of us has to leave

This time I won't sit around waiting for it to happen

this time it's me

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*Poem 248 – Three Doors Short of a Puzzle Room*

# Three Doors Short of a Puzzle Room

Knocked down the well

it's still alive

kicked all around

the thing still lives

Used a slight shotgun

impaled it seventeen times

giving up is not one of its priorities

Done even

it seems to be removing you entirely

from the face of the planet

everything we could

the jokes on you

it's alive and on you

keep your head up through it

Removing your face

dying, not anytime soon though

god damn

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*Poem 249 – Timeless*

# Timeless

All I need is a second, a moment  
I can go anywhere I imagine  
I don't need the time to pass  
it passes when it needs to anyway  
  
The beach is empty, filled with nothing  
yet it feels calm and rushed all at the same time  
These waves crash as if for no reason at all  
over and over, on and on  
  
The spray splashes my harsh face  
I didn't have time to shave this morning  
Nor did I bother getting ready  
for the day of school that lay ahead  
  
I sit here on the rocks  
miles away from where I should be  
I would have been having breakfast now  
but instead here I am, with the ocean  
  
I want to be as free as I was  
no worries or ties  
Just for today  
just for this once  
  
I think not of time  
and how it has such a firm grasp on our lives  
How it makes us rush, worry and stress  
  
When all we need to do to save ourselves  
would be to throw our watches away  
  
To forget about the tasks that follow  
and just walk right up to the water  
  
And forget all about time

*Page 266*

*Poem 250 – To Endlessly Lode Control*

# To Endlessly Lose Control

Sex is a weapon  
It’s like a drug  
Rewind that quickly  
  
I’m on the run  
Chasing guys for fun  
Getting ready for the ride  
Consequences are beyond me  
That’s the way things go  
Everybody’s getting ready  
I’m about to appear  
  
It’s really such a shame  
Don’t stop looking up  
Nothing’s going to change  
I’m about to tell you something  
A hidden truth  
  
A random feeling of hysteria  
Running through my mind  
A decision to make  
A realization that I’m blind  
  
It’s bugging me  
And twisting me around  
I’m endlessly caving in  
And turning inside out  
  
I want to tell you now  
Give me your heart and your soul  
I’m breaking out  
You better listen before I lose control  
  
I am forcing myself to strive  
To tell you what you didn’t know  
I swear I’m going to lose my mind if I don’t  
Let me escape this moment soon, before endlessly losing control

*Page 267*

*Poem 251 – ‘Toxic’*

# 'Toxic'

you make me worry  
you make me experience pain  
you hurt me  
yet you do this indirectly  
  
you mean a lot to me  
but you're too toxic for me  
  
you don't know it  
you think everything is great  
the feelings are there  
nothing can stop this love now  
  
but you don't know  
how I feel and why  
you don't know your own toxicity  
you are stuck on one station  
I’ve already changed the channel  
bored with sticking with the program  
  
you make me pain inside  
you make my head spin  
you know nothing of it though  
you have no idea  
you're toxic  
  
I suffer all the time  
and I don't want to lose you  
so I carry on suffering  
in silence, without anyone  
  
you think you're there for me  
but in reality you're not  
you expect much more from me  
than you're ever going to get  
  
you cause my downfall  
you make me want to die  
for I cannot take  
hurting the both of us any more  
  
life isn't what you want it to be

*Page 268*

*Poem 251 – ‘Toxic’*

nothing ever works out

especially not the way you expected it to  
you cause my pain and anguish  
  
if you were someone else  
it would be very easy  
but because I care for you so much  
it will be hard as hell  
  
and because you are you  
you cause my pain  
and you make me hurt inside  
but all the time you have no idea  
you are toxic

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*Poem 252 – Triangles*

# Triangles

You ask what’s wrong  
And I reply  
You ask the time  
And I ask why  
You phone for directions  
I ask where you are headed  
As it gets more simpler  
It gets more complicated  
  
No longer is it a mere circle  
That we’re forced to spin around  
To lose our way, have no direction  
Now at least we have choice  
From good or bad  
And at least once we’ve made it  
We can go back, or choose another  
  
Such is that of a triangle  
A bomb explodes a moment away  
On the horizon of decision

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*Poem 253 – Trust Me: I’m Telling you the False*

# Trust Me: I’m Telling you the False

I’m not okay. Right now I’m not alright

*Normal processing will resume shortly*

Worn out and spent of all my capacity and pity

I promise to be better, if only tomorrow…

I’m not entirely what you expected

I’m less than you imagined and more

I stopped lying and you were disappointed

What an unexpected action reaction consequence

Reasons as to why I’m feeling the way I do

Honestly: all you had to do was ask before

When relevance reigned, when sanity endured and when

Everything still felt like it was okay

But I can’t keep this up anymore

I can’t lie to you anymore, nor conceal my true feelings (or lack thereof)

I’m not okay anymore. And I can’t carry on.

*Shake. Look. Scream. Smile. Rinse and repeat.*

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*Poem 254 – Truth*

# Truth

If great minds think alike

why not can the true minds not think

about whether or not the truth is out there

and whether it would be great to have or not

Our constant search for truth

applies only to those who have position

No small fry ever made a discovery of truth

and remained unpopular and poor

No credit goes to those who find the true solutions of life

like family and friends, and not material possessions

to not want to constantly have more than you already do

but instead to rejoice in what you already have

If great minds think alike

and everyone has potential

then why don't the minds of society

think twice about their daily actions

For forever will we be stuck in this vicious circle?

of the search for the truth out there

But no-one can see that the actual truth

lies in us, as people

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*Poem 255 – Tunnelvision*

Tunnelvision

Do you see?

Can you hear me?

Is this comprehensible enough?

Does every waking minute end in torture and agony for your self?

Empathy. Sympathy. Apathy of the masses

Fatigue! Fatigue! Fatigue!

Enough said

Enough spread

The differences between the parts

The sum of all the interior angles

And I still managed to find the wrong route

Rue, rue, rue your boat!

Life is but a dream (for the dead, the living, and everyone in-between)

Do you understand?

Now?

Ever?

But do you listen? Do you hear? Do you follow?

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*Poem 256 – Uncharted Territory*

# Uncharted Territory

All eyes on him now

we're passing him down the corridor

a quick fleeting moment where our eyes meet

flashing a smile now would be disastrous

Not intending to cause a scene

or to stir up dormant feelings

level one completed

I have achieved more now than I have ever before

I stand there, sun rising in the late spring

everybody's around - the undesirables too

I look up and smile - now this is uncharted territory

an utterance barely makes it from my mouth

and within my mind I go crazy

Any words, anything, just get out of these lungs

and after the worst part it gets better

oh my god I can't say no

he has replied with a question of his own

the tension was incredible

but now it is gone

The sun carries on shining with vigour

I have just fulfilled my goals

all eyes on him now

as he walks away leaving me with a feeling of absolute happiness

*Page 274*

*Poem 257 – Unconfidence*

# Unconfidence

all that I have

all that I need

two different things

on the opposite ends of the scale of my life

my room

my sanctuary

the one and only

alone I am free, without worry

listen; I don't give a shit

I don't want to go with

I hate parties; I hate reality

why face it when you can hide

I stay here within this little corner of the world

and I stare out of my window every now and then

looking out to the forbidding foreign world

the curtains drawn I stare at the rain

the murky sky of grey blurriness

fulfils all my needs

my social demand - nonexistent

my love for change - a fucking fallacy

I don't get it

why must I conform, give in to the majority

a mystery I hope to remain

don't deny me; forget me

for I have already forgotten you

never will I have the desire to go outside

and that is my satisfaction

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*Poem 258 – Uneventful for a While*

# Uneventful for a While

The hysteria of a lifetime

surrounds me endlessly

somehow and somewhere

I am alive

but not here and not now

if you only give me one chance

I won't misuse it

but if I fail I know that

you'll still hold it against me

but why?

I cannot fathom

what might happen

and I only know

that which I have already experienced

I’m lost without you

and now I’m tuning into the wrong station

I no longer feel whole

and I don't know why

Just give me a chance

to be alive

with you, around you

as long as it's you

it does not matter where, when, or why

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*Poem 259 – Unfair*

# Unfair

What has been done  
has been done  
And cannot be undone  
or done another way again  
  
What happened did just that  
and definitely no more  
Nothing happens now  
where do I begin?  
  
I always endeavoured to succeed  
and deserve the winning place  
but then again I didn't get it  
I didn't get what I deserved  
  
What has been done  
has been an injustice  
it has been very unfair  
  
Now I care not about that  
which took my winning place away  
I see it as a weak pathetic attempt  
at trying to judge winners  
  
What happened was unfair  
but I will get over it  
you are the cause and the pain  
and you are worthless

*Page 277*

*Poem 260 – Unknown*

# Unknown

They came unexpected  
They arrived unwelcomed  
They appeared before us without our knowledge  
and they dared show their faces  
  
We will not accept this  
We will not let this happen  
This shall not occur again  
and will cease immediately  
  
We want to know  
know what we do not  
We must know this unknown  
for it is only unknown  
to those not wanting to know  
  
We will find out what it is  
We will know what it is  
and we will know the unknown

*Page 278*

*Poem 261 – Unresolved Internal Issues*

# Unresolved Internal Issues

Who said anything about life being boring?  
Who said the moon didn't do a double jump behind the sun for fun?  
Is this really the land of make believe?  
The place where all your American dreams come true, as long as they're American?  
  
What is the meaning of control?  
Does absolute power intoxicate absolutely?  
Didn’t the big lies tug at your conscience?  
Didn’t the shame beat your heart out of time?

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*Poem 262 – Unwilling*

# Unwilling

a knock on the door  
I am unwilling to answer  
another knock drowns out the music  
I pause look up and turn around  
  
a persistent knock that knows  
but I continue to be as silent as possible  
another knock  
and they know I’m here  
but I’m so terribly unwilling to answer it  
I remain absolutely still, listening  
  
the shadow through the base of the door  
betrays no-one  
they really know I’m here  
well, tough  
I really don't want to answer the door  
  
it's not for me  
I’m not expecting anyone  
it's for someone else  
and they're not here right now  
so why should I answer a door not for me?  
if I weren't here, the door wouldn't be answered anyway  
plus this is my life  
I’ll answer the door if I so wish to  
but I don't; I’m unwilling to open it  
  
why would I want to initiate a conversation  
a 'sorry, they're not here' or 'can I help you'  
the prospect of merely having to look them in the eyes  
smile and say 'hello' as if everything was okay  
sickens me  
  
another knock  
go away already. haven't you got the message?  
no-one's home  
at least no-one who wants to be  
stop making a noise already. you're wasting your time  
I’m not about to answer the door  
I’m just unwilling

*Page 280*

*Poem 262 - Unwilling*

yet another persistent knock

god, don't you have a life of your own?  
go pester someone else  
I want none of this  
leave me be; if it were someone important I’d know  
if it was something urgent you would come back later  
so whether or not it is important, go away now  
I told you, I’m unwilling to answer the door

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*Poem 263 – Up2Nuting*

# Up2Nuting

coz dis iz not wot i xpectd

dis iz not my truth

da prity peepel :-) al da way 2 da bank

im <- alone. wifout any1

da rich peepel get all da atenshin

im <- alone. wifout any mon-E

wifout a fucha or a bank balens

now i no 4 shur wat life had in stor 4 me

now i can end it al wifout gilt of any kind

*Page 282*

*Poem 264 – Vanilla Soup*

# Vanilla soup

It’s an overcast day

no destination planned for today

the airport is crowded

the highways desolate

At the beach the lifeguards are missing

the holidaymakers down for the weekend

music blares from each and every car

currently residing in the parking lots of shopping centres

all elevators out of order

toilets empty not a requirement right now

cinemas and malls doing rather well

the beach is crowded with all who can't stand the sand

All doors open and all windows shut

every television upside down where it is

Every rain drop that falls

is savoured by the population below

flights suspended ocean liners beaching

traffic is murderous and clouds hang low

Electrical malfunctions rivers flooding slightly

the sun in nowhere to be seen

Enjoy this moment of insanity

drink what you can get your hands on

take a walk ten kilometres down that road

swim with the sharks

endlessly enjoying the weather

today is all that it needs to be

crazy and insane a day to enjoy and remember

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*Poem 265 – Venturing a Guess*

# Venturing a Guess

I couldn't even venture a guess

theoretically you can't be serious?

you're absolutely right though

I'm not at all sure about that which I have no doubt

I positively agree, but I don't think so

don't be ridiculous I'm sure of it

didn't you just ask that? stop asking that question!

why are you asking me, I don't think so

who can say, yet I believe so

I'm not certain that you should kindly lower your voice

but my god, what are you doing?

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*Poem 266 – Vicious Circles*

# Vicious Circles

If we don't hide here

they will find us soon

If we don't hide soon

they will find us here

A vicious circle

not of sharks or vultures

but of hatred and anger

encircles everyone at times

Fate is a circle

a vicious beast who consumes and devours

you up without notice

leaving you feeling empty and uncertain

for the world spins around

what goes around, comes around

and you are forever encircled

by the fate and doom of viciousness

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*Poem 267 – Violence-Hysteria-Madness*

# Violence-Hysteria-Madness

turn it inside out

I want it now

give me everything I want

I’m breaking out

I seem to lose control

violently throwing the vases

and kicking the furniture

inflicting wound upon myself

satisfaction

betrayal anger fear frustration

give me everything i want

I’m breaking down now

before I lose control

you better give me some of it

unimaginable pain

excessive use of force

destroying the room

excavating the ceiling

experiencing excitement

enjoying myself

tearing the place apart

I want it now

and I want everything

*Page 286*

*Poem 268 – Watercolour Acid*

# Watercolour Acid

falling, everybody yields

laughing, everybody cries

ruin the world, bite the dust

take another trip down memory lane

open up your wallet

take another picture

remember this moment, it's going to be your last

every time I fall I look for you

my crutch of hope and future potential

but love isn't free

there won't always be a 'you and me'

you've missed the water-borne navigational vehicular device

you can't see beyond your own nose

destitute invalid poverty-stricken emotions

but every time i fall, everyone yields for my slumping body

the philosophy from a poor perspective

but warning you all the same

tomorrow you're all going to cry

while I laugh my way to the databank

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*Poem 269 – What a Mess!*

# What a Mess!

I walked into my room this morning

having slept out

thankfully so

this dump I return to compared

to a nuclear fallout looks the same

what a mess I find again

another poster on the floor

another coat of paint needed on the door

the cupboard's broken; a handle's missing

the pc hasn't been cleaned for ages

the filters in the air conditioners haven't been replaced

and behind the bed; no-one’s returns

the bed's not made

last night's clothing on the sofa

lamp needs replacing

white ceiling fans now black

music still playing in the background

books in a mess on the shelf

printers lie about

pens nowhere to be found

toiletries abound

tv remote in the bed

cellphone behind the pc

pizza on the desk

and broken glass in the corner

what a mess this is

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*Poem 270 – What is Left in the Wake of You*

# What is Left in the Wake of You?

beyond salvation  
above and below the expected status-quo  
a non-entity of self denial  
and the power to destroy your world  
  
what is left... after the devastation  
after the wrath of your waking  
and your taking of everything you want?  
  
a thirst must have taken you over  
for you drank up the light and the life  
you conquered all, without delay or hesitance  
  
you spilt the blood, the milk and the oceans  
and left behind a trail of emptiness  
without even a trace of destruction  
  
what is left in the wake of you?  
what is left after the devastation?  
nothing. not a hint. not a sliver of lime.  
not even the memory  
or the chance to learn from the mistake  
  
and the power to destroy your world  
wielded by your own hands  
knew no bounds, no limits  
and beyond salvation you now are  
and nothing is left after your devastation

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*Poem 271 – What to Do... Next*

# What to Do… Next

This world has gotten a bit too insane for me

I feel like I need to leave this place soon

If I don't go back to the city right now

Will I still be missed?

Has my time here now totally run out?

Or is there a reason to return to the city?

Shall I stay forever on this mountain?

Or shall I end everything right here and now?

I feel like taking everything I own

and throwing it away

Perhaps ending it isn't the way to go, though

even if I feel this way

This world has gone to the dogs

I don't really need an education

a job

*a worry*

I can set myself free if I want to,

standing on the edge of this cliff

I wonder what to do

next

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*Poem 272 – What Was, Just Wasn’t*

# What Was, Just Wasn't

*Mirrors*  
I awake one morning  
to find myself stuck  
in a slice of glass  
covered in the blood  
that does not belong to me  
  
*Dye*I find the red of blood  
splattered and spluttered  
in all directions  
as if it was hair dye  
  
*Scissors*They cut the hair  
that she had dyed red  
and then used to puncture the mirror  
in an act of insanity  
  
*Car*I reason with myself  
and wonder where she is  
I leave the bedroom  
and drive away from it all

*Page 291*

*Poem 273 – When I Pretend, I Fail*

# When I Pretend, I Fail

I’ve taken all I can stand  
but I’m losing the race  
against the wall again  
I breathe deeply  
  
every time I see your face  
I feel like smashing mine in  
every time I imagine you there  
I cry in silent desolation  
  
against myself I try to smile  
try to pick myself up  
and have a good day  
but thoughts of you flood my mind always  
and without you I often feel less than nothing

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*Poem 274 – Whitewashed*

# Whitewashed

I was scared

I feared what you would do to me

But you wanted proof

You wouldn’t take my world for it

I don’t love you

I really don’t

I wish I did

But I don’t

I tried

*I’ll say it!*

I tried really hard to…

The deal fell through

The ceiling collapsed

And my hypersensitivity just never set in

The pilot switch never flipped

The love I never felt

The definitions I never understood

But never even found

Is the truth unwinding now?

Can you see it was all a lie?

A fucking façade of fucking and façades?

For one moment, I wish you would understand

That I was scared

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*Poem 275 – Who Are the Real Vultures Anyway?*

# Who Are the Real Vultures Anyway?

sensory overload  
a blight to cease the functions  
spiritual short circuits  
and everything in between  
  
the removal of a soul  
is a process of easy self-extraction  
a taint, a curse, a potion of plight  
all of the above and yet none of it  
  
of greed and avarice  
the mind sinks into the darkness  
of vice and immorality  
all resistance crumbles into apathy  
  
the cheap to rent visages  
masques of the future and the past  
the sickness spreads  
tendrils break, support succumbs  
  
this lonely road has faded into despair  
and the vultures wait at every corner  
a picturesque hell awaits you now  
because you create this reality for yourself

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*Poem 276 – Wish Granted*

Wish Granted

The storm

The lightning and thunder

Night descends upon closed lives

Heretics of the static utopia of infinite life

Endless wishing and waiting

The living for tomorrow

But I'll not succumb

Today is of the import

The sun rises for me to continue

What else can there be than happiness?

Seeking knowledge was a mistake

Ignorance is bliss

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*Poem 277 – With You by Me We Are*

With You by Me We Are

Chasing you down the corridors of truth

Facing the reality of my every little sin

Tears run down your face

And then the quivering of my voice

My life without you? Incomprehensible

Yet understanding anything about us is impossible too

You've got nerve to carry on like this

You've got more backbone than I can ever wish to have

My pillar of strength? More, you are my spine

We will, we can, and we have to conquer this all

I cry, I scream silently, I sleep alone

But you make it alright. You make it all worth it

This will never end. The moment. The fear. The absolute darkness.

But I feel you there. By my side, within me.

Always. Together.

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*Poem 278 – Yet Another Ray of Waste*

# Yet Another Ray of Waste

Yet another ray of waste  
descends upon the earth  
a blanket of pollution  
being pulled over everyone's eyes  
  
nothing sinks beneath the sun  
the universe gets to see nothing  
  
Yet another ray of waste  
allowed us to feel sorry for ourselves  
allowed us to ignore what was happening  
and drown our sorrows in dirty waters  
  
the orange muck that is the sky  
the green waste we once called our water  
no longer satisfies us  
and all we do about it is complain and moan  
  
Yet another ray of waste  
will descend and yet again  
nothing will happen  
as we blindly watch the sky grow dark

*...Jaryd-Dayne Stapleton...*

*Written Memories*