

THE  
BLACK  
BOOK

*Dark Poetry  
with Wicked Mike*



# STUFFING

## ABOVO

### THE FIRST PARTY – WICKED WORLD WILD

1. The Boogey Man
2. Cold (A Fuck-It)
3. Fly
4. Wicked World Wild
5. Animal
6. A Poem for the Gullible
7. The Broken Gate
8. Imperfect
9. Raindrop Suicide
10. Cold
11. Requiem to Heroes or Us?
12. God Wears Black
13. A Lover's Prelude
14. Dinner for Two
15. Listen
16. Office Traffic
17. Digging
18. A Street Diary
19. The Clouds are Us
20. Crossroads
21. The Joker's Home
22. Hanging on the Telephone
23. Focus
24. Advice
25. Reason
26. Bookstore

27. Reality Isn't Filtered
28. Loving, Fucking, Dying
29. Observation, Mesticulation, Evacuation
30. Swallow Scale
31. Ever Wondered?
32. Charlatan a.k.a. Christian Paedophile
33. Poem Per Commandment
34. Aftermath
35. Do You Want to be Touched?
36. Response to a Second
37. Spit
38. Church of Hypocrisy
39. Crashing Birds
40. The Maze
41. Happy Hour
42. Diseased
43. Who Would Have Thought Snowflakes So Heavy
44. Dead Poets
45. The Final Dance

## **THE SECOND PARTY – PARTY OF ONE**

46. The Map
47. The Biggest Jigsaw
48. The Prize (Before and After the Echo)
49. Dragons on the Shelf
50. Succubus
51. Whispers
52. Sexy Butterfly
53. The Selfish Poetry of My 1000 Years  
(On A Wooden Shelf)
54. Codify (Declaring a Moment's Anguish)
55. A Touch of Evil
56. Different Rules (The Real Thing of a Parody)
57. Real

58. A Sometime Hurt
59. It's Too Late
60. A Ghost in the Crowd
61. Dark
62. The Opening of the Trunk
63. Falling (From an Empty Pocket)
64. Tumbling (In the Right Direction)
65. Even Humans Explode
66. My Diamond Death
67. Disintegration
68. Hunger
69. Toys
70. A Requiem for Love and Sex
71. See Me
72. Senseless
73. This Means Nothing
74. The Artist
75. Shit
76. The Unwritten Word
77. Bleeding Butterflies & Godly Critters
78. Chunk (The Piece You Stole)
79. Where is Here?
80. Depression
81. Hotel Earth
82. Memory
83. Penis
84. The Trade
85. Unfeathered
86. A Woman and That (A Requiem to Surrender)?
87. The Seed
88. The Princess
89. Tears Parachuting Goodbye
90. Mother
91. Thought Bullet

92. I Know
93. The Cure (A Poem of Appreciation)
94. Distortions of a Child in Love with Sex
95. Granny Got Hurt
96. Never Forget
97. Untitled
98. Limbo
99. I, the Seagull
100. Paradox
101. Evolution
102. Confidant
103. 5 Seconds of Dreaming
104. Ashes

### **THE THIRD PARTY – LEFTOVERS (CRUDE AND BOOED)**

105. Old
106. Face It
107. The One and Only (The Human Race)
108. Saluting You
109. Hurley Burley Whirlies
110. Coffin (For an Eighties Metal Band)
111. Soundtrack to the Past (For a Bad Radio Band)
112. It's a Hard Life (For a Cockroach)
113. Rusted
114. Dreaming of a Red Xmas

### **CREED**

### **THANKS**

# ABOVO

Writing concerns love, hate, desire, fear and the entanglements between. Writing is the giving of the deepest self, the parts you were afraid to show. It is the worded diary. It does not matter if the words are shit or beauty. It does not matter if weapon ink attacks symbolically or realistically. There is no bad writing if it vomits clean.

Writing is a way out. Expression is freedom. Give it to yourself. Make the way. Challenge yourself and others with unlimited thought. We stem from the restricted opinions of those around us (and they got their way of life from those before them). FUCK IT! Break that sick cycle. Why is their god yours? What is truly right/what is truly wrong? Put your conscience and beliefs in a blender and make a smoothie beginning of indifference.

Abovo - from the egg.

Begin by discovering yourself. Writing is a journey tool. The destination will be beautifully ugly because no matter where it is, it is Honest.

Are you brave enough to expose yourself to your peers and, more importantly, confront yourself with honest mind and eyes? Truth may sometimes be hurting but, at the least, it is a beginning and, at best, it can be an unclouded step towards fulfilment and redemption that will remove apologies to that and those that do not deserve apologies. Apologize once to yourself for being a fool...and move on.

For these scribbles, from good to awful, from pathetic to powerful, from child to adult, from lack-of-self to Self, i make no apology for they are observations and what happened. I am what happened. That is life and, of course, eventual death.

From fuck-it to the challenge, that is writing. Don't believe me. Find out for yourself.

# THE FIRST PARTY (WICKED WORLD WILD)



1.

**BOOGIEY MAN**

It's night and the lights are out  
Raggedy Anne, *please* hold my hand  
Hide beneath the covers  
SSSH – don't make a noise  
Be very still  
We mustn't let the Boogey Man know that we're here  
or he'll come and touch me in a horrible way  
Raggedy Anne,  
you're my *bestest* friend  
Did I do something wrong?  
Oh-oh!  
He's back and it smells like he's been naughty  
He's stolen Daddy's aftershave again.

2.

**COLD (A FUCK-IT)**

So smile like snake  
The light so dark,  
a desurrection dream,  
infinite by its parts  
Lipstick so swift on this shadow god  
Do you squirm for heart?  
Desire in parts?  
Painted tits on a battered mall,  
your dream to rise to

F

A

L

L

The mind a lick of all to come,  
the wormy fear is bidden,  
the unwritten diary undone  
Hiccup like neon  
or a rock 'n roll sun  
Every view is a taint  
of a woman loved, never won  
Friendship is a bend  
of laughs and glass;  
a backward world with a backward glance  
Tomorrow is an experience  
never touched by today,  
a dream on dream  
but always too much  
Now is forever  
and forever is now,  
an extinguished 'fuck-it'  
of cold.

### 3.

#### FLY

The sun is calling out your name from a million miles away  
It's an everyday feeling that you share with everyone  
Didn't you see it on T.V. (our species may die today)?  
How big is a problem when it's seen from outer space?

Would you hold my hand with faith,  
go with to that better place?  
Would you cry, lie down and die  
or murder your tears and fly?

Every secret is a bullet and every death a shame  
We dream in rock 'n roll, awake, point fingers and blame  
There's not enough drugs to set us free when evolution's burning  
On a world that won't stop turning, you feel it, this urge to flee

Would you hold my hand with faith,  
go with to that better place?  
Would you cry, lie down and die  
or murder your tears and fly?

Up here, night and day is one  
With death, from this world undone.

4.

#### **WICKED WORLD WILD**

Awoke this evening to a wicked world wild,  
gave my daily prayer to rock 'n roll  
and drowned my tongue with beer  
Maybe today's the date to die,  
lovingly enveloped in a lover's skin  
Maybe i'll see eternity in a pool table;  
like it, want it ... or not  
It's a dark get-up-and-go  
from the prince of let-go;  
a flow to the rhythm at a corner bar  
and difficulties called people  
Books, breasts and beer sucked by straw,  
i desire and much more  
Not the tea cup's determined wisdom  
(just questions married to answers)  
If i fly,  
will i kill  
everything that joins me, makes me?  
Will i be anything other than someone else's question?

5.

**ANIMAL**

What foul animal  
would crawl to your heart  
and there abide,  
bloating your mind with ideas  
so that vomitous fear  
gives birth to unhealthy desire  
and you accept the animal  
as your own?  
Would you let your restraint go  
to where the leaves blow?

6.

**A POEM FOR THE GULLIBLE**

Congregation of angels near the exit door  
A handful of devils in my pocket  
There's a nametag for Allah, one for Krishna too  
Maybe they're late or it's that evangelists are so eager  
If i make myself God, i'll be just like you

Take 200 at the start and build your own mind  
What's television like when you looking from the inside?  
What's religion like when it's backed by a gun?  
A is for AK, A is for A-bomb  
A is for ALL the times you've been wrong

Before the government and kings and all their lies  
Before pyramids, condoms, hate and Galilee  
Before definitions, faith and the electric chair,  
walking on knives equalled walking minus idea  
That was the time when choice made us free.

*(for those who died in the name of religion)*

7.

### THE BROKEN GATE

Torn paint dressed the fence that hung the broken gate  
The broken gate witnessed the death-throe plants  
The death-throe plants kept company with nicotine dregs  
Nicotine dregs grew from hands above pitted concrete  
Pitted concrete bore memories of lost revellers  
Lost revellers were lost in a day's pain and liquor  
A day's pain and liquor were birthed in a dirty tummy  
A dirty tummy reminded of nocturnal, loving sperm  
Nocturnal, loving sperm screamed from needful things  
Needful things lived in the home with the broken gate.

*(for Loren and her unborn)*

8.

### IMPERFECT

Waiting room  
Stillness ...  
people beside one another,  
ignoring and self-caring  
Blissful serpent creeps in the blank walls, floors and lights  
HELP! on a shit seat  
I'm 28 ... please change my wet nappy  
Why! Why!  
(can pigs not fly and we must die)  
Elevators, halls, computers, more people –  
faces empty, faces full – flowers  
Up, up, up, up, up,  
UP!  
and cartooned walls stare at the children  
(some not so childlike)  
Nurses walk in the dark, detached, Knowing

Love in a sleeping (yet vigil) mother  
Devil's number lying in the room  
Tortured, the little boy screams but doesn't wake  
He dreams, he lives:

*"I tell you,  
you don't know injustice until you see me;  
a boy of thirteen, the size of a baby  
Tell me, Mom  
I know you love me, so tell me the truth  
Why can't I play ball with the other kids?  
Why do they look at me that way?  
I can't walk  
I can't even writhe like a headless snake  
They say that you left me with a great brain  
but what's the use  
when the rest of me doesn't listen to it?  
Tell me, God, where's the justice in this?  
Tell me,  
damnit!"*

Injustice lifts her smiling face,  
her Brother spinning these webs of hate  
With light, the hitchhiker escapes,  
stands on the earth and is picked up by an optimist.

*(for Anthony with the big heart)*

9.

### **RAINDROP SUICIDE**

Doctor said that you might hurt yourself  
so when i laid eyes on you,  
you lay on a white bed  
in a white room

Your ghosts sat on your pillow,  
laughing  
and stabbing needles into your head  
I wanted to offer a word of comfort  
but couldn't  
for you were as beautiful and insignificant  
as an abandoned raindrop on a window

Instead, i said that it was cold outside  
You replied, inside to.

*(for Avisha and Pam)*

10.

**COLD**

Cold

Dead to the world

Reprobation

Moving inside because that's what blood does

Like a black spider willingly contriving malady

Touché

A manikin eats and eats but never grows

How powerful is perception when one sees oneself truthfully?

Satiety?

Itinerants travelling this mind never reach destination

Conquerors are extinct and failed contrivance for voyeurs

Resignation.

**11.**

**REQUIEM TO HEROES OR US?**

Through the door  
to where the dead sing  
songs that echo  
from the floors

and tell of heroes,  
lost to the past,  
who dreamt of power  
but instead aided flowers  
upon which we stand  
as someone else's band  
who do not come close  
to the fruition of dreams  
at all.

**12.**

**GOD WEARS BLACK**

God was on T.V. today  
Never a special moment  
for he's the news everyday  
Kabila was shot but God lived  
'cause God is everywhere

God is white, God is black  
God is a scud missile attack  
God is a nun, God is the gun  
that blew Kennedy away

God spoke to Charles Manson  
the same way he spoke to Gandhi  
Give the people any dream  
and they will love and follow you  
until i set them free

God is love, God is hate  
God is the you that he creates  
God is a bomb. God is the mom  
that aborted you gone

God is you, God is me  
He's everything we can see  
God is right, God is wrong  
He's the building you jumped from

God wears black  
like me.

**13.**

**A LOVER'S PRELUDE**

And she said to me,  
before she sang  
the Song of Fragility,  
*"Death is the limb of love"*

(The song):

*Bombs shelter  
a welter of tears  
that splash from a mother  
onto a baby*

*that never said goodbye*

*It was a metal monster  
that ripped him from his lover;  
left him dead  
and her with memories  
that made her cry*

*And God stared  
at his world gone weird;  
gave it knowledge  
out of love  
so that it could die*

And she kissed me after,  
as i slipped away,  
killed me  
out of Love.

14.

#### **DINNER FOR TWO**

**(Serving Disgust at Racist Murder)**

Oh carrion bird, blotting out the sun,  
i saw you feasting yesterday  
and forgot to ask you what it felt like to:  
Axe your beak into stiffened flesh and jellied blood,  
swallow an eyeball or two and spaghetti a sinew;  
let a maggot wiggle on your tongue?

Come to dinner, i'll prepare your best  
Have a choice of honky, arab, nigger, slit-eye or jew  
It's my quest to please my guest  
No, don't worry, it's not an inconvenience  
because they cost less nowadays  
Besides, what are friends for?

15.  
LISTENING (TO SILENCE)

Hear

See

Smell

Touch

Taste

Listen ...

not to the religion that drowns your curiosity  
and see what controls you, the city, that monstrosity  
Smell the stench of rotting, growing money  
Feel the jelly breast of the corpse that was your mother,  
then suck the swelling nipple of your new-found lover

Kill that plastic power! What you were taught, GIVE BACK!

Listen to the Mommy's "*I love you*" to her unborn  
and the Daddy who sees the Girl-not-a-Boy, falls forlorn  
Smell those decaying years  
Experience the touch of Daddy on the Girl-not-a-Woman  
and taste her revenge on the Body-not-a-Daddy

Finger the moment  
and savour god  
Hear, see, smell, touch,  
taste life to know you're dying  
and tell those that will listen

to anything but silence...

16.

### OFFICE TRAFFIC

Your friends say that you're so lucky to be working  
but your mind is as cold as the air conditioning  
There's no difference in the way that memos are typed everyday  
and now you flirt with the clerk you despised the first day

You shake the ciggie shake while waiting for tea break  
(where's comfort in nicotine burning to an ending?)  
Your boss responds to your efforts with *"It's never enough"*  
and lunch is a round of gossip with coke and health fluff  
Then it's the 'phone talking noise and the copier breaking  
before the clock strikes home time whilst the boss shakes his head,  
*"You've got to change the bulletin before it can be read"*

Freedom is a traffic jam for the crash on the Esplanade  
Tomorrow's pay day but at least the victims will never be paid.

17.

### DIGGING

Disease  
is debating me  
deeper than the disguise that i let you see

Day  
is dark and blue  
and everyone is hated equally  
Drug  
is donned and cocked  
for the world that dares my way  
Decision  
is demanding  
for damages (someone's got to pay)  
Death  
is a double barrel  
with 3 bullets for everybody.

**18.**

### **A STREET DIARY**

Every raindrop hits me  
In winter night, my skin reads the newspaper  
and I awake educated to the street  
The cold colds

The robot beckons me to beg a coin  
Dressing in my unhappy face  
(they don't know that the unhappiest shows nothing),  
I jostle with the Coca-Cola man to get my tax relief

Later, I've got my bread and single cigarette  
and I'm playing hide-and-hide with the older boys  
Thank God, they don't see the angel in my pocket  
so soon I'm sniffing her all the way to Heaven

Sure, I've got no shoes and sometimes shiver  
but I know that the only difference  
between me and that man in the car  
is that he's always in Heaven.

19.

### **THE CLOUDS ARE US**

When the sun goes down and the trees are naked,  
when the fallen have no need to fall,  
we'll stop posing the charcoal question:  
what life do we live when we're awake?

With choice a circle amounting to nothing,  
never a beginning, never an ending,  
we'll barricade our hears and shut our minds  
and free ourselves to this conscious earth

A mummied pharaoh searches for god in Egypt  
but we laugh and hedonize in our dislocation  
'cause tomorrow's the dream we never had today  
and god won't hurt us when we are It

Life is unfainting when time is locked  
We kill and love in our thought fulfilment  
In eternity, we're laughing lightning  
and temptation's thunder

Will we run or fly like bats?  
Will we storm in clouds of desire?  
We were dead but now we're alive  
All spirits require a little fire.

20.

### **CROSSROADS**

Always in want  
Never achieving  
A pursuit of something that's always a nothing  
vacuums the heart

so that peace becomes death  
and death is life  
and life is tempting  
But it's an uncertain living;  
ethereal and god-like,  
or regressive and primitive  
Which way to go,  
up or down?  
And what if there aren't ups or downs  
but only sideways ventures  
that'll leave us guessing forever?  
These are the crossroads.

21.

### THE JOKER'S HOME

Trapped in a fold of darkness that's razored inside,  
the Player meets the Joker  
who swirls colours before his mind  
The Player stretches and at his grab they disappear;  
a feeling that this has occurred before

*Joker,*

*I'm in this world where you play God*

*Joker,*

*I'm a squashed fly on the wall*

Fantasy's where everyone's Jesus has a different face  
and laughing devils are countless  
Here the Player stumbles through the maps of deception,  
searching for gurus  
to guide him to the Joker's home

*Joker,  
I'm in this world where you play God  
Joker,  
I'm the gull in the storm*

Through dark, unhappy people, the Player travels  
and brings his spirit to rest after seas have sighed  
Mocks himself, says Jesus and the Devil are one  
and that he's been a visitor in the Joker's home  
all this while

All this goddamn while.

**22.**

### **HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE**

Telephone line –  
disconnected  
Needing truth and understanding,  
not rules and expectation  
Fly above boredom  
by pill or bullet  
or game  
or  
love.

**23.**

### **FOCUS**

Whether the moon thin or fat  
on the land,  
the shadows matter not  
for they are outside

and you will always  
see the inside of you  
better with your eyes closed.

**24.**

**ADVICE**

A flow of handicapped thoughts  
from you to me;  
my acceptance a distillery for you  
Of naked men, baby born,  
love shot and confidence rot,  
i'm the friendship ear and unlocked tongue  
Ask for opinion  
and it will lure you ten.

**25.**

**REASON**

I closed the door on your drained reason  
and went walking into others;  
a woman in a window,  
(a christian diluted by the lover that had died);  
an old man in his rocking, coffin chair  
(forwards and backwards over memory);  
delightful, the child's ball  
(a rolling full of everything and nothing).

26.

**BOOKSTORE**

Web of magic in a Wizard's mind,  
a kingdom conquered by King and sword,  
Lovers uttering climatic gasps,  
Soldier face-down in blood-filled trench,  
Clown laughing, Monster killing,  
mountains, Priest, money, sea, Baby,  
EXPLOSION! –  
ten thousand worlds  
on a wooden shelf.

27.

**REALITY ISN'T FILTERED**

It seems paramount:  
pole vault from love to hate,  
sink your teeth into ambition  
or ambition to laziness,  
invest your money in drinks or banks

We're silhouettes darkening the wall  
to the beat of another's flickering light  
We're an unwanted parade  
of what we are and all that we are not  
Holes filled with plastic are still holes!  
Reality is our warm bodies and cold existence  
Reality is sex - apply the same to chemicals and death

Do you want to live?  
Do you want to die?  
Now is paramount - do something!

**28.**

**LOVING, FUCKING, DYING**

Loving, fucking, dying,  
it all seems the norm from outer space  
It's only down here that it feels insane.

**29.**

**OBSERVATION, MESTICULATION, EVACUATION**

Seconds shiver as liquor lingers  
TV parades wrestling clowns  
Hi-fi scapegoats a suicide singer  
whilst i drool the death of rhyme

Meat surrenders, screaming somewhere  
Hearts conflict, reject, EJECT!  
Thought toddlers take a toke  
whilst wisdom laughs at age...

**30.**

**SWALLOW SCALE**

So long  
with a mouth filled  
with words that are never spoken  
but instead swallowed  
to make the heart  
as heavy as the world  
which,  
for the first time,  
has stood on a scale  
after it's been told  
that it's a child  
with life to go.

31.

**EVER WONDERED?**

Ever wondered why butterflies hold secrets  
or teardrops cry down windows?  
Ever wondered what's beyond a star  
and if we would want to breathe  
if we were told that we did not have to?  
Ever wondered why we rule the world  
and ants don't?  
Ever wondered what it would be like  
to be dead?  
(and maybe know all the answers?)?

32.

**CHARLATAN a.k.a. CHRISTIAN PAEDOPHOLE**

Hey, Preacher Man,  
i caught your show the other night  
You act so well  
when your own religion doesn't sell  
Don't deny it 'cause i know your kind!  
Your bible says light a jay  
and play with the kiddies in a forbidden way  
I laugh at your stupidity  
for your god thinks  
you're as important as shit  
So who're you going to run to  
when someone wiser lifts your charlatan skirt  
and jerks your daemon tail.

*(for that wanker, Jimmy Swaggart)*

33.

A POEM FOR EACH COMMANDMENT

Ten

God inspired, created to sate his boredom ache  
and so committed his first mistake

Nine

Life's unprecedented evolution race  
'cause of inborn desire to build a domination base

Eight

Since lust and hate are the hottest fuels for further gain,  
the species Man climbed to the top of the superiority chain

Seven

Our fatal discovery was that power called Word  
for never again would reason be heard

Six

Jealous men became holy men and diseased religion  
became war's devil legion

Five, Four –

Murder, masochism, rape, anarchy, wills that wouldn't bend;  
all commandments to the end

*Three, TWO!*

An explosion and the sky bled and the earth bled  
Man's soul was condemned and Man was dead

One

But a child survived, testimony to Man's lies  
and to hide his shame, God ensured its demise.

**34.**

**AFTERMATH (AND DENIAL)**

It was late this year when i caught  
the spirits of Attila and Stalin  
and knew  
that something's going on

The day before was hot  
when i went to the beach  
The waves were high but i was alone  
Afterwards, i sat in the movie theatre  
Two hours later, i realised  
that the ten o'clock show wasn't going to start  
Something's going on

Today,  
i looked at myself  
and saw nothing  
Told myself, something's gone wrong.

**35.**

**DO YOU WANT TO BE TOUCHED?**

Do you take aspirin  
'cause there are too many emotions in your head  
instead of your heart  
Do you burn a candle  
so that you can mope in the dark

Do you cry when you want to be happy,  
open your eyes when it hurts  
and lie 'cause your feelings creep to show  
Do you shiver  
with the fear of being human

If you leapt from the cliff  
would love save you

Are you remotely here

?

**36.**

**RESPONSE TO A SECOND OF DEATH**

Burn in yourself (every moment)  
If grief should prey,  
revel in it for a second  
and forget in the next  
When the last is your front doorstep,  
curse it mightily  
and heap your biggest smile.

**37.**

**SPIT**

I cast him a smile  
and he stared at me with disdain  
I offered my hand  
but he struck it away  
I hugged him close enough  
so that his spit wouldn't miss  
When i kissed him,  
he began to cry  
and swallowed his tongue  
so that he could speak to my heart  
as he died away from me.

**38.**

**CHURCH OF HYPOCRISY**

Congregational pretensions

Guillotines of holy dignity

Hymn

(epicedium for the living)

Enter pastor

(says nothing of my demise)

Sunday:

praise for who?

**39.**

**CRASHING BIRDS**

A falcon's flight,

soars through clouds

Body punched!

Orgasm lost

Cheated

Oblivion

or

Air,

fleeting feeling of flight

Gravity and sickening doubt

Ground!

**40.**

**THE MAZE**

A thought erupt

into a mazedene of go and stay

Martini listens

'cause it has no choice

Everyone's a Martini on a particular day:  
No taking and no feedback  
(this is the consequence of an emotion attack)

Retribution is dead  
but minds collide in the heat  
so that poetry is anti-orgasmic  
and hearts live apart

Raise your glasses to the lucky dead  
for we're all children  
when destiny's a reflection,  
not future.

41.

## HAPPY HOUR

"Welcome"  
cried the bar  
to the lovers fucked,  
the dreamers lost,  
the fun-wanters  
and the addicted

An oasis for Friday's lust,  
the alpha of floating emotions;  
lust,  
shyness,  
anger!  
All monoliths of the mind  
until nauseous omega.

42.

**DISEASED**

My eyes,

key to asylum's door

Take a seat in my head and we'll begin the tour

Warning light: NO SMOKING – DANGER IN THE AIR

A room for each derangement,

patient's name upon the door

Suicide, who put you here?

(Me)

Conformity, who put you here?

(Me)

and you, Alcoholic, who put you here?

(Me)

What about Rejection, Hunger, Churchless, Crime and Drugs:

*WHO PUT YOU HERE?*

(Me)

Visitors, our time ends

but we'll keep searching

for a cure

for this dreaded disease.

43.

**WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT SNOWFLAKES SO HEAVY?**

I'm alive with bloom,

so strong and sun tanned,

leaves floating goodbye,

limb broken by snow

I'm a tree  
I may be you  
I may be me  
or anything wanting to be.

44.

#### DEAD POETS

Dead poets gathered in a mass of rock  
They spat beer and swallowed words  
of discovery and indecision  
Questions gathered by displaced attitudes,  
enemas of the generation asking,  
*"Why do we belong here?"*  
All meandered and none answered.

45.

#### THE FINAL DANCE

Maestro,  
hear me,  
I've yearned years for this;  
to climb your Watchtower of Lies  
I know you, I hunt you, I climb the stairwell  
and each window I pass  
stares at my life  
(a fool in time past)  
It pleasures you at the way I tricked myself  
I hate the way I changed myself  
I'd tear out my eyes to blame shame and stupidity  
for you're a film in my mind  
and you'll pay for the way the ghosts of your heart  
caused you to laugh at the way I writhed...

# THE SECOND PARTY (PARTY OF ONE)



**46.**

**THE MAP**

Today, i bought the world on a piece of paper  
and took it for a walk  
to the top  
of the highest hill that i could see  
With a ruler and care,  
i separated Africa's spending spree  
and blinked geography goodbye  
so that Indian fish  
holidayed in the cold Atlantic  
and the Reds surfed on North Shore  
Atlantis neighboured the Taj Mahal  
yet it all felt the same as before  
I sent that aeroplane free  
on the longest wind  
and hoped that it would fly far enough  
for Life to find it ... and find Its way back to me.

**47.**

**THE BIGGEST JIGSAW**

This umbilicus  
between contemplation and action  
is so havocked by grey  
that the stage we play on  
should never torture boredom  
but i find myself living mere moments  
that if they were all jig sawed together  
would maybe equal one day  
in a year of damp

I slither from non-care to care-most  
and, somehow,  
unconsciously,  
persuade friendships from this maze  
that are more somnambulism  
than the conquering of loneliness  
and the fetid that accompanies it  
I give to them a part of me  
that they like more than not  
but it's a part that's a bit  
that if used to recreate me  
wouldn't build more than a toe  
that's also the representative for the stinky breath  
between what burns behind and grows before  
So i throw a water of indifference  
over my shoulder  
    (that drowns the want-to-believe judgements  
    committed by friends believing that my past  
    delivered my current birth)  
so that now is never  
and the future is now  
and i'm fucking frightened  
by the biggest dreams  
that are raped of ambition,  
inactivity, pointless activity,  
and the possible love of a breast  
    (deserves special mention, that timeous war for,  
    and simultaneous rejection, of, love)  
Now i face-long into the avoidance of desire  
and that which i've witnessed,  
wring my hands of impatience and expectation  
and slide my tongue against that which i've truly begot...

48.

**THE PRIZE**

**(BEFORE AND AFTER THE ECHO)**

My mind would've seen you if my eyes were blind;  
the snatches of lipped smile and shouting breasts  
arresting me to the sexual swatting of fly  
and the ill-confident prayer for a mounting music  
where you and i compose the life and crowd

Introduce rituals expected and enacted  
Exhibition saddles the safe of inhibition  
so that i'm visiting within you and you in me  
Discoveries in sweaty adult worded nothings  
granted respect by fleshy objects with strings

The feeling floats that we're bugs on blissing bloom  
and so committed are we to the glowing Oneself  
that we're lending hearts without I.O.U.s  
Who knows or cares whose is whose  
when purpose is abandoned for the dream-awake?

Laughter twists in the fatalism of dishonesty  
I say objects are objects, you ask what's in-between  
We've forgotten our bodies to fuck with our minds  
so that solutions play hide-and-seek and love is intrusive  
Should we have known that happiness obsesses holes?  
This new mind order breeds discomfort and interest  
Am i a leaf on a tree or a tree with leaf?  
Unanswered, ignorance is a shield and i the common Man  
but asking travels the way of echoes of echoes  
until i accept that redemption and victim live hand in hand

This is Alone.

49.

**DRAGONS ON THE SHELF**

Our love used to soar high  
like two dragons in the sky  
We used to kiss and make love  
and cared less about gods above  
We moved in together,  
swore we'd face any weather  
A beautiful child was born  
and to each we were sworn

Then one day we fought  
You said: *"You're not why I sought  
I slept with another man  
I'm no longer your all-time fan"*  
The dream was harshly broken  
and all my tears spoken  
You and a child ran away  
i, with my fears, stayed

Your sins didn't win  
so you became uncertain  
but it's a far cry from home  
talking to you on the telephone  
Now you want to come back  
so my emotions attack  
to leave me confused  
and scared of old news  
Then one day we slept  
and together we wept  
for i lied: *"It was the same for you  
but for me just a screw"*

It's not that i don't care  
or have nothing to share  
It's just me and myself  
with life on a shelf.

**50.**

### **SUCCUBUS**

Love tangles like dirtied satin sheets  
The deafer i become,  
the louder your voice inside my head  
The daemons are beckoned  
to rape me on my dream of our bed  
Memory is more vicious than death  
Seeing beauty, saddens me  
so much that i paint the world ugly  
In the grey eternity,  
poems of hurting are labelled pretty  
Facing the fact is facing the fear  
Where do we go from here?  
Baby's got other men inside her  
Dry reality incursions me  
I'm an old victim of gravity  
Solitude is not within one's self  
I've got photos and rock  
Sleeping single, insides fall apart  
Numbed black, deeper than shock,  
i'd sacrifice home for a stronger drink.

51.

## WHISPERS

I can be a saviour to everyone but myself  
I'm wicked in the way that dolphins are  
I'm unable to lose faith that i've never had  
I've white lines on my wrist that don't look like cocaine  
I inhale your hate to tattoo my blood  
I've seen death and kept my sight  
if i could unfurl this thinking mud,  
who would be dead, who would be blind?

Dreams are my blanket, love-lost my sheet,  
my body an extortion of fleshy thought  
What grade of thunder writes these words?  
We're all undone, only numbers crying to be number one

I traded ambition for the hope of love  
and love violence's life into distractions  
*"Smile when I rape you, then it won't feel so bad"*  
(but angels don't spread their legs for common infections)  
I cannot fuck myself to understanding  
or dissolve questions with knives unbattered  
Conversations are cemented with lies  
I'm the Outcast wetted by disgust at truth

My passage is silent to gods and pigs  
I don't need the sun when i'm proud with matches  
There's tragedy in the presentiment of souvenirs  
Sweets should never be sharpened

I stab my tongue through the lips of this world  
whilst armies whisper inside of me.

52.

**SEXY BUTTERFLY**

The gentle snow of a full moon's face  
caressed my soul like dew-wet lace  
Whirled away into that purity of a fantasy moment  
by the rose beauty of your debonair smile,  
i felt the loosening of my chains of exile  
Your inner voice spoke to me from the world of one eye  
It was the pained plea of the golden butterfly:  
*"Help me, I've been hurt"*  
My arms, like story castles, yearned to enfold you,  
this swelling emotion for a presence so new

Flung into the other eye, i became a dove  
and raced your currents of longed for loves:  
magic, mystery and animal freedom  
From a high, I watched you ride  
the black stallion like nature's wife,  
fulfilling desire, having sex with life

Now, i'm by promise with you entwined,  
a response to dripping diamonds  
that left our friendship refined  
Walk forward with me, holding my hand  
We're outsiders of imperfection  
searching for the wells of perception.

*(for Mercedes)*

53.

**THE SELFISH POETRY OF MY 1000 YEARS**

**(On a Wooden Shelf)**

It was brilliant in the individual woe:  
no surprise in waking and faking,  
no publication of the beggar's throw;  
just the succumbing to inner shaking  
Fuck! the blanket (say hi to the day)  
Emotion to revolution to evolution (?)  
No soul gutting and people fray  
(rather a giving to the needing of raped occupation)  
Take a sentence to create and pray  
(indiscreetly invest applause)  
Be sensitive to Art  
Have an acid lay  
Kidnapped! pause ... birth to cause?  
Disdogmafy, include longing, criticise  
(so cruel to insist that i exist)  
Non-committal pigs, why should i apologise  
when the me in me persists?  
I've no desire for rental fear  
(rather rear it and drink a beer)  
Sanctuary is in protective behaviour;  
washed, commercialised, never here

The distance to together is hope  
How low? is the distance to me

One, ten, one thousand years, forever  
They thought me so clever ... (yet)  
I'd sacrifice for dirty lips;  
a give-up to a pleasure sip.

54.

CODIFY

(Declaring a Moment's Anguish)

In this hour of morning,  
i dream of feelings;  
in cataclysms and placidity,  
in pain and comfort,  
i dream of breasts  
and the inner you  
I plea from lost feet  
that don't want to fight  
I'm crying from lower  
than my eyes  
I'm calling without words  
*(just all of me)*  
I'm reaching without hands  
*(the way of love)*  
I don't call from the dreams  
that i had as a youth  
I love my uncertainties  
I want to be loved by my fears  
I never get what i want  
*(despite travelling the world in my head)*  
... and so i'll sit  
in this winter room  
with Pink Floyd as mother's advice,  
acquiescent Port as my love bone  
and an electric heater as my lover.

55.

**A TOUCH OF EVIL**

I'm the elegance in venereal  
and the insolence in lovers  
I'm the incest in ultimate,  
worshipped by killers

Don't call me the spit of indifference  
for i'm passionate with rage  
I'm going to see the whole world fallen  
into steps to my grave  
I'll be eager in descent,  
i'll laugh at the night,  
cutting myself again and again  
as a dead testament to the living game.

56.

**DIFFERENT RULES**

**(THE REAL THING IN PARODY)**

Wake from your life,  
the wetting of your tears like piss  
Today, i and an image of you escape,  
somewhere escape

Hurry, get undressed  
before my eyes reflect in your mother's,  
before my lust breathes a bubble

Think, keep thinking,  
hold onto our blackness  
Think, keep thinking,  
that you me do love

Try resisting this invasion of chill  
Mumble a poem of dragons and soul fire  
You can laugh (the one that you mock with)  
but your rules will tremble at our arrival

Your lips are colder than mine;  
our tongue one  
but HA!  
we're forever together

We hope that you stay awake  
in that other place...  
that other place...  
that other place...  
that other place...  
that other place...

**57.**

**REAL**

Tearing off petals,  
*one, two,*  
making real  
the size of you

**58.**

**A SOMETIME HURT**

You never acted without good intention  
but in the sky my moon is dying,  
blackened by your love  
Leave me  
to treasure your silence,  
gain time enough

to grow my wings and escape  
your silken pillow upon my face  
and fly  
to thrust my tongue between  
the lips  
of Life.

**59.**

**IT'S TOO LATE!**

The world is  
running out tonight  
I will fall  
or i will crawl.

**60.**

**GHOST IN THE CROWD**

I'm the ghost in the crowd,  
a shadowy figment of my mind,  
a hollow dispossession,  
a nothing amongst millions.

**61.**

**DARK**

Darkened thought,  
the present overpowered the past,  
a strange despair  
defining the imminence of horror.

62.

**"THE OPENING OF THE TRUNK"**

1.

***The Traveller***

The road ahead beckons me  
to beauty and destruction,  
to sun-blessed beaches and shiny people  
and the way to heaven,  
to abandoned lands and dark people  
and the way to hell  
It beckons  
for it is the road to myself

2.

***The Hippie***

I was stranded and the night breathed cold when i met him  
His hair was long and, when he grinned, it was with missing teeth  
He took me to his Knysna home unfurnished;  
filled me with lamb, port and the thoughtful queen  
*"There are a million others like me"* he said  
*"and when i saw you, i saw a part of me"*  
I didn't deny him for i swelled envy empty of courage  
With morning, i never waited to say goodbye

3.

***The Driver***

The N2 stretches for eighteen hundred kilometres;  
through mountains and streams, through heaven and hell,  
along devilish fields and over dry river beds,  
beside the ocean, steered by the hands of the dead  
The radio spills love songs and he yearns for his lost loves;  
his children, their mother and his so-faraway home  
But the master is money so these alien lands call  
where there's comfort in beer, brandy & the occasional whore

*(an interlude)*

***The Trunk***

You can dance in the dark and hide from the day  
but one day curiosity will jerk your mind  
so that you open the trunk to discover kisses and stabs  
You'll run away, shunning your friends  
yet return 'til you've looked inside the trunk a million times,  
each time seeing that the beauty of death is life

4.

***The Seals***

The water was blue,  
the wind awakening  
Upside down, their flippers waved  
at an empty sky

In Hout Bay,  
they frolicked, they hunted  
and the end of it all,  
i loved

5.

***The Samaritans***

Darkness ate me  
I felt no pain for the darkness numbed  
They stopped and rescued me from eyes of evil intention,  
threw brandy down my throat  
and raised me from the dead,  
gave me hope whilst the radio caressed  
with blues and 'gae 'til Knysna  
And when they left, i missed laughter

6.

***Night and Day***

Night,  
my friend and enemy,  
was with me again  
Day,  
my friend and enemy,  
came after

7.

***The Shadow***

It's calling  
when i'm so tired and sore  
My heart yearns to answer  
but there's a battling of darting memories,  
well and ill:  
the child who smiled,  
the car that hunted  
I think ...  
yes!  
I'll *fuck* the land  
and again chase the shadow of myself.

*(for those that answered my thumb)*

63.

**FALLING  
(FROM AN EMPTY POCKET)**

Awake the dead  
That's me  
Not a victim or a sinner  
Just a one in six billion part  
of this wicked world's side

It's a travesty  
that i dreamt my reality away  
but the price of ambition  
was too high  
for the empty pocket in my brain

With a smile and love,  
i felt  
salvation on it's way  
Gravity was defied by lies  
when I fell longer than i climbed

...and i'm still falling...

through this life that doesn't listen  
or the me that doesn't hear  
History honours those that killed the most  
whilst religions die to rise in disguise  
Lust disrespects population statistics  
and tender can only be found in mud

I'm falling.

**64.**

**TUMBLING (IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION)**

I want to climb  
into a washing machine  
and get clean  
of all these memories  
that breed dirt.

**65.**

**EVEN HUMANS EXPLODE!**

I fell into the sky  
of Knysna  
when it opened

I love being wet  
and, for a while,  
being part of this town;  
cold yet safe,  
in vacuum yet liberated,  
one part of its 90 000  
...surprisingly alive!

I'm a cloud taxiing  
on the runway  
of the Garden Route

I'm the clarity  
in consciousness  
because i know  
where i'll be next  
I'm just a raindrop  
waiting quietly to explode...

...at home.

**66.**

**MY DIAMOND DEATH**

I'm a jigsaw within jigsaws  
and you are imperfectly perfect  
Hearts don't mix with razors  
when love is a fleshy masquerade

What did we learn?

Maybe that earning forgiveness  
is more sincere than expecting it  
and secrets are little deaths  
desiring growth into monsters

Who told you that thought was *silent*?

There's a dead jesus inside us  
and a satan begging for the fall  
When the heart doesn't hold,  
the mind falls apart, apart, apart...

Is love a waste of pain?

Ssssh, don't interrupt  
The needles are busy.

*(for Keli)*

**67.**

**DISINTEGRATION  
(FOR RAINMAKERS)**

It's passion that comes to play  
whilst moving in mysterious ways  
Besieged by ideas  
and contrary fears,  
i bow my head  
and vow instead  
to never to lose my soul  
to a rack of coals

that i've engineered  
by all the times i've beered  
to thoughts of the past  
that will always last  
'til i say "FUCKIT!"  
and rather write it  
in a poem like this  
that will never be missed  
by anyone  
that has never come undone  
like me.

**68.**

### **HUNGER**

For six days, i left the world around me  
and entered a desert devoid of life

On the second day, the Devil paid me a visit  
Giggling, he tortured me but soon tired of the game

He bade me farewell the following day but left behind  
a many-handed daemon to keep me company  
The daemon's name was Self-Care  
and joyously, he made his home inside of me,  
speaking to me by pulling my innards

With the arrival of the fourth day,  
my tired blood pooled in the rocks and drenched the sand  
The desert bloomed and i understood  
how God felt at the Art of Creation for now **I** was God

The fifth day dawned and i was taken away reluctantly  
Within moments i missed understanding  
like i miss a lover's smile

Today, half of an old man approached me  
and held out his hand  
I looked into his eyes  
and saw that he lived in the place that i had lost  
but Sadness hung herself from my heart  
when i realized that he'd never played God  
I gave him what i had  
and left with the belief that all i'd experienced  
was Illusion.

**69.**

**TOYS**

**(RELIGIOUS PRESENTS FROM ADULTS)**

My Dad gave me to my Mother in '71  
and in '72 she gave me back  
Five years later, they gave me Jesus  
and i embraced him more than Lego

In-between staining my tongue with mulberries  
and rubbing my cheeks on pantihose,  
I stopped saving the universe as Superman  
and played at being God's preacher

Do you think i grew up Hindi  
or did Mahatma grow up like me?

70.

**A REQUIEM FOR LOVE AND SEX**

Do you intend to make me commitment's host,  
make me laugh and cry,  
make me walk and talk with ghosts,  
love me and leave me to die?

or is it?

a succumbing to the slavering of your tongue,  
to have your thighs writhe in panting time  
and your nails to claw for blood,  
have your waterhole filled only to drown me deep in it

"Love" you reply

Did your mother forget to teach you  
that love is a myth and the reality of myth is pain?

Welcome to my dream-mare

Hear the wet women howl beast-like  
whilst hunting me with skulking intentions  
Watch me impale you with my smoking dick,  
pump blood into your head and watch your eyes explode,  
scrawl my name into your mess before you dry;  
no more will you tempt me with the sodden-leaf smell of  
experience  
or velvet lies  
of devotion

If god be breasted, then i'd understand why i do not understand

...

So i suck in your love and spit it out,  
outstretch my arms to embrace the only lover that i know;  
Loneliness.

71.

**SEE ME**

Listen to my heartbeat;  
*patter, patter, patter*  
Feel my breath;  
stale, moist, growing fatter  
Taste my lips;  
blood-soft and salty sips  
Hear my thoughts;  
cultured, vulture fought.

72.

**SENSELESS**

Why can't i speak?  
My thoughts are a crash too loud  
for me to hold conversation with my head  
All those blank faces,  
i hold no charm for,  
can hear my mumble  
but the ones i wish to cherish  
ignore my silence

Why can't i see?  
Is the world too beautiful  
that only my imagination can resemble the truth  
or is this the human way  
of dealing with the fright of mirrors?  
This is punishment for judging  
too quickly, too correctly

Why can't i hear?  
I'm thankful for the escape from bullshit  
but gems are hidden in bullshit  
Lips are a verbal seduction  
but i cannot lip read  
When i'm lost (as is my routine),  
how will i understand directions

Why can't i smell?  
To suck in a thousand debris  
is acceptable for a nostril of sea air  
The fetid of boredom i can do without  
The smell of breast, i cannot  
If i can't smell,  
can i breathe?  
Why can't i feel?  
This is the damndest of them all.

**73.**

**THIS MEANS NOTHING**

Miscarriage or  
the baby with body invaded by Daddy,  
the smiling boy balded by leukaemia,  
the soldier inhaling serpent gas,  
the teenager O.D.ing,  
the grandpa, cancer stricken, uncared for

This means nothing to me

Money, the rich man's joke  
Rwanda? Where the hell?  
Religion, children's bickering  
AIDS, another joke  
Sex,  
Mandela, Gandhi, Crawford, Spielberg

Drop the bomb  
'cause this means nothing to me!

Need shelter, sunny skies,  
happiness?  
Have it ... all of it  
'cause if you give it to me,  
i'll burn it

I don't care  
This means nothing  
Home is inside a woman who's moved.

**74.**

**THE ARTIST**

Ah, but it would be fine  
to bask in your beauty  
and to feel divine  
with you as my duty

To watch you paint my moon  
and thousands of blue balloons  
Wouldn't i be the lucky one  
to hold you as my friend,  
to build a trust that couldn't be undone,  
our hearts to each would lend

To have me paint me a happy face  
that would free me from this rat race  
Imagine us making love,  
warmed by heart, sweat and body;  
pleasing the gods above  
with our making of a third body

No more will i roam  
for now you paint the picture of our home

Then, with one act of selfishness,  
you paint my world ugly  
and me full of wretchedness;  
a creature lonely  
You empty the sky of stars  
Everything's black  
with my soul behind bars  
waiting for your ghosts to attack

... waiting for your ghosts to attack

The painter paints herself old and a future so cold  
What happened, she asks?

**75.**

**SHIT**

I abide in a hole  
that i  
and my acquaintances of note  
have delved  
But there is no darkness  
or i'd be unable to see  
my glass reflections

It is here that i'll forever remain  
for my love will not fetch me  
and my ambition is dirt  
in a bowel movement.

**76.**

**THE UNWRITTEN WORD**

Lash myself to the unwritten word,  
await the thought collide  
Caffeine brain in limbo  
(a violent still it is)  
Synonym should be the present  
Reality is the past  
Tummy turmoil, wearily obscene  
The first thought  
from the wrong direction to lay me low  
No surprise in the safety of circling depressions  
It's a sin  
to scream from pain to pain  
That's not for them  
but for dreams of candy  
Lemon heart with a twist of tongue  
and I'm sprawling from limbo  
to stutter like a camera in the Now  
I can see no sky but it isn't black;  
more a 3-D me everywhere.

**77.**

**BLEEDING BUTTERFLIES & GODLY CRITTERS**

Bleeding butterflies whisper my name  
and lower my whimpered wings in shame  
To what dark depths they've flown, i pretend not to know  
but i cannot hide the truth from the carrion critters of dream's  
netherflow

*SNAP!*

and it's goodbye to the matchsticks that bar my sight  
... drifting and drowning  
in a world where devils no longer wear fool's masks  
and fantasy is fucked

This is real and this is evil, as if i were still awake  
Life and Death, it's all the same  
(only a different name for the game)

Hello, Godly  
Bequeath a request  
Grant me a feather for each emotion  
so that i can fly away,  
to where kisses no longer mollify,  
and melt into the sun...

**78.**

**CHUNK**

**(The Piece that You Stole)**

The wound runs deep  
but instead of bleeding i weep  
from betrayal and the unanswered WHY?  
Small joys that i could not see my eyes  
when you entered the room and gave your lies  
Woes that i was captured by images of you and him  
caught up in the dredges of thrusting limb  
Long it took you to find your voice  
when i demanded you make a choice  
I never won by a lot  
which goes to show that in your heart  
I wasn't Love's glad, certain shot

That never left me forever mad but inside grew a mountain sad  
Now every time that you're away from my side,  
i get dizzy and totally lost,  
mistrust and insecurity ruling  
but at what cost?

Know and remember, my Dear,  
that without your help,  
i'll fail to fulfil my simple idea  
of you wanting me to be your man  
and i being your all-time fan.

**79.**

**WHERE IS HERE?**

I am the Boy  
and the Lover  
of a woman that is insanely a wonder  
I am the Man and the Fear  
of Time marching onwards and older

She is the Dream  
and the nightmare,  
cavernous Shyness her unsaid motto  
I am the Truth and her mirror  
in a world not getting any clearer

Where is Here?

You shut your mind  
How can you think  
that you can have it all  
I am the screaming skin  
longing for your gentle Sins

I am the Truth and your mirror  
in a world not getting any clearer

She is Indecision  
I am her Incision  
We are the King and Queen of fantascene  
I am Her and She is Me,  
kissing cogs in an emotional war machine  
And we can Live  
or Die wondering

Where is Here?

Where the fuck is here!?

**80.**

### **DEPRESSION**

Light pervades life  
and brightens,  
daemon clouds scurrying,  
body castle of yay  
and rainbows in my eyes

But grin into grimace  
as soul horizon starts to storm  
and i'm back home again  
where it's so dark  
that i don't know where i'm walking  
and ghosts are real.

81.

**HOTEL EARTH**

I'm a pilgrim of Hell  
on an unholy quest,  
destruction and death  
the mark of my travel,  
a room all i desire  
in this hotel called Earth  
My mother is Harlot  
and she never named me  
but here i realise  
that my name is Man

My father is Liar  
and he never told me  
that i had brothers and sisters  
but now I know i do...and many!

I think  
that i'll fulfil my desire  
and stay a while longer  
in this hotel called Earth

*(reprise for a native)*

Yesterday, i decided to leave today  
but today i'm still here  
It's only afternoon  
and i already regret staying.

**82.**

**MEMORY**

I live in an empty room  
where there's nothing that i like  
I walk in an empty life  
and it's my company that i hate

There was a beautiful room that i had  
and she had all of me  
A woman that was magic  
Shinier than the best

One day she was gone;  
the betrayal was so abrupt!  
Left me for another man  
Left me to myself

I think of him and her,  
his hand upon her breast  
I doubt that she thinks of me  
i'm just a loser like the rest

Now, i live with all my failings  
and cry a crowded tear  
She says that she's to be my friend  
I swear that's driving me to end.

**83.**

**PENIS**

I am a PENIS  
built by lust,  
subtracted by reality  
and wet with thought

I am scattered;  
torn by NIPPLES,  
cleaved by VULVA  
and burnt by HOPE  
I am shrivelled.

**84.**

### **THE TRADE**

I tiredly walked an ugly street  
ornamented with gutters clogged by those who had fallen  
Splattered graffiti mocked me: YOU'LL FAIL

Soon the tar became mud  
The mud became a runny egg parody of water  
and through it i swam and did not drown  
but instead lumbered onto a thorn littered land  
How many times i fainted,  
i do not know,  
but at the end of the line my bloodprints led to a bulging door  
through which i passed to find myself in the Trade Store

In the room, gargles were spat  
I forgot my fears as the Trader, a smiley man, filled my sight  
Cheerfully, he asked, "*What do you offer?*"

So I emptied my soul onto the counter  
and watched him sift through the debris:  
the wooden dolls of my blood kin with wooden hearts,  
the puppet betrayers who i once called friends and,  
above all else (my most prized possession),  
my god with a million eyes covered by a million eye patches  
I was certain that the Trader had accepted  
for he'd aged faster than I could bleed

(My mind is rich from the wisdom of trade  
but i've still to learn laughter.)

**85.**

**UNFEATHERED**

Suddenly, i was out of this race  
and flying into space  
Not so anxious  
but more unconscious  
to the hells and bells  
that sought me  
and fought me  
to the ground  
so that i was inundated  
by my emotions abound.

**86.**

**A WOMAN AND THAT  
(A Requiem for Surrender)**

A balloon pumped by air,  
colourful and bloated at a country fair  
Balloon deflates its happy breath,  
ugly and limp in its undesired death

That is Love

Unbubbled whiskey and bitter beer,  
tobascoed chips and coffee to plug a tear  
A waving candle flame and menthol cigarette suck  
A scrappy paper by pen is struck

That is Control

Words the mouth of thought  
of emotions unwontedly bought  
by a lady of honesty and youth  
like an unheld receiver in a public telephone booth

That is Life

Why did trees and ambition not distract  
before i became so abstract  
Cast as an old man before the fall,  
segmented like a child-filled car greeting a brick wall

That is Subtraction

And every song that buries from the speakers,  
divides my heart, makes my spirit weaker  
Hurts a little, hurts a lot  
so that there's no doubt that i've been shot

That is Art

And when i'm gone to where daemons with angels dance,  
will i be settled or bad feelings enhanced?  
Will jesus or the devil pay my fare?  
All i have to do is gamble my dare

That is choice

Instead, i'll accept sex and kisses  
and hope that loving won't always be misses  
And so i'll end this silly rhyme  
of the dream of a woman who wants to be mine.

What is that?

**87.**

**THE SEED**

Everyday is black;  
like looking at rainbows  
through jagged, glass walls  
whilst eating a meal  
of chocolates and thorns  
Make love to me,  
then scatter my bones in a field  
at the end of the world  
to see if i'll grow stronger than i was before  
or just blow away without you;  
fated as a loser and everybody's bore.

**88.**

**THE PRINCESS**

Your laugh first left me entranced  
and so delighted at the way your eyes shined and danced  
I found myself whisked away to a fairy tale world  
where friendship is a glass palace  
and you're the divine princess

I realized that there was more to you than my gaze beheld  
and that all your heart wasn't forged with gold  
Still would i feel the sunrise's passionate embrace  
and inhale the sweet scent of a red rose in a bed of snow  
yet now dive into deeper meaning

The noblest love is a friend to hold your hand when you're down,  
to make you giggle and forget your frown,  
who'll set you free to build your own world  
but help without criticism when you fall  
and never forget that they must never domineer

This is my promise.

**89.**

**TEARS PARACHUTING GOODBYE**

I want to slip through your reason,  
hold hands with your doubt  
and rain on your spitted criticism  
so that i'm THE ONLY ADORED  
Without ME, the paint will tear  
and you'll cry for the rest of your life,  
knowing that tears can be dry  
(this is how we pass the minutes by).

**90.**

**MOTHER**

I asked for a mother  
and you gave me a priest  
When i cried for love,  
you turned away,  
left me floundering in waves of hate  
which bred confusion  
and questions unanswered  
that brought me closer to death.

**91.**

**THOUGHT BULLETS**

Fools! i cry  
No loneliness is upon me  
My thoughts are an angry cloud  
and i'm naked in defence.

92.

**I KNOW**

I know how to love  
I know how to fear  
I've made love to darkness,  
made reality disappear

I know how to ignore  
I know how to think  
I've met interesting people  
who've left impressions of bore

I've been blind  
I've seen too much  
I've been granted wonders  
but all seem too unkind  
I've been dead  
I've come alive  
I thought I knew,  
was always mislead.

93.

**THE CURE**

**(THANKS ROBERT SMITH)**

The father to my confessions  
A sympathizer of my moods  
A shedder of tears when i'm sad  
The surgeon to my broken heart

Twin soul of shadows

Cocaine for downed emotions  
Black Shakespeare for my desire  
Misunderstood, you and i together,  
standing on a high building,  
searching for the cure.

94.

#### **DISTORTIONS OF A CHILD IN SEX WITH LOVE**

Let Miss Nearly Departed  
talk to me once  
and spread me open  
with her razor ideas  
Into the deep,  
far below sleep,  
i'm overcome  
and undone  
by my anticipation  
of her fearful presence  
My thoughts are powers  
The earth jagers  
between my feet  
One foot left  
One foot right  
I'm sundered so that  
each eye  
sees me for the first time;  
without lies and disguise

Do i smile or spit  
or accept?  
I think not  
My emaction is unimportant  
It's hers that has meaning

But how can i use it  
if i don't know her name.

**95.**

**GRANNY GOT HURT**

And when you were hurt,  
i didn't recognise you  
for there was no smile on your face  
and your hair was grey

And when you were hurt,  
i flashed back to the past,  
sun shiny moments  
that only now burn in my heart

And when you were hurt,  
i realised that i'd been uncaring;  
too drowned in myself  
to see your pain

And when you were hurt,  
i wondered if i'd failed  
and if you knew that  
but were too kind to tell me.

And then you were dead.

**96.**

**NEVER FORGET**

One day i surrendered my heart to my mind  
and planned a trip to the wild side of my dreams  
where i'd heard that the natives were wise

A friend was there to see me off  
and when i left  
he said that he'd never forget that moment  
when i'd betrayed him by deciding to travel,  
powered by a thought for each pill.

*(for Brad for being, ironically, dead first)*

97.

**UNTITLED**

Phantasms of blood,  
boredom dispeller  
Ideals of death  
(an end to the pain)  
Image of a ghost,  
a reflection of me.

98.

**LIMBO**

How do i feel after the heat of the moment  
Is fear washed away  
and reasoned anger replaced with patience?  
Is the belief that life is a circle still intact?  
How do i feel  
after love has been accepted and murdered;  
vanquished not treasured?  
Will i be the same after this dissection,  
carefully put back together  
so that my outlook is as caring,  
my mind both blind and insightful?

*NO*

What was and what i should become,  
are warring,  
scarring me so that the past and the future  
will be defeated  
My memories will visit history too often  
whilst one foot muddles ahead  
and the real me will be bound to the moment,  
in-between,  
where sorrow and dreams meet as lovers  
and breathe in madness.

**99.**

**I, THE SEAGULL**

The moon is dead  
Lightning freaks through the wrathful sky  
Clouds dancing with white fire  
unleash pregnant prisms to stain the earth  
and thunderclaps race like children lost  
Ships, nipples the beast that was once the sea,  
buck in fear  
Gull staggers across the sky;  
hermited and shitless  
Everyday it storms  
...and i'm always the fucking gull.

100.

**PARADOX**

I am a skyscraper  
bungee jumping out of time  
I am an expansion bridge  
swimming for the first time

I am an alleyway  
hosting celebrities,  
a dance club  
singing the sounds of silence.

101.

**EVOLUTION**

Yesterday,  
my servitude was to the moment of disquiet  
where my thoughts were washed with liquor  
...and liquor burns the mind so sight is bitter better  
I see myself lying comfortable within chalk lines;  
bruised by boredom, kicked by prophets,  
slit by love, kissed by the unloved,  
washed delicately with solvent & salt  
I see darkness within the dream,  
maybe an obscene reflection of me

But that was yesterday

Today,  
i raise my hat to tolerance  
and think of ways to change the world  
to educate, encourage and transform,  
to pray for less fools and gain from love

To find myself less perilous  
and not care that i do not have her...  
for how many men can say that they've touched  
the most beautiful woman in the world.

**102.**

**5 SECONDS OF DREAMING**

5 years later  
i woke from dreaming of you  
You sat at a bar counter,  
your hair in curls,  
your lips in concentration;  
as stern and sexy  
as Vera Lyn,  
no footnote in history  
(never forgotten)  
No matter my clinging,  
dreaming shoved me into 3am  
where those 5 seconds of you  
made me happy for half an hour  
and sad for hours after,  
2 emotions always adding up,  
making you my Gummi Girl  
and "I love you."

**103.**

**CONFIDANT**

Only the city knows  
for i've spoken to it  
in those dark and special hours  
when it's conscious to stormy hearts.

104.

**ASHES**

Gladiator carpet muffins  
upon the carpet floor  
Ash, shake, ash  
Beer bottle happening  
way above the floor

I see you, i see me  
Our eyes are quaking  
See where we've been before;  
place of memories  
and ashes upon the floor.

**THE THIRD PARTY  
(LEFTOVERS,  
CRUDE AND BOOED)**



105.

OLD

**NEWSFLASH: Sweaty Dog is freed!**

Do you know where the prisoner is?  
(Eyeshot by TV, shouting at the mind)  
Do you know where the prison is?  
(Done territory, boredom dined)

The old dog took a terror walk  
lower than the sweaty Point,  
lower than the rocks and whores;  
all in all, to an awkward joint  
*"Til death do us part"* met its match  
when he smiled and lost his heart  
to a wettened devil  
in an unwagered game of catch

*"Never mind" he said "for it was old  
(and it's high time I lost some weight)  
My blood may run slower  
but slugs don't mind the cold  
All I need is a tree to piss on  
(to mark my grave),  
a map and a flapping soul  
towards rock 'n roll and hedonism"*

Do you know who the prisoner is?  
(Judas views and weathered testament)  
Do you read reflections well?  
(Petrol slickened for eager flint).

106.

FACE IT!

(A MISCONCEPTION OF DOOLITTLE)

Face it! Life's a bitch

You're your own murderer

and nothing can save you except yourself

What have you got for your nonconformity?

Treasure, wisdom...or failure and pain?

You break all mirrors but you can't escape

the eyes of friends which say that you're an evolution of deformity?

*Come, Child, hold my hand and never cry*

*now that I've shown you your life's a lie*

*My name is Misery and I'll be faithful 'til the end*

*if you your soul to me will lend*

You've given up the fight

Wounded, you sit in the corner with your back to the world

so that you no longer see them point and laugh

Instead, you wallow and drown in your self-created night

*Come, Child, hold my hand and never cry*

*now that I've shown you your life's a lie*

*My name is Misery and I'll be faithful 'til the end*

*if you your soul to me will lend*

Spit out the sugar and swallow the salt!

If the devil is sick, then Jesus is sick,

if friends ignore and strangers close their doors,

if your father is fed by your mother whose dead,

if the world is dying and you can't stop crying,

you'll throw in your heart all covered in darts  
and swallow the last pill

or face it.

*(for The Pixies)*

**107.**

**THE ONE AND ONLY (THE HUMAN RACE)**

Chatsworth to Sezela  
Knysna to forever  
Does it matter, your birth?  
We're all from this earth  
Durban to Mafikeng  
Sandton to Soweto  
From apartheid to democracy  
We decide our worth

*(Chorus - sung by children like a nursery rhyme)*

*Stand in your place  
And name your face  
Subscriptions are welcome  
To One human race*

Moscow to Istanbul  
Mumbai to New York City  
We're getting out of breath  
With hundreds still left  
Beijing, Ho Chi Minh,  
Tokyo, Rio and Jerusalem  
Every city rhyming with sin  
Stand up, sign your name in

*(Bridge)*

Huh huh...catch that breath [gasping – out of breath]

G7, G20, gee whatever!

They say it's never too late,

We say now or never! [artists' multitude chant]

*(Double Chorus - children and artists together)*

*Stand in your place*

*And name your face*

*Subscriptions are welcome*

*To this human race*

*Stand in your place*

*And name your face*

*Subscriptions are welcome*

*To the One and Only* [emphasis – drawn out]

*...the hu-mannnnn race* [crescendo]

**108.**

### **HURLEY BURLEY WHIRLIES**

I was drinking a beer

when she came along,

minding my own business

when my ding went dong

She said *"I want a man like you"*

With my brains in my balls,

i forgot to ask why

Instead, found myself by way of comply

Five days, 'hundred times later,

I didn't have a clue

when she dropped three bombs,

*"I LOVE YOU!"*

So i said *"Woman, GET REAL"*

My head invited my brain back  
and i was out the door,  
a bottle of Jack's later,  
safely passed out on my floor

*Love hurley burley mad whirlie words  
You give me the hurley burley whirlies  
with your love-mad words  
Hurley burley whirlies with your mad-love words*

One was standing on the corner  
when i came her way,  
reached for my wallet,  
saying "It's safer to pay".

**109.**

### **SALUTING YOU**

**(THE SMALL BUSINESS OWNER)**

Electricity surges like only electricity can  
Rates make a date with government...  
like only government can

The ANC and DA fight in a way  
that makes no difference  
to my brother's drug addiction,  
my daughter's primary school fees,  
my matriculating son's future  
or my stressed spouse's opinion of me

Yet I open the doors  
to my business everyday...  
plotting revised adverts,  
word of mouth specials

to locals in the same position as me  
whilst wondering which staff member  
i will have to let go next,  
probably someone in a worse position than me

I open my doors because survival is better than failure  
and courage more human than depression  
I open the doors with the determination to be me  
...in the company of many, like me,  
just wanting to Be...

...to be free.

*(for Knysna in recession)*

110.

**COFFIN**

**(FOR AN EIGHTIES METAL BAND)**

I'm scratching on an unseen door,  
a thousand splinters spraying blood onto my thirsty tongue  
I wonder where i am?  
I wonder where i'm going?

*6 feet below,  
i'm losing my head  
6 feet below,  
i'm living with the dead*

Lost in a fright,  
my lungs steal the air they need  
I know where i am  
I don't know where i'm going

*6 feet below,  
i'm losing my head  
6 feet below  
i'm living with the dead*

I've lain here long enough  
to have no need to breathe, shit or eat  
Now i know where i'm going  
and i'd much rather stay in the-

COFFIN!

III.

**SOUNDTRACK TO THE PAST  
(FOR A BAD ROCK RADIO BAND)**

It didn't take me long to notice  
that you are me and i am you  
Why pretend this has to end  
We're two colours, blue and blue

*If you can see me in your mind,  
you can hold me in your hand  
Kiss again, with me entwined,  
loving to the soundtrack of a radio band*

The taste of tears is a lot like fears,  
never medicine for the heart  
How happy are you selling dreams  
when all they do is tear us apart?

*If you can see me in your mind,  
you can hold me in your hand  
Kiss again, with me entwined,  
loving to the soundtrack of a radio band*

*If you can see me in your mind,  
you can hold me in your hand  
Like time ago, when we were spellbound,  
and loved to the soundtrack of a radio band.*

112.

**IT'S A HARD LIFE**

**(For a COCKROACH)**

Scurrying back and forth,  
let me estimate my worth  
I don't have a job  
so around bins I skulk and rob  
to eat enough to live  
and the world my children give  
It's a hard existence  
with the petty persistence  
of the screaming woman  
who gets the bar showman  
to jump up and down  
without a frown  
and try to squash me  
when I'm just  
as beautiful as can be.

113.

**RUSTED**

The song can never be played,  
the lyrics never discussed,  
for the singer is depressed  
by love perverted to rust

The world has stopped turning,  
its people gone home  
Families stare at one another  
until they realize they're alone

The poem can never be repeated,  
the words never argued,  
for the poet is sad and buried  
beneath a love like dust.

114.

#### **DREAMING OF A RED XMAS**

All through the streets and all through the night,  
the stars were shining but none were bright  
It was Xmas eve and Santa was grinning  
His time had come with the children sleeping

With grenades in his pocket and guns in his sack,  
he took a moment to jerk off his jack  
After he gasped, he abseiled the chimney  
and found Danny and Sally so innocent and dreamy

"I'll cut their heads off and leave a present for Mom  
Ho, ho! What fun this job is when the flesh is a bomb

At the glint of his knife, the Moon rushed a call:  
"Quick, the kids need help (send one who's good in the maul)"

Before Santa could jump-step, there was a flash of teeth  
An indignant Tooth Fairy said "I'll show you whose chief"  
"Ho, ho, this women's lib is not that spooky  
I've been challenged by heteros – you're just a tutti frutti"

But she demonstrated her karate by dropping his pants  
and instead of a blowjob, she taught the Bobbitt dance  
The reindeer were laughing with a season glow  
'cause it's funny when Santa's searching for his dick in the snow

All through the streets and all through the night,  
the stars were shining with so much bright  
It was Xmas and Santa did no more sinning  
Festive cheer had travelled its way to winning.

**CREED**



**1. To SACRIFICE**

- (the They in Me and the Who that They want Me to Be):**
- a. the morals of family, friends, society and government  
(see 3a)
  - b. religion that divides
  - c. family based on blood instead of mutual respect and/or friendship
  - d. respect that hasn't been earned
  - e. trust in the media
  - f. materialism that controls the mind instead of colouring it
  - g. foolish (gossip/ purposeless) talk and the statement of obvious
  - h. the fears that limit me
  - i. complaints and worries over that which I cannot change or have no intention of changing
  - j. indifference

**2. To RESPECT**

- (Love, Wisdom, Achievement, Courage and Intelligence):**
- a. the Earth
  - b. life that has respect for life
  - c. that which makes others happy without hurting others
  - d. freedom of expression
  - e. emotion that vents without destruction
  - f. truth
  - g. my instincts and vessel
  - h. information
  - i. choice
  - j. constructive criticism

**3. To COMMIT**

**(to spiritual, bodily and relationship improvement through):**

- a. morality substantiated through self-discovery
- b. helping others
- d. freedom
- e. joy
- f. justice
- g. ambition
- h. eradicating misunderstanding
- i. activities and thought that frees myself and acquaintances from acting or thinking in a limited manner
- j. challenge.

**THANKS  
(FOR THE FUN & PAIN)**

**“I’M ONLY A SINNER  
IN YOUR WORLD!”**

**WICKEDMIKE.COM**

To my great loves, Ne-Ne, Ally, Wicked Annie and Gummi Girl, my mother, betrayers, selfish politicians, egotistical bands, apathetic masses, Marilyn Manson, Justin Furstenfeld, Roger Waters, Clive Barker, Neil Gaiman and (especially) me...thanks for the insanities and celibacy:)

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In general (but not diluted), to the forests, rivers, estuary, Heads, sea and town, from Concordia to the islands, Vee the dog, conversations at Chaplin's Coffee Bar and gentlemen alcoholics of King's Sports Bar, I salute and love you Knysna, the prettiest town in South Africa.

What is god but an opinion of our selves. And god's nose is damn crooked.

Time to braai. Time to burn the past.

Wicked Mike  
Knysna (20.04.2012)

