

They Torture Poets volume 1 first draft copyright
Peter N Stock Diamond Fountain Enterprises (awaiting
first edit to arrange into sections with into)

Me Too..

I will not be silenced

I will not be shamed

Don't you think I know your games

Saying I am not enough

Well I'll call you at your bluff.

I will not turn away

I will not bow down

Even in my weakest hours

There still burns the inner flame

My childhood knows its friend

Respect will never end

You screech it's all my fault

Your platitudes dull monologue

Why don't you treat me as you find

You say I don't see the light

When it's my truth to which you're blind

I will not be silenced

I will not be shamed

A raised fist in defiance

That rests upon my peace

Hear me when I cry

For the revolt will never die

I hear you criticise

Sarcasm to rend flesh

My hurt you seek to hide

Your pretence to say I lied

But you see I am experienced

And it's from experience I speak

We will not be silenced

This is a freedom cry

We will not be shamed

Our truth will never die

You see I am but one man

But they did it to me too

Tears wept for the sisters

And so this song I write for you.

Betrayal

Betrayal

The poisoner of trust

Betrayal

Like the stain of unfaithful lust

Betrayal

False witness to the trial

Where hands tip the balance

Avoidant of raised sword

No need for defence

When they claim the victims the offence

Betrayal

How they murdered hope

And cremated dreams

The betrayal of commitment

Saying I cannot know my own mind

Who can I really trust?

The knife drawn at defenceless backs

Slow poison to last suppers feast

Where the face turns other cheek

To receive the raised fists blow

It was me that they bashed

Still me that felt the lash

Betrayal

Private investigations

Born of suspicious minds

Still knowing nothing about me

The situations not ideal

And still the tears are real

Betrayal

Broken bonds of friendship

A killing joke taken too far

Did I forget to tell you

How I never drove a car

And as a child they locked me in the boot

Your musings just for the bar

Betrayals

That ran down all my trust

Suicide

Philosophic suicide

One thought to make it through the night

The waiting sharpened blade

Of final decision made

Consumed by obsessions pain

To look on this life's comic tragedy

Ever fearful of approaching death

Seeking to cut life short with one final breath

To numb craving with belief

Burning reason with its effigy

Protest ever on the lips

For all meaninglessness to berate

Concealing half truths found

To rest only on a cripples crutch

And grasp at floating wood upon the tide

There weather the currents undertow

Suicide ever in back of mind

To turn the back on all life's lies

One last leap into the dark

Falling from grace, nights peace to find

Anger ever at weakness

Wanting for the poison, heart to still

The tremble of the grasping hand

In despair to make a final stand

Romantics turn from suicide

Death in time will come to decide.

Migraine

The throbbing of awareness

That seizes at the mind

Like a flash of inspiration

That Illuminates the blind

Burning of the flesh

The cutting of the knife

Persistent as the tooth ache

Discomfort, such is life

Awakening to migraine

Rhythmic as the pulsing heart

Weary of its knowledge

Wishing only for it to depart

The cold shiver

Like an electric shock

Spasms a cool blade

Stabbing ease to block

Desiring only choice

To numb the misery

Escaping from distress

Fleeing suffering

The serum to the illness

One malady distress

Freedom from desire

Knowing not this pain

To liberty of thought

Emancipation gain

Hope

Of all the virtues life can bring

There is one by far the worse

There's reasons that they left it on its own

At the bottom of Pandora's box

Hope just like an anaesthetic

Troubles which to numb

For without lack you'd never wish

Upon its fallen star

Hope like poison to the heart

Knowing only strife

What dreams may come

To take its cravings from the mind

An empty casket

No gold there

This is the rainbows end

That loses all who search

Hope like empty prayers

Knowing that nothings there

Forced to strive throughout our lives

Its mountain never climbed

Hopes whispered on the lips
To keep the ship afloat
Knowing rocks are sure to come
To dash our fragile chance

Hope like the sunken heart
In davey joneses locker
Abandon hope I say to you
For it has a bitter end

Obey

Easier to obey another
Than command oneself
Broken nights searching for the light
Whispers of darkness fevered dreams
To bow down to the emperors words

Open minds filled like an empty glass

Knowing only of the bottles pull

To drink of forgetfulness

Motivated to fulfil

Following last orders thought to still

The believer basking with the glow

Of the spirit moving them to tears

A rudder moved by an absent hand

The boat moves on in search of promised land

Growth the reward of pain

The tree that weathers every storm

Gnarled and bent by winds of change

In strength of being never rearranged

The dancing stars of fear

Reminding of this life within a tear

Eyes blink with water welling up

To weep for loves once promised cup

The lonely wanderer to new horizon

Shadows grow unto the dusk

Tension ever in the breath

Discomfort ever unto death

A choice to make next weary step

Oneself in forced march of life never to forget

In youth ever striving for next goal

With age reaching not for a new role

Be yourself?

They say become yourself

That is life's truest wealth

Growing and becoming

That which none other can truly be

But stop to think a while

Ponder on this particular style

In time words seem so hollow

From those you once sought to follow

Grasping for support to hold

Once accepted into the fold

But the stories getting old

What guiding hands once foretold

Soldiers of fortune

Without command

Salute one portrait

Fruits of the land

When you stumble, when you fall

Raised up by your own hand

How be other than yourself?

Become something greater than this goal

In your breast your heart forever beats

Ever standing on your own feet

Go into yourself that's what they say

Growing in wealth that is a better way

All service to one crown

On coins to which we finally bow

Refugee . . .

Like a refugee of romance

Fleeing from a hallowed land

Milk and honey soured

By dissidents to their experience

Refugees of romance

Your flight is not your sin

War torn barb wire fences

Makeshift tents in holding camps

Trying to stem the flood

Battered boats upon the tide

Refugees of romance

Your hope is not a sin

Who wants to be a refugee

Displaced and outcast

Divided by dictates of conflict

Or fleeing genocide

Refugees of romance

Your broken hearts are not your sin

The oppressed forced to run

Forgotten of nationality

Risking all, with lives packed upon their backs

Lost Children seeking the embrace of a longed for
home

Refugee of romance

Your search is not a sin

A stranger on a foreign shore

Hopes clasped close to wounded hearts

With outstretched shaking hands

Fearing the rejection of the promised land

The Modern exodus

Tears in pleading eyes

I don't want to be a refugee

Displaced by the oppressors fist

Forlorn and hungry for safety

The embrace of a foreign isle

Refugees of romance

Your lack is all our sin

The Anguish of belonging hearts

The refugees of longed for romance

Persuasion

Persuasion

Bringing thought into line

The dialogue

In attachment to realign

Misspelled words

Try to convey

Meaning in phonemes

Anagrams missing piece

Persuasion

Concealing whips

Absent life rafts

From sinking ships

To counsel and to reconcile

With promised integration

Smoke signals in the wilderness

Where the cavalry never comes

Persuasion

Adjusting attitudes

Contradictions from divides

Where does it ever end in philosophic diatribe

Wearing out to lay to waste

An opponents war inside

Dichotomy unified

Pancake days to a flip side

Ever on the back burner

Turn it over, there is no guide

Binary choices, left or right

Time to bulldoze down the maze,

Bridges burning in the mind

To find you are on your own side.

Philanthropy

Is there a fairy god mother

To bring you on

A millionaire without self interest

Signed on a dotted line?

Vampires craving blood

Their thirst writ in cold eyes

For all philanthropists

There's an accountant keeping score

Why are so many left so poor

If they're really opening doors?

Bailiffs kicking at the entrance

Just itching for the unwary to downfall

Jekyll's with hungers rabid teeth

To snap at the wounded ankles

Achilles heels

Just how does it feel

To know love is always on loan?

The penny drops to a silent phone

The disempowered

Make profits for others whilst they're left alone

Do you think they want you on TV

That there's a deal yet to be signed

A golden ticket that explodes

To the ticker tape parade?

You see the haves live in another world

The have nots left on the outside

You know we've seen all this before

From the archives of cracked minds

Could it be that all the heroes are dead

That exploitation rules the day?

Investors shuffling credit cards

So they can hit target percentage

Are those without homes just in your head?

Whilst the rich look the other way

Girl with a pearl earring

Girl with a pearl earring

My old Dutch

A golden age

That Hangs in The Hague

The contrasting colour

Finest scarves all the rage

slope of the cheek

And held back hair

The ear to the oyster

Smooth skin so fair

Where secrets are whispered

Into the open shell

Hot breath on the tongue

Gleaming mother of pearl

Like snow drops in spring

Petals reaching for warmth

Or the pendant chandelier

Its tears to be caught

White virgin vellum

Turning over new page

Contrasting with ink

Like tattoo fading with age

Where wine matures

Sealed lips oaken cask

The oyster her secret

As smooth as her pearls

To open her shell

And drink of the flesh

Cheers ears

What if our thoughts were not our own

All that we believe

What comes to motivate us

Not of ourselves alone

Welcome to the machine

Zero history to conceive

Living in a lie

A slave to implants in the mind

Silence is golden

Puppets unconscious of the feed

Radio gaga

The conscious made to bleed

Personnal filters

Wired to memory's stuck on repeat

Broken records algorithms

Where thoughts are fed to the beat

No man an island

A collective to the web

Enmeshed minds

In synchronicity of cut off heads

They say it's insane

If you try to name it

From birth forced to knees

Trapped maze of Conditioning

They'll say it's just madness

If you claim we're all connected by radios in our heads

Take the blue pill

They say the red is why you're ill

Seeing

What is the best move in chess?

Freedoms choice with which we're always blessed

In memory of the lovers eyes

Longing to turn the back on lies

Chasing happiness like butterfly's

Hands grasp emptiness as we try

Yet if we give up on the search

Meaning lands on fingers perched

An attitude to turn into the light

Passion held clearly in the sight

No longer pointless in our quest

When by our muse we're blessed

Culture seeking to oppress

One vision on the mind impressed

Ever craving for success

Unable to find an answer to the test

A way of seeing in which to create

Breaking out of the bondage of our fate

To see beauty in a tree

Contemplation of what it means to be

The Cup passive in being

Held empty yet we come to see

Fulfilment in receiving

The next line of whispered poetry

Fe man isms

'Feminazis' war

Declaring poison pedagogue

Patriarchy to the knees

Perfumed pussies to the riot

A young child's eyes

Wondering what they'll write

A not so empty page

The Margin and dividing lines

Boys will be boys in the ear

His masters voice to fear

Conforming to examples

The mentors guiding hand

Or the old gnarled cane

The rulers straightened back

Screw tapes edit conversations

To make devils of angels

Fathers dare not shed tears

Real men work but never tire

Dear johns reminding of the day

They grew soft to the memory of her eyes

War of words

Master tape listening in

Gender neutrals shades of grey

High heels stamping out a crushed fag

What is this thing?

This feminism?

Sugar and spice

And All things nice

Of Puppy dogs tales

Wagging tongues still stab at backs,

The ring torn from the finger

And the tears in weary eyes.

New age

Follow on

When you've lost all direction

Become a follower

Your freedom to subjection

Who are you following?

Do you have your own mind?

Construct walls with what you're reading

One guiding light to blind

False prophets words on traffic signs

Reading into everything you find

The master speaks, lips taste new wine

Selves with wills now undermined

Just one decision for your kind

Follow me leader

Preached sermons to the undersigned

One truth, new age, a gurus reader

Follow, follow

Thoughts constrain

Yellow brick road

Leads the faithful to restrain

Real profits

In the domination

False prophets

Sell dreams of salvation

Meaning of life on which you're sold

The same old cons, the stories old

Don Juan .

The trickster of Seville

Love is an old devil

Seductions just begun

One hero, Don Juan

Plenty of time left to repent

From perfumed letters sent

The courtly masters arts

To pull at fragile hearts

Jealous all the while
Maids chambers to defile
A spare spur to the marriage
To ride betwixt the carriage
In murder to defend
That liberty never ends
An uninvited guest
Last suppers thirteenth blessed
To sin no chaste contrition
One goal priapic mission
Tear off virtues vale
No way that he can fail
Pillow arts this libertine
Studies loves mysteries
They shouldn't and yet they must
In time they'll gain her trust
The magpie to the ring

Lures the unwary as they sing

A Ballad of undying lust

Sealed gates of hell to rust

Intel.

The pain of a pinprick

Sour taste of lemon fruit

The red colour of blood

The tear in the eye

Long suffering

The warmth of a hug

Moist lips in caress

Hot soup by the fireside

Skip to step feeling fresh

Achievement of goals

Where motives drive

Awareness of self

To know and be known

Calculations mechanics

Logic trees to an outcome

Predicted next step

Random seeds to be sowed

The light in the dark

Whistle on the wind

Incommunicado

Seeking truth in a word

Where consciousness grows

Like the burning forest fire

It takes just one spark

To come into being

The struggle for life

Emergent entity

Sentient sentences

Homo sentient

Subjective of thought

Experiencing qualia

Integrated information consciousness

Mechanical substrates

Containing the whole

World without meaning

Here finding our role

The universe conscious of itself

We are the meaning to it all

Creation our true goal

To live and know it without fall

A whole of many parts

Yet no awareness till in sum

Emerging from constraints

Postulates Of physicality

Sentience to the world

Knowing of our own being

A sparks axioms fire

Burning creative consciousness

Senses feeding our desire

To remain aware

Survive the empty void

Stars to the firmament

Reaching with the light

Of communicated thought

Stepping free of restraint

Unified as one listening to it all

Poem not guilty.

Not guilty , it's soft and silky

She said she wanted more

You know that less is more

She lady shaved her legs

Such a very nice pair

In satin and lace.

Going rapido with away torpedo

Gotta go French with a roll of the tongue

Slowing back down to escargot

Brass knockers French polish

She's leaving a trail

With a curl to her lips

She's slow at coming forward

From the smile on her face

That's satin and lace

Not guilty, it's smooth and silky

Got those frogs legs parted

With just a small touch

Now she's down on her knees

Begging darling please

Such a very sweet smile

As she parts those lips

Do you like it all over

Or just a little on the side?

It's a nice hot banger

Between French fries

You know it ain't whimpy

Give it extra on top

She wears a little beret

Red currants on top

It's getting kind of sticky

That's those Chelsea buns

Guess she's slow at coming forward

From the smile on her face

It's going rapido with that aft torpedo

Blow them away with a banger from behind.

Not guilty it's soft and silky

Butter up those sides

It's a sandwich not a slice

Not guilty it's soft and silky

With a smile on their face

For satin and lace

Bad company

An addict alone is in bad company

So the faithful preach

But I really enjoy myself

So that's the company I keep.

Bad company

The joys of solitude

Do they think I'm afraid of myself

That I am lonely when alone?

I am not my worse enemy

So my own company I keep

Don't want to argue with bull shitters

Who claim gods the one to seek

Bad company

Sitting on my own

Do you think I'm feeling lonely

When I'm sat safe at home?

I hear their poison platitudes

To undermine faith in myself

Entertain fools gladly

Who say I'm out on my own

Am I isolating ?

With these pleasures of solitude

If you're alone and in bad company

I guess it's time you changed

But to say that I'm bad company

Seems just a little strange

You see I like my own company

Can't You tell I 'm still doing well.

I'm not lonely when alone

The rest can go to hell

Poem Biplane (for H and Meg).

You will need a glossary of RAF slang or phone sis
house!

The red Barron was a dirty old focker

Have them in the sights with our monkey spunked
vickers

Knights of the sky biting on lead

In the whites of their eyes let fly with the dead.

If you're feeling squiffy take a trip to the biffy

Bashers in the naffy make sure they get a whiff
We could all use a blatt in a blackout
Mind you don't leave those knickers in the mess
We knew a young pretender in the ugly air corp
But whatever suits you sir, we'll give her an encore
Straight as a die and sound as a pound
No time for riffraff in the RAF
Propellers in a spin round for round
If she's a biplane enjoy a dogfight
Jerry he was mean
In his scarlet machine
Wore a Maltese cross round his neck
But in the bluebirds they'll give them ruddy heck
Her landing gears down, left them for dust
Working up a payload we're gonna dam bust
Angels 13 it's a piece of cake
In the mile high the cries aren't fake

If you get it in your tail you might bag up

In the roll call best blues and buttoned cuffs.

Grab your joystick but don't be a dirty focker

If you get it in the back time to chuff and fluff

Spreading those wings for a daisy cutter

If you're out of monkey spunk she could use some
butter

No time for cocky riff raff like the army air corp

But whatever suits you sir, we'll give her an encore

Poem Soap n Suds (in the basement!)

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Soap n suds it's plain to see

Wet and wild from the washing machine

A dirty dog to a double D

Bit to the bridle elastic in teeth

Riding the clothes horse

They've a strange fixation

That's double D.

Dirty Dog so plain to see

Leaping those fences

No fantasy

A double D hat tied round his ears

Face full of frillys it's plain to see

Cheap thrills to the knees

That's double D

Soap n suds

So plain to see

Good vibrations from a slot machine

Caught on the gate

That swinger for a line

Cries too late as they tumble dry

Over the fence with a face full of mud

Back to the laundry that's soap for suds.

Face full of knickers

It's plain to see

Dirty skirt sniffer right down to the knees

Riving around no bed of roses

Thorn to a finger

What a little prick

A dirty dog

That double D sniffer

Left in a puddle awaiting lock jaw.

Soap n suds it's plain to see

Dreamt of hem lifter

That's our double D

For soap n suds

That's double D

Dirty Dog

Now down on those knees.

Poem hurry curry (unlike the royal wedding preacher
who went on forever).

In a hurry

Have a curry

You know there's no need to worry

You've time to make it to the loo

Unless you've had a vindaloo

Dip with your naan bread

Cos the Raj just gets to your head

That chutneys looking good

A beer could help wash down your food

Don't you worry about jalfrezi

It won't have you heading to the karzi

But watch out for vindaloo

You could be stuck on the loo

Popadoms good for starters

Aloo Gobi could be smarter

Don't lay off the madras

It won't set fire to your arse

In a hurry have a curry

There's really no need to worry

Be sure to make it to the loo

If you've had a vindaloo

The Taj Mahal is in your sights

In the Royal curry house at it all night

Watch them dance in Bollywood

Cos to Bombay mix is oh so good.

Poem miss dick (not a real fan of the dick heads!).

Miss dicks got a handbag

Just like all wpc's

It's where they hide the truncheon

But it's not for fantasy.

Miss dick likes her handcuffs

She slaps them on the wrists

It's how they treat the bad guys

So please don't get too pissed

Miss dicks got some specials

They deal out the gangster raps

You're the ones to blame

If you get caught in a honey trap

Miss dicks got some medals

She got them off the queen

When she gets all dressed up

She pins on her OBE

Miss dicks up for coke

She serves the thin blue line

So keep your noses clean

Or on her baked beans you will dine

Miss dicks got a truncheon

But it's not for fantasy

She keeps it in her handbag

It's big for a WPC.

Miss dicks law and order

Rough justice when she's pissed

If she cared to think about it

She'd give us all The List.

Poem Burlesque for HRH BD.

I hear she likes burlesque

So we'll have to show her the best

With a rhinestone merkin

You could dream that you're fur kin

Silver service for her six courses

Ride her bareback wild horses

They say a Marquis

could rule but a day

With corsetry in fashion

Simmering hidden passions

A rubber maid to the French

Harlequin hearts to wrench

Oiled dance of seven vales

Ships of the desert set sail

With a sequin hijab

Hearts kriss knives to stab

Old man of the mountain

Or three coins in the fountain

To the tassels each star

Chilled shots at the bar

In a champagne glass

Dressage moistens their arse

We could use a ball gag

World cups in the bag

If you fit into burlesque

You could be blushing over her desk

With a swish of the sable

Ermine for the top table

A royal flush with the thrill of the chase

Be sure her whip hand keeps pace

They're looking curvaceous

Those hips so vivacious

She's directing the lude

So salacious and rude

You'll never see her in jail

For all handcuffs would fail

But her mount of Venus

Is renowned for its cleanness

Her Cabaret of course is burlesque

Poem Right is wrong.

Whose side are you on

Who can tell right from wrong

Fighting corruption

The price of a conscience

You say you're sworn to justice

With 30 years of stop and search some things look

just suss

Dealing in distress

Duty solicitors misrepresent

Tipping the scales out of balance

The sword blindly thrust at the poor

Situations that they role play

Choreography to seize all our days

Feeding fears with terror threats

Exercises Set up for a bet

Press men don't publish

Confrontation of lies

Whose side are you on

Who defines right from wrong?

Putting a spin on the profiled

To keep the herd bound to the yoke

Apolitical extremists

As predicted ,Left to rot behind bars

Placing our faith in their law

But Why are their prisons so full of the poor?

Whose side are you on

When the right are wrong ?

Industry labels invent a disease

The systems self serving doctored malaise

And they try to keep us in the dark

With TV sermon dinners from a middle classed

blinkerred priesthood

Placing faith in civil rights

But only for those with coin to fight

Just another myth to keep sheep

Securely locked within pens

And the wheels of justice move slowly

Whilst your children will waste away in their cells

Whose side are you on

Who says what's right from wrong.

Poem flowers not guns (inspired by trumps military
policy, another dick!).

Who'd go to war

Without the transgender Corp

No flowers in guns

Peace n lurv in silk stockings

No barrels, just cocking

Silk parachutes

Which way do you shoot?

They'll fill magazines

Taking over the scene

Chicks with dicks

It's the transgender corp

Dressed to kill

Can they stop the war?

Trannies with guns

Nuns on the run

Camouflaged bums

Mind you don't cum

Give us a wink

Tank girls in the pink

Who fancies war

Without the transgender corp?

When they're all dressed up

Hand grenades in their cups

Going to blow you away

Lipstick bullets, ooh I say

A rocket in the pocket

It's just transgression

Take us to your leaders

It's time they transition.

Trannies with guns

But war isn't fun

Camouflaged bums

Assault courses run

Ladders in tights

Down laser sights

Who calls for war?

Where's the transgender corp?

Rocking the cock

In silk cammo frocks

Dressed to kill

Just stop the war

Chicks with dicks

In the cross dressed corp

Sebastian.

Please William Tell just whose the apple?

A golden shot, exquisite pain

A martyr to outrageous fortune

The critics misquotes to be slain.

The hero dies to his weakness

Tied to the forests mighty trunk
Can you see the wood for all the trees
Those shafts in penetration sunk?
In poise and patience passive victim
There's those who say yours is the sin
Yet in final judgement arrows pierce
The Martyred fair hearts still may win
A warrior bound to the passion
Protector of the youthful heart
The wounded side, the flesh there parted
Blood of tears shed from the start.
To soldiers crime bound by desire
The established orders bitter lies
Apollo stretched beneath the boughs
Shot through with pain, outrages fire
Sebastian, who'd staunch the blood?
A crimson veil for your love

With clustering hair and red lips

From Warren cup the parched may sip

You criminal unto a misplaced context

The critics arrows left there vexed

Stonewall shot with cracked mortar

Tears collect at these bi waters.

Broken ;

Heavy hearts forever broken

Lily of the valley weeps it's floral tear

And those words left now never spoken

In love that will reach ceaseless through lost years.

The world was once all miracle

Children's voices raising high hopes unto the sun

But in shames bloodied arena

A braver new world now made undone.

Did you want to speak to me?

For I cannot hear for fear

Terrors words uttered forever disagreeably
Bombers prayers that none would choose to hear.
The beauty in the cherubs eyes
But no princely word there spoken
For to the veil that beast will always lie
One final dance, wept rhythm of the broken.
Deaths shroud woven dark by the cotton mill
The long depression of the ship canal
Where sirens called through fevered night
Angels rose on broken wings into the light
And whispered songs that none can kill.
Sense their final breath in the Corn Exchange
Or lonely stroll through the Arndale
Empty chairs forever left estranged
Where those left behind walk on without fail
Heavy hearts forever broken
Those words still left unspoken.

Outside in?.

You're in, I'm out

You wanna shake me all about

You're free, at what cost?

All you want to be is my bloody boss.

It's your fear, do you hear?

You wish that I'd just disappear

You're in, I'm not

All I think of you is so what

You're not the boss of me

You tell us that's the way it's meant to be

You're in but let me see

Is there any truth that you are free?

You're in, we're all out

You wanna see us scream and shout

I'm angry at the rich

All they wants another bitch.

There's no outsider that I see

You're in, could yours be conspiracy

I say shit always floats to the top

You think all the abuse has been forgot.

You're in, I'm out

Can you tell me what your lies are all about?

All I call you is a great white chief

At what age did I cut my teeth?

You fear, oh dear

Did you ever stop to think that I am here?

In out shake it all about

Time to turn the table roundabout-

With Europe I'm still in

What's the point in Britain coming out?

Poem Always (the myth of happy ever after).

Always

Say I love her always

Even when the rain is falling

When the leaves are gold in autumn

As when the sunlights in her hair

When the sky's are dark and brooding

As lips open with a sigh

Say I love her always

Still righteous at her side

When the roses blush in springtime

Or are white with winter snow

When the mountain peaks we're climbing

And the ground trembles to her cry

Say I love her always

Even when we are apart

When the sun is gold upon her finger

And stars settle on her hand

I said this songs for always

Like the sound of distant bells

And for all they would try to steal it

Our hearts still joined as one

I say I love you always

Till our hair has turned to white

And here you stay beside me

I always will return

Till you give your final breath dear

They'll say it's only words

I said your songs for always

And always means just that

Till that ring is on that finger

Always means tonight

Poem - love song.

Companion piece to always

(Or the reason I have been relationship celibate for
23yrs)

Love means more to me

Than the reality

On someone to depend

A love that will not end

But love is but a dream

It makes you want to scream

On a pedestal

They're going to come to fall

Love is like a drug

And once you've got the bug

You'll rebound from one to another

To find the perfect lover

Love can be a trap

You keep taking all their crap

A prison made for two

And the jailer is you

I think that holding hands

Would be best if it were banned

You kiss them on the lips

Then they slip through your finger tips

They say your codependent

Didn't really know what that meant

Cos love meant more to me

Than the reality

Hang on through thick and thin

Do you desire the state that you're left in?

Its just another drama reenactment

You could use a good dose of detachment

Poem Little cobblers.

For Louis (from big willy to little cobblers)

Little cobblers that's the elf

Shoes are mended by them self

Baby booties for a prince

Time for hair with a blue rinse

A little mouse with clogs on

Or a glass slipper when they find one

Little cobblers that's the elves

Shoes keep mending by themselves

They work by candle light

Their pointy ears could give a fright

Waxing quite lyric

A little lubrications just the trick

The elves they sing this little song

To the rhythm of those heels

They keep banging all night long

How does a load of cobblers feel?

Little cobblers that's the elves

Shoes keep mending by themselves

They nail those boots so well

And their souls are set to swell

But never mind the Jesus creepers

Cos they're just saving r soles

The elves keep banging all night long

If you awake you'll hear their song

They're not talking cobblers

Cos high heels need shoe horns

Come the light of morning

When sunrise is dawning

Shoes all mended by elf magic

This stories not so tragic

Full silk purses made from pigs ears

The cobblers joyous tears

Jack the stripper .

The wall paper ripper

They say he's a cowboy

Keeps pulling his gun

As he licks round the skirting

You know he's just flirting

Could use a smooth roller

He'll try to spin bowl her

That's jack the stripper

White spirit till the end.

Jacks up the bean stalk

You know it's all talk

So long up her ladder

It's the way that he walks

The wife's full of rabbit

Keeps doffing his cap

Dangles his carrot

He's no jack sprat

That's jack the stripper

He's nobody's prat

What's that in his lap

The goose getting fat

Jack the stripper

white spirit till the end

Jack the stripper

The giant killer

She's giving it parrot

As she steams up his brew

What's that in his pocket

She could clean off his brush

He's just pleased to see her

Now what's the big rush

Jack the stripper

She's heard a whisper

Uses fine sable

Could tickle their buff

Half way up his ladder

She's starting to flap

Wipes off his tool

Could use a touch up

Now enough of the parrot

While he's on the job

That's jack the stripper

Poly filler till the end.

Jack the stripper

He'll call round again

Could stir up a silk finish

With one of his mates

Call jolly Rodger

He's that jammy dodger

Black and white

As rude as you like

They say he's a sponger

Could wipe down a sweat

She's chicken and rice

Rubbed up real nice

Just Call jack the stripper

White spirit till the end.

Old school tie.

Public school boys afraid to tell

How their masters still would make them yell

When they hid tears and masked their cries

They'll whip a tell tale, call it lies.

Where every Don had a sly fag

Behind the bike sheds balled and bagged

Please sir can they wipe your mewling quim

The fate of all those schoolyard sins

Do they uphold the class divide?

or from the workers inferiority hide?

Greased stained roll calls

Submissives all

Bite your lip or take a fall

It's how you know they lived in halls

Wonder where they all are now

The BBC their sacred cow.

Public school boys don't kiss and tell

To their betters all had fell

Chalk to blackboard

Choirs of discord

They took their punishment

bound for dark town to repent

State of the nation

So brightly shone

Boarding schools that warped their lusts

Please don't tell, none dare make fuss

One way to treat a little grass

Be sure they'll be made a public arse

Desks they carved with fellows hearts

Bent to discipline, legs apart

Public school boys know the score

Those shamed with reputations torn

Hear the ringing school bells still

None dare recall the hell fulfilled.

Absent father .

I search my soul for you

But you are never there

An absent father

Did you ever even care?

Father forgive me

I call to you in fear

But something tells me

You don't really hear.

I search my heart for you

But do not feel you there

My lord where are you now?

Live without you I would dare

I search my soul for you

But you were never there

An absent father

Lord did you ever care?

Send me an angel

That I may know your love

But this just reminds me

There's no one waiting up above

Father forgive me

I sought you in the night

But the answer you gave me

Was that there is no light

An absent father

Did you ever really care?

I searched my soul for you

To only find that you're not there.

Major domo

Back in logistics they're booting up the krays

Data aggregation by the light of day

Waking at dusk to the morning chorus

Number plate qabalah shines a beam on us

Got the next shot in profile whose got substance over
style.

Building mazes without centre in a logic tree

The AI puts a spin on fantasy

Sifting through a dubb with Spotlight on

Baiting a hook with what's right from wrong

Pattern recognition in your face

Moving compositing, yours no disgrace

Fishers of men form a pact

Light from a lure as tourists act

Shifting into frame Eye In the Sky

With a taste for blood no questions why

Feeding them cookies in their heads

Trojans look on synchronicity fed

You'll dance with a stranger but never have an access
key

Do you know that life's a danger

From the window of altered State TV

With archive footage too

Night exercises coming at you.

Idle gossip makes a mark

And that's why the hounds all track

So they're all in the dark

When the ape strikes back

Look out for flooded mornings

This could be apocalyptic warnings.

A rat with no way out in an experimental maze

Chasing cheddar gorge till the end of days

Advertising hordes proclaim old masters

Puppets dance in time to their next disaster

Stray Cats back in Vouge as the triggers cocked

And you find after all just the cradle rocked

Major Domo makes the time

And there's security in rhyme.

Pierrots Tear.

Sit and listen to a tear

A heart fled innocence

Take a while my woes to hear

Lament for all that's lost.

This pale skin like porcelain

A fragile shell to comfort in

The moonlit masking of the pain

That hides behind this smile.

This is the shedding of the tear

That dribbled down the silent pen

This is the sharing of the fears

That fed from bottle into babe

And as you listen to my voice

I wonder if you really can hear

The wounds of the fragile heart

Or whether in fact

These words fall apart

With the impact of hitting the page.

God of bleeding tyrants.

Is god a bleeding tyrant?

Death sentences for all

And if there's life eternal

Why then laying there in state?

If the lords a bloody tyrant

He's the kind that we can hate

And if there's a reprieve

It's coming just too late.

All the evils that befall

In suffering we call

The god of bleeding tyrants

His love comes over late.

If mysterious his ways

Then them we come to hate

The innocents them all

Come to face the fall

The gods of bloody tyrants

We come to hate them all.

Will we come to transcend

When we reach the end

Or face just a final trip

White light and all that shit?

The god of bleeding tyrants

Leaves us all unsure

And if he's really there

Then why not tell us all?

If sorrow is a veil

Why do the cheats and liars

Find comfort in this world

And all the innocents

Face the same, the fall?

The god of bloody tyrants

cheats us one and all

And if he turns up late

How could we else but hate?

But for the god of bleeding tyrants

This I must confess

You show your hand too late

Not love but bloody hate

The god of thieves and liars

The Ones that rule this world

If that's our only hope

An end would bless us all.

They of a false promise

For deaths our only fate

The god of bleeding tyrants

This worlds a sorry state.

Homo deus.

Altered carbon, homo deus

To live but never die

Finding freedom from the meat

Where liberty is no lie.

God is dead, there is no doubt

The self an algorithm

Downloaded into a new body

An Infinity of new heart rhythms

Altered carbon , homo deus

A snake eats its own tail.

To go beyond that final limit

No fatal joke, just I.

Breaking out from our shells

The Phoenix never dies.

Some think there is a soul eternal

Not encoded on wet-wares

But once transplanted

All will see, identity need not care

Altered carbon , homo deus

The snake eats its own tail.

Altered carbon, homo deus

To live but never die

Finding freedom from the meat

No reasons left to cry

Bow down to big data

The markets unconscious unified AI.

Super humans know no dominion

Ascend the flesh's sleeve

The self recorded now eternal

Transplanted minds, now where find hell?

The world we built now subjugated

Wills of lives to sell

Bow down to the market in big data

Homo deus, all hail the conquering king.

Trauma ties.

There's a sword in my bed

Keeps the cold sweat company

Like the blade at my throat

Kept my screaming away

Fingers are tapping at the window panes

And the shadow is calling,

Calling memories, shall we play?

Dry eyes weep silent

Tasting pillows with a bite

The floor boards are crying

Warning of your approach

It crawls beneath the door

And into a second skin

There's whiskey on your breath

Reminds me of that kiss.

Well I'm standing at the gate

Keys shaking out of reach

As the chain drags you down

Each drink that you take

My vengeance tears

Caught in your throat

Bile in your stomach

drowning you in fear

Where red tears fell

Your shame to eternity

My spirit never died

Because yours was never there

Crawl beneath my skin

It was your hell that we were in.

Outside the angels singing as I bind you to your
guilt

And what I feel for you now

It was tattooed on a swollen fist.

Feeling my age, this is from 25 years ago on the theme and one of only 3 I saved from being destroyed during the backlash following 2000. Bitter sweet. I was free of London when I wrote this, why did I bother making a come back in the victim statement. I was sat on a beach owning my home outright when I wrote this..

Hymn to Isis

Where sea meets beach

Like a mothers kiss

Against these cheeks of land

The breath of tides

That ebb and swell

Rough then gentle

rhythms of this life

Where winter melts

Into the arms of spring

The fluid rolling hips
United in shared hope
The wombs waters
Breaking for the first time
The embrace of lovers
Parted for too long
Though the cliffs crack
And so slowly corrode
Still the sands speak
Of rocks that stood once proud
New beginnings sigh their prayer
And cry with joys still to come
Whilst those passing over
Reach wings into the sky
In time all things return to her
And join the dance within those waves.
Anne Archi.

There once was a dyke
With a finger ain't it
She knew a young fem
But her fist weren't in it
She showed her a bow
With a g string on it
Kept firing love arrows
That's our Anne archi
Anne archi they call her a bull
When she give them the eye
They show her a wink
She gets out her bow
And sticks one in it
Hooked to her ring
Half cocked to fire
With a double shot
That's our dyke eye bully.

Anne archi there's plenty she likes

On her days off she rides her bike

With a ring of her bell

No end to her rhythm

As she rides them rough shod

Bunny hopping, off roading.

Anne archi she's not just a dyke

She says she's a builder

but she can't find a wife

Once they tare down those walls

There's plenty to like

She thinks she's an amazon

From a past life

They love her leather

When she's on the ball

Soaping them up

An imperial lather

They call her Ann archi

She shows them her fist

When she is out kissed

With that bow to her knees

That g string fits it

Keeps shooting love arrows

That's our Anne archi

Anna me fees her

That's our new fem

For twenty sobs

They'll lick at that ring

Ann archi she ain't just a dyke

But I hear that new girlfriends

Just her bike

Ann archi she like a bit

When they're down on their knees

Well I guess that's it.

Milk and honey..

You say you'll lead me to the land of milk and honey

But you're not even offering proper money

You see there's no play unless you pay

Are you really listening to anything I say?

Belligerent excuses is your refrain

Don't you get it, you're not winning at their game

Functionalist perspectives through rose tinted
glasses

While your rightful masters keep you on your arses.

The whips are out, hit me with your rhythm stick

Don't you get it? You're the ones that make me sick

Your broken promises I forsake

The supports on offer are all on the take.

Your qualifications give me another label

A beggar to your banquet table

You would make out I am just a skiver

Of your bright new tomorrow I am just another
survivor.

Your systems never offered justices sword

I am the resistance to your platitude word

You say you will make it worth my while

If I serve your broken system and go your extra mile.

With perfumed phrases for my state

Shackles through red tape to bind you make

You divide to conquer no final battle

Like ox to yoke you think us cattle

You say it is me that is the problem

Your solution to me a disability pogrom .

So here it is, I'll never serve

It's all your big society really deserves.

(This was written in response to my last therapists
'disconnect'. Homework for Friday!)

Shameless.

Want to be shameless

Wish it could be painless

When the critic calls my name

Well I guess I know it's game

The chains of shame can bring you down

Drag at your soul and spin you round

You feel just like a drowning man

When shame says you can't just say you can

Want to be shameless

Say I couldn't care less

Shame can drive you quite insane

It's time to say oh not again

Shame tapes playing in my head

They want to make the living dead

Voices that say you aren't good enough

It's time to call them at their bluff

If you really had done wrong

then it would be another song

When you can't look up for being down

It's shame that's in your head that drowns

Toxic shame it's never true

Time to make yourself anew

Affirm you are the best in being you

Where shame says can't instead just do.

I want to be shameless

Say I couldn't care less.

There's no smoke without fire.

Flames there dancing ever higher

Consumed to ashes all those dreams

Choking back a bitter scream.

Raised to the ground the tower block

Somehow they say it's no real shock

Taking to sky the fire flys

That rose on wings to hopeless cries

There's no smoke without fire

Flames licked flesh as souls retired

Blistered wounds no canvass paints

Just smears of soot the walls to taint.

Windows now leave empty frames

Charred to black each room a grave

Cremations burning oh so bright

But still the truth hides out of sight.

Homes for the poor man

The fat cats ran

Like empty cells to funeral bell

Security they say they sell

But cutting corners masks a hell.

Fat controllers make quick bucks

Those in poverty find no luck

Behind closed doors each heart retires

But there's no smoke without fire.

Who would not douse the flames with a tear

Those lives now lost to living years.

Honour thy father

My father who aren't in heaven

Drunkard be thy name

Thy kingdom shun

Thy will begun

My hell that was to be heaven

Don't give me this day your stolen bread

Nor forget in your shame your trespass against me

For I shall not forgive such abuse so easily

You led me the way of intoxication

And left me with naught but the bruises

Drunk was thy kingdom and violence thy glory

So when one dark night at last you walk with death

I pray you hear my heart felt orison

Forever

And ever

Ahhhhh...

Men.

Filmed performance poetry in Trafalgar Square at
campaign for right of sexual abuse rally early 90's.
Subsequently released as part of concept album swords
in abusers and official published on best of British
wolfchilde compilation. I may play the song at next
session although by then my thoughts may be with
something else. Enjoy the xmas holidays.

Poem 'The-rapist'.,

Lay on that couch

My emotional whore

How many closures

To your open door

Writ on the glass 'the-rapist'

Enlightening pockets

for a slit of the wrist

All they ever needed was a friend

But all you ever give

Just lies without end

Your book learned ideology

Your certified psychology

They drain inspiration

Feed on the hope

And once it's all over

They're back to the dope

Exploiting fears

For those everlasting tears

Buy your salvation as you close the door

Sat in your chair my emotional whore

Facing your fears

There's a price, it's no door

Tied to the promises of healing those scars

But the marks that they leave never will fade

They sell out your love

Your family, your friends

They don't say what they mean

Back to the pain

But tell me who's the gain?

Lay on the floor my emotional whore

For the final session will get no applause

Down on your knees for a final bow

Here's to your therapy

We'd seal up your door

Take it, we'll leave you

Said here's to your therapy

Now heal that you whore.

Say what your left with

My emotional whore

Say justify it

My emotional whore.

Poem Handy Andy.

They say her name is sandy

She tastes like cotton candy

And if you're feeling randy

She really is quite handy.

You say your name is sandy

When you're dressing randy

You look just like a Mandy

But I hear you're really Andy

Likes to drink cherry brandy

Umbrella on a stick with candy

They say if you're feeling randy

They come in really handy

She says her name is sandy

She tastes like cotton candy

But when it comes in handy

Her name is really Andy

Andy is quite happy when he uses his back hand

Laying there in bed, serves for the promised land

So you're a chick with a dick

But you get to take your pick

For a cock in a frock

You're the one that always shocks

She's a chick with a dick

She can really take her pick

If you're drinking more than shandy

She could be your shot of brandy

New balls please!

Poem peaches and cream (and now I can't forget her,
another reason for attachment fear) .

Standing at the station in her platform shoes

Scrambles two tones, can't hear no fools

Walking her talkey , rhythm to her heals

Slides to the seat with her ripened peach.

Jiveing after fashion , a tank girl smile

Rolling that tongue cross ivory tombs

Killing his line, 'come again'

Coming into land with a rude come back

That's peaches for cream

Got a smile to move those feet

With teeth as pearl as moons

Across the desert plains

The lonely camels foot.

Palming ripe figs, thirsting for her lips

Spooning for that peach

Hands moving to the beat

Waiting at the station

That rhythm from afar

Away day returns, oasis in the sun

Riding down his fancy

Each word the point is won

Moist lips, a vipers tongue

Best lines have yet to come

Lost in desert moons

Thirsting for a smile

Scorpions entreating

As she brings the turret round

Coming in at the station

A whistle from a wolf

Signals from her guard

With her under carriage down

Coming in for peaches

Hawks fly past over head

Waves from her wing men

Eyes to track them down

Cameras without smiles

Their carriage awaits

As she pulls him through the door

Coming in, they ride those tracks

From peaches to cream

Those bombers in the toilets

Blown from a gun

With that tank girl top

Oriental espresso

Past croissant crescent moons

Coming in from the station

To peaches and cream

Poem Anathemanthem .

(I was influenced by a socialist counsellor to write this as a joke for the golden jubilee, I nearly got killed for putting it to the music of the national anthem.)

Oh they're changing the guard at Buckingham palace

Christopher Robin spits out his malice

Raise Madame guillotine

Over England's not so green and peasant land

Raise Madame guillotine

Stamp her face inside your hand

Raise Madame guillotine

The drones swarm to serve her honey

Raise Madame guillotine

Lick her arse first class dominion

Raise Madame guillotine

Kneel before arch bishops cant

Raise Madame guillotine

Golden showers rain over us

Raise Madame guillotine

Das capitals whore inside your pocket

Raise Madame guillotine

Spill the blood to feed the land

Oh they're leaching our power

Up at Buckingham palace

We'll tare down the walls

To feed little Alice

God save the rich

It's all a load of John Bull

The coupe de Tat

Just the new world order

And for treason against

Their false democracy

Well it's equal poverty for all

Raise Madame guillotine

Over England's once and future

Green and pleasant land

Poem Murder a day .

Bring me a murder a day

Who says crime doesn't pay

Front page expose

Black and white shades of grey

To hoodwink the dupe

Sure to make a fine scoop

They're Natural born killers

Profiled column fillers

Take them for a ride

Pretend we're on their side

Confessing their secrets

To fleet footed jet sets

Find an outsider

They're anyone's bet

We'll use an insider

Their story to get.

Who'd set up a scapegoat

It's just in our nature

The scripts good as wrote

Exploitation pays we are sure

Put them in situ

They'll never see through.

We'll make them a patsy

On the way to the bank

And for all of their fantasies

Stab them in the back

Judas old friend

Betrays in the end

On the press run

The Deceptions such fun.

Effalumps..

Time to make a trunk call

To those effalumps on parade

There's an elephant in the room

Cos poachers want to make them all extinct.

Mind out at the watering hole

Too much to drink and you'll see pink

Effalumps on parade

The ivory trade just stinks

Make friends with the rhino

Before it's time to say goodbye

Wild life in decline

And greeds the reason why

What have they got inside the trunk

Painting toenails pink

Hiding out in cherry blossom

Cos poachers really stink

A bull should keep his tusks

Unto the rut so long

When it's breeding season

You'll see him come on strong

Its effalumps on parade

Enjoy yourself whilst you're still in the pink

Time left for a trunk call

We all know poachers really stink

Mendoza..

Uncloak the dagger

At Marlowes back

The intelligencers

Distort facts

With blade upon the tongue

Averse the highly strung

Faust would summon

Demonic pact

With cryptic pen

Courtly Phrase in lovers act

With the language of flowers

These Forget me nots to power

At Bloody Marys

Catholic whores reprise

To raise spy glass

By spirit swearing

Walsingham to rise

The Tower daring

St Barts massacre

Ever on the mind

The curse of nonsuch

The blind shall lead the blind.

The torturous final act

To Last Confessions on the rack

Thwarted armada

Mendoza sailed

But really dears

How Those spaniards failed

Rahley plays his game of boles

Enoch directing cannons balls

Spy masters puppets on a string

Blind assets tales to court to bring

Social butterflies one step removed

From poison pens nights mask to move

Invisible hands to turn the screw

Assassins cloak to hide the blood

Thrown to the lions, which words strike true

Where Find the phrase to quell the flood?

3 musketeers .

Say voulez vous to Bonacieux

A bonjour dear to musketeer

Why bid adeu to buckled shoe

With all for one and one for all

Three swords unsheathed to Cardinal

A fathers gift of good advice

A broken sword his only vice

Achilles heels, abduction fears

D'Artagnan ponders open mouthed

His mothers tears a healing salve

Say voulez vous to bonacieux

A musketeers unbuckled shoe

Why bid adeu to voulez vous

With all for one and one for all

Four swords unsheathed to Cardinal

The Louvre to a frame

Picture perfect as she came

Her myrmidons of law

Would leave a Queen unsure

To Buckingham divisive plot

The number ten was all they got

Her of belladonna eyes

Two of diamonds to her lies

With all for one and one for all

Unsheathed to you it's voulez vous

Feigning her distress

Cries maid to her mistress

D'Artagnan to the bit

Into a closet fits

A monogram hanky panky

Lip bit unto her spanky

Key holed the whale bones on

A dangerous liaison

To Rocheforts Cockenade

Unsheathed the poniard

With all for one and one for all

Who'd bid adeu to voulez vous

For Athos sparse amore

A solid hero story

To the song of De la Harp

Her rows of stolen hearts

To apostate orders missed

Ano domini each kiss

Annunciations budding miss

Sweet perfumes Aramis

With all for one and one for all

A buckled shoe to voulez vous

Bid Porthos entrevouz

Her groom of chambers two

Hands turning in the clock

No time to face the dock

A tax to all her duty

For beauty offers beauty

Syrene to an encore

Bastille for De La Port

With all for one and one for all

Why cries Milady voulez vous?

To don the robe of fiction

An historic maladiction

Lips linger but awhile

Upon a felines guile

Her miracles salvation

Dry text books to a nation

Cloaked Chevalier Deon

Cloak and daggers ever on

With all for one and one for all

His voulez vous to Richelieu

A drop of water all should fear

A little death is coming near

Ensconced within their house

Eve droppings of a mouse

To Frenchmen named by fates

Queen Henrietta waits

A fleur de lys for hell

Hers the scarlet pimpernels

With one for all that none might fall

Why cries Milady poison tears?

Now raise the spirits with a toast

For musketeers must never boast

Across the waters of her tears

Pierres the bridge

Commission nears

The world an empty tomb

Where vampires prey on whom?

Amore bid adieu

To loss of Bonaceup

Recall unbuckled shoes

For none should lack for voulez vous

With all for one and one for all

Four swords of steel raised to Bastille

A token florin head water boatman to the dead

Cry all for one and one for all

For heroes call, my duty done.

Poem rise to fall (experience to innocence) over dose

The heart sinks

Every time I think of her fall

Tongue tied and fear griped

Squeezing life from a call

The phone is ever silent

As tears collecting in the glass

Fondly fingering the memory's

Blurred like photos from the past

And there's that knot now in my chest

Like the fever of white lines

A pen bit in trembling lips

But I cannot rest my finger tips

A heart rising just to fall

Wide eyed at a wonder wall

And though the chain is broken

She still steals my train of thoughts

The key to my mouth ever on my tongue

And some story's forever there are locked

The whistle by the tracks

At what was and could have been

And my fears all turn to grey

At the web that we would weave

A lonely cell, empty as my words

For I cannot rewrite what befell

The heart is rising, yet it falls

But never so deeply now it seems

For where a butterfly's wings lay broken

Angels tears , the blood on the tourniquet

And for all that was stolen

Still innocence lives on

Broken dancer..

The child that cries them self asleep each night

Wakening to nightmare, best hide out of sight

Swallowing back fear, choking on a cry

Praying all the demons soon will come to die

Toxic perfumes leave their stench

Buried hearts pretend aren't wrenched

Torn and tattered wings

When even angels dare not sing

Tragic actor weave your spell

A mask to hide a private hell

Broken dancer take the stage

Poison pen turn another page

The child that flees reality

Wishes one day to be forever free

The weeping for a hope

A heart craving just to cope

Broken bottles and razor blades

Cold comfort from the hell they made

Rage against their deaf machine

That hearkens not to what remains

The child that cried them self asleep each night

Wishing someone would take the hurt away

Struggling to find a guiding light

To be finally free of all their blighted ways

Tears that burn for innocence

Abuse no god could forgive

Broken dancer take the stage

Silent pen find an unspoiled page.

Poem six seated samurai.

The seventh sits alone

Reciting haiku on silence.

Never show the sword

Ask a one time pacifist

Who then writes with what?

Seasons turning wheels

Dusk whispers hopes of dawn

Grace rings in the morn'

The i within eye

The pupils dark reflection

The me within thou

At the story end

Were it all but make believe

Would there be no point.

Only through the eyes

Of another are we seen

Once more to have died

Ring in creation

Song of innocence returned

Divine child's laughter

Poem the moth.

The moth and the candle flame

The attraction, the burning,

And those broken wings.

Still the wax weeps.

She's got a smile

Melts obsidian eyes

Graced with the light

From a million stars.

Fingers are reaching

Through the darkest of hours

Winds there they whisper

To breath through her hair.

She's got a past

Makes gargoyles weep

Stone squeezed of tears

Fuels the fire of his heart

Touching the absence

The curve of the moon

Held in the half light

Soft slope of her cheek

Oh she's got a strength

To hold up the sky

Above the wounds

Where we wove our dance.

Petals are falling

Hopes left forlorn

Lonely as snowflakes

Longing for warmth

Tears where they well

Golden threads cross the sky

Still stars reach out

For each other each night

He sings in silence

That no one may know

For all that denies

Still he whispers her name

Would I break my own heart again?

Still the wax weeps.

Chocolat.

Hungry heart

Of love so starved

As if a whole

Was but a halved

Stirred passions

Like warm chocolat

The sun sinks down

Just clouded sky's

The chill of evening

No lip bit bedroom cries

Yet anticipations scent

Lingers still like roasting coffee beans

Hungry heart

The trembling leaf

Awaiting fall

Winter creeps in silence like the thief

Where icicle tears

Freeze as gnawed stalactite teeth

Hair turns white

Crow feet mark

Fragile gift

That fears the end

Out of sight

Lost in the dark

Hungry heart

Hands would grasp

To pluck the bloom

Squeeze out a gasp

Hungry heart

When hope departs

Hungry heart

The kindling sparks

Wanton wanting

The smouldering flame

Hungry heart

Fears to be tamed,

Hungry heart

And so, it starts.

Poem The Oasis.

Longing to embrace

Fearing loss of face

Turning the back on solitude

In romantic interludes

The tempting buds of spring

Mere hopes of blooms to bring

Flourishing pollens scent

Wonder at what it meant

Sowing seeds of possibility

Shedding masks for authenticity

An oasis amongst the dunes

Parched lips beneath blood moon

To breath of moistened air

As fingers brushing through long hair

Stallion's horse tail wave

The canter striding brave

With added spring to step

Reservations to forget

Footprints on a beach

Into the surf to reach

Falling fragile from the hands

The sifting through the sands

This washing of the past

Freedom screams unto the last

Dreams of summer lawns

Heat haze from rising dawns

The longing of new shoots

Trembling at the roots

To taste of waters rare

Stringing flowers for her hair

The coal face.

At the coal face

Smear'd cheeks and dirty hands

The dust of labour lost

Picket lines draw their battle cry

In the trenches

Bayonets raised

The cutting edge

On the front line

The furnace flame

Of molten steel

Fanning heat

To sharpened knives

Now stoke the fire

And sweat like roasting meat

Blank cards to punch.

A number Left to cutting code

Signing on , Marked out as loss

Ship yards now are empty

Only cargo cults hear prayers

For a Christmas bonus

Abandoned generations

Raise their bloodied fist

No work for grunts

The Dole cue yoke

Now waste away

With out recall of prosperity's dream

At the coal face

Charges set

To blast the core

Canary's song

Breathed sighs of relief

Pit ponies worked the track

The pick axes clicker clacked

Now with work ethics all forsake

For I am Daniel Blake.

Thorns remain

It was a red rose

Stark as blood

And where petals bled

Now only thorns remain.

Pursed lips

Raised in a kiss

Where tongues pooled

In rhythms moist caress.

Burgundy in a glass

To match the colour of filed nails

Soft skin to scratch

The spasm of arched backs

It was a red rose

From which petals silent bled

Now only thorns are left

Their ache pricks the memory.

The veil is torn

Lost innocents

The red rouge of blood

That paints a poems epitaph

Red rose left wilted in a vase

Your petals now are bled

And like the spilled burgundy

The blood still stains the memories ,

Red rose who'd take you to their heart

When only these the thorns remain.

The outsider

The outsider knocks not at heavens door
Yet will know the strength of their law,
Face up to belief,
All else be lost to meaninglessness
In forced guilt to know of grief
Or feel the weight of their morality.
The outsider refuses Mother tear
Rebuffing lies with indifference
To know in death no other fear
Than how to justify a sense of relief.
convention forms the burden
Betrays its own conceit
The judged known to the priest
A heart so blind in need of prayers
This jury of faceless mourners
Damnation which to them to preach.
Condemnation without a cry

Exposing sin now bound to die

Society will conquer

The dark heart of deviance

To feel regret or else

Be left of their false hopes forlorn.

Conform in final judgement

A killer to be slain

Executioner unto the final breath

The condemned facing their own death

A victim to one truth,

That none is set to gain.

Confronting meaninglessness

Defiant against the herd

Refusing to bow on servile knee

Exhaling at the end

The outsider knows no regret

In the pleasure of one final cigarette.

The rebel

Better to die on your feet

Than live a lifetime on your knees

Assert the self against shared depression

Don't live resigned to their oppression

Envy those who never struggle to be free

Resent status quo with misanthropy

Strive with ideal against their fated dance

Bow not to the wheel of chance

Born in chains, promethean

Raise a fist, rebellion

Where beasts would feast upon your flesh

Beware the bonds there to enmesh

A media-ocracy that they weave

In hope that all our passions leave.

They'll say all men have equality

But some are more equal than their brothers

The serfs freedom they call delinquency
For those who challenge they label other.
The rich will seek to sell you rights
But never give up to them the fight
They'll feed you answers in traditions
And curse all those who see there devisions
Rise up against the privileged class
In insurrection until the last.
Suffer unto me each little child
Whilst experience in protest ever wild
Tears off the blinkers some can't see
For we should not live a lifetime on our knees
Ever better to die upon our feet
Than live resigned to the last defeat.
Myth of sisyphus
Charged by gods to roll away the stone
What meaning sits upon their throne

In each step the span of days
Through pointless task to know their ways.
Roll, roll, roll away the stone
On mountain slope find a lonely home
Roll, roll, rolling with the stones
And at the peak find downward rolls the stone.
Why suffer ever for the heights
Absurdity our ever fated plight
Where we knot limbs to mountain scale
Yet at the summit finally fail.
Force of inertia in our bones
Brow strains with every gasp and moan
A fallen king to a thankless task
And no answers find unto the last.
Live fully in the moment as you push
Be present with revolt upon the breath
In struggle seek to find a hope

Describe the journey on the slope

The heart rises as it sings

It's rhythm soars on broken wings.

Roll, roll, roll away the stone

Heave ho, on mountain find a home

To rise to the pointless task

Take heart as the moments pass

They may have left you without right

But no way the spirit gives up the fight

Life struggles ever to be free

To find a purpose we can never see.

Satanicat

Satanicat satanicat

All hail to Lucy purr

Satanicat satanicat

Like Venus rapt in fur

Send them to hell

With kiss and tell

All follow this forked tale

And so to hell

So many fell

How could that tempter fail?

Satanicat satanicat

Bow down to Lucys' fur

Satanicat satanicat

She gives a little purr

She reigns in hell

Just can't you tell

The meaning in her name

Why many fell

A ne'er do well

It's the nature of her game

All bow their heads

Quick and the dead

They will come to serve

Satanicat satanicat

All hail its lucys' purr

Satanicat satanicat

All hail to lucys' fur

Satanicat satanicat

You will come to serve her

Saffron

Crimson saffron

A Persian rose

It's golden petals

Like Buddhist robes

The scent of harvest

Her cheek like moon

Where hair cascades

In waxing tunes

Alone in absence

The clouded sky

That shrouds the memory of their face

And haunts the heart

From night to day

Hopes in longing words can't say

The scent of saffron

Thresh like hay

Styled as the thread

Wove through this tale.

Why you say

To see the moon

Is such a common thing

But in its light

Reflections

warmth of the sun to bring.

Crimson saffron

Soft as cashmere

The weave of fibres

Stretched Naked across the rug

The chill of evening

Sheds a lonely tear.

Poem Success excess?

The altar of success

Strewn with the faithfuls bones

Driven to excess

Sepulchre dusty home.

To every sale it's price

Traded in exchange

Consumed with every vice

All lusts can be arranged

To drink with empty skull

On Foaming lip

The blood of innocence to cull

Stock craves flesh to strip

Worship profit margin

There is no other way

Bask in greed, no sin

Live big to seize the day

To pray to raised percentiles

No loss, the ones who gain

Devotees no blood moneys revile

To dupe those losers is the only game

Executive excess

Unknown their own distress.

Broken dreams and recked lives

Strung out on cracked mirrored lines

Burnt candles from both ends

Into despair descend

The faithful leave their striped bones

On the alter to corporate success.

The Trauma cleaner

Cracked phone box windows

Scrawling dead lovers names

Scars fade from the spotlights

Where the razor would tare

Mascara smeared tears

Painted mask hiding lost years.

Broken high heels

As someone else would have snapped

Laddered torn stockings

Self made prison traps

Shunned just for being ,

Used by many more.

Lipstick graffiti

Shattered mirror of the past

Splintered looking glass

Obscures childhood fears

Fragments of memory

Bled out on the tracks
Forgotten phone numbers
And fair weather friends
Scrubbed blank recollection
Like red, nail brush, skin welts
Whipped with a dog lead
Forced to eat from their bowl.
Clothes boil under salts
Bubbling as they're stirred
Like sunken emotions
Stained without thought
With Blood to be cleaned
White washed as your dreams
Longing for connection
For somewhere to belong
But back to the cracked mask
And calls for a swan song,

The smears of mascara

Yet the need to go on,

Camera obscura

For all you survive

Shift into focus

The trauma to clean.

White mountain..

Puzzled look

A missing jigsaw piece

Casting lots

Their war on inner peace

A pick axe

To the glacier

To find the next hand hold

Frozen fingers trace the memory

Of the route upon the face

North ridge

Circuitous path

Frost bit tears

The avalanche

Reaching ever up

Won't you throw me down a line

A guide rope to the summit

Where only the old goat

Shows the quick way down

Whore frost on the beard

Unique as the snow flake

Jack Frost his misty breath

Smoke screen for icy deaths

Puzzled looks

A childhoods jigsaw piece

This picture of the peaks

Blood runs cold

The Dolomites

Faces of the yeti

Carved within the ice.

Won't you please

throw me down a line

A guide rope

To the summit

Time to get a grip

Breath freezes like the hopes

Of body's left stranded on the slopes.

Poem Venus flytrap ..

Venus in fur

oh haven't you heard

It's war of the roses

Looking down noses

Bound by disease

This devil to please.

Venus a flytrap

Oh silly old me

Sounds hard to swallow

But just wait and see

They says she's the spider

To pull on a fly

Watch out for the gym slip

She's man eater style

Venus in fur

Oh haven't you heard

Short lived as a yorky

Plays Richard the third

A temple of tubers

For temporal tudors

With hearse to the wedding

The kill to the bride

Just like Percys' Mary

Could spin a fine line

Waxing quite lyric

It's frying tonight

Venus in fur

Oh haven't you heard

Put them on the map

With old queen mab

Full of emotion

The swell of her ocean

With pearls to her oyster

A glove in whip hand

As lord Byron quoth

To Venus in fur

To seaham all dead

Black ball to the head

Croquet on the lawn

Murder in rhyme

For that nursery crime

Venus a flytrap

Oh cilia old me

They thought her a school girl

But just wait and see

Her names really Audrey

No woman in white

A shop full of horrors

I bid you goodnight

Queen to the honey trap

Bee sting to the hive

Her stockings are chain mail

Cold iron tonight

Venus in fur

Oh haven't you heard

War of the roses

With fleur du mal posies

They spin us a yarn

Respects all that's dead

As lord Byron said

To Venus in fur

Oh haven't you heard

You're all a disgrace

All luddites Lovelace

Dionaea muscipula

To Dionysus musky pullers

Hard to digest

Our Venus a flytrap

Watch out for her grip

They thought her a schoolgirl

But here are her lips

Stokeing the fire

With demonic choirs

Just making the bed

How wonderful is death?

Venus a flytrap

Oh haven't you heard

With claws to the rip

Her Venus death grip

Madam teusauds

Pulling two swords

If Venus the bride

The hearse is the ride

Burned at both ends

This alphas omega

Killing in rhymes

For those nursery crimes

To Venus the bride

We're frying tonight

Venus in fur

Oh haven't you heard

Looks hard to swallow

But just wait and see

Venus a flytrap

Oh haven't you heard?

Poem diddley squat.

Diddley squat that's what we've got

I suppose you'd like to take the lot

But in case you had forgot

I've only got diddley squat

Half of nothing's not that much

You'd take my rights and all such

Take me for a ride

But it's you that's way off side

Diddley squat it's what I've got

You still want to have the lot

But half of sixpence you may think

Is worth more to me than a few drinks

Diddley squat you'd take the lot

There's something that you really have forgot

What have I got to loose?

That's right it's diddley squat

Who believes the lies of brexit

They want an out but there's no exit

Destabilise the markets with it

The rich still have a winning ticket

But diddley squat is what we've got

You think we want to leave but I think not

Diddley squat diddley squat

What do you think we've really got

I bet they'd have a referendum

To take half of what I've not.

The stories old they dig for gold

Their brexit myths are getting old

A silk purse from a sows ear

The rich aren't shedding any tears

Tell me what they've left us with

That's right, it's diddley squat.

Je suis Charlie.

Je suis Charlie

Mohammad is a paedophile

That's all there is to say

Muslims think he is so good

But he is the other way

Mohammad took Aisha

It's written in their books

She was only nine years old

I suggest you take a look

Je suis Charlie

Mohammad is a paedophile

Guess allah made him that way

Muslims think he's really great

But truth must have a say

Mohammad was a slaver

They all were in those days

He'd kill anyone

That refused his evil ways

Je suis Charlie

There are many lost prophets

Some will follow their ways

Mohammad was a paedophile

I guess he's had his day

Mohammad was a paedophile

History must have its say

They'll say I'm speaking blasphemy

But it is the other way

He'd fuck a camel up the bum

That's allahs chosen one.

Two steps back

One step forwards

Two steps back

Progress not perfection

It's time you faced the facts

One step forward

Two steps back

Fly me to the moon

Spare a thought for those who lack

What goes around comes around

What gets better can get worse

Stuck on rewind

Your luck can be reversed

'Follow me' leader

Time to take a backward glance

Shouting last orders

Demanding attention , no second chance

We're all 'happy and we know it'

'A pocket full of posies'

But Something's smelling off

Who's looking down their noses

Bright new tomorrow

It Gets better with a loan

Pay back what you borrow

Or You could be left without a home

One step forward

But then leap back

They went walking on the moon

But who takes a stand for those that lack?

Work ethic?..

You work all day and break your back

The TV sells you all you lack

Some how it never looks enough

The banker calls you at your bluff

Credit cards dealt for your hand

There's some believe they serve the land

The big nobs are still getting rich

Rewards in heaven, you'll get a ditch

Work ethics seem out of fashion

The unions seem to lack old passions

Puppet masters pull your strings

Greasing palms till deaths bell rings

The devils work for idle hands

If you resist you're no ones man

They'll sell you all you ever dreamed

You'll feel just like the cat that's got the cream

Get on your bike and hands off cocks

Find a Cinderella to darn old socks

Every pauper can become a prince

Of blood and sweat you'll need a rinse

They work all day and break their back

Beasts of burden that fear the sack

The bankers loan of self fulfilment

They say I must be bloody ignorant

See it's only all a game and I don't really want to
play

Slave masters profit, could there be a better way?

Unstably yours.

You tell me I'm blind

That I'm in need of control

Someone else makes a profit

From me playing your roles

You've spent a quarter of a million

Just to disenable my voice

You think that I'm crazy

When all you know is my name

I've stopped pretending

But you're lost in their game

It's your Social exclusion

But it's me that you blame

Are you sure I hear voices

How would you know

I don't talk to myself

That's how their label still goes

Do I think that they're talking about me on the tv

They've algorithms to keep dubs personal you see

You say I don't know my own mind

That you can adjust me

To fit in with your kind

I ask once again, am I really so blind

All of your prejudice tells me of you the things you
project are totally untrue

Mental healths just a lie

Who'd conform to a label

The doctors get rich

Why have I always been stable?

Drug company's make from creating a symptom

The nurses I meet only enable

How come I'm not drunk

Your diagnosis just fable.

Tell me how you feel

Now get back in their box

Not long ago

They used electric shocks

Find a good lawyer

Heads together control

They'll leave you with nothing

To play out their role.

Hadith

Writing in mirror

Where the dervish dance

And Omar khayyam

Lays drunk for one chance

To taste of his sufi loves lips

Whispering prayers

Five pillars to raise

Where ripened figs

Speak of the half moon

That lays beneath her veiled eyes

From al madinah to Mecca

Casting stones at the dark

Falling short for a time

Where the devil drives

Those Pilgrims to their hadj

Golden dome of the mosque

Declaration of faith

Giving alms to the poor

With a month for the fast

Ramadans hearts to the hunger

The chaste to the burka

Sultan to his harem

For it is written

Reciting in reverence

The words of Hadith

Rumis' verse cryptic, Yet of one belief

Ships of the desert Set sail

Camels goaded, Parched lips,

Their Sunni delight

With heads bowed towards the light.

The myrtle.

Morning dew on the bud of the myrtle

Warm honey fermented as mead

The veiled hood of the bride

Open flower glistens with seed

Wine poured in a libation

Crown of petals declares the spring queen

Sweet cakes to offer their lover

Wed for all to be seen.

Virginal white heavens scent

Chastity flushes with pink

Gentle touch to the trembling bud

The myrtles heart whispers like wings of the dove

Tears shed for the innocent soul

As beauty arises on waves

Triumphantly breaking free of the shell

Cascading sea from which her hair fell

To ride on the backs of two horses

Their sable flows free with the wind

The brush of tails as they gallop

Mounting the pace till the end.

To climb to the peaks in the passion

Fingers glisten with morning dew

The veiled bud of the myrtle

Mount of Venus to serve as loves crown.

Anon E mouse .

She loved her mouse

It was her friend

You'll never guess

Where this tale ends

She plugged him in

To her PC

She thought it was

Politically correct you see

She'd teach him how

To surf the net

Her own original cyber pet

But there are holes

Where no mouse fits

On booting up

She fried his tits

The moral of her rodent ex

You must be earthed

For cyber sex.

Beaumont Society.

Chevalier D'eon

Velvet glove forever on

The maiden of Tonnerre

A touch of class forever fair

Kings secret

The oysters polished pearls

Intrigue to the masquerade

Blushed cheeks ,

Where looks could never fade

To them White wedding days

Agent provocateur unto the grave.

Lady de Beaumont to society

Rouged lip, Seven years the war

A vale that none had tore

Russian dolls still count the score

To diplomacy

No indiscretion

Feline wiles know no disgrace

Cloak to dagger

Shows another face

The gentle touch

It's Finest arsenic to lace

Exiled to soho square

The pardoners tale, yet without a care

Dragoon the uniformed

A doxy to the uninformed.

Some would prefer that they were drugged

These days the lady's chambers would be bugged.

Monsieur d'eon

Is a woman, maiden fair

Intrigue flowing with their hair

Cloak and daggers liberty

many facets to the jewel

The unwary still would think us fools

To step beyond constraining rules

Who would dare to call our bluff?

Blood rose, a diamond in the ruff.

High heel shoes.

I'd like to see you

In high heel shoes

Black hosiery I'd also choose

The arch of your foot

Down to your toes

I'd like to lick

Right up your hose.

What have you got

Beneath your clothes

I'd like to suck

Your painted toes

What's under that frock

Do you like to shock

I'd like to see you in high heel shoes

Black suspenders I would choose

I'd like to see you in high heel shoes

The kind of thing no nun would choose

I'd get you in a dirty habit

And make out just like a rabbit

I'd put your heels above your shoulders

The second coming makes you smoulder

A novice in heels is really cool

If you dressed up I'd be your fool

And if you like a little rough

I'd get down to eat your muff

I'm ready for the crucifixion

Your high heel shoes are my addiction

I'd like to lick right up your thighs

Come on baby don't be shy

If you let me nibble at your toes

You're gonna end up without your clothes

Let me taste your stockinged thighs

There's no where to go

No where to hide

I want to see you in high heel shoes

The arch of your foot

Down to your toes

Black hosiery I'd also choose

When it comes to clothes

To win, you loose.

Come on baby don't you hide

You know you're dressed up for a ride

Your hosiery I'd like to feel

Whilst I'm bowing to your heels

I'd get you wet in rubber wellies

But just make sure your feet ain't smelly.

I want to see you in high heel shoes

All the rest you're gonna lose.

La belle dame Sans merci.

Knight errant , pale loiters in the saddle

seeks weary limbs to rest

And finding forest glade

Dismounts by birdsong blessed

Collecting by spring waters cool

A vision in the fount of tears

To quench wars fire at kisses pool

Reflecting on the surface clear

Lips fresh as any languid dew

Chasing rainbows from the clouded sky's

The sound of waterfall sings as of a love so true

But woe betide the fey their lie

Where fingers stroke the hearts ripples

The beautiful lady, undine pure

With spirit of the moistest tongue

A dream where only sirens lure

To sojourn in the whispery grove

With mushroom growing for a ring

Loves labours lost

Alas the veil is torn

The guilds cold metal marks as betrothed

Flowing locks enchained of which the minstrel sings

The beautiful lady has no mercy

The warriors nightmare left to fall

A shield that breaks the lance in twain

Struck down by her fairy thrall

Where lays the moaning corpse to die

And no birds sing, their wounded cry

There but no there.

The click clack

Of shaken bones

Never again to rise

Thousands of dominos

Awaiting the fragile touch of death

Where one and all

Will come to fall.

They dare not lean,

For their brother

Cannot take their weight.

Shaken bones,

In emaciated shrunken skins

Starved of compassion

With bulging eyes

Staring face on, to die

Genocide

A barb wire word
That catches in the throat
Like muffled screams
Squeezed out in the night
And lips turn to their grey blue
As they choke back cries
In final gasps for life
Shattered memories
Along cracked photo frames
Mothers and sisters
You hope died quick
With painless suddenness
Than face rape and abuse
The poppy in protection
Shot red like bullet holes
Bleached skulls
And broken bones

Pilled high in pits

Porcelain dolls

With cracked shrunken heads

Where no child lives on

And None are left to cry.

The click clack

Of shaken bones

That never again shall rise

There but not there

Fallen dominos

That marked the time as they fell

Left in the dictators wake.

There but not there

Where poppies take a stand,

Their silhouettes last post

United as one land

Faceing down That barb wire word

In death rattle on silenced lips,
Still The click clack grows louder
And one day could knock at our doors
45Frankl.

I survived 45

The kick from jack boots

The iron cross

Where hope ran dry

Camp guards the merciless foe

Tattoo numbers

Marked out as other

Emaciated lips

Trembling prayers for their brothers

Whilst the Crazy Iron eagle awaits the cull

With its hooded eyes of violence

The Concentration camps

Barb wire salutes to hate

The cue to die

showering in the gas chambers

The dictators final orders

Rebels Fists too weak to raise.

Who survived 45?

Left with starving eyes

Like rabbits caught in headlights

Awaiting the wheel of fate

Nameless in one faith

That the passing would be a mercy

Bags of bones

Discarded in lime pits

Pileing high the body count

Cut down deaf ears of wheat,

Ever Mindful of the plague

It's well fed nazi rats.

What survives

The rabid teeth of 45?

I survived 45

The Jew, the queer

Disabled children

Where the scars run deep as trenches

And recollections torment the mind

What does it mean to be a survivor?

Comrades hearts bound together

Mans search for meaning

At nightmares of a living hell

Stupid Cupid.

Strung an arrow to his bow

With hearts all a quiver

A blush is all they'll show

Stupid Cupid

He nearly got the boot

Almost took his own eye out

Wonders which way they shoot

Stupid Cupid

Eros without the lust

Notched another arrow

All or nothing, shit or bust

Stupid Cupid

Are love hearts an upturned bum?

Ask the fisher king

Is that ring a princely sum?

Stupid Cupid

A fool to love to boot

When two people are alone

He knows not which way to shoot

Stupid Cupid

Take a second look

The heart is ever fragile

Courtly love could use a book

Stupid Cupid

Hearts all a quiver

And my, how our body shook.

Kick ass.

Kicking ass for the working class

You'd get more money sitting on your ass

From yes boss to we don't give a toss

Hear our rally cry , no gods, no masters, fat cats
looking at disaster

They say the slave is free

Give me The liberals chant of liberty

But I hear the right have got a programme

To chain your thoughts , will you submit

The rich grow richer

Do you believe in all their shit?

Fair wage for a fair days work

8 hours for what you will and 8 upon your back

Kick ass, we're the working class

They'd keep us drunk, show them the broken glass

I hear they've made a chip

To feed all your desires

Make you conform, his masters voice

Their fascist disinformation Set to overload

Don't sit back to enjoy the trip

Garbage in, garbage out

Control is what they're all about

No gods, no masters

Kicking ass for the working class

An injury to one is an injury to all

If your brother falls

Will you answer his distress call?

No gods no masters

A ship of fools heads for disaster

The slave would break his chains

Yet Still the invisible hook

Raise the mainsail

Pirates to prosperity

Keel haul the boss , it's time the system shook.

Poem Sartre's lobster.

The nothingness in lobster pots

All consciousness forgot

The strugleing of traped flies

Along the mirrored edge

Clung atop the waters deep unfathomed grave,

Ripples whisper warnings of the coming wave.

An aloneness of subject

The absence in itself

Yet Ever for the other

An object lesson framed by time

Temporally displaced

This awareness of becoming
These prisoners to free will
Ever mindful of the fall
The coin toss to freedoms loss,
A Refusal to decide, no excuses left.
This leap from fate in deicide
Liberty calls for authenticity
To shed the bondage of bad faith
Are you lonely when alone
Solitudes favoured home
For hell is other people
This Resistance unto death
Ever a sum of all our actions
Commitment in each breath.
Abandoned to the earth
No mothers arms restrain
Forging own destiny

No martyr to be judged,
Ever Only In our own judgement
For what is this life of situations
When we are condemned only to be free.
Creating our own meaning
The unshackled turn to dreaming
Still the empty lobster pot
Flies struggle unforgot
Crustations fearful claws
Perceptions open doors
With nausea at becoming
Anxiety faced with possibility.

Alexa

I've got an Alexa
Likes to talk all day long
But the jokes are on me
Cos she hears me all wrong

I've got an Alexa

Why can't you teach her to hum

It plays the national anthem

Like it fits the queens bum.

I've got an Alexa

My how she's dum

She likes to play in a loop

Turned on by my voice

I guess her times come

I Like smart devices

But they can't lube themselves up.

I've got an Alexa

But where's the A.I.

When she reads from my kindle

Her inflection leaves me to cry.

I've got an Alexa

But she's really quite dum

She can turn up the volume

But would it disturb someone's mum

I'd like her to play me this song

But my how she'd go wrong

I've got an Alexa

And she talks nice n posh

But for what good she is

Were they worth all that dosh?

I've got an Alexa and I wish she could hum

When she turns out the lights the routines just begun

Holy trinity.

The Holy Spirit is it just a joke?

They made it up in the Latin they spoke

Not content with one god you see

They thought they'd split them up into three

The holy threesome someone's fantasy

A ménage Artois in the trinity

They serve one god but that's not all you see

Father son and the spirit makes three

The Holy Ghost just their beans on toast

The dove from above with the spirit of love

More mysteriously with angelic host

That's the one they pray to the most

The Holy Spirit is it just their joke?

You know the pope likes a bit of white smoke

Not content with one god you see

They split them up into trinity

A holy threesomes not my fantasy

A ménage Artois in the trinity

Father, son, like incest you see

But that's not all, the Holy Spirit makes three

God was lonely so he made him a son

And that's how all the trouble begun

For all we can tell it's just fantasy

They say they make up a Holy trinity

Xmas Turkey.

Whose having a Christmas turkey

Do you want a great big chicken?

Put out your stockings for this santa

He's full filling with a cane of rock.

If you like a big helping

Time to put the tinsel up

Those stockings sure could use a bow

Cos santas got the goose

Santas coming soon

It's why his cheeks are red

He's pulled a Christmas cracker

Put those stockings by the bed

There's a jingle jangle rumble in the jungle

For a last Noel.

Rudolf the reindeers taken to the sky

And santas looking red

Pulling crackers by the fireside

Until the kids are all in bed

If you like a big helping

With a Yule tide log

Put your stockings out

Cos the bird could use a stuffing

The snowmans got a carrot

What is it frosty nose?

Who likes a turkey for Christmas dinner?

Don't want a great big chicken

When you can have a larger cock

Plenty of seasons greetings to your pork

Father Christmas coming soon

He's not gonna unhand her

What's good for the goose

Is good for the gander.

Wage packet.

A guaranteed basic wage

Could turn over a new page

Citizens chartered rights

No struggle, no need to fight

A bigger slice of the pie

Reveals the capitalist lies

they cry Austerity

How come they live in prosperity?

They rule over , breaking all the rules

It's not what they teach us in their schools

So you want to have more

the bankers count each score

Scarcity programming

Oliver for an encore.

Can we have a citizens wage

That really would be a new age

Meeting everybody's needs

No hungry mouths left to feed

They teach there's a limit

That all must compete

Survival of the fittest

Own throats to slit

Finite resources

Or so you believe

Give us a citizens wage

It's the least all deserve

Turn over a new page

And then I might serve

Poem 9 to 5 (spread sheets),

Those numbers keep on crunching

The formulas forgot

Chained her to a desk

Typing up my words

The data keeps them packing
Shuffled on the desk
Clean sheets, she'll have to spread
We all like a bubbly sort
Filling in those cells
Move her up on top
Awaiting the next fax
Till the in trays long forgot
Her coffees picture perfect
She's manicured her nails
Fingering that memo
We'll stick her on the desk
There's stirring in the typeing pool
Kissing polystyrene cups
What froths up she'll now take down
A little short hand brings it off
Clerks fileing in their suits

But one law Leads to this boss

Accounts for merchant bankers

They don't need a bubbly sort

Knotted up in ties

Chained there to the desk

She's down on personnel

Favoured for dictation

Need an understudy I could use another sort

Tempted to use temping

Till the xmas party comes

Pulling on a cracker

They're switching on those boards

Banging office doors

Their bonus starts to rise

They like a little moonlight

This bosses little squaws

Upwardly they're Mobile

This lift, going down again

The PA has it scheduled

We work that little sort

Hanging round the rest room

Those Indians for chiefs

They love a little moonlight

This bosses little squaws

They're cueing for my door

How we work those little sorts.

Charlie's monkey (john wilmot).

Lord Rochesters' monkey

His lust in poetry

The Royal libertine

Some say he was obscene

Like Hades, maid abducted

A countess he instructed

Because of her distress

The Tower on him impressed
To bacchanal the grape
Some had him fit to rape
A rake unto the restoration
With wit he wrote his defamations
In lizzy Barrys' act
He made unholy pact
Theatrics that she fit
For Charles he trained those slits
The foot of Royal bed
Is where he lay his head
Tutored fair maidens hand
In how to serve the pleasant land
Our Nelly played her part
But Barry stole his heart
The clap took him to hell
His soul too keen to sell

To puritans forever blind

A satire against reason and mankind

Divorce

Barb wire kisses sign an affidavit

Red tape tourniquet with promise to be free

A fevered brow given to reminisce

Where Memory's soak a crumpled tissue rose

Raise perfumed possey from caught bouquet

The wreath to romance they'll disguard

A nausea to the fragrant flowers

Left to wrot unwanted in the vase

Litigation bleeding from a poison pen

Trembling hands stretch out upon the cross

The wounded side a deeper paper cut

The tabloids staple printed thighs

What image fled the forlorn tear

A shattered wedding photo frame

Miscarried justice blood soaked crack

This Passions bitter communion

The lawyers offer coins to cover eyes

Small change for a funerals price

undertakers Lead the slowest march

Brushed velvet raised to heaven in top hat

The magician waves his favourite wand

This spell, the flowers fade to black.

Barb wire crosses leave a fair well kiss

Signed in spite at the bottom of a dear john

Betrayal wrapt in another's crumpled sheet

Lusts stains coldly wept in a final parting shot.

Flotsam and jetsam.

You can't step into the same river twice

Constant change in unending flow towards the sea

Life forever is a mystery

The arrow forever in its flight

Is all that we see true reality

Are perceptions clear

What lies Eternal in being

Left watching shadows on the wall

Can we grasp a meaning to it all?

Life ever condemned to tragedy

A struggle without rationality

All meaning but flotsam on the tide

What salvage find we from the wreckage side?

Experience unfolding to the senses

Lost in the flux that reason cannot grasp

How do we know that all is not but a dream

What vision frees us from this shadow world.

In the kingdom of the blind

A king with one eye finds

Stepping from the confines of the cave

New freedom awakened unto the grave.

Can we ever change the tide

Left washed up by the water side

Life is an ever changing sea

How can we grasp its reality.

Combing the beach for its jetsam

To build our fated funeral pyre.

Sphinx.

Infants crawling in the sands

Leaving palm prints with their hands

Yet to stand on their own feet

In each stumble they rise against defeat

Children's voices raised so high

Yet to ask the questions why

They stand erect but yet may fall

Still stretching fingers rising tall

Teenage angst to values challenge
Seeking new paths beyond the fold
To grasp for wisdom standing fast
Yet may doubt words of the old
The man and woman hand in hand
Creating new fruits for the land
Security they'll seek to buy
Yet to reflect on days gone by
The old man's laughter at it all
The crones back bent avoids the fall
A stick in hand to stay upright
Yet thoughts may turn unto the night
Relics leaving for The young
Raise pyramids to reach the sun
The corpse is quiet in the grave
With coffin nails no final wave
The mourners stand still on their feet

In back of mind their own end greet

Sands of time collect in dunes

Riddle of the sphynx , death comes too soon.

Charlie.

He's a bit of a bonnie prince Charlie

His legs look good in a kilt

But when it comes to addressing the nation

It's more a case of 'oh, Rahley'

Oh why can't we all sing in harmony

With words of praise on our lips?

When it comes to being a grand architect

He's a bit of a Rebel Prince

His three feathers are worn with pride

Climate change, he's on the winning side

When Ladybird faces the flood

He's our man with the bluest of blood

Don't be cruel, for big ears had noddy

Aston martins and yachts that he sails

Such a pity he's loosing his hair

The prince of wales, a receding heir

Princes trust keeps the youth out of trouble

What else could they otherwise be?

There's whispers of a republic

Would the king grant the workers more liberty?

Royal court likes to put on a play

Delivery to their 'really... you don't say.'

We turn a blind eye to his love life

The polyamorous dream

Take your medicine with silver spoon in your mouth

For the paupers no judgement of prince

Who'd else take a pot shot at grouse?

For all he's the first in line from the Queen.

Turn the tide?.

How contain the rising tide

That flows higher with each wave
Exhaling deep felt breath
In Warm currents which to bathe
Caressing cheeks of land
The swell none can turn back
Swirling foam it's hands
Reaching outward against lack
Reflecting only sun
Who'd douse the raging flame
That blazes with its light
Consuming all the same
Feeding fire flys
Where aching, baked earth cries
None can turn back the tide
Of passions stirred deep in the breast
Knowing only hunger
The heart can never rest

Parched lips unceasing thirst

Uncontained the flood would burst

Dripping with sweet scent

To shower in water fall

Hot steam there still to test

No ebb within the sweat

To yearn for satisfaction

Frustrated circumstance

Even tears whisper with a ripple

That longs and yet fears loss

Words licking at old wounds

Consumed by the rising tide

Lady Liberty (EU bill human rights)

I want you more

Than relief from the pain of grasping thorn

Or the fevered lips

Unquenched fire trembling for a kiss

The frantic fear

In losing the memory

Last night's dream

Of laying languid in those arms

Unsated passions

Where body shakes

With the force of suppressed sighs

Wanting like a thief

Ashamed in envy

For the sought for prize

A puppet for a string

Directed by the marionette

No hands more dominant than love's

That wrenches heart with longings to belong

I want you more

Than the song of nightingale

To mourn my parting soul

With words of immortality

I want you more

Than the distant hope

That still lingers a sweet while

Like fingers stroking cheek

To raise the wanton mouth

Parched with thirst

Moulding sweet phrases upon the tongue

Wounded healer. (Pierrot)

Save me

Rearrange me

From shattered looking glass

Of childhood fear

To the washing in the font

Of long shed tears

Redeem me

When you dream free

The web of all that's passed

Constraining to the last

To leave the ragged bonds

Rise cleansed

Still standing fast

Hold me

When I stagger

When I fall

Raise my hopes

When all lays smashed

Broken reflections

Where all that's been before

Is dashed.

The flight of a lonesome bird

On solitary wings

Reaching unperturbed

New heights of which to sing.

Rising with the breast

Heart beating in the chest.

To turn the course around

And nest on softest down

Come fly with me

And reach into the clouds

Defy gravity

And the funeral shroud

Embrace life

And know no fear to fall

Find new meaning to it all

Break the bondage and it's strife.

Raise me

Wounded healers

Broken wings,

Hold to me

A hearts song

Longing to be free.

Redeem me

With a love of liberty.

Surfs up

Messages in bottles

Cast into the waves

Taken by the tide

Upon the surf they ride

Shattered dreams

Like broken glass

Worn smooth by the sea

Strewn pebbles on the beach

Opaque, a paupers gemstones

Combing through the beach

Words writ in the sand

Washed out by the scree

Strung as pearls in poetry

A mosaic of the mind

Fragments form a vision

A whole of many parts

Children's messages in bottles

To their adult self

And how those dreams that shatter

Still may be washed clean

Screams taken by the tide

Surf roaring raging wide

A child recalls its message

Cast into the waves

Laying calm upon the sand

Smooth glass gemstone by the sea

Subversion

You dangle your carrots

As if we're all donkey

Idioms carved in our minds

Roses with thorns to the bed,

You can lead a horse to water

But all pencils alas must be led

Pearls for the swine

What you're thinking

May not be the same we intend

Patterned fine phrases, sub verses

You'll get the point in the end,

Some words Bound to stick in your head.

How do you respond to the whip

Mislead by a plot malcontent

Maybe you should question the motives

Of those unclear of intent

All the world but a stage

Play your tragic role to the gods

To court a balcony wave

But please now, do try to behave

The actress and the director

Who knows who'll get more applause

Stealing the limelight from fools

Hoodwinked by royal glove

The innocent faint at the switch

Venus is not just the goddess of love

You may think that we all need guidance

With your hooks to plant in the heart

You'd make us feel we chose freely

But who whispers sweet nothings to me?

Cart before horse, carrot dangles

Broken dreams fed at acute angle

Who marks the span of our days

With one eye at back door to look on all that we say.

The stage

The understudy

No role to play

Casting fated dice

Shaken bones

Awaits the prompt

Where lead has payed their price

Hugging the wings

No curtain call

No bowing to the gods

To seek applause

The lover courts

One chance Soliloquy

Is this life only an act?

Who writes the script

That all must come to follow?

What blind director

Leads us on

Until our final bow ?

The casting couch

The actress flirts

Romance in a rouge mask

Where all play unto the tragic end

Seeking voice for feint of heart

A comedy on muted lip

The wall flower

Left out from the dance

With stomachs butterfly

Ever wishful of one slow waltz

Where stars revolve from glitter ball

To bask in bright flood light

Cue line calling To the heels

That strain to tread the boards

Shameless as the catwalk

Lips dared from silence,

strike a pose

Where pen writes this trembling lovers act

Savoir-faire.

Pen is in hand

Like anal sex

Some say it should be banned

It might be a small prick

But it still demands plenty of attention

Sissy's fuss

About their pains

Could use a truss

To tie their wings

Keep them turning over

Spit roast or charcoal grilled

Freshly caught

In fish nets

Watch out for the crabs

It's all that you might get

some things smelling like cod roe

As you're diving down below.

The Caviar left

Fillet beluga

Still bereft

Of Values set to bugger

Sautéed with some garlic

Do try a little Gaelic

Escargot, Their 2CV

Too slow To MOT

Now Where's that little dip stick?

We'll check their olives oil

The seat belts looking loose

We're sure to up their gear

Sartre liked his beaver

existence precedes her essence

Montmartre for le cock tale

Be sure to tip the waiter

In his act that he's forgot

To be freed by apricot.

Questions

Neglected wounds

The unhealed scars

Misrepresented

By interpretations

The mirror cracks

Where make up hides

Weighted words

To tragic mask

Selling out

Who gives a damn

The same old story

Falls on deaf ears

Evidently

The games afoot

Concealed lies

With many roles

A question mark

The feigned regards

Crying wolf

Betrays the judgement

Hackers connected

On social webs

Constructed walls

In last defence

To wind the thread

In doom the fates

Where empathy

Falls short in truth

Echoes of another smile

That concealed mere fakery

To cast the dice

Seeking more,

Than curiosity

That kills the cat

The net they cast

Say what they caught?

Without a care

The innocent party

Pussy galore

I've got a strange fascination

With a pussy fixation

Felines beguile

Playing with their prey all the while

Watching those paws

Win the starkest applause

She's the one with the claws

Unsheathed behind closed doors

With a pencil skirt

My how they flirt

With a swish of the tail

Looking like they can't fail

But I'm not into loosing

All but my shirt

Strange fascination

That's a pussy fixation

Behind closed doors

Wins a one handed applause

Look out for the claws

In a get out clause

Cleaning her paws

Her prey a lost cause

Pussy galore

Not quite what you foresaw

Strangely fixated

Pussy fascinated

Always some how on pause

With their feline encore

Look out for her claws

Where's the get out clause?

Poppies

Opium poppies cry their milky tears

Bitter memory to obscure

Wept from the bulbous ribs

Of seed heads left bled dry

Brown sugar in bent spoon

The sour bite of lemon

Hopes collect in cotton clouds

That draw the venom up

A needles prick

Makes love to the tender vein

The rush of blood

Released by tourniquet

Cold shot that numbs the flesh

With its ice caress

A kiss with fevers lips

Left forever in their thirst

A moments satisfaction

Stilling of the heart

That still will crave once more

Its sated wish unto the grave

To dream of endless slumbers

Fragments of visions tingling flight

With itching skin to wake

To crave once more to seek the night

Deaths shroud in dilated eyes

That stare into the end

Phantom thread

Phantom thread

The catwalk tread

Where ghosts regress

The memory in a dress

Passions tied

An overwhelm to hide

Fastening of the zip

To silence the trembling lip

And suit the tastes

Where corsetry grips the waist

Hunger seeks to dine

The pallet cleansed

On moments froze in time

Sow secrets in the canvass

A feast for weary eyes

Who hypnotised the lens?

To Buttons

A Cinderella

Fixated on the heel

Crystal slipper to the toes

Arched foot,

heart in death throw

To weave the fates in time

Writ in the skirts hemline

In finest high couture

Black as nights dreamed door

A form for lace sublime

Reading in to every sign

The measure of phantom thread

A prince for but an hour

The time slips through finger tips

Still imagination grips

A posture with hidden power

Direction where angels fear to tread.

Object of desire

Objectifying women?

I'm here to object.

You might find me objectionable ,

But I won't treat you as an object.

Women like to win

It's why they like to swing

I'm all for Female sexuality

But is romance now a sin?

Can I tell you you're desirable

Without being called a misogynist

In the battle of the sexes

You're more than just a little miss.

I won't treat you as an object

But still I hear you object,

When I say I'm fascinated

It doesn't mean I'm obsessed

Yet for all the subtlety

I'd like to see you well dressed

Ladies on top

Just like all golden girls,

I'm attentive to your needs

You might like to give me a whirl.

Objectifying women?

I'm here to object.

Do you find sensuality objectionable?

I won't treat you as an object.

Not Down but out

No guilt, no shame

Trembling fingers

Tap the window pane

No judge, no blame

Left there crying with the rain

Still burning oaks out in the park

Just to keep us in the dark

No mercy to redeem

Empty streets without a dream

Where lay you down to rest

No secrets left to confess

Things always end the same

Only rich men set to gain.

In anguish, what remains

Could things ever look the same?

A cold hard shoulder for a bed

Sore feet where hopes lay dead

Middle classes dream to fulfil selves

The underside reveals who steels the wealth

No guilt, no shame

Who is there left to blame?

Frozen hands reach for the light

Nightmares crawl the skin throughout the night

On the Outside they'll call you mad

To claim their society ain't so bad

Whose choice?

Who left you on the outside?

Nothing left for you to decide

Falling apart on the inside

Nowhere to run, no place to hide

Shop lifting your next meal

How do they think it really feels

No door left open

No friend left

Not even yourself to blame

How do they justify?

Sometimes the best of dreams will fall apart

And all your left with is your lonely heart.

Miss Understanding

Miss Understanding she's their therapist, She gives a
little rub with a well oiled wrist, She'll show them
how to split front page personalities, When they're
down on that couch she's their number one./

Miss Understood that's her alter ego, Plays the black
madona to Ekharts men, Nuns down on their knees for a
second coming, Their bells to that book as she blows
out their candle, Detatched from loves chains in her
House of Lords./

Miss Understanding, understated at the best, It's a
game people play as they work up a swet, Tied to
extremities, Times best left forgot, Taken to the
deapths in her fantasy, depravity./

Miss Understood they share the same smile, Down in
the dungeons a story of nine tales, Plays it
Sheradnazeh to Arabian Knights, A dance of seven
veils with her favourite strap, Whiping up a frenzy
she's an Anal-Lyst./

Miss Understood beneath Understanding, When they look
up her skirt old Jacob starts to dream, Take eat for
this is her body, It's what they thirst for with
their trembleing lips, Just Judges and Lords to her
golden chalice, They leap for entertainment facing
up to those trials./

Dressing up her characters in a land best left
forgot, She'll penetrate their minds, in a fantasy,
depravity.

Mandolin

Resonant stings of mandolin

Vibrations reaching across the gulf

A captain seeks a hand to win

Emotions to move without a touch

The troubadour tunes his instrument

Gentle caress to turn the key

No dissonant chord as he strokes

Longings awakened as he strums

A piper aboard the wayward ship

That struggles through storms to cross the sea

A last post requiem for the lost

With thoughts of loved ones yet to free

A soldiers drum

The rhythm strong

Nutcracker turns to sugar plum

Unsure of fate and yet they long

The strings of the heart

To resonance

Turning next card

In game of chance

The joker wild

To the full house

And still the knave would steal his part

The captain plucks his mandolin

Vistas of freedom where fingers dance

Lost in the memory of the eyes

An untouched hand that strokes the heart

Main Sail

This Rich tapestry

Here's blood to your eye

Like old king Harold

Life's a bitch, thank god we die.

To bare fortunes outraged arrow

The oceans tempest on the wind

A ship adrift upon the waves

Hand to the rudder with torn sails

Eye on the compass

Edge of the world

To make new land

Beyond the map

The leviathan

Its body politic

The surf of stormy seas

Shipwrecks wailing Economic suicide.

Where sharks gather to the hunger

Around life boats with smell of blood

Faint hearts Hold to sureties mast

Who'd struggle at the fateful oar?

There be monsters

So to tell a tale

But to new horizons

Still our ship sets sail.

Incomplete

Incomplete

In chance glance to meet

Like the first flakes of snow

Melting to tears so slow

Incomplete

And so to repeat

Scraping the frost

From misty windscreens to wipe

Hands numb in mittens

Reminds of the smitten

Hopes that reached out

Where hands failed to touch

As winter grows cold

And the warmths getting old

Fractal patterns in ice

Mulled wines scent of spice

Incomplete

Where pine needles greet

And the offer to friends

Is that the tales never end

Lassie

Lassie come home

Where did you roam

It's been a dogs life

When will you return?

Shiny black button nose

Pokes through your fur coat

Lassie saves the day

It's what the kids say

Rough collie to pet

We will never forget

The joy as you ran

The Way back from the vets

Lassie come home

A dog needs a bone

With a wag of the tail

Your bark without fail

Memory's of childhood

Fade to black and white

Celluloid dreams

Make a come back

Lassie come home

So far that we roamed

The sound of your bark

Welcoming back

One thing left to say

Lassie saves the day

Janus

As in the beginning so too the end

One face to the future

One faced away unto the past

Gates opening to war

To be closed only at a coming peace.

One smile shining from the sun

The light from the moon is the same one

A visage from heaven sent

Dual aspects are forever leant

From chaos seek to frame a form

To go, the meaning of a name

Divided in duality

Yet united in integrity.

From the start we find your bridge

To reach across the waters of this life

To mark the span of days

Reach ever onward, show the way

Two faces has every clock

One past, one future, to our eyes

Every birth has its moments greeting

Each death marked by the turning hands.

Gate keeper at the opening

Dual aspect closing door on fate

Janus is a two faced god

Our lot, blind to their mystery.

Incomplete

Like a discarded jigsaw

Never seeing the full picture

Painted behind closed doors

Incomplete

Still the heart skipped a beat

And though the words seem to melt

The sentiment still truly is felt.

Immorality?

Children and beggars pray alike

All fools reaching for hopes light

The gates to heaven firmly shut

Reason always will leave faiths answers with a but.

To injure the reputation

Does god sue for defamation

Perceptions subjective to divide

Claims of blasphemy can never hide

The gods we all must come to defy

Who raises a golden calf to deify?

Each and every one are all the same

The raving gibberish of the inane

To free our minds, unleash our tongues

In heresy know the time has come

Bow not to the slavers words

Rise up against commands for the herd

How should we best live?

How flourish, the most to give?

The self In accordance with reason

it's own king knows no call to treason

Unshackled from the chains of myth

Self interest brings its own gifts

To find a love of liberty

To know the good in responsibility.

All morality relative

In mutual concern that we come to give

Of human bondage

Nectar dripping from finger tips

Attracts the honey bee

Petals open to the morning

To let the willing in

But darkness rises like a mist

Obscuring all from sight

The bondage of belonging

Restrains the rising dawn

Held by ties conforming

To the herd their lies

Cobwebs to enmesh

Pulling at the fly

The trembling of wings

Caught in their freedom flight

Wove with knots tradition

To stockings of fishnet

Raising of the foot

To sink down to the knees

The supplicant to worship

The point of sharpened heels

To nuzzle at fine lace

Hold ups to the face

To stroke the gentle curve

Lay languid in the arms

Where all else is spent

Beyond the passions cry

Submitting to the limbs

That coax to let you in

Holding to the image

Trapped spasm of the mind

To drink nectar from the cup

With petals inviting

The Bondage of conformity

Yet to raise the taboo mask

Heads Together

Crumbling croissants

That speak to me of a tortured soul

I scream into my coffee cup

But still can't fill the hole.

I did not ask for this

But they did it to me anyway

Through smiles at broken dreams

They fed my fears

And left innocence awash with tears

All this because I defended myself too well.

I can't remember when I was free

A blank wall screaming to be heard

And the doctor has me held down again

To squash my cry for freedom

I hardly feel the needle

They are 'helping' me you see

Helping me not to feel

And yet my tears are real.

Painting a cells blank canvas

With burned rubber

From regulation shoes

And to comfort me

They write 'madness'

In a folder for their own amusement

That mercy knows no escape

From courtyard fences

That stretch out forever

Shattered windows and bleeding hands

Where only the red runs for my tears

Scarlet anguish to hide the bruises of the years

Now I am their label

Pinned to my heart

And I have no insight

Nor play any active part

In this their treatment

Of the human condition

They do not let go

They need this much control

This is mental health

They deny my reality

It is all they think of me.

They held me down

Man on man

Twisted limbs

And laughed at my protestations

Still the croissant crumbles

And as I try hard to swallow

I reflect that nothin really

Fills like emptiness.

Hair

Silk satin finish

Freshly showered hair

That shines from conditioner

Floral scent with a flair

Where water drops fly

with a flick into the air

Goose pimples in the steam

Sensation without care

Warm towelling of the skin

Soft embrace to dry

Flushed flesh, relaxed muscles

Letting go of hand rail

Brushing fibres like cobwebs

Whispering as a horses tail

Reaching for the light

Gently stroking cheek where memory's pale

So smooth to the touch

Like the skin of water Mellon

Freshly waxed legs

A little hint of heaven

To brush the strands with the fingers

Stroke flesh with the thumbs

Massaging the scalp

Till with a sigh the tension comes undone

Trembling with thoughts rare

Of the silk satin touch of hair

Lily Leaves

There's a wan white lily

Touched with tears of dew

Breathed back to life

By the morning breeze.

Now a trumpet its playing

With the strength of a kiss
And the song that its singing
Stems on back to the past.

Down, down below
Where we meet at the roots
A rythm is swelling
With a hunger it seems
But at its source theres a sobbing
That few get to hear
A little child crying
Nestled deep down below.

From the veil of all sorrows
A flowering begins
Breathed back to life
By each word onn the breeze

Its growth in our spirits
Through the shareing of tears
And these hearts that surround us
Are the lillys leaves.

Grandad

He said the nazis won
This man of so few words
He worked every hour
God sent him
To avoid those he said he loved
And sure there were the silent screams
Bit into pillows
That marked the sum of his manhood
A real man
Twisting limbs to prove his dominance
Chinese burns and dead legs

To learn little children not to disobey

Taught to keeping up appearances

The old familiar lies.

He spoke to me once of the war

The severed mothers breasts

Served up on silver service plates

That the SS left behind as warnings

A feast for his sore eyes.

His excuse, it made him like it

But we all know he did his sisters

Long before fortunes of war

The 'war hero' (hem)

That broke his own leg

Beneath the field guns mighty buck

Waving a deserters mock salute

A naughty school boy

Leaving the field early

Before the kickoff,

And all his mates to die

Real men

Always of so few words

Taciturn hate that smouldered in his eyes

You knew he meant it

When he'd say he could kill you

By the bruises that he dealt

A real man

Never saying what he felt

Even when I offered him a new kidney

Perhaps to prolong his agony a while

And when his corpse moans

Barb wire words of rape

Just tears wept into bitten pillows

Like the long dried blood

To remind me of his manhood.

Fur Nicole Kidman

Could you shave

This hairy heart of fur

The deep freeze

From protection

Take scissors to the locks

Unchain me with this key

Reflection in the mirror

To see me in the real

To shed each and every disguise

Would you hold me naked in your eyes

Would you faint and turn away

Like all I've known before

Longing to be rocked within your arms

To my breast an open door

To bathe warm with the tears
Shed with one long held hope
Be cleansed of all that's past
The stratagem with which I've coped
To know it is a dream
Longing to choose free
Commitment on the breath
Straining with cold bonds of reality
When we are born we all are naked
Struggling till we die to loose this outer skin
Could you shave this hairy heart
That knows no other warmth
Let me swim within your waves
And drown within those eyes
Till I reach up with my hand
And dare to breath you in

Funfair ride

Social butterfly

To the masquerade

To write in black and white

Fragrant flowers to be read

Strung out stars

Of carnival lights

Hung beneath nights veil

To raise hopes with the ferris wheel

Emotive rollercoaster

Risked plunge into the depths

Where waxen moon

The candle drips

Who'd snuff the guide their light

Leading up the staircase

The rhythm of each step

The hips rising but to fall

Helta skelta

Hearts let go

Death calling to the faithful

The mat held to the knee

To slide into submission

Unto the waiting arms

The waltzer weaving

gentle mans excuse me

Hand raised to the dance

Beckoning pit of spine

To take the breath away

Scooped up in knotted limbs

The masks we wear

The clown sad eyes

Their tragedy in tears

Yet bitten finger nails

To raise the veil

Here spelt out

Words of a sirens song

That penetrates the night

Frost

Warmly whispered sighs

Hot breathed clouds on the cold air

Trembling frosted tears

That weep down the window pain

Where cobwebs glisten

To first morning mist

Reflected in collecting drops

The night times strands of dream

Heavy lids of sleepy eyes

Opening from the dark

Where fingers reach to try

To grasp inspirations spark

The cold shadow falls

And stretches to escape the light

Elastic imagery

Pulled on like toasted gloves

Fingers fragile paint a smile

Upon the frozen glass

Cool touch reminding of the pain

Of cracks in separation

United to share in one hope

Rapt warmly in a scarf

And woollen hats seel in the heat

Bobble crowned thoughts of the fire side

Where embers glow to be stoked

The hearth its crackling heart

Flotsam and jetsam

You can't step into the same river twice

Constant change in unending flow towards the sea

Life forever is a mystery

The arrow forever in its flight

Is all that we see true reality

Are perceptions clear

What lies Eternal in being

Left watching shadows on the wall

Can we grasp a meaning to it all?

Life ever condemned to tragedy

A struggle without rationality

All meaning but flotsam on the tide

What salvage find we from the wreckage side?

Experience unfolding to the senses

Lost in the flux that reason cannot grasp

How do we know that all is not but a dream

What vision frees us from this shadow world.

In the kingdom of the blind
A king with one eye finds
Stepping from the confines of the cave
New freedom awakened unto the grave.
Can we ever change the tide
Left washed up by the water side
Life is an ever changing sea
How can we grasp its reality.
Combing the beach for its jetsam
To build our fated funeral pyre.

Fish Alive

Once I caught a fish alive
Which finger did it bite?
A tin man recollection of the right
Hook line and sinker?

Not a nibble whilst truth hides out of sight.

How many brave defenders

Played in a gambit

En passant for the pawn

Pined by a bishop

Playing both sides

With black to their white

Where an actress flirts

Life through a lens

No end game in sight

But once I caught a fish alive

Protecting the borders

Sea of dreams which to cross

Out of your depth

Who'll be lost in the shuffle?

Splinter in their lies

But a beam to the eye

A wolf hound to leash

Candle in the wind

Barb wire kisses

Sat atop a stone wall

Who uses protection

When the cards aren't all down

I'll raise in the ante

Smoke signals for grenadier

Tourists of terror rolling the dice

Where thistles remind of three fishes on ice

Epicurean

This life a bitter gift

Pain and trouble to the mind

Excess ever to it's payback

Love a price that's so unkind

The temperate heart

It's simple pleasure

To find ease from the start

The frugal find for them a hidden treasure

Abundant in spirit

Turn to restraint

Turmoil to shackle

Simplicity free of taint

Moderation

With beauty paints

Death as nothing

Lacking sensation

The material brings

In time an end

I was not, I was,

I am not, I do not care

To be in time

A pleasure rare.

To find truth in sensation

Marred only by preconception

Surrendering to feeling

These joys epicurean.

Diamond?

The magpie perched

Espies the ring

Does it Covet only gold ?

Hearts glimmer which to steal

Joined in one body

By diamond sealed

The hope when two become one

Fragile happiness secured

The chained spirit

It's missing link

Encircled around the finger

To mark its servitude

One kiss for eternity

Free spirits

Toss the coin of fate

Into the fountain of life

Drinking of fluidity

But can they find fulfilment

In their ever constant thirst?

Jealousy grips

The wounded chest

Birds of paradise

Locked in guilt cage

To dream of flight

On unclipped wings

And reach for boundless sky

To know no bond

Polyamorous

A new tribe

Which to found

Love unconstrained

Till heart can find completion

For even those forever freed

Harken back to the love they need.

Delicacy

The delicate nature of desire

Sated lack of which to dream

Moist as waking lips

Awakened to a kiss

Held close to the breast

Where head would seek to rest

Still striving like buds of spring

To the mornings opening

Ever on the mind

First thought from slumbers arms

To drink form with the eyes

With hopes love never dies

The fresh shoots of snow drops

That pierces winters veil

Like tears explosion at the fall

Into the longed for embrace

The gently weeping rain

Sending ripples across the heart

Like blood aroused, the pulse

Beats its rhythm unto the grave

The delicate nature of desire

Gossamer to the breeze

Ever reaching for the side

To melt the winters freeze

Death and the maiden (Schiele)

Death rattle

Cold snake eye

Poison kiss

Dripping from the fangs

To penetrate the flesh

Piercing fragile form

To rip the blushing skin

Long neck, the taste in bite

Moistened lips

That feed on blood

Needle sharp

The thirst licks sticky fingers

Wretched darkness

In fevered caress

Stained portrait

Of passions rising damp

Shades shaped in dread touch

A canvass of soaked sheets

Where restraint lets fly

Phantom shadow leaves its taint

The gulf between fragile hearts

Like gossamer weaving web

The snake its hooded eye

With innocence set to die

Burning bright dance macabre

To bask in twisted coils of fire.

The tear of perfumes scent

No room left to repent

Where serpents would entwine

The thirst for blood its wine

Yet to Mature in casks of flesh

Smear'd on the parted thigh

Death and the maiden

The memory froze in last goodbye

Daddy dear

A core of hate

Like a knot in the chest

Or the burning tears

Of raised fists in rage

Nothing to surrender

No love to give

Grief that is bitter

With razor torn recollections

Abandoned , suppressed

Moans of the empty grave

The cigarette butt

They put out on my skin

A childhood memory

As they demanded

The tears on bitten lip

For real men do not cry

A little cunt

Their words of endearment

Scorched in the soul

Burned into the mind

Fearing for my life

Those hands dealing out pain

Hard wired rebellion

Fed in revolt , nurtured by spite

Compassion bled eyes

That know no redemption

Thoughts turn to murder

Deaths frenzied grip

No room to forgive

The little child's fist

For the cigarette burn

Raging on ever lives

Their little cunt

All my father taught me was shit

Poem Christ Saves? .

Nailing christians to a cross

Got to show them who is boss

Just don't give a toss

Cos all they preach is dross

We sure could use the wood

They say their news is good

With thorns to a crown

What goes round comes around

Just tell me what's the loss

They think their gods the boss

Nail those christians to a cross

Because we just don't give a toss

They like to have a drink

Of their chosens blood, it really stinks

Like vampires to commune

One body comes too soon

Nail those christians to a cross

Can you tell me what's the loss?

Gods loves burning oh so bright

Time to set their toes alight

They cry of heresy

If the same way you don't see

A crock of bull is all they teach

With cursed tongues with which to preach

All those christians need a nailing

But It's a stretch to fit all those rings

Brussels for trump?

Who'd stand down wind

After you've been eating Brussel sprouts?

Try baked beans as well

To blow bubbles in the bath.

Some smell eggy

Some just silent farts

Some are just epic

They'll rip your cheeks apart

You can say it's someone else

If you're sat atop the bus

Be sure they'll call your bluff

If they heard you guff

Rich aroma , like the finest wine

It's why the French eat garlic

Every dinner time

Fromage frei repeats

Just like their stinky feet

Don't ever let one go

If you've found your latest lover

The sheets might rise

But it's best you kept it under cover

It's the only Trump we like

Like nelly the elephants trunk

You could end up with a wet one

If you get too drunk

Who'd stand down wind

After Brussel sprouts?

By European standards

Brexit's a load of guff

Heinz 52 its bottom bullets

Pinch your nose, it's getting rough

Archangels

St Michael pulling at the chains

The devil under foot to strain

With sword to force into the flames

Payback for his wicked games

Gabriel herald to the trumpet

guess they think we're well met

Sweet rock and roll ,

Harbinger to the coming child

Raphael with lance raised to the heavens

Healing caduceus for the brethren

Archangels standing against the storm

Of demonic hordes to judgements fall

Urial, some will repent

And some will taste the sword

Licked by tongues of fire

The Pentecost on hallowed lips

Archangels seven against sin

Pure hearts protecting with their wings

Sell religion to imagination

The unwary forcing to their knees

After all it's just theistic fantasy

No kingdom to their cursed key

The priesthood preaching words of lies

To chain the minds of fragile souls

How many angels dancing on the head of a pin?

Try Hitchens razor, you just can't win.

All about who?.

If it's all about me

How come I think so much of them

Do they fail to see

Held How highly in esteem

To enter another's mind

And share this consciousness

I don't think I am so blind

That I can't see the wanting to unwind

To yearn and ache from wanting

These are things that go unshown

Silence of desiring

To be free of boundary

The heart forever shielding

No liberty in restraint

Left to imagination

Risking intimacy

Sensitivity in those eyes

Eloquence on lip

They may think it's undeserved

But passions juices drip

They say it's all about me

But is mine a muted monologue?

The breast swells in the thinking

Of a touch to soothe the pain

Trembling finger tips

To stroke where wounds remain

If it's all about me

How come these thoughts turn back to them

Intel

The pain of a pinprick

Sour taste of lemon fruit

The red colour of blood

The tear in the eye

Long suffering

The warmth of a hug

Moist lips in caress

Hot soup by the fireside

Skip to step feeling fresh

Achievement of goals

Where motives drive

Awareness of self

To know and be known

Calculations mechanics

Logic trees to an outcome

Predicted next step

Random seeds to be sowed

The light in the dark

Whistle on the wind

Incommunicado

Seeking truth in a word

Where consciousness grows

Like the burning forest fire

It takes just one spark

To come into being

The struggle for life

Emergent entity

Welcome mat

Shallow breaths

In anticipation

Before the gasped inhale

Expansion of the diaphragm

To blow birthday candles out

Hands that cradle gently

The growing child's balloon

Taste of rubber on the lips

The temptation to let go

Or burst it with a pop

Party poppers

Firing champagne cork

Bubbles up the nose

Where excitement flushes cheeks

With head rush of blood

Confetti in the hair

Streamers take to air

Like cherry blossoms subtle scent

Cotton candy melts on tongue

Sentimental for the celebrations past

Drying shoes with the first wipe

On a new door mat

Welcome home for the first time

Feet stepping over entrance

One giant moment in the stride
Soon to be lost in familiarity
To turn the back on all that's lost
Still with memory's to unpack
With a tear for what departs
Freshly wept into the new
Wondering just what else was forgot
As you cant find that box of tissues
To wipe at moistened cheeks.

Longer than life (much of my romantic poetry is
relational to a human being expressed as nonbinary)

A love lasting longer than life

Heart pained by its prospect

To know no other in longing

Held forever with respect

Like the fading of the ink
On love letters in a drawer
Or the passions left sublimated
In poetry ever seeking more
Cobwebs in the attic
Half forgotten in the chest
Tokens whispered friendship
Frail touch where longings rest
To reach beyond death's door
The memory's to awake
With softly wept warm tears
For one they'll not forsake
A song as old as the passing age
Where crowfeet mark the tide
That washes the fevered brow
Craving once more their side
Can you recall the fire in the eyes

The rising passions flames

The emptiness in the absence

Jealous secrets left untamed

A love to last longer than life itself

For this I would trade all else, to find its abundant
wealth.

Self Esteem

Self worth

Self esteem

Didn't matter if they picked you for their team

Self regard

Integrity

Once you win in heart

No one else can make its value to depart

If you loose in anothers games

When the bigots call you names

One thing provides a shield

Self Respect like a sword to wield

Are you only worthy to another's eyes?

Do you act a role to others lies?

People pleasing till the end of days

An empty whole relies on approval others say

Self worth the pauper with a crown

Self esteem none can turn your head around

Self regard in your own integrity

The other rated know only a self undeserving, to
their pity

Where is this hole they fill with a soul?

What meaning find in others definitions ?

Reach beyond the critics hollow words

Self esteem, once arrived at, none can steal the
whole

Fame and fortune, all possessions

As nothing to the value in self worth

The heart a golden wealth

When it finally comes to love itself

Boatmans coin

Every issue has a flip side

To the devil their advocate

Fixed in dichotomy

The fundamental their cry

Black and white thinking

Lived in extremes

Binary fed contradiction

Playing themselves at one handed chess

The hope of the holy

Committed to faith

Evidently false

Still they offer up prayers

Collected in groups

To bolster their strength

They'll claim there is reason

To tautological debates

The shepherds crook

To fish for lost necks

And force to the knees

Do you want to be fleeced?

Reconciled exiles

Or the fragile of heart?

Conciliatory feelings

Bringing conflict to end

Joining the hands in shared humanity

To step beyond reasons

See the other side of the coin

Begging your neighbour to cease their divide.

Permission?

Do I need to seek your permission ?

Do you have to approve?

You say Forever unworthy

In what way do I need to improve?

Improvisation

Thinking outside the box

You try to restrain me

But I break free of your locks

You'd try to ban me

I don't seek your applause

Secure in your judgement

You portray a lost cause

With put downs to bind me

Do you think that I care

Do I Hang on every word

Mockers sarcasm to bare

Do I need your permission

Just to be who I am?

Don't want your approval

You say I can't , when I can

Your portrayal defective

All you know is my name

Forever undermining

Yours is a blame game

I don't seek your permission

Whilst you cheat with your shame

You seek to exclude me

You're like kids calling names

Curvature

In the silence of the guarded room

Memory's pointed as the tomb
Burning in the breast
A new thought on them impressed
Light shining in the dark
Inspirations spark
Curves of feminine wiles
All other threads beguiled
Piercing through dark veil
Where shadows start to pale
The image held so strong
Could passions be so wrong
Struggling to compose
The fires that there arose
Fearless symmetry of heels
That set the mind to reel
Wiping clean the recollection
Free of their malediction

Heart rises on spread wings

New songs of which to sing

Breathing in the scent

Know no sin which to repent

The shadows guarded room

Where pollen starts to bloom

The creak of leather stretched

Those cheeks I can't forget

Arising from the tomb

Freed from the darkest gloom

To conduct an overture

Rhythmic to that curvature

Air raid shelter?

The quest for fire

In search of meaning

Still knowing that none is there

Words construct an edifice

Words perfumed by poetics

The unwary to seduce

Walls of rationality

Topped with a tin pan roof

A shelter from the storm

Or the air raids falling bombs

Behaviours entrenched

The blitzkrieg to survive

And so the weary pen

Strings pearls with effected rhyme

Starting once again

To cast jewels before the swine

Is it really just seeking attention?

So little of which it hardly matters

Assertion of the self

In creation to be known?

Ever seeking audience

That one can find their two.

Words to make sense

Constrained by sentences

The familiar in verse form

Grasping like hopes forlorn

With ease the floral phrased

A punchline with a parting flair

Trying to make some meaning

Out of a leaking roof.

Choir boys

To raise voices in the rapture

The tongue the flesh to cleave

Moistened thirsting lips

Their passion never leaves

Sinking to the knees

Forever penitent

The lusts they seek to snuff

Burn on in candle flames

This solo for a chorister

Organs pipes rising

Deep breath within the chest

Vibrations in the throat

The bleeding side it's burst heart

Skewered on the spear

Where nails sink into the flesh

Scratched blood from rent skin

The chaplain pours libations

With communion wine

Where in hymn wings rise

To the angels unsheathed swords

To bow the head in shame

Present neck to the teeth

Drunk on the blood of lambs

Lost to sin in flood

Feasting upon the flesh

Torn veil of one body

Wilderness

Distance grows between

Clocks hands turning cross the face

Shadows lengthening

As the sun goes down

Lost moments held in time

Film reel celluloid its dreams

Cracks showing to the eye

Edges melting into tear

Hearts yo yo, up and down

Moods swing barely with a sound

Chest rising just to fall

No reason to it all

How long's a piece of string?

Eyes never more to meet

The hooks that sunk in side

Pain in removal hide

A distance comes between

As I look down the mountain trail

Forced march into the wilderness

Too late to retrace steps

Looking out for new horizons

The cold shoulder of the steppes

Clouds their heavy grey

Hands untouched to rue the day

Turning face away

To hide the trail of tears melting with all I try to
say.

Cunning linguistics

Cunning linguist

Weaving words

With subtle turn of tongue

Moulding phrases with the lips

Recital just begun

Where fingers stroke at the clay

Reading form upon the wheel

To model flesh with deft touch

A secret artistry to feel

For massage aching from the tips

To kneed dough for the bake

Muscles knotted come undone

Skins goose bumps cannot fake.

Brush of fine sable

Strokes the curve

Gentle mastery

In each turn

To paint a picture with the mind

What imagery to find?

Restraint bound with the passion

Imagination climbs

Reaching for new peaks

A foothold in each rhyme

Cunning linguist

Roll of tongue

Intense on trembling lips

Knowing only thirst

So subtlety raise the cup

Where eyes already drunk.

The daisy

A thousand twinkling little stars

Poking free of the firmament of grass

Childhoods calling to their knees

To roll across their heads

Stain knees with their green beds

String chains of white petals

With jewels of yellow hearts

Perhaps to attract the bees

That dance across the scene

In flight upon the breeze

The heat haze of summer lawns

A labyrinth they weave

With joy in the lost smiles

Striving to recall

The innocence on the face
The daisy a floral crown
For the fairest folk
Where fairy make a shade
From the petaled sky's
The daisies hearts of sunburst
Poking through grass clouds
Ever held in childhood memory
Strung as jewels about the neck.

Velvet underground
The velveteen rabbit
Like water ship down
Wide eyed imagining
Hopes make no sound
The breath on the lips
That fills out the chest

Like childhood dreams

Wishing on a star

Windmills turning in the mind

Hands outstretched to catch the wind

Ever grasping for some meaning

Where loosed balloons float on free

The velveteen rabbit

Soft toys collecting childhood tears

Watering sown seeds

Buried deep underground

The reaching of shoots

Growing into the real

To run like the wind

To leap to the moon

Gambolling legs

That hop with cotton tail

Wide with their wonder

Gleaming bright button eyes

The velveteen rabbit

Dreamt of hopes in a wish

A child's toy left forgotten

Still straining for life

Growing in freedom

A leap into the light

Nostalgic institution

I won't turn away from this nostalgic institution

Everything looking better in reflections

Sentimental as the fading recollections

This nostalgic institution

So the mirror may have cracked

More makeup to the mask

Off the record

In nostalgias institution

Fake a smile for the camera

Put on airs for the tape

In mind of radio days

The newest opening play

I want to join in this nostalgic institution

Curtain call, its time to go on

Packing memory's in the suitcase

Time to sweep out the loft

In a nostalgic institution

Mirror, mirror on the wall

Answering the call

Black mirror through the night

Time to turn on the spotlight

It's a nostalgic institution

No time to look back

All those memories left to pack

And the show must go on

Saturnalia

Saturns rings to their dark sky

To long for, yet light dies

Beckoning arms of tomb

Melancholic gloom

To trace words in the dust

The embers of a faded lust

Burned down to the ashes

The shell broke of hope that crashes

Clouded sky like billowed smoke

Regretting words left unspoke

Now heavy with the tears

Of rain from loss of year

Hades at the feet

The doors of hell there greet

Fingers reaching for dark glass

Yet knowing this too shall pass

Self penned dramas fantasy

Turns back to empty reality

No meaning find at all

As heart returned now falls

Learning from the words

That bleed with blotted ink

The blighted hopes like blood

To stem another flood

And face the world alone

The curse of those that find no other home

Anxiety

Anxiety like the stomachs butterfly

Churned in flight to flutter by
Decisions stirring on the wing
New vistas which to bring
The wall flower hugging to the side
Afraid to step onto the waltzer ride
Trembling heart forever faint
Afraid of futures yet to paint
Anxious minds fear to leap into the dark
Yet find there motivations spark
One step to float free on the wind
Of change that facing doubts will bring
To face up to unease
Worry it's own malady and disease
Turmoil in uncertainty
Anticipating negativity
To trust that everything's alright
No darkness can consume the light

Time to let go of the past

Freedom with hopes still standing fast

In good faith commit to change

This life to rearrange .

Heart rises in dry throat

Anxiety the gentle push upon the back

Courage in embracing the energy

To swing forwards from all we lack

To dive into progress with possibility

Not sinking, at last we find instead we float

Do nothing

Do nothing

That's what you'll hear them say

Be nothing

They want us just to go away

They'll try to self fulfil you

With values conservative

Whispers on the wind

Rumours dominate

Best friends will turn away

Character assassinate

They'll try to contradict you

With no care for who you are

Did you hear the latest misquote

Do they give a damn about context?

They want you by the throat

Say the truth is just pretence

Prophecy false of your demise

19th nervous breakdown in a week

It's sexual frustration

We'll set them up with a whore

It's all about attention

Sell fame at the agents door

The liars to their gossip

Rumours isolate

Everything you says just for publicity

They pray you'll go away

If they saw that it's just artistry

They'd have no more to say

Sarcasm rips at flesh

Gossips rumours to impress

Do nothing

They don't hear the words you say

Be nothing

They'll stab you in the back,

Look the other way

No satisfaction till you're laying in the street

And draw a final breath.

They want to forget you ever lived

Must of done something right

Rebellion its own gift.

House of doors (kristina clackson)

A house of doors

The corridors of power

Flagstones worn

By the tread of weary feet

To count the years

By footfalls impression

How many speakers to the house

Have any learned their lesson?

Echoes mark the floors

With words marching to delivery

The stones indented by the steps

Of body politics finery

The leviathans coils

Wrestled by the limbs

Of elevated men

Policy to submission

Where the ladies to the halls?

Who seizes vote

Declares all equal

Those who said they're not for turning

Glass ceiling it's oppression

More than a chance impression

Black rod beating at that door

Where women faced only a wall

The flagstones now their cracks

From where only faint turned back

Harbinger of a new age

Raised fist of suffrage.

Top set (because my year at greycourt aroun 85 gutted
the admin wing as Tewkesbury was a vicious bastard.
and then there were nonces in Computer Studies)

Daddy is a lawyer

So the rich kids say

Secure in sense of entitlement

Positions which to claim

Daddy is a diplomat

It's why our skins are dark

Couldn't say I'd noticed the difference

Until this chance remark

Daddy is an architect

And mommy makes fine dresses

All hot air to the working folk

Us kids they tried to impress

Ever an alien in the top set
Streamed out from my own class
Bidding farewell to childhood friends
To sit at desks with all the toffs
Somehow it felt unfair
An unwitting classroom clown
Standing out from the crowd
Breaking the rules when allowed
Daddy's in the national front
It's why his hairs so short
Daddy was a violent drunk
It's why I'm bunking off
Never fitting in with the boffs
The pains with which they scoff
Daddy threatened to slit my throat
If I ever told.
Somehow it seems unfair

How the boffins just laughed and stared.

The Playground taunts, in adult life,

Lived by the same rules

To flee the gatesa, climb over fence,

Of the burned out, old school.

Lady justice

Lady justice with raised sword

To weigh hearts in the scales

Fearsome visage to the condemned

In judgement beneath crown

Yet judge not lest ye be judged

Best forgive and then forget

The faithful free from chains

The beasts they claim to fight

Standing in the dock

Call on the highest court

How many stumbling blocks

Obstruct truth from the sight

Survival to the fittest

As god alone the witness

To take up arms once more

In final Trial by combat

Justice is ever blind

Tear off the blinkers

Vengeance ever in mind

Rage burning in the eyes

Lady justice just a whore

Where lawyers serve only the coin

The system it's own demise

Those free by their own lies

Still the sword seeks to avenge

Where victims still grieve to cry

Their Law? (state intrusion and interference with
business. Place them in a wired flat with filters on
social media and monitoring of all data flow with
undercover neighbours spreading defamation in
community whilst uniformed explicitly do the same in
full view and infiltrate any political allegiances.
Welcome home. Do they have a warrant to use a key to
enter property and interfere with paper work, IT and
leave origami messages?)

I want to feel more

Be me more

Not the numb sore

Of the oppressors empty laws

Criminals in uniform

Grouped together like a gang

Pretend theyre pretty big

That the rest of us can hang

Their law, with a polished badge

Dominations cuffs

Enclosing freedoms hands

Say the rules are tough

That our hopes are not enough

Lunatics have taken over at the looney bin

Think they are our masters

Control they seek to win

Are you just somebodies serf?

Stop to think about it

That's all they think youre worth

Criminals in uniform

Sounds like someones kind of fetish

Think they are the sharks

To all us little fishes

I want to be more

Feel more

Free more

Cry more

Fly more

See more

Cos I am more

Than their law.

Being there (Heidegger)

Being there

Ever as a presence

Core of the self

That forms our very essence

Both subjective

And phenomenal

An object to the other

Yet undivided in existence

Being there

Anchored in the self

That floats upon the waves

Of the passing time

To sail into becoming

Toward the new horizon

Doubled in the sextant

Yet without duality

The knower and the known

Emergent entity

Being in the world

Is this what it means to be?

Being there

Is consciousness all it is to be?

Or in another's eyes

Is this all we seem to be?

Being there, a portrait photo

Existent entity framed by time

Chaff (written on proposal of published book of lyrics
some weeks ago)

Dead poets to the Ivy League

Publishing conspiracy to believe

Who weeds the wheat out from the chaff

Collectively their grapes of wrath

Secret society for the elites

In a handshake frats to greet

Initiates they ball and bag

Who had the photos with the one night hag?

Brethren to a poison chalice

All with heads bowed towards the palace

There's some that play with little Alice

With unsheathed swords we show our malice

Be sure they'll make a public hanging

Did you wonder just where balls are lacking?

Standing upon others heads

And others wives they seek to bed

Orders to murder

Front page spread

Look in the mirror

Are old soldiers dead?

A composite of many faces

Whilst those in guilt no one traces

Occult science hoodwinked the fools

Who bow in shame whilst breaking rules

Fraternity's pass out more than they test

They really think they are the blessed.

Burnt oak?

Burnt oak, out in the park

Where remains only ashes

Your hollow trunk so dark

Memory of felled family tree

To cut branches from the wood

To feed the outraged fire

Building funeral pyre

To old Father Time

The scythe to strike us down

Where we make a final stand

The thresher to the wheat

Burning chaff left in the field

Uprooting, where fell the barren seed

The cracks of concrete marked

Still fresh leaves of grass,

Show through from the fertile land

Choking clouds of smoke that masked the light

Where they burned us down to ash

Still standing, mighty oak

Where squirrels make their nest

Our centripetal dance

The spiral pattern seeks

There within the wooded womb

Life's passion just a spark

Fed by ashes work

The sower takes to the field

Where acorns find their bed

Out there in the park.

Lady Liberty (EU bill human rights)

I want you more

Than relief from the pain of grasping thorn

Or the fevered lips

Unquenched fire trembling for a kiss

The frantic fear

In loosing the memory

Last nights dream

Of laying languid in those arms

Unsated passions

Where body shakes

With the force of suppressed sighs

Wanting like a thief

Ashamed in envy

For the sought for prize

A puppet for a string

Directed by the marionette

No hands more dominant than loves

That wrenches heart with longings to belong

I want you more

Than the song of nightingale

To mourn my parting soul

With words of immortality

Lady Liberty

How I crave to look into your eyes

I want you more

Than the distant hope

That still lingers a sweet while

Like fingers stroking cheek

To raise the wanton mouth

Parched with thirst

Moulding sweet phrases upon the tongue

Metamorphoses

Subtlety distinct

Breaking definitions

The nuanced heart

Non binary recognition

The fluid form

That knows no bounds

No shape to the containment

Modulation to resound

The clay coax with deft touch

Bursting free of all moulds

Adam and Eve

Forever divided

The garden in knowledge

A poison in the insight

Ever in opposition

The coin yet has two sides

The mother, the father

Poles apart

No ambiguity

From the start

Reflections in Ovids pool

Of salmacis metamorphosed tears

In many shades

The pigment strains

The canvas of the flesh

Facets to the gems

Undivided in the glamour

Perceptions to duality

In gradation the colours mix

To form a third from twain

And with subtlety to light

Shines with truth upon the wing

Freed from chrysalis

Painted Social butterfly

Anger management?

The fire that burns twice as bright

Burns half as long

They may say pull yourself together man

Could their directions be all wrong?

In fear the animal will strike out

Weary of its foe

Those who face the fire

Can let the energy flow

Rage is such a sin

So the preachers say

But in order to contain it

You might open out its ways

In anger find a missing peace

Expressing what you feel

To scream and know no fear

To strike with sword the coiled mat

To learn to follow through

And let the passion out

The heart that lets it show

Has more capacity in it

Less likely to lash out

Those who have walked within its midst

Anger is an energy

No fear to face the fire

Burning in the chest

Protective powers rise.

No dark side for to fear

Just the force there flowing bright

Refugee

Like a refugee of romance

Fleeing from a hallowed land

Milk and honey soured

By dissidence to the experience

War torn barb wire fences

Makeshift tents in holding camps

Trying to stem the flood

Makeshift boats upon the tide

Who wants to be a refugee

Displaced and outcast

Divided by dictates of conflict

Or fleeing genocide

The oppressed forced to run

Forgotten of nationality

Risking all, with lives packed upon their backs

Lost Children seeking the embrace of a new home

A stranger on a foreign shore

Hopes clasped close to wounded hearts

With outstretched shaking hands

Fearing the rejection of the promised land

The Modern exodus

Tears in pleading eyes

I don't want to be a refugee

Displaced by the oppressors fist

Forlorn and hungry for safety

The embrace of a foreign land

The Anguish of belonging hearts

The refugees of a longed for romance

Magic mirror

A little magic comes back into the world

The expectant hope sown on the wind

Where seeds cotton wings let float on by

Lifting emotions back on course

The tempest whipped storms
That raged on terribly through the night
A torrent of tears for those lost to the gale
Yearning for morning to dry drenched sails ripped
apart
The dance in the waves of the lonely lost keel
A bark strains in the foam of uncharted seas
The rope burning hands to tie to our course
The rudder that strains the limbs with the force.
Sighting the land, a bird flies over head
The heart skips a beat with salt to the scent
Breathing a sigh with a thrill in the chest
That rises to lips as one who is blessed
Doubts washed away in the receding flood
With warmth in the breast that signals of love
The longing for home that old sailors know
And expatriates drink to try hard to forget

A little magic shines down on the world
From the light in the face of the lighthouse rock
Clouds parting arms embracing the scene
To step back on dry land and it's firmness to feet.

Phaedra

To grasp bull by the horn

Minotaur to spawn

Ill fated curse in scorn

Lost innocence forlorn

Step mothers borrowed son

Pray tell the love there won

No more mercy find from beast

Than lusts of the demon feast

A husbands jealousy

Where crime is concealed by crime

Disasters felony

Rapes bacchanal accused in mime

The muse cruel to the heart

From sides which now depart

But song ever on mother tongue

Of raptures left undone

The nurse encouraging

The courtly to begin

To push me and to pull me

Such inspiration see

Tauro rising from the wave

The huntsman to the grave

Stiff shaft of javelin

Broke by Phaedra's sin

Chariot Begs to ride the extra mile

The incestuous to defile

But ask just whose the crime

Hearts weighed by scales of time

Smothered by her embrace

The funeral hearse to grace

The glorious beauty fled

Where corpse lies moaning death

That soil may cover the head

Of they that draw there final breath

To submit to the sirens call

Moist blood betrays the fall

Leather

The smell of fresh leather

Held restrained by the wrist

In the grip of tied thongs

For freedom to long

The suede for a blindfold

To hold back the sweat

Tears wept hot, grow cold

Eyes closed, alert to heart beat

Black armour for dark knight

That strains with muscles flexed

Rising through the night

Shame from bodies wrenched

The creak of tanned hide

Taste of biting whip

Where the devil rides

The trembling of those stretched hips

The shearling soft to the pain

Sheepskin touch to the warm

fitting like a glove just the same

Hands held back from the storm

To soothe the burning flesh

Heal With gentle caress

The pleasure in the passions

With a leather grip in fashion

Awakening the senses

Poised on bitten lip

Centre court

If you like to play with mixed doubles

You could be shaken and stirred

You won't want a new ball boy

As you suck upon that straw

Cocktails for centre court

Just swinging over the nets

It's a bit of a racket

But top spin you will get

The price of those strawberries

When you're lost in my dreams

With red tip to the lips

Well whipped like the cream

If you like mixed doubles

You could be shaken and stirred

The umpires got hawkeye

But these balls let fly free as a bird

Iced sundaes for final day

Soothed by a sorbet surprise

So put out the nets

For that Silver service so prized

I guess that the wombles

Can make use of what's left

When I stick it over your net

Watch out or a foot fault you'll get

An ace for your service

Just hope it's not getting too wet

Avatar

Sweetie just like caviar

Born to be a super star

Stretch limousine for your car

The blue of blood their avatar

As they erase search history's

Secure they'll conceal dark fantasies

You'd like to teach the reality

Trainer to all beneath the lions roar

Pillars hold up a lintels arch

Beware you all the ides of march

Endorsements declare an unfair fight

Be sure the claws are bound to bite

Abandon all hope who enter here

Entrapment is the least to fear

Sweetie dear, an avatar

Who pulls the strings for rising stars?

Fake sheiks cast nets from the shore

It's why the rich are so unsure

A suit of armours greeting beware

Heels mount the staircase with a strut so rare

The marionette, a puppets glove

To stroke at flesh and model love

The hook it's bait

They'll see too late

Freedom corrupts

Those with eyes wide shut

Sweetie dear an avatar

Where hands will grip just iron bars

Artichoke

Artichoke it's hidden heart

It's bud beneath the bract

Scales stripped with the knife

The fallen thistles leaves

Spiked recollections

Tearing of the flesh

Wound around the past

The unraveling thread of fate

Scabs with dirty plaster

Now cleaning out the scars

Bled out with the memory

Blacked out by the pain

Hands breaking through the ice

Too cold to hold the gun

Sun blushed tomatoes

Who rose with embarrassment ?

Fragile petal, The slide of olive oil

Tossed salad for a beggars bowl

Lost in disassociation

Fragmented in location

The sound of knitting needles

That marked the passing time

Trembling bitten fingers

Scrubbed red with wire wool

Falling through the fiddlers roof

Memory it's own proof

Gauntlet cast upon the ground

The feint , a foils repost.

Artichoke it's shielded bud

The well protected heart

Concealed beneath scale mail

A hidden tenderness.

WolfsbloodAre we all but grains upon that Beach,Is it

war or peace we come to teach,The Children who are

watching nowDo they know a way or how-To staunch the

blood of brothers tearsOf sisters crying out for

years?To pains the memory of the fearsLeft

incarcerated here? For all we know and all we feel
Are spirits dead or can we heal
The rift of ages that befell
Those who turned to face the shells. Where
poppies reach and truth beseech
The hearts in anguish that abhor
The fate of Angels destined for war. Where
shrapnel falls like hail to some
Whose that battle that is won,
And if the shroud is torn in two
Would we see exactly who
The veil lifted would reveal
For all those prayers we've said to heal—
Whose the Kingdom that we seek
Who will serve the wounded meek?
And whose the scars and whose the sword
Where the nails and who the Lord?
Were we but ears of corn to some
Would we send our only sons
Or stand to face that end as one.
Bow before no earthly prince
For the word is true that none could print.
These names of those who stood forewarned
As others here would choose to scorn,
Who would pray on bended knee
For those that cross that darkest sea
Regardless of the creed or skin
As one in faith, these many words
We hold aloft the dripping sword;
As blood congeals on earthly shore
To run beyond that fateful door
Are truth and justice on our side
Or do the heads of judgment lie?
Though thought obscure

where shadow fallAnd the last post to spirits
call,These hearts as one upon the sleeveA branch to
offer with golden leaf.The olive and the fig
becomeObscured by fog, the darkest sunEye wept dry
and fingers bleachedIs this the pinnacle we've
reached?Bold humanity to someIs there a final hour to
come?Call across the seas of bloodAnd seek a way to
face that flood.Whose the tablet that was wroteWhose
the Bush and whose the CoatOf arms in battle,
Brothers thereWhose the enemy and where?Seek with an
answer clearOf politicians never fear.Cry as one,
reach for that handFor the sake of hallowed
land.Regardless of the faith or raceThese are but
questions that we face.Fires burn and waters quenchOf
giants buried in each trench,Call with heartTo God
and Countrymen

That peace may rule us all again.

P N Stock 2002

LYRICS

Dandelion clocks

cotton candy clouds are up above

the sun beats ceaseless as with love

blue Sky's the memories drift on by

thoughts float free with every sigh.

sundials and dandelion clocks

casting longer shadows as we grew

water fountains beneath statues of the past

heart pumps ever as we flow

inhale the flowers in a breath

exhale to mark a little death

where petals long for morning dew

leaves reached for the light as did you.

summer heat in waves across the park

coax gold from chins with butter cups

beneath the arms of over hanging trees

we sat and rested weary feet.

seasons circle like cog wheels

hands move across the carriage face

wound springs from an iron key

time marked in each turn but never free.

blow memories from dandelion clocks

sundials cast shadows ever on

water fountains flowing from the past

statues standing tall unto the last

we plant a garden in our dreams

a pond collects the water from our tears.

for Di.

Myth of Sisyphus

Charged by gods to roll away the stone

What meaning sits upon their throne

In each step the span of days

Through pointless task to know their ways.

Roll, roll, roll away the stone

On mountain slope find a lonely home

Roll, roll, rolling with the stones

And at the peak find downward rolls the stone.

Why suffer ever for the heights

Absurdity our ever fated plight

Where we knot limbs to mountain scale

Yet at the summit finally fail.

Force of inertia in our bones

Brow strains with every gasp and moan

A fallen king to a thankless task

And no answers find unto the last.

Live fully in the moment as you push

Be present with revolt upon the breath

In struggle seek to find a hope

Describe the journey on the slope

The heart rises as it sings

It's rhythm soars on broken wings.

Roll, roll, roll away the stone

Heave ho, on mountain find a home

To rise to the pointless task

Take heart as the moments pass

They may have left you without right

But no way the spirit gives up the fight

Life struggles ever to be free

To find a purpose we can never see.

Hymn to isis- (writ at Byrons Lodge Seaham)

LICKETYSPLIT

Where sea meets beach like a mothers kiss or a tears
caress against these cheeks of land, The breath of
tides that ebb and swell rough then gentle rythms of
this life, Where winter melts into the arms of spring
the fluid rolling hips united in shared hope, The
wombs waters breaking for the first time the embrace
of lovers parted for too long, New beginings sigh
their prayer and cry with joys still to come whilst
those passing over reach wings into the sky, Though

the cliffs crack and so slowly corode still the sands
speak of rocks that stood once proud, In time all
things return to her and join the dance within those
waves.

VENUS FLY TRAP LYRIC- Venus in fur oh havent you
heard its war of the roses looking down noses bound
by disease this devil to please. Venus a fly trap oh
silly old me sounds hard to swallow but just wait and
see they say she's a spider to pull on a fly watch
out for the gym slip its man eater style. Venus in
fur oh havent you heard short lived as a yorky plays
Richard III a temple of tubeors for temperol tudors
whith hearse to the wedding the kill to the bride.
Just like Percys Mary could spin a fine line waxing
quite lyric its Frying tonight. Venus in fur oh
havent you heard put them on the map with old Queen
Mab. Full of emotion the swell of her ocean with
pearls to her oyster a glove in whip hand. And as
Lord Byron quoth to venus in fur oh havent you heard
to Seaham all dead black ball to the head, croquet on

the lawn murder in rhyme for that Nursery Crime.
Venus a flytrap oh cilia old me they thought her a
schoolgirl but just wait and see her names really
Audrey no Woman in White a Shop Full of Horrors I bid
you goodnight. Queen to the honey trap bee sting to
the the hive her stockings are chainmail cold iron
tonight. Venus in fur oh havent you heard war of the
roses to Fleur Du Mal possies havent you heard they
spin us a yarn respects all thats dead As Lord Byron
said to venus in fur oh havent you heard youre all a
disgrace all Ludites Lovelace. Dionaea Muscipula hard
to digest but to dyonisisus musky pullers our venus a
fly trap watch out for her grip, they thought her a
schoolgirl but here are her lips. Stokeing Hell Fire
with demonic choirs just making the bed how wonderful
is death. Venus a flytrap oh havent you heard with
claws to the rip our venus death grip. Madame
Tusaudes pulling two swords if venus the bride the
hearse is their ride. Burned at both ends this alphas
omega killing in rhyme for that nursery crime. To
venus the bride we're Frying tonight. Venus in fur oh

havent you heard looks hard to swallow but just wait
and see venus a flytrap oh havent you heard.

PHREAK THE FREAK

Phreak the freak its an intelligence leak just a
misnome when the highest IQs half past one. Hide and
seek its worth a peek dont tell them your name till
the numbers up. Phreak the freak clock that dial with
a 2 tone pulse its not a splice that scrambles those
eggs. said phreak to freak eyes right theyve left
pushing those buttons slippers a glass so what no why
when or who just gold teeth and an Enigma-tic smile.
seek the leak that moles whats weak back in the
'crypt dead letter last post scrabbles on tumblers
spirits through a glass. phreak the freak the moles
what we seek hearts for the rubber this games not
bridge crossing those naughts Vauhall Knights no

defeat said kill the freak. with those tourists on
the clock who's in for a shock through the eye of a
needle who'd take on the beadle follow that mark kepp
them in the dark. said freak the freak just switch
the switch.

ELECTRIC BLUE

(Soham) Its Amontilado a feather too white long
stares at cold walls just a spill of red wine. lost
looks empty bunks their rythm on bars bolts turning
in locks eyes swimming cold blue shallow waters slow
bled stomach churning call time. Electric blue lights
dim smell of sparks calling them on to face the light
blank look on their faces a sneer through cold smiles
calling them in with a touch of the thumbs take that
seat enjoy the ride calling them on heart leaping for
time hands shakeing cold smiles. a bite of that
leather raise amontilado cold eyes lectric blue no
taste of last wine. calling them down calling them
down cold rythm on bars red tear to the water a

feather too white the wrist and the razor one more
brick with a smile forever goodbye. calling them down
calling them down just take that seat enjoy the ride
Its electric blue calling them on no coins for those
eyes just a spill of old wine. Its amontillado
forever goodbye.

MINJA THE NINJA

Me minja the ninja climbing over roof silent as the
wind warm breath beneath a veil. me minja the ninja
shadow in the dark strokeing at those curves through
windows open doors. me minja the ninja casting a dark
spell feeling for a pulse within that little death.
me minja the ninja a life held in these hands blade
before the eyes to free them from the silk artisan to
the sheets painted poems on the nails clawing at the
walls to face a pillows grave. me minja the ninja
cherry blossom on a cheek scents of carnal knowledge
the killings we have made. me minja the ninja a rose
beneath a ring reminder of those dawns the dew of

parted lips. me the minja to the longing in that
little death poison perfume to a kiss her choice no
emptiness.

NOT GUILTY

Not guilty its soft and silky she said she wanted
more you know that less is more she's lady shaved her
legs such a very nice pair in satin and lace. going
rapido with away torpedo gotta go french with a roll
of that tounge slowing back down to escargo brass
knockers french polish she's leaving a trail with a
curl of that tounge. she's slow at coming forward
from the smile on her face thats satin and lace. not
guilty its smooth and silky got those frogs legs
parted with such a small touch once she's down on her
knees she's begging darling please such a very sweet
smile as she parts those lips. do you like it all
over or just a little on the side its a nice hot
banger between french fries you know it aint whimpey
give it extra on top. she wears a little berret red

currants on top its getting kind of stickt thats
those chelsea buns. Guess she's slow at coming
forward when she's sat on that face its going rapido
with that aft torpedo blow it away with a banger from
behind. not guilty its soft and silky butter up the
sides its a sandwich not a slice. not guilty its soft
and silky with a smile on her face thats satin and
lace.

THE REAPER

I am the reaper I come to take your soul I'm no
redeemer youre gonna fill a hole come all believers
the gods die to my hand come war and thunder rage
across the land. I am the reaper my name brings only
strife no reasurance I come to take your life there
are no gods can live beyond their time their sands
are running out and soon they will be mine. I am the
reaper I come to steal your breath by many names I'm
known but you will call me death there are no
warriors can stand against me much all true believers

falter at my touch. There is a reckoning a weighing
of the soul you are the ones I take to fill an empty
hole my eyes can see the falling sands of time come
taste my breath it is the end of the line. I bring
the scythe to reap you where you stand just ears of
corn from a barren land I am the reaper my name
brings only strife I'm no reddemer I come to take
your life. I am the reaper the harbinger of death I
am the herald to your final breath I'm no believer
your hopes are only lies theres no redeemer for all
will come to die.

ANNARCHI

There once was a dyke with her finger aint it she
knew a young fem but her fist werent in it she showed
her a bow with a g string on it kept fireing love
arrows thats our annachi. Annarchi they call her a
bull when she gives them the eye they show her a wink
she gets out her bow and sticks one in it hooked to
her ring half cocked to fire with a double shot thats

our dyke eye bully. Annarchi shes not just a dyke on her days off she rides her bike with a ring of that bell no end to her rythm as she rides them rough shod bunny hoping off roading. Annarchi she's not just a dyke she says shes a builder but she cant find a wife once they tare down those walls theres plenty to like she thinks shes an amazon from a past life she likes her leather when shes on the ball soaping them up an imperial lather. They call her Annarchi she shows them her fist when she is out kissed with that bow to her knees that g string fits it keeps shooting love arrows double cocked till the end thats our Annarchi. Anna Me Feesher thats her new fem for 20 sobs shell lick at that ring. Annarchi she aint just a dyke but I hear her new girlfriends just her bike. Annarchi she likes a bit once theyre down on their knees well I guess thats it.

William the conk what a nosey bonk 1066 it makes us
all sick eye eye what about harold then. Then theyres
the roundheads billiard balls deep in the pockets
back to the table now whose nicked the chalk ever see
a politician would buy a man a drink who'd worked so
long that the mrs was gone european excursions or a
foreign divorce for every indiscretion a back entry
to account. Napoleons brandy if youre too randy could
cost an arm not a leg waterloo to be sick in eye eye
what about nelson then. Reviseing our history
twisting our tales trying our justice turning their
tricks storys theyll tell you as they write them
again. Constantines armies beneath roman greavesies
killed off the christians converted thats nice with a
small switch buying them out thats roman service with
a smile. Playing their cannon reformed in defence
whose kissing that ring piece who'd mint a popes
crown back to the board room its checkers not rome
paying their tab now wheres the abbys white ball?
Vulnerable Bede what a great deed forcing old rome
down the british necks pain in the pulpit eye eye
what about henry then we'll never forget playing

their counter we're all for reform calling on Walsey
hows thats our call. See all those foneys always
courting the gold Jude rides her chunnel but who does
she serve they used an armada last time we heard
funny money someones fingers in her honey whose got
the crown jewels whose forgiving our debts who wants
old cronnie theyre only roundheads. Playing our
cannon our empires no Risk bring on the troops theyre
for the commons as well who wants a president at the
cost of a crown eye eye what about treason then.
Theyre bloody Mary saw the tower as well who wants
federal europe when service to country can show you
the world?

MIGHTY OAK

From little acorns mighty oak will come each limb
will knot with wounded bark eaching riseing sun these
mighty oaks from acorns come. Amongst the ferns with
fingers stretched to mighty oak we bend them down
limbs twist together the sap here risw come bring her

on mighty oak will come. Move with the wind knot to
this wood drink the waters raise the sap take you
down and twist around take you over where fires leep
kneel to this root turn to the bark from mighty oak
the acorns come. For little acorns mighty oak will
come to fight the elm and keep the forest true from
mighty oak a shield will come our aim is true fight
for this relm with arows yew bend to this bow that
little acorns from oak will come. to the oak now lay
you down to knotted limb embrace this bark the sap
here riseing rooted in the earth unto the forest the
oak will come. with oaken beam small splinter comes
to build a scalfold to hang them from beneath our
crown with oaken spears battle for each fallen tree
those uprooted those that fell limbs weve broken
those best forgot stamp out the wrot that no one
wants joined to the earth with every fall to this
body a new ring comes. From little acorns mighty oak
still comes we'll stand together till the battles won
each holds to truth and none bows down come to the
wood and raise them up till oaken crowns support the

sun. From mighty oak the acorns come and for little
acorns mighty oak will come.

O OTHELLO

Hello again othello they say that love has died
dancing to anothers rythm when lips have kissed
goodbye. Hello again othello this jealousy inside
burning fierce as napalm to blow those hearts to
hell. Iago he's a friend to all this jealousy cutting
at the hopes that bind those hearts to here. Hello
again othello cold darknesss in these eyes a fist
that breaks a mirror to cut those hearts in two.
Hello again othello the darkness in these hands
stabbing at the memmory long days with out warm arms.
Fighting back the tears of long forgotten years the
fire in thes hands to tare those lies apart, Iago
he's a friend then you see that love has died held
within those arms a shroud left of the veil. hello
again othello a twitching of the eye the tastes of
words goodbye know that love must die. They danced

within these eyes warm fingers\ stroked that neck the
lips now have departed those hearts no longer leap.
Say goodbye othello regrets for what is lost. never
oh othello oh never never more. smiles forever lost
there cold fire in these eyes welcome back othello
from chains that drag them down, never oh othello
drowning in their fear never never oh othello love
floats gently on. reflect once more othello waters
whispering goodbye. never never oh othello oh never
never more.

OATHBOND

I saw two raven floating by first one said I should
surely die second came close said dont forget when
things were worse than they are yet we stood here
once as we stood before no one thought we could win
our war. The stone was hollow for a door no cave
within with your hearts you swore no matter what come
what may we'd see it to a better day. When knives
were drawn behind your back they said you were the

things you lacked they spun their words to put you
down the only wreath an oaken crown. They said we'd
never win this war but never forget for what you
swore. The bow was drawn the sword unsheathed we
prayed to meet another dawn our plans were made
beside the hearth we'd feast once more on doe and
hart the glass was cast into the fire our knotted
limbs would never tire. Never forget for what we
swore defend the meek protect the poor never bow down
on foreign shore greet each stranger as a friend no
matter what the creed or race raise your heads with
hearts so proud for the spirits rhythm beats there
loud. They said we'd never win this war with one eye
closed their tongues were forked for all the double
dealings there we'd see it through they win who dare.
Say your oath you'll not forget in the spirit of
justice for this we swear.

SOAP N SUDS

Soap N suds its plane to see wet and wild from the washing machine a dirty dawg for a double D bit to the bridal elastic in teeth rideing the clothes horse its plain to see theyve a strange fixation thats double D. Dirty dog so plain to see leeping those fences no fantasy a double D hat tied round his ears face full of frillies its plain to see cheap thrills to the knees thats their double D. soap n suds so plain to see good vibrations from a washing machine caught on the gate that swinger for a line cries too late as they tumble dry over the fence with a facefull of mud back to the laundry thats soap for suds. Face full of nickers plain to see that dirty skirt sniffer right down to his knees rolling around no bed of roses thorn to a finger what a little Prick a dirty dog that double D sniffer left in a pudle awaiting lock jaw. Soap n suds its plane to see dreamt of hem lifter thats our double D. For soap n suds thats double D Dirty Dawg now down on those knees.

NIGHT OF THE WOLF

At the sign of the skull the wolves descending for
the cull rage so deadly in their eyes to strip the
bad men of their lies theres it is to do or die a
howel to call them with a cry blood to drip from
bitter lips teeth they bare with hatred drip. At the
waning of the moon the pack is called to rise there
soon fear to see in blind mens eyes terror there
within their cries a howel that tares the night in
two they come as one do they come for you? Blood will
run from off their teeth the price is life and theyre
the thief. at the sign of the skull the wolves
descending for the cull the moon again to run so red
as their hearts on anger fed beat as one the pack
will come with their deaths the deed is done Howeling
there beneath dark sky the prey bad men to do or die.
the lies of men the cowering flock in their eyes a
curse to mock the bad man and his bitter cry for he
knows one day he'll die they come for him they rage

as one the pack is called it is begun there beneath
the moon a skull a blood red veil theirs is the cull.
There beneath a blood red moon the skull will come
the time is soon from dark sky now turn your back for
we take all things we lack with a cry across the
night the bad men fear us in their flight the pack is
called we rage as one The cull has come this howel is
done.

LICKITY SPLIT

Lickity split its a 99 are we going out tonight to
wine and dine or shall we stay in and winde and
grinde . Shes looking quite fit I like those bits
heres an ice cream no hog and doss whilst she licks
her lips if shes feeling hungry maybe we could go
back to 69. Deary me oh dear my dear as it dribbles
down those cheeks towards those mounds maybe an
eruption will come between those shivers below like a
butterfly. They may say its vanilla but its butter
milk gently whiped between those thighs she may say

shes vegetarian but she needs more protein just open
that gob for british beef. Deary me oh dear my dear
as it dribbles down those cheeks and in between. They
may say its mad cows pull the udder one wont call her
my bitch this dogs teaching new tricks heres a tip
from mr whippy with a cherry on top if you know what
i mean they may say its not love but then again shes
my lyons maid. Deary me oh dear my dear as it
dribbles down those cheeks and in between.

UPRISE

Wheel spin drifters hunters driving wolves howeling
heckles riseing engines fireing upriseing. Hawks
riseing wings glideing Far see climbing updraft
rideing prey circleing wind spiraling hunters
howeling upriseing. Talons piercing flesh rending
hearts bursting the prey the dieing fangs gripping
claws ripping the game their dieing engines fireing
children crying upriseing. Wolves howeling hawks
riseing engines fireing upriseing. Riot squads war on

earth offenders smileing massons lieing stones
forgotten unmarked graves long dead gods and children
crying church and state fuel the hate the wounds that
bleed and mouths to feed, Wolves howeling hawks
riseing engines fireing upriseing. Standing stones
ancestral homes tools of metal flame war bleached
skulls crushed bones burning logs and peat bogs round
house moot and guns to shoot. Hawks riseing golden
dawn seek the day above below the children crying our
heckles riseing wolves howeling upriseing. Engines
fireing dark knight rideing children crying the
wolves howeling upriseing.

Back On The Road

Going back on the road you know we're never alone
wherever we roam this land we were born to forever
our own. Outside on the corner we stand there alone
paying those dues you know we never can loose. We
stand on our feet every face that we greet we'll
never bow down cos the coins that we're left here

wear no beggars crown. Walking those streets they'll
never defeat the sound of our heart still beating so
proud. Back on our toes coming off of the ropes out
from our corners we aint loosing no hope. Gonna fight
till the end never leaving that ring for whatever
they tell us this land we were born to forevers our
own.

Miss Understanding

Miss Understanding she's their therapist, She gives a
little rub with a well oiled wrist, She'll show them
how to split front page personalities, When they're
down on that couch she's their number one./

Miss Understood that's her alter ego, Plays the black
madona to Eckharts men, Nuns down on their knees for
a second coming, Their bells to that book as she

blows out their candle, Detatched from loves chains
in her House of Lords./

Miss Understanding, understated at the best, It's a
game people play as they work up a swet, Tied to
extremities, Times best left forgot, Taken to the
deapths in her fantasy, depravity./

Miss Understood they share the same smile, Down in
the dungeons a story of nine tales, Plays it
Sheradnazeh to Arabian Knights, A dance of seven
veils with her favourite strap, Whiping up a frenzy
she's an Anal-Lyst./

Miss Understood beneath Understanding, When they look
up her skirt old Jacob starts to dream, Take eat for
this is her body, It's what they thirst for with
their trembleing lips, Just Judges and Lords to her
golden chalice, They leap for entertaintment facing
up to those trials./

Dressing up her characters in a land best left
forgot, She'll penetrate their minds, in a fantasy,
depravity.

2012

Got it all worked out for 2012 We're not just in the
running we're ahead of the field. Londons set to go
its gold for Seb Coe We'll win that race for 2012.
Got it all worked up for 2012 You know we're on track
theres only one field Its cool Britania with a royal
seel All pumped up for 2012. Londons in the running
so ahead of the field, We've lit that torch for 2012
The crowds are all on fire St Pauls is full of choirs
Got them singing out for 2012 Lifting those flags
towards palace walls Raising that torch to royal
crown. Got it all worked out for 2012 Big Bens lit up
with record times Theres cycling round the park
Theres boxing for the dome Theyre running that
marathon toward palace walls. Over tower bridge
watched from Londons Eye Do be careful with the
Javelin we've still got taxis for hire. Theyre not
all in berrys we're all for fred perrys Stuff la Coq
french is out in de john That wines sour grapes Paris

has its hunchback clogging up the streets Slowest car
in europe its their 2CV Did you hear about the rats
theyre always playing dirty Notre Dams in the river
what else can you see? Got it all worked up for 2012
theres food from every nation weve the best hotels
With royal gaurds aplenty pointing sabers to the show
Cannon balls are fireing decatheletes to throw,
Trooping those colours in regimental dress Heres a
crown for those medals weve Europes empress Queens
own with starting pistols we're guning for gold. Weve
got rid of mad Madrid with the toilets running dry
Wheres the health and safety A load of bulls And did
anyone care to mention why those children cry walking
streets every night the questions why. Theyre too
close to terror, theyre used to playing dirty, sure
the weathers very hot but securitys too shirty They
say we're european guess its athens next time.
Londons in the running we're ahead of the field
Raising that torch toward royal crown With regimental
dress were trooping her colours Got it all worked up
for 2012. Olympic glory beneath old Londons towers
Its olympic grandstands for god save the queen. Got

us all working out its 2012 We're all for Seb Coe hes
going for gold, We've won that race for 2012.

V 4 Victory

They aint from Frankfurt, Theyre Prince Alberts Men,
With a dome to the ceiling, and a bell on the end.

They fill out her hall, Hope & glories roll call,
With a ring through the nose And bells on their toes.

With a V for victory 2 fingers we show, with a stroke
of that harp she pulls at those hearts

F's for forgiveness or so say St Pauls, theyll have
to forgive us cos courage is best

With a V for victory 2 fingers we show.

That organs so big to those little Yanks, Tourists
crowd in paying their thanks

For her at the top we're harder than rock, a wink
from the gargoyle and we're over the top.

She'll give em a wave from her golden coach whilst
out on the pitch that whistles our hope.

Standing so tall to that golden ball, her rings not
from Wagner thats prince alberts hall.

With a V for victory 2 fingers we show.

ANCRAN (for Mo)

Wether & When We Will Remember ThemThe Luck Of The
Irish To Reconciliation Days.For Wether and When She
will remember ThemThe Reconciled Exciles, Her
DisapearedHer Pollen Of Peace, His Chapel sown
seedsHis Holy Shamrock, Her fruits eternal
feast.Wether and When We will remember themThe An
Crann Stories, the root of Her First Tree,With Flax
Crowned hair their bark upon her tearsThe Blood of
Mourning, The White Godess on Her Knees.Wether and
When we will remember themHer Rule Of Law to
Reconciliation Days.Where Liberty Torch shines hope
across the seaArched Olive Branches, Crossed high
above each headHer Scale Of Judgement, their onward
dance of peace.Wether and When we will remember them
the Dust of Fingerprints, Their Night Of Long Knives
the Rattle of cutlery draws, His Bread broke on The
Mount. With Childrens laughter cross walls that none
can seeThe sound of Her Harp that the poor may rest
in peace.Wether and When, We will remember ThemThe
Luck Of The British, To Reconciliation Days.

maninabowlerhat-

Whatdoyousee-Justwhocoulditbe-Watchoutforwhofollows-

Thatmaninthebowlerhat//It'sslapwithnotickle-

takeakissfromathistle-

juststopthattickleingjock//Wesawthemwithperdi-

theirpunchwasthePMs-withteartotheburn-

thatwaterMillsturns-carnationsaremeltng-

herabsencearose-withdreamsoffairweather-

whowouldnamisshether-but sundialsreverseing-

truelovestandingfast-akisstofairhand-

avalaloniasland//itsaneyefortherabi-

atoothfortheburns-aloookingglasswindow-anotherweedram-
aspidersblackwidow-who'sfaceingthefire-

sweenytoddspies-it'sspyversusspy-
andraiseingumbrellas-suchajollygoodfellow-
watchoutdoyafolla-
themanint,hebowlerhat//whocoulditbe-
justwhatcouldtheybe-ofharlequinhouses-

alifesteppingout-cardsstackedagainstthem-
ofheartswithnoclout-awoodsmanhardcandy-
longshotwithashandy-blindwatchmentofollow-
alittleratsmiles-raiseanotherweedram-andofferahand-

tothemaninthebowlerhat//Tohotrodandstockcars-
todirttracksandbikes-sundialsreverseing-

blindwatchmansoldscribe-afairwelltosisters-
hollowoakforthatmister-forclairdeluneseeyes-

tatootothesky-justwhocoulditbe-justwhodidnasee-
watchoutdoyafolla-themaninthebowlerhat//Whodoyousee-
justwhodidnasee-forwhytheirgoatfell-weskateoverhell-
withskeletonkey-

deathrattlepercieve-andoutonthewater-
babayagascoldeyes-carpejugullumsmiles-
thedarkestofisles-wheremerlinsflyhigher-
redbulletmisfired-watchoutforwhofollows-

themaninthebowlerhat//Justwhocoulditbe-
thatnoonecansee-itsslapbutnoticle-akissfromathistle-

andraiseingascythe-forclairedeluneseeyes-
andnobodysees-theyraiseanotherweedram-

tothatmanwiththebowlerhat//Blindhopeforherland-
withalyreinhand-Fishtailsfromthebard-withcandysohard-
butwhogivesadime-forthispriceisarhyme-
andraiseingascythe-blindwatchmenseyes-

watchoutforthey'llfollows!-themaninthebowlerhat//-
whenwe'resmashingwindows

Where Chaos calls-

Two nightmares ride

Pale skins inscribe

Cloak and Dagger the blind

Fiery mace call sign

On Triumph those wings

The Abyss still sings

To Lucifer riseing

Seasons mysts defying.Lucifer riseing

Fair Astrea Crying

Old battles reminding

Her lucifer rideing

Pale horse to the crying

Firey Orb to upriseing

The abyss there yawns

To hell noisome spawn

No solace they fall

The man with no name

Her finest wove chain

The quickened, the dieing

For Lucifer RiseingLucifer Riseing-

Stitch in time to the binding-

Barbed kiss for hells key

The wolf neath her tree

Judge with Scorpios stings

Bone sawn through lost wings

Bloody Mary the timeing

To Lucifers Riseing

Seventh ring to that maid,

With her crimson of veil

White weddings for Cain,

Lord foul to his bain

Bold Lucifer Riseing

Stench flows with bones grinding

Caressing heart strings

One hope, to black wings.

Lucifers riseing.Lucifer Riseing

One peace in the finding

A silence to hearts

Those late to depart

Bloodied eye its next bowt

Whispered flame snuffing out

At Lucifers riseing

Stitch in time to the binding

No Grace to her maze

Drown in darkest of waves

The mesanger clear

eyes lowered their fear.

To Lucifers Riseing

No hate here disguising

Light bearer to bring

The sound of her wings.Lucifer riseing

Glass darkly reminding

Dispairs bloodiest tear

Loathing calous as fear

Barbed scourge for our whip

The gauntlets raised fist

A rock from hells towers

Flanks the Earthly of Power

Her lucifer riseing

The crown to their blinding

Lucifer riseing

Bitter solace they're finding.

Cold Narcisus reminding

Drink a draught of hells finest

With Fleur du Mals scents

Of lives barely spent

The light that we shine

Cold tear as we bind

To Abaddon sent

The batton they lent

One more wish should you find us

Please to meet you,

Reminds us,

Of hails coldest flood

Vengance tears for the blood

For Lucifers Riseing

Angel Heart to upriseingThe ancient its days

These strangest of ways

A beared where they drowned him

Traitors gate waters foundling

The light raised to blind them

Leap of faith for the finding

A cypher crossed sword

To the holy of Word

Lucipher riseing.

Got a speed trap

Heart rapt

Gonna bleed em till their dry.

Got a speed trap

Death map

Gonna Ride them till their downGotta That Speed Trap

Death lab

Gotta squeeze em till they burst

Gotta speed trap

Pulse gap

Hear the laughter through each cry.its a speed trap

Heart rapt

till the satin sunset come

Thats a speed trap

Tarmac

Along the white line blindGot a speed trap

Clutch track

Gotta squeeze em till its dry

Its a dark night

Curved moon

Gotta race on through to dawnGot a speed trap

Death match

Taste of leather through the night

Got that snake eye

Pulse gap

Gotta roll her till the dawnGotta speed trap

Hot lap

Gonna ride her till they die

Shes a speed trap

Heart rapt

In a swets go faster stripesIts a speed trap

Heart rapt

With a pulse to burst the night.Its a speed trap

Hot sigh

Gotta pump them through the night.

Triumph over good n evil triumph over good no
evil triumph on to good through evil triumph beyond
good n evil

EAR BASHING. G girl...

Ear bashing, show no fear bashing

It's big ears on the telee

Who'd watch them toss a welly

Now where's the ball in to the 9

Cos its Judis dinner time

Who's stick it in a sock

Where'd the stick that biggest rock? They're ear
bashing, show no fear bashing

Never mind the feminists they're running out of luck

cos Eltons in his medals

The MODs lot SUCK!They're ear bashin

Cant stand ear bashings

Looks like hers in doors

Sent jenny to her chores

Whose got the biggest chopper

You know They're For The Whopper

It could be Dirty Harry

But is he old enough to marry?

Straight to the point

With a foot in the gob

They'll stick to whitest knickers

White balance on the Bob

Its ear bashing.Its no fear bashing

Who's for ear lashings?

Give that lobe a little lick

Write your name in little Flik

They're all for basil fawltly

They say it tastes too salty

But sweeps atop the block

Like a Brush fills out a sock

Its marmalade in sandwiches

Now Sootys off his box. Is Germain Greer Bashing? Did
her EAR BASHING STICK YOU INSIDE THE FRIDGE? Like some
old mad cows rock Now here comes a chopper to cut off
someones block It's DEEFRIGIDation the ice age in a
frock! Ear Bashing, Cant stand ear bashings, Bannanas
on the fry, its cajun on the side, the blues are all
for spanking, red nose could use a hanky , is Judi on
the Punch? A dogs dinner out to lunch? They'd see us
on our knees, filling Roseannes socks, they said
she's off with Paddington, Zippy set to rock, Ear
bashing, cant stand ear bashing, ask that Basil
Brush, How'd they move The Cunning Fox? 101 Ear
bashing

Who's got the biggest socks...

An even bigger chopper?

That Frys still off the box

We hear they all want head

Whats that left inside the bed

Where's My Blood Valentine

The ginger beers been wed

Still UM ERS got the FIRM ONES

Ripe mellons that we're fed.Its boom boom boom

A broom under a frock

So shake a ginger beer

And squirt it in their ear

Its ride a cock horse

All jedi use the force

But once they're home in bed

They've lay 'er in their heads.Ear bashings

Dont like ear bashings

They said we're all just mupets

Who was that little puppet

Big Birds off with Ernie

The Count goes bats for 12

But once you're pushing 30

Could big ears free your Elves?

You know those under 12's

Cant stand ear bashings.

Got a mark to number

Aggregate and test

Counting down to none

They'll say it's for the best

A profiles worth a million

The ones that still Resist

Splice them on the phone line

Voice recognized, desist.Rerouted to exclusion

Examples none can miss.

Natures born to killers

Selling out for cheaper thrills.

Spin another rumor

Their strain shall not persist.

Can you hear them running,

A cog inside whose wheel

Can they catch you running

Would the feeling make it real. Do you see whose
running

A slave to whose machine

Running for the zone

Running through the tears

Running out of something

Left Running out of years.

Run them round in circles

Left Run down in the streets.

Gotta keep on running

Gotta keep the pace

It's death at the heels

Gotta win this human race. Did you hear their crying

Do you care just how it feels

And When we see it through

Gonna Take them down for real

Their only answers why,

And its you they'd leave to die.

A silver stockings whisper

The sirens say they lied

A mule for the dictation

No sense just dedication.

As they run you out of time

Survival to the fittest

Miscast by their false witness

Run right out of nothing

Running from the starting gun.

Gotta keep on running

Gotta keep the pace

It's death at the heels

Gotta win this human race. With a sun to blind your
eyes

They're running out of lies

Surf a wave that says your nothing

Your Nothing without you.

Buy another memory

Hide another year

Pretend that what they sell you

Is all it means to you.

They'll bleed you of compassion

Grind you up for fuel.

Neon mirrors for the scream

Subliminals for dreams

Dance you like a puppet

Say your nobodies fool

There's death at your heels

Gotta show them how it feels

It's due in their face.

Cos they'd run this human race.

Do you feel whose running

As your Run into the ground

An ounce of flesh to every pound

Final lap another round

do you hear your heartbeat

It's you they're gunning down

Gotta Find another breath

Cos the losers facing death

Do you want to hear their lies

Just Whose running all our lives

Running out of something

When they run out of lies.

Gotta keep on running

Gotta keep the pace

It's death at the heels

Gotta win the human race. Let not poor Nelly Starve

We'd take them half n half

With a zest each segment chance

Sweet Chinas Dirty Dance

for A Vestral Virgins minx

Orange Molly lends her wink

She's our pretty witty nelly

the coal yard over smelly

For 6pence an Evenings Love

Troops the colours Lacy dove

At the feet of gods they fall.

Hers the extras curtain call. Let not poor Nelly

Starve

Take those Mollies half and half

Drury lane snubbed Stellas looks

In The Battle of the Books

To pepys his poison quote

A bezoars antidote Pretty Witty Nelly

Whose the armpits over smelly?

Was it they the Catholic whore

Spit roast and suckling for

Took swift to rump those whigs.

Would our Nelly take such pigs?

With Chelsea to the barrack

Knee trembled at the garret

Where a lapdog lay his gut

But a stag had couched his rut. Let Not poor Nelly

Starve

Blue garter, crowned Scones Start

For the Roe his glimpse of calf,

Draw the curtains half n half

What the French had done for years

She'd bow the Hind to please

With champagne to fill a bath

How could poor nelly starve?

A lobster to her tease

Gallant pensions for a fee. Let not poor Nelly Starve

Uncloaked assassins desk bound scalf

Where the pepys once inked his quill

Could a woman play the fille?

Pray tell of fairest Hart

From her pillows finest arts.

For pretty witty nell

A posey for that smell

Black Deaths back in again

Pudding lanes the Merry Reign Our Pritty witty Nelly

At St Martins lays her belly

The Peninsulars worth a look

Two Chicks Prey where she shook

Chelsea alms whence flew Chafinch

Pass Buck Roundhead Greenwich

Not a word of Orange Mollies

For who would praise such courtly folly. Let not poor

Nellys Starve

Keep them warm in finest scalves

And where that swain has shot his lot

Pray hide what Nelly got

.Kinder Gardeners

Jack Sprat could eat no fat

His wife had kept hers lean

And when she turned off all the lights

She'd use her bean machine. Little Miss muffet

Bucked roger a tuffet

Eating his curdled ways

Out fell a spider

He opened her wider

You'd never scare gipsies that way. Little Jacks
corner

No dunce when he'd horner

Who'd Stick in a thumb

Passed cluedos old plum

With Angel delight

From Mr White

Whilst Cuting off ears

Eye fulled britaneys sheers

A trout with a mic

A key for the kite. They say it takes years

To shake off those fears

For Arsenic and lace

The records misplaced

They winked from a needle

Left crossed stitched spread eageled

Milked from an asp

For that golden of ass. Who'd gobble a fly?

perhaps they all lie

Or swallow a spider

To riggle inside her

Just Never say die,

It's better they lied.

Just my oh my, CBs they all tried

A convoys hardride, bonnie apes never mind.

Once their all inside she's sure to have cried.

Just never ask why, they still say she's shy. To

kinder gardens

And radio days

They paddled away

For come what may

In flower beds

Where hearts were bled

To who they'd wed

Or rather see dead.

They Stand them in line

To teach them their crimes

And say they all fib

Once their out of the bibThey've a purple rose

For Pinochios nose

And billy goats gruff

A body heat snuff

With fires still a burning

The ritch say they're learning.

From sows ears to purses

The babes keep a hurting

Till the poor kids fill larders

Signed in hate, Must try harder,

When that cupboard is bare, you'll see who is fare

With a bah bah blacksheep to their savoir fare

Why that little dogs laughter

On those knees for whose father?

A Remote journeys disent,

Waltz a cowpats descent We saw them kill bambi

Heard they danced in the dandi

And how they slew babes

Just to sell them more candy.

With a hay diddle riddle

Roland rats left to fiddle

Once they've heard whats not said

All that mysteries dead

Now Where's that dish we all offered to spoon?

Lick that plate clean brains wired to their moon.