

LEFT FOOT FORWARDS

COLLECTED POETRY

VOLUME 4

Sole Copyright

PETER NORMAN STOCK

Girl on the train

The girl on the train

Is fading away

As I wave from the platform

Feelings that no words could say

Like a brief encounter

The station clock marks the time

Of her pulling away

Riding the tracks

At carriage door

The window down

No hope of return

She can't turn around

There must be some grit in my eye

Am I blinded by steam?

As she's fading away

I am loosing my dream

The girl on the train

Will never come back

I knew that I'd lost her

When she rode on the tracks

Something caught in my eye

And I try hard never to look back

For the girl on the train

Was fading from sight

I'm lost in the clouds

Of the steam engine now

And all I recall

Is that she could not turn around

You don't say (love note for a man)

Never able to say

The things I really want to say

So near and yet so far

Why do I think of you this way

Fragile heart

May lose a beat

When looking in your eyes

Knowing loneliness to make me cry

Tears in the corners

Eyelids stretched by their swelling

I never meant

To let this go so far

I lost control

I lost my cool

I lost my sense of composure

There's no way I can get over

Never truly able to say

The things I want to say

For once I've lost my way

And so I'm lost for words

You move away

I long to say

What I want to say

To you another day

The crowd

Lonely in the crowd

Ever wanting to belong

Yet still wanting to be free

To breath gently all alone

Birds of a feather

A brat within the pack

One of the goodfellas

Yet always longing for a break

Some spend whole lives

With absent selves

Yearning to fit in

Afraid of silent thoughts

The people pleaser

And the trophy wife

Need someone else to be defined

In solitude find they're blind

Constant craving

Seeking from the other

Fruits that only you can win

Self approvals treasure trove

What does it cost to be one of the in crowd?

Have you got this seasons shoes?

Ever to be framed

In perceptions by the other

Blown by any wind

A slave to every chance comment

What do you think of yourself?

I'd rather sit alone

Nothing

You offer me nothing

Then point to wrecks in the road

As if to remind me

Where you led me broken and cold

You push at my buttons

With emotional force

But I won't pass your approval

So the ships not on course

Do you think I'm a saviour

To fix what they broke

Social comment remains

You say you wish I'd never spoke

Your self serving illusions

Your profits of gold

No hand reaching down

We all sure could use a lift

You'd leave me discarded

Little remains of a hope

I won't serve your systems

Because I know they're corrupt

I don't see a handshake

You're not offering goals

Can't change a thing

Still you make out that's my fault

Is it really a mark of your respect

Left out in the cold with only regret

You're offering nothing

Another fifty years wasted of social research

From the way that you treat me

It seems you would not of spared me the birch

Do you think I'll submit to engineered dreams?

No ones ever invited me on to one of your teams.

A big fat nothing for the next generation,

What did you offer me, what will you offer to them?

Good and bad

Good man

Gone got a job

Bad man

He don't even get the nod

Good man

Counts his blessings from good god

Bad man

Says he's a stupid sod

Can you even tell

The good for all the bad?

Got hard labour

They're forever sad

Good man

Buys a round of beer

Bad man

He must be something queer

Some folk don't even ask your name

If they don't see you playing by the game

Gonna mount a witch hunt

A scapegoat for their good name

Good man

Lord have mercy

He's seen praying to some god

Bad man

Says they all can go to hell

Which ones got the lousy job?

Shipwrecks

Why is it that shipwrecks

Always attract the sharks

Showing their teeth

White as coral reefs

Fish in a school

Treasure for a trove

Bed of the sea

Lagan swallowed by the sands

Feeding frenzy

Waters slashed by fins

Rising to the surface

Hammer head to strike

Basking in the deep

Trawlers for a line

Hidden bottom dwellers

Buried amongst rocks

The octopus keeps count

Raising suckered legs

Squid oil for an ink

Leaving a dark cloud

Diving to the bottom

Fathoms running deep

Sideways dance of crabs

Limpits , cockle shells

Down amongst the shipwrecks

Looking out for sharks

Surf

Point break over rip tide

On the crest of a wave

The barrelling tube

In the heart of a keg

Frothing with foam

Galloping spray

A trough in the lull

Backwash of the surf

A breaking curtain

Duck and dive in the curl

Beware the rip current

Davey Jones undertow

In the soup

The deep blue undulates

Eating white water

Gasping for air

Stretching the limit

Bubbling pools

Snappers at the surface

Sunlight cuts into the deep

The ebb and the flow

Oscillating reflections

Ripples on the edge

Of the fathoms off shore

Humiliation?

Eat humble pie

Well warn lies

Be yourself

That's mental health

Dominant ideology

Writ with failures psychology

Self fulfilling prophecy

Leading to catastrophe

What use humility

And kingdoms for the meek?

Submissive to humiliation

Guilt trips that they seek

Why fear the bombastic

Ego on the sleeve

Needing to be stripped down

Is that what you'd believe?

Challenging assumptions

Time to show some gumption.

Do you want to feel deflated?

A loser ever to be

Can't you see it's overrated

Ever servile on bent knee

Be full of yourself

That way you'll be fulfilled

They want pride to mean a fall

Don't give them the first call

With Self esteem to be blessed

New heights to confess

Reach for the moon

Don't let them bring you down too soon

Your eyes lowered like a monk

Is that how low you've sunk ?

Just Puff out your chest

As if you are the best

Growing up

What do you want to be

When you're all grown up?

That's what the teacher asks

Trying to motivate, exams for you to pass

When I was at school

They said the same old things

So I said when I grew up

I wanted to be an earth worm!

They laughed a little snidely

Like I didn't get their meaning

Obviously a bit stupid

Or so they preferred to think

An earth worm is quite useful

Aerating the soil

It'll always find a home

Digging holes into the earth

Some of us do not so much grow up

As we are worn down to the ground

You can cut a worm in half

With your favoured spade

It won't hurt it a bit

With no sign of pain, it will live on

Some would say that wanting to be an earth worm

I must be full of shit.

So when your teachers ask

What you'd like to grow up to become

Spare a thought for little me

Because an earth worm I would be

You know we all end up in the ground

And those earth worms will get a feed

Known associate?

Is prevention really better than cure?

Have you even got the right profile

No compulsion for sure

You seem to be working off an old score

Tingles at the extremities

It might get a little twitch

But there's no biting at hooks

You're not even good to switch

Admissions so old

All the trails have gone cold

You've got nothing on me

Squeakier than clean

You dangle a carrot

And get no response

Remember the last act

When you worked in a nonce?

You try to direct my connections

In the hope there's a catch.

Flies on the windshield

All the blood that you got

When did I last strike?

A great white long forgot

There's no rhyme or reason

To the word on the street

You feed each other's delusions

Assuming a repeat

I've never even tried the poisons that you think

There's no history, no known associates, there's no
missing links

Alien nation

To make private thoughts go public

Hackers at back doors

Forever looking into

Like readers of a diary

They say why not keep a journal

Then monitor your cloud

Invasion of your privacy

When rights say it's not allowed

The subject and the object

The plague of prying minds

Rapt up in their projections

Assumptions of the blind

If I speak aloud

They think I'm in the Truman Show.

They'd get into every space

As if they hold the high ground

Forever trying to justify

Invasions of the alien

They know you are a problem

It's what they've come to decide

They say they cannot handle

Things that just aren't their business

They want there to be a reason

To terrors of their own invention

Perhaps they are mind readers

They seem to miss my point.

Forever to the battle

Against these space invaders

If this was missile command

They'd all be blown to hell

They seem to think by sitting

I can see into their minds

When they're the ones forever hacking

To try to get under the skin

Perhaps they've fear of danger

From those they do not know

Which ones the alien

They've no insight for it all.

Methuselah

Back to methuselah

Is the story getting old ?

The older and the wiser

Is loves light growing cold?

To live a longer life

Perchance to find some meaning

To all the random hurts

Purpose of which keep dreaming

The hair has turned to grey

The crow feet come to mark

You'd think for all this experience

We would not still be in the dark

The joys of not knowing

Sweet nectars ignorance

Youth is wasted on the young

Their songs ever of the innocence

Who wants to live forever

A blessing or a curse

There are some that may be wishing

Sweet release by the hearse

For all of lifes absurdity

Find at last some peace

I dream only of death

My hopes of final breath

The ancient of all days

What wisdom in longevity

You may wonder what the point

To extending mortal coil?

To grow old in disgrace

Lord I pray, give me depravity.

Blind monkey

Monkey see monkey do

Peeling their banana

Scratching at their nuts

Monkey hear, it's what we all do.

Invisible hands

Direct the orchestrated

A little bird tells me

Freedoms over rated

Master and slave

Opinion contradicts

Feeding extremes

Tempted thoughts to predict

Puppet strings to pull

The unseen marionette

Something sinister about yellow brick roads

But the point you will forget

Fugue of memory

Like teenagers made blind

Divorced from their history

Whips motivate the mind

Monkey and organ grinder

Serves to remind

Monkey hear monkey do

Behavioural chains

Habits defined

Repetition compulsions

Like merry go rounds

Checking your wallet is full of those pounds

Turned on by porno

What role do you play?

Monkey he sees

Blind Monkey mislead.

Savage?

The colonised

New religion to despise

Keep the subversive poor

Close open doors

Who the savage

Who born to be wild?

Scent of the land

Tattoo on hand

Calls to war

In head dress to the spiral dance

We are the land

The native people

As one into the wilderness to roam

Ghost dance calls to ancestral homes

War paint masks

Shaman transform

Shape shifters rise

To hunt in packs

Elders pass the pipe of peace

The nation rising up to speak

A fist raised to colonial rule

The chains of which Black Elk knew

Medicine bags

The stacked rocks regards

Spirits of those that are the land

Shackled warriors in raised hands

Show Blood and sweat that protects the child

The fragrance ever of the wild

They'll say it's only appropriation

But all respect the heart of the First Nations

Destroyers

To destroy a life

And provide no answer

No meaning for the questions

Nothing but destruction

They call it intervention

Creativity to prevent

Protecting crimes of others

With whom they make their bed

No deal for blind assets

No provisions safety net

The way they tried to use me

Forever was ill met

Pawns in others games

Forever scoring points

To assume a moral high ground

Rooted in impression management

They claim they have the right

To distort the truth to justify

I ask myself what is the point

Of protest in the face

Of so much corruption

To serve their politic

How they seek to reframe

The tears as mere unreality

Ever the enemy of their state

Civil mechanisms that conceal

Cold harsh realities

Of others depravity

They'll say it's just delusion

Paranoia of the mind

For all they are the guilty

An ill fate to decide

I turned to face their wall

And as I whispered my refrain

An observer across the street

Replied from an ear piece

They'll reroute yet more phone calls

More evidence to eternal inquiry

And have to get another extension

To the illusions that they'd weave

Doc

Seeking control

You do not speak to me

Your tainted institutions

Power to assume

You claim social standing

As your superiority

Your professional opinion

Leaves nothing left of me

It's a very old conflict

And I proved you wrong before

But all I got for my pains

Was the same old closing door

You set up situations

Based on such little evidence

Miracles in a tablet

For those who don't relent

When I greet you with a smile

It does not betray my true feelings

Never even touching first base

I don't think that much of you

Your station in this life

Reveals only what you crave

Qualified to ratify aspersions

On the condemnation of a character

Write me another label

I'll ignore that one too.

Smoking

Loaded words

With significance

Your lips kiss the barrel

Of a smoking gun

Fingers on triggers

Safety catch is off

Bullets in the chamber

As you cock to shoot

You made a bed to lay in

With roses for the scent

Forever coming up

The darling buds of spring

You cast the fateful dice

Pokers shaking bones

Aces and eights

Remind of deadman's hand

The gushing of the blood

As from an open vein

The fountain of youth

Cut short by bullet hole

Cowboys and Indians

Caps inside your guns

Memories sawn down to stocks

Stollen promises

To a violent end

Your lips blow on the barrel

A final word to send

Frozen years

When tears rise in your eyes

I am shaken to the core

Reflecting on sadness

I cannot contain anymore

The wept waters welling up

Moist on your cheek

How I wish to kiss them away

Healing caresses to seek

Like the bruises to knees

Or hurts of the heart

A gentle touch

As lips gently part

To trace with a finger

The trail of your tears

A longing to connect

That could stretch into years

It moves me right now

With a thought of your eyes

That remind me how I'm frozen

And my hearts yet to cry

Iceberg

The tip of the iceberg

What lies beneath

Still, Frozen waters

Melting icicle tears

Ice caps are thawing

The seas come to rise

Flooding the shores

The weeping of hearts

The march of the penguins

Their journey cut short

Where they protect their eggs

Beneath feathers, atop legs

Polar regions are shrinking

Are we really forewarned

Of coming tsunami

Breaking waves against land?

The hot breath of the walrus

Pale tusks like the snows

With global warnings

Where will his young grow?

The white furred polar bear

The stranded seal cub

Hunters become hunted

Red stains on clubs

The seasons revolve

The long winters shadow

Yet still tears are melting

Tip of the iceberg

Absinthe

The green fairy is dancing

Heaped sugars silver spoon

To help the wormwood go down

Bitter spirits offered up to the moon

The drip of ice water

Clouding glass set to bloom

With the fragrance of herbs

Fennel mixed with anise

Rub of wet digit on lip

Rising tones resonate

Stirring the mind

Flight of fantasy

Tarnished copper to strokes

With fingers of green

In absentia

Judged for all that they lack

Burnt smell of an incense

The spirit in flame

Like Syrian rue

Rouge flushing cheek

Crying up to the balcony

The torn of heart in the night

The furnace

In the glass

Melt of sugar cube

As the Green lantern ignites

That fairy is dancing

On the clouds of the bloom

The scent of her flowers

The chime of glass to the spoon

Wormfeed

Keep them in the dark

Cut us in on the deal

Keep them isolated

We can sell their last remains

Bow down to the power

The bosses never loose a game

Same old story

Can't teach an old dog new tricks

Divide and conquer

Take a slice of the pie

Greasing palms

Slip us some skin

They'll face the final cut

Cremations to the flame

We'll bribe their executor

Kill their last will and testimony

Casting lots in a gambit

We'll inherit the earth

They'll not last long

We've doctors on our side

Keep the plates spinning

Take a little whilst they live

Claim they're delusional

Buy off their witnesses

We can feed the children

A line that wasn't ours

It's a generational game

Stealing from the now

Banking on the future promises

Of stolen copyright

Pray they can't afford a lawyer

As the worms stay out of sight

Creaming from the crop

Young hearts, they'd steal their lot

They are the industry

So many irons, so many fires.

Brimming

I may bore of the format

Tire of context and form

But there's one thing

That will have me coming back for more

When you face me full on

And I stare deep in your eyes

The heart I see beating

Speaks of sunlit skies

The heat that could burn

If I fell into the fires

Reaches out just like starlight

And of this I can't tire

A thrill to the moments

I dance to your tune

And I long for fulfilment

Beneath your rising moon

To grasp for more life

Grip a handful to pull

Winding you closer

As I brim over full

Temptation so great

That I hide my real face

For when I am with you

My heart starts to race

The creative spark

That reaches into the dark

It's what you ignite in me

And that's why I come back for more

Tables

I could not not write to you

The words strung through each verse

Unraveling the heart

With its nuanced mystery

I cannot not put pen to paper

I am in the habit of such things

And every now and then

A song of yours it brings

I could not turn my back

On the stories from the past

Forever sentimental

As tears dry with the ink

I face an open page

And wonder at the lines

Awaiting to be filled

Perchance some dream fulfil

Somes loves remain unspoken

Heart forever left awoken

The rhythm like my pulse

Rising as I think of you

I stare up to the sky

My thoughts have turned to blue

If the shoe were on the other foot

How would you be feeling to?

To life we all are but guests

Sometimes to banquets full

But as I sit here all alone

The absence speaks of you

Empty tables turn

For now, the lonesome stranger

Warning signs

I sense waves on the horizon

With the fall of hale

Like others throwing stones

And wonder who would shatter

Such little dreams

There's the vast ocean

And between us an attitude

That might blow me off my feet

To serve your

Superiority complex

Judas lends an ear

But for how long.

I've been stripped down before

And can sense the rumble

Of the earth shake

That foreboding

Like a volcano ready to erupt

Mere ripples

Warning sign

Of breakers to come

As if a valued support

Might really be my worse judge

With the smell of plunder

Brigands on the waters

Waiting with the sense of anxiety

As others react

As if to pull the rug

From under newly planted feet

How do they think I'll react?

The vultures begin to circle

Wings of metal like encircling chains

The sound of mortar in the distance

Fingers toy with a grenade

It's a bed to lie in

But I see what others made

And as I await the darkness hope begins to fade

A hammer raised up

But who will be knocked down?

The silent violence of the middle

Could yet repeat.

A killing joke

A killing joke

The actor takes to stage

No need for introductions

As the boards begin to creek

The comic arts

Timing of the punch line

In parody

The tears of a clown

To hide

Behind the grease paint mask

Don guise of the fool

In another's passion play

To wit

Weave comedic art

Flower on lapel

Squirts acid in the face

A joke to some

Falling on deaf ears

A mocking gesture

Sir, do you bite your thumb at me?

Before the final curtain falls

Bow down low towards the gods

The right hand raised

Hides left fist behind the back

Who'd make a mockery

In a fond salute!

It's a knockout where we race to serve

Do you get the punchline

A curtsy to your pirouette

A killing joke

Falls before not so deaf ears

A bag of laughs

Hollow to echoes.

Teenage Dirtbag

So you think I owe you amends

Because the dope we smoked

As teenage kids

Rotted your brain and flipped your lid

First up, no one has to make amends

Unless forced to pay back a debt

By the justice system

So take a running jump

If I never meet with you again

It maybe because I never thought

A damn thing of you

So sit on it and spin

Of all the prick teasing

Depraved little whores

That I never thought anything of

Perhaps this verse is just for you

So you met me once

Or I ate you out

Or we shared a drink or spliff

Get over yourself it meant nothing

I never slapped you about

I never forced myself on you

I never even groped you

Unless you invited me to

That's not part of my history

Sorry, I'm not even sorry

I do not live in guilt

For crimes of others imaginations

And yes I say many a thoughtless remark

But if you take it as being about you

That's your stuff

It probably wasn't even aimed at you

I did show an older boy my dick

It's not my fault he didn't suck it!

Fancy

Do you think I live in fantasy

Romantic novels fare

Happy ever after

Where love comes to conquer all?

The pen that's dipped in passions ink

Flirtatious as the whore

Flowers in bouquet

Courtly to encore

To bathe within the spotlight

The heart upon the sleeve

Calling from on high

The ascension of the balcony scene

Star crossed lovers

Broken dreams

Chatterton to lament

In romantic suicide

Infatuations blade

Hopes that waiver

Like the held razor

To make a final cut

Trembling as a teardrop

Awaiting to explode

Moistening a final note

Alas as doomed as youth

Intentions great that come to fade

The thorns of roses bed

Where the fool would lay his head

To fight with witch

Subdue dragons

Bold as any knight

But to fall on ones own sword

When he sees the light

Warriors wills to dominate

The fancies of the faint

Reflect on the reality

For Romeo is dead

Fools gold

Rapt up in cotton wool

Authoritarian to velvet glove

Promises of liberty

Conceals stiletto at the back

Tread gently on egg shells

Who thinks we all get the same treatments?

The scourge still motivates

Hid behind false claim, 'we care'

Holding pens for cattle

Whips to move the slaves

Rights for which to battle

Ever going a fat nowhere

Impressions that things are better

Than they ever were before

A culture to preserve

In Conservative party lines

The snake oil salesman's pitch

Real tears on our TVs

Be mindful of slight of hand

And no rights without responsibility

Dreams of self fulfilment

A psychologist favoured creed

Look out for bedlam's gates

Arcadia to belay

Take the red pill

Or bow down

Do you think we have a choice?

Carrots leading donkeys

Lures to pull at the heart strings

Who runs off with all the gold?

All things being unequal

An awareness that is growing

They don't want us actualised

Mr Motivator

To wash the feet of the poor

Ever mindful who has more

To dry them with your hair

Yet the imbalance remains unfair

Easy to talk of humility

Service to a common good

Renouncing worldly aims

Is your charity just hollow claims?

Words of rigidity and control

A viper hidden in the nest

Rapt up in cotton wool

The hypocrisy of the blessed

To be seen to offer alms

The fevered minds to calm

But is the safety net

A businessman's sure bet?

To speak of moral virtue

Each equal in their worth

Paradox to come to serve

For the privileged of birth

The call for liberty

Green shoots struggle to be free

Rooted in the earth

Do they flower,

Lowly of birth?

There's some who would coerce

Their rod of power to control

Fooling the manipulated

Who's fulfilled for all this lack?

With promises of unseen heights

Yet who raised the lash to tender backs?

Do the meek inherit nothing at all

What opportunity for golden balls?

Gordian

Hephaestion noble friend

To lend sympathetic ear

Perhaps to loosen garter

Of those whose fate's to lead

Ever in the long haul

The cartwheels begin to creak

To deliver up the goods

The markets prize to reap

To face the twisted words

That seals the Gordian knot

Tongues like many forked

The serpents rive entwined

In brothers arms to find

Courage to seize the day

It's time they faced the chop

Bondage to assuage

Who dares raise up the blade

Face conflict with the sword

Like a guillotine to cut

Through the shackles chords?

Many a voice in vain

Raised to defend the rights

Questions confounding minds

Caught in revolutions sophistry

At last we must decide

Conundrum to unravel

To cut the knot right through

Only by the sovereign power

I love your wits

Fuck wit

Shit for brains

Sapiosexuals

Driving you insane

I love your enormous wits

Want to kiss you on the brain

Sapiosexuals

Called Mensa till you came

Phone sex two tone dial

Ring m for murder

Inteligencia emocional

Got your little death upon my mind

When you draw your final breath

You'll know you've been head fucked to death

Going to keep you cryogenically frozen

So I can rub up against your mind

Headhunting the brain drain

I'm a sexual brainiac

When I get your results back

See if you are fit to play QI

As your IQ tests don't lie

Sapiosexual

I want to fuck your brains out

No matter which way you swing

Professor chalk your blackboard

I want to learn all you can teach

Fuck wit with sex upon the brain

Dogma

The lies we are fed

From within the fold

The fading photos

Looking old

The chains of dogma

That they wrote

Promises of freedom

In spirits cloak

What does it mean

When come the end

They don't even leave you

With a friend

Cold hard shoulders

Crocodile tears

No hope left

To still the fears

They'll screw you up

Throw you away

Cast adrift

Seek to betray

The market eats us up

And spits us out

All we're left with

A nagging doubt

Divided loyalty

A scream to shout

Switched off

Tuned out

The background noise

One wish left

To be free

Of all this nonsense that they feed

No ship sets sail

An epic fail

Ends not means

Freedom of self expression

Be your self

But wait a minute

We don't like the things you say

Hold on buster

We're the libertarian

No social conscience

Promote our selves

We're the ones that leave you in the cold

Out on the streets

No story told

We said you'd dance once more with stars

An engineered spotlight

That none else would see

Made to project

Prime time TV

Remember those

Who speak of right size

They never fight

To win the prize

What motivates

Also undermines

Competition

No hope finds

They seek to cut you off

And leave you out

Seek to dominate

As you Drown

Another broken dream

More machinations

Ends draw close

How is it feeling

Am I so much in the dark

Recall how long the cold locked door

What miracles

Mislead the poor?

Nothing new

It's been this way for years

Extensions

Loyal rebellions

Fake terror threats

Foreign policy

Hedging bets

When requiem calls

The heralds trumpet

Announcing ends

They might just extend it

Head is lowered on the block

In final judgement

Who weighs our sins

It could mean closure

Or new beginnings

Rain dance

Like the beggars bowl

Caught on camera

To contradiction

A reframe

In the inquisitions eyes

All to play for, or

It was only lies

Concealing truths

A jokers laugh

And how they never learned to act

Honesty awaits deaf ears

A fulfilled prophecy

And muffled tears

Friends shift phase

Show new faces

Awaiting no deal

They're leaving traces

Treading waters

All I dream

The heroes fall

The cows lay down

Predicting change

Be on the winning team

Pious

The one thing they're not offering

Is any kind of hope

Not even a mechanism

To help me come to cope

When the angels are all devils

There's no turning back

All they're really teaching

Is of things that you lack

Maintenance steps

Never meant that much at all

Just a sacred cow

They said would save us from a fall

If things don't get better

I guess they stay the same

Watch as the controllers

Try to destroy what you've got in a reframe

If soul food was my medicine

How come it's in the poison jar

Didn't you ever try to figure

How I'd come this far

The holy all convinced

They struggle with their sin

Trying to corrupt you

The shit they'd put you in

Pray another day

This is as good as I've been living

Closing doors upon the pious

Cos I don't need forgiving

If I go back to re-evaluation

I'll have my co-counselor on our knees

Vacillation

It's a vacillation nation

Attorney general takes the lead

Are we heading over a cliff

Why can no one get a deal?

Again the knotted questions

Players divide in teams

Who promotes will of the people?

Democracy a pipe dream

Self important parrots

All sat upon their perch

Are they trading in illusions

Whilst for decisions we all search

Choice becomes occluded

Tongue tied by the word

The mace points to the ascendant

The divided take the floor

Is anyone looking for answers

In the pantomime?

The lords uphold a block

Bring on a Christmas dame

Vacillation nation

Are we being taken for a ride

The TV stuck in loop

Who grants the power to decide

The cogs and wheels of power

Sure could use some Vaseline

Keepsake

I get that old fashioned feeling

Like an ache to be back

The chair that is empty

Speaks to my lack

That old familiar feeling

Rising in my chest

The warmth in the rhythm

That longs to embrace

There's no getting over

The emotions not passed

In a moment that's missing

Jigsaw piece of the heart

Something absent in childhood

It's there that I crave

A promise of comfort

Like cashmere for a scarf

The chill of the evening

Rain gentle falls

Hinting of mists

Where stags breath lonely calls

An old fashioned feeling

Collecting conkers in the park

Always playing for keepsies

Strings that pull in the dark

Adding a verse

For nothing really concludes

The conversations we have

Stretching between quiet times

Yes chief

Did I miss a change of face

In their own perspective

On all this exploitation

Of the under age?

As if it was a romance

Teens spiral in red lights

And how the dominants

Would have the final say

Could it be that purse strings

Pull the actors heart

Trying to remould

Those wounded from the start

A grand kind of deception

The masquerade it's art

On the record

They'd play us all for fools

Evidence for departments

To contradict the real

To speak of not wanting

To answer to the call

How I'm left to wonder

If it's any support at all

Alert for but one hour

As if that's the way it always is

Left anxious in distress

As they pour another tumbler

Where they tripped the light fantastic

So many moons before

Are they the kind to pay off rent boys

With blue jeans oh so tight?

Friendly faced as any other enemy

That would leave me on my own

And tries to misdirect me

Without a lovers will

New deal all they offer

Yes boss, no sympathetic ear.

Embrace

Shinto shrines

The spiral robed dancers

Raised fans as if in flight

Waterfalls alight

Techno shamans

Shift into focus

Living through a smart phone lens

To capture spirits behind the glass

Always one step removed

Never really engaged

Apart from their environment

Alienated from the scene

Ritual pressings of a button

To save the memory

Technologically numbed

Did you forget the silent feel?

Lost in the irony

Consumers paradox empty

The contemplative sit

Absorbed by the other

Being there with nature

To rest within the peace

Weeping cherry blossom

Lady snow bloods crimson rain

Penetration of forged steel

Stacked rocks speak of zazen

To move in harmony

Bending with the wind

Perhaps to catch in fall

The golden majesty their unseen

Yearning to be at one

The heart of forest trees

Expectancy

Who gets to live

Who gets to die?

Shortening expectancy

Doctors that lie

Eugenics

Do we all get much of a life?

Stratification

Divided by class

Ever a struggle

For the working man

Threatened by loss

Knowing they lack

Chances not taken

For they could cost you a fall

Reaching for comfort

Loves only for fools

The joys of the privileged

Success for the few

The poor man

Feared vagrant

No rights like the slave

Turned on to crime

Last resort

For the brave

The rich never knowing

Stabilities risk

The pauper a tight rope

Who pulls safety nets?

Scarcity programmes

As free as we're let

When you are young

They'll burn up your passions

Lead you down roads

A victim to fashion

When seasons draw close

To a coming end

You may well ask yourself

Just who was a real friend

Take what you can

Don't loose it all on a bet

Faces on TV are not all for us

Inequality never forget

They live in another world

So few troubles

The tables are set

The mastery it's chains

Ever faced with a threat

How much of a life?

What time permits

As much as I can buy

For all of their lies

How long will I live?

As long as anyone gets.

Ginger

Root ginger

Steeped in the steam

Hot ginger

Just my cup of tea

Stem ginger

Sweet candy in a jar

Seasoned Asia

Speaks of lands afar

Hot ginger

Spice trades exotic realms

Stirred sensations

Those parting lips

Of which I dream

Root ginger

Savoured in the cup

Bone China

The caress of lips

breathing in the heat

Ginger snaps

Dipped in the warm tea

Moistening heat

This is my kind of fantasy

Wrapt snugly

In her many layers

Warm ginger

Rhizome bulbous root

Steeped in Asia's secret promises

Hot ginger breathing in the steam

Stirred season touches the lips

A touch of spice of which I dream

Flow

Did you think I'd get a block

That you could disrupt my flow?

I don't need your attention

I'm not sitting on a wall

You try to frustrate me

Want me to depend

Dominated by directors

Yet another picked out soul mate

How is it so prolific?

I'll tell you in one word

Discipline

It's the graft that guides my pen

One time it was a challenge

With hurdles in the way

I jumped through all the hoops

Now I stand on my own feet

I kept going on the streets

A dictaphone and a guitar

Kept equipment in a lock up

Whilst you cursed me to hostels

Safety deposits for the lap top

No time for broken hearts

Kept treasures in a note book

Hard copy saved whilst sent to jail

Stripped down to almost nothing

Or inflated by the crowd

I survived all these things

Faced absurdity

You tried to wipe it all away

And leave me in the trash

Thought I'd settle for false fame

Dubs of my words on the TV

You knocked me down each time

And still I rose back up

I'm not going to go away

And you can't interrupt my flow

I've seen it all before

You may try it all again

You offer only conflict

But you've never done me in for good

Lady fantasy

Sweet nothings

Lady fantasy

Whispers in the ear

They'll try to crucify

Fragile hearts left in the cold

Carrots before asses

True love getting old

Whisper your sweet nothings

Attract the suicidal wings

The gaudy moths of puberty

Hypnotised by the top ten

There's money to be had

In the suffering

Sold on penny dreadfuls

Romance of mills and boon

Whisper in my ear

Reach deep into my mind

Pulling at the heart strings

Loneliness to school

Whisper satisfaction

Led up the garden path

Another fed delusion

Once bitten, twice as shy

Sweet nothing

Lady fantasy

When did you think that I was born?

Innamorati

To enter with a couplet

Tongues that drip with rhyme

Flirting with the audience

A lovers hopes to mime

Seeking for perfection

In those longed for eyes

Floating on fleet foot

A dance that never dies

Innamorati

Commedia dell'arte

To embrace within those arms

Completion of the heart

For all arts other fools

None so blessed as loves

Dripping with fine jewels

Chests rise, wings of the dove

Where some hide face in shame

For a cruel deceit

The sincere of their emotions

Seek only to unite

Fine silks extravagance

Beauty spot upon the face

To sing of lofty heights

The curve of cheek to trace

For all hurdles that arise

They crave just one to prize

Lost in a rhyming couplet

Taking the fair hand

To couple with a sigh

Never wanting for goodbye

Barber of Seville

For opera buffs

The barber of Seville

Sweet as it's oranges

Love ever bedevils

Clothed in rags

As a student Count sings

Beneath the balcony

To be loved just for what his heart brings

Bergamot beauty

Sweet warmth of serenade

Calling in disguise

To the fair maid

To fight for her hand

May take more than just guile

But as a drunken soldier

Blows swiftly in style

Passing love letters

Under nose all the while

To steal the dowry

Jealously guarding, the Ward.

The Doctor his house

A closer shave, Figaro striking a chord

Masquerade as a tutor

Proposals gone wrong

Cruel twist of fate

Mistrusting his song

Climbing the ladder

A windows entrance

Accused of betrayal

Revelations last chance

the barber to witness

A Marriage of hearts

As the count takes her hand

True Love finds a way

Too late with the law

To keep them apart

The doctor deposed

Yet the dowry retains

For opera buffs

Like sweetest of orange

The barbers close shave

From fair Seville

Just never forget

Love is an old devil

Bag of chips

Be sure to lick your fingers

If you've had a bag of chips

What is that salty taste

That they've left on your lips?

Time to have a good fanfare

For the common man

What is it he really wants from life

Could it be a bag of chips?

Some marvel at turner

His frantic brush strokes

Painting a landscape

Did he really just dream of a poke?

Rapt up in the newspaper

Photogenically spread

Now that's what I call a picture

High heel fingers licking to tread

Be sure to lick your fingers

When you've had a bag of chips

Be sure its the front pages

Where the vinegar drips

Fanfare for the common man

Down the working mens clubs

A standing ovation

When they out the jugs

There's plenty on the hip

Be sure to get a grip

Never mind the boat race

When you're stoking at the fire

They could use a reach around

Climbing ladders in the stockings

For that salty taste

Just eat that bag of chips

Half way

Half way to heaven

Half way from hell

Not far from elation

Not too long from despair

The way the mood takes me

From the thoughts fed

Could be perfection

Could be just dread

Anxiety calling

Hope overwhelmed

Couldn't say why

It's all just malaise

Search for a happy thought

Still finding none

Barely turned on

By anything at all

Searching for meaning

Reaching for comfort

Watching colours shift

In the dance of the lights

Tuning out the illusions

To watch a blank screen

Half way from hell

Can't think what I'd find heaven

Am I getting just nowhere

With hope out of sight

Not sure what I like

Plenty that I plain hate

Resigned to failure

Success is over baked

Halfway from somewhere

No time to turn back

Halfway to no where

Direction is lacked

Frottage

Pardon my french

But I'd love to frottage

Rub a dub dub

You could try it in the tub

We used to call it a soapy rubber duck

Or more aggressively a cock fight

If you want to give it a try
Be sure it gets quite intimate
Less ruthless thrust of thought
More subtle than penetration
Pull yourself together man
It's time you got a grip

For the more adventurous
Joined together by a silk tie
Feeling for the pulse
Of the other guy
Suits you sir
Its the measure of a man.

There's some who say in English
To Frot is to rub the clothes
But we all know a double barrel

Is how a shotguns fit to blow

Rapt in satin shorts

You might see a little damp

Dripping from the head

Bell end shining like a magic lamp

Be sure to find your rhythm

When sharing handshakes with a friend

You see when we come to Frot

There's a double climax in the end

Frottage is not just for milkmaids

Just pull the udder ones.

Voice aloud

The voices in your head

Want to see you dead

It's not god or the devil

Technologically fed

Synchronicity on the TV

As if the cameras dance for you

Feeding self obsession

Local authorities seizing control

You're not really crazy

Although it could make you that way

They want you to obey

Serve on the factory floors

Voices in your head

Symbiotic dread

Somethings crept in

Whisper in your ear

Full auto suggestions

Dancing like a puppet on their string

Chained by your memories

They only want to dictate

What's the big secret?

They feed it to us all

Some of us more awake

Coconsciousness makes a break

Resist what they trigger

Masters to slaves

How do they foreshadow

What you perceive in false news?

Voices now quiet

They still play subliminal in your head

House of spice

Massaging the lips

Tiny sensory explosion

Fresh lemon grass excites

The tongue to stimulus

Crisp skin of okra

With melting hearts

Refreshed by a hint

Of ever greener asparagus

Firm stemmed coriander

Taste smooth with a bite

These are the kind of things

That set my senses all alight

The earthy melting lamb

Dissolving in the mouth

That speaks of pastures new

Gambolling in the sun

Freshened pallet citrus zest

The finer things with which we're blessed

Bouquet of Persian rose

Speaks of exotic lands afar

Subtlety to kiss

Fabulous gastronomic in delight

Many colours to the canvas

Flavours so sublime

In the house of spice

Stars twinkle with foresight

Papillon

Zombies on the tv

Undead in the street

Deaths not much of a living

For all the roles they play

Forever unforgiven

Head numb from the impact

Sleep that ever beckons

To little death of dreams

Held upon the island

Like caliban a slave

Whilst the tempest rages

Projected monster of the id.

The wild man longs for freedom

To leap from the cliff edge

And fly just like a papillon

From the weight of chains

Prometheus unbound

The stolen rage it's fire

Defiant of the gods

Authority shown a fist

I sit animated for an hour

Riding words of liberty

And of course I want for more

To fly to heights unreached

But with feet upon the ground

Still stoking creations flame

Mindful of contingency

Yet warming by the heat

Champions

Quality time

So say just how it is

Bruised of feeling

Miscast of narrative

To be truly heard

Somebody listens

Enough to break the heart

With a solitary tear

The days stretch into weeks

The weeks into the months of years

Someone in my corner

To bring me back onto my feet

Coming off the ropes

Bloodied by arena

But back on toes again

The dance of butterfly

Eye of the tiger

Ever playing in my head

How champions raised a fist

For all I have survived

The wounded and betrayed

Discarded on the streets

Fighting just for life

Alone with stolen rights

The next round announced

By what could be the death bell

Desperate to be heard

And rise as one onto their feet

The tough?

Tough love just a parody

Of what people really need

A shoulder to cry on

Just what could that mean?

Stereotypical

Addicts are all only just scum

Put them in prison

Cold turkeys steel bars

It could be your children

Would you treat them that way

If they get lost in the darkness

Into labyrinth stray?

Prevention is always

Better than cure

But teenagers will try

To fly higher than kites

The icy shoulder

Show of the elbow

Calling it a war

But who are the real casualties?

The lost, the abused

Those so far from home

Low on self esteem

Missing a safe hug

Is it bridges or walls

That we offer to them?

Life can be tough

But the true path is love.

Project

In interpretation

The therapists couch

With hostility do you project

Or is the suspicion cast

Just a false road

Of the familiar route?

Guilt instilled in infants

Making out it's all their fault

That the motivation for abuse

Is caused by something dark in them

Why so angry then

Is there something left unfaced?

Or is it just the nagging doubts

Of a therapists bad faith?

Blurred boundaries of the self

Shadow stuff to develop?

Are you saying I am the enemy?

That I fight only within myself?

I only have to search the memory

To know I'm free of guilt

The hand that rocked the cradle

The fist raised at a child

The twist of limbs to torture

The burn of cigarette

The loving family that drugged me

The uncle locking me in car boot

Some will claim dark Eros

For those that were violated

That we're cursed to recycle

What was put onto us

But it's just an interpretation

A false suspicion that could be spread

What happened without my consent

Is not mine to repent.

I can name them my abuser

Without my being a perpetrator of abuse

You see it's just fools logic

To say we all just project.

There always will be hatred

For those that deal in harm

It's why I've got my grandfathers skull

Tattooed upon my arm.

Rain, rain, go away

Cold chills in waves

Soaked to the skin

Wet right through

Where's the plastic Mac ?

An ache in the back

Longing for warm rubs

Billowing winds

Inside out umbrellas

Turned by the howl

That whips all about

Lashing down sheets

Soot stained waters

Clearing petroleum fumes

The taste of sweat on dripping lips

Pull up your hoods

Zip up your hopes

Try to stay dry

In warm fur trimmed over coats

The torrential rains

Why don't they go away?

With a nursery rhyme

Defiant spell

for them to come back

Another day

Lay your coat down in the puddle

With doctors bound for Gloucester

Regal shoes keep dry

Hair to safely shield

The milliners work well done

With a little hat that stays against the typhoons
gale

Hot ginger tea slowly stirred

Like the warming of the heart

Marriage of Figaro

Right of the first night

How dominant the Lord

To seize the virtues of the maid

A serving girls plucked flower

The philandering count

To claim in mad day

The measure of the space

That fits the wedding bed

The groom to face the law

Foresworn to pay a debt

The vendetta of the betrayal

Promises of the heart

The brilliant madam

To force figaro to his knees

Pages love, of all woman kind

The chair remaining hid behind

The beautiful godmother

On her breast to linger just awhile

Like ruby jewels the red of heart

The longing to unite will never part

Cherubinos' advances yet turned away

To gallivant another day

Commission to the military

Rescued from sealed service

Disguised with flowing hair

To walk with a ladies gait

Instead to fit into the closet

The folly in the weddings veil

To escape the jealous husband

Swapping with the maid

Where sword is drawn

Leaping from window of the tryst

A countesses guile

That it was a mere test

For her master,

a woman's whiles,

After all there's no affair.

Crushed carnations

Trod underfoot

The gardeners protestations

Who faces the charge?

The twist of the hair

The ravelled story of the fair

Enough to mount investigation

Postponement of the fated day

The case is won

The prodigal son

A gentleman's excuse me

To save face

Double weddings

The heralds bell

Yet question for whom

The serenades song

And who the author

Of the note for which lovers pine

Pin prick for the finger

The crimson blood

Still the Count

Claims his night of sordid lust

A switch of dress

Busy to his conquest

Providing token with a ring

A trophy laying his claim

Guilt dodging the disdain

Yet Inviolable

Jealous roles are swapped

Figaro the accused

The countess to misuse

Lost in the costume changes

The count seeing his mistake

Exposed shame faced

Our hero escapes alive

And as each embrace their wives

With twists and turns to wedded nights

All is seen to be set aright

The rhythm of the dance

Where intimacy is chanced

Confusion of true north

Confounded by subplot

To live to fight another day

Ever seeking a true way

Libretto of love letters

For how ever could I forget ya

The heart has its ups and downs

By love to be ever crowned

Bullet

I got your name

I got your number

I got your tag

I got your handle

Airships and blimps

Hot air balloons

All around the world

Like phileas fogg

I got a hit

I got an old score

Got a name on a bullet

No finger prints on my gun

Forensics in gas masks

Chemical weapons

Chimera in a pill

Over riding the program

That says thou shalt not kill

New prometheans

Breaking free of their chains

Liberty ever on their brains

Concrete jungle with blank stare

There's a fire in your eyes

Tattoos etched on your mind

Coded languages

VR visions for training days

Sensory deprivation

Still no peace of mind

The wasteland desert

Radioactive insane

The drones are making a buzz again

With words they've heard through the bugs

Faced a prisons blank wall

Writing poems in the dark

Graffiti on their canvas

Roaring with defiance

Whispering haiku on silence

To the interrogations voice

Pushing the buttons of memory

With false accusations to free my tongue

Had a name on a bullet

Now I've disposed of the gun

Law and order

They're projecting fantasy of violence

Feeding fears on the TV

Stage blood on actors

A false reality

The news is of a new order

Where law will rule the day

Whilst the judges procure prostitutes

And the cops get to take the best drugs

It's a top down system

A pyramid of control

The rich can afford a lawyer

To save them from a fall

The poverty of lunatics

Criminally insane

If that's what you buy into

You could need a bigger brain

There's fake stories that they feed

AI composites a front page

For the true of faith

In the mediaocracy

Time for another speech

To set the world to rights

Opposition in majority

They may as well save their breath

The royal courts in order

And only the rich are ever free

Vote

You want me to believe in you

But I don't

Wanting me to vote for you

But I won't

You say you've faith in democracy

But it's looking like mob rule

Dictated to by influencers

Algorithmic news its skew

You want me to bow down to you

But I don't

Want to make a fool of me

But you won't

There's a new petition taking off

To make me a statistic

Testing my grasp of the situation

We've heard these stories all before

Counterbalance to my views

Going to whip me into shape

You want me to join in with you

But I won't

You send fake invitations

To groups that aren't even there

Want me to believe in community

But I don't

Bow down to the herd

It's mob rules

You think I have to put my faith in something

I won't vote

Exile

Do we head for the docks

Like generations before

As internal exiles

To Expatriates ?

The system that sets out

To tie us in knots

At the mercy of policy

Acts best left forgot

Rather be extradited

Than be under mental health

Shackled by doctors

Never worthy of wealth

They call it support

When they put you in chains

Call it criminal mindset

Without rights, called insane

Stow away on a ship

Head for a new land

Is it all that we're left with

The fate of shifting sands?

There's not really much left for me

With the restrictions I face

There's not much pride for country

With what we are left

There's a black mark on my passport

This hopes left bereft

If I could live it again

It would have been better to have fled

No justice for survivors

To new shores we are led

Novelty

Order

V entropy

The great monotony

What has been

Will ever be

Herald of novelty

Seeds sown of life

Creativity dawning

Explanatory knowledge

Universal reasoning

Transformative being

Progress to see

Simplicity of cosmology

Defying prediction

Birth of consciousness

Breaking free of chains

Objectively becoming

Stasis defeated

Dawn of a new era

Creation towards novelty

We are the bright sparks

Like the light of the stars

A universe that thinks

Rebellion

Glass ceilings

Tradesman's entrance

No social mobility

If you start out with nothing

That's with what you'll be left

They're not teaching you to think

They just want your compliance

How subversive can it get

When all they offers a broom?

They'll pull safety nets

Leave you out in the cold

Burn out your rebellion

Feed you on myths getting old

They'll make out they're for you

Be there by your side

Till there's profit in betrayal

Taken for a ride

They sold my generation the same story

And tall tales is all that you get

Pretend to kiss up

When you are young

It's a life time of hardship

Not a romance begun

Pull off your blinkers

Learn to put on an act

Eyes in back of your head

Beware what you lack

They'll buy off your loves

You'll serve a lifetime of debt

So don't forget real rebellion

Not the lost causes they sell

The farm

The animals are playing up today

Somethings got them spooked

As if sensing slaughter house knives

Fearing for their lives

Rumours that dangers in the air

Fearful of mindset

Everyone seems an expert these days

Ever suspicious but they've never found a thing

There's always some killing

Down on the farm

Trapped inside their pens

Awaiting their final destination

Would you eat your pets?

How about your next door neighbours?

Where will it ever end

A hunger for next of kin?

The cool scrape shrill of the sharpener

Honing the edge on the blade

Must be a blood moon

For the slaughter tonight

A leather apron

To catch the raining blood

To pool at feet in wellingtons

It's why the herd is spooked alright

Crimson puddles

And the sound of death rattle from burning lungs

If you can't do the job yourself

You may want to become vegetarian

I believe

I believe in corruption

Rumours on the internet

Fake news filters on TV

The dominance of the rich

Revenues assured

I believe in war on terror

Racist ideas to sow

The seeds of dictatorship

With no right left to disagree

The knife thrust at my back

I believe in blind indifference

The marginalised to exclude

Silencing debate

Curtailing self expression

Status quo to serve

I believe in conserving the culture

Weeding out the chaff

Keeping art elitist

Superior educations

Ceasing the mindless prattle of the chavs

I believe in censorship

Internet regulation

Controls of social media

Keeping all chat dum downed

Propaganda of the political correct

I believe in blind stupidity

The market before the common man

I believe in a disunited kingdom

Unions disempowered by the law

I believe the lies we're sold

I'm obsessed with prime time Tv

Tell me do you believe it too

That they've done a deal for me and you?

Retirement of a psychiatrist

The psychiatrist is retiring now

To me he's looking fairly smug

He says it's down to government

That it's the Tory don't like my record

He seems to think I'm stupid

That he plays no part in the blame

So the fact I'm obese from medication

And the sedentary lifestyle it enforces

Is either my fault for being born

Or down to the political enemy he'd make me project

It's a well known side effect that I've doubled in
weight

And when challenged on this he denies

I doubt the powers that be

Give so much as a monkeys

That their treatment of so called terror

Has left me like a gorilla in a cage

Still I sing my muted song

An animals mask for a tear

It's knife crime, what a joke

I only had a penknife

And was in the system three times as long

As the law requires for my self defence

No account for the political situation

Caused by my human rights case

But the quack is being put out to pasture

I wonder how many lives he ruined

As long a list as his career

If I'm honest I wanted to punch him for what they've
done to me

He told me he can't spell my pen name

For the creativity he will never read

He said he could offer me new meds

As his parting shot

When all the ones he's got

Would only risk making the situation worse

He said he wasn't worried about sex offender

As if they're his kind of guys

I didn't hear voices

Before they injected me with poison

I didn't have trouble putting on my socks

A shortness of breath when I walk

Looks like I might not make it

To the age of retirement

They say my heart is strained

By ravages of medication

So farewell to an old friend

That helped me so much with my pains

I don't bloody think so

I managed them just fine all on my own

I joked I was a sociopath

That I would throw someone under a bus

And he said he wouldn't doubt it

That's how much he knows of me

Retirement of a psychiatrist

They offer no real support

He asked if I smoke

He didn't even know I gave up over twenty years ago

The psychiatrist, what a wanker

I hope he dies in the slowest mounting pain

Spheres

Bees wax in hexagons

The hollow honey comb

Dripping golden with nectar

Royal jelly at the nests heart

The angles of snowflakes

Unseen artists symmetry

Like the spokes of a wheel

Radiating from the axis

Blowing bubbles

Into spheres

Celestial bodies

The moon and the stars

Structures intricacy

So simple a gift

The laws of nature

Internal tensions to form

The whales blow hole

Forming deep water spirals

The shape of a rain drop

Like children's tears of joy

All joined together

Every girl, every boy

Similarities, not difference

A common humanity

All beat with one heart

Each born from the start

From Amniotic sacks

The star child in the bubble

Criteria

When I was young

I had no criteria

Tits and arse

And a nice smile

I went from one failed romance

Rebounding to another

Looking for someone to fix

The abandonment by my mother

The quest for Cinderella

The fragile heels to fit

A virgin and a whore

I never knew no other score

Infatuated by looks

Anyone who on my lap would sit

Now I have criteria

It's thinned right out the crowd

There's less who fit the mould

And loneliness is allowed

I'd rather be alone

Than sit and watch you smoke

Not going to tolerate drinking

Or your doing drugs

Don't want to bring up your brats

If you've young kids, then that is that

If you're even a little psycho

Or all broken up of the heart

If you can't express emotion

There's really no place to start

If you're looking for a dependant

Rather than able to depend

If you're not financially secure

There's no use, we're at an end

If you entertain religion

If you believe in a new age

Sorry love not interested

I'm turning over to a new page

If all you wants a fuck

If you want to change me

Or control

Go find some other shmuck

To fulfil your chosen role

If you can't commit

Then the shoe won't fit

It's really thinned out the field

One word to save my heart

Integrity of feeling

Authenticity, a love that never parts.

You see I'm busy loving myself

So I've got criteria for a mate

Consciousness in coupling

I'm not taking any bait.

Emotionally available

No turning up too late

If you can't fit even my basics

There's no room for turns of fate.

Thought crime

The thought police

Are busy again

Wasting folks lives

All just to prove who has control

They sift through your telecoms

Look in on your interzone

Amassing a data set

That they'll reflect back through filtered search

Just what do you know?

Educated on Wikipedia

Cut and paste essays

You never bother to research

Have you checked what's in print?

Front page illusions, fake papers

They can manipulate the info

They can feed you AI generated news

As if it's made for you

With the local governments own skew

They're writing new books

With the themes mirroring too

Virtual insanity

Locked in a silicone room

Like a padded cell

Furnished with self obsession

All you can dream

All you ever knew

They'll challenge your mind set

With contradictory voice

Hypnotised motivation

To make you their bitch

The thought police are busy

Tempting you to fall

And they'll label you crazy

If you see through it all

Team

The teams are on the march again

Whipping up some pressure

Trading in false stories

Accusation against what you do

Did you ever stop to wonder

Where they all work?

Walking the streets

Are you watching the clock?

Out on the beat

The disguised that you meet

There's familiar faces

All doing a job doing nothing

They seem on a schedule

The people that you see each day

Twitching of curtains

Plants on the bus

There's vans that go nowhere

Yet always hitting the road

There's unmarked cars

Following the jam sandwich

Can you smell the bacon

When the gasman comes to call?

The coopted deluded

Who think they are in on the score

It's a war on civil liberty

And they're always one step ahead

Integrated systems

They're the ones taking down your complaints

Paper castles

And red tape conflicts

The cogs in the machine

That grind down your hopes

Story time

Telling old stories

In a dissimilar way

Adding a little touch

Of spun fantasy

Romeo and Juliet

What if she was bi?

And at the end of the story

Only Romeo dies

She turns to her girlfriend

To have a good cry

Curse of the modern

To interpretation

Social commentary

On current state of the nation

The passion of Christ

What if he had a brain injury

That meant he heard god

Or perhaps no donkey

But instead a wheel chair

Sermon from the mount

With broken Tourette's

Jacobs Narcolepsy

Dreamt visions caught in his head

Lost in translation

Or using the theme

To speak to the youth

Ever seeking the new

What if Joseph and Mary

Were transgender crack heads?

No room at the inn

Born In a shooting gallery instead

Drum n bass opera

Polyrhythmic symphony

Rock and roll madrigals

Seeking to innovate

Tell me a story

But give it a fresh end

Appropriation

Once I was big

Then I was small

Because they locked me away

So you'd forget it all

There's those who don't hear

And they never ask questions

So how would they know

What I meant by the lesson

Those quick to misjudge

Rumours spreading a grudge

Is it just envy?

Still I won't budge

Appropriation

What's the meaning of words

It's only abuse

If I call them all turds

You shouldn't do that

There's things you can't say

Or so think the censors

Who'd get in the way

The Holy Spirit

Came over me once

Immaculately conceived

Down on my knees

Whilst I was dressed up as Mary

And all I begat

Was a little turd for a brat.

On the record

Trust that's in the balance

Treading the tight rope

Up and down like a seesaw

Blowing hot and cold

There's signs of interview

Technique hid to misdirect

Gathering information

Contractual boundary blown apart

Smile for the camera

On a conference call

Focused interrogation

Or a genuine support?

Anxiety rugs to pull

Contradictions in spotlight

Exposure to undermine

Misjudgements protects the system

Judge and jury in my head

Or a hand reached out

Comments to observers

Risk it all or forever damned

A dance that's out of kilter

But still a dreamt for hope

Yet there's trust in store

Good will in the bank

For all the nuanced act

Good faith to stay on course

I'll have to hedge my bets

See you through thick and thin

Interim

Timed out human rights

Some might ask how could that be?

Then treated as terror

For the changes in law that I'd see

Interim powers

Counsel to question

Breaking free of restraint

Democracies mob rules

A fist raised for freedom

No servant that bows

Holding true to ideals

Defying sacred cows

Not as worthy as workers

Whose on our side ?

Not so civil of liberty

Advocates take for a ride

To raise up the act

Action the clause

Systems bewildered

At the lowly finding applause

How many articles violated

How to meet well the hated

A challenge to state

Oil to budge the rusting machine

Oh for audacity

Courage of the clean

To amuse and offend

It still moved in the end

They met us half way

So god save the Queen!

Still

Oh to still

The ceaseless beating

Of my heart

Be now calm

From the racing rhythm

That she starts

I listen carefully

To the silence

Through the night

Perchance to dream

Of her smile

The warmth of the dawns light

The pitter patter

Of the rain

On the window pane

Why does my pulse

With thought of her

Longing remain?

Be still the spinning dreams

That afflict

My fevered brow

I want only for her touch

A stolen kiss

And strain with how

Be still the drum

That wakes me

Through the night

It speaks to me

Only of her

And a recalled smile

The slope of cheek

Her hand chained

By the cursed gold link

To smear the gloss

From her rouged lips

Assuage my thirst and drink

The scent of musk

That trembles

On my finger tips

Perfumes passion

From shaking digits

The wanton drips.

Cold

How would you know

If the stories true?

Last thought in head

Of vengeance all I knew

Six months homeless in the cold

A grandmother easily would have been sold

To welcome with an open door

And bandage bleeding feet that were so sore

The only shaking of the hand

From the chill frost

A tent on common land

Still no desire to go turning back

Abuse with reminders to unraveling wool

The train of thoughts in which was schooled

To cast first stone with sober fist

Instead of her cheek to kiss

Resolved and of one will

Into the night as ready to kill

The bedroom window where she slept

Shattered glass a frail heart there met

How do you know the story true

A life of hatred, bruised by hurt

No forgiveness in vengeance eye

Only one hope, that my abusers die

No desire ever to repent

True to life, what don't you get?

The blade

Why don't you kill me?

The last words my grandfather said

His last confessions

Of the abuse for which I wanted him dead

Hate remembered in the childhood eyes

That all talk of love was just a lie

Rage burning brightly in the chest

Fuel to revenge with what they blessed

Blood blisters

Fingers slammed inside the door

Struck beneath the hairline to conceal

Chinese burns and the dead legs

Gripped by the throat

Held down in the bath

Swallowing water through the fear

Drowned by cruelty no shed tears

When he told me what he did

The vivid disclosure of his frenzied lusts

The trauma with which he sought to destroy

All hope and defiance from a mere boy

What hurt the most? Never wanted, he would say

Whilst spent in my bed next to me he lay

When I raised up the butchers blade

Held him at knife point by the throat

Was it compassion stilled the steel

Or just the thought he would soon die anyway?

No thought to be present at the funeral

Turning by back forever, still without a tear

Why don't you kill me? All he could say

The vendetta where broken childhood seized the day

Winners

Who tells us who succeeds?

Who'll tell us when to die?

Who offers shaking hands

Is there any point to even try?

Who tells us what to believe

With dreams that we'll be free?

The hopes on the TV

It's all a fantasy.

The beadle building walls

No bridges for the poor

Left out in the cold

Even by their fabricated charity

Is there any hope for you and me

Is there any point to try?

They tell us how we'll live

And how long till we die

Tell me whose in control

Is it all a pack of lies?

They're the ones that rise to the top

In nearly all the systems you will know

They're the ones deciding fates

Pulling at the strings

They only support themselves

The rest are left to cry

Who makes sure some succeed

Whilst others forever seem to fall

Is there any point to try?

Cards stacked against us from the start

They're the winners in the game

And they don't even show us heart

Turf lurv

Sublimation is fine for starters

But I ever live poised in anticipation

Of the main course

Like a gastronome lingering to bite the toes

With feet poised above my shoulders

Hands gripping the high heels

To give her just deserts

For all those subtle flirts

To slam in the lamb may seem a little corse

Tied up in corsetry

Laced up curve of spine

Perhaps to mount with spit to roast her a little
while

The anxiety that trembles with the catch

Pulling with a line

Baiting hooks of passion

To reel her in, the foaming swirl

To raise a toast

Drain deep the loving cup

Descending with moist lips

To drink nectar from her opening flower

Serf and turf mingled on the pallet

Stripping the fleece for to lamb

Like sushi pink melting to the tongue

The thrust of thoughts the longing ram

Raising the flanks, it's time to bite

On the flesh to dine

Killing joke

I was thinking of flex mentalo

Or was it kill your boyfriend?

A taste of rogan gosh

Gideon, stardust takes old father Thames

Do you remember when we went neverwhere?

An enormous fear of everything

Dream country

A multiverse for a thousand cats

Ramadan somehow reminds

Of 1001 nights

Not really sold on soul

Drawn bow of the Gita

Peter Pan is dead

counting out the time

A treasure house of images

Anathema of Zos kia

Lost girls with a hook

To the eye like despair

How I long for the memory

When things were all delight

Cultural references

Where blind lead on the blind

Like the good old boys

And saint of killers

Biting a bullet

With gods name on it

To ride out to the place of dead roads

Lubrication for Jonah hex

Lothario

Was I just another distraction

One more of your ups and downs

A footnote to a subplot

I guess you've played this scene before

Jealousy to court

Maintaining interest in the drama

A minor role lothario

An excuse me to your two step

You've been together quite some time

I guess you could use some spice

Toying with your prey

The moth to fateful flame

Fidelity proved in the denial

The cheek that turns away

I overheard you liked to swing

As you tied knots for the heart

Another entry in a diary

Romantic fictions

Temptations scent

The nose of your fine brandy

Curvaceous as your glass

You say you like to direct

Live rent free inside a head

Signs of discontentment

Bread crumbs left to forest trail

I didn't even follow

Wasn't led into the woods

As I knew you would not be there

Not even thrown

By cashmere or the golden thread

Footloose to fancy free

A cameo lothario

A heart pulled by a string

You ever protest too loudly

Protected in your games

Shielding with your ring

The bleeding hearts to sting

I live for reality

Not in fantasy

Do you see how

I wrote another song?

I bathed you in the spotlight

No obsession, one more penned verse

Killers

Killers to the left of me

Killers on the run

Killers to the right of me

Killers need a gun

Like a great white shark

They've teeth to show

Killing seasons just begun

Killers in the deep blue sea

Killing just for fun

Man eaters hidden in the jungle

Striped tigers on the hunt

Man eaters only want to kill

With claw and tooth

Killers highly strung

Some hunt in packs

Some are lone wolfs

They might even kill your mum

A howl to rend the night in two

Dreams of safety now undone

Hanging round the play park

Hiding in the dark

Watch out for the bolder ones

Toying with what they eat

Killers only think we're meat

Killers in the sun

We sure could make a killing

With stories of their hunt

Some say killers are by nature born

Others that the media build them up

Killers popping down the shops

Killers on the bus

Killers with a taste for flesh

Killings all they think of us

Servants of peace?

The cops are saying they don't want me on

That they are to judge the meaning of free speech

Censors with scissors to cut me up

Because I don't tow the party line

When I was raped as a teenage kid

They laughed at me down the station

Locked me up for the night for being drunk

And refused to take DNA evidence

In the morning all they had to say

Was they had a degree in psychology

And 'weren't listening to white trash

Who liked to take it from black cock'

Their words, not mine

I was traumatised, in shock

Three times I gave testimonials

On how I was repeatedly abused

How my whole family called me a petal

That they were training me as a prostitute

From the age of seven

The cops said don't seek justice, look to heaven

So when it comes to disrespect

Remember I had to fight for human rights

Just for this little to be heard

And by age of 37 all they could say

Was I should be in an acute ward

For not bowing down

And kissing up to the system

Disrespect

Not just an empty word

It's all I think of those in uniform

It's why I'll never serve.

Advocates

Why didn't anything seem to work out?

They play both sides

They position plants

Integrated systems

All the supports are on the states side

Independent cries of legal aid

They're doing deals behind the scene

How best to sweep under the carpet

Be honest, share with us all you know

And forearmed they disempower

Civil rights, someone else's role

The pieces all in position

How is it that we never win?

Knights and bishops demand submission

Greasing palms

The shit that floats

There's money in muck

But in red tape wars you may ask

Does anyone give a fuck?

The wheels of power

Turning over slow

Lost in the shuffle

An out box

That's a waste paper bin

They'll play you

Till they've milked you dry

No rhyme or reason

Who asks why?

The poor remain that way.

Changelings

Sidhe of the Seelie Court

Fay nobility, no fooling pucks

The fairy ring where they prance

Woodland dryads weave a dance

The courtly fool

Cantrips to tell

A silver tongue

With rhymes to spell

The nymphs leaf hair

Sinewed bark

That drips with the dew drop

Will O wispy tears

The knight with an acorn helm

An oaken shield

And gossamer wings

A lance in his long thorn

Tattle tales

Impress the young

But the soothe sayer

Truth has sung

The king and queen

Of the fair folk

Still share a wink

Of the cunning spoke

Sidhe of the Seelie court

Glamours rights for which we fought

Affiliation?

What is it that they're are scared of?

Social networks to disrupt

Agents in the meet ups

Bots within the chats?

Dancing but not moving

Traps in segmented web

Finding only isolation

Whilst they bug your internet

There's microphones in the ceiling

Every caller a suspect

Looking for association

So they can make another move

Where victims are the profiled

Predictions show no recompence

They place their puppets

Before my movements

Tracked on gps

A chance conversation caught on body cam

Antisocial interception

No plan, just misconceptions

Uniform announce their presence

Coopted under cover on the trains

Dressed as 81st air squadron

To inform me that they're there

The freedoms of technology

But their controls already there

So what are they afraid of?

That I may make some friends?

Freedom of affiliation

Stifled by servants of the state

For twenty years of monitoring

Where will the journey end?

City slickers

Activists demand transparency

Of draconian powers

Without constitution

What precedent is set

Laws that enchain us

Campaigns silenced by the right

Systems above scrutiny

The enslaved can't see the light

The rich can make a difference

Partisan in freedoms

The poor will never see

With no choices throughout lives

Sound the alarms

They've bound us with controls

Sealed us in with broken articles

Chaos plays no role

Executive rulings

Democracy is broke

Prorogued into silence

Leviathan remains

Body politic

Pulling to and throw

Legalese makes its comment

The courts hammer to break an old nut

Subversion of public will

Faith in institutions lost to popularism

The elite pay for agency to lever

And move the wheels of power

Not so civil civic action

Lady justice is just their whore.

Stand

It is easier to gag a victim

Than confront all the abuse

Support the faulty systems

To make a stand, just what's the use?

They spread rumour before I meet you

Not so much the stranger

You think we can't be friends

This is a shifting state of play

Did you know I spent the millennia

Dressed up in a skirt

With a knuckle shuffle

For anyone with who I'd flirt

Yet apparently I'm the prejudiced

Young gay men don't want to serve

When I go to buy a coffee

There's some who body swerve

Question what you think you know

On my satire you project

There are serious conflicts

You kiss up to when you reject

It's easy to isolate the victim

Keep them in the cold

The methods have been used for decades

For me it's all got old

What does it really mean

This label of 'psychiatry '

Ostracised and broken

Labelled as a freak

To me it don't mean nothing

Just lies that others speak

You now doubt my testimony

Because of what you think of what doctors say

For twenty years I had no label

But the conspiracies of gossips were just the same

Perhaps you miss understand me

Why don't you try to talk to me instead

Rivers in Egypt

Do you know I've never been

Under the influence of drink or drugs

In the time I've had access to the internet

That I've only once been drunk in the presence of a
child

That I've had sex less than a dozen times

Whilst I was a drunk

They ask me to identify

They expect me to forgive

Can't you see with thirty years

I think nothing of live and let live

There's those that make excuses

For every crime a drink

Don't want to accept responsibility

Their ethics really stink

If you choose to argue

Stay a little with their kind

They'll claim it's all denial

If you don't give up the fight

The futures looking my bright

At least it could stay the same

If you disagree with them

They'll say that you're insane

So I've never driven a car

Let alone with a drink

After 30 years of harassment

If they legalise, i guess I'll smoke a spliff

Vote

The political classes

That keep us on our arses

The middles elites divide up the pie

The workers with shackles until we die

Constituency boundaries

Skewed demographic

Brexit is bollocks

There's only one rule

For all the divisions

The departments all remain

Civil service court policy

But there will be no major change

Front page exclusives

Stories are made

The media sells it

Opinions enslave

Miscomprehension

They've left us no time to talk

We need bridges not walls

Every dove knows a hawk

Manipulation

Does crime ever really rise?

Tactical voting

Keeps the wolves from the door

We may only get crumbs

Compared to the top

Guard the welfare system

Keep health service free

The elites educate us

With their values to serve

They divide up the pie

We're down trod till we die

You only get one vote

So make sure it counts

Wake up

Did they work you so hard

That you were never truly awake

Were the thoughts that they let you

Fed to you, all fake?

Do you live in a trance?

Conditioned to zombie rations

So deep in debt

That you live only regrets?

TV dinners

Do you have time to engage in debate?

Is labour now the opium

That keeps the workers down dumb

The dreams that could free you

Repeated temptations in ear

The hooks in an advert

Is it what we all buy?

The things that give meaning

Are mostly absurd

When you take off the blinkers

You find you conformed to the herd

If you only stick to your mates

You'll get one view for sure

Do they work you so long

That you can never wake up?

Money's not time

It's not all that's quality of life

Cars

I see you've got a fast car

Is it fast enough to drive this all away

Petrol in the tank

Is that all this ever means to you?

What makes you tick?

Do you only want more

Forever double dealing

To the wallet, a whore

You seem to play a good game

Disruptive contradictions

Is the ideology expounded

Just a web of self serving fictions?

You say we're all OK

I've met a few that are not

No reasons, no crimes

I've not forgot

You sell liberty

As if it's measured in grams

I question what you feed me

I don't think you give a damn

Do you put your authenticity

Down on the page

Or stick it up your nose

To avoid talk of your age?

You got a fast car

Is it as fast as your love,

Petrol in the tank

Can you ever get enough?

You want to free me

But there's plenty of reasons to stay

After all I have enemies

And they're not far away

I can read in an expression

What words fail to say

I'm not sat in your car

When you're driving it away.

Needs

They say I'm manic

But I ain't bi polar

Neurologically plastic

Why do their meds leave me spastic?

I'm sharp when awake

But they want me to sleep

Try writing true love

But the bitches keep cutting too deep

I'm sociopathic

From all of the pain

Put you on a pedestal

When all I need is a lay

I swing either way

That don't mean that I'm gay

Be a good girl and do the things that I say

I could be your new master

But you need to work faster

Don't want to get drunk

Pan galactic gargle blasters

There's that voice in my head

Wants me down on my knees

Keep selling me out to fulfil their greed

A bed of roses

They'd leave me to bleed

There's nothing can fix me

Left here in need.

Suicide

Suicide

Hearing words that are lies

Faiths just a virus

That rots at your mind

Theology needles

That sink in your flesh

Delivering poison

Toxic shame feeds your guilt

Bad lieutenant

Parting their thighs

Nuns straddling the altar

Votive candles to plug

Nailed for to suffer

Rage burning so deep

The blade at the wrist

The postmodern crown of thorns

Get down on your knees

All they want is a bitch

Live and let die

Look out for the switch

The electric chair

Lethal injection

Wear the syringe round your necks

To bow down to the power

The silence of lambs

Victim meets abuser

They feed you the voices

That want you to die

So put down the razor

It's time that you cried

Don't turn inward the anger

Let it all show

It doesn't mean

You'll be coming to blows

Tattoo semi colons

This stories not ended

Suicide

The last barb wire word in your head;

Divine

Divine right of kings

Be sure not to rise up off your knees

Serve your rightful masters

Or else be labelled as diseased

They're all for keeping minds

Psychologically clean

If you say a word against them

They'll say that your obscene

The least one of us

Raising a defiant fist

Is it time for a republic

End of the reign of kings?

They do a good impression

Peace love and charity

After all it fools the children

That they're not basking in their wealth

There would be no need for alms

If we redistribute instead

The crown is on our bank notes

To remind us whose in charge

It must be the greatest evil

To debate a republic as ideal

So we get a false democracy

Fake hope on the TV

They're all for the environment

Their private jet's pollution free

Conserving sacred cows

All things remain unequal

You see they indoctrinate and condition

And faith in them's a load of crap.

Palace

Oh we all love the royals

So I'm going to the palace

To have a cup of tea

Just the corgi and me

It's really Cool Britannia

For the privileged few

Never mind the rest of us

The likes of me and you

We're going to have a party

For the change of guard

At least they're for the people

See what I mean? It isn't hard

We're raising up the flagpole

Like a private dancer plays a role

In Union Jack knickers

They'll have us eating from a dog bowl

It's raining again

We're all happy that way

They think we're all deluded

By everything they're said to say

The queen is on the tv

Could it be a spitting image puppet

Synchronised of lips

Whilst we spew into a bucket?

Oh we're all for the family

Be sure they get child benefit

With so many mouths to feed

Who'd believe it's all bullshit?

Single

Never mind the buzz words

Being happily single is great

There's no one to nag me

Into doing anything

I value my solitude

Far more than I crave company

You may think it's all so lonely

But I couldn't give a fig

I do just as I please

And I do mean all the time

No ones the boss of me

I feel cooperation is a crime

I'm not seeking for approval

In anything I do or say

You think I give a monkeys

That the prime ministers Doris Day?

I can't remember the last time

That I served another's will

It's not what I desire

Another sugar coated pill

I could use a knee trembler

But masturbations not second best

I've got the best rhythm

I'm narcissistic I confess

I could use a girl friend

But only part time

I like living with myself

Not complying to someone else's line

If you've got a few spare hours

I could help you to unwind

But I may ask that you not stick around

You may find me a little unkind

Sobriety

So what's so good

About not drinking?

Never get a headache

Never woke in a strange bed

My liver count is good

I never throw up

I rarely get the shits

It's never time to drink up

As an alcoholic

It's really too much to control

A little social drinking

And my head is down the bowl

I've money for a pizza

Have a curry when I please

I don't scramble for the light

Or crawl around on my knees

I've not had a blackout for thirty years

No need to say I'm sorry for drinking all the beers

The fridge is well stocked

My equipments hard as rock

I never get the shakes

Blurred visions off the cards

I can fuck for a good hour

And then come straight back for more

I'm not late for my appointments

My heads clear all the time

It's not a bed of roses

No where to drown a broken heart

I don't miss the meaningless drivels

That they talk about down at the bar

There's so little drama

That I get slightly bored

But I know where I've been

And never slept with a whore

Cruel joke

Salvation from all ills

Cruel joke

Opposition to true nature

Conflicted till the end

Alignment with the all

Cruel joke

Separation in our will

Individuals to satisfy desire

Negation of humanity

In this cruel joke

The promise of religion

Priesthood's lies spoke

Suffering on the cross

Cruel joke

God a sadomasochist

Self hate wrote

Redemption for a meaning

Cruel joke

Denial of our freedom

A proud fall

Take the devils side

Cruel joke

There's only one deceiver

Theocracy to deify

The faithfuls words

The tricksters

To make us fools like them

They're not offering salvation

Just a cruel joke

Vessel

The wounds that show through

The roles facade

Yet without trust

Remain unspoken

Reflection ripples like the shadow

Cast by being present

Safely stood upon the bluff

The distant side it's bank

The water course that weaves it's way

Bridges crumbling from weak mortar

Standing patiently on the other side

Yet somehow I never reach you

A misjudgement in the encounter

The fear that there shows through

River, oh to weep

Into your flowing wake

River runs so deep

Washing laundry, where many forsake

The fisherman his catch

Sat quiet in his boat

Is the cart before the horse

On this waters course

The woven pots that float on tide

A current catching only crabs

Sat alone upon the levee side

Where the tears in floods would rise

Knowing in the solitary drop

That a torrent is ever feared

A rage foaming at the weir

To dam this protected land

And yet I sit as all pass by

Knowing not the strength of this water

Held in this vessel clearly

Give me strength

I like a strong woman

But I'm not jake the peg

I only bow to one

But I like to pull her leg

I've spent what seems a lifetime

On the naughty step

One things for sure

I never will forget

Say it with flowers

Tied with a little bow

For all these reflections

Where did all the time go?

Keep it under your hat

If the shoe fits

Aspersions on the radio

It's why they're getting on my tits

I thought I'd paint a picture

With a rainbow on it

Looking out for signs

But I could be in the shit

I like a strong woman

But I can never find the words

My tv is like Plato's republic

Shadows on the wall to forecast

By the overdubs I've heard

Buzbys back on an open channel

But they're not an off side kind of bird

Liberation

Tinpot dictators

Soldiers of lead

Bullet hole memory

Poppy of red

Lives cut short

Tears pool in the mud

Drowned in the puddles

The torrents of blood

Tank wheels on treads

Mortars to fire

The thunderstorms dread

Where limbs dare not tire

Bible black recollection

Pinned to the breast

The red of our hearts

For souls laid to rest

The sound of the jackboots

Resistance raised fist

Hidden in attics

The freedom they missed

Cry of liberation

Assembled in streets

The sound of the bugle

Last post to repeat

Hearts that gave all

Take a stand once more

Let's never repeat

The mistakes of the war.

Sigil

Cthulhu by gaslight

Tentacles approach

Invasion of the body snatchers

Daytime TV

Aerials receiving

Manipulation of the real

Twin towers of the moon

Lightning bolt to the ground

The one ring to rule them

Glove puppets still stoop

lash of domination

The other to fall

Whoops apocalypstick

Drawn to the now

Forcing the universe

To the top of the deck

Spare parts in action

Plato quenched by a tear

Unity calling

Across the divides

The promised ascension

Connecting the tribes

Astral spaceships

Launched into hypersphere

Mona Lisa overdrive

Buddha and chocolate box

Cybernetic sigils

Macrocosm to hack

Tattooed on the brain

Polycultural memes

Trigger warning

Memory

Who the hell needs trigger warnings?

You've already survived

You've lived through it

Strong feelings are not age regression

Stimulus response

Free association

Pushed buttons

Playing the name game

Fishing for information

Not so subtle interrogation

What do they fucking want?

An excuse for a nervous breakdown

This may upset your sensibilities

Tread on eggshells

Rapt in cotton wool

How about desensitised?

Trigger warning

Please don't name your abusers on the internet

It's too naughty!

Why don't you fuck yourself

All this 'may trigger/ is just bollocks to shut us up
and make us go away.

Front

What if rapists

Got together to form a club

To help themselves get a girl

And cover their crimes up?

What if the men's movement

Was just a front?

A type of collusion

A load of guff

It only takes one man

To say we've had enough

That the methods of motivating

Are abuses stuff

Political ideology

In sheep's clothing

This is the reality

Some folk are just plain bad

Safe secure society

Just a means of control

What if our enemies

All ganged up

What if support

Was undermined by their plants?

With superior fire power

The case to shut

What if the beast masters

Were just corrupt

Only care for the market

Born under a bad sign

Out of luck?

Look to the good people

Not afraid to stand

Take the good with the bad

And never give up