

Poetry Series

# Hyperion Cartel

## - poems -

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# Hyperion Cartel(3rd August 1981)

# Animatronics 101

Ashes to Ashes  
Dust to Dust  
To know the next line  
Was never a 'must'  
Faith is the answer  
That we learn never fails  
So it says in the bible  
And in most fairytales.  
Faith conquers fear  
Stirred so long ago  
By dangerous creatures  
That we probably all know  
But those winged creatures  
Cannot harm you of course  
Your faith will ride up soon  
Astride a white horse.  
Ashes to Ashes  
Lies to lies  
You know that childhood fear  
Never really dies?  
Fairytales burn out  
With childhood trust  
But the fear of the dragon  
Just gathers dust.  
Now discontent winter smog  
Smothers the land  
Nuclear physicists and junkies  
Strut hand-in-hand, and  
Poisonous dust thrashes madly  
Lifelike it seems  
Churned by the tailwinds  
Of shattered dreams.  
Ashes to Ashes  
The soot falls away  
Along with fairy books  
They lie in decay  
Flexing its mutated muscles  
Beneath a Neon Sun  
Looms a winged monstrosity;

Darkness has begun.  
Ashes to ashes  
And justice to dust  
The Old Goat is horny  
And I'm his bloodlust  
Atoms to atoms  
Nuke victims wreak death  
I can smell blood-sport victims  
Fresh on his breath.  
Hoof-beats in his stomach  
My faith is long dead  
It belches once, twice, and vomits up  
The white horse's head  
Regurgitated wings and  
White flesh lay scattered  
Along with a prince's crown  
And whatever else mattered.  
Ashes to Woodwork  
They slither back to dirt  
Burn victims live on  
And survivors stay hurt  
Ashes to Ashes  
I'm just toxic waste  
Allergic to lifeblood's  
Sick metallic aftertaste.  
My Paper Fairytales are  
Just simply debris  
My blood test comes up positive;  
Happy endings are no guarantee  
Atoms to Ashes  
They scatter, not burn  
Faith sticks her head back in the dust  
And I've nothing more to learn.

Hyperion Cartel

# Bioethics 101

Wandering through the street market  
Feeling bad for wagging recess  
And wondering how to pay my way  
Out of this obliterated ad-hoc mess

Blood-money glitters from the road  
It looks so beautiful  
So I slash my wrists  
Cut my losses  
And cough up by the bucketful

He told me he'd free me from my debt  
Despite the illusion of free trade  
"Just sign in blood on the dotted line  
No need to work but you'll still get paid"

So I rode a dragon out of my dreams  
And I chased him to the woods,  
Was mishandled, branded, bubble-wrapped  
And sold off as damaged goods

Hanging back down the twilight market  
I feel burned, and now I shall confess  
That I'm wondering if I should barter for  
A bit of this nuclear darkness...

Every bloody dropp  
Of filthy lucre  
Smelled so damn beautiful  
But now I sure am spewing  
Curdled blood by the bucketful

Hyperion Cartel

# Bioinformatics 101

Our Father who Art in Heaven  
Hello? What's your name?  
Since you and Mother Earth divorced  
Home-life's never been the same.  
Dear father who hangs art in Heaven  
Dada is your new replacement  
I unintentionally smashed your glass ceiling  
Radium therapy inflicted such debasement.  
A Kind Man installed a fluorescent sphere  
And it outshone your Kingdom's Sun  
The energy bills are much lower, and now I see  
Your brand of sunlight cost me a Megaton.  
I'll pass up your offer of Daily Bread  
Anaphylaxis rapidly descends upon yeast  
Bloated Buns bubble in your microwave  
Club sandwiches make for a stale feast.  
My cooking always ends up burned  
I don't want a sun or daughter  
All I need to live is lots of sweet, sweet dough  
And some unpolluted drinking water.  
Why do you forgive he who trespasses  
Over my bunker's barbed wire fence?  
Why wasn't he irradiated or decimated?  
By ten thousand lines of civil defence?  
My real estate was not a public playground  
To become your new Ground Zero  
But I've been over-irrigated to barren wasteland  
Violated by some pre-Apocalyptic 'hero'.  
So you think I've been led into temptation?  
Do I need poisoning or weeding out?  
Would you say that my sanity or my lifestyle  
Should be viewed with a healthy doubt?  
But if seduction extends a withered hand  
My gut-reaction spits back black rage  
No point reciting pallid bible verses  
Behind thick red curtains of Life's Stage.  
Evil junk mail is delivered to my everyday  
So I don't subscribe to the original 'Seven Sins'  
Happiness can never be pre-scripted

When life's a game of Who Dares Wins.  
The game of survival has burned me out  
The game of life has left me long dead  
I can't be at peace with this Artificial Sun  
That burns sadistically over my bed.  
I never ever wanted to be bad  
But in this day and age what's 'good'?  
In a world where evil parades in white coats?  
And discards the traditional black hoods?  
So, dear Father who Art in Heaven  
Where shall we be reunited?  
Daddy, if (and when) we meet again  
Will your love for me be reignited?  
I may have rejected opera, art and motherhood  
And I know my music tortures the neighbours  
But I always tried my best to deliver the truth  
And truth hurts me like a 24-hour labour.  
I'm not religious, but, Jesus how I pray for peace  
This sick pup's suffered Sins One to Seven  
Even Nihilist's want to go where all Good Dogs go  
Oh god, please, I just want to go to Heaven.

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## Cobalt 42

We welcome you with open arms  
Embrace us with your gore and charms  
Swipe that light bulb from the sky  
Please hold me close I want to die  
Blister red and cut them deep  
Your coming hush shall help me sleep  
Ignite the useless pathetic trees  
Make sure you bring god to his knees  
Awe your fathers and your makers  
Then spite the selfish useless fakers  
This is your first and final show  
So cure us with one bright blow  
Bless the mortals with your light  
And let us witness day to night  
Cure our ills with the rage of fission  
Save us all, it is your mission  
So until the day that history repeats  
I'm saving up to get front row seats

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# Crash Course In Stunt Riding

Bareback upon a bourgeois pony  
I'm riding with no hands  
My eyes are glued to the Holy Grail  
And my ascendant deformed fans  
I've told him time and time again  
Just how to get his way  
But what does a one-trick pony care  
When he's the one that got away?  
Just one dropp of his bloodlust  
And I'm blinded by ambition  
I'm craving blue rosettes tonight  
Cause the crowd screams for sedition  
Breaking through the Big Top roof  
It's such a long, long way to fall  
But I'll be fine if I just keep smiling  
And holding tight till curtain call  
Bowing with the Marxist pony's head  
That's all folks, thanks for coming  
But under the malicious gaping sky  
I'm still marching to the red drumming  
So, until we meet again Red pony  
Many congrats on your scheme  
But while ladies everywhere lust after you  
You certainly aren't this young girl's dream.

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# Fly By Night

Your stalking horse awaits you  
He's come to fly you through the night  
You better keep watch your back  
'Cause he's a pretty boy - but  
He's also been known to bite

Thrill of the chase, its your way  
Making sure you stay one step behind  
But, sister, you better ride it out  
'Cause there's no way I'll chase you  
Oh, did it slip you mind?

Why did you sneak out my girl?  
How come you followed him home?  
And do you want to talk about it?

Did you get to heaven this time?  
What'd you think of the higher place?  
Don't have time to talk about it  
'Cause I'm counting the seconds  
Until you freefall from grace

Why did you sneak out at night?  
How come you followed him home?  
And do you want to talk about it?

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# Heaven Is A Place On Earth

A crimson dome of murderous red  
Sculls the blood of those just dead  
The solar systems meld into one  
As nightfall engulfs the sun  
A sadistic old moon slashes the sky  
Dying stars rain down on you and I  
Twitching, gasping at our feet  
Swallowed up by vicious white heat  
A miracle with senseless grace  
The eater of the human race  
Chemical vultures with empty stares  
Grant our nightmares and answer our prayers  
Gleaming eyeballs in the gloom  
The parasitic hush of a rotting womb  
Oh, the stench of a decaying birth!  
Heaven is truly a place on earth

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# Hey Christine

Hey Christine what's going on?  
Whatever happened to Miss Saigon?  
Down the river selling out  
I tried to be a good girl scout

Hey Christine it's been too long  
I sold your one trick for a song  
Tell me how you defy time  
We hooked up in a nursery rhyme

Hey Christine are you having fun?  
Screwing with the boys from 101?  
Don't you think that you'll get caught?  
Choking them with their Windsor knots?

Hey Christine I'm down shit creek  
Sailing atop a losing streak  
So meet me there at high noon  
To cry beneath the harvest moon

Hey Christine it's getting dark  
Out here I'm such an easy mark  
Goodbye Christine, we'll meet again  
In the flesh or in the vein

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# Pyrotechnics 101

"Change is as good as a Holiday"  
But why should I want either?  
I'm right down to spare change now  
I can't afford to take a breather.

Please don't play Travel Agent with me  
'Cause my life's one long Hollow-Day  
And the last thing I need right now  
Is the diagnosis "you need to get away".

A Quick Break would shatter my spirit  
And DO NOT suggest a 'powernap'!  
(This marketing student can safely say that  
That last suggestion was totally full of crap!)

What we need now is a Common Ground  
Or simply a New-Clear Vacation  
Ground Zero's achromatic beauty  
Is the breeding ground of creation.

But Hiroshima is far too expensive  
Underground sites are for purists  
Nevada would be a gamble at best, and  
I think Maralinga's been closed to tourists.

Bikini Atoll was my final destination  
Where the hollow-cost's pain would cease  
But I'll never rest upon the soft white sand  
'Cause I'm too fat to wear a two-piece.

I'm segregated from holidaymakers  
With the rage of nuclear fission  
My place in the darkness guaranteed  
My life's one burned out mission.

Do you hear me, dear Travel Agent?  
Despite the fallout of illusion?  
Did the bombs hit home for a second in time?  
With the raw power of nuclear fusion?

I hope you get to bask in your sunny place  
Goodbye, but I don't wish you well  
Don't come crying when you get wrinkles  
I'll just smile and say, "welcome to hell".

So, the answer's "no": I'm not taking a holiday  
I'm sick of being short-changed  
Let's just settle on a Short Trip as friends  
They're usually priceless and easily arranged.

I know that Trips can end in tears  
But here is my rescission:  
If, at worst, I end up institutionalised  
I'll still get free cable television.

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# Ride A White Horse

Ride a white horse  
When you want to fly  
Wave goodbye to your pain  
As you spiral up high.  
Race a black stallion  
To dry all your tears  
That ancient black horse  
Can outrun all your fears.  
Pat a brown pony  
Who lies in the gutter  
Behind the black eyes  
You can hear a soft mutter  
"Come ride with us  
Come fly with us  
Let us take you away  
Away from the pain  
And away from the decay  
We'll ascend so high  
And forget all we know  
And leave behind hate  
Grief, guilt and sorrow  
We'll play hide and seek  
'Round junkyards in the sky  
Chasing silver dragons  
That will never die  
This is your last shot  
Your last ride from slavery  
Your last chance to claim back  
The trophy for bravery  
So jump on to my back  
And pick up the reins  
Can you feel the adrenaline hoofbeats  
Galloping through your veins? "  
So together we trample ghosts  
In my past that I've met  
As I ride like a blind heroine  
Into the sunset  
But harsh shadows are cast:  
Black soldiers to the sun

We plunge headfirst into darkness  
This ride is no fun  
He rips the bit from my fingers  
With his salivating fangs  
'Round his neck the reins  
(My lifeline) limply hangs  
He begins his deadly race  
As he trembles, shies, bolts  
And my screams fall underneath  
His hoofs to the chasm of faults  
Leaving the track of my aching arms  
Clearing the fence in stride  
Gleaming racehorses left behind –  
Because now we're on his side  
He dances through No Man's Land  
Plunging, twisting, ever faster  
As I clutch for life to certain death  
Now the horse is the master.

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# Skid Row

I woke up alone again back on skid row  
I saw familiar faces in a puppet show  
I saw things that triggered old scars to bleed  
Upon re entry I started to burn up in speed  
Spontaneous combustion, it's nothing to fear  
I burn myself out when you're near

You make me feel beautiful, worthy of vanity  
Without you I'm a case of temporary insanity  
You're my guiding light, brighter than the sun  
We'll take on the world with our army of one

It may sound obscene but I assure you its true  
I'd crumble to pieces if I didn't have you  
Seek and destroy source of my pain  
We hit it with the force of a freight train  
You give me hope and make me believe  
I suffer in silence as I watch you leave

Until next we meet I remain here, incomplete

You make me beautiful, worthy of sanity  
Without you I cant face the inhumanity  
You're my guiding light, brighter than the sun  
And we'll conquer the world with our army of none

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# The Princess Sector

I'd chalked Sunday up  
To being a bore  
When some girl sashayed in  
To announce civil war.  
I asked after my soldiers  
My bombs, nukes and guns  
She said, "Surrender all weapons  
And meet your army of one.  
We'll outsmart all the vultures  
Those that circle around  
But rolled eyes will be drawn  
At twelve sharp underground."  
I was bound with pink ribbons  
Like good old Mary Jane  
And force-fed pills of sunlight  
To benumb any pain.  
But I prefer to see red  
To tear crimson lacerations  
To see the bloodshed flow  
Into a bloodbath for the nations.  
But they howl only for blue blood  
Lipsticked hellhounds descend  
We'll see who's crowned queen  
When we hook up at the bitter end.

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# The Sunshine Express

I'm gonna get to you  
I'm declaring the third World War  
We're way long overdue  
for bloodlust down to the core  
And I'm searching silver linings  
to see what they conceal  
Cause you're the last one  
I'd expect to ever cut me a deal

Why don't you just back down?  
No room for you in an army of one  
Blood spreads in this small town  
And the bloodshed's just begun  
And if I ever get blacklisted  
I'll give up the antidote  
You know I'll always be tight-fisted  
Handing over a rolled bank note

I'll ride the underground  
To Operation Crossroads out at sea  
Riding this train Hell-bound  
Because they let me ride for free  
And I'll be waiting night and day  
For the Sunshine Express  
to deliver me safe and sound  
Straight to the Devil's address

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# Twelve Red Roses

Twelve red roses for the earth  
Welcome the third blind-eyed birth  
And pity 'cause it isn't worth  
The cellophane  
Breathe thorned stems into the air  
Snared on that old vacant stare  
Screams come from the house prayer  
Nobody can hear  
Snatch them from the bedside vase  
And offer them to the dying stars  
Bloodlust to the below cars  
Their engines stall  
God, they are so easily led!  
It seems that everyone has said  
That their favourite colour is red  
It's back in style

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# We Have Ignition

Step right up, folks!  
And kill off that frown  
It won't be long now  
'Till the circus hits town

The circus is in town  
And you're still waiting in line  
For the chance to be told  
Things will work out 'just fine'  
Come right on up folks  
For it's our last ever show  
Where the Circus of Values  
Slaughters the old status quo  
So please bring your firstborn  
And your numerous wives  
To that bright white place where  
Only the cockroach survives  
Step right on up kiddies!  
We'll bring you straight down  
To this three-ring monstrosity  
Run by a faceless old clown  
Third time's always lucky  
Three cheap tacky charms  
And we shall welcome the carnival  
With outstretched nuclear arms  
So come on down to the circus  
Where the fun doesn't stop  
And where bareback stunt riders  
Turn tricks behind the Big Top  
Now here is the last act  
It's the atomic magician!  
Who closes the last ever show  
With the rage of nuclear fission  
Oh, look what he's done!  
With his blank human cartel  
Now he's gone and released  
Unleashed the bloodgates of Hell  
And when the circus is over  
Together kids and parents will bawl

'Cause there's no time for an encore  
For one more precious curtain call

Step right up folks!  
And don't feel so down  
It's only a matter of time  
'Till the circus hits town  
So, anxiously I remain here 'till  
The day when history repeats  
'Till then we're all jostling madly  
To get the front-row seats

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