

Poetry Series

**Gary Diamond**  
**- poems -**

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## Gary Diamond(04-10-1984)

Self-professed laziest poet alive. Works in short bursts of creativity before getting bored and not writing again for months. Hates 90% of poems submitted here, but knows that the ones he most hates are probably the ones people would actually comment on and score highly.

Influences are Bukowski, Vonnegut, Burroughs, Burgess, Orwell, all the idiots of the world, all the bad landlords and whatever else.

Also a musician, painter and intellectual. Party trick: playing four wine glasses at once.

# 1/4 Of Your Average Deck

i am one quarter of your average deck  
i am a social and emotional wreck  
on the line; always my neck  
as i endure another rubber cheque

lets catch the daylight sun  
before the race is run  
you wanted entertainment  
step out lets go get some

sometimes death is preferable  
to a life spent in reverie  
with the future still to grapple  
not to follow, here to lead

timing is of the art  
state of art is the essence  
we all have these changes of heart  
traded them for effervescence

as what is left of my soul  
flies out through the window

excuse me sir, you've left your blood on the end of my fist

and if you choose to meet me  
you'll find me too stubborn  
although its now discreetly  
too selfish and headstrong

or am i too meticulous?  
some laugh dont be ridiculous  
are you sure you're not avoiding? thus  
it doesn't make you androgynous

Gary Diamond

# 100 Cups Of Coffee

I am the new Philip J Fry.  
I want to break the record  
100 cups of coffee  
In 24 hours.  
One every 20 minutes.

Would I shake  
Would I laugh  
Would caffeine at those doses  
Make me hallucinate  
Like smoking four cigarettes in ten minutes  
As I did  
For a dare  
In college  
(I lost.)

Although I must admit  
I'd be hard pressed  
To have a robot for a friend  
And a cyclops as a lover.  
I hope the future  
Is just as fun  
As it looks in my favourite show.

Gary Diamond

## 2nd Restart Interview

Report at 9: 30am, the laser-printed letter said.

I folded the sheet in half, lengthways,  
and tucked it into an inside jacket pocket.

I pulled on my battered trainers and made my way out of the house.  
No-one stirred.

I shuffled my way down the backroads  
hangover like someone had put my head in a bucket and kicked it.

I kept walking.

I figured it was just as well I'd been at the bitter all night  
lager and I probably would have thrown up and been  
unable to move.

And if I missed this appointment  
they'd stop my dole money  
and I'd run out  
of ways to buy food and booze.  
I couldn't have had that.

I got there in the end.

I had to queue up to sign into the building  
then ascend some stairs and queue up again to register for the restart.  
Oh they give it a fancy name  
but it still felt like Royston Vasey to me.  
I received my bright green pack  
took a seat in one of the training rooms.

I pulled out the paperwork and saw  
it was something else I'd need to read and sign.  
I'd already done that twice and was a little bored of it.

I was too lazy to find a pen  
I just kept reading and rereading the same bits, never letting it sink in.  
I figured they were stalling for time anyway.

I wouldn't be the last to finish, so I took it nice and slow.

Somewhere it ended  
and we went out of the area back into the main room

and haphazardly sat  
and waited for our one-on-one interviews.

Gary Diamond

### 3 Bottles Of Whiskey A Week

I was getting through  
three bottles  
of whiskey  
per week,  
like the stuff was going out of production.

I had taken a liking to  
a cocktail called Ferrari Jack:  
double shot of JD  
double shot of Amaretto  
some coke then lemon slices and ice.

Whiskey drunkenness and beer drunkenness were very different.  
I enjoyed beer ones but I started to prefer the whiskey feeling.  
It made you feel good like beer, but still you were able to stay  
lucid and alert after a lot of it.

It didn't override your entire consciousness  
you didn't need to piss all the time  
it didn't bring on flatulence  
you didn't need to smoke cigarettes  
to counteract the effects of the depressant.

I liked it a lot  
and reasoned if Lemmy  
was still alive after years  
of it, so I would be.

Gary Diamond

## 4 Stops To Home

my place or yours.  
much the same to me.  
lets roam indoors.  
lets take the train that meets me.

and i can't judge my grasp.  
or hold this door no more.  
and i can't place my feet.  
well it beats being bored.

and let the light that lifts me.  
turn into something else.  
and let the dreams that beat me.  
be the ones you just can't figure out.

let your mind just wander.  
wander back as far as your feet can roam.  
let the lights that guide me.  
be the ones that take us home.

Gary Diamond

## 5 Minutes Of Itv2 Fame

After a fair share of debauchery  
stretched over a week  
it had caught up with me.

I was in trouble  
all exhausted  
chewed up.

The television cameras had got us.  
It was for some reality TV show  
about building confidence  
for being a best man.

They should have interviewed me  
I've done it twice.  
I was an unbeatable authority on the subject  
and I knew my way round a speech.  
I was a subtle talker.  
Only a fool shouts his 'truth' from the rooftops.

The sun beat and the traffic beeped and it was all too much.  
I felt like the drink in my hand was going to make me throw up.  
It wasn't good.  
I was on the fourth hangover of the week now.  
It was Thursday.  
I wasn't eating well.  
I needed to repair and rest or I was going to expire.

Gary Diamond

## 6 O Clock Ramblin'

empty pages, open words and a bottle of whatever you've got.  
you've always been pretentious, aspire to something i'm not.  
i'll be the one to break you.  
to bring you to your knees.  
so don't feed your desires.  
and you're not free to do as you please.

i will take control, make sure what you thought was right.  
dissolve into a simple image, then i will see your plight.  
clear as day, plain as can be, whatever you want.

but you don't want my simple dreams.  
and you can feel the strain.  
kicking at your heels, makes you feel drained.

i'll be the one to fight you.  
drag you down where you don't go.  
i'll be the one to smite you.  
but you can leave any time i swear.

Gary Diamond

## 70 Grand And Counting

What do you want, a medal?  
I remember you, mr lead singer  
Going through the motions  
Moaning about your mortgage  
Slagging me off and being discontented  
Because although I made nothing and waste all my money  
I was still a greater example of being human than you.

I don't care about owning a tiny strip of land  
With a house on it.  
A house to me is somewhere to store my stuff  
Sing my songs  
And take my shits.

I don't care about having a mid-engined sports car  
You do and you think you own the road.  
You think because cyclists don't pay tax they can't use it.  
While we're at it, why don't we tax people for walking.  
And you're a fat piece of shit,  
So why don't we tax you more  
When you need the national health service?

As far as I can see it you can cram the lot of it  
Down your smug, unsatisfied, high-carbon throat  
Or up your never-walk-anywhere, never-eat-healthy ass  
I know one thing for sure.  
Due to the size of your gut and your ego combined  
That's a whole lot of cramming.

Drop dead tomorrow.  
Do your country a favour.

Gary Diamond

# 7th Weekend Of The Year

The weekend had come.  
It blended into everything else.  
I was drunk through most of it  
some old friends had come to stay at the house  
and we played a lot of cards.  
I didn't win much but that wasn't the point.

The alcohol was flowing, the company was good and that was what counted.

On Saturday we had destroyed a guitar.  
It was a cheap piece-of-shit balsa wood  
and it had smashed after a few strikes.  
Nonetheless  
it felt good to indulge in mindless  
alcohol-based  
destruction.

Sunday came around.  
I awoke with another hangover  
I guessed it must be six by now.  
I was impressed  
that I had managed  
to get drunk  
six days out of seven.

It started to get interesting  
when we all sat around the same table  
with a pack of cards  
again.

I came back with ten lagers  
some cider and blackcurrant.  
We were making snakebite and black.  
It tasted like cordial but mixing  
the two types of alcohol  
was a sure way to get yourself ready  
for anything  
in a hurry.



## 8 Hours In A Cell

A short squad car ride later and we were there.  
They parked up and led me through  
a blue barred gate down into a basement level complex,  
all painted white broken up by the occasional chair.

I was led to the duty sergeants desk  
a heavy-set woman with thick glasses  
and short, dark curly hair.

The two officers explained what had happened, she questioned me and I gave  
more or less the same story.

My possessions were confiscated and itemised.  
I noticed for the first time how much blood had spilled onto my wallet.

They led me into another small room.  
They sat me in front of a huge machine and took a few mugshots.  
Then they took some swabs from the inside of my cheek.  
I had been trying to keep my DNA off the government system for years,  
tonight I had failed.

I'd have to remember to wear gloves  
and tight suits for all those burglaries I was planning  
and banks I was planning to hold up at gunpoint.

Then came the fingerprinting.  
It was all electronic now, done on a form of touch sensitive screen  
Some of the prints had to be re-taken three or four times.  
Thats technology for you.

After that I was ushered into a single cell  
and the metal door slammed shut with a menacing metallic thud.  
The cell had a rock hard foam mattress covered in blue plastic  
the kind that squeaks when you roll your hand along it.  
There was some kind of duvet cover  
but I was hot and feverish from all the beer so decided to use it as a pillow.

I noticed a blood stain on the trousers  
above my left knee.

I was tired and not willing to think about anything.  
I had a copy of the police procedure book  
but I was too drunk to read it.  
I could read single words one after the other  
without remembering the words that had come before,  
so I couldn't form sentences.

I slept.

Gary Diamond

# 9 Minutes Is Probably Enough

i'm shaking like a leaf now.  
and so would you.  
had you been in my boots for the last three hours.  
though for you 9 minutes is probably enough.  
just to show you.  
just to tell you where i've been.

and of course where i'm going.  
where should i begin.  
perhaps from the start  
perhaps tell it inside out.  
perhaps embellish it  
as all good tale tellers should.

don't interrupt me while i'm talking.  
don't take your mind off of the words i'm telling you.  
not shouting, just to make a point.  
done now, and another remark to laugh it off will suffice.

cos when you pour out your soul  
and no-one's listening  
that makes you the bigger fool.  
when to stop is just as important  
as when you don't.

Gary Diamond

# A Master

You know, being a master of something doesn't necessarily mean you're any good.

You can spend years and years trying to hone something down.

A sonnet, a dish, the perfect sailboat - anything.

However, just because you mastered a skill, or an art.

Doesn't mean you're any good at applying it.

A true master of both the art and it's application can't be pinned down like some want.

It can't be structured the same way twice because you

Can't structure a person the same way twice.

Even a clone is still a poor flawed imitation in uncontrollable ways.

It works differently for all.

There are a few common truths to be noted though.

A true master takes as much or as little time as the task requires.

There cannot be too much or too little.

Too many spices in the dish will clutter the tastebuds.

Too few planks on the deck will leave sailors with unsteady footing.

In a story, poorly drawn characters will be dull.

Overdrawn characters will leave a person feeling foolish

As their own imagination will be put to bed.

The art of art is balance.

And the balance varies from person to person.

This is why

You can't

Simply can't

Please all people

All of the time.

So don't try.

Just make something that feels good to make.

Don't try and cram it all in there.

Let it breathe a little.

Gary Diamond

# A Violent End To This One

She seemed so certain this time  
We set a date  
Made love  
And prayed for forgiveness

And then comes the blow  
She doesn't love you  
Anymore  
And she doesn't want you  
Around

It's like that.  
Something turns in a person  
And they destroy you with  
Their hate  
Love they had  
Evaporates on the breeze  
As dew on the grass blades.

It's different for me.  
Or  
At least  
The speed is different.  
It takes me longer to fall in love  
It takes, as consequence  
Longer for me to hate.

I don't hang on quickly  
But I do hang on longer  
So when she deals the blow  
When the words come  
Colder by text message or email  
Taking all the occasion  
Out of getting shoved.

I prefer the violent ends.  
With pots and pans thrown  
By me and  
By her.

Screaming murder.  
Screaming hate.  
Laughing about each others foibles  
A weird birthmark  
Webbed toes  
All that.

Gary Diamond

# A Window

I view television as a window into the world which I have come to hate  
I view the silence when it's off as something to appreciate  
Despite advances in multiple fields of entertainment this beast persists  
The brain-rotting glow cube substituting denominator for greatness

Somehow I don't hate this beast  
But I'd like to see somebody slay it  
With the right line come out and SAY IT  
Watch it disappear as quickly as it came  
That'll take about fifty years then.

How can you love a distraction that is fractured with distraction?  
How can you tolerate a program broken apart by ad fragments?  
Why is your brain such a dull and listless tool?  
Did you willingly tune it to a channel less cruel?

A window lets light in, and lets home truths out.  
This one lets light out, and when off, reflects light back.  
It seems to be a joyful giver  
But for all the beams it radiates  
The thing it takes from us is much more valuable  
I would say dear  
But if you've lost it you don't realise it  
Then it's long gone.

Television the joyful giver.  
Television the soul and sole deciever.

Gary Diamond

# A Woman In Lingerie

There's something classically appealing about a good woman  
Dressed in different kinds of lingerie.  
Some like it so much, they have seperate pieces  
For any given day.

I must admit that I've not been lucky enough to have a woman dress up in  
something lacy  
Something sensuously revealing and fancy.  
A woman's naked skin is a powerful aphrodisiac  
But I'd like it best when you have to peel off  
Layers of skimpy lace and silk  
To claim your prize.

I dream often about the fifties blond, perfectly made up  
And attired in thin silken nightgown, barely concealing  
The lingerie beneath almost woefully revealing.  
What a feast.

Leading her off to the four poster bed  
With the drapes and the carvings.  
The best place to be given the gift of head.  
And to return it, too.

I wonder if I come across as a dirty old man.  
If I do, I suppose it means the forefathers were too.

All that lace, all that leg, all that hair.

Gary Diamond

# Accident

There was a full pint of lager in my hand  
You said something stupid  
So I poured it  
Right over you  
Then I grabbed another  
I don't know who it belonged to  
And did the same again.

We grappled and there was some blood.  
Like a schoolboy I shout 'he started it'  
And I'd say we became friends again  
But I got kicked out of the house  
Some of my stuff was trashed  
All for something  
That was your fault anyway.

I do regret it though.  
Seems funny  
Always seem to pick fights with friends  
Never with the idiots who  
Really deserve  
A roundhouse or a dropp kick.

Gary Diamond

# Acronym Of Three

Another one of the patterns  
To take a companie's task  
And reduce it down to three letters  
First synonym then acronym.

It is an old favourite let's be honest about that.  
It has a supposed meaning greater than other threes like cat.  
Or hat, or mat or any of the easy choices.  
But when boiled to basics  
Means nothing at all.

It reminds me of something once taught.  
That one choice is not a choice at all  
And that multiple choices are not choices either.  
That too much and too little  
May as well be the same basic componant.

Using a ten pound note to set fire to the bank is a nice ironic joke  
Especially if that bank was a TSB.  
Another of the three letter rascals  
Another yawn suppressed in quiet agony.

It seems odd that three is the trend  
And that in response, two and four come up short.  
Neither long, as four could be.  
Hence the dull adage, things come in threes.  
It's true enough for you, him and me.

Gary Diamond

# Adam And Eve

They were idiots, if it's even true they existed.  
They looked that Eden gift horse in the mouth, didn't they.  
Whether that story is true or not  
Whether God gave them everything, with one condition  
It seems just as well to have set up a pattern.

Rules were made to be broken  
The more rules the more there is to break.  
God bless freedom, the freedom to live in a society  
That uses the rulebook as a ball and chain.  
There's the paradox for you.

You know, I never did much care for love thy neighbour.  
I think cramming junk like that into people does them more damage  
Than drinking to excess and throwing the fists around.  
Therein lies the difference between being a sucker  
And being a sucker but fore-warned.

When you say 'at least' about anything  
It's usually the first step of justification  
The first step in being completely worn down.  
When there is nothing but rigour and boredom  
Human nature seeks out the fun instead.

Gary Diamond

# Afterblur

That is the definition of a memory.  
An after-image fading somewhat too quickly.  
Some of the best things you have seen and done  
Got amalgamated into a mediocre one.

When you take a drug you play with the same set of variables  
It's just that, depending on the substance  
A couple of them became more malleable.  
Sometimes drugs kill a person because they veer too quickly  
On to the new set of odds which can strain and constrict me.

Why settle for the same set of odds when a great unknown will do?  
Looking out at the boat at sea floating on your envy.  
Then shutting your eyes against the sea spray  
There's your afterblur.

A little to the  
Left  
A little to the  
Right.  
As you replace the retina image  
With new ones of other forms.  
This is the afterblur.

By mixing old memories, old shapes and routines  
We can create a couple of new ones.  
In a shape shifting afterblur  
That you can never know.

Gary Diamond

# All The Male Geniuses In The World Failed This One

Most men don't stand a chance against them.  
Even our best scholars  
and philosophers  
and comedians  
only had a handle on them,  
they didn't know where God  
had hidden the guidebook  
if there even was one.

I took some comfort in the fact  
a two-thousand year old book  
told me the first woman was made  
from the rib of the first man  
and that it was the first woman  
who committed the first sin.  
Then she got her husband in on it.

The way I saw it  
it was telling us that from day one  
women were good manipulators.  
They were made from us and they knew us.

I was pretty sure that  
even with more experience in that area  
every time I tried to figure them out  
I'd just end up with a big headache.

If Plato and Pythagoras couldn't figure them out I was doomed.

Gary Diamond

# All These Things For Free

structure, form, architecture and function.  
without rhyme and lacking reasons.  
count it on your fingers,1,2,3,4.  
there's always a fifth for more.

tonight will be an encore  
but it's a trick played only for me.  
it keeps me sane it gets me high i find it hard to breathe.

losing, living, wasting and burning.  
shattered, alive and always learning.  
write it down in textbooks 1,2,3,4.  
there's always a minor third, one more.

tonight will be the big show  
but it's a trick that works for me.  
it drives me nuts you know i do  
all these things  
for free.

Gary Diamond

# Alone In Eden

Well done.  
Throw my hands  
Up; I've won.  
Alone in Eden  
Dead on my ass  
Scheming.

It's not a garden of treasures.  
That was myth number one.  
It wasn't filled with every kind of creature.  
That was myth number two.  
It wasn't in the middle of the desert.  
That was myth number three.  
There were no snakes, actually very little.  
That was myth number four.

I found Noah's Ark.  
The wood torn up  
Buried  
Inside a national park.  
Not sure how it got there  
Not sure if I knew  
That I'd care.

You see, if you spend too long chasing impossible dreams  
You'll be letting everything real slip right by you  
When you could have had a piece of ass  
You turned around and walked out  
Bored  
Caught in the discord.

Gary Diamond

# Alone In Eden II

When I came here first of all  
I was too angry, too gauche.  
I wanted to see a myth  
So I did  
And I became a beast  
And tore at it.

Now I've returned  
And the damage done  
Was healed when my back was turned.

Eden as a concept is  
All that's good about the soul  
Things worth keeping  
The little differences that defined moments

When you think of your lover  
You can't picture it all at once  
What comes first are the little quirks  
The things only you know about.

Eden is much the same.  
It was called a garden because it had the variety  
In truth it takes any form you'd want it to be.  
It seeks to please and to teach  
But not to implore or to preach.

It could be a man, a woman, a fruit  
Whatever you want from it.  
If you scream bloody murder  
It becomes the consequence of your hate  
I stopped screaming  
I stopped drinking  
And whatever I see now  
I like it better.

Gary Diamond

# An Old Friend Is A New Enemy

Be careful whom you call a friend.  
Be even more careful when you meet a man or woman  
That you once called a friend  
But haven't  
Seen for quite a notable while.

They've had time to had their mind bent around.  
You don't know what they've seen and heard now.  
Even if you're passing the time filling in the gaps.  
As they fill some gaps they open others.

Trust me;  
Although you wouldn't call me a friend.  
Yet.

Who knows what tack this former ruffian has taken now.  
Just because he wears a suit and a tie  
And is well spoken  
Doesn't mean he's a decent person.

Who knows what style this former ugly duckling has heeded now.  
Just because she has curves till tuesday  
And they're bursting out of her cashmere sweater  
Doesn't mean you'd put a ring on her finger.

Who knows if that effeminate man you once knew  
Is now a woman too?

It boggles the mind.  
It boggles the mind.

Gary Diamond

# Artists Like Me And You Are Rusemakers

even my favourite art is a skilled ruse  
a poultice and a penance  
practiced by a skilled old hand  
an old soul  
trapped in a pre-pubescent body  
being blown apart  
by injustice  
being molded into bad clay  
by smoke stacks and two dollar whores

if i wrote the sonnet  
if i pretended form would cure  
i might be a better man

if i was to cast myself a shakespeare  
i'd be lauded as outdated and hacked  
instead of a classicist  
in the new mold

instead i choose to take the power of the  
modern poet  
his form sketchy and not classy  
his life a medium strength metaphor  
his clothes a tattered rage

this would be living  
and we would be doing it  
if we stopped selling short  
if even the prominent idiot  
would improve one iota

Gary Diamond

# Beautiful Disgrace

Yes, there was a little of that magic swing in her hips as she walked.  
Some called it slutty.  
I called it grace.

She wore heels so high you'd swear gravity would just pull her back down.  
But she glided; she nearly flew.  
She's still not the sort you'd invite to the family  
Christmas parties.

So beautiful was she, that she could make even the most unflattering of  
cardigans  
Come to life.  
Just by the way her chest swung.  
I probably shouldn't have been looking.  
But it had to be done.

How do you go about getting that kind of woman, I wondered.  
Then I realised all I had to do  
Was jemmy open my wallet  
Stop staring  
And give her the fifty in there.

Chaste moral society calls them whores.  
I call them a beautiful disgrace.

Gary Diamond

# Beggars, Freaks And Bandits

Beggars freaks and bandits  
Virtual cowboys and streakers  
Tearing up the internet.

Why do that?  
Why do anything?  
Being the standout gesture moving in the dark  
The insidious serpent or the beggared fool  
To your disciples such a tool  
Of mocking corporate faiths.

We are all beggars.  
We demand, rape, plunder and take.  
Whether it be fiscally or emotionally  
Placing silent, hated demands on peoples time and efforts.  
Seems mighty cruel to spin such a roulette wheel  
But there we stand, sick and addicted to the dream.

How am I a freak, you might ask.  
Who are the freaks - all hands up to attention, please.  
It manifests itself in the crazy meandering self-talk  
We mumble or shout when we think no-one is listening.  
It manifests itself in the abrupt slamming of doors  
The crazy demands our soul makes  
And the crazier dreams that go in hand with it.  
The dreams to kill, to rape, to mutilate and maim.  
The ways, wonderful new and exciting ways  
Of getting yourself off hands free.

Bandit seems an outdated word to some.  
Preserve that illusion because you are wrong.  
Stealing is an illicit thrill, listlessness shall dissolve.  
You don't have to steal something physical.  
Although if I were you I certainly would.  
Steal the company time by staring at the wrist watch  
By chatting to the neighbours  
By taking breaks minutes and hours too long.

Such a bunch of miscreants incorporated.

Just how I like it.

Gary Diamond

# Better Than The Knife

A woman can cut you up better than a butcher can skin and bone a turkey.  
A woman can burn holes in you better than either one of us can iron a shirt.  
A woman will first tell you everything, even though you weren't expecting  
Then she'll expect all that back and more in return.

And if she doesn't get it  
She'll put a knife through you.  
Some use a sharpened, shining blade  
Others barb their words with  
Just the same.

A woman can melt through your heart like acid through wood and grass  
A woman can rip the damn heart out through your ass  
A woman is more insidious than you realise  
A woman is a curse and a blessing twice disguised.

And if you don't expose the hidden truths of your soul  
You'd better believe you'll suffer more letting them fly  
Out in to the darkness, into the bartender's ear  
Wherever they land.

Gary Diamond

# Better Yet

There's an old saying which we each know by heart.  
'The grass is always greener on the other side.'  
So it goes.

It's a quaint encapsulation of the underlying human attitude.  
The desire for strife  
The desire to fight for more  
Even when there appears little reason to do so.

The new solution or method always looks the best.  
But it is often revealed didn't improve a thing.  
Sure it's faster, and it looks better.  
But by streamlining  
It lost all of the character  
All of the flavour.

We like to think about changing places.  
A new job in a new town.  
Marrying into a wealthy family.  
It looks preferable to the mess we're starring in now.

Even when your life seems perfect, flawless.  
There's still something stuck in the ointment.  
Something gnawing at you, opening a chasm  
In that turbulent little soul of yours.

Better yet to do this or that, you think.  
Better yet to keep my head in the fluffy white storm-free clouds.  
Better yet to struggle on through than try to make a change.  
Better yet to watch it fall through and then have to change.

I prefer to remember that although the field I'm standing in isn't perfect.  
It's grass is patchy and flawed from the kids playing sports.  
It has character, like the wizened face of an old gnome.  
The plush new field with not a hair out of place  
Will have to wait twenty years to get this way.

Gary Diamond

# Big Rant

I like people who rant  
As long as they do so  
Articulately and whimscally  
And even if I hate their point  
I can at least see the sense in it

I don't like the old people who moan and grouch  
And shuffle along asking age-old questions  
Like they're as relevant as today's headlines

I don't like today's headlines because apart from names  
And places  
The details seem to follow some sort of spreadsheet  
Somekind of dull formula  
And the tabloids  
Make everything crucial italic  
Make key words BOLD AND CAPPED  
Death to that hack writing

I like people who talk and stare as if today is their last  
And maybe it puts me on edge but I like it  
Because it makes me remember, I should be on edge too  
These groceries I bag  
Could be the last  
And that would be a shame  
Because people have to eat  
And people need to know  
That the people who sell their groceries  
Are obviously stupid, idiotic and worthless  
And can be looked down upon.

I like to rant, too.  
I like to drink more though.

Gary Diamond

# Bigot

I hate most of all the damn bigots  
The closed-minded fools  
The idiots who have forgotten  
How well they have it.

If there's something I've learned and should impart  
It is - keep an open mind and heart  
Because as soon as you close things down  
Start ignoring other peoples reality  
You become a fool.

I'm meeting them in their thirties and forties  
And much more concerning, in their twenties  
So pampered and conditioned and soft  
That life seems like a boring, waking dream  
A consumerist paradise  
A subtle yet potent Hell.

I'm walking around knee deep  
But not in my own mistakes  
The mistakes and stupidity of others  
Which bring my own concerns  
Rushing up through the gullet  
An unstoppable nausea.

This bigotry, this form of prejudice  
This soul-rotting, irritating thing.  
I often feel it's what holds me back  
My own pre-occupation with this  
Hate made manifest.

Gary Diamond

# Blind Vs Blind

There is no substitute for greatness.  
If you're working hard to be great  
You can't be, can't do it  
Give up, find something else  
To occupy your time.

True greatness seems as truly effortless.  
As if someone is guiding and leading the human hand  
As if it's coming from somewhere else  
Somewhere that despite our killing  
Has survived white with virginity.

Blind lead blind and it gets a little worse.  
Becomes some damn hard to find the time to write a verse  
To get the effort needed to rehearse.

Instead of standing on a limb  
Taking the big risk and maybe shooting on target  
Everyone would rather hit the same big easy target  
As the rest.

Gary Diamond

# Boots Too Big

Set yourself up a legend  
And like bowling pins watch it crumble  
At the tumble of the ball.

Living up to your own hype is a case of remembering  
Why you set up these conditions in the first place.  
Impressing a woman in some cases  
Repelling an enemy in others.

Sometimes those boots are mighty big  
Often the best efforts won't give you space enough.  
Remembering that love is bound to fail often  
But not letting that stop you.

Gary Diamond

# Bosses

Seems wherever you go  
Hierachy high or low  
We're working for some fool there.

Micro-managed corporate wonderland.  
Deep-seated facade of professionalism  
Is a glossy myth for underhand cost cutting bullshit.  
We're fed it  
We eat it with delight.

The frozen foods that defrosted because everything stopped.  
Are refrozen, violating law and sense of moral  
Because to write it off, which would be right  
Spells disaster for that seven percent bottom line.  
The so-called bonus  
With which they open a fist  
And slap you across the face.  
Open palm.

If people would listen to you  
Maybe there'd be more success upon success.  
Not blind leading more blind to the clifftop.  
Promoting those less worthy.  
Giving the bad hand, cutting off the chances and balls of  
The man who dared to try  
Tearing down the fuckers en route.

Bunches of morons, those are the bosses.  
They seem more stupid than the human sheep led in to feast on the  
Glazed over pastures that look like grass  
But taste and smell like glass.

Less that we hate them.  
More that we wish we could open their eternally shut eyes.  
Widen the narrow back alleys of their minds.

Foolish notion.



## Bottles And Mirrors

Don't just break one kind of glass.  
Kill two birds with one stone.  
Kill two panes of glass  
One on the other  
Bottles and mirrors  
Stacked up broken  
Like my little broken heart.

Gary Diamond

# Brimming

i could scour the earth looking for the right words to tell you.  
my words hold little wisdom, but hold weight.

i believe in trust and that it's an emotion.  
i believe a lot of things you don't.

don't rock the boat, don't twist my words out of shape.  
don't find your coat, you know you can't escape.

cos time will keep you running.  
keep you brimming with regrets.  
you're something i'm not, nor will never be.  
i only pray we don't meet again  
for your sake and mine.

Gary Diamond

# Broken Toys

We wear out.  
We slowly start to die.  
We're born to it.  
We'd love to change it.  
Dream to.  
It's not to be.

They say the taking part is what matters, no matter what the outcome.  
So I tried really hard for several years and still did worse than those that  
Never made the effort.  
Never woke up close to tears  
Never considered one hundred ways to rid themselves of life.

Do I willingly make myself a martyr because I want to.  
Do I want my epitaph to speak out about unrequited everything.  
That I'd rather have forty years of love and achievement  
Than drug out a hundred as I am now  
Forever drunk and pining  
Forever quietly whining.

We're broken toys without receipts.  
Setting ourselves up to take a fall  
Making amends for future mistakes.  
It didn't have to be this way.  
Still it stands.

Gary Diamond

# Calling Card

The hyperware.  
The salesmans grin and stare  
Calling card in handshake  
Vague acquaintance not to make.

We leave our calling cards in visible ways  
We have it strewn about the house  
We have our D.N.A.

Why get snared?  
With so many choices why this one?  
Have to make one at some point.  
Every day fraught with decisions  
The most successful of those days  
The ones where it all felt natural.

I have a curse - you have a curse - we have a curse.  
We long and strive too hard too be remembered  
To be memorable and to be in someone else's mind a pure image  
The truth is deeper than that  
The truth is harsh at that.

Did you ever notice that the most successful and excellent  
Were the ones who made joy and contact effortless?  
The ones who imbued themselves on your countenance  
On your consciousness  
At their convenience  
Achieved it by merely appearing not to try.

Too much effort and too much vision are a turn off.  
We respect better those who rolled with the punches well  
Even the ones we thought they would avoid  
Because if a greater prizefighter takes an easy hit  
He's gearing up to plant a bigger one  
By getting into the mind and fear of his opposition  
What a pro.

Calling cards then.  
Semblence of which is clear sometimes

And convoluted others.

Don't seek to be exceptional; ever.

Don't bother trying harder all the time; just sometimes.

Live well; if you chose to live at all.

My calling card is the sloth of the underachiever.

Don't let it be yours.

Gary Diamond

# Capable Of

I'm sticking around only to see what I'm capable of.  
I'm walking with my hands over my forehead to block out  
That brutishly bright sun.

It's not to say I hate all and everything  
It's just what I've tasted so far  
Has been mostly  
Bitter.

It's a good laugh when you can freely laugh at yourself.  
When you can look in the mirror  
And simultaneously love and hate what you see.

If I am set to be nothing.  
If the overpopulation of the globe contributes to  
My continuing anonymity  
And worse  
My continuing mediocrity  
Despite having skills of many kinds  
And a keen, able mind  
Then I'd wish I was one of the  
Two pence morons  
I laugh at even as they laugh at me.

You see, it's a pain  
To so accurately understand so many  
Peoples and things  
And yet  
See them in return  
Understand nothing at all.

Why was I called a genius?  
Why was I goaded into thinking  
I could change even a small part of this world?  
Trust me  
I'm very lazy  
And if others of note  
Hadn't told me this  
I wouldn't be bothered.

I'm bothered because  
It was mentioned at all.  
Some people should keep  
Their mouths  
Firmly shut.

There's plenty I don't like  
But I'm smart enough to keep  
My mouth shut  
And pour it like petrol onto bark  
And enjoy losing the pain.

I'm sticking around this ugly mess to see what I am capable of.  
To have nearly died because of other's carelessness  
To have barely offended anyone intentionally.

Gary Diamond

# Certainty

A certainty is nothing but an uncertain that was proven.  
A rephrase like that could jog the mind a little.  
As well as a punch in the chest could awake the killer instinct.

Mess with the formula and then problems can occur.  
The jaws of victory snatching another prime time sucker.  
I didn't claim there was a skill to this method  
Or a reason for it to exist.

Pining and pining for a gambling loss  
Will never turn it to a win.  
Just got to wise up, remember the error  
And roll the horse or dice again.

I've heard people curse God because he gave us plenty of choices.  
I've heard and seen others die because he let them indulge their vices.  
Perhaps everything that was and shall be  
To this mighty Lord, a soothsayer  
Nothing but a damn certainty.  
Something he knew but chose not to impart.

Gary Diamond

# Content With Nothing

I don't know how it is, or why it is, but it's certainly there.  
I've seen perfectly normal, somewhat intelligent people  
Suddenly lose all track of time and all sense of place  
And it seems to affect most of the human race,  
this,  
Curious affliction.

People walk into their air-conditioned, overlit shopping malls.  
People walk in as if to a heavenly haven, oblivious of each other.  
They window shop until they find something.  
And when they find that special thing, the world must melt.  
And all it is then is them, the thing and the glass window.

They walk towards it as if in a trance.  
They walk towards it into the path of young mothers  
Into the way of old codgers  
Annoying the pace of a passing, baseball cap teenager.  
Yes,  
Yes,  
It's a curious affliction.

There is a phrase I like to use.  
It's only two words, but they're good ones.  
I call it 'spatial awareness'.  
All of us have this in varying degrees.  
When people slip into this trance they seem to  
Lose it completely.  
It's very strange.

I can't say it's ever happened to me.  
Even in an aisle surrounded by my two favourite things  
I can still perceive everything else around me.  
But it happens to some people.

This is the drug.  
This is the consumerist plague.  
It's why credit cards exist.  
It's why the economy heads endlessly back and forth to recession.  
All it seems to take is a bright sign, a radio commercial.

And it ignites people's trances.

### Content With Nothing

I've met enough people.

Yes, sometimes I think too many.

Most of them left no impression at all.

I don't hate them, they just blended in to the background noise that is human life.

It was easy to trace out patterns.

It was easy to get bored of them quickly, and assume they got bored of me.

All it seems to take to be enough is a decent wage.

An average sized house.

A few dashes of love

A television, a radio and an icebox full of food.

That's what seems to define modern existence.

I was different, I liked it.

Preferring an endless supply of booze and good records.

As long as the money was there

For both of those

I could say damn the rest, more or less.

People don't care about culture.

They don't seem to realise their actions could shape it if they tried harder.

Instead they rely on the spin doctors to spell it out.

Doctors, lawyers, idiot radio DJs, illiterate fashion models,

Failed pop singers, once great football players

And so on.

That is

⊖psetting.

That is

⊖unsettling.

An individual seems to be scared to be an original.

They'd rather take on the stereotype for their sex

And for their age.

This makes them soft and easy to dictate to.

That's a shame, too.

Somehow they were all taught to be content with nothing!

They get the same old deal as everyone else did.

Strangely that seems to be enough.

Afraid to question, afraid to stand out from the hive mind.

It seems unkind, but life to them is towing the standard line.

Are you one of them?

If you said no, do you think it's because you're scared to say yes?

I'm not denying there are decent people.

I'm not replying because there are fun people.

But when it boils down to simple fact

Originality is something every decade seems to lack

More and more and more,

And yet more.

So are you content with nothing?

Gary Diamond

# Contradictory

Poetry and optimism are contrary to the human spirit.  
The forced-upon thrust-upon festivals merely sap it.  
The best forces are the simple, primal lines of nature  
Who comes on scene and sense with no furore  
No fanfare, no gaudy banner or flashing advertisement.

I think we've been judging the struggle a little too wrongly.  
Perhaps as Donnie, looking for love in the worst of places.  
Finding close enemies share the similar serene faces  
Of our closest friends in hours of darkness.

The contradictory spirit that lurks, plays with Laughing Sam's dice  
Is the henchman for a God grown weary and tired  
Using his own creations to continue his bidding.  
Just because your five senses don't acknowledge a thing  
Doesn't mean it isn't there  
Secretly controlling you  
Dragging you in two directions and seeing what you'll get up to.

Endeavour and greatness are hand in hand, one after the other  
The father imbues the mother, one follows another.  
The action the reaction and the end position.  
The actions of misjudgement to define your own station.

As much as the mind is a smart and worthy tool  
Sometimes it does just as well not to listen to it at all.  
Sometimes God is in the details  
Sometimes it appears that great success eventually fails.

I load myself up with a carriage of hate and bile.  
And the further I load, the easier it is to stop faking my smiles  
To stop bearing my wiles, to stop trapped in denial  
Accusations and infestations of the mind.

By leaving the middle point and embracing two extremes simultaneously  
The nature of the human spirit is revealed  
Vindicated  
Then written off by greater powers as a failed experiment.



# Coping

Why does every time I fall in love feel like the last time  
As if, if this is not the one, the be all end all  
Then I'm not going to be strong enough  
To jump on the wagon and start again

It's a goddamn mess to be sure  
And sure of that if nothing at all

I'm keeping myself to myself most of the time  
I'm waking up and wising up and finding a new religion  
Finding it harder and harder to make an effort  
Finding it a chore to keep connected and reconnecting

This is it.  
This is the only nature of life I've found to be true.  
The struggling, the forcing to cope.  
To make the best of the worst  
Never stopping to mope.

I'm not trying to lay it on thick, like you think.  
I'm not trying to make you feel worse than ever.  
I'll give everything a fair trial  
And mock the result  
The one I waited for.

Gary Diamond

# Corporate Paradise

They come bursting out at you.  
Like a whore's tits from a tight top.  
They run right up to you like a stray dog  
Force you to lavish them with attention  
Force your desires for the banal and the mundane  
OUT.

They leave no stone unturned in terms of the schemes.  
They pray like vultures upon a persons most intimate dreams.  
They force you to memorise a catchphrase, a logo,  
A sign, a phone number, a name.  
Or some other piece of information  
That most times you'd be better off without.

I'm referring to the billboards  
The shop fronts  
The tax disc on a windscreen  
The brightly coloured charity workers forcing you to halt your stride  
The information overload of twenty commercials in five minutes on your TV  
The yammer and banter of the two-way radio jingle.  
All the pointless crap you can think of  
Like a shit-coloured rainbow.  
Clogging up the carriages of  
Your trains of thought  
With debris.

They've done a good job with these schemes.  
They've made acquisition a euphemism for happiness  
By stopping the people thinking completely  
Reducing them to percentages of net profit  
Things to count  
Listlessly  
On the fingers of a virtual hand.

They are the pop-up banner ads on your computer terminal.  
They are the false friends only there to infiltrate by word-of-mouth.  
They are the nonsense phrases on the bumper sticker.  
They are the flashing neon signs designed to obfuscate and mesmerise.

When you want to be drawn a bottom line, here's some advice.  
Please turn the corner into a consumerist corporate paradise.

Gary Diamond

# Cry

Why do we cry is not the right question.  
Why don't we cry more often is the one.  
I point it at myself and start running from the outcome.

Invisible weight nothing to do with gravity pushes us about.  
Until we wonder what it was we did this time.  
We roll with the punches only to end up in a bed of thorns.  
We crane our necks to look at lofty ambition  
Only to have our bough break upon the rocks at the foot of ambition's cliff.

You have to look in all directions, not all at once but all in moderation.  
You have to know that when you let yourself go in one direction  
That all the others are configured to pull you back to start  
Should you fail or fall asleep on your way to greatness.

Such an effort can make us break down.  
And like fools we stoke ourselves up with this drag  
Instead of opening floodgates for the hell of it  
Crying because there's nothing to cling to tonight.  
No-one to hold you and stroke your hair when you  
Scream.

If there truly are worse things than being alone  
I think I've paid my dues with them.  
I do believe it's time to get the relationship I've been looking for.  
I think I'm not greedy, can be selfless, but this event  
I horde and hold on to like a precious thing.

That's why tonight, I'll sit sober and alone  
In a dirty bed in a small room I pay too much for  
Keeping myself alive barely, for what I'm not sure.  
I can write about it.  
Only when I really need to.

Gary Diamond

# Dead Letter Day

A ritual burning of the past in petrol-soaked rags  
Rags that now cannot turn to riches  
In any way other than destruction  
Of personal property.

I have to wonder how many trees got cut down to send those final demands.  
It hurts the soul that someone shouts timber for every thousand unpaid debts.

Putting people on trial is not much of a solution.  
Impounding the wage just convinces the suicidal to jump.  
Such demands that break a man or woman's back.  
Such demands that turn up at the start of the weekend  
To ruin it  
Because all the offices shut on the weekends.

Learn to fear the post man.  
Learn to fear the rattle of the sabre  
Brandished by the loan sharks in sharp suits.  
You have to reason is it worth the risk  
To live above and beyond the means  
For such an unchecked amount of time.

Easy money leads to headstrong heartbreak.  
No Mr Occam the simple solution is not the best or the right one  
So put the razor, the sabre  
Away.

Cut the lender card in half, throw it away, send it back.  
Before it burns right through your jeans and your resolve.  
Before the unnecessary luxury  
Becomes the thing beholden and desired by everybody  
At least in the crumbling palace of your mind.

Burn the paperwork  
Burn everything that bears your identity  
Obstinately they give you these things for security  
In fact it's just a ruse for the lazy  
To track you and leech off you and grab at you.  
Even if your identity is faceless

Keep it locked tight nonetheless.

Gary Diamond

# Death To The Cynics

I like to think of the cynic as the person who once was optimistic.  
And was so optimistic and so let down by it  
That it turned around on the fly.

The cynic is there  
He shoots dialogue into  
The air  
He murmurs things of trust and treason  
He'll criticise and adore every season  
For the same damn reasons you and I do.

The cynic in me likes to believe that despite my bid for greatness  
Despite my winning lottery tickets I'll never fly in space, weightless  
As good a pop song as I might write,  
It'll always seem  
Too weird  
Too direct  
Too off-kilter  
Too old  
To really make a difference.

The cynic is very fickle, can be very gentle but prefers to kill things with his  
words  
He loves what he loves, hates what she hates and all else BE DAMNED.  
This attitude comes with failed romance  
And having ten jobs and from all  
GETTING CANNED.

Yes, the best cynics are the old ones.  
Because the only reason they are cynical in the end  
Is an act.  
As I see it  
If you're cynical to death  
You're not going to last very long.  
You have to let the joy out sometime.

Gary Diamond

# Delirium Tremens

The screech of sobriety, the reverse hangover.  
The black and blue brow-beaten headaches.  
Where the throat is dry and the limbs must shake.  
The fear pushing under the nails like spikes and shards.  
All for want of a beer and a cheap cigar.

The whole work-a-day lifestyle is the trend.  
But takes hours and many drinks to unbend.  
Picking up the glass lifts a weight from the shoulders.  
The joy sometimes deepens as you get a little older.  
The shakes clear  
The visions appear.

It's better here.  
It's warmer and it is vibrant, full of love and joy.  
Stripped of another layer of stress and hate  
The old simplicities of life once more to appreciate  
To feel comfortable in your own skin  
It's the thing  
If a little too fleeting.

If it's more than twenty four hours it starts to break apart  
Like a ship on the rocks  
Roving towards the bottom.  
Lifting the arms seems like a chore.  
I have to raise that bottle  
I have to offer more.

They've laughed at us when they saw we were alcoholic  
At first as a joke, but then saw it was chronic.  
We had the strength to admit  
Having a vice was essential.  
Less like looking at the world with tainted sight  
More like seeing the horror and the beauty  
And being distressed and elated  
Simultaneously.

It doesn't always work smooth.  
A hitch must appear.

The fly we couldn't swat.  
Some nights the scale tips dangerously to one side  
And jams there  
Either a night of unparalleled joy  
Or one wishing the world would implode through your chest.

A risk worth taking, a gamble worth making.  
The salve that heals the wounds.  
To be repeated daily.  
To be remembered soon.

Gary Diamond

# Dented

Someone dropp me on my head as a baby.  
Someone kick me in the head as a man.  
Bring some kind of feeling to the deep and without meaning  
Somehow can you bind  
Both my hands.

We hate what we've become.  
Any success was a snatch from the jowls of failure.  
That fat ugly beast  
Feasting  
On what weakens us most, and fastest.  
Trying to fight against it  
Makes its swollen belly more full.

Gary Diamond

# Deserted

I like it best when the house is deserted  
I like it when there's no noise at all.  
It's just me  
That bottle  
And an impassive four walls.

So when the door shakes  
And the landlord walks in  
It's time to pretend I'm an angel  
And turn the music down again  
That's a bother.

But even if I had enough money to buy a house  
It would mean putting a stop to the drinking.  
That's not something I'd like to face.  
Because no matter what  
The option must be there.

The landlord likes the house colder than an iceberg.  
I don't like it hot but I don't like to feel the blood freeze.  
The landlord is depressed his marriage is a mess  
This is another reason I won't do it.

'You'll be fucked before your thirty' he laments.  
Wrong as sin is he.  
You see  
It's not a woman that will do me in.  
It's the lack of one.  
Both are bad choices.

I like it best when I'm completely alone.  
When everything is far enough away to be bearable.  
Prefer to do things my way.  
Not saying I have the solutions  
Just that when it's my show  
Very little does go wrong.

Gary Diamond

# Deserve

I don't like to go on and on about what I deserve  
What I should have, and what I shouldn't be stuck with.  
I'm like this because I used to make the effort  
Of ten times, nine times it'd fall flat  
The other made the mistakes worthwhile.  
Gotta learn something while we're here.

It's in my nature to pin hope on this flimsy promise  
To attach significance to wonder I can't explain  
So no wonder I'm in pain  
So no wonder I drink to stop suffering.  
When Pandora's Box is open  
It takes some effort to get it closed again.

What do we really deserve.  
The ironies should die.  
The people who get it all for nothing  
Who deal in silver spoons and other riches  
Should be given a minimum wage and a wife that nags.  
Then they can taste life at the bottom of the food chain.  
While the underachievers, the nearly-but-never-quotes  
Should get a taste of glory at least once.

That's what we deserve.  
It's who we are to wonder.

Gary Diamond

# Dignity

Where the hell is the dignity these days.  
You all seem content to cash it in early.  
Instead of gracefully avoiding each other passing on the streets  
Preferring instead to shoulder barge  
To cast insults  
To rant like rabid jackals.

It seems anyone trying to recrown themselves by means of dignity  
Is smashed at like the rock holding back the diamond.  
Anyone really giving a damn about trying to remain humane  
Trying to be less of a worn out piece of shit  
A dirt pile  
A whore house  
Is dragged back down by those who are scared

Scared because they remember nothing  
Scared because they lack the ability to learn - even so young  
Scared as they close their minds as quickly as you've closed the blinds.  
Scared because  
Although many failsafes exist to prevent oblivion  
Still the stupidity runs rampant through hearts and minds.

This shallow, how can they know what love or hate truly is?  
How can they feel they've done anything, when all they do is do  
Without ever stopping  
Sitting back  
Contemplating?  
Talking to like-minded easy fools that fit the dull clay mold.

Because they cannot transcend  
They feel foolish against those who did, and still do  
In every tiny gesture  
In every wave of the hand.

Those that have touched and tasted and were not scared of  
Complete success or abject failure  
Change and become more whole.  
These worthless shells without their dignity  
Notice that, if they can on some level.

And doubt and secretly desecrate themselves.

Because they cannot separate subconscious from conscious

They never can win the battle of the mind.

I almost won mine.

Almost because if they didn't exist, I could.

Gary Diamond

## Dignity II

So much for dignity.  
So much for all that is hereditary.  
Don't we all wish the best for ourselves  
And locked in unobtainable dreams  
Consign ourselves to an unwalled living hell.

As much as my dignity fails and I indulge my vices  
As much as I rue many days and their bad choices  
As much as my head slumps and will not stand on high  
As much as every failure is a chink from which I'll die  
One day.  
But not this one.

I'm not even sure what all the games are about.  
I have as little idea now as when I was a kid.  
Things make about as much sense as ever.  
Except now I can admit  
The madness of this little dust sphere  
Are vague and nondescript.

So much for the slamming doors for hiding things.  
The fights with the missus  
The little self-signing madnesses.  
The cantankerous observations  
The causes of our misery  
Obvious to everyone but the self.

To be a doormat  
Seems as bad now as being outspoken and original  
No one can handle either  
Or in fact much of anything.  
I see a dying society swapping rules around  
Trying to make sense of subjects that have none  
What a waste of effort.

As dignity takes the back door  
As guilt and greed make another encore  
The reasons for the failures are clear  
In the drunken moment of clarity

At the bottom of the pint of beer.

Gary Diamond

# Dirt

I prefer the things we've given up on.  
I'd prefer to not wash for days  
Wear my favourite stinking clothes  
Drink last nights beer.

Dirt.  
Dirt.  
Dirt.  
Dirt.

It clings to us and we make silly gestures to get it off.  
As time rolls on like a smothering mother  
We all seem to wise up and think we've done well  
To correct it  
To see the origin of the dirt  
And reject it.

How can we think that way.  
I'm guessing we're all soft and stupid.

Dirt.  
Dirt  
Dirt  
Hurts.

Odd that a little dirt can cause so much anger.  
It is to some the chinks in the armour of the toppling castle.

By embracing that which so many have rejected.  
I have become much less prone to sickness and malice.  
Rarely a cough or cold do I see.  
I can ride around naked in the frosty cold  
And it only does me more good.  
Though not so much  
For the eyes of those who saw me.

Gary Diamond

# Disappoint

There.  
There it is again.  
I see the disappointment as I know the man.  
Damn shame.

My first read is usually right.  
The judgement sound.  
In some cases it seems so wrong  
Play that down  
Play it down.

Liars get good by keeping up on the practice routine.  
Makes you wonder if it wouldn't be easier to tell the truth.  
Oh, but why.  
Disappoint  
Even their own kin.

What everyone wants from me they never will get.  
I'm very very happy about that.  
I think with a whisper and gesture  
I make such a point  
Very clear.

The human race is a big fucking joke.  
Yes, me and you are included too.  
I make no exceptions when I cast egos down.

I sound like an idiot prophet.  
Maybe the whole recorded bunch were.  
History making deities out of fools  
Glorifying only those who didn't need it.

Stuck them up  
Stack them up well.  
Phones and emails  
Bullshit do tell.

Gary Diamond

# Distractions

Defining modern society as one word  
Is all about the mood at the time.  
One word is enough in the morning  
By evening it may have shifted to the right.

The chest is tight so tight.  
Because as hard and tough and steeled we make our minds  
The distractions of modernism are there  
Everywhere,  
and it's HORRIBLE.

It's the reason we sleep more as we get older.  
The reason we take more sick days  
Have more needless toe-tapping airport boredom-laden holidays.  
Why we're less capable of the good  
And in endless supplies of the bad.

Why should an individual be born so much smarter than the average man or woman  
That every single day, every foolish unnecessary decision is thrust upon them  
By the boring, predictable and maladjusted?  
Why are those who disciplined and cautioned and beautified their minds  
Even when their bodies were thin and wasting or otherwise  
Have to constantly be criticised by the plain and the weak  
Who cannot control even the tiniest, most banal of urges?

It's no wonder so many seek the ready-made, time-honed distractions  
Also thrust upon us by an uncontrolled - though pretending to be a ruled dystopia  
Society.

The thrills pale too.  
Some become murderers  
Rapists  
Paedophiles  
Suicide cases.  
Careless drivers  
Street urchins  
Piss-soaked beggars.

It begins as one foot after the other  
And often ends in a county jail cell.  
Faced with a nothing, a nothing and a nothing.  
Any choice could do as well.

They were all distractions from the inevitable.  
Unenviable.  
Immovable.

Gary Diamond

# Don'T Take The Blame

I advise you to admit to as little as you may get away with.  
It's worth less than your while to get caught red or empty handed.  
For every crime that is solved  
Many go unheard, unrecognized and unheeded.  
The master criminal knows when to stop and hole up.

Don't do it even as a belated favour for an old friend.  
Don't do it to save someone else's neck.  
Taking the blame for one thing puts you in the firing line  
The red flaring crosshairs.  
It sets up pin one to knock down a strike or spare.

It's not worth it.  
By God the joker and the bandit it's not worth it.  
Even something you did yourself  
Be denying such things to the gallows or the chair.

Instead, make use of distraction and subterfuge.  
Become a magician with the sleight of hand.  
Playing tricks and illusions subtly.  
Lying about your own thefts and deceit traps  
As neatly as discussing the weather.

Squarely place the blame on another's shoulders  
Place it there indirectly and by means of subtlety.  
Don't even admit too readily  
Don't be prepared to cover somebody.

Gary Diamond

# Doubt

Only in a woman's loving arms does doubt distinctively dissolve.  
With this kind of notion, once more I resolve  
That when again one of them comes along  
I'll pay a little more attention  
This time.

Doubt is as useful as anything else in your life.  
It has been cast as a weakness.  
It is really a strength.  
Perhaps one of the most misunderstood ones.  
It's what separates an animal from a man;  
Although the latter can become the former.

Take it as if a pinch of salt.  
Don't listen to it too closely or it might crack like old china.  
You might end up in an asylum.  
Remember sometimes that when you second-guessed  
The second guess was the right answer.  
That's a little of the magic of a doubt.

The shadow of doubt isn't necessarily a black cloud.  
It's more like a sliver of your conscience  
Reminding you you're not as flawless as you might think.

A lot of people make regrettable decisions on whims  
Because they let doubt dissolve within the walls of a relationship, a marriage.  
Letting the sensible decisions slip like sand through the fingers  
On the beach.

We'll forgive them though.  
We've been down that dusty road a few times.

Gary Diamond

# Dumb Things I've Gotta Do Today

I could draw up a list but am not equal to the effort.  
I'd rather sit in bed all day, farting and sleeping  
Trying to devise a cure for the hangover that's crippling.

The list will come together.  
Although I try a life of leisure.  
My mind won't let me hang about forever.  
There are some dumb things I've gotta do today.

Somewhere in there the clothes have to be washed  
The dishes have to be done.  
I have to eat for Christ's sake.  
Or better still, for my sake.

I'll have to wash and dress in a new clean set of clothes  
Because I can't just wash and sit around in the robe.  
Perhaps it's time for that lawn to be mowed  
A couple more dumb things I gotta do today.

Tapping my fingers on my head, on the table.  
Exhaling in strange ways, like you do when thinking.  
Racking that sleep-addled brain  
Finding adequate ways to sew up the time.

I have to get down the deposit and the key for the lock  
Of the new place, I'm moving, get everything boxed  
I've done it four times this year, it's becoming a crock  
And now another dumb set of things to be done today.

The hangover still rankles but the plans getting clearer  
The time to go shopping that gets a little nearer.  
To cure this malady I've devised a solution  
Drink orange juice, eat salad and pray absolution  
I may not have the genius of a Newton  
But I got more things on my big dumb list.

For the record I am a genius and so are you.  
Maybe you just haven't discovered your calling yet  
But it's there, lurking around in you somewhere.

Maybe when you're going through your own damn dumb list  
You'll figure that one out.

Gary Diamond

# Existance

What does it mean?

If we're smart enough to have all the questions

Why can't we trade them all for just a few answers?

I try not to deal in absolutes.

I try to make the best of a bad job

Even if it wasn't my mistake

I'll help to patch it up.

Just give me that chance.

It could change both our lives.

Find tranquility in fleeting beauty.

It's a sin to find solice in anothers misery.

I'm ready to give it a spin

Even if I lose everything

From my money to my mind

As it might be.

Gary Diamond

# Fairweather Friends

fairweather friends that'll drift away on the nearest storm.  
faces creasing up with laughter amidst uproar.  
i used to be a player but playing dried up a year ago.  
when you're this difficult to work with no-one wants to know.  
if this barren rock could talk it would tell a thousand tales.  
and too many of those would be sad.  
how many days it's been i cannot dare tell you.  
cos that would surely break my spell.  
admit you're willing, admit you're weak.  
and i won't grumble or dare to speak.  
your house is my house for what it's worth.

Gary Diamond

# Faith In The Faceless

i am a pop culture whore  
though only the good bits  
all the rest  
may rust  
and stay dead

i love the fickle indulgences of alcohol  
and a good smoke in the  
rushing wind  
of a november balcony  
dreaming of a star wars fantasy  
life;  
which reality can not yet provide

i amalgamate and descrete  
and reassemble odd junk references  
cohesively  
as some kind of style  
a placemat for the unkempt

in my own image i steal a multitude  
of ideas as flies trapped in amber udders  
fleeting and willing but vague  
unambitious and not challenged  
all fire and fury with no bridle

this is what i am.  
it is what we can all become  
just a multitude of references  
a slapdash glue paste mass  
of other peoples ideas  
which were stolen

if we are judged by one commandment alone  
we all fail  
damn the bible  
trust only pain and poison  
i do  
and i never get sick

although i often dream about love  
it's a waking dream  
good riddance to that

Gary Diamond

# Fall Backwards

I had lived in the past  
I had let ruin spread like cancer  
I had allowed regret to make me  
One dimensional  
Covert and cynical.

I shouldn't have done that.  
But to regret a regret  
Is a self-destructive spiral.

And I never did like  
Playing with those spirograph toys.  
I preferred the etch-a-sketch  
Which has been shown to be  
A hugely creative tool  
At least in hungry artistic hands.

Keeping yourself prisoner is easy to do.  
All you do is go so far over the facts  
That the words lose all meaning  
And you've begun to realise  
That you need outside perspective  
But you deny yourself THAT because you're  
Too strong  
Or so you think.

You need to let people in.  
They're flawed and they're stupid  
And in their greatest hours, priceless.  
They help you see you are too  
And that's okay.

Perfection is one of those games that gets old fast.  
Perfect the body under a knife, damage the soul.  
Spend too long amassing knowledge  
Become booklike and dull.  
Drink cheap wine in haughty company  
And switch off the Earth completely.

I don't know much  
But I know  
Looking at whatever it is  
From all angles  
All the styles and fashions and minds  
Keeps you at your best.  
Stop pushing forward  
Fall backward.

Gary Diamond

# Fallen Idols

fallen idols.  
many spring to mind.  
but don't look to them for advice.

they've already had their time and failed.  
they broke because their system did.  
they never had one in the first place.

you can take it from anywhere  
just don't take it from me.  
i gave up those sort of dreams years ago  
or so i say.  
i'm not here in person  
but i'll make a move anyway.

so you can stick their posters on the wall.  
shots of peak and glory, never of the fall.  
remember that you're stronger than what they've made you.  
or what you chose to make yourself into because of them.

remember that words and pictures  
don't make a man  
merely describe him.

i'm not a myth.  
i'm not an urban legend.  
i'm just a story  
that you dreamt up  
in your mind.

Gary Diamond

# Fashion

Seems like a silly enterprise to me.

A bunch of secondary school dropouts who were a little good at art  
Just barely.

Models walking down the catwalk, seem awfully thin these days.

Not really sure why that is.

Personally I think choosing to starve yourself when in other continents

Other people have no choice but to starve

Is a fair measure of what a scrapheap this society of ours is.

Another thing about fashion is that it insists upon itself.

And it goes across the world, insisting, infecting.

Turning the blissfully ignorant into minor carbon copies of what we are today.

It chases it's tail too, like a badly or barely trained animal.

What was cool today will be cheap tomorrow and retro in ten years.

Start collecting, and if you want a slice of yesterday.

There's plenty of charity shops starting to overcharge.

Can't believe their luck, I gather.

I knew a student of fashion.

I couldn't believe someone so smart and pretty

Could have fallen foul of such a shallow little business.

That's the contradiction of our nature then.

Fashion seems like a damn shame.

Art gone awry.

To me it hit saturation point a lot earlier than the other arts

Or crafts.

Now people are so confused by it

That they'd rather act and dress generic.

Gary Diamond

# Favourite Shirt

There is a corner of the closet where the old and the cherished reside.  
I don't look there much or dust it that often but it fills me with some form of pride.

It houses the clothes that are so loved or over-used  
That they are threadbare and faded from the many machines  
And the many boxes of washing powder once poured over them.

Some have cigarette butt burns  
Holes from being caught on fences  
Streaks of emulsion paint that just wouldn't come out  
Some undefined and worrying stains of one kind  
Or another.

Why keep hold of this old trash, we ask ourselves.  
Then we remember that that was the shirt won when your team got through to the final  
Many many years ago.  
This was the shirt, now many sizes too small  
That was on the body when it got it's first proper kiss from a boy or girl.  
Here are the jeans that were worn once on the stag night  
Where you doused your friends hair in champagne  
Then messed up his best man's speech while drunk on wine the next day.

Although these clothes are somewhat useless as garments  
They are refreshing like a burst of sea spray  
To remind us that they got that way when we were riding the crest of many good times.  
Breaking through and past the dull routine into the thrill of really loving life.

Gary Diamond

# Final Decisions, Last Stands & The Truth

Final decision.

We build up something special  
I make the effort for once  
If you smash it like an empty bottle.  
It'll be up to you to redouble my efforts  
To keep us both afloat.

Last stand.

My suggestion to you.  
Don't make your last word be case closed  
Go back over the evidence  
All the good times where we connected  
The hours where the world dissolved.

The truth.

I've never been in love, never thought I was close  
Except this, this thing here.  
I know you're falling apart  
I know you're killing yourself and ruining all you can  
Not because you wanted to  
But because something is missing.

I don't pretend to be a noble man.  
In fact my good looks are deceiving  
They hide an inner turmoil I was hoping to share with you.  
And that you'd tell me about the bad times too.  
Because, as I started to see  
Love isn't perfect  
But it heals all the time that life isn't.

It allows us all to soar, if only for minutes physical and non-physical a day.  
It gives us back the realm of infinite possibility we nearly lost as we grew.  
It turns adulthood back on itself and gives us innocence and joy.  
So hell, if that definition of love is wrong  
If, being on the edge of the real thing for the first time in twenty years  
Allows me to misplace my definition, make it different from the words above  
Then I don't ever want to be in love.



# Finding The Pattern

Endlessly that preoccupies us.  
Finding a pattern  
Sticking with it.

Now here is a man who has a run of bad luck  
His pattern won't stay stable from one month to the next  
He worries that his mental lashes are breaking  
And that soon comes the real madness.

The odd thing about finding the pattern that fits reasonably  
Is that even when it does produce ever-diminishing returns  
We'll seek to renew it again and again  
Until all hope is lost.  
It's why the world is full of divorcees  
You'd think, if we were so smart  
We'd outlaw getting married.

I hope we'll all be around to witness the complete destruction of fossil fuel.  
I hope we'll all be smart enough to make our own dirty bombs.  
Some are going to panic as their pattern frays and snaps back on them  
Like the cat whip.  
I'm going to make sure the cellars are well stocked  
Full of beer and preserves  
And two fingers up to the rest.

Only through great sacrifice and strife  
Can the rest of us endure the relative success of those who died  
In the firing line in their thousands.  
We remember them, thank them for dying  
And rejoice in our own cowardice.  
What a beautiful feeling.

Gary Diamond

# Flawlessness Must Fall

this is shit  
this is all shit  
and i'm deluding myself  
if i think  
it's any good.

i don't believe in superstition  
so here's another  
cliched rhyme; knock on wood.

you said those dreams were gone.  
you swore those days were over.  
you're a filthy liar but you're damn good at it.

if i reach out all i touch is air.  
force myself to pretend to care.  
i'm immoral, but i'm only faking it.

acceptance takes many forms  
all of which i can blag, fix and fake.  
but if you believe in flawlessness be prepared to watch it fall.

Gary Diamond

# Fleeting

It's amazing what men have done in the name of love.  
It's staggering that we got anything else done  
For the want of it  
For the size of it  
For the effort of it  
Can add or take years from the spirit.

It can't last. Even the best love can't last.  
It ebbs and flows and eventually the tide of love turns you inside out.  
The embers give up glowing.  
They get smothered by the ever-decreasing tide.  
So you have to stop.  
Turn.  
And find another person to do it all again.

I can't remember ever feeling truly happy in love.  
I always remember feeling like it was just about to be snatched away  
And there was the endless wanting,  
The longing.  
The hell of it continuing and continuing.  
Nails down a blackboard.  
A shiver upon the skin.  
With love the cup was half-empty and half-full  
All at once.

It wasn't meant to last.  
It has to end.  
As long as you admit that.  
Love will become a little more bearable.  
And when there's no more grist.  
Sometimes you'll willingly shut down the mill.  
Until business looks good again.

Either that or you can become a policeman  
Or a lawyer  
Or a doctor  
Or a shrink  
Or an undertaker.

These are businesses often dealing with the results  
The tail-end of the hurricane whirlwind affairs  
And trying to paper over the cracks  
Or tearing the wall down entirely to create a new start.

Although love might destroy you, make a corpse out of you  
You've really got to try it some time.

Gary Diamond

# Forces My Hand

I was always a terrible poker player  
I couldn't get the mix right.  
I could have spent time trying  
But I don't like the feel of an empty wallet.

It taught me a couple of good things though;  
One was never to let it dangle.  
Sometimes anothers bluff, not called  
Allowed you to topple a much bigger one  
Much later  
And with stakes greater.

Forcing reactions out of people and places  
Never works for that reason.  
The ones getting the most done  
Were the ones seen to be  
Doing or saying very little  
At least from common perspective.

Strong reactions of any kind are positive in the end.  
The ability to provoke such a primal malice or smile  
Is where the real power of creation lies.  
There's few things worse  
Than killing by mild indifference.  
What can you do with that?  
It can't be shaped or formed or used.

My favourite songs  
Dangle, for brief seconds  
The possibilities of a naked lunch  
Where everything clicks  
Where the mind finds an oasis  
And all possibilities are there  
Because you let go of everything.

I don't deal in divine revelations  
I state the obvious in ways you might think  
Do no good at all.  
And if you leave and never think of this again

Then I have succeeded.  
Because somewhere in that brain of yours  
I got in on the ground floor.  
If you react straight away  
I have failed  
Because that's all I'm going to get  
Out of you.

Gary Diamond

# Funhouse Mirror

You've seen the funhouse mirrors at the carnivals and fairs.  
Some make you fat or thin, others short or tall.  
Some make you look like you're not even there.

You usually find the mirrors next to the crooked house with the sliding floors.  
The one with a loose chimney, and ill-fitting doors.  
The thing about funhouse mirrors is you always want a couple more.  
There's only so many ways to distort a person though.

Another way of distorting a person is to place them upon this earth  
Pure and true and nearly complete individuals.  
Turn them amongst the wolves and watch them get ripped nearly to death  
And walk away scarred and damaged.  
It's a live science experiment.

There are plenty of distractions  
To help us all forget  
That our eyes are  
Becoming  
Funhouse Mirrors.

And  
our  
minds?

The Crooked House.

So if the collective minds of the people were a street.  
No spirit level would measure straight.  
No person would really be sure of what he or she saw.  
Some crooked houses would be more fun than others  
Some funhouse mirrors more intriguing and unnerving than before.

Keep that in mind before you moan about your neighbour.

Gary Diamond

# Giving Up

Please throw in the towel.  
Your glory days are over.  
Stop flogging that dead horse  
Throw it on the fire.

Give up, please.  
Stop milking the cash cow.  
Stop destroying and mocking former greatness  
Because when a titan dies  
The hyenas smell it out.

Stop.

Stop right now and give yourself perspective, please.  
I'm hard of hearing when your records come on  
I tune in like they do and then tune out.  
It's no myth greater than I deserve.

Please throw in the towel.  
Your glory days are over.  
Stop flogging that dead horse  
Throw it on the fire.

Watch it burn.  
It deserves to.  
Leave a legend behind you.  
Leave big shoes to fill.

Give up.

Gary Diamond

# God's In The Shadows

God's in the shadows.  
He lurks in all the places full of mortal danger.  
I like him.

He wants us to better ourselves by pushing.  
I like that, too.

Soldiers forged in the heat of battle know a thing or two about him.  
It's only when taking the life of another man with the bayonet  
Or the rifle, or the atomic bomb  
That a man feels his life is more full  
And his duty done.  
I would whole-heartedly agree.

You see, God lurks in the shadows where the all-emcompassing brightness of  
The neon lights  
The market stalls  
The Christmas nights  
The forest aflame  
Can never hope to penetrate.

Society was a nest created to push out all the bad eggs of good intention.  
Society fails because in trying to purge, it denies us all the urges that make us  
so.  
We want to cheat.  
We want to lie.  
We have to steal.  
We must fight and hurt feelings.  
It's natural and it is the thing to do, whether we like or  
Not.

Most say not.

So there he is again, lurking in the shadows playing cards and laughing as he  
rolls his dice.  
He wants of me only what I want of myself; to prove that I'm weak enough to  
indulge my vice.  
This is the testing ground.  
This is where the fun really begins.

So hurry up and fail, grand society, and keep another guilty party out of jail.

I like that. He likes that too.

Gary Diamond

# Happy And Hollow

Happy and hollow  
Devoid and shallow.

The mess we're in; all of it.  
Sitting in filth and preferring it.  
Not making up for lost excuses  
Not speaking your mind  
Doing a thing.

Tattered and torn  
Bored and defeated.

I never was much for hard work  
Especially in long doses.  
Seems the feeling was and is mutual  
Makes us pawns  
Protecting the toppling king.

Planning and scheming  
Finding myths and believing.

What a great amount of time was wasted there  
In a virtual reality wonderland  
Run by the haters and the fakers  
The image and style obsessed  
Those of title and status  
But not substance.

Gary Diamond

# He Who Laughs Last Is Early For The Next Joke

Do we pay for entertainment, or steal it  
Because we know we'll get our moneys worth?  
Not in the least.  
We buy into a dream, a hype, a myth.  
And only sometimes does it all fall into place.

When I laugh, every last layer falls away.  
When you laugh, you are guilty for some reason.  
And I can't recall why that is.  
Although you might have told me  
And you only told me  
Because you were drunk and I was too.

Only indulging in certain things can we be honest and true.  
The sober, straight disposition can be a chore.  
So we remove it like a raincoat.  
We scrub it off our souls with bleach.  
And that's why we are drenched and burning  
For everything we second-guessed  
For all the times we could have spoken out  
But shut up only to save a fool his fall from grace.

Beware the quiet man why not.  
What does he know that he doesn't share.  
Does he speak to himself in the morning  
The guilt of his soul spilling out in short measure  
For all the words he aches to say in public  
But cannot force out.

Gary Diamond

# Head Like A Balloon

out cold on a tavern floor.  
know the smell but not been here before.  
rub my head, dry my eyes and make for the door.  
which dissolves in to the foreground before i realise it's only a dream.  
but it felt real because it was real.  
it was a new experience based on the old.  
it's not creative but it can try.  
don't hold it too tightly you'll make it burst.  
but you'll like that because you're like that.

Gary Diamond

# Heavy Headed

Heavy headed the world looks good  
Things are moving along just as they should.  
Heavy handed the wrong way to play it  
Don't hold it back just come right out  
And say it.

Everything works well enough when your head's on the pillow.  
If you worry you only keep yourself awake.  
This is a good time for distractions.  
My favourite sleeping aid is the dreary world of television.

Don't sleep too much, or too little.  
Gotta work a while to get the blend.  
Or you'll be walking around all day, distracted and dreaming.

Heavy headed, visualise the person of your dreams  
Better pray you won't meet them, or you'll have to make a new one.  
Heavy handed, you feel the weight lifted from your shoulders  
And the weight takes longer to lift  
But never goes completely  
As you get older.

I seem to recall the dreams of early youth as a go anywhere, do anything  
addiction.  
Now all the dreams are getting as dreary as reality, a strange affliction.  
Heavy headed, heavy shoes  
Heavy handed white man's blues.  
That's all the dreaming  
I seem to do.

Gary Diamond

# Hell Is A Blue Green Basketball

In the history of the planet  
We are  
The cancer  
That lingered  
But was cured in time

In all the millions of years  
It took to build this dust ball  
We come along  
Six grand of years later  
And we're just fools again

I'm getting bored of saying this  
I tire of fools and sons of the damned  
Laughing at me  
Like I was a parlour trick  
Gone wrong.

To hell with this planet.  
That must be our attitude  
We're pretty intent on destroying it  
With our shallow atavistic ways  
Praising the cosmetic knife  
Over answering Mayan mysteries of the soul.

Instead of filling our minds with beauty  
We'd rather smash preconceptions  
With the scaremongering and the flaccid television.

Instead of seeking the divine path of enlightenment  
As the luck of our Japanese ancestors might have it  
We'd rather drink cheaply brewed beer  
Be beligerant and ignorant  
Watching karma chips fall.

Death to the lot of us.  
Even our artists got all self-indulgent.  
If we're so goddamn noble  
Why do we crucify the Jesus of our genius

And rain manna upon the idiocy and the confusion?

Gary Diamond

# Hitting The Bottom Is Hitting The Top Of The Other Side

To flick the current on like a light switch.  
Wandering around the house, drunk, shouting and throwing things  
Often leads in broken noses and glasses.  
Like the one I placed against a one-time friends face.  
Split his ear open, stitches and time in the cell.

You know what.  
You know it was stupid.  
But sometimes the most stupid decisions  
The old primals  
Are the fun.

Humans have it in their head that they're so grand and amazing  
Even the smallest, dumbest most unadventurous.  
This arrogance and proud, haughty shit  
Seems to have passed this one by.

Hitting the bottom is simply hitting the top of the other side.  
You heard that right.  
When all the bullshit we place in all we can control  
Just fizzes and dissolves  
Then the good intentions are happy to sour  
To leave us  
And we can let out the locked away, real things  
The anger  
The killer instinct.

It has to give.  
It manifests itself as the teenager, the midlife crisis  
The senile dementia.  
It was just the result  
Of controlling and damping the fire  
The real, risky point of living.  
Standing in the line of fire  
And laughing at the miss.

Every one of us has the ability to turn our back on our entire way of life.

Stop paying bills and begin living like we did thousands ago.  
I think we all delude ourselves that holidays are that big adventure  
Strapping on the worldly in tiny, brochure controlled portions.  
Treading another well-worn path  
Except it's new to you  
Hence the excitement.

Gary Diamond

# How Much Is Enough

How much is too soon?  
How much is enough?  
When do we have to slaughter the jobs  
And get back to the basics  
And begin a failing cycle  
Again?

Who will be the leaders then?  
Hopefully not ones raping us all with the taxes.  
These taxes -

You work, you get paid.  
Then you are taxed to sustain those that do not work  
Then you are taxed to pay for public services you never used.

You take the remainder food shopping.  
Then you are taxed when you buy even a lettuce  
Then don't forget the duty on the spirits and cigarettes you might buy.

You put even less of that pay cheque into fuel.  
Then you are taxed around double.  
Without tax you'd get twice the amount of driving time.

Perhaps we don't want to pay for schools  
Where the test scores increase as the standards decrease  
Where the bullies fail these tests yet  
Go on to live better lives than the truly bright and brilliant.

Perhaps we never called the fire department  
And even if our house was to catch on fire  
The money we'd save in taxes  
Would have allowed us to buy it all again anymore  
More so if the things we bought were also tax exempt.

No.  
As I see it.  
The more rules the more laughable the concept of a free country.  
Everything costs money  
Money causes taxes.

How much is enough?  
How little is little enough to eke out a mundane existence?  
Why are we paying the money counters so much  
To do a job we could do ourselves?

Laziness.

And the thing with laziness is this.

Having all the loose ends tied up just gives us more chances to

Worry and stress.

Having more free time gives us more time

To worry about having more free time.

This is why drug abuse is so rampant.

This is why suicide rates increase like a landslide.

This is why people live to be older and more dissatisfied.

This is why a society that preaches 'one fits all'

Is slowly killing every one.

How much is enough?

How far is too far?

What the hell was the point

Of being born at all.

Gary Diamond

# I Met Laughing Sam

He's a dark character and by no measuring could he be called noble.  
Not even the greatest fool, the king of the inferior would enjoy his presence.

He carries upon him a cloak, which at first I thought invisible.  
But it seemed strange to me that as he approached the bar  
All the lights seemed to flicker and grow dimmer.

His face appears bland enough from a distance.  
But first hand and at arm's length seems distorted in the fourth dimension  
As if it is possible to see the defining moments of each life stage  
All at once and to frightening effect.

I think someone once played a joke on him from which he didn't  
Recover and sometimes I think he is missing a mother  
And was rent from the soul of a richer wiser man  
As a prodigal son gone bad.

Laughing Sam seems to appear in my life when I've forgotten the last time.  
Laughing Sam seems to be creeping up on all my enemies.  
Laughing Sam seems to be at once better and worse than me  
But only relatively  
As if he's the half-brother I never met.

Whenever I avoid him he appears at my elbow.  
When I would tap his shoulder or embracing, his image is hollow.  
He is no apparition - this figure is real.  
I know because I only see him when I'm sober.

He's going to pay us all a visit one day.  
He's working for an outside agency or force I can't destroy.  
I don't know his employer  
But I'm sure to meet him one day.  
When I'm at my best  
When I embrace joy and dispel doubt.

Gary Diamond

# I Need You

I'm not one to moan.  
Not to others, no, I barely complain.  
But some things need to be shared  
It's what keeps us sane.

Some of the ideas are insane, perhaps.  
But that's okay, who ever said that being human was all about logic and reason  
Was certainly a fool, and a bigger madman than all of us.  
People who strongly deny anything are probably partaking  
Of that very thing.

And below that little facade, our lame little act  
There lies the very truth of the matter.  
The thing we'd like to deny, hiding beneath our surface.  
We all have carnal and primal needs, you see.

And you ask the essential question.  
I was foolish to tell you this early on, I'm sure.  
But.

□  
Need  
□ You.

You probably smiled and said you already had a boyfriend.  
If you did I'm sure I didn't hear you.  
I'd already heard some form of 'Yes' and 'I do'.

But when I say I need you I'm not talking about marriage.  
And God forbid I was dreaming of having kids.  
I was talking about your soul, your very essence.  
Your head next to mine on the cheap pillows.

I've met some fine woman in my time.  
Many of them really had a body.  
Some of them had a mind worth slipping into.  
Fewer still had both.  
I'm not sure what you had, but I knew it was good.

Yes.

I need You.

I'm not going to be cheap or crass or irritating.  
I'm not going to throw it around or start imitating  
The views of the people you love, just to fake affection.  
I'm sure you have defences to aid the rejection  
Of that very same matter, my dear.

I'll say it only once more.

I  
Need  
you.

And if I don't get you, rest assured, you'll marry the very same fool  
That I left you with in the first place.  
Though if it wasn't for him, I'd never have met you.  
Thank God for the small miracles.

Gary Diamond

# I Was Clever Is An Epitaph

He was clever.

He was clever.

He was clever.

Those all sound like the dying words of a fool to me.

It spells out a million heartbreaks and plot-ready tragedies.

Of pushing the boat out, but not FAR ENOUGH BY FAR.

It's dark there under that neutron star.

I like thinking of the undead souls lying underneath their ill-fitting tombstones

Like cheap Italian suits tie-dyed with piss and faith.

Did their own spirit write an unravelling uninspired piece

Or was it the family

Embiggened by wanting elevation from worthlessness.

I love a careful, fretful digger.

Making his own grave with hands and steel.

It could be something bigger than the souls of a million veterans.

It could be less worthless than a field full of sifting gold.

Until that man, or woman, has been eroded down to the bone

We can't really say for sure if they made any different

Or if they were just another boring number

Ignored in the small columns of a newspaper.

Gary Diamond

# Icebreaker

Closing up and clamming up in social situations.  
Walking into a party full of unknown faces.  
There could be a genius in there.

As long as theres a buffet table full of free booze  
And the odd toasted snack treat  
That'll be a start.  
Some choose to hover there all night.

How are you supposed to start in a place like that.  
What question can roll off your tongue.  
Who to talk to first.  
Worrying about coming across as crass.

Then the beer kicks in.  
Blink and rub the eyes.  
A plan is forming.  
This'll be an icebreaker.

They call it 'the streak'  
And they certainly weren't talking about winning.  
You strip to the birthday suit  
And run around screaming.  
I'm not sure if I ever did it  
But I certainly thought it'd be a stitch.

Instead it's easier to drift from the groups that begin to emerge.  
Maybe one or two in the house's many rooms.  
Maybe one night stands going on in a few of the bedrooms.  
It's fun to open doors and see.

Gary Diamond

# I'D Like To Go And Live In A Madhouse For An Undefined Amount Of Time To See If I Really Took To It, Or If My Image Of It Was Completely Unrealistic And I'D Have To Leave

Above all else  
The lessons I learned  
Are probably not much more insightful  
Than anyone else  
(Un) lucky enough  
To have walked upon this earth.

The strange thing is though  
I seem to empathise more  
With the old man on his deathbed  
Wisdom and stories aplenty  
Than anyone of my age.  
You could say  
I'm too old for my shoes.

I tiptoe around social graces  
I keep my mouth shut for the most part.  
I keep my nose clean now as cocaine  
Is just far too expensive for day to day use.  
Weed is out, too hard to source.  
Sticking to the poisonous sauce.

I find it better in bed  
With the darkness around me  
All the machines  
In the house  
Switched off  
Alone  
Maybe a beer or two on the window ledge  
It's good to have the choice.

The way of the shut in.  
I'd follow it to the letter as  
An experiment

If I didn't have to work 35 hours a week  
Just to buy the ability  
To have any kind of place to live.

I thought about trying to get committed once.  
The thought is still appealing.  
Lots of drugs to kill off the emotions  
No responsibilities  
No obligation to do anything  
Trained professionals to  
Listen to the little malices  
And quirks  
That have made you a madman  
Or just a crackpot or moron.

Gary Diamond

# I'M All Out Of Words

I'm all out of words to describe the gnawing of my stomach.  
The emotional centre is all chewed and tied up.  
The funny thing is, I only feel this bad when I let it out  
When I feel for one shining moment that  
Maybe there's someone out there who needs me  
Like I need them, whoever they are.  
Wherever they call home.

That was why when my first dates failed as a child  
I vowed never to fall in love, never to taste that kind of pain.  
Every so often I have to break my rules.  
And sadly, every time I've done so in the last decade  
I fare no better than those failed dates of years past.  
Maybe I'm just fundamentally stupid and unloveable.

If I am some kind of genius, why is life more confusing to me  
Than it is to any average man or woman who never thought about it?

I'm all out of words; my throat chokes when I tire of singing.  
I always believed a broken heart would be my artistic birth  
But it seems now, that even the promise of the break  
Is enough to make my whole body shake with salty tears.

Must be a failure.  
Must have been led to believe I was a bright star  
When I was destined to do worse all along.  
To subsist in some limbo of martyrdom.  
That's the way it goes for some people.

And here I am.  
Alone.  
Grasping.  
The shortest straw.  
Thank you.

Gary Diamond

# Inside This Mind

I have a little voice inside my head.  
I'd wager than you do  
Too.  
But let me tell you about mine first.

I think he's getting rather cocky these days  
I think he feeds on his own intelligence  
And smokes himself high on self-importance  
Because he's like that.

He gets cocky and tells me  
I can't throw him out  
Cos he has tenure  
And besides which  
He's the worthless bum I've come to love.

If I get knocked back at the bar  
He's the one who reaches into my wallet  
And pulls out a ten  
And says 'your strongest cocktail please'.

If I smile when I wanted to kill someone  
He'll comfort me with obscene images  
And promise  
Bloody murder and revenge, one day.

Oh, he's probably a womanising sod too.  
If you could separate him from me  
He'd be there to laugh at me.

When I spin or drink from this bottle  
I never know how much of him  
Is going to spill out.

I like it like that.  
He likes it, too.

Gary Diamond

# Interpret

Hey.

We all like a man brandishing a sword and a chain.  
Making up words, mouthing words to songs we don't know.  
This is the version.  
The interpretation.

To dance around on one leg  
Partially demented.  
Something must have got to him.  
Invaded old turf  
Makes us love the old all the more.

Even if the love you seek forever eludes you  
Maybe the love you actually did get  
Was a bigger asset  
Than all the unimaginative things  
You wanted  
And demanded.

The version, the new version.  
Does it outlive your expectation  
Make you some kind of elusive superman.

I preferred the songs that I didn't know the words to.  
I preferred everything that made me piss everyone else off.  
Because the easy solution is to be the wallpaper  
To be the thing in the room  
Never standing out  
Never standing true  
Never living tall  
Making fucking stupid decisions on a whim.

The leaders of us are more confused than those lurking in the shadows  
That God already lived in once and forgot about.  
I wasn't trying to be a man who lived above and beyond  
I was already trying to ignore  
The obvious  
The lover of the fool  
The man who lived but saw nothing.

The version of the song or the word  
Is the one that filtered through you  
Adding and changing  
Making the most of a cliché  
Making everything bright like the immense supernova.

Gary Diamond

# Invite Only

By invitation only.  
The doorman has been given specific instructions.  
He yields for no reason.

You could be dead; you might be dying.  
But without your frilly white slip or R.S.V.P.  
You're not fooling anybody.

Lining up outside a club where your friends are  
Getting all the way to the front  
Then being told you're not welcome.  
And given no reason.  
And given no shrift.

Left adrift  
Standing in the rain.  
By invitation only  
Do we give in to our pain.

Gary Diamond

# Is Suicide Evil?

As the tortured child  
Would breathe it's last breath  
Blood soaked  
At the end  
Of the  
Rope

Nobody asks to be born, nobody can  
Or at least not in ways we know about.  
We've made it here somehow  
It may be a test  
Might be something worse.

The society we endure today is fraught with  
Diminishing returns  
Ever increasing  
Problems  
Fractures  
Any which lack of harmony.

We're eating up the planet too fast.  
I said we're eating up the planet too fast.  
We consume all it has to offer  
And belch it back out  
Smoke stacks and car fumes  
Handshakes of carbon monoxide.

We're also breeding too fast.  
I said people are spreading seeds too far.  
Medical science had a good intention.  
It seeked to cure disease and wish away pain  
Sadly  
It backfired.

Now every disease cured means more survive  
So if the Earth is a cage  
We're battery hens, crammed in with  
No room to breathe.

It's hard to be an individual when -  
The amount of people who are like you increases  
Only today I found another man with my name  
Who has the same hobbies and some of  
The same talents.  
If that isn't a passion killer  
I'm not sure what could be.

It's hard to be an individual when -  
Even though a massive population problem  
Is obvious to all  
People would rather remain walking  
Stereotypes and  
Burn all that differs from their own.

So what if we abolished all forms of treatment  
Except for those who did something heroic  
Or those that show the greatest potential?

What if we legalised and encouraged  
Euthanasia and suicides  
And woke one day to see  
Vigilante murderers  
Chasing down those  
That the police  
Could or would never catch.

Is suicide evil?  
If someone is unhappy  
And contains enough bravery  
To get off this existence we know  
And into something beyond  
What right do we have to speak out?  
They made a choice that  
Might just be greater  
Than any we've still yet to make.

Gary Diamond

# Joker

I don't see why the joker is such a rarely played card.  
It looks foolish and dated in the pack.  
But if we were absent of jokers in the real world.  
It wouldn't be much good at all  
Would it.

To make fun of the cut of someones jib and grin  
The lady with the beard, the man with oversized chin.  
To make reference to battles of the sexes  
To make use of the Ouija board for a tale about hexes.  
Find it in your heart to love the joker.

Some humour they weave is bright and well-meaning.  
Some of it is bone dry and deceiving.  
Find it in your heart to love the joker.

It takes a lot of balls and a stiff gut to walk up under those stage lights  
Armed only with a well-pressed suit, a chair and a jar full of stage fright.  
A baleful of tales, some cigarettes beer and matches.  
To turn a quiet audience into one that snatches  
Every breath with clarity  
Between gusts of hilarity.

Today's jesters don't have their own court.  
But they do have many stories  
Like the one about  
The time they got caught.  
Jacking off over a picture of their favourite teacher  
Resulting in a clip to the ear and a word with a preacher.  
So then.

Find it in your heart to love the joker.  
He holds to his chest the ace of good humour.

Gary Diamond

# Just Thought You Should Know, Expletive

how is it limiting oneself  
conforming to a cage  
is the ultimate sin?

if we are beasts of burden  
i'd rather trade this scrawny soul  
than watch it writhe and writhe  
pink and indecent  
skinny by the firelight

these keys of merriment can't contain  
retyping as the soul exudes discipline  
we may become more than mammals  
even if our evolution  
is not physical  
but of the mind  
we're but jokes  
and laughable frauds

casting to our own images prophetic gesture  
seeing in through the window  
of a fabricated life no man can live  
without dying too young to taste the flavour

no.  
we're a failed experiment.  
there are moments of triumph  
nestled among the rape and the killings  
listless and parched from want of trying  
a pale shadow creeping blood-soaked walls  
a pro-euthenasia stance  
a fist in the face of dumb youth  
from the angry pensioner.

age old truths are saddening.  
they stick around like sore thumbs  
outlining  
laughing at the pity  
that we have a million solutions

and we'll find a million more  
before we adhere to the right ones  
which were as the midget occam  
in collaboration with kefrans dream  
were right  
and easy  
in theory.

just thought you should know, fucker.

Gary Diamond

# Keep Me Guessing

i guess it's something you learn as you go along.  
as most things are.  
until you find your comfort zone.  
or at least the nearest bar.

you're easily distracted, well so am i.  
regrets will get you nowhere.  
regrets will keep you guessing.

it's only a matter of time before someone  
figures you out.  
it's only a matter of time that i can  
keep you in my sight.

because i know i've lost someone  
lost them years ago.  
but why'd you keep me guessing.  
only you can know.

Gary Diamond

# Last Minute Save

Took us many years to remember to reuse shopping bags, didn't it?  
Like the last minute save a keeper makes to keep a clean sheet.  
Don't start telling me I'm lazy.  
We're all lazy in our fashion.

Last ditch attempts and famous last words  
Are all staple favourites of our culture.  
When someone was caught short,  
Or caught abusing the press, provoked and wasted.  
It's all good family fun.

I love the pleas of the fading and dismal celebrities.  
Going on ready-made shows to bolster flagging careers.  
Getting another belated week or two in the spotlight  
Cashing in  
Then back to obscurity for them.

How many times have you dropped and caught a loose plate  
Only to fumble it and turn it into splinters and shards regardless.  
Sometimes you save a falling child as if by sixth sense.  
Other times you're so oblivious you nearly end up  
Under the wheels of a tanker.

It's best to leave certain choices until the latest.  
Sometimes laying on a plan early or seed planting wrongly  
Will turn the world against you  
Or your best ideas will be readily stolen.  
The gut instinct is what tells us to hold back, make way.  
To keep what seems essential tucked away for day.

Don't be calling me lazy.  
I'd been planning this all along.  
I just wanted to make it  
Look as if I was lost and blitherly.  
To fool you.

Did it work?  
You tell me.



# Lazarus Pill

It's a bad one.

It's a very bad one.

Even the tiny cracks of light at the sides of your curtain

Batter you around the head violently.

Even turning over to the cold side of the pillow

Is a chore you'd rather do without.

Someone drops a coffee cup downstairs

But to you it's like a bomb going off over the china.

The pieces being scraped off the floor

Make you feel like tearing out your hair.

It's a bad one.

You can see the equation staring back at you from across the table.

You can add up the figures and come to a simple conclusion.

A couple of the things you enjoyed at the time really don't mix.

Eventually you regain a little strength and swing legs over the bedside.

Hold your forehead as it starts to spin and convulse.

You're too dignified for crawling.

Stumbling is hardly better.

Make your way to the medicine cabinet.

Pull it open, ripping at the bottles, sending the lotions flying.

As you repeat through hazy motions, crying

Dying a little, until you find the right box.

The Lazarus pills. A pure hit of vitamin.

To raise your countenance from the dead and

Quick, there's work to be done.

Take one and take the glass of fruit juice.

It's recovery time.

The doctor has his patient on the operating table.

This will be incision, this will be a cure.

You take the pill and lay in bed waiting.

Then it comes.

You get up for the bathroom - you RUN.

Then sit on the toilet.  
It comes and comes and comes  
In a gush.  
A release of poison that the pill has done.  
It sounds horrible but it feels better.

And so, throughly drained  
You take a shower.  
Scolding hot.  
New set of clothes on bright pink skin.  
A full breakfast to replace the missing proteins.  
Plenty of bacon, egg and sausage.

Still a little shaky and unsteady  
But at least you're ready.  
You're going to make it.  
You're going to make it.

Gary Diamond

# Leave It Alone

If ever there was good advice  
God's advice  
It was  
Leave it alone.

Put down what you're good at before you get immune to it.  
Leave it alone.

Gary Diamond

# Lesson Learned: Never Criticise A Woman's Choice Of Perfume

There was the girl I'd met a week before.  
She was good looking enough  
and at the time it seemed we had  
enough in common too.

I arranged another date and that  
went less well.  
I wasn't assertive enough and  
I should have challenged her more.  
Maybe it was the fact I challenged her  
at all  
that she took exception to.

"You know, you perfume smells  
like Turkish Delight." I said  
because it did.  
She turned her nose up.

"Well I think it smells  
quite nice.  
It's called Ghost."

"Better not to wear perfume  
than to wear that."

The words came out.  
Then I realised.  
I said 'em.

"It was a gift  
from an old friend  
of mine."  
I was going to stop  
but I'd had enough drink  
to kill the remaining  
inhibitions.

I thought  
well  
she speaks her mind  
about me  
so only fair  
I should do the same.

“Well  
he can't be much  
of a friend.”

That was the end of that date.  
I didn't have to ask.  
I just deleted her number  
And moved on.

Gary Diamond

# Light Up

Light up and kill yourself.  
Inhale the taste of the death that hangs  
Like a lozange around your dirty throat.  
You like it.  
We like it.

If you smoke enough your lungs burn out in the  
Cancerous fire.  
It's better doing something that way  
With the risk of death on the glorious way.

It's all good.  
Making a choice instead of not making a choice  
It's often a guise or a gag.  
We don't mind  
We'd strain to see it.

I smoke the cigar and the cigarette because it hints at the things I like to occupy  
myself with.  
IT tastes like the clothes smell if I weren't to touch it at all.  
We make the choice to drink it down  
We make the choice  
We make it because there's no fool bigger than those  
Who'd do the stupid purely to entertain.

The taste as we shiver in the cold.  
It makes a man almost bold.  
Perfect in the imperfections  
Goading old friend that lost something.  
I never did.  
I'll forgive those that did.

Gary Diamond

# Living

dancing  
like flies  
to a flame  
bees  
to the nectar

crying  
alone in a room  
that is a reflection of you  
your face in salty tears

of all the promises  
the big ones floundered  
the small ones flourished  
i don't hold the keys to the god machine  
so i can't make sense of what perished

i wake and i disturb the balance  
you wake and you make a coffee  
both are good choices  
just be sure to make one  
and then the other  
and make new choices

living  
a choice we've made  
because the second one  
may not be worth waiting  
for

Gary Diamond

# Long Day

It's one of those long days.  
Can't drink  
Don't want to eat  
Can't do shit  
Waiting on other peoples injustices.

Seems all the favours got used up and how.  
Now old friends happily stab you in the back.  
The head throbs and the pain is intense  
Didn't want to go to work anyhow.

Too much bedrest has made me sick to the stomach  
Too much to eat makes my stomach feel fat.  
The trouble and strife not referring to a wife  
Battered  
Scarred and tattered.

Not since skipping school and stealing  
Has doing something seemed so appealing  
Need to eliminate the motive  
Get off this dead ass  
Get moving.

You get old, assume you get wiser  
You prefer the main course to the appetiser  
But some things old and grey and set in stone  
Can still get you to stand up  
Sit up in bed  
Moan.

It's too long, this day.  
What with all the fretting  
The being messed around  
Out of my control stuff  
That you just can't change.

Could compare ounces of malice and spite  
Could hide in the shadows and give you a little fright  
Could hang around here with nothing to do

Could move away again  
Sit here, feeled screwed.

Gary Diamond

# Lord Of The Skies

Poets are supposed to write about the pretty things.  
Poets are supposed to turn around anguish in the last lines.  
Poets are supposed to make life a solvable conundrum.  
Poets are born to be obsessed with what only matters  
From time to time.

I don't  
Buy into that  
At all.

No....  
    I know you well.  
    Lord of the skies.  
    We talk about sun and moon and stars  
    Like they're  
        Mythical.

Actually they're burning balls of gas several light years away.  
We're supposed to obsess and indulge in their beauty  
As if the lack of understanding  
We have  
For them  
Somehow parallels and enriches  
Our own  
Misunderstandings.

Oh yes, I don't deny they're pretty.  
I don't care if I go all soft when I crane my neck  
Stare at Orion's Belt when I'm so drunk I am bottle-shaped.  
They're great  
But do they make more sense of life?  
No.

Strip it down to the core, life is a chore and a bore.  
It may come with a pre-packaged joy or too.  
Maybe you were lucky enough to fall in  
And then out of  
Love.

Can't say I've been there  
Can't say I was any closer to Love  
Than I was to Proxima or Altair  
Or any of the seven sisters, really.  
But it sure was pretty,  
Anyway.

Gary Diamond

## Losing Vs. Winning

I think a person can learn a lot more from losing  
Than ever could from win after win after win.  
Not to say that a winner gains nothing.  
But the loser may yet come back stronger.

If you win you did something right  
Perhaps many things right.  
But usually overlooked something.

With the loser, however.  
He made many mistakes  
And the most glaring of those he can, with practice  
Correct and increase efficiency.  
Even if he did some things right, and still lost  
Everything he did will be re-evaluated.

Winners get complacent.  
Losers get downhearted, but in time get dogged.  
And there's nothing better than a hard-earned win.

Gary Diamond

# Louder

Seems theres always some kind of buzz  
To amuse yourself with.  
Some noise, or flashing bright thing  
A new toy  
A must-have joy.

I've never seen modern people get so scared  
As they do standing alone  
Without entertainment  
Without drugs  
Without company  
Without mobile phones or entropy  
Only the clothes on their back  
Standing alone  
In a field with no wind and tall grass.

I've never seen them so scared  
Because when all that's superflous  
Has been removed  
Like God striking a match  
The brain kicks in  
And they finally start thinking.

And when they think, they don't like it.  
As the human dilemma comes into form  
Even for the stupidest mammal  
They've got to start to worry.

They have to question their place  
They have to re-evaluate their position  
Wonder how to move forward  
Or in whatever direction it is  
They think  
That they need.

You don't need a horror movie to scare yourself stupid.  
Just remove the distractions of 'the first world'  
And your mind will do the rest.



# Martyr By Degrees

I often feel I say too many bad things  
About a planet  
That in truth isn't as evil  
As my mind's veiled eye seeks to make it.

There is merit hiding out there.  
Dig the ground, climb a tree  
Simple joys of nature.  
Yes, life can be a wonderful distraction  
Taken lightly and never pondered.

All I have, all I am, is what I've been made to be  
So although I judge the world too harshly  
I have to.  
It's how I was built.

Not to ride ego like a wave about to crash  
Envelope a beach  
But I feel without my negativity  
Without my addressing all I feel is bad around me  
People might not look  
At their own lives  
More positively.

I am no messiah, not much of a man really  
Someone who singles out blurred visions of hate  
Someone who appreciates beauty only in a pretentious way  
Could stand to lighten up a little  
Could stand to get off the booze.

I am setting myself up to be a martyr  
If only by degrees.  
Death seems too far to hold my opinions  
Death taunts me by giving me many  
Near-death experiences, even when i was young.

I don't exaggerate and I don't tolerate hyberbole  
If I seem overwrought, I don't care.  
I can take doses of sub and unconcious

And ride them where I will  
Maybe back to the beach  
Maybe digging the sand to make a castle  
Maybe setting the castle under that tree.

A martyr by degrees.  
Should I be proud.  
Probably not.

Gary Diamond

# Mercenaries

Mercenaries and bounty hunters  
The prey is a human candidate.  
I think that'd be an easy kind of job.  
In a small way you're culling  
The over-population.

As some martyrs say, death is enevitable anyway.  
Why not get it out of the way and see if there's  
An afterlife  
Or just blackness  
Or some kind of limbo.  
Who knows?

Mercenaries, the hunters of men.  
Bounty hunters, cash on receipt of cadaver.  
Statistics written casually on sheets of bleached paper  
Addresses memorized then desposed of.

Would it be so hard to become a killer  
To start with swatting the fly  
Then shooting someone in the eye  
For money.

What would be the over-riding sensation  
The disgust of murder or adrenaline's elation.  
Not easy to answer that without standing in the shoes  
Of the killer with the rifle aiming.

Our national armed forces often do this every day.  
You could apply right now.

Gary Diamond

# Metaphors

Some metaphors are better for making a point than others.  
Some metaphors futhermore  
Are for ousting your former lovers.  
Few metaphors will get applause  
Especially from your mother.  
Few metaphors are real any more  
So try hard to create some others.

Gary Diamond

# Missing Piece

I swear I left it around here somewhere.  
Perhaps it rolled under the bed.  
Maybe the balled up socks in the corner have the  
Clue.  
I'll check and untidy the room.

As much as I love looking for the missing piece that completes a puzzle.  
I often get the feeling completing one puzzle leads seamlessly  
To doing it all again  
With different pictures  
And places  
And times of day.

I always preferred being one step removed from completion.  
The dirty dishes and the ashes in the sink.  
The unmopped floor breeding the mold.  
My hair too long without any gel.  
Those sorts of things.

You see, in my back pocket are potentially millions of final pieces.  
That I removed from many jigsaws  
From all over the world.

Perhaps I was the mischievous creator that day.  
Revelling in the madness of lacking the third side of the triangle.  
Maybe I gave someone two missing pieces  
And watched with interest  
Intent on damning and demeaning either choice  
So the poor soul was a dead man either way.

Many missing pieces.  
So many,  
Piled in warehouses and stacked in old shoe boxes.  
Fun.

Gary Diamond

# Missing Something

I guess I must be.  
I've tried to find it.  
But it's not hanging on a wall somewhere.  
It's not something you can buy.  
Although some think it can be done.  
But that would be a small sliver, not the whole pie.

What I believe today, I may not believe tomorrow.  
What is keeping me entranced will be a shadow by the end of the week.  
I'm still missing this one thing though.  
That is a constant at least.

What I'm looking for certainly isn't material.  
What I'm looking for is not ivory, or gold.  
What I'm looking for seems to elude me.  
What I look for other people seem to think they have  
But most times I've seen what it is  
And it certainly isn't what I want  
At all.

Perhaps it hides in the cracks.  
Maybe the lonely dog drifting along the lamp lit street knew it once.  
Then he became a discarded toy and his fur turned because of it.  
Perhaps he was happy once, before it used him up.

Most choose to buy themselves happy.  
Placing value in tat and trinkets and other kinds of junk.  
Identifying status as being behind the wheel of a prestigious car.  
What shit.  
What shit that is.

Oh it's all nonsense and it enrages me.  
Angers me.  
Burns me up that people can lie, time and again  
And mostly to themselves.  
And none of this puts me  
Even an inch closer towards my goal.

Have you been listening closely.

Have you been putting your hand up in school  
Or speaking out in meetings.  
Or are you too busy making this thing which I seek  
Drive you mad.

Too much of it, too little of it.  
Seems impossible to get the mixture right.

Gary Diamond

# Missing, Presumed Disgusted

Where are my women.  
I think more than any man, I deserve them.  
There's enough talent here  
Enough to overflow a brandy glass  
Enough to challenge the sanity.

A dead on her ass whore.  
A beauty with a brain problem.  
Whatever.  
I want it.

But even the ones low on the food chain  
Are afflicted with the malices of womanhood.  
The recounting of every minor, crappy detail  
By means of forever meandering gossip.  
Droll?  
Definitely.

They do certain things better with a discerning eye.  
Excuse the cliché  
But clichés are clichés because they ring  
True.

Better at the cleaning, the washing, the sewing.  
The organisation.  
Not necessarily a better chef  
But more often than not the one who bothers at all.

Although I see corners being cut on the womanhood side.  
Much like I see masculinity dying like a wounded, fighting beast.  
Seems we're all nothing but middle persons  
Only thing differentiating us  
Physical form.

Not trying to put myself, or you, on a pedestal.  
Just pointing out what I see in the old-school black and white.  
Better this way.  
I'd rather point it out and be unhappy  
Than let it slide

Lie to myself  
And be the bland thing everyone else  
Is settling for.

Still, I want the REAL woman.  
Same as I'm trying to be a REAL man.  
If she's trying too.  
Maybe it'll be worth or at least equal to  
The effort.

Probably though, they are missing  
Presumed disgusted.  
I'm too aloof, I know it.  
I'm not desperate  
Not turning over chequebook and keys  
Not giving a fucking inch, sometimes.  
Giving a woman a once-over with these roving eyes.  
On some level, the primal side of them  
Is alight at the challenge  
But still content with the soft touches

The men with divorces under their belt  
The men who traded in their dignity like a stolen car - real fast.  
The men who can perform like pros as men  
Pull them ladies in  
And then completely sell out  
Disgracing us all.

It's happening because there's no survival challenge.  
The anger and rage of fighting seems confused and hollow.  
Pub brawls kick off, but for no real reason.  
Directionless aggression  
That the aggressor feels but cannot place.

Gary Diamond

# Murder Me, Honey

if i believed you i'd take your gesture as a sign.  
a sign that something ain't right.  
believe me honey this is a murder  
you might want to witness.  
i saw the rerun on cable TV and it desensitized me.

that's how it goes these days  
people are too self-obsessed to care.  
violence crashes down around your ears  
and all you can do is pretend to cry.  
why stop there, why stop anywhere.  
why stop at all.

murder me honey  
make me bleed for what i believe in.  
wake my honey  
tell my thoughts what am i thinking.

you found your way in.  
made yourself at home.  
you live for the moment.  
you're a little like me.  
in some ways i bought into your bullshit.  
in some ways i believed every word you said.

so murder me honey  
take me down and make me cry again.  
i'm still standing honey  
but only by the grace of God.

Gary Diamond

# My Only Gift

arrival the end of the journey.  
i been travelling a long long while.  
turn my head on it's side so i can see the world as you do.

i don't want to know what you know  
i want to be there and make those  
big mistakes myself.

you're losing, you're drowning  
so what the hell do you know.

i won't learn from other peoples mistakes  
i'll make my own and go from there.  
when i hit my 25 i'm sure i'll lose my fear.

i see the world from a different angle  
and that's my only gift.  
you can figure out this system  
and see how wide the rift.

power is corruption; it goes all the way to the top.  
with so many fingers in so many pies you swear  
you'll never stop.

Gary Diamond

# My Soul Is A Drunken Santa

Santa's a funny old thing.  
Not as old as Jesus  
Just as revered  
Although Coca-Cola  
Made him turn red.  
(I've seen it turn the bottom of glasses  
You use to drink it all the time  
Completely brown.  
What's it doing to the gut?)

At the pit of this anguish and abuse  
After hundreds of stories and hours  
All about selfishness and moaning about the world  
Maybe it's time to lighten up.  
The worse the world treats me  
The happier I am  
All because  
I spend my free time being two-faced  
And po-faced  
To everything (but not everyone)  
In it.

My soul is a drunken Santa.  
I laugh, I cry with equal conviction  
I'm a soft touch under all the malice  
I feel I was brutalized but couldn't  
Tell you why.

I wish I was richer  
That my clothes weren't so threadbare  
And full of memories, good and bad  
Sober and drunk.  
I wish I could hand out presents  
On a need-to-know, ones-to-love basis.

I wish I could get out of bed before 3pm  
And stop going there as late as 7am.  
It makes me feel like Santa.  
Maybe because he's drunk all the time

The North Pole seems perfect.

(I often said  
Cure hangovers with  
Orange Juice  
Stiff, cold window breeze)

Gary Diamond

# Myths Survive Only Over Time

People aren't born myths  
At least not in any newspaper I ever read.  
Myths grow from notable people.  
They become people to awe  
Then they become ingrained on mass consciousness  
Then tales, true or false and all memorable  
Turn them into a legend.  
And then they die, and people are sad at first.  
But the legend strengthens  
And makes a demigod out of a mortal  
Just the way it was intended.

Gary Diamond

# Needle

Trying to thread a needle through a hole several sizes too small.  
Figuring out a pattern and laughing hard at it because it doesn't belong.  
Oh no never that hard to fathom  
Oh no, never really any different  
Than anyone  
That I shall ever meet.

Stories and jokes that I once believed to be funny  
Are in fact just little abominations  
Tiny rueful adstractions  
Not worthy of the time left to take them.

We believe the needle a clean and worthy vessel  
Smooth and metallic in the undulating light.  
But zoom in closely like the science edge video  
And it's no more a truth  
Than the planets we've never been to  
But believe to be hanging around the solar system.

There's a moon well up there.  
Driving people mad on it's forthright set day.  
I don't like the honesty  
But denying it makes me look stupid  
Like everyone else.

The needle and the thread  
Little change from the cow and the dish and the spoon  
Laying their truth manifest there bare.  
Trying to seem vital as should be.  
Myths planted like ugly seeds.

Gary Diamond

# Not One To Cross

I wished for the doors to shut  
I wished for the final curtain  
I wanted you, the unwanted, to give me that  
But both of us were uncertain.

I heard you talking upon the phone that to me was barred  
I would ring many a number  
Try to  
But hear nothing but long paused beeps.  
All I had to do was use the telephone once  
And away it flew.

I would hear your music played for a short time loud  
Then I too would play what I liked loud.  
Your fists would berate the door  
And down would go the volume.

You would preach about the internet to get me in the door  
But then when that was all I wanted  
Pull that away and call it off limits.

You would say it is easy going here.  
But our definitions do differ wildly.  
What you might call freedom  
I would call patronizing  
I would call control freakishness  
The thing that drove your friends  
And your family  
Well away.

You would impress with the multi-channel television.  
You would say use this wonderful device any time  
Then what you did well was stop paying the bill  
So it cancelled itself out anyway.

You still claim that all the bills are paid.  
When I see the final demands  
Stacking up to the right of the breadboard.

You have a woman in a town one hundred miles away  
To solve your common problem you propose  
Some kind of marriage  
Yet you are still married  
Yet your responsibilities pile up  
Around and beyond your thin skinned shoulders.

Yes although right now you are not one to cross.  
You certainly sicken and appall me  
Because how well you embody  
All that strikes me as shoddy  
Currently  
About this faith-stricken  
Society.

Gary Diamond

# Nutter

His head, broken.  
His mind, damaged.  
Led as if a child.

His hands, shaking.  
His bed, wet with sweat.  
Unsure of what or who.

We drove him here.  
We drove him here with our sticks of firewood and our fancy cars.  
We drove him here with over-ambitious notion and gesture.  
We drove him here because he liked things better without complication.

His love, lost.  
His failure, clear.  
Shedding all his tears.

His child, crippled  
His justice, never given.  
Back turned to once-great career.

We drove him here.  
We drove him here with things so well-planned, they were as farce.  
We drove him here with expensive holidays blighted by delayed flights and hostile natives.  
We drove him here because despite our lifestyles, we turned our back on happiness.

His guilt, clawing.  
His friends, ignoring.  
Without trace of cunning or guile.

His life, forfeit.  
The promises, counterfeit.  
As weightless as a man in a spacecraft.

We drove him here.  
We drove him here with lies and deceit until his noble soul rent in two.  
We drove him here with a gradual unfastening of his mental screws.

We drove him here because we wanted to be free of responsibility.

We drove him here.

We drove HIM HERE.

We made his bed and we wiped his mouth.

We tried to recommend him self-help.

We lumbered him with unwarranted self-pity.

We drove him here and made him look pretty.

We drove him here

So we're all fucking guilty.

Gary Diamond

# Occam Is A Moron

What did he ever have, this repulsive idiot.  
We have now a stupid portrait  
And a banal little saying  
Wicked and vipor tougued.  
Self-indulgent and nothing but a yawn.

What was it this supposed genius said  
What immortalised such a myth.  
It was that the simplest solution is usually the right one.

Really?  
Don't you think the baby of barely a year knows that?  
When did genius come down to stating the obvious  
The simple notions of a deluded self-concious.  
This man must be a moron.

Even in his immortal phrase  
Was the doubt of the matter easily stated.  
If there is this much doubt in one simple sentence  
Then the simplest solution  
Is to ignore the whole thing.

We, as a people, love to believe that everything is able to be labelled.  
Able to be easily and remotely defined by the council of our choosing.  
Giving back to us the glib and the dull  
If we tune in  
If we suddenly desire to hear it.

Occam, you fool, what else of yours was worth knowing?  
If this is the extent of your revelation, better to leave you outside  
Naked. When it is snowing.

Dull.  
Too dull for another word  
For dull.  
Occam you moron.  
In this life we walk  
Breathe  
Bear

Endure, sometimes willingly.

Why should your tract make the smallest of differences?

Gary Diamond

# Old People Need To Get Over Themselves

People seemed to like accosting me  
when going to and from work.  
When I was on my own time  
everyone would get out of my way.

When I was scheduled to be  
somewhere at a  
particular time,  
it was as if everyone knew  
and would deliberately  
block my way.

This particular day it was a fat old man  
who was most noteworthy.  
I was sitting on the train, window seat,  
legs propped on the other seat.  
I had been listening to some mp3s but the player  
piece of shit that it was, had broken down again.

I still had the headphones around my neck  
the big closed in types  
not those little white in-ear things  
that pass as headphones.

A few stops down the line on walks the fat man.  
He was wearing a smelly green jacket and a flat cap.  
His hair and beard were brilliant white.  
He sat down opposite me,  
then after a few seconds  
pushed my left foot off the seat  
then my right.

It wasn't violently done but it was annoying.

"Get your feet off the seats.  
Can't you read English? "  
he motioned to the 'please keep feet off seats'  
signs stuck to the train window.

"No." I said, with a cocky smile.  
He shook his head  
and looked away.  
I thought for a second.

"Well, you could have asked me  
politely instead of  
pushing my feet  
off the seats like that."  
I said, hint of menace  
in my tone.

"You shouldn't have done it  
in the first place." He replied.  
He had his  
'angry at the younger generation'  
sort of voice on.

"Two wrongs don't make a right.  
You of all people should know that.  
After all, society isn't going to fall apart  
just because  
someone breaks  
a small rule.  
It's not like I'm puffing away  
on a cigarette."

He looked at me, quite disgruntled.  
I looked back at him, defiant.  
A few people on the other seats  
looked around.

Old people should  
get over themselves  
I thought.

I have as much of a problem  
with modern society  
as they do but I don't always  
make a big issue  
out of it.



# On The Deus

When the flow breaks  
When the hand shakes  
It's time to get in bed  
To start again tomorrow  
To see if you'll wake up intact.

Why do we dream more dull as we age.  
What happened to being conquerers of outer space  
To see what happens when you touch a supernova  
To dogfight around the nebula?  
That's what I dreamed about.

All the science in the world is just a gut feeling  
Some learned soul decided to dissect on paper.  
The hand of a creator was a work  
Someone pulled the right switch  
Or lever  
Or dial  
Or anything else that you like  
To think of as machine-esque  
On the Deus.

I don't like the gaps between this one and the next.  
I like perpetual, unending motion  
That ebbs and flows as you breathe  
And as your soul breathes.

I need to know that I'm alive so I write  
So you might.  
Some prefer to fight.  
Others like to watch a play.  
It's all good (in moderation)  
Anyway.

When the flow moves  
When the hearts blue  
You've got to go with it.  
Try to deny it  
Bury it under the drink

It'll store itself away  
Grow bigger  
Move stronger.

If you want to explore the light of the stars, fly.  
If you want to quench the hurts of your soul, cry.  
They're both good choices.  
As long as you make one.

Gary Diamond

# Only God Is Perfect

you are a set of unique experiences  
they make you what you are.  
take one away and watch the others fall to earth.

you can dress them up in colours of lust  
so appealing and so vibrant.  
you can dress them down in grey  
and yet they keep coming back.  
quietly you wonder why you're here.

without a purpose you succumb to fear.  
watch me watch me watch me as i fall asleep.  
watch me as i work, how bored must you be.

to keep hassling me  
so stop following me.

get you gone and shut that door  
because when you don't work here  
any more.

the peace of mind you managed to save  
will be closed down by corporations  
who'll never see me as i am and YOU as YOU are.

Gary Diamond

# Only Human

(This is actually lyrics to a song I wrote, but it's pretty poetic nonetheless)

I want to tell you  
A little tale  
About the way that old habits prevail  
When you're only human

I used to wait on the early mornings  
Used to go to bed at dawn with curtains drawn  
I'm only human

I'm not trying to criticise

Like a leopard can't change his spots  
I can't pretend to be something I'm not  
Only human

Like butterflies in the trees  
Like all the birds and all the little bees  
Only human

Not trying to change and still fighting it  
Not going to heaven or hells darkest pit  
I can't hope to contain  
My feelings oh so plain

In all my ways I'll never lose my pride  
Only human, buried deep inside.

The older we get the wiser we're not  
At this life you get just one shot  
Only human

Dedicate your life to art  
Never finish what you start  
Only human

In all my ways I'll never lose my pride  
Only human, buried deep inside.

Cocoons only hold their change within  
Once you're out you can't do it again

Gary Diamond

# Open Score

i gave you what you wanted.  
but you just keep coming back for more.  
i thought we weren't running a tally.  
i thought this was an open score.  
my empty head is craving.  
craving for something else.  
i thought i'd found my shitpile.  
i thought i'd found my house.

but i can't seem to keep you.  
nor keep my thoughts in shape.  
now my empty head is craving.  
craving for something else.

and don't come round no more.  
cos my house ain't your home.  
and you let your feet just roam.  
and don't forget to close the door.  
and don't you come knocking.

Gary Diamond

# Pain And Pain Again

Say it aloud and paint the walls in blood, your blood  
No-one wants to listen to how you really feel  
I've been forgetting this and that  
And only holding on to what feels right.

Maybe I care too much  
Maybe not at all.  
I'm not sure where it begins and ends.  
Does the promise of death scare me anymore?  
Does drowning sorrows get old after a while?  
Not to me.

I'm sorry I can't be the best, I really am.  
If I was there, perhaps you could tell me the full story  
And then what I heard wouldn't bother or scare me.  
It's good to have something to share  
Even when that something is the truth  
And a worrying thing, nagging at you.

All I got left to tell you, is it hurts.  
Pain and pain again, blotting out the colours  
Making life monotone and monochrome  
Killing me, selling me off piece by piece  
So that we both might be  
Easy targets.

Gary Diamond

# Party

There's no party here.  
No, there's no party here.  
You must have been misinformed.  
Either that or you took a wrong turn on those stairs.

Why are you all dressed up like a whore?  
Why is your make-up running?  
I'm guessing it isn't supposed to.  
That dress is very red and very small.  
If you're still lost, why don't you pull up a chair and we'll talk.

You look surprised, but still you stop.  
I would have expected you to have run away.  
You look barely a day over sixteen, certainly not eighteen.  
And you're not sure what you were expecting.

Oh and the words flow out of me.  
They cascade, like a verbal waterfall.  
Subjects and topics changing as I tip my hat.  
Well, I certainly like it  
Like that.

You're young but somehow you're not naive.  
Or at least, you're less naive than me  
That makes it easier to tell you see.  
I can't tell if I'm chatting you up.  
I can't tell if I'm barking up the wrong tree.

Suddenly the dress makes a lot more sense.  
It shows off the beautiful legs that have been given to you  
This girl-woman.  
Suddenly you're not standing by the door, confused any more.  
You're sitting right next to me, and we're talking about Bukowski's poetry.

We share some interests alike and in common.  
Don't you have a party to go to, I say.  
I like it right here, you say, and choose to stay.

I'm not sure quite how it happened.

You're so innocent looking I didn't think you had it in you.  
But I'd been pouring the drinks and you hadn't said no.  
The next thing I know, there I am, and your legs are wrapped around me.  
We're both naked, and sweating, heads thrown back.  
I feel joy like it's the first time.  
For you, it might well be.

I awake and you've already gone.  
I was surprised you held on so long.  
For me, over thirty was a triumph.  
All that buttery skin, all that long flowing hair.

Before you went you left me a note and lined up the last beer.  
'Here's your hangover cure, and for what it's worth, the party was here.'

Gary Diamond

# People's Trances

I don't know how it is, or why it is, but it's certainly there.  
I've seen perfectly normal, somewhat intelligent people  
Suddenly lose all track of time and all sense of place  
And it seems to affect most of the human race,  
this,  
Curious affliction.

People walk into their air-conditioned, overlit shopping malls.  
People walk in as if to a heavenly haven, oblivious of each other.  
They window shop until they find something.  
And when they find that special thing, the world must melt.  
And all it is then is them, the thing and the glass window.

They walk towards it as if in a trance.  
They walk towards it into the path of young mothers  
Into the way of old codgers  
Annoying the pace of a passing, baseball cap teenager.  
Yes,  
Yes,  
It's a curious affliction.

There is a phrase I like to use.  
It's only two words, but they're good ones.  
I call it 'spatial awareness'.  
All of us have this in varying degrees.  
When people slip into this trance they seem to  
Lose it completely.  
It's very strange.

I can't say it's ever happened to me.  
Even in an aisle surrounded by my two favourite things  
I can still perceive everything else around me.  
But it happens to some people.

This is the drug.  
This is the consumerist plague.  
It's why credit cards exist.  
It's why the economy heads endlessly back and forth to recession.  
All it seems to take is a bright sign, a radio commercial.

And it ignites people's trances.

Gary Diamond

# Playing Cards

They have those naked girl picture playing cards  
To make poker a bit more fun  
Why do the geeks miss out?  
Why hasn't someone taken a rubix cube  
And changed the colours  
To pictures of naked ladies, one a side?

It wouldn't be hard  
Although the customer might disagree.  
All those naked ladies  
All those broken rubix cubes  
Smashed with impatience  
As someone wanted to see the nudes  
Without doing the homework.  
(I bet he spends his money on three dollar whores, too)

Gary Diamond

# Quest

I've always liked that word.  
Saying it conjures up great images of the uncertain  
The path trod by many  
But only completed by a select few.

A quest means leaving all you know well behind you  
Often to go out and try, in the face of the futile  
To bring good or at least halt the progress of evil.  
It speaks to the basics of the soul.

Every time a new medium is invented  
The old primal words are lead out and refreshed  
Until that medium is worn and jaded  
Like everything else.

That's why seeking the axe of gold was a quest  
Why saving the digital dolphin hordes was a quest  
Why even the recluse magician Gwyzor had a quest  
Until the games got old, jaded and gun-shaped.

Quest.  
I want one of my own.  
The chance to die or become a hero  
Rather than stay here and amount to zero.

Gary Diamond

# Queue

It's a curious word all right.  
The single letter pronounced the same as the five letter word.  
But we all know what it means.  
Yes we all know what it means, either way.

Seems like we're always waiting somewhere for something.  
Huffing and puffing and laughing while queueing.  
And right there's another thing  
Why don't they hire someone to entertain us  
Or a television to throw adverts back at us.  
You have to grow the brand.

Once I was so deep into the queue that I wrote a whole song  
I needed no instrument or paper for words  
I just receded into my mind for a while  
And when I was done writing, I was nearly  
Head of the queue.

Being head of the queue or nearly  
Is the expectation's highest point.  
We can finally relax - not that we should have been stressed at all.  
We can get this mundane little chore off our schedule  
And go grab a coffee or a pizza, freshly baked.  
Eating it, watching the trains go by.

Maybe it's a progress bar  
Or a number on an electronic sign.  
We all know what it means  
And we shouldn't be doing it.

Gary Diamond

# Quitter

If you can't get along in this life  
Fucking quit.

Because we're all quitting.  
Apart from the top percentile  
We're all wasting, leeching critters  
Made of and spreading and spouting bullshit  
Until true devils appear.

They are us.  
We are the cancer  
We are the disease.  
We create the cure -  
A nuke, a dirty bomb, a human killing microbe  
And we're too chickenshit  
To release it.

We escape all our problems  
Drown them in alcoholic poison  
Put off what could have been solved yesterday  
Until next week.  
We all slowly degrade into  
Bad photocopies of our pure childlike form.

We complicate everything simple  
We underestimate every true and decent challenge.  
We strain and struggle to obtain  
Everything that is bullshit.  
We jet around our planet to visit it  
Yet destroy it with the carbon footprint  
Why are we doing that?

Why don't we lay down and quit  
Like junkies on the final overdose  
Why don't we see if there's any substance  
In this God myth  
In this afterlife ruse.

All we have to do is choose

All you have to do is choose  
Speak out against what you hate  
Even if it costs you a tooth  
Even if it costs you an arm and a leg  
Because killing your soul in degrees  
Is not really a solution  
It's a form of quitting.

Gary Diamond

# Refuge

The last refuge of the solitary stooge  
The final placement where the faith belongs  
The last challenge fading the in fog  
My life; as it slips away

Seemed that I was no good at keeping it together  
For all that I had was a cursed ivy charm around the neck  
I tried to push her in the right direction  
To struggle against the sins of the self  
No refuge here

The great tale of youth is one of quick and ready sacrifice  
The last of the childhood vice  
The one true cornerstone of a man twice removed

If only are the starting phrases of the eternal loser  
The struggle and defeat of backward looking charm  
Not a refuge

As the last of the fine wines and spirits evaporate  
As all you once held dear is cast to the wolves  
As that charm evaporates and makes a move into  
Deep dark desperation  
None of the refuge you seeked  
Would find you crouched here

Gary Diamond

# Roll The Cancer

Roll the cancer  
Fill lungs with it  
Share mirth and laughter  
What a rush.

I'll stand in the snow, shivering, smoking  
Rather than be banal and dissect the obvious  
In dull conversation  
That hides in all of us.

If the choice is, live and die by what you love  
Make mine a bagette of cigarettes  
And bad taste guitar solos.

Gary Diamond

# Routine

I get bored of routine.  
People who like their house too clean.  
I prefer a bit of mess.  
I prefer a place with a little hair on it's chests.

The ad's on your television are telling you that bacteria is all bad.  
The fact you believed them, hook and line, is a little sad.  
I prefer to take my chances.  
I prefer a place where the old dirt speaks of previous songs and dances.

I get bored of real life.  
The mundane and neccesary.  
It's a lot more fun to have character, you know.  
Rather than try and sweep all the dirt away.

I was always suspicious of those kinds of people.  
If they're so obsessed with these rituals, they must be hiding something.  
Do they think by purging their dwelling of dust and stain  
They can make their neurotic soul all clean again?

Yes. Routine.  
Routine.  
And more Routine.

It's enough to drive a man or woman over the edge.  
Because no matter how hard you clean.  
The dust and dirt is still there somewhere.  
You just haven't...  
Found it yet.

But you will.

Gary Diamond

# Running Sideways Up The Slope

That's life in a nutshell.  
Doing stupid things to get the laughs  
To get the money, and the women  
The damaged goods, the fools in flight  
All of those that need to repent.

Who sinned, and who's to say he wasn't holy by his own terms?  
Why say organised religion demands total devotion  
When those who preach in draughty pulpits desecrate the flesh of children?  
How can a mass murderer on his day in the chair  
Or his day under the needle of death  
Say he really regrets any of the killings he has done?

The underlying questions of this curious human nature is what I preach.  
Except these are still dirty taboo secrets you don't want to hear.  
You know they're here  
You deny me the right to speak them  
Because I speak them in tones that do not waver  
Because I have admitted and made my bed with  
Complete failure in mind.

I have seen the light  
It's the one over my body of formaldehyde  
I swear I've seen all my near-deaths  
Days before they happened.  
I walked towards them with open arms  
And a smug smile.  
That's why I never broke a bone.  
But as repentance  
When I die, every bone will be broken in the fall.

On that day, I'll be running sideways up the slope  
I'll be in love with hate and bound in rope  
I'll be completely free because I'll have the closure  
I spent my life trying to fabricate.  
There's no fooling the cosmos, you know.

Gary Diamond

# Schooling

I didn't go much on school.  
I didn't meet many people that did.  
Because although I learned my lessons well  
Above average,  
It was the people standing outside the gates smoking  
That ended up with the decent jobs.

Oh and don't forget that the standards have dropped  
The government wanted to get the percentages up  
And as the human race hasn't changed enough  
They had to cheat and dumb it down  
Dumb it down.  
Dumber still.

There was the hierachy even then.  
The over-emphasis on social status.  
The identification of martyrs or pariahs.  
Only now though  
I give those words any meaning.

It wasn't too hard to pick a passion and run with it  
To take it further and refine it, inadvertantly narrow it.  
Until the knowledge gleaned benefitted just the self-important few.

That's why I had to stop.  
That's why even the greatest minds stop at some point.  
They begin to lose perspective and begin to laugh at the loss.  
Believing themselves on some new plain.  
Out there on a limb  
Standing on the wing of an airplane.  
It must be cold and draughty out there.

Schooling comes down to being given the basics  
Then having to work it out for yourself.  
So going into full time work barely at teenage threshold  
Is alright as long as the choice was well-considered.

I wish I'd dropped out, somehow.  
I think I'd be doing better if instead of a musical instrument

I'd have gone down the shaft with a hard hat and pickaxe.  
Maybe the scotch would taste better after that kind of work.  
But I'm naturally lazy.

Gary Diamond

# Scissors And Knives

Don't run around drunk brandishing those scissors.  
Don't attempt to cut the cheese when you're soused.  
Didn't they show you the rule in school  
Didn't they tell you what was allowed?

The dressmaking scissors are by far the best ones.  
Big and ominous looking, brushed stainless steel.  
Even a child, you realise  
You could do some real damage  
With impliments like those.

The sewing machine with the footpedal  
On the small corner table.  
Even though it's use is good.  
You have to wonder what it would feel like  
To stick your hand under the stitcher.

There's a story the wives like to tell, too.  
About the man who committed many infidelities.  
And woke to find his wife over him  
With those dressmaking scissors in left hand.  
And his pecker in the other.  
Some say it turned up in a nearby field.  
Can't imagine it'd work properly after being sewn back on.

Forget about the drink and driving.  
It's the drink and sharp objects that don't mix.

Gary Diamond

# Shape Of The Gun

Does it make any sense to you to say that the shape of a mans soul  
Is not dissimilar to that of a weapon.  
Certainly the shape was molded and mutated  
But always  
Assumed the shape of a weapon.

Look at the modern computer game.  
A thousand wars and scenarios  
That inevitably end up  
With a man holding a gun  
And becoming a one-person army.

This thrills the masses then.  
This is what they consider fun.  
All that hard-wired lightning fast technology  
And always the same format and style of game.  
Seems like over-engineering  
To release the same game  
Just with higher resolution trees and enemies  
This time around.

I still prefer the simple, well-meaning naive games.  
When the technology was laughable by what we have today.  
But the imagination and dedication of the manipulators  
Burning like a light so many times greater  
That time around.

This is the forum where the underdog can easily win.  
By bringing back an ember of the original spark again  
Wrestling with the headstrong one track dinosaurs  
A fragile gecko that can evade them all.

Reducing the human struggle to a war in a game  
Is certainly something that makes us laugh.

Gary Diamond

# Shattering Myths

It's always good to shatter a myth or two.  
Get those preconceptions thrown out with the dirty dishwater.  
Turn the angles round a little bit.  
Keep the mind guessing and not stuck in habit.

For example;  
Actors seem as giants among men.  
Yet many are shorter than you or me.  
It's their presence that is big.  
(And maybe something else you don't see on screen, in some cases.)

Politicians convince you their figures are nothing but truth.  
However if you look even a little closely  
You'll see someone cleverly forgot  
To carry the one, the two and the three.  
(That's a backup plan, and an excuse if it catches up with them.)

The girl with the sexy voice on the telephone, there's a good one.  
Sounds like honey on the first day of spring.  
It belongs to a three hundred pound heffer  
With coarse body hair and body odour.  
(That's not to say they're a bad person.)

You see, just because a myth has been around since the dawn of time.  
Doesn't mean it's as tough as granite or diamond.  
Usually it's as thin and delicate as a wine glass.  
And just as well-formed.  
(Therefore very easy to break, although you can't break them all.)

Shattering myths is fun, but be sure to keep one eye to the ground, not an ear.  
You wouldn't want to step on people's toes.  
Not all the time, anyway.

Gary Diamond

# Simple

Simple.  
Streamlined.  
Uncluttered.  
No nonsense given  
Or taken.

Easy.  
Logical.  
Beautiful.  
A working solution.

Don't fill life with more than it needs to take flight when the opportunity arises.

Mellow.  
Relaxed.  
Completely laid back.  
I like it like that.

Too much of one thing at too regular an interval reduces objectivity.

Open-minded.  
Willing.  
Considered.  
Joyous.  
Wonderful.

These are words that flow like fine wine  
When you

Keep  
It  
Simple.

Gary Diamond

# Simple Ii

Simple  
Elegant  
Form and a function.

Regardless  
Serpentine  
Lacking the decent.

We all have great stories with amusing twists  
Worth telling for the world's benefit  
An the end of a tether the greatness emerges  
Coloured myths right and wrong  
Prone to giving into urges.

Denial  
The fist fight  
The love in a blanket

Rebuttal  
And insight  
Belated and lazy.

Why keep complications around  
Like lead weights at the bottom of a sailboat  
Sinking to drown.  
We all do things without will reason.  
We give in to whatever is in season.  
Whatever is in the air.

What should be so simple  
Becomes an inelegant banquet.  
A feast at the trough of ignorance  
A contrivance and a distraction.  
A blight.

Gary Diamond

## Simple Iii

Strip it down bare.  
Back to basics, back to bone.  
A lot of words often complicates.  
The soul speaks in short syllables.

We are laden with apologies.  
We needn't be.  
I'm glad I had good teachers.  
Only say it when you really mean it  
Or it means little.

If I came off all wrong and selfish, then I'm sorry.  
If you're scared to let it out to these ears, we're both sorry.  
If I'm late and not listening when I should, I mean it.  
If I should have called you back, not let you dangle,  
Then I'm the fool after all.

Let's keep it simple like it was at the start  
Let's strip it back to basics.  
Back to bone.  
If that doesn't work  
It's doomed  
And we'll leave it alone.  
Move on, do what we gotta do.

Gary Diamond

## Small Town Ethics

rise and curse to begin the day.  
beg borrow or steal in every way.  
i'd rather be asleep and poor and not earning money.  
i'd rather be back in london; it's my milk and honey.

it's easy to get lost in a big town.  
easy to stick out in a small one.  
my gender is none of your business; you frown.  
reach for my revolver and run.

you live and learn you borrow, you earn.  
beg borrow steal and turn.  
i'd rather be alone and happy.  
not living here tired and sappy.  
i'd rather be back in the big city;  
small boy in a big town.

where i'd go unnoticed and blissfully unaware.  
a loner at heart, happy, without a care.

Gary Diamond

# Sod

Him and his dirty law.  
He's a dirty little poet.  
He got lucky because he dug in his claw.  
Only by one saying is he known.  
He's a fraud; same as Occam.

I liken his form to that of a gnome  
But not your garden variety.  
He looks like a gnome who had cosmetic surgery  
So he's still ugly  
Just the wrinkles were stretched out and his roots were dyed.

He looked like a disposable old wino  
No more a man than a plant is an automobile.  
Quite a sorry mess.  
Even his sunday jacket hangs crooked.

Somehow though, this little joke  
Got the last laugh after all.  
He told us, in his fluke turn at wisdom's wheel  
That when all circumstances lined up  
Like the moon hurtling towards eclipse  
The rains would fall.

He taught me that absolute hope is downfall.  
He taught me that acceptance of failure is success's key.  
He taught me that when all the odds looked good  
Some unforeseen machination would desecrate it all.

Thank you Sod.  
Thank you for Your Law.  
It should have been the  
11th Commandment.

Gary Diamond

# Solidarity

The only time I found this vaunted thing.  
Was by admitting that I was beholden to nothing  
That I distrusted or hated everything.  
That I was ready to keep falling and stumbling  
And making the same big or small mistakes  
As all the rest.

In ecstasy the reminder that the end will come.  
The fleeting paradise created and lost as rains fall and hats drop.  
Friendships are a force of nature and necessity  
In many cases you can't choose  
No  
You get denied such a luxury.

There's got to be a call to arms somewhere in this mess.  
Something that angries the blood  
Raises the temperature  
And rallies the troops together.  
A theme to return to  
A point to hammer into the ground.

Beware the man who forever repeats his stories and slogans  
Beware the repetition and loyalty he brings.  
Somewhere there he's gearing up to take what he wants  
In one fell swoop or two.  
Somewhere in that head of his  
He's making plans like others make weak cups of coffee.

I don't trust the quiet and the lonely.  
Who can bear a gauge on their loyalty?  
The amount of cards he carries,  
The way his head is set on his shoulders?  
What he keeps hidden in his soul.  
The mysteries  
You can't prise them out with crowbars  
Or pliers  
Or shears.

As the lights flicker on and the business is transacted

Then the mechanisms of repetition emerge.  
The forced friendships renew  
The class climbers continue to cram it in  
The old opportunities wither to make way for the new.

Solidarity. We're none of us complete.  
That's why we band together like this.  
In the concert halls  
In the classrooms and the schools  
In the gyms and the dojos  
Even at the after-hours brawls.

Gary Diamond

# Some Mornings

Some mornings the car won't start.  
Some mornings you'll work without heart.  
Some mornings you won't be able to take solice in your art.  
Some mornings.

Some mornings you'll have not a care in the world.  
Some mornings you'll awake next to the prettiest girl.  
Yet some mornings you find she's already gone.  
On some mornings.

Some mornings you'll be so headstrong and always right.  
Some mornings your values will be so valued you'll turn and fight.  
But is it slowly dawning  
That this only happens on some mornings?

So start mourning for the loves you lost.  
Start mourning for all the stupid decisions.  
Start mourning because that's all there is to do.  
Start mourning although you'll dance, drink and screw.  
Start mourning because all of us have been fools, led by fools.  
Start mourning for not speaking up when you should have.  
Start mourning for forgetting your watch, leaving something on the table.  
Start mourning, because on some mornings  
You ain't got shit.

Gary Diamond

# Something

Text goes here.

Gary Diamond

# Spark

Turning down the wick  
Turning up the pressure  
Dulling down the wit  
Halving any pleasure.

Fire burns my belly  
Turns emotion to cinder  
Please switch off that telly  
Now put out the tinder.

If an art is an art and you master it  
And you master another  
And so on  
Do you become a master artist  
And also the loneliest man alive?

I'd throw this gift to the wind  
If I could fall in love for real.  
No half measures.

I'd throw this gift to the wind  
If I could die of boredom  
And see no-one care.

I'll throw this gift down the well  
Kill it's virtue with the bottle  
Because I don't want it

If I work and hone it  
Only to find  
It has no use  
Only to find  
In trying to put it to use  
I'm more ignored  
Than if I'd sat in bed 'til death  
Masturbating and eating  
And watching bad TV.

At least then

I'd have made  
The five o'clock news.  
Isn't that something?

Gary Diamond

# Speeding

We're so busy speeding and speeding.  
Walking too fast on the feet  
Keeping the right foot on the accelerator.  
We're trying to speed our way through everything.

And what for?  
Knocking years off each others time here  
By cramming and barging and jumping queues  
By squeezing a gap too tight and causing pile ups  
Then they slow down  
Then they slow down to use those rubber necks.

The beauty of nature takes another hit  
As the new motorway, autobahn or highway ploughs through  
Now the people can hit the hundreds  
Never looking at the fervent countryside they're  
Blasting through.

It is another distraction.  
It is another way of wasting time.  
Because if they slowed down  
It would flood back  
We expect.

Speeding through life  
Rewinding and fast-forwarding  
Cashing in on the good memories  
Pawning off the old ones.

Trying to cram far too much in.  
Trying to make up the late by speeding.  
Wouldn't it just make more sense  
To slow down and then  
As an advantage  
Take in everything.

Even with the dead-end jobs  
Even with the time at the pub.  
There's benefit to be had

By making the most of a moment  
Not trying to cut through  
As lightning does on a cloudy night.

No-one likes being blinded or deafened  
After all.

Gary Diamond

# Steal It All

Steal it all; please.  
We don't need it.  
Steal it all with great haste.

Claiming something is new and improved is two lies for the price of one.  
We wouldn't use such a phrase to describe a new laser-precision gun.  
Yet a man is just as likely  
To steal that to steal bread, to  
Feed his family.

The musician tunes in to a classical station to hack off a piece of timeless melody.  
He's going to turn it into a one-simple-hook hit, you see.  
He's stealing all, and he doesn't care.  
He dumbs it down for mass consumption.  
He doesn't care.

No.  
Nobody does.  
Not even  
A little.

Steal it all; don't think just do.  
That's most peoples  
Attitude.  
I'm not a saint.  
And I'm guilty of it

Too.

Gary Diamond

# Straws And The Clutching At Them

What if when you clutch at straws you pick the short one.  
What if when you pull it out, it was attached to the needle.  
When you smiled, laughed a little  
At the sudden turn of events.

All these old sayings and wives tales cancel each other out  
As if they were the deleted lines of the Bible.  
So much for straws and clutching at them  
So much for the misguided fools called men.

The truth is something we all tried to bury  
Like the dog and his immortal bone  
Like the other dog staring at the gramophone.  
We have to wake up, realise  
That although this planet supports life  
There is no form and vague function to it  
No pattern it adheres.

Art tries to explain this in abstract, weird ways  
Television trivialises every issue like a petulant child  
The acquisition of wealth and power is what many want  
Many have and don't care much about  
Others will never have  
Dying instead in a far off desert.

Love is a great way of blinding and dulling the senses  
Love, combined with drugs and trash culture  
Is Marx's opiate of the masses  
But not mine, hopefully not yours  
Let's go for something more realistic  
If something exists  
And isn't another straw to clutch and hold.

The universal truth is death, pain and rebirth  
The universal myth is we peacefully co-exist.  
Easier to see and understand this when someone  
Lets you down  
Gives up on you  
Leaves you dying in the gutter

The rain pissing down on you.

Gary Diamond

# Stupormarket

There is a building.  
Brightly lit on the outside  
Brightly lit on the inside.  
It's a beacon  
Temporary haven to many.

It invites and it takes a little too much.  
You visit to take but a few things  
Yet empty your wallet upon leaving  
The temptation was great and easy  
The indulgence was welcome and warm.

You see, as long as everything has a soft subtle hue or overtone  
Than the temptation to empty your wallet seems less overblown.  
You enjoy wasting money, then wasting what you took.  
It was in direct competition  
With the lesson of the old book.

To be wanton is to be temporarily complete  
Until the gush of guilt returns to consume you  
And you remember  
All you've had and will have  
Are just devices of distraction.

Take a trip in your car  
To the place where  
Happiness is objects of choice in a basket  
Happiness is handing over a series of numbers.

Renders the users in some kind of stupor  
Self-imposed and escapable at any moment.  
Glamour of the wonderland  
Even the famous cannot resist it  
The lure  
The bait on show.

Gary Diamond

# Such A Man (Tribute To Bukowski)

Such a man.  
He sat, and he drank, and he fucked.  
Be he isn't me; no never will be.  
But by reading a little, perhaps we take his spirit.

Such a man.  
By all rights he should have failed.  
By all rights, he should not have prevailed.  
He broke rules, not because he chose to.  
Because he had to.

Such a man.  
Before death he was vindicated.  
In later life, and never emasculated.  
Such a man was he.

Such a man.  
As the spirit wanes the form appears.  
As you sober up back come all the fears.  
All the terror.  
The things you were  
Hiding;  
From yourself.

Such a man, has taught us all to soar.  
He turned our thoughts from just a bore.  
Made us quietly strive for more.  
Such a man, was he.

Thank you, Charles Bukowski.  
Thank  
You.

Gary Diamond

# Suckered All The Way

let them love you first  
and then maybe let their love make you strong  
let their fleeting obsession mirror your own  
though only in passing  
don't devote a soul's worth to it

as if it can be measured  
each new line creating a piece of paradise  
a glimpse where conscious and subconscious  
shalt not live and die by sword of insinuation

prosecution for the least of my sins  
is duty done in the jaded world eyes of policemen

of all the things i covert  
i deserve the ability to rape  
at least a small part of all  
who would by small damning degrees  
insult me with lack of trust  
and eyes which are 20/20  
but see nothing

if these hands and fists  
drive cars and masturbate  
what end for seeking refuge  
how far to purge  
to starve like a supermodel  
before we become both  
first and third world  
a joke and a satire  
but not obvious  
except to bored modern philosophers  
and historians yet to be born

we are modern cultures latest victims  
we were suckered  
all the way



# Surely As A Rocket

Isn't it nice when you gaze at the sky.  
That's what the pop songs tell us.  
They extoll the virtues of love through sunny skies and golden stars.  
But those writers didn't scratch the surface.  
Surely as a rocket the myth of the sky disappears.  
Surely as a rocket the flimsy nature of their words is true.

You see, those who think they know love, do not at all.  
They stand tall and they kiss their beau and think they know.  
They buy into the myth, the fallacy, because it's the thing to do.  
They try to forget all the times they came up short like the shrews they are.  
Surely as a rocket it'll be blown away in cinders.  
Surely as a rocket it'll reveal the true nature.

You see, the jet pilot doesn't see the mess he left behind.  
He looks forever forward.  
The astronaut, the cosmonaut.  
Gazing at the illusion, and then past it.  
No wonder they don't last long in space.  
They see both sides of the coin as we never could.

Why is love such a commonly used word, I have to wonder.  
You only truly know you had it when it was then torn asunder.  
You have to weather this locomotive or rollercoaster.  
You have to force yourself to wake up from your self-imposed slumber.  
Surely as a rocket you'll live together.  
Surely as a rocket you'll brave hell together.  
Surely as a rocket you'll buy into each others lies, maybe get married.  
Surely as the rocket that exploded and took it's crew with it  
You have to hold on to the bitter end to know it.

Gary Diamond

# Taking The Moral High Ground

Oh no matter what, the price of progress marches on  
Ironically to help our lives  
Simultaneously making it a worse place to live.  
The illusion of freedom  
Disappearing in the mist.

It's great to be outraged, but  
How long can you sustain that?  
Eventually the rot of repetition will set in  
And all at one, everyone else stops listening.

Wondering when it is going to make a shred of difference  
Wondering when the general public will begin an outcry  
And a call to arms  
Our artisans wish sooner, faster  
But sadly  
They had too much faith in us.

When opening the eyes, the gap between reclosing them  
Reveals a multi-tiered palette of mediocre.  
The reason why the smoker  
Stands outside.  
It kills him  
He gets soaked in the rain  
But still, going back for another puff or hundred.

The drink.  
The drink damages the entire body.  
It festers in the mind too.  
They're putting warning labels on them.  
But that doesn't stop  
The end of the bottle being  
Raised to the sky.

Chancing the opportunity that all we know  
Could be charged for.  
What's to stop there being a tax on air?  
What's to prevent each and every footfall  
Being paid for

In the same way you pull up the car  
To put in petrol.

It may seem pretty strange now, but think.  
Only a few hundred years ago it was free to move from port to port  
Now you have to pay for a travel document  
Made of plastic and bearing anti-fraud holograms  
And even then  
It doesn't mean you won't be cavity searched.

Taking the moral high ground  
Makes it easy to decry it all.  
Decrying a hatred doesn't make a little difference.  
None.

Gary Diamond

# Talent's A Fluke

When you have a talent  
and you've spent time honing it  
sharpening the edges and filing down  
the  
imperfections  
waiting for the day you get to shine  
and cut through everyone else's crap  
and it never comes  
then it just makes you realise  
that it was pointless  
after all.

The way I felt  
was  
I should have been one of the idiots at school  
smoking cigarettes from age 9  
and drinking cheap cider.

But I had had some kind of brain in my head  
and I knew early on  
I had something

Some kind of spark  
or way of looking at the world  
that others didn't have.  
I often got the feeling that  
once I'd found something  
I could really fly with  
I wouldn't just be good at it  
I'd be stunning.  
Cream of the crop.

When I got close to my own definition of it  
all I found was the same mentality and idiocy  
that I had been surrounded with at school persisted.  
The same bullshit artists  
the same manipulative fuckers.

We were supposed to be

a smart race  
and here we were  
causing wars over oil to  
keep us in our lazy lives  
fucking up the planet  
instead of finding a way out.  
Where's the talent in that?

Gary Diamond

# Teflon-Coated Leaders

A crafty bunch indeed.  
Insidious and serpentine.  
You couldn't call them noble  
Even on a generous sort of day.

Spoon feeding the public lies with their breakfast.  
Nice warm lies to go with the piping hot roast beef dinner.  
Every day they spin ever-decreasing, tangling webs  
And we tune in to see if we think they're coated with honey.

Most times  
They are not.  
Not by far.

They used to call it whitewashing, then it was blanketing.  
Today's technology-aided world leader  
Is getting along fine with his new assistant.  
He puts it on in the mornings before the makeup for the cameras.  
It's paid for by the tax payer.  
It's his new, five thousand dollar  
Armani-made teflon coated suit.

It's a weapon.  
Dressed to kill.  
It's own kind of bomb.

No dirt can get to him with this suit.  
All he has to do is remember to wash his hands clean.  
But he's had years of practice at THAT, so he's fine.

They'll all have one eventually.  
Our Teflon-coated leaders shining like modern-day knights  
Or so they'd have you believe.

Gary Diamond

# Television

To me, television is a chore.

It is a bore.

It shows half a program, then makes you sift through adverts for more.

And it's not like the shows are great either.

It seems good shows hide as needles in the haystack of ether.

I always feel that television is stealing and wasting my time.

I would like to watch my favourite shows now.

But I have to live with someone else's choice of schedule.

Which is more often than not a real mess.

I  
Don't  
Want  
To Deal  
With  
That.

Television might have been more entertaining many years ago.

But I'm so young, that I will never know.

And from the early days, I've seen the shows.

They weren't much good at all.

So it seems mighty confusing, that television is still the main means of entertainment.

Every lounge has a goggle box, a tube, a projector of some kind.

If it came to a choice between watching television sober

Or drinking and staring at the wall

I know which one I would choose.

Television, to me, would lose.

Gary Diamond

# Telling Tales

People admire a good storyteller, even if they can themselves.  
Everyone loves your favourite drunken story.  
The fighting naked in the street brandishing traffic cones  
And so on.

Telling tall tales - it's pretty easy to.  
You just make sure at least some of what you say is based on truth.  
Because people can tell if the house of your story is washed away in the sand.

Anecdotes those are great.  
A short, funny tale.  
But incidentally I find all those stories,  
Even the one with great tragedy  
Exceedingly funny.  
There's nothing so absurd as life you see.

People crowd round the storyteller, whether he's at the bar  
Round the campfire  
Perhaps on the television.  
People like to take it in turns and pick the leader  
The leader is the one who kept the hive mind occupied longest you see.

Don't the best stories have it all?  
That's why we're suckers for a movie.  
A near-perfect one seems to encapsulate the entire spectrum of life  
The joy, the tragedy, the humour.  
The bravado, the heroism, the cowardice.  
The love, the spite.

It's all good stuff  
as long as the concentration is right.

Gary Diamond

# The Covers

There are lots of covers.

Ones that contain a book or set of poetry, for a start.

Another would be a new version of a once-great song, for second, and often ruined at that.

Thirdly there is the cover story, used by those who love to deceive.

Forth is covering your nudity when you're that way inclined.

And fifth and best of all, are the covers upon your bed.

Aren't they warm?

I like them best when they're pulled up tight.

When the world outside your window is so cold

That the windows have condensation on them.

Aren't they pretty, sometimes?

All the little patterns and flecks of colour.

When I wrap up in them, it feels good.

When I'm too drunk to stand

My eyes follow the patterns around.

Don't they smell good?

I like them best when they're fresh out of the dryer.

Or if they've been on there for weeks and smell like you.

The smell of last nights sex.

The smell of a good hard screw.

No matter how long I spend in bed, under those covers.

I always feel I could have used ten minutes more

When I finally get out from under them.

Gary Diamond

# The Future

I suppose it's not wise to want to get too much insight into the future.  
Because preconceptions are often a dangerous thing.  
Often a suicidal thing, if not handled with kid gloves.

It's out there roaring to meet us though. Thousands of skilled hands  
Shaping destinies and chopping the bark from the trees.  
They say one day the planet will be rinsed with water.  
The gypsy told me one day I'd have a prize-winning daughter.  
Odd and random tidings of the future.

I found several interesting patterns, maybe others did as well.  
The future can be oddly arousing if you consider that  
When you open a history book  
Sometimes it's like opening today's newspaper.

These creatures of habit may change the tools of the trade  
But the trade and the job certainly remain the same, just as well.  
Amazing discoveries, disgusting atrocities.  
Empires raising and falling in correlation.

Open up a good history book  
And join together the dots.

The future is the past with the keywords changed.

Gary Diamond

# The Future Is Damned

I don't fear the future.  
I know what it holds.  
But that doesn't mean it doesn't concern me  
Because it does.

The ubiquity of poverty on a dying planet  
The end of an easy gait and fluorescent supermarkets  
All that shall perish  
All shall be run dry.

While medical science thrived on a hearty premise  
And strong were the souls who lent their hands  
In the end the results were negative.  
Curing diseases in the first world  
Only caused over-population to escalate.

In ten or twenty years a box of cereal will be worth  
One hundred of any currency where it's now worth one.  
More so if it contains harvested wheat  
More so if oil-powered machines caused it's creation.

People will scour the history books to recall  
How and why our elders managed to scrimp and save.  
It's just too bad many of our forgotten veterans  
Will once again be useful  
In experience and wartime action  
Even beyond the grave.

It was another repetition.  
A war started by an over-confident bunch of men  
Who represented a dictatorship while hiding  
Behind the smokey blanket of democracy  
That leads seamlessly and inevitably  
To rationing, to conditioning  
To people creating vast fortunes  
From human misery.

Just remember modern society thrives off your desires  
That planting the seed of aquisition in your hollow mind

Fills it out and encourages your shallow desires  
To eat you alive.

Well in time you'll want for less than you do now.  
You'll have to spend a fortune to be content with  
The very few possessions and drive I hold now  
And would set aflame  
And dropp into a river  
Just to laugh at the looks on your faces.

Gary Diamond

# The Gentleman Is Dead

Yes, long gone is the gentleman.

Long gone are the days of suits, ties, coattails.

It now seems unusual to wear a good hat, when immigrant-made sportswear will do.

It now seems strange, and it really shouldn't.

What the hell ever happened to chivalry?

People get awarded knighthoods as a token these days.

It seems pointless, and each one cheapens the very IDEA.

Why don't modern women thank a gentleman when he holds open the door?

Or when he walks on the side of the street closest to the cars.

Or tips his hat to acknowledge a good one passing by.

No, they seem fat or tragic or in some way oddly affected.

Scared to death by feminism and the ideas they rejected.

Yes, it sure is odd.

We're bringing back fifties fashion in clothing,

So why not bring back the values too?

I don't care if I'm one of the few.

I made the effort and it was worth it.

Perhaps you should as well.

But for now, at large, it seems

That the gentleman is dead.

What we have now are men without balls.

Men in multi-million jobs cutting them off.

Men forgetting how it is to be men.

Handing it all over to the women.

And these women, despite that magic word feminism.

Seem no closer to knowing what they want now, than they ever have

Through time.

So why are men surrendering to this, I wonder.

A real gentleman is polite, intelligent and also very much in control of his destiny.

Today's pale imitation is thoughtless, barely legible and would require a dictionary

To reacquaint himself with that word

Destiny.

I'd say put that in your pipe in smoke it.  
But people are scared of tobacco now too.

Gary Diamond

# The Human Condition

Of all the things we've been given  
Whether by God or by evolution (not sure which are we)  
It's the ability of thinking, sensible reasoning  
That I call  
The best one.

I'd like to see it put to good use.  
Every man should be a creator  
Every man should stop being a low  
Denominator.

I see it time and time and time again.  
Those who would look down upon me  
Those who put status and worldiness  
Above which that matters  
To me that is  
Keeping your soul pure  
Feeding it unbiased knowledge  
Letting it live in the most fun  
Most reasonable  
Ways.

Why if we were given this gift that elevates  
The gift to spread and absorb love and to create  
Must we  
Be  
Spending  
So many of our short, best years  
Destroying  
Burning Bridges.

If we can write words full of sinew  
Woven together in colourful cross stitch  
Self-referential and full of native truth  
Why do we prefer instead  
The shape of a gun  
The explosion that tears limbs  
Makes the planet unlivable  
Burning gas and dead fossils

To finding a better way.

It is no surprise to me  
That those who are outcast  
Are the ones that can advance the species  
In their time  
Edison  
Einstein  
Asimov  
Tchaikovsky  
Are all misunderstood  
Shot down.

The species advances so slowly  
Because it cannot, as ego mass  
Vindicate those of pure brilliance.  
It chooses to stutter on  
And sing the same song  
Rather than learn a new one  
And feel the soft breeze of creation and achievement  
Tingle the skin  
Like taking a scolding hot bath.

Gary Diamond

# The 'Miracle' Of Christmas

It's not a miracle  
It's a cynical pagan-derived ritual

Christmas was supposed to be desecration of the Christ  
And desecration of his Holy name  
And in a way it still is  
It just comes wrapped in guilt and guilt now  
It comes with a wallowing corporate gouge  
It lives for each other in their vanity  
For pointless indulgence  
When true love was free

Theologians propose Christ was born in October  
And logic holds this point true enough  
A moth to the candle flame  
How did a festival designed to burn the churches  
Come to be by very same reasoning  
Widely accepted

I propose a plan to get ahead of this game  
By skipping Christmas and waiting for new year sales  
When idiocy fails a logic prevails  
Give out more and better gifts  
Give them out late  
Make your children wait  
And reward their patience by getting one over  
On the faceless Megacorp  
Who doesn't care when you die  
As long as you gave it more than you wanted

But that isn't going to happen  
Any more than you might substitute a fork for a spoon  
SO many minds  
Soft and conditioned and scared  
The facade of calm and control a myth  
REal men and real women dead  
Suckered all the way  
By this miracle of Christmas

Take your fabricated fairy tales and forced goodwill mails  
And shove them  
Call me Scrooge and call me the cure  
Whatever makes you assurge your well controlled  
And utterly oblivious countenance.  
For as much as I fly in the face of this supposed well-being season  
For as much as you fake an ounce of happiness for appearances sake  
I'm fucking real  
Not in denial.  
And that is my saving grace.

Gary Diamond

# The Nose Is Up

It struts around in the air, surely it does.  
Its upward angle can clear a path through the insignificant.  
Assume the air of perfection  
And those too lazy to question are sure to follow.

If it were to glow bright in a dark room  
The ego would be an ugly stomach-bound thing for sure.  
The ego that tried to envelope the needy and the easy.

What does a raised nose and a knowing air really say to you?  
Is it the reduced tale of breeding, a foppishness  
A desire to bleed and burn your fellow illegitimate man.  
Could be.  
It's the first choice of many.

Some pick up the gun  
Others the lute.  
Both are good choices.  
Both will eventually  
Drive the bearer mad.

If a man or woman created it  
We could have done without it.  
All that is required for basic survival  
Is what was already there before we were.

We copy and assimilate nature.  
We must have learnt the notion of pride.  
It was a foolish value  
One of no real meaning but still valued  
And it resides  
Deep inside.

Beyond reproach, beyond reasonable doubt  
The nose is up and the pride is out.  
Perhaps each of the gestures humanity holds so dear  
The pride, the love, the passion, the fear  
Is in fact  
Just a doff of sheepskin cap

To that which was all around us.

When all art is merely thievery  
Isn't everything else about us too?

Gary Diamond

# The Parents

I will admit my parents  
did a good job bringing me up  
but  
they had all these little eccentricities  
that I couldn't understand.

Like four loud ticking clocks in the lounge.  
That was more clocks than most people  
had in their house.

They would sit in that lounge  
watching television  
the shows degrading in quality  
all the time  
with the set so quiet  
you could hear the clocks over the top.

When I put the volume  
of the set  
to an engrossing volume  
my mother would insist  
I was going deaf.

My mother  
was partial to a  
common affliction  
of the modern world.

That everything should be  
as spotless as possible  
you should wash twice a day  
you should always be cleaning plates  
and glasses  
always washing clothes in the machine  
always smell good  
always be well-kempt.

Even smart people buy into these things  
if they are bombarded with them enough

by the media.  
I called it OCD cleaning.  
She'd even got my father into it.

I'll stick to two or three baths a week thanks.

Gary Diamond

# The Piece Of Peace

The peace comes at some point;  
Oh it HAS to come.  
Can't go on feeling like the fool forever.  
Can't see the remainder trail on forever.

If I was never a good man  
At least I was around to see the lesser fall.  
Wishing it would render me noble  
Wishing I would heed a greater call.

Even the regular chair grows restlessness in larger doses  
The best and truest of habits breeding neurosis.  
I love those that seek a stupid piece of mind  
Those that lie to old friends  
To please the losers they never find.

I wish for the simultaneous peace of many  
Not for them to feel good or even better  
Just for me to feel less  
Shit,  
Thank you.

The presence of other people must erode me  
Make me feel as if it was all a big waste of the time  
The little post-education I still remember.

Why do I recall strolling the autumn struck college grounds  
Rendered in some senses a happy man  
Then to move a few hundred miles  
To find the meaning of slovenly  
To try and enjoy  
But then neglect what I thought to be  
One True Art.

Go to bed.  
Go to bed that I might roam in peace.  
I don't it much when you're around.  
I prefer the regimental nature  
I prefer the do or damn your neighbour.

The piece of peace I laid aside for myself  
Is not but a broken mirror in the fabric of my life.  
It sounds like a grand and weary concept  
It's nothing but bullshit  
Cheap at half the price.

Gary Diamond

# The Soul

When faced with the questions of a good natured soul  
I often had to wonder was there ever one at all  
By setting up good intentions and using them  
As a yardstick and a fairness gauge  
We looked young again

My soul is dying  
I'm not trying to milk a deathly final point  
I'm bleeding and burning as I see fit

When you speak and act as a man  
A society conditioned in the terms of mediocre  
Will not understand you  
When you chose the plateau as a resting place  
A force to be judged  
You lose the game entirely

I can't say I understand love  
Except that it consumes without function and reason  
Drives the normally sane to insanely jealous and dangerous  
Is this the function of the soul

I curse the day I was born a human  
And again upon becoming a man  
Because the hardest choices which felt right  
Are the ones  
That alienate me  
And drive me to a complete dividing cynicism  
And an abhorrance of nihilistic society

A leper  
A man drifting and bored  
Everyone in dull holding patterns  
And me  
Not afraid to expose underlying hypocrisy

To expose the core of the matter  
To dispense with pleasantry  
To piss in the wind with infirmatry

To be a skull-fucking corpse lacking reason to be  
These are the scars of the soul  
The pain and the promise of too much honesty

The soul, the ego and superego  
Contrivances  
Mere yardsticks in the theatre of excess  
The boredom of average  
The acceptance of a fate too dull to bear

If God gave us the soul  
Satan laughs and taunts it

Gary Diamond

# The Subconscious

What really goes on in the deep recesses of a man's mind?  
The whole cluttered story of dream-filled sleep as it unwinds.  
The random assortment of thought and fancy.  
It's all being re-arranged by your brain.

Some people's minds are as quiet and tidy as a library on a Sunday.  
Others are awash with noise and mess.  
Others still have painted theirs in bright primary colours.  
For the newborn baby, everything is pink and soft and interesting in there.

It's an odd little venue, perhaps.  
Full of treasure and trash and guilt.  
Full of joy and sadness and neurosis.  
There are sometimes skeletons bursting out of the mind's closet and basement.  
Dirt under the rug in the mind of the criminal.

We employ the psychiatrist, the policeman.  
To try and keep the mind in check by providing it with powerful images of authority.  
When you're lying there on the quack's couch and spilling your guts  
It's almost as if you've decided it's time for a spring cleaning  
And a new coat of paint.

People sometimes worry that their subconscious desires are going to spill out  
People came to the conclusion that the soul's windows are the eyes  
And took to wearing dark glasses because of it.  
When they don't make eye contact, it's like a full motel room.  
Room for no-one, nothing more.  
Too much effort.

I think it's fun to let the subconscious take the wheel sometimes.  
Most people do it when they're asleep.  
Some can do it any time.  
Those are the people you want to meet.  
So share your subconscious.  
You might like what you see in it,  
And what it allows people to see of themselves with it.



# The Theory Of Death

Everyone owes a death, surely as they owe a debt.  
Or two; because you can't pass on without leaving a few favours  
Unturned.  
No, because that wouldn't be right.

For some they'll dig you a (w) hole in the ground.  
Others they'll send up to the skies, but not as a bird.  
As grey and black as the coal smoke,  
Your last ride as ashes.

I had always imagined how it is you go.  
Not the situation, just the feelings.  
The way your senses would shut down, one by one, but  
Within seconds.

As if a blow to the head, a knockout punch.  
Your hearing fading fast.  
Your smile evaporating.  
Your words dying as you die,  
Held upon your lips.

I imagined hitting the ground, the crowd gathering.  
Or not; if I die in the gutter.  
Undiscovered.  
That could happen.

I don't like these thoughts, they're forced.  
They hide beneath my facade.  
They manifest as dreams gone bad.  
They seek to force my hand.  
Aces and eights, as befits a dying man.

So yes.  
We all owe a death, surely as those unpaid debts.  
Surely as we place our bets.  
Surely as we buy the groceries.  
Surely as we donate to select charities.  
He's still waiting there, smiling, hand aloft.  
He waits for what he knows is his.

Like the garbageman, or the bank foreclosing.  
He collects whatever's left.

Gary Diamond

# The World Is A Piece Of Shit

The world is a piece of shit  
Yes, yes it is.  
There is no cure, no remedy  
Better than death itself.

To keep pulling from the shadows  
Bigger and bigger adversaries  
To keep warding off  
The fist fights and the knives  
To bury your heads in so much soft sand  
Perhaps by bothering  
You admit the failure.

As what we all dream for, we shalt not get.  
What we all pray for is not what we deserve.

The world is a piece of shit  
And we hate it.  
Trying to make the best of it  
Is a further admission of complete denial.

If you face up and cast down that which bothers you  
You can make some progress  
A little bit of head room.  
The world won't budge or give an inch  
And neither should you, in truth.

Gary Diamond

# There Will Be Failure

Even as the writer writes  
Even as the striker strikes  
There will be failure.

It's just like knowing your book hasn't sold.  
It's just like missing the open goal  
There will be failure.

Some days it'll be the weather forecast that sets you off.  
Some days it'll seem as if the television is working against you.

Even on the rose that is the greastest sonnet  
Somewhere along there'll be a thorn on it.  
You must remember about the failure.

It is a lesson, it is amoral, it is there staring at you on a street corner.

When you mix up your drinks and retire to your favourite chair  
You are still dimly aware that this fucker is there.  
Forcing you to second guess each and every step.  
Forcing you to drink just to forget.  
Yes, it is THERE.

It mocks you.  
It stalks you.  
Some days theres so much of it you can't do a thing but laugh to spite yourself.  
It loves you.  
It demands of you.  
Even on the greatest day of your life, something is bound to fail.

It's not such a bad thing.  
No. It's not such a bad thing at all.

Only by the degrees of failure can a success be measured.  
Only by the beauty of a barely-legal virgin can the old crone be seen as ugly.

There will be failure.  
Cloak and a dagger, there will be failure.



# This Is Confessional

why do i rely on people.  
why so glum, so sad.  
unreliable.  
get in my way.  
curse me.  
can't work out who i am.  
move me.  
can't you see i'm just a man.

cos i'm different from you  
and your small town ways  
i prefer getting gone with haze  
and i'm enjoying it cos i know  
you'll never have half of what i have  
even though you can't take it with you  
and even though you can try to meet me... halfway.

this is confessional.  
why are you getting mad.  
you raised your voice.  
don't get me.  
can't figure out what i am.  
push me.  
can't you see i'm not your man.

Gary Diamond

# This Is Good Rock And Roll

The guitars are loud and proud and ballsy.  
The singer's dementia is some kind of palsy.  
The bass drum will kick and the rhythm will stroll.  
This is good rock and roll.

I heard it much younger when I was a kitten.  
I heard it played with passion and then I was smitten.  
It placed great demands and took weight off my soul.  
Yes, that was some good rock and roll.

The spirit was strong and the melodies were simple.  
I memorised the words as I squeezed every pimple.  
These angst-ridden vessels certainly filled that hole.  
At parties and swap meets, that's good rock and roll.

But as I got older the scene started changing.  
The passion evaporated and the singers started lazing.  
The players were college boys and they looked awful dull.  
No longer did I listen to the new rock and roll.

I had to get back to the sounds of house music.  
There was a genre that had never started to lose it.  
As my back started to turn and my heart it grew cold.  
I said 'Bollocks to this new rock and roll.'

I want to bring back all the fire and the spittle.  
I want to remind people of being stuck in the middle.  
I want loud fucking solos and amps stacked wall to wall.  
This is what I think is good rock and roll.

But alas, all the bands I formed were letting me down.  
They wanted to dress like those chief and monkey clowns  
They couldn't handle the fact that is was my goal.  
To bring back the good time, awesome rock and roll.

So these old records still carry the dream.  
But the wind's left my sails, or so it seems.  
This is not a high, nor the all-time low.  
But there's a hole in my soul yearning for good rock and roll.

Gary Diamond

# Three Times, A Charm

We'll try anything once.  
Twice if we like it.  
Three times and we're addicted  
And feel we'd die a little inside  
If we couldn't make it to the hundreds if we desired.

What was your passion.  
Maybe it was food.  
Perhaps you took a liking to  
Marmite  
Chocolate  
Maybe cheese  
Perhaps salmon.  
Whatever it is, you chose well.

Process of elimination is sometimes what you need.  
Other times the solution falls right into your lap.  
You can never tell  
And you never will.

Perhaps it wasn't something that fell into your lap, but someone.  
Perhaps it was the homecoming queen  
Moving around, writhing, moaning  
Naked and sweating, bobbing and sucking.  
Perhaps then you knew your passion was fucking.

Some get lucky and find it early.  
Others become as dogs barking up the oak tree  
When it is alder timber you really need.

Some find they can take on and master several things  
But find that eventually, they're all much the same  
And many of the same techniques are  
Modular,  
Transferrable.

There's one thing I'm damn sure of.  
Practice makes perfect.  
Keep that in mind next time you tickle the cervix.

Gary Diamond

# To Be Remembered By

Nothing is a given  
Nothing is for sure.  
Only a few hundred years ago  
We thought the planet was flat  
Then we realised that  
Not everything orbited round us.

We put men on the moon.  
That grew old fast, so we stopped  
Doing that.

For all we know aliens do exist  
And they've learned quite a lot  
Hopefully about how NOT to do things.  
A planet that is a cautionary tale.

With that in mind  
Tomorrow we should go out  
And not expect more of the same  
We should go out and  
Make something happen.

Paint a mural on the wall  
Make a living breathing fight club  
Buy the title deed to a favourite night club.  
Something of that nature.

It's good to think that when we leave here  
We'll have done something  
To be remembered by.

Gary Diamond

# To The Killer - I Want My Suicide Back

Those who aren't afraid to die  
Those that might welcome it  
Aren't quite so lucky.

The ones who die are the ones who made a difference  
The murdered taken down in their prime.  
Whosoever would change it  
Would be a greater man than all the great men of history.

So if I was to be slaughtered tomorrow, somehow, in ways I can't imagine  
Would I be standing on a limb, shouting  
To the killer  
I want my suicide back

Gary Diamond

# Too Little Too Much Without You

stress just a word on a sheet of paper.  
buried in my mind.  
i'm bruised and battered but here i'm standing.  
tangled up in time.

i have too little when i have too much  
and when i have too much  
then i have too little to do with you.

don't be shy because it's nothing to me.  
you know i'm human too.  
there's no more wedding for lovers not in love.  
should be against the law.

i have too little when i have  
too much and when i have  
too much then i have  
too little to do with you.

buried in my mind are all my secrets  
which i hid from you but can't hide from God.  
you're laughing now when you're scared  
inside you may pretend  
but to me  
i know what you're hiding.

Gary Diamond

# Tracks

Sometimes the wrong side of the tracks  
Is the fun side of the tracks.  
I remember when I was just a child  
The disused railway tracks where me and the father would walk.

Overgrown.  
Deserted.  
It fitted that we could walk for miles.  
It was me and my father and those dirty tracks  
And some sundays we'd walk for miles.

In those days, the word sunday was synonymous with lazy.  
It was a beautiful day.  
Even the evil of television was something bearable.  
There'd be the dinner, then the walk  
And then some kind of cake on the return.

One day we walked so far we saw the tracks hit the station  
The real modern trains, moving and undulating.  
I liked that.  
I liked the thought that we might  
Get caught.

Overgrown with weeds and famine.  
Deserted except for birds and vermin.  
It was a time when I was still finding out that  
Being naive was a crime that didn't pay.  
I learnt that later outside the walls  
When the bullies closed in  
For the lunch money I was missing.

Gary Diamond

# Transport For London

Public transport was at an all-time low  
no-one was in doubt about that.

When I had come to London to study  
trains were fast  
on-time  
no delays.

Then I had come to rely on them  
and suddenly they decided  
it was smart to start several years of  
major engineering works.

They spent a year "renovating" Wembley Park.  
They added a huge staircase.  
If you were disabled  
if you were in a chair  
it meant an upheaval getting in  
and a death ride on shining wheels getting out.  
I wondered how many millions were sunk into that two-bit idea  
this fifty foot high staircase of concrete  
the pointless new tiling on the floor.

Delays occurred regularly.  
Broken trains, broken signals.  
If the amount of broken signal posts  
was anything to go by that's what  
the idiots  
should have "renovated"  
first.

In fact  
if I was the manager  
of the whole operation  
I would have "renovated"  
the board of directors.

By firing them all.



# Trial By Fire

If you want to see the soul  
Burn away all else.  
Simply see who survives  
Not many is my guess.

In the rage  
There's the haze  
The big denial.

The low rumble is the joke that makes the moan unjust  
I keep a vigil and a silence just for you to further rust  
I hate that which is all around me  
I hate you because without meaning to  
You are a ball and heavy chain.

A hypocrite is mighty good at putting all else around him to shame  
He or she became an expert at placing away blame  
At the feet or in the hands of those much more skilled  
Just because you practice a well-honed profession  
Just because you have a six-figure income  
Means nothing more than  
You played a few winning hands.

A select clique induces you to join.  
I'm sorry, what, but this is a folly.  
If you had a panoramic view you'd glimpse it.  
Like the solar eclipse you missed  
Seven years ago.

How I found myself entrenched, esconsced with a person like you  
Is the shred of an honest truth.  
When I let some others do the work  
And I reap the poor rewards  
And further punishment  
Do shirk.

My guts clench and retract  
I hate you entirely  
I hate you well for that.

You make me feel like I fucked up  
When you've made bigger mistakes  
Than I ever will.

Burn for that.  
Burn and never tell.  
How dare you make me feel bad  
When you mourn for the tranquility you forced  
But never had  
And will never have.

Gary Diamond

# Trips

Have you ever felt time stand still and then appear to run forwards and backwards  
Simultaneously?  
Did you ever see a painting of a tea clipper on the wall  
Melt and fade into spinning circles like watching several washing machines  
Take a separate tile of the painting, dissolve the whole thing  
And then put it back again?

Did you ever look down at your instrument or your remote control,  
Then while concentrating on it  
See multi-colour fractals dancing from the frets and the buttons  
Then disappear like wisps of smoke on the breeze when you blink?

You must remember that one day, listening to that one song  
There was a note that spoke to your very soul.  
The music got inside your head and set up a nest there.  
Now when you hear it sober some of the lustre went away.

Have you ever remembered something  
And the memory was so sweet that at the same time  
You had the sensation of eating strawberries with sugar and cream?

If any of these things sound alien to you.  
Perhaps you missed out.  
Although you might have been on many more continents on me.  
You could have had more fun right here  
Tripping.

Tripping.

Gary Diamond

# Truly Scared

I forget the last time I felt truly afraid of something.  
That's pretty pathetic, you could think.  
But to be honest some days it's best to have a short sharp shock.  
Wakes the system up, makes the taste of life a little sweeter  
No matter WHAT your situation.

Halloween and bonfire night has become a total joke.  
How did it go from trying to destroy parliament with gunpowder,  
Raising hell.  
To controlled explosives that paint pretty patterns in the skies  
And mini sausage rolls.  
Confusing  
Isn't it?

Now we only like to wear life if it's been sufficiently homogenized,  
Disneyfied and mollified and molly-coddled.  
Until the appeal and the interest wanes  
So they too use bright colours and self-sewing story lines.  
Then the shock and the brilliance evaporates  
Like a lousy magicians trick.  
I don't like it.

I nearly fell on the train tracks once.  
I would have been an electric man, if only for a few seconds.  
I felt the pull of the freight train on my shoulders.  
I was drunk and it felt good to taunt death.  
And for days afterwards.

I nearly got eaten by a dog as a child.  
It's a shame I really can't remember it.  
All it took to heal that was childlike vigour  
And some butterfly stitches in the chest.

I've been involved in three road traffic accidents.

The first I barely remember.

But the second, I was on a bike and got hit side on by a deaf lady.  
Funny, because from the way she drove I figured she was blind too.

There's that spatial awareness, not seeing the signals problem again.  
And her estate had the balls to try and sue ME.  
What shit.

The third, I really should have died.  
It was me and a good friend in the back seat of a taxi  
Hurtling down to a crossroads at fifty miles an hour  
While the driver played tricks with his GPS.

I knew it was going to happen a good five seconds  
Before it actually did, so I relaxed and waited for death.  
We weren't wearing seat belts.  
I expected to go through the window.  
We both hit our heads on the taxi roof, and we spun around.  
The car was a write off.

And then, the taxi sent from the same firm  
To pick us up, to finish the journey.  
Actually had the balls to TRY AND CHARGE us.

It's funny that people keep piling on the injustices like that.

Gary Diamond

# Trust No One

This  
Is good advice.

If you trust  
Too much too early  
Prepare to be raped entirely.

Oh we've been there.  
Well and truth, been there.  
Got away sometimes  
Formed a better plan  
Made more sense of it all.

You're fucking wide.  
Your fucking wife is a whore.  
She just jumped on you like a predator  
Bore you kids may be.  
But she just sat on you  
Because you were the best thing about at the time  
Now she roams free  
And because you are so weak  
She'll wear down her chances  
And circle right back to you  
You will let her  
Because you have no balls.

Trust no one.  
I never have.  
Even the parents that bore me.  
I love them  
But total trust  
Never give them.

Trust no one.  
Out there are many  
Who love to prey on innocence.  
To steal the wallet that opens too easily.  
To pry out the change even the smaller sides.



# Up There

I look longingly at the stars  
That is when all else is dim enough  
To acknowledge their promise.

There's a whole set of worlds out there.  
Other planets orbiting other suns  
Other planets other lifeforms like to call home.

I think I'd like to go and explore it, alone.  
A grand voyage to map the great unknown.  
I pray space dementia passes me by.

I think I like the look of it very much indeed.  
Because although it's cold and strange in space  
Up there it's so free  
Up there it is all unsullied beauty.

But by the time they build a suitable spacecraft  
It'll be twice there and back from the time they forgot about witchcraft.  
Up there will still be waiting.  
Up there will be available to my children's children  
If I get round to having some.

Gary Diamond

# Vanity

Do you think  
For even one second  
When you read this  
That I wrote it  
Only for you

When you find something  
That touches your soul  
Do you think  
It was created  
Only for you benefit

When you assimilate it into your holy place  
Do you think of the many others  
Way before you  
Coming after you  
Who felt much the same  
Who felt it was just for them

Of course you didn't.  
As much as we'd like to believe  
Things are made  
Because of us  
Most times  
That simply is not true.

I like to think a blacksmith shoes a horse  
Only because he loves the sound  
Of his hammer on the anvil.

I like to think a programmer writes software  
Only because he likes the way  
The code language looks on the page.

I like to think a nymphomaniac craves sex  
Only because she is incapable of  
Any other form of communication.

That's how it goes with people.

They do things because they were forced.  
Selfish and with vanity.  
Although some are pleased  
That people liked what they did  
Because it enhances the feeling.

Others are cheerful, soulful givers.  
I'd like to meet more of those.  
But they don't tend to weedle away time  
In darkened bars  
As debris like I do.

Gary Diamond

# Violent Voices

my poise and my position.  
will give my game away.  
turn the lights out before you go to bed.

i'm done following tradition.  
i think that i've been swayed.  
turn the lights out before you go to bed.

one of you here knows something i don't.  
well i know something you don't.  
i can figure yours out  
but you can't touch mine.  
i'm not in for consolation  
i'm only playing my game.

which you can't figure out.  
which you can't follow through.  
give me a run in series.  
make it hold true.

Gary Diamond

# Weary

As eyes hang heavy  
As neighbours cat starts prowling  
Dawn is here  
Why am I not sleeping?

There must be something wrong  
Bothering me  
Keeping me  
Awake  
At night.

I sleep two hours here  
Three hours there  
Can't see to make a cup of coffee  
Waking noises, hearing voices  
Seeing images  
Nothing is there.

A couple of times a year  
Some factor beyond my control  
Leads me to this sleepless plateau.  
What worries me the most  
Is that  
Each year it happens more.

Eventually I'll be getting three hours sleep  
A month.  
And what's worse  
The prospect doesn't even bother me.

Gary Diamond

# What I Believe, No One Else Seems To

I'm not making this up.  
No movie script and no form of starlet.  
It's a mundane truth  
And it's a killer.

I'm trying to keep this mind of mine open  
I'm trying to keep it naive while bringing it experience  
I'm building a goddamn palace of marble  
But all I've learnt so far  
Is nothing but broken red brick.

Wisdom. This application of a knowledge.  
I've applied all I've learnt and the next piece of wisdom was  
Nobody else is even trying.  
Nobody cares for the effort.  
So much for taking an interest  
So much for beautifying the soul.

Being human is a terrible racket.  
I want to jump out of this body and burn it  
I don't like it  
I'm trying to kill it  
Though I don't have to try that hard  
Because everyone else is handing me the knife

In the form of barbed insults  
In the form of chosen ignorance  
In the form of brainwashing they fell for  
Culture and art paint distorted visions of truth and beauty  
Everyone buys into these petty vanities.

It doesn't have to be this way.  
It doesn't have to be a struggle for the pointless.  
Our culture is so twisted that  
Women are the new men  
Knowledge is power, and yet its free  
While it costs a pretty penny  
To indulge shallow vanity  
In the form of cosmetic surgery.

I've been believing these things for years  
Since I was a child the world looked slanted  
Now I'm older, I can put facts to faces  
I can make my demons manifest  
I can let them loose at will.  
Soon I'll explode in an orgy of blood and rage  
And nothing  
Nothing  
Will be able to stand in my way.

Gary Diamond

# What I Do Best

Everyone has a skill, a unique and wonderful gift  
A charm that elevates them to the top of the tree  
And thins out their list of contemporaries.

What is a shame then  
Most people never find it.  
Most people deny they have it  
They settle first for less  
Then they settle for nothing.

I found what I did best  
And I gave up many other habits  
Just to support it.  
I was going to become rich programming software  
It wasn't that I enjoyed it as much  
It was where material gain would begin.

But I chose the pure and artistic path  
And now here I am  
Destitute and poor  
Stuck in jobs going nowhere.  
So although I became the best at what I do best  
In some ways I've had to settle for less  
And now settle for almost nothing.

No love no sex no fun no joy.  
Lay in bed, get up, go to work and do it badly  
Punch out, come back and drink fifteen or more units.  
All I ever had was ambition  
I know what to do with it, next time it calls  
Stuff it with dynamite  
Light a match under it and run.

What I do best is trail-blazing  
The skill to do as I do is waning.  
I'm being trampled on by idiots.  
I'm being held back all the time.

It's time to spread the name and the word

This time, when I hit that first chord, it better hurt.  
Sick of pissing up blind alleys  
Sick of being looked up and down.  
Sick of sitting in the gutter.

When I scream and rant next time  
Will anyone care?

Gary Diamond

# What Is A Microcosm?

You don't need to travel to see the world  
At least, no further than your own neighbourhood  
If you look close enough  
Even the smallest towns  
Will take on qualities of the big cities.

They contain people, and people come in many kinds.  
I don't mean just colours  
I talk about those on the top of society  
The tycoons, the premier sports leaguers  
All the way down to the trash, so perceived  
Not my words.

I learnt more from people I'd sooner have written off  
Or ignored  
Than I did from those touted to be saints.  
I lived in the company of lust-drenched swingers  
And learnt more about how not to be a sinner  
Than the preacher at the methodist  
Decrying as his voice bounces shrill  
Off the over-elaborate worship walls.

Microcosms, they're called.  
How a small part of a larger whole  
Can be just as valid  
As the entirety  
Maybe more so  
As it's easier to visualise.

Gary Diamond

# What She Wants, She Gets

I look longingly at the stars  
That is when all else is dim enough  
To acknowledge their promise.

There's a whole set of worlds out there.  
Other planets orbiting other suns  
Other planets other lifeforms like to call home.

I think I'd like to go and explore it, alone.  
A grand voyage to map the great unknown.  
I pray space dementia passes me by.

I think I like the look of it very much indeed.  
Because although it's cold and strange in space  
Up there it's so free  
Up there it is all unsullied beauty.

But by the time they build a suitable spacecraft  
It'll be twice there and back from the time they forgot about witchcraft.  
Up there will still be waiting.  
Up there will be available to my children's children  
If I get round to having some.

## What She Wants, She Gets

Spoilt little rich girl.  
Not without charm, but so immature.  
If you can't get it  
Can't grab it  
Can't have it.  
Then you'll scream bloody murder at the top of your lungs.

What would it be like if your fortune evaporated  
Like the mist rising on the sunniest of days.  
How would it feel if you were rendered  
Destitute  
Resolute  
Out of the group

Which only loved your foibles when they were tinted green.  
Now the only green is the envious hue upon your cheeks.

Her daddy won't acknowledge the failure.  
He wonders what he must do for her.  
Because alone, she lacks the skill to  
Earn it  
Discern it  
Deserve it.  
And you hear her alone, screaming and throwing the furniture around.

He sighs. 'What she wants, she gets.'  
He wishes he hadn't let her get so bad.  
And sees the failure in her  
As the failure of him.  
And realises, heavy-hearted  
You can't always be successful.  
You can't always play a losing hand and win.

Gary Diamond

# Whatever We Damn Well Want

Technically you can do what you want all the time  
As long as you remember to bear out the consequences.  
Sometimes what others do  
Messes with my muse  
And it's time to pull out the fists again.

The fact we haven't cracked yet is a gift in itself.  
Most of us prefer the prison of a job, a wife and the mundane  
Rather than the one with bars and white walls.  
This messes with the mind  
It's not a lesson we want to find.

What a lot of people hold sacred, a lot of other people hate with passion.  
At least the people with the hatred have the passion  
Rather than just blandly  
Going through  
The motions.

Technically people are doing whatever they want all the time anyway.  
They do it in small, petty bland ways  
Like not indicting before they turn  
Like stealing company property  
Like taking bricks from the construction sites.

Just because a person is not yet a killer, a murderer, a poisoner or rapist  
Doesn't mean they don't have it in them to turn their hands to it.  
This is why a lot of killers don't emerge until their forties  
The modern machine chewed them up well  
All the small rules they broke leading up to the big one.

Most of us don't know what it feels like to take a life  
To hold someone bleeding and dying.  
I hear they used to pay well  
That they'd train you  
Give you a gun.  
But that sounds like a pretty filthy racket these days.

If I did whatever the hell I damn well wanted to  
I'd quit my job, smash all my guitars and go around

Punching people that gave me the slightest annoyance  
I know I have it in me  
The passion to stop taking shit  
And start giving it.

With confessions like that  
Isn't it nice  
That most people don't let out the chains  
Don't air out the skeletons.  
We barely bare each other.  
That's the line either drawn in blood or pissed in sand  
Between a functioning society and an annihilating anarchy.

Sometimes I pray for the anarchy.  
I'm guessing you do too.  
Nothing like smashing and looting  
To chase away the blues.

Gary Diamond

# When Did We Start?

twenty minutes ago.  
you came in late.  
you got bad grades.  
it's you i hate.

and now you're in that place  
where i know you could hide for centuries.  
i can't win over you cos you're a part a me.  
love me or hate me  
you can come along for the ride  
and be sure to bring your plastic mac  
cos it's gonna rain.

then be sure to bring a torch  
cos it gets awful dark.  
slip inside... see the lie  
and wonder if it's all in vain.

i see the truth... in my own eyes  
cos they're your eyes  
and they're a part of me.

Gary Diamond

# Whiskey

I do tend to enjoy the whiskey.

I tried the rum.

I tried the vodka.

I tried wines red and white.

I tried the many beers.

I tried not drinking anything.

Whiskey was the winner by far.

It seems a lot of people these days can't stomach a good scotch.

They seem content to hide behind their lager and their vodka.

Good for them. But not to me.

Good whiskey tastes like the spring it was made from.

Plus that kick in the throat that comes from pure alcohol, of course.

It makes me feel like a man, and it makes me sound like a man.

For when I talk after several whiskey shots

I sound deeper, meeker and more in control.

I don't like it watered down and I don't like a lot of ice.

One block is usually enough.

I don't down it like it's a competition.

I like to breathe it in and savour the flavour

As it glides across the palette.

If there's a party, I'll take a fifth or two along, and some cheap wine.

The host gets the wine and I get the whiskey.

It's not like I don't offer anyone a shot.

It's just that when I do.

They'd rather hide behind their lager.

And their vodka.

And their rum.

And all the other drinks that are vying for second place, if only

To me.

Gary Diamond

# Why I Don'T Give Money To Beggars

I'm tight.  
But that's not the reason.

Used to live  
In Harrow  
West London  
Always  
This Beggar There  
sitting outside  
the local  
Tesco.

I used to give him  
A quid every now and again  
But  
Somehow  
One day  
In Wembley  
I saw him dressed well  
Gold chains  
Looking like a rapper.

Out with his girlfriend  
Discussing  
Whether or not  
To get  
A Taxi.

It turned out  
The only beggar  
I ever gave money to  
was  
a fraud.

And he had the nerve  
Right there and then  
To ask me  
If I had  
Any spare change.

He was lucky I wasn't drunk.  
I would have choked him  
And mugged him.  
You don't fake something like that  
That's just  
Low.

Gary Diamond

# Why I Left London

London had brought out  
more of the worst in me  
and on low paying jobs  
wasn't much at all.

I was getting tired of failure  
tired of not having a band  
and a girl,  
tired of seeing the once-great  
capital  
as a haven to immigrants  
of all kinds  
immigrants stepping on tradition and  
spitting out our language  
in all the wrong ways.

It brought home the fact  
that we'd lost the Empire  
we'd lost British Steel;  
even our sports car makers  
were owned by Americans  
and Russians.

Probably best  
we dropped  
the great part  
from  
Great Britain  
because it's now  
ironic.

Gary Diamond

# Wrath And The Love Of It

Even with a belly full of good food.  
Even miles away from the work day grind.  
Even seven drinks to the wind.  
A little thing is there  
Clawing.

It has no teeth; it is no beast.  
It slithers but it isn't a reptile, a snake.  
It's the prisoner kept locked in the chest.  
The emotions smothering the conscious mind.  
Keeping what is pure, pure.  
The dam, the only little victory.

Just when the mood is right is it time to strike.  
The rage harnessed by years of laying there, dormant.  
Whether you choose sharp tongue, rapier point or a clenched fist.  
At least you chose something  
Rather than a quivering stiff upper lip.

I've lost jobs  
Friends  
Family.  
All because I wasn't scared to take back a piece of aching soul  
From the rapist who wanted it all.  
Although as a defense it may sound as a child  
Remember that a child is indefinitely pure  
Rather than convolute  
It'd rather speak out true, even when in the dark  
Than remain as a broken tool.

How I wish I could release this pure, dark, evil wrath.  
Everywhere and to everyone  
Who ever crossed my path and forced me to stop.  
Whomsoever moved into me because they didn't look.  
Who swore and cursed without ever knowing who or what I was.  
The false friends who screw and manipulate us like a puppet show.

How I want to be as dark and black as the devil.  
I want to kill, to maim, to shout with the killing lust and rage.

To have an enemy, even a misunderstood one.  
We're born to be this way.  
I wouldn't be this way  
You wouldn't either  
If everyone else weren't.

Herein lies the problem.  
We are each others catalyst  
Each others knock-on effect.  
A person is intelligent.  
As a group an undifferentiated ego mass.  
Only idiots can feel strong as they join together.  
Only then can they as ten, challenge one.  
How weak.  
But no-one sees it this way.

Gary Diamond

# Wrestling With Technology

Is not something I enjoy.  
The clicking washing machine  
Stuck in an infinite bad-design loop  
Keeping me up past my bedtime.

I think it's almost like a commitment to be insane.  
Relying on handfuls upon handfuls of ugly machines  
All malfunctioning and getting high on bad, cheap Chinese design.  
Sitting in the kitchen grinning  
Laughing  
Writhing with unquenchable mirth.

Once a cave, dark with splashes of firelight  
Stinking of raw hunted carcass.  
Now a neon-lit, temperature controlled, smell renovated joke  
Fake  
Lacking life or soul  
Like it's owners  
Like you and me.

Amongst the machines is a man  
Making bad decisions and ruining a good run.  
Had to be the way.  
He has the last laugh  
Until the machine he didn't design  
Has off his head or splits into fractures his dying mind.

Back to the clicking washing machine  
Stuck there,  
Cursing it  
Spitting  
Throwing chairs at it  
Kicking out  
Lashing out  
Think about washing my own damn clothes  
Having none of that.

Gary Diamond

# Yes Yes Yes

Yes yes yes.

This repetition of one word keeps me feeling depressed.

No no no.

On some days your talent ebbs ebbs ebbs and doesn't flow.

You'll learn.

You'll learn about these things as a kid and you'll learn them again as an adult.

As an old man, you'll realise there was no use worrying either way.

Seems there has to be something to concern yourself with though.

Doesn't there?

Don't you think so?

Hi Hi Hi.

If you're saying that, don't forget the goodbyes.

Low low low.

That is how I feel when you go.

I've learnt.

Gary Diamond

# Yield

It's the insult I throw as I defeat a foe of some kind  
Maybe just uncorking this cheap Italian wine.  
Yield to the pressure you are put under.  
Lead as the pressure tears the standing gent asunder.

The swear words now are so weak and wallow in little meaning  
That it's better to reinvent the old ones  
So they might provoke a feeling.  
Looking back it was a world in ruins  
The simple column Greeks  
And all they weren't too busy doing.

It's very easy to yield to a mass culture  
Than to forge your own narrow path  
Amongst the easy ones scattered around.

If it was easy to pick up and get to  
Then you made the wrong choice  
If it ever felt far too easy  
Then the meaning of challenge is still alive in you.

If every piece of art is supposed to convey a message  
Bloated, distorted and often pointless in the shape of beautiful  
Then let this one convey one word.  
Yield.

Yield if you must but first put up a fight.  
Don't indulge the temptations too early  
Or they shall lose all meaning.

Gary Diamond

# Your Stolen Chair

are you sitting comfortably in your stolen chair.  
excellent, right, lets go from there.  
are you ready for me to tell you all i know.  
are you ready for me to challenge stop when you say go.

i saw the pattern clear as day.  
tried to explain it, yesterday.  
there's a logic and a pattern  
that describes all things.  
from the way the earth moves  
to the way that we swing.

when are you going to become  
more self-aware.  
excellent, right, i don't know what to wear.  
are you ready to leave those teenage years.  
are you poised to challenge a world's primal fears.

when you're busy stabbing supposed friends in the back  
and your fashion is the result of a learned fashion hack.  
then you realise you don't have a soul anymore.

i know exactly what it feels like to have the rug pulled.  
i know what it feels like to truly be a fool.

Gary Diamond