Poetry Series

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- 74 poems -

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23 Fitzroy

I try them on like shirts or shoes to see if they fit, And have my own Venice carnival, I create them for fun, sometimes, but more for protection, Those masks that people call by my name, Personality that wears off with every rain And crumbles under the heat of the sun. The public decay of an acting corpse.

Who would you like to see today, my audience, Whose presence can you tolerate tonight? Whose presence can I bear to show? Do you walk away when I cry? Do you expect a phony laugh and how are you? The artist, the victim, the murderer? Write the play for me and I create myself!

Every so often I die with my mask, lie with my mask, Cry with my mask and kill it off for you, my audience, When I have jumped the shark like a cheap, Horrendous character in a pointless play. And sometimes all I do is put me away. Some faces are useful when you have forgotten, And stop asking what is underneath.

Adjustment

The pages naked, screaming, always bare, Then names, a home, at random fill the void, And people come and go who claim they care.

With luck I burn this once, only a flare, While useless, flaky faces are destroyed, The pages naked, screaming, always bare.

Another mask that I must yet prepare, It lasts a short while, then I am annoyed, And people come and go who claim they care,

While then and now a ghost might still be there. But memories they are that I enjoyed, The pages naked, screaming, always bare.

Of any better life I'm unaware, Too many ways I've tried and some employed, And people come and go who claim they care.

Display myself and study and compare, Adjust this self, then drain it and exploit, The pages naked, screaming, always bare, And people come and go who claim they care.

Against Time

The dead are calling. They sit on their headstones Like grotesque, heckling gargoyles. They yell at me, I have no time, I am alone in this, no one can help me As wolves unfold among the sheep, White as a bridal gown.

I seal them in under black, thick tar, In a shoebox, do not let them sniff me out, Chase me down before I run out, Time cannot protect me, it is not my friend, But I know I will win in the end, And I will go when I will go, before time defeats me.

Too much left to do, to write,
The things that keep me here, I know they wait
For my decision, my choice.
They try to distract me with thick fog and hope I go missing,
But what they are missing is what I can do best,
Navigate in darkness and invisible places.

I know they have a place prepared for me, They like to think of me as family, A place where everything is red and black, They think it scares me more than where I am Already now, it makes me laugh, And all I think is 'not just yet'.

Always

Is there a place where struggle ever ends? It's always, everlasting and forever. A land where nought on nothing more depends, Where horror, hate and anger no more rise, A secret honey bee in sunlight flies, To cure the cyclic pain that I despise, To hide the evil twin inside the never.

Without beginning, middle or an end, Eternally the blackened tears fall deeper, And time does not create for me or mend, I am all kinds of things, you calmly said, One sting and then the honey bee is dead, But always stays alive through times we had, I stand and ask, am I my brother's keeper?

And keep me awake

The way these things sneak up on me And keep me awake, A necklace made of red discs, Waiting for a sign or word, With waves drowning the current, Deeper, deeper down where it is calm, Like woodworms drilling their way into my head And keep me awake.

The spirit of a woman dead for fifty years, And another by ripples occupy my mind And keep me awake, Writing, thinking, agonising hours, Yet perfect and worthwhile drive me on And keep me awake, Gratefully I let these things help me feel alive, And keep me awake.

Art

What is art other than your point of view? Your judgment, interest or boredom, I sit you down as a group of strangers, Look at this thing in front of you! Look at its shape, does it touch you? Does it move you at all?

Can you feel your life peeled away when you look, Like a voyeur, the bystander to this accident, Can you feel what I want you to feel? Can you feel what everybody feels? Where does it hurt you when you stare, When you cannot move.

What do you see, what do you think? And the next face behind you, what Does he think or the woman with you? What is art other than your hatred, Your memories, your fears and scars, Projected on me?

Attraction

Oh let me look and drown in your dark eyes, That black and knowing smile a sharpened knife, Detached but drawn to everything that dies.

So hard to sail our ship through frozen cries, And many storms have drained our love and life, Oh let me look and drown in your dark eyes.

So dead and cold your disregard for lies, Not born to be a mother or a wife, Detached but drawn to everything that dies.

You know the path toward your sweet demise, Existence separate from filth and strife, Oh let me look and drown in your dark eyes.

Attract me through the terror of surprise, Unsure if knowing you I can survive, Detached but drawn to everything that dies.

Can't let you go against all good advice, I need a home, a place where fear will thrive, Oh let me look and drown in your dark eyes, Detached but drawn to everything that dies.

Becoming You

You were a living dead for many years Before your body and mind gave up, I try to bring you back to life, Lady Lazarus, the way you used to live.

I try to know you, care and learn, Your words, your pain, your struggles, Your life and death a living water, I need you, the way you used to live.

Amazing intensity to write through you, Your pain my pain, your struggles for me, My need to create from your life, To die the way you used to live.

Borrowed Time

I can see you from the corner of my eye, Crouch and hide, ready to strike, Feast on happiness, try to devour it, Not strong, very quiet in fact, But with patience, persistence, to wear me out, Knowing your time will come.

Burn me out with anxiety, Chase me without running, make me live, Force me to feel, to change, closing in, Ever so quietly I am afraid, never wake up, Yet dare not to sleep, you might kill me, Your roaring, purple skies of fire.

Don't hurt me, I am your friend, Can't you smell the charred hug on my clothes, Don't taunt me, I know you are there, Your cold, fleshless hand up my back, Don't rip me apart, not much there to find, My heart never yours, no key for you.

But what you don't know, I never ran, Never gave in, always gave up, Your dark eyes around the next corner, Your growl and howl scared me then, Your anger, your malice, deceit, Not as frightening as what is now worth losing.

Cat

Remaining here and free to go, a memory of A pharaoh who worshipped, prayed to you, The cat, the beggar with a desperate look, At least in the kitchen when we cook, And pleasantly you stay away and quiet, Out of sight. We know your will is not broken, For your love we don't need a token or tail, Wagging to please us, you're happy alone.

Intriguing and curious is your carelessness, The strength of your instincts for separation And death. You sit and clean your coat At length on your son's grave, who was not Sufficiently brave to take on a car, police Nonetheless, and though we need no proof Of your care for us, you sometimes disagree, And decide a dead bird on our doorstep will do.

Chrysalis

It is a fertile time to shed my skin,
To emerge raw, like clean, white, new paper,
Bones and muscles unformed,
But I have them, sick and crooked.
I used to think I was hollow, but instead
I carry these diseased old guts.
It is something.

I heard that if I drink of the master's water, I would never thirst. It was untrue. Still hollow, still empty, I am a perfect vessel For a bland echo, so cold, freezing cold, Yet the echo will not precede an avalanche. I have to shed my skin to let the nothing out, The world does not understand hollow.

I marvel how emptiness produces words, How something comes from nothing, Against all laws of nature. But then again...I myself am against all laws of nature. I exist without anything, fatherless like Grendel. But I shed my skin without blood, Except for one drop on the pure white snow.

Circus

Is it valid? Is it relevant? Can you decide? I think it is an awful tragedy, somewhat primal. What happens, what happens, what happens? The clash and creation of complementary talents Beyond cuff links, ties and the stiff, flaky and Disconnected speech, drowning in words Which are barely known outside of this realm.

Like a circus, traveling from town to town, Entertainment in my tow, masks and a show Of ghosts separated, segregated from the world to Make you laugh. The freaks and deformed morphed Into you, do they offend? The orchids have their own Room among the roses, under the barred windows, Their scent traveling sweetly to a place near you.

Clean

Clean, white and polished like a sleeping pill,
Untouched by the sweaty heat of the morning,
The stripes of the last days at the window say
'Look, that is the world.',
They come in a box, a memory chest,
And my heart beats in it, this chest.
When the dead have survived the living,
The cleansing snow will cover their grey existence,
All the labour, all the moss and lichen,
And we pity ourselves and miss them.

But death helps them escape,
It is not a homecoming, it is not a brave new world,
But an escape and a lucky one, so much
That we want to die over and over,
Seeking and fearing, hoping to see the loving,
Kind and gentle nurse who could heal us
From this disease called living and make us clean.
And I lie in my hospital bed,
My breath slowing down, ever so slightly,
While outside, at my window, the snow has started to fall.

Cogwheel

They say God makes no mistakes, He makes no broken machines, And I believe that. But does He make spare parts? Without telling you where they fit? I am no mechanic.

Does it take a lifetime to figure out? Trial and error, more error and trials. And I believe that I am a spare part that does not fit. I have talked to mechanics, They cannot help.

Eyes like the blind windows you can see On long abandoned buildings, You can't look in, barely look out. Salvation must be inside, In the world, not of the world. How, then, can one be in the world?

Dark Room

This dark space of creation, writing, This room of wonders, of examination, Vivisection, taxidermy, jars with preserved Emotions, memories, a dusty light bulb With moths disturbing the dim, dull glow.

I like to invite you to visit my space, If you can bear it, stand it, understand it, Because I have created this space, It can shock you, hurt you and myself, But it is like a drug you cannot live without.

I am like a colossus, one foot on every side, I have to write to escape life but I have to live so I can write in my space, Like the hunchback or a vampire of epiphanies, Unable to tolerate light without cover.

December Night

I wake up every day to wait, don't see or care Until the name lights up, And the wings of a bee announce you To your court. Cryostasis until you arrive. But that was my life, A fly bouncing against the window, Over and over, living one day. Have I just waited or did I look? Where did you look, waiting? Intense learning, softening, growth, Like a chemical reaction, have saved my life.

Whoever we used to be alone,
The breath of a newborn, compelled to cry to live,
Just waking up, the night dispersed,
And how could you know within a day,
Or is a second enough for a chance?
End and beginning at the same time, if we let it,
Only one year and still learning to walk,
A practical art, the way we talk,
With all the onslaught of reality we live
And give and take, give or give up,
Saving each other again every day.

Disabled

Your leaves and stem carry the universe, Creation, potential, detail, failure, You have never met others like you, Grown from a seed in a clay pot.

You depend on a human being, To give you light, water, nurture. Even the chance for you to outgrow your pot Is not your own decision.

The human being has died. Your leaves are brown and dry in your clay pot, And with them your universe that you depended on, Discarded in a dump bin, it means nothing.

Drifting

An aura of typhus, of fading away, The skin slightly gray Like a hundred year old photo.

A heavy drum beat, a battle horn, My flesh slightly torn, Like a forgotten love letter.

Time to pass over, a great relief, The heart without grief, After a long exhausting journey.

Shock to the senses or falling asleep, With nothing to keep, And not much to leave behind.

Eternity

Time stalks those qualities, laps them up like milk, And devours the rest, the gentle manner, The kindness and care, the power to cause birth, The power to die, unexplored, unchallenged.

Sneaking up with unwelcome opportunities Of heartbreak and wailing tears, Weeping, howling from me and you, Yet I know time's blackness and surrender.

Full bloom or drown in bourbon, brown And sharp, timelessness the size of a glass, For how dare I escape from a memory, Eating me up, draining and drowning me too?

Yet where is sense in eternity without you, Without time spent, well spent or not, Icy cold rising from my feet to consume me, But memories always die last.

Exits and Keys

Death is no mystery,
It is only a door I can slam shut.
Can you promise me it will be better,
On the other side, can you?
I know you can but I do not believe you.
It will be better for others but me.

This sweet, choking smell,
The field of poppies that puts me to sleep,
Yellow brick road? No place like home,
Behind that door without a key,
Just walk, walk without fear and faith,
Eat me, drink me, shrink or grow.

Oh if I had a heart and courage, Who will stop me, judge me, Is it you? One thing I can do And follow through, not try it on, discard And walk away. I walk away just once, And it is no mystery to anyone.

Frozen

I heard that poetry stops time,
I heard that it kills me to stop time,
But it is a force, a wish too powerful,
Too strong, a force of nature against nature,
An escape they call madness and yet
It means so much to the un-mad
When time is stopped by the un-dead.

This time stopping business, who can stop it, I freeze time for a moment, as long as I can, One hundred lines frozen, in the cold, Exposed, investigating and bare naked, Trying to survive just one more verse and cut, Away from the world, the real world who loves And hates what kills me in my frozen world.

Funeral for a Leg

This roaring monster from my right Appeared and hit, a marvelous strike, I have to say, this admirable strength, Its rubber feet, the howling engine, Bruised me and knocked me unconscious.

They said they had to remove my leg, Too crushed, beaten, shattered, But I think they are lying, I still Feel it, the pain and some itching And a little thumping in my toes.

I don't know where they took you, My leg, I will miss you, you took me To places and carried me with your brother, But they hold funerals for bodies, Why not for you, my leg?

Giving Birth

I force you out, I push in pain, Sweating, screaming, the agony Of joy, I look forward to you But I am afraid I might not like you. I remember your brothers and sisters, And some I hated, some I love.

Sometimes I dropp new children into the world, Three times a day, no matter how it hurts, Then I start to rip off their limbs, replace them, Like a modern Frankenstein, Who hates what he has done, killing them again, Building new children from the old and dead ones.

My family will never be complete, I have hundreds of children, some I cannot remember, Raising them to live without me or to die. And I will not stop, it is my fate, It's what I do best, giving birth like a sewer rat, Over and over, whatever the cost.

Happiness

Does happiness remind me of my death? It drains the life and soul right out of me, No thought or worry, just an empty breath, A smile too big for anyone to see. No brain required says the awful sign, A morbid laughter, freed from lonely tears, A state, desired by the world benign, Yet what would people be without their fears?

I fear this stalking unknown panther here, That hungry beast is always bound to strike, That turned his hunger into a career, That makes me wonder what it's really like, And looking at this concept it would seem That what I loathe, despise, is just a dream.

Heritage

I have outgrown my skin like a mythical snake, I have shed it, that skin which was too small From the beginning, they had to invent A new world for me, unlike their own, And like Melies's moon They shoot a rocket into my eye, To see if I even exist.

I am like the Wandering Jew, restless, Forever walking, traveling inside and out, Like an eternal curse, fascinating to them, And I laugh about those who feel uneasy, Like they talk to their ghosts and demons, Their nightmares when they talk to me. But much unlike them, I do exist.

Hope, Faith and Future

Never had it before but what do I have now? Solid water running through my fingers, And a faceless mortician examines my death, While there is still a breath and a spark in me, Behind the dark in me, but I see that it lingers.

O trust me, I want to - or dare I still? My heart full of love but my head whispers doubt, I fight and believe, have faith and believe, Much less to reprieve, just hold on and move on, Forward, can this be, in silence I shout.

But promise, I dive, take it head on, headlong Into the truth, a leap I can do - with you to be One forever, ever after and never we will Let the dark tear us apart, fight for our life, That doubt is dispelled, spelled 'you and me'.

How are you?

What a habit or custom to ask how are you, Like a sort of parrot repeating a question. Have you seen their faces, inwardly gasping, When you stop and honestly answer?

They will not admit they never wanted to know. What kind of answer, then, can I give other than Perhaps to somebody's regret or delight, I do not know how, I still live.

Human and Life

It is a fine art to go, to leave, to arrive alive, Like a newborn baby, five fingers, five toes, a nose. We thought it unthinkable at the time, Every chime of a silent bell counting us down, Counting us out, but rowing ahead, with every heave I achieve and believe what is true, with every breath Further away from death, closer to you.

We created our room, a space like a womb, Away from the world, like the first ever twins, Where the sins cannot reach, cannot touch us now, No window to breach, no hunger or thirst, Only us and the moon, we go where we go, We know what we know and soon we grow Together and with our room toward a first, new birth.

We create and enjoy in stages and phases, An eon or age meaningless, create fate as a Soulmate, fearless now, fearful then, but in awe We stare, can barely understand it is no chance, With one breath and one glance we sow and reap, Love it so much, even hate to sleep, but life Is the best, smile together or separate rest.

I am

Please tell me what you mean by that, 'I am'? Your self, in all its facets, haunting me? While I am just a sacrificial lamb?

Your soul seems sometimes like a hidden gem, The swan connected to divinity, Please tell me what you mean by that. 'I am'.

True to yourself, you never live for them, What life this is with so much liberty, While I am just a sacrificial lamb.

Admire who you are and yet condemn What stirs me up to find the golden key, Please tell me what you mean, by that 'I am'!

A simple garment, top down to the hem, No colour there to say 'please look at me', While I am just a sacrificial lamb.

But underneath the power of a ram, Suppressed what barely I can bear to see, Please tell me what you mean by 'That I am', While I am just a sacrificial lamb.

I Am II

Since I am nothing of myself, I am you, I become you and become one, I become someone by you, through you, In my dreamless sleep I am still nobody.

So I sleep often, no pressure to be, And when I dream, I am an object, With a dreamt body and a dreamt conscience, But no consciousness, I simply am.

I create myself through you but for you, The nothing, the nobody deserves no grave, And I will not be going home, no rest, Just be, just anybody else but me.

Ice Lake

A grey, cold morning, one of many, so familiar, And I think about walking away, Just for a while, into the snow, this dreaded snow, So deceiving in its purity, so white and clean, Then suffocating, like a blanket of death.

I crush it under my feet, I just need to walk, The freezing air cuts my skin, Just for a while, I get used to it, I push forward, Away from where I was, only away, With nobody to show me a destination.

I know that old lake, deep and dark, so familiar, That soft, black water, that invites me to swim, Just for a while, it is frozen and covered, But I hear it under that blanket, calling me home. Just for a while. Just for a while.

Immortality

No more do the dead go to sleep, Outside of town, away from the living, As dust or otherwise, only away, Up on that hill, up on the rise.

No more do the dead shed their bodies, Regret their probation, remember their loves, Living or dead they survived a life, From under their stones they get up and walk.

Along came one who promised happiness, A free gift that overcomes death, Does happiness lie in eternal existence? Eternal knowledge and increase?

Is it freedom or bondage, a disregard For the sweetness of death? The burning wish to escape life But forced to remain in eternal existence?

Infinite Morning

A paranoid intensity, anxiety, the almost Unbearable need to break out, To rationalize joy like a birthday clown, And I feel, I feel and I cannot think it away, There is beauty around me.

I feel and see the majestic divinity of nature, The creativity in me and around, Life has through me, a human, developed The ability to recognize itself, to enjoy itself In a play of grotesque.

What is the meridian of life, the pinnacle Of sanity? Can I still transform, merge, Be a shapeshifter, a drifting plank today, A wheel in the machine tomorrow? Left to rust and rot.

Wake up, wake up, reveille! End the illusions, Grasp matter, grasp life, immerse yourself, Feel, create, understand! No time for fear, No time for questions! Function! Function now! Grow up, wake up!

Inside Out

You thought the puzzle was complete, But I cannot see it anymore, The control, marching on your own, To your music that nobody hears, Proudly, a message to the world, Unbeaten by nature, always in charge.

Guard a life, stay alive, keep a life, A secret, the missing piece to your puzzle, You never knew you were missing, Living inside out, letting the outside in, Reborn and growing, outgrowing, Liberated and new as a pearl.

You remember, people remember, But I cannot recall anymore, The one I briefly met before she left, Before you appeared, the same, And different, to stay, to know and live, As if love set you going like a fat gold watch.

Island

A tingling in my arms is the first signal, Run, it says, run!
But I cannot run, so I implode
The heat wave filling up my chest,
My skin is itchy now, rushing blood,
I feel like killing, screaming, fighting,
This is my war that I cannot win.

My refuge is the night, the dark, When everybody is asleep, I don't need to run, resting in a trench I can pretend that I have won my war, That there are no more people, not one soul, Until the next morning, the world is awake, And I still cannot run.

Lord of the Flies

It is summer again, always that time when Flies come inside, through windows and doors, You would think they are trapped But they are not, forced by instinct, Power of life, to procreate,

Sweet smells of decay that make them stay Close to what rots, poisoned and black, You would think they will die But they do not, nourished and drunk They probe me, quietly,

And try to lay eggs, right on my legs, Hands and feet, looking for flesh, To feed off the dead is their joy, They come to me, odd kind of love, Waving my hand, not just yet.

Lost

A locked gate, guarding sharp, purple thoughts And emotions, in a grey prison, Every cell with a key on the inside, Grey eyes looking through grey bars, Careful and afraid, content and analytical, Like mushrooms in the dark -

Salty tears underneath that smile, Remember a time and a chance, another world, A lifetime away, the grey turns Into lush green memories, understanding memories Of brown, blue and white with a hint of red, Belonging, secret and silent memories.

Those salty grey eyes still smile,
A cloudy chuckle, almost a cough through those bars,
Lost now, locked away in a muddy hole,
Turning into silver laughter on white marble,
Still confident that underneath those yellow scars
A moment in the golden sun was worth it.

Love Poem

I know you. I think I do.
We have been flirting like lovers for years.
You were sitting with me, talking with me,
Sleeping with me, withdrawing from me.
But there is no peace like this,
No warmth like yours,
That wonderful calm when you are near.

You are like home, almost like home, The way I imagine home to be, And whenever something happens to me, I want to run and be with you and say, Look what those people have done to me, So with your kiss I always miss, I could finally be happy and free.

You never stay, make me long for you, You give me a taste, a tease, Come and go as you please, but I seek you, I see you from afar, but with all the love, All the peace you give, your playful rejection, I have to let you come to me, Living and loving the pain of the wait.

Magnet

You followed me when there was light around me, And I could not see you or your shadow. When the night came and the leaves fell, You were still there. We kissed when I still wondered who you are, Perhaps my death or one more scar, What do I care, what hollow grief, Ever a transition and luck, but may it be mine?

It mattered not if you followed me through the light, A dim dawn it always was, your shadow, A home from the corner of my eye, Enticed by the beekeeper's daughter, The other love, two poles, like a magnet, My dark and my light, Which incarnation would you take, Another one I have met before and lost so well?

But it matters that I have not met you yet, It matters that you still follow me, Carry the light and a little bit of life. While I walk, still walk, And I consider it a miracle, How two poles, like a magnet, can draw All power out of the dark, While I vow to give up neither one of you.

Memories

Bland-mannered, with shrinking depth, Behind a fence and scattered rose bushes, She walks, works and plants, Quite mechanically between a cat and a shed, Neighbours do not know her, People do not see her, her old frame, Slightly shaking and alone.

She is still young inside, frozen
In time, in a year long ago, still young,
Happy with a man, long gone from the world,
Not from her heart, he lives with her,
Still talks to her from photos and letters,
And her tears flow daily, and her smile lights up daily,
Married to memories worth a whole life.

Migrant Tree

How often can you uproot a tree and make it grow again? At seventeen, at twenty-four, twenty-eight...thirty-four? He might turn into a whole new species, the Migrant Tree. His roots are not deep, the branches not wide, And you can tell by the cuts on his bark, there is life.

He can grow in bad earth, dry soil and many climates, His roots are not as deep, just under the surface, Just enough to avoid more damage to those roots When he has to move again because he will, Inevitably, because it is the Migrant Tree's nature.

The ground is the same, the sun is the same, even the rain, No matter where we find this fascinating Migrant Tree. He might look sad to you, so worn out like a naked willow, Rejected like a foreign heart or liver, many generations, Looking for others of his kind, leafless and almost lifeless.

Molasses

I think any moment now...
Surely I will start to think any moment now...
I start to think that my feet lose their grip,
Fall down some stairs, start to fly,
But my brain remembers to go to work.

What day is it, where am I and who am I? I should be awake but I don't want to be, It is a second existence, very primal, The most basic emotions for eight hours, A time that feels so normal.

What choice do I have, which world do I want? How can I tell when one creeps into the other? And is this second one all mine? Every detail that scares me, who creates them? And who dies when I crash a plane?

Morbid

The fascination of decay, the dark Humor and chill of horror, Escaping pain and looking at the same I entertain myself, picking photos, films, Like limbs from a tortured body And smile underneath my own.

Introversion or loneliness, the tears, I laugh at what I know best, Struggling to stay intact and hoping to fall apart, I find safety in these things, comfort and art, I curl up, paint and cry, watch and feel Until I can't feel any more.

I know you find it hard to understand, The fascination with dying things, With crying things, like myself, And how they help me forget and laugh, This drug, this escape, the hope, And the weight of having to wake up.

Morning Song

The sun is hiding behind clouds, I did not invite her.
My night ends, your day starts,
But we are all tired, so tired.
The same sort of tired, birds know it first,
I wish you a good night, I go to sleep,
Locking the sun out,
The blanket is a better friend than busy light,
The birds do not know that.

And then my self goes traveling,
I leave you all to it,
Your toils, lawn mowing and driving,
I do not know what is more real to me or you,
Eight hours here, eight hours there,
But the sun will be gone again when I return
To my morning, the birds asleep,
While you do not know I exist,
And I barely know it myself.

Muses

I cannot ask what you are doing to me When I seek you out and ask for it. I want to feel you and be you, Through music, words and pain.

The way you are melancholic, distant, Manic pixie dreams...an idea, I want to write through you and not be me, Through my self that I project.

You help me see myself, hate myself And enjoy the amusing musings, I want to turn myself into art Through inspiration from you.

Mushroom

They do not see you. You will not change the world, Poison anybody from the curb, the little unkept garden, Cars and people passing, unaware of you. Perhaps you taste nice, just once, perhaps.

There is bark around you, feeding you, it could be Carrying your seed, choking some weed that you do not see, You are brown like the bark, but people buy white, Round, perfect, grown in manure, unlike you.

It is a blessing, then, as you grow and die, unnoticed, Perhaps feeding another creature, to sustain, Not to be appreciated, but safe nonetheless, Never trampled down, never harvested, never seen.

Neurotypical

A fleeting string of encounters, a menagerie Of smiles and frowns, sometimes trust, A life like a train station, hustling and bustling, Meet and greet one another, a silent, Practically invisible bond of understanding

Over the noise of the crowd, a look is enough, Links of winks and unnoticeable moves, High pitched voices of women, men patting their backs, The dance of body language and travels, These opportunistic travels through life.

Amid the crowd there is also much isolation, No language on top of disconnection, babelesque And insidious interaction, Cirith Ungol, Shelob's Lair, Learn the dance, they seem to say, learn the moves So you are one of us, so you belong, but beware.

If you do not, one false look that is misunderstood, Amid the crowd there are traps and snares, This dangerous crowd of laughing wolves, Showing their fangs, smiling, shake hands, Deceiving for friendship, families and procreation.

Now and Then

Before I knew you, how did I exist? Embraced my darkness, tell me what to do, When quietly you told me I'd be missed.

Temptation is for some a bleeding wrist, When life was only merely getting through, Before I knew you, how did I exist?

My memory became forgotten mist, The first light of the morning came from you, When quietly you told me I'd be missed.

But much of me is trying to resist, Refuse to see how bright the sky and blue, Before I knew you, how did I exist?

What difference would it make if I was kissed, Your smile, my heart connected right on cue, When quietly you told me I'd be missed.

You met me when my life was black and trist, Although I'm old, you make me young and new, Before I knew you, how did I exist, When quietly you told me I'd be missed.

Paradiso Perduto

Loss and gain, fear and pain, trivial pursuit, Yet so important I would die, And die again and again, no gain, The pain pursuing happiness and loss, Shadows in green and brown, a paradise, The bliss of being an island unto myself, Yet signalling imaginary ships every day.

All the while creating a paradise of the mind, Ever so slowly pursuing it and losing it, Island or ship, floating or sinking, Indigenous sailor, a Flying Dutchman damned To keep sailing, to know and expect the end, But no choice, paradise calling like sirens, No way to escape the endless travel home.

Pursuing what I created, what I desire, What the world cannot give because it is not, Sailing, running, crawling to what must be out there, I look to the outside to find what is in me, And I must fail, turning inward, broken and sore, Looking into the soul, into the heart, Away from wishes, paradise regained.

Pigs at the Trough

Their undefinable dirt around the nose
The pigs are grunting at the trough,
Impressing each other with noise and pose,
And quite content they do not clean off
The filth, which covers filthy smiles,
Living, digging (for fun) in piles.

We feed them, pretending to hear the noise, Respect? But only for the money, While pigs make nothing but piggy's choice, And outhouse flies we catch with honey, Pigs filling their bodies, bit by bit, In piggy manner spilling it.

Prey

They look at me when I eat Raw meat.
Straight protein like a cat, A carnivorous animal, Only fat.

It unleashes my blood, A flood, Raw words that I spew, A predator of life, Nothing new.

Reaction

I want to find words to describe it, To understand it and to help you understand, The feelings towards authority, the cringing, The threshold, a raised voice makes me run, More than anybody around me, it seems.

I want to help you understand My being in the moment, being in my moment, The feelings of alienation, the disappointment In misreading care or interest, the anxiety And the fear of seeing anger everywhere.

I want to help you comprehend
The emptiness when somebody speaks,
The feelings of helplessness and being
Restless about not knowing how to respond,
And the looks you give me when I fail.

Sometimes I wish you could understand The futility of trying, the studying of patterns, The feelings when mimicking you will not work, And the withdrawal, contact and withdrawal, Over and over and not giving up.

I want you to know that I try and understand, The basic forms in a distorted way, Feelings that make me laugh and cry, Even compassion and logic and facts, And show them when you don't expect it.

But is there not something fascinating To the irony and the wicked humour, That I look at you and see you as aliens, While you all look at me, talk to me, Frown at me! You see me as alien too.

Ripples

It may only provoke a clinical, hygienic clapping, A reality so personal, I cannot explain it, Reality that awakens, that smiles Like the flag of a victory over nature, Designated to be a banner for silence, In a war of misunderstanding and exposure, The bullets of pitiful frowns can kill.

No theory like butterfly wings and hurricanes, Natural like death in diamond mines, I succumb to those ripples that wake me up, Sanctity and protection, I know, I just know, Eight or ten minutes and you know too, Locked inside a silent tear, Like an ancient butterfly in amber.

Rusalka's Song

This is my life among sprites and dryads,
The moon is my sun and I bring death,
Longing, mournful, silent death
By beauty, by kisses, a fairy tale nightmare
In pale light and cold water,
A destiny I never chose, without a choice
I long for love, true love, human love.

Oh moon, oh stars, my wind and water, I weep, I bleed inside, myself a sprite, No way out, no true love, my wishes, My dreams, I kill men, lure them to me, My nature, my power so cold and my tears.

I cannot sing, I cannot speak, I cannot say
What you mean to me, my hope
That what you see could be enough, and yet
My bones are cold, a chill in me, you do not know,
A life I try to escape without a chance,
But fate and my true love for you
Can only end with you, with me, in the lake.

Schizocreative

I pause and look and see the mirror's eyes A cell that grows by splitting off a twin, My mind dissects this self with all its lies, The distillation of its birth and kin With only one intention, to refine Through fire, struggle to create a choice, With words that are not often, rarely mine, Yet might that mirror's sound reflect my voice.

But after splitting and creating are Accomplished to the pain of the result, With discipline keep heart and mind ajar, Lest inspiration forced you to exult. Exposing self and what it costs to see Cannot a source of true contentment be.

Seagulls

If only those seagulls did not obstruct my view At the desert, that watery desert, in masses, White and cackling, screaming, fighting Over one fish, not careful enough, caught By one nameless part of the flock, naked feet Under feathers, carried by the salty wind,

Which beats and bends those trees on the cliff, Leaving scars and crystalline barnacles On their bark, their skin like humpback whales, They try hard to dig deep into the rock, down, down To the water, unaware that once they reach it, The same saltwater will not feed them like gulls.

Shadow Friend

I thought you were the only one who understood, My friend with those tentacles, Sucking the life out of me. I never saw you, only a shadow in the dark, That velvet dark I love so much! Not to be seen, not to be heard, weary of living. I keep the curtains closed at all times, Big heavy drapes, do not let anything in, No eyes, no light, no warmth. You are always with me, just as I am. A pleasant side effect that there is never any heat in here, Never any heat, yet all this fever. Holed up like a fox, on my own, against the dogs, But you are there, standing in the dark With your red eyes and grin, looking at me, Waiting for me, but did you care? I was unsure if I cared, alone, keeping you, And you just smiled your grim smile, But your hidden, true nature was always obvious to me, Again I did not care when you abused me With my permission. I realized that you never loved me, my friend, As much as I thought I loved you.

Shadows

White, grey, blue and black shadows behind the archway, Reaching through, reaching out, grabbing me, Inspiring me with their beats, those beasts bruise me, But I laugh, surrender my light to the beauty in blackness, This vortex, this gargling sound, choking on blood, With that familiar voice, calling me home.

The little marhsmallow explosions of happiness, Those shells and shrapnels that do not stick, Are soon replaced, the killing stops the bleeding, And becomes a surreal quake and shake, A shiver and quiver of dreams, half alive, Silencing the bullets, the silver bullets and stakes.

Again I rise, function and step through the mud, Create in me a new heart, rip it apart, drain it, Grim longing for a distant arms race. There is that pale light guiding me, that lighthouse, A mere shadow in the snow storms, calling Come, come, shattered and scattered on a cliff!

Shibboleth

A word, the phrase that I pronounce In just the right way to announce I don't belong here, can you tell? But here I am, it feels like hell. The river crossed, the promised land, Without a gold coin in my hand. Like Dante, Virgil, Beatrice, Not sure what land or edifice I try to enter on my search, Yet quite impossible the urge Of reaching finally a home, Through wilderness, that golden dome.

I'm not like you, you fear the change, I have no roots, you name it strange, And while I am not quite like you, A strength lies in the broken few, The language that indicates, Which now the heart reiterates, And where I really should belong, Where I have friends, where I feel strong, Not time or place in history, A scattered, puzzled way to be, The only place I long to go, The only one I'll ever know.

Short-distance runner

Oh there, the engine starts again, This rush, this push of excitation. Transcending (trying!) as a man, The mind a spark of agitation.

Just then, a few lines down the track, The rush seems slowly to descend, And I must stop, yet can't go back, I rest, the energy is spent.

Awake, don't stop, invigorate, The poem must not be discarded, And may the words appear quite late, They're always very well regarded.

Sleeping in Time

I spend most of my days sleeping Like a cat, my head on or under The pillow, wake up sometimes Not sure about the day, the year, Then it returns like a towering ghost, A cloak of bills, demands and sorrows.

When shall I live, everywhen or where?
The glory of the past, the future fears
And mustering the courage to hide in dreams
That make perfect sense while they last,
Wishes, hopes of leaving, misplaced in time,
Holding my breath in my sleep without success.

The flavours of time, people and places I cannot go, meet, away from distorted reality Yet words, dreams, books filled with the same, Hibernation and creation, escape, Sleep like a small death, a journey Into contentment of madness.

Sylvia's Death

Where are you now, you and your death, The one child you kept as your own, They transformed you, changed you, Before you could rise again from the crawl space, Once in every ten years, before the sparks.

Where are you now, you and your words, Transformed you and me and us every time, Understood and unchanged, risen five times, And never come home to me, to my own Children I keep and my own dark crawl space.

Where are you now, you and your voice, That strict teacher's voice, hard on yourself And others like me, refusing to read me in you, Until you are resurrected for truth, that lotus Out of the dung heap of time.

The Art of Glorifying a Corpse

You must be happy where you are, Relieved from the imperfection, The imbalances that killed you -A different person, a different woman, Like day and night, this life and that.

And yet knowing you is a maelstrom, Happy drowning, fascination with death, Has that drawn you to the sea? Bees, a father, black rooks in rainy weather, All lost and forgotten at Point Shirley.

I am older now than you were then, too far To latch yourself to me, and yet you did, Blending, stirring and pulling me elsewhere, To be somebody and something else In your world and my world, oh Lorelei.

The Cabin

Is it a coincidence that I have a wooden shelf, A marching band of blind bottles with brittle corks, Containing many of my screams.

No smoky dreams will come out if I polish them, No three wishes, just terrified eyes and mouths, That usually break glass but not those bottles, Missing their messages and ships.

And all day I sit at my table, carving, screaming, I have to, I have to!
My boots in the corner like open graves.

The Poet

Sweat and frown, the poet fights tradition,
The chisel knocks his feelings into shape,
Hammer of the past is still his mission,
Although the same he's trying to escape.
Craft and heart he learned from backward study,
Distilling out of common words his voice,
Sometimes leaving chin and fingers bloody,
To raise himself above the common noise.

Poems, vibrant, bright with strong emotions, Or stillborn, sadly stiff without a spark, Draining out his scars for magic potions, The poet gladly tries to make his mark. Every time he wins the darkest fight, One more part of him is brought to light.

The Rat

There is a rat in the cellar, I've hidden her there, Where others hide their skeletons, I feed the rat with the same and the rat knows her name, Like a dog that I walk, across my arms, She chews her way upstairs when she gets hungry.

I keep her alone lest she might breed, She is like my child and bites me in my sleep, Her naked tail like a monkey's tool, giving her balance, Fragile feet haunt me in my dreams, tap, tap on the floor, Libel against my needs and her master.

She feeds on me too, freshly dead and still warm, And leaves me enough flesh to revive, Not quite alive, just enough to cough - and write, Create more skeletons, maybe more rats, Until she says proudly that vengeance is mine.

This Is My Voice

This is my voice, the inevitable rush, A rush of words about a second in time, A voice that you don't want to hear, Because it isn't cheerful except by choice, Wooden, hollow when it laughs, Morbid when it smiles.

My voice depresses you, startles you, You want to dropp it, walk away, Imagine that I cannot dropp it nor walk away, You want to build me up, make me brave, Against my voice, stop my voice, you fear, By chance I could stumble and not get up again.

But I own this voice as much as it owns me, I feel its destructive power that drains me, And yet I need it to feel alive. Am I mad? Must speak, must write, must say the things, Breath in my fingers, not my lungs, With words as empty as my waiting grave.

Too much

Blur, then silence. Suddenly all social connection gone. Isolation, almost like dying. A dry cry, a snail looking for a shell,

The pain of talking, working, Writing through the scary, muted noise, Do not demand life from the dead, Dragging me out, you do not know.

Yesterday I laughed, that room in my head Is today's capsule, diving deep, I need to sleep, I need that shell, Be patient and I might come back.

Unborn

Sometimes I can see you from the corner Of my mind's eye, a shadow, I fear You might be judging me, I fear You might not talk to me, think I do not care While I struggle for things to say to you.

Sometimes I forget what you could be like, Too busy with worries and fear You might force me to stay alive for you, Claiming my care, love and protection While I struggle to understand what you need.

Sometimes I feel that power and emptiness, Wondering why you are missing and fear I might be too glad you are not here, Staying where you are, waiting sadly For another chance to be born somewhere.

Undecided - a villanelle

One foot on either side, both say 'Do dare! '
My face is governed by a painful frown,
When all I do or can decide is stare.

My world has long been empty, cold and bare, And busy is who wants to be a clown, One foot on either side, both say 'Do dare! '

To left and right I recognize a snare, The lights are out and barely still a town, When all I do or can decide is stare.

It's difficult to find the strength to care, Just naked or the ceremonial gown? One foot on either side, both say 'Do dare! '

Enticing is for some the blinding glare Of gold and rubies on a worldly crown, When all I do or can decide is stare.

I might not leave, I still have time to spare, The sea is calling with her stormy brown, One foot on either side, both say 'Do dare!', When all I do or can decide is stare.

Waiting

Would you be waiting if you knew? Or would you wait, still knowing? A breath, a smile, and everything I do, I do for the last time. If the inevitable knocks at our door, If we had more time or no more time, Would you still wait?

Perhaps a courageous leap, A move towards happiness despite the time, A little sadness but no regret, When we smile, a knowing smile And a kiss, then letting go, Because every moment was worth it, Would you do it again?

Winter

I remember the mental hibernation, Crunching boots trying to keep up Life had to go on as usual in white, Depression interrupted by Christmas Unsuccessfully.

Autumn was a season of preparation, Nuts, some oranges, scarf and gloves, For the standstill according to nature, And trying to live life as usual, Unsuccessfully.

I remember central heating like a heart, Pumping hot blood through the house, Shirt and shorts and 25 degrees, To ignore the pending death outside, Unsuccessfully.

Wonderful Enemy

A part, a piece, well loved and nurtured, Hidden away, denied, not missed And yet no completion, conclusion, without. Why do you come back? Why do I call you back? I need you, I hate you, I run away from you, And miss you when you are not here.

Are you ever really gone, were you ever,
Those times I tried to erase me and erase you,
I despise how you make me feel,
I want you gone. I want you.
Not a part, almost the whole which never feels whole,
In such a sweet, comforting way,
Like drowning, fading, a candle's last minute.

I want to cry when you are not here, I cry when you are here, fight, surrender, love again, Can't avoid you, please don't avoid me, Fill a void as you create a void, complete me And leave me empty, craving more, Inspiring, crushing, like a sick dependent courtship, A cycle I do not want nor dare to break.

Word

You seem to be a bit shallow, a bit flat, Slightly empty, perhaps even dull But I put you aside for another time. I think I can charge you, fill you, Turn you into a mine or a bomb, You are just a shell but you have potential.

You can be a screw or a bolt, even a wheel, I do not know if you will grow from a paper clip To an adult ice pick but I will try to nurture you. I might have to clip you, prune you, shape you, Sometimes it hurts me that I have to hide you, But somebody out there will make you their own.

I do not always know what you will become After I let you go like a father, my son, When the world looks at you and sees you Not always for what you are but what they are. Sometimes I change so much, I look back at you And feel unsure if I ever knew you.