

Poetry Series

Patrick McFarland

- poems -

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Patrick McFarland (1965)

'God is a concept by which we measure our pain'

John Lennon
1970

Abyss

We've pissed
into the abyss
of life leaving
chaos and strife
in our wake
for the sake
of the almighty
buck.

We've f****d
societies dogs;
Rabid bitches
howling madly
through Autumn's
aborted twilight,
their plight abandoned
by the clergy and
the evening news.

Patrick McFarland

Abyssus Incendia

Looking up from the fire
of perdition's swollen flames
Virgil and Dante pass by with
pity in their eyes on their way
to the decay of the vile circles
below.

"If you would only know
your scripture and verse"
they cry "and renounce
the cursed life of sin you
once lead, you could
escape this abode of
the dead and kneel
before god's golden
throne".

"Leave me alone" I reply.
"I would rather burn".

Patrick McFarland

Apocalyptic Blues

Within the glade
comes the parade
of the yellow lizards
with the wizard in blue
leading the way
to the place where
faces are never shown
and rotting flesh clings
to bones brittle and old
and exceptionally cold.
Along the way I see
the decay and in haste
I quicken my pace
turning my face away
as the wizards yellow lizards
look on in obedient disgrace.
It's all a blur as I awaken
with the mistaken illusion
of the nights terrible
passing.
Was it just a dream?
Isn't everything?

Patrick McFarland

Axe Mundi

The fire burning.
The liar turning
away from realities
decomposing core
while the doors
of perception
remain barred to
all but a privileged
few.

Truth lies not within
abandoned pews or
the Jew's unread book
but in eyes willing to
look beyond the concept
of time and space to the
place where nothingness
and being coexist without
apprehension

Patrick McFarland

Barren

Encroaching madness
approaches from
unexpected corners of
oblivion's indifferent layer.
Lost souls wander aimlessly
through tomorrow's aborted
twilight ignorant of realities
chaotic inclination.
This is our truth, our way,
our direction.
Darwin's natural selection
dooms us all to Valhalla's
halls crowded with calamities
mediocre sons and tyranny's
unadorned daughters.
The waters of truth must find
their own level while the mud of
deception remains firm beneath
our jaded feet

Patrick McFarland

Calico Zombie

Calico Zombies wander
the neon gardens
of the American night
grasping aimlessly
for connections
their erections ignored
by the whores in the doorways
along 5th avenue.

"We are special"

"We are unique"

"We are calico".

The mantra of a hundred million
lemmings fading in the moonlight
as they slowly drown beneath the
waves of their own exclusive
ignorance.

Calico Zombies wonder
the neon gardens
of the American night
grasping aimlessly
for connections
their erections ignored
by the whores in the doorways
along 5th avenue.

Patrick McFarland

Clockwork

The way to bliss is a line
chiseled through the abyss
of time leaving sublime
characters to stumble
through the twilight of
their years.

Nearly all of Autumn's
leaves have fallen.
Winter is fast approaching.

This may be our last
chance to get it right.
Our last chance to end
the fight on a respectable
note.

Our last chance before
we grab our coat and exit
through death's formidable
door.

A final bow and then
darkness.

But have courage my friend.
The end is a little ways off.
There is still time.

Patrick McFarland

Cloudburst

This really isn't heaven
and it ain't exactly hell.
A fleeting glimpse of
freedom at the bottom
of a well.

They say they've got
the answers in their big
old shiny book.

And they tell me I'll find
Jesus if I stop and take
a look.

Existence is a strange thing,
and death is stranger still,
and they say there's no
religion in those tiny little
pills.

But what the hell do they
know in their ivory covered
halls, when the devil's on the
rampage and he's got you
by the balls.

And the pain is never ending
in that cold and empty pew.
God has left the building
he's got better things to do.

Patrick McFarland

Collapse

We're watching and we're waiting
and we're loving and we're hating
as the whore of greed is slowly
passing by.

Every thief and every banker
lifts a frosty mug to thank her
while the widow wipes the tear
beneath her eye.

And the politician smiles
as the cash is stacked in piles
while the price of crude is soaring
to the sky.

While the rich get rich
and the poor get by
and the earth heats
up and the well runs dry
and the federal pawns
at the FBI are listening
in and we don't ask
why as freedom
dies.

Patrick McFarland

Conclusion

When the sun sets on
the final day and the
blossoms of springtime
have faded away and
nothing is left but
shadow and shade
and the sound of your
breath and the snake
in the glade.

Will you regret the
things that you've
done or the things
that were squandered,
or wasted, or won?

When the last of the
sand has gone down
the glass will your
past be everything
you wanted it to be?
Will you see the error
of your ways and pray
for redemption?

No.
Neither will I.

Patrick McFarland

Dark Wind

If perdition indeed holds a
place for faces such as mine
whose lines are the essence
of a depressing viewpoint,
then I openly welcome my fate.
Lucifer, set my plate somewhere
between Dickinson and Twain
so I may learn from their sardonic
wit just what it means to be human
and what it means to love and to feel
and to reel against it all and to fall and
to rise again over and over till the end
of time in the sublime ecstasy of the
soul's droll brilliance.

Patrick McFarland

Death (The First Five Minutes)

The movie ends and
the credits roll and the
droll lights blind eyes
to the reality of
existence.

The distance between
now and eternity is 300
unadorned seconds.

Bliss or imagination,
can anyone really know
for sure where the pure
spirit lies in the moments
after death when breath
and heart and thought
cease forever, falling
into the clever trappings
of eternal silence?

Even as we ultimately
expire, will we know?

Our minds true essence
is lost without regard
to the realm of fantastic
illusion and the delusional
ranting going on around
us.

Where does the truth lie?

Patrick McFarland

Delusions

Lost between the squalid
scene of sadness, blood
and death the dream
surrounds you.

Waking, shaking in the
night forsaken absence
of sunlight abounds.

Silence lingers in the
dark a sudden flash
electric spark
enlightens.

In the shade the lemonade
trickles down the colonnade
sublime.

Knowing that it isn't
real the morning fog
cannot conceal delusion.

Walking, talking, life
and death the air we
breath is only an
illusion.

Knowing what the
world could do
I ran from things
I never knew
could help me.

Far away I stayed
between the
birds and words
of peaceful
dreams and
love.

Patrick McFarland

Departure

Burning down the sounds
of wonder, blundering
through without a clue.
Ah, to be a child again.
The sun seemed brighter
and warmer then.
The water bluer.
The snow paler.
When did the world
become black and white?
When did the music fade?
When did the magic die,
and why is it all so damn
inevitable?

Patrick McFarland

Dharma Sunrise

Paradise within.
Sin vanishes with
the light.
The night has passed.
At last salvation and
reconciliation with
God.
Eternity in a dropp
of water.
Forever in a grain of
sand.

Patrick McFarland

Dimensions

Beyond the frozen
sea of time
There is a world that's
too sublime
Where angels tread on
broken glass and no
one knows the proper
path.
Ask a friend to show
the way and his reply
he'll surely say is:
"I do not know today.
Maybe tomorrow".

Patrick McFarland

Distorted View (Inspired by Syd Barrett)

They killed the other
half of me with pills
and Psychotherapy
and now I think
it's plain to see
I'm not the man
I used to be.

They took away
the other guy
and left me here
to wonder why
to wonder why
I'm half a man
and how the hell
to start again.

Perhaps if pills
I throw away
the other half
will come to play
than fully whole
I'll finally be
to love and laugh
and play with me.

Patrick McFarland

Divine Scat

All sin begins
with erection
which leads
to sex, birth
and life on earth
but somehow,
(if we believe the pew) ,
all but a single Jew are
born in sin while
forgiveness is reserved
for the pick of the herd
that trample the slothful
runts beneath balls and
sweaty c*nts on their way
up the holy ladder to
salvation's elusive shore
where matter and spirit
become one in the son's
immaculate vision of the
united division of imperfect
man.
Meanwhile, we lesser beasts
are cursed with damnation
eternal both on earth and the
infernial regions until the season
of the Jew's expected return.

Burn it all.
It's bulls*it.

Patrick McFarland

Ecclesiastical Shadows

A bitter poison spiked
with the blood of a
thousand sages ebbs
in a chalice at the foot
of the alter.

Soft ripples lead fools
the way to dusty death.
Liquid solitude cascades
over the parishioners
leading many to believe
in the myth of inner
peace.

By morning all will grasp
reality for a transitory
instance, cursing their
miserable lives, while
praying in earnest
for lost redemption.
By nightfall, they will
Return to the temple.

Patrick McFarland

Eden

Standing at the gates
of Eden hurling
obscenities at an
antique
god.

'I do not fear perdition's
eternal fire.

I will keep my freedom.
You may keep your'
chains!

Patrick McFarland

Escape

How I'd love
to disappear
into a world
of crimson fear
To lose myself
in such a place
and never see
a desperate face
Never another
desperate face.

Patrick McFarland

Eternal Ignorance

My years spent
kneeling before
holy words
amounted to
naught but
absurd notions
of divinity.
Wasted time
lost to eternal
ignorance.
The god's do
not reside in
buildings or
books but
within the
hearts of
man.

Patrick McFarland

Eventus?

When the world seems
too heavy and my back
is braking from the load
Looking off in the distance
I see no lights upon the road.
Well it all just kind of ended
before I knew it had begun
I'm tired of this darkness.
Where the hell's the sun?

Life is never easy
and death is always
hard
I look up at the dealer
as he passes me a card
I put it in my pocket
and I walk out in the
yard
The moonlight looks
so jaded and it pays
me no regard

Salvation in a bottle
Liberation in a glass
The God who made
the flowers put the
serpent in the grass
I guess the way it
happens is the way
it's supposed to be
Some men born in
bondage while other
men are free.

Patrick McFarland

Every Tree

Every tree is the only tree.
Every person the only person.
Imagine
if there were but one
of everything in the world.
How different our perspective
would be.
Seeing everything as holy and
unique.
Seeing everyone as the only one
of their kind (which indeed they are) .
Losing pre-conceived concepts of
us and them.
Seeing for perhaps the first time in
our lives.

Patrick McFarland

Forest Serenity

The forest lingers in the
twilight of god's eternal
oblivion.

Proud limbs bend silently
in the cradle of Autumn's
loving embrace.

Man's dominion over the
Yew and the Ash is no
more.

The mighty Oak no longer
fears the reaper's foul blade.
Man has unleashed the sword
of ignorance upon his own
kind.

Patrick McFarland

Getting It

I get it.
I get it all.
The emptiness after the fall
The separation of god and man
I understand the loss and the
purpose of the cross and the
deception of the serpent king
and the thing is this:
I would reject the bliss
of ignorance even at the
cost of eternal oblivion.
Heretic?
Maybe.
Lunatic?
Probably, but consider this.
One lunatic with a vision once
inspired the world.
A million blind saints can only
condemn what they fail to
see.

Patrick McFarland

Gnosis

Concretized delusions.
An infusion of paranoia fuels
the situation making cohabitation
impossible for the sordid beggars
living on the streets of suburbia.
Beat poets had it right when they
praised the night's neon attraction
propelling the soul towards ever
greater action and distraction.
Listen!
It's time to awaken!
The mistaken illusion was
a delusion of the muse
(Or cheap booze left too long
for human consumption) .
Whatever the reason the season
has passed.
Kerouac and Cassady no longer
haunt the jazz clubs of middle
America.
It's not enough to feel without
the benefit of thought and for all
the pain it has wrought, knowledge
is the only thing left that can save
us.

Patrick McFarland

God

Inside the pearly gates of
doom beside an ancient
throne
There sits the holy robes
of God atop a stack of
bones
And from the sky an echo
entombs his final words
"I am the God of everything! "

and nothing else is heard.

Patrick McFarland

Gone

Embrace the silence,
face the violence;
Transcend mediocrities
terrestrial shore.
The boredom of life is
in the cinemas.
Empty flickering lights
that fight comprehension's
meandering bliss.

Patrick McFarland

Half Moon Twilight

Nightfall approaches with
anticipation for the salvation
of the tortured soul whose
droll existence owes everything
to a forgotten moment of
unadorned passion.

Above the pain of survival is
the hope that tonight the fight
will at last be lost and death
will carry him across the
divide to oblivion's indifferent
lair.

Too righteous to burn in perdition's
flame and too stubborn to kneel
before Heaven's jaded throne.
Eternity no longer holds his interest.
He seeks only the silence of the
void.

Patrick McFarland

Hallowed Chains

Marveling at the mystery
of histories sardonic wit.
Six thousand years of
man's inhumanity to man
chiseled In our sacred
book for all to see.
When will we free
ourselves from
Christianities chains
And the stain of the
western race?
When will we throw
off the papal yoke
and invoke the laws
of respect and
tolerance for others
and recognize that
the strangers we
abhor are our sisters
and brothers and
children?

Patrick McFarland

Harlem 1955

Walking down Fifth Avenue
on a Sunday afternoon. Shuffling
to the rhythm of the ghetto's
tortured brilliance.
African Mozarts fill the air with
their street corner symphonies.
Silence ensues as a slow rain begins
to fall. The lively street soon becomes
deserted. A shadow of an ancient
memory.
Turning left on Fifty Second.
A couple huddling in a doorway.
They manage a smile as the lingering
rain continues unabated.

Patrick McFarland

Hidden Muse

There's a place
In my mind
that I struggle
hard to find
Kind of grim
and quite
depressing
Inspiration
unrefined.

But when I'm
here
It's all clear
Not a hint
of doubt or fear
and the words
flow like water
down a crystal
chandelier

Hidden muse
I need you
To help me write
this song
Hidden muse
I need you
To show them
I belong
Hidden muse
I need you
I need you

Darkened eyes
Tortured soul
but the rhymes
are on a roll
I couldn't stop
if I wanted
this is out of
my control

Hidden muse
I need you
To help me write
this song
Hidden muse
I need you
To show them
I belong
Hidden muse
I need you
I need you

In a flash
poem is
through
and there's
nothing left
to do
Creativity is
fading and
I haven't
got a clue.

Hidden muse
Where did
you go
My hidden
muse

Patrick McFarland

Holy Carp!

Descending through
The crescendo of
screams and fire
surrounded by
conspiring souls
begging for
absolution.
The Priest shouts
to be heard above
Perdition's absurd
devastation.
"There can be no
parole for those
unrepentant souls
who ate meat
on Friday! "

Patrick McFarland

Holy Morality

The Saints have
crucified great
Dionysus on the
cross of holy
morality.
Forgive them
father for they
know not what
they have done.
Father?
Father?

Patrick McFarland

Holy Sunday

*****Rest*****
*****assured*****
*****the herd will follow the absurd*****
*****proclamations' of the institution's*****
*****philosophical*****
*****solution*****
*****to the*****
*****daily*****
*****grind*****
*****that*****
*****binds*****
*****us all*****
*****to this*****
*****stalled*****
*****adventure*****
*****we have*****
*****mistaken*****
*****for life*****.

Patrick McFarland

Inward Vision

He's found hell
who's searched
his mind and dared
to see his soul.
And heaven too
is there as well
for those who pay
the toll.
But few find heaven
from within and many
rot in hell.
While fewer still find
anything and no one
lives to tell.

Patrick McFarland

Irrelevance

Wrapping my mind
around the blind
ambition of youth.
The truth lies
between the two
extremes of melancholy
and desperation.
Sensation follows
the hollow echo of
mankind's first glimpse
into eternities cataclysmic
abyss.

Patrick McFarland

Light and Dark

When light enters,
darkness scurries
from the room.

Why?

Does not the
darkness have
equal right to that
which the light
occupies?

Is not the cooing
of the owl as
pleasant as the
singing of the
robin?

Patrick McFarland

Long Lost

Somewhere between
no place special and
nowhere fast the last
of mankind's honor
lies bleeding and
alone.

The receding tide
of ignorance carries
a crimson warning
that will be unheeded
by future generations
of neocons bowing
before greed's unholy
altar.

Faltering is not an
option.
The alternative is
death.

Patrick McFarland

Malicious Obsession

When the evening fades
to darkness and the moon
is sailing high
You want to stay beside
her but you have to say
goodbye
She smiles and says
'I love you'
and you know it's just
a lie
But the moonlight is
bewitching and there's
a twinkle in her
eye

So you kiss her very softly
and she lays down on the
bed
You try to weigh your options
but the wines gone to your
head
The room begins revolving
around all the things she
said
But concentration's fading
and reasoning is
dead

You wake up when it's
over and wish it hadn't
been
You curse the empty
bottle and swear it off
again
You fumble for your timex
and it's a quarter after
ten
You hate yourself for wanting
her
While you're wanting her
again.

Patrick McFarland

Melancholy Desolation

When pain approaches
from shadow and encroaches
upon realities unsuspecting
shore than all knowledge
is dead.

A stranger's perfume.
The furious discharge
of forsaken orgasmic
freedom.

Withdrawal.

An awkward substitute
for love's cataclysmic
bliss.

Patrick McFarland

Needless Redemption

No sin
No beginning
No end
No sending it out to
laundry like tailored
sheets to be returned
with fashionable pleats
in all the right places
Sad faces
Too many damn sad faces
Forgiveness is an elusive
bitch these days, her gray
shadow an unrealized
contrast to our delusional
perceptions.

Patrick McFarland

Not Yet The Morning Comes

Not yet the morning comes.
It's not time for our embrace
to end.
My soul for another moment
to hold you in my arms.
My soul to feel you next to me
a moment longer.
Soon light will enter our world.
The minutes even now are passing
faster.
It's almost time my love.
It's almost time to leave your side.
We have but a few lingering seconds
to be together and then I must go.
But not yet the morning comes.

Patrick McFarland

Omega Sunset (An ode to Yeats)

Congealing reality within
the empty void.
The flame of coexistence
extinguished.
The falcon long gone.
We're left to gaze at
an empty, brooding sky.
Ah Billy, you understood
so long ago.
You tried to tell us but we were
too absorbed in our own delusions
to understand.
Your' "rough beast" is at the gates
of the holy city and there
is nowhere left to hide.

Patrick McFarland

Paroxetine Nightmares

Demons on the perimeter stalking serenity's
unsuspecting bliss.

Is this all I have?

Once mighty defenses now offer little protection
against ancient clawing phantoms.

Shadows lurking in the forest of imagination
waiting for the opportunity to strike.

Alas my recourse.

Tiny painted disks that beat back my imaginary
assailants while extinguishing the tattered threads
of creativity that yet remain.

Christ what a choice.

Silence my voice or
go insane.

Patrick McFarland

Post Enlightenment

Rivers of violence flow freely
through our living rooms while
nipples are hidden from the
curious eyes of children who
sit transfixed in the flickering
glow as the killing spree
unfolds before their
catatonic stares.

"Blood and gore?
Who cares?

As long as they
don't show pubic
hair or accidentally
mention what we all
got down there below
the belt and beneath
the jeans.

I mean, it's fairly obvious
to us Christian folk that
the body nude should
be locked away because
if little Ray saw such filth,
the decay would be
irreversible and society,
as we know it, would
crumble and mumbling
lunatics would prowl
our streets in search
of fresh holy meat to
defile".

Behold the 21st century
evangelical mind.
God help us all...

Patrick McFarland

Promethean Serpent

Promethean serpent.

The debt

I owe can

never be repaid in

a single lifetime.

Cursed by the gods

for bringing reason

to mankind you grind

your belly across

deserts of insolence

as retribution for the

perceived sin of

enlightenment.

Terrified Christians

huddle in cocoons of

ignorance, their knee's

calloused by fallacious

attempts to gain

understanding while

demanding the demise

of the one that provided

the only glimmer of

illumination they have

ever known.

Patrick McFarland

Psycho-dogma

Like a moth to the
flame I came to
incinerate the blame
I spent years of booze
and cocaine trying to
bury deep within some
hidden recess of the
mind.

I tried to explain to some
half-assed shrink whose
name is long forgotten in
the rotten stench of wasted
time but the sublime message
he tried to convey was that all
my sins can be laid at the feet
of a mom and dad who had the
audacity of being born human
in a lost world demanding
perfection.

Patrick McFarland

Question's of Love

Would you die for love?
Would you die for a chance
to stand naked in love's
unabashed sunshine
if only for a moment?
And would that moment
pass would you lay down
bitter in the wake of love's
fated departure?

Patrick McFarland

Recollections

Does anyone know where
sanity goes when the voices
cry out in the silence?
And all that you knew has
been proven untrue but the
blood and the pain and the
violence.

If there ever was time to collect
what is mine it's a long time ago
I am certain.

The reward I desired was consumed
in the fire when the gods up on high
dropped the curtain.

And don't ever presume that
your life will resume when
insanity passes with morning.
For the shadows hold fast to
the present and past when
love disappears without
warning.

Patrick McFarland

Remembrance

The silence of a burning candle
in the dark you touch the handle
of a door within your mind
and suddenly no longer blind
you find the truth you left behind
The truth that long ago was lost
Lost at such a tragic cost
Lost within the recess of your
mind.

Patrick McFarland

Ruine

When I'm all alone
and the moon is
riding high
I pray for an answer
but get no reply
And I start to wonder
why the Hell am I here
So I reach for my pistol
and it all becomes clear

There's no hope
That's my salvation
At the end of my rope
The world's aberration
With a flick of the wrist
and a note for a friend
No more tomorrows
an eternal end

And sorrows my friend
would be gone in a flash
A forgotten memory
of a forgettable past
But then there is you
You say that you love me
So what should I do
if there's nothing
above me and nothing
below?
How will I know?
How will I know
if this is the end?

Patrick McFarland

Sacred Psychosis

They implanted their
flag on yesterday's
blood stained beaches
robbing the world of
tomorrow's promising
sunrise

The arrogant Christian mind
blind to reality other than it's
own.

Alone it stands against demands
for peace and tolerance from an
enlightened world.

Alone it claims to know what's
best for the rest of us.

Alone it shall sink into a putrid
Hell of it's own making.

The Christian mind.

It stands alone.

Patrick McFarland

Sunday at the Zoo

Few moo at
the zoo.
They sit on
their ass in
the grass and
curse the stench
of the pew.

What else can
they do?

Patrick McFarland

Supplication

The bombs are dropped
The flags are waved
The people cheer
The politicians are
reelected and the
children die.
Then we shuffle down
the aisle and take our
cookie
from the ancient
pedophile and smile
because we are
surely god's chosen
rabble.

Pray that Jesus will
spare the hypocrites.

Patrick McFarland

Surrealistic Paranoia

Look behind
the tortured mind
and see the man,
the real man
behind the veil
of detail.

The man whose
heart is apart
from the rest
he tries his best
but never quite
succeeds in his
attempt to be one
with reality.

Does this mean
he is not real
the man who feels
all the pain both real
and insane that ever
was because if it does
I'd like to get off
of this ride and hide
someplace inside
myself for a while.

Patrick McFarland

Tequila Dreams

Blue moon rising
the night ushers in
a different reality
of party and sin.
Ladies in waiting
waiting for love.
Lovers in corners
and haylofts above.
Punch in a bowl with
spiked orange rinds.
Rooms of satin
with jalousie blinds.
Ashtrays aglow with
paper and fire.
People with needles
get higher and higher.
Bottles of whiskey and
vials of snow stand ready
and waiting for those in the
show.
A king with a scepter
a queen with a sphere
say over and over
"you don't belong here".
So you gather your courage
and run for the door, reaching
the threshold you fall to the floor.
Banging and pounding
you can't get outside there's
nowhere to run and no place to hide.
Here's where it ends this thing
we call life...

Patrick McFarland

Terminus

A virgin on the wing
makes me wonder
why this thing
keeps turning
and burning
while mankind's
yearning is never
satisfied.
And the stars shine
and this is mine
and that belongs
to you and all we can do
is cry for yesterday's
abandoned innocence
and tomorrow's faded
expectation.

Patrick McFarland

The Final Bow

The decay of imagination
and independence.
That which never
should have been
has become.
When the seed
of love is smothered by
the weeds of desperation
and the fires of hell rage
unnoticed in our city streets
then the end has truly come.

Patrick McFarland

The Flock

The mistaken illusion of
the churches delusional
interpretation of creation,
and love, and death,
and the hereafter.

We are the darkness
and we are the light.
The spark of creativity
dies in the frightened
eyes of the faithful
hunched freezing in
their Sunday best as
the priest requests
silence while he winds
up the sacred Jesus toy
and makes menacing
assertions to girls and
boys concerning Satan
and hell and the dark
well man will find himself
in if the smallest sin is
concealed from the eyes
of god.

Patrick McFarland

The Game

Everybody is different
And everybody's the same
And everyone is a player
In this crazy little game
But the game it has no winners
And we're lucky if we survive
The saints, the fools and the sinners
No one gets out alive

Don't be sad when it's all over
And the game is put away
Shake hands with all your rivals
And be happy that you played
For it's time for other children
To step up and roll the dice
Take their chances with the outcome
Walk away or pay the price

And you sit alone in the darkness
When the game of life is through
And you look into the heavens
Because there's nothing else to do
And you think about the ending
As you slowly drift away
And you can not help but smile
Because you got the chance to play.

Patrick McFarland

The Procession

Hanging by the neck and swinging
Up above I hear the singing
Somber angels, Heaven's suitors
Wailing out their mournful song

Chaos down below is fading
In the sky they're celebrating
One gigantic cosmic party
A sacred invite to belong.

Patrick McFarland

The Trip

The ground is shaking
or maybe the bed.
Visions of Avalon dance
in my head.
The world is alive
but my spirit is
dead.
Blues and yellows melt into
red.
"Listen" a voice cries!
"Listen to what's in your
heart and your head! "

Patrick McFarland

The Visitor

Veiled whispers startle my
polluted soul and from the
shadows she appears.
Her hollow words pierce
the wind like soaring birds
and whither tomorrow's
fragrant bloom. The room spins.
Sins unfold upon cold satin sheets.
Death's ritual accomplished she
departs leaving my heart an
empty shell swelling with despair.
The unholy loss of yesterday's
bliss and tomorrows fragrant
innocence.

Patrick McFarland

The Whippoorwill

The morning sunlight
caught my eye
A whippoorwill was
passing by he asked
about the reason why
and what is coming
when we die.

"Answer quickly
if you can and
tell me so I'll
understand. What
will be of you and me?
Tell me tell me what
you see".

"I'll tell you but I
have to say I doubt
that you will find a
way for death will
come without delay
that's just the price
we have to pay.
Now what you want
to know is this:
"We are all dreams in
the mind of a calico
cat".

Patrick McFarland

Tomorrow

The time we have is ticking fast
.....We don't know if it will last
.....Tomorrow soon will be the
.....past but by then I'll be in
.....love.

Patrick McFarland

Too Much Nyquil (or 103 degrees of nonsense)

Nothing left inside me
no witty words to write
Nothing but delusion
confusion and respite

Let's try it another way
because the words
above shove the life
right out of my fragile
mind and I'm blind to
creativity's meandering
abyss.

See, this is rather easy
when I just let the words
fly off the keys like fleas
off a wet duck...
F**k!

That line sucks
OK, forget the bird.
The idea was absurd
anyway.

Ducks with fleas,
please Patrick, you can
do much better.
(Bed wetter? Never mind) .

Shooting blind for sublime
one liners is best left for
the sh*t-house poets who
scribble their dribble on
dirty restroom stalls next
to balled up TP and free
hand sanitizer.

Alright then, once more
with feeling:

This is the story of
Father Keeling, and
an alter boy who was
kneeling...

Forget it!
I'm going to
bed.

Patrick McFarland

Tranquility

Where are you now?
When I need you
you've run from the scene
Fading between autumn
sounds.

Chaos surrounds.
I'm all the way down.
Losing my way
today.

Say you love me
Regardless of who
I might turn out to be.

I'm lost and alone
Please pick up the
phone and give me
a ring and tell me the
things that I need.

Will you be there?
Or will I be here
on my own?

I don't want to
bleed and
I don't want
to die.

I just want to lie
in your' arms.
Safe from the
harm of my brain.
Sane.

At peace
At last.

Patrick McFarland

Twilight

Sunlight glistens.
I listen to butterfly wings
while somebody sings
a song from a departed
age.
Locked in my cage
I can't see the sky
and I wonder how
I'll get by.
Lost in a dream
life seems
empty.
The wind is
still and a chill
grips bones
that alone tremble
in the dim twilight
awaiting morning's
consoling bliss.

Patrick McFarland

Unbound

Nothing to forgive.
No desire or memory.
Everything cast into the
hell I've created for myself.
Nightfall, slumber and the
myth of inner peace.
Moon casts shadows upon
the vanity of man.
First light.
Awaken.
Memory of dreams passes.
It's time to abandon the
place of my salvation.

Patrick McFarland

Unforgiven

Half moon twilight
shadow fades
Specters rise
within the glade
Advancing in a
soft parade
along the hills
and colonnade

Ghostly phantoms
long forgotten
Wailing souls
from hell begotten
Crying out for
Satan's pity
Forsaken by the
holy see
(And you and me)

Where to go and
what direction
Darwin's natural
selection
Never saw this
sad collection
Death's pathetic
imagery

Floating down
among the people
Bowed beneath
a different steeple
Perhaps these
foreign gods will
save us from
eternal misery

But god's are all
created equal
from the start
and thru the sequel
By the same
enamored people
living in this
desperate land

And so my friend
there's no salvation
from your fear and
desperation
The freedom of
annihilation withheld

again by Heaven's
hand.

Patrick McFarland

Upheaval

Dreams crash hard and burn fiercely
upon time's barren field.

The yield of a lifetime is one half
pound of effort and a few precious
ounces of success.

At the end, is anyone remotely
satisfied with the frantic waste
that was the last 26,280 days?

The best minds of our generation
rot before the alter of Yahweh
or the wide screen TV.

2000 years waiting in vain
for the next Messiah
to save us from the
doldrums of mediocrity.

Nietzsche understood and
it drove him mad.

Is that what it amounts to?
Boredom or insanity?

Ah man, what vanity has
led thee to this place of
desolation?

Will salvation save us
in this, the last hour of
existence?

Stand up!

Even now it may be
too late for redemption
but take heart.

While the life's blood
still flows, there
is hope.

Patrick McFarland

Upside Down in the Void

Upside down in the void.
Annoyed by politicians
and priests who feast at
the trough of the ignorance
of mankind, blind to the
devastation their righteous
proclamations heap upon
Eden's polluted shore.
Babylon's whore holds firm
their fate in her celestial grasp.
They will soon stand before
perdition's impartial flame.
The liar, the killer, and the thief of
salvation.
Dante's imagination could not
conceive a suitable torment for
their lamentable offenses.

Patrick McFarland

Wake Up!

Is this the end
of friendship
and trust?
Must the future
spiral into chaotic
disorder before
the border between
the here and now
is forever plowed
over by tomorrow's
unborn generation?
What decisions will
our children's children
face in the uncertain
world we craft today?
The future is now!
Wake up!

Patrick McFarland

Wandering

Man can it get any worse than
this? Aimless verse floats
in space and time till
I'm sick of the shtick
coming out of my head.
Dead words on a wasted
page scream rage to no
one in particular.

(Great! Now I have to find
a rhyme for particular.
Vernicular?
Absurd, not a real word.)

Poetic license I believe
allows for nonsense I
conceive.
Past 25 or 6 to 4.
Christ what a bore it
is to exist in the here
and now.

Patrick McFarland

Water of Life

Dead.

Lost.

The cost of redemption
too high for humanities
dregs to bare.

Where there's no longer
light at the tunnels end
and my mirrored friend's
eyes are vacant with
tomorrows lost
expectation.

A vacation from reality
so long overdo.

When will the pain end
and the sun rise on the
morning of my soul's
desolation.

Droll preachers intone
empty words of condolence
from the ancient book
they've been bred to
recite.

Whiskey or beer might
illuminate the darkness
better.

Patrick McFarland

What If

How many have to die
in God's name before
the finger of blame
is finally pointed
at the cross and
the crescent
and the star?
How far would
our spirits
soar
without the hatred
And intolerance
that bring war
and death to
the hearts of
the children
of the world?

Patrick McFarland

Where Do You Go?

There's a guy on the roof
peeking over the edge
Smiles down at the
pavement and steps
off the ledge.
With the wind in his hair
and a tear in his eye
he thinks of his woman
and whispers goodbye.

Where do you go
when you know
it's over
Who do you call
when it all falls
down
Where do you run
when the sun sets
and there's no
bullets in the
gun.

He is nearing the end
Ground is coming up fast
Hears a buzz in his ear but
knows it won't last.
But the sound rushes in
and he opens his eyes
Wakes up from the
nightmare of
clandestine
demise

Where do you go
when you know
it's over
Who do you call
when it all falls
down
Where do you run
when the sun sets
and there's no
bullets in the
gun.

Another new day
A new second chance
Will he sit on the sidelines
or get up and dance?

Where do you go
when you know

It's over?

Patrick McFarland

Wilderness

We can't forget our nightmares
and we can't recall our dreams
While everything is illusion
no matter how it seems
But somewhere in the darkness
there's a tiny fading light
And all I can do
is pray that you
find freedom
in the night

A man will know his enemies
and a woman know her friends
While the bishop on his chess board
only knows how to pretend
While the Christian looks for answers
in an ancient holy book
But the answer lies
in the children's eyes
if they would only stop
and look

A day is gone forever
in the moment that it ends
While a memory is eternal
if we share it with a friend
And the universe will answer
if we listen for the call
But we will have to find a
quiet place because it's
voice is rather small.

Patrick McFarland