

Poetry Series

**jasmine maddock**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2006

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## jasmine maddock(28 04 75)

Imaginative original award winning journalist/artist/poet/model – L: Scene, Frakture, Neon Highway Omma Gallery Greece, Deptford X London, The Kif, Big Arts Week children's workshop, SAA-Society for all Artists 1st Prize Aldershot, Ritz Miami, Liverpool Biennial, Liverpool Academy of Arts, Sefton Council teachers workshop, Channel 5's Milkshake series and more! One of 's 2003 Poets. Trained in Community Radio news production at Keylink College Liverpool.

She is also a Jasminist, whose artwork very unlike anyone else's. LATEST EXHIBITIONS: Curated organised and exhibited at The Independents Biennial ' Stuckism on Surrealism: About Beau-tea! ' Leaf Tea Rooms Liverpool Oct 23 to 29 2010

Participated in the Stuckist Turner Prize Demo 2010 Dec at the Tate London see and quoted whole article and

She exhibits unusual visionary beautiful artwork, including Go Pink cuc Liverpool, where her work 'Lady' sold for Linda McCartney charity, and The Egg cafe Liverpool. Described as 'Genius, the most gifted original artist he has ever seen' by Charles Moffat, Lilith Gallery, Canada, 'brehtaking' C21C/Dot-Art commission to produce surreal interpretations of Liverpool buildings including sun alliance as a sandcastle! Other commissions include 'From Apple to Zebra' with quirky original 26 illustrations including a zebra who is crossing a zebra crossing :) for Councillor William Waterworth who thought it 'spectacular and highly imaginative very pleased with it.' 'New to DACS' exhibition, selection only, 'Lady' Kowalsky Gallery London April 2009. Full member of DACS- Design and Copyright Society. 'Manwoman' winning 1st prize Society for All Artists 2000 national exhibition Aldershot in the experimental professional category.

Participated in 7 major Stuckist exhibitions including 'Stuckism Xmas Sale' Matisson Burgin Gallery London, cards and prints only,

Invited to appear on BBC Liverpool Biennial 08 video through being a Stuckist, BBC1's Test the Nation quiz June 2005 in artist group, BBC1's Good Neighbours documentary, 1993, Granada TV/Salford University Hitting Home documentary 1995, Vox pop on Greater Manchester Radio (GMR) on childhood hobbies,

August 2005.

### Terrible Work

Avant garde poetry publishers invited me to read at Plymouth Arts Centre a selection April 2004 of surreal and freeform poetry. Arts Council supported.

### Neon Highway

November 2003

Performed at poetry reading and published October 2003. Liverpool. Involved rehearsal, selecting and refining work, performance, networking.

### Twisted Shadows anthology

August 2002

'Sheep' poem chosen plus a collection out of many entries for Spotlight Poets, Peterborough.

Manchester Emergency festival and Frakture at 'The Bluecoats', Liverpool May and July 2002

Poetry performance, devising routine, liaising with organisers, rehearsals, travel, time management and acting.

### Merseyside Arts Magazine, Liverpool

2000-1

Ideas for articles, interviewing artists, getting in to private views, photography, writing witty, thought provoking and funny articles, typing work, getting work in on time.

### 'L: Scene' magazine, Liverpool

1995-6

Theatre Sub Editor and Music trends journalist- promoted to Sub Editor in two months.

Organising interviews, interviewing celebrities and business movers and shakers, contributing to Editorials including a way to increase readership which worked, writing

punchy, well researched and striking features, desk top publishing, designating of assignments.

### Qualifications:

BA Hons degree,2: 1 Literature, Life and Thought and Women's Studies 1993-1996

Liverpool John Moores University

Included Contemporary Journalism and Women in Media.

4 A Levels, 11 GCSE's

1993

The Oldershaw School Liscard Wallasey

1991

Included Art, Media Studies, Maths, English, Business Studies.

Community Radio course

1995

Keylink College Liverpool.

Practical course in news bulletins, using carts, creating our own one hour programme using skills

learnt. My programme consisted of history spoofs, news, adverts, local issues, current music

and arts news.

# 1 Tale About Plastic Surgery Freakery

I said you should have plastic surgery  
to make you look sweet  
but I wasn't planning on drastic butchery  
and now your face is a squashed old seat  
I said you should have plastic surgery  
and turn back some time  
but they grafted plastic school chairs on your face  
In the colour of lime  
And you looked distorted  
And people sat on your face  
They wouldn't sit by you on trains  
you were alone as a desert plain  
I told you to have plastic surgery  
as your lines ran deep like trenches  
and your sags hung like swollen pork  
Creases no iron could smooth over  
Bags the size of giant's benches  
The mirrors shrank in theatrical horror  
and the anti wrinkle cream gave in  
Caved in hollows, chasms need smoothing  
So I ordered you to have plastic surgery  
and I didn't think your face would be oozing  
Stitched and black eyed like a boxer loser  
punched over by a black hearted bruiser  
Steak faced bandaged needled freak  
with the name of your surgeon stitched on your cheek  
He gave you three noses and six mouths  
and a bread basket stuck and embedded in your jowls  
Thinned skin with a swimming pool underneath  
so the buried micropeople can splash about  
A bone juts out like an angry teenager  
all angry and boney. Your lips x 6 say different things  
all mangled speech patterns and fighting words  
I wish I hadn't demanded your plastic surgery  
And now your face is a lie

jasmine maddock

# An Out Of Syncness

A lone daisy in a field of wilting grass  
a lovely shell in shellshock broken glass  
an errant jumping molecule in chemical gas  
a book of facts in a library of guess  
the softest cuddle in the harshest lives  
the sweetest princess amongst the sourest wives  
the shapeliest shape in the shapeless mess  
the soapiest bubble in the unfrothyness  
A proud regal face in the crowd of sub human race  
a powdered wig in the world of modern bald  
a pair of jeans in the pinstripe workplace  
a tin of beans in the gourmet gastro pub  
The beautiful dark girl in the bland blond beiges  
the paranoid pretty girl in the Liverpool cages  
the stunningly stunning girl in the abuses from ugly bugs  
the perfect sundae girl in the cheap ice cream women  
A sunset stripy orange pink sink in the grey  
a twinset checked red and white in the brief clothes of today  
a twin brother in a class of single lone children  
a blow and set in a trendy hairdresser's den  
The Lone Ranger in a park of Forest Rangers  
the One stranger in a pack of friends manger  
the Scarlet Pimpernel in a kitchen sink drama  
the opera singer in the girl band Bananarama  
A parrot parodying in a flock of solemn crows  
a carrot lonely in a pack of mixed cabbage  
a Pierrot clown in a period drama on TV  
a suicidal misfit in a happy swinging party  
The elegant slim aesthete in Birkenhead shopping  
the elephant never forgets in amnesiac's memory lacks  
the phantom white spooker in a ghostbuster's house  
the bantam weight boxer in a ring with many the size of a house  
A determined driven purpose in the world of lazy sloth  
a suspicious cynical person in the naivety of mankind  
a kind helping unthanked soloist in the orchestra of society  
a king yelping 'behead that traitor' in pacifist's vicinity  
Out of Sync? cont Maddock 2004  
The violent storm in a peace calm balmy night  
the insolent not norm in a normal retort retaining city

the insolvent artist in a palace of solvency and wealth  
the alternative remedy in a chemist of manmade health  
A runner in shorts in a land of full length trousers  
a rabbit nose twitching in a nasal allergy clinic  
a habit wearing nun in a bikini clad Baywatch episode  
a Polka dancing team in a room of priceless antique Spode  
The ruined crumble cathedral in a new brick all slick building  
the lunatic shouting to no one in a soundproof recording room  
the alcoholic smoker drug addict in a creche of milk drinking  
children  
the vitriolic viper mouth in a do- gooder charity centre.

jasmine maddock

# Dog Poo On The Dancefloor

(To the song Footsteps by Womack and Womack)

Dog poo on the dancefloor  
reminds me baby of you  
brown, stinky and putrid  
noxious steaming poo  
repulsive cat doo  
cat doo  
cat doo

Stains on an old man's jumper  
reminds me baby of you  
stale beer egg and toadstools  
diahorrea on bar stools  
in the shape of your cheeks  
spilt wee on a pub floor  
that smells for weeks and weeks  
weeks and weeks  
weeks and weeks

Bird chewed bread from its beak  
woodworm in the teak  
your face is bug bum  
hairy bulge and dumb  
your body is crumb  
you belong in a slum  
in a slum  
in a slum

And the Shanty Town people  
throw you out  
As you're not as good as they  
your face of 10,000 year old corpse  
ashen cigaretty and grey  
copious brain cell decay  
not the man with Milk Tray

Fungus nails on the dancefloor  
reminds me baby of you



full of swollocks and peppermint  
next time it be 'flu  
Wan faced and temperature  
sweating like fat man in a bath  
a nasty rash in your crack  
a dirty old man in a mac  
In a mac  
In a mac

Rubbish on the pavement  
Bird poo in the gaps  
as pleasant as STD's  
your presence gives me the clap  
Gonorreah all year in your eye  
next time I hope you're a fly  
and get squashed by a mad man  
swatted you and you die  
then can't fly  
you can't fly

and the music sounds off key  
when I'm dancing with you  
Doesn't matter what I do or say  
You are like dog doo  
slimy brown and twice a day  
gassy brassy nasty lumpy  
a set of hivey weals that are bumpy  
a set of old women who are grumpy  
You are the matter that doesn't matter  
I hope you splatter  
like frying batter  
all over a floor  
The dog doo on the dancefloor  
bilious sick in the ladies  
a fork stuck in a workman's head  
with spurting blood red  
dead zombie beast green skin  
nightmares in the day  
a stuck schlong in a zip  
Y fronts in nylon  
3 pack bought by your mother  
nutcase in an asylum

reminds me baby of you  
dog doo on the pavement  
next time we are through  
we are through.

jasmine maddock

# Domestic

I would not let the domestics go anywhere near  
The secret cache of spoons I compulsively horde  
In my compulsive drawer. This is where I  
Keep items that I compulsively amass, Lord  
Have no mercy on a habit crazy man  
Dave not Percy gone to habit wearing nun  
And said hey sweetheart do you have a habit?  
No Sirs, she replied, but I own a general  
Collection of creepy buttons I was too scared  
To destroy or send to a military camp.  
How the guys wailed at such bewildering  
Button-obsessiveness from a habitual nun  
They bade her a wave and a salute goodbye  
And stashed up their assortment of puns  
Funny ha hee in the chest of draw nerve  
That artery had clotted like the best churn  
And exploded in the heat of over burnt perms  
Permanent temporary collectivism keep my  
Coins in the fount of doubtful splats  
Rumpled old slippers from each year past  
A collection of ships I have a-mast

Dave made overtures to Beethovens' secret  
Display of intelligent notes and electorate votes  
Percy leaned over the rainbow and knew the two  
Funny chap in one collected high horse attitude  
At a very queasy breathless choking altitude  
Hey, Madam, they chimed to a lady of sweet  
Smelling like a bank vault or ancient sweets  
We have made a God-vow now to infinity  
To tint your mood vests with springtime charity  
And collecting vests with a hole in the seam  
That were worn sexily by men called Sean  
A bug eyed mini fossil to us curled perm  
Fondly amassed over the pardoners' worm  
Pardon? Said the rancid butter buttress man  
Are we really here to collect the collected?  
It is inspected on a frequent pancake recipe  
Then stored in neat plastic boxes in a tidy mesh

Mashed and sprayed with all the final curtains

jasmine maddock

# Fake Tan Man

Mahogany, teak stain, gravy or oak  
This man's face is a bloody joke  
The colour of tea left too long in a pot  
His mug is 1980's California not  
from a sunbed does he burn crisp  
But from a bottle of furniture wax  
Fake tan products just no good  
for the burnished teak tan they lack  
He's tried Bisto, Oxo, marmite spread  
But the sticky mess comes off in bed  
and reveals a ghostly white pallor  
A white sheet faced pasty fella  
Pale go to jail and never released  
Cos he only wants to be a tanned beast  
A darker shade of brown is his aim  
A permanent marker is to blame  
He covered his face with this ink  
because he didn't want to be pink  
To be mistaken for a sideboard  
must be his main desire and dream  
To be baked like a loaf of bread  
must be his main aim and goal  
Or to be coloured like a burrowing mole  
He did try holidays in sunny spots  
and he went brown in a few dots  
Sun a peeling is not v. appealing  
So bugger the sun and rub on the browning  
a roasted turkey is pale next to Tan the man  
Who is now coloured the shade of All Bran  
and he is as crap as All Bran makes you crap  
Brown boy in the ring tra la la la la  
He's tan hide Mr Bootman shade noir  
If he tanned any more he'd be a horses' tack  
Tacky tanned tosser the shade of a sack.

jasmine maddock

# Fly

There's a fly on your back  
it moves like its on a track  
dancing to Shakatak  
jumps and gives you a heart attack  
There's a fly on your back  
See through wing and the colour of black  
When it lands on your snack  
You will have to take it back  
There's a fly on your back  
It's a dirty fly in a dirty mac  
showing everyone his little pack  
and wants to get Miss Fly in the sack  
There's a fly on my back  
It flew over with a tiny whack  
sticky glue like born to tack  
As common as bric-a-brac  
There's a fly in the pack  
Of pepperminty Tic Tac  
Pull it out and scream not a snack  
Go away fly on my back

jasmine maddock

# Jack Is A Rusted Old Man

There's a rusted old man worn down with age  
calloused and harassed a rough old sage  
piercing eyes scorched wrinkled by the sun  
hands in his pocket as if to say sod it  
Cos his time is coming and he's nearly done  
sits a rocking in a chair as creaky as he  
bits a dropping off, hair and as cranky as can be  
Only the truly lonely know what cranky is all about  
Stands or for a change sits then stands up  
hands that worked miracles now it's a miracle  
they even work. Work he once knew, knew good  
toil becomes toilet troubles and his body is rubble  
an old ruined site on the worry all night  
crinkled up groove face just sitting as his place  
So alone only his bones are his friends till it ends  
talks to each rib that juts out like an angry teenager  
sees his hollows like chasms over dug pitholes  
where life's ravaged cruelty hammers blows and knocks  
Trapped and cut out from exciting parties, in a box  
snapped as no one wants him no one ever did  
so he walls himself up in his house and shuts the lid  
Gave up raging and crying and pulling his eyes with his hands  
wringing and moaning best bury yourself in the sand  
Like a fun day family style at the grainy yet soft beach  
only clad in a dark suit and sombre. Cracked grain voice  
made sonorous and ominous with fear and ache  
Now he's a mouldy past it old wrecked sponge cake  
Chuck him out, feed his body to the birds  
Cos he ain't respected any better than turds  
A face with so many bags Fendi could sell 'em  
a face with so many crags he could glue himself  
On the beach with the nice family day out  
A face of a clock gone into time spinning shock  
a rumped elephant's bottom with pendulous jowl  
a face so haggard it should be covered in a cowl  
a face so weathered life storms an upset bowel  
It's time my old boy to throw in the towel  
but even that would go wrong.

jasmine maddock



# Misty Moon

the misty moon the secret star that shyfully hides behind his pa  
la lovely lune c'est magnifique tres fantastique my glowy Moon

a floodlit sky only noticed by lovers as they think its romantic  
and the right thing to say

not really seen for what he is a share shifting orb  
crescent present

shine on harvest moon for me and my me  
a non during lightbulb sanity in confusing melee

he does have a face not visible to human race  
the winkin moon the thinking moon

he knows when to glow and shares the stage  
with a million stars magnitudinal actors real stars.

fuzzy shining and sharp depends how you look  
with your eyes seem so tiny from distant earth

yet were really tiny from distant sky  
i notice you moon and talk to you moon  
and say to the stars they pulse in return

jasmine maddock

## Praxis V Axis Pirouette

he ballet slipper with intellectual ribbon ties  
Glittered with dullness and an infinite like  
Of pink cup cakes and telephonists phoney  
Helpfulnessnessness. Less is less after all  
The athletic altitude male dancer scissored tights  
And flashed on the grin of white lights  
That gained him tumultuous rapport and applause  
From the audience of lethargic fake appreciative bores  
The bend, the kick, the twist, the contortion, the tuille  
The end, the flick, the mist, the distortion, the fool  
The courtyard of sentinel dancers in one motion  
Brain power in one little florid flushed swirl of fairy  
There is intelligence in the small and pretty me  
Mandolin myriads and dryads in bead hidings  
Flowering cascades of delicate toughness and clouds  
Wishful empty fullness and out of time men in  
Slim trousers. Similar to difference only inbetween  
The two balustrades of heavenly concoctions  
Fragranced in sheer flimsy wisps of voile and freesias  
A man- a man from a man- born to not be at all  
A dancing man whose wish wings go towards the moon  
And reaches out for his one, his love, his dark angel.  
Fantasia days, all lovely and too untouched by the  
Earth. Magic caresses and tresses or lilac times  
Torrid whirls of jewels not found down here  
Lamisos, puria, dervigulos, baretuo, xevulos  
Sparkle like spark sparkling fairy breaths foood  
Whispers of loud shattering leaps and whoops  
As the dancers become their objects-they are the birds  
They are the nature; the true beauty and mystery  
Men of love, of light, curled up like the sun  
Shining like a magic star so brilliant and mine  
Yours are mine not yours are mine mine are not yours mine  
Mind your manners, impeccable boy, must be velvet  
And lots of neatly coiffured lace and then do your  
Leapy thing high in the ether low in the mind  
Medium middle fiddle scrape a tune then  
Stroke the tune so it sounds all wonderously  
Wonder. Awe and Thaw. Fast slow sizable

Paced kicks. And then it ends. Sigh.  
Sigh.

jasmine maddock

# Quite Silly But Accurate Pop Star Rhymes

Billy Joel

In a Begging Bowl  
All full of holes  
I'm not bowled  
Over. Hair is coal  
He should be  
On the Dole  
With a face  
Like a mole.

Mick Jagger

Is a beer blagger  
Appeared on Saga  
Gives Jerry daggers  
Tight pants, a nagger  
A bum bum waggler

Hearsay

Go away don't come  
Again another day  
As sick and cheap as  
Milk Tray  
Put them on a one way  
Road to Pop history Mandalay  
Stupid swaying can't we slay?

Elton John

Thumpy piano hair gone  
Plumpy faced as Simon le Bon  
Not sci-fi like film Tron  
Or as electric as a Positron  
Weighs a great deal a ton  
Silly glasses spangles upon

Steps

Are Schweppes  
All Peps  
But no TESSAS  
How they wept

When a flea crept  
Onto their hair swept

Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera  
Spear of Destiny with no quiff  
Spare us Britney Spears  
Even after a few beers  
Her thrusting gyrate rears  
What a pair of lovely dears  
With talent in copious arrears  
Christina Aguilera rhymed clearer  
All her make up costs dearer  
Frizz and glitz spoilt and teen bearer  
Without a mike you probably can't hear her

Atomic Kitten  
Three little mangy Scouse bitten  
Have lost their common mittens  
It's cover versions with few originals written  
With thin hair and no talent typical Britain

jasmine maddock

# Smoking B\*\*\*\*\* Who Poison My Tubes

I always end up in an environment full of smoke  
Having to sit next to a hyped up chain smoke bloke  
Who won't put it out despite my nasty coughing bout  
And my old man wheeze and green face splutter pleas  
I worked for one day in a door-to-door sales pitch  
And everybody in the firm smoked then cancer sticks  
I apparently was 'abnormal' and 'everybody smokes'  
I smoked with seethe and began to wheeze with fumes  
Fuming in a haze of fumes no regard for those in the room  
Who wish to smell unlike a chocking car exhaust giving up  
The Ghost. A ghost is flimsy and smoky like the haze from fag  
And a ghost is what they'll be soon if they proceed with the weed  
Poor little fag breath boys and girls from them O how my heart  
bleeds  
Stinking of yellow mould and prematurely old lung cancer people  
Rotting blacking soot encrusted dusty worn out pipes of croak  
With mildew nails and mildew selfish light em up destroy throat  
Mentality is mental, fundamentally detrimental to dental look  
Creepy teeth of mustard hue the demon weed shrieks, its muck  
Yellow is the colour of 'disturbed' and smokers are furred up  
In the arteries they wear a fur coat which might be good in the  
winter  
But in the ashtray they burn a terrible mountain pile of cinder  
Ash Wednesday is Ash everyday to these wreckers of my health  
And its money up in smoke as they desecrate their wealth  
They are steam trains who are not going to reach their  
destination  
Chug a chug how they doth bug my chest and best coat  
Making me smell like them plague weaklings who hurt my throat  
When I was in that job I was stuck in a cancer car  
Tried to open the windows a bit as it was like being in a bar  
Smoke in my eyes, smoke in my nose, the evil grey rose  
And permeated my virgin health with its sneaking stinky pose  
Hee Hee it went up my vents and cough cough I splut  
I'm a fussy cow I should put up with being full of soot  
I left the job as I wanted to live without catarrh  
And don't want to wheeze in a smoke filled stinko car.  
Oh, by the way, people,  
Faust Fag.

jasmine maddock

## Some Doctors Are Rubbish

The white coated sugary sickening bilge merchant sweeps his pill  
Pushing doctor ideas and made up reality from reference book  
Likes to fool the stupid people that small white things cure ill  
Only I know the cunning devices to dupe the group with medic muck  
Sitting behind their important desks piled high with important photos  
Of smiling family pre-brushed and scrubbed; acceptable values gilded  
Books not quite lying flat, all thumbed and handled with corpse hand  
Hands that do dead body rummage, all in the name of advancing ahead  
They look incredulous at every single visit from people with double vision  
Triple liar tellers, that's the patients; we go to keep them in their jobs  
We could not be really ailing, wailing in pain with an aching brain; fobs  
Us off with reassurances and misdiagnosis, a stupid prognosis (cut that  
incision!)

Hippocratic Oath takers, autocratic king makers, on a tablet throne  
They type in their computers for diagnosis, is it neurosis or a wonky bone?  
Peering at poorly ringworm sufferers and leering at a naked autopsy  
Graduating with pride and things they've tried on the eyes of a bull  
We are lumps of meat, another nuisance case for the case carrying lot  
Who jot incomprehensible gibberish and prescribe worsening drugs  
Some make your stomach implode, boils growed and others cause vomit  
Coming out of your innards like a sick carrying comet  
All wear manky dull green hospital-sheet like clothes and short  
Hair swept to the sides, glasses and skin pasty egg fried  
Arrogant, opinionated, textbook totalitarian, anti vegetarian vile  
Think that illness is straightforward, all sick or not, piles and bile.

jasmine maddock



# The Grandfather With A Complaint- To Spit And Splatt Brothers, A Fictional Company

Spit and Splatt Brothers  
249 Noway Way  
Cacksville  
England

Dear Sir with the rheumy nose,  
I wish to vociferously make a complaint against your turgid company. Your secretary, upon me visiting, made me wipe my shoes on her coat and then licked the dirt as she said it tasted like dark chocolate. Then she wouldn't give me any information, as I hadn't asked for any. Good companies who care about their clientele; I being a regular patroniser of your goods, i.e., I belittle them constantly to friends, neighbours and the small weirdo in the cake shop, would bend over backwards to serve and make clients demands a reality. I should have been showered in cheap A5 leaflets and calling cards.

Then I was made to sit in reception and the TV was so poor in reception; it had bad reception, and only showed prime time repeats on BBC1. I want to see 24 hour company videos that use a chronic stuttering 'actress' from Gormsley sing the praises of your firm that is now soft and flaccid like a collapsed meringue. Further more, I was not offered any compensation for the faulty goods I did not buy at any stage; a gift voucher and a free alarm clock would have gone down a treat. Hint Hint, etc.

Your self heating barbeque on the patio products may or may not work as I have never tried them but that is beside the point. I, as a 63 year old check coat wearing moustached General in the army believe that war is not war and would like a slice of the action before my moustache drops off. If you with the rheumy nose cannot deal with my angry complaint then I would graciously ask that your lovely partner, Messrs. Splatt with the bulldog chin answers pronto. I won't stand or sit for any nonsense, me lad.

Would you like a cup of tea sometime? I believe the Bell and Bong in Chiswick does a splendid tea with all the non service that you expect in Anglesey. Bottoms up and slap your boyfriends loo brush.

Yours- General Blattsby- Couragenil.

jasmine maddock

# Thyroid

I've got a tin of fruit in my thyroid baby  
A neurotic robotic  
I've got a tin schizo in my thyroid honey  
A despotic robotic  
I've got an android in my thyroid baby  
An exotic robotic  
Whizzes round in my thyroid honey  
A psychotic robotic  
I've got a pepper corn callous thyroid  
A honey of a fruit  
I've got a kipper born in my thyroid sweet  
A funny old suit  
I've got a zipper torn in the thyroid baby  
A runny bald lute  
I've got a schizo zipper in my thyroid sugar  
A despotic honey coat  
I've got an android corn in my thyroid baby  
A thyroid

jasmine maddock

# Toothpick Uses

A walking cane for the pixie men  
Or those tentative at sword fencing lesson  
First stage before moving on to a needle  
Which can be fashioned if you make a hole  
At the thick end. Ideal if scared of metal  
Not if worried by wood. Or a seagull  
Who makes a stylish nest to kip in  
Up there altitude low maintenance, stilts high  
So make some room from toothpicks to be taller  
Or if you have normal-stilt vertigo. On we go-  
I'll scratch your back if you scratch mine baby  
Don't want to touch them putrid human mauler  
Scratch them with toothpick to keep the distance  
The collect them up to make a garden fence for snails  
Or walk the plank for ants. Great fun, yes.

jasmine maddock

# Traumatize

Inner traumatize, the bowels of my body spurt pain  
Lost in the hopeless waste, my life a one note refrain  
I have lost the capacity to feel exalted, emotion all mined  
It's a bleak forecast, it's the agonies of humankind  
Fantastic one who knew people who all loathed her  
Mowed down by the agony and ecstasy of roadsweepers  
And the grasping fingers of claw-folk pull me under  
And the rasping boils of pus-men leer me over  
And the clasping to threads freyed and frizzly grizzly  
I think I'm possibly slipping down the ubiquitous slippery slope  
Made more oily by years of tears, fears, scars and mind rape  
Needling angst anxiety wreck my pretend composure surety  
Needing love and peace of being in a landmine devastation  
All I receive is ignoring many times and hefty rejection  
Am I going to be always alone with the company of me?  
The answer is yes and I can say that assuredly  
For individuals must be thus; the one man band  
Soldiering on in group led culture and wedding bands  
Friends are transient, come and go, ebb and tide  
If they want to use you then they are at your side  
Men take your hand skip you up the path of promise  
Leave you reeling like a love lorn novice  
Then they leave as they do not like being outshone  
So you feel unravelled, confused, used and undone.  
Not top of the world. Bottom of the pile. My dear I feel vile.  
Sluggishly eking out a dysfunctional breakdown  
I can't have another relationship no one suitable not  
Anyone courtly enough to warrant my presence dear  
The light of the silvery doom reflects large, piercing  
On my breath, my path, my constant nothing life  
I think that's what it is. All nothing. And so if it is  
Then why am I writing about it as nothing cannot be grasped  
And shook hard.

jasmine maddock

# Tv Is Tripe

There's nothing on the television  
Except people in the situations  
And nothing better than incisions  
Forceps delivery in the hospital drama  
Repeats of Judy Dench and Geoffrey Palmer  
In the seat I watch with approbation  
On probation is an officer from Sun Hill  
Station. The other station is reality.  
Reality a made up programme about  
Pretending to be a reality T.V show  
A bit like colour suite crazy Big Bro  
Talk crap, texting, voting one off  
I vote that this crap goes off  
Oh, it's gone off already  
Like stale moulding Emmental  
Emmerdale Smarm full of crocks  
Smug normal nothings can I blow up the box?  
About as exciting as 10 pairs of socks  
Or another detective series- put in the dock!  
Oh, it's another off beat investigator with quirk  
Another decaying corpse for detection  
I wish the corpse would say 'whodidme'  
And save an hour of predictable inspection  
The fuzzy dots that make up the picture  
Are now digital 0's and 1's all technobabble  
but just because the picture is crystal clear  
doesn't make it better just more dear  
all the favourite T.V personalities we all adore  
In more sharp bigger picture O how I abhor  
As now their faces are even more in your face  
Time for another inspector o get on the case  
I'd shut them up in one to stop yet another mystery  
And consign TV tripe to ancient history  
Wash my hands of soap scum and docu-drama  
And repeats of Judy Dench and Geoffrey Palmer  
Late night sex toss for old men to toss off to  
Late night youth dross for youth to doss to  
Presented by women with hyperactivity and flat hair  
Really different and unique with a daft bird's beak

Opening and shutting at the rate of 10 million knots  
Date me date me programmes and Music Box  
There's Nothing on the Television! (c) Maddock 04  
Cock. Like 20 pairs of socks. Same shit drivell  
Arrest all the programme makers Officer Dibble!  
Lock em up in a box and force them to watch  
How to change your man into a dado rail in red  
Spruce up your milkcartons into wow ornaments  
Change your living room into a pit of hell  
Oh, that's what's on T.V  
You might as well paint your wall  
And watch that dry  
Better than Match of the Fucking Day  
Sport abort. In a hospital drama  
The doctors can abort sport.  
Some blokeys in Pringle jumpers  
Chatting about brats who kick balls  
On the other is more sport. Sport is all.  
It is the divine highest jewel in T.V's crown  
It is what the mass love to glue their eyes on  
It is what drives me to get slewed  
TV is totally vacuous  
TV is tripe  
TV is arsewipe

jasmine maddock

# Unloved Lost Plane

Hardy battler, hardly bitter, despite being treated as machine  
Metal mover, heard motion, momentum growing shudder  
Rudder rover, over the blue, tantrum non throwing green  
pasture passing landscape fleeing all seeing metallic gleam  
There's a tear in his window or is it condensation in the air?  
There's a sigh from his engine or is it an out of condition  
motor?

One plane and his instruments being taken advantage of  
by some cockpit dweller, a feller with a mission to move.  
Guys' destinations matter. Planes desires do not matter  
Anti matter. For that matter, planes also would like a pat  
on the nosecone. And read thrilling stories about pilots and  
planes

at promptly 5.32pm. A tickle under the wing, plane take  
you under his white strong curved bird wing if you do.  
A tray of his favourite biscuits and definitely no Aero  
chocolate. He doesn't want to be reminded of his life  
Fly me to the moon fly me fly me fly me fly me why me?  
Why did I have to be born an unloved private plane?  
Sleek and beautiful, a majestic sonic messiah arms outstretched  
as if in Yoga poses. You never send me roses. Or kiss my nose.  
You only worry about me if I malfunction and it threatens you  
Pilot. You only maintenance so you can stick on your earpiece  
and send messages over the airwaves to your cronies in buildings  
and get to your Hangar in your beige chinos intact. I just metal.  
Painted in colours I never chose. You still don't pat my nose  
My engine's running whirr whirr I'm on Autopilot, depersonalised  
From my aeroplane personality. Check my altitude my attitude  
is one of a wounded romantic torn in two by an unreceptive lover  
I soar while you snore. I fly while I cry a little. There is  
a tear from my window, they dropp like pennies into a tearful sea  
Splosh. Only you don't hear the tears. You just fly and look at  
panels.

jasmine maddock



# Vendettas

Vendettas bear a grudge and refuse to budge  
No better than a go-getter turned to a seat sitter  
They scream and dream of ways to fight the unjust  
Before they turn to dust. All twisted and bitter  
Lay festering and dormant, then pestering and cormorant  
In its swooping and targeting of its ill doing prey  
Viperous and swan vicious it pecks and vexed, nay  
Nice it is not, not one tiny jot, but we've all got one  
Like it or not, 'tis one slimy rot, cut into all bar none.

jasmine maddock

# Why Do Sheep Become Jumpers For People's Torsos

Tell me why do sheep become jumpers for people's torsos?

Always in my sleep I mull over such posing problems

And sometimes in my wake. At my wake when I am dead

I will still be thinking of such things in my ghost-head.

The ghost of sheeps' past, to my knowledge, are never sweaters

Unless they exercise too rigorously in Heavens' Olympic Games

Jumping over white gate doors to send the ghosts to sleep

Woolly jumpers; their coats were once made into woolly jumpers

(Not with Little Bo Peep!)

Little Bo Peep lost her sheep- she was 'fleeced' by a dodgy

salesman

Who conned the curly miss to let him manage her star sheep

Said he'd make them famous just like Meryl Sheep or Wayne Sheep

He didn't, the rotter, he shaved them for jumpers to make folk feel

hotter.

Out came the shears, down went the sheep, off with the woolly

fluff

Cotton-wool, clouds with liquorice legs, off it cam in copious

amounts

Cauliflower-like heaps of tangled cream beard and several nude

sheep

Blushing profusely they bleated and ran quickly not looking at the

heap.

The dodgy business man gathered up the bundles and stuffed into

sacks,

He knew in a few months the sheep would re-grow their coats back

He knew in a few weeks this fluff would be spun into wool,

For dying and knitting into Fair Isle, Aran, cardigans, V-necks (how

dull)

The woolly stuff was packed off to a spinning factory for

woolling

And then sent to a knitting jumpers factory for click-clack

knitting

Then sold to shops who sell to people. A cycle from ewe to you

It doesn't itch the sheep but is certain to irritate skin; 'tis

true.

Why do we know to wear jumpers made out of spun sheep wool?

Who first decided to shear'n' spin the cream coloured bah bahs

Why don't we use Poodle shavings when they have their coats

clipped?

Why don't we shave human chest hair or curly hair on head  
dye-dipped?

100\%Pure New Wool. Trademark. It can't be that new,  
As otherwise the poor sheep would have had to relinquish their  
Coats and instantly give them to you to wear instantly with  
Your new pants. It sometimes can be mixed fibres, acrylicy pith.

Why don't sheep shave the skin off mangy old people?

And spins kin into skeins to wear 100\% Pure New Flesh

Maybe hats, or cravats, or tops, or bottoms, or shirt

But it would contaminate them with vile human dirt.

We wear jumpers made out of sheep wool as its' traditional

It usefully resources natural fibres and enhances a natural  
shedding

It keeps us from chillblains and aches and pains from winters' harsh  
cold

And gives us something to stitch purposely when they unravel with  
holes.

jasmine maddock

# You Are

You scrawny piece of inebriated turd  
You infinitely cack worthless old bird  
You filthy stinky sore pus carcass breath  
You awful half cremated sour fetid death  
You morbid sordid sweating leech of society  
You turgid scrunched up putrid infidel  
You worth nothing, a pint of stale belief  
You dirt, woodworm infested crawling non relief  
You a sponge soaking up all the emotions  
You a streptococci bacteria exuding gout  
You poo. A long stringy brown dollop of swirl  
A rotten little disease filled olden cow  
You are so useless your mother fed you  
To the crows who peck your body to demise  
And how unwise. For then you pecked  
At your father. Hen pecked your own dad  
You sludge. A bucket of vomit and scrapie  
Mouldy fudge. Rancid viper and smelly eyes  
The limpets don't love you and I don't  
They tried cleaning you with Borax  
And you just hit back with your thorax  
Swiping it mercilessly at the disinfectant  
Vile beast of the hebridean faults  
A mad eagle headed man in a vault  
Stumbling half person stitched in red  
Gash to your repulsive ogre head  
Hatred is too mild. Rebuff the slime  
Slime in the time that you pounced vicious  
Creature of voluptuous moulting chest  
All of them pacified thought that did infest  
Raving irresponsible you mugging thug  
Thug of the mug and mug of the bug  
Bug faced corpulent sleaze mouth  
Seize the day and twist it into horrid bits  
Ransacked my one elf that I left for  
The you. You are screwed used hogarths  
Vilified semi detached brain of nought  
I was bought for 20p and fumigated  
YOU ARE (c) Maddock 2001- cont...

Rinse me. Clean me of all those terrapins  
Terrorist terrapins and needles in my cheek  
For only a week and then you, you took  
Out a triangle and placed it on my face  
Subjugated any reasons of infinite laughter  
Showed me your youth. Not much good then  
a spinning foul creation of mulch and macho  
Vat of terror. It was filled with all of prices  
It cost me too much to awaken the dead  
So I didn't bother and woke you instead  
Since as you are inactive compound B anyway  
And your head is gay  
I felt nothing when you were grating the food  
And slipped a bright dull finger into the air  
It slashed a thousand misfits into half wits  
And swiped a pedicure in secret for my hair  
Terrible. You. You ruined my crap existence  
Fungi breath and panting filthy goon  
Go away soon.  
Die in a tomb Of paper envelopes  
It was stamped, sealed, signed and delivered  
To the worst philistine cretin this side of other  
Mother. You carp, shark, snake, unpasteurised cheese  
Fanatical Hisbollah lion terrorist in fleas  
You snuck into the back and hid howling  
In a desperate attempt to try and play Quoits  
With a sneaky desperado called a bald  
Snaggle drum bum of epic large grossness  
You you you you you you you you

jasmine maddock

## Zooooooooooooooooooooom-Moths

Moth moth moth moth moth; time of the month for moth moth moth moth  
Behemoth, moth, fill your path, path, path, path, path, path with moth, moth  
Zoom, zoom, zoom, zooooooooom, zoooooooooom, zoooooooooom, across, cross  
I get cross at the profusion of bow tie looking moth, moths, moths, mo  
More moth, more moth, sick of moth, in my clothes, hair, whizzing round  
There. I wonder how they all know which one is which? They are all little  
Kamikazi fanatics, flitting around near the death death death death  
Flit, flat, flut, flut, groups of all the sames in their brown and beige old man  
Outfits. They sit on the wall and fly in your face but obviously not at the same  
Time. They get little brothers to gang up on you when you don't want them  
Around. Doth, I loathe thine moth, especially when they falleth in my broth,  
Or indeed any comestible you care or not to mention. By a wing and a  
Prayer, they are there, jittering and twittering round like a nervous paranoic  
On useless man made drugs. If they were Goths, moths, then they  
Would wear raggy black clothes and whiten their thorax. Pupae in the carpet-  
Nice pattern of eggy lumps. As uniform as perfect circle. Circle of moths,  
Flying in their moth pattern. All nervy nervy nervy twitter, flitter, flitter. Moth  
Moth Moth More Moth moth moth o-moth, o-moth, o-moth. The wrath of  
Marauding moths. Hover, hover, hover-the bother bother bother of irritating  
Little nothing things in your face. Like being alive in Merseyside.

jasmine maddock