

Poetry Series

**Ripper Jones**  
**- poems -**

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# Ripper Jones()

## Acidic Sweet.

Your smile is like a grapefruit on a sunny afternoon  
That sqirts acidlike fragments of joyous tambourines  
That reflect the sunlight into a river of silver delights  
That plunder buccaneering dogs of Dante's scenes.

Your eyes are like nothing on Earth  
As they rise with the sun and make mead and delight  
In the magnificent embers of a phoenix birth  
Through lands of purple mist and glorious sights.

Your hands mirror gradations of the holy work  
In which you excel and make people of the spheres  
Where two headed eagles swoop down to circ  
The plains of dust where are fiery seers.

Ripper Jones

## Afterwards.

Does the world go on without us  
no matter what we do  
or does it end when we end  
there's a little puzzle for you.

Ripper Jones

# All Against All

Nameless sublunary dwellers  
of differing hues and shapes

Primordial timbres sounding  
through forests of petrified people

Pangloss like all good optimists  
Looks for the best in abject evil

In a prison which we are born into  
with no door or key

In a world where one eats another  
to survive to another dawn

In blissful oblivion of truth  
till hungry worms feed on eternity

Ripper Jones

# Anonymous People

Anonymous people  
Where'd you get your colours from?  
Red green and blue  
In differing blends  
And differing shapes

These the objects that are  
Seen through a rainbow of murkiness

What shaped and coloured your life?  
Why do you live?  
How did you get to be in space and time?

A trillion trillion events  
Too large for the human brain  
And the largest super-computer  
In the space of a split second

How do you think?  
How did you get from  
Non - being to being?  
What was the causal element?  
What caused the causal element  
In the first place?

Who made the tools  
To hew the trees  
And cut short the universe  
Of the hunters and the hunted

Who mined the metal?  
Why - slaves of inhumanity in  
Inhumane conditions

Wary of the seams  
Whilst picking at precious metals  
In perpetual agony

Why do they gnash their teeth?

What's the air like?

Floating like needles in the sky  
Puncturing the clouds  
And freeing  
The uncountable memories  
Of the universe

Like the neutrinos  
that pass effortlessly through  
Gold and diamonds  
Like a razored knife  
Passing through water.

Ripper Jones

# Another Day

We came back to the bedsit at about eleven in the evening  
we didn't have a key so we knocked the door  
Corky should be in  
no answer so Plonk kicked a panel of the door in  
'well that was a smart thing to do' I said  
'it's better than standing out here all night' he retorted  
he put his arm in and opened the door  
Corky was in bed with the girl who hung around with the motorbike boys  
no wonder he didn't answer the door  
everyone knew about her  
'can you take a walk around the block boys' he said  
so we did  
we were men of honour and this was part of our chivalric code

When we came back the gas meter had been broken into  
Corky had gone  
probably walking the girl home  
we waited an hour for him to come back  
he came in looking pleased with himself  
he said 'here's two pounds each and a two pounds for me boys'  
there must have been more than that in the meter  
a lot more  
it was late and we were tired so we went to bed  
we woke up in our flea ridden double bed  
and phoned the landlord in the phone box across the road  
we told him that there'd been a break in

Corky went out early and came back legless  
we were very suspicious  
'where'd you get the money from you drunken crook' we asked  
he flopped onto the floor unconscious  
we decided life was too short  
so we left it  
it was dole day tomorrow  
time to get pissed again

Ripper Jones



# Bathtime

They got the silver tub out for bathtime  
the three of us took turns  
the water was kept hot by a kettle  
when we got out we were toweled by mum and dad  
nice and clean for school tomorrow  
once I got out and I had a hard on  
'how does this happen mum'? I said  
'It happens when you get cold', said mum  
I was only ten  
but when I grew up I found that that wasn't true  
because the world isn't populated by Eskimos.

Ripper Jones

# Brian's Potato Surprise

I was filling bags of potatoes with another worker called Brian  
we had a bag of gone-off potatoes with us  
we had to put of these in every bag of good potatoes

suddenly my co-worker Brian exclaimed of one good potato  
'look at that one it looks like my girlfriend'  
and sure enough it did same eyes same nose same ears  
'it's even got the same cheekbones' he said

I told him to put it in his pocket for a souvenir  
but the manager saw it and asked what he'd put in his pocket  
'I hope you're not thievin' those spuds' he said  
'this is a matter of science' Brian retorted

'oh is it now' said the manager' so let's take a look  
Brian took it out of his pocket  
the manager started rubbing the earth off it  
'sure, this is a friggin' doll's head' he said

'you can't eat this so I'll leave you off'  
and so it was a doll's head  
with no hair  
and blue eyes

lots of times when I'm peeling potatoes for chips  
I think of that incident  
and do you know the doll's head looked nothing like Brian's girlfriend  
it looked like Brian

Ripper Jones

# Broken.

I went to the local park with my  
Older cousin Jane and a friend.  
In this verdant park (three football pitches  
Or cricket grounds) , or  
Whatever sport or pleasure the worker's  
Children should dutifully, with alacrity  
And gratefulness, receive.

But the 'swings' were death traps.  
Concrete greeted you if you slipped or fell.  
One fall could break your skull.  
You were in danger all the time you  
Played on these swings and roundabouts,  
A simile for the constant danger of  
Sudden and total non-existence  
Throughout a life.

Such is our childhood full of forgotten  
Memories. Many unpleasant.  
Short stories with submerged meanings  
Waiting to be unravelled  
Before time itself runs out.

Particularly nasty was a contraption  
Which swung around on a pole with  
Attachments like a Spider's web to a wooden  
Bench that went round and round and in and out.  
Like a gigantic Spider-spinning top  
Luring unknowing kids into its danger-zones.

Into this mushroom-like maelstrom  
I myself was tempted having  
No reason to question  
The logic of temptation being four years old.  
I broke his leg.

The hospital which put my leg in plaster  
Was called the General Hospital, because it  
Was general, I suppose.

What meaning of 'general' did they have in mind?  
Like a 'general' Store, or general being 'common'?

This was now a hospital serving the recently  
created National Health Service which  
Purported to heal everyone,  
whatever the ailment, even the commoners,  
Without squabble or payment.  
The NHS was, per se, free.  
The proletariat would be far more healthier and  
Thus more productive. A perfect  
seemingly apolitical and moral system.

This was the same hospital that I would  
have a tetanus injection five years later  
Because I'd stepped on a rusty nail in a deserted  
and derelict house some streets away.

There seemed to be lots of deserted houses  
clustered around the two bombsites  
where me and my gang and his gang's enemies,  
The Sarfold gang, led by Julie Sarfold,  
Because Strangely (for an adult) ,  
In this gender-less children's world  
The Sarfold gang were girls.

We often threw stones at them and they  
Threw stones at us as we cowered behind  
Barricades of wrecked cars,  
Abandoned sofas, discarded building material,  
Pieces of timber, corrugated iron sheets  
And pieces of wire.

How I hated the sound of the national anthem  
Being played. Television always closed down  
At around 11-12 O' clock, and for some reason  
It gave me comfort knowing it was on.  
But When he heard the anthem, I felt depressed.  
This is how I started sleep at night.  
Being Depressed.

I was alone now.

Everything was closed down.  
The pubs, the shops, the radio.  
Civilisation had finally ceased for the day with the  
Sound of those opening bars of perhaps the most  
Melody-free, dirge-like national anthem in the world.

Ripper Jones

## Cause Of Death.

In mine and yours,  
medical records are kept.  
Like a fire starting from the inside,  
and spreading outwards,  
all your diseases are laid bare  
by the good hypo-critical doctors,  
who are at oath to keep us alive.

At the end of our medical records,  
Not in bold or italics,  
It reads:  
Cause of death \_\_\_\_\_

That end line HAS to be  
filled in at some point in time.  
No more thinking your immortal -  
Your dead and it may's well be NOW..  
The universe does not exist for you,  
Time scornfully by-passes such fancies.

And at the end of the line?  
Only eternity. Only.  
You and I have only the darkness  
To comfort and terrify us  
As we sleep the never-waking sleep.

Ripper Jones

# Confessions Of A Sadist

Confessions of a Sadist

I am a sadist

I like to see people sweat

I order fridges and freezers off the shopping channels

I see the delivery men struggle to put them in the fork lift  
and then tell them I live upstairs

and I say they are not suitable next day

because of a colour clash

then some men come round and collect it

oh the joy when they struggle downstairs

this is one of my amusements and hobbies

I'll tell you about the others sometime

Ripper Jones

## Crossing The Styx.

When the jungle is silent it's always deafening,  
Bottom heavy with menace.  
An unseen, unbeing force.  
And people who live in the sheath of night,  
Scream their terrors of the snakes that bite.

Is it too much imagination for want of comfort?  
The yet undead fear the dancing light,  
Through the window of Eve's fundamental attributes.  
That deadens the sight Adam's sight  
And enlivens a people ripe for conquest,  
Through the unspoken piranha's bite,  
What difference to the worms that yet live on  
In the underworld waiting for us,  
What future creatures will want our oil?

Our skeletons, models of perfection,  
On the catwalk's hanging flesh  
That mortality destroys in a puff of breath,  
To abide in the circles of Dante's hell,  
With the killers and daydreaming forgers.

The Lilliputian egoists with their damning surprises,  
And the constant din of cold-blooded screams,  
Pitched like tents on a lake,  
Forever to sink in brown-flecked mires,  
Is this your fate as the Catholics believe,  
As under the water of existence you swim,  
Getting nowhere and drowning each day,  
And every second of torment,  
That swings on hooks far away,  
In the sky that once knew,  
Blue and misty, sometimes dark.  
Remember that Hitchens and Camus also had to die.

Ripper Jones



## Cubists.

All your memories are unique,  
They are patches on a quiltwork  
Held together by a few incidents.

Artists are mirrored in themselves,  
Recognising faces only in the abstract,  
A form which comes from a heavy beard,  
Wavy hair, green eyes, corpulent, etc.

And in such incidents  
such as the art teacher telling off a bully  
So incongruous and yet  
Fits the idea of a memory....

Ripper Jones

# Darkness.

On a cold cliff ledge I stood  
and beyond the edge lay a great way down  
to dank caves below  
which echoed the sound of uproar  
as the waves ripped the rocks  
with an explosion of white foam akin to manic smoke  
carving wondrous shapes against windswept sea  
like clouds rent apart by lightning

I looked out upon the relentless sea  
and thought of the primordial abyss  
of the waveless deep  
far far down where a hidden world of alien creatures  
lived their unknowing lives to unknown deaths  
no tombs for them no sarcophagi  
no epitaph carved in cemetery words  
most times the one memory to the white bones beneath  
which nourish the earth and begets new life  
which itself finds death and joins the stars.

Ripper Jones

## Dawn.

I saw infinity the other day.  
I stepped outside this aimless place  
of unfulfilled desires.  
I was apart from time.  
I saw the gods, whose reality  
was radiating from the nothing  
in itself. Spectral beings with  
no form or matter,  
but pure thought, defying  
arcane logic and existential angst.  
It was the time of day when Aurora,  
in this tiny piece of the universe,  
was active. Like an angel  
she mesmerised sleepy Helios  
as he arose from his infernal bed.  
A million fires energised  
his chariot on its  
diurnal passage refreshing  
Earth's soul. As the sun  
gently adorned  
the earth in yellow golden  
hues with fields, trees,  
and buildings providing the  
decorations, wind machines  
and pythons draped like fairy lights  
on Christmas trees as they reflected  
the glare creating the moment  
of a marvellously surreal scene.

Ripper Jones

## Dead Streets.

Through the dead streets the existing shuffle,  
Like ants homeward bound to their nests.  
They take shortcuts through dark lanes,  
Meandering onto asphalt tarry streets,  
Into their little houses with little gardens.

Drunks, half drunks and quarter drunks  
Continue to stagger on their merry way,  
Talking of football and boxing and dock jobs,  
And of the ailments of their apathetic families.

They put their keys into their doors  
And stand on the sacred slab of concrete.  
This slab is washed down every day,  
For no conceivable purpose until it shines  
Like polished lead. Scrub - scrub - scrub  
With a scrubbing brush, as if the brush  
Was specifically designed for this task,  
Not by a godly intelligent designer,  
But a symbolic designer, for this slab,  
And the pavement beyond it,  
Is baptised every morning when  
Clean cold water to rinse is thrown  
Like a wave onto the uncomplaining slab.  
But the real reason for the ritual soaking  
Is gossip, and gossip, gossip, gossip.  
Her up there hasn't paid the rent,  
And him down there has a dicky heart,  
And him that has red hair has been sacked.  
Blah, Blah, Gossip, gossip, gossip, gossip.

Oh, the allure of thrice deep fried fish,  
And sausages, like the fish, in batter.  
Some singing 'she loves you yeh yeh yeh',  
Out of tune and time - and reason.  
The salt and vinegar smell wafts behind them,  
the drudges supper, wolfed down with gusto.

Meanwhile mainly manly men eat their

Muddy Pie and four pennyworth of lardy chips,  
In greasy grease-proof paper set  
On a layer of yesterday's tabloids.  
They pour wrath and scorn at the bosses.  
Musing over today's Andy Capp strip.

If one could die of strangeness it would be here,  
In this unstudied nether-world  
Of muscles and swearing and anchor tattoos,  
All tomorrow to suffer their hangovers.  
And the foreboding of the identical day  
Tomorrow, and the next, and the next.

Ripper Jones

# Death Instinct.

Spectral deity  
The self which I don't deny  
These chains can't hold destiny  
Which destroys and builds  
With pent-up energies  
Unleashed on the unexpected  
The dark spirit  
Giving light to humankind  
An eagle that is a dove  
Giving eventual tranquility  
After glory and pain  
Drenched in the blood of sacrifice

Death of good or evil at last  
Opens roads to reason afresh  
Comrades in arms patriots in love  
Determined futurism for the future  
Manifestos for glory and speed  
The superman creed exemplified  
Through martial nature's necessary choice  
Kind's advance to the justifiable end  
by exceptionally mean pitiless means  
Opportunity must be pragmatic  
Brushing aside flotsam with no mercy  
Dispute settled by sole arbiter

Pressing, burning, accords will be dispensed  
while the servants incubate small niceties  
Lilliputian worries only worry Lilliputians  
of cultureless materialist tradition  
of eyes that are open but cannot see  
they will be forced clear of sympathy  
and see the light after Armageddon  
time equals struggle and conflict  
law equals obedience and subservience  
no emotive tears to cloud reason  
crowds at last will know themselves  
and realise what they really are

Thesis, antithesis and synthesis  
what use is this with the subconscious  
and the aesthetic never-never land  
never reached because it died  
materialism and mechanistic gears  
for the people to see and listen to  
to be aghast at the first production  
of lightning's spark to jog dead matter  
Hegel's idealists and Smith's individualists  
and all the branches and dependents  
and divisions and subdivisions  
none will be disappointed

Darkness wearing a white mask enters  
the resemblance of Hades itself  
my heart is pinned to destiny  
and my soul is let loose from its chains  
the beings are satisfied as they plough  
nourished with bean and turnip soup  
and delightful mind substance that turns  
into happiness and plenty  
to stave off the darkness of their existence  
they keep minions and hangers on  
to form their sirens and familiars  
that work towards their immortality

Spectacle processions pyrotechnics dazzling to glazed eyes  
to reach depths of emotionless souls  
which stir latent thirsts and angry lust  
for justice seen as retribution for treason  
perpetrated by perfidious wretches sprung from limbo  
into hells of their own treacherous making,  
split asunder by lions and eagles with axes of blood.  
Soft religion for soft heads that make sympathy a virtue  
needs to be brushed into the gutter of history.  
Twist the other cheek, spy on thy neighbour  
for the benefit of the Benthamite mass  
who weave a cloak of angst against predatory thoughts.

Ripper Jones

# Entertain Us.

Yelps of animals in agony like seals at feeding time  
Screams of gladiators like the worst horror film  
Blood and gore, red as a sickly rose  
Entertain us, for we are the mob  
Entertainment is the circus  
The roar of the crowd  
Uncivilised - ignorant - Blood-thirsty  
Noise - Pain - Dying  
Kill - Kill - Kill  
Death - Death - Death  
The song of death reaches Saturn's ears  
Pluto's here today so watch your step

If this was entertainment,  
What was life like outside?  
War of all against all and everything else  
Cheap life - nasty - brutal and short.  
How could these people with the same brain  
And the same mind as ourselves  
Watch torture - rape and killing.  
What was tenderness and/or kindness to them?  
A thumbs down from the emperor meant another death - One more universe  
shattered  
Why didn't they build an amphitheatre  
On or about the silver mines,  
So ghouls could watch the miners  
Slow, tortuous life  
They could have marvelled as  
The under - world slaves  
Were slowly bent and crippled  
They could have savoured all the whippings  
People were owned - they were property -  
Worked to premature death  
They found themselves in Hell-on-Earth

Was this the glory of Rome?  
Beyond the parades - was this it?  
Was this life?



Feel the agony, feel the pain  
You won't come back again.  
But you're here, and your soul,  
Bears the mark of Cain.

Blood and death, an unearthly pell  
Unleash the gods of Satan's Hell.  
Screams of delight as gladiators proud  
Are robbed of life by a three pronged sword.  
A noisy cacophony, baying for blood  
That special stock that special bud  
Flowers not but dies soon after  
The seeds of life and then here-after.

Ripper Jones

# Expecting To Become Nothing.

After death how soon will you fade -  
Where will you be remembered -  
For death is deprivation of sensation precisely.  
There are no longer painful or joyous events.  
There is no longer a subject.  
There is no longer a self.  
Not even the darkest black  
Can penetrate the complete

Absurdity and hopelessness.  
Of our future non-existence.

Ripper Jones

# Forgotten For Eternity.

In the case of youth,  
Be they ferals or aristocrats,  
Loss appears wondrously severe.  
It is not only hedonistic utopias  
That are gone but future ones  
That are split asunder by a tragic shortness of life-  
Or rather life-span.  
The aristocrat lives in history but gradually  
Fades from real affectionate memory  
Expecting to be forgotten with no emotion.  
After death how soon will you fade.  
Where will you be remembered  
For death is deprivation of sensation precisely.  
Fastidiously immaculate.  
There are no longer painful or joyous events.  
There is no longer a subject.  
There is no longer a self.  
Not even blackness or loneliness  
Can alleviate the complete hopelessness.  
In this hopeless void after life.  
And if there was no subject,  
There was nothing about which we could  
Ask the question of -  
Whether it was better or worse than it had  
Been when alive.  
Buried in a hundred years or hence -  
In whose memory shall I linger?  
A circumstance of life chances  
Intersecting at circumstantial nooks and crannies.

For he believed death to  
Be deprivation of sensation  
Precisely because he thought  
There was no longer a subject to have any sensation,  
And if there was no subject,  
There was nothing about which we could  
Ask the question of whether it was really ourself -  
The philosopher's stone.

According to Lucretius,  
Each period of non-existence  
Is a perfect mirror of the other:  
Look back at the eternity that passed before we were born,  
And mark how utterly it counts to us as nothing.  
This is our mirror, our future.

Ripper Jones

# Freedom's Kiss.

On the lee of the crooked rock I sheltered  
and a glowing girl came out of the wind  
she took my hand and took me forth  
through a forest made of gilded trees  
and placed me into a narrow cave

The windworn entrance closed up and I was alone  
the silent darkness gradually cleared  
and I saw the walls consisted of sparkling gems  
a silver stream ran through the passage  
and I walked on with marveled eyes

I came upon a large oak door  
and pushed it open then I found  
some people dancing merrily  
with the glowing girl central to the gaiety  
round and round in circles they went

I strained to see the girl inside  
but now a devious whirlpool had been made  
it pulled me in till my breath was expired  
and at the centre I saw the glow  
but the girl was not inside

What mystery what magic had I found  
that messed with reason in this metaphysic place  
the people were circling in a blur  
and chanting ever louder snake like whispers  
that rang in my ears and filled my head

I burst with all my might out of this enchanted throng  
but they ran behind me as my terror increased  
then I saw the glowing girl who grabbed my hand  
and made the mad demonic people turn away  
frightened of some power beyond imagines

The glowing girl kissed me and then I felt  
a power that defied the use of words



# Going Underground.

First heard at Beatles party in Brynmill,  
Dischordant dissonance with added feedback.  
At its best when played on a sixties  
Mono phonograph.  
Who's that?  
It was the Velvet Underground.

Two years by, in Ealing,  
Glasgow Billy said, with a knowing smile,  
'He's Welsh you know' John Cale  
Talking us through 'The Gift'  
This time in stereo,  
John Cale with his valley accent  
On one speaker,  
The Music on the other speaker.  
Strange mood for a strange time

So sad as Nico sang  
'I'll be your mirror'  
And Lou Reed's 'Heroin'  
Was from a world I did not know  
Waiting for the next fix,  
Waiting for his man

And then the conscious art object,  
Of Andy Warhol  
Lives on after life has gone.

Ripper Jones

# Hatred.

The emotion of hate  
Comes from our very id.  
But where did the id come from?  
There could not ever  
Have been only id  
But supposing there was?  
Are these the immorality  
And the illegality  
we see  
On the TV daily, dig me.  
If animals consist of only id,  
Then why does the dog wag its tail?

Poor beasts left to the fate  
Of being  
In the hands of the human race.

Ripper Jones



## If Only.

I remember we did a charity gig  
in a home for handicapped youngsters  
we saw all those kids  
we were the awestruck audience  
and after the performance  
a teenager came up in a wheelchair  
and asked our singer for a kiss  
afterwards in the van going home  
we spoke silently and artificially  
but the tears we shed were real

Practicing hedonism through drink drugs and sex  
and through art literature and music in later life  
is this the only way to escape this world designed by a devil?

Ripper Jones

# Innocence Not Proven.

Sleep eludes them,  
Until the blue-grey dawn.  
That lifts melancholia's plea  
To life's ironic scorn.

A cuckoo is heard amongst the chirrups,  
That set another day along  
The pathway of life that usurps  
And takes innocence's song.

The vivified soul, if it does exist,  
Gives momentum and meaning to every twist,  
And hammers black time, with a manifold reason  
That dims the wit of the surreal season.

The jangled nerves of sinewed defence,  
Presents its case to a deft pretence  
Of justice seen with assinine law,  
That protects the guilty to a commoner's awe.

And the judges that play God with unvarnished life.  
See nothing diabolic in their abusing knife,  
Laying the ground for certain death,  
Prematurely cut from stony breath.

Ripper Jones

# Let Us Drink And Duck

So let us drink and duck  
Let's laugh and dodge  
And talk of this and that and nothing  
Fill our heads with music under scratches  
Till the daylight sees our uncombed hair  
Make love with a hangover whilst still drunk  
Get up fall over objects in curtained shadow  
Drive her home in a rickety wreck  
Still over the limit  
Head thumping like Cassius Clay  
The evening had been dedicated to Bacchus  
Offering sacrifices to our favourite god  
Now Venus has disappeared  
Following Mr Moon who went an hour ago  
Murky streets murky head

Ripper Jones

## Looking And Liking Not.

The strong, unmixed wine of beauty  
That our eyes deceive us not,  
Also lets in harsh reality,  
Like spirits that abuse the throat.

Eyes that blink in the moment,  
Like a forgotten grain of sand,  
Letting in rays of torment  
Diffuse and upset the mind-set grande.

Forever we are cursed or blessed  
By the light let in and caught.  
In the passing bubble of life  
That bursts time's forget me not.

Eyes that drain our very being,  
Unmerciful seers of a future past,  
Forgotten in the dry bones of freeing  
From the graves that we fear at last.

Ripper Jones

# Manet.

Manet, do you deserve your reputation  
For art as the eye perceives?  
When we look at a crowd, we see but one person,  
And all the rest an impression, NOT SOME people  
In detail, and the rest a blur, a few brush strokes.  
Were you really a genius? Or just talented -  
As you would like to be likened to an artistic Baudelaire,  
Himself a dandified complaining wreck,  
Lucky enough to be of a moneyed family,  
Exaggerating exotic tales of erotic places  
And paying for it with a quenching Black Venus  
And syphilitic breakdowns.  
Decadence is not art in itself,  
Neither is considered outrage.  
Is this where you and your ilk went wrong?  
Modernity passes to antique in the blink of an eye,  
You did not capture the moment,  
As one cannot capture a moment - ever.

Ripper Jones

# Memories.

Where does memory go  
When it's finished with the moment -  
Is it tossed away?  
Is there an island in the universe  
That collects them, files them;  
And all the innocence and experience  
Is housed thus.  
Millions of years of memories -  
Of pets that have people  
They have known and loved,  
Places where they remember instances  
Of beasts of burden that can't answer back -  
Yes, the bestial has to have its slot.  
Human memories of time passed -  
Gone forever but set in amber.  
Where is the energy,  
The fundamental life force;  
Gone forever at death  
To the eternal depth of mystery that remains  
After science has drawn a plough  
Through fields of Ardath.  
The eternal memory has to be stored  
In non-neurological temporal space -  
Destined never to be seen,  
But to exist separately from fairy people  
Who inhabit only imaginary spaces  
Away from the reality of existence  
Which laughs at us through the absurdity  
Of life's enigma, the celestial joke  
Where we avoid madness by non-thinking  
Of the death that is inevitable.  
The great leveller leaves behind  
Anguish and joy in unequal measures -  
The energy of a quadrillion memories,  
Wails and shouts at the injustice -  
Cursing the final destiny that robs  
The very coffers of existence -  
Walls ablaze in the deepest recesses  
Of esoteric caves where mysterious animals

Of the human race dwell and think  
Of life's mysteries and Gods  
That dwell above and beyond.  
Testing, corrupting, materialism -  
The defiler of the spiritual angst that gnaws  
At the boundaries of safety  
The wine dark seas of ancient Greece  
Populated by monsters and ruled by Poseidon  
Untrammelled by science and reason.  
So much the easier  
To forget.

Ripper Jones

# Night.

It's a long night-time  
when will the darkness end  
and the rays from heaven light this room  
this lonely dispossessed room  
where electric bulbs give artificial lift  
to grey corners of the mind  
where a rainless cloud hangs in despair  
as the minutes take hours  
and the sad melancholy apologises  
but does not go away  
into the black night of wide-eyed stares  
and beggars pleads  
to be diffused in human cries  
as the world says leave me be  
go away you must not leave  
this earthly limbo where hope lies defeated  
within time-worn walls  
buried by centuries of polished white bones.

Ripper Jones



# Nightmares.

How does it feel to be in a basement when bombs are falling all around?  
How does it feel when your life could be taken from you at any moment?

Words cannot describe it.  
Screams at night come near.

Ripper Jones

# Nothing Matters.

What is the point of ambition  
Connected to the reason for being  
Why write poetry?  
Why do anything?  
When all inevitably has to end.

Music, art, literature  
What's the use when Shakespeare  
Has no knowledge of his four  
Centuries long fame.  
Beethoven and Bach have no idea  
How their music has affected so many  
Taken at face value  
Their white bones are nutrients  
To the soil they lay under

Culture, Nationalism, Politics  
History, politics, memories  
All disappear when the dark messenger  
Comes to rape the life of meaning  
Our poets and musicians  
Agonise over the terrible eternity  
The dire, horrible prospects  
That even existentialism can't stem

Why did Van Goch sever his ear?  
Why did Scot and Evans lose their lives?  
Why the first world war?  
Why the second world war?  
Why any war?  
Why did Balzac work himself to death  
Why, why, why -  
There are no answers  
Use rhetoric if you like  
It won't change things.

Scientists say the universe  
Will eventually become colder than the coldest ice  
Darker than the darkest black

String theorists postulate many universes  
which all, in time, coalesce  
letting in black eternity

Nothing matters  
Nothing

Ripper Jones

# Notre Dame

Notre Dame Cathedral  
It was in our itinerary  
Of our holiday in Europe  
We children, who knew about this place  
From an old film, black and white  
It was the one with the hunch back  
But this was the real place  
But it seemed unreal, almost surreal  
These were real wonky wooden boards  
We were walking on  
From the real olden days  
And we were so high up  
People lived dangerous lives then□  
And then there was the Bell  
And it was Huge  
Much bigger than in the film  
Was the hunchback deaf?

Ripper Jones

# Nursery.

A vivid memory. Crying,  
Crying at the railings of the school,  
On my very first day.  
My mother leaving me in an alien place  
With strange child-people, so many!

This was the first time  
I was away from my mother.  
I can recall, when age four,  
The gut-wrenching,  
The non-understanding,  
The confusion and alienation,

Who could describe it adequately in words?  
Like a pet dog separated from  
The family who had adopted it,  
It can only feel the pain, nothing else.

How can a being only in the world  
A short time after being expelled so  
Dramatically and painfully  
(Does the baby feel pain  
When born which is not memorised?)  
From the womb  
Make sense of emotion and reason?

Ripper Jones

# Obelisk

Manet, do you deserve your reputation  
For art as the eye perceives?  
When we look at a crowd, we see but one person,  
And all the rest an impression, NOT SOME people  
In detail, and the rest a blur, a few brush strokes.  
Were you really a genius? Or just talented –  
As you would like to be likened to an artistic Baudelaire,  
Himself a dandified complaining wreck,  
Lucky enough to be of a moneyed family,  
Exaggerating exotic tales of erotic places  
And paying for it with a quenching Black Venus  
And syphilitic breakdowns.  
Decadence is not art in itself,  
Neither is considered outrage.  
Is this where you and your ilk went wrong?  
Modernity passes to antique in the blink of an eye,  
You did not capture the moment.

Ripper Jones

# On The Road.

The motorway was grey-blue  
As it always was  
Cars and lorries rushed past  
The lorries sucking us into themselves  
As they sped past dwarfing us  
Whoosh - &gt;&gt;&gt;  
And we felt it  
As we chugged along  
At a sedate thirty-miles an hour  
In the slow lane.  
The three-wheel Reliant Robin  
Had seen much better days  
And it was wonderful to see it move  
As it didn't look like it could  
It now churned out black exhaust  
Which they assured each other wasn't the engine  
But the carburettor  
Despite neither of them knowing  
Anything about cars and their engines  
But putting a litre of oil in the engine  
Every few days should have been a clue  
Cultural rules  
Demanded that every male  
Know quite a bit about cars  
So everyone gave advice to each other  
The recipient of the advice not knowing  
Whether the advisor  
Was talking nonsense or not  
And the advisor thinking  
That if it sounds at all plausible  
It must be right.  
Giving false information to each other  
And nodding sagely through the car conversation  
Cars not starting well, it must be the plugs  
No, I think it's the battery. Or it could be both  
Could be the carburettor  
Or not  
All this  
About their cars defects

Which inevitably gave in to thoughts  
That they could fix it without knowing  
Anything about cars  
And working on  
Defective information  
Some people were battery people  
Who always advised to get a new battery  
Whatever the fault  
Then there were the starter motor men  
Who insisted  
That a new starter motor  
Would cure the cars ills  
Although, this wasn't a car  
But a little van full of blue smoke  
Which got worse with each portion  
Of each mile  
The duo were on their way  
To a booking at a social club for working-men  
The musicians final resting place  
After other avenues  
Towards fame  
Had been exhausted  
It was a different  
Set of rules here  
No playing too loud  
Rock and roll after the break  
MOR stuff before  
'Caroline' by Status Quo  
'Gypsy Woman' by Neil Diamond  
It was advisable  
To do a few  
Country and western numbers  
Because working people  
Liked this genre for some reason  
Perhaps the torment  
Of their life  
Listening to this stuff  
For depression  
Leaves you with it  
But ce la vie  
We put one or two in  
or tunes that might sound



vaguely country and western  
The main thing was  
They were mainly three-chord-trick  
Type songs  
Easy  
That suited us  
Rock and roll with a twang  
Such is life on the road

Ripper Jones

# One Can Die Of Strangeness

The new escape for Victorian modernism  
Kubla Khan written in Arabian twirls  
Automata dangerously real  
As the clockwork creaks and strains  
To give out the call to duty  
Of a hundred Bazalgettes and improving men  
Straddled on wondrous steam trains  
Monsters of the new age breathing fire  
On Byron's Greece reaffirmed  
As white statues gain their colour  
And the slaves arise to humanity  
Their unspoken lives live on  
In the fantastical moment  
Of surprising ancient anecdote  
Scrawled on walls of toil  
With allegorical blood washed down  
With wine from the black cask of history.

Knights of old crashing down  
In military catastrophe  
Unable to see the grass from the sky  
In Kaleidoscopes of chivalric colour  
Unknown in the real world  
Of dreams journeying  
Through the poet's soul  
Unerring, unbending  
Leading inexorably but inexplicably  
To the premises of metaphysical reality  
Where a step outside time  
Is a step in the direction of matter  
That coagulates a  
And gives us a sort of reality  
Divorced from Saturnalian dread  
Of the devil's ecstasy  
Here on Earth.

Ripper Jones

# Peace And Happiness.

Look inside yourself  
There you will find peace  
In your inner psyche  
There you will find serenity

Yellow blue turquoise mauve  
See these colours and more  
In flashing sequential moments  
That capture and keep your  
Innermost dreams and expel  
The abject as a past that  
Manages to praise the positive  
And process the negative  
As if it never existed

Your quest for serenity in life  
Is constructed all around you  
in a never ending Existential moment  
Grasp that moment with both hands  
Hold on to it forever  
Experience only the sublime  
Forevermore

Ripper Jones

# Planet Of Slums.

In the planet of slums,  
The very tin sheets are alive.  
Rusty corrugated tin  
Where souls are destroyed.  
They Drip with putrid moisture  
That hangs menacingly  
Above malnourished heads.  
Yes, humans live here,  
Like creatures of the night,  
Always looking For the chance,  
The main chance,  
When their sad lives are changed,  
And starvation and pot bellies  
Play God's last laugh.  
Diseased drinking water  
Their only fuel to carry on  
In this devil of a world.

And just beside them,  
The fetid conscience of  
The gated communities,  
Where the unchosen ones aspire to.  
But time goes on,  
And the one chance,  
The miracle chance,  
The main chance  
Lets time run its course,  
And only in death  
Are they free and equal

Ripper Jones

# Reader When You View These Lines

Reader when you view these lines,  
In your homes and cluttered courts,  
Part of me reaches your eyes and mind,  
And you absorb my thoughts.

    It's nice to ruminare  
On whom these readers are  
Some imagination is called for here

For when strangers mask is lifted  
Such a big divide it's not

    Like a flea that jumps about  
From one warm home to another  
Making blood brothers and sisters  
Minute transfusions of poems that  
    Give and take a little something  
Of one's precious time  
So as we drift to sure demise,  
When you read consider this  
    A little poem more time buys.

Ripper Jones

# Reality

Their three piece suite was leather,  
New, paid for in instalments.  
It was shiny new, and black.  
It caught one's eyes,  
like a 16thc Dutch painting  
Of peasants at a wedding,  
Where the bride  
Stood centrepiece in lethargy and bliss.

Coming through the door  
The leather suite captured your eyes,  
And said,  
'look at me, I am they,  
And not the huge television,  
Showing vistas of game shows and soap operas  
This is the reality, come inside'.

Ripper Jones

# Reclaim Your Place Dionysus

We're all God's children  
All in his likeness  
Except possibly the females  
It says so in a book  
So it must be true  
These hefty tomes  
That gather yellow dust  
With their huge  
Illuminated letters  
Make you believe in anything  
The wilder the better  
Oh for simplicity again  
Paganism was more fun  
Having a God of wine  
Is eminently more sensible  
Than having a God of love  
Give us time to evolve God  
And we will end up like you  
It is written and it is true

Ripper Jones

# Rejoice

In the spectrum of coloured air  
signs point out the way in ersatz care  
that forever wilt upon life's desert  
for want of moisture and sunlight's presence.

And the bellman's joy at dulci júbilo  
requires belief in the ultimate foe  
ignorance won't stop the liar.  
who sees their self turn into fire.

Ripper Jones



# Secret Gods

Secret gods present feet of wax  
To melt on the pyre of faithlessness  
They know their time has come  
Bowing to the the mass  
Dreamy opiates of the chained sapiens  
Gone beyond what is best for themselves  
In the continuing mire of self-defacement  
In a bubble of self-limiting ecstasy  
Itself a by product of lethargic  
Longings for the wild life of gathering  
Golden apples thrown deities as  
Paris abducts beauty and faces hade's  
Trials like Hercules risen from  
The cinder-heap of alluring sirens  
Who can but hope that their lair  
Filled with effigies of past conquests  
Can quench the blood-lust that arises  
When fate calls for thunderstruck  
Chorus to sing out-of-tune.

Ripper Jones

# Serpentilian

It had eyes that slid at and in  
Glazed over they had a look of  
A lake with too much sunshine  
With ice that refuses to break  
Eyes that followed and led  
To unspeakable-unseen events  
To the carnage through cretins  
And egregious pleasantness  
So pleasing to their ear  
The sycophantic snakes too near for comfort  
Built for speed in this mindless wasteland  
Yet there was vulnerability  
As each pealed skin reveals  
Masks of pleaded innocence  
And all other respects of prison-mentality  
Institutionalised beyond recognition  
The great fear of mortality  
The dread of knowing, we must do something to forget  
To wipe our dreaded mindset  
Of the vast terrifying empty unknown  
That exists but does  
Not quell gloomy feelings  
Which cause more-mere morbidity  
And derail the sense of belonging  
In the face of intense nihilism and  
Alienation -Insanity - death  
And bizarre contrariness  
Which follows us daily, like it or not.  
Nevermind our determined determination  
Which after all is as absurd as Camus' death

Ripper Jones

## Small Room.

A small room, with a marble tiled fire-place,  
With a coal scuttle and tongs either side.  
A mantelpiece with some plastic ornaments  
And pictures on top, family of course,  
Symbols of a popular existence.

A cot, and my mother picking me up and feeding me.  
Only I see it from a distance, outside my body,  
In someone else's eyes. Only it is still me,

In the distance of time and memory.  
That was one of my first memories.  
There were bound to be others that might come back,  
Tripped by some unforeseen happening:  
Where of course we have to contend that all  
happenings are unforeseen,  
Except when they've actually happened.

Kudos for some nice neurons  
Who take it upon themselves,  
Or are motivated by a messenger quark,  
To touch and evoke a precious past for the delight  
And entertainment for some other neurons,  
Of no import whatsoever to the outside world.

It's a unique inner sanctum confidante,  
To die with you. As you take the last breath.  
Everything's lost in the end anyway.  
What a bizarre universe, where animals are eaten alive.  
The secrets that nobody knows or wants to know,  
Out of not trepidation but disinterest.

The feeling was of warmth,  
Like the warmth that women must have got  
Fashionably with a dead fox's fur round their necks.  
Teddy-bear comfort and security, as if no-one  
And nothing could ever harm you,  
In your never ending false-trip of immortality.



# Snow Art

we peed together on the wall  
we made drawings in the snow  
his was ragged circles mine was a sphere  
he said why are you looking at my cock  
i said mine is better than yours  
he said what do you mean  
percieve our art  
i said my piece stays but yours meanders  
as it went on mine got deeper and deeper  
and his went aimlessly on  
like as he followed me in life

Ripper Jones

# So Let Us Drink And Duck

So let us drink and duck  
Let's laugh and dodge  
And talk of this and that and nothing  
Fill our heads with music under scratches  
Till the daylight sees our uncombed hair

Make love with a hangover whilst still drunk  
Get up step over objects in curtained shadow  
Drive her home in a rickety wreck  
Still over the limit  
Head thumping like Cassius Clay

The evening had been dedicated to Bacchus  
Offering sacrifices to our favourite god  
Now Venus has disappeared  
Following Mr Moon who went an hour ago  
Murky streets murky head

Ripper Jones

## So Says Lucretius.

Each age of non-existence  
Is a perfect mirror of the other.  
Look at how eternity  
passed before we're born,  
And mark how utterly  
it counts as nothing.  
This is our mirror,  
Our past, our future.

Ripper Jones

# Spectrum

Seen through murky rainbows  
that scatter songs of grief and fear

Cowering in shadows of darkness  
that leap like harmonic dissonance  
Sentience is being everywhere  
otherwise nothing becomes being

Is pantheism the only way  
to become God and remain sane

Ripper Jones



## Still Life

I got the bowl of fruit in position  
I put it on a red plate  
on a plain table in front of a window with no view  
I wanted to keep it minimalist  
on the plate was a kiwi fruit an orange  
two bananas a pear and an apple  
i had my easel and paints set up  
first of all I gave my canvas a wash  
the colours looked stunning  
I was eager to start  
suddenly I felt something inside  
that I recognised as a craving to eat the fruit  
I couldn't resist  
what could I do?

I had an idea  
I set up a camera  
and eat the fruit salad  
this was a performance event  
but the camera didn't record  
so my performance was witnessed by only me  
all life is performance art  
you expect me to say  
but no I'm not going to say it

Ripper Jones

# Stonehenge

The pubs had shut  
we trundled into the Volkswagen and headed onto the motorway  
we had decided to see Stonehenge  
on we went through the night  
oh how we laughed we laughed at everything  
it was windy and the Volkswagen was high  
I was afraid it would tip over  
woke up and we were there  
there was a little hut that was shut  
no-one but us were there  
it was five in the morning and the sun was up  
we sat in a circle in the middle  
seven hippies with hangovers  
we felt no magic or mystery  
so we asked Denise to take her clothes off  
and dance the pagan dance  
she refused so we talked a serious talk  
about the huge stones surrounding us  
we decided it was either a neolithic nightclub  
or a racecourse  
we then left.

Ripper Jones

# Sunset

The hills are adorned in red sunlight  
Long shadows cast like spectral sight  
Beams shoot out to our eyes  
But what of the ones that pass us by  
They go past the stars and then where?  
Ponder on this as we linger on without a care.

Ripper Jones

# Sisyphus

Sentenced to infinite hell  
he rolls the rock up  
and it slips down again  
and the same awaits him  
he is confronted by helplessness

every step he takes  
reminds him of the pain  
he must bear for all time  
it is a living death  
it is eternal death

he contemplates which is the worst  
eternal life or eternal death  
this he ponders in melancholia's realm  
but only for an instant  
a time he does not want

but the act of pushing the weight  
requires concentration  
each muscle must be fixed  
no time to think of predicament  
no time to dwell on sorrow

life is like a slight incline  
that reaches to eternity  
you keep on walking forever  
and the pain increases so  
as you reach the never-end.

Ripper Jones

# Taste

Corky took the bottles of tomato sauce from the cafe and drank them on the way  
back to the bedsit  
every afternoon this happened  
we thought it repulsive  
there's hunger and there's hunger  
one night  
one in the morning  
we looked out the window and saw him scrummaging in a waste bin pinned to a  
lamp post  
we were poor but not that poor  
this went into serious dysfunction  
had he any sense of decency or honour?  
had he the sense of taste?  
something must be done  
to allay our vexation  
we made up our minds

next night in Rob's all night cafe  
where the chess players lay deep in concentration  
where the drunks lay with their heads on the table  
where the Jesus freaks strummed with big grins  
where the drug dealers sat wide eyed after a day's labour  
where the artists sat penniless angry and frustrated  
where the musicians sat after their gig with their groupy whores

he went and ordered a gravy pie with some steak and kidney  
this was the chance  
we put pepper in his coffee  
and salt  
and worcester sauce  
whatever was on the counter  
even mustard  
he came and sat down with his coffee  
and steam blown pie  
he sipped  
we watched  
he talked a little  
'who's in tonight?'  
we watched

he drank  
no reaction

he's got no taste, that man.

Ripper Jones

# The End.

This might be the final years  
That they weep expected tears.  
This might be the final time,  
To join starry-dusts eternal mime.

Some will find the going long,  
Lasting through the thunder storm.  
In the city through the night,  
The sound of bombs ends the flight.

The smell of burning steel decries,  
A battle lost and blood-shot eyes  
Now see the rubble and wasted lives.  
Now starry people of the skies.

Ripper Jones

# The Great Illusion.

We're on a roundabout,  
And we can't get off.  
We'll all be flown about,  
Till we've had enough.

On this old world of ours,  
We're kept in check.  
By some invisible power,  
We're at its call and beck.

So what can we do about,  
This invidious tie.  
That gives so little to doubt  
That we live a lie.

What's that big wave I see,  
And it's coming our way.  
To topple our privacy,  
And restrict our say.

Let's run to our homes and play,  
Generated mind games.  
Thinking throughout the day,  
What could be their aims.

They sit in their ivory towers,  
Making plans for us.  
Making sure that the message is,  
In them we trust.

Ripper Jones



## The Illusionist.

Like a thousand pound suit that hides cheap underwear,  
Like gloves that hide crooked hands,  
Like soldiers that die of fright before they can shoot,  
Such is life.

Like a mute imprisoned in the Tower of Babel,  
Like a fundamentalist trapped in logic and reason,  
Like a pink poodle that thinks it's a wolf,  
Such is understanding.

Ripper Jones

## The Nonentity's Choices.

The nonentity spends its time  
in the mud at the bottom of a cliff  
while the waves break  
and the broken shells complain of  
the chasm between it and reality  
standing paper thin and yawning  
like an open mouth of canyon  
collecting red wax on the sides  
melting like oil which has bubbled air  
into the atmospheric laxity of solar wanderers  
headed by Icarus the dimwit  
who knows neither fire nor heat  
which can burn  
limbs and disfigure the face of rocks  
given time and air.

So these are the nonentity's choices  
whether to stand or fall  
to be mythical or real  
to be blood or paper  
be two-dimensional or four-dimensional  
be pitied or feared Machiavellian style  
or just laze and eat and not worry  
about things left to dry in the sun  
becoming wrinkled and unusable  
like the dead leaves brushed off the pavements  
to become organic material to start  
the never ending cycle again  
and deprive the universe of its scalding logic  
where darkness and cold ends it all  
like a wound that never heals and lasts forever  
in the memory of skin and artery  
and long tipped neurons which gape into a past  
filled with sad reminiscences of time remembered  
and time sucked into a whirlpool of love and death  
over a trillion times rejected and fruitless  
and successful advents ended as sourly and forlorn as  
a cracked turtleshell which has not lived or died.



# The Philanthropist.

The philanthropist vacates his seat  
On the subway for an elderly person.  
He always buys Big Issue  
He never drops litter  
He helps old ladies to cross the road.  
He helps push broken down cars  
With their broken down owners.  
He gives to many charities,  
But he is he a misanthropist?  
He detests people that know themselves  
And are happy to be alone with themselves  
Also at ease with strangers.  
Their very gregariousness upsets him

By only putting on a 'nice' mask can he be at ease,  
And balm his hate-filled conscience  
Through this put on niceness and serenity  
Through this well thought out methodology  
He sets himself above the human ants as he sees them,  
To be subjugated and trod on,  
No better than programmed roots that  
Bump into objects and turn around  
He detests the brainwashed  
The tabloid readers and television watchers  
Fools that have their eyes open but cannot see

If humanity is worth nought but a fleeting gaze  
He would be the judge who judges judges  
The be-wigged counsels who make up precedence  
And propagate asinine laws  
Personified in their wholeness by the black hat  
Pawns of leaders that send the minions to war  
And owners of blind eyes

Every human being would be found wanting  
Beside his polished-perfection  
He always lives on the top storey,  
To look down on journalists  
Who fill newspapers with drivel,

Through his angst he is all-loving  
A deity for for the higher philosophy  
A god that the masses can truly worship  
He wraps himself in a balmy cloak of comfort  
Knowing of their immortality,  
And forgetting the shiny-white skeletons they really are.

Ripper Jones

## The Radio Broadcasts.

Ezra Pound you hold court,  
Lots of great people await your report.  
In the mad-house you sit  
Like a king giving a remit

But Ezra when you knew of the camps  
And still held your views - what a missed chance!  
An insane intellect you might have become,  
But before you went mad - and the world deaf and dumb.

Ripper Jones

# The Rain Of War

The rain of war  
Erodes the granite  
It metamorphasizes  
Into a sculpture  
Made by a madman

Ripper Jones

# The Strong Wine Of Beauty

The strong wine of beauty  
Thinks our cynical eyes deceive us not  
It also lets in harsh reality  
Like a beam of planed Tudor wood

Forever we are cursed or blessed  
By the light let in and caught  
In the transient bubble of life  
That always bursts at time's forget-me-not

Images that drain the self our very being  
Unmerciful seers of a future past  
Resplendent in ghostly white bones  
That lie underneath the gravestone  
The last thing we nothing-know  
The last thing we fear

Ripper Jones



# The System.

The affront of those people  
Who come well before beauty  
They are the controllers  
They exemplify deceit  
Don't upset the system we're always told  
Cast in the grey of corporation mould  
We don't know it 'cos no one's told  
They entertain the people  
And it all works splendidly  
But with eyes wide open we still can't see

Ripper Jones

# The Will To Freedom.

The ghost in the God.  
Of course that's me.  
I'll burst out of my pitiless cage,  
And attack without pity or mercy.  
With fury, death and destruction.  
Out of which a Phoenix-spirit will rise  
To unbind and transform arrogant chains  
Into an Eagle, spreading its wings  
Over something glorious  
Where glory cannot retreat  
To a land commandeered by spineless democrats  
In their futile Marxian quest for Nietzschean pity.

The end of God and not too soon.  
There will be glory again,  
Comradeship. Patriotism. Grit. Blood and Steel.  
The futurists with their manifestos and swift mechanics  
Will come back from the dark mist.  
We'll all be supermen,  
By martial means through Darwin's essence.  
We'll progress to the end which justify the means.  
Which have to be mean, very mean.  
Pragmatism takes no prisoners.  
Affairs must be completed quickly. No debate.  
No committed procrastination that be-devils the saintly.

Instant decisions.  
Let the bureaucrats sweep take care of the niceties,  
The little Things that mean so much to the little people  
Who live in a materialist heaven without culture -  
But when have they ever had it?  
We will open the closed eyes of the masses,  
And cure their blindness by force.  
It's only a matter of time and struggle.  
Obedience before law, no emotional fairness.  
No emotion, no tears.  
The people will know where they are.  
And know at last who and what they are.

Philosophy, economics. science, art,  
What good are these without an iron soul,  
Above cogitation and negotiation.  
I need gears and works  
For a propaganda machine.  
My first task must be surprising.  
There is something else,  
For Frankensteinian regeneration.  
A spark just waiting to be lit.  
The bankers, the capitalists, the consumers,  
The manufacturers, the socialists, the masses.  
All will be catered for.

The devil in the guise of Christ has taken them.  
But they will arise again from the belly of Satan.  
I need to get them through my heart,  
Through my senses, through my being, through my soul.  
How are they, from a classical point of view?  
Well enough, with their potatoes, bread and tea.  
Happy enough with their beer and tobacco.  
And I'll keep them happy.  
Happy as they've never been before.  
They can own their own slaves,  
Plucked from the conquered.  
Keep the real work for the nation.

I'll have parades and pyrotechnics to dazzle the soul.  
To reach the very depths of raw emotion.  
Replace God with anger. Move fast.  
Make way for fighters and lions.  
Gore like they've never seen.  
Religion has softened the nation.  
We need to be rid of it  
Into the backstreet gutters.  
Terrorise with the other cheek  
Spy on thy neighbour. All for the good of the state.  
Which envelopes all in a cloak of angst  
Against predatory elements.

Secret gods present feet of wax  
To melt on the pyre of faithlessness.  
They know their time has come,

For transmitting dirge-like chimes of illusionary bells,  
The sedentary opiates of the chained hysterics.  
Gone beyond knowing in themselves  
The continued mire of self-defacement.  
In a bubble of self-limiting ecstasy  
Itself a by product of lethargic  
Longings for the wild life of gathering  
Golden berries thrown by the melted gods.  
To grave granite into a sculpture made by Mephistopheles.

The Lilliputian egoists with damning contempt,  
Pitched like tents on a lake,  
Forever to sink in brown-flecked currents.  
This is their fate unless they believe,  
In the all mighty knowledge of self within them.  
Lest under the water of existence they swim,  
Getting nowhere and drowning each day.  
And every second of torment,  
That sails on the Styx - far away.  
And the constant din of green-blooded screams,  
Like leaden tigers escaped from the Hell  
Of nihilistic prophecy from the dead souls.

I am the Lord in the opportune flaw of reason.  
I will crush my shackles, escape dangerous limbo  
And amass armaments, war materiel, and courageous people  
With it we can build an empire, The Empire.  
Pride will explode as we march to monumental music.  
To a different horizon never seen before.  
To deny death a hundred times a day,  
Till the black velvet of night begs you to wonder,  
As you look upon the graven image of the moon,  
And the stars, like glittering lanterns in the sky,  
As the universe gets colder and colder  
This is our destiny.

In the reflection of vanitas, I stare at immortality,  
Knowing it's not for me.  
And therefore I stare at madness.  
But I will not go easily.  
I will scream  
Till blood runs cold in the heavens.

I will kick  
Until marble columns come crashing down,  
Revealing the reality of Schopenhauer's prison,  
And the sickness of the world.  
But my madness will not leave you clean,  
Please continue while the air is still.

Reader you have read so far these madman's lines,  
In your bloodshot eyes and cluttered mind.  
You that absorb my shrieking thoughts,  
Are you now afraid, now you've plunged the depths,  
Of a mind grown sick, like the rose,  
And you'll never come back to that tranquil life  
Where grass is green and words are whole  
Where books have meaning and poems are sane.  
The part of me that has reached out  
You find disturbing as I go further still  
Into the circles of the inferno,  
Of writhing bodies and three-headed dogs.

It's nice to ruminate  
On whom you are,  
Some substance is called for here.  
You are no longer suspect,  
You've had that luxury.  
And I hold you guilty.  
And all humankind  
That has dragged me into this pit.  
And you yourself - do you presume it's divide?  
For when the veil is lifted  
Revealed hanging is the tiniest thread,  
And the spider beckons you. Come, be dead.

Ripper Jones

# They Pray

And they pray all night, all day.  
See a prayer now as its heavenly trail  
Leaves no doubt as to its whereabouts  
But look - it's gone the other way

Across the putrid bubbling Styx  
Into the seventh circle  
Where They'll meet the other prayers  
Of fellow fraudsters  
And traitors to every decency.

We will see your power diminish,  
And rat's tails dinners will you finish  
Like the poor in starving Paris  
In Hades you'll have nothing so lavish

Ripper Jones

# Thought For The Day.

It is not death I fear,  
But what comes after here.

It is not death I fear,  
But the thought of mine enemies leer.

It is not death I fear,  
But the worms that in days will appear.

It is not death I fear,  
But the loved ones I leave here.

It is death that I fear,  
Though it levels us out,  
And comes nearer, nearer.....

Ripper Jones

# To The Stars

In the reflection of vanitas  
You look not at your mortality  
Such is the nonchalance of youth.  
You deny death a hundred times a day  
Till the soft velvet of night begs you to wonder  
As you look upon the graven image of the moon and beyond  
Even the stars, like glittering lanterns in the sky  
As the universe gets colder and colder, even these must end

Ripper Jones



# Velvet Underground

As I meandered through the large darkened room  
The post-beat party was in full swing  
Too late for the vagaries of topsy-tipsy Ginsberg  
People were jolly on hope maybe  
It all added to the spirit of the times  
Everyone was as merry as the Lincoln-greens  
Ah the lost-gone innocence of youth,  
Or should that be puerile naivety  
Long haired males stood talking  
And flowery females adorned the stairs  
Like flowered carpet  
And the corners were mysterious  
My doctor's daughter was kissing everyone  
As they entered the room

I heard a sound from a table  
A screeching dysfunctional wail  
A call to secular-hedonism  
I'd never heard anything like it  
It emanated from a Dansette on full blast  
And added its lustre to the cacophony of confusion  
An eerie strange noise and somehow something  
Deep and eery lay beneath the layers  
As it churned away the sound of youth  
These ever changing sounds  
They come and go like the the death throes  
Of the uncaired for eventual bluebottles in agony  
That would affect many to come and go  
As we lie in our mind-prison  
I said 'what's that'?  
'It is a time to remember' said a befuddled sage

Ripper Jones

# Whispers.

Over a lonely rocky hill  
With melancholic ridge  
I run and jump to the siren's call  
Beckoning me to yonder blue mountain  
An ice-capped sculpture  
Made by wind and plates  
Collisioned in bygone eons

I hear the sound through the vale  
Wisping through undulating gorse  
That withers beneath my feet  
Wailing like a thousand wolves  
That call to primordial ancestors  
Their sweet song of being  
And the longing of white bones

I feel like being borne  
Up to the swept peak  
Where the ice cuts the wind  
Here creatures never seen  
And forgotten people dwell  
At last I feel at home  
Away from fearful dark  
Shadowing me no more

Ripper Jones

# Worm

Walk a little.  
Round the corner and up a bit  
There it is  
The strange round kerbstone  
Alone and unplaqued  
Along with the other curved stones  
Fitting together like jelly molds  
To make a small arch  
And inbetween like an ink line  
Where the compo is  
Little arteries of moss  
And earth conquered grey  
Flowing across toward  
The chequered hop-scotch pavement  
The entry for the earth-churning  
Home of the worms and ants

Children cut a worm in half  
And both halves writhe  
Writhe like a murderer on the noose  
Trying to shake himself loose.

Ripper Jones