

Poetry Series

**Awesome Wells Dickenson**  
**- poems -**

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# Awsome Wells Dickenson(25-12-1991)

# A Chest Covered In Fruit Salad

He was a Frenchy covered in Fruit Salad  
Who fought in many Wars  
After Death his existence-  
Will be proven by a pile of fricking bones

(September 2007)

Awsome Wells Dickenson

## A.B.C

Radio Auntie with their silver source  
Like a Lute from an orchestra came  
Run by Arse- Bandits  
They sit in their Studio  
Waiting for the ash-can  
Hoping they dont contract the aztec-hop

(September 2007)

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Abso- Bloody- Lutely

Heh, get your Five ones Ass,  
Over here Harry, alright, Aunt Fanny  
Your a real Artist--  
For the Booze Harry  
Look out, watch the apples and pears,  
On the stairs, lets not have an Argy Bargy

Rajah

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Aroma

The Cab rank was quiet  
The night was ice cold  
Then suddenly a figure occurred  
Tapping on the cab window  
He was big hairy and ugly  
I released the central locking  
The monster got in  
Then it hit me, an ungod like aroma  
Like the smell of death itself  
Salt welled up in my mouth  
My cheeks started vibrating  
Then the volcano was released  
All over the offensive smell  
Poems start and end in many different ways  
This ends with a cabby in full flight  
Running helter skelter through the night  
Pursued by an aroma covered in vomit

Written June 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Baa, Baa, Wooley Sheep

Why buy a woolen scarf  
Why not throw a Sheep around your neck  
If people say hello  
Squeeze the Sheep and Baa, Baa, Baa  
Your personal silence  
Is the silence of lambs  
So say the Prophets and Bible bashers  
Get a Priest to bless the Sheep  
And kiss all the Catholicks

Sunday all day In March 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Bitch

Her eyes shone bright  
Like a reflection of shooting stars  
In a night filled with elves  
With burning eyes  
That from a thicket glowed  
Burnt me with sparks  
From her fire

Awsome Wells Dickenson



# Bloody Hell

The Mirror lied  
All he saw was deception and lies  
So he beat his face on an image  
Till the mirror cracked  
Then all that remained  
Was a broken promise

October 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Bozo

There behind the counter stood Frank  
Born in the u.s.a  
Frank, the gray Bozo  
Who resided behind the counter  
Otherwise known as a fool, or clot.

Rajah Septemberlis 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Brown Job

He's a brown job, isn't he! ! !  
It's his khaki uniform  
That makes him seem, so

Rajah sebtemper 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Contrary Mary

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, 'Mary'-  
Was attacked by a man in her garden  
When he'd done, he said, 'come'-  
On now, have some fun!  
'I wont', nor want to, said Mary  
Quite contrary

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Deathly Silence

Deathly silence is the sound of a common pin  
That is dropped on a major road  
Only the deaf will see it  
Only the blind will hear it

(September 2007)

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Dog Spelt Backwards Is God

Dog Spelt Backwards Is God

Dog spelt backwards is a canine epiphany  
A divine warning for mankind to improve-  
Interspecies relations give up the booze  
Quit telling sexist jokes, stop damaging the planet  
Lead a simple lifestyle, based on love and harmony  
If you don't believe me, write dog on a piece of paper  
Show it to your reflection  
Or your dog's reflection  
You will be stunned  
If that fails  
Command your dog  
To root your boot

Awesome Wells Dickenson

# Hello Mother

Remember when you first saw me mummy  
I cried out, hello mummy  
Say hello to your little Mother Fucker

Written Sunday March 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# I'M Young

Baby you had better watch out  
Just because i'm young  
Doesnt' mean i wont shoot up-  
the social rung because i'm young  
Baby you had better watch out  
People keep saying hes' dangerous and young  
Just because my skin is one red blotch  
And i wear rainbow coloured socks  
And they bite my ankles  
Because their short not long  
I'm young and if you want to be a decoration  
You had better change your style  
You old piece of mutton because i'm young  
Who needs the bible and the story of Job  
Because the mirror that sees' me tells me so  
It shows a youth with a bright white Halo  
I know what you are saying  
Look who is beautiful and young  
Baby you had better watch out  
Or you will become my bitch  
Because im' young, so young  
Yeah young, yeah young

Written Monday March 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson



# Kubla Says

When young woman look in mirror  
She see a beautiful girl  
When young man look in mirror  
He see lots of moving parts  
Because the shithead is on drugs

Written saturday 2005

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Little Pink Throne Room

Sitting, sitting, waiting hoping for a miracle  
My only chance for privacy  
Is my little Pink Throne-Room  
My little place for thought  
Mingled with a little pain  
Caused by eating fatty sugary delights  
Then glory be Lord, my baby arrives  
Never look back, just flush and leave  
Wash and rinse  
Happy are those with less of a load

Written Monday March 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Love Sets On A Golden Eve

Our love lay dormant  
On a bed of lingering leaves  
With them we will die  
People will grieve  
Over where we lie  
A Butterfly carries garlands of flowers  
Over groves and meadows  
While melodies play  
Our Kingdom doors opens for death  
And we lay laughing  
Before the setting Sun

September 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Mother And Santa

Mommy why are you in bed with Santa-Clause  
Well Lil Wayne i found him lying in the snow  
All cold and shivering  
And i took him into my bed  
Just so he can deliver your presents  
Yeah right Mommy  
Well you had better tell Santa  
To stop banging his head on the wall  
Its' keeping me awake

Written Sunday March 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# My Faery Queen

These Faery lids, wink wink  
Nudge, nudge, say no more  
These lips will pout, then speak  
In the shadows float sweet sounds  
That blow against a fancy ear  
Of my little Queen  
My cruel little Queen  
My Faery Queen

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# My Sweet Dream

Exhaustion came, sleep overpowered me  
The darkness enveloped my shadow  
And like a spark, that cast,  
A beam of light,  
Like a light,  
Upon a diamond, i saw-  
My sweet dream.

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Neidlichen Zweck

Sass Madelien unter den Aestchen  
Und speilt' mit dem Knableinmastchen,  
Dem nelichen Zweck-  
Bald ist der Kranz weg:  
Blieb nichs davon nur das Kastchen.

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Psychotic Cabby

The Young Man had attitude  
I was rooted and stuffed  
He said, i love violence  
I'm just a crazy Fucker  
I smiled  
And gave out  
A hideous laugh  
I'm a serial killer  
He went white  
I skin my victims alive  
And use the skin for curtains  
And lamp shades  
We stared for a minute  
Which for him  
Seemed a lifetime  
Dont worry boy  
Your the wrong colour

Awsome Wells Dickenson



# Radio Firoze

while farking one night, indian firoze  
his wifes nipples in his ears stark  
then he had his thumb in her plum,  
he could hear something obscene  
thus inventing the Radio Farkkkkkkkkkkk

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Soul Mate

A solitary man, who lived  
Happiness was a cave  
And in that cave  
Was a solitary confinement  
Then she appeared  
Out of a rose coloured mist

Then, only then  
Did City lights burn bright  
Then no more cold nights  
Warmth shone out of-eyes so light  
Pale like a blue-Bayou  
The Blonde held with Bobby pin

No more hurt, no pain  
Like a heart, held in vice  
No more cold nights  
A kindred soul  
No longer does he sleep with Moles'  
Forever watched over by blue eye rove

OCTOBER 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Suffering Suckertats

Suffering Suckertats all you teeny Boppers  
Suffer under me your young Guru  
Rise up every morning  
Sometimes life is stiff  
Especially for young males  
Teeny Bopper girls paint your faces  
Gloss your lips  
Place a ring anywhere you like  
Suffer to me you teeny Boppers  
Suffer, suffer, suffer  
Oh theres the dinner bell  
Its supper time

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Summer Holiday

I'll warm these nuts  
That give you plenty  
Shine your rose red apples, aplenty  
My sperm i'll release  
To make your summer happy  
And place some cream upone you  
My little sappy

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Thats Alright Baby

I'm leaving town tomorrow  
Im leaving town for sure  
Dont want to see your-  
Sorry face no more, thats alright  
Thats alright baby  
I'm driving down the highway  
Till i cant see your face no more  
There will be no more loving  
No more loving, but thats' alright  
But thats alright baby  
Because were not an item anymore  
I'm leaving town tomorrow  
I'm leaving town for sure  
And baby i'll be driving  
My silver and gold nineteen ninety four  
But thats alright  
Thats all right baby  
I wont see your sorry face no more  
Daa, daa, dee, dee, daa, daa, dee, dee  
Dont need your loving  
See you later baby  
See you later baby  
There will be no more loving  
But thats all right baby  
Yeah thats all right

Rajah seotember 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# The Late Billy Bright

The late Billy Bright was no neuter-  
No Faggot, no Fairy, no fruiter  
Where ten thousand Virgins  
Succumbed to his urgin's  
There now stands the great State of Utah

Rajah

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Time Bomb

What you got their Jeckle  
This be a time bomb Heckle  
Why do you call it a time bomb Jeckle  
Because it could go off anytime Heckle  
Why not just call it an alarm clock  
Wake up Jeckle then it wouldnt' be a surprise

Make Love not War in June 2007

Awsome Wells Dickenson

# Wild Turkey Hokey Pokey

You get your little thing out  
And you wave it all about  
Oh Hokey Pokey, Pokey  
Oh Hokey Pokey, Pokey  
You pull your wild Turkey out  
And you give someone a clout  
Oh Hokey Pokey, Pokey  
Oh Hokey Pokey, Pokey  
Thats what its' all about  
You see an old lady coming  
Then she begins a running  
Because she knows someone  
Let the wild Turkey out  
Oh Hokey Pokey, Pokey  
Oh Hokey Pokey, Pokey

Awsome Wells Dickenson