

An Annal of  
Craply Expressed  
Crap Expressions

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Mairead Meade

**An  
Annal of  
Craply Expressed  
Crap Expressions**

Tuesday 4th April, 1995

Dear Diary,

I sit here in the garden where last Friday I burned my past 6 diaries in an hour long inferno. I have no regrets although I guess I do feel some loss after such a huge step. Now however, I wish to start anew with a fresh mind and a clear one. I am going to think before I write from now on and I am going to be less specific and more general in writing of experiences and occurrences and their related feelings. I am going to be more "with it". I am going to try and prevent myself from getting carried away and I think I'll even give you a name and an image. I want you to be a motherly figure not perfect but very wise. I think I'll call you Eve. That's a beautiful name!

You are the first woman on Earth. You have seen everything, been through everything (bought the t-shirt!) but you are dumb because of original sin but still float around learning more and more every day. You are the most wise woman/spirit in existence (non-existence)!

I love you already, Eve!  
Bye for now,  
Mairéad

Wednesday 5th April, 1995

**Dragging Along**

When fear was transformed into anger  
And anger into uncontrollable rage  
A year's confusion was unravelled  
When wretched wrath broke out of its cage

Way back when thoughts were my life  
Way back then when thoughts did not speak  
I did not know their loathsome language  
And so I let their riddles ramble on.

Then, all feelings were not recognisable  
All thoughts were foreign, indistinguishable  
I knew only of craze-ridden confusion  
Of fear and love and hatred's fusion

Determined to seek and claim only truth  
I mounted doldrums and glaciers too  
I stumbled in puddles and pothole-sized pores  
I even scuba dived to the ocean's floors.

I collected items for nullified nostalgia  
Storing them away in a clammy cabinet  
As an excuse for my deranged behaviour  
Presuming I'd never survive the alien endeavour

Slowly, the pieces formed a picture  
And gradually, I began to know better  
That I did bear a worthy name  
That could release me from the depths of shame

But when you tread on my truthless trail  
That I had made when I wore a black veil  
I couldn't relate to my previous adventures  
And so couldn't comprehend your crazy eruption

I had to take that tedious trip  
Or else I would have taken the ultimate dip  
I wandered down every cul-de-sac  
Only to try and get an identity back

I had to search high and low,  
To journey through all joy and woe  
To be led far back into my past  
Where I could find the truth at last.

I nearly found it all by myself  
But you added the last book to the shelf  
It was Anger – to varnish Hope  
So, thus you stamped my historical envelope

Regretting every sin I have committed  
That I could not leave them be omitted  
Cos then I never would have been so vain  
As to cause you so much heartless pain.

I just felt I must keep dozily dragging along  
Until I reached a place (like this) where I belong.

“My despair is the measure of my love”

Thursday April 6th, 1995

### **Hunting The Story**

Salvation shall arrive  
The day  
This pen  
Loses its purpose  
Or, at least, when  
The purpose alters  
From  
Desperation  
To  
Relaxation  
From learning  
To teaching

If the hunt  
Could ever end  
(in this lifetime)  
No greater treasure  
Could there be  
Than  
Salvation  
And now wiser  
Is there  
Than His  
Satiable  
Story

Sunday 9th April, 1995

### **Getting On**

We get on like  
A house on fire  
A doll's house –  
My funeral pire.

Sunday 9th April, 1995

### **If Only...**

If only you knew how true my love is  
If only you could see how strong it is  
How fulfilling its nourishment,  
How ameliorating its medicine.  
If only...

I believe in love's glory

Having already lived its sorry story  
I know you do too  
This must make our love true!

If only you could tear yourself away  
From the tangles of that trawler's net  
If only you could open your arms  
So I could enmesh you with my charms  
If only, my love  
If only...

Sunday 9/4/95

### **No Longer [am I] She**

No longer do I wastefully wish  
No longer am I delirious

I maintain hope  
But now I can cope  
With hearing the clock  
Going tick and tock  
With the falling night  
Taking away  
Another day  
Of very dim light

No longer do I wait  
No longer do I hate  
Sitting each day alone  
In my house  
With only the louse  
To receive my mellow moan

Now, I like my own niche  
An need no other nest to live in  
And am confident of the day  
When my nest is joined to another's  
When my niche grows bigger  
When it makes space for you –  
Enough space for two.

No longer do I need  
No longer do I greed

My love is good enough for me  
It's so good, there's plenty for three!  
But I'll be happy to give it all to you  
Whenever you can give yourself too.

It's great to be free  
No longer a seed  
No longer a bud  
I am a blooming tree  
And not, any longer, She!

Tuesday, 11th April, 1995

### **To Be Inside Out!**

I used to think  
I would have to change  
From the inside.  
Now I know  
It should have been  
From the outside.

I cannot alter  
My soul.  
My soul  
Is unalterable.

I used to feel  
I was dirty  
Inside.  
Now, I know  
I can also be clean  
Outside.

Moulding the metal  
Is so much easier  
Than attempting to  
Change the chemical,  
Thankfully.

Monday 10/4/95

### **Drug In My Head**

“There's a drug in your mind”,  
My Dad once said to me,  
“It's up to you to control it”.

Wise words from my father  
That I have chosen to ignore  
Deciding that I would rather  
Be out of my own control.

Oh yeah! Let a drug steer me!  
Let me become a raging robot  
Doing what I think I like to  
When I know I just want to be normal.

My neuroses! My neuroses!  
They're like a jubilant joyrider  
Driving wildly, stolen property,  
Steering around bends, manically.

All's under my control, my ass!  
You're possessed, a loser.  
Lucky to still be alive  
Justice should not allow you survive.

I'm still alive, another chance  
To combat those neuroses  
I'll try, I'll try, I swear!  
I want to be able to control them.

Dear Dad, thank you  
For your sound advice.  
I'll take it with all my might!

Tuesday, 11/4/95

### **My Dad's Cake**

Anger rises to your temples  
Whenever your doctrines are threatened  
Whenever your pillars are chipped at  
Whenever your armour is punctured  
By us: the "products of your creation".

I admire your multiply crumbed cake  
I know you want to add currants  
But to do so, you'd have to restart  
From nothing: a new recipe,  
New ingredients, new crumbs.  
Before your cake could win an award,  
You'd have to change the mixture.  
I know: You're used to how that one tastes!  
That's ok... keep nibbling!  
I'll watch and still love you.

Monday 10/4/95

## **An Eternity At The Merries**

I'm going insane, I really am  
Nothing can stop my racing thoughts,  
My restless body, my adrenaline.  
Fast lanes in my head  
Like the dodgems  
Crashing, then moving on  
To the next victim.  
Bump!  
Ha Ha!  
What a laugh!  
So much fun, bashing into  
Everything.  
The repercussions! My aching head!  
Too much activity –  
Is there any time limit?  
I want out!  
Shouts for the assistant  
No answer  
The waltzing bumpers  
Are spiralling faster –  
More collisions  
Brain damage  
Jesus Christ!  
2 minutes is long enough  
I can't take anymore!  
Pull those damned brakes  
NOW!

Thursday 13th April, 1995

## **My Trial**

I constantly consume myself in  
Guilt  
Believing all I do is  
Wrong  
Even before I do it.

If I had a higher  
Self-esteem  
I know I wouldn't  
Feel  
So incredibly wrong  
All the time

I'm not a  
Mistake

I hate being  
Mistaken  
Especially by  
Myself!

Ignorance isn't a sin!  
I stand guilty  
Without a trial.  
Ignorance never wins!

Friday 14th April, 1995

### **High Society**

The cortege passes me by  
On my bike  
Cycling from the shop  
Guided by the sun  
Back home

A high society  
From overseas  
Invites me along  
To take their toast  
And their tea

Gracelessly  
I take my bow  
Without a word  
Without a clue  
As to why

All I know is  
I'm at home  
Wishing I could be  
Part of their  
High Society.

Friday, 14th April, 1995

### **An Explosion**

Broken bonds  
Blown up bonds  
Who lit the dynamite?

Was it you,  
Who smugly smile

At your honourable achievements?  
Was it you  
Who left a hole  
Blown open  
In someone else's soul?  
Was it you  
Mr Successful  
Mr I-Do-It-Right?

Achieving ranks  
Gives no thanks  
To the ruins  
You've left behind  
Blood-soaked

If it was you,  
You'd better run  
Cos I'm coming after you  
To open your blinded eyes  
To the Grand Canyon  
Of your destruction!

(Part 2)

Your ruthless behaviour  
Shall be seen by the Saviour  
And He shall  
Throw the thunderbolt  
Of your guilt  
Back in your face  
Where you shall lie  
Maimed and crippled  
Forever  
Until, you are the victim,  
A woeful beggar  
Squirming in shame.

The day of your salvation  
Can only come  
After your own internal combustion  
On the event of Truth's explosion.  
Until that day  
I hope you walk in seclusion.

Justice shall be made  
When light comes into the shade  
Of the treacherous tirade  
Of agony that you have made.  
You BASTARD!

Saturday, 15th April, 1995

### **Anxiety**

Anxiety attacks  
Immobilised, I lie  
In my bed  
Afraid to move  
Afraid to pull back the covers  
And enter the light of day  
Anxiety attacks  
Causing such mental decay  
Anxiety attacks  
Affecting me in every way  
Indigestion –  
Materials won't stay down  
An unsettled stomach  
An unsettled me  
Oh, let me weep  
These anxiety attacks away.

Wednesday, 19th April, 1995

### **Lovesick**

Beneath my tongue  
Beyond my pipe  
Behind my lips  
My teeth chatter  
My mouth salivates  
My heart clatters

I let on indifference  
Having no proof  
Not a glimmer of evidence  
Is available, anymore  
Beyond the violence  
Of this insatiable,  
Lurching silence  
Where I lie numbed  
By passion's pressure,  
At the end of my tether.

Wednesday, 19/4/95

### **My Burst Bubble**

I go to the disco  
Once a week  
To drink myself  
Into a cloud.  
Intoxication rises  
Pain decreases  
Stress fades  
Alcohol lets me go.

An aura of love  
Replaces my fear  
I dance along  
To every song  
Released from my trouble  
Happy in my bubble

Shadows in the smoke  
Tap on my window  
Sensing my love  
Tinted by my bubble  
Like a rose

My bubble no longer grows  
When this happens  
Instead, it bursts  
And I am left unprotected  
Reminding me of before  
When it would have grown,  
When a shadow used to be a lamp  
Before my bubble was blown apart  
By a much darker shadow  
Than the ones that now approach  
But to me, they all appear to be  
That same dark shadow.

Now my bubble only grows  
One-cell-thick  
Even when alcohol builds it  
And with the tiniest prick,  
It evaporates into that recurring fear  
Of that one time  
That one shadow  
Stabbed my precious bubble  
Leaving me in tormented tears  
That no one ever wants to hear

So now I drink  
My troubles away  
Once a week  
In a nightclub

Into my bubble  
Until a steamy shadow  
Approaches me  
Reminding me  
Of my cauldron  
Of undealt with  
Torments, that  
Forever hinder me  
By bursting my bubble.

Wednesday, 19th April, 1995

### **My love, My life**

Your name hardly passes these lips now  
Yet your frame constantly revolves inside  
Your image is a constant pain-reliever  
Your being: an incessant, frustrating hope.

Has it all gone now?  
The looks, the feelings  
The excitement  
The love?  
Was it ever love?  
Was it just two lonely souls  
Desperate for the drug of life?  
Was it a non-existent substance  
To encourage persistence  
By resisting the rocky reluctance  
Of pursuing the drug of despair?

I balance on a thread  
Between love and hate  
Awaiting the transformation  
To one or the other  
I can't accept I'm wrong  
I can't succumb  
To accepting another misjudgement.

I have one belief left  
And that is YOU  
If that is a mistake,  
So too is my life.  
I can't see any other salvation  
You are my entire belief system.

Don't knock me down  
Cos I'll never get up again  
I live for love

I live for you  
I believe in love  
I believe in you  
And me  
And something in-between  
Which I'll never find  
Anywhere else  
Cos this belief is so strong  
So imperishable; which even,  
Should you never return it,  
I will always believe in it.  
You are my drug of life  
You always will be  
And no one could replace you  
Because you are my life.

You became my life  
You are still my life  
Should you never partake in my life  
Yourself  
You will always be alive in me.

I'll never be able  
To love someone as much as you  
I'll never adapt to love  
If it doesn't come from you.  
I'll have to stoically accept life  
Only after a long period of reintegration  
But without the thought of you,  
Life is just too damned bland.

Thursday, 20th April, 1995

### **Renourishment**

Bouncing around the kitchen  
Making spaghetti bolognese  
Reggae music blaring  
To it, my heart is beating  
I'm stirring the food, joyfully  
And all because  
Today, our eyes met again  
Directly: blue crystal  
To blue crystal.  
A laser formed between us  
An impenetrable beam  
For that split second  
Reassuring me  
That your eyes

Fit my lock  
More than all  
The other keys  
I've been trying  
To turn for me  
Spaghetti bolognese fills the room  
With it's spicy aroma.  
I sit down to my meal  
Waiting for you to deal.  
Meanwhile, I eat my fill  
Content with this cosy chill.

Thursday, 20th April, 1995

### **It Takes Two**

You take the blame  
For building the wal,  
Without which, our  
Bridges couldn't build.

I was the foreman  
Ordering the cement for you to  
Stick the bricks together  
Until the wall was so high that  
All I could do was cry  
Regretting my chosen career  
By leaking clumsy tears.

Now I know my true vocation  
To pursue my own reintegration  
With the rest of the population  
To tear away from my desolation  
To disconnect from my cosy isolation  
From my web of desperation  
And respindle my previous incarnation.

I have become the bull-dozer  
That's digging up my trail of terror  
Made from neolithic negativities  
Built out of mud and clay  
To conceal my inactivities  
Founded on that hazy day  
When convinced, I became,  
That numb, I'd always stay.

I am to blame  
For cheating in this game  
By keeping my distance

Terrified of your unpredicted non-resistance.

Thursday, 20/04/95

### **Love Fits!**

My tears  
My frenzied sweats  
My feverish fits emerge  
Consuming my soul  
Sucking on my veins  
Vacuuming up my blood  
Leaving me bent double,  
Huddled like a  
Forgotten foetus  
In paralysing pain  
Whenever I feel loved

No tears  
No sweats  
No fits surface  
Since you and she got together  
Joined, you are, at the lips  
Indirectly, I composed that musical score  
So I could swiftly walk on the shore  
Watching as you bathe together  
Able enough only to steal the lather  
That falls from your used soap:  
With love I just cannot cope

Never expecting to have my love returned  
Never able to allow my bridges to be built  
Always considering myself to be unworthy  
Always convinced I'd be alone eternally  
Always believing to be undeserving of love's reward;  
This love I feel has left me fitfully over awed

Thursday 20th April, 1995

### **The Cane**

A release of emotion  
Unprecedented  
Has left me reeling  
In confidence

I carry the cane  
Unused

But bearing the power  
Heroically

My prediction  
Has prevailed  
I'll keep the cane  
For the time being  
Just the same!

Thursday 20th April, 1995

### **Heart Attack**

I shy away  
In every way  
Afraid of love's  
Mental decay  
Afraid that love  
Should me betray  
Scared to allow  
My heart to stray  
Unable to forget  
What one day  
When my heart  
Got blown away

I realise  
Through your eyes  
That you are not  
Like that loathsome lot  
Who shatter lives  
With their cold knives  
Who thrash and throttle  
Who've broken my bottle  
But I still can't break away  
From that wicked day  
When my heart  
Was blown away.

Friday, 21st April, 1995

### **The Calm After The Storm**

I'm caught in  
The clammy calm  
Of yesterday's storm  
Which overboiled  
And spilled

All over the hob  
Until today's  
Sweating heat  
Dried it in  
Soiling it  
Dirtying it  
Hardening the mess  
To form a layer  
Of scummy calm  
In the dry heat  
On the cooling hob.

Friday, 21st April, 1995

### **Sick!**

My intestines are in tangles  
Inside my empty stomach  
Turning upside down  
I can't sit down  
My rectum is bursting  
With nervous gas  
No way out  
No relief in the jacks  
I've got to go back  
I must keep moving  
And walk this nervousness  
Out of my defenceless,  
Sickly system  
I've got to go:  
I'm gone.

Friday, 21st April, 1995

### **Trying to Smoke**

I hold my fag  
Between my jittering  
Fingers  
Unable to stop the  
Tremours  
Unable to cool the  
Sweat  
Glistening wet  
On my hand  
Causing this plastic pen  
To slip  
Back down to the

Sand  
Where my fag is  
Quenched  
By my jittering  
Toes.

Friday, 21st April, 1995

**“Gooseberry”**

I don't understand  
Oh, this lonely hand!  
How can you continue  
To allow writing  
From the heart  
Only to be led  
By the head?

Those eyes  
Do you realise?  
There's a beam  
In between  
It's growth stunted  
By sheepish grunting  
From Her, your  
Protective skin

Those lips  
Stuck to her dribble  
And me, wedged  
In the middle  
Dying to be free  
Unable to flee  
From your  
Beauty

I can't comprehend  
Oh, this bed of sand!  
How can I allow  
Myself to sit  
In the scorching sun  
Where She makes Me  
Boil and burn  
In Jealousy!

Tuesday, 25th April, 1995

**A Mother's Warmth**

Nothing more snug  
Than a mother's hug  
To shatter the ice  
And then rejoice  
In the good  
Hidden under the hood  
Soaking the sweat  
After dreams that fret  
Known to soon be  
Stark reality  
Nothing more divine  
Than a mother's wine  
When she and I  
Intertwine

Sunday, 23rd April, 1995

### **Cleansed**

I begin each day  
Swimming in a pool  
Of crude oil  
Treadin the treacle  
That sticks  
My limbs together  
My slimy feathers  
Gluing together  
The poisoning fumes  
Suffocating me  
Until, I awake  
At the thought of you  
Like turpentine  
Cleansing my plumage  
Smelling of Comfort  
Stripping my wings  
Of black grease  
So I can take off  
And hover in ease  
Throughout the day.

Sunday, 23rd April, 1995

### **A Careless Desolation**

What'll I wear?  
Who cares?  
Yesterday's clothes

Smell of old  
Throw them on  
Do they pong?  
It doesn't matter  
I won't see him today

Shall I wash?  
I think not  
Too long a wait  
For the water to heat  
Friday night's smell  
Rings a bell:  
The last time I saw  
And watched him in awe

Monday, 24th April, 1995

### **The Game**

Love or obsession?  
It's beyond comprehension  
We burn a flame  
A never ending game  
Terrified one deep breath  
Should puncture our sheath  
So much to lose,  
Hesitating to choose

A game of dares  
A series of flares  
Held fast in mid-air  
As we both stare  
With squeezing grasps  
Our hearts aghast  
Our minds in confusion  
Between love and obsession

Tuesday, 25th April, 1995

### **Wall of Mirrors**

Two identical pieces  
Missing their centres  
Through the eyes  
The neglected  
Auras meet  
Staring lonesomely  
Through each other

Like no other  
Object mirrors  
With such particularity

Yet, this piece can  
Reflect other objects.  
Other images are mirrored  
And I will fight harder  
Convinced of light  
Having seen the core  
Whose physique implores  
With greater  
Authority.

Tuesday, 25th April, 1995

### **Mistaken Identity**

Her head against his  
Upright shoulder  
Her arms around his  
Upright neck  
Her hands upon his  
Stony face  
Staring blue-eyed  
Straight ahead

She cuddles up to  
Her father figure  
Threatened by an  
Incoming intruder

He seizes up at  
Her distortion  
Wishing for his duties  
To be put in proportion

His eyes defocused  
From her needs  
His vision blurred  
By macho adaptation  
To his parental  
Responsibilities  
He does his manly job  
To shut her gargling gob.

Tuesday, 25th April, 1995

## **His Real Struggle**

I can see him now  
In twisted wrath  
Squirming in agony  
His head pounding  
In tormented fury  
It is now the demon  
Will infect the wound  
In malicious ecstasy  
And her, wriggling in anguish  
Though blinded to it all

His heating face  
His burning head  
His violent vapour  
Ejaculating on high  
Shall gush forward  
Thorough all his pores  
Like a rushing hose  
But his countenance  
Holding still  
Disallowing betrayal  
Forcing him into denial

Though his eyes aloof  
Like a wild boar's  
Not a tear  
Shall fall or flow  
Not even shall one glow  
To aimlessly prove  
That his treacherous fate  
Now clouded in hate  
Is held against him  
Where he lies, the victim  
Of his untouched wounds.

Oh, the shame  
To blind the eye  
To Nature's pain  
And so the soul, Deny!

Tuesday, 25th April, 1995

## **Diseased**

There's a pulse thumping  
Out thorough my back  
My breath is heaving

Though my oesophagus  
And all this happening  
As I am sitting down  
Trying to watch the TV  
Expecting for it to be  
A form of relaxation

I can't wait anymore  
I can't cease to adore  
Him, for the slightest moment  
The love I am grieving  
There's just no relieving  
In any single incident.

This love is so strong  
I'm scared I'm all wrong  
'Though in his eyes  
There are no lies  
Still, this sickness  
Is the most dictation  
(Though exhilarating)  
Mental illness  
One could ever imagine.

Tuesday, 25th April, 1995

### **The Death Card**

I see  
The card of Death  
The scaly skeleton  
Sends a shiver  
Through me.

I pray  
For a double meaning  
That the boney figure  
Be a mere symbol of  
Change.

I know  
There are two sides  
To every story  
Turn the coin and, to me  
Show!

I mourn  
A funeral unforeseen  
So surely

This can only mean  
I'm wrong!

Wednesday 26.04.95

### **Exhaustion**

I collapse  
Jaded  
Onto my bed  
Laiden down  
With love  
So heavy  
It has used up  
All my energy

This silent  
Downfall  
My heart  
In convulsions  
Dying to reach out  
And hold your hand  
And kiss you  
Gently.

Thursday 27.04.95

### **You Bear The Lead**

You tie a leash  
Around my neck  
You drag me along  
With your songs  
As I heave and puff  
Behind, like a  
Strangled puppy

You give me a smile  
Through your gaze  
Once in a while  
To clear the haze  
But then turn your back  
And beat an endless track

I linger on  
In hopeless faith  
That love  
Will wait

Being led by the nose  
As blood flows  
In dripping  
Hope.

Thursday 27.04.95

### **The Price I Pay**

You manipulate  
What ignites my life  
A naive belief  
In the glory of love

You take a slice  
With your carvin knife  
Out of my life  
My heart: the price.

Thursday 27.04.95

### **Too Much Love**

To be gay  
Is to take  
The easy way  
Because  
Gay people  
Have a very  
Feeble steeple  
Which bonds  
Them together  
By quoshing fear  
Called  
“Too Much Love”  
Can love be gay  
The hard way?  
I pray!

Thursday 27.04.95

### **My Sin**

I never thought it  
A sin to love  
I always bought it  
When they said

Love could set you free

My gravest sin  
Is love  
And loving  
Constantly.

Thursday 27.04.95

### **Vicious Circles**

You build me up to put me down  
You open my heart to tear it apart  
You give me a dream and I feel serene  
You free me from trouble and then burst my bubble

Are you the light  
Or the dynamite?  
Drink from my cup  
Or else, blow me up!

Thursday 27th April, 1995

### **An Unknown Feeling**

You said that you don't like me  
Well I certainly dislike thee  
I have done everything I could  
Do you think my heart is made of wood?

I'm sick of your silence  
I'm sick of your face  
I'm sick of this violence  
You so coldly embrace.

I tell you this  
I do not miss  
And of your shit  
One single bit

Make me feel bad  
You're so sad  
My heart will not tear  
Cos I no longer care.

Like me not  
You silly snot  
Cos I, presently

HATE THEE!

Thursday, 27.04.95

**Love's Reign**

Through all the torture  
Through all the despair  
Love reigns  
Struggling with doubt  
Inticing Hope  
Awaiting Truth  
Love prevails  
Over the kingdom of  
Confusion  
Where I reside.

Saturday, 29.04.95

**A Smile**

My grenadier  
Dances near  
A smile  
From  
Ear to ear  
On me  
Appears

Saturday, 29.04.95

**From Hell to HEAVEN**

I have been taught  
I have been shown  
The glorious way out  
That leads me away  
From my self-made Hell  
Where I'd do nought  
For far too long  
Wondering what's wrong.

A spiritual reformation  
Occurred within  
Sparked by you,  
My ignition  
To get my engine going

It broke down  
And sometimes wouldn't even start  
The leaded petrol  
Used to be knocking at my engine  
I'd go to the garage  
You'd be the mechanic  
Who'd convert me to  
Unleaded.

Now I'm rolling along  
Purified by you  
Steering my soul  
Away from harm  
Driving me forward  
Giving me insurance  
To fall back on  
Should a fault reoccur.

I shall catch your hand  
Link my arm with yours  
As we cruise  
Freed from Hell  
Into a higher place  
Of every heart's desire:  
Our very own  
HEAVEN.

Monday, 1st May, 1995

### **Blocked In Again**

Threatened by the society  
My soul has selected  
Striving to adapt to  
My soul's true desires  
I slip back into the  
Ring of isolation  
Where insecurity bears  
Command over action  
Breathing inertia  
Reeking of paranoia  
To hammer my being  
Into the ugly mould  
Where self-esteem  
Lies unfilled, empty.

The vacant mould  
Inside my being

Has no functioning eye  
Only an innate sense  
Of right and wrong  
Walled in by delusion.

Left with one need:  
To jump the hurdle  
And plunge into the pond  
Where love has no obstacle  
That can inhibit the Soul.

Monday 1st May, 1995

### **Repercussions**

It surprises me that I am not depressed  
Though I regret allowing myself to be repressed  
By objects once swallowed  
There is no release  
From moods once formed  
By a social disease

It surprises me that I am not still paranoid  
Though I know the guilt I feel is  
Brought on by a society  
Ignorant of a reality  
A society "Void of Vulnerability".

Monday 01.05.95

### **Alone**

Discarded by those  
I have adored  
Tempted into ways  
I have deplored  
In a desperate plea  
To retrieve fraternity  
With the dimming lights  
Who used to illuminate  
My life

Dumped by the people  
I have loved  
Through everything  
Respecting their every move  
Even, should I, disapprove

Thrashed are my spirits  
That used to win merits  
From friends of mine  
Who, to me, were divine  
But now they leave me go  
To wander alone  
Through thickets of despair  
Clouding me with rejection  
In a hopeless attempt to  
Attain some fresh air.

Tuesday, 02.05.95

### **Oath of Allegiance**

Twilight comes  
Night closes in on me  
In anticipation of  
The coming dawn  
To close or open  
To choose the  
Next chapter  
In expectation of  
The solution  
To title this Book  
Whether Fiction  
And Fantasy  
Or Truth  
And Biography

The coming dawn  
Looms nearer  
As time passes tediously  
And I take a vow  
Pledging Allegiance  
To the unspoken words  
Of a theoretical assessment  
Of my destiny  
Believing it to be  
Strictly truth and biography.

Tuesday 02.05.95

### **The Risk**

A lonely tear  
Mocks  
“My lucky year”

Swiftly passing  
Wishful thinking  
Of luck,  
Ever yonder.

If fate should kill  
My idle yearning  
For Luck ahead,  
This lesson will strengthen  
These weapons will prove useful  
But the struggle...  
Am I misguided?  
Misdirected? Mistaken?  
Those tears could kill  
All hope, all cheer  
Far, far too dear.

Ever hoping  
That yonder luck  
Is where I gamble  
Every buck  
To wipe away  
That lonely tear  
Ever near.

Tuesday 2nd May 1995

### **Peter/Paul?**

Two little dicky-birds  
Sitting on my wall  
One named Peter  
The other named Paul  
I don't know any Peter  
I do know a Paul  
I don't love any Peter  
I do love a Paul  
Paul, I love you forever  
Get Peter off my wall!

Thursday 4th May, 1995

### **Variety Maintains Sanity**

If you are a poet  
And can only write  
Of self-hate  
And despair

Then, burn your poetry

If you are a musician  
And can only play  
The Blues  
In self-disgust  
Then, cast aside your saxophone

If you are an artist  
And can only paint  
In black  
With self-loathing  
Then, cut up your canvas

If you are a soccer player  
And can only score a goal when  
Incited  
By Anger  
Then, puncture your football

Whatever you are  
When leisure  
Turns to obsession  
When enjoyment  
Becomes need  
When pleasure  
Turns to greed  
You must desert  
Before your hobby  
Strangles you  
With its leaden lead.

Thursday 04.05.95

### **Love Your Self**

There is only one saviour  
There is only one murderer  
There is only one selector:  
The Self

He makes every choice  
He rules ultimately  
He can reject or accept  
He can either build or destroy

One can not hold love's gift  
If your self is left unloved  
LOVE YOURSELF:

ACCEPT THE GIFT!

Thursday 4th May 1995

**A Global Gift**

A universal attraction  
Whizzing to and fro  
Past every stationary head  
Spiralling free  
At an unknown velocity

Wherein these heads  
Infinite fields of green  
Fully fertile  
May prosper and bloom  
Precious pastures  
'Though mostly fallow

Excited ideas  
Pound their energies  
Off self-made walls  
That separate  
Growth's activity  
From inertia's infancy

No greater tragedy  
Can there be  
Than to reject this Majesty  
Where creative experimentation  
Is left in the confines of isolation.

The most savoury beauty  
Lies within  
Under ruthless repression  
By careless cowardice  
Neglecting wonders of expression

Every being has this great gift  
To build one's self-esteem  
That will destroy the walls  
Of negative thinking  
To wander free  
In the triumph  
Of individual beauty.

Thursday 04.05.95

## **Your Sin**

The deadliest sin  
Is not loving  
Thy self

The most selftish thing  
Is to reject being  
Loved.

Thursday 4 May 1995

## **Losing Daily**

Losing daily  
A friendship  
That once  
Had meaning

Over and done  
With the fighting  
With the grieving  
With the pleading

Take me  
Or leave me!  
This silence  
Is killing me!

Sunday 7 May 1995

## **The Search for Soul**

The reunion of the  
Yolk and the white  
Of the original egg  
Encased in a single shell  
Or the meeting of  
Two different eggs  
That roll along  
Together and poke holes  
In one another's skin  
For the occasional  
Release of inner tension  
By a leakage of  
Internal activity?

The external search

For the egg-white's yolk  
Leads to an internal  
Connection with both  
Encased in the shell  
Of self-unity  
Whether there is a  
Physical unity with  
Another soul, or just  
A spiritual unity.

Sunday 7 May 1995

### **Moving On**

No use in crying  
Must keep moving on  
No point in questioning  
Why things went wrong  
No use in wallowing  
To be still left alone  
No reason to resent  
My lonesome fate.

All to play for  
In the game of life  
All obstacles  
Still present  
To stunt hope  
And create more strife

Lessons learned  
Risks taken  
Energy consumed  
No love forsaken

Hopes dampened of true love's existence  
Hope remains in a less adequate persistence  
Of an amicable love, somewhere else.

Sunday 07.05.95

### **Holding On**

Oh Heaven! Let me tear my hair out  
Let me wail the cry of the banshee  
Eternally  
Let me beat my head off concrete walls  
Till scarlet blood blankets my face

Till dental records have no use  
Till hair and skin and nails  
Are drenched in blood and flesh  
In one hopeless, dripping mess  
On the carpet

The loss of dignity –  
What a great release it would be  
To punish all that has betrayed me  
Alas! No! There will not be  
Any more self-pity  
To decry my heart so heavy  
As it sails on in this blood red sea  
Where all fish, whales, dolphins  
Swim away from the heart of me.

Self-destruct: No!  
Self-protect: Yes!  
That's all I have left  
To prevent this clumsy heart to drift  
Towards lands where only fools dare go  
Where fools of fools are led on all alone.

Sunday 7 May 1995

### **Too Good To Be True?**

The love of loves:  
Too delicate to touch?  
Too rigid to bend?  
Too cold to heat?  
Too ruined to mend?

The cry of cries:  
Running away  
At great haste  
Too rich a flavour  
To dare to taste?

The call of calls:  
Shouting from afar  
At a mystical distance  
Too far to hear  
To threaten resistance?

The song of songs:  
Wailing in ecstasy  
With every wave  
Too large a ripple?

Too smooth to save?

Friday 5 May, 1995

### **Last Resort**

I have unwrapped  
My most precious gift  
In a last resort  
That good may come of it

I stand naked  
In this cold shower  
Of muddled feelings  
Awaiting reaction

I stand unclothed  
Victim to my vulnerability  
Begging for notice  
And love's protection

My gift is revealed  
To my heart's hope  
To retribute a neverending  
Unrequited love syndrome.

Monday 8 May 1995

### **Time to Rest**

Rest now thy weary head  
From long periods of bed-  
Ridden confrontations  
With twisted truths  
And non-conformities

Rest now thy aching mind  
From excessive attacks  
On truths that lay behind  
All recklessness  
And craze

Rest now thy pulsing intellect  
From racing thoughts  
That could not select  
The self from the mind  
The truth from the contrived  
The way forward from ways deprived.

Rest now in carefree calm  
From self-brewed stormy days  
When each which way  
Brought down a harrowing haze  
On thy peace of mind.

Tuesday 9th of May, 1995

### **The Queen of Fools**

The vanity  
The egomania  
The insecurity  
The pomposity  
Of her superiority complex

I'm her voodoo doll  
She's the black witch  
Pricking me with  
Those paralysing pins  
Her thorny throne  
Is founded on scorn  
The workings of  
Her bloated mind  
In spastic steps  
Mat her brain

The ignorance  
The naivete  
The lack of intelligence  
The lack of wit  
Of that retarded twit!

Wednesday 10th May 1995

### **In Love**

Words have lost meaning  
Replaced with an intense feeling  
A completely joy-filled soul  
Filled with love is the hole  
In my newly-moulded heart  
With this, I never want to part.

A miracle healer has laid  
His hands upon my frigid  
Being, hands of wonder

Hands that have found a cure  
For me, all that I was  
Now, no longer, shall I be!

A beautiful boy, a wonderful guy  
An incredible creature, a terrific teacher  
A man of love, the whitest dove  
Has given everything to me  
Where I sit and savour  
This unforgettable flavour.

I love that boy and he loves me  
He is sweeter than a boy could be  
He has made me set sail, my soul free.  
I love him, he love me. May this, love, BE.

Saturday 13th May 1995

### **Reaching for the Answer**

The Oasis – a mirage?  
The dream of the Turtles?  
The demonic panther's chortles?  
Mt. Brandon or Mt. Elba?

A possibility – only in fantasy?  
A desire – only to admire?  
A crown – only to hold you down?  
A machine – functioning only on dreams?  
A definitive situation – only in the imagination?  
A “must-be” – only to prove an inability?  
A certainty, drowned by insecurity?

Answers blow in the wind!  
Like microscopic insect-like rainbows  
Untouchable, inaudible  
Not visual: Unavoidable  
Answers blow in the wind!  
So tiny, so difficult to find.

I'll walk towards the mystical image  
Through tears of desperate dehydration  
Till rainbows resemble my pawny plumage  
And tears – loud laughter and celebration.

Saturday, 13th May, 1995

### **A Real Dream**

This morning  
As I lay under the covers  
I closed my eyes and fell asleeping

I dreamed a dream  
A dream like no other  
A dream that was real, I mean

This afternoon  
I realised my sub-conscious knows  
That the rose I've chosen will bloom

I feel a feeling  
An all-new perfect feeling  
That's telling me all seeken will be found

This evening  
I hope I'll remember  
To re-feel this magical feeling.

Sunday 14th May 1995

### **Bells of Reality**

The bells of symbolism now seldom chime  
The faces of imagery now rarely mime  
The language of lacking  
Hardly utters a word  
The vision of love has descended  
The mountains of truth has been ascended  
The cry of hope has been acknowledged.

An authenticity scrubs at delusion  
Scraping the plaster off protective walls  
Walls of imagery, symbols and metaphors  
Walls to hide from all heart-tearing tortures  
Walls of necessity  
To handle the complexities  
Of life's diversities  
Walls for survival  
Until love's arrival.

New bells toll in ears and eyes  
That were so bold as to compromise  
Swapping rust for gleaming gold  
Nudity for clothes  
Habitual distress for love's godliness  
How sweet the chimes

With my heart  
Now, do rhyme!

Sunday, 14th May 1995

### **At Your Service**

I will be your personal waitress  
Serving meals at your table  
Should I detect the slightest distress  
I will spoon-feed you till you're stable.

If you should like to beckon me  
At any stage during the meal  
I shall make haste towards thee

If you shall entrust me with your car keys  
An send me on an errand for your coat  
I shall directly go to your Mercedes

If you shall forget your car's colour  
And request your coat within a minute  
I shall try the lock of every vehicle's door  
Bringing it to you in a moment's light

I shall wrap the anorak around you  
Until your shivers have disappeared  
Until you can again calmly chew  
Your dinner, content having re-appeared.

I am your personal waitress  
Forever at your service!

Sunday 14th May 1995

### **This is...**

This is the longest day  
Will it ever pass away?  
This is the sorest pain  
To wonder if 'tis in vain  
This is the hardest feeling  
To spend all day waiting  
This is the prickliest sting  
To be daily left hanging  
This is the highest boredom  
To long for his royal kingdom  
This is when you really know

That this day has nothing to show  
This is the worst hour  
To know the day's milk is sour  
This is the saddest tear  
To know no one can hear  
This is the deadliest desire  
To be raised out of the mire  
This is the ugliest weed  
To be so deeply in need  
This is the heaviest joy  
To so dearly want a boy  
This is all I can do  
Until there's some falling dew  
This is the longest day  
Please, may it go away!

Sunday 14th May 1995

### **A Song**

You are the dearest of dears  
Always, ever so near  
Forever worlds apart  
Numbed by fear's dart

How can someone mean so much?  
A someone who I don't have, as such  
Someone who constantly bewilders me  
Someone who hints at loving me  
How can one man mean everything?  
A man who I'd do anything for  
A man who has that special something  
A man who I absolutely adore.

You are the sun of suns  
Always shining down on me  
Forever lighting my shade  
With love, so radiantly.

How can a single soul be so right?  
A soul that soothes every fear and fright  
A soul that that gives me so much life  
A soul of which I want to be the wife  
How can one boy be so perfect?  
A boy who brings me so much joy  
A boy for whom I would defect  
A boy that easily beats every other boy.

You are the ray of rays

I'm always under your charms  
You're forever in the haze  
I'd die for you with open arms.

Monday 15th May 1995

### **Fearless, Tearless**

There was a time  
When fear was love  
When everything was back to front  
When everything was inside out  
When illusion was reality  
When death was life  
When there was only black and white

That time has gone  
Poetry and music are floating instead  
Each day cruising around my head  
Sailing free on pacified seas  
With the dolphins in purified ease  
The sun has shone.

There is a time  
When love is love  
When everything is crystalline blue  
When everything is in harmony  
When hope is here  
When light is bright  
When everything is in vibrant colour

Now I am fully fearless and truly tearless.

Sunday, May 28th, 1995

### **The High Jump**

There we were  
Failing  
Attempt after attempt  
Knocking down  
That bar  
But then  
We cleared  
Each different  
Height  
As the bar  
Was raised

Inch by inch  
Making the  
Clearance  
Harder and harder  
Every time.  
But we did it.

Now the highest  
Point has been cleared  
This must be our triumphant  
Moment  
That locks us together  
Leaving the fallen bars  
Far behind us.

May 1995

### **Last Night**

Last night, my world fell apart  
Today clinched agony's acme  
Last night wouldn't listen to my heart  
As it tore me away from my destiny

Last night I knew what today would do  
In the wake of a tragic misunderstanding  
Last night I knew she would win you  
Because no one could hear my heart pounding

Last night was the vicious demon  
Who held me down in my crippled town  
In this world ruled by the serpent's semen.

Last night nothing went my way  
Because of chaos being added to confusion  
Where lust beats love in this battle-weary day.

Last night, I knew I'd marry for money  
Cos love brings me only mournful misery  
To a shy, misunderstood mild excuse  
Left to forever wriggle in their rotting refuse.

Tuesday, June 6th 1995

### **The Power of the Embrace**

The power of the embrace  
Is erupting through my face

I just want to hold something  
I just want to be with something  
I need someone's everything  
Someone, give me anything  
Once it is not mine  
I can make it become wine  
Through the power of the embrace  
My heart always in its chase  
Just to see it in another's face  
And seal this unnamed love  
With a gentle, fragrant kiss.

May 1995

Not a soul over there  
I'm feeling like a square  
I espy his bag  
Has he left his tag?  
A piece of him  
So my clothes may not be grim  
Cos his label  
Was all my love was able  
To take away from him.

27/05/95

S.A.D.

This foul frustration  
This hanging hold  
This stagnating station  
This questioning crying  
This morning mist  
This blocked bleeding

Every day my soul emptily reaches  
Inner frustrations hammering hopelessly  
In piercing, peristaltic movements  
Aimless desires to taste those peaches

This burdening burrow  
This carnivorous craving  
This endangered delicacy  
This lingering longing  
This stoical sorrow  
This treasure: tomorrow?

The pains of powerlessness peal

My spirit, my hope, my well-being  
I am but a meek member of melancholy  
Needing some Samson to stamp my seal.

This queaziness  
This sickliness within  
Of longing  
And craving  
Of never ending  
Frustration

I have the power of a legless spider  
No limbs to support this pillar  
I need the man of tropical weather  
Whose sun shines through torrential rains..  
Because, Samson, I am not but Delilah – maybe?

May 1995

### **Anguish**

Shout! Shout!  
I've got to shout  
I can't keep it in  
This is doing me in  
I've got to scream  
Like never before  
I need to wriggle  
In anguish on the floor  
I want to twist  
And squirm in pain  
I need to shout  
It has to come out  
This inner damnation  
This furious frustration  
Love! Love!  
I have to show it  
I must give it  
All, right now, out from me  
And aim it directly at you  
Screaming, screaming  
Cries of love  
Pushing and pulling  
Inside of me  
Take it, take it  
Take this paining  
Love, right now.  
Set me free  
Let love be

No more hesitation  
Don't shy away  
Take it all today.  
Take me, take love  
Take every piece of me  
I am in agony.

Tuesday, 6th June, 1995

### **The Voyage**

Drifting away from solitary shores  
Further out, my soul implored  
Away from all those times before  
Leading me astray on endless seas  
Where winds and rain but teased  
Where my past struggled in that deep freeze

Transcending to another time and place  
So I thought, far away from disgrace  
Ascended, I'd be, in a land of grace  
Sailing, I was, from dream to dream  
Floating in a thicker, cruder cream  
As bad, nay, worse, rendered my realm.

I dreamed of reaching reality  
A world of truth and dignity  
To solely fall victim to another conspiracy  
I set sail with hope and love  
Amast, they were, under the nest of the dove  
Aghast, am I, at the loss of glory's glove.

My ship lies wrecked in my deep blue sea  
As I paddle along in this wretched rubber dingy.

Tuesday, 6th June, 1995

### **Square One**

I lead people on  
Till they fall under my spell  
I drag them along  
Until they can not let go  
Then, when I have them,  
I can not take them.

Is it selfish  
To so greedily beguile

Innocent beings with my smile?  
I can not help it  
To reach for the untouchable, yet  
Knowing it will all come back to square one.

I realise  
I need love  
I realise  
I want love  
I do not realise  
What love I need, or  
What love I want.

I just keep searching every inch  
Of every room in the hope  
The love I need will be found  
Before I am laid in my tomb.

Monday, 4th June, 1995

### **It Hurts**

It hurts  
It hurts hard  
This fate I am framed within  
This being I have become

It hurts  
When no one can see  
The tears, the floods  
Behind the stoic smile

It hurts  
To feel so alone  
In careless conversation  
With wandering thoughts  
That no one relates to

It hurts  
When I try so hard  
To act brave  
To let on love within  
When only fear breeds

It hurts  
To appear so warm  
In comfortless company

It hurts

That friends cannot satisfy  
My neurotic needs

It hurts  
When all I have  
Is not enough  
When all I need  
Is found in dreams

It hurts  
To know my friends can see  
How hopeless my dreams can be  
How unlikely they will be  
To ever come true for me

It hurts  
To always be  
The unloved lover  
As others catch a fish  
With their every bait

It hurts  
To be an alien  
Without any hope  
Of salvation

It hurts  
To realise  
That my life will begin  
When the fat lady sings  
And the final bell rings.

Wednesday, 7th June, 1995

### **A Sacrifice**

A world of dreams hammering at my knees  
My ankles are chained to prevent reaction  
Reflexive impulses have flown with the breeze  
How can I partake in his crippling action?

Vengeance nor greed is not my routine  
I can not condone hurt and despair  
My impulse is dead, hesitance reigns  
In the sacrifice of a love beyond compare.

Saturday, 10th June, 1995

## **Toad on the Lily**

A solitary leaf floating with the ripples  
Forward and backwards with the flow  
Of the rockpool's moonlit swaying  
Pottering about in twilit waters.  
A slimy-backed toad appears from the rear  
And with one leaping bound, ascends down  
On the green but withering water lily leaf.  
The toad's slime seeps down its back  
Sticking its limbs fast to the lauded leaf.  
There is no escaping, no diverting track,  
No bloom for the lily only gore and grief.  
Try how it might, there is no thinking straight  
Since the tempestuous toad's first landing  
So the bewildered lily but sits and waits  
Till the moment arrives for liberation  
From an era of hopeless penal servitude  
To the selfish, ungrateful, treacherous toad.

Sunday, 18th June, 1995

## **Twilight**

The darkest dilemma  
Is distinguishing  
Night from day  
When it is twilight

Should I still confront  
All that does haunt  
Or should I just run  
And try and have fun?

When I have run  
So far away  
Will it all just creep  
Back on me some day?

How can I run  
And where can I hide  
From all this turmoil  
And chaos inside?

When I make haste  
In one direction  
When I think forward  
Will I be going back?

When I finally choose  
Which I have to lose  
How can I know  
The way I should go?

Should I linger on  
And watch the sun  
As it rises above?  
Will it bring love?

Should I still wait?  
Will I start to hate  
The colour, the light  
Not knowing what's right?

I can not distinguish  
Night from day  
Yet will not relinquish  
Anything this way.

When it is twilight,  
Is it day or night?

18/06/'95

**I wish it was not to be**

There may actually be  
Nothing wrong with me  
I may just be wallowing  
In the pains of growing  
Is that not good enough  
When things are so tough  
To retreat to paper and pen  
Locked away in my den?

If it could be explained  
I would have refrained  
From this tedious exercise:  
My attempt to exorcise.  
Yet, there is a reason  
Or I would not be here –  
I couldn't change the season  
And instead, pick a pear!

I hate this, believe me!  
It breaks me in two  
To firstly think me  
And end up as you.

18/06/'95

### **Painful Truths**

Every once in a while  
Someone might have something to say  
Something taken with a smile  
But digs deeper and deeper on a bad day

They just make a comment  
And you casually agree  
Accepting the truthfulness  
But then it returns  
In a much more serious way  
When you are down and out  
And it just makes you vomit  
But that's only inside  
And you wish you could deny it  
So the truth could hide  
But the ideas tangle  
Into one great big mess  
Until your head is beating  
And pounding out "Yes! Yes!"

After the admission  
It's darn near impossible  
To rid the obsession  
That has grown so companionable.

18/06/'95

### **Once is Enough**

If I could turn back time  
And remodel my life  
Would it be any easier?  
Would I be any wiser?

Would I still be the same me?  
Would I look differently?  
Would thought have any importance?  
Would I survive  
Being twice alive?

I could be so much worse  
I could be dangerous.  
Wild and ruthless.

I could be stronger, but  
Could I survive  
A double life?

If I could turn back time  
And live another life  
I would be dead  
Knowing what lies ahead.

18/06/'95

### **The Hard Way**

I think it is time  
I let off some steam  
That has been sweating  
In the cells of my mind

I really hate  
Having to face  
So hard a chase  
And knowing yet  
That it is my fate  
To always trace  
The thinnest line,  
The weakest scent.

I really guess  
I should be proud  
That I had strength  
Enough to take on  
The tougher task  
But why, goddammit  
Do I always end up  
Being the one  
Who falls in dung,  
Breaks her back  
Whose heart is wrung  
Dry, every goddamn time?

Monday, 19/06/'95

### **Ball**

What stage am I at?  
Disillusionment, I reckon  
I have passed through them all  
Lost, found, lost again

Always in search of a ball  
That keeps spinning away  
Or do I kick it?  
Can I not save it  
And hold it once in a while?  
Maybe I cannot appreciate  
Or am willing to recognise  
When the ball stays still.

Is it a fault?  
Am I blind?  
Or do I see too far,  
Deep into the core  
Of the whirling sphere?  
Or is there really nothing at all?

I want to puncture that ball  
But I think I am too tall  
To bend down to a thing so small.

Monday 19/06/95

### **Blimey!**

These lines insinuate  
A reluctant admission  
But, I refuse to bow  
To that thorn, just yet

You know, I live  
On dreams and things  
That's what I call them  
Because they are unnamed

I have been pulled  
Into a murky maze  
Bigger than ones before  
I think I am insane

I mean I wonder  
If this mind is normal  
Because it thinks in  
Really strange ways.

I have said it before  
I will say it again  
I hate the Robocop phase  
It is a very stupid craze.

Monday 19/06/'95

### **What Is Insanity Anyway?**

When on is psychologically assessed  
Do shrinks really understand best?  
Aren't we all bordering on madness  
And if it were to come to a test  
We could use "saneful" past experiences  
To fib our way with use of disks:  
Programmed minds of what is right  
Would get us "normal" people out  
And we could boast of passing  
And everyone would be rejoicing  
Relieved to accept us as "sane" again.

A psychological assessment  
Is really relative to time  
And the current situation  
Madness is just bad luck –  
To lose it in public  
And so get nicked  
And not like everyone else  
In the safety of their bed  
Not church or town or work  
But who privately flip at home instead.

Monday 19/06/'95

### **Teapotty**

Back to front, inside out  
Upside down, spinning around  
Not knowing the handle from the spout  
Eternally lost, never to be found  
Not to worry, it's seriously unsound  
No blame for not sticking around  
Time is rough, the garden is tough  
The Queen sings, the battles ring  
Symptoms persist, do not resist!  
It's sick, yeah, that is the prick.  
Music caught in the CD player  
Tracks can no longer spin  
Release the laser before it sings  
Drown in the usual worry  
Love will save the day  
Obstinancy will not make way  
Hell, yeah, it is my fault

But maybe, that's all I should say  
What do I think I am anyway?  
The piece is lost, the jigsaw gone  
Retreat to the strongest frame  
Wrap yourself in it, around it  
Bury yourself in dirt, quick smart!  
You have lost again, the spout's gone  
Who broke the damed teapot/

Monday 19/06/'95

### **A Funny World**

It's funny how it goes  
The end justifies the means  
But there is no end to this  
One day, one feeling  
One belief, one explanation  
The next dawn frowns on that  
And that is this, this is then,  
Then is gone and now is this.

It's funny how things change  
The flow of ideas and movement  
A universal craze-driven range  
Today's fortune, tomorrow's punishment  
Tomorrow's desire, today's funeral pire.  
A state of constant flux  
Permanently riding on diversified lucks  
Truth is luck, luck is tough  
Time is expensive, time is luck  
Measured at the highest point of flux.

Magnetic fields, spinning wheels  
Iron filings, constant smilings  
Running back and forward  
It is a strange old world.

Monday 19/06/'95

### **An Ceist**

'Sé atá i gceist agam  
Ná ráiteas éigin a fhág  
Tharam i mo dhiaidh

Tá slí deacair romham  
Mo chuid suaimhneas

A fháil agus choimeád  
B'fhéidir tar éis mo bhás  
Bheadh cáca 'gus liomanáid

Is cuma liom i ndáiríre  
Táim ró bhraon leis an nGeimhready  
I ndeireadh na dála, níor ligeas focal  
Asam, ó bhéal an mór asal

Ná bac liom ná le mo leighead  
Táimid go léir as ár meabhair  
Creid liom bheadh saoirse ann  
I ngan fhios don Mór-Roinn

'Sé atá déanta agam ó  
Um an dtaca seo anuraidh?  
Faic, a chara, agus bród orm!

Tuesday 20/06/95

### **Gone Foul**

Two lost sould, a bath of milk  
The soaked cornflakes are soggy  
Two drenched hearts, both waterlogged  
The soldier's boots are stuck in mud  
Reeds growing around heavy lather  
Two upraised arms, naked and bare  
Two eyes caught in a lonely stare  
Mirroring marshes, now there are four  
Shadows in the mud, and two once more.

Flakes of orange, rhye and wheat  
Pops of brown make milk too sweet  
Dirty soil staining the ripened corn  
Forming weeds and reeds in the new morn.  
Sand is added to this bogland  
Hand and foot struggle in quicksand  
Too late to create a fresh start  
Two hearts, two souls, two tarts  
Smothered in sour cream must now part.

Mixing of hearts, no reffridgeration  
Rotting of souls, too far past preservation.

Sunday, 25/06/95

### **Sunshowering**

Taken seriously, injured fatally  
Taken lightly, untouched happily  
A sweltering head, now rebuked  
A flaming slap, now revoked  
Meddling with fire will soon burn  
Playing with ice will stick to skin  
Tearing dried, frozen cubes lined  
With bits of fibrinogen and keratin

No laughing matter, not funny  
No time for tears, impossible  
A casual, caring crush cannot be  
A leaden, electromagnetising frisbee  
Being thrown but never caught  
Being seen but never sought  
Left floating, up and down, about  
And around; frivolous food for thought.

Dangerous zones, red alert!  
Erogenous zones, do not flirt!  
Potential liberty slandered by chains  
Twisted love, being torn, tossed about  
Who says the sun don't shine when it rains?  
Cryptic excuses trying to rule simplicity out  
But it's not the understudy, the diversion.  
It's the contamination of purity by perversion.

Sunday 28/06/95

### **That Is Not Me!**

I do not appreciate being analysed  
I do not welcome charitable awards  
I do not take kindly to being sized up  
I do not wish to be a drinking cup  
I do not accept secondary rewards  
I detest being powerlessly paralysed

I will not accept being fodder for dreams  
I will not be taken for someone I am not  
I will not be compounded by the psyche  
I will not be a symol in the skies  
I will not induce masochistic damage  
I am not responsible for plucking plumage

As day passes day  
I am being pushed further away  
From the person I found

And relished in the hope of remaining  
To the beast of the blast  
Wandering on, led completely astray  
Who no one at all relates to,  
The same green-backed alien of yesterday.

Sunday 25/06/95

### **Misfit**

That is not right at all  
That is definistely not right  
I admire a figure of beauty  
I sense quality instinctively  
I can not be blamed for that

Ignorance is not my forte  
Though I am prone to lie  
Basked in cream solutions  
That desert offputting reserves  
I think I'll try some hors d'oeuvres!

I repel from drowsy repite  
I cringe at the very sight  
I become ill by trial and error  
But linger lazily with it despite  
The dreaded angst of knowing.

My secret is my mystery  
My agony is a forsaken key  
My loss is the mystic remedy  
Who really has less of a clue than me  
Misfit of Science, I'll leave it be.

Sunday 26/05/95

### **Not Tunnel Vision**

There is a way out of here  
Am I the only one who sees things clear?  
I live far deep into the future  
And everyone thinks I am stuck in the past.

Maybe, my methods are not sublime  
Maybe, I just need more time  
Than all ye grand entrepreneurs  
Who make use of time beyond words.

I too have plans, just you wait  
Plans that will make a great escape  
From the trappings of a sad existence  
That everyone labels my crusade.

Time to relish, time to season  
Time to squander every flavour  
Time to sit smug and still  
Time to reveal my golden dollar bill.

I can see further that darkness  
Way out and under the surface  
I am proud of my superpowers  
So fuck your idyllic desires!

Sunday 25/06/95

### **Abduction**

If you twist and roll away  
I have absolutley nothing to say  
If you jump and leap about  
I am getting the hell out

I cannot see the humour anymore  
In stabbing with your dream knife  
I cannot begin to understand  
Why you would lie through life.

If you creep up behind  
I will not enjoy chewing on your rind  
If you stay on the sideline  
How am I expected to keep flying?

I am left in the shadows  
Yours, mine, hers and all the others  
How can you expect me to try  
When I can see nothing but night?

If you kiss around the sun  
Up there in an orbit of your own  
How am I meant to lick my lips  
Now chapped and battered, robbed of drips?

Monday 26/06/95

### **Corrupted**

Tongues of fire spitting, hissing  
Overheating furnace, dehydrating  
Invade the mind, lock up inside  
A different view drags behind  
When pulled into a twisted mind

Corruption torments a soulful drive  
Steering blades diverting damage  
To the heart, hitherto kept apart  
But infestation of disease spreads  
Kills and scars, dogs in dread

Sharp exit, battle is won  
Or lost or just fallen down  
But the ruins! The ruins!  
Destruction, paralysed poppies  
Losing colour, vigour – cries!

No one can hear, not near here  
Run away, haunting sceptres  
Chasing convicts, no running today  
Chew, chew the cud of his blood.  
Devilish wrongs strangle God, good!

Monday 26/06/95

### **Back Off!**

Back again for some fun  
Sorry, cannot stay for long  
Got someone else tagging along  
Love me for a while until  
The beeper goes off and I slip  
Back into her bed all warmed up by you  
For me and a new hot water bottle too!

Squirrelish leaps and bounds  
Any more acorns to be adorned?  
I love diversion, deviation  
For me, it's the seventh haven

Dung beetles take the place  
Of hot jars for your embrace  
Artificial heat by soul's suction  
Will defuse my internal combustion.

No sob story, today, Rory!  
You have heard the last moon moan  
Love has decayed, been swept away

By a treasured, saneful tune  
Called moderation, no great plunge  
But OD's compulsion is not for me to indulge.

Tuesday 04/07/'95

### **A Song!**

I could not help myself  
Here is my apology  
You see, you made me do it  
You made me kiss him  
You caused my passion to lose control  
You gave me vibes  
You sent me wild  
I could not help myself  
Needing a guy to release me  
If only for one night, one kiss

Hey Boy! I am sorry  
I am feeling pretty bad  
I did not mean to stir jealousy  
I just needed a guy to kiss  
I just could not help myself  
But I swear I won't do it again

I could not help myself  
Here is my apology  
You see, you drove me to it  
I had to kiss him  
I needed to kiss him  
So I could pretend it was you

I guess it wasn't very clever  
I guess I should have known better  
I should have seen it was wrong  
To kiss him, especially, in front of you  
I could not help myself  
I am a girl in love  
I need to be kissed  
If only for one night, one kiss

Hey Boy! Listen to me  
When I tell you I'm sorry  
Cos I am  
I was drunk, in love  
In need of a kiss  
I just could not help myself  
And there's no need to be jealous

Everyone needs someone to kiss  
When their love is further away  
I swear I won't do it again

Hey Boy! I love you  
I need you. I want you  
Kiss me! Then there will be  
No need for any apology.  
Hey Boy! I'm sorry.

Tuesday 04/07/95

### **Dangerous**

I am growing cold now  
I can feel the freeze coming  
I guess I am beyond thawing  
The proximity is dangerous  
The distance grotesque  
I am no mapreader  
But I can read pain  
I am flying wild  
I am drifting off  
I am dying trying  
The is final blast off

3-2-1, engine runs  
Fires light, diesel burns  
Flames suck in, blow out  
Gun to the head, Boom!  
Boom! Death by gunshot.

Tuesday 04/07/'95

### **The Runs**

Your beauty amazes  
Your love stuns  
Your triumphant phases  
Give me the runs.

Tuesday 04/07/95

### **Summertime Blue**

Every year about this time  
I get seriously lonely

I fall deep down inside myself  
And curl up like a lost pony

This year it has happened again  
My best friend in Portugal  
College friends at bay  
My true love is the persona  
Over the radio, soon to tear away

My parents at a wedding in Canada  
Only my brother remains  
My hope of loving, a Friday night thing  
That the rest of the week feigns.

I have one friend near me now  
And I do love her dearly  
But so much is out of reach  
That I am permanently lost, somehow.

Summer is so blue at home  
When all contact is on holiday  
The heatwave is over too:  
No sun, no love, no life today  
Just sad, lonely, melancholy blue.

I miss my friends and family  
I need more life, more company  
My strength is shadowed now  
By a deep cloudy Summertime Blue.

Tuesday 04/07/95

### **Fágáil Slán**

Mo ghrá a gheal mo chroí  
Nílím an maitheas a rabhas  
Táim ag titim síos arís is  
Nílím an leigheas a cheapas  
Táim ag fágáil slán, mo bhróin.

Tuesday 04/07/95

### **We are...**

We are poets with a purpose  
Incarnated by lethal loss  
We are of a certain type  
Drowned in our sorrow, never ripe.

We are lovers with a difference  
Kept in the mind, for remembrance  
We are fish, startled and lonely  
Made for living in our own blue sea.  
We are victims, bruised and beaten  
Love, for us, is too great to be eaten.

We are sailors bound to lives of storms  
To prove ourselves in all God's shapes and forms.

May 1995

### **The Lost Award**

The competition is won  
The ceremony has not even begun  
Where is the award?  
Where is the reward?  
For coming so far  
For trying so hard  
To allow bells of clarity  
Ring through to my destiny?

Why can't I claim my prize?  
Why can't he answer my cries?

Exhaustion creeps into our stretched souls  
Encompassing agony with the ecstasy of relief  
And truth: the conquering of lies,  
The victory of belief.

I want that sculpture  
Carved with that word: Love  
I want that picture of beauty I adore  
I want that boy, that love  
I want to give myself to him completely.  
I want him to recognise my unbounded  
Commitment to this love I feel for him  
I want that masterpiece  
Composed between us  
In LOVE.

Thursday 06/07/95

### **Dreams Suck!**

Travelling through dreams  
With them, around them

“Hear Ye! Hear Ye!  
The King is dead”  
God stays, so they say  
Well, I waited, I watched  
Some dreams refuse to be touched.

Dreams are prescribed  
To those who are deluded  
Ideas are made to burst  
Through eyes of the disillusioned

Horse’s sperm, aerosol dust  
Spitting on slug’s crust  
Wriggling in weeds  
Screaming at trees  
A transcendent trip  
To a dirty deadening dip

Each time, the dream grows  
The ideas manifesto  
Into a universal mind  
Of increasing infinities  
Each time, worse than the last  
Gradual, increasing windows  
Tinted, glacial, unframed  
Darkened, curtained, enslaved.

Loss hurts: Lies kill.  
The journey of dreams  
Is crude and ideal  
The screeches of agony  
Never cooling the pain.

Thursday 13/07/'95

### **Steamed Up**

Standing in front of silver glass  
The lonely stare through weather-beaten eyes  
Gaze, solemnly sighing,  
Caught in a moonlit maze  
Surrounded by overgrowing hedges that  
Stoop onto the silver lined path.  
The head raises and then slumps  
Taking a tactless bow, stumbles,  
Reaching for support, the tap turns.  
Hot water runs and steam rises.  
Hedges of burning gorse billow  
A smoke-screen clouding the silver path.

One last glance on turning away  
Silver glass reaps no reflection  
Now clouded by steamy condensation.

Monday 17/07/'95

### **Bloody Slaughter**

Change must occur  
To cease the onslaught and battering  
Drums beating, bugles blowing  
Warriors in armour  
A timeless bloody slaughter

Release must be achieved  
To soothe the burning scars  
Blood gushing, hearts thumping  
Soldiers in plaster:  
An endless bloody slaughter.

Sunday 23/07/95

### **The Statue of Apathy**

Impressioned by downfalls beating on my skull  
Falling into whirlpools of pebbles and bones  
Joining a leaden mouth to greasy gums  
She approaches seeking shelter from the hailstones.  
I jump to assist a friend harrassed by the rain  
Clumsily cloaking my soul around her frame.

Breathless devotion carved within a brutal boulder  
Extracting the marrow with my feeble fist  
Sacrificing an all-weather shield in a flash  
Casting it to the wind, dying to radiate peace.  
Bent at the knees in pleas for inspiration  
To be beaten down by clogs of condemnation.

Scourged by expressionless thunderbolts of genius,  
Afflicted by the lacking of experiential transcripts,  
Burdened with empathy, flinching in anxiety,  
A granite sensorium winces at the statue of apathy.

Saturday 22/07/95

### **“Reunion”**

Swell party! Undercurrents of emotion  
Locked within, painted on faces.  
Tension sizzling on wooden sticks,  
Revolving to an intolerable dizziness.  
Entranced by alienating innuendos  
Incorporating an overwhelming weariness  
With questioning, heartstabbing happenings.

A social gathering, a joyful reunion  
A rare get-together, like communion:  
The taking of bread, sharing of toasts  
Spirits colliding, dividing; bodies roast.

Monday 24/07/95

### **Telephone Lies**

Pressing the button, hook to my ear  
Tongue wagging, smile turns to sneer  
Blackening speech, is this sincere?  
Spirits ignoring my isolatin fears  
Indifference irks irritating responses  
Undertones of angst with leaping powers  
Hinder the receiver from amputating the ear.

Saturday 29/07/95

### **Code Red**

A controlled countenance commanded over the still  
Before the breeze was billowed into a whirlwind  
All was calm, pain was contained, all was at ease  
Till down crashed and tumbled that barbaric breeze  
When flashing lights, trip swithes were bewitched  
And harmony malfunctioned and screamed "Code Red".  
Ships rocked and shook like leaves on the sea  
Stumbling feet scrambled and clung to beams  
Masts cracked and fell, sails tore, sailors bled  
Chaos caused panic, flashing reds in heads.

The ocean's orchestra ceased clattering their bows  
In time to the raucous rhythm but plucked instead  
A tormenting tempo of tedious tappings  
Till the waves and tides sent water slapping  
Down and over the musical mayhem of Code Red  
Sending sunk ships and broken lights to the ocean's bed.

Saturday 05/08/95

### **Blessed Beauty**

Beauty, blessed beauty  
Beatifying the body  
Spiritualising the soul  
Gratitude to God  
Holier than Heaven  
The truest theology:  
Beauty, blessed beauty.

Saturday 05/08/95

### **Reaching Out**

My arms shall stretch  
And cling to every wretch  
Until happiness is no longer an illusion  
And my heart is in peace  
No matter my direction.

Sunday 06/08/95

### **Just Another Fantasy**

Hands reaching, smiling faces  
Loving friends, warm embraces  
A perfect prelude, a godly introduction  
No greater salute to seduction  
The sense of a presence  
The finest essence  
Sitting in silence  
My body in violence.  
Reverberating vibrations  
Exhilarating excitations  
She knows. Oh, she knows!  
It shows! It shows!  
How my face glows and glows!  
What is this presumption  
This carnivorous consumption,  
This omnipotent potion  
This delectable death?  
My, how beautiful, how glorious  
How delicately delicious!  
And is it returning?  
Oh my, the yearning!  
Walls of society

Barricade my liberty  
Back into just another fantasy.

Monday 07/08/95

### **Peace to Peace**

No more hooks in eyes  
Just like a jigsaw  
Peace to peace

Perfection can seem impossible  
Until the pieces fit.  
Life can become incredible  
When the fire's lit.

It's against all odds, all beliefs  
It's not right for there to be such relief  
When everything adds up to be  
An equation balancing towards harmony  
The ups and the downs,  
The to-ing and fro-ing  
The constant swaying  
All this adding up to be  
A mathematical magician  
Balancing us all towards harmony.

Life can seem intolerable  
Until the pieces fit.  
Life can become so reliable  
When the fire's lit.

No more hooks in eyes  
Just like a jigsaw  
Peace to peace.

### **DANGEROUS LIASONS**

Just a few words to express my feelings:  
I am going insane  
I love too much  
I am loved too much  
I don't know what to do  
I love them all  
Am addicted to two  
But have none of them!

The beauty of love breaks every rule

The naiveté of me is a tyrannic tragedy  
Now, I am a heartbreaker and it's beyond my control.