

A Blindfolded Pool

My hand weighs heavy clamped between my teeth
Testing the strength of tainted bones in my mouth
The burn shall remain, the teeth shall pierce skin
But the weakness will prolong unnecessary pain
When an illuminating presence can liberate
Alleviating burdens, weights of overused complaints
The torch in another's hand has led me hitherto
Dominating every movement of positive progression
To blind the eye could sever the brittle bone
To remove the patch would release the latch
Where an open mouth would no longer crunch
But exposure to the elements could erode
If the hatch could never engulf the fly
If the watch stopped before the final try
The lid weighs heavy upon idle tissue in my eyes
Hiding from the scorching flame of potential torture
The heating proximity radiating possible lies
But the warmth soothing the blinded unlit picture
Creeping out through cracks in the darkened panes
Where rays sneak behind past the masked mind
Into the pool of sparkling chandeliers stored and kept
That so often were drowned by the tears I have wept

A Celebration

Ten thousand ceremonies
A celebration of disease
Strolling on the stream, the sun condemns
In the freezing breeze of day
Dying out again behind the cloud cover
Like the fire and the graceful firestarter
In the shaded room where one sips the cup
A glass container, ice and coca-cola
And the freebie cup of tea
From the proprietor who I thought didn't care

A thousand dwelling rooms
From a restaurant to a school
The bill lies on the table
The docket's lost personality
Remains irreplaceably ugly
Discovered in a smutty bar -
The homeliness of friendship
Bonded by time and trouble
A secondary bond, perhaps loyalty
(Thankfully it burns stronger than water
For what then would be left for me?)

Among their chatter
The catching aura
The long forgotten insult,
A lingering faux pas
Caught in the wings of the splattered fly
Whose gooey corpse hangs from the sticky paper
Lifeless and irrelevant, apologetic races
(She didn't know how much I didn't mean it)

In the sweaty scabbard, he tells a story of one's life
Most at home here, most to reason
Most at ease in one's own tune
And what do I show?
Zilcho silent everythings!

In the darkened sun of mid-afternoon
And the bitter wind that blows
I sigh a sad melody
Hissing a battering beat
No books, not a medium
Just the flow - on and on
It goes

Tired and sleepy
The style loses control
As the head bangs the bong
The heart clangs in the lung
Puffing cuts alight
The pessimist condemns
Useless in one's midst
Better left behind
Sick and solitary
Quiet, Sh! Silent
The stream is lost

A million tables, wobbling and shaky

I place things to rest, to be consumed
Showered with spoons
To think the way they do
To find out why
The chest on the table
Is too far off
So why bother?

There is a solitude that comes to pass
Onto the platinum of sheer loneliness
Do more than herded fleas understand
The permanence of shining artefacts
Crouched and crunched in the rattle?

Shaking bosoms of blossomed breezes
Carrying caverns of diagnosed diseases
Projects designed and created en mass
I speak of the lost cutting cavity
Those who do not see the sunset
From which I built my newgrange
That tree is still tied and unfree -
An annual celebration of my melancholy.

A Cosmic Bethlehem

She might have to change the batteries
Of the flying space craft
Before I take another smoke

No room at the inn
As I wander through a sandstorm,
The Greek sun on fire
The barren land inedible for sheep
Schizophrenia put to sleep

Women in bikinis enhancing tans
Men skinny-dipping

Cigarette throat making me sick
Batteries in my walkman
Reenergised by alien forces
To fly me away into space
Listening to music
In a cosmic Bethlehem!

A Father Fucker

It turned me on...
Her father forcing her into sex with him
Or did it turn me off?
It sinks deep into my soul
And I dream of her,
Praying she's still alive
And her spirit seems to be
As far as I can feel

But why did it turn me on?
To be abused by your father
And I wanna reach out and protect her
To live with your father
To be fucked by your father
To eat with your father
And talk and smile with your father
And your father is abusing you?

This girl went through it all
She was raped over and over again
She was beaten over and over again
And we became good friends
I was to help her escape
I was to save her
So she could live with someone
Who wouldn't abuse her
But would love her
I wanted to be her friend
But she wanted more
And I felt more for her
Than being her friend would bring
I wanted to hug and hold her
I wanted to love her

And over and over again
I think of that image...
The one where she is about nine
And her father is fucking her on a table
In front of his girlfriend
I remember how it made me sick
I remember how it gave me the shits

And is this girl still alive?
Goddammit I hope so
For I loved her
And then she disappeared

The abuse of her
Killed us
And I will always think of her
On the table
Victim to her father's penis
And her boyfriend's fists.

A Prayer

A prayer for the mentally ill then locked to their medication
Psychopathological disorders,
Chopped up pyromaniacal furnaces of ribbed hair and crimped skulls
Battling within the bounded bump -
The gooey red hill that labels the devil
Winking his cunning know-you-wells

Manic depressive blurred vision
Bastard music's polluted noises
Schizophrenic behaviour, double voices
It is dutch then but still more flashes
Moonies in train stations
As the virtual train knocks me down
It is better to hush the puppy in order to visualise
The demonic miracles called brilliance

Armageddon only happened here

I remember the spiritual soldiers of Buddha
Who were kicked off the city streets by the phony police
And a couple of crippled goodness struck my peace
Wishing I had the power to heal that disorder -
For that couple were too sweet for this sewer

The mind works in mysterious ways
Blocking out resistance of the super-normal
Where cosmic phenomena shock the system -
I could see the future in my brain -
It was semi-cruel, half insane

I admit to knocking back the drugs
To escape the last window of caramel
When one survived on Mars bars and Coca-Cola
Feeding Africa's outer Mongolia

Will I ever make it to the cherry
Where east meets west under the one vest?
J'espere que je le ferai!

All for Soup

Heartbreak exhaled
The search for the empty cauldron began upstairs

This lonely companion germinated in this room
Over time, a soul was consumed
The granules were ground with the wooden spoon
And smashed and beaten against tarred steel

From the bed to the garden
The shadow pottered on shaky ground

Leaving the bedroom, she sneaks downstairs
And silently out the door, she steps onto the road

Three a.m.
Outdoors a world is imploring her
Jumping to the beat of the drum
She assumes her position and marches on

Past the signposted gateways,
The trees whisper direction
As balance becomes her compass.
Each park, estate and avenue
Titled purposely to guide her on her way

The monitoring moonshine,
The stars sprinkling light -
A supernatural hold-up.
Obliged to inhale this tasty territory
Where life exists right through to her fingers
Like a y-stick's vibrations.
Overwhelmed by awe
She must not ignore the dominion
So rising from her feet,
She departs from the Esso station

Into the country, she races down the road to Harmony
(A track that lacks a finishing line)

The beat must go on
Pounding through the system

Over the bridge, she spies three rocks
Her legs growing weary,
She stops to rest on the twisted limestone

Up the hill, the rain trickles down
Onto a slippery road, into the park, through the fields

Floundering but she goes, the pace never fading
Her heart jumps and thumps her ribs
Causing instant cessation
The rain falls in dripping fear

Guided, she was, but now deluded
She turns back, remembering the desire for soup
She imagines the whiff like that of Bisto.
She reaches for the door: Home.

Upstairs again, she feels content
Too fatigued to boil the broth
She lies there, drained, in ease
For this disease had given her satisfaction.

After all, the silhouette on the streets
Had gone from an A to a sort of Z!

Barbarism

I get swept away by people
I get green with jealousy
Feeling I deserve better
I get angry
At the way I used to be
Pretty old me
In a mental institution
My life is an institution
But I can see change
I have desire -
My war against war
Is raging in my veins
I get angry
With the killing spree

The potential to rape
Is there since the ape
But my rage is quenched
As I walk this city
Dying for people to see
But it's fear and shame
At their desire to maim
That drives them mad
And they get afraid.
They get paranoid
When they see my eye
Walking the streets
Looking at their feet

How dumb are we?
Can we not see
Barbarism?
It's in front of you and me

I cling to fame,
Hold on to lyrics.

Take me back
So that I may begin
My journey
Where once the cuckoo
Flew

Liberate my voice
Untie my tongue
Let me lick you all over
Like a puppy
About to be run over.

Beautiful Triangles

The waves are decreasing, the fraught fading,
The winds dying, is the typhoon turning?
No respite, recess might break the flack
The changing of the tide kindles a suicide
Not of the body or spirit or of the mind
But kindles a suicide of an ecstatic kind

A total eclipse of the water and pond
A total release from the frog and the spawn
A division of soul to form a new peace
A dexterity of vision in complete ease

The typhoon's tyranny has turned the tables
From a game of roulette to Aesop's fables
Full of promise, will and good fortune
A bubbling infernoed volcanic eruption
Releasing lava's laughing avalanches
Conspiring to beautiful Bermuda Triangles

Before walking into HMV today

I took out a cigarette
And was going to smoke it outside the store
When my eyes met the eyes of a Hare Krsna
Who was selling books
And so I told him I want to be a Rastafarian
And not a Hare Krsna
(Though I have shaved my head every so often - to be a Rastafarian I
must grow my hair and smoke dope)
So I have to wait

We spoke of God and Consciousness
And I bought a book called "Coming Back" from him
His name was Mick and he wasn't such a fanatic which pleased me
I have spoken to Krsnas before like you do with Mormons
I have bought their books before

And so I went to the pub again
Bought a pint of Carlsberg and smoked
And read the book
I was studying Reincarnation
And I agreed with most of it
Who knows? I may even chant...
"Hare Krsna, Hare Krsna
Hare Hare, Hare Krsna
Hare Rama, Hare Rama
Hare Hare, Hare Rama"
But I find I am on God's level even without it

Then I looked back at my mad days,
My schizophrenic days
That started with my death on the armchair in this very sitting-room
And as I read the book
I remembered my "Coming Back"
But I was still Mairead

Buddha, Krsna, Jesus, God
I am all of them
And they are everything and everyone
I am near/in my last life
Because in this life I am God
I "Know"
I "Am"

Can you understand me?

This book reassured me
This book spoke of demigods and thinkers
This book spoke of consciousness
(I threw away this book afterwards)
But I remember being Jim Morrison
And I remember being Jesus
And that Jim was a reincarnation of Jesus

Naturally I'm not sure,
I can't prove anything
It's just what I feel deep inside of me
And well ye may laugh
But I am a God-Head
And you're laughing in the face of God
If you're laughing at me

Bisexuality, drink, drugs and God
This is me!
Blossom!

Beyond Compare!

The black model
Parades in a silver dress
She stops half way down the catwalk
To pose -
She is grinning through her bright teeth
And staring my way

It is the same damned grin
As the Swede and the dancer
Gripping me, tying me up
My eyes are alight
I'm engrossed in another moment
Just like when I walked in on blond hair
To find a smile and a gaze
That can only amaze
And keep me swearing
Beyond compare! Beyond compare!

Bill Clinton is so caught up in Northern Ireland's Troubles
That he has forgotten about the Third World

The guerillas are letting the humanitarian aid in -
It's about time
I keep thinking my smoking is killing them
And their thirst will never end

I worry about the hungry babies
Feeding off their starving mothers' breasts
That are so empty, no milk can be found within

Racist slurring from my filthy mouth
Black skin is like leather -
Only because they are made work so hard
Only because they are slaves to white bastards

It is men who fuck up this world
What are they afraid of?
Being equal - Equality

Some rant and rave about being worried
While others rant on about beating others
This power struggle they endure is sad
When violence is their only "cure"

There are those who "do not believe in violence"
Yet they go home and scream abuse at us

The louder the voice, the harder the man
The stronger the person - the beast he is

Shut your mouths
Listen to Silence
Hear Peace
Just like a Whisper
For one Quiet moment
And
Stop fighting over your self

Fight with yourself not another

He who does this
Has most knowledge
And
Is
The strongest

Blast from the Past

There I was, travelling by bus
Through the city streets
My eyes delirious to passing shops
My walkman in my ears blaring out
My heart feeling the anguish
Of Tori Amos' bloodshed lyrics

A flash of red grabs my attention
A former feeling takes over me
A cold shiver through me
My heart suffers the old suspension
My head is shattered by my reaction

Disbelief sets in
Complete miscomprehension
Anger at the drawing of the cold spear
Fury to feel the fiddle of fear
To still be feeling that within
Sparked by the same ignition

A balloon of blue floats down
A steel pin ready to prick
A wall of protection one cell thick

My heart-strings have vibrated,
My walls fallen for the very last time.

Blossom!

Blossom my bud
Germinate and bloom!
My little sister
May your bud flower
In my blessed bedroom!

Buddha

Buddha calls
He sits in position
And contemplates morality

The elevated mind understands the law
While nature gives a show of magic

A foreign child
Full of homely innocence
Can put her trust in nature
Age corrupts the mind
The innocence of children
Maintain the beauty of life

Buddha basks in the sun
Allowing life to survive
Without his awareness
Of the revolving orb

Depression

It creeps up behind
When least expected
It invades the mind
When not suspected

Depression breathes darkness
Through untouchable regions
Encompassing the seven senses
Including the unexplainable
And his sister breeds
The paranormal and supernatural

Depression reeks from matter
Physical and psychological
There is no release from
Its permanent lowliness
Once fallen to mystical
Man-eating enslavery under
Depression's foul spell

It stays deep inside
Wherever you go
It follows you around
If you will not let it go

Drugs

My mood never lifted
Breakdown after breakdown
The voices would not die
Yet they are me
"Don't do drugs", the doctor said
And now I will quit to prove to myself
Whether it is them or me that are at fault

Cigarettes are a dirty habit
I don't need drugs to blow my mind
Prescribed drugs fuck me up too...
Melleril sedates and dopes
Risperdal controls my thoughts
Lustral elevates my mood
Nothing is working

Here I am three and a half years on
After binging and breaking out
Still imagining the truth to be surreal

Alcohol, fags, ecstasy and speed
This is the life of Mairead Meade
Melleril, Risperdal and Lustral
Which will free me? Which will?

Femininity

Am I a boy
Or
Am I a girl?

Many times, in the Ladies
People have questioned my gender
Nothing could be more embarrassing
To a girl who worships femininity

I grew my hair long
Cos I wanted to look more like a girl
I know my gender - I'm female
But I really can't blame them
They are ignorant
To paint with an ignorant brush
While their boyfriends laugh
Simply because I'm not hetero
And it shows

Believe me!
I wanna be a girl
I wanna wear dresses
I wanna look stunning
But I'm adrogynous
Because of my situation

I was always a tomboy
Playing football with my brothers
And I have assumed many identities
Both male and female

So basically, I'm a mixture
A male in a female body
A girl who likes girls
Just a little more than she likes boys
Because they have what she hasn't got -
Femininity

Fifth Gear

There is a stride that one reaches
Like a motor car's fifth gear
Motioned to cruise along
It approaches and disappears
Every 24 hour second hand year
When it arrives
It has a place and a purpose
The point of compensation
That one loves and hates
For in its distasteful ugliness
Lies an immeasurable delight
It can gruesomely erase
A lifetime of disease
By one shift of the inner wrist
One can bombard the bus
Bounce onto the moto
Whirring on alone
In this cruising stride
Swallowing petroleum
Beyond the satiable
In the whirr of fifth gear

Gardens Grow

Trees swaying
Fledglings crying
Twigs shaking
Wings breaking

Trembling, curling leaves
Moving with the breeze
Falling on the mud
Shaded red like blood

Grass keeps growing
Young birds wailing
Light keeps shading
Worms slowly wriggling

Predators fight
A perilous plight
It's food they crave
Birds must be brave.

Winds betraying
Leaves they are shedding
Branches bending
Roots, they are mending.

Grass will grow
Trees will bend
Winds will blow
God will descend.

GOD

God is a woman
Not a goddess
But a Woman
Who makes men
That fall from Her womb

God is the Womb
Where Man is made
And born

God is Womb-man,
Not the womb of man
But the woman of mankind

Half A World Away

I wait indoors ajar
Friends becoming fewer and fewer
Getting on with their lives
While I am knelt before this altar
Losing my all to be closer to you

I plaguerise myself
For what can I say to her?
What can make this meat taste of cow?

The bloom of May, a sunshiny day
And my love, I bellow across the ocean
To her, at her, for her.
The sun shines half a world away

I want to swallow a piece of cardboard
To engulf myself in a world once known to her,
To familiarise me with what she once did think
Do I need to swallow this?

And in one gulp, I am away
Flying with the birds' hope
Tripping through time's fear
All to be closer to Sheri
Yet
Always
Half a world away

Heaven

Ghostly shadows consume my soul
Throughout the night, effortless breaths control
The ruins of a mad existence from the past
Too much, too late, too little, too fast

No control over this irresistable force
Explosions of emotional fracas dominate
Creeping in with the night - an endless course
Travelling with it, the fever escalates
Into my subconscious - a world of dreams
Hitherto unaffected, now forever reflecting
My love shivering, dreams delivering
The beautiful drama of the love I contain

Spiritual whistles of magical reverance
Incessant cravings for hope and deliverance
As I awake from the Garden of Eden
Where I lay in my lover's arms - Heaven

I could cry tonight

I am all alone with my illness
Noone to love and fondle
Noone to touch me
Noone for me to touch

When I am awake he is asleep
When he is awake I am asleep
And is he enough?

True love in my brain

I believe in magic
But when one is so alone
That magic is concealed

And my family annoy me
They think it is enough
For them to smother me with love
It is unwelcome
When one sees the end
And hopes for one last welcome
From afar... distant love

I could cry tonight
Starvation and loneliness

This is not enough

I dream of mighty spirits

Walking around my room
Dead relations at my bed
Spurring me on

I hear the footsteps of Peter
Outside my bedroom door
Movements up and down the stairs
As my bed makes love to me
Like something from Dracula

A garbage can is knocked over
In the garden outside
Rebekah stands at my door
Gun in hand
As Daniel comes to my rescue

I thought you were dead
I cycled to your aid
Inventing a door
That was to be your home
Where your grandfather lay dead

The girl who fucked the world
And murdered at random
Was in my head

I heard her scream in pain
As the devil ate her heart
And the virgin cried a river
When God did deliver that
Jesus Christ was dead

I have been sent to hospital

There I spent some time
Allowed to go mad
I thrived on my heartache
I created an atmosphere
Where all were young again

The needle went missing
Tori Amos was singing
I shaved my head for Madonna
And Krishna consciousness

You do not understand
God is The Mind
His magic is kind
But to watch a world go mad
Would drive anyone insane

Rebecca and Daniel
The Holy Bible
They do incest
Adam and Eve
Woman was made from the rib of Man
That is more than incest - asexual

Read the good news
There is divine justice

God is a magician
He is secular yet holy
His church is Life and Death
His home is Heaven and Earth

God is the ruler of all things
His mind is a spinning-wheel of spirit
His soul is cryptonite green

He is for real
I get down on my knees

I Want Him

Today
I am lowly
I am lonely
I am tired of loving
It's nothing!
I hold onto dreams -
I have lost my alter ego
I have no love
No cuddling
No loving

Oh! To hold his hand
Kiss his lips
Touch him with a loving hand
And consoling fingers

Oh! To hold my best friend's hand
So I can feel what touch is
So I can feel what love is
So I can love a man
So a man can love me
The way I want him to
The way we should be

He's all I have now
And I'm afraid of losing him
Should I tell him how I feel?

Now noone is in my life
And what hurts most is
Noone ever was
Except him
These past few years
And I dream incessantly
Of nothing
But it was everything to me

He's my best friend
And I want him to be my man
To help me break free
From the incarceration of this illness
That told me I had love
Schizophrenia's a pathological liar
I never had anyone
And now he's all I have
I want him.

I Want My Shit Back

Not knowing where to start
I set off for a trek on the beach
The same damned beautiful beach
Where I watched my two friends swimming
Now the memory feels more like a drowning

There is an ocean and a sunset,
A photographer and passers-by

Every day is further into reality
Away from my death-wish missions,
The endless mysteries and untold sorrow

I awake to a heaven on Earth
A picturesque paradise
Of photographic sea portraits
And natural beauties

From death and departure,
Black back doors
And bedroom boredom,
I find what can be seen and felt and heard
Walks in the country
Touristic drives
And happy holidaying

Yet I am not satisfied

I have laboured for love
And fallen upon insanity
I have peaked obsession's acme
And landed on my own tragedy

I want my shit back
So I can live free from my dementia

In the Making

Touring the countryside disguised under a visor
One can tend to roam without noticing the horizon
The greatest observers overlook their invention
That is rooted in the back of their minds
Until the idea evolves and is processed sensibly

Intangibility is merely a time warp
Ever present, but stored until formulation
Transforming vapour into concentration
Making the personification of an innuendo
And all things connect in a mind gone psycho

It Was Not My Plan

Three things dig my mind
One for the master, one for the dame
The wretched night carries another
In the bitterly sticky wind

Numb fingers, numb bits of bones
I think of one, reflect on another
A permanent crazy thing is missing

Driving on the frosted roads
Rolling through the country
Turning into the golden moon
I can still hear babies croon

A breath through the windless afternoon
So sharp is the weather
Has there ever been a day so cold?
Yet it doesn't really matter
Harsher extremes plague the mind -
How to leave this world of golden moons
And enter the sun of Spring
To hear the sounds of flowers singing
And watch the trees budding
After a summer like last year

Travelling a soultry voyage into the breeze
Crusading through the temples into the dunes
Listening to the ringing tunes of love in my ears
As I sail in this aerated deep freeze
Alone in my sister's company

It is not that I am distressed
It is just sitting here so possessed
Beside her that stresses me
Why won't someone acknowledge me?

Some day this fight shall end
Between the bitter and the cold
The only trouble that remains, I cannot deny
All that has truly happened
To what I am indeed

All I can continue to say is
I did nothing to create this -
It was not my plan

Letter to my Mother

Dear Mother,

Why don't I work?

Because every day if I avoid my brain, every night catches hold of me
Nothing will escape me and I can not escape from IT

"IT" is everything that revolves in my brain

All my delusions and things I can't explain

I am never alone for my thoughts plague me daily

Every moment I am what you could deem crazy

From the way my mouth moves and my TD

To my delusions of grandeur and insanity

Every day carries a crown of thorns that cut my mind open

Worrying thoughts and loss of concentration

Every day is a bitch

No day is like normal where it is possible to work

No day brings peace of mind

And you worry about me

And I have to remind myself every other moment

That I am schizophrenic

And every other moment I forget why my thoughts are in disorder

And every little task is a big task

And every little thing is a big thing

If only you could appreciate the effort it takes

To leave the bed in the morning

And when I go to work for two weeks

It is all I can take

Cos every night the problems build up in my brain

And I don't have time to work through them

So they will leave me be and I can find some peace

Every problem is a big problem

Every worry is a big worry

I am my schizophrenia now

IT has taken hold of me

And I have become IT completely

Love,

me

Listening to In The Name of the Father

It was cut short but now it is back on
Playing music and typing at the same time is weird
It is like I am typing for the music

I want to say thank you to all the stars
Who brought me through Armaggeddon:

Sinead O Connor was the strongest
Bono managed the microdot concept
Nenah Cherry is saving the third world
Tori Amos was my GodMama,
Always looking after me, babyface me

Madonna is known for being Queen of the Universe,
Goddess of the World - she loves God

Thank you for saving me

And to Drew Barrymore -
Not only are you a screw
But your the greatest actress, my age
You know what it is like to be mad
You know how to be when in "Mad Love"
We should be best mates!

Jodie Foster -
You are the best
The Silence of You

Actors take the stage

I step into your mind-shoes
To imagine as Daniel Day Lewis did
What it really is like
To be the person you imitate
Even if only for a while

The English Patient and his morphine
Me in Paddington
Me and my madnesses
Me and my nervous breakdowns
Me and immortal pain

Thank you too to Meg Ryan:
"City of Angels" is getting close
To what happens between Heaven and Here
Yet still nobody knows

Liz

Light a penny candle

Thinking of you
And me
Friends for life
Destiny you said
And I didn't understand

So deep in my heart
Before I had to part
My mind in confusion
My life in disarray

Love my Breasts

Here I lie half naked
Clothed from the waist down
Liberating myself in my nudity
With open breasts in the open air
I can only do this by myself
I nurse the beauty of my woman
I touch my breasts
Holding onto my womanhood
Holding onto my freedom
The freedom of milk white breasts
The rest is ugly and unkind
I feel dirty deep inside
Because it's where everybody goes
Without respect, without knowledge
That the key to a woman is
Loving her breasts

I am in a refrigerator of dirty sex
Where love is frozen
And the love places ransacked
It is cold here on my bed
My naked breasts breathing
My dirty vagina concealed in pants
There is a chill in me
A coldness, an icycle

To love me
Love my breasts
As I hold onto your love nest
Give me freedom from obsession
Freedom from incarceration by sex
Give me love
Love my breasts!

Lyrics for a Techno Song

SCHIZOPHRENIA!

S-C-H-I-Z-O-P-H-R-E-N-I-A
Schizophrenia! Schizophrenia!

I wanna feel it!
I wanna funk it
I wanna funky funk it

Do you hear voices?

Delusions and hallucinations
Delusions and hallucinationss
I'm deluded! I'm hallucinating!

Schizophrenia! Schizophrenia!

I'm schizo! I'm schizo!
I'm feeling kind of schizo

Schizophrenia! Schizophrenia!

S-C-H-I-Z-O-P-H-R-E-N-I-A (repeat to climax)

I wanna feel it
I wanna funk it
I wanna funky funk it

Mairead on Fire

So you want to tell me I am not schizophrenic!
So you want to tell me I haven't earned my diagnosis.
So you want to tell me the devil is not after me
So you want to tell me God is not my best friend
So you want to tell me I am not crazy
So you want to tell me I am not mad
So you want to tell me I fit in
So you want to tell me I am not in heaven
So you want to tell me I am not in hell
So you want to tell me there is an afterlife
So you want to tell me the truth

Let me sit down and reason with you
Let me listen to your side

Why did God appear to me?
Why did the devil let me out of hospital?
Why did I spend three years talking to myself?
Why did I think I was psychic?
Why did I see a black hole open up in front of me?
Why did aliens visit me?
Why did I think I was in World War 3?
Why did I think I was saving the world?
Why was I talking to the Chinese emperor, Saddam Hussein,
the queen of England, Boris Yeltsin, Bill Clinton and Gerry Adams?

Who am I?
What is my purpose?

Why did I think I was Jesus?
Why did I go around Paisley blessing people?
Why am I so good if I am so bad?

So you tell me
What am I?
Who am I?

I have worked hard and this is what I get?

FUCK OFF

Multiple Orgasms

In my bed, she sexes me up
The last time I saw anything like her
Apart from flashes of foreign bodies
Was Heathrow Airport
There she was sitting across from me
In the smoking section
I eyed her up
And with a mad smile
I said to her "I know you love me
and it is so good"
So let me swallow you up
And go my own way
As you leave me behind
To board the plane...
Far away from the little red peugeot
That turned green with envy...
Here is the fragrance of sweet beauty
That will last as multiple orgasms
In my body forever

My Armageddon Trip

I lie on my bed
My head is a giant football
That cracks open
As each bomb goes off

Inside my head lies a black hole
Where each bomb is pushed into eternity
And I swallow bomb after bomb

From my bed
I stare at my reflection across from me
My eyes blink to stay alive
Hanging on by death to death
The deathly wish of mercury

I climb into my wardrobe
And huddle up in the dark
The green lights in my eyes
Act as lights for night vision
I want to go to the Emerald City
I want to follow the children of Oz

I sit on the edge of my bed
As I swallow an imaginary acid trip
That takes me to Armageddon
Many friends and lovers appear
Through the opening in the wardrobe
Flashing their green spirits at me
But nobody can handle the trip

My Dream

To wake up one morning with my arms around you
To lie watching you sleep beside me
To kiss your forehead and gently lift my arms from around you
To slide out of the bed and cover the quilt around you
To tuck you in and check you are still sleeping soundly
To creep into the kitchen without a sound
To noiselessly prepare a tray with your favourite breakfast
Ensuring there are lots of fruit -
Tropical fruits, water melons, delicious juicy fruits
Chilled and cooled
Plus a selection of every fruit juice I can find

To put them all on a tray
With toast and tea and cereal
And carry them into the bedroom
Making sure you are still asleep
Then to bend down
And kiss your forehead
Put the tray down next to the bed
Touch you on the shoulder
Shake you gently
(Just enough to wake you slightly)
Watch as you reach consciousness
And wait for your eyes to open
And meet mine
To smile at you and bend down
Pick up the tray and rest it on your lap
To watch as you eat your breakfast in bed

This is my dream, this is my dream.

My First Fuck

It was my final year in school
And all I could think about
Was the girl who roamed her hands all over my body
"Keep it a secret", she said
And I tried so hard to do just that
But this girl tormented my waking life

Yet I have a deeper secret...
The night I lost my virginity
I was 17, in secondary school
Out with my friends in our local pub
And a carpenter took me home to his friend's flat for a party
I was menstruating
The second day is always the heaviest
So it must have been the second day

We sat back, drank, smoked dope, laughed
Before he led me into the bedroom...
If only I could describe the horror of it!
I remember taking off my sanitary towelled panties
And then it all began
He tried and tried to put himself in
But my body wouldn't let him
He performed oral sex, anal sex, anything and everything
It was Hell.
Eventually he stopped
It was worse than "Seven"...

Blood on his mouth
Blood on his penis
Blood on the sheets
Blood on the mattress
Blood on his tongue
Blood in his stomach

I watched in horror as he washed himself
His red penis, his red face
What had I done wrong?

He had gone up my ass
He had turned me on his back
He had turned me on his stomach
I had done everything to please him
But I could not let him inside of me

I felt embarrassed, scared, ashamed
It was my first time
And all I remember before I ran home
Was how he gave out to me
For practically giving him AIDS
All I remember is red, red blood...
On the sheets
On the mattress
On the carpenter's penis.

All I remember about my first fuck
Was it was bad, bad luck!

My Hand Is Out!

They call me paranoid
For I took everything to heart
It was one perverse insult
But I learned about love.

I overcame obsession
Listened at last to maternal words -
It is better to be fond of someone
Than completely besotted
For it is a solitary mesh
That only yourself gets knotted in

He used to slice off my toes
Strangle me with a hanger
Leave me swinging from a tree
Deep inside some forest

He used to let me down
Just when I was about to die
He knew how to torture
Without being found out
He was the one
You should know not to trust

A belittling thirst
Used to leave me gulp and gasp
In every corner of town
I used to wake in the morning
Offering myself completely to him
Until my corpse under the tree
Was diagnosed as missing a screw

It took me a while to murder him,
To condemn his ruthless behaviour
To look him in the eye
Calling him guilty but insane

To this day I hate him
I cannot forgive him
He hurt me deep inside
But at least I put him on death row -
He deserved to die

My hand is out!

My Sink

My heart cracks with other people's games
I cannot comprehend all these nothingness names
I can't stand losing, I can't stand playing
I can't stand being a part of this confusion
Being the middle, the circumference, the centre
Being everywhere, anywhere, and nowhere at all

My intentions were so good, I did all I could
And what do I get? Soaked dreams, my bed wet
Powerlessly empowered by savage sausage eaters
Psychotic passerbys chew on my dissatisfaction
Everyone screams in broken laughter at me
"You're so vain" they say; "That's right" say I

Embittered tears and tears in the plughole
My mouth spits out my teeth
All I do is love and scream and scream and hate
Dying to kill them and make love as well
In one hungry masochistic orgy from hell
As pretty songs bang off the rustic old bell

My heart is begging to love the gruesome gong
To change rust to silver with one last song
But no! Get back! Your love is too strong
A pathetic heartbreaking attitude
Sinking my spirit as the demons drink
From my stooping soul, my aching throat:

It's my sink.

Naked

Naked I kiss my arms
I am with Rebecca
But I am all alone
Bonking the bed
Licking at the sheets
Thinking by imagining it
She can feel me
Like I do her

My hidden sexuality
Has forced itself out
Is it my true vocation
Or is it an ill fantasy?

Is homosexuality a mental illness?

I am schizophrenic
This means I talk to myself occasionally
It also means I have a lover in my mind
She is a real person
But she came into my body and soul
I then thought she to be my soulmate
She is not 'in' me now as I like to call it
And I know she is only schizophrenia
But I really did fall in love with this person in reality
I am asexual and homosexual with her
But other than her I have been heterosexual
Yet I had a three year relationship with my mind
So I will call my mind she, female
Yet my mind is God
God is the woman in my mind
This woman has driven me to believe I am homosexual
That is fine with me
I do not want a man for the time being
I do not care if I am thought of as gay
The future is wide open
To go with a woman at the moment is alright with me
The discovery of the penis has passed into
The discovery for the cunt
Which remains new and distant territory
When I have conquered that
I won't mind what comes after
Whether the penis or the vagina
You may now say I am bisexual
Yet somehow I can not relate to that
For the moment I do not fancy men or the penis
For the moment I find women more attractive
I think once I have mounted the female mountain
I will not need or want to know any more of either sex
But will be content with the quest for fame

I have taken out my computer
Two things dig my mind
One is Rebecca - is she my soulmate?
The other is God - is He my mind?

I am the girl who wanted to be God
I believe I am very close to it
I am a philosopher
I am a genius to have survived insanity so well
I feel I will never be cured
I will always be close to the edge
Walking the line between insanity and sanity
For what I have learned will always interest me
And I will always want to know more about God
This is what I know so far.....

God is the universe
God is life
God is everyone and everything
God is the Mind

God is my mind
For God is life and lives in me
He lives in my body
He is my mind
He is the power that keeps me alive
He is Life

God has eternal wisdom
God is Timeless
He has no clock

We however have our own time slots
We come and go
Our body dies
But the Mind is infinite and eternal
It lives on in other bodies in coming generations
It evolves as time passes
And so our knowledge grows

We have God in us as long as we are alive

Nonsense

Dost thou cry
Or does my nose beseech you
To do all that flies
Beyond our purple virtue?
What virtue? Ho!
You know. You know.
The one that is on flow
Near the river of that tear
That squanders near and near
Through the molehouse
And in the field mouse
Through plantations of my slaves
Black men, black women
Pulling rice to feed Chinese
And stamping on the throbs of bruises
Wattling muddy shrobs of muses
Patterned into wooden towels
Trampling on seasoning beaches
Beating, slapping Romans
Building history in a wheel
Held together in our ears
Through years of educational leeches

I run through all these places
In my wandering imagination
Sprinting in my Reeboks
To put them all in Pandora's box.

Ahoy! Ahoy! For joy! For joy!
I knew what thou were wanting
It was in my casting eye
The one that sits on the thimble
Neither the mind nor the inclination
Latin teachers suck my cock
Tori Amos is Geena Davis
And I wish to see how Susan Sarandon
Can make years in a grand canyon
Needling pins my dear Louise
"Do not do it", I cry out
We want to return of the thimble
Veni Vidi Vici! Wouldn't you agree?
Caesar is our master
Paedagogi at somati dinner tables
It is all in my imagination
Do not stumble over my lack of hesitation

Back to the present I resent
I fall in the examiner's door
"Will you, my man, take this paper
And find it a decent female editor
With long brown hair
And beatifying breasts
That border on pornography
A lady of animal instincts
Who has a cloud of her own
Like the trainer's shrouded cap
That passed the Mercier Bookshop
With her royal bleached best friend?

"Get out!", he shouts
I say nought
Like a Macam in another land
Knackered I am
From your insensitive nature
This is now my own investigation

A street of academia
Has left me seaming isolation
I follow the churches of France
With my stern-eyed reason
"You'll never get there!"
Screams out her back side
And I retort
"At least I fucking tried!"
Use not language badly
It is not godly in nature
Never my fast fuming friend
Would I insult your curvature!

Who left the coop? It was you
You ran away to find a safe haven
Dynamiting bounds to foreign troughs
She turns to me with one blink
And sets off another nuclear bomb
I bite my nails to the candle's quick
And pray it's my imagination
Relax! Sit back you foolish idiot
It's what you want to make surreal
That pounds in your carved off ear
Not the flight of the earl grey tea
The alteration from your own castration

Thou dreamed of antihalls
In university college lecture theatres
Surrounded by multi-daggers
Under schoolboys long grey trousers
Transfigured into blue jean uniforms
The Anglo-Saxon battles rage
In the back of perverted brains
Studying the meadhalls
Reconnaissance of War Games
From Tolkien's Lord of the Rings
The man who I call Seamas Heaney
Stands in front of us all
He praises the poet's learned features
Because he knows all of Scandanavian history
Royal England thinks it has it all
Because it rose from stronger nations
Be grateful dear pompous friends
That you have learned from others investigations
Burn down the walls of Trojan horses
And fly to fields of Icarian desires
Pacify the praises of your heros
Long gone, born to linger on
Influencing the universal nations

The celtic warrior fetched me
He spoke of incestuous brethern
His long blond hair from the Fianna
Could be seen running through Irish forests

Without breaking a single twig
I saw how he braved with his sword
And walked with the hound of Culann
I still see his deep starred stare
As he sits erect on my neighbour's wall
Dreaming of folklored days of old
When he would gobble up dragons
To save his brother from the scabbard
Of incarcerated lions, and Gandalf's
White cloak would he wear in the trenches
Fighting the disease of survival's lust
That made him believe all girls are wenches!

Non-stop Music (Going Crazy!)

Music endlessly beating
Addicted to tuning in
Obsessed with listening
Terrified of missing one song
Can not do anything else
Going crazy, going crazy!

Stopping when my head swells
I tear the plugs from my ears
Dissatisfied either way
With or without music
Both ways making me sick

Neither way making it nearer
To my paining desire
The hallucinatory reality
Is the deadliest of all

Music's making me weary
Bordering on violent insanity
I listen to every other song
Blood racing, head aching
hours a day, every day
Going crazy, going crazy!

No one is Really There

Sometimes I feel like bashing my head off concrete walls, yeah!
Sometimes I want to blame him for everything I have done, yeah!
More often, I blame myself, for no one showed me how to go
I got caught in the middle, semi-related, half afar
Now I have to prove was it him or the other or both or does it
matter?

"That's insane!", they can say
I can take a pull and weep, but I do not cos I can not
Cos even I don't know why.

I am haunted by my creation, my alienation
I did this to myself after all
I got an apology but does he really know how bad it was?
I can take so much of this shit but I want to draw the line
somewhere,
Drawn and kept for my safety
But with more of an inner knowledge
As to what can happen
And more tragically, what obviously does happen.

I want to move on up and out
Without moving away -
Is that wrong?

I want to keep it my very own secret
And yet I want Him as my confidante
There is nothing wrong with this
I am aiming towards the future, my future
Which I want to safely make it through my own way
Can I be allowed?
Am I rational enough?

Looking back
It is embarrassing to know I was that fucked up
I don't want to go there again
I can make it alone, can't I?
No one else is really there anyway
No one else can feel another's pain after all
I can go it alone
No one is really there
Not through the thickets, the bushy bramble,
The pyramids of snow, the gigantic marshmallow
No one is really there
You're all alone
That's the way I want to be
Alone and free in my own safety
Just me
Safe and happy

One Mind

America - the nation
Where there's a population
Of people from every single nation

The USA - a symbol
Of where we've come
And how we're progressing
From sexual repression

Who lit the flame in the Garden of Eden?

Woman vs. Man.
We're never even.

Is it all over a penis
That we hate Jesus?

Is it all over love
That we strangle the dove?

Two Eyes
One Nose
Two Ears
One Mouth
One Mind...

One Motherfucking Mind.

Palmistry

I stared at my hand
As the blood flowed through
Sucking the mortal vein
I watched how the lines changed

I understood then about death
I have a time

I understood then about life
It lasts until the batteries run out,
Until the body is beyond repair
And those lines on your hand mean shit all

Paradise

Enraptured by her glance
Evolving into a tremendous trance
I photograph every fruitful feature
As beauty is blended with majesty
All ensculpted on her Cleopatric skin
Leanly stretched over smooth bones

Eyes are caught in a trance
A heart loses all balance
Beauty and grace has moved me
Into a world of elegance that became disgrace
But now I return to a greater majesty,
A kingdom of rich royalty
Warmer by far - A perfect paradise
This time accompanied by a queen
A beauty queen at last - How serene!

Paranoia

Paranoia is paramount
I am out for the count

All the time I thought that I would die
I became fearless of death
But fearful of leaving life

I Am I

Schizophrenia:
Being in touch with another you;
I am I
You are I
I am you
I am I

Grumpy as Fuck

I was grumpy as fuck
Cos they woke me up
And sent me off to school

When schizophrenia bursts forth, it brings with it the wind of
paranoia.
This hurricane crashes reason and whirls a storm called Paranoia.

Paranoia is an awareness of coincidence, symbolism and consciousness.

God is the Radio
God is the Television
God is Music
God is Air
God is the Sun, Moon and Stars
God is the computer
God is every object seen and unseen

God is the wind that calls you... labelled Paranoia by your shrink.

God is the tangible and the intangible
God is the movement of water
God is everybody
God is every me
(in relation to every you)
God is in us, through us, around us
God is the bond of soul between everybody
God is the movements of earth
God is precipitation
We are IN God
God is us
God is in us
God is this one big EYE

I am an eye within an eye
I am everybody.

People

There are people put on this earth
That can stun with their eyes
Strangle with their smile
As they flaunt their beauty down a catwalk
Or on a stage as they dance and perform

People who sing tales you relate to
People whose personality you crave
Cos you know what they've been through

People whose beauty amazes

She can just look up from a chair in your flat
Pushing her long blond hair back
And you'd wish you had hair like that

People you just want to befriend
Because you know you're so like them
And they'd be the better for getting to know you too

Maybe they smell of success
And that's what attracts you to them

People in places you want to be
People with stories you can beat
People in silver dresses walking down the street

These people I love
And don't know enough of

If only I could make God see
They'd be the better for knowing me
So he could get me to meet them

Is this a song of missed opportunity
A lonely plea for popularity
Or just a lust for success
From a woman with ambition
To feel I fit among the beautiful
And yet walk with the powerful?

If people knew what I have been through
I would be so damned famous

Pregnant Kisses

pregnant kisses
alive with dark fantasies
float above this night

one man, one woman
and the a-z of sexual conduct
for tomorrow I must depart

I leave behind one smoked cigarette
from my moment of contemplation
when I thought about you, Stranger
and with my body smelling of you,
I loved you for this night
but early I must depart

kettles whistle across crackled lines

I soak in this hot bath
washing away another stranger's scent
a life: asexual and lost
where man cannot content me
and woman - so far apart

Queer Schizophrenia

It all began in school
We were away for the weekend
Smoking dope and taking acid.
When I said my brother is gay,
Louise crept into my bed
And I was terrified
She held me close,
So close we squeezed together
And I fell in love with her

It all began in a nightclub
A friend of my school friend smiled at me
And I fell in love with her

She had long black hair
She wore a slinky black dress
She was beautifully tanned
And she had a tattoo on her right arm

I used to ring up the radio
And go on the air
Names were called out
And I thought it was her and her
Both in love with me at the one time
I was paranoid

I had to make a choice
And I chose Rebecca
Cos she was beautiful
And Louise had broken my heart

One night
I had a sort of exorcism
I bowed my head and passed out
I thought I had died
I gave my soul to God
And he joined it with Rebecca physically

The next night
I was fucked up my hole with a vibrator
I thought Rebecca was masturbating
And that I could feel it and she knew it
It was the best sleepless night I ever had.
For the first time I fingered myself
As I had to return the pleasure.
This nearly killed me as a catholic
But I got the hang of it

I would worry about Rebecca
I thought she was seeing my brother
And that he had raped her
To claim the soul of God
And I could feel the rape -
Breakdown No. 1

I had to go to university in England
After seven weeks I got depressed
I missed Rebecca

I started to will back our union of souls
And eventually she came back
I stayed in bed all day talking to her
She told me she was God
And she explained how God can be human
I imagined I was in World War 3
And the end of the world was coming
And heaven and hell were opening -
Breakdown No. 2

I started taking drugs to get me out of suicidal tendencies
I used to meet Rebecca in the club
She would always brush past me and rub against me
Stopping to say "How are you?" and no more
I am shy.
How could I risk losing her like I had lost others
By saying "I am in love with you"?
I don't even know for sure if she is bisexual

One night
She came back into me in an undeniable way
It was sexual
And slowly I went madder
Ending up a true schizo talking to Rebecca out loud

Now what can I do?
I was never joined to her
So she does not know what I have been through
And three years down the line,
I don't even know if she ever loved me

This is queer schizophrenia. Amen.

Redemption

Beyond the pyramids of the eye
Lie the massy greens of redemption

Past the posts of solitude
Reside the impulses of nature

I wandered deep into sorry eyes
And slept in their graves of terror

I floundered upon a resolution
Never to be caught in the cornea,
Sucked up by yonder's nausea
And fall down dead in the granite caves
Where naked backs did slave
On the walls of stone-glass eyes

I am remembering London

It was only a month ago and 5 years
In a world far away from everybody
Where it seemed as if time stood still
I sat there on the concrete pavement
And I thought
For that long moment...
I was eternal, everything
God was Heaven
Heaven was my soul
And, I guess, I was the soul of the world about me
I didn't fully realise then
What I know now...
Time doesn't move
God is constant
Heaven is the rattle and hum
We orbit in but where we don't move from
God orbits but never moves
Heaven was the delightful dungeon
In the garden of Eden
The secret garden's palace
At the end of the street
The gate to it - padlocked
The freedom to access Heaven "denied"
But Heaven lies within
The choice one makes...
Your own path through the maze
The gates are locked
So YOU can change direction

But I want to remember
Heaven: London, 1997
I want to explain it
I was God and Heaven was inside me
I went right through evolution
From monkey to human
From dinosaur to alien
On that concrete path
God holds Heaven within Him
Heaven is the black suitcase
Hidden in your soul
Wherein lies your soul, padlocked
The soul is within and without
Heaven is within me
And (when I recognise it)
Occasionally about
But to see the beauty of Heaven's magic
Is enough to know
God is alive
And he stores Heaven inside Him
I pray to see
The Heaven kept within me

Heaven is inside and out
God is in, out and about
I see it
I live it
Therefore I believe it.

Rose Arcading

Afraid to speak the truth, to record it down
I roam the streets through endless nights alone
Carrying my dreams, my hopes, my fears
Burdened by the heavy loaded weights
I wander on and still cannot go on denying
My mind is bulging, my heart divulging
But one thing, one thing is truly real
I am at home in the greatest arcade in town

We all have it tough, the weather is rough
But there is one constant redeeming feature
The rose of all buds keeps, in me, growing
And my love for it is always overflowing
I turn corners, walk in the shade of trees,
Take shelter in bus stops, under hanging baskets
But hail, wind, rain or snow, I always end up
Under the shade of the rose sycamore tree

San Francisco is falling down
Tranvestites line the streets
Sitting like Indians
In front of a giant T.V. screen
Watching me pose naked
And as embarrassment rises
Fall into a crazy rage
Chopping off people's heads

Queen Elizabeth II
Was sent flying from a canon
To the North Pole
Where she lay on a glacier
With two broken legs

Dirty young kids
Throw stones at me
From behind the wall of goodness
Where evil hides unseen
As I potter around the streets
Buying Coca-Cola in the shops

The shopkeeper feels sorry for me
Seeing loneliness written on my brow
Offers me free magazines
As I return to my cell

I am a hermit now
I stay all day in bed
I never dress or eat good food
I just want to be dead

Because I dream of an Irish girl

Satan is Born

Michael lives in the room upstairs
Snorting cocaine

Michael takes a blade
And puts it to his chest
He slices his skin in an L-shape
And tears it back
Michael reaches his hand inside
His bleeding chest
And pulls out his pumping heart

His heart is black as death
As he goes to his washbasin
And leaves his heart drain dry

Michael takes a needle and thread
And begins to sow back the L

Michael is now immortal
And cold as the heart
Lying on the washbasin
He needs no heart
And breathes on death
As he sucks the oxygen
Out of himself
And Satan is born

www.schizophrenia.com

"Thank you India"
I am welcome at last
After fighting my madnesses
I see a world outside my window
We are all a part of it
We should live in it

After losing my mates
Cos they could not cope
With what I was about

Now I am proud to be schizo
I feel no shame about it
I enjoyed the experience -
Living in another world
It was incredibly selfish
But my self was not my own
So I could not help it

People come and people go
But some people stay
And I have met you already
On www.schizophrenia.com

Schizophrenia Is A Girl

There is no angel of mine
God - the unconscious consciousness
There is no Jesus - the conscious
No friend but still a mate
No love but still a lover

Schizophrenia aside
I wished I were Jesus
And for a while, I had been
With powers that no one could see
Madness fell on top of me
And I laughed ridiculously
Like a mad hyena
Running through Africa
Chasing its prey
As I, on bended knees, pray
Chopping up bodies

The dogcat is loose

Schizophrenia aside
Yet it is always with me
I am it and it is me
Schizophrenia lives within me
It is my live-in lover:
Schizophrenia is a girl

Schizophrenia

Schizophrenia has invaded my life
It has given me a friend, a best friend
One who I am glad to be with

It gets very intense
When your soul is joined to someone else
It gets hot in the kitchen

I love my soulmate
I love noone else

I have been obsessed
My imagination got carried away
Schizophrenia took over me

I used to think I was God
I used to dream about it
I had visions of Jesus and the Virgin Mary

S-E-E M-E
My fingers spelt over my eyes
See what is inside
See your soul

Sexual Love
This is what I was being taught,
What I was learning about,
What I was studying
I was discovering the boundaries of the mind
And beyond

I will always be half insane
There is sanity to madness
Be eccentric! Be neurotic!
If you can handle it

An insane mind is closer to the universal mind
To be at one with God is to be at one with His mind
To be at one with His mind is to be insane
Genius is to be insane and live!

Schizophrenic Awakenings

Been a long time my dear - Leukaemia for the brain
Dragging my devil heart that has forgotten how to beat
Or is it just battered by your depressive images?

What about those visions telling me I am Jesus?

Shave my head darling after the imaginary war
That everybody chose to lose

My memory sleeps in the deep sea where you seduced me

What about the lost waters, the cancerous metal heart,
The plate in my left breast to attract the aliens?

What about my heart that was under your arrest?

Do you care about the chair? - Electricity through my ears?
L.A. up in smoke?
San Francisco's gay portrait -
What God left us in His wake?

What about the funeral fire of Aristotle
And Plato's contrived behaviour?

Floundering, I rest in a bath of Sterling
Indebted to university injustice

Where do I belong, my friend after missing the nuclear tests?

Green sulphur-matted ecstasy,
The voice of Sunderland sinking

What about God's network -
Cosmic frequencies in a black hole?

I fucked the bank to stall the fare,
Was kicked off the train by a gypsy

quid in the red
The turquoise-stained shroud rests on the carpet

Is Hollywood still obscene stuck in an orgy beside the river?

Pornographic telegraph poles
Schizophrenic awakenings for the dusted rainman

Schizophrenic

Nausea quirks at the rings of cartilage
Christmas sales are pulled down
Abuse from the mouth plunders through the ravine
Through the fissure of a waterfall

Climbing up those streets,
Crawling on my knees
I rang the doorbell seven times
To a black-haired cocaine reply
She answered in a frenzy
Cocaine - a different spice for LSD coffee
Spiked with a pop of XTC

At the dark end of the cul de sac
She spermates with clumsy bait

Cunt-filled bars snuffle the nose
Staggering beside the psychiatrist's eyes
I stand on his shoes to apologise

Stale clothes, stained rainy grass
All night she lay in Terminal 8
Feeding the mind, losing track of time
Watching the Pretender's "Kid"

Schizophrenic, I was
Up there with the lost fleet
Powdered underarms, heavenly clouds
Life existed in Terminal Twix

Out of my mind, she came to shave it all away
Remembering the last time -
It's here again

Sexual Desire

I have a lover
It's a complicated affair
I call out her name
To hear my own echoing

I struggle with sanity
To make my lover surface beyond my dreams
Where I have kissed and caressed,
Seen a flying oasis conjugating oceans,
Where I have licked and sucked
From toe to bust, chewing the crust

I see my lover
In a bar or a club:
I love to admire
Our encounters have become more regular
Soon we may even come together,
Lie on our conjugal bed
And suck in reality

Meanwhile
I shall dream of fucking my friend,
Puking at orgasm and rolling in laughter

I shall remember to flirt
Like I imagine to do
So that my heart can fall satisfied
Between her thighs, dying
In fulfilled sexual desire

She Wears a Red Hat

She wears a red hat that hides her head:
Cos she has no hair

She wears a tartan jacket that looks snug and warm:
One that smells of wool in the rain

When I was knocked out,
She wore a black dress
Her hair was long
And she had a tattoo on her right arm
Her skin was tanned
She, a picture of beauty:
Now she hides her tattoo

Is she not aware since she shaved her hair
That her body is heavenly - it is beyond compare?
From her taut thighs to her blissful bosom,
She is a cherry blossom

Is she no longer proud of what she holds under her shroud?
If I had it, I would flaunt it

She wears a red hat that heats her head
I hope it is just the weather that is hiding her

She comes in from the cold night
To wash the world away
She sweeps around in the daytime
She wants to come out to play

She dances with the wind
Beyond all love affairs
In her bed she sweats
Shivering in her despairs

She speaks soft and gay
She wanders here and there
She has no cause to be here
But she comes again anyway

She lives inside herself
She whispers in your ear
She dreams of broken hearts
And flaunts how she is queer

She wishes her beauty would bestow
The circus of clowns below
She has nothing to show
Just that whisper in your ear...

She's an "I love you" girl
Sweet and sincere
But when she puts her fangs in
She puts them into tears.

Simply Blissful Love

Never in my life have I been more confident
Never before have I been so positively sure
Never have I known something to be so right
Never have I felt so confidently content

To think and hope was all I used to do
To pray and wait was all that I did
To labour in darkness and linger with the hopeless
To wander in vain, near but never really there

I used to masturbate imperishable walls
Wedging them in the pith of my heart
Between the senses of sight, smell and touch
I used to believe distant love was my only crutch

I do not need blindfolded supports
I do not require intangible desire
I also deserve to feel the real thing
I too am worthy of simply blissful love!

Something is All Wrong

When being a good friend means losing your status as a friend
Deep down within yourself
Something is wrong

When holding a good job means losing your job
Something is wrong

When losing your voice while holding so many conversations in your
head,
When blaming the world you live in for all that is going on in your
body,
When holding onto nothing means everything to you,
When believing in nothing means believing in too much,
Something is wrong

When loving more than one thing,
Believing in more than one person,
When there really is nothing at all to believe in,
When your security blanket is your very own handiwork
When a patchwork quilt you have designed in your mind
Has your feet sticking out the end:
Something is wrong

When the shame drives you wild and you break like a wild, crying
child
Without the tears but with the tears of the bosom blanket
Something is wrong deep down inside of you

In fact
Something is all wrong

Stars

Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary
Have gone their separate ways

Squinting at the sky,
My eyes see double
Two stars, one in two halves
Dancing together

Illegitimate behaviour;
In bed with the saviour
Soulmates forsaken
As I beg the wall to spread good news
Graffiti tongue torn in two
On separate walls we wrote,
In separate toilets we sat
Yet your smile haunts my mind
Three years in practice
For the breaking of the dawn

The sacred chest still painting
Pains of lonely suffering
Now Jesus is dead
So what lives on?

Sunset

The setting summer sun changes tones
Inflourescent pinks and tangy oranges
Slowly seep through greyish blues
Overriding wilting, fading tunes
Blanketing a world with unknown warmth.

Looking up, the panorama would amaze
Every eerie song and moonlit melody
But still the vibrant rainbow says
That the rains are not far away
That peaceful peaches might not stay.

In the sky, these colours are streaked
Far above over the grounded smiling
In a passionate phase where clocks are peaked
By a fourth dimension of fortune's beguiling
And down below the teeth keep on shining.

An endless wall of distance in between
Provides an almost impenetrable screen
Yet, man before has carried out this chore,
Has met the man on the moon and more
Has seen past white light's dispersion.

No man could have ever gone it alone
Without great backing to warrant desire
Support for strength, faith to whet
An appetite approved by greedy giants.
How else could man have been so defiant?

Beyond the royal rainbow lie the riches
Where every colour can come together
Returning to the chest of pure white light
From whence all souls did originate
Before sunrise generated their dispersal.

Symptoms

Head cracks
Crashing universes
Mirrors
Wardrobes
Oz
Armageddon
Soldiers
Mime
Murder
Rape
Cunt
Penis
Smells
Love
Hate
Missing
Bank
Bible
Angels
Devil
Xenophobia
Cultures
Racism
Famine
Crises
United Nations
Sugar
Ocean
Problems

Taking Off

I am going to run and never stop to look back
I am leaving this land of half-hearted hopes behind
I am going to dance a new routine of liberation
I am beckoning my guardian angel to guide me
Because I am going to wander foreign fields

I am taking all that is worthy with me
To live in a new land where the "me" shall be free
From the glue-sniffing memories of my past
From the illusions that were holding me back
From the shadows who stumbled onto my track
From the manmade fabrications on my path
They are all going to fade away into non-existence
Never again to haunt me
Never again to taunt me
Never again shall I lower this powerful resistance
That keeps me sailing peacefully
That keeps me feeling purely
Uncontaminated, immune

And what was the vaccine?

LOVE of course, the medicine I take with me
The sole item packed into my briefcase
And it's breaking out through the sides
No leather is strong enough to repress
The burning flame in my suitcase

My face leads the way overseas to distant shores
My head will not rotate, never turning back
My heart will not miss a beat, definitely not
Nothing will be for me like as for the wife of Lott
I will not become a pillar of salt
Not because of any silly past fault
I shall be me and my soul shall be free
Not one single thing is going to stop me!

That Fateful Night

It began under the covers
Breast to breast
A hug that woke a million shudders
Falling out of my body,
I clung to you
Sinking
Chin on chin

Can you remember what you said?
"You'll find another girl"
I drank my sorrows then
And vomited up my misery
Little did I see
What was lying in from to me

I followed and worshipped you for over a year
Chasing a dream through lonely tears
That began on a night filled with fear -
The night my heart beated clear
Against your chest

I wanted to hold your hand
Kiss your lips
Get lost in another caress
Were we too young?

Remember in the pub?
You on my left, she on my right?
I could tell you were slightly chuffed
By the gift I sent

Remember in the morning?
You and she in the double bed?
And me bumping my head -
That expletive was for you
Like everything I did then

Now I turn to look -
It is no longer you but she instead
Just like you had said
That fateful night
When you outed our light

The Art of Feeling

Treading the nightlight's abandoning air
I stop off, a lonely au pair
Longing for one beatifying cuddle
Scrounging in the muddy puddle
That I have been dipped into;
Smothered in dirty water,
Woozy and miserable,
I question this journey.

The haunting light of darkness
Has left its toll of irony
To scruple and fiddle with
Over an unclouded head.
Yet, divinely gifted
With a hidden knowledge
That noone can see.

I laugh inwardly, remembering
The unshakeable reception,
The unavoidable choice
Of the intercourse.

I did the walk of life
And now I want to settle down
Among the fallen leaves
And squash the apples
Shaking my award to the wind in one hand
And in the other hold the secret messages,
Partake in my release
And squander my success.

I have met the laughing footman.
I have seen the whole of the crescent.
I have found a burdened world
Lost without the study of natural space;
A place called sight,
A land of truth

I wander on over this stale field
Instilled, never to be forgotten
For I have ridden the bicycle,
Ever to be the tandem.

I now call on the prayer
To show me the one thing,
The untouched physique cauldroned within:
The art of feeling.

The Bass Goddess

It must have been a dream
It all felt so unreal
Like something crazy
Like a bat out of hell

New York city is calling me
And so it has been
Ever since 12 hours of TV
On September 11
I'm driven to write
Driven to move all
And reassemble me
In New York city.

The bush fire still rages
Inside of me
Like a beast -
The man I was supposed to be
The bass goddess
Symbolises
The reason for my being
She came like a dream
A dream that felt so real

The goddess of empathy

I see myself on her stage
Playing my dreams,
Performing my act
In a whisper
Over a cup of tea.

High rise skies in front of me
Building my dream, my reality
Binary form, computer technology
The message:
"Quench my fire!"

New York is calling me
It has been
Ever since the bass goddess
Invaded me with her vivacity
And I content myself
While watching TV
Masturbating my desire
To take to the sky,
To take to New York city.

The Bastard

The broadened shoulders that denied the narcotics
The facial hair that made the man
The arranged marriage that sank the woman

It has been a year, my dear
A whole goddamn era
Perhaps I no longer care
(About your hair)
But as Miss Morrisette said
"You oughta know..."

You built me a country
Where I presumed I belonged
I made me a life out of your aura
And you knew it
You could have told me
When I cried all those tears
All through last year
You had to lie, you bastard!

You fucked me up
More than you've ever been
And what's worse
I didn't see it coming

No, drugs don't set you free
They ruined me
No, love don't set you free
It cheated on me

Your shoulders have broadened
You're guiltless and married
Your face has grown more hair
And you're living with her
Well! Don't care - you Bastard!

The Budding Statute

There is no rest for the wicked
The steam engine billows its smoke
Out of its puffing mind and neck-cricked
When night falls does the steam condense into sleep?

Time chugs along, the fire burns strong
Charcoal enhancers to the flamethrowing prancers
It's around about now the bats come out
Flap their wings and freak me out

I am a private investigator
When I relax, I can see the slack
Can distinguish the burner from the boiler

I hear tales of trodden trainspotters
Wandering lost as cotton clouds
In a red sky farmyard
They wear far less than the crest
Of cardiganed poppies in a smokescreen
Worn on the left temple of paradox

The goals misscored
The feet kicking air
Torn lips and twisted stares
Explain the secret country of catalysis
Where each which wind blows a candle out
And each burned out tyre lights a flame
To infiltrate shaky flourescance on the muddy trail
Where poor lost souls are confounded by complications

Budding says
If you quit
You learn more on a passing whim
Than all the self-driven lunacy
Of a confused momentary twitching fit

So....

Shake yourselves down
Wipe yourselves up
Cut down on the obsessions
See the peaceful processions
Keep on walking
Never stop talking
The matter is everything
So what goes is anything

Therefore Budding says...
Be yourselves and watch it all work out

The Ego Did

The ego tripped into the dungeon
He did this. He did that.
The Persian carpet rolled back
Its shaved tassles smouldered
As the widening crack released the flames.
The sewage gases flew forth:
Down the ego fell, he did.

The crocodiles below snapped.
Standing on their tails,
They snarled and snapped.
Steam rose and slime slipped.
The pungently soaked ego
Fainted in the green waves
Under he went, the ego did,
Gargling and gobbling.

Gaseous blood regurgitated
In aerated red water

A soaking ego, blood and bones, gore and flesh
Anchored to the pit beneath died a common end:
The ego lost, the ego did
The alligators had some mess made
But what the ego could do, the ego did!

The God Experience

The human eye is the source of God
To see is to reveal all that is real -
The reality of God

God is an eye
That sees through us, in us, around us
When the eye is shut,
He still loves
He still feels
He still lives.

To live is to be in union with God
To live is to be "in" love itself
To live is to experience a journey

Each soul has a different path
But each path trod upon
Is the road God takes you on
All paths lead to God,
All is God

To live is to become a story,
To act it out on your own stage;
Life is a theatre and
We all act our part
In order to communicate one thing -
The source of all life,
The all-seeing eye,
The source of all things:
God

Life is the "God Experience".

The Grange

I wandered

It was a physical search, a psychological patch
Unable to look but unlike Lott's wife
I passed on

A shoe shop assistant wraps odorous feet
And plants them in leather gardens
Platforming and building, she goes home to dance

A bursting anus is flattened on cushioned seating -
From head to toe I could be dressed,
Lost in her caress
Yet I did not enter

In a heterosexual world, I am refusing the fruit
Where do they come from with their singing, bubbly voices?

The emperor sits on a cushioned seat beside the hearth -
He passed by the shoes

On horseback I will ride that wild horse
And its flowing white mane shall be soaked in the ocean's depths
Until I am pulled free, carried to the anvil
And hammered to the iron bed

I shall catch the black brass
With my wrapped arms in their silken chains
And wrenched to the bed I shall reach again
Catching the scars so the nail may meet the scratch
Although I be pulled back

My wrists may bleed but still I shall plead
On horseback
Till the anguish through the feel is complete
And deep salt has been sprinkled and thrown
On the bubbling burns and songs
But grazed carpets shall reap the ashed anxiety of the persecuted
mane

Meanwhile I return to the grange destroyed by name

The Greek Islands

Hopping around the islands
Where poetry flourishes
In tranquil times

Seeing the sites
Where earthquakes and volcanoes
Have trembled

Yet I keen for home
Where all faces are familiar
And those that are not
May one day be so

Making a name
Flashing your face
In bars and clubs
To be well known
Popular among nobody
Equating your nothing-ness
In your home town to your own kind
Where all who do belong
Feel at home

An invasion of tourists
Ruins the pattern of time
Where all artists parasite
In rip-offs and crime
When they should be making
Magic Art:
Putting past works to present desires

Greece is not my home
The ancient is not now
The past gone,
The future enthralling:
Time to move on.

The Hurt of Loss

Pick up a pen, wait for a gesture
Move to the next line, comma gets in the way
Cannot go on, cannot stop, cannot let go;
The pain pushing on, moving carelessly;
Caught in a maze, inwardly petrified
Afraid of the cat, afraid of that - duplicity
Looking around - blood on the ground
Searching for release - caught in my history
Bringing it with me to kill what I can
The good, it's the good - not more blood!

I cry out "PLEASE", begging for order - dismembered
Barking dogs, swooping cloaks, sizzling flags
Madmen running on ideas, insinuations
Colour blindness losing it's case - don't remember it!
Usual scene rushing around, shouting "WATCH OUT"
Nobody listens, nobody can hear the "MEEOW"
Not anymore - it's gone too far - first time's worse!

"MIND YOUR HEAD" the sign read - forgot to duck
No place for simplicities, time is flashing - my eyes!

What to have, to hold, to keep, to scold?
Big joke hurtling free - pass it on, cast it off
Exit signs, emergency lights, fire bells, lies
This way - that! Panic, chaos, disorder - the mirror
Shattering glass, casual collective infirmaries
Bones, skulls, crosses - MADNESS! MADNESS!
That's all there is - go too far, in too deep
Usual bloodsuckers screaming massive mindlessness

End of line, end of file, end of page - energy
Not me! No more! The page dazzles - no score!
Cannot survive - opening my eyes - hurts more
Worse than last time, first time, than ever before
Cannot describe, everything is a lie; sick!
It makes me sick, wet, sad - I have been had!
Again, before, again, forever, again - pick!
To choose, must lose - A4 paper running out
Did not begin, will not win - Not even a suggestion?

The Key

A piece of steel, not divinely shapened
But as days passed, it got chipped a bit
Gradually beaten into a master key
The less used, the greater the power
Till noone could escape its allurance
And the owner could not handle it
Growing its own mind and spirit
Deciding to knock everyone out
Turning souls like it was possessed
Lighting worlds like a crucifix
But it only seemed to shine from a distance
The master is but a sad, sorry skeleton
Naked and bare, easily scared
Confident in a crowd but dead
Useless other than to turn the lock
Not a door can it make come ajar
So it shines a bit, smiles a lot
And slips down the throat like a jelly tot
A sugar-coated key, a sugarless me!

The Loser

Alone on this green, green grass of kiss and tell
"Spin the bottle", "let's play dares": heads stare
One likes to fuck, I guess that's my bad luck
Love doesn't matter, hungry hearts are mere batter
For pancakes plastered in lemon juice
Tongues sting as the acid melts and sizzles
Burning my sweet surrender like sticks that fizzle
How unfortunate to be dumped in a minute
For being too damned honourably humble
As the letter is stamped "Return to Sender"
And I bend over to rise angrier and angrier
Never trust a wind of gust cos it's mere lust
And it hurts hard right inside this bountiless bust
Merciless manoeuvres in the dreary, dreary dark
Effortless effluence from the eerie, eerie lark
And I stand here willing to shout or whisper,
Laugh or cry, live or die or woefully wander
No matter what, I have lost and my body is dust.

The Lost Sexuality

It was a life question
Two minutes of pungent penetration
Encysting terrorvision
Into violent, neurotic obsession

Within a week, the shock slips away
Within a month, even the victim forgets
But the being has been infected
Beyond the threshold of temperance
Into the sludge

Half way down a street
You meet the Great Barrier Reef
He, grasping and groping
You, held at the point of cracking,
The neck backwards bending
As humiliation whines to degradation's yelping

A popular joint now dwells there
Behind the door of the forgotten moon
Blue paint on that crooning 'quake -

All I remember to have lost:
A used cherry; my entire sexuality

The Lover In Heat

Recombusting the smouldering ashes
Renurtured (though in transience)
A chilly, muggy interior
Now marvelling in a splendid ambience

How delicate, how delicious the taste
How fragile yet fervent the flavour
More the pity the promiscuous waste
But forever to be captured in musical grandeur

Perfectly captivated beauty and bliss
An attacking wasp relaxes on the feather
As little Miss Muffet blows a carefree kiss
Into the air above her tuffet so fair

The blazing sunlight caresses the flame
Burning bright and wild through the sky
Summer rain falls only to balance
The glorious heat arising from the next glance

The Making

Changing priorities in a second
Instantaneous metamorphoses
Internally premeditated
Psychologically compiled
Externally transmitted on impulse

Touring the country guised with a black visor
One can tend to roam, never noticing the horizon
The greatest observers overlook their inventions
That, perhaps, are rooted in the back of their minds
Until the idea evolves and is processed sensibly

Thus intangibility is merely a time warp
Everpresent, but in storage until formulation
Transforming vapourised solutions by concentration
Into a pliable personification of an innuendo
Making all things connect in a mind gone psycho!

The Mona Lisa

A smile, a grin
The Mona Lisa cannot win
Paler now
A lot like me
Do I imagine?
No!
The hesitation, the stutter
It's too good to believe

The Mona Lisa is alive
A painting is no dream
Reach out, grab me,
Mug me, molest me,
Make me real Mona Lisa

The new psychiatric ward

The new psychiatric ward bemused my senses
So I walked up to the old hospital
And asked "Can I have a look at the new ward?"
The security guard looked at me and laughed
"It ain't open till next year"
So I turned on my feet and fled -
A moment that made me laugh and cry -
Something a schizophrenic might do,
Something someone might do... Like me!

The Remains of Me

A troubled mind without direction
A warped intellect without shape
A battered breast without flesh
A lifeless heart without blood
A wounded womb without a foetus
This is all that remains of me

Days of ignorance are laughing
At weeks of joyless solitude
Who cry with the months of rain
Embracing years of piteous pain

Hours of piercing lowliness
Mingle with suicidal seconds
Who retaliate in a minute
With revenge's tearful ideas

A frustrated mind without a plot
A watering eye without a drop
A rattling drum without an ear
A skinless arm without a finger
A bloodshed soul without a tear
This is all that remains of me.

The Remedy of Speech

It is great to know you are wanted in life,
It is great to know you matter
I am not confused about this -
Every individual has enormous meaning
The arid question that I pose is this
Where was I?
For instance I have a world to confess
It goes like this....

The shakes, rattles and rolls
The freezing cold
The voices
The vibrato up my hole
The chill
The twisted neck
The powers concealed
The electric shocks
The electrolysis
The sex
The anus
The constipated kisses
The water
The life and death
The French kiss
The soul business
The dreams
The great outdoors
The friends conceived
The lightning strikes
The periodical flying kites
The stars falling
The music roaring
The voice
The lights on and off
The attractiveness
The abduction
The feeling of dying
The peacefulness
The fear of losing
The joyfulness
The monsters
The forsakeness
The idleness
The stars falling
The forbidden kisses
The weirdness
The operating theatre.....

The therapeutic remedy of speech

The Rhythm of the Angel

The angels are playing football in the heavens
A soaked mushroom wanders the streets
For the millionth time
Driven by an irresistible force
To be at the nearest radius
To the strongest flame in the world

Glancing in the doorway
The angel has descended
She stands tall
So tall
It is no wonder the wet mushroom
Feels so small

This fungus plods along
Stunned momentarily
Losing all balance,
All sense of direction
It has no known destination -
It plods on

Could it be she does not know me?
Could it be I am in love with her beauty
And she does not know?

No! It cannot be!
The fungus has spread to the heart

I carry on
Drained and soggy -
Soaked by the rhythm of the angel

The Search for Soul

The reunion of the yolk and white
Of the original shell
Or the meeting of two separate eggs
That roll along together,
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
Encased in the shell of self-unity
Whether there is a physical unity
With another soul
Or merely a spiritual unity.

The Silence

White lines the dark page
Magic marker pens the site

Send me an email

I wander lonely as a cotton pillow
Across this smutty page

I cross the Great Barrier Reef
On an acrobat's tightrope

I sing to the moon and stars
As one star takes hold of the night
And splits into two
And I watch as they dance together

Night lights
From friendly aliens
Coming to let it be known
That the truth is incredible

And Tori Amos sings to Jesus
He is coming in the next millennium
To open up the night
To say "I am here to stay,
Look after my children".

Why don't we complain
To the godheads above
That there is dissident soldier
Running around the planet
Counting headless chicks

Listen to the silence
I hope it spooks you out!

The Spirit of God

I saw His face on the oven door
His spirit and all

He brought me places,
Made familiar faces
From Uncle Mikhail to Boris Yeltsin

I saw the spirit of an old man with a beard
On the oven door
He was staring at me
Anyone would recognise it
It was the face of the Divine Master
And he was staring at me

The Sunflower's Rescue

A circle of emotion, a universe of vibes
Friendly foes and lovers coincide
Squatting together on concrete floors
In windswept streets of flying leaves
Crouched down, my hanging head pleads
And then the bouncing blossom appears
As grand as a sunflower standing tall
Her presence almighty shining on us all

My eyes rise up from the leaves beneath
Slowly moving from foot to beam
Now still and powerful in her elegance
My eyes connect to her radiance
The forest's floor is polished as a palace
Praise to the heavens for there to be such grace
The warmth of being alongside a soul star
Pettalled with majesty; she's the love flower.

The Tiger's Torch

When you are swirling all alone up there,
When you start to whirlwind downwards,
You stop and zoom on the thermal glide
Tiring of explanations, beating off why
Exhausted, unanswered questions fall still
Cracking before your eyes

Two roads travelled less
I took both of them - it's quite a load
So I rode back down the cul de sac
And tried to find the one less trampled on

Here I plod no matter what
This piece of granite has a root
Prerequisites, founded prior to the slide
That took off from its nuts and bolts;
Hitting the ground, you turn a concrete plate
Upside down and smash it under your feet
For sound effects on breaking back.

The tiger prowls the broken fragments of the dream
Scenting the ground for the prey's return
"How long will she last?", he grins and waits -
As long as the plate is left untouched,
Disabled from corkscrewing it clay onto the swing,
Left to warp in the waters of the wind.
Decrepidly may it rot away,
Die and scar the tiger's gums as his hunger prevails
May it be swept up by the tidal waves
That tame the forgotten furnace
Where once the fire of hell broke loose.

The Tree is Still Out There

Last night
I went out into the garden
With a clothes line

I had walked out of my job
For health reasons

I have a tree, you see
In the garden
It shelters me in the rain
When I am having a cigarette
I sit on a brick
And look up at this tree
As it taunts me
With its suicide branch
Just the right height from the ground

I went back indoors for a chair
And placed it under the branch
I tied a knot with the clothes-line
Around the tree
I made a noose for my neck

What will my father say to me
For losing another job?
Have I nothing to offer this world?

I put the noose around me
And stood on the chair -
I couldn't do it
Neither cowardice nor bravery
Were strong enough
So I came back inside
But the tree is still out there!

There Is No Eternal Tomorrow

For a while we danced and shared the moonlight
Three things are haunting the hand -
The smile to crack the human race,
The tragic elegance that broke the glass chardonnet,
The beauty conceived without sin
That bit the fingers and ate the chin

Burning bits of everready reluctance
The coughs and splutterings of a malnourished memory
Encased in that trance
Through growth reborn into sorrow
There is no eternal tomorrow

For a time the clocks that chimed never said goodbye
But sang three songs of paler blue
Stoically held in matrimony
Who knows where one is at
While the other still chews her hat
Locked in hungry solitude
A place past loneliness,
A place like dumbfoundedness?

Even the Auld Lang Syne has been sung
How many bells was one prepared to hear go dong
Before one bites one's lips and grins
There is no eternal tomorrow?

For a decade I may have waited indoors ajarred,
Heard creeping patters on my panes -
The hand that rocks the battleship
That was running to soothe my scorn
I may have sat and grieved for years
All winter's nights and summers still
I may have looked through my eyes till
Those dogs and wolves ceased to rip
And still I may have murmured alone
There is an eternal tomorrow

This Unholy Hour

The idleness
When the well is running dry
The fruits of thought losing reflection
The winter fog breathes on
As voices whisper forgiveness -
Too blind to see themselves
Working into their own snares,
Their own processed cheese
Nestled in the iron teeth.
Cultured whims rattle and tease;
On sails the freezing breeze
Blowing inward heated belfries
Each lost billiard room,
A foreign extravagance

An era of dreamy Sundays
Astray in the marshy waste;
Dry pittering patters -
Not infants but perhaps adolescents;
(There is little difference
When each one blames the other
In their concept of exemplary wins.)

Each witch, each barking beech tree
A remembrance
But it's the idleness, the idleness
Like watching milk turn sour
That bites most this unholy hour

Three In One

One body
One spirit
One mind

Three in One

The internal and the external
In equilibrium
God within
God without

A black microdot of power
Tiny
Magnificent
Omnipotent

The inside
Outside

Love - the element
Imagination - the reality

We are within Him
He is about us
He is everything
Even Me!

Tiocfaidh Ar La

I am an Irish girl at heart
I curse the ground the British stole from us and think they own
If I had a gun, would I use it on them?
No, I'd rather die a victim of their oppresssion
This hate I have for what has been done has no face
Except the black teeth of Elizabeth the first
She took our land
She starved us
She slaughtered us

Tiocfaidh ar la!

No dead bitch can steal our pride
We Irish live on
Though our terrain has been diminished
We shall never be crushed

If a civil war broke out, we'd win
We have America behind us
The whole world loves us
And yet we struggle for peace
Behind balaclavas

I hate the British hierarchy
I would kill that
In fact I'd happily murder it
But it has no face,
No feet to spit on

Get out of our country
You bunch of slime
Give us back our currency
Your queen will die
And all she represents will be dust
While your "Great" Britain shall crumble and rust

Our day shall come
We Irish will win
And The United Kingdom, the British Isles, Great Britain
Will be England, Scotland and Wales once again
No Roman Empire will they have,
No monarchy will there be
And Ireland shall be free,
No longer in British captivity

Tiocfaidh ar la!

To Do What?

The threat of losing love
Hurts harder than the loss
The thought of letting go
To wealth previously unknown
Digs deeper into the heart
Than all the hurts before

The thorn in my side
Might just be built-up pride
By a broken hearted me.
The guilt I feel could be
The difficulty being loved
Brings down upon me.

The problem is not knowing
Where the pain hits worse
Whether now or in the future?

The question that then arises:
Is it better to keep it in
And leave it all up to fate?

Shouting is irresistible
Silence is a dubious wait
To speak or be dumb?
That question numbs.
May my festering side
Either way soon subside!

The threat of throwing away
A love earned and won
Could hastily wipe away
The happiness I taste
Never to return again
If the move I make regurgitates.

Too Close to Ignorance

I hate your body
The way you take off your clothes
And expect me to admire you

I hate the way you stare at me
When we are silent

You think medication is a flaw,
That madness is dumb
You think you know enough about it.

How can you be greater than me
When you know less?

This is life
And I am in it
Too close to you,
Too close to ignorance

Trying to focus my thoughts

I am reminded of Sunderland
Where the Black Hole of the Sun lay
Where the nuclear bombs disappeared down my throat
Sunderland - the land where God kept me alive
Sunderland - the poor city of soulful people
I walked the streets, fed the pigeons
Sunderland - the land where I realised I have yet to meet an old
person who hasn't found God yet.

The English - the country that I despised as a young girl
Sunderland - the city I learned to love

Looking like an alien with my shaved head, I had sex with an ATM
until the police arrived
I felt electronic sex through me and up me
Sex with a bank machine is a rarity!

And London - the city that remedied me
I lay on my back every night for six weeks in that psychiatric
hospital
I imagined things
Like my Dad being dead and how he returned as a taxi driver in a
"Back to the Future" car

I believed I had made angels out of my friends the night I died for
God, the night God showed me Heaven, the dark peace at the end of all
this.

That was the first night I gulped
(If you ever see someone gulping like crazy you can say "That's only
Mairead's soul jumping out of her again".)

I saw the Third World become the First World and that made me happy.

I changed the infinity sign to mean destiny where we are bound to the
past and future but live in the present (the centre).
The future is as much alive as the past is dead!

It all came back to "Time" and "Timelessness".
To watch the world break open before me, to see the Black Hole made
me realise we are all living in someone's Imagination.
Everything is virtual.
Everything is magical.
Nothing can be truly separate because everything is "whole".
Everything is everything.

Two Worlds

So my mind is sedated with Zyprexa
Without it I would be flying high
With it I belong to the real world
But noone can take my uniqueness away

I can go hypomaniac in a flash
I can smoke some pot and it all comes back
I live in two worlds...
Travelling in and out of insanity
And the only evidence people have
Is a sticking-out arm and a grinding jaw

If I could go back inside who I was
Back in those hospital days
I would say they locked up the same me
Who is now out in the world supposedly free
And that is what I hate about reality

War

Three times she wore the quilt with the hole in it
Cigarette burned persecution
Through restless nights of insane percussion
On the drumrolling handsheets
Beating off the washboard
Scrubbing up and down
Tearing the dirt from the fibres
And I imagine the camps...

I stared at that weapon
Sculpting the sky above
I shared the gas showers
Sucking out the plughole
I hid with the refugees

My legs may as if be gone
I needed Madonna to save me
In her Dick Tracy taxi

With my last breath, I gasp
As it becomes clear
That I am not being gassed
And it really is lovely hot water

War

Old hospitals
Overhanging curtains
Slain with knived rifles
The radiators bleed
Petroleum blue
Through the ball and screw
Rusty now and old
The stain obfuscates the remains
In new hotels

Bisexual Warfare

ENTRÉE

Where the four winds blow
The whistles crackle in the darkness
Plague for the mind then
As sinner scratches dusk from dawn
To reside in tumultuous tyrannies
To scabble in the might of wells
That draw life's liquid in a mist
Where Bisto's breeze breathes on.
The last piece of the chocolate pyramid
Togas of Toblerone spread on feet
Purple toes of plastic petalmates
Plunder the desert storm's hurricane
Enriched in lasting confusion

"It is my mind" she swears
I claim my rights to it
Two drums, one beat
She don't even eat meat
So one comes to believe
That she is too sweet to be eat!

"Will thou makest poetry
Between the apple and the core?"
I swear I do most dearly wish
To eat the meat ('though it be sweet).
What about the hungry eyes
Behind the hypnotic smile?
Balls for me, the dear bluebell
Lost in the sweat of bawling tears

I come to offer riches
To plant them at thy reaches
So you may pick them up and swear
"As you like it -
They are really all but peaches"
"Peaches! My dear?", I persevere
"For then thou may be my Shakespeare"

Caverened in the by-world
You and I have come to unfurl
One last glimpse at my greasy curl
Before I withdraw from the frame
And build a new path to my fame

"What fame?" you ask -
The sky before you and I
That we penetrate together
In our utter inner peace
Fame of fortune beyond belief
Some say love - that is too deep
For the emancipating relief
Suffered together in our hive
The drone and queen of life

And is it all a dream?
For then it may be a wish
That dreams come true

For me and for you
Whether held by peanuts
That hang from swinging trees
Where coconuts beat up monkeys
And guerillas pull out guns
To splatter bullets at our knees

We plunder on in the jargin of our jungle
We could be Tarzan
Or maybe just two junkies!

I question then what we love
Is it in our breeches?
"No, my dear, it is under there -
You know how we make reaches!"

"I do, I do. That is true
You and I know the thigh
From the bone that canes
And the chestnut's chains -
It is more than a count
It is an ocean and two countries."

What Is Insanity Anyway?

When one is psychologically assessed
Do shrinks really know best?
Aren't we all bordering on madness?
And if it were to come to a test
We could use "saneful" past experience
To fib our way with use of disks;
Programmed minds of what is right
Would get us "normal" people out
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

Anna... With One Kiss

This baby tells me everything
She only lived nine months
Her mother was amazing
She was dying all her life
And is she finally dead
Beside her sister once again?

Anna, the queen of creamed cheese,
The Swedish delight
My quest for her ruined,
A girl sweeter than sin

The Swedish touch
The beauty of life's wilderness
In a kiss
Exploding out of disaster
Out of the garbage can
Into my spiritual arms
For that was all I had to give.

Nervously remembering the abuse
I get down on my hands and knees
Dying to take her out of this
With one kiss.