

An Annal of
Craply Expressed
Crap Expressions

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Mairead Meade

**An
Annal of
Craply Expressed
Crap Expressions**

Tuesday 4th April, 1995

Dear Diary,

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

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

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

Wednesday 5th April, 1995

Dragging Along

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“My despair is the measure of my love”

Thursday April 6th, 1995

Hunting The Story

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

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

Sunday 9th April, 1995

Getting On

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

Sunday 9th April, 1995

If Only...

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

I believe in love's glory

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

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

Sunday 9/4/95

No Longer [am I] She

No longer do I wastefully wish
No longer am I delirious

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

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

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

No longer do I need
No longer do I greed

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

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

Tuesday, 11th April, 1995

To Be Inside Out!

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

I cannot alter
My soul.
My soul
Is unalterable.

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

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

Monday 10/4/95

Drug In My Head

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tuesday, 11/4/95

My Dad's Cake

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

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

Monday 10/4/95

An Eternity At The Merries

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

Thursday 13th April, 1995

My Trial

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

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

I'm not a
Mistake

I hate being
Mistaken
Especially by
Myself!

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

Friday 14th April, 1995

High Society

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

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

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

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

Friday, 14th April, 1995

An Explosion

Broken bonds
Blown up bonds
Who lit the dynamite?

Was it you,
Who smugly smile

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

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

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

(Part 2)

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

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

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

Saturday, 15th April, 1995

Anxiety

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

Wednesday, 19th April, 1995

Lovesick

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

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

Wednesday, 19/4/95

My Burst Bubble

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wednesday, 19th April, 1995

My love, My life

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thursday, 20th April, 1995

Renourishment

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

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

Thursday, 20th April, 1995

It Takes Two

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

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

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

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

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

Terrified of your unpredicted non-resistance.

Thursday, 20/04/95

Love Fits!

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

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

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

Thursday 20th April, 1995

The Cane

A release of emotion
Unprecedented
Has left me reeling
In confidence

I carry the cane
Unused

But bearing the power
Heroically

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

Thursday 20th April, 1995

Heart Attack

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

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

Friday, 21st April, 1995

The Calm After The Storm

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

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

Friday, 21st April, 1995

Sick!

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

Friday, 21st April, 1995

Trying to Smoke

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

Sand
Where my fag is
Quenched
By my jittering
Toes.

Friday, 21st April, 1995

“Gooseberry”

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

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

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

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

Tuesday, 25th April, 1995

A Mother's Warmth

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

Sunday, 23rd April, 1995

Cleansed

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

Sunday, 23rd April, 1995

A Careless Desolation

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

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

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

Monday, 24th April, 1995

The Game

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

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

Tuesday, 25th April, 1995

Wall of Mirrors

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

Like no other
Object mirrors
With such particularity

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

Tuesday, 25th April, 1995

Mistaken Identity

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

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

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

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

Tuesday, 25th April, 1995

His Real Struggle

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

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

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

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

Tuesday, 25th April, 1995

Diseased

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

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

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

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

Tuesday, 25th April, 1995

The Death Card

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

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

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

I mourn
A funeral unforeseen
So surely

This can only mean
I'm wrong!

Wednesday 26.04.95

Exhaustion

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

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

Thursday 27.04.95

You Bear The Lead

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

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

I linger on
In hopeless faith
That love
Will wait

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

Thursday 27.04.95

The Price I Pay

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

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

Thursday 27.04.95

Too Much Love

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

Thursday 27.04.95

My Sin

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

Love could set you free

My gravest sin
Is love
And loving
Constantly.

Thursday 27.04.95

Vicious Circles

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

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

Thursday 27th April, 1995

An Unknown Feeling

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

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

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

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

Like me not
You silly snot
Cos I, presently

HATE THEE!

Thursday, 27.04.95

Love's Reign

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

Saturday, 29.04.95

A Smile

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

Saturday, 29.04.95

From Hell to HEAVEN

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

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

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

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

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

Monday, 1st May, 1995

Blocked In Again

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

The vacant mould
Inside my being

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

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

Monday 1st May, 1995

Repercussions

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

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

Monday 01.05.95

Alone

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

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

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

Tuesday, 02.05.95

Oath of Allegiance

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

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

Tuesday 02.05.95

The Risk

A lonely tear
Mocks
“My lucky year”

Swiftly passing
Wishful thinking
Of luck,
Ever yonder.

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

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

Tuesday 2nd May 1995

Peter/Paul?

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

Thursday 4th May, 1995

Variety Maintains Sanity

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

Then, burn your poetry

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

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

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

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

Thursday 04.05.95

Love Your Self

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

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

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

ACCEPT THE GIFT!

Thursday 4th May 1995

A Global Gift

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thursday 04.05.95

Your Sin

The deadliest sin
Is not loving
Thy self

The most selftish thing
Is to reject being
Loved.

Thursday 4 May 1995

Losing Daily

Losing daily
A friendship
That once
Had meaning

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

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

Sunday 7 May 1995

The Search for Soul

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

The external search

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

Sunday 7 May 1995

Moving On

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

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

Lessons learned
Risks taken
Energy consumed
No love forsaken

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

Sunday 07.05.95

Holding On

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

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

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

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

Sunday 7 May 1995

Too Good To Be True?

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

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

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

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

Too smooth to save?

Friday 5 May, 1995

Last Resort

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

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

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

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

Monday 8 May 1995

Time to Rest

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

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

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

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

Tuesday 9th of May, 1995

The Queen of Fools

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

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

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

Wednesday 10th May 1995

In Love

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

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

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

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

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

Saturday 13th May 1995

Reaching for the Answer

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

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

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

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

Saturday, 13th May, 1995

A Real Dream

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

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

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

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

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

Sunday 14th May 1995

Bells of Reality

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

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

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

With my heart
Now, do rhyme!

Sunday, 14th May 1995

At Your Service

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

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

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

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

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

I am your personal waitress
Forever at your service!

Sunday 14th May 1995

This is...

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

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

Sunday 14th May 1995

A Song

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

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

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

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

You are the ray of rays

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

Monday 15th May 1995

Fearless, Tearless

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

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

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

Now I am fully fearless and truly tearless.

Sunday, May 28th, 1995

The High Jump

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

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

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

May 1995

Last Night

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

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

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

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

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

Tuesday, June 6th 1995

The Power of the Embrace

The power of the embrace
Is erupting through my face

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

May 1995

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

27/05/95

S.A.D.

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

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

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

The pains of powerlessness peal

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

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

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

May 1995

Anguish

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

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

Tuesday, 6th June, 1995

The Voyage

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

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

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

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

Tuesday, 6th June, 1995

Square One

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

Is it selfish
To so greedily beguile

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

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

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

Monday, 4th June, 1995

It Hurts

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

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

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

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

It hurts
To appear so warm
In comfortless company

It hurts

That friends cannot satisfy
My neurotic needs

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

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

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

It hurts
To be an alien
Without any hope
Of salvation

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

Wednesday, 7th June, 1995

A Sacrifice

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

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

Saturday, 10th June, 1995

Toad on the Lily

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

Sunday, 18th June, 1995

Twilight

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When it is twilight,
Is it day or night?

18/06/'95

I wish it was not to be

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

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

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

18/06/'95

Painful Truths

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

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

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

18/06/'95

Once is Enough

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

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

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

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

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

18/06/'95

The Hard Way

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

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

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

Monday, 19/06/'95

Ball

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

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

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

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

Monday 19/06/95

Blimey!

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

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

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

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

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

Monday 19/06/'95

What Is Insanity Anyway?

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

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

Monday 19/06/'95

Teapotty

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

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

Monday 19/06/'95

A Funny World

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

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

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

Monday 19/06/'95

An Ceist

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

Tá slí deacair romham
Mo chuid suaimhneas

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

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

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

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

Tuesday 20/06/95

Gone Foul

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

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

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

Sunday, 25/06/95

Sunshowering

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

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

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

Sunday 28/06/95

That Is Not Me!

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

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

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

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

Sunday 25/06/95

Misfit

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

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

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

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

Sunday 26/05/95

Not Tunnel Vision

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

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

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

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

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

Sunday 25/06/95

Abduction

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

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

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

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

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

Monday 26/06/95

Corrupted

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

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

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

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

Monday 26/06/95

Back Off!

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

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

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

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

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

Tuesday 04/07/'95

A Song!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tuesday 04/07/95

Dangerous

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

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

Tuesday 04/07/'95

The Runs

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

Tuesday 04/07/95

Summertime Blue

Every year about this time
I get seriously lonely

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tuesday 04/07/95

Fágáil Slán

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

Tuesday 04/07/95

We are...

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

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

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

May 1995

The Lost Award

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

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

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

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

Thursday 06/07/95

Dreams Suck!

Travelling through dreams
With them, around them

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

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

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

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

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

Thursday 13/07/'95

Steamed Up

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

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

Monday 17/07/'95

Bloody Slaughter

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

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

Sunday 23/07/95

The Statue of Apathy

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

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

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

Saturday 22/07/95

“Reunion”

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

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

Monday 24/07/95

Telephone Lies

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

Saturday 29/07/95

Code Red

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

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

Saturday 05/08/95

Blessed Beauty

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

Saturday 05/08/95

Reaching Out

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

Sunday 06/08/95

Just Another Fantasy

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

Barricade my liberty
Back into just another fantasy.

Monday 07/08/95

Peace to Peace

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

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

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

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

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

DANGEROUS LIASONS

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

The beauty of love breaks every rule

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