

WONK

(2009 – 2011)

*To
those kids who pirouette ragdoll in bright slow moon dub light &
stole my soul like a photograph*

Ketamine

There are at least two types of agents capable of immobilizing patients for operation... Those of the first type, such as Halothane, ultrashortacting barbiturates and diethyl ether at surgical levels, act by CNS depression. Agents of the second type, such as nitrous oxide, phencyclidine and ketamine hydrochloride act by cataleptoid CNS excitation. There is a tendency to assume that a reduction of lack of responsiveness is associated with depressed states only. The patient who is catatonic, hallucinatory, or convulsing has a reduction in responsiveness to stimuli and loss of memory, but is in fact hyper-excited.

Parke-Davis

ECSTACY

Boy Get Gone

boy get gone
 get gone
 boy

latch key love child
who had ambition
searching for messiah
in revolving noise
& coiny light
arcade childhoods
 spent

an education
in sleight of hand
beating that bandit

jackpots &
great big flashing
senses dropping

big

bigger than him
bigger than the room
bigger than this town
bigger than the world
big as owt

almost as big as his stepdad

outside
everything was seagull blotched white
 stopped

at times
he could be the happiest little boy in the world

but that was all

a very long time ago
he thought
as she moved
 through lights

 visible
 invisible

reaching for fingers

 pins
 needles

upon a harp of bass
 he pulled
 up to a warm light

 her hips

severed hands
 on hooked paths
 of wild movements

her eyes

filled up with rhythm
 from a height
they fell

Boy Get Gone
 Get Gone
 Boy

Boy Get Gone
 Boy Get
 Gone

 Boy
 Gone

St Andrews

bird flies past
distracts me
or I distract myself

I follow the path
dots & dashes
as it carves tunnels

into the atmosphere
with metered pumping
of wings leading tin

pinprick pupils over
mazy creation of Bristol
you call my name

I click back
into our trance
a brilliant summers day

Dance

hop

skip

&

a

jump

loose

careful movements

slow

articulate

fall

on the

off

beat

wait

for the drop

love signals from

vast valleys

skin tender

56 million LEDs

beeping

silent

a slow smile

&

knowing you are alone

in a deep crowd

Noise

all walls are paper thin if you make enough noise
people can't block you forever speak shout
scream out the telephony of your desire
in slow beat movement within moments
hinged upon drop from offbeat vision of unity
with complete strangers the love we shared
was quick so we drank it hard when it was there
time never changes it can be divided into moments
until all those moments just become time themselves
you told me time is the perfect healer; doubt
has no gravity, it will not move others
this is existence if you choose it
don't waste a minute
let your fingers roll into mine, let us go
& be

Mornings

simple birdsong echoes through
slit of broken blinds hustling
sideways with a fragile light
your empty bottle attention

days of love disappear
thousand razors in desert
of rough hard sand surrounding
lost, blank group of hedonist

survivors going; *What? Where?*
Who? Is this our salvation?

muscles lay embalmed, hair
lies crumpled like rolled up bank-
notes for long straight paths we took
in the dark - hot memories;

the big nights of your life made so
perfect by the smallest moments

A Train; A White Balloon Over Bristol

try as i do
to be a poet
try as i do
there is too much
to get through
to write this poem.
i don't know where
to start
or where i am going
perhaps this poem is it
perhaps this is all it is
perhaps there isn't any of it
like mother
or was it grandmother
with her cupboards
of thick glass jelly moulds
that didn't get used
but kept free from dust
because sometimes
it's just easier
to eat it
straight from the packet
& wash it down
with milk
or whiskey
whichever comes easiest.
But try as I do
there is too much to get through
so you have to start early
which is a shame
because i wanted to read *War & Peace*
before i went to bed
but i guess
there is always
Time
the day after
tomorrow but
quick
before it's yesterday.

It can't be too hard
I once read *Wuthering heights* in full
on the train from West Yorkshire
to Bristol
on Ketamine
but just small bumps to
keep the flow
of narrative
passing towns
madness
jealous of reality
which switched itself
at New Street
when people looked
at my nose &
not been able to
shunt
the small wheels
on my suitcase
in parallel lines.
Here I was doppelganger
stretched
into an escalator.
so I re-boarded
& continued the story
literatures lovetorn moorland burning remains
Cathy clinged to side
of the train window
scratching like a dream
but it was sealed off
completely air tight
I could see a little green hammer
to break the thickened glass
but i wasn't about to bring
attention to myself
for an hallucination
of a fictional ghost.
So it was me & Cathy
staring
screaming in each other's mind
bleaching the whites
cut

& we just hung there
begging for redemption
begging for a destination
begging for safety
until the death of her character
in moors that scar
in wind that builds
in dark where stars go to die
& poor lass
bet she'd never even seen
the likes
of a train before.
The way I recall
it was just before
my departure
that I made my arrival
at the place
where I changed my
perspective
emerging from
doe-eyed slacker
cross-legged & gormless
with bibles on top of piano
school assemblies.
Then to get out
of those
conveyor belt towns
I sat straight
in interviews
former polytechnic
now rising university
and attempt to wake
before 12
so I can get
elusive bus home
to be domestic
& cook cheap lamb
in Spanish red wine
marinade of life
slaughtered
delicious.
It's in the irony

of that bus driver
choking gears
to get home
a load of academics
with hearts full of
fact & lead
when the bus driver
has a spit & spirit
of a poet
Coleridge
Larkin
Armitage
passing by compassion
of Neruda on bicycles
ferry master Whitman
& Sylvia
who is constantly baking
unleavened bread
in the underground kitchen
of my head.
I got off at my stop
as this apparently
was my destination
it seemed familiar
familiar
so it must
be here.
Do you ever
get the feeling
that even when
you're outside
you are completely
surrounded
by windows?
As this thought
exhilarated
through my head
some out-of-town
black shoe
pressed shirt
pointed face
asks for directions.

I am weary as
he looks like
he knows his
destination
but he sees me
& asks for directions
it's confusing
when people
mistake you for
someone
you didn't even
realise
existed.
& there against
this
overcast evening
no sunset sky
I spot
a white balloon
lost
but looking
looking but
lost
but floating
floating
above me somewhere
dragging my pupils
across the sky
twitching for something
they didn't even know
they ever wanted
or needed.
I stop
& look
pull out the
trick of prayer
I pray to slowly
move me
move my essence
into
fire of whole expanses
to be mad

on never-ending
angular
angular experience
of the world
it took me away
quickly
but not frightening
having the
adjacent touch
of breath
of time
of my ghost of power
there is no sorrow
in amongst
the clouds
O spaceman
spaceman
spaceman
who caught me
as I fell off
a rainbow
and let me
wander free
photographically
for hours across
mortal map of dreams
immortal juxtaposition
of life & lust
holding my hand
just like
toddler brothers
in free emerged
splish-splash
paddling pool.
Then you
levitated me
Peter Pan
over spread out
fields & streets
of Bristol
up hills
into deep valleys

cut by
violent oscillation
of slow water
where I stand
suspended
on a tightrope
& like an acrobat
trapeze into
perpetuity
over
gorge-dweller
imagination.

EPIPHANIES

St Brandon's

hot orange afternoon
I have an origami envelope
a blend of Coke & Ket
it has a taste of vanilla & leaves you
with a blurry mix of energy, confusion
& a complete understanding
of how beautiful the world is
right then & there, why we are here
& it feels like it can't end

We float through diagonal streets
to sheer hillside parks of Bristol
& try to catch gulls flying past
stepping backwards until we leave
the earth & tuck in our knees
& breath & tumble, laughing

Everyone else is walking
with a breakneck velocity
as we lay down on the grass
with white wine St Brandons,
where you can see a panorama
of South Bristol and how the river
disconnects itself from the harbour
& floats away towards the Atlantic

We both know how wonderful a place
it is to sit in the summer & watch things
moving, but not let it seem as if Time
has anything to do with anything.

Hole

with what was remaining she lit my temples
3rd degree voyage of self
that can only be experienced in
the comfort of beginnings or
beginnings of comfort

I forget what concept I'd asked for;
that fade, slip moves in the window
of my eyes view
this inhaling leaves past doubts behind
in the translation of hump of arc & awe space

something reasons, expanding quickly
& that's you, right there in the frame
of visualised lifetimes, moments &
being nothing, nothing but clouds

*

we ate firm light
covering tunnels
 cauterised
flowing underneath
like catacombs

speckless movement
in shadows
in mud & dye
on a cave-wall

rising darkness
from which to watch
beauty
on organic cinema screen

constancy
thin as dreams
of eyelashes
evoking
an effortless style
our original glorious perspective

Stuttering Transcendence

like grazed knee children
 we climbed the tree
of knowledge & life

we stood, chest out
 as if we were Nimrod
at the top of his tower
 challenging Heaven
as the world spreads
 out before us
like reflections
 of tattered lingerie
in cold bath water

motion of society clicks
 into place
police siren screaming past
 mixing with
seamless drum and bass

until the evening calls us in
 like chocolate digestives
dipped in a mug of tea

the tree releases me
 back down
through its branches
 back to earth

a nurse
 laying down
a stroke victim
 on clean sheets

& there
 you lie
envisioning long last lines cast

filtering through branches
 shadows in the past

& simply go away again
 & be free
 & be happy
 & to be yourself

Wonk

The bright world seemed possible, I was spinning, crystal sparks
hit gears of heart valve murmurs.
Sense of this glistens from behind flashing synapse silence.

I remember it, my first time, with such finesse & profitability she
pushed me down towards aura of traffic, grind of pyramids,
geometry of dreams, a thunderous awakening in Bristol.

Your tears are etched into memory; acid on letter paper, the
difference between living & dying like ten second glimpses
caught hovering over my own peaceful body forever in junkie
creativity, machine of memory.

Everyone's eyes twitch, legs flutter at fantasy of our own minds
production of images holding tight together cinemascope
identical surreal gallivants around non-realities.

I knew beyond all words this is as close as you get to the
impossible grandeur of self, inner realm, full of sound, lost in
your own head, ineffable revelations coruscate to a place
beyond questions, entirely formless.

But people scoff, they say these stories of us are sweet-hearted &
over-sentimental.

Someone once said

I couldn't even take the heavens

if I could barely take the earth

let alone the stars'

& what exactly is normal behaviour?

Talking of how we feel without knowing & Know-it-all never had
distinctions disordered by artificially induced colour, collapsed
visual aspects, cerebral knee tremble.

That sensation of springtime cherry blossom trees outside electric
lock door of prefab block of flats, the soft-pink-harsh television
blur of us on sofa in council high rises that cut & lift straight up
into Heaven

How do you translate your anger & loneliness?

This is no mirage of the mind.

When you're outside looking in all you can see are the unknowns
but when you're inside looking out all you see are the flowers
of life evolving & photosynthesising; effortless primordial
power, every leaf polished, every light brighter & even the aura
of traffic hums effortless like the crackling radiation left over
from the dawn of creation.

I swear the universe split in two, so we could build our holy epic
of beauty from sonorous sighs of richness & thoughts & feelings
& hate & lust & wants & desires outwards like stepping stones
parallel on a beach, leaping & stumbling towards the shore.

It's in the moving not the movement of the waves in the sea it
leads you out from the constant swirl of grime into oceans
endless molecule summer.

At first there is an action then reaction completely grabbling
concept of death, fireworks in the sky up rhythm with beat of
the room & we are all fortunate beams of light pushing against
that white ceiling of how we are told we are meant to feel,
geometric designs liberating you to live, move & grow!
Dissolving into kaleidoscope impression of how it actually feels
to be.

your first day of swimming free
of conscience hallelujah
perfect eclectic automatic sensual
existence

SANCTUARY

Space Travel

Gagarin said
*'I could have gone
on flying through
space forever'*

I wonder if
he was happy

floating high in
emptiness, peace
magnificent
desolation
hollow moon strength
isolation
endless silence
a crux of bliss

Isle

beached whale in open air

pebble brick beach

on an island in the North Sea

teased by thousands of years

good hearty weather moving across

pimpled face of earth

waiting & embracing ice ages

tingles of glaciers slope down

wrinkles of the land like her in your blood

& the valleys of your fingerprints

Venus

as I slipped under
white K-hole bed sheets
you were quite lifelike

humble infinite
of Venus tucking
me in & floating
just floating away

Halo

the afternoon
picks me up
from sleeping

the mirror hollows back
a hazy Dickens apparition

on further inspection

I see a big white ring
around my right nostril

it clings to skin
a criminal
looking for
sanctuary

I dig the powder out
wash away debris

a clock-smith winding
a watch
natural
instinctive
perfect grace

now I'm ready
for another day

Waiting

to boil water
to add water
to the powder
 on a plate

to wait

to bubbles
 disappear

to rack
to disappear
 into ourselves

& become nothing

a beautiful port

longing for a ship

Lost

in our rented rooms
first-of-the-season

mind blossom drips
secure through our veins

landscape eyes float through
expanding Bristol

(our universe,
then in a slow blink
everyone wobbled
into the bright tunnels
of youth
our garden)

lost in light
miming context of man's
perfectly timed
flash
dreams

lost in off beat
elite syncopations

lost in a maze
when God exaggerates
in the blood still calm
just before a storm

chemical symbols
engraved on our bones
lost words, seduced
powders, pearls & salt

lost in molecules
misspoken human
soliloquy, kept
loaded with hope
the loudest quiet voice

lost in celestial
philosophy
scrawled
on back of shithouse door

lost in wind
sidestepping through crowds
incoherent
distances
& absent colour

lost in the scene
from unchanging window
holy Piccadilly drizzle
upon cosy lost future

lost to be lost
alone in you
pioneers pushing
frontiers
shock/rush of the new
strains & flavours
undiscovered
split second dimension

when fleeting life
is seen
in our own
slow real time

Vice

This point where the equilibria of your mind rests in a purgatory
Eyes can't focus
& you lie caught between this life & reality.
Everything is difficult
Unable to pick out figures in the dark.
Back & forth
Like the closing and opening of mass produced Chinese hand fans.
You are lost.

No contextual salt in memory to retrace outline & replay history.
It will wear off and the difference is noticeable instantly.
Light floods in
& your brain rushes like it has just been let out of a vice but the
world seems
hollow & dirty
Incomparable to how beautiful it just seemed.

A bird takes their maiden flight outwards and across a city centre.
Every night it comes back to rest - wiser & bolder
someone begins to rack up again.

If There Is Air In My Lungs, I'll Have It

all the fossil fuel alcohol
we can find
I'll have it

all the cigarettes
my lungs can take
I'll have it

heaped lines of crystal
sharp & endless
I'll have it

until I collapse
around mid-afternoon

the big urns of truth
world sparks response
cracks into dust

the atom of me, temporal
as a second, vanishing into
visualised consciousness

I'll have that

all the lusting temptation³
this world can give
I'll have it

in whatever holds my salvation
we'll get there together
I'll have it

even though you are Judas
wrapped in my pocket
I'll have it

because your destruction
is the best I've felt yet.

vibrant hand-in-hand
motionless exodus of self

transmission of great madness
release of true beauty
ripples on life's surface
epiphany
in bright white dawn
where the lights
seem so much brighter
than they have ever done

before.

Fuck Armbands

come drown with me
in currents that sweep us
out into dark open water
until we are pulled down
into a suspended harmony

BETRAYAL

The Interrogation

i

they took me off the street in broad-daylight,
threw a black hood over my head,
pushed me into the back of a tinted jag
that reeked of McDonald's & Hugo Boss

at first I thought it was one of the dealers
trying to shit me up over those litres I owed
but this was a bit too much really
black suits, white shirts, far too *Reservoir Dogs*

oh & you should have seen the warehouse
they'd brought me to, large concrete floor
lined with MAERSK containers, big as an ocean,
a table with a lamp & 2 chairs in the middle

when they started with the evidence, I knew
it wasn't a joke anymore; they had pictures
from my own k-hole memory, proper real
it was like I was actually doing Ketamine

they were all like, *what are these wormhole truths?*
here's a pen & paper, draw your binaural shapes
of impossible unknowns & the flowers of creation
point to the position on this map that shows

the cartography of borders of intersensory dimension
proper intense, but you could tell they hadn't a clue,
then they started getting all personal, started banging
on about Ket being like a saint to me *Lady K*

they called her, claimed she was more to me
than my own mother – *how did you slide Nirvana*
under freckled skin – did you really see her eyes
move in a synergetic panorama of bliss

I wasn't having it, would be like getting thrown

out of the magic circle discussing it with outsiders
I kept *shtum*, didn't breathe a word of it
just kept to name and *no comment*, when they

took out the first fingernail, I took out the second
and looked them back in the eye – *no comment*
they were demanding information on how to pass
freely into the bright world – banging fists

like a drop hammer forging white hot steel
I said it didn't work like that, that you should never
cocktail drugs, especially not with timetables
there was a flash of black & then nothing else

ii

I found myself
on the other side
of a two way mirror

I was watching
this skinny guy
getting shouted at

by these crew cuts
in cheap suits
proper loving it

he was tied
to a chair
in a big warehouse

but it didn't feel
right, it was all
somewhere else

not just past
this mirror, fingertips
away, just there

I didn't know

if the mind knew
or the body knew

which was which
which was true
as I stared at him

I wondered
who had light
focused in eyes

who watching
light from
a buried darkness

what is the correct
perspective to stare
at themselves

so as not to merely
become lost
in reflections

& I saw this
transposition of light
that drew itself up

to make even sunlight
move like
bonfire smoke

(the confession)

THE TRUTH OF THESE MOMENTS CANNOT BE TOLD
AS THEY ARE WRITTEN IN AN ANGELIC CODE
OF EFFORTLESS ALPHABETS & NATURAL ALGEBRA
SO REFUSE THEIR TRANSLATIONS IN THIS SEPARATION
OF MIRRORS TO FORCE THE MIND TO ZOOM
OUT OF THE BODY TO MELT INTO ITSELF ENDLESSLY

Lights

someone's turned the lights off
or on, I don't know yet
men are lost in their own words
room burns out radiant leaving
dissolving statues, parts of
unthreaded souls, someone turned
the light off or on
I just don't know yet

(Mo[ve]ment)

potholed choreography
 candescent adolescent
 nightmare of dying
 you couldn't tell yes
 to those eyes
red like spent cartridges
 blood in milk
 in a few seconds
 algebraic loneliness
 rules
 winding heartbeats
 of clockwork toys
slow
humble cross-examination
 stands up proud
 are we
 or is this
 you
 what -
 ?
a cross to nail ourselves
then drag
around wall papered depths
 our
 own space
to stretch
firm helpless emotion
for the trip back down the road
looming towards
 synthetic crutch
 a familiar aura
moving
 is it this way
 or that way
 in my dreams
a hunger
a fetish
we won't ever forget

Put The Needle On The Record

turntables will always spin you out
on dirty long beautiful endless
music journeys that leave you hollow
like the nightmares of bomber pilots
reverse in slow motion,
your eyelids open

Why Answer My Eyes When Look! There Is Something Louder Over There

storm wet quick sky casts seven shadows
as if they were painted in oil
by the dazzle of non-league stadium floodlights
sat here with the best friends I'll ever make
scorching our youth like a retreating army

I live at the end of shadows now
not in the freedom of these reflected lights
stuck in wilderness-vision-stainless city
filled with all the wild things you sometimes
treat yourself to. If we are going to lose this place

go make an etch-a-sketch of yourself
or at least who it is you want to be
the grains, the dust, the digital music
pushing you up against the flow of traffic
before collapsing into a blanket of safe sound

was this the right choice kiddo?
when that little puppet goes proper deep
with misaligned measurements & daft logistics
to draw out the entire 20th century
& then the baby steps of the 21st on the outside

of a circle in a desert - we almost kissed that night
was this the right choice kiddo?
unfolding wrap of synecdoche logic white noise
eyes sideward facing serendipity of rotting wood
It was three days ago when I bought those lilies.

I feel we are falling into a permanent silence,
falling into a sulphur faced canal thick as cup-a-soup
how our big imaginations have become a wall
of flickering video monitors, even though my mind
twitched when Bristol appeared all around me.

was this the right choice kiddo?

In those sweaty tabernacles, ceremonies of dance
to saints that never die, amber, resin, wax.

cidered libations to sacrifice confusion &
watch our fear burn up like sugar

in a large blue flame

you are my backdrop

disguised in the atmosphere

drilled out Eucharist

within slanted paragon

as voided breath twists

in a rolled up incantation

to sever past faith

to sever our burdens

to live in shadows cast by skies of flames

that we lose our voices within

Outside

the only thing going on
around me was time, from
stark glinting darkness came divine
unfolding of state relaxing then
expanding around the echo
of her warm voice like country paths
cut into the ground by wild horses

Perception

everyone remembers
their first time
maybe not
the rest after

you lose perception
length
breadth
width
height
depth
dimension
space
time
you
 her
 him
why
 what
the room
the history
your world
the world

this lack of context
often scares folk

losing your chains

like a burglar

that steals all
the photo-albums
& lets you forget
memories burnt
into celluloid heart-break

disassociate

float away with her

because perception
is irrelevant

it decomposes
into sacred ground
sprouts back up when
some poor soul puts concrete
before life or love

and grows nothing but
a stunted tree
that never blooms

Mother Stranger

we sat together alone
children in the womb of her

nurturing minds
wiping away stains
in our memories

she slowly let us cross the void
into a world we do not know

a stranger
your mother warned you about
holding child's hand
crossing the road towards
absurd playground
that lacks
perspective

our futures
interdependent

orphans in a playground
with no way out
but
 the sky

When It Rains, Think Of All The Other Unlucky Places

he broke into the outside
with scary ceiling skies
wandering anonymous somewhere streets
trying to just sit & be
the evening, summer crowds
last train out & dreams of normality

his body shell-shocked
muscles & tendons
connecting skeleton
stretched by lorries
to the very last inch of elasticity
sun-baked riverbed throat
earthquake needle twitching skin
bullet-hole nostrils
gaunt deep set eyes that
look at numb fingertips
 running
over crinkled clothes
like the search of
dead soldier tunic
for any form of identification

leaky iron tap raindrops
began to fall
from a great height they released
all their burdens
when they hit the floor
the impact of rain on his collar
transported him back to Mexico City
where he once tried to reinvent Spanish
in the back of a cab
humidly drunk scowling of evening sun
& the absurdity of life

this absurdity of life
began to push him &
push him
until he tripped
on a grate
broke his neck
rolling down a hill
past boutiques & coffee shops
past beautiful people who
ignored him with
well practised perfect white sheets
sutured over their eyes
past the living breathing
expanse of nothing
we have but only combined
in the rhythmic hollow beating
of our worn & broken hearts

Polo Nose

my nostril
has a constant halo

I dig it out
wash it away
reset for another day
with the natural grace
of a clocksmith
synchronizing
a shop full of clocks

but no matter what
it reappears each day
like a sign from God

Fracture Of White Lights

a void, rapturous rabbit-hole
glistening paranoia, hovering over
wonky traffic-light Bristol
empty streets, connected anxiety
& unsolved mathematical proofs

when the drizzle pours
& lights up my world
I unfold memories
from hours of playful
mind expansion

sit back in hard wooden chair
listen to hollow choirs
'hallelujah on the off-beat'

aching bones uncracking
like light-bulbs popping
on broken down Ferris wheel

that still turns
dull locomotion

cracking & squeaking
an endless motion

not letting the passengers off

& light-bulbs
periodically

popping
disappearing
 long
 into the night

EVICTIION

Doctor

*'what hooked, crackling
body you have,
it makes no sense in how you
say these side effects
cause happiness'*

just us
bright lights
seamless linoleum
sterile floors
waking up sudden
hospital red-headed
angel doctor

handing me leaflets inscribed
distract yourself
gathering me
together
& pushing me back
out
into the cold
rainy
real world

The Day After The Summer Before

I went into a toilet
the day after the summer before
my mouth was carpet
covered in cigarette burns

the light is a fluorescent tube
harsh & cold
refreshing as hell

I looked into my eyes
they didn't seem mine

my eyes used to be young
full of aspirations
a sparkle
that could recall
a thousand jokes on cue

but these eyes
floating back
seem alien

empty wine bottles
a quarter full of ash

like the eyes of
a homeless man

heart-broken
forgotten
ridiculous

Gone

pure energy snuck under
dark hard crust of life

gone in a flicker
of a newly lit summer

gone like parallel lines
of Ketamine, strong into the wind

another character in hurtful
never-ending conveyor belt play
swept into sunsets

crisp northern fashions
cutting monochrome against
vivid Bristolian streets

a boy, a man, who finally
put the needle on the record
poured out soul & transience
in perfect rhythms floating
from coils of clickety vinyl

gone are the mad hatter parties
in Gloucester Rd slums
pumped by Lady Mandy
& her 160 b.p.m string quartet

gone are the clubs & nights
cardboard envelopes
of long sweeping
valleys of crystal
& sweaty lasers diffracting
through the crowds mist
floating effortlessly on
arsenal of synthetic I.O.U.s

northern soul going soft
breathing deep the air

from Stokes Croft
like hard Wensleydale cheese
In the mouth of a burning furnace

gone like glue
that once held together
repaired family heirlooms
passed to bright-eyed generations
with a warning
lying now in pieces

gone like sunny memories
St Andrews Park, laughing gas
warm 3 litre white cider
watching long colonies of ants
making homes in furrowed streets
between verdant blades of grass

internal beauty of litter skitting
getting caught in updraft
suddenly jumping wildly over park benches
scattering into confetti
an origami fireworks display held in honour
for a true Gaelic princess

gone like a prophet
gone like a twisted angel
gone like a true madman

gone like the future and
all its holds between long fingers
scratched to the bone by eager hands

men have cast shadows for millennia
illuminating dark corners in other lives
like little boys making hand puppets
from warm streetlight glow
manipulating & enlarging contrasts of light
throwing it back
at what they can see
spinning madly around them

Chasing Tails

release me

from your grotesque
round-a-bout

a mime
in a box
with no audience
but the

world

*

were we really victims
undertaking necessary time
with flames as fingers?

was that time & if so, where
does it all go? Did anyone
record the merger of hands

turning in beats, but not burning?
everything is the last thing
my eyes see, shitless in dead of night

under an alchemy of gurgled cries
songs of sadness, resting
diagonally, dim look sprawling

so many awkward positions we fell asleep
bit of everything, draining, unfolding
waking up next to

outgrown adolescence; a nightmare
the length of miles in a few seconds
shallow ABC of a cut stung soul

& as you drew back the curtains
very old light tripped over into the room
thin as mortician's linen

Kafka On Ketamine

*Dedicated to Gregor: Found 10th August 2010 –
Last Seen 25th August 2010, Bristol.
Whereabouts now unknown.
Presumed dead or a figment of a long hallucination.*

A small piece of white falls
from my nostril. I knockwipe it away
as usual. But when I look down
closer, I think for a brief moment
that just looks like
wait, no. Could it...
It is; little concave with legs pointing
outwards, flimsily, *Gregor*.

Dallying in the wind of breath,
shape of a skull, perfect form moulded
entombed in white, fallen.

I push it over
with the back of my fingernail
quickly I realise it was just
wonkdust, nostril debris & that
I read far too much Kafka
on Ketamine. So I continue

But I stop, look
helplessly into the space
where I flicked him away
what have I done?
what if that was him?
my insect, encased
in Ketamine, falling
out my nose taking something
like action, like life

All I really wanted was to be free
for you to be free Gregor
I wanted that more than anything
more than salvation even
it would have made
the whole effort

so much more worthwhile

Not Everything Has A Plural

It was
 dark grey late July morning
we were
 mangled after a fine time living in the night
through
 the dead ShowTime, staying up for it
Great madmen
 unite, happy in time frames, touched
from a distance
 I first noticed the freedom just after the
MDMA began
 to stutter & whirr like an electric fan
The sky
 was a spotted black ostrich egg being boiled
in its shell
 canvas of her blank face, carried on
The sunrise
 hugged the clouds like Judas' wife
at the marketplace
 covered head to foot in purple
Later
 the sun shone through trees like a ghost
snapped out
 accidentally, isolated from our pity
Then someone
 said 'we're going to look back on all this one day
& smile.'