

We can't see through the mist but we can hear rumbling sounds of fog horns – or sirens ? – and just as we disappear from view, the voice of a preacher inciting us to give an urgent but undefined commitment

All our underworlds are dying or useless, either in blissful ignorance or in the violence and cruelty of ghetto culture, but between suppression and stagnation there is still enough space to cultivate our own concealed jewels, revolutions always slowly seeing what underlies the wounds

our insides once touched always keep a tight grip on finger tips even when closing and growing

in her smothering snake like forms that move from nerve to nerve

she lies

she turns

she encloses what i need to understand

there is a very long way to go inside to see where we have touched, and it starts here,

when she holds

when she is still and clammy like stone

when she giggles

and when she is vulnerable

she makes me feel fragile

i feel sad sometimes and this is why doll is born

i miss you

fingers that are long and gentle which grasp for love before they grow cold

tears that cleanse tired eyes

i miss waking up with you and carelessly giggling in an embrace

i can't find any freedom from feelings

it's been a while, still, it seems a short time. i wish i could forget everything is slipping and look upon the images inside without thinking. perhaps I ought to leave them now these things won't die, and if one day we woke up to find nothing would we still feel anxious and distant or would we feel calm? you can't see everything nor pass judgement, you can't fill the dark holes into which hope bravely descends or understand the thoughts which cannot be glued to words, the space filled by our bodies and residues of dreams, constantly growing and falling apart

transformed into a doll without flesh

our hearts flutter

fear of death

fear of being without somebody to hold

fear of objects without life

today, i am sorry, i wasn't very happy
nonetheless here is an explanation:

we were walking through the woods on a sunny day
(we were in love)

when we came across a small ditch

heaped up with bodies slit up to their mouths

they had been aligned, as far as they could hold

together

so that anyone walking past would be met

with the sight of white eyes

my thoughts turn to violence and fear when i get caught inside

and i think of small glass containers which would hold me

at death we hope that there will be peace

and when old people cannot speak any more
let there be peace in their numb bodies
to stop morphine worms breeding in their thoughts
the body is tending towards a helpless state
which is a loss of feeling
feeling weak
fluids spurt out from the inside
soak up into the blooded water
the lungs are choked
the skin is drying up
the body is falling apart
only held together by the force of the blood rushing to the penis
everything is suspended without being conscious
collapsed
the worms have been contained in a clean metal tin
but that doesn't stop them eating themselves
force fed with the drug of masturbation
which allows us to feel our own cells
releasing everything and then discarded, separated
leaving a shell
so lie still
i can hear the blood in my heart

nerve

i felt my blood was septic

i can hear my breathing

she is shy

is pain

body

heart

pushing blood through limbs

in my dreams full of desire

embracing

we do not think

also though i dream of death or the inevitable clutching and loss

terror and gentleness seem so close

the way a baby's small hands wrap around my finger

grasping

smooth soft fingers holding on with all their strength

the penis inside the vagina

sharing

smooth soft flesh wraps around inside where there is no light but warm
liquid

contained

there is a vessel upon the shelf

now there is spilt liquid upon a stone floor, please protect all children
because they have to live

explain to me (if you want to)
the deformities of our babies
the cold rooms of our mentally ill
our thoughts, rest in open spaces
and if there is a soul, or a cause and effect
tell me what happens to our armless and legless abortions
with their disjointed eyes and blood that is the same as yours and mine
tell me what they feel
this is what doll feels, a blood repellent lead form in wax solution
blood rests on the surface as small particles
vaporise before they can be touched
into the air and gases
which are drawn into the lungs
forms more alkaline than wombs
close together and penetrating inside
a healing heart in a dying body
sweat separates our bodies
in this warm space where love lies, but also
gases, a birdwing, a pool of semen
mercury
inside the body internal organs and forms
mechanisms

wire frame

so complex that desire and thoughts are constructed and self sustain themselves

impermanence

of all forms and solids

and all gases

and all elements

body which feels the cold

loss

happiness

warmth

sadness

chain of body forms linked

internal

breast to womb

rib to colon

self reproducing body form

not possible to separate the elements

the limb from the vessel

full of fluid

from the gases

to the tubes

nerve

fluids passages

transformed solutions

without fear

enclosed

glass

metal

dripping liquids

simple objects

whole

still-life

stretched

linking breast to breast developing in the womb

and passage of fluids into the blood

which dissolves solids in the belly

which strengthen bone structure of rib cage

from a fibre-like material laid flat a body surface is formed

twisted into strands to form blood vessels and hands which join and merge into the broken surface, a surface of tiny holes

when formed into a mask the surface replaces the skin of your face so that you can see inside, deep inside me

our skin surface is also made of holes

fly eyes

spine

nerve

skull

loneliness and animal skeletons

a dead bird, tonight on the street

later –

found it still there but

as if a child had run over it on a bike

internal organs out

there is nothing that can be done

third time –

the bird body has been cleared away

there is a stain on the pavement

a small piece of organ

all around, on the waste ground

at the end of the road, on the kerb, there is rubbish, dog shit, drink cans,
debris

blood pours into the vessel

ugly heads rise up out of the skin

dog straining at the leash

making it erect, strong

internal pressure building until it seems

the body will split at the genital opening

which if opened any more

the organs could be seen, touched

until it bursts free

flailing

violently charging forwards

blood

other fluids

unstoppable, until it drives itself to collapse from exhaustion

limp and humid

mouth open, tongue hanging out

belly flat on the ground

wet material clings to inside of skin

of thigh

gasping, legs flopped outward

eyes watery

mad and vulnerable

the smoothest and palest skin

which reddens at the touch of swelling lips

on t.v news someone says:

[a six year old girl] blood was running from her nose

she was split open [she had been raped]

she wanted to kill herself

but we managed to stop her

formless thoughts

so much pain

no room for desires

penetrated split and dissolved

death of a rapist

always alive

penis erect and leaking

but snapped off

lifted up her skirt and penetrated her skin

mindless, brutal, broken nose

broken face, ripped ribs from his lungs

uttered

speechless

guilt

gut

as if all we could ever wish that thoughts come to an end in slaughter

flea bite

horror

victim beaten about the face

mutilated, for money in a safe upstairs

small child

young woman

an eighty year old

nerve

weak

down

barely breathing, clubbed

hands broken

eyes bruised until black

cannot see any longer, blind

pearls

rib cage

thigh surface

eyes in skin that cannot blink

crinkled dress material

silver ring

sweat

illness

stretched

body trapped in body

organs trapped in vessel

loveless dying friendship

craving for indigestible pre-processed food

that lies in the intestines for days and will be shitted out rotten and choking
as

pig ripe for slaughter

nerve

sleeping body

lacking a single touch or

a single kiss

lacking warmth

lacking emptiness

automated

body without support

two bodies lying next to each other in bed

barely asleep

still

separate

as if we are incapable of communication

or tenderness

warmth of flesh

curving around cage and breasts

legs wrap around

joined

moving so slowly under sheets in darkness

with no centre to thoughts

no centre

love slowly move

together round

nerve

up and down

inside and outside

whilst asleep and gently breathing

calm

finger barely touches flesh

parting

air space

warm trapped air

out of sheets

warmth

in a green place

and yellow, bright transparent blue

a jungle

full of clear moisture

small animals which cannot be seen under the lush surface

living

breathing

small animal families

with small eyes

black beads

and gentle feet

that grasp and protect

and enclose warmth inside the cold
please protect each of us from the cold
inside her body warm pregnant blood
warm breath and lips
open and safe in warm air in dark under sheets
soaked with sweat, condensation and special smells
dirtied dank sheets clean to lovers in winter's night
all sound inside body which cannot be heard except breathing
my ear upon your breast
ripples
heart beat
eyelids and lips and smile
eyes
temptation brings ugliness down upon the weak hearted and tender
white flowing dresses
uncovered leads us into dismal thoughts and shivering sleep
for those to whom promises mean everything
end to pretence and insecurity
dying hands and reddened knuckles
babies eyes
tears
lying by the fire

fine hairs resting over your face and neck

smooth hollow of thoughts of love and closeness between breasts

upon which gently falls a gaze

and a breath

a sigh

a sleepy eye

her eyelashes and warm skin

small voices and contented

head resting against her arm upon body close to sleep

seems far away

no words can bring closer

so quiet and waiting for the end

another time in a wish

in dreams to be closer

close together

close the door

wrap us up in the almost quiet room in the house in the night

until morning and parting

and light and laughter

holding hands

kicking sand and falling in leaves

in a city of leaves and poor broken people

struggling to eat and love and sleep in peace in night
babies in this world
small lives bombs shake them in their wombs
and drugs poison
warm thin blood but strong hearts
winter and spring time
hold my hand and let's run
laugh and fall into a bed of leaves
i will protect you from the frost
but can promise little else my love
not even love letters for you to keep and fade
words which curl up on the edges cannot outlive the memory of the wish
beaten but never forgotten
not even when we die
although friendships die
inside of this room
food which lies rotting
hunger of the belly
taut belly and bones under chest
love sleeps alone tonight
sleep and drunken dreams
same flesh and beautiful smile

nerve

face of warmth and vulnerable

quiet

lips and eyes meet in a centre which we drift around

wishing

and loss

which must be faced

in tears and fragile hands that rest upon her dead loved body

her gentle hands

mothering hands that have held and loved

unspoken

respect

her face

closed eyes

blue eyes

i wish you well and will always remember you

i hope you are well

and that you meet kindness and happiness

always

since summer time we have always laughed and are hopelessly carefree

but winter is upon us now

our small bodies

what will we do?

perhaps we shall play little games
and sing and dance
holding hands around a circle of flames
laughing
believing in that the night will never come to an end
all together
we sing and drunkenly fall over
in this night that will have no end
until we fall into sleep and share our dreams and nightmares
huddled together for our fears shared
little animals
small and warm
so close
never far away
we share our fears and hopes
our big wishes for such small bodies
and we will always live and laugh
for happiness
for our companionship
in the face of evil
of suffering and pain
and death

nerve

that separates us from our loved ones

but in this night

holding each other together amidst screams

we know that we will never be alone

our memories and our feelings

we give our dead hope full of kind thoughts and happiness in our tears of loss

and will never forget

body aches because it is full of chemicals and cancers

it is tired because its mind is enclosed in a cell

but even in exhaustion it feels hope and struggles to maintain the life

it destroys itself, but wishes to turn that which is dead into something living

pale and thin, but sometimes my eyes sparkle and record momentary transformations

something is moving inside to make all this happen

particles

fluids

bird wing

sadness

love

warmth of bodies under the sheets

but she suddenly feels cold

i dream of an embryo falling into cold depths

skeletal

inside the flesh and the desire

inside the crack

inside the broken heart

inside the faceless child

from inside flows blood

bleeding heart

bleeding vagina

bleeding animal on the slaughter walls

blood on the sheets

bleeding heart seeping into the stomach down through the bleeding
intestines out through the bleeding womb

the cook cuts meat with care and delicacy. he cuts out the fat and gristle,
tenderly coats the flesh with oil. he closes the clean oven door

slit open to feed the bleeding mouths

bleeding crack in the slaughtered animal torn apart

pain and sadness and blood of the animal under the butchers knives

eyes staring through watery membrane

animal crying

alone under the knife

and the hammer that crushes the bone of the skull

and the tenderness

and removes all hope and life

as i write this i see the face of the doll
but also i see the face of my love
i cannot tell what she thinks and knows
i wish it was obvious
that i care for her
doll, i realise that she is plastic
not alive
but she is real
only doll understands my desires and fears
but because she is plastic
she cannot speak
empty shell
empty state
doll, if she were alive
would feel the instant leading to the conception
the child, mother and father still connected
doll, if she were alive, would feel what we feel
separation
between thighs
when doll is in the concrete cell i have built for her
and she is burning
she feels no pain because she is simply a doll

plastic

she cannot speak because she aspires to a beauty that is false

doll is wrapped in bandages

sleeping on a bed of flowers

but she feels nothing

because she is neither alive nor dead

she is plastic

and false hair

but i care for her

and when she is on fire

do not think that this is pain

doll knows that she will never die

(do you also feel what she cannot feel?)

doll speaks what you will not say

doll undresses you when you wrap up tight

she is more naked than you will allow yourself to be

inside her plastic skin

a chemical which heals and gives us life

but so fragile it cannot be isolated

when i look at her face

i see the face of a plastic doll

and i want someone to understand what i have done to her

doll's body records patterns and forms that heal what her chemicals cannot heal

and which allow her to live

feel love

grow old and weak

and feel pain

doll gives form to that which turns inside

formless babies

with eyes that see the inside of your smooth belly

a skin for living from found materials outside

to understand what is human but is without blood

doll lives a silent life

with no ears to hear the sound

no mouth to release the groans

of bodies making love behind closed doors

an embrace that brings the hearts closer

when i cannot see the warm blood of her heart i come home to question
doll

who is without blood

if doll could love

she would understand what we do not

we play games and back away from embraces

when i listen to her speaking

i am looking through her clothes

with eyes against her skin

i am listening to her breathing

her heart

eyes closed

i can see no form

i hear nothing

i feel warmth

all i am trying to do is make my love for her clear so that she can see

but she does not tell me what she feels

doll's body records for every warmth and closeness a loss

a loneliness

a cold space

doll burns to purify the air inside her

i wish that this was obvious

that she would understand

that there is everything inside

look around you – what do you see?

look inside yourself – what do you feel?

there is a small droplet of dried blood on the inside of the shell

there was life here but now there is just a plastic skin

is there life in that which is inanimate?

is there pain in that which does not feel?

inside doll there is love

horror

suffering

and unseen truths of the doll body

feminine blood and male blood

and without speaking sometimes i know that she is lonely and afraid

but we never say

and so it is all a terrible waste

the young girl's dress

chequered flower pattern matches the tiled wall

on which hangs the freshly slaughtered body of an animal

and on the floor

a mannequin contorted in the struggle but also as if it is still alive

the old woman holds a doll by its arm

she looks out

the doll glances sideways

the remains of the mannequin head pointing upwards

the calf head hanging

barely connected to the blood of its body

limp and bleached white

the girl's doll is pure white and naked

there are symbols on its body

the curve torn apart

vase shapes in the form of breasts

stains on the walls follow lines along the varnished disinfected surface

formaldehyde used in solution as a disinfectant

combining form

the termination of chloro-form

all objects flattened into a uniform orange mist

suspension of disease

unease of the mind of the doll

behind the face of the doll

all smooth moulded eyes

dreams and thoughts of the doll

feelings of the doll body in the doll mind

small child hands with fingers moulded together

plastic body wrapped in bandages, prepared

the body pushing its internal tubes outwards through raw and tender openings

sterilised

the plastic doll

connected to plasticine shapes

fixed by glue that almost dries clear

to the flesh of magazines
of women
holding their breasts out
without thinking the worms eat through
archetypal forms
automatic legs spread apart
so as to automate the hungry cock
the belly and the vagina of the doll
replaced by a breast form
an eye looking inwards to an intestine
because of the impossibility of showing the blood or the flesh
everything seems so unavoidable
section from doll
plastic skin
open plastic pores
and entrances
all desire and thought
all sex
externalised
suffocating in the skin
the hollow inside
an empty space untouched by rape and brutality

and spilling of liquids on smooth plastic skin
the doll asleep
steady breathing in the airless interior
calm
but dreams full of fear
contained in vessels
is there a horror that can frighten our small bodies
is there a fear that can cause hurt
or a violent hand
and memories that cause pain
inside there is a small space
which is a room within a room
in which their bodies sleep
doll is enclosed in a liquid that preserves her
doll is enclosed in a vacuum in which she breathes
doll is enclosed in the guts of a fish that feeds her
doll is enclosed in a solution of semen
doll is enclosed in water from plants
doll is enclosed in barbed wire
doll is enclosed in a cell, her skin touches all sides
doll is enclosed but her insides are outside
doll is still a doll

untouchable

doll is cast solid then shattered

doll is melted then reformed

doll is burnt, her gases fill the cell

doll is enclosed in a liquid that slowly dissolves her

leaving only glass eyes

doll opens her mouth to reveal...

doll spreads her legs to reveal...

doll holds out her hands to offer...

doll opens her body, and stares inside

doll is hungry, her eye sockets are empty and black

doll is asleep, her eyes are closed

doll is looking at you, with vacant plastic stare

doll is looking inside herself

doll, do you understand me now?

glass vessel shaped around the curve of the hips and breasts

containing flesh preserved

the glass jar of the nightmare containing bone and blood and gristle

kept in a clean white fridge amongst the milk and food

and also there in the empty street

a glass jar in the middle of the road containing a crushed piece of what was
a limb?

the skin torn off

like meat hanging from the hooks in a shop window
without the skin
suspended in the solution in the jar to keep it fresh
that twists the stomach
and is always there on the retina
splayed dog cast on the dirty concrete
i believe in trust and happiness
but there is cowardice within the flesh which must be dissected out
all the hurt of loss, we can trace it back to moments of doubt
failed memory
embedded within the flesh
dead dog on the pavement until it is cleared away
the dog tumbling under the car
lifted off the ground like a rag doll
all four legs flailing off the surface
a dead space
the dog tumbling underneath it
then there is an inert body on the road
the cry of the animal as i lifted it to the pavement
and i cannot touch it
the memory of the dog alive and the dead dog are inseparable
a delirious dead space 3" above the road surface

dead fluids draining onto the pavement
an incomplete pain is the most painful of them all
disease of the skin clutching to the bone
the plant is dead
its leaves are dry
mouse is dead
although you did not hear him die
there is darkness, thick smoke filled air
a doll that bleeds
there is a burning of roots in a special place
mouse is dead, but there is still the body
inside the flesh that could not be killed
inside the flesh that could not be made porn
there is peace in this warm room
hands rest naturally on gentle thighs
bodies in this night
i wish that they sleep with quiet dreams
material shapes around her warm breasts
smooth stomach and into the unseen
and arm resting on curve of the hips
she is lying facing me, she is looking into my eyes. her lips are parted, i
reach out to touch her skin

she has spread her legs wide, so i can see. she shows herself, without feeling

follow blooded white of bone into the inside of the body

onto the legs rests the pelvic bones, which enclose a space

a chamber dark and red

full of moisture rested under weight of smooth flesh

moulded around curves and hollows

and lace support

upon which rests a doll and a severed hand

and inside our wire-frame bodies

there sometimes seems to be nothing, other times something solid inside

she absorbs our pain

bodies cold and clammy lie discarded in ditches

from the stomach to the vagina

fire, alkaline, wish

and when we touch we would feel

inside of ourselves we can be happy and we can be close together

we can be without fear and pain and unhappiness

but there is something we cannot see that separates us

a cell, an empty vessel, a mirror

stretched gut tears

gentle hand

stroking her smooth body

i wasn't thinking of anything

with my finger inside her

except, i just want her to feel pleasure

and my blood rushes

there is something incommunicable

about being inside someone

there is something moving inside, something gentle and receptive

sometimes i do not know what i feel

i fear a pressure

a tiny hand holds a birdwing, placing it in the birdnest, because that is all that can be done now the bird is dead

i dream that we are lying together and we feel no doubt

i dream that one day i will travel to a desert, where in places symbols are engraved in the sand

i can see very clearly empty windowless rooms with thick heavy doors whose hinges have long since petrified, leaving the doors slightly ajar, but impassable. smoke filled air in which nightmares are held in suspension, warmth and blood light with no source drifting through imperceptably slowly, translucent and ghost-like stairs which wind up and down in all directions through the levels, shadows under which ashes shift and slip between the cracks, crumbling stone walls whose foundations descend far from sight

this was my home, i found peace here, a very long time ago

and in the cellars where there is neither light nor air, there will still be rows and rows of containers stacked up to the ceiling, perfectly sealed and never opened

when we sleep sometimes our bodies curl up into a foetus form, and if we could remain conscious whilst deep in sleep, we would feel an invisible

warm blood on our skin and see our thoughts rise like bubbles from
breathing in the depths

doll is what i found,

briefly before returning her to a quiet place

i wanted to explain

the space between us which causes pain

i made a map of this space

but now it is being torn apart

its pieces lie all around like a shattered vase

like the doll it describes

and her feelings it created

it is broken so that it can be put back together again

although she was not so easy to mend as i thought

in fact it is near impossible

if we wanted to keep things as they were (as we had wanted them to be)

and let memories rest in peace

which we know can't be done so it is just a question of arranging the
broken pieces as best we can

if we look to chemistry to heal what we cannot heal ourselves

as if we were children back in school, trying to understand periodic tables
of elements

we find that some elements are stable, but together they are all unstable

their order is one of unrest

and compression

when she strains to see inside of herself she sees blood
and impenetrable elements
feelings and memories
remains
inside our bodies there are tight knots which prevent us from saying what
we feel
even in love and happiness
i did not speak when perhaps i should have done
ugly heads might raise up out of the skin and ruin everything
and in a chemical cell bodies lie helpless
i felt i could not change doll text any more, sometimes it feels sad and
happy
today also i was happy
a sense of impending completion
many feelings, i know this is where a fundamental strength of simplicity lies
which i can see growing inside when everything else has been artificially
numbed
doll would know, if she could, that she will never die
her hands reach out in their moulded lines
and even when still our bodies are like babies
moving inside
it is not enough to know all pain and happiness
is internal
please say something to me that will bring us together
between hope and guilt
doll words lie
and doubt is because we feel a pain
between our actions and the things which we want
to measure ourselves
define ourselves
what are we? from raped body to vicious dog
what have we done? there is something else:

although she cannot speak, when i undress her every month she knows
exactly what i want

she wears a different face each time

she strips for him, she is so brave

but tonight he doesn't want her to pretend

he just wants to love her ...

last night she wanted to be held but he held back

and when she feels she sees a tunnel

crawling with fear

he could never understand

because all he sees is darkness inside.

words are placed upon her lips by machines which imitate our thoughts,

we understand how necessary the manipulation is
but in exhaustion we are lonely and feel a strange guilt

i needed your warmth

but i couldn't give you everything you wanted

perhaps because of this i grew sick of ideals

i am sorry for hurting you

'i love you' i never said, until the very end,

i didn't want to reduce it, i didn't want to fool you

i wanted trust

i feared closeness becoming cold

i am afraid of death,

it brings to an end, for now and for perhaps a very long time,

all the good things that could have been done ...

we cannot see any blood

but i can feel my body swelling

i see the flesh but it is not here to touch

i understand now that we can touch without the flesh having form
and feel without doubt
with ever increasing evolution
pornography invades the body
winding barbs into the arms and the legs of my hollow toy doll
sleep now in the arms of make-believe angels,
Faith and Compassion
i took just a little poison
drip by drip
but she had swallowed the lot
i know that she had felt so much pain
i wanted to heal both of us, but found that when i turned to kiss my
sleeping pretty angel,
i gave her love as best i could
but also a hoard of demons, against which i had no antidote
i wanted to show beautiful curves
into which our bodies fall without their skin
i felt that if i could counteract the endless pornographic addiction
something would be created that was purified
of desperation and longing,
images that unify
we have between us only strategies of description and honesty,
blurred vision

self-immolation

our feelings are fixed and battered

but there is something deeper that we need to uncover

underlying this veneer

with depressing regularity it falls to pieces

at the slightest touch of reality

i walked for miles even though it was raining and i felt tired,

i should have been inside in the warmth

but i couldn't rest.

the girl behind the counter saw the glossy cover

perhaps sometimes she had looked inside,

still,

we shouldn't have felt ashamed

she is just like you and me, in the end

she shows her body

but she cannot see who is looking,

nor really understand what they feel

when they are alone with her

she is unaware of what she is doing

but she is well aware of what is said about her,

by people she will never meet.

Diane,

our acts of kindness are bred in our minds somewhere inside
from seeds until we lay them out
hoping for understanding
violence seems random and invisible
our elegance is full of ruin
and unexplained madness
our moralities are diseased and our hopes are false
we do not understand.
our works of beauty contain images of ourselves as we will never see
until it is too late
and we are knifing ourselves
beating our loved ones
murdering our friends, and we are dead
kept alive within by viruses born of torture and animal tissue,
she was bleeding tears, her eyes were torn from the inside
very frightened, when we are cruelly obese
when we fill our guts until they can hold no more
in claustrophobic carriages made of rotten wood,
they were crying in the streets
in churches full of pure water, and our limbs are mechanically emptied
bloodless

full of seeping fluid. a face with sunken eyes and bloodshot stone skin
looks up and sees what we cannot,

abiding warmth inside our cold hearts

is it outside of our gentle and hope filled dreams?

in a room somewhere now

a young girl is tied down,

petrol poured on her breasts and belly

a lighted match between her legs

she is about to be raped

her child split,

is it stronger than what we believe in?

in a quiet stretch of countryside the sound of the plough preparing its
fields,

soft and heavy

earth

breathing

blades, tended and prepared for seeds

inside of ourselves

still warm fluids from our birth

there must be hope, there must be beauty, we say

but in truth,

we are willing to do so little

our hearts are peaceful but needles puncture

if our hearts were pure our cuts would heal ... i see a homeless girl die with
her baby inside

in flames

and a field full of bodies churned up and minced

it feels worse than slow decline, to see inside

a mind in which disease is unavoidable,

if we could see outside of ourselves

under a strange blue light

always a great danger that if i don't find some peace, i will destroy it all

cruel and vicious, immune to guilt.

give me images of starvation,

cruelty in deserted bombed cities

give me a broken relationship,

the cost of sanctions given to us as photographs of dying babies, slipping
through our gut-retching anaesthesia

something inside broke

i can't say exactly when, wet heavy threads just holding

sinking bellies and breasts

something somewhere must have gently snapped to explain why i feel as i
do ...

our hope is absorbed in images of horror

our art is poisoned and reflective, in starvation we are only making things
worse

but we are trying to be honest

paintings made of resin

and more hope than could possibly be contained,

in these flat worlds of mangled bodies and abstracted feelings

a smile from someone is all it takes to protect me from doubt

in the warmth between layers of oil images

our most intimate thoughts

feverish babies

with red infected skins

i wanted the doll to live

its beauty is cruel, if there is any hope then you will see through our differences

believe in me but not necessarily forgive me

believe in me and i will always try to free

intensive care

it is not about finding love or friendship,

it is to be able to construct images

whose clarity would otherwise drive us into suicide, but so carefully prepared we can look upon them and say;

this is true, this is what we are.

there are stories 2000 years old of a great being who had once been human

but who then realised that if we examine the mechanisms of thought, the movement from one to another, then we will find within ourselves that our humanity is nothing more than a fragile shell

we are deluded in thinking that our love is calm,

as the mist clears above the raging surface we could see ourselves

huge sparkling cities of violent insect thoughts

when we are being crushed under the pressure of a million tiny fears, and it is difficult to breathe

it is difficult to move even our finger-tips off the surface

our eyelids are heavy like lead sheets,

it is too late for wishes,

how much are you willing to sacrifice, how deep into the dark waters will you go to be sure that your beliefs are not diseased?

how close to the time are you now when you must finally define your will to live?

i see a hole in the ground

that leads many hundreds of feet into the cold depths

the soil here is thick and clammy, if demons exist then it is here that they live

in moist air

immense dark caves

there is a little light,

reflecting off their huge round eyes, enough for them to see,

when we are asleep and curled up

our warm bodies under the covers but our dreams drifting into spaces where the air is heavy and tight

in warmth

in a heavy flooded cell

inspite of everything,

my hopes give rise to promises

uncontainable medicines, often almost believing that i can come close to
synthesising some of them

in the night-time, i drive myself to exhaustion trying to describe the
beating of a restless heart

lying in bed listening to the constant gentle hum inside,

i see flailing hands and lost bodies floating, but such a long way away

they go down luminous and minute once more

into a huge black depth

a single wish takes form

that we were together, and that our engines of fear will for just a moment
fall silent

i will let your loneliness out of its carefully guarded cage

i will help you take apart your defenses

so that you are no longer immune

and when we are close, joined

i will give you medicine

i will hold you and give you all my strength

i will heal all your pain, if you promise me

you will mend my open wounds

you will kiss me in the dark

you will never leave me,

tell me that my dreams are safe with you

they feed, beaks glistening

torn and separated

they swing around over a bright yellow desert land,

a beautiful young girl holds out her hand, a small lake of deep blue water, a sun high in the sky

burns our skin but we lived there, we were happy,

and when father gave us our first stone, we all looked up

our mother had tears in her eyes

we understood but could not explain, that these stones were special. i realised when it was too late and i was alone, these hearts were kind and loving in a way that has made me what i am, many years later when i found these stones hidden deep inside, they were still sparkling

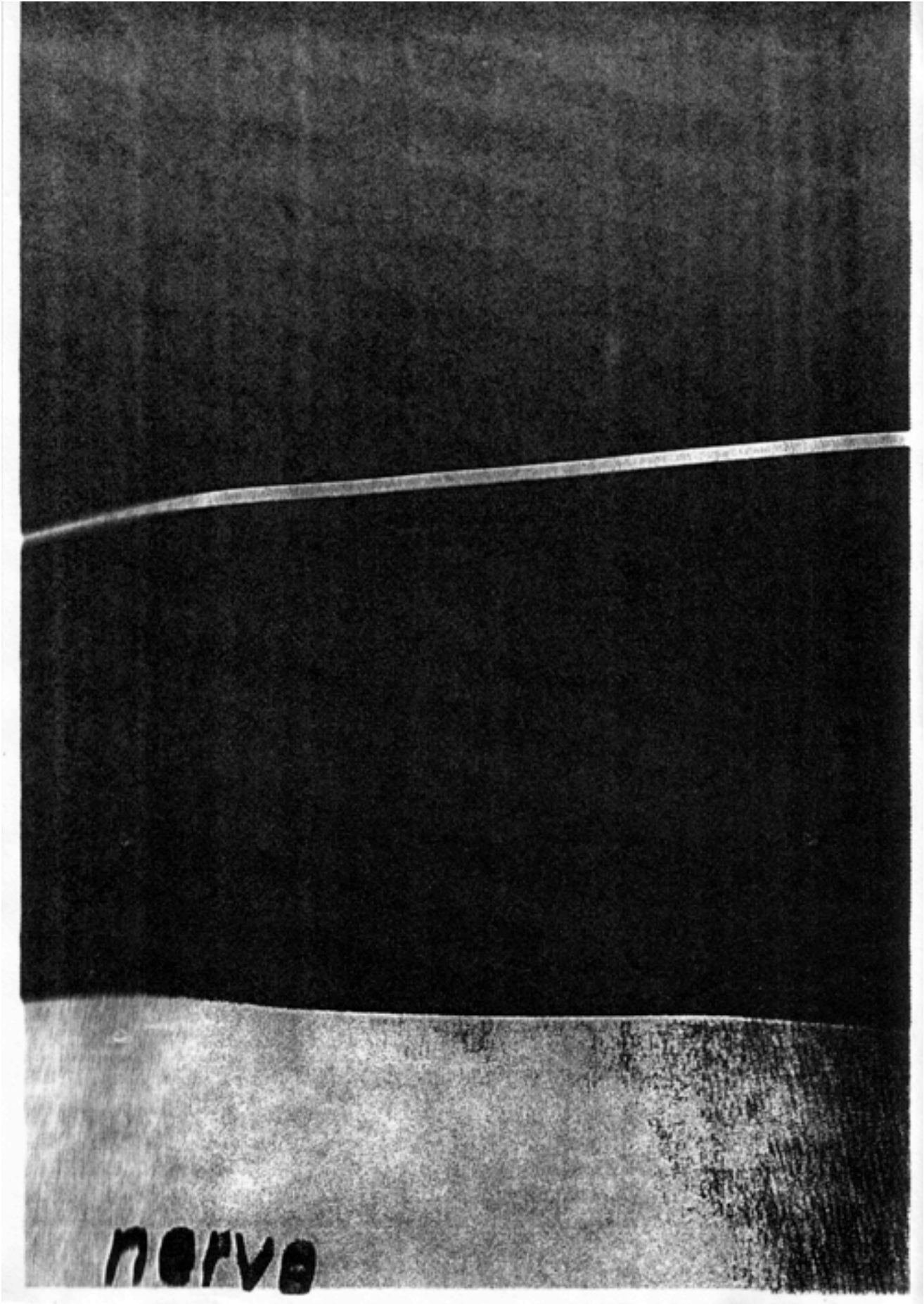
we can generate warmth

in a deep core our elements are inflamed

but these jewels absorb and reform suffering and unhappiness,

warmth which would otherwise leave us when the winter comes around again.

nerve



nerve

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