

**THE BAD SEED**  
**by Dee Sunshine**

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## Candy

### 1.

In the dripping heart, a dull descant beats:  
The ways of ends and means, cross-hatched,  
Concrete, latticed, strapped and lashed,  
The fish hook in arterial flesh, wrenched,  
Thrust, the stretched gut, taut, held fast,  
Quivering a five tone drone, a blue chord,  
A negroid ache  
Under the rock's weight, the chain gang  
Flange, tight tied,  
A cruciform guttered scream:  
This is the way of ends and means;  
This here night that undermines day.

2.

In the dripping heart, an arc of dark fire,  
The penumbra encircling the sun, my dreams  
Infected,  
Black stallions stampeding,  
Trampling down this human flesh,  
Thundering blood over emerald grass:  
Their fearsome masculine fury,  
Trumpeting Jericho, issuing out  
Seven plagues, the seven vengeance  
Of a jealous God;  
Each an Angel, a history,  
A hysterectomy;  
And I am aborted,  
Dissolved in entropy,  
The dark juice of the dark mother -  
She tears the hymen from my eyes.  
Durga, Kali Ma, Candy:  
In the beginning  
You will be the end of me.

### 3.

In delirium tremens and sinking,  
A precognition of my fate:  
And still I wait  
And still I wait,  
The tight fist of viscera  
The hand that hammers  
Blunted nails  
(a heart, after all,  
is only worth its palpitations)  
And still I wait;  
Supine, submissive,  
Stomach clenched  
Arms outstretched.

See the leeches labia  
Indenting these palms, Candy?  
They are waiting  
Only for your giving:  
And this mouth?  
It is parched and bleeding,  
Ever ready to receive  
The spat fragments  
Of your bad seed.

## **The Bad Seed**

### **1.**

This one is sunset red, rich as womb blood,  
Thick as flesh:  
It tastes of fire and sex  
And finger probes the hollow folds  
Of dormant rotten mass  
While eggshell strips are slowly ripped  
With tainted talons and Godless taunts.

The blue is sharp, neon, etheric,  
Cauterising the eyes,  
A topography of dilapidated sky:  
It shrivels the soul  
In static strata -  
The stark vastness  
Of its wide open  
Restless space,  
A question mark?

And this fibre of daffadown yellow:  
It grips and scorches  
The sleeping heart  
With cruel springtime  
Flick knife twists -  
A cabbage moth  
On wings of vacant hope.

These strands of primal colour  
Weaving through light and dark  
Spirals of sunken spectrum:  
A loom of illumination;  
Its cloth,  
A spectral aquarelle  
Of phosphorescent wash,  
An edgeless sfumato rainbow;

Dazzling,  
But ever deceptive  
To the finger's tentative touch.

See this pink one?  
It promises purification:  
The cold calm recollection  
Of selfless, soul-embracing love,  
But do not listen to its lies -  
For like a siren sat on coral rocks  
Its song will surely tempt you  
To the massive heaving shoreline  
And dash your spirit to dust.

And this mossy Kerry green:  
A corrosive mist which dimly caresses  
The steely harp's catgut strings,  
Ringing out a saline tune  
Which rusts the bridge  
Which spans the years  
From battered birth to wistful grave.

And all these colours, a blurred contusion  
And all the polychromatic confusion  
From mother of pearl to brown and grey,  
A myriad hues of every shade:  
From sable strokes on sacking cloth  
And pigment smears of clotted oil,  
The sheeted mirror of wants and needs;  
A lust for life and trust in death,  
A karmic cheque of thoughts and deeds,  
These rainbow ribbons which steal the breath.



## 2.

The web is flexible, but tightly spun,  
Allowing the illusion of movement  
Whilst holding you fast.  
There is the smell of cordite and sweat  
And a vague hint of threat,  
But nothing tangible,  
Nothing you can grasp  
(And anyway, your hands are tied).

You dance in the shaman's shadow,  
A whirling dervish,  
Trailing ribbons in your wake,  
In acid arcs of burning colour.  
You are dancing in a dreamscape,  
A shifting topography  
Of ruined cities, deserts  
And empty highways.  
There is a vague hint of holocaust,  
But nothing tangible  
(And anyway, it's always summer now  
In your dreams).

Imagine then, the book of the dead,  
Lying unread  
On your bedside table.  
Imagine the smells of sex and sweat,  
The upturned cup of blood,  
The vomit pile  
Of black bile flowers.

Now, enter the actor, stage left:  
A cascade of black narcissi  
Clasped to his breast.  
He kisses them in the half light  
With fat petulant lips  
All a pouting;

And plucks them from their stems  
With fickle finger tips  
As his audience watches, delighted,  
In suspense,  
Waiting for something to snap.

And in the unlit back alley  
Where the wind whips up  
The weekend's detritus  
A primal drama is re-enacted:  
Hunter and quarry  
Pirouette  
A pornographic hieroglyph -  
Iconoclastic  
In the stillness of the night.

And then you're back in this city room  
With the rain falling all over the blankets  
And her sobbing beside you,  
A broken doll  
In your thick arms,  
A thesaurus of platitudes  
spilling from your tongue,  
And the echo of a scream  
Ringing round your ears.

Then the contractions come on,  
Tight  
And tighter still:  
There's klaxons and sirens and bells;  
And ribbons, all pretty coloured,  
Blowing about like a bloody jamboree.

### 3.

He was naked on the motorway, running away:  
Tattered fetters trailing from his wrists;  
The sweat dribbling in his eyes,  
Burning.  
He was running blind:  
His head, a blur  
Of cathode radiation.

It was a particularly twisted sadism  
That caused them to inflict upon him  
The hollow brands and blandishments  
Peculiar to their station.  
"Cruel to be kind  
And kind to be cruel." They said,  
Whilst rubbing together  
Their fat glutinous hands  
And secreting saliva  
From involuntary glands.

And all the while inside,  
Deep inside,  
The small boy  
Who's trying to hide:  
The small boy  
They cannot touch  
Who misses his mummy  
Very much.

And through the filthy smog of time  
With all its chaos and its grime  
You want to reach and grab the light  
And assure the boy it'll be alright.

But there's no reaching back now:  
The turnpike here  
Only twists one way  
and the turnpike keeper

Must be paid.

You know these celluloid strips  
Lodged in your brain?  
They cannot be edited:  
Only played  
Again and again and again.

4.

They made him take the ribbons in his hands  
And tie them up in patterns and proportions  
With numbers and common denominations  
In fractious factions  
Associated with corporations  
Where mumbo jumbo preachers preached:  
"Each according to his station"  
And pointing pedants each repeated  
A list of rules and regulations  
While tangents curved their measured arcs  
Of quadratic inequation  
(and this indeed they deigned to call  
A 'comprehensive' education).

They said it was good for him, this.  
They said it was good, but he never heard.  
He just went right on crying  
On and on about the dead bird:  
The dead bird on the splattered tarmac,  
All red blood and neon green.

So they tied him up and made him smile  
and stuffed his head with cotton wool  
And filled him up unto the brim  
With whisky, sex and gold.  
They said that it was good for him,  
Good for him to be a man:  
So he smiled & drunk & fucked & fought  
And placed a mask upon his face.

And when at last he was undone  
They let him go upon his way,  
Past the turnpike and the toll  
Then over the hills and faraway.

5.

He watched,  
In shock,  
The black bird  
Spiral and fall  
And crash,  
Crash black  
Into the tarmac:  
A slash of black  
Thru' a sky  
Of silver and neon.

Sweet bird of death,  
Sweet bird  
In a sick green world.

He stooped over  
And watched:  
So unable to touch.

Charcoal thing,  
So little  
In its broken wings  
With its broken eyes  
And broken beak.

Charcoal  
In the charnel soil:  
Falling and flailing  
In short sharp gasps  
Of the nervous end.

**6.**

These brackish waters  
Do not slake the thirst,  
Nor put out  
The acid fires  
That burn the holes within.

7.

This bird is shallow shadow:  
A grey echo, receding,  
Retreating into grey dawn -  
Its bleached bones, broken;  
The gawping beak  
Singing no song.



**8.**

This seed has grown within:  
A barren twisted tree;  
Its roots thrust into acrid soil;  
Its branches flocked  
With winged cadavers  
Who fuck and fight  
And eat and shite  
Under awnings  
Of rotten blossom  
And disappointed fruit.

9.

The girl with the sugarsweet smile  
Is no longer sweet or smiling:  
Her face is copper green,  
Scrubbed clean  
Of all expression;  
Any lingering trace of secretion  
Has neatly been showered away.

The only tangible impression  
Of any emotion  
Is seen in the trembling of hands;  
And these you imagine  
Viciously pulling,  
Tighter and tighter,  
The ribbons around your brain.

**10.**

In the pissing river,  
Drinking the dust  
Into your lungs:  
Penitent  
Arched  
And straining;  
And all the while  
The pissing river  
Raining  
Raining  
Raining.

**11.**

Upon the terracotta ribbon strand  
The Angel entreats him,  
Silently pleading:  
"Behold the lamb of God!"

The lamb stares blindly out  
From bleeding inward eye,  
Crying aloud: "My God, My God,  
Why didst thou deceive me?"

Oil black crow  
Sweeps a parabola arc  
Crashing black  
Into the tarmac.

The motorway is empty, eerie:  
He treads the tarmac wordlessly,  
Ether & blood & ice  
Pumping to the rhythm of the night.

The Angel, all-knowing,  
But elusive,  
Gives a knowing look:  
Alludes to the good seed  
Buried safe  
Behind the looking glass.

Crumpled by gravity,  
He peers gravely  
Into the glass:  
A pool of fool's gold.

The crow,  
Black and majestic,  
Laughs;  
And in one swift  
Mercurial leap,

Impales the lamb  
Upon his beak.

**12.**

Stranded on the central reservation,  
Soaked in oily spindrift,  
With the seagulls calling:  
Black waves crash  
Upon shifting sands  
And the sun beats down,  
Relentless.

Along the strand,  
Shimmering in heat haze,  
An Angel approaches,  
Beckoning.

Then she's gone:  
Just the motorway remaining;  
And in the depths of sky,  
No stars,  
No fire -  
Only the pissing river,  
Raining  
Raining  
Raining.

**13.**

Her eyes are red and dry:  
The war rages  
In the dark corners  
Of her head.

Mirrors and windows are sheeted:  
Shadowy figures mourn  
The passing  
Of the dead.

**14.**

He kisses her hair  
And says: "there there"  
But his mind is elsewhere.

He blows an indifferent whisper  
Into the depths of her ear  
And little shivers run thru' her,  
Like the shivering of waves  
On a cold blue sea.

Her eyes are pools:  
Her mouth, a river;  
Her body, an ocean.  
He treads her restless shoreline,  
Uneasily naked,  
A starfish grasped  
In his soft wet hand.

Fumble fingered,  
He strokes it;  
And filaments of dust  
Detach and fall,  
Feathery as spindrift.



**15.**

She talks about her father;  
And the dislocation  
In the faraway spaces  
Behind his eyes.  
Her voice is soft,  
Almost sobbing:  
It murmurs like the riptide.

Her father had strange eyes:  
He was a stranger  
From a faraway place.

She touches her breast,  
Cries a broken doll cry,  
"Papa, papa."  
Her eyes glaze,  
Skin flowers red:  
"Love me, love me," she says.

Her body thrashes beneath him:  
An angry ocean,  
Swollen  
And torn open.

**16.**

They fuck on the motorway:  
The crows go wild  
And fly away.

She is cool, blue-eyed:  
Slow as a river in floodtide.

The process is sad and unending:  
A funeral procession  
Thru' childhood streets;  
Past crumbling buildings  
And open closemouths  
Where lovers trade  
Darkling kisses,  
Shaky and bursting.

His eyes are ashes,  
His lips, dry:  
The birds are scattered;  
A flurry of black wings  
Clattering  
Against a rusted metal sky.

Loneliness creeps upon him,  
Wraps her tarry arms  
Around his broken frame  
And drags him further in.

**17.**

She whispers her panic into his ears:  
Endless channels and passages  
Into empty space.  
He is dreaming in empty space.

They fuck  
In blind, groping fury,  
Clinging together:  
They come together  
And come apart.

Her tears are a dream in empty space.  
Her song is sung  
And everything is done and undone.

They hold onto each other:  
They hold on for dear life.

## **Home Is Where The Harpic Is**

Abraxas is curled up in the corner,  
Sniggering idiot child,  
Dreamer of uncertain destinies.

He weaves a tappist finger of smiles  
Twists pretty  
And traps the shiny thread  
In echoes of kitchen sinking.

Here then is the unfolding:  
The dissolution of subtext  
And subterfuge;  
A spindrift riptide  
Dragging you ever under.

## A Diet Of Worms

Twists pretty face fine featured,  
Walks on fragrant heels,  
Bubbles wine & laughter  
All over the place;  
And coy depreciating smiles  
To all the boys...  
I strangle her in my sleep.  
Heavy dreams & wired perception,  
In heat,  
Helter skeltered  
Thru' the bedclothes  
And touched her ivory hands  
And (*and she wasn't there, never there*)  
Cried out  
For the warm breath of light,  
Light in the dark,  
Mother mother,  
And wished sweet sleep to overcome,  
To douse with clear water  
The flame that fires this frenzy  
And twists the knot untwisted  
From the brow  
Of head  
Of dead dead  
Of red raw screaming,  
Thrashing in the naked sweat,  
Arms and limbs and sex,  
Bursting,  
Thirsting  
For the touch of a cold clean hand,  
Mother mother,  
Pulling back the blankets,  
Squirming in the wet raw  
Sticky stuff.

\* \*

Enough, enough!  
I smash silver fingers  
For mirrors of light,  
Scrape cinder night  
From the pit:  
Admit defeat,  
Let me sleep!  
Let me sleep!  
Let me sleep!

\* \*

Joe silver talks rhyme  
& nonsense, whisky  
& deliverance.  
He wakes in the city  
With crap on his hands  
And stares in the mirror.  
Oh mother!  
I drive thru' the forest,  
Thru' shadows of  
Blackness of night,  
For a fuck in penitence,  
In a black hearth,  
In a black soul.

\* \*

Whisky & wine smelling  
Mother lover,  
She would take me  
To her jasmine bed  
And smother me  
In her milky limbs.

\* \*

Alone, unresolved, fevered,  
I burst in symphony,  
Black & white,  
Crawling thru' the bushes  
With no name,  
With the starling's cry  
In the snake awakening asphalt  
Cracked & sunken city.

## Motorway Ghost

Monosynthesis, this raw jazz in sherbet fizzed arteries  
Of motorway madness and inarticulated, sublimated rage,  
This flesh pulped in God's hands, the saviour surgeon  
Who makes and unmakes us in his own image,  
These prayers of the dying in copperplate arabesques,  
Fingers throttling the wheel, knuckles blanched,  
Kilometres blurred in the rushing of seconds,  
Jaw clenched, tongue dry: ich bin, ich bin,  
Ich bin uber alles, a swastika tattoo  
Where the heart used to be, a gold plate tie pin  
Pinning back black tie to daz white shirt.  
These prayers of the dead, embossed gothic initials  
Tasteful coppertone, black leather Armani briefcase,  
Celluloid images Rorschach strobed on retina  
Steroid stimulants insidiously corroding cavernous tracks  
Through marshmallow concrete into the depths of cerebellum,  
Ich bin, ich bin nichts, a swastika catherine wheel  
In the sluice ducts of the sacral chakra,  
Gas pedal crushed to floor, adrenaline flooding  
Carburettor compressing explosions of thin black blood,  
The porn mag in the briefcase bulging  
Air brushed tits and gloss cunt passively waiting,  
Tarmacadam sweeping by in rainwet streak,  
God's semen fertilising the sleeping earth,  
Ich bin, ich bin alles, tomorrow belongs to whom?  
L.C.D. blinks on and off, a bland heartbeat,  
Time passing between service stations and junctions,  
Cutting up some withered old prick hogging the fast lane,  
Raging with the raw jazz blood thumping amphetamine,  
Tongue desert dry, swallowing motorway dust,  
Adam's apple pumping like a sheared piston,  
Paradise forgotten, the fruit rotten and maggot ridden,  
Speeding on, into the grey wet sunset,  
From city to city and coast to coast,  
A zeitgeist refugee, a formless, unholy ghost.



## **The Apple Eater**

I am falling into your cold glossy arms,  
In love with your loveless eyes,  
In awe of your plastic passion:  
A palsied fool  
Tumbling down  
Into empty wells of empty promise,  
Into the deep soulless abyss.

## **From The Wondrous Burgh Of Eden Another Angel Falls.**

Ether sky on Cramond Promenade/ sun sinking into cold darkness/  
oil black firth/ carious mouth/ its halituous breath stinging the eyes.

Tiredness in bones & head. The raw, filthy tiredness of chemical entropy. And the dreams & visions are far away. Over the hills and faraway. This. This. And that. Cauterised hopes. Pissing on cathartic fire. Cramped viscera. Ureic secretion. Dyscentric megababble. A toppled tower. A burnt library. A pile of words. This high. This. This. This & that. Sun sinking beyond dear green place. Saturated silhouette. Irreverent reverie. Penumbraic memorababble. A severing of tongues: dissection of brains. A hundred tribes trampling down the green grass. Shards. Slivers. The shattering of the glorified glass cow. The almighty lord, well displeased. The residents, diseased. A thousand plagues upon their heads. A thousand curses on the turncoat renegade.

*Tap once, tap twice. There's no place like home.*

Acid tripping thru' Pilton Paradise. Skyscrapers scraping fibres of skin from the sky. Track marks down gangrenous veins. Empty Eldorado. Thunderbirds are go. The tough get going. Junked out on the briny Forth. Vultures circling high above, cutting arcs of stark black rainbow. Unclean rain silting up the river. The river running past Eve & Adam. A river of melted black macadam.

Shock sore eyes. Dirty dishes piled high. This high. In my sink of damaged dreams. Twenty dead salmon in rich deep crimson blood, thrashing angrily in stainless steel captivity: staring with accusing eyes.

*This fish never swam. This tree never grew. This bell never rang.  
This pair wee chookie bird never flew.*

The waters wash over. Saline detergent. I emerge, less than clean. sun sinks down, red & blistered, west of destiny. Beyond the queen's ferry. Vagina rex. God save her. And on, on into the

sallow, slipping, listless, lapping, unfrothed waters. Spume  
spewing from unfine oil refineries.

I dip my spent wick. This. That. This & that. This clock goes 'tic  
toc'. The sun unwinds, turns back, turns black; and another angel  
falls.

## **Ma Durga's Lament**

All my children are drowning:  
Time is a river  
And the television is violent,  
Full of broken promises.

The moon has fallen into the gutter;  
And even the flowers are laughing,  
Hysterical,  
Brittle as my broken children.

## Red Dreams And Razorblades

Imagine.

I see the hero-figure/ hear the wind on the window/  
Feel it cold on my feet/ I'm frightened/ on my own  
again.

Christmas.

Christ was born on the cross! Everywhere  
These grey, sick, evil faces - grotesque masks -  
Down every street you walk.  
"Where," I ask, "Is the salvation?"  
I've asked this question so many times,  
It reverberates in my skin, in the sky,  
In the walls of this room: an unholy AUM,  
Create, maintain, destroy. Create, maintain, destroy.  
This pattern repeats ad infinitum,  
But why?

*Once I thought I touched God...*

*But it may just have been psilocybe psychosis  
Or touching into someone else's dreams.*

The ghoststeps and lullabybebes are in my bone soul:  
Their voices, like the dribbling away of sand.  
And out in the hall, there's something weird/ wired...  
And there is no connection to my body  
Which is pulsing on its own.

*And now, I'm coasting over the city skyline;  
And far down below  
Scrabbled in the corner of a room,  
A small boy, crying.*

I am numb, sucked in by flashes of astral blue.  
Abraxas is crouched over me, whispering pictures  
Into my eyes:  
*My father's thunderface;*

*My mother and her sweet razor.*

Abraxas touches me. His hand inscribes  
A pentacle on my forehead,  
A stab of ice  
In my solar plexus.  
I burn, I melt: I die a little.

*The mist plays on my tongue.*

*I must have more.*

I suck heavy on a cigarette/ drown down the feeling  
Again/ struggle to obliterate the silence/  
But I falter  
And the silence turns against me.  
An unseen hand writes on the sheeted mirror:  
*Red Dreams And Razorblades.*  
Red dreams: the mess that razors made.

I cut myself away from me  
In the name of freedom  
But ended up  
Chained & bound.

These ribbons round my wrist  
Cut and burn and twist,  
But I am numb.  
*I feel nothing.*

I want to run away, become a machine:  
I'm sick of stumbling.  
I shall sleep no more:  
I am a beggar on midnight street.

*See these hands?*

*They are blue-white, bloodless lard.*

*I hold them out: my eyes pleading.*

*See these rib bones protruding?*

*I am hungry.*

*No-one will feed me.*

I don't want death.  
I don't want rebirth.  
I want Brahman:  
perfection, freedom and love.

*All I've got is embarrassment & cold draughts,  
Chains & masturbation.*

I want flight. Perfect flight.

## Songs Are Like Tattoos

tHIS night/ i am STrUNG up as two cats on heat/ up the  
wALLs & halfway cross the ceiling/ reeling/ three in tHE  
fucked up morning/ screaming (silently, in the silent  
city).

dreams

have

gone

to

sleep.

and a mILLion teleVISION sets  
sits cOLDly, lonely, in forgotten corners/ and i sit, cold,  
alone, in the blue, untalking light/ wishing wishes &  
pissing into the hurricane.

Out there/ in the dARKness/ another window bLAZES out  
tungsten sorrow/ high frequency tension/ a fellow  
sufferer, reviling against mORPHEUS's caress for  
free in the morning, dark madness.

But this is not the Chelsea Hotel/ Joni Mitchell is not  
at her piano, playing "Blue".



## **Not Stillbirth Not Rebirth**

Untouchable night. Rainbows riven & forged  
in rusted iron. Sweet Christ! To be born  
into this! The light mutates into splintering  
silence.

Post-modern. A crown of fibre optic & razorwire.  
Concrete cross on a wasteland. River runs past  
Eve & Adam.

Dreams gear down into underdrive & the city  
skyline is blunted by fathom deep cloud. River  
runs past Eve & Adam. Into sad mire & bogland.  
Here, in this untactile, tactful, unplaceable  
place, every face is the mother-smothered mask  
of a solicitor, cast in a grimace of distaste.

Here, there's no explosion of laughter, no riot  
of colour: only the supped cup of numbness &  
quiet disquiet. The river trickles like a slag silted  
tearduct: lustless & lacklustre. The television  
articulates our fears & lack of hope: now that  
paradise has been lost; and poor wee Alice has  
been sucked out of the looking glass.

## **White Hand**

My china white  
Horseshoe hand  
Writhes still  
In the moonlight.  
Silver winged  
Fingers glow  
Translucent.

Little buds of blood  
Grow & bloom  
& flourish:  
Florid scars  
Decay in parabola;  
A half-life  
Half-cock  
Entropy.  
My cup  
Overfloweth.

## **Black Night**

Bones saturated in darkness,  
Degenerating,  
A faint trail of decay,  
Ephemeral dust  
Of half life:  
A ghost voice calls.

Echoes, half way up  
Or half way down  
This mountain.

Mother, the napalm is burning up  
Inside my dead head  
And all the angels are coming  
To tuck me up in bed.

I dream these echoes,  
Treading dead wood water,  
Misty & forgetting.

Mother is in the flower garden  
Drinking pink gin, she stares  
Dead eyed at a dead world.  
She is dead for all the world  
To see.

### **Opium Haiku #1**

Drugged on their death beds  
They worship the puppet king  
Chanting for God's blood.

### **Opium Haiku #2**

Junk head stares vacant  
Black crater eyes reflecting  
The black void of sky.

### **Night Haiku #1**

Pregnant moon, chill night  
Clouds scratched across a clear sky  
Stream's voice in debate.

### **Night Haiku #2**

The stark moon weeps soft  
Luminescent, fathomless  
Tears of starless loch.

## **Lived As Time Emits A Devil**

The sand sinks you under:  
The moon ages,  
But does the mirror?

You eat sick dinner  
And swallow bitter  
The silver slivers.

Quietly flows the river now,  
Carrying little boats  
Out to sea.

The television violates  
Clear space, breaking  
The bird in your heart.

## **She Holds Herself So Tight The Skin Turns White**

she holds herself so tight the skin turns white/  
the skin so tight, she curls/ an embryo form/  
a curve of laughter behind mirrors/ she agonises  
her agonies/ washes herself in moonlight/ her  
body bleached/ curled up pale upon the rocks/  
a whisper of finger, curled on her breast.

her hair is black, oil black/ witch's hair, her  
hair/ her cunt hair is a finger/ cool blue finger/  
drawn with lipstick licks/ her eyes are black/  
black as jasmine oil/ black as inside out mirrors.

her eyes are black as a jazz song/ her skin as  
white as the crone moon/ inside her, the moon  
is an ocean.

inside her, the baby seed grows/ she vomits/  
collapses in a heap of her vomit.

the cigarette burns down/ his hand is motionless,  
curled round his metal penis.

the ocean does not wash her body smell/ does not  
wash away the jasmine, sweat and come/ it breaks  
her body on sharp white rocks.

her laugh is a thousand splinters.

white rocks, white body, white moon/ the blue sky  
is too blue/ it hurts the eyes/ too blue, like the  
waters breaking on her shoreline.  
    she dreams that she's an island.

the sky is too blue/ the grass is too green/  
too green, like the too green snake which slithers  
on its belly thru' the too green grass.

the trees are black/ just right/ black, like her  
witch's hair/ the trees reach up and reach up.

she holds herself tight/ her skin, white/ tight/  
taut/ an embryo form curving/ carved from mirror.  
her belly is ripe, but the milk is sour.

\* \* \* \* \*

her glass gown was too long, too tight/ she should  
have danced all night.  
oh baby, oh baby, please!/ his voice teased  
her clothes to splinters.

\* \* \* \* \*

her black hair dangles loose/ untied of its rainbow  
ribbons/ black hair against white skin/ lipstick  
lips painted on a bloodless face.

cunt red/ the lipstick kisses on his brass torso/  
"oh baby baby please"/ cunt juice acid on his brass  
cock/ glass splinters in his hand/ glass/ brass/  
glass/ fragments of carriage clock/ a chronological mockery.

chronos: the god who sucks the soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

the ballroom is empty/ masks & broken glass on the  
polished floor/ the caretaker sweeping up/ his  
uniform, blacker than the night.

she is eggshell/ laughing/ washed up/ white/  
her hair, black as bitumen, reeking of jasmine  
oil.

he is brass, skeletal/ robed in black/ black  
as kristallnacht.



she is oval glass/ splintering/ fragmenting  
to the dead moon's call.

he stretches out his metal fingers/ they are  
all for the grabbing/ greedy baby/ his only wish:  
impregnation.

\* \* \* \* \*

oh baby baby please/ the black semen saturating  
the milky egg/ his naked brass body, suddenly  
limpid/ the acid seed in her belly/ fragments of  
metal & glass scattered across the polished wood  
floor/ luminous brass/ opaque glass.

he sings in his sleep/ oh baby baby, I'm begging  
you please.

she listens to the moon and the waves in her  
belly.

she cries a river of glass and jasmine oil.

in her palm/ a sliver of glass/ the wound, a cunt/  
a stigmata/ a reminder: there is no joy that cannot  
be broken.

for every cocktail there is a crucifixion.

\* \* \* \* \*

she is white, cold, alone/ the baby grows inside  
her/ a monstrous incubus, sucking the life out of  
her.

she is eggshell bits, splinters of glass,  
specks of moonlight/ all wrapped up in dead white  
skin.

the caretaker sweeps her up/ into his plastic bag/  
black/ black as the devil's seed/ he sweeps her up  
with all the weekend's detritus/ bottles, cans,  
cigarette packets, condoms & paper hankies/ lipstick  
containers, masks and fragments of brass & glass.

he pushes his brush languidly thru' all the  
trash/ whistling his favourite pop song/ oh baby,  
oh baby please/ i'll get down on my knees...

she curls up in a thousand splinters/ curls up in  
the rubbish of a thousand dreams/ she only wanted  
to dance/ she only wanted to dance.

the crone moon calls her/ calls the waves in  
her belly/ she curls up/ cramps/ the skin ripples/  
taut/ tortured/ impaled/ she holds herself/ tight/  
she holds herself so tight the skin turns white.

## **Stalemate**

The evil king is  
Dead of soul  
& black of night:  
A swastika tattoo  
Where the heart  
Used to be.  
He bows down  
& worships  
His shipwrecked mind.

## **Alone And In Tatters**

The moon curls in upon itself,  
Enfolding the light,  
Tight into her barren belly.  
The telly flickers  
Icy white and bright blue,  
Casts shadows of my skeletal frame  
Onto the blank walls of this bedsit room.

Alone then, am I,  
Gazing beyond city chimney stacks  
At the darkening dome of sky,  
Shivering  
In the misty misery of solitude:  
All my bridges are painted over now,  
The fields are flooded with salt rain  
And the cows are no longer milking.

## Harbour Of Still Waters

If in this doll's house ever I scream out  
I am gagged with marshmallow clouds  
And made to smile.

I am bright light,  
Golden violet,  
A stream of snowmelt,  
My head filled with rainbows.

Swallows, slow motion,  
Flit over marigold fields  
And father grins into the fireplace,  
Whisky hazed and mellowed.

Bruises have paled to blush  
And broken cups have been swept up:  
Everything is tidy now.

I am happy,  
Happier than I ever thought I could be:  
In this bubble no trouble can touch me.

I am safe:  
Away from the pulsebeat,  
The throb and drone  
Of clashing machinery.

I dream here:  
It is always summer now in my dreams.

## **Night Follows Day Follows Night Follows...**

Isn't it good to know that everything follows the pattern?  
That we are snug and secure in our little nest egg:  
That we've got computers and duties and securities;  
And insurance policies too.

Isn't it good that we've got this far?

Isn't it good that night follows day and day follows night?

And haven't we got far? We've got names for the atoms  
And names for the stars.

Isn't it good we've dispensed with superstition  
For the sweet vision of rationality: the ice cream dream  
Of consumption? I mean, every man must have a house.  
Every man must have a car.

Night follows day without a nightmare it seems.

Yes, we've got drugs that rub out the bad dreams.  
Everything is, just as it seems:  
Everybody is happy nowadays.

## **The Sylkie Boy**

Whispering. Wishing. With the water washing  
over.

Swish swish. I wish, I wish. And him limp, listless. Lying lumpen  
and leaden; deadened, decaying.

No, not even praying: not anymore.

An ocean for a wishing well. White sands yellowing in the foam.  
And the water comfortably warm: of woman, of womb. Sucking  
and  
sliding. Creeping up and sifting away.

And his head muggy with words and wishes. Fishes and kisses.  
Sandcastles and siren's singing. The sun beating down.

And somewhere distant someone laughing.

The water licking his back with its clammy tongue.  
The wind carrying soft syllables. I wish, I wish.  
And his feet bobbing in the water.

And him tasting, not tasting, the water in his mouth.  
The briny effluence, analgesic and addictive:  
Drinking it into his lungs.

Now floating so sweetly, under the water, with the fishes.  
Laughter and singing, undulating.  
Heady as mulled wine  
Or the first kiss of a cigarette.

Drifting. Twisting with the eddies. Not feeling. Not seeing.  
Not waving. Not caring. No.

Not even praying.

Not anymore.

## **Autumn In Florence**

In the grape garden,  
Wistful dreaming,  
A sallow content settles,  
Musty as Amaretto.

The men play cards,  
Watch television:  
Their faces wrinkled,  
Brown as walnuts.

The breeze scatters  
Russet leaves,  
Blackbirds rain down  
Grapes from heaven.

The stormclouds gather,  
Heavily laden:  
Thunder rumbles close,  
Dark as an omen.



## **A Minor Return**

Soft, wet flesh night. A christening.  
Seminal birthpangs in bed of apple  
eating dreams. Cunt taste. Clitoral  
tang. Fading into morning. Strewn  
sheets. Half unpacked bags. Settled.  
Unsettled. A sack of memories and a  
big stirring spoon. Expectations.  
Beyond the here & now. Not sleeping.  
Sun rising. Acid colourless light.  
The walls conspire to breathe. And  
I feel breathless, restless: listening  
to the dull beating heart of this  
sleeping, strange, too familiar city.

## **Waiting For Winter**

I look at you & you look at me:  
Murky faced reflection;  
Turning, twisting grey,  
Dreaming of faraway.  
Timeless, listless, frozen:  
Emptied out into the ocean.

We are faraway, miles away:  
Hands outstretched,  
Not touching.

## **In A House Of Fire**

Away from the scorched sky  
In the entrails of this cave  
Even the darkness is red  
Jewels fade into bloodless flowers  
And the strange stench  
Of fathom-deep places and fear.

Tensing a calloused hand  
The senses untouched  
Tongue cleft and parched  
Utters cursed penitence  
For a cloudburst.

The acrid soil, I spill  
The split seed tumbles yellow  
Brittle dust scratches  
Retinal fireflashes  
Scours the sad skin  
Withering and vacant

## **Apple Maggots**

I shall purge myself,  
Scour my insides  
with caustic fire,  
Tear the hair  
From my head;  
And bleeding,  
Walk naked  
Thru' the jeering  
Heaving mass.

## Valium Sunset

Rainbows & spindrift. The clouds roll in.  
Headshroud. I roll another decadent cigarette  
And head for the doorstep of wheeling whirling  
chaffinches. Press siren bells into my skull.  
I try to teach them to sing. Tame & tune.  
Touch the big noise of hallucination. Sweating  
in the sterile sitting room. Blue-grey carpet.  
Brown sofa & chairs. Headpulse. Taste of  
stodge on the tongue. The lover driftdreams  
in glossy magazine. I take scissors and mutilate  
obscure truths, torn and cut, from the wildest,  
crudest, most alluring lies. The lipstick  
blowjob. Power make up. Powder, pigment &  
whalefat. Paint cuntlip licks over my eyes and  
am sublimely blind. Crawling over cesspits  
in the flickering television light. Dead soul.  
Crater eyed lust. Sweet bird of death. Rainbow  
knotted round my throat. Listlessly lying  
on the rim of the black lipped pit. Abraxas  
wants me to fly, but won't lend me his wings.

## **To Be Burning**

Day of thunder,  
Thor's domain:  
I am full of fire,  
Dreams of raw bone.

Waking screaming,  
I fly swallow tailed  
Thru' locked wards:  
Shaking cobwebs  
And stained linen;  
Naked into  
The thrashing wind.

The sea women haunt me  
With suicidal melodies:  
Songs of the crone moon  
Echo in their womb blood.

The frost lays barren  
My grape garden,  
Grips it in iron jaws.  
The sun whispers  
Promises of abundance  
And purification.

I cannot stand  
This tenderness:  
It unloops me.

I leap up  
And kiss the clouds,  
Drink the burning waters,  
Surrender,  
Wave a white flag:  
Unseen, in the white wastes  
Of frozen night.

## **Awaiting The Storm**

I skulk away from the sky,  
Hide under a rock shelter,  
Look out  
Over the stagnant pools,  
Wait  
For the rain to come.

And, you know,  
I never thought  
It would happen like this:  
Those old sylvan warriors  
Are waiting for me,  
Round the corner.

They have no weapons,  
Only red brittle faces  
With half-smiles  
And words  
Which I barely understand.

## **Pre-Birth**

A pissing spring. Bitter evening.  
February. The cruellest month.  
Dry desperation. I want, I want.  
I want to rip bloody strips  
From the hand that thinks it feeds.

The sky cracks open, orange flame:  
A premonition. Neon spewed forth  
Over bleak terrain. Arid piss.  
Angry bile in constricted throat.  
I want, I need.  
I want to tear my head off  
& throw it in the pissing river.



## **Lotus**

Kissing two in the morning  
With some foreign urgency  
In my blood,  
As if I were to crack  
The stone silence of dawn  
And draw out  
A thousand petalled flower.

## **The First Trumpet**

Dawn cracks open  
The last of days,  
The Ganga flows  
Apocalyptic  
Past funeral pyres,  
Thru' crumbling towns.

The lovers burn  
Umbilical threads,  
Burst stars  
And empty bottles  
In sleeping halls.

## The Last Laugh

Hiding in the shrubbery  
Palms down, eyes closed  
Waiting for the hunting horse,  
White & crystal  
& salt mane sweeping  
& witch burning eyes.

Waiting for the cold blood  
Knife in the guts  
& twist, twist twice  
& then  
Just nothing -  
Empty  
Ethereal.

Waiting & wanting  
Craving the cut  
& thrust;  
The thunder,  
The dying sigh,  
The scream  
& the silence.

Waiting behind the leaves,  
Leaving behind the dreams,  
Dreaming behind the mask. She says:  
*I got the last laugh -*  
*I got the last laugh on you.*

## Rebirth

In the dark crimson cellar I crawl.  
A fistful of miseries. Knees crammed into  
jawbone. Simulation of stillbirth rage.  
Not gently into that good night. Old man  
of harrowed bone & grinding incisors.

These splintered teeth. The soft fat torn  
from foetid meat. Cold granite chewed to pulp.

*Oh! I hear no skylark sing. In death, I need  
no nourishment. No joyous spring. No fountain.  
No snow-capped, clear-aired mountain.  
I am what I eat: rotten meat.*

Behind this ragged cuntflap I wait, a pale saint,  
for judgement.

Incarnate. In babywet flesh, new pink hope &  
forgetting. A recycle of milky tit, girning &  
bedwetting. A bloodletting. My mammary mammy  
screams out: *it's coming, it's coming*. I kick  
out & bite my tiny fists. Raging out of that  
dark good night. Drunk on the somnolent river  
of no returning. Pushed. Secreted. A thunder  
storm of scalding hot, damp, loving muscle.

*Oh! My watery expended mother cries: a boy.*  
No joy. I peer in tear-smeared terror at the  
too bright, too white world. Blur of monstrous  
purple faces. Tinnitus scouring of ears.  
I roar. Not going gently to that good light.  
Unintelligible: in fear, loathing & smacked  
arse pain. My first breath: *oh fuck, not again!*

## Rainbow Thunder

*MOURNFUL HEAD. MORNING HEAD. RAINBOW BLISTERS ON YR FINGERS.* Stretch up to heaven and yawn a big yawn into the wild blue window. Snatched back yr scratched bag. Big sex grin as you throw yrself out of the covers: all period blood and sperm smell wafting up to nicotine nostrils. Rainbows & dreams all over yr eyes. You were Kerouac last night, jumping a freight train across the mid-west, irony on yr face & meat in yr belly. You leapt across the quantum and over the moon. Drift dreaming beyond the precipice. You uplift. You live. Talking in tongues. Raving like a fucking madman. Tic-talking. You chuck yr watch over the Talahatchy River, train thumping by, obliterating the sharp shattering cacophony of watchspring and glass.

Kali tells you it will thunder, but you don't know. Always there is that pressure in yr head. The sound of sirens, bells and screams: a tumour of tension and dreams... and always you are running like fuck, running away; a murder of blue-black crows in yr hair.

Freedom. Freedom to feed yr dreams. Tinnitus head. Dreaming head. *I AM MISTER RAINBOW*, you say, *I AM THAT BIG!*

## Lament For Crow

If we could fill it up:  
the black void  
in my bleak  
blackened  
heart -  
soot blasted  
glasgow dreaming  
blue eyed boy.

Gorse and heather:  
Wind blows thru'  
Leaking arteries.

Blood.  
Bile.

I love you  
*but I've forgotten yr name.*

Hold me forever  
In yr sweet  
Sweat stained  
Shadow.

Ghost moon brooding:  
silhouette of black bird.

*And I dreamed  
all of this  
before.*

## **Birth**

I struggle with you  
Words of stone  
Thru' the cuntwound  
Of type bruised  
Finger flesh.

Every story, every poem  
A labour,  
A fiery birth.

*My sweet babies.*

Sweet sticky babies,  
Filthy  
& beautiful  
In the blood  
& heat  
& joy  
Of orgasm  
& afterbirth.

## **Bike**

Boy with earring  
(gold skull) laughing,  
swinging thru' the streets,  
too happy  
for commuters,  
faceless buildings,  
computers.

He could have ended up  
dead in a back alley,  
but he always said  
he'd rather have a bike  
any day.



## **Dream Eclipses Reality**

Yesterday I painted  
Great big happy faces  
On all the skyscrapers  
In the Gorbals...  
And what if skyscrapers  
Really did scrape  
The sky?  
I would attach paintbrushes  
Dripping with rainbow colours  
To their radio masts  
And lightning conductors.

## **Phaedrus**

I imagine my father is Phaedrus  
And one day he will return  
With paint in his eyes  
And emeralds instead of false teeth.

## **Tindersticks**

Sometimes we touch in the deepest place:  
It is not that blue and red make purple,  
But that colour, freed of itself,  
Can merge with the light.

## **Closing The Door**

Opening the coffin lid, Candy  
Your marbled clotted face  
Appalled me  
And your black cratered eyes  
Stared so,  
Stilling the blood  
For a moment  
There.

Aye, but we buried you, Candy  
In Paris  
In the cemetery  
Where the hippies sat  
Smashed out  
And downcast  
By the lizard king's  
Gravestone.

And they played guitars, Candy  
Sweet rhythmic pulses  
We could have  
Danced away the night to,  
But you were dead, Candy  
And I had to dance  
Alone.

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## About The Author

**Dee Sunshine** (previously known as Dee Rimbaud) is an artist, writer, musician and new age gypsy. He has been on the road, travelling in Europe and Asia since August 2006 and intends to carry on until his legs or his heart wears out (or until he runs out of money). He is the author of two print poetry collections, [The Bad Seed](#) (Stride, 1998) and [Dropping Ecstasy With The Angels](#) (Bluechrome, 2004); and one novel, [Stealing Heaven From The Lips Of God](#) (Bluechrome, 2004). He edited the charity poetry anthology, [The Book Of Hopes And Dreams](#) (Bluechrome, 2006). His third poetry collection, [Visions Of The Drowning Man](#) (Obooko, 2009) has been published as a free e-book. His latest publication is "Red Dreams And Razorblades: Collected Poems, 1980 - 2005" (Obooko, 2009), also a free e-book. His novel, [Stealing Heaven From The Lips Of God](#) is also available as a free e-book via Obooko. Dee edits [The AA Independent Press Guide](#), a free online directory of magazines and publishers, hosted on his website at <http://www.thunderburst.co.uk> alongside a host of useful writers' resources, as well as a port-folio of his [art](#) and a selection of his [poetry](#). His art is frequently used in magazines and internet zines and has graced the [book jackets](#) of collections by Janet Buck, Clarinda Harriss, Rupert Loydell, Norman Jope and many others. Dee's art is now available on t-shirts, posters, cards and assorted gift items via his [CafePress shop](#). In his spare time (what little there is), Dee likes to compose ambient & experimental electronica music. You can listen to his more laid back ambient grooves [here](#) or if you've got a stronger stomach, to his experimental soundscapes [here](#). You can contact Dee by email at [dee@thunderburst.co.uk](mailto:dee@thunderburst.co.uk)



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## **PRINT BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR**

### **Novel**

Stealing Heaven From The Lips Of God (Bluechrome, 2004)

### **Poetry**

Dropping Ecstasy With The Angels (Bluechrome, 2004)

The Bad Seed (Stride, 1998)

### **Anthology** (editor)

The Book Of Hopes And Dreams (Bluechrome, 2006)

All these books are now out of print, but the author still has some in stock, so if you are interested in buying a signed copy, contact him by email