

600. LANGUAGE

Each soul
Is a prisoner
And language be
Its guard
Clanking keys
Rattle their
Meanings
In compassion
Or malice
It little
Matters
In that
Lonely
Soulful
Cell

5/2/2006

601. IN BIRTH

In birth
Eroticism dies
The sweet site's
Creative mystery
Gapes grotesque
Erupting
Parody of
The living
And the floral cave
Is dwarfed
Engorged
Molten and
Forgotten

9/2/2006

602. REVOLUTIONARIES

He was young
A free radical
Iconoclast
Jeering and sneering
At a world
So clearly understood

But time
And thermodynamic
Tendencies
Have their way

Gradually the stakes
Seem less
Passions burn down
To theories
Wooden stools
To recliners

Visionary revolutionaries
Uncoil into
Petty tyrants
Humourless
Cynical
Well fed

12/2/2006

603. MASTER BUILDER

His body
Is a metaphor
For the globe
Pretty
Benign
And then
The cyclone
Imprints
The sky
With exquisite
Eye
The waters
Leave their stain
And suddenly
It is over
And order
Begins repair
God the concept
Master builder
Master destroyer

20/2/2006

604. DAWN

The miracle
Of light
And the sky
Opens in a
Sprint
Blessed clouds
Emerge from
Formless
Night
One minute
Dead still
Then the twitter
And croak
As all creation
Holds its
Breath
Waiting
The monster
To arrive
And stir
The golden
Recipe

20/2/2006

605. AFTER BLAKE

Cruelty
Has the form divine
Jealousy
His laughter
Sublime
Suffering
His eternal gift
Torture
His child's
Careless riff

20/2/2006

606. CAR CRASH

So much
Decrepit, old, dim
Wisdom's honed
Edge
Blunted on the wheel
Too many survive now
Mocking ancient proverbs
Making a
Tart irony
Of life's supposed
Vitality
Simply snuffed
In a fleeting
Snooze
She lies
Limbs aimless
Independent
Thrashing
At God's
Little tubes
Brain throbs
In public
Bone unwilling
To enclose
Grey
Limb
Thought

20/2/2006

607. REMAINS

The father
Lives forever
Laughing
Heroic laugh
With boozy
Emphysema
The smoky
Jokey spirit
Wheeled out
With nicotine stain
Finger and
Little bottle
A tank
With beery oxygen
In it

The daughter
Ran for
Pleasure
Burning gas
Kept her sane
Sinews taught
And trembling
Mind willful
And possibly
Vain

Metal
Strikes wooden
Trunk
Dreamy coma
Snuffs a flame
Backward writing
Purple memory
The dumb remain

20/2/2006

608. SOCK

The baby
Died at birth
And she
Replaced him
With a sock
I envy
That resilience
When the great one
Conjures
Such a
Shock

But the sock
Was raised sullen
The fit
He knew
Was wrong
If socks
Could hate
He hated
And that
Loathing
Kept them
Strong

20/2/2006

609. LEAST RESISTANCE

She smashed through
His body
Digits delighting
In swell
Her flesh
Craving sword
Leaking vengeance
Plunging moist
Into his hole
Of least
Resistance

He moaned
The onslaught
Feigning sleep
To avoid
The appearance
Of collaboration
In her pleasure
An undreamt of
Thing
Rapacious
Pinpricked
Cleaving the juice
From his skin

26/2/2006

610. TRUNK

She spent him
Like a penny
Not the familiar
Cowering
Neediness
But a
Screwed down
Coil
Sluiced
Slashing release
Across his
Gnarled trunk

26/2/2006

611. LOVE IN KIND

Love is kind
Basted and sugary
Floss
Each crystal
Dissolves into
Lolly sweet

Wake
A start
Balls tight shut
Sucking
Up wind
Keening heart

Love be kind
Release from that
Freakish state
Preening gossip
Replace the ruck
Of tongue
And blind glare

Wishing distance
Pleading
Nails, kneecaps
Cunt prowling
Around nervy
Sleep, wet
Sloshing bed

Love in kind
Smiling hands
Perfectly entwined

The breath
Made liquid
A slow acid
Delivered, corrosive
Doleful retch

Love is kind
Her glittering dress
Twisted tight
At the neck
Like some fizzled
Firecracker
Chaste and charmed

5/3/2006

612. LINEAGE

Her nose was
Always wrong
But as a young'un
She made up
For that

With every new line
(And lately there are many)
The resemblance
She fears most
Even though superficial
And genetically probable
Hatches her terror
Which nested
Cozily
For many girlish years
Kept warm
And moist
Between refuge
Thighs

Her last husband
Funnily enough
Resembles her father
Too dangerous
For Freud
More Dorian Gray
Refracted, annoyed
As moth-like she
Fluttered clumsily
Around her own
Dying light

5/3/2006

613. TICKED CLOCK

These moaning sibyls
Keening regret
Sighing about
Past freedoms
Behave now
Like tantrum
Toddlers
Or innocent
Babes-in-arms

Babe-in-arms
Now it is too late
Clock all ticked
And beyond even
The dollar's
Mighty reach

To adopt
Somehow incomplete
A genetic cheat
Or slight
On their waning
Gracefulness

The sloppy lips
Sag fluidy tears
Babes – I think not
For the fairytale lost
Yes indeed
Its possibility
Long since swapped
Bartered against
Everything
They've got

5/3/2006

614. BEING NOTHINGNESS

To do nothing
To think
To read
To snooze a little
And dream – a vivid
Mother-of-pearl
Monologue

To write
To think
To do nothing
Here is Emily's
Ribbioned box
Prim as a New England
Pressie
Spread wide
And expansive

5/3/2006

615. RUES IT ANEW

He rues it anew
And every time
It is a moment
Of anonymous elation
A turned mirror image
Of the life
All should have
Unfettered
Without descent
Into decadence
The transaction
Is pure and true
And every time
He rues it
Anew

18/3/2006

616. ODD SLICE

It is an odd slice
Being different
To each that feels it
The wise interpreters
Believe they know
And just maybe
Some do
As they carve it up
For depleted masses

The makers start
Certain enough
But when it is done
All strength sapped
They are not so sure
That the frayed
And shredded thing
Is at all like
The truthful beauty
They unwisely loved
And in bold conceit
Set free

19/3/2006

617. CAVEMAN

The cave
Is his hideout
Each crimson
Scratch
A metaphor
To guess at

19/3/2006

618. GORGE

The meal is cooked
And the hungry
Seek relief
Appetite drives through
The nicety mask

The famished groan
But necessity
Is a dirty mistress
Clothing hunger
In the higher
Sacrificial cloth

Bloated and bilious
The remains
Are incredible
Could such a foul stench
Have aroused us?
Teeth are picked
Bones clear off
Sucked
We turn
To consolation
To sleep

8/4/2006

619. BODY UNTRUE

What if he had
A secret body?
That mimicked his
Mounds of fluid
And flesh

Grown over the
Wasted hours
Like some sucking lichen
On decaying tree

And what of the wisdom?
Lying undiscovered
Amid sheets unwashed
And months of
Unmouthed crumbs

Then illness
Be shining splendor
And the rest
A fools' gold filling
Grinning stupid
Clinging
To conceit

17/4/2006

620. CONGENITAL

'Mum, I'm not scared of dying'
Curled up
In foetal blue
A heart cranking
And cranky
A brain
Unloved by oxygen
A sense
All around view as
Nonsense

'I just want to live my life my way'
A sneaky idea – me thinks
We all envy
Where we can only timidly rehearse
He dwells – king
And has dwelled
From birth

17/4/2006

621. FUNDAMENTAL

Faith covers ego
The loudly religious
Are in retreat
Scattering wither
Hither
Groping to their muddied
Faces
Their unbelievably fabulous
Masks of conceit

All of these warriors
(Dogs barking dogma)
And even the placid
Silent – smug breeds
Chintz Chihuahuas
Have a straining pull
On a thread-like leash
Strung tight, strung tense
Barely restrained
Despite pious collars
They haunch to pounce
And lust to devour

22/4/2006

622. BUDDHIST WEST

The tiring Buddhist
Of the west
So detached she thinks
From all the rest

Her self-denial worn prettily
Set off with smug-smile lace
A tiny tear away
From enslaving grace

The little scratch
And petulance stamps
'I'm not going' she pouts
A dainty dance!

Buddha now
Sits under tree
Smiles (as I do)
Sardonically

Enlightenment?
I doubt it
More rebirths for you
Folly more like it
Shod snug
With ego's shoe

22/6/2006

623. WAYWARD CUB

Like many among us
She mistakes
Control for care
Dragged out
A wayward wanted cub
By amniotic hair
Shoved in a hole
Curs' curdled lair

Later on creased
From years of handling
She mistakes
Pleasure for profit
Desire is dry
A golden leaf
Fluttering seductively
To the hard ground
Underneath

Her little heart-face
Mistakes lies for truth
Imprisoned in a
Conjurer's trick
Smiling sweetly
While hands are
Busy squeezing
Neck

1/5/2006

624. CROSSWORD

The puzzle was
Clueless
Each answer
A dare
The page grinned
Up at her
Its daily blank
A ritual stare

1/5/2006

625. RELIGIOUS RIGHT

The easy talk
Is of compassion
And love
The stare steely
Maniacal, flat
Hand raised skyward
With eyes and voice
Tin whistle
Is soothing as always
While lyrics and tune
Are locked in combat

The sermon is actorly
Only the half-laugh
Betrays the blade
The confidence (cash)
Of righteousness
Inheritors of
Richard's crusade

'We'll use the Internet
Build a café to persuade'
New knives and cheap mirrors
Same age-old charade
Africa again the target
Their weakened poor
Familiar prey

The smiles, handshakes
And (honestly) love
Is quite overwhelming
They know a skeptic
Is in the lair
But their outpouring
Is somehow lacking
What is missing?
Beyond suspect care

It is empathy
That has been swallowed
By all their teary certainty
And worse still
A lack of imagination
Stifled fervently

To imagine
How it must be
Harassed, bribed
And cajoled
Into trading age-old faith

For another's
Glorious eternal fold

10/5/2006

626. ORIENT

The orient
Was tolerant
Saladin let the
Christians live
Would Armageddon's
Warriors today
Be so ready
To forgive?

10/5/2006

627. CLIP

The icy clip
Had a tinge
Of red
The veiled one
Pleaded
Already counting
The dead

10/5/2006

628. TITHE

A tithe
An offering
A point of praise
Language blunted
By money
A modern chaos
A new dark age

10/5/2006

629. SIX

Tomorrow
Is the sixth
Of the sixth
Oh six

All sixes
Not a seven
To be seen
The common heard
From fluting
Shock-jocks
Down scrambled lines
Bounce off whirring comets
Of controlled fire

The new theologians
Like Yahweh of old
Tease and tempt
And we spend
Another day
In breathless wait
With plastic
To adore the great

5/6/2006

630. THE CHOP

Get rid of her!
Each dirty direction
Is a fine mirror
Where delight becomes
Nervous expanse

Get rid of him!
The rant
And dumb-spit
An overdone choke
On self-delight

The work left undone
And barely hidden
Errors too frivolous
To mar the fabulous project
With which both
Are smitten

God's romp and frolic
The inward suck of
Creation
Above love and care
Exhaling loneliness and
Self-exaltation

9/6/2006

631. BIG BRUTE

The big brute
Balled and bawled
The baby boy within
Cheering with a
Victim's mask
Suddenly fused
Unrehearsed
With practiced
Leering

Black dangerous muscle
Flung and floored
Sinew
Vulnerable as snot
Sea-salt bravado
Dissolved - now pure
Into drinking
Streaming
Crystal cold truth
The hazard child
Poisoned and forgotten

9/6/2006

632. SORRY PREMONITION

Mother and daughter
Both losing a son
One fifty-two years
The other
Weakly twenty-one

Skins soft and wrinkly
Licked and held close
Mingling mucuses wet
In now dry canals

One life spent
Like a wasted tissue
The other
Chemistry tainted
Wrongly begun

Two mothers folding blame
Concealed well
In their perfumed drawers
Rancid time does its business
Two brains
Need fear no more

7/7/2006

633. TIGER

The tiger became
A teddy bear
In a change
So uncanny
It scared us
More than anger

Number one
Blazed a raggedy trail
While number two
Played the double game
Having sighted
And run
From the price dearly paid
By number one

1/9/2006

634. IN THE END

He kissed his hand
The dying
Comforts the remaining
Victoriously

'You'll be all right dad'
His hand closing
On a crumpled sob

Death like birth
Dissolves illusion
Call it human connection
Call it love

15/8/2006

635. QUICK

Some lives
Burn bright and quick
Others barely
Tarnish the wick
I stood
Flickering
Entranced by your light
The wax
Folding like tears
Skin hardening
With the cold night
Forlorn
This match – struck
Flame hot
Thought brief
Wishful whim
A son's life
May keep

6/9/2006

636. FECUND

Sinking in the
Tepid swamp
Lush
Fecund
Rank marooned
Air is scarce here
Covered over
And closed
Fluidy love
Mingles marshily
A marrow-mucus
And sweet dream
Of the only
Perfect union
When life was
Muffled moist
And no need
For atmosphere

9/10/2006

637. RELIC

The relic
Of the revolution
Sits on a motorcycle
Wearing a T
Where dead friends grieve
The chain
Is rusted fast
The spokes resist
Ideologically
Wistful now
There is truly
Nothing left
To lose

9/10/2006

638. TURDS

A family of giant turds
Were asleep
As he past
Entwined in rich
Chocolate embrace
Sheltered nicely
From wind
And the tiresome
Rat race

He had to squint
To see them there
Peaceful, odorous
And proud
Patient
Gift-like
Unwrapped
Dead centre
Curled on the
Welcome mat
In their Christian
Outreach Centre

9/19/2006

639. PASSION VINE

The old vine
Is trying hard
To muster
Another shot
Dried twigs
Outnumber green
Tired tendrils
Old timers
Have apparently
Forgot

The new vine
Is small
But passionate
Spying its fate
With glee
Boldly preparing
The groundwork
For its fruity
Mutiny

9/10/2006

640. IRON AND DECAY

Friendship
Is forged with fire
Not fairy-floss
Hardened
Flaws in place
A functional tool
Taking weight
With give

The other
Sugary treat
Lies dormant
In holes
Of its own making
Corrosive decay
Eroding trust
Like rust
Until the moment
Of pain and anguish
Require extraction

16/12/2006

641. LOOK OUT

Real self
Is revealed through power
The once powerless
Perhaps its most
Ruthless exponents
The poor, bitter ones
Have suffered its whims
Know its tricks
Beyond reason

But suddenly strong
This repertoire
Is released as vengeance
A scattergun orgy of hate
Overwhelming past
Overwrought alliances
And even
Most sadly of all
Those once called friends
In an orgasm
Of self-righteous frenzy
Look out!

16/12/2006

642. ZEUS

The laws of Zeus
Of all wise Gods
Play out
In flecks of suffering
Like dust
Caught in a sunbeam
What is always there
Is momentarily known
Wondered over
And re-forgotten

The law of man
Is forgetfulness
And so he cries
Betrayal
Still light remains
And through pain
The lesson of truth
We gain

18/12/2006

643. RISKY GIFT

The risky
Frisky gift
Given
And for once
All turns out
All right
Years of tip-toeing around
Silhouetted kisses
Sly watermarks
On brazen poems
Months imprisoned
In discarded
Red ribbons
Emboldened by
Poor books they tied
The moment finally
Expunged
And now in its
Proper place
The laughable past

20/2/2007

644. SATIRICAL

The good father
Held the hand
And led
With a wisdom mask

Fingers matted
Like hair
They walked together
As nearly one

People said
So close
But light was
Between them

Even the frosty moon
Moaned the difference
While stars
As their wont
Were satirical

17/3/2007

645. RAW PRAWN

Clever?
But cleverness
Is seldom enough
For this stray
The laugh
Must turn somewhere
Like a well sauced prawn
Left out too long
Is enjoyed anyway
Then it twists
Its sudden sharpening
Gives rise to panic
And low thoughts
Of mortality!
Humble
Never clever
Prawn

18/3/2007

646. BODY OF MAN

He knew the body of man
As men who fuck men
Finally
Only can

Of women I guess
He speculated
Spectacularly no doubt
Because few
Have been so curious
So right

He knew also
One would always be
A guessed mystery
A template mask
While the other
Livid and fixed

The imperative body
The denial
Disgust
The what-the-hell surrender
And celebration of sex
Which gives release
From the slow train
The fast train
Lust

19/3/2007

647. RELATIVE WEIGHT

The promise
Is heavier
Than the gift
More so
If doubt lingers
Sharpening senses
Sucking teeth
In anticipation

The gift
An aging
Repetition
Prisoner
Of compulsion
Tireless
In its greed
To undo
Promise
To make it
Substance

28/4/2007

648. AMPHIBIAN BEING

Twenty-first century
Environmentalism
Is theology renewed
It's 'science' cheered
A new pope
As the hangman
Drops the rope

Heretics cower
Inhabiting the twilight
Lest they fall foul
Of inquisitorial power

The burning glare
Of fervent belief
Traps the mammal
Under reptilian feet

Its one benefit – maybe
Amongst desolate terrain
A rebalancing – immaterial
Of our amphibious being
Once again

10/7/2007

649. EGO'S GLOAT

Beyond forcing relationship
Yet windows thrown open wide
Of all natures known
The truest is by my side

If this is ego's gloat
I suffer it with ease
A small pain and sacrifice
Offered to the gentle breeze

If mistral finds a way
And settles on my sill
I judge the intent kindly
And nurture it there still

25/11/2007

650. INKY DOG

The inky dog
Descends
Cocking its leg
On the flame
So simple
To find cause
Or some excuse to blame
And within
One thousand timely faults
Reason to despise

Licking love's maze
The bleached splinters
Remain
Bone-dry saliva
Rabid?
Certainly
Half-crazed

16/12/2007

651. ILL AT EASE

A broken string
Short of forty
Envy – tall
Consequently
Taking leg-ups
From sperm and womb
Still
Laughably infant
Or the bewitching cunning
Of fey innocence
Sleep-ins
Solipsism
Complete with happy pills
Resplendent parasite
Very convenient – I'm sure
Needs to get a life
Uneasy
Of one's own

19/1/2008

652. ICE AGE

Friendships like seasons be
Springs' gay renewal
Summer's lazy, hazy glory

But nature has also
Catastrophe
Uprooting typhoon – flood's tears
So watery

It is ice age that frightens me
Most sullen, stretching
A felon's vast eternity

20/1/2008

653. RAPE

I am scared
Scared of you
Trembling

I am not worthy
And experience
Your presence
As rape

But I madly persevere
Sustained by defeat
Smiled upon by
A dreamed aloneness

Glorious
Still lock
Horrendous key
And the blessed
Innocence
You turn
In me

18/4/2008

654. ODDS

After the grief
Eclipse
It does dawn
Number three
Is now
Tainted two
Or number two
Is now number one
Son

I doubt I could
Outlive
The real number one
Despite the seven
That separates
My habits are
Almost clean
But not as polished
And sex
Fortunes her
Statistically
Remaining

18/4/2008

655. ROMANTICS

Some say
(Wondrous romantics?)
Each time is
As if it were
The first

They undo me!
For to me
It has, and I fear
Never will be

It seems more like
(And the shame is kept
Palpitating)
The last

Even worse
For any finality
If known at all
Would hold its own
Trembling chemistry
Not my sodden
Dread
A wart
Beneath my flesh

8/5/2008

656. REFLEX

What am I to do?
When you hold me
Hug me
Squeeze the life
From me

The gloat of sympathy
The saccharine eye
The pretty pout of concern
Ersatz on cue
Intent askew

What to do
With this reflex gesture?
Perhaps misconstrued?
That is harder
Than nothing
At all

14/5/2008

657. IDEALIST

We artists
Are by nature's grace
Idealists
Practicalities are learned
(If ever) to survive

Cynicism
Opposes idealism
If anything be opposite
These two are
To be called cynic
Is to misread
A protective response
To system's
Corrosive iron laws
An irony here
For the rules
Of the game
Are constructed
Cynically

But the seeing player
If at all articulate
Artistic and daring
Gets named
Cynic

6/6/2008

658. SPACE

What is this thing
Space?
That words
Thoughts, songs
Limp to describe
Out of nothing
Dancing circles
Stars, moon
Us
Darkness

18/10/2008

659. WEDDING

I have no great cause
To write today
Although there is
So much I could in praise say
Only I marry you for (despite myself)
You are perfect in every possible way

4/5/2012

660.

MORTAL THOUGHT

I had to fight
My way to you through
Thirty odd years of
Immoral combat

You got lucky that's
The upside

The downside is
You will in
All probability
My youngish prince
Have to fight
Your way from under me
Immortal combat

14/5/2012