

**“Completion squared yet again -
49 structured poems”**

by Michael John Holme

under his penname of

Glenn Evans

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Foreword

“The following words belong to the Australian classical composer, Phillip L. Wilcher. They are taken from his Amazon review of the original release of this work.

* * *

“Wisdom via words”

“Within this slender volume of finely crafted verse is to be found the widest, and at times wildest spectrum of thought the human psyche is all too capable of manifesting. This is soul bearing stuff. As measured as it is masterly, the poet pulls no punches. There is a formidable presence manoeuvring its way throughout these

bravest of pages, the voice of a bard whose honesty is his mantra, as fragile as it can be fierce, but never once forsaking self for flights of superficial fancy. The four stanzas of each poem comprise four lines of seven syllables. There are forty-nine poems to the collection, the number of completion squared. One could almost suggest a return to self to find one's self again. Most telling at times, is the feeling of conflict between mind and spirit, the brutalities of life despite the allure of living, the quest to understand one's self in light of darkness. Perhaps therein lies each poem's beauty, in the confidence to be found through their creation. It is, after all, a courageous act to create, and Glenn Evans is a man of great courage, for whatever the lot from which each poem arises, ascend

they do towards an awareness of self
most of us would shy away from.”

Introduction

”Glenn Evans” is the penname of Michael Holme, and stems from a combination of the pianists’ names, Glenn Gould and Bill Evans. It was chosen because Michael plays the piano.

Due to a technical influence of his penfriend, the poet Tony Connor, these poems have firm structure. After the summer of 2015, Michael would only write unstructured poems if he was in one of the casual writing groups he helped to facilitate.

The titles of these poems are usually of seven syllables in length. “Heaven” is an exception.

There are four stanzas to each poem.
Each stanza has four lines comprised
of seven syllables each, with an
ABCB varied strength rhyming
scheme evident.

* * *

“Only compete with yourself.”

--- Glenn Evans

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A syllabic Monday verse

You play hip piano fifths,
that should end with suicide.
Genocide's on Angel's mind,
but the squirrels are outside.

Early on in bed you feared
your selfish anxiety.
You said "she's feeling further,
emotionally from me."

Your paranoia draws her
closer to your existence.
Moods just "are" and context fleets.
You'll no doubt go the distance.

Are moods like a lottery?
I wrote this verse for the crack.
We've no option but to live.
That bloody squirrel is back.

27/7/15

His bipolar disorder

confused facts into fictions
both positively and cursed,
on a blade edge balancing:
family life or a hearse.

Religion came, then it left.
Aloneness put bread to test.
She came. Once he nearly left.
Feelings lied. Was logic best?

Thoughts seemed to be inserted
just to fucking annoy him.
“Take your pick of ideas,”
he said. Play; juggle with them.

Past rage and apprehension
were a porthole to the now.
He just tried to run adrift:
a bottle instructing how.

18/8/15

Happen the mystic's truthful

Past relationships are gone,
the tenuous threads of art.
Here's a story. Draw a card.
There might be a real part.

When I was young I shuffled.
I thought it was the answer.
I gravitated to trumps,
but mostly was the joker.

Summer came and summer went.
It went: over. Cards deceived,
cannabis games, bridge and cheese.
The tarot fool's journey teased.

Life may fool you when it's nice.
Don't fear to let your nerves flood.
Autumn can be deceptive.
Enjoy chroma and gain blood.

30/8/15

We are parents regardless

Her name was Rose Megan Holme.
She was more significant
than plain anything at all;
that God sent. Dilemmas tempt.

What is life? The hell is it?
Give it away for reward?
Some say it's the greatest love.
Christians may ponder their good.

Rose was pure without a drop.
How dare imperfect priests say
that sin could delay her rest.
In a sense she's most saintly.

She may have bonded us more
than passions or words spoken.
Words offer wagers of trust.
They say "silence is golden."

31/8/15

Recalling the wilderness

Trade a decade? Trade your life.
Head to personhood. Have choice.
When you don't know, it can't hurt.
Be livid later with voice.

Play piano. Learn guitar.
Go far with isolation.
Manic dedication helps:
obsessional exertion.

Write verse. Nurse dogs by walking
them all over everywhere.
Do anything positive.
Don't drink and smoke. Sigh then dare.

Be aware that most folk act.
They are not better than you.
Be you. Honestly, be true.
You are amazing. Just do.

1/9/15

Please please paranoid people

If third person references
seem to be getting common,
confide in a companion.
Don't quiz when TV is on.

Ideas of reference
do not make sense to the well.
If you smell rot that is not
there, maybe prepare for hell.

You are not in the paper.
It is not about you. True,
madly there is some logic.
Dilute your ego so few

will attack you. Jesus Christ
was right. When you are anxious
paranoia can occur
if your mood is obvious.

2/9/15

Pessimists are protected

If you've had a massive loss
and life has been negative,
then odds are there'll be more shit.
Don't expect the chance to live.

I may have had one blessing.
It will show up in the wash.
You can't harm me with promise.
Cast iron comes through great cost.

I'd like to be a daddy.
I could help youth not slip-up.
Your madness is my normal.
You ought to hear my gamut.

I'm not a nut; really.
I feel I have a wisdom.
Dear God my wife needs blessing,
or pessimistic function.

9/9/15

Angel is an ASBO dog

We hope the order's lifting.
She's got better recently.
Anxiety was the cause.
She likes our captivity.

We let her bed down with us.
It's fuss. Michelle sleeps lightly.
With her back pressing on me
Angel prods laterally.

I can understand guarding,
but I don't fecking want post
shredding. A box on the wall
will be the end of her play.

If she was a pedigree
I wouldn't mind her food habits.
She's a top mutt, mongrel, stray
who thinks she deserves fine cuts.

8/9/15

Rapid cycling bipolar

Minds randomly fantasize
when capriciousness arrives.
Thoughts surprise, so realise
they are fleeting mood-based lies.

Angry sparks, down sparks, flashes
of sanity. You can feel
fucking everything, bye-bye
balance, your life's unreal.

Physical and mental pain
may push you to decisions.
Your fucking brain, your fucking
brain; ignore heart felt reason.

Logic can be hard to grasp
when insight's on the balance.
Things can collapse, then you're lost.
In life there's no cast iron.

11/9/15

Some biblical extractions

Jesus Christ said, “feed my sheep:”
the prostitutes and outcast.

Jesus said, “if your right-hand
makes you sin, then off with it.”

Jesus told, “bring the fattened
calf and kill it.” Vegans did
not figure much in those times.
Carnivores later declined.

Sacrifice is Biblical.
Masturbation is a crime.
If you look at women’s boobs,
adultery is in mind.

Anyway; Christ predicted,
on a certain night friends would
fall away on his account.”
Trust family, mainly blood.

22/9/15

Erm, what's up Doc?

I have opened my heart twice,
publicly today. I don't
know what else to do to fetch
some understandings my way.

I obsess about seven.
Sesame Street attracts me.
Revelations is the root
for seven-nutters; maybe?

If I read syllabic verse
in white Y-Fronts on Facebook
I might get some attention,
but I might seem like a nut.

Perhaps if there was perfect,
socially good, easy crime,
I could get an infamy,
and my poems in big time.

29/9/15

Life choices and flashing voices

Five minutes were all it took
to decide to kill himself.
He thought fuck it, then he had
half a dose of suicide.

A transparent five minutes
were all it took to embrace
that normal is mythical.
Lives can vanish with no trace.

He spent five minutes mulling
whether to be a father.
He had to juggle psych drugs
to make his penis better.

It took five minutes straight to
choose marriage proposition.
The mania aided his
diamond ring acquisition.

2/10/15

Osho Zen Tarot - The Fool

Foolish visions; blind wise veils;
cunning murk; the naive quote.
The simple fool leads flora
from Latin to nasal note.

Complexity moves nature
from a heart base to the head.
The Tree of Knowledge sniggers.
This Fool thinks he is ahead.

Humility of knowledge
leads the Fool to the end state.
Life is big so truth is blessed.
The young do not cogitate.

Without temptation no saints
can be formable. Ego
and sin are answers when won:
the complex maze of shallow.

5/10/15

Osho Zen Tarot - Existence

We're part of whole existence;
more so the more we're alive.
Life needs living totally,
pump blood and breaths to survive.

It's said, "Existence takes care."
Be aware and build up trust.
Gods, messiahs and saviors
aren't real so self-entrust.

How do you relate to all
that pulses, flows and beats life?
Light or darkness is your child.
Don't hide, wisely choose your wife.

Trees and rivers and mountains
are your natural abode.
In their beauty trust is clear.
Expand it. See what's bestowed.

6/10/15

Osho Zen Tarot - Inner Voice

Existence: the inner sage,
is not the voice of reason,
it is inner direction
with silent inspiration.

Vocal exchanges vanish
when effect is applied by
the inner silent voices,
that busyness may deny.

When the heart sounds, ignorance
has dissolved in strong blood-flow.
Awareness may be eastern.
Still minds help peacefulness grow.

Memory is invalid;
reactions secondary.
Inner-core response reveals
the self's rigid honesty.

7/10/15

Osho Zen Tarot - Creativity

Existence comes in shadows
when blind perfection creates.
Ego forbids art to flow.
Mind stillness might give good fate.

Forced effort on a dry spell
leads to impure ego yield.
The possessed might take over,
relaxed, primed, and then revealed.

Poets, painters and sculptors
know when this moment has past.
Meditation in mystics
is a current clear contrast.

When you get the paradox:
“you are not, but you still are,”
you meet Buddha’s nirvana.
You are a brief avatar.

8/10/15

Osho Zen Tarot - The Rebel

Fixed modes, patterns, ideas
of society repel,
the rebel with his small voice
that calmly seeks the novel.

Escapists leave the worldly
by shunning their commitments,
at the cost of their freedom:
the natural agreement.

Responsibility shows,
without being a duty.
“Response” and “ability”
leads to positive journey.

The past controls reaction.
When consciousness and presence
spark moments with awareness,
freshness becomes the essence.

9/10/15

Osho Zen Tarot - No-Thingness

is meditative purpose,
compassion overflowing.
It can be a null Hades,
not a western God's meaning.

Buddha says there's godliness
in emptiness, by leaving
pure consciousness in the void:
a mirror not reflecting.

It's an infinite expanse.
"Something-ness" has an ending.
"No-Thing" can be song, silence
or dance. Names are limiting.

Buddha calls thought, Mind: "the world."
It's a wave of consciousness,
a temporal flashing form:
reality: truthfulness.

10/10/15

Osho Zen Tarot - The Lovers

From outside love is madness
and blind if you don't know it.
Lovers see core existence
with the only able eye.

Life's journey's goal is loving,
it's not wild neuroticism.
Intimacy is central,
not genital obsession.

Mutual self-exposure
with courage and loving trust
revealing weaker features,
makes inner richness robust.

You can love alone, and be
blissful to share. Then thankful
if it lands, and wondering
if it returns, to truth: you.

14/10/15

Psycho-social-theorist

He is not pissed now. One day
he will die before his time.
It is logical. His shit
is held with Quetiapine.

Do you know this fucking world
suppresses a creator
of honest art and passion?
It prefers an engineer.

B-M-Fucking-Double-Us.
are what “high powered” twats choose.
They fucking look down on you;
throttle pressed with Grenson shoe.

The morning he buried Rose,
he wrote verse. It is pointless
now, if she had been purpose.
What is life? To be childless?

11/10/15

Three white ribbons to die for

You could simply say “why not?”
It could be November rain.
How about the hurt that’s left:
that diagnosed mental pain?

There’s nothing of consequence
to do, to give you purpose.
Pointlessness is a reason
for sleeping till you’re worthless.

“Three white ribbons to die for”
and several ways to die,
make you wonder if people
would miss you if you did try.

What is life? The Hell is it?
CV holes remove demand.
There’s only faith, hope and love;
and Quetiapine or you’re damned.

12/10/15

Facebook

What we speak and what we write
are oft in opposition.

Honesty comes from the voice.

Meaning is in expression.

Text holds lies. It is not life.

It is approximation.

Do not be a question mark.

Be immediate action.

Some folk wind-up as a troll
and some have alter-egos.

Judging people by their text
highlights YOUR fragile ego.

Get a life if you dislike
thoughts that Facebook is phony.

Using speech is more adult:
expression without smileys.

13/10/15

It cannot be synthesised

Confidence founded in light
is unfounded. Your darkness
collects deposits of hurt:
investments of hopefulness.

It is said, “no pain no gain,”
and fools build houses on sand.
You can sail through life unscathed,
a dope with your brain unmanned.

Some people never wake-up:
approximating normal:
the path of least resistance:
herd safety they can follow.

The straightest route is shallow.
If you divert off its road
you cause your halo ruckus,
you sap your heavenly food.

16/10/15

This winter will cripple me

Last winter was different.
We were engaged, and Michelle
carried Rose until after
the first daffodil marvel.

Winter historically
is a dire season for me,
with early nights, pessimism
and barren weed-like ash trees.

Childhood games are miles away.
Crashing cars and heating bills
fit with iced hoses,
and frosty toes; then yes; pills.

They say SAD lights are no good.
They do not help bipolar,
or I would have floodlighting.
Sometimes autumn is winter.

18/10/15

Imagine life is fiction

Rapid cycle and take stock,
the thoughts not reined or likely,
of cautious medicated
spinning bipolarity.

Feelings poisoning your mind
morph hourly without reason.
Don't base any choice you make
on that cerebral treason.

It can last for way too long.
If insight lacks there's danger.
Unless you grasp your mind's lies
you'll have a strange behaviour.

Quetiapine and others
damp down psychotic action.
Get levelled so you're neither
a zombie or on section.

18/10/15

Elizabeth the Second

has the most longevity
of any British monarch.
You might call her a slogger.
She's not walking in the park.

Elizabeth Regina's
double is vagina-less.
Naturally he's "the Third."
Hearing him leaves you speechless.

Queens of a different kind
congregate down Canal Street.
It's clichéd, but "anal treet."
It's a great gay place to meet.

At a certain age the thoughts
of randomers don't matter.
We're freed from their opinions.
Men can become crossdressers.

20/10/15

Pianoforte forays

It needs dental attention:
hygiene work on ivories.
It's an Edwardian maze
of woodworm's lunchtime remnants.

A black, eastern reflector
that's chromatically ripe,
cuts western smoky chatter
in the small hours of the night.

Unfairly, best pianos
may be in football's mansions,
they facilitate "Chopsticks:"
pathetic absolution.

Digital examples strive
to overtake the market.
They're not robots with their legs,
but make tuners redundant.

24/10/15

Players hide away from me

I'm not a fucking player.
I've never played with people.
Women who meet me may get
my loyalty. Check my past.

In my experience, men
who “play” talk through their anus.
It's sad women fall for their
false-self's agenda of lies.

I've always strived for the truth.
I'll give it anyone straight
even if it is painful.
Don't fucking cross me, alright?

I can tear a strip off folks.
At least one player was close.
Be you and be very true.
That's it. It's what you need most.

26/10/15

Tomorrow and yesterday

Wisdom is a cursed surprise.
When you end your false-selfhood
you start another hurting,
and different yearns for good.

What should or could have been life
becomes clearer. Compromise
and see the broader picture.
Everything is at a price.

Be compassionate and share
your empathetic nature.
Some people never wake up.
Don't exploit. Try to nurture.

There could have been difference
if a change had taken place.
It's pointless saying what-ifs.
You'll become a mental case.

30/10/15

Heaven

I think it is energy,
with some waves in perfect phase.
Family and friends enhance
amplitudes for endless days.

A forever vibration:
not electromagnetic
or static or musical;
it would transcend the classic.

I would imagine sine waves,
but perhaps combination
of such bricks would not express
feelings in few dimensions.

Perhaps it is all over,
infinitely connecting,
endless communication,
helpless magnetic bonding.

1/11/15

Pepsi addiction support

It may be a drug habit
or alcoholic mishaps.
Twelve step programs are of use
or days spent in a rehab.

I tried hallucinogens
to excess, many years back,
and drank shed-loads of strong stuff:
whiskey, Special Brew four packs.

I got clean, then pepsiMAX
became my eccentric drink.
With six litres daily habit
it was fair to say I didn't think.

I volunteered to help folk
get off their substance abuse,
but hearing Hep-C support,
ping, I thought pop overuse.

3/11/15

I sometimes reflect on this

It makes me wonder what's said,
when you wake after success,
lying together in bed,
ego fed, notch to impress.

It couldn't be me. Honesty,
yes, pathetically truth,
and something else prevented
me from learning ways in youth.

I could probably play now:
I look fine, chat easily,
it's hypothetical though.
I don't do adultery.

Perhaps I'm that eccentric
that sometimes I get labelled:
the "something else" that halted
falseness being concocted.

3/11/15

Real life or fantasy?

Life begins in its good time.
It might creep there unnoticed.
It can become manifest
if the past is diluted.

What a blessing to live life
without needing to begin.
That makes blissful ignorance.
Be humble to avoid sin.

The past can be foundation
or it can be a horror.
By learning from your errors
you make a good tomorrow.

For some it might start plural.
Without pain it may fleet by.
You may waste yours for normal.
They say, “feel the fear and try.”

5/11/15

Money, friends, and losing them

It cannot be helped. We lay
our cards down on the table.
We reveal ourselves fully,
the day we stop to fable.

You can only be yourself.
Character is intrinsic.
If you employ intellect
some self may be extrinsic.

Attribution of value
in hard monetary form
to people that give free time,
hurts feelings, making them torn.

We enter life and leave it
with the exact same amount.
Do not become too obsessed
with your fucking bank account.

6/11/15

Last night he dreamt she had left

for elder maturity,
sexual proficiency,
intellectual tarnish,
but financial solvency.

His feelings were terrorised
by his eyes. Adult anguish:
electric chest and gut spark
what drinkers may extinguish.

Decisions led to actions
which gained him serotonin,
reducing partner friction
at weekend while she slept in.

Morning became afternoon,
then night, and bedtime gatecrashed.
He tried not to make demands,
it helped days like this get past.

7/11/15

I am

For some that is everything.
Others strive to qualify.
Vagueness might negate attack.
Hence, do not identify.

Everything is tenuous.
Even love is not perfect.
It comes and goes with rewards.
Grave payment maybe respect.

Truly we arrive and leave
with absolute nothingness.
Surely purpose is to make
purposeless feel less pointless.

Perhaps honesty is brave:
honourable naivety.
It is easy to be slaves.
Take capitalist trainees.

16/11/15

The loneliness of choices

Hunched over a bar, silent,
vainly suggesting you're cool,
you trail in fourth dimension,
in slipstream to a whirlpool.

The church is shut. So, where else
can you pass valid time by?
Communication might start
after you identify.

A simple happiness: bliss,
may give you a connection.
Drinking pop in a bus-stop
is relatively action.

How easy is that? Often
complexity's your armour.
It can be a shield that stops
you as a humble starter.

19/11/15

A letter to young Michael

You're in the system. It's hard.
On balance, two point five kids,
mortgage and bright holidays
are less pain, but close eyelids.

When mum left so early on
her action caused a ruckus,
implying you were worthless.
But you're equal, not surplus.

Don't act the goat and fall in
with the easiest of "friends."
Laziness can be a route
to denial and pretend.

It's good to freely say "no."
Opinions are respected.
By slowly braving feelings,
one day you'll know life's started.

25/11/15

I offer this solution

Fighter planes; ego's to blame
in a sense. The world would be
better if human artists
mixed colours sexually.

Monotheism should result
in one religious story.
Atheist extremes present
opposite faced purity.

Worldwide travel allows mix
and acceptance of one blood.
Perhaps the New World Order
will end "dragging though the mud."

Difference must begin wars.
Monochrome palettes head to
black-and-white peace through balance.
They say greens have brighter hue.

1/12/15

This is my Christmas card verse

I've not hidden a puzzle:
nothing in between the lines.
There's rhyme and I try kindness.
Angel wins despite "land mines!"

I'm sure there was a Jesus,
but not via virgin birth.
I'd ditch myrrh and keep gold gifts.
I've no clue how much it's worth.

Anyway, happy Christmas,
hopefully we'll meet and chat,
but not on foxes this time,
or a dumb subject like that.

Please be well and in the light.
Your being here says something.
You'll easily do next year
in harmony. You will sing.

2/12/15

This morning I felt like this

Waking, I fear the prospect
of having to face the day.
On my list of things to do
is almost nothing. I pray,

or sometimes feel in that way,
but that ended years ago.
Perhaps I have a calling,
some secular things to do?

Life is feeling meaningless.
Thinking hurts. I find no point.
Maybe it's wrong, but children
might give answers; "God appoint."

A little help would be good.
Mania coloured last year,
but this spring will be saintly;
coloured with nature's power.

4/12/15

I said, “What is my essence?”

I change up and down my range.
I do not know if you know
who I am, now I have slumped.
Smiles between us are now few.

If I gave you love before,
and my loyalty and time,
now I love you more. Stay close.
Am I done? Are you still mine?

Fluctuating is a swine.
People intertwine, wine, dine.
Me? I might when I am high.
Do you see the thread, the sign?

Will we become over, done,
through a change you cannot stand?
Take a stand or give commands.
That way our bonds might withstand.

15/4/16

“Life 1-0-1” - The poem

Can pure love be possible?
Satisfaction is reward.
Pantheism is plausible:
all is God and we are Lord.

How can that be, when we take
isolation as a truth?
Groups are total delusion,
to an existential sleuth.

What is the function of life,
when children are not gifted?
Is it to buy bigger cars:
rewards for painful business?

For some there is no purpose,
that alone is firm belief.
Thinking can make us worthless.
Mindlessness is stress relief.

25/3/16 - 18/4/16

Artistic human nature

Be aware of the quagmire
that is creative living.
Dispel the myth of friendship.
We have to learn back-scratching.

Validation is not free.
It begs reciprocation.
How might talent overcome
an unfair greedy nation?

In order for a breakthrough,
we need luck in random chance.
Then after some momentum,
our arts may lead to finance.

Whilst some people are lucky,
it leaves other people not.
Technique and application
sadly, may not help a jot.

22/4/16

Rivers, life, fucking old wife

I keep trying to make sense
of it all. There is nothing
to latch on to. White waters
insist that I choose breathing.

Years ago there was a haze
in my head: neuroleptics.
They are still there, but I choose
waters. We are all demics.

I have no map for my life.
Eddies often have trapped me,
like my first wife; the eighteen
years of our atrocity.

There is no escape from flows.
Who knows what is round the bend.
You can pray. You can hold on.
By habit, past shit will mend.

27/4/16

Why give me pills? Who is ill?

Sahara sands; nomadic
demands are less than concrete
battlegrounds, where folk abound,
in pointless bouts to deplete

the power of our other,
equally headless stressed-out
brothers. Are there no mothers?
Quetiapine gives more clout.

They call you manic. They call
you schizophrenic or down.
Naturally, tower blocks
and shopping malls aren't God's plan.

Who is sick? Layers of bricks
or genetically strange,
expressers of consequence.
You're on the psychotic range.

28/4/16

Forgetting self in night-spots

“Confidence,” “humility;”
how ironic it can be:
pairing mixed polarities
as harmonic entities.

It’s not obvious at first,
but without your self-focus
you know you’re a nobody,
and can faithfully cache lust.

What if eyes are on the verge
of seeking an attraction?
Apparently lies may start
by this compulsive action.

Confident and wholesome folk
find islandic states a boost.
Their lower self-appraisals
give an ease you’ll not seduce.

30/4/16

I should be six feet under

My success has been missing
in ending pointless trials:
the thoughtless modes of living,
that end with priests' coffin nails.

Sure, I've tried to top myself,
but I haven't tried hard enough.
Jolts of two-thirty volts fail.
Finding more is pretty tough.

An excess of tablets failed
by sluggishly releasing.
Perhaps pestles make poisons,
by their potent powdering?

Getting into hospital
by drinking excess whiskey,
is bad, but energy drinks?
That is surely history.

1/5/16

Light and dark : the same ballpark

Being relentlessly good,
seeking canonisation,
can annoy, like trash leavers
at fast-food filling stations.

Christ made it clear that murder
is a sin by just a thought.
Such fantasising veers off
his restrictive narrow path.

A mix of good and evil:
the logical healthy state;
honestly admitting wrongs,
can modestly draw a mate.

Curiosity, balance
and broadness of acceptance:
the “one size fits all,” dissolves
rigid polar compliance.

3/5/16

Fine