

Left to Chance

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49 poems

Introduction

If only life was a skills hierarchy, we could leave our children's success to teachers. These poems were written by a scientist. He was taught by the staff of a comprehensive school, between the years 1979 and 1986. Science didn't suit him. Through the next thirty years he became a "poet," a pianist and more: his life started.

These poems are in the alphabetical order of their titles. Their conception dates, and any major modification dates, end each work. Some people said they were compelled to read this volume in one sitting. They were shocked and perhaps laughed out loud. even. Tears have been reported.

The poems have previously been published under the penname Glenn Evans, and the book title "As the mood takes me." Some of the poems have individually found ways into literary markets of varying prestige. The new title is so much more relevant and powerful, that it warranted a republication of the volume.

To encourage a complete reading in one session, there is no contents page. That might lead to “cherry picking”, and less appreciation for direct or implicit overlaps between works.

Michael.

Godspeed...

Amidst depression

I'm not incarcerated, but there's nowhere better than my bedroom to go. I smashed the egg-timer. Sand no longer torments me, and I listen to the sad chamber music of Kenneth Leighton repeatedly.

I keep thinking that I must be bad, because why otherwise would I spend every day alone, listening to music and confusing people online with mood-swings? When I look back at my life I don't remember ever acting out of pure love. I always got my reward. As such I'm reaping what I've sown. Hell is on Earth.

I've convinced myself that everybody's alone only people just haven't realised it. We live lies. The sooner we realise this truth, the sooner we can become our true selves.

My god has betrayed me. I'm in the jungle, and those who perish rot to the ground. Carbon recycles, but as for souls it's the biggest fallacy of all, a bigger trap than thinking sex is for anything but procreation.

I'd like to believe again, but this time I know I'm bad. Even the priests' expressions tell me. That's made it really close in on me. I must be strong though: I'm still here.

18/1/14

Angel

is a dog:

disturbed
canine, ASBO, punk.
We love her loose wires.
She has extra needs.
I thought I'd stretch
my neck out for her.

She ate my Apple Mac lead:
sixty-five quid on top of Michelle's slippers;
anything but the Ox Blood ten holer Docs.

I don't get the jogger destruction gene,
or the random furry death squad triggers.
I think she'll require understanding.
You can get a 'dog' MSc.

How she did the Houdini
was a sleight of paw. She just wanted
to tower over terriers.
Dogs have egos too.

I pretend to eat her tripe.
I wonder if she's smart.
I'm the top dog, however,
at bedtime she divides us: gooseberry.

She has a two-ton dog chain.
With skinny jeans and leather
I walk her looking like a CHAV.
I don't give a monkey's what locals
make of Angel. She has the best excuse
for how she randomises:
once a stray, now a daddy's girl;
expect the odd surprise.

25/9/14

Arse-roads about

He got it arse-roads about.
Life went belly up.
Arse-roads about;
it was like buying a fucking pup.

You can trade insults with him.
He's got the brains to say fuck off.
You can have a go
his respectfulness has been fucking lost.

People contemplate retirement
as he clammers the first step.
You have a big ladder
without career shite to fucking regret.

He doesn't give a damn
about cars and holidays in the sun.
He's got a pricey home.
He was fucking done.

He writes in third person
for some stupid reason.
His last wife was a villain.
Her acts were tantamount to fucking treason.

He rescued his dog
that worships him.
He's got a loving relationship now.
Those two make him less a fucking victim.

People study music
from the age of five.
He spent all his twenties
using drink and notes to fucking survive.

He's never had a social life
or even one of sex.
He's a classic misfit:
fucking complex.

There's nothing more for it
but to give his life away
to his woman and baby,
that it might have a fucking say.

11/2/15

Being a loner with an elderly dog

Andy Murray won Wimbledon.
It was a day of national pride.
Lucy and I relaxed outdoors.

Clare would cut roses
from her wheelchair.
I could picture her bending
over the multicoloured, shin-high wall
that the dogs had stripped with their claws.
Lucy's sober now.
At 112 she just excites about apple cores.

Today smoke and laughter diffused
across several plots. I smelled sausages.
Lucy looked tired and flattened herself
on the evening-cooled concrete.
I was tired too; tired of saying I was Okay
when I meant I'd improved:
panics had stopped.

Andy Murray will be in the papers tomorrow.
Good for him.

7/7/13

Bonsai

"It's miniature," he said.
I relinquished my last ten
in Piccadilly market.
"You'll find it easy to tend,
give it some water and sun.
Do not flood it, that's my hint."

I took it home and placed it
in heavy beams of sunlight,
then added little water.
It was healthy for a bit,
and like a tree it did not
change much to the observer.

Suffering early autumn,
leaves changed all over to brown.
My mistake: I watered more
creating the Amazon.
Now it's like a toilet brush.
I put it out for nature.

I'll buy another toy tree,
but next time like a dictum
it will have to be tougher
and I'll enlist some study.
It won't become a victim
of my lax horticulture.

29/3/05 - 3/3/15

Carpet-bombing Twitter at 2a.m.

Sleep is elusive. His bed is his abode.
Even if she was still there, he'd sleep alone.
So, he wants to connect by spreading horse shit
on the internet.

He pipes on about isolation.
It's hardening his habit.
He doesn't think he'll fill
his bed.

He spews psychology on Twitter,
and is followed by a Californian
forensic doctor with a website.
He thinks he's real.

He gets one "Like" for many Tweets;
no comments. He doesn't give a monkey's.
He wakes and meditates for hours,
on his singly occupied double bed.

13/5/14

Did Neil Armstrong wear thermals?

I saw the Moon today at early afternoon.
It was a cloud-like curve, hidden from all
but seekers. The sky was summertime blue,
and a police helicopter drowned out the sound
of gentle jazz in my car, but raised my eyes
to the sky.

At night the Moon was a breast, illuminated
like a cream neon in Soho. But with my naked eyes
I could see a cancer on it, a shadow from an impact
too long ago to comprehend? I stared at the Moon so long
it subtly moved in my window until it disappeared.
I asked myself, with all that light is it hot?
Then I thought, nonsense, Armstrong probably
wore thermals.

1/3/12

Emmanuel condom split

YouPorn, PornHub, Tube8 sites
host Milf and Teen and Anal.

Private browse with the vid on.
Arose yourself with fiction.

It's a lie. Men's tools are less
in length than these stars portray.

They sell fools vacuum tubes
to suck their maggots bigger.

Oral first and facial ends
are on the standard menu.

If you're sick of that routine
forget your hand and date more.

Women had hair on their twats,
to see view vintage porno.

Since BayWatch bush has been cut,
but there's always exceptions.

Porn stars don't get up the duff,
not many are Left-footers.

2/1/15

Extortionate fashions

Tattoo, tattoo;
I know my brain.
I'm going to let people see it.

I'm going to make
an irreversible decision.
I'm going to buy personality.

Surely if I have
curly-wurlies or barbed
wire bicep badges,
I'll be praised down the pub,
and considered cool.
Ken will have transformed me.

I'll be a sheep.
I'll post a Facebook status
saying I NEED another tat.

It will be hard
to go under the pin.
I'll literally
be a martyr.

I know my brain.
I know my fucking brain.
I'm going to tattoo my forehead.

You can't top that.
I'm the daddy now.
When I hit sixty I'll be proud.

I could have been an artist
or a cellist, or a saint,
but I wanted to line Ken Fleck's pockets.
I'm fucking cool. I've got a tiger in my tank.
Your lack of ink must be boring.

26/6/14

Extreme café impressions

I don't get how people don't see pretension
is worth pounds.

It wasn't until I'd got in, that I thought
"it'll be Okay ..."

Fred Perry and Ralph Lauren
had shares.

Table service and an entrance greeting
feed extortion.

Hiring robots maximises punters' perceived -
self-importance,
drawing designer dress. Sadism and masochism abound.

The coffee is good. At two quid an "Americano"
(I call it filter coffee) it should be.

85p at the park; they talk. They treat me good.
It's not the warm drink, but the warm smile.

Standing out in my M-65, army cap, TESCO bag -
beard and jeans,
I look like a hobo. It's character.

If they were down the JobCentre they'd learn to smile.
People don't see the shit.

We all hurt. At some point we get ill. We lose parents.
We might have to rebuild identities. We are betrayed.

I supped the dregs: there'll be no more.
Did I confirm my own biases?

2/5/14

F3

One man's dying.

One weeps, he doesn't want
a bed bath.

Another man's eating,
one reads, one pees,
ten sleep, one sings.

*Regrets, I've had a few,
but then again, too few to mention.*

...

...

*And I love you so,
the people ask me why.*

The day is punctuated with puncturing
insulin injections, drugs, meals, brews,
toilet trips, handovers, doctors
and sighs.

The third night killed him:
throat cancer.
I'd prayed earlier: Our Father,
three Hail Marys and a Glory be.
The thought counted,
but God wanted him.

28/2/13

Four philosophy stanzas

The world was mean
because I'd been mean.
It turned out
there was no doubt
that minds were blank,
but I had mine to thank
that bad proliferates
creating paranoid states.

Do not be a bully.
You're your own enemy.
That's how it'll be.
You'll never be free
unless you formulate
a chance for better fate
by life analysis, programming bliss,
and get off the piss.

Do not think,
but give a fuck
about values.
Avoid news.
Follow a passion.
Have faith, hope and compassion.
Some call it charity.
Lay down your actuality.

If it didn't work out
give all you're about.
It's the greatest love of all
and easy after a fall.
Bad can become good.
What's intrinsic should
be subjugated by the mind
that's what science can ultimately find.

9/3/15

Gap year

Since volunteering to man the urn,
I'm less concerned about being on the dole,
no "proper role" to kick start the day.
Life in the hospital seems easy going;
keep taking the tablets, sit around,
smoke cigarettes, do a quiz. Strange thing
is that people don't seem to mind,
after years in these confines,
sectioned in white-washed halls and wards,
long corridors bursting with emptiness,
handrails a reminder of plodding movement.
Tranquilized silence fills the air now.

Stan's still here, John Wayne's biggest fan,
three shots kill you stone dead,
said with word salad either side,
profound but for his laugh and smile.
He seems happy to endlessly circle the hall.

Bob's the man, only heard him speak once,
under very mild duress, four cig brands in as many seconds.
I smiled and gave him two Regal.
He normally used his hands,
karate chops meaning *I want,*
the context telling what.

Do away with words, refine routine,
over the years the priorities are clear,
cigs, tea, food and sleep;
in the hall with an urn nearby, tea
else sadly, smoke by elimination.

What's to be said? Odd at first, almost a joke
when I asked Bob what he meant,
tea, coffee, orange? as he bent forward,
chopping in pairs with half-mast trousers,
red braces and lips pursed. I was helped
eventually, and coincidentally Bob took two sugars.

And I ask, what do they think about?
Some have nothing to look back on.

2001

Hiding in the corner

Her brow feathers
some consciousness out.
It's love tainted:
instincts polluted.
It's a boy/girl thing.
They accommodate.

He surveys compulsions
whilst accepting aloneness.
His pen is company,
stuffing his face with its flavours;
documenting the "normality"
that his social model excludes him from.

The band's shite:
stereo sound, stereotypical stunt.
He'd like to kill the singer,
because he lies.
Volume perverts,
it's mortar.

The blokes want to fuck.
The women want to talk.
The landlord's satisfied,
surveying on an end-of-bar perch;
armed with a half
and an antidote to smugness.

He writes one last stanza.
Weeds are bluebell-like assassins.
There's incense in the air,
but the beer's unconsecrated
and no-one offers peace.
Everything's religion.

His mantra is "embrace your aloneness."

18/7/14

I can't ... I can ...

I can't dance.
I can't sing.
I can't cook.
I can't earn.
I can't travel.
I can't relate.
I can't date.
I can't wed.
I can't fuck
I can't breed.
I can't progress.
I can't start.
I can't part company with my past.

I can play.
I can write.
I can shite.
I can do alright if you give me a break.

I can waste.
I can taste it.
I can speak my mind when I'm high.
I can post defamatory statements about myself online.
I can destroy my reputation.
I can add to my own fucking isolation.

I can do a lot of things.

25/7/14

I give to you

I've much to learn,
but would like to share
a potpourri to ponder,
ignore, or confirm me
delinquent or odd.

Try to wake up at least once,
in a warm double bed with a stranger.
Reach for a cigarette, if you smoke,
smoke it, then kiss gently, spare words
and leave.

Taste Arabia once, maybe twice.
Barter for basics to sustain you one day.
Budget, it's the Arabs' way to provide a meal.
If you partake, buy hashish at the price of educated OXO.
Don't smuggle it. Never gamble more -
 than you're prepared to lose.

Get to know your parents.
You won't always have the chance.
Make decisions, otherwise you'll end up like me,
in the flow. Take heart though, death -
 is the ultimate leveller.
We all converge at the narrow gate.

Consider hints. Look at what becomes of others,
they're your biggest clues.
Take them or leave them,
I give to you
these words.

12/2/11

Innocent liaisons

Jimmy Saville, Rolf Harris,
Stuart "fucking" Hall: they've stripped us
of credibility. Candour now is bunco.

Innocent liaisons on social media
can be dangerous beginnings.
Mothers vet the lot.

People who don't even masturbate
are automatically feared. Whatever happened
to chastity? It's not so bloody queer.

People are tired of judgements.
Trust is prehistoric. "Paedos" are social terrorists,
worst nightmares of them all.

Bomb scares on Facebook.
Lock your daughters up.
Sex is the biggest scam.

With innocent liaisons
of loners on networks,
society's getting more insular.

12/5/14

Islands

She feels awkward, because she doesn't talk
to other mothers in the playground.
She thinks they think she's odd,
not the mothering kind.
It cuts, but she can't tolerate the children's cries
for the swings, roundabout, and slide.

She lets her husband get on with it,
and do what he has to do.
She wants a lover.
She's a size 18 and used to be a 10.
She's a facade, a housewife,
trapped in family bidding.

On Thursdays she goes to night-school.
She doesn't actually like embroidery;
it's independence.
The class has a male, but she wants
a MAN.

Her husband should know her,
but he's too self-absorbed.
She's him in a skirt.
He doesn't talk to barbers,
and has to change them regularly.

He has poor sex, so he jacks off with magazines.
He's 16 stone and out of shape. Who would he turn on?
He paints a glaze and lives a robotic life.

He has one friend who never rings him up.
They drink.
It doesn't register that with his wife,
they're so fucking
alone.

22/7/11

Just talking

I've nowhere better to be
than forty yards
from a climbing frame,
slide and swings.

I'm peering through weeping
willows like some sort
of paedophile. Light nights
attract son and daddy on bikes.

I could have been a daddy
if my chemicals didn't imbalance.
They don't see
my characterless hatchback.

I've no excuse for loitering
on my jack in this lay-by.
I'll make a mobile call
soon.

It would be nice to chat
face to face with her,
but isolation ironically
comforts.

They're all the same:
people. Don't you see? It's us
and every fucker else.
That takes the worry away.

I'm back to watching this average life.
I write poems and walk dogs. One day
I'd like someone to level with me
about this playground metaphor.

8/7/14

Losing my moobs

My pyramids of flesh,
Cleopatra protrusions,
have melted in the fat burning
desert of my chest. A seeded like womb
remains gradually birthing,
in a trouser slackening,
seamstress employing way.

I've lost my breasts,
my knockers, my tits;
boobs, nay moobs.
Ten kilos shed,
yippee! arrest me
before I strip in the street.
I've two hairy pancakes left.

2/6/13

Lymm Dam

With sun rays falling like golden sand
from an hourglass, I'm hurrying home.
I eat at indigestion speed and change
office togs for denim, finishing my coffee
as I wriggle my old Doc Martens on.

I'm soon by the lake alone, but not viewed
as lonely. The garden shift over, birds amass.
Always something to upset Mrs Blackbird,
at the same time, a duck tears open the lake.

I'm waiting for a bite, peeping at a red float.
Robin's dancing round the bait box, sparring
like a boxer (feather weight),
I move it closer and pretend not to watch. Then
curse as I am watching, I miss a bite.

My heart changes gear, I'm suddenly aware
of my breathing, watching the rings
round the drying float, as it plunges again
only to be catapulted (faster than my stomach
sinks) behind me. And I look
at the knot puzzle in the rhododendrons.
Robin darts off, mouth lined with maggots.
I smile. He'll be back,
and this is living.

2001

match.com

I didn't want to end up alone.
I thought "six months." It would work or not.
At least when I was sixty
I'd not say, "I should have gone on match.com"

I took the honest tack after messaging Kate:
a post op transgender female.
Her candour precipitated my bipolar,
unemployed status:
"I write poems and walk dogs,"
it's hardly the big time in some women's eyes.
I'll never drive a BM-fucking-W
or regularly holiday in the sun.

Honesty increased isolation.
So, I opted to *show* humour.
The moustache was negotiable.

* * *

I wasn't going to pass on the wink.
Despite her profile scaring me
I suggested a date.
I rang. We chatted, texted, Facebooked; all that shit.
I thought I'd blown it by revealing my illness,
but she was crazy as well.

* * *

On meeting her I beamed.
She appealed to my animal side.
Dollyd74 and Holmesy just went BAM.
I was soon scared by our wildfire.
I had no intention of dousing it.
A lifetime is a long time to wait.

17/8/14

Menstruating Mona Lisa

Carina Ubeda's a bloody cunt catalogue.
Five years of vagina stained Paños highlights
monthly headaches, mood-swings,
PMT.

Theoretically everything is art.
She had tampon and pad allergies,
so stuffed snot-rag absorbers intimately,
hoarding five years of blood.

Cage composed silence. Rothko abstracted.
Everything has to be done.
Apples dangle representing ovulation.
This was potential life.

People sniff these disinfected stains,
perverts are “on the rag” connaisseurs.
Carina’s flow was shame.
Her periods were for-fucking-ever.

If people twigged she was stressfully heavy
she felt an ugly bitch.
She’s exorcised that delusion with expression,
stretching bounds of normality, throttling taboo.

21/5/14

Monday morning meetings

Social media apps are ready.
A four-mile mission
through urban scenery, diesel,
lead-free fumes and litter
beckons.

You're no different to the grey bearded man,
with pen and Daily Mail in hand; head down,
bum on bench and time an abstract concept.
You're looking at a mirror,
but silver's aged. What did Hesse say?
'Wisdom cannot be imparted?'

It's time to talk.
Your contemporaries earn for kids'
and Mercedes Benz' sake.
You smile at strangers. A black
woman beams as if available.
She's Okay, but possibly
Christian.

Some well-dressed bum
claims he's been out all night.
His scarred head looks peppered with six-shot.
"Can you phone for me?"
You unload 47p in his clean palm;
... weirdo.

In the bar you display verbal skills
that ought to land you a job, but she works.
She frowns for a while, till you've had your one to one
foreplay. Her mate can cook veg. You ask if he's up
to a breakfast. That charm's extra egg and toast.
All the while pictures upload.

At twenty you thought people thought about you.
At forty you didn't give a shit.
If you make it to sixty, you'll realise,
that in people's view, you were the shit you never gave.

2/6/14

Night and Day, cafe bar

It's gone noon and people are drinking,
and like me on computers.

There's a piano with missing teeth. I'd like to touch it,
but it looks like it's past sexuality.

It's dim here, I like it that way, -
but the screen lights my face,
as I type away the day.

I fancy the barmaid. I'd better not read the wife this verse.
She'd think I'm getting pathetic, in my middle age.

They sell crap art here, not a chance to punt -
its garish gloss.
Still, it makes it look trendy, adds pseudo-glam -
to night-time gigs.

The drinks are pricey, so the toilets are dry docked.
I guess young smiling barmaids keep it going.

It's my choice if I want to pay over the odds for drink.
At least it makes it quiet mid-day so I can cogitate in peace.

28/2/11

Non-mainstream

He's non-mainstream.
He's got a science degree.
He's non-mainstream.
He says, "no-one wants me."

He's non-mainstream.
He's got a creative CV.
He's non-mainstream.
He says, "he's out of his tree."

He did a little stint
as a volunteer,
talking to outcasts
that society deemed queer.

Once he programmed C
and other languages,
tied to a desk,
eating 11a.m. sandwiches.

He's non-mainstream.
He plays Chopin on piano.
He's non-mainstream.
He missed the gate labelled narrow.

He's non-mainstream.
They said, "strip your personality."
He's non-mainstream.
He's clinging to actuality.

He figured that he'd get
the things that he deserved.
He figured Jackie Wright
was successful but reserved.

He's over forty years
and never had a fake tan.
He drinks Coca-Cola
likes there's an alcohol ban.

He's non-mainstream.
He's got a commando knife.
He's non-mainstream.
He's an enigma to his wife.

He's non-mainstream.
He'll write poems for scores.
He's non-mainstream.
He wants an income for your chores.

20/11/14

One of the lads

He's not one of the lads, he
doesn't have a six pack;
doesn't have a hairy chest;
doesn't wear slip-ons,
nor tight trunks; dons shorts;
doesn't chat with the staff;
doesn't exercise in the gym or swim;
spares words in the spa,
in case they make him look a fool;
uses club shampoo
and doesn't dry his hair;
doesn't care
for after-shave or new man skin care products;
doesn't stand too long in front of the mirror;
drinks coke at the bar, he's
kind of not with the swing of things
but he's happy watching
the lads.

9/12/01 – 1/12/10

Opus Dei

I spoke to God today for the first time in months. I started by apologising for not being in touch, then thanked him for helping me hang in down here.

I said I know you won't send me an email, but can we agree that if the bus is on time today, it must surely be down to you, because the First bus company operates on a basis of wasting our time, whereas you would ostensibly save it; Amen.

The bus came one minute early.
There was something strange about the driver today, his joviality.
I thought he'd smoked "wacky-backy" as I sat staring out of the window.
He took the wrong route despite mutterings from the whole bus. Veering back we arrived in town four minutes late.
It seems the Devil had tapped my line.
Hallelujah! If there's a devil, there must be a god.

31/3/11

Over the moors

It was a day to remember: seismic activity way off the fault. I was a Vietnam vet' infiltrating "libtards." The weather kissed my ass.

In Todmorden Fine Arts “humility” won approval by insisting he had money. He was invited upstairs to a private collection.

Oils teased. They were a wallpaper of honesty. Loyalty was barefaced porn: landscapes and world-weary faces: loose images: haziness trying to patronise, pleas for understanding. They offered a path and perversion. They were a virgin’s lure.

Next stop was Hebden Bridge, to hear, feed and forage. Senses risked ravishment, and figurative chemicals would find a vein.

“Ten pence” caused magnetism to a flea market entry box. This was more of a social. The closest thing to sex was a scowling Dirty Dancing DVD and a 70s chromed manicure set.

The pub was rich, grey beards and sandals flocked. Children enjoyed liberty. Magazines manipulate mothers who encourage moans.

The recital was organic. Noses were rubbed often. My cheeks were comforted by sound that begged that I wasn’t alone.

Over the moors I returned with the Smiths,
singing out loud, almost dancing with the steering wheel.
Adrenaline was six litres of petrol, three ten-pound notes,
and heart-breaking genuineness.

14/4/14

Panic attack

A spectacle of eyes transfixed by film,
some third-rate fifties black and white repeat.
Three minds imprisoned by the endless frames,
are islands.

They spend the night with oral yen to stoke,
says Freud arrested growth is why they smoke.
And in between, small mushrooms picked that morn'
keep mouths content, effects will last till dawn.

Ironic, caps they have are 'Liberty'
cause Tom seems quite entrapped, the irony.
Slow rhythmic right hand reflex feeds his face.
He's disappearing from the human race.

When asked are any 'shrooms left in his tin,
Tom confidently looks but sees nothing.
They tell him he's been popping them all night,
a moment of denial, futile; they're right.
Affectively the mushrooms make him sink.
Effectively they're time bombs for a shrink.

A den like this is alien to him.
He's guilty now just being in the room,
and anxious 'shrooms inside have yet to work.
He says *goodbye* and goes.

Claustrophobic feelings the sky's vast heights relieve.
He breathes in the fresh air, nervous reprieve.
His small red sports car beckons patiently.
He reckons he could handle driving home,
and longing for his bed, heads to the car.
He shuts the door behind him – big mistake.
Then knocks a switch. A buzzing fan comes on.
He finds his keys, inserts them, tries to think,
so consciously, of how to drive a car.
How does he start? Digressing, what's the buzz?
Check gear in neutral. Clear, now what comes next?
Digressing, what's the buzz? What gear's he in?
He's not, he's checked. Digressing, what's the buzz?
What is the buzz? His head? It's in his head!
His mind no longer functions.
He's unaware of his breath.
He's drowning in thin air now.
Grasping the steering wheel,
he wants out of the door.
Think! Think! Where's the handle?
Digressing, has he air?
He tries to reach the knob,
he can't, he coils back in,
shaping like a ball.
Just about to die,
he has no air.

Cortex wrenching.
(Hormone rescue?)
A surge,
huge rush,
a slice of thought.
He launches for the knob,
the door bursts open. Out he crashes. Free.
Wild, heart beating, jelly legged freedom.

His brain's learned panic.

24/04/00

Prosthetic penis palava

Fancy killing your husband
to discover his knob was unreal,
after many nights of fucking
when "he" made you want to squeal.

I imagine prosthetic penises
are really strap on knobs.
Angelo Heddington
thought hers was just the job.

Elizabeth Rudavsky
had a whirlwind romance
with a woman tooled up
who lead her a dance.

Escalating domestic violence
followed a shotgun wedding,
then Elizabeth stabbed Angelo
and revealed why cum was lacking.

Throughout their seven month relationship
they had sex in the dark.
Angelo must have had a lever
when her penis needed to park.

The knob had to be hidden
because an ex had set it alight.
What a stupid fucking story
a fucking load of shite.

A former girlfriend of Angelo
said her mate played with her dick.
She always had her hands
in pockets round the plastic stick.

The violence involved gun threats
and a metal pipe violation.
Angelo was a head the ball.
She had ideas beyond her station.

Elizabeth got married
with a black eye.
She eventually killed her husband.
He was not a fucking guy.

28/1/15

Public cafe

So, I watched this dude again.
He was staring into a cup of coffee,
wishing he'd put
god damned sugar in it for a change.
More to the point,
wishing it contained Irish whiskey
in goats milk. His beard
was a week too long, and he wore a coat
on a fine spring day.
His saving grace was a book of poetry,
that he couldn't quite enjoy
through not being able to read aloud.

He wanted to make it with the barista,
but due to his habits, his conversation
had become limited to one of two words:
large or medium.
Having said that, today was different.
He hadn't been for a while and was asked,
where he had been. He explained,
I don't know, doubling his vocabulary.
He'd been too often earlier,
and she'd turned moody.
In fact, he was pissed off with her.

He's got a university degree,
but since he doesn't talk the talk, he didn't mention it
when she mentioned hers.

What the fuck, is a graduate doing,
with a week too long beard, in the afternoons,
passing time supping COSTA coffee, in a home
for dementia patients?

30/4/13

Recollections of the 'Djemaa el Fna' 1989

I remember a daily circus,
a belt enchained monkey and pacified snakes.
There was no high wire, but heights came
via a whisper of *hashish*.

The sun was ungoverned.
Canopied fruit carts were like oases.
No one direction could transfix eyes. Senses were jostled.
A cauldron wafted its lure, and I couldn't resist
one too many local-priced bowls of soup.
The next morning, I exploded after this digestive Cemtex.

Several grey bearded Water Sellers were beacons,
Santa red, tasseled and draped in cups. I shared a photo, -
tipping.

I stole an over shoulder snap of two *hares*, gloved,
but with no referee. Was it staged? They put sporting rules
to the test, in the shade of thinning light.

Like foxes, three men and a temptress appeared.
No vixen, she was silent,
with intricate henna tattoos
curved like clefs and tile red.
Her dark blue, silk hooded garment
hid pleasure. I sinned in thought,
but risked no faux pas and chatted to the men.

I long to return to drink sugar-saturated,
mint tea, looking down on the *Assembly of the dead*,
Marrakesh.

4/11/10

Red Bull self-harm

Put yourself in hospital
with energy drinks.
That will make the buggers
think.

It's a strange way to go
drinking Relentless four packs.
Save money.
Lidl's a good crack.

If you mix with milk
and throw up regularly
you'll dry up your kidneys
just like me.

Apparently you can coma
or something like that.
The nurses thought I was crazy:
an unusual twat.

I thought I heard Roy Castle
when they stated my blood sugar.
If Norris had been alive
I could have met a McWhirter.

Insulin injections
slowly bring things down
after kidneys rehydrate
and sanity is found.

I don't recommend
excesses of sugar high drinks.
Don't be crass with legal mental stimulants;
think.

17/1/15

Rescue Human Beings

You can see R-H-Bs
with rescue dogs.
RHBs; some even worship God.
That deity ignores them.
He fucks off others too.
Try marrying a divorcee.
They call it adultery.

Paranoia can be had
if you bullied at school.
You may have been a mess,
but karma is the rule.
In time you'll project
your evil childhood ways.
Be yourself.
Even psychos behave.

Get chemically strait-jacketed
if you're miles adrift.
RHBs aren't found in offices.
At best they like night shifts.
Some find jails or boxes.
Many are pissed.

Educate an RHB
it's the answer.
Therapy can't give freedom.
Self can.

16/3/15

Sandra

came into his life by surprise.
He did not know he was looking
for a pal. "Not a date, just mates
hanging out together," he said.

He could not have guessed that he'd have
attracted her through his writing.
His heart was on both of his sleeves.
His special madness was offered.

In time oil paintings and graphite
might have been vivid mirroring,
but bipolar raised depressions.
She saw his pills with a wrist scarred.

Loyalty makes a real smile,
and exposure's harmonising.
He spouted quotes: Hermann Hesse's
"Wisdom cannot be imparted..."

He hoped his verse would radiate.
Excitement could be deceiving,
even with clearest aloneness.
He composed before the weekend.

* * *

On meeting her he took surprise
because he'd not been expecting,
short, young, casual leather looks.
He did not know what he wanted.

They went to the Travs' for some Coke.
She was fair by not beer drinking,
and they sat outside in sun rays.
In little time he was settled.

They chatted for what seemed an age.
After a chance old friends meeting
they headed off to Wetherspoons.
It was without spark, but relaxed.

She grew on him to be toothsome.
She said it: “what are you thinking?”
Women query that one at times,
so, his geekiness was mentioned.

“Sandra” was predestined to be
happy.

They’d no problem bonding.
He was meant to upload poems.
She believed that things were fated.

17/11/14

Seeds

I knew our whirlwind would last.
We’d hit the epicentre.

I gained trust from your sunflower hearts
that you always offered wearing pyjamas.

My microcosm was novel to you. Even jays
were won; their beauty fooled.

Robin performs, but frustratingly
his love’s a tease too. Only the stillness
of an angler can seduce him.

I'd shifted the leaves. They die to foster growth
on the bed our randomising rescue dog fouls.

Snow is due. Your silhouette will trace
regularly. I hope it will prosper.

Maybe you will synchronise with spring.
Last year wrens built in the rusty alarm box
that not even magpies could infiltrate.

Daffodils form a strong wake from crocuses.
Monochrome days miss them, till summer's promise
gifts beyond feeding trays.

Innocence appreciates.
Right now the seasons are precious.

2/12/14

Self-consciousness

Can't you guess what I'm thinking?
or see through my eyes?
What was that smile about?
Am I transparent?

I shyly mirror your grins
and attempt the odd fake chuckle,
sometimes inappropriately,
and socially stumble.

I'm lost
and aim to be polite,
but my frown betrays me.
Do you see it?

If I had words to say
it'd be like balm,
but my lack of focus
is a social handcuff.

You leave and I relax,
until we meet again;
to greet
or not to greet?

We meet several times.
I say *hello*.
How weak I feel.
I'm my own proverbial fly.

28/11/01 – 11/5/13

Side-effects

I can

sense you,
yellow, one
inch thick, curved.

You're not alone,
though the others
are too obscure. They
don't visualise clearly.

I'm dozing but I'm
well aware of shape
under my head, hiding.

I'm fully clothed below
my quilt, and carrying
my Puma pen-knife.

I slash your blue
cover and white
cotton inner bit.

I even walk
downstairs
with you,
before I
realise
there is
no fruit
in my
pillow.

28/2/12

Talking about The Holme Diet

“How do you do it?”

“Well, it’s a kick in the ass.
First you want a chronic illness.
Diabetes is an excellent choice.
Carbohydrates need lowering,
they pile it on,
pumping up blood-sugar,
but the ironic icing on the cake
is a change in religious beliefs.”

“So, you’re telling me
to change my religion
and have a possibly life
threatening disease?”

“In a nutshell, yes.”

“I believe in Christ,
who should take his place?”

“Not who, what.
Nature is God. Nature is love,
and to love nature back
you’ll leave animals alone.
Vegetarianism strips the pounds off,
no more fatty meats. For full effect
go Vegan; say goodbye
to butter and cheese.”

“So, in essence, you’re saying
the secret to losing weight
is to become a pantheistic,
diabetic vegan?”

“Simple, isn’t it?”

“Why don’t you bugger off?”

“Well, I’m sorry you feel that way,
but it worked for me.
You can always stop weighing yourself
and avoid reflective surfaces.”

11/2/14

Terminal draft

I could smile, even though I reasoned
that nothing was going to change.
Traits were hard-coded.

Life was a Heath Robinson fashioned jigsaw.
Minds were shielded. People
tended their own confusions.

The first rung was always crowded.
Mum and dad tried to help, but money
can’t really turn back the clock.
Society’s stragglers were fodder for humiliation.

I projected frowns on the faces
of quizzical people.
I hadn't got money to permanently seduce,
but I realised that that would be a practical lie.

I was no longer a Christian.
Devils lived in churches. The left hand
knew full well about the right.
I needed the saints I'd pushed away.

The days were sixteen hours too long.
I was robbed of dreams, lying awake.

Art had been morphine,
but my tolerance grew.
I couldn't share my honesty.
I was too fucking honest,
that's it in one.
I was too honest for this bullshit.
It just didn't work out.

Forgive me.

14/4/14

The road home from Damascus

John 4:8 - Whoever does not love does not know God,
because God is love.

He'd believed in God
and an afterlife.
He could meet folk again.
Then it dawned on him
that everyone has an agenda
and doesn't act out of pure "love" alone.
People want,
giving while receiving their rewards.
Everyone is proud.
He'd been betrayed ,
and realised that this "love"
did not exist. It followed
that God must be a delusion,
making him think,
as he was alone and wretched,
helplessly watching people starve
and die slaughtered,
that maybe Earth is Hell.
Some of us twig this,
whilst others pretend forever.
He wanted to pretend,
but sought the truth.
Had the few saints out of the billions
been the only approximation to "love?"
He wondered if he had become bad from birth,
like baptism was another joke,
or if he chose to be bad later?
He amazed at what people felt
when deluding about "love."
If the truth be known,
he'd never felt anything but a glimmer
his entire life.

18/1/14

The story of my life

Did I mention confusion?

It chokes,
weeding its way
through the garden.

Summertime got shorter every year.
That was when the fruit
was most throttled.

It took a while to realise
that everything was seasonal.
Pain wasn't permanent.

It was too late though.
I'd hidden.

Confusion was multiplied
by the sexual imperative.
What was left,
after all the best years had rotted
was recursive fertiliser.

So, did I tell you about confusion?

It embraced me after 45 years.
We signed a pact.
I sat at the head,
at the Mad Hatter's tea party,
realising that my concept of normal
was the same as everybody else's:

madness.

9/5/14

This is where he lives

He extracts details from the China-man
in the takeaway,
who'll show happy jpegs of a new girl
one day.

The Thai/Malaysian venture
is going down.
Extra cars round his gaff
have headed to town.

He fed a tramp one day.
The twat never recognises him.
A smile would be nice.
They're both on the margin.

He's lived here for twenty years,
nodding at a bachelor who once spoke.
He waxed lyrical about Rachmaninov.
That single's a super bloke.

Repeat offenders risk a grand
for leaving dog shite.
It's a feckin minefield
for people returning at night.

He doesn't know what happened
to untaxed, unhelmeted tear-arsers.
Maybe Dibble coerced leads
from yobbos outside the bookmaker's.

Billy's Okay swearing
after selling extortionate coke.
He used to sell him Jameson's
when he drank and tabs were smoked.

He's felt like crying in the bakery.
They only talk when he's high.
His moods confuse.
When he's low no-one tries.

The benefits mother of five
murders a twenty-deck every day.
Sky's available. Keep your noses out.
Everyone here has their way.

31/5/14

Town

High heels and skirt skirting
her bum, leather jacket on,
she's advertising lies.
No wonder men forget shopping needs.

T-shirts proudly reveal tattoos:
the usual curly-wurlies
and barbed wire bicep badges.

I wear sandals. Nike and Adidas
steal sweat this spring sizzler.

A couple emerge
with the Daily Mirror.
Clarkson and Peaches
snigger.

Doc Martens, exotic piercings
and pseudo sophistication
rape impressionable
young lefties.

I feel sick: sick of hype.
I want to throttle the pope
for failing. Drop dead gorgeous,
lipstick lesbians, with cleavage
in hysterics, seduce me for three seconds.
I frown as we pass.

I look like a Vietnam vet:
“Travis Bickle.” With my chin up
I’m mistaken for a proud prude.

Later I startle at 2a.m.
having foolishly thought about life.

3/5/14

Transition

Day one

Waking early, the first thing is to see
if I'm Facebooked or Tweeted.
I've got that newfangled Internet Addiction Disorder.
I don't work, so I drink coffee then walk.
I say hello to everybody.
Those who don't catch my eye haven't realised,
that we're all navigating this confusion called self.
The sooner we sense commonality,
the sooner we smile.

Day two

This is like day one, only I can't afford Costa.
The boating lake woman thinks my pepsi is beer.
I say, "I'm a tee-total nonsmoker."
Her husband asks if I'm a virgin. The remainder
is spent enjoying music and surfing the web.
I "meet" this new online poet.
I'm happy.

Day three

I visit town. Despite being broke,
I buy a box-set of AC/DC and listen all day.
I get excited and spam Facebook with track names.
My neighbours "rock" through a thin wall.

In the morning it clicks.
I haven't thought about her for three days.
I realise with guilt, then acceptance,
that I've stopped mourning.
I recognise that I've mourned
for the past eighteen months.

28/4/14

Wednesday 29/4/15

I played "Somewhere over the rainbow"
to make us cry. Michelle wept the most.

My life:
I get up, I get through, I sleep.

If it was a good day it was a blessing.
If it was bad it was a curse.

I try not to think, like meditating.
I don't need yoga.

The beat of a butterfly wing a hundred years ago
could have changed everything.

I hope it didn't all end in the still birth room
aka "The butterfly room."

This isn't boringly affecting is it? As I say,
"I write poems and walk dogs."

It's not raining.
That's good.

29/4/15

Where do the birds go?

Where do the birds go when they die?
Where do the birds go from the sky?
Where do the birds go when they die?
Where do the birds go; pigeon pie?

Sparrow are scarce and thrushes are rare.
Ornithologists' notepads are getting bare.
There must be a place, but I'm unaware.
Are birds in holes, like the grave of Voltaire?

Where do the birds go when they die?
Where do the birds go; no bye-bye?
Where do the birds go when they die?
Where do the birds go? Magpies get by.

There was pancaked game in my whereabouts.
Its soul had a chance of infiltrating a mouse.
I shifted remains to spare the lady of the house,
from piping out a rant about shooting red grouse.

Where do the birds go when they die?
Where do the birds go except on roads?
Where do the birds go when they die?
Where is the dead bird's humble abode?

21/11/14

You have a job

I smile and joke.

She says, "Are you having your egg?"

Nothing changes.

I ponder.

Damn it, listen.

You approximate normality.

That's what you're paid for.

The barm cakes

are just a badge differentiating you
from misfits.

Don't you think I don't know
how to lie?

My seclusion tests you.

Elsewhere baristas,
newsagents of propaganda
and checkout folk, interface
with my transiency.

I entertain.

Ask for a job though
and my face doesn't fit.

23/4/14

Balance, respect
and love...
www.exithell.org