Free Verse and Rhymes

Idlepoet

Presented by
My poetic Side

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Last Romantic

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As Far As the Wind Dances

Gone and Lost

Seed Cycle

Happy Without You

Night Flowing Body Transcending

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Candy Hurricane

Lost But I'll Find My Way

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Blood Sacrifice

Swanfeather Overflow

Life Commodity

Happy Never Ending

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Black Cherry

Darkstar

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Sun-o-Maker

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Careless Night Identity

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Don't Say Goodbye

Salvador

There Was Clouds In My Sky

Loving Memory

Soft Blue

California Love

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Innocence Not A Myth

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So You Must Take The Risk

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Pablo Rococo

True Love, Fake Love

Aonaran

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When All Else Failed I Threw Myself in the Ocean

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Young But Not Afraid

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Night Dream

Highspeed Mermaid Harvest

Loveless Boys

Cloudy Moon Aura

Forever Is Never

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Silence Louder Than A Heartbeat

Stargaze

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Pawprints and Stepping Stones

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Paradiso

Trust Distraught

Soloespecificos

Violet Pink Roses

White Vintage Star Lover

Bitch Echo

Requiem

Dust and Magic Spells

Crystal Palace

Shifting Places

Vaccinated

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Plishelpme

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Violets Are Blue

Glistening in Blooming Sunlight

Turning Planets

SIRENS

Wandering Silence

Disciple

Hilltop Gentle Breeze

Ivory Rivers of Silk Blood

New Star Songdance

Secyt Paraíso

5pekausis

Lonely Minds Vacancy

Hourglass

Black Rose

Lovers in the Night

NECTAR

Blue Echo

Losing Game

Turtledove

1,000 Tears

Blind Devotion

No Immunity

Rainbow Heaven

Sky Coloured Blue

Wild Waters

Forever Jewels Sparkle

Destination Prayer

Poet Insane

Roadkill Hatecrime

My Tears Flow Like Rivers

Long Walks in the Rain

Ferris Wheel

Wasted Youth

Waxen Glib

It Only Happens in the Movies

Laying in Your Arms

Nightfall Stardust

Poisoned Lake

Sands in Eternity

Echoing and Haunted

Impermanent Thunder

Tasquiqui

Skies Asunder

Blue-Grey Spells in Treacherous Mist

Boys Want Love

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Loveless Game

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Brotherhood

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Darker Desire

Earth to Dust

You Fall in Love and You Fuck It Up

Like the Inside of an Orange

Tortured Love

Fury Takes Over Me

Cold Friction

Angel Boys

Heart-Shaped Destruction

Dreamclouds

Somewhere In A Poem Tonight

Porcelain Skin

Stranger Heartbeats

An Angel Without Wings

Greenwich Equinox

Cryptohaven

Scarlet Letter Violet Forever

Black Roses

Hyacinth

Pacifist Blues

Serendipity

Troubled Sky

OMEN

Invisible Drownings

Lofty

Dark Clouds and Starlight

Cold Sun

Untravelled Waters

Pink Martini

Lost Ocean Symbolism

Love Too Good To Be True

Ceasefire

Nightingale in Spring

Melancholia

Meadow Song

Cardinal Sin

Lovers to Strangers

To Love, To Blue Skies

Lie Down Gently

Soft Skin

Dead Flowers

Waxen Wings

Crow and Bean Sprout

Oathkeeper

Softly Floating

Vincent

Tennessee Honey

Scorpion Sting

Those Days Are Long Gone

Patchouli

Moth Scars

Temple of HIMEROS

Ossuary

Arrow of Love

Castle Milk Quartz

Manic Pixie Boy

Anamnesis

Burnt Umber

Secret Storm

Meadow Song

Flying Lotus

Sycamore Tree

The Sky Fits Softly in My Hands

Haunted By Your Song

To Close the Mouth of a Wound

Love and Death

Vanitas

Hanging Garden

Paranoia Plague

Kenopsia

Phosphophyllite

Let Us Live Like Angels

Evergreen (I)

Secrets of a Tulip Chamber

My Body Remembers

Dancing Plague

Soul Song

Blackbird

Study in Watercolour

Grey ? Gardens

Polyrhythm

Burnished the Sunspot

The River Carries the Stars

Nocturnal Creature

Amore

You'll Never Understand

Ysolla

Plagio

Acetone Capsule Time Delay Bomb

Nocturne

Blue Grey Orange Sky

His Pale Skin

Cemetery

Romeo

Titanium Touch

Big White Cloud

Love in the Dark

Carrot Milk

I Adore the War We Live In

Youth and Decay

Orange Tree

This Landscape is Changing

As I Lay Dying

Outward to Otherworlds

Touch-Me-Not, Come Back To Me

Reverie

Send Us to the Stars and We Will Not Return

How To Make Eye Contact

Speak Softly

Be Weird, Eat Cake

Conversations With the Moon

Touch and Go Ache

With Every Glittering Sea

Your Soft Skin Cries

A Seashell in My Head

Thank You for Being Amazing and Kind

Invisible Clocks

My Tears Die Like Stars

Sadness Is A Tree

Clipped Wings

October Poem

Rabbit In A Labyrinth

Learning To Let the Past Go

Deep-Sea Diver

Pedal Steel and Ribbons

A Flower At Sea

The Moonlight Is Disintegrating Into Ashes

Our Secret Place

A Butterfly in the Grass

I Hope You're Happier Without Me

Billow Shrub Shroud Willow

I Talk to the Stars

The Most Beautiful Song

How We Loved and Lost Each Other

Lotus

You Promised Me the Rain

Song For Yesterday

The Nightjar's Lament

Love In Our Blood

Churchyard

All That I Loved Left Me With Scars

The Paper Cut Is A Bee Sting

Half of Me

Gilded Path

By the Black Water

Midnight in A Sullen Frame

Furrow and Fur

Rainbow On the Loch

Yesterday I Loved You

Dark Fantasy

Never Here, Never There

Entropy Aglow

Cut the Roots

I Could Be Your Boyfriend

Summer Nostalgia

Soul Scythe

Omphalos of Verisimilitude

Rose of Desire

Violent Kisses

I Want to Die In Your Arms

28/01/2024

La Lune

Blood Upon the Lillies

My Reality Is Hedonism

Cherry Boy Milk

Second Hand Smoke

Faces in Grey Altars

Father, Have Your Way With Me

In Your Sadomodern Gloating

Cold As Hell

Bliss Is A Wound

Alcoholic

Calamondin

Born to Be Crazy

Snake Worship

Am I A Roman Emperor?

Xinomavro

Fuck You, I'm Sorry

Golden Hour

Sex Crying on the Wall

I Am Not A Slut

In Dreams of Love With No Cure

Love Heart Neck Tattoo

Tropical

The Posture of A Gentleman

Extreme

Flies in Berlin

Clepsydra

Drowning Like An Angel in Despair

Blood Bitch

Europe Makes Me Nostalgic

Shades of Green

Dirty Boy Heaven

When You Kiss My Pulse

See You, Jimmy

Is This A Sign?

Masochistic Mirage

Cinema City

The Price of Pleasure

As Hollow As the Drugs I Take

I Want To Sniff You Like A Dog

If It Is Not Love

A Glacier in My Eyes

Nectarine

Leather Daddy

Gloryhole

Pawing At Nightfall

Te Amo Cafe Blues

Desire By the Orange Tree

With Eyes Like Candytuft

Ecstasy Boy

Kiss Me and Never Let Me Go

Satire X

I speak the language of death
With a cheap grimmace splattered like paint across my smug face
I speak the language of death
I do it the best
I still can't believe it
I'm a fucking poetic genius
A mountain of sin
Flapping butterfly wings
A fountain of wisdom, often
Silent
I still can't believe it
I'm a fucking poetic genius.

4 A.M. Awakening

My vision went blurry
It was like royal herringbone
So I threw myself off the top of a cliff
I did it because I couldn't stand
Slowly dying
The notorious thought cripples me
Every time I wake from sleep
I'm reminded I'm mortal
So I thank the night
Then I slumber, cold as stone
Sewn into a bizarre fantasy
I ignore the fourth dimension
I act like my life is perfect
But it isn't
Suddenly I'm despondent.

Bird Science

It's apparent to me
A new time is coming
It's an iceberg in my mind
Crying Auld Lang Syne
I've seen vivid images of a red end
They were as stubborn as a cool mule
Or a snoring whale during an Indian summer
Perchance I'm under a spell
The giddy world opened for Bethesda
I was informed
Rain fell from the firmament
Filling her

It doesn't make any sense, it's an idiosyncrasy
A shadowy figure
Future Mother Nature
I will never stop pointing at the moon
So I welcome the new time, this moment won't last forever
Life is an Indian giver, sparkling like gold in mud
I'm aware, I won't fall for the ruse
I squash pain into my core like it's a fruit
I'm like someone on a mission
Spaceman on Apollo 11
Like some kind of curious Hobbit
Going on an adventure with a crooning voice
I can't escape the noise
The callous winds are ushering
I'm entering the night in a queer way

My thoughts are being as loud as gunshots
Saying I'm a ghost of Pensacola
A handmade Tallahassee
Sun-like and mango yellow

A masturbating homosexual sent to Coventry

I'm the unreliable narrator

Titan Atlas

Loving Thamyris

Aristotle believed that swallows hibernate in winter

I chuckle, it's a miracle, I've been chicken-stuffed

I'm becoming you

When I have the time I'll get to it.

Depressed

Every damn New York minute is a lifetime
Dragging on like a television show
It makes me zone out of reality
Leaving my hubris behind
Have you ever been in purgatory?
There are no foxgloves
Only angels
The ones which fell from grace

How can I possibly ignore I'm in pain?
Do you know what it's like to be forever depressed?
Jaded and folded-up in bed with a killer headache
There's a big black cloud hanging over me
I'm plagued with fatigue
Enervated, I crave sleep
I've spent too many insomniac nights
Wandering down an abandoned road

I have felt the force of the great alligator snap
It was electric, I was illuminated
As if I was biting into forbidden fruit and God knew
I am like no other
Looking at a gift horse in the mouth
I know what it feels like to be left in the lurch
Listening to silence reverberate from wall to wall
Waiting for important phone calls

Depression runs like a river in my bones
Alas, I'm a lost echo deep in a cave
Grey smoke billowing out of a chimney
Forming cloud shapes
I'm making eye contact with an entity
With whiskey breath

An array of delicate musical notes
Reminds me of my dysfunctional adolescence

Now I'm grown and writing poems on trains
On a solo journey
I travel around Glasgow
Lending fake smiles to strangers
I'm dying inside but I can't tell anyone
I'm alone in my world
Making chess moves in my fancy shoes
When I'm not busy brooding in my abode

I'm thinking about a distant school friend
The time when nostalgia meant nothing to me
It's comforting like a wanted hug
Nowadays my life is a sombre funeral
Ere it was a paradise in Heaven
I was a razor sharp bird's bill
Wreathed in constant pleasure
Holding my hands out for a lagniappe.

Flower Boy

Laying desolate in a graveyard
Corpse stiff, corpse-like
Morbid, white cooked albumen
Breathing in, I've befriended isolation
Facing problem after problem
I'm watching the shifting sky dance
I could watch it and get dizzy all day
Sitting there, without a care

It has dawned on me
I'm in manacles in a mental prison
Frustration is building up
Like rancour or growing jealousy
I'm a volcano exploding
Suddenly

I'm malleable like clay
Cutting myself a fine slice of cake
I've calmed my frayed nerves
With love letters to death
Yet again.

Year 2017

Who spoiled the rod?
Eavesdropping
You cannot trick the master of illusion
I've learned
There's a bag of symptoms
In the corner of the hospital room
I move around, I'm a dune
Flowing like a stanza
Child of a pathological liar
I descry the sky is burning tangerine on fire

It's not a surprise, I'm nonchalant
It has been brought to my attention
You're a king-sized phony
There won't be a happy ever after
Fugitive doppelgänger
Chasing after stars, in friendly bars
I'm a shy ne'er-do-well, turtle coming out of my shell
Looking for a kiss and a birthday wish
I'm sick and twisted
Moving like music, effortlessly stoic

Fruitless hermit
Moping around an empty house
I am numb, ytterbium
Still soul-searching
At war with my gypsy reflection
Longing for something
The numb feeling is dominant
Like a varicose vein or a protruding stomach
It comes and goes like I promenade
Poker-faced

I thought I deleted it from my memory
The last time I was duck egg blue
I tried to kill myself
In the darkness down a cul-de-sac
Thinking back, it's difficult to recollect the past
The times I cried and the times I laughed
I don't want to wake the beast
I open the curtains, I let in the sunbeams
I've decided I want to live, I'm a contradiction
Ersatz Latin, I'm not exaggerating

Every night I hear suburban police sirens
Dashing down streets
They knock me off my feet
They sweep up all the foliage
Then they leave like a thespian
Exiting the stage
Like fancy calligraphy
After that, everything is silent
I sit in my easy chair, in an umbra
Dour warrior, Salvador, brother of Yugoslavia
Cynosure yapping
Dwelling on yesteryear like the Minotaur
In the labyrinth, I'm trying to find my way
I'm trying to find my way out of the night
Going left then going right.

Elsewhere Musing

Betwixt Heaven and Hell
Wearing my badge of honour
I am an adversary of the hooded thing
Brazen death
I seek solace during the night
I write about red-letter-days and tragedies
Polar opposites, I'm moving forward
Sailing my ship
Like a scientist drunk on pirate humour
I'm a freckle in the cosmos
Barely able to move in a fissure
I would climb to the highest tor
In search for radiant glee

The sky has gone and obfuscated
Once again
I'm in an imaginary rose garden
I completed my mundane jobs today
It's just as well the Monday amnesia vanished
I'm an island
Watching my dreams perish before my eyes
In a reverie, in an Alfheim
On new soil, I traipse like an infidel
Being absurd, I swagger at the speed of a pulse
Like a hiccup or a bending boulevard
I have a history of dying
It's an orgasm, a brilliant dalliance

I am not an exponent
I'm good at destroying things
A kamikaze, a spitfire
Relapsing
When I see through sober eyes

I am a different person, sweet nocturne
Human, feeling nothing
A pylon, waiting for a clap of thunder
I'm a year older, tangled gossamer
Ceiling high geyser
Admiring antediluvian architecture
Stepping over beetles, I'm a fjord
A sad guitar chord.

In the Tree Canopy

A distinct pattern is unfolding
Like a whore
Liquid spread across the floor
It's an avalanche
A twitch, a violent spasm
I can't control the night
The hollow cavity
I am powerless
With my head buried deep in a tome
And I couldn't get any higher than I am
As hoops of smoke evaporate
Into the air

There has been a death
It was a pharaoh
I'm the outsider, looking in
An atom splitting
Going off topic again
I'm discursive, pornographic
I have no faith, I can't be saved
I adhere to pleasure like dew
In a fishpool, a friend of hedonism
I fuck myself till I'm sore
I plug the hole like it's a ritual
I won't pass the buck
I took myself to a kirk to pray
I'm fat with rage
The choir were singing away to the oratorio
It was a lull
I was motionless and mute like taxidermy
Then I sighed from relief, parting rain clouds
All the voices in my head clubbed together
Then they shouted out like a waterfall of tears

Paralysed by fears
Can I hide in your beard?

Ode to Midnight

Nefarious winds brushed off my cheeks
With each important footstep I took
I got closer to the edge
Half-smiling
The vine has grown, in a utopia
I'm anchored to paranoia
Fragile China
My back arched like Sierra Blanca
When I was shot with kaleidoscopic colours
I thought I was going to die

A wolf cry echoed by
A wolf cry went scoot
Everything's going to ruin, bitch
Per l'amor del cazzo
Cazzo la mia vita

Last night was a bastard
But the jazz band played on
Ha ha
Ha ha ha
I laughed at jokes
Found myself on an elongated road
Submerged in a foggy dream
Like a proud fool, dyed-in-the-wool
Taking constant blows to my self-esteem
Trying to block out gut-wrenching images from my mind
Why won't the intrusive thoughts abscond?
When will this epoch end?

Each day it's getting harder to breathe
Twenty three deserts
I'm tired of making an effort

I'm existing like a phantasmagoria
Brother of the heir to the throne
Each day it's getting harder to breathe
Black clouds, pumice and ash
In the shadow of Mount Vesuvius
Standing like a semi-colon
I can't remember the last time I watched the television
And I have a hard time expressing my emotions
Rip me open.

Far From El Dorado

Old, bittersweet memories have washed ashore
At a peculiar time of night
I think of them like they're locks of hair
Blossoming like the beaming moonlight
Five years have passed
Since I met the harbinger of death
I almost still can't believe I'm here
Plasma, jumping grasshopper
A familiar aroma
Buzzing around like fruit flies
I'm the swollen pilot of the aeroplane
Poppy-red, profusely sweating
I'm a shining diadem
A frown, a raised eyebrow
Sexually aroused
A songbird cursing the drought
I take the Hobson's choice, unbothered
I've jettisoned the prospect of a clear victory
I'm pissed off, drinking a stiff glass of edible bulbs
With guilty hands, I'm wanting a second chance
Sitting in silence
I haven't said a single word
And the hours pass, and the hours pass
And the hours pass, hours pass.

Milk Thistle

I'm waiting for the witch doctor to arrive
With nasturtiums to perform magic
I scratch the itch, I kill it
I'm growing impatient by the minute
Watching the clock tick

Things couldn't get any worse
I'm moonstruck, doubting myself
I could pule trying to live
Like a total blasphemous addict
I'm melancholic, hopelessly forlorn
Thrilled by the husk of a saxophone
I have been binging on my fears
Been doing this for years

By now I get on the bike and go
I know the acute pangs like the back of my hand
I push them out like I knead dough
It's gibberish to me, I toil and feel pain
Coughing up phlegm, a storm
The burden on my back is weighing me down
My blood is boiling like an African horizon
I've detected I've erred
I'm beleaguered, a void shell
Crack me like a nut, I'm a falling skyscraper
Ocean-wide and as deep as a lexicon
I make no sense

Churning out long winded poems, emollient-like
I've waded into the water
Hungover
I'm unemployed, like a butterfly trapped in a jar
A bipolar yo-yo, up and down

Like a limb
In the city, enthralled by newfangled technology
I'm a deer in the headlights in my favourite habiliments
I'm a negligent continuation, a bad influence
Whispering about the decadence
With sunken eyes and laughter lines
Pouring molasses.

Bedroom Thoughts

"I don't know,"
I seem unsure, going back and forth
Why am I tied to misery?
At any moment I could veer anywhere
My life has always been jam packed with doom and gloom
I guess I blow things out of proportion
Like I'm narrating a story for a stranger
There's always a silver lining

One time I believed crazy things
One time I got into an argument with sanity
Last year I turned twenty
A light bulb went off like a firework
But I don't feel right, I feel like I'm dead inside
In a gelid state
Have you ever wondered what does it feel like to be gone?
Numb and shapeless like the sky
I can only imagine
I think about death all the time, somehow
I wonder when will my lifetime end
Like a swan song?
I'm a broken gramophone
A tautological poem
An open wound, with tin cheekbones
I footle, sadder than Meretseger
Higher than Sinai

I live, forgetting in the webbing
Beer frothing
Three days before one month after Lammas
A comedian fails on the set of his debut gig
Yeah, it's embarrassing.

Sentiment Expressed

On a daily basis, I tie my shoe laces
Then I go to the fishing spot
The lintel shines through when the sky grows dark
But the sun's lobes were never seen
I fall over my clouded acumen, uttering jargon
I'm a sponge absorbing information

I'm red with regret, spinning out of control
Down a rabbit hole
Ipso facto
I'm fucked, a lame duck, cock stiff
Wood pulp
I don't believe your bullshit
Ancient history written on papyrus
I have a mind of my own

Yes, it's true
Auf Wiedersehen Sie
Auf Wiedersehen, Auf Wiedersehen now
I'm lumbering on barren ground
Beetle-browed, still figuring shit out
Aimlessly dashing down my current thoughts
I'm ill-starred, wayward
Dwelling on so on and so on
At night I gaze at the stars
I succumb to temptation

The ice is thawing
What's happening to me?
I never seem to learn my lesson
I make impulsive decisions
I live for the moments of radio static
Sure, I have no more room for Gaelic

Doing cartwheels
I don't know what's real and fake
Going down memory lane
I'm asphyxiating from the sheer pain
As rays of sunshine glitter
I gloss over the gospel truth

I've been interrupted by a hullabaloo
The elephant in the room, a gallus taboo
One too many times I've spent months in a surreal dream
Devising art, in Sheol, the winds whistle
I listen to the drizzle
I stop in my tracks at the death knell
Whilst I swell with an army of khaki emotions
I've frozen, again, thinking il y a plus à la vie
Once I was over the moon with joie de vivre
Now I'm lost without an itinerary.

Wych Elm

Loneliness is the longest road
Tapering off
A foreigner who becomes a friend
In the heart of the trenches
It appeared out of nowhere
One day
I woke up and was blinded by a glow
There was no dialogue
Everything was suddenly so dull
Dammit everything is so dull

When I dream, I dream to vamoose
I escape from reality
The bitter citrus, I'm in a dreamland
It's as pretty as a rose bush

Time has stopped
I gulp
There's a frog in my throat
I notice everything
I'm careful about the juicy details
I drag on a spliff and I exhale
Then I sip on my beverage

Amen, amen
I am here again
Suited, in ikebana
Seeking your attention
Ahem, ahem

I swim in schmaltz in bedlam
Ten fishes filled
Gilled, I'm quite skilled

Intently listening
I can hear a voice from Heaven
It's sending shivers down my spine
I'm shrouded in thick darkness
Scrubbing indelible stains
I align with the moon
Asking for staying power
I call on Sekhmet yet I'm left a leper
There's no two ways about it
I'm stuck in a cycle
I don't know what the fuck to think
It's now or never.

Anal

Briskly I zip myself back up
I cherish my grey matter and my bowels
Isn't it fantastic, poetry larded
I'd never stop smiling if it happened
I'm a firm believer it's an earthly coincidence
We've crossed paths

Back when I walked around with no brain
Gritting my teeth
Nonplussed and dragon huffing
I thought the world would end with a blitz
I was jelly-like
A newt breeding
Butter beans, yours forever
You remind me of a painting in a museum
A criminal lover

I threw the tinderbox in the inglenook
I closed my eyes, on a voyage to elsewhere
I fit perfectly into a tailored wish
Slipped off into a sleep, through the afternoon
I was a rabbit in a warren, on the brink of giving up
I sojourned in a place of safety
Morning and night
I glide in and out of my conscience

It's now a pattern
A fully blown addiction
It's now a way of life
I'm on an even keel

Still, this monster in me won't let me sleep
I could scream, watching fog lay on the skyline

Dragging myself down the street
Thinking many-a-strange-things
Lately I've been dreaming
I'm feeling drained, pained with resentment
I won't move, I'm like an obelisk
It is what it is.

Perfect Asymmetry

Light bursts
The gibbous moon is in fashion
I'm casting aspersions, around empty liquor bottles
I've presented my middle finger to Hell
Life is throwing mountains at me
I can only presume it's a sort of augury
Time and time again
I've been acquainted with disasters
At the zenith, in my sanctum
At 4 a.m., I'm awake

Everything is going to plan
I feel alive, pitying Anne Frank
I'm disporting in my tomb
Deciphering codes, back at my davenport
I'm happy and sad, working on my syntax
A mannequin writing a diatribe

It's like a poison arrow shot through the heart
A four letter word rests on the tip of my fountain pen
In the hot space of ten minutes
I've drank the darkness, I'm a tortured soul
Trying my hardest not to be bellicose
I have to work on my issues
I've ran to the end of the constellation Virgo
It's been an ordeal to say the least
Oyez oyez oyez!
I've erased a Greek solecism
On cloud nine
I've put my pen down
Into the row of other implements
In a typical shipshape position
I could vomit, lace the grommet

I'm as creative as the Drum Major
Dazzled by the pur and the peach
Poetry drips from my lips
The embroidery clings
Clustered
The naked man's orchid
I'm getting everything mixed up.

Eternal Youth

Great
A new day brings new weather
Lenity springs
I've crossed the rill, I'm independent
Sibilant serpent
In the city streets, in alleys
In the woodlands
On sofas
On the floor
Opening and slamming shut doors

I've outdone the purlieus
But I don't know which direction to go in
Whorls whisper and I feel like I am a tourist
I was crippled with anxiety in public
A planet in orbit

Ransacking my brain for a metaphor
Honeyed words, something
The sad thing is that I'm empty
Like the pit of a cave
Living in an illusion, in a left-handed place
Au fait with all things death
Vulnerable host in a dichromatic state
I belong to the night
The sun's shine is moony and mean
I always want to go with the tide
It's been a long time since I've smiled
I haven't smiled in a while

I need my narco
Certes
I lay deep-rooted in my tomb

Each crispy morning passes me by
I lay in my tomb like I am Tutankhamun
Without any notion, pain is closing in on me
I can't stomach it, death
I'm faltering quicker than Jonquil
Pawing at the long drawn tintinabulation
I wish it was a nightmare.

Contemporary Roethke

Billions of silent, twinkling stars
Are popular in the night time sky
With nowhere important to go
The variables are provoked
Into dying quietly

I watch the world spin
Like a lady wearing a dress
From the comfort of my abode
As if I'm frozen in time
I am the radiation burning skin

I've always got an axe to grind
I have a new desire for revenge
I'm dependent on the drugs
Dreaming of a peachy paradise
I adhere to the scintillating idea

I had anticipated life would work out
I couldn't have been anymore wrong
It's comedy, gobbledygook
Otherwise I am mute or eating hospital food
Like the young drunk infidel I am

Nemec on a sea
Breathing in the falling snowflakes
I feel giddy like a limerick
Squeezing the white sap
I've been thinking 'bout my salad days, school years

I am a prophecy
A bard at heart, seldom happy
Pretty lonely like the Isle of Mull

Warm and sweating
Stretching myself.

Beach Visioning

There is nothing exciting about my poxy life
I think, winding down
This isn't how I had mapped things out
I know the lonely town more than I know myself
Things have never been the same since the pain doubled
It's a hefty noise that's keeping me awake
I'm strategically placed
With nothing good to look forward to
All I can see is a cloudy view
It's my vision

If this is my last night on earth
So be it, so be it
I hate it, I hate it like I'm Ludwig of Bavaria
I'm the antithesis of happiness
Forever chasing thrills
I can't keep on lying to myself
I am ill at the thought of it, Jesus
I have hours to kill, in a bad circumstance
I watch the rain dance and puddles glisten
I'm content but something is missing
Watching the dancing ribbons
Spin and frolic

I rub the sore spot, I cough and spit
Selfish and selfless
Leaves of Grass, depressed Gen Z
Lifeless, bevelled edge
Painting the Eye of Horus
Next to Pasco, smoking on skid row
Nothing can bring me back to life
I'm a moth at night
Following discs and chinks of light

I'm keyed-up and I'm heading westward
Heading into the thick of the murk
With Neptune winds

Grinding molars, Aesop's proverb
I'm not a simple greenhorn
There has been a quantum jump
Still, I take one step forward and two back
Like I'm an archaeologist in a temple
Looking for nuggets of gold
It's a habit, I'm struggling to break it
I've been dead inside for years
Wiping away the useless tears, the rheum
The moon slowly disappears
High on the moors, I'm doing business
In open wilderness
I'm wearing sozzled eyes
I've dismounted the steed
There must be a doctrine
I want it to be serene
I have no fixed rhyming scheme
Experimenting with my sexuality
I'm a fragile plaything
Obsessed with suicide and sodomy.

Tale of the Time

At an odd hour in the morning
I've yet to have a wink of beauty sleep
It's already Thursday
I'm a bird perched on the branch of a tree
In desperate need of some help
I'm dying for my art

Why?
I can't explain it
I can't sum it up in a sentence
No one knows about my bizarre behavior
Or that I'm sea foam green like a dollar
Consuming cheap soda
I've pushed my secrets into an oil drum
I scrub until the grime is gone
I do it, I do it, then I do it all over again
Every time, it's flagrant
I've mastered the technique of dying
I'm deadpan and brazen
Biting my viper tongue
There's a malfunction in the axon
My vision is starting to blur
It's nihilism

I'm hooked on the high
I can't get enough of the buzz
Friday night stuff
Another chapter has been closed
I'm in a forest of crucifixes
In combed suede, going to my grave
The pain will wax and wane
It floods me like dopamine
An endless ocean

Always here, never there

Limp evildoer, I'm juggling a circus
Feeling like a bee stuck in syrup
I bend like a cuticle
Life is a bellyful and I'm a loser
Singing for Buddha
I haven't felt felicity since I got third degree burns
Scars when I was young under the sun in summer
Basking in the heat, I soak in the pulchritude
All the vermilion jewelweed.

Morning Will Rise

The winter night ululates
The sound echoes across the maedow
In a land of permanent bliss
I heard the thunderbolt of Zeus in locomotion
A millwheel spinning
The willow bark has started to peel
I observe the colourful rills
The hookah smoke

I am the chrysalis with mammoth dreams
Arcadian, white skin and bones
In bellows of pain
As dirigible as the wind
Reticent and kind of Argus eyed
I have no elbowroom
Snapping like a magnet
I follow the ocean and the moon

Hoping for Albion
It's difficult not to be distralt
In a leap year
Dark clouds are sitting in the sky
Sitting rhapsodic, I've been cut to the quick
Dipped into a reverie like I was a lapwing in flight
In the dead of night, my muddy footprints can be seen
From the highest bulwark in Tartarus

In the dark I tear myself apart
Yarn convolutes in a coil
I'm running from the mauve peasouper
The fruit has been spoiled
There is no cure that can fix this
Prithee, let it rain a shower of silver and gold

The first Faoilleach drought has ruptured my spirit
I've went and morphed into an eagle

The toe twisted
The toe turned blue, then black
Swastika red adders have launched diural attacks
It's ridiculous, total claptrap
I seen the sheet anchor pass the pelican crossing
It disappeared with dreamboats and paper planes
Like buttered adrenaline
It's time to catch a turtledove.

Bulletins of What Might've Been

The coast is clear, 6 a.m. is alluring
The ripe sky opens its curtains
I've been taking things for granted
Gallivanting and being selfish
I'll nip it in the bud
Today I won't make a fuss
I've zipped my mouth shut
I don't shut up

Sometimes I don't think before I speak
I won't jig
I'll turn you into porridge
Whip on the varnish
Cigarette in an ashtray
Souvenir purchased in Dubrovnik
I've pledged my loyalty
I'll never betray Prometheus
The Imhotep of dreams
The almighty father of edelweiss

Tennis is playing on the radio
It's a lovely song I know
A dwarf star blazing through the sky
A powwow in a taxi ride
I'm flummoxed by a confusing feeling
Whilst painting a portrait of melancholy
I lack the motivation, I don't have any patience
Fighting the urge, I'm defeated
I'm incomplete, searching for something
I'm back at square one, upside down
Everything's modern
But I can't escape the past
I've seen the future, the black end

The last consequence

24/7 I'm working
Working to get away from my kismet
I've done nothing with my tousled hair
I need a wake-up-call
I'm boxed in by the walls
My facade is wearing thin like a flint
My once reliable nostrum won't work
With Andrew, with Stewart
In Drew's backyard
The leitmotif is obvious, a sore thumb
Broad shoulders fill the doorway
I've ruined everything with one fell swoop
I'm the shadowboxer, drugged-up
In the neighbourhood

A ghost passing by like the traffic
In my duds, with a Biro in my pocket
I'm a nebulous figure, an aficionado of Sylvia
Magpie to the razzle dazzle, the ingle
On the rigg and furrow
At the Baboon king's beano
Stuck on a Sudoku, it's Barmecidal
Gale force winds al fresco
The current vogue, a peccadillo
Beloved movie on a VHS videotape

I'd rather be on my own than have company
Of course, life gets lonely
Living is a double-edged sword
I want to die but I want to live
At crossroads, I don't know what to make of it
I want to die but I want to live
Can't remember how long it's been like this
I don't know what I've to make of it

I want to die but I want to live!

I want to die but I want to live!

Web Unwinding

Nothing has changed, I'm still the same
As bitter as brine, lurking Gorgon
A crack has formed in the abutment
It's a picture of horror
Every teardrop evaporates into the air
I've cracked open a beer, a chilled Budweiser
I'm throwing a pity party
Doing a complete 180
Barefooted, in hurricane mode
I'm a big fat pain
Tucked in for the bumpy ride
I'm rearing to go
Dumbo under a rock
Awkward and virgin white
Like the swan queen herself
Thinking about where I've been
Elvis has left the building
My tears mean nothing at all
I drink my tipple, banging my head against the wall
Everyday there's a drama, mayhem erupts
I'm a swinging amulet
Coming in with an adage
Like I blew a hole into a shapeless dimension
I painted what happened with crushed foxglove seeds
It was a rather cumbersome task, I must say
I've spent today thinking about that

The time I was attacked by a wasp
In a rural area as cold as the North Pole
I can't just erase my memories
I miss my stripling
I'm always pining for the past
The time before I went and lost my innocence

As if I'm a Stonehenge from happiness
I'll give you the severed hands of Calibos
If you lend me your ears
Like a jigsaw puzzle
Everything can be broken in a single moment
Thinking about life in that sense
I'm the Phoenix that burst into flames
Going downhill on the toboggan
Snowballing into something
Like a free pilgrim
Blood rushes to the pink tip
Now I've went and got myself in a fine kettle of fish
I said au revoir, I took the yew and the fig
In my ghastly tomato red seersucker
I've got Dionysian fires in my eyes
I'm the sow's milky son
The arrowhead
Famished for life
I have a strange appetite
Caked in nectar, relaxing like honey
I escaped in the belly of the night
I espied a golden opportunity
There I went like a systole
Axolotl after Tabasco
It was whimsical, the banana yellow
I went like shrapnel, like Jekyll
Ultra-delicate like a silky tulip petal.

Echo Chamber

My arm rests in the plaster of Paris
I've suffered an orgy of terrible thoughts
So it's best to zone out, in lieu of sobering up
The night is paralyzed in its fancy costume
There is a nuance, in the precept
That I can't avoid
I've been pushed to a dangerous point
In slow motion, like an agent
An ailment
The postman with a time capsule
A troglodyte with no destination
In complete silence
I hear the church bells tolling
Once again I'm procrastinating
Can't overcome my addictions
In complete silence
I hear the bells tolling
Corollas bleed Mississippis
It's boring like shaving potatoes
We're headless, all of us
I'm in a white shirt, buttoned up
Repeating myself.

Sempiternum

My finger is on the trigger
The pistol shoots, in strips of white
The stem sprites like the outworn night crawls
Away from the shoal
Into the black cracks, away from the bling
I throw away things like they're pap
I do it all the time

I couldn't be anymore candid
Like the Statue of David
Seen Pythagoras of Samian
The Shahmaran
A rubberband, too deep in the art
I'm the dust collected on a bookshelf
I haven't seen the sun in God knows how long
It's a night time illusion, a famous lie
Like the tryst with hope
Or the scythe through the grass
The Cailleach's running from the Zodiac
Saying, "Abracadabra!"

I briskly left the library in a hurry
It was like Jumanji
I forgot my vocabulary
I froze, it felt like infinity
Stirring the curry
In this Hell house, I've lived and died
Like needlework or the Algebra
I'm mirthless, a motheaten desk
Watching a punk rock band
On the Old Grey Whistle Test
Tripping the light fantastic
I can't wait to dream

Something epic like Dante.

First Draft

My random smile melted like summer ice cream
When I woke up from a lucid dream
The calendar said it was 2019
I'm coming apart at the seams
Dodging my fate
Dodging the cheval glass
I stand
Like a swooning Bambi
Now I've switched on the lamp
I'm ready to take on the day
Usually I'm a nocturnal being
But today is different, today's different
I've poured a cup of coffee, acknowledged reality
Accepted the truth
No matter what I do I'll never win
The damage has been done
I've been seduced by the darkness
It sure ain't a passing phase
I'm beyond the pale
Beyond the veil.

Brief Interaction

One more drink, I promised, then I'm done
One more smoke, then I'm done
This is getting tedious
The lie is breathless, with a negative outlook
I'm getting high in a smoky room
In love with the moon
Music is playing in the background
I'm beatific, moving with the sound

The night holds its gaze
I don't have to elucidate, I'm sedated
Being gormless
Time moved like acid
Time moved like acid
Time moves like acid
Time moves like acid
Like cars speeding on the motorway

It's an oracle
Hair like a river
The dog that nuzzled closer
Under the fruit tree
Struck down with lethargy
Past the permafrost
I did the exchange, took the iridescent gem
I broke the ice and the conversation went well

Bank notes fell like leaves to the floor
In clouds of smoke
I remained hospitable, as per usual
I play the fool
I'll do it till the day I drop dead
I couldn't hurt anymore

I can't change the ruling
I've ruined my reputation

I've brushed off my feelings
Without demur

I'm praying to the Heaven above
Breaking the bulwark, in need of oxygen
I'm maudlin, cut open like a chasm
It's an omen, here's to hoping
The machine has malfunctioned
Like a historian, eating a croissant
Facing the sharp edge
Acerbic winds.

A Late Reply

It has been over a month
And I'm struggling to express myself
I've been keeping busy
Travelling around the city
I remember how we would drink
All night long
That time at a train station in Whitburn
The countless intoxicated moments
Six years have passed
Six years have went down the drain
I never thought I would've heard from you again
But I'm not the same person I used to be
I don't know you and you don't know me

The cat's got my tongue
What happened to the mutual curiosity?
How can I explain the vanity affair?

The torture has begun
I took the wrong turn, went south
Into a field of daffodils
My eyes glowed like a child

With cookies and milk
I spilled myself over the place
Thought about the endgame
Wild nights of partying
I wasn't expecting this to happen
Being a teenager went by like a song

Now we are worlds apart
I wonder where you are, what you're doing
I have a migraine, lapping up wisdom
I like writing poems

But my mind's turned into a sieve
My memories of us are slipping away
Fading away like ecstasy
With each step the sun takes
I lay in the glade
Watching the trees and the birds
The nature
I feel like I'm being watched by flying saucer eyes
I'm unorganised
I can't be pacified
Making a late reply.

Tomorrow Never Comes

Overpowered by the desire
I rage on like a sparkle in space and time
Knowing well I can't change the past
The fever fizzles out

Along with the deluge and bird songs
I'm searching for an antidote to the poison
Like a buccaneer looking for treasure
So far I've been doubtful, I reason
I need to shower and sober up
Got that itch to work

Back at square one, the stonemason
Caught in a catch-22, relevant to a pulsating heart
So now I want to be a superstar
I want it now
I need to get out of this ghost town
My head's a washing machine
Spinning around

The milky stars are like jewels
Footloose, tempted to make a loud behemoth sound

I fear for myself, I always rebel
I'm reluctant to change, somehow
I'm reluctant, living in the moment
Thinking about sad things
Coming to terms with yesterday
The alacrity I felt has long gone
Like a candle light or crystal sunbeams
I sit, motionless, but my thoughts are tumbleweed.

Future Self

After the radio broadcast ended
I played my cards, took my only option
Shit happens
Death is all I can see
Walking down Death Street
I had a vision
The wolf killed the sheep
The weather was bleak
It ended with a thud
I wriggled out of it
Veering to go west
Water undulates, everything is waterlogged
I got a good taste of my medicine
With a middling gesture

I cried a waterfall at nadir
Crying nevermore, in a knot
Today was not ordinary
It was odd

I ran from the hubbub
The lip service on the ward
It was a silent operation
I faced relentless winds, relentless pains
Relentless suffering
I can't overcome the Leviathan
I'm abashed to admit
I feel quite deranged like I've gone insane
I'm impassive, psychotic
I could be a psychic, I predicted this
With my eye through the peephole
The lense focused on the photos
It's Hebrew to me, the raw manuscript

For some reason the magnetic thought of life
Is pulling me towards a source of light
Then day turns into night

It's magic like a spontaneous kiss in the rain
I've let go of the bile
A long time ago I learned to forgive
Summer echoed, I accepted the apology
The tautology
It was very dromedary of me
I can be as stubborn as a bruised ego
Holding a grudge
But an inferno of love has washed over me
It's a caprice, the water is now calm
When I am at a loose end
I often think about you
I've kicked off my shoes
Heard the recent news
Got the blues
Feeling useless like a bagatelle
I take the fillip and cogitate
I regret the mistake
Drowning in a cocktail of emotions
At this moment in time I should be sleeping

I'm as silent as a virus entering the body
It's hunky dory
I'm part-happy and part-sad
In a trance
Looking at life through a magnifying glass
I am the pupil, the iris
Lousy and studying the night

It's my birthright
This moment is mine

I'm walking the streets, they're like catacombs

I move like honeysuckle, I am the kernel
The jaywalker, the sharpshooter
Passing the roadkill
The moon has an agenda
It's the sailor, it's the victor
The firewood, misunderstood.

A Dystopia

Inapplicable, I smile at the irony

It's poetry
Seaworthy
A rhapsody
I have taken the place of the thing
Steadfast like a rash
As red as inflammation
I intended to die on that day
To an ovation
It had built up to then, the present
I don't know what I was thinking
In that moment death was fetching
I fell into the eternal silence

Nothing has been the same since
I thought it would've been a cinch
I'm convinced there's nothing I can do
It's dawning on me, I see nothing
When I think of the future
I take deep breaths, I can't take it anymore
I dread the final departure
The phone call
It's dismal

The high is ephemeral
I always want more, I never get bored of it
Like a cold front, I'm here then there
Looking for a placard, I hear fake promises
Whispers through the trees
Pass men wanting 4 a.m. kisses
I fidget, solve the glitch, overcome it
Treasure the relic

The flame has ignited
A mental illness
Something I can't extinguish
My mind's a factory
I'm practically
Trying to escape my thoughts
They're like boomerangs in the gridlock
I'm staring into space, seeing stars

In the healing process
I jumped to conclusions
Removed myself from the situation
With my belongings
I stumbled down the backwoods
Into the night.

That Time of Night

The truth has emerged
It's fractious like lust

I've been pushing people away
Avoiding the responsibility
Blood worms its way
Through the artery
Like the cries of a baby
I can't be dilatory
I have to fix my priorities
I'm a recipe for disaster

In the gutter
There at the precinct
On the flipside, bereft of life
In an Innsmouth, it's leaden
I ignore the clarion call
The internal troubles

My imagination is running wild
Like the poet, the surrealist
The night and I dovetail
I have been earmarked
Found a purpose
Slept off the adverse effects
I know what to do with the cranium
The fly in the ointment
I can't be late
I've got an appointment with death.

Body Pains

Walking in the pouring rain
Slurring insults, they're special vitamins
It's a pastime, I can sense the undertone
I've been sapphire, remembering the rapport
I'm plagued with visions like I'm a seer
The aches are like a spire

I can't quell them, or the thirst
I've went to the glucose place
Can feel the regular aches
Seminar aches

I'm dangerously close to the edge
My head is heavy like a paperweight

It's an eddy
Moving water, a lunar destiny
This is primary
I'm hardly thankful
With no education
I'm in denial, incognito

I've put the astronomical problems
In a vacuum
At the bottleneck
Going to get the hemp
I'm like an ornament
Noticed the disjunction
Like someone in debt
I'll remember, then forget.

God Status

I've done it, damn it
I was never good enough for calculus
Barely remembered the syllabus
Any chance I get
I'm mesmerised by the stars
Or counting my scars
Or watching your Galápagos movements
I don't have the time to apologise for my sins
I'm the bad apple of the bunch
Improvising
I have new coping mechanisms
I'm ready for the outer body experience
It's a male celebration

A pill gulped down
The skrill of the bagpipes
Flows effortlessly through the town
I expectorate and I'm resolute
Considering I've been torn to shreds
I'm willing to divulge
Fuel has met with the oxidant
Tufts of hair and the taffeta
It was like fluent English
Moving through the duct

A paroxysm
I could never have seen the legerdemain
The Leprechaun in an aerodrome
I was shocked when the Zepplin fell
Woke up in a Hell
Everything is a sacred cow
Fruit hanging from Yggdrasil
I went for a walk down the dale

Passed the estuary
Passed the cherry tree
It was easy to circumvent
It was superb
I left the keynote
Memoryless
Oblivious, it's a Freudian slip
Like an egg omelette
I leaf through the newspaper
Cocksucker, gauche motherfucker
Handed over the money and left the plaza
Like the Greater Yellowlegs
An aloof Nazi with a cyanide tooth
A vampire, Count Dracula biting the night
I vanished, vanished in Nuremberg
Like a simple brush stroke.

Went Swimming and Died

It happened fast like a riposte
I had no time to react
The winds hustled like smoke clouds
I was caught off guard, 7 a.m. shopping
I felt a farrago of feelings
Pursuing happiness, it's glacial
Flying from the escarpment
Like Jack London

Dying is a dream song from John Berryman
A sonnet from Shakespeare
I'm plunging headfirst into insanity
Everyday I'm at crossroads
Hope is all I have
The groove has been hewed with an axe
I couldn't care about the media
Life makes me laugh

I'm surviving with a makeshift solution
Asking questions, the fear is omnipresent
At the locale, I want to be elated
I've made my entry
In my boots, lost echo in the woods
The river has iced over
What else is there to do?
Many times I've seen the moon dance

The night is a hunter
With delicate hands like a sculptor
Like a Giacometti, a Jean Arp
Podolski's oeuvre
It's a Chernobyl, a Rosewell
Mysterious foible, coming undone

On the pew watching the falling acorns
The basilisk's hymn is an aphorism glowing.

Infinite Infinity

Time has stopped
All of a sudden I'm in a storm
Surely I can't be wrong
Everything was fine this morn
Then it flipped like a table
With a snap

Light glistened on the puddles
I'm trapped in the concrete jungle
With miles to go, I dawdle, leaving flowers
Behind the informative people
All is grist for the mill
I found my way around the suburb
My eyes noticed the disfigured fretwork first
Then the eminent duplicity
I called the place home, I took the risk
I don't judge the defective
It has transpired it's a Teutonic change
In the Milky Way

Everyone is following the craze
I read about it in the local gazette
When I went into the city
I ignored the razzmatazz and moved
Made my advent an hour later
I had to feed the hunger
It was a dictator, a hater
Feldspar
I couldn't think
Couldn't find the hardware
I paused, I was never taught to launder
I washed away the bacteria
Happy bubbles of soap formed

Like a miasma or a newborn fixation
Life came to a standstill
There I was, there in the whirlpool
Like a blind acolyte
Pale face in the moonlight
Raging meteorite
I won't wave the white flag
I refuse to

I'm sticking to my roots
Fought the nausea
Skin puckers
Steam trickles into the air
Into an angle, the prow
Oceanward
With goosebumps
I have no memory of the night before
Can't wait to get to shore
I've put the epistle in the pigeonhole
I'll refrain, I took the blame
Until we meet again
Until I see you in my dreams
Like unfathomable explanations
I've got love to give.

Artist At Work

I never cease
I've been vindicated
Put my feet up
Asked myself why?
Why? Why?

My reflection was a ghost
I fell to my toes
Slid down the slope
Landed in the backlog
In the thick of the fog I am lost

With wide eyes like a movie goer
I am the pulsar
I always take the detour
Under pressure like Henry Darger
I've gone missing like the Mars Orbiter

A plane over the Bermuda Triangle
Spy gathering intel, it's futile
I'm not some Wall Street banker
Certainly not a lawyer
I'd rather arbitrate than go to war

The sun is setting
I'm fuddled, in a cussed position
Wishing things were different
I smoke with the best of them
I dream of Thomas Edison

Manhattan is in the background
It's my kingdom, my playground
Water is dripping from the eaves

I have no qualms with it
I admire the beauty of the diptych

I tolerate the blemish
I'll make up for it, I promised
He looked back at me and then beamed
Like he was the July sunshine
I looked back at him

It was over like bad weather
Hoodoo or lumbago
Things went back to normal
Like a horse on the carousel
Wounded soldier on the battlefield

I exist, around a bane
An artist at work
It's not the same as when I was nineteen
The caffeine and nicotine adds up
When it's ripe the seedpod will split.

A Creative Night

One hundred dreams live in me
It has always been this way
Don't care, don't care
I exclaimed
Told myself not to worry
Then let go of my frosty breath
Like a lovelorn, hopeless romantic
I dangle from reality
Bursting with exaltation
Going around on the Ferris wheel
When I look out the window
The feeling augments

I tuned into the radio transmission
Listened to the linchpin
The formidable man playing Piccolo
I spun the silk, went wild
Couldn't help myself, I swear
I have the weirdest viewpoints sometimes
I weld with the music
Then we were one, good thing
I went walking like a canard
Felt a premonition
Soaked in the satisfaction
Soaked it in

It's a false awakening
The notion still remains
A protester
Loud and in my face
The butterfly flew away
Like the enfant terrible hides

When the sun shines
I love life, I love life, I love life
It's a creative night
I'm making the most of my servitude
I think I should, I think I should
I think I should.

Fronds of Bracken

The widespread fear has grown
I'm diving into the unknown
Versatile like nylon
Like the Northern Lights
I've latched on to life
Lyrist on the mic

I have a vague recollection
I question everything
Double-checked the memorandum
Had to get it off my chest
I am neurotic, a true narcissist
Listless in the stasis, making an analysis

The pain multiplied, I could've cried
Broke like a forget-me-not
The sky lowered
First I heard the foghorn
Then the lightening and thunder
Closed my eyes and took a siesta

Opened them back up like a bird watcher
A lover, sensitive like the retina
It felt like forever
I'm a complex creature
Incommunicado Homo sapien
The fly came shooting out of nowhere

Like words from the caretaker of the church
I gasped, thinking I was in the Promise Land
At times feeling derisory
Other times I am bold like the frippery
Put together like origami

It's only provisional, I hope

I said my valediction to the wagtail
On a day as colourful as graffiti
I knew the flowers would wilt
They are dispensable in the end
It made sense, as much as it could
As much sense as the commonplace routine

As much sense as a dream
The glory is coming
I can't be unclean
I'm in an Alcatraz
Cautious with my next step
I'm waiting with bated breath.

Toadstool Evil

When the dust settled the winds echoed
Irked the face full of freckles
I fell from grace like rose petals
Could have sworn it was a dream
I imagined it would've been more than this
I can't exactly say I'm surprised
I later came to the end of the road
Abandoned the millstone
At the edge of town no one was around
I seen things I can't speak about

Once I wasn't proud of who I am
It spoke volumes
I was getting powerful
Made up my very own rules
Prayed like a fool to the dying giant
Him, the fey
Kitten caught by the nape
Claimed stalemate, I'm kitten-innocent
Running from the fusillade
It was fun digging my grave

The years have passed
Like I turn over the page of a book
It's a new chapter
But I still repine all the time
I'm grappling with the simple fact
The high has kicked in, I'm sanguine
Keeping an eye on the important items
I'm not a killjoy like a bloody landlubber
I'm an indefatigable owl, in limbo
I'm irreplaceable

On my expedition
I tried my hardest to save the flotsam
Found my way back to dry land
Found the truth, a key in my pocket
There can be no other explanation for it
I'm positive, I'm mawkish
With each cycle of the moon
I'm desultory begging for clarity
I've been swept away with the waves
Caught on to the brainwave

Detested the nondescript scenery
I had to escape, couldn't miss the train
The blow of the mouth organ
I was there on time, doing fine
Cleaned out my mind
Cleaned out the chimeras
Back in my bedroom
Brooding
I had an idea
Doing things I shouldn't.

Blue Never Ends

Now is not the time
I'm praying and it's raining
I can't take the lashings of pain
After the lashings, lashings
Of wonderful pleasure
Got through the night of terror
Went back, erased the errors
In my darkest hour

Things are coming together
I've discovered a reason, a will
It's human nature, I need a saviour
I'm being suffocated by the clangour
Threatened by the destroyer
Gloating
The gloves slipped on the surgeon
With a bona fide passion

It is love, set in stone
The syncopated music bustled
Like a lilt wanting to be heard
Then it faded in discord
Faded like a ballad
Alice through the looking glass
I've always had a feel for the arts
I have, I have

Even on the days I doss
My mind wanders off like a child
Following the kettledrum
Plugged into the gudgeon
In the mine, I furl
Bringing gifts for the pantheon

I am no one
I am endlessly falling

Endlessly falling through time
In slow motion
I keep falling and I keep falling
Happy with the outcome
The blue washes into the rising horizon
I've got nothing to lose but everything to prove
The deep ocean blue never ends
The blue never ends.

Hope I Make It

Got too much time to think
Doing things, time elapses, always
I remember when life was easier
There was a knock at the door
I woke from the vanilla nightmare
Thinking it couldn't get any worse
I put it blunt, got to the point
Cut in deep
With ease, the pain relocated
Then I reclined
Sent my condolence
Cancelled my plans and kissed goodbye
Goodbye to the flash in the pan
In high dudgeon
I put the oven on, moribund
Bored turf accountant falling asleep
Blinded by the sun in my eyes
Calling for a spate
I had sprayed on my finest aftershave
Wore it like silence, like hate
Throughout the day it was crystal clear
I died in the night, I drowned in a puddle of tears
Came back as a ghost, went giddy
Soft like a hawthorn berry
It was a butterfly metamorphosis
The night crowed like a winner
Lion with pride, sequestered menhir
The succulent truth is like sugar candy
The more I have the more I want
Tomorrow is moot, that's nous
I'm living now
Cow on the prairie
With rustic characteristics

I won't balk at the truth
It matters
I am on fire, a pyre
I can't help but carp
The saga won't end
I had no problem, not the merest
I've been building an Egypt
Had to rubberneck
Had to burst the bubble
The animals are foraging again
It's time to feast for the Peeping Tom
Watching
The man makes his money
Returns home with his uncommon tongue
Feeling better like a painted dodo
I soak in the applause like a minstrel
Swollen lymph node.

Big Business

A smile formed as quick as it disappeared
After years of torture
I am left inspired, I am iridescent
Diamond in the dirt
I have my way with words
I have no reason to shirk
I'm like a carcass
I spend hours at the desk
Hours at the office
Hopelessly working

It's big business, monkey business
I'm defensive, making the filthy lucre
It's big business, monkey business
I'm like a Venus zealot

ex Machina
ex Machina

In place like an earring
Mute unicorn skeleton
My lungs take in the clouds
The electric currents
At the catchment area
I stretch out like the Clyde
Like a going concern
I won't stop

It's big business, monkey business
I'm passive-depressive
Passive-aggressive
It's big business, monkey business

The men made me wait
I was turned on
Had unearthed boundless glee
Pacing up and down the hallway
A bomb detonated in my head
A bomb detonated in my body
A bomb detonated in my soul
Like a constellation
An embryonic production

I had to hone my skills
Waited a while
Desired my thrills
Gave a feeble excuse
I have been heartbroken
The king of solitude
It ain't hokum
When I'm hungry
I could eat a boat full
When I'm dopey I never want to wake up
Can't face, can't face the world
I can't face the world.

The Way It Was

Days were precious and golden
Filled with obnoxious laughing
I made the most of every moment
Minding my business
I dreamed up a Heaven
On the long road to glory
I moved like the determined sirocco
Wearing the immortal sunshine
Shining bright in the night
I dreamed up a Heaven

One moment you were here
The next you were gone
In my head like a war song
Flew away like a pigeon
Dreaming about pink dolphins
With reams of thoughts and emotions
Now the past is a vague memory
I've burned the bridge
Self isolated, in a pandemic
Hiding beneath the sheets

Time is caught between my teeth
It's the tissue
Like a parasite in the host
Wearing my favourite clothes
I miss the way it was
I could talk for hours about nothing
Fidget like a basket case drifting away
I was the moth, with a heart full of love
Living was a cakewalk
I didn't bat an eyelid at all

Feel like a textbook socio
A tropical thunderstorm
The prickle climbs up the spine
Bubbling like cherry soda
I look at the sky
A sea of endless lapis lazuli
I look at the sky and watch the birds
And think of all the many people I've met
Time stops and I'm nostalgic
Taking in deep breaths.

Sky Gyrate

It came out of the blue like an in grown tooth
Came together like a thatched roof
Fugitive on the loose
A geek reading a book, hydrated with juice
Dipped my spoon back into the soup
Suicidal with a noose
Believing every falsehood
I've went and drowned out the world
Numbed the pain, actor in a costume
My eyes are glued to the silver screen
Watching the secular, gawky movements
In this present moment I am mute
Much like a scarecrow

At the end of the rainbow
I've lived many lives
This one is hare-brained, for sure
I am my own worst enemy
Ready to plunge and slice through life
I'm ice cold on my throne
Gazing into the long unknown
Like an insider, I see blue colours
Summer weather, stonewashed commoners
Making a departure like an aura
When the juncture is over I will sing
Momentous advice
Songs from my ornate mind
I'm frozen in time

Ruminating about 2009
I've dressed the truth in argot
Faced my karma, faced the dregs
Since my dreams expired

I've been keeping my head low
Been put on the blacklist

Made threats, broke promises
I need it, want it, crave it, can't live
Can't live without it
Don't know if it was worth it
Head on the pillow, laid on the mattress
In a fantasy
I ran from the numerous voices
Down the bridle path
The keepsake brings back memories
They twirl like spaghetti
Sparks flying in a factory
I'm a broken machine.

Xxx Flux

All of my emotions are pouring out of me
Lava from a volcano
It's a sudden river of emotions
All of my emotions are pouring out of me
Blood from a wound
It's a constant flow growing like a shadow
I'm wakeful
Falling through time in slow motion
Held hostage by my emotions

The result is final, unmitigated
Like rain falling from the open sky
I can't break the curse
Drew attention to the crux
Down by the water, near the byway
I made a comedy of errors
The pain wouldn't stop like tinnitus
The suds gathered
I took my anger out on myself
The sun shined on in Hell
Many faces pondered
There was hundreds of them
Old faces, young faces, sad faces, happy faces
Many faces collided together
Created a blur
A strange feeling was in my bones
In front of all and sundry
I shrunk into myself and thought of death
Him, the unexpected arrival
Waiting in the wings

Waiting for the will-o'-the-wisp
Went west, went east

Got a ride into the metropolis
Missed the gig
Got lost in the city lights
Pulled out the pith of the fruit
Like I was unwrapping a birthday gift
Noticed the difference
The flux, the flux of emotions
Flailing with joy like a palpitating heart.

Now

My chance has been thrown aloft
It's impossible to digest
Once I lived like a sire with no cares
Now I'm tangled up in a cobweb of regrets
Pulling myself like a magnet
I've went and befriended isolation
Appreciate the silence
Woolgathering on a fluffy cloud in dreamland
I've reloaded the gun
I'm deft in sticky situations

Your neighbour
Whenever you call
I'm there, hurried up the stairs
Ate nothing for dinner
With pangs in the liver
I wish it was over
Wish gold was in clover
Wish the times would transfigure
I am pukka, a cherry picker
Antenna receiving television signals

The truth is 3D and baseless
A gate I entered
On a wild goose chase
Through the graveyard
I heard the austere winds caterwaul
The bond has been broken
From a dangerous height
I'm clapped out, inside out
Prisoner in my house
It feels like I'm in an insane asylum
Safe in my bolt-hole

Hopeful for tomorrow.

Poem to be Read Aloud

Hours later I tore like sinew
I have made a fool of myself
Left bashful, in the anvil clouds
Revolving around everyone else
I'm fading into the background
Fading like zine stickers
It's shepherd-serious

Thoughts are clashing
In my productive mind
You can't help what the sclera thinks
It's inevitable, it's natural
I had to grow a backbone
The beacon is a blaze
Something I had to abrogate

I've been bent out of shape
Following the mandate
Spent days going back and forth
Like inconstant television colours
I glitter like the eye of the tiger
Holding onto a vendetta
Like a champion

Yarn has been yielded
Down dark streets with wild fantasies
Standing like an apse, before the corollary
I am an emergency
In tumbledown towns
There's a fellowship between the mountains
Earthworms with unique mannerisms

I am human

I cry and I sweat and I bleed, I breathe
I am human
As human as you can be
I cry and I sweat and I bleed, I breathe
I am human
As human as you can be.

Graveyard Love

In the night the moonlight beams
Like an art fiend who loves cherries
I breathe in the icy April coldness
Released a stream of catarrh
Felt nostalgia
Looking back at old pictures
Tectonic plates clashed
Like waves by the seaside, I bend
I bend like polythene
In the night the moonlight beams

I am friable like a sandcastle
I could fall apart at any moment
With each move I make
I wonder
The gloom is getting bigger
It's po-faced and hateful
It must be some kind of sick joke
Someone spilled the oils
I'm left with the yoke, of course
The grouse is incidental

In the eyes of the chameleon
I am old enough to do what I want
Watching porn and smoking blunts
In my nook, I can't forget
Can't forget my grass roots
Like I can't forget what I've been through
Like I can't forget the milk teeth
Each day I pause, I stop and reflect
Then in the night the moonlight beams
In the night the moonlight beams
The moonlight beams

In the night.

Ablution

Warm water washes over my naked body
Like diamonds, like sunshine
The droplets hit the ground and bounce
Went down the drain
I absorb it, don't feel as disfigured
Afterwards I forgot about my sins
Hailed Satan in the sapling's bole
Looked in the mirror
My eyes were like opal, like an ocean
I had woken in a Marianas Trench
I thought I was dreaming
For a second

Applied logic to the night
I done the crime, I done the time
Just a week ago I was juggling a million things
In extremis I pray to the Heavens
Like saprophyte
In extremis, can't help but be contrite
The oracle is always right
The oracle is always right

When I had the chance I should've ran
Ran and never looked back
Now I feel like a dud
A wise thought has nudged in like a fly
A train on the track
Crashing through your lies
With a polemic
Tide against the brevity
I believe in the bedrock
The moon is my pedagogue.

Love Is Complicated and Unfinal

Even when the world is ending
When you're being a dick and I'm unimpressed
When I could combust and explode
When I could kill you with my bare hands
I am smitten, found myself smiling
Don't know what I would do without you
In fact, I love you more than ketchup
More than the postcard vista
I have never met a better guy
Photo shoot perfect with sad puppy eyes
The rate I'm loving you is alarming
Don't know why I'm worried about footling matters
Furtive in the shadows, falling into each other
Like soft murmurs, bleeding a river
A river of blueness

We speak the same language
Like we're the same selfish disease
In the same cell, I kiss your love bruises
I kiss your shell, I do it well
I pour myself out and I'm in self-destructive mode
Enraptured by the feeling of love
I am the cornerstone, you're my remedy
Pride has taken its place like a shiny trophy
When I am held back by my shame
I drink to lose my inhibitions
I'm forgetting simple things
Lost track of the day and time
Laid like dirty dishes
An icicle in a cave, pendant
Insignificant
In your dreamscape
I am your bitch

I love it

Wouldn't want it any other way
Squash me with love like a lychee
I need you like I am a pair of shoes
A ship sinking with a cult stare
The night perished like a dream
In the milky abyss
Along with the vampire cattle
The fairy dust and purple prose
The cookie crumbled
The light went out like a libido
Kukulkan, your glorious El Castillo
As stubborn as a frog's toe
Drowning in colours below the horizon.

Seagull Dispute

I didn't expect it to turn sour like it did
Albeit the leech will siphon
Suddenly the tables had turned
I was in the middle of the argument
With a pink nose, with my chromosomes
In the middle of the sharp sounds
Mouths were speaking Vulgar Latin
The key was in the ignition
I followed my natural instinct
Went barking up the wrong tree
Swan dived into the Mexican standoff
Into the vitriol, cobalt and nickel
I had been frogmarched there
Had no other choice

I was like the medulla
Like the Leaning Tower of Pisa
The knife had been stuck in
It was a harpoon in the whale
I witnessed the ultimate betrayal
The imbroglio turned into a palaver
I burst into flames like tinder
The insults moved
Like they were well-designed rhymes
Like the mother virus, like the voodoo spells
With the intention of causing pain
They clung like dew
Clouds in the cerulean pool
The insults worked, done their job
Soon after I was perplexed

Didn't know what was going to happen next
I held my breath, I am chiseled out of pure earth

Not geared up to die, die, die
Watching the stars hang from the sky
The winds whip around
On dark and cold, rainy nights
I think about the things I've said and done
All the things I can't take back
I have found unity at last
I have made it through the storm
Without a bruise or a scratch
I have found unity at last
Unity at last.

Ripchord

In crowded avenues
I've put myself to good use
Went and chopped up the wood
Took a leaf from your book
Pushed myself there

Yesterday I overheard my mama
Saying something I don't want to hear
Now I'm smaller than ever
Yesterday I overheard my mama
Saying something I don't want to hear

I heard it with my own two ears
My ears don't lie to me
They wouldn't
My ears don't fall for illusions
Like a body welcomes the prodrome
I have my magic boots on
How many times will I have to save my life?
The ogre has stopped to rest
By my breath
I can't focus, I can't focus

Yesterday I overheard my mama
Saying something I don't want to hear
Now I'm smaller than ever
Yesterday I overheard my mama
Saying something I don't want to hear

She said goodbye to them
Goodbye to them
Goodbye to the brethren
Goodbye to Hop-o'-My-Thumb

I never thought I would've been neglected
I never expected it.

Animo Vacancy

As silent as a fatality or a moustache
The idea took root
I relaxed, in the backseat, on repeat
In the backseat, on repeat
Serpentine pylon
Like an antique hologram
The saint turned into a sinner
It ain't a revelation
I dissent
In love with your poems
In love with, in love with
In love with

In love with the neon colours
In love with the desert breeze
Like a love addict on a power trip
In your sheepskin temple

I have no clue
A teen with daddy issues
Daily battles and a male ego
My hands are open for the windfall
Like I am Oliver, the supremo
Aware of the status quo
I live to please my body and soul
I walk on pins and needles
I fill the hole
I put on a show
Striving to achieve my goals
I follow the protocol

I know the low-down
I play the part, skylarking around

I've cut myself from the apron strings
Done what I needed like a housewife
I couldn't give a fuck
At the moment life sucks
I sit like a mugshot
I've turned myself off
I gawp at space
I am extraordinary in my own way.

Internum External

Ego nescio quomodo factum
Ego nescio quomodo factum

What has become of me?
I'm a fish in a sea of cordial emotions
Sleeping through disconsolate afternoons
I have dodged the bullet
By the wayside

Unable to smile
What has become of me?
I've split into two separate halves
I have been to Hell and back
I have barely made it

My body is filled with venom
My body is filled with hatred
It makes me squirm
When I look at the deep cuts
Glowing silver

I'm wrestling with dangerous thoughts
Working harder than the Devil
I've solved the case
Seen through it like it was cellophane
The night winds were like rays biting
A brassy spine
Disconnected, I've disconnected
I left a message on the voicemail
Left a message on the voicemail
Unbuckled the girdle

Ego nescio quomodo factum

Ego nescio quomodo factum.

Tampa

A certain, unspeakable sadness ripples like music
Like tears, like honey through my body, an echo lost in a cave
With no end or light in sight, it remains like a ghost
Ribbons of blueness in my broken heart
The family's been torn apart

Since then, I've went with the wolves
Since then, I've poured salt on the wound
Since then, I've cut my nose off to spike my face
Since then, I shot myself in the foot
At the end of the forest

Liquid sunshine sunk into me
In the afterglow

Each tolerable pain lasts five minutes longer
Than the last pain that came before
I'm crouched over on the floor
My insides are dancing around like smoke
I caught a glimpse of my shadow in some Martello tower
The ocean clenched its fist
It was a bright red night alright
The moment lasted longer than the orgasm before
The moment was the ocean washing ashore
Delighting in pure sin

I've fucked, fucked to get far
I fucked all the way to Tampa
Fucked to get to Tampa
Been fucked over
Paranoia has the upper hand
I fell for Tampa counterfeit shit
Was left speechless by the eclipse

Pretty nimbus, pretty fearless
Paranoia has the upper hand
The relationship is ruined
I've fallen out with good friends

On impulsive excursions, explicitly living
So numb I can't feel
I hide in the shallow part of my brain
Responding to important voices which bellow
I gain momentum then fall like a domino
Like a defined jaw dropping
Like a star falling from the sky
Bursting into unalloyed pink veins

I made it through the day
The fastest in the race, in a demented state
Driven mad by the sweet tooth ache
I can't explain it
Can't explain the politics
I can't explain the bondage
The unhealthy ways, the illegal activities
The darkness is my immortal enemy
Breathing and full of life
Silence takes me to another time
To the gold rush in high season
When everything was fine
With my seagull mind

Conversations were flowing like beach waters
Hardcore pleasure in the cock
I was Tampa, alone with my thoughts
Counting sheep in my sleep
It's just me and myself
Myself and I.

Pollock VVV

illa cantat; nos tacemus; quando ver venit meum?

I bristle with blueness
Chewing on the bone of contention
I believe, I believe capital things will happen
Today when the lurid sun was shining
I felt at peace for a moment
Staring at the birds in the pink sky
I smoked on my cigarette, broken inside
Broken like a chain of daisies from one's summer childhood
I traverse athwart like lightening and thunder
In the night, diamond bright
I remember my violent father
Fondly
But he was a damn cunt like the junta
Or a sore loser with a megaphone
You can't tame a psycho

If I'm being frank, I usually evade the truth
Being diligent
I've got nothing better to do
Reality is going straight to my brain
I'm holding onto things I can't let go
Wishing I could turn back time
In a precarious position
Drinking cherry soda, I have no game plan
I have my reason, I have my reason
I have my reason

On gilt Bristol, speaking out loud
I'm solemn, wearing eyes like a shroud
Like a 96 impala, aimless in Tampa
Learning from my mistakes

My thoughts are like crashing waves
Hungry for the juicy taste of peaches
I swear there's a dog barking in my head
It's a renaissance in abstractness
I'm a proverbial tornado
Unpredictable but an angel
Hexed in a canyon, not trying hard enough
Coffee hour is over, I'm going back to work
I've thrown out the surplus.

War Days

June ended, July began
The sacrament of penance has done no good
I tried to be good
This should've been cut and dried
The sacrament of penance has done no good
The sacrament has done no good

The pain I feel is real
It's the grim reality I live with
I feel ten times lighter than I ever did
I have unfastened myself from the harness
After four long years of madness
This should've been cut and dried
I have a new stomach
I am august, in my, in my dollhouse
Like the darling child acting duly
Poor girls cried for Barbie

I entered the new year blue and I adjusted
The sacrament is invalid
The carrier pigeon has bowed out
I'm in another world, in a flowery dream
In an Eden, performed the post-mortem
Stumbled across a bonanza, one day
In the idyllic countryside
I walked over hills and through fields
Drawn in by the many colours
I continued, off the cuff
Followed the fur clouds
Travelled for hours
In the search for fossils
With my handy bone tools

I ended up somewhere, somewhere strange
Blind to the signs, wound up in a peculiar situation

On an endless road, with no plan B
Ghosts echo in me.

Restless Soul

Still alive, existing in time
In ordinance, like sheets of rain
In my death attire
I'm confounded, I need closure

In the face of fear I wanted to escape
Scared, I wanted to break free
Scared of the multiple possibilities
I descanted, it's an accident
Bad news, but not so much a threat
Every minute was dynamic

My mother told me about the undertow
How I'm in control, not in control
Going with the flow
I don't have the time
I've left everything behind
Left behind the misgivings
I'm making the most of the moment
Red with every faux pas
Red with every marathon
I'm making the most of the moment
Making the most of the moment.

Mirrorbird

Blue hues scattered like light
Over the watery landscape
It was a cascade of dreamy blues
A flowing stream of hope
Levelled shadows were in the distance
Like mountains shining like metal
I ran the blade across the whetstone
As cold as a statue

Mirrorbirds sang a song of triumph
A song for the times
Songs for the forgotten kingdom
Someone killed the mirrorbird
But who could be so cruel?
Who could be so cruel?

Mirrorbirds are more than birds
Mirrorbirds are mirrorbirds
I will go forward
Ask questions, seek answers
Long live Gandahar
Long live Gandahar
Long live the peaceful people
Technology is evil

I checked the high places
I heard the mirrorbird cry
It was like a loyal soldier
Sent off to Jasper
Flew through the sky
The blue turned into black
Sleepy eyes shut and I was under attack
Crash landed into nowhere

Seen eyes, seen a new being
A mutant, a non-existent dreamer
The ears of the earth
The mirrorbird, at your command
On new land

Unarmed, in overdrive
On new land
The bells were resonant
It had a meaning like the timepiece
In the great monopoly game
I felt like everything was a riddle I had to solve
It's clear to me now
It's clear to me now

The past and future are one
The work has been done
People have turned to stone
It is madness
The new world adrift

It was then, the mirrorbird was captured
Man and woman marched
The new world was the destination
Suddenly I've changed I don't know how it happened
Man and woman marched in unison
The moonlight glistened

"In the head there's nothing
Absolutely nothing
It's empty
No flesh, no blood, nothing living
Nothing chemical
No gears, no circuits, nothing
But yet the mind is capable of killing
It's strange"

Men and women are stuffed
But not killed
They've vanished in the light
Returned like machines
Working

The eye does not exist
Pleasure is freedom
Complete submission
A great beginning
An iridescent beginning
A pink explosion

Drifting and useless
You know me well
I obey your orders
I was told you have the answers
What do you know about my dreams then?
I am what I am

I've seen people like demons
Mirrorbirds which have returned
I come from the future
From a far away and distant place
I won't wait much longer
I am from 1,000 years in the future
1,000 years in the past

He was there, swept over the blue
1,000 light years ago I met you
1,000 light years ago
A thousand years or one day will be the same

When you pass through the door of time
1,000 years ago, 1,000 years ago
1,000 years ago.

Here and There

The problem has laid down in the gut
Long enough for me to forget
I was a number in the system
Just getting started

The problem has found a home
Like a toy made from the finest clay
Germane to a soul in purgatory
Plugging away

Here and there, I crave euphoria
Lying on the shoulder of the mountain
Drinking pools of nectar
My mind is a road with no end

I'm going and going and still
Everywhere I go I'm reminded of the past
I have capsized, I have capsized
In a snowdrift

I have capsized
Capsized in a snowdrift
I plan to flourish all season long
Killing my concrete suspicions

I'm crowded like a gymnasium
As the light penetrates me
I'm a translucent sheet
White as a pebble

I landed without my crash helmet
Left my mark like muddy footprints
Got everything covered in grime

I'm destined to shine.

Where There Is Empty Space

Everything is happening at a snail's pace
It's making me mad for a life I've never lead
Each car drives past and my burning desire grows
Like the silence has ballooned into a garden
Where I dream about freedom

Feeling like I'm a ship at harbor
The gate has been opened
Like a can of worms
We share the same symptoms
We share the same dreams

A sticky fluid is seeping
I don't know what it means
I can't get off the roundabout
I've always got things to refine
Wooden things, new trimmings
One of a kind things

It's my Achilles heel
A resplendent flaw on show
I've tried for forever to turn it around
But I die with each new spring tide
I get wild on hot nights
I submit to the vice
I don't speak lies, I can't
But each new day I'm less coherent
I enjoy my morning bowl of cereal
Then I go to work
I repeat this, seven days a week
I sleep, I eat, I get high, I masturbate
I feel like shit most days
I'm either too tired or too awake

Locked in my brain, isolated
Dreaming about things that would never happen
Dreaming about things that could never happen
Forbidden dreams, sweet dreams
The best dreams

I find it amusing I'm frivolous
Coping as best as I can
I've been in better conditions
Seen brighter suns and skies
This is the last time I'm crying
Yeah, it feels good.

A Cosmic Love Affair

Quietly reflecting
In the middle of rush hour
I'm soft to the touch
Was it for something or was it for nothing?
I can't remember much about anything
For that matter

I've popped the cork, drank the bottle
I done it yesterday and I'll do it again tomorrow
Today is a carbon copy
I know it as well as words
I know it as well as my slim waist
I broke it from the bone
Got my fingers into the gooey centre
Gave him permission to enter

I am the dog rose, toffee-nosed
Flying like a bird in the sky
I live by my own rubric
I'm a seafaring being
Inhaling toxins
I crave the sucrose
Half empty and half made of fortitude
The pain is like the prow
A cold wind on the wold

I sold my soul to the Devil
The Devil took my mirth with a kiss
I've been abandoned and I'm otiose
Spoiled in my pessimism
Now it's only fake mirth wrapped in glorious deceptions
I'm swallowing my objections

Was it for something or was it for nothing?
I can't remember much about anything
Under the night sky

The most devastating thing has happened
I can't believe it, my heart is broken in pieces
I feel like a mad poet, getting madder by the minute
I knew this would never have ended well
It never does

I listen to the piano with intent
I listen to the Glassworks
The fire in me has sparked a glittery notion
I am stupid and brilliant
Watching my life go down the drain
Saying I'll change but I stay the same
True happiness is the hardest thing to obtain
Happiness is like gold, hidden somewhere
Out of sight, out of mind
It's easier to act like it doesn't happen
I can't imagine it being any different
I'm always playing the game like a poker player
I'm the designated driver

An enigma, gone haywire
Started some kitchen drama
Because I can't tote the burden
I'm doubtful in my quest
Feeling like a white elephant
Doing errands, I pass derelict buildings
In the rundown part of town
Where you'll find blonde vagabonds
With endless wisdom

I stop and I think, I stop and I think.

So High I'm Touching the Ceiling

Laying in a pile of rended dreams
I've kissed the sore spot better
Salvaged the wreckage
It doesn't matter where I've been
It matters where I'm going
This moment is a snapshot of life

I've been holding on, endlessly waiting
With a gnarled expression
The sun is shining like broken glass
I'm hyper-conscious
I've shaked off the jitters

Without a care, in the warm air
Alone in my bedroom
So high I'm touching the ceiling
Without a care, in the warm air
Alone in my bedroom
So high I'm touching the ceiling

I'm one dose away from paradise
Spinning on the plane
Out of kilter like a laggard
I said, "Hasta la vista!" to the chagrin
I'm living in a Bohemian way
I've hit the bullseye
I've made it loud and clear
I'm no one in the face of death
Running from the fear of being repeatedly vapid
Running from the fear I can't break the bad habit

Running from the fear
Running from the fear

Without a care, in the warm air
Alone in my bedroom
So high I'm touching the ceiling
Without a care, in the warm air
Alone in my bedroom
So high I'm touching the ceiling.

Xo

My heart is aching
From carrying love
I've made my last word
Signed it with a kiss
I'm lachrymose with joy

I am full of love
I am full of love
I am full of love
I am full of love

Full of love on the streets
I'm haunted in my dreams
Haunted by the destruction
I'm dissatisfied
Got loveheart eyes
Submerged in love
Overflowing with it
Teeming with it

I love it, I love it
I've been to the edge of the world
Looking for love in crowded places
I'm entombed in the fabled feeling
I've underlined the problem
I'm a fountain
Can't contain my emotions

I am full of love
I am full of love
I am full of love

I am full of love.

Afterdark

I unwind, with no concept of time
I come undone
I'm unbending when I'm right
All I want is to have fun
I get knocked down then I get back up
Rooting for tomorrow

I love the phenomenon
It reminds me of how I was
A swan in my youth
I'm grateful for what I've got
Listening to the radio to pass the time
I listened to soulful songs

As deep as an ocean or a codex
A voice from the clouds shines over my head
Highlighted and possessed
I'm owlish, a nebulous shape
Like the moon's glossy lustre
Putting together the patchwork

Obsessed with my hang-ups
The shore meets the sea
Things are coming together
Finally
Things are coming together
Finally
Things are coming together.

Lucky Wishbone

The clock had already struck midnight
Long before I was falling into the red lights
Eager to explore, eager for more
I went all out
Not like being reserved
I merged with my motherland
Cleared the cloudy thoughts in my cloudy head
Walked and walked and walked until
I thought I had made a dangerous decision
By the end of it my feet were sore
But I was eager for more

Clawing at the town ahead
I went forward, over the bridge
Towards the dual carriageway
Towards the red lights
I was the only one in sight
Sparkling like gold in the night

I know my way around this town
But I don't know how to get out

I wallow in nightmares
I wallow in pain
I exist like a virus
With nowhere to escape
I seek 4 a.m. danger
4 a.m. strangers
Anew, anew
Anew, anew.

Arc

I don't understand who I am
The feeling is killing me
I come alive in sober moments of clarity
Wearing my cool, blue sunglasses
Like a stylish man in Cincinnati
I caught the charter flight

I followed the arc, my body bent
I dived headfirst into the cesspool
Without thinking
I carried myself with a concerned expression
I didn't miss anything
The apparitions were taking spoonfuls of medicine
It's the most important ingredient
A serious madness is growing like an ache
As long as a row of houses

The bad memories embedded in my brain
Are turning into sorry excuses
Fishes caught and doomed in the dragnet
Fading like the helpless cries of a child
I've done what I needed to do
Done the errands, washed my hands
Still can't cut ties with my strange fixations
I'm enamoured with simple things
Serotonin, the glitz of it, the stiff paperwork
Sat mute like a car parked by a wet boulevard
For a split second
I almost forgot I had any insecurities
It was a cathartic release
There was nothing much to celebrate

The fat rainclouds burst open

It was like a light bulb smashing
A butterfly breaking free
The rain showered down on me
The rain showered down on me
Like tears rolling down my cheek
The rain showered down on me
The rain showered down on me

I was unstuck from the seesaw called life
The beautiful gondola ride
I was unwinding like the roads leading to nowhere
Breathing in the stony air
As the artless winds performed like a babel
In the lonely night, in the lonely night
I was like a tortoiseshell
Minding my business, being honest
In the ever-expanding and vast emptiness
With doves cooing by plush oranges
I can't simply turn off my suicidal thoughts
Macabre gibberish
I've started, now I'll finish

I come alive in sober moments of clarity
Wearing my cool, blue sunglasses
The rain showered down on me
Like tears rolling down my cheek
In the ever-expanding and vast emptiness
With doves cooing by plush oranges.

Silkwood

I closed the curtains over
Blocking out the beaming sun and the world
I could've swooned from the heat
Around the dross I've created
Enveloped in smoke
In a jungle

Choking on my sharp words
Three drinks into the day
I was a free spirit
Not a sacrifice
Colours glow in my eyes

I've died
It was an artistic experiment
A bird song
The tug of the pulp
When it all went wrong
When the spark was to the heather
I made an excuse for the depredation
It has been months since I've felt anything
As always the moon beckons
Now I have rearranged myself
My ice cream dreams are melting
There's a canyon in my heart
I'm wide awake

Captivated by the flicker of the light
My mind is going around in circles
It's like a ballerina in a trinket box
Blind to the uninviting consequence
In the tailback, around vapid grays
Carrying dead weight and machinery

I'm made of magic
Time is slipping away like there's no tomorrow
I wish it would never end.

I Want Your Love

The remote area was cordoned off
For years, for summers
Untouched and perfect
I liked it that way until one day
The desire was like a melody in the mind
Overwhelming me
I've always had to use the crazy paving
Being careful until now

The faucet has been turned on
The light has been switched on

I'm ready to take the leap
It's a divine thought
I've wanted this all of my life
Dreamt about it, waited for this moment
Leered at handsome businessmen on the go
Like freight, gilt-edged, copperbottomed
On the hook, needing to be rescued
I can't get control of my issues
Melodic movements

Positioned like Nino the model
In peachy dreams in Belgravia and Pimlico
A swine in Hell
I am a wildflower teasel with a sweet tooth
A lovelorn boy wanting love
I don't ask for much from Augustus
My life is a sad love story I can't fix
Nothing ever goes right

Everything is going wrong
I'm waiting for the storm to calm

I always want to fuck
Thought of the stevedore, I blush
I've gotten tired of waiting
Tired of counting to ten, yawning from boredom
I dream of cake heaven
Remembering the future is a tryst
I hope I make it, I hope I make it
I hope I make it

My kisses are timeless
Hot indigo, precious moments
Capital, mountain crystals
It's a cherry-plum-orange love
You could be the favourite guy in my world
I could be your swain
A muse for a poem
An expansive bee in your apiary
Falling apart at the touch like embers
I get the tenor, when I stop and look in the mirror
I'm confronted with the irrevocable truth
Dancing like ribbons.

Ribbons

(Currente Calamo)

Lust is growing in my milky bones
Like a summer flower blossoming
I can't stop the ribbons
The crackle of the autumn leaves
My life is an improvised, unorganised harmony
A soap opera, in a rural place
I'm searching for the sugar cane
Stepping over the stepping stones
Under the ocean blue sky
Under the ocean blue sky

I'm attached to the past with ribbons
I'm attached to you with ribbons
Swimming in a spiral, I'm on my knees
In a cloud of insanity
Attached to life with ribbons

I'm freefalling
All I can see is stars
At nadir, I am rooted in inertia
I wallow in pleasure
I'm cellular and bookmarked
On a roundabout
Spellbound by the psychedelic brightness
I drown out the long night moans
Sounds of remorse
I have had enough heartbreak
I'm delirious, but like a cactus

Lost in the world

Trying to find my place
Keeping a straight face
I don't know what else to say
When it's one problem after the other
One ribbon after the other
I've barely slept this week, thinking
My good deeds have backfired
It's a cicatrix on my name
Pain I can't wash away

I'm attached to the past with ribbons
I'm attached to you with ribbons
Swimming in a spiral, I'm on my knees
In a cloud of insanity
Attached to life with ribbons.

Never Been In More Pain

Everything was going perfect until the domino fell
Causing a chain reaction
The pain took shape like a toothache with a vengeance
It gradually got worse and then spread like wildfire
I sprung into action and on day four of pain
I was at my wits' end

Unable to sleep, unable to think
With my hands tied, unable to work, I was disturbed
Howling at the pale moonlight
In agony and suffering

The wound won't heal
The feeling came over me like a heatwave
It was the worst feeling ever
I still haven't recovered
Even now I can't operate
I'm like a photocopy of myself
Trying to get through the day
I'm messed up in many ways
Just when I focus I start to sway
Wanting to spit out the truth
I feed myself bittersweet lies, lies, lies

Expanding like a blood vessel
Ignoring phone calls, surrounded by noise
I feel like I'm a ghost town falling apart like a sandcastle
I've dissolved into nothing
I can't fathom the swelling
I'm drained of energy
Can't move
Can't take the torture
I'm drained from the tenor

Creeping up on me like a nightmare
At the start of the year I never imagined I'd be here
Like a faltering flame in windy places

Unable to sleep, unable to think
With my hands tied, unable to work, I was disturbed
Howling at the pale moonlight
In agony and suffering.

Confessions

Early morning I'm in motion
Dressed in white, ready to sin
I'm unstoppable at the mountain peak
Far beyond reality I sleep
Confessing in my dreams

I repeat this and I hope
I pray for miracles
(A posse ad esse)
(A posse ad esse)
I'm inspired by death
Drunk poet making threats
Feel like I have nothing left
But the desire to win

I am carping
Looking at the Southern Cross
From behind the steel casement
Withholding
You and I both know it
I've seen two, in the heat, seen three
Seen four and five
Dead and alive, light and dark
I can't answer the gaolbird's question
Can't answer anything

Travelling at the speed of love
Travelling at the speed of love

Early morning I'm in motion
Dressed in white, ready to sin
I'm unstoppable at the mountain peak

Far beyond reality I sleep
Confessing in my dreams.

Summertime Blues

The echoing voices are like lucid dreams
Swans in the lake in the background
This time last year I was reading a book in a park
With no compass, sipping on liquid
Within feet of a fillip
The sweat was like a homeless poison
Seeping into the elm and the pulp of the garden
Now I can feel the cabin fever my body is fighting the feeling
I'm like an aeroplane heading in a straight direction
I've planted the seed, the cycle continues
Like a definite appetite
I'm going over Mecca, over the cistern with an alias
Over the shrubs and the informal horde
I am as quiet as snow

Primeval, bracing for a soft impact
I've let myself off the leash, the moon has absconded
I've seen a week's worth of regret accumulated
In one little moment
A year after I met paranoia
I counted the ugly ducklings, escaped Alcatraz
Died in the darling shark-infested sea like Frank Lee
Had gathered the THC, relaxed like it was Miami
I could go on and on like a threesome
I'm lukewarm and soaring

In my bedroom, in tune, I may fare better
On the sunny side of life I twist,
I've been left exposed
It had gotten to the point I didn't want to write poems
I know how hard it is to share my feelings
I know how hard it is to pour out my emotions
I feel like an ocean, a hundred years of hoping

There is no remedy for the sadness I feel
I'm in knotted masses

A greenhorn, in a room with a nice view
I can't stop thinking about you
When I get the summertime blues
I feel lost and I don't know what to do
I don't know what to do I don't know what to do
Trapped in a room with a nice view
I stare at my shoes, bright stars with no mouths
Full of grief and anguish and bleak thoughts
I sell my love stories to that Old Nick
The bastard in the night

I could sit after every incident
It all seems connected in my head
It makes sense like the sweet bells or the daffodils
Golden and crisp mornings
My frosty breath lingers as the middle splits
I have been reoccuring in spells
The deep blue washes ashore like a whale
I see ivory and pearls and a beaded necklace
Prostrate leaves on the trees
Headless, reckless, feckless, useless
The wind knocked me senseless
I was like a statue, freckles, unpolished dots, dots, dots
I felt the upsurging heat like a fire in a liver
I was riddled in doubt
I had my eyes held on the naysayer
The spots recrudesce, moonstruck
Red in colour, the naysayer is a busy wasp
Bleeding red, infectious

Coiled up in anger and frustration

I sulk like it's Halloween
Five foot odd, wearing nostalgia
On a jaunt to Heaven
I dance, japonica, on the clouds
I wander as lonely as a Jungle Book
Cooked up a storm
Nothing changes the value judgement
I walk out of my reputation
Like a H
Simmering like a coffee
The music sheet reads, "Pizzicatto"
I can only pluck my feathers
All I've ever known is to sin
I'm the shrinking violet
Next to the hamlet
No rain has fallen in weeks
I can't believe it has been weeks
I was jocund, in a bonanza
I restlessly cried

Why? Why? Why?
I cried why like an Abracadabra
The darkness was tailored
As dark as a basement
I remember it like diamonds
A mane or a chin groove
The paper is showing its age
Jackanapes
The metropolis is chequered
Read a fortune-teller
A fraud, a Jesuit, a dweller
The true Jonah
I disport oneself in torture
Disparate to pleasure, tingling
The loins, dissident to anything I do

Four gibbous moons possess my soul
Like a dirge playing on a grammophone
The Erse erodes, I deciphered the codes
The crypt opened to my surprise
Inside was empty like a big fat balloon
I had found the free space, the milky way
I walk the ghat in the Himalaya ranges
Our blood exchanges

I am bombarded with facts and science
I feel so idly disparaged
On Fridays I dissimulate
I am made-up in my drug fuelled world
Even though my lust for love ponders, fifty-fifty
I get that, I get that, I've dispatched everything germane to the past
I want to start fresh, I've tipped the fedora
My snake tongue speaks in riddles
The sad feeling is just like an owl hooting
Like it's a new vogue, something I should know about
I get my fix on a shoestring
I put the pen down on the paper and breathe
Viva poetry! The great king
I love all things sugar, butter, syrup, milk, silk
It's as if I'm a laughing child, young and wild
Running faster towards the summit
With unrealistic expectations
I hear echoing voices.

Lonely Moment

Floating adrift an endless sea of ocean blue
There was a time when everything was fine
I was happy in the silence, taking things for granted
Then this storm came in and sent me flying
I had no idea it was going to happen

In the darkness I was dead there
Head first, unconscious and slumped over
On the cold, wooden pulp
Spread out like the wings of an eagle
Spread out like some whore
I had no pulse, made no movement
I was gone
Holding a serious frown

In the dream I was marching to Heaven
I burst into burrows of adolescent laughter
Chasing after rainbow colours for the fun of it
I told the Drum Major I can't explain it
In the rush hour I flowed like music
Wind by the green belt

A faint smile was born just after 7 a.m.
A colossal abyss propelled me into oblivion
I didn't expect the thing to consume my aching soul
Now I feel as empty as a hole
I have a thorn in my side, planning my suicide
The noise of the night traffic has petered out like a candle flame
I can't take anymore pain
I've laid down in a deep-rooted infection
I must have misplaced my mind

I don't know where the fuck I'm going

I jettisoned the bellyful stripling
At the ben of innocence, I am elegant
Nothing more than a boy
Turning myself on and off, on and off
My arm sits in the plaster of Paris
I've suffered from an orgy of intrusive thoughts
The night is paralysed in its costume
There is a nuance in the precept
That I can't avoid

When the feeling gets the best of me
I notice it more then I want to kill myself
Sometimes I want to be someone else just for a second
Then, when the tough gets going
I bite into the cyanide tooth
I've spiralled to a rocky low
Warm waves sparkle under the sun
I've said so many things
Now the cat's got my tongue
I've grown bored of the daily routine
My thoughts burst into flames and then incinerate
I spent over a thousand days writing a dossier
Then I closed my eyes and I drifted off to sleep
I fell into a heap of dreams to the sound of a fiddle
Lightly playing like the light drizzle

Walking through new thresholds
In the heat of the summer
I could've flaked out
It was as if a red monkey was holding me hostage
I went limp like a flower without its glow
A poet without a flow

Thunder struck the 3rd ultimo

Over and over again, the afternoon was a breeze
In St. Tropez, I shined with my silver scars
The dog's paw tasted like vinegar
All day I dreamt and pretty much done nothing
All across the city lissome cats meow and purr
On Mondays when the clouds fade
I can't pretend I'm a ray of sunshine
I can't stop this whirlwind unfolding
I'm a passenger in my mind
Most mornings I put paper pigeons and voodoo dolls
With my collection of candytufts in a little brown box
I spent all night untangling my thoughts
Monumental pains are shooting through my body
I'm praying the pains will go away but they only ululate
Something is in the offing
Surely the night can't die out
Until I've taken off my rose tinted glasses?
That's what the rulebook says
I smoke and drink and do what I do best
Wishing I was dead.

Bay Window Into A Better World

Makeweight stuffs the hay day
I am a numb laze
With cuts and bruises
Stuck in my ways, getting messy
In the sunlight of midwinter

Looking for Cupid, speaking Doric
I'm rhombic, I said, "Deoch an doris!"
Went on a pilgrimage
Wore droplets of sunshine
Like I was opulent and owned everything
The river flowed in slow motion
It was mandatory behaviour
In the middling
Wireless
I yearned for the wondrous
Thinking of things to say
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I've got nowhere to go
Hope the light leads me to the end of the road
In the sapling's bole, on arable land
The sky dashes in Morse as an exemplar of the perfect honeymoon
Muscat and rose petals are spread around in the hotel room
The oxymoron has rosy red cheeks
Liverwort and tamarind
I'm wearing my shield

Thinking of things to say
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Every Cloud Has A Silver Lining

Yesterday I died in the most violent way
It was a tragedy on Piccadilly Circus
I'm as lonely as Highway 66, at night
I feel like I'm a blank canvas
A troubled artist
Entering open doorways
In a sultry dream I released the male cell
I cast my spell, put my wand away
Before I knew it, it was a new day
I moved onto the next thing
On cloud nine

Every cloud has a silver lining
Every cloud has a silver lining
Every cloud has a silver lining
Every cloud has a silver lining

The night falls, falls like embers
I undress myself
After everyone goes to sleep
I'm half-unmitigated and incomplete
Staring into space, dazed at the changing landscape
Germane to melancholy and grey clouds
I got up and moved about
My stiff limbs started to relax with ease
Then a barrage of thoughts knocked me off my feet
My head hit the pillow and I fell asleep
After 4 a.m.

I had deadened dreams
Tossed and turned and burned with emotions
The wind waltzed like a fox parading in its habitat
It loomed over me as I made meddling statements

It was a false alarm down an old gold mine
I met déjà vu for the second time
On a foggy morning

When I was a child I would watch Sunday cartoons
I would draw pictures with my crayons
Pick berries in the forest
Now I'm older I get lost on wet nights
I get lost in blizzards hoping the pain will subside
Maybe this is in my mind, maybe
Maybe this is in my mind

I've been swept away with the rain
Fucked up at seventeen

Every cloud has a silver lining
Every cloud has a silver lining
Every cloud has a silver lining
Every cloud has a silver lining.

Yes, Ulysses

In Blindenschrift Ich frage
In Blindenschrift Ich frage

I asked for forgiveness, moved closer
Like singing winds, kind winds, gentle beach winds
I'm the common denominator and I can't believe my mind
Can't believe I'm on the borderline like I can't believe
The childish devilment and daredevil stunts

The chime laws are holding me hostage
It will look like a rainbow when I'm finished
I'm so exhausted, can't write for a year
Went mad like Van Gogh and cut off my ear
For a year I lived like a dreamer, a runner, runner
Couldn't get any slumber and I choked on aphorisms
There was no scintilla of evidence but a newborn phobia
Like a Poindexter, Ghidora-sized in my eyes
Doing the long dance with the spirit of the garden
Under the pale moonlight

I froze, could hear the strum of a guitar
It was like a happy skylark chasing the fierce tidal waves
Calling me to my death like an egghead's fantasia
Deep in the caves
I made my chef-d'oeuvre with my magic powers
Made my way back to sanity without a scratch
Outshining the garland like a rare diamond
Around the neck of a recusant

As always, when I look back I get this ache
A certain nostalgia I can't explain
It grows like vines in my bones and then
I feel peripheral, living in a wanton world

I am not of that ilk, more like a mastiff
Lounging on a couch
Idle and set in my ways
Raised voices and police sirens reverberate
Wanting their fifteen minutes of fame
On the red carpet
Like vessels, fossils, and notorious umlauts
In the doggerel and in the chorus

I'm in the clouds, hungry and looking for fish
Writing is driving me madder than you'd think
I'm sinking faster than the Titanic
Held in a lunar synthesis
I wish things would go back to normal
I haven't seen the sun shine in all her glory
Since I kissed goodbye to last winter
I'm starting to wonder if it'll ever be the same
Like the nucleus of an atom
A faint glow has captured my attention
I can't be the hero with a shiny motto
I'm going off script, off the grid
I can't handle it

My sour thoughts are torturing me
Saying things about sodomy and death
In the wild the blood flows like endless pleasure
I am a lotus-eater, with a cigarette in one hand
And a drink in the other
I'm thinking about my mother, the ocean, the moon
My wasted youth has been reduced to nothing
Like a still life painting in a museum

Now I've been taken over by adulthood wanderlust
I hate the tussle, when it's the Hour of the Ox
Sometimes I want to run off and board a train to Paris
And then visit the pyramids in Egypt

I get this sudden itch
I hear the angelic voice of a child
Like a candle I snuffed out
Like a jealous sibling wanting attention
At the mountain top

I made a mosaic out of my insecurities
I made a mosaic out of my mistakes
Made a sorry apology
Fell and landed on the Wandering Rocks
With jewels for teeth and stars for eyes
Strange creatures went passing by
Like chips and sirens

I called out for my daddy like Telemachus
With a heart drowning in solace
Drowning in boundless grief and heartache
I ran into my daddy's arms and cried like a baby
Tied to my memories of Jim and Neil
I don't know how I'm supposed to feel
I wish life wasn't real.

Arch Hypocrite of the Angels

I woke up at the Golden Gate Bridge
Egocentric with the will to live
In the meadow I blend in with cowslips
Cowslips dancing like Edie Sedgwick
Addled at the hocus-pocus

My ocean blue eyes glowed
I walked along the pavement, crossed the road
In a cagoule and rain boots
Feeling good, cock-a-hoop in a cesspool
I moved like a cat with perfect glands for a perfume
Like a buccaneer, regretting the moment I got carried away
Like a five year old jumper blazoned like the truth
I burst open like a bladder, like an author
In front of the Eiffel Tower

With a name, a face, and a personality
I couldn't contain my emotions
Like I can't brush off the feeling of suffocating
Like I can't brush off the feeling of dying
The paranoia is eating me alive
Like I eat French fries

I look at the moon and want to cry waterfalls
I'm waiting for time to pass like a gap year
It feels like an eternity in Hell
Trying to hoodwink a one-eyed thing
I've never been more of a nerd
Devoted to grapefruit and pineapple
Laying on my bed, as soft as a hassock
Writing in a notebook at 4 a.m.

Falling in my dreams like the arch hypocrite of the angels
I grew like witch hazel, like a mutiny
I asked how she was, the woman with blonde hair
I met a man with a dead stare, a hardbitten stare

I looked in his eyes but he wasn't there
They were shiny like a mirror

Shiny like impassable water flowing
I ended up in a minefield, somehow
I got back, but the feeling was gone
I don't know where the clouds went
I drank the vitreous, milky sunshine
The doldrums, the lance, the rods, the wires
I acknowledged the clusters of flowers
Flower clusters, untidy flowers
I'm an oar on the rowlock
A satisfied stomach.

False Divinity

I'm not in the mood for talking
This is the second night in a row
I've been as cold as a morgue in winter
Wishing my life was more like a motion picture
I'm pensive, breathing in the summer air
I've killed the curiosity bug

So far from the past, in the present
Surrounded by acres of nothing
So far from the past, in the present
Egged on by a spike of confidence

I travel with my head held high but I feel low
Held back by a mountain of limitations
I'm maudlin, I make myself sick
Self-conscious and aware
I hate it when people stare
I don't know what to think
I don't know what to think tonight
I'm hanging off a joint, trying to make a point
I'm inconsistent with a fake smile on my face
I notice the glaring inconsistencies
Insidious irony

I decided on a plan, opened the gate
I pissed all over the greenery
Had ceaseless dreams
Had ceaseless worries and thoughts
Like parallel parked cars, blemishes
In hours of darkness
I've changed like the seasons
Turned the page of the magazine
Neap tides, commandments, Calabasas dreams

I am a wild, wild strawberry
A false divinity

So far from the past, in the present
So far from the past, in the present
So far from the past, in the present
So far from the past.

Daisy

I couldn't escape the spider laugh
Melting Athens wax as hot as milk glass
Like the steeplejack with cherry-red cheeks
Metal welded, building cities with my hands
I sculpted a marshmallow island
It's my kingdom

A blissful Utopia
Home for fat buddhas
With bones, teeth, and brass instruments
I breathe in and I exhale cast-iron winds
The clouds sit in the sky like a premonition
I feel like a piece of the puzzle has gone missing
Like I feel redundant and photosensitive
But I'm shot through with temporary happiness
Dissolving into nothing like a snowflake
I lay awake like plasma
Thinking

My younger sister is as cute as a button
As sweet as nectar with an irreplaceable smile
I remember when she was small enough to fit in my arms
Like a perfect little doll, and time stopped for a second
When I looked at her, it was my first time being a brother
I melted like butter, like Athens wax
I didn't have much to say

I have a cave for a heart, it's deep and black
But I don't like to think about things like that
I'd rather think about sweet things
Fond memories and ice-cream dreams

Hot guys wearing loveheart shaped sunglasses
Lemon sunshine and molasses

I'm pretty content in the kingdom I've made
Unless something big happens or I'm bent out of shape
Multitasking like an octopus, late at night
I can hear a deafening whistle twirl like a fairytale
This is real life, not a dress rehearsal
Whenever the princess Jew demands soft fruit
There's an earthquake in my room
Butterflies flittering at the holy mountain
At the fountain of gold, feeling young like a daisy
I'm as white as the moon with skeleton arms
With a fervour for living

Like a Lucky Star at Mossvale
Free in the fields, I walked along the path
By the old and wise trees, looking at the acres
One thousand footsteps from the farmhouse
With murder on my mind
My eyes peeled open and I heard voices in the trees
But it wasn't coming from my head
There was a throng of stationary idiots
Acting like harebells, unaware I was there
Taking the long way home

How can my life be such a mess?
I left with my purchase like a seagull
Walked down the street like Andy Warhol
Thinking
How can my life be such a mess?

Eclipse At Twilight

We told each other about our pains
Usual occurrences, reliable sources
It was a verbiage of the same stuff
Back and forth, back and forth
Taking turns talking until the sky got dark
Then I left in the middle of the night
I listened to the heavy rainfall
Enthralled

The millwheel had been greased
In the secret garden passage
I was a paranoid wreck
It was touch-or-go
Around peril like a rose petal
I kicked the topsoil, feeling tender
Like an aching muscle or a sore wound
Breaking free from the cocoon
I was unbalanced

The moon thief came with a diagnosis
I exclaimed it was pigeon gossip
I didn't believe it, at first
I thought, am I in denial, feeding myself lies?
Telling myself I'm fine, when I'm not
I know something's wrong
I can feel it
Something's in my throat
It could be a frog or a Lionheart
Or else it could be a knife or maybe a key
Perchance it's a light to somewhere
I can feel it, irking me
At the most maddest of moments

One minute everything is fine and the next
It's as if my world is coming to an end
I don't mean to be dramatic, but
My fingers are spiders
Needles
I'm bending into shapes I've never been in before
Going to new places I want to explore
I'm still so young but I feel like it's going to end
I can't erase the feeling
When I turn I'll walk into doors

It's been dull like this for months now
The sun doesn't come to the rocky peak
I figured it out, I'm a tormented soul
A Greek tragedy in deafening silence
I refrained from exploding

Fell asleep high in the clouds
Tangled in the cigarette smoke
I had dreams about pretty things
But thought, in all my attempts to study the sombre night
I never did get it quite right

Walking wet streets with a silver sheen
Moony on Mulberry Street
American-themed, provocative images
Like mute potatoes, banished to the shadow realm
I put my night kisses in pockets
I am imprudent
Willow shoots like the messenger
The mastermind with the monkey wrench
Like ribbons or a fancy signature
I couldn't follow the rules
So I dropped out of high school at fifteen

With nothing but pipe dreams and a particular taste
I watched the typical birds on grand trees
Had to grow up fast and find my voice
With a million and one things on my mind
I tripped and fell into a pool of emotions
Familiar with bad timing

This year I will turn twenty two
I haven't really thought it through
I tend to go with the flow, hoping I'm in fine fettle
I looked in the mirror, it was me, standing there
With tired eyes and a tired face
Ready to start the day gingerly
I can't forgive myself, can't let it go
I can't seem to get a control of things
Or a grip on reality and I'm slipping away
Each day I smile like everything is perfect
But inside I'm dying with each step I take
Twig-like, I break.

Blackwater

Ring-a-ring o' roses
A pocket full of posies
I've had the worst week ever
Remembering the forgotten years
I'm saccharine, it's one of the common themes
Another part of the daily routine

Blue winds sing love songs on the plane
As green as the greenest grass
With a chip on my shoulder I've been daydreaming
I have been lost in a pool of emotions
With my elbows placed firmly on ageless wood
I am bored following the rules of the sun
I am never-ending

Water dripping from a tap in a gross building
The ice tips of an ocean wave
A constellation
Stressed out and aching
In the night, I'm a fire hazard
A banana split, sticky like maple syrup
Dopey and tired, in my haven
I've came to a precise understanding
The rapture has gone and living is arduous
I'm like a real for holding thread
Crying like a blackbird
When will it be over?
I can't take anymore
Ghostly echoes, purple fogs, days wanting to die
Like the horizon sewed to the duck-egg blue sky
I can never get a break like a dartboard
I try my best to answer questions

But nothing matters at all when you're six
Like an excited child on Christmas
Got everything on your wishlist
You're priceless

In the present like a concept
Upside down and inside out
I have seen them like moons, like dunes
Like choppy sea waves or a damn monkey wrench
Reading about A Curse Against Elegies
I can't get a minute to breathe
I'm always making up excuses
I'm brave and cowardly

Going places I never expected
I feel at home on streets
Corrugated
Stood in silence
Around the factory noises
Like I'm a timepiece breaking promises
I have more magic tricks up my sleeve
Cuts and bruises
Always got something to complain about
The dark clouds burst and the rain showers down
As if it's a simple chord progression
Like a symptom

By the satin, red curtains
And the flatscreen television
I ate a tiger for dinner
Went to my tiger orchard
And went donkey mad at an apple feast
It was comical taxidermy
I wanted more tigers

Like I love the smell of rich dirt and hearty grass
My favourite, as well as the pink sheep
Ring-a-ring o' roses
A pocket full of posies
I've had the worst week ever.

2252

I freaked out, hysterically
Hyperventilating
Craving sleep with sweaty palms
And thinking death things
The day had went quite well
But then I reversed into Hell
I can't tell what's going on
The flow had stopped

I can't take my mind off it
God damn it, it's been a hot minute
I want to be my old self again
I'm trying to find a new perspective

By the red statue, a week later
I feel great then I feel shit
By the fancy row of houses I walked
Got lost in some neighbourhood
Trying to find a new perspective

After midnight it's easier to smile
Like nothing bad has happened
But that doesn't mean the smile is earnest
The thoughts are still there in my head
Like unwanted guests shouting
I can't wait 'til it's morning

My mother's words have long digested
I get it, I get it
I want to be my old self again

I'm trying to find a new perspective.

Relativity

How did it happen?
Another infection, another worry
Has wormed its way into my every move
There's nothing I can do
I'm trying to be as normal as I can
I've had this problem for years and days
It's a problem, it won't go away
It's a problem that won't go away
I've drank an ocean full
Tablespoonfuls of honey
Had nightmares about fears
I'm glad I'm still here, still going
Like a river on the 4th floor
I am incidental

In the grand scheme of things
I'm like a boneless fish with a Basilisk gaze
Bashful in many ways
I dwindle in the night like a frisson or a wave
A king earthquake, duck quarry
At the windmill, at the old farmhouse
It's my night bailiwick, my right, my right
I've raised my spirits, I feel better for it
I'm trying to be more positive
Inviting in colours

When I'm at my worst
It's hard not to think I'm in some perdition
A kind of mental prison
I can't escape with a morning prayer
By the well-dressed epicure
I don't believe God exists, but I hope
I hope everything will turn out well

I'm fallible, stepping out the shower
Stepping into the steam
Like I go to sleep and enter dreams
I don't believe in the Devil
But people do Devil things
I'm giddy on the lonely highway
Playing my favourite compositions
I dissent, lured like game
Chrome and cloying in my Hell
Wanting a slice of Heaven
There's a strange jingle in my ears
I'm burning candles and out of gasoline
Throwing out the junk mail
A farrago of voices together
Mowed the grass in summer
I feel like winter, taking risks
Can't be bothered to think about it
Nocturnal beliefs and precious stones
Burning bright under the pale moonlight
Under the pale moonlight.

Idle Wilde

Fixed like a pearl-shiny star
Barefooted and luckless
In the hollow corner
Half-operating
I've polished the flames
With the rosebuds in the garden
Barb-wired details fleshed-out the argument
Like a stone reflection, bored as a puddle
Or a goldfish swimming in circles
In a fish tank

Hours later I'm rose gold like root beer
In a dry and dark place with something to say
Naked-eye like a witness, bird with no feathers
The slow tempo softly bubbles
Like cloudy sea foam

An invisible globe insists on shining
In its queer fashion, at four in the morning
I enter open doorways and shut them like clams
Rooted in ice sheets, bookmeat and celestial dreams
I need a new coat of paint like a cavelike moonface
Trees uprooted, the weatherman says moonjewels
The vapour is a caged bird, laid like dust
Clamshut and existing like a river

Behind the glossy aqua exterior, the scripture
There's nothing much to rave about
Not tonight, at least
I can hear mother darkness making whale cries
Foxspells at the cliff edge, buttered stars

Freshly showered and coloured silver
Like snowy walls, skyscraper tall
Idle wilde like a fruit stone.

Seascape

6 a.m. is back around like 4 a.m.
I'm drunk on tulip petals
Probably shouldn't be here, doing this
Haven't had a good sleep since the torture started
But I come alive with a night kiss
Opened up like a garage
Hooked the typical fish
A wailing ship drifting
In a wonderland

Sipping
Cucumber cool, caramel milk
Spinning like the wheel of a mill
The sun is coming up over the hill
The pink sky is glittering like an eye
Art is my oxygen, art is keeping me alive
I can't glaze over it

The burden is the heaviest weight
An anchor on my chest
I'm kicking the habit, can feel the pulsating rhythms
Quelled emotions reflect like a radio wave
I ate the hot root

The horizon has expanded like a roof
I'm not fully there, I'm here
With tousled hair
Feel like I'm wasting away with every new idea
Like a dream that turned into a nightmare
Peering at the seascape
In a moony state, down the passageway
The peal of bells reverberate

In a shiftless daze
I pray for moments of clarity
Poisoned images like sound pulses
Flicker like rays of morning sunlight
In the corner of my mind
Vacuumed thoughts, in sync, shine
Like the blinding nightlights twisting
Playing mind games, poetic delusions
I am a war machine, rain filling the creek
A glitch in the matrix

Taking life one step at a time
Waterlogged moonbeams are refulgent
Refulgent like modernisms
Fucked my brains out umpteen times
In the warren, in my sanctum
With a thin waistline
Aphonic like the empyrean
I'm watermelon, like a peach tree
Seen death
As microscopic as a wafer of silicone
The plough cuts furrows into the soil
After the post-mortem I could've cried
Waterfalls for one thousand years
One thousand nights

I've never been this hungry
Just like a sucking mouthpart
Melting Red Leicester
Cut off the cap of the stalk
Toga waves like sucrose
Flushed away the evidence of summer
Several hours have passed since
I unravelled like winds

I'm flying too close to the sun
A spirit of Icarus, the architect of ecstasy
The feeling is transitory like happiness
In the neck of the nightingale
Barcoded
I speak the truth
Pouring the blue substance
Caught in the stasis
My head is heavy on my shoulders
Like a mountain.

Dewdrop

Three hours of sleep after
Silky blood spilled everywhere
I answered the incoming phone call
Didn't recognize the voice sleeptalking
But I listened to the mirror-silver eyeball
Screaming like a seawave
Creamy sunlight reflected off the glasses
Transparent like the stonewhite mother of a dead son
Each wave lick sugared the seafront
Waxy dreamblue shadows with pineapple
Crab moving lightbeams filled the night with its fruit
I consumed the night dreamblues like air
Felt like treegum in a jar

Sun-baked, footsteps into the pilgrim
Going in and out of rooms
Swallow-white like the moon
Tomato-stuffed and orange juiced
Soup-like, the first of a kind, drifting
Like the dull purple of the budded lavender
Making silky smooth prayers profound in their size
I entered the gateway like mucous or news
Rooted like a tooth, plant in soil

Citywise eyes were snails blinking
Biting the bullet, I'm sand in the pit
Paper shredded, in pieces, in the office
T minus three minutes, heavy like luggage
Scared and anxious, sitting like a duck on a lake
Voices went echoing into the distance
Noise turns into silence

White swallows the rock face
Dr. Hippocrates was a mirror absorbing light
Scry through the crystal ball
A lost memory in the night cell
Is a voltage in the Thames, unchanged
I remained, stable, could taste every last word
That probed into the mind, the deep recess
Bolted shut and padlocked

A million miles from the place I was
Misunderstood like a creature with inner demons
A million miles from winking lights I live
Like the bony night with pixel eyes
I am the rear axle of physics

A mirror image, blood tested and square shaped
The needle was like a gadfly in the blood duct
Wanting bee sugar, wanting it to end
Dewdrops sunk to the seagreen riverbed
It wasn't as bad as I had thought, like a holiday storm
I've been swan white before, otiose and neglected
Unlike a pelican crossing but like midnight

A starlight with milkfeet

I have a heartbeat in my stomach
A heartbeat with goldleaf wingbeats
It was like discovering a heir sleeping
Happy skeleton in the tomb
I'm like a healing fracture in the catacomb
Recovering from warship damage
I'm conscious and awake
Making lemonade.

Mindfuck

Every waking moment
I'm a mirror of my former self
A ghost shell, plagued with a river of doubt
Breathing in and breathing out
The thoughts are loud and I can't drown them out
This is the worst I've ever been
Even been praying

Caged in an ocean of silence
Paranoid, a ship destroyed, I entered the void
I am a toy in the hands of time
The constant fear is my main complaint
I'm not the same person I used to be
Don't know why this is happening to me
Chronic pain folds and crawls around my body
Looking for a secret place to hide and rest
I feel pain in places I didn't know pain could exist
Now I've went and blocked out the dripping crystal sunlight
I sit awake and alone at night
With nothing but the torture on my mind
The only thing that's keeping me going is the vital will
Daily life is like a chore
Now I've closed the book, polished my shoes
In my hand I hold a burning cigarette
I've made a pin up out of it
Like Betty Paige

Sparkling like jelly matter in the brain
In the realistic dream I died
Overwhelmed by the shiny thought of death
I come to the surface and breathe
My mind is always playing tricks on me

It makes me feel like I'm nugatory
With nothing to do

The feeling is stirring in my gut
Thinner than water
Staring at the walls
Night time thinking in isolation
I'm compulsive, obsessive, depressive
Always jumping to conclusions
Trying to be receptive
Life is terribly hard, but I'm trying
Trying to get things under control
Trying to get a hold of myself
Putting myself back together
With glue and stitches

Feeling like dirty dishes in the sink
Unable to write
I am an accident, bound to the feeling
I feel like a complete fuck-up
The growing paranoia is a mindfuck
I'm bent over with anxiety
Just had an epiphany

Hour by hour I'm a cool breeze
Lucky if I had five hours of sleep
Can't help but be pedantic
The spark has gone
Gone like the sangfroid
The night is as final as an ultimatum
It washed away like blood
I've gave up the drug
A relative of last year, a time before
I crashed with a mighty thud
Into the decor

Refused the pills, repulsed by them
Swallowing Hell in my darkest moment
I'm hellbent on living
Serpentine, like sugar, I want more
I rage on, bending like aluminium
Like olive skin
Body full of acetaminophen
I refused to take the Amitriptyline
I refused it, the solution, the prescription
A letter arrived in my name this morning

I frayed like an edge
Followed the blueprint, cream tonic
Had lost my appetite and I got sidetracked
Stayed up all night and slept through the day
The truth goes down like fine, neat whiskey
Like a song by Johnny Cash
It's easy to get sidetracked like the Lorax

Potatoes will suffice
Tears filled my eyes and I had to cry
I'm melodramatic like a stomach
Salivating like a dog.

??nyat?

In the moment a face like the waxy moon
Oblivious to the stiff vampire corpse
Was like a sunflower alone in a wheat field
The muscles were like steel
A pricking in my thumb meant nothing
The dog was as lifeless as a quiet, winter night
With its stony, matt black eyes
Even after three sharp calls, the dog was dead
As dead as a dog can get
Dead on blood-red, autumn leaves
Crows buzzed around in the vermillion sky
I don't know why

I had to get away from it
I couldn't breathe and the fear of the virus
Found a home with the milk in my bones
And the certain fury in my icy heart
I went to the woods, wanted to begin again
When the sky grew dark something in my bones said
I should trust my instinct, natural animal senses
Sniffing out syphilus, tetanus, and rabies
The hand was bitten in the summer
The wound was washed with the utmost care
But stood out like a tattoo or Shirly Temple's hair
Coke and ammonia or French kisses by a lake
I love men, that's how I know I'm gay
All I want to do is party

A circle of witchfire burns tangerine orange
Multiplying its powers, wanting to be heard
Like a sour gunshot, like the woodchuck
Like the temper of the guy with the wolf shirt
Shit, fuck, shit, fuck, shit

It was a sick man with red, leathery skin
A red Indian looking for a particular squirrel
But also keeping quiet about the mountain incident
Near the lip of the grassy hill
Where crumbs of sunlight crept like a shadow
Over the shoulder, on the tufts of grass, blood-stained
Fleshy-pink like canned tuna, it had been arranged
I was frightened pale, crying stalemate
Bearing with time and the popular death stains
Not far from the next seaport, but isolated
I breathed life into the day

By midnight I was paralysed with anxiety
Feeling like I was as heavy as a burden or a dark secret
I prayed for dawn by the cool, murky waters
Being suffocated by a cascade of elephant feelings
In the rural wilderness it was atypical
Kindred, dancing like a musical spirit
The aroma of burning marshmallows spread
Like a false rumour, a giant's foot into the night air
I found a place to put the trauma
Around the campfire, telling spooky stories
I see electric-red, bloody-like faces glowing
The fire is crackling and the sound is jarring
Thick like the darkness without any white stars
I am one with the ashes and the cinders

Later, I think it's funny I have a curious bone
I'm drinking like it's a rule or there's a gun at my head
I've been fucked-up for five days straight
All the days, all the weeks, all the months and years
The wheel has been turning
The past is a private conversation
I won't utter a word, can't shake off disappointment
It's like a guitar song from my childhood
A knock on the door

Ulcers, waspish redness, rock and roll sores
I need a doctor, I'm a step away from death
The milky desire is contagious
I'm not fucking around like some clown posse
That's bullshit, tell the cunt-bitch I'm radioactive
Fuck no, fuck that shit
With a knife I'll stab it, I'll kill it
I see the phoenix flames, in the darkness, in the forest
It's blood-red, sun-red, poppy-red, tulip-red
Mechanic-red and helpless-red

The neighbour reported the incident
Whilst I was like a peaceful baby sleeping
Then came the night thunder, night rain, night problems
Night bled into morning and I couldn't get it off my mind
I'm paranoid like a pussy
I've split, spending time cleaning shit up
I woke up from another night drunk
Thinking last night was a fucked-up situation
I can't possibly say I'm sorry more than I have done
I close my eyes and it's all I can think about
After a glass of water I feel a little bit better
But I'm not complete, like niacin and vitamin b6
Warm goodness in the rat stomach

Pig-shit, horseshit, the radio's infected
Like the town's infected and no one's around
A cocktail of pretty lies goes down well like a treat
I have cold feet, so I'll pack my things and leave
But once I'm done I'm leaving for good
The sweaty afternoon passed
I tried to be as open-minded as I could
With a bone-dry throat and a mango brain
The fear had been imprinted like a purple bruise
On the fat toe of a sad Geisha

When it rained I moved like a monk's robe
The hooked staff of a bishop
Skull and bones
The rain washed away like blood, like it does
I was left muttering things like wailing winds
Fanning the flames of the donkey-mad idea
Making peculiar gestures

There was a tug at the flower base
Shots rang like water tunes, moon baked
Got a million things I want to say
I'm insatiable with hungry eyes and hot lungs
I quenched the thirst, said wild things
With a briar-like tongue
Craved the soft touch of the black beach
It was a real grievance clothed in pleasure moans
I stayed in bed, then everyone freaked out
Screamed, "Get the fuck out!"
Had to figure it out, had to sweat it out
Rule it out, scream and shout
Like a blue tongue in a whale mouth
I insisted on dying at the flashpoint, I snarled
Chary but doughty, emotional and uncontrollable
With a score to settle, I've realised I'm inflexible
Ribbiting prince frog with moon shaped eyes
Acting as if I'm not mint green and potato soft
Like a modest red moth mouth

The engine is revving and it's been lived
Wet and vintage, hydrous, like gingham
Held together by my thoughts
I have a brassy nature and a nail-thick cough
I can't stop it, the decaying flesh, body scents
My love for gas station pancakes

I'm a poet, black-belt in karate, fashionably late
With a racing pulse, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck
The debt has been paid in salty blood
Red honey-stuff
A river of red, velvet red, curtain red, serious red
Infectious red, brick-wall red, loveheart red
Sex-mad red, scar red, earthly red
Red watery pulp

The towtruck left a trail of the red honey
I never knew what it meant, fleeting madness
Fleeting time, fleeting pain and fleeting pleasure
Like hoops of yellow smoke drifting into the air
I had a bad dream, but I hope it'll pass
I can't find solace in the night
It's like trying to find a light in a cave
I've tried, riding the sea waves all night long

The silence was as obvious as a raincloud
In the west end of Scotland
It went on like a drone, unending
The silence was a pianohead, going on and on
A million things rolled into one
Trying to speak with depressed ghosts
Invisible, evil forces exist like matter being
Slaughtering chickens and making cheese
In a dreamworld, a naked October
The trees grow long shadows
I stumbled down the road, psycho-laughing
Out of kilter, I can feel the despair, toothed noises
Cutting paper like lukewarm winds barking
The look of horror shattered the last piece of hope
I went forward, down the road, looking for something shiny
I found a toad palace, ate the January egg salad

The shots were like bells, they made it
A fly on a mission to get to the counter meat
I'm not always candy-sweet, I'm like the amber tapesty
A bee in an apiary or a sheet of sand
Squeezing out the last of the grape juice
The red tint, a glow on the melon skin
I am indifferent, a voiceless tree
With a peachy, fleshy core
I feel it ten times more

The trepidation, it's a sea urchin
A spontaneous reaction
Fever-hot and glowing like the moon
Resenting the past with black eyes like beans
Tough like pith, productive, unfinished, and realistic
A missile on a clifftop with cancelled plans
Scarlet flames slipped into position
Like mirth in an ear
Everything is dreary until I get dessert
It's a sore point, I'm flustered like a river
Responsive and hyper conscious of the everglow
I tightened the girdle before harvest
Now I'm looking for a door in the void
But all I can see is blackness, nothingness
An immortal abyss, my tomb, my home
Reality is finally sinking in.

Aloha, Pathfinder

Yes, these past Hell weeks
Have confirmed my unwavering love
For the art of living but also the art of dying
Since I've had the time to sea travel and anchor myself
Night whispers have blossomed like Japanese flowers
Wet snails in the weird throat of my ivory tower
It's not unusual, I'm a walrus tusk
With a jagged edge and unbreakable jaws
In a semi-permanent state of wonder
Dazing into endless space
As the candle shoots stems of wax like thunder
The truth has been digested
I've had to deal with this hazy smog before
When the rain has gone I'll be child-happy again
I know it, I've been as busy as a volcanic midwife
With honeycomb hair and a uterus blanket
Taciturn and deep in thought

I can't put my finger on why I'm cursed
River drunk and moonstruck, glowing hot
Wheel spinning in my world, I chirp and swallow
Carelessly drinking from the bottle, I've removed myself
I've removed myself from the depressing reality of life
Still I can't forget the epic fall, I've been red since
With 90's nostalgia, fluid like sugarmilk
Four times more insane
The goldflint sings in the bloodvein
Machine working this morning I had air for breakfast
It was tasteless like a shower at midnight
Rock-shiny thoughts hid solitude like an armpit
The famous myth was trapped in the dragnet
It was a drug experiment with hot sweats
A face with sunken cheeks

The milky halo's magnetic pull
Is in the pit of the sick rabbit's stomach
Irregular bowel movements with uncertain nods
In the depths of the birdnest that is Ovid
The mountain salt on the lips of Macbeth dissolved
Like a fresh kill, the proud ailment's viper-sharp like vinegar
I've made a habit of it, tapping on the fruit stone
With mince wrists and a vivid memory of true hunger
Cookie dough and last year's lemon winter
No longer will I write plush loveletters to magpies
I'm finished with the pink scorpion skeleton
Went rolling from boredom

Spilled my guts like cheap wine
During the sour buttermilk hours
I act like perfume fudge
That's why I can relate to the Srebrenica brother
The Atlantic wisp, the perfect suicide
The foot with no reason
More than tree syrup or I could've imagined
I am your son
The things you say strike a chord
Like the weight of a ship in my darkest hours
I'm wondering if I'll make it through the night
One moment ago I was on top of the world
Milkshake smooth like an ear lobe
Now I'm pulling cow teeth from the pumpkin
I can't believe it, I wish it was different
Anything else, not this
I don't want to die, I want to live
But I can't take the torture, it comes out of nowhere
Like acid pains, caught between two extremes
The mouthslit of the camera flash
Is an eye scanning

Movie popcorn popping
Wishes in a peapod, sundrops on the woodfloor
Summer images melting like milk chocolate
Milk liquid, I'm Monday breathing
Ice crystals suspended
Unrehearsed yawns make an appearance
Just like the vanilla daylight or stubborn paranoia
I'm alive, half-asleep and liver-stressed
Beetle-wigged milk kid, a shadow influence
I don't make sense, could throw a supermarket tantrum
Could rage like a romantic poem in a twirl
With the drop of a penny
The actor has lost his lines
Melon-stuffed and church exhausted
I've burned the toast, the kettle has boiled
Done the kitchen work
I tried to talk but no one was listening
I realised it, went looking in the mirror for answers
Never found what I wanted, felt like I could sleep forever
In a bed of ostrich feathers, like I've never slept before
Like I've never had a good night sleep in my life
The only thing on my mind was sleep

The night wears shiny pearl insides and a whiskey frown
Chipping away at star-like moondreams
Ten minutes could be ten million years and more
With each sea that washes ashore I'm dove-white
In my crazy imagination, swamp feet into the sweetcake
Images like dancing monkeys are jar-filled with fireworks
In the iris the sulpher armbone is a blunt reminder
Of the hairy spider, leg of the pain
With afterthoughts

No lifeforce, I blacked out the room
Black is how I'm feeling

The bloodspot's blood screams are lamps
Sad, watery eyes glisten like diamond fish
Going forward then going back, not cohesive
Am I worse? Thought I was getting better

But I'm a devil in limbo
Tucking the pear-shaped pains away with the fear
It has been like this for a while

I'm on the floor with blue knees
My tears leave like they're tadpoles
I don't know how I can cope
Living like an addict, punched in the gut
With a snake for a throat and it's making me mad
Watching time pass, I feel like my world is closing in
But I can hear you, I'm listening

I eat your flowery metaphors, they sit in my brain
Like fruity ice cream in my belly on a copper day
In a pigsty with cobwebs, around bales of hay
Once I've digested them, I focus like a laser
In my own way.

Cherry Petals

My heart is now a fort hole
I've filled with new reasons
Excuses with freedom
I regret all the pretty thoughtless decisions I've made
In wine cellar darkness
I'm looking for the light at the end of the tunnel
Mirroring yesterday in solitude
Praying for tomorrow

Like liquor like mania
I've been doing somersaults
In the charnel house
Opened my mind, I let the thoughts out
Released them like king poison
A blood condiment

My white blood cells are doing overtime
Caught in a dream sequence
I miss the spray of his aftershave
The stubble on his chin
Went out in flames and a whim
I am an ocean of thoughts
Complaining like a bitch

I sizzle like a burnt chip
Seen some shit I wish I never did
Four days later I haven't moved
Been trying to erase 241 injuries
A state of emergency has been declared
Post surgery I awoke on X day
In tears, haunted by my fears
Counting off heartbeats

At the hotspot

Poles shift like hairs split
Crying is the last resort
Rain wets the parking lot
At midnight
I am intelligent with common sense
Walking the wet streets
I follow the glassy moonlight
Time is standing still

I see my mother in myself, at moments
I'm alive with the morning sunshine
I'm alive with the clouds in the sky
Wanting to do it
Making it through it
My body aches from pain
Turning rust into gold
In the starring role

Listening to Water Music by Händel
At 5 a.m.
I measured the wrist
Got an unhealthy relationship with myself

Constantly worried about my health
I fell like cherry petals
Picking up the pieces, bittersweet memories
This is not the way it's meant to be
Can't help but feel gutted
Snapped like willow branches

Peeling oranges.

Purple

Raindrops fell like angels
Shining like pebbles
Raindrops fell like my tears
Lavender through the years
Raindrops fell from Heaven
Shining like seagull feathers
Shining like pebbles

Walking in the rain at 5 a.m.
Numb, in a clear direction
Paranoid, it's happening again
Thought I had erased it from my brain
Going down the same blackberry lane
Swans are sleeping on the lake
In the park
Valve shut in the heart

I've got the worst month in my throat
With each mouth-sized bite of the day
I'm scared still thinking I'll choke
Driving on the trunk road
Fears ossified like bone
With my hands tied behind my back
On the orange wetland

Wetter than I've ever been
Wetter than the salty rain
Wetter than 5 a.m.
Wetter than the Ocean
Wetter than a greyhound
A million miles from reality
I can't contain the feeling

Sober like the morning
This is the first time I've been giddy
In a long time
Eating eggs for breakfast.

Faceless Narcissist

Been consumed
biting down on experimentalism
and studying arts,
but not denying I'm feeling like wasted poetry,
and also in the process of discovering my nocturnal philosophy
analysing internal truths
and erasing what I gather to be blatant falsehoods -
I am a primitive being
and deliberately conscious
of the science surrounding my psychology,
but very unpredictable and intentional
much like the weather
always reflecting on hope and fear
and the multitude of realism I dwell on

so often ~~
I am perplexed
by the constant dilemma of mundane living
& plagued with the never-ending nightmare
of death and the inevitable,
to the xtreme point
that the very thoughts have overwhelmed my soul
in a kind of religious way,
and I transcend everything else completely
but I believe in the concept of the future,
the prospect of change, and being willing
So much so that this belief has diffused like seasmoke
and it's beyond my control
like a red shark mouth in dark waters,
which has infected my domestic life

So we now live

symbiotically unhappy like an addict
and I've to accept the silver linings like growing wisdom
even the hypothetical(s) and the endless variables,
and hope instead of succumbing to the fear I dread
I comprehend
and I've made as much sense as I can of it
now.

Darkspell

Lights flickering
Diamond eyes sparkling
Rain is glistening in the puddles
Trees are growing shadows
I am no one

Slow kissing
Poured the sugar in
An empty shell
Swelling with emotions
I can't tell what's real and what's fake
Smiling in the present

The night is as black as a crow
I bite into it like a peach
I walk for hours on the streets
With sore feet
Hoping

I've been in a haze for days
In a milk slim state
Tired of thinking about the past
Trying to make the good times last
On the snail trail

I've been in a haze for days
Tired of thinking about the past
Trying to make the good times last
The night is as black as a crow
I bite into it like a peach.

War Child

I hate it here
Every argument is the same as another
I hate him, but I still love him
It's like a ghost talking to the walls
No one answers my calls

When I feel alone in the world
Like a child of war
That's when I'm at my worst
I can't kill the itch
Shaded by blue TV light

In my darkest moment
Crying in the rain
I am pathetic
With my regrets
Alone in a park somewhere
Accused of blame
How much longer can I go on
Before it all ends?

I ruin everything I touch
Then some
I pray for an ending
People were jogging by
Doing their daily exercise
But no one knows
I'm in pain

Invisible to the world
I am a host for the fly
Out of tears
I may as well be dead

If this is the best it gets
All things are fundamental
My tears are mirrors of yesterday

Today I've been on the edge
Praying for an end

I wonder if it will ever be over
The Tuesday gloom
My fingertips are red and inflamed
From the bitterness of the cold
I am cold to the bone
Out of options

Waiting like a tree
I am an adversary of time
Impatient and drowning in my mistakes
By an endless lake
I am inspired by everything and nothing
Wanting to die, wanting to live
Wanting the highs
Life is not what I expected

When I opened my eyes this morning
Rain was pouring from the Heavens
I thought it would be different
But I was wrong
Rain was pouring like my sorrows
It made me feel like I want to disappear
I want to disappear with my tears
Like a poet in time

This moment is mine

This moment is mine.

Virus

Hungover
I breathe in the sticky air
Feeling pains everywhere
I won't surrender

I won't surrender to the coughs
I water like genes
Containing information
Like protein in the saliva
I am the prince, and the king
Living in a cruel and beautiful world
I can't believe all the things I've done
Which can't be undone
I am a button on the night sky
Like the moon
A button on the morning sky like the sun
Material enclosed in the capsid
With symptoms

Time is passing by at record speed
Like contaminated meat
Time is lysis
I am the architect of dreams
In the backseat
Inhaling tobacco
I glow with faith
But my head is haunted
My thoughts are like gusts of wind
Fluorescent colours burning in the night time
Airborne allergens, contradictions
Movers and makers
Clawing

My smile melted like daylight

I am burnt out
Bone white, sclera white
On a higher level
I broke like a wishbone
Insisting on logistics
In a warren

Marked with red
It's impossible to know
What's going to happen next
I'm as silent as Mona Lisa
I've found faith in believing
I'm Egyptian when I eat onion

In a mutant form
I've realised living is priceless
Like an agent reproducing in the cell
The kidney filters the blood
It's a domino effect
A sugar rush straight to the head
There's pressure on the bladder
I don't know what is wrong.

Perfect Victim

I pour the drink by the hour
Wishing I was your lover
At rush hour
I struggle to focus my gaze
I pray and hope and climax
I cry and laugh

Innocence is a child
In the summer
I was never innocent
My soul was wild from the day I was born
Raising Hell in my mother's stomach
She had to get a C section
At night when the air is thick
When people are sleeping for work
I often think about things like that
Days at the beach

By the ice cream truck
Cooling off

Missing when I was always happy
With no worries
Being a teenager, at school
Taking life for granted
Being an adult can suck at the best of times
I've got money problems and daily struggles
Feeling like coins in a bank
Still a boy at heart, not a man

Yes, I grow hair like the rest of them

Although I relate more with Peter
Something in me yearns for freedom
At times I feel like a mouse in a trap

Alone with my addictions

At night
I am a perfect victim
Vulnerable, in a labyrinth
I am a perfect victim
At night

With my flaws
Blocking out years of chaos
I barely remember my memories
I don't know what happened to me
Along the way I've forgotten what it's like
To live life with the best intentions
Sometimes I find it hard remembering
I had the potential to make it
Still I feel like I crashed and burned
So many times I have to remind myself
I'm still young
There's still time left, fleeting like a ship
Fleeting like medical happiness

Enamoured with the dark hours
I want to kiss you and never stop
My lips are trembling with excitement
The drugs take away my sadness for a while
But then I wake back up at square one
I numb myself to kill the pain
Then I'm never the same
Most days I don't know who I am
That's the part I can't understand

I thought I was someone in L.A
I can't put a finger on when it went wrong

The first time I tried to kill myself
I must've been seventeen
Lost in the silence
Hanging onto life with a heartbeat
I was like crashing sea waves
Sick of it, with a fake smile
I exclaim I'm fine
I've died a thousand times

100 pills later
I was rushed to the hospital
Drained, unconscious, half-there

Stomach pumped, I failed miserably
Took more pills, slashed my wrists
With the sharpest knife I could find

Even had my neck in a noose
Passed a bridge
Wanting to throw myself off
I'm a liability every hour on the clock

I don't know how it got to that point
A part of me wonders why
Life took a turn for the worst
I was playing a game with death
I faced it, but I wasn't scared
Now my past is a blur
A withered flower
Everyday I'm faced with constant trauma

At night
I am a perfect victim

Vulnerable, in a labyrinth
I am a perfect victim

Left to my own devices
Sour and histrionic
Dreaming of sunny times
I'm close to the shore
Breathing like I've never breathed before
I've dimmed the lights, acknowledged my fears
I can't run from the monsters under my bed
The violent thrill rushes through me
Like electricity
I echo with dread

Drama unfolded like washed clothes
I picked low hanging fruit on a tree
September dewdrops
This year I turned twenty two
I felt nothing
Couldn't find it in myself to celebrate
Highs and lows
Making big decisions
Staring at the computer with tired eyes
With smoke in my eyes
Sending emails
A fire is burning in my soul
I don't want it to end
I can't pretend
I somewhat feel better now
I've poured it out
Tomorrow
I'm going to set myself free.

Chrysalis

For so long I felt like I had no future
Now I see beyond the years
I can see clear
Feel like I've escaped the fog
Past the point of no return
Too much shit has happened to forget
I was driving faster towards my death
My fucking untimely and violent death
It makes my stomach churn
When I'm hell-bent on dying
Determined to die
Changing with the seasons
Passing phases
I haven't written a thing
It's not that I've lost the passion
More that I have been preoccupied
Watching time unfold
Preoccupied with the pain I host
In the most fascinating way I'm ready
Ready like I've never been before
I don't talk to anyone anymore
I never thought I would've seen the day
This has happened and I've changed
A chemical imbalance in my brain
I will wash away with the rain
The dust has settled

I've carved my name with the flint sickle
Into the memory of an idyll time
Got lost with the winds in a romantic town
Burying the shipwreck of my heart
The storm tossed me into the dark
On a wild, wild night

I can't get you out of my mind
You're like a tattoo on my flowery soul
A bird calling by the black lake
I've made a fool out of myself
Putting everything on the table
In the teeth of the disorder
I touch myself to feel something
Other than ambivalence.

Boy Next Door

Last night the storm landed
In a watery cul-de-sac
As I parachuted into pleasure
I was like a drogue
At one with the waves
The same as a bomb exploding
I wasn't prepared for the loud explosion
A drought sizzling off to a foreboding feeling
Pitted in the deep end of the abdomen

Amber petals of the Eschscholzia
Layered in numbers on the comely grass
Hinds run and breed and fear on
The hollystock is burnt and I'm crestfallen
In the starry night I'm dying

As cold as last year's winter
With my Eskimo plan
The sun fried to a crisp
The thought was put into my brain
The farrago of feelings is given a whisk
I remain the same

The feelings are compatible
With a marble built monument
Steel and gargoyle
The dream died and I drove
The fig withered in the dark of the alcove
The cubbyhole is the mouthpart of the dragon's crypt
In this pearl shiny disquisition of little black deutzias
The cotter pin melted with the French seam

A body clinging to life is a star beaming
In the sewing machine

I am high on the feeling
With the silky clouds breaking down
Heated to the point of smoke
I am purified
All things good and new
I have laced your fruit into myself
At your office door with my impatient bladder
I built a cornfield, became the scarecrow.

Velvet Dew

Hanging onto yesterday
With soft hands
I am a face on the scar
Mumbling sweet nothings
In the radiant ocean
Of the ear

Trees are a gimlet-eyed
Category of verbs and pronouns
I sink into them with glinting joy
With the pink glow

Today I'm wearing different eyes
Eyes of a poet
Earthy eyes of a basilisk
In a coil of regrets

I study your ballet
Time fades like smoke on the road
A zine sticker after years of betrayal
Or a dream after sleep
I wait for the light to return
But I'm left still in my disappointment
With my legs open at your nose
I glissando

I am the girdle, the handle
The tree in its glad rags
Needing oxygen
I bathe in silence at night
Blossoming like hawthorns
Birthed from nostalgic grief

Perplexed by all of this

The brain after a lobotomy
Is not allowed any more thoughts
Yet I'm in love with the wilderness
The Scottishness of it all
When it rains
Life is immeasurably unbearable
I am the moon and its echo
Either in bookshops or masturbating
In a secret forest

I sigh from the mundane drudgery
Living like mud or an acorn
Never knowing where I'm going
I love it, I love it
I love it

I adore all that sort of eyewash
I've never seemed very chary about it
Unless I've been walking barefooted
Through a handmade Hell
Exposed to every Fair Isle and misnomer
Every man is Dionysiac
I like that

Fear creeps up the foot of the sigh
It enters the anus
I exit in blood, it eats me alive
Spoils my fruit in the mud
Cautious of the things I love
I call this place my homeland
My mother with no tongue
A room of lies as cold as a coffin

It calls me its Fleet Street
The ship docked at the harbour
Naked in the shower, at nadir
With my wrist to the razor
I am sweet, I am sweet
I am sweet.

Butterfly

I rearrange myself like the elements
On the days everything is gloomy
The blood loss is captured
In however many bell jars
Two years worth of time would gracefully fit in
Little nuggets of gold

My constant thoughts are falling leaves
In a book of spells
I edit myself and crave the taste of freedom
The needle is in the arm
I am loose ribbons of blue lake water
Finding my place
Flowing with subtle and delicate movements
Flickering on and off

In individual shades of iridescent colours
Moving and twisting with ease like cloud structures
My body's full of psychedelics
As light bends through the cracks in the trees
I am a hermit in slumber

Ballgagged with a string of emotions
My gut reaction sparkles with vehemence
Obsessing over imperfections
Sleepless nights of wondering
Pucker like taut and young skin
With no sense of direction

I want you and nothing else
I want to sink into your poetry
At the top of the hill

At the end of the world
The breeze combed my ruffled hair
The precious feeling of being alive
Pulsated through my core like an explorer
That had stumbled across a time forgotten
I am a boy waiting for romance
On the park bench
Sat, motionless, like a statue in a museum
Gazing at the city below as if I was the sun
All eyes were fixed upon me in that moment
The dog's paw ripped apart my red insides
Now I don't trust myself with a hot knife
I am more than the twilight
On the dark days

Coffee poured into the thunderbird
The tadpole of the cherubs remembered
In a pocket in the echo's memory
Impervious to the fog
The cornfields are haunted dreams

You will find the truth
Soiled by the witches' fox in isolation
With an endless drone babbling on
Scared of the possibilities
I glitter each time
Frogs bleed lips in sync

Ling clings to me like a spotted dewlap
I am breathing but lifeless.

All Things Are Possible

Dread, padlocked
With the tuft of hair
On the ragdoll's scalp
Seeped with the sweat
Through the coat of hair
I waved goodbye to dead letters
Hung up the phone, holding my frown
It was a salvation they said I wouldn't have to wait
But the plan was cancelled sine die, sine die
My head has been a Davy lamp
In a coal mine

Spoiling for freedom in death
At the davenport
With a notebook in my hand
I wear dimples, looking through field glasses
At midnight I am reminded the past is dead
I wonder, are there any good poets left?
I don't know where they went

The moonlight reflects off the puddles on the wet streets
The cold winds brush off my cheeks
You see, I insisted on this
The puddles look good enough to drink
Almost as if they're a blue tint burned in my mind
What remains inside is a visceral ache
Sadness I can't explain

I was left with nothing but pain
Shining like a brand new wedding ring
And an insatiable lust for something more
Than whiskey slipping down the warm throat
When I closed the door on yesterday

A manuscript for an unfinished book
I sparkled like rays of sunshine
Tiny pieces of broken mirror glittering
In the eyes of a wondering fool
Facing the ramifications

In the process of changing
I have a mountain on my shoulders
Old wounds and room I carved for new memories
I have to force myself to feel happiness
In this cruel world
I've been reduced to helplessness
With sugar on my lips
I listen to the pin drop
Weaved from deception in a drunken stupor
With no memory of the night before

Chipping away at the glossy exterior
Dwindling like a flame
Balancing between two extremes
The poetry in living and the art of dying
I am reluctant, unwilling, stressed and anxious
I roll my eyes and I sigh

The more I think about death
That unspeakable, broken language
The more the idea of it seems normal to me
And the more I think about it, that cold morning
I fall into those thoughts like I am snow
Blue dust searching for lost time

I've forgotten what it feels like to be alive
When I was feeling better than I did
Before my glorious inception

I am pinewood and milkweed
Trapped in life's terrarium
Knee deep in fetishes
With fingers in the aperture
A rush of ecstasy goes through my body
Like pleasure in the rear end
Evidently it's real.

Need Something to Believe In

Exciting feelings have taken control of me and it's a tall order to escape
The blood in my body frantically dashing to the unexplored corners
If I could I would, but it's a process, not a race, to remember
Nothing warms the cockles of my heart
Wrapped in sheets of wind
In a moonlit graveyard, I need something to believe in
Something more than a reason, something more than your validation
Dolour is my prison and I'm a cloud drifting in a poetic state
Limbs are thrown out of place like stepping stones
Stretching and twisting like clay

In the rain I consist of dreams, strange happenings
Under construction, I am the definition of a dreamer
Burning the candles at both ends, always in dark streets
Trying to make everything perfect, I fail at my attempts
It doesn't make sense, but then nothing does
So I burst into a wide range of neon colours
In the grip of your hold, those morning bird calls
I see myself on the same road and yesterday feels like forever ago
Slipping from my fingertips like the sands of time
On the stairs to nowhere

I have taken the form of a risk taking merchant
With a guilty conscience, wounded in the web of desire
I've never felt more out of place, wordless, I am aching
Falling like petals and embers breaking into fragments
Into fine atoms, into pink mist
Split in half, at cross purposes, I glitch
I have crystallized like honey, spellbound by it
The mirror tells me lies and now it is clear to me
I'm not the person I want to be, enchanted
Diamond on the run

Glowing like mined gypsum
I tried to fix my expression, but the birds are wayward
Abrasive and extraneous in every way
I refuse to die on the sharp edge like the yes-man
On the ridge with a new appetite and a new stomach
A meteor is blazing through me, has penetrated my walls
Shined the stonewashed milkbone and pierced the core like daylight
Burning holes, sentimental openings in my explosions
Steering into babels, things I don't understand
Nowadays I am a stranger to myself

Small in comparison to men
Opposite of anodyne, in comparison to the stars
I am unwilling to believe in magic
My eyes have not been tricked, at least not yet
And as far as I'm concerned my ears are not waterlogged
I can't be duped by delusions of greater beings
I need something more to believe in
Something real
I am a magnet, a lost reflection
Numb in the endless abyss of uncertainty

I opened the window to throw out my etiquette
But found it torn in the rubble of protracted feelings
Next to a series of helping hands, and turned a blind eye
To the truth and sugar-coated lies, but not anymore
I've been saying "please" and "thank you"
Trying to make everything perfect
I've pulled the light through and trifled with life
Even though there's been no sensible ratiocination
I've been listening to the bells of acedia and saudade
Repleted on a voyage out of the darkness

The eye wanders away like the ocean's spray

Or a fidgeting pilgrim with no concrete home
Holding the atomic weight of lead
The eye is a constant, wondering and rebellious soul
A river taking root, falling out of its flesh, its skin, then falling back in
Propelled by wanderlust, retracted out of shape
Following the stratagem
Going towards the deathly scream of hope like I muddle along
Praying everything will work out well, it has to
I've never been more overflowing

My body is full of love
Now I can see a way out of the storm
Something sneezing and coughing and sweating
Something drinking and binging and still going strong
I am a riptide in the water-like sky rippling
It has taken a lifetime to kick the habit
To wake up and snap out of it
I can't believe I done it
I was convinced I was good-for-nothing
Unable to wrap my head around it

I was like water
Trying to find things to fill
I was like a flagon ready to pour
After a while, I half-smiled, raising my eyebrow
Out of curiosity, I found an expedient solution to the problem
Rinsed away the abrasive liquids on my tongue
Unfastened myself from the illusion
Bent on things going to plan
The hardest part was the grim reality of the goodbye
The nightmare of a misadventure

It's easier to tell myself I don't care
Than to come to terms with a catalogue of addictions

In my hands, like pills in my palms
When I feel like I could keel over, in circles
Waiting for a miracle, for something special
It is incumbent, I think, to think, when there's no concord
No trace of a doctrine in my elastic world of pixels
At the mercy of a constellation
I'm holding my cards close to my chest
Expanding like silver bullets.

Hardest Poem to Publish

They tried to change me
But with time everything changes
Except the photos, they always stay the same
Like a fishplate, now I've digested the truth
The radio is never answered here
The thoughts I can barely remember
Which slip like time from my grasp
Are slowly coming back to me

Manipulated mirror images twist into reasons
Sewn into the nucleus of my existence

It's the hardest pill to swallow
When I'm scared of letting things go
It feels like I've been cut with a thunderbolt
Sometimes I wish I didn't have to think
Sometimes I wish I didn't know

Poems do not burn, but poems breathe
They are cracking through the common purview
The ratio between them is hyphenated
And the drugs seem gooseberry at this point
Life is a sport, another gymkhana
I am sleeping with the body of a dead person
A fissure in the mountain
Failing to do our duties in a pompous galaxy
Before we could ever know
Renegades have dropped like fallen stars
It's a kind gesture, birthed from the colossal pain
A lurkspur lines the neck of my bladder
And acts like a wandering chef

I was told
A bellybutton's initiative is never to be ignored
But I am one that ignores even the most imperative pains
I thought the violin would play tides in my veins
The day burned to ashes
The detumescence caused an autobahn
I got caught in the traffic, the returning critic
Numb like I've never been before
I suspected the belief has been portrayed
On the maggot-infested sanctuary
In my wet dreams

In my dreams of getting laid
The mirror is a gorgon
It looks back at me and it eats me
It gulps me down and it shreds
Every flaw and tear I shed
Now I'm a piano in my head
I can't help but niggle in rapport

When I'm sore I water the lily in my heart
In my dark night sky
I dream of your deep set ovals
I could never forget the moments we shared
How my guts spilled everywhere
I love you more than I could ever do
Although I don't say it, I seem to be frozen
When I try to utter, "Ich liebe dich"
As if something happened along the way
Which made me stop, which made me unable to
When I lost you in that wild rose garden

In the idyllic temple of a forest

I keep my darkest secrets and store my fondest memories
In the place where I grew up believing in monsters
I spread myself thin like violet ink
I go back there often When the winter sun is shining like a million diamonds
Cut in half, glistening like raindrops in puddles
Wishing it could always be perfect
The apple rots

Everything changes, but the photo stays the same
The photo stays the same

Reminding me that life is beautiful in every way
The chalk of your golden breath warms my ache
Reminding me that life is beautiful in every way
The photo stays the same

In your eyes stars beam
The past is a faint sparkle
Harvest in the meadow
Not once have I mentioned it
But I think about you fucking me
Fucking my clouds for brains
Causing a semantic change
An inner rebellion
I move with the shift
Tried to fit back into my body
Feeling unloved like a book on a shelf
Beached like a whale, like a celestial shadow
The perfect moment to die blossomed
Sculpted out of our earth
The life pour is vital

Ringing in the deaf ear
With white powder on the nose
White powder on the banknotes

I pulled the hull off the strawberry
Sang for my eternal muse
Breathing in the forever sunlight
The crisp morning air, crisp like dried sunflowers
In a cataract of tears, in my ignorant ways
In a pool of desires I promenade

Red like intestines, red with an infection
Red with a shower of thoughts
I traced along the line
Looked in the souls of fools
Creamy with wick
I couldn't bare it any longer

So I turned to the hills of wonder
Dreamed someone stole my dreams
It was a pink-fleshed, elaborate moon thief
Drinking from the petals
I fell at the mud at your feet
Ready to suck your cock

Waves of water licked the salt of my arm
Swayed back and forth like the hum of submission
Mirroring the intolerant facade I bring
On the banks of something rather incomplete
A lingering scent hangs under the nostrils
I remember it well, like those days when i was a child
The dull repetition
Coming home to nothing
I turned over, closed my eyes, went to sleep
Who I was and who I am are mere reflections of the person
I'm destined to meet
Two separate entities in the one body coexisting
Jockeying for position

I seen my father and his cold lips
Dressed as a ghost, blind to my eyes

As if I were second hand smoke
As if I was never born

Being punished for who I am.

Tell Me That You Want Me

Tell me how it feels to love
I want to know, is it like the movies?
Is it gentle and rough?

I drink from the fountain of romantic words
Wells hinder the ducted propeller
On love's odyssey
The rope of lethargy slowly frays
Twisted into pretty moon shapes I made
From the glowing umbrage I always seem to feel
Chipping away at the Achilles heel
I am an empty house, all the lights are out
The jewels have been passed down as heirlooms
I watch over them, refusing to make ten foot tall accusations
In abandoned train stations
I think to myself, when the firmament grows black
My faith, it could never brake like a chain
I wear it like a smile for the sun
New flowers growing

My pockets are filled with crunchy almonds
Dollars for the jazz man
With eldritch ghosts in my cranium
I see lovers kissing in parks, horned vipers
Pissing in rivers, all the rivers in the world
Those same old cloudy vitamins
Behind hands
Expecting to get down to the root cause
The pin's passed through the end of the axle
To keep the wheel in position like the swan king
Parcels are ordered, parcels arrived
Neatly wrapped in boxes I cast aside

Like the eyes of nuns with metaphors on their tongues
I have no self control, but I'm working on it
Working on the road

Desperately needing to be fixed
My love for this gift called life is rapidly increasing like a wildfire
Leaving me wondering why I ever wanted to die in my darkest hour
Why I wanted to take the final pill and go onto somewhere different
Somewhere more remote, to the place where angels go
Somewhere more attainable
Why I wanted to follow you down the path into seasons
I don't think I'm quite ready for my death
I haven't prepared for my final goodbyes
Haven't decided what I want my last meal to be
Because I'm indecisive like a never ending sea of contradictions
All I've seen are quick flashes, photos, and old memories
My life is non-linear, in conversations
Not concerning truths

Got my foot in my mouth
Painter of nature
Haven't added the final brushstrokes to my painting
Oscillating filaments
If I were to put my money on it
I'd bet the locksmith is a gambling disciple
Holding many regrets, with wooden spoon legs
I took the coconut kernel and silence was drummed into me
I shudder to think how loud my thoughts are
Patched up with bearskin, in towns in Padua
Drinking with fish from Gave d'Oloron
Drinking sixfold in the foxhole
By the byway

I had sussed out what's nebulous

At sixteen I was introduced to Vlaminck's
Mashed potato alcohol
Drunk, sunburnt, I collapsed, was rescued by heroes
In daisy fields they found me like a kouros time has forgotten
Whispering about silent things where the table comes to a blunt end
Laughing at little things when I was nineteen
I took a leaf out of Jesus' book

Everyone in the cherry house has eaten their hanging fruit
Rubbed their genies, and has a good reason to talk
With arches draped across our faces
In displays of self-satisfaction
I gad about, I go the long haul
I throw four-letter words around
Built my ship from the ribcage of seventy
In my attempt to escape reality
I picked pearls, I picked shells
Dug through the soil to the bedrock
I claw through jargon, but no one noticed
It was daylight robbery, inscrutable in every way
The vested interest no longer exists
The unfortunate casualty of life is bleeding out
Paper flowers in the fairy land
Honey is dripping from the imperial red lips of Ariel
Of Dahlia, with the deportment of a bohemian vagabond
With stony broke tear glands and pressure on the lungs
I lay on the spring grass and the heather
Absorbing prisms of light
On a bevelled edge

The night lets out a terrible cry
The wound won't heal, time is an avalanche
Locked in a sanctum with death blows and murmuring echoes
I wend my way through the city following the singing thrush

The music coming from the tyran't belly
Wound up at the lake
Between the hills in the valley
The lanterns escaped before the drought
I left my pride with the fox, graffiti on the walls
Warm to the touch, I gave my body to the gods
My shining golden armour is burnished
But doesn't hold off your words
They cut deeper than swords

So tell me
Tell me how it feels
How it feels to love
Tell me that you want me
So I'm not left wondering
Wondering
How it feels to love.

Midnight Ride to Heaven

I read your latest novel, a debut of somewhat, a heartbreaking piece, held by commas and stitched together perfectly, by the murky waters of Mayflower, near the place I laid to rest, not far from the golf course where I feed swans with considerable handfuls of wheat and go reguarly to reminisce about the past, and the times when I would follow the dark glow, diving into deep blues. It didn't take long before I found myself lost in the book, in your vibrant words, and it was fascinating how time flowed like a river made of wine, how you spoke candidly about being on the stage in front of a mute audience, how terrifying it must have been, and how I related with your magnetic poetry, regardless of how different we are, and how it coursed through me like a feeling I had never discovered or felt before. At first I thought it was happiness, since it's been a while since I've felt such a thing, but I had mistaken what arose in me for something peaceful, almost a numbness, uncontrolled and simmering at my bitten ankles. I was empty, and the funny thing was I couldn't stop myself from going forward, eager to release what I was hosting, I broke out into a spell of emotions, multiple bodies. I turned over the page, delighted in my quest to discover what you called madness, a universe in my hands, and I was paralysed in my step, staring at years of toil, with 500 ml of cow's milk in one hand, and a freshly printed newspaper neatly tucked under my other arm.

Later that same day, when it had started to rain, I had an incredible desire to free myself from my mundane business, and I was urged to finish what I had started. I had unhooked the phone and deserted my responsibilities, and headed for the sacred place I had left you, there in your glory, and I passed a rough amount of cars travelling to their final destinations, some people with face masks, and some not, but before I got there, to that dead end, the terminus in paradise, I stopped at the local convenience store and supplied myself with a cold refreshment, which was much needed, and my trousers were tight enough that you could see the outline of the coins I had leftover in my swollen pocket.

My hair was getting wetter with each row of houses I passed, and through each invisible gateway I went I was like dew, in that blue vapour lightly moving like a sea. The overgrowing vines on the unkempt pathway lead me to your grave, your resting place, that tranquil silence where I had buried the burden of living with a depression so deep it makes me want to find the tallest building so I can scream, *fuck the world and everyone in it*.

By then the peaceful thoughts had left. They had been replaced with more capricious ones, dangerous delusions, and at that time I was so selfish I thought to myself, *if I can't be happy then you can't, I'll kill you with spite*, in that stubborn moment a hundred suicides crossed my mind, and I couldn't break from it. It was like I had kissed the flame of desire, like I had crossed the road. I calmed down and remembered I have a home, somewhere to go each night when it gets cold, and even though it's far from perfect, like I would want it to be, I make the most of it because I don't have any other choice, because there are people out there in impossible situations with no magic in their eyes.

It was as if the fire had dulled my voice, but I kept telling myself, over and over, *you'll be fine, don't worry, there's no need to stress out over the things you can't control, things will get better, it's been worse, things will come together*, and suddenly the view became clearer, like an eye, as if the rain had dried up and a rainbow hung over my shadow, where I was sat, under those disturbed chemtrails with my public erection. Bats were flying above my head.

I seen the sadness in strangers. Planes coming. If I'm not back by the morning then don't wait for the candles in dark hallways to fade. *I'll be back*, I promised, and said, *If I'm not, you'll find me in the garden in Heaven, playing with angels*.

I hadn't had a cigarette since I left at nine, into the drone, and before that I was in a frantic daze, wondering what was going to happen... The taxi slowed down. I got out and gave the man a smile, rushed by the afternoon traffic, ten minutes from going mad. I stopped in at my favourite bookshop and bought myself a couple of hardbacks. Spent two hundred pounds in those ploughed trenches, but it was better than crying in my birthday cake in the summer of my childhood.

I burned the photographs of my inglorious blood relatives, and watched them turn to moondust, then swallowed rivers, and punched craters into planets I orbit. It was all smoke and mirrors. I watched the sun set from the purple hill in the west with bruises on my knees, and released waxy tears for every failed nostrum, convinced I was diamond. More like hazel and plum. I made grapevines out of them, I drink them, as if my tears are precious oceans where the spoor ends. I've danced with frequent bouts of illness, inflections out of nowhere, married to the road not taken, and visited states of wonder.

Using my compass I made it to the edge. This isn't my first time down the mine. I've been here before, and it has taken every last ounce of strength I have to return with my brains. In Washington I seen the riots, a thousand voices wanting to be heard in one small square you could barely see through. Reactions were feathered calligraphy. Motionless trees, budding roses. Relieved, I breathed. Ushered my innards to speak up. They were rifts of ice, at the mercy of constellations. Gazing aimlessly at nothing. I am taciturn in my bedroom. Electric currents swim through my veins like blood, like elastic bands, wishes perhaps, or guffaws. The backwash in my palms. I flicked the ash into the skull of a deer, and succumbed, and cleaved to this poem like honeysuckle in a predicament. Polishing my ceramic insides, my ceramic interior. I will give you my liver as a postcard and you can put it in a frame, next to a painting of a magpie in flight, a vase in the living room.

Maybe I have high expectations of people, or everyone is letting me down. Watching me as I drown in your punctuation, in solid matter, in answers.

Vibrations echo through the atrium, through my footsteps, through my glass windows, through the ruins of my imagination. I don't know how I did it. Living through the years like an antique or a twinkle in the stars. Living through a babel of drunken voices all fighting to be the loudest. I'm tired. My fangs have pierced dream films, math equations, science I barely understand. I come to the surface to breathe but hands are pulling me under. Something is telling me the pleasure won't last. I'm certain like my sexuality. On a carousel, living by my own laws, rules I've made to break. Disintegrating like snowflakes.

Wait for me where the night ends and day begins, where I left my body and soul shining and you told me we'd meet again, where the music plays. I have prepared a beach for us. Let's kiss until no one exists. Let's be together forever and do what feels good. Have sex all day. Passionate lovemaking. I'm sick of overthinking every knee jerk, in the third person singular present tense. I want to uncoil in your snake mouth and get caught on your hook. I will milk your stone, and do what I need to do. I imagine there's nothing that can ameliorate my sorrow, vertical in its inauguration, between the embers scattered like autumn foliage. The last time I was august I was embellished with hubris on the rostrum, but rootless, cutting roses from among the stars. I had pawned my prized possessions. Life forms and goldcrest. Trying to find my balance.

I stumbled onto the Poconos, and fell from aeroplane heights I acknowledged, into dimensions I never knew of. Wanting him to save me from this Hell I'm in, but he never did. He left me stranded in perpetual darkness, wishing things were different. I had stuck out my tongue, called him Sir. Breathed him in like air. In my wildest dreams our bodies were wrapped around each other. In dirty bed sheets, in unknown streets. I won't stop for the rain, or anyone, I simply go on. Living in slow motion. I am a breeze on the highway. A wisp of smoke by the milky horizon. The morning sky is pink. Finished the renovations. In my torture chamber nothing good ever happens here. No longer do I hear plush songs with a lustre. I hear black screams in the wet cave of my peachy soul tolling

the bells in me. Lights flickering for the tiger nurses by the lemon tree.

I tied a ribbon to the rhyme in my head and my heart. Filling in the awkward silences with memories that will last an earthquake. Water over the tidal causeway. I have nothing left to give. You took my sanity and replaced it with sadness. The same sadness I see linger in strangers, I see in myself. I am a reflection in a pool, a cork on the Champagne bottle, holding everything inside. Holding the knotwork, the crushed coffee beans, beaten stones, broken bones, my hot ear at the oracle. Purring like the needle through the kitsch. A man coughed in front of me and I was rather alarmed, because you know, there's a virus going around, and I'm never slowing down. I'm throwing arbitrary obscenities at the moon, welted with the silver of the blade. I've met my waterloo, that bastard. Paying for my kicks, and living for my kinks.

Pretending I'm Okay

My head was elsewhere. Far removed from the constant and deafening city noise that bores into my eardrums and leaves a hollow ringing, as if I was trapped under lake water, and my fingers had turned pink from the November cold. A sheet of fog laid on my range of vision and had created an ocean white I waded through, but I was closer to the sheep in rhubarb fields, the Sulphur Springs, and the moon at 4 a.m. In a variety of greens. Seafoam and Pistachio greens, bryophyte greens, muddy greens. I was a dot on a much bigger map.

On the bridge linking here and there, I seen the Aztec sun like the breath of Houdini, a bellringer. I no longer see butterflies. I no longer see clear blue skies. All the lies I've ever told, looking into eyes, saying *I'm fine* when I'm not, have created a portal I've filled with vibratos and crescendos. My body is made of five elements, five senses, and my nights of endless dreaming are like waves, the rain pouring down, but when the dust settles I would do it again.

Soil has been upturned. Why won't you love me? I have given you everything. *N'est-ce pas?* Red ribbons hold me in the air like queries. Sunlight is fed through the funnel, the night bell, like pornography. Men in explicit positions. Finger it, kiss it, worship it, in deep shit. The better it gets, but I have a headache. Darkness is depleted in the hands of Venus. I am intimidated by the thought of going to sleep, but it sounds so good, like a cold drink on a warm day. I want nothing more than peace, but it always gets interrupted like an unexpected arrival wearing shades of colours I couldn't possibly describe.

I see headlights in the night. Christmas lights and streetlights. The glow from my phone as the wind pushes against my neck. The thud of my footsteps gets louder, as I walk deeper into that void in the midnight hours. I think to myself, *I'll be on my way*. Strange people were throwing glass at me, and talking about how many ways they could steal from me. There was no way I could fight back, but I met a kind man, a black man, singing about how glory was lost. He told me not to hurt myself and suggested I should go to church. We were both there, alone, in the rain, in the dark of the park, by the swans near the isolated farmhouse in the countryside of Scotland.

Sure, I was furled, listening to my ABBA records. After I had read Dust by Rupert Brooke my head was like a metropolis. My wild desires live there happily without my input by icy blue horizons. I don't disturb them with Vito Acconci experiments, I live in the moment, for now, not for toffee-nosed poets of tomorrow, or anything else for that matter. I'm critically affected. The door was knocked off its hinges. Said nothing like a big stoic. I seen eclipses. Dilapidated empires holding up mountains. Set fire to water. Being pulled from both ends. I'm a rose thorn in Indian restaurants. I didn't get to thank you for all the things you do, but I wish I did, always. Carrying foothills. Holding back the tears. I showed my sister where the world ends, where Mr. Gallagher put the broken machines. We mirror each other in our movements. By the Forth and Clyde, the Molendinar Burn, we'd fix ourselves like construction sites. Remember? We were edging through the body's capillaries like flexible discs. Garnished with lilies. We crafted mature scars like spreadsheets of data.

Do you remember how we were tied together with apron strings? Do you remember how we were always there for each other?

I never thought in a million years I'd see the day that the affinity has disappeared like a brook in quicksand. It still cuts me like a thousand knives. I'm adorned with grief that's entrenched in my jar of go to words I peel from your ears filled with possessed dogs, and I sit in silence for I don't know how long. I am equilateral as I prepare my paints. I turn my pain into poems, I polish them, and I recall how two years have separated the time that has been filled with new sisters. The sun covered my

mother and left the things I never cleared, and I was so idle I didn't do the housework either. It was peppercorn. I was aimless with nothing important to do or say. In the environs of the receptacle, conundrums dangle over my summer head like a guiltless assortment, a devil wearing the clothes of an angel. With thighs of kiwi. Something crepuscular has awakened a desire in locomotion, and I've fostered the peculiarities of the decadence. Worries have fallen off me like brush wood.

The attainment turned into something we could agree was not as wise as the mind's circumference which has since expanded and doubled in size, and sparked a numinous thought. The rising of the morning sun is a figure of self-loathing. I've formed an allegiance with optimism, but it won't last. I've plumbed to the depths of despair, and I've yielded handsome quantities of melancholy. Many times over I've made bad decisions, acted without thinking. Seen charlatans and blondes and Sour Patch Dolls on the television.

The things I love are diminutive in numbers, now my stomach is in knots. I am sick from nostalgia. My hand's are covered in yesterday's blood. Kites in the untapped distance. I expect nothing. I've always had to hustle, since I was born in 1998, my birthdate, where I keep my rectitude in a cortex. The compulsion is consistent, like transient orgasms riveting through me like rivers. I tried to separate the albumen from the yolk before harvest, gathered my thoughts, disregarded the knowledge that each excursion amounts to contradictions. Yes, I contain many truths, many versions. I draw influence from the moon.

It's the feeling of putting a gun to your head. Imagine a mother in labour. Held down by reservations and inclinations. I have been congested for the last few months, from bone to bone. There's a warrant for my arrest. Baby insomniac. Around odours and stains. Deformities. I'm emotionally confused. Confused by the fool who never learns. I readjust every two hours. Querulous. Dissecting prawns at seven. We never talk about how I feel, or the things we ignore like scarecrows, not because we can't handle it, but because we're afraid of the possible outcome, the long night of insults, and it's easier to live in ignorant bliss. I get it. The pattern is a game of chess. Dominoes. I cling to favourable memories of him. New beginnings. Seed capsules in the red of my mouth where wagon trains find deserted towns.

I've got everything I need, but I want more. It appears nothing but an echo sound remains of me. I drift into spaces and places I shouldn't be. Pouring myself into bottles like I'm yarn-dyed taffeta. Pussiant prince of El Dorado. Serpent. Desperado. Sculpted from paradise. Sculpted from a marbled ocean floor. I am a millwheel. Quicksilver. The shower is the place I feel worthless, where I leave my inhibitions after I've read my horoscope in oily newspapers, where I feel the force of purgatory. Dappled by every confession. Emblazoned. Colossal whispers and optical illusions. Waterfalls of silk never spoken of. In an hourglass. Deutzias and quartz. The red herring with the face of a dilemma.

Two psyches collide. Headbands at the ebb tide. Cosy in a bed that's rosy. The swirl has collected its little thimbles, burnt umber, swimming in a grey mist. Puppy tricks. Hazy world visions. Gallicisms. Ink on the quill. Purified, Intl Klein. Cruising for music with the expectations of a vacation to Greece. Preoccupied with the quandary like an anthropod, writing down the gamut of emotions that has been exploding in my gut at night when my body sweats and exudes its nucleic acid. Blending in with the background and the burr. I was soon calling him *daddy*. Dazed but understanding. In the firmament's labyrinth.

The glossy scene between forswearing addictions, relapse, and the shiny line of being impotent is treacherous, hard to differentiate, notably when my eyes are crystals and my head's torn. A monsoon flows through my bloodstream. I am young with dreams. I left my soul for nothing good, mystical water under a bridge. Rinsed out the vinegar. He consumed my aching heart like a wench, and spat me out like I am dirt. I can see no way out of this. I have broken the ordinance of life,

smashed it into pieces. The lemon drove into the black spot. Decorated with a bravado. Stars are falling in ample amounts, sucking out the sap from mushroom clouds. I watch the joy from a peephole, in its fashion, like I am a button on the calendar. Relegated. The sky is dying. Blackbirds sing their songs. Bulbs, pickle shrubs, sunbeams. It's an innocent coincidence. A plateau. Honey drips, drips, drips from my sour pumpkin lips. A plant is growing through the window. The pistol sprouts and dazzles me. Spurned horse shapes of cotton balls gaily float. In the dense of my haven with Mulberry sauce and contusions. You make me feel like a stratus. Unwanted and cursed. Time is not my friend, and it never was.

Noir

Seppuku of the night. Memories are wisely collected, like chattels, in a graceful jisei, as a gesture of life's final song, and left by the rivers of the soul. I am the drunk pilot with vertigo, adrift in this house of bondage. I can't seem to find my way out of this everlasting nightmare, these stuffy catacombs where I lost my pneuma. I spend my days like a wandering ghost, looking for something real, something I can touch, a tangible way out, objects of the life source, the brass tracks, the raison d'être, but all I find is questions with no answers. Today has been one long and drawn out, symbolic mauvais quart d'heure, although I'm slowly gathering pace. Outside taverns, I hear trumpet nonsense, and it makes me sunder in the night like your forsaken whore you left in a puddle of tears.

I want to do wild things with you. Call you by a name no one else does, or run through fields into sunsets so we can't be persecuted for witchcraft and sodomy, where we could eat yeot and sesame fruit, and write love poems for each other using all the words we know. In endless dreamy blues everything reminds me of you. There is no life outside of my walls, in the unexplored caves where eternal darkness is calling me to the shores. All I see is fading watercolours.

Oxeyes in the murk singing Fleetwood's praises. When I'm not sleeping through hard times, I walk through thresholds and feel like I could flake out in the suburb I've come to love, where mango plumes disappear into radio static. I tear through the darkness like a horse in a storm, with the jeremiad I crafted from my lament, adorned with my immortal flow in an echo chamber of hate. My heart knows what it wants. Self-assured at one's disposal. I have never felt more insignificant. Body of Du?kha. He called me frog boy. Mercerised? Tesselated? Picking off the rose petals. I burst with purple fizz like wisteria.

I call him my Arizona heroin. Never-ending perimeter of our quaint sky with black coffee eyes. Resuscitated. Brought back to life. I unravel, silvery and metallic, at the penultimate act. "*Are you okay?*" A distilled voice asked. "*Yea*," I replied. "*I'm just trying to feel something. That's all*."

The burning lamp is orange and waxen like the pith. Unmovable ephelis. Stuck here like a cherry waiting to be picked. The brain pathways lead to the cocaine sky, clouds above where I was stung by thorny nettles and consoled by the floss. I go there when I'm falling apart at the seams, wanting you to put me back together. I scarper. Furcated in the vagary. My doleful tears are an enterprise, like a rill, a spark at the tip where blood percolates and apprehensive solubilities are supermassive like a fertile mind. High erythrocytes.

In my French class I would dive into snows of insanity. Anorak of the thermostat. Not so complete. My scars never let me breathe. They're ships, bells reverberating like nocturnal caterwauls at the knife edge. The wet blanket is more useless than a dewclaw, and I've had to kill the thought of it. I am like lumber, bevelled to fit inside a Wonderland. Sober enough to apologise, but expected to shut my unholy mouth. Worn fustian, in Morse Code, woven through the drums of vitriol. Reciting poetry for deaf ears. I got nowhere and cried when I understood the foot is dead, has no more breaths, and then the sun came with a revolution, and there was nothing to cushion my fall. When I bustle, in an unorganised room, I'm painted as the black sheep, doing everything I can just to avoid a confrontation. It doesn't matter how dysfunctional my life is at the moment, nothing can stir me from lethargy.

It's an impossible question to leave unanswered, between a kaleidoscopic fleet in a sepulchral district. The truth sticks to me like tar, like noises in my ear, and I end up in blood thistles for the king with a reindeer diadem, in a pile of broken promises and barbed wire, thinking about how the light

stopped for me, how milk climbed into the wound, how I left my book on the table in the parlour. I flatlined. The sea wet my face and I was marked with an obvious X, combusting into red sparks and Blitz-like. Standing as the interloper, *how ironic*. There was a movie in my mind. Midwinter lavender erupted. I overdosed on the feeling but nursed wounded birds back to health in my backyard. Put pacifiers in them and sent them into the solstice.

Alarm clock went off. On the outskirts of a villa, by Junction 10, I was waiting for that one song. Putting two and two together. I made my baseless claims with electricity. Take all my happiness you chameleon. Got a free ride home to the nearest street, when I was seventeen. Now I get lonely in my thinking and I think the saddest things on quiet nights. I can't help it but listen to the shell casings as they bounce from surfaces Ghalib would have defied, turning into dust, in the temple of the old gods. *Who owns this hand?* These obsessions. In crowded streets with seagulls not blinking. The Chicago scene covered in asphalt. My last prayer vanished and the strangers were staring at the cuts on my legs as I was falling apart inside.

My body was blue. I seen it from two different perspectives, how my love for the flame was a sunshower, knowing how to make a crying child smile, pointing to the direction of a permanent sunset, beaches of a paradise where you can hear the songbird's ballad in a dream. Sun after rain. Captured in delight. I lit candles and drank my body's weight. Thoughts dovetailed like they do, like they were vague holograms. Caribbean green beans in a sky full of colour. Blistering at all hours, walking long into the cold. Have I scared you away? Inwards in an asylum. This island is a tooth, a Gartloch I remember, a concrete jungle with a vacancy big enough for all my problems. Me when I'm wallowing in pleasure. Trying to ignore my insecurities. I can't remember when it started, when the beanstalk began to grow at the trig point on Earl's Seat, in a mansion with a barrel vaulted ceiling for a Tobacco Lord, at Bishoploch, in St. Enoch. I can't put my finger on it, like unforgettable moments when I was fourteen years old like a rat in a famine.

The postman delivers, speaking in tongues. Enervated by an incredible dosage of anger which won't abate at every hurdle. I look at life from every angle and I am impersonal, but the stabbing pains of mania are always pensive. Wearing an amulet, days are tedious. At the door of cloying recollections, snakes in a network of follicles, I get a feeling like a sugar rush, telling me I'm more moribund than resolute and stalwart, looking back at pictures. I've endured enough torture to last a lifetime, and still remained sane enough to remember what it was like before, when my only worry was what I was going to say next. Eagerly waiting for a verdict, for the gavel to slam and ring out. *How could I have known how bitter it would get in a city of dreams?* I took a bite out of the apple of innocence. Making silent observations. A yardbird is in Jesus sandals.

It's the worst feeling in the world, unrequited love, when you can't move on, when you're like a yacht docked at a marina, the Babi Yar from my Asgard, with a view to the Nothern Lights, playing your cards like Kasparov. Invisible like smoke. Incognito. Down dead ends, roads leading to nowhere. On my unvarnished peregrination, folding from what bleeds into me, and in its divergence I cogitate, and wonder how I came to be here, lukewarm in these regrets I have accumulated, as if I've been poisoned with belladonna. Last night I was someone I don't know, but also someone I've been before.

Cutting new sandwiches on the nightshift. Rhombus shaped. Hearts eaten in hinterlands and reveries. I can't cope with what I've created. Monstrous seas. I put the fire out and ran for the hills like a raconteur with iron lungs, far from Lake Garda, the city of romance, places where you can taste dandelions and train your reflexes. I can't imagine my life without your jetsam. It seems remote, an island washed out at sea, a barren land uninhabited.

Do you remember the covenant, huh? Do you remember the deal we made? The 38 caliber you shot, trying to make things right, in the hopes that the words would last longer on the page. Now you're a silhouette in the hallway I meet so often on my breaks from daydreaming. I'm distralt in bed,

like a labourer with dirty hands. Ignoring unwanted text messages. I hold my eyes open with the prospect of meeting again. Writing gloom-filled rondeaux. Been awake for two days, exhausted. Trying to muster up the willpower to continue. There is no worth to gain from being exceptionally sad. *How did I get here?*

Striving to find the good in me. Sometimes I am beetroot, but it depends on what mood I wake up in, when I get out of bed on 47 Bell Drive. All routes have been explored. The foil is traced back to swampy waters which drown me. We say our words, and after some time, in which the house is turned upside down, you tell me you love me and I sigh. I don't mean to be mean, but I love you in my own special way. Barefooted on sand. You're my dopamine. The candlenut I hang from. I'm your drone bee. We couldn't be more different, yet more alike. We couldn't be more different, yet more alike.

Swans in Los Angeles

When I seen it had been snowing from the dark of my window my bones were aching with wanderlust. The neighbourhood was submerged in an opaque angel dust and I was giddy like a child throughout the month of December, eager to make the first incision, the first cut into the smooth ashlar, into the mouth of the protest. At first I noticed the illustrious hallmarks of a depression etched on the forehead like sins in Gethsemane or a prisoner in a tolbooth, and I was influenced by the icy wind of blue jazz to detach myself from the straitjacket. Afterwards, I noticed it was the 7th anniversary since my fame ended, and I imagined myself making cake out of today with blackberries, but everything came to a standstill like silence on the beach of isolation in the hoax of a web.

Memories of another time came flooding in, like visions of the Satya Yuga, serum of the missing years in the left hand of Mercury. I remembered how I am a highschool dropout, combing through 100 letters addressed to Thanatos which I sent to Pompeii, how a flowing melody was created by the subtle movement of the master's hand in the domain surrounding the vertical antenna of the theremin, and its sound design had a euphony reminding me of some mellow afternoon, the crack of a lighbulb. Sweet orange pulp. How I clasped the last cry of Romeo in my hands, and how I am two summers older than Rimbaud when he finally put the pen down, in the stomach of that decadence. Amphetamines in San Antonio, where a veteran had his limb amputated and is left with vet bills stacked up in his art studio.

Daylight was reflecting off the ripples in the water and drafts of hot smoke from the chimneys were seeping into the air. The moon in its last quarter phase, held in the sky at a precise position like a painting by Hokusai, fixed there like cytoplasm in a cell, was a looking glass, a pool of things I wish I could forget but can't. I call it a quotidian reminder coming into my brain like a dream, delicately pressing on my memory lobe, and go about, Gekko-footed, as if no one is looking at me as I deduce I am being followed by shadows of sleep. Illuminated. Hit my head off the concrete. Blind to what's in front of me.

The whiteout of the place was as if angels had fallen in a freak accident from Heaven and made a bed out of earth, and the white sun was peering through the gaps in the trees, stripped naked and down to their bark. There was no evergreen, but a crunch from the untouched snow underneath my feet, which melted into a pink slush like words into papyrus. Footprints on The Pyrenees. I didn't want to leave, but didn't want to die in the opening of the shark, or like a rabbit caught by a fox in Ullapool. Northeast to southwest on a sinuous route. Not many people are being employed at the moment in this flurry I was told, not many people by the grey mountains in the far distance on the coastline.

No one was in sight. Everything was entwined. I noticed how the landscape had adopted a feeling of impending sadness, emptiness, nothingness, as if the place had mysteriously fallen victim to clear cutting and I had somehow stumbled into a desolate catchment where the only thing I could hear was the male song of a thunder bird echoing off the pinewood as it caught the wind and dived into glacial troughs, like a Zerzura, and I was descending on a funicular as ray finned fish moved upstream to spawn, but I had an inkling something big was going to happen, there had been an aberration, and I was hurtling towards a strange happiness, ravenous for the pleasures in freedom.

When I first moved here I was still tired from the nights of drinking in an urban shoebox. Flicking through brochures. The air felt different. It was almost more grand like the banqueting hall, or the ostentation of a golden lobby. Grand like O Fortuna or Sierra Nevada, even. I would breathe it in like I was blood stained on a butler sink, and I felt like my mind was an empty barrel when it was once

filled with beer anthems, felicitous newspaper words, bars of opera, and antidotes, but it was better than breathing in fresh paint, barbiturates. Bath salts and magic beans for my acid face. I'm accustomed to this pain, the long hospital wait, feeling like I can't breathe when there's a voice telling me nothing will work, not far behind like the corpse of the past. It has left an acerbic taste, but it makes no difference whether I listen or not. I have spent my early youth being cut open and sewn back together. Being philosophical when I have to grapple with reality, and wanting to play the harp.

When there is a squall in Jamaica I run headfirst into it, disregarding possible consequences like a wolf pharaoh on the wild side of life. I lick the watermelon from the gymnasium, from the memorial to the Korean War where fifty thousand people were buried mostly in unnamed graves. I lick it from Applecross, from Oxyrhynchus, from Orchomenus, like it's the sugar from Zeus. I lick it from his armpit, from the white buttocks, then dismantle myself at the final push. In front of the bulls in suits, proud like the Palazzo Vecchio, with a birthday smile. I am more laughable than a gazette stuffed with hokum that has been spring cleaned when the man speaks about how the flesh is only good enough to eat if it has white feathers, and when it's a broth he says the nurses will drink it to improve their milk. I have no reason not to believe him.

He seems like a trustworthy person, telling me about Nocander, what he knows about morning wood, what he knows about being rhesus positive, what he knows about metempsychosis, and what he knows about eidolons in the Valley of Josaphat. Always moving. There is no beginning or ending. Heaven's nonpareil visited me in a dreamlike hallucination, warning me about the troubles of an afterlife, and asked me if I thought I'd wind up in Abraham's bosom. *I didn't know what I was supposed to say*.

How can I predict an outcome? I don't know how long it takes to die. Sometimes it can be instant, but what about people who are left in pain before their life comes to an end? I thought it would happen to the throat or the lungs, and that the world would make room for me. In a handmade Brahmaloka. I slipped into a temporary confusion on the veil of black ice thinly disguised as a safe place to reveal your secrets. A man's chest. I thought myself into a bad mood, never addressing the elephant in the room. In a rabbit hole, avoiding the shrewd weather. I remember the taste of the rain, the violent downpour like a tropical monsoon or a shower of unwanted thoughts, how the respected but defensive swans were forced out of their water habitat, seeking shelter underneath a nearby tree next to a pond, and I had to walk around the body of water to get a scope of things, where I locked my maidenhead in a tower, to find my old deportment, and I finally dropped my facade, releasing tears that went streaming down my face.

Kingdom of Dreams

At arm's length I wanted to throw myself into motion, but suffered an allergic reaction to life, went all weak and decided not to move after several minutes of consideration in which I imagined a brutal, midnight death scene. I had feared the airways would tighten until I would asphyxiate and go purple, as if there was a snake around my neck, and the terrifying thought outweighed however magnificent my motion could have been, so I had made up my mind and there was no returning. I stayed in bed in the same position I had woken up in, with my knees bent and tucked up to my abdomen, thinking about all the possible ways I could explode into colours. Thinking about your eyes for hours.

I feel more alive than I have done in my twenty two years, admiring how birds move in such an elegant manner, like pariahs, very diffident but shiny people, and my bones snap at the strike of clocks. I can easily beguile individuals into thinking anything I want. Underneath my glossy exterior I am burning away like a fire in the loins, building castles in the sky. In a dimly lit room I am calculating my next move. Motionless and mute. My lips are sealed shut from the mass I've lugged from each hour it gets darker, and my eyes are getting brighter, less sullen. When I hear knocks on the walls I dismiss them as drops of liquid from a running tap I forgot to turn off properly in the bathroom. I turn up the volume on the radio, drowning out the rushing sound of traffic coming from the busy streets. Comically enlarged, bulbous faces are looking around suspiciously. Ghostly figures, night spectres mumbling under their breath, apparitions of smoke escaping through the window I left open.

I don't have to say anything when you can see what I feel on my facial expression. I pity you and how your brain is rotting away with each word you utter, and how you're more concerned with alchemical matters than discovering the truth about JFK. If only I could delve into the waves of your mind and untangle those thoughts, those flowing tunnels like Ticino, then I would put everything back into order like the housekeeper in your Manhattan hotel room. I'm bowled over by the fait accompli. Spent days feasting on your opinions. When the sun is setting I remember for a week I slept in the most uncomfortable positions, tossing and turning until I was tired enough to pass out from the exhaustion of back aches. I would walk through the hooded woods of my turbulent childhood, and crash into sturdy contentment, finding peaceful ways to take my mind off the murk, such as hosing down the tire rims of Chryslers, making paper nasturtiums, roving around on train tracks, or fitting my body into hollow ducts.

In and out of empty rooms in my brain looking for one good, useful thought. Heartbeats. It's preposterous to think you can weed out something magical from thin air, I've tried it. Depleted the surplus, drank the last drop in the bottle, sucked the juice from the brain stem but I never get a happy ending. My relationship with my father has always been tainted, and eventually the communication between us came to a sudden halt last year, months before my birthday vacation, and I soon stopped thinking about him as much as I did, and as much as it hurt, it was easy to overcome, and I haven't heard from him since. I've moved on as if it never happened. Navel gazing in my kingdom of dreams.

We fit well together, like twins, never at variance, never looking gift horses or trophy steeds in the mouth. Resting on the declivity. From the palace's highest oriel I see the birds, unknown species, personable and bluish, fall into waterfall orifices, and I am complaisant, very much diaphanous, however I remain myself. I put paid to the phases. My flowers have withered and the oasis of my mind has dried up quicker than rheum, quicker than rain collected in the stomach of the calyx. I'm looking for an afflatus, something saccharine like baby's candy. I can't quell the desire to write, I need to feed it. For so long I've been pulling the pollen from the O, putting grape seeds in cherry

soil, after the vanilla essence, flying with spruce winds into unknown constellations slotted into aeons. Reading about hypothetical syllogisms, boys and their tragedies, how the plumage moults in the restless hours. The silence is a cincture for the figurehead wreathed in a garland. I traipse, as if someone has stolen the elixir from my woebegone heart, into the sun's glasnost, like a silkworm ready to lay its eggs. I tighten the tourniquet. Shared a catena of events, bedtime stories, arias, with no room to swing a cat. I think of all the times I made you laugh, all the shit I said, all the times I called you a *bitch*, all the conversations we never had, all the times I got high, all the times I fucked myself and woke up the next morning with my dick in my hands. Unable to stand, unable to function without you, and how your mouth made those shapes when you were talking about the valence of a carbon atom. How he wanted to fuck me, be inside of me.

I am as cold as my domicile, as cold as a sepulchre, as cold as all the books I've read. Slumped over on my bureau. I would traverse through open spaces, crowded places, blindfolded. Going deeper into that cavernous quietude. I would go to this echoing forest where I had discovered a tree swing and I would hang from the branches. I would go there and reminisce, but make new memories in the process. I had recently finished my third year of high school and had befriended an acquaintance whom I first met two years prior and had grown to admire over the course of that fruitful summer we had formed a unique bond based on our mutual understanding of sex and of Plato.

On the first foggy morning of May I prepared for my exams. I rushed into the dressing room next to the Theatre, and I got dressed as quick as I could, and into character, in front of the vanity mirror. I put on my velvet blue waistcoat, buttoned it, and slightly adjusted my hair with gel. The boxes around me meant nothing significant like the lines of the script I had spent days memorizing and continued to regurgitate as I stood backstage, like an orchid on a window sill or a cloud in the empyrean waiting for my cue. When I made my entrance I could feel the sweat bubble on my forehead from the warm lights, and I had never been more nervous. In a bright corridor next to an office beside the foyer where I would stand waiting for that envelope with my final results, I never asked for an arm or a leg but they thought I should've been locked up in an institution.

Another day turned sour and I was crashing through the hour, reaching out for the milk tip. I wound up at the turtle fountain, as slow as the slow driving cars. Didn't think I'd get this far. I am clogged with recollections under the washed out, blue sky. Misplaced on the other side of town. I untied the brown locks and unravelled like a well-designed metaphor, enjoying the mundane of it all, the stroll in the park when the sky gets dark.

I am someone else. I value my life like pearls, but it's not going the way I had planned. More like a cortège, a drive to the last stop. Nothing remains but cinders from my reveries. Missives, locutions, fusions. Dream theories. I am nothing without the thrill of the night on high seas. Sometimes I am discouraged, but it's never too late to change. With every inch I edge forward the clouds have parted and I'm back where I started, cutting into mountains with the fabric of my jaw. Frequencies in my mental prison. I had a dream I was in Heaven, and the truth's glittering eyeball shimmered like the moonlight on a plastic ocean. Umbels of a poem.

When a crack appears on a surgeon's hand by a dollar green lampshade, I am another scar in a winter rage. A neutron lodged in the hippocampus with all the experience I've gained. Pulverising mushrooms. At the furthest point to the east, soaking in a concupiscence. Wherever I go I light shadows, stoke the orange embers, like a one night stand, and before I can begin to regret the things I've done, and the things I haven't, I'm thinking *I wish I never loved you*, *wish I didn't have to feel the way I do*.

In April the bloom of Jupiter overflows, goes down my throat like cinnamon, or oil. Nightmares in my bone marrow. I chewed on the priceless fruit, and each bite was a paradise in my watery mouth. The flavour of melon, the wrinkled face after the stringent lemon. It's like the face of Laura after she had

a shot of Tequila. The last I heard from her she had moved closer to the beach, and I later learned she had assumed room temperature in her forties after she suffered from cardiac arrest whilst undergoing an operation to remove cysts, and not long after her eldest son, Kyle, committed suicide by hanging, like my grandaunt had done when I was eleven and in my first year of high school.

That wasn't the first time I had seen death. I seen the windmills, and told them the emergency was a child of the nurse. Jim would drive me around in his car when he wasn't watching those black and white cowboy Westerns, and I would browse through magazines. I watched the disease in his body eat away at him, until he was so thin he resembled a different person, someone I didn't know, but someone I loved, and one day he was gone like my soldiers have left me in a place of despair. They thought I was Guiderius with a stubborn nose, as aureate as the menorah, at a home run, never going back, back to that place.

I can't seem to break free from my mistakes. I watch over them like the stars, like the dark over the skies. You would think they were bramble on Challah bread, or the prawn cocktail, vegetable rolls, sweet and sour sauce, and fried rice I ordered from the Chinese place where I took off two layers of flesh, where I pledged I would never look at you the same way again. I will never look at you like you're mine, you're not my mistakes, my winged seraphs telling me miracles can happen. In tune with my surroundings as picturesque as the morning sunrise. My eyes screeching away from the scene of the crime.

Desiccating my tears, acidic gouts, a sum of years. Lachrymose and writing. Nothing is in the waters. My wavering love for you is underfoot, unheard, like all the prayers I've made are in the grey fold. I keep the heating on to keep my heart warm, to stop myself from freezing over. I've woken up in the middle of the night to the sound of a shrill. Paced up and down. Went back to bed, fell into that deep recess. When I closed my eyes over I could only remember my mother's coffee. Memories of my former life playing like a film on a silver screen.

I don't know how to be happy. I've tried many ways, but all I can seem to feel is a certain sadness, every time I remember life is not what it used to be. I fell from the top of the world and landed with a swan song. My last breath. The last American sunset. Happiness is not a religion. It's a fleeting moment in time, a stranger you meet, poured from an ewer, something you can't teach, a love affair, the last immortal to abandon Earth. Delphic. I am clouded by my turpitude, by the pulchritude of the night. Being tortured in circles.

Sheep and Domestics

Sleeping but never waking up. Dreaming of magical bird songs in Alpha Centauri. *If everyone's a winner what do I stand for?* Every sideway view is tailored. In a hall of mirrors I'm hanging on. Hanging onto Saturday mornings. After my pep talk with Sharon, when the telephone call ended, I told Scott about each pear-shaped tear pell-mell in time's jar, holding a madly written felo de se note, and how I fell into a Steinway Grand Piano, bursting open from the seams with all my sad-eyed poems. Seriatim. Syllables that won't fit in the entrance of my face, words too big to say or even comprehend at first glance, like the intricate details of a tympanum. A crack has formed in the abutment.

I observe it like despair radiating from the aonaran like I am a plane flying over the Gulf of Mexico. Dirt under my fingernails, hair on my body, the intergluteal cleft, or the burn of whiskey. Around countless empty bottles spread across the floor, around the quiet room. They're riverbanks of yesterday's unforgettable emotions I've drunk, reminding me of everything I've seen in the last few months. Overthinking everything he does. I ate too much red velvet cake.

On the day of the Superbowl I dug into rich matter I could taste on my lips until I found gold in dark stars trapping light in gravity. A chasm remains from what dazzled. On the night of Grenfell I watched the live news broadcast in disbelief, hearing those helpless screams fading into blackness, seeing minds in overdrive. Pitched wolves in an elevator to the top of a burning building.

A fire so hot those electronic wafers of a facsimile were blood donors from the Netherlands, the sun in the blue distance. Discs of light. Mermaids of Benbecula hidden under floes of ice melting into the body of those rainy nights. Billowing clouds like a staircase to Heaven, the quickest way to Nirvana. The walls are closing in on the breath I jilted, like a lecture from Harvard, crushing my hopes of endlessly dreaming in a bath of turquoise, and I'm here, with no fixed rhyme scheme, trying to escape from the pang in the organ as painful as losing what you love the most, in the throes of a repeated cycle. I rootle into the temple as if I'm a pig trying to escape through the rear light.

Chasing after dreams that'll never happen, dreams that I'll never catch. Impossible dreams. The second born is turned into a swan. Buried in a shallow grave in Baghdad. *Where art thou friend*. I can't go on this way, thinking my world will end if I put one foot where it's not supposed to be. Living is the hardest thing I've ever had to do, but the best gift I've ever received. I lay on this double-edged sword, a broken mirror, torn between my heart and my mind and all their valuable possessions. You would never listen to me, hear my complaints, and that's why I get terribly frustrated. Boxed in by the loudest silence I fill with metrical compositions I invented, feeling like I'm never heard regardless of how much I shout and lose my temper, as if you've stood on my voice, and I've been begging for you to apprehend the music from my desolate mouth.

The last hours of the poet are unforgiving. An amplified soundscape. No one knows what makes me act, why I swing the axe. Driving into the night, the curtain call. I am a seasonal change, always on the brink of some kind of breakthrough, but never quite there. I see a future a skyline away, but I can't reach out and touch it. I'm driving farther away into an ever distant history. Don't know how I came to be here. It wasn't so long ago the water was clear. You had your maternity gear and your medals and you were handing out the alms. It all happened so quick, I guess. One moment I was fine and the next everything was falling apart around me, and there was no way I could see through those snowy days, days without sunshine, when I was a clouded yellow butterfly in the countryside in the spring. Here I am again.

Rearranging the pinks. Trying not to leave any fingerprints behind. I kill for pleasure. At the level

crossing I can see a crash in the offing. I ask rhetoric questions and I'm beginning to like him, how he completed his education in Texas, how he never minded my ear wax, the feelings I get in my waste land. I was taught about the body politics in Amsterdam, listened closely to the University of Vermont, learned to deal with the public thespians, the hunger for more, the sozzled denizen in me. Sloppy and rock grey. Drinking cold mango. Blue rain echoes off the window. I wistfully stare at the wet streets, inspired by the darkness. It fills my sapphire eyes, as if the past never really happened, as if I imagined it as a combustion of reds and yellows, in that great fire pit, a cesspool of lonely moments. I carried those hills, and I remember it like the Empire State. Bitten by thorny nettles. I blacked out and woke up in knots.

In and out of dreams. The thought slipped from my mind like sand. Lanterns flickering on and off. In shades of purple, I walk. Far from nuclear deterrents. Far from moons of Jupiter and the master of ceremonies, wondering if you'll keep me safe in your pocket. Wondering *will you keep me safe from the rain in your pocket? Will you keep me safe from dying young?*

I will take care of your body with my silver tongue, my pink tongue, do everything that needs to be done, keep all my promises like a new year's resolution. The bananas have ripened with a wildfire glow. I can't deny what's palpable. I want to snakecharm my way into you and be your liquorice. My lake has been frozen over. No longer do I see those deep water weeds, but I hear a territorial hiss, a wave from the Palearctic calling my name into a glasshouse. It has stuck in my brain like those trips from Charing Cross to Kelvingrove, when I would go to see the River Clyde and fall into the fenestra of a rabbit hole, leading me to wild ideas I had never had before. It has stuck in my brain like the brown fur of a Staffordshire Bull Terrier, or that snuff film I watched after one nightfall when the sky was dark and had no stars. I've never known anything like it. The thankless taste of apple or preparations that take up ten fingers. You create a life then scarper from it with your bad supermarket antics. I pick plums from the fruit market and think they'll be good for a summer day.

Plums good enough for a tabula rasa now the pierced lobe has closed over. I know the face of today as well as the back of my hand, as well as a satellite damaged by solar winds, the boredom of being stuck in traffic, or those amusement parks I would go to when I wasn't sleeping through most afternoons only to wake when the moon's shine would make involuntary movements. My love is a burned out lighthouse, a burned out candelabrum. Not as reciprocal as I had once thought when my back was towards the fireplace, now the years have caught up with us. I lurch in the shadows. Diagonal. Casting my indomitable spells at the break of dawn. Wrapped around the idea of him like he's the mountainside, and I am the river at the Colossus of Rhodes.

Sometimes I am so loud I fill the sky, then other times I am so quiet you wouldn't know I'm here. In front of a dead, dead posy. I've been down these streets before, walked solemnly past the tenements and the pubs overflowing with July laughter. Seen the neon lights of the city. Didn't move, didn't breathe. There was no pulse to feel. Had oysters in my throat. Needles in my eyes like maladies in the storm of the breast plate where I put my sewing machine and swore I would never break the military regiment in a slaphappy declaration.

Angels are nowhere to be seen by the time the moonrise appears. Nothing can save me from drowning in penance. I am the flotsam in a black ocean, searching for a doctor's voice. Cyclops. Everywhere but nowhere. Folded myself. In my jettisoned dwelling woolgathering in a sizeable index. I have visions of parity in an afterlife, where I'm clean from haunted mental states. Wanting to make amends for my wrongdoings but I won't expostulate. In fact, I marvel at your neologisms, that stubbed toe, the words you shoot from the brassy gun. In a cold park, by the river garden. Boy Scout of the four seasons.

On a bus to the west coast of Japan where I want to be free. Burning the premonition in me. I see the yellow glow of the cat's eyes. Marble salamander. Creature of the unstudied water. How his lips opened as he called me a faggot and the spit in my mouth frothed, but I didn't flinch as I continued

on into the foggy gloom of the deserted land as black as a crow on the top branch of a winter tree, into that tunnel of jackknifes. I learned about the apprentice of a goldsmith, was taught in Rome, similar to a viper experimenting in my stripling with aphrodisiacs. Regained my footing. Stood like a revetment.

Left as the sun came out and seen disconsolate morning faces in the clouds, so peachy with seagulls in them, but I was right to think they wouldn't last for long. Three quarters short from the tide line, riptides. Around the corner from the pawnshop, the solarium, the tattoo studio. On the 4th floor of the apartment. It finally clicks. Two pieces of furniture married together. I am aerodynamic. Down pathways hoping I won't go ashtray. Picking thistle by your house with the picket fence. I can't see where the sky ends and the new horizon beings.

Afternoon Blues

Everyone's thrusting their fake happiness in my face, and you'd think I'm something to be mocked, accustomed to the smiles for show, accustomed to the suffering of continuing when all I want to do is sleep off the feeling of not being worthy. I look ill wearing it. Staring at blue storms as they lighten the motionless sky obfuscating as I wash up on shores and exit monstrous seas with the same lifeless look I wore yesterday.

In a chain groove by saltboxes I hear those weather birds singing. A thrush has cracked a chestnut and a shock of colour pops from the plush stores in the retail park. I see greens and sandy browns and pavements, and I take in the vibrating drone of industrial noises, the rush of morning traffic on the motorway to my right. The key is in the ignition. The flame of life is burning away in the ocean of my heart, as if it's Jesus hanging on that tesseract, by the bay of Portlligat.

Light bursts through an oculus similar to a blistery gust or sunbeams biting a glass pyramid, and my eyes peel open at the howl of an Alaskan Malamute. Snowdrops on tenterhooks. Focused on two things at once. I left my fruit-filled brain and my cinema of memories in the anchor tenant, in the depth of those muddy waters. I had been thinking about bartenders and drug dealers, in a hotel in Paris overlooking the Tuileries Garden. I seen the ghost of Rembrandt fanning himself with a palm branch in some overgrown and enchanted woodland.

The bells of silverware, crushed English porcelain, reminded me of the skeleton of a Deco ocean liner, attached to the taste of rain, identical to biofilm of tile grout, and how my life has never been ordinary or simple or successful, but rather brimming with episodic madness, disappointment and failure. At Drumpellier or Motherwell, rotating on the corkscrew at a wild speed, bracing myself for the Immelmann turn after the first loop, at an angle. Together we are parallel hulls of equal size, having outworn the night. I'm forgetful, but I've realised all the wrong things I've done. Went around the world, Gipsy Moth. Ended up at Cardowan Moss. In aisles of Bacardi rum, in lush waters, blue tears on feather pillows.

Mountain waterfalls are flowing south into an opening. Into a thick black mass. In Wencelas square. '*Our horizon is never quite at our elbows*', I read in the chapter entitled *solitude* in Thoreau's *Walden*. It was a cold whistle breezing past, something I needed to hear. All I want to see is the celestial sphere when it's blue, but it's shiny and white with a salvo of words. I possess them in a storm. Lopsided and seldom happy. By churches and factories. I buried my pride in a trance.

The parasite of blood money is feeding from my earth, in a town of pills, eating plastic food. I don't talk about things like summer. I don't talk about things like fortune cookies. When we came face to face and everything around us was red, all the flowers were dead, I seen him as a mirror. I would go to him on that isolated hill, whenever I went to find solace, whenever I went to the lake to breathe in the freshest air, away from the pollution of the city. Ruminating about how I woke up from a dream cold in the night where I left my worries at the doorstep of your cola.

I will ride or die. Diving into portals into inconceivable gardens. I wash myself in hydrants. Wash the hoof of the horse, wash away the gasoline. When we broke into the school where I received my primary education, after the building was scheduled to be demolished, and we were trapped by the force of the blaze, and I had to escape from the two storey complex from a broken window by sliding down a hose embedded with shards of glass - cutting my hands but not scarring them - I had never been more on the edge of life, other than those times I would visit Auchenlea, or when we would go on those long dog walks to find mushrooms in the woods at the back end of my old town. Thinking back to those tides of anxiety I can smell the petroleum resembling 70 Virginis in my mind. A portrait

of youth. His persiflage, his sarcastic remarks about my fears. Steadily climbing through. On the moors, I would set fire to tussocks.

Cemented in a feeling of beginning again. All those afternoons are vanishing. The last child in me is fading. I've laughed so much my ribs hurt, and I still have the proclivity to think these absurdities. Moving around landscapes, looking for gems in them. When the sun is going down, when the mirror falls and breaks into pieces, this growing infatuation skyrockets into a tiger forest. Too far into something too good, tantamount to Heaven. I have made my own little Arcadia and I'm playing in it. Dreaming of men. 4 a.m. dreaming.

Gel rubs against the retina and the vitreous pulls away. A quiet rolling in the air lands in the deep of the sway and tugs at my 28 inch waist. I thought it was a sylph or the Eye of Providence. Blueberries in front of me. I cleared the magazines from the table. When I have sussed out the secrets of the night according to Ali Baba, when the chariot's fire has died out and the shoe no longer fits, when I've plunged to a new low, I will rise like Pegasus. Shadows in between the orange trees. The light is ahead. Turning things around, turning myself inside out.

Polar Over the Water

Dusk till dawn I tell myself there's nothing wrong and that I have to move on from that sunken place where I couldn't see from the darkness and the stardust, where you left me stranded, because I can't begin to imagine things getting worse, but I'm not sure if I've convinced myself that there's nothing much to worry about, don't know if I believe it, when there's a table of evidence leading me to think otherwise, and I still feel like I did not long ago.

My cold hands are in my warm pockets. Cool rainwater is dripping from my face. When I talk about semantics I can't feel the tips of my fingers. I can't feel anything other than the sheet of rain and the flute of puissant winds murmuring. Droning on. From side to side. Golden rings and hate crimes. The eye is refracting light rays bending. Soft winter snows in a Dreamland. Habits fall out from the integument as though they're flashes, visions of a future, firewood.

In a whirlpool I was pistol-whipped and frisked. Counting the mileage. By the time I got to Naples and was kicking my shoes off by blue rock, wide open to the firmament in the courtyard of a palace at the navel of the world, I could feel the ceiling of my depression above my head. All those nights I never slept, laid awake, alone with my unfettered thoughts, revelations coming out of the woodwork, aeroplanes landing at Viracopos, were running through my mind as deep as blood in a mountain. Notes briskly written down.

With the flick of a switch I re-filled myself with faint hues. Sailing through the ethereal azure and seminars as if I was a zephyr, the pearl of the oyster, inhaling the petrichor, as if I was the Cetus of the atmosphere. It all made sense, when I took my organs and painted them, those trombones in raincoats with the saddest eyes I've ever seen. This morning the daily struggle of living was an anchor.

I never thought I would've made it through it, and I'm not entirely sure I have. There's a dusk in my mouth. A penny with the spool. Making dollhouse prayers, I've got poems for every bad experience. Dream poems and confessionals. Looking into darkness but there's nothing there. When I was dangling from reality and bursting with exaltation, going around on the Ferris Wheel of life, time stopped for a moment and everything seemed fine, but it was an illusion spun from the fibres of memories I had forgotten. When I look out of windows the feeling of immeasurable loneliness augments. I tune into radio transmissions instead of sleeping. I listen to Jefferson Airplane to drown out the silence big enough to fill my heart. I am a baroque gyroscope. I weld with it, the metal doom of the mallet, and the silver of the steel. Unfazed, unless I'm embarrassed by my writings. I succumb to the thoughts in my head, I cleave to them and play dead until they go away.

Broken promises pucker in the same way as the morning clouds in Serifos in the cabinet where I put my sonnets and ballads. I always go back to them, to remember the jewelled flamingos, the days of ecstasy. Coffin nails sizzle out with each thankless breath, brass monkeys. Violins and looped blood vessels. It's getting tiring blazoning how I am hard done by and all the fucking bullshit I've been through. I told myself I would stop but I never truly did. The only thing that matters is my genetic makeup, but I can't tell you the last time I went to the beach. I sit like the Omphalos of Delphi.

In the shade, far away from the sunshine laden with a luminous and overbearing glow, I am boxed in. I begin to move. In my bedroom I can't remove myself from the pain. Always fluctuating. I'm improvident in the moment. Pain tightens between the neck and the abdomen. Miles from primitive touchstones and reinforced blues. The calm transcends throughout the eventide. Today was languid. So very slow. My thoughts were a red pin cushion. As red as the blushing cheeks of a valentine. Buoyant on the seas of warm weather. We're a match made in Heaven. Everything

means nothing.

Across six hundred and sixty six lakes of fire. I see streetwalkers. Whores of Babylon where cities fold and bleed like saints. Cafés labour away. The breech delivery of a poltergeist is the Soldier of a religion. Miracle valleys are opening. Water from the stone. Weighed on the scales of justice in the halls of two truths. After the smoke and the ash and the dust I am no one. After the grace notes and the willow bark and the holographs on Astroturf I am no one. Drifting in and out of riveting and bucolic scenes, picking slugs from my chest.

Voices swing from left to right, hitting the walls of the room and bouncing back into my ears. My body aches but I don't know why. I feel contagious, with my darkest secrets, looking for whiteflies and aphids. Colossal whispers on the pheromone trail. The pilaster is tumbling down. There's no way possible I could rekindle what has since disintegrated and formed ashes in a pile at my feet.

I have no motive. Everything was a piece of cake until the cult protest in the kiln. The pantheism is a dominant hand. I am submissive. The unswerving mind won't bow to the sky's heroics. Solitude is a warm blanket, a cocoon of security, a silky trap I can't escape from. The mallard is skydiving. I am honorific to nothing. All the longest days with no sun are adding up. The axiom is dying in its tomb. It wasn't my intention to be like this with my bones crushing from sadness. I can't pacify the desire or even cure my bedside manners. Sicily is a cudgel beating the sun, the blacksmith beating wat iron. Pleated sparrows sit like a Norwegian mother or an Italian vineyard fat with ripe wine grapes. Moving around. Moonstone. Moving around the obstacles. Now I've vowed and it all seems marginal now.

Memories of 1940 have taken over my body. At the locus where I beam with light. I am a child of Sylvia Plath. She doesn't know it, how could she? But she has taught me everything I need to know. It troubled me when I learned of your death, how you must have been warm in that oven, but never more cold. How there was nothing I could do to possibly stop it, how you were impaled on dark magic. You came before me, and I came after Ian. You lived through the decades I missed, seen ghosts calling your name through letterboxes. I think about you, the high voltage, and feel baptised. Sometimes I hear them, the children in the walls, children of Gehenna, with angelic voices, talking about reckless sleeping patterns. The frog in the night. The strange odour under my nose. Discoloured. Ecchymosis. Last to stand like Sardanapalus. The mother of a culture. I never got to thank you, the victim of a war. Gallant but destitute.

We walked down the same road, yet missed each other by a lifetime. The newspaper articles say they never could have seen the flames from the side of an eye. I never could have seen it coming. Purple electricity. What a funny thing fate is when we finally meet it. When we are maharajas and lionhearts.

Insomniacs hanging on to sudden realizations. Tight-gripped Ganymede, ancient incunabulum. I can hear your church bells. Feel like I know you so well. Soft metal is echoing through my body with waterlike movements. It has been drummed into me. Art. Diving headfirst into it. Beleaguered. I am covered in war scars. Silence has prevailed, it always does. I have taken off the black veil. The clouds of sand have disappeared. I can't find them, no matter where I look. I see your face, a rose of folklore.

I have poured my heart out into verses about this weakness that has made inroads into my life. Resorted to desperate measures and divided the medicine allocated to me by a positively charged ion. Clockwise and filling in the gaps. The betterments are bell-shaped. My instantaneous reaction was to repair the dislocation using the fickle power of hoping. Put the dreams in rabbit holes by oak trees. Off balance, on an even keel, out of place, or in form. Unctuous until I get what I want. I'm fixed to the feeling of being empty. All I have are momentous memories. Motion pictures playing over and over.

Rejigged hexagons lunging into hallways with salmon wallpaper. On the azimuth I suck the saps of tall water plants and all the time we have is slipping away from us. I'm familiar with the facets of isolation. A bellyful of emotions flood me and waken me from a daze. Confined within the walls of my secrets, getting cold, never wanting to let go. I'm vehement and reticent. An amalgam of emotions comes rushing out with a torrent of tears when I hear those synths.

A rhapsody. Slanting at the edge, at sudden bends, dog-legs. Made of rigid grooves and bandaged wounds. All the times the sun came through the window are gone. All the times I was waiting for trains on platforms are gone. I'm left with waxy fruits and whalebones, symphonies and infections, seahorses and bookworms, grouses in elastic funnels. Bittersweet souvenirs. In a jar of honey. Good at hiding the skeletons in my closet. Lapping up drugs to the hilt. Made of thorns and ivy. Washing away the whit of sorrow I feel. Unnameable things. Lovely milk tooth. Cawing raven near the end of an uneventful month. More crazy than I've even been. It's innate for me to continue through the murk in my gumboots when I can't see the flowers at the end. Even though I don't know how to get out of the dark I'm trying. I am never going back again. Going and never coming back again.

Moon Before the Horizon

When we are so close our lips are almost touching and we can feel our breaths, those warm giants, lighting fires, luminaries with smiles big enough to light dark waiting rooms, I feel the tidal surges of rapture, cylinders full in my pores, as if I could come alive with a prescription of your sour kisses. In your Times Square, a Tabgha too real to be true, each moon has a deeper meaning. I'm touching and believing. Can feel the brass winds in my ears like victories, like leeches, a creek full of silver bullets. I hear the cry of lost memories I tap into when no one else is around and I can hear the midday footsteps of someone crying as they sold their diamonds, coins in my pocket, and I remember them like the exploding sound of Atlantis when it was swallowed by the esurient sea, before Andrew married and moved to Connecticut and took my heartbeats. Shifting melodies. When there is nothing else to do but think, I look at life through a magnifying glass. I look at every last brushstroke, shapes and shadows. I fold my memories of a past life and tuck them in the back of my brain with loved atoms and dying dreams, all the seeds I've sown and memories of the people I've known, passion filled lamps. Body electric. Not temperate.

Hanging planets

Energies rushing

The sun is burning into the right side of my face and I am happy inside. After my siesta, I am a cruiser in Rio Vista. At flower shops, at reserved tables, by a blazing fire with my back to the breaking of the fourth wall, the photos of a time I can't forget. The spell I had been under for so long has been broken, finally. I take long routes instead of shortcuts, wanting more out of the days. Admiring the postcard scene from the rolled up window. Television images are on the dashboard, the foundation I rely on, the shoulder of a generation growing up too fast in a white hot fog to stop and follow the arc of the rainbow. I see the ever present sea changes and unreliable narrators dancing in moon puddles.

Hanging planets

Energies rushing

Angel tears land on milkskin. Raindrops in vacant parking lots. My dreams in an afterlife disappear with the moonrise as bright as Heaven, white topaz. Unwashed, days of being fainéant are one-way tickets to Apollyon, and I get that dizzy feeling of falling into excursions into the wild when I push my work to the side. I step into vacuums, endless space, in a lonely daze. I find myself by bloom estates running from tigers ready to pounce, the ticking of a pocket watch, when summer has gone and the leaves have fallen. I hurry like the Loire, stepping closer into the longest darkness. The inner voice I contain tells me there's nothing I can do. I am blue and moving forward. Diffusing and woven into the fabric of eternal paradise, wanting a cake-sized piece of you.

I need you like you're my morpheme, *how else could I possibly breathe?* With the door open I hear muffled voices, phantoms of the witching hour, winkled out of loose mouths, looking for somewhere to land, like smoke in the eye or thoughts in the head, or a spoon in a bowl of rhubarb and custard. It makes no difference to me what is being said. I would rather walk away than watch a river burst its bank, or perish like Giuseppe Verdi dragging the sea foam. Being persistent. We are magnets to happiness. Capable mudlarks. Sotweed Factors.

Hanging planets

Energies rushing

I went all the way to the perimeter, to the end of the blackened sky, convinced it wasn't Sisyphean, but you were nowhere to be found. I was informed, transparent, resolute, stultified and mendicant,

rubbing my knees shiny with stones. Playing the game and spinning from the rush. At unrivalled velocities. Wishing I could turn back time and change things. I am ornate with a myriad of surreal visions. Seemingly full. Drinking from the fountain of youth. Riptides. Dazzled by blurred lines. I carry the milestone, to moonscapes and back. Thunderstruck by the witchcraft of Asmodeus. I am a single rose on a grave. Withering away. With marshmallow clouds trapped in my mouth and trying to break out like the sun in the morning, I'm breathing like snow and shining like wet metal. Invoking godsends. In my tabernacle with a view to living.

Hanging planets

Energies rushing

Game lured into Ymir's hands covered in black newsprint. I make waves with my cursive penmanship. Resting on the wall of sanity for leverage. I dream of Donatello. I dream of Michelangelo. I dream of the day this will be over, and I'll be free from the pain of living. As free as Amaretto or a butterfly. As free as a kitsune with nine tails. As free as whey at Woodstock or clouds seen from Daubigny's Garden. As free as this year's migration. Walking past men with long arms, country houses and billboards. I amble through brown acres, over yellow fields. Past wandering eyes of judgement. The sunlight is reflecting on the calm waters after the footslog. I'm heading homewards before the rainfall.

And I Fell into Feelings of Despair

And I have no clue where the deluge of syrup possibly came from, and I have no idea what made the winds rage, and I could barely see ahead of myself or what was lurking in those black waters, and couldn't wrap my head around why I had put myself in the magnetic ocean of the violent storm, and a real sense of urgency took over me as I walked through the gates. In the mouth of a snake. Surfer under the waves. There's no meat on the bone when someone you know becomes a stranger, and you get the money shot like honey from a buttercup. Apricot in a moth-eaten garden. Page-turning books in my nervous hands when the intense winds of curiosity come howling in. Careworn in a summery land of definite hedonism. I have intent, when you were peer-pressured by friends, and you wanted to drink your green tea and read the Washington Post with a seaview, but things never turned out how they were planned, and they never do.

My life is an unbroken sequence of butterfly showers. Echoes of troubadours. Singing my songs about transient pleasure, I never learn. My laugh was missing in the husks on farms, and I have to get rid of this dead weight. Some things I can't explain. Some things never change. Flood basalt eruptions along rift zones. I am vertical in maritime towns, watching the stars glaring in colours, the trimmings hooded by the mountains of love veiled by the palm trees of the beach of love. The thought of tomorrow hangs in the tract in my head like an invitation, tempting me to make the jump. With each new blinding skyline of happiness on the mirrored horizon jaded horses gallop through mellow dreams, narrowly missing each other by fingertips, balancing on tightropes, over tree-sized fissures, riding off into pink sunsets.

Watersheds of countries bleed into seas, further into outer space like space probes designed to gather and soak in information, waiting for peachy clouds to break from the sky through the sun like candle flames or autumn foliage, waiting for the train to come, going again, and when the pleasure comes to an end there's a nightmare in the stomach, a Paleo Tethys pulling at icedrifts and grassmilk. When all I want is some sense, and all I feel is torment, and I'm trying my damn hardest to be a better person, glued in position, forwards with the compass, glades drift and everything falls out of place. It happens when I am mending and wearing the moon as a glow, when I've put my money where my mouth is, and I'm a cog in the machine. Broken. Broken with every selfish decision I've made, at gas stations, on escapades. Carrying a gun. Got apple stitches in my brain. I ain't jerking your chain. I can't assure you the sky is purple when it's white. I see the ever slowing traffic, remember memories of loved ones lost to time, stuck in those golden moments we can't get back. At the red lights we have to stop for, the sombre realisation of getting old grips at my throat, and I'm looped tape. There's no light at the end of the tunnel, it's a bubblegum charade. Closing in. The last hours of my breath grow like fruit and die like flowers, words on a page. The longest year has passed, *what's next?*

Lies, lies, lies. A chequered history glitters in teary eyes. My hands are sore from writing and droning on. The water is distilled in my bones. Suicide in an empty home. In a room of paintings of the past, on a rooftop in Brooklyn, when those hijacked planes went crashing into those Twin Towers, and they fell to their young demise like ferrite. Glitches in an aerial. In loving arms. The sunshine is in the water children, in the flash of the camera. Back where I used to live, the beauty has faded and left a bitter taste. I wept by the trees and the browns and the greenery. Where everything is rich I am free to live, free to reminisce and punch holes into fly creeks and hillsides.

Thinking quickly on my feet. Brain freeze. I am eating my words. Feels like I've been punched in the gut every time I wake up with my iron lungs and stubborn point of view. Wandering away from the point of focus. Pig of the sadist. Six on the Kinsey scale. At the parapet of the Overtoun Bridge, I've

packed my things into a heavy suitcase. Distracted by dying. Always guessing and never knowing. The truth emerges fractious like lust. Blood worms or cries in an artery. In the gutter, there at the precinct, on the flipside of things. *There were fruits all of a sudden, boys all of a sudden*. With faces in poems by Orhan Veli. Faces in poems. Cycles of regrets. I have far too much hubris to quit. Can't cut through the cartilage, when I've got a brush in my hand. The tighter the feeling gets. The tighter the feeling gets.

My mother gave birth to a poet. A Venus flytap. *Who am I? Am I the boy in the mirror staring back with nothing to give? Useless?* Twenty two years into life. Reflecting in the river. Between my index finger and my thumb the squat pen rests and I'll dig with it. Gallivanting on an epic voyage. I don't want it to end. Thinking it never happens. No matter how many times I tell myself it will I'm a fool for thinking I'll succeed when I'm drowning in a pool of dreams.

Struggling to breathe. Gasping for air. News anchor at the teleprompter. I have no patience for the rolling stone. Deep in flight like an albatross. I'm the ocean gathering the backwash. Clasping hydrogen in my palms. El Greco's advice. Poison seeps through me, through my veins, my bloodstream. It makes me irked, on the battlefront. Every time there's a dilemma I won't hasten the process. The sine qua non is a beating heart. Goods in the depot. Sage tree, rosewood, made of love. I zipped up my jacket. Watched the stars from the precipice, the snow falling. Without a shepherd, listening to the jukebox. Forgot I am bashful for a second, in that moment, I never wanted the song to end.

Alone in a dark space deep in the A.M. with my Cuban rum and sugar. Thinking I'm going to come unstuck. Grinding molars. A year after the winter ailment, bone mending. Hitting metal bars with hammers. I know exactly how it feels when you tail off. Eleven hours have passed black waters when the moon shines. Hours into the graveyard shift you can hear a pin drop. A glimmer of hope. The breaking of a branch on the footpath, wistfully eased on down the bank.

Knowing While I'm Sleeping

Struck with a bolt of paralysis. In a cycle of thinking. I may as well be a frozen lake, unable to move in this cold frame. I cut myself from red tape, rubbing salt into the paper cuts. The night unfolds and the dark clouds leave when launched neurons in the neocortex are concurrent. It's almost as if the lesion on the hypothalamus never existed, now I'm on the pathway to somewhere bright, branching out in the same way as my thoughts. Cut off from the radiating neurotransmitters. The chassis network is in an anabolic state. All I can see is the black of my eyelids, and a calm quietness is pouring through my body like a wave, like wine. Protoplasm. I am cellophane. Skin and bones. In the Heavens and in the valleys where dew hangs. I land on axioms, but I'm a sceptical doomwatcher.

At the sound of water where I threw away my heart I pick cherries a weekend too late. Washing away the eclectic taste of the solar eclipse. I like the way the rain falls, and the air blows, and how the cold nights feel, and I no longer think about making wrong moves on the chess board with a peppery mind. I don't care what anyone thinks. I have my own thoughts and my own opinions, in rows with thorns on them, roses in gardens, I pick them like seashells from a beach, and ignore them when I'm drifting off to sleep. Falling into dreams.

I have no reservations in my head. I've seen the sun set a thousand times before. At an obtuse angle all this time, at the margin of my reality. I imagine the sky tastes as good as mango or pineapple, filled with sucrose. I imagine myself reaching out and touching it like it's a Brazilian plume, and I walk through it's portal on a hill where I re-fill my flagon with euphoria. I peel back the veil, feeling as free as you would driving a motorcycle. I've burnished the chink in my armour, and now it shines like a beacon at sea or the moon at night. Nothing can stop me when I'm in motion, and I can hear the rustling of the leaves, or the birds calling in the trees. I look at chimneys and aircrafts and I can't believe how much I have changed over the years. The metamorphosis. There was a time my responsibilities blew out of the window with the wealthy fug that occupied this hive of activity, on the Holy Week when I seen a pentacle die in a cloudless sky, and a bolt of pain rushed through me, expunging childhood memories sewn into a melting pot. I cried for every forget-me-not, at every milestone. In a field of honey and grain. Liquid moving effortlessly.

There was a time I felt like I had took my last breath in the summer air, and I would dye my hair blonde, and nefarious hooked mouth parts were jocund in a dusty loft or an audience of applause. With every sober afterthought, every flashback, every swimming alligator in the follicles, I am ten foot deep in mud. Wanting the ice to thaw. Sorry is the face of a kitchen stove, making mouth shapes. *Acta non verba*. The doyen sleeps on well deserved respect, just like I've anchored myself to the ocean of my nocturnal habits, and every earnest orison has gone unheard. It makes me feel glaikit when the day drags out and I'm in it for the long haul. From the frontier to the bell tower with grapes and vine leaves in my hair. A peanut head eating sweetbread. I see the blue wavelengths, the empty milk cartons. Muzzled complexity. With no voice.

Will I land in the Valley of the Kings? Will I land in a rift valley? Catching stars with my mouth with every gasp. *Will I land distralt in a leap year?* There's a stopgap for the ocean placed in my mind, where I put my dreams and forget about them, where I hold vigils, where nothing matters but time, freefalling.

Winter fires blaze in my eyes. They're worlds I enter with no inhibitions, with no fire extinguisher, where I've drawn boundaries and I am fluent in dreaming. Every time fables leak from the broken socket, at the gold rush, I make pictures of rainy seaside landscapes out of them. In wild, doleful, sweet, vivid moonlit dreams. In endless cloudy puddles of faith. I realise I am hopeless, perplexing

and strange. Manifesting. Whispers of life wander where the foliage tumbles and the fog lays low, and red things are flustered for sun. I ink the page with the charred remains of last year, and accidentally broke like a glass alembic. Up here in my head it's dog eat dog. Every solemn thought I have is concerned with the big picture, the grand scheme of things, as if I'm at war with time when I'm awake. Restless with every mistake.

Waterfall brooks roll down elastic vents like church bells. Mountains wearing lace. Hydrogen and oxygen atoms bond together. Water molecules stick to the polar substance. The alcohol dilutes. Independent caterwauls careen. Halfway down the Helter Skelter. Papaya whip seeps through. The Pierrot burns the bibelot, when the carnival comes to a close, when the Buffalo Springfield song dwindles. In a fluorescent downpour. Limping in leather. Umbels sparkle under pressure. I take U-turns into new places I've never been before. In yellow fields of haystacks. Bending backwards. I take off my greasepaint. My ears swell with music of delirium. I salvage what's left of the honeycomb. Nectar in the azimuth. Sleeping in a castle of dreams.

I have a mean swagger. I sit by the sheep of Dál Riata and understand the lingua franca. We speak about biomolecules, kites high in the sky. We speak about the fifth column and the latest trends. A myriad of petite mountain avens gather in the garden the zaftig succubus seduces the satyr. I filled the quaich with magnesium, in a world of pure imagination. Burning like the Occident. Dragnets catch lost memories along the banks of the shining sky. I drink them like I drink the Wick River. I drink them like all the times I've fucked up, all the Freudian slips. Churchill willows. The Regius professor smiled at the Trappist. Smiles for the cactus. The robin on the white picket fence. Hot colours carry the storm. I watch the ghosts of my house kick over the traces, looking for something. *Something magical? Something cryopreserved? Something gone?*

Enshrined potshreds are poured from a mill, pouring baldachin. The apricity melts with the last of the snowbroth, with the nightbirds. Tears of the icy bank. Designed like a coat of arms. Sleep holds me in its grip, a body with insomnia, an aphid. So then I'm a gopher, gripped with desolation ahead of the break of the vermilion dawn. I camouflage myself with misconceptions, figments of my distorted imagination. Something not sincere, so flippant, and the sagacious words come and go like hot fires in and out of my ears, replenished with fears.

First comes the evidence, then there's the sentence. A cobweb over my knee. Why I do not know why I do not recognize. I don't know when I ought to have known where I lost my talisman, when I found myself banished, repudiated. Survivor, Deucalion. Today I tended to my needs. The yellow jacket articulated. The magistrate has spoken. The addiction has emanated. The jar broke at the implication of something foreseen, but the wound has been cut to the gravel. It was almost as if I knew one in a drift would augment, like the debris of adenosine left behind in the brain as you dream. I woke up feeling tired. Oxygen atoms and watermelons trickled through the golden keyhole where I could see the provenance from pitch black heights. I do not look at the situation any differently. I am a shadow of the sun I was. Sewing new fabric onto the facade I created to fool the regret that seeps in after you've sinned. I am nothing but promises and prayers, always on the hunt for a chest of treasure.

I wear the clothes of a gypsy. Putting spinning planets into brown paper bags. The stars shine like pregnant sows, the sky I have considered. Ice caps. Buttered perceptions. I have dreamt of this. I have dreamt of this moment.

Flowers for the Wild Ones

Loss of Innocence

A new pair of antlers are growing and I'm shedding the velvet. Life at the seam. Only innocent when I dream. I will never be the same, with treacherous pictures burned into my brain. *The train smokes down the xylophone*. I buried the past in a shallow ditch, with lambs, in the mountainside, with fresh eggs and picked flowers. *We meet ourselves time and time again in 1,000 different disguises on the path of life*. We seal our fates. Fooled by a baby face. Star-shaped. Frogs slip off the mudguard, candytufts in Venice. Madly in love with what the night was, not necessarily knowing exactly who I am, the person I'm supposed to be, not quite yet at least, so why do I feel hateful and thrown to the side when I think of the things I lost? My purity. My reasons for believing I have a purpose.

I open the windows to let the fresh air in, to feel the cold alive on my bones, wind in my hair. I put the remnants of your feeble existence in a hole I dug for my flask of feelings, down by the river, in the woods, by the long forgotten bench, the place I go to hide when I feel like I'm suffocating and I can't take much more of reality. Where there is no electricity and I have littoral epiphanies. I peregrinate, through seasmoke, the flush of yesterday's unwanted memories. Widdershins, in a one way street. Swept away with every landslide in an airtight laboratory. *Can I be uncorrupted? Can I be uncorrupted by the moonlight serenade?* When it happened I was caught off guard. As surprised as you are, reading from the Song of Songs. I have flowers for the wild ones, for Socrates. I can't imagine what he felt drinking the poison of the hemlock.

Almost forgot my own identity. Knowing. I don't believe in the new gods. *Pale boy's-love, sops-in-wine, and daffadillies all in bloom*. Clip my wings and let me fall, into fires I can't control. When I seen the world through the eyes of a child, every rose petal, futures soaked in the effulgence of life, the liberation of phlogiston, cocooned in your arms, before anything bad happened, before everything fell apart or fell into place and I was sent into seas, everything seemed right. It was the way it was meant to be. *So why did you have to take my youth and replace it with tears, moonbeams I will never get back?* Still I am madly in love. Madly in love with the idea of existing on this turning sphere, even when I'm afraid of the stories you've told, and all the things I've seen, and my head is under water.

I don't know how to tell you exactly how I feel without returning to my infancy. A former state of being mute. I get shy when I'm around you and the words never come out. It's almost as if there's a mental block which stops me before I can break free from it, or an invisible string holding me back, and I'm worried before I can overcome the wall I've built I won't get the chance, before we fade into time and become history, before I shatter from crystalline grief, never getting to see you again, never getting to hear your voice, when you tell me I'm wrong for what I've said or done, knowing you're somewhere I can't go, where my feet can't rest, beyond the sky. One of these days I will break the barrier of love, I will shoot it down and glide with the breezes, for the hopeless romantics, the soft touches.

Wept for the end of innocence, the darkness of man's heart. Wept for the nights when they get dark. Wept for my mind in the gutter. I can't talk to the thimble. For that matter, I can't talk to anyone about anything. I live in my silence, when life begins and I come undone. At midnight I pray for the morning sun. Beams off the reel for holding thread. Butterfly loops. Winsome foibles. I am a dreamcatcher, I shine through. Dreaming of picnics at the palace of Versailles. The ephemera dies with alacrity just like candle lights. I've barely stopped bleeding. The truth has been drilled into my cranium and I am

as lonely as the night. Dreaming of kisses. Dreaming of him. With each abrasion I remember. Chasing after dollar signs, on a train to Paris. Going back to innocence I lost.

Pleasure We Can't Forget

My crystal visions, tongues of serpents, glitter like stars in my mind and heart. Echoing voices reverberate through the paper-thin walls. I can hear the impassioned crowd at his advent, pleasure we can't forget. Cogent excuses in perfect conversations. At platforms waiting for trains, people come and they go. On streets with tessellated pavements. I seen a man wearing his winter coat with guilt etched on his face, the mess my mother had to clean when I would pretend to be ill just so I didn't have to go to school when I couldn't bare it. Now I am older, looking over my shoulder. I see shifting blues. Marked with an impressive amount of melancholy. We imitate each other. Papery bracts surrounding the bougainvillea. We boil our kettles and pour our coffees. Keeping my mouth shut when I want to say something the most. Whalebones in tinfoil.

Last night he was in a city full of cats, driving around. I had clouds in my mouth. Thought I would fall into the silk of the quagmire and long lost chagrins haunted me. A miasma of despair formed and punched a contusion on my confidence. When I left in the blue hour, the twilight, and made my way into the starry night, I felt free. Free from the thoughts which have been present for over five years, since I have been the shadow of a hermit, flippant and binging. Only happy when I'm on drugs. Sheets of white snow and bouquets of foxgloves. I put my writings in fragile vessels and I notice accidental notches on the nucleus. At gas stations or in graveyards. In my Kodak gatherings. Holding my burdens and secrets close to my chest. Submerged in the music.

At the top of a rocky inselberg. I see foggy orange mornings. Moans of pleasure bounce off the walls and back to the original flame. I shout but no one hears me. No one cares. No one understands how I feel, or saved the rabbit from the wolf. Buttered knives and splinters of light cut blood lozenges deep into my flesh. The telecommunications came to a stop when the icy air foundered me. My fingertips went numb playing on the piano. Sandstones lept from the novel red sun, orchestrating all vagaries in the weather. I looked for shade, sweating. Serene in gingham.

Slices of lemon equally cut into the same size on the oven tray fit perfectly. I knew they would, and when I seen my breath leave my body in the mirror of the night I thought, *I could be yours, and you could be mine*. I imagine us, entwined in love thoughts, in bed sheets. I imagine every little thing. Every little thing I imagine like ripe fruit in my head. We could be those lemons, flawless designs in our minds, cosmic explosions. I put my pen onto the paper and my words come alive. They are fugitives, wirry-cows in acres of pond. I am the steering wheel, creating songs for a Wurlitzer. Sheets of foolscap and A4 have stuck to the hot needle. Glued to the lion's share. A peel of thunder strikes the glade, and the tyre marks are traced back to 2020.

Tarpaulin over the duckboards. Telling ocean stories by the beach. My dirty laundry is on the floor, and I can't stand the paper cuts anymore, like I can't escape my memory. I remember all of it, every moment. Silver floods the waxy tube. Connected to me, and connected to you. I am running out of breath like an hourglass, looking at the lily of the valley. Split the ewes from the flock. Even now, I place letters in envelopes but nothing much happens. I cut tulips from the yard, and when I'm in isolation I think about all the times I never said, *I love you*. Bosom ornaments have up and disappeared like dead letters and the tusks of elephants, and the beached seagulls of solitude are sleeping like babies somewhere. Injured by a hill, stiff-necked. Secluded and wooded.

He loves me, he loves me not. He loves me, he loves me not. I go back and forth, aligned with the stars. I polish the organs in the viscera. Been blue for a decade. Hanging onto the thoughts of my relatives. I stand like Hawthornden, like the apocrypha. Holding onto my memories. Holding onto the reeds. Loving them like the Theotokos. This afternoon, in the greenroom, in my birthday suit, I seen

a vision of the time to come. Allotropes of ancient figures collected at the bottleneck, in a basket full of odds and ends, always in the red. All the castles I've ever fabricated have melted by now. There is no reason for me to smile and wear my best clothes, I can't get out of the camphor. The azimuth compass is pointing towards the pleasure we can't forget. Lambs reversed into reef knots in bedlam. Listless whirls from the hearth are as sappy as I am with teardrops on my cheeks. Tired of life, but not wanting to let go.

I spend my time sewing wounds shut. It was never the plan but they burst open. All my cognizance has come undone like my shirt after a day of work. On a laborious journey to the zenith. I seen innocence. Took cat naps and emitted milky saps. In the rain. I thread the eyelet. Something must have happened in my mind when I went and kissed the monkshood.

Youth and Decay

I can't ignore things going to ruin, the self-destruction, the present moment. As hard as I try to remain footed I fail, with my lips sealed. As silent as the urban decay, body decay, all the things we never say, gray fields, empty seas, dead malls. Sheets of melting ice, gone. On the coast of something bigger than me, all the mountains I drew from, all the glimpses into worlds I've never been to, have been reduced to nothing. Reduced to a monsoon in my floral bedroom. In a snowy street or hailing down a taxi, going west back to sanity, far from the madness I was wrapped up in. Haven't had a good night sleep in so long, I've forgotten what it feels like to have no worries.

When I'm weak, behind the overgrown hedges, worried and speculating, the thoughts in my head never rest and let me have a moment to myself. I wager breaths into steel mouths. I turn taps until they're stiff and I'm sure they won't move. I get out the way when there's a storm, and stay out the way of poppycock, propaganda which has been put in the howitzer. I have seen Buchenwald, the beer halls, the lifeless men, the camps, the autobahns, the barracks, the fallen soldiers, when the moon shined on Marienplatz in April. The ichor in the veins. The famine, as expected. I got the message loud and clear. Seen the apparel hanging dead on the racks. Men leaving and never coming back. A coup d'état cemented in Jewish blood. Had dreams of them choking in the gaskammer. At intersections, ventilators were stuffed with bachelors. All quiet on the Western Front.

Footsteps on No Mans Land were deliberate mountebanks. Ribbons of something that could've been, but never happened, sparkling Kristallnacht. Glaciers of the Shoah. Water from the duct, stolen dreams. Pages from the ration book never marked. I heard of the death marches and begging for the Seventh Army. At bay in Kokoszyce, trying to make midwifes laugh. Trying not to disintegrate when I'm an iceberg. I go to bed when I have headaches and can't cope with the pain, and when I see Nazis dressed for murder. Bee sting after bee sting I claw at the stamen, the nostrum I stick by, never leaving the city. I seen the Statue of Liberty like a giant in a sea, and ellipses sparkle like cat eyes in darkness. Falling over the curtains furbelow. I plug away.

High up on a tor, cushioned by rock plants. I tell people my name and talk about plans, and they say they are graven from the woodwork. My pulse races and my heart beats like a song. When the cold winds come in and the fire in my soul is burning and I remember all the dope I've smoked, all the roads I've taken, I wish I didn't remember anything. In a lump of debris, picking up my hiccups and putting them in my pockets. Drifting off to sleep. I think I've been poisoned by berries, boxed in this atelier cutting the rye crop. In an apricot sky wandering off with the cigarette smoke. For a moment I felt like I could lift this cordillera holding me down, and hoped the sun would shine into the crestfallen face of my shoe, but I can't, and my hopes never come true.

Golden antiques sit on the mantelpiece, as quiet as the posters but as loud as the writing on the wall. In a state of emergency. Delicious breves and kaput books save me from ending it all. When

there is no moon and all I feel is the gloom and I am mourning I find a nook in the night and I have a feeling the seed capsules will blossom as planned. Water drizzles from the carafe. Everyday I perform my errands and at the eleventh hour I glom consternation, praying for the fishwife. I thought I was in an infirmary. The pollen count is high in here.

The lambent flame of the candle sways like a ship at sea, and the desire rooted deep in me is no longer a Sleeping Beauty. Writing endless rigmaroles. Lonelier than the moon on a starless night, there's no point in crying over split milk. The milch cows are ready and waiting. All night long I think I am assured what I want will somehow materialise with daisy petals in my eyes. Time is evanescent. 19th century bone ash. Blue moon dust. I would swap the pain for pineapples or a seat at the Pythian games, but I've been turned into the whipping boy. A waxwork in a honeytrap. I empty my bowels and wait for Samhain. Taking my anger out on everyone, even the people I care for. Spending days bathing in the sun. Restless in all directions.

With the grocery list in my hand, waiting for the dust to settle. I dangle over the dunes of Las Vegas with a million things to do. Fortissimo, fortissimo. Wonderful, wonderful. Bloodshot. The barrier cream washes off. The V1 hits the tugboat and the lancet windows give in. I run through quantum fields, through dream factories. Before I pour in the isinglass, I mop with cigars in the museum, at the place of abandonment. I went for a walk and had a long talk with myself. Seen things I wouldn't see anywhere else. Cast new landscapes. Vacuum roads of loafs. All my thoughts are intertwining into a haze, into a heart, and the heart is beating. Chinks of light get into the shadows but it doesn't matter. Under the veil I am distraught, only the clock knows.

Words with no meanings can't cut me to the quick, can't cut me like Goldsmiths. Day by day I grow. Murmurs echo on public transport. I'm ready to eat, no resources. Every jerk is as loud as a dying scream. Crashing waves in silent towns. When no one is around I croon. Thinking about how my life has been ruined, how I fucking hate it when I feel maimed. There's still so many things I have to heave to the front of my face, on this track of poppy seeds.

I can't breathe with this toxicomania around my neck. Feeding my sweet tooth. I take two pills at a time. Underneath this bravado I've built I am aberrant. Laying with my eyes open like the habiliments on my floor or the thoroughgoing attempts I've made. The moon looms, the lemon char's steam. In a pile of untruths it's axiomatic I tinker things and resort to the extreme. The ocean has left me by the seaboard. In extremis. I devour rich macerated strawberries, catcalls from the lighthouse, the quietism, the nunatak. Through ghost towns, dragging the milk wagon.

Please Wake Me Up

Fresh grass is growing by the river, by the shine of newly polished cars. Sparks are flickering in the recesses of my heart for every dream. When my troubles disappear like soft ice cream the feeling of happiness is irreplaceable, like being on Spring Break with no cares in the world. Summer is in motion. Waves ripple in the water all night long. I'm holding onto the root of the trees forever, reminded of the orange waves, how the river rushes and leaves behind the creek, the way you shine in the moonlight. Intentionally aspirant. Releasing the crumbling earth. The flatline on the cardiograph. Every heart sings a song, incomplete until a heart whispers back. The clouds part for the sunshine when my eyes are closed. The happiness comes and goes. Don't leave me sleeping. I want to live a million lives.

Peaches

Letting the light in, in the fast lane. Earth revolving around the sun. With every breath that leaves my body I am chained to the sea. I am sporting my erstwhile clarion call, full of zing. Shining on the wood. Touching wood when I hear bad news. I sharpen the knife on the long hoot, the harpoon through the lament. The feeling of living with no methodical plan couldn't get anymore intense. I hold onto railings. Summoning spirits with cinnamon. On the run, it was fun while it lasted. Director of courtship. Speaking a universal language. Timeless. Esoteric. Never slowing on a joyride but immersed in ataraxy. I pick up the rhythm, ravenous for a taste. I follow the winds, the bend of the willow, the gothic revival, into the dome of pleasure, as if I am Absalom on the primrose path, on the tableland of miracles, on hot ground, spilling the ins and outs, on the divan where men told me allegories and each one left a gash, where the wax of the Thyrus melted and I echoed in a labyrinth. Lacklustre on a lonely island.

Heading into a spring by the fountain, by the glistening quartz. I am the arm of the river, my true self in remote areas. In arid valleys. I disappear in a flash. Forbearing with my captor. Packing my weeks for summers. All the apples in the world, all the succulent peaches. We cheer for apostates, for runaway slaves. We lick the raspberry jam and the frosting of the Madeira, and we make the silver cuts with the Sabatier. We are lovers, making love not making war. The world is at our fingers, and we're close enough we can reach in and feel the silence. At the dewpoint we're ice crystals. The clouds hang low for us, they're reminders of what we overcame. I look at them with sincere eyes. I look at the ocean spray of words in the network. Two days in a row the windows have steamed up. Inside my stomach there's a datum, a decoy. Surrounded by thorny shrubs. I have seen it with my eyes, my sincere eyes. Great gills of the mushroom. Healing for two winters. I used to dwell on the fly in the ointment, but now I have peaches. There's no reason for lying on a damp hillock. I see the beauty in winter, the January mist, the still quietness. Before it was so dark I couldn't see, so foggy and white I couldn't make out a thing but the silhouette of black trees. Now the lights lead me. I find myself nowhere with my visions. Down a dead end, by the edge of lake water.

When the Hate Fades

We will eat the strawberries of our love, true love. I will never forget the magic between us, the canyons we cross. The tug of war. Roses in the summer garden have blossomed. A sparkling constellation. Convincing doppelgängers of storms fly-tip in the moony eyes of fools, eyes of lovers, crevasses wide enough for oceans. Always running from the truth and finding places to hide, waiting for the cloudburst to end. I've found the freedom in going with the flow, never knowing what's around the corner. At every landmark the china gets chipped. I never really could get over it, the heart wound. The invisible infatuation. I have come to know it well, the sweet embrace. Immersed in the salt from my tears, the electrolytes at 4 a.m. red-hot and glowing. I never want to go back to that dark place again, never want to be burned by the fires of solitude again. So I cut myself from the turnkey, from the fabric of the addiction, in the same way you would cut a slice of cake, in the same way ice could cut a face. At the hour on the dot I prepare for my medicine. Body waves. Earthquake vibrations. Sensitive to the sensation. I open the amethyst geode and marvel at the purples glittering in the brain, and watch the days turn into gold. When the hate fades. I'll come back to you, I always do. You know me. Never gone for too long. Never leaving you waiting. With cracked knuckles at the wintertide, at the interruption. Pausing but only for a second. I've adapted to the madness, and it no longer takes over me like it did before. I've settled into the chaos at every turn. Smiling upon the rising of the morning sun.

Pacify the Desire

Waxen glib. The pretty words inside my head slip out, legs from a warm bed. The heavy sound of rain disturbed the peace in my head, what I created in my temple. Screen faded to black, disappeared in that nanosecond of time, and I've went back to my lazy ways. Leaving things on worktops, procrastinating for days. I call it the peacetime. Vitruvius on the sundial. Boarding in Chinatown. Everything comes to an end. No vertical shadows are cast at noon, I know.

How steel pressed against my cheekbones. The feeling of love explodes, in hotels, in locked rooms, at the touch of the sun on my lips. I remember all the things I've seen and all the places I've been, in a kaleidoscope, but they can't amount to the flowing waterfalls in my imagination, nothing can. Two hundred million years ago I would've been in a different jungle, now I hang from the city as if I'm jewels in an ear. Answering to the internal stimulus, the tearaway.

I am the saltern at Whistler Blackcomb. Evaporated centuries with a belt around it tell me there's no time to spare. Tracing along the path of an unmarked track, I fall into loopholes, furnaces with no remorse. I close doors. Unholy. Crystallised honey. Black cherries and red roses. So good my eyes water, so pure the river runs clear, so pronounced I forget my fears for a moment in time, for a nanosecond, then the life drains out of the sober body. Caught in a moment I can hardly describe. So good I wish it lasted all night.

When everything is going to plan, and I have everything I could ever wish for, and life is unfolding like it should, I always think about crashing. It's an automatic reaction. I'm frozen while the noise scatters, deers into the trees. I made a saccade and caught the light, and it burned into my skin. Dark desires from within. Blue midnights. I gloss over the arctic cold and glimpse shadows cast around town, making blunders. Down dark lanes moving slowly to music.

Not thinking twice, paying the price. I am adamant I will die tonight. Not shocked by leaves, subtle movements. Cars broke down. By the bridge I often cross, where men stuff chickens and eat them like children. Trapped by gossiping cold. Icicles. I have never felt a better feeling on that rainy night an inclination was born. Effervescent soda. In between Granton Cres and Bellrock Path. Everything I desire I have at my fingertips, except love. The feeling of being free. Oscillating stream in a gorge. On tarmac, proud matador. Sculpting essays. I am unerring in my abode with my essentials, though the pain resumes.

Every honeymoon dies quietly. Without a sound my hands shake with the scalpel. All I can hear are ear explosions. Knee-deep in the lore, in the art of it. The first leaf is growing from a seed, from the waterstone. Head over heels. It's a big deal to me. The unloved antique, an intransigent fleet. Floating in a dogmatic sea, a bottomless sea, in the heart of the deep. On the underside, I certainly don't stand on ceremony these days.

The winter rain is a godsend. Swollen. Picking up the fragments of the clouds. The motif stands in the background. Observing student. In the grip of the hydraulic press. Derp. From the mountain top to the base, I always thought it would end like this, with a deadly kiss. Nothing is in my brain. I am as empty as a can, in my isolation. Failing to emphasise the kernel. Beside the sheaf I've scattered with my sharp elbow I'm home alone, waiting for a brainwave. Something important to say. Diving through overlapping ocean waves. Calm and haywire states wallowing in bespoken solar systems. Sadness I bespoke.

Stars in milky ways, at the inevitable acme. Weeping outside of Golgotha. I am a mosaic with each long-winded day. I see hollow futures. Oxyacetylene welding. I've prayed my cries for help would've been heard, but each night nothing has happened other than regret. I've been ridiculed by the

bathos, the emeritus Sun. Crossing the celestial meridian. There's a dent in the chimney of reason. A great guffaw breaks from its cage with great celerity and runs with the lilt playing softly. It's a phantom in chains. Trespassing. Trespassing on flesh. In the unfurnished apartment my ghosts wear the sting of death, and they tell me about dreams which glitter. I've spent summers writing them on reams, on moonbeams, and it has been a very well harvest. A story in a foxhole.

I can't get anymore cold. I have crawled into the capillary thinking warm things, hoping I can solve the riddle, I have seen the face of horror, the white face of fishbones. Embarking on the constant change in the babel. I've forayed empty spaces with the obvious intention of finding a doctrine, nevertheless there's a colossal hole in my heart. I'm wiping the lancet. On the beach deep water whales lay dead, skin cells. The beached whales lay dead, ductwork. Chasing the desideratum. Dead legs and king prawns. Salivating in my mind. Insane all the time. Nine years away from Pluto. Muzzled in my sorrow. Mermaids in rocky oceans toss coins, Billy Hill and Chalino Sanchez. The night makes me wild. The presence lingers in light bulbs, in jam jars, in hourglasses. Sparked matches. The first coat of paint has been applied.

Ecstasy rips through my body. Fervent feelings send me into an oblivion. I go in and out. The article goes in my mouth, pills I swallow down. There's no reason for the bunting in my cell. I'm always up to something in between the silence and the boredom. I am a virgin in paradise, sweet when all eyes are on me. Melting at my core. Tbilisi. Gihon. Eudaimonia. It is my birthright, dying like the sunshine. On a brass steed, peripatetic, I wish I could nerve myself and bear with time. I don't want to play anymore games. Been humdrum for aeons, but I'm digging my way out. Licking my wounds.

The night died from the shell nosecap in his bowels on a ploughed field, in the obtrusive canal. My mind is a bunch of plain atonal sheets bleeding. The moonlight is in my hands. I have never known anything different. In a shallow oblong wooden basket I assemble myself. In mines black with coal. Pushing my fingers deep in the hole. Willows with long flexible shoots. Washed up at the foot of the Clubhouse. I inhale fresh pockets of air. Inhale the crisp smell of a nearby fire on the white landscape. How the years have changed the place and left behind a perfect contradiction from the Strait of Gallipoli to Fountains Abbey. Power plants, lobes, well-oiled joints, bows and arrows.

Infinite Atoms

Solaris, in boundless skies of golden pleasure. Drinking milk from sunflowers in kettle-ponds. I am willing and persistent and diligent. In the night I see prehistoric rock paintings in the purple swelling. Twinkling lights. City lights. Dark shadows reflecting on the puddles. I hear the lake, the traffic, the jingle of metal. Soft radio echoes in my mind reminding me of summertime. A thousand little worlds inhabited by departed souls on a priceless journey in the afterlife. Fiery portals with rich life. Every scar left behind tells me I made it. I believe it. I've came this far, breathing slowly. It's impossible to fathom the heavenly body. Breaking the fall, answering the call.

There are children in the swans gasping for air. Fighting against the austere night winds, summers of a forgotten time, gods with powerful breaths. I continue into the winedark, epi oinopa ponton. Past the mute waxworks, the moonlight in the emergency room, the cerulean sky and the fruit of the waning moon. With my oddments in the silent part of town, I am water not filled.

Choking on fears. Neuron to neuron. Cruzer blade to the port of the system unit. Unplugged from dreams, parasocial communications. I awake to a dopamine influx and cobwebs in the head. In soils of Sangamon, in soils of Spokane. Wide open at Hudson Bay. Fingers splayed. The felt is produced in nightmares. I feel the burning. At a loose end I've grown distant from all the home comforts I relied on. I am staring at the face of silence in the shadow of time. Damaged by each daydream perforating the core. I tried to warn you, thinking about the past. In the shade or bathing in crystal light. The synthesis of feelings, idle thoughts, are sculpted from infinite atoms. I am infinite atoms.

Inhabited by the bells in my ears, codebreakers. Arranged acrostic. The spine bending. I can see it, unhinged. One of a kind. Utrillo, Phylarch. Embattled on a spiral staircase, pining for something more. There was no notice before the fever hit me hard. Now I'm adding bricks to the bulwark in the throes of peril. Crying for the doldrums. Crying for the watchword. Your ostentation makes its mark. The albatross around my neck is a first degree burn. I must be blind, thinking about how I thought you cared. When I wanted you to teach me how.

In a bolt-hole I pull the rod from the raw sugar. As the seasons pass I'm a sleeping candle. Bridges from the hills. Learning to move on with time. My beady eyes are bright, two vacancies. Towing hooks. Sisyphys in troubled waters. Tearing apart the landfill. Facile. Bull by the horns. Turned the lamp on. On the dilapidated mountain covered with fresh snow. I follow peccadillos where the path bends, little brooks in the woods. Reading a book by the bluestocking. Unable to decipher the scrawled handwriting. Between the wavelengths of green and blue the day ends with keyhole surgery, a glut of reasons to rue. I am as still as the vase of flowers in the painting by Matisse. Interrupted in the shower by a voice. I wait like a snake. Ablaze and burning in shades of gold. *No man ever steps in the same river twice*. In the fast lane. I take the butternut squash, the bamboo shoots and water chestnuts. I make small talk, frills and bite marks.

Wax Lyrical Under the Stars

When the door shut for him he had already written on this side of it that which every artist who also carries through life with him that one same foreknowledge and hatred of death, is hoping to do: I was here

In the AM I know what the treasure holds. An aquarium of inequitable facts. I've been down the road of young lust before, and seen the silk gallery of wise images with loud colours in lunar cycles on my applicable face. Even the sky pities me, the confession of suicide, the last confession, as I'm trying to find the meaning of life. Imprisoned in this plane of existence by walls I can't break, defined by the things I do and the things I say. Reduced to nothing but questions and shapes. I make friends with the clock, it's better that way. Watching time slip away.

At times I am exalted. Brushing nightjars from cosmic ash trees. Inchoate, always running late. I leave behind a mass of ice and dust, looking further. Beginning to feel like a broken record. Defying the urge to react. I take myself out of the situation when no one knows what's going on in my head and the rain feels like brimstone and fire, and I feel better for doing it, aware of the possible outcomes, as I look back on the day. The increasing heart rate. I grow into different sizes, aposematic when danger is near. I close my eyes and imagine starks singing in flight, short-lived flings, long periods of rain, freckles in the sun. Burnt orange and alive, more so than I ever have been. South-east of Paris, on trains, in twilight zones. Dunes of the afterglow. Located above the breastbone of a fowl, making sudden quick movements. Under the neutral illumination shining on my face. Being born again in stones after sleep.

The price of living is rising and I'm trying for all the boys lost and not found, for the mothers who have to scream until they're heard, for the children who are ignored when they speak, for her daughter wearing her sparkle. Making the days count, wanting something to show for my effort. I promised I would make it through the night even if it tore the skin from my bones, the flesh from my body. When this day is long forgotten, maybe I will feel a little more justified. Maybe I will see things from your side. Maybe I will look at the stars and wish I had done it differently. Kiss winded. I stoke the orange and fall into embers.

Why does this happen to me? I have stayed up and wondered. With my head in my hands. I try not to be a bad person, when the door creeps open and I am ready to sin, but I've realised there's no simple solution, no cure for the disease. In a drawer full of recipes. Dead letters and icebergs. I smile at strangers, and when people smile back it's like an anaesthetic. Lifeblood. All I could ask for. When the camera flashes and the karaoke ends, the spirits downpour and land in a strange domain. I rarely vouchsafe how I feel, or speak about my problems. I keep my feelings in a bottle shut tightly with a ribbon. In my atelier, in my kingdom of dreams, in a willow tree. I love my sisters, so dewey-eyed with milk teeth. Easily consolidated when my heart is breaking. Shadow-boxing in hunting season. Your words are poetry to my ears, lacerating. Contusions I can't rub away. Midnight ships in thick, sticky fog. Water against the broadside.

The stars at night are coruscating. Terrestrial planets, precious sonograms of the future. Unfurling in the empyrean, chopping wood into logs. Writing succinct messages on bathroom walls in bars, they're farewells on cenotaphs. Wax lyrical under the stars.

Rose Petals in Vaults

Paradise is lost. There is no going back. No escape from the smoke of our lies, no mirrors bright enough to shine through our facades. We move forward, persistently, trying to catch one glimpse of tomorrow, moving with clocks, through cool blue shades digging into our skin, through endless oceans of time, sparking conversations. We stumble across revelations and do whatever it takes. When we fall down, falling in and out of ourselves, we get back up, prepared, and we do it all over again. We fall into bodies of krypton light, words on the paper of an unfinished book, but we never lose sight of the end. We never lose hope, because we are more than we think we are. We are stars.

We have skies where we fly our planes, and we are never far from our destinations. Catching falling leaves on shores. We get on, even when we are in pain. We never lose our faith that somewhere, out there, someone is waiting for us in a garden decorated with beautiful flowers, because we are nothing if we don't believe it could happen to us. We have waters big enough, where we dive deep enough to find spring creeks. When we go there we look for the lights that guide us, and we pick the apples from the trees of life, not because we are filled with greed, but because we deserve the sweet taste of success, and when we meet on stages and our lips are trembling, we feel forsaken, but we are everything. Overflowing with possibilities. We build our cities from the bones.

We make homes out of the paradise we lost, but we have more to gain. We often forget our tattoos of innocence, and put our secrets in the plummeting temperature of the medulla. When we are ready to accede we bow before kings. We remember all the times when we were fulsome, and we had stuffed noses in autumn. Little things make us smile, and the smiles are priceless gifts, abiding. We make eye contact with symptoms. Facing the firing squad. There are no restrictions, no limits. Cold drafts are echoing moon ballads. Whispers in glass emporiums. Trying to get back to the past, we are stopped in our tracks when we see hearts beating from fickle chests of lovers walking abreast. Instantaneously consonant with our truths. We drag our feet along pavements. Trying to be strong when we are weak. When we are awake all we want to do is sleep. We cross stepping stones, through the marrow in the cavity of bones. We are the dew and the morning horizon, and the light is burning through us, so we crack from the heat, fraught with nostalgia. We can't undo the knots. We can't undo the knots of our rose petals in vaults. We are inflexible when we want to change. We sit, loveless from day to night. I spill myself like wine.

Blue Sky

At the break of a new dawn, the silent daybreak louder than a toscin, I see through the lens of a simple perception, through the opaque morning dark, with a sunlit eye, and I bristle with trepidation, blowing days into fragments. Looking for one soft chip in solid matter, something to lean on. I fall and unearth a stream of windmills looming in a tulip garden of Polaroids, and think about all the buildings that were watching me, and how I thought the world would end before I could elude the corpse of the past, the Capernaum on the pilgrimage, the shadow following me. It leaves a bitter taste in my mouth, but when I wash it out a cascade of tears pour from the relief, and how I managed to find my way out from that queer street into the impossible distance. Writing lines. Only here for a good time. I pursue the sunlight on rivers into fields of dry timber grass, and I'm getting good at telling the sheen of age on the old woodwork of the wold. The seagull's caw leads me to gemstones, in cities where broken machines go phut, in my wild dreams of California.

By my mind's seashore, piecing together the night before. In a haze, in a daze. Today is the selfsame. Delicate, glazed earthenware. Tangled in pond weed, sucked through the pore. Sun pirouettes, into the atmosphere. Mercurial year after year. I stayed quiet and never got to tell you how I felt. Too ashamed, so I kept my feelings withheld, kept my feelings to myself. Hoping you would understand if I ever got the chance, the moment to show you who I am, I can feel the heat from my palms. I am a wheel, but I won't move. I have no need for shoes. I will cut through you like a billhook, and fill you with passionflowers. I will take the eyewash and comb the horse's forelock, as if nothing ever mattered.

Memories come back to me as a blue sky. A blue sky in 1975 over the jardinière, over the vines of the banana trees, over the utopia I've created. They come through the television screen, even tangerine, when I was trying to make ends meet. I buried them in extensive graves, drank bottles of Pepsi, had hopes that tomorrow won't be Procrustean. Silence springs. Remembrance for the thousandth time. Plasma shining in Palm Springs. Mornings for the Tropic of Cancer. I want the blue sky to last forever.

Where the Water Ends

Angels gather and we are not judged. Parallel to the world axis. Bathing in eucalyptus and citrus oils. We read our minds. Two atoms become one, two hearts become one. I feel it, deep from within, this roaring sense of no belonging. I feel it, from deep within, the magnetic bond with silver linings. I never knew how to breathe within these dark walls, pulling words from immortal flowers, the kind of lovers that leave us breathless. The wax has hardened. I am cemented in this feeling. Kingfisher of the rotating algorithm. Under a malediction. I didn't know I could feel so small, ten times lighter than I was. Sewn into the hand of time, wanting you to cradle my fall. I've gotten lost along the way, remembering waves of happiness when I had reasons to wake up and love until it hurts. Intrepid with a velvet touch. Weaving dreams from the heavens when they open. Trying to engineer a way out of the black obscurity. There is no template to life. I look at the sea, incoming waves violently crashing. Unexpected arrivals. It's an assault to the eyes, the annotation you left. Two trains colliding to make a train wreck.

Rivers Run Clear

Pouring into diplomatic spaces. Soaring through achromatic skies, I reason with the salamander buried in my veins. I wear my pride, towering over unbreakable cannonades. The persistent flame that flickers glows through the fog screen, the subconscious faculty of a dream. Mind flowing when I sleep. The need for self-expression is burgeoning in the heart, some kind of embellished tokonoma, growing strong with each day the fire eating me inside rages on, and I am trying to keep my head above the bells in saltwater.

Rivers run clear with each wrought caprice. I cut scars into my left arm with precise verisimilitude, fraying at the ends. In the prime of life, shipwrecked in the salt chuck of theorems. Leaving date palms in the sun. I remember falling from the branches of a treacherous past in an insular mind, carried away by the pink sea foam of songbirds. I seen the death of an angel and I can't erase the sight, the movie playing over and over in my mind, the apparitions of the night when the moon is hanging from the black sky. It haunts me, the calm truism. Rivers run clear. Wicker boats sailing in the gloomy bay of some orchestra. The satisfaction of seeing my vision take shape leaves me repleted in a curious but gentle way. Making me believe in a thousand possibilities, a thousand seas. When the rivers run clear, my eye is focused.

Salt Away Rainbow Ashes

In one clasped moment - pearl in my hands, sweat of the anatomy - the vista of the morning sea, the morning glory, became a distant memory - void with my daily thoughts of running away with green lights of the ionosphere. The trees turned upright. Matchsticks with shadowy flames when the body responds, and the city landscape becomes unsavoury. Decomposing with every passing year. The foot is on the pedal. Seeping in the dream process. Sensitive to the touch when you lick the salt. Three watts echo, riveret through the shape. As it rains against my window everything seems grey and wet. When the eruption of a volcano percolates through the filter, over the cool surface of serene waters, there is no more wisdom to be gained. As the rain slides through the streets, down by the closed bar, regrets collect in the dark of the psyche. You find the jaded voice lifeless. Merely sitting and waiting for stars, under the sky of eternal muses. When the clouds lift the sun takes to the world stage, and the rain is a wishing call. The stars are unsung - young safflowers in their stripling - water bubbling just the same - wreaths of laurel - people without names. Making do in impossible situations. Making gold out of dying flowers. Lilac hydrangeas. Carousing on tiptoes.

TRANSCENDENCE

Each symbolic moment of bliss is a shuddering reminder that the happiness never lasts for long. We must cherish the ones we love before they're gone, before the final moon rises in a land of rainbows, before spirit angels travel to the rose garden of Heaven, before our eyes simmering with hot tears reach a boiling point and we're paralysed with soft aches we can't possibly dull, before we're eagerly ripped open by unbreakable moments and burned into the pages of history.

Gone, Not Forgotten

elegy for Kyle

When I first heard the news, the ricocheting bullet, it was as if time came to a stop as the words went through me, leaving me biparted, split in half, with a wound that won't heal, in a room I had made for you. Unable to fill the empty silence of night which echoes through every fraction of the canyon abyss, the void with no answers. I couldn't believe it then, and a part of me still can't swallow the pill, or wrap my head around the prospect that it's too late to unlearn the grief, too late to say goodbye. It's strange how our paths crossed, how we met at the point of fate, to think about how things could have been, how I'm here with remnants of your sparkle, how you live on in my mind, and from time to time I think about you, wondering how you must have felt in the last moments of your life, wishing I could've done more but I never got the chance. Now you're gone and I can't forget your smile suspended in the perpetual morning sky.

HEAVEN FOREVER

We are still young and have everything to live for. If we hadn't seen the blue glow of the sea meeting the sky, or the white shine of the sun reflecting on our oceans, we wouldn't know what more the world holds, what more the world has to offer, but we'd be silent prisoners in these amorphous spheres, oblivious to the world's beauty, the newly found love, dying to be free. In our hearts we keep our fondest memories, safely placed in smiles where no one can go, where the entrance is blocked by cloudless midnights and unforgettable days. When we look around in smoky places, we see sugar in people's faces, friendly strangers, for every relapse. Pushing past easily-fixed misunderstandings. Pushing out, pushing in. Releasing a flood of built-up tension. Never wanting the song to end. We see Jesus in electromagnetic wavelengths and the catharsis feels almost surreal, unimaginable for a second. At the crossroads, my eyes point to lost hopes in the orange sky. In recurring dreams I see lucid visions of you exploding into blinding celestial lights, and I let my sudden tears fall onto the moons of the horizon.

Upon Looking into the Iris

Unexpected memories surrounded by a gate of thorns in the crumbling forest of my crowded mind, resurfacing abrasions, find chasms in the night, sacred places where they live as rain, and come to the light when my eyes are closed and I plummet into a horde of echoes. I try to understand them, ever inquisitive. From all facets I have been living like this, an acquaintance of time, trying to forget the mind I've hidden, uselessly falling in and out of sleep. Waking from dreams and telling myself to take a good look, to take a good look, to take a good look. You kissed me once and it hurt, and I tried to change the meaning. The embers fell from the faint glow in your eyes, as if you had seen a thousand cities burning from the edge of sanity and found a way into my brain, before you took the fruit from my lips and crushed the petals of my heart.

On the journey south, to the tip of success, we were dressed in our finest clothes, ready for the memorial, the long funeral procession. Barely uttering a word, godly in church before wedding vows, before the scars of a survivor. Flashing red with an itch I can't scratch at the inception. An insatiable craving for life settles where my emotions pour. A belated feeling of relief blooms, drained with eyes downcast. He looks at me, but not quite the same as he did, and for a moment I froze at the consensus, tearing myself apart from the inside. The wind blows the door shut, not to be opened by wet hands. Touched by the breath of Sweet William, as mad as my thoughts. Living in a diary that never ends, in a dysfunctional mess. I let that emotion bloom and it found a platform, sucked on the fingertips. In a black room with no windows. I fend off the blows. My heads collide. I choke on the nestling smoke, birds in the air, all the things that accumulate in the atmosphere and rain back down to become a river and a song. I knew this would happen all along. I contain the truth in my eye, and sit frustrated by the identity crisis. Wishing I was someone else, wishing I was living a different life. Too many times I have imagined my death, how it will happen, how I will be sculpted.

Diagonal with inconsistencies. I lost my cool but then found it again, and made another impetuous mistake. Cut myself into shreds and put the remains into glass jars effortlessly. I have as many as my problems, and I count them one by one. The confetti falls and lands with the consistency of syrup. Hot water placates my body. When I feel the cold brush I stick to the underside, and think. I know it's not palatable, but the urge won't leave. *When will the itch finally stop and let me go?* It kills me just to look in the mirror. I have never known what it feels like to walk on stable ground. I have never known what it feels like to be loved. Each morning I wake up and get out of bed and I feel the same, and I look out the window to watch the world in its riveting eminence. I have always been this way. Trapped in a predicament since 1940, in the labyrinth of my memory, laid on a bed praying I convalesce.

Apple of Eden

One day I hope we will meet again, not in the mist of a January dawn, but by where you last parked your car, and reminisce about that one reckless summer the train took us past our objective, before you went on to have your second child. All roads lead me back to there. Our conversations have perished. We have hoped in vain. You must have a lot on your mind, because I have a lot on mine. I always do. Ever since I left school it's been tough to reckon failure.

The rain here never seems to stop. It's as if the rain has no end. I wonder what the weather is like on the street where you're living now. You never said, but you lost your first son. I was told he drowned in the bath one evening. A bed was made out of the accident. You were left with the weight on your chest, the heavy feeling of loss wedged in your throat. I pick the stone from dark corners. Juggling the feeling of nowhere to go. Nothing can beat the music of home, where I found a place to put my poems. Tears replaced with a precious newborn are now Saturday bank transactions, money withdrawn from an addict's face during the sleepless months of unconditional love. We walk on the cobblestone. Our eyes lock on postcards from Egypt. Tongues weep silver flames. We are free from the ropes we were tied to. Here's mud in your eye. I've got mud on my shoes, as I make my way back. I remember the pain I can't forget, the pain I fear. As I'm swimming in the nostalgia of old photos I don't know how to feel.

Siloed

Pools of untouched snow cover the black roads. The streetlights are candles for the wordless town, the traffic slowing down. When the fog is so thick I can barely make out what's in front of me, except the silhouette of the unmoving trees, I am isolated from the lake, isolated from reality.

I've never wanted to grow old, in a clear world. Everything feels cold. My teardrops leave me like heartbeats, like disconnected snow in the wilderness, with certitude. I get lost in sentimental ballads and rise like a cake, but I can't translate the hieroglyphics of an ancient script buried in time. Unwinding.

The sky has changed its colour. The paint has dried. I've seen through the telescope and seen things I'd struggle to describe. The naked view of the mountain, the same destruction of a thinning body. At arm's length I catch falling stars, the falling dust. I see crashes from the side of my eye, and I turn to them, to the ruined homes of false gods, but they belie one's true intentions, and the darkness comes before the light. When I reach out to touch the face, it feels so real but I know it's a dream. I've been here before, been penetrated by the cold walls of a lie. Staring out at the ripples on the water flowing like a dress. The swans recognise me like I recognise the white sun shining through the clouds into my mouth, we've come to know each other.

Broken Flow from the Lake of My Pen

On the hilltops of another language we slip up sometimes, we slip into things, into real delusions, into musings, into midnight reflection. Countless stars are rose petals beaming in jaded strips of envy, overshadowed by ghosts who wake up in the morning to see the day proceed in the same way a sagar unfolds from the earth. The neighbourhood fox comes back to me, when red pills seep from her and she's tainted with periods of madness that glow in her dull black pupils. Designated in the first portion of the sky.

I rest my head on the untrustworthy presence of a feeling I can't explain, yet I cannot help but devour my nightmares clothed in wishes of magic and a happy ending. In this graveyard of great pretending I rely on the foundation in place. The nightmares are a part of me, an additional feature, an abandoned child in a line of questions. They are seeds and life grows from them. I can't escape from them, my continuous thoughts, the Job's comforter telling me what I want to hear. In buildings I drown in noise, in the distinct meaning of an appellation.

As forlorn as the last star in the night ether or a sterilised voice in a bat cave, calling out for a hand. I see no way through the living daylight, through the roads rich with peril, driving off wistfully. The eye of a dream is a chestnut. I do not spin yarn. I do not take things that don't belong to me, or make up some kind of Berlin Wall. I listen to the stories told by forgotten soldiers, men in gold resin. Concentrating during the lesson. We sing in falsetto and write love letters. We express our sorrows and we have been taught well by a master in cornfields. Wearing spiders and comedy. Progressing in the moments I have been left to my own accord. Nothing is quite literal here when words blossom, when the sound of a passing train fills my ears, when the air carries me in a gas form. I have nothing to fall back on. I breathe in cold mornings, wanting to feel like a child again. A representation of my brazen actions hang on the paper, slanting at an angle. The sun consumes my face. It teaches me that life is real.

Soft Violins

My return to earth was not the grand pomp and circumstance I had imagined, but a quiet love affair, something unexpected but immediate. It happened so quick, before I got the chance to properly think it through, it was over. I succumbed to the tears. The pressure coils and tightens in the chest, leaving nothing special to the imagination. Sound waves vibrated in the blur of the duress, in the important veins of the neck. The music returned like liquid, a tideline of mirrors into infinity. I hear soft violins in my ear. Perfect fifths in tune, moving seas, prehistoric melodies. Captured in the beauty of paintings in museums, in the intonation of angels softly playing violins. Semitones linger in each octave. The brazilwood delicately strokes the Perlon, delicately strokes the catgut, the birth kind. At the moment of a lonely realisation I fade with wisps of cigarette smoke vanishing into the air, into the existentialism of Ysaÿe, into glowing manifestos. I check back out of earth, all before the strike of a clock. Hesitant to speak, ship in the anchorage, the violins talk for me.

Duality

Two minds in one body exist together. Independently revolving around two conclusions. Abandoned in the ruins, in thought dimensions. Spilling out of myself, remembering all the lives I've lived which have amounted to this intrinsic wondering. Self-sufficient in life's flames, my thoughts feed off each other and take me to separate but unique emotions, contrasting ones in the mind's asylum, in this sad, sad, world. I hold the pearl of the past, on the outside looking in. I dream about him in a psychic blackout. Clinging onto a fake reality in future history. I don't know how I am perceived on the scales. I don't know how I made it this far with my eyes shut in a pandemic. Minds are fabricated. Clouded by hypnosis. Every analysis is a numeric miracle pulling me deeper into the whiteness of baptised doves, pulling whispers from a fruitless passion. Don't leave me here. Come back like a river obsessed with punctuality. Turn my lamentation into summer wine. Give me the sun by the poolside. I have laid out the atoms of my halcyon days. Nothing remains.

Narcissus

Nothing but an echo sound remained. The poet drowns in the winter chill of the water's rhetoric. At long last, self-acceptance. The air of the mountain spirit points to the centre of the ego, liquid gold in my numb mind. My warm semen is released in a flood of pleasure, in a Neverland where I've been praying for spring. I am a wind-up toy with razors in my skull, with an indecisiveness I can hardly understand. I will write my way out of this electric crisis. I turn corners to watersheds and walk to hills, not wanting to get lost and make a wrong turn. I don't know where I'm going on the voyage to self-discovery. Normality to absurdity. Droplets of epidermis sweat keep me cool in the warm heat of passion. In spite of our differences our minds are plagued with images. Silent hostages sent to Coventry. My pink lips are sealed, mouths in the Louvre, as the moonlight guides me towards insanity. I am confused and unclear, but the combination of incompetence and wishing is something I am all too familiar with. I could put the concept of true love into a thousand words, a sea of butterflies, transforming words, but I never seem to do it justice. I could never run faster than the Molossus, I burn brighter than candlewick.

Honey Melting into Your Kisses

I cannot change the weather to suit you, as hard as I try. Sunbeams glitter down by the lake when I take the rain, then the emotion fades away when the feeling comes to surpass. I realise there is life outside of these walls. Life not explored, a life calling.

Pink Morning Horizon

You enter earth's pulpit garish and proud, son of yesterday. Thinking my bedroom is a rostrum for your picnics. A naked torso that could be folded and put into a little brown suitcase to carry away. The charioteer is the paparazzo for a radiant face. When I turn around I look to see a piece of Heaven for open hands. As the years went by and faces turned to statues the ink on the paper dried and smoke stuck to the flowery wallpaper.

Sand Dunes of Truelove's Eclipse

Everything I have ever done has lead up to this moment. Moments when I sit down to think, moments where I let myself flow, when I let go of each memory I've been holding onto, each particle that makes me who I am. Entangled in dilemmas. I've started the poem in three different ways, watching things fall into place. Staring at the paper but I almost have no clue, no idea where to start. I am soaked in impeccable regret. Soaked in thoughts of consecrating my life, wanting to make a better, worthy change.

A strange silhouette apprehended in dreams of freedom and success, and speaking of himself in tongues, has tried to find the words to portray the trouble he has found himself in. Sat at the same old bureau plat, writing another dossier, interminably. Writing rivers of saccharine poetry about beach days. I made the cover of the pamphlet myself and stored it safely in a briefcase, moon at the terminus. The perfumed dye drips from the mealy-mouthed nib. I think of my brain, *what if the pen didn't work? What do I want to say? Where do I begin, with all the things on my mind today?*

I try ever so desperately, unable to think. I have thought of nothing much since I woke up and dove into a blank page of frustration that's ineluctable. Tonight I hope I can sleep, when the cooker is off, the appliances are dead, the curtains are closed, the lights are out. There is no doubt the niggling needs to be killed. I won't be satisfied until the day is fulfilled, until the fruits of my labor materialize, until the sky is clothed in dark clouds and the moonlight in the intimate night of a whimsical city drinks me. If nothing comes from my feeble attempts, I feel as nugatory as all the snails I've saved, picked from dangerous pathways. In a brown study. Unheeding. Dreaming of men holding hands, so romantic. Eyes into souls. Drunk love spilling everywhere.

Wolf Feather

Cool air rains on my skin, I breathe it in. I am a boy of love, I am a poet of time. Always behind the sirens, moving serpent. Following the mysterious allure of the yellow crescent. I measure the wind by the movement of trees. Unparalleled anxiety is an RV running through me.

At every news broadcast on the Toshiba I am closer to the astrology of this idyllic place, closer to the voice of a daughter's coming maternity. Stars died in my eyes with a passing breeze. Now when I see the stars I keep them close to me, close to the twist in my stomach, to the Prima Spremitura I can taste hours after, the garlic and the vinegar. Drifting off. Tangerine leaks from my mouth, the dream's face, the beauty spot. The transformation begins, wake to sleep.

I speak of the same fervid self-destruction that is a bruise, resembling the Colosseum, with every intention of rising from the firm hold. I cut my body open for every thought, every experience, every memory.

L.A. Sex

Last night I drank the darkness, the 4 a.m. shadows, the adagio in D minor. The world was in slow motion and it tasted like a waterfall of red velvet, Heaven in my mouth. Every breath was a step closer to the orgasm, the apotheosis of the seraphic song in the spiritual body, foolproof perfection in the glittering eyes of misguided youth. Graphic, colourful images of life's end burned into memory in the lucid flow of the breaking of atoms. I washed onto the soul's island, seeing things before they happen.

In plastic sheets the truth lies, spat out by a grinding saw, where legends are made on Sunset Boulevard. The pink sky is in the distance, and the lights of the evening from Mulholland Drive are frozen in an aging photograph, in the defects of multiple scenarios flaking off at the crux of a decision. I am everything. Folded over with mouthfuls of ice cream, with the deepest sadness. This morning I have an infection.

Jealous

Bobby Vinton plays on the radio, Blue Velvet on the radio, let's kiss and make up at a jazz show. The faint echo of sensual music sways, in the same way we crave each other, in haunting dreams of fucking each other, loving each other. He says roses are red and sugar is sweet, and at times I feel as lonely as him, as forgotten as a teen idol. Guilty of compassion, letting go of the resentment, sand in my hands. My dreams of you are broken glass, fluttering butterflies in the darksun. Life was sublime in my haven, now life comes undone. The indifference returns, a revolving door. Either way I'm happy it's over, happy when I feel the soft touches of dissolute creatures. When no one is here, when there's no one to wipe away my tears or console me in my darkest moments, I trip at the fuse. When I get drunk and have the courage to tell you my feelings, there's more to me than staring at a ceiling. There's more to me than staring at the grey smoke of the sweet grey tea, there's more to me than staring at the white sky feeling purposeless. When life goes well it never lasts for long. When people have everything planned out it all goes wrong. When I'm filled with pain I can't escape and at my breaking point, who will hold me when I'm crying and make me feel like everything will be alright? When the wheels stop working and there's no more grease, and there are angels in my bedroom at the foot of my bed, will I live to see tomorrow rise again? Will I live to love you, to love you?

Dove Poison

Time has changed, time has changed. There is no other way I can put it. I wear dysphoria as a crown, and no matter how much unutterable necromancy I use to try and create vistas of the meridian, I always fall back down from the bubblegum clouds, reaching out for you. My sentences are never fully complete, melodies that won't leave my head, leaving me breathless on the seabed, sulking. The things I have done can't be reversed. They've swallowed me like time and the universe, like the blue day's lullaby. It almost feels unfair, we are known for sex and war, for the rings on our fingers, when we are changing time. I will save you a seat here in my world of tangled neap tides.

The morning is softer than silk and the warm air hosts an aromatic smell as if it's a garden of flowers in a tropico paradise. I weaved my ode to a nightingale in dreams of poetry. Pigeon milk is regurgitated into the young bird in the same way I regurgitate words and put them neatly into rhymes, into new personalities, into oneric states where my mind is trapped and neon lights flash. It's the way it's meant to be, the loving duty of the keen sailor in lilac shades, taking coral reefs and giving them to horses. I wear my body weight in regrets, wanting change. Each cycle of the sun is a stone of tomorrow, my eyes following the stars of the night. Change is a thing I have always postponed, but something I've always wanted to taste. Change is a thing that compels me in every way, but change is a desire which intimidates me, a song I dream of, for reasons which beat like a heart.

Black Sea Nude Beach

It was all gun metal. Each falling petal fell so well, I could tell the happiness was real, then the melancholy of spring settles in. Today I am coming to my senses. The sun hits my face, the realisation blinds my eyes, rose coloured lenses, like hands meeting gloves, and I come to weirdly love the peculiar sensation of falling into dreams. In this moment, this stubborn addiction, my pulsating movements, each separated footprint is a fallen solider in the draft of the winter in 39'. I come to love the feeling. The acting bird, the gentle winds pass by like a conscience whispering in the capsized mind. Inside out, I was moonstruck and deranged, drowning in creative and destructive waves.

Midnight Hours

Handed to the flames of the cold night, when I speak out of place. Tears of regret fill me like spells of rain, and I'm feeling like the skeleton of Dadaism, having caught a glimpse of the bigger picture and escaped the clutch of some mad disease. The sigh of the heart trickles through my jukebox, when art is persistently rushed and I have no time to gather my thoughts, no room to move, no room to think, so I walk to rivers to clear my mind, running from the loss of control. Crystal waters flow like Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*, taurine down the throat. Silvery-gray when exposed to the air. The electric shaver glides over my skin just like a lawn mower over the lush greens, and I feel as smooth as freshly squeezed oranges. When I'm done I'm reduced to a nothing substance, to a powdery hammock, a relic of the past, beautifully dead. Wanting your rose gold kisses, angel music of the night.

Life in Motion Picture

There is nothing worse than dying twice. Praying for more but getting nothing. Making scars out of tainted windows I peer through, losing myself in paintings, in the sorrows of love. I flow with clouds in clear skies. More hopeful, more open, more ready. I hold the ceiling above my head, having embraced the sadness, the sheets of rain, I am ready to go with nature, the aspects of earth leaving me feeling like I've been pushed aside. I thought I was invisible to the eye, but I've never stood out more going about my day. Words fall from my mouth to make rhymes, I leave them behind, in blushes, in hearts, in pellets of smoke compliant with the end of the world.

I found myself broken. Wide open on the floor of the forest, my unsettled mind is waiting. Within seconds I had turned anticlockwise, to face the burning sun, as I felt our relationship disintegrating like ashes. We ran into each other and we exploded. The nuance is evident, in corners. We knew it from the get go, from the moment we seen life in motion picture. We stood in the silence, knowing this would happen, knowing we would reciprocate the bitterness, as I often enumerate my problems for a crowd of faces, and shout about how I wish I would disappear. I can't get blood from a stone, and I wish we could be congruent with the words we say. I wish we didn't have to take things too far, beyond repair. I walk into my bedroom and leave the door ajar. I rinse my hands, even when the soap gets into the cuts and it hurts.

You sit in the other room, unable to look at me, unwilling to let me make things right. I hold the damage, the African violet. Before I know it, it's 4 a.m. and I should go to bed, but I can't help but think about the disconsolate evening and how I remember you in poems. I don't possess the competence to hold back. This cataract of emotions that I've been holding in has made me weak. I know the love is categorical. I know the dependence on the addiction has made me desperate, and at times, when I call for freedom, I feel worthless. As dawn sets, as my hair wets, as the bruises fade, our lips depart.

You Said You Would Never Leave

Night falls and I look up to the sky. In the blackness of an overheated room I think about you and overflow with emotions, visceral emotions detonating with meaning. We never could come to a settlement, always wrapped up in the tides of the mother ocean, in mauve hot summer nights, but I seen the light in your eyes, faintly glowing, reminding me of my inner child longing for the paradise of youth. I think it was the moonlight, or maybe it was the earthshine, your winter halo speaking to me. My love for you is as long as the sky. I would drive as far as I could to get back to you. I would drive as far as I could until the car broke down or the wheels fall off. I would drive as far as I could without stopping for a gas station, through storms, if it meant I could get back to you. I would endure the duration of the pain in my beating heart, however long it lasts. I would die a thousand times over to go back to the past, to that moment when everything felt right and nothing was out of place.

Shadow Flame

In my fortress I watch the candle flicker. Butterflies gather on the buddleia, dark circles under the eyes. I have made way into this hollow forgiveness, the bells ringing out. This is the worst pain I have felt in my life, burning away, making me crazy. Sometimes I get the urge to cut out my organs, in hopes I can remove the pain buried deep inside of me, but I can never find a way of doing it appropriately, bloodlessly, painlessly. Unable to sleep I look out the window into the unlimited void, waiting for the loveless morning to appear. Each breath hurts, as I get impatient, in silence and darkness. The night is an old friend.

One More Drink to Numb the Pain

As the minerals calcite and aragonite, the crystal forms, microorganisms in pale blues, in deep purples, in illusions. I see it, the liquid moon in violent dreams, swimming above the skyline of my imagination. I saw myself in my reflection, too ashamed to say anything. I fell from the fabric of words, into rabbit holes, into worlds as beautiful as a rainbow, blaming you for the way I feel, wanting one last dance for the old times, one more song to feel something.

My lips are wet with alcohol, and my mind is wet with thoughts of you, thoughts of the relapse, thoughts of where I put the pills, where I placed myself. People call me the sun, but they don't know the person I've become, somewhat cynical. I didn't know I could change so fast, blaming you for the way I feel, for the wounds that don't heal. Everything was dreamy. In my rapture I was swept away with the rain, blinded by the lights, the mountains, the music, the casual walks in the woods, the mundane pleasures. Sometimes I think I was jeopardised from the beginning. Falling before I can't start. At every corner I am a prisoner, a sacrifice for the gods, in the clothes of an iconoclast, destined to be here, wanting the world and the air. I sit with my ocean scented hair, wanting the world and the air.

6:46 Sun Is Rising

From the pap of Glencoe, from the bay at Wester Ross, all the rivers I've crossed, the orange sky at Loch Torridon, I was promised more than this, but you never gave me anything. You said I could have the sky and the moon, before you took my smile and squashed it like a beetle under your foot, and the day was doused in a monstrous karma, and I went on like it never happened, afraid of the inevitable. I don't believe a word that comes from your mouth, all the lies you tell, the sarcastic undertones, when you try to deceive me into thinking I'm in the wrong. I was cold and alone, trying to relieve the aches of life. I put the freckles back on. I put my insomnia into the memory box of sleepless nights, with little buttons of magic, with thoughts of the sun and moonshine. We are dissident in our ways of thinking.

Songs of Hope and Peace

You can't write about deserts and native myths. You can't sleep under the geometric patterns of the desolate night sky, dreaming of the Elysian Fields, by the water of a land or the red humps which is not your home, and write about what you've lived. You can't look into the eye and find a muse, or take a mushroom from someone else's forest. The keeper of gates is waiting on the road of hardship, where foxtails are turned into dream catchers, where blood grows from the alluvial soil, from the crackling of a fire in a soul. You must stay placed. Stay quiet. Do not walk far from your salt, from your sweat. Remind yourself, you are photons in vacuums, you cannot stretch love and turn it into leather. When you amass raindrops from earth, you are not allowed to speak.

I have been told my voice is useless, but I don't need permission to walk through deserts and feel inspired. The birds come back for the seeds like a sweet toothache to sing their songs of hope and peace. I tied my shoelaces. Who took your tongue, the mother from her son? Write poems on the rooftop of a building in New York, from your bed when you are too sick to function, where you let your feet anchor. In the perishing weather of 2 a.m. I neaten myself into every crevice, in the hot rocks of mountains. I drift with words, with snows, on a dangerous course. I fall into the moon's periphrasis, into unrivalled arguments, and sink faster than ships. Each thought dies from inertia when they won't evolve, deep-seeded into the skull of decadence, dearth in valuable brain matter, adorned in the self-loathing of a drunk afternoon.

When the berberis is picked, when you learn about those native myths, red rubies shimmering in dirt, you make memories out of cotoneaster. You remember the aromas, the bellicose way of defending what you hold close to your heart. You meet men in the vestibule, streaked with blues, talking about the things we've been through, being human. We are drills, boring into atmospheres. We were innocent, we were ignorant. You cannot change what the fourth dimension has written, so I sit like the past. I wake up content in the morning and I open the curtains, with a raging joy to be alive. The day is in my palms. I respire. I open the matchsticks. I pick at the gray, things starting to decay. Life unravels in a special way. I float through time and space. I land on black rock. People like me are speechless, and people like you don't see.

Your body is flooding me with ecstasy. I am as soft as a baby's fontanelle. My eyes are crystal droplets, crystal dust. I am subservient to my desires, I listen to them. The years have been filled with glory and imprints of sadness. My head is filled with madness. The night hasn't even started. I have given my pearls to mathematicians, told them about two dogs with the same ear infection, my name on my birth certificate. There is no greater satisfaction when your bones repair. The new craving impales me. The hairs grow back. I rest on the marble worktop, next to the brown envelopes the postman has just delivered. I didn't climb into this mindset, I don't regret what I said. I hear the birds have awakened. I pour the water from the kettle. I sew myself to life in an awful attempt to console myself, I think of cake. I wriggle out of the day. This apartment has been up for sale countless times, more times than flickering lights. At once I feel the punch of the acidic memory, the punch of saltwater, all blended together. Silence is the biggest burden I hold, but I won't be silent. I will peel the spitfire from the rhyme, from the cry of a howling wolf at midnight. I will wash ashore. Suddenly I appreciate life all the more.

The Water I Sing To

Jude's postcard arrived this morning telling me to read the scripture for the answer, how these trying times are not over, how we can find comfort in one another, but I have no place in the religion of Hollywood. I drink and smoke and listen to Neil Young. I wear a silver chain with a heart, which was a gift to my mother, which brings me closer to last night. I found it on a clear blue day lying untouched, and now it belongs to my tears, hanging around my neck with a motive. I pass waterways, I navigate, over the isthmus and into distinct waters. I told myself I wanted to die, I wanted it so bad I went to the extreme, making myself bleed. I ignored the warning signs, the prophets singing. I was never incorporated into the house, into the tales of hard labour. I was left an atom pondering in the sky, before unopened doors, brimming with useless thoughts every time I am doped up. I get cold feet when push comes to shove, and I am godless, not interested in the television. A charming seamstress trespasses in my visions, and the irregular high goes away. My body plummets into black holes, into different kinds of waters, into freedom. I bare my soul there, quite alright for the time present.

Air Chamber

Mute shadows appear in the white light, faceless at midnight. I take the time to think of every bereavement and loss I've ever faced, all the people I can't forget, in my room alone with my thoughts, making vows as if my name is Nazirite. I made three simple offerings: a lamb as a burnt offering, my virginity as a sin offering, and a bridge as a peace offering. I made this foundation out of hope. I came with unleavened bread, grain offerings and ethanol offerings. I made odes to the mountains of my homeland, said I was going to shave the hair from my head, and be the pile driver, but I never got around to doing it, keeping my word. I live in an air chamber where I procrastinate, where I spend days dreaming of your touch, feeling like I'm never good enough, lying to myself.

Chameleon Skin

Changing colours, I am more than one thing. I am a body of contradictions, and all the letters I never sent are blood children, roses that last for five years. I have had you in my hands for so long. Holding you close to me, never wanting to let go. The moment I got attached I started to suffocate, unhinged from events. You are a persistent thought, a silent passenger. One time I wondered, what good is it being alive if I can't stand it, if I can't call you mine. I despised everything. I couldn't restrain myself. I couldn't look at the sun or the walls without having a darling worry to take care of, but I wanted to resort back to being a baby in your arms. I can't pretend, sometimes I feel I'm no good. I peel off every habit, they grow back like fungus. You are addictive, I can't stay away. I latch on too quickly. I have always been this way. Molded like clay.

Hypnotic

The dream ended where it started, where the rain softly falls, with no concrete beginning. My eyes were mirrors, under the spell of a snake charmer. I have entered another year of being enchanted, holding the evidence in my hands, as mute as a stone. My thoughts are flowers waiting to be picked in my ever expanding intellect, summoning me. I go to them and give them voices, I give them eyes, in baking soda skies, but I never know what to do with them, so I become you, looking for a cure. I crawl under the skin, under the fading red, into your most precious way of thinking. Dubious, but I go ahead. I dive into new feelings I've never felt, learning you can't grow without living. In time, I will resurface stronger than I was, fitted like a belt around the waist, coming undone like a chronicle, a romantic poem from the golden opulence of those baroque times. I have spent today painting. Polishing the imperfections, where the light is supposed to go. I followed the ocean's song to the end of the waves. Finally I belong.

Rebirth

In the distance I see the blue mountains, on a dark evening. I am on the side of the road, walking home. I feel the refreshing air on my skin, radioactive designs. I feel the hunger within, I can't contain it, how I wish things were different, how I wish I could turn things around, how I play the night like a piano, dangerously close to the edge. I seen the swan dance, love slipping from my hands into the river of time. I admire the chiaroscuro of our golden moments, the miracles we can hardly believe. The cigarette light is bright. I am at ease, cooling down. I could foretell it, I seen it in my horizon, my rebirth. Drifting winds blow over.

Let's Kiss in the Rain

Let's drown in the orange oceans at the end of the sky. Let's eat the fruit of winters and never question each other. Let's live in bliss and make our own worlds out of painless death, filled with love and light. Let's run away together and never look back, never stopping or slowing down. Let's escape to the hills of paradise, to the place beyond our wildest dreams, where we will be free from our minds, where our suicides will be remembered, where we can fuck from morning until night, where we won't have to worry. I can't stand the thought of never seeing you again, never knowing and always hoping. I left before I could say anything meaningful, hung up the phone in a rage, but I can't save myself from the heartache, the feelings eating me from the inside. I wish I could tell you what you mean to me, how special you are, how your smile can brighten the darkest of rooms, the summer days I long for when I recall my childhood. Life passed in a flash, then those magical days were gone, never to return again.

Changing Times

My pessimistic mind is a cloud, not ready to come back down. I feel good where I am, illuminated in the streets between the factories where I used to wander when I was seventeen. I see fireworks of a notable celebration exploding over my head in the black night sky. I give way for the rush of cars, the shuffle of the cards, in love with the old architecture. I leave the night bleeding in my shadow. I move with the changing times, leaving behind unimportant material obsessions. I caught fire, holding him close to me as he cried, releasing years of hardship, barely able to speak through the tears. He told me how he feels unloved, and I reassured him I care, almost wanting him to hold me close, wanting him to never let me go. I became the cinders of city whispers, metaphysical tattoos. Lost in my thoughts. I walk along old roads, where I grew up in a broken home in a rundown town. Now it's a museum I visit, I go back there and cry.

Semiosis

Decorated with metaphors, I am eclipsed by the moon. In the smooth transition between day and night I look for haikus in nature, seeds of Shakespeare, abandoned by idle hands, Titanic ghosts, in the diversion of roads. I am surrounded by endless variables, tongues through the keyhole, in the search for gold. Everyone is fighting an inner battle. Everyone is dancing in the dark, on the path of life. We want the same thing but we get tired of the semblance, putting on a show. I stick my fingers into traps, looking back at the giants in the sea. I take my trophy and run, heading nowhere. I'm not sure how I'm supposed to feel. I have had no time to heal, no time to get my mind together, no time to stop. Everyday I ask for mercy and everyday I'm stuck in the same place, with no name and no face. I look for signs, something real, the poetry in surviving.

So Fucking Tired of the Pain

I reach into the day, the glittering sea of possibilities, ignoring what my heart knows, the spiders of love. There is no shore I haven't walked on. I have crossed all corners, there and back, coming and going. A flow, a flow, a flow. Ideas into mushrooms. I drink water until my urine runs clear, until I sober up. Head spinning from the madness. I can't bare to look at myself. I can't bare to look at the sun casting nebulous shadows, physical manifestations. I occupy this state, the same feeling of hatred everyday. I feel the pain shoot from limb to organ, the tears swelling in my eyes, the emotions pouring. I want it to end.

Million Dollars in A River

We relieve ourselves from the emotions we hold, diving into calm pools. We seek the raindrops, floating in mists in the eye. We read the newspapers, famous names extolled in articles, or examined with fine needles. Holding ourselves to the highest of standards, we cut ribbons from the blinkers, the echo pedals, when we get our hopes up and see through mirrors, we feel alone in cinematic instances of solitude. We put things into perspective, but we never truly see clear. So we polish the corners, making the day worthwhile. We pull the hours until they elongate, but we never have enough time to say what we feel. We are always on the go, pouring our money into dreams. We spare the angels, wrapped in soft fabrics, in clouds. Jim speaks to me. He talks about the colour blue, how he longs for freedom, the touch of life. We walk long roads, quietly observing. We fall into the sound of traffic, waning moons of time. We switch on lamps, we light candles for lost loved ones, but the pain always propagates, it never abates, it never leaves, but only subsides long enough for us to forget the poison arrow in the heart, the lonely rabbit in the garden.

See You in the Movies

When I turn the page of the magazine, to the pin up of a generation, to the luminous photograph of Marilyn, to the lens focused on Diana, a thousand lives flash before me, a thousand distinguishable epochs, echoes through my time capsule, the cityscape, the unkind years, the empty streets I possess, a dull voice with nowhere to hide, the candle's faltering flame, landing like daisy petals, landing like salt in a glass. The fatal look is perceptible, as perceptible as stars in the black sky, the glory of famous ones we see in clippings and posters on the walls, Greek sculptures made out of marble, all the stories we learned in history class. I will not be incogitant. I'm making room for tomorrow, coming back for air. I feel the rain on my skin, the rain falling into the smallest of openings. I can taste the orange in my mouth. I can taste the pink lemonade, wearing my anxiety on my sleeve. I shy away from the stage, the audience of faces, blots of waxy ink, playing the long game. I've made eyes out of ice cream swirls, water ripples. I've made eyes to see in the dark of the night, to see through the drafts of wind, to gaze into the disease of the mind. I've tried too many times, in the hands of my addictions, to break free from the silence I sleep in, wondering how long does it take before the pathogens deteriorate, break down and become nothing? All around me I see the hyperinflation, the rising prices, like the white of the pimple, the pink blush, the dead leaves at my feet, the fruit trees and the pomegranates. I don't have any significant importance. I'm living for fun, for anal sex. If you don't like what I say or what I do, bite me. Take off the tag and put on new clothes, change the rhythm of the body. Drink the crystals, swim in the molasses, the rivers of debauchery. I eat the sugar from the watermelon and lick my lips dry.

90's Baby

How long will it take before I disappoint you, before your opinion of me changes? You know I'm controlled by my emotions, as my old wounds reopen. I jump off roofs into accidental circumstances, into frank confessions, into episodic and contextual details, into rapid mood changes and drawn out sentences. My legs meet the shallow ground, the summer of 2009 when I went searching for blue rocks at the peak of Ben Lomond. How could I forget the seizures, the lazy days in silk bed sheets? I went to the end of rivers to understand the physics of moon songs, the clouds bursting open with water music. On our trip I was the last to cross the finish line, all too aware of my size, my blood type. When I was eleven my eyes opened, the first time I explored my body and felt what it was like to be a boy. Those initial touches were magical pulses, as memorable as my grandmother's homemade soup. I never could have known how the years would be bittersweet, and leaving them behind was like taking a baby from the tip of the breast. I never could have known. I never could have imagined the birth of my sisters, what it feels like to grow up without a father, what it feels like to be loved by my mother.

Beautiful Creature

Yesterday seems like forever ago, so far away from my mind. All around me I see beautiful things. Water slips from my hands, angels with lovesick minds. My estimated calculations were canyons from the truth, so far away from reality. I was swallowed by the paranoia, the ghost from my past, heading towards my fate, the white glow of the morning. I seen Heaven, the waves in the pink sky. As I walked through the streets, into the forest, watching the birds from the windswept hill, below the low hanging clouds, life came to a standstill but my mind was in motion. I had taken on the role of the hunter, chasing after something almost unattainable, something beyond happiness, but all I felt was content, at peace for a second, at one with my nature. In the heart chamber, the core of the earth. I sympathize with life, my wild side. I've always wanted to be free, but I've always felt trapped, chained to my instinct. I become the animal, on the lonely path, surrounded by emotions, the regrowth of trees in acres of green fields. Spring is budding. Today I seen squirrels and ravens. The froth at the edge of the river turned at the web of my lip. I couldn't believe it, when I heard the longing cry. The dwelling monster in my throat turned over, to the rupture in the ceiling. I took the sunroot, said people are oceans, deep blue caves. Always wanting. I listen to songs for heartbroken boys. I realise now how everything is changing. Broken glass sparkles in the night.

Heart Sigh

As the leaves grow back on the trees and the pain gets harder to elucidate, I can feel my bones growing with reason, with politically influenced artistic expressions. I have never been more transparent, planning to write over thirty poems. I said so in a little black journal I've been casually writing in whenever simple thoughts occur. Hopefully I'll be out of lockdown and back to some sort of normality by the end of April, but by the looks of things I can't be sure. Yesterday I slept throughout the day and didn't wake up until eight o'clock in the evening. I went back to drinking. I went back to being compulsive, struggling with my feelings. I went back to being dissatisfied, but tried to remain hopeful. I pushed the disquiet mumbles to the back of my brain, to those cocaine white bones, the heads with buzzcuts, to the injuries from 1864. I listened to Chopin's nocturnes and studied Tintoretto, the larva to the pupa. In those prisms of light I heard my heart sigh. Last night I struggled to sleep and I can't get into a routine. This morning I woke up early when the sky was breaking into colour, had eggs for breakfast and drank some cold lemonade. Recently I've been drinking and smoking and being idle more than usual, which is concerning, but I hope to get myself under control by the end of this April when life might get back in order and I'm not so chaotic. I had some fruitful plans for today and wanted to go for a walk to the local woodlands, but sadly nothing flourished and I wound up dwelling on the impossible. As always days are littered with spells of rain, and at night it gets more windy which deters me from the outside world, but the weather has been more sunny lately, especially between 7 a.m. and 12 p.m., so I'm hoping to visit Loch Lomond, an inspirational muse for me, pretty soon, to cruise the coast and take photographs. I haven't been back there since 2019, the last time I was on a train or ventured into the city. My fingers remain crossed.

In the Shadow Ways

The moon appeared hanging in the purple sky. I seen it from all directions, the moonlight reflecting on the lake, the lights among the trees in the night. I am amorphous, waiting but nothing is happening. The liquor sticks to my tongue. The drink slips to the back of my throat like a love poem. Each sip fades away without a sound. I push it down and hold it there, the quietness of the insalubrious but tasty alcohol, my misfortune. I need a hero, someone to rescue me from this hell fire, someone to listen to my words, someone to love me for who I am.

Whispers in the Clouds

Two hands stem from my thoughts, as white as a guelder-rose, and grab the blue bird from the aviary, the lay figure, crushing it like it was never important. There is no sound, no wave licks on a beach, no crashing ocean. Everything falls silent when the music ends, the way I like it, the way I remember the salt of my breath. I sit before the cartridge paper, slowly breathing. My mind talks about stories of a forgotten reality, a land of dreams, where I wander off into the sky's canopy, into reveries. I go there and pick up the pieces of myself, the broken sunlight.

Never A Forever Thing

Just as the night begins I remind myself this happiness, this warm feeling I feel inside, won't last forever, because it can't. There will come a time when I come crashing down, when I'll have to make room for the heartbreak, and when that inevitable time comes, I'll have to be ready, although you can never truly be prepared for the suffocating hold.

Each day I feel closer to the day before, closer to the white sun, but I can never get there. I always miss the train. I'm always running late, the last voice at the party. A lifetime away from the person I want to be. I can't go on living like there's no tomorrow, telling myself I'm fine when my hands aren't big enough for my problems, because tomorrow exists. If only I had the strength, the mental will. If only I could untie myself from my memories and quit my bad habits, then I'd be able to live life without the burden of dying.

When I was a kid with dreams of being loved, feeling more than human, I would hear the radio playing Springsteen, loving James Dean, with my sunglasses on in the heat of summer. I never could have imagined all that has happened, all the fires in my rebellious soul, all the days without money when I had more to give. When I was a teen in the country scene, blinded by jewels, blinded by seas, I found diamonds in the basement of our apartment, in boxes where we put the photographs of old memories, where there was a compass of the universe. Football was always on the television, and my lips were always around the bottle. I would rise early by habit to see the day transcend, now I lay awake at night almost scared of my thoughts, wishing I was someone else, in my black T-shirt, in sheets of passion and anger. I am white faced with regret, in wine dark skies. It all comes back to me.

Pendulum

Life was meant to rhyme. We were supposed to fall into place, and everything was supposed to be fine, our stars were supposed to align, but life took a turn on the road to nowhere when our bodies were puppets of wanderlust, and we couldn't draw a distinction between fine lines. It's safe to say we agree, how we are telepathic and we can read each other's mind. It's safe to say we are the same, how we wake up and do it all over again. We put beans in the new coffee machine. We throw our two scents into the pond, and when we get along we are two candles burning together, the way it should be. We have nothing bad to say. It's so good it makes me smile, the symmetry of our swing. I love you more than each day I did before, even when you're changing. I embrace the change. I oscillate from the pivot. I am the equilibrium of your wave, and you're the timekeeper of my destiny. I am your body and you're my gravity. I move to your shadows, your moon beams, and even though we are still strangers, my love for you will never end. I look out the window and think. The sky is so blue and the clouds are so white. I feel like I'm living in a dream. Life is too good to be true.

Last Romantic

In daisy fields of happiness, mountains from my sadness, I wander through rivers, aimlessly into dreams, into the sky I made out of poetry, drunk on the feeling of being alive. The pleasure grows in between my legs, every time I think about sex. My mind is submerged in the desire, the pervasive city fog. My watery eyes widen when I see the clouds above, when I ignite in the cloudburst. The heavens rain down on me, so effortlessly. I wash the grey matter from my hands, the alluring scent from my body. I fold as if I'm the lapel, the wicker ready to mold. I am made from atomic particles, regretting what I said, how I acted on impulse. I should have kept my mouth shut. I should have soaked in the landscape from the optic, as Billy whispered in my ear. I blocked out the white noise of the television static, I thought of the lush sunlight on my skin, the cool lake water, the view from the mountain summit. The nostalgia is painful.

Gloomy Morning in A Wet Meadow

I am changing with the season, with the rain and the wind, with the tides of tedious days. I hear myself repeating myself, talking over the voice in my head, climbing through the trenches of love. I said I wasn't going to give up. I went forward, into the blackness of the morning as the sky turned white and washed the colour out. I stood there, by the flowing water, looking for the answers, but all I found was a vagary in my thought process. When I kicked rocks, when I picked snails from the blue jump, words with no meaning fell from the radio mouth. Wine spilled, rolled out from the brown earth. Clouds over the strawberry fields. I seen my past alive in the mother plant, running from blinding headaches where the orange lied. The blades are deformed teeth, warped in the helix, in the cities made out of tears, in the salt marshes where butterflies live on electricity. The sunlight is pointing at me, reflecting on my skin, grasping at every breath. I smile when the rain stops. I sigh when the cycle begins again and I get lost in the pulp of the fog where the night unfolds and I melt like I am ice cream.

Sunrise

Spiral into me. With well choreographed, pulsating movements I reach a sense of euphoria. Godly in hours of young lust. My blushing cheeks, it tasted as good as juicy peaches, as good as the whiskey in my mouth, the blood flow under my skin. I had never been more tumescent, craving more. I fall apart at the touch. I can't stand the longing. I hold out for as long as I can, in those praying moments in lost places, then I erupt into a rainbow of satisfaction in the afterglow. I can't comprehend the thoughts that went through my head, the voices telling me I'm drowning in the rain in my heart. The nitric oxide levels rise, the smoke rises to the sky. I see it fade, the golden leopard on my green cushion, as golden as my compass, as beautiful as the roses in my garden. I follow it, through the labyrinth of life, where the stars die from thirst. I cut through the sinew, the fine silky fibres of moon specks, and the frogs jump from rocks to ponds. As the days pass I feel more alone in my prison, sewing myself to the future. I can taste the truth on my pink tongue.

Wasps and Frog Eggs

Fungus spores spread, infections of unrequited love. Persecuted by a higher authority. I fill the tunnels of my misunderstood sexuality with lungs big enough to breathe in cities, with doors unable to open. My body is blue and made of fires. Two different perspectives, lingering. In the air, cloud vapour. I believe in the words I put on paper, all the poems I've left in the dust. Forgotten and unloved. Today I varnished the seams. I finally understood the language of my teenage peregrinations, in between city buildings and despondent blue mountains. Daylight shined through the gaps in the clouds. Origami unfolding in my mouth. I thought about the burden of knowledge, the tribulations I know so well, how I come to the edge and relapse, and succumb to the desires I can't avoid, when I had planned to bleed out. I'm left in these soils, left to cogitate about how I came to be here, smiling through tears. How could I possibly persevere, lopsided in these regrets I've accumulated? I exit rooms like I am water. I enter ears incapable of listening. Incapable of holding anything valuable. I erase memories, bad experiences, things I don't want to think about. I live in the moment.

Babalaas

Now I'm seeing stars and nothing can quench my thirst. I glow with the shadows on my face, all the muscle aches. Does the pain ever really go away? Am I meant to be wise with age? Always making the same old mistakes, the regret seeps in. I can't free myself from the guilt within, wondering why have I done this again? I see the fire in my eyes when I look into the mirror, the clouds of smoke in the room full of empty bottles, the mess I have to clean up. The sun lingers on wallflowers, the bells that peel. Every wasted hour is a reminder of what I could have been, what I could've done, the sights I wish I had seen, when I was in bed recovering from the night before. Tired, but I have no time to sleep. I always have to go before the morning rises, before the phone rings, before I realise you're living in my mind, thinking about the days when everything was alright.

Ripple Through

As I get older, looking into black murky waters, looking back on the summers of my life, the watermelon of my happiness loses its magic. The days get shorter and I wallow in them, playing pretend with my sunglasses on. I have convinced myself the truth is a lie. I have emerged from the sun.

Stranger Reality

This will be the death of me. The longer I go on, feeling cold to my bones, the more I am certain. I have made a home out of my suffering. I watch the candles burning. I plead to the gods, have mercy on me. I feel the air on my tongue. I taste his salt, his vinegar. I cannot ignore the truth any longer. Everyone laughs at me. Everyone wonders what will happen when the liver doesn't work. Everyone wonders why I breathe so heavily. I take the time to think before I respond. Ever since I've been living in this body I've disregarded every modicum of sense, turned lies into friends. Drinking syrup on a late night, consoling myself in these troubling times. I open myself and take out the heartbreak, sick of this repeating pattern. I order food to go, making promises in my Babel Tower. Hour by hour, I reflect on the past, licking my wounds. If a needle dropped at this moment it would be so remarkable that tears would swell, and I wouldn't think all this pain is because of you.

Mountains Between Us

Oh, the waves of your body take me to higher grounds. Places I can't describe and feelings I can't explain. I love how you touch me, how you hold me, how you love me and drive me crazy. You are the sun on my skin, the warm light bleeding through my sky. I came here to meet you, at the cusp of tomorrow, but you left me deserted in sadness. After the madness, I planted the seeds of hope. I watched quietly and waited for them to grow. I laid my head on my pillow and thought about you. I thought about us inside each other, kissing each other, whispering softly to each other. Coming alive with bright colours and running my fingers over the pleats in his shirt, tsunamis of reconciled flesh. I leave the window open and the air gets colder. I remain unspoken but I want your sugar, your honey in my mouth. Save yourself. The clouds are leaving the minefields, heading for the face of the nearest clock. In a display of facile words I am unapologetic and meticulous. Shrouded in sins. We are water and fire, picking ripe strawberries ready for harvest.

Escapade

We've found our purpose, under the clouds above us. We are broken machines in rose gardens, holding the sun in our mouths, the earth's blue light. Calling out each other's name in moments of passion, wrapped around the mind's swelling. Lies grow in the bulb of the restrictive wind's dance. We thrust, we sweat, our breaths tangle and we draw it out, falling deeper into each other's eyes. We are wild and free. Awake at times when we can't speak, in the still retrogression. Our stomachs are aching with questions, weeks of isolation, memories we remember when we are too afraid to speak, too afraid of being judged for who we are. We find life sources in the brain's rivulet, and the memories are the only things holding us together. Remember how you said I was the one. You made me feel warm inside like a stratus cloud. We stitched our smiles together, we did everything for each other. Laughing at little things. I love you so much I could explode. So now I feel like I could die, I spend my days locked in an endless dream, an endless eternity of happiness. When I reach the fever pitch I can't contain my emotions. I burst open, overflowing with rivers of mania.

Bliss

The lustrous nostalgia is aggressively renascent. It's happening again, something I can't explain, a feeling of delectation. I sit with anticipation that the reminiscing will end soon, and I can start living. Riptides from happiness, my head is in a circus. What will happen if the sun overstays and I sink into this efflorescence forever? Bittersweet thoughts live in my mind like I could live in those lost happy moments, in the space between here and there. I make orange juice out of the roadworks. I wear the pearl around my neck and the gold ring around my finger, looking through the grommet. I realise who I am, wishing I had made the change. I am a deranged imitation of you, silently becoming me.

I look at the trees careless in the wind. I cross the road without thinking. I make ships out of the black night, and on gloomy days when I am jaded I flow with the rain. I stare at oceans, admiring the tides like I am a painter and the world is my dishabille canvas. I pick the colours I want to see, a denizen of my emotions. I bite down on the kernel of the walnut, and the blood is a worm in my veins. Blue and self-medicated. Wading through tears in love poems. I am another raindrop on the window.

Rush of Ecstasy

You are my lighthouse when I'm adrift at sea, the glow of Heaven on a summer's day, the white rabbit I followed to the edge of the lake. When I get lost in your eyes you make me feel as liberated as the American flag. You make me feel like I have a reason to live, echoing with the wind. I come to your horizon and let my tears flow, and the sun feels warm on my skin, in my vacant heart. I have created a fool's paradise out of deep remorse, in the oceans I've explored, in this soulless position. I have seen many children come and go. I have seen many men and women stricken with grief. Unreckoned in a dutiless possession. I fall apart with every confession. Gazing at earth through my telescope, the rush of ecstasy makes me feel high.

My Body Is A Holy City

Waiting on the wounds healing I worship the clean goddess. My black eyes mimic the shadows and I make friends with time. How can I comprehend what my mother is feeling when we're not willing to understand the melodies in our heads? I move on, through the weeds of the sweet birdsong. I move on, through the clouds of destruction, through the ceremonial odyssey. Holding my hands out for you, I pray in my times of need. I carve faces onto the fabric of life, faces on the trees in the forest. Spring leaves are cut into diamond shapes. A window is left open. The sky bakes, the sun permeates, splits into folding lights breaking through facades, into the homes of water people, twinkling in my eyes. I get a glimpse of the movement. I can feel summer coming. I pull the string attached to the electric blue, I twist myself around towards the rune. The water regurgitates the cascade, lukewarm and refreshing on my naked body. It sprays me with delicacies, toffee oranges as the rain falls like vermicelli. The wounds are easily pasteurized, as if they're milk. I acknowledge them, the pink flesh doused in antiseptic magic. Red velvet and vernal air. I scroll my neck along the problems. I take my head off my shoulders. The cold air hits me. I swallow the dried beach. I think it's requisite I have made shoes for my feet. The earth is revolving around my mind, alone in the obtrusive dark of the night.

Skylight

We come together, but we're separated by breves. Feet apart, we stick to our roots. You show me the mirror and I'm homesick, remembering the town I grew up in, the town where I found my wings. I show you my heart, broken and clear. You think I'm joking but I'm serious. You've seen me laugh and cry. You've seen how I breathe in carbon dioxide. You've seen how I've lived, existing in this biosphere of fake smiles, existing in this orchestra of self-destruction. I'm the seashell you promised to take home and fix, but you can't put me back together with glue. I'm more than you think I am. I yearn for those summers I missed out on, for those nights of binocular love. I look into your eyes and I see the sadness. Hidden beneath the surface, I'm drowning in cold waters. I give you a frivolous look. I can read you like a book. Reel me in and tie me up. Tell me to shut up and I'll listen. I've learned to live with a broken heart. I've learned how fathers leave their children stranded. I never should have believed you, I should have known this would happen when I gave you my heart and you said you'd take care of it. Now I know. Now I believe in divinity. I wish I would have listened.

Just For One More Night

I think about us kissing. Unmoored in the passion, laid in a bed of romance. Tonight I seen the land above the sky. So azure and bright. I thought I was in a dream, but I've never felt more awake. Feeling my emotions, I can't bare the sweet ache. I drink to numb the pain. Alone at midnight, I think I'm going insane. I'm falling from my lifeboats, coming undone. I unravel from the seams, from the solace, from the comfort I feel when I hear my mother. I try to be brave, nevertheless my tears are diamonds. I can taste the waterfall of fruit. I try and I try and even when I fail I refuse to give up, not until I have nothing left to give, not until I have no more strength in my body, but evidently I haven't tried hard enough. This addiction overcomes me, it suffocates me.

Be Careful My Lover

Don't let my face beguile you. I know how to deceive fools. I know how to play the game. I've been here before, but it's not quite how I remember it. The streets are the same, but the air is different. The people are older. I am older than I was when I last seen you at the beach, soaking up the sun, working on your tan. Now I work for money and the bartender serves me my favourite drink. I receive compliments with blushing cheeks and makes notes of the people I used to love. Today I came to collect my things. I looked around the room and the moment was heavy on my mind. I thought about all the years I've been trying to be perfect. I thought about our relationship before it was ruined. The photographs were warm in my hands. My life was strewn in the sands of the weeds. How did it get so bad? I went to the lake to gather my thoughts. I walked past the junctions where I would watch the moon burn brightly in the dark of the night. I seen my breath fade away. Lifeless body. I miss him, and in these moments of grief I don't know what to do. I feel so alone, so heartbroken. I can't stop thinking about you. I've tried every escape route, but I can't stop my mind from thinking. I can't stop invading the little spaces, the expression on his face. He is my music. I always come back to him, loving him. I dribble into the pail. Leaving without saying a word. In the backseat of the car, looking out the window at the row of houses, thinking about life in slow motion. The ocean shows me things I don't know. The rain takes me home. The trees lead me to unsafe roads, but the sky has never been more beautiful.

Angels Talk To Me

Today the sky was pink and delicious, good enough to eat. I looked at the clouds, white roses I could sleep in, and my mind went wandering through dream dimensions, roads into worlds, oceans in my imagination. I woke from sleep, the blue folds of my dreams, hearing voices, speaking in languages I can't understand. I thought it would never end, that the refracted moonlight would shine through the clouds in my mind. I drew a line in the sand. It's funny how old friends become strangers and life becomes a melodrama. I turn dark days into games. I ride the waves. Some days I want to disappear, some days I wish I wasn't here, then I think of you and smile. I think of the storms I've made it through, how I've made it this far. I don't know what tomorrow holds, and I don't want to know. I will work it out when the time comes, when I've said too much, when I overdose on young lust, when I see myself in the light in the sky. I think I've died in this house. I'm thawing like ice.

Sparkle Morph

One body revolving around earth. I have two minds, always split in two. The lights triumph in tandem. My world is lit by the sun. I move with the wave's undulation, living in dreams of poetry. Betimes the morning blink. Drunk in the night. I follow the gold shine. I fall at the last hurdle before the finish line, and the horology is extraneous to the filth in my mind. I am high on life, sleeping off what I've done. I don't want to regret. I embrace the metamorphosis. I treat myself like I'm a blank canvas. Everyday I wake up to paint. I get lost in the stars of the music, the sounds cozen me. Iridescent, but not giving in. I will meet you at the ocean when everything is falling apart. I will give myself to you.

Cosmic Ash

When the water rises I will drink the tides of the moon. I will indulge in the plenary madness of our conclave. The sweetness of your breath pacifies my anxiety. You make me feel safe when the world is going up in flames, when I am close to going insane. The night is dark and magical. Kiss me gently under the dancing moonlight. You are the light in my life, the reason I continue to spin. I am a child of the moon. I see the poetry in death, how you drive me wild on those violet nights. I see the sunrise in a rabbit hole of prayers. I lick my lips and they taste sour like whiskey. I can taste the burn of the liquor going down my throat as I'm tangled up in cigarette smoke. Tangled up in the city pollution. I climb mountains just to feel alive, just to see the sea glittering like champagne. I wipe away the body sweat, I wipe away my tears. I promised I would never let you down, but now I'm drowning in the pain. I'm drinking till the day ends and the night begins. I have no doubts, I can feel myself imploding. I can feel the buttery silk run through my veins, inversely gyrating. I am made out of stars, hoping for peace in my mind. I lay awake in the night thinking about the summer of my childhood, wanting to have sex in swimming pools. I want to see the world with you. I want to leave the stage. I want to get the fuck out of this place. I want to go somewhere where nobody knows my name. I want to say goodbye to those painful days when everything went wrong. I want to run to the end of the world and fall.

We Are More Than Dreams

Yearning for the impossible, but trapped in the empty ache of longing. I travel through islands, seeking cheap thrills. I walk through deserted streets calling out your name. *Where are you?* There's an hour of daylight left, and the sad realisation that I'm running out of time is sinking in. *How can I save you?* Your reflection in the water is helpless. Blue and idle. Unwilling to move. Just like a child at birth I need someone to hold onto. The fear is taking over me. The clouds are covering my sky. I am trying not to lose sight of hope because I know I am worth more, I am capable of succeeding. I am capable of flying through skies but my wings are broken. Everyday is another struggle, another tussle with my addictions. I awake to the sound of birds, to the sound of ocean waves. I see the ghosts of ruminating shadows wandering aimlessly. In place like a purple bruise, locked in the jaws of time unfolding. My smile is gone. I no longer smile, not because I don't want to, but because I have no reason to beam with happiness. The sky is getting dark, but I know we are more than dreams. Breathe life back into me. Save me from the dark waters before it's too late. Break my fall from grace. Take the mucous from the throat and tell me about your day at the beach. *How did the sun feel on your skin?* I want to know. My shoulders are tender from the mountains of work. I never did get the love I asked for, the kind of drunk love that drives you mad. So I live in my dreams, but there's more to me than dreams. I shine brighter than a diamond solitaire, brighter than the rebirth of the phoenix. It's a shame you can't see everything I do is for you. I want you to be happy. I don't want to argue with you anymore. I can't take it, the incessant mind games. Nothing really matters anyway. We will all be dust. By then my words will be set in stone. When I'm gone I want you to know my love for you will never die, even when time washes away with the petrichor.

Tapestry

Lightening strikes twice post-haste, between the sky and the moon. I burst into colour, yarn into fabric, riding the waves. Your poetry is the ocean I swim in, the world I get lost in. With every morbid accident I feel closer to you, even when you are warm and I am cold. I am nothing and you are everything. Give me the world and make my dreams come true. Untie me from this life in a vice, the swan song of the affair, the twitch of the fingers, the spasm of the muscle. Let's fall into the romantic flow, the rivers of the soul. Speak to me in metaphors when I am melancholic, when I need your arms around me. I will follow you into the darkness of the night, I will be there when you need someone to speak to. Let's love each other like no one else matters, like our love is the only thing that matters. Let's stitch ourselves into the ash of yesterday, and live for the kindness of tomorrow.

See You In Another Life

Down those dark roads, making abrupt turns in and out of sanity. I can feel the pressure boiling over. Come back to the centre of gravity. As I think about the sky getting older, I paint over the brush marks of narcissism. The first lick of salt is recognisable, a cold wind in my bones. The shadows of my ghosts follow me home, and when I've been up all night brooding the regret slips through my hands. I tell myself it's normal to feel so depressed. I make excuses for myself and fall into deep breaths. How long have we been talking over the phone? Listeners know the feeling. The pouring wax into the body of the sapphire. I went into the mines of love thinking I would die in the seas of passion, but now the regret is slipping through my hands.

Go Faster

Don't stop until I'm full, until I can't take anymore. Pull me until I break. I meet the same feeling everyday. The pain leaves me breathless, almost wishing I could sleep forever. I slip into dreams and sing about the oceans I created, captivated by the lonely feeling of being awake in the sombre hours of the night. I drink until I pass out, I tell myself to go faster. I don't want to remember the burden of life, I want to live in the moment and take the risk. I want to feel the rain falling from the sky. There's something about living on the edge that makes me feel free, that makes me feel happy. I've tried, but I can't quite capture the moment again. Those times are long gone. So I sit here, remembering. Telling myself to go faster, telling myself to not look back. I fall from heights I can't understand, submerged in the darkness. I can see the other side, so I tell myself to go faster. I can't seem to slow down. Race me to the hills, the border of my anthem. Catch me when I fall, it's inevitable. I can't hold on for much longer, I'm tired of the insomnia. I'm tired of the nostalgia eating me alive. I'm crippled by the ache, the pain that echoes through my body. I was looking at my phone, those pictures I took long ago, and I can't understand why it has a hold over me. I have so much to live for, so I go faster. I look for you in every magazine, in every dream, but I never see you on my path. I wonder where you went, how you feel in the night. *Do you ever think of me?* I hold you close in my thoughts, praying we will meet again. I believe in fate. Swing your pendulum to me, the rocking horse of destiny. Find your balance on the waves, leave flowers on my grave. Know that I done all I could. Know that I tried to win, but sometimes it's better to give in. I assumed you knew what I was thinking. I couldn't have been anymore wrong. All I wanted to do was have fun, but now I can't relate to anyone. The bullet is stuck in me, the silver between my teeth. You make me wild. You make the pink of my blushing cheeks prosper. So I go faster, I turn the page. The rose dies, life begins. So I go faster into the night.

Warm Evergreen

In my head I paint pictures of reality. I follow the moonlight to where the rain ends, and I see the snow on the mountain. When the sun rises I do it all over again, living around the mess I've created. It didn't take long for the ship to sink. This year has been a whirlwind of emotions, brimming with problems I've yet to weed out. I made a promise, but I was hungry for bad apples. Now I look at the bridges I've built and the bridges I've burned, and I'm overwhelmed with a sadness I can't explain. You said you never lied but you did, I know it. *How could you look me in my eyes and leave me in the wild forest? How could you leave so abruptly and be so self-destructive?* You had the world in your hands and the Virgo in me is crying out. *So much for the new routine?* The train is leaving. Think of that one reckless summer you drank too much and seen Heaven. You were in the pawn shop at eleven selling gold for pennies, trying to make it through the day. My body aches.

Love Is A Fever Dream

Young heart fresh, we're out of control. Young heart fresh, never felt so old. So wanna never stop, wanna never give it up. Feel the blood rush, feel it. Feel the night rush. Separate the bone from the marrow. Babe, this is how my bones were meant to be. I cut myself so I can bleed.

Never recovered from the night before, but I never wanna stop cause I always want more. I feel the life force swirl in the blur of it. Taste my sweat, taste my spit. Never vague, dance with brawn. Run the circuit, the heart's a home. In tangled dreams, when I'm alone. Love is a fever dream, my psyche knows.

There's no love. I'm looking for the antidote. Trapped in the blur, under cloudy skies, under willow trees. There's no love, trapped in the blue. Can you hear my screams?

In Our Temples

Drown out the ocean, open mouthed. Smile at transient rainbows, follow the glow of the sun to the end of the road. Tell me you'll miss me when I'm gone. Far from home, overdosing on our love. Life has made me numb.

Blow smoke into the sea. Blow the smoke back to me.

Don't tell me I've changed when you don't know who I used to be. You were the one who tricked me into eating night berries when my lucky charm was broken.

Listen to me cry in silence. Listen to my cry when it gets dark. Feel the pain, feel the pain.

Wake me up when the day is done. Tell me I'm someone you want to know. Open the door and let me through. Feel upside down with vertigo. Feel your empty pockets, when you're cold. I will make you feel warm. I will pour blood back into you.

I will show you what it feels like to feel bliss in your soul. As the sunlight echoes on my skin I hide my eyes behind sunglasses.

Nothing is real anymore. I'm suffocating on the floor, holding onto my memories. I can't fake it, I won't pass the buck. I'm taking the blame. Fears will suffice in roses and moons. I know it, we are fire and ice. Secrets in crypts. I trusted you, believed your lies. Diamond tears in a white sky.

Listen to me in ruptured dreams. I can't breathe. Listen to me in ruptured dreams. Listen to me in ruptured dreams.

Blue Unlucky

In the green of the ionosphere I breathe in the light of the aura. You are my weakness. You pull me closer to the edge. You infect me like a virus.

How can I go on? How can I go on knowing the pain lives deep in me? Sleeping in clouds of mundane drudgery.

Surrender yourself. Surrender yourself to the pull, into the flow of the vivid night.

I am blue unlucky. I tried to change my ways. I looked into the distance and seen better days in that far and treacherous beyond. I looked into the distance and seen better days in the eyes of a lonely song

I cross thin lines, I say I am fine when I am aching inside. I don't want to hit you with my burdens, so I evade the intrusive questions. Two eyes meet in the glaze of a stare, in pink and blue skies of pleasure. I can see the sun on the horizon of a new dawn. Meaningless words in a love poem. The eyes retract and by chance I am free. Enthralled by the delight of life.

Surrender yourself. Surrender yourself to the pull, into the flow of the vivid night.

Sleep Deprived

My eyes are full of unnamed ghosts. A transparent wall, impossible to pass through. Captured in hazy photos of yesterday. Calling out your name.

I spill myself like wine, longing for unattainable happiness. When life gets insufferable I remember you, there in the sun, in a moment of pleasure, in the whiteness of your skin. When we were young the world was ours. Now I'm longing for unattainable happiness, in dark hallways, in dark streets. Longing for peace.

I latch onto buoys in violent seas. Navigating towards dry land. I looked into his eyes and seen sadness. So big I'm suffocating in a paragon of depression. In the celestial light of moon rock.

Friends never die. We follow arcs, we follow the glimmer of twilight. Even when you invalidate my feelings, I don't want to hold a grudge. I want to let go. So I reach into the day, but everything is the same. Nothing has changed.

I feel my wet mouth, swallow the pill. The rain of every forgotten child. Drink until you can't feel anymore, until the pain is a memory of time. Flow with the day with summer winds. Unwind in the embrace of loving arms. Pour gasoline on the fire in my heart.

Through the Lens of Drunk Eyes

I said I was sorry but it's too late
You never could look me in my face
And now I can't undo the damage
I said what I had to say
Steeping in deep waters of history
The trust breaks down and the love fades
The piano plays delicately as I burnish my regrets
I've never been more impulsive.

Sermon

Rooted in gravity I am a shell of who I was, trying to get back to who I used to be. I cut off my ears, trying to make things right. I got lost along the way. Chasing after the nebula flame.

I pray for my sins, between the mountains of reality and truth. Looking in on childhood nostalgia, drunken nights. Sermon of life, set me free. Sermon of life.

Masturbating on top of the world. The stamen soaks in the white light, beyond another surmise. I wanted to copulate, but can't see through the tears in my eyes. Seeking a surrogate.

I ran and fell, completely distralt. Reading the suicide note. I wash away the chalk, the herringbone. I do it because I am alone, made of stone. I thank the night spectre, kine walk alike. A kite of carbon monoxide.

I see the macrocosm spinning in blues, breaking the stricture. A funny little picture. Walking beside my pride, absolute in the surplus censure.

The red soaks in the leaven, inchoate. Galloping faster than a Trophy steed. It's too late, too late to succeed. Over, over the rainbow's inkling. Over the sward of the cavity. I can feel myself sinking into blackness, sweet isles of golden nothing. Held thraldom in the state. I am used as the cat's paw, taking strides in a catacomb. I feign, death is the perfect home. The life of the luminay, blind to the caveat, I look for mirth, solace in every rebirth. Near death.

Deuce

Our words are twisted into weapons, misunderstandings used against us. We leave without saying a word, wishing we had the courage to speak. I drink from the same old cup, wanting to be more proud. Unafraid of the metamorphosis. I want to leave you with a smile, sunrises for infinity, but we have to face the consequence. The friendship turns sour like a strawberry left to waste, and it ends with tears of heartbreak. Tears of the final goodbye. I read into things, worried I'm paranoid. I look around, looking for you. Wanting to feel your touch, I think I love you a little too much. I'm not ready to give you up, not quite yet. I'm obsessed with death, I can't stop thinking about it. It won't leave my mind, and it hurts me being alone. I look at the sky and see Amy, relief in the solace of night. I don't want to say goodbye just yet, but the sunset is leaving. I'm going deeper into the light of Heaven, closing my eyes. I think about you when I sleep. I think about you when I dream. I miss you more than everything. Until we meet again.

I Fell In Love Last Night

My heart was overflowing with a flurry of emotions
A flurry of iridescent colours
I could barely contain it, the warm feeling inside
Dreamy blues and aqua pink
I raised my head, above to the sky
As deep as sad eyes
For a second I thought it was purple
The rain fell and it was wonderful
Beautiful and nocturnal
Ruminating on a rainy night
Wondering what to do with my life
I fell in love last night.

We Are Made of Stars

Lost in translation, in another life. I see you happy from afar. Glittering in the light of the moon, reflecting in the water of the lake. Living backwards.

I've never met a poet before with so many vinyl records.

Content in the moment. Swaying with the music in my world of quiet silence. The Van Gogh painting on the wall is talking to me about Philip, reminding me of those nights I was loveless.

Devouring the fire of a thousand mother tongues, contagious lust in my bones. I feel the guilt in my stomach growing with every move I make. I am reminded of my mistakes when I look at you, I see nothing.

Sweet valentine, the man in my dreams. Lover on the skyline of my imagination. The sun on the horizon, shining through the clouds, shining on my milky white skin. Water the plants in the garden of my mind, a stream of consciousness, a body full of resentment. I flow with the day, blur of memory.

Janis is made of stars. Grace is made of stars. Johnny is made of stars. Avro is made of stars. We are made of stars. We are made of stars.

Host Again

On dark nights I feel the serotonin of the orgasm, the heart palpitations, the underlying symptoms, the violent awakening. Double entendres in an AA meeting. I am your organism. I gave you a home, a place of worship. When I'm gone look at the sky and see me as a seraph. The receptor of the cellular surface. Listen to the piano playing. Feel the sadness, the aching in the heart. The stillness of the water. Come to me. Love me like it's a ritual, I will never let you down.

Dynamic

Words flow, love into hate. I listen but I remain silent. I won't dance with verbiosity. I've learned to let it go, even when things turn upside down. I have been quick to react, quick to regret. Disconnected from the true meaning. I understand both sides. I can see through the black television screen, the ghost inside, the thermionic emission. I'm tired of the screaming. I don't have anything to say, at least not today. I'm wallowing in guilt. I don't know why I acted without truly thinking. It's a problem I have, speaking my mind. I bite my tongue. Once again I have realised how it feels to be left behind, wanting your touch. I submit to you, to the mundane simplicity of ritualistic life, heartbeats inside out.

Vague Memory

I can't forget the feeling of being penetrated, all the things we did, the magnetism we shared. In the shower washing my hair, washing away the masochistic fantasies. I have died again. In this bedroom of secrets the pang settles. I tell the truth but feel more insincere, trying to get back to those moments of true happiness. I feel useless, so far from my memories fading like smoke. The fog overshadows my mind, forlorn in the melodrama. I am idle, watching the rain fall, watching aureate days pass by. I fall deeper into the sun's glasnost, into the bulb of reality. Lost in streets of pain, praying but nothing is happening. I brush past the Guelder-rose, the kiss of winter in the labyrinth of life. We are filled with pain, poetry in the brain. The nestling's bill is sealed and costive. The words escape me, every so often. I look for you, my medicine, blue rays of sadness. I remain *inquisitive*.

Forget the Old Me

Times have changed
Today everything was out of place
I slept until I had to awake
So tired of life
So far behind
The lists of unfinished tasks in my notebook
Keeping my head above water
I feel the pressure of the mountains on my shoulders
Burdens always holding me down
I don't know who I am, have so many questions
In and out of revolving doors
Caught in the snare of life
Smoking my last cigarette
I look at the sky
So sad and so drunk
Self-aware of the thoughts in my mind
In a madhouse of unspeakable things
I feel so unimportant
Climbing to new dawns, new horizons
Cleaning out the horde
The tears in my eyes, volcanic lies
I'm a wallflower, turned over a new leaf
Naked between my bedsheets

I can't believe I'm turning 23 this September

And my life is a fucking mess.

Sleep To Disappear

Too tired to function, I'm breaking down. Too tired to function, I'm conflicted. My heart never listens. The day turns me into molten liquid, powered in worlds of levitation. Blurry-eyed when I'm red with inflammation. Hypnotised, powerless in transcendence. Ruptured under the magnetic spell of hedonism. I cast a blank stare with my vacant eyes, through the darkwood and the evergreen. In lonely moments of reflection, I hear your voice in my head. Dehydrated, I can't quench the thirst. Hungover when I wake up. I look at the clock and go back to bed, praying everything will be alright. In dreams of you I feel peace, feelings caught between my teeth. Euphoria when I'm sober, crying when I'm intoxicated on love. In blue skies of sadness I can't explain the pain, never ending torture. In dark rooms of confessions the night unfolds from the music, softly I listen.

Coconut Splash

I came to be here
In pools of unforgiven tears
Sewn into fading summer days
Poppy seeds and lithium
I'm as hot as a fire blaze
Woven into the tapestry of night
Ocean blood courses through me
Burning up cities of lost angels

Tied together with moonlight
I fall from ribbons of ecstasy
Stronger with every healing scar
I see through prisms of wonder
Cloudburst sparkles in me
In museum paintings of dreams
Delicate strokes
Over fields of ruby gold
In my mind of moon-filled love
I hear gentle whispers of rain
Falling carelessly in lakes
Beaming with life, love inside
Life feels so sweet
As sweet as Madeira cake
In the most totalitarian way
When life is sweet I can't speak
I can't believe this is reality.

All My Dreams Have Died

My breath fades in the dark
I wait for you in the dark
Where I made my bed
I wait for you in the dark
All alone
I see the glitter of stars
I look for you in the stars
Waiting
It's happening again
Torture in my mind, never the same
I cry to them, it's happening again
Every dilemma breaks me
In my fair kingdom
East of liquid sunshine
I am embers
Cryptic mumblings in elevators
Blowing with the wisp
Of blue smoke
All my dreams have died
All my dreams have died
All my dreams have died
All my dreams have died
I cry to them, mirrors of reality
All my dreams have died
All my dreams have died
All my dreams have died

The sky defined by lies
Pacified by crystalline miracles
Sad every once in a while
I let the bells ring out
Earth smoothed over by earth
In my fair kingdom

I eat and play everyday
In vacuums in space
I feel your spirit power
Wet tongues
In my fair kingdom
Never stop
Vater unser, never stop
Singing songs of life
Cocaine itch, cocaine bitch
Breathing music in the black of night
In my fair kingdom
All my dreams have died
All my dreams have died
All my dreams have died
All my dreams have died.

You Don't Know Me

You don't know the thoughts which run through my mind
How can you? You never care to talk to me
You don't ask how my day was
You don't know the stories in my lungs
At secret forest meetings
I pray to the lightbringer
Marble sands in my hands
We know that
We are strangers
Shying away from comfort
No moon at midnight
Dwelling on mistakes of the past
The happiness never lasts
Our hearts break like glass
When we yearn for dad
It all seems so clear
I am always here, never there
Probing at your crimes
I laugh at my fucked up life
When everything goes wrong
When I don't want to sing along
I seek out Heaven sent messages
In violent seas, in dark streets
Words fall at my feet
Mute swan, I never speak
I see life through silver portals
Wreaths of laurel, hanging garlands
The heart will break, but broken live on
I flow with Byron, I flow with Pierre
Callum, so smiley in the morning
Drunk but wanting more
My breath slips through the grey walls
I can never get enough of the feeling

I feel it, the gold in my fingertips
The mythology of nights
Unthink your madness, hollow taste of regret
So broke I can't pay my debt
I tip and tumble, can't understand the world
I fall over every hiccup, every mountain
Whispers in spring meadows
Sunlight on calm lake water
Heading homewards before rainfall
I know you hate me because I'm morbid
I wish I wasn't
So pessimistic, always procrastinating
I try to read your mind but you're distant
I tell you about my pain but you never listen
You never listen.

The Night Is Ours

The stars belong to us
Don't let anyone tell you otherwise
We were born for the piano
We tell poems through our eyes
Going down rainy lanes

Illuminated by the shine of the sun
I embrace the arms of the trees
I embrace everyone
Dreaming in slow motion
I study the sky
The black abyss of nothingness

Bigger than any name
Bigger than cities in movie scenes
Seeking something in unknown places
Moon wax in banana split faces
Inky black jets of disturbed nights

Open mouthed drinking sugary sunlight
Songbirds echo in Heaven white
When the harvest is ripe
Darkness runs through me like blood
Black clouds in the sky
Let me live, breathing oceans by Bellrock
Sucked in by the symphony of Jon
I look at the sky and I feel better off
In paradise lost, I dance with the lapsewash
Acid out of orange
Give me your love and intellect
Whisper in case I'm asleep
Your loud words wake me from dreams
Thrown into oceans of blue
When I leave I come back to you

At the alter of love
You are my pearl lighthouse
A face with no mouth
Let's have a dream which isn't under control

Let us fall into treacherous snow
And smile for what it's worth
Submerged in moondust.

Dark Velvet

So dreamy I melt into it
The swelling atmosphere
I turn on the faucet of pleasure
I snuff out the candles
The thirst on my lips
The intensity is noticeable
Dark angels
Weighing on my conscience
I tried to drown you in the lake
But I never did succeed
Failure is all I've ever known
I find myself alone at night

Floating ever since you left
The vinyl enamel of being indefatigable
The inertia is deafening
An accident I can't comprehend
I am Venus in the form of a boy
You crushed my heart into fine dust
Overwhelmed by your love
I dance until I ache
The arc of the muscle
Reaches the poison of cowslip
Timeless nocturnal creatures
With broken wings
Follow me, be my disciple
Through every wave cycle
Through every danger
Through every street of pain
I find something new to obsess over
Pull me closer into your storm
Electric blue oxygen
The fatigue of long nights ruminating

Lingers like his scent in my nostrils
Cocktails of body musk
When the drum beats live on
In the gemstone of my stronghold
In solitude, always thinking
Sucked into dark velvet
Beautiful beginnings
In soft fabric.

Patriotic

The candle burns down, but the candle never burns out. The time is filled with long walks by deserted roads. The eyes of a serial killer hunting mimic the flint of the moonlight reflecting on the water of night. Hopeless in drunken moments of despair. I see the poetry in death. Death waiting for me. I remember all the lives I've never lived. Past lives in dreams, so queer and subtle. I follow the movement of the gentle rain, lonely men looking for love. I feel alive in rooms of breath and ventilation. On damp grey days when nothing exiting is happening I wonder if I have a purpose, if my words will enter the soul of a wayward star. I look at the blue of the sky, the white of the clouds, the green of the forest, the periphrasis of my footsteps in winter. I play Sandy Denny records when I don't feel so good, when the PTSD is manifesting in my realms of sadness. I listen to Joni and I don't feel so alone, looking at the skyline of Scotland. Birds flutter at the sound of an isolated gunshot, and the silence which falls afterwards echoes. Increasing pride in mechanical suburbs. I run with the wilderness in my heart. Rooted in patriotism, rooted in self-criticism. I always know. I walk through fires to dry shores. I relate to beachcombers polishing gold. I hear poets, calling darkness home.

Whale Astray

Maybe I
Maybe I
Maybe I'm overeating
Maybe I
Maybe I'm drinking too much
Maybe I'm living too fast
Never stopping to look around
Forcing myself to feel something I don't
Compensating for my shortcomings
Spending days with my face in my phone
Maybe I
Maybe I
Maybe I'm thinking too much
Never looking down at the Gianello
What if Jupiter orbited the sun?

Electrons burn through the circuit
We're glimmering prismatic dust
Beyond horizons
Beyond dreams of paradise
Resting my head on his shoulder
Stepping stones into a nuke
I hear his points but I don't relate
Regretting all the things I've ever said
I went to the water and seen your face
The clouds stirred until they were grey
I bought some oranges and squeezed them
Until there was no juice left
Now the walls are closing in on me
Maybe I'm in the wrong

When I think I'm in the right
Maybe I see Carrie in Heaven

Because I seen Jim when he was dying

Because I'm left to face the ramifications
Blinded by your paper threats
Maybe I'm too kind for my own good
Sour faced, In a bad mood
I know, everyone thinks I'm a fool
Maybe there's truth in the lies
Maybe I should crush the pills in my hands
Maybe I
Maybe I should get over you
Maybe I should get over you
Maybe I
Maybe I
Maybe I should get over you.

Militant

I anchor my feet
On the horizontal plane
In a rush, I can't slow down
My body moves
Everyone knows I have to do it

I wait for money to come
I never stay still
I never stay still for too long
As the clouds shift

I hurry to changing seas
I float in places I've never been
Wondering where did you go?
You left me like a ghost
So abrasive
I cut myself on your edge
I cut myself on the words
Of the page
The poison of the fifth column

Bound to the manacles
In a man-made Galatia
Against the time, we swing
Into place
We swing
With the weight of the pendulum
Bowing to the Sensei
I exit in bliss.

Bluebird

Punching holes in verses
In crowded minds
I hear the indeliable echo
The plead for forgiveness
The sky is dark
Children are sleeping
Another day has passed us
We don't look the same
Sober and holding out our hands
I open the brain and take out what's wrong
The rhetoric you left behind
I don't really mind
Leaving the sun behind, going forward
I see misshapen tectonic
Hanging there, flowers in bloom
I don't know how to say it
But I feel for you
Lost in your eyes
Those black pits of sadness
I was looking for a father in you
Someone to come and show me the way
I was looking for the ocean view
But you could never play the part
When I laid down my heart
The last card
Drawn from pulverised flesh
Titanium in a drought
In dugouts tired of the wars
The chemical imbalance
Injections in arms
I wake to the red calling
The seeping red
Blades of grass in the sun

I've disowned the rash
The slip of the mask
When you couldn't keep your mouth shut
Afloat in an hourglass of teardrops
Crushed under the foot of words
Nights of agonizing over mistakes
Which can't be undone
Smoking until the room is a cloud
Shifting
You talk too much but you never listen
You talk too much but you never listen enough
I thought you were luminescent
Me and you looking up at the stars

On a dark night
Where I buried memories in deep recesses
I left you to bleed in your misery
The destruction of the home
You didn't have to sit there, alone
Knowing there's nothing that can be done
I tried to save you from the fire
But you were insistent on it
You were insistent on it.

Quicksand in Zenith

As idle as my name
I find myself
At the calm lake where I begin
Swans moulting in spring
Following the medley of the sprout
The parting of the clouds
Honey so good
I had to write a poem about it

Forever falling in and out of love
Like angels without wings
Mother, the night is getting dark
Our broken hearts are mending

Bolstering the collapsing walls

Water seeps through
Every breakthrough
Every picture of you
Everything that you do
I see nothing
I feel nothing
I don't believe in happy endings.

Morning Fog

I wake up to the music of birds
The serenity in my mind

No one to hear my rambling thoughts
I have so many things I still want to say
But don't know how to put pain into words
I look at the sky, the blueness of the world
I think of you and it hurts, it hurts
Thinking of you
In the quiet halls of Jericho
I sway and my body aches
I live in the fantasy
Holding onto the make-believe
Promise of reality
Oh, I can't sleep
Do you know how it feels?
Awake until I can't stand
I feel the gentle whisper of the breeze
Soft hands, soft touches

Walks in the forest, walks by the beach
I feel the desire in my heart
The lonely shadow in the corner of the room
Flickering like the lambent flame of love
Moon waxing and waning
In pictures of your smile fading

I reach for the thread

I muster up the courage
Possessed by the mirror of the night
I walk dark streets

Alone in my head

I'm a fool with no clue
Got so drunk again I passed out
And I woke up with a vague recollection
I passed out and woke up with and infection
I could feel the burn swirl at the back of my throat
The voice of sweet nothing
This morning I was running on dreams
I ate the seed and turned into a watermelon
I tasted Heaven on my lips
The 5 a.m. dawn
In the garden of electric blue
I walked around, searching for you
I think I lost my head there, in the pleasure
The sky was the road but I was walking around in circles
In the white of the morning
Mistaking trees for earthly wonders in my bed
There must be a way out of this Hell
A reason why every boy rebels
Don't tell me this is life
Cause I don't want to think but live in the night
And I don't want to know what tomorrow holds
I close my eyes and let myself unfold.

Igloo Wink

We go and we know
We sip on cherry soda
We buy things we can't afford
Dive into the sea of my pockets
The snows I overturned in summer
We go and we know
I live, I live to breathe you
I live for the days when I smile
When I'm free from the torture inside

When I'm singing in meadows
Murmurs echo

It all seems personal
It all seems personal

You talk to me like I'm a child
Biting down on life
I wash away with the soft rain
Thimbles in the ashtray
I've been thinking of something big
I never know how to deal with it
I forgot the way back
Now the people are talking
I want to save you from death
I want to save you when you're dying
From the heartbreak
Water the flower of love
I pray to the clouds above
Shiver in the furore
Fall into the indiscretion
Look into my eyes, you'll be hypnotized
When you look into my eyes

Look into my eyes.

Mosaic

Colours merge in rainbows
In golden skies, I string words together
Trying to find what I lost
I can never quite get it right
Under the spell of pleonasm
Love burns out
Windows get sticky with dew
I lie awake
Moonlight shining on my face
Elbows into the dark
I tell Gean how I feel

How I never meant to snap
Rotating in the mosaic
Homewards
Into the embers
Into the golden sun
I get to know my depression
Wounds in my bulletproof heart
My clothes are strewn on the floor
Feelings from every pore
I get up and drag myself out of bed
To face the crushing feeling
Rotating in the mosaic.

Turn Around and Walk Away

The time is now
The time to put down the smile
Plastic meandering inwards
The time to turn around and walk away
And heal from the scars of holding on
One day everything was gone
I was left with a hole once filled with rapture
But now nothing remains but an abyss

The future is clear
It's time to turn around and walk away

The pulse is dying
I'm going nowhere
Through the same old doors
Systematically bored
I run to the call of arms
Side notes and revelations
Fall into me with the last goodbye
Cyan as frost
I want it all from the moment I wake up
I want it all.

Angeldeath

I black out the room
Moving on from the old me
Relapse in the teeth
I drown in the waters of the moon
Bygones when I can't breathe
The colour has washed from the painting
The life I remember in vivid colours
Everything was dreamy
I thought there's no way it can be real
The feeling of pleasure
I think I'm going crazy
I can never measure up
Wanting what I can't have
Time slips from the cracks in my hands
Quicker than I can soak in the moment
The scene of the clouds
I had mistaken for mountains
But I realise not everything is biopic
I don't always have to be so stoic
I can cry because it doesn't mean I'm weak
I cry because I need to release the emotions
The dreams I carried over from sleep
I wish you were mine
I catch myself falling
Thinking about you all the time.

I Never Could've Imagined You Would Leave Me This Way

Why did you leave me in that elevator?
In the cold ambience of the morning
Where I heard those medical goodbyes
The truth impossible to understand
I was a raven perching
Looking at the drifting clouds
Passing by like the rain saying *hello*
I thought you were a metaphor
A meteor sun which has crash-landed
Disturbing the tranquil waters of the day
I never could've imagined you would leave me this way
Shrouded in echoes praying for the better
My bones are breaking like stones
I've been awake for so long dancing with the pain
Trapped inside the nerve of toothed strings
Crying when I hear violins
I feel rough, but can't get enough
We spend the night drinking
In strange places
We turn over our faces
We wipe the swarm of bees from our knees
Halfway there, halfway back
With a silent mind, I make no sense
Trying to comprehend reality
I looked into your eyes and I was spellbound
I only wanted to make you proud.

Summer Rain

Every dream arc comes to an end
The sun leaves me hopeful in shadows
I wake up and life begins again
But the day reminds me I'm getting old

The summer rain falls
The summer rain falls

I pierce through every wall
I wait quietly for your call
In the silence of the night

Hold me in your arms
When the night gets dark
When life is too much to bare
Hold me in your arms
Never let me go

Tell me you love me
When I feel like giving up
When I feel like I'm breaking down
I know I promised I would change
I said I'd rearrange my life
I imagine myself there on the rocks
Throwing myself off of cliffs.

Heaven Is Now

Alone in the heart of the forest
At my old stamping ground
I fuck myself
Telling myself no one cares
This time now I always look around
Heaven is now

My soul is in my hands
The daisy I crushed under my feet
The last breath at the end of the night
I light a cigarette and fall to sleep

In my dreams I see you
Standing there on the green hill
Looking at the sun
Holding out my hands
I see cupid when I look at you
Fading sparks in my heart
The fallout touches the earth
The sky grows dark
But I remember the sun glowing on me
The sea of eternity
The ocean of life rowing
In and out
I remember
I remember.

Waterfalls On My Pillow

I sink into the day like I am ice cream
Then by nightfall I stare at the stars in the black sky
And I remember all the things I could've been
Standing there in the moonlight

Trying to make things right
I'm trying
Trying to make things right

The light creeps in through every crack
The broken cycle is sunwise
I had to free myself from the burden
But I see the truth linger in your helpless eyes
Drifting with every wind
Savouring every last drop of blood
Moon spilling throughout the cold night

Trying to make things right
I'm trying
Trying to make things right.

Every Falling Petal Is A Gunshot

Every fading memory is a montage
Dead moths on the window sill
Every poets old shoes
Are ancient remnants of the past
As dead as a skull

We were underwater
Trying to escape the bad luck
Bells shatter to dust
In the past and the future

Our scars are reminders of who we are
Glints in fire
The restless ache leaves me
Wistful and longing for more
But I feel okay for a while.

I Thought You Had Forgotten Me

Your face is a distant memory
Between reality and a lie
Everything gets blurry when clouds appear
I reach out for the sky

The day is so blue and so white
I can't pretend
You let me down again
You said you wouldn't and
You've let me down again
I fell into the accident.

Lavender in the Air

I linger with nowhere to go
Chasing the sun on every road
I spill out of myself
Looking for the moon on dark nights
Every time I see angels
I find a new meaning in life

Peace in solitude
I see the diamond in every woman
I see the pearl in every boy
The life source fleeting from seas
I absorb the happiness from the trees
Dying with every last dream in me

I flow between love and vanity
I blossom under willow trees
And I never get home until it's late
Cause I'm busy trying to free myself from fate

Not moving
I run into the stalemate.

There Was So Much To Say

When we were young and cool
We were so free as kids
We could taste the breeze on the road
Every last delicious morsel of life
Looking back now
I was a sick fool for thinking
Ignorant in my own way
But I felt so proud being there
Holding your hand on the bridge
Before we jumped

I never did get it right
I went and fucked up my life
Then I went and I done it all again
So easy to forget my emotions
I do it well
Everyone knows I'm going to Hell
Everyone knows

We never realised it then
But time didn't mean anything
Everything felt so long
Like life was lasting forever
But now the days are slipping away
I look back and I feel the tears pouring
Oh, how I was a fool for not knowing
The best years were a gift
The rain falling on our bodies
As we went on, so precious and young
So naïve and innocent
Crying for our stolen childhoods
Praying for those times
We washed our feet in mountain streams

We spoke about stupid things
Back then
There was so much to say
Back then
I was transparent but never vague
Back then there was so much to say
Back then
There was so much to say.

We Will Meet Again

As the day ends
I feel myself dying a million times
I enter the night hoping for some kind of blessing
But I fall at the feet of an omen
As if I am ash
Blowing to distant places
I drank too fast, now I'm seeing faces
At every juncture
I close my eyes and feel the pleasure
I can't hit the brakes, not quite yet
Floating with a shipwreck

I pull life from orange weeds
Orange weeds from the bluegrass
I hear you on the radio
The sweet distant call of a bird
So lost in the world
Make me feel warm when I'm cold
I don't have anyone to talk to
I don't have anyone to turn to
I just feel so... you know
I just feel so
Helpless in my emotions
I look at the clock and it's 6 a.m. again
Spent another night cashing in on my sins
Now I just feel so... so malleable
Bending out of shape

Taking sugar from the plum
The glittering ray

We smile at moons
But we hide our teeth

We tell our secrets to the stars
Because their voices are quiet
And the dark sky just seems
Just seems like a dream

I think
I stop and think
I burst open like Pandora
Then I stop
I stop and think

It all seems right till it all seems wrong
Then I trip and fall over my footing
Busy looking where I shouldn't cast my eyes
Looking at the sun for too long

I made an outlaw out of Lilith
The rebel in my heart
I never learned to play the game
I make up my own rules in the dark
I surrender, happy and frowning
I feel so good but inside I'm drowning
And I don't know when the pain will end
But for the time being I guess I'm content
Knowing we will meet again
We will meet again.

Weeping Necromancer

You don't have the eyes of Upadhya
But you speak so clear
As if you've lived a thousand lives
As if you see things from all sides
I imagined you here
It only makes me wonder
Do you care about how I feel
Or are you killing me for your own gain?
I never know, how you never reflect
You never look inside yourself
I don't know what to do with myself
Stuck in this sleep cycle
Made out of moonlight
In my head everything is better
I don't have to keep an eye on the sniper
I bend my mind, I know you have power over me
You make me go psycho.

Pull Me Closer To You

Tell me what I want to hear
Let me know, let me know you care
Tell me it won't end
That we will love again
I don't want to know about the future
I'm living for now
Every movement, every sound
I don't want to leave this moment
Tell me it won't end

Say we're the lucky ones
Valiant in flight, brighter than diamonds
We are archers, we are tomorrow
Trickling down the throat into worlds
Blue bolts of conscience

I am soft inside, as soft as my craft
As soft as a lance going through the flesh
I break the skin of the cantaloupe
Watery melon when it's ripe
My eyes tell secrets in the night
Wick of the jelly
I am soft inside, soft inside
Softer than a beach in Heaven
I've learned, how it will never go away
The day is broken and the pain never ends
The torture never ends in the dark matter of my cosmos
In the dark matter of my cosmos

Your poems rush to my head, my head
Like teeth sinking in me
I read them over and over again
Lost in your sea of lime green emotions

Reaching out but I'm falling in your breath
Falling into your breath.

Sorry To the Ones I Love

I tried, tried to stop the hurting
So pretentious but it means nothing
I have nothing more to give
Tangled up in regret

Our love was a ship
Sinking faster than we could save it

The clouds fell to ash
The rapture leaves our hearts
Our eyes are open, in love
We fall into dreams in the dark

Unaware of the surroundings
We fall apart, head first in the sun
Every time it happens we cry more and more
Our bodies lay on the floor

As blue as the water, as blue as the sky
As blue as a one night stand
I feel myself falling
My eyes land on you, your transplant
The curse when you hold out your hands
The world has so much more meaning
If only you were free from the dope
I wouldn't feel so low
Faded with every intermezzo

So far but so close
So close but so far

40 miles in the car
I wonder if I'll get there

But my mind tells me I won't
Although I'm trying
I feel so null and void
On the carousel of life
I miss when life was a breeze
My dreams were wild horses
A reminder of the past
I didn't have to worry about a thing
Now I can't escape the salt in the wounds
The sunlight creeping in my room
I'm closing the doors
Unforsaken on every detour
I'm closing the doors
Closing the doors.

Pixels

No love
No sympathy
Just a breed of hate

I can't bring myself to say your name
All I feel is rage, seeping through
Our fate is in the hands of gods

I don't believe in much
But I can't feel any worse than I do
Praying for you
Praying for you.

Zephyr

I open my mouth but have nothing to say
In every way you dictate
Cross-faced, you tell me you hate me
You say you never loved me
You never cared, never cared to know me
So I memorize the marks on my body
The lights on the highway

I trust my intuition but doubted therapy
Up all night thinking about our love
Holy memorial in the dark
Is it real or a dream?
You ignore me just to hurt me
Because you know I feel threefold
You know I feel the guilt when the building crumbles
Picking up the pieces in the rubble

I wade through the echo of lost footprints
Inhaling and breathing out
The fresh morning wind, so cool on my skin
The sun vanishing into the white sky
The shadow of the moon when it passes by

I pick the wheat and foam
The alchemist principal
My tears fall into your lap
You catch them like petals
Hyperkinetic stitchfaced kids
Study of optics
The cold winds in my feral heart
Blows your ship back to me, sailing
The friends I made, lost along the way
Blown away by the winds.

Going Crazy and I'm Happy

So depressed, can't remember the past
Now I'm going crazy and I'm happy
In the moment
Happy in the moment, smiling at nothing
I used to think... I was so dumb for believing
I could change, now I'm a sea

Listening to Van Etten
Remembering when I was seventeen

You broke my heart and I put it back together
But I will never be the same
Looking out the window, remembering the old days
In the middle of the night dancing to music

You don't know who I am
When I am cold and I'm distant
In bed, too sick to move
I have reasons why I'm so blue

Listening to Van Etten
Remembering when I was seventeen.

Fuck Life

The sun burns through the clouds
Through the blue sky
The sun shines on me, sun in my eyes
I soar to new heights with broken wings
I think, *fuck life*
Freedom is paradise
Light in a cruel world of hate
I was born to live in pleasure
Soaking in the day

Warm liquid on my skin
Everything feels so right
I never want it to end
I never want the day to slip away

I live in those moments of darkness
Drinking and smoking and always hopeless
Transfixed on the landslide
Downwards in a bottomless Hell
I see visions of Heaven glittering gold
The feeling takes a hold of me
Pink shrubs by the daisy fields
I think it's fake but I know it's real
I change my mind and go.

Late Night Walking Home in the Rain

My breath is as big as an explosion
Hanging there, dying lifeline
Godsends out of time
I follow the moonlight but the lightbeams
Lead me down roads with no ends
So I find myself back at where I started
Calling out your name

I am astray
In and out of shadows

I fall into weak arms, dreams of rapture
Bright enough to light up a crowded room
I fall into a state of lucid dreaming
Dreaming of you

I walk into the dark
The long wait
And the rain caresses my skin
So gently
And I think to myself
What about the conversations we never had?
Laying on the grass
Watching the sun go down

The distance is as long as the night
Or so it seems my feet are mountains
And the waves come in strong
And I listen, but how
It feels like everything is going wrong.

Soon Though, Maybe Hopefully

I wait for your calling
By an endless lake of regrets
I count the days, slipping away
I wait for you to appear and save me
From this nightmare my mind has created
It seems I can't escape from this fantasy
Always a day late and forever wanting
I listen for the sound of your voice
When I feel like mine is not being heard
And I feel scared
I listen for the sound of your voice
Somewhere near but not close

There by the trees
So proud and so foolish
I want to believe I can make the change
Every mistake just feels so strange
I want to believe it's not too late
I can breathe through the cellophane
I can make something out of those blue days
In this perpetual sadness
I lay in the same position for hours
Putting treasure in boxes
I'm slipping away
I'm slipping away.

As Far As the Wind Dances

I dip into lush waters of summer
I swirl in the heat
I never care to eat breakfast
I invade the laughing city like knotweed
Blooming with every laugh
I am a shark, wanting your blood
The sweat of your father melting on my lips
Loops and coils and fading rainbows
I see art in everything
When I close my eyes I see your shadow
Crossing the room briskly
Obsessing over the last thing you said
I left you waiting like the books I forgot to read
In the depths of a black night, a fire burning into nothing
Lights in windows I never looked through
Fickle offerings, a day I never truly appreciated
Washing away
Tones and shades and sweeping floodgates
Clocks swirling into blue mist, paralysed time
Faster than the peloton, multiplying plasmite
Deaf ears to good advice
A special kind of magic in the mouth
A constant need to write my thoughts down
Almost as though I breathe through paper
The pen is a limb
A song I never get tired of, sweet Kokomo
Sanjuro in a mulberry field of invisible rays
Men tied up in bondage
It's the sombre melancholy of loneliness
The lullaby of youth echoes out into a smoky fizz
We are carried by an ocean dance
Falling through hands like soft sands
Time is ashes in the mind of a bygone poet

We fuck like poets so we must be poets
Undoing our breaths, we breathe like poets
Coming to our senses
In fantasies devoid of logic in a Heaven lost
I swim to the shore, through winds and storms
The rain feels like petals on my skin
In a forest at 4 a.m.
With red eyes from crying.

Gone and Lost

We didn't get to say goodbye
You were already gone and lost
We didn't get to make it through the night
My clothes were coming off

I couldn't refuse the dark impulse
I threw myself to break my bones
Broke down in your arms
Thinking about those text messages with emotion
I thought life was easy then I learned
I was so wrong for thinking I could see through the haze
You were gone and lost, trapped in those summer days
The years with a buzzcut, entwined in life

You opened me like an orange
Just to configure the truth out of lies
You spent hours writing love letters to nobody
And all the bite marks you left behind
Were chalk drawings on the sidewalk
Up all night drinking vodka and lemonade
Can't stop myself thinking about those summer days

The fever infected me
Life shaped into a delinquent
The orange sunset over my house
I was playing Fiction Factory and could only think
Only think about you
How you said your life was ruined
And I was so distant, so distant in my speech
Sleepless when I speak
I see Heaven glowing in your eyes
The pity I feel when I'm closer to you
Inching towards a new future.

Seed Cycle

Waking up from another night
Invisible in my sadness
To the burning light of day
I sink into the quiet silence
Into a puddle of self reflection
Sex and regretting

Warm as the pulse of every second
The pain comes in like a wave
Existential in an epiphany
Stretching myself to understand
I hold out for a hand
But the longing never leaves.

Happy Without You

My mind is clear
Almost as if I have nothing to worry about
Dreaming in a sky of blue yellow

For once I can breathe
The salty mist of oceans
I revel in the careless blunder
The mundane routine of city life
Life support on speed dial
Falling into every smile
The forgotten memory of a stranger

When you kissed me on my forehead
My body went numb like I was empty
I pictured you naked
Doing things we shouldn't
So perfect like my name on the envelope
The decor of my favourite home
The flags in the wind
When you get to take your shoes off
You breathe, drifting with the echo of the breeze
The surge of emotions
Filling me with white cream
I replay the same old memories
Wistful times of rivers flowing
I imagine you're a window
I look through you
Wrapped up in the silk of youth
The fever burning
I'm slowing down, the weather gets warmer
Held together with blessings and safety pins
Thoughts of Heaven, lies and sins
I should know better

I've learned by now our love is wasted

Good while it tasted sweet
But now our love is as heavy as a burden
When I'm drunk in the morning
I think about you, in bedsheets, so passionate
You're full of shit
You pilfer the honey from my lips
You leave me as soft as velvet
As soft as the sands of an hourglass
In these abandoned streets of loneliness
I'm happy without you.

Night Flowing Body Transcending

My fingertips slip from reality
My head spins in ecstasy
The rush of pleasure hurries through me
Everything feels right

Nothing is out of place
In the moment I forget the world exists
Me and you moving to music
Everything feels right

We loop and we'll coil
We bend like snakes in a trance
Flowing with passion
In the rain on a sinking ship
We feel love and our knees get weak
But everything feels right

The suffocating loneliness fades
And for a while we forget the world exists
Me and you moving to music
Everything feels right.

Dance With No Reflection

The day is a blur I wade through, the cloudy transparency of a heart iced over which no arrow can penetrate, which no lover can break. Vibrant poignancy. Dancing in ribbons. Mindlost confusion. The night is more confusing. More lonely in the cold thought that there is not much sense in anything. The beating pulse whispers faintly. I never really know what it's saying but I try to make out the words, the shapes the mouth makes. The mirror has no identity. Still the mud tears of an idle soul roll into a distant reflection, a shadow with no name. A glimmer of sunlight in my hands. I reach out but the smoke clears. The beekeeper of destiny has done it again. I watch, I digest, I reflect. Life is a dance with no reflection, a song never ending.

This Hopeful Yet Lonely Song Provokes and Fills Me With An Unexplainable But Magical Feeling

Anchored to the saddest composition, I'm at a standstill every time I listen. I am a cherry bomb exploding. Sounds ricochet through my ears, the sound of bells pealing. I seen you, a glasslike figure embracing the shadows. Wax of the night. I've been running from my fears for so long. Too scared to face the truth, I turn the other way. When I don't know how to explain my emotions I don't say anything. I live in the long silence, in the blue electric of life.

Heaven Is Ours to Lose and Love Is Ours to Gain

Last night I seen an angel in my dreams
Sweetly calling me to my grave
I was running through a forest of words
Haunted by my thoughts
I tried to escape from the magnetic pull
Life crumbling in a windmill

I fell into an uncontained rhythm
Lost in my tears flowing
My wings opened and I went soaring
Through the soft white of weeping angels
Soft rose petals falling

Trying to get back to where it went wrong
Trying to fix the broken parts of my life
I've been trying real hard to get back control
But I enter the night, I ride the ride

If only I could find my way out of the darkness
If only I could find my way
Maybe I wouldn't always die in vain
A modern boy in a modern world
Heaven is ours to lose and love is ours to gain

If only I could find my way
If only I could find my way.

Don't Wanna Think Anymore

This fever is making me burn up
Tossing myself into the waters of ancient gods
I see myself in a past life

Saying things I don't mean like a false prophet
Ribbons of fairy magic
Weaving myself through the flames
I sink with every ultimatum

My thoughts take me back to the past
And I can't say yes
We are the golden centre
Broken inside with every scar
I open the window just to breathe
California dreaming when the night ends
Forever yearning for you
I feel so blue
Forever yearning for the way life was
When life was an endless summer
But now we have no cards to play
In a sinking house
I put my boots on just to go out
And I do it all over again
Never thinking about the consequence
I run with the wind

Neil said he believes in my poetry
I smiled like when Jim used to drive me around
In his car
I prayed to Jesus when you were gone
I never really did look at the sun
Inspired by the ocean in your blue eyes

The fire in the sky

I forgot what it felt like to be free
To live in the moment
To not worry about what people think
Now I live in the moment I don't wanna think
I'm making dreams out of paradise
Life hasn't been the same since you took your love away
I look out the window and remember you everyday
How your words eased me
I tie myself to every good memory
Scared I'll forget how it used to be
So black and white
When we would sing and we would drink
Loving you every night
In a flood of fading emotions
My breath is heavy.

Hurts Just A Little

It gets easier, when you've been there before
When you've felt the pain simmer
It gets easier, tangled up in strange emotions
The candle burns down
The glow of my smile dwindles
And I feel less proud with my head
Firm in the strength of my hands
Never looking at the paradise in your eyes
The sun burns in the sky
And I know that good will prevail
The government in my mind has no say
I will never let you get close to me
Just so you can hurt me
Just so you can stain my secular innocence
Suspended in time
I hang with the constellations

My tears fall and it hurts just a little
Hurts just a little
Hurts just a little
I never did get the call and it hurts
Just a little
It hurts just a little

So I get tired of the games we play
Tired so I sleep to dream
When I've had my fill of pleasure
I feel so blue and cold
So unaware of why I feel this way
Chasing the rainbows in my overflowing soul
I never did get there, so close but so far
I never really stood a chance
Never really had a clue

I feel so cold and so blue, so cold and so blue
Losing myself in you

My tears fall and it hurts just a little
Hurts just a little
Life gets worse and it hurts just a little
Hurts just a little.

Candy Hurricane

You're my sad devotion
My smoking gun always reloaded
I want to get to know you
You're my secret emotion
My ocean of love always flowing
I want to get to know you

You're so AC/DC, so Nirvana
So Jack Daniels, feral man
Running free in the wild
So heavenly in your arms
Melting like ice cream

I want to know you
When you have nothing else to lose
When the sun goes down in your blue sky
You don't know who you are, I don't know who I am
And we're one, talking into the night

We crash into each other like wrecking balls
You crush my dreams like vanilla
But I still eat the words from your warm palms
I breathe you in like the wind on a summer evening
Floating in an abyss of dark nothingness
When the bells ring
I want to star in your movie.

Lost But I'll Find My Way

Through the smoke of strange surroundings
I wander past old delicate buildings
Remembering the old life I once lead
I feel so far from yesterday
You walk down a road but you're going the wrong way
In city streets I'm lost but I'll find my way
I always do, I always do

Every muse is abandoned like a wisp
An impulsive thought pushing through
But then I find myself on the same old road
Telling myself things I already know
Holding on and never letting go

I hear the echo of footprints getting close
When I lie awake at night thinking
We are lovers in the dark
Always together, we're never apart
I hold onto Jesus around my neck, so sweet
The air I breathe is awkward
Conversations enough to make me self-conscious
I wind up passive-aggressive, so defensive
Wasted and selfish
In a pile of dying flowers
Between the stars, my contradictions
Lost but I'll find my way.

Happiness I've Never Known

Gray clouds float above me
Whispering softly
Riding into the night sky
In photo cells, I belong to the past
The flash of the camera
Distorted in my feelings

In photos
You said you changed your mind
I knew you would
I could feel it coming on like a storm
Happiness I've never known
In rivers of passion

Life is snuffed out like a candle
A cigarette for breakfast, the coffee is getting cold
Each day I'm getting older, I'm fading
With the unexplainable pain lingering
Like clouds of smoke in my prison

My unholy body
I wake to remember a sordid history of rhymes
Lost recordings of the memory
Playing on repeat
I never really know what it means
Being free, I can't stand the intensity of pain
The suffocating ache
I haven't known peace in days
A winning smile and a happy face
The loneliness of an abandoned house
A relative passed over to the other side
Smudged fingerprints left behind
A book turned over

On the page left unturned
A fire burning in the soul
Letters unopened on the worktop
I've never really had the strength to smile
I put on a brave face, but inside I'm breaking
For years I spent my life working on a novel
Which never came to fruition
But I realised my destiny belongs to writing
Working under the weight of seven worlds
We are masters, we are slaves

Working but we never really get paid
I loved you, but you never cared

The snow is our summer.

Blood Sacrifice

How did I wind up in this state?
Moonlight swinging into place
I thought I lost you, my fondest memories
The feeling permeates

Like a growing vine through my bones
I live in regret, wishing I had known
The pleasure will have to end
And there's no cure

Our scars fade but I won't yield
I touch myself just to feel something
Magical and inspired when I'm alone
Life was fun but now I'm just numb
Floating in an endless oblivion
My memories with you comfort me
In times when I'm alone and thinking
Wanting to be young again

I never could stay
I had to move on, I hope you know
I will never stop thinking about you
Even when the road gets tough
Even when my drink is wearing thin
Let's fall into the night and conquer ourselves
Fall free into the dark twinkle
The badlands of a desolate heart
Ice sublimed, when we hear crying children
Doing the right thing
I don't care if you don't listen
I'm turning bullets of forgiveness into wine
The red velvet drip of an incessant urge
In the static of white noise

I have nine lives for everyday of the week
And I want the taste of sweet revenge
In the dark I want to play
Tell me my blood will never end.

Swanfeather Overflow

Wine spilled like a pithos
Thoughts from a careless mind
In a thought-pit of unrestrained emotions
I am the wind, I am the clouds, I am the sky
Watching the soft white fall
I don't know where the clouds land
I try to catch them falling
But I end up at the end of oceans
Never asking twice
I rush to the tip of the Felt Mountain
I decorate my house with tears
Contented when life is riveting
I sleep in those clouds
Only waking when I feel the cramp
Of the muscle in my calf as I stretch
Twisting and dreaming
Basking in the martyrdom of pervasive chroma light
I glow like kryptonite
Upside down, sunside west
A punch of orange
As I surrender to love, as pure as a river
In the zest of a Pasadena
I told lies in the womb, so warm inside
I heard the music of my mother crashing through
Like waves when they juke
The dragon sickness of a fat parasite
For two days I couldn't move
I was a hole blown into my room
A prisoner of my thoughts.

Life Commodity

You never could save my mind
You watched me fall deeper into the addiction
Crashing through the waves just so I could breathe
It broke my heart watching you leave

I thought everything would fall into place
I thought we would love forever
But I realised, soon enough, I'm all out of time
I had to grow up in this ghost town of forgotten dreams
Such a sad boy, I can't believe life is real
In tears of despair
I lost myself in your poetry
Hoping I could escape the pain

We stood there in the rain like sell outs
In the loud world psychobabble, mouths sewn shut
We scream but no one hears us
They only really want the money and nothing more
No one cares when we're dead on the floor
Thinking about, you know
The blue sky of youth's summer
I never thought our friendship would end
But I haven't heard from you again
Since that time when you left

Zen is speaking in Arabic, he knows it well
But Ruddy seems more like a stranger
It's been so long since we've been together
And I don't know if I know him anymore
I've forgotten how it was
The tapestry of the epiphany
Contagious lust

I want to tell you how I feel
But I don't know how to tell you how I feel
There are some things I can't say out loud
How I wanted your touch
I wanted to make you proud of me
I wanted to tell you how I feel
But I don't know how to tell you how I feel
There are some things I can't say out loud.

Happy Never Ending

I am tired of pretending I am okay
Drinking until I can't feel
So numb I don't believe life is real
You and I were summer rain
Pure with every intention, lost in every reflection
Understanding every misunderstanding
Every misconception and every game of discreet love
Sheets of fluttering madness
I buried the past and now I can't wash away the dirt
I hold my thoughts in empty hands
So bare, fruit when it rots to the pulp
They were so hopeless and empty
So hopeless and empty
Then I felt the heavy shudder of life
Thoughts weighing me down
I drink the milk of your love, moon spilling
Come back to me, I owe you
Drapes of bitter seed
I never liked how your lies tasted
I had to spit the truth out for my own good
For so long I felt nothing
No rapture, no bliss, breathing a nameless pain
It was by chance I found hope in a river of dreams
And I woke to see the sun rise, meeting the orange horizon
Pink flushing cheeks and paper cuts

I had to survive your lies
The agnostic bell-like waves in my ears
Words I can't bare to hear
I only ever wanted us to win
I couldn't surrender, you know how stubborn I am
With steel teeth and an unmoving mind
You know I have reason to talk, but you make me feel cheap

So I brimmed with, not so much hate, but a certain resentment
Delicate, I found it overwhelming
I spilled from my judgement, the part of my mind
Which knows right from wrong
And I know I said some things I regret
But I still love you, that kind of love is unconditional
We love the good parts and learn to accept the reality
We can't always have our way
We make compromises and appreciate the moment
In monologues and ultimatums
False promises of changing for the better
When we are no better than we were yesterday
Because there's always another moon and sun
And that kind of love is unconditional
Because there's always another moon and sun
There's always another moon and sun.

Master I Will Come To You

Tie me up in your cursive sway
Leave me to think, hours by myself thinking
I love the way it smells, how it feels
I touch you but it feels unreal

Didn't know people could be so cruel
So heartless and cursive
Blowing your cigarette smoke in my face
Plumes when I learned to be romantic
When I learned about sex and war

I swam out of the confusion but I sank
Comprehending the isolation of my scars
Red on my flesh, I turned on the radio
I switched from Aerosmith to Starship
I fell into the burning stars of desire
Love so good it makes you want more
The taste of benevolent sweetness
Life weighed in gold
Stanzas of physical moonlight
Moonwax and riptides
Leaping into motion, acerbic wit
Spit, sliding my hand up and down my dick
We fuck as we please
Free and intoxicated in the search for closure
We light rose incense and lights fade
Blamed for things we didn't create

We live in those waves, taking in the dark sky
The pleasure is calling me
My dreams are talking to me
I think of them like a memory
A part of my life I can't forget

In these trying times we rely on luck

A burst of colours when you kiss me
Lips pressed together
Limestone rock on a steep cliff
Hanging above our sailing boats
We live in the night, beautiful and wild
And bulldoze into another world
Lights like cream warm on my skin
Ascending in different dimensions
All I see, all I believe
I seen you in the dark of the shadows
In our memories and in our songs.

Black Cherry

Paradise exists in dreams
Only to fade at the sight of reality
The morning sun rising with birdsongs
Rooked when I breathe

I feel forever lasting forever
In the wings of an angel crying
In the arms of my father I crave solace
Days are never-ending torture

Fresh pine in the forest rainfall
Warm sunlight glittering on lake water
Music which hooks the soul and brings back
A flood of extensive emotions, we forget to polish
Golden memories stirring in the hot spot of a ruined mind
Every legend frozen in silence, stopping at my words
The truth in bold on the page, thorns cutting me
I've never forgotten the guttering candle of a life spent dying
Almost like surgery I studied the body
Now I can take a breath, in the calm of the lull
Having broken from the free fall and found a nook
In this world I've created, and concluded I'm no better than my fears
Spinning fearlessly through storms
I arch over the silver, piercing through the careless night
Prisms of blue light, ribbons of velvet
When I'm going crazy.

Darkstar

Our love isn't over
We've only just begun
When the smoke clears, I hope
You feel the summer burning in you
The heat when it touches your skin
And you stop to think

I've smoked too many cigarettes
Seen too many fights
I've drank too many drinks
Seen too many wild nights

Now I see strangers waving
Life is a painting
Times are changing
Beauty is fading.

Yes Your Son Is Violent

I've seen a thousand tears in your eyes
Fires when they smoke
So distant, I wonder where you've gone
Your eyes don't look the same anymore
Driving reckless in your car

Do not lose hope still, there's life left
And even when you're purple with bruises
I will always be here, I'm not going anywhere
Do not lose hope still, there's life left

Under the war blue sky
Sky blue in your damaged soul
Your son never turned out the way you wanted him
But you don't get to play God
Raise waters when you're living above
Floating through clouds of gold
Aqua swathe when someone's life is going
We are never enough
Demanding a better resolution

We break like china, living like a mirror
Soft linen, screams leech onto the walls
Bloody knuckles make a pentagram
Falling through worlds
Remember mother was a dragon
Days were a waiting game
In the headlights of therapy
I got dressed up and posed for the picture
Like a big shot with a winning smile
But I'm a steeple

Do not lose hope still, there's life left

And even when you're purple with bruises
I will always be here, I'm not going anywhere
Do not lose hope still, there's life left.

Catch A Butterfly

Just when we run out of breath
We trace the line back to pink clouds
Sweeping in blue currents, we're overpowered
Watering the rose of sorrow
Holding on and never letting go
We feel the burn, fools when they pray in church
Blind eyes reading a Bible verse
God help us, life is not good to us
So we think we'll be rewarded in the afterlife
Tears cast on an unknown land
I seen the sun and I thought it was Heaven
Light embracing me like a mother greets her child
Warm and pure, a suffocating wolf
Ecstasy promised
We never hear the end of your complaints
Words falling on deaf ears

I never learned to catch a butterfly
You wind me up in your web of lies
Stringing me along so I don't lose sight
You made a ghost out of me
Now I only come alive at night

I had a vision, I seen the end of days
Sweet dreams of relief
I seen dead boys in graveyards
The sun rising in lonely hearts
So drunk I couldn't believe it
Skin pixelated, an arsonist on fire
Just thinking makes my head hurt
Fading smiles turn into despair
When everything feels lost
I don't know where to go

It all comes flooding back, a slideshow of times
I had forgotten and moved on, thinking
I don't revolve around you
I didn't clear the mess on the table
For two days I laid dying in my sweat
Trying to catch a butterfly but I could never cross the finish line
My bones were corrupted, as strong as obsidian
I remembered the music, pulsating rhythms
Drugs strong enough to knock me out
The good times when everyone was going psycho
Chasing the sun, looking for someone
The grey mist of smoky suburbs
Angel tears lost in the echo of a poem
Soft raindrops falling lightly into pools of coolness
Glowing and radiant skin
In that single moment I missed the feeling of being young
When you don't have to worry about anything.

Sun-o-Maker

A flicker of hope remains after the storm
The sunburst peeking through clouds
Firespit of wisdom, silent mouth
Exquisite when I reveal
A pocket full of walnuts and strings
But I've got nothing more to say to you, to you
And I don't want to hear your wife's tale
Your drunk mouth talking about blue seas
Love in bottles of happiness at crossroads
Crestfallen, peach-pith
Precise, I am a touch-me-not
Shapeless water unable to mold
Weighed down by the Mortal coil
The common foot, scars which can't be erased
In violent seas, in twisted fantasies
Secrets in a tinderbox of lonesome regrets
I get laughed at for believing in hope
I stumble on with broken wings, a broken mind
Broken charms through hollow midnights
I seen the crash coming
The flash of the sepia gouache
Crying out, amorist trapped in the soul
Noble with every kiss, had a vision of Hasanlu
Summer pleasure and arms full of love
A ship broken in two
I must be a fool, in my flower shirt
Thinking I could make it work
The crowd said *yeah*
The sky burst into orange
We watched the world burn and burn
So young when I seen the day fade
Thought I would break
Climbing the pressure, days never felt better

Bending and white, I gyre and dance
Proud when I quiver, I love it.

Stars Becoming Dust

Closer to Heaven, the whiteness of a glorious afterlife. I burn with a fever, face in a frame. Wandering ghost, made of glass. Made to shatter in light. Warm to the sensitive touch of surrender, falling into strange dreams of stranger realities. Stars becoming dust. I believe in the magic of a red velvet kiss, a sin I'm willing to risk. I want to see the sun again.

Careless Night Identity

Plagued by the fear of losing you
I tune out the world
I turn the music up loud
And a sea bleeds from my emotionless brain
A swansong of blue regrets
I'm not happy in my head
I wake up and I don't want to get out of bed
Slumped over and depressed

My droopy eyes orbit the room
The love in the dark
Leaving through an open window
Blooming rubble in a destroyed world
I am everyone, wanting to forget you
I spiral into a jealous haze
Addictions keeping me anchored to hate
A careless night identity

I dyed my hair blonde to escape myself
Flaxen in the light of day
Just so no one glanced when I'd walk down the street
People thinking they're better than us
Enchanted and gallant, so clever with words
The math of an orange, the infectious glow
Of the twilight gleaming in your eyes
Fires burning in my wounds
Salty rivers in circles
Moonlit whispers
Embowered in the thorns of time, slipping away
Gracefully eloquent in every sense

I cant look out, I cant look in
I choke at every excuse, every reason

Pathetic under the ceiling
Restless in my longing for my stolen innocence
My boyhood in a wishing well
I had big plans, but now I'm reliving the years.

Mother's Tears

In a fading memory I'm young again
Burning the peony and the patchouli
Getting warm by the fireplace
So far from the troubles I couldn't escape
Reflecting in solitude, happily content
I move with the clock
But my body is frozen with the haunting aura
In a fading memory I'm young again

The day fades to an opaque blue
The shimmer of an iridescent violet
A sacred feeling I can't explain
My words are mouths with no tongues
Drowning in that never-ending blue haze
The day fades to an opaque blue

In a peculiar dream I was a frigid moth
Gloating in my lunar perception
I drank the wells of a forbidden knowledge
Climbing through the dark silence

The day fades to an opaque blue
The shimmer of an iridescent violet
A sacred feeling I can't explain
My words are mouths with no tongues
Drowning in that never-ending blue haze
The day fades to an opaque blue.

Don't Say Goodbye

The night isn't over
The candles are burning and we are stronger
Under the stars in the black sky
Free and wild and remembering all we've done
I'm sorry for all the times I was selfish
When I said I didn't care
For all the hurt I caused by my reckless behaviour
For letting you down time again
For the shit I put you through, the tears I caused
But I feel like it's too late to apologise now
We will meet at a reckoning
The sharp edge of our insanity
I wish I could take back those mistakes
I wish I could show you I can change

The night is as cold as a knife made of ice
Piercing through a delicate heart
As lonely as a beach in December
No one to hear your voice or to pacify
A nightingale comforts a dying rose
Days when we were young and beautiful
The past, so far behind us

I treasure the simple moments
When you would tie my laces and call me for dinner
I walk the streets, a bundle of sadness
Imagining unspeakable things
It all comes back to me, memories I've never had
All the things I made up in my mind
Forgetting good times, the rush of sky blue
Overwhelmed me, and I hope you're doing well
Because I know I'm not
I hear people laughing and talking but I'm disengaged

You can see it on my face
I just want to go back home, to be young again
When we didn't have fancy phones and everything didn't feel so rushed
I was the centre of the universe
Wanting to start the painting again
I want to use different colours, to paint a different scene
To realise, I am more than who I am.

Salvador

For so long I believed in love
The purity of a mending heart
The gentle course of nature unfolding
I was so wrong for thinking I had everything
But in the moment life was surreal

Nothing is what it appears to be
I close my eyes and I see you
Drifting through waves of love
Nothing is what it appears to be

Hollywood stars turn into legends
Breaking free for a summer in Paris
In the breath of a forgotten rose garden
The lake mirrors us

The drinks we shared, the dreams we held onto tight
The nights we cried about how we are small
The whirlwind of the free fall
Comparing ourselves to mountains
Wanting to up and disappear, when the sky is clear
Turning pain into art

For so long I believed in love
The purity of a mending heart
The gentle course of nature unfolding
I was so wrong for thinking I had everything
But in the moment life was surreal.

There Was Clouds In My Sky

Raining down on me, I'm carried by a flood
Emotions I resent
Nothing more to rekindle, the day is gone
Our song is coming to an end
I looked out the window and all I seen was grey
And I couldn't pretend
I'm blinded by the blue of the day

Worlds apart when we separate
I wonder where you went
How you never call me in times of need
I guess you never meant what you said
Alone in your bed

Everything comes to an end
And then it begins again, the circle of life
Returning to primal instincts
I was alive in the sun burning on my skin, I felt it
I was there, in the thunder and lightening
Swaying in the blue mist
Chasing the thrill but it never feels the same
When we play and chase

My ship capsized in your memory
Does it feel the same when you see me cry?
I took your tears and ran from the light
Now I swirl in the dark and it feels like a crime
Holding onto these pictures of you in my mind
Grasping onto watery moonlight

I wither and decay and twist from the pain
Letting go of fruitless ambitions, I become more antisocial
Living in this apathetic body

I waited for you in the hotel lobby
Turning away from your gaze, holding me there
Our bond was strong.

Loving Memory

Every breath is a long drive home
Every day is a picture of you
A million miles from where we met
Every breath is a long drive home
Every day is a picture of you

A kaleidoscope of memories pushing
To the front of my mind
Speechless at your departure
I trip over every detour, trying to get back home
I drive faster into an unknown state
I regress back to my idle ways
Weaker than my optimism
Sleeping so I don't have to face the truth
The smoke and mirrors I seen through
The love that burned out that we can't rekindle
The sun when it's burning

I miss the way you smiled, the sound of your voice
Reassuring me that I will be okay
Dew in a soft blue-green haze, sparks of metal
Haunting me in a labyrinth of dreams

Memories at nightfall
Drowning in a rabbit hole of destruction
You never understood my point of view
But I will always love you.

Soft Blue

There are no more ships
But plenty of seas, oncoming
Lights running like cascades through me
In diaries I run to you, your power
And I surmise
And although the cascades are fading away
Skies are casting clouds of darkness over me
Sheets of blue softness raining down on me
I wanted to hurt myself so bad.

California Love

Lost in a drunk crowd, lost in the envy
Of wishing I looked better
I feel too much, I know it when the rain hits my window
And I'm alone at night drinking my tears
Somewhere out there

Smoking tired cigarettes at a gas station
I want to get better, to start fresh, but I don't have the patience
To pull myself together and find a light in the dark
I'm always running from what I know and hoping
You'll see the truth in my eyes

That pink, purple, blue, yellow, orange, green
That look in your eyes, I can't believe you're real
My body heat left me in a fantasy
That pink, purple, blue, yellow, orange, green
That look in your eyes, I can't believe you're real

I could spend the whole night dreaming about you
Dreaming of the things I want to do to you
It's not weird at all, not weird at all
Cause we're born to love and we live for it
Those special kisses that make us crazy
The love drug that makes us lovesick
So good we crave it, the taste and the sweat
The tears that suffice when you call me *babe*
The fears we overcome when we let ourselves go
No inhibitions cause we're insane
We're not afraid to fall into brown leaves of autumn
Cherries on ice cream, wild sex in dirty bedsheets
Our love is criminal but I wouldn't want it any other way
The tears that suffice when you call me *babe*
Your pale skin on a clear day.

My Kind

All my addictions, and all my obsessions
Winds gathering speed
The party never ends, we pour drinks and we're unsatisfied
You look at me and I am speechless
Unravelling myself from the lies you tell
The city you built on my name, my kind of man
Precious and Tokyo

You have to apologise for someone
In the blurry headlights of the night
Cause they think that they're the best
And nothing you have to say makes sense

Every forlorn route is a desperate call
Every road leading me back to you
I see the children happy and I smile
But I feel weaker than I used to do.

Angel Avatar

In dreams, we are worlds
Diamonds and bright stars
Revolving doors, body pain
Whimpering fury at provocation

We search for semiprecious longings
Looking into suns
I am made of rainbows
A thousand words glittering
Staring into the distance, clouds
Above us creating rain

Falling from the earth, I wanted to be perfect
Never felt accepted, but when I speak
To a doctor from Portugal
I'm closer to how you feel, abandoned
On a desolate road, telling you time and time again

In dreams, we are worlds
Diamonds and bright stars
Revolving doors, body pain
Whimpering fury at provocation

We search for semiprecious longings
Looking into suns
I am made of rainbows
A thousand words glittering
Staring into the distance, clouds
Above us creating rain.

Innocence Not A Myth

I look around, I see my peers dithering
I look to the stars, spellbinding
And I see you there
In the glory of the sky, my native land
As pure as a lamb, I think

The more I do wrong the more I learn
The more I lose my innocence, the more I grow old

One foot forward to virtue, carved into a flute
I trudge on barren sea earth
Blue salty mist of a morning's fog
I miss when we laughed and danced
And nostalgia meant nothing but a word
Now I feel the slime of the moss, learning prudence
With each foot I put forward

The guilt is like vines around my wrists
Anchors to the past
Conflicted, a rush of secrets I embraced
Abandoned in a forgotten place
I was never meant to last, I was built to break
A swaying voice said, when everything is gone
What do you have to smile for
When you're too insecure to face the day?
And I'm trying to breathe with clouds in my lungs
Choking on indelible truths
I knew life could never be sweet, I'd have to let go
Red marks on my hands from holding onto hope
I knew you'd let me down, but I'd remember
Cause I can't forget when we'd meet at the corner store
Just talking about life.

Summer's Over

There is no tomorrow
Under the darknight sky
I feel the gentle rain, careful
Not to step out of place

I am falling into streetlights
Gazing at a hazy skyline

I feel gratitude in a reckless storm
Love in the joy of being reborn
In warm rooms filled with light and dance
Beaches slipping through the cracks in my hands
Left behind in the dust of summer, but now it's over
I've spent too many years thinking I'd never make it
In the age of narcissism and weeping garlands
I'm trying, but I'm mulling over it

I can never quite make up my mind, full of song
I'm forever longing for the past, when I thought wrong
All the risks and fruitful lyrics, the days which never paid off
I know I should think of the good times
But you left me in the dark and never ask how I'm feeling
I wish I was closer to you, I wish I knew your inner thoughts
What you think before you go to sleep
Before you fade into time forgotten, I haven't moved in weeks
Wishful thinking pulverised into nothing

Being young is all I know what to do
But I can't find it in me to kiss goodbye to my mistakes
There's a man in my mind like a painting
Guiding me towards a serene state of mind
And I'm sure I love him, I'm sure I love him
Like a sweet poem, like a love song

I'm sure of it, burnt out with the seasons
I just want to feel something like I did
In the good old days, never wanted anything more
Until I lost my dreams in a sea of white horses

I just want to feel something like I did
I just want to feel something like I did.

Temple

I am a diamond, waiting to be mined
Jumping into blue pools in the summertime
My limbs twitch and an electric rush pushes through
My golden bones, when I think of you
I feel like I could die inside, crying rivers through windows
I do it for you, I do it for you

Reaping fruit, glorious music of love
When we cross the boundary

I get fonder, and adore how you bite your lip
A mouth full of praise
The liquor dissolves on my tongue
Pleasure for days, when I look at the sun
I'm embarrassed by all the stupid things I've done
All the wars I've never won
Now I've been smoking and drinking more than usual
I can't seem to let my vices go
It seems like everyday there's another reason
And I have no self-control over my actions, leading me here
I hold out my hands to catch your tears
Your kiss pressed against my rosy pink lips
Moving my hands from my pockets
I swiftly grasp your face, time clenched in my palms
A moment shared, a moment wanted

I miss your body
I miss your body.

Divine Surrender

Helpless, I take too much, I breathe too much
And I wish you would understand
I am not a window for your rainfall, advice
When I'm helpless and breathing too much

I see the magic in you

So close to death, so close to sleep
My fate belongs to a prestigious Valkyrie
A mountain in Hollywood endlessly crumbling
With each new year and each new sentimental longing
I have dreams for a void, a theory no one cares about

You opened me like Pandora
Just to take my feelings away
I trusted you more than I should
I turn my back and I have no doubts

I always seen you like glass
I knew you would leave me here
Breathing too much

Helpless, I take too much, I breathe too much
And I wish you would understand
I am not a window for your rainfall, advice
When I'm helpless and breathing too much

I see the magic in you.

So You Must Take The Risk

Close your eyes and feel the storm raging
No more hesitation
On the floor, I'm barely breathing
I was sure I was dead, had no thoughts in my head
Just an echo in a bloodless heartland

I was on fire like the sky
Burning up like I was napalm
In a sunken fantasy I remember
I love you like I love September
Like I love Heaven, you in poems

I woke up and the sky was black
You were on my mind like a song
I had closed the curtains on the day
And I waited for you just to finish work
Waiting for you, just tell me when you want to fuck
When you want a resolution, when you want a
When you want.

Te Amo

I LOVE YOU so much
I pick up little things that remind me of you
I keep them in my pockets and save them for later
I imagine people falling into blue glaciers
And I smile like a psychopath

So aware, I can't stand it anymore
My heart is a fugitive
A bouquet of flowers ignored
Only appreciated by a fine eye, running
But I've got nowhere to go
So aware, I can't stand it anymore

We break through the membrane of our attraction
A flush of neon, remiss in our taking
We forget what happened and break tradition
Jet lag and moving with no money
Running out of breath into a memory eclipse
Pleasure seeds in bloom, we picture happy endings
But our dreams tell different stories
We wake and do it again

So aware, I can't stand it anymore
My heart is a fugitive
A bouquet of flowers ignored
Only appreciated by a fine eye, running
But I've got nowhere to go
So aware, I can't stand it anymore.

Still Waters

There was a thrill to be found
In the flood of lights, but now they're fading
I've been creating a space to breathe, but now I'm polluted
The sun sets on a blue lake

I pray for forgiveness, how you made me hate myself
I tell myself to keep my eyes vigilant
I tell myself to keep my mind insane
Can I trust you when I've been bitten?
Can I love a man who stole me from my dreams
And filled me with a false sense of hope?
I've laid down my cards, ripples in still waters
I think your heart is frozen and you know it
I tried to warm it but you push me away every time
I reveal myself and you take my kindness for granted
Kindness for weakness, when I can't overpower you
I go back to the lonely pain in my bed
The bells in my head, social psychological dread
Morbid propensities in unforgiving cities
I would fuck you a million times and turn into a gun
If it meant I could end our misery

The taste of metal lingers, faint echoes slip through my fingers
When I repeat myself, a prayer over and over
I come undone, unravelling strips of earth's fabric
Bubbles when they burst and I possess no more hope
But a flame faltering and I'm wishing the stars would rain

There was a thrill to be found
In the flood of lights, but now they're fading
I've been creating a space to breathe, but now I'm polluted
The sun sets on a blue lake.

Quiet Flesh

God hates me for all my lies
The things I said, promises I made
Each incision in the nights I fill with love
Overflowing with gold magic
When I spent too many days trying to right the wrong
Trying to be a better person, but for your sake
I've learned to live with the pain
Living in the chaos I created

Just maybe I can figure it out, and breathe
Just maybe I can drown in my sins
Just maybe I can overcome this despondent feeling
Just maybe, just maybe

Bemoaning loss comes with no fruit
Splinters of light shining through vague echoes
In the glossy decor of a mind imprisoned
I prayed for my mother, that the stars would watch over
Twenty two years ago I was born in dreams
Wanting life to last forever, but I've been on the road
Knowing the fickle mountain I created would crumble
I prayed for my sanity on a carefree night, and I took photos
Just to know this feeling is real, to look back and wonder
Am I feeling self-satisfaction, the friction?

I wanted to live with no regrets, no harboured grudges
Tied to a feeling replaced with drunk eyes
I see low tides, a little too cold to go outside
I'll call you when I'm done bleeding
When the dead throbbing perishes like a smile
And just maybe we can forget for a while

Just maybe my fears will slip away

Just maybe we can reconcile
Just maybe the moths I collected have a meaning
Just maybe I can capture the feeling

Just maybe, just maybe.

Pablo Rococo

Romance is where you find it wandering
Where you find boys with open hearts, lips wanting kisses
Asymmetrical minds full of office work drifting
Melting ice when we release who we truly are, gods
Dreaming of men in wars

Acorns drifting in a cool breeze, worried we will never fit
The coffee is left to turn cold, but I like it
When you take control and everything is going wrong
I'm hung up and it's no good, I'm no good at remembering
No good at remembering your birthday, your voice
A punch of memory in the worst way
I can't resist, crushed up pills swallowing guilt
Come when I wake from dreams, gasping for fresh air
There's nothing I can do to allay my suspicion, fears in my mind
I keep thinking your love is killing me
All out of sugar, all out of fun
These days I've been full of fear, but before I was a hurricane of art
In an old train moving so fast I write so bad
I know you love me, but your love means nothing
You were always a bane, wishing me a good night sleep
So fake in my nightmares, so sweet when you're mean
I'm looking for solace, but I don't know how to live when I'm alive
In a sacred place, a different kind of plane.

True Love, Fake Love

Don't you think I know about trouble?
Years of complications, I'm wasting away
All the smiles I collected in jars, snails in pockets of breath
Waves rolling on sand and drifting back to sea
Climbing mountains just to look through my mind puzzle
A clockwork orange rebel
I faced death and laughed at insanity
Life never really meant much to me, but now
I'm paying for my sins and the day is pulling me
Into a sea of treacherous unforgiveness.

Aonaran

Echoes of madness dance in ribbons and I try to drown them with a delicate song, but everything stops in motion. I come to a halt, remembering the days when I had no worries and the sun was my mother. I am here. Another year of insanity has passed. I don't have much to show for my time but an aching pain, a dream of running away to escape the mundane torture. Pleasure slips into a cold sway. Far gone. Can't find my way back home. I stand on a bridge, looking out at the city, the black night sky, deep in contemplation. I hear a piano. The reverb of the bass is a momentary cure, but the pain is a feeling I can't shake off. It never really goes away.

Isotope

Maybe I have a book of reasons, new thoughts. Maybe I am radioactive, unstable in faith. Over compensating. I am paying the price for a life I can't remember, sun danger generating. Slow breathing when I have knives in my mind. I can't free myself from your mass. I am a touch away but we're so close we could kiss. So close I can see the blue swirling in your eye like a pebble thrown into a lake. I feel you moving closer to me. My next mistake, a dangerous kiss, lips I can't resist. I want to fall into your sirocco and decay like an orange, to see the beauty of real love.

Cufflink

Glittering in the dark. I haven't spoken to my thoughts since I spoke to the stars, candles I snuffed out. I am a thimble to protect myself. Each passing thought is a danger with remarkable energy. Pushing myself to new limits, I shine. I button my shirt and wonder, where did you go? You are nothing but a whisper in my mind, a plate of fears and pains, a shadow following me through a labyrinth of memories. I hold the truth in my hands, woven into vibrant sunlight. Molasses in a needle's eye. A mushroom I picked, afloat in the music of my dream. I was your cufflink, and you needed me to be complete, like I need you to be complete. I shut my eyes and drifted off to sleep. You can't help me now.

Plagued Bones

My body is telling me to take care, to create oceans and stars. My body is begging for nourishing words, saying put down your hands and rest. My soul agrees with the darkness, cause when I look at the colossus metallic light beaming from the sky above me, I think to myself, *I don't want to be awake*. All I want to do is sleep and dream of electric sheep, to be wild and seventeen again. Everyday I stop in a pool of regret, a solar system of kisses bleeding in a theatre of wonders bigger than a red moon landing. Heartbreak in solitude. All the thoughts and pains that leak from me leave me dry. So now I'm a piece of barren land, an unexplored canvas, an artist with an eternal ache for hands. Hope is a warm mouth. Every hole filled with love-letters and flowers, every shy glance at tomorrow. I see it in you, so masterful and as big as a dying cosmos. Change when it's unfolding but a transparent sea is pulling me back into night.

RESTLESS

I smoke clouds. Four vodkas down to drown out my troubles. Night calls me and I think of you. Sleep calls me and I think of you. In my dreams I'm thinking of you. Haunted by grief, haunted by symptoms in my dreams. Never free when I sleep. You are a parasite in my flesh when I forgot to lock the door, when I won't surrender. I flow like a stream of mishappenings. Hanging from the ceiling. I've forgotten what peace feels like, to be numb with no thoughts. Trapped in a depression. Aimlessly wandering towards suicide. I get worked up over little things, anxious when the phone rings. Forever restless, I don't know what to think, can't make up my mind. I'm wading through muddy water, violently crying. Some people are water and some people are wine, fighting for the same thing. We die as warriors, calling checkmate. Stale and flippant, but always brave.

When All Else Failed I Threw Myself in the Ocean

In the stifling heat of a torrid day in September, my eyes overflowing with a waterfall of rain peeled open to a vision of a new reality. I flinched for a second, reaching for solace in a moment of anxious reflection, but I poured from the heart, undoing the stitches of my emotions wired shut. In a way I was nothing more than a pomegranate seed, a crossword unfinished, dancing in the sunshower of a manic blip. My words were a thawing snowdrop, the strangest gift when your body dissolves and you're watery dew.

In a silent room I found myself lost, walking down streets alone. I heard voices but I didn't connect with then, a flow of traffic like thoughts placing themselves where my foot landed. I thought my eyes deceived me when it happened again, when the tides ran away with sleep, but the moment was true. The day was too warm. I sank into a ballads of prayers, praying for rain. Sun talons in my cloudy veins. I prayed for rain, but I couldn't see anything else but sun.

Cold Pillow

A thousand words apart we think in time and space. There's nothing but a universe between us, but we drown in worlds when we try to remember a gliding thought like a fleeting ship. I can't remember the last time I talked to you. Who are you? What do you like? Do you love me when my shirt is too tight, when my white bones are rubble and powder? The beer has been left open to fizzle, a field of golden syrup molded into a red berry tree. Calypso in the star-spangled horizons of a curious pupil. Oh, how the years have passed. Oh, how I remember the past, the rebel in my heart, the child in my soul. I'm still as cold as I was in that December when the rain never stopped, only a little warmer, only a little older. I play music at night but my artery is bloodless, calm weather evaporated into a winter storm. I don't know what is real. Lights are flushing in a citadel of memories, a fortress of broken dreams. I turn to the cold ear of a marble city. So far away. Worlds stray from earth root, when the boot crunches on benign feeling. I turn the wheel of solitude, caged in a hydroponic land, and I blossom when I hear you, your sweet voice. Lifeless one. Death was never more beautiful.

Last Words

This morning in the blue rain my possessed iris climbed to the hill of the dove-white sky. A roaring sense of liberty pulsated through me, shaking out like a weak pulse, chasing the drops of salt which fell from the wet leaves. I was a sprite in the magic of the air, the rheum I wiped away like some savage wanderlust. The bulge of rocks were faceless, a voice calling in the wind. I felt like I had no name, in that moment I was no one but a dot on a much larger map.

I clean myself to make myself gleam white. I had almost forgotten I hadn't showered in days, hadn't felt hope in days, hadn't been anywhere exciting in days. The suffocating dread rushed over me, a raging sea washing over me. My sweat was a pearl, a tender bruise I pushed to the side. I clung to the vague notion I have more smiles, more time to make things right, more time to harvest the fruit of life, but I'm still a stranger to my blood. Clasping my shaking hand shut like a padlock, a shiny paper cut. I am a song on the edge of a cliff. We co-exist, sharing the same breath. Burning in a ten year old fire. I dance in the flames of an insatiable desire, a cesspool of kaleidoscopic pixels.

I was never important, not really. No one has ever taken the time to get to know me, to know how I drink the shadows of time in one massive gulp. Choking on the words you spit so eloquently. You made me into a piece of art, a throne in a museum. I feel the weight of a black lake drown me in the starry night, no hope for morning. I look out the window and I don't feel so good in the haze of this room, drowsy and falling asleep in a chair that knows all my secrets. Once I would row, but now I'm wading through dark waters. I don't trust a limb oar, the sun guiding me towards heaven light when it bores into my prison like an insomniac surgeon performing optical illusions in the echo of a siren. The image is closer, it looks like you.

Dance While You Can

The years are slipping by. Ungraceful shadow with no mercy. Someone must have stolen my memories in a dream, I don't remember a thing. How did I get here? Watering myself in the bulb of energy. I breathe underwater, pumping yellow smoke through my veins. A mysterious feeling captures me in the sling of the fall. Before we know it there will be no tomorrow, no more suns to see, no more fires to burn. Be feral. Glitter in the light of destruction. Feel the heat of raw thunder, a lost kingdom smiling in the lonely reflection of a mirror. I'm turned on like a radio, happy as a child. Too proud, sanity means nothing. I stay up late and permeate and stick to things like honey. I left my crown of honour at the bottom of a rose garden where angels cry for cake in a heaven, raped by life. Boys want to fuck boys. It's a silent metamorphosis of bones. No inward ripeness in a sleazy cornucopia of deranged meaning. This town has lost its magic. I've been waiting for a miracle to happen, but if this is all there is, I'm ready to wither in the plasma of dreamy nights. Unfulfilled. All the years we celebrated are gathering dust like the sting of a bee. Repenting in the froth of cream on a wild river carrying me into a polarizing taste. I swirl in a nauseous loop, trying to get back to you, the silky youth of the crop budding in an eternal spring. I mistook time for a friend, but the minutes are stabbing me in the back like a traitor in daylight, a cigarette that doesn't last long enough. The incessant thrill of life is slowly fading. Only the music of night makes me move. A mouth with bad news, dreaming in cool shades of blue.

Young But Not Afraid

Our infection has took on its life, beaming into purple skies. We have a front row seat to the show. Draped in the splendour of antiquated wisdom, we defy logic and turn shoulders to important doctors. There is no vista more beautiful than pleasure, more free than a whale in a plastic sea. We break the cellophane of the envelopes we're trapped in, little pills of magic when we're drugged and incoherent. Spilling words no one can understand. I've done it again, pursued the relapse and gaped like a still black. On a hallow ride, always a foot behind a white rabbit. I hear a muffled response, a soft goodbye lingering in the snow of my ear. Life is the betrayal of some kind of wise eyes, brother of unrestrained madness. I cut at the breath of the link. Forgiveness is a hymn, but I can't muster up the strength to sing when I'm moody and brooding. Left to wither in a blue room, there's nothing I'm interested in. The pour of the cloudburst wets the day and the sands of time are a hallucination, spiders flicking constellations at the wall of memory. I am a perfect host, a pink sunset in a looking glass of sentimental weakness. Eyes roll to the back of the head and a fountain of melting wax flows. An explosion of colours burst from the sugar vent, a chamber of explicit fun. I see a glint of sweetness consumed by this morning's dewdrop, the blood flow of a seizure etched on papyrus, a surge of reckless emotions. Consumed by ecstasy. I have no thoughts in my brain.

Wildblue Moonbeams

In seven ways I am heartbroken with every doting memory of summer gone. Bending the truth, those wildblue moonbeams. Devoted to you, this deep connection is the root of a silent birth. Praying in numbers. My voice is useless. God is a bastard. My eyes burn when I look at his sky. The grey orange of the asphalt is the only witness to the demise of my bones, the impulse driving me towards a clueless evening. *You seem so out of context in this gaudy apartment complex*. Fixing my hair in a lying mirror. This reality is a pseudo dream, a frame of night images departed. Every lapse is the static of a field recording. Every drop of venom is proof. Are we ever truly out of the woods, or are we gearing up for a soft landing? Defined by mistakes and decisions, I was wrong to think you cared. You never cared. You watched me when I was weak and fed from my internal tussle, every daily struggle. I swirl in the white sand of regret, the shuddering realisation that time is slipping into an airtight past, a tomb decorated with the roses of my bluelight. Ashen, so many days spent ill. So many days wondering in the still waters of the meadow by the wind farm. So many streets I forgot to explore, so many times I washed the linen just to launder my mind cupped in the frail hands of nostalgia, the embrace that hurts so bad. *When the anguish comes to stay it haunts the whole bedroom and then the house*. I had a dream I was sleeping on a cloud then I woke in a gooey blood pile to the disappointment I'm sinking. Boneless and vacant. I pray for the people I remember, the odours I remember. The late nights driving home and the late nights I've spent alone. I remember, I remember.

Night Dream

Dangling conspicuously from a string of dull light. I take the path to temptation, the red pill to wonderland. Legs open wide and I say yes to pleasure, the piledrive of the gold blade sharpening in my drunk anatomy. I am deranged in the blurry headlights, stretching myself out into an eclipse, an introspective fever. I clench and flinch. I am Jesus and I am Venus. A naked body full of fun. Pulling dreams out of the night. Every problem is a strange design, a flash of lime green neon when we weave and coil. I am focused on life, and I don't notice the hell as much. The sheer peach as juicy as a lotus, an elixir I made and submerged myself in the paint of today. I rotate like propellers, the whirlwind of the vice. I am a jutting black sea of nothingness, a jutting black sea of nothingness.

Highspeed Mermaid Harvest

Every toxic kiss soaking into your lips is money when we are draped in the black velvet of the sky's ceiling. Bats flying over my head, emotions forever when our stained reputation is a heartbeat pulsating. Ectoplasm when the water is muddy and the dazzling light of mute stars is guiding me towards the unquestionable truth, the sunset in you. In wooded pools of blue, in that grey overcast, I eat summer fruit, drowning in the juice of a succulent watermelon. I shatter like the fragile glass of our love, the armour of morality bleached by the shells and flint of night. Royal beams of flowery and smudged fingerprints. Plastic separates us. Reality mirrors the art lost in a clouded eye, the nomadic grief of a stubborn grudge holding onto a computer error when I've had no sleep. Wires out of left field, a nerfed mind in the sound of an ocean. I am dreaming without you, hoping I am enough, but I feel the walls closing on my ribs, the pulse of the heart getting louder with every breath. A fearless but positive charge in a spiral, falling into a blue light, I whirl and sing. Nothing ever goes right, the wind knows. I know what I feel and put my phone where I can't see. I don't want anyone to talk to me, just to make me feel bad because I'm left behind, and I overcome the sea, black nothingness growing like vines in me, vines growing like black nothingness in me.

Loveless Boys

Somethings are just too tragic to talk about. I have to lock them away in the darkest corners of my mind, in those places deprived of warm light, and I promise to forget about them. But at times, mostly when I don't expect it, they creep back like a hollow intruder, and in visions of death I'm passive, I can't fight back. But it's in those times I'm grateful for my lousy memory, because I don't want to remember how I was torn from limb to limb, that piercing sound vibration bathing in the labyrinth, those memories so big and full of torture their blackness crushes me. I want to live in the bliss of my childhood summer, the pink fizz bubbling from every pore. The milk berry liquid coming to shore. I've welcomed fury like a mad disease, and I succumb to the rowing fog. All I know is to bask in the peace, because when times get tough my tears are not strong enough, and the vibrant intensity of my wishing is a failure. Driftwood tangled in a mushroom cloud of weeds. I burnished dusk and adored your smile, more precious than a rare diamond, more blurry than those vacations I find myself cruising for the touch of a man, a waving hand. Pacified by those bright pills I'd get choked up on, I transform into a planet ironing my doubts and revolve around a special kind of love. Forbidden love. You left my lionheart as cold as a haunted room and told me I meant nothing to you. You said you wished you had never met me, that you should have left me at that harbour, and in that glimmering pyramid I felt like the rose you never took, a universe made out of loveless boys. Masks slipping and a barbed wire voice cinched, seldom loved. Unwanted marigold. That depressing and jaded feeling flows like a turbulent river through me, seeping into all my echoes. All I ever wanted was your love, but all you ever did was make me feel lonely. You seen me cry and like you said, I mean nothing. I slip into the black ink of night and my spirit soars. In a flowery pastime I am bored of my purpose. You push me away but still I want to get closer to you.

Cloudy Moon Aura

Waking. I look and see nothing in a creek I drained, hotline born again. Life tapers into a whimpering breath, the sad realisation we are getting older and our prized youth is a fading memory. Cold water splashes on the face. Cool droplets of blue liquid remind me the fire is burning out, the push and pull of meditations in long grass are years we never explored, motherly love we adore. A misty snowfall illuminates and bleeds like smoke from my eyes. Now I'm holding onto the magic of a city at night, a stranger following me home. I think in numbers and plead to no avail, and practice in silence like the punctuality of a piano. Sculpted marble. In a dark room I feel looming doom, a permanent scar in the prison of my mind. Sulphates, geodes and oxides. Sugar alcohol, inositol. Paralysed in sleep. My dreams bulge like a dream, a relic at high altitude. I've made a mountain out of you, and seen the sentimental erosion, the salt of every poem, poison seeping from the soft edge of reality. I hated the world and everyone in it. I wanted to peel it like an orange and be done with it. I don't want to breath it, I want to leave it. The worshipped skull. Careful not to prick my thumb. I trace my finger across a gold rim, the crooked curves and flat surfaces. The dust has gathered here like limp voices, voices I know well like I know you well, your touch and your smell. A pearl in an ocean, a kiss in a lake.

Forever Is Never

Rain falls from the black sky and lands in inviting entrances, much like a flexing conscience plumbing to the depths of an empty dream as deep as the wrath of an incensed sea, a godless void of distilled vapour lingering like a bipolar assumption. An echo rings out like a bell, water squeezed from a half-dead body limping on through a murky black hallway of shadows. This morning I had a bad headache. I crawled into a comatosed state of realisation, but still clinging to hope in a bestowed angle. I don't really live for the tasteless coffee, those vapid beans crushed to a pulp. I live for wild nights when I have no cares in the world, no fears, when I can hang from gold lamps of a pleasure fortress and know my body was made for this. That's why I've never really considered slowing down, although the thought has been flickering in my mind. I've never given life to the thought. I've been high for so many years, I'm not attracted to the mundane yawn which is jejune and boring. I'm aching in the childlike simplicity of hunger, but I'm hungry for danger.

Nothing Is Going To Last

Days wither into a fine waxy pulp. Inevitable decay of an ungrateful heart. The soft beating pulse is mellow and washed out, whispering in a permissive voice about veiled clement weathers. The moon is casting its nebulous shadows, and the beacons of those blazing nights are oblivious in time, flashing bulbs of levitating sadness. Married to those flickers and turns, rotating diagonals of autumn musk, stale orange lingering between sheets of blue rock. Ash melts on bitter lips, the cusp of a priceless smile curving to meet the edge of pale blueness. Mumbling nothing. I wallow in the fading glow of the day and feel like a basket case, with no real friends or real memories.

Dark Seas

23 is the loneliest year. Every voice is a dull echo but leads nowhere important, voices I don't recognise talking over me. Everything about these times infuriates me, water bringing me down when I'm trying to breathe, when I'm trying to bloom under a dark sun. In the calm air of daylight I try to escape. I try to make sense of these sleepless, unemployed days, wishing I could change my idle ways. Wishing I could fly through fallacies, or that I could overcome these mountains, these pains I can't explain, but I feel them and I know they're real. They're getting longer like a long walk in summer. A mirror reflecting. Treading along a dangerous road into some queer and mysterious darkness. Five years have passed in a flash, a thick muddy blur. I've tried to nurture them, those painful years, like the broken wings of a hopeless butterfly, but the magic has long faded from my fingertips.

Silence Louder Than A Heartbeat

Our deaths will be poetic and legendary. A priceless bounty shining brighter than Sirius, the Dog Star. But tragic like an overdose, the flux of a soul taken before they shined and heaven's light burned like one thousand fires in an eye. This dream was meant to last longer than the tears of a broken heart, but it faded like the note of a piano running out of luck, into the cold breath of a despondent night. Remember those blades of grass plucked from its earth song when we tried to shake the white from our knees? Now time is a memory forsaken, an ancient city we will never return to. We are living dead in a cruel world, spending life bleeding like gliding beams. Everything you do is a lie, the shell of an orange with no life inside. We take cheap sedatives but fumble in a helplessness, something too big to put into words as sweet as honey drops.

Stargaze

If I don't respond immediately I'm happy. Looking at the sun I'm happy. Each reckless summer I'm reliving the past, telling myself I'm happy because this happiness is temporary, so I bask in it. I soak up every fervent drip and I don't let any go to waste, because I'm happy. I sleep through the alarm and I'm happy, it's just me and my dreams. A one night stand laced with profound happiness, but there's no meaning to me in the word *happy*. What does it mean? Am I meant to smile and forget? I looked in the mirror and my body was blue, but I told myself I have to be happy. It's a cult emotion, a transceiver riddled with errors and contradictions. I've started a fire I can't put out, and now I'm living life like a neurotic hedonist. Drugs make me happy. Forgetting makes me happy. Being wild and forgetting makes me happy. I don't want to remember all the times I'm blue, pretending this sunshine crown is reality. I'm not happy. I don't know what happiness feels like. My mind is so black and I'm so aware, today we had a meeting planned. I tried to wake up and muster up the strength to come, but I wound up teary-eyed again, just thinking about how life used to be. I've never been so depressed, thinking about wet feet on a beach. So peaceful. My eyes blink but my stare is dead, so I sleep through the alarm and I'm happy. Plagued with nightmares, and I'm unhappy. The room was dark and I stumbled, more tired than usual. I've been trying to sleep a lot. It's the only thing that alleviates the pain, how uncomfortable I feel. I'm hoping for answers, hoping for happiness, but the sun never shines through those dark grey clouds. All of those mundane pleasures never blossom into poppy seeds, birthdays I sit alone and think. How did I end up here? A nocturnal architect bending futures. In a never-ending metamorphosis I'm closing doors in every storm, floating in clouds of spit in my face. I want to be better, I want to write better. Just last night I tired to write a happy poem, but it was a ruse. A bandage on every sombre thought. I met a young man on the run, dying but he never told anyone, and there was a cold night look in his eyes lingering like a lonely breath. But in that moment I felt a surge of optimism blossoming when I haven't felt hope in aeons. So I went for a walk at night, my favourite time to be alone, and I had a smoke and a cold beer. The sweeping air awakened me and brushed off my cheeks like a cold blade, and when I got home I was pink and ripe. Recently I've been sweating a lot about life, but during this walk I couldn't help but ponder on my misfortunes, and felt more disconnected and lonely than I usually do. I guess loneliness is just another death I have to grieve and wrap my head around, like a void I can't possibly fill. I used to be so full of conversations, but now when I'm in company it's a task just to maintain eye contact. My doctor said I'm depressed. He even offered me medication to help ease the burden of dark thoughts and the insomnia I harbour, because he knows how I've tired to kill myself, but I refused because like always I had convinced myself I'll be fine and okay. I'm happy, right? I'm happy, right?

Mellow Softness Inside

Every game we played comes back to haunt me like a lie, distinct patterns on every bow and tie. The sun dawns on me, but life isn't always a logical tautology. There doesn't always have to be a reason behind madness, sometimes we snap and things happen, and we apologise, but sometimes sorry isn't enough. Sometimes the cut is too deep to heal, and sometimes we overact, and our feelings make monsters out of eternal longings. A bridge too broken to be fixed. Sometimes the ride home is long and we feel like a joke, and sometimes we want more than this, but we panic in moments of heartbreak, and we act out of frustration, but inside we are softer than pulp, just needing to be loved and needing someone to listen.

Bloom Under Dark Sun

My eyes deceive me
And I can't elude this fog
At night I try to escape, smoke evaporates
And I sulk in a waterlogged terminus
Peering through wispy
Hallucinations
Crying in train stations
Inwards oceans filtered through blue guts
Blue capsules of moonlight dripping
Planted in dark woods
Reviving bittersweet truths
There's no time to breathe in this smoky room
Of regrets simmering to the brim of rock
Husband jilted, I care for you like an antique
But I'm weak from all this push and pull, valuable
Craft when you take things for granted and make art
Silence in rain
I look to the stars and bleed thoughts of freedom
Red danger in a liquid brain
With every teardrop and every poem
With every one of Plato's boys
Every ubiquitous soliloquy and every leakage
Every gamut of storms
I bloom under dark sun
I bloom under dark sun.

Twin Spirit

As-salamu alaykum
Proud brother of earth
Making tears out of moonlight
I see you in your darkest hour
Sitting there
You're just like taxidermy
With your glass of whiskey and cola
And red-letter-days seeping through
The chalk of your bones
Bloodlust in flowery poems
And your sunshine crown stays in place
Like a pretty smile fixed on your face
And when I think you're Ulysses
I wonder if I'm just a blimp in disguise
Tied together with apron strings
Loving in cycles
I think what you think
I believe what you believe
I see what you see
Every fetish you weave in me
I see what you see.

Silver Lining

I don't want to think, to think
About the worst that can happen
When we are blind to consequences
And sailing effortlessly into the sun
The chariot's fire burning in dark waters
As we pity and sin and pray
In elevators towards gold clouds of love
Because when we think and we're wearing thin
Bombs explode our ceramic chests
And the penetrating glow of Heaven's white light
Keeps me awake with every flight
Every broken angel wing
Swimming through dark seas, looking for a lighthouse
Hope at the edge of night
My body is telling me to surrender
Sheep following the shepherd, the foghorn
Echoing like a sheet of snow, covering those tall grasses
We played in as a child, and the soul departs
Leaving no fruit or orchid, no pillar untouched
No smile remembered
The hurting leaves us like embers
Dissolving ash in piles of dirt
Looking out at beaches, looking out at seas
At stranded whales, at patient seagulls
Thumbs in skin, numb when I don't want to think
What's the worst that can happen?

Even Though You Hurt Me I'd Never Hurt You

Hand pressed against cheek, and so close our breaths entwine
And our love is so big we could swim in it and feel the ocean spray
Of a thousand poets who loved before we shined
I drown in your smile
Like it's a perfectly designed trap I'm caught in
And you love me like a poem, ingrained in time like a memory
Beating like a heartline, every frown when I do something wrong
And you get mad over the littlest thing
But it's okay, because I know you like my favourite book
Like every pain I feel, and I could read you over and over again
And I never get tired of it, never tired of loving you.

Candle In Moonlight

Cold breaths whimper and ache, spine bending
When I say your name and it's another mistake
And it tastes like vinegar in this endless ocean
I am nothing but a stubborn wave blowing
Tasting my blood and my sweat and realising
I am forever alone, forever beating and conscious
I had to wake myself up just to say ayudame
These ice cream walls have ears and they're listening
Eavesdropping children with no mouths
Falling in and out of sanity and bleeding thoughts
I see colours in everything
Colours in dreams of freedom, those pale blues
Vermillion, echo-white, rosy pinks and dreamy lilacs
Apricot and lemon, sea foam and cyan and lavender
Silvers and golds and sapphire, pea-green leaves falling
Light-grey, light blue, black blue, mousy brown hair
Life breaking me down into a fine, powdery nothingness
I've never been much of a masochist, but tonight I'm looking
For a deadly kiss, and the weight of this anchor on my chest is tedious
I'm drowning in you, drowning in thoughts of you
Oh, the things I would do to you
How I would love you, and how I would kiss you
Such a perfect man, a gloating example of perfection
Feral admiration, in between your hairy legs
I am a candle in moonlight
Drunk on late nights, idle and wasting time
I pray to those lights, the flickering light of my cigarette burning down
Missing your touch when it's gone
Soft pillow, angel song
Wrapped in the silk of nostalgia unwinding
You see me tied up and watch me helplessly grieve
Those days when I'd sleep and I didn't know much about love
But now I feel too much, I can't possibly bare the ache much longer

You're a flowing river though my soul, my corrupted innocence
Longing for the softness of your touch
When you're gone I'm silent and dark
Pouring from my brooding heart
Unbearable and unhinged in daisy fields of madness
Sweating and it won't stop, I hear your voice guiding me towards
Some kind of fruit treasure, some kind of life wagering
Neurotic hedonist in blue silence, hermit pilgrim in rose gardens
Infected with your plague, I am the host of your disease
Shrinking with every burgeoning emotion
Fuck me until it hurts, until my tears bury into your skin
Watch me fade like a jaded offering
Shutting myself off from the world, melodramatic
In my cocoon of wisdom, this plastic bubble of insatiable lust
This plastic bubble of faith
Every time I break and have to put myself together
I bare seeds, plushy red berry bulbs, mossy slime in weeds
Drops of blood perfectly in place like the last ship to sail
Like loot and fossils and stories of forgotten legends
I dream of throwing myself off of a cliff into chopping waves
And I see my body there on those cold blue rocks
Bending into funny death shapes
Lost in great mountains of broken things
Compass towards success, every moment of bliss
Every suitcase of mental baggage
Such a noob in love, but I'm learning to love fast
Learning to love and learning to let go of the hurting
Every blessing is a curse, every night is a stone's throw away
Every breath is a saint and every shadow is a door
Every time you deprive me I always come back for more
And every river leads me back to you, just us like precious gold
Little bottles of happiness, little pills of emptiness
Lethargic in trenches and pits filled with secrets of youth
Falling into your arms, suicide in a hotel room.

Aphotic

I was never the chosen one
No one in the audience, and days of fun
Are slipping from me like golden sand
And everything is getting oh so dark

Where did my memories go?
I don't know where did my dreams go?
I don't know, I don't know

Why does everything feel so unreal?
It's like I don't believe the truth
I look into your eyes and I don't see you
I'm the prey in your ruse

Holding on but letting go with every sigh
In every valley of light I see clear
Crawling out of this panic, this unforgiving culture
Where the ceiling is getting lower
And we look at the books we forgot to read
And we slip in and out of routine
And we open another refrigerated Budweiser
Waiting for rosebuds to bloom
Our eyes get tired and sleep is the only escape
Sleep is the only escape

But I wake up to the sound of your voice
And the day is alive, but I'm still an empty void
Like some kind of orphan with no one and no home
And everything just feels oh so broken.

Pawprints and Stepping Stones

After the glittering euphoria fades like sea smoke
My body overflows with seeping regret
That sticky ache gnawing at my bruised insides
Replenished by the sky's waterfall

I am crystallised in every way, elusive
In this crescendo I can't escape, Saturn
With beady raven eyes and a loaded gun
Wishing I could take away your pain
Wishing I could feel something real, all day
I sit at the window alone with my thoughts
And a landslide of memories of what I've been through
And I spend my nights wondering what do you do?
How do you fill long hours? Do your silver scars speak of my name
Like the fire in my brain dreams about slipping away
To a deserted coast, a deserted shore?

You look at me like a shadow, a man stopping me from falling
I need directions, this city never sleeps
I've been awake for so long I'm running on dreams
Wondering bubbles underwater, I don't answer the phone
I turn off the lights, honey melting on my tongue
I feel the slow burn, the intrinsic flow of the pendulum
Crimson pools and evergreen, drinking from fountains
With no chance of surviving I left a note by your bed
Rhythms in my blue veins, wrapped up in cellophane
A mute veil of wonder drapes over me
Pearl dewdrops, thinking about stars and moons
You never talk to me anymore
Changed by the years, cold breaths in violet lights
Open ears, drowning in every possible way
I am the same as I was, no reason at all to be here
But was created by the sky, sunlight echoing through

In a movie screen, bones untreated, you cut through me
Timeless gravity bereaved by your silence
Pink blush, immortal swirls in a different mind
Pink cheeks, potion rich with all your filthy diamonds, shit
I dream about it

Upside down in a psychedelic illusion, I vomit
Pixie magic squid ink
Eyes closed but I want to blink, and now I'm feeling
Predictable like snow when it melts away.

Hey Violet, I Remember You

There, not moving an inch
You're as still as Kritios Boy with that deadpan look
Uninspired and gloomy in a poetic trance
You must have stayed up all night again, brooding
In this internal tug-of-war with déjà vu, you're losing bad
And my thoughts are wild vines colliding like spitfires
I can't digest the heat, the blood soaked mouth crying out
The silk of my blood reaches to a foam, and you look in the mirror
Staring at your blank eyes, your teeth, your shapeless face
But you don't recognise yourself anymore, just this déjà vu
This old friend not speaking but saying *hello*

Everything is so quiet in this room of torture, I can't bare it
My breath limps to a halt, a solid wood remembrance I nullify
Raindrops pouring out of the black night sky
Peeling away at the surface of the façade to reveal
The dream never ends, but in that impossible rabbit-hole swirl
I'm conscious, I'm not the lucky one, and it's unfortunate
You left me stranded on this island with no fruit
And now I'm tangled in the orange roots of your love
That penetrating hook of sweet nothing
Just like we dreamed, leaves blowing in the wind
I am white and bloodless and afraid of the hour
I can't take the pain any longer, that eternal ache I pacify
I feel it grow like fungus and I think I'm dying
I feel more little than I ever did, praying to a false god of hope
A storm of memories with steel boots telling me lies
I'm thinking of words like diet, wax, glass, ark, because
When I think of words they remind me of you
It doesn't matter what I think, I'm not important
I've never been disciplined, never won anything
I never did make it out of that barbed wire
In a dark lake with no air

Everything is catching up with me
White flames and memory tinders in a rut
And I realise I've been biting my nails again
Anxious in my daydream, thinking much about nothing
Life was never invincible, just a string of time in which
We aimlessly think in a daze
Mother, your love is atemporal and I'm sorry
I've always been an encumbrance
Father, your absence was the highest mountain
I could never climb through those lost echoes, those throes
Eyes meeting and fears slipping away
In and out of taxis and stopping at every beach
Just to watch the sea, obsessions in textbooks
I dissolve, I sculpt eyelids, pits
Marrow.

Beauty in the Most Ordinary Places

You exist like a smile in a photograph, waiting for your name to be called. At every corner you see the faces you envy. Black and white movies playing over and over, in a museum I look at art like rain, the flowing beauty of night. I think about the conversations we never had, and I think about things I should've said, but now it's too late. When someone tells you they love you and you know they mean it, reciprocate with loving arms. Every mother faces hardship you will never understand, the debts and the arguments, the beauty of life. Peering through blinds at a sublime world, a sunlit room with no worries on my mind. I loved it, the whistling nature, the mundane routine, the brimming conversations. The soup is left to boil in its vegetable glow, and we wait eagerly for the light. Not trusting anyone, especially a stranger. I've fallen for your lies before, and now your eyes are a stranger to me. I listen to bells. I look at old photographs, I look at my sisters. I watch the day and I'm lost in my head, lost with every dreamy moonlit night.

Paradiso

I know it's late, and I know
I know I should be going home, but I'm fine
Fine here, dying with you

The world has lost its beauty
And my angel numbers don't talk to me
You can't console me, the music doesn't sound the same
My brain doesn't feel the same, and I'm scared
You're eating at my sinew like you want my flesh
So white in your mouth, I cry but I'm lost in translation
A scarlet letter for every hostile reward, growing impatient
I fall at his scent and inhale his breath

Cut me open with your words and I admire you
I admire you like the beauty of a corpse
Fertile push of virus, this unwinding genocide
Thief of thoughts putting thorns in my side
But you always flee the scene and you unwind
Disfigured by your dysmorphia, I'm not the one to blame
But you chastise me like you're the master and I'm your slave
Onwards but I'm never going home, you're thinking backwards
Retracing your steps along this forgotten path
I kiss a fat Buddha and the cherry on my lips is yours
Ashes when they disintegrate, I chip away at the mantlepiece
I left my pride there, so cold on that night I kissed your salty wounds
Unpure soul wandering
My violent youth was for the taking and now sinning is liberation
Inject me in your veins, objectified, imperfect bodies sexualized
Rape in a perverted mind, the magic of unprotected bliss
In this dark romance, spilling out of ourselves
My lungs are begging for air, the crisp pale ash of winter
But I never stray too far, I'm chained to the fear I'm losing you
Losing you to time.

Trust Distraught

Bleeding purr and meow, antiquated
Spiritual awakening fortified
Arrows pierce the bones of us, ambiguous
Price of victims, holy suffocation, coward surrendering
I lay on the floor and feel nothing
My eyes dilate, blurry vitreous frayed
In a cesspool of vows, I told you I couldn't breathe
Suffocated by your love

Your shadow follows me, your words haunt me
There's always this vague echo behind me
My head filled with lost voices, limbs torn apart
In a one-way-street, blind eyes towards a dim light
Replete with a dark sky infatuation, wishing you well
This is just another betrayal.

Soloespecificos

Circle the sun, drink me like an escapade to Heaven and back
Study the lines on my hand in a future untold, return in fragments
Like a telepathic mind polluted like a blood drop in water
You suck my paper cuts
It's the synergy between prime mover and stillborn
A lesson taught by the wisdom of trees, the flame of love's desire
Catching raindrops in my palms
I got all I ever wanted and it wasn't enough
A piano in my ears and a cold drink
I got all I ever wanted and it wasn't enough.

Violet Pink Roses

I could leave you here, bleeding in your ritual
Praying for your mother, praying for your father
You never could get over your addiction, and I don't think
I've ever seen you sober, trapped in that fruit punch snare, blank stare
And being trapped, love always wins but when it gets dark
I look at the moon and think of you

Isn't it funny how some things never change
And I love you everyday?

When the sun shines in my eyes, and no one understands
How I am dissolute in this handmade paradise
And my pen runs out of its ink, and I feel more hollow than usual
On the bus ride home, seven hours to go
So what does it mean when I see your face in my dreams?
You are every hydrangea, every chameleon
Seeping into those cracks of ironic paranoia
Neurons of circumstance

Isn't it funny how some things never change
And I love you everyday?

White Vintage Star Lover

Nervous in a car with a stranger
I hear the wind echo through the leaves
And every ominous feeling is just another reminder
When I walk down dark streets I long for neon city lights

Everything I see, ruptured fantasy when you don't believe in me
All my fears dissipate and it's magic, lighthouse towards the horizon
When I feel tainted by your words my heart gets lonely
But this solitude is growing on me.

Bitch Echo

Unconscious but I feel something new
A hurricane I came, some vibrant piercing afterglow
Splinters ricocheting when the dust settles
I come to the surface and breathe, deep in the night

With blistered feet I am bashful, observant
I see the nuance, colours I don't quite understand

Flowers in hand, I work for the mind's real estate
Timetravel decay purified, smoke caught in my eyes
I blink and there's no cog in the blimp
Everything I know is a myth, a nuke launched at my psyche

A ripple effect fading into an opaque question
An endless trail of blood, my father sucking my thumb
The pluck of the violin string
Sacrifice your lungs and hold your breath
Turn up the volume, isolated prisms of sounds burrowing
Into the faithless culprit dance of rage
A shapeless face with no release, discharge secreted
When you pull the wings from a butterfly and make it a toy
Every hex and every crime, just another decoy
I chip away at the flush of gold, that fallen angel plummeting
Cheap victory in a renaissance painting
Eternal victim of bondage insulated in serendipity
Parachute into yellow bowing
Wandering in the sequestered ruins of my dreams
Deadpan silicone valley crying in my stomach, that pit of echoes
Lost boys devoid, loveless and aching in this baptism of rain
Such a beautiful way to be.

Requiem

One day the echo will answer the sadness that lives deep inside of me. Windswept and breathless, easily falling in love with the dreamlight of this reality I created. Sleepwalking into the nub of a waxy moonlight reflection. I stare at these white walls, my tomb. Swimming angels, sour and ripe. Spur to the summit of night pleasure. I don't believe in fiction, a closed fist in an immortal paper mouth. I don't believe in your idealism. I am a poet, I am intentional in this forgotten abode. I am a lover of all things transcendental and Atlantic, I even love the ghosts in my home. Nostalgia alive in my bones, I'm feeding on every morsel from the inside out. The church where I first sinned is burning down, no one can hear me now. I live in a toy box. A sad boy under the roar of the grey sky. Cold disconsolate morning by a countryside lake. I am awakening. Silently remembering the shimmering chrome of broken glass, unprepared. I've made a staircase out of my intellect, a man out of dark blue electricity. I see you in soft clouds, soft words melting like butter. The grass today is not green and the honour insignia is wetter than milk, more wet than a sentimental verse of ceremonial reverence. I lick the edges, in love with the idea of being infinite. In dreams of New York I am a sacrifice, a diluted alkaloid. You look at me like a lost reel of film, a wire attached to the past. Strange eyes, blurry eyes holding the truth. In my junkyard sanctuary of brass, scrap metal delights falling forever. I tried to understand your dexterous phobia, the medallion ear of noise. I am a reloaded gun, a revolving door. Cursing slumbering gods, I have no departing words. I leave silent. I am the cold face of steel, kicking in doors like a high-school shooter. I know the everyday mundane truth, how I lied to you, how you believed the world is coloured in when you can't see the missing link, the cryptobiotic energy separating us. We are one, losing blood.

Dust and Magic Spells

Those stepping stones you relied on
The flower you watered but now it's wilting
The ceiling you touched when you were high, just another flame
Lambent in the decay of your last smile
And everything was good for a while, but you had to fuck it up
And succumb to the thirst, the wanderlust mushrooming
Cigarette smoke lingering like a final dance
On the edge of something new, flickering in the light of regret
On the edge of something new, flickering
Coffee simmering at a café
Waiting for the cool down, but you're burning up
A late night taxi home, but you ain't no phoenix rising
No wallflower, no candle in the wind
Just a long pause, cleaning up the mess you've made
The end of the world's deafening silence, never remunerated
You owe me blood and tears and sweat

Spit sticking to, to the flame in my eye
You come back home at 1 a.m. and I can tell
You've been drinking again
A thousand words you have to say but never shut up
No hesitation when you chip away at life and look for a cure
But you can't say I dulled your flame when you filled my doubts
With hours of pity and my advice has no light
Forever dust and spells of magic, you push me into stains
When I was steering this wreckage into a moon cycle
Parallel but no steeple, my hands were making praying shapes
Demolished education and a mockery out of wisdom
One hundred foot tall and falling
But not from grace, every stitch in your face ruined
A black heart burning like a sun four years ago
Trying to open a door that's been locked for an eternity
Trying to get through to you but it's like milking blood from a stone

A misguided rebellion, that age old song

The lake never stops, never stops flowing
A thousand seas crossed and still left untouched
Like an old jacket on a coat hanger collecting dust
The newspaper you never touched
The Sunday spell of rain, mud into a gold rush
A forgotten pin, you can never get your point across
And I know your mind's drowning in the frustration
The poisoned arrow missed, the red vein, pulsating
Fractions torn, head in hands, almost at tears
But you exclaim, say you don't care
Burrow into the cold of the growing dark, flashbacks
Making a home out of the night, I hear your echo
But now it's too late.

Crystal Palace

My head hurts, but this song is a dream
1 a.m. under the dark night sky
I am a cavity drinking my lover's spit
A reactor writing lines one thousand times
An explosion of treasured memories
Open body with every trench-deep autopsy
In this pool of plastic water the light sheds voices
Calling out my name

Flowers growing from the incision of flesh
I miss him like I knew him, immortal Oscar
Surfing through vines like a two-headed boy
Playing that Neutral Milk Hotel, double-edged lies
Silent when I hear the pang of bells
I hold a million smiles inside, loving you fondly
I've spent a life planting these seeds of devotion
On the run from my demons, I stumbled across
A light radiant in the centre of my chest

There I was, an injured bird, bleeding since 98
Crying since I made my exit from the womb
Never knowing how to connect the dots
Reminders on post-it notes
I am the clouds and you're the sunburst
The visceral undertow bearing seeds
With every flaw in design and every muse
The waves of sandalwood are getting higher
Higher than trees, we respond to pheromones like gasoline
Riding the Ferris wheel of life, in our haunted dreams
We are blue and hoping
Seagulls in the teal of washed-out seafoam
In that daze of oyster milk and golden hour syrup
Dreamy blue romantic nostalgia

Two lovers in a field, looking out at the lake
White skin with pink cheeks, never been more brave
Candy-coated when I'm with you, my fears slip away
You fill me with love like an abandoned flagon
Our five-star romance is softer than challis
Softer than footprints in snow
Colliding bodies of ecstasy wondering
Where do the days go?

It smells better when you play with it
Get a little engaged with it, carried away with it
Love it and want to kill it
Stick a needle in it, spit on it and kiss it
Forever after and you drown it in beach static
Floating balloons in shadows, so dreamy up here
In this ether, in the winter of my bedroom
So optimistic, so pessimistic, such a contradiction
I fall to my knees and pray to him like a God
Tongue-tied, I listen to him like a song
The echo of soft rain falling in autumn
The burning orange of a thousand suns
The words of a thousand fathers, dove-white
In my Crystal Palace, I'm in love with you
In love with drunken nights, all those wild times
Memories I can't leave behind
Written all over your face, no stars in between
Heavy breath, preserved in silicate
Caring man with arms full of children, loving
The spur of the moment, the open door, dying in trenches
Paintings when they are surrealistic
Put your head to sleep in the cover of a magazine
Letters unfinished, twisting the knife
Arising from the scape of something I can't explain.

Shifting Places

Sometimes my eyes see things that just aren't there
Blurry visions of love's ashes disintegrating into a rabbit hole of nothing
Trying to comprehend the lapse, the hot fog sweeping in like angel wings
Wounds still healing to form the pink flesh of a scar
I used to believe in gods, that some miracle would save us
From a century living like we've been touched by a haunting
Life in a jar cruising for a touch, one word to make me stay, stay, stay
Back on that long road of hoping I begrude your every move
Subtle in perfect light, jealous veins swallowing a marriage in darkness
Trees bending into cryptic messages, no structure to your bones
So you fall into geometric shapes, not going back, symmetrical in patience
Stubborn grief at the end of the day I'm complicated
Knocking on doors but no one answers, left out here for a raven's feast
I paint your name on the old streets I visit and remember being a child
A distant memory of 1963 slowly fading away

I don't recognise the simple musings of your fingers, drifting
In and out of bouts of insomnia, turning on a cold pillow dreaming of sleep
This week I missed my doctor's appointment, a voice calling
Missed calls when I turn my phone off and forget the world
The only thing that brings me peace, just a boy lonely in vivid dreams
Paying no attention when the magnifying glass is focused on details
Slipping into a comatosed state, taking pictures of green earth and foliage
Every piece of this chess puzzle leaves me with questions
Knuckles red when I graze my skin in an argument, burned by your fire
Cutting ties, burning bridges, no longer speaking of you in the same light
When my application for this publicist job goes through
I've already forgotten your name, how you made me feel like I'm a wheel
Chasing neon fireworks bursting like city bullets talking in riddles
Dripping colours, bleeding like semen stains on fresh linen sheets
Bleeding orgasms on a buried mattress
Once again it happened, in the dark of the night I'm more uncertain
Decomposing flesh and future bending

Lining your stomach with acid rain and wandering ghosts
Memories of youth in boxes, dust on synthetic flowers
Lost in that empty house where your body died.

Vaccinated

My heart's soaking in vague remembrance
The concrete joy we felt remembering that world
Young lust cutting flowers, a decade of longing
I've waited a lifetime for this moment, patiently waiting
I sit like a rare emerald, drinking until I can't feel
So numb you could cut my skin and I wouldn't respond
I hear moths in spirals trying to understand
Making a living but trying to get away and escape
The mind is a heaven, and the mind's a hell
Some distant land of quantum physics I never learned
Loud voices reminding me I do care

The river runs deep, but I've never learned how to speak
I tried to open up my veins and prayed the pain would cease
Why things happened and I took things personally
But I would spare you from this syndication
Treasure your skin and walk through doors of light
Understand I'm happy and dying
Why can't we talk and resolve this bitterness?
I know I say I don't care, but you know deep down I do
Purple like every bruise, I want everyone to be happy
But life's not fun like it used to be in the past

My smiling flesh has developed a new appetite for the weird
Bored and sad but it's okay
I like people when they're not talking
People in history who don't know why the sky is blue
Death is quiet, and you want attention without compromising
I play the piano different and it's not what you expected
Blinking eyes and mouths blowing kisses
Mouths blowing kisses.

Forever Rebellious

You take off your socks, out of love and I know
I know why the caged birds sings
Your heart is broken and every high school crush
Is a mountain, climbing just to feel light and feel real
But the suffocating weight of life holds an enormous silence
Pilgrims when they wonder why?
Your love is cataclysmic, the coughs of a heart
An addict with the mind of a labyrinth
You try to free yourself from the air, stairless pit devoid of empathy
Freeing yourself from the tourniquet of positive impact
A drain of night symptoms hoarding
Cut from earth, you don't listen to anyone
And make it with a bravado, listening to that music
Just enough, and you smile, just enough
And you smile.

Deformed Pumpkin

Last night I smoked too much
Stumbled into bed, drunk
Throwing myself off rooftops and flying through skies
I can still taste the salt on my lips
Ensnared in the cycle of bittersweet memories
Flickering like iridescent light beams
Palm leaves in apple-scented orchards
A blur in a promise land of refined sugars
Hollow fruit I picked from notorious back streets
Two magpies balancing in the trees
When red and yellow and brown autumn colours come in
Running taps, nosebleeds and chest pains
In that astral projection of starry-eyed dreams
I am haunted by how reality can be possible
I've touched clouds and seen moons floating over hills
The dance of sacred frills, love and despair lingering
With every quiet night of reflection
I rise from the embers and still I am the same
Holding my own in this disintegration of loops
This unopened box of yellow bones and smoke-tainted grief
I'd rather stay inside than wallow for a century
Crawling deeper into glowing misery

It's 7 a.m. and I'm in bed on this cold October morning
Rain's running down my window like stupid little children
I look around me, trying to find a meaning
In this perpetual emptiness
Just a signature on an envelope of prayers
The walls of the dead house I buried my ghosts
A shower of new muscle, new blood, bacteria
Stretching into woods, inviting paths
I am a slug in this mundane life, twisting grey
Metallic wet streets, under the morning's white sky

I see a cog in the rusty machine like mucous
Glittering fizz in puddles with the roar of the cloudburst
I drink them like moons and clouds and songs
I wash them inside and out like stones and I love them
Like old socks, trousers crumpled up on the floor
Empty bottles scattered around from the night before
I pity them like regret, cracked knuckles cutting teeth
My bed becomes a friend, the same old walk

The same old road
A mind opened up, a world opened up

Embracing limbs like those inviting paths
Guiding me towards the eternal smile of death
The cauldron boiling over into a deformed pumpkin

A mountain of depression, never-ending torture
In this empty park my thoughts are expansive
Expanding like the blue horizon

I wake up to the clang and jitter of yesterday's dishes
Dyslexia in the sink festering beansprouts and foam in the mind
I peel an orange and stare at the waxy pith of changing clocks

A supercharged river of emotions soaring
Through me like the synthetic breath of an atom

Lilted in choppy waves
Puppet from the strings of shoegaze

The anxious fear in the voice dropping a beloved vase
The mail is delivered and I go back to sleep
In and out of dreams, I think of those neglected dishes
I consume it, hypnosis
The terrifying moment you're devoured
Submit to your desires and feel the pleasure flow
Admit it, you're melodramatic and sentimental

Always thirsting for flesh, that giant hunger in your stomach

You can never reach it, you always dream of it
Those thoughts that make me squirm, the blood of a lamb
Dancing like complicated thunder
I put a band-aid on the broken branches of this loneliness
Slumbering in a reverie as soft as a beach
A voodoo doll that can't speak
Drifting like echoes through new seasons
Drifting with every new thought
Broken angel wings like a shiny blood clot
I'm tired of this small town of hurting
Lowbrow and wayward, every minute is a dying breath
Another day of hating myself passes and the sun is no brighter
All the colours have been washed out of life
And this waterfall of pain within is a monster I can't hide
Just another thing to worry about
The changing winds of a soul with glue in my mouth

The sun doesn't mean the night is over
When you have lost everything and have nothing
Your house becomes a fading ghost
Everything becomes a metaphor, invisible in the light of a larger game
Smiling at strangers to conceal the pain
A vacant shadow is shouting the thimble is broken
Your eyes are insane and you never listen
Staring at the blank television screen, I was a week sober
But still, but still, I'm not in love
The highs don't feel like they used to do
How is life working out for you when money runs dry like an oasis?
Hot steam from cylinders, so insatiable, so uninspired
Throw me in the ocean and pretend I don't exist.

All My Love

There is no more wine and the night is dull
And I'm struggling to live up to my role
My eyes are stars roaring
Bleeding nights in this standstill
I would give you all my love if it meant you'd be happy
But happiness is never guaranteed, and no one knows how bright
Tomorrow's sun is going to be, so we sit clueless
In this whirlwind of grey stains.

When You Need Me, I'll be Smiling From Above

As black as the night, I fall into hopeless shadows
Starlight burning through echoes
Photographs of us when we were younger
Disintegrating like ash on the tip of my fingers
Life is a sad dream, lungs filled with smoke and no reckoning
In love and in need, I don't know what love means
You broke my heart in drowning waters
Now you don't wrap your arms around me
I'm suffocating in this fog, the bitter taste of sorrow
Coming to foam like the tattoo of black blood

I've made sandcastles out of pain
The spiral of the mind when hope fades like smoke
A letter at 2 a.m. sitting in a drawer
A box you never opened and wondered
Where did the celestial light go?
You won't ever see me again, my smile disappeared
Last December in the snowy Vietnam of heartbreak
Clutching onto the pearly white of seashells
Beached and I prayed you would show me the way
The space between us everyday is getting bigger
Like a melting glacier I can't explain

Suddenly sirens appear, harsh clangs
Materialised in thin air
A screeching alarm pulls me out of sleep
The softness I dream of like a father wiping away my tears
I look out at the city and feel the aching inside
Longing for the warmth of your touch.

Plishelpme

The night is dark and I'm jealous
A buzzard feasting on the corpse of yesterday
I look at the sun and my memory is vague
Peering through the naked trees
The brown arching to meet the lake
A long walk from home
Just a landfill axolotl, a weird computer
In wispy currents of orange and blue
Before you know it, it's too late, and life
Is coming undone like the stitches of a wound
Coming undone like a wrong calculation
Spots of blood trickle into a blind eardrum
And the seeds we planted grow cities
Remembering you long after the scent is gone
The bedsheets are cold
I take a dose just to numb the pain
Touch wood and wish I could start again
But love is the ghost of a memory with an ancient hangover
Methane emissions delicate like my Achilles heel
Looking into crystal balls, I don't know how to feel
Roaming through the moor of spellbinding truths
Like wading through the muddy waters of realisation
I like fingering things, the hole deepening
Skeletons discovered in excavations
The war between two minds, an atom separating
Tears of sand in our deforestation
Trees growing fungus, thorny tongues
Misspelling words, trying on clothes and smiling
When they fit, eating until my stomach bulges
But still, I need help.

Nautical

Bridges collapse into rivers below
Cataracts waltz into the slumbering cold
The earth compass through waves of destructions
Born with no shield, raised to be knights
We drink from our cuts, milky goodness seeping into
The furnace plagued with nightmares
A room full of stars, love and weakness
Love and kindness
Fifty dwelling spirits from the seed of Nereus
In a sea birth the white flesh of a scar glitters like a dream
Clouds drifting in the empyrean gazing

My eyes lock onto the clear blue sky
Like a spell
Like the clouds are a painting
And in this twilight of endless beauty
I am a boy blossoming in a rose garden
Boy becoming man
Noble in the blue mountains, rose petals are falling
We restore and polish the ruins of our dreams
Violins before they were forgotten
Poets before they were forgotten

Alone in the vast emptiness of green wilderness
Looking up at the sky and losing myself in that impossible
Pool of cool blue
The sounds of birds tweeting
Ripples burning in lakes
Curiosity when it gets the best of me
The leaves when they start to crisp and the berries get redder
People when they are kind
The sweetness of fruit when the taste lingers
Solace in remote areas when my aching voice echoes

Soft oranges and industrial grey nights
When it's raining softly and I feel the cold wind
Blowing on my skin.

Dewey

I light another cigarette, in the dance of fire and smoke
Orange embers faintly glowing and I can't breathe
But I feel you John, children playing softly in fields

And the sky gets dark, and the piano echoes
And I read words, poems burning through my skin
Experience and nature, staring into nothing
I feel the seconds remembering just a moment ago
But I've forgotten and I'm looking through my brain
I don't know where you went, although I'm waiting for you
Come back to me and show me your precious smile
Sweating in a cold room, you have no idea how I feel
How the pain lingers and the music caresses my bones
I could live in you, swim through you
Breathe into your shallow hopelessness and blink
And I think, and I think
You possess so much beauty unfound
Bristling notes of perfume in melodramatic dreams
Dyed-in-the-wool and pouring candlewax on your seams
It's a shame you don't know what love means
And you bite, and you bite
Biting hard at those impenetrable seeds

I want to stay here
But I think it's time to leave.

Violets Are Blue

Echoing words like butterflies
Pierce through me like the grey of seaside mist
Breath looking for a soft place to land
All those summers we took for granted still haunt me
And in the stumbling moonlight I sink into my trembling hands
All of your hatred and misguided frustrations
Sail into dark waters, and your tongue gets caught
In the snare of a bitter lie, but your shield is getting weak
And I can see through you like the paper I've traced
How you're always trying to prove your love
How I'm longing to touch your face

Light is too big for hate to comprehend
The river has gone and it's time for me to sleep
Pearls glitter in me, I'm a bean on a string
Dwelling in misty caves of strange forgetfulness
A fish on a hook, sweeping black-white cream
Sulphur-bent pilot looking for that philosopher's stone
I'm over the games we play
The fog rolling down the hill, the waterfall of sadness
A flash of shiny moonlight, eyes bleeding thoughts with no colours
The heroin of your primrose sinking in
I walk down halls of water-damaged photos hanging in silver frames
And in those cruel moments, I forget the way
Forgot what I was going to say and became a reaction
Blind to all the things that have happened
The seas we've crossed, the lands we've crossed
Just to be here, singing about freedom

Morning is a witch
Night is a symptom

The sky is a road we're soaring through

Holding on for the ride, the violins piercing my ears
All of this delight escaping like smoke from my memories
Yesterday is long gone, a wing looking at the Northern Star
Remembering how the years passed and left us breathless
How you left me with this suitcase of hurting
Warm hands stretching out to feel nothing
We pray and believe, these days there's no faith
These old fashioned walls have opened the floodgates
So we sit in our misery and smile at little things
We raise our glasses and nod, when a new day begins
And the leaves are falling

Morning is a witch
Night is a symptom.

Glistening in Blooming Sunlight

My smile is tainted with the nostalgia I feel
Pale blues swimming in my eyes

In the night I see shadows posing under streetlights
Streets lit by faint moonlight
Burning echoes incidentally dancing in the dark
All those men and women living forever in our hearts
Fell apart like the notes of a song
And we tried to put them back together
But the ship never returned, never felt the same
So we take our place, our feet on the floor with no care
She says my drinking is bad
She knows my order like the lines on her palm
And I smile back, but it's tainted

I see you there, glaring in black and white photos
And I couldn't relate to you anymore
The warm summer breeze flowing through
The words we leave behind, oh how I loved you
Our legs entwined in brotherhood
And I know the years have been unkind to you
Knowing you
Glistening in blooming sunlight

My smile is tainted with the nostalgia I feel
Pale blues swimming in my eyes.

Turning Planets

It all comes flooding back to me like violent pleasure
A song I remember, spirit protector in a dreamcatcher
Branches of willow folding into alchemy
Summer vines growing big with a cynical grotesque
Enigmatic look, pouring myself a cold glass and looking back
I don't want to know what's going on
The smoke lingering like it's young lust
Every time I wake up from this dream
I'm more tired than I was before I fell asleep
With pain in my lungs and eyes big like shrooms
Every time, every time.

SIRENS

All of this shit building up leaves me drifting
Indifferent and coughing in the smoke
I take off my clothes, and I want to believe there's hope
In that tornado before the lull
I soak in the lukewarm air, but I can't remember
The sound of your voice echoing
Those times when my memories were full of life
And every hill was another night dreaming
All of this shit building up leaves me drifting
Into houses I don't know, meeting new people and swimming
We take off our clothes and it feels like we're being born again
In love again, we dive headfirst into the golden sun
Too stoned to think properly, too young to understand
All the troubles my mother had to go through, the bubbles
We popped on simple flights when we feel the itch
Looking out the window of the car in the backseat
I think of your smile, late night fireworks exploding
And everything brings me back, remembering memories
I never had, the silence in the eyes of my pets
These clouds are my best friends
Waiting, but tomorrow feels like it's forever away
And my dreams tonight are aeons of torture
Dreaming of your love, time when it's just you and me
Just you and me.

Wandering Silence

Ribbons of blackblue and cerulean lead me
Down the Valley of the Dolls
In old derelict apartments we blow smoke and fog windows
Talking about the past and the future
I see myself in you, eyes black as unforgiving stones
Walking past neon signs and the dazzling moonlight
Pours like milk from my eyes
Pours like words onto the immortal canvas
And we look at each other like we're each other's muse
And everything feels right.

Disciple

Towing fever dreams through the mud of regret
In the dark pit of the womb, my eyes hit the ground
And I caught a glimpse of light transcending like a wave
An explosion of colour burning in my heart
The photograph disintegrated like ash on my fingers.

Hilltop Gentle Breeze

Now I'm an eyeless bee searching for that inviting honey
Addicted to the salt of nomad blood, held together with string
Anchored to the foreboding minutes slipping by
The vision hooks and pierces my skin, sunlight sinking in
A strange voice lets me in, but the door is locked from the other side
My calls remain unanswered and I'm uncertain
Was this love just a dream I fell into and didn't escape?
I stared out that window, looking at the pitiful grey town
The morning glory and blue jewels, I'm sure it was just a dream
But it felt so real, how no one knows my name
Everything falls into place like a dab of invisible ink
The squeeze of the sap and the antagonist hand
I found clarity in my bedroom, swaying in motion with
The release of my emotions, the music burrows like a seed in my head
The last rainbow in a storm glittering
Treasure in moments of perfection, I wake and the thought fades
Like the shimmering blue sparkle of dust vapour.

Ivory Rivers of Silk Blood

No one speaks to me like they did
They think I'm a quiet child, procrastinating in my insular mind
Perverted like a stalker at night, fuelled by the inferno of my regrets

I feel the cold air, the dark night sky brooding with every train that passes
I tighten the tourniquet and scream to let everyone know
I'm cruising for sweet asphodel, the smell of daffodils when it's mizzling
My howling eyes repent but I'm ready to sin again
Alive in the thunder of obsolete rays, I admire the pulchritude
The beams from unforgiving crops tired and falling into the cries
Of Mountain time, rivers tugging at true love, growing up in a different world

I light candles and leave them burning like whispering orphans
It's palpable, this atmosphere and the decadence
You are someone's son, but do they remember you
When you're forgetting?

New Star Songdance

I dip into moon pools, pleasure flowing
Through my body like a drug in the vein
You come back home drunk again
This is why I resent your false promises
Those flickering empty words
There's never a grace period, no silent kid in this mirror

No full stop when the sentence is over
Just a blank stare, an optical illusion in your web
Eating tiramisu like I'm Pegasus
I've gotten good at shutting people out of my life
But worse at missing them, the little things
The person I believed and hoped you would grow
Like a blade of grass in radiant sunshine

Killing myself slowly just to pass the time
I look at the moon and feel more lonely than a cave
There is no bottom to my mind, just a hole I'm falling deeper in

A hole I'm filling
So deep I can't wake from this colossal dream
The pain, that's real
A cloud in my eyes, no warm embrace, no goodbye
A cold glass of whiskey and suicide to numb the mind
It makes me gag thinking of change
Tears on the cake of some forgotten love, an old god
Clasping hands in mid prayer
Black spiky waves come jutting in and out
Like a breath, a lost soul wandering
Trying to answer those unanswered questions

I listen to the clouds, the man speaking
He puts his hands on my waist, bends me into shapes

The fantasy takes over me, conquers me like a nightmare
In the mouth of a ravished succubus

I try to escape it but it sweeps me up like a wave
Pulling me into the blue depths of insanity
Life, a plague, a beautiful disaster I've fallen in love with
Nights of dreaming on an endless ride.

Secyt Paraíso

The melting wax from Icarus' wings drip
Into the flaming hot sea, and he remembers his father's words
And I remember them like a heirloom, the summer that never lasted
Embracing the ghost of youth
A story passed on through the trenches
Don't tell me when I don't want to hear it
Don't want to believe it, the sun has said its last goodbye
A priceless smile leaving the room
A radiant halo fading into the sacred day
I look into the dark but I'm not afraid.

5pekausis

He vanished into obscurity
Before the shimmering muse in my tearful eyes
Cold like winterfell snowdrift
I'm breaking like the crystalware you dropped
Sparkling in the dark blue wing of night

Reaching out, hands into sands
I taste the metal of your sour love breathing
In the throes of peril, I ring like bluebells
A fist in the yellow breath of abstractionism
I follow the shadow of withering twigs
Pulsating thuds in creek ballads
I see that dull blue peachy bulb, confident
In the faint glow of looped stardust
My feet touch the floor, barely
It's like I was made to die in this light
Orbs to satellites, white knuckles and silver blades
And mercury blood drops I can't evade
The hospital white voices in my head telling me
There's still so much I haven't done
I flick through my mind, memories in the sun
Numb and dancing like smiles

I'm dead and I'm not coming back alive
The truth has disintegrated in my bloodshot eyes
Just like a neurotic outpouring
I burn and I'm fluorescent in the night sparkle
Wanting to make it good, wanting to make the pleasure last
I feel a crow in the rib, cement pouring from the radio
When everyone is sleeping and the sky is falling
I suck the venom from the pore
Moon-filled and plastic in evergreen acid
I hear the drop of a coin, that closing door in my burning ears

I see the dismay in your blue face
Harbouring bottles of thunder in the rain in the grey
In dirty bedsheets I ejaculate a mountain, the sound of piano
Effortlessly flowing into the night distance
Black sky draped over my wary thoughts, sucking at
Your decomposing limbs and your funny bones
I'm your secret, not a ghost
An affair you will never speak about
Your face gets red and you're flushed, gently flowing
Softly echoing towards the luminous moonlight
Blue eyes under pale skies
Ignoring the wake-up-calls, I'm falling harder
Heart to heart but we're strangers
Looking for five thousand words to describe an orange
Life intimidates me, like jumping into an ocean when I can't swim
I want to kill you until I'm entertained
Flush your guts down the drain, fuck away the pain
I want to love you when you're insane.

Lonely Minds Vacancy

This fatigue symbolises our impure friendship
One word to make me insecure
The burning desire to free myself from the shackles of torturous reality
The mundane slip into dreams of twilight
The rain after the sun, all those nights we fell out of our self
Into strange towns, strange conversations
Not going home until we're satisfied and left
With an empty ache and no reason for why we're disjointed
Blaming each other for our problems
Taking no real accountability in the proximity of destiny
Power, love, friendship, addictions, fantasies

Moments escape us when everyone else is asleep
We frequently doubt we will wake from this dream
We are kings in our own little playgrounds
Planting seeds in fertile lands of hope
We swim like moonbeams, sulphur and blackberries
Chasing rabbits and hanging around with nothing important to do
Little obtuse and mawkish birds feed us chimeras
Mouths full of piano and we're falling deep
You watch me sleep like a baby and tell me I'm yours
You care for me like delicate china and when I'm mizzling
You light up my world with sunshine
But you can never really alleviate the pain
The numb part of me memorising the lines of heaven
Take me to your quiet softness
Where the rain doesn't wash away the colours
Where the eye's genocide remembers
Orange leaves falling into place like rose petals.

Hourglass

Nothing left to spare, I write secrets on walls
I run with rivers like doing the waltz
And I hope I can remember your voice tomorrow
But I've got no more room in my mind
I'm always talking about stupid things
(Streetlights and seashells)
The glittering of the city at night
When I'm hurting inside, thinking
I'm dying and time is always running out

Our love is an hourglass, love slipping away
Holding on like a memory
At pivotal edges, I see the heartbreak on your face
Blooming swan lake
No where to sleep when there's no more games to play
No more smiles on your face when
Our love is an hourglass, love slipping away

I swim back to you like a refrain
A heart I want to redeem, love I want to dream in
As the flowers die and the air gets colder
I expand like Hiroshima, a dying art form
Reminding me everyday is a sacrifice
Crying waterfalls from hollow black eyes
Magic spells and promises to myself
Through all these forgotten weeds
Hours of self-loathing through the weeks
All the way to the top of hills and back
Where we soak up sun and hide in the shade of trees

I look at life through a magnifying glass
Time running out like an hourglass
Everything feels so big, but I feel so small

Here in this room of hope, tears smeared on the walls
I don't know how to win
When I have the weight of the world on my shoulders
I crave to be alone, no one with no past
No clear view, no clear path
Just a calendar telling me I'm getting older

I would kill myself in a bathtub
Just to get back to your love
I would open my body and let out the blood
And go to places I've never been before

Just to get back to your love
I would swim to distant shores and promise
I'll love you evermore
When the lighthouse is broken in darkness
When the sands are muddy with fever
When the chimes echo and you're wondering
And the lights are flickering on and off in a supermarket
And I'm walking cold streets without a jacket
I will run through black skies to white moons
And remember the last time I saw you
There, I seen the world in slow motion, falling
And I bubbled with love for you
Because I have loved you for a century
And I'll love you for a century more.

Black Rose

Wade through the black smoke
Wade through the silent darkness
And draw the curtains of impossible hope
To reveal a burnished world
Glittering in the celestial light of a new day
I unravel from the ribbons of life and I'm stoic
Cutting myself from my ruptured wings
In the flames of humid decay
I get my hands dirty and shower myself clean
Falling into treacherous seas

Tears illuminate in blue light
Creating rivers which flow through my heart
All those books we loved dearly
Words simmering on forgotten pages
Are just old friends fading from memory
In the echoing dark

Time is all that we ever needed
Shadowboxing through the ages
We rise from Caesar's fire and tote the burden
But nothing can dispel the weight of the anchor
The birdcage of the Muses macerate in a simple blink
Divine honey for the gods, we pick ripe cherries in the wind
And pray for the intractable mind when it's alone
This trajectory of darkness leads us to endless suffering

And we know, love is impossible

You love someone and you hate them
So equally compelled, you give up when you're holding on
Torn between life and death
The sun and the moon, that midnight feast

I dangle from the allusion of reality in this chrysalis
In plumes of black smoke, I sit on my throne of ivory and bones
Loving you, loving you.

Lovers in the Night

Nothing will ever last, so we fall through the night
Like lovers in history, together at the shoulder
We are atomic and this love will never end
We are spiders in webs of deception
Living like there's no tomorrow, we are hollow
With no structure our minds are plagued with self doubt
Parallel and ominous, we grow close
But cut the fabric and fray in this trepidation
A nightmare we can't comprehend
They say our love is a crime, but I'm not ashamed
I fly like a dove in the sky
I breathe you in and remember you fondly
And wonder why all those years stood for nothing
Just a vine out of control
Bones break and fall to ashes like pillars
Love permeates and touches the heart of sinners
And if death is true, I will meet you at the edge of nothingness
If death is true, I will meet you at the edge of nothingness.

NECTAR

Your love is real good like ice cold wind
A gold song blaring on the radio
Even when I'm indecisive, I think of your love
And I know your arms are an open door

Waves flowing like magic glittering in the veins
We harden like candle wax, but underneath our armour
We are soft like rose petals
Saying each other's name in thunder

Drowning in the blinding lights of ecstasy
I've made a haven out of my thoughts
Skin-deep like the fury of a permanent winter
Burning like the fuels we expel
Searching for dreams in the smoke of tundra
We flip coins and go all the way
But are we really true when we don't remember
How it feels to be rogue, just trying to make it through the day?
How are we supposed to know
You're a magnet alluding to switching bravados
A butterfly tattoo in a quiet room
I feel that sinking feeling
The immense pretence, we are fine in mirrors
Endlessly devoted

We are songbirds in glass bottles
We are songbirds in poems.

Blue Echo

You smoke the joint and blow out the smoke
Like you were born in the wrong generation, and I think it's dope
You studied the Victorians like I studied the veins of the road
And I bought myself cigarettes from the gas station
On my way to meet you, I seen a bird in the thick of trees
Like I was a child in the backseat, I stopped to look at the clock
How time stops, and maybe I'm so lonely
But you were so nice to me, I'll always remember that

You judged my teeth like I don't have a flow
But you know I really sit up at night, alone and thinking
I really write these poems, I really loved you
And you know I'm crazy, you know that I'm crazy
But you're crazy, and you know I like that
You know I like that

You smoke the joint and blow out the smoke
Like you were born in the wrong generation, and I think it's dope
You studied the Victorians like I studied the veins of the road
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On my way to meet you, I seen a bird in the thick of trees
Like I was a child in the backseat, I stopped to look at the clock
How time stops, and maybe I'm so lonely
But you were so nice to me, I'll always remember that.

Losing Game

His drug is hurting me, but his love can't alleviate
My pain when I'm just numb and lost in this storm of remembrance
And everything fades together into a distant blur
Regardless, my love for him is infinite
He's my biggest weakness
It would take a lifetime for me to get over him
Even then, I'm not sure

I'm addicted to a losing game
In this moment, I see things so clear
I can't describe my love for you, I don't have enough paper
But this swelling pain is the longest night
And I'm talking to no one, no one wants to listen
When I pour into your reflection, I see 411
How you don't find enjoyment in the things you loved
How the colours fade in the rain

I'm trying to wake from this dream
Plagued with memories fading and I've tried
I've tried to find myself when I'm losing myself in this tide
Caught in the web of your lies, trying to understand
There's so much sadness in amusement parks
Faces in crowds at happy hours
I blink and it's gone, but someone is there lost
Playing a losing game, it's personal
When you're hurt and lashing out at life
I know it's childish and I'm trying to grow from that
But the nights are getting longer, and I'm lost
Playing a losing game
Trying to remember the name of that song
Playing a losing game.

Turtledove

Freedom was everything I lived for
Like I was an easy rider in silver rivers
Frozen to a pulse, I've heard everything you've said
And I remember it well, crying for those times we've forgotten
I hear little girls, echoing winds
Poets forgotten in rose gardens, we're dying
Drinking until we're numb and we live, we can't control our urges
We succumb to broken glass, broken mirrors, and we know
Life used to be so layered and textured and dimensional
Now it's a hollow abyss.

1,000 Tears

Our dreams carried us through suicidal years of hardship
Young love holding my hand
My father told me if I want to grow into a man
I'd have to fend for myself
But the snow falls, and I'm a child again

In your arms
I see sunsets, I see clouds, I see waves
In your arms
I'm an angel, and your love makes me feel safe

You kiss me and read my lips
And your touch is soft, caressing my skin
You hear my night time dreaming and treat me like a rose
In a room full of tears, when I feel for my sisters
The times we lost and prayed for happy days
I close doors and I pretend nothing is going wrong
But I can feel this remorse, how I hate you like punctuation

You make rules and I don't obey
I slip through your walls and give flowers to those I love

The people I've lost in dreams of freedom
Sometimes I can't even hear myself think, and I know
Fear is the biggest prison, life is the biggest scam
We live in it and get more afraid
But we wait for the sun each day just to feel something
And when the sky gets dark we cry 1,000 tears
In this requisite ceremony of sadness.

Blind Devotion

Anywhere you go, I am a shadow
The dark metallic reflection of the moonlight
Like corrupt tides in puddles, I shine like a geode
A violin with a beating heart in the light of day
When the sky gets dark I get lost in the pain
I reminisce and sway
I remember you were like Atlantis
You were every harvest and every missile
Every night we were insane
Throwing my thoughts away like limbs
I festered in a blur and percolated in madness
But I don't regret a thing.

No Immunity

Lungs breathe in, a hopeless fountain of wisdom
But we're stuck in the black oil of our misfortune
Stung by blue electric currents
Rivers effortlessly flowing into distant places

Our strength is our weakness
Kindness is our biggest fault, it often backfires

You feed on me like a disease
And I crave your love like nothing else
Just a receptor, glittering in light
You wash your hands, but you're not anymore pure
Innocence was stolen and I'm drowning in sins
A bag of bones in this sea of mistakes
Nothing can protect you from the outside world
When the virus desires flesh

You dismiss that cesspool, the weight of the rhetoric
And the blemishes delicately placed like seashells on a beach
You're a feral being in the wilderness of life
Not modest at all, just filtered
I revel in freedom, just how I like breaking things
Tearing them apart into little disintegrations
Little pieces of infections infecting things
Discord in a pool of fishes

There's no place for me to grow
When we used to breathe in fungus spores
We were water in the forest of childhood romance
But now there's no room in this house for my thoughts anymore
I pretend I'm not here, I'm searching for rainbows
In the windy silence of echoing pain
Lashes flicker like bats in a computer screen

The earth possesses so much eternal and strange beauty
The moon and the dark night sky
The 4th dimension holds my tears in its palms
And takes care of them like a nurse tending to a broken heart
Kiss my wounds, surrender thyself
Like someone engaged, but to whom
The darkness consuming?
The silhouette of a ghost when you wake
And my bones are heavy leaving behind my dreams
Follow me on this escapade to the nucleus
The most heart-breaking hour, I turn the phone off
Just to hear silence, I black out the windows
Everything is so immaterial, so fleeting
I tried to be you, but it never worked out
And I had to learn the hard way
There's no meaning in talking to him
He punched a hole in the door in a stupor
It's not the first time he's punched holes in things either
But now I know there's no immunity

I soliloquize
Maybe I catastrophize
It's as if I'm seeing stars
Seeing stars.

Rainbow Heaven

Numb fingers push through
Wounded reflections in shiny mirrors
The mind's forbidden invention
With a delicate charm
You breathe in with sunken cheeks
A shell of a man in a pool of grey thoughts
Isles of dreams I imagined
Bustling alone and alive in empty woods
I wait for the pine, succulent peaches in summertime
I looked into his brain and seen maggots looming in his skull
Rescuing him from that blazing inferno was keyhole surgery
A melancholic requiem, song of the dead
Angel lyrics in a fuck mouth
His eyes opened with the new sun and he was white like milk
In the embers of a phantom hunter
Dewey dewdrops when I flick away the ash
Those little pearls scattered in my decaying heart
Crystals suspended in the air like soft eyes
In a deserted paradise
I feel the wanderlust burning in a tortured vagabond
Through muddy blue oceans and mildew
We separate and turn into atoms, deprived of freedom
This slave fetish is not a modern love story
Just a bad feeling when you can't look me in the eye
I'm a poet trapped in my mind, in this beautiful storm
Of double entendres and illegitimate flirting
I pray for beautiful boys, for all those souls hurting
For the people with no reflections
For the women in operas with everything to gain
For the ones drinking and taking pills
I feel the same, writing lines at this tired desk
Sniffing lines and dirty flip fucking

My dick gets hard when you're helpless
Begging for more, fucking raw like a whore
A saint inhabited by a devil's mind
A fairy with a garden full of children cries
Every time I dream and get swept away
He's aromatic and full of flavour
I push my fingers in his hole
Two fingers, then three fingers inside him
Discreet lovers in a room of musk
I spit on him and get him wet, I dig in my claws
He fucks me with no remorse, he fucks me until I bleed
And in my mind I treat him like a cunt
That bitch thought I was submissive, and yesterday I was
But today I want power, a mutual rape fantasy
Put me in a harness and gag me, spit on me and choke me
I don't want to be clean, I want to be dirty
Faggot poetry
When I'm up all night masturbating
Edging on the seat of my chair, I can smell him, fingers between him
Wrapped up in a metaphor, but I'm naked and calling his name
Rosebud, you know that guy?
He can shove so much up, his wife is so bored
She fucks him like a cuck, and I watch and smile
I've got my dick in him and it makes me laugh
This Bending Heaven, he's shitting rainbows
I've turned him into a bitch, my pavement
Dick in him like a staple, quivers and ripples
Gaping hole and spreading on that photoshoot
He knows I fall into his smile and he's saying
Bareback him and cum, thirty two point turn
I'm so fucking sick, but I can't hide it
The pizza box from last night is still on the floor
A drunken night, I'm anonymous
Quick fuck and you leave, going back to your wife?
Has the electricity gone up? I'm always putting money in that fucker
Like you shove things were they don't belong

He's a racing horse in his own little Hollywood
Writing letters to Bukowski, to Ginsberg
It's 1 p.m. and I've just woken up
Last night I defied boundaries, killed you in my dream
And everyone that I loved left me cold
But today's a sunny day.

Sky Coloured Blue

Far beyond a lake of clashing thoughts
Of regrets and changing times
I made him up inside of my mind
I think about him all the time
Love dying in my arms, under a sky
Coloured blue

A city of words is falling
Meticulously enamoured by your shadows
I look at the sky and I see angels crying
In the moonlight's tranquil musings I ponder
Between life and fantasy
This happiness grows in me like loneliness
The deepest nostalgia beating
Red chrome sparkling in flickering headlights

Far beyond a lake of clashing thoughts
Of regrets and changing times
I made him up inside of my mind
I think about him all the time
Love dying in my arms, under a sky
Coloured blue.

Wild Waters

In a garden of crows there's a floral tribute
For the boy who died
That endless dreamer coruscating in vibrant moonlight
Unhooked, refractory emotions are burgeoning
Rapid tides on autopilot
Every night is famous and reckless
But the cuts get bigger and we can't repair
All the scars and all the wounds which anchor us
To memories of tortured days which keep us awake
Our lips are shut, but our minds are open

I know it hurts at first, letting go
But it hurts more when you hold on to dying love
And you spend a lifetime searching for answers
In the weeds of a crumbling forest

I feel your pain, the echo of the melancholic piano
The solar eclipse in the heart
Burning like a thousand suns, a thousand poets
Lullabies piercing protective outer sheath
The violet plumes of afterlife's glow
Pluck the violin strings of rain gently falling

Enchanted rosebuds everlasting
Willows wallowing in psycho starlight
A soft chrysalis in my blood
In violent seas of pleasure, I remember
The celestial mouth consuming me
Birds chirping on a gloomy blue morning
The long walk to the funeral
In those moments you feel like you have no faith
And you look up at the sky
The vast and empty nothingness shining

So bright the lights are blinding
And I remember, you were my best friend
I loved you more than the moon at night
You spoke to me like music, and I never wanted it to end
Willows wallowing in psycho starlight
In those moments you feel like you have no faith
And you look up at the sky

Everything was a beautiful thing
A shipwreck in a troubled mind

I'm in Heaven, and I know You're sad
Just because you can feel my soul, my tears
My words alive on the paper
Just because you know I'm watching
With unrivalled, glittering stars in my eyes

That gold Midas touch is gone
Like Houdini's inevitable disappearing act
The final departure
You strayed so far away, like a beached whale
And now I can never get you back, I'm just a doll
Thrown away and discarded

I see the beauty in death, we're magnets
That unconditional bond sizzles out
Like a flame in winter
Two minds tied together with a ribbon
In wild waters.

Forever Jewels Sparkle

Vintage rain vibrantly potters like daydreaming eyes
Into the milk white skin of child
Two hands building a sandcastle like Michelangelo
Peeling an orange in mundane bliss
The sun burns through the window pane
This is the second time today I've remembered you
Painting a new picture with new paints
I am a gossamer in holographic mirror halls
Trying to remember your face
The ecstasy you feel when you buy a new book
And you turn the page and dive into new worlds
The idle glance when you bloviate and confirm identity
A swan song like an ode to ancient gods
That sweet apricot magenta
Techno glitter prince kisses

The Vogue magazine on the coffee table
Says *forever jewels sparkle*

And I believe, love will set you free
We will be forever jewels
Sparkling in the glittering light
The fireworks of a new year
And I believe, love will set you free
We will be forever jewels

Bramble in a tempest, o'er golden hills
With no regrets, I forget to pay the bills
And I spend the day wondering
What am I gonna do with my life?
And when the post is delivered
I'm more invisible than ever, sitting in this chair
Wondering what am I gonna do with my life?

I told my mother I'd be back before midnight
It was supposed to be a Times Square reunion
But I died that night you threw yourself from the bridge
And the light died, and I never made it back home
Oh, how it's a shame, I was supposed to be someone
Not a city but someone with a purpose, songs to sing
The Vogue magazine on the coffee table
Says *forever jewels sparkle*

And I believe, love will set you free
We will be forever jewels
Sparkling in the glittering light
The fireworks of a new year
And I believe, love will set you free
We will be forever jewels.

Destination Prayer

At night when I can't sleep I count the stars in the sky
And all the time I've wasted pass me by like a fleeting season
A song I live in, the highest echelon
Mind in a trance and I'm troubled, drowning in my sorrows

I seen an angel falling from Heaven
In eternal candlelight, starlight, moonlight

The walls decay with every untold secret flowing

Sound vibrations, physical manifestations prosper
When the drugs run out and there's no more smiles
I flip coins and pick flowers at twilight
Oceans drift like birds through clouds in skies I created
The sun dissolves into light, muses bleeding in my veins
The sour taste of regret, the chance that never happened
Haunts me like a reckoning
A world with no colour, I get lost in that immortal canvas

Summer love reminisce, efflorescence in prisms
The winter trees are calling my name
The yew, the seedcake, the gentle hand
The divine cards and spilled yoghurt carelessly

Pulling myself from the weeds, the plumes of smoke
Cream silver rolling down fruit hills
Separating myself from the egg whites and the darks
Clouds in mirrors and stone ripples in reflections
In the rabbit hole of dreams in my bedroom
I want this love to last forever

I want this night to never end, even when I'm anchored
To the foreboding and my house in the sun is melting
I feel the ecstasy surging like freedom to the tips of my fingers

And maybe that's why I'm calm in the drowning
My eyes are vacant like glass shadows

In dreams of befriending strange realities
I hear my mother's wisdom and I still can't sleep
These scars won't heal, but they insist on perfection

A victim of the mind's disease
Propaganda in my ears like days going by
Blue milk, blue candlewax in fertile gold skies
I see a glancing smile from a stranger
And my lips arch, I look back at his eyes, so much loss
Someone's child dying but my hand's are open
I understand how it feels, so much loss, time we can't resuscitate
Slowly walking past isolated roads, the glittering sense of freedom
Soars in my bones like wings taking flight
The cars drive off, becoming nothing in the night
This slow dance is just a mumbling
Indifferent feelings pulsating through my veins
Pulsating through my veins
A designer malfunction with a sky view
Star dance Stardrops, transformed in the chrysalis
Intimidated by life but I jumped into the deep end
And the initial trepidation wears off
I jerk like liquid, like candytuft
Each morning the indefatigable urge comes back and

At night when I can't sleep I count the stars in the sky
And all the time I've wasted pass me by like a fleeting season
A song I live in, the highest echelon
Mind in a trance and I'm troubled, drowning in my sorrows

I seen an angel falling from Heaven
In eternal candlelight, starlight, moonlight.

Poet Insane

You write a thousand words, a thousand times
And you're the only thing I want
The glittering moonlight
A taste of Heaven, an angel in my arms
A thousand boys I'll love forever
Thawing in sunlight

You pluck the guitar and speak in French
And I hold you in my arms when you're cold
Beautiful boys all alone, in deep water
Like Pegasus, Pythius, Ovid, Ophanim
In cold waters we see ruined futures
Times when we are scared and falling

My memory evades me and my dreams fade
But I hear your voice calling me, music in my veins
Bleeding through doors, I see your ghost
Crying but I believe you.

Roadkill Hatecrime

Isolated, with no mouth to speak
Nobody to make mistakes, we are cold in storms
Praying for tomorrow
That day when we will be set free
Bleeding in eternal light
I can feel the tears in my eyes, dead inside
Waiting but nothing is happening
I have loved you one million times, but my voice echoes
Sleepy from disease, danger in streets
Earth bending
I am becoming someone else, don't feel like myself anymore
My fingertips are smoky blue
I've seen a hundred years of death, so cold I can't stay still
Pulse of water is novelty

No sense of self, new out the box
I am roadkill, you walk right past me
Water ripples, lethargic in blooming pools

With no one to talk to
The night never ends, and I imagine you here

Your hands warm with comfort
This sadness I feel is like a mountain
I'm buried under this pain, but in a different world
We belong together.

My Tears Flow Like Rivers

When the hand on the watch turns
And the candle burns, and the music plays
And the light effortlessly shines
The drinks flow, and the diamonds
In my mind echo

Everything was going well
Until this ambivalence threw me to the rocks
The lonely waves rushing to meet the shore
The boy who never got to love

Soft cascading waterfalls in lucid dreams
Pour into the moonlight glittering
The sands, the time, the shifting body
The mind and the soul unfolding
In this tranquil moment

When the hand on the watch turns
And the candle burns, and the music plays
And the light effortlessly shines
The drinks flow, and the diamonds
In my mind echo

Everything was going well
Until this ambivalence threw me to the rocks
The lonely waves rushing to meet the shore
The boy who never got to love.

Long Walks in the Rain

In an empty parking lot
Alone with my thoughts, I tear them to shreds
Little morsels, little blue ribbons
Little beacons I snuff, little birds fluttering
A criminal prayer, the loneliness dilates
When you're not there, in my head
I'm writing a poem, I'm tearing it apart
The bedlam inside me, haunted by shadows
Names carved on trees, indelible smudges
The rapid succession, sunrays brighter
Than the trembling white of snowfall

I try to pay it no mind, and think
If only I was a little faster
If only I didn't stop to take the picture
In the howling moonlight's reflection
But I'm a baby to all that darkness
Dark kisses making life bright
Crystallised in the light of a dark sky
First love ignites me

Tonight I see no butterflies or rainbows
No tattoos of loved ones, no Madonna, no pilgrims
Just me on this lonely road
Burning with a rising fever, the peachy purr
Intense orange whirlwind of storms
Blowing through this place, Peripatetic spirit
Bloated, wilted, cold fingers
Doing the night dance, ageless soul tortured
Bending willows in magic forests
Petrichor always, requiems in new-born August
Speaking in riddles, filling holes with misinformation
Cocaine and arcade games, wounded deer sculpting words

I love you but it's never enough
Stumbling drunken mess, so fucking stupid
Water lilly drifting but I'm through with it
Dirty shoes and worn in clothes, lost coins in city ponds
Pushed to the edge, I drink milk and my charms fade
Like a beautiful dream I don't want to forget

I'm almost oblivious to the lights
I block them out like little squashy dots
Like the pain when you get fucked till it hurts
And the fatigue barely makes a dent
I've been awake for so long
My eyes grow wild with excitement
The winds are soft brushing against my cheek
Like sweet memories of autumn
I take no notice of the cars, they leave like fathers
The neon flash of cityscapes, abrupt
Dark blue punching the skyline
I am in my own little fantasy world
Clawing at the roots of destiny
I see blurred faces shining vaguely
I look at my phone and it says *midnight*
Projections in the mind's inner spiral of thoughts
I hear a voice in my mind saying *yes*
Yes, yes.

Ferris Wheel

It will never end, this longing for true love
This longing for endless perfection

The more I think, the more I hurt, reading your letters
Feathers pouring like tears in harbours
The pretty ones never understand how I climb mountains
Looking for a peaceful mind, I look in the mirror
But I'm not sober in the undertow

On this old rollercoaster ride, this Ferris wheel of addiction
I hear the laughter of children
Gold sunshine, honey and oceans, mother's crying
The heart of Jesus is forsaken and I know you're exhausted

The years of back and forth, bird songs
Dew like snails on the window
Pile up like books, but no one there to listen
I slip like oil, just trying to remember
This heartache has left me like a ghost and I know
The prospect is far beyond
A wolf in the sun, Earth's taboo like a diamond
Sirens meet me halfway where the lucid darkness hangs
In the sanctuary of innocence, smoky days gone and forgotten
Like violent pleasures, violent wars, violent waves
Like soft thoughts, soft memories
Clouds floating away
I hear the pounding drum, the anchor, bells ringing out
Midnight blooming decay twinkling
No more regrets, no more doubts, no more silk
No more cults, no more eruptions
Just decadent brushstrokes, fingers lingering in mouths
Sparks like beanstalks sprouting
Heads hanging in shame, wanting to leave my skin

Stop keeping score, get over grudges
Piss stains and bitches, sucking dick in alleys
I pray for your tears, and paint towns with blueness
Washing the stains from my underwear
The spells you cast with a blazing glare
Eyelids painted with glitter
I wish I could live a little more
I wish I could live a little more.

Wasted Youth

We echo like reflected waves
Heathens and verbiage
We fall into dreams like rose petals
Swimming in tattered white
Looking for some kind of harmony

In the time capsule of pilgrimage in blue sky
The turning wheel of the heart and mind
I struggle to find the point of life, pushing over clouds
Drowning in the rain, tufts of unfurled wisdom
So close I can feel your pain, that incessant silence

(You are like me, and I am like you
We're always the same, never changing
Unsolved equations, moving like dream music)

Your eyes are empty like moons, stuck in this noose
Choking on words and spitting at fools
If I had all the gold in the world then I would be king
But I'd gladly give it all to you, kissing goodbye to wasted youth
Kissing goodbye to wasted youth.

Waxen Glib

Children softly answer, broken down at the end of lines
Buried under father's decaying insides
The cold outside sweeps with understanding forgiveness
Jealous scribbles etched on false memory

Broken hearts ruptured plead with orange leaves
Drinking my head, sad moments, tearful moments
R.I.P moments, teary-eyed
Skin tarnished by a thousand lies
Silver, emerald, cobwebs in lavender smoke
Seismic aftershocks, taste new waves, new blood
Flooded with sunshine, love penetrating
Falling like dust with the embers of childhood heartache
Boys crying in rain storms, girls laughing in weeded creeks
Preaching veins wondering like emblematic statues
Black eyes when we're arguing and I adore the clear sky
Seeds in dreams when we're numb
Sleeping in daisy fields
Golden crescent wings fluttering
I'm insane and life is real, looming veils
Blooming in the hazy meadow peasouper
We touch each other and we're closer
Burning in each other's fire, secret lips confessing
The darkness consumes me and I subside

I feel the storms at night, a world where we can't die
That was the old me
But when I think about those times, all those blinding nights
It makes my heart bleed when I feel the days go by
Your breath becomes nothing in the morning light
And the burden in my hands is helpless

Mourning in the cradle of solace, I hear you like a ghost

Invisible perfume, envelopes unopened in silent rooms
Like the sweet smell of asphodel, the perfect scent of man
Modelling clay in trembling hands, dirty and remembering
Curses so big in my nightmares, I feel the urge to wipe myself from song
And find a ship back to the island of hope

The night fades like memory, that time I found love
Dying on a hill, swallowed a bitter pill
A sea of indifferent emotions, swelling like cake
Profound in nature lingering like a memory
Once I seen a dove glittering and butterflies shimmering
White skin paradise
Paintings melt like wax, young lust in museums

I love you, rainbow puke fuck machine
Drifting winds in pornographic dreams, simmering
Voices rising like the dancing sunrise
Whale cries in a reverberating jukebox
Waiting for a sign, red-herrings I ignore
The genesis, the afterlife, the knock on the door
In this fractured house, oh how the heart works
The mind remembers it fondly
Those slow walks in parks by autumn lakes
Funny little muddy faces, bending willow shape
Waiting for the day you see me in the pouring rain
At the earth's core, sucking milk like a fawn in the breeze
Genitals sweeter than apple trees, playing games
But I don't care what you say.

It Only Happens in the Movies

Sparks glint in diamond eyes, draped in black skies
Kissing in the rain, hearts pouring from imperfect bodies
Shifting states, into glittering moons
Soft fruit of lips in the slow passion of reveals
Every touch is a goldmine, a dream I'm lost in
Perpetual fortune, shimmering gold

I feel like I'm falling in love
Falling in love again, falling in love for the first time

Falling in love with the idea of letting go
Hands out the car window on the open road
The winds carry me into divine seas
Obtuse rosary threaded through vital organs
Breathing again, falling in love again

This wounded love is the blackest night
In the longing for the stars
I've gotten lost along the way
Watching you quietly holding him
Soft angel boy skin
It only happens in the movies.

Laying in Your Arms

Everything melts away like a painting. I am here with you, breathing in your warmth. I am a star in a black sky. Happy in your dimension. I smile and it feels like a dream, something too good to be true. Is it real? When you look at me, I fall deeper into your rainfall, your tapestry. Shy but curious. I touch you, you touch me. The softness lingers like warm flakes of snow landing to blanket a sheet of grass, and inside the butterflies are making love heart shapes, and in this moment it's only us, no one around to interrupt.

I turn to look at you, your perfect face mute in the light, the yellow shade. That night I was manic. I spent a year making art and never stopped once to look at the sky or breathe. I climbed mountains just to be here with you. Feeding on you like a disease, I am your disease. You are god. A big fat piece of love I squeeze. The moment is right. Pervasive softness looming in weeds, lush clangs of madness syncopated. We make music, little echoes fading when I close my eyes and sleep. I think of you like a king. My violent father, so aggressive but delicate. Your heart is red and gooey and beautiful. Beautiful man, I would never betray you. I love you, I care for you like my memories of the past, even the dark ones. I dream of you. I dream of kissing you on a beach, laying in your arms.

Nightfall Stardust

We are shadows, memories piercing candid skin
In the cool shade of youth remembering
Children in my soul playing foolish games
Reading letters in candlelight by a fiery place
Casting spells in cloudy mirrors
Looking through windows into fraudulent reality
I hear the rain, the night's music flowing
Divinity in the mind's prison burgeoning in hollow pits
My unshaven face, puppy eyes, red blemishes
Days without showering in this depressive gloom
Insane statues with winter in our bodies, content hands
When we're stimulated and not thinking about the future
Visions like Chromecast unearthed in our ruins

I submit to desire, everyone does
Like moths to light, controlled by impulse

Peering through dark windows, into dark blue stones
Foiled by accidental circumstance
Those days of blue skies are long gone
Fading warm hands speak like pain, plagued hearts
Begging for relief, lonely men, lonely streets
Whispering chimes flicker like echoes
It makes me remember music class and my old Yamaha keyboard
The graffitied sticky notes and neon pens
How life used to be fun but now it's a cycle of endless torture
Endless moons, endless rivers
Right now I'm living for my art, my little glass house
My hedonism, my addictions, my biome
Everything else is boring.

Poisoned Lake

Violet pink rays saunter into cool blue pools
The orange morning wide in open mouths, open minds
Open legs whispering strange predilections
Breathing and burrowing into perfect little rabbit holes
Hiding from the violent burst of rain
Overflowing bodies drinking stardust milk
Neon lights flickering and rooms gathering pleats
Awakenings lingering like fingertips on angel skin
Gentle caressing, ripples in a poisoned lake
Soft clouds falling in a tortured mind remembering
Laying awake at night, disheartened in bed by the ache of love
Curled up silver like a diamond from beaded pearly sweat
Motionless eyes feeling heavy, feeling heavy

In the tall grass I heard the chirping sparrow
Marrow bulb in the centre of the madhouse
Walls drenched in secrets, exquisite feelings
Soaring to meet you and your father
Reeling in stone and foam, trembling fingers
Bent out of shape, touching the sun's innermost
Heart string plucking at bluebells disintegrating
Visions in a child's soul stretching far and beyond
Lights, milk, phlegm, ocean songs
Ice melting on our thorny eclipsed tongues
Hollow love stirring in these sacred vibrations
Blood drops in a dollhouse on the television screen
I seen you in a movie but I knew you weren't real
It all faded and I woke from the trance, the silence voice
I hear you in dreams.

Sands in Eternity

The sun breaks through the movie screen
And settles like ash
Heads on soft pillows when we're choking on pills
Praying for clarity beckoning in the darkest times
Etched on the surface like horizontal lines
The cold fog drifts through time, sweeping currents
Sweep me out to sea, moments of vulnerability
When my hands are warm and soft, mother's love
Digested spirals in the heart's parkour
We laugh and tell jokes, we turn up the radio
Everything sways and fades into one big groupie love
Efflorescent love, uncontrollable love

Sleepy heads at the glasswork, mermaids at harbours
Everyone is walking around, but no one is really moving
I call it optimistic metamorphosis, the moon phase
Slipping in and out of dreams of freedom

We love sex, but we hate the shame, the lingering portrait
In the frame hanging on the grey wall
Blacking out the day just so I can stay sane
I fall from heights like one falling from grace
A poet's masterpiece, humankind's sacred cow
In dreams of weird skies glittering
Such a waste, doing crazy things just to feel alive
I've been this way since 1969
Self-righteous in the climb, one glance of the totem
The sun moving through every horizon
The faraway beams, the tangerine hush
Pistol sprouts growing from white flesh cities

Bloom in nightshade

I follow the sands in eternity
Cities twinkling under a starry sky

Perfect bodies dance to unanimous confusion
Sealed lipped contortions in airtight rooms
Miracles are fairy tales of a deranged mind
Drinking beers like rabbits twisting in forests

Maybe I'm still living in a dream?
Maybe I don't want to believe life is real?
Maybe I can't tell the difference between the light
Flooding mountains of truth, and the dark pulp coursing
Through soft bones in speechless shadows
And that's why I love you so much it hurts

I love you so much it hurts
The pain runs through me like a river
A pain so deep I can't excavate, a pang so loud
I can't resonate.

Echoing and Haunted

In this canyon of echoes I reverberate
No need to pray, don't care what Jesus had to say
I made the rules just so I could break them
I'm really laughing in my mind, bled the love from my heart
Now I see, now I see

Stillness in photographs, waves like memories
In a broken home, there's no love to be found
Just a broken boy with soft red lips
In the grip of seizure, echoing and haunted

I recognise your love in mirrors, lost in sands
Turning tables when your eyes light up blue
Love, me, you, me and you
Separated by fears, lakes of endless tears

Pleasure rippled between our bodies, sun on our skin
We tried to hide from the light, but our secret is too big to hush
You're all I've ever wanted, and I think about you when I shouldn't
Sometimes I can't get enough, and now I've found you
I'm drowning in bliss

Drunk on your love
(i)
Candlelight, sweetness, all the hope I need
Cast the first stone, plant the first seed
In our new world, I feel
(i)

Life is heavenward goodbye, no comparison
All the chips have fallen, innocence stolen by oceans
Corrupt hands, bitter poison

There's no more miracles, we're feral in this wilderness
Our bodies are changing and, and
All I need is the stars, the moon, my thoughts of you
Enough sustenance, I don't need, need, I need, I

Can't remember falling asleep
Passed out in a strange place, and I think
Sometimes, quietness
Soft aching kiss, spirit magic, sometimes
Quietness.

Impermanent Thunder

It was supposed to be fun, but the night ended in uproar
Whiskey poured in glasses eagerly waiting
Too drunk to reason, we see each other, faces melting
Rising tides, a meteoric rise, fluctuating eyes
In the icy black flood of night our minds overflowed
Swaying pendulums into ephemeral highs
Disowned light forever calling out into swimming darkness
The faint shimmering reflection of hope dwindles
The sound of metal sun kissed in a garden of angels singing
Trigger fingers, dead ghosts in a furious rage
Loveless hearts beating on a private island, fools talking
Involved words, simmering feelings flowing like drinks
In an expansive space to flesh things out
I hear you, but this is my way to honour our love
Resilient, wondering reflections in the beauty of idleness
True love, one love, bright skies in the light of sunshine
I think of you like sunsets, speaking in waterfalls
When the day gets dark and cold
I feel the regret growing like a mountain in me
And I can't explain why I act so dismissive
I told myself, from now on I'm going to say sorry
To think, I don't want to get angry over little things
Succumb to the anger inside, break you like a promise
A worn down burst of colours downbeat
A worn down street, bruised but I can't leave you
The babble, the stress, the hangover
The fruit you leave behind like my lover's tears
Wounded hero compensating in a bloodless field
The fear in my bones echoes like belligerent winds
Love letters, roots, unearthed, memories I can't pretend
I'm sunshine bramble in dreamy meadows
Mossy and reeling twilight blues when the flowers burn
Deep beneath divine ocean of skin, candles, flowers, refulgent stars

My life is an effortless violin, an unfinished painting
In the back seat, deprived, eyes behind a burnished shield
Our minds were an explosion of bite marks
Tugging at the heavy fabric of being.

Tasquiqui

When our limbs turn to water
And our prayers turn to ashes
And the stars are lights to guide us
The path is not a prophet
Victory is not sure-fire, a sword in stone
When our memory slips
We bleed from our scars, forlorn songs
Deep sadness echoing but we have to move on
Even though it hurts, my heart is torn
And inside I'm breaking
You move in the same way as throttled rhymes
Playing on a yearning piano.

Skies Asunder

The slow burning day bruised by the sun
Swirls in the Helter-Skelter of slow motion whips
A visit to the hospital when you've had no sleep
And you want to tear out your limbs
The crow on the tree watching the pine
Sits like he's been waiting forever just to see a rainbow
Flushed red cheeks in the morning cold
100 waves pass, just another blur I'll forget
The sparrow, the willow, the aching need to feel
A purpose misplaced, the gold ring lost in plain sight
I am blurry eyed dancing in the storm of indifference
I push myself to remember, the touch of your face
A lifetime ago when I could hear the cars at night

While you were asleep it all came flooding back
The ever lasting sound of the TV in the background
The cold grey sky falling
The spray of rain calling out my name
In the brume, I seen ghosts I couldn't circumvent
Can't avoid the feeling of dying
I cleave to it, those blithe moments in between
The dark crescent moonlight fervid in the white-hot empyrean
Rapid tides growing
Piercing dolour fluctuating
Flaxen, fulgent beams, frolicking in nightmares
A garden blossomed in the iris, a city of dreams
Tied to hope with ribbons but I'm powerless
I allude, all the things I can't evade, they see me
Dew in my mouth, lachrymose blood in my hands
I drew a picture of Heaven and seen you like an angel
Lightsome, in the translucent ivory pictures of tomorrow's mind
I splash and rend, I think of myself in the afterlife
Landlocked, living with you, blue boy singing ocean songs

Time is the biggest mountain
Hallucinations in a morbid desert, rustling leaves in winter
I kick my feet, tread along the soaked pavement
I see the winter sun, wax in the milky purple wooded
In a colossal white abyss
A child's face staring at me, I see it slowly changing
Illuminated pulse wreathe in the turbulent flood
I am calm, almost numb.

Blue-Grey Spells in Treacherous Mist

At a distance I watch you ache, cocooned in a helplessness
I can't possibly pacify
Sinking into that lonely flux, the wavering nocturne of doom
Impending and wavering through blue veins
I can't possibly justify

Midnight in lucid dreaming
Ripples in visions of cosmic destiny
The hardest goodbye
Painter of our times, your tears were never remembered
In this haven of drudgery

At a distance I watch you ache, cocooned in a helplessness
I can't possibly pacify
Sinking into that lonely flux, the wavering nocturne of doom
Impending and wavering through blue veins
I can't possibly justify.

Boys Want Love

Now we're wasted and the sky is dark
You're driving alone in your car
Trying to sleep but you're plagued with habits
Taking photos but you can't escape the flash
Our blood is rare, precious like diamonds
You finish your drink and escape into the night
Impenetrable conversations seeping through
The odyssey of shadows raising Hell
No one could have known the gold we would find
In heaps of thoughts, envisioned futures
In dreams of scattered light remembering the stillness
Of bodies talking indifferently.

Quiet Observer

A flock of jittery birds propel from the silhouette of forsaken trees and ascend into the silent, polluted cool blue above. Bristled, semiotic, dishevelled lives too proud to admit your mistakes. Prudence is a sober realisation, a world of burning flames. Initiate kindness in dreamlands. Everlasting happenings biting nails. Swirling in circles in the ritualistic marriage of dance, a hybrid of emotions, timbre and orange, not talking. I am two moons from loving you, the heart flow in the brooding night. Looking for a warm and gentle embrace. In the shadows I am a quiet observer. Blood soaks into every crevice and the electric... magic twilight fills my pores with soft kisses, boys kissing in the rain. On the hill there's a man, a cigarette growing weaker, an aeroplane roaring as it drifts away. Silence echoes. I am alone in this standstill with only my thoughts to guide me. In the darkness I sway. Breathing darkness. Tonight I am jealous. Tonight I am going to kill you in every way.

In An Echoing Room

Love is reckless. Romantic oceans, can you see me peering through windows? I sacrificed myself. Just for one glimpse I ruined any chance of eternal bliss, now I'm paying for it. I see boys kissing in the rain, candlelight glistening. Bereaved by time. Tomorrow happened without us, now I'm violently praying to gods. Ritual nostalgia. Throw my fears away and ride the ride. Beauty in a million places. I explore hunger, sour thoughts at rush hour. This life is a spectrum. Metallic machine sky full of rain echoes in glaciers. City lights, absurd pretences. Moonless spaces. Sounds vibrating raw energy. Distorted echoes but we are new. These streets are made of gold, waiting. Torture and porn, waiting. Love echoes, where art thou?

Prerequisite Rhythm

On the edge of grass in summer
I had a dream everything turned out well
And even when I'm not sure, I can still believe
Eternal oceans carry me

Through clouded mirrors sorrow prevails
I look at the sky and pray for hope
And I want nothing more than to trust you
Careful soul slumbering in rain
Loss in hearts made me numb, but this optimism
Tastes sweet like honey drizzled on my tongue
Whispers flickering and I run to you
Never wanting to let you go, to let you go

Two years of a pandemic slipped by like a pill
A drink I spilled, carelessly falling in and out
A lover bleeding at midnight, I feel the eclipse when it's divine
The sands escaping my hands into picturesque times
Our flame dancing in a spontaneous burst of emotions
Raising a glass to old friends
That holographic subculture where we lost ourselves
On the road to freedom, the sweat on my forehead
Lingers like undeniable lust, sentimental tears like rivers
A body overflowing with hopes and dreams
A body filled with tempting nights of pleasure
Augmented in this tension, I can't resist it

The song in my head is comfortably numb
A table I turned, synthesized leech, unhooked addict
Surge of dopamine in a past revisited
Excited by the prospect, virtual end nearing
Tabula rasa, tabula prayer
Turn the page and look at the hawthorn

Prisoner in a cave, can't turn your head
In Plato's cave, heads with no knowledge

I am new again, new moon, new sun
I can see the world and all its light, all its glory
It's obvious I'm hanging by a thread, drowning society
I am new again, new again.

Not That Type of Guy

Alluring bodies in free fall mimic secrets
Hiding beneath the walls, corrupt pretence revealed
Soft wax getting hard, our ears are blind
I see your face in every sign, every path, every moonlight
We're so fucking stupid, drinking lies
We remain the same but there's change in your eyes
I see it, I can see it, the horizon in a vacuum
I feel the shame, early morning walking back home

Scars appear and they don't fade
Nights haunt us into the cold of the day
And I try to be perfect, but I'm not that type of guy
I'm not that type of guy

When you look at me, can't you see I'm worn out?
Falling for your every illusion, I'm caught in your storm
Holding on but I want it to be quiet, just like an echoing island
A sullen thought, don't compromise
Burn me out like a candle desolate in a canyon
The party's in full swing but I'm craving that famous silence
And tomorrow when I draw the curtains, when I say *I don't care*
Will I be floating on clouds of hope
Or will it all fall through like some modern war?

Who knows? Who knows?
I think of you and sometimes wonder

Did you ever buy flowers for your lonely wife?
Did you ever say *"happy birthday?"*
Did you ever get to pay back all of that debt?
Did you realise it was gone before it was too late?

Every time you shout at me I just smile

But inside there's a fire I can't put out, not now
I just smile and I think, I'm not the perfect type
I'm not that king of guy
Not that, I'm not, not that kind of guy
I'm not that
I'm not that kind of guy.

Your Words Fall Like Stars

Tired of the chaos, we wait until it gets dark
Until the world gets silent and we're alone in thoughts
The night time is the time I come alive and play
The night time is when I think about the double-edged swords
Our blood flows in dancing ribbons but we're alone
The sky is dark and I hear voices, mumbling echoes fading
Into brewing pits of quietness exploding into noise
How can you love a heart you ignore
When we're drowning in these thunderous waters?
Sweet relief you'll never understand
My head is so confused, bruised by these wilted blues
Foaming at the edge of love's eclipse
Love is always on my mind, like the passing thought of death
Haunted until my grave, I'm passing like seasons
Fading minds, fading clouds, fading hearts in pretty dreams
The fantasy of letting desire take over you
Is greater than a pearl in the ocean, so I shut my eyes and believe
There's light at the end of the ocean, there's hope at the end of the rainbow
Bending willows, bending willows.

Blackswan Gumdrop

Oceanward jilted babbles flow like dancing fairies upwards
Little needles pierce broken hearts raining down on contorting bodies
That unique expression like honey in a jar
Half-smile in a sky full of thunder, I hear a distant song
Calling me to the rocks and I return like a boy

I return like a boy to the arms of my father, tearless
Pervasive shooting stems sprout, blood glitters in my veins
That little earth I filled with rhymes
Didn't mean to hurt you, but I'm too refractory to say *sorry*
I've swallowed my pride, gunshots backfired

Spite saints and liars, that ticking clock ticking on time
There is glory in a tiger's eyes, the victorious kid
Swallowing mother's pills, raindrop pelts, ushered into rooms
Lost in candlelight, oh
Our secret club was severed but it tasted like blueberry
Swallowing mother's pills, raindrop pelts, ushered into rooms
Lost in candlelight, oh
I thought I knew you better on my sister's birthday
But the bruised sun I worshipped, hopeless murmurs
Dwindled into a fine, rubbery dust
And I didn't know anything but mother's pills again, oh
These thoughts won't leave my head, even when I turn away
Even when I hear that song and pucker, so I'll love them anyway
This torture is the only ceasefire that I've known, pacified
Love in the mirror's chariot, the knight's fable
Adorned in grief, all those dreams forgotten in eternal sleep
They fade, reflections we don't understand but we try
I feel the nectar hot on my thigh.

Amitriptyline

The pictures on the walls we see, oracles slipped by
Plunged into dark hearts, dark nights, but
We can see the truth from cold and expansive pinnacles

Flesh turned into syrup
Haunted by the screams of dying stars
Lights so bright they burn through the undertow
Shining in blues and gold
I hit the rocky cliffs and thought of you
The pulse width, heedless with your beauty
I keep you like a secret close to the prism of my chest

Eager spots of pleasure I burnish
Found you moribund at the embers of your footsteps
Coming undone in dreams with you
I dive into your endless ocean of kisses
Explore your body with soft touches
Your hairy chest, your beard, your feet
Your heavy breath like a drug, a temporary cure
A moment when I feel no pain, just bliss
Riveting ecstasy duplicated
My wandering eyes are far removed, down the evergreen
Path of temptation, startled rabbit in every garden
A swan in the lake, elegant mind screaming
Soul weaving composed in formation
Boreholes and buried salvation, in the woods I utter
Crawling flesh... silverware polished
There's a little black hole on the mantlepiece
Where the pictures used to be, saying your name
Saying your name, saying your name

Too high to see my feet, but needless to say
That was the last time I truly smiled, seeing your face

Decomposing sunlight sewn into orgasm
The happiness could never have lasted, it was an island
Floating away into time, worn down
I hear your name in every puddle when it rains
The smell remains, soaked into your skin, your teeth
That slow burning music lingering
I comb through the depths of gold fields and see
Deers frolic and caper in shrines, the last thread split in two
I lie down with you and we're atoms, we're memories
Stoic and making shapes with my fingers
But you'll never know all the hurt you've caused
The constellations I've bathed in are shining for you
Blood as hot as precious red stones
Built skies out of dreams, made an enemy out of myself
But you never know my darkest fears
I kiss you with lies
And when my body aches, the pain won't abate
And the hypnotic sheen flickers with smooth round edges
The rustle of bones coaxed from illuminated hands
Becomes a pool of silent dust
A pocket of sombre words falls out of a drunk man, seduced
By the bleeding ghost of one's artful memory
I listen to the walls, to the floor, the fire within the soul
I hear them, they're glib
Sweet madeira on my lips, crumbling in my untidy conscience
My devoted love, detached from the earth's roots
Plummeting harmony in shoddy floods, rushing in and out
Moonrise at our summit, lukewarm responses trimmed
There is no more sinew in our haven
Now we're imprudent, we're heathen
I drink you like the shadows, the last umbra
Cuts deeper than a lesion.

Reapsow

My heart is a graveyard of dreams
Scattered filaments over fertile grounds
A river I've always loved, the blackblue night
Every sacrifice we mustered, pierce through
Meandering drone like thunder in the skull, devoid
Your lungs are calling out for freedom

It was obvious, you'll reap what you sow
Fingers pushing through black eyes and smoke
Weightless in this moment, the currents are mapped out
Just another song and just another dance
I tried to understand you, I tried to understand the sky
I wanted to love you like Sara loved you

The inside of your body is the warmest hole
Bury your seeds in me like I am your forever corpse
When the time comes, harvest my fears
I will pity your words, the tears on my skin
I won't resist you, locked in the heart's cage
Little heart flutters, my heart is just like a bird
At every narrow edge I burrow deeper
Deeper into the soil, I squirm like a worm on a hook
Your fingers inside me, pushing into my red insides
The strangest love is undefined, a whispering God
Murmur sentimental vows and sing me to sleep
Oh, how every mountain we climb is a perpetual dream
Flickering softness in my empty core.

If I Had Wings I Would Fly

Into blazing fires, I stir and shake myself
Unhooked in these rooms of delusion, I fall
Into blazing fires, into blazing fires

The night holds my heavy head underwater
And in this drowning moment I'm nullified
My fingertips are numb and my voice gets frail
This tapestry is stained, the water is stale

Hear me
Hear me cry powder waterfalls
Hear me, hear me cry everything is clear
Everything is stolen and nothing means anything
Anymore

Little whispers are great cries, explosions in the walls
We turn mirrors into secrets and the light reflects in our pockets
When we bend our knees, we are stifled in this bondage, these muddy waters
We are ruptured and we can't heal

My mind turns to sand when I taste your bitter salt
My body writhes and loops in coils, every time
My mind sings, I'll love you until the last spit and stone
Woes wax and wane, but this cell remembers.

Loveless Game

Our instinct is primordial
The animal inside us has no virtuous bones
No solemn thoughts when we act
The remarkable change possessed us
Unearthed us in the ruins of hope
We get carried away by the cloudburst
The turbulent whirlwind of delectation
And only when we think do we regret and seep
And these bones of virtue weep
And we're weak to desire, summer lust pouring
Lies pouring from the eyes of fools
When the truth is galvanized, we're born
Out of noble oaths, living in twisted fantasies
But we know, but we know
Time in an hourglass has to run out
One day the veil will slip
And we will turn around and walk the other way
Smouldering and breathless.

Unholy Sanctuary

You were never supposed to be you. You were never entirely real, just a made up concept burning through time. You grew into this monster, this soul you swear it's real love. You say it's common practice: feeling like a fraud, wanting to wake up and to be someone else maybe, to live a different life. Many people are multiple people. I am many. But it hurts the most when that suffocating jealousy creeps in, and you're feeling like you're not good enough, like you'll never be good enough. You shoot through worlds like you're a meteorite, heading straight for that eclipse. The rain pours down. This is a figment you created from the trauma just to cope; you're a horse that needs water. I see you. Hopeless star. I hear the sweet flowing whisper of music, locked in the mind's taboo. I seen my eyes in the mirror and jumped. This endless, bewildering forest of love haunts me, deep in my innermost silence.

Brotherhood

There is nothing but a mind tying us together, and a canyon separating us. All the words we ever knew run deep like rivers, but the mouth can't speak and these scars can't heal, when you're dancing around lies and we're suspended like ice crystals from the magnetic pull of the pendulum. I look at the last photograph of you. Your eyes are blue and shining and I can see you're holding on, but I know you want to undo the knot with your impure hands. I can see the temptation to free yourself from the burden like it's your last breath. You're tired of the fun house, you're tired of the love affair, but the blood is stalwart and the void is filled with black skies. You take the baby from the tip. This brotherhood is crying out and resents you. Bloodless brotherhood. Breathless creature, debauched with every misplaced step. You fall deeper. Deeper into alloyed satellites. No emotion, no escape. Reality is our cage and there is no saviour. We have been burning in these flames in this secret place, no rain calls my name. Take everything I have, my last cigarette. Snuff me out. The lord knows, you are not a pacifist. You are at war.

LIMBS

The rain in the night sky is boundless
Reeled in by dreams of escape
I am every arm and I am every leg
Swaying with every light, every distant echo

You pull me out of shape, watch me melt
The knots in my stomach massive
Whenever I complain I hear you, gushing

When I was young the world was endless
Now it's a hopeless shrine
I used to think life was a timepiece
But our youth, our youth was wasted

All the drinks we had are gone
All the laughs we had have faded
Now we're left with this undying bruise
There's no light in us, just a vibrant darkness
Sailing in these rough times, we're alone

Billowing o'er clouded hills
Billowing o'er clouded hills

This everlasting sadness resides in the darkest pit
In our soul, gladly echoing in repeated stillness
The city beneath us is talk, talk, talking
These rings on our fingers are our monuments
The weight of this reflex bonds us
And our skulls are drunk, our knees are weak
Silent lovers never speak.

Guaraná

Pull the seed from the fruit, the bleeding rock
The red flesh of pulp, the salty tears from the eyeball
Split yourself in a dilemma, and your eternal song
Will prosper in the afterglow

There, you see a forest of paintings uplifted
Drowning in mother's quietness
The hills spilled weeping moonlight upon us
Burrowed into the sky of our bones
Beholden arms sewed to the music of death
In the sky's harness, our bodies are featherless
Lifeless shapes in an orchestra of cries
Watch your dizzy head spin, loop and sink
Burnish the edges and your teeth in their finery
Smoke and stain, promises wilt

Sore feet, continue on, blistered and tired
Everything around you gets smaller
But the roar of thunder eclipsed in memory
Is infinitely sweeter than honey in a daydream
Everything spins and I'm wondering where I am
In this mute wonderland, this moving reality
These oceans are true, beating hearts
Driving fast into the crux of the night, bereft
I'm falling into you, falling into you

I can't stop it, this undying love, unnamed
I won't betray your cuts, your wandering feet
Unwinding pulses, wrapped in earth, our sleepless eyes
Are butterflies gently whispering in cloud dust
Closer we move, closer with every touch.

I Don't See What You See

These days slip by like a movie
A song on the radio I'll end up forgetting
The alluring magic of life, wasting away
I remember you in memories
Subliminal for the ages, every time you're crying
I feel your heart sighing
And you're forever young on an unruly path
Swaying with so much to say
I hear you but I don't know what you mean
In photographs, in dreams
Your clipped wings are waiting for destiny
The day you unwind, unwind from safety pins

There's trouble in paradise, I can feel it
Soaring through every fibre, every blocked pore
Every bulb and every bolt of wisdom, forgetting
Bloodshot eyes, dilated pupils
Succumbing but there's no sense in it
There's no sense in me, praying but it's inevitable
You're acting like someone I don't know
Saying things I don't mean, with your haughty smile
My body trembles and I remember why
The sky illuminated on a dark night is more silent
Than my treacherous mind, devouring time
I wade through fatal pretences, loveless edges
Quiet when I should be loud.

Darker Desire

I hear you calling me in dreams
Astray in blooming shadows, I call back
But my words fall on deaf ears, pretty cold heart
The sky is aloof in its spontaneous appearance

So candid with its breath
I float in this emptiness like an obstinate wreckage
My eyelids shoot open and I'm touching myself
Sticky fingers between my legs
The kindest embrace, drunk on your tears
Draped in your gifted prophecy
I pick at you, I suck on your thumb
My body is sand, laying in this disquiet morn
Seldom happy in my heartless kingdom
I suck his toes, I lick his sweat
I think about him cumming inside me
His orgasm inside me
We're as soft as dew at sunrise
As soft as skin, I scratch my limbs until I bleed
Just to see that sea of pleasure unfold
Oh, how I hold you like an angel dying
Oh, how we were meant to be

Show me how you love thy night dreams
Colours for infinity
Bespeak what you mean, so I know
I heard there was a rainbow at the end of the storm
Blooming perfume, but it was a movie
Empty theatre, static of the cold, washed-out morning
The vivid rebirth of melancholy is grey
My red insides are turning
Hope is the biggest accident, when you're doped up on pills
Ceremonial sacrament violated on the ward

Exoskeletons casting shadows

The children, the children are corrupt
They're talking about drowning in the lake
I tried to save them, but father, father in paradise
Everyone wants their revenge

Our thought experiment whimpers like a sick dog
A star burning out, between the stars and the earth
Our minds wander uncontrolled, shining on our own
Posed and stillborn, dressed up for the end
I made this world of nightmares out of your crying bones
I know it's strange, maybe I'm deranged
Dissecting these rudiments, dissecting the unbroken
Vengeance of woman, pity of man
We live our lives in the same old story
Praying for change, in our minds we're burning in flames
And Heaven knows, and Heaven knows.

Earth to Dust

We were walking over the river
Walking home, voiceless on the telephone
Radiant in the city lights
We seen the end clear, those terrified ghosts
Sedated breaths, passed out from the Chloroform
It was all a scripture, a rootless secret

The road is all that we've got
But what happens to us when we're lost
And the money runs dry like the night of rain?
Our dreams suspended from skylines

Our bodies are constellations of sin and patterns
We are blood in the church, moonlight underwater
Don't try to put out my fire with your fire
I've written 1,000 love letters for all my fake friends
Driving fast into the headlights, I tried to stop
But I'm vehement, stubborn to the bone
Reckless in my calling when I'm drowning
In this loneliness, I see you, I see you

Caught in this syndemic
Dressed in bittersweet lies, but you can't see
This world is violent and HIV
Starving for a prayer, something that is true
The blood pours, the memory sore
Medication doesn't work anymore
The sun is rising over new horizons
Pressure filled, I kick, I wait, I say so much
But my words are empty.

You Fall in Love and You Fuck It Up

My good son, dance until you're numb
3 am, my good man sleeping
Half-cut, blur the lines, through rose tinted glasses
I thought you were an angel but you were the devil
Sunsets in this lonely town
I cut everyone off just to have you around
My good son, my good man

There is no end to this land, to this suffering
No end to the pain in your eyes
Your mind drifting off to an unwanted place
One flash and it's gone
You look at Heaven and you're blind
On the outskirts of some unholy flame
This creeping blackness envelopes me in sorrow
Anchored to time, thoughts seeping through my mind
I crashed into you, your cityscape, and everything turned to dust
Through the lens of my perspective

The music in you makes me move, never wanting to say goodbye
Tie these kisses with a ribbon, preserve them
Your soul is an ocean, there's good somewhere in there
Sunlight in the mirror when the rain clouds your vision
You cut deeper and your words echo
The more I think about you, the more I like you
The less I want to run away
But whenever you fall in love you fuck it up
Still want to call you babe
Still want to live in this mirage you want to deface
On this endless ride, I fall for the ruse

Love when it ends
The stars and the dew

Like the Inside of an Orange

The fire within me knows your name, shimmering broken pieces of love flickering in the dark shadows. It compels me, this darkness eating away at me. I looked around for a lifeboat, but there was none. I screamed so loud, but the Devil's got my tongue. This aching hole has no life force, no rhyme or reason. Slipped back like a vitamin, walking home in the rain. I tasted the sweetness of death, the lingering black sky above me roared, but my mind was silent. I didn't need to think. There was nothing to think about, no twist of fate or scripture. The sound of rain grew louder. It was Psychosurgery. Profusely bleeding into blank pages, the aching heart of my mind. I used to look at the stars and hope one day I will wake up and realise this is all a bad dream, a distilled essay with no important meaning. But now I know, there was never any point in hoping to begin with. There was never any point in touching wood when it won't change reality, when the superstition has taken form. You turn your back and things move. You see people on hospital beds, shrunken cheeks and drooping eyelids. There is a deeper voice out there. A dune drifting with the winds, an echo in an ocean flowing with time. The glow of fireflies takes me like a lantern back home, dimmed by the night's mist. I was meditating. I was learning to appreciate the magic in mundane beauty, straying from the darkness which propels me into distorted motion, this unthinkable thirst, but it all fell apart. Every so often I hear a car passing by. The room is dark but I'm sure it's morning. The daylight is echoing. This is a test. I close my eyes and I see a rainbow, my weak body in rapture. Dancing in the light of yesterday. I look at my phone and see the missed calls. I look at the calendar and see the missed appointments. No one knows where I am, not that anyone truly cares. It's all a false pretence until it's too late, until my words fade. I'm living in the selfish abode of pleasure, fucking myself. Dreaming of touching you. Kissing your lips softly makes me want to cry from happiness. I love nothing more than you, just being with you, forgetting all my fears and worries, how the incense is burning. I smoked so much I made myself nauseous. I spit and the mucous is thick. I drank so much I couldn't stand, just looking in the mirror I see the self-hatred. Fingers pushing through. I think about the old days, I remember you there in the sunlight. Timeless picture. The birds scatter from the trees at the sound of a loud bang. I open my eyes again, everything is new again.

Tortured Love

Half of your body is missing and your heart is hurting
And it feels like nothing can ever be complete
We're black and blue, and we don't sway to the beat
We don't feel like we used to
Like we used to do when we were young and falling in love

Everything is changing faster than the sky
Faster than we can reconcile, real when we're in dreams
No need for air when we have no fears, I remember
Your smile, your soft hands, I'm laying in your warm arms
Kissing you in your bedroom, I love you like your sweet stains
Your sweet smoke permeating

You make me feel like I'm home, like I belong
Like there's nothing to figure out, our life is a beautiful song
Love turning tables, when I wipe your tears away
In our hopes we are bright and nothing can stop us
One more night to heal, to see the day, notice the space
I fell in love with a ghost drowning in the lake
A good man, but he never stayed

Wild love, wild love is tortured love
Tortured love, tortured love is wild love
Wild love, a feast
Tortured love, we can't speak of

Beating with these nocturnal frequencies
I study you like I study the time between moons
Solitude, a free floating spirit, I'm trapped in its grip
Trapped in the love for... the love for
Our angels, our warriors
It's cold outside, but the moon is wary
She's looking down on us

She knows
She knows

Half of your body is missing and your heart is hurting
And it feels like nothing can ever be complete
We're black and blue, and we don't sway to the beat
We don't feel like we used to
Like we used to do when we were young and falling in love.

Fury Takes Over Me

This house is too damn predictable
I see the migraine before it comes on
The heartbroken cries in these sticky walls
Footsteps on rustling leaves
That constant echo leaves me wanting to
Slip away to a lonely hotel room
Slip away to a New York view in winter
Those train rides through our old playground
Are memories we keep on replay
A taxi waiting outside patiently
Now all I see is sweeping black rock
Haunted by the past, all the mistakes I harbour
The peroxide in your hair
A mother's guilt is an apocalypse
I see her ghost in the mirror, at my wits' end
We crashed into the thunder, into this ceaseless ocean
Reverberating doldrums
At the opera, at the cinema
My head buried in a magazine, spent the day cleaning
Just to make the place gleam for you

He said, "Keep my love forever and never give it away"
This world was never beautiful to me
In a wistful tone, I replied as softly as I could
And I seen the pity flourishing in his eyes, sorry for himself
I get drunk and slow dance to my favourite song
You get drunk and fucking ramble, oh, I know you so well
We're talking until it's late
You put your feet on the table and I smile, knowing
The lanterns will guide us through the sea
But if you're gone by the time I make it back
Then know, this is goodbye

I look up at the sky, my eyes looking at the sky
My cold breath is drifting away
You're the flint and I'm the spark
You've made a sinner out of me, a vague flash of porn
The radio plays, the same old song
And I feel just like trash
When you're not here to sing along
I think of all my regrets, the times I acted on impulse
Thinking I wanted this, you make love to me then leave me
I know you don't need me
I know you don't need me.

Cold Friction

Life always looked more beautiful in pictures
But the truth is, our good memories fade
And we're never really feeling fine, going crazy by the minute
I never get the chance to unwind, I'm always thinking about the past
Oh, how life hurts, and I can't contain my emotions
I dug a grave just to pour in this ambivalence
Just pouring myself a drink, contemplating this decision
I found sorrow in freedom
I found sorrow in the lives we live, this freakshow
Hopeless paradox, I light the flame
Life's philosophy we come to know, the pains in our body

Trickling through the cracks
I sleep and I dream and I wake to the day
Trusting you to my creed, the words I say
Written in blood, the moonlight in the streetlights
This house is cold, but it makes me remember
A blur I remember, indifferently swallowing your fears
Vivid dreams and early mornings
I've been alone for so long time has made me numb
Covered by this midnight shroud
I feel you, your heart is sighing and I'm disowned
Twisted mind, twisted bones
So poor, I need an epiphany to save me
So many things to mull over, I can't see
I can't see, I can't see.

Angel Boys

We don't have to be afraid, today is a song
Life is just another bridge to a place with endless sun
Just another step on the path, down into the rose garden
I see angel boys, softly falling into dreams
Disarming the bombs of our nature, it all gets tiring
You siphon hope from a godless fountain
Living in your cocoon of stupidity you're praying
The sky above us is our destination

Worlds from the earth we're living on
This unforsaken constellation keeps us calling
Back through the mud, our young blood swims
Our young hearts flutter with every blossoming fling
Unrequited love is the biggest torture

A ghost in the mirror, haunting us ever so
Our souls are sold like gold, and our hands drift
Through life's sordid beaches, empty in our wake
Bespoken, this beach, requisite, this city
We hear bluebirds in daylight, we see bluebells
Unfolding in this temporary happiness
Under some kind of magical love spell
I divulge and recoil, I vomit my wretched insides
Sullen little thing in a pretty little time
I think my head is spinning but I'm not quite sure
I think I'm high in the sky when I'm low on the floor
Twisting in this feverish pain, things I can't explain
Your eyes looking deep into mine
The candle is lingering and the summer is fading

And I'm lost in my drinking
And I'm lost in my smoking
But I know somewhere out there

An angel is waiting
An angel is waiting

We don't have to be afraid, today is a song
Life is just another bridge to a place with endless sun
Just another step on the path, down into the rose garden
I see angel boys, softly falling into dreams
Disarming the bombs of our nature, it all gets tiring
You siphon hope from a godless fountain
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Worlds from the earth we're living on
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Back through the mud, our young blood swims
Our young hearts flutter with every blossoming fling
Unrequited love is the biggest torture.

Heart-Shaped Destruction

Your words make the stars fall
Tears more powerful than blood
It's time to end this perpetual suffering
And meet perpetual Heaven
I close my eyes and disappear
But I look in your eyes, and I see glittering poems
Everything is meaningful, everything is meaningless
There's no other way to put it, I'm on the run again
You're crying again
Every time I leave through the door, I see the light
I stumble across a new outlook in the centre of my chest
Love when it's vacant

The stars and the moons and the glitter inside me
Voiceless buoyancy
Wisps in the brightest of blue skies
Days of endless dreams in our youth's summer
By perfect beaches, lap up the cool waves
But deep down I'm falling apart

Let the river wash away my sins
I'm sick of the weather in this town
Sick of these teeth I use to bite, the electric night
The baby's crying for its milk
Sick of all this introspection, the pulse of the mountain
I can taste the morning dew
Let the holy waters make me new
I've been trying to clear my mind for the longest time
But something keeps drawing me back to you
Back to you, back to you
And I'm sinking in this mess I've made
Cloudless sky on a wistful day

I live in these rooms tarnished with tears
Restless hours, wasted years
With smoke lingering in my fruitless eyes
With poems choking in my serpentine eyes
I reach for you, the brightest light
Fading like a lying reflection in a mirror
Tell me what you want me to say
And I'll tell you what you want to hear
Like the puppet and the master
On the Ferris Wheel of life, revolving planet
The world doesn't make stars like it used to do
We're crashing into the atmosphere
Realising we're at the hands of nature's peril

I will be your heroin, I will be your Sunday morning
Whenever you have the blues
I will love you more than all the drugs I've ever took
All the misfortunate people I've ever used
I'm addicted to you, addicted to you.

Dreamclouds

There's a dearth of perception in this ocean of
Virulent wasteland
I want to live in a bubble of ignorance because
My fears are too big to comprehend
Those shining moons, those black night skies
The world is gone in a blink, and alone in my mind
I find you wandering
Through seven years of bad luck

In the stars I seen a jaded writer howling
It's easier to let go than love a dying flower
It's easier to spend your last dime
Than spend a lifetime holding onto somebody
You just can't break through
Wishing this could last forever, but this love isn't true
All night I cried, dreaming of you
All night I cried, I died in the camera flash
Under the dark night sky I feel the cold winds on my skin
Echoing like bells, echoing like bells.

Somewhere In A Poem Tonight

Love like we've never loved before
Let me fall into your arms and weep
Somewhere in a poem tonight

We spend our days remembering the forsaken ones we unfortunately lost
All of our blood and tears, our bodies, our salt
Wingless in this drought

Love like we've never loved before
Let me fall into your arms and weep
Somewhere in a poem tonight

Porcelain Skin

I'm still learning to be human
Still learning to be slow, to appreciate

To realise that time leaves us wistfully longing

Oh, how I've grown
Just to be silenced, gag and rape me
I'm still learning to be human, still learning
Life means nothing without words
Without happiness, without hurt, we are voids
Surgeons trying to put each other back together

I will stay quiet when you shout
You tell me I'm wrong when I'm believe I'm right
Why can't we just exist together?
Why can't we just ride the ride together?
There is no greater good, everyone bleeds, sweats
Loves, feels, the rain, the grass, the sky
I'm still learning not to be drunk, in my sober mind
In this water tank of breathlessness
Spit on me, beat me, as long as you feel good
I've lost everything
My voice, my sanity, I am nothing but addictions
A mother tongue, spinning around

Your porcelain skin is an iceberg I know
There's something beneath it, silently waiting
Something dark waiting to crawl out
That 3 am bedlam, that 3am glass poured
The rain on my fingertips
Your name on my lips
Floating away, floating away, floating away
Floating away
Like a wandering heart.

Stranger Heartbeats

When you're gone and my tears have dried
I'm an arrow in the direction of the wind
When I'm too numb to think
This compulsion sweeps in, unhooks me
From this blue remembering
The lights, ever so bright in this design
The only thing that's on my mind is the night before it's over
That sugar in my veins permeating
Yesterday is silent and tomorrow is hopeless
My finger is on your pulse, and I can feel you soaring
Chromatic in your diction, unapologetically floating
Through waves of endless pleasure, I seen you
Like a bullet in the day

Pull me closer into your embrace
Watch the stars and the moonlight slip away
The love we shared, our memories beginning to fade
In the blossoming sky above this shifting hilltop

I guess our love was lost, it was never meant to work
We were never meant to be the best, just a phase
And when the sun rises in the morning we'll realise
The castles we built from our dreams will crumble

Just another song
Just another song

When you're gone and my tears have dried
I'm an arrow in the direction of the wind
When I'm too numb to think
This compulsion sweeps in, unhooks me
From this blue remembering
The lights, ever so bright in this design

The only thing that's on my mind is the night before it's over
That sugar in my veins permeating
Yesterday is silent and tomorrow is hopeless
My finger is on your pulse, and I can feel you soaring
Chromatic in your diction, unapologetically floating
Through waves of endless pleasure, I seen you
Like a bullet in the day.

An Angel Without Wings

In my mind I hear a distant piano bleeding into the night of seagulls
Hot white fog and seafoam jitters
I endlessly sigh, back turned to the cloudless sky
A senseless memory of a time that never really happened
When we were young and had a reason to smile
Our love was written in the stars, but our fate was unpredictable
I should've known this life was a dead end, how foolish
Could I have been to think you were more than a slow healing wound?
All the signs were there, white flags ignored
Pure heart surrendering to the fading skyline
Obscured by our dark thoughts, I climb through every reason
I put down the phone when I'm thinking about calling you
You never listened to me when I needed your help
And you threw my tears away like they were meaningless
Oh, how meaningless I am to you
The sun you never seen beauty in, the sky you never looked at
The trees when they were arching like limbs
Craving the touch of a lover, twisting and turning
Oh, how you made a basket case out of me, called me crazy
Just for thinking you actually cared
Laid flowers on my chest for every new scar
Every sleepless night I sat awake and felt stupid for loving you
I realised my breath is useless, my kisses are useless
My voice is an echoing ocean of longing just for you to see
I always loved you, but your actions prove you never loved me
And now I sit here, in this blissful candlelight
And the moment is still, an angel without wings
Unduly numb in my hopelessness
Singing in a fever dream
There was a time everything was right, I was resilient
Through black clouds, through the pain I couldn't snuff out
Strike a match on all of my poems
When you think you're alone, you're not the only one

An atom in time, drinking sunshadows
Sunshowers and violins.

Greenwich Equinox

This telescope took so long to build
And you broke it like this
A scar in the mirror in the frame of a haunted painting
In a dream I had, I reeled the fetish in
The moonlight poured like time into the tortured book
I was reading with limp wrists, fatigued in my inner turmoil
I had a dream I disappeared and I've never felt more at peace
Looking into the ocean of your blue eyes
Pebbled footprints on the beach of my ever wandering soul
Driving fast in an ancient flash when the stars prevail
I feel hope gliding through the bones I cared for
The abandoned truth flickering in the darkest corner
Words in ribbons like apparitions echoing on cold paper
With every transmission on the radio
With every old face I see in waterlogged photographs
I'm leaning against a slanted view, out of reach
When I dream I hear a voice calling me back to reality
A ship calling me back to you, back to you, back to you
I cut myself and let the blood flow
Pain flourished in a dizzy rage, misunderstood
Blood clot, one hundred pills fizz in my stomach and I vomit
Poison and honey I swallow and my cigarette burns out
Windmills and beer froth and memories abiding in my mouth
The bittersweet taste of unwinding revenge long-drawn out
Bruises, vindictive and immature
I sewed my tears to my inner organs, pushed fingers
Into every orifice, sweet holes like a dead corpse
On the floor my thoughts were slow
Brain paralysed and my limbs are sore
Suicidal malfunction, I cried tears on my knees
Eyes wet, I wiped the sadness away like I pick flowers
Got up and looked out at the lake from the hill
Wishing I was a cloud drifting in that vast blue

Lungs filled with water in my blue bedroom
There's no sunlight here, no sunlight here.

Cryptohaven

No salt remains leftover in my tears
Just a fatal idea dissolving in pulsating silence
I hear your words echo
My mind is where I go when I'm discontent, and the pleasure fades
Like a fountain of colour in the spring
I see a boy in my dreams, so broken-hearted
Written in a love poem growing from the vines of a rose garden

Je t'aime
Je t'aime

Meet me when the sky gets dark
So we can watch the stars and the moon
And be in love, when the wind stirs in my bones
And your hot breath lingers
I've spent a lifetime deep in this prayer
That your love would come back to me
But my hopes are a void so deep I can't fill
A tomb of secrets, a heart aching with resentment
The fire in my mind burns, one thousand flames, desire sparked
In a nameless city, I look out at the water and think
Non, je ne regrette rien.

Scarlet Letter Violet Forever

You know that this was love
Our love was real love, shimmering moons
Over the palest lake
Shimmering glass sparkled broken and true
Pretty eyes never were so blue, holding you
So soft in your arms

I cried rivers for every silent reverie
I was lost in you
Lost in those years that were blissful and jejune
I trace my fingers across your lips
All the tears and the roses you left me behind
In this eclipse, I blot out the sun
Every mark you left in the dark, unresponsive
I lay on the floor faintly breathing
Took ten lines of cocaine just to numb the pain
Quiet body going insane
I remember every bruise, minds rolling like cream
Idyllic blue sky the water was halcyon

So we wear this sin for lost boys and hopeless romance
Naked when we touch each other in an impossible dream
I saw a man so broken, endlessly floating through
The clouds we cannot touch
Blowing out the smoke into a little hourglass, so vibrant
I suck out the poison, so vibrant
In my thoughts, you're the best treasure I've ever found
In that cornucopia of ghosts, stumbled across the church ground

Drunk and in love, it was always true
The sound of our love falling asunder, head under water

You promised not to forget our holy flesh

Those summer nights when we were high
Fading lullabies, fucked up
Under orange clouds in a purple sky
Our love letters were never a scarlet letter
Violet forever, at out violent end
Deepest core struck by thunder, pink violet
All of our father's violet violence

You know that this was love, it was always true
Hollow abyss the flowers rue, my corrupted insides
How I dried my weary eyes and loved your precious bones
On that heartbreak train, casting your sticks and stones
Through every bleary unloved haze, I see your shadows
Love falling apart like embers and dew.

Black Roses

In the mirror I saw an island, and in the mirror
I saw a soul seeker

Chasing after some kind of glittering midnight
Some kind of glittering moonlight
Echoing through my bones like icy wind
Some kind of dreamless memory dancing to that saxophone
The sunrise burning through orange sky

In the mirror I saw an island, and in the mirror
I saw a soul seeker

Holding black roses for you, for the dreams we had
All the lies you've ever told, came back around
And I can't bite my tongue any longer, these stains won't erase
Driving fast into unknown territory

In the mirror I seen the rain, and in the mirror
I seen your true colours
In a dream of you bleeding on the bathroom floor
Alone with your innocuous scars
Healing from the darkest sickness, woven into righteous desires
Our fingers are intertwined in daydreams

In the mirror I saw an island, and in the mirror
I saw a soul seeker

Holding black roses for you, when the stars are aligned
We are pearls in the ocean
Waiting at a lonely train station, with stars illuminated
In my mind, I just don't know who I am
Spiralling down this rabbit hole

Wasting myself, empty with every addiction
Loving your decaying flesh, wiping the dust from the photographs
On the shelf, a lighthouse shining a light out to sea
Drowsy morning with no sleep
Hungover and reticent, pulling away
Perfectly out of place, I just smile at the moon
My only friend, an infinite boundless accident

In the mirror I saw an island, and in the mirror
I saw a soul seeker.

Hyacinth

That's the thing with your eyes
You see the truth and you forget the shadows
All the promises you've ever made, fragmented splinters
Dreams and bottles spilling like the rain
Cheeks flushed on a cold night
Safe with him on dark nights, I pray for tender nights
I pray for broken nights
Tangled up in thorns and silk and rays of moonlight
Timeless in this sleepless snowdrift
I was waiting for you, holding the tears back

Waiting there, looking out at the lake and waiting
An ever changing face slips by and I know it's you
Haunting these bloodless waters, I've cried for you
Shimmering gold midnight in jewels

This is where the story ends, a new chapter begins
In the sky there's a prophet calling my name
The lines on my palms are pointing towards change
The last wave, I adore you like the rain

Flowing through this empty house, all my worries perished
In the perfect moment, nonchalant when there's peril
I have no concept of time, singing lyrics that were never a song
Loving you like a deserted poem
This music drips through my veins like bad insomnia

Wished godspeed but I feel hopeless
All these self-critical years under your wing
In a world with no light
No semblance to the paradigm I am
Drowning in muddy waters, looking for clear rivers
Something new just to pass the time

I want to be a hyacinth boy
To see the world through a new mind, new eyes
New arms for a rebirth
I'm done with being seventeen, obsessing over lines
Times were never healing
You say words but they have no meaning
Just a thoughtless pretence
I can see through

The gentle celestial cry for tomorrow, new pages
Waiting only for you.

Pacifist Blues

The flowers on your grave beckoned me to speak
Withering in a tortured labyrinth
This sour taste lingers on my tongue, round the countryside
By the windmill we walked for hours in the sun
Silence pierced the horizon, and we spent aeons talking
Feeling something good inside, the good pain
When you squeeze a bruise and you're wet in the rain
But your brain is telling you it's right, and just for a moment
This sleepless fever is understandable, holding me down
Bones pulsing when the flesh rots
That sweet smell when you snuff a candle out
And it burrows into the pockets of your inquisitive nose
Your grey skin in the sunlight perfectly dying

There was never a better time to be honest, for me to remark

Love waxes, love wanes
So perfect in the bluest shade
I mistook my unholy memories for demons, not blessings
Unreeling in the fire I was raised in, a permanent sunrise
In this torn up town, burned out, a mouth full of blood
I must be out of my body shivering in a haze
Love waxes, love wanes

The flowers on your grave beckoned me to speak
Stuck between two emotions, the love I feel for you
And the hate simmering in the darkest pit of my being
Maybe I'm too hard on myself, maybe I don't know how to feel
Maybe life was a blur, and I thought it was a nightmare
Thinking too much about the blues, and not the love
It wasn't all bad, I had fun times
Trying to shine a light on all the silver linings
Peering through opaque windows, dusting synthetic flowers

With worn out hands
I remember your soft skin, your soft lips
All the things that made me go insane, every night
I prayed to you like a fool

There was never a better time to be honest, for me to remark

Love waxes, love wanes
So perfect in the bluest shade
I mistook my unholy memories for demons, not blessings
Unreeling in the fire I was raised in, a permanent sunrise
In this torn up town, burned out, a mouth full of blood
I must be out of my body shivering in a haze
Love waxes, love wanes.

Serendipity

You don't know all the ways
I've tried to reconcile this midnight
Our love was an accident
Fatal blows, should never have happened
But in that inundation of emotions the ceiling fell through
The flowers wilted and the tidal waves bled into our lungs
Teeth caught between the flux, city lights
Subdued in this oscillating pendulum swing
Burned by the fire of your embrace, terror in a ship
Sinking into a treacherous sea, accursed
Sunrises bleed from my nocturnal parts, unconscious
Slip of mind, body streamlined
Cumming fainting spells, I'm hollow until you fill me up
Dead inside, but I don't talk about it much
I won't suffice, when the gloaming prevails and I'm anxious
I speak in whispers in a bell jar, duped by reality's fears
Sweeping currents of self-destruction
All the things I've destroyed haunt me in my visions
Slow kissing in the violent rain
The poison of your lips is sweeter than sugar
Maudlin paper tiger, playing rock, paper, scissors
You have no idea why I try to forget.

Troubled Sky

It never did occur to me I had everything I wanted
Until I needed to feel your touch
The candlelight burns out to a hollow dusk
And here I find myself, my droopy head in the polished ruins
Of a love I've never known, remembering tomorrow
It never did occur to me I loved the sun
Until all I could see was the moon, hopeless
In these worn out trenches with nothing but a lasting smile
There is no saving grace in my awkward bed
Soft and lonely and withdrawn, I take off my bow tie

There I was in the rain as the sky fell and the night
Screamed, so cold I moaned, lost in that darkness, sleeked hair
Angel with no eyes, life never seemed right, only in photographs
Did I ever see a glimpse of your wandering heart
Velvet earth crumbled in my hands, wistful in my relapse
Atemporal painting filled in by the light, body spinning webs
Just one more drink from that well, I said, turn off the light
I'm trying to escape this never ending spell

In the dark there are spiders waiting for me
Blood filled mouths in stillness
Then the moonlight on the riverbed disappeared
Disappeared into blue grey
Dark shadows bending through silent trees
It never did occur to me I had everything I wanted
Until I needed to feel your touch
The candlelight burns out to a hollow dusk
And here I find myself, my droopy head in the polished ruins
Of a love I've never known, remembering tomorrow.

OMEN

the water pulls me under
vibrant white sky
into that torrential downpour

my sadness is a muffled cornucopia
of heartbreaks and scars
etched into the mind of the past
delicately unstitching the wounds
you left behind

the beacon that once shined so bright
is now a fickle memory
I look at you, then I quickly look away
when you notice my pink and yellow gaze
lingering mannequin in placid lemon squeeze
joyfully sad at the loss of a friend
bad omen, good omen

you seemed so new, but eagerly hesitant
hands open for the rainfall, head tilted back
willing patient with black eyes
a mind inflamed with new thoughts
intrusive entities in ornamental sentences
designs burrowed into sweet spots, inflamed
unholy virgin breathing stars in thy night
I can feel it inside, endemic numbness, wordless
pool of misfortunes, loving you until the pain dissipates
your face slumbers in a summer breeze.

Invisible Drownings

my mother covered the mirrors with fresh linen
so she wouldn't be deceived in her sleep
loving her cynical babies swaddled
in the warmest of fabrics

black horse peering through the window
as I sleep away those aching blues
dreaming of your black heart
dreaming of the last light, a dying red rose
mind scattered like petals, footprints in the snow

in my wandering I'm a myriad of rivers
falling asunder, it's ceremonial
when the river flows, I hear your voice
beckoning me to the nearest shore

this bronze statue doesn't speak anymore
but the whispers echoing always fall deeper
into insatiable oceans, preternatural
muses never toll the fiery wits of a chariot
frenzied in love-fuelled rage, pitiless serpent
lost and we don't heed, when there's peril we dance
I am a sacrifice, a lamb to the slaughter, in love with the moon
no response from your son or your daughter
growing like trees in poems for our mothers and fathers
balancing in silent despair, on the top of hills
the truth is too big for us to digest, that wizened boot
swift to the flinching face when our deeds are misunderstood
crimson and crescent, unfamiliar flickering sparkles
in the darkest night sky
clambering mountains just to survive, the sea urchin
calls us into lavender city light, dawn with no sunrise
no peace in our sepulchre.

Lofty

we lay next to each other
weeping and graceless, our naked bodies
trembling and we turn to pulp in our memories shrine
cryptic but we sync

ruptured heartbeats mined from quarries
where we landed on burnished edges, suffering
in the descent unto cold waters, beam with broken beauty
letters salvaged from a drifting wreckage

oh, you know me, satellite
oh, you know those illusions
just a figment in your curious eye
oh, you know my body, oh
how you make me cry with splendour
oh, you know

purple and orange lights captured
never died with ease, this pain keeps me awake
little babel, little dandelion, your thoughts sow
this year's harvest is the river's moonwake

gentle when you go, my relinquished purity
drinking milk from stone
kisses we never talk about, father
my loyalty lies with your soft hands on my shoulder

oh, you know me, satellite
oh, you know those illusions
just a figment in your curious eye
oh, you know my body, oh
how you make me cry with splendour
oh, you know

icy cold droplets of dew glitter
icy cold, pearl blue
exiled, exiled, there's no trace
of your blazing smile

evermore, shadows tamed by lakes
oh, I'm longing for solace in this wavering ocean
fond of the way he smells
sweat drips from my forehead
I danced so hard, almost passed out
in that heartless rainstorm

oh, you know
oh, you know.

Dark Clouds and Starlight

my eyes wander back to the fluorescent night
puckered bodies in heavenly pleasure
a dying light ruptures my room and falls to dust
in infinite dreams we are boundless, lost
phoenix, but we are not immortal on our journey
only seas when the blue overflows, overflows
untapered creations in the distant echo of madness
living for that limbless music, those magic spells, heedless
vacancy when the faint glow clambers
I open my eyes wide and I have outgrown this dream forest
illuminated branches in a weather-beaten fortress
oh, how gullible I was to take off, lingering in the void
mouthless in a cityscape, hands sewn into destiny
that drunk reasoning when the morning doesn't feel the same
and I am bloated with regret, the song you sung so well
my foot in the door of memory kneeling when I pray
sculpted bronze out of clay, and oh, it was never easy
letting go of your love, your eyes so wistful and brown
what would the gods think of us now?

Cold Sun

this love isn't true
just a swinging echo in remembrance
days by the lake, sunbathing
in museums, haunted by paintings

I drink to forget the pain of losing you
to numb myself and block out the smoke
broken clocks in a sea of virtuous eyeballs
rise to the surface of night, that ceremonial eclipse
shadowed by radiant light, hunting the grounds of our farewell
I look back and see my lungs, youthful prosperity
enclosed in self-doubt, letters to sanity
unforgiven, I vanish into wayward skies, adrift
darkness conquered by impurity

stars appear and everything is alright
yesterday is a blur in the chaos of my mind
impatient, credence through a keyhole survives
tranquil beaches drowning in empty sorrow
I fill rooms with heart-felt pages, bloodstained
light through mountains and wonders

this love isn't true
just a swinging echo in remembrance
days by the lake, sunbathing
in museums, haunted by paintings.

Untravelled Waters

offer me a calm sea and I will return to your island
a better man, I will never let you down
my wasted love
I will give the sky to you and upturn every mountain
shimmery lilac imitation
I will kiss you where it hurts and pose myself
lover in your worst nightmare, staring into the eyes of a statue

slipping away with every blink
drag these waters to your grave and never speak

gilded, wistful
Nairobi
Eridanus
looking out the window in the car
the sunset tonight reminds me of your dancing feet
the broken sinew of your archaic body
a mind's symphony

every harvest is another moon, a reminder of you
imagine there is no heaven
our plagued bones will rot, ravens will feast on carrion
revolving stars at the end of the sky
earthly bird sings the lyrics to the flowers

lovestruck, harpist
cajole the winds of our tainted shadows
lungs made out of wine
nights we talked about Poseidon

slipping away with every blink
drag these waters to your grave and never speak.

Pink Martini

sleepless, I can barely stand to look at the light
there is a knock at the door and someone is saying
I didn't eat today or wash the black ink from my hands
from the pages I scattered across the floor
eyes swirling in a tattered mirage, I can see through
varnished truth buried under deceptive asphalt

dancing to the moon
to the moon of your love

I never knew you were a dragon, a boy filled
with romance in orange skies, I believed your face
lingered in the echo between these walls of hope
golden and marble in your demise
we lie in chains, torn from the inside, in these waters
breathing it in, reeling it in, revelling in burnished pleasure
polishing our elbows with stone
your salty tears are falling acorns through the years
carved out of impossible dreams

dancing to the moon
to the moon of your love

today I thought about you again
burning through a crimson sky, a poisoned lake
forgiven and perfect
ice blue, meandering between two possibilities
I cut myself from the ribbon of truth
the bondage I was fond of, fond of you
tortured opal in your blackberry tapestry
slanted window I look through

dancing to the moon

to the moon of your love.

Lost Ocean Symbolism

limp symptoms of war
trickle down into my every memory
and I here I am
just a boy in a poem

the river in the valley between mountains
comes to a halt, so abruptly broken
the walls in this loveless room are telling me
the doldrums are bigger than my voice

deep
underwater
I see high tides
echoes, I can't rectify
immortal song of the wind
ignites
a coil in spring
on this holy ground
I see your picture in the clouds
at the end of the sky

the ocean washes away my prayers
like I thought about throwing my pain away
because my thoughts are heavy
I didn't want to bring the burden back home
found freedom in the sands of your love
but find it hard just to have a conversation
can't find the words to describe how I feel
to properly articulate my emotions inside
all the things I want to say

lost ocean symbolism
lost ocean symbolism.

Love Too Good To Be True

you took a piece of my heart and sighed
left me in the shadows of the night
falling off the edge of my dreams, heartbroken
when you said our love made you cry
I should have known it was all pretence
wounded by every sunset
wounded by every broken promise

I've been picking apple seeds from my pockets
and turning them into memories
letters I never read, and forgot to respond
love bigger than a temporary song

I haven't heard from him in thirteen days
I've been counting them, blindsided
oh, crim mercy

sweeter than pink lemonade
20 units a day
smoking until I can't breathe
I dissolve, like
ecstasy on my tongue
nothing is sacred
sun sparkle, blue dust
let's wait for the sun, sifting through flowers
gentle ocean breeze
sweeter than pink lemonade

you took a piece of my heart and sighed
left me in the shadows of the night
falling off the edge of my dreams, heartbroken
when you said our love made you cry
I should have known it was all pretence

wounded by every sunset
wounded by every broken promise.

Ceasefire

memory is a wilting rose
in a turbulent sea, wistfully longing
for the poems in your bones.

Nightingale in Spring

if you don't take the risk
you'll never know what good there is
what magic could flourish
when you wrap your arms around me
when you hold me close
the world falls still and I am whole

a boy
a pearl in the ocean

for so long I wondered, who are you
when you don't know who you want to be?
I never did find the answer to the butterfly effect
in these strange times I dangle from shining thread
and wonder, why can't you see from my point of view?
numbness, someone I never knew

seen corpses in electric sun fields
buried underneath your virtue, there is a muse
calling you back to shore
I had a dream, I seen Venus with her sword
cut herself from seashells, decayed flesh in war
craving new beginnings, I'm unhinged by the minute
drag me from these waters I'm drowning

a boy
a pearl in the ocean.

Melancholia

under the influence of the planet Saturn
I dance in the shadows of time
I fill the sky with dreams and mine for diamonds
in the ruins of my labyrinthine mind
I tune into a lucid echo, speaking in heartbeats
I come back to the surface, with every metronomic streak
wandering down dark streets
Heaven's melody is an ephemeral high
bleeding jewels, red swans, awake pretty much all night
I light the room with words, a candle burning to my left
and I pour myself a cooling drink of black liquid
lovesick, unkempt in my decadence
I've never known anything else, just this occupied gloom
and filled the spaces between with lamps
a hungry mouth held together with a pin, filled with abbreviations
and the hope that the fading sky remembers
you can't force a wasp to do your work and keep your secrets
in a tomb with letters and deers and oobleck
the distilled quietness vanishes when a broken angel sings
that sweet music flows through my veins.

Meadow Song

a pang woke me from deep slumber
so suddenly
and the morning sky was grey
and that night when the sky turned dark blue
an aeroplane soared overhead
just me, alone, in wet dandelion fields
I look out at the lake, and I see

realpolitik
lies in your eyes
flickering blueness
another virus, another war
seemingly unscathed but bereaved
our pain is art

numb under dark Heavens
saturnine eyes of a loveless affair transpire
molten flesh decays in war
superfluous skin sheds dark cataclysms

unholy bodies dancing
unholy minds unwinding

realpolitik
lies in your eyes
flickering blueness
another virus, another war
seemingly unscathed but bereaved
our pain is art.

Cardinal Sin

slowly bleeding into the radiant white light
falling in love with the sunsets in your eyes
my heart is naturally beating
like a rocking horse back and forth
I ponder, what does the truth mean
when I see myself sizzle in the mirror
and I don't recognize my reflection?
instant curse, under your wing
I suck on him and bury my face in his armpit

and I think, this bed was made for us
and I smile to myself, overflowing with your love

your words soak into me
like roots digging deeper, I feel them
I cherish them, promise never to forget them
and when I hear that silence ablaze, I fall apart
hoping this song will save me
save me from all my treacherous ways
all the ways you've ever hurt me, like you
like to see me suffering in the heart of our storm
overwhelmingly drowning
suffocating on our love, this endlessly tortured dream
I numb myself to alleviate the pain
another drink, but it all feels the same
reality sculpted out of time

water is rising above the bells, drowning
mess in a rose garden

close your eyes, feel the sun glittering on my skin
like a million diamonds sparkling
leave your heavy breathing behind, my friend

pearl droplets yearn for the night
sew the seeds of your impossible dreams
and believe
you're the best thing I've ever seen.

Lovers to Strangers

cast your eye's stone over the loveless sky
tomorrow in the deepest ocean, no last goodbye
purple rays tie us together like ribbons of sunlight
in milky distraught web of sea, minds unfold

we are clay
we are blossoming

in this cold bed, I wake up remembering
love is my biggest weakness
I thought my dreams were real
this falsehood and these delusions
the silhouette of your shadow dancing in silence
fooled, but I should have known
these rivers were always tainted

we went from lovers to strangers, in another ocean
do you remember how we kissed?
now I'm blue, but I'm happy for you
I just need to escape this, to forgive this Hell

deep under raging seas, tethered to an unforsaken path
lifeless, under fiery skies
I can't breathe around this smoke, and I don't know
how much longer I can hold on for
it doesn't matter how high I get, I always end up low
oh, how I plummet, oh how I cascade

we are blossoming
we are clay.

To Love, To Blue Skies

oceans synchronizing with the sun
speak louder than any word
silver in the mother of pearl
the world is a dream until you wake up

time never sleeps
time never waits for those with broken hearts
cocooned in ritual madness
the wind rustles through the leaves of my forest
a forest of dreams

I watch you while you're leaving
the moonlight glows on my skin when I'm sleeping
and in my dreaming I consume you
I open up like a flower
To love, to blue skies, evermore
love is suffering
love is betrayal, I've seen it all, glittering

oceans synchronizing with the sun
speak louder than any word
silver in the mother of pearl
the world is a dream until you wake up.

Lie Down Gently

close your eyes and let the world fall apart
I see you in my dreams, a man with a lonely heart
reaching out
reaching out for your soft embrace

I know you love it when we're crazy
disintegration baby

so comfortable, I could die in your arms
hold you close and kiss you more
just the way you smell good makes me want to die
just looking in your eyes, I want to cry

I know you love it when we're crazy
disintegration baby.

Soft Skin

I close my eyes and feel your ghost around me
an angel without wings in starlight
I close my eyes and feel your ghost around me
breathing ever so softly

I bloom under dark sun
your soft skin glistens in the sun
and when the sky grows dark
you reduce me to the thinnest pulp

and I wonder
and I wonder
why did you leave me here
numb in this iridescent
moonlight?

I close my eyes and feel your ghost around me
an angel without wings in starlight
I close my eyes and feel your ghost around me
breathing ever so softly.

Dead Flowers

you know sympathy is my downfall
a door into paradise
me, your guest, you, my host
falling for an illusion, runaway lover

when you hold me I feel real
when you hold me, I say *yes*

you know my heart grows fonder
with every lasting sun beat
I mirror your movements like propane
pages we have forgotten
new foliage and the smell of spring
still in flood, I fall at your feet
lavender nights and heavenly rain
pouring down
devour me like unbridled poetry
love me like blue skies in a dream
a body eclipsed with unholy secrets
serpentine suffering
more resilient than a silver scar

you know sympathy is my downfall
a door into paradise
me, your guest, you, my host
falling for an illusion, runaway lover

when you hold me I feel real
when you hold me, I say *yes.*

Waxen Wings

you fly so high reality is obscured
by cloudy visions of a perfect world
unfolding effortlessly from pink lips
the moment feels right
and for a second I feel invincible
looking down at seas of bright colour
pleasure is paramount
in soft ribbons of blue light
seeds of discontent winter flourish
through doors we never considered
paintings we never finished
take form in silent offerings, burning
in sacred text, sacred sex
we orgasm in lucid dreams, intertwined
you promise a date, but you can't commit
wistful gaze, unravelling orange rinds
I return to my roots
feral wilderness of the beast inside
claws scratching at the heartless night
I return to the water
imagining a splendid death
every way I could come to an end
where do I put my fears
when I've forgotten what it feels like
to be ignorant, but the bliss is remarkable
and the lust is growing?
almost by design, I falter and when I look at the sun
my eyes see beyond
as if this is the way it was meant to be.

Crow and Bean Sprout

don't forget we were frozen when the fire started
our limbs were earthbound nightjars
lost in pictures of space and time, aching inside
oh, how we tried
oh, how we tried to escape these waters

devouring tides
with lights in our mouths

everywhere I turn, I see your face burning
through threads of static
swallowing the fires aglow in thy eyes
cemetery of sombre nights
oh, how we tried to outrun ourselves

devouring tides
with lights in our mouths

sandslides trickle through my hands
worn-out disguise, reborn
time, I say, this is not the way I intended to go
but I like this unchartered territory of happy loneliness
forest magic lingering
a secret admirer shrouded in dark shadows
truth in hyper dimension
a place where no one knows my name
hanging from the trees like a medallion
dazed by your footprints, your footfall echoing
there's something romantic about death
the gliding nothingness behind the eyes
fading into blue light
oh, how we tried, oh, how we tried

devouring tides
with lights in our mouths.

Oathkeeper

put down your sword, align with the stars
think about tomorrow's harvest
the future was made for us, but my wasted youth
is writing your name in the dark
with the ashes of our love, I transpire
with the ashes of our love

I remember
I remember

memories of a fading summer
seem shiny and golden, lost and broken
I watch the night rain through the window
candlelit vigil, black television screen
the swallow larps over the sea

I remember
I remember

yesterday's lament was a song on the radio
forgotten in the weeds of regret
I piece together your quiet bones, you tell me
I'm fine and wipe the tears from my eyes
saying I want to live to feel new shores, new dreams
all the ways I imagine we could be, endlessly free
curtailed in cinders, we plough through furrows
running towards our fathers

memories of a fading summer
seem shiny and golden, lost and broken
I watch the night rain through the window
candlelit vigil, black television screen
the swallow larps over the sea.

Softly Floating

the
sky
is
beautiful
rosy golden shine
dreamy lilac tints
in wispy clouds
softly floating
I
dream
of
moons
and
echoes
drowning
in
that
incredible
sheen
of
hope.

Vincent

open up your sacred heart
permeating through radio static

swallow the blue mountain
imagine something that never happened
something that left us remembering
we tried to bring the night back to life
soulless statue, boundless strife
the hollow darkness of the room shakes me
glowing gloom where shadows loom
my fingers are tied to ribbons of poisoned ink
prosperous thoughts in my idle mind
we drink lemonade and cold whispers of dreams
haunt me like wandering eyes in wilderness
I belong here, longing to know my flickering childhood
deceived by time, pulling smoke through the window
I won't say a word, Mr. Syndicate

sunflowers wilt in ubiquitous vase light
cast upon acquiesced shade
pulsating plasma bleeding in dark silence
dance with the night's confounded light

helpless in the shade of autumn's breeze
I tried to erase the hedonism from the canvas
but the pain is too much to forget
art is the death of us, the last train to nowhere
the gold heart around my neck flickers
young blood in sullen frames can't forget

the dew after the rain disintegrates before us
the moon calling my name
find me in the trees, find me in the water

restless smoke through these sleepless towns
shine like celestial moonlight, wandering
we are wild in our ways
in a place of colour, in violent skies

sunflowers wilt in ubiquitous vase light
cast upon acquiesced shade
pulsating plasma bleeding in dark silence
dance with the night's confounded light.

Tennessee Honey

sunbeams shine through the space between clouds
sunbeams glitter on the palm of my hands
first thing in the morning
I pry open my eyes to see the bonewhite ceiling
bewitched by those dazzling sunbeams
the moment feels like a dream, like I haven't woken up
like everything is alright and nothing matters
in sheets of regret I smile, but it's a bittersweet smile
I hear the voices closing in

just a pebble in a lake, soaking in the blue of the sky
the sweetness of your drunk kisses, the grace of your touch
when the sky grows dark I follow the moonlight in the night
the dreams which lead me back to us

you will never know how I am moved by your song
falling stars in our ocean
the melancholy it harbours leaves me bereft
with more questions than I know how to answer
alone in my mind, I find you like lightening
tolling bells of clarity
in explosions of rainbow colour I feel a nameless frisson
I tell him to keep me like a secret
the boy who never learned, painting over this house
beneath the glossy exterior
lays my mind, a beautiful abandoned thing

just a pebble in a lake, soaking in the blue of the sky
the sweetness of your drunk kisses, the grace of your touch
when the sky grows dark I follow the moonlight in the night
the dreams which lead me back to us

glitter in the dark

glitter in the dark.

Scorpion Sting

the first time I slit my wrists
lost in existential nihilism, I was intent
told myself today is the end
there is no future for me, when the flowers are dead
and when I look at the sky I see darkness
sweet emptiness filling my stomach at seventeen
I never could've imagined how fucked up things would be

how shit I feel, looking at you
loving mother disappearing into silence
glad those vines have grown over the wounds
because when the blood is seeping and the drugs don't work
I bleed pearls until it hurts
until I'm so far into my own insanity
I see myself in troubled skies, sleeping when I should be
violently dreaming of paradise.

Those Days Are Long Gone

eyes brimming with unavailing hot tears
a young bird said to me
life is out of reach, a corner street away
never thought I'd be here, four years later
filled with heavy breaths and dependency
building sandcastles out of fickle hope
I carve my name on wood
the carrottop hills and the horses, the days of fun
those days are long gone
those days are long gone.

Patchouli

divine as the morning white sky
I remember you in forgotten candle light
finishing your coffee as the ink wears thin
I am a child in your arms
the sunlight reflecting in your new sunglasses

sweetly
discreetly
I come back for air
falling in love with a stranger
polaroids of September
take me back to worn out towns
worn out pawn shops
when we searched through the attic
found those homemade cassette tapes
in the garage
you looked at me, sweetly
discreetly

pouring back a cold glass of orange juice
to dilute the night
lighting candles, time is our enemy
cigarette stains flourish in silent decay
I was a ghost from the bedroom to the hall
blue skies through spring
we fall into crooked pleasure, wrapped in currents
conversations in polo shirts
turning like pages wind up memories
Mother Mayhem
some kind of new mother tongue
Tiger Brawler
gilded bodies wander, carved into stone
tears when we were young

blissful in blue seafoam mist

I see you in smoke
I see you in letters
I see you in hallways
I see you in mirrors

divine as the morning white sky
the lake never betrayed me
my secrets died there, in a water tight grave
love never to be unearthed.

Moth Scars

The brutality of your sullen ways makes me want to surrender to the thunderous crash of your seamless waves. Moonlight brushstrokes. I seen myself, hanging there, by the apple tree, thinking about flowers and watermelon and stars in the night sky. Memories forged onto the pink of my sunset prick me like little whispers, little thimbles on my thumb when I was learning how to sew and studied hard in art class. Now I drink to numb the pain. I listen to music and envy how free you are, how beautiful you are when the sunlight dances on your skin, when those beams get into every nook. I need you like a drug pulsating through my veins, my special obsession. When I think about you, with my fingers between my legs, I come to a shudder. How alive I am in my imagination, but how I can't escape the mind I've created. I hear a piano getting closer. I look for the echoing sound but I see nothing, just bleakness in ghostly faces in pictures. Another drink, I think. I will kill this addiction, nullify the effect. Pretty ribbons of death. Tonight I am drunk and sleepless. Fervent in my desire to grow like the vines in my dreams of a fantasy land. This mundane routine, from the train to the street, is like a waterpillar boring through cloudy wool, cloudy wood chips that flake and tremble in the attic. Baby footsteps. Days pass and the scent you left behind curls in my nostrils like ripe fruit. I look around this cold room and I taste you lingering on my fingertips. The best man I've ever known is a fading spot I recall fondly. Driving to the mountain. He took me higher than I've ever been before, to an enigmatic climax that felt like sin. Perfume of our love. I never could have known we would be so nuclear, so honest and gooey. We are like pastel colours and glittering mirror balls just waiting to be squashed by a big foot. Every stain reminds me of your presence, so I take my time to wash them away. I light the room with candles and I haven't showered in two days but that's okay, you never judged me. You loved me with all my scars, placed your lips on mine. Haunt me with your winning charm. Suicide lovers. The river I'm wading through is up to my knees by now, but I'm dying to drink the sweat from your flesh. I want to make a mess and never forget. I saw a man dying. I saw a crow burning crimson in the lavender sunlight. Seeping molasses, gold hearts, fatal car crashes. Broken bones pick snails and take them to sheltered grass. Crows repent in the castle I was raised in. There were flames, but I never seen them. Gloating. Gloating. Soaking in the hotel blues, looking out at the neon city lights. Grey skies speaking in prisms. I'm still the same old boy from this small town, silently growing in a forgotten rose garden.

Temple of HIMEROS

Humble your bones. We were meant to love and to be loved, to run away from new imitations. To see through gazing eyes wistful in a breeze is an endless blessing. Life had plans for us, but the seeds we planted returned with sour words, and only God knows I have longed for this moment. Truth in vacant eyes, idle and black. I finally see your pulsating face is brighter than any moon and I submit to you. I drink your words and they're sweeter than honey. Decomposing in bath salt. Your brazen attitude melts into my pores, invigorates my belief that we were meant to be. Lovers in harmony. One hundred years ago you lived like a fierce warrior, talking about black night skies, how the sky is romantic, not hopeless. It contains a multitude of endless dreams, precious stones. Modicums of Delilah wilt in the wax of meadows. Fingertips burning with pure sensations. Snowdrops on a cool morning linger on like speckles of dust vapour, brushing along the cobblestone. I think about your dick inside me, I think about you getting hard and I practice my lines. I remember the days that are gone, telepathic magic suspended in time. I speak softly. I breathe in white lines and turn thoughts into clay.

love

desire

sex

pleasure

fantasy.

Ossuary

My body gloats with dark nature. Mossy secrets pinned underneath my skin ripple through me as if they're blue streaks of light on the seafloor. Unravelling madness. I tend to them, the wounds I can't forget.

Arrow of Love

That existential droning oscillating in my waxen visions of furtherance like chirping bluebells echoes sympathy for fools. Blurred lines in quiet seas glow brighter than tangerine, disintegrates into snowdrops, in rain mist. Love is a moon speaking to me, talking about a mosaic of stars. I open my arms. I welcome the harvest and suck on ripe fruit. The pleasure is a peachy bruise, a lost memory I recovered from the shipwreck of my heart. Abandoned haunting. Shimmering blue dust. I light my cigarette and breathe in the wispy smoke clouds. The morning sky is romantic, like a nightingale eagerly waiting for the first drip of liquid sunlight by a spring fountain. Somewhere in the chaos I found myself eclipsed, in a multitude of dreams, collecting precious stones after the drought. I do it because I care for you, I remember you, I adore your every movement. Here I am in rapture, drinking my blue velvet tears of gratitude. I have swallowed oceans, the night as black as a crow in chains. Evermore dwelling. My blood flows like a rosary.

Castle Milk Quartz

Honey drips into a slow goodbye, and for a moment I feel alright. Eyes gazing at the big blue sky. I feel the day longing. Clouds drifting to make shapes. Waterfalls and forests.

Honey drips into a slow goodbye, and for a moment I feel alright. Deeper in this black, black silence I sense a sudden change of mind. Ossified. Sunlight sprays azure empyreans, whales and butterflies. In ivory dreams of raspberry muffins, blue happiness towers over me and I'm smiling at nothing. I drink asphalt and your hazy limbs, peaceful meadow music soaring through timeless visits. Sanctify our love. Body full of wonders, full of tempests and a wool-gathering deluge. We are lovers in sinking ships, embracing each other.

Manic Pixie Boy

idle black eyes spin yarn and swell with the tide of love
dancing to clawing droplets of silver pearl
I hear your voice at the harbour, I'm looking out

I see sunbeams glittering and dream oceans, dreams and roses
shadows of night climb foaming and numb
too proud to look at you when I know I'm wrong

my tears are peacefully replaced by white fog
silence reflecting upon motionless lakes
sweet tea rebel wrapped up in sticky cellophane
gods bathing in fruit and wine
passed out drunk in the trembling sun
found myself alone in the lanterns we let go of grief
parasite fantasies, disconnected from the world
this forest was made for us
this garden was our saviour
we made gold out of dirt and filled the canyon between us

dandelions and splinters, tied ribbons with thorns
floating lights in empty skies
empty insides and candle light
burning flames of passion linger
like swords cutting tongues from mouths
I see the moonlight in your disposition
twinkling beams in your soul
careful creature, rising from the embers
idle black eyes light up with radiant flowers
songbirds echoing scattered through
I get scared when I think about losing you
earth cleaving to hidden places, darker secrets
flimsy cobwebs and translucent screens in graveyards
the scent of your body whispers stories to me
bodies without apathy

aroused, our skin is breathing
but there is no good hill to die on
when we're lacking apathy
save me from the person I am, deadly nightshade
slipping in and out of ecstasy.

Anamnesis

something about you leaves me
thinking about cold water
wondering why I hurt myself and never learn
the storm breaches the dance, when I am unconscious
when I am healing I am godless, praying for love
mother of pearl, a touch from above

something about you leaves me
thinking about cold water
wondering why I hurt myself and never learn
glutton for the hard way, so I desire more
cheated on myself, on a grey sky day
I had to abscond like a blue-tailed bird with ruffled feathers
writing letters to the past with inflamed fingers
in a narcissistic, narcissistic fever

the burn stings more than the lust
searching the ceiling for the crack
a curve on the highway
the teardrop in my palm
I took the psalm from my bones, and
seen your ghost plummet, sucking on the afterglow
the luminous undertow echoing
I found my heart in the moonlight of an industrial wreckage
papercut at the edges, blind to my senses
I could never understand the eternal push and pull
begging on my knees, blind to my senses
in another life I saw you, in my dreams, I saw you
like a symphony in my dreams.

Burnt Umber

I watched the lemon for seven minutes
the shadow growing darker, me growing bitter
hoping for one glimpse of the sun
the ghosts of this damp room haunt me like no other
mumbling voices I can't make out
smoke clouds burrowed into the tongue, twisting
days are longing and you walk through the streets of San Francisco
calling out for Love, calling out for Love.

Secret Storm

Time after time, your body unwinds
And you think about us, wondering what you think
I imagine us falling time after time, this ocean
tying us together is a secret storm we can't comprehend
dying in slow motion, with nothing to say

would you stay with me if the world was coming to an end?
would you wipe my tears away when I begin to cry?
turning around, turning around
would you still hold me if you realised we're breaking?
would you love me when our love is forsaken?

when you pour me a glass and watch me slip away?
would you forgive me and love me for another day?

would you escape, escape to a sacred place
would you hold my hand and take my breath away
when our song comes on and we're falling?

I can't escape
I can't escape
oh, how you take my breath away

Time after time, your body unwinds
And you think about us, wondering what you think
I imagine us falling time after time, this ocean
tying us together is a secret storm we can't comprehend
dying in slow motion, with nothing to say.

Meadow Song

smoke curled eastward, rising through rose petals
legs in wet grass, sun after the rain
the sacred red morning sun is uplifted on wings
distant flames we remember, when we're drunk in the night

you see your name written in the stars, perfectly in place
sanctified in the darkest of days
each vision is a verse in the fading memory of time
down the path of heartbreak our misfortunate dreams entwine
lingering lilac lullaby when my heart sings
I see myself with you in Heaven
falling through you like sand, like glass, like a river

you talk about things so much, they don't even matter
you pray for the sun when the sky is getting darker
figure 8, sun signature
bowed down Cupid and drank the fountain of youth
but now your skin is growing old with your wings
I see it on your visage, I pity your self-righteousness
solace pulled like sinew from your mind
heliotropes peeled from the floral wall dressed in secrets
my mother was a seamstress, my father was a sailor
and through all the hills of my land
I look for them in you
I come back to you like a ferocious wave, like candle wick
the dog licks its paws
what a bumbling farce to think, to think

you see your name written in the stars, perfectly in place
sanctified in the darkest of days
each vision is a verse in the fading memory of time
down the path of heartbreak our misfortunate dreams entwine
lingering lilac lullaby when my heart sings

I see myself with you in Heaven
falling through you like sand, like glass, like a river.

Flying Lotus

Dawn creeps up on me. The hand is a ball gag. The eye cannot be deceived when it's looking into my rose garden mouth, when I change my mind and religiously think about what I'm going to say. In my silence I am a ball of wondering on this Ferris Wheel of hope. I smoke and drink so much I want to be sick. I taste the chloroform, poison ink on my lips. We couldn't be closer, but still there is a mountain between us. Comets and sins and rape separating us, water washing over us, sea green ocean floors swallowing us in dreams of sex and torture. The trepidation prevents me, no lights switched on. I feel a collision in my homeless bones, moving onwards, wings upwards.

Today I took a photo of myself and felt like I was drowning. Pinned to the underneath of your breath, I am floating but I don't feel alive. Drinking as the rain hits my window and the sky begins to turn grey. I am conversant with moths. I speak to them when they arrive and offer them tea, things that they like. Handshakes and awkward glances. We have more in common with headless deers and godless creatures than we don't. When we're numb and we can't feel, and the world is so black it feels like there's no point, the light is pulverized. Blinded by hindsight, indefinitely surprised by the blue shadows in the sky. Our words collect dust in envelops. Unopened perfume and porcelain bodies through telescopes. Pellucid cries of ballyhoo sent to Coventry grow the biggest voice, profane and somewhere wanting you to look in my eyes. Memory and death is second hand nature, the truth tucked under the skin. My 3 a.m. saviour. Instant black coffee, O roasted beans. The iron lecture is a thin line, head facing the wet ground. The grey sky is raining hard. With rambling words, in a cloudless state of life, galloping darkness holds me until our stars meet.

Sycamore Tree

Laughing and crying like we're rivers shapeshifting. Waters rise and bliss permeates through our muddy earth. Songs we never speak about. Blistered feet surrender to the red night, the cesspool of victorious blood. Achoo. Gesundheit. Your wanted soul is the offspring of beauty and art. Somewhere glistening. You scratch the itch and wonder why your head is a tarot. A body that can never relax, with a thorn in my side, with a chafe in that bad urethra. Smile and look away. Sleep through the day and stay up late. You roll the dice and look at your reflection in some shiny and new polished mirror, but your habits are ghosts and you can't understand your eyes. Pale blue and steel. They hold the lost pain of a careless youth. Twisted fate. Everyone sleeps while I ponder, shrouded by an anomaly of guilt. O' sleepy overdose. O' sleepy head. The present did not come with a guaranteed bow, and the past came with no ribbon. Just a baby crying with a desert mouth, fixed into an orchid, cordate. Nothing but blue electric stasis. Midnight television screen, no doctor's note or sympathy. I am lost in my dreams, this theory of black swan events. The apples in this house always turn sour. Magic spells do no work here.

Corrected leather puckers but does not compensate. Take the sap and make me alcohol, take the nectar and make me honey. Wonderful man. I am your candyfloss boy. I taste like strawberries in the summer and I will be quiet when you insist. In my allotment of need, I find alleviation in the temporary candlelight, the thought that tomorrow's harvest is promised to be ruby and golden. Rupture accelerates to the pleasure spot. In stupefied acrimony I see a man coming of age. He told me his secrets under the dark light of sky, broken yolk separating the albumen. Nameless enzyme. The maggot that has schlepped the burden of time, placidly, on a pilgrimage to pray, gathers with one thousand dreams carrying me through the night. So I am at ease. At least my hands feel weightless. The night is dreamy and forgotten. Viagra, Valium, the Suicide Pill. Satin will cull to the cladding. Buildings on fire. I seen the phoenix rising from the ashes, rising from smooth rising water, and I smiled, looking away. Hanging onto every word you say. I move to music and eat books and invite strange men into my house, hoping and wishing the bells will remember my name. I hope they toll at midnight with a winning smile. I grip my hand around my dick, moaning and stiff but my body is liquid. I watch them fuck each other, in that passionate storm of love, conjoined by the hips in deep breaths. The things I say is what I don't really mean. Tangled in ephemeral hallucinations. I will always remember you, how I wanted to protect you from this cruel world. Soft gaze, gentle haze, I place soft kisses on his lips. Smoking cactus. I feel the heat on my spine, falling from cloud vapour. Flowers on my chest. A waterfall of emotions pouring from the heart. Bleeding in this fever.

The Sky Fits Softly in My Hands

words cutting deeper than a blue horizon malady
rip off the band aid of love, eleven dollars spent on cigarettes
when I was just a boy I seen the world disappear
through love and romance and dreams and death
I've sacrificed myself too many times
fucked up love too many times, but I see you in me
loving you, loving me, I see you in me, endlessly falling

falling through clouds, through rose water, I spill
onto sheets of green leaves, will never appease these hills
of foreboding buildings, so tight they bruise, so tight I can't breathe
spent aeons trying to love you, I fall through answers
puddles of rose water and bones trying to sew the papers together
hold on to me and let's spin through the truth, months of
wondering whether our souls will be enough for these poems
as we wash away sunlight flickers through our hands
open to rain storms and breathless nights, we dance in candle light

in movie screens, in violet daydreams, the smell of you leaves me like a ghost
in trenches, in a garden of thorns, pulled from both ends
I've never met a man so shy and benign with so many secrets
setting fire to water, a dilapidated empire
I think of you and smile, and I think love is an island in me
love is a blue sky maze in me, stoic on the beaten path
thank you, for all the selfless things you do
vines growing through me, fingers running through
words cutting deeper than a blue horizon malady.

Haunted By Your Song

a climbing spider lays its eggs in your virtuous eyes
bleeding waterfalls, ravenous nightfall
children drown in chandelier water, pockets full of seeds
serpentine and crystalline, grey hands swimming through weeds
the tulips of morning fritter and gently talk
about the pulp and sand of our misfortunate abrasions
enchanted blue ribbons and shooting stars
we see life fading like fleeting seasons, oh, Vienna
we are statues in the cold light of dark blue museums, in bow ties

watery spirits on mossy sea beds, ghosts of yesterday
swaying mountains through hazy hourglasses
fill the chasm with leaves and currents and dancing storms
pellets and bullets of rain pouring from distant skies
maybe I took things for granted, maybe it doesn't matter
I'm yielding and transcendent, I fit so well in your hands
but blinded by infinite love, your pulsating heart reminds me
I've loved you for one thousand years
that tingling passion that sets me free is a singing bird in a cage
Oh, Vienna, through all my travels
I've never seen something so shiny and perfect
a resounding surge tosses me into the beauty of your head
washing away the pain of our fathers
nourish the cyan of illuminated spaces, numb with an unforgiving fever
in rooms filled with smoke, carelessly pouring a drink
I hope you're well, and I hope you know
I've saved dreams and kisses for the lost ones we remember
the petrichor, the rays of light.

To Close the Mouth of a Wound

grey lights and shadows murmur gramophone static
carelessly placed in slipshod manner
I gravitate towards dangerous grounds, pulsating
marble stones left by the window sill

I wipe myself from the furniture and wake up statues
slumbering eyes, burrow and grow
words placed effortlessly on the candlelit walls
sing songs of freedom and glorious rapture

in disbelief as I look around, wondering how I came to be here
it is not simple to close the mouth of a wound
the puerile leaves flounder through storms of ignorance
anxious when I see a bulb of moths in unison
I keep to myself on train rides to the outer city limit
the countryside I pour my heart into
when I'm in hotel rooms, I smell the coffee lingering

I hear the voices of loved ones sewn into time
a little cluster of dancing bodies come alive in the rain

worship the muscle of a man in war, eyes bloodshot and open
torn from the shelter of primitive being
I speak to you in a language only we can understand
soft petal fragrance on my hands
I look to the stars for guidance, the graceless nights of vomit
I buried my darkest secrets with the blood of a poet
and from the ashes my cold hands grow vines, ruined lullaby
study the decay of mind
when something appears out of nowhere
it's a strange thing to think I've lived my lives in many oceans
looking through mirrors, through souls
through hallways of momentous embrace and opium

the flowers in my mouth bleed drifting oceans
a tapestry of silence like a train running through my head
when I was young and reverent
my limbs were on fire, but the light was rare.

Love and Death

At night I see visions of how it used to be, frozen in starlight, visions of life at a standstill, visions of myself carelessly unwinding. I see visions of her on the bridge, tossed from the blue pelts and waxy cocoon of sanity. I think of life delicately placed in a time capsule tied with a ribbon, playing over and over like a favourite movie. I think of everything we've done together, how our movements mirrored each other, how we used to get high just to escape the torture of living. The thoughts we shared died in that hopeless garden, with romantic thoughts of death like a Guelder rose. We never did get to fix ourselves. Wine splashed on our clothes and stained the floors we danced on. I think of them like hearts and doves, the memories I keep close, how you smiled when my intentions were pure, how the sunlight shined on us.

Vanitas

I see myself in the mirror, drunk and slipping away. Blooming in shades of blue. I look at the painting and I see life, pleasure, death. In pictures of skulls, rotten fruit, and hourglasses, the sun after the rain is a reminder. Our heartbeats are violin strings. Places we think are paradise, woven and fading away. I look at you and feel the bruise drop like feathers. Open and closed, I know. These city lights are just like the way it was, bleeding love and holding onto burning wings. I feel you on my fingertips, like vanity, meat, and worthless art. Haunted by the truth, loveless nights setting me free. Love is a reflection, a lake we drowned in. Birds are humming sweet songs, sweet nothing.

Hanging Garden

love guides me through turbulent dreams
vivid self-states transforming in visions of clear blue skies
I see the beauty and sorrow in your eyes
glittering in the dark shadows of night, watching
the flowers bloom, the meadow song rise from the milky smoke
of dawn, crepuscular bodies dwelling in quiet storms
nonplussed in the glamour of paintings
red lips wander like beating hearts, simmering under glowing moonlight
my eternal response is saturnine
I've learned to lose the ones I love, faint breaths murmuring
by candlelit piano, I see boys swimming naked in heartless lakes
inter dimensional photosynthesis, echoing driftwood
when I look at you I see the truth, but it's lifeless and tainted
a spiralling staircase to nowhere, like the thoughts of a dark psycho
I say things but I don't know if I truly mean them
I laugh at the dumbest things and rip off the bandage
a little too soon, and sulk when I know I'm in the wrong
that magical feeling is palliative, a mouthful of peeled lemon
when it's grey and raining and this cult of meaningless spit means nothing
I look out for chirping birds and think of my best friend
times when we don't make sense, and our memories are fading
I speak to you in letters concerning death and write you poems about the sunrise
allusions and history we forget, love so beautiful it hurts
every time we lie it cuts a little deeper, and the glowing shipwreck of my heart aches
the petals on my fingertips disintegrate
my knees shake with the white of disconcerting pith
I take the rheum, I take the chimera, levitating in a looking glass
all the things I can't ignore, I pull and tear my tears apart
happy and content, thorns I adore
continents, lifetimes, nostalgic birdsongs
red and pink in dreams, attentively caressing photographs
pulsating veins and heartbeats, watching you leave
through the window.

Paranoia Plague

all the pictures
I've painted
leave me stained
with nostalgic colours
now we're growing up
and the world feels so cruel
pouring sick love into narcissistic death tattoos
I stop to see white petals
falling from the sky

she calls out my name from her window
as I walk past the cherry blossom
blossoming in pinks
outside of her fruitful house
I am temporal, I see myself flowing in the rain
I see myself with the white petals
adorned in golds and regret
feet dragging along the wet pavement
I am alone in my head
the only thing I know is the brushstrokes of childhood
happy to hear your voice
under
bright lights of new stars.

Kenopsia

This place once filled with life is now empty and barren. I look around, but everything is gone. The forest has overgrown and it doesn't feel the same as that time we got drunk in the summer and kissed. My body is a transcript of ambivalence holding onto a wistful smile. The silence is bigger than a canyon and flows like a river. I feel the imminent and sweeping sense of loneliness crawl into my mind, painting on the canvas with blood. I can't breathe in this house with a mountain of addictions weighing me down, swept under these waves of light refracting from a triangular prism. This room filled with despondent music knows my silent tears, and nobody knows me like you do. Praying for the future but remembering the past. Whatever happened to the lovers holding hands? Whatever happened to the man quietly drinking alone in the bar dreaming of sin? Whatever happened to the laughter of children playing or the places we grew up in and learned to find ourselves happy in dance? Whatever happened to the boy writing poems about you under moonlight nights or the fading memories of youth? Perchance we lost our minds along the way and retreated from the day burning in oranges and red?

No one ever sits in these seats. No one ever speaks about how the arrows of love penetrate us so deep we can't think clearly on the carousel of fear and regret. For so long I've been living for the night, for pleasure, I forgot I was a melting clock in water. Speechless when I think about my father, young and in love. The pain is a seed, a burden, an ever growing sun that shines brighter than any moon. I run from it, the burning desire dancing in ruby fires. Lost in this ocean of hedonism. I look around this place of self-satisfaction and peculiar decadence, and I wonder where everyone went. I can still hear the voices of loved ones like it was yesterday. Lingering in stillness. One minute I was hyperventilating and then my worries fell off like brush wood. Imploring the extensor to open, the mirrors to open, my mouth to open. I push my fingers into sore wounds and squeeze the red flesh until it hurts and feels good. I look in the mirror and I see a rose reflecting back at me, time passing. The attainment is obvious and welcomed, but not as wide or deep as the circumference of a wise mind. A numinous thought sparks, light and angel-like. Death's head in a dark sky. When the sun rises I am self-loathing. Those pumpkin lips are beaten and sour, a doppelgänger, listening to the music as it slowly fades. An optimistic outpour of hope bleeds from my hands in prayer and a shower of thoughts like blue ribbons twirl in sacred colours. I taste it, the insomnia, the ironic cornucopia of endless dreams. The air asphyxiates and wraps me up in tightly woven knots, a yellow kite flying in the untapped distance, a song I vaguely remember chimes, a glimmer of diamond particles, a feather floating in good weather to meet rainy skies. Our dreams left us haunted. Breathing in rectitude but our souls are corrupt. Deep in the grommet of waters a transient orgasm burrows through riveting eclipses. I make love with the stars. This feeling of love lives deep inside me, perfect and untouched.

Phosphophyllite

here I am standing
standing in the undying rain
currents sweep me from the bay
and I'm drifting to and fro, hopelessly
drinking to the perfumed nights
life felt like a movie
so romantic under the lustre of city lights
we were outlaws
running from the Hounds of Love

we never made it, beyond the pale
I saw us by the river like blue crystals
in dreams, I envy the way life used to be
just you and me
just you and me
dreaming of a perfect place
overflowing like a fountain
just you and me
just you and me
dancing in candlelit storms

your words heal my tired mind and illuminate me
when my thoughts are dark and dangerous
my heart filled with secrets rages like bad weather
in vibrant dreams of torture

here I am standing
standing in the undying rain
currents sweep me from the bay
and I'm drifting to and fro, hopelessly
drinking to the perfumed nights
life felt like a movie
so romantic under the lustre of city lights

we were outlaws
running from the Hounds of Love.

Let Us Live Like Angels

kiss me like it's not a mistake
when the night is young and love is forsaken
I am here, holding you, dreaming of you
painting pictures of you in my mind
I imagine us together and for a moment I feel alright
moving with the ocean and the wind
the cool blue tones of your body remind me
I am no one, just a man
loving you, loving you, loving you

I've spent my life living like the rain
sleeping through restless storms and pouring myself
into your diamond eyes, into smoke filled rooms
looking for a hero, looking for a touch of good
I turn to you when times get dark
but you never hear my voice, stranded in infinite spaces

I spell your name in the sky with neon rays
querulous when light breaks through the window
my body turns to dust in your hands
I am nothing when you look in my eyes, and I know
I found love in our midnight wasteland
love decaying in my hands
my congested head is falling asunder
I always find myself in these situations
love with no protection, love with no judgement
love with conviction, love is the freedom I've always dreamed of
touching you in colour, red and gold.

Evergreen (I)

sun

You never got to know me like I got to know the blazing sun. We lived like strangers, watering the plants of fortitude. Our hearts ever warm. The waves rushed to meet us, in violet and orange, and climbed like rising gold to hold us in place on this endless carousel. By design we react, lukewarm or sorrowful. The silence afterwards is louder than crushing bones. I feel it deep in my being. Soft and hurting. Without you, I am bent over with fear. Pulling the thistle from its hinges. Often, I tell myself, this life is just another zephyr. Reality is more complicated than pulling the stars through an intractable loop of ribbon, the truth finding its way back to you like the song of a nightingale. The beauty you erased meant more to me than the meadow or the budding trees. How careless we were, sprouting in the heat, a tapestry of flickering beams. Young and in love. Those drunken nights passed by reminiscent of dark spring lullabies and fragrant Jupiter skies. Sometimes, when I am weak, I think of them and remember you in heavenly light. Laughter flowing through the room, through my blue veins. I can't possibly envision the world without you. I've never known how to live without you. If only I had the time to tell you all the things on my mind, and if only you would understand me. The comedown is the answer, a wanted friend. My cigarette bubbles in the ashtray and the pink drink fizzles. Bodies floweth. This pilgrimage of love and despair speaks to the alchemist in me, a clouded universe of labyrinth dreams, forest dreams. I have wished over and over for a remedy but nothing can fix the wound you left, the broken seashells you left by the window. Hopeless in this fountain of random line breaks and pretty sludge aesthetics. I hear your voice on the cassette, beautiful and soaring. I sit with the book in my hand, nervously flicking through the pages, anxiously waiting. Bleeding into our conversations. I am cosmic. Tired and longing. This morning I went for a walk in the park. The sun was floating through the idle trees, slow dancing and forever dreaming. I felt the wonder pulse, a pool of thoughts rippling like the birds in their solemn uniforms. Moving like mute statues, lost and swaying to the music of my rebellious soul. Pouncing tiger. I seen your glittering eyes waiting in the tall grass, peering and ravenous. Fragile earthenware. Love is a syllable humming with so much meaning and so much ahead on this long road. I lurch and grasp buttercups, strange ways of entertaining myself. Playing card games, but no one ever truly wins. Love leaves us like a ghost.

Secrets of a Tulip Chamber

my bleeding heart is bereft without you
I revolve on this axis and dream of clear skies
pure waters dragging me back to the mist of morning dew

wake me from deep slumber, these Folsom Prison Blues
tilted in the memory of my sarcophagus, quicksilver and tethered plumes
rise towards divine earth like sleeping bones, scars reminding us

quiet cinders glow with the light of magic blood
finding myself in his arms, my fingertips are numb to the touch
and I often wonder if I will ever feel this love again

wondering if the sun will ever call my name again, serpentine and raining
I break the rind and breathe in the scent of pine, the scent of him left behind
aching in these sheets, the last time I saw him I was like sand

digging myself from the roots of grief, dreaming of how we used to be
decaying like rotten fruit, compelled by my surviving thoughts
floating at our ending I pretend, a coin dropped in an endless ocean

tied to the ruined memory of losing him in love's fire
olive green footprints flurry into ribbons breaking at the seams
I tried to explain it, cut through useless truth like I'm a buttery axe

slid into lucid dreams about you, violins soaring to the music of our love
burnished in a rusting city the horizon of this dream compels me with waves
hands full of hope, the colours of voices shifting and longing

I stare at pale faces and fiddle with my thumbs, smoke fills my lungs
breathless when I read your poems, I folded myself, into a forgotten kingdom
touching myself in a flood of pleasure, thinking about all the ways I could fuck you

my rhymes were never enough to get me through this heartbreak season

I feel the cold blunt edge of your wilted goodbye, torture without reason
how I never knew fickle wings could never carry me

I was an arrow aiming at you, drowning in your tides
your love rushes through my veins like the coldest night
at the foot of my bed birds sing and when I touch the floor

the ashes are restless and vague , they sing about us lonely boys
mysterious shadows, the pearl of bells chiming Semper
I keep my tears in a jar where the lotus unfurls, summer days like a dream

take me anywhere, take me anywhere, let us stay there
take me anywhere and let us stay there.

My Body Remembers

this river was an offering for our wasted youth
the days we laid in swimming pools
hopelessly longing in that beautiful sadness
falling in love with my father, drunk behind sunglasses
I had a dream I was immortal but my heartbeats were hollow
now I'm laid in this room, surrounded by bottles
the sunlight pours through the window and my black heart
weeps for the child I was, it hurts me so bad how much I loved you
somewhere out there, taking lines in a hotel room
desolate as I turn the page of the book

the cologne still lingers in the air like a cloud on a string
an angel watching over me, love sweeter than ice cream
when we're swimming in that chlorine
I forget about the flood, the needles they stuck into us
life was never a dream, in these coal mines my father died
dancing with tears in my eyes

every time I see the moonlight I think of you, babe
every time I take a pill, you're my side effects, babe
crawling through trenches, babe
burning incense and out of ink cartridges
draped over the bed, my body is lifeless with every bruise
you left on my neck, I can still smell you, love haunting me
quietly waiting for a miracle
I feel pain in ribbons, love in ribbons, my head in knots
watercolours and mucous
hands covered in my blood, my love for you is eternal
our apartment song
sucking on grapes and sucking on his wrath
I will love your wild heart forever, the mountains where leaves fall
saving my money for a hunting rifle
forgive me, forgive our stains, forgive our sins

when he's playing the guitar and my heart is breaking
when we're drunk and it's late and we're talking about stupid things
bless us, bless the murdered children, never forgotten
in the arms of love, save us
save us from who we are, boys dreaming of love
when I'm sleeping and I see you in museums
depressed since I was seventeen, out on that long road
watching porn with the volume turned up
remembering our telephone conversations
now I'm holding onto the memories of our love

my body remembers what it feels like to be lost
my body remembers what it feels like
my body remembers
my body remembers what it feels like to be lost
now I'm holding onto the memories of our love.

Dancing Plague

if you insist, I'll let you go, even if it means we're alone
I'll let you go, just let me make things right
I can't sleep knowing how much I hurt you, it hurts me
the guilt burrowed deep beneath my skin
I remember how you said it, we're too big for this small town
with nothing to look for, drowning shadows in these empty waters
drunk until the morning light
we chase after lust and die for our wounds
our muse, eternal and shining like the brightest star
love runs deeper than troubled times
he said, "At the touch of love, everyone becomes a poet"
so speak to me, don't leave me hanging here

dancing in this storm of love, blood drops in an ocean
oh, how I loved thee, you taught me patience
loved me like a father and forgave my sins, our feet moving
through rivers, through clouds

the night comes in cold and I pray like a child of violence
oh, to be in the warmth of his arms, dying for the stars
the fruit we harvest belongs to the ways
we stayed true to our souls, but started to fray
in wild dreams your love washes over me, washes over me
longing for the magic of drunken nights, the sweet fruit left behind
the colours and the songs we harvest
the touch of a lover, set me free from this birdcage
brooding in this forest of dreams, I hear the music like waves

love slowly coming back to me
love slowly coming back to me

my secret appetite is cyclic, a dome I live under
washed out porcelain body in song

entwined in the ceremonial applause of great virus
magnified demons crucified, body compulsions, mummified
good but restless at every resurrection
I see the beauty in death, the beauty in torture
I see how happiness died with you
closing my eyes until the pain is over, the night is over
I hear you sing your songs to the lake
dancing until your body aches, like one big mistake
we talk to gods and simmer, we treasure silence and think
this world is too big for us but we're trying
holding each other

like a ribbon you're tied to me
lost in fantasy
lost in fantasy
I reach out for your hand, but my breath lingers

oh, how I'm growing older, growing weaker
I say I'm fine, all the time, I say I'm fine, I do it all the time
when things get worse and the sky gets dark
I'm still riding that same old unholy horse, ungodly spells
dripping from my fingers, I'm waiting with no happy ending
waiting for you to come back, but you never answered my prayers
you never answered my prayers
you never answered my prayers.

Soul Song

you wear your promise ring as a sign of chastity
but you want nothing more than to sin
after all these chapters we've written, living in vain
the things we take for granted are the very things we miss the most
the touch of love like a seed, your tears in my hand
the pearl of our soul song
I've cried for summer in a sea of passion
lost myself in fits of rage
dark shadows haunted by the past, I am more than that
and I see that, through sober eyes, days in the sun clouded
by drunk breaths left my body in scars
my dreams torn in this endless rose garden
silence is a broken mirror, pouring into lifeless rooms
drowning in this house of lucid memories
the more I want to forget, the more I remember
losing you in hallways, losing you in pages.

Blackbird

just like a song we fade into rhythm
our eyes open and the world feels too real
just as we learn to be fake, I realise time is sincere
every time they say I'm insane, I salvage the truth from the ruins of my dreams
prisms of broken light in a rabbit hole
I know who I am, dancing in iridescent moonlight shining
I seen a boy lose himself in the reservoir
I seen life in a mirror, shiny and new rose petals
a wild man drowning in pleasure
I seen your ghost echo by the lake, I remember it well
the downtown blues, how love ignited
love flourished in my bones, eyes towards the blue sky
I believe in you, your loveless body running through the forest
catching yourself, faint breaths thinner than paper
I can still taste the sweetness of the honey
I can still taste the coolness of the whiskey
hot nights flooded with dreams
so tired, I passed out in your arms, bled into your ocean
fingers pressed against me
just like a song we fade into rhythm.

Study in Watercolour

through candlelit pathways, through evergreen
through pink clouds drifting
climbing through the leaden sky
the loneliest star on earth, soaring high
when I close my eyes, I see your face aching with sorrow
like a birdsong deep in my veins
the worst things always happen at the most inconvenient time
like a calling translucent and stagnant

my little spring bean is drenched in blue misfortune
my hands are draped in wet blood
cleaving to the memory of youth in summer
your head wounded and my nerves wrecked
we hang here, suspended in time

two bodies rotating and thoughts concurrent
beautiful in death, I seen how they washed you
they put you through loops and ate at your insides
like the kind of pain you'll never forget
I see the way life treated you, and how all you ever wanted
was to feel the rain on your fingertips.

Grey ? Gardens

Today I laid in the forest by the railway tracks listening to Rhubarb. Praying to the sky above, I fell into a dream world, a dreamscape of rainbows filled with hope and bliss and sunbeams. The earth around my fingertips was soft and gentle, like maroon and golden feathers. Time was physical. It was almost as if everything in my life had lead up to this surreal moment, almost as if everything stood still and I was paralysed from the descent into the tapestry of this bewildering Arcadia. Just me, alone with my camera and the echoing birdsongs. Something deep like a wistful longing for youth. My eyes were closed and I never wanted to open them again, never wanted to speak about the things I cannot dare to speak about, the rain and the moonlight.

I heard your voice calling for me like a ship at night in a thousand oceans, holding on for one last moment of pleasure. Black roses and tranquil sun showers. I thought my prayers were ghosts, speechless moments captured in the river of my heart's labyrinth. I overflowed like silk and my brains spilled on the page. Haunted in dark dreams. I saw life without you, so dreamy and blue, but I was always afraid of losing you, living without you. The flowers have started to bloom in this terrible garden. I'm growing weaker, drinking my tears like forgettable oceans. When the blood rushes and the pain lingers, I'm breathing slower. More proud when I sleep, sowing and reaping as I dream. I believed everything would fall into place, but I never could have seen how the stars lied and said tomorrow would be silver. I came so hard and lost myself in the romance of your poems. I thought about you holding me and dreamed of a perfect life, turning the endless faucet, trying to find a piece of solace and hoping. I look for your face in the crowd. It's been the longest time since I've seen you, smiling and laughing like it was summer. It's been the longest time since you last came around, and I remember the days when I couldn't imagine living without you. Child of Venus, love abandoned us, and now we're left with pity in our souls. We sew garlands and tend to pink sunsets and blue violets for the hurt ones. Ink and mist and pearls and belladonna. A beacon of life snuffed out. I put the gun in my mouth, pills in my mouth. I sing to the past like church bells. I go out and forget who I am, but he knows me by name and asks about the diamond days. I'm thinking about the milk left over in a bowl of cereal and the music of stars. Small delights and huge feasts. A cruel memory. I think of you and it's like a pebble, a light flickering against the window.

Polyrhythm

love drips like honey dripping like blue moonlight
time in an hourglass separated by indigenous oceans
a lake of wonder running through me like the softest ache
(dreams flurry in the heart's sigh)

something deep and glowing inside, you remember it well
the sweetness, the magic of fingertips
two bodies colliding to make an eternal rainbow
two bodies dwelling in the colour blue
faint spells of rain like tears wake me from slumber
I hear every word you said echoing
limbs decay in memory's furnace, below the rising sun
I look out at the water and I feel nothing
but a lifeless rose in my hand, my head in a labyrinth

(under grey sky)
tied together with moon and dew
tied together with art and watermelon
loose ribbons falling into rapture, clouds of disbelief
one addiction head-first into another
waiting for something good to happen
love drips like honey dripping like white starlight
into pink dusk, into madness.

Burnished the Sunspot

just when it was safe for us to be
to wade through love's tears and suck on liquid orange
you cut me like a broken mirror in a yew tree
burned the image of nightfall into my wandering soul
watching me fall into flowing music
stupefied in clouds of acrimony I hallucinate

with a pill in my mouth, with a gun in my mouth
I can taste the cold steel on my tongue
I can feel the warmth of your arms draped over me
I remember you like nectar and riptides
like I remember the days of being halcyon and young
last month I was placid and I sat looking at the moon
looking at the moon and hoping you could see how much it hurts

the realisation that things will never be the way they were
that my wounded flesh surrendered to time
was like a wave crashing back to shore, like dew in my eyes
sunlight echoes in lightrooms
calling out for love, I pray for rain to wash away the pain
I pray for rain as transcendent as a sea
you picked me from the root and told me I would be *okay*
you filled me with love on a blue sky day
and as I faltered, you carried me like a deluge
burnished the sunspot
you said this love was to be passed on
you said this music was for the children that never loved
you insisted this kiss was for the songbirds
but you never said it like you mean it.

The River Carries the Stars

every night I wait for you to come back to me like a dream
the sky pours, blackness through horizontal lines
I hear frogs outside my house and I listen closely
to the everlasting heartbeat of life, that touch-and-go ache
the world spins carelessly under my feet

when it rains and everything stand's still
I hear the sky's song
like a carousel of violins and candles
when I wake up alone
I'm malleable and cobalt, looking at you like a prophecy
you put the blame on me
you put the blame on me

with each turnabout, I see through your elastic veil
like a vision of boys kissing by the lake
strung-out and knee-deep in wistful levitation
I prayed we could make it out of this
I saw us in the ocean loveless and adrift
I had dreams we would make it big but we never did
time left us bereft, bristling with monumental sadness
laid on the grass, collecting dust like an antique
I live in books and I calm my bones with sedatives
you say you're sorry but your words are disingenuous
your words are an abandoned ship
fading into a cold morning I wish you would talk to me
I wish you were real, not just a dream.

Nocturnal Creature

if this is our last goodbye, promise me you won't forget
how the rain dropped and cooled our skin
bathing in the crumbling façade of remote sunsets

sinking like a weathered stone in lucid dreaming
all those summers we spent talking by the trees
about hopeless dreams remind me we are not infinite

we are stars and dust
time asunder with every heartbeat and every jaded breath
moon filled eventides stick to me like sea urchins

like lichen, like rhymes to my flesh
a little box of memories piercing through me like radio static
I never want this song to end.

Amore

now I peer at the golden sun and bow
the sky is lit up in soft pinks and blues
love echoing through my bones
like the kind of song the heart remembers

it feels like the perfect dream, falling
deeper into you

rinsing myself from the seeds like a spiritual dancer
my pockets are full of shrubs
punctual when I look at you, then shyly look away
you cast a spell on my moonlit eyes
let me fall from this ceiling into ominous foam

we were never meant for weeds
the opaque shift from purity to sin
somewhere between these distorted lines
I lost the beauty in living
when the clouds bled and you moved me to tears
I rose from the ashes with my pride
with my waxen wings

I never found the humour in dying
tainted by misfortune, weeping angel stirring
speaking to each other in an ancient language
my tongue knows you well.

You'll Never Understand

oceanward jilted babbles flow like dancing fairies upwards little needles pierce broken hearts raining down on contorting bodies that unique expression like honey in a jar half-smile in a sky full of thunder I hear a distant song calling me to the rocks and I return like a boy.

Ysolla

No words can describe the loss I feel knowing I'll never see you again. I look around this room, cluttered and overflowing with dust charms and all my hopeless dreams, not knowing what to do or say. I carry the weight of this burden in silence, and when I look at you I crumble. Crushed in the hands of fate. I can't escape from the tight grip. You have made me this way. Thistle and milk. In love with the moon, mourning the witch and pretending I'm okay. All of the colours have gone and the pain is insurmountable. I don't know how I can carry on living like this. I can't remember the last time I told you *I love you*, but deep down I do. I have always loved you. I think about you when I'm at my lowest, wondering where you are. I put on music and drink and try to forget but everything you left behind is quiet.

Plagio

I took the bean sprouts from my hands and found a shrouded place to hide them, in a tame hole by the gummy tree where I would lay for hours in the quiet of the forest, wondering about you, baptised under diamond sunlight. To this very day I still remember how the rays of blazing sun splintered and dashed through me, how the echoing songbirds warbled vibrant magic, but I never did return to the moon harvest. Time fleeting and time immemorial.

The earth has crumbled around me. Love has forsaken me. I have tried my hardest to look past it, but I can't see beyond the clouds. Shadows drifting. Endlessly drifting. I come back to the surface to breathe, but the waters drag me back under stormy waves. The desire consumes me. I give my body to you in small dosages and you leave me empty. Wistful and longing for clandestine hours. I put down my Taklon brush, fuzzy with the blue haze of acrylics. Warm goo splattered and stars reduced to fine dust on the canvas. The lingering taste of rabbit and wine glows with all the beautiful things I ruined, my faithful memories interlaced like ribbons, like scenes from a movie. When I look back I see dark clouds brooding over the unholy sky but the moment is peaceful, the moment is peaceful.

Acetone Capsule Time Delay Bomb

nothing feels real anymore
everything feels weird
like a case of bud and rose petal tears
I seen your ghost in TV light
like a bean hanging from a string
you wander around this paper apartment
flipping open books and lighting candles
waiting for you to come back to me

I spill out of myself like ink on the page
I was reading the newspaper
in milk carton breeze, when I seen your face
I bat my lashes and look away
and I love how you make me shy
and I'm trying to get your attention
it's crazy how you like it when I get jealous
and you call me a bitch

but I'm your heart-shaped boy
and you're my heart-shaped man forever
pull the pin on us and watch us blow
the kind of true love when we die together

I depend on you like a drug
like a poem, a lover in my dreams
I ache for you and sow myself to our pictures
wasted in lucid visions of torture
I drowned in that soft lake like a pebble
on the day you left me to waste
like a strange bird in a cage
oh, how you use me in every way.

Nocturne

Tied to the memory of loving you. I stay awake at night and remember all the things we used to do, how I belong to youth and hedonism.

I open doors to piercing light and forget why I entered, drowning in numbness and blinded by the shimmer of a prince. I tried to wake you from slumber when all the signs told me you were gone, cold and dead. I tried to save you from deep waters, but I should have known you never wanted my help. It was always a bad habit, interfering. I never did learn to close my mouth when I should've been silent. I should've known not to enter this abyss, this numb mistake. Treacherous waters of the celestial meridian. I've spent my life wandering with nowhere to go.

I've spent my life just looking at the moon and hoping. With each passing day I feel you cut deeper like nostalgia in my bones, so hopeless and romantic.

Blue Grey Orange Sky

He said, "The night is still young".

Left a note with orange juice and flowers on the coffee table by the open window where I reached into your damaged brains and found the single remnants of hope.

You were not here. By the time I had woken you had gone and I could smell your perfume lingering. In blue rooms. I sit in silence with nothing to talk about. Just a picture of you in my mind. I hear the sadness in your voice echoing and I'm alone. With the rising sunrise, listening to Hotel California, I remember

Last night dancing in the moonlight.

His Pale Skin

you were an orange tree
ready to be squeezed
I was a water lily in lemonade
stuffed like taxidermy

oh, Sister Taxon
crying
by the meadow
look up at the sky and see

Pink candyfloss King
under love clouds
late night, drunk texting
I spill my guts out

and I go, overflowing
and I go, overflowing
with my soul song
holding you, but giving up

I saw the inside of my friend
covered in worms and nude like a painting
skin softer than silk, spitting out blood
flush like a river, your skin echoing like pearls
in these hallways of dead ghosts
I went from the worst nightmare to the best dream
grinding you down to dust
I treasure you like a wedding ring
stuffed away like a corpse in my bedroom
needing you, wanting you

memories meander and seldom live on
when I'm trying my best to think less

I seem more shrewd than I thought
your mother went mad, and you watched
your father skinning a calf
as he poured concrete in the keyhole

you were pissing in trees, so faraway
the lies you tell hurt deeper than you know
dig a littler deeper into mangos
losing contact with the person I was

all the times we spent together
all the kisses we shared were a garden
full of dreams and hope
drifting away like a dune, so umbilical

when I fall apart
you put me back together
like a good thing meant to be broken
you were an orange tree

I was a water lily.

Cemetery

the moon asks me why I care
I say it's because it's the only thing I've ever known
love, the only thing I can never get rid of
that prismatic love we share rings out in my bones

hoping you will see
the records we played were the oceans I swim in
love when it dies in vain

I was
the rose you never took
the dazzling light of mute stars
distorted on rain swept highways
leading me to the unquestionable truth
the sunset in you
wooded and blue in your grey overcast
that high ceiling eclipse with no great escape
Forever is Never
and I come back to you like a dog.

Romeo

I have saved you a place by the seaside where we can watch the ocean waves lilt, drifting to and fro, where we can talk about Earth and Angels and be as drunk as we please.

Where we can take off our clothes and feed each other with the last thoughts in our sordid minds, where we can be insane and paint each other with kindness. I'm so fucking tired of pretending I'm someone I'm not.

Making up excuses just so I don't have to answer to the truth, knowing deep down I'm a lost cause. I can't fathom this metaphysical wasteland. Love and torture. The blue light of the room, wasting away. There is no quiddity here, no spark in the bones of my hopeless dreams. How long can I possibly go on... changing the bulbs of our saxophone apocalypse?

Fingers entwined in a sentimental embrace. I can't stop thinking about you and it's getting worse, this drunk obsession. Let's talk about our misshapen secrets. You know I won't judge you. I won't judge a thing. I think you're perfect the way you are. Your newspaper beard, your tired feet, the way you smell after a long day of work. Optimistic kisses at midnight.

My kind of man. Rough-hewn and delicate. Hands draped over me like Mulberry silk. I love you like a Father, like a Renaissance painting. The blossoming garden sparkles under the eternal sky. I go there when you're not around and think about you. Your wild rabbit eyes. I talk to you like God.

The next time you go shopping buy me roses and watermelon and write me a love poem for my birthday. I don't ask for much. Freedom, love. Spilling out onto the pages like wet ink. My Wonderland, calling out for love but nothing has returned. No prayer or song. I'm waiting for you, ready to give my body as a gift, my youth and my lust.

Titanium Touch

growing from the reeds
our love was a titanium touch
a godless night
we spent dying by the river
under the moon, just me and you
it was the way I dreamed it always would be

upon looking into the iris
I fell from the Heavens
with our very first kiss, everything melted away
like the days we can never get back
the story is the same, I've learned to pretend
I'm happy and this moment means more to me than you know
my tears are hollow and I wake up tired
so tried of it all
laying awake and thinking about our swan song
the night sky fades to black.

Big White Cloud

may it be that you rest in peace
and do not be afraid
may it be that you feel no pain, that you'll love again
come back to me in dreams

I will always remember your face, that effervescent smile
slipping away with the glow in your eyes
today I looked at the pale blue sky and thought of you

wrapped in the static of the flowers
surrounding my heart

I'm sorry for the things I never done
I'm sorry for taking you for granted
and now the sorrow I feel, the tears I shed
leave me wistful and ambivalent

may it be that we meet again
may it be that the stars shine for you.

Love in the Dark

the kiss you left on my cheek is a memory I can't forget
how the moonlight carries us through deep waters, through lonely times
running with no escape, wishing we could stay forever young
tomorrow is a birth right burning away like a candle
under the bruised sun, we lay hopeless in our powerless dreams
and the grass grows like light in our rooms
shining when we're alone at night, alone with my addictions

I wait for this bubbling pink sky
the suburban limousine, the morning fog scene
your lung capacity was an airport over a football field
with eyes that were meant to cry

time was all I ever needed, but I feel it slipping away
like a warm ice cream on a cool summer day
the blood we share bonds us, shapes us, informs us
and when you tell me it's alright, I shy away
you don't know it, while you were sleeping I tried to kill myself
just to feel something more than this touch-and-go pain
torn between two realities, I took off the seat belt
always wondering if it was meant to be, this destructive make-believe
I feel the wheels spinning like you danced at the disco
the magic of birthday cake, the rise and flow of our limbs breaking

buried in the darkness of your heart, love in the dark
blinded by love, love in the dark.

Carrot Milk

silent dreams are memories we grieve
romance, flowers, love-songs, dreams
picking up the pieces you left behind, I was your man
but deep down in my heart I'm still that troubled boy
remembering how you spent all your money on cocaine
we had dreams of being a poet and it hurts so bad
seeing you fade into the dark and knowing we can never get it back
the echo echoes deep inside of me

I've tried to see it through, but the nights are getting longer
and I have too much stress overflowing in my nervous system
I light a cigarette and pour myself a drink and my tired bones weep
nothing can alleviate the pain of loss, the nostalgia of abandoned supermarkets
I put the cherry pie in the oven and forget about it
and when the sun sets over the water, I come back to your shore
more broken than I was before

I stare at the walls
the brushstrokes of this hospital light, tides folding into wedding night blues
I dream of packing my things and running away when the day gets dark
I get up and put on my shiny black shoes just to walk the streets
like a masochist in a looking glass
changing the lock to my heart, I will never let you back in
just to abandon me in this emptiness with my glass half full
there is no Heaven without you, but I'd rather drown than forgive you
I'd rather drown than forgive you.

I Adore the War We Live In

there is not a chance today
I can turn things around and start again
take away all the pain, move away to a new city

it seems like I'm too deep in the centre of this Hotel Hell
buried underneath the things I can't forget
I cut my nose off to spike my face, another missing person case
domesticated and pretending I'm dead
everything is complicated, happiness is overrated
all I've ever known is the sadness I live in
I adore the war we live in
so I treasure the memories of my best friends like souvenirs

hands filled with angel tears

yesterday when the sun was out I made myself a noose
the sky was blue and my eyes were filled with wonder

we're worlds apart, but I feel you here with me
and I hope you know I still think about you all the time
like flowers blooming in my mind
losing contact with reality
everything you do reminds me of someone I knew
boys with broken hearts
wiping the dust from the fireplace as I clean out your room
real quiet in my dreaming
our love was a secret, but I don't see the problem with it
how love ruined a good thing
fast car in the blue lights of the night

you take out another loan just to pay the debt and that's a sin
this time I mean it, I'm done hearing the same thing
I tried to wash you away but like a stain you're indelible
the sunflower on the painting

shining like a mirror ball in El Dorado

kids these days, depressed at parties
knowing is sleeping like a wolf, kids these days
you break the rules and think you're cool
but it's Communist suicide
another day of strife, dying in verse
the power of love was never enough
swimming in years of self-hatred

kids these days, I'm sick of your maladies
I see you being unafraid and that's priceless
it's true when they say there's bliss in ignorance
and when the house is on fire, your father becomes a terrorist
World Betrayal, I hate kids these days
with perfect lives and nothing to worry about, do good
take the lid off and overflow
like the doppelganger at the end of the movie
I put on the radio and watch the stars.

Youth and Decay

our nights were divine cities floating in faraway places
looking out over the edge of insanity
the moon was torn to cinders in ceremonial light
ruptured hearts carried by thunderous waves
I found myself lost on page 7 of the book
you're biting your nails again and looking away
another bad habit, another bad day

youth and decay
youth and decay

our shoulders meet and our shirts get stained
by a thousand tears of weeping children

youth and decay

youth and decay

you come home late and it doesn't feel the same
this emptiness growing inside

youth and decay

youth and decay

our nights were divine cities floating in faraway places
looking out over the edge of insanity
the moon was torn to cinders in ceremonial light
ruptured hearts carried by thunderous waves
I found myself lost on page 7 of the book
you're biting your nails again and looking away
another bad habit, another bad day

youth and decay

youth and decay

I saw you sleeping peacefully in an ocean
drifting by was your shadow's grace

youth and decay

youth and decay.

Orange Tree

Today I bought myself roses
Poured a glass of whiskey for the ones I've lost

True Hearts abandoned
Went back to the forest of my childhood
Saw you standing there, sunlight glittering on my skin
Like nothing bad ever happened
But I woke up from that dream with one thousand paper cuts
Love melting in my ice cream heart
Poured a glass of whiskey for the ones I loved
At parties in high rise flats
Small things make me laugh, little things make me hurt
When we drive through the suburbs
Nothing is real
Cast the fishing rod as far as you can
Like a dewclaw in a lake
Dying things sweeter than marigold or birthday cake

Some stars are so bright I can't see
The way I loved you like poetry
Reminds me of the way I've spent my nights in bars

Always closer to the edge, never close to the stars
I see your shadow following me, and when the piano plays
I plant my regret and an orange tree grows
From the graveyard of my heart
I hear a voice, it says, "Hello", and it's not a stranger
It's a ghost, offering wisdom
She offers wisdom between her legs
A sad addiction, in the throes of contempt

Today I didn't want to speak to anyone
So I stayed in my room and blacked out the sun

Hollow blackbird, with crushed bones, I turned into dust
Smoked my cigarettes, looked at my phone
Sometimes I want to disappear and never return
Sometimes I want to set the pages on fire and let it burn
Like a tattoo, like a symphony
I always found nostalgia in summer
The crow by the grass under the blue sky
I long for dark blue nights, a new appetite
I walk these streets and watch the clouds and wonder why
The rain pours down.

This Landscape is Changing

My mother is painting the kitchen black
With black flowers and music swelling through the curtains

I can't breathe in this house, overflowing in reds
Hanging seashells and snails from the windowsill
Thumbs replaced by dew-covered thimbles
I've made a place to put my fears when I am feeling small
By the moonlit fireplace, the ashes of my dead dog

I go there at night and remember the way it was, our song
Dancing in the soft sands of childhood colours
Everything becomes a memory fading as we grow older
I don't know how to talk to her and I feel so alone
Watching my sisters playing in ribbons of sweet laughter
The canvas rests silently on the easel.

As I Lay Dying

The fields remind me of a Van Gogh painting
A submersion, an impression, a watercolour remembrance
A balloon on a string with the way your body moves
A blight, a stain on love

Yes, they do. Yes, they do

So I say these things out loud, miraculous butterflies of hope
A bicycle on the hill by the overgrown forest
Where I was bleeding my swan song in a photograph of autumn
Looking through the blinds
A suicide hazard in a naked cafe, words melt on your ice-cream tongue
Little mirrors, little oceans, little shadows

A boy in a dream
A boy in a dream of Africa

He can teach me, teach me how to be a charming man
But he can't teach me how to be a poet, how to understand
The words flowing from my heart

6 a.m. my tired eyes spring open to the calm lull of morning traffic

Birds singing songs of heartbreak by pale blue skies
Close your eyes and open them to surprise
A crumbling heart that can't be fortified, cries
When the room is blue and I long for the touch of you
Circumstantial pollution, the world that never bloomed

We open our mouths to summer

Tie ourselves together with hope

Poppy meadows and doublespoons
Shoreweed and moth fountains of soft chalk
Soft earth, looking at each other as we lay dying
As I lay dying.

Outward to Otherworlds

Today I took my heartache to the lake and I stood teary-eyed by the cold water, telling the last of my treasured secrets to the patchwork of swell-headed swans, a spark of hope in that infinite pool of translucent blues. Inside I was as silent as I could be, as silent as the rise and flow of dying flowers, entranced by the flight of birds soaring feverishly overhead. I went there to free myself from the sad thoughts bellowing in the deepest part of my mind, desperate to escape from the drudgery of mundane life, the push and pull of closing my eyes and drifting off into some kind of obscure fantasy. I poured like the most perfect rainy day, but there was one last glint of sunlight radiating through the last of the fading clouds, calling my name like an angel, saying *it gets easier*.

Touch-Me-Not, Come Back To Me

Stay for another year
Let us live like kings
In a brave future
In shades of pink and blue
Toss another salad
Watch the Daddy long legs climb the walls
Love each other with gratitude

Suck the lemon of our unfortunate harvest
That bittersweet feeling of regret foaming
Eyes closed and we're kissing just to block out the pains
Another forest, another mosaic
Untangle me from the weeds, save me from my mistakes

Stay for another year
Let us live like kids again
And be wild in the night, full of wonder and sin
Tomorrow we will live up to our promises
Promises not to get mad and take our anger out on each other
Promises to do better
Kick our unhealthy habits
Stray from the ways in which we mix colours
Fortitude as our new palette

Barefooted on the grass, barefooted in lakes
When I feel anxious, when I feel like I'm alone
I remember to breathe, I remember the times we shared
Fun days spilling into drunk nights
When I feel out of place
I am alone, and that's okay, because I am my own best friend
Drinking my tears when I am sad
Drinking my tears when I am sad.

Reverie

Our blood runs deeper than the love we share

Deeper than the sound of ocean waves
My very own tragedy

Falling in love with a stranger, as we spiral
We are victims of our regrets

As the day changes and the sky grows dark

We dream of sex and having a better life
Little insects in the cocoon of night
How do you sleep knowing our dreams betray us?

As much as it hurts to push you away
I know it's good for me, but I'm never good to myself

My transparent heart breathes in your decay

Loving you is a sacrifice
A stairway to pleasure, a final departure
Living in notebooks, infinite words and colours

I close my eyes and fantasise
About the days
We were wool-gathering ne'er-do-wells.

Send Us to the Stars and We Will Not Return

When the first drop of rain hits the soil
I hold my arms out for a wounded animal
When the last piano plays, I wipe my tears away
A rabbit becomes a lion
Somewhere, there is a rainbow dying

But there is hope
But there is hope

The blinding sun after a day of pain reminds me
I am more than I thought I was
With more to give than this world offered
Untying myself from the blue rocks
Life crumbling in my hands
I hear the ambulance, the Sirens, the distant bells

But there is hope
But there is hope.

How To Make Eye Contact

Today I bought myself flowers and went to the forest to escape colourfast reality. How magical it is, learning how to be. Drowning in birdsongs and soft pinks, the rain on my skin. Forgetting the pain for a moment, before I wake up and do it all over again. I lose myself in music, in ribbons of idyllic landscapes. Remembering how the car lights glinted and stretched across glossy wet streets, remembering how to talk to people, how to make eye contact. I think I am liking today, the many ways I can close my eyes and drift off into fantasies, making up worlds in my head just so I feel content. There is nothing more alluring than being free, breaking like a crystalware catastrophe. The feeling of being alive burning deep in my veins. Death is my muse, she speaks to me like a mother.

Speak Softly

Isn't it sad to think one day I will be older, you will be older, and we will be nothing but memories? Speak softly to me. Imagine I am a flower with delicate petals. Think about how you treat me before you get loud, before you penetrate me like an arrow through my heart. I will not listen to you when you shout.

Think about the most romantic thing that can happen to you. A beach, a hotel, someone to talk to, to listen to. Take me for what I am, an endless adventure. Fill me with poetry between the stars and the moon. Our feelings growing long. Let us breathe, let us rest in meadows of summer fog. Let me know everything about you, your darkest secrets. Let me be loyal and know I will never betray you.

Believe me when I speak softly and you're kissing my neck, leaving bruises on my neck. Speak to me in poetry. Tell me about your neurotic midnights and your dirty thoughts. Gerbera and magnolia. Bloom at the hardest time. Let me fall deeper into you. Watch me while I'm dreaming and know I'm dreaming of you. Always. Thinking about you, always. With my clothes on his bedroom floor, laying in his arms as the sun goes down. Always. Always.

Be Weird, Eat Cake

In the company of stars I feel for you
A pitiful glare, red moon against the dark sky
In a world where time does not exist
Only fools, only pleasure
We row towards the deafening thunder
The howling magnitude of gold and blood
I don't know why

I hide behind a facade of pretentious words
Like I'm trapped under a sea of chains
Trying to breathe with glitter in my lungs
It never goes away, insatiable lust

I light candles, dying like a withered rose
By a table of flowers
Smoking cigarettes, dreaming of better
Drowning in green rivers
I am the student
Licking the blood from your knuckles
Giving spare change to homeless men
Praying at nightfall, I wake up alone, bones filled
With hope and regret
A spark of desire in my eyes
I tell myself today is different
But I'm spinning out of control

In those windswept moments of despair
Our inflamed hearts meander
Back and forth like some kind of messenger owl
But we remain wild, anchored to the afterglow of perfect goodbyes
Painting each other in perfect blue skies
Painting each other in a web of distant lies
Compulsive repetitions like the caw of a raven

I thought of the truth as a unicorn, as an orange tree
Making up words like rain-sprout, pure-truth, blue-drift
The foliage of October
Passing by like a birdsong
I remember I saw you in the coffee shop
A cactus
A newspaper

Squeezing into spaces we don't fit
Living in places we are not welcome
I come back to you
Stockholm syndrome with drugs
A quiet rebellion in the wilderness
A landscape so desolate and barren and cold that
Nothing can grow or bloom
I run my fingers along smooth textures
Bright colours of hardship soaking into the fabrics of drudgery
When I am feeling as hopeless as my memories
Crying on every street
I remember you like peaceful mornings
Watching the birds shoot over the row of blue houses
I am indifferent, calling out for you and longing
Longing for the things we cannot have.

Conversations With the Moon

Love was never easy
But I believed we would bloom like angels
With no fear, with no consequence
Loving you, my best friend, my everything
I painted us a picture
Of pinks and violets and blues
But all I see is burnt umber and greens

Memories in
Repressive states
Emotional tranquillity
A candle in my bedroom
Just maybe
Just maybe
There is more to life than pain
Objective desires
I will turn this lake into a sea, and take the moss
Cerulean moons
Lust and dreams between my teeth
What did you say?
I wasn't even listening

I was lost in the music of the seagulls
The night reflecting in my sunglasses

Hitherto the breeze, the pitter-patter
The leopard and the lull
Pull the pith of an orange, suck the bulb
Caress your shell with my tongue

The light unfurls in my palms and then it's dark
And then it's okay

The clouds melted away like ice cream
And the sun is disappearing
Into peach, plum midnight horizons
And I've turned into an observatory
Stargazing

I love you like all of my addictions
I love you like rain in the morning
Fog drifting through meadows
Lay your worried head on my shoulder
Pour me another drink
Pour into me until we're comatosed
So we don't have to think

Find me the last place we kissed
Accept me for who I am
A tired boy with tired eyelids
Place a kiss on my lips and carry me away
With the tides, with the embers
Vanishing like shadows
Through the door
Through the trees, dead no more
My skin is growing cold

I walk the streets
Looking for the love I lost
But all I find are the ghosts of yesterday
Silver and gold
Your love haunting me
Your love haunting me.

Touch and Go Ache

Music sounds better with you
When the stars are so bright we can't see
Dancing under orange trees
And the city
And the nostalgia
And the good times coalesce

I talk to you like my pain
I think of you like my addictions
I am sure of it
Sweet azure night
I think of you like pleasure
Unwinding

Life is bitter and not so sweet, and I wonder
When will we return to innocence
And forget about the touch and go ache?
The debauchery of our minds
Sentimental decay
How our fingers pass by but never touch

I remember when it was easier, sitting on the bus
On the way home, watching the traffic at a standstill
The slow bubbling of time melting away
And the smile on my face, and the relief, and the way
I thought about you, my wild youth, I will always remember you
Closing my eyes to the music, but now

I talk to you like my pain
I think of you like my addictions
I am sure of it
Sweet azure night
I think of you like pleasure

Unwinding.

With Every Glittering Sea

Sometimes I don't know what to say
And sometimes I don't know if the moment is right
When I am feeling tedious
Living for the moment, I know the timing is right

So I call out for you
The quiet and the darkness
The tingling feeling in my stomach when I am anxious
Home, belonging to nothing

I want to bloom and blossom and grow
Without this anchor
Without this dependency
Just love and freedom and hunger
Lingering in my bones
Murmurs of soft beaches echoing
With every glittering sea

Sometimes I don't know what to say
And sometimes I don't know if the moment is right
When I am feeling tedious
Living for the moment, I know the timing is right

So I call out for you
The quiet and the darkness
The tingling feeling in my stomach when I am anxious
Home, belonging to nothing.

Your Soft Skin Cries

In my head I see us, another vision of freedom
Another vision of the past comes back like a ghost
Dreaming of somewhere perfect
I feel you inside of me, under the sheets
Our bones are effervescent and shining in every way
But we are cheap and glittery imitations of the past
Drinking our tears like lemonade
Waiting for some kind of miracle, I stay at home
Tending to the flowers you left behind
Tending to this mechanical heartbreak
As you fuck me and my thoughts slip away

I am loveless and numb and weak

Unearthed as the skies break and the rain falls

And the night comes to an end
And I'm drunk again, and we're fleeting
And I'm alone, and you're gone
And the cold winds are howling

As we grow older, buried under disease and pity

I wake up to the sunlight on my face
And I'm bored, I'm bored of this illness, the headaches
The bruises on my flesh speaking your name
I have destoryed everything I knew
Writing letters that you will never read
I was never good at letting go, so I'm holding onto
All the good things that happened, because I don't want to think

We will never see each other again

To the ones I love, fragments of the stars

Will you love me when I'm gone?
When I no longer speak and the silence you hear

Remains like my cum stains, remains like a love song
A question without an answer
A sun without a morning of hope
Will you love me when I'm gone?
Will you remember that one September?
You didn't even say *happy birthday*
I spent autumn by those golden lakes
Walking the streets at night, crying and crying
I was drowning in my tears, begging you to listen
But you call me *crazy* and say
You love me and you hurt me and I can't stand to live in pain
With sorrowful eyes, I tell you all the time
I'm your man, you're my man, I am yours and you are mine
Angels without wings
Your soft skin cries, your soft skin cries.

A Seashell in My Head

I love the way you hate me
Dying for poetry
Here we are, loving a little
Flowers in my hand
A seashell in my head
Running wild
Closer towards the light
What hides behind the curtains
Behind the smokescreen
Maple leaves
An ode
Dewdrops
Infatuated by our dreams.

Thank You for Being Amazing and Kind

I look out at the blue sky over the lake
And I remember the snow, the fireworks
The train ride to the museum, the day I turned eighteen

The first time I ever took a drug

The blue pill dissolving on my tongue
Nights in the rose garden, by the sunflower fields
Looking out at the horizon and smiling quietly to myself
The times I lose control and start to slip
And my wasted youth, and my unhealthy habits
Our bodies levitating in dreams

Reminiscing about how we walked to the top of the mountain
And got lost dancing to our favourite song
Like someone broken, someone you can tell your fears to
When you lie down on soft earth
When you're feeling like you're still a child
Someone to love you when you're feeling blue

I remember
The sweet dying explosion of nostalgia
The Halloween I dressed as the Tin Man
The limousine on my seventh birthday
The lithium, the magnolia, the plays, the drama
Jack the Ripper
The waves washing over us, the music
The tiger in the zoo
Painting crocodiles in the countryside
Impressionism in phthalocyanine blue

Throwing up and feeling good
The flowers in your bedroom, the places we went
Just to escape ourselves

The rain on the window, the butterflies in my stomach
The fox, the almonds, the gaudy balloons
The ravens, the seagulls, the storms, the moons
The cabbage, the cat's paw, the pawn shop soup
My French teacher, the uninviting seas
The winter, the Sun Pride, little heartbeats of joy
The first time I ever masturbated
Slitting my wrists
Falling to pieces when you left
The movies we watched, being stoned by the meadow
The last time I seen my dad

New Year's Eve

The tree swing

The Cheshire cat smile we shared
Melting marshmallows

How we bloomed and cared for each other

Sleepless nights with swollen lymph nodes

The hangovers

The years of laughter

Mom's spaghetti
The love
The infection.

Invisible Clocks

You're in the kitchen making chocolate cake

And talking about UFOs
But you don't know how much I'm suffering

Everyday I smoke and drink just so I can feel something
Just to alleviate the pain, but it always comes back
And the doctor says I'm depressed

And when I try to open up to you, you never listen
You never want to have a conversation
You leave the house just to go missing

And blame everyone for your bad decisions
And it feels like I'm talking to invisible clocks
Filling bathtubs to watch them overflow.

My Tears Die Like Stars

Floating memories sparkle and drift
Like sun-soaked sea foam floating adrift
The ocean wreckage of my ruptured mind

That periwinkle and fuchsia garden of hope
Bellowing bells and bellowing smoke

When I met you last summer and fell in love
I believed in silver linings

Drunk nights spilling into regretful mornings
Carried away by the large eyeball, the cloudburst
Haunt me and cut deep like an eternal tug-of-war
Swimming through tedious conversations, moons
Spilling into my eyes, the light leaves like a daydreamer
Falling into an abyss of moss and insomnia
Dying and coming back to life, the pendulum swing
Echoes, my tears die like stars, manic, half-smiling
Splinters ricochet and penetrate my resilient bones
Wandering and lonesome, my resilient bones
Dipped in the wax of my pen, the kiss you left behind
An apocalypse, a tortured body dying in the blue-yellow

Half-light of my room, fading with my memories
In the corner with my broken dreams, my telescope

Apples and frog spots, speaking but my lips are shut

I think you know about the way I get lost
Self-destructive, I sniff you like a dog and remember
The way we kiss and say goodbye
The slurs that poison your tongue
And all the things we don't say, afraid to speak

I am a butterfly
I am a wolf
I am made of flowers and stars
Drowning in the music of my heartbeats
The maudlin red-letter-days
Stirred and whipped and brimming
I am apathy
I am godless
I am decay.

Sadness Is A Tree

Sometimes you come back to me as a seagull
Overflowing and intrusive
Leaving your scent
Thoughts of bees and suffocating
Sadness is a tree, lambent in my wistful hands

I ask a stranger to light my cigarette
When the bartender won't serve me anymore
He says I'm drunk and I don't know how I'm going to get home
But I don't care

The traffic has stopped and I'm basking in the silence
The silence of the saddest night
The silence of the moon
Thinking about the last time I saw you

I come back to make sure, I never really closed the door
Waking up early for my morning coffee
Just to hear the birds, to see the fog make its way
Discreetly we love, the blue sky, the appointment with death
Your hands draped over my body

Sometimes I think of myself like a horse in a race
But I'm going too fast, living too fast, too dangerous
I get drunk and pass out like a drunk
And wake up at the strangest times, when the ghosts are talking
When it's just me and the moon
Sometimes I walk the streets in the quiet of the night
And I wonder why I can never perfect loving you
My neurotic, twisted fantasy

A painting with the perfect background
A romantic man

What is life with no meaning when the pain is insurmountable
When I'm insatiable and sloppy with desire?
I can't stand the bad days, the bad dreams, the sleepless nights
The shadows and disconsolate afternoons
I'm tired, I'm bored

I loved you more than the stars
And I can't begin to imagine how you hung there all night
Drained with no sunbeams, no one to talk to
Cold and lifeless
I loved you more than I could ever say

But you left me colder than the moonlight.

Clipped Wings

Burgeon with sickness, and feel the life
Seep through your skin
Underneath the grey sky I cry
Pity and limbs

How did we end up here?
How did the life leave our eyes?
How did the moment slip by?
Loveless, clipped wings

The train leaves the station, and I live in a book
Wishing I could get back to you
I seen the past in the mirror with your name
Written in stars
Crying but it's never enough

How did we end up here?
How did the life leave our eyes?
How did the moment slip by?
Loveless, clipped wings.

October Poem

Autumn, I come alive for you
My blue boy
My golden chariot
My vampire

Incessant as the music you sing
Entranced by the way the sky wails
I carry you through thick, black smoke
By the fields, the red month

Every year you come back to me and smile
The way you do, and every year
I make a cake for you and come alive for you
I unwind for you, and every year, like an expected visitor

You bring me gifts

Titanium, lemon, forest-green and orange

Hot chocolate mornings and soup when I'm sick
The despondent grey above lifts me with its barbed wire hands

Trees with no mouths, come apart at the roots
Fall into the apple-cider breeze, the berries, the cobwebs
The flume and the howling grey flesh

It's almost as if I became a version of you
A still life, someone with no identity, nothing to anchor myself to
A mirror of you, longing for my old self.

Rabbit In A Labyrinth

As the light fills the sky, the rain spills like malignant oil
Through the clouds, like a billowing mass of dancing fish
Glittering on my skin, water filling my lungs like smoke

The persistent horizon is feral
With roses, with pain, with love, with betrayal.

Learning To Let the Past Go

I look into the night, that wild blackberry tree

Growing limbs and peeling frogs from the bread factory
Oh, how industrial I am, a multitude of fantasy and confusion
Spitting at fools echoing fires of dizzying reality
I wander in my daydreams, breaking like a branch under the dark sky
My cold breath hangs in the air and I lose myself in the blur of the streetlights
Trying to get back to you, back to you

When I was a child I used to think the moonlight was following me
That I had to keep my feet close because monsters lived under my bed
And blood always made me queasy
But now that I'm older I'm learning to let the past go
To embrace the present, to love the idea of our uncertain future

Melting clock faces
In plastic seas of dying poets
The surreal surrender to our darkest desires
Consuming us like meticulous spiders
Breathing in, breathing out
Obscure and treacherous waves
The pulse width
Grey sunsets
My last painting
The putrid cave of dishonesty
Crumbling
Like rose petals

Learning to appreciate the little things
The way you smile and leave me dazed for a while
The morning fog
Climbing over the hills
Seascapes

Orgasms

Butterflies at midnight.

Deep-Sea Diver

When the day leaves without goodbye and the stars appear
Like sad eyes, like a mirror, like a vision

I fall deeper into an ocean I don't recognise, like a deep-sea diver
Trying to catch my breath as I think about the last time I saw you
Displaced and carefree, dramatically asleep
In dreams of gold and blue, in echoes of falling buildings
I wait at the bus stop on such a lonely night
It's just me and the moon

Now
I've lost another friend, I'm pouring another drink
It's been so long
Since the last time I saw you.

Pedal Steel and Ribbons

A breathless sea of emotions flutter and leave me awake
And I cannot coax them to leave me where I lay dead and numb
The wilting joy absconds and the bitter taste of nostalgia lingers
Like a spider's web between my fingers
I fade into the tapestry of loveless nights, forsaken

In lonely moments of fleeting darkness and fleeting light.

A Flower At Sea

Pain won't sanctify the love we crucify
Loveless and damned
Spilling onto the paper in blue ink

I am a flower at sea

In a city where no one knows my name

The cigarette smoke glows as the sky around me grows dark

And today I didn't get any slumber

And today I didn't get any younger

And it feels as though everything is slipping away

And I'm falling out of myself

Falling out with the people I should love

Time slipping through my fingers

Read my fortune in a newspaper

My psychobable

My destiny

My changing disposition

Is a praying mantis in an orchid

A song I play over and over to nullify these strange times

Something so subtle, but it makes me feel insane

When I find myself falling in love with you

Scared I will lose you
I pretend I'm okay but deep inside I'm breaking
And you never notice all the things I say, the way I care for you

My wandering sadness, my lost dreams

Floating away with the memories I treasured

You, always you

A wave coming back to me, cut ribbons of blue for me

Let me drown in the bath

And go out like a candle, do it for me

It's cold and I'm eating blueberries

But the night is magical and it makes me cry

And suddenly I realise

I'm capable of love.

The Moonlight Is Disintegrating Into Ashes

When I'm drunk, and you come over, and I see everything
In gold and blue, I can taste you on my lips, a burning desire
Fading away like memories drifting like autumn foliage

I look down roads, down hallways, I see images
Of us dying in a sea of poetry
Self-loathing in a room filled with darkness

I come back to you, a glaring verisimilitude, pondering
I see the morning and its sharp teeth
The orange glow of the sunrise in the distance

I hear a saxophone
I see a city made out of synthetic organs
Bleeding like a symphony

The sea is jutting back and forth
Voiceless
I thought the sea was dead

So I painted
The lake, the flowers, the dying rain

The soft earth crumbling in my hands
Saying love is a prophecy
A tender embrace between the night and the moon
Temptation, erosion

You flow like a red river, the tears of a dead deer
A pill to die
I woke up in a flood of sweat

With bats sweeping over my head

Following the darkness into the light

The moonlight is disintegrating into ashes.

Our Secret Place

Let's go to our secret place

Where we listen to Tchaikovsky

Where we talk about our suicides

Where we watch the moonlight dance in ribbons
Over the lake, where the stars watch over us
Where we bury our darkest secrets
Where the sun rises with fortitude and guides us
Where we feel no pain, and we are the architects of our dreams
Where we live like paintings in museums, like seashells
Illuminated in our fantasies
Like a perpetual song of madness
We are kings, we are plagues, we are hedonism
Waxy bones of pestilence
Where we come in waves of everlasting words
Flowers dying in a vase
Rhymes decaying on the page
Where we swim with bees, with temperamental orchids
Where we love, where we fuck
Where we feel, where we give, where we desire
Where we are free, where we grow
Where we find ourselves in times of need, where we cope
With dreams, with music, with each other.

A Butterfly in the Grass

You speak to me like I am a child
And you watch me sleep
Mouth frothing from the pills I took, the hooks

That pulled me under the blues, the books, the cup of tea
You placed on the coffee table
You watched me die and sold my innocence to a psychic
So you can have conversations with the dead

You told me I was ignorant and threw bombs on my flesh
Because I don't believe in your phony marriage
I woke up to the sound of the lawn mower, the dreams
That keep me awake as the sun burns
As the night grows cold
The winter calling that deceived me, my tired eyes
My blue magic
My loved jewellery
My jealousy

My cheeks were like tulips, making up colours
In the prison of my heartache
I am a garden, I am your cupid, I am a dove
The footprints you smudged

A lonely pathway of diamonds and blueberries

I love you for who you are
The way you crush my feelings and smile afterwards
The way you are insane and shine like a star
The way you insist on death
Like a true rebel, you unravel, and I thank you
Like a fool, eclipsed by my love for you, but I hate you
How you realise

My father is a cannibal, my father is a whore
And I am a cut, I am an infection
I pray to you like I pray to drugs.

I Hope You're Happier Without Me

The sun-soaked horizon of colour-blind truths

Pours into landlocked webs of decay, surrounded by fleeting trains
The last innocent thing I know

Graceless midsummer creeks into idyllic sea caves
Reality I made up, when I needed to escape the flourishing neon
Limbs, fears slipping out of my hands like honey

You're safe with me, my lover, my wildfire, the ghost in my bed
I feel warm next to you, your lips, your feet
Such a dark night, a dark day

I burrow into your skin like lethargy
And I love you
For every man who dies at war

I have made us a chamber, to lie in cement
Sun-smiling downwards through the winter trees
I see a light glowing but it reminds me of the discontent way I feel

Watching you leave
I can't avoid the weather
I can't forget the happiness you gave to me

The drowning feeling of desire
Your softness
I hope you're happier without me.

Billow Shrub Shroud Willow

Buy me red roses
And poison me with your kisses

So I don't have to feel the pain of a thousand cuts

When I am drowning in darkness

When the night comes to an end, and I'm crying again
I see myself in the mirror
With sinking eyes, with flat eyes, with grey eyes

I lay in bed, looking back at old photographs
The morning sky
A fox
A lullaby

You grow back every year like larkspur

Like an orange on a tree
Singing
About our secret obsessions

I collect my tears in a jar
Every time you leave
I count them, but there's no more room in my bedroom
Between piano and bedsheets

I am as silent as the radio and I feel ill
With every falling leaf
With every cigarette, with every lost friend
You let me down like I let myself down
And I should've known
I know you well like your dirty fingernails
How you kiss the bottle

How you sleep but never wake up
How you live like a child, but you're thirty-three.

I Talk to the Stars

But the stars don't hear me drowning in the nihilism and loneliness of the night, the wounded silence at 4 am when the universe is talking to me, the blue-grey nocturnal strife, hope but despair.

The Most Beautiful Song

Let's pretend that none of this is real, that we are free to fly
Like kings through ice-cream clouds of immortality

Let us go to a place only my eyes know

Where we haunt the last blade of grass
Where we watch the dance of the birds

Through windswept brushstrokes, eclipse the sunrise
Your name on my tongue
The rain on the window

The love we shared that never died
Bespoke
Something more than a memory

By an ominous garden, I crawl back to you
A vision of solace in your arms, I surrender
To you, to the morning
The child that never dies, frantically painting you

Your skin is white, but I paint you blue
Like the moon and the night's magnetism drapes
Over the black hills, I swallow you like the guilt in my throat
The bells of our mother
Take me back to brighter shores.

How We Loved and Lost Each Other

The heaven we made disintegrated in my fingers
Like sea salt, like the moon's goodbye, and I swore it was a dream
The jade of the morning and the flesh between my teeth
How you took my breath, how we loved and lost each other
I watered you as though you were a plant
And I cared for you like you were a candle, the white fog
Seeping into my blue sky
But you sucked on my bones and left me deranged
Like a pillow bursting at the seams
I stitch myself back together just to fall apart again
And paint over the walls when the memory of you lingers
Like the fantasy of being raped.

Lotus

My bed is empty now you're gone
I remember you like a movie, like a dream
Pulling the earth around me, my thoughts gather like petals
And pucker like satin, my muse in contemplation

You solved me like a puzzle
And flowed
With your marble skin
Falling out of the bar drunk onto wet floors
Incessantly insisting
Everything is okay but deep down
Our hearts are tainted
We undress as we bury our secrets
And tear each other apart
Until there's nothing left to recover

My lover, my fugitive
With your finger on my pulse
Growing weaker

I love you like I love the moon
Like I love Vincent, like I love Amy
Like I rue the day I lost you to the burning red sunset
The trees appear thinner, and I see through every hallway and every wound
Coming back, back, back to you
The rebel in my heart
My bravado
The December we spent by the creek
Vanishes
Into an infinite pool of tangerine
And nothing remains
Not even the Sun-Dweller between my legs
The nostalgia

The insomnia

The music we listened to when we were numb
Just a single glow
The last breath, caught between the soft edge of the corner
And the moonlight

When I was a little boy
I dreamed of you
With rosy red cheeks and hollow eyes.

You Promised Me the Rain

It's hard to be optimistic when you wake up from dreaming
To the feeling that everything is fading
And you're reminded of the way it was like a baby in a dollhouse
With no self-control and a head full of addictions

I listen to the TV static and everything feels so cold and blue

And I feel like nothing at all
Just a memory of the past, the lake, the sky

Voices
Telling
Me

I'm
Never
Good
Enough

I look out the window and I remember the time
I walked past your house and the lights were out
So I wrote a letter to you
But I'm not sure you ever read it because you haven't responded

Now I see you in a psychedelic dream, a psychedelic scene, my face in a sea
Withering with every tide and every sunbeam
I sleepwalk through this overgrown forest and my eyes get hazy
Like a cloud of lethargy coming undone in ribbons

Remember how we stayed up all night, burning in every colour
Talking to empty ghosts of tomorrow

You promised me the rain, an eternal summer of love
But now I'm a dying angel

Life feels like a lucid dream, and I've spent a lifetime
Thinking of the perfect thing to say
We are the architect of stars
Blinded by every car as we slip through traffic

Time
Flows
Back
To Me
Like
A
River.

Song For Yesterday

Our skin tells us a thousand stories about lust and torture. Each time I listen, I feel like I'm closer to you, almost as if I know you, but you lived and died as sad as you breathed long before my terrible birth.

You pitied the angels and exploded into marigold and indigo, the city traffic, the morning fog. Your tears like petals. Oh how I loved you. My whore, my daddy. Perfectly placed in my mind. There is beauty in how we decay, how we write oceans and bloom like bad habits. They make factories for people like us, perverts and dreamers. It's true, I walk past hotels and dream of us.

I close my eyes and I see you naked, unwrapping me like a Christmas present, touching my body like it's braille, like I belong to you and only you. I fall deeper into you, laying next to you. Shy but brazen. I looked into your eyes and I saw nothing so I locked you in a fish tank and fed you to an ocean. I hoped you would drown in that deep blue swimming pool and rise like Icarus or Picasso, but you faded like cigarette ash into a glittering moonlight.

The Nightjar's Lament

Like a birdsong life sweeps me under a blue sea

A vision of Italy

Through the years, through the tears

I have lived and died, secretly loving you
The dew after a long day of work
The way you look at me and smile and everything feels good
I close my eyes and drift off and wake up in a dream

Unhooked from my roots, my shell, my wings, my weeds
Like a birdsong

I fall back in love
With you

A blossom in an ocean
A dandelion in snow
I water the flowers that grow from my mind
Disfigured
By the scars of violence

I water the flowers so I can watch them
Grow.

Love In Our Blood

I sing to you
The love in our blood
When my dreams carry me
With the tideline
To the steeple

The air fills my lungs

And I drink the sky like champagne
The pomegranate candle
After the rain
The flies
The red wine

I sing to you
The love in our blood
When my dreams carry me
With the tideline
To the steeple.

Churchyard

I wait in the que, behind the woman with glasses
With the magenta coat
Thinking about whales and how I used to write poems on the beach
Now I can't find the traces you left behind
Smudged fingerprints on sticky surfaces, I spilled like ink

Something good that spoils
Poetry without shadows

The dust settles on the photographs of us
Between the candles and the sound of piano
I feel the cold air through the cracks like a bad leakage
A broken winter I can't fix
In an ocean without a lifejacket

Sadness taught me how to appreciate the little things
That loneliness makes feel big
Trying not to make eye contact
Trying not to be noticed because I care

I come to the churchyard
When the sky is filled with rain and I want to disappear
And never be found, so I follow the road
With stars in my mouth
Like a lost romantic.

All That I Loved Left Me With Scars

Hello, goodbye. We come and go, like spider webs
Through these rooms of distant memories
Like a river, like the wind, preoccupied by the circumstances

We barely talk or have time for dinner
The world is raging like a sea, a bird calling in my ear
When we dance like moonbeams, like sewing machines

I think of my sisters, how they cry
When a leaf falls from a tree, how they're delicate
Like stars and roses, how the echoing night is iridescent

The afternoon is a statue
Dull and grey and swelling with rain
The black gets into my bones

I open the morning post and buy fresh milk
I think I'm seventeen again
Touching myself again, I can't help myself

I'm in love with this weird Heaven
The afterglow after the midnight rendezvous
The last page in the book

Speaks of the raven I saw this summer
I watched it closely in the field
Bury gold earrings in red oil paint, cut off its wings

To soak in the blinding light
I took a photograph of the moment to know it was real
My waterproof honeymoon

I suck on you like a melon and you taste like lime

I squeeze you like cranberries and call you mine
The horizon and the tideline

My frog, my poison, my heart-shaped ring
The sweat of your armpits sticks to me like bad luck
But I keep coming back.

The Paper Cut Is A Bee Sting

Stuck in a painting
Or a ballad
Or a tapestry
I am as empty as a cloud
Hirsute and boyish
With my red roses
And my blushing cheeks
I am ready to die like a flower in a garden
I am ready to suffocate
Like a ladybug in a jar
Or a tattoo
On your grey skin.

Half of Me

Love is a fire, I won't forget
The winter roots that crawled under my skin and tore at
The silver embers of my milky eyelids

It was unfortunate, I had to lose you to understand
I cannot fit into this sentimental box any longer
Music is like death

A permanent goodbye, an unopened birthday card

Like an orange on a coffee table
I watch the ghosts dancing

The breaking of an atom, when I remember you
Floating like a balloon, my quiet childhood
My narcissism

Now I drink to get through the day
And I'm bloated
With memories and regrets, wishing

I had listened more to you
Wishing I had said, "I love you"
Tonight is haunted

Like a black mouth, I water you
My sadness in my hands
I want to take care of you like my paint brushes

Because you're the only thing that never left me
When I'm crushed and heartbroken

And I pass out drunk on the floor in a flood of tears

Come back to me
Come back to me.

Gilded Path

You inquire like a fly in a trap
With terrible insomnia

Your pale skin ignites a drifting sea
Growing horses and pianos

That lap and carry the waves to a numb edge

The butterfly is inflamed
But you came here for the sap of my milkweed
Nobody ever took you seriously

Bird watcher of the morning
I watch the sun through the clouds
Gather and pucker
But this landscape is not real

It doesn't belong to Shishkin

The sky is forlorn and it tells me
We are not made of stars
Think of where the moonlight shines on the roof
Perfect your craft
Burnish the rough edges until they're silver
I say
This poem is a flower for you
My gift to you
Everything I do, I do for you
With kindness
With love

I pray that tomorrow will be polite
That the black sky

Will be full of fruit and we will return to innocence
With kindness
With love
Because the past is fading like a memory
It's sad but it's beautiful
How the summer disappeared
The tangerine leaves of the dancing night
Tucked under my arms

I close my eyes and see
The fog rolling over the hills
I close my eyes and hear
The wedding bells echoing
When the children flutter
And hold their eager hands out for money
The light of the sunset
Far gone
Past the gilded path.

By the Black Water

The first time you came to me in my dreams
Like a father with loving arms
Like winter
On a cold December night

I thought I had fallen into an endless spiral
With no way out
Like a crumbling ceiling in a derelict town
By the black water

Praying to the glittering moonlight

I reached out to feel you, to touch you, but you vanished
Like my dreams after a soft night of heartache
And sometimes I look at the sky and I think of you now
How we share this pain
How the blood stained my nose and I woke up crying
Trying to get back to you.

Midnight in A Sullen Frame

I woke up to midnight
In a sullen frame
(what am I doing?)
(what am I thinking?)
Fraying in a room of dust
Writing letters for my wounds

I am taxidermy
With eyes of a bat
And a heart
That can fly and dance
Through nocturnal flames

I had a dream
Of a floating butterfly
Of a stranger
Of changing
That tragic kind of magic
The vanishing glass
And the smell of orange

Everyone I know is long gone
And the colours
They've washed astray
With my tears
With the sea salt
With the memories of parties
Into the shadows of loneliness

The music of paper
The soft traffic outside
Screwing the lid off the bottle

The sunflowers I'm painting
Stare back at me
Reminding me of grey skies in August
New years, new beginnings.

Furrow and Fur

Sucking eyeballs and drinking the rain from my eyelids
Like a rose fountain, I wait for the quiet hours, the incense of life
To pour myself into work and toil like a diligent machine
Lost in the ribbons of midnight passing by like cerulean clouds
Undoing the paths I walked through parks reminiscing about the good times
Darkness catches me like a snare and poisons my drunken mind
The white flesh of disease saying *pleasure is natural*
I come back alive and picture you naked, his brassy shoulders
Glowing with sweat like a slow rising sunrise, the spore of fern
Fall into my turquoise mouth, kill me like an insecurity
Regret in solitude, as hard as I try I can't make this feeling go away
It follows me like illuminated shadows, the anarchy of new horizons
Exploding like the gentle earthquakes of my rubbery fingers
I taste the flute of paper bones, the ancient flint of my memories
My quartz-like echoing solar system, between my blood-black heartbeats
I cough at love, unanswered stillness raging like a wind, beautiful and broken
In the mother bear's sunflower field, I wake to melancholic birdsongs
The lustre of this dreaming town, the birth of addiction
Over black stony landscapes dancing like an ocean I become embers
I become dewdrops painting love hearts on the walls, ricocheting with sadness
Trying to be a better man, now I'm all grown up
I see the black smoke from the window eavesdropping
And I feel weak holding onto the fruit of our afternoon conversations
Running into the moonlight, the death lake, the blackness of blackberries
With screaming yellow skulls, eating grapes and plums and remembering
How I dissect myself, with a bloodshot lust for tomorrow
The fondness of an absent heart blooms with moons and snails
Life bleeding from the eyes, the morality of youth decaying like kindness
Like sweetness, like mindfulness, a singing panorama afloat in the world I created
From your plastic tears, this drumming mute fever through the years
I sit at the café and wonder why I can never get it right
And the alarm clock of my marrow never sleeps, and I can't speak
With an indefatigable desire wedged in my throat
I gag and spit and my eyes roll back and my nose is wet with clouds
Like a bruised peach,

cut at the roots.

Rainbow On the Loch

The morning whispers quietly in my ear
Sleepless gravedigger
The gulls are self-possessed as they swim

Through mud clouds like black ink
I see them like amulets, wearing their February witchcraft
As I pass the lurching trees

Blowing over the cornfields like a virus
Past the winter sunflowers
Past the dreamblue blowfishes

They speak of the weather, how the black water is cold
I alight from the train, wanting to be happy
I follow the pylons, the yellow and green wilderness

Awake like a symptom
At the edge of the water, I look out at the green hills
The foggy mountains singing in the wind

And I get nervous, like when you're having sex
Or going on a job interview
In that moment I saw life, life as an angel

And in that moment I saw death, death as a rainbow
The water came to me like a spring bean
Like a balloon or a bearded nightmare or brown leaves

In this whiskey-scented aquarium
The southern ochre rippled, moon-sunk and breathless
Like sad music. I watched the obsidian waves

Jutting back and forth like words glittering on the page

In the necropolis of my Arcadian dreams
I remembered you like a mushroom

Leaving me hopeless like an estuary
Like a sun in a mirror
Glasslike and forgotten, as the day bleeds into night

I am a lark
I am a hawthorn
Imagining myself drowning like Michelangelo

At the harbour
I am a cat with no lives left and it's rain season
By the red door, waiting for the train.

Yesterday I Loved You

As you lay next to me and I burgeon
With dark liquid thoughts of a soft death
I know this love is real
And we hold each other, and I feel immortal
As love comes back to me like a river of time
Bending with celestial light
Into clouds, and farewells, and aching memories
Glitter like foolish desire in my eyes
And I look at you, and I kiss you, and I feel safe with you
In this moment, I don't need anyone
But candlelight and wine and you, like honey
Like a sea, like a never ending dream, in blue silk sheets

I fall into you like amnesia, overdosing on pleasure
I have died in your eyes
And felt the breeze of the winter highway
A starburst
Alone in my bedroom, dreaming of him
My head between his legs, like a dead flower on the windowsill
As the lavender sunlight flickers through
Through a sky full of rain and dreams, seashore lovers
In the shape of a swan
Eyes drawn to silver and jasmine and amber
Clouds blurry at the tip
Propose love, in your arms, and nothing more than love
The lyrical ballads we seek
Soft whiskey kisses

I love you quietly and I love you openly

Because I am not afraid of what people say
And I don't care, when I am drunk on your aroma
The salt of your sweat between my teeth like cherry soda

I saw a boy on my lap and I saw myself as a father
With wings like an angel
Masturbating all day like an idiot savant
Only free when I'm dancing

I've learned to love these depressing afternoons
Gently whispering in my ear
Boredom and no money and the pink fuzz of beer
And the text messages, and the late busses, and the fog over the hill
The crescent over the water
And the pangs and the facsimiles of happiness ringing out
Like the smell of him and the songs we sang
As the gulls flocked and hesitated with eels and telescopes
Broken bones on eternal roads
And the debris drifting from my hands
Unravelling like ribbons when we don't talk and I am sad
And there's nothing more to say
And I don't know how to articulate what the blades of grass mean
What happened when you moved to Paris
The coldness of sleep
Underneath my fingernails, or the provenance of my lust
Phosphorescent love glowing in the dark
Capsized in the stars

Yesterday I loved you, and I love you today
How you harvest a love song and take the milk of a nightjar
And sprinkle dust like anecdotes
Mending golden rivers as we speak
I want us to be rustic, baroque, erotic, fetishes
Brazen and intimate
Diving into a pool of morning stars
Flowers for all the ones we love, the stillness of time
A moving ship towards night
And I think, yesterday I loved you, like the cracking of an egg
And I still love you when the sun dances.

Dark Fantasy

How the body glows like anthracite, and fades like night stars in the memory of a forgotten winter. The glass of wine you poured, flippantly making out to old tragedies. Roses as they decay. I saw you there on the bed, naked like a dark fantasy. A body for pleasure, to be used, to be thrown away. Not to speak or think for yourself, but to please and say *yes*. But what if you want more, like love, but true love? Someone that cares about you, thinks of you, promises not to hurt you. You kiss me and I die, over and over, like a movie playing on repeat, and for a moment everything slips away. For a moment everything feels right, like a cloud in place. A grey sky tied with ribbons. I think of you like rain and watch you pour. My eyes howl as I eat at your grey matter, and I make love hearts out of desire, and the lies we tell taste just like the truth. Love as pure as a river. I get hard and I get reckless. My twisting limbs vomit rainbows, and I crave your skin. Candytuft in emerald water. The blood of a man tastes sweet like heaven, and I wonder, did anyone ever tell you how perfect you are?

Such a dirty boy

Such a sweet man

And we're in love, and I need you like drugs

Kissing like poison

Getting high on each other

You blow clouds and leave nothing behind but a weeping sun and my dreaming heart. Leaning in to kiss me with your blood-stained mouth and sad eyes. *What's mine is yours*. And we hold back tears, *happy tears*, tearing at each other's flesh. The night is dressed in black and sin, and the scars on my arm speak your name. Face down on a piss-stained mattress, I inhale. And I can't escape, this identity, this exigency, this gravity. So I wallow and diffuse and spread myself like the substances we abuse. Looking into your eyes and smiling because I don't care about anything else. I meander. Happy to be here with you, loving you. I feel love in my veins, so cynical, and I've made a ghost out of love. Loving you, only you.

Never Here, Never There

All the shit you said means nothing now
I rage and frown and tell you to *fuck off*
Playing the song you loved
The one we never wanted to end, *yeah, that one*

I thought you were the stars, and
I thought you were a song
And you said, "Love is torture"
And I tried to listen and understand
But you know I'm as stubborn as they come
As lonely as my addictions

I feel the pain as I sleep
How I said, "Never leave, stay here"
And cried, Heaven is my only friend
But it was never enough

And now I see myself, sucking his dick
I am a God, smoking my cigarettes
Between his legs
I gag like a good little boy
Spitting like honey
Nothing more than a stupid whore

In my dreams we are together
In my dreams I am never here, never there
In my dreams we belong together
In my dreams I am never here, never there.

Entropy Aglow

You will never know how I truly feel. Making myself sick, looking in the mirror. I see a version of myself I never knew was real. Remembering the suffering. Remembering all the friends I made and lost along the way. Moonlight draped over a dead body. I refuse to elucidate. I am fleeting and I am nothing. Trying to remember you, I look through old letters and feel empty. Taking the bus to the museum. Isn't it a shame the sky is blue and the sun is big and I am nonchalant? I haven't looked at my emails in months. It's not that I don't care, I'm just bored of it all. The explosions in my ears, weaving whispering seas between us. I cut myself on the rocks and threw myself out of a moving train, and felt the wind brushing against my rosy cheeks. I know fine well you're not good for me, when I feel like dust and flames with no sympathy.

The sky is an illusion

Wearing a different heartbeat

Nomadic

Entropy aglow

My heart is a graveyard

Everyone I know is a ghost

Hopelessly heartbroken. Everything is flowing in slow motion. I'm living for the moment. Too stubborn to say sorry when I'm in the wrong. I want to be the bigger person, to acknowledge my demons. A sad song that fucked me up. Love that fucked me up. Even now, I want a boyfriend but I don't want to get my heart broken. Hopelessly heartbroken. I can't relax until I know where my phone is, until my money is spent on the moment. The last place I left my sanity, and swam back, lighter, but broken, with empty pockets. I've tried to block out the kisses that haunt me. Your cold hands on my body. I envy your happiness. Little ghosts and hot embers. I go out to bars and get lost at night.

Wanting to taste your skin again. Nosebleeds and bruises again. I never did like the sound of my voice, but I'm home again. I'm a king again, sleeping in darkness again. I seen the future again, remote again, not entirely myself again. In a spider's web again, watching the leaves falling again. I walked through the forest, making ribbons out of clouds with a sad smile. My feelings intensify when you push me away and I never know when it will happen, the purity of silence. Today I thought of you and those red-letter days. I dreamed of you, just thinking about you. Wishing I was normal, just for a moment. Wishing you would stay. Forever is a kind of sadness I don't want to feel. Forever is something I made up. Forever is not real. Not anymore, not anymore.

Cut the Roots

Interwoven between sadness and hope
I think of the bluebells by the lake
When the sky grows dark and I'm alone
With no levee, I close my eyes and drift off

In a painting I see a vision of you
Listening to the piano and smoking a cigarette
I watch as the waves wash ashore
And I regret never reaching out to hear your voice
Now I'll never know the way you felt

How it feels to be alive
How it feels to be alive

Everywhere I go I see you, I remember you
In my childhood bedroom
I miss you more than you would ever know
I fucking hate that coffee shop
Where I cried and you wrote, "I love you"
And everything was stagnant
And we had nothing much to celebrate
And I never know how to quit my bad habits
So I always self-destruct.

I Could Be Your Boyfriend

If I could fly I would never surrender
If I could fly I would fly over the pine trees
Until I am somewhere where solitude is a dream
Where I could trace over the past
Sew a ribbon onto thy heart and drown in tears
The tables we turn, the glow-worms in my palms
Sticky with angel cake and a jar of ladybugs in spring
When the night is icy and cold and there is no difference
Between desire and loneliness

I rest with my feet in the pond, watching the gulls
Gather like dust, the sky ripe with summer clouds
Drinking from the pail of milk
The roses spill over the mist of the pine trees
I close my eyes and think *I could be your boyfriend*

Kissing you until the sky gets dark
Filling in your heart, until there is nothing more
I could be your boy and feel less lonely in your arms
Kissing and not sleeping
Kissing and not sleeping

I watch the cows grazing in fields of golden syrup
And find myself longing for your touch
As the years pass me and the slow dance of memory
Whispers brackish seas of goodbye
I am sure of myself, always thinking of *his love*
The hawk on the string by the blue hillside
Tired, I rub my eyes and remember the goat song
My Jesus bracelet and my cloudy jeans
Strawberry jam and the dirt on my knees
Pressed against another note written in the stars
In the evergreen echoing sadness of love

Kissing you until the sky gets dark
Filling in your heart, until there is nothing more
I could be your boy and feel less lonely in your arms
Kissing and not sleeping
Kissing and not sleeping.

Summer Nostalgia

The tears we lived in soak and ripple through
The years we danced in a blur
Eating soft fruit in another dimly-lit room
I get shy when you look at me
When I look out the window and the day is hot
I dream of rain, someone knocking at the door again
A cloud on the horizon

Picking off the petals of summer nostalgia
My broken love in despair

I walk down the road as the sun burns
Blowing with the flute, I watch the lonely sun
A river of memories fading as I see my shadow
An angel in the field, in a poisoned painting
I'm trying to breathe through the pain
The love leaving my heart
An incandescent murmur, bleeding watercolour

Picking off the petals of summer nostalgia
My broken love in despair.

Soul Scythe

Unscrew the lid
I am pouring now
I am wet with tranquillity
I thought it could be great
I thought it could be great
But it is not my concern
The sky is a snake in my room
Pretending
I crucified it, in a sonnet
I saw Petrarch
With blood in my eyes, I won't cease
My tears dry like ink
I thought it could be great
I thought it could be great
But I'll never get over this
Pale affront, drifting
Pendant, shedding
Rub between the lines
Clear head, used syringe
Suffocating soul scythe
The taste of blood lingers
When you fuck me
I'm inclined, direly winging
Self-deprecating
Sowing
Reaping
Cumming inside of him.

Omphalos of Verisimilitude

It was you, whom fused, alight
With excuses and polluted lungs
Earthbound, tossing yourself through
Chest
Armpits
Selling yourself thin in a sound stream
Mythologizing your pain
On a stained mattress, switching positions
Fucking hypocrite
Fucking hypocrite
Blaming myself for the way I live
Curiously riding a burning chariot
By swathes of unforgiving votaries
Through thoroughfares, through reveries
Poppy seeds in barrels
And the earthy scent of rhubarb
And the earthy scent of man
I think pleasure is a relic
A sun eclipsed
Masochistic loneliness, it scares me
The lull and the cacophony
When time escapes my hands, I get discursive
I am a missile in the shadows
Genuflecting zealot
Each toothache is onerous
Glittering with false gratitude
Reminding me of the afterglow
Buried beneath an eternal song
It was you, whom fused, alight
With excuses and polluted lungs
Earthbound, tossing yourself through
Chest
Armpits

Selling yourself thin in a sound stream
Mythologizing your pain
On a stained mattress, switching positions
Fucking hypocrite
Fucking hypocrite.

Rose of Desire

Echoes, in silence of echoes
The memory of youth fades
Synthesising heartbreak
I masturbate through the pain
Dying like a song
As high as the stars
I was a rose of desire, cursed
With jealousy, each time I get drunk
I'm at a loss for words, pissing for days
I'm depressed, sucking molasses
In my Blue Period
Throwing myself off of buildings
I get drunk on radical poetry
Dying like a song
As high as the stars.

Violent Kisses

The love we share, it is an alluring fantasy
Cemented in perfect but indelible stains
Crude and glittering in my dreamscape
He stays the same when I'm hardcore
I picture the ripple effect
His hands caressing my naked body
His violent kisses seep and ricochet under my skin
If it is easy to love you and let you go
Then show me how to escape this labyrinth of teardrops
And bells ringing out, speaking in cursive zephyrs
I remember you like an angel with broken wings
Oily and genuflecting
Woolgathering and gallivanting through memories
Of wanderlust and a carefree youth
Fading like winter rain
Bursting with echoing nostalgia
Taste the vodka on my lips dripping with boyish filth
They taste like cherries and freedom
A droning atmosphere, a sea of gold dust whispering
In a nude painting I see the man of my dreams
Sculpted out of desire and sweat
Alive with moonlight and the rush of music
Soaring through my veins
Morning dew and endless thoughts of you
Climbing through the shivering roots of lust, lust, lust
I am the prince of my own destruction
Drinking beer and flirting with strangers in bars
I walk through lonely streets
Smoking cigarettes and quietly smiling at the neon lights
The chalk of my breath, the art of my suicide
Writhed in deep hopelessness drowning true love
Falling asunder like a dancing ghost
The night is a plague, a constant thought on my mind

And yet, somewhere out there, I am happy
It's almost as if everything means nothing
And yet everything is overwhelming
And this ambivalent shrugging is like a warm embrace
Perpetual peacefulness cocooned in bittersweet emotions
Ice crystals suspend in time's immortal bondage
Safe like a secret woven into a fetish
Silent loneliness and longing
I fuck myself until I am numb
And I love you more than the drugs
And I see now this pleasure is a lie
That his violence is pure
His charming beauty is a stain in the dirt
Where I stare out at the city gloating and glowing
My heart is a lambent flame flickering in the dark
And there is no ending to my love
My blood, my spine
The years of insomnia illuminating us
I am bored and melancholic, but somewhere out there
I am happy.

I Want to Die In Your Arms

I never make promises to myself
In a flowing verse
I seem to forget everything
Lashes of innocence I laugh at mumbling coxcombs
The truth you lampoon
A rhapsody of rhymes in a maze
Shallow and florid
I inhale, my lesson
Subject abort
The words I erase
A goat song
Next to the pain in my chest
And take shape in a new form
Lifeless corpse
With white skin and red lips
And no, and no real acumen
Use me like a toy
I will be a good boy for you
Doing everything you say
Keep me and concede your love
As you spit in my mouth
I want to die in your arms
Tied up on a dirty mattress
Piss stained and subdued
Tethered with sinew, I don't move
At night I lick my wounds
I am a reed in the wind when you ignore me
I want you more, more than I could say
I admire your façade, how you deny yourself
The kitsch I horde come alive
The sorrow in my lungs, a perfect crime
Ravish priceless lights, a mind ravaged with fantasy
Chasity in a cage, elude the fear in your bones

Afraid, we're insane
Every lingering ache I circumvent
Pursue your punishment in punctual darkness
I inhale, my lesson
Subject abort
The words I erase
A goat song
Next to the pain in my chest
And take shape in a new form
Lifeless corpse
With white skin and red lips
And no, and no real acumen
Use me like a toy.

28/01/2024

How can I make it right?
How can I change my life?
When everything is eating me up inside
I understand, I don't want to think about bad things
I always imagine the worst that can happen
When I look at you, I forget about my problems
But I can't talk to anyone about it
I'm used to this, never ending suffering
In my mind, take my life
In my mind, maybe I'll never understand
The night is lonely with nostalgia
And I'm learning to live without you
Sometimes I feel like the Clyde Arc
Thinking of the wellness of well-being
I missed the train to Mount Florida
Wondering what to do without you, wondering
How long will this pain last?
Wondering is it too late to love and let go?
How can I make it right?
How can I change my life?
When everything is eating me up inside
I understand, I don't want to think about bad things
I always imagine the worst that can happen
When I look at you, I forget about my problems
But I can't talk to anyone about it
I'm used to this, never ending suffering.

La Lune

Talking dirty and going cruising with no luck
I think I'm going crazy hoping I can numb the pain
I drown my sorrows with Southern Comfort
And play the same song over and over and over again
Here at the Penguin Café
My scars are invisible and they taste like moonlight
And everyone knows I'm mercurial
I am the solecism in your pellucid writing
I am an autumn sunset
The boy with red lips in a nocturne
When you look at me I get shy
My eyes turn into oceans only you can see
The violin in my heart is a painting
Soaring through red skies of complete lust
I think to myself, *shut up and kiss me*
And tell me to stay before I leave
Won't you be my outerspace miracle?
But you never really care to talk to me
And I can hardly understand *why* when it's so obvious
I want to eat you like a peach
And I laugh to myself, how I live in fantasy
Wishing you would make the first move
I like it filthy like a biohazard tattoo
Every night I see your face in the moon
I'd break the rules, climbing up to *you, you, you*
The February rain fills the grey sky
As I watch the crow dance
Like a glittering moment in the deepest trance
Hosting this pleasure, so nonchalant.

Blood Upon the Lillies

Baby you're so cute when you talk like a poem
I stay up all night thinking about you
The roads in my mind lead me back to you
Trailblazer star in my bedroom
Dreaming of him, my cherry tree hypocrite
Breaking the ice, like a broken record
Teasing him with my beard
The freezing moon glitters in the sky
Flowing like lithium, dancing in a labyrinth
Watching roses turn to dust
In my candy-coloured castle
I'm on my own frequency
Techno Desperado
Slow kissing the blood upon the lilies
Our destiny is tainted
Dreamlike and erotic, drinking lemonade
Sitting in the sun, laying in bed
Chain smoking and coruscating
The thrill of the risk is alluring me deeper
Echoing like teardrops in a meadow
Idyllic paradigm, you're my arcana, redoubtable river
Sapient in viracious movements
Flip-fucking the way I like it
Find the vein, inject it
Virgo pagan, my bone of contention
Ride it like a cowboy
Hypersexual with my diamond teeth
Bellwether corpse lily
Solstice fusion, peruse the pages of self harm
Immutable affection
The music we make flows forever saying
Life is raw
Death is beautiful.

My Reality Is Hedonism

Writing love letters to debauchery
Dancing like a vivid symptom
Oh, the cold air of night is a moon
And the light flooded my skin
Like a treacherous sea swallowing me
The tension drags me to the seedbed
And the sea snails eat my corpse
They brood their young parasitizing
The silhouette of monotony
Loving you is a lie, gazing deep in your eyes
As soft words fall from my lips
I unzip my jeans
Dirty socks in bedsheets
Release it now
My lonely star
Release
Your head
And feel it now
Flash flood weather warning
In a heart-shaped candy box
Hear it now
The rain falling down
I see it now floating now somehow
I miss my old friends
The gorgeous growl of youth bleeding
Soft and rough
Blue Eden rattlesnake
Drinking milk, drinking stars
Bloodlust relic kissing
Apricot through the telescope
Bitch, why you talking?
Cherish silence
Wax and numb

Imagine me on top of you
Fingering you
Kissing your neck
As my breath melts into your skin
Smelling you
Deep inside you as you submit to me
Soaking my fingers in your glory
Make me beg
Freak lip service
Biting my lip
Longing for my dream boyfriend
Drowning and never sleeping
I'm the type to wear my art on my sleeve
Passion on my cheek
Blamed for things I didn't do
Hey
Cocoon
Hey
Cocoon
False inclination
Hey
Cocoon.

Cherry Boy Milk

My brain hurts from dreaming of him
Drowning diamonds, light as a feather
I push myself there
Waiting for him to let his walls down
Oh, love
Hit me harder
Dying feels like Heaven
And this pleasure feels like the worst pain
Nothing much to live for
Oh, love
You can't fix
I want to be a big boy
I want to be the boss
Hit it raw like a dog
Dirty talking like a poem
Rose petals in a pond
Ride or die baby
Calling him daddy
Sucking on clouds
Cherry boy milk
In the backseat crying
My brain hurts from dreaming of him
Drowning diamonds, light as a feather
I push myself there
Waiting for him to let his walls down.

Second Hand Smoke

Weaving through the threads you left
The cold air of night hits my veins
And I can't save myself from all the ways
You're serpentine like a maze
Overdosing on melancholia
I used to crave you like nicotine
I used to hate you like cavities
Now I don't even know who I am anymore
I linger like second hand smoke
Memorising silent syllables you speak
I don't read out loud
I write lists to remember why I resent you now
I see the mountains in the distance, out of reach
Vertigo, centipede, go fast then go slow
Meet me at the speed of love
You've got everything I want
And I won't apologize this time
I'll water this love
I'll take care of our love
Bleeding harmony how I never thought
I'd be in this kind of situation
Praying I'll be okay, and yeah
I am a fool to your divine thinking
You make a promise and then break it
Bottle up your emotions perfectly
You're like a reflection in a broken mirror
Saying no strings attached
But you know I catch feelings fast
I get whiplash
Saying respect ain't really a cul-de-sac
Guess you never really learned that
Every time you learn, I yearn
And every time you leave

I keep coming back to you again.

Faces in Grey Altars

Nobody knows my name
I am a blue shadow
A pamphlet of another sea
Flying at half mast
Tides heal me while I sway
Ersatz wisdom dissipates
And your words pierce through me
Like the stasis of seasons
Encoded in remote fountains
Living is harder said than done
When everything is going wrong
And I'm running out of daydreams
And you won't let me explain echoing
Visions of weekend crimes
I am not your brother
My lover
Gone, Lee Harvey Oswald
Laying in clean sheets
Made out of autumn foliage
Moonlight, ignite my bones
Take my breath
As I follow endless suns
And stray from the path
Find my way back home
Neatly tucked back in
I've lost everything I've ever loved
I've lost everything I've ever known
And still
And still
Nobody knows my name
I am a blue shadow
A pamphlet of another sea
Flying at half mast

Tides heal me while I sway
Ersatz wisdom dissipates
And your words pierce through me
Like the stasis of seasons
Encoded in remote fountains.

Father, Have Your Way With Me

Tie me down and make me beg
But know that I am not your enemy
Won't you believe
I want this for the both of us

So I close my eyes
And his love feels so fucking real
When I dig my fingers in the roots
The morning light shines like his shoulders
And it feels like a humiliation ritual
When he spits down my throat
I come back alive like an ode to the greats
Blood at dusk, whispering
I'm giving myself
Giving myself to him
I am a body of pleasure
Drinking him like wine
I lay on the bed waiting to be used
I can't possibly get enough
It's almost as if I'm insatiable
With my face buried in his armpit
Biting my tongue
Like he ravages the night with his teeth
Oh, his love is brutal
And we're unprotected
And sometimes
I wish we could be more truthful
Cause I feel helpless in his arms
But he makes me feel safe like the vanitas
On the table of a still life
And I'm just a boy drowning in his love
So I don't need to make sure my footsteps are quiet
My thinking is loud enough

So I come back to the olive tree
By the mountain in my fantasy of us
And it's a perfect picture of lust
Where I go to dream and to die
Like a ribbon dancing in the moonlight
The natural way we desire
Reminds me of this state of affairs
How I haven't eaten today and I'm cold
How hectic we love, and wither like a rose
Curse me
Forsooth, I'm nonplussed
And it's ironic, shallow rocks fill me with praise
I am a sinner in ecstasy
Watching the nightjar's lonely flight
Playing this fruitless role
Love bites mark my neck
In every dream
I dream of this pendulum swing
Romance in a mirror
Shaking in the rain
It's the beauty of a stranger's touch
Forsaken
Blood at dusk, whispering
I'm giving myself
Giving myself to him.

In Your Sadomodern Gloating

Where soft stones rot
I cherish undying sentiments
Chasing stars, chasing sunsets
Dressed up like lust
Mixing blue and red
The night echoes
Pour me another drink
I've got it planned out
Diving in headfirst
The candles we burn in past lives
Follow angels to outer city limits
In love with my addictions
But they're killing me slowly
And I know it hurts
Strange times dream to perish
In your sadomodern gloating
I am a tragedy
Victim of history
Ripped my shirt on the edge
And died like a legend, like 4 am
This room filled with fantasy is laughing
Like a finger on the trigger
Where the pulse meets the lake
Haunting ecstasy
Haunting rapture
I get scared of hospitals
Like I'm scared to lose you
I take the bus and keep my head down
Contemplating creature casually insane
I look out windows and get lost in neon lights
And know I mean everything I say
But I don't know how to say
Do you like the feeling of losing control and dying?

Do you ever fake it?
Strange times dream to perish
In your sadomodern gloating
I am a tragedy
Victim of history
Ripped my shirt on the edge
And died like a legend, like 4 am
This room filled with fantasy is laughing
Like a finger on the trigger
Where the pulse meets the lake
Haunting ecstasy
Haunting rapture.

Cold As Hell

Until my fist is soaked in disillusionment
I revel in the scars we kiss
Hull, the glimmer of dying slow
Soaks into my bed, and I'm trying not to
Cut deeper
Cut deeper
Cut deeper
I will numb this tepid
Illustration of dopamine
Blood dripping down my arm
When I look in his eyes
I'm kissing heaven
I'm kissing heaven
Illustrating pink nightmares
Push me up against the wall
Don't break the eye contact
Don't tell my it's all my fault
I pity your syntax
I think I'm sensitive again
When I'm on my knees
I see a new reality
Hooked on ridicule
Subject to smoke and mirrors
I dream of us together, deprived lips
Betrayed by the notion
I'm cold as hell
I'm cold as hell
I'm cold as hell.

Bliss Is A Wound

Dyed-in-the-wool in cursive dreams
Of indefatigable heartache
The moonlight at 4am is a requiem
Broken rhymes, never waning
Under the spell of pleasure and pain
I won't resist
I capsize in your domain
Like a lover, I cherish the memories
Of drunken weekends
Classic compositions like Dresden
The things I love are killing me
Slowly
Breaking atmospheres
Wistfully
Numb to pragmatics, postwar
Reciting affirmations
At clouds and pink beverages
How can I prove myself?
A watercolour, counterbalanced
By the total mass of fear
I close my eyes and disappear
I close my eyes and disappear.

Alcoholic

Seeming to believe in your bravado
I pray for healing
Happy you're in town
I suppose, you're self-aware
And it seems like I'm broken now
Me and my head
Flicker as I wander
Through the rose garden
Waiting for you
I come back to the centre
Thanking you
You're the man I dream of
The only one
My father in a web of misfortune
I come back to the centre
Waiting for you
With no rigid concept
I set myself free
Reminding myself of summer
Drowning my sorrows
If only you knew the pain I feel
So tired
But you don't understand
I'm tired of love
In this house, this genius house
I block you out
Say I don't love you now
To be one
A cure for boredom
The mess I sow
Gone now
Gone now.

Calamondin

By spring you are ripe and delicately
Preaching
Hi, hello, goodbye
Like a figure drawing in green lines
I leave and see fate
From above, I'm ashamed, you come out to play
Then, I frown, bow down, but now, in chains
I can't fix it, my pulse in ribbons
Ridiculed, a fever pitch, a new harvest
The taste of death lingering
That kind of glory like a bright bulb
Outgrowing my shoes, outgrowing you
I can never fit all the things I want to say on the page
Inundated with intrusive thoughts
Maybe it's all in my head, this lucid lexicon I saved
Brave roots at nightfall coming alive in dreams
People, they make me anxious
Like a sculpture in a trinket box
I am a bad cough in the morning
An amorous thistle like a songbird in a cage
Bereaved by the time we lost
Red-letter days, tortured in fantasies
So close but yet so distant.

Born to Be Crazy

How could you love me
Like a lonely boy
Like the moon
Like a dying black rose
How could you break me apart
And feel no remorse
You say it seems difficult
Watching you paint at the café
Where I spent summer
Dancing in a feverish ache
Crying for the moon I love
I know it well, your masochistic ways
Such a nebulous shape
Such a fucked up place
I stayed up all night drinking
And it felt like Hell
Laughing in a cold room
You must know by now
I'm an alcoholic, enigma
Born to be crazy
My love is empty
And I think I could drink a river
Confessing in a daze
With no clear direction
Every footfall is a romantic lull
Joking but you think I'm serious
And that's the crazy thing
Talking but making no sense
Talking but you're not listening
It was so easy holding onto nothing
But it was so hard letting go of everything
The youth we loved
Spilling out of parties

The rift grew deeper between us and then
The pretending times by the lake faded
Like a shipwrecked memory
Saying farewell to my lover
Pouring vodka and kissing in bedsheets
Fuck it, we're like Heaven
Ain't it funny this always happens
Splintered light cascades in your tears
As the earth rips you from the roots of love
Every wishing well is another stepping stone
Ain't it funny this always happens
Telemarketing through the frontispeace
There is no sky in my dream
The violence flies, everything is changing
And I'm dreaming of you baby
And I am a sailor in a world of suicide
When everything is going wrong
And nothing is going right
Drugs are my only friend
It's been like this since I was a teenager
Dreaming of a better place
Haunted by dream music
Where I could escape
Where I could lie in his arms
So I talk to them
And I imagine myself in his swamp
Burrowing into boredom
I say I'm sorry for being selfish
I hate my emotions when I feel guilty
I hate myself when I'm insecure
And I don't feel normal
Weaving hopelessness through my fingers
Wishing I was someone else
Swept away with his careless love
But I don't think he can save me
And maybe this is my last night

And maybe this is my last song
And maybe this is my last cigarette
Cause it's hard living without you
Remembering you like my last name
Trying to stay awake
Trying to stay awake.

Snake Worship

The sun kisses
A ripple in a shell
The sun kisses
My eyes like a winter solstice
Effervescent
Between his legs
Seeking new sensations
Double penetration
Melting inwards, I am weightless
Fractured
In a new state of pleasure
I won't kiss and tell
I abandon myself
And I find myself
Flowing like sand
Flowing like wine
Licking his spit
Sucking on the dirt
Diving through promises
I open myself
Pushing my fingers deeper
I return to the shore
Eavesdropping
In his brutal grip
Inhaling
Touching
Potent, ever flowing statue of love
Kissing his scars
In his book of lust
I am impulsive
Between his legs
I call it snake worship
A new scene

Self-contained
In a world
A hundred years from now
I can't define it
The shadow of his lips
I can't come back from it
Kissing his virility
Admiring his nature
Sinking into him
Deeper and deeper.

Am I A Roman Emperor?

Enemy of sleep
First of my kind
Swallowing my pride
Like the sunrise
Eternally stranded
Hit me with a deepshot
I think I've been here before
Waiting for the tide
Fucking a fleshlight
Flash of light
Thorn in my side
Flushing out my sickness
Kissing you is dangerous
But I like it
My mind in circles
Tethered to the lies
Between your teeth
The faucet pouring
An illustration of hope
I think I'm beginning to come undone
I think I'm beginning to understand this pulse
Lasso the moon
Oh, how the blood rushes
Paradise is a colour
Decorated with driftwood and dull flames
Chained to bliss
A dynasty of divinity
Claiming this insatiable land
Soaking in the ashes of a sacred relic
Reduced to a fine powder
And here I am, a prodigal habit
Heavenward
On a throne of rapture.

Xinomavro

Redwing blushing when your prose is vague
I think of you when I'm alone in rooms
I listen to the nervous stars singing dying odes
My blood is alive like a soft machine ringing out
Clinging to our neon rapport throbbing in a labyrinth
I see strange marks like incarnations of curious doves
Dancing on my skin, and when I close my eyes
I'm kissing you again
Trying to reason with your point of view limp and yielding
The philosophy you wear blisters like a bubble
And I think I want to be your victim
Swallowed by your warm, eternal terracotta gaze
I'm awake again, wishing I had done everything differently
My lover's moan kisses the reckless moon
Arched over a disconsolate afternoon
The words of our youth justify my actions
How could I have known this love is reckless
We talk about the National Society of Pessimists
After the credits, after the Greatest Hits
We talk about Glasgow in a cool pool of echoing lust
I see the mountains, that scorching blue horizon pouring over
My swaying hips, sailing West, testing my limits
Fuck it, I'm getting drunk again
Fucking myself again
Wishing this time spent could be bought back
Oh, how you traverse this love
Pyromaniacal on a formica worktop
Where the irony is lost
Crying when you eavesdrop

After the ache, I lay still, and oh, and oh, and oh
I see your bones, green, like a vision of euphoria
Surrendering to the moment

Always holding onto you

It's almost as if I knew it would end this way.

Fuck You, I'm Sorry

Wallowing in the glitz of confessions
A picture of simple times
I know where I want to go
Like the smut tattooed on your knuckles
I follow the aeroplane flying over my house
Returning to weakness
This debauchery is making me sick
With this aerial perspective
I see your symptoms speaking in tongues
That pale distance
Tricked me when I was young
I've believed in the power of manifestations
Consumed by addiction
And lucky I'm still breathing
Where did you find your fire?
Longing for a sense of peace and suffering
Counterchanged
I am an illusion, but what matters to me
Another day regretting
I never kissed your smile
I am spitting like a comet
Gone with it, laughing when you're not looking
Baby, I want to lick you in the heat
Soak into me
Make that kind of 'S' composition and forget it
Never look back, I regret it
Saying *please*, it was exciting boy
Swimming in your tears
Yeah, I unzip your temptation
Wishing you'd notice me
When life brings me to my knees
Saying *please*, it was exciting boy.

Golden Hour

I've always envied the freedom of the sun
Overlooking the old terraced houses
Where we danced like bands of alluring colour
Carving our secrets into the trees
I've always found nostalgia in summer
Buried under the cashmere, the soft fog of city lights
Shimmers like a memorial plaque
I pick some dark edible fruits and wonder
Is it too late to turn back now?
The theory of life has no respite
I see clear, listless pain
Softened by the ecstasy of your lips
Ripe and relinquished
Retracing the steps of my Saturn days
Seldom starry and wandering through
A quiet forest, burnished, the sun on my skin
The amber glow decaying there
White linen by your whispering decor
Billowing like gold from the empyrean
Loving the things I've never known or seen
The way you look at me
And I get shy and quickly look away
The marble flies by the lily pond
Succumb to nightmares of dying
And the manner that we shake
In grey and purple light
I've never felt right when I'm alone
In the dark, the stars say *remember*
The seasons will show us the way
And the pain never really goes away
Every morning I look at the sun
The visceral truth in a naked room
And I put my pain into a painting

It's never about knowing now
The people I love always let me down
And I find myself lost
By the flowers by the window
By the newspaper on the bureaux
Getting fucked tonight.

Sex Crying on the Wall

Hellbent, an ancient touch lusts for
A wounded reckoning
An ocean song for limbs
Harbour, a loveless smile
It's too late to save yourself
Look back and sigh
My body is sore from loving you
And I can't take anymore, gallivanting
Oceans like frou-frou
Habitually unearthing my dirty linen
Oh, how we differ
How we leave stains like
Earmarks on the endpaper
Flying towards the sun
I kiss danger, a tincture of hope
Craving a remedy
Ask or surrender
This is our last time to get it right
No luck, no incentive
Profanity fucks purity
With binocular vision
Wrapped in a garland of bramble
Call me a good boy and spit in my hole
Tell me death is romantic
And you're a miracle
My lips taste like martini
Begging the Devil in the streets
Drinking the red night like
Sex crying on the wall.

I Am Not A Slut

Will anyone ever love me?
Because all my life I've been longing for love
Nocturnal leaves of autumn
Can we go back to the bell époque?
Where I met you
Where I met lust
And the touch of a man
So lonely at night
I wander to the river by the garden
Where you reap what you sow
Near your never-ending desire for freedom
I have never felt love like I truly want it
Intense eye contact
Something intimate, something passionate
Something shiny like a trophy
I get lost in the moment
So often, I crave this pleasure
Seeing colour for the first time
Pure hedonism, blurred my vision
My appetite, as large as the Earth
When you're alone
Do you ever get lonely like I do?
Do you ever dream of a simple life?
Where I hide my sorrow
Running through the trees
Dichotomy between you and me
Late night, edging
Spilled vodka, lighting a cigarette
I want that
Sex with socks on
Fucked into submission
Give me all your attention
I tell you all the time

I think you're amazing
Putting my pain to the side
I want to top
I want to bottom
Best time of my life
Ha
I got different fantasies
Won't stutter
Never wax poetic
Today is the day baby
Let me suck that
Residue on my nose
Loving you, that's personal
69
Flip-fuck
Fucking my hole.

In Dreams of Love With No Cure

Fuck yeah, *I love this beautiful mess*
Love bite on my neck
Filth is my kink
Goon boy
Psycho paradise
I meet a stranger and fall in love
Saying
Can I hang out with you tonight?
From the meltwater rivers to the Northern Lights
From the meltwater rivers to the Northern Lights
Like a diamond in the rough
Trapped in a snare
I wait in my shell, breathing in the dark
Electric pulse
I feel insignificant, without your affection
I miss you, dancing in a jockstrap
Drunken nights of lust blossom between us
That temporary high
When everything melts and floats away
I wonder where you are
Singing dewdrops, fleeting trance
Counting the lines on my palms
I wonder, who are you?
Grief spiked with strangers
In dreams of love with no cure
Friends glitter with new melodies
A thousand ways to fall in love and die
Saying
Can I hang out with you tonight?
How do you fit in rooms?
How do you stay so humble?
Bored and masturbating
All of this kitsch and schadenfreude

Takes its toll
Craving intimacy
In the most romantic way
Spritz of blitz
A mistake you can't erase
Dirty boys
With doll wrists
Politics for bitches
And all the songs like scars
Spray-painted on our neon hearts
Bitch, that's overrated
Submitting to new energy
Dissolute and salivating
Ball gag and chain
When the dust settles
I think you can read my mind
I think you ruined my life
Now you're kissing strangers at night
In dreams of love
With no cure.

Love Heart Neck Tattoo

I love the way you drive me crazy
I love the way you call me your boy
I love the way you fuck me up
Gee whiz, baby
It feels like Heaven
Laying in your arms
No puzzle to solve
You could have me
Any way you want
And we could live
Beautifully in sin
Insatiable
In our depression
I need a revolution
I need an intervention
No dissociations
No limitations
Pure
Drunk in love
I'd rather die than live
On a different page
My best guess
Your worst perspective
I watch your body in gold
Fall over the rocks
And you've lost your pride
In the shadows of introspection
I trace the primal sketch
Of your bones, laid bare
Cut to depth
How we observe each other
Following heartbeats
Like dead objects.

Tropical

Sometimes I'm torn between a fever and ego
I get drunk and say I'll start fresh tomorrow
But sometimes, I think, that day never really comes
And I never really know what I'm doing
Sometimes I'm trapped in this tricky little disco
Missing all the people I know
When the sun calls my name
The night tastes like resentment with no map
Slamming the door of disappointment
Remembering those beatific days we would relax
Listening to the booming call of birds
Squeezing love out of skies like an orange
Castellated in every chasm
There's nothing on these streets anymore
All that I loved was lost here
In rainbows embellished with obsessions
I adore our anthems, but I hate the attrition of my emotions
Ennui, tequilla rose and a scrowling expression
Detonating at the denouement
Loving you feels like a burst of apricot
On a cold day
You watch me burnish our coat of arms
Famished like a black star
Keeping tally marks in invisible rooms
Festooned with forsythias.

The Posture of A Gentleman

Liberty, you're fucking me up the arse
I can taste it on your lips
You're so promiscuous
And when I say I'm a lover, not a fighter
I watch you harvest
A throne of decadence
Gift of temptation
Two lovers, in tandem
Procrastinating
I want to live in a body with no insecurities
So high, I feel like a king
In love with all my addictions
But you don't know it, I get sad
I get sad and cry when you're not around
I often think to myself
I want to be normal, whatever that means
I think I love it now
I think I love it now
Having sex with you in my head
I can't stop it now
Picture us, on a wild ride
Electrified, hypnotised
I think about it every day
I want a boyfriend in France
Tortured romance
Dancing until my sweat glitters
Smelling his dirty boxers
I talk dirty to you in dreams
Telling you all my secrets
Promise you'll never break my heart
I wake up embarrassed, wondering what I said
Regret it all, do it over again
It's so typical, blocking you out

With sunglasses
With endless music
Reading poems in the grass
As the sun dances on my skin.

Extreme

Another infection, I can't breathe
Erotic cloud symphony
In a two-headed dream
Eat macaroni, masturbate at 3 am
Heavy breathing
I wake up coughing and my mood ring is green
I think it means something
I think I'm falling through symptoms
I think I'm going to the extreme
Filthy boy, I love taboo
Bored of this porn I'm watching
They won't kiss
They're tarred with the same brush
Well, me
I get freaky
I'm really passionate
Hair wet with gel, in my dirty boxers
I'm bleeding love, stranded in a parking lot
Nomad, marionette
Like bitches on strings
Running through the city
Ha ha, I'm clueless
White boy, I never get cold
Rapture in the ritual
Painting on the wall
Bro, I get feral
Not writing poems to real aloud
I feel wanderlust in lucid dreams
Another argument, we fall out
Stink up the place
Spraying aftershave in the morning
Stay vicious
Stay intellectual

My life is a horror, but I'm laughing
Fuck it, I'm terrible, I'll haunt you like a serpent
Staying real, no repenting
I'll die like I've lived, in a sky with no limits
Back in 09, rebel without a cause, in another dimension
Sending nudes to Andrew
I just sniffed a bottle of poppers
Taking advantage of the moment
Yes, I dress up well
Like a king without a sword
Send my regards to the eclipse
Smiling with love
As rotten images rip through me
Fuck it
Fuck it
Fuck it.

Flies in Berlin

It was never like this
Not before
Never as bad as this
Red plastic cup
Filled with blue liquid
Chain-smoking cigarettes
Trying to numb the pain
On a perfect day
The sweat sticks to my skin
Dropped a watermelon
Switch the radio station
I'm getting older
Gambling everyday
That's a funny way of saying
How I'm replaying conversations in my head
Your lyrics fit perfectly
With my bad attitude
It's almost as if they enable me
In a way I wish I was free
From every kind of disease
Living in a mess
Highbrow by design
This year I turn 26
I'm watching the sky grow darker
Waiting for the day I see you again
This loneliness is never ending
Seduced by sin
I ain't got much going on
So I buy myself something new
A new place, something to do
Move somewhere, smile more
I got lists, I never achieve
Feel like I'm going straight to the grave

Missing old friends, sick of the news
Missed appointment, nod and approve
Show me the ropes, eavesdrop
Like the first time I took ecstasy
Tonight feels like Hell, but anyway
I've got something for you
Flies in Berlin
Piss poor, motherfucker, knocking
Vibrator vibrating
Like a rising explosion
Melting through my body.

Clepsydra

I'm trying to get back to you
Letting go of Heaven
That rose garden called Time
I put my memories in a box
Tied with withered rhymes
And placed it where my childhood died
In the deep end of love alluring
Sworn to be true, where youth is fossilized
I am amiss, sensual with envious tears
Every so often I go back there
I marvel at the trees and how they're grown
And listen to the water flowing
The warm alcohol in my bloodstream
Dying like a body with no hope
The tips of the grass blades are warm with suicide
Now I am weaker than a mouth full of blood
Racing horses through visions of candytuft
I look at the stars but they don't shine
Oh, frog of desire
Oh, river of temptation
Unwind with fury and dreams
This room dances with disharmony
Stained with resentment
As delicate as summer slipping by
I cannot resist it
Love in the moonlight
Excalibur, nostalgia cuts deeper
Than a sinking ship cutting through ice
So I wait for you at night
Eternity in all its glory, remember the songs
Evermore, my boyish charm
The rage in my eyes
Kissing you with addictions.

Drowning Like An Angel in Despair

Posing at the end of the street
Bent over with anxiety
I brazen it out
Flirting with vampires
Dancing with a lukewarm breeze
A mindful culture erased
Under dark lit skies
Sure, you have a good heart
Behind your façade
Drowning like an angel in despair
He speaks about the Hindu god of wisdom
And diplomas in architecture
I speak about romantic walks in the park and Wordsworth
I think I like him more than I can say
I get lost in him, like Voltaire and Rousseau
He calls me baby and when he says my name
I'm sketching blank verses, ice skating through palaces
He's like the blue-grey dusk I adore
Derelict buildings, red and gold, the kindness of strangers
Hearts covered in graffiti, in sweat and filth
I walk past the art school, studying little anachronisms
Drinking orange juice and listening to the bells
I watch the gorgeous lights bursting with an electric aura
Complementing the skyline like a sensual epic.

Blood Bitch

I walk through the park as it rains
Everything is the same, but everything is changing
And I don't feel like I used to feel
Self aware and indulgent
In the name of lust, heartbroken and dancing
I get drunk and tell everyone I love them
Holding open doors for strangers
Pleats, accursed, Boccaccio, incognito
Psykter, vessel, mother of pearl
Time, passing you, I listen each time
Inglorious phoenix, with your daddy issues
And your alexithymia, picture us by the touchstone
8 inches in the 69th hole
Medulla, synthesised, that umbra haze
Brass tracks by your chromat aberration
I lose myself in volatile worlds
Listening to cars taper off into silence
Voltaire daydreaming of wise words
Toxic love drowning my blood
I fuck myself so hard, I bleed
Blue cars, blue jacket, blue fantasy
Blue door by the pink rose bushes
On Addiwell Street
I follow the remnants of the moon
Romantica, grey friars, wearing leather gloves
I say I don't care, but it doesn't matter anymore
One glimpse, I'm inadequate
Check my eyelids, hear the football chants
Patrol sign, varnished gardens, just me, myself and I
Reflecting at the Jasmine House.

Europe Makes Me Nostalgic

Everyday I wake up feeling the same
I watch the world fade away
Every night I pretend I'm okay
I would cry if I saw your face
Today I caught myself looking out the window
All my symptoms felt like the past
And for a second, I thought, our love is dangerous
I miss the way it was
Once bitten, twice shy
Europe makes me nostalgic
And I can taste cherry and vodka on my lips
It feels like I'm stuck in a cage
Throwing life away
I think we're going insane
In a rabbit hole of self-hate
History is a pool I swim in
Hedonism floating through my veins
Insatiable in every way
I can hardly focus now procrastinating
Leaves me cold, I smoke my cigarette in the rain
Praying for gold on my knees
With every hangover, it feels like a breeze
I will never love again.

Shades of Green

Cultivate our touch
They say three times a charm
I'm colder than a sea
Tired of your music, chimera
The burden on your lips
The best moments of my life were a mistake
Spending too long in the same position
In shades of green
I feel the vodka kicking in
I feel alive again
But when I look in the mirror I'm despondent
A prince of foxes
Trying to call, but I'm too late
I confess my sins, you push me away
I lay in bed at night, thinking
I don't want to think of anything bad
I get haphazard and sentimental
Watching shadows in bondage
Lavish, my pale skin emblazoned
I think I'm the saddest boy in the world
With a head full of questions
I'm cursed with common sense
Vampire Valentine
I love you so much, I'm loveless
The time between delusive dreams
And the manner in which you speak
How spiders bloom in your mouth
I look at you and I get nervous
It's instinct, dancing images of love
Kissing death
Confidence in words, appeal to sympathy
In a minute I'll be dead
Knowing spiders bloom in your mouth.

Dirty Boy Heaven

Below the choir below the crypt
Preacher, preaching like a picture
I say yes in a lonely labyrinth
Loving you is a celebration of death
Loving you is a way to feel real
When I feel like I'm fake
These drugs are unhappy amenities
Laughing like a light in my veins
Fucking pussy
Fucking pussy
I live with my head in a daze
Strung out for days
So gay I can't think straight
Playing some kind of bittersweet symphony
Tore apart by love
Below the choir below the crypt
Preacher, preaching like a picture
I say yes in a lonely labyrinth
Loving you is a celebration of death
Loving you is a way to feel real
When I feel like I'm fake
These drugs are unhappy amenities
Laughing like a light in my veins.

When You Kiss My Pulse

Piercing through the silence
Love, so anacreontic and dark
Riding a bull in the blistering sun
Blinded by regret and pleasure
I have grown tired of this place
This dazzling daze
As pure as a river pouring into me
Yes, yes, yes
You make me feel like I am nothing
Consumed by a sea of loneliness
I adore the way we get lost
With no serendipity
With no deus ex machina
With no fucks given
I come back to you
Dissolving absolutes
Painting soft clouds of desire
This time I won't wonder
Am I right or am I wrong?
Shooting stars dance with pity
A rush of ecstasy fading
When you kiss my pulse
Reality is a tragedy I can't define
A boy like me dying from boredom
Happiness leaving like a poem
Coughing when you spit in my hole
I hear the bells fading
The depature of the tide
Tears in a meadow
Find the sand, draw the line
When you look in my eyes I die every time
When you look in my eyes
I die every time.

See You, Jimmy

Dying like a rose. Cold water, peripheral. Penetrate my skull. Seduced by rogue syllables. A regime of pleasure dances on my tongue. Death is ephemeral like dew. A melodrama flashing in my head. Perfect, like the smell of sex. The best kind of catharsis. I remember the gorgeous stink of autumn. Wise colours, sunlight soap. Textile, tobacco. Possessed by drunk, moonlit kisses. This is exactly what I want.

Bells raining idle solitude. Reality glitters on my techno wounds. A paradox tilled. My mind unfulfilled. Time is suspended like ice crystals. On that white horizon the blood of the dream juts back and forth. Beckon, the fruitful distance. Time, flowering. Jasmine by the dusk. Bramble. Waltz. Our nature is steadfast. Love like it does not exist. A perfect day when the camera flashes. I look back at old photos of us, craving a peaceful song. Unstrung from invisible atoms, mountains. Observing accidents. A mouth, a melody. Marginal with every coincidence. The heart is a poet. Glimmering bijouterie with no happy ending.

We are suicidal jay-walkers, hypnotised by the brushstrokes we make. Bulldozing the glory that remains. Echoes of wanderlust, apathy, nights of debauchery. Dirty boys craving ecstasy. Jealous of our jealousies. Illustrating our ethnic culture in neon colours. Wasted years, contemplating. Sinners in the dark, burning with a glorious reputation. Feeling like we are running out of time. Romantic at twilight. In a world of clowns and gentlemen, I want to be yours. Your swan song. My masterpiece. The danger in your eyes excites me. It makes me feel like I am on the edge of the world, wrapped in your shell. Psychedelic bliss with every icebreaker. Kissing goodbye to every sunset.

Is This A Sign?

The night is bittersweet like ecstasy
Revered by the paintings we paint
Burnished smiles aching by the lake
Silent as we speak
Listless waves come back to me
I remember your name
In an antiquated sea of marigold
As ripe as the words we use
Whistling blues, seldom here
Waiting for me
Is this a sign?
Watching the leaves falling
Sleep is a privilege
And I can't sleep tonight
The moon opines
Who's going to be popular now?
I eat the sky
I ride the bus to somewhere new
Writing love letters
At night, I wonder are you gay?
With your dark triad traits
Do you think of me like I think of you?
Resting my elbows on oak
Stained with cigarette ash
I can't help but think of you
Smiling at your cold embrace
I was a king in my dreams
But when I'm with you
I feel like nothing
Drowning in a faceless dream
Enveloped by everything.

Masochistic Mirage

In dreams of metaphors
I see you everywhere
With your crystal eyes
With your sensible hospitality
I watch as you come and go
Allostatic overload
Absit invidia
I sit on the hot road
The remnants you left
Now they're hollow
Everyday I'm falling apart
The pain of holding on
Cuts me like the sentiments
We painted from the ashes of fear
Cruising for pleasure
On top of dead flowerheads
I'm sorry I'm selfish
Slowly slipping away
I get drunk and pass out
Screaming through careless nights
I confide in your masochistic mirage
Idyllic as the soul
Tempted by a devine lull
In crowds of ecstasy
Only your love could steal me away
But you never really look at me.

Cinema City

Dreamless traversing the lovesick meadow
In grey haze, pushing my fingers in dirty holes
The orange glow of my cigarette
Bleeds into the black autumn sky
Lingering with no virtue
I watch the rain shimmer on the cold earth
Over the mushrooms, over the weeds
Empty loneliness and lachrymose nightjars
Vagabonds playing moon songs
As soft as a dying star
Wounded boys made out of clay
Echoing requiems
Wearing tattoos of hopeless isolation
In candlelight, I hear exotic animal tricks
Loving you is like a knife
A reverie of pride in embers
Soaked in milky slumber
Mildew of promises, vomiting rainbows
Slap me, choke me, spit on me
Rape me, kiss me, make me yours
Use me like I am useless
Whatever floats your boat
Bareback pig filth
That's the kind of porn I like
Friendly mind, so romantic, laying on his chest
Making a universe out of his beard
Dirty fingernails through broken years
Silver and lavender tears
I look out over the water
Your mouth feels like a tarnished ghost
Belligerent flickering on a forbidden road
Drunk poems and wistful odes, I adore
A man like a wolf

Kissing the scent of man
Horseshoe lies, unravelling you
Obsessed with dreams of freedom
Wild with laugher in obsolete cinema
I wear your cream in my eyes
Piss-stained goodbyes
Anchored to a dissolving ground
Gallivanting with every waning sun.

The Price of Pleasure

I ride my bike through the cold park
Watching the night bleed little axioms
Drowning in perfect solitude
Like a merchant for speed, echoing with impulse
I wait for your love
Craving the rush of your touch
Pure soul like pure snow
Coaxing the wax of your lust
Your presence smiles like a stranger
Wearing tousled hair and pink cheeks
A windswept wayfarer with starless eyes
Blazing like ashes, candid and extreme
I listen to your sunrise bells
The alchemy of your acumen
Love, your bailiwick
Ruled by changing rhythms
Addicted to the tears we shed
I trace myself along the architecture
Alongshore, coming back to you
Soft moments of lust pulse through my vibrant bones
Pains I ignore, the telephone
Is this the price of pleasure?

As Hollow As the Drugs I Take

I could be in New York
Gazing at a Venetian factory
I could be in a sex shop
Drinking coffee in Paris
I could be in love in Berlin
Tied to ribbons of splendid heritage
In a wintry wasteland
I get so lonely watching the sky
Wondering where the time went
Replaying the soundtrack of my life
I hear your silence echoing like pain in the morning
When the sky is azure, and I'm not so sure I'll make it
I feel as hollow as the drugs I take
I feel as light as the cigarettes I smoke
Drinking beer in the graveyard
I am ephemeral in rain-filled meadows
I close my eyes to a tightrope, a dog-rose
Half-hidden in moonlit shadows
I feel small in big places
I see faces, framed by cupolas and cornices
Every time I feel like Hell
Every time I fuck myself
I remember the ripe scent of your fragrance
But now it's vanishing
I am alone in my eternal suffering
I want to believe in hope because
I have nothing else to believe in.

I Want To Sniff You Like A Dog

Talk dirty to me
Talk to me like you're heavenly
Let's hook up in public
I'm like an angel, I want it
I'm sorry I called you a bitch
I get drunk and dramatic
I'm like a boy needing his daddy
With such an intimate gaze
My hands caressing your body
Your name on the page
I think I'm collapsing
Blowing out the candles
I think I love you, I really do
But it's never enough
I always seem to embarrass myself
But you know that
I want to sniff you like a dog
I want to get to know you now
Like a cold November afternoon
I want to ride you like an intelligent horse
I want to dance until I sweat
I want your spit, it's so aggressive
Secretly I like it
But you know that
I want to spend my money on you
I want to eat you like American candy
I want to kiss you like the moonlight
I want to hear your side of the story
But you know that
I'm terrible at chess
I always make the wrong move
I'm always unimpressed
Drowning in your sex

Fucking choke me unconscious
I'm a bit more radical now
I'm a bit more hardcore now
I'm a bit more grounded now
I'm a lot more cynical now
But you know that.

If It Is Not Love

If it is not love
Then I am speaking of the Devil
With my spiky hair and my spider t-shirt
How quick you appear
Loveless and holier-than-thou
But I am not around
Touch-me-not, if you're a king
Bored when I am sober
Craving affection, inventing words
I want your paradise
Someone I can trust
If it is not love
Do you mean what you say?
Do you get angry at yourself?
Do you ever feel like someone else?
Dying on a mountain of roses
Singing to blackbirds
If it is not love
How quick you appear
Hungover and forsaken
But I am not around.

A Glacier in My Eyes

You don't know how much I've missed you
You don't know how drunk I get
Weaving through your subterfuge
Through the veil, above the crest
You don't know how dirty I can get
Eating Skittles at 4 am
You don't know how discursive I am
Spitting blood in the sink
I'm dreaming of a delicious kind of guy
Like a song in my veins
I wake up and it feels like instinct
Sucking your tongue in a dream
Peeling embers from reality
Radar images of recessional moraines
Parallel in the fjord
Melting together to make a smooth surface
I lick the spit, like a boy in a shell
Growing up psychedelic
I am in two states
Cumming like icing sugar
The tension makes it split
But sometimes, I want to lay on your shoulder
I want to hold you
I want to smell you
I want to be inside you
Like a glacier in my eyes
You don't know how much I've missed you
You know, I think about you all the time.

Nectarine

Lips tattered with melancholy
Plough through dancing eyes like burnished grace notes
In the crucible of wayward manuscripts
I think of you on moonlit evenings
Like a glittering downpour in a pastoral picture of December
Drunk and nocturnal
I am a Daddy's boy at heart
Wearing a mechanical star for every confession
Mr. How Can I Help You?
Mr. Asserting My Dominance
Isn't it strange
How quickly we forget and remember
When we were poets
Masturbating in the forest
I watch the nightjars and the acacias
Like dusk weaving through the milky trees
Cigarette ash spilling onto my jeans
You were playing your guitar in the rain
I was nectarine
Clawing through the bells of solitude
Downstream where gutted syllables revel
A myriad of roses breathe like dirt under my fingernails
In a pool of heather and blood
Adorned with pure sweat
Adorned with the vanity of luminous memories
Like a song I can't get out of my mind
A never-ending bliss, that Filth of Life
Kissing you slowly.

Leather Daddy

Show me your beautiful eyes
My beautiful boy
Haunted like an old clock
I love the brutal way you kiss
Slow like a river
Pushing the cigarette against my lips
I watch you quietly
Secretly wanting to kiss you
I imagine us, draped over each other
Breathing nihilistic abrasions
Dancing with lust
Remembering all the times I've loved you
In meadows at twilight
Your love is masochistic and I am a nocturne
Licking your boot, I am taciturn
In dreams of autumn moonlight
You'll never know how much I love the rain
Little things I treasure
A kiss as brutal as nature
Dying like a rose on my chest
Disappearing into dark beautiful nights.

Gloryhole

The dogs are howling again and I'm insane
Cutting up my problems
I walk around like a teddy boy
Dreaming of him by the lake, wondering
If he ever thinks of me
Pale skin, cold mornings in cold rooms
The gulls, smoke in my eye, how his voice excites me
When the moon comes out
I'm ravenous like an animal
Watching him through the gloryhole
I want to make that dirty hole mine
When my head feels like it's on fire
Our love is truly timeless
Watching the plumes through lowtides
Through drumming flutes of grass
Through tawny autumn horizons like
A sea urchin capsized in my heart
Through the year 27
Through black velvet roads dressed in nostalgia
Luminous like birdsongs and the most bittersweet silence
Bound and toy-fucked
I trace my fingers over his breath
Sleepless orchids tugging at laughing beaches
Making love in violent dreams of verbal passion
Furrows, at the edge of pleasure
I am lonely like a painting.

Pawing At Nightfall

Adrift in a state of isolation
Wearing you like an ominous sensation
I am a dog to the tone of your voice
Adrift in a state of self-destruction
I envy your dreams like old friends
Every thought I have remains the same
My fingers slip through, a dosage of sins
A place paralysed by the bells of madness
Sweet like a symphony of balloons
Crowded rooms, death rooms, just another allusion
Rules for me, rules for you
Idle words, perfume the stains
Perfect insomniac, with your bee-like instinct
I'll eat from your palms, the lies you tell
Read well, the infatuation you sell
In dreams of truth
In dreams of shame
I wrap around you like an invisible kiss
And I feel so fucking lost
I tell you I love you when I'm drunk
And you cure my fears, as I spill like ink
And I feel so fucking lost.

Te Amo Cafe Blues

I'm getting drunk and it's not even 3 pm
I'm pouring a drink for all my old friends
I want your summer kiss like honeydew melon
The breeze on my skin, sunlight like gypsum crystals
I've been craving purity like some kind of twist of fate
I'm laundering the dirty linen of my heart
In a sad state of dreaming I eat anodynes like stars
Lost in echoes of dark etiquette
Open me like I'm Pandora's Box
With your candy-coated mouth
Bite me like I'm honey and make me bleed
Reveries of melancholy
Sucking on your Golden Age
I'm a zealot for your orifice
Feasting on your sloppy didactic ways
I take off my shoes and I rhapsodize about you
Chasing the flowers in the picture frame
Rubbernecking at paper trails, stonewashed, slipshod
Argot, landlocked, gainsaid fretwork, benighted and debauched
In your clandestine fantasy
Am I talking to a void?

Desire By the Orange Tree

Screaming inside, you're picture-perfect tonight
Cutting your tongue on throttled rhymes
Alive like an immune system, depressive like black roses
I think you're like butternut squash
I think you're like the perfect taboo
Impaled on the truth, echoing like embers
White flies and aphids
Check out my dorsal view
I wear my sunglasses in the sun
I get drunk like a dead, romantic boy
Helpless in a dream
Creeping through the forest
I hear your words like a trunk call
On a trunk road, like a lonely song
Palliative in your bones, and I wonder
If you knew me in real life would you be my friend?
Would you tell me your secrets if I promise to keep them?
I've been tending to the graveyard in my heart
And yes, it's true, I want to soothe all your aches
Cut from the roots of memories like crickets chirping
Cut from the roots of memoires like flutes playing
As the sky cools down and the horizon fades like a zine sticker
Burning dark in the field
Now I'm alone in this cold room
Where I loved you and where I lost you.
If you knew me in real life would you be my friend?
Would you tell me your secrets if I promise to keep them?

With Eyes Like Candytuft

I've tasted death and it tastes like desire. Fears haunting me like an addiction.

Blue blooming.

Tiger spots and moss and morning dew. Coming back to you, back to this loaded gun, this madhouse of laughter. Teeth sinking into memories of summer days. Hungry for you. Craving you.

I wander like an invisible string past the roses where the moonlight reflects on the water. Surrendering to you. The serendipity of the lonely night. I am drunk and dreamlike, tugging at the dregs of reality.

Blood rushes to the tip. I drink beer and think about ass. Making bubble baths with my beard. What have we made out of these red-letter-days? Morning bliss and milk spilled and Dutch courage. Waxing and waning with eyes like candytuft.

I see the whiteness of angels in dunes. Jasper boys. Dirty boys. Broken-hearted boys. The moonlight bleeding like ribbons, like the bittersweet taste of nostalgia. A painting of life tapering into a whimpering breath, and the realisation we are only getting older.

The push and pull of meditations in long grass are forgotten years we never truly explored. Love we adore and things I take for granted. Late nights walking home in the rain. Daydreams of romance. The punctuality of a piano. Pleasure sculpted from marble. The spirit of Glasgow.

In dark rooms, I think of you like a permanent scar in my tortured mind.

My dreams bulge like a stiff cock in denim jeans, like a relic at high altitude. I've made a mountain out of you, and seen the sentimental erosion, the salt of every poem, poison seeping from the soft edge of dying dreams.

I hated the world, I hated that I'm in it. I wanted to peel it like an orange and be done with it. This worshipped skull. Careful not to prick my thumb. Remembering everything I ever loved. The dust gathering like echoing voices. Voices I know well like I know you well. Your delicate touch and your manly smell. A pearl in an ocean. A kiss by the lake.

Ecstasy Boy

Say I'm a bitch
Goodnight Vienna
The moon hangs in the sky
A crow softly sweeps past and
The day tastes like cherry
Say I'm Mr. Know-It-All
Hello tomorrow
The smut we obsess over
Melts like glaciers
A rush of pleasure flooding me
The grudges we hold
Never set in stone
And when I look at you
I miss my old smile
New colours penetrate the soil
Nights of solitude
Tortured by the vanitas of youth
Biting his lip, kissing him
I hear a song in Spanish
Drunk musings of yesterday
Swimming in sins
Through purple nights
Lonely and sunkissed
Smiling at death
Longing for a warm feeling inside
I feel like nothing
Fucking an angel.

Kiss Me and Never Let Me Go

I saw you there on the street
Three years before I was born
It's crazy how one thought can change your day
Now I'm a lifetime away
And my dad was so young
I walk down the same street
But I'm a little bit more lonely
Outside of the Ballroom
Playing Victorialand like a movie scene
I remember the time who dares wins
And all of the people we lost along the way
How I used to flinch when you were near me
My cupid's bow
My widow's peak
My shy boy sensitivity
And the glory dancing on your skin
How every promise was a lie
But you knew how to pull me back in
Do you ever think about me when you're alone?
Soaking into a new composition
Like light polarizied in different directions
Hard-bitten and ruminating in grassy meadows
Are we fools acting like angels in the dreams we borrow
Watching the scared view of the West from the crow-stepped gable?
Well, I am your unicorn
Your red, white and blue boy
Kissing memories fading like willow chalk
Hanging onto your every word
As soft as the mountains on the skyline
Eating foxgloves and oranges
With the moonlight on my lips
And the colour of November on my cheeks.