

Anthology of flipmodefly

flipmodefly

Presented by

My poetic Side 



summary

Crap Shooter

Cranberry Juice

Ear Worm

Drag Race

The Hole

Sickboy

The first book of 'fuck off with your bullshit'.

New Dutch Herring

Tank-Topped Bumboys

Non-consensual Theft

Unoccupied

Three Bags Full

Crap Shooter

Oi cunt! Feel alright? Are you looking for a fight? Maybe I am Drank one too many Not saved a single penny For the next fucking day, of this shit life You know, this David Attenborough life To stay alive When social bling floats to the top Frothy scum; bone broth A Kardashian recipe This reality, I consume greedily Hypocrites deliver my premium service Swallowed daily like Emmeline Pankhurst Could I ever relate? No, but I'm choking, I know a horse took her mate Me? I'd have had a wager on A fat controller, looking on Am I glad I bet my week's hard-earnings on A fucking race? Of course not! Never with malice, never, ever, ever Bet365, Paddy Power, they're on my team Love me, adore me Sign-up bonus long expired Remember D-Ream? Emptying my black-hole pockets Upside potential? Worth it Steal a nutritional meal from my family? Never Daily Deities sport harmless logos Blood-stained with domestic abuse Paid a fortune, happily oblivious Every goal a hole for an open-top bus Tykes flood pillows, soothed by 100% recycled polyester strips Daddy lost his bet Static cherubs hoarding future debt Wheals will linger Demons rule, even when they didn't see another fucking TV, Facebook, TikTok advert, get-rich-quick 'IG' reference, some other faker cunt Caring not a single jot Somebody else's fault Not mine Because it is A tenner left, so a 10/1 stake Medium-rare, no pepper sauce Sterling/Silva The pair to score Or no sandwiches for little ones Those fuckers, a poor decision Benched, for hours straight No joy tonight, the constant climb But next time though? Fucking next time Accumulate

Cranberry Juice

Been a long time since you looked in The Fog like grip And lucid resonance Of a million shooting stars That fastball in the back A Tyson punch Illegally Which one? Choose I wanna use the Pikey In his prime? Myself Me! My prime! To effectively And pro-actively Remonstrate This self-punch And wouldn't you have it? My Quack's gone fishing In a while crocodile So meanwhile I must administrate My vaccinium Covid related? No Now here you go again Propelled on minute wheels Potato cropper An Olympic torch of atomised sea My crystal vision of red exemption And nature's smile For some brief relief A sexy beast The guy you can't hit (Almost) That... And lay off the pop Just once In a bit

Ear Worm

You're like a pesky wasp Relentless You never fucking quit A constipated Erykah Badu Of never-ending shit Repetitive, routinely chimes Incessant, ceaseless droning whines The bloated tick Chewing through my matter Morning has broken The first? Fuck no This Blackbird sings like its got thrush Scratching non-stop Funky Fresh? Not It's stale and rot Mechanical monotony The same eight bars Of aural sodomy Rollercoaster of hate A loop-the-fucking-loop Of Kylie Minogue's arse Or Astley's cheap promises I've walked those 500 miles or more Blisteringly bored of this disease It's a small, small, world After all... So once more again If you please

Drag Race

Drag race, the quarter mile On the rail, an outcast Loud colours stand out Or get forgotten about
Fast It's not 'normal', apparently To portray this kind of insanitary insanity Lately, on that strip With
big lights, us misfits Yet others all queue To smell the sights, see the frights Methanol in any case
Wipes that burnout from your face Pressure to steal the show When our lives live in parallel That
Christmas tree Not seen for years and years In my family home Are you joking? On my road?
Constant fears Pop! Bang! Pop could never understand Our band How the fuck could he? A poor
life, pure-like H2O Absolutely fucking bland And my Mom the whore When I aged four Abandoned
her makeup at the door To find utility Days like Thunder, not forgotten But I'm not bruised, from that
shit Cruise Not locked in - like him It's my world now That thrill, the how Is up to me To leave my
competition static and sationary Zeroes to heroes - pull 5G's Outrageously stay alive Like Bee Gees
A fighter, no fear Helmet tucked tight Lifting the gear Focused to fuck In the groove for this
chequered-flag fight I know I can win My big rear-end wheels Dance and spin Then suddenly Nitro,
nitrate All out with my hate Lights! And in less than one second All I can see Eyes on my heels - my
adversary Who yields and kneels On my runway Smells rubber, burnt PVC No backpedal now This
is my Christmas tree My baubles My needle It's his withdrawal From this Cathedral My chute opens
and blooms As I did, too late It matter's not for now kid I won this race

The Hole

Crawling, depths of depravity My crater Leaves depression in this trench This cavity Well Takes me down to hell Dive head-first in this pigsty mess Slum shack shame Punctures, ruptures Penetrates and perforates My brain campaign Free fall speed, back down to the hovel Violently but quietly, thrown into a hollow Never ever ending, pretending is the game As I sit tight, play dead In this ditch-come-pit This dump, this dive This hole through the joint-tip Drives through the veins like a champagne bullet train Guaranteed warp speed on the 1G line straight Blast to your past at phenomenal rates Back to the future Aurora Alaska, glistening white-out, faster and faster Lost to reality, interrogate mortality Abstract designs will plead infinity Mind intertwined in-line enshrined Shackled and locked in the dungeon of the deep Forgotten how rotten it stinks down at the bottom Hear them creep Soon comes sleep

Sickboy

Perpetually hungry I witness grub daily Cook, chew, consume My sonnet, before I vomit Acidic bile, my Nicky Haley Never just once in a while It won't stay down like Fury I wait and wait For the round-the-clock grand jury Sentences viscously handed down With little to no warning Judge, uncaring Locked up, because Retching isn't very fetching You see It's not death row but it might as well be No body dysmorphic disorder here Except of love to be heavier No absolution, just prosecution Teeth dissolve from the pollution Appendages tormented Form indented Skin and bones, lament long lost stones It's hard to stimulate concentration Or even plain old motivation The constant frustration brings no relaxation Rivers of night sweats, the crib is soaking Sleep forever fucking broken Suicide watch - every half-hour I'd rather take the Jeffrey way out mate Without a doubt, assisted Instead, I change the bedsheet Persistently But it's nothing to do with heat This nocturnal farce The rashes, the itching The scratching, the bitching Crimson tides ooze from open lacerations To Doctors morbid fascinations My cranium lies submerged Cradled at the bottom of the Mariana Trench Life is not better down where it's wetter Take it from me Every tooth clenched Overt pressure In my brain the dreams of M.C. Escher The bells ring out Quasimodo yodelling in each ear Other sounds become unclear Like the vista from my peepers Blurry I cannot see this ever blowing over Jeepers fucking creepers What a wonderful world Just not mine

The first book of 'fuck off with your bullshit'.

A sip of wine
White piece of paper
Mary, filled by the neighbour
Never courted
Just lied in his favour
An entire dreamscape based on rape
Distorted truth perpetually lingers
Filthy yarns
Scribed by grubby hands and fingers
Matthew
Mark
Luke
John
All of them
Notice the pattern now and then?
Amen!
You're fine china when born with a vagina
Stashed until special occasion
Insemination, forced creation
Cup of tea?
A burning reality - served hot as hell
Not some fallacy
Like God Almighty
Brewed and poured from the parental pot
Confess they say, confess your sins!
Fuck that...
Your God made me this way
Made me perfect
Remember?
So I know he's inept as shit
Besides, child leukemia
Is a lovely dish to serve

Forever a hit
Must have just been high that day
In a 'hilarious' mood - just joking
LOL!
That's lamentable or loathsome
btw
This place called hell
Where worship is entrepreneurship
And simple minds are carrion
For this unholy fucking carry-on
When choir boys choking
On that big girthy sermon
Truly pray
Whilst old Doris recites the same vermin
Her predetermination
and abstract salmon, driving the way
Lost forever and a day
To reality
Rats don't stampede
Or crusade...
Do they?

New Dutch Herring

Twas 2020 One sneeze Streets empty Cascading waterfalls of misery Masses shackled Herds
kettled Nations, heeled Each visage Concealed Well, most anyway Because there's always some
cunt eh? Who doesn't agree Claiming they want to be free Of Bill Gates and 5G Yet utilise both
these things daily Dildos using apps and Windows Transmitting in compliance Whilst opposed to
science Of course a hypocrite Will never admit To stupidity No need to ask To wear a mask When
the next cough Might take your fucking face off Last time, bankers Taking This time, wankers Faking
Tired tidal waves of bullshit Airing stories cheap Highly warped organisms Hooked on populism
Missing the point of sheep Entirely Devoid of singular thought Just bought and sold on conspiracies
A bit like New Dutch Herring Greedily swallowed whole

Tank-Topped Bumboys

Captain Capsize At it again A parrot parody Churchill Just more transgressions No cane Although he's exactly like that useless prop Vain A flimsy facsimile Mumble and jumble The bumbles reign As long as he's feigning What it's like to be humble When he's actually failing Each and every tiring day He might as well gargle a Romeo y Julieta We're choking on regurgitated toxic fumes mate Whilst he's deep in the dressing-up room Leveling down Costumes and panto The Demon King, the Cosplay Cunt Spreading hate Building back better (than the last 12 years) For his £800 a roll wallpaper A must for every Alpha Male Who will he be this Tuesday? Mr. Ben! Not one-half of the flowerpot men Our flobalobalob PM A beaming visage in high-visibility Hard hat protecting blows from tank-topped bumboys Adorning the front page of the Daily Fail Nailed under another bent headline Or far-fetched tale What dress is the Duchess wearing today? When what they mean is Ssshhh. Look this way! Wear your poppy with pride OK? Immigrants are coming to suck and prey On what you have left When it's our honourable friends who have left you bereft Distraction is the name of the game Ducking and diving, blame and blame Our hero of the Tory party Searching for the afterparty quaffs fine Cristal champagne Chin chin.....

Non-consensual Theft

That harmless snip has often been hip Since way back when, we didn't know shit Fuck all actually Pointless grovelling to imaginary imagery Skillfully slicing infants in their infancy Wailing creatures, lambs to the slaughter Carried aloft, son or daughter Hail tradition! They always exclaim Our only prerogative is to maim Adjust those features permanently! It's pleasing, of course, aesthetically God's children transformed in his imagery Somewhat ironically, regrettably, inevitably It still continues to this day Under the table, over the table Here, and far away Excuses, excuses It's for 'proven' health benefits OK? Or twisted chastity, involuntary purity Say the sordid stories Scrawled by men who think in that way Mutilations encouraged throughout most nations Tearing apart the human soul For fundamentalist, brutal sexual control Millions of tiny stolen components Coveted keepsakes, useless castaways Beaming parents have no atonement Rejoice and praise these Monstrous / Farcical Grotesque Moments

Unoccupied

Used to exit from that bedsit
Prepare a slap to wake from nap
Just one more breath before death
A troubled life of strife
I'd sometimes cry then ask myself why
Yearned to learn when illusions held firm

Dropped college for never ending knowledge
Became older
A little less bolder
A servitude of injury and pain
A personal, eternal war
For absolutely no gain
My sheer existence
Down to persistence

How?

Above all else
When love melts
Those countless cuddles
Were worth plenty of struggles

At times I shone
But now I'm gone
I'm nowhere to be found
Not burned, nor drowned
Nor buried deep
Six feet underground
As others feared
I just disappeared

One day never, I may sometime return
Until then, I implore you to laugh
At this pointless, useless, cenotaph

Three Bags Full

The Human condition A neverending mission Exploitative fissions Of self-entitled entitlement
Feigning enlightenment Was it always that way? Maybe so We'll never know eh? It could be one
day we all see the same way But in my world My era There is only one way to convey the day When
the clock finally strikes midnight Not the bell that rings From the last piece of scaffolding So
postcards can be whole again History endeavours to twist a victory Grovelling subjects abject to
inevitably Chasing the sunset But from yesterday A reference to regrets Obviously The tide of time
leaves ripples As a lifetime of furrowed brows Suppressed with toxic needles Shine as they browse
The lifeline of a like-a-holic, counting The clown face of a joker, weeping Lowering to the lowest
common denominator Blood curdling screams rising up from the epic echo chamber Underneath
the noise it's easy to reckon with the reverberation fraternity Plugging away without any certainty