

Anthology of Gene Gary



Presented by

My poetic Side 

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Veneers

We travel so far,
plagues in the jetstream,
bugs in the mainframe,
a glitch,
a worldwide bitch,
an unscratchable itch.

We are caught,
like an insect,
trapped beneath a glass,
on a window,
nowhere to hide,
all for best,
all for scrutiny,
to be examined,
under the microscope,
under the hammer,
under the glare,
and for a moment there...
...I lost myself.

Lithium

Your echo is my sentiment.
You speak of resonance and depth,
your speech is dampening,
and shallow.
Our memories filter the doubt,
and you can no longer push,
so I pull.
I win by default,
non compliance of request.
You quickly breathe out,
so I can breathe in.

Then,
You are here.
autistic,
a christmas day in July.

Porcelain in Amber

A winter's day with frozen pipes
and twin cut legs with all the gripes.

We harvest snow from the fallen tree,
for tea.

The musky air inside holds all its dust,
suspended in a moment that will always break my heart.

The years have yawned away,
and I no longer play.

Oh the lies we spend on youth.

But not here, not in your heyday,
your palace, our genesis, our kingdom of roots,
of where you end and I begin.

And while you sleep, the spiders drink from your mouth,
as though there was never a drought.

and I know you will not flood me again.

My Piano

In my mind I can play piano,
Such beautiful and heartfelt music.
I know every note as i know all of your smiles.
I know every melody like I know all of your laughter.

In reality I can not play piano,but
I do see your smile and I do hear you laughter.

New Clear Fusion

Love's light shines through the night;
it washes me clean.

I am born of sunrise; every single ray.
Every living day has lived through me.

My morning; explosively glorious.
My noon; sustaining and vibrant.

It is here...
Here, in my gold-drenched mid afternoon glory,
I see...
I see how wonderfully consuming my sunset will be.

Our rays are eternal...

Smoking Gun

The mother I had is no longer here,
The heart, it beats and the lungs take what little air they can filter.
But she is not here.
She is alive but no longer lives or gives.
Her voice is coarse and hoarse and when laughter rears its ugly black dead head,
It froths and it crackles and it ends in blood red eyes.
The contrast is stark, light and dark, you can see in her pale, sallow skin.
The smokes she smokes, she croaks and she chokes,
She sears her flesh from within.

I nearly followed down your path.
You exist only in an old photograph.

Primary Care

Frailty is your beauty.
Your inbuilt obsolescence
drives me to maintain you,
to hold you.
To protect you from the progress,
it comes in words.
It comes in boxes,
like a gift not chosen,
but forced upon you,
as life itself is.

A jack in the box,
a trick can of worms,
You wait until you are opened.
In stasis,
awaiting some momentary joy.
Gone too soon,
a heartbeat not followed by another.

I was not the first to touch you,
I will not be the last to hold you.

Flower Day

The joy of a child,
running through a churchyard.
The laughter of children,
echoes from the gravestones.

A figurehead in porcelain,
set in a volcanic necklace.
A queen,
a goddess,
an angel.

You disappear with the fragments of my mind,
they can not hold you forever.

Were your name not etched in stone,
i would surely forget you.

To remember you is to render myself void.

Incubation

You tell me I'm no good.

You chop me up for firewood.

and all the while my thick black smoke bellows through your veins,

Searching, looking for a place to call my own, a cell to make my home.

and it is here I will begin.

Passive

A hope to see you in the future passed,
in the past you were never present.

A name on the tip of a tongue.
A father caught in traffic, who never made the party.
A mongrel fighting a lion,
whose only reason for living was the one for which he was dying.

Were you here yet changed so much ?
Maybe you'll never be recognised; a caterpillar-butterflied.
But I tried...
...and I tried and I tried and I tried and I tried.

Every season fallow, exhausted, exacted.
Have I retracted or is there time for one last sweep?
Am I the janitor never paid,
always more dust to collect, to heap?
My bristles are worn and can no longer reach into your corners.

A spider, relentlessly scaling an unclimbable bath.
a forward moonwalk that will only end in withered legs,
and blistered feet, then nothing.
Life may throw you a paper ladder,
but too often life is wish washed away
with the scum, the debris of a bad bad day.

mistaken, unrecognised, potential is lost.
If potential is there it comes with a cost.
a surety that exists only like beauty,
in a beholders eye,
in an older sky,
an older I.

Glossy

In loops of chaos you bring me your worries,
your TV radiation and unsmelled gasses.
A training day, an industry standard,
and all the the things that we have not invented.
The tumble dries and the dead love flies,
all lying on your window cill, and still,
I am not for talking and I am not for sale.
My answer is not to your question,
the weeds, they have all overgrown,
grown all over your mobile throne.
And I have worries of my own.

Entropy

Grains of sand in the desert of my life,
my mind stores you in dunes,
in overwhelming abundance.

I create winds, sandstorms and hurricanes,
to shape you, to move you,
to shift you,
yet still you settle the same,
with mathematical precision.

Governed by physical law,
governed by bleeding and raw,

governed, I want you more,

I feel you slip from my grasp ,
like the grains of sand in my mind,

I wait for a deluge, a torrent,
a hope to bring new life,
new form, a change,
an awakening.

A forgotten seed,

and the rain would find you.

Quietly

They come down on strings he says.
In a voice like worn cracked leather he tells me
"Parachute silk, that's what they're on,
see, they chase the patterns" and he laughs ,
like I didn't get the joke, but the punchline is weak.
The leather is weaker and has no further voice,
but his eyes speak of a life in a glass house.
His hand is in his pocket, he shakes the loose change,
it rattles as if it knows it may never see another till, or purse,
and worse still, his monogrammed handkerchief knows,
it knows its initials are written in stone,
and I carried him there,
to his resting place,
He is there still,
quietly.

Flickerings

A ghost of a chance,
A ghostly glance.
A stare.
Do you care?

Look upon my outdated, frustrated,
character trait less version of a body.

You do haunt me tho',
not in my dreams
or late at night, but
when all is well,
when all is right.
when all is bright.

You walk through the vast halls of my mind,
you flicker in the sunshine, i cast no shadow.

Counteract Modifier

Ever falling leaves
my heart breaking
all the rules we know
how much to love
will you find me
you and everything
broken in two
hearts beat as one
last kiss
me I'm yours
is the love I need
to say nothing.

Humandroid

TV eyes open,
Radio heart beating,
Mouth search engine,
Random access mind,
Hardware bones,
Software genitals
Organic interface,
Copy files,
Run programme

Natural Selection

The melancholic moon hangs, guilty in the mourning mist.
The murderous sun rises to execute the closing vapour.
Innocent winds unknowingly disperse the evidence far and wide.
And I awaken from my snow-filled dream to shower under forgiving rain.
As ignorant to nature's glorious torment as volcanoes are to life.

Universale Excusatione

Pristine elements exist here,
carbon facsimiles are forged,
in Proper Space,
in Proper Time,
expectant and delivered, all packaged,
uncontrollability in a controlled environment.

I offer Universal Apologies.
Oh the atrocities I commit in alternate worlds.
So hold me, and hold me responsible,
responsibly.
I am finite in my infinity,
I am futile in my future.

Glass Prison

Autumn sky is company,
In leaf filled tornados I am free.
In all these hues,
It's the blues I see.

Your voice is a rustle in the wind,
a rumour, a murmur,
like the hole in my heart,
the blood that escapes my veins.

I long for a home,
a bird forever on the wing,
I seek the will to sing.

These Windows are my prison.
I force the tree's spiteful limbs
Into witches fingers.
Tree fingers,
I pray for their conjuring,
There are no offerings.

I am futile,
I am spun sugar,
brittle,
a lone ingredient,
that which has no place in the mouth of your existence.

Tender

Truth falls delicately from my bones,
the core of me is beautiful,
the shell is not so easy to love.

Not everyone "gets" our music,
but I do,
every beat is my heart.
I blow your speakers.
Voices are broken.

My cymbals are waves, crashing on beaches of memories.
The drums are a thunder, made louder by my bass,
it takes me lower than I care to go.
It is the cymbals that I love,
their waves wash me clean,

but some things never wash away,
tales best kept for a darker day.

Every Blue Sky

The blue sky of my youth,
in grass coated beaches,
infused floral innocence,
I find you.

The blind faith of guide dogs,
in black mountains stacked.
The abundance of hiding,
I find you.

Mechanical in completion,
in pools reflecting life.
In origins of hurt,
I find you.

In groove of needle static,
oxygen free surroundings.
In Doppler effects,
I find you.

An ever thinner presence,
in background radiation.
animation unbound.

Frail of Mind

Alarm bells are ringing,
a familiarity forgotten.
A code I can not remember,
my brain corrupt with data.

Evolutions unwitnessed by me,
I was not invited into broken heart,
this fading away.

Your scent, recognised by my memory,
a photograph fading in reverse.
I am in the darkroom, undeveloped,
I will not see who I will become.

I am on display, out of sight,
my stillness is my stealth.
No one expects me here,
an obligatory blindness.

Oh how I would scream,
eternities pass and you are here,
beyond all my hopes,
an impossible dream.

My heart will stop,
my thoughts will cease,
but now,
you are here.

Comprehensively

Embrace me, replicate the cold of night,
I will then know my company.

Hold me aloft, place the wind in my sails,
a maternal presence, to raise me.

Carry my heart, xerox the code of life,
a nurturing force, a lesson taught.

A whisper,
of trust,
and faith.
A belief of impossible,
a tenacity not forged in my human construct.

Press my buttons,
make me work,
task me,
end confusion.

I need love's exhibition,
a requisition of presence,
a love to hold.

Angel of Mercy

you tell me of unimaginable things,
no lungs or breath to ever unspeak.
I am forced into sparse mindscapes,
unseen acres allow endless germinations.

Yesterday is that which obsessively remains,
where I am selflessly engulfed in tomorrow,
in my ignorance to such woe and pain,
such sorrow.

This exacted hour reimburses everything omitted.

and I am nothing.

I am nothing, my voice is deathly erased,
you, with rigour, inducer of mortis, and angel,
of darkness, and darkness holds you, culpable.
Remover of shackles, lamb to the slaughter,
A Loving Mother.

Consumer Royale

Have no pity for the overweight,
the out of breath at the garden gate.
The struggle to get in and out of cars,
consumer of syrup and chocolate bars.

Walking sticks and mobility scooters,
the difficult bras encasing hooters.
Red faced men and lard arsed women,
their promise of tomorrow slimming.

Condemn me now, I'm for the blaming,
in this campaign, this body shaming.
So many things beyond control,
my ugly skin and shallow soul,
but when I walk I leave no hole.

People say I'm out of touch,
I think that we accept too much,
fat piggy people should disgust.

Their need,
selfish
greed,
want,
desire,
gluttony,
feed,
pig,
and
opinionated.

Big is beautiful,
Big and proud.

And all the while,
the dying sound,
cry of starvation,
die of starvation,
you,
You lie of starvation!
because the pudding was not chocolaty enough!
because there is no ice cream left,
if your wanting mouth needs to consume,

feast on torment of starving children,
drink only tears of broken mothers.

Steel Grey

I echo your curves,
fluids push into every corner.
You hold,
your stance, immaculate.

I am cocooned in your harmony,
your stability.
You flatter me.

I fill you with the highest of energy,
we revel in our chambers of combustion.

We are not fossils yet.

Everything We Are

I am many things.

Am

I

the

everything

that i wish to be?

Everything

I am,

Is

that

what you see?

the stayer awake

of thirty six hours,

carrier of new borns,

arranger

of

flowers.

And

I

have

super

powers.

I am the fixer of broken,

mender

of

parts.

I
fix
all
the
broken hearts.

I fix all the cuts,
the scrapes,

(The thirty times an hour I attach the capes)

I am the name cried out in the night,
I am the hold that holds you tight.

you are the reason
I'm the stopper of smoking,
my bright eyes and oxygen,
my
no
longer
choking.

am I all that i could be?
am i the world,
is that what you see?

I
am
everything
you
are
to
me.

Corridor

The music plays softly,
but only in your eyes.
We have not heard what you know,
we do not go where you go.

You tell me you are glad I am here,
and you know that I do good things,
then you leave.
Your delicate gait and your thousand yard stare speak volumes to me.
You leave, slowly,
a disappointed raincloud that had not the strength to spill even a drop.
All the while your inner monologue is burbling out,
a storm drain that has given up its fight with the deluge,

" and then you came home,
on the 5th of November,
and that was the day,
and you left the sea,
and I made your bed,
and the radio broke"

every word autonomous,
a programming error,
a glitch,
static that will not ground.

Your windows scream of a child imprisoned within their glassy walls.
Then,
like a child,
at a party,
you are led away,
vice like grip,
softly takes your arm.

This party food is soft,
easily digested,
and saltless.

There are no balloons,
there is no cake, but...

...there is music.

Your musical eyes find me again,
singing of yesteryears and the gaps in between.

You force me to fill in the blanks of you,
all you were,
of all you ever will be.

I reduce you to a name on a door,
a pattern in a bed,
a product of a battle not won.

I have come to do good things,
I have come to let you break my heart.

When my windows imprison my child,
when I too break the futures heart,
it is then,
it is there, where the beat goes on.

A Zombie Lives Under My Bed

The fear in his eyes,
the pain in his voice,
I had to stay with him,
there was never a choice.

whispering secrets in my ear,
a whispering of a secret fear.

Oblivious to any given reality
of abandonment, abuse or of depravity.

a secret fear,
burns silently,
thoughts fall from his mind,
creating air flow,
around his embers,
the flames take hold,
they consume,
they contort,
they exhume,
they distort,
they drive him to the edge of sanity.

A mangling of credible,
a mixture of acceptable,
fear,
an achievable horror,
to easily overlap,
to bind blind reality.

That which he can not switch off,
that which consumes his soul.

Then, when he fears that all is lost,

he comes to me,

he hears my voice,

he has a choice,

and I hold him like never before.

Sleep comes to him,

in waves ,

salvation,

for now.

Wooden Boxes

There is a box,
out there,
for me,
from unknown land,
and unknown tree.

'Til quietus reached,
we
will
not
fasten.

But I know,
you
will
hold
me,
with all the intimacy of a long lost friend.

Theia

A primal inertia has held us together.
I dream of a time where we collided,
when we danced together in a molten tango,
a violent waltz of heat and fury.
As our heavenly bodies fell into each other,
we shone a light into the darkest of worlds.

You governed my forces,
shaped all I was ever to be.
A gift of enduring stability,
a womb, a cradle,
a playground.

but now,
a heavy force,
a heavenly force,

a gravity,
that which pulls us ever further apart.
I have all the power of this world but still...
still I can not hold you.
With every passing moment you grow more distant,
Your face, as I will always remember it, is frozen in time.

But still you shine on,
You give light to the dark of my night,
You give hope to the life that I hold.

You are my companion in time.

You are my distant love.

I am the earth,

and you,

you are my world.

It's Showtime

Our game show host,
in negative,
teeth bleaching,
papering the cracks,
with good lighting,
and bad jokes.

We
never
see
you
coming.

Fluffed before countdown,
but you never came,
your climax is waiting,
any minute now,
there is no edit.

Fancy Dress Party

All the best costumes are taken.

So here I am,

dressed up like John Travolta.

Saturday Night Fever,

'cept it's Friday,

and my shoes aren't quite right.

All alone,

in a corner,

on antidepressants,

drinking too much,

and still I can not dance.

Eternal Perpetual

Blind to passing of time,
terminal temporal velocity.
Intermittent appearance in mind,
stroboscopic lighting stealth,
vision emblazoned in neurons,
neutrons,
electrical impulses connect.
Static between interstellar fingers,
forgotten moments later.
Electricity no memory,
memory is electric.
Close eyes to see,
believe future is happening.
Ripped apart by cosmic rays,
very own building blocks,
play well together.
Clouds are not for rain.
Have yet been invented,
lungs do not breathe,
air does not exist.
Memory, from the future.

Contact

Older,
wiser,
richer,
poorer,
cleaner, cook, carer,
maid stupid,
to rock back and forth,
in the basement,
fire burning,
fetch the engine,
deck the halls and check the malls,
all on a Saturday night,
fight night,
one last chance,
true romance,
and every, dirty, secret,
deleted erased and buried,
gripped in teeth,
the lies,
the lullabies,
the monkeyed eyes,
pulverise
the butter flies.
Fingertips .com,
we are here to be touched.

My Lost Beautiful

Your face,
that of an angel.
Your giving soul,
of beauty.

My life,
in storm,
lost,
adrift,
then,
my heart anchored,
in paradise.

I should never have been so lucky,
waves of dread had swamped me,
but you, a gift of beautiful,
a gift of rescue,
of buoyancy.

Our speech is golden,
words rich with raw honesty,
a prelude to firestorms and hurricanes.
A fragile beginning,
delicate sunbeams,
shining through our broken glass hearts.
we focus,
we ignite,
a merging,
never before experienced by my withered soul,
a euphoria,
only accomplished when minds and flesh unite in absolute love,
and time is lost now,

worldly existence is all but a blur of amnesia,
you are everything now,
just everything,
the hand, the glove,
the land I love,
Just everything.

My home found.

Yet, what else, what more to discover?

I possess infinite regret for leaving your harbour.
Other land held no such bounty.
Sweet fruit from bitter branches, on hollow trees.

Oh how I dream of you now,

but I am a shipwreck,
my vessel is broken.
My heart beats with burning memory,
the rising tide does not extinguish.

If I could only remember how to sail,

if only i could forget.

A Life In Christmas

Oh the joy upon your waking,
and he has been.
Such gifts he leaves, of life and love.
We are opened,
wrapped in loving arms.
Toys for their amusement,
battery fresh and ready for action, man.

A return of seasons adds evermore love to your collections,
and your affections,
never a division in loves vision.

And as we grow
we know of his ever dwindling presence.
And presents cease to be gifts,
but the love persists.

We indulge ourselves selfishly in our midday feast,
gorging and forging ahead to the seducing afters.

Her speech takes us by surprise,
forces us to make loves eyes.
We labour long for our gifts,
to bring joy to our flickering hearts.

Pushed into electric blue twilights,
you are the highlights.
Your gifts open for our hearts beating.
the night pushes further into its darkening,
and chapters have began their closing.

There are authors beneath us,
words they use infect with life,

defiantly we approach our midnight.
In the single stroke of a hand,
our Christmas is over.

Tomorrow you may box us,
but today will always be our gift.

Ripped Apart By Gravity

I am holding nothing now,
it weighs me down like a spoonful of neutron star.
Degeneracy Pressure holds me still,
holds me close.
You were once my volume,
your leaving has me as mass.
Superheavy,
we are subdued by Pauli Exclusion Principle.
I envy event horizons,
the electrons of emotional collapse.
This Pressure holds me up
and I shine on alone.

Your Beautiful

Beauty, in my eye, yet I do not hold you.
Every curve, every contour, every everything.
A desire in me, exceeding a need for breath.
Undressing my soul with her very existence.
That I could clothe myself in her wake,
Immerse this broken in her healing.
Fate has me in other unions, futile, desolate.
Unrooted in fertile lands, I am nothing.
Lifted by your beautiful, I am everything.

Fracturing

I fell,
in love with your broken.
I fixed you,
and
then
set
you
free.
Fractured,
in words left unspoken,
I am broken
as
broken
can
be.

Father, Closer.

Take off your mortgage and remove your career,
stop polishing your act.

Stop taking stock,
stop the clocks and open the locks.

Let me in

let me in,

let me in

let me in.

And let me begin where you end,

let the footsteps fall,

a path to amend,

and you,

friend.

White Cross

This moral role,
to nod your head,
to agree and conform,
to proudly wear red.

A poppy,
for all it is worth,
for all the modernity,
for all the new birth,
and not be of nostalgia,
nor be of tradition,
and not to be used for ammunition.

But because you have pride,
because they were denied,
their old age.

Forever young,
a
name
on
a page,
of history,
of His story.

The Soldier.

Robot

If I was to be avoided,
it should be like the plague.
Many things in life are done by half measures,
half heartedly
and
half
arsed.

If I was,
let's say for arguments sake,
homosexual,
I would definitely wish to be flamboyant
and raging,
not
just
a little
bit
of
a fruit.

If I was a motorised vehicle,
because car is not correct,
I would not wish to have any blank dash spaces.
I
need
all the buttons to function.

If I was a human being,
I do try hard to be,
I would reach out to others and stroke their heads,
that is, after all, where the driver sits.

Syndrome

Trapped and static,
particles infiltrate my breath.

I am compressed,
I am held,
this cell,
this hell.

Hate,
rejection,
approval,
my captors.

I immerse myself in white noise,
I reside in sorrow,
in my despair,
in chains,
in tears,
my cellular embrace.

American Girl

Sadness echoes once more in my chambers,
pain, residing in me like a filthy squatter,
and my heart is squalid,
unfurnished.

Surrounded in you,
you are the fastness of my echo.

In Photograph

Folded, creased,
a line down the middle divides us.

Tattered edges,
not in colour,
nor black and white,
old but not dated,
on display,
in a window.

We fade in memory as we lose our fight with the sun.

1951

Broken in circles,
this
spiral
down.

A remnant,
a relic,
valid.

A black mass,
in vacuums,
incision.
Specimens,
cultured.

Future calling,
sleep,
docile now,
humble.

Humanity.

The expectancy of life.
This pregnancy of hope.

First Eternity

The destination is announced...

...I feel his embrace,
but he does not hold me,
he is there to be held,
there
is
no
support,

no counsel,
and no consolation.

This journey is his,
and his alone.

His hold weakens,
his embrace is fragile,
and futile.

His footsteps grow distant...

...all that he ever was floods through me...

...and my heart beats
because
his
is
no
more.

I Am Primal Slave

I am depth in shallow worlds,
not for material wealth,

the
answer
to
every
question.

But
I
hold
no
contest
to
the
beauty
you
possess.

Quietus

Today is the day you show us your worth.
You recede,
you retract,
a retarded new birth.

This taking motion.

Your body paints on the canvas of its life,
an outpouring of you without control.
An abstract,
a schoolboy erraticism,
in colours not seen by your eye.

They take you.
Your canvas awash with human error,
they break you,
they shape you,
they paint you a colour.

These tones are not yours,
a model,
a floorshow,
with no applause.

All of your motions undetected in this hour.
This world has no time for you,
but you are measured,
in black fingernails,
patches in veins,
stitched lips,
in coolth.

They gift you,
cold,
in this place of warmth,
this home.

Unrecorded timelapse shows majestic animation,
interrupted by fast comings,
and faster goings,
and
teardrop
explosions.

You are home,
your home,
our home.

oh, those years of sit down and be quiet,
of all our shortcomings,

our

hearts

darkest

riot.

Fallen Angels

We lie, locked in our death embrace.

Frozen in eternity.

Your bones hold all the beauty of your flesh.

Relic

I come to you,
hands surrendered, open,
full of heavy wounds.

Oh the drips of precious life,
those you gather in your breath,
to nurse your blackened heart.

I say you are a civil servant,
You think I mean saviour.
Whatever you are,
it is a gateway,
a tightrope.
You cross unknown voids,
air does not move you.

It erodes you faster because you do not sway.

I have the idea to show you my gums,
as if this means I pose no threat.
Not sidetracked by pearly whites,
you tell me I reek of failure.

I find us hidden under floorboards,
swimming in dark pools of unknown fish.

No longer ignorant.
I push you into lofts of darkness,
you confront the monsters alone.
I knew they were there,
claws,
scratching through my ceiling.

I sought this hell,
this
oblivion,
now I am here,
there is no place like home.

Here,
the windows only open
when our eyes close.

Perpetual Motion

Life,
its own battle,
the empty can,
the endless rattle.

I find myself wandering through the graveyards of my mind,
embedded with the history of the heroes that I find.

In darkest hour,
and
deepest fear,
I search,
I find companions here.

A time my mortal soul can feel,
a time to harvest flesh with steel...

...and all time is now.

With heavy heart
I read your stone,
Soldier Boy,
Twenty One
and where has all your future gone.

This place I sit,
where lovers wept,
of parent's tears
and vigils kept,
a place where heroes never stepped.

and I forever in your debt.

Computerised Tomography

Illuminated tubes,
in hospital beige,
this whirring, clicking, living grave.
It clunks and junks,
it beeps and meeps,
and
it
peeps.

And in they peep,
all the secrets that you keep,
on a screen behind a screen.
You can't see them,
but you are seen,
every
nanofibrous
imperfection.

They see through thoughts
and all the juices.
They see your tauts
and all your looses.
Where blood escapes,
and where it oozes,
or
where
it
does
not,
and more importantly, where does it clot?!

Then a two week wait to see wot you got!

Rhythm

I am naked of you,
once again, unclothed by love.
Unfurnished;
I know everything of nothing.

In sympathy of tears,
this air gives up its water;
hydrogen
separates from oxygen.

Locked in these cycles
we hold our own truth.
Pulsating,
we pass through aeons.

Bad Compass

Locomotion to location,
destination unspoken, unsought.
But you knew,
who knew.

Beneath the opposable
with benefits, a mock assurance.
Finally exposed,
beneath a wing.

She is harbinger and harvester,
gnawing, undermining a foundation.
Her self belief,
deathly evident.

An induced epiphany,
with drip-feed stealth coercion.
Now, self aware
to purchase life.

In permanent daylight,
he assumes solar nourishment.
No longer frantic,
ignorant of her.

Year One

In utero, in turmoil
defeat at birth.

Bespoker of knowledge,
seeker of worth.

A victor working out an old, old rhyme,
something about lemons.

Consciousness conceived
and conscious of more,
and to the victor the spoils of war.

You were not mine to give away,
yet I let them have you,
you knew that I would.

We were not ours to live that day,
yet had I not lived
I would not fear dying.

Debridement

Oh for the hand that has raised,
that has haunted.
The forcing of flies
through this carrion heart.

Everyone is lost,
not just those you have found.
You found them in photographs,
buried underground.
Confessing all to time,
conceding time to all.
This murderous reproach,
of "every time we fall".

Tearing every tormented second apart,
eating at the meat from your tick-tock heart.
The Thrones in your heart start taking stock,
stop all the wounded time lapse clocks,
then,
open
the
locks.

Let me in
let me in,
little piggy,
let me in,

where you end
and where I begin

Terminal Velocity

See all of her beauty painted in those words.
Feel the warm silk of her voice flowing softly.
Reaching out closes the immeasurable distance.
She folds time as if it were a sheet of paper,
She folds paper knowing it is a piece of time.
I have bathed in her kindness.
I would have drowned in her love.

Fossil Fool

Our freedoms imprison us.
Even now we want more than we need,
tho' we do not yet know what we want.
We do without knowing,
we know without doing.

We do without nothing.

Scaremonger the tip of our iceberg hearts.
This is this race of a thousand false starts,
and we, the runner, he player of parts.

We with the stones and the broken glass's.
You with your runaway greenhouse gases.
Her heart still molten,
we've frozen these assets.

This horse is gone,
yet we search for the locks.
We look to the skies,
we watch all the clocks.
The second hand,
our second thoughts.
This futile search,
these last resorts.

This weight of extinction is heavy,
shackling life's gift of buoyancy,
of optimism.
It pulls us under the rising tide of humanity.

We belong to the future,

it does not belong to us.

Quantum Ground State

Separated by space and time,
but you are forever mine.
Sepia sun faded memories shine.

These desperate remnants haunt,
and they taunt...

I hunt in these tattered impulses
Oh the frequency, eternal rhythm
All that I am is all that you are
Immortality in neurons

The Last Salvo

Though my mind has clearly gone,
my hollowed vessel sails on and on.
Tattered memories clatter through,
dried leaves in search of their limbs,
desperate to seek the plumpness of youth.
Their only hope; give up the fight,
to death magnetic earth,
once more, a rebirth.
Yet far and wide they stride,
the empty vastness of my tumbleweed state.
My world weary gait,
my lucid lament,
only serve to further propound confusion.
Scents send senses searching relentless.
Optical deficits, no acoustic solution.
Solution beyond reach,
beyond my touch,
and I want it so much.
For King and for country,
for valour not treason.
I search for The Season,
the peace I believe in.
For peace eternal,
for posthumous pardon.

Still

Still born of the morning,

The life that escapes.

This free range organism,

unbranded, unlabelled.

But not unloved.

Expected then rejected.

This trickle of blood is an omen.

Pond fish

Every part equal
Sequence.
I only ever feel envy
Then love.
I'm in ok imitation
Please refresh this moment.
I will return
you still shimmer
After a heavy sky blue moon.
Random thought fire
Epiphany driven engine
Fuelled by melatonin
and melancholy.

Eternal Snowfall

Snowfall covered history
All being erased
Decorate the corpse
For the shamed survivor

Trans temporal sympathy
Love consumes everything
Decorate the corpse
'til hatred is unborn

It is here I find my eternity

Perfect

Beauty is the novelty,
the enigma excites.
Your chaos infiltrates my every atom.
To reduce this existence,
I question my entropy.
We are of the earth,
To her we will return.

Custodian

In solitude I hear voices,
whispering,
demonic.

A mumbling,
that which my innocence can not decipher,
a frequency,
a pattern,
a code.

I am invited,
needed,wanted...
desired.

Sleep takes me,
I hear them clearly now.

They speak of terrible deeds,
and in my struggle to wake,
they force me to sleep.

Perception

Dimensions of time reside in chaos,
In entropy.
The gravity of existence cocoons us,
a welcome obscurity.
We revel in our belief, dare we break the veil?
This...
universal disclosure...

The Error of a God.

I fear Godless men posturing,
I fear more the camera rolling.
A sympathy of animal noise cuts the air,
soon to be empathy.
A child's torment fills the ether.
And the beat goes on
A hand on the cheek
Flaunting a prize
A butcher selecting incision points
Disbelief still consumes the mind
The mind of the innocent
No concept of guilt
Dark men begin the detach
Knee in back
And scream to God
Such glee
You watch,
You just keep watching...
No camera trick,
No switch
No industrial light
Or magic
Everything is tragic

Ebb and Flow

Rain washing through my open heart.
Glistening in the breaks and lacerations.
Bloodless drips abolish the memory of pain.
Faculty of mind syphoned, immediate sublimation.
I roam eternity, interstellar dust once more

Boca Chica

The traces of my youth
Of all the places they exist
It is here you'll find them most.
Inused floral essence
Wind driven rain
And hopes of sunshine.
The day ahead and
The journey home
The sleep that followed
the music that haunts me.
I will never hold these things again
This existence is a concept,
this is how I dream.