

pith and passing ships

- a exploration in hardcore poetry

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disclaimer: this pages should only be read by those over 18 years or older; and not by the narrow of mind of any age. this work is barely fiction. should any one of my past acquaintance take umbrage, I will just say that it is only you who sees you in any of this verse. and me, of course.

philosophical disclaimer: perhaps a male feminist turns to misogyny in tough times, like a priest turns to drink but I doubt it. and perhaps the 'politics of envy' encompass any modern definition of wage-slavery or the freedom to deviate, but I doubt it. in as much as I find myself an expert in madness, here then is my 'bell jar' by default. here is simply my truth. my thoughts on madness aim to connect with those similarly afflicted, in the hope they need less help from the pill-punting professionals. my thoughts on sex, albeit only heterosexual sex; are meant as a perspective on women as I might lovingly point to those flaws in beethoven or suggest improvement to 'under milk wood'. I still love you all. my thoughts on those stressed operatives of our less popular public services bear a re-balance, of course. but as the humble priest vindicates the Inquisition and as the erstwhile constituency Member vindicates this, our covert one-party state: this is an appeal to their better nature to think as to what they should be doing for our society, rather than the cant and dictat they are instructed to enact.

disclaimer or disclaimer: I have written of love and the fairness of women and men. it didn't sell.

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stanzas one: "these foolish things"

no. 1: the hairy palms blues

"do not forsake me o my darling..."
dylan-fucking-thomas surely;
the fucking soils not fit for farming
and my fucking head is fucking poorly.
there was such a simple maid a little while ago:
she stole all but the burglars'
plunder, and;
left me with sick
sick sweet fuck all, my friend:
were I not beggar'd by birth I would
drown under

but my shit brain twixt splits like shards
from chopped logs;
and the shards all fucking scream at once,
like, like the fucking sun blowing up-
all the screams are all the music,
the music no-one shall ever hear.
and the bastard doctor he say: "you sick,
you sick, my unfriend," and I say:
"I don't want to die from fear."

and the screaming 'tis now as a crowd chatter:
awaiting a performance that was fucked up
and won't happen. so they fucking start on me,
like a fucking gang of bullies in the head..
AND THEY KICK ME WITH WORDS
AND punch my face from the inside out;
and I can't go out,
'coz fucking worse is waiting.
and my screaming snot is seen by no-one,
and my fuck raving pain is heard by no-one,
and my tears just fucking vanish
before they hit the floor.

I was dead as fuck
but still in pain.
and I came back,
crippled, but
not that you'd notice.
the years used to cry their fucking eyes out;
but they're gone.

no.2: life's a fuck

life's a fuck, not your fucking mum and dad,
you stupid shit.
well, I don't know about *your* mum and dad.

life's a fuck, unless you have no life at all,
and watch some fucking fake england
on your scabby fucking box
until you all rot with gorging worms
while fat snails feast on your shrivelled cocks.

life's a fuck, unless you're a fucker see.
you are a fucking cursed fuckee, see;
unless you hide your sorry arse like me.

life rapes you silently, forcing his fuck,
knife at your conquered throat.
life collapses pissed and sleeps
until another hated hole he keeps.

life's a fuck. don't ask me why,
else we'll be here all fucking day:
try not to cheat, and try not to lie,
or fuck off and get out of my fucking way.

no. 3: crack-heads' got a point

fucking crack-heads' got a point.
you and your fucking chocolate.
fucking smack-heads' got a point.
it's just the poison shit you make them buy.
the fucking gamblers' got a point.
makes more sense than chains
and a greasy pole up your arse.
the fucking alcoholic's got a pint.

no. 4: psychiatric ward

on the psychiatric ward they make you shit
while you are dreaming,
and then they sew your eyes shut
with your shoelaces
and a hypodermic.

on the psychiatric ward they make you eat
while you are dreaming:
hot pudding you could murder with
and castrated curry, severed
bollocks still floating in it.

on the psychiatric ward they make every effort
to make you comfortable, and safe,
and asleep for the next twenty fucking years.

no. 5: sigmund freuid onions

they don't analyse you:
it would take fucking hours;
so they medicate you,
until you all think the same way.

no. 6: don't tell them

don't tell them a fucking thing,
these thieves
know quite enough.
and you know with all they fucking know,
they still don't give a fucking stuff.
see, they are scared to be like you:
that they'll contract your fear.
and why? why the fuck is that do you suppose?
because they are fucking living here.

no. 7: dark-side ellipse

fucking silly cunt
I am the fucking silly cunt,
stunted by fickle frailties;
blunted by grotesque endeavours;
self-beaten; self-harmed; self-whipped
without leaving a scratch.
cunt fucking left meself on the latch.

am I sat mad today,
the fucking silly cunt?
or am I depressed, detached in the dim
light of London days
and dungeon nights
or am i just a fucking silly cunt?
shit sticks to my insides like
unnecessary suet varnish,
chokes my skin from the inside;
chokes my tear-filled larynx
'til some future cancer fancies a go;
and my shame glows like cremated dreams
of the fucking silly cunt.

demented.
deviously humiliated
by each unchecked action that leaks through
my worn-out straitjacket; straight out my mouth
in social fucking suicide:
the lonesome ride
of the fucking silly cunt.

psychotic.
unleashed stench of clammed up
self-hatred,
unburdened turds of putrid
mis-reason, un-reason;
for no reason but to spite
the fucking silly cunt

who'd been doing so well.

no. 8: fall short

fuck, i am down now;
dribbling down television hand-me-down self-hatred;
even the made-to-measure melancholy doesn't fit.
my tunes are worthless baubles, tawdry trinket shit none will hear.
and beer makes me worse in the toxic mix.
and I can't love until i've cured the hunger.
and I won't cure the hunger without love.
careering careless has so much cost.
moments beckon and then they're lost.
fruitless fucking scribble. stops the pain
like my ancient ugly skin stops me bleeding.
thoughts jar like bell-birds.
scrape another verse.
spit and stab this keyboard 'til it bleeds for me.
no mercy for the bastard poet's pen.
and i'll never feel fucking hungry again.

no. 9: twist and shout

brain twists,
contortuous fucking fist,
cerebral shut-down.
fucked skull lists
sideways and the band
in my head plays the wrong song.

what I said to you?
well i've no fucking clue
where that came from. my mind
is home to demons, you see, and you'll find
that they cheerily crucify me with grim regularity.

to live like this, this irreparable charlatan;
let alone to love like this, this cardboard kingdom of curses?
it would take more than
unfucked white smiles and tepid verses.
it would take more than I can take to think of without
crushing my own head in self-incomprehension. twist and shout.

no. 10: tiny

they sing
redemption songs,
but i'm buried
under wrongs already.
too late. terminal unsteady.
torn cloth that was once ambition
barely hides my shame.
lost every fucked up game.
burned every fucked up mission.

they sing their songs of hope.
but already I can't hardly cope
with unseen horrors. can't walk
without my shit-filled boots of self-deception
yet I hope when no-one's looking.
cook my own cold reception.

they sing their songs of loss.
but I lost myself.
I am fucking dead inside. replaced by ugly squatters
hiding in my diseased skull. fuckers. mad people. plotters.
they move my limbs and shape my nasty words. I am
a puppet. my mind is empty now. it is all a sham.

they sing their songs.
but I don't belong,
behind these eyes;
don't even belong
in my own head.

don't even belong
in my own fucking head

stanzas two: "the way young lovers do"

no. 1: snot and aftershave

my first lover made me cry:
she was wise and I was too shit-thick
to realise how alone you live 'til you die
however many fucks you managed.

my first lover made me cry
and for twenty fucking years I never
cried again. except for freddie fucking mercury
and some whiskey-sodden maudlin fervour,
and inwardly at the cricket.

my first lover made me cry:
this is not an invitation

no. 2: captive beefheart

there ain't too much fucking time left for me
the cunt circumstance is fucking plain to see
electric ride to misery

the fucking long-necked bottle quacked
and i'm laying on my fucking back
and ghost of you is near me
like a cursing craving

the fucking crow stole you from me
like the fucking wind
that drives the fucking sea
and I ain't no apes-ma mad running

the spot now ain't so fucking clear
like beetle-bones and slavestones you are near
but a million blue bloody miles away

these tunes so old as new
can't get my fix of you
'coz it will fucking poison me:
got dachau blue insides...

no. 3: self-piteous piffle

she left me for her own self-importance before she ever
kissed me. she wiped my kisses from her mouth that they
were wasps on jam. she offered her breasts on loan,
and expected me to pay double, well:
my cock doesn't do charity functions.

she arched my back in passion lest
I caught her ignorant contempt.
she held me like a child she'd been paid
to foster. she wouldn't show her wounds
and so I could not heal her. she talked of love
like chosen kittens, and offered me some milk.

no. 4: two lives ago

they used to love me. these quizzical children,
hankering for my warmth to fill them:
natural as buying apples. and I did it proper:
brown paper bag, give it a twist; don't
come 'til they have and hold them for ever
afterwards, as the sweat glows.
before they all became cannibals.

they used to love me. groan for my fingers;
shudder at my mouth. tasting, indulgence,
a feast for senses with two brains a-hum
like borealis. still makes me sick to think.
the centre of the earth as a scented hole,
and a clit as a cosmic punch-bowl.
before they all became cannibals.

no. 5: heartbreak hauteur

so your cunt is cheap?
his pole does just as well,
'coz he didn't want you.
so your tits are for hire?
might be a job in it,
the world loves a liar.
so my heart runs cold.
and I spit at your ghost through my tears.

no. 6: twice bitten

so you fucked him in my bed.
and I am dog-shit
and dumb.
so you kissed him on my birthday,
and promised his tongue your indiscretion;
left me to swear at dishes.
so you lied about tonight.
and i'm supposed to ignore his sweat
on your body
and your purple patch.

no. 7: lakeshire

she dressed me as a girl,
for fancy dress;
and I played pool while
she gazed at him.
and I didn't even win
in my cardboard cones
that dug my chest like skewers,
and she danced with him.
and I set about my beer,
the local fayre, and see
through stained-glass eyes:
her in his embrace.
I stared uncomprehending
and they slowly dismembered
each others lips, and then as swans
they shook my invisibility.
and when I dared, through mist of
second hangover, to her snoring
in our bed: I knew that tendered skin,
that flush, that sated breath.

no. 8: freedom

freedom is a fuck you want,
until the emotional bill repossesses you.
freedom is a late night chain-smoking,
and where everyone is pissed off
with their boyfriend.
freedom is heavy metal through
a sultry mist of buckets and bongos.
freedom is the sacred time
twixt diurnal sleep and obligation
to make you come again and again and again.

freedom for you, though, involves
being desired by all as you walk through.
freedom for you, though, creates
a desire to mock me, test my pride.
freedom for you, though, requires
all those chains your moronic
peers bound you tight to.
freedom for you, though, is running
up a whacking debt on armpit-spray
and unguent fluids for your hair.
freedom for you, though, is an MOT.
freedom for you, though, is
fucking him.

no. 9: disgusting in pink

twenty-one rubber johnnies later,
being sure you'll never masturbate again,
she groans her lung-deep groan,
moans her languid arm, flop,
and running down your leg.
her fingers are as hungry
as Tatum and your single extra eye
has one place to look.
she kisses you, demanding breakfast;
and you reach for rubber johnnie
number twenty-two.
the long good Friday night.

no. 10: he beat her up

he beat her up so I took her to my bed.
I didn't let on; he'd have killed a whelp
like me. she cried sad, then happy,
then cried more confident
as I reminded her her body was her own.
she told me she would leave him,
and I must have winced;
and she smiled and said: 'don't worry, pet'
and kissed my cheek.
I dressed her and told her what to say,
and shrugged off the bruises like Noel Coward.
I never saw her again.
if I tried that now, with someone,
she would eat me alive.

no. 11: caustic overtones

sex isn't saintly: they grab you
by the crotch
with 'top of the pops'
and then beat guilt like lead.
sex is trafficked every Friday night
by disengaged male cerebellums
prepared to pour thirty quid
down a thick bird's throat;
and avaricious veloceraptors
with cattle arses-
buy me a car or i'll scratch out your
eyes.

sex causes death, kids, diseases, kids, jealousy, kids,
domestic violence, kids, alcoholism, suicide, kids,
and yet we yearn for a fix like pavlov smack-heads.
sex is used to sell you plastic ideologies
as the reich fuels its rampant cancers.
sex breaks your heart
like an ever-decreasing lolly-stick.

no. 12: fuck as you find

'I love you, but I don't want a sexual relationship'.
she pouts and looks away;
and I wonder if i'm nine years old in kiss-chase.
i'd held a like a china baby for a fortnight,
just in case she'd seen too much hurt
for one fresh as sap from a morning knife.
i'd told her, gently, with no dream of deadlines:
'i can't be your asexual teddy-bear'.
she just curled up, and made it go away.
so I said, through my mourning chasm:
'you can't possibly love me
if you don't even want me'.
and got drunk. and whined. and left.

no. 13: find as you fuck

alienated from her own private parts,
sharon looks for a rich man to spend them on.
hyperactive in her cult of cloak and dagger
sharon plays you off against me.
resolute in the price of her folds and tangy tunnel,
sharon never ever reaches her reserve price.
mad for a fuck, sharon drinks herself unconscious
and lunges for some bloke she's never met.
better pot luck than last weeks' left-overs, sharon thinks,
as he reaches for his garrotte.

no. 14: distalgesic dimality

they are all having sex, right now,
my rather-be-withs; all preferring
men of predictable dimension.
I am a fraud, not loved in years,
and they turn their minds to
the in-laws and a catalogue.
two I thought they loved me,
in this past year; both
meant they liked what I said.
and I must have nought from the best of them,
else i'd never get them out of my head.

no. 15: medium dry

she took me to the centre of the earth
of her ancestors; and bade me wait outside,
since no white man could be worthy.
and she found she hated that very earth
of her ancestors: for one thing women
were worthy even less.

so I brought her home and promised
her my love was one thing sure.
and she shacked up with my friend
and neighbour within hours;
and left me crying on a broken floor.

no. 16: how to give up fucking

step one: get your brittle heart broken; don't fret,
no end of lovers are quite prepared, nay eager,
to break it for you. cry a while and stew.

step two: have a couple of 'physical' flings
with older women you don't remotely
fancy. to fix in your head how awful
actual matrimony might really get.

step three: watch things go quiet.
if you have no money, this is easy.
grow yourself a beard, and be careful
not to smile at bus-stops, or prams.

step four: the first year is hollow and tough,
and the second year a little tougher, outrageous,
but in time you learn, you don't even need
to wank; and you start to see their 'alluring'
twisted manners as so much meat on heat.

step five: accept the world don't owe you
a fuck, and help yourself to female friends.
but if you find you're wincing at their
sex lives, get well out: you're becoming attached.

step six: repeat step one at your leisure.
the smarting wheals and scars aren't worth
the pleasure.

no. 17: can we just be friends

can we just be friends, she says.
can I take what I want
and give
you empty flirts:
it's all you're worth.
can I pretend
i'm shoplifting your soul
while you do
my dishes for a favour.
can I 'phone you
when i'm lonely,
so I don't have to learn
what i'm lonely for?

can we just be friends, she says.
can I control
your dick
without even touching it.
can I fuck your
mates while telling
not one word.
can I pretend i'm
still a little girl,
and rule your heart
with abera-cadabera?

can we just be friends, she says.
can we just forget the days of
fake promises, and kisses
of deceit, that led up
to this very question
and i'll say I was drunk,
or something.
can I just see if you'll put up
with my double-
meaninglessness
and my sheer inconstancy.
can you let me get on
with my life
of ordering a dish
and then not wanting it.
can you just ignore
the needless hurt
i've caused you:
please.

no.18: recommended retail price

a fuck feels cool for an hour.
longer if she wants to fuck again.
but your cock shrinks to a pencil
when she takes another.
and you think: I should have
walked right out right then.

a fuck feels cool for an hour.
you fill her hole and she don't say 'when'
but when she sets to trafficking
her new-found glamour;
you die once more and cry again.

a fuck feels cool for an hour.
your cock sits proud and loved again.
but then she tells you
some 'fit' moron takes her fancy.
and you curse her stupid eyes
with your resolute spunk-filled pen.

no. 19: et tu, moi?

you take me
for granted
at your peril.
no, hang on.
you take me
for granted
at my peril.

no. 20: out of your head

forget all the bollocks, love. all the drip-feed
advertises and mothers'-tales since school.
we live, we thrive only if we are loved.
and you don't get it from these myths they reared you on.
forget shoes and clothes and where to be seen:
it's just a cunning cattle-herding process.
forget biceps on impotent mirror-jerkers.
forget painted poppettes singing songs about anal sex
for the twelve year old market.
forget the lines on my face, love. some you can make go away, anyhow.
some are just the price of wisdom; and I still don't know if I was ripped.
forget clipped patter 'bout celebrity mock-cocaine-perfection:
moulded plastic, like your Barbies.
forget your own sense of ugliness. it's just from magazines
you didn't want to read in the first place.
my hair might be like a demented wizard's.
your pouting body just hasn't been kissed enough.

forget charades of mating most.
his is dick.
her's is control, using the dick.
some people are yet more
perverted and complex
in their stinking-gut deceit
and we call them 'rich people'.
forget your lines, and wing it
free-form. with me. and
forget the little omissions
of cock-salient fact
you had planned for me.

no. 21: cursed relief (on foreplays gone sour)

I decided to love you like a bug decides to open its eyes at sunrise.
I decided to leave you before you ate my heart as I looked into eyes,
the mantis way. and i'm glad we didn't fuck, like i'm glad the unwanted
guest didn't eat dinner. washing sheets is easy. washing congealed
doubts from the solitary morning, well. ask your so fortunate friends.

no. 22: you can't know me (night-club alienation)

you can't know me: you can't fuck me.
I don't pass my mind to the likes of you.
lolly-popping debit-card lover.
I wasn't there when you finally blew.

you can't know me: you can't fuck me.
i've done my years of 'coz she's a girl.
your precious body is so much sordid juvenilia.
and there's nothing unique in your ill-wishing well.

you can't know me: you can't fuck me.
I wn't play games the way young lovers do.
you'd shun my body like a virgin saintly.
while that rich moron grunts on top of you.

you can't know me: you can't fuck me.
I can't cope with your cheap modern sin.
you suck the booze and wink at parties;
and make sure your brain is out
afore you let his poor prick in.

you can't know me: you can't fuck me.
might sound to you like cheapening spite.
but cheap is me, and you are grossly over-priced:
maybe I could love one of you one day,
if I lost my wits, my taste and my sight.

you can't know me: you can't fuck me.
i'm not the type to buy some tawdry metal ring.
you can't own me with some threat of blow-jobs;
one cheap promise will not force my blinded faith;
and one swallow doesn't make a Spring.

stanzas three: dear dole

I.

you've read such shit in your time, mate: Andrew fuckin' Motion's polite filtertips, sucking the life from my tongue. The Guardian whines like a wanking pig. The Daily Mail offers free tickets for the secret hanging. Spunk-lips, sour as buttons, to tell you who scored in the Sun. The king wears a wig made of his dead wife's confession. Sewers all run to the muck-gothic House.

you've read such stinking 'aught-to-be-shot'-ness, mate, as you wipe snot, breathing the death air, like you never waited for a lover. Vacant cots terrify your soul like a life sentence. The only thing we might agree on. And the kid gets run over and the driver wept and the sun shone on your schooldays, and the horrors you can't pronounce.

you've read shit, mate, in such esteemed tomes. eugenics, 'how to get your man' and dangle his testicles in vodka on your hen night. love from a can: offal, barely poisonous. shit dressed as history, that sweet old Winnie man who starved children for a living in 1917. and you herd slaves for 30k, 'creating employment' like the witchburners created clean souls; rays of light won't enter when you wake. and you won't get better days.

II.

He said 'get a job'. I didn't say: 'what like you, you reich's-freek. eating gourmet dinners in unacceptable restaurants on the sleek and blood-stained funds mean't for the poor boys on £45 a week. in a while you won't be sleeping'. He said get a job. I didn't say: 'doing what? ripping off who? exploiting which particular poor baby nation? or maybe you think I should join you, in the reich, with the word 'scum' on my lips so I can swallow my own spit without cracking up. you are a torturer of false promise. you twist. they shout'.

so you're shocked when one of your bemeeked slaves rounds on you? middle-class astonishment: i'm obeying orders, how could you? i'm trying to help ! you get in a car they can only steal, not one clue to the dictatorship you serve. you swallow gifts like thanks are for wankers. look at the fear in their eyes. whose tanks did that? you said 'get a job'. well, you get a soul before you kill. ask yourself what you're doing that makes us all so ill.

III.

smear that shit on their faces, little necktie troopers.
'work makes you free'? look it up, you smug buggers.
so johnny's got a c.v., well, Capitalist Victimhood awaits,
bless ! all he needs now is four hundred copies, lead weights,
four hundred envelopes and stamps, and seventy-five
quid of 'phone calls, a ball, a chain, a haircut, a connived
work history, the smell of death on his lips and, lo:
an employee ! for what? for forty quid a week or so
he spends on Ken's train-fares. do your sums. I guess you'd starve
them more, thinking they should tits-flash their way up, carve
out an arsehole to worship. well, little necktie troopers, they'd rather
be in bed 'coz that's where you stay when you can't
afford the heating. rather than being cold as blunt
knives all day like you lot. we pay for you as we pray for you: you little troopers.

IV.

so they're the parasites? you sods, you shit-arses.
no, they make ends meet somehow without killing trees.
you're the pointless hole they have to pour their rent down.
£30k for biting off their cocks and ripping out their knees.

and next time they say they are cutting budgets,
ask your wanker boss how much he gets.
and the wanker wanker boss above him?
no wonder their only friends are fatted pets.

so get in and drive to a sort of tolerance
as you doubt the fascist cult of youth.
you'll cry your eyes out in your time, mate,
as you see hatred in their eyes and sense the truth.

the only job created is your own, friend.
their typed c.v.s just won't mean a wank.
they get to suicide or 'claim suspended'
for swearing at you lot out of turn;
and you lot get summer offers from the bank.

i'd like to think: you're all young and you can't help it.
but someone's gotta getta hold of you.
afore you all sit right-hand of fuhrers.
or your own hearts dawn and you get your due.

V.

he's got to have a job, so they all have.
bitch revenge for those 7.00am a-roads.
petrol in his car, superiority in his heart;
it will have to do 'til lunch-time.

he can't see them as people:
never been hungry in his life.
never been crushed by bills or bail
or that so-encouraged frailty.
he collects his wages of legalised sin;
they collect their chains and face the strife.

and afore you say: well they can do this work thing.
ask how many supped on any daddy's spoon.
what's the point? to scrub some boss's arse for ever?
one bad week, and you'll join them oh so soon.

of course some of them want a job and need assistance,
there's thirty on your wage already should be doing that.
but bureaucracy sucks funds like its never seen a penis,
that's why that man in front looks like a haggard rat.

see, some are meant to wield the whips and slaver;
some are left to eek out a loaf and day-tv.
the choice for them is not to do like you did;
but to spend their final decades scrubbing pee.

and you may flash your toothy smile for ten years further;
and then your weary lines'll give you such a fright.
and some pampered tart'll swan up and replace you;
and you'll be on £5 an hour too. believe me, and goodnight.

conceit

they say i'm arrogant. I know i'm fuckin' arrogant, stupid fools.
I know lots of stuff. but this arrogance, this cynical sabre,
my 'fuck'em' moods is just my trusty rust-smear'd
shield against this cold shit sucked-dry cunt-ry;
to keep my heart as soft as I possibly can.

they say i'm arrogant. well, i'm the best stupid little pillock
at most things that I do. no bollocks. no cock or bull.
i'm the best pissing poet for all occasions, glorious or pathetic.
i'm the best clarinet in this ruin, this pompous side of the pond,
bar a couple of underworked young freaks and a pensioner, humble as death..
i'm the only political pundit worth knowing. I see the crosswords
and cricket-clues and cocks dripping with blood of friends 'til yesterday.
i'm wise as only certain madman can be. i've seen the fiction they still chase.
i'm looking forward to the best fuck she's ever had, whoever she turns out to be;
and i'll accept your philosophy chair. but that's just what i'm good at.
i'm shit at coping with other people's sordid lies.
i'm shit at keeping my temper with selfish morons.
i'm shit at thinking about when my parents might drop dead.
i'm shit at thinking my erections down.
i'm shit at money. never had enough practice.
and i'm shit at living in this dank, dark ages world
'coz my heart is as soft as it can possibly be.

they say i'm arrogant. well i've done humble and unassuming.
you get turds in your face from other fuckers' boots.
london. nice to visit and piss up some soho slave-yard.
but I wouldn't wanna live there. infested with greedy cunts
grabbing profits from misery like they were
raping a pensioner with their eyes closed;
or lying to their mum about the gun against her head.
for every fortune a man makes, another hundred laid and bled.
I dreamt of her with another man.
she'd got intentionally drunk and pretended she couldn't remember.
I got up and couldn't even puke.
see, my heart is soft. protected by my artificially pneumaticised ego.
my tart-tempered wicked uncle persona.
my stout bodyguard against people like them.
and I hate him too.

epilogue

poem about poet

they are all about me,
my fingers write them,
as my brain chips in the odd
discrete worm or two, then,
I whittle like a blunt knife on an Oxbridge desk,
until the talent seeps from ne'er-healed wound, grotesque,
as a clown when the children set to screaming,
as a loving dolt who doesn't know his lover's scheming,
as the old guitarist who still don't know how bad he is,
as that string-haired girl when the party drugs have lost their fizz.
my work is pre-punctuated by the same wounds we all bear,
and until somebody reads it, lovely reader, it isn't even there.