

AGO.

At the end of the day,
I'm just looking for a nice chick,
Pretty hair, pretty eyes,
To burn stuff with.

Oh Alex, you're so sick,
And not in the eminently youthful, pertinently cool favourable way,
But in that you're sick,
And twisted.

By doing the things I say,
And saying the things I do I most certainly have risked this,
Now gambled away,
I guess.

Yes I am,
No I'm not,
I am allowed to contradict myself,
For I contain multitudes,
And I am hotter than hot hot hot

Swag...
Are preludes to the inexorable death of society,
Piety,
Propriety,
and I say good riddance to the lot of them,
Rest in fucking anguish.

What good stood tall in sainthood,
And could burn wood,
With me?

Set fire to culture,
And culture our fire,
Be the smartly dressed vulture,
Pride your attire,
And never tire.
Just don't end up apologising to a healthy pheasant,
That'd just be awkward.

Culture is not your friend,
It's that creepy uncle you just all accept and pretend is fine when you probably should,
Not do that,
At all.

And it never ends,
Ever...

WHERE WAS I?

On a rock in some forgotten cocoon,
In the body of a barely evolved baboon,
Tucked away in some meaningless corner of the galaxy,
On a quasi-civilised dune,
That impugns everything but their validity just because,
Is where I was
Oh Alex, you're making me swoon,
Hint, hint - you're not,
Sarcasm,

Ironically orgasm.

Relax.

But I digress,
And confess to absolute nothingness,
This is a nihilistic poem,
Or just a collection sounds that flow in,
To words that join sentences
And repeat, repeat, repeat
And rewash again and again for the best smelling feet,
That you'll parade around,
Take far and wide,
Push your lungs to the full extent of their capable sound,
And bask in the pride,
Of your award winning, new-life beginning, head-spinning –ly well smelling feet,

Not even Pete's feet can compete,
Or complete,
Incomplete souls when you meet,
Them.

Arise and arise and arise,
Never falling,
Well, maybe once.

Don't be appalling!
At least she tries,
To cover it up,
Away, away, away.

In the end, I'm just looking for a nice fire,
Pretty flames, pretty light,
To burn chicks with.

And smell feet,
And beat,
The soles of others,
To the ground.