

The background of the entire page is an abstract, textured composition of deep purple and gold tones, resembling a marbled or stone-like surface. The colors are blended and layered, creating a sense of depth and movement.

Contents Fragile,

a thing.


*world,
please kind with me,
for i am fragile,
delicate,
like a little box with a typewriter in it.*

Understand

*What some don't understand,
Is that I don't live in the same world as them,
To articulate my being is to travel to a 10 dimensional land,
And for the difficulties along my travel I am condemned.*

*Understand what some don't,
My appearance is a calculated attempt at translating,
What my mind won't,
And for the loss in translating is the negating.*

*Understand.
Why adapt to a crazy world blindly?
Let it adapt to my land,
And let them have difficulties travelling to and translating me.*



WELCOME

He who would swallow God

They took my blood,
They took my blood,

For Christ's sake they took my blood,
For my sake they took my blood,
Supposedly,
Composedly,
I see.
How it is.

Paramedics enclose me,
It's Half Past Three,
In the morning,
I'm yawning,
I'm torn in,
To pieces that fragment a whole,
Splintered apart, collective individual,
but quantifiable,
recognisable,
By a,
divided,
Contented soul.

Adorning me,
with herbal tea,
And a soothing tone,
She lured me in,
To her neuronal rat king,
And spat me out like a furball,
Like a mur-ball,
Oh she was too full,
Like the tumour on your gerbil.

They took my blood,
They took my blood,
For Christ's sake they took my blood,
For my sake they took my blood,
Supposedly,
Composedly,
I see.
How it is,

They prodded through,
This grey goo,
That fills up my head,
That fills up my skull,
They'd been there before,
Seen this place and walked this floor,

And burned it down,
To the ground,
What is a town?
What is a t - o - w - n?

Oh they run around,
Oh they gunned down,
All personality,
That was,
Left in me,
All integrity,
Right at the crux of me,
Spurious fantasies,
Of what it means to be,
Of what it means to me,
Of what it means to be,
Of what it means to me,
Of what it means to be,
Alive.

(Right at the core)
(Nothing more)
(Nothing more)

I spoke to Hamza Iqbal,
About the Morning Star,
About why he does what he does,
He was a police officer,
He was Lucifer,
Come to save me,
Save me,
Save me.

All the while he laid in his bed,
Oh he could be dead,
Perhaps he is dead?
His limbs are lifeless,
So is his head,
And the wires in and out of it,
In and and out of,
In and OUT OF IT.

O, they kicked me onto the streets,
For breaching the peace,
O, for breaching the peace,
Breaching the peace,
Breaching the peace,

(I left Ella Minnow Pea)
(I left Ella Minnow Pea)

For I,
Told her,
To fuck off.

*I haven't seen her since,
The lady who made me,
The dwarf in a flask,
He,
Me,*

*(I was 9 weeks early),
(the umbilical cord strangled me)
(they had to cut her open for)
(they had to rip her open for)*

He,

He who would swallow God.

Late night.

*Hopeless thoughts dissipate out,
To the place where such things go to die,
Last night your mind was late out,
Trapped inside your one blue eye.*

A Self Portrait.



Outstretched Calm

Falling,
a single leaf lands amongst the casualties of autumn,
filling the ground with gold and decaying
green.

Untouched; wild and free,
the branches entwine and contort.
stilled.

Slowly, the billowing slopes comprise of sods and leaves,
arboreal arches,
adolescent oaks,
hushed arbours.

Silver clouds lay dormant,
shrouded in obscurity,
masked by the oaks,
The tops of trees dance
obliviously with the wind to the music of the bird's soprano,
the percussion of the woodpecker,
the tenor that is wind itself and a soft hum,
wrapped in arches of entangled boughs spreading outwards.

Vegetation and Thorns,
jutting and coiling out at every juncture,
threaten intruders to the little space with
greens found only naturally,
implying infinitesimally

growing branches,
and no room
for the human form.

Until, abruptly,
light arrives,
foreign and peculiar.

The beam brushes aside the slight fog
with an outstretched calm it silhouettes the trees.
It's a gap in the expansiveness;
a clearing.

The clearing expands and is full of grass
and mire,
reflecting the sun above.
Sun-dappled flowers gently sway in the wind,
mottled with specks of fragmented spore.

The bird song flows out into the clearing,
stretching its muscles throughout.
Blue floods in from the sky,
casting shadows of hue.
The clearing relaxes and rests,
lying back in the wind.

*The soft hum grows and expands, and, becoming jarring,
a truck pulls away - so does the clearing,
like a dying star.*

*Upon the clearing lie the casualties of more than autumn,
green only decays into a very unnatural dark green
and clouds, exposed, are made from ersatz grey smoke,
for upon the truck are the words: "TREE LOGGERS".*



PULL

From The Perspective of the Guilty Snowflake (On contributing to an oncoming avalanche)

*I'm sorry, I really am.
Falling was not my choice,
I nearly can,
Hear the quashed sigh of my once-voice,
Disillusioned abruptly,
Instantly I'm aware,
As the perfect expanse expands corruptly,
of what lies underneath there.*

*A faint tickle of red,
Some sprinklings of hair,
Unravel the unsaid,
Bring alive to me the dead.*

*You sit alone in your lodge,
So as to dodge,
The world.*

*Entirely unaware,
we're nearly there.*

*Is it really that hard,
To inform us,
Before we lust,
After the trail of others,
As told by all our mothers,
We are entirely unique,
Separate from the rest,*

*Yet I'm just a cog, in a cog, in a cog,
Turning wheels nonchalant,
Disgusted by our oncoming smog.*

*I will to move away,
Lead more astray,
But wind pulls and the world contorts,
We roll,
We fall.
We build up,
slowly,
surely.*

*Contorting into solidified versions of what we once were,
Slowly I abandon romanticised difference,
Adopt this instead,
I've never questioned before,
And the others don't,*

*They roll on blind,
I am not superior.
I am merely ulterior.*

*This ambiguity offers little to anyone in,
I can contribute far more,
this way,
Adapt and adopt,*

*Blind my newfound eyes,
in the name of the us*

But wait.

This is not my goal,

Ah!

Surely...

We speed up together!

Contort together!

Run together!

A sound,

a scream,

a thud.

Gliding softly over,

screams subside,

none below differs from the next,

we coat a glorious taint of purity.

And then still.

*A torrent of white,
a moment of progress,
a forever of cold.
As one.*

Sorry.



FOCUS



Salutary swan song for the Starr Edwards valve

There was a double rainbow on the way to your funeral.

You should have seen it,

But then again,

you can't,

Not anymore.

All of your family were there,

So were you,

Kind of,

Your photographs seem to burn holes into the walls of this house

They were singing Botswanan Judeo-Christian Hymns,

It was beautiful.

You should have heard it,

But then again,

You can't,

not anymore.

Room

A man knocked on the door.

Him, you could apologise to.

But you said you had to defend yourself,

you didn't want me to think you didn't love me.

I told you love had nothing to do with anything.

It doesn't.

I lost my shell in Westfield to impress a girl, I left my soul in Westfield to impress a girl

I have a shell.

At least I had.

It's meaningless now,

Tell that lad.

Long ago,

in the desert.

That lot,

Pondering the nature of things.

That mountain top will remain long after he sings.

Stars' functions rhapsodise,

While burnt out etchings carve unfolding poems on my eyes,

Of lives,

He and I will never live,

Of borrowed days,

We will never get back.

A five leafed clover yet not at all taken aback.

Sail

*Move ships with the palm of your hand,
Death looms amongst flotsam,
Ingest poisoned sand,
Just ask me I've got some.*

*Hush arbours,
to burn out souls,
Dead leaves disperse,
The casualties of autumn,*

*Sail away with me,
On a boat with my name,
And mermaids and stuff and things and such.*

*I still have your drawing on my wall.
But do you still have my poem* on yours?*

...

Wait!

*I've moved the ships on my own,
without sail or mast.*

Detached from harbour!

I LIKE DROWNING KITTENS



Equal Measure

No hyperbole,

But you're simply superbly,

Good.

So good would you please either murder me,

Or Further me along in all I do,

Will be done,

With you,

And we will be replace with one,

So imperfectly perfect,

So perfectly imperfect,

Impertinently affecting,

Affectingly impertinent Sure you've heard it, Before,

For,

You're worth it.

And not in a bullshit,

contrived,

Lorreal fashion,

With shit hair and shampoo and fake passion,

But in a real rationed out way

to fleeting herds,

with a set quota of words,

exchanged

And done.

And now I'm merged with said herd,

And am thinking contrived clichés,

And ways,

To make you see me.

Believe me.

And I'm saying things said before,

and before,

and before,

and before,

and before,

and before,

and before.

Stretching back etymologically to the very advent of words,

Where they begin

A history of herds,

Like the one I find myself in

And yet bizarrely you and I exchange the briefest of exchanges, Non-conversations,

Barely relations,

Full of terse words,

a hearse full of birds.

Not much changes, In a week,

A month,

A year? Soon.

A terse sentence perhaps per annum,

But yet still I swoon and I swoon and I swoon,

A self-identified baboon,

No doubt,

But what am I to do?

Bizarre.

All because of you!

And as tar fills your lungs,

You fill mine,

Inhale, inhale, inhale

Hail Satan!

Or,

if he's not around,

I guess,

you'll do.



**I DON'T MIND MARMITE*

*The worries at heart,
of the modern age
are, for instance, between Jung and Descartes,
a fool and a sage.*

111010010110100111011011011101010100101010101010101010

*Extremism is what I'm on about,
albeit not in the sense that leaps to your mind,
just a paradigm of being devout,
and to everything else - blind.*

110101110111010110101111010101010111010001010101001100110

*If you believe in science you can't believe in spirituality,
Pro-war or a hippy,
A life of promiscuity or formality,
wise, or lippy.*

111010101010111010101010101010011110101010001110101011101

*O, Marmite, love or hate?
In which case I boldly proclaim "I don't mind marmite!",*

*I'll scream it out at every inflamed blind "debate",
or whenever someone begins to dictate,
until my eyes dilate.*

*O, "I don't mind marmite", is our bold future that for you I
invite.*

10010110101010101001001010010101010001010101001010101

*Post it to your doorposts,
wear it on your wrist,
have your house to bare host
to the one thing on your ambivalent list.*

101011011001010101010110101011011010101010101001010101

*If we are not to accept that life is not a battle-field but a mid-
ground,
and go on living at the wrong ends of the right spectrum in
perpetual hurries,
then what we will have found,
is that the worries at heart have become the heart of our worries.*

Fenchurch

*For all my blustering adolescent daze,
Nothing ever has glistened more beyond gold.
Nothing ever has caused my transgressions to erase,
Than having you to hold.*

*Like fleeing an inescapable abyss,
Or rising perfunctory out of a squalid ocean,
None has rendered me with such unmitigated bliss,
Than what you've set in motion*

*Ever knowing despite these words,
I truly have nothing,
I am but one of many amongst the herds,
Forever damned to an eternity of your imagined loving
In essence,
I tell myself to forget,
Remove your presence,
As though we'd never even met*

*However some distinct part of my mind disagrees,
You rise to my thoughts as if buoyed,
Nothing else in me sees,
How even now I am toyed.*

*Burned into everything I see,
Every word I hear uttered,
Evokes every last memory,
A nostalgically cyclic gutter.*

*Absurdly a butter fly in front of me'
Bewildered at its beauty,
I Tie back it's wings so it can no longer flutter,
Burn its front so it can no longer see,
And,
suddenly,
I am free.*



but i can type back.

