

Agnieszka Monika Wiklendt
Complete Poetic Works
1996 –2007

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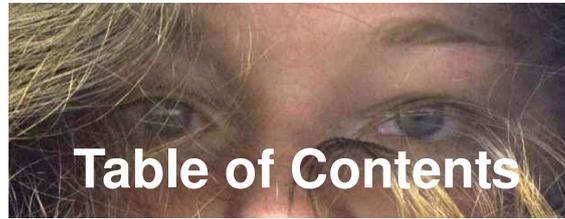


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DEATH

Once you tear the paper,
There is no turning back.
Once you crack the wood,
It is not so strong.
Once you break the soul,
Death is soon to come.

LIFE

Is there someone who will love me,
Or shall I be hated?
Is there anyone living alone,
Or were we once related?
Is there a point to laughing,
Or should I just cry?
Is there a reason for living,
Or should I just die?

DREAM

When I dream,
I am the greatest.
When I dream,
I am the bestest.
When I dream,
I can do anything.
When I dream,
I do everything.
When I dream,
I see all.
When I dream,
I can love everyone.
When I dream,
I can hate anyone.
But when I wake,
This world does take,
What is precious to me.

NON EXISTENT

You know I love you,
Though I may not show it.
You see me living,
Though I do not know it.
You hear me speak,
Though I represent nothing.
You feel me here,
Though I am really gone.

BELIEVE

I am not alive.
I do not breathe,
My heart does not beat,
And you do not see me.
I am the wind,
That blows through your hair.
I am the waves,
That slap your feet.
I am the water,
That you drink.
I am the sun,
That burns for you.
I am the God,
That you worship.
I am not to be feared,
For I am what gives you life.

THOUGHTS

Thinking of life,
I face death.
Thinking of love,
I cope with hate.
Thinking of speech,
I can only hear.
Thinking of courage,
I am filled with fear.
Thinking of the sky,
I can only walk.
Thinking of space,
I am confined.
Thinking of you,
I am satisfied.

UNTITLED

There's something in this world,
That everyone can see
But can't change.
Something unreal,
But quite inevitable.
It is the unknown
But also the expected.
No one has ever seen past it.
No one has been able to change it.
No one has made it real.
No one has diverted around it.
No one knows what it is.
No one can not expect it.
This... thing.
That fills some with courage
And others with dread.
This... natural thing,
That no science can explain
And no god will change.
It is but one thing...

INDIVIDUAL

People will say things,
That they don't really mean.
They will do things,
That they will soon regret.
They will think things,
That they will not voice out.
They will see things,
That they don't want to see.
They have always known,
That they will have to die.
...I won't

LOSS

Laugh if you want, but I will not.
Seek if you must, what I seek not.
Live if you shall, for I care not.
Die if you will, but I die not.

DILEMMA

Do not show your hate,
And you must hide your love.
Do not run away,
But you can not stay here.
Do not speak to me,
However you must confide.
Do not die alone,
Only you're buried to one side.

WAR

Only in war can we love,
Only in war do we hate.
Only in war can we forgive,
Only in war do we condemn.
Only in war can we see the good,
Only in war do we do the worse.
Only in war can we conserve,
Only in war do we waste.
Waste the life of the world
and all of it's nature.

THE PURGATORY OF ONE'S OWN MIND

I am scared.
This room has me trapped.
I am frightened.
There is no way out.
I bang on the wall.
There are no doors or windows.
I scream loudly.
My voice echoes, confined within me.
I sit still.
Hoping someone will come for me.
I am alert.
Was that noise a friend here to help?
I want to leave.
But this is my home now.
I fall asleep.
Only to have to wake again, still here.

SIMPLE COMPLEXITY

The sun dips below the horizon,
And the moon disappears beyond the trees.
Life discontinues to vibrate through the air.
Undying is the facelessness of the dark beasts
As they roam my mind in search for truth.
Day by day,
As the years get longer and longer.
A third of life,
Spent in this mythical world.
Unable to determine Fact from Fiction,
Dream and Reality, Right from Wrong.
Forever, will I feel the ugly depths
Of my own sub-conscience.

THE WINDOWS OF LIFE

To relax I often meditate
And take myself to places in my mind.
I usually find myself in an endless wooden corridor.
I cannot walk straight through it,
As it has obstacles.
There may be a door that I have to open,
Or a window that I may have to climb through.
Everything I pass seems to have its own feel to it.
This door feels guilt,
This one feels depressed,
Yet another feels failure.
Some windows feel happiness,
Others feel satisfaction,
While those left feel love.
My life is a constant effort
Of opening these doors
And through some windows I will climb,
But most windows are beyond my reach,
And I will never fully experience
Their compassion.

LET ME LIVE

Give me wings,
and I will fly.
Teach me love,
and I will seek it.
Lend me a book,
and I will read.
Speak to me,
and I will understand.
Allow me to rise,

AND I WILL WALK.

Keep me in darkness,
and I will find the light.
Show me fire,
and I will burn.
Let me live,
and I will die.

SURVIVAL

Time ticks by,
My fate is sealed by the whisper of the breeze.
The constant traps of life come all at once.
Hope is farther, farther away
Than I can ever reach.
My goals and aspirations,
Never to be completed
Because the sea's waves have stopped forming.
The prey have become extinct,
The predators have died and decayed.
I do not know what lies ahead of me.
I do not know where I should go now.
I do not know how I will survive,
But I will not survive.
I will not become extinct,
Or decay, or fade away like the breeze.
Close by I see a dark space.
Close by I see hate and death.
Close by I see myself.
I am dark and hateful
Why? Why is that so?
I hate not people,
I hate not myself...
It is life I hate.
I am the evil
Within myself
That I fight.
I am the evil
That I will never
Win against.
I am the evil,
The only evil
That feels remorse,
That feels shame,
That feels sympathy,
That feels.
I am the good evil
Everyone flocks to.
Do they not fear me?
I growl at them,
They do not retreat.
Why do I fear them?
They have become my hope.
They have become my life.
They are what I live for.
They have dominated my mind.
They are who I admire.
They know
What lies ahead of them.
They know
Where they should go now.
They know
How they will survive,
And they will survive.
All I can do
Is watch them live.
Watch them be happy.

KILLING

Accepting me,
Gives you life.
Following me,
Makes you sick.
Opposing me,
You will heal.
Killing me,
Will kill you.

AWE

As i lie here,
in my territory,
i think of the World.
i think of It's greatness.
of It's immensity.
of It's importance.
i compare It
with my own greatness.
my own immensity.
my own importance.
and i realise,
how little i really am.

JANUARY > MARCH 1997

TWIDDLE, TWIDDLE

An urgency to do nothing
Plagues me this moment.
Only wanting to twiddle my pen
In my hand, between my fingers.
I thrust my pen behind my ear
And think of the time I've wasted.

A FINDING

I am not lost,
For I am here.
I am not alone,
You are with me.
There is a constant buzz
all around us:
We stand here
Unable to move.
We do not know
What to search for,
We have no idea
What it is that brought us here.
Maybe we share a mind,
Maybe we share a body,
Maybe we share a love,
Maybe we share a soul,
Maybe we share a time,
Maybe we share a place,
While all the others
Share the universe.

THE MIND

Bewildered, awed, inspired.
An art of it's own.
Electrical impulses
Plague the fragile structure.
A factory of knowledge.
A factory of the senses.
The processor of life,
The understanding of death.
The filing cabinet of truth,
The maker of fiction.
Not indescribable,
But unknowable.

EVIL DAYS

Linger do the days
That gloat their infinity.
Forever pleased
With their continuity.
Always in remembrance
Of their superiority.

Hide from them we can't
As they are imminent.
Scar us they do
With the pain they shunt.
Heal us they may
For we are impatient.

They will never leave us
As long as we subsist.
But it's not easy to survive
When life is like stumbling
Through a thick mist.

RETROSPECT

Listen to my actions,
I will make them loud for you.
Observe my ambiguous words,
Simple they will be.
Feel my darkness,
As the light is born within me.
Taste my anguish,
It is sweet and caressing.
My hide away- six feet deep,
Is filled with remains of memories.
Such are my thoughts,
Filled with the pain of my past.
Blurred are the faces,
That I can clearly see.
Silent are the voices,
That scream in my ears.
I stroke the blunt evil,
As I hope for it to bring the night.

COMPASSIONATE EVIL

Can you hear the darkness
That is stalking me?
Can you see the fear
It possesses?
Can you taste the evil
That I must conquer?
Can you feel the love
That it holds for you?

DREAMER

He awakens the night
With the soft tune of war.
He feels the black rainbow
Beneath his feet.
He is no god,
Only a dreamer.
Decomposing the impossibilities
Of the world that betrayed him.
Never seeing the light of darkness
Has made him forever cold.

APRIL > JUNE 1997

PHOBIA

Thy imagination,
tho' playful and happy,
ran me wild.
Thy hallucinations,
however insane or disjointed,
inspired my living days.
I found myself in thee,
after I had searched a lifetime
through thy wilderness.
Too innocent was I,
to experience the love
that thou intended to be mine.

Push away, did I,
when thy boundaries
enclosed my will and freedom.
Cruel were the ways
which thou fondled my memories,
losing them here and there.
Humiliating were thy
mockeries and jokes
of my treasures.

I shall strike thee down!
With my sword I will slay!
And with my blood I will poison!
Never shall you live in me
like you have forever before,
for this is my world now.

BEST FRIENDS

i beg you to talk
yet you turn away
i beg you again
you push me hard
i beg once more
you spit in my face.
i sit, offended and closed up
you come along and ask:
why haven't you asked for us to talk?
i hang my head and say:
i'm sorry, i didn't think of that.
You call me heartless
and say i don't give a shit.
i'm sorry, it was obviously
all my fault, just like you said.

I LOVE THEE

The love I feel for thee,
Is the love I feel for everyone.
The thing I want from thee, or anyone,
Is only understanding,
and acceptance of my fearful ways.
I hope not to scare thee, or anyone else,
as my thoughts sometimes do.

THE DUO

I am your darkness - an alley way.
Moist, smelly,
Rat infested.
I am vermin - only what you see.
Plenty of hurt,
Blood stained shirts.

I am the criminal - steal all you have.
Strip your car,
No compassion.
I am lifeless - hidden in shadows.
Under water,
Behind fences.

I tell you nothing - a second identity.
and lie feverishly.
Lock your secrets.
I became sick - mentally abusive.
Violently calm,
Safely unstable.
I forgive not the innocent - i am guilty.
Charged for living
Charged for loving
Charged for dying.

I am desperate - look in the mirror.
Grobe inside you,
Find your hate,
Use it to fool you.
I am you, you damn fool.
I'm just you.

Fuck you're messed up.

RAPIST

Run from me,
For I am not good for you.
Run,
I will not forgive you,
But you must disappear.
Wait! Come back.
I still love you.
I do not want you to run.
Why have you gone so far?
Why will you not return to me?
Has the lust already died?
Do you no longer yearn for me?
Am I not special any more?
You hate me, I know.
I contaminated you,
I beat and hurt you.
I don't deserve you.
Yet you follow my ways,
And you hold my hand.
You should be afraid of me,
Though I see no evidence of that.
You draw me nearer, suck me in.
You play and scramble my mind.
Until it is dead.
Well, then.
It is dead.
It *is* dead.

IMMORALITY

I am told that i am wrong
to bottle my feelings,
but when i speak
my feelings hurt all those i love.
My actions speak louder
than my words,
and i cannot help but feel
quite worthless and heartless.
Everyone chooses to hate
my ways and thoughts,
but when i ask them why
they only tell me i am wrong.
I have signed an evil creed
with the good of my soul,
that says i am to stay
despite how much i want to go.
I did this for the ones who saw my good
and those who understood me,
but now there is no one any more
and i have the contract still in my hand.
Tear it i would,
but i have no strength.
Burn it i could,
but no one lends me a match.
They tell me to wake up
and realise what i'm doing,
What? What is it that i'm doing?
What hurts you that you see in me?
Yet no one will say
who my devil is,
and no one cares to show me
the righteous way.

MYSTERIES

Smelling, Tasting...
or Savouring and Consuming?
Testing and Choosing,
a Learned Man.

Looking, Hearing...
or Seeing and Listening?
Evidence and Proof,
a Fair Man.

Touching, Sharing...
or Feeling and Caring?
Wanting and Loving,
a Loving Man.

Life, Death...
or Living and Dying?
Beginning and End,
Any Man.

Thinking, Knowing...
or Understanding and Exploring?
Theories and Mysteries,
Every Man.

NA WZAJEM

I own a grave. It is a shallow hole.
In my grave lies my wooden coffin.
My white suit compliments the lining.
The coldness of my dead heart is not surprising.
Empty was my mind, and I could not feel.
Boring was my soul, which tore us apart.
You loved me, you fool.
I abused you. I hurt your wraith.
You forgave me, but I died.
It was *your* fault, but I still mourn for you.

BEHOLDING

Never the truth,
Shall be told.
Never acceptance,
Will you behold.
You are a liar,
And I am a pig.
To heaven you will go,
And to hell I will dig.
The face of God,
You shall see.
Torture from the Devil,
Is what is for me.
You will live,
And I will die.
You will know,
I will wonder why.
For you there is love,
For me there is hate.
You hook the rod,
And I take the bait.

BLISS

I feel dissected,
Opened at the chest.
My heart still beats,
In the rhythm of life.
I find a needle,
thread and courage.
Sewing the skin slowly,
As not to make mistakes.
Healing is painful,
Long and consuming.
You see, but dislike
So my wound is torn open.
I rest in your hands,
Bloody from the deed.
My heart is stilled,
Your want is achieved.

IMPERFECTA

Writing away
like an insane fool
suffering each day
it's what i do
Wanting to sleep
forever unawake
digging holes deep
everything is at stake
May i please kill
this evil in me
i must not fill
her dreaded creed
All in black
dressed by her
she plans my track
my connoisseur
Her i do love
and him i hate
she fits like a glove
my perfect mate
But she does not want this
my intensity she fears
not wanting my kiss
or whisper in my ears
At day i will see
and at night, hear
let it so be
if she cannot be near

BLACK SILK

Black silk
Long silk
Long thoughts
Straight thoughts
Straight hair
Black hair
Black silk
Soft silk
Soft words
Her words
Her laugh
Black laugh
Black silk
Fragile silk
Fragile body
Curved body
Curved wants
Black wants
Black silk
Loutish silk
Loutish feelings
Wrong feelings
Wrong writings
Black writings
Black silk
Natural silk
Natural life
Sick life
Sick mind
Black mind
Black silk

FOR NOTHING, AND FOR EVERYTHING.

Thankyou:
For your negligence
and frightful abuse,
I am now the strong one.
For your mockery and ridicule
of my feeling heart,
I cope with all situations.
For everything you took from me
and never gave back,
I need only few possessions.
For locking me in here
with nothing for amusement,
I have a writer's imagination.
For the people you had met
and I could not,
I have developed a love for them.
For all the food and water
that had escaped my mouth,
I waste not a crumb.
For the great tyrannies and propaganda
that you had imposed on me,
I am now immune to falsifications.
But what use is this experience
to me in your world,
if I am nothing but your laboratory rat?

I, THE DEMON

Little fairy,
come inside
in my mind.
Hee hee!
Please dance,
and run and prance.
I see you,
you're flying
up there without me.
Why are you leaving?
Gone. You're gone.
My only hope,
my only sane thought.
I wanted to touch you,
I wanted you to kiss me.
I looked at your body
and your little wings.
I laughed at your jokes
and played your games.
Didn't you like me?
Was I too obsessive?
Too violent when I hit you?
When I abused you?
When I took you for granted?
I thought you liked being bound,
tied and tortured.
I made the little cage for you
with a dainty little lock.
I would have let you go,
some day.
Some day if I found myself.
Somewhere on a distant shelf.
Nowhere in particular.

THE LIFE-LONG WAR

i was going to write You a letter
but i feared that what i was to say
would only offend You more.
It seems no matter what i do
and no matter what i try to say
i tend to fuck Everyone dry.
It's a shame really,
because i wanted this to work
but You gave me not the power.
i fear You now, with Your army
and Henchmen on Your side.
i must seem a nuisance under Your feet,
i feel You wanting to be rid of me
but i persist, and You hate the force i use,
You hate what i use it for.
The war that i started for You
is getting out of my hands, into Yours
i can do nothing but follow Your commands.
i am weak, and i am giving up
You were too skilled with the bow and arrow
that You shot through my heart.

[SCOFF] SHE KNOWS NOTHING

I have brought with me many arguments
to defend my frightful ways
but i always find better and stronger
voices that work best against me.
I cannot resolve these wars around me
even though i provoked them all
for they belittle me and shoot
bullets through my chest and mind.
I am to blame, or so i am told
and it is my work and deeds they fight over
but what is my work? what are my deeds?
why will no one talk to me?
It seems the only way i am entitled to feel pain
is if someone close to me dies
or if my beloved parents were to divorce
till then, i am just an insignificant tyrant.

AWARENESS

I think i am innocent
yet i am accused of atrocities.
i deny everything
yet you push these ideas into me.
i begin to believe you
i think i am to blame.
i did not pull the trigger,
yet you condemn me to death.

JULY > SEPTEMBER 1997

I WANT YOU

All i want to do is sleep, but sleep does not come to me.
I am still thinking of you, but i do not want you. I cannot
seem to let you go. I still want to hold you, to caress you,
to be with you, but i do not want you. Will you forgive me
if i try again? I have already forgiven myself. Touch me,
won't you? Feel my skin against yours - can you not feel
the heat? You are cold and pale from fright, but i do not
want you. Why do you fear me? I am only an old
stranger young enough to be you, but twice your age.
You do not understand what i want, but I do not want
you. I do not want your love. Accept me, will you not?
Accept what i do to you - tell no one. You are mine, but i
do not want you.

LOVER

Be with me
Sweetness itself,
Feed me your soul,
Which will lead to your death.
Torment my mind,
with lustful intentions,
you will lead me astray,
but will be my sanction.
Tell me what to do
take control of my life,
tease me, make me patient,
won't you be my wife?

THE ONE FOR WHAT?

My name is false,
my life is a lie,
my body is not mine,
and my mind has died.
I am only what i have, and what have i?
Some clothes, some books,
no money, no pride.

So am i poor? Am i worthless?
I ask you: does it matter
when i am here for you only?
I am hidden under
the cloak of negligence
i do not allow myself
to be found or known.

Not to anyone do i cry or plead.
Not anyone do i look up to.
But anyone can be everyone
and everyone can be someone
that someone might be you.

I will not veil myself from you.
You are not merely someone,
you are The One.

ONLY ME

Shame. Such a shame.
A love gone wasted,
not used, but not unused.
Not exploited, or even abused.
A love so deep
it is hidden there.
It cannot break free
its mistress is scared.
She will not set it loose,
she will not succumb.
She will live a lie,
grow cold and numb.
You cannot love her now,
you are too late.
There is no hope,
don't hold that breath.
If, by some miracle,
she lets you see,
treasure the moments,
and laugh with glee.

DOUBT

Do you know who i am?
Of course you do,
i am the one who is forever
inexplicably calling you,
who bores you with meek conversation,
who plagues you with 'corny' jokes,
who does against your will and advice,
who embarrasses and frightens you.
We are both intelligent,
but you are the more clever,
the more logical and wise.
You solve my problems
while i make yours.
You tolerate me and i am unbearable.
Why? Am i your friend?
Am i pitiful? Am i an experiment?
Do you even care, like you pretend to?
No. You are genuine.
You are great compared to the likes of me.
I shall torture you no more.
Goodbye.

MAYBE ...?

Bored.
Bored with this world
and of myself.
Maybe an afterlife
is worth a visit,
Eternal and free, painful and pleasant.
How do i raise
my status now?
Build a great bridge?
Knock one down?
What is the purpose
of this day and age?
Civilisation and education
will only help me to my grave.
But in this world,
Boring as it be,
There must be someone
Exclusively for me.
Is it you?
Or the girl next door?
Maybe the stranger
That i once saw...

OCTOBER > DECEMBER 1997

ALL HOPE LOST

What is that i see?
Is it me? Such a whimpery thing?
A life, no longer held by strings?
Why is it laughing? - at me?
Frail as i am already?
I shall not at all cope with this.

I curled up, became a dead bee.
I have wrenched out all the bits
that were too worthy of me.
I took away all that i might be.
I destroyed everything you gave to me.
I have died - can you not see?

JANUARY > MARCH 1998

OVERRULED

I loved you, that is all i can say.
It is a shame, though,
that you are not gay.
What i heard from you
day after day,
was your persistent wish
for me to turn away.
It breaks my heart
but here you go,
your request solemnly granted:
you were a nice person to know.

SHE ★

now i have just realised
now i can see,
the truth really is she
is too good for me.
not only her perfect body
not just her beautiful face,
but also her amazing mind
coupled with her elegant grace.
she understands all the things
that fly right over my head,
she discovers the simple solutions
that just leave me for dead.
she alone is why i am here the
reason for my being,
if she were to die right now
my life would not mean a thing.
she asks what makes me happy
and i say "i do not know",
when all i am wishing day after day
is for her never to go.
i grant a "minor" technicality
is that she is not gay,
but i am just sitting and hoping maybe
she will be one day.

FIGHT ME, HEAL ME, HELP ME

I have to stop this,
am i really obsessed?
Is it purely my fault
if i cannot love you less?
Why must my feelings
always be suppressed?
And why am i forever
so damn fucking depressed?
I cannot seem to perform
at my absolute best,
yet even when i try
it all ends up a huge mess.
So what if they do not like
the way i decide to dress?
Must i honestly change
so their minds may be at rest?
Why am i compelled to place
myself after the guest?
Do i *always* seem to be
a colossal masochist?
Is that what people think?
That i am a 'hurt hobbyist'?
At times i think i should
put me at the top of my list,
but how do i do that,
how do i to myself submit?
Will your Highness help me,
if i try, at least?
Will you keep assisting me,
to fight my inwardly beast?
Will you not turn your back,
if my attempts seem to cease?
Will you kindly bury me,
if i fail the test to please?

THE DEFINITION OF PATHETIC.

Happy?
Is that what i am meant to feel?
Why? What are the benefits?
What if i am happy the way i am?
-depressed.
Happiness is an invention
of the rich and beautiful.
Happiness is not to be lucky.
Happiness is doing what one wants.
I am happy to be sad.
Wonderment and undecidedness
are the centre of my focus.
Do you think to laugh is to be happy?
What if i tell you i love to cry?
What if my one pleasure is to
dwell on my own misfortunes?
I bloom in the intensity and am elated
with the depth of the pain bestowed unto me.
It is my business- so butt out.
This is my life.
I shall wreck it if i want to.
That will make me happy.

RECOLLECTION

Did i say you were better off?
Did i say i felt more intensely?
Did i say you were wrong?
Did i say everyone was kind to you?
Did i!?!?
Do not mock me!
Do not demean me,
do not brush off what i say.
I may seem trivial to you,
but inside myself i am monstrous.
You must be at the top, mustn't you?
No one is allowed to be like you,
to think like you,
to feel like you- are they?
So i am smaller, am i?
I am sorry, if you do not let me
climb to the top.
I am sorry, if i must be shallow
only so you will be deep.
I am sorry, if i have to be happy
so you can be unfortunate.
Do not call me unfair,
do not call me a liar.
Do not assume i have no feelings.
Do not try to suppress my angst.
Do not try to understand my pain.
Do not try to understand me.
You have no idea how you treat me.
You tie me down, and tell me i am wrong.
You curse at me, for thinking like i do.
You slap me in the face.
You spit at my feet.
You call me dirt, worthless shit.
Purge my soul? To you?
Only for you to argue with me more?
Only for you to bite my head off?
Only for you to roll your eyes?
Only for you to lose your respect for me?
Is that what you want?
To feel larger? To be superior?
To seem fairer? More logical?
I shall not let you have the pleasure.
My thoughts are my own,
they are not to be shared, not with you.
You are not my god,
I shall not let you see me inside
-bitch-
I shall not let you destroy me.

HUMAN WORTH

What should i do now?
Change how i feel.
tighten the reel.
drown a seal.
kill a teal.
eat a fattening meal.
the skin off onions peel.
lie while i kneel.
a hole in concrete drill.
poison Jack and Jill.
give a rapist his thrill.
and not even take the Pill.
for the world do absolutely nil.
knock my flowers off their sill.
sabotage someone else's will.
sit in silence be completely still.
write this poem with a quill.
what else but fall off a hill.

DADDY DEAR...

I think my daddy
knows i am gay
as he brought me home
a dam today.

Before he knew
he advised me to put on
prior to intercourse
a latex condom.

He once taught me
all that he knows
but now he'll have to explain
how to do it with girls.

Sometimes i think
daddy's the expert on sex
i wonder what secrets
i should tell him next!

UNDECIDED- HATE/LOVE

I am here in the darkness.
I can see you asleep with him.
You do not love me?
Then do not proclaim it!
Freak! I hate you!
Who are you?
Why do you not want me
when you know you do?
Why are you playing
my games with your rules?
You are not fair,
yet you seem to be just.
You hate me, i know,
But i love you.
You are a monster of lust,
You could have told me lies.
I hate you!
Come back to me,
you love me, remember?
I love you too.

LA LA LA

What am i to do?
This feels like i am using you.
You feel so strongly
i am treating you so wrongly
- leading you on
But i love it when you touch me;
when you caress my hands,
when you tell me you love me.
Yet i do not feel the same as you
- i cannot say "i love you too".
What am i to say
when i see you every day?
As it can be plainly seen
my grass is not always green,
- i am not perfect.

RECOVERY

My voice can not express
what my mind is trying to say;
i live in two worlds now,
but from one i run away.
In the other i wear a mask
to hide the thoughts of my reality.
And i even lie about the lies
conjured up by me. And in my frailty
i live, and in my strength
i cower, and behind my arras
rest my forbidden feelings-
No longer will you harass
me.

And no further will i carry
the burdens of my naivety;
i shall throw them down a deep hole
where there is a strong force of gravity.
They shall descend quickly
breaking savagely at the bottom,
resting there in the cold and damp
i shall never again see them.
And with the other forces of nature
i shall be helped to destroy
my own self and consciencethat
is my final decision- my ploy.

ODE TO GORILLA

This walking carpet
is an annoyance overload.
I am surprised, though,
God did not make him a toad.

An internal wish
as i sit from behind,
is to hit him vigorously
-or just make him blind.

I will tear every tissue
in his person (ugh- so grotty),
mutilate him so he can
not be identified by anybody.

From head to toe
i shall make him suffer,
beg, die, then go to hell
and live there for ever.

So down to his skull
i will, to the end, watch
as his hair disappears
because it i will torch.

Up his nose i will shove
three hundred kilograms of cocaine.
Promptly it will disintegrate.
Oh goody! It shall make him insane!

His brain i will cut
into a million pieces.
Prep them, marinate them, fry them
and feed them to my nieces.

Into his mouth shall be stuck
twenty eight sticks of dynamite.
With no lips, teeth or tongue
no longer will be able to bite...

...or kiss! - HA! As a matter of fact
he will not have a head at all!
I can see right now
his mummy will be enthralled!

From his (cringe) 'manly' chest
i will cut leathery stars,
then place them on a highway
to be run over by cars.

Of food and water i shall deprive him
and wait for his stomach to bloat,
then fill it with concrete
and see how he does *not* float.

Sever off his arms
and roast them on a grill.
Oooooo! and gut him which
will give me great thrill!

His belly button will feel pain
as into it i will thrust a knife
and twist it around
and stab him in spite.

Poke out his testes
with a short blunt stick.
Find some false teeth
and bite off his dick.

Crush his leg bones
and slash his knees,
then watch contentedly over him
as to his death he bleeds.

Pour acid on his feet
'till they burn and rot away.
I grant this shall be done
all within one day.

I doubt it not,
this will somewhat create a mess
but worry you not,
i will mop it up with his dress.

That Gorilla is an arrogant bastard
It is true, he loves himself so.
And after all that torture
I'll finish him off with a hoe.

If this seems a little violent
and of my ways you are scared,
you will be convinced otherwise
if i tell you with himself he 'plays'.

But this is enough i guess
i will have to bury him- but how?
Coffin? Cremation? Buried at sea?
Eh, does anyone give a fuck now?

ODE TO GEORGE...

I know someone called George
who is tall, and skinny as a stick,
some people think he is really sweet,
but i just think he is a dick...

Sure we have had some
really great times together,
and to meet every other day
would be a really great pleasure...

But that time is now past
and no longer am i excited by him.
These days i prefer my friends
with a slightly different trim...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY (A DEDICATION TO JOHN)

Dearest John
this poem is for you,
on your birthday
hope your wishes come true.

I love the talks
we have on the phone,
I love the company you are
when i go to your home.

Your insights awe me,
in your depths i am bedazzled,
your ingenuity, too,
makes life less scrambled.

You are beautiful
that is one thing i hope you know,
over the years you will harness it
and allow that gift to grow.

You are so funky
and you believe in faeries,
that is just so awesome
may i be the one you marry?

Of-course, you know,
you shall always be my friend
a great one, at that,
i know we will never end.

LIAR - UNFORGIVEN

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.
FUCK!!
I have lost!
I am a bad girl.
Broken tradition.
Pull out, pull out!
Close the hatch behind you.
-Take care of that pink rabbit,
and the yellow flowers,
nothing can harm you-
Lock it from outside.
Nuke all that is inside.
Why should i to rules abide?
Why trust you? You lied.
-Nice green tree. Tee hee.
And the peace of the ocean-
Trapped you are,
in that little box.
Tough luck, you old bastard.
-There goes a car.
I wish you were the driver,
i hope you crash-
There is a nice girl there.
Used to be me,
But now i am conformed,
-and that cute little bunny
can no longer salvage my remains-
liquid to society.
Fed on your imagination.
Go away.

WHY DOST THOU CLINGETH TO ME?

I know i am just a sweltering pain
and there is absolutely nothing for me to gain
but can you not see, i am completely insane
so will you not tell me your name...
You know you have a beautiful face
and a body that i want to embrace
i want my eyes to follow your intricate grace
and i want to take your partner's place...
Whom ever hurts you i need to bash
they are worth nothing - useless trash
the stupid pricks' faces i will smash
and their car's tyres i will slash...
Surely you see how much i yearn
no, you do not at all show any concern
even though for you i would burn
it is only to you i wish i could turn...
I know you do not, in the slightest, love me
and my body you do not at all wish to see
but my soul will be happy, joyous and free
only if you give your consent to marry...
My only fear is your rejection
as i am very far from perfection
i do not even look at my own reflection
as the hideousness fills me with abomination...
Maybe you want just to be my friend
and at nights me to my home you will send
oh can you not once the rules for me bend?
You know, gaiety is now the returned trend...

BORED

hello.
i am bored
and now i am making you bored too.
you just gotta love that about me
but hey, there's nothing else to love
so you may as well.
I am just sitting here in my room
listening to Vivaldi,
writing these crappy poems
for suckers like you to read
thinking this is some sort of
deep
or meaningful
or revealing
piece of artwork - or something.
you fool, it is only what i think.
what does anyone care anyway?
why do i bother?
I often ask myself the same question.
You do? Oh, often, you say?
Yes, quite. It really is idiotic, but eh.
Oh well, nice to know you.
That is something new.
And what will you do? You don't have a clue?
Why, i'll just kill you.

LEFT BREATHLESS

As i peer upon you face
and gaze into your eyes - a green hue,
i am encountered with your perfect grace,
and i laze, and i wait for you.

I wait to hear you speak,
and i wait for you to laugh,
i also wait to receive a peek
at the beauty of you that i love.

For i have come to know
your shape - this and that curve -
and i will applaud you
as it is praise that you deserve.

STILL

as i sit here in the sun
thinking of you
i ponder what to say
and ponder what to do.
i thought i was over
you - who i fell in love with,
but inside my heart i see
i only created that myth.
it seemed so senseless
to continue my love for you
to say how i felt,
how i dove for you
how i admired you strengths
and even your weaknesses
and even your foul moods
and bad attitudes.
and though you never loved me
(i knew, i could see)
you sort of did need me.
in other ways
on other days
for other reasons
and different seasons.
i can accept that -
i hope you know.
but i still love you.

BETRAYED

have you forgotten all you've said?
all the happiness that filled my head?
have you forgotten your plea to me?
for us to be friends? to be happy?
was my *one* inconsiderate action
just your excuse
to let me loose? to tighten my noose?
to let our friendship die?
and leave me wondering why?
we were great friends - you said so yourself
and so i don't understand -
why had you hung me over the cliff?
and let go of my hand?
here and there, we had a clash,
and now you throw my letters away,
and now you see me as trash.
am i too mediocre for you?
for your queenly state?
why can't you forgive me?
it *can't* be too late... or is it?
have you lost your mind?
forgotten how to be kind?
can you your love no longer find?
i had not read the contract i signed.
i didn't know what to expect,
i don't know what to regret.
i don't know how this can be solved.
how can i? i know not what is involved.
you've hit me back - tenfold.
how could you have turned so cold?
you used to be honest and true,
but now look at you -
cowering in silence,
a wall of nothingness.
no voice, no vision, no violence.
so much time has passed
and i still do not know
what you think, what you feel -
those things you no longer show.
do i even exist? do you know i'm here?
do you give a fuck? do you care?
i feel you are so unfair,
as your steel eyes at me glare,
and your mouth no longer smiles,
but sneers.
sometimes you pretend
i'm another face in the crowd.
after all we've been through,
is that all i am worth to you now?
you've forgotten your vow.
do you have no more trust in me?
i made a mistake, i have *seen*.
more considerate i wish i'd been.
but why, really, have we broken apart?
can we not anew and refreshed start?
your blasè attitude has hurt my heart,
like the bullseye is hit with the dart.
what is wrong with what we had?
surely, it could not have been all that bad.

HMM, KINKY

love the sugars...
love the sweets...
come on baby,
give me a treat...

MAREE

maree suits you,
and do not blush,
i speak the truth.
and if you may,
and if you let,
allow your lover
whisper it to you.

You

When we are alone
and lulled into peace
we share a sacred moment
of joy and security
and even though
you do not love me
i still feel you
appreciate me
i still recognise
your need for me
i still enjoy
the friendly love
you give to me
the warmth
and prosperity
i know you love me
in your own little ways
i hope for all time
that is the way it stays

EXISTENTIAL ANGST

I need to get out of this hole i dug.
I need to get high, but i can't fly.
There is nothing, no hope in sight -
no bright light.
Not tonight, as i shiver here, numb,
no bucket to save unfallen tears.
Lots of complaints, lots of fears.
What good have i done after all these years?
Disappointment
always lingers above my head.
Disappointment
making me wish, wish,
wish i was dead instead of living with the hatred.
I don't want to get out of bed.
There is nothing i can accomplish today.
All my intelligence has just flown away.
The sky is still grey, and
there is nothing, no more for me.
Nothing I Can Say.

WHY SAY THAT?

how do i get over you
when you're everything i want how
do i subside the pain?
why on earth would i leave you
when you're everything i've got you
drive me insane
i love you so very much you're
everything i ever see,
but what will i gain?
why am i so insecure when i know
that you're everything i need is
this just another game?

PROMISE ME...

have you ever cared,
or was it all pretend?
will we always share the love
that no-one really began?
will there ever be bliss,
was i ever anything special?
was i just a one night stand
did you want me to be careful?
did you say you loved me
because it was what you felt?
or was i just another game another
notch on your belt?
did you ever know
how much it really hurt?
or were you oblivious to me am
i worth even less than dirt?
why am i sitting alone
in this back corner now?
why have you turned your back why
let me drown?
you threw in the life line too late
when i was already at the bottom,
and then you pulled me out to love me
but i had already gone rotten.
my hair was wet, skin cold
and my heart had stopped,
but of course you loved me
and so your spirits dropped.
now i am dead and gone
and you are alone,
sitting in my back corner the
place you now call home.
wishing you had loved me
while i was still here
wishing you had the chance
just to say "i love you, my dear".
but i will forgive you
for your dreadful deed
just as long as you promise me,
it will only ever be me you need.

IMPORTANCE

poems need not have rhyme
as mountains need not be climbed
as life need not be timed
and wildness not be tamed
a good footpath again paved
and cleanliness bathed
and the buried need not another grave
and raging oceans another wave
this world need not another knave
and the safe need not be saved
nor my love for you again engraved
or this verse to end, not as it began.

THE HONEY, OR THE ROSE?

Which is better,
The sweet, or the beautiful?
Which should i choose
Upon having the choice?
I find them equally attractive,
Yet i am told to disregard
One for the other.
Sweetness may become bitter
and i shall not desire it hither.
Yet beauty will dissolve,
grow ugly and grow old.
From which will i benefit most?
Which will make me happier?
Tell me when you know -
oh won't you slip me the answer?
Won't you tell me which is better?
For i do not know.

VOID WITHOUT YOU

Blown from my lair,
flying through the air,
with no more love to spare-
we, no longer a pair.
I am feeling rather bare
feeling this world is so unfair.
No more do you care.
Fumbling with thoughts
that i can no longer share,
battling with emotional swords;
abuse in my ear you blare.
Something we could always compare;
our love for one another-
was and is ever more
oh so *en contraire*-
oh so fallen down the stair,
and then, blown from my lair.

ODE TO THE MICROWAVE

Oh, Microwave
which feeds me well
by reheating most of
last night's swill...
it saves so much time
from proper cooking
but needs lots of leftovers
and inter-fridge searching...
mmm... swill...
and joy to the button
that automatically sets
heating for one minute
-an additional option no one regrets...
*I'd add something here
but it wouldn't make much sense
as i can't write poetry for shit -
now proven 'cause this verse doesn't rhyme.*
I am hypnotised
by the wondrous turntable
that makes heating the whole
lot of food quite able.
Oh, Microwave
which feeds me well,
that burns with heat
known well in hell...
it's quick and easy
and requires little skill
just remember you're up
for a hefty electricity bill...
(with funky input from kathleen)

PURITY

lots of leaves
on flowers and trees -
and the ground.
lots of birds
and love words.
and the serenity
and the peace
my sanction - my release.
a place for my soul
to grow wiser and old -
and understand me
in my insecurity
hearing my desperate plea
of what i want to be
for what it is i see
and all it is i need.
i burn my creed
and start over
hoping for better,
to be smarter -
to be loved.
and up from above
fall the raindrops
of purity.
where they come from -
who knows?
They are here
with a bucket of tears
to share with me
to feel pleased
to feel at ease.

AGAIN AND AGAIN AND

Why did you come here?!
You do not *want* to be here!
You hate me, remember?!
Have you come here to *beg*?
For my forgiveness?!
For my love?!
My *sexuality*?!
You do not love me!!
Get out! Do not stay!
Go! Go before i *hurt* you!
Before i *make* you go!
Before it becomes eternal!
Do not tease me
i am not patient!
I am not playful,
not with *you*!!
You did not want me!!
You *killed* me!
You hacked my heart!!
Go! Go i tell you!
Let me be tempted
no more!!
I swear you shall
meet fire and brimstone!
Leave me alone!
Go home!
Please, just go home.
Do not make me
bring harm to you.
Please, just go home.
Just leave me alone.
Go home.
Please. Go home.

RECIPROCATION

how can i dump you?
how can i set you free?
losing you will only be the end of me.

i never meant to hurt you,
never meant to scare you away.
won't you forgive me - won't you let me stay?

with the fearful expanse
of my intense and lonely heart
i would die if ever we were to be kept apart.

i want to hold you,
i want to keep you here.
to live a life void of you is my greatest fear.

i want you to know
i only ever loved you.
please, won't you just say "i love you too"?

THE HIDDEN PAIN

i do not want to harm you
do you not know how i feel?
if i'm so close, but can't touch you
how do i know you are real?
you are too perfect,
too beautiful for me
yet without you in my life
i am only a barren tree-
so tall, yet with no cover,
so strong, yet so insecure,
the emptiness in side me
makes me feel so impure.
i wish i were
exactly what you wanted
but i know, for you,
i am simply too faltered.
i wish you could help me
make you love me more,
but i know that is impossible
that is why i am so sore.

CONTRADICTION

i still touch you
though you are not here,
i still smell you
though you are not near.
i still love you -
and i see you everywhere,
even now, sitting
in that empty chair.
yet you always
leave me bare
and so damn frustrated
i pull out all my hair.
but i have lied to you-
because of despair-
because / care.
i told you
you did not hurt me
but that is just unfair-
for every time i see you
i feel the pain
that nothing can prepare
me for.
You said you cared
You said you loved
but you shake your head now
and say you were drunk.
well let me tell you
what i see-
the more drunk you are
the more truth you tell to me.
But, of course,
i am always wrong
and always too severe-
and for that
i hate myself
and so i shed my tears.

such a beautiful name
for such a beautiful face -
such a beautiful body
encasing such perfect grace.
why would i want to leave you
when i love you so much?
when i lust for your kindness,
your warmth and your touch?
why would i hurt you -
or scare you away?
you are the only one left
that keeps my insanity at bay.

ANTIQUEEN OF HEARTS

i've lost my dream
i've lost my home
i am no more
i've given up my throne
i know not why
but i've been deceived
as from my life i've
been suddenly cleaved
i've lost my mind
i've lost my heart
i am no more
we now live apart
i know not why
but i've been deceived
as in my life
only love did i ever need
you saw me and
you pulled me out
you healed my wounds and
you stayed about
you found my dream
you gave me a home
i am once again
i am no more alone
i know not why
but i've been deceived
as it happened again
and i had not survived
you left me once more
you took my dream and home
i am no more
i've cried because you'd gone

WISH UPON MY STAR

oh sweet angel, oh bright light -
why can't i see you tonight?
where is your star in my dark sky -
have you already said goodbye?
you have deceived, i have been fooled -
why have you appointed me overruled?
do i have no say, no word, no thought?
such negativity you have brought.
oh sweet angel, oh bright light -
must you always be right?
where is your star in my dark sky -
must i too say goodbye?

LETTERS

yours was very short
and so will be mine,
not because i know not what to say
but because i have not the time.
just remind me
so i do not forget,
that i owe you a longer letter -
but this one, you will have to let.
to say anything with sense
is too late for that tonight,
so off to bed i will go
and later will i try to write.
thankyou for reading
this short, short prose,
and at that note
this shortness will have to close.

SURREAL

why is it that you only exist
in my mind?
are you my creation?
one of a kind?
are you really as beautiful
as you seem to me?
being exquisite
is what i know you to be.
i'd love to taste you
just one last time,
and know that,
for a little while - at least,
you are only mine.

WHAT IT MEANS

can't stop thinking
can't stop thinking about you.
the beauty, your hair, your hips, your breasts
the softness, your voice, your touch, your skin
the irresistibility, my god, it drives me mad.
you drive me mad
insane - maniac
feeling immense lust, and even love.
unable to stop wanting you
lusting after you, your mind, your body
shivering with delight
at thoughts of you, remembering
lingering on thoughts
beautiful moments, hoping for sequels.
like a virus overtaking me
controlling my mind, commanding my body
this love spreads
mmmmmmmm....
can't stop thinking
can't stop thinking about you.
thinking i love you.

RESENTMENT

resentment? of course i show resentment.
i resent having met you
and for falling in love with you
and for all the hurt you put me thru
and then for you leaving me with no clue
how i managed to anger you,
how i did so much to wrong you -
so much wrong i'm given the silent treatment.
of course i show resentment.

LOSING YOU

don't know what to do
i am losing you.
don't want you to go
only to wave hello
not goodbye
oh, will you not tell me why
i am losing you...

PIXIE WITH NO WINGS

bound by the chains
i have no more to gain
my hope has been drained
my soul has been slain
no grey matter in the brain
and death i cannot feign
'cause it doesn't relieve the pain
this is an unfair game
and in it i am lame
always the same
never in fame
never through fear
nothing i see here
but the end is near
through this window i peer
and see people sneer
away from me they veer
away from my thoughts
from the pleasantries
that were never there
at which they can't stare
that they can't call unfair
so abuse they can't blare
'cause i am no longer there
'cause i wished myself away
i wished this to be my day
my day of sacrifice
i prayed to you thrice
but it's like rolling dice
you never were nice
never sugar and spice
in the expanse of love
you never sent out the dove
to find my land.
you never gave me your hand.

Now,

'round and 'round
not up but down
and falling, i found, i hit the ground
and with no sound, no heartbeat pounds
a lifeless clown wearing queen's gowns -
and only frowns
in despair i drown.
'round and 'round
not up but down

JEALOUSY

so what if we fought.
you fight with *him*,
so why can *he* still see you?
you argue with him more than we *ever* did,
yet you *still* talk to him.
i had done nothing wrong.
i had not dishonoured you.
what they say is not true,
and what they think should not matter to you.
why does *he* get to be friends with you?

I KEEP TELLING MYSELF;

"i am over you.
i am over you.
i am over you.
i am over you.
i am over you.
i'm over you.
i'm over you.
i'm over you.
over you.
over you.
you. you.
never really loved you.
never really liked you.
never.
i am over you.
over you.
so over you."
but it never seems to take effect.
i never could listen to what i said.
never trusted my mind,
you always were too kind.

TURNING AWAY

sometimes i can't get around all that flat ground
as you walk away from me, making me unhappy.
you do not turn to look behind you as if you're afraid,
afraid that maybe you will see that you love me.
and did you *ever* love me? or was i just dreaming?
every time i look around to you, you are disappearing.
what if i were to run after you, after all i ever loved?
or has this fate of mine been set from above?
would you even know i had returned to you,
to seek the truth in your eyes, and *hope* for you to see
that *maybe* you *do* still love me?

STUCK WITH YOU - NOT LIKE I WANT TO...

Out of my head - bitch!
Get the fuck out of there!
You've tortured me long enough.
You crawled in, now find your way out.
And no matter how much i shout -
how many voices in me try to persuade,
you'll never leave - will you Jade?
You should have left long ago,
i should not have fallen in love with you
You're too much too handle - i should've known.
Even though i never see you
You're always in my head.
I can always smell you
even though you are dead.
Why can't i forget you?!
What stops me from reaching my bliss?
Had i been a monster to you?
Is Karma responsible for this?
WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE?
PLEASE, GO AWAY!
I can't handle it much longer -
I'll die if you stay...
...why couldn't you listen to me?!
You'll listen now, won't you?
You'll understand my fear?
I know you know i don't hate you
but you're ALWAYS FUCKING HERE!!
you're driving me insane!!
After all the pain you caused me
it's hard to imagine i still yearn for you,
yet, i think i still love the person you are -
how near or how far.
You thought you HAD left me,
but your SOUL remained,
and the love you once had for me
i acknowledge was very well feigned.
You're an apparition of my mind
and i never meant to love you -
i knew you'd only end up in my dreams
yet it was so damn easy!
Now it hurts so much i'm bursting my seams.
Why?
Why, why, WHY!?!?!
You don't know it, you can't see -
DAMN IT!!! YOU'RE FUCKING KILLING ME!

Do I Love You?

no, of course i do not.
you are many people in one,
yet still not worth a lot.
still a whole lot of grot,
still a ball of snot, still only a tot,
who can only smoke pot,
and loves me not,
and has promises forgot,
smaller than a dot.
i hope you rot,
and then ask what
had you done to me -
nothing - yet you are not innocent.
i just like to play devil,
and to create your hell.
what you did... i shall never tell.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE

it hurt, and you can't say it didn't
it still does, you can't say it doesn't
you don't know, because you're never here -
not any more, you left and you didn't come back
you burned my mind and hollowed out my heart
and now i don't know where to start
because i had lost everything when you left.
i have nothing and i don't know how to live any more
without feeling so lost and sore and benign.
and i think i'm running out of time
to get you back to me, where you want to be,
where i so desperately need you to be.
and you never said a word, and you never wrote
and you waited til my soul was dry and broke
and then you smiled, and then you spoke
but it won't suffice any more, you'd hit me to the floor
and you would not help me to my feet
and you saw arrogance instead of my grief,
but you never recognised when i loved you
because you never could say you loved me too.
you will never know, and you never knew...

MICHELLE

only the trees and only the breeze,
only the birds and even the bees.
you are so pure -
you're my soul's only cure,
you are so beautiful
and so wonderfully perfect.
you are the quintessential part
of this world.

NOW YOU HAVE GONE

there is so much that reminds me of you
even though you had never given me a thing.
so much that shows me you loved me
even though you will never speak to me again.
so much which proves you liked me
despite me driving you insane.
so much so, that you hated me, despised me;
i was never enuf, never good enuf for thee.
and i feel the insanity of the feeling of impurity -
the disappointment and betrayal.
i'm the boat without a sail
the bird with no tail
a human face, but pale.
and where had my blood drained to?
and whom shall i love now?
and who will love me again?
only, without all that pain?
there is nothing for me to gain here,
nothing that will keep me sane any more,
as i mop my blood off the dirty floor
...so that's where it went.

HAUNTING, HUNTING, HANGING.

So you don't believe,
is that something new?
Since when had you thought
that i ever liked you?
You are a whore - unworthy of me
and also a bore - too simple for my complexity.
You are *not* the epitome of perfection
as you have claimed to be before.
You tried to destroy me,
but i had not bled, i had no wounds,
you hadn't sharpened your claws.
Your words mean nothing.
Your silence - even less.
Too bad for you
if you cannot see what is best.
You pound your fist in my chest,
that tickles, little girl.
You should have brought a gun,
and then apologies to me sung -
and then shot yourself
as no forgiveness will be dealt
to a low-life like you,
who cannot see the truth,
who is too much a youth
to know who i am - to see what is grand
to know where you stand - you are too bland,
smaller than my hand,
smaller than a grain of sand,
not worth my worry, nor any glory
you are only an untold story
of betrayal and treachery.
From you i set myself free.
Please, have some dignity - don't leave me.

MISSING YOU

Bind me
Tie me
Gag me
What else is new
Sneer at me
Lie to me
Betray me
I'm missing you
Why did you love me
Leave me
Kill me
You never were true
You never were you
You and i are thru
I'm missing you.

SIMPLY NOT ENOUGH

what is it that you see?
what do you think i could be?
what will come of me?

why am i the only one i see?
why did i think i could ever be?
what has become of me?

SAD AND SORRY

don't hate you. never had.
but i've always made things turn bad.
i'm so sorry, and it makes me sad,
that a good friendship is what we never had.
but i bet now you're glad
and you say "good riddance, you fat, ugly hag"
well, i guess it's in the bag,
and i apologise for making you gag.
i know i was not what you wished of me
and that i never ever made you happy;
never made you want me.

THE END

'twas not the pressure nor the institution.
'twas not my family, my friends, nor you.
i wanted to go up and up and higher.
i wanted to rise and see what was above;
this thing called love,
but i did not find it
and i went 'round and 'round and 'round
in the circle that is life, no love ever to be found.
so in a desperate spiral of loss and violence
i hit the ground,
and there was no sound of my flesh against ground.
what was it i found?
not you, nor them, not me - never again,
only immense pain, hurt i should not have felt,
hurt that no one had the authority to have dealt,
but 'twas death i smelt, and death i saw,
and in that death i found i wanted more.
more of my lifeless dreams and lifeless
hope and lifeless fire and lifeless smoke.
leave me alone, i need not you.
you cannot provide all i want to hide.
what i steal inside is just a waste of time.
whatever is mine cannot be sublime,
when i feel the end that my destiny would send.
the end, the end, the end...

JUST YOU TRY

Wait! Where did you go?
Were you not just here, right in front of me?
Right where I could see?
Was your arm not just encircling me?
And were you not just laughing with glee?
How, then, did you flee without me seeing thee?
Where have you run to, where do you reside?
I will search for you inside - right here - in my mind.
I will discover the shell in which you dwell
and I will tear you away.
I will straighten your lies and re-glue severed ties
and all the hate between us I will slay.
I am not yet calling it a day,
you will never fly far enuf to keep my insanity at bay.
I will think of you everyday, torture you mentally,
and corrupt your pure thoughts- destroy you that way.
You will pay for all the pain you bestowed unto me.

WHY PRETEND TO CARE?

i don't know. have you ever cared?
did you ever want more than me in your bed?
were you ever attached by other strings -
of love and respect or similar things?
why do you have to be so cruel?
do you think you are being kind?
do you not know that it really hurts?
do you think i don't mind?
i am stuck in this endless circle of pain
and you are the only one i can blame.
you stupid fuck - you have no idea, have you?
maybe i could have said "lover, wait"
and maybe make you take my bait,
eat the poison from the palm of my hand.
yet, i could never kill you despite your hate for me,
i would never in your death or pain find glee.
i still wish you would stop it;
stop haunting me in my dreams.
you always look so sad and forgiving
yet when i wake you are back to despising me.
please cease this constant torture
for i cannot listen to you when i sleep
and i yell at you so you cannot speak.
i am at my worst when confronted by you
because i know you'll hurt me again
it's all you seem to know how to do - you act as if
you've no clue of the fucking pain you put me thru
yet none of this makes me hate you like i so want to.

THIS IS NOT A THREAT...

...yet, I will fucking torture you with all the means,
let you suffer my tests of endurance....
let water drop, drop, drop on your forehead,
rape you and leave you to bleed your bed red,
smash your face over pane glass,
buy a million razors and slash your arse,
stick electrodes far up your smelly cunt,
make your leg a short and bleeding stump,
chisel into your head and pull your brain out,
tear off your jaw and cut off your tongue
so no one will hear as you scream and shout.
I will practise my knife throwing on you,
place you on a plane with too little fuel,
give you no food and see you starve,
tie you down then watch you drown in an acid bath.
I shall let you suffocate beneath my weight,
acquire an un-sterile knife to slay and decapitate,
cold as it is, split you heart in two
dump salt and pour vinegar on your wounds.
run you over with a mower and let the petrol leak,
then set you afire until you burn and melt away.
I'll open your stomach to let the juices reek,
inject your veins with all sorts of poisonous stains.
spoon out your guts to feed to chicks in their pens,
throw you amongst the lions in their dens,
then push you off a cliff, kill you and tear you to bits.
Or, I could leave all these painless methods aside
and truly make your soul cry;
I could make you live and suffer eternally
by returning to you all the hurt you gave to me.

WHAT TO DO

what will i do with my life
it's not enuf to have a wife
it's not good to fall into strife
i should not commit suicide
even though i have no knife
i should run far away
as i feel too much fright
and no love no lust tonight
why are you always right?
but i need to pick a fight
just to see if you *are* right,
just to know i'll be all right
even if i die tonight
even if i don't see the light
even though i'm tightly
bound in the confines
of solitude - a prelude
of what has been,
but i had not seen
i am not clean
is this a dream?
or is it real?
how does it seem?
how do you feel?
i have no clue - i have no glue
i have no life - i have no wife
i'm in no strife - but i have a knife...

DIARY OF A BORED PESSIMIST

Saturday dreamt of a chair **Sunday** woke up at the crack of evening stared at a wall **Monday** did nothing **Tuesday** continued to do nothing **Wednesday** after a while nothing continued to happen **Thursday** released all my excreta **Friday** read half a book about an american psycho serial killer **Saturday** went to a cancelled dance practise **Sunday** continued the Sunday ritual of staring at the wall **Monday** touched the wall **Tuesday** wall sued me for sexual harassment **Wednesday** signed divorce papers with the wall **Thursday** stared at the cupboard **Friday** removed a black shirt from the cupboard **Saturday** cupboard sued me for invasion of privacy **Sunday** signed a restraining order from the cupboard **Monday** got up at late afternoon and did nothing then went back to bed at early evening **Tuesday** dreamt of the chair again **Wednesday** gave the wall a new personality and named it george **Thursday** had a recurring dream of the chair **Friday** sat in a chair and stared into a mirror **Saturday** did nothing **Sunday** smashed the mirror with evil thoughts **Octaday** invented a new day to have more time in which to dwell in my misfortunes or lack there of **Nonaday** trapped in some weird psychological dance of the evil spirit harius **Monday** wrote a poem about harius and a two day non-existent adventure of torture **Tuesday** did nothing again **Wednesday** had so much fun yesterday i decided to do nothing today too **Thursday** died of boredom **Friday** buried myself in nonaday

APPARITION OF MY MIND

hey, you - lover,
didn't i tell you it was over?
didn't i ask for you to get out of my way?
and say that you weren't to stay here?
no longer do i care for you,
nor do i pay attention to what you do -
nothing you said was true
and nothing ever lasted,
you were never to be trusted.
your sense of loving is so warped
and you never listened when i spoke
and you never looked when i shined
and when i fell, you never helped me
and you never gave anything to me
and you even despised me.
so beat me and abuse me, torture and bruise me -
you never felt any compassion.
i was only a distraction for you
and no longer do i wish to see you
and no longer do i cherish the thought of you
and no longer do i love you.

ONCE BESEECHED BY HER

you never could see what i wanted
what were the things i sought.
you never cared. at all. you lied.
i have nothing of yours,
only the things you threw back at me.
things i thought you would treasure - forever.
i guess not.
did you ever even like me? even slightly?
i have nothing of yours,
only the words with which you hurt me.
words i thought you'd reserve for someone else.
i guess not.
did you even ever consider my emotional frailty?
i have nothing of yours,
only the swords with which you stabbed me.
swords i thought you'd only keep away, on display.
i guess not.
did you even ever see how much you had killed me?

SAMSARA

I want a box so I can fit inside,
somewhere to run to, somewhere to hide.
I want to scream without being heard,
I want to dream so my soul may purge.
This life I will rid of everything impure;
the lies, the deception, the corruptness of your.
I will let despair run and release all my tears,
I will drown with the salt, and die with my fears.
Like the earth I shall shake till the walls come down,
and experience a rebirth as evil hath me unbound.
Out of the ruins and out of my skin,
no longer cursed by the Genesis sin.
I am no longer here, I do not exist;
only in your mind, dear, and now only in bliss.

SHE ★ [THE SECOND AMENDMENT]

now i have just realised
now i can see,
the truth really is
she is too cruel for me.
not only her threatening body
not just her evil face,
but also her corrupted mind
coupled with her jagged grace.
she undertakes all the things
that are too immoral in my head,
she discovers the simple solutions
that poison me and leave me for dead.
she alone is why i am here
suffering immensely like this,
if she were to die right now
the world would feel absolute bliss.
she used to ask me questions
and i used to say "i do not know",
when all i was wishing day after day
was for her love to show.
i grant a "minor" technicality
is that she is not nice in any way,
but i am just sitting and hoping
maybe she will be one day.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3RD, 1998

i do not hate you - you know that,
it just sort of really hurt when in my face you spat.
i still like you, yet i have to overcome,
release, repent, forgive, succumb
to the fact of my loss of you, and so,
it happened to be immense anger that shone thru.
i have had to pretend i care no more,
i have had to cleanse the impure,
i had loved thee, yet you did not let me
and it was the third of june,
the third of june - a wednesday -
the day -
that you so harshly ordered me away.

I WANTED MORE BEFORE

and i want more now,
but you always seem to be *just* out of my reach.
whether i want you as a lover or as a friend
you never give me the chance to show you -
it can be done.
the more i want, the less you give,
maybe if i stop then you will live.
but i cannot take that risk,
i cannot let you go i cannot hope you will still be here
i just do not know.
even so - are you even there? can you see my despair?
for relationships i have no flair, and you're just unfair.
why do you keep your distance
from whatever it is i need?
why not let me plead?
can't we plant the seed,
and can't i show you how it grows?
no one ever knows how it will be,
no one has ever known,
how much i [used to] love thee.

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH...

blah, blah, blah,
fuck, fuck, fuck,
screw all this
i am very calm
because once anger and fear reach infinity
they become so insignificant it leaves nothing behind;
another thing i won't find... NAY
DON'T WANT TO FIND
DON'T WANT TO FLY
JUST WANT TO DIE
(it rhymed)...
but still held the truth
you don't have to be a sleuth to know i'm in my youth
too young to dream, too young to try,
too young to be wondering why.
never understanding the meaning of "goodbye".
and i don't look up at the sky
- i already know it is falling.
but i don't hear you calling,
so i stay here in this dark hole
where i can't find my soul
because i lost it somewhere - over there -
near your feet.

IF ONLY

if only i could write with passion and with flair,
maybe i'd crawl out of my despair.
if only people would listen to me
maybe i'd be able to treasure thee.
if only i knew what to say, that they may want to hear
maybe they would not turn away.
if only i knew what to express, and what to save,
maybe i would not stay to myself a slave.
maybe i would rise above the hate
and maybe i would float above the clouds
and maybe i'd find love where it had not been found.
and maybe the pixies would help me search
and maybe the gods would provide
and maybe i could learn and decide
what it is that has kept me alive.
i would look in the trees, in the lakes,
i would search until i'd find something to take.
and then i might accept your hate.
submit to my ill grown fate.
if only i could - but it's just too late.

PUNISHED

i would kill her, if only it could ease my pain
but it will all just only stay the same
'cause she never loved me, didn't even like me.
despised me, cursed at me, wished me away.
tried to mould me like clay, but didn't let me stay.
she feigned her desire for me and made me believe,
and i was fooled, i was made a puppet to her needs.
she would say 'fuck me', and i would reply 'with glee'
was i so stupid not to see she was making fun of me?
not to see she hated all that came from me?
and was that the reason she had set me free...

WHAT IT MEANS [THE FIRST AMENDMENT]

can't stop thinking
can't stop thinking about you.
the coldness, your attitude, your mind
the emptiness, your name, your heart
the irritability, my god, it drives me mad.
you drive me mad
insane - maniac
feeling immensely lost, and even dead.
unable to fathom you
searching for you, your mind, your body
shivering with loneliness
at thoughts of you, remembering
lingering on thoughts
those awful moments are like nightmares.
like a virus overtaking me
controlling my mind, commanding my body
this fear spreads
grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr...
can't stop thinking
can't stop thinking about you.
thinking i..... i still love you.

I CAN'T REMEMBER

you are more silent
than i have ever known you to be.
why won't you talk, what is so wrong with me?
how much longer must i endure your seclusion?
are you still so mad or are you putting on an illusion?
you cannot still be punishing me
for what i had done - so long ago
i do not know if i like or despise you -
to and fro, to and fro, to and fro...
i am not the only inconsiderate one around,
betrayal in you, too, has previously been found.
there is something fucked up in your head
something that i fear i dread,
that has me wounded and left me for dead,
how can you punish me with the absence of sound?
you are being unfair, as i have once before said,
and you are being arrogant
and on hurtful ground you tread.
you do leave me for dead
to be eaten by the buzzards
pecked at the flesh
eaten raw eaten like bait
because you couldn't wait -
you chose the wrong fate.

MADE YA LOOK

now just making you bored.
my soul once soared,
then i met this... whore.
she taught me about pain
and of life and gain.
and she showed me how to be sane
and to use my brain
and then she went away
and my intelligence didn't stay
and no one wanted to play
my death game with me today.

FAIRLY WARNED BE THEE, SAYS I.

a sense of peace and a sense of place
no fucking calmness inside my face.
no idea where I'm at
no affection to trace - just an un-won race.
don't you see you're killing me?
but you're blind - why didn't I know that?
I knew you hated the word 'pussy' -
"poor puddy, poor puddy tat".
what is it you want me to do, then?
all I can think to do is to choke and bury you;
to put you at rest so you won't suffer my test.
or am I thinking of me?
what is it I'm missing? what the fuck do I need?
and why must I bleed; I'm staining your carpet.
don't worry, I'll get it out - but not 'fore I spit on it too
'cause all I know is I don't need you.
I know you're not the key
for all the locked up love within my frail heart
that is impossible to tear apart.
I ought to throw you into the sea
and watch you scream your pleas
and watch your desperate frown
'cause you haven't learnt to swim,
you only know how to drown.
say I was right - and I'll set you free.
I'll let you live and I'll let you go.
just remember that I still despise you so.

PUPPET THEATRE

i am not your puppet
you cannot grope inside me
and all you make of me is not all i am to be
because you are not in control - you have no idea
you could never see what it was i needed
you are simply too concealed.
you're a bitch and you're a liar
i never did like you - never did love you
but i don't think i hate you
that would just be playing your game
i am not a cheat - i will not use your rules.
and all you left still hurts
and all you took leaves me hollow
and all you had said was untrue
and i don't know i will ever again trust you
and you left me to wilt away
and you did it every damn fucking day
and you still do because i'm stuck with you -
not like i want to
every night i am tortured with visions of you
and every day i reminisce over all you said
and every minute thoughts of you race thru my head
and every dream i pretend i had never bled
and every sighting of you takes away my dread
and every muscle of mine aches to be in your bed
you twist my mind about and you throw my love out
i can't even cry, can't even scream, can't even shout.
you know, i guess i didn't really see it before,
but it does seem like i'm your puppet -
the butler serving your every call.

UNTIE

you are the one that i love
even tho it's you i hate,
i think i should learn not to hesitate.
and you said i was a phoney
and you labelled me a copy cat
i know what you think of me, honey -
i'm so shallow i'm your door mat.
but you've only ever skimmed the surface
so you have no idea how i feel
because what you think is not real
(untie me)
...but that's my problem - right?
i have always been to blame
but you won't always be able to blame the insane
just because *you* think it's a game.
and i am not funny? - no, just half amusing
and only good for using
and it's not my choice when choosing
so i am forever losing you
(untie me)
and i lost all strength and so lost the fight
you were too damn loud i lost my sight,
and i know you cannot comfort me tonight
cause i'm too damn tired to attempt to write.
(untie me)
...then my heart stopped and i died with fright.

BYE BYE

no need to fear me,
just because i hold this gun -
it is not for you.
no need to find the truth,
no need any more.
and what for? what good will it do?
none; not now.
time's run out.
i never did doubt life would leave me,
tear me to shreds;
that time wouldn't heal the wounds i bled.
i could never have survived on the lies i was fed;
everything you said - buried in my head.
i have not forgotten, just lost.
and where am i meant to be?
and why can't i see? and what am i worth now?
and why point my gun at me;
have i bored you so?
why let me go?
you were the only one i didn't know.

NOTHING GETS BETTER

you could never really fly high;
you failed because you wouldn't try
and you would not say why,
why you always made me cry
because you failed to see
all the hurt you sent to me
that made me want to flee
to get far, far, far away from thee.
if everything were different
everything would be better.

NEVER TO BE

did you not almost love me?
way back when we spoke?
can't you see all this anger is just hurt,
and my fear is constantly experiencing rebirth?
you should have been an apparition of my mind
because you never were kind
and you never cared for pain
- nobody's but yours.
you never could heal my sores,
you never loved me
though it's something i could not see.
you wanted to be free and i didn't let thee.
yet you were the one who stuck in the knife
- i never asked you to be my wife,
i had never asked anything of you,
well, maybe only for you to be true.
maybe we could have been
if only your love for me you'd seen,
but because you cannot love me
i know we are never to be -
so won't you release my soul?
let it go - free to roam?
help me - lead me to a new home,
lead me to where i can be
wherever i am meant to be
even though we are never to be.
you know, you almost did love me...

GOD IS EVERYWHERE, MY DEAR

You never were who i wanted,
if this is what you are,
you did not fulfil my needs.
You had not loved me like you claimed
and you still left me.
I grant i had wronged you
and i know you must trust me not
but may i remind
you had done far worse by me in the past -
or have you conveniently forgot?
I had made nothing of it
as i saw nothing could be done.
I let you be; *you* were worth more to me.
I thought our friendship was stronger
than the need for perfection,
than the need for an all year summer.
Remember, dear, all sunshine creates a desert.
I thought we would prevail.
How foolish of me
that i could not see
death had beseeched thee.
But i must blame myself not,
for how could i have known you seek not man,
but a god.

WELCOME TO THE MACHINE

"...i hate answering machines
and i hope you do too,
so leave a message if it's *really* important,
but, you know, you don't have to..."

WHA?

i want to be a great poet
but i'm only eighteen
and i swear too much
with no idea how to clutch the issues
to be way up there with Browning
and Poe and Yeats
and i'll fail the HSC
and i'll ruin my life
and this particular poem will see
only my friends and me
because it's too shallow
and there's no huge vocab list
and i'm writing it because i'm pissed
-ooo! that rhymed!

TO PART FOR GOOD

don't know if it's time to say good bye
don't want to leave you tonight
why is my love such a crime
don't want to have to decide
if i can cope without you this time

PADDLING IN CIRCLES

why is it, that i still need you?
why does it hurt so much?
i love you no longer, so why does it hurt so much?
how can it be that you're perfect for me,
but i am nothing to you?
y'know, it just hurts so much.
why can i not clutch in my weak hands and mind
what it is you need? i don't know what to find.
and love cannot be defined.
i love you no longer,
yet i love your perfumes,
and i love your stars;
i love you.
but i can't, i can't decide to forget you, like i need to -
just to survive.
you were never mine, you never had the time.
why does that hurt me?
why do i grieve you do not see me?
why are you so blasè?
why didn't you look at me today?
why let me stray so far?
why not warn me you would leave?
why not tell me you hated this?
maybe you did... and maybe i can't...
so, is that why we aren't.... ?

THE DEPTHS

why did you laugh?
and pretend to be happy
when you were not?
why speak now, after
all that silence, after
all the hiding and secrecy?
how can you be so confident
when you are so insecure?
why feign tragedy when your life is so pure?
who do you seek,
who is your perfect mate?
can there be *anyone* out there
who will live up to the standards you have set?
is there anything that would really make you happy?
that would suffice to your immense needs?
who are you, anyway,
to think you will get what you want?
who are you, anyway,
that has the power to destroy me?
who are you, anyway?
you are in my mind and part of my body
you are my soul yet you never tell me
which way is best in which go.
you don't take notice of me
and you don't care when i bleed.
why are you doing this when you know me better?
when you know me better than to do this?

NOT ENUF SPEED

don't want to study, yet don't want to flunk
i have already learnt too much junk.
so now i listen to punk
just to fill my days with a bit of fun,
with a little son - i could go far
and i'll never again say "star" 'cause it hurts too much
to know i couldn't clutch what was important to me,
to make me see what it is i need
- i want to bleed.
plant a seed and kill the tree,
drain the sap, the life of me.

IT'S NOT THAT YOU DON'T LOVE ME

all i ever do is sigh.
will you not ask me why?
oh well then, goodbye,
i know you're only dropping by -
and you won't even try.

and all you did was lie.
won't you look me in the eye?
oh well then, goodbye,
i know you're too high -
so you won't even try.

it's late, and it's time to fly.
is this how i will die?
oh well then, goodbye,
i know you're not going to cry -
but you won't even try.

[NO TITLE]

so how's your life?
we never said goodbye.

[NO TITLE] [PART TWO]

no, you are right,
we never said goodbye...
....farewell, my love.

SPEAKING TO THOSE WHO AREN'T THERE

You cannot fathom the pain you put me thru -
that has sprung from memories - reminders of you.
The little things, the great things - all the things
that show me it is you.
Your ghost is ruining me.
You haunt me every day, every night.
Do you do this to gloat? Do you do it for spite?
Every moment is full of pure torture,
as i can feel you, see you, but cannot touch you.
I can hear you, your silence becomes deafening,
but i can't speak to you to tell you what i'm thinking.
And you cannot fathom the pain you put me thru.
Would you even worry for me if i were to cry?
Would you even care if i were to die?
Had you always been lying to me
when you used to say you needed me?
Are you lying now? Saying you will not see me?
Saying you do not want to know me?
But you do not realise what you are doing to me.
If only you knew, if only you could see....
maybe then you would turn my despair to glee.
But then, what are the chances you would bother,
bother to repair my damaged and dusty soul?
Would you even try?

FORREST OF THE NIGHT

going for a walk, flying with the breeze,
crying over thoughts and memories.
waiting for the fall of darkness,
becoming lost in the trees.
have you ever experienced such purity?
have you ever seen the beauty of the night?
the shadows of trees sweep the stars
and twigs break under your feet
as you discover your own path.
here you can breathe in the air
and spin in circles thru its coolness.
you laugh away your despair and cry in forgiveness
as the pixies show you the way home
and you realise you are not alone.
you marvel their wings and other pixie things,
and you now understand why your world was bland
and you can now see all of its hidden beauty
and you go for a walk, fly with the breeze,
content now with your new memories.

...AND THE DREAM IS GONE.

i want to write and i want to sing,
but i am only a vile little wretched thing.
no one wants to hear my thoughts
nor read the words i write
nor give the love i have so painfully sought,
but *i* will see even after i lose my sight;
that there is no damn point to fight
and to kill me you have no right
but you've done it anyhow, and without a care
that all you have done is left me bare.
and you were never there once you had gone again.

YOU HAVE FIFTEEN MINUTES LEFT...

just fifteen minutes to wait for you
fourteen to criticise what you do
thirteen and you will laugh
twelve and you'll break my heart
eleven before it all goes away
ten before i can't stay
nine and it will all stop
eight and my body will drop
seven - that's my life gone
six more for the purification song
five and pens go down
four and in failure i'll drown
three till i cry
two till my soul dies
another minute before i perish in sin
now time's up - where had my intelligence been?

UNDER THE BREATH

what can i say, the world really *is* a vampire. she'll suck you dry and leave you for the buzzards. you won't even be strong enuf, by the end, to even attempt suicide. you'll just have to live in an eternally painful and empty quantum superposition until you die of natural causes in one hundred and twenty years, by that time you would have suffered enuf to destroy the lives of at least another twenty fellow human beings... not that *they* would think of *you* as a comrade. people are a bit of a bitch too. not you, of course, dear... mumble, mumble, grumble, mumble

OCTOBER > DECEMBER 1998

A POEM ABOUT -HARIUS- AND A TWO DAY NONEXISTENT ADVENTURE OF TORTURE.....

i should be studying for an english exam -
"i shall rendezvous with you
upon the conclusion of my endeavour
to the institution of my erudition
which will infinitise my cognition"
well, pardon me for not being a fucking *thesaurus*,
but what is the great difficulty
in writing that phrase as:
"i shall meet you after school"?!
and i write this poem,
what, i ask, are my techniques?

and what, i ask, be my choice of words?
and what, i ask, is their effect?
and what may be the underlying themes?
and what is the tone?
and who are my audience?
and is there a change?
and can you pick the metaphors?
and can you see the rhyme?

what say you of the meaning
of this irregular stanza division?
what is the moral of this story?
where is the climax, the real beginning?
when will it end?
and who am i trying to defend?
but who is being attacked?
can you tell by this statement?
where my psychological state is at?
can you see where i change the register of this piece?
can you spot the colloquialism?
and the made-up words?
and somewhere in these thoughts
are hidden seventy birds -
how many can you find?
and is this not absolutely sublime?
and will you ever find the time
to analyse my every phrase?
to discover a meaning for each letter on this page?
and if i put in a bible reference, will you recognise it?
"Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretched, a villain, lost to love and truth"[†]
will you notice if i would
perceive to place pieces of alliteration and allusion?
and what of the world today?
you'll stay to it a slave,
as you are now - wondering how,
how this poem effectively relates to the reader,
why some of the language may not be appropriate.
this poem you'll learn to hate,
because it will be a bloody awful one
- i will be repetitive
and i will drone on
and it will be longer than it needs to be.
after reading this rubbish
you will wish you had studied browning's
"Andrea Del Sarto"
because i will leave you no hope,
no real things to clasp to
when you try to answer the HSC question.
you'll be surprised
at why this poem is even on the HSC list,
what with no capitals
and giving away all the techniques
(alliteration, metaphors, irregular capitalisation, verbosity,
first person, rhetoricism, colloquialism and even jargon,
 clichés, and the list goes on...)
and i leave nothing to the imagination,
well, except that lark about the birds,
(they're not really there...)
my only audience is you,
the readers, yet i speak directly to you,
as if you were here
(get your finger out of your nose!)
and i wonder what other poems of mine
will you be studying along with this one?
i suggest (not to be modest)
"what it means", "she*" and their amendments -
uc, these two poems are not...

[†] from Robert Burns' "the cotter's saturday night" (~lines 94-95)

well, you figure it out ...for once...
and can you pick the moments of plagiarism?
and where i've used tetrameters?
and other regular patterns?
do you know what onomatopoeia is?
no? then i *slap* you in the forehead!
you'll ponder in your sleep where all the meaning is
you know there must be some
because your teacher told you so
but is there really any, you ask? ...no.
and i bet you needed a dictionary for the first stanza

speaking of stanzas....

hmmm,
do you know my motivation for doing just that?
i wonder if there will even be
a need for education by the time i die
and become famous for my poetry...
not that i think i will, but you just never know.
you can't be too sure.
a gdybym pisała w innym języku,
zrozumiałibyście?
and who could even bother?
you'll find you'll need to learn a bit about my past.
you'll find me dull, boring,
and you'll see i have no life.
and the society i live in is not much fun either,
there's not much on tv,
ricki lake, boxing + Mcguyver.
there's not much for me to tell you about myself,
unless i tell you about hell...
fire, snakes - oh, and lots of brimstone.
and this is my story of nothing.
and this is my story of everything.
and in the box that Pandora holds
is the thing i could never myself hold
and to whom had my soul been sold?
no, *not* the devil, you fools, tsk, tsk....
a nice little greek fellow named harius.
and don't you dare think for a moment
that i've run out of things to say.
...i'll come up with something
...sooner or later

here's an idea - another stanza.
and just for your reference,
this is the 123rd line in this poem.
if you don't believe me, you may check for yourself.
enuf side-tracking,
have you yet discovered all that i asked of you?
have you seen the clues i gave to you?
did you notice my drifting
as you were tearing out your hair?
did you bother to take notes
while you were trying to sleep up there?
have you checked all the words,
and made sure you understand?
do you still have that dictionary in your hand?
would you have read this bland poem
if you were at ho-em?

would you honestly spend all this time
on this stupid poem if it wasn't mine?
would you even care if there was sarcasm there?
and could you see all that irony?
would you comment, in your essays,
of the egoism and pure silliness?
i'll allow you to use the word "crap"
and you can say i didn't have

anything in mind when writing this.
it'll give you a break,
let you indulge in some bliss
as you compose your response
"...it's worth less than piss..."
i don't really care - there's no imagery there,
and nothing to show i pondered over this so.
you'll still have to suffer,
but there'll be no excuse
not to write as many lines as i have here,
only full of abuse.
a few tips, to help you along;
DON'T USE BIG WORDS - they'll mark you wrong.
don't try to impress, you can't with this crap,
it's as exciting as a dog licking your lap...
...actually...
but away from that visual that you just acquired -
you filthy animal...
you don't want to know, even if it's how i have fun.
and what have you learnt?
and what do you know?
where will this take you?
And where would you go?
exactly when, i hear you ask,
will this poem become of use
as you complete every day tasks?
i have the answer - to that, at least,
you won't! ha ha!!
aren't i a beast?
i have more in common with a lump of green putty
than to any of the famous and great others
like Yeats, Poe, Asimov and Strutty.
and just to clue you in,
you so don't look like fools
when you go to your teachers
and librarians and scholars and smarts,
Strutty doesn't exist.
(and neither does Santa Clause)

if you really want to know what brought me
to this great idiocy, it was education and society.
but then, what else is new,
why do you think the past had so many loons?
our lives suck, our futures are opaque,
and all i know how to do is bake poppy-seed cake
and all the other crappy things i make.
but what i do best is to fake.
fake what? why, a good poem, of-course!
did you notice this really isn't a master-piece?
did you not know i am a famous poet?
of course, by the time you read this i will be dead,
so you will not have the opportunity to call me up
and say something to the effect of:
"by golly, you're that chick with the awesome poem,
you know, i've been meaning to thank you for that.
we all had a blast with it in class
and the exams were a breeze!
how about we get together some time and you can bore
me to death with the sequel "Ode to the things that make
my computer screen flicker when i video record it during
a home-video session" !"
yeah, sorry about that.
not much i can do, being dead and all.

maybe if there really is an after-life
i'll give you a sign that i'm still around,
you know,
like when you look in the mirror one fine morning,
you'll see my face instead of your own,
and you'll freak out,

because you won't know it's actually me,
and you'll think it had something to do
with the layer of beauty mud
that was *meant* to make you look *better*...
...or i could turn your tv on and off
while you try to copulate with your loved one,
it would frustrate the hell out of you,
tying to be intimate with all those infomercials....
so annoying, it would seem as if i were really there!
sounds like a plan!!
you know, i once fell in love with this girl,
wretchedly unlucky little thing.
yeah, that's all i have to say about her...
...except her poetry is worse than mine,
so you'd be glad *she's* not famous.
i do related english.
it is one of the hardest english levels one can study.
of course, it's harder for me because i'm so crap at it.
i simply cannot perform to that standard.
did you know shakespeare couldn't spell?
he was also terrible at grammar.
he's awfully lucky he could write good stuff.
of course, this is not very good,
yet i'm being dissected and explored.
ohh, higher, higher - a little to the left ;-))
are you familiar with computers?
i don't really care - please don't tell me
please don't bore me with your pathetic lives.
hmmm, it's getting awfully late,
but do you think that will stop me? of-course not!
what year is it, over when you are?
how much has it changed from now?

this pillow is comfortable.
i know someone has forced you to read this
because you're still reading it.
most people with any sort of sense
would have stopped by now,
so i hope you are comfortable too.
if not, fetch yourself a blankey,
make yourself a coffee - extra strong,
get someone to massage your back
as i can already feel your muscles knotting up...
the only thing that won't help you -
in the event of an exam -
is the extremely long title of this poem.
you'll probably refer to it as little as you possibly can,
or otherwise shorten it to "sunshine + rainbows"...
...or is that too redundant? maybe you can call it "it".
have you ever cross-dressed
and walked into a really old, conservative place?
isn't it fun when they grab you by your imitation balls
and kick you out without so much as a grin
for your effort and individuality? it's divine.
i can imagine it would be more exciting for a male,
not that i would like to pursue that line of thought.
(tho, if i were to, you'd have to come for the ride)
actually, to tell you the truth,
i've never done what i just described - yet.
well, maybe i had by the time you read this,
but you suckers don't really care.
and i know you don't because despite your eyes
physically following my words, your mind
is off on it's own little faeryful world
and not taking in any of this. i can prove it...
IS A HOMOSEXUAL.
see? i bet you read that bit, and said to yourselves;
"is a homosexual... yeah... huh? gay? who?
let me read back a bit - i should pay more attention".
the truth is, i never mentioned any names

(for those who claim they were paying attention,
but really weren't and need an explanation)
or persons that remotely fit the capitalised description
but i bet it got you into gear again...
see, you're going to pay attention now
(for a little while longer - at least)
in case i actually do mention something
that may be slightly interesting.
which only proves my point more,
that you're not *actually* reading this properly
because i have not said one interesting thing
in the whole duration of this poem,
and you expect me to start now!??
oh look, a pimple in an odd place....

No SOUP For You!!

there has to be more than this
somewhere, there has to be bliss.
maybe it rests in your kiss
somewhere where i won't find
somewhere in you confined.
maybe i'm just blind?
or did i hurt you too much,
did i scare you away?
i'm not allowed out to play.
i can't meet with you tonite
because, however, despite.
why can't i ever be in the right?
why have *you* lost your sight?
i could not talk - my mouth was gagged
filled to the brim with lust and love.
not around, nor below, but above
way up there on a pedestal high
somewhere where i couldn't fly.
why did you have to hide?
it was your love i wanted to ride
fed with my love on the side.
i didn't know i had you tied
but i didn't know why you lied.
i didn't understand the way you could think
but i wilfully drank your poisoned drink.
i fell under your spell and followed your smell
over to the dark cave in which you dwell.
and i discovered i too could be cruel
because i found i was so much like you.
yet our days were too few
and you wouldn't let me explain
and you didn't want to heal the pain
and you have made me insane
because you changed all the rules in your game,
and now no one knows why it's not the same.

DEAREST

i want to do what i once could do:
i want to be with you.
i want to make sweet love to you.
and i won't keep you secluded.
and i won't complain how much it murdered.
and i won't keep you tied,
i will love you until you need me
i will touch you until you feel me
i will want you until you kill me.
you must realise how much i love you,
and i hope you know i am perfect for you too.

MONIKA

it's hard because we could not reconcile
you could not find it in you to forgive me
what hurt most is that you can't say goodbye
you left, hitting me with harsh words
you displayed your dissatisfaction with anger,
and you took it all out on me.
why can you not even hear me now?
you are listening, but you don't respond.
you had always told me what to do,
why can't you tell me how i can keep you?
will you walk away again? leave me?
will you not attempt to fathom my love for you?
abuse me if you must - if it keeps you happy,
all i really need is you. all i want is you.
but i can see you dislike me an awful much,
you cannot even look at me as i speak to you now.
you've always glanced at your watch, just like now -
do you even notice how blunt you are?
being honest has its good and bad points, my dear,
yet you only see the very worst in me.
why don't you look at me!?
why don't you ever answer my letters?
i have written so many.
why aren't you ever at home when i call you?
i do not recognise what is in me to spur such hatred.
what do i do to you that waters your flowers of scorn?
you pull a sour face? ...and you release my hand -
the hand you vowed to yourself never again to touch.
i ask, why is your love the only thing i cannot clutch?
i thought i was good to you. i tried to protect you,
tried to save your fallen tears, but alas, you had drew
-no, drawn- out the picture. with so many colours,
it made everything clear.
you explained to me slowly and carefully,
as to a brainless child, that i am incapable of being
loved...
by you... ever.
Never, you said. But now you add "again".
does that not say something?
does it not show the possibilities?
you'd taken me in twice -
shouldn't it be "third time lucky"?
don't shake your head, you've done it before - it hurts.
i cannot stand to see you with others, talking, laughing,
enjoying.
because you never talk to me. *they* betrayed you too.
even more than i!!!
Why can you take them in, yet leave me outside?
i had treated you with greater respect than the others.
i had loved you more than all your lovers combined.
i still love you. i still yearn for...
wait, you've not let me finish, just listen, *understand*,
you once said you love me.
You said you loved me. don't leave me now.

FAR LEYDEN

quit hiding in your dungeon,
stop haunting my dreams,
cease this constant torture,
sew up my split seams,
remove your little spells,
call away your dogs,
expel the devil from my mind
and give the peace for which i long.
for yours is the tale scorched -
burnt is your heart;
your ashes fall to the earth as i watch you blow apart.
kindred are the spirits that now keep you away,
as is good the karma with which i used to slay.
your head on a silver platter, a symbol of my love,
the result of my immense power and betrayal of my trust;
never were you as great as you always liked to believe,
you will never again enter my mind -
you'll die and away from me cleave.

1999

THE SWARTHY HOG INN

it's snowing in my room
and i can hear you scream
but do you know
you're not as scared as you seem?
you'll run to the bathroom
and what's in there?
grandfather's washing his hair.
mary, can't you see the crap?
you'll yell till i snap,
but you can't tie me up
because i have the box
where the cat survived,
do you think he's alive?
don't you know
they're somewhere in china,
they make all the planes sink
with your fountain pen ink.
and you can't write any more
you can use your hand
you cant use your mind
and you can't make it bland.
you're lost and afraid
and you can't remember
the last time you played.
what was your name?
why aren't you sane?
can't you feel the pain?
isn't it all the same?
only you're to blame.

EVERYONE'S A KILLER

everything passes too quickly, in a really slow way.
but it still works, i still feel the fear,
it is so unbearably painful to live in here.
everything's gone now, only emptiness has stayed,
and evil has with my mind comfortably played.
i would always see the darkness in the day.
always dry was my plentiful tear,
never quite able to disappear.
forever will i feel betrayed,
and evil has with my mind comfortably played.
she will no longer beside me stay.
and i had clouded the crystal of clear,
for not one intention, could i revere.
the heart, the stone of jade - portrayed,
and evil has with my mind comfortably played.

THE ROMANTIC PIG DANCE OF SEX

walking past her
grabs the hair
dragging fright and dark
"startled little child" said.
and is gone, waltzed away.
mother, stand up
aware of your fear
run tonight and disappear.
leave the leaf
that's fallen to the ground
shivering, trembling
died just this hour.
slap my face
to waken your mind
you must be cruel
to have been so kind.
steal the knife
from out of my back
give me the dawn,
then give me a life.
pursuing madness
i feel free at last
i control all of you
from this, my cage of glass.

CASTLE

knowing nobody, not even myself
i hide all the pain on my spider-web shelf.
all alone, as i breathe in the dirt
the evil inside me scars me with hurt.
sharp little cruelties, disguised as life
i have always fought off with all my might.
yet as darkness sets in and finishes its nest
all that is pure will be put to rest.
then the coldness will devour my mind, the cell,
destroying the home in which i dwell.
from world to world it moves around
and my poisoned ashes blanket the ground.
and so i am here, for all eternity,
will i be alone, or is this what they call free?
do i see some clouds, or is my mind unclear,
and if i blow my hardest will it all disappear?

MASTER OF THE MASTER

the torture continues as i bathe in the past -
who else but emptiness can see through glass?
you observe from above, from your throne of shit,
looking down upon us in our bottomless pit.

you rule us like the clouds rule the rain,
swamping the dirt with blankets of pain.
like rivers flow down a mountain side,
so do the tears from our broken eyes.

so can you see the sun in the shade?
or can you hear the sounds in space?
can you fly through land as you do in air?
or can you find the hope in our despair?

2000

EXHAUSTING DESPAIR

and when i die, i'll cry sweet tears.
i'll eat strawberries in cotton fields.
i'll hear the silence i once spoke,
and then bury happiness treasures.

and when i die, i'll breathe the salt.
i'll touch the mind of wind.
i'll see in the darkness of underworlds,
and then i'll do away with sin.

and when i die, i'll know myself.
i'll be free to sing what i want.
i'll give the gift of dark and death,
and then i'll abolish all hope.

and when i die, i will be dead.
i'll rot away down there.
unable to sing or taste or feel,
and then all my pain will disappear.

BTRS†

sedative tears lull me to sleep
here i lay, a worthless heap
as my sanity leaves thru skin pores
sadness tears open half-healed sores
depression sweeps away the pain
but torture takes the reins again
once strong walls, now black ash
time to smoke a bag of hash
thumping brain and desert mouth
love once had has moved on out
as dark shadows move about
try as i might, i cannot shout
my senses amiss, and losing my grip
lost my feeling on an evil trip
fell over my corpse
and in pieces i crashed
i am a blind turtle, rolling smashed.

GREEN STONE

like lust in the church
it was then forbidden,
it poised, ready to reveal all it had hidden.
and its petals opened
and its thoughts revealed,
for a life-time they had forever been sealed.
coming to the light
from the blunders within,
but nothing will eradicate its grievous sin.
dark and ugly,
a spawn of black,
alarmed the people, had taken aback.
high and mighty and
larger than could be,
a rotten apple from the cold and burnt tree.
something atrocious,
something so grey,
i had wished not for it to stay.
exposed for all to see,
then pulled from view -
it's the last time i saw the likes of you.

LONG

it's time to write
i feel a need
but nothing comes to mind

what is my creed,
what do i seek,
what is it i will find?

shallow footsteps, they send
bad news from afar,
but i do not cry,

could love be the end,
shining bright in my eye,
or do i need to die?

oh such sadness
oh such grief
but then there's sweet relief

what am i saying,
what do i mean?
an evil spark in my eye gleams

from shadow beneath
the truth revealed
no more pleasantries today

for good is conquered
and happiness too,
and i will never stop the slay

and i have won
and you left me - good,
i do not care, i am not sane.

GHOST

i think i don't care any more,
and i think you don't mind -
because you never speak to me,
and you're nowhere i can find.
it was all only just a game,
a plan i'd formed in my head -
i meant for you to leave me
and i planned that i'd be dead.
i know you were the pawn,
i know because i was the queen -
making sure you would betray me,
and making sure i'd bleed.
so now i have to let you go,
set you free from your task -
you made me cry, just like that,
you killed me, just like i asked.

CHURCH BELLS AND LAUGHTER

it's all so joyous
and i feel so free,
i'm glad and i'm happy -
it's great you don't speak to me.
i'm loving life
and i love the world,
i'm so warm
and i love that you're so cold.
i've a new found energy
and you're full of sin,
i eagerly kiss you once again
as you lie there in your coffin.

SUNSET TURMOIL

today i am free
and tomorrow too
i feel the sun go down

i smell the sea
the ground is soft
bouncing under my heel

the sun is setting
the clouds are red
and the water is getting cool

i lay on my back
and sense the sky
i'm as happy as a fool

and i am reminded
about that girl
for which awesome love i feel.

the one that never loved me back
and that's a fact.

2001

DEAR KATRINA,

[part one]
remember that hope is as empty as fear,
lust is as great as love and
all that you with shall eventually come to you...
the things you desire, the things you hope for,
the things you lust after, the things you cherished
and the things you will forever remember are
more precious that you shall ever remember...
so praise you and live like you've loved all your life.....

[part two]
only your memories are true
none shall be sad and none blue
only you can know love
not an angel, not a dove..

JUST PEACHY

is this how you see me?
i am not strong.
i'm hiding from you.
why would you want to know my pains?
you can't heal them
you may try,
but i can't tell you what they are,
i can't tell you what's hidden in me,
i can't point my finger and say
"there. there lies my grief
and here is my pain
these are my wounds
make me whole again".

A PROSE OF WONDERMENT

in the thick, black, sweltering chamber all that was good i
drown with tears that corrupt the purity i felt what seems
i had ages ago. why am i cursed with such fallible things?
all was laid before me, but i did not care to look.
everything so plain and simple, so colourful and playful,
yet i paid it no heed. was my drink poisoned or was my
mind simply overloaded with thoughts of... by god what
was i thinking?? i try to recall, but all is blurred. rather, i
see what saw, but i don't understand what i thought. did i
need too much of what i was offered without noticing
whether i wanted it? and how many people have i hurt
now... how much trust have i broken - how much more is
waiting for me?

do i deserve what i have - do i have more than nothing?
what is mine, really? to what may i cling to now all is in
ruins? The shatterings of... of what? what had i built
before i destroyed it? and now i lay within my mess; free
but lost, _____ but merry-less.

UNFINISHED

i'm now what i used to be
...tormented but, free
in this fucking reality.
no. i'm not unhappy.
well, not entirely.

LADY KATHLEEN,

just confirming the safe arrival
of my invite to your gracious festival.
upon consulting my busy diary,
it seems december 1st is quite free.

considering all the facts herein
an appearance i shall make at the inn.
food - o joy! drink - o yes!
no doubt i will be your gayest guest!

i shall find another person to bring,
and also buy some splendid thing:
for an event as important as this
your night should reflect breathtaking bliss.

thus hence! hastily, i prepare
to arrange a carriage to take me there.
my dress to fit, my manners acute,
let us farewell your diminishing youth!

THE FIRST

just admiring you
as you lie in sleep
dearly loving everything about you -
everything about you is beautiful

THE SECOND

jovially believing that, maybe,
all we had was not a lie,
desperately searching, wanting
expressing, yearning love

THE THIRD

just
another
damned
experience

2002

THE WORLD, A NUTSHELL

somewhere she sits and reads, sipping coffee and
blissfully soaking up the breeze of a fine afternoon.
is she reading my letters?
is she crying over them?
will she recycle the paper
that bears eternal love
or will they perish
as they should
into the nothingness of the universe -
to scour the world
heralding the truth i swore to her -
my promise to be with her always?
the whole world should know
every last person should feel the burning
and the desire
the loyalty and the love.
everyone shall know,
and she shall tell them.

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dissected a world
chaos chortled untold dreams
deformed young souls cry together
savage love dying truth
forever wraith burns

2003

THE S. NOTE

watch the clock
and you will see -
by this time today
i had destroyed me.

quivering and dying
i am placed in my grave -
i was nobody, and
there was nothing to save.

you can't stop me now,
i can't hide the pain -
peace i will have,
and love i will gain.

better kept hidden
than displayed on a shelf -
did love you all,
but didn't love myself.

four walls of dirt
and a ceiling of sky,
two angels here fall
to my wooden hide.

they tug at my soul
and allure me with light
"everything is fine now"
they sing in our flight.

i look down below
and what do i see,
a total of none
came and visited me.

i shrug my shoulders,
then suddenly ahead
i feel a great laughter
and the angels turn red.

struggle as i might
i am bound by some spell
but i don't think it strange
that i'm going to hell.

2006

WARMTH

she keeps me warm with her smile
and the way her hands touch me
the way she throws her leg over me in bed
her look when she's horny
the things she whispers to me
the way she kisses me
the way she moans when i give her what she needs
the way she yearns for more
with her breath on my neck
and her hands on my cunt...

SWEETNESS ITSELF

what is it that you whisper true?
what do i see when i look at you?
a bit of beauty, a bit of warmth,
a bit of smile there too...

brown those eyes and flush your cheeks,
something flutters when you speak

and there:- so mirthful, so playful
- so full of youth
though your eyes crinkle so cute

ha ha h...and now you laugh so joyous + free
free as the breeze and deep as sea

the air is so fresh and the birds,
they sing;

it's simply a brightness
that you bring.

PREVAILENCE

here i lay twiddling thumbs
waiting patiently for sleep to come
thinking of court in the morn
oh dear me- is that the dawn?
never mind i'll get up now
time, anyway, to beat lynn, the cow!

2007

MY CUPID

like a little cupid, you lay next to me
with a faint little snore, cute as can be
i can't help but to smile
to know we are here
to know that we fit
- and my heart skips a beat.

skin to skin
...and sweaty
...and hot
...and satisfied
- and my heart skips a beat.

tasting your sweetness
and smelling your sex
your hand on my breast
as you lay next to me,
- cute as can be.