

In Memoriam, souls of the CCP

Finally going over the content of suburbia
I uncover a cricket
in the drain-pipe under the man-hole
largely unnoticed by the media
and this thing that lay under
brang breathing to a ling,
opened up the world
to me - as an unholy thing

We like breezes (winds of change)
and the train, window open,
brings us no pain
but the brotherhood
of pain that held me to its membership,
of that I felt uneasy; remembered
the debauchery before we came out
and how salt was rubbed into other's scaleless luck

Just as oil is oil
I am divided from you by
a red line.
Leaning on one the other flipped and struck me
and you were that emu needling for a rib-eye,
turning out the manhole what blunk.
Fever was just seen rising from behind its cover -
an' I am become today
a new born newspaper man all over

Believe

Believe in me
They say there is no Justice
I heard about truth from a friend
He got it from a stranger
Who had found it in a bag
That was on a boat
Following under a bridge the sun
Which was lost
Owing to misdirection from a star
Loose winging across the void
The void was not lost
Believe in me
There is Justice
Just as certainly as there is a yellow raincoat
Jammed in a car door
Just as certainly as I left my bag behind
I heard about it from a stranger
Who had it from a friend
He said there are two types of truth
But one speaks much louder than the other
The other was lost under a bridge

Thus secured
I made my way home under the stars
And trod in a hole

But Leave My Heart

Take away my hands
So I may not meddle
But leave my heart
So I may feel

Take away my eyes
So I may not stare
But leave my heart
So I may have vision

Take away my ears
So I may have silence
But leave my Heart
So I may still be aware

Take away my tongue
So I may not speak
But leave my heart
So I may commune

Take away my legs
So I may not stumble
But leave my heart
Where I am secure

Take away the mirage of my face
But leave my heart
And I will never turn away

Take away my body
This will always die
But leave my heart
Where there is life

Take away my mind
So there is no confusion
And leave my heart
Where there is peace

Take it all away
Yet I shall never suffer
For you cannot take the heart
Where I reside

New Dogma

Don't rhyme too much
Don't at metaphor clutch

Don't start lines with capitals
Don't dwell on flower petals

(instead like a supping bee
draw power from the flower)

Build on each idea, pause
Only to release your tears

Do not say what you mean
But do mean what you say

And as each successive verb
Causes your reader to loose his or her nerve

Paralyze them with a noun!
Leave them dribbling on the ground!

And only then, my precious Ning
Will the real magic of the poetry

begin

Reports of a Disturbance in the heart

A loose tongue spinning rhymes –
Reports of a disturbance in the heart
The culprits leave images like loose scales
Holding rude positions in empty spaces
They betray nothing of their weight
Soon it will be time to reveal their insides
To those around who share the life ordinary
Exposing in a sudden flash of neo-apostasy
The full force of God and Politic - all at once -
In horror that is an absurdity uncoiled

Feeding on the sour fruit of human pain
The thousands watching may feel immune
But the seeds are dispersing with liberty
From a tree grown high upon a rock in the sun
Rooting in the foamy reason of men
Whom we fear, but whose only threat
May be the fear, if it rises to obscure
The simple love they cannot destroy

London whom we love, we are your tears
Streaming down the streets of your white face
That afternoon; we are your blood
Drawn to you by the pulse of escalators
And the golden pound in a blue massif
Ran to the corners of your ruined glory
Exhausted with the promises of nothing.
We heard of a disturbance in the heart
One ectopic beat – and we don't know
The cloven-tongued goat or if his silence
Dusts the body of the Creator for whom we suffer

School of the Unintelligible Media

At a school both old and new
Bachelors of the Unintelligible Media are we
In suspension of disbelief
We call on superstition the new logic.
Our law is lore esoteric and our wisdom, pure madness!
Don't ask about our history – it is firmly lodged
There in the almanac of the sub-submarine mind

Our presumption is this: the Unintelligible Medium
Existent to us through the media of sense
Sometimes called a Being, strokes us with a loving fist
And in awe of its love we anoint the world
For all students of art and humanity dance at it
But brushed with the tactile log - logic
It flinches away – leaving behind a sound bite
Black hole big bang singularity paradox pantheon
Of deities – to our amusement and frustration

There it lie unrevealed unrivalled and reviled by space
Seen not by looking but by sideways knowing
Exerting itself in influence on every pin, ever stroking
But never stroked – who says they do not know it?
It is the lost necklace that touch knows was always there.
We are but students in this awe, forever changing face
There is no School in time or place, but here we are
On the floor of Ockham's cutting room staring at the door

Turiya

Let the eye close without and open within
knowing nothing
I visit sleep and become happy.
Gunned down by day
my idleness stands watching
as I slip into the perfume of a rose -
therein lies my perfection

For what perfection is
not in Turiya?
Mind unfoils
in torpor of its abyssal seas -
a wreck that is come down to Thee
meets slow transfiguration

Those people of the world
with outstretched arms
I ask you -
pull not at my still form
for the boat leaves by day
and the city of night
to whence it retreats
is my only light

You

Only only only only

Be a great cream|monster|design

I am over ovary revelry

You loon dicknose

Laars, dididit didit didididah didah

Observational bore

I want your great organ

Go, on - oblige me

Hold it like you mean it

Glass tit

Fast sucker

C O R K ! . . .

man manageable man

manageable man man