The Beginning

In a small courtyard
Where the pavers are breaking,
and the earth shows through beneath terracotta red.
And white tables and chairs rust because
No-one, ever,
Has time anymore.
There is a small hole in a tumbling down wall
That had thousands pressed against it when the heat of
Summer made all the flowers bloom.
And through that hole,
a small,
Shaft of light
Will shine through, on the
dank,
moist,
rotting terracotta.

Little fish in an Institution pt. 1

I am a little fish
One of many little fish
And I am sitting in my nest,
waiting to be fed.

In the sky, there flies the little fish
The older wiser little fish
With coats and ties and brine shrimp
floating way above their heads.
To Call My Own
I ask for very few things:
The simple things in life-
four walls to keep me
sheltered.
   A fire to keep me warm
   and a fridge in which
to keep my
   cheese.
It's not a lot. Just the necessities of life:
a booming stereo system
   playing starlight synths and
   bass that
   makes the ground
   shake.
I don't ask for much, just
   A room, darkened from the light of day and
   filled with twinkling
   lights
   that soothes me as the bass pounds
   And I lay on wall to wall mattresses-
An ambience hutch to call my own.

Dear Mum
Mmm.
The consolation, of a full, heaving stomach;
weighting down your body
at a table covered with crumbs,
mere remnants of problems.
   I can smell
my mum's forgiveness without
the condescension
and taste her hugs
her arms around me
without the who-was-that-where-are-you
   I much prefer
the third degree
from hot pan burns-
They are far less
....tiresome!
Lean on me
I don't want to lean on you
Although I may be weak or tired
Your singing eyes, I can see through
And your arms are tired too
How could you expect me to lean on you?

You offer help you cannot give,
You should really lean on me
I've been through hardship, lived
Life like it wasn't a pancake dinner
With extra whipped cream. Don't lean on me.

I am hollow, broken
One touch and I will shatter through
So do not lean on me, nor I on you
And how dare you tell me to?
Your pamphlet's wrong; to be alone
Is no issue.

Stand up straight, don't slouch, be ready
For the fast coming deluge.
If you lean you'll be unsteady and
You'll fall. I cannot come back for you.

Stop singing, stop singing, stop singing!

Howl
For the bitch that scurries in the back
alleys and feeds
from your plate of
fair-trade organic vegan
that was so plentiful it didn't fit in the mouth,
watch.

She hears the crack of thunder, magnified by the bin
wrapped around her face
and feels the whip of the
lightening
Misplaced anger, my dear.

When the torrents of rain begin to
fall, seeping through
broken roofs and winding gutters,
she raises her mouth to the sky and drinks
the freshest water
money can't buy.
Little fish in an Institution pt. 2

I am a little fish
One of many little fish
And I am sitting in my nest,
waiting to be fed.

In the sky, there flies the little fish
The older wiser little fish
With coats and ties and brine shrimp
floating way above their heads.

I wish for little big fish skies
Tell me stories, give me answers
I will give you curls and diamonds,
Shirley Temple posing nude.

And little fish will grow to big
And lay a fin outside the nest
With gentle currents warming them
and sunlight glinting shadow miles below.

I am a little fish, with little fins and heavy dreams.
I am little, walking lonely down a
dark and busy road.
I am an old fish, little old fish,
and I fall into a gutter
Because I wake up sometimes
and I don’t know where I am.

I am tired, old fish
Tired, old little fish
With a suitcase in one
Hand and a hat pressed to my heart

I am dangling legs and thin graffiti:
No-one gives a shit about the name
of this little
This old, little
This tired fish
Who should have died in her nest.
Leave them where they lay (That's all folks)

Leave them where they lay
In a haze of wildflowers
Hands clasped in rings of daisies
And poppies crowning their untroubled heads.
Leave them to grow, and
Flower and be happy.
Leave them among the blooms of summer.

Leave them where they lay
Untroubled and unafraid
Light to dark to dark again
Leave them
Give them peace.
Their lives have been hard
And they need to rest.

Leave them where they lay,
Though the rain
And the storms come
Even though anger pours from the sky and
Saturates them so they sink
Into the mud and the brown
Cold, cold earth, don't touch them.
Just leave them.

Leave them where they lay.
Her in her rainbow
Of green dress
And purple cheeks.
Sky blue lips and hollow chest
Or him in his brown suit
That folds into melting skin
Leave them under their tree
Shaded and cooled
They are well; leave them be.

Leave them where they lay,
Let not a sound disturb
The absence of their breathes.
The birds don't even sing there anymore,
So let your crying not annoy them.
Just leave them exactly,
Perfectly,
Where they lay.