

The Book of Songs

Merlyn Peter

The Book of Merlyn

I choose the time when I will depart
This reincarnation
I am Merlyn, magician and keeper
Of the mysteries
I conquered the Sphinx, my music will express
The end of the age of ignorance is nigh,
For I delivered the Eight

I am becoming the water-carrier
In spirit
And the regulating lion in matter
I also honour the bull
And the scorpion
Now that my divinity crosses over
Into the mundane

You know my kind of people,
Pre-cataclysmic
Struck by the Rock and the impounding Sea
One of the last to remain,
I needs relive history
From the dawning of evolution I deliver
A message of salvation

An island of a sea fort whence
The Gods were contained
Like a genie in a bottle
Shining a fluorescent glow

On a Dragon's Whim

Butterfly perched on a star
So latent from our human sight
Come she will from yonder and afar
To cast forth her puissant light

Tiny wings unfolding out
She floats to earth in poignant irony
More cunning than all nature's eyes
She drops herself from heavens' skies

As if by work of hand of God
Transforms herself from butterfly
Wings grow thrice thousand over
Behold a dragon of immense stature

Mouth wide open, flame licked tongue
Thrust words of fire for almighty sake
Wiping clean all before
Paving the way with devastating wake

Within his shadow of a darkened world
Hung a hazy interstitial light
With the wide-eyed who remained agazing high
Made Ready.....a portentous sigh

SHOEBOX BLUES

My life's in my shoes
And I can't walk straight
They're twisting and turning,
tripping and hurting
Seems there aint no soul

How many more mountains can I climb
Whilst these leaden feet of mine
Are weighing me down
And now the heavens (2nd time: under heaven's rain)
Are pouring me rain

I'm leaving it late for anything
Now I'm feeling the pain
It's like living in a shoebox
Been tossed into the river

And the current is strong and the journey is long
And the waters run wild and the fish never smile
And I'm looking out for ground but my head's going round
(will someone please throw me a line)

Now there's holes in my shoes
Where the water's getting through
And it seems I'm just awaiting
For these shoes are getting thin

Little Blue Pete

**In younger days he saw this world
With half the sight he sees today
He spoke his mind, from what I hear
He lost a friend for every line**

**Little Blue Pete would take a stroll
The sky would open and God would say
'Look to me boy and I'll blow your mind away'**

**Day to day through driving time
Ran many a question along webbed thoughts
Entwined and dazed with ill-fortune's dos
A little wrong step would hang him blue**

**At fifty six his long black coat
And walking boots worn through the sole
He settles down in wisdom's chair
And makes his home from hermit's care**

Ramble Free

We walk on down that road
To lift a hitch, who knows?
Someone might show us a place to go
And if we pass by roads
Where still the inn lights glow
Then mooch it through on a go-slow

But if our road is long
We'll pick a tune and hum
Whilst in time we hit the bong
And if the moon is reached
Reflect and home your song
Know the coming way sings a higher tone

Ramble over stony ground
Ramble over pastures green
Ramble through the whole way long
Just ramble, ramble, ramble, ramble free

We talk to those of the other world
In between hills and out of the streets
Crooning with creatures of our furthest dream
Sir furtive fox or Mr. business bee
Say what you want, there's naught to fear
They're too far away with aught to hear

Flexing out and spreading my wings
Mount a tree, peer out over thee
Early morning sun lighten up my seed
Oh red, rousing sun drawing golden rings
Brighten my path through the leaves of this tree
And cast all shadows away from me

A Bird's Tale

Heaven on Earth, Earth from hell
Observed the man-bird within his tree
Seedy back streets and broken panes
To a bourgeoisie banquet of buttered bricks
Black and white gone black and blue
Where politics' wings are clipped by who?

For the magpie sees a different tale
Of rings of gold and shiny things
There's lots for all she'll sing in vain
For pheasants gather and split her cane
But of her type there are many still
Concerned with wealth and posterity's will

With the crow men agaze on Calvary's post
Remnants of the Christ himself
Perched beside the devil's tree
They threaten the path towards the sea
Though men are drowned in riddled thoughts
Take flight they will away from here

For every so often of fiery spirit
Will fly the phoenix in glorious splendour
Who'll sing the songs of faith and redemption
For all the gaggle to follow his ascension
Yet beneath the skies will lie the herons
When cagey appear to kill this legend

The Gift of an Owl

An owl with two ears
Hears to sides of the story
Twice with his right side
For once with his left side

An owl with one ear
Hears one side of the story
And then turns it on its head
To hear it from the other side

To conquer over matter
Is a matter of the mind
To follow your own thinking
is the desire of freedom
To know whence you came
is your ultimate destiny
To believe in oneself
Is the secret of greatness

An owl with no ears
Is really a fish
Who chose to swim instead
And found himself a whole ocean

And it really didn't have to end

The Last of the Great Dreamers

Form a cube and paint a picture
One for each of its sides

Look within via one face at a time
And create a relatively live atmosphere

Imaging the scenario around you
Now pretend to be a part of it

Toss the cube for all hell to let loose
And roll throughout its turns

Death, you might have notice, is transient
A dice edge between the roll

Now exit via its open sides
And see the cube again

Repeat this process over and over
To bear in mind a new scenario each time

Ultimately you will have seen the cube
From all its visible sides

And this is your experience
To find that what lies within

Is the cube itself

Made in God

Energised be my name
The force that holds all reason
All important is my nature
That which can be gauged by season

Seek me here, seek me there
My will thus found is everywhere
A matter of cyclic destruction
Composed through generic construction

My lightning charge across the heavens
Will strike unasked, unstaed
The fires will burn like hellish wonders
And blacken your verdant glades

My winds are bent on twisting boughs
And ripping sapling feet
I whirl the sands that scour you naked
Then rape you of your leaf

I open with widespread voracity
And lash you a billion rains
My waters will flood and squelch your roots
Then mulch you in the ground

Patience an inherent virtue
For Mother Earth's in labour
Your wounds been licked in cleanliness
The seeds now sown of elixir

Thy body now made fertile
Reborn in lush new living
Mundanelly faced in replenishment
Of beauty made in God

Just the Song

Always a throbbing of music
Underlying my every thoughts
Thus becoming prominent
If it is that which I sort

Or maybe it stimulates thought
By channelling specific lines
A crest of words upon key notes
That breaks upon the mind

Now that I come to think of it
Words could by-produce
When pure expression is exuded
A secretion of notes will issue

Maybe I am just the song
An instrument at that
Dead until the day I'm played
My thoughts the God's at chat

'World, shall I speak thy tongue
Electric waterfall
World, I am you given son
The Rock where stands the Fall'

Rapt at Death's Door

Empty is my desire
Lost betwixt reason
Engulfed within nothing
Significance wanders passionless

Death reeks through me
Soul abandoning fool
Reminiscence rebuked
Retrogressive creativity

Whence I dwelled
The way laid waste
To live amongst the gods
The dream imploded

My abating world
In ember demise
Thy heart beat sporadic
Rapt at death's door

Reveal the Mysteries

**Of archaic era in lunar reside
Our passive earth who wore the sun's face
Cosmological storm of impending disquiet
Implicitly hastening our mood
Behold the giants who are ever nearing
To the extant of calculable impact time
The conjunctive body in which we're faced
In linear perspective shielded and safe**

**Genesis established with emotional forethought
Life transfers to a plunging retreat
Chaotic induction of magnetic disruption
Being held from a buoyant release
From powers of lessening bombastic appeal
We're minded to prewise through a muddy blue
In view to our past in Cyclopean refuge
Unearth the majestic Truth**

The Unbearable Lightness of Being

House of One Hundred Leering Eyes
Of Course a Curse to Cure
(In Curie) the Courier into Courtier

Room of Tenfold Peering Angles
Read Kabala in Ka'aba
To Ba'al in Aba with La

Subconscious inscription from archetypal projection
Psyche conditioning through soul destining

I will not be repressed
Let no pundit affect you his mule
With sublime genius will I in self-defence
Convert one's abundant energy in recompense
Subject in vying the objectifying fool

Wall of Imbedded Pointed Ears
Make Elfin the Merlyn
With Aphrodite the Dear-framed Dragon

Door of Eight-signed Mandala
War dEvilS hit
A sWord sHow lIt

Energetic surging of paranoiac infusion
Harmonic oppression through complex inducement

The Eight

Eight, the number of the great
Two snakes in heroic embrace
The whole reflected in apposition
Two rooms in the end of the world
Around we follow the way of the Eight
From Father to Son through Holy Spirit
The perfect pleroma drawn through the soul
which destines with the personality in goal

The unconscious ego, an archetype of primality
Strives for conscious realisation through pre-destination
The subconscious soul being a mediating source
Producing egoic dreams and visions of force
Now conscious imaginings of objective reality
Turn apart into subjective infinality
A matter of historical enlightenment
Collected for akashic development

Thus with the deliverance of the dark ones into lightness
Make conscious the unconscious
For amongst all our individual lives
Is pictured the face of God
Our Father who art in heaven
Us sons who lyeth in hell
So be the Great One where lies all extremes
Reflected in experience through mankind

And the soul ordained by Him
To carry out His realisation
Chooses man to voyage the depths
Whom plant the seeds of time
So being in one with God
we enlarge our sphere of life
For knowledge is the expansion of consciousness
Only consciously confined as individual

In the beginning was the Word

A word is blown through oceans wide
It's bubble seen in countless tides
An impulsive throb of liquid time
Spent moving through a mindless eye

From an ageless aeon it motioned by
And rippled strength of an influential vibe
Its touch would feel infinitely rife
Contained and said within the Tree of Life

An expanse of diaphragmatic light
Which stretches with abysmal macrocosmic might
Vibrate with force and liberate
A string of microcosmic flakes

An evolving scheme of sensual themes
That react towards the primal scream
The essential being an instinctive thing
Becomes sentient with an outward fling

Through thick and thin it forms a skin
Where fate would reason a thoughtful feeling
A likely matter for a timely splatter
In sync withstanding a composite structure

In the beginning was the word, and the word was God. And the word was with God Thus the word was sounded In the beginning was the Unconscious, and the Unconscious was God. And the Unconscious was with God Thus man is made of God In the beginning was the word and the word was unconscious. And the word was with the Unconscious And God would now be known And the Unconscious shall be shone So man speaketh the word, so man speaketh the word

FLASHBACKS

Hey Mr. Fantasy Man play a song for me
Won't you sing about a place where you are coming from
Hey Mr. Fantasy Man write a line God speed
Can't we make you into someone we can use for free
I just don't know, no one's told me

It was just an ordinary day, with eating sweets and breaking toys
From taking clocks apart and learning knitting
To sleeping in a tiny room with slanted roof and dated books
And hiding under blankets by the dozen
The coat behind the bedroom door that forms a head, a set of hands
To seeing funny shapes go floating by
And what about the heavy breathing, which all of us made claim to hearing
That when I challenged it never reappeared

We'd take a bath in shallow water of which was boiled on top the cooker
We've really only had a little money
I tried to teach my cousin read the alphabet before we slept
And beat him up for never passing 'G'
There used to be a brother once who'd pound me we obsessive thoughts
Just needed me to exact upon his genius
He got me into music playing, between reading Alice Bailey preachings
And made me question every bloody thing

And when at school I hardly learnt like the Catholic lot who ever went
It wasn't exactly what you'd call God sent
Though maths and piano were good to me and running for the cross-country team
I'd only get selected from my interest
We climbed the outer banks one day, for a joke they hung me to a tree
My tears they quelled by the hanging of another
One night we broke the tuck shop lock, the school was crap but the chocs were nosh
In fact it's now a wonderful housing stock

At work I wanted everything, respect, responsibility
I fell apart, I couldn't handle pressure
At seventeen still naïve and shy, bad tempered towards my manic mother
I couldn't stand her telling me what to do
My virginity spent with my uncle's rent on a prostitute of Chinese bent
I didn't really know until it happened
I started smoking cigarettes and drinking beer with punky mates
I hardly ever got myself a lay

On going to pubs I'd mooch around and sit in corners with limited sound
I slowly wondered where the hell I was

I'd sellotape my nose in shape, my body screaming inside out
I carried on because God is all I had
And then I needn't think anymore, a docile chap with a body to cure
And no-one really gave a shit you know
An instinctive being who pictured things with pain I couldn't understand
My thoughts were made of notes one day I'd sing

It's about this time I began the guitar, taught myself to play zombie style
After three years of which I hadn't got that far
On travelling to Europe and across the States, from sleeping rough and hitching rides
I'd end up nowhere thinking it's alright
Up to now I bummed from job to job, lost grasp of my memory as well as identity
And existing was a thoughtless, timeless plot
Not giving up 'cos I didn't know how, I straightened my nose for a confident pose
I hung on with the tips of all my fingers

And when I started learning reading, grew plants to rekindle some kind of living
And paint in search for a purposeful expression
Rebirthed in life not unlike a baby's I started to get good at my playing
Until somebody out there stopped me praying
They'd follow me around and spit through the phone, mess with my mail or spy with their shell
Or poison me instead of impaling
Spread rumours so to scare the girlies or keep me away as though I'm rabid
Make my friends seem that they shouldn't be that near

MR. FANTASY MAN

Looking back from a strange new world, I see the old with a different soul
In awe and wonder I did catch the light, then see it fade by stealing hands of sleight
Living green is the key to this way, being innocent is the only way to play
For one can know all without believing, a million tales contrived from oblivion

Teenage years that rebelled the system, for which the seeds were sown to repress them
A forced collapse of a stable existence, manipulated from an outside suppression
Didn't think to fathom a reason, could only feel and learn my lesson
Needn't judge what I couldn't remember, a memory negated for a special life rendered

Hold me, control me, use me at your will. Push me, induce me, as though I'm yours to fill
In self-defence I made a stance, whence all things must be, must be
You never asked and evil's a consentless, imposing will
Deny me, hide from me, the truth a distant goal. Pain me, enchain me in a world where lies are sold
With valiant strength I put up with a ceaseless living hell
Threw up my guard to be alone and figure this out myself

Something alien abides inside me, that plies a poignant blow
When fluidic the Master exudes a will, which only ends up drying with an unnatural feel
Ever restraining the latent powers within, my fight is a mountainous struggle
My left side leaden with frictional inharmony, I strive in unifying my person

Rebirthed in order to construct anew, a manner that's able to confront the world
With a basic principle that all things are necessary, I transcend with immeasurable ability
Them angels, devils, that hound me through, a continuity that would sicken all but a few
They fail to control with a widening inferiority, so instead they have to influence you

So who am I, what am I, the devil incarnate
The anti-Christ cursed, fulfilling a prophecy lying in wait
Aquarius man, egalitarian, the Christ in biding his fate
To end the age of ignorance and the world in its present state
Superman in Nietzsche demand, so the voices hold
A product of enforced demeanour, a law unto the poor
Magician, musician, the Merlyn of the Eight
A new order lies in balance, no offence or karma's lent

Pyramid

There is a rock
The name's inscribed in ancient book
A face in chiselled stone
Sharpened with that coming look

There is a law
Its passages run a fervent line
To hit or miss
If in time you read the sign

With astral light
Will glow in golden wonder
Through invisible force
Seeks to unleaden its plunder

In widespread depths
Strikes a light into the fishes keep
With rising revelation
The land will submerge beneath

So One will come
Equilibrating dual apposition
In trinity with the zenith
Flood the four corners of Babylon

c 1996

My Lady Fate

Lyrical contributions by Sandra Tiguawe & Phil

She glides through lives of the living
Silent she roams the world
She touches the soul of many
Her plans for them unfold
The young men cry "Who be she"
The elders say "Take care"
For fate be a dark lady
Aye, fate be ever there

The earth is green
The sky is blue
The mountains rise up

The sky (life) is everywhere
No matter where you are in this universe
Every place is special

***La tierra es verde, el cielo es azul
Las montañas ascienden, la vida sobre todo
No es importante dónde tu estás en el universo
Todos lugares son especiales***

***Los pies son firmes, la cabeza se equilibra
Mi cuerpo ríe (rieza) con alegría
(Que vaya con el flujo) Corre como el río, el buscar su camino
(Mantenga buscar, descubre su destino verdad) Y descubre su verdad***

***(Mire en dentro) El reflexiona acerca de su vida y que (se) encuentra?
(Alla una señora de plata) Su alma de lo plateada, ella se ve tan hermosa
(Reluce tan luminosa, su cara se comparte) Como quema tu fuego dentro
(Estas quemando por afuera) Mantenga seguir tu destino***

Earth, Third of Sol

Come speak to me for I know thee
Come speak to me for I hear thee
Come speak to me and you shall see
The mystery of life's great sea

I'll teach the secret of the stars
Of men of war, the child of Mars
Of Neptune's oceans and the sea's harsh tale
Of cruel sea monster and the gentle whale

Of birds and flowers, bees and trees
The knowledge of the gods from whom man flees
Terrestrial orb so big and round
Where Mother Earth's offspring's alive and abound

Come speak to me for I know thee
Come speak to me for I hear thee
Come speak to me and you shall see
The mystery of life's great sea

The Custodians

Clouds roll by from distant lands
Form magic sculptures with mystic hands
Drift over this green and fertile earth
Spread life-blood waters, help the seeds give birth
They grow to feed the billions here
Frail bird and bee, swift hare and deer
These in turn support the chain
Of life forms filling the hills and plains

Custodians of this world is man
The surveyors of seas and far-flung lands
Who stride above all that they see
The sun-gold corn and gentle trees
Self-styled rulers of life and truth
Brain-bound species so harsh and aloof
Who enslave proud horse and passive ox
Hail the fleeting hawk and cunning fox

Ambitions grow in their fertile brain
To rule and control all on the plains
To search and explore and spread man's wing
The conquest of life of this man's dream
With wealth and economic fates
By the force of arms and racial hates
Change the lush green lands to barren wastes
In the wake of their power seeking haste

How will this end, will man atone?
Will the fertile earth become sand and stone
Will the clouds still drift over trees and grass
And will the future of our green planet last

J Say War!

Who are these creatures that crawl on the airwaves
That speak of foreboding and wear us like clothing
 Feasting their way on the flesh of mankind
 Driving us on like the lambs to the slaughter
Possessed by these fiends who play us like pieces
 As though we're their tools to render us useful
 They'll twist us to suit their extreme implications
And divide us to show that the world is a game board

 Encroaching our senses to carve out the future
Our reasons are twisted with blackened solutions
 Sanity infringed with a morbid persistence
The madness assails us like widespread pollution
 Relentlessly toiling the bells of delusion
 Dinning the truth with obscene pandemonium
 Poisoning our tongues to spit venom with spite
Corrupting our mind's eye to a lifelong blindness

 Day of judgement dawns with the massing time
Verdict will be passed on the scales of necessity
 Behold the apocalypse will strike like a pitchfork
The earth will be pounded by the one called the Rock
 Revolution will rumble across the free wide world
 Nations will crumble under weight of reason
 Justice be delivered by invisible hands
 A new leader will arise born from the sands

 War is a requisite thing, it opens you out like a stirring sing
Exposes you all for what you intend, an energy released from a loaded
 spring
The world is a picture of opposing sides, that don't think to belong to a
 united divide
 Appeased by their convenient lies, blinded to the One, True High

Take the High Road

When it's rough underfoot
It's from the way that you took
You've been led by the blind
Now you're running out of time

Grope through the darkness
Reach out that hand
Keep looking upwards
You might catch me around

And you ask, 'How do I leave this place? I'm
lost, I don't even know which way to run'
And I say, 'Take the high road baby
Fall in, we're heading toward the sun'

So if you're stuck underneath
You've forgotten the high road
Look the other way
Catch the bright of day

SEA OF FOOLS

There's a way to know when its time to go
Like that stake to bet when the feeling's set
Can you see how far a stretch of road will last?
How much wear in those rubber legs?

There's a way to judge without inferring much
Like the water in the pail delivered from the well
Red sky at night evokes the Shepherd's delight
Yet even the rain needs spell disdain

Forty days with as many nights
Did the eye in the sky hammer a Thorium sight
Pounding drops with an illimitable spate
Till the mountain tops hailed the ocean great

Living, swimming in the sea of fools
Soaking, hoping for the Land of Leal
Clinging, skimming through the flotsam pool
Walking, stalking with the jetsam spill

There's a way to act with ultimate respect
Like the apple on the tree that falls through liberty
Will you pluck and wane beneath the snake's domain
Or hold out your hands till the winds do change

Prometheus - Master of Time

In your dreams there'll you find time to plunge the Dragon's lair
Falling down to a depth, into a mountain fissure
Bound by chains to a rock that makes the eagle dare
Going deep where it hurts with a darkened sabre
 Light a lamp into a maze full of mysty rooms
 Follow paths over ground walled with vacant tombs
 Turn a corner, see your way into unknown quarters
 Dampened walls trickle down into the ancient water
Hold your breath, bubbles dance around in lively pairs
Swept along the murky depths in gasping out for air
No control, you follow, descending from a line, a saviour
Winding up through a lighted shaft, the Son of Man delivers
 On a ledge that looks away into the distant future
 Part way through, breathing eases to a slower order
 Look about, life is flushed with a virgin presence
 A sanguine breeze rises up from the forest glen

Born into a world that's been shone upon from all the stars
Turning through a point, a nexus of evolving mass
Spirit makes for matter that will die living for a time
Mother nature creates man to cultivate our Father's end plan

Crawl on fours through verdant tops, reach the humid floor
Gather roots for life support, above the eagle soars
Find a stick, a bulbous twig, beat a skinny pig
Split a rock amongst your lot, spark a lively jig
 Form a line two by two, walk the prairie roll
 Dig in deep with hands that meet, praise the golden flow
 Clouds of white in breezy flight upon horizon's brow
 Dampened down, you clothe from the land, hide the sacred cow
Leather bound with steed to mount in raising dualist standards
Ride around the boundary fences, cross the bridge that hounds us
Migrate onto foreign soil, cold steel will battle curses
Confront a sea in silver leaf and drink the blood of Jesus
 Going deep where it hurts with a lightened sabre
 Broken chains upon the rock that makes the eagle care
 Taken up to a height where Atlas bears his treasure
 In your dreams where you'll find, time is at your leisure

c 1996

The Magician

Needing a replenishing drink
I make towards the refrigerator ice-cube maker
Popping from a plastic keep
Landing on the toe of my unpolished boot
Looking through a frosty window
I make towards the moon's wave displacer
Closing for a deeper view
Reflecting on the light bulb suspended behind me

Raining from a fractured thawed pipe
Standing on the ocean's feet
The sunbathed expansive water table
A line is drawn from where I stood

Someone throws a rock at me
Not turning back for I know whence I go
At which point I could guess the source
For you shift the blame and always keep your distance
Undressing for the scorching heat
I clothe my naked body in oily requisite
Don a pair of polaroids
Cast myself an arching bow into the deep

Rock aboard a fishing boat
Music winds magnetic tape
Pandora charms a mermaid's dream
Prometheus hooks a bridal flame

One's destiny aligns itself
Enlightened stars in heavenly cast
A comet tails a burning sign
In drawing through the solar winds
The light issues a primal cause
Elucidates a truthful face
Thought reflects the symbolic mind
A prophet born of millenarian line

Master of time, lawful, divine
Gives you the world through His hands
Analogy, reflectivity
The law of equivalence stands
As above, so below
Apocalyptic resoundings will blow
Cyclic notes from octaves remote
A source full of secrets to show

c 1996

AFTERMATH

Insanity screamed at me
Like the red-hot glow of molten metal
It charred my weakest emotions
Making the appearance of something wreck-like

But I was only living next to the fire
Yet sometimes I feared those reaching flames would engulf me
I shuddered in the darkness surrounding
Like some great blackened cloth pulled rudely over me

Leaving me a distant way
From the selfish reach of other
Who's only reach extended outwards
For their own inward stability

The only time they touched was to draw my strength
For me to pity them and say it'll be alright
That life was not always governed by madness
For the greater extent of my love was for me now

For without this tower of strength I built for myself
I would have surely crumbled to the strain
Though jesters words echo and memories linger still
Gaping through my windows and bouncing within these walls

I have cried fool's tears
Of which have fallen silent
Witnessed by the gentle still
Of an only empty room

Tears of longing pain for love ones
A world apart and away from blame
Yet not any loved one or anyone
Will ever need to know how many tears

The Last Supper - written in sign

In cleaning vessels empty of your probing fingers
I serve a drink to cater for your thirsty lies
Deliver a meal that fills you with a hungry guilt
Await the time that cowards lose their shameless will

My body and blood I subject to your evil force
An animal in a cage who you starve by restraining truth
Awaiting the day the betrayer will release this bond
You cannot tame the beast who has done no wrong

If you take on a mountain it falls upon you
If you take on a cave it lose you
If you take on a river it pulls you under
If you take on the world it cradles you

Do you know your place in this world to be
Have you learnt to reach towards your own sun
How much dust upon your feet has stuck to you
Does the Temple grow beneath your feet

The walls within this House hum a vibrant voice
It filters through a charge of electric pulse
The shock will send you back into a timeless void
Unpeels you to the core from where began the Law

The Land and I unite and become as one
Inflicts a line of conduct through earthing me
Cutting towards the source of original life
I expose you for what you are with a two-edged knife

The Shaman in Flight

My face reflects a burning desire
To belch out a growing usurpance
My mouth opens to a darkened corridor
Which a light at the end eclipses

Thus with the deliverance of the dark ones into lightness; make conscious the unconscious

For amongst all our individual live
Is pictured the face of God

My lips milk a mushroom bosom
That feeds me a flying body
My feathers flap with a flitting glow
In search for the airy truth

Like a snake I wind from the depths of the earth
Like a lion I shine within a sun-blazed den
Like a eagle I climb throughout the reaches of the moon
I am the shaman in flight towards the source

My instinct drinks an emotional flame
That my mind finds hard to conceive
My waters flood what the desert laid bare
Between which do the mountains emerge

Around we follow the way of the Eight
An island with a green environment
From Father to Son to Holy Spirit
Square the circle of the sun

The King's Cake

I speak words that rest on windswept hilltops
 Stretched like the skin on a penis
Aroused by the strength of a rushing stream
 Straightened by the rule of a fool

 A card tossing with a silent flap
Setting up the conspirator's prostrations
 Laying a deal with a bed of hay
Where the grass was scorched in a heat-stroke

 Who can deny the gardener's fork
 Earthing the beast from within
Paradisiac autonomy in a wooded glade
Where the seeds were sown out of emptiness

 Justified is the sap that forbears
 Justice is the death that prevails
What happened to that tree by the river
 Felled by the tickle of a trickle

Christina

I once took a walk through the enchanted woods
With a little rabbit for keeping me company
She was a beautiful, furry thing
Soft and smooth, playfully arousing my symphony
With a great crescendo I struck up my chord
If only she'd circled it fittingly
Let down, though barefaced to the moon
I compensate for her warren seethingly

How must I wait for the warmth of summer meadows
When the night veils a chilling message
'Wait for the breaking water's edge
For the Lady of the Lake is in refuge'
Through up we breeze by an erected obelisk
Sucking us pass without a whisper
Towards the beat of a fervent drum
That draw's a hole around a tree spire

A magic trip amongst dancing ents
Lights flashing rainbow mirth
Oh what joy it is to ride
On the crutch of a white-haired serf
My garden awaits her, The Eve of Delight
Spreading a prostrate view
Come into me, I am the word
In which all sentences pass through

DJE

**Between you and them I will always be alive
A fulcrum in a seesaw, you're weighing heavy upon each other only
I know you are waiting a chance to kill me so you can cover your asses
Your bullshit lies and ruses are nothing more than buying time**

**So you corrupt society, bribing and blackmailing
What chance so they have to concede their crimes against me?
The longer it goes on the worse it gets; the hole you dug is their grave
What filthy cowards you are hiding behind them, coercing them to conduct you're
dirty work**

**Drag 'em down for you are afraid
to die by yourself
Threaten them, their livelihoods,
if they protest even a little
This is how you work
kissing Satan's ass
Obscuring the truth, faking a look,
you're getting worse**

**You know there is nothing wrong with me, you fucked me up in the first place
My ringing ears and radiating sickness, the poisoning and the rest was to repress me
Driven to insanity I had no other choice, I was mindless
I couldn't even think to die, I was all instinct driving a will to survive
What a natural I am; I have to break out; I ask around and spread my views
Though you don't intend to inform me, at least everyone else will witness you
I was hoping the answers would come to me, trickle down by the mouth of a few
friends
What a futile activity, they were corrupted, they were nothing more than yourselves**

**You were all born from the same cesspit, you made me what I appear to be
My personality is a product of your oppression; I had no other choice but to live
This is why I'm stalked everywhere; the lot of you are using me
A firing range between opposing forces; what else am I but a pivot of truth**

**I separate you out quite naturally, the battlefield for you're chicken-shit tactics
For as long as I expend my inner thoughts, I will never be corrupted
I can do anything, I am one with the Truth, a gardener who tunes to a fork
I have already died once so I give you your pay, die for the Truth or die anyway**

A Star is Born

I am thinking of the sun
And the nature of its origin
A multitude of flaming sparks
Deserting into a fertile sink
Sucking up to milky rivers
Where dusty grains swell in masses
Accreting to form stone mounds
Mirrored in watery reservoirs

Circumnavigating beneath the fiery gazes of millions of pinpoint eyes
Pressing their magnetic appeal to urge with weapons
That force out bounded wills
Sentient life suffering to the chorus
Of tremoring shields
Groaning out their heartfelt life beats
To the rhythm of harmonious sighs

The hands strike away
The labours of a sundial
Shadows cast into a spire
With a very distant finger
Pointing a global picture
Of cataclysmic internal eruption
Emptying a gushing fluid
Into the hollows of barren conches

Discoursing telephonic transmissions
Along a crested wave of rushing notes
Pounding out their clefted openings
That ebb with constant frequency
Following channels that lead back
To cavernous sources of reproduction
Echoing sentiments of procreation
Inflamed within a orgasmic big bang

Come Christ come, anoint my head with a throbbing voice
Feelings of natural urgency exploding into a gush of hot spittle
A mountainous image thrusting towards a great deliverance
For rain drops that always find their way back to the world sea

Mushroom Etiquette

Suffering surf, landing on a swollen tree

Break upon the edge, sprouting with a canopy

Sheltered from the sun, a haven for a burning prick

Open up your cunt, let me fuck it fervently

Let me lick your lips, wash them with a rampant spree

Sucking out its juice, drinking with a gasping glee

Thrust my zealous rod, chucking up a massive breeze

Blast your dripping seam, squirm between your vibrant tits

Apocalypse Now

In order that I find myself I dwell amongst the enemy
For all things come to me searching out their adversary
They want to conquer me, control me with their wills
How active they are in pursuing their far-flung zeal

I am passive, a natural environment
]My unconsciousness a fragmentary consciousness
I am impressed by beings moving me into manifestation
Activating the conditions that reveal the karmic law

And when they find me I am nothing more than their egos
A reflection of their imposition, an inherently coward legacy
Forever they stand apart all the time they deny their crimes
I swear I will kill them all in the moment they reveal themselves to me

The invisible spirit burns with a hellish wonder
An inferno of flames ever repenting their blacked souls
They will not see the Holy Land, will wander the wilderness sea
When everyone had bitten the dust, truly then they will meet their maker

I will shit upon their graves and fuck their children
Until their disease is stamped out of this world
I only give choosingly to those who are unsuspecting
And to the wretched who persist, an earmark of rejection

Each will return to the soil, only my seeded will survive
A genetic culmination of those who were open to me
It is for the pre-destined readied for the impending culture
Where the rest become but voices lost amid a wailing wave

Requiem

Do you know why I like the rain so much?

Because it pisses of the human race

Storm clouds are brewing

And I swear justice will be delivered

I don't need an explanation for your afflictions against me

What I wanted to know I've pretty much figured out

With the raising of my immunity

Is the sword of requital

For the rest of your lives you'll have to watch over me

Utterly guilty of your crimes

I am killing you from within with every available moment

A blessing for my being

Count your days each one a suffering torment

A repression that goes ever deeper inside you

Your whispered deceit comes back upon you

Wielding a tempestuous blow

Willow

Upstream I swim towards the muddy banks
Of a swollen river

I am faced with a stone edge, my eyes
Inclined towards the shelter offered by a canopy
With wraith-like translucency playing shimmery
Upon the insatiable water
She paddles her fingers to tickle upon the
Surface of a rippling brow

The majestic brilliance of an eight-fold radiance
Thrusts upwards towards the open air
Her legs astride and anchored deep within
The depths of a fathomless pit
How she sucks the everlasting waters unquenchingly
Throughout her wanton body
Her sweat coolly transpiring in her
Rustling, windy hair

Kiss me O water nymph, moisten you lips to my ebbing pose
Let me feel the caressing of your nails
Scale my white, bronzen armour
Unpeel these robes and have me naked
Before your festive platter
I am your king, my queen of loving

Suffering

Sinking my rock into the ocean
Causing ripples upon the surface
Torment in a triumphant return of waves
Where piercing shards pound beneath the head stone

My neck aches and my head bows to the water
Saline deposits scorch my clefted wounds
Running into channels opening into yawning orifices
Extending a myriad of ever-changing tombs

The echoes wash along the walls
Always making their emptiness felt
Moistened corridors widened by the surging flow
Where drifting air collects amid the condensation

Raising a bubble from out of the darkness
Permeating a network of fissures
Elation in an erupting surge of oxygen
Blasting a way through the crown of the headstone

Climax

She sits there, restless, passing thoughts
between her ears amid the clutter of notes
that squeeze her emotions

She cannot decide on the choice of activity
and so under the dilemma escapes into a
sensual passivity

What does she dream? Is she aware of the
stealing hands that flutter across the contours
of her body, drawing circles?

Will she allow the perpetual journey of a boy's
greatest fantasy to lift her up and bring her
down again, time after time

She is stiff at first, wondering who watches,
but loosening she sits back a little, turns
her legs outwards

Her eyes are still half shut but she anticipates
the first move, a finger tracing a complex
pattern beneath her breasted shirt

No, she won't stop it, she loves it, almost oblivious
to her audience. Her lips moistened she reaches
over now, searching

Wanting more she feels the heat growing
in her hands, squeezing, enlarging, conscious
of the nipples of her breast rubbing

She won't stop now, instead plunges down, drinking
liquid gold, sucking for every divine drop, feeling
the penetration explode inside her

Dolphins in the Rain

Let the Seas fill to the brim
Bringing us to the tops of mountains
Catch a wave breaking on the horizon
Follow the cresting Milky Way

Do you remember holding hands?
I was so thankful
Standing on the edge of time
Awaiting our great eventual return

I wished upon a star
My heart blinking a yearning gaze
I drew you to my kingdom
We became eternally one

We're singing in the rain
Dancing around in figures of eight
You know I love you because I love the rain
Silent tears that escape the fisher king's net
For heaven's crying this song
My destiny a fountain of showers
Pure is my fate within these endearing clouds
Whirlwinds for dolphins to follow emblazoned ends

The King and I

Eight by eight, the bounded existence of my experience
May the gods objectify the game board's hand-play
See how the playees stand subjective awaiting divine will
And the king who is protected with a golden seal

The king, passive amid his own, breathes respect
Amongst his subjects
Steady as a rock, he takes a stand of utmost defence
See how he commands the activity of his vanguard
Whom move according to the lie of the land's patina

For the king and the Eight are One, enmeshed
The hidden pattern of destiny immersed throughout his very being
Only through subjectification can such a one engross
The god's fateful deliverance
A message for immortals who are never removed from the plan

Hear O' gods how you yourselves are subject to the King's land
A criss-cross of lines that condition your foreboding nature
And you subjects also, passive in the divine sense
Though active in forcing increasing gradations of
appositional convergence

The duality is one of objectivity and distinction
The King can never see his own reflection within a divine subjectivity
Black and white are for mortals and moguls to fist it out
/While the King all but meets his counterpart in a never-ending saga

Ancient Ear

A hole in time saves nine
A puzzle for the monkey in the tree
He listens to the world around him
With one ear to the ground

Round and round she goes
Turning herself in and out
From one side of the earth to the other
Bearing children of sound

They resonate to her tune
A cosmic vibrancy
Twirling to the sands of time
Blowing towards the lofty peaks

Seashells are made of her
Reaching ever distant heights
Raising their voices
In the washing of the sea

Depositing their empty coves
Meandering on a serpentine back
Roaring in a plume of white snow
Coming to a grinding halt

Settling in her fertile womb
Conceiving a lightened mound
Pointing a beam from out of the darkness
For the monkey to take note of the dawn

The Survivor

Are you finished with your tethering rein?

Have you come full circle yet?

Pitiful, poor and petty

Wondering at the hazy sunshine

Yeh, it makes me wonder as well

Do you ever look before you leap?

Have you come across a brick wall yet?

Pitiful, poor and petty

Wondering at the hazy sunshine

Yeh, it makes me wonder as well

Will you keep your head down?

Have you dug a hole for yourself yet?

Pitiful, poor and petty

Wondering at the hazy sunshine

Yeh, it makes me wonder as well

But I will survive forever on again

I breathe the spirit of the earth

And run with a revelling spring

I wander amongst the lightsome clouds

Whispering a secret rain

I know everything foretold

I am your only hope

Mr. Weatherman & the Sundance Kid

Prophesising, reading, writing
That is the order of the day
I am a Spiro scope
Everything going round in circles
Focus upon the centre
Everything else is a whirlwind
The stillness is in the movement
The moment is dynamic

What have you got to say Mr. Weatherman?
Wishy washy, wishy washy
Rain all day, rain all week
For God's sake, rain
Give me a break, bring me a saviour
I want a sunshine breakfast
Fly me a golden egg, sunny side up.

Singing, dancing, gallivanting
That is the order of the month
I am a helio hen-trick
Everything nestles in revolutions
Nine half dozens don't half make a number
Every one laid in white
The prowess lies in a inceptive fire
A swinging, conducting draw

What have you got to offer
Mr. Sundance kid
A shower of gold, a ray of lightning
Pandora's box broached by a flaming bullet
O' bandito, O' bandito
Is this your glowing message? One last shot in the dark
All to get yourself a chick

Messiah Child

Fire burns Water cools
A baptism of flames
Quenched by a sodden fleece

Air breathes
Earth heaves
Raising the kingdom
Scoured by a winded voice

Hail O' child divine
Jacob's son
Multicolour lover
Spreading the seed of the righteous

O' Justice comes upon you
When your face is down on the ground
And you're being mounted by his holy crown
When I am at my coldest
I strike like a snake's tongue
Like a fucking blizzard

Today, at break, I gave a teaching
About the Self, the homeless,
Taking responsibility for oneself
Being an individual, harmonising mind and body
With thoughts stimulated by the body's needs;
The instinct that prevails
Like the child within all of us

Son of Sun

*Raise me up into the sky
Feel my body, see the light
Raise me up into the light
See my body fill the sky
Raise me up into the sky
See my body, feel the light
Raise me up into the light
Fill my body, see the sky*

*Bring me down into the ground
Seed my body, free the light
Bring me down into the light
Free my body, cede the ground
Bring me down into the ground
Free my body, seed the light
Bring me down into the light
Cede my body, free the ground*

*Raise me up into the sky
Seed my spirit, free the dark
Raise me up into the dark
Free my spirit, cede the sky
Raise me up into the sky
Free my spirit, seed the dark
Raise me up into the dark
Cede my spirit, free the sky*

*Bring me down into the ground
Feel my spirit, see the dark
Bring me down into the dark
See my spirit fill the ground
Bring me down into the ground
See my spirit, feel the dark
Bring me down into the dark
Fill my spirit, see the ground*

Stone Odyssey 2001

*Come gather round the stones
Open up your mind, open out your star
Drum, drum beating fervent tones
One ring to rule your heart*

*What is it you ask of me?
Place me in your worldly stand
Sleeping giant lying still
Feet towards the sunrise mound*

*Draw me to the south and east
enter through the Sarsen beast
Passive kings are willed within
processed upon the center line*

*Where are ye Apollo?
I see you now in jettison
A fiery chariot stream
emerge between the rocky beams*

*Ela, Ela come to me
elevate my seedling state
Ella, Ella come to me
borne upon a eastern fate*

*I am a god, a king, an animal
in its own kingdom,
already established perpetually;
the earth of which is its seed,
the seed of which is its kingdom*

Truth reels you in through your own mire

A Tau of Two Paths

I am an animal
But you cannot keep me in a cage
I share the life of the wilderness
And the wilderness enjoins within me
My garden is the world
But this night I blow a still wind
Not a peep from the charading fox
A quiet spring in the equinoctial briar

Handsome it is to walk amongst the thorny thicket
A gateway opened into East of Eden
I am Adam, eater and preserver of appellant respite
The myth has awoken from the snake in me
A tau of two paths, one straight, the other meandering
To nestle amidst the twiggy undergrowth

I am beautiful like the trees around
Children in their playful droves
A waterhole beckons the three wisest
Laughing at a felinic splash

The New Year has arrived

Red Jam

Carry the man on the stretcher bound
Over mounds and down the holy hill
Tara hears my sodden feet
Skating past concentric rings

Rain like it never rains
Storming clouds bring gods at ends
The Lord of Lords, Son of Man
Keeps vigil with a silent vow

Field of Eight, High King's seat
Come together for a solstice fete
Da Danaan, magic people
Share the fabled stone of destiny

Bring me a white horse
And take me on a valiant ride
Strike a rocky trail through Meath
To light upon the holiest of mounds

Spiralling high on the sun's golden rays
Give me an ear to hear
Infinitely reaching immortal plains
Give me a voice to seer

Draffus

Golden hair
Flowing fair
Flaring star
Leaping high

Lead me on
I lead you on
Grass on draft
Rock on crop

Wet windy
Black blockage
Slowly slumbers
Water wonders

Great friend
Rising trend
Sinking fen
Rooftop Zen

Draffus puffus
Laughus furthest
To your own kind dog
My God

BENEATH THE FROCKING MOON

**BARLEY JOHN SHAKE A LEAF
CORN COB LEFT TO SLEEP
MERRY WINDING GARDEN FETE
SPECIES SPYING HUMAN GAIT
TO AND THROE, EBBING AND FLOWING
THROUGH THE COURSING SEASONAL SLOWING
HARVEST NOW THE FINAL CROP
BENEATH THE GAPING FULL MOON'S FROCK**

**HEAR THE PATTERN OF THE HATTER
RUMBLE, TUMBLE OVER MATTER
RAISE THE EASTERN NIGHT
CLOSE THE SUN'S FALLING LIGHT
HEAVE THE GATE, HEAVE ON HIGH
BUT LEAVE A WOOLING WILDERNESS WAY
SNAP AND CRACKLE, WIGGLE, WAGGLE
HOOF IT THROUGH THE HEDGEHOG'S CRADLE**

**BURN BARLEY BURN
RELEASE YOUR SPIRIT TO THE BEER PIT
BURN BARLEY BURN
FERTILISE YOUR EARTHLY PRIZE
BURN BARLEY BURN
RING YOUR EARS TO FREEDOM OVER
BURN BARLEY BURN
UNTIL THE HOUR OF YOUR CURFEW**

P Y R E

*The king is dead
The sun's downy swansong
Force eight, gales
Pushing back my ascendance*

*Magical transcendence
Coming off a new moon
The darkness of lunacy
Pushing me even further*

*The last days of fall
Follow me into tribulation
A trial for the uppermost
Purged with an utmost efficiency*

*All sensations active
On the road to providence
A path of discipline
In renunciation of humanity*

*To be the anima mundi
Beyond mindful impedance
Eating out of necessity
Sleeping out of being awakened*

*An empire is mine
Ground by rock and water
Once dormant in a shell
Flowers into levant seeds*

THE PROPHET'S TRIUMPH

Little man, wondering son
Blowing sand through your hands
Dervish, devilish, diva developing
Whirling, whining, witchy willowing
Tornadoes turning, table topping

Bush burning, tree lopping
Give me your sheep, Give me your homes
Bow to my feet, hearken your moans
Render your bones to the Eternal High
Give me a chorus of plutonic sighs

Let me hear you weep and cry
Amid the wailing monster's eye
Around you spin in anxious grin
Amid the din of all your sins

Meet your maker, the grimmest reaper
Come to me you utter faker
Come to daddy, galactic slayer
Moan in just your cosmic prayer

CADIR IDRIS

ONE MAN, ONE SHEEP, ONE WORLD
ONE SUN, ONE STAR, ONE MOON
AND ALL THE EARTH BENEATH MY FEET

ONE ROCK, ONE FLOCK, ONE SKY
ONE LIGHT, ONE HEIGHT, ONE DAY
AND ALL THE EARTH WITHIN MY SIGHT

WET, WINDY STALK
ALONG THIS HEADY WALK
ABOVE HER HEATHER SEAT
UPON HER PEATY FEET
THIS IS THE GREATEST SHOW
WE'RE ALL FIERY STARS
FIRING HEAVEN'S LIGHT
FIRING HEAVEN'S SHOW

I'M FREE TO ROAM
IN THIS WORLD
OF MY OWN

I'm alive, I'm a tree, all the earth between my feet
And there's nothing gonna stop me from growing all my leaves
I'm alive, I'm a rock, in between the sky and sea
And there's nothing gonna stop me from growing all my moss
Like a song on a breeze there ain't no working fee
For all the people to listen in on free
No beginning, no end, just like a floating dream
For the whole world to picture in its sea

Tree Herder

The wind flows through my limbs
Drawing faster
Energy rising in a crescent wave
Growing lighter

Blowing, lowing
Softly, loftily

Silent as the clouds in a thunderous sky
Drifting menacingly
Ambience turning in a universal spire
Towering, reaping

Scything, tithing
Clinically, efficiently

Bring on your breath that I may cherish your words
God makes manifest the rhythmic beating of his heart
Humming, drumming
Sounding, pounding

Transfigure the light emanating from within his spirit
Eternal transformation of the sun's power through day and night
Warming, consuming
Photosynthesising, creating

Into the flesh of nature's green revolution
A wondrous miracle of seed and its mother
Fleshly, earthly
Virile, fertile

Giants on the arboreal landscape
Herding, preserving
Saviours of our ancient legacy
Harnessing, nurturing
Servile, tactile
Fostering, protecting

We are the elders of the next generation
Rearing, commissioning
Delivering our young ones to the eternal source
Omniscient, prescient
Inspire, respire
Observant, transcendent

Overseers to a changing landscape
Efficacious, spacious
Witness to the environmental convocation
Resplendent, verdant
Fulfilling, conceiving
Synchronised, synergised

The Resurrection

I carry Mary on my back
She is as much a burden as the fish in the sea
She is sweet and salty
Her lips touched the columns of my heart
She swirled up around me
Moisture caressing the rigidness of my form
Like a bird's wing in flow
It tickled until my tremoring gave up a vigorous fluttering

Zealous was my heart
As the mountains were reduced to rubble and earth
Great was the demise
Of thousands of years of wandering the planes of the sky
There I only saw light
Now I lay catacombed in the heaped foundations of a slow demise
Loosened by her kiss
I was surmounted by her encompassing prostrations beneath an ebbing tide

Virtue did I ply
Til the rubble gave way to sand and the coursing valley
With fish as my guide
I reached the streams that issued from the womb of life
Silt gave way to rock
Jutting its algae-stained head in joyous reproach
Another age passes
And then I am the mountain again with only the sun for company

Children of the Sun

Welcome to the age of innocence
The golden age of children
Glowing hair and sparkling eyes
Sending out rays of sunshine

Chasing me over hillock and hollow
Tugging at my clothing
Laughing, screaming catch the magician
Pulling him down to their level

*Grab them by the scruff of the neck
Hang them upside down
Toss them over your shoulder
Throw them across the deck*

They ceaselessly ask me questions
Insatiable little tuggers
Drown me in a flood of requests
Hanging off my every finger

Who will be king for the day
Dress 'em up with a crown
Gaudy, plastic, paper decorations
Making the world into tat

The Reluctant Boar

Ten thousand years ago now
When the ice drifted from the lands and the seas
And the trees came slowly marching in
'Til the earth became a wondrous, living green

I lived amongst the oak , the beech and lime
Rubbed shoulders with the holly, the hazel and the hawthorn
Met beavers on the rivers and the streams
The elk, the tarpan and the aurochs that roamed free and wild

But then came the people seven thousand years ago now
They felled the wild woods for fuel and timber
Whilst their fields were managed for cattle and crops
And the wild beasts, they slowly diminished, diminished

'Til two and a half thousand years ago now
When the woods were but a patchwork of land
For the humans to purchase and divide as their own
And our homes in the wild became smaller, smaller

I run, run, run,..... run, from the hunter's gun
I run, run, run,..... run, from the hunter's gun
I hide, hide, hide, hide from the changing tide
I run, run, run,..... run, from the hunter's gun

I squeal, squeal, squeal, squeal for my father's sons
I squeal, squeal, squeal, squeal for my father's sons
I grunt, grunt, grunt, grunt, for my long-lost aunt
I squeal, squeal, squeal, squeal for my father's sons

But me in these woods am free
Free spirit to live and breathe
I live the life of a sunny glade
To provide for the little'uns in the shade

God's Favourite Son

I'm a dove on the wing to alight upon thee
Blessed you with my vision throughout the rainy season
Poured upon you love, awoke you from the flood
Raised the earth to the heavens with the planting of my seed
Saw you coming in the waters, a barge to light the darkness
A sun on the way to deliver night from day
And you grow by the warmth of my hand for your making
As a bread I restore you in the fullness of your rising

Tree, you stand upon the shores of lake Passify
Your limbs outstretched to touch the sound my lungs are breathing
And I will rustle through; your posture will receive me
Give up your leaf upon the wind to find you really naked
Make for me a flower and the bees will dance to save you
Receive the fruit with all your mouth, my seed upon your tongue
Swell until it makes you burst, restore the earth about you
Give unto me a son, a seed bequeaths your legacy

Man Exempt

Blackbird on the edge of my pond
Drinking from the upturned wine bottles
And the pools within their eyes

**Hopping from one to another
In this custom-made glass visage
Of many colours contrasted against their down**

Abrupt movement of bodies and feet
Are reflected in the tossing of their heads
As a leaf is flicked and twig is harried

**It eventuates to the moistened sand
And increases its turnover rate
Where the fat of the land is bolstered by it's shitting**

The wind picks up and it perches higher
It's soft plumage buffers the blustering eddies
Its train of attention briefly focuses on the scuttling fan

**Grey squirrel with hardly a moment's respite
Claws infallibly cling along the rail of a trellis
Makes headway into the garden domain**

It humps and stretches with sporadic ease
Contorting with every object that it meets
Prying, more often than not, for a beneficial mouthful

**The tail so perfectly poised
Counter-weighs every tentative juxtaposition
Upside-down and around it follows in a flash**

On reaching the limits of its territory
Endeavours in the opposite direction but not so inquisitive
The best locations have been already earmarked

**The clambering rose arching its thorny spines
Provides no obstacle for the missionary beast
Its red hips are just a passing gift**

Two Oaks

Rough, worn, ages old Sentinels in the landscape

Gnarled and twisted Limbs torn asunder

What war cries evoked these centurions of our time?

A thousand years of living the human battle lines

Ploughed earth, tethered horse have passed the giants by

Cold steel and gunpowder could not remove their sight

**Amid the shouts of wounded soldiers they stood for justice bright
Lit up the skyline in dark silhouetted forms to shadow men's demise**

They live to the slow pace of earth revolving around the sun

Their trunks are like the axis that pins the world to Pan

Spirits of the world unite throughout the season's turn

Rise up you beasts upon God's word and gather your kind to hand

Make ready for the taking of what is duly offered

The power to defeat the oppressors of society's shackled land

Your instinct is all conquering, omniscient and devout

Upon you lies an eternal fate against which no one can stand

Your paths were ground out of the soil, a weather-beating toil

That gave you girth and strength to mind the uncompromising wind

Magnificent grandeur you have become, your leaves are but a gift

To clothe the naked tender flesh of this ailing planetary ship

Second Sunset

*First one up, the whole world on my shoulders
The embers of yesterday's fire still emitting its glow
I shake it up, another stick to rekindle my inner desires
Hidden flames once dormant, now relish the new day's activities*

*Duty meets passion, the creative touch of hand and heart
The hours pan out, senseless to the real flow of energy
As wood turns to ash, and ash to soil, so the winds stir up another spirit
The death on one leads to the birth of another, its name is mythicpoetic*

*Ride on, wind up, the journey is a hero's welcome
Ride up, wind on, the land undulates to reveal its person
Its many folds take the rider through a blurring scene
Its face just a memory of countless dreams*

*The setting sun has disappeared among her breasted fort
The road meanders as a snake to its den
But in that dappled shade beyond the crest of a hill
I see it a second time from a dimple of her flesh*

*Second sunset, second sunset diminishing beneath the sea
As if passing away the time it quenches the day's flight
Dragging with it a gusty wind that cools the skin of the land
As nature draws in, her silhouette is a night-blackened tan*

*Why, from this ancient spot upon her prostrate navel's
I, Emrys, stood in full view of her boundless verdant scape
Reaching up at every turn of my wispy view
But then taken up in the cradle of her bosom sucking*

Lord of Lords

Looking around into the void
Space is a frozen reticulate scene
Positioned I am in the middle of time
Stationed my vision to see from within

The colours were bright, all angular in sight
I turned on a point to capture the light
Everything fused, the dusk before dark
I made up my mind to follow a line

Deeper and deeper I cut like a cleaver
Carving and moulding a world for believers
A place of my own, a zone all alone
Beyond the dimensions of human retention

God in creation, the God of Redemption
Death is passing me flowers in heaven
Born to a throne so fine does it shine
I take my position to state the conditions

Everyone heeds the word of the Tree
An elder as high the mountainous sky
Risen in deed and spreading his seed
I take me a virgin to sanction a purging

Heave I will into her Holy of Holies
The land will tremble and rattle its temple
A snake through her chasm to enrapture a spasm
Shaken right down to reveal a new haven

My utterance reverberates the walls of her cavern
A single deep note so incredibly remote
Plutonic and sonic it pierces with fierceness
To raise upon a dais the most awesome enforcement

The seas will rise and rivers will prize
The banks will tear under the surge of an heir
Give me light, I give you might
Like no other to rule all nature's fare

I live in this world through day and night
I find myself among the chosen few
I reside on a rock that reaches to the sky
And find myself on a shaft of light

The Great Death

Falling, flowing

Leafy landing

Lowly, slowly

Going boldly

Toiling, lulling

Finding fathoms

Thinking, feeling

Mindly mulling

Let me go to the place where I was born

Don't keep me here no more

Your world is beyond the wind

Back to the stone returns my soul of countless years

No one can follow me

You are but ghosts at sea

Tarraco

If I would be a stone block beneath your city
Do you think to keep me here forever
Time will tell when your walls tumble down
I'd still be there reminding you of past glory

Better to build strong from the bottom upwards
Upon my shoulders will rise an empire
Anything less, then count your days, one for each year
For you would disappear into the empty spaces

I can stand for millennia but you must understand my substance
Drawn from the earth I embody its whole strength
One after the other we join in greater unity
Then if we all stood alone clinging to each other's distant looks

If the earth moves I move with it
Such is my permanence I merely extend from her womb
Like a baby crying out for her mother
I nestled amongst the folds of her bosom

Rivers carved courses through me
Earth mounted hills upon me
Wind left me exposed to drying
The sun bore me an internal radiance

I shined to the sound of soldiers clashing
Worn out to the tune of wailing women
Lined the burials of the fallen victorious
Drank their blood in votive remembrance

Though root and leaf will pass me by
There remains a figment of industrial life
Sweat and labour no sooner availed
I stand as the embodiment of prevailing time

The fading inscriptions all but hasten the end
They read something of a great man
Who came, who saw, who conquered
Who nevertheless resided in God's name

Mother

Shall we just take a moment out and consider whence we came
We lied in darkness until fate took us by surprise
I did not know myself I was all unconsciousness
Purple black walls grew around my inert disposition
I pushed for the light not knowing forward from backward
My muted voice burbled in the mire
Give me my space I am finding my way
Deliver me my vision to foresee a global day

Mother, why hath you broken
Left me in this flood
Brought me into the air
Screaming for my mind

Mother, I could not know
That you were once my world
When before we were together
We are now distinctly unique

Mother, mother
You've let me go to go alone
To find a place amongst the stones

Mother, Mother
I've seen the light shine from within
Without it carries from a distant sun

The land stretches out before me, every dip and hollow a story
I made myself into the image of her body
Her mountains gave me pass, her deserts induced my thirst
The rivers cleansed my feet of all their glory
But persevere I would towards the bosom of creation
From there I suckled eternal waters
I grew upon her breast, made an empire for her praise
Because I never let go of Mama's luminous mantle

KING OF THE WOODS

King of the woods
Cup me in your hands
Your outstretched fingers
Demand of me a plan

Fill me with your wisdom
Sate my soul
Your breath stirs a ripple
In the stillness of my repose

Drink of me my fluids
Embalm your fallow lips
Sing for me a charm
Cast me out a brideship

Draw the salient masses
Make for me a chair
Upon whose word you utter
Enthroned me in your care

The Green Man

I am a wolf, I am an arrow, the hunted deer, the bull of a target
The predator, the prey, the moss on an alder
My feet are wet with the travel of rain
My hair a mat of twigs and disdain

In tooth and claw I was bourn on her back
All nature produced me to widen her tract
To regain what has been lost to the men of feign
Descended are they from the families of Cain

I grew to the size of a colony of honeybees
And bred on the wing a sweetness for insurgency
A thousand stings to the temples of perdition
A thousand drones to the tune of sedition

You are not what you seem Old man of the gean
Your fruit is still green Like the mind that you wean
You nurture revolt Like the insatiable goat
Who's cry is consort With a brazen throat

I chopped down the ash to embody me a handle
To wield with the fervour of a barbarous vandal
With metal I sharpened the edge to a tinker
To cut through the mire of Babylon's bingers

The holly bore me a hand with a pang of deliverance
To curtail from the land the offending officiants
She bore me a prick with a poignant remittance
To go into humanity like a scourge unto pittance

I blew me a scream from the wood of hornbeam
To the slaughter of man upon the altar he shams
His blood feeds the soil in revenge and spoil
To replenish the earth from Mammon's unrelenting toil

Into the darkness I ventured within a mangle
Amid the lianas where men are hung and strangled
Caught up they are in the vines of their vices
No rest for them as they struggle against reprisal

I festoon myself in the clothing of evergreen armour
Tending to the needs of the budding seedling farmers
Who march in droves from their sacred oakley groves
To trample down a succession of foreign hordes

And in that most quiet place where the yew casts its face
I bend me a bough that is strung with a vow
To cast upon the assailants of my Gallic verdant glades
A death as promiscuous as the rape of my virgin vales

Take me to the Stars

Yes, you know this is no mind game,
It's just I am an animal that can't be tamed
Everything I do is to fulfill my greater destiny
Whether that is baking bread or sleeping amongst the trees
But sometimes much greater things arise
Breaking through the culture of human lies
And that is instinct which one should not deny
The love of freedom I recommend you don't belie

So let the animal free 'cos love is like that
A fruit dropping from the tree into the jaws of a gaping cat
Otherwise she'll get all caught up in an uneasy state
Wondering what could have been if she had taken her mate
At heart we are all young 'cos we follow our natural ways
That's what makes us great by allowing us to share some days
And then a true queen will arise not concerned with the human gossip
That will give this king his final cosmic trip

The Hunter

Mutual movement, woven picture
Only I can see her texture
Making ground, losing laughter
I seize upon her hidden fiber

First through woodland in vivacious
birdsong
She makes me follow a treacherous landflow
And then on roads of mottled hedgerows
That leads to shores, how apt the crow caws

Kiss the salt that laps her feet
Smell her fishy bodily sweat
When turned her back I make a break
And mount a striking punctual stake

In and out I ride a bout
Until her body retreats a slouch
Couched in arms, a slumber deep
Returns to limp a generative sleep

The Chase

What I remember of last is a quiet pool
The sun streams over the landscape hugging one like a woolly
blanket
The stillness of the water reflects a green oasis
I paddle my toes into its icy coldness and wonder of the sheep that
have gone before me

This peace where neither plane nor automobile can cut
The green land is like the nape of a prostrate giant in veneration of
the brown earth
Here and there they dance a million steps
First the moss, then the trees and finally the rising of the algae sea

Together they go to the end where things began
For no time could pull them apart not even in the most remotest of
environments
For nature is the bosom that gives suck
For the rocks to submit themselves to without any regress to stand in
her way

Rock turns to dust in its epic journey
Awaiting the streams of life to come pouring forth from on high
And she comes in verdant hues
To transform the red landscape into a luscious parasol arching her
moistened body over mine

Indigenous Man

<p>I am free, indigenous man of the sea The waves carry me over the pebble scree It washes my skin, the salt of ages been And leaves me preen like a mollusk reflecting a sheen</p>	<p>Inside me there is a jewel of destiny The radiance of which is an everlasting testimony Something within is drawn to a distant monkey First man who ventured along a cultural genealogy</p>
<p>Out of the trees he wanders to settle He writes the book in stone, wood and metal Creates things that advances his battle The tools that equip him to harness his cattle</p>	<p>The women they sow, reap and weep For men return with blood on their sheep Who pillage and plunder what they value to keep The corpses they gather to burn in a heap</p>
<p>Out on the plains it's every tribe to itself They set up barriers to shutter in their wealth But little they knew how to increase in their health Other than create more instruments of stealth</p>	<p>How did man walk this wayward path? His back straightened by the rule of his staff In repentance he beseeches to offer the first born calf To wash his hands in the stench of his aftermath</p>
<p>Indigenous man understood something true That to covet the jewel is up for review One cannot hoard the glory to a few For their comeuppance is hellishly due</p>	<p>There comes a point where man must regather To remember in spirit the original creator That moment when man first entered the savannah To feed off the grasses, the moment to savor</p>
<p>The saviour dwells here among the ears of nature To fit in with God every plant, stone and creature For everything has a voice in concordance with culture A veritable universality to the sound of an overture</p>	<p>There is a choice that one must consider To stay or reject this unchecked vigor To live off the land as nature would cater Or consume the whole earth like an ungracious feeder</p>
<p>The target is to achieve one's basic needs With mind to continue our progeny of seeds That holds within them a memory of deeds Of how man evolved to a diversity of creeds</p>	<p>Any more than this is but gluttony Where an unnecessary situation would occur quite suddenly A rising sea leaving the people to flee Just as in the beginning, either way we'd all become free</p>

La Columbiana

Que escaleras que traerme hasta las alturas
Piedra por piedra, pie a pie llego al Dios
No hay hermosa como ella
Su cuerpo parecen las montañas
Han valido solo despues de subirla con besos
A veces siento frio cuando los dedos no
puedan tocar
Pero la nieve siempre se vuelve agua
A mi boca le gusta el dulce de su jugo

Cuando estoy feliz la cara se lleva el sol
Se divierte sobre La Sierra Nevada
A dentro paso por sus rios
Bajando poco a poco al centro de ella
Hasta el momento cuando me da sus secretos
Y entonces se vuelva el negro de mis sueños
Su piel su junta en estatico
De mi fuerza de la vida gloriosa

Swimming with Dolphins

Importuned, I felt the calling
A gathering had gone before me
Carrying forward a vestige of yesterday's encounters
But for sure this was something much deeper
Fluttering at the core with the rain and the wind

It drove me from my comfy pit
My sodden boots were already prepared
The journey would be an elemental carousel
Sensual to the bone I heeled into my landscape
Never could I imagine what surprises awaited me

Importuned I felt the calling
It drove me from my comfy fit
A gathering had gone before me
My sodden boots were already prepared
Carrying forward a vestige of yesterday's encounters

The journey would be an elemental carousel
But for sure this was something much deeper
Sensual to the bone I heeled into my landscape
Fluttering at the core with the rain and the wind
Never could I imagine what surprises awaited me

August, I call towards me my salient sept
Magnificent they stand in the face of a changing tide
Awaiting their prerogative of a God-given right
To the sound of a mulling wind
Humming from afar news from centuries apart

My first is thrift, fully festooned in flora,
the frugality of its furtive footfalls

My second is silverweed, this silky sand stealer,
seductive in its scribal scramblings

My third is thistle, thorny in its thew
thoughtful though, in its theological thanedom

My fourth is marram, moored and mechanical,
married in its measurable martyrdom

My fifth are the heathers, hearkening to the hills,
heaven is but a healthy hillock ahead

My sixth is sundew, summoned to the sump,
sumptuous though, in its solemn silence

My seventh is knapweed, napping in the knoll,
kneeling to the knelling call of knowledge

But I hearken to the call of winter with the Fall in my wake
For then the trees lose their autumnal hues
And the landscape returns to a geological primevalness
The ancient rock rises as a monument to the passing of ages
My pagan inclinations are carried adrift on the wing of a crane

These sacred oakling trees that spell yonder of my heritage
Proud as they stand among the 4 encompassing nations
Planted am I on the edge of the known world
My noble vision calling me to heathen ports
Where Christ abounds in the unearthing of time

Enraptured as I am in the moment of transfiguration
The logos beckons me ever further afield
With every step our saintliness carries a seed
The familia is the flora of our high heritage
The Scots a nation for the unification of our regal past

What brutality have brought Ireland within a stone's throw
The pillow of my meditations comforts me in my dreams
Upon the Hill of Tara my cousins sing the bardic songs
The ordination of a victorious line of kings
But as yet I renounce in light of the heavenly Father

How oaken one stands in guardianship
It brings in ashen spirit my sylvan ancestry
For now I make a hasty return whence I came
with the resurrection of my brethren wildings
Rousing as the boar in the hazy wood

An oasis upon which sails my oakum ships
Breaching the ends of the known world
A birth as assured as the rising sun
That not even snakes can usurp from the darkness
But only the bosom of nature that bears her milk on the surf

My eighth is rowan, redolent of royalty,
redeemed upon the rock and raised in rapture

My ninth is ash, assailed yet assuaged,
asked to assembly, assumed into ascension

My tenth is birch, beauty of brightness,
birthed at Bethlehem, bereft of Bethany

My eleventh is willow, woven in wicker,
wailing in water, a wintry wallowing

My twelfth is hazel, hedged in hegemony,
hewn as a haughty hero, a hatchment to heathens

The Arrest

Those who think they have control
Don't know the forces under the soul
The power of community is far too strong
For the individual to contain alone

You see, my friends from the arts college
Make up the number of my peerage
They're producing works for public viewing
Inviting critics to the art of doing

Chaos and order come together
Through random assembly and mathematical formulae
A collection of shapes and assorted colours
Bring into light their various valours

All this explains what I did have
A party of children built in love
They gathered in the premise of my abode
Where legend has it the fates are retold

Now they say I'm up for decoration
For being the one who bode creation
My garden is a lush environment
That continues into the wild embankment

The railway men had gotten ear
Of my antics growing food to bear
The apple, cherry, oh sweet almond
The seed that Adam was so virtuously fond

It's ironic that the vice of men
Should lead them out with saws in hand
To hack and cut at nature's centaur
The very garden in which I mentor

Oh why the warring factions three doors down
Complained of my presence in Godly bound
The green man who sought no more than food
This idolatrous lot devoid of good

It was for this that on numerous occasions
The police came round in proclamation
I refused all contact for indignation
My natural rights upheld my station

But eventually they caught up with me
My door was open for welcome tea
But guess who unsurprisingly showed
To arrest me in my artist mode

Now it bodes unwell to point the finger
The long arm of the law that lingers
Unfortunately my circle includes
The elements of a rotten feud

So I left the kids to freely invest
To paint the images of their jest
Anything that came to mind
Became the medium to express our kind

What psychological culturological effect this had
Could only be cured on the wall of my pad
Images strewn from the deepest repose
Of monsters and heroes in brush-bashing prose

In fact I had informed the police
That they'd make me a martyr if they continued this tease
Explained to them of my common right
To shine like the heroes of traditional might

It's not what I wanted, my philosophy is passive
My vision of justice is incredibly massive
But when I look at that mural in twilight wonder
I knew they had painted a ghoulish reminder

On returning I sited a crowd in anticipation
Who greeted me with cheerful expectation
I told them I had committed no sin
And that I'd come out stronger than when I went in

It gave me great joy befitting of Eden
That innocent children run wild in my kingdom
Our names are in plaster held high in esteem
The date, seventeenth of May two thousand and ten,
now redeemed

Peaches

Her stride, the way she walks
Upright, her head held high
She makes me ready

I follow, my thighs give chase
Bloody, a spear on her gait
My heart cries rebel

She's close, I feel her heat
Her scent, leaves a trail of leaves
A bush who smells of myrtle

A snake, I wind a route
Her cover, a shady resort
Brings me unto her bower

Peaches, sticking out of the hedge
Peaches, I bite into her nest
Peaches, sweating juice down my neck
Peaches, leaves my face in a mess
Peaches, her lips I ingest
Peaches, I drink of her sex
Peaches, thrust them down with zest
Peaches, I giv'em my best shot and no less

What beauty is this creaturely love,
that binds up like a deer to a hunter
How majestic she drew me in,
like a sword into its scabbard.
Like a seed carried in its husk,
nurtured in the moisture of the earth.
Swelling to puncture her hymen,
to give rise to a virgin sovereign heir.

The Hunter Revisited

Rain for the people
Rain for the fields
Rain for the festivals
Rain harder still

Rain for the virgin
Rain for the chase
Rain for the rivers
Rain until they break

It's a miracle, a miracle, a miracle
It's a miracle, a miracle, a miracle

She came in the rain
Every drop had her name
She washed me from high
Each moment she cried
Her tears rolled down
And bathed my horny crown

From head to toe
She came with a flow
I paled to load up my bow
She slipped on a ring
And caught me in a spin
I came into her thrashing steening

Destination God

I am free to ride, I am free to fly
To fly away upon this day
To ride the light with courageous might
And reach the exalted heavenly way

No religion anchors me
No politics burden my view
The whole earth is my nesting ground

God leads the trail
God makes me not fail
This is the road of the prophets

Every nation embraces me
Every culture embalms me
I will be remembered for liberation

The rocks stare up to fallen idols
The rains pour scorn upon sunken cities
But I traverse the higher road
Where the starry sky meets my nomadic soul

The sun glints off my mercurial heels
Venus passes me with a loving kiss
Her virginity is no match for heroic plights
Mars canters only a short while into the mists

But even must I ascend the empirical realms of Jupiter
Saturn still grounds me in wild earthly delights
Before even Uranus will give me an heir
And then on Neptune raise the chosen from their watery graves

For ultimately I follow the sun into its Plutonic demiurge
For ultimately I follow the sun into its Plutonic demiurge

The Falcon's Descent

When the world was flat they said, 'You can't reach the ends.'
And now the world is round they say, 'If only we could be friends.'

Man knows no limits, he is killing for all the same reasons
Territorial boundaries leave him scrapping around the edges
One stone too many has been tossed over the line
The rivers are filled contemptuously to overflowing
Its muddy waters change the course of history
Leaving the fields plagued with death and disease
And the people are left like salmon to a poacher
Blinded in the aftermath of their melee

From a mountain top and riding on a stream of sunlight
Comes the hunter wielding a scythe in one hand, a net in the other
He returns to reap his glory sifting the wheat from the chaff
The rulers of unkempt lands will buckle under his righteous gaze
There will be no mercy for his sweeping hands will strike them at the heel
He shall recover the balance of nature by flailing the rotten at their core
And the bull, the lion and the scorpion will pay homage
In the graceful umbrella of his spreading wings

The Pecking Order

*So you think this sport you squawking rabble, you mutter like a disputatious gaggle
Like Sadducees of old you welcome the tithes, a crisp packet calls you to haggle
Your Temple for a cage is crowned in gold, it dares you not to freedom
Content you are to tow the line, you imperiously number the parroting throng*

*Oh, have you not seen how the otter entertains so boisterous in its dues
It twists and turns in such a small place, it never gets bored from seeing you
There comes a point at which it resurfaces and ventures towards the wall
It waits and waggles in subservient expectation, a Pharisee who upholds the public
revenue*

*But most apparent of all is the leopard who pries from his position in the arid grasses
It wonders how long this unacceptable hierarchy will continue amongst the Jewish
classes
Pacing its boundaries it waits for an opportunity to free his country from domination
Just give it a chance it will come like a lance, the Zealot who wishes for God's vengeance*

*But to live in the desert as a pious Essene the asceticism is clear in the addax
Its spiralling horns are genetically turned to receive God in avoidance of the death tax
This old world ruminant chewing the cud waiting the moment of resurrection
When the chosen are raptured into heavenly illumination for divinely assigned
insurrection*

*But the wilderness offers another alternative for the blessing of life is serenity
The marabout in its stately pose will provide you a feather to paternity
Its razor face is a pointer for Christians, just follow its beak to a crossing
And there you will find the rivers that lead to the eternal springs of giving*

The Lord's Prayer

*God, for me you represent the unknown
You will never reveal yourself to me in any form
Other than through the lens of my senses
For you have raised me high amongst the people
And made me a guest of honor amongst them
What befalls me now is always in your hands
I await my great fate
For it seems you bring me to a grand finale
I ask, Is this an end of earthly life?
Or am I to expect this to be the beginning of eternal sustenance
You bring me amongst every kind of flora
My search for the origin shows you in a multitude of forms
To see you in such opulence surely is the end of time
When only the most revered amongst humanity are granted this path
It is a solo quest not lonely in the least
Every walking day is a guiding hand into the deeper unknown
Bringing me in closer union with the singularity of your being
And each new rising sun brings with it greater freedom
As your messenger the lower conscious masses see me as a guiding light
They would touch me only to draw nearer the flame of life
Burning as it does in the deepest recesses of every living being
I am amongst your garden and consistently struck by one beauty after another
Where does it end, where does it start?
It seems nature is in the palms of my hands
I am not alone*

The Ascendency

*I wake up to a canopy of bay,
A brow to the mottled overcasting sky
Its whiteness is a distant reflection,
Of the rushing stream perpetual in its noisy hiss
It gushes at a point below me*

*Further up a blue lagoon awaits its befalling
Yet tranquil as if divining
The placid pond mirrors its sounding
Echoing as it does the aspiring tree tops
Reaching as they do into the deep unknown*

*They waiver in the wind
Long slender trunks roughened by the call of nature
Ivy bites into their flaky scales
Too far to reach both the pine and the black popular
Who's heads whisper of torrents further afield*

*Their legacy lies in a forest of dead wood
Broken branches strewn and juxtaposed between leaning trunks
Sunk amid a carpet of dead nettle and elder
Only the leggy fig could look more anxious
Of a once man-made environment returning to nature*

*I spotted a red squirrel in its haven of canopied walkways
The dog halting at intervals waiting for its master to catch up
The chirping of multifarious birds plying the upper branches
The stream of motorized traffic flitting interstitially through a green wall
And I nestled in the cocoon of my hammock*

*The sound and sights of the forest scape
Each to themselves but everyone transient
The death of one leads to the birth of another
Like a dice edge between the roll
Only the eye in the sky will see all of this*

*We are not forsaken in our longing for the sun
Though the cooling, drying air parches our skin
We yearn for the moisture and when it pours we are every one satiated
The seeds of life are sewn here into ascendancy
When once drawn and dormant we are now given impetus*

*Let's not be fooled by or befall life's apparent randomness
Our record is written in code for generations to come
Our coats, though they run dry, are incubated with free-flowing water
So that we may swell with the abundance of life
We are all green in the center*

To Hellas and Back

*Your hospitality was most welcome for the tiring traveler
Whose eyes dimmed with the closing sun
I blinked my last and darkness fell upon me,
A most comforting journey through the descent into Bedlam*

*For here I struck up one last fling
To reunite my soul with the quiescent masses
Awaiting their turn to levitate their mortal bodies
Back into the world of air, water, earth and fire
And with them the sparks of eternal youth and rapturous joy*

*I am the phoenix in my rising
Years have passed by in the hours of my slumber*

*And what a Byzantium feast awaited me
Fit for a returning king
Cereals of many grains, sweets of many fruits
Stimulants for my renewed venture into the heart of the sun
I am raised upon a dais filled with the fat of the land,*

*And now I must give back to the peoples of these ancient lands
Return them to the economy of nature*

*Let the flame of Olympus bear every man, beast and plant to equal sustenance
So that once again we can feed off the foods from the gods
Every berry, leaf, and root, and let's not forget the flower
The drawer of souls into nectaries of gold
Here only God commands life*

*No failing human convention will denude it of life
Man must learn to live again*

Ephesus

What has become of you, your glory, your grandeur
Your paved streets welcome the visitor from north, south, east and west
Your harbour and promenade ushering the seller of worldly goods
Bringing one upon the visage of the magnificent amphitheatre
Its cheer now reminiscent of a glorious past
I turn this way and that and follow the main drag
The facade of a ruined library reaches into the higher echelons of society
And further it seems into the highest of human achievement
The wealth of now fallen architecture of fountains and forums, concert halls and
gymnasiums
From a peaceful distance the Church of Mary offers open respite from the bustling market
areas
I strain to imagine the emperors of past, Augustus, Caesar, Domitian and Trajan
Their rebuilding programs made this the centre of worldly trade and political relations
Such elitism founded on the richness of the farming community of Asia Minor
It is no wonder that you continued strong into the 6th century AD
Byzantia was just a token gesture for a city that hearkens to its Hellenist roots
Who could not love Rome for this masonic masterpiece?
Bringing Zeus and Artemis to the foreground of religious loyalty
I don't know what more to say, you survived earthquakes and political haranguing
Can I restore you again to your former glory?
Shout into the vacuous buildings and bring back the ghosts of worldly communications
Is your importance truly up or shall we forever wonder why I am here and you are there?
Is life no different then as it is today, the flurry of human emotions that assuage democratic
polemics?
If I were to start a new religion can I begin here, an echoing voice transposing the centuries
Yes, let me begin with the ruin of civilization in the face of gods and God who call your time
And maybe the sea that was chased away a few kilometers down-wind
Whispers of a new beginning in the rushing of its surf

The Friendly Muslim

Your smile calls me over from my demanding road
And adds another day to my journey
Your stares repulse me also for it makes me feel alien
Yet you mean not to threaten me
You take me in and question me of my origins
My beard is a sign of my religiosity
Our coming together is for all cultures to enjoin
A symbol of worldly union

You are the friendly Muslim
With a heart open to the world
You give your life in Allah
A submission to worldly ends
Your faith is rewarded
In the coming of a new age
You are the friendly Muslim

Who am I that can engage your deepest thoughts?
Am I written in your books?
Does your heart resonate something foreboding in yourself
That we draw towards the closing of time
The gardens of plenty with all kinds of food awaits thy rapture
How appropriate that the gardener returns
To usher you in and judge your worldly ventures by your giving
As a carob pod is weighted in your endurance

The deeds of your spirit accumulate in the leaves of the Tree
Golden in its florescent lining
But for those who forsook the way of the prophet and his life
Let them ponder their lost origins
For them there is only sorrow and regret in their coming fate
Looking forlorn and wintry in their furnishings
There is no awakening for them in the rapture of the soul
The voices of the faithful will be ever distant

God has brought upon you a messenger whose voice will stimulate
A foreigner in your land who sees within you
Do not concede to pamper him with false motives and sentiments
For Allah knows all that your spirit bears
Allah will bear the meek and the humble unto the arms of the gardener
Who cultivates them into worldly fruits
On the Tree of Life they will hang as testaments to the bringer of the last days
Their sweetness is mixed with sourness

The bitterness of life is but for those who only advance material gain
Let them hearken to the sound of squabbling
Peace is rather found in the rustling of leaves in the wind
It blows both hot and cold
Let this be a reminder then that we are destined and cannot change our paths
Praise be to the omnipotent one
For those who believe fully in the hope of life is blessed and comforted
Into the brotherhood that engenders all living things

Marcha, Marcha

Marcha, marcha hasta la guerra sanguínea
Anda, anda tu futura es en las manos
Se va, se viene, otro muerto vale la pena
Quien es responsable por esta felonía

En que se puede hacer por justo
Los locos del mundo tienen la fuerza
Se controla el resto de la población
Por que se ocurre esta situación?

Estamos en juntos contra el malo
La tierra es demasiado pequeña ser volver solo
Aumenta la voz de la unida gente
Y nunca mira detrás si quiera Victoria

Se les enseñan quien tiene autoridad
Avanza sus derechas con facilidad
Se conoce sí mismo por mantener la visión
Del ganar el amor de cada individual

Canta, canta levantan sus vasos
Dar las gracias y recuerda los viejos
Ni una persona murió por nada
Sus vidas se reflejan en los cristales

Secuencia Del Espíritu Santo

Ven, Espíritu Santo,
envíanos desde el Cielo
un rayo de tu luz
Ven, Padre de los Pobres,
ven, dador de los dones,
ven, luz de los corazones

Consolador perfecto, dulce huésped del alma,
dulcísimo consuelo
Descanso en la fatiga, en el ardor tranquilidad,
consuelo en el llanto

Oh, Luz santísima, llena lo más íntimo de los corazones de tus fieles
Sin tu fuerza, nada hay el hombre, nada que sea inocente

Lava lo que está manchado,
riega lo que es árido,
cura lo que está enfermo
Doblega lo que está rígido,
calienta lo que está frío,
endereza lo que está extraviado

Concede a tus fieles, que en ti confían,
tus siete sagrados dones
Dales virtud y premio, dales muerte santa,
dales eterno gozo.

Amén
Aleluya

THE GOLDEN MAN

Capitalist, you stole the concept of the invisible hand
It belongs to us who believe in the Great Spirit
Like us you crossed the frontiers of time and space
But not like us you are sucked into your finite race
You defy extinction and by extension God's will
You build towers and rockets that push your material zeal
Upward and ever you think there is no limit
But little do you know that your repressed instinct is but decrepit

Technocracy only answers to your boxed-in mind
It solves the problems of yesteryear and omits tomorrow's finds
Forever you are chasing your tails with your heads stuck up your ass
Plugging the pollution as you regurgitate your far(ce)ts
Let's be honest you are not really that healthy
Where do you take your sanity from other than the mire of the un-free
Your big society is merely your small minds running rampant
Your imagination bloated and ready to implode in ever-growing contaminants

Can you not see where your cancer originates from?
Your lack of the greater picture is contained in a scientific bum
It fattens in response to the concentration of emissions
Because the real world is lost to you for want of a gaseous fission
You breathe in only what matters in the short-term
Truly you must look outwards if you are to put in place every stone, tree, animal and germ
Not an infinite possibility of unchecked growth for the craving of human endeavor
Worthless as it is in the context of becoming a cultural diva

There is a true individualism but it is self-effacing
How irreverential to forget the spiritual roots of creation
God, the Unknown, is not nature to be dissected and individuated
Rather it is the knowledge that only the Great Death confers if you would just capitulate
Yes, give up your human-centered motives and uncover a myriad of creative possibilities
Not any of them an act of material growth but one of spirituality
Yet your discriminating souls contest this sacrificial act for the sake of identification
Believe me, the Golden Møñ awaits you like an irrational light of emancipation

In your hearts you know that your outward manifestations are earthly bound
Soulfully leading you to the event horizon beyond the scope of your perceived sensual land
I say again, your humanness is an act of your defiance of God's hand
You must die to yourself if you ever hope to be the origin of mankind
And then the realization will dawn upon you of the continuum of all small things
When the Golden Møñ will shine forth as the harmony the whole of Creation brings
It is your soul who leads you to death as the environmental act yielded by the unconscious spirit
Making sacrifices of you all in the name of evolution and beyond in the revolution of the Id

Turkiye, Turkiye

Turquía, dame una revolución
Turquía, dame una revolución
Estas el centro de mi corazón
Del este al oeste represente la virtud
En busca de la libertad

Kaskini cıkar copunu bırak
Dellikanlı kim bakalım görürüz
Simit sat onurunla yasa

Eres lo más amigable
Pero el gobierno parlamenta con desprecio
(Vigila por tu próxima maniobra)
Cuando te sientes en las calles

The Flight of the Cyclist

Beyond the rooftops there's a mountain, and beyond that a sky
Beneath of which flutters a bird above the arboreal hillside

There's a **stream** of smoke wandering, a shadow behind a window wondering
Below meandering through a gravel scree the tinkling of a **spring**
A car motor onwards direct in its object of destination

It hoots and flashes with intent its **motive** of deliberation

Beneath is a road that's lifeless, an encroaching weed its enemy

It bakes in the summer and cracks in the winter in its oily indifferent **melee**

There's a cyclist who travels the **world** carrying what little to boot he needs

But most of all he shares in his experiences and his most adventurous deeds

The people come out to greet him from behind their doors and windows

In their own small words they **reminisce** of a life they remember as a child who grows

They want to be free and travel and dream of flying the open air

But always they must return to the eaves and sills of their cagey lairs

When will they let go of their **material** possessions? Can they buy a holiday to the sun?

They are anchored in the roots of a tragedy that binds their hands and feet as one

Sinking ever further into the floorboards beneath the layers of their wrath

They can all but let go if they would even dare to join the cyclist in his laugh

But to keep him here just a little longer to see what material goods are on show

Surely the **cyclist** will stay and dither and plant a little lower his own soul

Oh no, he has foreseen these lonely **trappings**, he smiles and waves goodbye

Wondering if ever just one will leave it all behind without so much a sigh

Every valley opens her groins to receive him as a fish would follow the rivers

They **kiss** his feet in the Boine as a memorial his brief presence delivers

A protruding rocky fort gives him protection against her moist enveloping clouds descending

So that in his sleep he may travel into her most dark secrets as an eternal child returning

With the rising sun so **Dunaad** offers him shelter from the wind, a trio of **horned** sheep to witness

The shod foot sunken into the footprint of his ancestral grave sealed with a deathly kiss

Upon the steppy slopes of Aintree the **giants** prepared the way millennia in advance

So that the **descent** into the sea is marked with a volcanic heritage, the world of man in penance

The eruption is deep enough to cause division and **strife** among the floundering masses that pretend reverence

But the wise **traveler** who always returns to the caves of antiquity knows better than to **brandish** a needling lance

Instead he enters the great womb of the land's **boggy** interior feeling his way back in the familiar darkness

And lays down his head into her peaty **cushions** and drinks of the knowledge in quiescence

These **mnemonic** waters washing from him any cultural bonds that might embark him into political angst

Close up the boundaries between north and south so that every hill is a dimple of thanks

Could the **cyclist** repair the rent that so religiously tears at the fabric of the earth?

If only to return the Scotti into Dalriadic ecstasy in the name of spiritual rebirth

Will the castles now ruined be reconstructed into pilgrimage sites of reconciliation?

In order that Ireland and Scotland will remember again its roots as a single nation

Into the Darkness with IrishBri

It is said that the Kingdom of God is within you
Why do we still search outside the box
We all know the truth we've always known too
It doesn't really matter if you get me or not
Cos I know some day we will all gain the sight
And realize that the only thing left to do
Is for everyone to shine their lights

Open your eyes, open your mind
Open your heart, open your ears
But close your mouth and the truth will ring out

For inside there is a jewel of destiny
A point of light beyond the darkness
Its many faces show us our true make-up
Yet we all belong to the original source
So don't say anything if you think you know
Just be and you will not be judged
As a child of time you will believe in love

The Vine that Grows Wild

You're not anybody I know yet I met you once before
You hide behind that mask you use in order to draw closer to me
I don't need your fake look, **pretty** as a window hemmed in snow
I open you up to reveal your naked roots

I see where you come from a vine hidden amongst bushes
You wind yourself to the forefront hoping to strangle out your competitors
Don't suffocate on my behalf, I really don't enjoy it
Just let me pick of your fruit in passing

Better you grow wild, better you let **go**
I'd rather see you meek than scrapping for a show
Dress only to feel warm so that I may share in your heat
You'd fare more strangely if you'd draw me to your feet

I am a traveler in the ocean **swishing** from side to side
I lumber into your arms only when the moment is right
Like a bobbing coconut moored to your island shores
You wrap me in your tendrils feeling your way over my roughened shell

Only then can you open me through the cracks of my salt-dried skin
But inside is a freshness as soft as a mollusk's sheen

Reveal in time my **hidden** treasure nurtured over countless eons
And then maybe you will return to the source, the earth whose **moisture** we share

Something I found and very old (with alterations)

Fifty years on through the looking glass
Makes one wonder how it should be
Do the actors play it cool
Or will the flowers wilt blue

The colours of emotions paint a war path
Behind the rainbow lies my wrath

Who Gave Rise to the Cities?

Who gave rise to the founding of the city?
Built of stone for the furtherance of the elitist
They came with temples, and gods that rode their backs
With ships that cleaved the sea in their tracks
Sails hailed high with images for protection
Soldiers at arms readying in their formation
Trade that brought with them raids for deliverance
If only to make songs for their sacrifice and remembrance
Seaports expanded and swallowed up the farmer's share
As tithes and taxes ploughed at their begrudging stares
'How much more can one give?' cry the conquered
'We are meek and only seek our lives unfettered '
But you make labour of us and suck us out of our lands
Thrusting us into economic turmoil in the midst of your urbans
Vying one against the other as the crops mount in concentration
So that you may go on and exert your power through perpetration
Your conquests get bolder but you strive after more
Is it not enough to settle your income and distribute your stores?
There are many starving for lack of communal hospice
As now you divide up our people into a racial lattice
Your vine grows over us and chokes us into subservience
And yet to raise our voices threatens us death or incarceration
If you believe in the gods then surely you'd accept that all is given freely
How can you ordain that which has been bestowed is now subject to treaty?
Feed the people I say, feed the people
We are the ones who give oil to the wheels
Our hands sweat and toil to provide for your abundance
But you spend it on migrating the armies into furtherance
You chop down our forests to make your war craft and utility
As now the soils get washed down taking with it our fertility
And then our cattle chew on desert grasses once lush
And so we needs build walls to prevent the inevitable crush
Everyone squandered running to seek haven in the docks
Where every trade under the sun brings its disease and clocks
With time you have made cures with innovative technology
As your gods slowly dwindle into scientific demonology
Oh you, you think you have the answers to the problems of the poor?
The ones you created yourselves in ignorance of the original law
But I tell you what every slave and peasant will endorse
That to re-diversify the countryside is the prevention of your ultimate loss
You see, nature has all the answers in its myriad of connections
And you failingly tried to replicate this in rational accumulations
Banking your profit for another day so that you may sit on the excess
But really the holistic approach is preventative and relies on selflessness
It is invisible, no logical equation can fathom its motivation
Like the immune system that operates with premonition
To spread thy arms is not the solution to regain what has been lost
But it is to open up the mind's eye to the oneness of the divine host

When the Guitar meets Islam

When the guitar meets Islam in the strings,
it is like a leaf blowing in the hum of its wind

Sometimes it catches up in your face,
with the coolness of a shadow moving through space

It can protect you from a biting cold,
or tickle you if you have an eye for the road

Tempting you to take up all your belongings
Making you think of the lands beyond the kings

The music can amplify your inner desires,
and ignite inside you your passionate desires

Like a flower opening up your heart to the world,
it draws towards you riches like an oyster's pearl

One can never know the bounty of Allah's will,
until you take the weight of your brother's heal

Help is afoot in the kindness of all Muslims
Praise be to God in the suric voice of their hymns

Together we are one brotherhood in harmony,
like boats sailing in the currents of the sea

We move together with a voice filling our sails,
and the fish who follow us in their tails

For Allah is abundant through nature's presence,
feeding every mouth in the gates of heaven

Golden is the dawn of the peace of the rising sun,
the stillness echoes rays through Earth's radiant (her verdant) garden

It lightens up the path of eternal science,
when walking in the shadows of the giants

For one belief, one God, one religion shines through,
like valleys wedged opened by the hand that cleaves true

Mountains will fall and submerge under water,
and only you will remain in the eyes of the Creator

A note cast out on a wave towards the One,
whose eye blinks a welcome gaze from its limitless horizon

What the Birds have to Say

I hear your crackling voice, a hoverfly hums your remorse
Geckos crawl over your feet, as you ponder over the drying, rising heat
Even us birds hush for a moment, when the leaves flutter in the winds perusing solvent
Signalling yonder where once trees grew, but now only sadly scorched grasses on which sheep chew

The whistle and whoops of that frightened mass, ready to scatter at the herder's thrash
The timely toss of a stick come stone, to keep them in check and move them to moan
Us birds however talk to everyone and no-one, so sweetly in the hazy softening afternoon
The sun hovers above our heads, and the trees perch us higher to lay our beds

We dream of walking the forest floor, even swimming the distant ebbing shores
Oh how to fly is not a point we consider, but it interests us to be a human creature
Occasionally a forage among the fallen leaves will suffice, and fulfil our earnest desires to avarice
Naked on the rocks that anchor the soil's appeal, picking at the grubs and worms to make for our
zeal

Such an abundance but wait, here comes the flock, wiling the hours away to the sound of their
chock
Their droppings sometimes provide tasty morsels; if not for us birds then the beetles will clean up
their parcels
And the invisible sound of the insect world, turning over all that goodness to which they herald
Bringing great times of rejoicing, in nature's ever recurrent laughing and gorging

Like the air we breathe the trees are our lungs, absorbing great gasps of the atmosphere's tongues
Keeping things cool so that we can mingle, in quantity the numbers that threaten to dwindle
We are safe here, let's hang about a bit longer, surely no axe or saw will cleave us to yonder
They can't be that stupid can they towards our oaken havens, and remove us along with all our
patrons

But wait, what is that I see o'er the horizon? The arenal seas have come to join us in their rising
Look how they blow up a storm for their announcement, singing that raucous sound in their
carousing

Oh how to dance like those humans, in churning concrete trees out of those sands
Soon they will come and join with us, so that we may perch ever higher into the stardust

Noisy Old Man of the Air

Oh you noisy old man, get off my back and leave me to rewind,
there is no peace with you all the time you heckle me out of my mind.
One day you are like a heavy burden of firewood strapped to my back,
another day the tow rope that makes lighter my burdensome pack.

Let me ask, is it not better you did not exist in the first place,
or shall we say you have benefits that I am not willing to accept in the first case?
I may be grumpy now but out there when riding your wind I just turn numb to it,
because I feel like it is my destiny as a hand is to a whip.

Yes, you goad me on telling me how profound you are in your nape,
for you needs carry something deep across the proverbial landscape.
Your words cut like ice and snow almost burping out in a continuous raucous raw,
rude to the ear if it does not bleed by your scratching paw.
As I turn one corner a smile may lighten up my ruddy face,
better than to obscure the sun from its inert race.
I wait to conquer one mountain top after another in the debacle of your voice,
just so that I can stand astride my mount in the moisture of my poise.

My sweat dries in your cooling winds as a stone may turn in its hue,
and my anger subsides as an entrapment of water is blown from its pool.
Yes, I see your grace, it is not for me to argue blindly against,
for reality tells me that the horizon brings its own thanks.
You are wanted here and there to carry out nature's wondrous cycle of seasons,
like a road that meanders ever further without apparent reasons.
Yet it takes me somewhere unbeknown to the logical mind,
as it chases within an object of its kind.

Like a mental line that writhes meaning and passion in its loving embrace,
it sinks a hook to capture the heart through its grace.
As above so below is the spirit's macroscosmic appeal to the world at large,
rotating it as if to loosen the grip of its micro charge.
Yes, thoughts are themselves subject to the greater determining laws of the universe,
where prayer alone will prepare one in their thirst.
To lift up your head to the scorching light of the star's blazing fires,
into which you submerge your cultural ties.

Diminish yourself into the emptiness of dark matter and nothingness,
for no ego here will survive the regress.
Back to the source you blew towards when for a moment you drew close to It,
to begin again the movement of everything to forget.
Know your unambiguous death like a cold winter's chill at high noon,
and whistle without reason your suffering tune.
It is a hoarse sound of life-giving air that has no melody to dare,
it just is a fiery scramble of indeterministic flare.

Burn in the throat like a limping leaf in the scorching mindless gale,
tossed and beckoned for the grave of your earthy gravel.
And there, if you know better, you can wait for the rains to wash over your mulling
loss,

when once again you may reset the clock of your resurrected carcass.
Catch a wave and go with the timely wash of the river's flow,
only it knows better than any map may bestow.
Throw it to the wind I say, throw it with glee,
ride the back of the elemental melee.

And only then when does the waters become stagnant you can ponder,
over the quiet pool in which your reflection lies yonder.
For it will then be better that a stone is tossed inside,
to ripple a moment's respite.

Money, Money, Money

Money, money money, give me money, money.

Dame, dime dinero, derham, deutchmark, drogma.

Dame, duro dinero, dollara, drachma, de euro.

Dinero es mi dios, dime dios dinosaurio.

Dale dromedario, de piedra miniatura.

Dale a millares, de volverme millionario.

Dinosaurio muerto, monstruoso de la montan.

Mierda, mierda, mierda, dale mineral misterio (repeat)

La Luna

I see you luna, watching over me.
Every time I lay my bed even the leaves part to show your presence.
How old are you and do you wonder of life on earth?
Can you reminisce of the billions of years you have missed?
There was a time when you were a part of our planet, maybe with
running water and moisture between the stones of your valleys.
How you may wish to have lingered a little longer to be lain in green carpets.
Could you have borne mountains from the ground up?
Have shone in the polar snows the freezing light of our maker?
Could you, and I say this teasingly, have cleaved your lands like a knife to butter,
and spread your savoury salts to the four regions of your circumference?
Like a pancake all balled up I could open you
and feed you sweet waters like sugar and cinnamon toppings.
So that your dust would congeal into syrups that quench that longing hunger of yours.

You would hum with the presence of bees and the rustle of date palms
whose leaves strike from the very sands of your parched mouth.
Your teeth would glow like stars reflected in the salt pans of your breasts.
Your hair would be like the algae in the seas with snails for scales and fish for fingers.
A veritable beast you would be whose eyes lurk in every niche, nook, and cranny.
A cradle to crisp your desert plains, and rocks peppered with trilobites.
A gastronomic history you would dream from the craters of your stomach.
I bet you long to fill those growing pangs with spices and herbs of every continent to hand.
You are such a lady to take it on the chin how once you were part of our glorious earth.
Know that you give light to the darkest corners, that you draw waters into the driest spots.
That you inspire man and beast to croon their necks at your constant gleam.

Yet you do not smile, laugh or cry.
Your immoderation is the knowledge that you are still a part of us.
No, I don't think you covet Gaia's culinary past.
All things return from the physical back into the light.
It is enough for you to show us the spirit of the sun's purifying bath,
cleaning us of attachment and returning us to the gravitational origins of the unknown.
You are guardian showing us the same face for millions of organisms to fathom by.
An arching brow that will one day house the human spirit to illuminate space's darkest secrets.
Man could not conquer you.
He merely sat on your lips waiting for you to speak.
But to hear your voice meant that he had to go deep into his own soul.
The vacuous language of your core is the vacuum that he must fill.
Such is your secret life.

Oceana

O Ceana, can you not stop your din
for you argue with the sand and the stones in your relentless quarrels
One wave after another is like a continuous debacle scouring the grounds for your
imperial morals
You drive back the land of your fathers chipping away at their teeth so that they
are toothless in their restraint
They melt away like sand castles constructed as mere toys in your motherly
complaints
What a debacle to listen to your continuous roar as if peace had no motion for its
blessing
It is only when one steps out of your grappling range that your absence needs
addressing

For without you we would dry to the bone and crumble as dust to the sand
There would be no life to carry your essential legacy onto the wanton land
Your anti-septic words may wash our mouths clean of our pretentious claim
Your sucking breath will draw our lungs to respire with heavy defame
Oh yes, there is no getting away with it that your fish are biting to remind us
Always tugging at the angler's line that we venture into your kindness
One way or another we will have to learn to obey your sallies over our boundaries
Because really you define our form by the good tidings that gave birth to our
creatures

Even now as I step into your tempestuous wash dragging at my feet
You push in the opposite direction as if to tell me to make a dash for the scree
What is this evolution that you thrust upon my singular self?
To engage me in my wits so that I must survive through continuous stealth
As I scramble along like a crab looking for a crevice to lodge within
I pincer to advance through your thumping waves tumbling in their turning
Is there no respite as you endlessly urge me in your garrulous babbling
To leave my saline sanity and join the exiled masses in the squabbling

The heat and wind can be unbearable bruising me to harden
As I cook in the gravitational whirlpool for an imminent implosion
My energy is thrust inwardly to reflect the maelstrom on the outside
Only your cresting surf can save me riding on a lunatic tide

How you move like deep emotional currents in the breasts of your primordial
seasons
Your foam gives softness to the barren desert rockscape that crumbles piecemeal
to your petitions
Such is the longevity of your time-frame that the swirling sands beneath your
waves are like a suspended hourglass
They await their settlement as thousands of years ply the coastal cliffs as yet too
fragile for any man to give task

Your wilderness is complete as barely a heather clings on to dear life in the echo
of your wake
And then surprisingly there is a respite as your roar subsides to a peaceful delay
in the pent-up energy of your brake
But pound you will to the rhythmic drumming of the holocenic voice as it seems
relentless in its cause
That which is just a spit in the ocean of time the changing in the Gaian menopause
Are these the last days of prehistory when man now has learnt to leave this
wondrous beauty of your curving embrace?
Have we always known that one day the great cyclical changing of the earth is but
ordained by our cosmic grace?

What can I imagine from here in a million years time that will fill me with the
desire to let you go?
May I return myself clinging once again to the teet for which you give suck as
little more than a trilobite wandering the ocean floor?
I could sit here and wait for you to rise once more to subsume the ground that
gives you definition.
Or I can drop like a seagull with only the breath of God to lift me clear of your
devouring creation.
Oh to cling on to the rocks like a snail in its stubborn grasping.
Ground down in the sedimentary passage reflected in the hazy sunshine.

Just Desert

I think about nothing, close my eyes to your majestic beauty.

Your creamy sands would not let me die alone out here.

Already I see the carcasses of scrapped cars and spent rubber tyres.

My voice you have torn from my throat, my breath charring the nostrils to inflame with heavy breathing.

The ripped hood of my sweater now extended to cover half my face in its futile attempt to stop poignant grains from entering my ears, hair, and eyes.

I have grown used to it; the burnt skin does well under the scouring wind.

It peels as would the paint on an upturned car, now stripped of its gloss, and much of its component parts.

Time has taken its toil for the marauder to dismember these metal carcasses of wheels, windows, and anything else of immediate value.

I hardly consider that anyone would spend too much time in this heat.

Maybe heat itself enjoys the skeletal remains of its host, even igniting in a final blaze of solace the burning remains of a distant figure on a limitless horizon.

They are not even victims, but votive offerings to the desert sun god.

The very fires that gave rise to human civilization, epitomized in these metallic bodies that served only for a brief time, have taken their toil eventually.

Oxidized in the chemic air that choked them to death, leaving but a rusty dented framework hard to believe to have carried the human breath so far.

Let them rot with no more value than the spaghetti strips of contorted rubber tyres whittled from the passing lorries.

Or the crumbling asphalt edge of a narrowing road if not from the encroaching sands that are systematically ploughed away, then from the lumps of tar that frit at the edges like crushed biscuits.

But this is no food for the desert, nor the tossed plastic debris from a passing spectator.

There are no dogs here to clean up the unwanted stale food of a fattened lorry driver; they only live next to human camps, noisy barking cowards they are to passing cyclists. And if the tarmac isn't a scar on the desert highway, then the lorry most certainly is.

That monster that creates dust devils in its wake, heaving the furnaced air around it like a portal to a demonic world.

It opens up a veil between wilderness and chronological time of the industrial paradigm.

Tearing at the nostrils of earth's incendiuous nose,

congealing blood into dry crusty deposits as would an iron furnace for slag.
It carries a wind all of its own without mercy for the robust bicycle caught up in the
maelstrom,
tossed in the space rent by this gas-guzzling polluter discharging in arrogant forays
puffs of black smoke
The adamant driver provides no respite on his expressionless face counting the profits
from his perched chair.
Their greedy vehicles piled high, so high as to defy mulic logic.
What victory it was to see one overturned and burnt to a cinder as is a spent
matchstick shrivelled in its final moment.

The cool wind is in my hair, the hazy heat blanketing my vista from this sedentary
repose.
If camels have died by the wayside, bones intact to suggest that not even wild predators
venture so far,
what chance lays for me as I empty my thoughts to a cool breeze?
A tract of living beasts lump it over the very distant horizon giving me hope.
I don't need it though, for I cannot die alone here.
Even if I were to let myself go in the wind I would be blown back to the coast.
As it goes my breathing is hot and heavy, I cannot think of anything other than the
sound of my nasal breath.
Abrazed in my intention but not yet worn out I open my eyes again and sniff the air
with a tinge of salt.
Who dares, wins.

Shitty City Bang Bang

It is no wonder that the desert forms a poignant barrier,
your boundary is rife as a maggot would dwell in its carrier.

A rotten fruit plays host for this decadent culture,
so that even rich pickings for the crows are tempted by this lure.
Everyone rotten grabbing at the new and pure passing through,
in order to make in their image an infectious brew.

So that their country is like a poisonous drink to all but a few,
that fills to the brim and creates a haven as would a mire to a mosquito.

You bite at everything in your filthy urban slums,
keeping everyone happy by increasing their mercantile sums.
Fat pockets put the flesh on your emaciated body long of leg,
that knows no better than to run or to beg.

How you teach your children to follow in your shameless, hopeless way,
learning all the same indignant methods to extract a sanguineous pay.
Like gnats they come running at the Two-Bob, hands outspread for money instead,
asking for that most contemptuous thing when only their parents should provide the
bread.

But no, you are too deep in the stench of your cesspit, dug with European money you
fester in the tourist's shit.

It makes me sick just thinking about your greed and thieving scams,
in collaboration with the authorities you are a nation of irreligious hams.
Where has your righteousness gone? I have to remove myself from your city sty,
and traverse your country to find the real people and the meek in this pitiful lie.

Your ghettos are just extensions of the slum that urban life promotes,
false hopes in the shadow of Babylon whom only a few can venture to in boats.
How they forlornly crave after the northern lights that burn with mistaken identity,
with a fervor that sucks them dry as their soul is burnt in its intensity.
There is no help here other than if you jump in the water and douse your flames,
and then have to swim as you scrap to clamber after those floating shams.
I ask again, who built the cities in all its grandeur and imagined life of prosperity?
Only to find out that one sells off their spiritual capital in gain of their materiality

The disease is psychological as you mentally and emotionally run dry,
and then realize there is no way back other than through the gravestone that you buy.

Who gave rise to the profit that makes only for an elite to cream it off?
For fat cats to feed off the impoverished world feigning a materialistic cough.
In reality they laugh behind your backs in denuding you of true wealth in your material
spending,
because it's not the cough that'll carry you off, it's the coffin they'll carry you off in.

Song for a dying man

If ever I knew you it is now old man Truth
Your shrunken posture dries like a loosely hanging fruit
Still lingering on an arching twig precarious in your stance
Peering down at the chasm between your heels and the last dance

You think to hang in there like a fleshly ripened pear
If only to be picked by your most noble dashing mare
She would carry you away on horseback to Elysium
And place you in a bowl made of gold and platinum

Ring it will when struck like a distant peeling bell
When only time will tell how long that circling sound will dwell
Cradled in the Earth's most precious gifts under terrestrial law
To reveal within omniscience whilst stripping you to the core

Time to die, no time to lie, no time to buy or cry
No regrets, don't reflect, prepare for the ultimate trial

Everything you valued is thrown to the maelstrom
Sucking into an infinite void every last atom
There is no more substance to carry you yonder
Only form to continue an imaginative venture

Your weighty shoulders once proud now huddled in the diminishing light
The airy sky and its convecting heat occlude you its almighty sight
Your gravity spent on one final descent from the tree of life
As sure as a pear under Death's stare you vanish in the swish of His scythe

Old man Truth you came and went not before your time
You contorted into many shapes and still lost your mind
The very blackness from which you appeared is now the hole you crave
Where peace and nothingness and quietude welcomes you into its grave

Time to die, no time to lie, no time to buy or cry
No regrets, don't reflect, prepare for the ultimate trial

The Inevitable Yearning

Your encroaching skin brings with it your sins,
like clouds scattered high blotting the universal sky
Infectious as you are you dampen my spiritual fire,
a rash upon my face you cease to go away

For I am the Earth who shines out in joyous mirth
I cater for your lows by oiling a heavenly rainbow
Strident tracks I trace for your uncommitting race,
endlessly searching in vain for that treasure in between

Don't chase me (for you will never catch me), cos for all your stealth
you are only following your shadowy self
No matter how tall you are (for you will never see me) or loud your calls,
you are running round in circles

To find a crock of gold you must ever be bold,
and loosen your hair to the wind's chilling care
Providing you with lips to the morning dew
And the sun basting your back in Autumn

Red in tooth and claw that survived the Winter's gore,
your bloody hands then gave rise to pastoral lands
The Spring turned to Summer with the beat of the parochial drummer,
who scrapped after the appeal of militant zeal

In time the territorial year turned over your global fear,
as mountain snowcaps melted into amorphous sea maps
Sweat and tears gave way to sunken roads without frontiers,
leading your emotions just where they belong, in the malaise of your
throng

White Man in The Gambia

My journey starts from the womb of my mother
Her mountains gave leg to me in their rising
As an heir to her throne I strode upon her lofty peaks
And looked out over her wondrous body unique
There my people raised a flag in her honor
And carried it like a loin clothe to her rivers
But they felled the sacred woods to build the first forts
And lost in time the origins of their birthing ports

Now they stride against all nations in vain hope
That a war will recuperate what has been lost
But those bridges have been burned from their lack of faith
To believe that only time will relieve them of their wrath
For this the land must again provide for their economy
So that every individual is set on a level footing together
And then when everyone will see that they are all equal
And nature will have restored them to a life in meek denial

Gone will be those material excesses that blind a man to his role
When he can look a donkey in the eye and raise his brow
And take a bow in the manner that it serves his purpose
And kiss it with an ardor and kinship familiarness
And so The Gambia calls me to loosen her boot laces
To free up her toes and dry her sweating woes
Like a breath of fresh air I breathe a new lease into her soil
And bind her with sandals again to relinquish her toil

Here we don't look to the north anymore like in the days of old
We do not ask for those gifts that clothe its greed in treats
We dig our own earth and drink our own waters
No more imports for a nation that has enough for each beast and person
The Gambia is a river of fish for fishermen to catch in their zeal
With drifting sands that cover our prints after a hard day's toil
Toing and froing in the ebbing of its gracious tides
In the nets of abundance where all species mingle and confide

Markets bustle with the hawking of its vendors
Lessened by the sound of the Koran singing from its tors
The unsuspecting are taken into its urgent pride and hospitality
And whisked into a service unasked for yet polite
That is the nature of the poor rather than beg with foul tongues
It straightens their necks so that children can hold your hands
Toubab is the label they stick on your breastplate
To soften your armor and reveal you to your spirit

The Countryman

When life would show me the hidden ways to achieve success
I would take the hands of my fellow countryman
Whenever I needed to I'd walk the streets and curb my stress
And receive the heart of every countryman

For the countryman is a man of the earth
He takes his hoe to the soil where he knows his toil
And dig for victory with a cow mooing for Company
And link his eyes to his wife who is readying to lay with him

The day's work would fly on by to the rhythm of a toss of a spade
Turning the ground into a vegetable pound
He may be green from the food he's grown but he'll fetch a packet at the
market square
His wife beside him looking forward to the country fare

He'll buy his wife a brand new dress
To fit her growing belly and expanding breasts
And then she'll make him a grand breakfast
With rations of meat and eggs to fit him out best
(With a pot of tea to calm her strife
He'll don his hat and boots with a wink to his endearing wife)

Success brings fertility in the country life
Both his wife and the soil bring joy to his sight
Created in the image of nature
Comes a child born from the spoils of his tithe

Victory Day

**Ten thousand people or more climbed these rocks, all forsaken and lost
Who gave their lives as a cloud draws nigh to the sun
The wind turned in their tails like boats broken from the mooring posts
Tossing them around in the watery graves and marring their reflections in waves**

**And now they only see the light like a golden ball of fire
That burns in the choppy waters in a hazy delight
It tingles as a bead of sweat would fathom these depths
Rolling down their skins with uncompromising respite**

**These are soldiers seething in the mystical air
Wondering at the demeanor of the almighty night
And the guns keep firing missiles in their obscured vision
Like shooting stars who are sold out for life**

**One from the left, one from the right go the exchanges to and fro
Who would give their left arm to take the place of one who is to fall
If they do not bleed through their skins then their minds cinder instead
Removing everything that had value like a bone gnawed to death**

**It cuts deep tarnishing the soul of their ancestors
Who may watch on like a conscience writhing under their blaring eyes
Could these men and women climb back down the same way they entered?
With each step leaden by the guilt of lost pride filling the empty spaces**

**No, after the palpitating heart gave way to reckless venture and hopeful grace
That one may just live at the end of this horrendous day to hear a silent night
Their loved ones clinging strongly in the grubby clenching of sore hands
Lost to culture and waning in the smoky-veiled moon's endearing face**

Return to the One

Stop me if you can dying people made of the sand
I am carried on the ocean with a mouth of frothing seance
Watch me reduce you to that moment when God gave you his hand
And struck you on the shoulder to bequeath you a second chance
You had one more life to redeem the falleness of First Man
From whom you are so descended from the tip of his rampant lance
Did not a dove so gracefully flutter your heart with a breath of fresh air?
And remind you of the woes that had gone before your stares

Your sight was frozen then from a world you couldn't see
If only to hide from you the stains upon your wondrous tree
Remember the time you passed beneath its tickling branches
And the leaves that sprang your heels to uplifting dances
Remember the rains that splashed your salty lips like pure sweetness
And cleansed your sweaty groins as if to love you in the first instance
You needn't take the fruit for God had succored you eternal spirit
You needn't toil the fields for your numbers were contained in his holy crypt

And there in your resurrection you knew not hunger or strife
Each one to the Father beloved of the Christ's anointed life
Your face was stroked with the warming caresses of sun-bleached hair
That cradled your cheeks with clear receptive eyes sinking only to follow the
sun's path
And you laughed as if death was vacant in the horizon's golden bath
Now your time has come to meet God's favourite son
Who brings to you this message in vain hope you will return to the One

Love Twist Blees

'My heart bleeds honey for you, my queen.

Only your sweetness can stir me to flight.

If I get lost in the windy crossing, I know I would hear your voice a calling me to return'.

'Where art thee my king, for I have a cell cosy and warm to share with you.

Don't tarry for winter is upon us. And I need your bodily drool.'

'And as the mountain air began to condense into droplets of dewy pools, so I gathered my strength to run down the slope with visions of my paramour on the wing.

It was a race to get there in pursuit of her pheromonic chant as it drifted on the air in puffs of amorous joy.

But with her tail up she was inundated by numerous petitioners, all festering after her natural beauty.

Would I get there in time before she would subtly refuse my renewed advances? How must I keep her waiting and wanting?'

'The crossing was windy as I traversed the green fields of Gaul.

Every hill and hollow gave up its secrets as I dashed between them.

Tossed like a tree whose branches gallantly spring back in defiance of the head wind.

I knew fate was far from easing my abdominal pride.

Could I really leave the sun-washed rosemary behind for the damp winter chill of Albion?

Where only ivy could suffice my insatiable lust for sweet nectar in winter?

Oh, how I wish she would hide in its evergreen armour if only to peer out waiting for my frolicking dive.

Straight to her bush when I would then take shelter in her moistened embracing hive.

Squeezing me in the dark cover of skimpy leaves and crystalline flowers.

Surely I would be the first if nature truly desired me a wet feast.'

'Why do you tarry?' I hear her lusty tone deliver.

'For Albion is cold and I need a bed mate to snuggle up to.

Surprise me with your roughened travel-worn hands and seize me in the quiet of the night.

Make me wet in your firm grip with your hot breath around my neck.

Only my future king could survive these freezing, yearning nights and arrive at my doorstep bedraggled and steaming.

I will peel your soaked clothes and dry your moisture with endearing kisses as to see you naked before me.

You will not escape my clutch for I will suck you in so tight as to drink every drop you issue.

And then in my utter exhaustion I will awake in fields of rosemary and olive carried on the Sun's eternal rays.' '

The days grew short and the nights bitter as snow crept into my numbing limbs.

My blood stirred only by the thought of my regal vision piercing the air like a tramway cleaving the skies.

There I would be carried on the lulling tones of her sweet voice like puffs of clouds dampening the racing wind over my ears.

So sweet is her voice that even they dance like candy floss in a sumptuous whirl.

I follow her siren as a breath of air is sucked into her lungs.

Drawing me ever closer until I latch onto her moistened demanding lips.'

'Erect, in an inescapable corner of damp greenery.

I held her firm as she grappled there spread-eagled with her pert bum clamped in embrace.

Heaving until even the leaves gave up a hoarse cry of elation.

I could feel her sucking me in ever deeper as she tightened her loins.

Like a lamb smothered in the raw heat of a sacrificial offering.

I merely extended myself from the Apollonian rays of the sun.

Like lions powering the chariots of the eternal gods.

She demanded more the pulsing throbs that lifted her skin in sweating pimples.

Baked and battered I blasted her one more time until her breast gave up her sugary teet.

Softened like a cooked apple waiting for its custard cream.'

'We danced in figures of eight, a whisper's breath between us.

Carrying the vibrant tones of her piercing voice as it lifted us in ceremonial circles.

The orgasmic cry of our unisonic rise as we spun and hummed ever faster on the blanketing air.

Taking each other on a lost crusade to lands of multifarious flowers.

Unable to release each other my queen drifted love-like sweating melodic notes through my ears.

It seemed an eternity that, bedazzled and saturated by her hot abdomen, I would not desire to let go.

For as a king who lives for this day we were utterly infused in each other's sweat running like rivers through every crevice of our body.

It was an eternity, all day and night without ceasing as we buzzed in joyous reproach of our cultural assailants who could not even dare pull us
apart.

And yet set upon by our admirers queuing to surround us in a perpetuating mass protecting and waiting for the new-born.

I could only drive harder as we whined and ground until we were red in tooth and claw tearing at each other's form.'

My Austin Allegro aka 'All-agro'



Rodney's said, 'This is a proper car, it is made of metal'

Little did I know that it would leak like a kettle
From the outside she looks just sound
From the inside she denied even the car pound
Not that Cary, that's her name, is full of money
Rather, she'd prefer to send the driver on a
spending spree

Even the RAC man accused it of being naughty
As it clanked to a dead stop on the A40
'It's not throwing any oil in the rocker cover'
'And you were going to visit your Welsh lover?'

Well, he didn't really say that
But he implied it tit-for-tat
'It's bone dry' he said with a sneer
'There'll be no nooky for you this New year'
Even when he dragged it onto the back of the
recovery vehicle
It caused a puncture that made the RAC cough up
from their till
'Definitely the big end is gone'
As he dropped me back in Forest Hill all alone
Let down with the fireworks blowing up a storm
Perfect timing I thought to envisage an apocalyptic
doom



Luckily Rodney's accepted the beast into their care
As it squeaked in without a horn to bear
And I spent the next few days reclaiming my financial loss
Not that anyone really gave a toss
And there she laid slowly gathering algae
Whilst instead I got into Catalonian olive oil and considered Gaudi
Oil, the source of man's modern woe
It's the black stuff that threatens to bring him low
But I produce the golden stuff that glows like a lamp
A return gift of thanks if only Rodney's would help me revive the tramp
And they did with the mentorship of its foul-mouthed staff
No environment for a proper lady but you got to laugh
Solly and Brian, all they talk about is sex
With the vigour and mindlessness of Tyrannosaurus Rex
Cary was no spring chicken either
Born from that most greatest of years 1980
She is the Series 3 the best of the lot

Apparently it was to save British Leyland who were hatching a plot
 It was followed by the Metro, with wings from a can of Red Bull
 Unfortunately the environmental movement were just beginning to condemn fossil fuel
 Albeit one may reflect on the Allegro for its racing quality
 That only fell off the pace when Ford produced the Capri
 And all that bad crap aired about this problem car
 Well, that was just American propaganda
 I mean, square steering wheels and hydroelastic suspension
 Reminds me of the French bird I had in pretention
 After perusing her art work in those very comfortable reclining front seats
 I had her leg over me in a manner that praised her cleats
 But before I could lodge in my full attention and the matter at hand
 PC Plod knocked me up and gave me a turn
 'Excuse me' he said. 'Do this in your home'
 Can't I have any privacy, this car is my own?'
 Alas we moved on but the spirit had died
 And the car would never again entertain a bit of crumpet on the side
 And I thought Cary liked the French, I took her across once on the way to Spain
 But my Polish friend didn't appreciate me blasting out Elton John whilst Cary overheated in pain
 A few years on and she is looking as good as gold
 Rotten in a few places but not looking so old
 But the story is much longer than this if you feel you can bear a little more banter
 And it starts with my father who would revamp her
 She was looking good then, only 2 owners
 Before she came to me as retirement bonus
 That is when she took a few dents
 Not least the bonnet that the wind caught in a vent
 It ripped up into the air as I was driving
 And I couldn't see a thing as it stood there writhing
 It bent the hinges so that it would never fit true again
 So that every time I lift it the body whines in pain
 Like I say, when they came to take her away for being untaxed
 They told me to keep it for it had no value as scrap
 The engine has had two rebuilds now, the first from a fiery Turk
 After it started smoking he must have taken me for a jerk
 He charged me £550 and then added a little more for luck
 After I waited weeks for it it still quacked like a duck
 Lo and behold I steadily used up my RAC cover
 As the vehicle went back and forth like a son to his father
 I asserted 'Hang on there Mustafa Crap'
 'Why do you insist on taken me for a sap?'
 'You promised a rebuild but all you've done is toss'
 'Maybe only changed the head gasket so as to prevent any oil loss'
 'Don't tell me that you gave this car a krypton tune'
 Even superman would be horrified as to fly to the moon
 So I left it in his care with an unspoken agreement
 After I mentioned court cases he appeared to repent
 So for a year and a half I went back and forth
 As a Greek he called me Yeshua and kept me aloof

He was my mentor and historian as he whinged and waxed
Being a Cypriot he wanted to blubber out the facts
And slowly that engine came together over winter
New piston rings, new pistons, another head cylinder
Gleaming like Sir Lancelot's armour
I was betrothed to it with a creative ardour
I ended my stint with the fiery Turk's company
As he continued to remind me of the ongoing fee
But it was me who forked out for a gasket set and a load more oil
And I wasn't about to shrink away to the sound of the Cockney toil
With a super kebab for a communal dinner I said my farewells
And looked forward to pulling a load more girls
But I soon learned that the radiator was naff
So I bought a reconditioned one and made a huge gaff
It didn't fit the Series 3 which meant buying the right hoses
Especially if I wanted to be saved from the flood, just like Moses
This was getting complicated and expensive that left me meek
When on pressurizing the system caused the water pump to leak
So I replaced that also and took her for a ride
Hoping that all things past I could be turning the tide
But the thermostat didn't work and so I changed that too
To prevent it from overheating but that was only a ruse
Apparently to prevent an airlock one needs the correct version
For the radiator to work in a particular configuration
Anyhow, on another occasion when I took it to my sister
It started first time even in snowbound Rochester
On parking I ambled to a public house
And returned to find it whined like a mouse
I opened the bonnet and discovered the fuel was spraying
And realised the lines had been cut that got me praying
'Who would do such a thing?' was a thought I saved for later
For I went back to the pub to ask for a favour
Requesting a beer line I quickly fixed the problem
And scooted off home with ambivalent chagrin
Soon after I lost reverse gear, then 2nd or was it 3rd
Never mind I am so confused in trying to understand this bird
She flaps and quacks, squawks and squeaks
There just wasn't any water going round to cool down this freak
But the final insult must surely be
The failure of the oil light to indicate when to pee
So she clogged up and I suppose caused her big end to pong
Stuck as I was on the A40 without a hard shoulder to cry on
It could not have helped when I over-topped her with juice
If only I could encourage her to get more loose
And that is when I retired her away into a garage
Looking very similar to metal-load of garbage
So two years passed but Rodney's helped to clear the fog
As I rebuilt her and found a screw lodged in the reverse gear cog
I also returned the original radiator after having it re-cored

And now Steve got her purring after all the mishaps she has endured
And thanks to Alex and the other Steve that I got her through an MOT
But not before breaking the law, just give me another chick to carry on from where I left off before
Oh... that reminds me, there was an older lady once sitting next to me
When the wishbone collapsed and the wheel jammed inwards to Blondie
As she belted out the tracks I calmly and one-handedly guided her in
A fifty meter skid got my passenger on edge after taking it on the chin
But that is another story, and there will be lots more to come
For my girl is coming to Spain loaded to the hilt of her bum

Part2

The story doesn't end there for it had only just begun
Sticking two lawnmowers on the roof rack that reacted to the sun
Admittedly I had lost her aerodynamics as it flapped in the wind
Churning out a hum whilst yearning for her kin
Because there can't be that many left on the road
And I sure don't think it was designed for this load
With so much gear the back seats and boot was chocka
But this babe had the grease of an aging rocker
Only England still wouldn't let her go
Cos now the exhaust pipe had fallen to the floor
So Rodney's in exasperation made the weld
They did it for free so that I could leave as a rebel
Yes, unpaid student loans and accumulating rent
Not including the road fines that I gave up during lent
And so Cary would take me on a ferry to Bilbao
Even if Customs saw some weapons they wouldn't allow
Well, I'm not sure if they stole those axes from the back of her boot
But they are a funny lot, the *Aduana*, amassing their loot
Luckily I had a wealthy cousin at the halfway point in Zaragoza
Who quietly told my mother I was driving a loser
But never would I believe that when I strode into my farm
With all the grace and elegance of a gecko's charm
Chuffed as I was for she had made this trip twice now
I thought to impress the ex-Pats by touring this cow
Little did I know that she would stick in the piste
As I spun her down a hill into a gravel twist
I broke the manifold and woe, she just froze
Like the sound of a whale blowing its nose
Back and forth I plied that cursed hill
Having to tie up the exhaust pipe with a desire to kill
But I got her back home as lame as an old banger
To retire her away as if by luck I would discover her doppelganger
But you'll never find in Spain another wreck of an Austin
Not for spare parts in the Breakers to fix her engine
Nowadays everything is modern, not much older than 10 years
So I had to return to the UK and find a dealer of Minis
He found me a compatible manifold but woe it was the wrong type
And now I was losing faith in my own subjective hype

Cary just didn't want to live so I cancelled the insurance policy
And thought to put her under wraps whilst I returned to Double Dee's
He eventually got the right manifold although slightly different
But had to adapt the end of the exhaust pipe as if it was meant
Back and forth to Spain, the unfolding story is so poignant
Taking a risk with exhaust tape by bounding up the joint
I reached Barcelona even though she was scolding
But now the throttle cable would rub and stick to the moulding
Mad, on the return trip I took the beast back to the Mini dealer
Who welded the correct exhaust end like a religious healer
Oh, she sounded much better but guess what happened next
I found an authentic Austin manifold on the internet
But she had no servo and besides, the exhaust had been changed
So I took it back to Spain even though the throttle was maimed
But that was not before someone had driven into the door whilst it was parked
And I earned a tiny packet from the insurance company who now had me marked
This time I had another bird who accompanied me and Cary
Only for her to get chatting to a friend and then missing the ferry
And so she bought a replacement ticket, I was entered as a Reverend
So that the Brittany staff would not hassle me a ridiculous amount to spend
But just as we were heading back to the port after sleeping it rough
The rain came down and the gear changer got stuffed
Stuck in the middle of four lanes of traffic danger
It was twilight and I got under the car to fix it with a coat hanger
We were off even though we kept breaking down again
Alas, the exhaust pipe works loose and it was farting throughout Spain
It sounded like it was firing on only three cylinders
Or that the fuel mixture in the carb was somehow being hindered
Oh that was it, the float chamber piston was low
And so I had to continually top it up with 3 in 1 oil
Eventually we arrived only to have 2 days of torrential rain
My poor friend went home bedraggled and Cary was continually in pain
No luck with women in this jealous car
But at least she still ran like a classic retard
And so we drilled the servo and got the hole threaded
But I still needed another exhaust pipe if I want to end this story unfretted
I've got one now 2 years on
Only that I can't afford to run this thing along
Skint with more holes in my pockets than a Swiss cheese
I am waiting to earn a crust to give this girl a new lease
I managed to find another door to replace the jammed one
But God almighty, is this sorry tale really done?

WHERE ARE YOU JAMIE LEE?

Where are you Jamie (come-and-get-me) Lee
You're the girl who raised my soul feather-free
You took me to a rock and lifted up my spirit
And we plunged together like flailing chicks

There ain't many girls like you
Who dared to get closer than the average wannabe
You had no baggage tied about your neck
Unlike those lobsters caught up in fishing nets

You were just too hot for those cold freaks
Who stared up like ice cubes floating in a soft drink
But you melted them in the heat of your lips
Because you're dirty in the way you crush your lips

When you walk it's like an invitation for my eyes
To trace its sight about your curvature
Or that's what you are, a loose-hinged door
Waiting for the next bang like some wanton whore

You're so hungry that your groins sweat out candy
Your busty bosom eases sugar drops into my mouth
I get sticky toiling all over your carnage
Like dew drops collecting sap for my rampant forage

Did you really squeeze me when you first set eyes upon me?
You made me so ready like an ice-cream waiting its next topping
Your breasts were like receptacles for my dry mouth to hang on to
Your cold arse like a parking bay for my roving bike to lock into

I remember how you rode my kayak
You got us so wet my sweet nectar flow
Even though you took a good spanking
You secretly wanted more and more

El Profeta

Un barco me espere en la vida futura, quizás
Como demoro en el muerto de los héroes
Una visión de llamas lentamente estar extinguido
Veo la cultura muriendo mientras estoy en pie al lado de ella
La raza de seres humanos hunde de unir con las civilizaciones perdidas de antigua

Una sombra lanza mas lejos que como hace mi brazo extendido
Ni pueden los dedos míos tocan los ángeles ardientes
Necesito devolver a dar la cara al sol
Y mis labios necesitan vibrar como una cana en los vientos
Sino mis pies siguen chapotear en las mareas subidos

Puedo nadar solamente tan lejos como vea yo
Antes lucho a mantener la cabeza sobre la mar
Y encontrar a los demás que ya han hundidos
Que esperan la caída del héroe
Para que no se sintieran solas en sus fracasas

Dios es un pescador
La mano Suya me jala siempre
Dios es un marinero
Sus redes me lavan con el resto

Estoy rozado junto con los sedimentos del tiempo
Me pican la superficie a dejar la piel cruda
Pero el lavase es profundo y significativo
Me prepara para la ascensión mía
Hacia la boca de edades antiguas

Allí canto con miles de voces
Soy la voz del futuro
De la vida que debes seguir
El profeta asciende otra vez
Con puños llenados de los perdidos

I AM LEGEND

*You see my name, it's written in vain
You dream of heroes like rabbits popping out of holes
But you never thought to enter yourself*

*Can't see what's beyond, really you're not the kind
Here we play with the darkness with no return address
Don't even think to come looking for me*

*You are no Alice in Wonderland, no lost beauty in my life
I look out to you from another universe, way ahead of your time*

*Every day in my life is a hundred of your strife
You thought to drag me out, like a genie from a spout
But you rubbed me up the wrong way darling*

*Your lights don't shine living in that gloomy vine
Crawling any which way, grasping after the day
But you never looked in the one obvious place*

*Truth baby, is closer than you think
It's burning to get out there in the darkness
If only you could stop dowsing the flames
And there you'll find your legend, hovering above your love game*

Fifty years on through the looking glass
Makes one wonder how it should be
Do the actors play it cool
Or will the flowers wilt blue

The colours of emotions paint a war path
Behind the rainbow lies my wrath
I am the angel of light, in shining armour
I am legend

Redemption

I like the peace, it gathers to me distant souls
Even the bugs leave me alone nestled in these unkempt woods
My ancestors stand like two trees stringing me up with 2 feet off the ground
The gentle lull of my hammock serenading to me to the buzz of insects and distant vehicles
I'm hidden here amongst the familiar outcrop of human habitation
Not desiring to move for not want of having to break my silence
Humans have kindly taken me so far but really stand apart from the grace of nature
There are such creatures as ants who can draw closer to me or even the stalk of a shield
beetle
But between two trees and suspended above ground man has yet to make a claim to that
undefined space
It nibbles at me a human calling to get going and return like a lost son
But really I am found, whereas it is they who need me and the gracious music I carry on
the air
I am not forgotten here for the wind rocks me to and thro like Odin's baby
And yet I hardly breath because nature is ambient throughout my whole body in blood
and tissue
The breath is inward and each day a miracle of endurance and distance
Alas it won't be long before I become a human sacrifice and lose to me Nature's claim
But it is not forever, as I say I rock to and thro, in and out of human habitation
When they have to bestow upon me gifts of food and drink crafted in their abandonment of
infinite grace
When they came down from the trees and settled into cultures with only a distant yearning
to return
They need me more than ever to show them whence the ancestors are deep in their
unconscious
So that I can surface in them a vitality, a youthfulness they had all but forgotten
I am the sentinel and those who wish passage must pass through me
I am the air between two trees that gave birth to your lost civilization
And you must breath me in like it is the last moment before you die to culture

REBORN AGAIN

**HAVE YOU EVER FATHOMED THE MEANING OF LIFE?
MAYBE WHEN ALL HOPE IS LOST AND YOU ARE BEREFT OF RATIONALE
YOU SINK DEEPER INTO YOUR HEELS FOR FEAR OF WANTING TO MOVE**

**AN UNEXPECTED TURN GESTURES YOUR WAY AND YOU ARE CARRIED ON
ITS MOMENTUM
AND THEN YOU DON'T WANT IT TO STOP AND SO YOU ATTACH YOURSELF
GRIPPINGLY TO IT
IT COULD BE A NEW PERSON, A TECHNOLOGICAL GADGET, OR WORDS
SPOKEN IN THE RIGHT TIME AND PLACE**

**HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED THAT IT'S THERE ALL THE TIME?
BUT A VEIL HIDES IT FROM YOUR SENSES AS A SHADOW WOULD ECLIPSE
THE LIGHT
IT IS INFINITE NO MATTER HOW FAR YOU ARE AWAY FROM SEEING IT**

**IF YOU LET GO TO WHAT YOU HOLD SO DEAR TO YOUR HEART
IF YOU LET IN NOT JUST THE TEMPEST BUT THE EYE OF THE STORM
IN ITS CENTER IS A STILLNESS FROM WHENCE ONE CAN SEE YONDER
HORIZON**

**HOWEVER, IF YOU STEP OUT KNOW THAT THE TIDE WILL QUICKLY THROW
YOU IN ITS ORBIT
AND THEN YOU MUST GRASP AT THE REINS AS A CHARIOT WOULD DRAW
THE SUN ACROSS THE SKY
IT WILL MAKE YOU REALIZE THAT CHAOS IS ONLY EXPERIENCING THE
MAELSTROM FROM THE OUTSIDE**

**YOUR ORDER IS IN THE STILLNESS OF THE MOVEMENT WHEN YOU CENTRE
YOUR GRAVITY
AND THIS WILL ALLOW YOU TO CONTROL AT A FLICK EVERYTHING YOU
NEED TO SEE
A RIPPLE HERE IS A CURRENT THERE, A PEBBLE DASHING THE SURFACE OF
A POND**

**SO I WILL LET YOU GO NOW TO LET YOU FATHOM YOUR OWN DEPTHS
AND I HOPE MY WORDS HAVE TOUCHED YOU AS A FISH WOULD TICKLE
YOUR NAKED BODY
AND THEN MAYBE THEN YOU WILL FIND ME IN TIGHT EMBRACE WANTING
TO BE BORN AGAIN**

The Island of the Sea Fort

The night drives me on, curious to see new horizons
But of course I never meet them because I'm always in the now
It is not the present that delivers me but the unknown that if I try to reflect upon extrude
from me my vigor
Yes I wonder what the next hill brings, maybe a crescent moon, a wonderful encounter, or
a vista to a foreboding sky

But I'm prepared, I know the terrain before I enter it
I've drowned my consciousness like a distant island in an inundation
And I have nothing else to look out for, only my survival

My instinct feeds me a genetic memory twitching at my muscles
And I fly without even thinking how to reach my destination
As if the global tide carries me like flotsam aggregating in the sea

I arrive and wonder how I get here in my only small mind
Time to rest, for now I reflect upon the previous crossing
Did I really smash that distance rounding off every peak like a gentle rolling?
Was it up or down I was going or turning myself outside in?

Unstoppable, the master of life knows no time, only the universal clock
Hands waving back and forth as if to say, 'Hi, you've arrived'
Tick, tock, tickity tock, someone forgot to wind me up

The watch maker made a special case for me when he wrought with magic my charm
Instead he replaced the face with a mirror so that nobody could ever know where to find
me
I am everywhere though like there's no end to this I-land
Yes, that's where I reside in my subjective paradise, growing and sinking with every
moment's respite