



Was It Something I said?

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Argotist Ebooks

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Was It Something I said?

I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER

Something that you said
writing Haikus in the sun
Your monotone response
Syllables broken down into one

We went outside
to step within
We wasted time
saying nothing
Pass the Salt for my wounds
I think I'll just-pass on Something

Tear n share bread
Champagne from one glass
It takes more to repair
to give Our Relationship Class
To look to Our Future
to bury the Past
You made Frittata in Tupperware
and Other Things which don't last.

KEEPING MUM

Backwards motion
dissolving to crowds, for one moment's escape
When I super-concentrated,
became diluted to-taste
Became passive, to passing of time
Owned by what I borrow, steady my hand to draw a line
Beneath ill-fitting dialogue,
awkward, clashing rhyme
And, there's no room at the Inn-Crowd
a Muse: or plain Amusing?
Like letters to God, burnt with incense, destroyed, and rising
Rise, too-early, with children
who's Souls incubate in My warmth
Might I melt to a puddle,
splashed by the feet, I taught to walk?

MY MONSTER

I created a monster, when you left me
built it from your lies
Your spare parts of ownership
the scars you left-behind

A sharp-edged tongue
white-knuckled hands, for ears
A look in your eyes
to make me disappear

Fake skin for armour
coated with venom and dismay
Reams longer than your arms
of all the things you used to say

You wait beneath my bed
although I switch-on the light
Cast a shadow 'round each corner
devouring me of Spite

And if Monsters don't exist
indeed, neither do I
Nor my never ending love for you,
your destruction and your lies
Which make sleep fail me tonight.

OUTER SPACE

Once Our eyes adjust to the light
perhaps, we'll see a more-defined shape?
Past the threads of whispers, almost-unsaid
behind that smile, you hold in-place
Where I cannot tell Reason from Desire
nor look-away from your few words
Those gallons of tears, or love, or both
about to brim and burst
Tread-lightly, I never saw you behind me
I stare into the haze of calculated space
Where, each Theory holds relevance
yet has no water-tight case
And your eyes tell me, to stay
I close mine, and see your face
As we drift
suspended somewhere, which doesn't have a name?

PAPER MEN

Paper men: what will you do
When prostitutes wet you
The weepings of mothers for dead soldiers
The spit from protesters, morphed-into boulders

Will you hold in-line
joined at the hip
To other Paper men
steeped knee-deep in shit?

PORCELAIN NIGHTS

I'd cut my hands on His porcelain features
claw the heart from my chest
Too far drawn to be real
too plain to be of interest
As it kicks within my ribcage
He echoes in my mind
The loss of someone like me
I never could quite find

I'm falling through obvious gaps
stumbling through life
Tripping-over obstacles
in the broken night
As sleep, is for the pure
and serenity, for the wise
I'd cut my hands on His porcelain features
Beautiful Creature, won't you call on me again, tonight?

SIGNS OF LIFE

Being haunted, allows relief
Cools heated whispers of the Soul
Where the Future is the only path
And the Present, the only truth to know

I sing over the bones
No longer look for ligaments
no longer look for signs of Life
Where you buried them in my home,
Sacrificed your Spine
So-deep, it cannot protrude
Each time I close my eyes

My own bones shan't erode
in the tides of an otherwise stagnant pool
My bones will last me a lifetime
resurfaced in oceanic swells of truth
And crash into the Lighthouse
The strength of someone's bones,
they wait for me
On an isle I may call Home
in the freedom of Release

STORM

His eyes a veil of midnight blue, call to the wildest storm
I am braced in His presence stretched-beyond these four walls
With light sliding-through my fingers, beneath impending Rains
The Sun gallops from the South, most days, sends them to their Graves
Only this time, the Sky's a neutral grey
Those dark clouds suffocate
My Clarity, His Latent Victory, as Serendipity takes My Place
And there's nothing more-lucid
than a tranquil sky, after a timeless storm fades away

THE COMEBACK KID

Call this a suicide note if you will
More a transformation, as I lay still
Like a mass-cull for Vegans, when Ewe'ved turned to-Mutton
Too-desperate to be selective, too-soon forgotten

I envisage my Poetry, as an Ode to Toilet Doors
Cubicles rowed, like there's an-order, sticking to the floors
The Piano no-longer stops playing, now I merely glance-through windows
Ashes to ashes, nowt to be rekindled

What a show-up at Dawn, what a headache at high noon
What a Romantic Compulsion, to entertain the whole Saloon
In a One-Horse Town, where the Wind whispers 'Stupid'
Where front doors hide dirty laundry, all that is Lurid
Where Folk circle like Vultures, for un-suspecting Tourists
Light-relief from In-Breds, and all Those, trying to get-through This.

THE MAGICIAN

Now you see him, now you don't
a slight of hand, a trick of the eye
The Magician, with his Cure-Alls
whom cannot break the Curse of Mind
Whom cannot unbreak a Heart
nor stop Karma from the start
An Omen to, vague tokens of Soul
A Hole where there was once a Whole
Protector from wretched Flies
on the Corpses locked-inside
More The Charlatan
now I believe
You deceive yourself
so therefore Me
It is with quite some Majick
you set me free
And in-love I thank you
for this relief.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

It's all been said before
just like that, in-everything, is-nothing
As Truth rises
as a Guiding Star
The Stuff of Depression, where Duty transforms the Soul
All those thoughts, with Nowhere left to go
I hope you're listening
to the sour nothings I say
There's a Suicide
to the personality, of Change
So, don't cry, there's no warrant to Sympathy
Bursting-through, Our Confessional Doors
Veiled-against each Priest
the Fathers of Redemption, won't pay-homage to Our Souls
Whilst Automatic Writing
is the only place to go
And, Spirituality, breeds Contempt
And, I'd expect, nothing-less
Now there's The Quick and The Dead.

TILING

Did It whisper in the early hours
from a seminal thought?
Loving the bones of you
which are Dust?
Alikened-to Honesty
some Mosaic of Trust
Never fully unfolded, unravelled, unrivalled
You were a Mystery
least-known by yourself:
as you ultimately became
Repeat, to fade.

UNTITLED

In the night
where Poets come-out and orchestras stir noises
Where voices shout
and no one truly sleeps
Where flowery language over-complicates
Agitates
already-soaked brains
Like sponges, sodden, slowly wrung-out
by a thousand pointing fingers, which squeeze
Where there's no-room
for Cynics to Dream
This feeling of grit beneath Our feet
also, over our head
Over-compensated by a restless thunder in the chest
Makes it Real to be Alive
The welling-starkness
the starvation to the eyes
Creatures of the Night
all-alone, all-awake, standing-by
Innocently in Love, until it's recognized
It cannot be allowed to slip-by
in this relentless night.

ACADEMIC BREEZE (for Brahms at the Proms)

Galloping eyes envisage the cascading of feathers
rotating in tiny sounds, to trickle down the spine
As the grace of Ballerinas suspended by mid-air itself
reaching for shots, dragged-inwards till the end
Huddled close together, warmed in the background
by a furnace of heated, chimed conversation
A revelation, to accustomed ears
An epicycle of imagination
Wading in this pool of tumbled rain
it's Base awash in flawless shades
Blend pleasantly away
To invoke the desire of leaning in doorways
and feel that Breeze again.

BACK TO THE FLOOR

Caution, on waiting too-long
seeping to the background, providing a base
There'll be no rapturous applause
just an empty chair in it's place
Only a memory
which earns no-name
One grey, jagged line
between Love and Hate
We share Our Secrets
the Truth is: You're a Liar
Is it a Fine Line, or is it a Trip Wire?
Or is it something
that I should forget
Like Our conversations
which repeat in My Head?
The Truth below
is from Our deepest place
You dig holes in My World
then shovel dirt in My Face
Obviously I am easy to replace
Until You set Me
and the Line straight

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

Each person, a rain drop
to fall-against my window
Outside
harshness blows them away
Pools them as-one
on the ground
I observe
from Where I am safe
Behind closed doors
behind this clear, solid screen
If I go out There
I'll get rained-on
I suppose
that's what I'm afraid of?

FALLING INTO

Once you get past life
you get past death
A word to the wise
this is all you have left
It's well beyond cliché
or ethical rule
Far beyond pieces of you
versus you
Cos you know you are nothing
something left behind
Not even found
in the mists of your life

Cut it short, cut it out
you won't shut it off
There's no mass salvation
in all that you've got
Only self destruction
in all that you want

And family are mere glimpses
through blurred vision and grand delusion
Life is some trickery, slight of hand
an illusion
In fragments consisting
of dead, isolation
A Society of Lies
marching strong for a Nation
Of pathological whispers
of imaginary toils
With no right to protest
over blood spilt on our soil
As death is a cannon
shooting at stars
Which died eons ago
as we live apart
And apart from the obvious
basically, maybe
I think I just fell
and none can save me

GLASS HOUSE STONES

Glass hammering upon glass
watch the Tension, lest you shatter
Relentless epiphanies scoring the Mind
listless of shallow endeavour
As ripened-fruit will fall, and decay
Eats from the Inside, no concept of Space
Driftings of fear
slipping in and out of this permanent Dark
As the internal bruising leaves no obvious marks
And only you can see
And only you can see
Yet I saw it too
So what about me?
What about me?

HEARTH HEART

We All say we think we're losing-faith
We All fear the Feeling's gone
And it's not that I can question that
Or that everyone is wrong
It takes its Toll, removes the breath of Man
Leaves me crying in the dark
The same emotions of a thousand eyes
The same bereavement of each heart
We guard every secret day
like some Lepers of the Cause
Each time
you leave me high and dry
Only makes me want you more
So Let's Do with making-do this time?
No, I couldn't do with that
They spite Their face
with placid, vicious Pride
Drag-out the things
which cannot last

This Range of burning lies, lights-up the night
Fuels the fires of Our heart's hearths
Time runs-short itself, by wasting time
As We lick Our Wounds, until they scar
We guard every secret day
Like some Lepers of the Cause
Each time
You leave me high and dry
Only makes me want you more

AWAY WITH WORDS

What's in a word,
what's in the way?
Your Word is Your Wand,
oxygen and stains
Cut me down with the sharpness of your foreign tongue?
Where I am precise in every word spun
And every race run, and each battle won
For I, got away, with Words
My hearing shant be muffled
my eyes clear, as Olives in Oil
My Senses ringing to White Noise
Sticks n stones
sick n stoned
I will use my Voice
You will hear, crystal clear
These chimes of forgotten years
Now the Dove with a Memory, flies beneath your Radar
and it's oh so near.

BUSKING FOR GOLD

In a Wasteland, you're breathing
In the cascades of your Mind
And it's not that I lack freedom
not that you don't pass me by
The foolish Sage keeps-on believing
We can stand the test of Time
As the Busker sings his songs of Peace
We drop Pennies for his eyes
We can start again tonight
Holding thoughts
not holding hands
Hey, this time
we might survive
In the Wasteland of your Life
Tonight
In the small hours
we're flying
When there's no one else profound
In the morning light, we're reeling
then crashing to the ground
And it's not that you lack freedom
In the ways you're not around
As the Busker sings another Piece
We die again without a sound

NUCLEAR TIMES.

Are you consumed by boredom
Does the politics do your head in?
Watching porn at 4am
Re-running the video of your wedding?
As your house sleeps underground
Why can you not rest?
When you take that second look
Did you settle for second-best?

This feeling that you get
Like being drained and hollow
Waiting for the sun to rise and swallow the dark
Will you feel better tomorrow?
Can you seek answers in your palm
With flesh melting from bare bones?
What is this fall-out shelter
Except a temporary home?

It moves rapidly, so silently
It's coming to take your life!
Nothing recalled but the blast of light
From the resentment flashing in Her eyes
And that cloud gathers, mushrooms upwards
Looming directly over your head
Casting an un-holy shadow
Upon the ground which you attempt to tread

So go to ground and crawl to Her
On your hands and knees?
What's that burning sensation in your eyes
But tears of disbelief?

Masking this cold war
With the art of diploma
tic conversation
Make your treaty through gritted teeth
To protect the Kids from the radiation?
Conspiracy and secrecy
Denial and instigation
Nothing grows on barren land
After the devastation

4am, and once again
You're wide-eyed as She slumbers
How much longer can you hold your breath
Whilst She still holds you under?

You can run, you cannot hide
But wait, you may see it when it's coming
Discover outer-space, yeah, walk away
And finally stop running

Familiarity breeds contempt
The radar shows this glitch is getting-nearer
Zeroed in on the spot where it hurts the most
She shouts so loud that
You can no longer hear her
Prematurely ageing
Poison leeks into your blood
All apologies and love She gives you now
Shall never, be enough

They say there's a 4-minute warning
But you'd go mad if you knew your fate
She has Her finger on the button like some terrorist
You can't negotiate
She'll keep on driving that final nail in
Even though you've not quite yet died
Watch out, here comes another fall-out
We live, in nuclear times

TART WITH A HEART

Meet Me on the corner, and We'll go for a walk
I'll do anything you want, even listen as You talk
I can hold Your hand and tell you what you want to hear
I'll let you do anything, close My eyes and disappear

Meet Me down the alley
push My back harder against the wall
Don't ask Me if it feels so good,
You've no idea at all

Gimmie some money, and mind to check Your change
Errors made at this cash slot, can't be rectified again
Would You like Me to talk dirty, or listen like a friend?
Don't ask for any credit, a smack in the teeth, often offends

See, I know Your dirty little secret, I can read You like a Book, alright
I keep Your Ego under hotel duvets, and watch it come-up at night

Go home to Your Wife Love, and never mind the Rain
She's on all fours in the back seat of Your car, washing out the stains
Oh, whisper Me sweet nothings, cos that's all they really are
That's the thing with going all the way, You only get so far

Meet Me down the alley
push My back harder against the wall
Don't ask me if it feels so good
You've no idea at all
You've no idea at all
My Love, You've no idea at all

ALL CLEAR

Foxes call in the dark, mistaken for babies
This Land wrinkles with-age, innocent, wild and ignored
I blame the Parents and the Daily Mail
I put my hand in my pocket, to reach for Change
Shrapnel, Coppers and Splinters
As the Siphons of Hope seep with rust, come to a stand still
I empathise, and stand still.

INDIAN SUMMER

Once more past the Indian summer
I shall count each day
As the wind breathes-in, to give me warmth
and rains on my parade
The speckled dust in shafts of light
cast like spells on altar slabs
The mayfly dances around the pole
yet nothing ever lasts

Mornings slept-though beneath eiderdowns
of listless, blurred intent
As seasons turn upon a wheel
that has never finished yet
Where I reap a harvest of grain
brittle spikes, in arid land
Turned upside-down onto a base
which is filling-up with sand

Each droplet to trickle down my spine
amidst a thundering of hooves
Each bet of speculation I place
knowing I might lose
Each mild anticipation
of a summer, bright and new

JUST A FEELING

It's just a feeling
about standing alone in crowds
Just a feeling
when there's no-one else around
Like tripping-over laces
stumbling in the night
And the boy with deep sea blue eyes
could easily pass me by

For it's just a feeling
that I have
As strong as it is today
nothing but a feeling
that radiates to fade

The sensation of falling
into widened gaps
The feeling something's calling
for each day to be your last
And the boy with ocean eyes
would be getting the last laugh
Although it's just a feeling
he doesn't know I have
It remains the greatest feeling
I think I'll ever have

KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU

An emaciated mind, lifeless eyes
for each false-start
Stubbed-out, in the ashtray of my heart
Infection gnawing upon my skin
the motions of Life shaking the dried-out brain in my skull
Today, hasn't been Great
Tomorrow, might claim my Soul
That irritating sound of my very-own thoughts
The chase for-oxygen, panicked and fraught
With Bravery, being for Martyrs
with Hope being Delusion
Each extended hand, a shallow intrusion
Of the morbidly curious, out of touch hell
Inside the dark depths, of Those whom flatter Themselves
by hiding within me, although They mis-hear
The fact I am only Human, embodies all that We fear.

SAME OLD SONG

You got a fresh face
but your eyes are dirty
A knowing smile
that knows you can hurt me
A discipline of symmetry
from left ear to right
You'd offer no sympathy
that doesn't matter tonight
All I see
is the Grit in your Mind
Something outside
usually inside
We can talk of the Future
like some sort of in-joke
Or the fires of desire
that'll go-down in smoke
Or the ricochet
as we'd laugh till we cried
Oh, there's something inside
I can see-past the outside
Oh, I never meant it

And yeah, given space
You may get it someday
you may feel in-place
We're both Social Mis-fits
skipping the Line
Of what's classed as rational, appropriate,
fine
But the back-burner's calling
I'll simmer this time
I may be mis-guided
but I'll still
make you mine
It's the same old song
you're forgetting my lines.

TONIGHT

Come to my door
I will welcome you
as an ancient friend
In silence
sky-blue eyes
with leaf-green strands
Tonight

The storm must have rinsed you
into clarity
Perhaps a signal
only I can see?
Matted threads of untold questions
Like the latent truths
which cling to me

Something's afoot
beneath a pile of thick breeze
Something beyond
my own Wants or Needs
Radiates from the splaying trees