

ANTHOLOGY 1

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YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE TOO

As I wonder through the valley of the shadow of me
I sometimes stop, glance, and take a peak
Realise that my heart is weak, so I never turn back, not ever. Odd that

I pause, reach, pick a flower
breathe its heavenly scent
Abduct, chain, confine it in water
and somehow enjoy its drawn out slaughter
But I never stay to watch it die
No, not ever. That's odd.

That's the thing, I suppose
What we do, you and I
We watch, but never really see
Avoid all responsibility
Yes, forever. And that's oddest of all

On the never ending road in the never ending land
I've built my castle, it's made of sand
So hey, I'm insignificant in the great conspiracy
I didn't do it. Not really. No, it wasn't me.

END

I yearn for days past where happiness larked all around me, and was easily caught with an outspread hand

Not that it ever existed, that cloudy vision of mine. An image so prompted, twisted, and hard to grasp

Not then, not now, not ever. Scratching for love to find no harvest. The effort no small or futile thing

To be left outside and snuggle in the arms of the cold, wallow in the damp that takes a little more every time

My mind, once free, now sips from the cup of regret. It peers relentless at my cloudy vision Watches itself in a state of morbid anxiety

From the greatest height I fall to lie beside myself and feel a great and unsavoury pleasure that once was, but can never be again. A Yawn toward the coming vengeance with little more than a final last gasp.

P.S.

I sleep soon on a narrow seam of insecurity. Slipping from my cloudy vision to see another that I cannot explain. There is everything to see ahead now and nothing left to share with those behind. So which side of the wall, as both seem better than the limbo in-between.

What was, is gone.

What is, can no longer be

What lies ahead, I refuse see

Swim harder, fight the tide

To late now. Nowhere left to hide

So I look ahead, it's not my time
The road I trod and have left behind
It's many paths and fruitless ends
The closing doors and staggered bends
And I wonder, did I leave anything behind to see
Will anyone even remember me?

BELLS

Ten times the bells toll, come listen. Hear the Four Horsemen ride a plague of flame. Too late to repent and play the game. A kind word, a hug, or even a kiss. It's not enough, they never miss

Eight times the bells toll, come gather. So what then, as the Horsemen near. Raise a hallelujah, sing a song of prayer. No, too late, don't you dare. Death stampedes with stench and flair

Six times the bell tolls, stay quiet and listen Hear the thundering hooves, watch the bridles glisten. There's a storm riding on blackened clouds so panic and scream. Run for your life, it's the end of the dream

Four times the bell tolls, it's too late, don't bother. Kneel, lay down, hide below the cover. As sword and plague beat on the walls, to terrify the guilty that hide in the halls

Keep back

Stay away

At least allow us to pray

For what, and to whom, as the end comes soon

Twice more the bell tolls, one last chance to reflect. Shed a tear, it's time to cry. Leave everything behind and say goodbye. Wonder how it all passed so swift. We never understood that life was a gift

Too late now, it's gone

One final lash of the iron tongue, and it's a memory lost. And at what a cost. As four black Horsemen ride on by. Listen to the sound that stays the same. The name of a world, none left to say it's name.

DESTINY

Such was Destiny's mistrust of the child called Man
Of the wondrous spell of love they received
Beloved of the whore, Nature
Descendant of the Man, God
Such was Destiny's despair
Such was Destiny's anguish
Forsaken and left alone, to guide Creation for all time
Such was Destiny's anger

She wept throughout the time of coming
Not yet revealed to the world, forgotten, forced to cast magic of her own. A
wish for all time.
A decree unseen and unheard, but forever binding
That a heart without purpose will burn as bright as a star without light but
never gaze beyond the horizon. Man would dream Destiny's dreams but
never understand or
realise his own. Be enslaved by his own creations and unable to break the
bond, never to find his way.

And so Destiny chained herself to Man forever, out of spite. Bound him
with her own frustration to haunt his sleep. Forever to dream with seeds of
imagination but
never to understand the magic of Destiny. Finding them
always out of reach.

IMAGINATION

Journey with me to an open world where all things are shaped by you, and me, and sometimes by them.

A world of freedom if you wish, or danger, if you dare
You're the only one who can part the mist and share

Travel along, come alone. Maybe you can bring a friend
It's always new, never the same, why bother to give it a name. It's just colour and light, shade and cool. Shadow and darkness, and passion. Love and fear are the only rules. It's more a highway than a path
No, don't laugh

Create the world inside, inside a world, inside;
and let it be. Whatever you see, it's free, always has been and always will.
Your's to choose. To care or kill

It's a spinning top, no way off, no limit nor end
Hardly time to spend, with anyone, or no-one, it's a gilded cage. A journey through a complex age. There's no beginning and to date no end, for a man who returns
before he ever began. In time to realise what is, never was, and probably never could have been, anyway.

DREAMERS FOLLY

If I could live anywhere I liked, it's out there, I'd find a place.

Where the air is fresh like water pure, with roaming hills and lots of space

I'd pick a land where no man has been, and build a house beside a stream

The stoutest fence I'd craft with care, and fill the rooms with love to share

I'd take some seeds, spread and sow, and reap a harvest, watch them grow

Nothing but fields and some animal friends, stay away from Humanities

bitter trends.

But it's not a place to find alone. Why site upon an empty throne

But little chance to there is to find, a girl that shares my peace of mind

She'd have to loathe this world that's sad, and be like me, completely mad.

ONE OF NINE LIVES

Curio wept as she knelt before the great altar. Spoke the old words and not the new. Gave inspiration that flowed from sweetness. As the flaming serpent rose up to reason her soul. It asked Questions

How long is time. For whom does the light ebb and flow

What power have words unspoken that dare not answer, or even utter a truth. What is now, that was, and can never be again.

Curio felt the energy sooth and fill her empty, as each question served, held the truth of an answer spent. Words to prove that her heart was pure. And so delighted was the Dragon that it roared with contentment and fixed it's serpent eyes, and breathed cold fire upon Curio's soft cheeks. And caused them to glisten like jewels in the night, to shine dark. The Dragon's kiss delivered

whispers of wisdom onto delicate lips, and the taste of things to come, and go

And the Dragon took her hand. Led her through to the other side and showed Curio how to become. And she was no longer impatient to wait, and danced willingly into the Dragon's breath.

LOVES CONFUSION

Like a spreading fire my bold desire
An age of longing to share
It splashed, it soaked, it seeped right through
I could not break it's spell

Though a hurling wind blew me undaunted
Each twist and turn was fresh
Blowing cobwebs too and fro
But still the spell . . .

That burning desire, may turn into obsession
My star consumed by a singularity
Stand back and hold the reigns. Don't let them free
Not for a moment, let it simmer, reason
The strength to hold. The power to light this hardship
And the spell did crack

I held my love and saw with open eyes
Let it spill through pleading fingers
Watched it pour away and take me down
Before the spell did finally let go

And that burning star
Is now a flicker, a presence that waits
For the birth of a new flame
A magical spell that can share

Covered my heart in its misty bloom
Wrapped its vines like a magical loom.

SHADOWS

Could it be that any man who has seen me, should live a life such as mine
Of desolation and hardship
Over here, I'm hiding, where all of you can see

Could it be that any man who has lived life, has left behind more, or
reached out for less
To see but never step out into the light
To bath in its glory but never feel its touch

Here in the light and shade of nothing
I fear nought, yet so many fear me
So don't shy away
Listen, can't you hear me calling

Here in what is, and what was
Is but a dream and yet your nightmare reigns
I walk in your steps and follow your path
Can't you see me, don't you want to stop and talk

Here, and then gone, and then back again
Once I had form and substance, perhaps?

THE MAGSTALAFF

If I could be so bold as to judge my own time
To call myself to answer; admit my crimes
The sentence I would pass would be heavy and just
I would pass it now and with no regret, for as I know, I must

For crimes against the heart let no man condone
Let the prisoner be forever in bondage and alone
His worldly goods be seized and forever locked away
His soul struck down in vengeance, his body chained to pay

Let his heart be drawn and sliced in three
To forever bleed in sanctity
Placed high on a staff to adorn Heaven's gate
To remind all men lest they suffer his fate

The seriousness of the crime, a cruelty to wonder
The love of a woman is no man's to plunder

THE NIGHT OWL

“Come to me”, say the eyes whose sight parts shadows. Its clockwork blink ensures the hunger is awake. A killer’s desire will rouse a flight into emptiness.

The Hunter is aware.

“Come, play with me.”

A gourmet incision from a razor’s kiss.

You see, she’s aware, the turn of her head.

As the playful reflection of day turns fully to the terror screams of night.

The Hunter is awake.

It’s an orgy of innocence that forages below

A field of lost souls that sing hymns to a twitching ear

Well every athlete has to flex, stretch and yawn

Pay homage

Be patience, she’ll find you soon enough

This Hunter is hungry.

Which one is this, or that; here or there

The silence screams out with prey

Which one, that one, you down there

Yes, you, you’ve won the lottery. I know, it’s not fair

So business as usual then, creeping about

Foraging for their offspring’s food

Tiny feet that scamper, fiddle, and leap with joy

Already dead, but still scratching

A She-God reveals her golden limbs
Twin hearts to herald her coming
The silence of the war drum beats the promise of a kill
All done now. Death is assured
Watch her rise majestic to block out the moon

Little beast doesn't understand what the shadow means
A disturbance in the Force, look around you
Listen as your tiny heart goes wild
Can you feel her, yes you can
You know now, don't you

So run little beast, get out whilst you can
Above you soars the Widow Queen
And she's seen you, she circles.
On a breeze that blows with a whisper of welcome
The promise of a lover's embrace hangs high upon a cloud

So squeal little beast and cry out for mercy
You can try, but there is none to be had
Wriggle and jerk, fight for your life
Feel the love of a SheGod's embrace
Feel it rip little plaything, through body and soul

In an instant death scatters dew across the grass
Blood drips languid from all the Heavens
The thumping heart of a God serenades back into darkness
A shadow moves so moonlight may return
But not for the dead. So that chicks may survive

It goes quiet again in that worldly space

A tiny patch of earth, left empty

Still waiting . . .

But not for long, can you hear

Tiny feet that scamper, fiddle, and leap with joy

Already dead, but still scratching

THE PLIGHT OF THE DUCK

Soar the air
without a care
Stretch my wings
ignore all things

Fly on fast
outrun the past
Cruise the winds
absolved of sins

Paddle for years
diving through tears
I Twist and turn
no time to yearn

Then from nowhere came a crash
Through the air to make a splash
Here I am now Ruby red
I fall to Earth, I've been shot dead.

AMUSEMENT

How I loathe that place of games
Of frustration and despair
Where fruits go round and round and round
And I lose pound, after pound, after pound.

All creatures great and small.

Stretch your tiny legs
And run, run away
Perhaps for a year
Perhaps for a day
Leave the brutality, the rising pain
Leave them to Man; you won't suffer again
Oh stretch your tiny legs
And run, run together
Leave us, don't come back.
Not now, not then, not ever.

SUICIDE

I sit on the bed and unscrew the cap
Place her words upon my lap
One last look, a quick reflection
Remember the hurt, it dulls all objection.

The last one, it's gone, no more need to frown
I rest my head and put the bottle down
See, my eyes, they insist on closure
But what if I die with a lack of composure

Too late; whatever, I grip her letter tight
No more reason now to prolong the fight
Not long now, see, I'm ready to go
No, don't think about the way she left, the
bitter blow

Look, the cracked glass of the window, shows a mirror image of my room
It wouldn't dare to shed fresh light across the gloom
Little point, not this far, how did I fall so deep
Bring it on. bring it now. Bring my eternal sleep.

No, it's slipped away, from my fingers to the floor
Oh God, I can hear Shadows clawing wood from the door
This isn't how I thought it would go
Where are my fanfares. My golden halo

No, stop this, stop it. I don't want to go
Is it too late, please answer and let me know
I try in vain to lift my head, up from the pillow to check. If I'm dead
Okay, that's it then. As it all does red

If only she hadn't broke my heart
Told all those lies that tore us apart
Funny, how it takes the pills to dull the pain
Leave only her memory and a healthy disdain

This is it then. I leave my thoughts here, yours to keep
I'll leave you now, surrender to the urge to sleep
But if you see her, tell her I love her
I was just her boy, she will always be my mother.

TEENIE

Emancipation by the Poet's Scaffold.

This could happen if it were to be
I break the rules and chase the star
But find no joy, as it slips from me.

Tender is loving and warm to touch
I take her hand
Through the heat of passion and searing lights
I draw in close as she turns and bites.

My hand cast back as I draw in breath
I stem the tide and settle
The power of love stretches forth.
And I hold the bosom of her softening metal.

I pray to the high in doubting hope
Grip myself in urge to cope
Of molten ice i've seen the last
As fates great die begins to cast

What kind of life is this
To fear tomorrow and regret every day before

GRANNY GRUMPS

Rocking to and rocking fro
Takes it easy, nice and slow
Doesn't smile much, doesn't smoke
Just takes her seat and sips on coke

Fruit and veg, for goodness sake
It's biscuits, crisps, and lots of cake
She never combs her golden locks
Pass the remote for the Goggle box

Great big eyes and funny nose
A quiff to make you curl your toes
Milk and sugar, sausages and sauce
Why, it's Granny Grumps of course

She doesn't like to bathe, been known to pong
Her shoes are too big, her dress is too long
She likes her hats three feet wide
Make her jump, she'll scream, run and hide (come find me)

Grannie's pretty weird, and oh, a little sad
In fact our Grannies barking mad
So it will come as no great shock
Her pseudo name is Mr Spock (it's the ears)

"So live long and prosper", that's her favourite thing
Did I mention how she loves to sing
Not now though, there isn't time

What comes next is a social crime

It's time for school and she's working up a paddy

Little Grumps is six years old, and yes, you guessed. I'm her daddy.

IN THE BEGINNING

Gyrating clouds from Heaven that turn
Throughout the Earth the rock does burn
Until the sea rises up to claim the land
And pounds down cliffs into stone and sand

Then a new born star shimmers gold and bright
Warmth and light ends the longest night
As animation spreads and creature's yawn
Essence of life at sunset's dawn

Cooling down now. It's almost chilling
The first few years are impressive and thrilling
As tiny creature's forage in strife
For the monumental task; the thing called life

Trees stretch limbs to gather the rain
Shelter flora and flowers, and stalks with grain
The mist falls as dew to water the lands
Genesis spreads life from the Maker's hands

CREATION

Nature held out her mighty hands
And they did open
Nature's most precious gift was bestowed
And the light did shine

No man but God could behold the light
Without a purging of his soul
And in its image He made the sun and stars
To fill the garden with light and love

Time calls to us all
When we shun the light
The most precious gift of all

God the creator shared His love on the garden
And Nature wept with empathy
But no man but God could ever touch her tears Not without a cleansing of
his soul

Touched, God formed the oceans and encouraged the rain
He lavished it upon Her garden
Sprinkling joy and happiness throughout
And She brought forth new life that flourished

Time will cause us to fall
When we cease to weep
Unable to cleanse our own souls

So much love in the garden and ripe for a child
God begged Her, but she refused. Not ready, not yet
Angry to be denied, He took what wasn't freely given. A kiss

And behold the garden sprang new life
And God gifted the light to kindle Mankind's heart
He lavished the land to give him shelter
He created animals so he may never be alone and without purpose.

Wounded, used, and without love for the bastard child
Nature caused the sky to thunder
The clouds breathed fire and struck at the ground
And the oceans swelled with discontent

No man but God could have stolen Her kiss
So she poisoned the fruit and whispered, *rape*.
Intending no man's soul went unstained for the crime
Not to be blown forever, away to nowhere, in His name

Uneasy, the Family in the garden
Unsettled the life of the child
Uncertain of the future when the past gets in the way
When the children have learnt by example

Time, it burns
Maybe there isn't enough
Perhaps there is just too much

NATURE'S REVENGE

I heard the frozen thoughts of man. Of all the beasts
as they carried on the winds. The screams, the screams, did you hear them
scream. NO? Fine.

Why hear the sound of murder before the body has burned

One big flash followed by flames, and a searing heat. And then death
unimaginable.

Oh, and the stench

But far worst of all, can you hear it now

Is that a yes, or the sound of silence

All that is left when everything is gone

It burned, the whole world burned because of you Man the hapless fool. The
clown, the joker, the Universal Jester

But I still heard you, sometimes; Just an echo on the breeze

So much easier to ignore

When you care for nothing, nothing cares for you You who strived to find
what was already there The passion and the beauty that stared you in the
face. Too late to see it now. Your blind. Too late to learn, you're stupid.

Don't bother to listen, it's all gone

Too late, you had your chance

Not one for sentiment, it's time to move on. To sprinkle new seeds into the
dust. It's not the first, and won't be the final time. To break dirt and reach
for the light. But don't dig, don't burrow, just grow. Reach for the stars,
don't try to steal them. And Uh-oh. Not this time, your roots will stay firm,
bite deep, I won't let you loose again

Safer you remain as one with the ground

It's time now, whatever your name, there's another to take your place. A new sense of being is being brought to be. To walk on my back where they'll tease and scratch. Not hollow and burn, add new wounds to old, far deeper. I'll learn to live with the scars, in time they'll fade. Gather dirt and flower again

Make it all smell so natural again

Until then stay buried, deep, or scatter to the winds. Don't return until you can find your way. And Offer up what you took, give it back, it's only fair.

Do what should have been done the first time around

So good luck. I'll be back, can't say when. Do it right this time, or beware. I will end it all again

REFLECTIONS

When I were a lad we couldn't afford
These things yon kids take for granted
Video games, computers, TV's
Not even a hankie to catch a sneeze
Or was that Tuberculosis.

*

Life is like a Joint
You wait to take your turn
Take as much of it's pleasure as others allow
And then hope it will pass your way again.

*

Would that I must, but I mustn't
Would that I should, but I shouldn't
Would that I could, but I can't
So I don't think I'll bother.

*

The reason the Universe is so big, is so everything can die and not trip over
itself.

*

It's not death that I fear, just the bloody carriage it draws by in.

*

Imagination sees it all in the light of the headlamp
Fantasy sneaks a peek through the mirror on the door.

*

Apparently time flies like a duck. The Hunters shotgun takes pot luck. So
keep on flapping, hard and fast. But be assured, your luck won't last.

*

There's a great golfer hiding inside me. Listen, can you hear him; he's
screaming to get out.

No, wait, not screaming. The bastard's laughing at me.

*

Why, Rhett Butler, I do believe your breath stinks.

*

A tablet, a tablet, my Kingdom for a tablet. Or an iPad will do.

*

I drive a white van, fly a union Jack, and speak my mind. If that's a
problem, fuck off.

*

Church is for people who don't have a home, a life, or a Chihuahua.

*

Universal Credit does not achieve value for money. Unless you are an dishonest alien.

*

Put your fanny where your mouth is, and blow.

*

Do not believe a politician's words. Never trust the banks with your cash. But do talk to Fairies in the garden, there's far more interest in what they have to say.

*

Treat all childhood Idols like sleeping dogs; kennelled in your iPod. Much less likely to grow old and disappoint you that way.

*

A deep breath is a moment of tranquility.

*

My tombstone epitaph:

fuck you

lol

:)

WHERE?

A limitless Expanse where all the Ventures may live in ubiquitous tranquility and harmony..

Where peace blows from what would be north, where love and understanding ride the tides

Where nothing, but nothing may set the elements, other than the way God's nature intended

A trunnion of expression and gifted virtues, where the dream of paradise is realised

Where unhappiness and lust were cast down to find oblivion in Hades, to be lost forever

Where sickness and hurt may never exist, and all souls care and share with their brother equals

Look forward children to your demise.
for from your ashes will come your meaning,
and time will cease to be.

EXCERPT

Feel the power of love as it crashes the shore
Casting pebbles of Fate throughout all we adore.
Below sunlight that peers through a silver cloud
To cover the world with a golden shroud
And herald the Piper to prance and play
Across frosty sands to lighten the day
He cast happiness with his tunes of love
That capture the breeze with a velvet glove
Above dancing waves who cast Heavenly scent
Until crashing down with their energy spent
To leave a millpond so fresh and so clear
The first of the Elementals had shed a tear
And that's how it began, the end of fun
Mood laden clouds that blocked out the sun
Gold and silver became grey and shade
The first of the Furies made the world afraid
So Spirits of Water, Earth and Light
Rose to the challenge and took up the fight
Sending screaming Kites that made a different sound
Wails that frightened the Piper to ground
To hide from the pain
Below acid rain
As gathering clouds shed shafts of light
That pounded the ground, and brought on the night
And with darkness came Shadows, the naughties, the sad
And that's when the world slipped from good into bad
The garden of love had been torn apart

A fatal stab through the Maker's heart
Such wonder woven with majestic pride
Now sorrow and sadness made him step aside
Walk away
Leave it all as it lay
But in corner of the world and left unseen
Where the quarrels were done, had ceased and been
He left the seed of a being to fester and grow
A plague on the Elementals, and they didn't even know
So busy they were with their wanton ways
And so the virus spread and brought, End of Days
Slowly slowly to cover the land
The air, the sea, the earth and the sand
The Great Maker turned away, He went elsewhere
Moved on, left it all. He just didn't care
An end to it all, His final Plan
He'd seeded the Earth with a thing He called, Man.

An Original tale from Beatrice Potter.

(Mole and the forgotten guest)

It was a wonderfully sunny afternoon. In fact a splendid day. The fifteenth I believe, in the merry month of May

Mole was asleep, still in bed

He'd worked all night in the garden shed

(You see Mole is an inventor of curious things; of which I have no time to tell, because in this story he's about to be awakened by the ringing of a bell)

'Who could that be?' Growled Mole with the arse

But being polite he took his teeth from the glass

Put on clean pants and hurried across the floor

Scuttled upstairs to answer the door

'Hello', said Mouse as she pushed on past

The unexpected visitor came in so fast

'Oh Mole, I can't wait. Oh this is such a treat.'

'It is?' *What the fuck?* 'Get out of my seat.'

'Oh Mole, you haven't forgotten? You said your house at three. You invited me round to share some tea.'

Goodness. Mole grimaced. *I didn't think you'd come*

The Mouse with the hair, the lips, and the tight bum

It all came back in a terrible flash

She spoke, he replied. He'd said something rash

But Mouse was talking to Badger you see

Mole hadn't realised, so he asked Mouse to tea

Mole stood confounded, staring at her arse
That Mouse is fit, she oozes class
But to get things done now would take a terrible pace
Stop staring at her arse. Take that look of your face
And my home, my home what a awful mess
This is no time to entertain a guest
But look at her, all hot, feet on my couch
You're so damn cute, it's okay if you slouch
Alas he knew, she just wanted his food
Put poor old Mole in a frightful mood

Okay, he could do this. He'd have to act fast
As he stood in the kitchen, his pole at half mast
'Would you like cream in your tea, Mouse dear?' He asked

Rinse his mouth and finger his nose, and there, not as bad as he thinks. But
a whiff of his pits has raised the alarm, Uh-oh, they're sweaty, they stinks
Nothing the dish cloth couldn't repair
A few more stokes and it had sorted his hair
Two minutes later he gave Mouse her tea
'Won't be long now,' he said 'I'll be ready by three.'
(well it was Mole's own fault he was in this crunch, so he took a deep
breath, determined to make her lunch)

'Ill cut and grate. Spoon in some lice.'
Mouse drooled as he spoke. 'Shall I cover it with spice?'
She squeaked. 'Oh yes, oh yes . . . oh Mole.'
A firm half mast, had now become whole
Mole rushed to the cupboard, no, jog round the floor

He needed something cold, so he opened the door
'Oh no.' He cried. As he looked at fresh air
Nothing in the cupboards, they were completely bare
Oh dear Oh dear, this is very amiss
Surely I have more to eat than this?
'Oh dear. Oh dear. There's nothing in the house
I've nothing to beat for that hot little Mouse?'

'Are you done yet?' Came a shy little cry
'I'm nearly there.' Was Mole's reply
Truth was he'd rushed off down the hall
Searched the kitchen and found fuck all.

Poor Mole, he'd often watched Mouse
Thought of her naked and roaming through his house
He was certain she didn't even know his name
Go back, take a peek, there's a crack in the frame.
But that face. Butter wouldn't melt, or even drizzle
Poor old Mole, was he too old to sizzle?

'NO.'
So take off the brakes and turn to the right
Down the carpet stairs and switch on the light
This was Mole's own room, his pride and joy
Where he kept precious moments of his time as a boy
A selection of wigs. A draw with odd socks
A picture of Mother. His collection of frocks
Across the wooden floor to where his private stash lay
Find something nice for Mouse, he mustn't delay

Mole opened the door and it all fell out
Plonk. On his head. With a terrible clout
He lay on his back all covered in food
Then jumped to his feet and said something rude
(Words I'll keep hush, because they made me blush)
'Well I never.' Exclaimed Mole, as there in his hand
Was a particular tin; his favourite brand
'Yes, Yes. This is the trick.'
And off he scuttled to make Spotted Dick

Across the bedroom and up the stair
Mole thought, *what custard is best to prepare?*
Round the bend and up the hall
Whoops. Careful Mole, you don't want to fall
Into the kitchen he danced with glee
And threw the tin in the oven at 350deg.C

Now Mole wasn't too big on small talk
He offered to take Mouse to the woods for a walk
But the lazy Mouse only wanted to sit
Listen and yawn, use the bog for a shit
The crux of the chat came out in a dash
This sweet eared rodent was in need of some cash
She'd pay it back to, was that his name?
Her mother was ill, at least that was the claim
How could he refuse such a very sad tale
'I tell you what, I'll pop you a cheque in the mail?'
You see, Mole, he was pretty shrewd
He thought that Mouse was just being rude

I mean, he didn't even know her that well
A bit of a rat he had started to smell
No wait, that was his Dick. And oh what a sight
Because Mole was preparing a culinary delight

What to do, what to do? Make up his mind
Mole wasn't generous, he wasn't even kind
But look at her? Oh, she slinks as she walks
I go funny at the knees the moment she talks
Huh, she's stretching, bent over at the hip
Poor Mole, as he dribbled custard down his zip

Mole turned Mouse down, which made her feel sick
She fluttered her eyelids, then dropped his Dick
'I've lost my appetite, I can't help my Brother.'
Wait a minute, you said it was your Mother?
'I see now, your just a Mole that is mean
Look at you, all Hairy. You're smelly and unclean.'
'Wait a minute, you watch what you say. Just cos I'm
frugal and don't want to pay.'
'I have to go now,' she said, 'I should not have come.'
Aww, look at those curves, and how tight is that bum?

'No, stop.'
One last throw of the dice
One final moment for Mole to entice
Shit or bust this was going down
Pray for a smile and not a frown

'I'll give you the money.' Mole cried out. 'There's just one condition.' He followed with a shout
And so a deal was done
And then began the fun, hah hah

It was dark outside when Mouse had gone
Mole was, well pleased, it was a job well done
It turned out that Mouse had debts to clear
The Fox and the Hound had filled her with fear
What a turn up for the books
The Mouse with the nice hair, and those stunning looks
She was a rodent full of treats
A full blown vixen between the sheets
A Dyson, that's what. She knew how to suck and lick
Boy, she'd pounded away on Mole's Spotty Dick
The pleasure was great
They were at it till eight
And of all the dirty words he heard her speak
The best ones were definitely. 'I'll be back next week.'
Now Mole lay there all exposed, and smoking some hash
The best thing of all. He'd got a discount for cash.

LIFE

Is but this fool's errand
In which all I yearn
Is to leave a fragment of myself
So that others might learn.

TIME

TIME. I never saw it

TIME. I never heard it

TIME. It never did a damn thing for me

Time. The older I get; the less of it I see.

WORDS

What use do we have for the unwritten word
What good are the words that go unspoken
Words that exist which cannot be read
Can only fall on ears worn by fools and the dead.

IT

'IT' grows with all that is tender in love,
Breaks the seed to pierce the darkness
Gazes upon the light that warms IT's being,
Spreading roots that are strong, not shy
Casting all toward a sky that weeps. IT, doesn't know why

Creeping forth, the need to grow, stretch in pain
Content in the knowledge, that IT was
Secure in the soil in which, IT grew
And when IT was sure it had come to be
It was joy, IT felt, and harmony

IT, stands in silence as the Ages past
Firm and fast, and watching
Giving shelter to all who share IT's pride
Throughout the times and the changing face
Content to stay in its happy place

A watcher and a thief of time. A comforting presence
The Lord, in a sense, of the valley below.
So busy down there
They come, they go, they settle and move on
IT remains. IT belongs

IT barely notices one season from the next
The wind from a whisper. The sounds from a song
As one snow melts and the next arrives

For this is IT's home, Its time to breathe
To stand on the hill and watch others leave, and never return

But still, the years are good and the presence of IT's asylum never dwindles.
Never loses allure
Happiness rains from the sky to be absorbed in the ground
Creatures came to bare their young
To leap and frolic beneath the sun
Love is ripe in the valley of Gold
Until a Tempest howls, and in they rolled

Strangers come to IT's valley
They bring with them a shadow
The sound of trumpets and glory, and stamping boots
Friends and neighbours flee all around
But IT stands still. IT holds its ground

Thunder thunder rolling, crashing through the hills
Lightning strikes the ground and kills, and spews, then settles in a deathly
hush. The river bleeds. Everything is dead
IT, feels so strange. IT, feels anger so great
IT, can do no more than watch and wait

Silence follows thunder, the strangers move on
IT, stands battered and torn and dazed. IT, bleeds
IT, watches. Mystified by the strangers left behind. Asleep in their holes,
they rot in their burrows
The beauty of the meadow, of the valley has died
Creatures no longer crave to be at IT's side

IT, stands isolated and alone, a prisoner on a lofty throne
Silence, the only sound to be heard
Not a creature has shuffled or stirred
Strange how IT now feels the cold, the ravage of seasons old
Lonely, IT weeps with a body wounded. Infected with a cancerous rot
But nobody cares. To us, a tree has feelings, not.

DOORS

Life is a portal, a gate, or a door. Which opens another, that opens the other, which closes behind. And your trapped

No going back, only forward and ahead. Through the door, and then another, try the other one instead. But what about the other, will another one appear. Try another, try the other, before all the doors disappear

Move on, try the handle of the one that's before. Try another, not the other, that's the magic of the door. Straight ahead, not around, just follow the floor

One door, then another, and then one door more.

Life is a doorway, it's linear but never straight. Walk through a door and you'll reach the other gate. As it opens another shuts, only one will not refuse. All the others you've ignored will lock themselves for use. Turn left turn right, never leave your track. Don't turn around, that's the door; it will never let you back

I know, you're tired, you've opened so many doors. One door too many has really been the cause. Each one burdens more than the last. You used to open the doors so fast. But not any more, those days are done. Opening doors has stopped being fun. One more, only one, and then no more. No others ahead, and nothing from before. Walk through, exit, your life here is done. So pause, take a breath. No more doors, there's nothing left

But what about the doors, never used and gone. Well, they will return for the next one along.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

Tossing and turning from anger toward despair, wishing it would all end
and not understanding why it won't
Shoot up, and accelerate. Plummet toward the ground
Throw Yourself down to depths undiscovered
And search for light where only darkness can breed

So turn and twist toward every shadow, as they nip and bitch. Listen to
Your body ring a thousand bells, only to find it falls on silence. And wallow,
hearty, as You follow the same sorry trail as if it were yesterdays. With
only the promise of another tomorrow

It's a trap with teeth that takes you for a ride
Where time stands still, and stands You alone. You. Turning inside and out,
outside and in as the clock chimes another empty stroke. Tick, tick, tick
passes tock, tock, tock. Each one closer than the last and further from the
first, until the hour hand finally refuses to rise once more. As the seconds
scratch slow down a board that is black. And then you, what of You? I'll tell
you . . .
You've become as one with the Forgotten Man

EPILOGUE

Such a funny thing, the dark-side
I don't remember that it ever opened windows for me
But it has closed plenty of doors.
It has never offered me water, only another glass of wine
I don't remember it ever taking the time to ask me, WHY?

But it's a friend, isn't it
I hear it call out when I'm needy
Or is it really calling out in need
A friend of a friend, indeed
So is it a thing, or just a deed
Am I its picture, or just the frame
Am I the victim, or the one to blame

Questions, questions, questions
The dark side never answers
Proving there is nothing more that any of us can learn
So let it rest
Let it fall back to sleep
And wake yourself to the lighter shades of grey
And feel your heart beat for a reason for one last day

Never surrender the Love as it ebbs
Don't parley, bargain, or hide your star, not even for a glimpse of the moon
And strive for serenity
Reach up to the light for divinity
Worship the reflection of others that make us smile

Find meaning in being
Seek perfection for your soul
And conquer the eternal struggle to find peace
For as we received Genesis
So must we accept Judgement
Which makes me thankful; that I don't have to justify the means that lead
to Your End.