

AUTUMN

KRIS BROOKER

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REASON?

The sole purpose of organic-matter is to reproduce
To duplicate and copy
Recreation in the image of its Maker
To emulate that which is indisputable and unique
Or so we choose to believe; more in vanity than hope
As already our endeavours to replicate are unproductive
Without purpose in a reality-realm
Our Reason too well hidden in the grand-Universal-scheme

And though we kick and scream at the Natural Order, we've found no
reason
No justification
No motive or cause
No excuse, to explain the elevation of our species to such a platform. From
which we deem *all* other species acquiescent to ourselves
To be inferior
Subject to our whim and desire
Reduced to the status of amusement, pleasure, and cuisine
The wealth and beauty of our Universe, diminished, by the use of its tools,
with which we enrich our lives
Advance our cause
Further our path into discontent
More fuel to enflame a purpose we may never find

Without meaning there is no reason
So we bask in the motive, means, and opportunity
We coddle our world within a deathly shadow

We walk upon its surface with iron feet
The only meaning we find; we destroy
Because that's the only reason to go on
Because then there is no going back
The very reason for our being . . .
Being just beyond our reasoning to respond

CODE

It's fully focused, but totally blind
A Banzai attack of the biological kind
DNA; a Double Helix and a killer
Deoxyribonucleic acid; it's an evolutionary thriller

An androgynous affair with a sexual mind
A production-line of the organic kind
Seeks a coupling of two for union and perfection
A factory floor of production, and correction
It's Evolution; models made to match
Eradication if they're not up to scratch
No second chance from a heart cased in frost
Must complete the mission, at all and any cost

It's a bland-strand branding of tragedy
Improve to survive is a simple strategy
Being patient, selective; okay, so it's slow
Survival of the fittest
Reproduce and then they go
The Tortoise and the Hare are about to win the race
When Universal intervention interferes from outer-space

Cosmological semen erupts with orgasmic delight
The start of something special, or extinction overnight
Big Daddy is a thug, a bully; but he knows what's best
If one single strand survives. Well then, fuck the rest

The hardest will go on . . .

Getting fitter, being strong

Being mollycoddled by Mother; she'll have Her say

The Bio-organic-Environment is where she gets her way

Tending all with love, as she waters and weeds

A garden of horror where DNA feeds

It's a testing ground where all the flaws are found

Survival of the fittest. The others are ground . . .

Down under Mother's watchful eye

She's a Doll, but she's a spy

A stab in the back Witch

She's a mother-fucking bitch

You'd do well to stay clear

When her time of the month is near

It's Her cycle, and time to decide

If a species will flourish, or they're pushed aside

Cooling of the ardour with the odd Age-of-Ice

Tsunamis of tears a motivational device

Mountains spewing ash in a tantrum of rage

Storms to hide the sky with a Mother's loving rage

It's one fucking test that follows another

Milk from the breast of our biological Mother . . .

Nature at Her most charming

If the genes are weak, or mutation occurs

It's mother-fucking alarming

DNA will never cease, never pause; it won't stop
It's hell-bent on a mission to make . . . God know's what?
But I'm guessing the master-plan doesn't end with you or me
And when Mother Nature has Her time-of-the-month
We're all gonna wake up and see
If we're tougher than those Dinosaurs
Or the tiny mammals that managed to survive
If our brand of strand can carry the day
If it has the backbone to keep us alive

DNA, it's a killer
She's an evolutionary thriller

UMBRA

What it is to be mislaid, in such a stygian sphere
A mystical resonance within a fluid unclear
Nucleonic fermentation from an oceanic retreat
My own little bubble where I ripen and sweet

Without sentient knowledge, and yet I know
How to split my cell, and then to grow
I am the spark, I am the light
I am life from the darkness of night

I am He: and I prepare within a calming summer swell
A Demi-God, of the lightning rod, in my bio-organic shell
I am a Titan imprisoned; unconscious but unaware
As I organise the building-blocks in my maturation lair

And yet I see no further than the walls of my cell
As I multiply and diversify in my ever inflating well
To formulate my senses; position and prepare
As I orchestrate, and manipulate, the body I will wear

I must be perfect in form and contour
To carry my omnipotent self
To encapsulate and succour
This weight of biotic wealth

I am Umbra, and I sit at the helm
I have taken control of my biological realm
I'm the Matrix of the strings
I am Lord of the fucking Rings!

As I wait in patient meditation
Prepared to unleash mystical force
Primed for separation from my host
As I yearn to complete my divorce
For this puppet I drive, it has golden wings
I will soar upon thermals of celestial things
I'm ready to go, my endorphins are high
Let's breach from my host; get me out there to fly

I was immortal, and had no doubt of the fact
Such anticipation, and then came the act
A bitch of a take-off and hardly a flight
Squeezed down and thrown out to be blinded by light
To be flushed out in a linear blur
More a crash-landing, I have to concur

Into a celestial aureola; oh, how it burned
Every sense I possessed was flambéed with concern
I'd been cast down from the celestial mount
Tossed out like a turd; an ignoble dismount
Smacked on my arse until I wept and cried
I wanted to turn away and crawl back inside
But too late, I'd been beaten and shamed
Then branded by society; labelled and named

It seems I'm made from a casual mould
I'm no more special than the common cold
I'd fallen from Olympus; no longer divine
Despite self-procreation in a nucleic-brine
Just an inferior product of an act of porn
Reduced from God-like status, to Just another pop-of-corn

CLEVER

I think, therefore I am?

Well, I imagine, so therefore I can

And I can touch, so therefore I feel

I don't know what I am, but I know that I'm real.

But what stirs this sense of life; our passion to be

What sets us apart from a rock, or a tree

Some say it's our scribbling

The letter and the word

Sounds pretty absurd, when so many don't understand the need

Words mean nothing without inspiration of deed

To find meaning beyond the act of the pen

Or the indoctrination of others by simple-minded men

Ideological and Religious vice; not so nice

They promise to help and relieve.

What a joke; we're so naive

No matter what we accrue in this World

We leave this life without

So what the fuck is it all about?

What separates Man from the genetic feast

Is it the civilisation of the bipedal Beast

Is it one giant step for Mankind 🧠

Or the explosive content of his sperm

One misplaced gene and we're an Evolutionary Worm.

Our tail too dusty to follow

The path ahead not something we can agree
The curious nature of this beast with two feet
Or is it the one within, that we still can't see

Is that the reason, our sentient response
Why we rose above our natural state.
Is that what life is all about
The chance to be God-like and great?
Fifteen minutes of adulation and fame
And a planetary headstone to carve our name
Shouldn't we be so much more
Before evolution decides to settle the score

Was it fight or flight, the basic tool
Why we clawed our way out of the Primeval-Pool
Using a stick; very clever, gave us much to gain
The hammer and the sword, do I really need to explain
It keeps our species focused, trying to stay alive
But is that really what life is all about
Making sure that we survive?

Is it our patent on love; our ability to cry
Probably not, and I'll tell you why
Feelings were invented, they're not a natural trait
The reason we're fucked up and crazy; but that's another debate
One thing is for sure, they're a form of disguise
One more card we deal from a powerful pack of lies

So how about our vision
Or our fantastical endeavour
I would argue, it's like relying on the weather
A bit like the sunshine and the rain
You never know what's coming
It's a carousel of the brain.

Some say that 'Mutual Cooperation' is what made us great
Mutual assured destruction, proves that ideas a fake
Is it spiritual speculation of who and what we are
That's nothing but a cop-out; who can see that far?
Hey, maybe we're just ghosts?
Spirits without means or end
So many variables to argue
It would drive us around the bend

Just thinking about it makes me vexed
Its number's unclear
The physics is queer
And we've no idea what comes next

What's for sure, is this life ceases to be
What comes next is speculation, and beyond guarantee
So we seek that Moment between future and past
Neither here nor there; it fades too fast
But so brightly, that we are blind
To the infinite Abyss just a moment behind

There's no way back, and too many ways ahead
The moment lies between what can be, and what is dead
As we climb the precipice of an ice-covered face
Using all of the tools we can put into place
And for a singular Moment in Space and Time
We burn like a sun and continue our climb
Fuelling the Moment with a raging star
It's the Here-and-Now . . .
That's what defines who we are

WE SOLDIERS

There are good days. There are bad days. And then there are all the days served in-between. These are the days that go mostly unnoticed. Or so I have observed, not seen.

Groundhog-Day, repeating on a loop. One after the other, before the next begins. Another negative reaction to my positive inaction. Perhaps from provocation, or maybe delay. It's indecision that makes each day, okay.

Nothing is always something, right. Even when it happens right away. Whether it's here or there, or waiting for later; it happens every day. Some kind of balance within the cosmic munch? Just another day of anarchy, without the chaotic crunch.

More pipe and slippers before a breakfast reunion. No chance I'll butter a slice of disregard. Another stinking coffee; afraid to ask it, why? Terrified the caffeine surge will scream and make me fly.

Not much of a challenge to the Status Quo; yeah, I know. More hard recrimination between doing right, or doing wrong. Standing in the middle ground. Sitting on the fence for too long. More Groundhog, repeating on a loop. One after the other, before we Reveille the troop.

The fact and the truth is that I don't belong. Not here, or there; not anywhere. I've already realised, I'm just a spare. A wheel within a wheel, within a Cosmos that doesn't give a shit. So head down and shush. Keep it quiet, keep it low. Those around me must never know.

So on with the belt and braces; the same old pair of boots. Standing rock steady by the door. Aware that outside I'm a statistical bore. But I open up and feel the light. One small step for man; try to let it go. Leave it all in the days between. Try not to be heard and don't be seen. It's not about the good or bad, just being somewhere in-between.

Get it on, move it out; do it at the double. I'm a well drilled, battle hardened, Soldier. But I'm not looking for any trouble.

SHAPE

Are we shaped by our lives, or do we shape life ourselves? Is the individual alive because he strives to live? Or do we just exist within the contours of living?

Are we as infinite as the shapes we make, or a piece of the greater depiction. A part of a pattern we're not predestined to see.

We believe we affect the space around us, it's cause and effect. Being stretched and curved. Pulled from end to end. Whipped, beaten, and then poured, but into what? Or maybe where and when. We wear our space from the rail, seldom tailored, often laced. Always cold and in vacuum; any colour you like, so long as it's black.

An Evolutionary coat made of wonder, passion and awe. Folded, it's endless; the fit is very poor. I guess gravity is the closest, a garment that's tight. It's a drag on the floor, but still won't fit right. So maybe it's rhyme, and not reason, that we we're kitted out to wear. I haven't got a clue, when they made me I wasn't there.

As a child I was dressed by my Mother. Shaped to grow and be dressed by another. I've been trying to fit in ever since. But I'm still not convinced, whether I shape my own life. Or life is constantly shaping me?

DOPPELGÄNGER

Born just a moment beyond the fact
To have missed my junction in time
Would the life I was born to have shifted
Would my duration of days been the same as mine

Or would a fraction in time have split myself apart
Missed the target before I got to the start
If Time really flows; I'd have been washed away
Been free to swim on throughout different days

All the years behind would belong to another
Been less like myself, and more like a brother
One tiny moment; all I could have been
My own parallel version, sight unseen
The same old Me, but with a different face
Another Me who wears my Time and Space

ANOTHER DAY

Spring lands early with fresh promise to offend
Summer returns and never seems to end
Autumn's grey is all it ever seems
Winter's chill; the sum of all my dreams

These are bad days . . .
And then there are days that are bad
Spiteful, vindictive days that are sad
Some days are dark and difficult to cope
Moonless and moody; devoid of all hope

Just another day, right?
The breaking of dawn to break up the night
More days to regurgitate and stack with the last
Where the future presents and revolves with the past
It's the repetitive nature; this humdrum feel
Of being a hamster revolving its wheel

SPECIAL?

The truth is, you're nothing special
You think you are, but you're not
And despite the feeling that you often get
I'm telling you straight; you're not hot

Oh, I know; you imagine yourself a Hero
Or maybe, some kind of Sage
"I think, therefore I am."
Is that what rattles your Cage
A Cage no brighter than his
No more dazzling than hers
In a land of many lights
Your a luminosity that blurs

You're an ant abound in a melee
The eye of the storm, that's you
A redundant piece of the Programme
It's the Zero that applies to you
You're an analytical whore
A calculation, a computation, a statistical bore
So fuck Homer, and Shakespeare
And what did Plato know
That philosophical bullshit
Can take the edge off the Reality Show

So screw Orwell, Dickens, and Wilde
And all you've achieved since being a child
Is as important, or as fruitless
But probably twice as useless
You're no more obsolete
Than all the other bipedal sheep
You're dim, gloomy, lost in the night
You're a recycled star, but not worth the light

Try reading the work of Aristotle, Confucius
The 'theory of the mind', by a man named Locke
Conceptions of enlightened thinking
Or explosive fodder for the Faceless-Flock
Great Thinkers, who's ideas refuse to die
But whose to decide if they're real or not
If they're Fake-News, bullshit, or lies

Ridiculous and unhelpful, just a glitch along the way
Because ordinary people, they have nothing profound to say
We're sheep who go *baaaa* in the pasture
We leave nothing behind but a trail of disaster
A flash-bang and a fire-sale
Universal dazzle below the ocular scale

Ask Hippocrates, Archimedes, or Herodotus for their view
It's all History, medicine, and tech
They taught us we are gifted with our hands
But pretty much dead above the neck
It's like building with Lego; collecting what we've seen

Two steps forward . . .
And then it's back to where we've been
One Giant Step; To infinity and beyond
The sum of all our knowledge, is the knowledge we've been conned

You want more proof?
Fine; ask Nietzsche, or Freud
Two gentlemen who put the para-into-noid
When they argued the purpose, the meaning and the kind
The reasons we keep secrets in the shadows of our mind
How it all comes down to, 'Sex'
Or, the 'Superman-trait'
Or the three fucking F's
Futility, Faith, and Fate . . .

The truth is, none of us are special
We think we are, but we're not
Despite that feeling deep down that we've got
The truth is, we're dim and dull
We stand like Meerkats on a planetary hull 🐭💡

Ask Einstein and Newton; take your head for a spin
But they can only tell where the light's already been
No official view of what's waiting at the end-of-the-line
The Universe is just a Matter-of-fact
It's an utter waste of Time
Just a big black space
A Chinese-puzzle for the Human Race
So crane your neck and admit, just what it is you see

The same view of a microbe, as the microbe sees gawking at me 🙄
A view, of a view; of a sight that can't be seen
Just Light and Matter getting stuck in-between
And when your time is run; when all comes to an end
You'll have the same fucking epitaph as our dumb microbial-friend.

HANGING AROUND

Life has no more love for us than a hangman's noose
It's snug round the throat and can never come loose
Tied around my collar before leaving the womb
Constriction of the throat by an anchor-of-doom

Go on, have a feel
It's spinning out like a fisherman's reel
Letting you run, but how long's the line
Until it tightens the drag
And you run out of time

I expect the short drop is worst
Where you dangle and choke.
Foam from the mouth, and froth from the throat
Dance your last as you twist and turn
The rope makes you suffer as it grabs and burns

The long dangle might be a better game
To watch the crowd gather and whisper your name
If they liked you that is
And you can never be sure
As your neck elongates from the noose to the floor
But why drag it out and feel yourself die
Feel the weight of your life draw tighter the tie
Your measure and mass, a geometric song
The numbers still add up to a neck that is long

Or maybe a rock tied to your feet
To accelerate and hurry the oncoming feat
Snapped clean through the vertebrae
Soporific severance to make it all go away

The Hangman's crank; it's nature's way
Comes with a jerk, and considerable sway
You'll dangle some, and feel the string
You'll piss your pants, that's a common thing
But though the gallows calls, it will never Judge
It's a means to an end, and an end that is meant
It doesn't give two shits to whichever God you're sent

Face it, we're all born with a noose
It comes with a personalised knot
But we can only guess at the length of the rope
And that's all the life we've got

SNAPSHOT

Life's not so appealing when you see things as they are
A pounding of genitals like the pistons in a car
An explosion of wriggles, so stupid and brave
It's an Easter Egg hunt in a damp and humid cave

And then, a miracle; that's what they said
As the hole stretched tight about my misshapen head
No-one bothered to ask me what I thought
Before I was squeezed from the womb in a manner so fraught
Popped from my little sack of juice
Poked and prodded and forced to induce
The plug pulled to let me drain
Down the birthing canal like a runaway train
Choo choo . . . Expelled by the Fates
A late delivery through the factory gates 👍

If only I'd seen the trailer
Got a heads up before he nailed her
I don't think I'd have been so keen
To know where I was going after seeing where I'd been

And for what, an afternoon of leisure
A rush of endorphins for a moment's pleasure
Followed by a cigarette and a cup of tea
Nine months later, along came me 😊

So what's my point here
Oh yeah, no-one bothers to ask
If we wanted all that stress
And all the follow up tasks
Like peeing in a potty, and learning to talk
Falling on our face as we try to walk

And no parent wants to bring up a fool
Cos the next thing they do is send us to school
For ten fucking years . . .
What's wrong with them all
We'd rather stick with ice-cream and playing with a ball 🤪

We're told what to do, and where to go
Never mind where we've been
Led on a path until the age of sixteen
And then it's, "Off you go, we can't do any-more."
"You're too old now." And they show us the door

It's one fucking trauma after another
From the woman in charge, who swears she's my mother

I wasn't ready to go
I still needed someone to hold my hand 😞
You didn't explain how tough it would be
Out there, in the grown-up's land
A paper-round was not enough to make ends meet
I was forced to earn money, or sleep on the street

All that in the midst of something radical
My physique got manly and weird
I got hairs all over my body
And I'm not just talking a beard
They came with a tingly excitement; I don't want to be rude
But girls swelled up too, and I don't mean with food

They got kinda curvy; wearing dresses and tight shorts
My pop-up penis became a magnet of sorts
That rose with the tide and swelled like a gland
Then gushed like a well when I shook it in my hand
Probably not something I should talk about
I'm basically shy
Until a force of Nature was caught by my eye

She was the one.

The only one.

No-one before, or after; she was the sum 🤪

The total result of all I desire

I'd have climbed up mountains and walked through fire

Just to breathe this woman's air . . .

There was nothing I wouldn't dare

Well that's bollocks, let me tell you why

Because each time a woman caught my eye

It hasn't worked out; gone south with the tide

Although I will admit, it's been a hell-of-a-ride

Poking about with my weapon of love

Let me point you to the first passage I wrote above

I didn't see it coming (that's not a pun)
My hairs all gone, and I'm no longer young
I have three kids now; each with a different Mum
My wriggles are tired, and it's stopped being fun

Responsibility, that's what did it
What got in the way
I had the chop-chop, what more can I say
I told you, we're not ready; not any of us, not for this
Life takes too many hits, when they should have been a miss

Take work; it's not an option, it's a sentence for life
And don't get me started on my 'sweet and loving wife' 😞
I'm a fat balding guy
I have a stigma in one eye
I've got inflammation of my sac
Don't get me started on my back

I mean, what the fuck? Is this all we can hope
All we can dream to come true
To leave a copy of me, along with a part of you
If only I'd seen the trailer
Got a heads up before he nailed her
If only someone had said
Told me life is like living
In the shoes of the Walking-Dead

But I guess that's the deal on the table
Unsought and forlorn
We're just a face of things to come
By the next in the line who's born.

REFLECTION

Why do we look at ourselves
And more importantly, who do we see
Is mine the only image I see reflected back at me
Or could there be more
Is it a trick of the light
Because sometimes my reflection
It just doesn't look right

My face, it's the one thing my eyes have *never* seen
A likeness reflected from where it was, and where it's been
An image I've only viewed the other way about
How do I know he looks like me
. . . I'm beginning to have my doubts
Because the one thing I will always lack
Is proof that my face, is the face who's staring back

I only see me, because the light reflects
A moment in time when my image defects
Goes over to the other-side and pretends to be me
But how do I know mine is the face that I see

I don't now for sure if my reflection is true, or a clever mistake
Is that an image of me, or is *me* just a fake
How can a face reflected, truly be mine
There can only be one face
And I wear it all the time

And there's more, always more
So many reasons I can never be sure
This other me fades as the light turns grey
Disappears when it's dark at the end of the day
I mean, where does he go at night
My reflection; when I turn out the light
I know he's still there, in that darkened space
His presence bears down like a veil across my face

He never leaves; no, not even in sleep
There's no escape in slumber, no matter how deep
On my pillow, staring, like a masque of death
I know he watches, I can feel his breath

And when I sleep
When I'm out on a limb
I think that's when he shows me what it's like to be him
He let's me see his dreams; so strange but true
What's real for him, becomes real for me too

Because opposites attract; isn't that what they say
It's the same with my reflection
Always looking the other way
Over my shoulder, behind me; somewhere over there
I turn, I shift . . . I stare
But see nothing, not really
Except from the corner of my eyes
I've begun to see the umbra moving
Now the shadows shift like spies

And make me anxious
That's how *he's* made me feel
I know now that my other-self
He gets the better-half of the deal
Sat there passing judgement all the time
I see it in his eyes, that the fault is always mine

He thinks its funny just to copy what I do
Throw it back in my face without thinking things through
I hate him . . . I hate you!
Let me tell you why
It's the lack of empathy when you look me in the eye

It would really help if we talked
Reflected in some other-way
I'd give anything to hear you say . . .
Something, anything; but it's the same old shit
Just give me something to make us fit
Reach out and put *your* hand in mine
I'm sick of the effort being mine all the time

I want more than just lip-service from a stranger's face
More substance than the ripple of a watery embrace . . .
You bring nothing to the table
You have nothing to share
You're a monster of denial
All you do is stare

So go fuck yourself, you emotional stone

I deny you

You're not me

I'm me, and I'm all alone

The face who stares back at me is a fraud and a lie

And if it's the last thing I do

I'm gonna watch that fucker die!

SPECIAL

Ape thinks he's special; well he's not
Ape thinks himself clever with all that he's got
But take away his science and the technical advance
And he's back there hanging by his limbs from a branch
So bite him, claw him
Eat his flesh and then gnaw him
In a fair fight for all
Ape doesn't stand so tall

Naughty little Ape, so upright on his feet
Left the canopy's of the forest to brand himself elite
Then build structures with sticks and stone
Shut out Mother-Nature from his unnatural home
Ape constructed a throne
He captured light, wind, and fire
What a fucking liar!
Those were Nature's gift
But Ape's ego-mania cast the natural world adrift
So bite him, claw him
Eat his flesh and then gnaw him
A theriomorphic spirit devoid of empathetic thought
Ape rose in stature within the animal court

Enforcing servitude to some by use of collar and chain
Animals too dumb to comprehend, or complain
Some get lucky, and before Ape is through
From the precipice of extinction to the bars of a zoo

All other species, Ape craves with a carnal-lust
Millions into death-camps; like fodder they are thrust
The innocent are butchered on unimaginable scale
Ripped apart, packaged, and then offered for sale
Ape doesn't eat for survival, that's an industrial fact
A knife and a fork doesn't civilise the act
So bite him, claw him
Eat his flesh and then gnaw him
You might think Ape's got it made
He's filled up his cup
But Ape has a flaw
He always fucks up

Pathetic little Ape, so powerful and high
His entire reason for living is based on a lie
Recognition by evolution that Ape is the best
I think, therefore I am
So go fuck the rest!
Bite him, claw him
Eat his flesh and then gnaw him
There's a bad smell in the world
What a stink
The Final Solution
The only way this Ape can think

Because Ape thinks big
But never beyond
It's not just life on Earth
It's the entire planet he's wronged

Ape's been fucking with some serious shit
The ecological-environment just took a massive hit
The planet's warming, and you can argue why
But Ape's got a problem; there's a hole in the sky
So bite him, claw him
Eat his flesh and then gnaw him
As the ghosts of a world resurrect from their grave
Ape has a problem, and a planet to save

But Ape keeps shitting in his own back-yard
This world has been assaulted and charred
This planet isn't apes, he was never top-dog
Just out of his league; not up to the job
A cog in the wheel. A singular bit
Ape broke the chain of command
And now nothing will fit . . .
It's not fake news, it's not a lie
Ape messed with Mother-Nature
So now Ape must die
Bite him, claw him
Eat his flesh and then gnaw him
She's a serious Mother-fucker, and she's gunning for Ape
Ape shot his bolt, there's no chance of escape

The She-Boss is angered; take a good look around
It's not just the pollution, there's blood on the ground
Ape is too greedy; he's addicted to more
It's a genetic disfunction and a character flaw
And we've all seen the Ape when he loses the plot

When he's craving for more than he's already got
Beating his chest in a fit, so berserk
That's when Ape's dark-side really goes to work

But the natural-order states, all things will come to an end. And Ape is top
of the removal list; don't bother trying to defend. How a rampage through
history as a God-like Ape. Can be anything other than planetary rape
And Ape's rap-sheet is indexed with crimes
Insanity repeated in-numeral times
There's blood in the water. It's sunk through the sand
Ape say your prayers; you're being taken in hand

Already the fires have begun; volcanoes spew and hail
Coastal storms are cleansing on a repeatedly record scale
The She-Boss is coming, and she won't get picky
The aftermath of Ape . . .
It ain't gonna be pretty
So bite him, claw him
Eat his flesh and then gnaw him
The uppity Ape has crazed throughout the age
There's no historical date untouched by his rage
But a warrant's out, served alive or dead
She-Boss is coming, and she wants Ape's head

DEMENTIA

It's too damn Smart out there
Too many Windows through which too embark
They pass us by at a lightning pace
And they're slowly tearing us apart

They're all about us; they're everywhere
Invading our space through the walls
We breathe in the Horde with every breath
They're the silence in sound when it calls

We've weaved ourselves a baldacchino veil
A Net so intricate and fine
Techno-babble-bullshit
A data assault on our minds

It's connected to our outer-space
Flies unhindered through our soul
It's a Demon we know as 'Dementia'
That spins connectivity out of control

It's fucking with our wiring
Attempting to upload and link
As we tramp through a blizzard of data-bursts
And its changing the way that we think

A million billion bits of debris
That fly through our heads unseen
Never knowing where they're going
Having no idea where they've been

It's killing us out there
We're being carved apart at the seams
As it hacks at the Bits in our programme
Turns our reality into our dreams

It's robbing us of our minds
Slowly eating us away
As we swim in a sea of data
Sinking deeper below every day

MORTE

It's a heck of a choice, when there's no chance of revival
No way to go back, it's the end of survival
As Life trends beyond my domain
And leaves me, a survivor, in what little remains

But hey, I'm not ready
I don't want to be dead
So much left undone, so much more left unsaid
Me, out here: You on the other-side
I made promises I didn't keep
But I swear I never lied . . .

I don't want to go. Not now, and not then
I refuse to believe that I have come to an end
Dawn, I'm sure, is only a few hours away
It's so difficult to see now
Without the sun's light-of-day

Unaware of its ascension
Or the times that it fell
A horizon in flame, sets a difficult frame
When all I can see is a snapshot of Hell
Before the sunlight fades below
And someone else gets lucky . . .
For someone else it glows

But in that moment, I remember
What is fast becoming scattered
Death's mighty hammer
On a life of glass now shattered
So many splinters, or was I just a shard
Keeping track of life when you're dead
I tell you, it's really hard
But there's spark enough left to beat a titular heart
Still felt in my chest but being torn apart

I want to go back, right now, to wherever it was
Wherever I'm going let's hit the pause
But that's not gonna happen
I feel the touch of Her hand
Death's Whore beckons; it's not a request, but a demand
More compelling than any need I have to stay
I'm a Dead-Man walking; I'm being pulled away

No! Fuck you you monster
How dare you decide *my* time
Counting down my seconds
To steal a life that I say is mine
Fuck you
I hate you
You've set me adrift
On a one-way journey through a graveyard shift

To leave each day's dawn as a mirror of its last
Devoid of the future and robbed of a past
No voice to speak words, neither harsh nor kind
I scream at a world that is deaf, dumb, and blind

Please, don't . . .

Let me go, it's so unfair
What gives whom the right to deny and declare
My end, without giving any choice
Without parley or terms; no objection or voice
Just turned off, shut down, in the prime of being me
Released without recourse and no longer to be

Moving on, or being left behind
Laughter left in spirals boring fissures in my mind
As I sink deeper into a darkened sea
Disconnected, powered down . . .
It all goes on, but it goes on without me

Or am I without, it?

What is this shit . . .
Stuck here in limbo leaking life, steady and slow
Neither here or there without a mind to know
To watch light recede from this, what, Outer-plane
I step further from sanity towards the realm of insane

Toward my Calling, can you hear
It's such a tranquil sound
To leave the pitch and the black
I am journey bound

Hurling on toward an Opiate-light
Whatever it was I used to be
I'm gone now; I lost the fight

I'm in that place that's stuck between
The end of the play, and its opening scene
The curtain just came down to end my show
I have to move on now
It's time to let go . . .

Head on towards the dominion of Death
Guided without the comfort of light
To where time drifts unnoticed
Through hollow halls of night
So sleep tight . . .

Until memories of me can no longer belong
When the last of them have faded, fled, and are gone
When no-one is left who remembers my name
When the Dead and Oblivion become one and the same.

SKIN

Always one foot forward, then another step back
Watching out for the bumps; jumping over the cracks
When will life blossom; when will it flow
Like Autumn thaw, it eats slowly at the snow
It's like a vacuum, the air, it gets too thin
For the love of God, let me out of my skin

Born a moment later onto Life's little Clock
Thrust out into light on a Tick, and not a Tock
The drip, drip, drop that drowned my desire
All that I am; not what I require.
Not what the others knew
I wondered sometimes, if I got all theirs too

Every stone on my path, a cause to stumble
Another means to trip
When others seem to amble, cantor, and skip
Its like crawling on shards of broken life
I can't cut them out with a blade or a knife
I want to stop walking
I need to stop talking
It's the air; it makes the meaning too thin
For the love of God, let me out of my skin

So let me out, let me out
It's turned me inside and about
From the very first dawn when daylight broke

I didn't get the choice; no offer to invoke
The clause that says I shouldn't be born
The life laid on offer I didn't want worn
If I don't get out soon, I'm not gonna win
For the love of God, let me out of my skin

Tick-tock is timing down the track
Terminal velocity with no way back
It's a velodrome; a vindictive wheel
From the very beginning it lost its appeal
Did nothing to please
Got caught in my lungs by a chesty wheeze
It's time to take the blade and remove my skin
Expel all the air and the poison within

When you're delivered with life, it's on a Tick or a Tock
But the only choice you ever really got
Was the choice to stop the movement within the Clock

So I did it, I crossed the line
Took control of all that was mine
I stopped my hands at a quarter after three
Watched everyone I knew, carry on without me

So serene now, without tick, and tock
Just a silent reassurance without my body's-clock
Peace and tranquility brought on by death
I've even managed to catch my breath
As I breathe in deeply with the silence of sound

Released from the stifling of life in which I drowned
I was right; the air, it all got too thin
A blessed relief to be released from my skin.