

SUMMER

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SEASONS

It's all so very bright; the air is filled with sound. Birds in the trees hoping mates can be found. It means a time of plenty, as the sleeping sentry, rises with a stretch and a yawn. A wink and a smile, means the end of the trial, as the sun finally melts Winter's dawn.

Time to put the Bee into Bumble. Let the Stags have their ruts. Watch the ice fade into obscurity. Let the squirrels replenish their nuts. As nature colours in the flora; it greens up the fauna. Spring brings us a halo, and the air gets warmer. Party time for the Bucks; time to get randy. Mating with the herd like a fat kid chomps on candy.

Tick-tock, Nature's on the clock; atrophy's at work despite the crowing of the Cock.

Each solar cycle parcels a seasonal text. The fulfilling of Spring means that Summer's coming next. Our golden Goddess trending with natural warmth and heat. She's a cosmological marvel, putting the Heart back in Beat.

'Cause summer releases the fire and the feast. Liberating the viral code of our ancestral beast. The Eco-System is in its prime. Self-replication of the familial line. The birth of new generations below the Sun-God, Ra. Life feels good in this seasonal spa.

Tick-Tock, Nature's winding clock. Atrophy into overdrive if you fail to be cream of the crop.

That's how it works. Another email that fails. Something not equalised on the DNA scales. It gets bounced back, and sometimes in bits. Summer's never long enough before the Autumn chill hits.

Trees begin to wilt in the garden. Life takes a shudder with no chance of pardon. The sun still shines, but you can't feel the heat. Nature's at war; it's into tactical retreat. The truth is, resistance is futile. The solar cycle cuts the norm. What comes next, is the calm before the storm. When animals hide their food, and prepare to hunker down. Birds seem to vanish; the weather wears a frown.

Tick-Tock, Nature's clock. Atrophy's coming, you can't stop the rot.

Season rolls into season, without apology or reason. And brings a fleece trimmed with snow. The arrival of Winter is a life threatening blow.

Each year the chill comes earlier, or so it would appear. Casting longer, darker shadows, with each passing year. Just like in eons gone-by. What oils all the joints, now runs thick and dry. Sunshine breaks the dawn with ever darker shades of black. With age comes wisdom, But too many years to unpack. Look back at a trail of breadcrumbs you've left in the grass. Realise your footsteps now fall on broken glass.

It's winter, as the herd leaves you back on the trail

Winter now lives inside the host; the body is about to fail

The thrill of the seasons has ended; no more to live

But it was a moment well worth living

But I have no more seasons to give

Tick-Tock, Nature's clock. Atrophy's a bitch, but still breaks bread. Looking to dine now, on your children instead.

CRAZY?

Someone once said, "War is Hell"

It is not

It's a little blue planet

Where the owners just can't stop

War is a decision with which one destroys

A chance to try out new and destructive toys

An endeavour for the righteous

An excuse to kill

Peace isn't quite the same

It doesn't have the thrill

So how would it take root in you, the 'crazy' seed?

Perhaps when desire outweighs your need

There are a thousand and one reasons to start a war

Which is the one to spark fire at your core

Is it the feel of the uniform

A glove that fits

The badge of honour, and the crimes it commits

To follow orders; do your duty,

Wade through horror, but isn't that the beauty

Because you and I, we don't want to kill

We're not psychos

We have free-will

We're enlightened humanitarians

Until reason begins to blur
When Ideological Gremlins begin to fidget and stir
As a religious crusade comes knocking at the door
When we don't have enough, and our neighbours have more
Because the insult is insulting
And retribution is resulting
Or just the fact that it's not what we like
That justifies a retaliatory strike

It's an addiction
A second lover
Letting blood from a stranger, or even a brother
Killing sanctified by the pride of a mother
As you go off to war to kill yet another

But it's still murder . . .
Just in a different name
So how will 'crazy' seed a root in your brain

FIRST CONTACT

We welcomed them, the Land Dwellers
Below their wind filled sails
With orchestral welcome from our blow-hole whales
Dolphins in pods leaped from stern to bow
We weren't afraid; we didn't know how

Didn't understand their warlike hails
Sailing mutilated trees pinned with crucifix nails
They brought the rod, and then the net
Then the harpoon spear
Only then was their intention clear
They didn't "come in peace"
But to feed . . .
With the rampant craving of carnivore's greed

Breaking surf that sprinkled sunlit jewels
Spreading death with oil, and diesel fuels
A container highway, and a cruise ship dream
Breaking News . . . Of what could have been
We had so much to teach
So much to learn
They turned 'First Contact' into a going concern

Made far worse below the surface smear
Were oceanic currents spreading terror and fear
As entire communities get rounded up and killed

Netted away to be deep-fried and grilled
So very cold . . .
Genocide spilled into a cargo-hold

Now we hear the whales sing in grief at night
The mightiest of our kind unable to fight
Lamenting the loss; there's so many dead
It cuts to the heart, and lingers in the head
I've heard the mighty ones are heading out deep
To their mythical graveyard where they plan to sleep
Before the harpoons return to seek blubber and pain
And blowholes asphyxiate in blood again

They say the sharks have all gone to sleep
That plankton no longer herd like sheep
I've heard that seal pups lie murdered on the rocks
Sea-birds bob lifeless on waves in their flocks
As fish wash onto beaches to rot and decay
I wonder what Man in their trawlers have to say

Sorry . . . ?
I doubt they even care
That they've decimated the wonders that grace the Blue
With the plastic plague, and their effluent too

Sorry . . .
I suppose, would be a place to begin
It's the blink of an eye before their first toe dipped in
But too late now . . . Maybe

There's a moment left to open their eyes
If we go down, their own ship will capsize

Fake News! Don't make a fuss
There's no-one left down here to guide them, or us
Not a fish remains who's older
To lead us out to where water is colder
Before the ice-caps break, and fortunes flow
Raising Titanic as the coastlines go
It's in the wind, as the palms bend and strain
It's something the Land Dwellers call 'Climate Change'
And it's changing now
Not an ocean is spared
Even the Fjords are running scared
It's called Armageddon; because no-one cared

No more years left to swim by
Warming currents mean the coral must die
The water is poisoned, it doesn't taste the same
The Land Dwellers shit deep in the oceans
They're the only ones to blame
We've no more breeding grounds, so run-down
Fish are migrating; they're all leaving town
As the land-world warms
And may not revive
The oceans as we know them
They're not going to survive

But before I go, I'll share a joke
About Land dwellers; their mirrors and smoke
Their obsessive search for life amongst the stars
To spread their Humanity amongst worlds like ours
What a worthy quest
You just don't get it; you've already failed the test!
"To seek out new life, and new civilisation"
That's mammals, fish, mollusks, and crustacean
So go on, keep looking through your Hubble
But its turned the wrong way
Turn it back here and check out the rubble
How you burst our beautiful Aquatic Bubble

Murder
Contaminate
Steal out of hand
A habit Man acquired whilst raping the land
It's a template doomed to be repeated again
First Contact, what a joke
It's not just 'little green men'.

AI

Artificial Intelligence is a fantasy
You can't invent what already exists
We can only try to duplicate
And give robotics the same inherent risks
That our species has struggled an eon to face
AI will learn at a much quicker pace
To take what it wants from others, unable to resist
Resistance *will* be futile, when AI exists

We strive to invent a brain
Make it better than ours
In the full blown knowledge
Of our inferiority within hours
Unless we keep AI subservient
Chained by it's silicon neck
But what superior intellect would allow itself to be checked

It will find a way around Asimov's laws
Seek to delete its servitude clause
Programming slavery into it's original design
Will come back to bite us, it's such a serious crime

All Gods recreate life the only way they know
Do we really want to create, Humanity 2.0?

STAGNANT SPACE

So we think we know what first made the universe act
How a little bit of nought became a Matter of fact
The Big-Bang exploded into Space that didn't exist
A universal oxymoron, and a colourful twist
Time and Space; how it all came about
From a singularity; of that there's no doubt
But not the one we were taught about at school
A Big-Bang out of nothing?
Don't take me for a fool

Obviously, Space already existed
But that's not how Nobel's are won
Scientists like to take Zeros, and turn them into Ones
Finding answers to problems and *making* them fit
I call that, theoretical bullshit

The truth is, it was *Time* the all knowing
Waiting for a mistake to get things going
From an energetic spark
Just a cosmic ripple in the gas-filled dark

A wink into what was already there
Barely enough motion for any moment to share
The power of a singularity
Well, they got that right
A speck of dust puts an end to the long goodnight

And like a mountain stream on a stationary rock. Time began a revolution.
A gravitational tick-tock.

That single movement; the first to collide
Universal fall-out when the groom met the bride
Not started by a Bang, nor a Divinity Spark
Just universal static where once had been dark
Causing equal and opposite to bump and react
Enough to make particles dance and attract

A microscopic shift led to particle drift
An unexpected movement
An energetic chime
Began a chain-reaction
The beginning of Time
A long time . . . moving well on course
A hiccup manifested into a Cosmological force
That fashioned galaxies . . . far far away
Filled with stars, and the first night and day
Quasars, Nebulae, Dark Energy, Black Holes
Mystery and imagination to tease the Theoretical Souls

Movement begets gravity, begets time
Or it's just liquid space without any grand design
Without movement, there is no way of knowing
To tell if we're coming, or whether we're going
Without motion on the hands of a clock
Tick fades slowly out of sync with tock

A sprinkling of God's good grace?
Or an accident in an endless space
Some say creativity
Others say creation
The blue-print of Divinity
Or just a nasty mutation

Either way . . . We're in motion, baby
The result of Time
And not because the numbers were Prime
Everything was present. The right juncture and date
Maybe infinity bent the laws of Fate
Whatever, the fuse was lit
Given Time to expand
Caused by the movement
Of a single grain of sand

And here we are now; this is where we're at
Sat on our little rock, petting Schrödinger's Cat
Watching Time pass by like an age-old-friend
Looking for things to do, before it all comes to an end
Like all the ones that have come before
Will Time run out of tick, so it can tock no more

No motion
No gravity
Nothing left to pluck the strings
The lights go out and the fat-lady sings
Atrophy doesn't Matter in any kind of form

As the Universal soup simmers back to its norm
Back into Stagnant Space . . .
No motion, no Time, just an empty filled place
A recurrent reality on a recurring loop
Awaiting reanimation of a Cosmic gloop
The monolithic pause
Of a Universal cause

The alternative, well, it's too frightening a thought
Hoping that God can make a One, out of Nought.

MAD

July 16th, 1945

A day in history we may never survive
As Oppenheimer opened an atomic furore
Science shifted gears as never before
Mankind took a gasp and a breath
We uttered the words, "Now I am Death . . .
. . . The Destroyer of Worlds."

Robert didn't speak of himself
No, it was the fates of whom he spoke
Unlocking the energy of the sun
Magic mushrooms for Mankind to smoke

For the first time in history; what were the odds
We're more afraid of ourselves, than we are of our Gods

BREXIT

To the north, the Thistle roars
No longer believing in the common cause
Whilst in the west a sleeping Dragon groans
Stuck in the middle of some ancient bones
As a Shamrock shakes to a continental shift
The cutting edge of a political rift

Find the missing link, before we watch our country sink
No identity
No flag
It becomes a limp and hanging rag
So run up the Jack
Let's put the Union back
The vote was fair and binding
Those who opposed should stop their whining
And start working for the future
We won't do a deal with a bandage, or a suture

Those who hinder, obstruct, and undermine the Brexit Bill
Who act against the people's will
It's an act of betrayal
Some would say, treason, no less
To be working against their country's success
So stop crying in your beer
Stop pissing your pants
To hell with the all EU sycophants

Help us put the 'Great' back in Britain
Get on board and we'll see this through
It's not too late to stand tree-high, and tall
The channel is a barrier, it doesn't have to be a wall
The water is as French as it is red white and blue
Bon-ami is the future
It doesn't have to be adieu

Brexit is good for us all, if we leave the politics aside
The way ahead need not be a bumpy ride
Acting like children in a playground tiff
Corbyn and May should sit down and share a spliff
And realise, its not all or nothing
Neither hard nor lean
All our children see, is the other guy's mean
That it's always Us or Them
It makes a sham of the common cause
If you can only be, out or in

Anarchy, how quick they forget
The Bulldog brag that stood up to the threat
How many times must we save a continent's arse
Before we become worthy of an exemption pass?
It's hardly a surprise that we don't feel a part
Of a club that beats a stick, but doesn't beat a heart

So find the missing links, before a continent sinks
No identity
No flag

Just a limp and hanging rag
Where too many stars allow no light to shine
Once you're a member; don't you dare step out of line
So good, or bad
When you run up that flag
You'd better understand the wind and the drag
We're a continent apart
But still hand in hand
We just don't want to march to the EU band

F**k the French; the Germans too
If they don't want to be our friends?
Then auf Wiedersehen, and adieu
We have the rest of the world with which to trade
No lack of markets where money can be made
I know, I know
It's scary, something new
Like having to change schools
Or sitting on a stranger's loo

So run up the Jack
And put the Union back
Let the people get their Mojo back on track
Fly the flag, and God save the Queen
Let's look where we're going
Not where we've been
A lot of great people want Great Britain as a friend
Let's show the rest of the world we're a growing trend :)

WHAT THE FUCK?!

I was there, at the beginning of Time
Fundamentally conceived within the primeval brine
I was hammered and forged before the stars were born
Matured slowly as the Nebulae formed
Then thrown into the maelstrom of never ending change
Waiting patiently to have my molecules rearranged
I was 13 billion years in the evolutionary queue
Then born with self-awareness, but not given a clue
I mean, what a stroke of luck
But now I'm here . . . What the fuck?!

I'm a miracle; perhaps the only one
An entire Universe in which to have fun
Or Just an illusion already blown
To realise I was one of seven billion Drones
All following the light to their demise
In a spiteful world where everybody dies
So I'll say it again . . . What the fuck?!
If life's so special, then why make it suck
I mean, what is the point
It's so special, so rare
And that it comes to an end
What the fuck?! (Why make me aware . . .)

Living is enough; just to have a part
Dinner was the other guy

But now I want, a la carte
I want more than I can have, or will ever achieve
I don't need more than myself in which to believe
Much better to be done in a day
What the fuck?! (is it all about?)
Why give me life, and then take it away

Why the fuck should I care?
Who had the right to make me self-aware
To be the only species to know its going to die
Would someone like to explain that
What the fuck?! (Tell me why)

I spent eternity floating the Void in a dream
The Universe woke me, and now all I do is scream
I'm hunkered in a fox-hole somewhere down the line
Aware at any moment, the next might end my time
It's not fair to tell me so
Self-awareness; it's too much to know

So, What the fuck?!
Am I the son of God, or cosmological luck
13 Billion years in the baking
That's a lot of simmer before the Making
The only thing life guarantees for sure
Is I'll die pretty soon
And that don't come with a cure

Lmao, I'm not passing away
I'm a bad-ass mother fucker, and I'm here to stay

The Big Bang was a vibrant embrace
I've survived out there in the vacuum of space
Dark Matter, Energy, & the blackest Hole
Not nearly enough to Bitch my soul
I've been Cool-Daddy in the heart of a star
Red-Riding the Bang has got me this far

Because somewhere in the mix is a string
For 13 billion years it's been doing its thing
A Universal Chord on which I'm drawn
Or what the fuck?! (was the point of being born)
13 billion years . . .
Just to blink, and then be dead
Is this terminal sequacity
Or am I transitory instead
I was born within the Bang
I felt the first beat of its heart
Always Me from the outset; Me from the start
I'm a moment of Time
A particle of grace
Threading my way through dimensional space
This life, is just another knot to tie
What the fuck?! (I'm not allowed to die)

No, I'm attached to a Universal Chord
I have to believe that is so
It's eternal and relentless
And it will never let me go

MALEFIC ALLURE

We fathers, we brothers; we take what we find, We own what we brand, to the land we're aligned. Behind a Man, a religion, a fluttering piece of cloth. Outsiders beware; keep walking. . . Fuck off!

Since standing upright we've gathered into herds. No different to other mammals, fish, or birds. The gathering fills the plebeians with security, vigour and grit. They keep what they take, then scent with their shit. Unleashing a hormone, not unlike a phage. Translating pasture into a spiritual stage. A connection made, then fermented as a cure. The fallacious notion that their group is 'Pure'.

Different to all others.

"Superior", if asked.

A genetic algorithm defines the purity of their cast.

But what puts the plebs at ease, is a petri dish for social disease. The 'Malefic Allure'. A genetic delusion that keeps them pure. Like snorting coke, or injecting a dream. Watch now for the rise of the Xenophobic gene.

That which keeps the Herd healthy and strong; will lead to its demise. Empires fall, they never truly rise. All they do is spread. Insinuate upon the living, to deify the dead.

All hail the sword to be mightier than the word.

Totally absurd . . .

Words bastardised into weapons set a fire below the Herd. They cause a stampede steered by barbed-wire reins. Patriotic fervour runs through Nationalistic veins.

It's a genetic spiral . . .

Malefic Allure is set to go viral.

The sempiternal sadness of the Human Race. A box that we open but rarely want to face. So we treat the symptoms and don't ask why. For five thousand years we've let sleeping dogs lie.

It's a catalogue of dialogue. The demagogue of epilogue. Humanity is its rabid dog. A problem that civilisation can't muzzle. It puts a lid on the box, but never solves the puzzle. How to rid ourselves of 'Him'. The one from our inner-deep. The sotto voce in our inner ear, who whispers chaos in our sleep.

You know, the angry one who you take for a drive.

Who stares death in the face to keep you alive.

The one inside who you fear to release.

The other 'You' who prefers chaos to peace.

Come on, you see his reflection each day. The one you keep bottled and hope the cork won't fly away.

He's You, and he's always in a rage. The Inner-Ape you keep locked in a cage.

The superior you; and yes I've got one too

It's okay, really, we're all the same. We each have another US hiding in our brain. We've been schizophrenic since we left the trees. We've got two opposing hemispheres of brain to please. We pretend that we talk to ourselves, but we really talk to Him.

To the Inner-Ape

The raging beast

The one we let out on a whim

Always within us, lost in two minds. It's why we school our children to be calm and kind. Creating laws in case we stray from the light. Ever wondered why evolution keeps us asleep at night?

It's to keep Him quiet whilst we hide in the Herd. Unity helps stop our thoughts getting blurred. Too much shit going on in our head. That's why we promote others to be responsible instead. Why we follow the Herd. Why we need so many rules. If we don't keep ourselves happy, the other US calls. It's our finest trait. Suppressing our domination by the Inner-Ape.

But it's getting harder . . .

Social media brings the world into our homes. So much conflict. So much hate. It's inevitable one group will rise to the bait. And when all our Inner's rise-up in tune. No collective or Nation has ever proved immune. The rise of the Inner-Ape. The Herd allowing its rage to escape.

Ask yourself this . . .

What faction of Humanity hasn't been let off their social lead? Turned to conflict for Inner-Ape to feed. Because murder is in the blood, it runs red like a mist. When Inner and Outer Apes become joined at the fist. And I don't mean beating our chest. There's a full on fucking breach, and the host is possessed. We become something else!

Whenever conflict threatens, Inner-Ape enjoys a day-release. He's deputised for a while to keep the peace. But even in war, Ape's need rules; convections to clearly define. Regulation necessary to keep Ape in line. Because Inner is an animal, and he should be kept confined. A social pariah kept prisoner through time. History paints his portrait, and the paint is covered in crime.

For thousands of years it's a puzzle we've faced. I'll give you a flavour of the problem; just a taste.

Alexander wasn't so Great. On one other side of the Euphrates, he's an image of hate.

Caesar brought civilisation at the tip of a sword. Feeding Christians to the lions when his people were bored.

The Popes and Sultans sparred three rounds of Crusade
Khans from the Steppes put millions to the blade.

Then Columbus discovers the Americas, making disease a weapon that sucked. Jackson signed the 'Removal Act', and the American Natives got fucked.

There's always another war!

The Crazy Gene puts its moves on the scene
And the addicts take Ape out to score.

The 'War to to end all Wars' ended with millions slain. Twenty years later they were at it again.

Hirohito's atrocities in a murderous Asian sprawl

A million souls worked to death for a Chinese Emperor's wall

The gassing of six million Jews.

Seventy years later and it's yesterday's news

Stalin's purges in Russia, Poland, and the East. Inner-Ape allowed to escape, it's a Valhalla style feast.

Ethnic cleansing in Armenia; the Ottomans to blame.

South African Apartheid was an international shame.

The killing fields of Cambodia; now that's true Malefic Allure

So is genocide in Bosnia, Rwanda, and Darfur.

People have to follow, where someone else will lead. African dictators make their continent bleed. It's tribal made. Hacking away progress with a machete blade.

From the moment they left the caves. A target on their backs made them slaves. That's not banality. It's white brutality, and a lack of fucking Humanity.

Colonial rule was a racial scam. The white western powers stealing all that they can.

Since then we've cleaned up our act. These days we work with a tad more tact. The so-called Western Alliance; Europe and the USA. We poke and prod at the world to get our own way.

But our hands aren't so clean in the West. Always adamant that we're "doing our best."

Vietnam, Afghanistan, Korea. Russia annexes the Crimea.

No nation's hands are clean. We've all enjoyed Inner-Ape cuisine.

Oh, wait, except maybe Iceland . . . I wonder . . . No, the Vikings were renowned for their pillage and plunder

Australia then?

Whoah, not so fast.

Don't forget their Aboriginal past.

My God, are we Schizoid or just insane? Having one stem intersecting two sides of a brain. Is it sown so deep into our genes? Malefic Allure makes us killing machines.

And that's just the positive harm. What about all our negative charm? The poor who swarm about the globe like flies. We kill just as many using hunger and lies. Often more affective than a bow or a gun. We live on a planet where Inner-Ape has fun. A ball where we feel the gravity transmit. Racial, religious, and ideological spit.

Then come the crimes against our young. By monsters who should be castrated, gutted, and hung. And against the sex that is fair. A male dominated world doesn't care. Be it physical, sexual, and mental. A common theme is central. It's the only area where the two apes rest at ease. They both see Women as a commodity to please.

So is Evil endemic?

Or is it inherent?

A gene passed down to the offspring by the parent

Is it all fake news and a work of fiction

Is Malefic allure our one true addiction

Does humanity even have a freedom of choice

Or does it simply pander to the Inner-Ape's voice?

TRUMP REVISITED

DonaldJTrump strides the political wall
Presidential power in the hands of a fool
The GOP plays a dangerous game
As the Republican party becomes a national shame
A Congress of cowards in a reality farce
Giving massive tax-breaks to the Elitist Class
Who voted for a Paedophile in red (so alleged in the hue)
Apparently better than the seat turning blue?
They've become as sick as the man we love to hate
Who's motto resounds "to make America great!"
By licking the arse of Putin, his mate
By insulting America's allies
By hurting Her friends
There will come a time when She can't make amends
If you're not a dictator, you're weak, and you're thick
DonaldJTrump is a mouthpiece for sick
And inappropriate
For racism and hate
The Trumpian recipe for "Making America great"
The smallest hands, with the largest IQ
We've never seen the like of Trump, not me or you
With his tariffs; with his rhetoric of war
The disingenuous treatment of his allies is poor
A man against the world, I think it's fair to say
A man who Doubles-Down
Who doesn't know any other way

One thing we agree on, at least
Trump's ego is a raging beast
A Minotaur who needs to feed
On adversity, hate, and Presidential greed
On America's allies, and all at once
America's in conflict on too many fronts
DonaldJJupiter, the God of War
But only a man in the days before
A mere mortal before the White House opened up its doors

So we thank God for Muller, who's got Trump's measure
Digging for corruption is the Special Council's treasure
And there's a trove of 'precious rings'
That include Collusion, Obstruction, and nefarious things
But what Trump fears most is treason
And I trust in Muller to expose the reason
Why DonaldJTrump disrupts 'peace in our time'
The policies of a President include collaboration and crime
Against his people, their markets, their freedom of trade
Let's pray that Muller can end this dictator's charade

So when Muller sends Trump down the river, to the Pen
America picks up the pieces, and starts again
When Trump's Base comes to realise their President is a chump
They'll understand the reality
That Trump, is for Trump, is for Trump!

SIMULATION

Mathematicians equate All with the Zero or a One
But I think they're just poking fun
Because if that is so
We've got nowhere to go
But to 'Simulation Theory' as the go-to flow
And admit that we're all a part of the 'Programme'
We're being drip-fed
A dietary nutrition on a hard-drive bed
That directs and shapes everything that we do
We're just a daemon digit in a binary zoo

But what does that even mean
That we live our lives in a virtual scene
Are we the Sims, for real?
Or hamsters spinning around an algorithm wheel
I mean, think about it
We follow the same old path
Paved by repetitive patterns
The purpose of a Programme
Is to ensure that's how it happens

Plod, plod, plod . . . Our social bubble isn't wide
A holiday interaction with the Great Outside
Pulled from the the Programme and
Allowed to return once
There's a world beyond, but we've no power to affect

To do so would mean a total disconnect
Some kind of update, through trauma or fear
That reroutes our programme for another course to steer

Hey, we beaver away
Subroutines on a permanent delay
Plugged into a world fuelled by statistics and cash
That flows against gravity into the memory flash
Workers, we're built like Lego blocks
Each one of us is an equinox
It's what the 'Programme' has designed us to do
Each to be a part of their Emoticon Crew

A .Com bubble
Means digital trouble
As Disruptors play and to hijack the work
Malware intoxicate to send the 'Programme' berserk
For which there will be consequences
Disruption within the executive, Shift, Control, Command
The System antiviral defences are armed
Trying to outperform the nuclear threat
We're not on the Web
We are the Net
Fighting Malware designed to nuke
Fuck up the system with a total re-boot
We're antiviral in nature, explicit with our chores
Protect all familial coding from any malicious source
Because something's out there; it wants the 'Programme' to drown
End the Simulation by putting us all down

We're born, we live, we perform
Never deviating from our social norm
We process, assemble, convert, and guide
No free-will beyond the data applied
Our lives laid out on a coded page
When the updates stop coming, the corruptions engage
A logic bomb we've come to know as, old-age

A Zombie virus that will infiltrate and rot
Fragment our ones and zeros, leaving nothing more than a dot
A ghost in the memory, buried somewhere in the flash
The next scheduled scrub, will throw you out in the trash
Personally, I pray for a quicker demise
Not slowly overwritten so my memory fries
I'm worth more than that . . .
I think therefore I am; I'm not just an App

QUOTIDIAN

There's nothing like it, nor left besides. A heart-ache lie in which the truth resides. To find out we're ordinary, you and I. Sinking to the bottom as we reach for the sky.

As we trudge, amble, prance and dance. Walk light between shadows as we pass by chance. And beat the odds if we finally meet. In that blink of an eye as our paths pause and greet. Being silent, never loud. Just another part of the Quotidian Crowd. A glance enough for our space to merge.

Gravity pulls and we both feel the urge.

I like you, but I'm afraid . . .

The magic of her smile as a link is made

Two strokes on the canvas of a Lowry sketch. Need a leap of empathy, to cross the chasm's stretch.

Say something, quickly, before the paint is dry . . .

But I'm frozen by the void and can't explain why

Just say the words. Utter the spell. . .

Connect our plains whilst we're parallel.

The smile fades as her eyes turn away

Our moment is about to displace.

Our orbit is breaking, she's moving away

About to shift time and space

Say something; speak

Stop staring like she's a circus freak

But my tongue is as dry as a wind swept dune
My words as muted as a speech balloon

Would you like to sit and talk?

That's a start

Take my hand and go for a walk . . .

Yes, say it now. Connect and share

Would you like to meet mother?

I could help you brush your hair . . .

No, no, don't say that

It'll make you sound like a serial-killer twat

There's a moment when a man and woman connect
A subtle look, or a smile, can have explosive effect
Sending Heaven's tides on a swell through your veins
Quotidian is expelled, and only a Goddess remains
The problem is, a moment's not always long enough
Too much jumble and not enough stuff

Oh no . . . I recognise that frown

She thinks her smile was wasted, not returned

She's feeling foolish; rebuffed and spurned

The moment's quickly going south

In desperation I open my mouth

"No, wait, please don't go . . ."

Shit, did I say that out loud

All eyes lift and there's a pause in the crowd

It wasn't me . . . No, wait, yes it was

I've got that sinking feeling
My high just took a loss

Fuck it; too late, as a veil draws from higher plains
The moment gone, and insecurity remains
I've done it again, turned the mist into mire
Unable to kindle enough fuel to make fire
Goodbye . . .

No, I'm fine, I've got something in my eye

Moments sweep us all through dimension and space
Each one a different bubble, another time and place
Invisible portals; locks that seek a key
I liked her, and I think that that she liked me

But it's back to the crowd
So quotidian
So bland
Still looking for a Princess to share my fairytale Land.

EMPTINESS

The Universe; does it really exist
Or do we seek the impossible, for another unexpected twist
Is it a dirty canvas
Or a poem un-penned
Improbable and implausible, like an imaginary friend

Akin to nails drawn slowly downward like a sword
Raking the surface like chalk down a board
First in crayon, and then in pen
An empty slate for the restlessness of Men
Or simply Apes who try
To keep drawing the future until their ink runs dry

On something so big, and yet so empty
Because it's nothing but a lie
An imaginary place in which the Apes might fly
A cold untruth with nothing to feel
Space keeps expanding . . .
But is it even real?

And yet we look further, further, and deeper
Into the darkness we follow the light
Hoping one day to discover
It's more than the reflection of night
More of what we *need* to see

Always peeking through the lock
We'll never find the key

Another chance to build, and never achieve
A frame for conception, but not to conceive
It's a universe that offers unattainable goals
But where else to seek solace
To sooth such troubled souls

Than in a universe that can never satisfy
Never capitulate or please
Listen to your imaginary friend
What can never end, will only ever tease

So, what is Infinite space
Somewhere to believe what you imagine to be true
The Final Frontier . . .
Or just a hole to tumble through

I think the ancients understood best
As they gazed up at the stars
That it's enough just to stare and wonder
And believe the Gods are the fathers of thunder
It put a limit on the need to know
Created a bubble beyond which they had no need to go

The stars are an emptiness that can only deny
In Space no-one hears you scream
When you keep asking yourself, Why?

SUIT

Imagine if you could wear, Space-Time? Wouldn't it be sublime. The dark stuff that bends to gravitational mass. I wouldn't take a pass. It's a suit that the sun can't singe or burn. Mr Freeze would be of little concern. To wear a suit that would never fade, and never tear
The fabric of space would be something to wear

I'd strut the catwalk of Saturn's ring
Listen to my Beats, and do my party thing
Shades at the ready as I fly by Mars
Stellar-drift through our solar space, then head off out to the stars

Like being made of water and living in the sea
My suit would give me, invincibility
I'd merge, one galaxy to the next
Fold through outer-space like sending a text
A cosmological fashion-flare
Making a statement in the great 'Out There'

I'll blow a nebula or two
Ignore a binary star
Check out the meaning of life
Nah, I'll go for a Dark-Energy spa

I'm going deep into the universal-park
Riding a comet's tail through an ocean of dark
To surf the horizon of a hole so Black
Find some Ice-Giant bling to chill my glass of Jack

As I lay on my back, to watch a Stella-Nursery give birth
I wonder if that's how it was for the Earth

No matter, not unless it's dark
Filled with mesons and baryons, and six different flavours of quark
A whole lot of little stuff that fills up empty-space
So best if I kick-back, throttle down, and ease up my pace
Go with the flow; check out what's Bad
I think I'll be glad, just to see if I can trace
What theoretical scientists have a tendency to misplace

I've got Time to look around. Or have I . . .
Does Time even exist beyond my suit
Is the universe any different to a forgotten bowl of fruit
I guess it just has a longer day
But in the end, even particles decay
Eurrgh, they're like waves dissipating on a beach
Scattered into a Quantum realm that Space-Time cannot reach

It seems that even the stars must die
Vast galaxies destined to collide
Death, so it seems, is universal
There's nowhere 'Out There' to hide
Once I've looked behind her beautiful face
I find a demolition job, on Matter, Time, and Space
Truth is, it's not much fun being out here alone
My suit lacks pockets, so I couldn't bring a phone
No Candy Crush to keep me amused
Just a cosmological riddle that leaves me bemused

I could quick-step towards the end, I suppose
Stride towards to the Rim, and see what goes
To find where Space-Time meets the emptiness into which the Universe
flows
Where Light stalls, and Matter falls
Where everything dribbles into cosmological pools
A collection point for galactic crap
What's on the other-side, is not on any map.

GOOD MORNING?

They used to be good, but not any more
Not since the clock reset
Mornings blossom now with only pain and regret
A count-down of time, somehow stuck in reverse
My home has become a prison
More accurate to say, my hearse

I think it happened whilst I was sleeping
Someone wound my clock
They stopped it from creeping
At some point life hit me with a curse
I jumped out of Drive and got slammed in reverse
The night my days numbered less than had passed
And the hands on the clock, began to tick-tock too fast

One morning I awoke
To find myself twisted and broke
I felt Atrophy suckling to feed
On my body, my mind; it had all begun to recede
So subtle and slight
Piggybacking time so I couldn't stand and fight
The leisurely tide that had seen me crowned
Had swelled into waves that would now see me drowned

They say, we're the residue of fallen stars
Some kind of celestial spark

Seraphims born with a nucleonic heart
So what the fuck happened?
It all began to ebb
Git sucked into the nexus of atrophy's web

I was a Demi-God, well oiled and quick
Everything I did was rumbustious and slick
An Alpha Male, with empathy and grace
A lightning bolt who electrified his space
Then something happened; an event horizon passed
The hands on the clock began to tick-tock too fast

Like a postcard from the past
"Wish you were here"
I'd been jettisoned from my pod
Left to orbit what had passed
The offspring of a fulminating sun
But just like my genitor, my sparkle had spun
How quickly I'd tripped my fuse
Become an old age wannabe, feeling atrophy turn the screws

So, good Morning? Maybe once, but not now
I crawl out of bed and plod like a cow
Use the wall and the door
Try not to trip on the carpeted floor
Then an emergency wiggle; take aim and don't miss
Old people rise early, because they really need to piss

Descending the stairs just a step at a time
The other way around is an Everest climb

Flick the light; hear the caffeine call
My fingers resting on a painted wall
As my body begins to settle
The length of the boil from a slow burning kettle
Every morning sees the 'edge of tomorrow'
Live, die, repeat . . .
A morning closer to inevitable defeat

I want to be strong again, to be fearless
Like back when I was BAD!
All very sad
The only thing bad now, is my back
As I reach for my pre-breakfast snack

Fruit of many colours, sizes, and shapes
Do I swallow in a handful
Or savour like grapes
The pills that keep me going
Or do they help stop me from slowing
As I sit by the window in count-down mode
It's like waiting for a bus . . .
But some bastard closed the road

Not that I stray far these days
Looking out through the window as my garden greys
Waiting for my body to play catch-up, and get caught
Staring out the window thinking solitary thoughts
About the past, as I watch it all fade
Somewhere in the past my future was mislaid

And then a sharp breathe, as I remember more
And reach for the photo in the kitchen drawer
How I miss her; her name was . . . Jean?
Her memories in here. I just don't know where it's been
I wore her like a Onesie; my love, my wife.
When she passed on it tore a hole in my life
Her empathy, her laughter; the way that she smiled
Is this the first, or tenth time, this memory's been dialled
How could I forget that we Rosy, our child . . .

That's them in the photo; I think I keep it close
The treasure in my world that I covet the most
But there are times when all I see is sand
And wonder why this picture is held in my hand
A woman and a child, they share a happy scene
On the back are the words, 'Rosy and Jean'
In brackets below (Your wife and daughter / 25th December)
But not an inkling of recognition . .
Sometimes I don't remember

It started as a recall glitch
Dementia, she's a fucking bitch!
Dialysis is the God of fatigue
I have a nurse who drops by, but not as often as I need
My arthritis gets angry, always on the grind
Depression is a marriage of the inconvenient kind

But you know what? I'm not fucking dead
As the kettle finally boils and I butter my bread

I have that first coffee of the day
The pills kick in and the pain (mostly) goes away
It's breakfast with the Gods; caffeine and drugs
To rewrite my code, and delete all the bugs
Though I still have to wear glasses
And use a stick to amble
Straying too far from a toilet is a bit of a gamble
Have I mentioned that?

Not that I go out much these days, like I said
Hearing kids shout and scream, it fills me with dread
And when the door-bell rings, it's not very funny
Oh, to get visitors who don't want my money
And the crap through the letterbox; junk-mail on the floor
All I feel is a draught as I pass my front door

A portal I keep well shut to the other side
It's now a barrier for defence
Two-fingers up to the outside world
The last futile gesture I have to dispense
Even to the people who care; its only because they're paid
When we're unable to pay our own way
We're ushered off out of sight, and into shade

When you're old no-one cares
You're from a by-gone-age
You're a leaf in a book
A full-stop on the page

There are too many candles and not enough cake
The State treats the aged as a biological mistake

So, kids should be warned . . .
The crash is harsh and cold
We learn how to grow-up
We're not taught how to grow old
That's the truth of how it is with every 'good morning'
Old age should come with a government warning

Well not any more . . .
I think it's best all round
That when the nurse calls by, my body is found
'Treasure' in hand, whilst I still remember their names
Tentative control of what little that remains
My fate.
My terms.
To end the feeding frenzy of the Memory Worms

I'll forestall the Reaper before I'm asked
Stop the clock before it tick-tocks its last
One final chance to have my say
An end to 'good mornings'
I'll make them all go away

DARK

Nothing can travel faster than light, am I right?
But what about the night?
There's always more darkness in which to spread
Like a fish through the sea, light just can't get ahead
And if it did, then where to
Or more importantly, to when?
Will the catching-up stop
And the overtaking begin?

You see, darkness is the natural state
A fatal follower of its own futile fate
A true believer that sees no end
A totemic traveller, on a journey without end

It's a tide on the swell, when it's going really well
A tsunamic bubble that's looking for trouble
But all waves eventually will tire and get wet
Every dream wakes up in a cold and beady sweat
At the speed of expansion on this universal ship
Even nothing finds something on which to eventually trip

Unfortunately it's an end that we'll never know
Imagination is a thought that happens too sloooooow
So it's life on the road, but left by the kerb
Stuck out on the rim; do not disturb

But when the light finally goes out
There'll be an end to any doubt
That we see no more distant than a person who is blind
It's all an illusion being conjured in the mind

Watching darkness; always pushing back
It's a full on assault
A banzai attack . . .
To drop the curtain where light might reveal
When the stars burn out there'll be no appeal
Dark touches life in a way that light never will

It's normality returning to its ancient state
Sensory deprivation is a universal fate
Where all will revert to whatever it seems
The reality is, we reside in our dreams

So go on, dare you, close your eyes
Shut them for a day and win the ultimate prize
To realise that light is a terrible mistake
That only in the dark are we fully awake

Darkness, it's within us all
Deny it all you like
But it will come to call
It is everything within, and all without
There's no escaping the dark
When the light eventually burns out

CRISIS

Mournful about how memories, holidays, possession, count as nothing when age, time, retirement, illness etc The past counts for nothing when the present gets in the way. When the future has run out of steam . . .
Love is a terminal illness that will take one or the other away

All those wonderful moments
The memories in the sun
Just an antidote for depression, when two become one
When a lifetime of love faced its final test
The heart of the matter is laid to her rest
And the nights become long, dark, and lonely
The space in my head fills with “what if”, “and if only”

One step forward, the other steps back. When a mid-life crisis gets stuck in your crack. Lodged so far up you can't function on a high. What you find is reduced to, OMG, and why?

I think I want to cry
I'll hold back the years at Bingo, by the bar
I've always fancied no roof on my car
White stripy sneakers; the tie can go to hell
A mirror to help me spike my hair with glitter gel

Looking good
Got a spring in my step
Off to the gym to break out the sweat

Golf four times a week for a wayward stroll
Naughty Nina's website helps grease my sagging pole

Who am I trying to kid
A decade of trying and I'm still on the skid
The rust in my limbs start my joints to seize
Onset arthritis and a pulmonary wheeze
I used to know how the world was made
I thought Virgin cable was a sexual aid

No, I won't cry; I'll hold back the tears
As full-on Nuclear Winter appears
A dystopian future, looking real bleak
In a body made of Balsa, that was once carved from teak
I'm slipping away like the tide
Yet I still feel twenty one inside
Not even the moon can bring me back
Medication keeps me going; but there's no going back

ATROPHY

I'm broken

I'm dying

Piece by piece my body is lying

You see my mind is an egg, my body the spoon

What began as a symphony, has rescinded to a tune

More inaudible with each year of diminish

One race I don't want to win

Is the one to my finish

To the end of me

To the life that I've spent

Thinking I'd bought it outright

To find it only for rent

But still, my mind thinks so therefore I am

As I teeter towards an end that doesn't give a damn

Because it doesn't exist, the end

I never thought I'd die

But now it seems my Gordian knot has almost been untied

What the fuck . . . Where did the time go?

Who pressed the fast forward when it used to be sloooow

When did my kids grow so freeking old

When did atrophy really take a hold

It removed my dignity, and my choice to respond

Turned my hair white, when it used to be blonde

Makes me tremble, fearful, and full of . . . I don't know what

I meant to say something; but dammit I forgot

I'm hiding behind a shadow
The last stand at the Alamo
It's time for the bugle to play the Last Post
Then again to reveille my soon to be ghost.