

DESTINATION UNKNOWN



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67 Paintings

Being There

As the black sky
rain came
lashing
with grief
unyielding
recoiled into
a foetus position,
sometimes that's
all you can do.

Biology

Every cell in her body is reborn
But she faces more changes
Beyond this door
What doesn't change??

Wrapped

Acceptingly
Around her little finger
Your hand fits around my life
In A gallery of birds
Making music that
I'll never forget

Damn

That you love me
doesn't mean I love you

That you love me
means my life is yours

That you love me
is an awkward question

That you love me
well enough to ignore

That you love me
makes me have to love you

That you love me
means I have no choice

That you love me
makes me weak and feeble

That you love me
make strong as a horse

That you love me
chains me to life of slavery

That you love me
sets me free of course

That you love me
makes me have to love you

That you love me
is a terrible force

That you love me
means I have no choice

Pigeons

They're above all that
Perched on my roof top
These birds of appetite
They chat about travel
Though not about immigration
Preoccupied with what to eat
And feeding their young
With no dilemmas of love

Shout Out, For Christ's Sake

Do the only thing
When you have no choice
Even if handcuffed gagged
Raise your voice

Vita

I've never met
a spiritual seeker
being as beautiful
as the white light
inside your thoughts,
till I met you

Your Name Weeps

within me,
for a mountain of years
that cauterise my eyes.
and I am a mere matchstick
burning in the infinite cave
of your darkness.

Incendiary Heart

has trailed the streets
of the dark city
in search of your lips
yet was left wanting
I've swallowed knives,
embraced orphans,
held a train at bay.
I've walked among the poor
I have eaten the dust
of disquiet,
I have drunk
in the earth's torment
and suffering
through my fingertips.
I have chewed on the
cruel fires and felt
the death on my breath.

Absence of Faith

Crushed by the feather clamp on the specimen table;
my soul is irretrievable.

I have become
instantaneously eternal with longing

If you go away
I'll just walk in the margins
and follow your dance.

The Only One

You are the something
in all this nothing
When I burn I will leave
no shadow
it's got to the point
that when we talk about me
it's really about you
without you I no longer exist.

The Night Hawk

In a beer and burger joint
where we once sat
and ate transfixed
I recall our conversation
but you escape my need
to realise your face.

I make it worse with beer
and shots of vodka
with a few functioning brain cells
clinging to memories of photographs
to place you in a holiday mnemonic
and it works except
your image wavers
the scene is blurred
and now I know for sure
it's time to go home
as Billie Holiday sings
Good Morning Heartache
wringing the world out
over my face

you are days, weeks, months, years away
I order 2 more double vodkas no tonic
my glass is overflowing.

Fear

I am your friend
though frightened,
useless and far away
as friends so often are
yet my words are stronger
than my arms, hopes stronger
than my fears, your heart
revered stronger than
your doubt the daily
grind of searching
for another life;
without me around

Nine

months later
my body remembers
our every word and silences,
of our conversation
measured, totalled
and subtracted
from my bitten account.

Homecoming

As I read your message I realise
I don't know how to come home
to you; the roads I have used before
are too safe. I forget to see where you are
and always meet you three doors away
from the house I know to be ours
the route may take me longer
as I arrive cross country
scarred and unshaven
smiling in a torn coat
understanding that love
is no more than a wound
from which we never recover
as I read your message I realise
I don't know how to come home to you.

Images

The figures so sharp,
as if someone had focused
a camera through our curtains,
shot our silhouettes in black
and white; so sharp I look again
to see if some way I could recount
and number all the hairs of your head
where my fingers lost
count in the dark.

Lost

Your smile is anchored
In sad refrain
So many words,
Said over again.

Dreaming

On vigilant lookout
whilst below the beach is flooded
with summer sun beds, umbrellas,
Mediterranean lovers are kissing
exchanging bodily fluids
diving deeper between
willingness and readiness
taken by a body permanently erect
on this continent of desire

Commitment

We step our way through potholes
of fragments carpeting the street
hopes and fears cling to our feet
as these memories suggests worth
while a course of action we know
we have courage to pursue.

Inseparable

While his helplessness without her
Their mutual understanding of this
 Make her want him more
 She raises her buttocks
 Gently and inviting
To accommodate his anxiety
 His hunger
He breathes faster pounding
 Synchronised she moves
 With him and against him
 Eager to display desire
She is careful not to threaten
 With expectation
 This time he'll come
 She will make certain of it
 This is love this giving
 Everything he's ever needed
When his everything lovingly given
Is no more or less than she had hoped for
Where nothing of importance
Will ever be the same again
 Later, though separated
 She thinks of him
 And smiles deciding
that their love story is true.

Protest

That our protest is ignored
Is a critique
Of our vocal technique or chord
That our protest is opposed
Is the natural expression
Of doors that open and close
That our protest is a waste
Is a comforting thought
To the craven and debased
That our protest is unvoiced
Is our crime, our children's burden
And our choice.

Reconciliation

Though I might be able
To forgive, I won't forget
But we must learn to live
Together or die alone
And so I offer my hand
If not in friendship then in hope
That your words are worth
More than your history

Fatally

I forgot that I loved you
It was the opposite of fiction
I went totally sane
Knew just what was happening
And me with no paddle
But it's all right now you're gone
And I'm crazy again.

Obedience

Intensely
he sees her
he wants her
he thinks he knows
how to please her
She didn't need
to ask
the question
She has needs
that she needs
meeting and
he must
obey

Broccoli Fields

As the crows watched on
There we were in a field of rhubarb
sorry, not rhubarb
I meant a field of broccoli

And in '93 when the swallows
were swooping we made love
Inspired by devotion
In that field of broccoli.

Marriage

They went through the ceremony
tails half-mast lips poised
excuses ready their eyes
and life didn't meet

Are You Alone Tonight?

Asking for
Love is simple,
Opportunity itself
Never ever
Ends

Chained

It takes another year
To find deep laughter
as feelings comes
with a white flag
There up on high
Like the forgotten
Long distant calls

In purple

She doesn't mind
Cottoning onto
A different husk
Waking colours
He lingers on
Summer's day
Dawn to dusk

Watching You

Your lips puck
They suck me
Closer deeper
So suggesting,
And confirming
Our togetherness

Ritualistic

If you come back
Don't forget to tell
Me so that I leave
The toilet lid down

Domestics

He believes in doing
The washing up
Whole heartedly
To be there with you
Where stubborn stains
Are impervious to love

Descending

down is easy
when you're this close
to the ground.
we attain enlightenment
on the top of a *broken minded* mountain,
aspired, tried, lied but most failed
the true test of time

Unsaid

Funny how it is
The most we are
The unsaid poem
A dream too far

Dead Poets

A sentence burgeoning
With bosom bursting
These decayed bodies
Continue to be uplifting

On The Mountain

as sheep held communion
knowing our silences
we heard birdsong
kissing the air as you smiled,
sweeping aside failed attempts
trying to be big
and strong but the lingering
imprint of remains on my mind

Under The Knife

As the man on his back
and larynx intubated
they cracked open his chest
there red and ragged
was it oddly beautiful
like an exploded star
like the heart of an idea
bursting into existence

Destination Unknown

We refuse though we are simple
minds we don't go backwards
The struggle then is not to die
distracted nor disillusioned