

07/06/2020

Covid-19 is not just a virus. It is a crooked-teethed succubus with the means to snuff the flame from my soul, and silence the scream I've perfected for so long.

26/07/2020

You cross my mind again, a screaming banshee which appears
In the mirrors, the waters, the moons which litter that fairy tale box of mine.
Shifting, a fluid-like figure which mutates with the breath of the wind
Which stares me caustically down- of your irrelevance, a blunt reminder
Of how long ago you happened.

It always starts with the end; I speak to myself these days.

"But was it an accusation, or could it have been a confession?"

I say to myself, brushing my teeth

In the way I always do

Chewing absently on the brush head, eyes fixed, unfocused
on a distant spot. Maybe today it's the black splurge left of the mirror-
(for it's never the mirror) had that always been there?

A week-old cup of raspberry tea sits dead, neglected by the sink

Hideously dangerous, yet oh so small islands of mould grow#

Multiplying like filthy rodents

Maybe you're right, I say to the mug.

Maybe this is getting old.

But if you gave me the chance,

There's only one thing I'd tell you.

That you should know I thought you were the best

As long as you remember that I was better.

08/10/2020

Thoughts born of the elusive morning air

Those first breaths, the slow yet sudden

Realisation that morning has come again

And the fleeting feelings-
Stills, skits from last night's dreams
Kick you out, a flailing foal
Clumsy footing on heavy floors
Grappling at the corners of your mind
For the time of day, the time of year
And your name,

Remind me somewhat of that drunken state of mind
Before we fall asleep
In the few moments before darkness
Thoughts of people loathed and intimacy craved yet repulsed;
Those hypochondriac panics,
Sudden existential flares of fear, too.

And upon waking,
Once name and birth place are established
I think about those strange, nullifidian and senseless thoughts
That I pondered before a mass of the blackest ink swallowed my conscience whole
And how they could possibly lead to less conclusions than the
Strange and dystopian yet marvellous universe of my dreams.

I always seem to gawp at those last thoughts, seemingly less
Fathomable than my morning amnesias;
Certainly a far more fearful affair
Than that of the bliss of that gentle push, that soft thrush into daylight;
Those moments where you may wiggle your toes, but if you
think about it hard enough
You might just transcend the earthly, the dream scape too
And enter a beautiful world of craft upon a cloud

And feel deep in your chest the love of those abhorrent assholes

You claim

To hate.

25/10/2020

Once there was a pair of friends

Who swore their friendship

Would never end

One, her life momentarily blighted

And one who could no longer fight it

One, suffering a passing strife

And one who'd suffered her whole life

She who's pain could never pass

Said to her (whose pain would not last)

Take these, and when you close your eyes

To this cruel, unfeeling world you'll say

Goodbye

And so she did (as well as the other)

And they found their heads in a spot of bother

The room, the house, their lives were spinning

But oh, the pain was just beginning

When in the hospital beds they lay

She whose pain would have passed did say

With tears in her eyes

"I want to live! I don't want to die!"

And the other girl began to cry

Her friend did pass, and she, alas
Was left with more pain to amass

She softly whispered. Heart wrenched and
Cold
If only, if only I had known

Deafening numb, roaring silence,
Disgusting fullness and static violence

“It is I who wanted to die! I’ll take her place”
But guilt and shame came all too late.

06/11/2020

Wide wooden slates, paving a winding path
Through sand and sea
You tried to tame, to keep down bile as our
Footsteps grow and the shore
Begins to weep.

Crying, you heave- heave guttural nonsense
Bending double
The stench brings tears, I barely notice the
Beast, poised upon the wall.

I do recall vivacious blues and greens
A fly's bursting
Belly- and it saw me briefly, transparent
Wings adorned with brilliant
Silver, and huge black holes for eyes.

My friend, she spoke of grief and men who wait
To break your heart
Of snakes who strike when you least expect, who
Pull the rug from beneath you,
Waiting 'till you turn your back to lie and then deceive you.

I feel sick at her words, a fly of mine
Sits in my throat,
We sob and we shriek, our clothes and the ground
Covered in innards
Purged, which spill into the sea.

Gazing out I feel peace
But all at once
A feeling creeps
Into the emptiness of my stomach
Suspicion grates at me there,
And I swing my head to face my friend.

I saw her grin- the fact that her teeth are
Bones at once struck.
There, in her hand, the way Arthur wields his
Sword; my blood upon a shield;
Carved from my rib.