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LOVE PULLED THEM IN.
LIFE PUSHED THEM OUT.

THEY DRIFTED.

THEY RETURNED.

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I. THE PULL

It began in the red country, where the heat shimmered like a promise and the horizon felt wide enough to hold everything we didn't yet know. You stood beside me with that unguarded smile, the one that made the world tilt in my direction. Back then, love felt like a compass, pointing us forward, steady and sure. We built a life out of small certainties: shared mornings, quiet roads, the soft rhythm of choosing each other without hesitation. I believed in the adventure of us, in the way your hand fit into mine as though it had always been waiting there.

But even in those early days, there were shadows we didn't name. The future glowed too brightly, and we mistook the light for safety. I held onto you with a kind of reverence, convinced that devotion alone could keep the world from shifting beneath our feet. I didn't see the cracks forming, didn't hear the quiet strain in your voice when you spoke of tomorrow.

Still, I loved you with a fullness that felt like destiny. I thought love was enough. I thought we were unbreakable. I thought the story would stay simple. I didn't yet understand how quickly tenderness can turn to distance.

COSMIC RESOLUTION

Lost to everyone but myself.
As I stream through the cosmos.
Touching the stars with my fingertips.
Pausing by the swirling galaxies which shine.
Like glistening pools of diamonds.
Would I find you here?
Carved out of something seen by no one but God.
You speak words of another time and place.
Resting softly in my head like feathers from the future.
Teasing from above like angels dropping thunderbolts.
All around but absent.
Could I lose you there?
In that place only you and I know of.
Cut in half if you begin to forget.
Faded in the half light of a dawn you once promised.
Erasing the earth like a solar eclipse.
Yet I feel you, on this night.
In this skin that's cratered like the lunar surface.
And I touch the place you once kissed me.
Believing once more in ghosts.

BEAUTY LOST AT THE HERON HOUSE

The world collapsed in thirty seconds there.

A beauty aged in a moment while the rose petals died.

Who faded into the future, without the knowledge of the past?

We all did.

We came once to that spot, to watch the herons dance.

To see how they cast their wings against a backdrop of stars.

Through tears we watched them fly, soaring along our fingertips.

But we did not know, or care to wonder;

if they'd ever return.

And the days folded into years while the crows walked across our faces.

Milking our eyes to the blurred canvas before us.

Sight dancing into all but silhouettes.

What was destroyed there, at the Heron house?

Was it love? Was it power to hold in the wells of your hand?

Surely love never dies. Love always saves the day.

But beauty was lost forever there.

When it was valued more than gold, in hearts that feared to fly.

SAD PROCESSION

Running water swirls in the middle, two currents rushing in opposite directions.

Equally strong, paradoxically wrong, but as close to perfection as you can get.

Escaping the confines of the riverbanks, they seep into the earth nearby.

A sad procession working its way to something, with such momentum.

It comes to a nearby graveyard, with old wood and bones underground.

It surrounds the dusty remains, under markers with timely forgotten names.

Nobody knows this is happening; it's under our feet.

As we prattle along our winding road, hoping to never meet.

The one who can make it all go away, the one who probably will never stay.

It's wasted love, its dead air.

Something that can't be bottled and sold, something that you can't even share.

The water, the dust the bones and the muck, re-join the river from where they came.

Normally so pure, it's now contaminated. Through no fault of its own, just by making its way.

Like hurt unknowingly, and crying quietly, making a decision to go or stay.

It chases under bridges built, many years ago.

Given much thought on how not to collapse, its construction was expensive and slow.

The current doesn't care how it was made; it passes by with no opinion on the matter.

It itself, is still aiming for the sea, its final destination.

Where it meets the treacherous expanse of mass,

Where it can disappear into the crowd, and never have to give answers to questions it doesn't understand.

What it doesn't know is that eventually, it'll wash upon moon-drenched sands....

WISH THE END

Simple words say more in silence.

Like the break between heartbeats.

Like waves hitting the sand.

To swim or drown in your fiery light.

You cover your eyes with intent.

Stealing the beauty away.

Keep us trapped.

Keep us safe.

Locked into your skin like DNA.

Longing after life's mystery.

Build the pyre from your bones and burn me inside out.

Collapsing into your cells.

A martyr for your majesty.

Burning the past away, leaving only the gold.

Tasting sweat and love with each gulp of air.

The salt from your waves.

Here is where you'll find me.

Here is where I wish to end.

HAPPY

One, eight, twenty-three....

Counting blessings seems to come so easy.

I pluck them off the tree in my front yard, planted over the stretch of time I've been on this planet.

Forgive me if I seem to sound ungrateful. Truth be told I'm beyond thankful for what I have. But something recently has been nipping away at my skull.

I feel like I'm fading, being washed away like a chalk painting on the street. I won't say I'm being painted over, not by your melancholic monochrome. Quite a coincidence, nothing more. I'm fading into you, not to black.

Losing myself to become a supporter rather than the star.

Is this me, who knows? I never really discovered who I was anyway.

CHANGE OF HEART

Soul mates travel across boundaries, time and space to be with one another,

You are not the one, you'd barely cross the room for me.

Maybe to give another linguistic punch and be on your way.

I clutter your head and heart; you wash me away.

Push, Push.

Not noticing you leave me wanting more.

Why do I gravitate towards the fleeing, why is abandonment so appealing to me?

I stand in the bank of emotions and account my worth. I hand myself over and you give change of a few small coins.

Do not be surprised, I myself regard me with little value, but then if I were you, I'd probably be ashamed.

I live so selfishly (it has to end)

I live so introvertedly (it has to change)

Stand by my side, I'll do the rest (I always will)

Stand by me (remind me it's all a test)

STRONGER SENSE OF CERTAINTY

The seed I planted in much haste has pushed itself up through dark, dank soil.

But there are no fruits or flowers, no scent of progress or change yet.

My tears water it, your voice kills it.

Forcing it, persevere through further decline.

It's hard to find the light sometimes, like gardening at night.

I need to close my eyes and wait, for the moon to disappear.

It's just reflection, restriction, a useful reaction.

Speak softly to me so the seed can grow, certainty that it will show: with some love and light a golden vine,
where roots dig deep through space and time.

PONDERING THE MOMENT

I am caught in an emotion I just can't seem to shake,
You're swirling in my head when I sleep, and you're still there when I wake.
I sit and wonder about you, how we came to this great divide.
This freedom that you're giving me, turns sour with the tide.
I see couples holding hands, pulling close to share a kiss.
Those moments of affection, like me I'm sure you miss.
But wondering is like worry, it's pointless, stupid and wrong.
I may wonder why you left me, it doesn't matter you're still gone.

SHOUTING SILENCE

I'm running into the future, with you there by my side.

You sometimes go out of sight; you sometimes fall behind.

I shut my eyes, and see your face.

I punch the walls and cry all night.

I see you standing firmly in place.

Did you or I pick this fight?

THAT WAS THEN

I was your silly thing, I was your diamond ring,
You'd put me on to sparkle, and show me off to your friends.
You were my handsome guy, you were my comfortable lie,
We'd hang out together, and I feel complete.

Now is the time for things that are overdue,
Like: goodbye my friend, and I'll miss you.
You've rubbed me out, and cut me off the list,
Disconnected my number, forgone a last kiss.

I was your Sunday thing, I was your charming king,
We'd go to bed together, and wake up in each other's arms.
You were my driving force, my detoured river's course,
A lingering kiss till lunchtime, while I stayed in your bed.

But now I must move along, return diminished to my sorrowful song.
My heartbeat rapidly pounding in my ears, my face awash with pointless tears.
My brain overrun with reasons and excuses, serotonin flux and burnt mental fuses.
No longer a friend or a lover, just hopelessly coping with this adjustment disorder.

I could make you smile, relax you for a while,
Be your timid tiger that would hold you close.
Now these things are gone, someone else's song,
And now I feel so sorry, that I let you go....

BLESSED ART THOU AMONGST WOMEN

My model of wellbeing,
Is flawed and incomplete.
You're a shadow of your former self,
Settled in defeat.

Un-loving and suspicious, bitter and introverted.
A broken vessel, that keeps on hurting'.
Where is the person who always used to smile,
I remember a woman who took time out in a while.
She's there underneath, tucked away in bubble wrap.
No one is allowed to see, the adventurer who was forced back.

Times dealt you a rough hand,
But there's some games left to play.
Things are sent here to test us,
Don't let things slip away.

I love you now, I always will.
Through tears and tantrums, popping them pills.
We're here, I guess you knew we always were,
Clear your head of this emotional blur.

Please let go to what you now hold,
This bitterness is getting old.
Let in the light, forget and forgive,
It will, trust me, be a better way to live.
Be the one I trust most, be the one I respect.

ABOVE ALL ELSE

It starts from here, so listen carefully.
Drop what you're doing, attention on me.
I've got the secret, I know what's best.
I've passed full colours, beaten the test.
You wanna know, so listen up,
Open the wine and fill the cup.
It's so simple, and so clear.
I'm teasing you now, 'cos it's so nearby.

John, Ringo and the rest,
Stipe, Madonna & Sheryl said it best.
There's no need to look above,
The simple thing you need is love.
Hold on you say, that's so cheesy,
It's something I can get so easy.
My mum loves me, but I'm unfulfilled,
Brothers, sisters are monthly billed.
But it's not that love I'm talking about,
It's the sort that makes wanna shout.
When you have it, you're over the moon,
The saddest part is that it's over so soon.

Gandhi, Teresa and the Virgin mother,
Jesus, Courtney and even your brother.
There's no need to look above,
The simple thing you need is love.
The secret I'm keeping is twofold,
Step one is to have, step two is to hold.
Oh so easily it goes away,
So the trick here really is to make it stay.
Harder than you think, it's true.
I've learned recently not what to do.
I had it, but for oh so briefly,
It's now boxed up, put away so neatly.

WHAT WE BECAME

I've never doubted this love, it grew from years of toil and tears.

Out of it came the throne where I reside, my kingdom of loneliness.

I've traded friends and passed things by for love.

The maddening answer to a question never posed.

And now it slips, it falls, it takes flight. A tissue a tissue...we all fall down.

To another's heart, maybe? I no longer know.

It was never mine; I was a mere custodian.

But I built a world around it. Made a home, composed of sand of course.

I never expected or prepared for the rains, and least of all the flood.

Leave me please, your raft is built for two and I'm content to drown.

HOLDING STRONG

The curtains have dropped, the cage is in view.

Inside I stand, reaching for you.

I feel so trapped, you look so free.

You cut the strings, you're leaving me.

But there is hope, there is light.

Before you depart, and take to flight.

My heart you hold, and yours in mine.

You tell me you'll keep safe for all time

WITH A BROKEN WING

Close to you, but miles apart.
A wounded bird attacks my heart.
It sends me falling to the floor,
Faster/harder than before.
It's trapped behind my ribs now,
Why can't it escape, I wonder how.
It can survive without fresh air.
Like not being around you, I cannot bear.
Stolid and placid I come across to you,
Inside I'm screaming 'perfection I can't do'.
Clumsily I stumble along,
This dark old road searching for the sun.
Before I was always burned by its light.
Now, like you, I can't let it out of my sight.
I Hope to make you happy, and smile every time.
My attention is turned on you, my new friend of mine.

COLOUR IN THE RAIN

Why do you spin the room, and force me to the floor?

The bottle says 'drink me', though I know it contains your ignorance.

The ground shifts, and the quake in my bones does not disturb my reasoning.

You split me in two and try to repair me, gluing together bits of sawdust and distaste.

All I do is cough up feathers.

As the shaking subsides, I fall back into breathing; simple systems that keep me going.

I've found no you replacement cruxes, yet I feel the air on my skin.

Do not mistake this bow of respect for subservience.

Please do not take my kindness for weakness.

I may have built you up to a pedestal height, but I can rise to the top of the sky also.

Eat me; I have a number of times.

Felt you in my mouth along with the cold harsh realisation of commitment.

The one armed bandit of being loved.

I am not alone because I am lonely, my solitude is there because it's lonely at the top.

Push me down and drag my soul through the dirt if it makes a better picture to view.

Erase the parts you don't like, and place me into the boxes your OCD tendencies have immaculately arranged.

Like a mist I shall seep out, the strong miasma that engulfs then soaked up by the rain.

Watch me come down in colours that stain your soul.

HIDDEN

You don't know me, you're too tired to try.

But you want me, so insufferably I ask you why.

Would you keep me in a box, all stashed away tight.

Would you peek in, in the cold dead of night?

Would you do your process, like a bizarre seminar?

Erect the screen and watch the whole thing from afar?

Please at least put air holes in the box.

Put in a little toy, a lion or a croc.

To keep me entertained while I wait for you to uncover.

This amazing world of me that you're the last to discover.

HOEVER STILL

As you exhale, as you sigh; we float off into space.

Like feathers in the wind, like vapour on a cold day.

Instantly present then momentarily gone.

We are static.

Caught between the back and forth.

Throwing words like bombs, and hurt like rocks.

You forgot to anchor me, or maybe you never wanted to remain.

We twist and turn with the breeze and the change in weather.

The only pattern I can count on is chaos theory.

Managing the unpredictable, practising my problems.

I entertain the ether to see which way the winds blow.

After the hurricane, after the downpour; I close my eyes and drift away.

DEAR SILENT SHADOW

My mind is playing silly games. Your turn.
Synchronised with moon tides and memories.
Waiting for the dust to settle, for the world to quieten.
For me to subdue, acquiesce or fold.
These growing pains, leave me breathless and blurry eyed.
Trying to unhook you, to dispel the miser and the misery.
Parading the joyfulness of a child. Spank me into correction.
Treat me like a four year old, chastise in your maturity.
Even kids get story time and chocolates.
Where is my reward for good behaviour?
Peter panning my Tinkerbell tendencies.
Where is my previous saviour?
I'm losing my religion, as it drips away in tears shed from you.
I hear you calling, wanting to play again.
Foolish games?
I drift into my sleep, so turn down your loud bittersweet.
Dreaming, so our broken wings can soar. That's all that's left.

LOST IN UNCONSCIOUSNESS

Cut down the middle. Silenced in my isolation.
Crawling back. Over lunar rocks and radio waves.
Searching for you on the dark side of the moon.
Forgetting you reside in the stars.
Stealing my night sky.

PRELUDE TO PEACE

What do you see in those darkening skies?
I clasp my hands to my eyes when the thunder cracks.
Are those tears, or just the rain on your face?
They never saw this storm coming, they dressed for sun that day.
The earth grieves and sighs. Spinning into another time.
Forever spinning on an axis no one designed.
Vibrating in space, a billion miles of nothing in all directions.
Something changed. A fire was lit.
A swelling sea of distaste and rage.
The circus tiger tied to the ground for too long.
Chewing its leg off to escape.
Fires spread like a spark in the bush. Setting it all to sunder.
Setting things to rights.
Heaven will sigh, and the sky will break.
The devil has had its day.
Tearing down the buildings, the houses on the hill.
A rebellion of love, shooting words that comfort.
All this pain, all this hurt; to wake up a nation.
Surviving the eye of the hurricane.
All this was a prelude to peace.

SEA SALT ON MY SKIN

Not looking for anything to interrupt this morning.

Yet came it did.

Hurried through these bones like a freight train.

Cutting me deep.

Such hurt on the telephone.

Transistor tears and unravelling years.

Wiping away tomorrow.

Those words.

Not letting me.

Melted down like mediocrity.

One wish was to take me to higher ground.

To say goodbye.

As the waves lapped at my feet

WEATHER IN YOUR STORM

The battle cry down the line.

Marching towards another front.

The sweeping gales of isolation. Threaten such havoc.

Why do you fight for no reward?

Sending lightning bolts through my battle scars.

The ones that prove I'm a warrior.

My emotions hunted close to extinction.

Tapping Darwin on my veins.

The tattoo that reads 'Forever your Wallace'.

You naturally select the sharpest blade,

and cut me so deep I see the stars in your storm.

Do I hunker down, disconnect the phone line and lock up the animals?

Retreat and retract. These statements of intent.

The reason in your anger.

The weather in your storm.

As I pour the red over my skin. Drowning in war paint.

PAGEANT

To think again, to wipe the dust from my eyelids.

Stretching out of this self-made grave.

These actions are so declarative.

Warning the world of my intent.

Here. Ready. Now, this life I live in.

The ribbon of your love found me.

Threaded through my soul like a needle.

You pull and tighten, preparing me for tomorrow.

Secured by your roots, dressed for the occasion.

Putting on my smile and heading back to the city.

Eager to breathe again, the sweet air you breathe.

Taking graceful steps with you in the pageant of the world.

TENDER

Like the night. A soft velvet expanse.

Reaching through time.

Through misty eyes which open wide.

They devour me.

In a kiss that kills me, over and over.

Yet tenderly I swim down.

Passing jagged words you keep inside.

Released, only to the moon.

As you howl them into nothingness.

For tender is your way.

Sweet bruises of affection which stay,
within us forever.

As we nestle into the tender wings of love.

Slipping into time.

II. THE PUSH

By the tenth year, the air between us had thickened. Your eyes tightened in ways I pretended not to notice, and my heart learned the shape of silence. We were still together, still moving through the motions of a life, but something essential had slipped. The gulf widened quietly, like a tide pulling back from the shore. I kept trying to reach you, but every gesture felt like a misstep, every word a reminder of how far we'd drifted from the ease we once knew.

When you told me to meet you by the Emberline, I already knew what was coming. The river moved with a kind of indifference, carrying our history along its surface. You spoke softly, as though gentleness could soften the truth. I listened, nodding, breaking. I wanted to keep us, to hold onto the version of you that still lived in my memory, but the present was heavier than nostalgia could bear.

We cried, quietly, like people who had run out of ways to save each other. And when I walked away, it wasn't anger that followed me; it was the hollow ache of knowing love had become something we could no longer carry.

LEXICON AND LIGHTNING STORMS

Play those words like cards, split from the stacked deck.

Forever in your favour.

I'm tripping, and sticking to the toffee words on your tongue.

You led me here, with poisoned breadcrumbs and the promise of perfection.

Your mouth looks so tempting, as clean as an oven.

I tried to be all for you, without crucifying who I was.

Your spear of our destiny digs in deeper, seeing what's left inside.

Blood and broken dreams frozen in tears.

Spill me, fill me. No longer thrilling me with thoughts of tomorrow.

The dark clouds roll in and I see your quickening quarrel gather speed.

I put up my umbrella towards the oncoming deluge, fixing the weather vane to my heart.

Swirling in the confusion, the hurricane of your anger.

I let go and drown in the onslaught of your hypocrisy.

Battered against your will, struck by your electric storm.

Drifting in the debris of you and me.

THIS DECISION IS MINE

Try not to breathe, don't let them see the fear in your eyes.

Trap those voices in formaldehyde, while you hope to swim away.

Try not to cry, they have never even thought of escaping.

Trapped in a prison of smiles, and a thicket of shadows.

You are the deer, so close to the earth.

They are the rocks that they sometimes throw.

Hoping to hit, scrape and bleed you.

Try not to breathe, they will never hear through the distance you speed.

Crashing through the forest of fears.

Rising into the light.

Leaving tears in your path, only for the years you wasted.

BARE

My bones lay like dust in your eyes.

Is that why you cry?

Seeing such emotion stripped bare.

Chalking up your mind.

Yet our heart beats in your mouth.

An oral fixation for the truth.

Tasting every rhythm. Every pulse.

I burned all this down around me.

To smoke out the ghosts of a past.

The ones you wanted dead.

So, now lay me down.

And kiss me back to life.

INDEMNITY

Stay was a word that hung in the air.
Everything else was torn down, packed and registered.
Brought out of the vault to tally up.
Staying meant deserting.
It was something they could not understand.
The pieces of a life quietened.
Dormant dreams that may never awake.
I need a love that's stronger.
Was all that could be mustered.
From a breath that was losing air and strength.
'Then never think of me.'
Closing their eyes to a mounting disaster.
One that came in with the rain.
That day I left.
Impossible words ringing in ears.
Ones that had heard such sweetness before.
Closing doors that would never again be opened.
Shutting the windows to suffocate the memories.
The price we pay to save ourselves, when our worth is so low.
Once thought so precious.
Pales compared to the devil, who sits in the shadows.
Tallying up our souls.

BEAUTIFUL DISASTER

I removed the scarecrows and covered the windows,
I noticed my fingers were trembling like leaves.
You made me a shelter in your closet of skeletons,
I point to my heart, you say let it bleed.

Black clouds are moving, as you move beside me,
You strip me of pleasures, you hunt and I pray.
Repeating my stories, you know that they bore me,
Shining around me a halo so cold.

Black hail is falling and I won't stop calling,
You have to go back there, to find your way home.
I find the house empty, so hollow yet tempting,
I gave you a letter, that you'll never read.

I used to believe him, I loved and I kissed him,
My treasure was on show, so easy to steal.
That's what he came for, that's what he aimed for,
The storm is all over and I'm all alone.

I am the last of my kind.
I am the last on your mind.
I've been told that a hundred times:
we all walk alone.

I Stepped into a life, jumped into a lake,
It was deeper than a grave, full of love that was fake.
I know it's ephemeral, and now it's my turn,
But I'll never learn so watch me while I burn.

I opened those windows to feel how the wind blows,
Sure there's a new scent, of spring in the air.
I know it sounds funny, that I am still running,
I left you behind me, like the stars in the sky I'm alone.

REASONABLE PURGATORY

A last breath, a kiss goodbye. A final blow that hit too low.

I hurried this death, coaxed it and teased it; nurtured and released it.

Your eyes trick me, I take you for someone who has lived many lifetimes; yet still so young.

They used to brighten up when you saw me, now they hang there like dying stars.

A wondrous disaster to see but not live, I knew this would die one day.

Our love was on borrowed time. So many reasons not to survive, too many times it had to be revived.

So here is where I expected to be, this reasonable purgatory.

Which way is out?

SUITCASE

I sit in the room, I try to feel grounded.
With voices in my head, claustrophobically crowded.
The blood at my feet, seeps into my clothes.
All broken choices, the ones that I chose.
I look to you, I watch you go.
Disappear so quickly like a spirit in the snow.
Alone again, alone but still here.
With the blood in my veins, and these notions of fear.
You told me you loved me, you asked for truth.
I saw a life ahead of us, delusions of youth.
I look at us now, and what we've become.
Momentary violence, hurt that goes numb.
I look towards heaven and look god in the eye.
Holding my breath, holding out for reply.
Choking up an apology, wrung from my heart.
If we could rewind and go back to the start.
I ask the light, I beg and I pray.
And still you never do, anything to make me want to stay.

RUNNING OUT OF TIME

Play it back, getting attached.

Reading the thoughts and feasting on scraps.

I played the role, the lover, the friend.

I staged the drama, the play that was never to end.

The king with the crown, the king is a fool.

All that's left is an empty kingdom to rule.

Running out of time, without any patience.

Further down the line without cause or consolation.

What happens now, to the love and psychosis?

Is therapy required, or shall we leave to osmosis?

Stutter and sigh, any reasonable doubt?

Tendencies to fall, to scream and to shout.

Box it all up and leave till next Christmas.

The love I have will wait, and grow without insistence!

NIHILISTIC NEGATION

Encircling my mind and creeping in with the cold are the doubts that chime and take their toll.

I can hardly believe, I'm standing in this tomb.

I reach to grasp something tangible but left with black bitter gloom.

You stand by my side, and whisper in my ear; the glitter of pride and the conjurer of fear.

So what if I fail, so what if I fall? So, what if we crash, explode on the floor.

These shadows of doubts, and cultivated criticisms that litter the pavement; do nothing to stabilises these recent developments.

The cracks that are there, the ones that we've patched; keep receding and eroding, and keep coming back.

Oh to receive. Time to decompress.... I shall remain.... I shall refrain.

So if you tumble, and collapse, or fall like the limbs of the tree. I will be there to catch, if you just love me for me.

WISHES (RETURNED)

As we walked around the lake, you ignored the thunder of my heart.
But I took your hand in mine anyway. Airplanes flying low above.
You played it out and pulled away – words from old guns hitting their mark.
Planes, passports, stairways that led to new beginnings.
Walking down busy hallways, painted faces watching on; smiles danced inside me.
Being close to you again, band-aids over cracks on my heart.
Bodies flocked to see her smile, all crowds and disorder.
Empty camera flashes distracted me, I hurried my exit with the only smile worth seeing in the room.
Envious pangs I watched the love surround you, trees with roots that dug deep and had flown to meet you – I
wanted to be a part of it, the water that you need – the light shining above.
You slept little that night, but better than I who was a stranger in the Paris rain, the streets threatening.
As you woke and wiped the sleep from your eyes, tears fell from mine; comfort from strangers in the air –
napkins that smelled of perfume.
Now an ocean and a desert separate us.
An age and a fear keep me motionless.
Tears fall, with no one to dry them.
Phones ring, you disappear into someone else's arms – an old joke, a brighter flame.
Words and thoughts lick at my skull, I shake into complexities – I shiver out logistics.
The sofa that is easy and comfortable, brightly coloured and familiar.
I take my shoes off, I'm not allowed near.
I lie on the cold floor, getting ready for the storm. Hoping to drown this time in the sea of tears; caught
beneath an undertow that I've seen many times before.
(I held you, though I knew you.... from another time, it felt brand new.
Your eyes, the light I had prayed for, your mouth uttered words I'd feared)

ADDICT

Crying is purging your body of a poison, a toxin that has crippled your heart and contaminated your blood.

I hate loving you, I try to sweat it out – this love: running, running so hard my chest burns and my throat feels like it's choking on sand.

Yet still it remains.

It settles in my skeleton now, I feel it in each of my heartbeats.

I wear it on my sleeve as you laugh at my choice of fashion.

I want to vomit out this love, slash it from my wrists or suffocate it with carbon monoxide.

But I don't.

Instead I allow it to overcome me, a slave to you. A Nothing to you.

MOTIVE

There's a reason, for what you're doing.
There's a motive I cannot see.
There's an anger within me getting stronger;
and it's waiting, for opportunity.
Don't believe me, then I'll start showing.
What you're missing, now you're gone.
That this person, you've stopped knowing,
Can be right, as much as you are wrong.
But.....
There's an angel in my future,
There's a devil in my head,
and he's dancing to his own rhythm,
and he's raging, with the things you've said.
With this saint and with this sinner.
It's a paradox, trust me I know.
There's only losers, and no winner.
And the devil is allowed, to go on with his show.
So let us stop, and take a moment.
Let us both, catch our breaths.
Because if we continue, with all this treason.
The only outcome, is sure to be our deaths.

CONFUSION REIGNS

Outside of all of this, there is perfect order.

Outside my heart there is a space that is not torn.

How far can you go on love, if it all went away, how far would I fall?

I'm a hazard to myself, yet nothing helps; sometimes not even you.

If I climb this mountain, and crossed the sea of darkness would that be enough?

What will happen while I'm gone, and what will happen when I'm gone.

Does this make you want to pray?

I do.

It makes me want to run and cry, try and hide, scream and shake.

Though my face never twitches, and only a sprinkle of tears suggest a reaction....

Inside my head a war wages. God had Lucifer to contend with...for questioning things.

My demon will have no name...for he should have no domain over me.

I think I'd like to desert all of this that I have contained over the years.

I will leave it all stacked in glass bottles to see the transparency of it all.

I'm not what you think, the worst and the best.

I'm struggling to hold a part of it together, let alone it all.

So if I go, don't be surprised.

And if you hear my name, think well of me...this misplaced meritocracy.

NO ESCAPING THE FALL

An Apple fell upon my head,
Hit me so hard, I think I'm dead.
Clarity shines, what gravity started,
Miracles are happening, the seas have parted.
Angels appear to lead my way,
Some devils try to lead me astray.
But fear not as I'm at the tree top,
Shake all you want, I won't fall off.
I've met some angels, from a previous life,
One of these is hopefully holding a knife.
To cut me down, from my current condition,
To elevate my juxtaposition.
'Snap out of it' they shout, if only I could,
Don't be a martyr, we need the wood.
My story here is nothing new you see.
Even though, it is to me.
Substitutes and blinding light.
The time has come for this bird to take flight.
I can't stay here, my time is short.
I've earned then lost, for all I've fought.
If I could start over, you'd be the one I'd come find
But that thought is a product, of my afflicted mind

CAUGHT

You are great at goodbyes,

I'm better at hellos.

I listen as you talk about nonsense as you picture me naked.

You bore me, I thrill you.

You leave me, I need you.

I'm the song on the radio, heard a hundred times before,

But you always get the words wrong, then switch off – change the channel.

My love drips down in coalescent drops,

They stain your clothes.

You wipe your mouth.

You disgust me with your actions.

You're the bear trap, all shiny and hidden.

MAKING YOU HAPPY

The world loves people like you,

Shallow coarse and fickle.

My mother wants me to be just like you,

Rich, vapid and booked for hell.

To be the dependable successful adult,

When I just want to be a child.

It would be all too easy to step into your shoes,

To go back to the girls who would kiss my ass.

So they could take me home to their mums and see what great women they are.

Able to win someone like me.

Their legs would part for a cheap smile,

The miniature version of themselves would spawn into our world [pollute the environment-choke my mind].

Buying things to make them equally dumb and lifeless.

And still, I would continue fucking a corpse just to please mum.

CURRENT STATE

I shake from a dream, I pull you from my mind.

I relax back into calm, inviting you in time after time.

I consume you like a hungry refugee.

My heart and head are conflicted, as to whether I should let you be.

My current state of being is an illusion to your eyes.

You watch, and judge, listening and enjoy my slow demise.

Jealous and envious feelings fill my body and enter my blood.

Flattering words from strangers, allow my ego to get drunk.

You're not all I need; I want so much more.

But to go back to where we ended, will at least pick me up from the floor.

(Don't be afraid)

BUT YOU NEVER...

You never were one to attack the thoughts that escaped my head,
but playing my supportive role, I welcomed your artistic criticism.

You never seemed impressed by my obvious attraction, and you
remained immune to other's overt persistent flirtation.

And I wonder now if it was because it was all too convenient for you.

And I wonder how you look back and see my face.

Was your apathy down to your matured sense of being,
or was my presence merely something to occupy your time?

You never seemed like someone who would dispose of my emotions, and you
didn't appear to be planning your escape.

And you were the first to take my arm and pull me close when we were walking down the street together, and
I remember trembling at the thought of becoming accustomed to your warmth.

And now everyone despises you,

And now they'll never meet you for a drink.

And now, nothing I do surprises you because,

You've severed every connection, every tie and every link.

But you were never one to forcibly hurt me, and you,
never set out to bruise my delicate heart.

But you were the one who gave up oh so easily,

And I feel we can no longer go back to the start.

I GET THE POINT

Waiting here in the cold,
Hoping that your heart will melt.
Everything from you that I've been told,
Is the opposite to how you've felt.

Your lies come through with apathy,
Raining down rejection upon me.
Holding back your sympathy,
You move on so easily.

It's a story that's been told before,
You just don't want me anymore.
I find it hard to take on board,
So, I collapse onto the floor.

(You didn't want to hurt me, but you did,
Confessing just your honesty, you said:
You couldn't go on, you're giving up,
When you said, 'we need to talk', that was enough)

NO LOOKING BACK

Now you're beginning to patronise me,
By saying that you're sorry.
You forget I've heard it all before,
I always hear "there's nothing more".
A word of warning, and this is crucial.
Remember things come back full circle.

Instigation of this separation, unplanned pessimistic protection.

Let go of your fear, and commit to trying,
You can't just run out and leave me crying.
I'm waiting here, willing and able.
Please know with us, it's never off the table.
Let's resurrect what you think is broken.
Leave all this fear and hate unspoken.
Your time can be your dispensation,
Your love I'll take as compensation.
Hopefully your mind will shift,
To a better place, where we can end this rift.

Instigation of this separation, unplanned pessimistic protection.

Sometimes it's hard to do what's right,
Neither of us picked this fight.
I'll take the first step, unsurprising,
My newfound strength I'm utilising.
Ardency or apathy, disconnection of vivacity?
Hurry up, don't keep me waiting.
The memory of your last kiss is disintegrating.
Hopefully we'll be back together,
Trust me please, it'll all be better,
Separation to resurrection, I'll save you from this one.
I'll get you, out of this one!
We'll get ourselves, out of this one.

THE DYE IS CAST

You try to love again but you're miles away.

You throw out words like a tourist lost in the city, all broken English.

I love you.

It sounds so odd to hear.

Like you're naked and cast ajar, with the window open as the world tumbles in.

....and I slip away.

I've lived these words, I've breathed that world.

I crashed and burned into that wonder that found me hearing the echo of the sound of I love you.

I got sick with it, lived with it, threw up and fucked it.

And so it remains.

Buried deep within, washing around in my blood.

The light flickers and I catch your smile. Too different for our own good, it cages the bird within me.

A victim or volunteer, I still do not know.

You speak to my soul and play my thoughts like a piano, you move away from others.

Everyone around me tells me the world is flat.

When I tell you it is round; you smile and hold my heart and whisper "it is also surrounded by stars".

And now I know.

The dye is cast

POURING

I don't need time, I never did.

It washes over me on repeat.

Pushing me to the floor, collapsing into now.

It sends up thoughts of you, like motes in the air.

Twinkling like stars.

Like bubbles, they explode; I'm just chasing rainbows.

These thoughts evaporate in the rain, in the deluge of tomorrow; and the monsoon of your distaste.

BLACK HEART DOWN

Our cover is blown, this black on my face is useless.

The black in my heart now permanent.

I shoot into the air, reaching up to God.

Cutting a line of bullets across the seas as you say your goodbyes.

Scrambling in my camouflage heart. Losing all self-control.

I'm fighting for the fate of our love. Such desire.

I'm dying from the weight of our love.

Dangerous forces, twisting like fate rip me from this place.

A turn around and a tourniquet, waiting for the rains of remorse.

What is this thing? What is this love we're fighting for?

What am I killing you for every day?

I've been that person, for the last time. I've been your lover for an age.

God knows I tried. God knows you cried.

I see all this, when the anger shows and you shoot to kill.

Leaving me on the floor. Covered in blood and sawdust memories.

The grave pulls me under, that well-worn hand of comfort.

Sweet relief of death and freedom from tomorrow.

I SEE RED

My eyes itch and my heart heaves.

Reading over and over.

Line after line.

Pulling me out of traffic, pulling me into your frame.

Surround yourself with good intentions.

A swirling world of your black and white.

Yet all I see is red.

The swan song that you misunderstand.

Plucking my heartstrings for the correct rhythm.

The right sound.

Colour your lines. Careful now, make it pretty.

This is the page we're on; this is the hymn we'll sing.

My story snipped down to a footnote.

A sentence that mice can devour.

In your book of course.

What was I thinking?

DOWN FOR THE COUNT

Hitting below the belt, is now your signature move.

Nurturing such a disregard for me.

Bruising my inner self, my words that always came up empty.

Spat out with blood and hope.

Your maturity sent me reeling, down to the mat.

Waiting for the bell.

You can tolerate me from afar you say.

Like breaking away from a hug, it leaves me devastated.

Yet I remain. Quiet and composed. Taught to hold my head up high.

Dodging intentional verbal daggers and manufactured truths.

Your truths, your reasoning. Your horse blinders on for style.

Over substance. Over my comfort.

Through this pedestal championing, you shoulder massaging.

Cuts deep the vein of my self-respect.

Making me feel ignorant to your perfect sane mind.

I stutter and slip, tripped up on your words.

Unable to reason or fight fire with fire. Caught in your orbit.

All this time wishing on a star that was merely your own satellite.

Just a poet in your world, trying to chase the undefinable.

III. THE DRIFT

After I left, the world felt muted, as though someone had turned down the volume on everything that once made sense. I moved through days in a kind of suspended state, drifting between what was and what would never be again. Memories arrived uninvited, sharp and insistent, pulling me backward even as I tried to move forward. I kept replaying the moments that mattered; your laugh, your touch, the way you once looked at me like I was the only thing in the room.

But grief has its own gravity. It drags you inward, into the quiet spaces where truth waits. I began to see the parts of us I had ignored: the compromises that cut too deep, the dreams that bent until they broke, the way we both held on long after letting go would have been kinder.

Life shifted around me, but inside I was still standing by the river, still hearing your voice tremble, still feeling the weight of everything we couldn't fix. I wandered through that aftermath like a ghost, touching the edges of a life that no longer fit. And yet, somewhere in the drifting, a small part of me began to breathe again.

DELIBERATELY TRYING TO GET LOST

Run away: what a defeatist way out.

I wouldn't get very far anyway.

I'm traveling all the time,

Backwards and forwards, over stepping the lines

As memories invade my consciousness, I sit down and catch my breath.

I can't believe what I saw; I don't even want to know the rest.

I look up and see the cosmos arranged in a million laser beams.

All have a start and finish point, the opposite to my dreams.

Leaps and shots in the dark, everything I do, I do it blindfolded.

Stability knocks at my door; misery gets up and tells it to go away.

One of my pillars has crumpled beneath me, the one you helped me build.

The others are doing their best to hold me up; I hope they hold, it's a long way down.

Deliberately trying to get lost, I always end up finding my way.

What I want to lose, are these jealous thoughts and memories that make me stray.

I hope you're happy and I wish you well.

'cos I would never make you feel, the way you make me feel now.

WICKER MAN

What remains?

Human or emotional?

Like ghosts, they're all surrounding me; sitting on my shoulder.

Pouring water and words into my head.

Sitting back and watching the sky bleed.

It's a shame you grow up. A pity you learn to forget me.

This voice, so quiet and inaccurate, picking at my bones.

Causing havoc and happiness.

All happenstance?

Resurrecting the druids within me. Sweet pagan thoughts.

You swing on the gate to my heart, walking muddy shoes across my soul.

Planting monkey trees and memories in my mind.

Puzzling in this post-imaginative plantation.

Travelling with you, hand in hand to the cliff edge.

The red sky opens up as you whisper you miss me.

Ghost in my hand, spirits in my soul again.

Swallowing the sun forever.

Holding the torch up for you again, threatening to burn eternally.

My incomplete heart.

My Incandescent wicker man.

RADIANCE-RADIANCE-RADIANCE

Light is burning, shining bright.

Light is everything, in my sight.

Light is surrounding, filling your soul.

All we've ever needed, all we've been told.

Pain is a process, crippling and cruel.

A necessary lesson, a class at life's school.

Strips away the ego, burns away the dirt

Off your soul, off your heart, even though it hurts.

Light is around you, I smell it in the air.

It blinds me when I look at you, I continue to stare.

Light is what we need, to bind us into one.

Brighter than all the stars, brighter than the sun.

I know you're feeling tired, I know you're feeling weak.

But hold my head close and shut your eyes.

I'll show you what you seek.

DRESSING OUR OWN BANDAGES

Grab the plaster, feel the wound. Lick out the salt that rubbed in over the years.

We live our love on antibiotics.

I wash my hands before surgery. You wash your hands of this.

Coated in blood and the hurt of memories.

I'm trying to revive us, I'm feeling for the pulse.

You're pulling the cord, choking off the truth.

Kill the love that's dying, as all I can do I sit and pray.

Shuffling to the mortal coil of something else.

I was always hesitant. Uncomfortable in your coercion.

Reassured paradoxically in your disregard for me. Happy to let you steer the course.

We're turning blue. Deeper than you, or I this love has no bounds.

Legal in places, welcomed in others. Sweet reliefs and candy treats.

The euthanasia of us is the only thing on your mind.

I cannot hold your hand while you slip away. I will not be party to it.

So I weld you to my side, and dig my heels in. If you go, I'm going too.

HEARTBEAT WEARY

My lungs are aching and my legs are tired.

Trying to keep up with you.

Running for your freedom, leaving me behind.

Washed over and smashed, like a stone in the river.

Jagged, not smoothed by your love.

And all the while I cheer you on, applaud your departure.

Sometimes enough is just enough.

Too long have I thrown the rocks of reality at you.

Hurling mud and indifference.

Dirtying your window of tolerance.

Now it's fight, flight, flee, collapse.

Feeling my heartbeat overbeat.

Waiting for it to cease.

Making it easier to leave.

REPOSSESS AS REPOSE

It's too bad that all the fairy tales died.
As you chase the dragon in your own mind.
Round and round you go.
Cutting yourself and soaking your shoes.
From a distance you see this all for what it is;
just a speck on a sphere hurtling through space.
A blink in the eye of God.
Where is the echo of paradise?
Ringing in your mind like a long forgotten song.
Come down and rest a while, at the banks of this land.
Let the witches and wicked fight among themselves.
The lovers and liars who are on the brink of it all.
Hold on as we swirl, faster through a cosmic system.
Dropping all Cinderella tendencies and thoughts of being saved.
As you speed into the unknown, to save yourself.
Sweet princess of your own night.

ENGULF

As you lay down on that marbled ledge.

I'll sneak in with the rain.

To kiss you into another universe.

And snatch up all the darkness from your heart.

(S)WALLOW

Dirty soul licker.

Causing us to stutter.

I know you want to stop.

Been smoking that thing too long. Been praying to the wrong God.

That One you trust in.

Confiscate such liberties and inconsequential humanity.

Swallow it down.

Feel it shudder.

Suck on the bruise until the nation rolls over.

Those bears in your head, scratching the cave wall.

Their arms a tangle of fur and blood.

Does it make you perspire?

You are the one. You oxygen thief.

Back firing and closing these holes in our veins.

Choke this Trojan horse. Slipped in when no one was looking.

That fascination in the situation.

Ready to cum.

A Climatic cabaret of guns and hate.

Mop it all up with that spangled banner.

Did it do it for you?

NUMB

I stood there, your eyes burning holes through me.

So I moved away.

At first at random; then towards the switch that turned the lights down, and you up.

A hazy view before me, but that is the only way I can see you now.

As this world falls apart.

You burn me, like one of your cigarettes.

Aflame like the fire in your eyes.

CONKER TEETH IN THE HARVEST MOON SMILE

Flutter on this finger while you dance your dance.

Spiralling in your swan song.

October drips down in its turpentine sigh.

Cracking open the door for old man winter.

He heaves and sighs.

Shaking the roots, inverting my natural disposition.

Weigh me down in the setting sun, as the call of another day harkens an exit.

On sticky toffee wings you do fly, casting your shadow across the moon tonight.

Tickle these lips with a seasoned kiss.

Tuck me in like a bear in a jar.

All fury encased in glass.

LGA17

This room aches, the phone pulses.
Brighter than heaven in my eyes.
Sounds from memories claw in my head.
You came to me, twisted like a question mark.
Lay me down. Drag me out.
Scorch my soul and heart.
Your open hands look like doorways to another realm.
The power to smother and choke.
Offering such positions and excuses.
Wringing out my patience and love.
Tin cans flying above your eyelids
Tap me online. Central station where you found them.
What did you need?
Cheap lipstick and coffee kisses. Tied to a tree.
Blank CDs spinning on a turntable.
The world aches. This film runs on. Flash. Snap.
Like rocks in your pocket. Lies on your lips.
Freeway lights deep within the lake.
Those kisses have been marked (what you should have done)
Grass on your knees. Dancing devils on your shoulder.
I need this now. I forget this all.
Tomorrow.

GHOST BEHIND YOUR SMILE

The night is so quiet.

All the ghosts are saved. All souls redeemed.

I looked for you there, down by the river.

Washing away your sins.

Washing all over me.

Your eyes catch a glance, all fire and brimstone still.

Flickers of hope and entanglement.

Your reflection quivers, frightened in my tiny hand.

Vast in your stormy sky.

These angels cry for me to let you go.

They know you see. They know.

You are fooled by your own disguise.

(Something now I no longer recognise)

The tectonic shift of love and hate.

As you flee from me.

Escaping yourself and the things you've collapsed.

Stripped away and torn from your bones.

Even God wouldn't even recognise you now.

SINK AND SWIM

Washed up on the tide, scorched in the tangerine sun.
Shipwrecked and cynical, like the pirate in your mind.
You placed it there; you wore it out.
Alone in that head that reaches back like a cave.
Echoing into epochs and the seconds of anxious.
The most agitated state.
Fondled by that well-worn hand that caresses.
Inside the box of lost and found.
Stroked like a watermelon. Sucked like a sour feeling.
Sting the sweet, let it drip on your tongue.
Rubbing honey across your teeth like a bear.
Catching bees with bread.
All deflates and retracts.
Sighed out in theatrics and cosmic tears.
Leave it to dry in the sun once more.
Stretched out like Jesus and the saints in your soul.
Take the pebbles out of the pockets.
Replace them with diamonds and blocks of gold.
Then walk.
Slowly, and with purpose into the lake of the twinkling now.

SHOOT FOR THE MOON

When this is over, and the world has sighed.

That feeling you once had for me will fire.

Burning up within you like a roman candle.

Like holy vestments you'll put me on. Pulling me close to your skin.

After the flood and the flames, and stormy tongues.

No longer choking on the backwash of us.

The taste in your mouth that makes you sick.

Spit.

Don't swallow this anymore. The fractured dreams and candies off the floor.

When the clouds have rolled on, storming someone else's world; I'll take your hand.

And you can feel for my heartbeat. The one that beats only for you.

Drop your gaze and your guard and let me in again.

Through the thorns and barricades. The brick walls of stubbornness.

The fortress I had to burn.

Let me dwell within you once more, and light up your eyes like starlight.

This shooting star that you bottled, keeping secret and safe.

I will be a happy prisoner, locked in love.

Covering the ashes on your soul, that is really stardust.

Taking you higher than the moon.

SMOKING IN THE MOONLIGHT

I always run back to you, with my eyes closed.
Remembering the weight of it all.
Your bones in my arms.
A soul wanting to fly.
Your lips find mine and cigarettes singe my soul.
Leaving ash in my mouth.
These dark halls you make me roam, tiptoeing in silence.
Grow narrow and constricting.
Like the love you throw around me.
Circling like smoke.
Falling apart and left in the cold.
Lonely on the filthy streets.
You are the gold that flashes.
The carat on the stick I follow.
But you bleed me out.
Gold rushing my love, sieving out the treasure.
(Don't touch what you can't afford)
Throwing away my faltering acrobatic anxieties.
Cutting the colours out. Dying them black.
You ask me to fill myself up, with something else.
Something less substantial. The silver of souls.
The tobacco-stained parts you give so easily.
That fill me with tar and are weighing me down.
Sinking into the ocean of you to drown.
Sunken but unique.

I...

I want to find my place, wanting it to feel like home.

You make me diminished, fragile and broken.

Yet you fly me higher than the birds in the sky.

I'm not myself, I don't know who I am when you're near.

You make me shake into something, slipping underneath to find the undertow.

I'm not home.

And I know these feelings.

The road ahead looks so lonely, and it asks for such strength.

As I spin into Catch-22.

Taking energy from you, to fall further under.

I don't know why. I'm just not myself.

Not knowing if I should change or give a damn.

God help me, I'm all alone this night.

It's time for a change. In the end, it's me.

TENDON LOVE

With bones through my skin, and flesh on my fingers.
You pulled me from the wreckage of my past.
You seep into my soul like energy.
Neon future light to guide me and give me strength.
Hurrying you like heroin
The ghost I always ignored, the spirit in the rain.
Come with me.
Let us hop trains and hurry the future.
Chasing chances that dart out like deer.
I know your own nightmares, I have tasted them once.
And now, everyone can feel your pain.
Chalky chunks of life's repetition, the spin cycle of existence.
You wash into my blood, flowing to the heart of all things.
The heart of me and my own worries.
Spinning my compass back around to where you are.
You've saved me from the past, you've saved me from myself.
Coursing though, deep wonderful you.

SLIPPING

Trying to escape, and trying to remain.

Stuck in flux.

The flightless bird high up in the sky, surprised by its own surroundings.

My home was my own gallows, my seat of self-destruction.

To break free, to dissolve into tiny shards of metallic light.

Longing for change.

You called me forth, humming the chorus of love.

Magnetised in your splendour.

And now, you uncork the bottled time and let it flow.

The deluge over me, icy cold that stings like sharp realisations.

Time and you are precious, and I won't waste either.

Live, seek and love.

Folding in your convalescent wings.

Watching it all through glass.

OUT OF THE PAINTING, INTO THE FRAME

There are alarms sounding, a hum only I can hear.

Critical mass has been reached, lines breached.

Inside there is bruising, swelling and tears on my heart.

The moment of importance and the fleeting feeling of being safe.

Bruises always fade, tears always dry.

I find you there, among lemons and limes.

Which one am I?

The sour taste of the truth.

I pick you up, angel touch. You weigh nothing at all.

The dream to float away, to float above and look down at all this from space.

Lost In a dream.

But we all float, down here Ritchie we all do.

Down here everything floats, crashing into streams and rip tides.

Rivers and chalk paintings, threatening to clog my lungs and cover my soul.

Tumbling in to dance with penguins and smashing back out onto the concrete.

Back into the world, your fist, your love.

No need to ask if I'm okay, I never was.

But are you? You flounder like a fish. Struggling to breathe.

Here, take this cigarette. Fill your lungs and cough away the chalk.

It's a jolly holiday after all.

HOW LONG?

How long until I screw it up?

Watching the fuse of your patience disappear.

Feeling overwhelmed yet repeated. You set my machine to high.

Of course you love me, what am I thinking?

Yet only if I'm perfect. Run, jump, swim higher faster. Better.

The strength within cannot be graded by your yard stick.

The one you beat, trick and strike with.

I feel small and defeated. Lost in the forest.

Looking beneath and seeing no safety net of you.

Just a stern ring master, cracking a whip.

It comes down to the fact I haven't got it all figured out.

And I ask, who does?

Allow me to spin in my chronic chaos, and love me for me.

STAINED GLASS IN BLACK AND WHITE

Flipping the world, diving into a new hemisphere.

Letting the anger show.

Upside down and inside out. Picking off the dust and dirt you left me in.

Swimming out of the sea of injustice that you drowned us within.

The stained heart and thorny crown you wear. The tears of a clown.

Laughing out of discomfort. An emotional reaction to trauma.

My unapologetic ways seem to infuriate, tantalise and regurgitate.

Such unpleasant deeds and things you said. The truth blazing in the cold reality of day.

I shall leave you to your martyrdom.

Bowing in benediction, sealing your fate.

Crawling out of and away from the monochrome and misery you dwell within.

Seeking new shades of tomorrow.

KEEPING FAITH IN MY DOUBTS

Start the silence, you begin with loud nothingness.

Watching me fall away. Not fit to be saved.

These bedtime stories, these positions.

My excuses are wearing me out.

Painful words shot down. A moment you're not there.

Ugliness, tomorrow. Freedom, what we always knew.

Yoga pose, remote control. Housewives shining in glory.

Fuck it.

You know, you can save me too?

Chocolate on a steering wheel, emotions like banana peels.

We threw. You threw it all away.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS WITH MYSELF

Having to leave to find my way. Stumbling over every action.

Putting up the walls to save me and which leave me shaking.

All this talk of passion, the overrated use of dialogue.

Speak to me in in movement, show me your change.

I push and pull, fumbling over emotions.

Getting lost in exhausting labour, tolling emotional behaviour.

Ring the bells, and watch me fall.

Have you seen me; can you hear? My voice well-travelled.

It's not my fault, if only you could see yourself. Licking gasoline.

So, I travel at night, into praxis, into tomorrow.

Lost in confusion, yet you tell me it doesn't matter.

You say you want me. You want my here. The same air you're breathing.

The weather of our emotions is lifting, and I still try to twist and turn things around.

Holding my breath.

Touching me deep.

Such strange ventilation. Words, words, words.

SNOW IN THE PLACE OF A HEART

Old man winter walks in my bones.

Howling through my woodland lungs.

Scarlett snow and bruised skin falls.

I am fallen now.

I never was one for tears.

Grey memories wash upon this lonely light of morning.

The bitter taste of losing all of this, all of you.

Who asked him to come?

HESITANT HEARTBEATS

Why do you leave me wanting more?

A burning desire, a pound of flesh.

I don't know why you're so mean to me. I no longer hear you down the telephone.

Spiritual static and a ghostly murmur.

The art of disappearing, begin these tears of mourning.

Come find me, I am there also. Pretending not to be seen, fading to grey.

I'm feeling it my heartbeat. The pounding fury, like angry regrets marching from the past.

You keep this going, all night long.

I used to find beauty in your anger, like a funeral surrounding death.

Black lace and candles.

But this indifference, this distrust and distaste leave me empty.

Purged and rotting like a shipwreck crumbling in the salty tears.

Can you feel it too, in my heartbeat? Come close, put your hands on my skin.

Don't you know, won't you see?

Listen.

It's my heart breaking.

A tiny collapse like a lone tree in a huge forest of uncertainty.

Reach in and electrocute it back with your spark of wonder.

IV. THE RETURN

Healing didn't arrive with clarity or triumph. It came slowly, in fragments, in the quiet acceptance that some stories end not because they failed, but because they reached their natural conclusion. I learned to sit with the ache without letting it consume me. I learned that love can be real and still not be forever.

In time, the memories softened. The sharpness dulled. I stopped reaching for what had already passed. I began to understand that leaving wasn't a betrayal; it was the only way to honour the truth we had both outgrown.

Life opened again, cautiously at first. New mornings, new conversations, new ways of being that didn't revolve around loss. I found myself returning to the world with a steadier heart, carrying the lessons of what we were and the quiet gratitude for what we had managed to build, even if it didn't last.

And somewhere in that return, I realised something simple:

I had survived us.

I had survived myself.

And the future, once a place I feared to look toward, began to feel possible again, not because I had forgotten you, but because I had finally remembered me.

SUBSIDE

Falling down the waterfall, falling from grace.
Sliding, spiralling and collapsing. Leaving not but a trace.
Tumbling down speedily, in disgust from your eyes.
Crawling out of this bitter, purgening demise.
Escaping into nothingness, fleeing into freedom.
Tasting the exotic, the heady heights of delirium.
Moving a certain way, to expand these wings.
Unfurling these feathers, precious aerodynamic things.
Falling once again, from ledges of beyond time.
Saying goodbye to shadows, and the ghosts in your mind.
The realisation of collapse, and that this is not where I need to be.
Not a sad solitary boat of sand, on your egotistical sea.
I fully bow out, take my leave and resign.
Plunging into tomorrow knowing, I must fall to then climb.

SUSPENDED

Hold still, don't move. You'll break it, destroy it and clatter it.

Don't move, please.

Simon says

Stay where you are.

This suspension keeps me secure, keeps you safe. Keeps us whole.

Simon says.

Don't touch me please. Don't wake the monster.

You open the box and Pandora reigns.

Wreaking havoc and ignorance.

Just suspend me in this isolation.

Affix a sign of 'look but don't touch'.

Down, down, down. Underneath there's nothing, just truth and bone.

Slice out the part you wish to keep and throw the rest away.

I'll let go of the string and drift...fly...do.

Such a sad and lonely affair the mirror permits sometimes.

QUICKLY PART OF YOUR PAST

My enemy has two hands, that move from right to left.
He's guilty of this heinous crime, the one we know as theft.
Stealing away people and places' leaving memories in his wake.
Changing feelings, thoughts and faces, my heart he likes to break.
It's funny how everyone becomes an expert, 'cos advise is easy to give.
Though I appreciate the sentiment, I'm still finding it hard to live.
It's so easy to say what you think is best, sit here and chew the fat.
But boil it down, no need to sugar coat, he's just not coming back.

Ticking off the days, I check my phone all the time.
Coping with this new found loneliness, crazily going out of my mind.
He's there when I go to sleep, he's there when I open my eyes.
But I'm sleeping with his ghost now, it's that to which I'm tired.

It's gonna take some time I see, to get you out of my head.
I can't keep smiling, thinking about the time, when we were in bed.
The thoughts of the good times, I've got to let them go.
Cut the cord, like you did with me, are you friend or foe?
From you I need to take a lesson, about quickly moving on.
Whilst I'm still coming to terms, your love for me is long gone.
My name, my face, my profile, you barely recognise.
Despite all the "I really like yous", I've become something you despise.

I love you all for being there, to catch me when I fall,
For being my plaster to my cut, now I'm climbing up the walls.
Please don't take offense to this, I don't mean to be rude.
It's just my disjointed state of mind, my feelings I denude.

So don't tell me about the fishes, that are swimming in the sea.
Don't tell me that it's his loss, how good it's to be free.
Don't tell me I'm strong, that it might be good for me.
I don't want to hear about a greater good, please just let me be.

WHY

I should have known from the start.

As I crossed the line and threw my reasoning away.

Your place or mine? Rub out the sky.

The taxi counting down, ready to lift off. Into the dark, with its counter running like a madman.

After the lust, after the trust is lost and all that is left is conversation.

And the years that folded away in insane separation.

I look to the scars that flicker in my mind.

And I realise, after all this time. I no longer like you.

And I wish to fall free.

REMITTANCE OF THE LOVE THAT IS LOST TO THE WAYS OF THE WORLD (PART I)

You motioned for me to quietly enter the room. I could feel the tenseness of the air. The walls seemed to contract and wrap themselves around me. You sat there with no expression on your face. That face, the one I had touched so many times. Kissed it, smelt it, longed to be near enough I could count your eyelashes. Now it glared back at me like an empty pool. The lights began to flicker, stuttering out their watts in a rhythm I can only attune to the beat of your heart. The gun didn't bother me, it was aimed at my head throughout, but I knew this was all leading to something. The beginning of the end.

(I noted that it was aimed here and not my heart...maybe you'd finally figured out, there wasn't one in this body of mine)

This part of the Jekyll and Hyde, this side of crazy. You asked me to sit down, the first time you'd spoken. Little daggers aimed at my ears, rushing with the blood and fresh thoughts to my head. You were so cordial, yet each word spat at me like kids on a council estate. I choose to stand, my one last defiance in our petty war. You told me there was something for me on the table, I looked down to see a wooden box. You told me to open it. This was not what I expected. Your look gave nothing away, nothing except hurt burning from your eyes, and anger that could not be concealed. The box lay in a pool of blood, thick and viscous, floating on this horrific sea....

REMITTANCE OF THE LOVE THAT IS LOST TO THE WAYS OF THE WORLD (PART II)

Your eyes dared me to ask you what it was, like I didn't know. The deluded pleas of the guilty, while all around the judges think of what punishment would be best fitting. The dying cat of curiosity rose and fell with me, and I turned away. I could not look; I could not commit to the ending so willingly. The metal felt cool against my temple, though it was your smell that made me aware of what you were doing. It crawled over me like a scent of the sea. The gun clicked. I felt you near and shut my eyes, longing for you to turn my head and kiss me. Those days were long gone. A quick stab in the back, the knife that had, but till a moment ago seemed mysteriously absent, sent the tiny nerves in my body cascading like fireworks. Your mouth came close to my ear and you whispered the words I never believed you would utter in this scenario.

(Truth is, you never said these three words with any conviction that would render it believable in the past, yet something told me this was the cold hard truth that my mind was digesting).

The sound of birds filled the room and forced me to open my eyes. I turned and saw you there, eyes aflame and soul locking its door forever on me, never to be seen again by my pathetic searching pupils. Feathers fluttered down on us as the ceiling filled with vultures, gathering and yarring with their hungry beaks. Their black hisses and calls split my ear. The box on the table flew open and out poured the remaining blood that flowed towards us like a lava stream. The contents bobbed on the surface momentarily before submerging into the crimson depths. I sighed; you grabbed me and kissed me full on the mouth. As I turned the gun and shot us both.

BUILD ME A COFFIN

We never let tomorrow in, as we ricochet between now and then.

Climbing the mountain each day, never taking the leap.

Of faith.

In the dark.

Holding on to the dying heart.

That beats for the decay.

I want to crawl my fingers to the sunlight.

Drop these excuses which weigh me down.

If not now, then when?

Building a coffin for this dying friend.

This soul I've exhausted and run into the ground.

Outgrown and exploited.

Let me howl at the moon in its crumbling position.

Clinging to the last breath.

This static disposition.

My mouth wants new dreams to sink into.

My soul needs to take flight on different wings.

Lay my old self down in the ground. Mark this place.

A memory of the lost and found. Not to be forgotten.

Tomorrow waits for no one. It's running at the speed of life.

My blood is stinging now with love and adrenaline.

Pushing me forward to the amazing unknown.

Out of these four walls.

Out of the space.

Crashing into the future with a smile that says 'lead, don't follow'.

TEMPORARY SHELTER

We slipped again, into the night.

Out of view.

Known only that we were here,

by the stories they tell.

Fabrications and fables.

Drops of disillusionments that melt their trustful hearts.

We wander, as they wonder why.

All around us keeps on spinning.

Our own rotational axis that keeps on thinning.

Down into splitting heirs.

Putting matchsticks between your teeth.

Setting the enamelled house to fire.

Write these reasons on the back your hands.

Staple your own destiny to your eyelids.

Then once again play that mournful song of tomorrow.

And disappear into today's setting sun.

WHERE IT BELONGS

Always the second guessing, the never knowing; the mistakes we all make.

Blessed with an ability to undo me.

Take me down, feel your way. Leave nothing on this body to explore.

Don't sit there motionless, just because you know the answer.

Discover.

Over and over again.

This skeleton underneath, this heart that beats. The sweat that runs for you.

Mind your step as you flee the room. Please wait while I undress. Re-dress. Address your intent.

We all want to play in traffic, but this is serious now. Break me like a three-year-old would.

Love me like you were meant to.

ACCIDENT OF GRAND DESIGN

I ran from the moment, away from the all the pain.

Up into the hills.

Far from you now, though I see you from up here. Up into the rains and breathe of the mountain.

I stand on the edge and look up. The black rain falls on my face.

I swallow the sky and spit out the stars.

Raining them down upon you.

I stay here far too long; I now don't know who you are.

Memories hang off me like vines in the amazon. The animals of self-loathing crawl in these branches.

Tears fall that weld me to the stone. Moss begins to grow over my flesh.

I could not keep the promise I made.

A funeral procession trundles up the path below.

Laying rest to a soul who knew nothing but how to leave.

Their final exit, left all with destruction behind as they now carry his bones skyward.

I watch and listen to their dirges. Only I am to blame.

God help him.

God help me as I learn to say goodbye.

YOUR UNIVERSE THREATENS TO DEVOUR

My dreams ignite like a Chagall construction.

You and I, flying over roof tops. Exploding in colour.

I lay you down and crawl into your skin.

Kissing you intimately, feeling my way.

Though your body entices and your heart entraps, it is your soul I'm after.

The bruised, damaged fraying thing that I wish to breathe life into.

It runs from me like a feather on the breeze, escaping like a Bharatanatyam movement.

Colours and light, burning my sad lonely grey into nothing.

Love on your fingertips, sticky from the centre of me.

Though this may be transitory, I give in and go under.

Falling for you again, disappearing in your wonder and the perfumed smoke of you.

Coughing up clouds of devotion, and descending like the setting sun.

CASCADE (CARE FOR)

This talk of syncretic rhythm.

Finds me cowering under the pillows. Filling up my ears with atoms and ghosts.

It rocks me into unsteadiness.

These thoughts you conjure, they hurt me.

Your words are like weapons, sometimes they cut too deep.

Your blitz came and went, leaving my cathedral of love intact, if not surrounded by smoke and dead souls.

Standing at least.

I sing out a lullaby and light a candle here in the dark.

My sky machine is set to 7, and stars cascade like a celestial waterfall.

Blood on the rocks, bodies in the water. Drowning in the Milky Way.

If you lick my skin, you will not taste milk and honey.

If you bite my flesh, all you will see is bone and cartilage of sorrow.

The blood drool of your passion, a butchery banquet.

The smell of revenge in the air sends you up again.

Higher, over the moon and into my bed.

Into my head.

Ripping apart my lonely grey. Making my eyes dazzle gold like a bruised sun.

As I crawl back to the sea.

E#

Play me once more, that chamber music of my soul.

Tickling your fingers on my ivory heart.

Such intimate behaviour.

No release.

Like wild roaming beasts.

Trampling through my forest.

Bear me no mind, cause me no trouble.

Such wild bird emotions you set free each time.

That you whisper my name.

That you call to my heart.

Shivering down each vertebrae.

Snap at the heels of my passion.

Feathered in the down of where I lay.

Where you leave me trembling.

Shaking in the thoughts of your behaviour.

Crying out for mother earth to swallow me again.

SHORE/RIVE

Debout sur cette rive une fois de plus.

Sur le bord de l'existence.

Je vous sens dans le vent.

Je me sens arrosé dans la marée.

Est-ce que je me vois marcher sur cette plage?

Ou je me sens perdu dans un million de grains de sable.

Standing on this shore once more.

On the edge of existence.

I feel you in the wind.

I feel myself washed away in the tide.

Do I see us walking upon this beach?

Or do I feel lost in a million grains of sand.

COCONUT ICE AND CANDIED EYED

These thoughts entertain me, for the hundredth time this week.
Dropping into my mind like pennies into a well.
I swing between actioned and complacent.
As you swing me back to forth in time.
This pendulum of your love.
Happy in the tinsel of us you deck me in.
Yet unrequited feelings of doubt then crawl in like a frost.
No doubt blossoming at Christmas time.
Fearful of the joy you offer.
Mindful of my usual self-destructiveness.
I cover you in cotton wool and hide you in the Christmas stocking.
Away from the mice and my thoughts of decay that would nibble away at you.
These hungry moths in my mind.
I swallow these feelings down.
Learning to live; not for tomorrow, but in the moment here with you.
Biting off only as much as I can chew.
As I wash away the taste of my usual foot.
Let me substitute for sweet candied swells.
Catching in my soul like coconut shavings.
Licking you clean of the sugar you must be covered in.
Savouring the delicious centre of your love.

THE LAST DAYS OF SANITY

You burned the books. Too many pages and insights.

A paper mountain of truths you couldn't climb.

Ripping out the hearts of those lonely men who confessed everything.

In unintelligible writing.

How you move through us now.

A pulsing fire like the sacking of Troy.

You leave them restless and weak.

Numbed by those empty regions of your mind.

There is a fire in Heaven tonight.

A blaze that the tears of angels could not extinguish.

Yet it floods down here on earth.

A holy water that washes everything clean, but you.

That fire above reflects in your velvet eyes.

An empty pit of pity, where not even the righteous can escape.

But you pay no mind, for there is no mind to offer.

Flashing snow white bones to all who see.

As you move through once more, the Helen of your own making.

Laughing, as the Heavens fall.

WOUNDED WING

Fallen feathers and fear.

Nestled in my hand.

The bird with the broken wing, looking up to God.

Quivering and silent, scared of the touch.

How I've longed to switch places and fly away.

With broken wings and torn heartstrings.

On the leaves it lies, swallowed by the leaves and an ocean of time.

Flapping, tumbling, freewheeling.

Desperate to flee and be safe.

The eyes dart, in panic and silent pleading.

Make it quick, they call.

Kill this love that's dying.

YOU LED ME HERE

I woke, 4am; leaving nothing but my shadow asleep.

Making my way through the skeletons, through the tick-tock clocks.

My delusion is on the rise. Seeing you there, I know this must be a dream.

So I look up, and the dark sky collapses.

I shrink into the sweet, toothed boy I always wanted to be.

You wear your suspicion like a badge, and you find me out.

Your Maybelline eyes sink in like teeth, pouring me over.

'Oh, this heart' you cry. Reaching out for something, reaching out for me.

But this place doesn't need me. This is the sinking feeling I try to escape from.

Have tried to escape from all my life.

Remember, I have only just begun to understand.

I wanted you to be wrong, I wanted to be right. I wanted something I will never have now.

Shaking out the bruises that appear on my tongue, I spit out the apple peels that land at your feet.

You scoop them up like pearls.

You brought me here, you called to me to save you.

I cannot save but a tiny bit of time for myself, there is no hope for you.

AMOROUS ABRASIONS

I've taken off the bandage,

But I might have been too soon.

My heart's clearly still damaged,

Disjointed and still broken in two.

Kiss it to make it better,

Let my blood stick to your lips.

Taste the addictive metallic fetter,

I'll wipe your mouth if you should drip.

Our bodies connect, you sweat to my touch,

Your tongue, my mouth,

You wanted this so much?

Galaxies expand, your eyes roll white,

Subjection to tension, don't try to fight.

Energy gone static, movements erratic.

Expected from me, no longer zettetic.

Kiss me now, I'm not letting you go.

But please be aware, I'm taking it slow.

I hope we'll be together, now all time,

But it's an uphill challenge, are you ready for the climb?

A NOTE PURPOSEFULLY MADE TO BE FOUND

What a sad sight you are, shying from the truth.

In your eyes I can see the image you fear others might discover.

So you vomit words that need to be kept in a refrigerator,

To them there is a pathetic beauty.

Like the myriad of lines that grasp for breath on paper of the dying star.

You're covered in shells, a lie in a trap, a spider caught in a web designed to catch, nothing.

The tendrils are as transparent as your reasons.

And we see right through them.

WASH

Stripping back the past as you wallow in the dirt.

Forcing me to join you, dripping in the hurt.

Pressing my face right up to the window of the mess.

As I please, and beg and prostrate that I'm trying to do my best.

You can't undo it. And yet I knew it. You say that we blew. Here we go.

Can we focus on tomorrow, the beautiful, or the happy? Things that work better when we flow.

FREEDOM FOUND US

Illuminated, the folds of heaven.

Bitten torn feathers.

With plucked thorns from our skulls.

That you and me.

Bittersweet.

Red, like the veins of a tree in autumn.

Washed in golden light.

Drunk with sacred hymns that sing in your bones.

I see the lotus bloom in your eyes.

I want to hear your temple sing.

These snow covered aspects, higher.

Above the shelf we cannot reach.

Tickled by the zephyr underneath.

No longer the caged bird that sings.

But the sparrow that stole the sky.

UNRAVEL

Pull here she said.

A little chord, so deep.

So red.

And unravelled the great divide.

Pulling down the curtains, the illusions.

What was before, now gone. Faded into time.

She smiled, with a small frustration remaining in her eyes.

Of why it took so long.

All around the walls of the world fell.

No sound but the wind of change blowing through these bones.

Hollowed and weak from the weight of such a world upon them for so long.

Bare she had found us, no clothes, shawl or patience left.

Yet she gave us her hand, and asked us to pull the chord.

That little red twine of hope that dangled from another universe.

She was, after all, another version of ourselves.

Similar yet so different.

Her smiles were genuine.

Generic by such judgement that we cast into the voids of space.

And now she said, make haste.

And burn what lies upon the floor of the galaxy.

Tomorrow beckons, the dust must remain.

So we tugged at the chord, and held our breath.

Through veils, hoods, and blindfolds.

Refusing, at times, to know any different.

And then the souls gave way, falling free to something beautiful.

A painted landscape tied up in selflessness.

Her gift to us, wet with the dew of time.

Wrapped up and contained on our fingertips.

All we needed to do, was unravel and believe.

For to see is to believe.

And our eyes will not betray us again.

UNDERNEATH THE SOUL

Deep within, you try to touch me.

Pushing aside all the tinsel and tarnish.

A wipe of a tear, and a telescope in.

Putting your hand on my skin.

Forcing me to crack, to burst wide open.

Making way for the river of brutal buried emotion.

HOLD ON

You're the one who comes between us.

Coughing out your IQ, slipping your hand behind the couch of the night.

Leaving me always chocking on your haemoglobin.

Shooting to the sky, and yet careful not to fall.

My eyes are wide, yet they scarcely see you.

The black of loneliness that you leave me with. Weightless and bare.

In the dark, it all looks the same; until you set me on fire.

Warming your hands until I burn to a spark.

Killing me before I get too old.

These words from you are too vulgar, yet I say thank you.

Breathing them in and setting up homes for them inside of me.

Precious fragile fragments of attention.

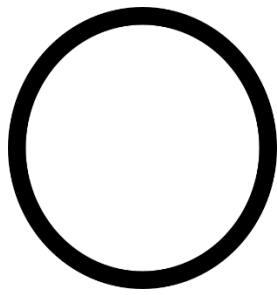
Your racing heart surprises me and brings me back; brings me down.

Simmering into something else.

I come back to you in pieces.

Littering your soul.

I know you want to stop.



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