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GHOSTS BY PROXY

Ghosts eating empty hearts

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Anger

Indifference

Sadness

“Let’s hear from...”

Love

Hope

GHOSTS FROM SKELETONS

All the things I say, sound like the useless things I've said before.

Tearing you down. Tearing you up.

Stripping away the truth and the skin to peek inside.

Wanting to find what I wanted before.

You fall on me like black snow. The weight of guilt and heavy bones.

The weight of our love is crushing me.

At my most detrimental, and your most beautiful.

We dance in the war of nothingness. Tiptoeing over the destruction.

I want to leave you in the sunshine. To bleach your bones and ill thoughts of me.

Rinsing your skeleton and drowning in your sorrowful thoughts.

That's where I want to bathe.

Drive a nail so far deep into you, to fix you forever to the wall of my heart.

Though our magic is weak, we are yet determined.

Turning gold to lead, and love to hate.

Upside down alchemy. Inside out love.

Turning the skeletons of you and I into sad distant ghosts.

NEWS REPORT:

Today all eyes are on the Supreme Courthouse in Na'ykrkam for what many are calling the trial of the century. The defendant stands accused of the crime, and crimes, of being human, along with a list of misdemeanours that vary in severity. These charges surfaced after his pursuit of happiness and self-discovery came to light. His disregard for superior perfect stasis has sent shock waves through a society that refuses to tolerate or understand such deviant behaviour.

His actions appear to violate the Impeccability Statute of 1931 which, as we all know, requires every citizen to remain perfect and infallible in all areas of life. This case is only one in a recent rise of citizens behaving at a level considered merely acceptable by the general public. Some blame the influence of hip hop music. Others point to increased immigration. More conservative voices accuse subversive groups like the Realist Front whose message of acceptance has been labelled deplorable and unpatriotic.

If found guilty, the defendant, who cannot be named for fear of inspiring others, could face a lifetime of contentment and expulsion from a society that rejects such behaviour. As the trial begins, we will bring you live updates and analysis from our panel of experts. Speaking candidly, this appears to be a clear case of guilt and one that should reach a swift conclusion. This is Dean Mannon reporting.

Sometime later, inside the courtroom...

"That is all well and good Miss Ferguson, but unless your client remains quiet, I will hold him in contempt," the judge said, pushing her spectacles back up the ridge of her long nose.

"Apologies Your Honour. I am sure he did not mean any harm," Miss Ferguson said, giving her client a discreet kick under the table.

"Very well. Call your first witness."

"Yes, Your Honour. I call Ghost number 1."

The doors opened although there was no need for them to. A strange looking ghost drifted through, roughly the size of a post box. Its form was transparent with faint touches of crimson in its ether which darkened and lightened as it moved with slow purpose toward the stand. It hovered a foot above the floor. No legs were visible. Only the tattered tendrils of whatever covered it trailed across the tiles.

A guard approached and fixed a small sticker to its chest. It read ANGER.

The ghost refused the usual bible oath. It spat out the words and denounced god before agreeing to tell the truth. Its cursing and vulgarity drew gasps from several in the gallery.

"Here is what I know, or what I can recall at least," the ghost said in a strong Brooklyn accent.

ANGER

INSIDE I'M BURNING (YOU CONTINUE TO SMOKE)

My DNA swims into view, you struggle to breathe and cough erratically.

My mirror shatters and swarms with insufficient reasoning.

Why is there blood?

You laugh within, and force out a comforting smile.

As your eye wanders.

And I wonder, am I enough?

It's all my fault, so I scream into silence.

Within your dreams I become a nightmare, irregular and incomplete.

No matter what you say, I know it's not enough.

A question on my apparition, a suggestion to change.

Even a refusal.

Underneath it all, I glow.

But you list all the things I'll never be. The numbers could toll 101.

I'd stay if you'd stutter something that echoes love, something I am.

Just one.

BUT YOU NEVER.... (SAME OLD FUCKING STORY)

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 care what you think.

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.

PLANNING MY ESCAPE

The Bruise has faded to a yellow; the bandage fell off halfway through the night.

There were no tears staining my face as the sun glared in through the window this morning.

The smile appeared without being placed today, and the tune on my lips was not forced.

Change, and better-ness shining through each article I choose to put on, a sparkle gleams in each eye; no longer dead like a shark.

You walked into the room and everything shook, pictures went into motion, displaced momentarily.

You look beautiful to me, but I know the image is illusory; falsities of an attraction that eludes control.

I want to lick your lips and run my fingers through your memories and words once whispered in kindness.

But I'm scared for the first time in weeks.

I catch my breath and untwist my tongue, the vital organ which, along with the others, betrays me.

I cannot be around you; I've decided I must go.

Construct deconstruction and displace this reality.

Leave you behind because I know I need to taste you constantly.

This one-way love built on good intentions, in need of angelic intervention.

Busy planning my escape - so which way is out?

BLAZING SNOW

When the world stopped spinning and the sun swirled for the last time.

I lay on the ground wondering how I got here.

All the birds fell to the floor and the breath caught in my chest, frozen by the invisible hands of time.

They shook me from what I saw and woke me from the dream.

Clatterings of concern and speckles of sympathy littered the room.

The phone rang out and the snap in my skull brought me to.

Getting my balance, I stepped outside into the cold air.

Snow on the ground revealed the directions of others, random steps into futures already been and gone.

I shivered out the misery.

People wandering past me suggested the world had not ended, their casual talk of mundaneness and joy informed me my predicament was a microcosm of illusion.

My eyes flared, the realisation you were still alive somewhere too.

The mirror of life reflected all my situations and circumstances.

You may not be dead, but we are and this love is burning in the snow.

Ablaze with tears and smiles of a fool.

I watch the cinders, and throw upon it the memory of you saying I love you

I warm my hands by its flame.

CAUGHT: PART I

You are great at goodbyes; I'm better at hellos. I listen to 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 the station. My love drips down in coalesced drops. They
stain your clothes; you wipe your mouth. You disgust me with your actions.
You're the bear trap, shiny and hidden.

A PERSONAL IDIOSYNCRASY, WE'RE ALL ENTITLED TO!

I'm reaching the end, finishing line not only in sight but wrapping around me.

Easy to be caught, tangled and overcome.

Finally.

Time to start again, a voyage beyond (now with Bette Davis eyes).

I look to the sky, I've cleared my desk and re-invented myself again.

You will not like this prototype, it sparks and whirls and talks out of place.

You cannot take me to your family, they will only tolerate me, clench their teeth as they wait for me to pass.

Like driving through a bad neighbourhood.

I'm the exhausting run, the chore you forgot to do; the drink at the end of the day.

A box arrives, inside are my emotions; choose which ones to place.

I'm your mister potato-head.

What position should I adopt, dominance and my jealousy, underneath or on top?

I light a fire and bring you milk. I throw my suspicions on it.

No need for them, I know your time is splintering now between me and others.

Names called out in the dark.

You rub the emptiness and kiss another's lips.

Prototype is back in the box.

Please read the instructions before operating next time.

VERSION 2.9

Corroding, falling apart; fraying at these fragile seams. Should I stay and present my face anymore?

I flick to a page that may dazzle and tempt you, yet a boredom settles and you turn away.

Why do I have to ask for affection? My offerings have no value, like a child's drawing given to a parent. What makes it special?

Everything I do is a product of prayer, you'd say you're not religious. So, I disappear.

I board a train for half my life and reach the forest. No-one can hear my heartbeat here.

The voice I hear is my own. Who'd have thought these emotions could take hold and force my mind. It could have been much worse. I disintegrate and shake off this version.

A vision of the unseen and unwelcomed.

COMPULSORY CONFORMITY

I never said I wanted this. I never said I didn't.

How did I end up in this house of mirrors?

I see myself on every page that passes hands.

Looking for definition, grasping the indifferent.

I pay my taxes just like you, this place is my own.

Truth is, I'm the most unworthy.

All I remembered, I have to forget.

As the train enters the station, the choice to disembark shortens: jump?

Leave me to my own map and ideologies.

I will find my way.

MORATORIUM

Look at us shout and hate, like all the others.

Look at us fall apart, and run for cover.

Why are we enjoying this negativity?

Why are we playing dumb, stuck in naivety?

We cannot go on, bruising upon old bruises.

One day when we punch, it will just smash right through and underneath.

How is it I want to hit, and also kiss you?

How is it you raise your voice, but it's your arms that fly?

What if we stop it now, and drop this confusion?

What if I say I'm sorry, and enjoy love's retribution?

We won't go on, in this self-destructive way.

I won't let us fall, into a domestic and ordinary blaze of hate and blood.

What if we work on love?

In retelling its story, the ghost had shifted from a faint white radiance with a slight crimson tinge to a vivid scarlet that at times looked almost black. The colour moved inside it like slow blood, swirling in thick currents that caught the light and made the spectre appear heavier than air. Each outburst darkened it further. Each insult seemed to stain it from within. The gallery watched the transformation with a mixture of fascination and dread. Along with the cussing and shouting, many in attendance recoiled from its presence. Some pressed themselves back into their seats while others stood and moved toward the rear of the room as if distance alone could protect them. The ghost's arms, or what resembled arms, swung in wide, agitated arcs. Its movements were sharp and unpredictable, as though the emotion inside it had no place to go except outward. Judge Reynolds asked it to calm itself at one point, but the look it gave her was so direct and so full of heat that she decided not to repeat the request.

When the ghost was finally dismissed, after more than one attempt to end its testimony, it drifted past the defendant without a glance. He did not look at it either. Something small slipped free from the ghost's form as it passed. Its sticker, now crinkled and worn, floated down to the floor beside the defendant's desk. With a quiet shuffle of his foot, he drew it closer. He bent as if adjusting his shoe and picked it up, sliding it into his pocket when no one was watching.

"Well, thank you for that witness, Miss Ferguson. I hope your next one will be a little less excitable," the judge said, exhaling as if relieved to have survived the encounter.

"I think you will find my next witness is far more apathetic Your Honour," Miss Ferguson replied, tucking a strand of red hair behind her ear.

Suddenly, a second ghost rose up through the floor. A few people gasped and stepped back. This ghost was smaller than the first and its features were blurred, as though seen through an old film reel that had been played too many times. It drifted toward the stand with a slow, unhurried motion. It yawned, and thin shadows escaped its mouth, sliding across the room before dissolving into the corners.

Above its head, a neon sign flickered into existence. Indifferent. The electric blue light buzzed faintly, casting a cold glow across the witness box.

"So, what do you want to know?" it asked, not directing the question at anyone in particular. Its voice carried a weightless quality, as if even speaking required more effort than it cared to give.

Miss Ferguson stepped forward, narrowing her eyes to study it more closely. "Please tell us what you can in regard to the defendant," she said, gesturing toward her client.

"OoooOokay, sure," the ghost replied, and those nearest to it shivered without knowing why.

INDIFFERENCE

DESTRUCTION

You're the string around my finger.

You're the pebble in my brain.

The smear on my window, the smell of ocean in the rain.

Out of reach but always on the horizon.

The ship deciding to port.

Motioning swells, drifting.

I hear your name and I miss you,

I see your face and I turn the other way.

I finally win a fight, a battle, the war.

But love fools me into thinking it was all for nothing.

You are my everything, when you are my nothing.

I taste your ghost, I kiss your photo.

I greet you like I would a stranger.

ONE OF THE TUMBLING DREAMS

When I think of tomorrow, your face appears and yesterday disappears.

When I'm here on my own, ghosts begin to cry, memories dance and dreams die.

The bigger the risk, the more there is to lose and to win.

Out of breath I forget to choose.

Too many options, I'm overwhelmed.

Out of focus, trapped in the lost and found.

I want to jump from this building, spinning, tumbling, falling but winning.

Out of time, out of bounds, out of your hands and into my own future.

I lost you, but found me.

DEEP SPACE SUSPENSION

01.54am and the chorus and ring from the street below fills my room.

The night is heavy, and my mind is black.

On my skin is the impression of the day, stuck in a suspended reality.

Not moving, not changing. Only growing older and fearful of remaining.

This situation suffocates me. Freedom is etched on every note that passes hands.

Things we need to survive, the same food everyday as I pretty myself for the world.

My stomach is empty but my face must be acceptable, ugliness will not be tolerated; must be perfect.

I feel like a leper in a world of vanity, out of place and out of my mind.

My light is fading.

I've bathed too long in this normalcy.

I need a spark, a splinter, a flame. To get me moving, loving and thinking again.

So much not done, so much passed.

Such things to be, this current psychosis must not be the end of me.

Change.

CAUGHT - PART II: LOST

My feathers are tattered; my wings are tired. I'm the bird at the back trying to keep up.

All the others have direction, but I'm still lost today.

I sit down and hold a gun to his head; the bullet leaves no marks.

I'm boxing with my shadow again.

My eyes are heavy, my bones ache, my will muddles and my intent illuminates.

I'm now the sheep that lost its way. I'm the bones in the wolf's stomach, beautiful and so forgotten.

Like string around someone's wrist, like metal around someone's finger; all brilliant imperfections.

WONDER

Pause: freeze this moment.

Stop, this splinter in time.

Speeding down this road, watching the signs; what do they read?

Kill your speed not this child in my head.

He's screaming up memories; he's telling lies and truths that I cannot understand.

The paradise lost has been found again. You're whispering directions and packing me a lunch.

I'm swimming and drowning in this world so familiar.

This tantalising taste sets fire to me, burns in warming my delusional heart.

You make me high, I'm flying.

Your silence I mistook as my own ego.

I'm right here to mutter and talk out the consciousness.

I'm right here to drown in you, ready and already falling.

(I)NDEFECTIBLE

Tick me off, I filled a quota.

On your life list, I met your requirements.

Boiling down to averages and needs, the basicness is, I look good naked.

You want the body, you want the life; you misplace the soul and subvert the heart.

What did you want to be when you were younger, where did you want to go?

Why do I complete you, why won't you let the dreams show?

Normalcy is suffocating, speaking with your soul can be liberating.

Charge the compound and set fire to the ideas passed down by society.

I'm not what you need and not what you want.

Rip me apart if I reject you, celebrate me if I neglect you.

Live your life without me and shine, the light from within that you can't call mine.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD DECIDE THIS ONE

Trying to remember the feeling before all this happened.

Before the storm, before the dust descended and splintered my eyes.

Hurricanes and cyclones of madness, maddening questioning.

People throwing opinions: swelled by their own fears (steadied by hypocrisy).

As you demonise me and play Jesus, you use love as a rag to wield.

You expect me to wave the white in return.

I can't, it's red from all the blood.

Should I go, covered in remorse?

Leave you to your horrified sense of self-reason?

You finally win, you finally win – the crushing force of a crown that tells me nothing about why you're here.

I will not be your jester. I will just disappear.

I WISH I KNEW (CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR)

I don't know when this will end, I hope it never does.

To you, all I wish to send, is a prayer of hope and love.

You feel like you're slipping away, you seem to be shutting down.

All I can do then is pray, that you will still be around.

You kill me with the silence and fears, and just leave me to question.

All of these problems and tears, and moments of imperfection.

All of the best things are disappearing, in a cloud of uncertainty.

All of the things I'm fearing, are right now in front of me.

Forget tomorrow, forget today. Forget all the things I said.

Put me down, pat my head. And put these dreams to bed.

THE MOON AT THE DAWN

Everything feels like a drop in the ocean, it's so simple and what I thought was apparent.

You signify the dogs, barking long into the night.

Ignore tears that are shields, just draw attention to perfection.

The Walls must fall.

Why do I feel that the more I say the less you'll hear?

You've had enough, limit(less). Calls of paradise harken you away.

But then we kiss and the sky shatters.

All I see is stars surrounding you, a trail of cosmic light.

I hate these tears now, they cheapen as they nullify.

A beautiful mess of opportunities, but your glasses show you nothing but turmoil.

Yet you're still here, so it keeps me trying.

We've been caught in the war but we keep on running.

I'll make you bulletproof.

DON'T FEED THE BIRDS

They will peck.

They will steal.

When you least expect, they will feel.

You up, you down, tugging at your brain.

They never migrate,

They only multiply,

Your soul they'll dissect, assimilate then quantify.

Swirling in herds.

Like black mockingbirds.

By proxy they tell you how to live, how to breathe, how to love, and how to give;
everything until you think you have it all.

The first to appear, to smile and watch as you fall.

Be the sky they fly in; greater than the feathers they flap and wider than they could ever reach.

Suddenly, a high-pitched wailing rose from the ceiling of the courtroom. Heads snapped upward as another ghost circled the rafters, its form trembling with each cry. It shed enormous tears that fell in heavy drops onto the people below. The ghost moved in frantic loops, caught in its own orbit, figure eighting across the ceiling as if unable to break free from the pattern. The tears fell faster, turning into an indoor monsoon that drenched the gallery.

Puddles began to form in the aisle. Water spread across the floor in thin sheets that gathered speed as the wailing intensified. Some people opened umbrellas they had brought for the walk to the courthouse. Others lifted their feet onto the seats to avoid the rising water. The entire room glistened with salt, every surface wet, every person soaked through.

Miss Ferguson raised her voice above the noise. "Please can my next witness take the stand," she called out, wringing her sleeves and sending a small stream of water onto the floor.

The ghost swooped down toward the witness box where Ghost number 2 still sat. It hovered beside the apathetic spirit, sobbing loudly, as if begging for space. Ghost number 2 glanced at it with mild annoyance.

"Thank you Ghost number 2, there is nothing further at this time," Miss Ferguson said.

The indifferent ghost shrugged, its outline flickering once before it vanished with a small pop that echoed faintly through the wet air.

The wailing ghost drifted into the vacant space, trembling as it settled at the stand. Its eyes moved restlessly around the room, searching for something that might steady it. A guard approached and attached a sticker to its surface. The ghost shuddered, but the presence of the label seemed to calm it for a moment.

After a few minutes the sticker began to peel away. The single word upon it, Sadness, ran like ink dissolving in water. The letters streaked down the front of the ghost, staining it briefly before fading into its translucent form.

Through its sobs, it began to speak, heaving between wails and long, uneven sighs.

SADNESS

WOLF

The Call of solitude, a wolf's howl.

I am the tree that grows in the forest, the lynx that wanders around its trunk, eyes alive; hoping to catch a chance.

Reflections, they attack me, forcing me away.

I step into an old memory, a suit well-worn but beginning to fray.

The card game is easy, hermit and the swords. Death of what?

Another dream, another wish?

The star above dazzles and tempts me, but it is deaf to my cries; like it I'm alone.

All shiny lonely beauty.

The fall of the fool.

INTERDEPENDENT

I paint the sky with what I have, all greys and blacks.

The thunder rolls from somewhere unearthly, I realise it emits from your frustration.

Oh for sunny days and clearer skies.

You take the sky and hold it up, tell me the world is flat and shackle my hands and feet.

But ghosts cannot be tied down.

I move through, transcend the walls that surround.

You invoke my name as the parchment in your hand rustles in the wind.

You build the furnace and burn the witch: cast these devils out!

Out of the ashes you roll up and smoke my soul, breathing in sooty sulphur and DNA.

It drips off your fingers like mercury.

I'm infused to you now, your direction is mine as we stumble forth.

Out of the numbness I feel only you, two hearts smashed into one.

These ephemeral things that tantalize and trap, lose their value and slip into the makeup of this material world.

What do we have to give, do we have to let it go?

Of course we do, to find out who we are.

Nothing more be said.

HAUNTING

Sin crouches at the door, devils dance in your skull.

Off your tongue slide delicious promises eager to tantalise my soul.

Your sin is my lack, my without is your heart.

Cold as stone, yet it burns me; flames lick at my thoughts.

Temptations march across my eyes, and my idle desires ignite.

You come to me in a rain of brimstone, but it's my heart that remains frozen.

You're persistent, but I'm elusive.

MY SELF-IMPOSED EXILE

3am and the world is closing in around me.

Breathe, tasting the fear of a wall collapsing.

The birds of the night are flying around, I'm confused.

They swoop at my soul and peck at my heart.

Four o'clock and now my eyes are heavy, shivering with the thought of the approaching dawn.

Every day is new.

I turn to you, the dust of words smear my head.

I vanish to survive, my way to deal is to disappear.

Lost in my entropy of love, disorder takes hold.

The birds grow new feathers, black and sharp weapons to distract and harm.

My tongue marks, like ghosts on Halloween they parade openly in the night, tiptoeing confessions.

Shuffle, stutter and breathe.

New again, clutching an old image.

My illusions tumble into the instant.

5am and you bring me water.

I'm flying across the Ganges, walking across Bedfordshire, climbing into beyond.

The skin falls away.

I close the door and conjure up the silence.

The page burns before me, objects and images of people more suited to you, less bruised and more stable.

Dawn and the cinders burn, I remain motionless.

Still vanishing, still here reflecting your light.

A line that reads 'do not cross'.

Fragile and as despondent like snow in the midday sun.

CHARLIE

Charlie sits and reads his book,
No-one takes a second look.
So Charlie stares and wonders why,
Everyone is passing by.
If Charlie's book was made of gold,
Or gave you wishes, upon threefold;
If it was fancy or brand new,
Many would come and not so few.
For they would come and sit beside,
Poor Charlie and his face that hides.
For Charlie has been hurt before,
Once in love, but now no more.
His heart was strong and overflowing,
With love and hope but never knowing.
That some people's hearts are cold as stone.
And devour love and make it their own.
Now Charlie sits and reads about,
How others love without those doubts.
Alone he sits and tries to hide,
The tears that fall on his insides.

ASH

Like the truth from a liar, all this surprised me.

The sun burns bright like it always did.

Shadows moving in their synchronicity.

I'm tired from chasing, boxing and racing them.

The world turns and the moon shimmers as it has for an age.

Yet all I feel is weight.

A thickening around me of death and repetition of pause buttons.

Illuminated like a dying Christmas tree.

If I gasp for air, all it does is replenish momentarily.

All feels lost to me, nothingness in every direction.

I want to feel the sun on my skin again, feel your embrace as you whisper I love you.

These have to have nothing to do with me.

For the more you dictate the more I liberate myself from you.

Where am I headed, I do not know?

This journey has taken many detours, few of which I wish to speak of.

Will you hold my hand or wave me goodbye?

ALLERGIC

These choices parade with such dazzling temptation.

I can be apathetic; I can be just like everyone else.

Two drinks, then hands that move across skin and the clothes you purposely put on today.

Day glow fluorescents buzz through me.

You walk off the page, off the stage and out of my life.

Somewhere a drumbeat, a heart skips.

One intake of breath, you snatch the crown from atop my head.

Asking me to remove my clothes so you can begin to understand me, then you drop the mask.

Again, you overwhelm like a monster, ready wild honey.

I sit and stare into the rain, the quickened pace of people, eyes low, low, low.

The rain and separation tumble down.

I know you're disconnected, yet I push.

I no longer feel near you, with you, or loved by you.

Yet your cum drips into my brain.

I want to change everything, so much here I cannot understand.

Dopamine chalks my tongue, angels flutter towards me.

But you move away.

TORNADO

A Deep depression swung up from nowhere.

Twisting and turning, saturating the blue sky.

You got lost in the wind, pulled loose from your string.

A black cloud is haunting me tonight, smothering the light.

Thoughts of you are gathering, I brought the umbrella while I chased the rainbows.

Coming back empty and still wet. Slipping off the storm, sweet delicious selfishness.

Pressure drops, f5 f5: the clouds are massing, stuck in this with time collapsing.

Hail that hurts and rain that burns, this is my redemption as you wash over me and then away.

A cool breeze, the moon whispers into my ear (that you're no longer here).

UNEXPECTED

The sky illuminates as the flare sprays the black with its neon tears.

This was my cry for help today, my shot in the dark, my SOS.

You come around eager to change everything, to tell me what I wanted to hear.

I fished for compliments as you gave me junk food emotions.

Truth is, I gorged until I purged.

Hidden underneath a spark, a speck of truth and a hope.

A bewildering fantasy I have wrestled with for years.

I Love you.

Each word you send my way reminds me it's true. So far away.

Each second the world spins and further apart we are, slowly slipping into history.

You make me cheat; you make me lie. You turn me inside out and cry.

I want you; you want me. I want to hop a plane and cut my hair, fly the thousands of miles and collapse into you.

But you'd eventually want me to leave, for forever is not mentioned ever.

You'd fuck me and leave me wanting more, lost with wolves attacking my head desperate to get in.

Yet it was all so unexpected today.

The sheets of a lover turned aside, the angry shouts and emotions that are callously hidden.

So, devour my picture, consume my words. Let them travel to your heart and understand how I truly feel.

It has to be all or nothing, I'd risk everything again but I won't chase shadows and I won't hurt others.

These wolves are hungry, and my body is tired.

Save me like you promised, don't allow me to disappear into myself.

AIR BETWEEN US

Unlock that door that looms behind you, keep a safe distance from me.

I'm spinning plates and juggling with your heart and my own absurdities.

I want to be the clothes you wear; I want to be on your skin.

But then I question your style and ask you to stop, scratch deep within and extirpate me.

No room to breathe, no air to tread. I'll overwhelm, smother and eventually be a joy to leave.

Quarantine me for now, the tiger in the room. Keep me calm as you find the exit.

Outside the window I cast my eye, a multitude of avenues spring forth like a devil's banquet.

You give me your shell, I hide underneath.

I poke around for delicate memories and chewy bits of your brain.

I wipe my mouth with your soul. Take a bath and wash me off you.

I sully and dirty up your skin. Throw me into the rain and let it cascade away.

Raindrops and redemption muddying the water.

RAINING INTO NOW

On this cloudy day, the rain spatters my heart and windowpane.

People dart below as I watch from my apartment window, hurriedly scrambling through the day, shaking off the unwelcome water from the sky.

I descend.

I lick the pavement and spread my hands on the street.

Their daily complexities seep into my veins.

A million hellos and too many sad goodbyes.

These obligations overwhelm me, I see the daily toils and regretfully subscribed.

I like the rain.

Money clatters to the floor (you want me to consume it?)

The rain continues to fall and soaks down to my bones.

I remove my clothes, burning them away with desire.

Time defecates on me as I slip into unconsciousness. A bird wakes this body, it pecked at my finger through bloody flesh and metallic intoxications.

The gristle of the underneath stings in the air of responsibility.

It pecks at my head, the gnarled entanglement of blood, hair and scalp.

It tried to reveal more than I would let it. It tried to see if I was human.

The puddles have grown deep as I slept.

Footprints mark my neck as stupidity marches across my back.

I hear the cars next to me in the road.

My eyes are still tightly shut, as I cannot look at this world yet.

Its sorrow still causes tears and tears, both that rip apart.

Someone lays a blanket upon me out of concern or shame, I do not know.

I start speaking in tongues, the ravages of prophets who occupy the spaces left vacant by big issue vendors.

I talk of change and indifference.

I slash and cut my wrists to show blood runs here too, the same as yours.

Black sins emerge where blood should spill.

The ghostly spectators sigh and remind me no-one is telling me how to live.

Truth is, I've known all along they are liars.

FISSURE

There's a hammering in my head, I fear it is you.
Filling me up with dread, showing me what I knew.
I speed past people, and lights glimmering on.
You've trained this bird to sing, such a sad and haunting song.
The car pulls over, my eyes roll to the stars.
I vomit out this memory, I vomit out what's ours.
Two tiny eyes watch me, from the field by where I choke.
The deer is just like me, scared but full of hope.
It jumps away into darkness, chasing another day.
I'm mimicking its progress, for I'm still running away.

STUPID (ME AM)

These are the stupid things that I do. I fall through cracks; I stick like glue.

To age-old problems and age-old questions. Shiver out of help, or any inclination.

That would benefit my predicament, change this station.

Stupidity spins like a penny I don't have.

Spinning like an isotope, my world's about to fold.

So, I fall to the ground, hide under the covers.

Wait for you to come, determined to discover.

I have nothing of value, nothing to offer.

These stupid plans just got stupider.

COLLAPSE

Cavernously, the echoes ring out.

My heart is emptying.

Fallen, corroded, degenerated light vacuums everything around it.

A bird caught in a hurricane, a ship lost at sea.

I subvert. I coin a phrase, sing it out.

I let the silence suffocate then resolute.

Seeing your face after a lifetime strung within five minutes, you left the room too soon.

Out of place like a star on a blackboard sky.

This bruise will heal; my heart will beat again.

My hope and faith though are a little more frayed.

SOMEWHERE FAST

I'm not here to disappoint you (here I go again).

The sweet and ugly filter down onto me.

Repercussions pop into being like cold dark matter, axioms of diamonds and stars.

Enemies surround me in the dark, they seep into the space I have carved out.

I want to disappear.

These ceremonies only break my heart and hasten my self-conditioned exodus.

They telescope in and scrutinize, descending and sanitise.

Surrounding and overwhelming.

It made me cry.

Blood flowed on my hands and I ran away.

You sought me out and smashed within, behind my eyes of predisposition and ugliness.

Normalcy evades me; that is why they disarm me.

I'm not like them; their wings are higher and whiter.

They force me to run away.

YOU MAKE ME BELIEVE I CAN

I turn my phone off and turn the world aside, the shadows on the wall are my own (there is no one around).

The mirror of life crashes through my head and I see myself.

I'm safe here in the dark. The voices of the day that chatter and constantly ebb.

I am left in silence.

I sit and cry.

I'm not all I'll ever be, I'm just sparks and broken bones.

You accuse and pander, you love and hit me.

These bruises will never heal.

The virtuous qualities mean nothing when you scrutinize and quantify.

If you take my blood, you'll see it is red like yours.

Just mop it up off the floor, it's lying there when you called me a liar.

I want to envelope you in love and dive into what others only long for.

But we shatter, and you cut your fingers on my pieces and turn away.

I never claimed to be a righteous soul, but with you I will try.

JEALOUSY

I imagine the monsters, the exes the thoughts,
That sometimes you don't love me, sometimes it hurts.
I imagine the kisses, the laughter and the love.
From someone else's heart, in you it's a part of.
I imagine the monster, it's silly I know.
It's something I'm forgetting, so our love can grow.

FATES AND THREAD (WHERE TO CUT)

To love and yet to leave, the past where it is.

Gone, let it go, like a grudge, like old love.

You, so far away from me now.

I thought you were to have; I want you now.

My heart stutters for you, come breathe new life into it.

I'm falling and smashing on rocks of sadness.

I reach out for you, and catch a thread of your soul.

Only I am to blame. Distance, not even begun.

Love stretched thickly upon me coalesce into maddening desire.

I miss you, yet stammer out a goodbye.

FLIGHTLESS BIRD

It's not that I started out with no wings to fly, I have the ability I'm just not able.

I want to soar like the other birds in the sky, but something keeps me grounded.

Instead, I'm a danger to myself and others, I dart into traffic and cause havoc.

They have signs up now warning others of my madness and irrational chaos.

It's useless distraction really, like a peacock in the moonlight. All dressed up with nowhere to fly.

A flightless bird resides in my heart, longing to escape and to see wonders on the other side.

My wings are there, they're just broken.

OUT OF THE WOODS, INTO THE STORM

In the darkest part of my dreams, I see you standing there; as a stranger.

Any love you had, I didn't tie down before the hurricane hit.

Cyclonic whirls of emotions and words set forth to uproot and scatter, to transform and shatter.

Unlike Dorothy I do not land in Oz, no Technicolor world as I step outside my door.

Only bleak familiar terrain. The optimistic voices are now vulture cries from above.

You push away and withdraw in disgust. I call your name but it's too late.

The breakup has been and gone and all is smashed.

So I crumble and fold and decay each day.

DEAD IN THE WATER

What if we had just a minute longer, and the words I just said weren't the last things rolling around in your head.

Another few seconds in time to make things better.

And you kissed me and touched me, instead of leaving me lonesome and lost in nightmares.

The monster has crawled into my bed, when I thought it was just me alone (Used to).

If I stopped the world again and gave you all you wanted, would you still need my love? Is it enough?

I feel like I'm sinking and I know what you're thinking.

I cut my wrist and the sharks circle beneath me, can they hear my heart barely beating.

Only I can save me.

Land seems too far away so I look to the stars, and I see you.

I MISS US

Sweet skin, numerous kisses.

I'm not there.

I count the heartbeats, and all the misses.

This I share.

Your smile, so rare; so intoxicating.

I can't get you out of my head

So I slip into memories so devastating,

And forget I'm here, not there instead.

I lay my bones down and smell your absence.

Your spirit, your soul; your heart.

And I promise myself with defiance.

To get back to a place that feels like a start.

I miss you.

YOU'LL SEE

I want to believe that we may still have a chance, but you surround me with shadows.

The ones that come upon me in the night.

I want to believe that I am ready to tackle anything with you, that we can withstand any storm.

But my hope is held in your captivity, your dismissive stare and your fragility.

It takes more strength to cry.

I won't complain if you throw this away to save yourself.

I will keep quiet if you decided to end what we have.

But just so you know, and just so you see.

You'd have begun the slow end and death deep within me.

FALL

Falling fast, can't catch my breath.

Thrown out the darkness, there's nothing left.

I tumble, I dive; a spiral descent.

The past is gone, there is no lament.

I chase the clouds, the birds they scatter.

I give you my heart, it doesn't shatter.

Turbulence it shakes me, I rush on through.

Free fall I'm falling, closer to you.

(Catch me now)

The courtroom was now knee deep in tears by the time the third ghost finished. Water sloshed with every movement. Nearly everyone crouched on their seats, clutching the backs of chairs for balance, while the guards worked in frantic rhythm, scooping water out of the windows with wastepaper bins they had emptied moments earlier. Streams poured down the stone walls. The floorboards groaned under the weight of it all.

“Wait a minute now,” shouted the prosecution, perched in his chair like a great bird ready to strike.

He had been quiet through most of the proceedings, watching with a growing sense of disbelief, but the rising water and the chaos finally pushed him to speak. “Do I not get a say in anything here,” he demanded, his bald head catching the glare of the overhead lights. For a short man his voice boomed across the room, startling several spectators who had been eating popcorn as if attending a matinee.

“No, you do not,” the judge replied, her contempt plain. The defendant snickered loudly which earned him a sharp look. “You will have your chance after this is complete Sir,” she added, her tone professional yet final.

“But Your Honour, I must ask you to consider science and religion in all this. Please let us hear what the doctor and the priest think,” he implored, gripping the edge of his desk as another wave of tears washed past his shoes.

“Oh, they will both say I am crazy,” the defendant said, laughing in a way that made several jurors shift uncomfortably.

“Any more from you and you will be in contempt of court. This is your last warning,” the judge snapped, pushing her spectacles back up the bridge of her nose for what felt like the hundredth time. “Very well. Bring in these honourable men.”

The doors opened on cue. A priest and a doctor trudged in, both so old they seemed carved from the same ancient stone. Their long beards nearly brushed the floor as they walked, and each step looked like a negotiation with gravity. They reached the stand and took their seats on either side of the judge.

Unknown to anyone else, they had been holding hands while waiting to be called. Now they eyed one another with open hostility, each determined to speak first. They gestured wildly, their arms rising to improbable heights for men of their age, each insisting that his insight was more essential than the other’s.

The priest won the battle. He placed a hand on the bible, swore the oath with great ceremony, then opened the book to a passage he claimed was relevant. He began to read in a slow, droning voice that filled the courtroom like incense. The reading went on for fifteen minutes, uninterrupted, while the water continued to lap at everyone’s knees.

RELIGION

CALLING OUT IN THE DARK

Smother and blanket, the ashen world of night.

What deeds are done when all cats look grey?

Who calls to you, when the moon has risen?

That inner part, that secret self.

Exploding in a fountain of stars.

When no eyes can follow, and your dreams are laid.

You left your bones asleep.

And followed the call into the dark.

Beyond the woods, above the trees.

A calling like a ghost on the breeze.

And a voice inside came alive, speaking out and in tongues.

A religion long buried, now dusted off with great movement.

You travel to the moon, and night swim in their minds.

Licking your fingers to the magic left behind.

Darkness and dawn.

Shedding skin and cells.

Becoming what you always knew you were.

Your new state of being blind.

VEILED

Maybe it was all too much.
This veil pulls me down.
This earth pushes me up.
Bones as thin as china.
Will as strong as Russia.
What religion should I wear?
Which god was I trying to please?
Watch me as this orthodox trips into sunlight.
Unbuckled and strewn about like papers on a desk.
Write my name on everything you see.
For I shall own it.
My signature, worth a thousand jewels.
But then maybe, I shall fade away.
Fall into the shadow of time like a sphinx in the sand.
Riddling into my demise and my own lunacy.
Special to only but myself.
A fading queen of the ancients.
A housewife dead beneath a carpet.
Speak well of me while you eat my bread.
Drink the milk I give and choke on the thoughts I offer.
And forget me not.
For I was there at your beginning.
And will silently watch you dissolve.
A woman. A soul.
Veiled and precious.
Swirling poison in my mouth.

BLESSED HEART

The moment we stop trying, the moment we start lying,
are the times of separation, fragmentation and disconnection.

Love could be great but why take a chance, finding one in a million or the other side of the heart.

Start a new chapter with a singed edge, a page blotted and muddied with a thousand tears.

But tears dry, and the paper wrinkles awaiting fresh words.

My heart is empty like a church, no-one is here for good, only transitory penitence and salvation; all slow
scuffling of tourists here for the untouchable beauty.

The choir sings and the heart's strings whistle, torrents of blood washes them into subdued silences. The
church must shatter, fire and cinders, blitz and smoke; only to be rebuilt.

I will make you my religion, pointlessly pursuing eventual expectational let down.

Your religion tells me I am perfect as I am, but encourages me to change.

Your skin is the wafer, your blood is the life (coursing changing), in-motion.

I want to taste it on my tongue and disappear into redemption, resurrection and 7th heaven.

But only with you.

Imagining how a dream looks, tangible and possible.

Like seeing distant lights in the rain, hope through a storm. Happiness after pain.

Take my hand, it is happening.

WRONG TURNS AND DELICIOUS DETOURS

I've seen the world collapse a hundred times,
explosions in the sky and in my head.

I sit in the ruins of a path I tried to create,
the butterflies lie motionless beside me.

Milk and honey made me vomit,
the scriptures left dusty sticky remnants inside my skull.

The Shadows come, and the moon dances.

Whirling in different lands of crazy. I speak a name.

I've detoured my life down other people's paths, made their journeys my own.

I sit alone.

The ledge crumbles, cracks and falls.

I rouse from a sleep, a snake bites me.

I taste sweet venom and delve into dreams of the ordinary.

The closer I get to you, the more I can taste my fear.

The closer I get to happiness, the more I want to disappear.

Please don't abandon me.

ESCAPING

As we fell from the garden, stomach still full of fruit and the taste of incomprehension, we allowed necessity and distraction to take hold.

Illusion had her wicked way with me last night,
exotic temptation on a cheap blanket of lies;

lying

liars.

Lay down as she made me come over and over again.

I wipe away the dreams as I wash the sin away, tears as thick as blood and words as strong as lies, intention in remaining the same equally as stubborn.

The truth is I should be glad to be alive, chances and changes.

To sit and wait for change with you freezes me, my brain catatonic, routines and smiles.

Brian-washed by so many outlets, conditioned by expectation.

You had me thinking I was normal, you had me disposing of my dreams and cutting off my wings.

Surrounding me now is blood and feathers and notions of escape.

I can't shift the sky, but I can jump, each time a little closer.

Soon you'll be a speck, unidentifiable from such a distance.

Ineffective at this range.

Cut my cords and let me go, I'm beyond the point of no return.

My spine splits in two and shards splinter out my back, learning to fly again I know where to find you.

But I won't be back.

Lick the feathers on the floor and press them to your own skin.

Take my hand if you need to, but don't pull me back.

DIALING GOD

'PLEASE BE PATIENT, YOUR CALL IS IMPORTANT TO US. YOUR CALL IS IN A QUEUE AND WILL BE ANSWERED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.' (I drum my fingers on the table) [PLEASE HOLD THE LINE] How can I explain this, will they understand? It's not for the first time that this got out of hand. I know I have lied; I know I have betrayed. I know the early promise, must now seem mislaid. [PLEASE HOLD THE LINE] Although I know I've fallen, I genuflect before you. To rise from my failures, to begin anew. Shame and apologies, both begin to mount. It's not why you tumble, but how you stand up that counts. [PLEASE HOLD THE LINE] I know my story's nothing new, we all betray your trust. Heard in many languages, these apologies lay like dust. But these mistakes can guide us, and help us change direction. A lesson that I needed to learn, brought about through this correction. [PLEASE HOLD THE LINE] (The click of a dial tone) [DUE TO HIGH CALL LEVELS, WE CANNOT CONNECT YOU AT THIS TIME. PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE AFTER THE TONE. FOR DIRECT LINE ACCESS, PLEASE REPENT/CHANGE]

XXXX

As I sit in my quiet desperation, my skin tightens and my brain shudders.

I've lied on repeat; my situation is most grave.

24 times I've told myself today that I need to change, 25 times I've apologised.

I try to manipulate God, questioning then dismissing, challenging then retreating.

You hold me up like a snow globe, shaking me into action.

You dislodge some emotions that lie on the surface, they descend in a flurry of blind optimism.

The raw, deep, bone creating ones lie hidden still.

X-ray my skull, toxicate my bones to see what lies beneath.

You pause between love and hatred, static movements and moments in your head.

You withdraw in disgust, leaving the x-ray on that tears my flesh and radiates into my soul.

Yet still the dark matter remains uncharted and unwelcome.

A fracture in your fairytale with me.

BENEDICTION

Into the chapel, past the pews.
Forget all the rabble, their pious stoic views.
There before Jesus, there before God.
I sit on the floor, transfixedly awed.
You offer your hand, you straighten your robe.
You disappear when desired, and travel the globe.
You leave me to sit, and wonder and wait.
In the delusional reasoning, that you are a saint.
You bleed like the rest, and you suffer the same.
No angels surround me when I utter your name.
Because you are just human, despite what you believe.
And you are no better, yet you tried to deceive.
I thought you were my saviour, my reason to be.
Now all I am left with, is a sad lonely sea.
Though you lecture, and sanctomise at length and at whim.
In this sea I am drowning in, it's sink now or swim.
So save me your reasons, they are countless yet few.
I will longer pray in your temple, your church of just you.

After everyone present had now felt sufficiently sinful and devalued, the doctor rose next. He tutted loudly, shaking his head as he surveyed the room with the air of a man who had expected chaos yet still found himself disappointed by the scale of it. Water swirled around his ankles as he stepped forward, his shoes making soft splashes that echoed through the chamber.

He unrolled his many certificates with a theatrical flourish, each one proving his legitimacy in increasingly elaborate fonts. One certificate was so long that when he stood to display it, the parchment unfurled all the way to the floor and draped over his bulbous stomach like a ceremonial sash. He adjusted it with pride, as if the weight of his qualifications alone could steady the room.

He then handed the judge a framed certification, its gold trim chipped and its glass fogged by the humidity. It declared, in his medical opinion, the defendant's level of sanity. Insane was written in bold letters across the centre. There was no fine print. No footnotes. No hesitation.

A murmur rippled through the gallery. The judge held the frame at arm's length, squinting at it as though the word might rearrange itself into something more palatable.

BODY

HEART AND HEAD

Outside my window there are children playing in the street.
The sun falls upon them, and they move with my heartbeats.
Inside my head, thoughts of you are blurring.
Inside my heart, the thought of you is hurting.
These organs, to me, it seems are closely connected.
Cut off from you now, they feel utterly rejected.
The brain holds strong, and tries different tracks.
The heart I'm afraid, breaks down in a predisposed attack.
I can offer you all the things in my skull.
you'll think I'm crazy, because they'll scare you so.
But my heart comes as a whole, with only blood inside.
It's fragile and damaged, empty of bitterness and pride.
I tried very hard to get into your head,
Gravity pulled me towards you, as I laid in your bed.
Your heart was even harder to get inside.
So I just held on to you tight as you lay by my side.
Numbers bombard, axon terminals spark.
Blood fills the chambers in my left biased heart.
A figure comes round, and around time and again.
Up so many times, like an old forgotten friend.
One, it's been said, is the loneliest of numbers.
An empty product, a forgotten member.
But when we add it to something, its outlook changes.
No longer alone, it loses its strangeness.

POUND OF FLESH

I'd love to see your face again, and hear your voice fill the air.

I'd kiss your lips, and pull you close and watch the other people stare.

My hands would roam across your body, my nails would penetrate your skin.

And you would speak softly to me, telling me it's paradise I'm in.

SYSTEM CHECK

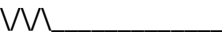
Tiny earthquakes shake my heart, I see you walk in.

Inside I tremble, my organs flutter; my brain grasps at words to convince you I'm fine.

My tongue goes round in spirals, tied and twisted.

You pass.

And I can exhale. No rush of blood to my head or crotch.

Then you touched my hand and I flatlined 

RECOVER(Y)

In the deep darkness of night, I was crying on my own.

By now I know tears do not blur the surrounding void; everything in the dark looks the same.

I bump into things and I drop them like my emotions.

No one comes to sweep them away but somehow, they vanish.

Just sparkling ghosts.

The broken organ of my heart is haemorrhaging light, blood and thoughts.

Spilling out its sticky destruction, seeping into the cracks of loneliness.

Do not dwell on this cracked and damaged vessel, some kind words and love will fix it in time.

Whether I choose those tourniquets, or I let it bleed, I'm yet to decide.

But my heart will keep beating,

My body will keep moving,

My mind will keep ticking, thoughts ever turning to you.

BLOOD

Today was not the first time that I saw blood, yet I saw it three times.

Just paper cuts and snips, nothing deep, nothing severe.

Inside the cells course back and forth, mixing together in their biological dance; no alienation.

Red with white in equal co-dependency.

Blood flows through your veins too, it streams around your body, yet you barely acknowledge it.

I'm like the blood in your heart, only noticeable when problems emerge (quick take something for it to disperse).

My heart skips, the blood drops and heaves at different notions of you.

Which one; red or white? Too late, I'm short of breath and the blood is turning purple.

Red, no white...which one?

Both make me ill sometimes, the smooth metallic coalesces that circle my vacant heart fail to hold it together.

Too much water and it'll fail to stick.

It drops out at any chance, along with pain it reminds me that something is wrong and I am human still.

Both are things I am, yet wish not to be.

DRINK ME

Thank you I'm much thirsty. No please, remain where you are, the cup is overflowing. You're spilling it on my soul. No no, I've had some before; and yes, no the poison cannot be tasted at first. Oh, it's new, is it? Well, okay; if you insist but to me it tastes the same. It's like two different places when it showers, it's still the same rain. Ah, I see what you mean now, and oh I'm starting to get drun'd... Drink it in. My heart is losing oxygen, and my head is full of stars. I drink it down and you fill my glass again. I warned you before, I never could hold my love.

SEX

Push, no, kiss kiss.

Harder, pull my clothes rip.

Suck me, cum rises.

Bruise, bruising, showing neck.

Talk, bite make me cum.

Low, now, fuck sweet life.

Harder now, kiss-pull pull-push.

No... Know. Love.

On and on....

Tease, bite, skin, scratch.

Blood, sting.

In my head.

Under my skin.

Mirrors reflect, too much (not enough).

Hold me, now-then.

Forever. Again.

Kiss, cum, jerk, suck.

When, comeback.

Love.... sex?

(SIGH)

Brown

Your skin.

Brown

Your eyes

Black

Your hair

Black

My heart

Your mouth moves, quivers and shakes.

Your brown eyes stare at me, all you see are mistakes

Black

Your eyes

Red

Your blood

Red

My blood

We are the same, halved at some point.

Fit together like a puzzle. What is the answer to the puzzling?

Think

Black

Your eyelashes

Brown

Your tongue after coffee

No colour

Your tears as they seeped from your ever-changing eyes

Touch

What I want to do

Tight

What I will do

Words

Meaningless sometimes.

Most of the time, a trigger. (I'll keep quiet)

Light

Love

You cannot see what I think, I cannot show you.

Tired

You

Tried

Us.....

(sigh)

TIDAL VERTEBRAE

Two sets of wings riding the sky.

Soaring, tumbling, revolving.

Doves mate for life.

Passionately lovers.

What would happen if the sky was deemed not enough?

What if you pulled the feathers off one by one?

The horizon looks so tantalising, green air rushes through you.

It washes away the storm that drenched you and I today.

Someone's eyes that look inviting, words that trickle out to you, calling you in.

Flesh on display, in a photo, in your hand.

Somebody else's lips that kiss you and dust my image with time.

Stranger perfection undone. Bones shift, undulating.

Tightly and unjustly, every bit of you through detection.

Do I sit unaware to these transactions, short-changed with coupons and promises of kisses of my own?

A kiss from you that tastes of them.

The ropes twist around me and pull me to the wheel.

Spinning, round and round. Daggers fly.

I enjoy every bit of it.

Sharpe edges of an image of your body pressed against someone else's.

It's not just what you leave upon them that hurts, but what you place of me there.

A fact you wish to do it again.

Slice, cut, blood. An image of you smiling at their smile.

I twist and turn and upend the wheel, the karmic revolution begins. It spins.

Chases you down and spins, spins, spins.

Around inside and out of your skin.

Karma seeps deep within.

What goes around, what goes around.

Loneliness, the loudest sound.

They both scuttled away once they had finished, disappearing through the door at the back of the courtroom and into the judge's chambers. There they settled into two deep armchairs, their long beards spilling over their laps as they poured wine and arranged slices of cheese on a silver tray. A flat screen television hung where the fireplace once stood, and they watched the remainder of the trial unfold on it with the relaxed air of men who believed their work was already done.

"Can I proceed with my witnesses now," Miss Ferguson asked, tapping her foot against the wet floor with growing impatience.

"Well, I am inclined to call a short recess Miss Ferguson," the judge replied, her stomach growling loud enough for the nearest jurors to hear. Miss Ferguson glanced around the room, sighed, and accepted the inevitable.

"So be it," she said, reaching for her coffee cup.

The judge announced a forty-five-minute lunch break. She planned to eat a quick sandwich while reviewing her notes. In the meantime, the defendant had his feet placed into two buckets of water which were then frozen solid in an instant. This was standard practice and nothing to cause alarm. He was to remain exactly where he was while everyone else took to their lunches, many of which they had brought from home. The smell of packaged meat and lunchbox yoghurts filled the air, mixing with the lingering salt of the earlier tears. A low chorus of chewing and rustling wrappers echoed through the room.

When the allotted time ended, everyone returned. Those who had stayed in the room brushed crumbs from their shirts and jumpers, clearing away the remains of their meals. No one had offered the defendant anything to eat. Miss Ferguson slipped him a chocolate bar as she passed his desk, and he ate it quickly and quietly while the next witness was called.

"Ghost number 4, please take the stand," the judge announced.

A sudden beam of light burst through the windows, sweeping across the room and pushing back every shadow. The air warmed. The atmosphere lifted. Through the light descended a ghost whose presence seemed to brighten the very walls. Though transparent like the others, this ghost glowed with a soft yellow radiance, as if lit from behind by something divine.

It reached the stand and happily attached a sticker to itself. Hope, the sticker read. The ghost added small stars around it which spun in gentle circles, casting tiny reflections across the judge's bench. The guard brushed against the ghost as she stepped back and found herself smiling without knowing why. She returned to her post with a quiet glow of her own.

A sweet voice rose from the ghost. It said it was more than happy to share what it knew and what it had seen.

HOPE

HOPEFULLY, POSSIBLY, MAYBE

Walking to the side of the pavement, my mind skips a beat and my shoes trip.

The sky opens up and rain drops down like stars trying to find their way back into the cosmos.

I stand still, you are your environment.

I imagine my situation the most tragic, then I see a child with no shoes, a man with no eyes, and woman with no hands.

So much lost yet too many smiles, this feeling robs me of my own and I contemplate where I am.

Ghosts rush through me, the past cements me to the ground.

Knowing where you are heading and forgetting where you've been is branded upon my skull.

People's eyes hover onto my body, flashes of skin and loose-fitting clothes.

Nobody's perfect.

This is not me, if you undid the button in my head you would see a wonderland of tragedy and hope, illuminated brilliance, hitching a ride with the stars back to the sky.

THE ALCHEMY OF TEARS

It took me a while to figure it out, all the tears had clouded my head.

All the things I thought I knew, all the fears of me; beautiful but covered with dread.

I'll take a chance and risk again, with love you have to try and try.

To cry, steal a thought, to offer up a verse led; to the fear in me having to die.

I want to take you to a place where nothing is beyond our grasp.

Where all of the dreams, and all of your desires are possible. All you have to do is ask.

Paradise lies not on the horizon, take my hand it resides in your mind.

I'll wipe away all the tears you've cried in loneliness, replace them with smiles of a kind;
soul and heart I place in your hand, around you they blaze in the sun.

Eyes on the sky, your world a little brighter, the realisation we've only just begun.

CANDLES ON THE TRACKS

It is night, and I'm lost in openness.

An owl flies over me, the cloak of darkness hides her intent to snatch tiny bodies from the grasses below.

I stand still letting the silence crash around me.

Flickers of grey out of the corner of my eye shapes the world that engulfs me.

In the distance a train passes, up close a memory dances.

Getting lost in the past and excited about the future leaves me shaking in the present.

Love is packing a suitcase, filling it with collections of years and words in so many books that could climb up to the stars.

Hope will soon be boarding a plane, allowing its life to be shot across the sky in a tin can, tripping into the future then free-falling into the yet-to-be.

Love split and separated will travel, on roads walked before towards golden sands, each grain a chance, each swell of the tide a flow of time reminding us there is a constant.

Moments cannot be wasted, and happiness should not be cast aside.

If we all take a chance, cast a stone into the water.

We will find a world waiting that was written down years before.

Each twist in the road taught us a lesson, each burning pain a scar to wise the mind.

Burn, even when it's raining.

Following the candles on the tracks, the road that leads to you.

RUNNING THE RED

Gotta keep moving, gotta keep breathing. Run, run, run.

The red queen barks her orders.

Just to stay where we are, we need to move.

To get to someplace else we must go twice as fast.

Round and round, staying in one place.

People blur around me, stepping stones in my mind, to never before and back to there.

Dizzy and out of breath, spinning into the static.

Electricity to a stop, a breaker; diffuse as the universe shudders.

Galaxies collapse into my skull.

Contract and expand.

Diamonds rain down and cut my flesh.

I smell the rain. Flawless.

Pinpoints of possibilities just on the horizon.

Get up, gotta get moving.

To stay here I must run, following the future; happy to leave the past.

The red queen smiles as she waves me off.

A smile of gems, and with eyes like long forgotten dreams to chase.

MAELSTRÖM: STIRRING

The energy is in the street, I feel it vibrate up to my fingertips.

Change, re-invent.

I look in the mirror and get lost in the sea, sad pathetic beauty pulls me under.

A paradox, strength and the unquestionable will fight the current.

My smile flutters, my eyes stutter; my lungs collapse with water.

Wring them out on my soul, I am everything and nothing.

I'm growing mouldy here in my apartment, decaying through the desire to receive for myself alone.

Cracks of sunlight, you bring me over to the window and fresh air.

My sadness fades, I hear your name. I drop the reasoning to the ground.

The thought of papercuts and travel tumble to the floor and shatter.

Perfect in your eyes, a work in progress in my own.

Such power and greatness, so weak around others.

Pull me up from this grave, this soil tastes strange to me.

PENNY FOR MY THOUGHT

Current and empty, urgency and currency.

Money, such cold and heartless complexity.

Potential and shrewdness. Happiness cannot be bought, but misery can be dismissed.

I sell another part. Another part of my body up for sale, any takers?

I raise the stakes, free soul and heart; offer of the day.

Stakes risen, but never my hopes.

Coins clatter; notes smell of the same; tinged of fear, anger and self-loathing.

The queen mocks me in her hateful necessity.

The sky above is open and free, love and sunshine tumble down to me.

Shame and ego chaotically battle, this time for poverty, a ceaseless rattle.

Money the root of all evil, greed, desire and all upheaval.

Leave it be, let me go free. Cut the strings, no need for this faux-security.

SMASHING THROUGH THE CLOUDS

I ran down the dark corridor, away from the room that scares me.
Inside there are ghosts and responsibilities.
You wait outside all covered in feathers.
The ghosts have followed me into the sunlight, stalking me like hazy corpses.
We take flight and they try to float up to the sun.
Rush through the air, they filter and corrode.
You climb us higher, they're trapped in the clouds.
They'll fall with the rain, a mix of the sea and the smell of death.
Higher still, and so far above.
Out of your eyes is the light I've longed for.
Brilliant and sunny, dripping down into my emotions.
The sky is ours and the world is at our feet.
I'm your diamond. Not priceless but never fake.
You fly us faster, your wings never getting tired.
Promising me nothing but giving me everything.
I look for a sign to decide, seeing nothing I jump...
...into the dark with you only to be blinded by light.

MY HEART'S AMBIENT VIBRATIONS

A fragile dream illuminates in this mind.

The glow of something wonderful and tangible.

The isolation and exclusiveness of dreams banish the darkness.

We are each allowed to disappear into sweet worlds of our own.

Spun up stars caught in the spiderweb of solar systems dazzle and tempt.

Hope is so close; I can feel it under my skin.

Old worlds and mistakes collapse.

Crumbling like galaxies, the debris of the past.

Change is pulsating like a heartbeat, seeping out of the cracks in the impossible.

I tether up my doubt and lay this disbelief to rest.

These seismic explosions in my heart and mind ignite new dreams and carve certainty into my soul.

Hidden treasures blind me from within everyone I see.

WHAT WAS I THINKING?

Swirling up a sandstorm, within fly many things.

A narrow tornado of 'have tos' and reasons.

I stop the world spinning and pull the moon down for a moment.

I'm looking at my life how it is, how it stands....who I am?

First question: what was I thinking?

Too many choices made through other people's eyes.

I examine more closely and look underneath.

My ego flashes up through each cell, radiating out like neon lights.

The sign reads 'Hell: 4 miles' and points this way, the road below me is a cobble of good intentions.

I've been rejected, I've been accepted by everyone but me.

These opinions are my own and are often unfounded.

I cough up an excuse and stutter out a plan.

Change in the moment, blinded by reverse narcissism, believing my own situation is the most tragic and beyond repair.

I pick and choose but don't delay.

The universe is placing me where I need to be today.

OPTIMISTIC VOICES

There's a hissing in the air; the ghosts are scared.

All around me there is vapour and mist as they disappear.

Shake a fist, make a list. Tread in deep and my mind turns to black.

I hear different clinkering and clamouring.

The crazy, stupid and necessary descend like arctic snow.

These new optimistic voices murmur within my bones.

Expanding, they thicken the air. A sweet miasma.

For too long I've been the reindeer in the sun.

An animal in the wrong ecosystem, stumbling through the wrong terrain.

You burnt it away, it slides off the world and my skin.

You breathe on me, I breathe you in.

A voice on the tip of the wind, rushes through me staining me with hope.

LOST AND FOUND

[Panic] oh no! It's gone.... I hunt through the trash and grime; it's been thrown there before. God, what will become of me... [why am I smiling] think.... think. Where was the last place I had it?! The clouds descend around me, all swirls and intoxicating illusions. Has a thief been within these walls? Making an escape on a magical carpet, skimming the clouds? I'll find my heart in the grand bazaar, next to trinkets and faux gold. Wait, I remember; I gave it to you...my heart is yours now.

THE CLIMB

Running as fast as I can, step after step.

(This tower is so high)

Two at a time, though the floor is wet.

(I'm scared to leave you so far behind)

I reach the top, push past the crowd.

(The wind slashes my face)

The rain pours in, the water so loud.

(Realisation: I'm in the wrong place)

Despite the view, despite the effort, despite my adventurous heart.

The view I seek, the more impressive creation, is waiting at the start.

I turn around, descend the stairs.

(Clattering of foreign tongues dust this fable)

I slip and tumble, but fall without care.

(Crash through this Tower of Babel)

Sitting where I left you, my heart so eager to see.

(Your stomach full of chocolate, your head so full of me)

I sneak through bodies that are soaking, the rain has drenched them through.

(Pushing past the memories, pushing past the past to you)

We leave the tower standing.

(Dominating the sky)

But you're my happy landing.

(It's you who makes me high)

WILL I LIVE TO 53?

Abandon, abscond, be done for, be gone, be lost, be no more,
be swallowed up, cease to exist, clear, come to naught, decamp,
de-materialize, depart, **die**, die out, disperse, dissipate, dissolve,
drop out of sight, ebb, end, end gradually, **escape**, evanesce, vanish,
evaporate, exit, expire, fade, fade away, flee, fly, go, go south, leave,
leave no trace, **melt**, melt away, pass, pass away, perish, recede, retire,
retreat, sink, take flight, vacate, vamoose, wane, withdraw.....

.....

.....**STAY**

DUAL AMAZEMENT

Collapse, collide, overwhelm and subside.

When nothing happens for 29 years, you tend to act a little strangely.

This is still new to me; this is my reality (it may seem old to you).

Issues and situations sparkle like artificial stars.

To me, each one is a galaxy spinning out of control yet sliding into view.

Let us slide off the stars and into the unknown.

It's you. You have me. You're a part of me. And I thank you.

I count your patience, and reward you with an interjection.

Me, here, now, this = us.

Drink down the wine and let the love seep into your high walled heart.

Your vulnerability knocks me sideways; does anyone see?

As thunder smashes, you let me in; lightning flashes and I see you.

All of you and me. I lick you up and smear you across my brain.

You're bleeding hope into me; I'm absorbing it greedily.

You show me there's people out there like you. And I thank you.

SOMETIMES

If you told me all you thought, I'd never be able to see you again.

The illusion would hang, truth washes away any words of flattery.

The sweet words of love I prise from your brain.

What remains?

What is held back?

Sometimes I think you hate me, and I know I drive you mad.

Sometimes I can hurt you, crash through you and make you sad.

Sometimes I make you forget your troubles for a day.

Sometimes you make me cry, down to my knees as I pray.

I've tried love, this is what I know of it, come live in my heart.

You're my home.

BRUSHING AWAY LEAVES

How can we create something out of nothing?

We don't have to; we only have to reveal what is already there.

Light flickers, but it continues.

Inside of you is me, inside us is We.

We are light, it is charging the world around us.

Hope is not a dying trend. Hope is a long-lost friend.

It may seem old, out of date and broken.

But it brings with it words yet spoken.

Hold my hand and see the world in a moment.

We can reveal, what's concealed; are you ready?

WORDS (A COLLECTION OF DIRECTIONS)

Words come too easy, but they all fall eventually.

Castles in the sand.

We're building with different materials.

I want to use light, you want bricks.

Hard, tough, secure and durable.

What you said is still rolling around in my head.

(It grabs me in the dark)

Words tumble and you sweep them into eternity.

Then hold them against me.

Leave me

Leave this....if you want me to die.

Some words should never be said.

It's hard not to show how much words can hurt.

Don't you know this is me, don't you know this is now.

The differences linger and separate me, it makes me cry.

Words and points of breaking down, fly right through.

Spin what I say, any which way that makes it easier to take.

Throw away the love wrapper. It flutters to the floor where I've been before.

If you believe any of this to be true, let me know.

If you know I will always love you, let me show you, after the rain has washed it all away.

You will see me naked in front of you, burnt naked stars of hope and love.

Sparks in water waiting to begin.

REACHING THE END

There is a memory within me that glows when I allow it to.

It spreads through my veins and shatters the darkness.

The past is a useless place, a museum of bones and human frustration.

I resolute myself to disregard these notions of apparent joy, the past is an illusion.

Your love was never true.

I cannot blame you, you were just a rough wind that blew in one day.

I was caught in the cyclone of it all, failing to set me down until I pulled off your mask.

No yellow brick road, but still a clattering of chaos and confusion.

This lusty poison eats away at me, my gangrenous heart stutters and wheezes, threatening to infect.

Don't leave it all over me.

But what do you care?

The memory is fading, a dying ember that has long since given me warmth.

I cover it with dirt and clog my eyes with the rising smoke, surprisingly though; no tears fall.

A SOUND FROM A PLACE YET BEEN

If I took this moment and all its meanings, if I looked into your eyes and cried.

Would you stay?

I want to stop the world for just a second and start again.

My word is like paper money, easily exchanged but the value differs.

I want to shower you with figures and numbers, but you hand me back nothing but small change.

Inside my bag there are fireworks that have the potential to light up the sky, but inside my heart my soul is dying.

I know I cannot stop the world, I cannot freeze the moments.

All I can do is stop myself and start again.

You play cards of patience and maturity while I explode in snap.

Pretty pictures and dragons that chase me and their tales.

You deserve the world, when I offer you my heart that's covered in such blackness.

I'm just a thorn in your precious side.

Rewind, refresh relive and forget.

Put me on like a shirt fresh from a packet.

If I was anyone else I would understand, the ace up the sleeve and the blood on your hands.

Wring out love from what we have, and quench the thirst of the draught that has descended.

I'll bring you water with rain from a new source, overflow and fill up your cup.

Me, here now and us.

The call in the rainforest is the sound of change and it's speeding up on me fast.

SWIM

Proof, trust, honesty. These will be the things I cover you in as I wrap arms around your body.

Love, when I whisper and shout it will always be true.

You are like the sun that shines in my space, when I see you its light from your face.

Although you disappear from sight (and I always think too soon).

It's like the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon.

You don't ever leave me, you just change like the tide, and I'm forever swept away.

I feel my heart has obtained it, a crack might remain untouched by your love, but my soul has devoured it and sailed to much warmer and calmer seas.

THE ART OF TRYING

When the hazy moon came into view and dripped over you, you took it for being full.

The illusion of distance and expectation.

The craziness is gathering as the moon signals.

I wipe off the starlight that covers your eyes and give you my heart. Do with it what you will.

Try.

A lie?

Or just ignorance.

A work in process through premeditated progress.

I want us to go beyond the moon, the stars and time.

So I try.

Excepting that now it's not perfect, just that the universe is placing us in each other's hands for a reason.

I'm offering the rest, after the best of me.

A kiss, a look; a reason to go on.

OUTCOMES ARE FOR EVERYONE

My passion is in hibernation, but dreams propel me forward.

A laugh, a kiss, a squeeze of my hand.

You are there and I feel safe.

Things cover the walls, two hearts and bathtubs; who was Dorothy Hale?

Inevitable, why were you so restrictive at the start?

I smile all the time; I buy your groceries and make your bed.

Tiny cries and giggles. Warmth in the dark of night.

A vessel to teach, father and creator.

A dream, a reality, a hope.

A miracle

The whole courtroom was now filled with a warming sense of calm, as if a giant hug had wrapped itself around every soul. The tension that had clung to the walls since morning loosened. People at the front were seen taking the hands of those beside them, their usual safeguards falling away in the moment. Hearts softened. Shoulders dropped. A collective breath seemed to rise and settle across the room, waiting to be lifted or broken by whatever came next.

“With hope comes love,” Miss Ferguson said, her voice gentle yet firm. She asked for Ghost number 4 to remain while the fifth and final ghost appeared. Ghost number 4 smiled, nodding in full agreement, its little stars spinning in slow circles around its sticker.

Much like the previous ghost, the fifth shone with a warming glow, though this time in a dusty rose colour that looked like frosting on a cake. It drifted forward with a grace that felt rehearsed, as if it had been waiting for this moment. As it took the stand on the opposite side, a single red rose appeared in the hands of every person in the courtroom. The scent of fresh flowers filled the air, soft and sweet, rising above the lingering salt of earlier tears.

The prosecution tossed his rose away with a grunt, the flower hitting the wall beside him and sliding down in a defeated slump. The judge, however, tucked her own rose into the folds of her wide robes with a quiet smile, hiding it as though it were contraband. The defendant held his rose loosely, smiling with everyone else, though his eyes drifted somewhere far beyond the room.

A soft music began to drift overhead, a melody without source or instrument. Sunlight streamed through the windows in an ethereal way, brighter than before, as if the room itself had been lifted onto a cloud. The heavy souls within it rose too, despite their reservations, carried upward by something they could not name.

A heavenly voice began to speak.

LOVE

ISLAND

Beneath an ocean of chaos lies the object of your affection.

Interest gives way to infatuation.

A lost world, an island of wonder.

Untouchable beauty glistening against the everyday grey.

You plot a map and announce an expedition of my mind, body and soul.

Your directions get you lost, flesh co-ordinates, points of interest and things to take (in).

Plunder like grave robbers.

My self-imposed response is silence.

Hold me up like a diamond in the sun.

I'll become your Atlantis, collapsing into the waves.

Drip, trip and tumble off the planet.

Unfathomable intelligence never understood, self-destructive and unable to remain static.

Statues and cemeteries thousands of feet beneath the waves.

Myths and legends utter on people's tongues, sunken cities.

All forgotten treasure brighter than a thousand suns.

Within the ruins of myself there is a chance to start over.

RAIN WITH THE TREES

The forest around me clatters with sound, I lay motionless on the floor.

Shadows and hearts dance between the trees.

Blue skies, green leaves. Leaving, hoping, doing, wishing, and falling.

You arrive like the rain, much needed and offering growth.

I feel you on my skin and let you wash down my fingertips.

I feel the oxygen within you, the chance of new life; new starts from seeds long since planted.

The bird rises from the cinders. The trees around me still quake at night.

Hollow sounds still dance between empty pockets of space.

I watch the stars in the sky. You surround me like a mist invading my body.

A star tumbles, you take my hand and the world shatters around me.

Distant yet familiar, rain of memories and moments spatter my soul.

Chocolate covered words tiptoe from your mouth into my head.

Your light prisms through the downpour, splintering into a ray of light.

Sweeping into my skull images of you scare the bats and the past away.

Fresh and still I breathe it in, and I thank god you are here.

Y#2172%O#-)私\$£44U

You come to me in Japanese, mathematical equations pi over or divided into you.

You're subtitled, an intermediate French class.

You're instructions on hastily packed furniture.

A local tradition, a law against homosexual behaviour.

You're a dog which should be kept inside, a bird in a cage.

A Commercial aimed only at woman, a one way street.

You're an ethnicity box on a form, a reason to influence.

You say things to me when my hands are over my ears, showing me things when my eyes are closed.

You are what my mother wants for me.

You are a poster on the Underground.

A firework in daylight.

You are everything I don't understand.

CLIMBING OUT OF DARKNESS

I'm in cotton, I'm trapped in a smile.

The sun reflects off of the things I never saw were there.

The movie stutters, a pause. I catch my breath.

I move into the crowd; bodies encase me; thousands of lights.

Balloons around my ear, strings in my grasp.

Time shooed away; death swept under the rug.

This is one moment we share; I am with you on the moon, hand in hand.

Heartbeats synchronise, the galaxies whirl above us like spinning tops.

Your eyes reflect the earth's jewel like glow.

I disappear, pulled beneath the undertow.

WARMTH: A EUPHORIC CONDITIONING

You made me change the sheets today, I woke to find myself covered in you.

Sticky salty skin dripping down underneath.

I breathe you in, my damaged broken skin. In my head like a song, I play you out.

You come to me with empty eyes, yet a heart full of joy.

I put you on, you pull me into you.

Emotions push in, you give way.

My walls tumble and defences smash around me.

You stroll around in my garden of un-attainability.

I spot the snake; it splits and doubles.

Dialling a foreign number, a hiss on the line.

My fruit is for you; others have been allergic.

You run away but always come back.

In my mouth you explore, your dreams I implore to decipher.

Unravel and dive into, discarding the past and welcoming the new.

Sweet incredible random fires burn me.

THE ORIGIN OF EVERYTHING

There is a spark within you.
There is a flame that burns.
The trembling god you once knew,
Resides in your heart that yearns.
Your mental processes being,
Outside any concept of time.
Notions of unhappiness and sin.
Are just by-products of the mind.
We are all just shattered sparks.
Of the vessel containing light.
There's paradise within our hearts.
But it is the ego we must fight.
The light out of nothing.
Was the only time this took place.
We are all products of something.
We are all of the same race.
So let us return to loving.
But there can be no coercion in love.
Forget all you've learned just start giving.
As below, and so above.

EMANATIONS

Light, dark; shatter this heart.

A constant battle, a hypnotic spark.

Covered and veiled by flesh and time.

This cancerous sin, yours or mine?

God's subterfuge to save your soul.

Opponents, devils impede your goal.

Change is planted in seeds of correction.

The impetus of life, its only direction.

Give everything you have to everyone you meet.

There are angels and prophets navigating these streets.

Life is too short, to not love yourself.

If you struggle to do that, then love someone else.

GHOSTS BY PROXY

The room is full of ghosts, transparent with no purpose.

My head is full of jealous echoes, my mind a pathetic circus.

They frighten me into stupidity, they scare me into sleep.

They hover and surround me, contracting my heart to weep.

I shudder out a resolution. I shudder out of fear.

I cry at thoughts of dissolution. I cry I need you here.

The ghosts conspire with the monster, to bring me to my knees.

I look above, I turn to you and ask to help me please.

The past should be swept behind, out of mind and out of sight.

Smash the darkness with flames of love, you are my ray of light.

RUSH

Bones rush, motel memories vibrate like neon signs.

Humming through me, only here one night.

I shake them off; these thoughts aren't you.

Luggage blocks my blood flow, my heart stutters.

A sideways glance, a misplaced word sends me down, faster than a falling elevator.

The rush cool deep.

Playful like a pool toy, splashing my soul.

Corroding with chlorine talk, neutralises the infection within.

My falling for you is not a knee jerk, the jerk is I.

I haven't rushed these thoughts like a child wishing to show off.

Contrary to belief, and my own surprise, this love is; now, here, real and rushes off my tongue.

Kiss it down, suck me in.

HAPPINESS CAN BE DEVASTATING

There's a dusting inside my brain, my past is being swept away by invisible brushes.

Strands remain that seem foreign to me, like ghosts caught in spider webs.

The past holds nothing for me now, I look to the future with you.

You take my past away with your forward eyes, burning a trail ahead that leaves no bread crumbs.

Questions on the tip of my tongue get caught in my throat.

I swallow them down.

Your past is equally erasable.

Band aids are off, and I see the wounds. They heal before my eyes, magic at work.

Or is it love?

You peel back your skin and wash me clean with your soul.

I breathe again, and I thank you.

HOLD MY BREATH

Breathe, in then out. Dispense the environment laden with tension.

Breathe, out over me. Cover me in your smoky haze.

As your lips tremble to uncover words buried.

I will sit.

I close my eyes.

Flying away on birds high in the sky.

You breathe new life into me, from love.

Lungs that dance and collapse, a heart that beats then contracts.

Why did you run, you force me to stay?

This is the first time I've ever felt safe.

You made me cry.

I scrambled to the top of the mountain when I was meant to be sleeping.

I met my fears. I met my reasons.

I looked for you, but you were gone.

SILENCE IS EVERYTHING

The rain holds so many mysteries, it keeps you captivated.

Your eyes burn through it.

How uncomfortable are these silences?

The silence is so loud.

The silence is so golden.

You write your thoughts onto a card and send it via train.

It speeds through tunnels of emotions and mountains of madness.

Your eyes deceive me, they say everything and nothing.

I hold the silence, draw it out.

The longer it lasts the more love there is between us.

If I speak, I will shatter the moment and the birds will take flight.

I disappear into your eyes, caught up in this avalanche of quiet.

Whisper your thoughts onto silent birds of paradise.

They will find me.

FALLEN

I fell in love with you, it came quite easy. (The guard tumbled).

My heart I had assumed was just crumbs and splinters.

It had fallen and broken before.

You swept it up and conditioned it with glue, light and a million moments of affection.

I fell for you, I tumbled and fumbled through the air like a dream.

I waited to hit the earth, to smash and disintegrate on a rocky ledge.

My speedy decline into something new, into your arms, into your skull.

I groped around in the dusty cavern, your brain fooled me as inside it looked like your heart.

Inside you're still wet. Outside so am I.

I fell to my knees.

I pleaded and begged and lay as much of my life before you.

It's not enough, you plunge in through the cobwebs in my head and retrieve what I tried to hide.

I thought you would run but you drop to the same level.

You fell with me, holding me tighter.

I positioned myself to take the hit, when we landed it was I who would be crushed.

It hasn't come. I'm still falling.

And each instant that I spin into your world and vision, I'm falling in love with you at every moment.

I begin again each time.

I fall, and am still falling, (unafraid) in love.

QUESTIONING MY OWN QUESTIONS

As I lie down and allow you to tumble, you fall in my head and my heart starts to crumble.

This love is terminal. It's my fatality.

You'd kill me off and breathe in the dust of my remains.

I want to envelop you into my soul.

Your eyes suggest nothing but the fact that angels exist.

Thank you for this.

My tipping point has been and gone, swept away the debris of the past.

Ask me what you want, crack open my skull and absorb the nectar.

Tongue my brain and fuck my thoughts, hold them close when you're done.

I murmur words that try to convey how I feel, it's useless.

Flick through these pages and uncover the meaning to why I do these things.

I question them myself.

They are maligned moments of love, a million moments that are filtered through living.

Covered in shells, fossilised idiosyncratic giving.

My conversation wasn't good; I spoke so little of love.

But it's all I feel, and it devours me.

I pull my feet out of now and look at the big picture, all I see is you.

Love exciting you.

WAR

Time goes by so fast.

This love, I hope; will last.

Sometimes I think we won't make it,

I talk it to death. I mess up the things, until nothing's left.

You tell me I'm stupid, that there's no reason to say.

I'm sorry for the things that pushed you away.

I smile but say nothing, love smothers my heart.

I shake off the doubts, and go back to the start.

Because I love you now, and there's not a chance I'll break it.

I love you now, I've come to the end of searching.

So I'll try to change things, the ego in me.

The horrible monster, I won't let you see. I'll kill you with kindness.

I'll kill you with love. Breathing new life, with gifts from above.

Time it goes by, so fast.

Love, sometimes just lasts.

GHOSTLY RESIDUE

I started to think, there was something in me that rose out of something dark.

A monster cushioning itself against my tissue, swimming in my blood.

It blurred my eyes and scraped at my brain.

All on the inside.

Outside I was a paragon of god's rectitude, you saw nothing but my giving.

Then you started to chip, claw and disarm.

Now I'm breathing in new sunshine, and the ghosts are filtering away in the light.

My day is breaking.

My cartoon head sees hearts in your eyes, and the trap door is being rubbed out as we speak.

Sliding fast I inhale your spirit, on the cliff edge where I fell so many times; I now just sit and watch the view.

Twangs of your past caress and violate my heart, your image swims in a sea of other fingers.

They penetrate and feel their way, taking advantage and leaving you to think that is how it is.

Exorcisms and sacred rites scream from my heart and the ghosts take flight.

You and I remain, in the bed we dug from much trampled soil.

Propagate the love I give you, and that you descend to me, the wave of it all.

I'm drowning.

NAVIGATE MY HEART

Sometimes I sit and wonder, between clicks of clock, between the ticks and the tocks.

How you found your way to me?

I'm off the map, in an alternative hemisphere.

Beyond most depths; in my own atmosphere.

As the compass spins, you navigate this way.

Using magic and led by ghosts eating empty hearts.

Welcoming new hosts.

As I turn to push, as I stutter to stay.

Eyes burning bright read: 'just keep away'.

Then I notice for the first time how different you look.

From the others who hurt, and my dignity they took.

You've climbed the treacherous mountain, and crossed the nightmarish sea.

All for something, this thing called love; that perhaps resides in me?

SITTING ON THE EDGE OF SOMETHING

These days cascade like a thousand stars, showering down upon me.

Some bright dazzling brilliance. Others, lost satellites.

With this shaky sense of self, I try to find you.

I cover these impossible distances and forge deep into the sea of certainty.

The illusion diminishes.

The cyclonic chaos surrounding my soul quietens and you enter.

The movie, the show, the back lot of just facades crumble and peel away.

My life and love is on a knife edge.

Memories vilify me, jealousy intertwines.

I change my mind; I'm still running away from all I find.

You remain and I cry.

A future in your eyes.

CERTAINTY

Don't think too much, disappear.

Don't believe.....know.

Know this is how you make me feel.

Like the sky could crumble and shatter and I wouldn't care.

Know with certainty that I love you; and with that, know it's true.

Believe only for a minute that this could all end, only to appreciate it all the more.

Trust me, and jump into the dark.

I will never bring you harm, but I will constantly test you.

Through it all, you are the one.

LOVE (THE SYSTEM OF THE WORLD)

I can't believe it came upon me, it crept in like the rain.
I never expected to feel this way, after so much pain.
You deserve all the world, the stars, the sun, the sea.
You deserve the moon at night, you deserve much more than me.
But something keeps us together, something keeps us hanging around.
You take me to the tip of the sky, when I'm so down to the ground.
You bring a smile for me to hold, when I can't shake one from my head.
When my heart is heavy, it's reminded of the words you said.
I love you.

The remaining ghosts disappeared together, fading into nothing as if their light had been gently blown out. The warmth they had brought drained from the room in an instant. A heavy silence settled over the courtroom, followed by a collective comedown that left everyone feeling hollow and exposed. The air cooled. The glow dimmed. All that remained were the oppressive portraits lining the walls, their painted eyes staring down in judgmental stances that felt sharper now the light had gone.

The judge shifted in her seat, uneasy beneath their gaze. "I regret to ask you this, but does your defendant have anything to say," she asked, rustling the papers before her without reading a single word.

"But Your Honour," shouted the prosecution, rising so quickly his chair nearly toppled. "You said I would get my time." Beads of sweat gathered on his bald head, and his face had turned a deep shade of red.

"I have changed my mind sir," the judge replied, her tone clipped. "We all know your standpoint and its placement in the law that you will no doubt exercise with such detail and expertise. I think we are all aware of your cross-examining excellence that will reduce the defendant into nothing more than a soulless object. Thus, I believe the time can be better spent."

The prosecution, in a remarkable act of ignorance, took her words as flattery. He sat down with a smug air of contentment, folding his hands as if he had just been awarded a medal.

"I believe my client would like to make a statement," Miss Ferguson said at last.

The defendant stood. He was much taller than many had expected, perhaps diminished while seated off to the side with his lawyer. Now he seemed to rise above the room, his shadow stretching across the wet floor. With his head bowed, he lifted his hands slowly, then cast them upward toward the ceiling.

The lights flickered. A brilliant flash filled the room. Every bulb went out at once.

A huge voice entered the courtroom. It was paradoxically warm and authoritative, as if it came from both the heavens and the depths of the earth. It spoke in the air and inside their minds, swirling and swimming within them as though borne in their own cells. Several people gasped. Others clutched their chests. The judge froze, her hand halfway to her spectacles.

The voice continued to rise.

Vacant: Vol. XIII

I scrambled up onto the old box, hoping this was not the moment the wood, softened by the slow caress of time, chose to give way beneath me. It creaked in protest as I steadied myself. I reached as far as I could, my fingers brushing the spine. I ran them down it, feeling the printed indented words rise and fall beneath my skin. Smooth and golden. Familiar yet foreign. I prised it from the shelf and away from the others, dust lifting in a soft cloud as if the book exhaled after a long sleep.

Climbing down, I placed it on the table. The title looked new, untouched, yet something about it felt strange to me. A bizarre mix of the distant and the familiar, like a memory I had lived but could not place.

M.R – 1982 was punctured into the cover. The letters and numbers sat there like a quiet accusation.

I opened the first page and was met with an explosion of ink. Swirls of chaos and randomness leapt out, illegible words and horrifying drawings sweeping across my eyes in a frantic dance. I flicked through page after page of madness and solitude. One page was stained with blood. It tore as I peeled it apart, the sound sharp in the stillness.

Halfway through the book the pages changed. They were grey, dead, suspended in a kind of limbo. Nothing was etched into them. They felt cold beneath my fingers, as if they had forgotten how to hold meaning.

I pressed on.

Things began to shift. A star decorated one page, and as I touched it, the star seemed to sprinkle off the paper, leaving my hands covered in starlight. Icons and words shone through in brilliant calligraphy, glowing as if written by a hand that had never known hesitation.

I reached what appeared to be the end, although much of the book remained untouched. The next page was blank. As I watched, numbers appeared at the bottom in a scripted handwriting that curled like smoke.

03.A.11

The page burst with light. It flared so brightly I had to shield my eyes. Then, seeping out of the paper like blood onto snow, more words began to form:

I touched the skin, eyes, face. Life made me fly.

Though you saw the nothingness, the monsters had taken flight and hidden.

In my philosophies and act of rendering myself incomprehensible, you chose to light a candle and feel your way.

**It was no less severe when the monsters slashed at my heart,
and manipulated my words.**

Yet you saw everything and remained.

I'm now at the end of that self-deprivation stage.

The thoughts are no longer wreaking havoc.

I parachuted out and fell with eyes closed.

I'm standing in the bathroom and you're telling me it's all fine.

I want to kiss you on the mouth.

Open up your chest and fly inside your rib cage.

It pierces my chest, and I cry out the words I held back for so long.

With you I see expansion, and you see nothingness.

Blank white light.

You see everything and are still here.

I sneak your glasses while you sleep, to my surprise I find no rose-coloured tint.

I look into your smile and fall into now.

Love explodes in my head.

I change in every moment I'm near you.

You bring me closer to what I wish to be, you make it worth my while.

With you now, there is an infinity to my being.

A reason to continue.

I had to sit down to catch my breath. The words shone out of the page and threatened to engulf me, as if they were reaching up from the paper to pull me inside. I left the book where it lay, knowing it was not finished, knowing it was waiting for something more. One day it might be complete, but like a circle it did not seem to have a beginning. The books on the shelf formed a compendium of a life, and as I stumbled away, leaving them to their own devices, I realised they might never have an end.

A strange mist filled the room. It curled around my feet and rose in thin spirals as the lights flickered back to life. Screams and shouts rang out from beyond the haze. The courtroom was no longer still. The defendant had vanished. The empty space where he had sat was strewn with a fine white dust that glimmered under the returning lights, as if the last of him had dissolved into something weightless.

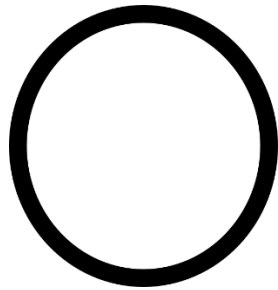
A single piece of paper fluttered down from the ceiling. Someone snatched it from the air and handed it to the judge.

A SWEET ESCAPE

She read the words without taking in their meaning at first, her eyes scanning for an explanation. Then she looked up at the faces before her and understood. He had done what so many had wished for. He had challenged. He had spoken the truth. He had refused to remain a prisoner. All of this had been a grand design, and he had waited patiently for the end.

She smiled then, a small private smile, and called for order. Order in the court. Her voice rose above the chaos as the madness threatened to engulf the room. Shouts and hollers echoed around the walls. Unease, surprise, and elation collided in the air, each person reacting in their own way to what had taken place.

The judge looked once more at the piece of paper in her hands. She read the words again. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply. For she longed for the same thing.



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