

COMPLETE AND UTTER BOLLOCKS

BY SIMON RACKHAM

NOW SEEMS LIKE THE PERFECT TIME TO WRITE THIS.
I'M NOT DROWNING BUT WALLOWING.
SUPERIOR SELF-INDULGENCE.
NOTHING BETTER TO DO.
I HAD BETTER DO NOTHING.
BUT I'VE DONE FAR TOO MUCH OF IT ALREADY.
IF ONLY I COULD GO BACKWARDS.
BACK TO THEN.
THEN MAYBE I COULD GO BETTER FORWARDS.
AND ARRIVE HERE AGAIN.
NO FUCKING CHANCE.
BETTER SILENCE THAN THIS.
BUT NO EVIDENCE TO PROVE IT.
AT LEAST THIS IS.
READABLE PROOF OF SOMETHING.
NOTHING DONE.
AGAIN SOMETHING GAINED.
SOME TIME WADED THROUGH.
PASSED.
FAILED.
AN EXPERT IN FAILURE.
I'LL GIVE ME THAT MUCH.
EVERY DAY BETTER AT BEING WORSE.
DOING LESS.
BUT NEVER SUCCEEDING IN STOPPING.
FANTASY DYING DAILY.
THE UN-PICKED BOY IN THE LINE.
STANDING HUMILIATED WITH MY HANDS IN MY POCKETS.
BOLLOCKS.
COMPLETE AN UTTER BOLLOCKS.
POETIC DRIVEL CAN'T COVER THE CRACKS.
NO MORE EXCUSES.
ARTY TWATTERINGS.
WORDY WANKING.
ADMIT IT I'M FUCKED.
YES.
LIKE THESE LINES THAT DON'T REALLY EXIST.
THESE WORDS THAT DON'T BELONG ON THIS SURFACE.
ONLY HERE BECAUSE I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE.
THESE'LL DO.
AS ANYTHING WILL.
THE FIRST THING.
REGARDLESS.
SOMETIMES I'M SHOCKED BY MY ARROGANCE.
PRETENTIOUSNESS.
SO WHAT.
WHAT'S THE POINT?
AS IF REASONS EXPLAINED IT.
JUSTIFIED SOMETHING.

AS IF WORDS COULD CUT THROUGH THE BULLSHIT.
NO.
THERE'S NO MORE HONESTY HERE THAN ELSEWHERE.
JUST ANOTHER APPEARANCE.
MORE REPETITION.
A THEME BEING PUT THROUGH ITS PACES.
INSTEAD OF THAT THIS.
NOT EVEN THAT.
THIS.
THE SAME OLD SHIT.
SO TO SPEAK.
A REGURGITATION.
NO POSSIBILITY OF ORIGINALITY.
NO LONGER TRYING.
EVERYTHING EQUAL.
BAD AND GOOD EQUALLY WORTHLESS.
EXCEPT IN THEIR VALUE.
THE ABJECT OBJECT.
THE IDEA.
THE PROOF OF THE IDEA.
THE PLACE OF THE PROOF.
MORE TWISTING REASONING.
SO WHY BOTHER?
WHEN THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO I MAY AS WELL DO THIS.
IF I MUST HAVE SOME PROOF OF ACHIEVEMENT.
AND APPARENTLY I MUST.
I'VE COME THIS FAR.
ACHIEVED SO LITTLE.
EVEN THE WORD IS WRONG.
ALL THOSE YEARS AND I'M STILL SITTING HERE DOING THIS.
RUMMAGING IN MY BELLY BUTTON.
NO LONGER PARTICIPATING.
UNINVITED.
WAITING FOR THE KNOCK ON THE DOOR.
WHEN LITTLE BY LITTLE I'VE ERECTED BARRICADES BEHIND IT.
SO NOW I JUST TALK TO MYSELF.
BUT EVEN I'M BORED OF LISTENING.
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M ABOUT TO SAY.
I'VE SAID IT ALL ALREADY.
PROBABLY.
ADDICTED TO ADDITION.
ONE MORE.
BUT NEVER THE LAST.
SEARCHING FOR ANOTHER IDEA.
A NEW WAY TO SAY THE SAME THING.
AGAIN.
ON TRIAL AND ALWAYS FOUND GUILTY.
PEER PRESSURE?
PROBABLY FEAR PRESSURE.
IF ONLY THIS WERE A SUICIDE NOTE.
NO.
TOO PATHETIC.
OR RATHER JUST TOO APATHETIC.

TOO LONG IN THE TOOTH.
TOO DOWN IN THE DUMPS.
TODAY AND TOMORROW ALL ENDING THE SAME.
I TRIED TO END SOONER.
WOULD BE HAPPILY DONE.
THIS PAGE NEED NEVER HAVE BEEN.
BUT IS.
AND WILL BE.
IF ONLY I COULD TEAR IT UP.
DEFIANT ACT OF CREATION.
POSITIVE DESTRUCTION.
BUT OF COURSE I WON'T.
PROBABLY CAN'T.
THAT'S HALF THE PROBLEM.
NOW I COULD STOP NOW.
WHAT'S STOPPING ME?
ME.
I FEEL OBLIGED TO WRITE TO THE END OF THE PAGE.
NO.
NOT THIS TIME.
LET THE BLANKNESS SPEAK FOR ITSELF.
ELOQUENT WHITE PAPER.
ETC.