

POEM

IT'S JUST ANOTHER FUCKING WASTE OF TIME,
ANOTHER POEM PUKED UP LINE BY LINE,
IT'S CLEAR THAT I DON'T GIVE A SHIT,
WHAT YOU OR I MAY THINK OF IT,
WHAT MATTERS IS I GET IT DONE,
THE DISAPPOINTMENT'S HALF THE FUN,
LEAVE QUALITY AND STYLE OUT,
THIS IS MY HOWL MY WHIMPERING SHOUT,
A RAGE AGAINST THE SILENT DAY,
INEPTITUDE IN WORDY PLAY,
RHYMING BOLLOCKS PITTER-PATTER,
THE GRUBBY METER DOESN'T MATTER,
NOR THE SUBJECT OF THE SPEW,
I HAVE NO CARE TO BE BRAND NEW,
THE AVANT-GARDE CAN LICK MY COCK,
THE TIME HAS PASSED WHEN ONE COULD SHOCK,
BY NAUGHTY WORDS AND FILTHY DEEDS,
BLAND HUMDRUM DRIVEL SUITS MY NEEDS,
MORE PALTRY RAMBLINGS DO THE TRICK,
PRETENTIOUS WANKERS MAKE ME SICK,
THE FACT I'M ONE OF THEM IS TRUE,
BUT WHAT'S AN 'ARTIST' SUPPOSED TO DO,
GO STRETCH A CANVAS AND PAINT A FACE,
SPLATTER HUES AROUND THE PLACE,
CARVE A FIGURE OUT OF ROCK,
DO A DRAWING WITH MY COCK,
CUT MY VEINS AND FREE MY BLOOD,
MAKE A GOLEM OUT OF SHIT OR MUD,
PUT A IDEA IN A FRAME,
SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE MY NAME,
ASSASSINATE THE STATUS QUO,
SOME NONSENSE FOR SOME ARTY SHOW,
DO A PORTRAIT OF SOME STAR,
A FAMOUS CRITIC PLAYING AIR GUITAR,
THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND GETTING FUCKED BY A DOG,
A CHEMICAL PLANT SO BEAUTIFUL IN THE FOG,

NO THIS WILL DO NICELY,
SOME TWADDLE AND CHAT,
MORE PAGE FILLING BLACK MARKS,
TYPED DOWN BY THIS TWAT,
NONE TO PLEASE BUT MYSELF,
YET AGAIN JERKING OFF,
NOTHING OF SUBSTANCE,
JUST THE USUAL FROTH,
THE STAINS FROM MY MIND,
ON THE SHEETS OF THIS BED,
THE SCUM SHOOTING UP,
FROM THE TOP OF MY HEAD,
HOT DRIPS OF THOUGHT SPURTING OVER THE PAGE,
HANDS STRETCHING THROUGH,
FROM THE BARS OF MY CAGE,
IMPOTENT MOMENTS OF SELF GRATIFICATION,
FETID RESULTS OF THIS MENTAL MASTURBATION,
KEEP RUBBING HARD,
KEEP ON SHAFING MY BRAIN,
KEEP RUBBING THE LAMP,
LET THE IMAGES REIGN,
STUFF OOZING OUT IN A REPETITIOUS FLOW,
JUST OPEN THE BOWELS OF THE MIND,
LET IT GO,
WHAT A RELIEF TO HAVE SOMETHING TO DO,
SOME PROCESS OR ACTION,
TO WORK MY WAY THROUGH,
START AT THE TOP WITH NOWHERE TO GO,
BUT KEEP GOING ONWARD,
MORE NOTHING TO SHOW,
THE ONLY THING THAT REALLY MATTERS,
IS MORE OF THE SAME,
ANOTHER PAGE PROSTITUTED,
LIKE A SLUT WITHOUT SHAME,
MORE LA LA LUGUBRIOUS TRIFLING SHAM,
MORE STALE BREAD PLAIN PAPER,
WITH SOME WORDS SPREAD LIKE JAM,
INKY REMINDERS OF OUT OF DATE THOUGHTS,
ALL THAT REMAINS AFTER CROSSES AND NOUGHTS,

**THIRTY TWO VERSIONS OF ONE SMALL IDEA,
POINTLESS TO START WITH BUT EVEN MORE SO HERE,
ANYTHING GOES THOUGH I DON'T GIVE A TOSS,
EVERYTHING'S WELCOME 'CAUSE I AM THE BOSS,
I MAKE THE RULES UP THE CHOICES ARE MINE,
SO AS LONG AS IT'S LONGER,
THEN EVERYTHING'S FINE,
SAME AS ALWAYS I DO AS I WANT,
I STRANGLE THE VIRGIN,
I PISS IN THE FONT,
NO ONE CAN TELL ME I'VE MADE A MISTAKE,
NO ONE CAN SAY I'M A FRAUD OR A FAKE,
I DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT ANYONE'S VIEWS,
IF IT COMES TO MY MIND,
THEN I'LL SELDOM REFUSE,
FUCKING THE ARSE OF A PRETTY YOUNG THING,
THEN SHOOTING DOWN ANGELS,
AS THEY DANCE ON THE WING,
GOD IS AN ARSEHOLE,
JESUS A CUNT,
I'LL CASTRATE A BOY CHILD ,
WITH A KNIFE THAT'S SO BLUNT,
I'LL PEEL OFF THE SKIN FROM A TENDER NEW BORN,
AND TAKE LOTS OF PHOTOS FOR INTERNET PORN,
THERE'S NO TRUTH IN WRITING,
NO POINT IN BELIEF,
IT'S ALL JUST MORE BOLLOCKS,
MORE VERBAL RELIEF,
MORE CRASS SELF PROCLAIMING,
SO UP IT'S OWN ARSE,
A WORDY ARRANGEMENT,
A CON OR A FARCE,
A VISUAL TREAT FOR A BRAIN DEAD NATION,
A BUCKET OF SHIT,
IN THE FACE OF FRUSTRATION,
A FANFARONADE A FANFARE OF FAILURE,
AN ARROGANT FART AT ACCEPTED REGALIA,
SO ON AND SO WHAT,
DRINK DOWN THIS SPUNKY EFFLUENT LOT**

COME SPIT ALL YOU FAITHFUL,
LET US ALL PUKE AS ONE,
THE BOWL OVERFLOWETH,
AND WHAT'S DOWN IS DONE,
THE USUAL SUSPECTS THE CHILD AND THE CHURCH,
THE EASIEST TARGETS TO HIT ON THE LURCH,
SHIT FLYING FANWARD,
SPRAYED ON THE PAGE,
WITHOUT CONCERN,
OR INTEREST,
OR RAGE,
SAMO,
SAMO,
HERE WE GO,
HERE WE GO,
BETTER DONE BEFORE BUT NEVER DONE BEST,
AS LONG AS IT'S RHYMING I'M PASSING THE TEST,
ONE RULE TO CONSIDER,
ONE ISSUE SUPREME,
ONE FORMAL DEVICE,
TO CONTAIN THE WHOLE DREAM,
THE WHOLE FUCKING FUCK-UP,
THE WHOLE GODDAMNED SCHEME,
ONE MORE EXECUTION,
OF ONE MORE EMPTY THEME,
VARIED ABUNDANCE OF NOTHING MUCH CHANGED,
ALL THE OLD WORDS,
BUT JUST REARRANGED,
THIS FOLLOWS THIS,
FOLLOWS THAT,
FOLLOWS THOSE,
WHERE'S IT ALL GOING,
WELL EVERYONE KNOWS,
THE SAME PLACE AS LAST TIME,
AROUND EVERY BEND,
ALWAYS ARRIVING RIGHT BACK AT THE END,
ACHIEVED FUCK ALL YET AGAIN A SUCCESS,
I'VE WASTED SOME TIME,
AND MADE SOME MORE MESS,

**SUCH IS THE FATE OF MEN,
WELL AT LEAST ONE'S LIKE ME
LIVING HOLED UP IN MY DEN,
WANKING THE SAME COCK-UP DAILY,
I MUSTN'T COMPLAIN,
IT'S MY OWN BED OF NAILS,
NOBODY CARES MUCH,
WHO WINS AND WHO FAILS,
I'M NOT A 'TEAM PLAYER',
AS SOME CUNTS MIGHT SAY,
I DO WHAT I WANT,
AND I DO IT MY WAY,
ARROGANT BASTARD,
I'M SO FULL OF SHIT,
BUT A LEAST IT'S MY OWN,
AND I WALLOW IN IT,
LIKE A HIPPO PRETENDER,
AN ARTY SCUMBAG,
A SELFISH INDULGER,
A WHORE,
OR A SLAG,
A CHEAP BITCH ON THE GAME,
I OFFER MY ARSE IN ARTS NAME,
TO THE FINGERS OF STATE,
I OPEN UP WIDE,
I LET ALL WHO WISH TO,
TO RUMMAGE INSIDE,
WHAT POPPYCOCK'S THAT,
MORE WORTHLESS DRIVEL,
MORE STUFF THAT I'VE SHAT,
AND FROM WHICH I SHOULD SHRIVEL,
ASHAMED TO HAVE WRITTEN QUITE SO MUCH CRAP,
BUT I DON'T WANT TO TURN OFF MY MINDS TAP,
LET IT ALL TUMBLE OUT,
ALL THE RUBBISH AND THE BILE,
LET IT COVER THE PAGE,
WHAT CARE I FOR STYLE,
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT,
TOO LATE TO GET BETTER,**

**PUT UP WITH THIS THEN,
AND WRITE MORE BY THE LETTER,
TIP TAP,
TIP TAP,
JUST TURN OUT MORE CRAP,
KEEP GOING YOU CUNT,
KEEP YOUR BRAIN ON THE HUNT,
TURN OUT MORE SLOP,
A TRIUMPHANT NEW FLOP,
A BIG SHIT IN THE BATH,
FLOATING AROUND,
JUST FOR A LAUGH,
OR JUST FOR THE SOUND,
A POETIC TURD,
TURGID AND SMELLY,
BREAKING FREE FROM THE HERD,
GO ON,
GIVE IT SOME WELLY,
LET YOUR HAIR DOWN,
LET IT ALL HANG OUT,
RED PAINT THE TOWN,
SCREAM BLUE MURDER,
AND SHOUT,
LASH OUT WITH A KNIFE,
CUT THE THROAT OF YOUR LIFE,
NOW AND NOW ONLY,
TO DECIDE WHAT IS HOLY,
WHAT HAS MERIT AND VALUE,
OR SCREW YOU,
YOU,
YES YOU TOO,
ALL THE SAME REALLY,
WELL NOT QUITE BUT NEARLY,
THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH,
I'M NOT EXACTLY THAT TOUGH,
MY BALLS AREN'T FASHIONED IN STEEL,
BUT ALL THAT I SAY IS NOT REAL,
A PILE OF OLD TOSH,
WORDS UNDER THE COSH,**

**BLUDGEONED OF MEANING,
A CATALOGUE WITHOUT FEELING
A FLOOD OF MALAISE,
A WAY OF PASSING THE DAYS,
NOTHING MUCH MATTERS,
MUCH LESS THAN THESE THOUGHTLESS TATTERS,
THESE SCRIBBLING WORDS FLOURISHES,
SLIPPERY AS FISHES,
A BOWL FULL OF PUS,
AMONG DELICATE DISHES,
FODDER OF BRAIN SPEW,
FOOD FOR THE THOUGHT STEW,
MASTICATED MEANINGS DILUTED,
CEREBRAL STUFFS CONVOLUTED,
A PLATE FULL OF EMPTY BRAVADO,
A CONSUMMATE SOUP OF WHAT I KNOW,
NOT A LOT THAT'S FOR SURE,
BUT I'M BORED TO THE CORE,
ALREADY,
THE STENCH OF THIS MUCK MAKES ME HEADY,
SO STOP IT YOU FUCK-WIT,
BE OVER AND DONE,
NECK DEEP IN THIS SHIT,
JUST FOR FUN,
SAY GOODNIGHT TO THE DAYTIME,
THIS ONE'S RUN ITS RACE,
THE BLACK OF THE SKY'S FINE,
SO SHUT UP YOUR FACE,
TURN OUT THE LIGHTS,
AND DREAM OF THE NEXT DAY,
OF IMPOSSIBLE FLIGHTS,
AND HEROIC WORD PLAY,
HEAR BIRDIES CHIRPING,
THEY WELCOME THE DAWN,
AND I SHOULD BE SLEEPING,
AT REST AND FORLORN,
LIGHT SEEPING IN,
THROUGH AN UNOPENED CURTAIN,
TOMORROW'S TODAY WITH A FUTURE UNCERTAIN,**

**GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF BEING ALIVE,
GOT TO KEEP BUSY AS A BEE IN THE HIVE,
PRODUCING ENDLESS VERSIONS OF NOTHING,
GOT TO KEEP RUNNING,
KEEP HUFFING AND BLUFFING,
TICK-TOCK THE DAYS OFF,
THE SLOW DRIPPING OF TIME,
A GLASS ALMOST EMPTY,
OF THE MEMORY OF WINE,
THE RESIDUE STAINING WITH RUSTY DEBRIS,
SURROUNDED BY PICTURE FRAMES ALL FILLED BY ME,
EGO INFLATED AS SWOLLEN AS PRIDE,
NOWHERE TO RUN TO,
AND NOWHERE TO HIDE,
BUT HERE IN THE SHADOWS,
THE POETIC PENUMBRA,
I'M ADDING UP HOURS TO A DESOLATE NUMBER,
A TOTAL OF ABJECT DISAPPOINTMENTS BEHIND,
I KEEP ON SEARCHING,
BUT I SELDOM FIND,
MOMENTS OF BLISS,
OF PURE PLEASURE UNTOLD,
ECSTASY THAT I CAN GRASP BUT CAN'T HOLD,
OH WALLOW YOU INDULGENT PRAT,
IT WOULD BE PITIFUL IF YOU WEREN'T SUCH A TWAT,
GLOOMY FACED WANKER,
O SO FULL OF SHIT,
CUT OUT THE WEEPING,
AND GET ON WITH IT,
SNIVELLING POETS YOU RANT AND YOU WAIL,
YOU'RE ALL OF A LIKENESS,
SO SICKLY AND PALE,
FINGER-FUCK HARDER THE ARSE OF YOUR LIFE,
SHIT IN THE MOUTH OF YOUR WHORE OR YOUR WIFE,
GET ON YOUR KNEES AND SUCK ON LIFE'S MEMBER,
THEN IN YOUR DOTAGE YOU'LL SURELY REMEMBER,
THAT LIFE'S SEED WAS TASTY,
STICKY AND SWEET,
LIFT UP YOUR EYES AS YOU LICK AT ITS FEET,**

**THESE WORDS ARE A DILDO,
I'VE CARVED OUT OF THOUGHT,
I'M FUCKING YOUR BRAIN,
AND I'M NOT GETTING CAUGHT,
I'M SHAFTING YOUR EYES,
WITH THESE MISERABLE LIES,
FIST-FUCKING FASTER UNTIL THE WORD DIES,
I HATE STUFF LIKE THIS,
THE DEGENERATE PLODDING,
THE RHYTHMICAL PULSE,
THAT SETS MY HEAD NODDING,
BORING AS FISHING IN A SMALL GARDEN POND,
OR LENDING SOME MONEY,
TO FIND YOU'VE BEEN CONNED,
IT'S ALL A RIP OFF,
SURELY A MUGS GAME,
BUT HERE'S A TIP OFF,
IT'LL CONTINUE THE SAME,
I'VE SET UP THE MODEL,
AND NOW LET IT RUN,
FULL SPEED TO DESTRUCTION,
UNTIL THE THING'S DONE,
ALWAYS THE SAME WAY,
HEADING FOR THE END,
THE SOUND OF MY OWN VOICE,
MY ONLY TRUE FRIEND,
SAYING WHATEVER FITS INTO THE RHYME,
PADDING THE SENTENCE,
AND FILLING THE LINE,
WORD FOLLOWS WORD,
IN A CASCADE OF BLACK,
NEVER REREADING,
AND NOT LOOKING BACK,
AS I WAS SAYING,
POETRY SUCKS,
DELICATE METAPHORS DELIVERED BY TRUCKS,
BEAUTIFUL IMAGES SENSITIVE FEELINGS,
A MIRAGE OF ADJECTIVES
DESCRIBE INTIMATE DEALINGS,**

BUT WHAT I LIKE OR DON'T LIKE,
IT DON'T MATTER,
JUST AS LONG AS I'M TYPING THIS,
MAKING IT FATTER,
A NICE PLUMP POEM,
IN ROSY CHEEKED VERSE,
I WISH I KNEW HOW,
I COULD MAKE IT MUCH WORSE,
A VISUAL RESIDUE OF A PROCESS UNDERTAKEN,
A TROPHY OF INTELLECTUAL ENGAGEMENTS,
ONLY THE ACT OF THINKING CAN AWAKEN,
ANY SUCH WORDSMITHIAN ARRANGEMENTS,
IN OTHER WORDS PUTTING THOUGHTS TO WORK,
ENSLAVING THEM WITHIN MEANING,
FINDING OUT WHERE THE BOUNDARIES LURK,
DELINEATED WITHOUT SEEMING,
INCOMPREHENSIBLE TWISTING APART,
VALUES ALL GONE IN THE PROCESS OF ART,
NOT SAYING NOTHING,
BUT NOTHING TO SAY,
A PUREE OF MUSH ON THE PAGE DAY BY DAY,
A FESTERING SORE APPEARS ON THE SURFACE,
A PRODUCT OF TIME SPENT BADLY AND ARTIFICE,
OH WELL,
I SUPPOSE THAT IT'S DOING NO HARM,
THE BLUNT SWORD OF POETRY,
REMAINS FAIRLY CALM,
A USELESS APPENDAGE,
A FLOPPY OLD PRICK,
AND EVEN WHEN STIFF,
IT CAN'T HURT LIKE A STICK,
IT MIGHT FRIGHTEN A CHILD,
OR UPSET THE PONIES,
BUT WORDS DON'T DO MUCH DAMAGE,
WHEN MOUTHED OFF BY PHONEYS,
WHAT IS IT THEY SAY,
ABOUT STONES AND STICKS,
PUT AN IDEA THROUGH A WINDOW,
IF YOU CAN'T FIND SOME BRICKS,

ENOUGH OF THAT POMPOUS RHETORIC FOR NOW,
A MORE EARTHY APPROACH,
SEEMS MORE APT SOMEHOW,
MORE SWEARING AND BLASPHEMY,
A LITTLE BIT NAUGHTY,
LESS CONDESCENDING AND NOT QUITE SO HAUGHTY,
SOME CUNT AND SOME PUSSY,
LET'S NOT BE SO PRISSY,
LET ME TALK LIKE A HE-MAN,
AND NOT LIKE A SISSY,
I'LL WRITE OF MY STIFF COCK,
OF MY PROWESS LET ME BRAG,
OF THE WHORES THAT I'VE SHAGGED,
'CAUSE I'M NOT SOME LIMP FAG,
I LIKE TO SCREW HARD,
AND BALL MY BITCH GOOD,
TO SLAP HER ABOUT,
TILL SHE DOES WHAT SHE SHOULD,
WOMEN ARE CUNTS,
JUST GOOD FOR FUCKING,
GET THEM DOWN ON THEIR KNEES,
PULL THEIR HAIR AS THEY'RE SUCKING,
THE BITCHES THEY LOVE IT,
THEY KNOW THEY'RE ALL WHORES,
THEY OFFER THEIR ARSES,
WITHOUT ANY PAUSE,
AND IF YOU MEET ONE,
WHO CLAIMS IT'S NOT TRUE,
JUST FUCK HER BRAINS OUT,
AND THEN WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH,
SLAP HER,
THE SLAPPER DESERVES WHAT SHE GETS,
USE HER,
ABUSE HER,
AND HAVE NO REGRETS,
IT'S A MANS RIGHT,
TO DO WHAT HE CHOOSES,
ESPECIALLY WHEN DEALING,
WITH BITCHES AND FLOOZIES,

OK THAT'LL DO BECAUSE NONE OF IT'S NEWS,
SO MAYBE I'LL START ON THE NIGGERS AND JEWS,
NO,
NO POINT REALLY,
IT'S ALL A BIT CHEAP,
LIKE A JOKE OF A WELSHMAN,
WHO LIKES SHAGGING SHEEP,
NONE OF IT SHOCKS ANYBODY THESE DAYS,
EVERYONE'S BEEN THERE AND DONE IT,
THE LITERATI ARE OVERINDULGED IN THESE WAYS,
IN SOME CIRCLES THEY SEE IT AS WIT,
SO HOW ABOUT A MORE DADAIST STYLE,
A SURREALIST PLAYING WITH MEANING,
A BOTTLE OF LOVE OR A DOG IN A PHIAL,
A LIQUID FILM AT A SCREENING,
AN EXQUISITE CADAVER EXPOSED ON THE TABLE,
A SEWING MACHINE WITHOUT ANY I'S,
A PLEASANT REMARK WELL CARVED OUT OF MARBLE,
A COMPUTER THAT ONLY TELLS LIES,
A MISHMASH OF DAY DREAMS,
A POTATO OF HAS BEANS,
A FLOATING IGUANA,
A MENSTRUATING BANANA,
A SLICE OF AMERICAN EYE,
A MURDERED SCHOOL TIE,
A GROUNDED TOP HAT,
AN INTERVAL MOULDED IN FAT,
A KINKY DYSLEXIC DISCO,
A CUPBOARD ON HOLIDAY IN FRISCO,
A DIAMOND DOG DONNYBROOK,
A PLASTIC PRAYER HOOK,
A FRIGID JELLYFISH,
A PORCUPINES DEATH WISH,
A MORONIC MARATHON,
A MASONIC PYTHON,
A STUTTERING BREADBOARD,
A NEW SONG IN F FLAT BY CLIFFORD T WARD,
A BUTTERY NEW STAR DRIVING A BLUE CAR,
EXTRA EXCRETA ETCETERA ETCETERA,

AND SO ON AND SO FORTH,
AS I TRUDGE BLANDLY DOWNWARD,
ON MY TRIP FROM THE NORTH,
ABSURDIST WORD WANKING PRODUCES MORE COPY,
SO WHAT DO I CARE IF IT'S STUPID AND SLOPPY,
ANOTHER PAGE PUFFED UP AND PADDED,
A FEW MORE RIDICULOUS IMAGES ADDED,
POETRY FEEDS ON THE DETRITUS OF THINKING,
THE LEFTOVERS OF BEING,
THAT ARE ROTTING AND STINKING,
THE SMEGMA OF LIVING SMEARED OVER THE PAGE,
WRAPPED IN THE GUISE OF A PROPHET OR SAGE,
NEVER TRUST POETS,
THEY'RE PROFESSIONAL LIARS,
SELFISH AND ARROGANT,
POURING PETROL ON FIRES,
NO,
NOT JUST THE POETS,
BUT ALL THOSE WHO WRITE,
BULLSHIT PURVEYORS,
ALL SQUEEZING OUT SHITE,
LISTEN TO ME,
WHAT I SAY IS PROFOUND,
NO,
MY VIEWS ARE BETTER,
AND MY IDEAS ARE SOUND,
I'VE THOUGHT THIS ONE OVER,
AND ARRIVED AT THE TRUTH,
FACTS ARE THE MISUNDERSTANDINGS OF YOUTH,
PHILOSOPHERS PROFESS,
A LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE,
BUT SELDOM CONFESS,
THAT THEY JUST WENT TO COLLEGE,
TO PASS AN EXAM TO MAKE LOTS OF DOUGH,
AND DON'T GIVE A TOSS,
ABOUT NIETZSCHE AND PLATO,
AND WHY THE FUCK SHOULD THEY,
BOTH OF THOSE LOSERS,
SAY OPPOSITE TRUTHS AND ONLY CONFUSE US,

**ONLY WHAT I THINK IS RELEVANT REALLY,
AND EACH ONE IS I,
OR AT LEAST VERY NEARLY,
EVERYONE'S RIGHT TO BELIEVE WHAT THEY DO,
BELIEF MUST BE PERSONAL,
IT'S JUST UP TO YOU,
ONE GOD OR ANOTHER,
OR NO GOD DEPENDS,
ONLY ON CULTURE OR TEACHING OR FRIENDS,
ALL EQUALLY VALID,
NO BELIEF CAN BE WRONG,
BUT PROBLEMS ARISE,
WHEN 'RELIGIONS' ARE STRONG,
WHAT IS THIS NOW,
SOME POLITICAL CRAP,
POLITICAL POETS DESERVE A GOOD SLAP,
AH FUCK IT,
WHATEVER,
I REALLY DON'T CARE,
I DON'T GIVE A MONKEYS,
WHAT CLOTHES YOU WEAR,
LOOK HOW YOU WANT TO,
DRESS HOW YOU CHOOSE,
YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE,
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOOSE,
LONG HAIR OR SHORT HAIR,
CURLY OR NOT,
WHO GIVES A SHIT,
ONCE YOU'RE FREE OF THE COT,
CHOICE IS THE ESSENCE,
THE DEFINITION OF MAN,
BEING A HUMAN,
MEANS TO BE WHAT YOU CAN,
FREEDOM TO ACT,
AND DO WHAT YOU DESIRE,
WHAT A LOAD OF OLD BOLLOCKS,
AM I REALLY SUCH A LIAR,
ALL THE OLD NONSENSE ABOUT ALL BEING EQUAL,
YOU'D HAVE TO BE SOME KIND OF TWAT OR A FOOL,**

THE PEOPLE THAT PEDDLE THAT TYPE OF TRIPE,
ARE THE ONES WHO USE OTHERS,
AS A KIND OF ARSE WIPE,
EQUALITY'S FINE IF YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH MONEY,
IF YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE POWER,
OF COURSE LIFE IS SUNNY,
AND FUCK ALL THE OTHERS,
THE STARVING AND POOR,
OH SHUT THE FUCK UP,
I'M BECOMING A BORE,
IT'S QUITE BAD ENOUGH,
BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE,
I DON'T GIVE A SHIT,
AS LONG AS IT'S IN VERSE,
THIS WORD OR THAT ONE,
IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE,
I DON'T HAVE A SUBJECT,
AND I DON'T HAVE NO PREFERENCE,
SWANS BLOOD OR STIFF COCKS,
IT'S ALL MUCH OF A MUCHNESS,
TALKING OF HANGING,
OR SCREWING A DUCHESS,
FLEETING IMAGININGS WALLOWING ON PAPER,
I'M JUST PASSING THE TIME,
WITH THIS PATHETIC CAPER,
NOT FOR MUCH LONGER I HOPE,
I REALLY DON'T THINK I CAN COPE,
I'LL CALL IT A DAY,
WHEN PAGE TWENTY HOLDS SWAY,
UNTIL THEN I'LL CHURN OUT,
MORE OLD ROPE,
HOIST MY PETARD,
AND BANG DOWN THE DOOR,
WRITE LIKE A RETARD,
A KEEP WRITING MORE,
THERE'S STILL SOME WAY YET,
I NEED MORE FULMINATION,
SOME BOLLOCKS TO SCRIBBLE,
BEFORE CULMINATION,

**DARKEN THE PAPER WITH TRACES OF BLACK,
DETERMINATION REPLACING THE TALENT I LACK,
NOT THAT IT'S NEEDED FOR RUBBISH LIKE THIS,
THIS IS AS EASY AS TAKING A PISS,
NO CHALLENGE HERE,
IT'S A WALK IN THE PARK,
A QUESTION OF PROCESS,
TO MAKE THE PAGE DARK,
IDEAS AND BEAUTY ARE THINGS OF THE PAST,
I'M FAR TOO LAZY,
I JUST CAN'T BE ARSED,
THIS'LL DO NICELY,
FIRST COME AND FIRST SERVED,
AND I REAP THE REWARD,
THAT I'VE ALWAYS DESERVED,
COMPLETE INDIFFERENCE AND QUITE RIGHTLY SO,
MY PEERS ARE MUCH SMARTER,
THAT'S EASY TO SHOW,
I MEAN,
FOR A START,
I KNOW THIS IS SHIT,
SO IT HARDLY MATTERS,
WHAT YOU THINK OF IT,
YOU IS NOT ME,
SO GO JUMP OFF A CLIFF,
YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER WANKER,
A PLONKER,
A STIFF,
IN FACT,
NOW I THINK OF IT,
YOU DON'T EXIST,
YOU'RE AN IMAGINARY CUNT,
THAT I FUCK WITH MY FIST,
ANOTHER LINE WRITTEN,
SO I DON'T SNIFF AT THAT,
I'M HAPPY TO SEE SOME MORE DREADFUL TAT,
I'M NOT TOO PROUD ABOUT WHAT I SAY,
I'LL HAPPILY SHOUT IN THE STREET THAT I'M GAY,
FUCK ME FUCK ME OH I LOVE IT THAT WAY,**

**STICK THAT STIFF COCK OF YOURS UP MY ARSEHOLE,
SHOOT YOUR HOT SPUNK IN THE HEART OF MY SOUL,
NOW LET'S SWAP ROUND AND I'LL DO IT TO YOU,
I'LL FUCK YOU TILL MORNING,
UNTIL THE NIGHT'S THROUGH,
NOW I'M A LADY WHO WORKS ON THE STREET,
SOME CHEAP LITTLE HOOKER,
WHO LIKES SUCKING MEAT,
I NEED MONEY TO SPEND ON THE HABIT I'VE GOT,
JUST TWENTY QUID I'LL GIVE YOU THE LOT,
I NEED CASH,
MORE THAN ANYTHING COY LIKE RESPECT,
I NEED IT NOW,
COME ON LET'S SEE IF I CAN GET YOU ERECT,
OH THERE,
THAT'S BETTER,
MM,
THAT FEELS GOOD,
I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT,
I KNEW THAT YOU WOULD,
STOP THIS RIGHT NOW,
WHAT'S THIS,
A STORY,
NO,
JUST AN IMAGINED FLIRTATION WITH A WHOREY,
A WHOREY,
NOW THAT TAKES THE BISCUIT,
I KNOW THAT IT'S CRAP,
BUT I THOUGHT THAT I'D RISK IT
I ASK YOU,
IS THAT ALLOWABLE,
WHY EVER NOT,
BECAUSE IT'S TERRIBLE,
SO'S THAT,
SO WHAT,
ITS NOT AS IF I'VE GOT STANDARDS TO MAINTAIN,
I'VE NO REPUTATION,
I DON'T WANT TO STAIN,
I'M JUST 'AVIN' A LAUGH AN' PLAYIN' A GAME,**

'NO' W'AT I MEAN,
I AIN'T DONE NUFFIN' 'RONG,
I'M JUST A GEEZER,
NOT SOME BRIGHT SPARK KING DONG,
SPELLIN' AN' STUFF LIKE,
WELL IT AIN'T MY STRONG POINT,
I'M ONE OF THE LADS 'IN' I,
RAAVA 'AVE A PIE AN' A PINT,
NOTICE THE RATHER INGENIOUS,
POINT WITH PINT RHYMING,
THIS TYPE OF SCANSION IS,
OF COURSE DEPENDENT ON TIMING,
AS WELL AS THE VISUAL ASPECT FOR SURE,
BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO ON AND ON,
AND RISK BECOMING A BORE,
THE USE OF VERNACULAR,
REGIONAL DIALECT,
GIVES US CLUES,
THAT PERHAPS,
THE AUTHOR IS AN AUTODIDACT,
ONE MUST STUDY THE LANGUAGE,
THE IDIOMS,
THE PHRASING,
SOMETIMES WHAT IT REVEALS IS AMAZING,
TEXT IS TEXTURE PERHAPS MORE THAN LINGUISTIC,
IT TELLS IT'S OWN STORY,
AND I FIND IT FANTASTIC,
TAKE FOR EXAMPLE THE GIDEONS AND THEIR BIBLE,
FROM INSIDE AN 'OTEL DRAW,
THEY TRY TO START A REVIVAL,
WHERE THEY ARE PLACED,
IS A PART OF THE NARRATIVE,
IT MUST BE FACED,
ALL THESE THINGS ARE COMPARATIVE,
EVERYTHING EXISTS WITHIN A RELATION,
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS 'PURE' FICTION,
THE SUB TEXTS,
THE INFLECTS,
THE UNINTENTIONAL APPROVALS OR REJECTS,

**READ MORE THAN THE STORY LINE,
IT'S JUST A PART OF THE OVERALL DESIGN,
A METHOD TO ILLUSTRATE,
WHO WROTE WITH LOVE OR WITH HATE,
A GRAPHOLOGISTIC ORGY,
TO DETECT A FORGERY,
I ATTENDED A SEMINAL,
SEMIOLOGICAL SEMINAR LAST WEEK,
AND TO HEAR THOSE MINDS SPEAK,
OF DECONSTRUCTION AND MECHANISMS,
WELL IT MADE ME FEEL WEAK,
IT BROUGHT OUT THE BEAUTY,
INHERENT IN TEXT,
SO WHEN I LOOK AT MY SHOPPING LIST,
I NO LONGER FEEL VEXED,
I KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING,
THE HOW AND WHY AT ITS HEART,
THE TRICKS THAT I'M PLAYING,
THE WARS I'M ATTEMPTING TO START,
I UNDERSTAND MEANING,
AND VISUAL REFERENCES,
I COMPREHEND SPACING,
AND ACCEPT MY PREFERENCES,
SURE I DON'T WRITE ANY MORE,
BUT THAT'S WHAT THOSE COURSES ARE FOR,
YOU MUST ACCEPT CRITICISM,
LEARN BY MISTAKE,
AGREE WHEN SOME WANKER SAYS YOU'RE A FAKE,
YOU HAVE NO TALENT,
IN FACT YOU'RE CRAP,
NOW FUCK OFF OUT OF HERE,
BE A GOOD CHAP,
I'M BUSY YOU KNOW IT'S ALL GO GO GO,
VISITING HERE,
RUSHING OVER THERE,
IT'S ALL SO COMMERCIAL,
BUT THESE DAYS I DON'T CARE,
WHAT WITH THE MORTGAGE,
THE KIDS AND THE BILLS,**

THE WIFE WANTS NEW DRESSES,
WE'RE MAKING OUR WILLS,
OH HERE WE ARE,
ALREADY THE LAST BIT,
THE FAMOUS PAGE TWENTY,
AND I'VE JUST GOT TO FILL IT,
I BETTER START SUMMING UP,
PREPARING TO END,
EXPLAINING MY REASONS,
AND MY METHODS DEFEND,
WHY IS THIS POEM EXISTING AT ALL,
WHAT IS IT'S PURPOSE,
WHO AM I TRYING TO FOOL,
WHY ALL THE STYLISTIC CUTTING AND CHOPPING,
THE BOMBASTIC TONE AND THE SIMPLISTIC HOPPING,
WHAT DOES IT SAY OF THE HUMAN CONDITION,
HOW DOES IT HELP TO BRING JOY TO FRUITION,
IS IT REALLY SO NAIVE,
IS IT REALLY SO EMPTY,
HAVE I NOT GOT ONE TRICK,
UP MY SLEEVE LEFT TO TEMPT ME,
ONE PROFOUND STATEMENT,
THAT JUSTIFIES THE REST,
PERHAPS ALL THE RUBBISH,
AND SQUALOR WAS PART OF A TEST,
ITS PARSIMONIOUSLY NIGGARDLY NATURE,
I WOULD SUGGEST,
OFFERS A RATHER NIHILISTIC FUTURE,
AND NOT QUITE THE BEST,
IS IT TRUE WITH ALL THESE WORDS,
THAT I'VE MANAGED TO SAY NOTHING,
ARE THESE THE FINAL NAILS IN THE COFFIN,
WORDS RENDERED MEANINGLESS,
VACUOUS PHRASING,
PAGES SO POINTLESS,
WITH ABSURD NAVEL GAZING,
WELL ALL THAT STARTS CONTINUES THE TREND,
AND IT ALWAYS ARRIVES AT THE END,
THE END,

**NO,
I REFUSE TO END THERE,
I JUST WON'T HAVE IT,
AND IT'S NOT THAT I CARE,
BUT I KNOW IF I STOP I'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO,
I'LL BE FORCED INTO THINKING,
OF SOMETHING ELSE NEW,
ANOTHER NEW WAY,
OF EXPUNGING EACH DAY,
WHEREAS HERE I CAN PLOD ON,
JUST CHURNING IT OUT,
I DON'T NEED TO THINK,
ABOUT WHAT IT'S ABOUT,
JUST TURN THE BRAIN OVER,
AND SEE WHAT APPEARS,
I THINK I COULD WRITE THIS,
FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS,
WRITING OF NOTHING,
OR CABBAGES OR GARAGES OR BATTERIES OR
PASTRIES OR IGLOOS OR CURRY OR MORMONS OR
TELEPHONES OR RUSSIA OR THERMOMETERS OR
CATHETERS, OF PAINT OR SHOES OR CHIPS OR BLUES
OR TURKEYS OR TANKS OR FLEAS OR CATHOLICS OR
SANDWICHES OR PORCELAIN OR DILDOS, OF COMPOST
OR SPACECRAFT OR TEATIME OR VERMIN OR ARSES
OR HORSES OR BUTTERFLIES OR MAGIC OR
GIRLFRIENDS, OF CONSTIPATION OR RUST OR DRUGS
OR PHOTOGRAPHS OR LUCIFER OR PORTRAITURE OR
FURNITURE OR SAUSAGES OR RECTANGLES OR
CUPBOARDS OR A SMUDGE, OF TROUSERS OR
SOPHISTRY OR SINGING OR FARTING OR CAPITALISM
OR COCKLES OR TRUMPETS OR CINEMA OR PLAYBOY
OR TRACTORS OR BESTIALITY OR CHALK, OF
ARTEFACTS OR GRAVY OR PARROTS OR COMPUTERS
OR CHOCOLATE OR NIPPLES OR DINOSAURS, OF
OBLONGS OR MASSAGE OR POLITICIANS OR FLIP-
FLOPS OR WILDEBEEST OR CELERY OR SUMMER OR
FLAGELLATION OR HARMONY OR EGYPT OR DRUMS
OR COURGETTES OR VASELINE, OF PICNICS OR STOICS.**