

CONGLOMERATION (or: The Grand Pathetic Suite)

a) Bloody Racket

Uproarious rumpus!
Bloody racket!
And rumpus!

b) Your Silly Stare

Until the end is neigh, until the piggies fly,
until the boom and quake and mushroom
in the sky — for no particular reward
I'll prepare a sarcastic noose and cord,
and even when you dangle —
I will make you feel ignored!

I'll find you
just to turn my back upon your silly stare!
Yeah, I'll find you and make every effort
to make you aware
how much I don't care (at all)!

Oh, you have been misled!
Don't give a toss if you're alive or dead
because I need you like I need a bullet
through my head!
How ineptly you chide;
a caustic ball of bile, but you bowl it wide!
You wouldn't hit an ass's arse with a banjo
if you tried!

d) The Different Tastes of Sick

You tell the days apart
by the different tastes of sick.
You lie awake in bed
and watch the dust grow thick.

A broken man, spineless to the end.
A broken man — he will never love again.

You tell the days apart
by the spiders on your plate
of something canned and cold you can't
remember when you ate.

A broken man, pathetic to the bone.
A broken man — but he chose to be alone.

f) Life Is Tough (When You're Me)

I've nothing left to say, but I say it anyway:
Life is tough when you're me!

g) Saucy Tiara Woman!

Think you can have it all your way?
Think you're some kind of queen?
Well, I say! Saucy tiara woman!

h) Another Pear of Ice

For the umpteenth bottle,
open like a flesh wound,
for the ice in humourous shapes and hues,
I feel all the more marooned.
And when life has done its very worst
to shock me,
even my ice cubes seem to mock me,

singing: «Just like your life,
we're cold and fruit-shaped!
We let you see what you most despise:
your reflection in another pear of ice.»

«Your life's like us, it's cold and fruit-shaped!
It's like a sappy film,
just like the one in which we're draped.
Finding buoyancy in drink of vice,
we are your parody in ice cube guise.
We let you see what you most despise:
your reflection in another pear of ice.»

i) Con-girl Omen Ratio 1

Now, I can tell a rotten sort
and treat her to a practiced snort!
A charm? A hex? A jinx? Tut-tut!
I sigh and shrug and covet your coven not!

One foul gossip (the count's precise)
per pernicketly painted petty pout.
Riddled with riddles, lousy with lies,
the blabber's the blubber to insulate us out.

Now I'm aware, now I prepare!
I'll give you naught but snort and sneer!
The omens are there, the omens are clear,
klaxons wail now, can't you hear?
Con-girl omen ratio 1!

Now, I won't be enticed again!
Well, once or twice, perchance, but then
I'll play the puppet on wobbly knees,
but I can quit whenever I bloody well please!

A FAILING EMBER

a) Never Innocent Again

Underneath a pine there's a path to Hell,
at the far end of the garden
by the disused stone well,
and once upon a morning at summer's end
I ventured there,
a curious child never innocent again.

A sussurus enticed me, lust drove me on,
and far too weak the will
to turn from that path once set upon.
A loathing and desire never felt before,
I'm terrified and nauseous to the bone,
still wanting more.

Now all that is past,
but all that is present is tainted.
A star before dawn, a dream to hold on to.

In all this pain and silence,
I smile 'cause I believe my very final mile ends
in beauty and light
that's now but a failing ember,
a dream of yonder childhood garden
I must remember, guard with my life,
must hang on to, always.

Demons serve in fear daring no complaint
as humans rule the infernal halls
without pity or restraint.
I saw the heartless deeds of which I'm
capable, and ere I left three flowers of Hell
had set root within my soul.

c) Three Flowers

The first of the blossoms, Envia is her name,
her scent like the screams of men dying in
torment. The second is called Avaricia, she is
mute, but her silence is that of a dread that
lies dormant. Yet greatest of sins, greatest foe
in my heart is Hubris, seductress, the fairest of
roses, first brought out of Eden by Lilith to
part every woman and man from their
innocence.

Three flowers of festering lies upon the soul,
their name is a stain upon each tongue ever
spoken, and lips that but utter it forever
remain soiled; the architects once of the
Tower of Babel, the flaw in the first shape
Jeremiah's potter made.

And their name is your name, but yours is not
theirs: it's the slamming of Eden's gates
closing on mankind, it's Adam's lament and
it's Cain's cry in anger. Who bears them is
dead, though he lives. Though he walks, he is
walking dust.

d) Deus Caritatis

I beseech you from the threshold
of death's domain:
Can no measure of salvation
– no speck, no grain –
be derived from righteous force of will's
quantum satis?
(A voice:) "He is Deus Caritatis"

STALKER

b) Bad Conscience Underneath Your Gown

Stay close to me now, caring warm.
Placed yourself within reach, so I load myself
onto you.

Ever troubled or sad, oh so poor!
Compassion delight – Pity me more!

We're dancing mind to mind,
my feelings and myself.
Yet please ignore my kind that sails you
due ashore, willfully hitting ground.

I'll sink to Hell through high water –
don't let my ego bring you down!
You'll suffer less, you'll suffer shorter
if you just leave me on the ground.

Besistering eyes, caring true,
now hear this, I tell only you.

We're dancing mind to mind,
my angel and myself.
Intentions quite benign, I steer you
due ashore, passively weigh you down.

I'll sink to Hell through high water
don't let my ego bring you down!
Don't let me be your twilight stalker,
bad conscience underneath your gown!

c) Stalker: Persistence

Living the dream, yes I truly am; realms of
ephemeral love, how addictive and sickening!
In denial,
mind's eye closed to certain rejection,
though it's more than a life's worth to try:
Captive to cowardice!

d) Stalker's Lullaby

There there! Can you not rest or ever sleep?
But you're trembling, my dear,
almost soundlessly weeping!
I'm nowhere near, yet I'm here. Closest
friend, upon you alone my hopes depend!

There there! Only your sobs keep you awake.
Would you slight me, my dear?
Would you so disappoint me?
Surely not! All I've got rests on you.
All would blame you for my downfall.