

Boundless Love (2017)

Will Facebook still be there

in a hundred years –

even, three or four?

You've not been on it for two days or more

I came last night and feel anxious in your gaze now

Feel

But you are kind, you are not like that

I make my life a living archive off the screen

It'll be there in a thousand years or more

maybe, even three or four

When a lightning bolt strikes the night black

A glimpse, no more or less

What will happen to your paintings, when they outlive us?

Becoming conscious of what's been lost – the way objects do

The blank page offers itself again – never satisfied

And what kind of love poem is this anyway, unless:

A chocolate éclair, *Strictly* and a dab to the future.

Ghost Tours (2016)

And you Madam,

Yes you in the folksy shirt and
ribbon-laced boots,

You madam, yes,

spare me a minute and let me tell you

of:

'The Sad and Terrible Tale of Poor Young Kitty O'Shaunnessy'

A young woman

from here in

Olde Beaconfield Town,
whom breathed her last desperate cry

here,

at this very spot!

100 years to the day

here

at The Swan Inn.

And if you don't believe me madam,

then look,

Look down to the floor in front of you.

Yes, madam, this very floor

And behold the faint but unmistakable outline

of

a pool of blood

Kitty's blood

from which she sighed her last breath.

It was a moonlit night

A clear night

Poor Kitty,

She had hidden in the cellar of this very pub,

The cellar that we shall

indeed,

shortly visit.

For purposes of assignation,

Yes, shocking for the time madam,

with a stranger

a person (if we can call it that)

unknown

to Kitty's friends & family.

All that is known

was late into the night

a scream was heard

a horrible, blood-curdling scream, madam.

A scream no human ought to hear.

Who knows what innocent Kitty saw,

we can but imagine,

we perhaps, daren't imagine Madam

but it's true,

that here she met her end,

On the wooden floor-boards of this very pub,

Her heart torn from her breast and her pinkies

.....removed!

Yes madam, I'm sorry to report it,

a little motif

if you will,

left behind by

The Beaconsfield Snipper

You sir,

yes you

in the leather trench-coat and fishnets!

Did you hear of the terrible tragedy

that befell

Horatio - The Silent Clown,

here,

long ago

in the dark streets of

Flackwell Heath?

Fresh from a vaudevillian tour

of Buckinghamshire,

Horatio,

our sad performer,

departed

'Giggles'

Flackwell Heath's premier novelty store

a store that we will visit on this very tour,

For the very last time.

Yes,

it was late

sir

Late that evening,

A terrible and dark evening sir,

When *Horatio*

made the fateful decision

to

cut through the back way,

Never,

NEVER,

'cut through the back way' sir

not

at least

on your own sir,

or you too may meet your end

like poor *Horatio*.

But tonight sir,

we shall venture,

we shall venture

together sir,

together

Along the dark passageway,

Where you shall see,

See with your own eyes, sir

The place

That place

where our mute hero

took his last wobbly steps,

in over-sized brown shoes,

to meet his grisly end.

His red nose

torn,

yes torn, sir, torn

off,

from his painted face.

His curly green hair

steady yourself sir

Scalped, sir,
Yes,
Scalped
from his white powered head.

Yes, we will have time to purchase gifts, sir.

Sunday Song (2015)

*Sing low Sunday
Sing sweetly low
The dumplings are in the stew
And there's no place to go.*

*Sing low Sunday
Swing sweetly low
The dumplings are in the stew
And there's no place to go.*

It'll be kicking-out time soon
Your ale-rich voice will fill the room

'In 19 hundred and something-ish
Marcel Duchamp takes the piss,
And signs it as 'R. Mutt'
That filthy get, deals in smut'

'The toothless cook invested right,
But his hair goes white, over-night
It's gone tits up, it's all gone missin'
Now he hasn't got a pot to piss in'

It'll be kicking out time soon,
Bar-fire and 'bully in the front room.

'Did you see the Tyson Fury fight?
That guy's a pikey,
he's done alright
Though his singing is a load of shite'

'That geezer on the pavement see,
Wolfing a pasty - 99p
He looks like fuckin' Magwitch to me
He needs a salmon & pastry for his tea'

It'll be kicking-out time soon
Your ale-rich voice will fill the room

*Sing low Sunday
Sing sweetly low
The dumplings are in the stew
And there's no place to go.*

*Sing low Sunday
Swing sweetly low
The dumplings are in the stew
And there's no place to go.*

Against Improv (2015)

Don't rely on relational interactions

Create your thing

Kill methodology

Don't believe in generous Improvisers

Release your phoney-ness

Don't deny the snake

Deconstruct

The liberal left has failed

Don't relate – mutate

Arborial unreal

Time is eternal

There is no present

Eternity repeats

Trust the happening of what doesn't happen

Don't pyramid yourself

Trust claustrophobia

Express your fixedness

Desire nothing

Distrust the beautiful

Warp energy

Fuck ritual

Scream

Feel afraid

Love

Be ugly

Pro-create

Hate every living thing

Create objects

Deny truth

Dance

Play

Repeat