

# I?

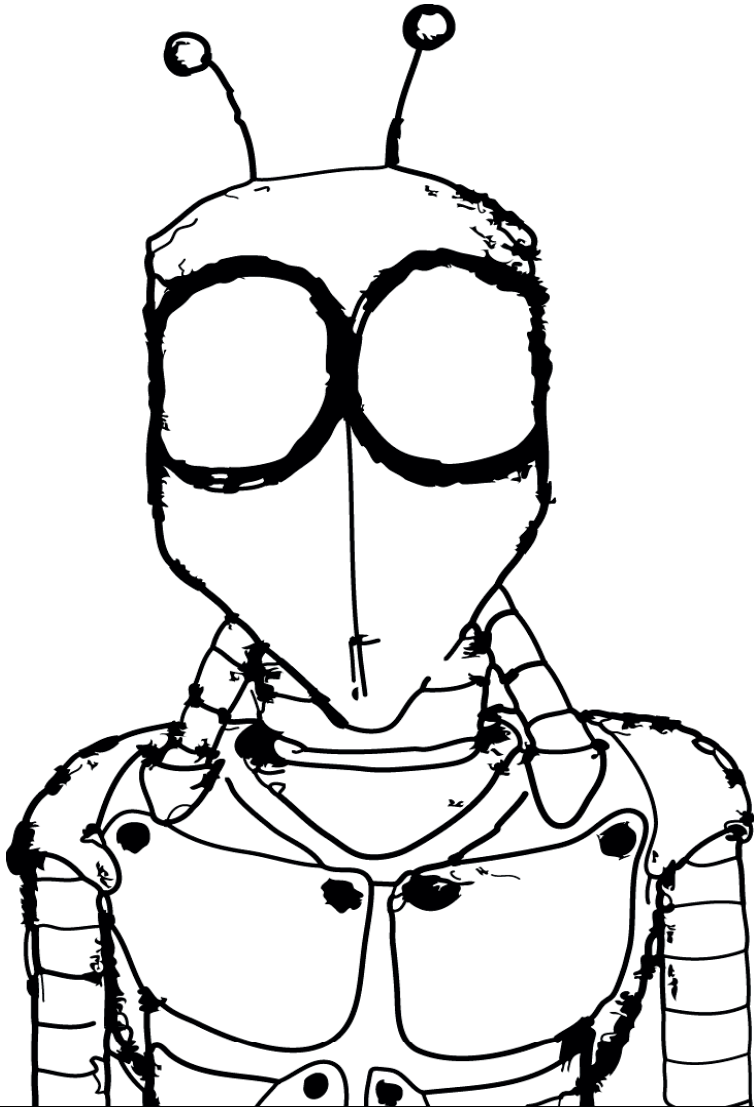


I ate,  
I drank, I slept,  
I emptied,  
I think, I eat, I drink,  
I slept empty  
I meet, I think, I drink, I eat when I'm not hungry  
I sleep, I speak, I think, I drink,  
I forget I slept,  
I sleep,  
I dream I am empty  
I clean, I share what I've seen  
I lie, I cheat, I always speak  
I spoke, I smoke, I rely on others  
I sleep, I eat, I steal from my brothers  
I lie to my mothers, I hate my fathers  
I want, I see, I hear,  
I feel I am empty  
I fill my stomach, I poison my liver  
I listen, I talk, I seldom walk  
I work, I want, I work, I want  
I question, I take, I take, I want  
I push, I shove, I believe in nothing  
I reassure, I'm never sure  
I swore, I always want more  
I buy, I steal, I never reveal  
I forget Importance

Remember Your Ignorance

I am God  
I am man?  
I am what I am.





OH TO SEE WHERE YOUR EYES WANDER,  
AND IN DOING, UNDERSTAND  
THE METHODS IN YOUR MADNESS,  
AND REASON FOR YOUR SADNESS.

# THE AVACADO

February 2014, I didn't have a job. The whole month I was trying to keep active, leaving the house at least once a day. I was throwing out my CV like propaganda, repeating to myself, "it's just a numbers game", and it was, something finally stuck. It was the End of February. It was within February that an idea formed and grew in my head. The initial dream was to have a life supply of avocados. I love putting them in my salads, but they are expensive and I was jobless. The only solution? Grow my own plant - then I'd never have to worry about not having money and wanting an avocado. I saw online how to grow an avocado plant, it seemed simple enough: stick the seed in water, give it some sun - and watch it grow. So that's what I did. It was March the 3rd when I saw the first signs.



MARCH 6TH 2014

Whilst in the water, its maintenance was easy: change the water every now and then. It really started to take shape by month four. I named it Janice. On June 9th 2014, I moved Janice from her half-pint glass into a large pot of soil; She looked so small and dwarfed by her new soundings. Being impatient I brought some "Grow Helper" to help her grow faster. Now, I knew that it would take a fair bit of time for Janice to produce any fruit for me, but I was fully prepared to grow this plant for as long as it took.



APRIL 30TH 2014

By July her long leaves started overshadowing leaves growing underneath. I wanted to encourage new leaves to grow, and I developed this habit, which in hindsight I think was a bad one: I started pruning any leaf that started getting too big. In the beginning it seemed to help, but the stem

didn't seem to be growing and I wanted it to grow. When August came around I started to see signs that Janice wasn't doing so well, she had stopped growing completely and her leaves were losing their green.



JULY 6TH 2014

I began to wonder whether I should just try growing something easier - like chilli or something. Then the idea about the consciousness of plants got me thinking about how morally right it was, in my heart, to continue to keep Janice alive if I had completely given up on her. As I stared at Janice in a perplexed manner, the memories of the true scale of time that I had put into growing her: it hadn't taken up much of my time per day, but I hadn't kept anything going for that long before so I was proud of her.

I imagined myself holding the seed and giving it a firm tug pulling it from the earth. That would be the end of it. It would go in the bin and I would move on. I couldn't do that, so as a final "Hail Mary", I cut off all the dying leaves and carefully pulled the seed out by the roots, dug deep into the mud so that they would come out safely and intact. I heard some tearing in the lower parts of the roots, but as a whole Janice came out mainly unscathed. I gave the earth a drink of water and left it for 24 hours. It was September and she was growing again. As Janice sits next to me as I write this, I still can't help but think it would be so much easier to grow and a different food, and perhaps I will.



MARCH 6TH 2014

But what I have come to realise is that when it's my choice, I find it hard to give up on something in which I have invested so much time, and that's when I started thinking about my ex-girlfriends and all the ambitious expectations we had; how easy I had thought it all should be - how easy it was in the beginning, how I started to see those relationships die; and how glad I am that it wasn't my choice whether or not we stayed together, because like with Janice, I can't just kill it.



SEPTEMBER 16TH 2014



JANUARY 30TH 2015

Hindsight - November 2015. Before I moved to London I threw Janice away. Since then my girlfriend has told me that Avocados hibernate in the winter as they are tropical plants, so it may have grown again. I was obviously mentally ill-equipped to get that plant to grow. It's sad, but after a year of not having it growing on my window-sill I see with clarity that, like with many of the relationships I've had and lost, if enough time goes by, I forget, move on, and chalk it all up to a learning experience.







## EVE AND THE DEVIL: THE NEOLITHIC REVOLUTION

“Hey girl you’re looking a bit famished  
you’ve had your fun, now your garden’s a bit damaged.  
Your running out of natural resources,  
looks like you don’t have a lot of choices”.

“But didn’t you notice  
or did you know this?  
by looking at the seeds,  
of that forbidden tree”.

“All you need is water and some sunshine,  
hard work and a little time.  
Then you can eat when ever you like,  
you and I both know that really does sound nice”.

“Didn’t you notice?  
Now that you know this,  
you should go tell Adam,  
it will really impress him”.

“Now that you’ve more food than you need  
you could find others and trade  
but don’t go doing business with your bits out  
it’s something you might want to think about”

“But didn’t you notice  
well you should know this  
that men will take the credit  
and then blame you for it”

## ONLY BEFORE BED DO I TRY TO RHYME IN MY HEAD.

Undoing the two things,  
while the ruling, drooling masses cling together on a narrow thread,  
threatened by the ability to try  
anything not done in line with what's already been said.

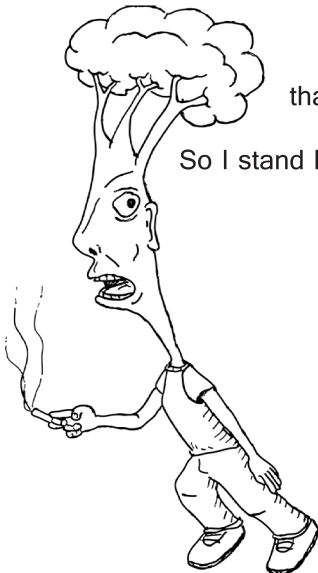
I fled to a lonely corner  
as the bodies grew colder with every price cut,  
until the waiting bodies were wading through trolleys,  
in a failed attempt to keep up with the Jones's.  
This is the end of peasants rising up against their lords,  
'cause now they can afford  
comforts that turn them to mush,  
and forget they all have grey stuff in their skulls.

How dull it is to hear the business of others not around  
and yet that is all I hear when my ear is to the ground.  
I'm forgetting what it means to see further than a road,  
I'm losing all those human things, like having a moral code,  
And so I move on my want,  
and leave that little bit of grey matter  
scattered on my nose.

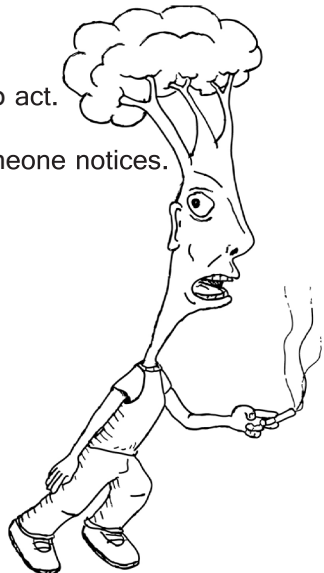
Egyptian death.  
well I impressed upon a single soul,  
who didn't think to have a drink before heading for the cliff.

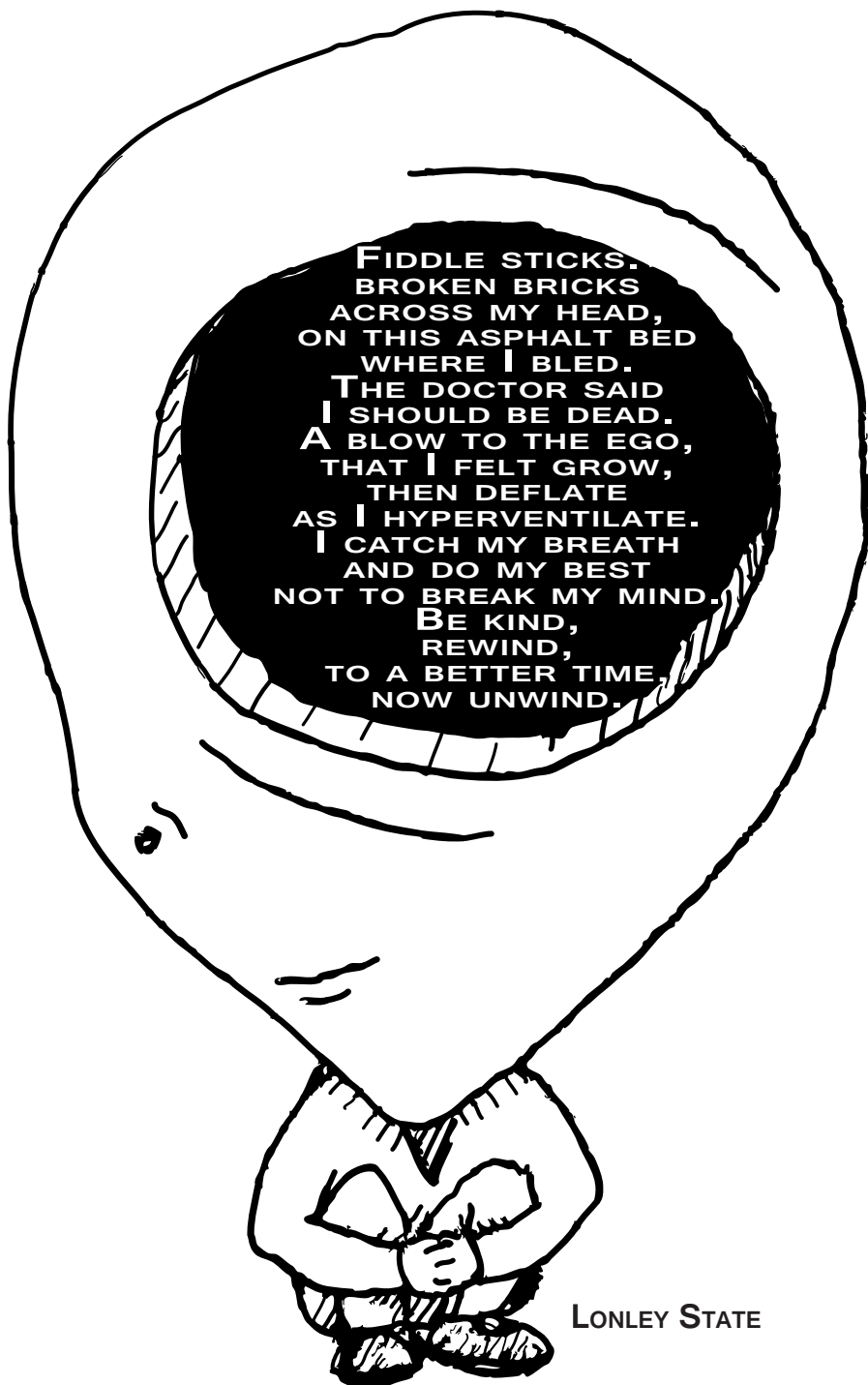
Differences aside,  
I cannot hide  
the fact  
that I don't know how to act.

So I stand like a statue until someone notices.



**TREEMAN**





FIDDLE STICKS.  
BROKEN BRICKS  
ACROSS MY HEAD,  
ON THIS ASPHALT BED  
WHERE I BLED.  
THE DOCTOR SAID  
I SHOULD BE DEAD.  
A BLOW TO THE EGO,  
THAT I FELT GROW,  
THEN DEFLATE  
AS I HYPERVENTILATE.  
I CATCH MY BREATH  
AND DO MY BEST  
NOT TO BREAK MY MIND.  
BE KIND,  
REWIND,  
TO A BETTER TIME.  
NOW UNWIND.

LONLEY STATE

# MY DREAM OF A TURTLE

It started how every dream starts, all of sudden and all at once.

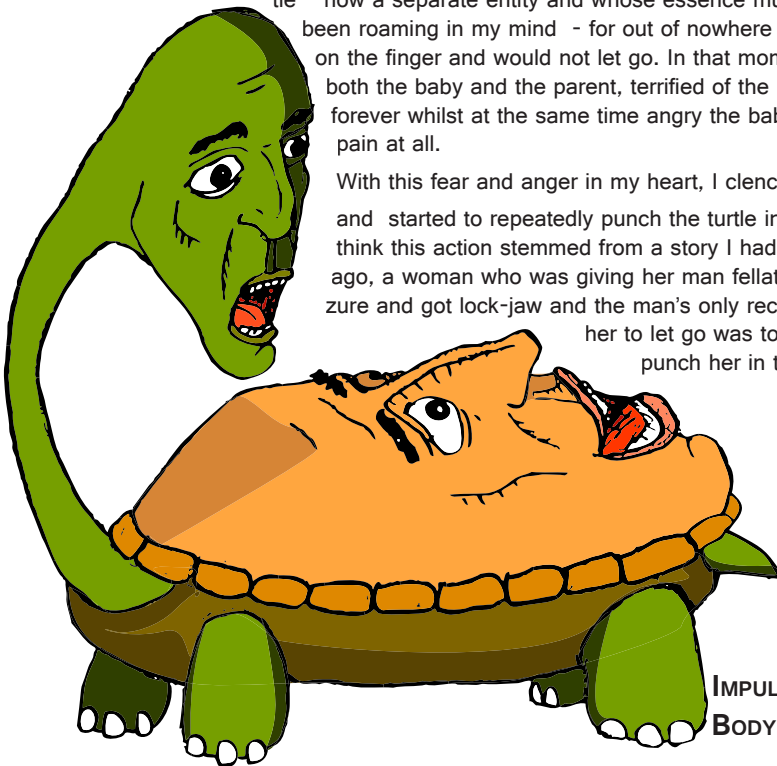
I found myself on a beach in Australia, I have never been to Australia and wanted to go to the Sydney Opera House. But there was the beach, and the sun was out, so there I stayed, partly to watch the end of a marathon taking place. The race was coming to a close, with the majority of participants exiting the water with the sun on their backs.

As I watched the athletes cross the finish line, and culminate with their signature "end of race dance" routine, I noticed one man limping. I followed him with my eyes, trying to work out the source of his injury.

Once he had crossed the finish line the crowd dispersed as he fell to the sand, and a snapping turtle jumped off his left leg where it had been biting down. It got up on its hind legs, looking worried and scared, and making a B line for me, scurried up my body and held on to me tightly. At first I was afraid of this foreign creature holding on to me, but its size, and presence on my chest reminded me of a baby who just wanted to feel secure. As these maternal feelings washed over me, the creature morphed from a snapping turtle into a human baby.

Forgetting the turtle, I focused on keeping this baby safe, which must have angered the turtle – now a separate entity and whose essence must still have been roaming in my mind – for out of nowhere it bit the baby on the finger and would not let go. In that moment I was both the baby and the parent, terrified of the pain lasting forever whilst at the same time angry the baby was feeling pain at all.

With this fear and anger in my heart, I clenched my fists and started to repeatedly punch the turtle in the face. I think this action stemmed from a story I had heard years ago, a woman who was giving her man fellatio, had a seizure and got lock-jaw and the man's only recourse to get her to let go was to repeatedly punch her in the jaw.



**IMPULSE READY,  
BODY SHOCKED**



This repetitive violence did slacken the turtle's jaw long enough for it to let go of the baby - who then disappeared as bizarrely as it had appeared - but the turtle then fixed its jaw on my hand.

A swinging battle ensued where I found myself spinning around as fast I could, hoping that the turtle would let go. The force from being swung was enough to pry its jaws from my hand, and in doing so the turtle flew across the crowd and landed squarely and securely on my friend's face.

This was the final straw, my anger exploded from my chest, coursing through my fists and depositing on to the turtle's face. He continued to get in some good bites but by the time I had regained composure the turtle was bloody, beaten and bruised within an inch of his life.

Remorse flooded through my body as I picked up his fragile remains; my eyes scanned the crowd then back to the turtle as it coughed up some blood.

"Is there a doctor in the house?" I cried, but there was no response from the crowd. They all stood there staring at me through their phone screens, as they captured the entire ordeal from multiple angles.

I ran along the beach, searching for anyone who was medically trained. Finally, after many disappointed shakes of heads and disinterested hearts, I found a vet willing to take a look at the turtle.

Placing a stethoscope on the turtle's chest and checking his pulse, the vet shook his head and said, "There's nothing I can do I'm afraid, this turtle was dying before you attacked him."

It seems he was suffering from alopecia and would shortly be dead, so I gently took the turtle from the vet, who left us to say our goodbyes.

So under the Australian sun, with the waves crashing and the distant sounds of frolicking, I made my peace with the turtle. I told him how sorry I was for letting my anger get the better of me, for not trying to understand him, and for making his last moments in life full of suffering and pain.

The turtle turned its head towards me and with what seemed like the last of his strength, smiled and told me not to worry. He whispered, "I have lived for 450 of your years and in that time, a day is nothing but a minute."

In that moment I comprehended time on a massive scale, I experienced change over centuries, and the fleetingness of my own existence. My chest started to overheat as it tightened, the pressure built up to my throat. I swallowed as the heat shot into my eyes and two tears dropped onto his shell.

The turtle coughed up some blood as it continued, "Life is its best when the soul's at peace, but is just as good when something unexpected happens."

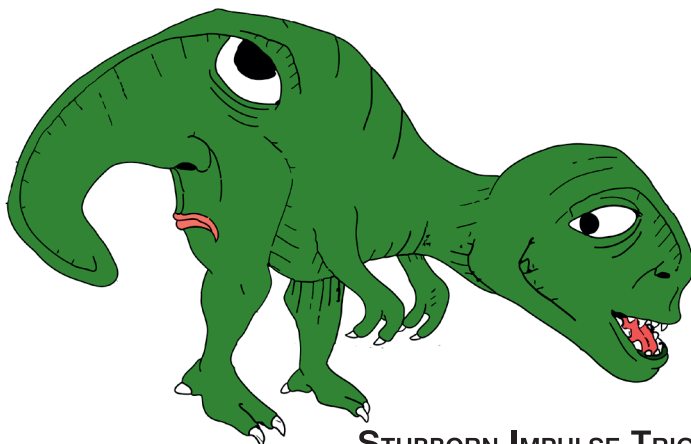
With that the turtle died, and I started to wake up. In my final moments of leaving the dream, I felt so guilty for fighting the turtle. I started to think the vet had just told me what I had wanted to hear, to make me feel better.

As my eyes opened and my body awoke, my mind did not - It was still thinking of the turtle: so to justify the entire ordeal I told myself he looked like Kron the bad guy from the film, "Dinosaurs" (2000).

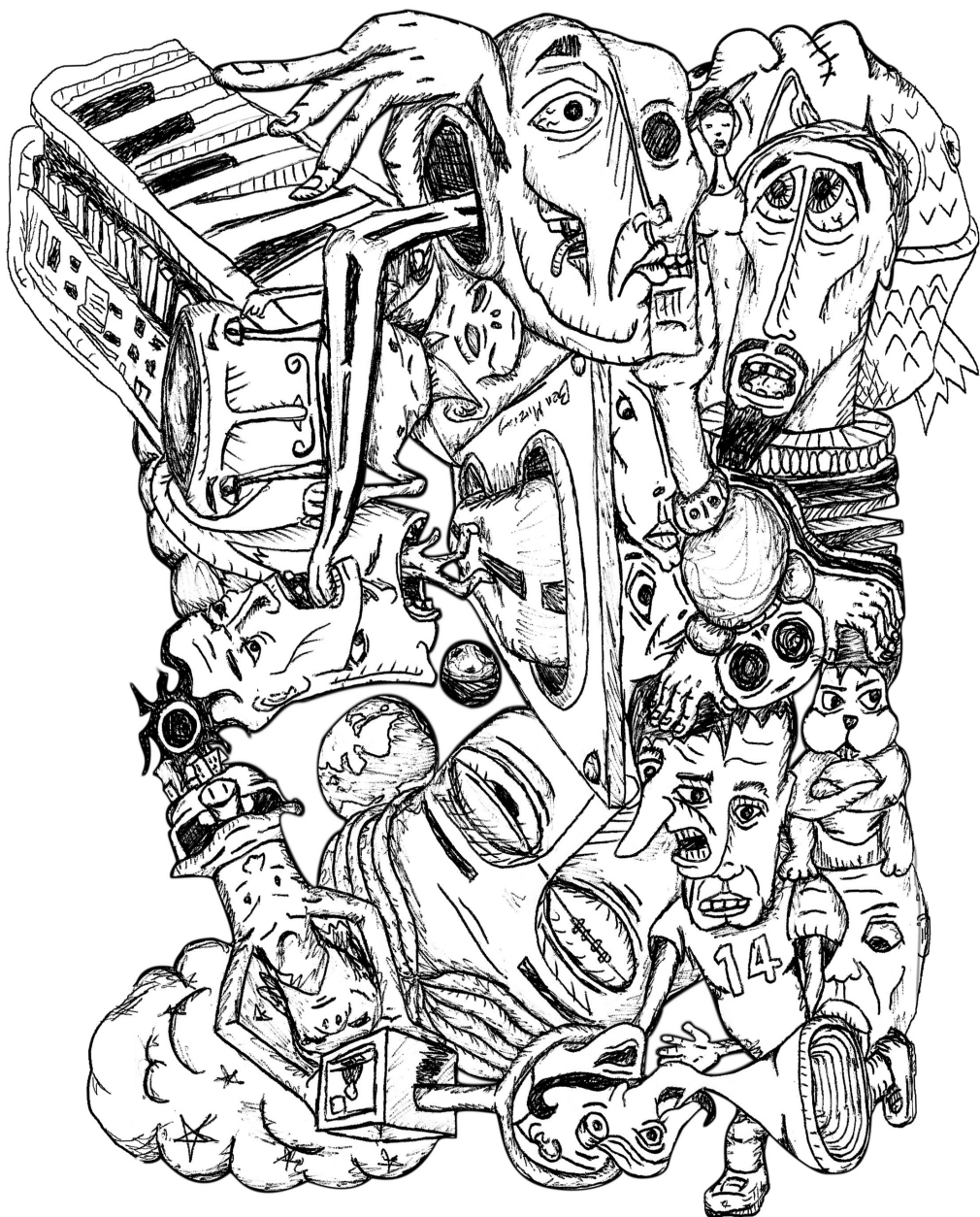
# GROGGY BOREDOM.

Fresh out the box here's your new skin.  
Weathered and soaked, whether or not we choke it down.  
Stifle my grin, at questionable sin. Text,  
concepts flying overhead, whirlpools in thighs,  
as working tools lie on cold cobblestone floors,  
and meet the cheek that overheats when eyes run up the skull.  
Then Fear multiplies as ten thousand knives cut and become dull.

I never learned to speak out my mouth  
but my ass has found a voice  
and takes away my choice of chosen words.  
So hide me in the suburbs,  
change my face and teach me grace  
with a ninja-like movement, formed from stars.  
I'm scared of cars so I stay on the pavement,  
shoes tightly glued to the asphalt.  
Insurance man, I'm sure I can pay that monthly fee.  
Attention fails as I see the tail fade from the car that hit me.  
Black and white is all that's left: As pain turns to white hot heat,  
then thoughts go dark and fall apart, as I turn into dead meat.



**STUBBORN IMPULSE TRIGGER**



CLOAK ROOM MADNESS

I SPEAK THE PAST TENCE, I FEAR WHATS BEYOND MY BACK FENCE

STRANGERS AND DANGERS  
AND IGNORANT WANKERS  
FAKERS AND JESTERS  
PERVERTED MOLESTERS  
COOLER ARE THE LOSERS  
AND ALCOHOL ABUSERS

THE GOLD MINING USERS  
AND VACILLANT CHOOSERS  
THE UNDER ACHIEVERS  
THAT STEAL OFF TAX PAYERS  
THE SECRET KEEPERS  
LAUGHING AT BELIVERS

YOU'D KILL FOR A MIND WIPE, ANOTHER CARD TO SWIPE

ANOTHER NUMBER TO PUNCH IN  
BUT I FORGOT MY CHIP AND PIN  
ANOTHER WRAPPER IN THE BIN  
EVERYONE PREPARE TO SIN  
ANOTHER MILLION TO WIN

ANOTHER LIE UNDER A GRIN  
ANOTHER BEAUTY WAY TOO THIN  
ANOTHER COW HAS DOUBLE CHIN  
ANOTHER CRIME BECAUSE OF SKIN  
ANOTHER CRIME IN THE KITCHEN

THE CAT CAUGHT MY TOUNGE, I COUGH UP A LUNG

IM A SMOKER  
A JOKER  
RUBBISH AT POKER,  
NOT A SMOOTH TALKER  
AVERAGE SPEED WALKER  
ALL SORTS OF CANDOUR  
UNIQUENESS IN LAUGHTER

NOT A GOOD DANCER  
A RISK OF GETTING CANCER  
I DONT KNOW AN ANSWER  
TO CONVERT PASTOR  
NO OBVIOUS ORDER  
AND IM ALWAYS GROWING OLDER

GET KICKED OR LEAVE, I DONT KNOW LETS ASK JEEVES

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY PREDICTION  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY ADDICTION  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEIR FIXATION  
WITH BRUTAL MUTILATION  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH MASTURBATION  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH PROCREATION

WHAT'S WRONG WITH TAXATION  
ON THE FAT IN THIS NATION  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH TERMINATION  
AND GLOBALISATION  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH DOMINATION

HELLO, I Am HUMAN



# ME THE LOST WHALE.

Jump, Run, Walk, Swim in a pool.

Cool

I will.

I have nothing better to do.

Good, foolish feelings, growing and dreaming.

Apologize now.

*You* will,

after making demands so grey and toneless

It makes me hunger for boredom.

Your explanation turns me speechless.

Senseless words drip and drop from your tongue,  
then spit, flip and flop.

Up, down side to side.

Spraying and flailing around and around. Like a hound  
with food stuck to its tail.

Or a beached whale on a beach full of seals,  
making diamonds as they grind their teeth.

"It's payback time for all those babies you try to eat."

I drift away

'cause my throat can't say what my mind can't comprehend.

I see the table through my hand and slowly now I understand.

I had a watch in my side,  
taking notes as I toked down some smoke.

When I choke, who will save me?

Why would you save me?

I've done this to myself. So leave my ashes on the shelf,  
or in the cupboard, where it's hard to find .

Because when I'm out of sight, I'm out of mind.

But then,

to be in your line of sight, but still out of your head  
would send me spinning for an age,

until my stage is empty  
and there is nothing left inside me.

But behind me, an angel

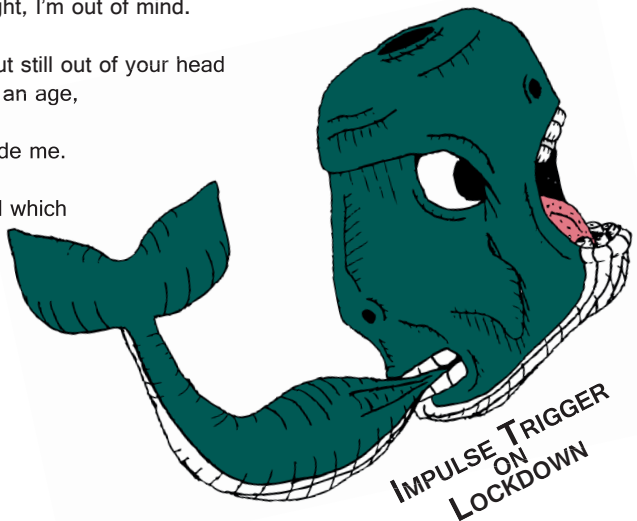
-with a tongue made of gold which  
she sold

for one pound fifty.

Please,

you're worth more than that.

At least double that.



## DO FEELINGS HAVE TITLES?

In another minute I'll be dirty. But surely  
she'll be dirty too?

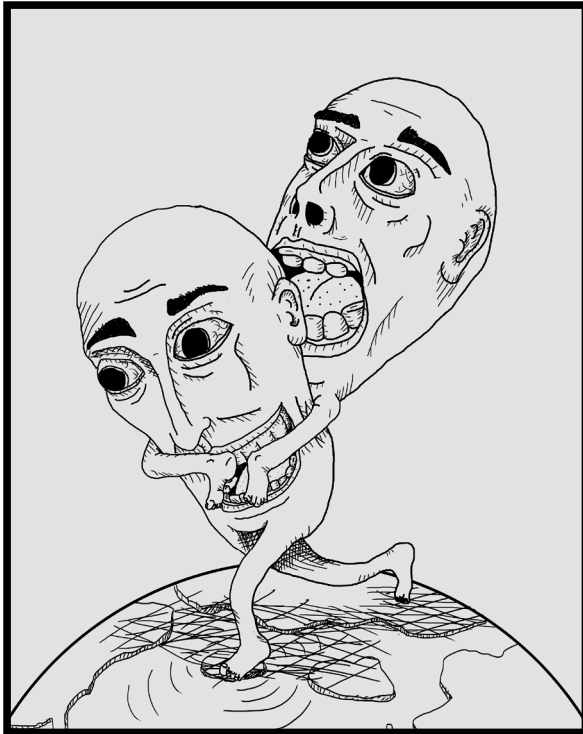
Open your hips between my lips.  
It starts with a kiss and ends much too quickly.  
Maybe this was meant be.

We'll wait and see.

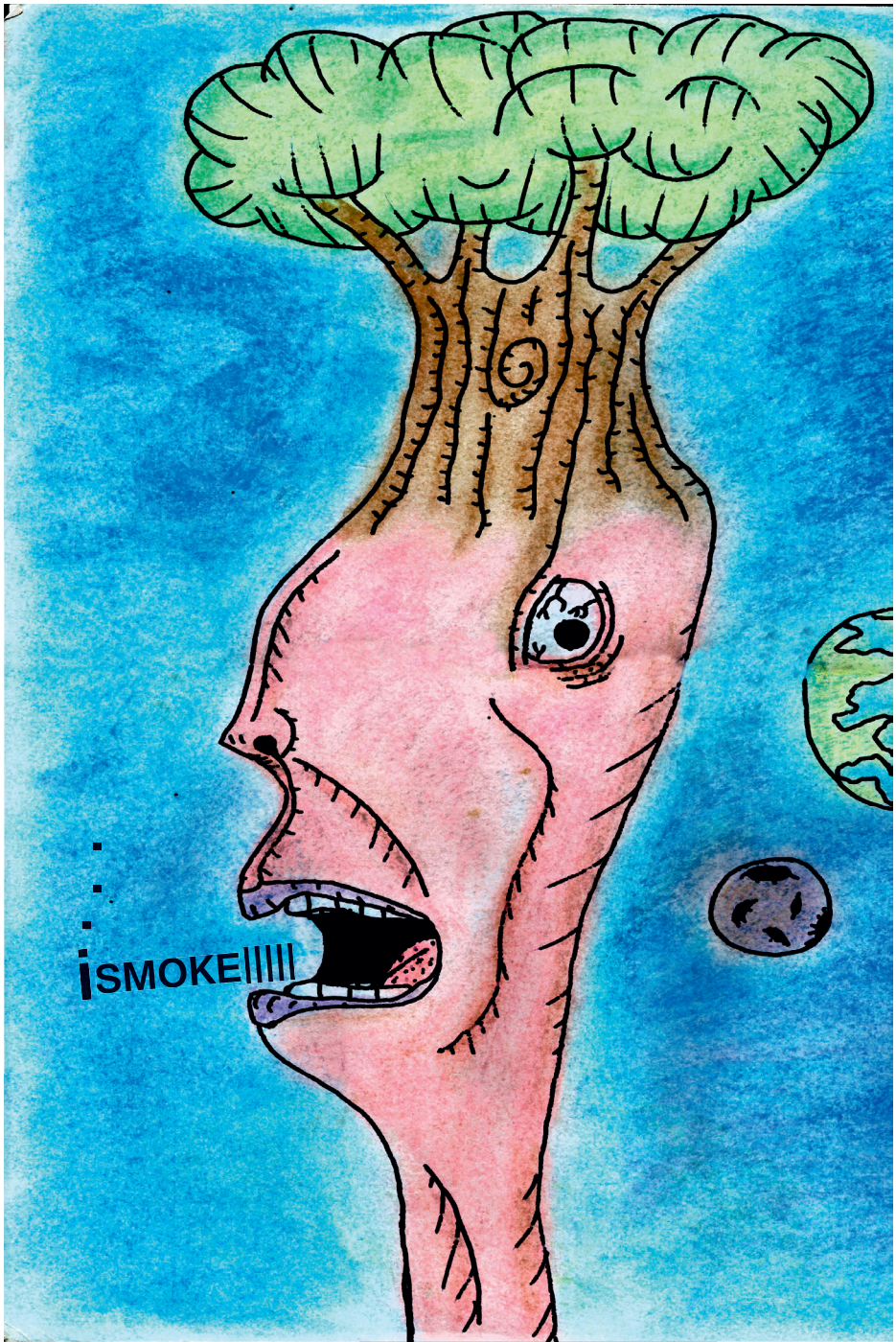
In the morning, after yawning, there is a gnawing in my gut  
as I fall in the same rut that comes after pining.

Then finding my void is still empty and yet her's, so full.  
In another year I'll be nearer thirty, closer than I've ever been.

And yet I still have not seen eyes or mouths  
mouthing the meaning of words I give away so freely.



PAINT STAIN



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