

NARCO FLEAS 2016

Annus Horribilis

Can't activate my amnesia-

Winter wait.

I've got too much on my overflowing plate.

If the smog will ever clear,

I'll forever be waiting here.

2016; it's just a bad dream.

I feel stupid and contagious- Kurt Cobain

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'Lies will flow from my lips, but there may perhaps be some truth mixed up with them; it is for you to seek out this truth and to decide whether any part of it is worth keeping. If not, you will of course throw the whole of it into the waste-paper basket and forget all about it.' - Virginia Woolf, A Room of One's Own	39
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Ego

When a daffodil I see, Hanging down his head towards me, Guess I may what I must be: First, I shall decline my head; Secondly, I shall be dead; Lastly, safely buried.- Robert Herrick, Divination by a Daffodil

Arse Poetica¹

Arse Poetica,

That one there:

The writer's muse.

'Ow'

And when you exclaim

In pain

He will say:

'You're pathetic for feeling that way.'

So we're playing speaking

Without saying,

Started a study in

Keeping you insane,

Chained up in the dungeon

Of your brain.

Put a lot of thought and effort into

Telling me I'm a waste of time.

Put a lot of time and effort into

Criticising through rhyme,

Pointing out every flaw you find.

¹ Ars Poetica, Philosophical text by Horace

Hate could be kept concealed
But yours burns and roars,
Your anger soars and sears.
How many wasted years
Trying to get over without
Ever burning or bridging it closer.
I tried to be kind
And what did I find?
When you saw that I cared
You sneered I was ensnared
And then walked away
From your plaything,
From your prey.

This is a muse,
A still life of a life.
This is a muse,
Stencil outline of a wife.
I'm the divine female
And then I am the fallen.
I'm the house,
I'm his fangirl,
I'm even Gollum.²
Whatever clay you want to
Mould with and play.
I'm a whatever criticism
You want to call me today.
I don't feel and I won't judge,
I won't talk and I don't budge.
I'm the submission to your dominance,
I'm the receptacle of your pain.

² Fictional creature created by J.R.R. Tolkien

I live the thrill of being vain,
You live the satisfaction of the gain.
I'm the cushion to the blow
And you're the blow that was dealt.
I'm the vision, you're the action,
I'm the bruise by whip of belt.
You clutch the pen in your claw,
Dip the ink in your saw.
Take and then take a little more
And I drain too with what I want,
I drain too with what I feel.
The inconvenience of being real.
Not necessary for flesh and bone,
No, you are not needed here,
Go home.
He'll kill whilst immortalising,
He'll kick it to the kerb,
Fuck it up so good
And then write of how much it hurt
And muse looks on in awe
Amazed at how you captured the cruelty.
Man is so mean,
Admiring from his feet,
Licking the dirt beneath.
Degraded by your disgust
He walks on me,
He belittles me.
The snide man sneers,
Strips and spears,
Pushes past,
Takes the credit.
Wins the trophy,
Sick and sacred.

He wins,

He wins.

I cannot touch

His menacing mercenary.

How do you get that way?

He's the winner

And he wins today.

Golden

It's that golden time again

Has run its course;

Come full circle.

Square one:

There's something so tiring,

So lagging, in the weight of hours you're carrying.

I can see that you're flagging,

Not light, no, no longer.

Heaaavyyyyy,

Soo slowww.

When you are stuck standing in the same place

And a few years pass

And the same people are regressing

Instead of progressing.

You must have a pretty good idea of

What it looks like now

The bad skin, the forehead wrinkles,

The hairs beneath the mouth.
And the crimson of what's in the veins
Is the life force of which you have been drained
Like berries chewed by birds in trees.
The cold weather makes its way into your knees.
Bones will grind but minds will crack.

The orchards become your empty lack of love,
Lovelessness: as outwardly poetic as romantic plush
When it blew one along
Such a soft breeze back then
The gale-force winds are aflame after when.
After all, the season is fall
So it had to drop asunder
Before it could hop back,
This is the truest test of stamina.

Fallen: phase two, twice in a row
You will
Wait for what comes after.
Tried to play it with grace
Without a hint of emotion on your face
But you failed while you flailed around
Helplessly, trying to catch a drifting leaf.
Gale force flow, the heater is turned down low
So you can only just feel the mildest burn
And you have to both just take it in turn
To heat yourselves by the wall
While you stick needles in your voodoo doll.
It's ok, don't worry
It was only scratches, not scars.
Don't fear, it's just a bandage, there's no permanent mark.
Poetic in its projection onto reality,

Cut wound so strong that it dug so deep

That you can actually see-

I hate you

I do.

I love it when you're mean to me.

I love you,

It's true.

The therapy, it works

Remarkably.

The scratching sometimes hurts

When blood trickles down, it seeps a stream.

Nothing has ever screamed so much as your eyes, which are mad.

Never dreamed so much

As when the sands of time were shed

But your mind which is most appealing

It won't let me in,

I tried all different key combinations

But I'm locked out without the pin.

When he's done wanting then I'll want him still.

Like isn't the same as lust,

Swallowing that mighty jagged pill.

His sting-ray mouth will surely strike

But arguments are attractive

Because the tension is the absence of

And messing with the hippocampus

to maintain a level of interest

Is another symptom of

Frustration in every aspect, in every arena

Like the two sides can't meet

Not even to flee from the heat.

Can't even be as intelligent as you

And I'm through trying
Through trying to avoid I-
Through aiming for anything
Through trying to try, try,
Never enough,
Too quietly,
Speak up.

Miserablist Fiction

No dead seagulls in the bushes today,
Sad end of September.
Light falls and casts the six o'clock
Shadow on your face,
And me too somehow-
Sick o'clock sallow.
Stopped sleep and eat and...
The rain is heavy on the pavement...
Heels clack over the top and disrupt the smooth surface
Where the tiles meet with feet,
Where the spit has licked the floor.
I wonder will there be more,
Any more of this?
Or perhaps that will be all.
Again, rain begins to fall.

Water Bored

They might have filled my bottle with chlorine
I had water in my eyes, water in my lungs,
Or was it just the lighting flooding the floor?
And drinking, drinking more...
Tomorrow makes your head so sore,

Too numb drunk to feel any more.
The bartenders like me 'cause I wear it pretty well,
Take a breath of fresh surface air.
Sea salt faces sometimes swell
But I'm never off the mark,
Chummy, quick and smart.
Shots taste like crap
But the sting just doesn't last.
Mouthwash, neon blue
Doesn't look too good for you.
Concentrate- could sick up maybe?
And then aim it at him
Projectile outward with vigour and vim.
Gargle out your goo
We're disgusting, lewd and crude
And we don't live very long,
We don't live very long.

Full Stop.

The embodiment of static.
The opposite of charisma.
Crumbling constitution.
Power cut.
Out of electricity.
Words run dry.
Frau frigid is.
Wordless, soulless, sap sucked.
End of energy.
The final lap.
Forced feeble flagging.
Flat.
Stagnated.

Out of reach.

Mulch

Still the smell lingers of an imagined cigarette,

Just like his

The dried-up brown leaves

Shrivel, littering the compost heap

Which is my breath

And I'll breathe on you.

The scent of a revival,

It's time for the arrival,

To own my own survival.

Death in lungs,

It's good for me

Contrary to common belief.

You need to axe something,

A sacrifice to breathe,

Amputate, de-weed,

to prune the dead old leaves.

Flat Affect

How would you tolerate one another

When both burst into twin flames?

With the angry fire,

Pass you one bomb and you pass back another.

The ticking of a tock

Waiting for the blast is all.

Bi-polar opposites attract³.

Reel it in,

He is him-

My mirror.

Supported by uneven stabilisers,

Magnets that can't touch.

Living each other's lives

But I'm in trouble,

I'm sure you can smell it,

My double.

I sniffed your solvents,

Sucks so good,

Don't get involved

No, that's just rude.

Souls so flat,

Soda bubbles rise

But they can't last,

Can't get it to fly back.

The electric, kinetic rush,

Your chemical brings me to live,

It's something I can't hush.

All ghosts want is a piece of that,

A little piece of what they

Can't get back.

Snakes and Ladders

Lying in the dark in fright,

Eyes wide

With the starlight.

You think it'll happen when you're depressed

³Nirvana, radio-friendly unit shifter

Just to find you cannot write at all,
Think you'll fight when you're distressed
But
You've really hit a wall.

The danger of elation is the height from which you tumble
Trek to the top was tough and
It took all of your own will.
Slippery slope so fast, didn't take long to
Roll back downhill.
Get high when things go right
'Cause it's so un-us-ual,
Cannot rely on it at all.
This molehill is mountainous and tall.

Interlude

Have been punished many times before,
Once more can't push me any further into the earth's core.

9th of May, Suicide Year

Walk me down the winding road like he did,
I wanted to say no because I was sick in my sinking heart.
He didn't know that I felt the imprint of the road on my skin,
The mental map of the landscape,
An artist's impression of the decorated shop windows,
Weather-beaten brethren. It's left its trace in my blue veins
And the memory of cars brushing past will forever be a part of me.
I carry it all

because you don't.
I have no right to my pain
so I held it in so long and then thought
Why not turn it into song,
You're still alive, you still need to live.
And when I'm a ghost back in that bedroom
I'll be looking out at streets where you can see
The students you semi-know,
Walking along serenaded by bird song
in the beautiful spring light
That cradles you in its warmth.
Over-romanticise every moment before the last hurt,
You don't realise how authentic I'm being,
You think that these are just my words and not my feelings.
The melodrama of saying they choke me:
I tell it to paper, absorbing an etching of an unspoken shriek.
No one can hear me gasping,
Placing a hand over my heaving heart to try and still it.
Who will read this poem? Who will read these messages?
You think it's an inconvenience,
Easier to irritably ignore it then.
I'll never get over this,
I'll cry for the rest of my life.

As Haunted as a House Elf

Here is Linus, here he is clutching a plastic bag
Here he is wearing his bin bag
On bended knees,
'Would you look at me please?'
He's stung by love and laughed at.
Crazed, confused and outcast.
Here is Linus clutching a plastic bag

Here is Linus slipping as life sags.
Sipping on cigarettes and smoking coffee,
'Could somebody love me?'
Pity is a shitty excuse for sympathy,
They don't care- they keep him down there,
Elevating themselves to reach the trophy.
It makes me feel icky,
It's tricky to convey,
I'm not wholly sure
Why I thought I felt this way.
But it lasted so long,
Put the words into song.
He's faking but managed to make
him look pathetic and crazy.
Preserved himself perfectly.
And no one will know
About the time capsule frozen in the snow,
It's buried so deep
Underneath your stubborn feet.

Ms Barch

Mesmerised by people,
So self-assured
That they don't see anyone looking.
They are whole
In their collective soul.

Question it?
No, not for a second.
Appearance?

On fleek,
It is assumed.
Fresh as war paint,
Well presumed.

Boys in their brashness,
A group of pack animals.
The likeness
It's uncanny,
Most manly.
Girls, are we gloriously gentle?
Today we gather
Secure, never needed another.
Unfelt absence of gender.
Safe and harmonious.
Compassion and understanding.
Nothing was lacking.

The winner,
The sinner must win.
No remorse if
It's not caught on camera.
The story remained unstained.
Not all men,
Only the strongest,
Most powerful and influential.
This is how you get things done
Stolen by us
At number one.

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