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1: Growing Up.

Life; only, sugar & toys, school-teachers; killjoys;
friends; bullies, or snobs; siblings; *torturers*;
toy cars, plasticine, secondary smoking,
Sunday, to Church; parents; *hungover*.

Wine sometimes, lured Mum in,
tottering after communion;
back, to smirking kids;
stopping chortles,
with a fist.

Trust, something, yet to learn,
but knew affect, of drink;
learned to act, Mum & Dad,
were, *threatening*.

Depreciation, of relations,
brought, resentment.

Prescriptions;
kept 'em quiet;
for a while.

Fights broke out;
as, booze ran out;
but can't part,
bully, from cow.

Inured to each other;
they learned to love;
60 years after;
lust, drew them together.

2: Ragged Lounge Lizard.

To paint my life; any way appealing; would misrepresent.
I'd feelings; mostly selfish; didn't care, for others' pain;
bald-headed, scheming; all about me.

Lustful interludes; interspersed intoxication;
ragged, lounge-lizard, wanted everything;
price; sincerity; too much to pay;
I acted, mawkish; she made, a leap of faith.

No honesty, but mutual; exploitation;
more we got to, know, each other;
more, we seemed, different;
painfully, obvious;
at her parents'.

House in the country; swimming in the stream;
a break, from bedsit-land, but we felt; shallowness.

Empty as, promises; back to, cattle-market.

Downward branching, heart lines; show disappointment.
Sign of Moon, mount of Mars; madness.

3: He Stands Alone.

Has-been in the, pick up joint,
desperately going, nowhere;
stands alone; nowhere else to go.

Will he find, a counterpart,
or get, more lonely?
Probably, go home alone.

Is it all his fault; such a bad sort?
Really, worst in the world;
'cause he's, over, thirty;
& can't keep, eyes off, girls?

Still young; going bald;
being bold; couldn't catch cold.

Has-been in the pick up joint;
becoming hated,
can't be tolerated;
does all the don'ts.

What's the meaning, where's the point?
Wants to be a parasitic, male;
selfish scheming; centres on his groin.

Don't waste a minute;
he's indiscriminate;
anyone's, but no-one's his.

Exacerbated, need;
douse flames, with gasoline;
don't go near; he smells like cheese.

Sexual consumer; self-abuser;
helpless victim, of hormones.

Hedonistic culture, makes men, vultures,
instead of, husbands, you'd love to own.

Has-been in the pick up joint, lascivious failure;
on the bone; no-one wants to know.

4: Objectification Frustration.

It's not for you, she's made up; dressed to the nines;
low cut blouse, high hem-line; not for you,
she click-clacks; in sling-backs.

Don't *dare* look at her, you *old* sod;
go buy a newspaper.

For 60p, you can feast your eyes, till they *bulge*;
but never, ever, ever; touch.

5: Gut-Rot.

How many drunken people,
will you be let down by;
till you recognise, a lie?

Seem to like you; full of beer;
then sober, won't come near.

How many drunks,
will you be allured by;
till you realise, they're fly.

Seem to want you; full of drink;
but sober; think, you stink.

So if, someone, goggles you;
consider intake, don't try to,
talk, when they sober up;
you'll be embarrassed,
when you get rebuffed.

Alcohol, tempor'ily relieves inhibitions,
that help, avoid, bad situations;
hangover, affects us opposite way;
splits personalities, 'tween night & day;
till daytime drinks, seem needed, to face;
the problems, we're making ourselves.

But, we're not, facing them, in that case;
not at all; running away; like piss down a drain;
to hide in seclusion, of a dull, damaged brain.

Alcohol thrills, then kills; really doesn't help;
every sip; a step to hell.

Every sip taken; makes you fake,
until you're someone; you really hate.

It turns you into, someone; you don't want, to be;
even if, it seems to, make you, feel; happy, & free.

Alcohol based social life, must be damaging,
if the only time you make friends, is when they've been drinking.
Is alcohol, all we've got? Even in Church, they dish out; gut-rot.

6: Saturday Before Christmas.

Seven o'clock, Saturday, drunks croak karaoke;
piteous sound; poor fools' paradise; frozen town.

No-one speaks, in the street; cold as concrete;
gloomy as guilt.

Middle class, so aloof, drunk lads; uncouth;
intoxicate; ad nauseam.

Nervous smiles; slurred words, staggering; girls';
thighs wobble; as they step; toward regret.

Drunken, beggars, flower sellers, girls with phones,
attached to ears; screaming sirens; flashing lights,
sloppy kisses; fist fights.

Accordion players, line the road; I lean on a wall,
rhyming scrawl; to warbles of accordion.

Gypsy, hopes you'll throw a coin, if you're tipsy;
hopes you, won't throw, a punch; if you're drunk.

Christmas, lights, illuminate beggars;
intoxicated, mithering girls; angry lads;
& a, hopeless; poetic, tramp.

7: Kirkgate Sunday Morning.

Empty cans, lie; black & white, like magpies; joys gone, forever.

Real birds, strut 'round, grave-stones, knocked down;
making way for change; no-one cares for old, graves; why should they?

No-one knows, the bones; whose headstones, are pavement.

Bells ring, this morning; deacons, stand as doormen;
stopping; homeless; making pews, beds;
old men & women; stagger in.

But smiling, unlike minxes; passing by with cases;
lines etched; on sad, young faces.

Cars flash by; aeroplanes fly;
another day of luxury, for a few;
or poverty & freedom; for undeluded, lucky losers.

8: Lucky Loser.

If you think, you've got, to sin, to win; you're better off losing;
If you feel, the need, to cheat; to succeed; you can't afford,
to feel that way.

Piety's more valuable, than money; as you'll find, on your last day;
not false piety; self-righteous, but truly, honest.

Lucky loser; gladness chooser, defeated, but free;
satisfied, with simplicity.

If you give in, to a ruthless, social system; to get paid;
you can't afford, to be, that way; time's more valuable,
than money; as you'll find, on your last day.

What price freedom, from wage slavery?
You might have to relinquish;
mundane respectability.

9: Evergreen.

Rhododendron & Holly leaves; shroud, leaf-mould, ever-green;
bare trees, reach, high above; moss capped, rock.

Rosehip, & pink berries; spot, ivy-clad escarpment,
rushing water flows; beside, the path.

Clouds come from ocean; river from clouds;
cycle unbroken; ever new.

River, relentless; as time;
estuary like entry; to real life.

Fish, to sea; we progress;
to the limitless.

Beyond changing nature;
vapour, condensation;
sadness, gladness,
Summer; Winter.

Mortal feelings
come & go;
deciduously.

Love Supreme;
evergreen.

10: Bulrushes.

There are bulrushes, growing on the warehouse roof;
carpet of moss on the wall; sign says 'To Let';
but I bet; it's about to fall.

Brightly packed, putrefying, food, in superstores;
infertilised with insecticide; die if you eat more.

Poison fumes, from vehicles, transporting, one;
too wealthy to be healthy; impoverished mentally.

Under tarpaulin, breathing fresh air;
enough to feed on, fruit & greens,
no-one else goes there.

Discrepancies between; righteousness,
& what's respected; mean principles,
get rejected.

11: Nobody.

Unless you've got a degree, you're nobody;
scholars agree on this; unless you're framed,
on the mantelpiece, with hat, gown,
& rolled up paper; called a diploma;
you're persona non-grata.

An ignoramus, lacking graces,
required for recognition; as human.

No social standing, without understanding,
higher things in life; etiquette, elocution;
psychological submission; you're a naked ape!

Lower stage, of evolution; but wait...

Darwin's been disproved; & higher schooling,
is a self-serving system, of privileged distinction;
tailored to tastes, of those who can afford it.

A place to find a mate, for the academic classes,
& learn to turn your nose up, at the masses.

12: The Frosty Resistance.

Society seems, to be, gripped; in a, pseudo-intellectual, guilt trip;
foisted in the position; formerly occupied, by religion.

Professing toleration; icy frost, shows condemnation.

Icons of the age; radical revolutionaries,
but Gandhi was, not; politically correct;
nor Marx, nor Greer; we constantly,
change ideas; in word juggling acts;
evading the fact:

This contradictory doctrine; discriminates,
against things, it claims to protect:

Cultural diversity; puts them in a quandary; free speech,
at university; a thing of the past; swear in class;
get, kicked out, on your ass.

Working class idiosyncrasy; banned at university;
widens social divide; poisoning students' minds,
against proletarians, in name of political correctness.

Society seems, to be in the gripped, in an all consuming, guilt trip,
foisted in the position; formerly occupied, by intellectual freedom.

13: Lav' Loaf.

A loaf of bread, in the bus station lavs; 29th June 2012:

Bright, white, bread; glowing under halogen;
stood on end, toilet side.

Eighty-nine pee, price tag.

Crust gone, like the man,
who ate there; on the watery chair.

Lining his guts, to shoot up.

Left his loaf; for the next junky;
in the station lavatory.

I wondered, could someone; be tempted;
to take it home; to save, from starvation?

14: Bloodstained Baratheas; Wakefield Market 1986.

Tuesday, half drunk, as market closed;

among Nazi regalia, she found coats:

Ancient, woollen, hand-me-downs;
she tried one on.

She noticed Yiddish names,
on pocket labels;
a smell; dried blood;
& holes.

Some say, it didn't happen;
this was Jewish tailoring;
bullet holes, & stench;
of death sweat.

You think, it couldn't happen;
Wakefield market, sold rags;
of death camps.

Bayonet & bullet holes,
in girls' coats;
ten pence,
she bought them.

Never such tailoring, or sadness,
she found; as rags, of Hitler's victims.

15: Match of the Day.

On the doormat, leaflets; for poison food; cheap;
with election pamphlets; poison, of deceit.

Litterbug postmen, litter the letterbox,
straight in the litterbin.

Unwanted like, minority,
elected; politicians:

Closing schools, & hospitals;
open nuclear power stations;
scapegoat the weak.

Jobseekers, log on; to fill forms, never read;
murder by attrition, Machiavelli's not dead.

Docs write scripts; 2 grand a week;
on strings, of drug companies;
like police & politics;
they're puppets.

Kids at school,
on opiates;
Winter in
dystopia;
freezing cold;
ice-creme van's go round;
ringing out; metallic tones; night & day;
ringing out, 'Match of the Day'.

Police, don't want, culprits;
instead search, for
weaklings; scapegoating,

keeps peace; with politicians.

Poor ex-cons; might prefer;
jail, to signing on;
now so fraught,
with oppression.

Night; Winter, & ice creme vans,
still go round; ear splitting loud;
in freezing cold; 'Greensleeves';
metallic tone.

Ice creme vans, keep us awake;
'Match of the Day'.

16: Dangerous Thing.

People, who are, slow as treacle, take time; to live the life;
cyber-dating sites; are money grabbing lies.

Freedom doesn't start; at 5:30,
but when we realise,
spiritual unity;
unique but
identical,
in quality;
to all
there's
ever been.

As equals;
we're amiable;
even if we're evil,
we can be recycled; feeding,
good instincts; smiles & kindness;
instead of suspicion; irrational fear;
animal reactions, based on appearance.

Grow your own, tolerance, happiness will
consequence; naught to fear, in death.

Dangerous thing, is thinking oneself,
above someone else.

Most dangerous is,
considering oneself; the best.

17: This Wise.

Wiseest of wise; all knowing God; highest science; spiritual knowledge;
this is simple logic; wisdom of wisest, scripture recorded.

Following scripture's injunctions; wise establish missions;
for propagation of wisdom; wise follow footsteps of wise.

But, arrives corruption; with egoists, within such missions,
distorting the instructions.

Lies don't corrupt the wise;
wisdom never dies; wise follow wise; not liars.

18: Different Now. [www.prabhupadabooks.com & <http://krishna.tv>]

How depressing was life? I'd run out of luck;
now life's changed, reading Prabhupad's books.

Like, Bhagavad-gita, As It Is sung, by Krishna;
translated by, A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami; Prabhupad.

Now, be careful, please; imposters pose as leaders;
International Society, for Krishna Consciousness;
ISKCON is, usurped by demons.

Feeding, Prabhupada, poison; changing his books;
ISKCON's, all corrupt.

Prabhupad lives; in his books, usurper guru's;
murderous crooks; posed as renunciates,
indulge their senses.

In changing books; their potency is lost.

The originals, are re-printed,
avoid imitations, sold by demons.

Don't give money; to bogus gurus,
or their cronies.

19: Rise Above.

If we could see eternity, we'd notice temporality;
material existence; like a prison sentence.

When, soul can, rise above, material attraction;
abstinence is, freedom; detachment satisfaction.

But how does, one achieve; this transcendent position?
By concentration, on the Absolute Person.

Chant His name; in mantra meditation:

Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare,
Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare.

20: Creation.

God made sharks, God made wolves; & men & women;
unless we obey, His rules, we act like, wild-men,
hiding disrepute; behind expensive suits.

God made tigers, God made pigs; & me & you;
without, His words; don't know what to do;
fake respectability, conceals immorality.

'Neath veneer of quality, reside; predator families;
sinking teeth in flesh & blood, washed down,
with caffeine cups & toxic, hating, liquor;
"Like a top up vicar?"

Wait! "Be not among; wine bibbers";
"riotous eaters of flesh!"

Hear what God said:

"Behold I have given, every
herb, on the face, of the earth;
& every tree, in which, is fruit
of a tree, yielding seed; to you;
it shall be to eat." (Genesis 2:29)

God made crocodiles & vultures; He made our children;
unless we, teach; God's law; they'll be, criminals;
dealing death; eating flesh.

21: Voices.

Don't listen to voices that say "kill";
listen to the voice that says "forgive".

Don't listen to the voice in your head;
listen to the voice in your heart.

Forgiveness plays, an essential part;
in spiritual development.

Jesus said that, & we have to believe it.

22: The North.

Solid rows; humble abodes;
soot-stained sandstone;
on roads; composed;
of rectangular stone.

Fragrant gardens,
overgrowing; crumbling walls;
kiss; smooth paving-stones.

Spires, black with coal tar,
of engine smoke or hearth;
peer above trees,
in churchyards;
gravestones, likewise, black.

Preserved; by their patina.

Unlike, denuded, disasters;
ruined by, sand-blasters;
trying to blend colour;
with new, shopping centres.

Such was Halifax, Town Hall;
once black with coal tar;
blasted back, to former glory;
then algae;
turned the spire green;
giving it, sub-aqua, image,
through the endless, drizzle.

Blasting again, wore it away;
vanity, wrecked; this gem;
tearing off, the smooth finish;
crumbling the beauty.

The caption, carved in stone,
that read; "act wisely";
now; ironically; invisible.