

Roy Duffield

The search

I'm looking for someone brave
but all my soulmates to be
keep falling
to rare, tropical diseases;
getting ~~cardiac~~
arrested
in the mid-
dle of
their dreams;
jumping
out of planes

and hitting

the Earth

too hard.

On my return

I found my toothbrush
harder on my gums than
I remember

I remember my carpet
softer and less worn than
I found it

I found my bed
too small

I found my bar
of soap
dried out
cracked
and twisted
inside out
into a pair of lips
I once kissed

I found my book
exactly where
I forgot
I left it

I found things
I hadn't known
I hadn't needed

I found old memories
brought back

I found new memories
made

but I didn't find anything

I've forgotten

From one mother to another

our children
fall
from our numb cunts
faster than rats
breed

most of our children
fall
already dead
onto the stillborn
heap
buried
quickly under the soil
of each others' corpses
corpses
we never get
to see

I have children
with you
I have children
with other mothers
we have children
with our children
and with the children
of others

some of our children
manage
to crawl
to the surface of the heap
not of death
but of never-having-lived

some of these children
we never heed
left
to crawl
in the darkness groping
for their first words, scream
as they might
we never hear
for their first toys
bleached bone and rotting flesh, rattle
as they might
we never hear
as they starve
beneath
our dirty arses
as we imagine they are living
still
lost
in exile
beyond the watch
of our motherly gaze
the truth is
we never know
a few of our children
a select few
we dig up
look at
look at often
recognise in them ourselves
to you, your children
are beautiful

under its own weight
marred
stretches
far beyond the watch
of our motherly gaze

our surviving children
who grow crooked
on this desolate

plain
plane
who shrink
and mutate

bent over
their faces
in the filth
play games
with your children
and with the children of others
pick up bad habits
like disease
in the muck

morphing
warping
we lose control
we never know
we never have control

all of our children
fall
prey
to the Beast
that roams
the plain
plane
like clockwork

its beak
picking their wretched skeletons
clean

its saliva

corrodes
the very bones
of what is left
of our beautiful children

and it seems
there is nothing
we can ever
do about it.

keep yr photos

keep yr photos
i remember how i felt
or
i dont

keep yr conversation
history

 yr desk-top
 table-talk
 table
 whine
ive got my
 table mountain-top
 hooooooooowl

keep yr himalayas
i cant even c
thm frm up here

keep yr theories
 n yr ideas
ive got my ecstasies
 & my wild
animal
 fears

keep yr souvenirs
ill
always
 have my flashbacks
or
i wont

take yr flash
back
i have my fog

keep yr herzog
doc'
i have the way
yr fag ash exploded chinese dragon
breath on the tinted window
of that night

keep my face
coz ive got trillions
of yrs

so keep yr photos

Bridge to nowhere

/		Hello,								
/ /		old friend \		\						
/ /		false friend \		\						
/ /		kept up at night		\						
		all tense		\						
		held								
		in suspense		\						
		bolstered up								
		tight		\						
		held up by								
		suspension cables //								
		tension rods unstable //								
		papier-mâché dreams still not dry								
		drums wrung out silent in the night...								

The Ballad of the Newsmen

The Newsmen cometh
bleach white cloak
sound stomach
and colonically clean conscience.

The town's People
fuck all else to do, stand
needlessly handling themselves in the rain
eagerly anticipating
His coming.
Gather round children!
to hear what's new
what's relevant
and most importantly?
What's true.

Each a genius in his own eyes
a fucking fuckwit in his neighbour's eyes
they only have eyes
for the Newsmen
highly qualified, they're sure.

There's nothing but respect...

...except?

The Rebel
thinks he sees spots
cold blood
stains on the Newsmen's cloak
but all the People know
he's crazy
he's just a boy.

The Governor
his debts to the Newsman
locked away in The Cabinet
filed under Re:gret
with all the rest:
hate mail
black mail
unflattering photographs
prefers instead a dirty bath
in his counting house
counting all his expenses receipts
wishing he had the Newsman's hairline.

The Invaders are in your very midst!
The Newsman admits.

The People start having fits
but not before paying him handsomely for his services.

Meanwhile, the Rebel
catches a bad case of déjà vu
swears he's heard it all somewhere before
this breaking news
but all the People know
that's crazy
he's just a boy.

The Newsman speaks with confidence,
clarity
that unquestionable authority
they teach in Journalism School
in front of a mirror.
The Rebel has never seen a mirror.
He's always been quiet
and shy and
try as he might

fails to make himself understood.

The Invaders cometh!
The Newsman warns
his plastic crown of thorns
worn perfectly straight
every smile
laugh
and comma,
in its rightful place.

The People
Invaders themselves, just yesterday
sadly have Alzheimer's
and dementia,
are blind
partially deaf
and completely dumb.

They are Builders, most
and builders fear most
mass destruction
of their beautiful homes.
They build houses out of money
and, very occasionally,
get money out of houses.

The Rebel dreams of other rebels
in other towns, better
but suspects the Newsman has been censoring his letters
with the latter's
dove-feather pen.
But remember
he's crazy
he's just a boy.

The Rebel appeals to the Book
but the Newsman plays by the Book
for the Book
even plays golf with the Book
on occasion.

Eat dog or be eaten
Kill or be killed
Beat or be beaten
is the Wise-man's—
sorry,
the Newsman's advice
as he slips out with his handsome pay
just before the fight.

So the People
itching for the fun
let bygones be—
buy guns
polish their guns
needlessly handle their guns
shooting slugs
and snails
too slow
small and frail
to put up a decent fight.

The Rebel suffers
sighing in silence.
That is, until people start dying in silence.
He missed school the day they taught the meaning of life
but feels quite sure it's not to stand idly by
watch and say nothing
while people die
of ignorance and violence.

If two-thousand People are wrong
and one lone Rebel is right
surely wrong must be right
and right must be wrong.

Boy, there's nothing wrong with needlessly handling yourself in the rain.

The Governor hires Poppy.
Poppy appeals
to the People
who love her soft, rosy cheeks, all
just
to justify an Invasion
on the Invaders.

The Rebel
who sees her black, plastic heart
burns Poppy.

The People go from sippy
to ballistic.

They love Poppy.
Poppy knew their Grandma
and they love their Grandma.

How can the Rebel see a black heart
when he finds it so impossibly hard
to see Invaders from Invaders?

He's crazy.

He's just a boy.

Don't you know an Invader when you see one, boy?

He must've missed school the day they taught that too.

Actually, just yesterday
(not too far back in time)

Grandma gave the Newsman a piece of her mind
stood up and spat in his eye
but the People sadly have Alzheimer's...

All that's left of Grandma is the Relic
which the People polish with one hand
the other proudly waving
to the Newsman.

The Relic is a German porno mag
hard-core, of course
featuring pictures of Grandma's fancy-dressed-up corpse
MILFs and PAWGs
(and peppered with puppies)
written by the Newsman
under his dove-feather pen name.

The Rebel appeals to the Treasurer of the Social Club.
He knows the Rebel's not crazy.
He's connected
but lazy
and, besides,
the Social Club get off on the smell of blood and lies
and build money out of clubhouses.

So the Rebel attempts to assassinate the Newsman.
So the Newsman says.
Such a shame, say the Rebel's
family and friends.
He's just a boy
but sadly the Book
just can't be bent.

The Rebel is assassinated
by the Book.

Scissors cut paper
Rock beats scissors
Fear suffocates kindness
causes blindness.

The Newsman, on his way to inform
the Invaders
(but which ones?)
of the coming war
make one last big score
and feed his family of one
(you were expecting 'four?')
is accidentally trampled to the floor
by the Invaders.
But which ones?
Does it matter? He knew them both
In fact, he taught them everything they know.

Oh,
sorry,
you didn't know?

The Newsman's handsome pay
scattered worthless in the dust
a yin-yang shaped battlefield
just yesterday, a Builders' house.
A tragedy!
A crying shame!
The very thing they went to war to try to save!

There's cold blood on his cloak finely woven
of little white lies
blood on his hands
blood in his stool
and, in the sober light of day
just one of the People, after all.
His high qualifications, they're sure

are nowhere to be found.

Peace is restored

for now.

Turns out wrong was wrong, after all

but the People sadly have Alzheimer's...