

D David Croot

To forget one useless thing I know it's in there, I follow that feeling, I'll nail the cockroach to its death!

The reverie of memory leaves me unsteady
it's the
thought I might lose it all.
Ideals taught
shall fall through me
the sundried past, tall dark and gloomy
or the miraculous days of a labyrinthian haze
burnt in the ashes of the hearts log fire
and now,
unkept, unmotivated by any desire
just me sitting in a chair
rocking back and forth unaware
as love and every experience intermingles, becoming one with despair.

No! I don't want it! Cut off my legs, limbs and dick!
Stick my head in a blender but never surrender my memories
to the ongoing siege of my mind, against the
nuclear war of fickle and brittle
ole ickle
ever creeping, unsuspecting time.

It's this unending memory,
this battle with becoming,
being and allowed to be of some use
in a way that matters to my youth,
opaque I know
let's light in but still ever obtuse

is the odd specifications of you...

Childhood's in full bloom,
facile attempts at only failure,
Day-dream movies so vivid and lucid they are beyond actuality

Remembrance of facts appear to be
as zigzagged fashion, hound dogged passion, unobtainable lashes of revelatory flashes
striking epiphanies chords

lost in
a jail cell escaped,
the golden moon swims underneath a silvery lake

where the sky is amber, rains down with luscious honey and
the world is your favourite desert.

A place of no misery,
hurt or despair,
only ideas, ideals

never the need to cry

memories,

living or faded, festered
and created
become a remindful token
of the us that shall never die!

To be offered death

If they offered me death
i'd return only stale vapourous breath
Across all the seas, ha ha ha, you fucker you'll never find me!
I'll study Dostoevsky,
above a plank surrounded by thunder
and were I to look askance at the under
there'd lie the beast of fictitious plagues
the war of unwanted days
of people with bronze faces of snoring
their words, mercurial chemical chlorine
No no no I howl! All too Aware that life does not need me
and it's all too ready to feed thee
to the underwater madness of tropical insanity
To be offered once more, my last dying breath
my assured reply would be
'Only when I am life bereft
and all the treasures of life are pulsating through me'

You see it clearly and all you can do is nothing

To be alive is to be disgusted.

To look around with openness and a feeling of resonance in the world
is to feel partly if not entirely deprived.

To converse with another is often tedious.

To work at a job that just does nothing for you is only death.

To come home and see the television's gang-banging other or something becomes a joke.

And you are asked to vote amidst this cacophonous crusade?

But don't bother

You are Jesus christ or some-other schmuck.

For what a parties values are worth to you... it's always somebody else's world that's
applauding itself

before its even walked the dog!

You wouldn't even nominate yourself

or do as the greeks did.

There's just too many people with hearts that cannot be juggled
and minds that have an inbuilt stance.

The traits,

personalities

regardless of all other universal properties were never meant to coalesce
or even align...

You see it clearly and all you can do is nothing.

Untitled

Struck!

Desolation at the heel,
stricken upon the head.
Sun christens the field
where two kids play

Desolation, life's renewal
it's soft sounding syllables
allow everything the feel of achievable

Bashed my brow with a dream full'a lead
the kids scores every goal from any attempt
That setting sun, the kids in a halo of fun
I want that life, mine as ever,
is too far from begun...

Bursts of desolation ring out and I see god in a bungalow and death sipping herbal tea
'Want to live forever' the name of a picture of a painting just for me...

Timelines fatally intertwine in desperation

I know I could die in this peaceful desolation.

AND GONE

Vanished!

at what cost?
Streaming in the sunburnt desolate-filled moment
where my youth is eternally lost...

Car ride

I stare only at her eyes
as she tears up
tears at
the rotten vines of the past

Its family, its figures forms and silhouettes
I stare at her eyes wanting her to retreat
to forget.
Cast a finger over her shoulder
i have not moved
for to comment right now
would be rotted,
uncouth

I stare only at her eyes
No make up!
No bollocks!
Only beauty in it's purest form
distilled perfection, a heavenly chloroform

But still I cannot wipe those tears
nor can I change the fate of those mentioned
or disrupt her heart with my purest of intentions

I hear heartbreak
ties gagged, unable to leap through
the labyrinth of hurdles a life-lived can bleed into
the torment of one decision,
where there is only incorrectness in the slight.
However I believe
it

shall prove her making,
a jewel in her artistic delight!

Drink up we must, from our chalice of immortality;
of fate overheard,
haunted gleefully by the whisper of eternity,
dancing with the noble spirit of song in all of beastly life.
On top of the mountain of tomorrow,
fall together, embraced, clothed in the ecstasy of action
intermingled with the joy of our naked vessels.
I'll tell
I'll show you
the future as it disappears...
As ever, right now I can only stare at your eyes...
Forever, you've gotta know it, i've always been here.

Eight billion wasters

This is hell, but hell is a test!
It will only be the interesting
the ultimate of the best
who'll reap the rewards
of whatever's next...

Splendours divine could be given to thee
you'll be shown the complete chance
to be what you were always meant to be!
Or on the off kilter, heavenly extreme
could provide the shelter
of your eyes closed in a delectable dream!

Alternatives given and nothing after exists
begging the quixotic question
the joy in this life you dismissed?
Ashamedly, so ashamedly
 slack jawed you
after a million tries or only a few
 never shall make it through,
 this hellish foray backed into the depths of disorder, it shall be
the elite minds, the lovers chaotic marauder
 who've pillaged each other eternally...
never a squeak peeped, even when found in diarrhoea
 only the hollow goal of lucid victory felt in their heart of hearts held dear...

Superlative talent! The enviable supernatural being of yourself
encapsulating pure awe!
 You're gone,
you've endured
the brutality of every slanderous cause
 for their untrue candid delight!

filtering down the nights light
sitting down with your connected perfection
listening,
really listening until the heart melted raw.

It's this trifecta,
across lifetimes picture,
which unlocks the key
to forevermore!

For a life yet lived

Happiness is no goal to have.

It simply does not exist.

But there are the little things that lighten the load:

Interactions, walks and long gazes at the red setting sun reflecting across a charity shop
window

And when the melancholy refuses to budge,
there is the contented memory of times of glory.

And when it all gets too much and happiness appears to shine and glow on other peoples
faces

remember they too are in reverie of the memory of spurts of joy.

But it cannot be harnessed in so much that the setup of contentment is about all that's
readily achievable.

Pictures, snapshots do not show truth, the heart does and it can only be glimpsed at in the
rare *real* moments of life.

Contrary to sentiment previously extolled,
there is joy and there is happiness, just fling a hook at it, catch and appreciate and tuck it
away on a mantelpiece inside of a mansion full of experiences.

And when the time arrives, your kids and kids kids will love you and you'll know what
they want to know.

The wisdom of making any day worthwhile.

Such is life

They all loved him
Could not get enough
Walked through an alleyway,
smiled at the wrong broken person
and then gets his fucking head caved in...