

SO,  
SENSATION  
CAME CHEAP,  
BUT WHAT  
OF  
OVERSIZED  
METAPHORS?  
ALL WISHES  
CRUSHED.

SOMEHOW  
ME SLICED  
THROUGH  
THESE  
SHITTY  
VISTAS, I  
CROAKED ON  
CLOUDS OF  
LEATHER.

AS RIVERS  
FLOWED  
BACKWARD,  
HE SAW NO  
REASON TO  
SUSPECT  
THAT THE  
CRIME WAS  
MISTAKEN.

THOSE BLUE  
STICKS  
REMAINED IN  
THE CIRCLE  
UNTIL A  
PLUMP LADY  
THOUGHT  
THEY MIGHT  
BEND.

COVER ME IN  
RESTLESS  
BURDEN, LAY  
ME IN  
SHEETS  
LOADED  
WITH  
IMPOSSIBLE  
DIALECTS.

A CARAFE OF  
TEARS DROPS  
LIGHTLY TO  
THE POLISH  
WOODEN  
LINO, UNTIL I  
FELT LIKE  
DRINKING  
VODKA.

ARE THE  
TREES FULLY  
LADEN  
MOTHER?  
COUNT OUT  
THE  
REASONS I'M  
SHINING  
SPECKLED.

TRIMMED  
BEARD, A  
FEAST FOR  
YOUR EYES,  
WE'LL  
WRESTLE  
FROM  
DEPARTING  
MOMENTS.

WHIP THOSE  
GOLDEN  
ORBS  
BREATHLESS,  
OR FLY  
DUMB  
TYRANTS  
WITHOUT  
FASTING.

KINGS WITH  
WET SWORDS  
DEFY ALL  
ATTEMPTS  
TO BURY  
ANYTHING  
LIKE TRUTH  
IN CRASS  
CASTLES.

IT WAS  
BETTER AS IT  
WAS BEFORE  
MY GRUBBY  
BRAIN  
STRANGLER  
IT INTO AN  
UNHOLY  
FORM.

TINKERING  
UPON MY  
LOOSE  
VOWELS, I  
SWELL EVEN  
AS THE TIME  
SUBSIDES,  
YOU'RE  
LOOKING.

ANOTHER  
FOUR,  
SPELLING  
AFFORDABLE  
MESSAGES,  
WHILE ALL  
AROUND THE  
MARSH  
CRUMBLES.

LOOK! I'VE  
GROWN,  
SPROUTING  
FROM MY  
ARMS ARE  
CARROT  
HEADS, SOME  
HOPE OF  
SOUP.

MY FACE IS  
DRIPPING  
GAUDY  
BLUSHES,  
BUT EVEN  
THOUGHTS  
CONTAIN  
ENOUGH  
REASONS.

UNTIL IT'S  
OVER, AND  
THEN WE'LL  
TRY A NEW  
FLAVOUR,  
I'M BROODY  
TOO, I'M  
SCARED OF  
FLYING.

MINE IS AN  
UNTRUSTING  
FACE, I  
BLURT QUIET  
RESEARCHES,  
EVEN IN THIN  
TIMES I  
SHUTTLE  
BACKWARD.

BRAVELY  
SMOOTH,  
THOSE KINGS  
DIRECTED A  
MISFORTUNE,  
VELVET  
TEETH  
CRUMPLED  
INTO FOAM.

FREEDOM,  
HA!  
WHICHEVER  
WAY WE  
LOOK THE  
SUN IS  
THINKING  
FRONTALLY,  
BLAST OFF.

YOUR VIOLIN  
MADE THE  
TREES  
SWOON, TO  
SEE SUCH  
SKINNY  
WOOD UPSET  
THEIR  
BRANCHES.

YOURS ARE  
PEARLY  
PROMISES,  
YOU CRAVE  
A LUSTING  
MEMORY  
BUTTER  
CAN'T, HOW  
DO THEY?

THROUGH  
FORESTS OF  
BLANK  
PAPER, THEY  
PERVERTED,  
UNTIL THE  
NIGHT WAS  
BARELY DRY  
AND LOOSE.

YELLOW  
THEN, USED  
AND  
BRUSHED  
FOR SUNDAY,  
OPENING  
TIGHTLY  
KNITTED  
DOORWAYS.

THE FASTER I  
CAME, THE  
WEAKER I  
GROPED, MY  
WANKING  
WAS SELDOM  
PRAISED BY  
JUPITER'S  
CHILDREN.

I'M A  
BICYCLE  
CRYING ON  
THE EDGE OF  
MOANING  
CLIFFS, NO!  
I'LL  
WRESTLE  
WITH THEM.

THE BEST  
WORDS HAVE  
ALREADY  
BEEN  
ABUSED,  
WHAT  
REMAINS  
ARE THE  
STAINS.

DIRTY  
REMNANTS  
ARE  
BLOATED  
EGOS, MY  
ONE IS  
HEAVY WITH  
FRESH  
GRAVEL.

FROLIC  
WHILE THE  
HAY DRIES,  
SEND FISH TO  
DO THE  
WORK OF  
SWEATY  
DOGS, LIKE  
ROUNDING.

BLUFF!  
MIGHTY  
PEOPLE  
TASTE THE  
SAME AS  
THOSE BORN  
UNDER  
STARLIGHT,  
I'M TOLD.

BUBBLE  
THEN, SEE  
WHO LISTENS  
AS THE BIRDS  
BARK, OLD  
FAIRIES  
DREAM THEY  
CANNOT  
SWIM.

SOMEHOW I  
STOPPED  
COUNTING  
EARLIER  
THAN I  
SHOULD'VE,  
MY HANDS  
WERE  
FROZEN.

THIS IS THE  
SPARE ONE  
I SLOPPED  
OFF BECAUSE  
THE WORLD  
WAS  
SPINNING  
FASTER  
THAN USUAL.

THOSE BLUE  
TROUSERS  
DID A GOOD  
JOB, THEY  
COVERED  
THE GROUND  
UNTIL  
TUESDAY  
GATHERED.

I SAT  
SHOUTING  
LOUD, BUT  
MY DENIM  
BORE NO  
TRACES OF  
CHEMICAL  
OBSCURITY  
UNTIL DEAD.

SO HAPPILY  
THE TREES  
REMEMBER  
WHAT MADE  
THEM GREAT,  
I GUESS IT'S  
VIBRATIONS  
THAT UTTER  
SEAMLESS.

BLOW OUT  
YOUR TIRED  
FEATURES,  
SELL HYMNS  
WHILE THE  
NEXT  
GENERATION  
KINDLY  
SMELL.

WHY DO THE  
DREAMERS  
CARRY  
LOADED  
METAPHORS?  
WHO DARES  
TO CRAMP  
THEIR VOCAL  
CARESSES?

I'M MOODY  
TOO, MY  
RIGHTS HAVE  
BEEN  
CRUMPLED  
BY MY  
ORIGINAL  
JUICES, AND  
SO FORTH.

HID IN  
RESTLESS  
PASTURES  
WE CRIED  
PUNY  
DELIGHTS,  
BUT NEVER  
VEXED OUR  
FLAVOUR.

SOFTLY, MY  
HEAD  
EXPANDS,  
UNDULATING  
A WAVY  
FERN,  
BREATHLESS  
AND  
SUMMERY.

SKYLESS  
MONOTONY  
OF BROWN  
EARTH, AS A  
PLUMP  
BREAST IS  
SQUEEZED  
OF TEN  
MYSTERIES.

LUCKILY THE  
CLOUDS  
WEREN'T  
PRESENT AT  
THE BEND,  
THEY'D SENT  
A GREASY  
ENVOY  
INSTEAD.

COUGH  
UNDER  
PORTABLE  
DECK-  
CHAIRS,  
FLUID  
RATIONS OF  
PUFFY  
NOSTALGIA.

SEE MY  
GRAVITY  
GATEFOLD  
CAPTAIN  
SLICE  
EVENING  
WITH A  
BLUNT  
CORKSCREW.

THIS POEM IS  
PORKY, IT'S  
FLATTERED  
TO WHISPER  
INTO THE  
GROSS  
DARKNESS  
OF LOOMING  
DAYDREAMS.

HALF OF THE  
ORANGE WAS  
EATEN, THE  
REST WAS  
WAITING FOR  
FLIES TO  
SQUASH IT  
WITH THEIR  
TINY FEET.

NORMAL IS,  
BUT NORMAL  
DOES NOT  
KNOW IT'S  
NORMAL  
UNTIL  
NORMALITY  
IS  
STRANGLLED.

THOSE ROSES  
YOU'RE  
HOLDING,  
ARE THEY  
NOT SHAPED  
LIKE LUCID  
BUTTERFLIES  
LAST  
BREATHS?

GREAT  
SCOTLAND!  
THE COCK  
CRIED  
THRICE THIS  
MORNING,  
IT'S NEVER  
RUSHED A  
SOLID.

READ ME!  
READ ME! MY  
WORDS WILL  
TWIST INSIDE  
YOUR SOFT  
MUSCLE,  
UNTIL  
FORGOTTEN  
OR SHAVED.

CHEWED UP  
AND  
BLOTTED  
WITH INKY  
SPOTS THE  
COAST WAS  
LITTERED  
LITERALLY  
IN WORDS.

THE BARBIE  
PUSSY WAS A  
PLASTIC  
REALITY, I  
ALMOST CUT  
MYSELF  
INVADING  
HER SMALL  
SHALLOWS.

UNTIL  
UNUSUAL  
DETAILS  
CROUCH IN  
FERTILE  
MEMORIES  
WE CANNOT  
SAY WE'RE  
BOFFINS.

YOUR  
CHARCOAL  
EYES ARE  
MESSY,  
THEY'RE  
RUBBED  
DIRTY BUT  
STILL SMILE  
KNOWLEDGE.

COME  
SPUNKY  
FUTURE,  
SHOOT YOUR  
LOAD INTO  
THE FACE OF  
KLEENEX  
DECENCY,  
NOW!

WE WERE  
RESTING ON  
A LUMPY  
HILLSIDE  
UNTIL THE  
SUN WENT  
OUT, YOU  
CRIED AND I  
CAVORTED.

RUSSIANS  
CARVE THE  
TURKEY  
WITH THE  
BLUNT END  
OF THE KNIFE  
AS FASHION  
IS POINTLESS  
MUMBLES.

MY SUICIDE  
WAS COPIED  
FROM A  
BOOK I  
FOUND IN  
ROMFORD  
SAYING IT'S  
MARKET  
DAYS.

NICE TEA, I  
SAID AS THE  
SLUT  
POLISHED  
MY OUT OF  
DATE  
ARMOUR,  
YOU'RE CUTE  
TOO.

LOOPING  
VERBAL  
JUGGLERS  
VIBRATE A  
COSMIC  
GLOBAL  
PIANO,  
MINE'S  
REEFING.

YOU CAN  
TELL BY THE  
SOUND THAT  
THE PRINTER  
HAS FOUND A  
NEW WAY OF  
RIPPING UP  
PAPER AND  
THOUGHTS.

I STRODE  
THROUGH  
THE FLESHY  
HILLS UNTIL I  
FOUND A  
WELL, AND I  
POKED IT  
WITH MY  
STICK.

IT RAINED,  
AND RAINED,  
AND RAINED,  
AND RAINED,  
AND RAINED,  
AND RAINED,  
AND RAINED,  
UNTIL  
SUMMER  
WAS OVER.

THE GREEKS  
SAY;  
“TOMORROW  
IS A JUICY  
FRUIT  
RIPENING ON  
THE BOUGH  
OF TODAY,”  
OR DO THEY?

I WAS  
THINKING  
THAT RED IS  
NOT A  
SUITABLE  
GIFT FOR AN  
UNDERAGE  
MARCHING  
BAND.

THE DUST ON  
MY HEAD  
LOOKS GOOD  
IF SEEN  
THROUGH A  
MAGNIFYING  
GLASS, SAID  
THE PROUD  
TEACHER.

MY KINKY  
BRETHREN,  
I'M LOOKING  
INTO THE  
POSSIBILITY  
OF  
CHANGING  
THE NAMES  
OF COLOURS.

REPLACE THE  
ENERGY  
WASTED BY  
MEDIEVAL  
WAR-  
HORSES, NEW  
HAY FOR OLD  
FODDER  
FACTORIES.

MOVING  
BACKWARD  
INTO A  
MOSSY  
FOREST, THE  
SNAIL WAS  
CAPTURED  
AND HELD  
HOSTAGE.

MY ARMS  
REMEMBER  
THE STRAIN  
OF TWO  
HEAVY  
SUITCASES,  
(WE'RE ALL  
JUST SOFT  
FURNITURE).

SLAP THE  
FACE OF  
FRANTIC  
FLOWERS,  
CARVE LINES  
INTO THE  
BUTTOCKS  
OF SORDID  
LAMPLIGHT.

A LIQUID  
FUTILITY  
THAT  
FLOWETH  
WITH NOBLE  
SEDIMENT  
DOWN  
RUFFLED  
LANES.

WHO IS IT  
THAT  
CANNOT  
PLOT THE  
SILENT  
RUSTY  
MOODS OF  
REASONS  
BROTHER?

MY ARK IS  
HOLED, MY  
ANIMALS  
ARE  
DROWNING,  
AND MY  
WIFE IS  
YESTERDAYS  
SONGBIRD.

BUT WHEN  
THE BOY  
WAS  
FINISHED,  
THE  
BUILDING  
STOOD  
GLEAMING  
FOREVER.

MY GARDEN  
IS OF BROWN  
CEMENT, A  
HARDY WAY  
TO VENTURE  
INTO  
SCULPTURAL  
CONCEPTS  
LIKE DIRT.

THOSE  
RASPBERRY  
LIPS,  
COVERED IN  
YUMMY  
CREAM, LET  
MY TONGUE  
NESTLE  
THERE.

THE BOAT IS  
TOSSED ON  
SILVERY  
SEAS AS THE  
WIND LICKS  
THE  
STRUGGLING  
MAST, HOLD  
SAFE.

GRUBBY  
FEET WERE  
WALKING  
TOWARDS A  
RATHER  
LOVELY  
SUNSET  
BEYOND THE  
OPEN DOOR.

MY  
PORTRAIT  
WAS  
PROPPED UP  
AGAINST AN  
OLD TREE, SO  
WOODWORM  
THOUGHT ME  
BEAUTIFUL.

MY MOTHER  
WANTED TO  
ABORT ME,  
BUT I WAS  
NEARING  
NINETEEN AT  
THE TIME SO  
THE LAW  
SAID NO.

LIKE AN OLD  
DISHCLOTH,  
MY PERFUME  
WAS NOT  
ALLOWED  
INTO THE  
BEST  
RESTAURANT  
IN TOWN.

A SALAD!  
GOOD GRIEF  
YOU MUST  
BE BONKERS,  
IT'S NOT  
NINETEEN  
SEVENTY  
FOUR YOU  
KNOW.

THE DOG  
WAS SAD TO  
BE ENCASED  
IN A GLASS  
BUBBLE, BUT  
IT WAS NOT  
WITHOUT A  
LITTLE  
TROUBLE!

IF GIOTTO  
WAS ALIVE  
TODAY, HE'D  
MAKE SURE  
THAT THE  
TRAINS  
NEVER  
BRUISED  
PEACHES.

IN SOUTHERN  
SPAIN THEY  
STILL USE  
LUMPS OF  
MARBLE TO  
DIRECT THE  
TRAFFIC  
INTO  
COBWEBS.

THE PAST (*Y*)  
TIMES (*X*)  
TWELVE (*12*)  
EQUALS (=)  
ALL  
POSSIBLE  
FUTURES,  
(THIS FACT IS  
FAULTY).

THE HORIZON  
IS OUT OF  
REACH  
YOKO, BUT I  
CAN TOUCH  
IT IN A  
PHOTO OR  
PAINTING.

MINE IS A  
PAPER  
VERSION OF  
THOUGHT,  
TWO  
DIMENSIONS  
OF INEPT  
BRAIN  
FLICKERS.

MY CUNT IS A  
BIG RED BUS,  
AND MY  
COCK IS THIN  
AND LONG  
AND VERY  
GANGLY, MY  
MOUTH IS  
FLESHY.

IT WAS LIGHT  
BLUE AND  
IT'S TEETH  
WERE SHARP  
AS LEMONS,  
IT SEEMED  
TO BE  
DREAMING  
OF SHEEP.

I USED TO GO  
OUT WITH A  
PHOTO OF  
THE QUEEN  
HIDDEN IN  
MY POCKET,  
BUT THE  
EIGHTIES  
ARE OVER.

THE  
BLACKBIRD  
FIXED ME  
WITH HIS  
BIRDY EYE  
AND SAID  
“MENTION  
ME,” SO I  
HAVE.

CLOUDS ARE  
LAZY  
BASTARDS,  
JUST  
FLOATING  
AROUND IN  
THE SKY AS  
IF THEY  
OWNED IT.

WHILE THE  
RAINBOW  
WAS  
SHOWING  
OFF ITS  
COLOURS, A  
CHILD CRIED  
'LOOK AT MY  
PANTS!'

THE RECEIPT  
WAS  
WRITTEN  
BOTH IN  
FRENCH AND  
GERMAN,  
BUT THE CAT  
WAS STILL  
CONFUSED.

TODAY THE  
BLACK  
VELVET  
CURTAINS  
SANG ARIAS  
BY VERDI,  
THOUGH I  
SUGGESTED  
MOZART.

AS THE  
ENDING  
CAME  
CLOSER THE  
WHISTLE  
COULDN'T BE  
FOUND, I'M  
HIDING, HE  
LAUGHED.

LIKE A  
DRIPPING  
TAP OR AN  
ORNATE  
BROOCH,  
MEMORY IS A  
FAILURE TO  
FORGET  
WHAT WENT.

IT'S ENOUGH!  
THE MOUTH  
CLOSED  
TIGHT AND  
THE LIPS  
REFUSED TO  
UTTER A  
SINGLE  
SYLLABLE.