

birthrightis

'It's not so easy to explain something
that is meant to be felt' (Frank Black)

A tree is a
nuclear explosion
in very very slow motion
a shockwave spreading outward
from its point of origin.
up and away;
each new spring is a ripple
up and at it - shaped by resistance
it stretches from root to leaf
but skin is skin and blood is blood
and lives begun and ended
our
con
cern
is
our
selves
and things around
us that we understand
but each seed is an atom-bomb
and every tree is a nuclear explosion
in very very slow motion

In not of

to not fro

some not all

just let go

you not them

think don't know

when not if

where if when

beginning middle end

us not we

don't try

just be

open and affirming

from midwife to mindwipe
you witnessed the birth
of my second coming
and was there for the demise

'Every day I say to myself - today I will begin'
St. Anthony of the Desert

the mouth of the city
grinds teeth just for you

you know what it wants
and why it wants you

its animal instincts
too finely tuned

to escape from its jaws
in one piece

my response to everything that happens
is poetry and rhyme

even though I know it will
take harder currency this time

a marching-song perhaps;
muetry in posic, nothing more
but that's enough

like Joyce I would rejoice
in being Caged and set to sound

standing here
I smell anxiety and fear of death
coming from my bladder-wine

you like diamonds in the rough
that's what you prefer

diamonds
in their early carbon state

you like to change your mind
a lot

the moment it's too late

you like beauty when it shows
its scarred and ugly face

and as a side-show to your dwindling grace

you fill your mouth
with every filthy word

and favour harsh rejections

over gentle things
you've never heard

be careful with glee, magne
be careful with glee

it is the part of you
that separates from me

in the momentary sting
of sweet revenge

in synchronistic plots
where everything makes sense

when everything you've worked for
comes to be

be careful with glee, magne
be careful with glee

the first
to brave the world

my help as punishment

I am sorry
bird mother

you never get used to it
you just get used

you never learn from it
it learns from you

you cannot outrun it
or win at its game

you'll never be rid of it
it's here to stay

you must never trust it
or it's taken away

you can't be free from it
but that's alright

yeah, that's ok

we'll have ourselves a
bOOK bARBeque
out'n the yard
we'll dance aroun it like wild indjuns

the library sealed off
bricccccccock by BRICK

you were born a perfect child

what could be more terrifying

than to live with knowledge
of this magnitude

every mark upon your skin
every change
every thing occurring

a stage
in your inevitable decline

inched towards deformity
decomposed/pulverized
gradually reclaimed
by gravity

and yet in your eyes
there is young hope

and who the hell am I
to take that away

a blessed moment's peace

before the shit
comes raining down

a nano-second of relief

before the in-laws
come to town

a quiet corner
where I sit

before they all discover it

a hidden thought
a rush of blood
a quickened pulse
(the heart's response)

an easy head
before they come

before they come
to claim their dead

when you're wrong, you're wrong
can't argue there
no need to fight

me..?
well, as a matter of strange natural fact
I'm always right

everyone says fuck you but no one keeps their word

in case I do not wake tomorrow
whisper in my ear what I would miss

in case I don't remember if I do
then leave your imprint on my forehead
with a kiss

if I should never see the sun again
and your eyes into distant memory
should fade

make me believe tonight that it was you
and leave me knowing always
I knew bliss

If I should drift away in sleep
to never see another day

then you should know in all you do
that I'll remember all you were

tattooed upon my soul
is you

for AK and Vico

I am like a missile

aimed directly
at the centre of your pain

I am a dirty bomb

hiding in your cave
is all in vain

delta, bravo, firefox
hooray my endangered pet.

God alone
above the gate

and you wonder
why you are lonely

Da Vinci's
famous equation on faith
whilst good advice

will not
stop you seeking
companions elsewhere

out
comes the Spanish Inquisitor
of your own mind

work is prayer

this has been your song
for a long long time

the world is a soup
a cauldron of soup

it stings and it burns
everytime you put a finger in

it's good to withdraw
to the side-order bread

it's hard to be dying
it's easy to be dead

the world is a soup
of laughter, tears
and polite conversation
harshness and hatred
leaving and loss

...

the world soup
it is a cauldron
of harshness and soup

your finger
stings and burns
everytime you put it in a conversation

it's good bread
withdraw to the side-order and loss

it's hard to be leaving
it's easy to be dying dead

the world is a laughter soup
of tears and polite hatred

how's the old ticker...?

tick, tick, tickedi, tick, tickedi, tock, tock
tockeditick, tock, tick...tick, ticketicketickedidi
tockedi, t ock, tocktocktock, TICK!
ti...ckckck, tock
to..ckti, ck, ked, itick, itck, tiiiiiiiiick, tokot, tokot,
tit, tit, tikekekekekeke! TOCK!!, tickk
TOCKTOCKOTOCK, tickeditick,,, tic..t..OK
thanks for asking

If sadness comes in colour
mine's a Payne's gray

if a wish is for tomorrow
then I choose yesterday

if everything's for free
how come you make me pay

if this is all you have to give
then please just go away

if venture's for the brave
and safe is for the meek

translate the meaning of these words
to match the way you speak

and if the math adds up
to the simple fact that we're unique

then every moment of despair
explains why I feel weak

and you are you and I am me
and we are meant to speak

dear reader:
sadness
wishes
everything
venture
math

substitute with:
music
xmas
chill
don't
language

then make a sentence using all those words
and post to magne f at www.whofuckenknows-dotcom.com

I am no coward
watch me shoot myself in the foot

boomerang days

the old joke is true;
it is hard to throw them away

the joke's on me and you
for trying

no story is innocent

they

confirm or challenge
include or exclude

in this game

the beginning is
the end

no story's written
exactly how it is meant

and no intention clear

no one person's a saviour
and we're not really here

no word proud of itself
just pride

no easy advice from oily mouths
so well trained in verse

just confession
bitter blood from stone

no false prophet
praising himself

just prophecy and praise

no song & dance routine
no sensitive delivery

just dance
just song
sensitivity

no litany of humiliation
but liturgy, humility

not them, not us, not we
just you and me

stop following yourself around like a lost puppy

I hold on to you
like there's no tomorrow

this morning I cling to you
like a cheap suit

like a shipwreck to driftwood

'you're here'
you say

'yes I am'
I say

'you came in late last night'
you say

'yes I did'
I say

stolen moments
before the clockerel
heralds a new day

the danger
is not when
we start protecting ourselves
from each other

but when we start
protecting each other
from ourselves

stars can't fall

but if they do

they won't be taking

aim at you

*the absence of evidence
is not evidence of absence*

I am not gone
just because I am away
I am not here
just because I'm here today

don't judge me on my merits
judge me on your terms
convict me if you can
I am past caring

*the evidence of absence
is not absence of evidence*

you are not the only one
to be abandoned
you are not the only witness
to the truth

we'll spend old age assessing
conclusions made in youth

the baby you never had
is kicking hard

it won't let go your womb

it just
won't lie down and die

the baby we made in our minds
makes itself felt

is making us feel

struggling to gain a life
it needs to be real

imagine
where we were

and now where we are;

constructs
of improbable outcomes
a wish on impossible stars

the baby we'll never have
was surely the best one by far

the perfect crime;

stealing thoughts
and selling them to you
without you knowing

you are now my fence

we are not the world
we are not the fuckin' children

we are the ones
who lived the brighter days

we'll never be forgiven

there's a choice we made;
we sailed through our own lives

there's never been a better day
say goodbye

look back to where you once where

it's not so far from here;

objects in the mirror

are closer than they appear

your skin
galvanized to my body

your thoughts
welded to my brain

your mouth
on my neck

stitched to silence

your world colonized
by the empire of me

my southbound mouth
& my hands upon your slender hips
you, my tongue-tied friend
& your tender north-star lips
me, my flatbush family
this withered family-tree
you and your upstate relations
of nobler ancestry
your forestfire fuzz-box
my scorched fingertips
like tired wanderers
returning home

the headsman in me
the axe in you
the moment
we touch
the fear
in both of us

ces matins gris si doux

I have feared and wanted
coveted and cared less
I've projected everything
from shy & coy
to fearless & undaunted
I have lied
to sweeten up the moment
I could finally confess

and now the nerve laid bare
the red sun
of desire and decision rising
hidden tumors of unspeakable passion
are everywhere
as you decide to put me
in your elocution-chair

come again, darkly near
and let me feed upon your mouth

our potential when combined
would constitute
a fine salad of genes

come on baby over here
and let me touch the place
your shadow left behind

don't forget that in my mind
you began with her

you all began with her

spinal music

feel
the nerves of pleasure
all laid bare
try to understand
why you are here
make it happen
in spite of
my considerable will
look past my limitations
then move in for the kill
I see the hunter in you, dear
I see
what all the hunted always see
discern the doe in us
try to see what I can see

the universal law of you and me;
all things forever everywhere

I am no better than the brute
who thinks with his piece
and looks for any space
to fill with it

I am a restless adoptee
forever seeking out
new foster-parents
for my greedy soul

we are the blood vessels
circulating
the body of this house;

polishing the precious
throwing out the junk

flowing through these rooms
year in year out

but we are
immunologically unstable

and the real danger
is in self attack

not cancerous growth in the attic
a broken bedroom-wing
or the cellar's athlete foot

I am a man of the cloth
and not reporter

my ambition always book
not paper

but all we make

for heaven's sake
a tribute to exactly what?!

after all
we are of flesh and blood
not vapour

but memory
is flame to moth

and whereas you are made
of sky and rain

this world is made of ink
and I'm a man of paper