

**building ruins**

*'He not busy being born is busy dying'*  
*Bob dylan*

there really is no finder's fee  
no price for your discovery

there is no fee for finding me

the road is too well traveled  
this land is all mapped out

the stone walls here before you  
are touched by thousand hands

gaze upon my beaches  
see the footprints in the sand

the upside to your journey  
is slight to say the least

a little congregation  
not so much a feast

and look towards the waters  
you will see them charted too

with all the things that you've been through  
you thought there had to be  
some kind of finder's fee

something to be worth your while

but no, not here  
not me

Thom Gunn is dead

throughout your work  
there was wind in your words

but invent the sail  
and you have invented  
the shipwreck

I felt  
nearly as sorry for you as I did for myself that night: trying  
to feel me up in your crummy Queensway hotel-room, you told me you  
were a poet - close to destitute now and often living on the street.  
to impress me you said you had once cut a man's  
throat with just the nail on your thumb.  
I was just a lost kid who did  
not know he was in a part of  
the park where men like you  
go to pick up boys like the one you  
imagined me to be. as  
I ran away (all  
intact) a sign  
read FOR RENT  
in the window.  
another one of  
life's little  
ironies don't  
you think?

fuck you, you prick!  
and your leather jacket too -  
I still want the 40 quid you owe me

doubt the day, then doubt the view  
doubt the window you are looking through

believe in me  
as I believe in you  
but doubt this room that you are waking to

doubt the moment, how it felt  
doubt it all  
then doubt yourself

doubt the numbers  
doubt the math  
doubt the futures  
doubt your past

memory stings  
and then disintegrates  
memory burns  
what it illuminates

mock-epic for a modern day Quixote

to feel the pain before the knife goes in  
to know the end before it all begins  
to follow up on what was left behind  
to search for something already been found

to set in stone what's written in the sand  
to slave your will to someone's curt demand  
to keep the secrets after you've confessed  
to fail yourself where others see success

to race ahead when time has come to wait  
to face the music after it's been played  
to see the truth that's hidden in the lie  
to know the answer in the question why

Michelangelo's  
radical departure...

and all that we take for granted

this beauty that I see  
dies with me

this love I feel  
will die in me

and like his sleeping beauty  
it is bound to be

too old to be innocent  
and too young to be so knowing

we make sculptures from soap  
without ever becoming clean

we make figurines of clay  
without molding dreams

and it is all just  
new attempts at forgery

old self

you're trying to take me back again  
aren't you, old self?

you're trying to reclaim lost territory  
and control the one that got away.

you prescribe chemistry to my brain  
don't you?

administer new aches and pains  
don't you?

to get me back to where I was  
when I was you

reminders are powerful things

from the complex mechanisms  
of the head and heart

to the simple cells  
that stop and start

old self,  
you lurk around every corner

many in the few

you say it's just  
the same old things  
and never nothing new

well right there is the problem;  
your mouth's ahead of you

you claim there isn't anyone  
just the same old someones  
- same old boring crew

well, wash your eyes  
and look again  
there's many in the few

you say you see  
the wear and tear  
most everywhere you look

the dirty streets  
the market stalls  
decaying fruit  
and rotten meat

the graying sky  
the soundless cries  
the struggle to compete

the filthy looks  
the scheming crooks  
there's never nothing new

and nothing is complete

the problem here is you my friend  
go wash your eyes, then look again

we have no great secret you and I

or I would have known

there is nothing what happened

we'd be somewhere else

just a lingering thought  
and moments of recognition

and the lasting impression  
made by

before and after

we are

rummaging through the rubble  
and the radio-active waste

not re-assembling the bomb

we're assessing damage  
counting heads  
and tagging the dead

not building armies  
for new war-efforts

so don't ask me just at this point  
what my strategy is

and where we go from here

every day is a reminder  
of how every day is a reminder

empty containers and wine-bottles  
echo tall tales told among friends

the trash outside; a perfect picture  
of how we keep unwanted things at bay  
out of sight - out of mind

recycling  
the idea is not new  
in transition we all smell  
and never of roses

hail the ants and maggots  
they work overtime to bring about a balance  
between wasted words  
and pasteurized silences

nibbling at our attempts  
to keep ourselves protected  
from the inevitable

all the lives to be led  
all the words to be said

all the clothes to be worn  
all the children to be born

all the hair to be brushed  
all the skin to be touched

all the eyes to be closed  
all opinions to be voiced

all the signs that we care  
all the reasons we are here

bright shining star

and by the time  
I get to know you  
you're already  
past your prime

by the time that  
you are with me  
you'll be past  
your sell-by date

so you see there's not much time  
so you see we cannot wait

by the time  
I get to bathe  
in the glorious light  
that you shine

it is your *past*  
that will have reached me  
and by then it is too late

so you see there's not much time  
...so you see we cannot wait

and very very far from here  
you'll have already disappeared

and left a trail of light behind  
just so we won't forget

just so we all can see  
your glowing memory

it's better you don't

don't quote me on that  
but if you do then I won't

and deny allegations  
with words to the contrary

it is better you leave  
it the way that it is  
and be gone

before I deny  
what I still haven't done

I forgive you

your patience  
kindness and concern

I forgive you these sins  
for I have much to learn

I forgive you for the way  
you always put me first

and never make  
unjustified demands

I forgive you  
for accepting me  
when I am at my worst

I forgive you now for caring  
when I do not give a damn

I forgive you all the tears  
the hope and tenderness

I forgive you for these years  
of spreading happiness

it's just the kinda guy I am

I see the blue of veins  
beneath your skin

it makes me painfully aware  
of complex things that pulse within

it makes me scared  
it makes me humble

cuz all this stuff is some day gone  
will one day crumble

in glossy magazines that we all read  
we see portrayed as youth a form of greed

a perfect surface  
as of yet unblemished

a perfect image  
is a life untouched  
- by life itself undamaged

but deep inside those veins of blue  
are you

hidden there away from view  
the beating pulse  
a deep red song

the knowledge whispers in your bones;  
we're all alone

"the last paragraph of this poem is conceptually borrowed without shame from the Norwegian writer Knut Hamsun, a complex person whose amazingly tender heart bled for some of the biggest monsters in history..." you added this line to get away with plagiarism no doubt! and so, once again you reveal your pathetic desire to worm your way into that most coveted part of art-history; the canon of the Great Misunderstood. I find it amazing that such tender insight can be found in people so obviously lacking in empathy (in this I will grant you the right to the comparison you make).

no day the same

no two things alike

no thought returns

without knowing what

it lives without

no word a friend

no pleasure pure

no place of rest

no position sure

no thought a train

no day the same

the poet is a vulture:

stalking weakened prey  
he spots the troubled dying  
from many miles away

from  
ever-widening circles  
overhead

he'll see the flaws in you  
you desperately hide

and like the truly gifted  
does not fear the dead  
but bides his time

and feeds on what  
the others leave behind

...

the vulture is a poet:

he waits and waits  
with patient eyes

and knows exactly  
when the time is right

- sees beauty deep  
inside the wounded beast

and acting out its purpose,  
turns decay into a morbid feast

culture, vulture, beauty, beast - it's all a bit tired and obvious, don't you think..? ok, so the brilliant Cohen falls close to pretension on occasion, and intellectual vanity is something we can both do without. but if your ambition is to have these words read by someone who does not know of you, me, her, the way it was, or the situation we have put ourselves in (notice I say 'we' - this one is on me, pal, but don't expect me to share all your self-inflicted burdens. you made the bed, you lie in it) and don't expect me to be there when you call either...ok, maybe I will, but I'm looking backwards to it already.

standing in your doorway  
again and again

am I coming or going  
you never know

every day:  
you in your kitchen

and all I am to you now  
is an empty chair

always everywhere  
never there

our embrace  
detonated  
clouds of dry dust  
with every touch  
we must explore now  
with extreme caution  
for we are mummified  
and will turn to sand  
in each others arms  
if careless

was it you  
who plastered posters of sunshine  
all across my room

had I not told you clearly  
that I was not ready  
to leave my self-inflicted gloom

was it you  
who threw a rock  
chrashing through the window  
letting fresh air in

didn't I at one time warn you  
how my bones are sensitive  
to chill and wind

was it you  
who lit a match in here  
(its dull light licking  
at the shadows)

had I not informed you of my efforts  
putting out fires everywhere

had I not explained  
why I must stay

I will leave this fortress  
when I'm ready  
not now  
not yet

not today

nothing can hurt the truth

fragile as it is

it cannot be abused

only used as is

like mine

yours is the face of an angel  
hidden in the features of a beast

like me

you have a mind  
with the faithless logic  
of a butterfly

like mine

your head works overtime  
and prides itself  
of never counting hours

like me

your restlessness  
extends and grows with every touch-down  
(better just to flutterby, butterfly...)

like me

you are always one step ahead of yourself  
and willing to go that extra mile

we;  
the fruit of possibility  
turning to the puss of futility

why we unbuilt us

with spam comes wisdom  
chrashing into my eyes  
on this winter morning

the language is in fragments  
a landscape full of holes

our words have been dismantled

one day  
they will serve  
as relics and reminders

the stonehenge mystery  
of our spotless minds

I was a returning fool

and now I need excuses to  
enter my lover's room

there will be years of this  
so get used to it

years of putting ear to the pillow  
and suddenly be overwhelmed

to realize one can be reclaimed  
to fight lost battles over

it makes it hard to trust the distance  
between where you were  
and where you thought you'd come

there will be more of it  
so get with the program

more than you had wished for  
but less than you had hoped

like a gizmo with a hidden flaw  
your thoughts can be recalled at any time

to satisfy the standards  
of its manufacturer;

*the perfect ideal  
that got lost in your mind  
when you changed it*

*the lost ideal  
that perfected in your mind  
once you had changed*

*the change that perfected you  
after you had lost your mind*

*the you that got lost  
once your mind was perfect*