

Drink an ocean
Pay the price
Smoke a pack
Try every vice

Talk too much
Too loud, too long.
Turn it up:
Today's best song.

Drive too fast
Drive too far
Risk it all in a
Broken car

Eat a feast
Starve yourself.
Stay up late
Waste yourself

Act inappropriately
Write poems that don't scan or rhyme or sometimes even make any
sense.

Sleep too little
Do too much
Lose a little
In the rush
Feel too deep
Enjoy the crush
See bright colours
Hear wild voices
Grab it all

Drench the soul
and flood the heart,
till they overflow
and fall apart.

Forget it all.
Do it again..

Drowning

I seem to have been drowning forever.
I know exactly when it started
But before then it's a dream.

Having slowly wandered up together
The coastal path was beautiful.
However
At that point I was unexpectedly tripped
And plummeted
to the water below.
Quickly recognising my position,
And taking advantage of my descent,
ever the optimist
I grabbed it with both hands -
so to speak.

Those adrenalin filled moments of flight
Were over so quickly (too quickly)
and I embarked
on a new exciting but suffocating, under water spell.

As I hurtled to the bottom my senses were alive:
The noise of the water as it rushed past my ears
The pressure on my chest and blurry stinging eyes;
Subterranean vertigo: down so low, fathoms to go.

As I approached the bed
I could see its treasures.
Exotic stones, exciting creatures,
Hidden opportunities in sandy hollows,
All sparkling in the plankton filtered sunlight.
The deep oceanic landscape was strange and attractive

But just out of reach.

No matter how hard I struggled or kicked,
grasped or stretched,
There was nothing to push on -
I couldn't quite manage to touch the prize.

And now my lungs are hurting
And now my heart is beating.
The rushing in my ears has been replaced
by the anxious thud of pumping blood -
My chest is tighter still.
How long should I try in vain to
Complete this thankless labour?
Even if I feel the sand
between my toes,
play with the stones,
hide in the hollows
and folds
I'll drown.

So back I go to the world I know
To the air that's mine;
Slowly the treasure trove hoves out of sight
and washes away but not without
some pain and sadness
an ache and madness,
the bends I guess.
How strange to find the deep blue sky
And sunny climes
Are colder than the depths.

But what a long and lonely climb it is
When my lungs are hurting - no air
 My heart is hurting - with care
 And my belly's aching - not fair

In a few moments I'll break the surface
and see what I can see (see see)
after I've been all the way to the bottom
of the deep
blue
sea (see sea)

The gravity of obsession

Like gravity:

The weakest force in nature
Pulling galaxies together.
Attracting heavenly bodies,
Causing head on collisions,
Shaping their paths for the future.

Some kind of dark matter,
Unseen, un-noticed, insurgent.
Filling every breathing space,
Twisting every turn, until it's
Everywhere and strange new worlds emerge.

An inescapable force,
Driving each day, pulling minds,
Inexorably, uncontrollably,
dangerously, crushingly.
Invisible but bending everything.

Like a black hole:
Terminally.

I like my life
But I like yours more.
I like what I do
But what you do is better.
I do what I like
But I want you to like it.
Not for you:
For me.

Gonna take these wasted limbs and flex
Gonna snap these cutting ropes and stretch
Gonna break this rusty cage and run
Gonna smash the rotten door, be gone
Gonna climb the cliff, dive down and soar
Gonna take these broken wings and fly
Gonna leave these lazy ways, lonely days
have some fun,
be someone
new before I die.

Sometimes

when you're tearing down life's cycle path
on your new bike, the well oiled machine
pushing back, highly efficient, as the tarmac
races past below,
happy, with your hands in the air,
sunglasses on, no worries,

Sometimes

at that moment
Life might send
a goblin from another dimension
to jump out from behind a parked car
and knock you down.

The bike will spin off.

See yourself rolling tumbling bouncing grazing slicing tearing
Thudding bruising ripping skidding scuttering
into the gutter.

Crushed.

Stunned.

While you're lying, dazed and confused,

Sometimes

Life might also let you dream of that other dimension
from which she's just ambushed you,
and which you glimpsed as the goblin jumped through.
She might let you see the hand she could have dealt you,
The gift she was going to give but decided not to,
The ride you could have had.

Sometimes,

Life might kick you when your down like that.

It's then you have to relish what's really yours;
Love your past, your bruised and battered present,
and whatever you can make of your future.

Throw off the goblin,

Close the portal,

Get on your bike,

Pedal like fury,

With joy in your heart,

and sunglasses on.

Push the well oiled machine

Till you're flying again.