

THE ESSENTIAL  
WILL CARRIE



DANIEL O'NEILL

# **The Essential Will Carrie**

**Daniel O'Neill**

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‘None fiercer than with wounded pride,  
Who skim the worlds unsatisfied,  
Whilst searching for their reason.’

Waiting for a death,  
waiting for the storm to pass,  
all words quite useless.

On we go....

## **I'll try to brief**

I'll try to be brief.

Futurism is religion and religion is what your hands slipping off the wheel look like in daylight.

To ask the question, 'why don't you do something about it?', presupposes liberty. Have you got it? Many here now don't.

But we're all aware of what he said, she said, you want, we deserve.

In the time taken to ask the question you could have planted a seed elsewhere.

That's all we got. Seed.

The current state of the world is an illness of inertia combined with want. Pushed into what you think, scared of what you might lose out on.

Twenty first century what will come of your mess?

Convulsing scream.

Trees burn.

Sea chokes.

Soft ideas hit hard rocks.

We'll only change it when we recognise each other's voices in the fog.

I started this with the intention of describing the world. Why?

You will ask.

*Halloween, 2019, Brighton*

## **Flow**

How to cope with another disappointment  
In the face of impending footsteps?

So, I looked to the stream, it ran quiet and  
passive,  
Deep and unbroken.  
When limited, it runs,  
When obstructed it rose up,  
Rock makes it speak  
And banks gave it backbone.

Its emotions, pools where others came to  
drink.

Everything deserves to take its time.

Try and sell it on and its value slips

## English Country Charm

Alice knits

A wedding dress out of plastic bags.  
She sits and weaves a daughter's gown,  
Out of what she has.

The army dig a big  
Wide trench in the neighbouring field,  
The stack it high with blistered flesh,  
And dispose of Alice' yield.

Down the lane  
And across the yard, the farmers hard at  
work.  
He's busy with some quick-drying cement,  
For where the badgers lurk.

And out to where  
He's sown our seeds, glazed in pesticide.  
The run offs causing quite a scene,  
As nitrous algae chokes the streams.

At the local drinking den,  
Those folks with red coats gather.  
Looking forward eagerly,  
To the foxes blood they spatter.

Alice son has moved away  
Gone to find the working city,

The village now quaint weekend homes.  
It really is a pity.

When Alice plucks,  
A battered hen from the suffering yard,  
From daylight bulb to oven hole,  
She means it no ill harm.

To the chains she sells the rest,  
Anti biotic fodder,  
High turnover, mass-produced,  
Should we tell her not to bother?

Alice weaves  
A wedding dress in the wretched farm.  
An amusing, postcard rural scene  
Of English country charm.

## **City Unto Yourself**

You're a city unto yourself.

Always alone but never at peace.

The late hour brings you danger magic.

Seeping.

## **Yukky Da**

Primsy flimsy grovel whimsy,  
What I say will string me up,  
When they come to burn the books,  
All the nice folk turn to look.

Yukky Da will lead proceedings,  
Drinking from her righteous cup.  
More than pleased to be misleading,  
She finds her-story with little fuss.

Lofty, fluffy proclamations,  
Blame the white men, blame their plans,  
Yukky Da condemn the nation,  
Pop a pill o' progressive pap.

Are you he or yet a she?  
Yukky Da is down with that,  
Cut the nose off your oppressor,  
Liberate your favourite blouse.

Speak to sense and cause some trouble,  
Statues suit their pulling down,  
Risky sermons from shiny bubbles,  
Yukky da remember that!

*Brighton September 14<sup>th</sup> 2017*

## **Who Rules the State I'm in?**

How many hoops can I jump through?  
Its' tiring playing your game.  
So many rules I can't follow,  
It's a high price that I won't pay.

Ready to hear some new truth,  
This fiction, such a cliché.  
Through always trying to please,  
I just can't seem, to live that way.

What's yours won't ever be mine.  
I can't just fall into line.  
But I need to know,  
Now I need to know,  
Who rules the state I'm in?

So many way's that I've failed you,  
You tell me, that I'm to blame.  
So many reasons to hate you,  
It's time I had my own say

Ready to show it's over,  
Its time I got my own way.  
Through always trying to please you,  
I just can't seem to live that way.

Would I be waiting in line?

What a way to go.  
Maybe I'm wasting my time,  
Now I need to know,  
Who Rules the state in in?

## **Bunhill Fields**

Mr Blake, I'm occupying a space that  
sometimes wants  
to carry me inwards towards who knows  
what?

There are trees I want to plug into,  
There are skies within which we absorb,  
There are rivers to be dipped into,  
There are cities that can take no more.

When I put pen to paper I am knocking at  
the door.

Mr Blake, all the places we build are just  
scaffold for  
The wiring of the universe.

There are tears to be poured forth.  
There is anger which we adore.  
There are sorrows to be appreciated.  
These are our hopes scraped across the  
floor.

When I choose them as answers I am  
knocking at the door.

Mr Blake, the forest tells me all about  
patience and insight,

Even as I miss the train so carefully timed  
for daily destinations.

There are roads I wish to still drive down.  
There are gardens beyond these walls.  
And the wells of endless summer.  
From which our passions pour.

When I come to know them, I can push off  
from the shore.

Mr Blake, I am trying to keep a rosy space  
until the time I get replaced.

*Bunhill Fields, London, 28<sup>th</sup> May 2012*

## **Alduns manifesto**

Nothing can be created that will be a burden to the unborn.

No change can be made that will impact negatively on those without voice.

Those who have no voice will have advocates independent of any and all other parties.

Understanding of limits and their necessity in allowing others to live freely, regardless of species, shall be the bedrock of all endeavours.

Religions, tastes, fashions, appetites, beliefs are furnishing to be respected, admired, maintained or addressed. They are adornments carried through life, not to be confused with the life carrying them.

Each of us here was created to participate in the unfolding creation of what we see all around. Even if rendered incapable of creation, for whatever reason, our energy belongs here for reasons we cannot ever fully know. It is therefore for no one to decide value.

To create is to be happy. Consuming without participating it to risk malaise, dissatisfaction and disempowerment.

Don't believe TINA.

Routines carve deep grooves that are hard to jump out of.

Even if it sometimes seems a lost cause or all for nothing, the hurdles you crossed will strengthen your stride.

Kindness can be fierce in the protection of the future and the present.

## **Darcy Ragg**

Disintegrating times,  
But seldom do we recognise the hand that  
spins the wheel.  
The choice to turn is clear for some,  
Whilst others wait for permission,  
Or for chance to intervene...

Not this Willowy scruff.  
Darcy Ragg moves out of the rough to stake  
her claim to tomorrow.  
Not the future you think will show,  
nor your glass and paper home  
of sentences and shadows.

Darcy's face is faer,  
Surrounded by her auburn hair that tumbles  
to her shoulder.  
Defiant like the autumn rain,  
She's the unexpected change  
I've wanted since I found her.

Her wheels split from the ruts,  
Darcy Ragg turns out to be tough, when I  
meet her on the street.  
Some truths are hard to miss,  
Now she's so hard to resist,  
And defies me not to see.

This broken way of life.  
Darcy knows to push aside  
all thoughts of separation.  
As our stories fall apart,  
She's come to urge a change of heart,  
Already set in motion.

Re-enchanted days,  
Darcy Ragg finds all the ways  
that lead back to the garden.  
She's cast aside the sticks and stones,  
To walk into the woods alone,  
As evening is descending

In a charmed and threatened world.  
She's roaming wide to push the faith in the  
nature that she follows.  
But every day, that picture fades,  
As people take but not repay  
The gifts they are bestowed.

Everything's for sale.  
But she's wandered off the trail  
to amble country miles.  
To strangers at the edge of town  
Who wait around to drive us out  
of shelters of denial.

And so Darcy's time has come.  
She's a girl who's just begun  
to talk about revival.  
She counts the signals that betray,  
The coming of the twilight age,  
And welcomes its arrival.

She looks me in the eye.  
Every time we meet I try  
to reach her where she stands.  
Her arms can break my tired routines,  
Her fists can dam the risky schemes,  
That loom across the land.

*Darcy*                    'Any minute now  
You're going to have to notice how  
the centre cannot hold.  
Although the rest seem unconcerned,  
I think you've watched the axis turn,  
On the fictions we've been sold?'

'The barrel's running dry,  
Yet all the wine's still stripped from the vine  
for a single celebration,  
And the meat is torn from the sacred bone,  
As the heat still rises in the dining room,  
Whilst we deny the situation...

...And this is what you want?  
Coming back, I try for words, some sort of  
vindication.

About the future I trust I'll know,  
Where all my hopeful seeds will grow,  
And I try to make her listen.

But with Darcy standing there,  
The calm insistence of her stare, blue eyes  
that always question.

My credos falter on my lips,  
Once solid ground begins to slip,  
Yet I have to prove her something.

*Will* 'Look at what we've done.  
Once upon a forest sun  
we swept out to the clearings,  
To find ourselves an endless sky,  
Another world to occupy,  
Horizons for our taking'.

'Now see how far we've come...  
Like a youngest son trailing out of the scrub  
to build himself tomorrow.  
Should he wait and not go on?  
Forget the steps his struggles won,  
Just give in to his shadow?'

She stops me with disgust.  
Darcy Ragg coming out of the sun lending  
favours to crusaders,  
Dances and rages with outraged lust.  
To all of my words she kicks up the dust,  
Stamping her heels to the pavement.

*Darcy* ‘Ah, your beloved ‘progress’.  
Choose excess and forget about the future  
from which you borrow.  
Stain the ground for short-term win,  
Toss the rest to the bargain bin,  
And leave the mess to the aftershow’?

‘What a way to go.  
You beg for scraps so neatly wrapped to  
hide the truth unspoken.  
But we’ve run this road for far too long,  
Rendered weak what once was strong,  
This lifeless sleep is broken!’

‘We’re sliding down the curve’.  
‘and no matter what occurs you say ‘they’ll  
think of something’,  
They didn’t yet, and he we are,  
But still the faith is granite hard,  
Though every day eroding’.

From her dusky roots,  
Darcy's truth seems mystic proof  
she gathers from the common.  
But before I taste her sacred ground,  
Or try to share in what she's found,  
I offer her my caution.

*Will*     'You hold yourself alone?  
Darcy it's a pitted road we struggle on  
together,  
You're discontent with what you've found,  
But it's too late to turn around,  
Or try to find another'.

'In this here and now  
Darcy, could you tell me how this story's  
meant to unfold?  
You're crossing lines from off a page,  
But this disenchanting, graceless age,  
Is just one version we've been sold.'

'Aren't we yet awake?  
Haven't we learned to turn away from  
murky superstition?  
You want to recreate the past,  
But I doubt these troubled days will last,  
Or stymie our intentions'.

She's heard it all before.  
But sees no use in keeping score or feigning  
indignation.  
- 'Your story's old, its edges frayed' -  
But can I turn or walk away,  
Whilst I crave all her attention?'

She gifts me with her doubt.  
Her stormy weather chases out illusions of  
serenity.  
The foaming sea that smacks the shore,  
The wind that rattles at my door,  
Intruding on my apathy...

*Darcy* 'It's you who's still asleep.  
All those promises we've failed to keep now  
have to find their answer,  
Delusion seem to multiply,  
As daily we accept the lie,  
Of 'happy ever after'.

'Drifting through your days,  
Counting on the promised ways that sell us  
down the river.  
All mystery must be postponed,  
Now nature's left you all alone  
To steal once freely given'.

‘The wolf is at the door;  
And there really isn’t anymore  
to feed him from the garden.  
We’ve pulped the fruit from all the trees,  
And bought each other to our knees,  
In our rush to grow it faster.’

‘See, all we have is now.  
But only if you still allow  
your wilder blooms to open,  
The seeds we scatter sometimes grow,  
But nothing here is ours to own,  
Or detach from the moment...’

Standing off the path,  
Darcy lets the moment pass  
and settle on my shoulder.  
The mourning after what is past,  
But still I find it hard to grasp,  
Or trust this life is over.

She takes me by the hand,  
And tries her best to understand  
a choice to trek alone.  
How all the struggling and the striving,  
Could have kept us all denying,  
What’s now coming down the road.

Kinky hip undeterred,  
All the beauty unconcerned  
that bubbles to the surface.  
I feel her shift the binds of words,  
As I try to taste the living world,  
As if I could deserve it.

Something has to change.  
Her nascent moon becomes unchained and  
rides above the fields.  
I'm standing in its fervent glow,  
No longer sure of what I know,  
Or how I'm meant to feel.

Should I draw her near?  
My muddy water's crystal clear beneath her  
untamed torrent.  
She runs me ragged with her call,  
My barricades can't help but fall,  
Or resist her discontent.

*Will*     'Where do I belong?  
Darcy was I always wrong  
to look for something more?  
I've lived so far beyond my means,  
As if these cravings could redeem,  
The wounds I still ignore'.

*Darcy* 'In that you're not alone,  
But you cannot turn up every stone  
and sell what lies beneath.  
If fortune seemed to lend for free,  
You cannot take it personally,  
It was never yours to keep'.

*Will* 'Easier said than done,  
But Darcy, might we overcome  
these twisted, trusted chains?  
You charge me with complacency,  
But it's more than just some blind belief,  
That makes me play this game'.

*Darcy* 'But is it worth defending,  
This monster now descending with our  
greed locked in its jaws?  
It'll drag our future down the river,  
Cut its claws across new visions.  
As it thirsts for ever more.'

*Will* 'Then what difference can I make?  
Darcy, tell me just what state  
you want us all to live in?  
Our statues with their studded crowns,  
Seem begging to be melted down.  
But where do we begin?'

*Darcy* 'It's already underway;  
And I know you're hearing what I say  
beyond your feelings now.  
In me your yearning finds its mark,  
Your passions flare against the dark,  
And instinct disavowed.'

*Will* 'I've nothing to deny,  
These lines and furrows testify to all the  
masks I've worn.  
But you've shown that I just might find,  
More than bitter compromise,  
In a world that keeps you torn.'

*Darcy* 'You're never far from home,  
Yet still you trip on every stone and give  
away your freedom.  
None fiercer than with wounded pride,  
Who skim the worlds unsatisfied,  
Whilst searching for their reason.'

Lithe and limber pearl,  
Darcy casts her animal swirl with feral  
insinuation.  
Luminescent petal flower,  
She scents my air like earth and fire,  
And waters from the ocean.

*Will* 'Fallen from the tower,  
Darcy, in this twilight hour,  
I'm not sure where to land.  
We could wallow in the earth,  
Though others may not dig this dirt,  
Or even understand.'

*Darcy* 'I'm not looking to debate,  
With sleepwalkers, it's far too late  
for awareness to return.  
But you and I might realise,  
That complacency becomes demise,  
When reality is spurned.'

*Will* 'Who knows what to think?'  
'I've held beliefs like heavy links  
that shackle to the floor.  
But with you I'm sure of what I feel,  
And scrappy dogmas cant conceal,  
My hunger anymore'.

*Darcy* 'Let yourself go,  
It's more than me you'll really know if you  
break across the border...'

*Will* 'And if that world I recognise,  
Will I find you by my side,  
If it leaps around the corner?'

*Darcy* 'I think It's overdue,  
So, it's more than me you should pursue  
past what you want today...'

*Will* '...By tempering my fantasies,  
With predictable anxieties,  
About what you have to say?'

*Darcy* 'Put it down to timing,  
Perhaps you've missed the slow unwinding  
pulling things apart?'

*Will* 'There's never any guarantees,  
But we'll never cross this rough country,  
Unless we take a path.'

'I taste the evening air,  
But feel no lurking devils  
there nor wisps of superstition.  
With you it's like I'm going home,  
As jaded stones and weary bones.  
Await their transformation'.

*Darcy* 'It's never words that count.  
I have no doubt a world burnt out  
bestows its own allure,  
Men's appetites will crystalize,  
When they feel they're running out of time,  
So how can I be sure?'

*Will*     ‘Maybe in the past,  
My promises were windblown grass so full  
of broken stems.  
But I found you roused at the meadows  
edge, where my skin was scratched from the  
tangled hedge, I’m supposed to still defend.’

*Darcy*    ‘Then walk with me a while,  
There’s still a chance we’ll reconcile  
the fever and the flame.  
Desire that smoulders will find its spark,  
In the glowing cinders of an open heart,  
When the senses go untamed’.

*Will*     ‘So let’s step in to the clearing,  
Darcy, though the dark is nearing I’ve never  
been more awake.’

*Darcy*    ‘Our threadbare culture may leave us  
naked, but we’re never stripped of what is  
sacred. The cast-off still remain.’

‘Turning of the tide,  
Constellations realign, send us on our way.’

*Will*     ‘Just as every show has an end,  
As the final curtain must descend,  
When there’s nothing left to say.’

*July 7<sup>th</sup> 2013 – June 25<sup>th</sup> 2014*  
*Hammersmith, London. Esher, Surrey*

## **Face it**

Face it, not every plant is capable of living in  
a pot,  
Not every animal, in a cage,  
Not every flavour is fit for your tongue,  
Not every word for this page.

## **White Horse**

Hairpin in the road,  
White horse  
Lies alone,  
Dying at the kerb.

Hairpin in the road,  
White horse  
Dies alone,  
Bleeding on the verge.

Hairpin in the road,  
White horse  
Is cut in stone,  
As far as I'm concerned.

## **Subject? Object.**

You seem  
Decidedly keen,  
To put your name to the same old scheme.

You could.  
Take the chance,  
Kick your legs to the same old dance.

I told you.  
Time and again,  
I'm not into your legacy games.

Habit.  
And hierarchy.  
Souvenirs of banality.

End bloodlines.  
And royalty.  
A true ascent to anarchy.

The dues are paid so I can leave,  
No one decides what's best for me.

I'll tell you. Once again.  
We're done enduring needlessly.  
That goes for all authority.

## **Oil Shock**

Surprised, the beach met the slick,  
Quickly it leached and was sick.  
Agonized the ritual became,  
Blacker than the slow spreading stain,  
A tower tall, a symbol.  
Want meets want you understand the angle,  
Soon all our islands will be ocean,  
A unity to replace isolation.

Incision, the skin of the woods,  
A haemorrhage of profitable blooms.  
Those rivers run with crude in their veins,  
Over run with a fast flowing shame.  
A fraying flag, a symbol,  
Need leads need you understand the angle,  
The land gifted from the ocean,  
You look for patterns and only feel  
separation.

The explosion, the body is ripped,  
A confusion calls the core of the breach  
Yet willingly the torrents unfold  
Answering fast to the challenge imposed.  
A might profit, a symbol,  
Like finds like and will circle around to find  
you,  
No blood promise stain to hold you

The rupture, the gape of the mouth,  
A grizzly jaw sucks deep from the spout.  
Machinery for the mineral dance,  
A choreographed breed and advance.  
A highway long, a symbol,  
Coast to coast the greedy engines rumble,  
Encroaching web, industrialization.

Corrosion, the bubbling of rocks,  
A gaping yawn of fracturing blocks.  
Cast aside, the kingdom became,  
Toxified for a paper exchange.  
An exiled mother, a symbol,  
A clearing in the woods the fractured  
kingdom crumbles,  
Boom follows bust as oily claws tears the  
dust.

Consumer, the shock of the mouth,  
A yawning hole below an insatiable snout.  
Gulping quick from the emptying trough,  
Picking clean from the fields to the shops.  
The latest trend, a symbol.  
The fallacy of wealth, the junk that gets you  
tangled.  
The land uttered slowly bound and strangled.

Delusion and the grandeur of growth  
Oily spills paid from the sea where they float,

Monetize for the profit today  
Swallowed whole from the table we've laid  
A company logo, a sigil  
Branded approval, you understand the angle  
It's all about you and the want that you're  
tangled.

Fracking the scraping of bones  
The gulping down of chemical loans  
Justified all this future expense  
For a quick sprinkle of dollars and pence  
A falling empire, a symbol  
Time to up the game, you understand the  
angles  
The religion of progress, brotherhood of  
delusion  
Like finds like and will circle around to find  
you.

*2013*

## Dr Scoffs

Dr Scoffs was arrested for sacrilege the other night.

Stuttering obscenities he wouldn't come without a fight.

His socks were stuffed with breadcrumbs as they stormed into his room,

His carpet soiled with crackers as they crunched across the gloom.

He'd gone too far insisting that pigging doesn't pay,

And about the strangle of convenience much more he had to say;

'this scrambling after trophies just keeps you gorging junk,

And makes you burn your only wick into a wilted stump'.

He'd been working at his lever and trying to break it loose,

Through many office hours he'd felt he'd have to choose,

Between chasing fat and plenty and pockets full of dough,

Or lines of incessant chatter, so far all he had to show.

Neighbours felt the rumbles as they sat  
below his bed,  
Colleagues tripped on mumbles seen leaking  
from his head.  
Sipping tea in oily rooms they hissed about  
his state,  
'til all the prickly jaws agreed 'let's lock him  
out the way'.

'The cheek of it for him to utter such  
distasteful truth'  
How they couldn't face the baleful waste  
their capers spewed.  
'So rude of him to mention the habits we  
hold dear,  
Our servitude to greediness has always been  
sincere.

Now Dr Scoffs was always one to tell it how  
it is,  
And was never shy of sinking teeth into the  
hand that gives,  
His head was stuffed with portions of deep  
fried doom and gloom,  
He felt somewhat obliged to show how  
much we all consume.

'What nerve he has to try and prove it's not  
our right to take,

To help ourselves from field to farm from  
every poor man's plate,  
Our father told us early the we're only  
passing through,  
So the treasures from this island are just for  
us to use'.

But Dr Scoffs wept magic and sensed the  
setting sun,  
He watched the woven web of wonder  
quietly come undone.  
He'd always been quite stubborn in his daily  
appetite,  
But he set aside his knife and fork and  
prepared himself to fight.

With this freshly baked and quartered scorn he  
made his way back out,  
Intent on serving all and sundry some sort of  
dressing down.  
His fists were crammed with circumstance he  
hoped to finally prove,  
But his mouth kept overflowing with fancies  
ready chewed.

But who were they to listen, this hungry mob on  
strings?  
They were tied and led and quite content to  
continue gobbling things.

There was no chance that they'd consider, the  
damage they had done,  
As they dreamt their childish fantasies of  
boundless grub to come.

So Dr Scoffs was hauled away for trying to  
change his mind,  
All his greedy life he'd spent trying to  
decide,  
Between appetites and cravings, the things  
he longed to taste,  
But it seemed that any sense he'd found had  
kicked in far too late.

So if you're finding reasons to help yourself  
to more,  
Your plate is overflowing whilst the rest are  
growing poor,  
Perhaps you should remember what Dr  
Scoffs exclaimed,  
Before you scoff the final crumbs upon  
which we all depend?

## **Jesus Likes Pie...**

Jesus likes pie,  
The devil likes flan,  
But they both get their fillings  
From an old tin can.

The one tastes bitter,  
The other one sweet,  
But the recipes they bake,  
force feed us and repeat.

## Winter Sunday afternoons

Old bananas with their skins and black spots,  
Powdery taste and withering stalks,  
The dry limbs of age tainted in the antique glass bowl,  
Atop my grandma's teak sideboard.

Restless Sunday's on the TV couch.  
Dismal weather comes skulking inside,  
John Wayne's Indian genocides,  
Play monochrome mindlessly out.

Predictable animal roasts,  
Potatoes and beans on the boil.  
Steam mutes the peach lamp in the hall,  
Cigarette smoke meets the wall.

Nowhere to go, nothing to do,  
Can't even go and sit in your room,  
It's just a winter Sunday afternoon,  
A very special type of suburban gloom.

## Sun sets

That star scrapes the south west buildings a lot at this time of year but only a few gather the scrapings glittering on the floor.

I was there on the bridge to see a man tremble in its dwindling light. I was there crossing a river where the traffic flowed,

The bridge complied wearily existing in mind.

Mind complied existing in light. We all sighed.

Others consider that our backs must be against the wall, but what if we just miss the brightest part of the day?

Now afraid for the night, it only remains to tie off to the sunset and descend into another hastily convened dance.

On every corner and at every junction we're sold our demise anyway.

Everyone listens to everyone else and hears nothing whilst the circle continues onwards too vast for us to notice the return.

## **Don't need nothing but a good time?**

Living lightly on the land was never my youth's obligation.

There was no reason to fill an empty head with reality when shiny things fed.

Small towns of the 80's only channelled things to consume, intoxicate or divert.

Still they do, but now you can be appeased with conscious consumerism whilst you sit in traffic on the A40.

What channels shall we build now to make sure all that energy we inherit flows outwards?

How you shiver in the power circle and how you step is just what life is.

Managed energy. Directed. Stored. Wasted.

Too long we've listened to so many distractions. Keep still and hear something higher than you express it's needs.

## **Fields Edge**

That faith you feel,  
Slipping through your fingers,  
Gets pulled up from the roots  
By passing clouds.

The fire won't yield,  
It's burning at your window,  
And simmers from the streets  
Where all flames grow.

Fields edge.

The change you want,  
Though fears will always linger,  
Is waiting for you  
Where your wonder shows.

The words we say,  
Will slowly lose their meaning,  
If nothing ever  
Changes anyway

Fields edge.

There is no way  
To harvest from the centre,  
It's overgrown with

Bitter roots gone wild.

To find the place  
Where tangled branches shelter.  
Those cast aside  
Or those who wish to hide.

Fields edge.

## **The Market**

I want to show you how boy, 'fore you get  
yourself born.

I want to tell you now boy about them  
energy wars.

There were stupid boys with metal toys,  
Bombing desert hidey holes.

These vicious men did everything,  
To stick spikes in your mother's veins,  
For paper bills and scattered change,  
And endless numbers on their screens.

There were bombs and guns, dead mothers  
sons  
All sacrificed to corporations.

*We all sang...*

The market, the market, the market  
Sacrosanct if you please,

The market, the market, the market  
All must sweat to feed

The market, the market, the market  
There just is no other way

The market, the market, the market  
The body of the earth we flay

Now look at what remains boy,  
Look at what we've lost.  
I can only apologise boy,  
About what we failed to stop.

The brokers had their dogma,  
That poison creed we all agreed,  
We once had fields and trees, diverse  
species,  
But we preferred the TV screen

We bought the gadget,  
Maxed our cards,  
And it ditched it all,  
When we got bored.  
*Oh and how we all sang...*  
The market, the market, the market  
Sacrifice tomorrow,  
The market, the market, the market  
From the future borrow  
The market, the market, the market  
Everything we paid  
The market, the market, the market  
The stripped earth flayed.

## **Soundtrack to dissolution**

The soundtrack to dissolution sounds  
sweeter at a distance of years.

I remember with affection the stained, hot  
summer streets,  
Where love found the gutter and played me  
on the losing side.

Sounds and melody to contract the skin and  
dilate the eyes,  
That always try hard to peer into all the  
encroaching darkness.

You then welcome any kind of failure as  
long as it's in a safe territory,  
Where recent hits and blows blare out on  
the prow of your fast sinking ships.

Doesn't make any difference now if kicks  
and bruises kept the beat then,  
There's nothing finer than the song of  
misery to mellow into melancholy.

*Basel to London*  
*25th July 2018,*  
*18.11*

## **Bingle Drit**

Bingle Drit, a jester tester in the court of Limits.

Wouldn't talk about anything but would offer to live it.

Knew his camera couldn't capture the mountain,  
Didn't try to bolster platitudes with shouting.

His words were his vehicles that were high mileage miracles.

So, Bingle Drit declines the invitation politely.

## City Living

I am fractured, sacked, under attack,  
But still have a voice,  
That can choose a choice,  
Speak without thinking, if I'm lucky.

Have I chosen to be frozen,  
To forget who I am?  
All of it will return,  
The new moon will push me, when I  
stumble.

I contract as if expecting a smack,  
But quietly expand,  
When I remember myself  
And the illusion of cities.

*Hammersmith, London April 30<sup>th</sup> 2014*

## Rejoice

I admire your strength, your resolve, your unremitting commitment to slam in to the wall and take from those to come after you, til there's nothing left at all.

I applaud your decision to stay steadfast and true, diverting your eyes from a damage that of course, has absolutely nothing at all to do with you.

Content with this dance and routine that ticks the boxes of prosaic mimicry and minimises the risk of personal exploration, I'll do what you do whilst promising to admire your shoes.

What an achievement to have been stripped of all of your critical faculties, they're no fun anyway, not compared to the chance to advance another level in the gore game.

How can we fail to be happy engorged by more than our fair share? Let's cheer the human planet and strip all that crawls too wet for current taste.

Your inability to climb the stairs loaded with 4000 glucose, fructose, mono-saturated, tasty chemical crunch calories should be commended for your determined and continual effort to erode any semblance of self-restraint.

Awe of 100 000 years of progress, honing the organism into a meat disease, purging the land of its magic to reveal only the harsh stones of materialism now happily set into your blind crown.

We praise your wanton spirit shrouded as it is in a thick sleeve of greed, you're gorgeous and can have anyone or anything you crave, as it is your unending right to consume whatever you please.

You're greed is to be celebrated and written about in endless column inches stretching across the walls and the sea, building platforms to rejoice with the grey men who suck you dry.

I love the glamour of these magazines, the ink drying blood culled from body of the beast ripped apart in the reserve by imitators who want more of the same.

I laugh at the slow drip into bleeding rabbit eyes now that your hair is so soft and manageable, the imperfections of skin more painful to admit than needless animal death.

What joy to tune into the one eye that sees nothing but proclaims everything you now think, how marvellous that you're obedient enough to believe everything you are now told.

Delight as the obvious answer to every question has resulted in such perfect outcome. Every problem can be answered by the new religion, altars everywhere for random worship.

Rapture at the revelation of a supreme way of life, your god demon from the desert gulch leapt only onto your frontal lobe and denied your heart, disdains Earth.

Rejoice that we're far too polite to point out that cheated generations will snort to remember how dumbfat, blind and lazy their stupefied forebears were.

## **Human being, being human**

Human being, being human,  
Wanting love, love wanting.  
Easy fool, fool easy.  
Seeking more, more seeking.

Human being, being human,  
Forest clearing, clearing forest.  
Falling fast, fast falling.  
Greater profit, profit greater.

Human being, being human,  
Art and magic, magic art,  
Wisdom whisper, whisper wisdom.  
Forgotten friend, a friend forgotten.

Human being, being human,  
Nature hidden, hidden nature,  
Night fallen, fallen night.  
The time is now, the now is time.

Human being, being human.  
Change of heart, heart of change.  
Partner life, life partner,  
Not Empty words, words not empty.

Do what you love, love what you do.  
Era of change, change of era.

*January 2<sup>nd</sup> 2020, Brighton, UK.*

## Throwin' Stones

Since I crossed your line, words just seem  
empty,  
I can't change my mind, no more sympathy.

You push, you push me away.  
I'm done, I'm through, it's over.  
You lead me, you lead me astray,  
This time I choose my own way.

You seem to believe you can do as you  
please  
I pretend to agree, but I can't fake it that's  
why I'm  
Out throwin' stones.

Since I lost your mind, find it oh so clear.  
You push, you pushed me away, this time I  
choose my own way.

You seem to believe you can do as you  
please  
I pretend to agree, but I can't fake it that's  
why I'm  
Out throwin' stones

Don't push I'll prove it,  
You'll know it when I show it,

You think that you've got me but don't try  
to stop me.

That's why I'm out throwin' stones.

## **Parabutu**

Room all bright colours and sharp lines. In the middle a large shower, no screen, but defined by the square of tiles on the floor and chrome dial marked with the customary blue and red jutting from the wall. Next to it was an untidily made single bed, the duvet and pillow case all purple rubber, presumably so as to avoid being soaked from cascading water.

When I barged in with my leg injury Parabutu was writing hastily on the white rubber of the bed sheets, brainstorming to find out why we've transferred everything to machine when it even makes us unhappy. She was confused as to what she thought she should be, so all her writings were just trying to see. I reminded her of toxic splurge and of everything unseen.

Manufacturing is not a pretty business and some poop fish had to drown in the dye, those bright coloured sheets couldn't make it by themselves. Some strangled sparrow get caught in the net, some bloodied baby strangled in snot so you can always get what you want. The convenience of your purchases

the only consideration when keeping up the image.

Parabutu calculated that it wasn't enough just to be, like it was in the days of fathers. Now every single scrap is religiously tossed to the fire and every word burnt for the sake of making lies big enough to cover the shortages. We'd watched cars being bought and washed on Sundays but we couldn't imagine the point of a pipe that pumped poison for profits.

Sucking from the marketing wastepipe was draining. Even Parabutu risked falling and felt shackled by its constant inertia though she at least kept up the negative ions and alternative diet. The grave will show us unable to escape what we flushed. Fast food is a draw and television completes the set. I had fallen and my leg still ached but now there was a danger that I might slip on her floor.

She had no lock on the door, no need to keep out what she couldn't control anyhow, and I came and went, usually red, sometimes green, occasionally blue, all white. I'd tried to live outside but had tired of plasticky digital salad and hot wires. Where was the warmth? How

might I connect properly? I came to believe unseen forces. What part of the delusion could I dismiss as unreal?

Parabutu's room was disarray but there was no need to maintain order when the real deal always arrive as scruffy guests. Sitting around we waited to see. I welcomed the uncertainty, but where we're all headed is somewhat predictable. Even when some guests stand over you and attempt to convince you of their plan. Once you've spent time in the garden you can dig nothing else.

Parabutu was in love with the circle when the world dreamt lines into the future. I was in love with Parabutu because of that tingle of feminine magic that cuts down Romans before retiring to nurture the trees has always been my thing. The plan is there is no plan just a series of ideas pinned to the pitch black of a retaining wall gaily covered with stretched and garish fabric.

## **Xtra Value God**

It's not so easy, trying hard to light  
the darkness you created for yourself.  
What was received has started our descent,  
gotta protect ourselves,  
You want to lie and lie down low.

What use is it to me now?  
What use it to me now when I've had it for  
so long?

Who will be with you, when its so, so  
distant?  
Who will you be then when it comes?  
Becoming clearer, no signs to point the way  
or show you what to say,  
You want to know, but when will you know?

What use is it to me now?  
What use it to me know because I've had it  
for so long.

When there's a wolf at your door it's too late  
to leave it out there.  
When there's a wolf at your door it's too late  
to turn around.  
Now that the wolf's at the door you see  
what's really out there.

Or can you stand in its path as it jumps to  
take you down?

It's not so easy, trying hard to light  
the darkness you created for yourself.  
What was received has started our descent,  
who'll tell you what to say?  
You'll want to know, when will you know?

## **Serpent trail**

Tell me which secret kings you are?

I've come to meet you

I've come to greet you

On top of the hill at Lughsadna.

*1<sup>st</sup> August 2018*

## **The Essential Will Carrie**

In this place so caught and cursed by the  
onset of decline,  
In a country marked by loss across her  
cravings of desire,  
Where every ragged step falters lonely on the  
ledge,  
And words from blistered lips recant the  
wistfulness of fate.

The scars are daily present where the power  
left the land,  
And the lights will only flicker at the shadow  
of your hand,  
Now when winter spreads its rumour there's  
no hiding from its claim,  
Nor the stifling accusations unconditioned  
summer brings.

To a fragment of this country where more  
roamers scratch a living,  
Cashing low and meagre profit from their  
fathers poor decisions,  
Sleeping rough in junker motors on the  
backseats of despair,  
Crowded camps of rusty cars, obsolete  
beyond repair.  
Here in brief respite they live awhile away  
from ruin,

Beyond the blistered skin of progress long  
abandoned as illusion,  
And at night they trade for stories and the  
last of old possessions,  
Then yield every waking hour for their  
mothers' lack of vision.

Since the changes set upon them with the  
viciousness of sorrow,  
To these camps they now retreat until  
they're dragged back to tomorrow,  
Just a place to spend the darkness until the  
breaking of the day,  
As they move from place to place seeking  
work along the way.

Will Carrie holds the keys around these  
worn and rusty quarters.  
A solitary shadow since he lost his wife and  
daughter,  
From the strays he makes enough to scrape  
a living from the floor,  
From the weariness of grief, excused of  
hopes for any more.

And if there ever was a time before he'd had  
to live this way,  
Before the constant inundation, his only  
answer to the rain,

He'd awoken to a bloody sun to find himself  
divided,  
A heart still pulling skyward before the flood  
had yet subsided.

Feeding anguish in its legion from a muted  
maze of mourning,  
Will Carrie and his shadow linger quietly on  
the border,  
From some past the faintest flickers cast a  
jaded optimism,  
But their pale and waning hue is not enough  
to bring a difference.

The Reprisals took so many from the few  
who questioned why,  
And after that they sought to silence any  
voice who would deny,  
That outsiders giving orders were the only  
ones to blame,  
For bringing to this country all their  
ignorance and pain.

The Reprisals judged his daughter, found her  
guilty of dissent,  
Accusing many others, with the crimes they  
could invent,  
To appease their growing anger and their  
sense of discontent,

As though the currency of wrath could ever  
truly be all spent.

How the people stormed, as they watched it  
slip away,  
A way of life they'd come to lose in their  
superstitious rage.  
The Reprisals seemed an answer to a quickly  
shifting tide,  
That swept away the certainties crude oil  
could once provide.

So tired of begging morsels from the edge of  
masters table,  
They didn't hesitate to turn when his house  
became unstable,  
And many stories ended when they crossed  
out master's words,  
And soon enough replaced it all with  
something even worse.

And through the years of turmoil as his wife  
joined their daughter,  
He'd dwelt lowly on the margins where  
there's nothing left to fight for.  
But midnight won't allow reprieve from all  
the horror seen,  
Nor dawn ever him forget the life that  
should have been.

But for every orbit damaged there's a new  
world to collide,  
Like a lonely nomad planet out there waiting  
to decide,  
When the void becomes too empty, so it has  
to re-align,  
And to Will there came a body who he never  
could deny.

Through a dawn so deep and troubled Dru  
came desperate to his door,  
As the pale and struggling morning slowly  
crystalized her form,  
Though she kept no threads that tied her to  
a memory or a place,  
Bounded dimly, dark horizon, he could  
recognise her face.

Or was it flickers of the faith that the day  
may yet revive?  
Or for him a chance redemption, a fleeting  
flicker behind her eyes?  
As if she was an antidote to all that's gone  
before,  
A wary emissary to hold the door for  
something more.  
But for Dru there was no feeling besides  
uncertainty and pain

She stood numbly with the morning that  
caressed her with its rain  
A Lucifer ascending whom the changing  
times brought down.  
Hekate awoken, stalked and tracked on  
muddy land.

There was nowhere else to go when she  
found Will at the door,  
There they teetered on the border as the rain  
began to pour,  
That she saw him as a presage to her days  
changed evermore,  
Gave shelter from the burden of the sudden  
life she bore.

So there and then she entered and he could  
only stand and stare,  
Seldom had he had the sense of what now  
he felt aware,  
He'd been voiceless when no certainties had  
come to test his doubts,  
But with an open door he welcomed one he  
hoped could cast them out.

Lent again a day that might annul the life  
that should have been,  
The embers of a passion once as ash now  
found their heat,

As she quietly took a seat he searched her  
face for something other,  
and recognised anew the flame becoming  
quick to smoulder.

But for every hopeful union there's a risk of  
broken chances,  
There were swiftly moving searchers  
crossing fields and fast advancing,  
Scratching traces from the stories weary  
strangers trade for favours,  
Desperate now to purge Dru's name and  
anyone who might save her.

Will only saw a satyr's eyes as she crouched  
upon the floor,  
As she slowly tried to say a name whilst he  
shut the crooked door.  
'D', faced with all the days he'd lost, all 'R'  
lives are so impelled,  
With tiny breath and three small letters 'Dru'  
she finally spelled.

And with that word the paling day had lent  
their first encounter,  
And as Dru's form eclipsed his doubts, Will  
knew not to renounce her.  
And he waited for the sun to cross and bow  
down to the moon,

She surrendered to the passing day as she  
dare not leave the room.

And soon the searchers came, trailing  
threadbare superstition,  
Through murky skies they'd watched for  
signs with squinted eyed suspicion.  
They washed up on the evening shore  
spilling fear on rusty quarters  
And onto all who'd found this day relentless  
on their weary shoulder.

Air electric and ruttod sod they came unruly  
at his door,  
And in that moment he understood what  
might just be restored,  
In this room caught, enchanted pushing  
credence to the brink,  
The desolation chains that Will had forged  
now finally found a link.

But their fists convinced Will's trembling  
door to rattle in its frame,  
And indignant curses shouted out, rained  
down upon Dru's name.  
Pointing quickly to the buckled floor and a  
twisted gap beneath her,  
Will hissed at Dru to move below before  
turning back to answer.

Through that gap then Dru manoeuvred,  
slender slid the splintered boards,  
Leaving Will to shrill and menacing threats  
that few could long ignore.  
For a second time the day had offered  
strangers to perturb him,  
His lonely days long undisturbed, now riven  
worlds colliding.

Two standing on his step awaiting chance to  
cause some pain,  
Both of them intimidating in bloody red and  
grey.  
With squinted eye and crooked tooth one  
spat her accusation:  
'The foreigner who came to you will come  
without objection'.

As he felt his purpose sink in sticky hatred  
and disgust,  
Will carried all the burden of a captivated  
trust,  
Determined not to lose the lessons inflicted  
from his loss,  
To defy these bitter searchers whom seldom  
few had crossed.  
'I'm the one who holds the keys for these  
worn and rusty quarters

And I've been solitary here since I lost my  
wife and daughter,  
There are only those that shelter until the  
breaking of the day,  
And of the one you've come here hunting,  
I've got nothing I can say'.

They never said a word as they pushed him  
to the dirt,  
And gave another living insult to his  
ecosphere of hurt.  
'Do you think we don't remember how your  
daughter left you here?  
Yet there you stand beside deceit, pretending  
shrill that you're sincere.'

Then upon his dusky room they forced  
themselves for satisfaction,  
To satiate their sullied thirst for endless  
retribution.  
For Dru they knew, was something true, a  
splinter from the whole,  
If she went free, was allowed to be, they  
would never keep control.

But his room so long abandoned to  
pregnant disillusion,  
Bore for them no fugitive or frame to lay  
their hands on.

That this lowly place, this dismal den, could  
deny them vindication;  
Just cold water in the face of self-entitled  
indignation.

More spiky than the needles falling from the  
spruce's bough  
Were the prickly accusations that they  
levelled at Will now.  
'In what bounded world you teeter  
squirring thinly for a view,  
Yet the lesson we're repeating somehow  
never reaches you'.

'You've brushed the piercing bristles of the  
hand that harvests all,  
Still we fix its grip and push with it until our  
way's restored,  
She has come to you to scratch false truths  
like flesh on bramble thorn,  
But she will never be allowed to spread  
division as before'.

Without another word, they pushed him  
once more to the ground,  
Their sneering boots and angry strides  
broadcasting rough and loud.  
But if seeds of intimidation were what they  
wished to share,

Will's nightly twilight torment had put him  
beyond all care.

In a home caught and cursed by the  
constant crave of grief,  
And a man marked by loss trying now to  
find belief.  
He watched in placid silence as the searchers  
went away,  
And even in despair he knew could never  
her betray.

Will turned around and went inside to pull  
the splintered board,  
And though his burned and blackened soul  
had left his feelings charred and hurt,  
He ached for true connection that had so  
long been denied,  
A severance so severe that his heart beat  
cauterized.

Now falling to the hiding place where Dru  
had disappeared,  
Yet finding not a single trace in the  
humming atmosphere,  
Though he'd never yet found solace where  
the fickle spirits stir,  
He'd split the roots of hopelessness for a  
simple touch from her.

He went out to a cooling dusk with wrecks  
beyond repair,  
And all at once he understood whilst  
standing awestruck there,  
As Dru lay floating arms outstretched, a  
flickering fallen star  
dark thorny trees danced in the breeze that  
seemed to flow from her.

And now the trembling earth joined in to  
offer affirmation,  
To prove that all his shame and loss were  
the base metals of redemption,  
If desires were ersatz diamonds that lies  
wore as disguise  
Could Dru undo, perhaps transmute all  
elements of demise?

But he caught himself before his awe  
wrapped a rope around his throat,  
In case it tried to stop him talking sense  
against this reckless hope,  
What use were mystic cravings in a world so  
disenchanted?  
Where stunted fruits were harvested from  
every seed yet planted.  
The Reprisals stripped the wonder from this  
country overrun,

Then snipped the threads of every well-  
intentioned stitch yet to be spun.  
And who could see the veil when the shroud  
is ripped and torn?  
When the mantle of oppression cloaked a  
future yet unborn.

Yet here was Dru's blunt presence arching  
slowly out of time,  
Like an honest question posed to someone  
jaded from the lies.  
And perhaps her radiance could only be so  
loved against a darkness pushed aside,  
In that shade, Will sensed her charms and  
the secrets of her kind.

But now her eerie calls left scant shelter  
from her deluge,  
And upon the shore of mystery left him  
stranded without refuge,  
And he knew that once again there would be  
splinters to the bone,  
As each and every world demands its scarlet  
tide of foam.

Within the spinning furore she called him,  
warned him to remain,  
And he knew he'd have to disavow all that  
comfort found in pain,

Ignited from the darkness where he saw her  
now descend  
To crush into the earth despair, his  
overbearing friend.

She'd been disentangled from a country  
where seldom few have ventured,  
Pulled back into this world to damp a  
wound that wept and festered,  
Yet neither knew the reasons for their orbits  
to collide,  
For if a man falls under Eris it's not the  
former who decides.

Then once again she spoke again as she  
stood amongst the wreckage,  
Of a hundred ruined junkers, rusting  
hundreds left rejected,  
Then her words were soothing invocations  
scattering sprites of evergreen,  
That might overthrow this withered age of  
malevolence, severance, grief.

'I woke up with the rising sun to find myself  
divided,  
In a body shaped of water and dirt with a  
heart still pulling skyward.  
Then the wet air warned of enemies that  
would never welcome me,

And I felt the hunter sense its prey and I  
looked for sanctuary’.

‘When the morning whispered urgency, I  
stumbled to your clearing,  
And it was only when I saw your face that I  
knew what I was hearing,  
Now every passing moment seems to thrill  
me into shivers,  
They’re the hitching breaths within the chest  
of a child plunged in the river.’

In approaching dark with longing but few  
words to reply,  
Will wasn’t used to looking the future  
straight within the eye.  
What piercing danger unannounced was still  
to sting his brow?  
Or whip him with intense desire so bitterly  
disavowed?

‘I’ve watched the wretched and the weary  
scrape the earth to find a sign,  
To trace a magick consequence to things  
that happen all the time  
But it was only when I saw your face that I  
recognised my perdition,  
And here you’ve found me at the feet of  
listless separation’.

As crooked trees stretched with the breeze  
convulsing over the meadow,  
Dru moved again, came close to him, as his  
hushed words mixed with shadows,  
'If nature lends us chaos as a lens to find our  
guiding star.  
There might for me, be some reprieve if you  
tell me what, or who, you are?'

'When I watched you stand against those  
pushing cruelly at the door,  
I knew I'd found connection but of course  
of you I cannot be sure.  
But no burden or coercion causes me to  
here remain,  
Yet I hesitate to stay so close if it causes you  
further pains?'

'I only know my presence was entangled  
with your daughter,  
And I sensed myself dragged lowly down  
when their fraying nooses caught her,  
But If I ever had an older world where this  
body was once forbidden,  
For now it seems I dream dark dreams  
whilst to you I'm freely given...'  
Will teetered on the border as the darkness  
closed around them,

Wondering what strange attractor could  
have bought his daughters daemon,  
Living sick in grit vibration with only scars  
to mark his time,  
He found himself believing Dru for his  
cravings unrealised.

‘I’ve seen scratched sigils come to life and  
statues walk the land,  
But stood with weary unconcern the  
vengeful could never understand.  
I’ve watched every circle spinning tight into  
a holding cell,  
As each and every tender thought was  
forged to plate my hell’.

‘So every day I curse the morning that  
reminds me as I waken,  
That the coming day is empty since all  
kindness was forsaken,  
and though the past is shrill with pity and  
leering with disdain,  
I feel a calming peacefulness in the truth of  
what you say.’

‘But now darkness gives its cloak to those  
who wait and linger on,  
And though we disbelieve the schemes of all  
its faithless, servile sons,

This night has sharpened threats with senses  
deaf to ordinary pleas.  
The Reprisals judge us only in those shades  
they that can see”.

‘But the utter dark will give us shelter from  
your dank pursuers,  
And beneath this listing roof we can shut the  
door to your accusers,  
Perhaps the night will trade its stories for a  
moment of redemption,  
Before the coming day compels us with its  
undeclared intention’.

He had glimpsed the secret world again,  
where despair forgot to look,  
It had scratched an unexpected sentence on  
the last page of his book.  
He saw his troubled circumstance was self-  
inflicted from within;  
The mucky ghosts which set the scene and  
performance to begin.

Then with a shudder closed the door to  
watchers waiting in the trees  
Gently swaying as Dru’s body lay back  
slowly ill at ease.  
And Will waited for the moon to cross and  
give in to the sun,

And then he dared to let himself believe in  
better days to come.

The next dawn pale and potent, searchers  
storming through the dirt,  
Twenty hands of callous fingers blindly  
clawing at the earth.  
For Dru they came, to dowse her flame, a  
spark lit from the whole,  
If they let her free, allowed her to be, they  
would never have control.

But darkness bears its children to the spiral  
with cold fire,  
to boil the cauldron of the senses and stir  
the chaos of desire.  
So, order by coercion finds its hands soon  
slapped aside,  
And those who came to cast a shadow  
would not sunrise survive.

As they crashed amid the junkers, stillness  
shrinking from their shouts,  
The Reprisals' ugly violence poised and  
ready to lash out.  
But there was only smoke to welcome,  
pushing back the rising sun,  
Swiftly trapped in swirling billows, every  
harsh step overcome.

Slipping sickly from the Elder, leaking  
tendrils sinking slowly,  
Creeping quickly from the Hawthorn, an  
eerie spectre choking coldly,  
Gripping laboured breath and lunging fist  
with poisonous embrace,  
Seeping sullen with the hedgerow, all  
invaders laid to waste.

Will stood beside the drifting haze, return to  
power draws near,  
The shanty view across the yard, his deeper  
nature there revealed.  
There Dru found him still, beside himself,  
adrift amongst the rout,  
But empty skulls, now unconcerned could  
offer no account.

It was he who'd caused the sylphs to hold  
the burden of the smoke,  
Wild spewing from a rage surprising those  
who's needless spite provoked  
His fury and his sorrow for the crucible he'd  
endured,  
Now he understood the rough country of  
spirit at last restored.  
Then she pulled him by the shoulder along a  
steep and thorny path,

The morbid clasp of solitude, slipping slowly  
from his back,  
And the forest reassured them of the  
sanctuary inside,  
Deep towards its fertile heart, to the peace  
the hollow Oak provides.

Slipping swift under the Alder, no longer  
who he used to be,  
Tearing quickly over Blackthorn, ripping  
robes of certainty,  
Deep among forgotten trees where futures  
always hide,  
Where love and dissolution are the  
splintered barbs to guide.

All at once the hollow Oak, imposing  
shadow on the path,  
Where Will had once found a stay within its  
fecund, restive clasp.  
Its calloused bark and musty dark, a  
hideaway from their accusers,  
Underneath its budding leaves dismissing  
winters cold illusion.

And here he looked for answers, not the  
empty husks of words,  
Those wretched sounds were shapes to  
drown the curses he'd incurred.

Taking Dru into its heart to hide his longing  
from her eyes,  
His simple act of growing fear, no longer  
serving its disguise.

'In bleak currents dragged along since I lost  
my wife and daughter  
I felt my strength begin to fade, a sick  
survivor treading water,  
And I struggled with that futile flow that  
surged to drag me down,  
Where murky rifts and muddy pools urge all  
faith to sink and drown...'

'But what's the point of waiting around for  
the tide to collapse the bluff?  
Of waiting on retreating banks for that river  
to swallow you up?  
On what day will you decide that the time's  
already come?  
You lie now thirsty on the arid ground of a  
life already done.'

'The Reprisals took our daughter, when we  
moved out to the border,  
Where they came out with their creeds and  
their knives sharpened towards her,  
And when she'd gone I watched the fires  
dwindle in Nileen's affection,

And then her cinders turned to ashes, all her  
love to dissolution’.

‘She breathed the dangerous illusion of the  
disconnected other,  
And found the reaching arms of Death, Her  
final overbearing lover,  
So, what of times rehearsed inertia trapping  
limbs and damping lust?  
It first caresses us with velvet and then  
becomes the stranglers’ glove...’

‘When sometimes sentences confine, their  
limits push us into answers,  
But words make you estranged and blind to  
truths still pushing past you.  
Your daughters’ only lost to the house  
where you’re confined,  
But our horizon sets unchanged and the  
future will decide.’

‘Because it’s not beside her child that Nileen  
has found release,  
Your daughter’s numb on country roads,  
blindly sinking to the sea.  
And I knew about the failing world when I  
chose to find her side,  
With Chana’s strength, I ripped the web and  
came to be her guide’.

‘Then I fell to find you swift before you  
wasted one more day,  
Because in you I somehow recognise the  
seasons turn again,  
You both yearned your passions burned,  
your cravings tore upon the veil,  
Towards this ground, you bought me down  
in that troubled dawn so pale.’

‘Dru, what are you saying? Are you saying  
she’s alive?  
Have you come here to remind me of the  
meaning I can’t find?  
The Reprisals stole my Chana unwinding  
swiftly to the end,  
So do you come as trickster now, in the rags  
of a helpless friend?’

‘And am I beyond repair, too far from any  
hope,  
Since death and lies have stripped my life so  
far beyond harsh jokes?  
When everything that mattered here’s been  
sold off, shamed or slain,  
To face your words, what strength to leave  
or reason to remain?’  
‘Will, only rats beneath the circus stalls now  
stand at centre stage,

And their mob takes fright with beady eyes  
as they see the curtains raised.  
All those that judged forgot their skin is  
stretched on common bone,  
They thought they'd sever quick a throat  
that spoke for truth alone.'

'And you deal with them in dirt and choke  
their dust out on the road,  
Whilst you're rooted with the earth, they still  
pull you far from home.  
Reprisals claim the minute but the power's  
with this hour,  
As if the bitterest of seeds could sour the  
beauty of the flower.

'So, what I came to say were only words to  
set you free,  
and when I found you at the door I knew  
that you were just like me.  
Chana's numb within the lanes and unaware  
she's needed,  
And chaos holds the bloody fields where  
these warnings go unheeded'.

'All your anger, invocations, all your grief an  
open door,  
But we came to overthrow the withered age  
so bitterly endured.

And I think you know the choice you made  
when you came into this world,  
Just beneath the level of awareness where  
the depths begin to swirl?.

'Dru, what are you saying, do our natures  
here reveal?  
A solar flare and daemon beam spun on the  
living wheel?  
Chana sleeps caught and cursed, breathing  
shallow in the lie,  
Only exiled by reprisals when we thought  
they'd took her life?

'And did she choose brutality, resistance  
dimmed with fading strength?  
Whilst all my given chances, I freely  
swapped for naïve discontent.  
What miracle or remedy can pause our  
driven slide?  
What current from the deep dark earth, what  
signal from the sky?

'She was lost, your paths were crossed and  
crowded with the dispossessed,  
Then you called me down, the earth curved  
round and I sighed a damp and startled  
breath.

But you should know your dampened  
spectre hides an aim yet claimed,  
We're the seeds that need the storms to  
flourish, not the gentle summer rain'.

'I couldn't ride the fortune streams that drag  
with human grit vibration,  
In this world so caught and cursed, it  
brought me down to seek connection.  
And our clearing in the forest is where the  
coming storms collide,  
You and I will face the clouds, reveal the sun  
that always shines.'

And then she leapt and quickly went where  
earth and sky collide,  
Will trailed her from that hiding place and  
followed fast behind.  
The forest no escape from all the horror that  
he'd seen,  
But yielding to the scarlet tide could claim a  
life that should have been.

The back woods give up dirt, where the  
carrion finds its crow,  
Where trees allow a midday track to cast its  
passing shadow.  
And here they found recoiling shuffles,  
pulled brawn at the barrow,

Reprisals pierce retreating hordes, their fury  
sharp as arrows.

And Chana stumbled unaware within the  
fleeing pulse of limbs,  
With only darting glances where sharp  
alertness once had been.  
Will faltered at the roadside, losing ground  
to understanding,  
As though falling joints and painful truths  
might move to overwhelm him.

But Dru was all at once upon her, kissing  
Chana's furrowed brow.  
She'd found her place within the whirlwind,  
Chana's daemon knew somehow,  
That only love and raging water cut us  
currents to transform,  
When out of depth and drifting cold, still  
never far from shore.

Will's blood surging, vengeance urging  
pushing blood towards the scarlet tide  
Against the mob whose blades swung long,  
with rusty swipes to sever, divide.  
Scratching sinew from the backs of strangers  
and so in pain they might deter,  
So desperate now to purge Dru's name and  
anyone who might save her.

Chana's arm in Dru's palm as she led her to  
the trampled ferns,  
To a father, unfurling fast, just waiting for  
his child's return.  
And when he held her once again, her shape  
seemed cut by blatant lines,  
A cheap illusion of his choosing, retreating  
now before his eyes.

Then fragile re-enchantment settled lightly  
on Will's brow  
And every desperate hour fell away to power  
now.  
Seldom had a withered hand found  
resolutions brace,  
And here for Chana, Will would stand, no  
more use for fear or hate.

And Chana recognised him as a world she  
could belong,  
As sounds held in a rhythm dressed with  
words complete the song,  
The exile to the meadow, the mother's loss,  
her sacrifice,  
All dissonance and longing, each mystery  
exacts its price.

Then Reprisals overwhelmed them, mindless  
foaming spreading stain,

Still more of them intimidating in fresh  
bloody red and grey,  
With empty eye and crooked smile one spat  
a cruel instruction,  
'All death to those who wait, who curse the  
winds with superstition'.

And even as they flashed their glare so smug  
with hunters' prey,  
They forgot the elemental Dru and what she  
had to say.

Now branches hissed the fury that the trees  
just couldn't scream,  
As all as one they turned their stare as Dru  
began to speak.

'You're all lost within the old world, chasing  
vapours in retreat,  
With only servile barbs of vengeance  
holding brief and bitter peace,  
What worms within your heads are chewing  
chances of acceptance,  
Writhing blindly in the dirt, forgetting all  
that you depend on'.  
'All your anger, invocations, all the grief that  
closed the door,  
We came to douse malicious rage the broken  
country yet endures,

You've tried so hard to kill the age, to mute  
its dogged sentence,  
But duration of an idea's life is no measure  
of its intention'.

'With every given moment you could have  
moved beyond despair,  
To alter all your hurt and give away what  
you could share,  
And creation and forgiveness lie beneath  
your restless surface,  
And you lie when you deny that you were  
sent here for their purpose'.

A sudden squeal of creaking timber, and  
then a ring of falling trees,  
And in that clearing so divided, the mob,  
four fleers and the three.  
And what was left of mercy fell for every eye  
to see,  
Her transition to the fringes confined to  
circles of belief.

They moved on Dru and cut her quick,  
unheeded words found whispering winds,  
Her blood bled thick without defeat as Dru  
fell aside to let them in.  
Then somehow her submission stirred the  
fearful and the weak,

And each heart in the circle hardened fast  
against retreat.

Ferocious in resolve, what clamour lent  
Dru's sacrifice?  
Her killers' plunge to cowardice turned the  
others to their knives.  
The four now had them out, reprisal theirs  
to turn around,  
Defending Will and Chana, they then moved  
to bring them down.

That dismal, bounded clearing left only six  
sincere together,  
Whilst beyond that splintered deadfall the  
vindictive grip became untethered.  
What's use for all the struggle if connections  
are disabled?  
As if the world were sickly fiction not  
shared, enchanted fables.

How the weary groaned as they watched  
Dru disappear,  
A way of life they'd come to bear could  
never last a truth so clear,  
The Reprisals had no answer to Dru's  
revealing of their lie,  
Her flouting of their certainties, her turning  
of the tide.

Now Chana spoke in whispers as she pulled  
from Will's embrace,  
But he felt her words as mystic as the  
shadows left her face,  
An inflicted world was falling, Dru pulling  
down around her  
The snarling, stained Reprisals denied the  
trophy they'd churned blood for.

'I was lost, the paths were crossed and  
crowded with the dispossessed,  
When Dru appeared, I had no fear but I  
breathed in pain a startled breath.  
What ignorance and vengeance dimmed the  
borders of the worlds?  
But time has coiled its binding turns to lend  
what we deserve.

'My father gave me thread to weave the  
warp of my intentions,  
The words my mother said invoked the lure  
of the horizon.  
And then I was a victim to Reprisals' bitter  
blame,  
I should have cast aside their poisons,  
turned my back against their games'.

'You saw them hurting Dru because she  
shapes a newer pattern

She knew what they would do, now we recall  
what we'd forgotten,  
The mystery of reason, the cool persuasion  
of the stars,  
We share the conversation, but our voice is  
one small part.'

Chana stepped beyond the ring of trees to  
stand among the rest,  
And those that lingered looked at Will for  
the unseen chaos he possessed  
Might they perhaps claim inner space kept  
starved and hungry hollow?  
Recite the words Dru's passing scored on a  
map they now could follow?

Will whispered disillusion and Dru's coming  
to subvert,  
Why now she'd never rest beneath a rougher  
shroud of fibrous earth.  
The golden set of twilights' gift brought  
comfort to her ending,  
And if he never did another thing he'd  
cherish her descending.  
'The essential will of wildness and the  
challenge of the heart,  
We submit ourselves to turmoil that it might  
render us apart.

What pain you gained from looking back,  
refusing to let go,  
She and I just followed here when the blood  
began to flow’.

Will’s sentence then had reached an end,  
Chana stood alone.  
What reason now to walk the trails or shiver  
far from home?  
No sorrow for his season passed when  
springtime brings renewal,  
Just the essential will to carry on when the  
crucible proved cruel.

Never then vendetta from Chana or the  
injured,  
The arcane roots of peace long left to wither  
found their fissure.  
Red and grey were falling leaves to feed the  
fertile, changing ground,  
Their fading colours, memories of a callow  
crown brought down.

‘There’s never separation of the ocean and  
the river,  
And only if we cease its flow do we come to  
see division.  
Your daughters waited long to prove the  
promise of the child,

Your sons surrender skin and bone to our  
union long denied’.

*2012 – November 22<sup>nd</sup> 2019, 5.24pm*

City, country, future, past: all  
roads can cross when we fall  
from our own path.

In a world of unseen energies,  
it's easy to forget who we are.....

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