

Poetry Series

Gary Diamond

- poems -

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Gary Diamond(04-10-1984)

Self-professed laziest poet alive. Works in short bursts of creativity before getting bored and not writing again for months. Hates 90% of poems submitted here, but knows that the ones he most hates are probably the ones people would actually comment on and score highly.

Influences are Bukowski, Vonnegut, Burroughs, Burgess, Orwell, all the idiots of the world, all the bad landlords and whatever else.

Also a musician, painter and intellectual. Party trick: playing four wine glasses at once.

1/4 Of Your Average Deck

i am one quarter of your average deck
i am a social and emotional wreck
on the line; always my neck
as i endure another rubber cheque

lets catch the daylight sun
before the race is run
you wanted entertainment
step out lets go get some

sometimes death is preferable
to a life spent in reverie
with the future still to grapple
not to follow, here to lead

timing is of the art
state of art is the essence
we all have these changes of heart
traded them for effervescence

as what is left of my soul
flies out through the window

excuse me sir, you've left your blood on the end of my fist

and if you choose to meet me
you'll find me too stubborn
although its now discreetly
too selfish and headstrong

or am i too meticulous?
some laugh dont be ridiculous
are you sure you're not avoiding? thus
it doesn't make you androgynous

Gary Diamond

100 Cups Of Coffee

I am the new Philip J Fry.
I want to break the record
100 cups of coffee
In 24 hours.
One every 20 minutes.

Would I shake
Would I laugh
Would caffeine at those doses
Make me hallucinate
Like smoking four cigarettes in ten minutes
As I did
For a dare
In college
(I lost.)

Although I must admit
I'd be hard pressed
To have a robot for a friend
And a cyclops as a lover.
I hope the future
Is just as fun
As it looks in my favourite show.

Gary Diamond

2nd Restart Interview

Report at 9: 30am, the laser-printed letter said.

I folded the sheet in half, lengthways,
and tucked it into an inside jacket pocket.

I pulled on my battered trainers and made my way out of the house.
No-one stirred.

I shuffled my way down the backroads
hangover like someone had put my head in a bucket and kicked it.

I kept walking.
I figured it was just as well I'd been at the bitter all night
lager and I probably would have thrown up and been
unable to move.
And if I missed this appointment
they'd stop my dole money
and I'd run out
of ways to buy food and booze.
I couldn't have had that.

I got there in the end.
I had to queue up to sign into the building
then ascend some stairs and queue up again to register for the restart.
Oh they give it a fancy name
but it still felt like Royston Vasey to me.
I received my bright green pack
took a seat in one of the training rooms.

I pulled out the paperwork and saw
it was something else I'd need to read and sign.
I'd already done that twice and was a little bored of it.

I was too lazy to find a pen
I just kept reading and rereading the same bits, never letting it sink in.
I figured they were stalling for time anyway.

I wouldn't be the last to finish, so I took it nice and slow.

Somewhere it ended
and we went out of the area back into the main room

and haphazardly sat
and waited for our one-on-one interviews.

Gary Diamond

3 Bottles Of Whiskey A Week

I was getting through
three bottles
of whiskey
per week,
like the stuff was going out of production.

I had taken a liking to
a cocktail called Ferrari Jack:
double shot of JD
double shot of Amaretto
some coke then lemon slices and ice.

Whiskey drunkenness and beer drunkenness were very different.
I enjoyed beer ones but I started to prefer the whiskey feeling.
It made you feel good like beer, but still you were able to stay
lucid and alert after a lot of it.

It didn't override your entire consciousness
you didn't need to piss all the time
it didn't bring on flatulence
you didn't need to smoke cigarettes
to counteract the effects of the depressant.

I liked it a lot
and reasoned if Lemmy
was still alive after years
of it, so I would be.

Gary Diamond

4 Stops To Home

my place or yours.
much the same to me.
lets roam indoors.
lets take the train that meets me.

and i can't judge my grasp.
or hold this door no more.
and i can't place my feet.
well it beats being bored.

and let the light that lifts me.
turn into something else.
and let the dreams that beat me.
be the ones you just can't figure out.

let your mind just wander.
wander back as far as your feet can roam.
let the lights that guide me.
be the ones that take us home.

Gary Diamond

5 Minutes Of Itv2 Fame

After a fair share of debauchery
stretched over a week
it had caught up with me.

I was in trouble
all exhausted
chewed up.

The television cameras had got us.
It was for some reality TV show
about building confidence
for being a best man.

They should have interviewed me
I've done it twice.
I was an unbeatable authority on the subject
and I knew my way round a speech.
I was a subtle talker.
Only a fool shouts his 'truth' from the rooftops.

The sun beat and the traffic beeped and it was all too much.
I felt like the drink in my hand was going to make me throw up.
It wasn't good.
I was on the fourth hangover of the week now.
It was Thursday.
I wasn't eating well.
I needed to repair and rest or I was going to expire.

Gary Diamond

6 O Clock Ramblin'

empty pages, open words and a bottle of whatever you've got.
you've always been pretentious, aspire to something i'm not.
i'll be the one to break you.
to bring you to your knees.
so don't feed your desires.
and you're not free to do as you please.

i will take control, make sure what you thought was right.
dissolve into a simple image, then i will see your plight.
clear as day, plain as can be, whatever you want.

but you don't want my simple dreams.
and you can feel the strain.
kicking at your heels, makes you feel drained.

i'll be the one to fight you.
drag you down where you don't go.
i'll be the one to smite you.
but you can leave any time i swear.

Gary Diamond

70 Grand And Counting

What do you want, a medal?
I remember you, mr lead singer
Going through the motions
Moaning about your mortgage
Slagging me off and being discontented
Because although I made nothing and waste all my money
I was still a greater example of being human than you.

I don't care about owning a tiny strip of land
With a house on it.
A house to me is somewhere to store my stuff
Sing my songs
And take my shits.

I don't care about having a mid-engined sports car
You do and you think you own the road.
You think because cyclists don't pay tax they can't use it.
While we're at it, why don't we tax people for walking.
And you're a fat piece of shit,
So why don't we tax you more
When you need the national health service?

As far as I can see it you can cram the lot of it
Down your smug, unsatisfied, high-carbon throat
Or up your never-walk-anywhere, never-eat-healthy ass
I know one thing for sure.
Due to the size of your gut and your ego combined
That's a whole lot of cramming.

Drop dead tomorrow.
Do your country a favour.

Gary Diamond

7th Weekend Of The Year

The weekend had come.
It blended into everything else.
I was drunk through most of it
some old friends had come to stay at the house
and we played a lot of cards.
I didn't win much but that wasn't the point.

The alcohol was flowing, the company was good and that was what counted.

On Saturday we had destroyed a guitar.
It was a cheap piece-of-shit balsa wood
and it had smashed after a few strikes.
Nonetheless
it felt good to indulge in mindless
alcohol-based
destruction.

Sunday came around.
I awoke with another hangover
I guessed it must be six by now.
I was impressed
that I had managed
to get drunk
six days out of seven.

It started to get interesting
when we all sat around the same table
with a pack of cards
again.

I came back with ten lagers
some cider and blackcurrant.
We were making snakebite and black.
It tasted like cordial but mixing
the two types of alcohol
was a sure way to get yourself ready
for anything
in a hurry.

8 Hours In A Cell

A short squad car ride later and we were there.
They parked up and led me through
a blue barred gate down into a basement level complex,
all painted white broken up by the occasional chair.

I was led to the duty sergeants desk
a heavy-set woman with thick glasses
and short, dark curly hair.

The two officers explained what had happened, she questioned me and I gave
more or less the same story.

My possessions were confiscated and itemised.
I noticed for the first time how much blood had spilled onto my wallet.

They led me into another small room.
They sat me in front of a huge machine and took a few mugshots.
Then they took some swabs from the inside of my cheek.
I had been trying to keep my DNA off the government system for years,
tonight I had failed.

I'd have to remember to wear gloves
and tight suits for all those burglaries I was planning
and banks I was planning to hold up at gunpoint.

Then came the fingerprinting.
It was all electronic now, done on a form of touch sensitive screen
Some of the prints had to be re-taken three or four times.
Thats technology for you.

After that I was ushered into a single cell
and the metal door slammed shut with a menacing metallic thud.
The cell had a rock hard foam mattress covered in blue plastic
the kind that squeaks when you roll your hand along it.
There was some kind of duvet cover
but I was hot and feverish from all the beer so decided to use it as a pillow.

I noticed a blood stain on the trousers
above my left knee.

I was tired and not willing to think about anything.
I had a copy of the police procedure book
but I was too drunk to read it.
I could read single words one after the other
without remembering the words that had come before,
so I couldn't form sentences.

I slept.

Gary Diamond

9 Minutes Is Probably Enough

i'm shaking like a leaf now.
and so would you.
had you been in my boots for the last three hours.
though for you 9 minutes is probably enough.
just to show you.
just to tell you where i've been.

and of course where i'm going.
where should i begin.
perhaps from the start
perhaps tell it inside out.
perhaps embellish it
as all good tale tellers should.

don't interrupt me while i'm talking.
don't take your mind off of the words i'm telling you.
not shouting, just to make a point.
done now, and another remark to laugh it off will suffice.

cos when you pour out your soul
and no-one's listening
that makes you the bigger fool.
when to stop is just as important
as when you don't.

Gary Diamond

A Master

You know, being a master of something doesn't necessarily mean you're any good.

You can spend years and years trying to hone something down.

A sonnet, a dish, the perfect sailboat - anything.

However, just because you mastered a skill, or an art.

Doesn't mean you're any good at applying it.

A true master of both the art and it's application can't be pinned down like some want.

It can't be structured the same way twice because you

Can't structure a person the same way twice.

Even a clone is still a poor flawed imitation in uncontrollable ways.

It works differently for all.

There are a few common truths to be noted though.

A true master takes as much or as little time as the task requires.

There cannot be too much or too little.

Too many spices in the dish will clutter the tastebuds.

Too few planks on the deck will leave sailors with unsteady footing.

In a story, poorly drawn characters will be dull.

Overdrawn characters will leave a person feeling foolish

As their own imagination will be put to bed.

The art of art is balance.

And the balance varies from person to person.

This is why

You can't

Simply can't

Please all people

All of the time.

So don't try.

Just make something that feels good to make.

Don't try and cram it all in there.

Let it breathe a little.

Gary Diamond

A Violent End To This One

She seemed so certain this time
We set a date
Made love
And prayed for forgiveness

And then comes the blow
She doesn't love you
Anymore
And she doesn't want you
Around

It's like that.
Something turns in a person
And they destroy you with
Their hate
Love they had
Evaporates on the breeze
As dew on the grass blades.

It's different for me.
Or
At least
The speed is different.
It takes me longer to fall in love
It takes, as consequence
Longer for me to hate.

I don't hang on quickly
But I do hang on longer
So when she deals the blow
When the words come
Colder by text message or email
Taking all the occasion
Out of getting shoved.

I prefer the violent ends.
With pots and pans thrown
By me and
By her.

Screaming murder.
Screaming hate.
Laughing about each others foibles
A weird birthmark
Webbed toes
All that.

Gary Diamond

A Window

I view television as a window into the world which I have come to hate
I view the silence when it's off as something to appreciate
Despite advances in multiple fields of entertainment this beast persists
The brain-rotting glow cube substituting denominator for greatness

Somehow I don't hate this beast
But I'd like to see somebody slay it
With the right line come out and SAY IT
Watch it disappear as quickly as it came
That'll take about fifty years then.

How can you love a distraction that is fractured with distraction?
How can you tolerate a program broken apart by ad fragments?
Why is your brain such a dull and listless tool?
Did you willingly tune it to a channel less cruel?

A window lets light in, and lets home truths out.
This one lets light out, and when off, reflects light back.
It seems to be a joyful giver
But for all the beams it radiates
The thing it takes from us is much more valuable
I would say dear
But if you've lost it you don't realise it
Then it's long gone.

Television the joyful giver.
Television the soul and sole deciever.

Gary Diamond

A Woman In Lingerie

There's something classically appealing about a good woman
Dressed in different kinds of lingerie.
Some like it so much, they have seperate pieces
For any given day.

I must admit that I've not been lucky enough to have a woman dress up in
something lacy
Something sensuously revealing and fancy.
A woman's naked skin is a powerful aphrodisiac
But I'd like it best when you have to peel off
Layers of skimpy lace and silk
To claim your prize.

I dream often about the fifties blond, perfectly made up
And attired in thin silken nightgown, barely concealing
The lingerie beneath almost woefully revealing.
What a feast.

Leading her off to the four poster bed
With the drapes and the carvings.
The best place to be given the gift of head.
And to return it, too.

I wonder if I come across as a dirty old man.
If I do, I suppose it means the forefathers were too.

All that lace, all that leg, all that hair.

Gary Diamond

Accident

There was a full pint of lager in my hand
You said something stupid
So I poured it
Right over you
Then I grabbed another
I don't know who it belonged to
And did the same again.

We grappled and there was some blood.
Like a schoolboy I shout 'he started it'
And I'd say we became friends again
But I got kicked out of the house
Some of my stuff was trashed
All for something
That was your fault anyway.

I do regret it though.
Seems funny
Always seem to pick fights with friends
Never with the idiots who
Really deserve
A roundhouse or a dropp kick.

Gary Diamond

Acronym Of Three

Another one of the patterns
To take a companie's task
And reduce it down to three letters
First synonym then acronym.

It is an old favourite let's be honest about that.
It has a supposed meaning greater than other threes like cat.
Or hat, or mat or any of the easy choices.
But when boiled to basics
Means nothing at all.

It reminds me of something once taught.
That one choice is not a choice at all
And that multiple choices are not choices either.
That too much and too little
May as well be the same basic componant.

Using a ten pound note to set fire to the bank is a nice ironic joke
Especially if that bank was a TSB.
Another of the three letter rascals
Another yawn suppressed in quiet agony.

It seems odd that three is the trend
And that in response, two and four come up short.
Neither long, as four could be.
Hence the dull adage, things come in threes.
It's true enough for you, him and me.

Gary Diamond

Adam And Eve

They were idiots, if it's even true they existed.
They looked that Eden gift horse in the mouth, didn't they.
Whether that story is true or not
Whether God gave them everything, with one condition
It seems just as well to have set up a pattern.

Rules were made to be broken
The more rules the more there is to break.
God bless freedom, the freedom to live in a society
That uses the rulebook as a ball and chain.
There's the paradox for you.

You know, I never did much care for love thy neighbour.
I think cramming junk like that into people does them more damage
Than drinking to excess and throwing the fists around.
Therein lies the difference between being a sucker
And being a sucker but fore-warned.

When you say 'at least' about anything
It's usually the first step of justification
The first step in being completely worn down.
When there is nothing but rigour and boredom
Human nature seeks out the fun instead.

Gary Diamond

Afterblur

That is the definition of a memory.
An after-image fading somewhat too quickly.
Some of the best things you have seen and done
Got amalgamated into a mediocre one.

When you take a drug you play with the same set of variables
It's just that, depending on the substance
A couple of them became more malleable.
Sometimes drugs kill a person because they veer too quickly
On to the new set of odds which can strain and constrict me.

Why settle for the same set of odds when a great unknown will do?
Looking out at the boat at sea floating on your envy.
Then shutting your eyes against the sea spray
There's your afterblur.

A little to the
Left
A little to the
Right.
As you replace the retina image
With new ones of other forms.
This is the afterblur.

By mixing old memories, old shapes and routines
We can create a couple of new ones.
In a shape shifting afterblur
That you can never know.

Gary Diamond

All The Male Geniuses In The World Failed This One

Most men don't stand a chance against them.
Even our best scholars
and philosophers
and comedians
only had a handle on them,
they didn't know where God
had hidden the guidebook
if there even was one.

I took some comfort in the fact
a two-thousand year old book
told me the first woman was made
from the rib of the first man
and that it was the first woman
who committed the first sin.
Then she got her husband in on it.

The way I saw it
it was telling us that from day one
women were good manipulators.
They were made from us and they knew us.

I was pretty sure that
even with more experience in that area
every time I tried to figure them out
I'd just end up with a big headache.

If Plato and Pythagoras couldn't figure them out I was doomed.

Gary Diamond

All These Things For Free

structure, form, architecture and function.
without rhyme and lacking reasons.
count it on your fingers,1,2,3,4.
there's always a fifth for more.

tonight will be an encore
but it's a trick played only for me.
it keeps me sane it gets me high i find it hard to breathe.

losing, living, wasting and burning.
shattered, alive and always learning.
write it down in textbooks 1,2,3,4.
there's always a minor third, one more.

tonight will be the big show
but it's a trick that works for me.
it drives me nuts you know i do
all these things
for free.

Gary Diamond

Alone In Eden

Well done.
Throw my hands
Up; I've won.
Alone in Eden
Dead on my ass
Scheming.

It's not a garden of treasures.
That was myth number one.
It wasn't filled with every kind of creature.
That was myth number two.
It wasn't in the middle of the desert.
That was myth number three.
There were no snakes, actually very little.
That was myth number four.

I found Noah's Ark.
The wood torn up
Buried
Inside a national park.
Not sure how it got there
Not sure if I knew
That I'd care.

You see, if you spend too long chasing impossible dreams
You'll be letting everything real slip right by you
When you could have had a piece of ass
You turned around and walked out
Bored
Caught in the discord.

Gary Diamond

Alone In Eden II

When I came here first of all
I was too angry, too gauche.
I wanted to see a myth
So I did
And I became a beast
And tore at it.

Now I've returned
And the damage done
Was healed when my back was turned.

Eden as a concept is
All that's good about the soul
Things worth keeping
The little differences that defined moments

When you think of your lover
You can't picture it all at once
What comes first are the little quirks
The things only you know about.

Eden is much the same.
It was called a garden because it had the variety
In truth it takes any form you'd want it to be.
It seeks to please and to teach
But not to implore or to preach.

It could be a man, a woman, a fruit
Whatever you want from it.
If you scream bloody murder
It becomes the consequence of your hate
I stopped screaming
I stopped drinking
And whatever I see now
I like it better.

Gary Diamond

An Old Friend Is A New Enemy

Be careful whom you call a friend.
Be even more careful when you meet a man or woman
That you once called a friend
But haven't
Seen for quite a notable while.

They've had time to had their mind bent around.
You don't know what they've seen and heard now.
Even if you're passing the time filling in the gaps.
As they fill some gaps they open others.

Trust me;
Although you wouldn't call me a friend.
Yet.

Who knows what tack this former ruffian has taken now.
Just because he wears a suit and a tie
And is well spoken
Doesn't mean he's a decent person.

Who knows what style this former ugly duckling has heeded now.
Just because she has curves till tuesday
And they're bursting out of her cashmere sweater
Doesn't mean you'd put a ring on her finger.

Who knows if that effeminate man you once knew
Is now a woman too?

It boggles the mind.
It boggles the mind.

Gary Diamond

Artists Like Me And You Are Rusemakers

even my favourite art is a skilled ruse
a poultice and a penance
practiced by a skilled old hand
an old soul
trapped in a pre-pubescent body
being blown apart
by injustice
being molded into bad clay
by smoke stacks and two dollar whores

if i wrote the sonnet
if i pretended form would cure
i might be a better man

if i was to cast myself a shakespeare
i'd be lauded as outdated and hacked
instead of a classicist
in the new mold

instead i choose to take the power of the
modern poet
his form sketchy and not classy
his life a medium strength metaphor
his clothes a tattered rage

this would be living
and we would be doing it
if we stopped selling short
if even the prominent idiot
would improve one iota

Gary Diamond

Beautiful Disgrace

Yes, there was a little of that magic swing in her hips as she walked.
Some called it slutty.
I called it grace.

She wore heels so high you'd swear gravity would just pull her back down.
But she glided; she nearly flew.
She's still not the sort you'd invite to the family
Christmas parties.

So beautiful was she, that she could make even the most unflattering of
cardigans
Come to life.
Just by the way her chest swung.
I probably shouldn't have been looking.
But it had to be done.

How do you go about getting that kind of woman, I wondered.
Then I realised all I had to do
Was jemmy open my wallet
Stop staring
And give her the fifty in there.

Chaste moral society calls them whores.
I call them a beautiful disgrace.

Gary Diamond

Beggars, Freaks And Bandits

Beggars freaks and bandits
Virtual cowboys and streakers
Tearing up the internet.

Why do that?
Why do anything?
Being the standout gesture moving in the dark
The insidious serpent or the beggared fool
To your disciples such a tool
Of mocking corporate faiths.

We are all beggars.
We demand, rape, plunder and take.
Whether it be fiscally or emotionally
Placing silent, hated demands on peoples time and efforts.
Seems mighty cruel to spin such a roulette wheel
But there we stand, sick and addicted to the dream.

How am I a freak, you might ask.
Who are the freaks - all hands up to attention, please.
It manifests itself in the crazy meandering self-talk
We mumble or shout when we think no-one is listening.
It manifests itself in the abrupt slamming of doors
The crazy demands our soul makes
And the crazier dreams that go in hand with it.
The dreams to kill, to rape, to mutilate and maim.
The ways, wonderful new and exciting ways
Of getting yourself off hands free.

Bandit seems an outdated word to some.
Preserve that illusion because you are wrong.
Stealing is an illicit thrill, listlessness shall dissolve.
You don't have to steal something physical.
Although if I were you I certainly would.
Steal the company time by staring at the wrist watch
By chatting to the neighbours
By taking breaks minutes and hours too long.

Such a bunch of miscreants incorporated.

Just how I like it.

Gary Diamond

Better Than The Knife

A woman can cut you up better than a butcher can skin and bone a turkey.
A woman can burn holes in you better than either one of us can iron a shirt.
A woman will first tell you everything, even though you weren't expecting
Then she'll expect all that back and more in return.

And if she doesn't get it
She'll put a knife through you.
Some use a sharpened, shining blade
Others barb their words with
Just the same.

A woman can melt through your heart like acid through wood and grass
A woman can rip the damn heart out through your ass
A woman is more insidious than you realise
A woman is a curse and a blessing twice disguised.

And if you don't expose the hidden truths of your soul
You'd better believe you'll suffer more letting them fly
Out in to the darkness, into the bartenders ear
Wherever they land.

Gary Diamond

Better Yet

There's an old saying which we each know by heart.
'The grass is always greener on the other side.'
So it goes.

It's a quaint encapsulation of the underlying human attitude.
The desire for strife
The desire to fight for more
Even when there appears little reason to do so.

The new solution or method always looks the best.
But it is often revealed didn't improve a thing.
Sure it's faster, and it looks better.
But by streamlining
It lost all of the character
All of the flavour.

We like to think about changing places.
A new job in a new town.
Marrying into a wealthy family.
It looks preferable to the mess we're starring in now.

Even when your life seems perfect, flawless.
There's still something stuck in the ointment.
Something gnawing at you, opening a chasm
In that turbulent little soul of yours.

Better yet to do this or that, you think.
Better yet to keep my head in the fluffy white storm-free clouds.
Better yet to struggle on through than try to make a change.
Better yet to watch it fall through and then have to change.

I prefer to remember that although the field I'm standing in isn't perfect.
It's grass is patchy and flawed from the kids playing sports.
It has character, like the wizened face of an old gnome.
The plush new field with not a hair out of place
Will have to wait twenty years to get this way.

Gary Diamond

Big Rant

I like people who rant
As long as they do so
Articulately and whimscally
And even if I hate their point
I can at least see the sense in it

I don't like the old people who moan and grouch
And shuffle along asking age-old questions
Like they're as relevant as today's headlines

I don't like today's headlines because apart from names
And places
The details seem to follow some sort of spreadsheet
Somekind of dull formula
And the tabloids
Make everything crucial italic
Make key words BOLD AND CAPPED
Death to that hack writing

I like people who talk and stare as if today is their last
And maybe it puts me on edge but I like it
Because it makes me remember, I should be on edge too
These groceries I bag
Could be the last
And that would be a shame
Because people have to eat
And people need to know
That the people who sell their groceries
Are obviously stupid, idiotic and worthless
And can be looked down upon.

I like to rant, too.
I like to drink more though.

Gary Diamond

Bigot

I hate most of all the damn bigots
The closed-minded fools
The idiots who have forgotten
How well they have it.

If there's something I've learned and should impart
It is - keep an open mind and heart
Because as soon as you close things down
Start ignoring other peoples reality
You become a fool.

I'm meeting them in their thirties and forties
And much more concerning, in their twenties
So pampered and conditioned and soft
That life seems like a boring, waking dream
A consumerist paradise
A subtle yet potent Hell.

I'm walking around knee deep
But not in my own mistakes
The mistakes and stupidity of others
Which bring my own concerns
Rushing up through the gullet
An unstoppable nausea.

This bigotry, this form of prejudice
This soul-rotting, irritating thing.
I often feel it's what holds me back
My own pre-occupation with this
Hate made manifest.

Gary Diamond

Blind Vs Blind

There is no substitute for greatness.
If you're working hard to be great
You can't be, can't do it
Give up, find something else
To occupy your time.

True greatness seems as truly effortless.
As if someone is guiding and leading the human hand
As if it's coming from somewhere else
Somewhere that despite our killing
Has survived white with virginity.

Blind lead blind and it gets a little worse.
Becomes some damn hard to find the time to write a verse
To get the effort needed to rehearse.

Instead of standing on a limb
Taking the big risk and maybe shooting on target
Everyone would rather hit the same big easy target
As the rest.

Gary Diamond

Boots Too Big

Set yourself up a legend
And like bowling pins watch it crumble
At the tumble of the ball.

Living up to your own hype is a case of remembering
Why you set up these conditions in the first place.
Impressing a woman in some cases
Repelling an enemy in others.

Sometimes those boots are mighty big
Often the best efforts won't give you space enough.
Remembering that love is bound to fail often
But not letting that stop you.

Gary Diamond

Bosses

Seems wherever you go
Hierarchy high or low
We're working for some fool there.

Micro-managed corporate wonderland.
Deep-seated facade of professionalism
Is a glossy myth for underhand cost cutting bullshit.
We're fed it
We eat it with delight.

The frozen foods that defrosted because everything stopped.
Are refrozen, violating law and sense of moral
Because to write it off, which would be right
Spells disaster for that seven percent bottom line.
The so-called bonus
With which they open a fist
And slap you across the face.
Open palm.

If people would listen to you
Maybe there'd be more success upon success.
Not blind leading more blind to the clifftop.
Promoting those less worthy.
Giving the bad hand, cutting off the chances and balls of
The man who dared to try
Tearing down the fuckers en route.

Bunches of morons, those are the bosses.
They seem more stupid than the human sheep led in to feast on the
Glazed over pastures that look like grass
But taste and smell like glass.

Less that we hate them.
More that we wish we could open their eternally shut eyes.
Widen the narrow back alleys of their minds.

Foolish notion.

Bottles And Mirrors

Don't just break one kind of glass.
Kill two birds with one stone.
Kill two panes of glass
One on the other
Bottles and mirrors
Stacked up broken
Like my little broken heart.

Gary Diamond

Brimming

i could scour the earth looking for the right words to tell you.
my words hold little wisdom, but hold weight.

i believe in trust and that it's an emotion.
i believe a lot of things you don't.

don't rock the boat, don't twist my words out of shape.
don't find your coat, you know you can't escape.

cos time will keep you running.
keep you brimming with regrets.
you're something i'm not, nor will never be.
i only pray we don't meet again
for your sake and mine.

Gary Diamond

Broken Toys

We wear out.
We slowly start to die.
We're born to it.
We'd love to change it.
Dream to.
It's not to be.

They say the taking part is what matters, no matter what the outcome.
So I tried really hard for several years and still did worse than those that
Never made the effort.
Never woke up close to tears
Never considered one hundred ways to rid themselves of life.

Do I willingly make myself a martyr because I want to.
Do I want my epitaph to speak out about unrequited everything.
That I'd rather have forty years of love and achievement
Than drug out a hundred as I am now
Forever drunk and pining
Forever quietly whining.

We're broken toys without receipts.
Setting ourselves up to take a fall
Making amends for future mistakes.
It didn't have to be this way.
Still it stands.

Gary Diamond

Calling Card

The hyperware.
The salesmans grin and stare
Calling card in handshake
Vague acquaintance not to make.

We leave our calling cards in visible ways
We have it strewn about the house
We have our D.N.A.

Why get snared?
With so many choices why this one?
Have to make one at some point.
Every day fraught with decisions
The most successful of those days
The ones where it all felt natural.

I have a curse - you have a curse - we have a curse.
We long and strive too hard too be remembered
To be memorable and to be in someone else's mind a pure image
The truth is deeper than that
The truth is harsh at that.

Did you ever notice that the most successful and excellent
Were the ones who made joy and contact effortless?
The ones who imbued themselves on your countenance
On your consciousness
At their convenience
Achieved it by merely appearing not to try.

Too much effort and too much vision are a turn off.
We respect better those who rolled with the punches well
Even the ones we thought they would avoid
Because if a greater prizefighter takes an easy hit
He's gearing up to plant a bigger one
By getting into the mind and fear of his opposition
What a pro.

Calling cards then.
Semblance of which is clear sometimes

And convoluted others.

Don't seek to be exceptional; ever.

Don't bother trying harder all the time; just sometimes.

Live well; if you chose to live at all.

My calling card is the sloth of the underachiever.

Don't let it be yours.

Gary Diamond

Capable Of

I'm sticking around only to see what I'm capable of.
I'm walking with my hands over my forehead to block out
That brutishly bright sun.

It's not to say I hate all and everything
It's just what I've tasted so far
Has been mostly
Bitter.

It's a good laugh when you can freely laugh at yourself.
When you can look in the mirror
And simultaneously love and hate what you see.

If I am set to be nothing.
If the overpopulation of the globe contributes to
My continuing anonymity
And worse
My continuing mediocrity
Despite having skills of many kinds
And a keen, able mind
Then I'd wish I was one of the
Two pence morons
I laugh at even as they laugh at me.

You see, it's a pain
To so accurately understand so many
Peoples and things
And yet
See them in return
Understand nothing at all.

Why was I called a genius?
Why was I goaded into thinking
I could change even a small part of this world?
Trust me
I'm very lazy
And if others of note
Hadn't told me this
I wouldn't be bothered.

I'm bothered because
It was mentioned at all.
Some people should keep
Their mouths
Firmly shut.

There's plenty I don't like
But I'm smart enough to keep
My mouth shut
And pour it like petrol onto bark
And enjoy losing the pain.

I'm sticking around this ugly mess to see what I am capable of.
To have nearly died because of other's carelessness
To have barely offended anyone intentionally.

Gary Diamond

Certainty

A certainty is nothing but an uncertain that was proven.
A rephrase like that could jog the mind a little.
As well as a punch in the chest could awake the killer instinct.

Mess with the formula and then problems can occur.
The jaws of victory snatching another prime time sucker.
I didn't claim there was a skill to this method
Or a reason for it to exist.

Pining and pining for a gambling loss
Will never turn it to a win.
Just got to wise up, remember the error
And roll the horse or dice again.

I've heard people curse God because he gave us plenty of choices.
I've heard and seen others die because he let them indulge their vices.
Perhaps everything that was and shall be
To this mighty Lord, a soothsayer
Nothing but a damn certainty.
Something he knew but chose not to impart.

Gary Diamond

Content With Nothing

I don't know how it is, or why it is, but it's certainly there.
I've seen perfectly normal, somewhat intelligent people
Suddenly lose all track of time and all sense of place
And it seems to affect most of the human race,
this,
Curious affliction.

People walk into their air-conditioned, overlit shopping malls.
People walk in as if to a heavenly haven, oblivious of each other.
They window shop until they find something.
And when they find that special thing, the world must melt.
And all it is then is them, the thing and the glass window.

They walk towards it as if in a trance.
They walk towards it into the path of young mothers
Into the way of old codgers
Annoying the pace of a passing, baseball cap teenager.
Yes,
Yes,
It's a curious affliction.

There is a phrase I like to use.
It's only two words, but they're good ones.
I call it 'spatial awareness'.
All of us have this in varying degrees.
When people slip into this trance they seem to
Lose it completely.
It's very strange.

I can't say it's ever happened to me.
Even in an aisle surrounded by my two favourite things
I can still perceive everything else around me.
But it happens to some people.

This is the drug.
This is the consumerist plague.
It's why credit cards exist.
It's why the economy heads endlessly back and forth to recession.
All it seems to take is a bright sign, a radio commercial.

And it ignites people's trances.

Content With Nothing

I've met enough people.

Yes, sometimes I think too many.

Most of them left no impression at all.

I don't hate them, they just blended in to the background noise that is human life.

It was easy to trace out patterns.

It was easy to get bored of them quickly, and assume they got bored of me.

All it seems to take to be enough is a decent wage.

An average sized house.

A few dashes of love

A television, a radio and an icebox full of food.

That's what seems to define modern existence.

I was different, I liked it.

Preferring an endless supply of booze and good records.

As long as the money was there

For both of those

I could say damn the rest, more or less.

People don't care about culture.

They don't seem to realise their actions could shape it if they tried harder.

Instead they rely on the spin doctors to spell it out.

Doctors, lawyers, idiot radio DJs, illiterate fashion models,

Failed pop singers, once great football players

And so on.

That is

upsetting.

That is

unsettling.

An individual seems to be scared to be an original.

They'd rather take on the stereotype for their sex

And for their age.

This makes them soft and easy to dictate to.

That's a shame, too.

Somehow they were all taught to be content with nothing!

They get the same old deal as everyone else did.

Strangely that seems to be enough.

Afraid to question, afraid to stand out from the hive mind.

It seems unkind, but life to them is towing the standard line.

Are you one of them?

If you said no, do you think it's because you're scared to say yes?

I'm not denying there are decent people.

I'm not replying because there are fun people.

But when it boils down to simple fact

Originality is something every decade seems to lack

More and more and more,

And yet more.

So are you content with nothing?

Gary Diamond

Contradictory

Poetry and optimism are contrary to the human spirit.
The forced-upon thrust-upon festivals merely sap it.
The best forces are the simple, primal lines of nature
Who comes on scene and sense with no furore
No fanfare, no gaudy banner or flashing advertisement.

I think we've been judging the struggle a little too wrongly.
Perhaps as Donnie, looking for love in the worst of places.
Finding close enemies share the similar serene faces
Of our closest friends in hours of darkness.

The contradictory spirit that lurks, plays with Laughing Sam's dice
Is the henchman for a God grown weary and tired
Using his own creations to continue his bidding.
Just because your five senses don't acknowledge a thing
Doesn't mean it isn't there
Secretly controlling you
Dragging you in two directions and seeing what you'll get up to.

Endeavour and greatness are hand in hand, one after the other
The father imbues the mother, one follows another.
The action the reaction and the end position.
The actions of misjudgement to define your own station.

As much as the mind is a smart and worthy tool
Sometimes it does just as well not to listen to it at all.
Sometimes God is in the details
Sometimes it appears that great success eventually fails.

I load myself up with a carriage of hate and bile.
And the further I load, the easier it is to stop faking my smiles
To stop bearing my wiles, to stop trapped in denial
Accusations and infestations of the mind.

By leaving the middle point and embracing two extremes simultaneously
The nature of the human spirit is revealed
Vindicated
Then written off by greater powers as a failed experiment.

Coping

Why does every time I fall in love feel like the last time
As if, if this is not the one, the be all end all
Then I'm not going to be strong enough
To jump on the wagon and start again

It's a goddamn mess to be sure
And sure of that if nothing at all

I'm keeping myself to myself most of the time
I'm waking up and wising up and finding a new religion
Finding it harder and harder to make an effort
Finding it a chore to keep connected and reconnecting

This is it.
This is the only nature of life I've found to be true.
The struggling, the forcing to cope.
To make the best of the worst
Never stopping to mope.

I'm not trying to lay it on thick, like you think.
I'm not trying to make you feel worse than ever.
I'll give everything a fair trial
And mock the result
The one I waited for.

Gary Diamond

Corporate Paradise

They come bursting out at you.
Like a whore's tits from a tight top.
They run right up to you like a stray dog
Force you to lavish them with attention
Force your desires for the banal and the mundane
OUT.

They leave no stone unturned in terms of the schemes.
They pray like vultures upon a persons most intimate dreams.
They force you to memorise a catchphrase, a logo,
A sign, a phone number, a name.
Or some other piece of information
That most times you'd be better off without.

I'm referring to the billboards
The shop fronts
The tax disc on a windscreen
The brightly coloured charity workers forcing you to halt your stride
The information overload of twenty commercials in five minutes on your TV
The yammer and banter of the two-way radio jingle.
All the pointless crap you can think of
Like a shit-coloured rainbow.
Clogging up the carriages of
Your trains of thought
With debris.

They've done a good job with these schemes.
They've made acquisition a euphemism for happiness
By stopping the people thinking completely
Reducing them to percentages of net profit
Things to count
Listlessly
On the fingers of a virtual hand.

They are the pop-up banner ads on your computer terminal.
They are the false friends only there to infiltrate by word-of-mouth.
They are the nonsense phrases on the bumper sticker.
They are the flashing neon signs designed to obfuscate and mesmerise.

When you want to be drawn a bottom line, here's some advice.
Please turn the corner into a consumerist corporate paradise.

Gary Diamond

Cry

Why do we cry is not the right question.
Why don't we cry more often is the one.
I point it at myself and start running from the outcome.

Invisible weight nothing to do with gravity pushes us about.
Until we wonder what it was we did this time.
We roll with the punches only to end up in a bed of thorns.
We crane our necks to look at lofty ambition
Only to have our bough break upon the rocks at the foot of ambition's cliff.

You have to look in all directions, not all at once but all in moderation.
You have to know that when you let yourself go in one direction
That all the others are configured to pull you back to start
Should you fail or fall asleep on your way to greatness.

Such an effort can make us break down.
And like fools we stoke ourselves up with this drag
Instead of opening floodgates for the hell of it
Crying because there's nothing to cling to tonight.
No-one to hold you and stroke your hair when you
Scream.

If there truly are worse things than being alone
I think I've paid my dues with them.
I do believe it's time to get the relationship I've been looking for.
I think I'm not greedy, can be selfless, but this event
I horde and hold on to like a precious thing.

That's why tonight, I'll sit sober and alone
In a dirty bed in a small room I pay too much for
Keeping myself alive barely, for what I'm not sure.
I can write about it.
Only when I really need to.

Gary Diamond

Dead Letter Day

A ritual burning of the past in petrol-soaked rags
Rags that now cannot turn to riches
In any way other than distruction
Of personal property.

I have to wonder how many trees got cut down to send those final demands.
It hurts the soul that someone shouts timber for every thousand unpaid debts.

Putting people on trial is not much of a solution.
Impounding the wage just convinces the suicidal to jump.
Such demands that break a man or womans back.
Such demands that turn up at the start of the weekend
To ruin it
Because all the offices shut on the weekends.

Learn to fear the post man.
Learn to fear the rattle of the sabre
Brandished by the loan sharks in sharp suits.
You have to reason is it worth the risk
To live above and beyond the means
For such an unchecked amount of time.

Easy money leads to headstrong heartbreak.
No Mr Occam the simple solution is not the best or the right one
So put the razor, the sabre
Away.

Cut the lender card in half, throw it away, send it back.
Before it burns right through your jeans and your resolve.
Before the unnessecary luxury
Becomes the thing beholden and desired by everybody
At least in the crumbling palace of your mind.

Burn the paperwork
Burn everything that bears your identity
Obstinately they give you these things for security
In fact it's just a ruse for the lazy
To track you and leech off you and grab at you.
Even if your identity is faceless

Keep it locked tight nonetheless.

Gary Diamond

Death To The Cynics

I like to think of the cynic as the person who once was optimistic.
And was so optimistic and so let down by it
That it turned around on the fly.

The cynic is there
He shoots dialogue into
The air
He murmurs things of trust and treason
He'll criticise and adore every season
For the same damn reasons you and I do.

The cynic in me likes to believe that despite my bid for greatness
Despite my winning lottery tickets I'll never fly in space, weightless
As good a pop song as I might write,
It'll always seem
Too weird
Too direct
Too off-kilter
Too old
To really make a difference.

The cynic is very fickle, can be very gentle but prefers to kill things with his words
He loves what he loves, hates what she hates and all else BE DAMNED.
This attitude comes with failed romance
And having ten jobs and from all
GETTING CANNED.

Yes, the best cynics are the old ones.
Because the only reason they are cynical in the end
Is an act.
As I see it
If you're cynical to death
You're not going to last very long.
You have to let the joy out sometime.

Gary Diamond

Delirium Tremens

The screech of sobriety, the reverse hangover.
The black and blue brow-beaten headaches.
Where the throat is dry and the limbs must shake.
The fear pushing under the nails like spikes and shards.
All for want of a beer and a cheap cigar.

The whole work-a-day lifestyle is the trend.
But takes hours and many drinks to unbend.
Picking up the glass lifts a weight from the shoulders.
The joy sometimes deepens as you get a little older.
The shakes clear
The visions appear.

It's better here.
It's warmer and it is vibrant, full of love and joy.
Stripped of another layer of stress and hate
The old simplicities of life once more to appreciate
To feel comfortable in your own skin
It's the thing
If a little too fleeting.

If it's more than twenty four hours it starts to break apart
Like a ship on the rocks
Roving towards the bottom.
Lifting the arms seems like a chore.
I have to raise that bottle
I have to offer more.

They've laughed at us when they saw we were alcoholic
At first as a joke, but then saw it was chronic.
We had the strength to admit
Having a vice was essential.
Less like looking at the world with tainted sight
More like seeing the horror and the beauty
And being distressed and elated
Simultaneously.

It doesn't always work smooth.
A hitch must appear.

The fly we couldn't swat.
Some nights the scale tips dangerously to one side
And jams there
Either a night of unparalleled joy
Or one wishing the world would implode through your chest.

A risk worth taking, a gamble worth making.
The salve that heals the wounds.
To be repeated daily.
To be remembered soon.

Gary Diamond

Dented

Someone dropp me on my head as a baby.
Someone kick me in the head as a man.
Bring some kind of feeling to the deep and without meaning
Somehow can you bind
Both my hands.

We hate what we've become.
Any success was a snatch from the jowls of failure.
That fat ugly beast
Feasting
On what weakens us most, and fastest.
Trying to fight against it
Makes its swollen belly more full.

Gary Diamond

Deserted

I like it best when the house is deserted
I like it when there's no noise at all.
It's just me
That bottle
And an impassive four walls.

So when the door shakes
And the landlord walks in
It's time to pretend I'm an angel
And turn the music down again
That's a bother.

But even if I had enough money to buy a house
It would mean putting a stop to the drinking.
That's not something I'd like to face.
Because no matter what
The option must be there.

The landlord likes the house colder than an iceberg.
I don't like it hot but I don't like to feel the blood freeze.
The landlord is depressed his marriage is a mess
This is another reason I won't do it.

'You'll be fucked before your thirty' he laments.
Wrong as sin is he.
You see
It's not a woman that will do me in.
It's the lack of one.
Both are bad choices.

I like it best when I'm completely alone.
When everything is far enough away to be bearable.
Prefer to do things my way.
Not saying I have the solutions
Just that when it's my show
Very little does go wrong.

Gary Diamond

Deserve

I don't like to go on and on about what I deserve
What I should have, and what I shouldn't be stuck with.
I'm like this because I used to make the effort
Of ten times, nine times it'd fall flat
The other made the mistakes worthwhile.
Gotta learn something while we're here.

It's in my nature to pin hope on this flimsy promise
To attach significance to wonder I can't explain
So no wonder I'm in pain
So no wonder I drink to stop suffering.
When Pandora's Box is open
It takes some effort to get it closed again.

What do we really deserve.
The ironies should die.
The people who get it all for nothing
Who deal in silver spoons and other riches
Should be given a minimum wage and a wife that nags.
Then they can taste life at the bottom of the food chain.
While the underachievers, the nearly-but-never-quotes
Should get a taste of glory at least once.

That's what we deserve.
It's who we are to wonder.

Gary Diamond

Dignity

Where the hell is the dignity these days.
You all seem content to cash it in early.
Instead of gracefully avoiding each other passing on the streets
Preferring instead to shoulder barge
To cast insults
To rant like rabid jackals.

It seems anyone trying to recrown themselves by means of dignity
Is smashed at like the rock holding back the diamond.
Anyone really giving a damn about trying to remain humane
Trying to be less of a worn out piece of shit
A dirt pile
A whore house
Is dragged back down by those who are scared

Scared because they remember nothing
Scared because they lack the ability to learn - even so young
Scared as they close their minds as quickly as you've closed the blinds.
Scared because
Although many failsafes exist to prevent oblivion
Still the stupidity runs rampant through hearts and minds.

This shallow, how can they know what love or hate truly is?
How can they feel they've done anything, when all they do is do
Without ever stopping
Sitting back
Contemplating?
Talking to like-minded easy fools that fit the dull clay mold.

Because they cannot transcend
They feel foolish against those who did, and still do
In every tiny gesture
In every wave of the hand.

Those that have touched and tasted and were not scared of
Complete success or abject failure
Change and become more whole.
These worthless shells without their dignity
Notice that, if they can on some level.

And doubt and secretly desecrate themselves.

Because they cannot separate subconscious from conscious

They never can win the battle of the mind.

I almost won mine.

Almost because if they didn't exist, I could.

Gary Diamond

Dignity II

So much for dignity.
So much for all that is hereditary.
Don't we all wish the best for ourselves
And locked in unobtainable dreams
Consign ourselves to an unwalled living hell.

As much as my dignity fails and I indulge my vices
As much as I rue many days and their bad choices
As much as my head slumps and will not stand on high
As much as every failure is a chink from which I'll die
One day.
But not this one.

I'm not even sure what all the games are about.
I have as little idea now as when I was a kid.
Things make about as much sense as ever.
Except now I can admit
The madness of this little dust sphere
Are vague and nondescript.

So much for the slamming doors for hiding things.
The fights with the missus
The little self-signing madnesses.
The cantankerous observations
The causes of our misery
Obvious to everyone but the self.

To be a doormat
Seems as bad now as being outspoken and original
No one can handle either
Or in fact much of anything.
I see a dying society swapping rules around
Trying to make sense of subjects that have none
What a waste of effort.

As dignity takes the back door
As guilt and greed make another encore
The reasons for the failures are clear
In the drunken moment of clarity

At the bottom of the pint of beer.

Gary Diamond

Dirt

I prefer the things we've given up on.
I'd prefer to not wash for days
Wear my favourite stinking clothes
Drink last nights beer.

Dirt.
Dirt.
Dirt.
Dirt.

It clings to us and we make silly gestures to get it off.
As time rolls on like a smothering mother
We all seem to wise up and think we've done well
To correct it
To see the origin of the dirt
And reject it.

How can we think that way.
I'm guessing we're all soft and stupid.

Dirt.
Dirt
Dirt
Hurts.

Odd that a little dirt can cause so much anger.
It is to some the chinks in the armour of the toppling castle.

By embracing that which so many have rejected.
I have become much less prone to sickness and malice.
Rarely a cough or cold do I see.
I can ride around naked in the frosty cold
And it only does me more good.
Though not so much
For the eyes of those who saw me.

Gary Diamond

Disappoint

There.
There it is again.
I see the disappointment as I know the man.
Damn shame.

My first read is usually right.
The judgement sound.
In some cases it seems so wrong
Play that down
Play it down.

Liars get good by keeping up on the practice routine.
Makes you wonder if it wouldn't be easier to tell the truth.
Oh, but why.
Disappoint
Even their own kin.

What everyone wants from me they never will get.
I'm very very happy about that.
I think with a whisper and gesture
I make such a point
Very clear.

The human race is a big fucking joke.
Yes, me and you are included too.
I make no exceptions when I cast egos down.

I sound like an idiot prophet.
Maybe the whole recorded bunch were.
History making deities out of fools
Glorifying only those who didn't need it.

Stuck them up
Stack them up well.
Phones and emails
Bullshit do tell.

Gary Diamond

Distractions

Defining modern society as one word
Is all about the mood at the time.
One word is enough in the morning
By evening it may have shifted to the right.

The chest is tight so tight.
Because as hard and tough and steeled we make our minds
The distractions of modernism are there
Everywhere,
and it's HORRIBLE.

It's the reason we sleep more as we get older.
The reason we take more sick days
Have more needless toe-tapping airport boredom-laden holidays.
Why we're less capable of the good
And in endless supplies of the bad.

Why should an individual be born so much smarter than the average man or woman
That every single day, every foolish unnecessary decision is thrust upon them
By the boring, predictable and maladjusted?
Why are those who disciplined and cautioned and beautified their minds
Even when their bodies were thin and wasting or otherwise
Have to constantly be criticised by the plain and the weak
Who cannot control even the tiniest, most banal of urges?

It's no wonder so many seek the ready-made, time-honed distractions
Also thrust upon us by an uncontrolled - though pretending to be a ruled
dystopia
Society.

The thrills pale too.
Some become murderers
Rapists
Paedophiles
Suicide cases.
Careless drivers
Street urchins
Piss-soaked beggars.

It begins as one foot after the other
And often ends in a county jail cell.
Faced with a nothing, a nothing and a nothing.
Any choice could do as well.

They were all distractions from the inevitable.
Unenviable.
Immovable.

Gary Diamond

Don'T Take The Blame

I advise you to admit to as little as you may get away with.
It's worth less than your while to get caught red or empty handed.
For every crime that is solved
Many go unheard, unrecognized and unheeded.
The master criminal knows when to stop and hole up.

Don't do it even as a belated favour for an old friend.
Don't do it to save someone elses neck.
Taking the blame for one thing puts you in the firing line
The red flaring crosshairs.
It sets up pin one to knock down a strike or spare.

It's not worth it.
By God the joker and the bandit it's not worth it.
Even something you did yourself
Be denying such things to the gallows or the chair.

Instead, make use of distraction and subterfuge.
Become a magician with the sleight of hand.
Playing tricks and illusions subtly.
Lying about your own thefts and deceit traps
As neatly as discussing the weather.

Squarely place the blame on anothers shoulders
Place it there indirectly and by means of subtlety.
Don't even admit too readily
Don't be prepared to cover somebody.

Gary Diamond

Doubt

Only in a woman's loving arms does doubt distinctively dissolve.
With this kind of notion, once more I resolve
That when again one of them comes along
I'll pay a little more attention
This time.

Doubt is as useful as anything else in your life.
It has been cast as a weakness.
It is really a strength.
Perhaps one of the most misunderstood ones.
It's what separates an animal from a man;
Although the latter can become the former.

Take it as if a pinch of salt.
Don't listen to it too closely or it might crack like old china.
You might end up in an asylum.
Remember sometimes that when you second-guessed
The second guess was the right answer.
That's a little of the magic of a doubt.

The shadow of doubt isn't necessarily a black cloud.
It's more like a sliver of your conscience
Reminding you you're not as flawless as you might think.

A lot of people make regrettable decisions on whims
Because they let doubt dissolve within the walls of a relationship, a marriage.
Letting the sensible decisions slip like sand through the fingers
On the beach.

We'll forgive them though.
We've been down that dusty road a few times.

Gary Diamond

Dumb Things I'Ve Gotta Do Today

I could draw up a list but am not equal to the effort.
I'd rather sit in bed all day, farting and sleeping
Trying to devise a cure for the hangover that's crippling.

The list will come together.
Although I try a life of leisure.
My mind won't let me hang about forever.
There are some dumb things I've gotta do today.

Somewhere in there the clothes have to be washed
The dishes have to be done.
I have to eat for Christ's sake.
Or better still, for my sake.

I'll have to wash and dress in a new clean set of clothes
Because I can't just wash and sit around in the robe.
Perhaps it's time for that lawn to be mowed
A couple more dumb things I gotta do today.

Tapping my fingers on my head, on the table.
Exhaling in strange ways, like you do when thinking.
Racking that sleep-addled brain
Finding adequate ways to sew up the time.

I have to get down the deposit and the key for the lock
Of the new place, I'm moving, get everything boxed
I've done it four times this year, it's becoming a crock
And now another dumb set of things to be done today.

The hangover still rankles but the plans getting clearer
The time to go shopping that gets a little nearer.
To cure this malady I've devised a solution
Drink orange juice, eat salad and pray absolution
I may not have the genius of a Newton
But I got more things on my big dumb list.

For the record I am a genius and so are you.
Maybe you just haven't discovered your calling yet
But it's there, lurking around in you somewhere.

Maybe when you're going through your own damn dumb list
You'll figure that one out.

Gary Diamond

Existance

What does it mean?
If we're smart enough to have all the questions
Why can't we trade them all for just a few answers?

I try not to deal in absolutes.
I try to make the best of a bad job
Even if it wasn't my mistake
I'll help to patch it up.
Just give me that chance.
It could change both our lives.

Find tranquility in fleeting beauty.
It's a sin to find solice in anothers misery.
I'm ready to give it a spin
Even if I lose everything
From my money to my mind
As it might be.

Gary Diamond

Fairweather Friends

fairweather friends that'll drift away on the nearest storm.
faces creasing up with laughter amidst uproar.
i used to be a player but playing dried up a year ago.
when you're this difficult to work with no-one wants to know.
if this barren rock could talk it would tell a thousand tales.
and too many of those would be sad.
how many days it's been i cannot dare tell you.
cos that would surely break my spell.
admit you're willing, admit you're weak.
and i won't grumble or dare to speak.
your house is my house for what it's worth.

Gary Diamond

Faith In The Faceless

i am a pop culture whore
though only the good bits
all the rest
may rust
and stay dead

i love the fickle indulgences of alcohol
and a good smoke in the
rushing wind
of a november balcony
dreaming of a star wars fantasy
life;
which reality can not yet provide

i amalgamate and descrete
and reassemble odd junk references
cohesively
as some kind of style
a placemat for the unkempt

in my own image i steal a multitude
of ideas as flies trapped in amber udders
fleeting and willing but vague
unambitious and not challenged
all fire and fury with no bridle

this is what i am.
it is what we can all become
just a multitude of references
a slapdash glue paste mass
of other peoples ideas
which were stolen

if we are judged by one commandment alone
we all fail
damn the bible
trust only pain and poison
i do
and i never get sick

although i often dream about love
it's a waking dream
good riddance to that

Gary Diamond

Fall Backwards

I had lived in the past
I had let ruin spread like cancer
I had allowed regret to make me
One dimensional
Covert and cynical.

I shouldn't have done that.
But to regret a regret
Is a self-destructive spiral.

And I never did like
Playing with those spirograph toys.
I preferred the etch-a-sketch
Which has been shown to be
A hugely creative tool
At least in hungry artistic hands.

Keeping yourself prisoner is easy to do.
All you do is go so far over the facts
That the words lose all meaning
And you've begun to realise
That you need outside perspective
But you deny yourself THAT because you're
Too strong
Or so you think.

You need to let people in.
They're flawed and they're stupid
And in their greatest hours, priceless.
They help you see you are too
And that's okay.

Perfection is one of those games that gets old fast.
Perfect the body under a knife, damage the soul.
Spend too long amassing knowledge
Become booklike and dull.
Drink cheap wine in haughty company
And switch off the Earth completely.

I don't know much
But I know
Looking at whatever it is
From all angles
All the styles and fashions and minds
Keeps you at your best.
Stop pushing forward
Fall backward.

Gary Diamond

Fallen Idols

fallen idols.
many spring to mind.
but don't look to them for advice.

they've already had their time and failed.
they broke because their system did.
they never had one in the first place.

you can take it from anywhere
just don't take it from me.
i gave up those sort of dreams years ago
or so i say.
i'm not here in person
but i'll make a move anyway.

so you can stick their posters on the wall.
shots of peak and glory, never of the fall.
remember that you're stronger than what they've made you.
or what you chose to make yourself into because of them.

remember that words and pictures
don't make a man
merely describe him.

i'm not a myth.
i'm not an urban legend.
i'm just a story
that you dreamt up
in your mind.

Gary Diamond

Fashion

Seems like a silly enterprise to me.

A bunch of secondary school dropouts who were a little good at art
Just barely.

Models walking down the catwalk, seem awfully thin these days.

Not really sure why that is.

Personally I think choosing to starve yourself when in other continents

Other people have no choice but to starve

Is a fair measure of what a scrapheap this society of ours is.

Another thing about fashion is that it insists upon itself.

And it goes across the world, insisting, infecting.

Turning the blissfully ignorant into minor carbon copies of what we are today.

It chases it's tail too, like a badly or barely trained animal.

What was cool today will be cheap tomorrow and retro in ten years.

Start collecting, and if you want a slice of yesterday.

There's plenty of charity shops starting to overcharge.

Can't believe their luck, I gather.

I knew a student of fashion.

I couldn't believe someone so smart and pretty

Could have fallen foul of such a shallow little business.

That's the contradiction of our nature then.

Fashion seems like a damn shame.

Art gone awry.

To me it hit saturation point a lot earlier than the other arts

Or crafts.

Now people are so confused by it

That they'd rather act and dress generic.

Gary Diamond

Favourite Shirt

There is a corner of the closet where the old and the cherished reside.
I don't look there much or dust it that often but it fills me with some form of pride.

It houses the clothes that are so loved or over-used
That they are threadbare and faded from the many machines
And the many boxes of washing powder once poured over them.

Some have cigarette butt burns
Holes from being caught on fences
Streaks of emulsion paint that just wouldn't come out
Some undefined and worrying stains of one kind
Or another.

Why keep hold of this old trash, we ask ourselves.
Then we remember that that was the shirt won when your team got through to the final
Many many years ago.
This was the shirt, now many sizes too small
That was on the body when it got it's first proper kiss from a boy or girl.
Here are the jeans that were worn once on the stag night
Where you doused your friends hair in champagne
Then messed up his best man's speech while drunk on wine the next day.

Although these clothes are somewhat useless as garments
They are refreshing like a burst of sea spray
To remind us that they got that way when we were riding the crest of many good times.
Breaking through and past the dull routine into the thrill of really loving life.

Gary Diamond

Final Decisions, Last Stands & The Truth

Final decision.

We build up something special
I make the effort for once
If you smash it like an empty bottle.
It'll be up to you to redouble my efforts
To keep us both afloat.

Last stand.

My suggestion to you.
Don't make your last word be case closed
Go back over the evidence
All the good times where we connected
The hours where the world dissolved.

The truth.

I've never been in love, never thought I was close
Except this, this thing here.
I know you're falling apart
I know you're killing yourself and ruining all you can
Not because you wanted to
But because something is missing.

I don't pretend to be a noble man.
In fact my good looks are decieving
They hide an inner turmoil I was hoping to share with you.
And that you'd tell me about the bad times too.
Because, as I started to see
Love isn't perfect
But it heals all the time that life isn't.

It allows us all to soar, if only for minutes physical and non-physical a day.
It gives us back the realm of infinite possibility we nearly lost as we grew.
It turns adulthood back on itself and gives us innocence and joy.
So hell, if that definition of love is wrong
If, being on the edge of the real thing for the first time in twenty years
Allows me to misplace my defintion, make it different from the words above
Then I don't ever want to be in love.

Finding The Pattern

Endlessly that preoccupies us.
Finding a pattern
Sticking with it.

Now here is a man who has a run of bad luck
His pattern won't stay stable from one month to the next
He worries that his mental lashes are breaking
And that soon comes the real madness.

The odd thing about finding the pattern that fits reasonably
Is that even when it does produce ever-diminishing returns
We'll seek to renew it again and again
Until all hope is lost.
It's why the world is full of divorcees
You'd think, if we were so smart
We'd outlaw getting married.

I hope we'll all be around to witness the complete destruction of fossil fuel.
I hope we'll all be smart enough to make our own dirty bombs.
Some are going to panic as their pattern frays and snaps back on them
Like the cat whip.
I'm going to make sure the cellars are well stocked
Full of beer and preserves
And two fingers up to the rest.

Only through great sacrifice and strife
Can the rest of us endure the relative success of those who died
In the firing line in their thousands.
We remember them, thank them for dying
And rejoice in our own cowardice.
What a beautiful feeling.

Gary Diamond

Flawlessness Must Fall

this is shit
this is all shit
and i'm deluding myself
if i think
it's any good.

i don't believe in superstition
so here's another
clichéd rhyme; knock on wood.

you said those dreams were gone.
you swore those days were over.
you're a filthy liar but you're damn good at it.

if i reach out all i touch is air.
force myself to pretend to care.
i'm immoral, but i'm only faking it.

acceptance takes many forms
all of which i can blag, fix and fake.
but if you believe in flawlessness be prepared to watch it fall.

Gary Diamond

Fleeting

It's amazing what men have done in the name of love.
It's staggering that we got anything else done
For the want of it
For the size of it
For the effort of it
Can add or take years from the spirit.

It can't last. Even the best love can't last.
It ebbs and flows and eventually the tide of love turns you inside out.
The embers give up glowing.
They get smothered by the ever-decreasing tide.
So you have to stop.
Turn.
And find another person to do it all again.

I can't remember ever feeling truly happy in love.
I always remember feeling like it was just about to be snatched away
And there was the endless wanting,
The longing.
The hell of it continuing and continuing.
Nails down a blackboard.
A shiver upon the skin.
With love the cup was half-empty and half-full
All at once.

It wasn't meant to last.
It has to end.
As long as you admit that.
Love will become a little more bearable.
And when there's no more grist.
Sometimes you'll willingly shut down the mill.
Until business looks good again.

Either that or you can become a policeman
Or a lawyer
Or a doctor
Or a shrink
Or an undertaker.

These are businesses often dealing with the results
The tail-end of the hurricane whirlwind affairs
And trying to paper over the cracks
Or tearing the wall down entirely to create a new start.

Although love might destroy you, make a corpse out of you
You've really got to try it some time.

Gary Diamond

Forces My Hand

I was always a terrible poker player
I couldn't get the mix right.
I could have spent time trying
But I don't like the feel of an empty wallet.

It taught me a couple of good things though;
One was never to let it dangle.
Sometimes anothers bluff, not called
Allowed you to topple a much bigger one
Much later
And with stakes greater.

Forcing reactions out of people and places
Never works for that reason.
The ones getting the most done
Were the ones seen to be
Doing or saying very little
At least from common perspective.

Strong reactions of any kind are positive in the end.
The ability to provoke such a primal malice or smile
Is where the real power of creation lies.
There's few things worse
Than killing by mild indifference.
What can you do with that?
It can't be shaped or formed or used.

My favourite songs
Dangle, for brief seconds
The possibilities of a naked lunch
Where everything clicks
Where the mind finds an oasis
And all possibilities are there
Because you let go of everything.

I don't deal in divine revelations
I state the obvious in ways you might think
Do no good at all.
And if you leave and never think of this again

Then I have succeeded.
Because somewhere in that brain of yours
I got in on the ground floor.
If you react straight away
I have failed
Because that's all I'm going to get
Out of you.

Gary Diamond

Funhouse Mirror

You've seen the funhouse mirrors at the carnivals and fares.
Some make you fat or thin, others short or tall.
Some make you look like you're not even there.

You usually find the mirrors next to the crooked house with the sliding floors.
The one with a loose chimney, and ill-fitting doors.
The thing about funhouse mirrors is you always want a couple more.
There's only so many ways to distort a person though.

Another way of distorting a person is to place them upon this earth
Pure and true and nearly complete individuals.
Turn them amongst the wolves and watch them get ripped nearly to death
And walk away scarred and damaged.
It's a live science experiment.

There are plenty of distractions
To help us all forget
That our eyes are
Becoming
Funhouse Mirrors.

And
our
minds?

The Crooked House.

So if the collective minds of the people were a street.
No spirit level would measure straight.
No person would really be sure of what he or she saw.
Some crooked houses would be more fun than others
Some funhouse mirrors more intriguing and unnerving than before.

Keep that in mind before you moan about your neighbour.

Gary Diamond

Giving Up

Please throw in the towel.
Your glory days are over.
Stop flogging that dead horse
Throw it on the fire.

Give up, please.
Stop milking the cash cow.
Stop destroying and mocking former greatness
Because when a titan dies
The hyenas smell it out.

Stop.

Stop right now and give yourself perspective, please.
I'm hard of hearing when your records come on
I tune in like they do and then tune out.
It's no myth greater than I deserve.

Please throw in the towel.
Your glory days are over.
Stop flogging that dead horse
Throw it on the fire.

Watch it burn.
It deserves to.
Leave a legend behind you.
Leave big shoes to fill.

Give up.

Gary Diamond

God's In The Shadows

God's in the shadows.
He lurks in all the places full of mortal danger.
I like him.

He wants us to better ourselves by pushing.
I like that, too.

Soldiers forged in the heat of battle know a thing or two about him.
It's only when taking the life of another man with the bayonet
Or the rifle, or the atomic bomb
That a man feels his life is more full
And his duty done.
I would whole-heartedly agree.

You see, God lurks in the shadows where the all-emcompassing brightness of
The neon lights
The market stalls
The Christmas nights
The forest aflame
Can never hope to penetrate.

Society was a nest created to push out all the bad eggs of good intention.
Society fails because in trying to purge, it denies us all the urges that make us
so.
We want to cheat.
We want to lie.
We have to steal.
We must fight and hurt feelings.
It's natural and it is the thing to do, whether we like or
Not.

Most say not.

So there he is again, lurking in the shadows playing cards and laughing as he
rolls his dice.
He wants of me only what I want of myself; to prove that I'm weak enough to
indulge my vice.
This is the testing ground.
This is where the fun really begins.

So hurry up and fail, grand society, and keep another guilty party out of jail.

I like that. He likes that too.

Gary Diamond

Happy And Hollow

Happy and hollow
Devoid and shallow.

The mess we're in; all of it.
Sitting in filth and preferring it.
Not making up for lost excuses
Not speaking your mind
Doing a thing.

Tattered and torn
Bored and defeated.

I never was much for hard work
Especially in long doses.
Seems the feeling was and is mutual
Makes us pawns
Protecting the toppling king.

Planning and scheming
Finding myths and believing.

What a great amount of time was wasted there
In a virtual reality wonderland
Run by the haters and the fakers
The image and style obsessed
Those of title and status
But not substance.

Gary Diamond

He Who Laughs Last Is Early For The Next Joke

Do we pay for entertainment, or steal it
Because we know we'll get our moneys worth?
Not in the least.
We buy into a dream, a hype, a myth.
And only sometimes does it all fall into place.

When I laugh, every last layer falls away.
When you laugh, you are guilty for some reason.
And I can't recall why that is.
Although you might have told me
And you only told me
Because you were drunk and I was too.

Only indulging in certain things can we be honest and true.
The sober, straight disposition can be a chore.
So we remove it like a raincoat.
We scrub it off our souls with bleach.
And that's why we are drenched and burning
For everything we second-guessed
For all the times we could have spoken out
But shut up only to save a fool his fall from grace.

Beware the quiet man why not.
What does he know that he doesn't share.
Does he speak to himself in the morning
The guilt of his soul spilling out in short measure
For all the words he aches to say in public
But cannot force out.

Gary Diamond

Head Like A Balloon

out cold on a tavern floor.
know the smell but not been here before.
rub my head, dry my eyes and make for the door.
which dissolves in to the foreground before i realise it's only a dream.
but it felt real because it was real.
it was a new experience based on the old.
it's not creative but it can try.
don't hold it too tightly you'll make it burst.
but you'll like that because you're like that.

Gary Diamond

Heavy Headed

Heavy headed the world looks good
Things are moving along just as they should.
Heavy handed the wrong way to play it
Don't hold it back just come right out
And say it.

Everything works well enough when your head's on the pillow.
If you worry you only keep yourself awake.
This is a good time for distractions.
My favourite sleeping aid is the dreary world of television.

Don't sleep too much, or too little.
Gotta work a while to get the blend.
Or you'll be walking around all day, distracted and dreaming.

Heavy headed, visualise the person of your dreams
Better pray you won't meet them, or you'll have to make a new one.
Heavy handed, you feel the weight lifted from your shoulders
And the weight takes longer to lift
But never goes completely
As you get older.

I seem to recall the dreams of early youth as a go anywhere, do anything
addiction.
Now all the dreams are getting as dreary as reality, a strange affliction.
Heavy headed, heavy shoes
Heavy handed white man's blues.
That's all the dreaming
I seem to do.

Gary Diamond

Hell Is A Blue Green Basketball

In the history of the planet
We are
The cancer
That lingered
But was cured in time

In all the millions of years
It took to build this dust ball
We come along
Six grand of years later
And we're just fools again

I'm getting bored of saying this
I tire of fools and sons of the damned
Laughing at me
Like I was a parlour trick
Gone wrong.

To hell with this planet.
That must be our attitude
We're pretty intent on destroying it
With our shallow atavistic ways
Praising the cosmetic knife
Over answering Mayan mysteries of the soul.

Instead of filling our minds with beauty
We'd rather smash preconceptions
With the scaremongering and the flaccid television.

Instead of seeking the divine path of enlightenment
As the luck of our Japanese ancestors might have it
We'd rather drink cheaply brewed beer
Be beligerant and ignorant
Watching karma chips fall.

Death to the lot of us.
Even our artists got all self-indulgent.
If we're so goddamn noble
Why do we crucify the Jesus of our genius

And rain manna upon the idiocy and the confusion?

Gary Diamond

Hitting The Bottom Is Hitting The Top Of The Other Side

To flick the current on like a light switch.
Wandering around the house, drunk, shouting and throwing things
Often leads in broken noses and glasses.
Like the one I placed against a one-time friends face.
Split his ear open, stitches and time in the cell.

You know what.
You know it was stupid.
But sometimes the most stupid decisions
The old primals
Are the fun.

Humans have it in their head that they're so grand and amazing
Even the smallest, dumbest most unadventurous.
This arrogance and proud, haughty shit
Seems to have passed this one by.

Hitting the bottom is simply hitting the top of the other side.
You heard that right.
When all the bullshit we place in all we can control
Just fizzes and dissolves
Then the good intentions are happy to sour
To leave us
And we can let out the locked away, real things
The anger
The killer instinct.

It has to give.
It manifests itself as the teenager, the midlife crisis
The senile dementia.
It was just the result
Of controlling and damping the fire
The real, risky point of living.
Standing in the line of fire
And laughing at the miss.

Every one of us has the ability to turn our back on our entire way of life.

Stop paying bills and begin living like we did thousands ago.
I think we all delude ourselves that holidays are that big adventure
Strapping on the worldly in tiny, brochure controlled portions.
Treading another well-worn path
Except it's new to you
Hence the excitement.

Gary Diamond

How Much Is Enough

How much is too soon?
How much is enough?
When do we have to slaughter the jobs
And get back to the basics
And begin a failing cycle
Again?

Who will be the leaders then?
Hopefully not ones raping us all with the taxes.
These taxes -

You work, you get paid.
Then you are taxed to sustain those that do not work
Then you are taxed to pay for public services you never used.

You take the remainder food shopping.
Then you are taxed when you buy even a lettuce
Then don't forget the duty on the spirits and cigarettes you might buy.

You put even less of that pay cheque into fuel.
Then you are taxed around double.
Without tax you'd get twice the amount of driving time.

Perhaps we don't want to pay for schools
Where the test scores increase as the standards decrease
Where the bullies fail these tests yet
Go on to live better lives than the truly bright and brilliant.

Perhaps we never called the fire department
And even if our house was to catch on fire
The money we'd save in taxes
Would have allowed us to buy it all again anymore
More so if the things we bought were also tax exempt.

No.
As I see it.
The more rules the more laughable the concept of a free country.
Everything costs money
Money causes taxes.

How much is enough?
How little is little enough to eke out a mundane existence?
Why are we paying the money counters so much
To do a job we could do ourselves?

Laziness.

And the thing with laziness is this.
Having all the loose ends tied up just gives us more chances to
Worry and stress.
Having more free time gives us more time
To worry about having more free time.

This is why drug abuse is so rampant.
This is why suicide rates increase like a landslide.
This is why people live to be older and more dissatisfied.
This is why a society that preaches 'one fits all'
Is slowly killing every one.

How much is enough?
How far is too far?
What the hell was the point
Of being born at all.

Gary Diamond

I Met Laughing Sam

He's a dark character and by no measuring could he be called noble.
Not even the greatest fool, the king of the inferior would enjoy his presence.

He carries upon him a cloak, which at first I thought invisible.
But it seemed strange to me that as he approached the bar
All the lights seemed to flicker and grow dimmer.

His face appears bland enough from a distance.
But first hand and at arm's length seems distorted in the fourth dimension
As if it is possible to see the defining moments of each life stage
All at once and to frightening effect.

I think someone once played a joke on him from which he didn't
Recover and sometimes I think he is missing a mother
And was rent from the soul of a richer wiser man
As a prodigal son gone bad.

Laughing Sam seems to appear in my life when I've forgotten the last time.
Laughing Sam seems to be creeping up on all my enemies.
Laughing Sam seems to be at once better and worse than me
But only relatively
As if he's the half-brother I never met.

Whenever I avoid him he appears at my elbow.
When I would tap his shoulder or embracing, his image is hollow.
He is no apparition - this figure is real.
I know because I only see him when I'm sober.

He's going to pay us all a visit one day.
He's working for an outside agency or force I can't destroy.
I don't know his employer
But I'm sure to meet him one day.
When I'm at my best
When I embrace joy and dispel doubt.

Gary Diamond

I Need You

I'm not one to moan.
Not to others, no, I barely complain.
But some things need to be shared
It's what keeps us sane.

Some of the ideas are insane, perhaps.
But that's okay, who ever said that being human was all about logic and reason
Was certainly a fool, and a bigger madman than all of us.
People who strongly deny anything are probably partaking
Of that very thing.

And below that little facade, our lame little act
There lies the very truth of the matter.
The thing we'd like to deny, hiding beneath our surface.
We all have carnal and primal needs, you see.

And you ask the essential question.
I was foolish to tell you this early on, I'm sure.
But.

□

Need

□ You.

You probably smiled and said you already had a boyfriend.
If you did I'm sure I didn't hear you.
I'd already heard some form of 'Yes' and 'I do'.

But when I say I need you I'm not talking about marriage.
And God forbid I was dreaming of having kids.
I was talking about your soul, your very essence.
Your head next to mine on the cheap pillows.

I've met some fine woman in my time.
Many of them really had a body.
Some of them had a mind worth slipping into.
Fewer still had both.
I'm not sure what you had, but I knew it was good.

Yes.

I need You.

I'm not going to be cheap or crass or irritating.
I'm not going to throw it around or start imitating
The views of the people you love, just to fake affection.
I'm sure you have defences to aid the rejection
Of that very same matter, my dear.

I'll say it only once more.

I
Need
you.

And if I don't get you, rest assured, you'll marry the very same fool
That I left you with in the first place.
Though if it wasn't for him, I'd never have met you.
Thank God for the small miracles.

Gary Diamond

I Was Clever Is An Epitaph

He was clever.

He was clever.

He was clever.

Those all sound like the dying words of a fool to me.

It spells out a million heartbreaks and plot-ready tragedies.

Of pushing the boat out, but not FAR ENOUGH BY FAR.

It's dark there under that neutron star.

I like thinking of the undead souls lying underneath their ill-fitting tombstones

Like cheap Italian suits tie-dyed with piss and faith.

Did their own spirit write an unravelling uninspired piece

Or was it the family

Embiggened by wanting elevation from worthlessness.

I love a careful, fretful digger.

Making his own grave with hands and steel.

It could be something bigger than the souls of a million veterans.

It could be less worthless than a field full of sifting gold.

Until that man, or woman, has been eroded down to the bone

We can't really say for sure if they made any different

Or if they were just another boring number

Ignored in the small columns of a newspaper.

Gary Diamond

Icebreaker

Closing up and clamming up in social situations.
Walking into a party full of unknown faces.
There could be a genius in there.

As long as theres a buffet table full of free booze
And the odd toasted snack treat
That'll be a start.
Some choose to hover there all night.

How are you supposed to start in a place like that.
What question can roll off your tongue.
Who to talk to first.
Worrying about coming across as crass.

Then the beer kicks in.
Blink and rub the eyes.
A plan is forming.
This'll be an icebreaker.

They call it 'the streak'
And they certainly weren't talking about winning.
You strip to the birthday suit
And run around screaming.
I'm not sure if I ever did it
But I certainly thought it'd be a stitch.

Instead it's easier to drift from the groups that begin to emerge.
Maybe one or two in the house's many rooms.
Maybe one night stands going on in a few of the bedrooms.
It's fun to open doors and see.

Gary Diamond

I'D Like To Go And Live In A Madhouse For An Undefined Amount Of Time To See If I Really Took To It, Or If My Image Of It Was Completely Unrealistic And I'D Have To Leave

Above all else
The lessons I learned
Are probably not much more insightful
Than anyone else
(Un) lucky enough
To have walked upon this earth.

The strange thing is though
I seem to empathise more
With the old man on his deathbed
Wisdom and stories aplenty
Than anyone of my age.
You could say
I'm too old for my shoes.

I tiptoe around social graces
I keep my mouth shut for the most part.
I keep my nose clean now as cocaine
Is just far too expensive for day to day use.
Weed is out, too hard to source.
Sticking to the poisonous sauce.

I find it better in bed
With the darkness around me
All the machines
In the house
Switched off
Alone
Maybe a beer or two on the window ledge
It's good to have the choice.

The way of the shut in.
I'd follow it to the letter as
An experiment

If I didn't have to work 35 hours a week
Just to buy the ability
To have any kind of place to live.

I thought about trying to get committed once.
The thought is still appealing.
Lots of drugs to kill off the emotions
No responsibilities
No obligation to do anything
Trained professionals to
Listen to the little malices
And quirks
That have made you a madman
Or just a crackpot or moron.

Gary Diamond

I'M All Out Of Words

I'm all out of words to describe the gnawing of my stomach.
The emotional centre is all chewed and tied up.
The funny thing is, I only feel this bad when I let it out
When I feel for one shining moment that
Maybe there's someone out there who needs me
Like I need them, whoever they are.
Wherever they call home.

That was why when my first dates failed as a child
I vowed never to fall in love, never to taste that kind of pain.
Every so often I have to break my rules.
And sadly, every time I've done so in the last decade
I fare no better than those failed dates of years past.
Maybe I'm just fundamentally stupid and unloveable.

If I am some kind of genius, why is life more confusing to me
Than it is to any average man or woman who never thought about it?

I'm all out of words; my throat chokes when I tire of singing.
I always believed a broken heart would be my artistic birth
But it seems now, that even the promise of the break
Is enough to make my whole body shake with salty tears.

Must be a failure.
Must have been led to believe I was a bright star
When I was destined to do worse all along.
To subsist in some limbo of martyrdom.
That's the way it goes for some people.

And here I am.
Alone.
Grasping.
The shortest straw.
Thank you.

Gary Diamond

Inside This Mind

I have a little voice inside my head.
I'd wager than you do
Too.
But let me tell you about mine first.

I think he's getting rather cocky these days
I think he feeds on his own intelligence
And smokes himself high on self-importance
Because he's like that.

He gets cocky and tells me
I can't throw him out
Cos he has tenure
And besides which
He's the worthless bum I've come to love.

If I get knocked back at the bar
He's the one who reaches into my wallet
And pulls out a ten
And says 'your strongest cocktail please'.

If I smile when I wanted to kill someone
He'll comfort me with obscene images
And promise
Bloody murder and revenge, one day.

Oh, he's probably a womanising sod too.
If you could separate him from me
He'd be there to laugh at me.

When I spin or drink from this bottle
I never know how much of him
Is going to spill out.

I like it like that.
He likes it, too.

Gary Diamond

Interpret

Hey.

We all like a man brandishing a sword and a chain.

Making up words, mouthing words to songs we don't know.

This is the version.

The interpretation.

To dance around on one leg

Partially demented.

Something must have got to him.

Invaded old turf

Makes us love the old all the more.

Even if the love you seek forever eludes you

Maybe the love you actually did get

Was a bigger asset

Than all the unimaginative things

You wanted

And demanded.

The version, the new version.

Does it outlive your expectation

Make you some kind of elusive superman.

I preferred the songs that I didn't know the words to.

I preferred everything that made me piss everyone else off.

Because the easy solution is to be the wallpaper

To be the thing in the room

Never standing out

Never standing true

Never living tall

Making fucking stupid decisions on a whim.

The leaders of us are more confused than those lurking in the shadows

That God already lived in once and forgot about.

I wasn't trying to be a man who lived above and beyond

I was already trying to ignore

The obvious

The lover of the fool

The man who lived but saw nothing.

The version of the song or the word
Is the one that filtered through you
Adding and changing
Making the most of a cliché
Making everything bright like the immense supernova.

Gary Diamond

Invite Only

By invitation only.
The doorman has been given specific instructions.
He yields for no reason.

You could be dead; you might be dying.
But without your frilly white slip or R.S.V.P.
You're not fooling anybody.

Lining up outside a club where your friends are
Getting all the way to the front
Then being told you're not welcome.
And given no reason.
And given no shrift.

Left adrift
Standing in the rain.
By invitation only
Do we give in to our pain.

Gary Diamond

Is Suicide Evil?

As the tortured child
Would breathe it's last breath
Blood soaked
At the end
Of the
Rope

Nobody asks to be born, nobody can
Or at least not in ways we know about.
We've made it here somehow
It may be a test
Might be something worse.

The society we endure today is fraught with
Diminishing returns
Ever increasing
Problems
Fractures
Any which lack of harmony.

We're eating up the planet too fast.
I said we're eating up the planet too fast.
We consume all it has to offer
And belch it back out
Smoke stacks and car fumes
Handshakes of carbon monoxide.

We're also breeding too fast.
I said people are spreading seeds too far.
Medical science had a good intention.
It seeked to cure disease and wish away pain
Sadly
It backfired.

Now every disease cured means more survive
So if the Earth is a cage
We're battery hens, crammed in with
No room to breathe.

It's hard to be an individual when -
The amount of people who are like you increases
Only today I found another man with my name
Who has the same hobbies and some of
The same talents.
If that isn't a passion killer
I'm not sure what could be.

It's hard to be an individual when -
Even though a massive population problem
Is obvious to all
People would rather remain walking
Stereotypes and
Burn all that differs from their own.

So what if we abolished all forms of treatment
Except for those who did something heroic
Or those that show the greatest potential?

What if we legalised and encouraged
Euthanasia and suicides
And woke one day to see
Vigilante murderers
Chasing down those
That the police
Could or would never catch.

Is suicide evil?
If someone is unhappy
And contains enough bravery
To get off this existence we know
And into something beyond
What right do we have to speak out?
They made a choice that
Might just be greater
Than any we've still yet to make.

Gary Diamond

Joker

I don't see why the joker is such a rarely played card.
It looks foolish and dated in the pack.
But if we were absent of jokers in the real world.
It wouldn't be much good at all
Would it.

To make fun of the cut of someones jib and grin
The lady with the beard, the man with oversized chin.
To make reference to battles of the sexes
To make use of the Ouija board for a tale about hexes.
Find it in your heart to love the joker.

Some humour they weave is bright and well-meaning.
Some of it is bone dry and deceiving.
Find it in your heart to love the joker.

It takes a lot of balls and a stiff gut to walk up under those stage lights
Armed only with a well-pressed suit, a chair and a jar full of stage fright.
A baleful of tales, some cigarettes beer and matches.
To turn a quiet audience into one that snatches
Every breath with clarity
Between gusts of hilarity.

Today's jesters don't have their own court.
But they do have many stories
Like the one about
The time they got caught.
Jacking off over a picture of their favourite teacher
Resulting in a clip to the ear and a word with a preacher.
So then.

Find it in your heart to love the joker.
He holds to his chest the ace of good humour.

Gary Diamond

Just Thought You Should Know, Expletive

how is it limiting oneself
conforming to a cage
is the ultimate sin?

if we are beasts of burden
i'd rather trade this scrawny soul
than watch it write and writhe
pink and indecent
skinny by the firelight

these keys of merriment can't contain
retyping as the soul exudes discipline
we may become more than mammals
even if our evolution
is not physical
but of the mind
we're but jokes
and laughable frauds

casting to our own images prophetic gesture
seeing in through the window
of a fabricated life no man can live
without dying too young to taste the flavour

no.
we're a failed experiment.
there are moments of triumph
nestled among the rape and the killings
listless and parched from want of trying
a pale shadow creeping blood-soaked walls
a pro-euthenasia stance
a fist in the face of dumb youth
from the angry pensioner.

age old truths are saddening.
they stick around like sore thumbs
outlining
laughing at the pity
that we have a million solutions

and we'll find a million more
before we adhere to the right ones
which were as the midget occam
in collaboration with kefrans dream
were right
and easy
in theory.

just thought you should know, fucker.

Gary Diamond

Keep Me Guessing

i guess it's something you learn as you go along.
as most things are.
until you find your comfort zone.
or at least the nearest bar.

you're easily distracted, well so am i.
regrets will get you nowhere.
regrets will keep you guessing.

it's only a matter of time before someone
figures you out.
it's only a matter of time that i can
keep you in my sight.

because i know i've lost someone
lost them years ago.
but why'd you keep me guessing.
only you can know.

Gary Diamond

Last Minute Save

Took us many years to remember to reuse shopping bags, didn't it?
Like the last minute save a keeper makes to keep a clean sheet.
Don't start telling me I'm lazy.
We're all lazy in our fashion.

Last ditch attempts and famous last words
Are all staple favourites of our culture.
When someone was caught short,
Or caught abusing the press, provoked and wasted.
It's all good family fun.

I love the pleas of the fading and dismal celebrities.
Going on ready-made shows to bolster flagging careers.
Getting another belated week or two in the spotlight
Cashing in
Then back to obscurity for them.

How many times have you dropped and caught a loose plate
Only to fumble it and turn it into splinters and shards regardless.
Sometimes you save a falling child as if by sixth sense.
Other times you're so oblivious you nearly end up
Under the wheels of a tanker.

It's best to leave certain choices until the latest.
Sometimes laying on a plan early or seed planting wrongly
Will turn the world against you
Or your best ideas will be readily stolen.
The gut instinct is what tells us to hold back, make way.
To keep what seems essential tucked away for day.

Don't be calling me lazy.
I'd been planning this all along.
I just wanted to make it
Look as if I was lost and blitherly.
To fool you.

Did it work?
You tell me.

Lazarus Pill

It's a bad one.
It's a very bad one.
Even the tiny cracks of light at the sides of your curtain
Batter you around the head violently.
Even turning over to the cold side of the pillow
Is a chore you'd rather do without.

Someone drops a coffee cup downstairs
But to you it's like a bomb going off over the china.
The pieces being scraped off the floor
Make you feel like tearing out your hair.
It's a bad one.

You can see the equation staring back at you from across the table.
You can add up the figures and come to a simple conclusion.
A couple of the things you enjoyed at the time really don't mix.

Eventually you regain a little strength and swing legs over the bedside.
Hold your forehead as it starts to spin and convulse.
You're too dignified for crawling.
Stumbling is hardly better.
Make your way to the medicine cabinet.

Pull it open, ripping at the bottles, sending the lotions flying.
As you repeat through hazy motions, crying
Dying a little, until you find the right box.

The Lazarus pills. A pure hit of vitamin.
To raise your countenance from the dead and
Quick, there's work to be done.

Take one and take the glass of fruit juice.
It's recovery time.
The doctor has his patient on the operating table.
This will be incision, this will be a cure.

You take the pill and lay in bed waiting.
Then it comes.
You get up for the bathroom - you RUN.

Then sit on the toilet.
It comes and comes and comes
In a gush.
A release of poison that the pill has done.
It sounds horrible but it feels better.

And so, thoroughly drained
You take a shower.
Scolding hot.
New set of clothes on bright pink skin.
A full breakfast to replace the missing proteins.
Plenty of bacon, egg and sausage.

Still a little shaky and unsteady
But at least you're ready.
You're going to make it.
You're going to make it.

Gary Diamond

Leave It Alone

If ever there was good advice
God's advice
It was
Leave it alone.

Put down what you're good at before you get immune to it.
Leave it alone.

Gary Diamond

Lesson Learned: Never Criticise A Woman's Choice Of Perfume

There was the girl I'd met a week before.
She was good looking enough
and at the time it seemed we had
enough in common too.

I arranged another date and that
went less well.
I wasn't assertive enough and
I should have challenged her more.
Maybe it was the fact I challenged her
at all
that she took exception to.

"You know, you perfume smells
like Turkish Delight." I said
because it did.
She turned her nose up.

"Well I think it smells
quite nice.
It's called Ghost."

"Better not to wear perfume
than to wear that."

The words came out.
Then I realised.
I said 'em.

"It was a gift
from an old friend
of mine."
I was going to stop
but I'd had enough drink
to kill the remaining
inhibitions.

I thought
well
she speaks her mind
about me
so only fair
I should do the same.

"Well
he can't be much
of a friend."

That was the end of that date.
I didn't have to ask.
I just deleted her number
And moved on.

Gary Diamond

Light Up

Light up and kill yourself.
Inhale the taste of the death that hangs
Like a lozange around your dirty throat.
You like it.
We like it.

If you smoke enough your lungs burn out in the
Cancerous fire.
It's better doing something that way
With the risk of death on the glorious way.

It's all good.
Making a choice instead of not making a choice
It's often a guise or a gag.
We don't mind
We'd strain to see it.

I smoke the cigar and the cigarette because it hints at the things I like to occupy
myself with.
IT tastes like the clothes smell if I weren't to touch it at all.
We make the choice to drink it down
We make the choice
We make it because there's no fool bigger than those
Who'd do the stupid purely to entertain.

The taste as we shiver in the cold.
It makes a man almost bold.
Perfect in the imperfections
Goadng old friend that lost something.
I never did.
I'll forgive those that did.

Gary Diamond

Living

dancing
like flies
to a flame
bees
to the nectar

crying
alone in a room
that is a reflection of you
your face in salty tears

of all the promises
the big ones floundered
the small ones flourished
i don't hold the keys to the god machine
so i can't make sense of what perished

i wake and i disturb the balance
you wake and you make a coffee
both are good choices
just be sure to make one
and then the other
and make new choices

living
a choice we've made
because the second one
may not be worth waiting
for

Gary Diamond

Long Day

It's one of those long days.
Can't drink
Don't want to eat
Can't do shit
Waiting on other peoples injustices.

Seems all the favours got used up and how.
Now old friends happily stab you in the back.
The head throbs and the pain is intense
Didn't want to go to work anyhow.

Too much bedrest has made me sick to the stomach
Too much to eat makes my stomach feel fat.
The trouble and strife not referring to a wife
Battered
Scarred and tattered.

Not since skipping school and stealing
Has doing something seemed so appealing
Need to eliminate the motive
Get off this dead ass
Get moving.

You get old, assume you get wiser
You prefer the main course to the appetiser
But some things old and grey and set in stone
Can still get you to stand up
Sit up in bed
Moan.

It's too long, this day.
What with all the fretting
The being messed around
Out of my control stuff
That you just can't change.

Could compare ounces of malice and spite
Could hide in the shadows and give you a little fright
Could hang around here with nothing to do

Could move away again
Sit here, feeled screwed.

Gary Diamond

Lord Of The Skies

Poets are supposed to write about the pretty things.
Poets are supposed to turn around anguish in the last lines.
Poets are supposed to make life a solvable conundrum.
Poets are born to be obsessed with what only matters
From time to time.

I don't
Buy into that
At all.

No....
 I know you well.
 Lord of the skies.
 We talk about sun and moon and stars
 Like they're
 Mythical.

Actually they're burning balls of gas several light years away.
We're supposed to obsess and indulge in their beauty
As if the lack of understanding
We have
For them
Somehow parallels and enriches
Our own
Misunderstandings.

Oh yes, I don't deny they're pretty.
I don't care if I go all soft when I crane my neck
Stare at Orion's Belt when I'm so drunk I am bottle-shaped.
They're great
But do they make more sense of life?
No.

Strip it down to the core, life is a chore and a bore.
It may come with a pre-packaged joy or too.
Maybe you were lucky enough to fall in
And then out of
Love.

Can't say I've been there
Can't say I was any closer to Love
Than I was to Proxima or Altair
Or any of the seven sisters, really.
But it sure was pretty,
Anyway.

Gary Diamond

Losing Vs. Winning

I think a person can learn a lot more from losing
Than ever could from win after win after win.
Not to say that a winner gains nothing.
But the loser may yet come back stronger.

If you win you did something right
Perhaps many things right.
But usually overlooked something.

With the loser, however.
He made many mistakes
And the most glaring of those he can, with practice
Correct and increase efficiency.
Even if he did some things right, and still lost
Everything he did will be re-evaluated.

Winners get complacent.
Losers get downhearted, but in time get dogged.
And there's nothing better than a hard-earned win.

Gary Diamond

Louder

Seems theres always some kind of buzz
To amuse yourself with.
Some noise, or flashing bright thing
A new toy
A must-have joy.

I've never seen modern people get so scared
As they do standing alone
Without entertainment
Without drugs
Without company
Without mobile phones or entropy
Only the clothes on their back
Standing alone
In a field with no wind and tall grass.

I've never seen them so scared
Because when all that's superfluous
Has been removed
Like God striking a match
The brain kicks in
And they finally start thinking.

And when they think, they don't like it.
As the human dilemma comes into form
Even for the stupidest mammal
They've got to start to worry.

They have to question their place
They have to re-evaluate their position
Wonder how to move forward
Or in whatever direction it is
They think
That they need.

You don't need a horror movie to scare yourself stupid.
Just remove the distractions of 'the first world'
And your mind will do the rest.

Martyr By Degrees

I often feel I say too many bad things
About a planet
That in truth isn't as evil
As my mind's veiled eye seeks to make it.

There is merit hiding out there.
Dig the ground, climb a tree
Simple joys of nature.
Yes, life can be a wonderful distraction
Taken lightly and never pondered.

All I have, all I am, is what I've been made to be
So although I judge the world too harshly
I have to.
It's how I was built.

Not to ride ego like a wave about to crash
Envelope a beach
But I feel without my negativity
Without my addressing all I feel is bad around me
People might not look
At their own lives
More positively.

I am no messiah, not much of a man really
Someone who singles out blurred visions of hate
Someone who appreciates beauty only in a pretentious way
Could stand to lighten up a little
Could stand to get off the booze.

I am setting myself up to be a martyr
If only by degrees.
Death seems too far to hold my opinions
Death taunts me by giving me many
Near-death experiences, even when i was young.

I don't exaggerate and I don't tolerate hyberbole
If I seem overwrought, I don't care.
I can take doses of sub and unconcious

And ride them where I will
Maybe back to the beach
Maybe digging the sand to make a castle
Maybe setting the castle under that tree.

A martyr by degrees.
Should I be proud.
Probably not.

Gary Diamond

Mercenaries

Mercenaries and bounty hunters
The prey is a human candidate.
I think that'd be an easy kind of job.
In a small way you're culling
The over-population.

As some martyrs say, death is enevitable anyway.
Why not get it out of the way and see if there's
An afterlife
Or just blackness
Or some kind of limbo.
Who knows?

Mercenaries, the hunters of men.
Bounty hunters, cash on receipt of cadaver.
Statistics written casually on sheets of bleached paper
Addresses memorized then desposed of.

Would it be so hard to become a killer
To start with swatting the fly
Then shooting someone in the eye
For money.

What would be the over-riding sensation
The disgust of murder or adrenaline's elation.
Not easy to answer that without standing in the shoes
Of the killer with the rifle aiming.

Our national armed forces often do this every day.
You could apply right now.

Gary Diamond

Metaphors

Some metaphors are better for making a point than others.
Some metaphors futhermore
Are for ousting your former lovers.
Few metaphors will get applause
Especially from your mother.
Few metaphors are real any more
So try hard to create some others.

Gary Diamond

Missing Piece

I swear I left it around here somewhere.
Perhaps it rolled under the bed.
Maybe the balled up socks in the corner have the
Clue.
I'll check and untidy the room.

As much as I love looking for the missing piece that completes a puzzle.
I often get the feeling completing one puzzle leads seamlessly
To doing it all again
With different pictures
And places
And times of day.

I always preferred being one step removed from completion.
The dirty dishes and the ashes in the sink.
The unmopped floor breeding the mold.
My hair too long without any gel.
Those sorts of things.

You see, in my back pocket are potentially millions of final pieces.
That I removed from many jigsaws
From all over the world.

Perhaps I was the mischievous creator that day.
Revelling in the madness of lacking the third side of the triangle.
Maybe I gave someone two missing pieces
And watched with interest
Intent on damning and demeaning either choice
So the poor soul was a dead man either way.

Many missing pieces.
So many,
Piled in warehouses and stacked in old shoe boxes.
Fun.

Gary Diamond

Missing Something

I guess I must be.
I've tried to find it.
But it's not hanging on a wall somewhere.
It's not something you can buy.
Although some think it can be done.
But that would be a small sliver, not the whole pie.

What I believe today, I may not believe tomorrow.
What is keeping me entranced will be a shadow by the end of the week.
I'm still missing this one thing though.
That is a constant at least.

What I'm looking for certainly isn't material.
What I'm looking for is not ivory, or gold.
What I'm looking for seems to elude me.
What I look for other people seem to think they have
But most times I've seen what it is
And it certainly isn't what I want
At all.

Perhaps it hides in the cracks.
Maybe the lonely dog drifting along the lamp lit street knew it once.
Then he became a discarded toy and his fur turned because of it.
Perhaps he was happy once, before it used him up.

Most choose to buy themselves happy.
Placing value in tat and trinkets and other kinds of junk.
Identifying status as being behind the wheel of a prestigious car.
What shit.
What shit that is.

Oh it's all nonsense and it enrages me.
Angers me.
Burns me up that people can lie, time and again
And mostly to themselves.
And none of this puts me
Even an inch closer towards my goal.

Have you been listening closely.

Have you been putting your hand up in school
Or speaking out in meetings.
Or are you too busy making this thing which I seek
Drive you mad.

Too much of it, too little of it.
Seems impossible to get the mixture right.

Gary Diamond

Missing, Presumed Disgusted

Where are my women.
I think more than any man, I deserve them.
There's enough talent here
Enough to overflow a brandy glass
Enough to challenge the sanity.

A dead on her ass whore.
A beauty with a brain problem.
Whatever.
I want it.

But even the ones low on the food chain
Are afflicted with the malices of womanhood.
The recounting of every minor, crappy detail
By means of forever meandering gossip.
Droll?
Definitely.

They do certain things better with a discerning eye.
Excuse the cliché
But clichés are clichés because they ring
True.

Better at the cleaning, the washing, the sewing.
The organisation.
Not necessarily a better chef
But more often than not the one who bothers at all.

Although I see corners being cut on the womanhood side.
Much like I see masculinity dying like a wounded, fighting beast.
Seems we're all nothing but middle persons
Only thing differentiating us
Physical form.

Not trying to put myself, or you, on a pedestal.
Just pointing out what I see in the old-school black and white.
Better this way.
I'd rather point it out and be unhappy
Than let it slide

Lie to myself
And be the bland thing everyone else
Is settling for.

Still, I want the REAL woman.
Same as I'm trying to be a REAL man.
If she's trying too.
Maybe it'll be worth or at least equal to
The effort.

Probably though, they are missing
Presumed disgusted.
I'm too aloof, I know it.
I'm not desperate
Not turning over chequebook and keys
Not giving a fucking inch, sometimes.
Giving a woman a once-over with these roving eyes.
On some level, the primal side of them
Is alight at the challenge
But still content with the soft touches

The men with divorces under their belt
The men who traded in their dignity like a stolen car - real fast.
The men who can perform like pros as men
Pull them ladies in
And then completely sell out
Disgracing us all.

It's happening because there's no survival challenge.
The anger and rage of fighting seems confused and hollow.
Pub brawls kick off, but for no real reason.
Directionless aggression
That the aggressor feels but cannot place.

Gary Diamond

Murder Me, Honey

if i believed you i'd take your gesture as a sign.
a sign that something ain't right.
believe me honey this is a murder
you might want to witness.
i saw the rerun on cable TV and it desensitized me.

that's how it goes these days
people are too self-obsessed to care.
violence crashes down around your ears
and all you can do is pretend to cry.
why stop there, why stop anywhere.
why stop at all.

murder me honey
make me bleed for what i believe in.
wake my honey
tell my thoughts what am i thinking.

you found your way in.
made yourself at home.
you live for the moment.
you're a little like me.
in some ways i bought into your bullshit.
in some ways i believed every word you said.

so murder me honey
take me down and make me cry again.
i'm still standing honey
but only by the grace of God.

Gary Diamond

My Only Gift

arrival the end of the journey.
i been travelling a long long while.
turn my head on it's side so i can see the world as you do.

i don't want to know what you know
i want to be there and make those
big mistakes myself.

you're losing, you're drowning
so what the hell do you know.

i won't learn from other peoples mistakes
i'll make my own and go from there.
when i hit my 25 i'm sure i'll lose my fear.

i see the world from a different angle
and that's my only gift.
you can figure out this system
and see how wide the rift.

power is corruption; it goes all the way to the top.
with so many fingers in so many pies you swear
you'll never stop.

Gary Diamond

My Soul Is A Drunken Santa

Santa's a funny old thing.
Not as old as Jesus
Just as revered
Although Coca-Cola
Made him turn red.
(I've seen it turn the bottom of glasses
You use to drink it all the time
Completely brown.
What's it doing to the gut?)

At the pit of this anguish and abuse
After hundreds of stories and hours
All about selfishness and moaning about the world
Maybe it's time to lighten up.
The worse the world treats me
The happier I am
All because
I spend my free time being two-faced
And po-faced
To everything (but not everyone)
In it.

My soul is a drunken Santa.
I laugh, I cry with equal conviction
I'm a soft touch under all the malice
I feel I was brutalized but couldn't
Tell you why.

I wish I was richer
That my clothes weren't so threadbare
And full of memories, good and bad
Sober and drunk.
I wish I could hand out presents
On a need-to-know, ones-to-love basis.

I wish I could get out of bed before 3pm
And stop going there as late as 7am.
It makes me feel like Santa.
Maybe because he's drunk all the time

The North Pole seems perfect.

(I often said
Cure hangovers with
Orange Juice
Stiff, cold window breeze)

Gary Diamond

Myths Survive Only Over Time

People aren't born myths
At least not in any newspaper I ever read.
Myths grow from notable people.
They become people to awe
Then they become ingrained on mass consciousness
Then tales, true or false and all memorable
Turn them into a legend.
And then they die, and people are sad at first.
But the legend strengthens
And makes a demigod out of a mortal
Just the way it was intended.

Gary Diamond

Needle

Trying to thread a needle through a hole several sizes too small.
Figuring out a pattern and laughing hard at it because it doesn't belong.
Oh no never that hard to fathom
Oh no, never really any different
Than anyone
That I shall ever meet.

Stories and jokes that I once believed to be funny
Are in fact just little abominations
Tiny rueful adstractions
Not worthy of the time left to take them.

We believe the needle a clean and worthy vessel
Smooth and metallic in the undulating light.
But zoom in closely like the science edge video
And it's no more a truth
Than the planets we've never been to
But believe to be hanging around the solar system.

There's a moon well up there.
Driving people mad on it's forthright set day.
I don't like the honesty
But denying it makes me look stupid
Like everyone else.

The needle and the thread
Little change from the cow and the dish and the spoon
Laying their truth manifest there bare.
Trying to seem vital as should be.
Myths planted like ugly seeds.

Gary Diamond

Not One To Cross

I wished for the doors to shut
I wished for the final curtain
I wanted you, the unwanted, to give me that
But both of us were uncertain.

I heard you talking upon the phone that to me was barred
I would ring many a number
Try to
But hear nothing but long paused beeps.
All I had to do was use the telephone once
And away it flew.

I would hear your music played for a short time loud
Then I too would play what I liked loud.
Your fists would berate the door
And down would go the volume.

You would preach about the internet to get me in the door
But then when that was all I wanted
Pull that away and call it off limits.

You would say it is easy going here.
But our definitions do differ wildly.
What you might call freedom
I would call patronizing
I would call control freakishness
The thing that drove your friends
And your family
Well away.

You would impress with the multi-channel television.
You would say use this wonderful device any time
Then what you did well was stop paying the bill
So it cancelled itself out anyway.

You still claim that all the bills are paid.
When I see the final demands
Stacking up to the right of the breadboard.

You have a woman in a town one hundred miles away
To solve your common problem you propose
Some kind of marriage
Yet you are still married
Yet your responsibilities pile up
Around and beyond your thin skinned shoulders.

Yes although right now you are not one to cross.
You certainly sicken and appall me
Because how well you embody
All that strikes me as shoddy
Currently
About this faith-stricken
Society.

Gary Diamond

Nutter

His head, broken.
His mind, damaged.
Led as if a child.

His hands, shaking.
His bed, wet with sweat.
Unsure of what or who.

We drove him here.
We drove him here with our sticks of firewood and our fancy cars.
We drove him here with over-ambitious notion and gesture.
We drove him here because he liked things better without complication.

His love, lost.
His failure, clear.
Shedding all his tears.

His child, crippled
His justice, never given.
Back turned to once-great career.

We drove him here.
We drove him here with things so well-planned, they were as farce.
We drove him here with expensive holidays blighted by delayed flights and hostile natives.
We drove him here because despite our lifestyles, we turned our back on happiness.

His guilt, clawing.
His friends, ignoring.
Without trace of cunning or guile.

His life, forfeit.
The promises, counterfeit.
As weightless as a man in a spacecraft.

We drove him here.
We drove him here with lies and deceit until his noble soul rent in two.
We drove him here with a gradual unfastening of his mental screws.

We drove him here because we wanted to be free of responsibility.

We drove him here.

We drove HIM HERE.

We made his bed and we wiped his mouth.

We tried to recommend him self-help.

We lumbered him with unwarranted self-pity.

We drove him here and made him look pretty.

We drove him here

So we're all fucking guilty.

Gary Diamond

Occam Is A Moron

What did he ever have, this repulsive idiot.
We have now a stupid portrait
And a banal little saying
Wicked and vipor tougued.
Self-indulgent and nothing but a yawn.

What was it this supposed genius said
What immortalised such a myth.
It was that the simplest solution is usually the right one.

Really?
Don't you think the baby of barely a year knows that?
When did genius come down to stating the obvious
The simple notions of a deluded self-concious.
This man must be a moron.

Even in his immortal phrase
Was the doubt of the matter easily stated.
If there is this much doubt in one simple sentence
Then the simplest solution
Is to ignore the whole thing.

We, as a people, love to believe that everything is able to be labelled.
Able to be easily and remotely defined by the council of our choosing.
Giving back to us the glib and the dull
If we tune in
If we suddenly desire to hear it.

Occam, you fool, what else of yours was worth knowing?
If this is the extent of your revelation, better to leave you outside
Naked. When it is snowing.

Dull.
Too dull for another word
For dull.
Occam you moron.
In this life we walk
Breathe
Bear

Endure, sometimes willingly.

Why should your tract make the smallest of differences?

Gary Diamond

Old People Need To Get Over Themselves

People seemed to like accosting me
when going to and from work.
When I was on my own time
everyone would get out of my way.

When I was scheduled to be
somewhere at a
particular time,
it was as if everyone knew
and would deliberately
block my way.

This particular day it was a fat old man
who was most noteworthy.
I was sitting on the train, window seat,
legs propped on the other seat.
I had been listening to some mp3s but the player
piece of shit that it was, had broken down again.

I still had the headphones around my neck
the big closed in types
not those little white in-ear things
that pass as headphones.

A few stops down the line on walks the fat man.
He was wearing a smelly green jacket and a flat cap.
His hair and beard were brilliant white.
He sat down opposite me,
then after a few seconds
pushed my left foot off the seat
then my right.

It wasn't violently done but it was annoying.

"Get your feet off the seats.
Can't you read English? "
he motioned to the 'please keep feet off seats'
signs stuck to the train window.

"No." I said, with a cocky smile.
He shook his head
and looked away.
I thought for a second.

"Well, you could have asked me
politely instead of
pushing my feet
off the seats like that."
I said, hint of menace
in my tone.

"You shouldn't have done it
in the first place." He replied.
He had his
'angry at the younger generation'
sort of voice on.

"Two wrongs don't make a right.
You of all people should know that.
After all, society isn't going to fall apart
just because
someone breaks
a small rule.
It's not like I'm puffing away
on a cigarette."

He looked at me, quite disgruntled.
I looked back at him, defiant.
A few people on the other seats
looked around.

Old people should
get over themselves
I thought.

I have as much of a problem
with modern society
as they do but I don't always
make a big issue
out of it.

On The Deus

When the flow breaks
When the hand shakes
It's time to get in bed
To start again tomorrow
To see if you'll wake up intact.

Why do we dream more dull as we age.
What happened to being conquerers of outer space
To see what happens when you touch a supernova
To dogfight around the nebula?
That's what I dreamed about.

All the science in the world is just a gut feeling
Some learned soul decided to dissect on paper.
The hand of a creator was a work
Someone pulled the right switch
Or lever
Or dial
Or anything else that you like
To think of as machine-esque
On the Deus.

I don't like the gaps between this one and the next.
I like perpetual, unending motion
That ebbs and flows as you breathe
And as your soul breathes.

I need to know that I'm alive so I write
So you might.
Some prefer to fight.
Others like to watch a play.
It's all good (in moderation)
Anyway.

When the flow moves
When the hearts blue
You've got to go with it.
Try to deny it
Bury it under the drink

It'll store itself away
Grow bigger
Move stronger.

If you want to explore the light of the stars, fly.
If you want to quench the hurts of your soul, cry.
They're both good choices.
As long as you make one.

Gary Diamond

Only God Is Perfect

you are a set of unique experiences
they make you what you are.
take one away and watch the others fall to earth.

you can dress them up in colours of lust
so appealing and so vibrant.
you can dress them down in grey
and yet they keep coming back.
quietly you wonder why you're here.

without a purpose you succumb to fear.
watch me watch me watch me as i fall asleep.
watch me as i work, how bored must you be.

to keep hassling me
so stop following me.

get you gone and shut that door
because when you don't work here
any more.

the peace of mind you managed to save
will be closed down by corporations
who'll never see me as i am and YOU as YOU are.

Gary Diamond

Only Human

(This is actually lyrics to a song I wrote, but it's pretty poetic nonetheless)

I want to tell you
A little tale
About the way that old habits prevail
When you're only human

I used to wait on the early mornings
Used to go to bed at dawn with curtains drawn
I'm only human

I'm not trying to criticise

Like a leopard can't change his spots
I can't pretend to be something I'm not
Only human

Like butterflies in the trees
Like all the birds and all the little bees
Only human

Not trying to change and still fighting it
Not going to heaven or hells darkest pit
I can't hope to contain
My feelings oh so plain

In all my ways I'll never lose my pride
Only human, buried deep inside.

The older we get the wiser we're not
At this life you get just one shot
Only human

Dedicate your life to art
Never finish what you start
Only human

In all my ways I'll never lose my pride
Only human, buried deep inside.

Cocoons only hold their change within
Once you're out you can't do it again

Gary Diamond

Open Score

i gave you what you wanted.
but you just keep coming back for more.
i thought we weren't running a tally.
i thought this was an open score.
my empty head is craving.
craving for something else.
i thought i'd found my shitpile.
i thought i'd found my house.

but i can't seem to keep you.
nor keep my thoughts in shape.
now my empty head is craving.
craving for something else.

and don't come round no more.
cos my house ain't your home.
and you let your feet just roam.
and don't forget to close the door.
and don't you come knocking.

Gary Diamond

Pain And Pain Again

Say it aloud and paint the walls in blood, your blood
No-one wants to listen to how you really feel
I've been forgetting this and that
And only holding on to what feels right.

Maybe I care too much
Maybe not at all.
I'm not sure where it begins and ends.
Does the promise of death scare me anymore?
Does drowning sorrows get old after a while?
Not to me.

I'm sorry I can't be the best, I really am.
If I was there, perhaps you could tell me the full story
And then what I heard wouldn't bother or scare me.
It's good to have something to share
Even when that something is the truth
And a worrying thing, nagging at you.

All I got left to tell you, is it hurts.
Pain and pain again, blotting out the colours
Making life monotone and monochrome
Killing me, selling me off piece by piece
So that we both might be
Easy targets.

Gary Diamond

Party

There's no party here.
No, there's no party here.
You must have been misinformed.
Either that or you took a wrong turn on those stairs.

Why are you all dressed up like a whore?
Why is your make-up running?
I'm guessing it isn't supposed to.
That dress is very red and very small.
If you're still lost, why don't you pull up a chair and we'll talk.

You look surprised, but still you stop.
I would have expected you to have run away.
You look barely a day over sixteen, certainly not eighteen.
And you're not sure what you were expecting.

Oh and the words flow out of me.
They cascade, like a verbal waterfall.
Subjects and topics changing as I tip my hat.
Well, I certainly like it
Like that.

You're young but somehow you're not naive.
Or at least, you're less naive than me
That makes it easier to tell you see.
I can't tell if I'm chatting you up.
I can't tell if I'm barking up the wrong tree.

Suddenly the dress makes a lot more sense.
It shows off the beautiful legs that have been given to you
This girl-woman.
Suddenly you're not standing by the door, confused any more.
You're sitting right next to me, and we're talking about Bukowski's poetry.

We share some interests alike and in common.
Don't you have a party to go to, I say.
I like it right here, you say, and choose to stay.

I'm not sure quite how it happened.

You're so innocent looking I didn't think you had it in you.
But I'd been pouring the drinks and you hadn't said no.
The next thing I know, there I am, and your legs are wrapped around me.
We're both naked, and sweating, heads thrown back.
I feel joy like it's the first time.
For you, it might well be.

I awake and you've already gone.
I was surprised you held on so long.
For me, over thirty was a triumph.
All that buttery skin, all that long flowing hair.

Before you went you left me a note and lined up the last beer.
'Here's your hangover cure, and for what it's worth, the party was here.'

Gary Diamond

People's Trances

I don't know how it is, or why it is, but it's certainly there.
I've seen perfectly normal, somewhat intelligent people
Suddenly lose all track of time and all sense of place
And it seems to affect most of the human race,
this,
Curious affliction.

People walk into their air-conditioned, overlit shopping malls.
People walk in as if to a heavenly haven, oblivious of each other.
They window shop until they find something.
And when they find that special thing, the world must melt.
And all it is then is them, the thing and the glass window.

They walk towards it as if in a trance.
They walk towards it into the path of young mothers
Into the way of old codgers
Annoying the pace of a passing, baseball cap teenager.
Yes,
Yes,
It's a curious affliction.

There is a phrase I like to use.
It's only two words, but they're good ones.
I call it 'spatial awareness'.
All of us have this in varying degrees.
When people slip into this trance they seem to
Lose it completely.
It's very strange.

I can't say it's ever happened to me.
Even in an aisle surrounded by my two favourite things
I can still perceive everything else around me.
But it happens to some people.

This is the drug.
This is the consumerist plague.
It's why credit cards exist.
It's why the economy heads endlessly back and forth to recession.
All it seems to take is a bright sign, a radio commercial.

And it ignites people's trances.

Gary Diamond

Playing Cards

They have those naked girl picture playing cards
To make poker a bit more fun
Why do the geeks miss out?
Why hasn't someone taken a rubix cube
And changed the colours
To pictures of naked ladies, one a side?

It wouldn't be hard
Although the customer might disagree.
All those naked ladies
All those broken rubix cubes
Smashed with impatience
As someone wanted to see the nudes
Without doing the homework.
(I bet he spends his money on three dollar whores, too)

Gary Diamond

Quest

I've always liked that word.
Saying it conjures up great images of the uncertain
The path trod by many
But only completed by a select few.

A quest means leaving all you know well behind you
Often to go out and try, in the face of the futile
To bring good or at least halt the progress of evil.
It speaks to the basics of the soul.

Every time a new medium is invented
The old primal words are lead out and refreshed
Until that medium is worn and jaded
Like everything else.

That's why seeking the axe of gold was a quest
Why saving the digital dolphin hordes was a quest
Why even the recluse magician Gwyzor had a quest
Until the games got old, jaded and gun-shaped.

Quest.
I want one of my own.
The chance to die or become a hero
Rather than stay here and amount to zero.

Gary Diamond

Queue

It's a curious word all right.
The single letter pronounced the same as the five letter word.
But we all know what it means.
Yes we all know what it means, either way.

Seems like we're always waiting somewhere for something.
Huffing and puffing and laughing while queueing.
And right there's another thing
Why don't they hire someone to entertain us
Or a television to throw adverts back at us.
You have to grow the brand.

Once I was so deep into the queue that I wrote a whole song
I needed no instrument or paper for words
I just receded into my mind for a while
And when I was done writing, I was nearly
Head of the queue.

Being head of the queue or nearly
Is the expectation's highest point.
We can finally relax - not that we should have been stressed at all.
We can get this mundane little chore off our schedule
And go grab a coffee or a pizza, freshly baked.
Eating it, watching the trains go by.

Maybe it's a progress bar
Or a number on an electronic sign.
We all know what it means
And we shouldn't be doing it.

Gary Diamond

Quitter

If you can't get along in this life
Fucking quit.

Because we're all quitting.
Apart from the top percentile
We're all wasting, leeching critters
Made of and spreading and spouting bullshit
Until true devils appear.

They are us.
We are the cancer
We are the disease.
We create the cure -
A nuke, a dirty bomb, a human killing microbe
And we're too chickenshit
To release it.

We escape all our problems
Drown them in alcoholic poison
Put off what could have been solved yesterday
Until next week.
We all slowly degrade into
Bad photocopies of our pure childlike form.

We complicate everything simple
We underestimate every true and decent challenge.
We strain and struggle to obtain
Everything that is bullshit.
We jet around our planet to visit it
Yet destroy it with the carbon footprint
Why are we doing that?

Why don't we lay down and quit
Like junkies on the final overdose
Why don't we see if there's any substance
In this God myth
In this afterlife ruse.

All we have to do is choose

All you have to do is choose
Speak out against what you hate
Even if it costs you a tooth
Even if it costs you an arm and a leg
Because killing your soul in degrees
Is not really a solution
It's a form of quitting.

Gary Diamond

Refuge

The last refuge of the solitary stooge
The final placement where the faith belongs
The last challenge fading the in fog
My life; as it slips away

Seemed that I was no good at keeping it together
For all that I had was a cursed ivy charm around the neck
I tried to push her in the right direction
To struggle against the sins of the self
No refuge here

The great tale of youth is one of quick and ready sacrifice
The last of the childhood vice
The one true cornerstone of a man twice removed

If only are the starting phrases of the eternal loser
The struggle and defeat of backward looking charm
Not a refuge

As the last of the fine wines and spirits evaporate
As all you once held dear is cast to the wolves
As that charm evaporates and makes a move into
Deep dark desperation
None of the refuge you sought
Would find you crouched here

Gary Diamond

Roll The Cancer

Roll the cancer
Fill lungs with it
Share mirth and laughter
What a rush.

I'll stand in the snow, shivering, smoking
Rather than be banal and dissect the obvious
In dull conversation
That hides in all of us.

If the choice is, live and die by what you love
Make mine a bagette of cigarettes
And bad taste guitar solos.

Gary Diamond

Routine

I get bored of routine.
People who like their house too clean.
I prefer a bit of mess.
I prefer a place with a little hair on it's chests.

The ad's on your television are telling you that bacteria is all bad.
The fact you believed them, hook and line, is a little sad.
I prefer to take my chances.
I prefer a place where the old dirt speaks of previous songs and dances.

I get bored of real life.
The mundane and neccesary.
It's a lot more fun to have character, you know.
Rather than try and sweep all the dirt away.

I was always suspicious of those kinds of people.
If they're so obsessed with these rituals, they must be hiding something.
Do they think by purging their dwelling of dust and stain
They can make their neurotic soul all clean again?

Yes. Routine.
Routine.
And more Routine.

It's enough to drive a man or woman over the edge.
Because no matter how hard you clean.
The dust and dirt is still there somewhere.
You just haven't...
Found it yet.

But you will.

Gary Diamond

Running Sideways Up The Slope

That's life in a nutshell.
Doing stupid things to get the laughs
To get the money, and the women
The damaged goods, the fools in flight
All of those that need to repent.

Who sinned, and who's to say he wasn't holy by his own terms?
Why say organised religion demands total devotion
When those who preach in draughty pulpits desecrate the flesh of children?
How can a mass murderer on his day in the chair
Or his day under the needle of death
Say he really regrets any of the killings he has done?

The underlying questions of this curious human nature is what I preach.
Except these are still dirty taboo secrets you don't want to hear.
You know they're here
You deny me the right to speak them
Because I speak them in tones that do not waver
Because I have admitted and made my bed with
Complete failure in mind.

I have seen the light
It's the one over my body of formaldehyde
I swear I've seen all my near-deaths
Days before they happened.
I walked towards them with open arms
And a smug smile.
That's why I never broke a bone.
But as repentance
When I die, every bone will be broken in the fall.

On that day, I'll be running sideways up the slope
I'll be in love with hate and bound in rope
I'll be completely free because I'll have the closure
I spent my life trying to fabricate.
There's no fooling the cosmos, you know.

Gary Diamond

Schooling

I didn't go much on school.
I didn't meet many people that did.
Because although I learned my lessons well
Above average,
It was the people standing outside the gates smoking
That ended up with the decent jobs.

Oh and don't forget that the standards have dropped
The government wanted to get the percentages up
And as the human race hasn't changed enough
They had to cheat and dumb it down
Dumb it down.
Dumber still.

There was the hierachy even then.
The over-emphasis on social status.
The identification of martyrs or pariahs.
Only now though
I give those words any meaning.

It wasn't too hard to pick a passion and run with it
To take it further and refine it, inadvertantly narrow it.
Until the knowledge gleaned benefitted just the self-important few.

That's why I had to stop.
That's why even the greatest minds stop at some point.
They begin to lose perspective and begin to laugh at the loss.
Believing themselves on some new plain.
Out there on a limb
Standing on the wing of an airplane.
It must be cold and draughty out there.

Schooling comes down to being given the basics
Then having to work it out for yourself.
So going into full time work barely at teenage threshold
Is alright as long as the choice was well-considered.

I wish I'd dropped out, somehow.
I think I'd be doing better if instead of a musical instrument

I'd have gone down the shaft with a hard hat and pickaxe.
Maybe the scotch would taste better after that kind of work.
But I'm naturally lazy.

Gary Diamond

Scissors And Knives

Don't run around drunk brandishing those scissors.
Don't attempt to cut the cheese when you're soused.
Didn't they show you the rule in school
Didn't they tell you what was allowed?

The dressmaking scissors are by far the best ones.
Big and ominous looking, brushed stainless steel.
Even a child, you realise
You could do some real damage
With impliments like those.

The sewing machine with the footpedal
On the small corner table.
Even though it's use is good.
You have to wonder what it would feel like
To stick your hand under the stitcher.

There's a story the wives like to tell, too.
About the man who committed many infidelities.
And woke to find his wife over him
With those dressmaking scissors in left hand.
And his pecker in the other.
Some say it turned up in a nearby field.
Can't imagine it'd work properly after being sewn back on.

Forget about the drink and driving.
It's the drink and sharp objects that don't mix.

Gary Diamond

Shape Of The Gun

Does it make any sense to you to say that the shape of a mans soul
Is not dissimilar to that of a weapon.
Certainly the shape was molded and mutated
But always
Assumed the shape of a weapon.

Look at the modern computer game.
A thousand wars and scenarios
That inevitably end up
With a man holding a gun
And becoming a one-person army.

This thrills the masses then.
This is what they consider fun.
All that hard-wired lightning fast technology
And always the same format and style of game.
Seems like over-engineering
To release the same game
Just with higher resolution trees and enemies
This time around.

I still prefer the simple, well-meaning naive games.
When the technology was laughable by what we have today.
But the imagination and dedication of the manipulators
Burning like a light so many times greater
That time around.

This is the forum where the underdog can easily win.
By bringing back an ember of the original spark again
Wrestling with the headstrong one track dinosaurs
A fragile gecko that can evade them all.

Reducing the human struggle to a war in a game
Is certainly something that makes us laugh.

Gary Diamond

Shattering Myths

It's always good to shatter a myth or two.
Get those preconceptions thrown out with the dirty dishwasher.
Turn the angles round a little bit.
Keep the mind guessing and not stuck in habit.

For example;
Actors seem as giants among men.
Yet many are shorter than you or me.
It's their presence that is big.
(And maybe something else you don't see on screen, in some cases.)

Politicians convince you their figures are nothing but truth.
However if you look even a little closely
You'll see someone cleverly forgot
To carry the one, the two and the three.
(That's a backup plan, and an excuse if it catches up with them.)

The girl with the sexy voice on the telephone, there's a good one.
Sounds like honey on the first day of spring.
It belongs to a three hundred pound heffer
With coarse body hair and body odour.
(That's not to say they're a bad person.)

You see, just because a myth has been around since the dawn of time.
Doesn't mean it's as tough as granite or diamond.
Usually it's as thin and delicate as a wine glass.
And just as well-formed.
(Therefore very easy to break, although you can't break them all.)

Shattering myths is fun, but be sure to keep one eye to the ground, not an ear.
You wouldn't want to step on people's toes.
Not all the time, anyway.

Gary Diamond

Simple

Simple.
Streamlined.
Uncluttered.
No nonsense given
Or taken.

Easy.
Logical.
Beautiful.
A working solution.

Don't fill life with more than it needs to take flight when the opportunity arises.

Mellow.
Relaxed.
Completely laid back.
I like it like that.

Too much of one thing at too regular an interval reduces objectivity.

Open-minded.
Willing.
Considered.
Joyous.
Wonderful.

These are words that flow like fine wine
When you

Keep
It
Simple.

Gary Diamond

Simple Ii

Simple
Elegant
Form and a function.

Regardless
Serpentine
Lacking the decent.

We all have great stories with amusing twists
Worth telling for the world's benefit
An the end of a tether the greatness emerges
Coloured myths right and wrong
Prone to giving into urges.

Denial
The fist fight
The love in a blanket

Rebuttal
And insight
Belated and lazy.

Why keep complications around
Like lead weights at the bottom of a sailboat
Sinking to drown.
We all do things without will reason.
We give in to whatever is in season.
Whatever is in the air.

What should be so simple
Becomes an inelegant banquet.
A feast at the trough of ignorance
A contrivance and a distraction.
A blight.

Gary Diamond

Simple Iii

Strip it down bare.
Back to basics, back to bone.
A lot of words often complicates.
The soul speaks in short syllables.

We are laden with apologies.
We needn't be.
I'm glad I had good teachers.
Only say it when you really mean it
Or it means little.

If I came off all wrong and selfish, then I'm sorry.
If you're scared to let it out to these ears, we're both sorry.
If I'm late and not listening when I should, I mean it.
If I should have called you back, not let you dangle,
Then I'm the fool after all.

Let's keep it simple like it was at the start
Let's strip it back to basics.
Back to bone.
If that doesn't work
It's doomed
And we'll leave it alone.
Move on, do what we gotta do.

Gary Diamond

Small Town Ethics

rise and curse to begin the day.
beg borrow or steal in every way.
i'd rather be asleep and poor and not earning money.
i'd rather be back in london; it's my milk and honey.

it's easy to get lost in a big town.
easy to stick out in a small one.
my gender is none of your business; you frown.
reach for my revolver and run.

you live and learn you borrow, you earn.
beg borrow steal and turn.
i'd rather be alone and happy.
not living here tired and sappy.
i'd rather be back in the big city;
small boy in a big town.

where i'd go unnoticed and blissfully unaware.
a loner at heart, happy, without a care.

Gary Diamond

Sod

Him and his dirty law.
He's a dirty little poet.
He got lucky because he dug in his claw.
Only by one saying is he known.
He's a fraud; same as Occam.

I liken his form to that of a gnome
But not your garden variety.
He looks like a gnome who had cosmetic surgery
So he's still ugly
Just the wrinkles were stretched out and his roots were dyed.

He looked like a disposable old wino
No more a man than a plant is an automobile.
Quite a sorry mess.
Even his sunday jacket hangs crooked.

Somehow though, this little joke
Got the last laugh after all.
He told us, in his fluke turn at wisdom's wheel
That when all circumstances lined up
Like the moon hurtling towards eclipse
The rains would fall.

He taught me that absolute hope is downfall.
He taught me that acceptance of failure is successes key.
He taught me that when all the odds looked good
Some unforeseen machination would desecrate it all.

Thank you Sod.
Thank you for Your Law.
It should have been the
11th Commandment.

Gary Diamond

Solidarity

The only time I found this vaunted thing.
Was by admitting that I was beholden to nothing
That I distrusted or hated everything.
That I was ready to keep falling and stumbling
And making the same big or small mistakes
As all the rest.

In ecstasy the reminder that the end will come.
The fleeting paradise created and lost as rains fall and hats drop.
Friendships are a force of nature and necessity
In many cases you can't choose
No
You get denied such a luxury.

There's got to be a call to arms somewhere in this mess.
Something that angries the blood
Raises the temperature
And rallys the troops together.
A theme to return to
A point to hammer into the ground.

Beware the man who forever repeats his stories and slogans
Beware the repitition and loyalty he brings.
Somewhere there he's gearing up to take what he wants
In one fell swoop or two.
Somewhere in that head of his
He's making plans like others make weak cups of coffee.

I don't trust the quiet and the lonely.
Who can bear a gauge on their loyalty?
The amount of cards he carries,
The way his head is set on his shoulders?
What he keeps hidden in his soul.
The mysteries
You can't prise them out with crowbars
Or pliers
Or shears.

As the lights flicker on and the business is transacted

Then the mechanisms of repetition emerge.
The forced friendships renew
The class climbers continue to cram it in
The old opportunities wither to make way for the new.

Solidarity. We're none of us complete.
That's why we band together like this.
In the concert halls
In the classrooms and the schools
In the gyms and the dojos
Even at the after-hours brawls.

Gary Diamond

Some Mornings

Some mornings the car won't start.
Some mornings you'll work without heart.
Some mornings you won't be able to take solice in your art.
Some mornings.

Some mornings you'll have not a care in the world.
Some mornings you'll awake next to the prettiest girl.
Yet some mornings you find she's already gone.
On some mornings.

Some mornings you'll be so headstrong and always right.
Some mornings your values will be so valued you'll turn and fight.
But is it slowly dawning
That this only happens on some mornings?

So start mourning for the loves you lost.
Start mourning for all the stupid decisions.
Start mourning because that's all there is to do.
Start mourning although you'll dance, drink and screw.
Start mourning because all of us have been fools, led by fools.
Start mourning for not speaking up when you should have.
Start mourning for forgetting your watch, leaving something on the table.
Start mourning, because on some mornings
You ain't got shit.

Gary Diamond

Something

Text goes here.

Text goes here.

Text goes here.

Text goes here.

Text goes here.

Gary Diamond

Spark

Turning down the wick
Turning up the pressure
Dulling down the wit
Halving any pleasure.

Fire burns my belly
Turns emotion to cinder
Please switch off that telly
Now put out the tinder.

If an art is an art and you master it
And you master another
And so on
Do you become a master artist
And also the loneliest man alive?

I'd throw this gift to the wind
If I could fall in love for real.
No half measures.

I'd throw this gift to the wind
If I could die of boredom
And see no-one care.

I'll throw this gift down the well
Kill it's virtue with the bottle
Because I don't want it

If I work and hone it
Only to find
It has no use
Only to find
In trying to put it to use
I'm more ignored
Than if I'd sat in bed 'til death
Masturbating and eating
And watching bad TV.

At least then

I'd have made
The five o'clock news.
Isn't that something?

Gary Diamond

Speeding

We're so busy speeding and speeding.
Walking too fast on the feet
Keeping the right foot on the accelerator.
We're trying to speed our way through everything.

And what for?
Knocking years off each others time here
By cramming and barging and jumping queues
By squeezing a gap too tight and causing pile ups
Then they slow down
Then they slow down to use those rubber necks.

The beauty of nature takes another hit
As the new motorway, autobahn or highway ploughs through
Now the people can hit the hundreds
Never looking at the fervent countryside they're
Blasting through.

It is another distraction.
It is another way of wasting time.
Because if they slowed down
It would flood back
We expect.

Speeding through life
Rewinding and fast-forwarding
Cashing in on the good memories
Pawning off the old ones.

Trying to cram far too much in.
Trying to make up the late by speeding.
Wouldn't it just make more sense
To slow down and then
As an advantage
Take in everything.

Even with the dead-end jobs
Even with the time at the pub.
There's benefit to be had

By making the most of a moment
Not trying to cut through
As lightning does on a cloudy night.

No-one likes being blinded or deafened
After all.

Gary Diamond

Steal It All

Steal it all; please.
We don't need it.
Steal it all with great haste.

Claiming something is new and improved is two lies for the price of one.
We wouldn't use such a phrase to describe a new laser-precision gun.
Yet a man is just as likely
To steal that to steal bread, to
Feed his family.

The musician tunes in to a classical station to hack off a piece of timeless melody.
He's going to turn it into a one-simple-hook hit, you see.
He's stealing all, and he doesn't care.
He dumbs it down for mass consumption.
He doesn't care.

No.
Nobody does.
Not even
A little.

Steal it all; don't think just do.
That's most peoples
Attitude.
I'm not a saint.
And I'm guilty of it

Too.

Gary Diamond

Straws And The Clutching At Them

What if when you clutch at straws you pick the short one.
What if when you pull it out, it was attached to the needle.
When you smiled, laughed a little
At the sudden turn of events.

All these old sayings and wives tales cancel each other out
As if they were the deleted lines of the Bible.
So much for straws and clutching at them
So much for the misguided fools called men.

The truth is something we all tried to bury
Like the dog and his immortal bone
Like the other dog staring at the gramophone.
We have to wake up, realise
That although this planet supports life
There is no form and vague function to it
No pattern it adheres.

Art tries to explain this in abstract, weird ways
Television trivialises every issue like a petulant child
The acquisition of wealth and power is what many want
Many have and don't care much about
Others will never have
Dying instead in a far off desert.

Love is a great way of blinding and dulling the senses
Love, combined with drugs and trash culture
Is Marx's opiate of the masses
But not mine, hopefully not yours
Let's go for something more realistic
If something exists
And isn't another straw to clutch and hold.

The universal truth is death, pain and rebirth
The universal myth is we peacefully co-exist.
Easier to see and understand this when someone
Lets you down
Gives up on you
Leaves you dying in the gutter

The rain pissing down on you.

Gary Diamond

Stupormarket

There is a building.
Brightly lit on the outside
Brightly lit on the inside.
It's a beacon
Temporary haven to many.

It invites and it takes a little too much.
You visit to take but a few things
Yet empty your wallet upon leaving
The temptation was great and easy
The indulgence was welcome and warm.

You see, as long as everything has a soft subtle hue or overtone
Than the temptation to empty your wallet seems less overblown.
You enjoy wasting money, then wasting what you took.
It was in direct competition
With the lesson of the old book.

To be wanton is to be temporarily complete
Until the gush of guilt returns to consume you
And you remember
All you've had and will have
Are just devices of distraction.

Take a trip in your car
To the place where
Happiness is objects of choice in a basket
Happiness is handing over a series of numbers.

Renders the users in some kind of stupor
Self-imposed and escapable at any moment.
Glamour of the wonderland
Even the famous cannot resist it
The lure
The bait on show.

Gary Diamond

Such A Man (Tribute To Bukowski)

Such a man.

He sat, and he drank, and he fucked.

Be he isn't me; no never will be.

But by reading a little, perhaps we take his spirit.

Such a man.

By all rights he should have failed.

By all rights, he should not have prevailed.

He broke rules, not because he chose to.

Because he had to.

Such a man.

Before death he was vindicated.

In later life, and never emasculated.

Such a man was he.

Such a man.

As the spirit wanes the form appears.

As you sober up back come all the fears.

All the terror.

The things you were

Hiding;

From yourself.

Such a man, has taught us all to soar.

He turned our thoughts from just a bore.

Made us quietly strive for more.

Such a man, was he.

Thank you, Charles Bukowski.

Thank

You.

Gary Diamond

Suckered All The Way

let them love you first
and then maybe let their love make you strong
let their fleeting obsession mirror your own
though only in passing
don't devote a soul's worth to it

as if it can be measured
each new line creating a piece of paradise
a glimpse where conscious and subconscious
shalt not live and die by sword of insinuation

prosecution for the least of my sins
is duty done in the jaded world eyes of policemen

of all the things i covert
i deserve the ability to rape
at least a small part of all
who would by small damning degrees
insult me with lack of trust
and eyes which are 20/20
but see nothing

if these hands and fists
drive cars and masturbate
what end for seeking refuge
how far to purge
to starve like a supermodel
before we become both
first and third world
a joke and a satire
but not obvious
except to bored modern philosophers
and historians yet to be born

we are modern cultures latest victims
we were suckered
all the way

Surely As A Rocket

Isn't it nice when you gaze at the sky.
That's what the pop songs tell us.
They extoll the virtues of love through sunny skies and golden stars.
But those writers didn't scratch the surface.
Surely as a rocket the myth of the sky disappears.
Surely as a rocket the flimsy nature of their words is true.

You see, those who think they know love, do not at all.
They stand tall and they kiss their beau and think they know.
They buy into the myth, the fallacy, because it's the thing to do.
They try to forget all the times they came up short like the shrews they are.
Surely as a rocket it'll be blown away in cinders.
Surely as a rocket it'll reveal the true nature.

You see, the jet pilot doesn't see the mess he left behind.
He looks forever forward.
The astronaut, the cosmonaut.
Gazing at the illusion, and then past it.
No wonder they don't last long in space.
They see both sides of the coin as we never could.

Why is love such a commonly used word, I have to wonder.
You only truly know you had it when it was then torn asunder.
You have to weather this locomotive or rollercoaster.
You have to force yourself to wake up from your self-imposed slumber.
Surely as a rocket you'll live together.
Surely as a rocket you'll brave hell together.
Surely as a rocket you'll buy into each others lies, maybe get married.
Surely as the rocket that exploded and took it's crew with it
You have to hold on to the bitter end to know it.

Gary Diamond

Taking The Moral High Ground

Oh no matter what, the price of progress marches on
Ironically to help our lives
Simultaneously making it a worse place to live.
The illusion of freedom
Disappearing in the mist.

It's great to be outraged, but
How long can you sustain that?
Eventually the rot of repetition will set in
And all at one, everyone else stops listening.

Wondering when it is going to make a shred of difference
Wondering when the general public will begin an outcry
And a call to arms
Our artisans wish sooner, faster
But sadly
They had too much faith in us.

When opening the eyes, the gap between reclosing them
Reveals a multi-tiered palette of mediocre.
The reason why the smoker
Stands outside.
It kills him
He gets soaked in the rain
But still, going back for another puff or hundred.

The drink.
The drink damages the entire body.
It festers in the mind too.
They're putting warning labels on them.
But that doesn't stop
The end of the bottle being
Raised to the sky.

Chancing the opportunity that all we know
Could be charged for.
What's to stop there being a tax on air?
What's to prevent each and every footfall
Being paid for

In the same way you pull up the car
To put in petrol.

It may seem pretty strange now, but think.
Only a few hundred years ago it was free to move from port to port
Now you have to pay for a travel document
Made of plastic and bearing anti-fraud holograms
And even then
It doesn't mean you won't be cavity searched.

Taking the moral high ground
Makes it easy to decry it all.
Decrying a hatred doesn't make a little difference.
None.

Gary Diamond

Talent's A Fluke

When you have a talent
and you've spent time honing it
sharpening the edges and filing down
the
imperfections
waiting for the day you get to shine
and cut through everyone else's crap
and it never comes
then it just makes you realise
that it was pointless
after all.

The way I felt
was
I should have been one of the idiots at school
smoking cigarettes from age 9
and drinking cheap cider.

But I had had some kind of brain in my head
and I knew early on
I had something

Some kind of spark
or way of looking at the world
that others didn't have.
I often got the feeling that
once I'd found something
I could really fly with
I wouldn't just be good at it
I'd be stunning.
Cream of the crop.

When I got close to my own definition of it
all I found was the same mentality and idiocy
that I had been surrounded with at school persisted.
The same bullshit artists
the same manipulative fuckers.

We were supposed to be

a smart race
and here we were
causing wars over oil to
keep us in our lazy lives
fucking up the planet
instead of finding a way out.
Where's the talent in that?

Gary Diamond

Teflon-Coated Leaders

A crafty bunch indeed.
Insidious and serpentine.
You couldn't call them noble
Even on a generous sort of day.

Spoon feeding the public lies with their breakfast.
Nice warm lies to go with the piping hot roast beef dinner.
Every day they spin ever-decreasing, tangling webs
And we tune in to see if we think they're coated with honey.

Most times
They are not.
Not by far.

They used to call it whitewashing, then it was blanketing.
Today's technology-aided world leader
Is getting along fine with his new assistant.
He puts it on in the mornings before the makeup for the cameras.
It's paid for by the tax payer.
It's his new, five thousand dollar
Armani-made teflon coated suit.

It's a weapon.
Dressed to kill.
It's own kind of bomb.

No dirt can get to him with this suit.
All he has to do is remember to wash his hands clean.
But he's had years of practice at THAT, so he's fine.

They'll all have one eventually.
Our Teflon-coated leaders shining like modern-day knights
Or so they'd have you believe.

Gary Diamond

Television

To me, television is a chore.

It is a bore.

It shows half a program, then makes you sift through adverts for more.

And it's not like the shows are great either.

It seems good shows hide as needles in the haystack of ether.

I always feel that television is stealing and wasting my time.

I would like to watch my favourite shows now.

But I have to live with someone else's choice of schedule.

Which is more often than not a real mess.

I
Don't
Want
To Deal
With
That.

Television might have been more entertaining many years ago.

But I'm so young, that I will never know.

And from the early days, I've seen the shows.

They weren't much good at all.

So it seems mighty confusing, that television is still the main means of entertainment.

Every lounge has a goggle box, a tube, a projector of some kind.

If it came to a choice between watching television sober

Or drinking and staring at the wall

I know which one I would choose.

Television, to me, would lose.

Gary Diamond

Telling Tales

People admire a good storyteller, even if they can themselves.
Everyone loves your favourite drunken story.
The fighting naked in the street brandishing traffic cones
And so on.

Telling tall tales - it's pretty easy to.
You just make sure at least some of what you say is based on truth.
Because people can tell if the house of your story is washed away in the sand.

Anecdotes those are great.
A short, funny tale.
But incidentally I find all those stories,
Even the one with great tragedy
Exceedingly funny.
There's nothing so absurd as life you see.

People crowd round the storyteller, whether he's at the bar
Round the campfire
Perhaps on the television.
People like to take it in turns and pick the leader
The leader is the one who kept the hive mind occupied longest you see.

Don't the best stories have it all?
That's why we're suckers for a movie.
A near-perfect one seems to encapsulate the entire spectrum of life
The joy, the tragedy, the humour.
The bravado, the heroism, the cowardice.
The love, the spite.

It's all good stuff
as long as the concentration is right.

Gary Diamond

The Covers

There are lots of covers.

Ones that contain a book or set of poetry, for a start.

Another would be a new version of a once-great song, for second, and often ruined at that.

Thirdly there is the cover story, used by those who love to deceive.

Forth is covering your nudity when you're that way inclined.

And fifth and best of all, are the covers upon your bed.

Aren't they warm?

I like them best when they're pulled up tight.

When the world outside your window is so cold

That the windows have condensation on them.

Aren't they pretty, sometimes?

All the little patterns and flecks of colour.

When I wrap up in them, it feels good.

When I'm too drunk to stand

My eyes follow the patterns around.

Don't they smell good?

I like them best when they're fresh out of the dryer.

Or if they've been on there for weeks and smell like you.

The smell of last nights sex.

The smell of a good hard screw.

No matter how long I spend in bed, under those covers.

I always feel I could have used ten minutes more

When I finally get out from under them.

Gary Diamond

The Future

I suppose it's not wise to want to get too much insight into the future.
Because preconceptions are often a dangerous thing.
Often a suicidal thing, if not handled with kid gloves.

It's out there roaring to meet us though. Thousands of skilled hands
Shaping destinies and chopping the bark from the trees.
They say one day the planet will be rinsed with water.
The gypsy told me one day I'd have a prize-winning daughter.
Odd and random tidings of the future.

I found several interesting patterns, maybe others did as well.
The future can be oddly arousing if you consider that
When you open a history book
Sometimes it's like opening today's newspaper.

These creatures of habit may change the tools of the trade
But the trade and the job certainly remain the same, just as well.
Amazing discoveries, disgusting atrocities.
Empires raising and falling in correlation.

Open up a good history book
And join together the dots.

The future is the past with the keywords changed.

Gary Diamond

The Future Is Damned

I don't fear the future.
I know what it holds.
But that doesn't mean it doesn't concern me
Because it does.

The ubiquity of poverty on a dying planet
The end of an easy gait and fluorescent supermarkets
All that shall perish
All shall be run dry.

While medical science thrived on a hearty premise
And strong were the souls who lent their hands
In the end the results were negative.
Curing diseases in the first world
Only caused over-population to escalate.

In ten or twenty years a box of cereal will be worth
One hundred of any currency where it's now worth one.
More so if it contains harvested wheat
More so if oil-powered machines caused it's creation.

People will scour the history books to recall
How and why our elders managed to scrimp and save.
It's just too bad many of our forgotten veterans
Will once again be useful
In experience and wartime action
Even beyond the grave.

It was another repetition.
A war started by an over-confident bunch of men
Who represented a dictatorship while hiding
Behind the smokey blanket of democracy
That leads seamlessly and inevitably
To rationing, to conditioning
To people creating vast fortunes
From human misery.

Just remember modern society thrives off your desires
That planting the seed of aquisition in your hollow mind

Fills it out and encourages your shallow desires
To eat you alive.

Well in time you'll want for less than you do now.
You'll have to spend a fortune to be content with
The very few possessions and drive I hold now
And would set aflame
And drop into a river
Just to laugh at the looks on your faces.

Gary Diamond

The Gentleman Is Dead

Yes, long gone is the gentleman.

Long gone are the days of suits, ties, coattails.

It now seems unusual to wear a good hat, when immigrant-made sportswear will do.

It now seems strange, and it really shouldn't.

What the hell ever happened to chivalry?

People get awarded knighthoods as a token these days.

It seems pointless, and each one cheapens the very IDEA.

Why don't modern women thank a gentleman when he holds open the door?

Or when he walks on the side of the street closest to the cars.

Or tips his hat to acknowledge a good one passing by.

No, they seem fat or tragic or in some way oddly affected.

Scared to death by feminism and the ideas they rejected.

Yes, it sure is odd.

We're bringing back fifties fashion in clothing,

So why not bring back the values too?

I don't care if I'm one of the few.

I made the effort and it was worth it.

Perhaps you should as well.

But for now, at large, it seems

That the gentleman is dead.

What we have now are men without balls.

Men in multi-million jobs cutting them off.

Men forgetting how it is to be men.

Handing it all over to the women.

And these women, despite that magic word feminism.

Seem no closer to knowing what they want now, than they ever have

Through time.

So why are men surrendering to this, I wonder.

A real gentleman is polite, intelligent and also very much in control of his destiny.

Today's pale imitation is thoughtless, barely legible and would require a dictionary

To reacquaint himself with that word

Destiny.

I'd say put that in your pipe in smoke it.
But people are scared of tobacco now too.

Gary Diamond

The Human Condition

Of all the things we've been given
Whether by God or by evolution (not sure which are we)
It's the ability of thinking, sensible reasoning
That I call
The best one.

I'd like to see it put to good use.
Every man should be a creator
Every man should stop being a low
Denominator.

I see it time and time and time again.
Those who would look down upon me
Those who put status and worldiness
Above which that matters
To me that is
Keeping your soul pure
Feeding it unbiased knowledge
Letting it live in the most fun
Most reasonable
Ways.

Why if we were given this gift that elevates
The gift to spread and absorb love and to create
Must we
Be
Spending
So many of our short, best years
Destroying
Burning Bridges.

If we can write words full of sinew
Woven together in colourful cross stitch
Self-referential and full of native truth
Why do we prefer instead
The shape of a gun
The explosion that tears limbs
Makes the planet unlivable
Burning gas and dead fossils

To finding a better way.

It is no surprise to me
That those who are outcast
Are the ones that can advance the species
In their time
Edison
Einstein
Asimov
Tchaikovsky
Are all misunderstood
Shot down.

The species advances so slowly
Because it cannot, as ego mass
Vindicate those of pure brilliance.
It chooses to stutter on
And sing the same song
Rather than learn a new one
And feel the soft breeze of creation and achievement
Tingle the skin
Like taking a scolding hot bath.

Gary Diamond

The 'Miracle' Of Christmas

It's not a miracle
It's a cynical pagan-derived ritual

Christmas was supposed to be desecration of the Christ
And desecration of his Holy name
And in a way it still is
It just comes wrapped in guilt and guilt now
It comes with a wallowing corporate gouge
It lives for each other in their vanity
For pointless indulgence
When true love was free

Theologians propose Christ was born in October
And logic holds this point true enough
A moth to the candle flame
How did a festival designed to burn the churches
Come to be by very same reasoning
Widely accepted

I propose a plan to get ahead of this game
By skipping Christmas and waiting for new year sales
When idiocy fails a logic prevails
Give out more and better gifts
Give them out late
Make your children wait
And reward their patience by getting one over
On the faceless Megacorp
Who doesn't care when you die
As long as you gave it more than you wanted

But that isn't going to happen
Any more than you might substitute a fork for a spoon
SO many minds
Soft and conditioned and scared
The facade of calm and control a myth
REal men and real women dead
Suckered all the way
By this miracle of Christmas

Take your fabricated fairy tales and forced goodwill mails
And shove them
Call me Scrooge and call me the cure
Whatever makes you assurge your well controlled
And utterly oblivious countenance.
For as much as I fly in the face of this supposed well-being season
For as much as you fake an ounce of happiness for appearances sake
I'm fucking real
Not in denial.
And that is my saving grace.

Gary Diamond

The Nose Is Up

It struts around in the air, surely it does.
Its upward angle can clear a path through the insignificant.
Assume the air of perfection
And those too lazy to question are sure to follow.

If it were to glow bright in a dark room
The ego would be an ugly stomach-bound thing for sure.
The ego that tried to envelope the needy and the easy.

What does a raised nose and a knowing air really say to you?
Is it the reduced tale of breeding, a foppishness
A desire to bleed and burn your fellow illegitimate man.
Could be.
It's the first choice of many.

Some pick up the gun
Others the lute.
Both are good choices.
Both will eventually
Drive the bearer mad.

If a man or woman created it
We could have done without it.
All that is required for basic survival
Is what was already there before we were.

We copy and assimilate nature.
We must have learnt the notion of pride.
It was a foolish value
One of no real meaning but still valued
And it resides
Deep inside.

Beyond reproach, beyond reasonable doubt
The nose is up and the pride is out.
Perhaps each of the gestures humanity holds so dear
The pride, the love, the passion, the fear
Is in fact
Just a doff of sheepskin cap

To that which was all around us.

When all art is merely thievery
Isn't everything else about us too?

Gary Diamond

The Parents

I will admit my parents
did a good job bringing me up
but
they had all these little eccentricities
that I couldn't understand.

Like four loud ticking clocks in the lounge.
That was more clocks than most people
had in their house.

They would sit in that lounge
watching television
the shows degrading in quality
all the time
with the set so quiet
you could hear the clocks over the top.

When I put the volume
of the set
to an engrossing volume
my mother would insist
I was going deaf.

My mother
was partial to a
common affliction
of the modern world.

That everything should be
as spotless as possible
you should wash twice a day
you should always be cleaning plates
and glasses
always washing clothes in the machine
always smell good
always be well-kempt.

Even smart people buy into these things
if they are bombarded with them enough

by the media.
I called it OCD cleaning.
She'd even got my father into it.

I'll stick to two or three baths a week thanks.

Gary Diamond

The Piece Of Peace

The peace comes at some point;
Oh it HAS to come.
Can't go on feeling like the fool forever.
Can't see the remainder trail on forever.

If I was never a good man
At least I was around to see the lesser fall.
Wishing it would render me noble
Wishing I would heed a greater call.

Even the regular chair grows restlessness in larger doses
The best and truest of habits breeding neurosis.
I love those that seek a stupid piece of mind
Those that lie to old friends
To please the losers they never find.

I wish for the simultaneous peace of many
Not for them to feel good or even better
Just for me to feel less
Shit,
Thank you.

The presence of other people must erode me
Make me feel as if it was all a big waste of the time
The little post-education I still remember.

Why do I recall strolling the autumn struck college grounds
Rendered in some senses a happy man
Then to move a few hundred miles
To find the meaning of slovenly
To try and enjoy
But then neglect what I thought to be
One True Art.

Go to bed.
Go to bed that I might roam in peace.
I don't it much when you're around.
I prefer the regimental nature
I prefer the do or damn your neighbour.

The piece of peace I laid aside for myself
Is not but a broken mirror in the fabric of my life.
It sounds like a grand and weary concept
It's nothing but bullshit
Cheap at half the price.

Gary Diamond

The Soul

When faced with the questions of a good natured soul
I often had to wonder was there ever one at all
By setting up good intentions and using them
As a yardstick and a fairness gauge
We looked young again

My soul is dying
I'm not trying to milk a deathly final point
I'm bleeding and burning as I see fit

When you speak and act as a man
A society conditioned in the terms of mediocre
Will not understand you
When you chose the plateau as a resting place
A force to be judged
You lose the game entirely

I can't say I understand love
Except that it consumes without function and reason
Drives the normally sane to insanely jealous and dangerous
Is this the function of the soul

I curse the day I was born a human
And again upon becoming a man
Because the hardest choices which felt right
Are the ones
That alienate me
And drive me to a complete dividing cynicism
And an abhorrance of nihilistic society

A leper
A man drifting and bored
Everyone in dull holding patterns
And me
Not afraid to expose underlying hypocrisy

To expose the core of the matter
To dispense with pleasantries
To piss in the wind with infirmity

To be a skull-fucking corpse lacking reason to be
These are the scars of the soul
The pain and the promise of too much honesty

The soul, the ego and superego
Contrivances
Mere yardsticks in the theatre of excess
The boredom of average
The acceptance of a fate too dull to bear

If God gave us the soul
Satan laughs and taunts it

Gary Diamond

The Subconscious

What really goes on in the deep recesses of a man's mind?
The whole cluttered story of dream-filled sleep as it unwinds.
The random assortment of thought and fancy.
It's all being re-arranged by your brain.

Some people's minds are as quiet and tidy as a library on a sunday.
Others are awash with noise and mess.
Others still have painted theirs in bright primary colours.
For the newborn baby, everything is pink and soft and interesting in there.

It's an odd little venue, perhaps.
Full of treasure and trash and guilt.
Full of joy and sadness and neurosis.
There are sometimes skeletons bursting out of the mind's closet and basement.
Dirt under the rug in the mind of the criminal.

We employ the psychiatrist, the policeman.
To try and keep the mind in check by providing it with powerful images of authority.
When you're lying there on the quack's couch and spilling your guts
It's almost as if you've decided it's time for a spring cleaning
And a new coat of paint.

People sometimes worry that their subconscious desires are going to spill out
People came to the conclusion that the soul's windows are the eyes
And took to wearing dark glasses because of it.
When they don't make eye contact, it's like a full motel room.
Room for no-one, nothing more.
Too much effort.

I think it's fun to let the subconscious take the wheel sometimes.
Most people do it when they're asleep.
Some can do it any time.
Those are the people you want to meet.
So share your subconscious.
You might like what you see in it,
And what it allows people to see of themselves with it.

The Theory Of Death

Everyone owes a death, surely as they owe a debt.
Or two; because you can't pass on without leaving a few favours
Unreturned.
No, because that wouldn't be right.

For some they'll dig you a (w) hole in the ground.
Others they'll send up to the skies, but not as a bird.
As grey and black as the coal smoke,
Your last ride as ashes.

I had always imagined how it is you go.
Not the situation, just the feelings.
The way your senses would shut down, one by one, but
Within seconds.

As if a blow to the head, a knockout punch.
Your hearing fading fast.
Your smile evaporating.
Your words dying as you die,
Held upon your lips.

I imagined hitting the ground, the crowd gathering.
Or not; if I die in the gutter.
Undiscovered.
That could happen.

I don't like these thoughts, they're forced.
They hide beneath my facade.
They manifest as dreams gone bad.
They seek to force my hand.
Aces and eights, as befits a dying man.

So yes.
We all owe a death, surely as those unpaid debts.
Surely as we place our bets.
Surely as we buy the groceries.
Surely as we donate to select charities.
He's still waiting there, smiling, hand aloft.
He waits for what he knows is his.

Like the garbageman, or the bank foreclosing.
He collects whatever's left.

Gary Diamond

The World Is A Piece Of Shit

The world is a piece of shit
Yes, yes it is.
There is no cure, no remedy
Better than death itself.

To keep pulling from the shadows
Bigger and bigger adversaries
To keep warding off
The fist fights and the knives
To bury your heads in so much soft sand
Perhaps by bothering
You admit the failure.

As what we all dream for, we shalt not get.
What we all pray for is not what we deserve.

The world is a piece of shit
And we hate it.
Trying to make the best of it
Is a further admission of complete denial.

If you face up and cast down that which bothers you
You can make some progress
A little bit of head room.
The world won't budge or give an inch
And neither should you, in truth.

Gary Diamond

There Will Be Failure

Even as the writer writes
Even as the striker strikes
There will be failure.

It's just like knowing your book hasn't sold.
It's just like missing the open goal
There will be failure.

Some days it'll be the weather forecast that sets you off.
Some days it'll seem as if the television is working against you.

Even on the rose that is the greastest sonnet
Somewhere along there'll be a thorn on it.
You must remember about the failure.

It is a lesson, it is amoral, it is there staring at you on a street corner.

When you mix up your drinks and retire to your favourite chair
You are still dimly aware that this fucker is there.
Forcing you to second guess each and every step.
Forcing you to drink just to forget.
Yes, it is THERE.

It mocks you.
It stalks you.
Some days theres so much of it you can't do a thing but laugh to spite yourself.
It loves you.
It demands of you.
Even on the greatest day of your life, something is bound to fail.

It's not such a bad thing.
No. It's not such a bad thing at all.

Only by the degrees of failure can a success be measured.
Only by the beauty of a barely-legal virgin can the old crone be seen as ugly.

There will be failure.
Cloak and a dagger, there will be failure.

This Is Confessional

why do i rely on people.
why so glum, so sad.
unreliable.
get in my way.
curse me.
can't work out who i am.
move me.
can't you see i'm just a man.

cos i'm different from you
and your small town ways
i prefer getting gone with haze
and i'm enjoying it cos i know
you'll never have half of what i have
even though you can't take it with you
and even though you can try to meet me... halfway.

this is confessional.
why are you getting mad.
you raised your voice.
don't get me.
can't figure out what i am.
push me.
can't you see i'm not your man.

Gary Diamond

This Is Good Rock And Roll

The guitars are loud and proud and ballsy.
The singer's dementia is some kind of palsy.
The bass drum will kick and the rhythm will stroll.
This is good rock and roll.

I heard it much younger when I was a kitten.
I heard it played with passion and then I was smitten.
It placed great demands and took weight off my soul.
Yes, that was some good rock and roll.

The spirit was strong and the melodies were simple.
I memorised the words as I squeezed every pimple.
These angst-ridden vessels certainly filled that hole.
At parties and swap meets, that's good rock and roll.

But as I got older the scene started changing.
The passion evaporated and the singers started lazing.
The players were college boys and they looked awful dull.
No longer did I listen to the new rock and roll.

I had to get back to the sounds of house music.
There was a genre that had never started to lose it.
As my back started to turn and my heart it grew cold.
I said 'Bollocks to this new rock and roll.'

I want to bring back all the fire and the spittle.
I want to remind people of being stuck in the middle.
I want loud fucking solos and amps stacked wall to wall.
This is what I think is good rock and roll.

But alas, all the bands I formed were letting me down.
They wanted to dress like those chief and monkey clowns
They couldn't handle the fact that is was my goal.
To bring back the good time, awesome rock and roll.

So these old records still carry the dream.
But the wind's left my sails, or so it seems.
This is not a high, nor the all-time low.
But there's a hole in my soul yearning for good rock and roll.

Gary Diamond

Three Times, A Charm

We'll try anything once.
Twice if we like it.
Three times and we're addicted
And feel we'd die a little inside
If we couldn't make it to the hundreds if we desired.

What was your passion.
Maybe it was food.
Perhaps you took a liking to
Marmite
Chocolate
Maybe cheese
Perhaps salmon.
Whatever it is, you chose well.

Process of elimination is sometimes what you need.
Other times the solution falls right into your lap.
You can never tell
And you never will.

Perhaps it wasn't something that fell into your lap, but someone.
Perhaps it was the homecoming queen
Moving around, writhing, moaning
Naked and sweating, bobbing and sucking.
Perhaps then you knew your passion was fucking.

Some get lucky and find it early.
Others become as dogs barking up the oak tree
When it is alder timber you really need.

Some find they can take on and master several things
But find that eventually, they're all much the same
And many of the same techniques are
Modular,
Transferrable.

There's one thing I'm damn sure of.
Practice makes perfect.
Keep that it mind next time you tickle the cervix.

Gary Diamond

To Be Remembered By

Nothing is a given
Nothing is for sure.
Only a few hundred years ago
We thought the planet was flat
Then we realised that
Not everything orbited round us.

We put men on the moon.
That grew old fast, so we stopped
Doing that.

For all we know aliens do exist
And they've learned quite a lot
Hopefully about how NOT to do things.
A planet that is a cautionary tale.

With that in mind
Tomorrow we should go out
And not expect more of the same
We should go out and
Make something happen.

Paint a mural on the wall
Make a living breathing fight club
Buy the title deed to a favourite night club.
Something of that nature.

It's good to think that when we leave here
We'll have done something
To be remembered by.

Gary Diamond

To The Killer - I Want My Suicide Back

Those who aren't afraid to die
Those that might welcome it
Aren't quite so lucky.

The ones who die are the ones who made a difference
The murdered taken down in their prime.
Whosoever would change it
Would be a greater man than all the great men of history.

So if I was to be slaughtered tomorrow, somehow, in ways I can't imagine
Would I be standing on a limb, shouting
To the killer
I want my suicide back

Gary Diamond

Too Little Too Much Without You

stress just a word on a sheet of paper.
buried in my mind.
i'm bruised and battered but here i'm standing.
tangled up in time.

i have too little when i have too much
and when i have too much
then i have too little to do with you.

don't be shy because it's nothing to me.
you know i'm human too.
there's no more wedding for lovers not in love.
should be against the law.

i have too little when i have
too much and when i have
too much then i have
too little to do with you.

buried in my mind are all my secrets
which i hid from you but can't hide from God.
you're laughing now when you're scared
inside you may pretend
but to me
i know what you're hiding.

Gary Diamond

Tracks

Sometimes the wrong side of the tracks
Is the fun side of the tracks.
I remember when I was just a child
The disused railway tracks where me and the father would walk.

Overgrown.
Deserted.
It fitted that we could walk for miles.
It was me and my father and those dirty tracks
And some sundays we'd walk for miles.

In those days, the word sunday was synonymous with lazy.
It was a beautiful day.
Even the evil of television was something bearable.
There'd be the dinner, then the walk
And then some kind of cake on the return.

One day we walked so far we saw the tracks hit the station
The real modern trains, moving and undulating.
I liked that.
I liked the thought that we might
Get caught.

Overgrown with weeds and famine.
Deserted except for birds and vermin.
It was a time when I was still finding out that
Being naive was a crime that didn't pay.
I learnt that later outside the walls
When the bullies closed in
For the lunch money I was missing.

Gary Diamond

Transport For London

Public transport was at an all-time low
no-one was in doubt about that.

When I had come to London to study
trains were fast
on-time
no delays.

Then I had come to rely on them
and suddenly they decided
it was smart to start several years of
major engineering works.

They spent a year "renovating" Wembley Park.
They added a huge staircase.
If you were disabled
if you were in a chair
it meant an upheaval getting in
and a death ride on shining wheels getting out.
I wondered how many millions were sunk into that two-bit idea
this fifty foot high staircase of concrete
the pointless new tiling on the floor.

Delays occurred regularly.
Broken trains, broken signals.
If the amount of broken signal posts
was anything to go by that's what
the idiots
should have "renovated"
first.

In fact
if I was the manager
of the whole operation
I would have "renovated"
the board of directors.

By firing them all.

Trial By Fire

If you want to see the soul
Burn away all else.
Simply see who survives
Not many is my guess.

In the rage
There's the haze
The big denial.

The low rumble is the joke that makes the moan unjust
I keep a vigil and a silence just for you to further rust
I hate that which is all around me
I hate you because without meaning to
You are a ball and heavy chain.

A hypocrite is mighty good at putting all else around him to shame
He or she became an expert at placing away blame
At the feet or in the hands of those much more skilled
Just because you practice a well-honed profession
Just because you have a six-figure income
Means nothing more than
You played a few winning hands.

A select clique induces you to join.
I'm sorry, what, but this is a folly.
If you had a panoramic view you'd glimpse it.
Like the solar eclipse you missed
Seven years ago.

How I found myself entrenched, esconsced with a person like you
Is the shred of an honest truth.
When I let some others do the work
And I reap the poor rewards
And further punishment
Do shirk.

My guts clench and retract
I hate you entirely
I hate you well for that.

You make me feel like I fucked up
When you've made bigger mistakes
Than I ever will.

Burn for that.
Burn and never tell.
How dare you make me feel bad
When you mourn for the tranquility you forced
But never had
And will never have.

Gary Diamond

Trips

Have you ever felt time stand still and then appear to run forwards and
backwards
Simultaneously?
Did you ever see a painting of a tea clipper on the wall
Melt and fade into spinning circles like watching several washing machines
Take a separate tile of the painting, dissolve the whole thing
And then put it back again?

Did you ever look down at your instrument or your remote control,
Then while concentrating on it
See multi-colour fractals dancing from the frets and the buttons
Then disappear like wisps of smoke on the breeze when you blink?

You must remember that one day, listening to that one song
There was a note that spoke to your very soul.
The music got inside your head and set up a nest there.
Now when you hear it sober some of the lustre went away.

Have you ever remembered something
And the memory was so sweet that at the same time
You had the sensation of eating strawberries with sugar and cream?

If any of these things sound alien to you.
Perhaps you missed out.
Although you might have been on many more continents on me.
You could have had more fun right here
Tripping.

Tripping.

Gary Diamond

Truly Scared

I forget the last time I felt truly afraid of something.
That's pretty pathetic, you could think.
But to be honest some days it's best to have a short sharp shock.
Wakes the system up, makes the taste of life a little sweeter
No matter WHAT your situation.

Halloween and bonfire night has become a total joke.
How did it go from trying to destroy parliament with gunpowder,
Raising hell.
To controlled explosives that paint pretty patterns in the skies
And mini sausage rolls.
Confusing
Isn't it?

Now we only like to wear life if it's been sufficiently homogenized,
Disneyfied and mollified and molly-coddled.
Until the appeal and the interest wanes
So they too use bright colours and self-sewing story lines.
Then the shock and the brilliance evaporates
Like a lousy magicians trick.
I don't like it.

I nearly fell on the train tracks once.
I would have been an electric man, if only for a few seconds.
I felt the pull of the freight train on my shoulders.
I was drunk and it felt good to taunt death.
And for days afterwards.

I nearly got eaten by a dog as a child.
It's a shame I really can't remember it.
All it took to heal that was childlike vigour
And some butterfly stitches in the chest.

I've been involved in three road traffic accidents.

The first I barely remember.

But the second, I was on a bike and got hit side on by a deaf lady.
Funny, because from the way she drove I figured she was blind too.

There's that spatial awareness, not seeing the signals problem again.
And her estate had the balls to try and sue ME.
What shit.

The third, I really should have died.
It was me and a good friend in the back seat of a taxi
Hurtling down to a crossroads at fifty miles an hour
While the driver played tricks with his GPS.

I knew it was going to happen a good five seconds
Before it actually did, so I relaxed and waited for death.
We weren't wearing seat belts.
I expected to go through the window.
We both hit our heads on the taxi roof, and we spun around.
The car was a write off.

And then, the taxi sent from the same firm
To pick us up, to finish the journey.
Actually had the balls to TRY AND CHARGE us.

It's funny that people keep piling on the injustices like that.

Gary Diamond

Trust No One

This
Is good advice.

If you trust
Too much too early
Prepare to be raped entirely.

Oh we've been there.
Well and truth, been there.
Got away sometimes
Formed a better plan
Made more sense of it all.

You're fucking wide.
Your fucking wife is a whore.
She just jumped on you like a predator
Bore you kids may be.
But she just sat on you
Because you were the best thing about at the time
Now she roams free
And because you are so weak
She'll wear down her chances
And circle right back to you
You will let her
Because you have no balls.

Trust no one.
I never have.
Even the parents that bore me.
I love them
But total trust
Never give them.

Trust no one.
Out there are many
Who love to prey on innocence.
To steal the wallet that opens too easily.
To pry out the change even the smaller sides.

Up There

I look longingly at the stars
That is when all else is dim enough
To acknowledge their promise.

There's a whole set of worlds out there.
Other planets orbiting other suns
Other planets other lifeforms like to call home.

I think I'd like to go and explore it, alone.
A grand voyage to map the great unknown.
I pray space dementia passes me by.

I think I like the look of it very much indeed.
Because although it's cold and strange in space
Up there it's so free
Up there it is all unsullied beauty.

But by the time they build a suitable spacecraft
It'll be twice there and back from the time they forgot about witchcraft.
Up there will still be waiting.
Up there will be available to my children's children
If I get round to having some.

Gary Diamond

Vanity

Do you think
For even one second
When you read this
That I wrote it
Only for you

When you find something
That touches your soul
Do you think
It was created
Only for you benefit

When you assimilate it into your holy place
Do you think of the many others
Way before you
Coming after you
Who felt much the same
Who felt it was just for them

Of course you didn't.
As much as we'd like to believe
Things are made
Because of us
Most times
That simply is not true.

I like to think a blacksmith shoes a horse
Only because he loves the sound
Of his hammer on the anvil.

I like to think a programmer writes software
Only because he likes the way
The code language looks on the page.

I like to think a nymphomaniac craves sex
Only because she is incapable of
Any other form of communication.

That's how it goes with people.

They do things because they were forced.
Selfish and with vanity.
Although some are pleased
That people liked what they did
Because it enhances the feeling.

Others are cheerful, soulful givers.
I'd like to meet more of those.
But they don't tend to weedle away time
In darkened bars
As debris like I do.

Gary Diamond

Violent Voices

my poise and my position.
will give my game away.
turn the lights out before you go to bed.

i'm done following tradition.
i think that i've been swayed.
turn the lights out before you go to bed.

one of you here knows something i don't.
well i know something you don't.
i can figure yours out
but you can't touch mine.
i'm not in for consolation
i'm only playing my game.

which you can't figure out.
which you can't follow through.
give me a run in series.
make it hold true.

Gary Diamond

Weary

As eyes hang heavy
As neighbours cat starts prowling
Dawn is here
Why am I not sleeping?

There must be something wrong
Bothering me
Keeping me
Awake
At night.

I sleep two hours here
Three hours there
Can't see to make a cup of coffee
Waking noises, hearing voices
Seeing images
Nothing is there.

A couple of times a year
Some factor beyond my control
Leads me to this sleepless plateau.
What worries me the most
Is that
Each year it happens more.

Eventually I'll be getting three hours sleep
A month.
And what's worse
The prospect doesn't even bother me.

Gary Diamond

What I Believe, No One Else Seems To

I'm not making this up.
No movie script and no form of starlet.
It's a mundane truth
And it's a killer.

I'm trying to keep this mind of mine open
I'm trying to keep it naive while bringing it experience
I'm building a goddamn palace of marble
But all I've learnt so far
Is nothing but broken red brick.

Wisdom. This application of a knowledge.
I've applied all I've learnt and the next piece of wisdom was
Nobody else is even trying.
Nobody cares for the effort.
So much for taking an interest
So much for beautifying the soul.

Being human is a terrible racket.
I want to jump out of this body and burn it
I don't like it
I'm trying to kill it
Though I don't have to try that hard
Because everyone else is handing me the knife

In the form of barbed insults
In the form of chosen ignorance
In the form of brainwashing they fell for
Culture and art paint distorted visions of truth and beauty
Everyone buys into these petty vanities.

It doesn't have to be this way.
It doesn't have to be a struggle for the pointless.
Our culture is so twisted that
Women are the new men
Knowledge is power, and yet its free
While it costs a pretty penny
To indulge shallow vanity
In the form of cosmetic surgery.

I've been believing these things for years
Since I was a child the world looked slanted
Now I'm older, I can put facts to faces
I can make my demons manifest
I can let them loose at will.
Soon I'll explode in an orgy of blood and rage
And nothing
Nothing
Will be able to stand in my way.

Gary Diamond

What I Do Best

Everyone has a skill, a unique and wonderful gift
A charm that elevates them to the top of the tree
And thins out their list of contemporaries.

What is a shame then
Most people never find it.
Most people deny they have it
They settle first for less
Then they settle for nothing.

I found what I did best
And I gave up many other habits
Just to support it.
I was going to become rich programming software
It wasn't that I enjoyed it as much
It was where material gain would begin.

But I chose the pure and artistic path
And now here I am
Destitute and poor
Stuck in jobs going nowhere.
So although I became the best at what I do best
In some ways I've had to settle for less
And now settle for almost nothing.

No love no sex no fun no joy.
Lay in bed, get up, go to work and do it badly
Punch out, come back and drink fifteen or more units.
All I ever had was ambition
I know what to do with it, next time it calls
Stuff it with dynamite
Light a match under it and run.

What I do best is trail-blazing
The skill to do as I do is waning.
I'm being trampled on by idiots.
I'm being held back all the time.

It's time to spread the name and the word

This time, when I hit that first chord, it better hurt.
Sick of pissing up blind alleys
Sick of being looked up and down.
Sick of sitting in the gutter.

When I scream and rant next time
Will anyone care?

Gary Diamond

What Is A Microcosm?

You don't need to travel to see the world
At least, no further than your own neighbourhood
If you look close enough
Even the smallest towns
Will take on qualities of the big cities.

They contain people, and people come in many kinds.
I don't mean just colours
I talk about those on the top of society
The tycoons, the premier sports leaguers
All the way down to the trash, so perceived
Not my words.

I learnt more from people I'd sooner have written off
Or ignored
Than I did from those touted to be saints.
I lived in the company of lust-drenched swingers
And learnt more about how not to be a sinner
Than the preacher at the methodist
Decrying as his voice bounces shrill
Off the over-elaborate worship walls.

Microcosms, they're called.
How a small part of a larger whole
Can be just as valid
As the entirety
Maybe more so
As it's easier to visualise.

Gary Diamond

What She Wants, She Gets

I look longingly at the stars
That is when all else is dim enough
To acknowledge their promise.

There's a whole set of worlds out there.
Other planets orbiting other suns
Other planets other lifeforms like to call home.

I think I'd like to go and explore it, alone.
A grand voyage to map the great unknown.
I pray space dementia passes me by.

I think I like the look of it very much indeed.
Because although it's cold and strange in space
Up there it's so free
Up there it is all unsullied beauty.

But by the time they build a suitable spacecraft
It'll be twice there and back from the time they forgot about witchcraft.
Up there will still be waiting.
Up there will be available to my children's children
If I get round to having some.

What She Wants, She Gets

Spoilt little rich girl.
Not without charm, but so immature.
If you can't get it
Can't grab it
Can't have it.
Then you'll scream bloody murder at the top of your lungs.

What would it be like if your fortune evaporated
Like the mist rising on the sunniest of days.
How would it feel if you were rendered
Destitute
Resolute
Out of the group

Which only loved your foibles when they were tinted green.
Now the only green is the envious hue upon your cheeks.

Her daddy won't acknowledge the failure.
He wonders what he must do for her.
Because alone, she lacks the skill to
Earn it
Discern it
Deserve it.
And you hear her alone, screaming and throwing the furniture around.

He sighs. 'What she wants, she gets.'
He wishes he hadn't let her get so bad.
And sees the failure in her
As the failure of him.
And realises, heavy-hearted
You can't always be successful.
You can't always play a losing hand and win.

Gary Diamond

Whatever We Damn Well Want

Technically you can do what you want all the time
As long as you remember to bear out the consequences.
Sometimes what others do
Messes with my muse
And it's time to pull out the fists again.

The fact we haven't cracked yet is a gift in itself.
Most of us prefer the prison of a job, a wife and the mundane
Rather than the one with bars and white walls.
This messes with the mind
It's not a lesson we want to find.

What a lot of people hold sacred, a lot of other people hate with passion.
At least the people with the hatred have the passion
Rather than just blandly
Going through
The motions.

Technically people are doing whatever they want all the time anyway.
They do it in small, petty bland ways
Like not indictating before they turn
Like stealing company property
Like taking bricks from the construction sites.

Just because a person is not yet a killer, a murderer, a poisoner or rapist
Doesn't mean they don't have it in them to turn their hands to it.
This is why a lot of killers don't emerge until their forties
The modern machine chewed them up well
All the small rules they broke leading up to the big one.

Most of us don't know what it feels like to take a life
To hold someone bleeding and dying.
I hear they used to pay well
That they'd train you
Give you a gun.
But that sounds like a pretty filthy racket these days.

If I did whatever the hell I damn well wanted to
I'd quit my job, smash all my guitars and go around

Punching people that gave me the slightest annoyance
I know I have it in me
The passion to stop taking shit
And start giving it.

With confessions like that
Isn't it nice
That most people don't let out the chains
Don't air out the skeletons.
We barely bare each other.
That's the line either drawn in blood or pissed in sand
Between a functioning society and an annihilating anarchy.

Sometimes I pray for the anarchy.
I'm guessing you do too.
Nothing like smashing and looting
To chase away the blues.

Gary Diamond

When Did We Start?

twenty minutes ago.
you came in late.
you got bad grades.
it's you i hate.

and now you're in that place
where i know you could hide for centuries.
i can't win over you cos you're a part a me.
love me or hate me
you can come along for the ride
and be sure to bring your plastic mac
cos it's gonna rain.

then be sure to bring a torch
cos it gets awful dark.
slip inside... see the lie
and wonder if it's all in vain.

i see the truth... in my own eyes
cos they're your eyes
and they're a part of me.

Gary Diamond

Whiskey

I do tend to enjoy the whiskey.

I tried the rum.

I tried the vodka.

I tried wines red and white.

I tried the many beers.

I tried not drinking anything.

Whiskey was the winner by far.

It seems a lot of people these days can't stomach a good scotch.

They seem content to hide behind their lager and their vodka.

Good for them. But not to me.

Good whiskey tastes like the spring it was made from.

Plus that kick in the throat that comes from pure alcohol, of course.

It makes me feel like a man, and it makes me sound like a man.

For when I talk after several whiskey shots

I sound deeper, meeker and more in control.

I don't like it watered down and I don't like a lot of ice.

One block is usually enough.

I don't down it like it's a competition.

I like to breathe it in and savour the flavour

As it glides across the palette.

If there's a party, I'll take a fifth or two along, and some cheap wine.

The host gets the wine and I get the whiskey.

It's not like I don't offer anyone a shot.

It's just that when I do.

They'd rather hide behind their lager.

And their vodka.

And their rum.

And all the other drinks that are vying for second place, if only

To me.

Gary Diamond

Why I Don'T Give Money To Beggars

I'm tight.
But that's not the reason.

Used to live
In Harrow
West London
Always
This Beggar There
sitting outside
the local
Tesco.

I used to give him
A quid every now and again
But
Somehow
One day
In Wembley
I saw him dressed well
Gold chains
Looking like a rapper.

Out with his girlfriend
Discussing
Whether or not
To get
A Taxi.

It turned out
The only beggar
I ever gave money to
was
a fraud.

And he had the nerve
Right there and then
To ask me
If I had
Any spare change.

He was lucky I wasn't drunk.
I would have choked him
And mugged him.
You don't fake something like that
That's just
Low.

Gary Diamond

Why I Left London

London had brought out
more of the worst in me
and on low paying jobs
wasn't much at all.

I was getting tired of failure
tired of not having a band
and a girl,
tired of seeing the once-great
capital
as a haven to immigrants
of all kinds
immigrants stepping on tradition and
spitting out our language
in all the wrong ways.

It brought home the fact
that we'd lost the Empire
we'd lost British Steel;
even our sports car makers
were owned by Americans
and Russians.

Probably best
we dropped
the great part
from
Great Britain
because it's now
ironic.

Gary Diamond

Wrath And The Love Of It

Even with a belly full of good food.
Even miles away from the work day grind.
Even seven drinks to the wind.
A little thing is there
Clawing.

It has no teeth; it is no beast.
It slithers but it isn't a reptile, a snake.
It's the prisoner kept locked in the chest.
The emotions smothering the conscious mind.
Keeping what is pure, pure.
The dam, the only little victory.

Just when the mood is right is it time to strike.
The rage harnessed by years of laying there, dormant.
Whether you choose sharp tongue, rapier point or a clenched fist.
At least you chose something
Rather than a quivering stiff upper lip.

I've lost jobs
Friends
Family.
All because I wasn't scared to take back a piece of aching soul
From the rapist who wanted it all.
Although as a defense it may sound as a child
Remember that a child is indefinitely pure
Rather than convolute
It'd rather speak out true, even when in the dark
Than remain as a broken tool.

How I wish I could release this pure, dark, evil wrath.
Everywhere and to everyone
Who ever crossed my path and forced me to stop.
Whomsoever moved into me because they didn't look.
Who swore and cursed without ever knowing who or what I was.
The false friends who screw and manipulate us like a puppet show.

How I want to be as dark and black as the devil.
I want to kill, to maim, to shout with the killing lust and rage.

To have an enemy, even a misunderstood one.
We're born to be this way.
I wouldn't be this way
You wouldn't either
If everyone else weren't.

Herein lies the problem.
We are each others catalyst
Each others knock-on effect.
A person is intelligent.
As a group an undifferentiated ego mass.
Only idiots can feel strong as they join together.
Only then can they as ten, challenge one.
How weak.
But no-one sees it this way.

Gary Diamond

Wrestling With Technology

Is not something I enjoy.
The clicking washing machine
Stuck in an infinite bad-design loop
Keeping me up past my bedtime.

I think it's almost like a committment to be insane.
Relying on handfuls upon handfuls of ugly machines
All malfunctioning and getting high on bad, cheap Chinese design.
Sitting in the kitchen grinning
Laughing
Writhing with unquenchable mirth.

Once a cave, dark with splashes of firelight
Stinking of raw hunted carcass.
Now a neon-lit, temperature controlled, smell renovated joke
Fake
Lacking life or soul
Like it's owners
Like you and me.

Amongst the machines is a man
Making bad decisions and ruining a good run.
Had to be the way.
He has the last laugh
Until the machine he didn't design
Has off his head or splits into fractures his dying mind.

Back to the clicking washing machine
Stuck there,
Cursing it
Spitting
Throwing chairs at it
Kicking out
Lashing out
Think about washing my own damn clothes
Having none of that.

Gary Diamond

Yes Yes Yes

Yes yes yes.

This repetition of one word keeps me feeling depressed.

No no no.

On some days your talent ebbs ebbs ebbs and doesn't flow.

You'll learn.

You'll learn about these things as a kid and you'll learn them again as an adult.

As an old man, you'll realise there was no use worrying either way.

Seems there has to be something to concern yourself with though.

Doesn't there?

Don't you think so?

Hi Hi Hi.

If you're saying that, don't forget the goodbyes.

Low low low.

That is how I feel when you go.

I've learnt.

Gary Diamond

Yield

It's the insult I throw as I defeat a foe of some kind
Maybe just uncorking this cheap Italian wine.
Yield to the pressure you are put under.
Lead as the pressure tears the standing gent asunder.

The swear words now are so weak and wallow in little meaning
That it's better to reinvent the old ones
So they might provoke a feeling.
Looking back it was a world in ruins
The simple column Greeks
And all they weren't too busy doing.

It's very easy to yield to a mass culture
Than to forge your own narrow path
Amongst the easy ones scattered around.

If it was easy to pick up and get to
Then you made the wrong choice
If it ever felt far too easy
Then the meaning of challenge is still alive in you.

If every piece of art is supposed to convey a message
Bloated, distorted and often pointless in the shape of beautiful
Then let this one convey one word.
Yield.

Yield if you must but first put up a fight.
Don't indulge the temptations too early
Or they shall lose all meaning.

Gary Diamond

Your Stolen Chair

are you sitting comfortably in your stolen chair.
excellent, right, lets go from there.
are you ready for me to tell you all i know.
are you ready for me to challenge stop when you say go.

i saw the pattern clear as day.
tried to explain it, yesterday.
there's a logic and a pattern
that describes all things.
from the way the earth moves
to the way that we swing.

when are you going to become
more self-aware.
excellent, right, i don't know what to wear.
are you ready to leave those teenage years.
are you poised to challenge a world's primal fears.

when you're busy stabbing supposed friends in the back
and your fashion is the result of a learned fashion hack.
then you realise you don't have a soul anymore.

i know exactly what it feels like to have the rug pulled.
i know what it feels like to truly be a fool.

Gary Diamond