

Poetry Series

Mary X
- poems -

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Mary X(19.01.1987)

average. come healthy aesthetics come deadly sufferings.

[no Title]

</>A series of
traumas.

Of whispers for another - dead -
are the constituent parts,
conflict -
other.
Lies taught and controlled.

A master of series
Of weapons and pleasures one dies,
one lives as soon as one lives for another. The conflict of a bough burnt lies and
assimilated control - a web
of gratifications.

A tree of sensations
of his ego - one dies -
of horror
a series of intervals.
Of change.

Mary X

A Love Letter.

I sit in the dark niches
Alone. Even darkness reminds me
Of you. Your sweet fingers
Brushing against my neck and
Paving my back. This is a poem
To you my Love. Sweet and pretty;
The morning dove. So, here I am,
Life has brought me,
But only you have taught me.
If there is one thing that an old
Temperamental beetle has learnt, one thing
From the depths of the fields and the valleys
Of pretension, from distant trees and
Nose bleeds, it's that I can
Love.

A baby born upside down, but
Never in topsy-turvy land.
Have this blank piece of paper – for
It means much more than a filled
Page of ramblings, please –
Treasure it forever, keep it close to your
Heart forever. Even the floor can smell like
Your sweet essence; when you're away;
If I use
My imagination to it's fullest extent;
And in every other way.
I knew that you were mine
When wars fell to the ground and
Butterflies crept into the air. Medication can't
Take my love away, not any medication, whether
It be medical, worldly or Sin.
Nothing will tear me apart from you,
Not even when our seams are old and
Fragile, worn with age – the sharpest
Scissor will never snip our material loops.
Our love is like a skull, a human skull,
And inside is love – protected
Outside by a lovely white bone-type

Structure. Hammers cannot break it,
Feet can never dent it, people cannot climb in,
And I never wish to climb out.

Mary. X.

Mary X

A Piece Of Paper With Revenge.

Excuse me.

<i>What? </i>

Pointless anger laid
waste in the barrel of
a human bin is
like

watching a fly stuck to its
kid.

I've been pretending
to be the selected,
the fly has no face

and the day is simmering.
You who think who
always act to gain
an electron thought,
a gas of opinion
sifted under the door –

into the room, breathe it in
breathe it in.

But do not breathe because
to breathe is a sin.

And nettles pierce
what they wish to sting,
the green complication
of hatred and anger has leaked
in –
both broke me in.

I'm the smashed window
you pass everyday

but give no thought towards.
It can't speak

only cut and shred the skin.
Breathe it in.
Eat the ice
of anger. The paper;
bring it in! Bring it in!
Throw it in the bin;

enter it.
Entertain it.
Whisper into it's ear and tell it:
you won't settle for anything less
than perfect.

Mary X.

Mary X

A Realization At The Perfect Moment.

Every night
when I'm sitting
between my walls,
writing my poetry,
smoking my lungs into ash,
thinking about those
that fucked me -
I'm struck by
the echo of a
peculiar sound.
A traveling sound.
A night-morning sound.
A three 'o' clock
'everybody's-in-bed-but-you' sound.
Every night
I hear it but
never lift up and
peek past my curtains -
peek past my curiosity
to understand what object
on wheels is attached to that
sound.
The sound first travels
down,
then it screeches
up
past the ponderings
of my thinker-tank.
This occurs every
morning at about
three 'o' clock.
I heard it whilst
pleasuring a
woman with my
corrugated,
ravaged
and sellotaped
love-box.
I outlined her breasts

and realized! I smiled.

I'm far too lazy
to ever be a
good milkman.

Mary X.

Mary X

Abstract Machine

A hand becomes something Other.

Skin stretched taut over the cobbled, riveted knuckles.

Suddenly, no longer is it a hand,
instead it delineates skin, bones;
folds, creases;
angles, shapes,
into a point of contraction,
destroying any familiarity it once had,
melting into surfaces.

My hand is not my own,
it now belongs to the picture 'out there'.

My hand is something Other.

Mary X

Alveolar Osteitis.

you sit by yourself
all the time.
I wonder what you wonder
about
every time your
eyes glide.

maybe your mind has a picture
inside it. red streams
and green flowers,
oral skies and penetrating
cream-coloured houses.

you file neatly into every room.
you fit nicely in your seat
as I slump with dry socket
in mine.
operation time for the infected

that couldn't resist a cigarette.
that couldn't resist temptations
of all kinds. was that me? or was
that you? even though
like love; I don't know you.

bring the gums of infection
out with a syringe
and throw them away.
then, maybe, I'll be able
to talk to you without
a mouth full of thorns.

Mary X

Apathy

Considering treatment of
young minded,20-something
'seemingly' heterosexual males
who are white—confined
to having no striking differences
and therefore are taken as the
most normal of us all—I'd
say, in a word, that the
world is a bore and existence
over-rated.

Mary X

Art Of Picture Hanging.

true emotions
don't come easily.

not when trying to express
them without pretension

anyway. they fill the page
with their jaded and jagged
guises,

pretending to be hate when truly they're
love. vice versa or any other combination.

they trick my mind
and fragment it more!

expression doesn't come easily,
but when you've hit the nail

with the steel,
you'll know that the picture
will

hang straight, un-jaded and
not jagged at all.

Mary X.

Mary X

Back

Movement does not take place here. Amidst the dust, through the window, is the outside world ready to act in constant reprise. Still air. There are no wailing babies, no shouting mouths; there is no love and no apathy. There is a void of which one stares down deep into its mangled intestine. On the edge of a cliff. Hanging from a window. Flesh-becoming the great seals that finish the deal with the future. Fleas hop about on my bed as though it no longer belongs to me. Every movement throws up dust, the reminder of entropy. Yes, that movement does not take place here other than into the ground upon which the place stands. Do I blame myself? Or do I blame some transcendent god or other? I suppose that regression is my own doing and partly things out of my control. I can clean the dust. I can't move out of here. Immobility exists as Zeno of Elea proposed. Without movement, one stays still, on the spot, looking down at the battered feet that wear muddy shoes, reaching into one's gut to pull out meat; then one immediately, without a milli-second of recognition, begins to deteriorate. And behind the wrinkles of those old people lie a set of glass eyes, still wrapped up with the language, still engaged in repetition, circular passages that go on and on until this immobility, this constant regression – negative movement, reversed numbers scrawled across those glass eyes that look out onto the world without a clue as to how this happened — ask the questions: where did the dreams go, how did ambition get stuck in a 9 to 5 job, how comes I am — and always will be — a deteriorating invisibility of which not even my-self can ever know?

Mary X

Bipolar Barbie.

There was this
Barbie-doll girl I knew
who grew
into a Barbie-doll woman.

She battled some
bipolar disorders
and cocks dressed
in suits, until
one day

it got too much.
She tried gassing
herself in her
car – hose-pipe in
the window affair –

but realized her
car was made
from plastic. Not
to mention that
plastic lungs
can't do
much in the first place.

I guess plastic
brains don't
think up
great
ideas.

Mary X.

Mary X

Chemical.

Step into my well.
Step into my well.

Feel yourself falling
into that
fall.

Feel yourself
grazing the walls.

They control like
the fat-controller,

that faceless
face falls deeper,
stronger,
heavier.

Faster down
the flume.

Look through
the bricks at
how
you're an actor

acting out who you are
like a
hiding
butler.

Deeper
into the pit;
feel and think,
stand and watch.

A string can't save
the hopeless faith;
it crumbles,

falling mass –
a weighted feather.

It separates at the seams
and the shell is cracked
open for that
old
aged
brickwork to see.

This is the fall.
The bottom.
The solution.

Mary X.

Mary X

Circle Poem #1.

We walked the street without a care
in the world, me and Daisy. Daisy
and I. We talked
about Nirvana
and Aphex Twin,
philosophy and poetry.

Every road that spewed into us;
we ignored. That was the last day to live.
We carried on walking that road,
walking and talking
until we stopped
and realised.

We walked across the street.
Not a care. We walked across the street.
We didn't fall. We walked.

Mary X

Corners.

I was never one
to complain about
the incandescent
murmurs in each
slant of this pit.

This slant
marked by a Queen,
a scented spray
tumbling
through the ray
of air and surfacing
as a mark of territory.

This slant
marked by a Shadow,
a solitary
eccentric entwined in
it's own demands
and complications –
the dead-certain rose.

This slant
marked by an OCD patient,
an obsessive to
an obsessive
violent brute
of a human life.
overpowering urge
whisper that will never
be veiled by
an Elephant-man
mask.

This slant
has yet to be marked
but I'm sure a hissing figure
stuck in a rut
of living,

needing some joy fulfilment
to
stimulate
it's sexual organs
will traipse
into my time;
use the fact
(that) I
am male
then screw me up
and throw me into
my own nauseating
tomb.

just like

all the
other
wise-men
did.

Mary X

Culture Of Ithey/I.

<i>they</i> told me that walking to the shop was best done using a pair of old trainers.

that way I'd be able to walk with
a nice mold surrounding my feet.
I wouldn't stumble and it wouldn't hurt
to try and break them in.

much in the same way, <i>they</i> told me that
art is best with its first sketch, it's pristine
raw drawing. that way the intentions
are clear and the emotions
are wild.

<i>they</i> told me that to perfect a poem, you must first
start with a word you dislike, then build up, build up
build up, create the building, sculpt the sculpture.

<i>they</i> told me that I'm a madman living in a madman's
world. maybe they're right, but my feet didn't hurt when
I walked to the shop. my art has been perfected and
I passed. this poem wasn't perfected – and opinion
will divide it like a pizza.
but as for being a madman –
be careful what they tell you or you might
end up sane like me. unless you are,
in fact, <i>they</i>,
in which case – carry on spurting out
your madman perfectionist lies –
the madman world might listen.

Mary X

Decisions And Un-Scathed Heartbeats.

It tackles the big egg.
Its tail dissolves.
<i>No</i> umbilical cords.

The pill-forcer,
the laughing joker.

Swallow
the pill and
bile.

Poor life
didn't have
a chance
to shoot the
target.

I'm selfish but
it'll be okay now.
No more paper tears.
Which mistake

did I make
<i>again? </i>

Mary X

Dipsy Blonde With Glasses.

The dipsy blonde with glasses
Is bending over again,

Trying to re-arrange her
Smooth crispy skin

And thick shoes.
The naïve

Child doesn't know
It is being watched

Through two snake eyes,
Slithering towards

It's next vocation
Getting ready

To pounce on that
Dipsy blonde with glasses;

Bending over exposing
A segment of her

Lower back
That dipsy blonde

With glasses.

Mary X.

Mary X

Disposal Of The Rubbish!

Every time I flip
the page of this
book:
'Brave New World'
the

preceding page
fades into
the shadow world.
How do we
know that the page

beneath this page
exists?
I turn the page again,
the
cherub-rock shoots.

Another
khaki child's page
is read and
disposed of,
flicked
and
transposed.

Mary X.

Mary X

Eclipse

and mid-flight moonlight is blocking the sun's gleam, and the numbers falling
from the sky are waging over the blue's walking.

Mary X

Father I Am.

Drink up.
drink the juice;
it comes from the sky.

no longer do I grasp the music
of worn-edges, no longer
do I feel the wrath of
hatred. to question
is vital.
to believe in the answer
even more so.

let me take you to a place.
an airport.
July 1997.

cigarette heads and laughs anonymous.
Brian Eno's tone and James' ambience.

here I wait for the walking
stem.
a stem.
playing chess with pieces
of sterling.
pieces in the pig pen.

who waits?
who feels?
who?
waiting and listening.
waiting for the man
to come through those drunkard
doors; the bee, the antiquity,
the fruit.

a thousand surgical procedures
take place at that second and this,
yet I and we remain seated
drinking, drinking.

drinking.

who walks?
who comes through to
the other side?

of course,
I am lost in this world of
alphabets like Khayyam.
of course,
not just the man;
not just the blind man
walks through,
he holds memories
of being me,
waiting just like he is waiting.

Mary X

For Charlotte

Through the needle's eyes
I see clouds,
grey clouds on the horizon,

I see many men
and many women,
falling from the sky
as spheres of light.

Through the needle's eye,
I see a void.
Pitch void in a massless globe.

*In the hearts of Gods
I stand on my last, isolated
apex.*

On this last leg I stand
with one arm caught
behind with guilt.

*Memory serves Devils
and bars block the view*

Through the needle's eye.
I see a whisper on inner lips,
silencing the air with delicate words.

And here lies the tomb
of a filled up
man.

Here lies the grave
of a dawn
soaked in petrol.

Yet through these cold
days one remembers
the sun sometimes.

Its fragments lie heavy
on the ground.

Yet my apex is over
the bridge.
One could only smile at such destruction.

One could only stare
into a desperate face
who's heart lies heavy
on the windowsill.

As one reaches the tunnel
end a song bursts
as a balloon air.

A mirage,
<i> A Collage, </i> of whistling
birds
paste the sky.

Through the needle's eye.
I see a smile.
Gods and Goddesses happiness
take form as thunder.

I see rain.
I see I.
I see nothing but my
reflection staring
back with voids
sporadically scattered...

I see the rim overflowing
and spilling
and drilling
to the ground.

I SMELL SMELL.
I SEE sea sight.
I hear nothing but a

broken shell
ready to snap back as clippers
on my brain.

I move forward yet on
a high building top
I move down.
I revel in me.
I stop going toward the
solution.
I begin by opening the
door to a landslide
facade.

I chatter shattered people
DRESSED IN FINEST
GARMENTS.
I ring back the wet
morning grass.

I spill my guts with
true venom.

I reside inside my
own two eyes.

I imagine here
a place where
no one hides and no one
believes and no one
talks and no one sees
and no one hears and
no one sneers and
no one bothers to care
because my perfect
place has nobody but me
there.

Mary X

Four Walls.

The sun outside is melting.
I suddenly find myself painting with
Pastels and inking with chalk,

The walls look nice now;
They have patterns that
Spiral out of control on them. All different
Colours, shapes and sizes. But
On the same wall.

I sit inside these walls
That my hands ruthlessly slaughtered.
It felt good to embrace
In a dose of insanity. Carelessly scribbling
Like a child that's just discovered
Its first profanity.

The moon has risen.
In a year these walls will
Be watching another; I will
Be under another roof
In another world of raffle –
Not forgetting the raffle.
My hands will be tied with Art
As my feet will be bitten

With socialites tapping at my door,
Asking if I can spend another minute
Reading their minds and
Caressing their breasts.
I get out of bed to think about
The women I asserted I loved.

The leaves blow and tumble.
I look outside my window and past the patterns
On my walls.

There is the street with the cars
Swiftly travelling. The lamp-posts

In their shining cages, illuminating
The pavements below. The rows of
Flats that remind me of solitary confinement.

Still I pace back to my bed and sit
On its soft contours to look at my insanely
Driven creation. The world I created on
My walls. It makes me wander –
Whilst smiling –
Whether I have even lived at all?

Mary X.

Mary X

Game.

Bring the wall the face,
the eye the speaker talking with rapid tones.
The street too cold - no one walks it.

Don't know poetry only S.O.C.
Chords playing tunes down my legs.
Ready to go, the door, the curtain, the floor,
the carpet sack of shit in the corridor.

Change.
Switch to another criminal returning home after a night
of stealing bread for his family of rats.

You are not to judge... do not judge what the
page could never say. The screen, the pattern, the link, the camera
recording every fucking movement and you cannot escape
your own need to say, 'Im stable...
Im stable'..

The floor with its grains is as low as jazz.
Jazz to scatter the mind the thoughts. All that a cymbal crashes
with the next poem. Princes of lands made from wood dwell
deep in the dogs arse.

Shit out those toxic,
that toxic..
this toxic..
the toxin poisoning your self confident ruins.
Now become me, be me, touch my body, run your hands through the
chords dancing from my criminal trousers.

Mary X

Goodbye Horses.

Come back.
I wave to the bus
dripping with sky.

Dust hits my fool's
eye as you listen
to your song but

a wave is just a palm.
You go away with your
legs and your thoughts.

Pass into the night,
break into the quiet.
All things go away.

Here I'll stay until
I, to, can be somewhere
else.

Hopefully that time will be soon.
But for now I'll go back
home and plan my next escape

from the bitter two-pence
smiles of poor
men

and continual taunting
from
horse-whisperers.

Mary X

He Once Knew An Angel.

When you hurdle
into your pit-painting
gargling with salt-water,

you'll walk and lurch
over something
quite remarkable, friend

with no tonsils.
There you were
and there you are, friend

with no tonsils –
inside that fruit
painting, two

feet for apples
and nature
spirals out of control

with it's reproduction
and cigarettes.
Then in an instant;

what lies beneath the beams?
Those beautiful miracles
complete and endless

on the floor. Two
wings, two angel wings
singing and smiling

as you wish them to.
They aren't broken, yet
feather of the wing.

The best word that
the wings ever described
it's onlooker as:

'Ethereal.
Ethereal.
Ethereal.'

Two angel wings
laying on the floor,
they crack like an egg

into a pan, why
shouldn't one be so pure?
shouldn't two angel wings

be strong?
Magnetic currents
file out from the

wings and brawl
onto the concrete.
The onlooker looks

towards the sky.
The wingless angel sighs
sitting on his stone cloud.

Rain pours down all day.

Mary X.

Mary X

Hear Them Fall.

And there it is
and there it is
and
there
it
was.

The humble bumble bee
the humble bumble bees
the
humble
bumble
bee.

Sticks it's stinger
sticks
and
stingers,

into a vein
all
in
vein.

A dropp of human falls
a droplet of human falls
a drop
of
dew
fell.

And there it is

a rush of orgasm
a
rush
of
orgasm

due to the thousand men shot

one man standing against the painted picture.

one
billion
men
standing.

And here it fell
and here it falls
hear
it fall.

Tip the tongue
tip the tongues
speak
ing
tongues.

The dawn of a war
the dawn of a sun
the
dawn
of
an
Iraqi
child.

Over a wage
over a wave
over
a
wave
of
smoke.

Hear it fall
hear it's fall –
here
they
fell
and
the children

are
marked.

Mary X

How The Sticks Hurt On The Bonfire.

The
Man sits,
With naked hands
And legs to match them,
Filled jug-of-pain
the fire screams
in agony.

His
Attachment was ripped
From it's entwined
Walls, fed to lions
And hurled towards
The moon.
Summer has passed

Although
Not by
Season. Inside him
Howls a wintry hollow;
Ice spilling into
The snow burgeoning
From the plaited sky.

She
Left him in the ditch
With two broken legs
For walking sticks.
The fairy-rose in
His soul, and left from hers.
It flew high and never returned.

What
Did he decided to do?
In which bar could a ghost
Get dipped wabe? A heartless mass
Of skin and bones.
How burnt could one be,
How the sticks hurt on the bonfire.

The
Man sits,
Comfortably embracing his demons.
Of course, his heart is still feeling,
Still smelling of that crunch,
Still smelling the love of the night,
The love of tonight two weeks ago.
How the sticks hurt on the bonfire. □

Mary X.

Mary X

List This!

Everyone always admits to loving
what is bad
for them.

This is my poem
of loveable
<i>bad</i> things.

I love chocolate.
nicotine.
absinthe.
whiskey.
vodka.
beer.
marijuana.
zopiclone.
uppers.
downers.
side-fuckers.
fucks without
feelings or protection.
lysergic acid diethylamide.
no-exercise.
being a lazy art
student
generally
binging.

All these things a-side –
by far the best
and worst
thing on my list
is the twentieth word in.

Mary X.

Mary X

Little Coin.

This coin spins with a magnetic current
Under it's wing.
I spin it with anticipation: see which side surfaces.

Tails,
Go back to bed to sip the dreams
That might pass through my state of REM.

Heads,
Go back to the lion's cave
To be slowly devoured; flesh and thread.

Little coin,
The thumb twiddles your sides
With a sigh of pressure

Pressing on the side of my head.
Flesh and thread to
Sew hoops into my side,

String me up into a lamp-post
And truly dent my escapism.
Little coin, little coin

You're so shiny with your
New outlook on life: pay
For my soul little coin, little coin.

If you land on heads,
Please take my wish and
Solidify it, little coin

Little coin. A small hut
On top of an Indian hill-side,
With a hand-crafted table and

A tobacco tin resting on top,
A small hammock to rest on
And a window looking out to a sea of trees.

A twiddle of the coin
Brings a cup of magma
And a flicker of dreams:

Over the hill of tails are
Oceans with boats resting on the
Shore,

Boats to sail. Tails
To play and not any more
Chance.

To my surprise –
The coin stops it's splutter,
Little coin, little coin,

You landed on neither heads nor tails.

Mary X.

Mary X

Lp5.

rhyth-matic
escapades into
the journey of
electronic unknown.

stream and streams of conscious
sound collate and corrugate
each other,
architecture at its most sublime.

delving and delving more.
more.
dig into the wavelengths, the frequency,
the un-lying truth that lays
so naked and raw.

bit-sounds and trillion
notes, singing throats
without voice. necks with cut
shapes collage the air,
collage the waves and
play the strings of imagination.

before I know it, the track
has stopped – I put on more
and light another cigarette.

Mary X

Malapropos Kingdom.

Please just kindly slip
under the mat and disappear.

Don't come near me,
I know, England, you want me

but I am no politician.
Please just kindly slip

under the mat and disappear.
You do not mean a penny

to my purse. You mean
an island of legs, you mean

an island of niches,
cleavage,
foreskin dripping

like a fried egg.
Please just kindly slip

under the mat and disappear.
I have no rags to complain

because I created what you are,
you are England,

you are the shadow,
you are the nervous,

you are the beast,
you are the night,

you are the fish,
you are the buttinsky,

you are the bitch at my door,
you are the thorn in the wall,

you are my agitation,
you are my only – my only sin,

you are England,
you are under the mat

and under my fingernails.
Now please, listen to me:

Just kindly slip
under the mat and disappear.

Mary X

Master Plans And Hoodlums

Which eyes are the
right eyes?
There are no
right eyes,

do not look into
their sitting-gaze.

Which words are the
words of truth?
There are no
truthful words;

apart from the words
spilling from your own mouth.

Which nature is the
purest?
The man-made hoodlum
locked in machinery?

The bird eating it's
worm to be
snapped up by a
preying cat?

Neither; do not use
your eyes unless they
are fully open.

Which poem is the
universal?

None; do not accept them.
Throw away the pages.
Ignore the words
but remember

to listen what's in-between

the lines,

not what you wish to see
with a wishful smile
and a wishful wink too.

The only plan;
the only embedded truth is that

you created me –
and
I created you.

Mary X

Masturbation.

There are times when you simply
cannot do anything.

You lay there in Medusa's
ugly vision, sat in granite

with nothing apart from
the breast you are touching.

It isn't even a breast,
just a pocket of air

that your mind urges you to think is
a beautifully sculpted woman.

That doesn't matter though,
we find our pleasures
anyway,

whether it be a candle's tone
a man's fingering hand

or the piece of gentle anatomy
that you have held in your pocket.

Mary X.

Mary X

Means To An Aid.

You help me sleep.
My Zopiclone.
You're my R.E.M
and my resting.
A bore of a drug.
A bore of a drug
A bore of a drug.
A bore of a drug.
A bore of a drug.
Goodnight.

Mary X

Miner

A fire is devouring awash the weave,
Sandwiched in-between the fluid phases,
Folds and stains issue forth, time is pressing riveted to its knuckles.
Flashes blink breakthroughs to; around and outward
into arms of zero intensities;
and within the head so laden with the imaginary
an empirical vibration burns through the extremity.

A light! Oh a light so intermingled in draught,
it does not realise, instead it laughs!
Take corpses to the gangrene plane
says an inert iota, inane and in-vein.

A brilliance! Oh, a brilliance so rare,
To death with a washed eye:
'Better to indulge than fall down in despair
or languish in the pits so sullen and bare! '

Mary X

Mother I Am.

It happened when I was ten.
I remember her coming to my house,
knocking on my door,
opening up to a dreary
end.

She walked in.
Clumsily in a daze she attempted
to foot the first stair.
A thousand stares.
She made her way

to the top. I was reminded
of falling to the bottom of a
pyramid.
A doors *slam* and to the bed,
that door, that door
that rotten apples core,
a *thump* to the floor.

I clearly remember being told
to know nothing. If the secret leaked
into town, god *knows*
how we'd be treated.
But I did know. We all knew.

She was rushed to hospital
to be fixed up; nice and polished,
good and new.
A packet of re-sealed crisps.
That's what triggers this gun

of guns,
loss of losses,
thought of thoughts,
pill of all pills –
that's what finished that
pack of crisps and guilt.

Mary X

Muslim Woman.

I open up my book of thoughts
And memories, and get struck
With a whispery clatter of voices and a blowing force:

'I am not Indian, '
I played ignorant in a white-man's western slumber,
'I am from Pakistan'.

'I follow my husband to where he wishes to go'
(a flower chained to the linked cage
and set free only with death's blow)

'I believe in one god, one god, one god.'
The drapes of this lady fell creased and sombre,
Clinging to her body as her soul clung to her country.

A significant rock falls from the apex of Moses
And tumbles down to the shore, parts of it's
Course, granite body flicker off into dust.

'My husband is my freedom'
(The coloured dove can never fly;
it's wings have been stumped and shaped into an incarcerated-continent)
Questions have no answers in this closed hamlet –
New ideas are greeted with no instead of Why?

I sip at my crystal-clear field of wine
And take a breath to resume this commodity
Of a female organ, living from the Soil of
Ignorance, living in her husband's womb.

'We follow the rules to follow more roads of rules'
My ignorance fades as a whole culture wraps
Itself with polythene naivety.

Of course I am not one to judge.
I am a simple muse to the chained dove
That usually cannot speak her mind and
Fly free. She carries her poverty on her shoulder;

A whole dedicated army of cultural
References with closed ideals and strong feet.

Mary X

My Soul And I.

We travelled into Eden
Just to find destruction.
A war of beauty.

My soul and I scoured
The land of dreams
And future memories,
We came to a black wall.

Fountains that spray with blue
Waters and make the sound
Associated with heaven are in the centre.

My soul and I searched
Every blade of grass
To find that one tiny universe,
We found lots of upper class ants.

Statues made from glass prisms
Are depressed in the ground
To remind us that we are colourful.

My soul and I tripped
Over and fell into a lake
Of golden locks.
We felt relief.

Mary X

Mary X

Nam June.

Flicker candle.

Do what we want to little cat

bright eyes. Knife.

inch closer to destiny un

r

a

v

elin

g.

The doctor draws ever more

near with cocoon in jam.

How testing to

think of what dark web of which

will spiral into your blood.

your draping dress.

your poor salty food.

your own flesh tearing with every

rooftop break.

A hand pours down over your face and you're once again

reinvented

and

killed

with one swoop of a button.

Mary X

Nameless Musing

Tulips on a grey
Monday morning shining
out—through the memories
of drunken Sunday night and images
of never-ending Monday
afternoon—a prospect of
nostalgia.

Mary X

No Critical Understanding.

did.

did.

the words.

the kids of the street
or the street of the kids
go into an enternal
spiral.

they bounce of one another
and need each other to survive a
brief life

of drunk antics and drug-filled
crimes.

even though I speak
on behalf,
they still try
to take

my money.

Mary X

Now.

Gut through your old
torn and dog-eared
books of thoughts
and philosophies,

long lost romances that
you wish could never
have ended
or never have begun
in the first place.
(you know those long-
kept vaulted rotten little
apples-now.)

In heaven are lines
like a piece of
burnt paper
with one word written

on it.
one word written
on it now.

So all you can do
is sit on your
comfortable content,
where you used to

lay with the princess
pride and ponder
as to where she is now,
is she in her twirling
tantrum of security now?

The philosophies
adapted from masters;
Sartre, Nietzsche, Kant
are laughable

to you now.
Do you live in the world
of thought-transgression now?
do you live in Eden now?
can you heed the hiss now?
can you run without
your shoe laces catching a-light
now?

Did you gain from
spending your time philosophizing
over issues bagged
with a thousand years

of thought now? such as
what does a falling pebble
mean to a world and
a universe now?

Do you even care
as you sip the
fresh midnight air
and whisper to your transparent angel;
I love you
wherever you are now

you're a Bitch now.

Mary X.

Mary X

Otherside.

And when waking with life
lifting your skin,
little flowers caressing your bomb-fiend.
And when in a state so rapid you sink.
Once realized that the rest
of your body may be only just finding
your brain,

Cyanide dreams and places that seem
sticky with saturation.
And when detailing the small parts of
your nine to five job listing
stock that doesn't exist..
in pondering ponds as
a winged fish with legs.

And when contemplating your own life,
a sky with warp holes in its side - ajhadfidsfldhfg.
scouring scouts with eyebrows below waist.
laugh at the business man you once remembered
being, now laying in states of armless need..

Welcome to purple skies and blue grass,
welcome to Megdon's own mess,
welcome to the keyhole world without keys.

Welcome; woman, man, child...
to the sun setting upon its own death.

Mary X

Playing Chess.

It was in the night
that awkward
darkness covered
a
girl and pushed the check
towards my eyes.

That busy place –
Hustle and bustle –
Booze being knocked back like
Water.

I
had no legs
and the fairy darkness
lay on my hip.

I ask questions,
cryptic question marks
that bemuse
and confuse my listener.

She slides from under my feet
and into the lit palm
of another man – again.
I am
another
piece on the board.

The hand
that catches these
women
of the night
is bewildering to
a forlorn man.
Towering over my head
with forks for fingers
and wings for wrinkles.

The floor was littered

with ashes and stapled together
in a livid mix of
beer and vodka in

the night-time,
with it's mysterious
glow;
was as good as it gets
to tumbling over the edge of heaven
just to be cast in granite
and dropped
into an ocean of Hades.

I am simply
playing chess
with humans,
and I am
a pawn in white
opposing every check
that slips
through my fingers;
until I get dropped into the basket
of death.

Until I get placed back
On the board for another game.

Mary X

Press.

walk down the hallway.
see the brightly coloured pictures
covering the walls.

feel your legs walking without thought.
move closer to the end
and further from

the beginning that was once
a tiny light shining crack to crack
very far away.

there is no place to turn,
just forward,
forward.

in your state of disorientation
and discomfort, walk, walk
forward and never glance

behind you. keep your mind
on the crack to crack light
that will one day be
far
behind
you.

Mary X

Profound Artists Don't Come Close.

Who knows whom?
Which pencil is mine?

Who sits where?
Stop staring!

This room is
big;
the influence
of twenty or so
pretentious

grains of mustard.
Who knows what?

Who is cliché enough
to be considered
cutting edge?

That man is
woman's
miscarriage but
a student or
a teacher?

'Pick up your pencils'.
Begin.
Begin and
begin again.

Who thinks like
a real clockwork
soldier?

Who has the moves
in their brain-waves
to screw-up on the page?

The walls: so

white and fresh,
they haven't been
accustomed yet.

They will file
our thoughts and

woes, questions
and swearing.

I must concentrate..
con-cen-trate
on
speeches
going on and on but all I can do

is write this
fucking poem
and finger cigarettes
craving a pair of lips.

Mary X.

Mary X

Reboot And Repeat.

wake up. stiff neck.
fucked back. bad breath.
walk the stairs.
clean your teeth. have
a piss. remind yourself
with a bad throat.

get dressed. climb around.
shuffle through. have some food.
pick up the phone.
tell the telesales
to go away. phone
a friend. suck his cock.

pick-up. throw down.
lay down. get lost.

every object turns
into a pair of eyes.

paranoia.

play Pink Floyd. play
with the bitch next door.
play mummies and daddies.

fall over. stumble around.
get around. hit the ground.
sit at the table:
write. edit. write. edit.
write. edit. write. edit.
space. return. space. return.
tab. tab. tab. SHIFT.
write. edit. sleep. delete
delete.
[command error]

my life crashed,
let me reboot it.

Mary X

Reversed And Censored.

The old-bag resting on my cabinet
Is staring.
A tidal collage

Of black and white print
Hits each side of the teacup.
Here I watch

The glue of attachment bind
Together the tea and the
sides that shape it.

(The man in a suit sits
And waits with his
Tie-of-a-wife and
Tea-of-a-lifestyle)

Sugar grains and drops of
Spilt tea scream out,
'Keep me! Don't wipe

Me away! ' but I have to.
A perturbed mind
And a swollen ankle-like

Soul - bitten by the
Snake that bruised
The heel -

Wouldn't it be funny
If the tea got it's revenge
And spilt those well-dressed
Arse holes onto the table.

I'd clean them up and
Ring them out,
Then ask the next cup
Of tea whether he'd
Like sugar

In
His
Human.

Mary X.

Mary X

Salem.

There's something
in this room
that's wrong.

It has bones like a fish
and wings like a bird.
There's something wrong
with it –
malfunctions down
every avenue.

In this café
is the demon.

Who it is or where it is
no one knows.

Blame the air.

Will it
float or will it
sink?

Mary X

Salt Water.

first and most foremost;
sorry.
a rock with a strong pair of legs,
struggling to uphold its own
overridden weight is what
I am saying sorry to.
I am saying sorry to you.

different colours flag out
onto their masts every minute.
there is no controlling,
there is no control.
and I owe a thousand sterling and
lives to you.

sorry and thank you. at the dining
table we are strained but know that
inside I'm not. outside I'm not.
the window-looter's influence.
and here's my last note – once again,
thank you. thank you.

every time my face has been caught
in fire – you have extinguished it.
you have been the water and the
glue. salt water!
salt water! you say cleanses.
well, <i>you</i> are my salt water,
and with you I will cleanse my wounds
until there is no scab, no bleeding,
no cut.
with you I will cleanse my wounds.
with you I will cleanse my wounds.

Mary X.

Mary X

Shiny Gung Ho Knives.

The recluse
is a type that
not only lives in his
own chaotic and shabby
creeks.

The recluse
lives in a world
of his own
presumptions
and inner repulsions.

The recluse
is trapped in
his mother's womb
with pictures
on her linings
fronting it's flag
of austerity.

The recluse
can't face his
beast in the shape
of all his fears
being thrown at him as
shiny gung ho knives.

The recluse is
his own Zen-Buddha.

The recluse
sits in his
own torment
and breathes the
same air as Hitler and you

the recluse is
a man,

a fucking madman
hunting
stalking and slaughtering

his demons in a
dark alley
way

outside.

Mary X.

Mary X

Some Vice.

In the afternoon
when the clock ticks backwards,
In the room,
I'm walking on my hands.

Write about meaninglessness,
Just be a nice puppet
and react to the strings I pull,
When the sun sets on your wings.

In the afternoon –
Scribbles on a page.
In this big room,
Fall into the river and drift away.

Don't be afraid to care –
'Coz your society says to,
Brake from some vice that grips you;
'Coz your master says to.

Mary X

Mary X

Survival Technique Number 1.

Bringing food like a
scurrying ant in the
soil.

You are my

best friend, you cut time
and make my food
for me.

Electric field –
a magnetic ray
inside your womb.

Those beautiful
bold edges.

Miss. Microwave, you've
kept me going strong.

Mary X

Tap, Tap, Tap.

I want an old typewriter.
my friend told me that she got
a second-hand one
today,
and said she couldn't wait
until she could go home to finger
it's second-hand-nicotine-stained
keys.

maybe you wonder why I wish
to have such an
aged machine,
when I write to you
from a computer -
complete with screen.
well, my reasons

are as aged as an old
typewriter and as
dry as a crusted
ink ribbon but
they
are by no means void -
just like the words
typed out from the bulky
metallic thing.

the reason.
the reason.
the reason is
tapping delight fitted
with modern
message.

that is the reason why
I want an old typewriter.

Mary X

Telephone Comfort.

The room is empty.
Unless you count
an empty shell
that sits
on a chair as
a person.

There is shuffling in
the room next door.
Chit-chat from the mouths
of loved ones but
there is no deciphering

of these cryptic voices
retorting to each other's
ponderings.

The voices mingle together
as if glued by a prit-stick.
Then more are added -
more
and
more
until the page
is completely covered
with magazine voices.

The page cuts itself out
and comes to life.
The ginger-bread page -
the page that is fuelled
by voices,
voices
more and more
voices all fucking
each other and
enjoying the sea
as if in summer.

It runs into the center
of the room,
a big page of noises -
voices with legs,
scribbled tones
and monotone
drones.

Then in an instant;
the page runs away and hurls
itself out the window.

I watch the page fly away
into the sky then realize
that I need to put
down the phone.

Mary X

The Cats Rely On Me.

The cats rely on me.
As soon as I open
My back door,
And put one paw onto the patterned
Carpet; the cats nibble at my
Feet, scratch my ankles and flirt with the air.
They need to be fed.

The cats rely on me.
I tell them to be quiet
And that I'll feed them after
I've taken some aspirin
To clear away the worms that
Molest my soil-hill of a brain:
Eating away at the nerves and electrons.
(Can they understand me?)

The cats rely on me.
They shout in their temperamental ignorance,
Telling the human to 'Feed me now! '
They tip toe towards the cupboard
Where the food is kept, like a ninja
Stalking his victim in the dead-cold night.
I hover like a ghost to the dishes

The cats rely on me
To think and feel for them,
Act and react on their behalf.
They are trained-wild but left to
Their own cattle and zebras;
They'd be lost in the tall grass
And the sun would be too hot for them.

The cats rely on me.
Maybe cats are as humans
In some respects. We may rely on a big
Mystical light, sparkling and shimmering
In the sky above us, invisible vibes.
All I can think about whilst tearing off

The heads of cat food is the tides.
(Crashing waves of instinct and trust.)

The cats rely on me.
I push the dishes to the floor and tremble into
The room next door.
The sound of teeth slowly devouring chunks of
Processed rabbit gnaws at my ear,
I smile at my little wild-beasts, they are free –
I rely on myself.

Mary X

The Conversation Whereby The Sudden Realization Of Another's Position In The Structure Of Friendship And/Or Relationship Becomes Explicitly Apparent.

I search the name
for which I vouch
to speak the words
of which I lack

Mary X

The Envelope.

'Hello'.

A blunt nail is being
hammered into a slumber
waste bin

contributing to build
the library.
I walk towards

the building;
darkly lit,
lamps of hammering

death splitting
my seams and
a thousand Africans

die. I (the boy
the man. the beast
the light. the dark)

reach into a barbed
plate, thrusting
the first book

into my hands.
It falls open with a puff
of magical dew

(wrong place. wrong page
wrong words. wrong caged
animal living a free life.)

In the front of the Troy
of all books is
an envelope,

licked and sealed by

a venturing tongue,
written in blood

spilling from inside
the crevices of a
death-red pen;

(right passion. left hate
right anger. right in
the slump of my seat.)

'To Fengallio'.
I roam into the horizon
and trip over little boys

and girls wearing suits,
as if they are going to
organize the bombing of

Xufurer; the only place
my mind with it's wishes
cares to travel

without being bitten
by that bastard
lady-man (Fengallio) .

(Fengallio, Fengallio
you bastard Fengallio.)

Which creek shall I sit
in to read
such words,

such destructive,
creative
words from the mouth

of the tiger.
Under a tree perhaps,
among others perhaps,

in my room perhaps,
perhaps it won't be opened
and I will torture myself

to know what is inside
to make the opening
of the envelope

more compelling.
That way there
will be no

disappointments.
(helplessly hanging. helplessly living
to die. living

to carry on living
in false
hope-living.)

The envelope is sitting
in it's own tangled
web

of content
in front of me,
taunting me,

laughing at my funnily
shaped thoughts,
abstract colon

and diamond cut
24 carat
heart.

'I must reply to your
letter,

Yours surreptitiously,
Mary'.

Mary X

The Hat-Man.

It was an evening that Hat-man would never forget. Under the cynical eyes of onlookers he made many mistakes and one that would seal the fate of his increasingly bigoted egotistical lie of a life. 'Hat-man! ' cried the onlookers with fire in their eyes, 'Drink up this Tabasco sauce Hat-man! —bet you can't do it! ' Of course these were clever onlookers, they knew this hat-man like a child knows it's toys—how could he refuse? Afterall it was his ego that had been challenged in the shape of the shot glass full to the brim of mind-melting Tabasco sauce.

He glanced at it showing no sign of terror; behind these striving eyes, this jaw that showed no weaknesses was a trembling shrimp. He took off his hat, slowly and placed it on the table next to the shot. 'I've had hotter than this before, ' he said sneering at the onlookers. Here was his spotlight, his moment, and his big finale to end the evening with nothing more poignant, nothing better than the proclamation of his own ego. He scooped up the shot glass and eyed it up; held it under his nose. The onlookers saw that peer-pressured little boy and encouraged the pride in it to prove itself.

With one huge gulp he knocked back the shot, straight to the back of his throat, sat still with the swallow and awkwardly placed the glass back on the table. The sauce stung unlike anything he had ever felt before in his life, so much so that he questioned whether it was nitric acid he had just gobbled down in a fit of pure egoism. Still, he remained showing no weakness; his limitation had surely been surpassed—the onlookers pondered. Yet he sat there as still as before! —'See...didn't do a thing! ...' he said fanning out his hands to either side. Then, without warning, he shot open his eyes as wide as they could physically go as if in an extreme case of shock. He grasped the handles on his seat tight and pushed his head back stiffly.

The onlookers laughed and one of them picked up his hat and smacked it onto his head. Hat-man sat squeezing the chair as if being electrocuted still with wide, bloodshot eyes, 'Guys...I'm...' he let out a noise resembling a pig. The onlookers were still laughing at his pride-game, kicking themselves with jokes. Hat-man's eyes began to bulge out of his head towards the table until they got so far away from his face—so squeezed away from their sockets—that they simply let out a 'POP' and bounced onto the table like rubber balls. The onlookers sat silent, for the first time realizing the seriousness of Hat-man's position.

He began to tremble and shake, as if he were having a seizure, letting out strained noises of agony. One of his eyeballs fell from the table and exploded as

it hit the floor. Hat-man began to open his mouth wide, squeezing out through his convulsed state, 'H...EL..P...' His jaw opened so wide that it separated at the hinge and fell calmly onto his lap. His tongue squirmed like a worm, up and down. He began to slowly change shape starting from his shoulders. They bulged and buckled out until rounded like his head; it followed like this down to his legs until he looked like a giant mis-shaped rugby ball.

The onlookers could not believe their eyes, they looked on without knowing what to do. Hat-man then without pause began to shrink. And by this point he had changed to a swollen looking purple. He shrunk and shrunk until his shape began to make sense. He let out a scream that rose in pitch until his shrinking body closed his mouth up and he lay there, inanimate, inside the hat he walked through the door in, as a shrivelled red chilli.

Mary X

The Lighter.

We wish with our placid eyes.
We gaze to the starry-sky to gain
attributes to new bells of freedom.
The rain isn't going to stop falling.

As much as you can say the sun hurt me
I know it didn't. It was quiet reverie
that burnt my woods and tickled
my soul, until the day ended,
Until the sun shut it's doors and faded

into another world. I sit with this
born lighter on my table;
flicking it with a seeded finger,
hoping that the answer to my enigmas
will select themselves as they will sling themselves.

We think with our country-side brains.
We search the grass for
the things that we believe are lost.
The thunder gallops into sombre mist.

I'm confused with life;
It's sting drops to the floor
just to spring back up to engrave
my fingers. Time drips into
the bowler's cuff to trickle

into the red-ocean and I am born-again
for the nineteenth time.
How roads are stapled together with hot asphalt,
How people's clockwork innards tick-tock
or how I walk without thinking.
How to talk to other's caring?

We ride on the coasters of dimension.
We wander into the void
have forbidden love.
There're things that have become too much for me.

How can I travel to the moon
without pulling up this metal suitcase,
– closed and locked – full of things I wish to
know without feeling, to feel without knowing?
All around me are the children of media-culture
and oyster cards, they litter the streets
and destroy what their father's created.

They don't realise that their creations
are the walls that secure them with
fear and shroud them with no future.
Then I mystify over such trivial issues,
My lighter flickers in the dark ashes
just to have the cycle re-born again,
It seizes the light of day.

My lighter sits once again
in the stone-dead night just as it began.
The window panes have become jagged and
the thunder settles with a calm jumble of thought.

Mary X.

Mary X

The Most Overwhelming Experience To Be Confronted With In The Domain Of Otherness

they are alive

like me

Mary X

The Pill[ow].

Who remembers
the divine abortion
standing by itself looking
like a lost-girl;
picking up paper

in the little café,
slithering with its
leaflets, magazines,
newspapers and
HIV oyster-cards.

Ignore.

I'm my only
confusion,
my only mine.
Who remembers the beggar
tapping on the door?

Who remembers the beer
snatching maniacs
ordering a soul?
Who remembers my
abortion flicking
through
literature?

Who could never
understand the consequence?

Who is the one that
always takes the tears?

The answer becomes
perfectly clear.

Mary X.

Mary X

The Prostitute.

Watch with an eagle eye -
a brass eye through
the tinsil of joy.
look at that. watch the
animal dance its sexuality
into the stars.
I am now a man.

Mary X

Tribunal.

bring
your
own
a
n
d
no
one
e
ls
e's
prob
lems.

Mary X.

Mary X

Truly As You Are

truly as you are
when seeing banalities
truly as you are

when the banal becomes interesting
truly as you are
when the banal-interesting needs action-words

Mary X

Truth.

Fishing for wood
on the edge of my
mattress

is one of the fine pleasures
of my
room.

I fiddle and fidget
with toiled
cigarettes

lit and spiralling
between my fingers.
There is

still a pong
of poignant
female

corroding my
hormones.
it won't

let me lie
in a tranquil
daze,

catching the rays
of the green sun
in my desert dreams.

You have to wonder
(my reader)
whether there

is any point
to a woman's man,
ladies' man,

man's man
gay's man
no-one's man
living in this

dust of clog,
arteries and
veins;

organs all
working to complicate
one another.

The night is
holding it's torch
soaring in the sky

looking down on
a whole country
sleeping whilst a

dripping man
failing man
clown man
dead man
is still awake.

You could say
that I stumbled
upon the only certainty.

Mary X.

Mary X

Untitled.

In this place
of boredom;
are lots of walking
cunts and crossbows.
They all think they're
female because they
buy the clothes marked
with an 'F'. But I know
better. Dirty people...

Mary X

Up And Down. [circle Poem #2]

which place
and
where did the goblins
hide?
which tree did the dog bark at?

was it the long thin stem reaching
from the ground? was it?
or was it the fingernail
trying to scrape
its way into the sky?

who's irritated now? who
gets the
receiving
dog-pile?

Mary X

Vision. (My Child)

go insane.

Push the shit dripping
from the walls of intestinal incest.
and whales with lion heads
realize
they hate the world and decide to
splash sperm (acidic tantrum)
into the eyes of the consumers.

your walking stalks
and talking grass,
out of the sea comes
a year
of Nostradamus' shit-child.
does it care for your thought-waves?
doesn't it? ... no.
it hates.

it's coming
to slaughter your children.
Your child - Earth,
mine being God..

Mary X

Voice Is A Name

hello and welcome to my new pen
it is a fountain pen.

Oh yes it is indeed! Welcome new pen

with a new style. The pen domineers
the texture, the tone of the
text—it can be said:
a new pen means a new voice.

Mary X

Where Do The Oceans Go.

And where do the birds go
when Winter settles its spiralling hands?

And where do the worms go
when Rain has stopped it's angry gale?

And where do I go
when I have lost an army
and an ocean?

And where do the people go
that walk away from your life
and into other's?

Maybe in the Fairy Market
they sell keys for doors
that need opening? Or maybe,
Maybe they sell bolts for doors
that need to be sealed? and never
opened again.

And where does my love walk
when it has no pavement?

And where do the people that sit
in pubs and cafés go,
After they've had a nice evening –
Sitting reading the paper
Drinking coffee and observing?

All of these nameless faces
that fade into crowds
and walk the streets. They have lives
and they have passionate
Love affairs, arguments and nights
of walking under the weaved boughs
of a tree.

And where did you go

my beautiful Cinderella with cat-eyes?

And where will I go
when I walk through a crowd and into the horizon?

Mary X.

Mary X