

Poetry Series

Neil Gray
- poems -

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Neil Gray(November 5th 1972.)

All my life I have been attracted to the seedier aspects of life which I put down to my mother being a drunk and my step-father not giving a damn.

So I left home at the age of 16 too seek my fame and fortune and ended up 5 years later in a re-hab clinic having suffered a nervous break-down....boy did I get that wrong.

So I've travelled and drank my way across this country more than once and finally set down in the small town of Weston.

It's ok here I suppose if you like watching OAP's just sitting around waiting to die...but for now I make do.

Andy.

'Hey Andy' he said
'Why you hiding your face?
Why don't you wanna talk? '

'I'm not Andy' I said.

'Sure you are Andy' he continued
'I'd know you anywhere'

3pm on a Saturday afternoon
and the bar was pretty deserted.

'What's the matter with you Andy?
Don't you remember me?
Don't you remember all the good times we've
shared together, all the drinking we've done,
all the times we've scared off the natives? '

He lent in closer, his breath
drowned in cheap liquor and even cheaper
desperation.

'Remember how we'd sit by cashpoints,
sipping from a bottle and scaring them
so much when they came for their money
that they'd just give us their change
hoping we'd go away? '

I could see that outside
it was another hot day in Hell.

The sun beating down like
a military tattoo.

Baking the tourist's that paraded by
in far too little clothing
and far too much sun-block

'Remember how the Police used to

come and haul us away?
You gotta remember that Andy? '

I looked at him.
Even for a drunk he looked bad.

'I'm not Andy' I said.

'What about that night we pulled
those 2 blondes?
That Vikki and that...er...what's her name?
Apparently you could hear us
fucking 2 streets away.'

His beaten face, his beard in patches,
pleading with me too recognise
this broken fighter,
this once great warrior,
now reduced to nothing more
than a simple bar-stool jockey.

If God himself had put on his boots
and stamped on this man
the outcome would've been
prettier.

'Sure man' I said
'I remember you'

Just another tragedy waiting too happen,
Wanting a little recognition before he died.

'I knew you'd remember Andy' his speech heavy as lead
'I knew it.....'

After he slid off his stool
we called him a taxi
and I helped the barman
carry him to the door.

'Andy was his son' the barman said as I repositioned myself
and lit a fresh cigarette.

'Drank himself to death about a year ago'

'Shame' I said 'Damn shame'

I ordered myself a beer and a whisky chaser.

'Keep 'em coming' I said.

'Sure Andy' the barman smiled 'Sure.....'

Neil Gray

Bad Poetry's A Strange Thing..(Remix)

Drunk in the morning and it almost makes sense.
Cut in the afternoon and you can just about see it.
Gone in the evening and it's all all right.

But return to it the next day and it's like bad sex.

Empty.

Hollow.

But worst of all....

..disappointing...

Neil Gray

Better Days.

It's quiet in here.

Only the hum of my old colour Tv
keeps a constant companion
in these sober hours.

I'd kill for a drink
(well, perhaps only maim)
but the last bottle lays a corpse
on the floor
so I'll just have to settle for a cigarette
and a handful of cliché's instead.

But it's still too damn quiet in here.

I long for a return to drunken revelry,
of wild eyed orgies,
of poker until dawn.

Sat in the kitchen
nursing a vodka
and sharing stories.

Those endless ejections
from pointless night-clubs,
strip-joints and bars.

'Danny man...you're not supposed to touch.'

But it's quiet in here.

As the blonde one sleeps
peaceful in the safety
of our bed
I find myself wondering
is it time I grew up.

Time too fly straight,
act my age,

settle into this life of domestic bliss
and lay my years too rest.

But I've tried that,
it dosen't work.

All relationships are damned
from the start.

In a society where 65% of all
marriages end in divorce
it just makes sense not
too bother.

Just no room for
us romantices
in this day and age.

Just save yourself the heartache
and drift away.

So I look for an ending
and finding only silence
I reason it's better
just to stop.

Still

it's quiet in here.

Neil Gray

Black Coffee, Wednesday Morning.

'So I take it you're going to be there next weekend then? '

She's stood in the kitchen wearing one of my shirts, a smile and nothing else.

'Erm....I don't think so baby, not really my scene.'

She continues to stir her coffee but her shoulders have tensed and suddenly the atmosphere has gotten a lot darker.

'But you promised me...'

I can see her staring into her mug, watching the black liquid swirl in a whirlpool effect, biting hard down on her natural reaction, wanting to explode, wanting to scream at me, but knowing that if she did it'd get her no where.

'Yeah baby I know I did but...you know...it just isn't me'

She turns and pads softly back to where I lay and perches herself on the end of the bed.

She bows her head ever so slightly and resumes stirring her drink.

'But I need you there.'

I need your support.
I never ask anything of you but I'm asking you this,
Please come....'

How many men have been where
I now find myself?
How many times have we opened
our mouths only to find that our
conviction just isn't strong enough?

I want to tell her that I can't do it.

But I know that I'll crumble
and she does to.

I reach a hand out and stroke
her hair,
She raise's her face to me and
smile's just a little.

'We'll see baby...'

Seven day's later and I'm there,
front row centre,
surrounded by her friends and family
as she looks him in the eye
and without even flinching say's....

'I do....'

Neil Gray

Blame It On The Booze.

'Where am I going' I asked
'And why the hell
am I going there? '

'You're coming
clubbing' she replied
'Because you never
do'

I live in
Weston-Super-Mare

not

Las Vegas.

There's no
Viva
here.

It's the same
old same
old day in
and day out.

The same
bars,
the same
clubs,

the same faceless
people looking
for
justification.

And I think,
as I roll away
the years,
roll away the hangovers

and switch
to just one
channel,

that God
must have

a
wicked
sense
of
humour.

Neil Gray

Broken.

She say's we shouldn't sleep together anymore
but turns up on my doorstep at 3 am.
She say's she needs her space
but get's angry at me when I don't call.
She say's we should see other people
and throws a drink at me when I take someone else up on their offer.
She say's she dosen't love me anymore
then cries on the phone for hours about how she needs me.

I think she maybe broken.

Neil Gray

Cautionary Tale.

I knew this guy
who used to drink
in the same bar as me
who was into
extreme pain
whilst fucking.

He claimed it
used to make his orgasm's
even more intense
if his partner
used to hurt him
while they were
revving each others
engine's.

He used to like
woman to cut him with knives,
punch him in the face
as hard as they could,
that kind of shit.

'Seriously man' he used to say
'there's nothing like it.
Only problem is
most of the woman I meet
are either freaked out by me
or get tired of it real quick.'

One day he told me
he'd met the perfect girl.

'She's the one.' he said
'She loves to hurt me,
she can't get enough of it.
She keeps coming up
with new way's to cause me pain.
It's amazing.'

One Sunday afternoon
they were in the kitchen
cooking dinner
when the urge came upon them
and they started
in on each other.

She told him
she had a new trick
and before he could say
anything
she grabbed hold of his scrotum
and jammed it hard
onto the cooker's
red-hot surface.

'Completley destroyed it mate' said Rob the Barman
as he served me a fresh drink.

'Welded it to it.
So when he jumped back,
as you would do,
it just tore it away.
Poor fucker never stood a chance.'

I crushed my cigarette out
into an over-flowing ashtray
and smiled to myself

One way or another

by fair means or foul

it seems
they always get your
balls in the end.

Neil Gray

Change In Aspirations.

When I was younger
I wanted to go out like Morrison.

Life lived at
break neck speed

Debauched

High

Dead in Paris
at age 28.

Nowadays
I just want to be
Tom Waits

Sat on a porch
with a glass of wine
in my hand

And my cat's
asleep at my feet.

It's funny,

as each passing year
drags you one step
closer to death

your priorities seem
to
change.

Neil Gray

Everyone's A Critic.

I wear them with pride
the scars on my sins,

the memories
that have led
me to this place
in time.

And I could tell you
all my stories
but you'd
never believe
them

which would
leave me
feeling
as if I was
just trying
to justify
myself to you.

(Trust me,
that's the last thing
on my mind)

So that leaves me
with one option

and this piece
of wisdom
you can have
for free.

Those who can, do.
Those who can't, criticize.

Neil Gray

Fact's Of Life.

I'm a drunk first
and a lover second.

If I'm honest
I'm not even sure poet makes my top ten.

I'd love to be more prolific,
write like a deranged madman
slaving away hour after hour
over this rabid keyboard
with only one goal in life.

To find the perfect scentence.

But it's just not me.

I have other things I'd
much rather be doing.

'But you'll never have any success
with that kind of attitude' I'm constantly warned.

Well,
maybe not.

But
at least
I'll be
wasted,
laid
and very
very
happy.

Neil Gray

February 13th.

Not sure how to start this
or what I should say.

Been trying for 13 years now
to explain to you
where it all went wrong
and I've yet to
come up with a
suitable answer.

I could blame it on
my lifestyle at the time.

Say that the drink and the drugs
had too much
of a hold on me
but let's face it,
that wasn't the only reason.

I could blame Sally.

Say that she never wanted me
to be a part of your life,
that she forced me away
from you
but that would
just be a lie.

Maybe it was that
neither her family or mine
had anything but
the utmost contempt
for me,
a hatred that was born
from the mess I had
made of my life.

But that would just be
the easy way out.

The fact is that
I thought that I was doing
what was right at the time

For you and for me.

I was no Father figure.

I was out of control.

And it just seemed
to make sense.

Rather an absent memory
than a dead one.

But even though that's
the truth it
still rings
hollow.

I don't blame you if you hate me.

I would.

But I just want you to know
that there isn't a day
that rolls past that
I don't think of you
and all that I've missed.

So Happy 13th kiddo
and never doubt

That I'll
always

Love
You.

Fighter.

If I can pick myself
up off the floor
this time

I'll be surprised.

If I can find another
reason to drag
my carcass off the canvass

maybe I'll finish the round.

Spent most of this one
on the ropes,
bobbing, weaving,
leaning back at an angle
that Ali himself would've
been proud of.

Each blow
wearing me out
as much as it did
them.

Each pounding
on my ribs
defended with
a rabid intensity.

And I can hear
the voice inside
urging me:

'Just make it too
the end of the round
kiddo.....

Just too the end of the round'

Perhaps I could make it.

One small victory
for the singular self.

The right-hook that
blindsided me was,
too say the lest,
unexpected.

As I stood at the bar
watching her play goo-goo eyes
with some town dressed schmuck
I could feel the blood run down my face
and hear the ref count
to 10.

T.K.O.

Neil Gray

Front.

There's a Raven
that lives in the tree
that sit's at the bottom
of my garden
and my cat's have taken
to stalking it.

The only problem is
that this Raven
is as big
as they are.

Yet still,
everytime they slide
outside they
sit waiting for it
to land
on the grass.

And this morning it did.

It set down
straight in front
of them
and just stared
them out.

Very slowly
they backed up
and then in
a flash
came tearing through
the cat-flap,
up the stairs
and hid under the bed.

The Raven
hopped around for a few moments,
preening itself,

shaking out it's feathers
and then flew
back up to
it's nest.

And I got to thinking
if they'd rushed it
they could've probally
taken it out.

I guess the art of bullshit
isn't just exclusive
to the human animal
after all.

Neil Gray

God's Foreman.

Drinking at 3 am
in the
Sacred Heart
and Danny
raise's a toast
to the memory
of his Father.

'To my Da'.
Who taught me
3 things.
Always look further
than you can see,
Never back down
and show the
bastards weakness
and if all else fails
just shout
Up yer Bollocks
at the World.'

I liked his Old Man.

He was one of the last.

A dying breed.

He'd come to this
country in the day's
when the doors
of all the boarding
houses were closed
to his kind.

When the signs still read
'No Irish, No dogs,
No Blacks.'

They lived in the slums

and went too work at 15.

Down the mines
until Thatcher stopped that
but he didn't let
it crush his spirit.

He was never
unemployed for more
than a fortnight
at a time
and had no truck with
those that claimed
there was no work
out there.

'It's there,
you just
have to travel
to find it
my boy.'

A proud man.

A family man.

Taking whatever
he could
and breaking
his back
each day.

He always made sure
that they had clothes
on their backs,
food on their table
and the one thing
he'd never had.

A chance.

He sent 5 of them

through University.

Gave them the
education he'd been deprived
and was at every
graduation
no matter where in the country
his quest for a job
had taken him.

And when
time finally caught
up with him
and forced
him into
retirement
he chose
to spend the remainder
of his days
sitting in his
favorite pub,
playing cards
and
passing on
the story
of his life.

Which is where I met him.

'Here.' said Danny
'He wanted you
to have this'

'It's his topher'

'Aye' Danny smiled
'he always said
out of all of us
you were the one
who needed divine intervention
the most'

I placed it around
my neck
and raised my glass.

'To your Da'. I said
'God's Foreman.
Up there now
telling the Angels
their not working hard enough'

Neil Gray

Goodbye.

The house seems so empty today.

You never realise how much clutter you have in your life until it leaves.

But it was for the best.

Sure the sex was great
but we really had nothing else in common
and after a year
the fault line finally caved in.

I came home on Tuesday Morning
and she was gone.

Just like that.

No note,
no explanation,
none of my things
were broken,
she'd just left.

I think that's the most
disappointing thing of all.

She could've at least
destroyed something.
She could've
taken a minute before walking
out of the door
to have expressed her disdain for me.

Instead it was almost as if
she'd never existed,
as if we'd never been,
as if I'd never ment a thing.

But that was her way

though it wasn't always so.

She'd had fire once,
she was a force of nature
that threatend to consume
everything in it's path
and that's what attracted me to her.

She drank like a Sailor,
could fight like a Marine
and fucked like the Devil himself.

She was almost perfect.

But as time passed
and she became more and more
comfortable
all that desire,
that lust for life,
just faded away into obscurity.

And as she lost interest
in all that I'd loved
then so did I.

So I sit here
writting this epitath
but it's not for her,
it's for that girl I once knew
in better days.

I hope for her sake she finds her again.

Neil Gray

Hillsborough

John Alfred Anderson (62)
Thomas Howard (39)
Colin Mark Ashcroft (19)
Thomas Anthony Howard (14)
James Gary Aspinall (18)
Eric George Hughes (42)
Kester Roger Marcus Ball (16)
Alan Johnston (29)
Gerard Bernard Patrick Baron (67)
Christine Anne Jones (27)
Simon Bell (17)
Gary Philip Jones (18)
Barry Sidney Bennett (26)
Richard Jones (25)
David John Benson (22)
Nicholas Peter Joynes (27)
David William Birtle (22)
Anthony Peter Kelly (29)
Tony Bland (22)
Michael David Kelly (38)
Paul David Brady (21)
Carl David Lewis (18)
Andrew Mark Brookes (26)
David William Mather (19)
Carl Brown (18)
Brian Christopher Mathews (38)
David Steven Brown (25)
Francis Joseph McAllister (27)
Henry Thomas Burke (47)
John McBrien (18)
Peter Andrew Burkett (24)
Marion Hazel McCabe (21)
Paul William Carlile (19)
Joseph Daniel McCarthy (21)
Raymond Thomas Chapman (50)
Peter McDonnell (21)
Gary Christopher Church (19)
Alan McGlone (28)
Joseph Clark (29)

Keith McGrath (17)
Paul Clark (18)
Paul Brian Murray (14)
Gary Collins (22)
Lee Nicol (14)
Stephen Paul Copoc (20)
Stephen Francis O'Neill (17)
Tracey Elizabeth Cox (23)
Jonathon Owens (18)
James Philip Delaney (19)
William Roy Pemberton (23)
Christopher Barry Devonside (18)
Carl William Rimmer (21)
Christopher Edwards (29)
David George Rimmer (38)
Vincent Michael Fitzsimmons (34)
Graham John Roberts (24)
Thomas Steven Fox (21)
Steven Joseph Robinson (17)
Jon-Paul Gilhooley (10)
Henry Charles Rogers (17)
Barry Glover (27)
Colin Andrew Hugh William Sefton (23)
Ian Thomas Glover (20)
Inger Shah (38)
Derrick George Godwin (24)
Paula Ann Smith (26)
Roy Harry Hamilton (34)
Adam Edward Spearritt (14)
Philip Hammond (14)
Philip John Steele (15)
Eric Hankin (33)
David Leonard Thomas (23)
Gary Harrison (27)
Patrik John Thompson (35)
Stephen Francis Harrison (31)
Peter Reuben Thompson (30)
Peter Andrew Harrison (15)
Stuart Paul William Thompson (17)
David Hawley (39)
Peter Francis Tootle (21)
James Robert Hennessy (29)

Christopher James Traynor (26)
Paul Anthony Hewitson (26)
Martin Kevin Traynor (16)
Carl Darren Hewitt (17)
Kevin Tyrrell (15)
Nicholas Michael Hewitt (16)
Colin Wafer (19)
Sarah Louise Hicks (19)
Ian David Whelan (19)
Victoria Jane Hicks (15)
Martin Kenneth Wild (29)
Gordon Rodney Horn (20)
Kevin Daniel Williams (15)
Arthur Horrocks (41)
Graham John Wright (17)

Gone but never forgotten.

Justice for the 96.

You'll never walk alone.

Neil Gray

I Don'T Do Mornings.....

I raise my head from
underneath the covers
and squint at the
violent sunshine
that fills the room

I don't do mornings.

It's always such
a challenge
to leave the safety
of these blankets
and the warmth
of her ass
pressed up
against me.

To face a pile
of unpaid bills,
of over-due rent
and ugly people
all crying out for
their little piece.

Soon there will be nothing
left for them,
just a pile of bleached bones
picked clean.

I wonder what it will be like
just to disappear.

Rolling onto my side,
I drape an arm across her chest
and rest my face against
her blonde hair.

'The cat's need feeding' she murmurs
still half asleep.

I sigh,
pull on some jeans
and pad barefoot into
the kitchen.

Around my feet
2 sets of hungry eyes
gaze up at me,
their tiny voices
mewing in unison
as I set the can opener
to work.

'Gimmie, gimmie, gimme' I smile down at
them through my 4 day beard.

'Well, might as well start the day
the way it means to go on....'

Neil Gray

In Conversation With....

'Snake like silence in this house of God
as I pull up a pew and kneel to pray.
Tell me, how many have fallen here?
Bleeding, coated in sin,
Begging for forgiveness and divine intervention,
How many hundreds, how many thousands
have knelt where I now kneel
only to have their voices fall upon deaf ears?
Is it enough just to have faith?
Is it enough just to rely on the mandate
that you are everywhere?
This all seeing, all wise diety,
Hiding his face in Temples through out this land
like a coward.
Is this what we call belief?
Each church, each cathedral,
Decked out in resplendent dress
with priceless stain-glass windows,
with crosses made from solid gold.
What of the antique works of art buried deep within
catacpmbs under the Vatican city?
Another billion dollar business that might
just by you a seat in heaven
just as long as you subscribe.
Just a common thief,
Our Lord,
Our Saviour'

'It was such a good idea when it started.
Just to be good to one another,
To love thy fellow Man,
To bring peace to all.
Then these organizations sprung up over night
and found that people would
pay for the word.
What was I supposed to do?
Smite them all?
Wipe out Mankind?
I tried that before and it didn't work,

Remember?

You see people just stopped believing.

Sure, they still go to mass,

Purchase their effiges of the crucifixion,

Read the book,

But it's not ME that they believe in.

It's those damn preachers spitting out their

poisoness lies about how,

No matter WHAT you do,

You're still going to burn.

I mean...what kind of deal is that?

Did I really say all that shit about

Original Sin?

What kind of God creates and entire race

and offers them Paradise only to write in a sub-clause

that states that no matter what they do they won't be able

to get in because they have all been born

with the eternal mark upon their soul's?

Dosen't that strike you as a tad pointless?

As for the charge of being a common criminal

I'm not the one that has spent centuries

raping and pilliging under the guiding light

of the cross now, have I?

What God,

That has given life to everything,

Needs his people to take over neighbouring lands

just to please him?

I made this Earth, not you.

It was just loaned under the previso

that you all lived in harmony,

NOT that you tried to exterminate each other

just because some ass-hole say's that he speaks for me

and I told him that you were the chosen people

and everyone else were infidels.

All those priceless treasure's offered to me in tribute?

I don't need them.

Sell them,

Melt them down,

Do what you can and take all the profit

and give it to the poor,

The starving,

The dying,
Do THIS in my name
and make me proud.

But you're right,
I am guilty.

Guilty of putting my faith
in a race of creatures
with so many inherent flaws.

That is my crime
and also my punishment.'

Neil Gray

In Memory Of Brother Jake.

I have a tattoo
on my arm
to remind me of that
November we spent
drinking in the
Reeperbahn.

We'd decided to just
up and leave
it all behind,
the woman,
the jobs,
the debts,
the problems
and head to a place
where we could die
in peace.

Surrounded by the wicked
and the damned
we made that little bar
our home.

We drank with the
midget's from the local Circus,
we fought with the Sailor's
who fell in on shore-leave,
we slept with the waitresses
who couldn't speak a word
of English
and they let us run wild
until the money ran out.

And the last thing we did
before we took that ferry
back
was to get
a permanant reminder
inked into our skin.

Something to say that
we always knew
that we could escape.

And on day's like this,
when I wonder if
there's anyway
I can carry on
putting one foot in front
of the other
I catch a glimpse
of my arm
in the bathroom mirror
and remember that
there is a place for me
in this World.

In a booth,
in the bottom of a glass,
with you

my brother.

I still miss you man.

In memory of Jake Powell 1967-1998.

Neil Gray

Insomnia

It's too early for
the day to begin
and too late for
last night
to continue.

Saturday morning,
6: 30 am
and I'm too tired
to be awake.

The cat's have the right idea,
their still asleep in
the warmth of my bed
while I sit here
pouring coffee
and nicotine down
my throat,
trying to shift
the cobwebs
that spun around
my thoughts
whilst I slept.

I'm stale,
stagnant
and another day stretches
out before me
with a mocking smile

All I wanted was 2 hours more.

Just to re-charge my batteries
before the weekend
truely began.

The black and white one
rolls over,
stretches,

opens his green eyes
and looks at me as if to say

'What the hell are you doing?
Don't you realise what time it is? '

Before curling back up into
a ball and drifting off into sweet oblivion.

Sometimes I hate that damn animal....

It's too early for
the day to begin
and too late for
last night
to continue.

Saturday morning,
6: 30 am
and I really am
too tired
to be awake.

As you can tell from this poem.

It's neither good
or bad,

like me

it just

exist's.

Neil Gray

It Takes A Brave Man.

If you
come to my house
at 8 o'clock
in the morning,
waking me up,
asking me
if I believe
in
God

then I
hope you're
convictions
are strong

because
you're
about to
meet
him.

Neil Gray

It's My Own Fault But....

A hangover is God's
way of gently
reminding you
that you are,
after all,
just
mortal.

Neil Gray

Just A Thought.

But if,
as so many
love to claim,
there is
that one special person
for each
of us

then how come
so many people
die
alone?

Neil Gray

Music.

You know that
you're getting
old
when you
realise
your parents
were
right.

It does
all sound
the
bloody
same.

Neil Gray

Opinions Are Like Assholes.

'Your 'poetry' isn't
for everyone' he said.

'You're right' I said.
'It's for me...'

Neil Gray

People Annoy Me.

People annoy me.

I'd rather spend time
by myself.

Don't get me wrong
I've met a few decent ones
who I
travel the bars
and clubs with.

Friends who I wear
with a sense of pride.

But on the whole
people annoy me.

Their snide
two-faced
bitchy
little
toe-rags

who are,
quite frankly,
about as much fun
to have around
as a dose
of
crabs.

Maybe it's me?

I expect
a certain level
of decency
in a person.

I expect to

be able to
turn my back
without finding
a knife
sticking out
of it.

But it seems
to be happening
less and less
with each passing
day.

Some blame
the World we
live in.

Say it's because
society's more cut-throat
than ever.

But that's just horse-shit.

The fact is that
the human race
has evolved into
something that
appears to have
been cross-bred
with vultures.

(Though I think
that's a tad harsh
on the vultures.
Even they
have standards.)

And as time
stretches out before us
it gets
more and more vicious.

So I think I'll
just stay
in my bunker
as mankind
carry's on
without me

arguing
and sniping
amongst itself

happy in the knowledge
that when the dust
finally settles

I'll probally be

the only one

left

standing.

Neil Gray

Poetry's A Strange Thing.

Poetry's a strange thing.

Drunk in the morning and it almost makes sense.
Cut in the afternoon and you can just about see it.
Gone in the evening and it's all all right.

But return to it the next day and it's like bad sex.

Empty.

Hollow.

But worst of all....

..disappointing...

Neil Gray

Rubbish.

So I'm trying to think
of something to write.

Something profound.

Something that'll take
your breath away.

But I can't think of anything.

Nada.

Zip.

Zilch.

Zero.

The computer hums away
happy with itself
and my cat jumps
up on the keyboard
and looks at me.

It's hard when
you know that
you're
just a passing
fad.

Neil Gray

Senecot.

When it dosen't flow,
When the Dam's backed up,
When the mind reels from constapation,

You find yourself wondering

Is this it?

Is this the time when the talent,
if any,
stops?

You'll never spill words upon the page again,
You'll never bleed out this raging torrent
of simile's, metaphor's and hard own
cliche's from the veins
and into exsistance.

Left forever to choke
like a hanging man
upon all these bitter emotions,
these moments of apathy,
these day's of euphoria
left to force the air
from your lungs
with no foreseeable outlet.

Your breathing becomes short, laboured,
the sweat from your forehead
start's dripping from your palms.

What if you've
nothing left too say?

What if you never did?

What if this sudden paralyasis
last's forever
leaving you blindly groping

for a justification
for your existence.

Dear God

what if you're
just normal.

Then the letters on the page
form into words,
the words fall into lines
and before you know it
you're back at the beginning.

The poems written
and the World is set to rights.

When it doesn't flow,
When the Dam's backed up,
When the mind reels from constipation,

A fearful ego
is the greatest
laxative of
all.

Neil Gray

Stupidity Is No Excuse.

I've noticed
how people stare at you
almost crazed
if you walk through
this town
carrying books.

'Wait! ! ! !
What's this?
He's got books! ! !
What's going on?
What's happening here?

He's a fully grown man
for God's sake,
Why the books?

Perahps he's a mature student?
Yeah that's it! ! ! !
He must be at least 44.
(In fact I am 33 but the
years have tolled heavy
on me) .

But wait! ! !
He looks too unhealthy
and his clothes
are more rags
than rag-day.

My God.....

Perhaps he's a radical! ! ! !
A lousy free-thinker! ! ! ! ! ! !
Trying to pollute our minds,
no...worse..

Our CHILDRENS minds
with ideals,

dogma, zealous religious poison! ! ! ! !

A TERRORIST! ! ! ! ! !

A GOD-DAMN JIHAD FREAK! ! ! ! ! ! !

WHERE'S A POLICEMAN WHEN YOU NEED ONE! ! ! ! ! !

So they side-step me,
shun me as if I'm some lepor
trying to reach out to them
and infect them
with my disease.

Ignorance is a sin,
I smile to myself,
and stupidity is no
excuse.

Neil Gray

Summer.

The smoke shakes
beneath my roof
and I pour the first glass
of the day.

Outside the world is bathed
in bright sunshine
and people pass my window
in the usual summer dress.

It's over rated if you ask me.

Give me a storm,
the rain pounding the streets
like the wraith of God,
lighting tearing the sky in two,
thunder rolling like a freight-train.

Give me clouds that leer in
through the window
with the threat of violence.

Give me the sounds
that make people bow their
heads in fear.

That's when you know you're alive.

When nature has the planet
by it's balls and you realise
that with one fail swoop
she could just wipe us all out.

But instead I have this.

Colourful people
in colourful clothes
saying things like

'Hot enough for you'

'Man, what about this weather.'

Blissful in their ignorance

and far

far

too

damn

happy.

Neil Gray

The Refugee

The woman's refugee around the corner from me
burnt down the other night
and I found myself wondering,
as they ran from the tumble-down
building,
if they'd ever thought
that they would've felt
such intense fear
ever again.

I guess sometimes
even sanctuary
can fail
you.

Neil Gray

Think Before You Speak.

This time I knew it was over.

Sure,
she'd walked out on more than one occasion
vowing that the day she came back
would be the day that the Devil
skated to work
but there was something
more final about this.

She said she loved me
but it wasn't enough.

She said I must had known
that it had been coming
for awhile.

She told me it was just something she had to do.

I poured myself a tall one
and lit a fresh cigarette
to keep my mouth
occupied,
while outside the clouds leered in
through the bay window.

'You never listen to me' she said
'You never ask me what I want,
All you do is take and never give anything back'

I changed the channel on the Tv
to something more palatable than the news,
picked up the cat's favorite ball and dropped
it on the floor for them to fight over.

'See, you're doing it right now.
I'm about to walk out of your life
and all you can do is watch
that thing and play with the animals.

Don't you have anything you want
to say too me? '

The storm outside finally broke
with such violence that before I knew it
I'd said:

'You better take an umbrella,
You'll catch your death otherwise.'

Neil Gray

Too Lose A Friend....

'I'm sorry, it's terminal.'

I look him in the eye
just to see if he's lying
but it's plain that
he isn't.

'Are you sure? ' I ask

'I'm afraid so' he replies.

This is just fantastic,
of all the news I could've done without hearing
today that has to be
top of the list,
if not top then a close second.

'Isn't there anything that
you can do? ' I beg.

'No, it's too far gone for that.'

After all the good times we shared together,
after all the fun he brought into my life,
I now feel helpless,
lost,
I can't save him
and he deserve's to be saved.

We've only been friends for
a short time but
he's come to be an important part
of my every day exsistance
and without him to keep me sane
I don't know what the hell I'd do.

Sometimes life just can't seem too wait
to kick you in the balls.

'So, what do you suggest? ' I enquire.

'Well..' he say's handing me the hard-drive
'I've managed to salvage that but the rest of it is going
to have to be brand new.....'

Neil Gray

Too Those Not Forgotten (Part One)

Charles Bukowski to leukaemia,
Erroyl Flynn to cocaine.
Bill Hicks fell to cancer,
Zappa the same,
Jack Kerouac to liquor,
Sid Vicious to smack, .
When the Phoenix is grounded
the River never runs back,
Tony Hancock to barbituates,
Cobain to his fame,
The Bird had his wings clipped,
O.d Lady Day,
They got Lennon in New York,
We lost sweet Janis too,
They even crucified Jesus,
who's next freind, me or you?

I die a little with the moment
of each passing day,
All of my heros are gone,
I think I scarred them all away.

Neil Gray

When The Rains Come.

My Landlord's screaming that the rent's overdue,
Serenaded by the sound of death from the early morning news,
And every day's a little harder just to pull through,
When you know the whole World's crazy
But there's nothing you can do.

Tell me,
Where do you hide
When the rain's come?

Neil Gray

Window.

'Better that I break the window
than him or her or me...' Fiona Apple.

Sick of love,
lovers
and people
that appear to be
afflicted
with this disease.

They embrace it
as if it's
a good thing
when in
all honesty
it's just
a chemical imbalance
brought around
by the consumption
of far too much
alcohol.

You wake up
in the bleary eyed
morning to find
yourself
in another relationship
and at first
you think
it's the best idea
that you've ever had.

That is until
the honeymoon period
wears off.

It usually
lasts about 2 months,
then you start to notice

that those little things
you found so cute
at the beginning
are quite annoying.

But you brush it off.

Not all of
their habit's drive you
to distraction.

Some are still endearing.

Then time walks on
and you find that your
original observation
was
in fact
correct.

Their just annoying.

But you're in love right?

So you turn
the blind eye.

That's what people
in love do?

Turn the blind eye.

Until the weeks
and months roll by
and all you want to do
is strangle them
every time they
open their damn mouth.

You're fighting more
now
but that's all part

of it,
isn't it?

You'll survive this,
you have each other.

Then you notice
that their staying out
later each night
with their 'friends'.

But you want them
to have their space,
you don't want them to feel
like you want to own them.

So give them freedom,
give them air,
give 'em enough
rope

sooner
or later they'll
hang themselves.

Then the words
that every person
dreads...

'...We need to talk.'

And you just
want to say.

'No, WE don't.
YOU do.
There's nothing that
I've got to say that
you want to hear,
you've already made
your mind up
and I can tell by

the sheepish look
on your face that
I'M not gonna
like it.'

But you sit there
like a dumb-ass
and listen to

- 1) 'It's not you, it's me.'
- 2) 'I think we need some space'
- 3) 'I've met someone 'd like him...'

And before you know it
their gone for good
and all you're left with
is a broken heart

a broken hand

and a
bill for
a broken
window pane.

Neil Gray