



# **Vivid Unrealities**

by Drew

**“from error to error  
one discovers  
the entire  
truth”**

The Interpretation of Dreams  
Sigmund Freud (1856 – 1939)

**the eyes  
have  
sunk back**

# notice

I would like  
to drive my finger  
into your cheek  
and wiggle it  
between your lips  
and out  
until my whole body  
be dangling from your mouth



# whose monsters

Tiny monsters beneath her flesh  
whisper a tale in hot sticky breath,  
"She cannot feel easily  
of what we speak  
but her belly is warm.

Rest here on her moist skin  
and listen to her silence  
as we tiny creatures  
caress her ears  
and lure her thoughts  
toward you."

# dog thrashing

The dog has an itch.  
He marks the spot  
with a quick look  
over his shoulder,  
sits down  
and raising his hind leg  
begins a frenzied assault.

Flu flies and falls  
like mist about his ears.  
He looks at his master,  
who looks at his carpet  
and clocks the rolled up newspaper at their feet  
with its dusting of dog-dru

and they know he must use it..!

# when it's not just the past that has no future

He said,  
"I hear with damaged ears,  
see through wounded eyes.  
Maybe if my life had been different  
I could've looked at you differently  
and seen the safe place you promised  
not the old monsters  
zombified."

She said,  
"Maybe some day  
they'll invent an alternative  
to relationships  
and we'll all be called Rover  
and roll over a lot more."



# mothaphobic

She once had a moth  
on her back.  
It wasn't supposed  
to be a moth.  
She thought it was an itch  
till she scratched it  
and it burst,  
all wings and body bits.

She started to flap  
in panic  
and wave her arms  
around her head,  
she was glad it was dead  
but couldn't stomach the dust  
with its hairiness  
and vomited loudly!

# sleeping disorder

When she sleeps  
a small pool  
forms on her pillow.  
I watch the corner of her mouth  
as she dribbles  
like a child.

I like to look at her sleeping.  
I like to look at her anyway  
but when she sleeps  
she looks happier with herself  
and I am happier.

# safety awareness

Stop telling people how you feel.

In fact, tell your feelings

To stop people altogether.

It's easier that way I'm sure



# a question of taste

My dog  
was itching to lick her behind  
but too lazy to move  
she lay still  
and licked the floor instead

# closet love

She bought a new dress  
but without sex it was ugly.

She wore it all day in hope  
until finally she was home  
and back in front of the mirror.

Then, throwing it onto a hanger  
she opened the wardrobe door  
and pulled me on!

# tasteless

My friend lost  
his sense of smell  
but you couldn't tell.  
It happened when he fell  
and cracked his head,  
(he thought he was dead)  
but it was more the  
flavour of things he lost.

# beware the snake

The snake will undermine you.  
He'll try to discredit you whilst attempting  
to affirm and reaffirm his own credibility.

He'll cling tenaciously  
to any signs of weakness  
and lure you into conversational traps.

If you let him under your skin  
he'll peel it back and expose you  
as what he knows himself to be.

There's one in every workplace  
perhaps in every home, beware...

...beware the twists and turns of  
unfathomable insecurity.

# knock me down build you up

I say you are something else  
and you reel me into a discussion  
about your inadequacies  
and failings  
and before long  
it is I who fail to measure up.

You convince me  
I do you wrong  
and somehow  
with comprehension about to fall from me  
you seem more confident  
and in control  
of something  
I cannot understand.

Is it because you are small?



# changeling

Laying there head-locked  
and gazing into a blistered ceiling  
it felt quite perfect.  
It had been a long while since  
contentment  
last engulfed me so,  
but what was this red  
that warmed my cheek?

Could it have been  
that in some sedated doze  
I was far removed  
from being the outlet  
for your psychoses,  
far removed from where  
all too often  
something was lost  
and nothing gained.

Maybe I just needed a Band-Aid  
and some new excuses.  
Maybe I just needed  
to rest a while.  
Whatever reasoning could be adopted  
being guilty and dazed  
was easy as a child.  
And perfectly normal.

# bag-dog

My dog is knackered.  
In fact she's more  
like a cat,  
Bagpuss  
to be exact.  
Always tired  
a bit round  
a fat hump in the ground,  
lazy no sound  
a motionless hound  
that eats,  
sleeps  
and leaves  
flu on seats.

# the cloud is in my heads

Taint not my mind  
With your twisted reasoning  
And your odious pique,  
There is enough to my own madness.

(How pregnant are my thoughts).

Locked within  
The crypt of my mind  
There is a lunacy  
To be unleashed, a reckoning.

Leave me.  
Leave!  
Before it makes it so.

# not just another casualty

The chemistry of your love is toxic  
and there's no longer enough of me  
to fight it.

I am on the edge of your cli  
and you, a stun gun of noise  
that happens and happens again.

You scrutinise without looking,  
find faults where none exist.  
It's time to go.

It's now or a death will begin.

# vivid unrealities

Inside the blood swims cold  
and lizard faced.  
It's hard to imagine fruitless nights  
as we tip and rush  
down tubes into open mouths,  
leaching every nerve.

Morning shame greets us  
worn and grey.  
Nothing much to say  
just a tongue flick, a hiss and a slither,  
(the pain in the liver),  
one wonders how it occurred  
and why  
through swigs of madness,  
our mind absurd,  
can create such  
vivid unrealities.

# straddle-legged

Attempting to fill a non-committal  
position seemed favourable both sides.  
Having the legs wide apart,  
straddle legged.  
Bestride the unrelenting need  
for sparks.

**people stab you  
for affection**

**strangle you  
for love**

**kill you  
for all their own  
self hatred**

# long haired catholic from liverpool

"Lest ye be judged,"  
The Bible says,  
(His hair like Jesus wore it).  
But They're ashamed of him  
And yet  
In Jesus  
They adore it.



# dog thing banana skin

Oh thing from dog  
what putrefaction  
must thou possess..?  
Crawl forth  
and confess,  
confess...

# forever changes

She smiles with eyes sad  
and giggles  
when feeling awkward.  
Skinny as death  
she's as fat as they come  
and in love  
she feels bullied  
by soft light and romance.  
Sex has to hurt.  
Black must be white.  
And I keep coming  
when I should have gone.  
For a moment there's us,  
but forever changes  
as so called love  
congeals.

# vertigo

It's just too high in the clouds.

I know it's the ground that kills you

but what goes on in between

could be my whole life.

# aching realisation

Here it comes  
in my head  
a sense  
Intense  
of approaching dread.

The advancing red  
and the skins we have shed.

Stop this feeling of waking  
still drunk or half dead.

# busker poem

People with raised eyebrows  
often wonder by  
but never stop  
and offer you the real reason why

# ramblings

I love the stuff of nature  
But there is something  
Wrong with the world.

We are unnatural beings  
Alien and filled with fear. No!  
Flailing and filled with beer.

I rest my case.

# all work and no one to play with

I have a friend.  
Some people interest her  
where others are barely noticed  
and although there are those  
she allows to touch her  
she feels ultimately  
that life is experienced  
only out there,  
in places.

I fear she must  
discover the world  
before she comes near  
to what she really needs  
but the world is vast  
for only twenty one days  
vacation a year.

# fish cricket

With tears in my eyes  
at their sudden demise  
I hit my head  
with a bat  
"Howzat?"



# judged insomniac

I lay for hours  
Staring at the back of my eyelids  
Involuntarily thinking  
About things I don't want to think about.

Oh for a hammer  
Or a good solid club!

In the morning I'm lazy  
Not sleep starved. No good!!

# helter skelter

What a merry go round  
this grasping at sleep  
closed off in a heated room.

I dream of warmth of sunshine  
so why when I wake  
do I hear the crackle of turning spits?

I am in hell, this room a pestilent place  
where sinners burn and pigs  
freely skewer themselves.

**alas  
although fast  
she was passed  
and came last**

**athlete  
in a plaster cast**

# death in a small mind community

I dreamt  
I was a banana  
in a bowl.  
I was quite content  
my time spent  
next to Apple and Pear,  
till one day  
when Orange disappeared  
and all  
that remained was some skin  
and the tell-tale splash marks  
of something unfortunate.

Murder! MURDER!!

Relationships strained  
all the fruit were suspicious  
and the fingers were pointing  
at Golden Delicious.

# fancy dress

The memory of you seems  
disguised by times' fancy dress,  
but I can still make out  
the chaos and the disorder.

Swigs of madness  
help me think to understand  
and it shows how crazy in my head  
your lies are still.

Sometimes I can see  
the density of the air around me.  
I push my way through  
pulling at the nothingness

to steady myself  
and clambering I wonder  
how I came to be affected so,  
do you recall?

Do you remember why  
we even knew each other?

# mental doctor

I am my own person  
I have my own fears  
I don't need your twisting sideways  
You can climb your own stairs

I'm sick  
Of being other peoples' remedies  
Do you shoot my troubles  
Or just become them

# dead in the water

This immutable town enshrouds me  
And taunts me with her absence.  
Ghosts huddle in doorways,  
Sit motionless on benches.  
Always the same face, the same clothes,  
Poised and waiting, ready to vanish  
With my sudden increase in pace.  
She is gone, yet she is everywhere...

# sleep deprivation

I am exhausted  
And everything is noise.  
I need to close my eyes  
But the walls are closing in.  
There is no comfort to be found in this place.

I shout a sound  
Like a twisting donkey  
From my head  
And more than ever  
I am awake.

My eyes want to bleed.  
My face a futile mask of rage.

"I WILL HAVE SLEEP!"

(But only at the wrong time).



# lovelife

Her eyes so full of light  
Touch and open the very core of me.

She is rooted there,  
Firmly fixed inside  
Growing like a seed  
To fill my body with life.

She is as beautiful as the sun.  
Surely the world would stop without her...

# donkey

Thinking  
    like drinking  
            often makes ones brain subside.  
But the solitary  
    battle of thought  
            finds less rest when they collide

Thus everything is wonky,  
like the back  
of a knackered donkey.

# my hair is a big dog

I woke up this morning  
yawning  
and unaware  
of the state of my hair

but there  
in the mirror  
a heap of something odd

is it morning head fog

the rule of a snog

or is my hair a big dog

# restoration of an artist

With the guilt  
I threw my backbone  
out into the cold.

No longer able to feel  
the grind of powder  
I un-blackened beneath the eyes  
my thoughts a casual glance  
at milk and appetite.

There is no war now.  
Just a conflict of definition.

# does the looking glass see

Mirror mirror on the wall  
Will I shatter If you fall,  
Will we turn to dust or dirt  
And what d'ya think of this T-shirt?

**imagine having  
a feathered head**

**slightly birdy**

**a rustling in the ear  
not too dis-similar to a  
balloon against hair**

# outside in

Your face  
Is branded upon my mind.

When I'm awake  
    I see you looking,  
When I sleep  
    You taunt my dreams.

Look into my eyes  
See more than mere reflection.

# poor soul methomaniac

I see you're on the inside  
looking where?

Others only outside  
too afraid to care  
but even more afraid  
to turn their backs or look away.

They have but a quilted room  
of understanding.



# over exposure

There's too much of me  
Or maybe too many  
I don't know where to look.

There's no escape  
Or maybe I'm running,  
I haven't got clothes on, "Oh fuck!!"

# love match

One day  
the stream from our lips  
froze over  
and icicles  
hung from our chins  
    until  
    someone struck a match  
    and we dribbled  
    down our chests

# my dog is other animals

My dog has a beak.  
She is a Toucan head.  
A large bill  
with a Border Collie attached.

She squawks a lot too  
especially when  
making the vomit  
that comes from grass.

I prefer it when she  
looks like Reindeer  
and makes honking sounds.

# squashed slug on a hot path

I thought it was bacon  
but  
I was  
mistaken

# taming of the drew

I look into her eyes  
whole and perfect  
and in their reflection  
see a drunken spaced-out fellow  
wondering what it is she sees in him.

Beyond reflection I try to read her thoughts  
but they are gone, she is simply looking back  
in all open honesty just looking  
and all of a sudden I am confronted  
by her quintessence.

I want to cup her in my hands  
and suck her in like new and fresh air,  
to fill my lungs till bursting point,  
with the slightly crazed notion  
that there is no bursting point to consider.

Coming back from her eyes  
I realise she sees more in me  
than my own clouded vision will allow  
and to allay all fears  
I must be free of my inordinate passions  
and look toward sobriety,  
look to where her face comes to greet me  
and know contentment.

# a whirlwind affair

We were so  
full in the  
eyes with each other

we barely noticed the hurricane  
tearing toward us...

# definition of the moth

Something  
combustable  
too easily  
dazzled  
into suicide

# like a linus blanket

Tonight my room is cold  
and filled with the emptiness  
her absence leaves

but from the corner of my eye  
I catch a glimpse  
of her discarded clothing,

a scented island in my room  
left behind like a safeguard  
against such absences.

I remember Linus and Charlie Brown  
put them soft to my ear,  
sleep pulls me down.



# return of the king

I am alone and winter is setting in my chest.  
She is away and I cannot hold her.  
I cannot reach past this here and now,  
What have I done to evoke such polar hours?

But wait... .."Good morning love, I'm on my way."  
She is coming and with her eyes the sun.

She is on her way to me  
As the tense locked cold  
around me thaws.

And with her  
I return...

# clocks

Clocks drive a wedge through real time  
so I've modified the purpose  
of my watch.

Now when I look there is time  
for everything,  
    no one thing  
    to take me too soon  
    from another,  
as buses ponder  
and doorstep hugs  
are as long as queues and dental care.

# dead bark

Crossing a field  
I tripped  
on a log,  
but it was the dog  
not wood  
and not barking..!

# missing link

Tear up religion  
Look to the stars  
Not purely monkey  
We're half-breeds from Mars

# when i am gone

Will you still see me when I'm gone?  
Will you remember my face,  
Recall how our bodies spooned together  
And rocked as one perfect creature?

Will you visit me in sleep  
And run my hair  
Only to wake alone and wanting,  
Sad without us in our eyes?

Will your heart and mind  
Tumble over into hell and back  
Lost without their stimulus,  
Grieving a future denied?

Will you wake one day gasping my name  
And tremble violently with the realisation  
That it didn't need to end at all  
And that all the hiding behind  
'It's not working' was merely a defence  
That could never hold back the flood?

And then, when you need me again,  
Will you open up your life  
And come looking to let me in,  
Will I be there waiting, wanting you, I do?

Will you still see me when I'm gone?

# question progress

The future is set  
Destiny is predetermined  
That's what evolution is  
A means to an end  
So make life a friend  
Because all mankind  
Is accountable...

# with snails and eyes

I look into the mirror  
and seven eyes look back  
over a six nostrilled nose.

The skin of my face  
is glazed with  
a shifting tribal tattoo  
and circles and spirals  
appear like twists  
of sizzling firework  
that phut n' fizzle  
and never really fade away.

There's a tune in my head  
or a gathering of sounds  
and listening I realise  
the eyes have sunk back  
into pools of deepest dark  
and are perhaps the very back  
of the inside of my head.

Some say it makes you crazy,  
but what do they know..?

It 's never enough!

**it's better  
to have  
loved and kept  
and never  
to have  
lost at all...**

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