

Poems

Of sorts.

(2)

By Alexander John Taylor

CONTENTS

Introduction	3
Earth / Snowman / Sea	4
The Cat Sat On The Mat	5
For The Last Time	7
A Good Workman Never Blames His Tools	8
0.00003%	10
The Mank Bus	11
Seven Candles	12
The Mundane Collection	14
Routine	16
Earthly	17
Worldly	18
Earthly, Under Six Feet Of Earth	19
Routine, Interrupted	20
The Mundane Comes Back	22
The Visit	24
Underground Lands	26
Election Campaign Mishap	27
That Doesn't Bother Me	28
Multi-generational Stereotype	29
The Bridge, Part 2	30
Voice	31
Oak Silhouette	32
Birdsong	33
Fortune Telling Clouds	33
Canals	35
Dove & Caterpillar	36
Fate	38
Philosophy	39
the empty space after an unfinished	40
Ode To alexmac	44
The latitude of the bed you have spent the longest in	46
Summer '13	48
"unintended consequence"	50
The Forest	51
A Million Dots On A Dome	54

Introduction

By Alexander John Taylor

In 2021, I started to make this anthology of poems to put together all of my disparate works over the past five years. This is a parody of my 2014 word "Poems Of Sorts."

Some of my other poems are from 2009, and I thought they deserved a mention because they express what I felt about everything at the time (this section was from the original version and actually proved me wrong about the writing date of these poems)

It's not the best, but you know what, I love these poems all the same, I love the cheesy Futura font I always used to use. I'll probably feel the same way about Helvetica Neue in the future, but Futura was my favourite for a long, long time.

These are not merely just poems, some are song lyrics, and generally, these song lyrics are completely ad-libbed with minimal prior preparation. Some are for school, others are just for fun. As for the songs, you can ask me to perform them and I'll tighten them up for you, most of them are pretty close to done anyway.

Also, if you're looking for a way to bypass some of the nigh-nine-thousand words written here, then I'd recommend that you go for:

Seven Candles

The Visit

That Doesn't Bother Me

Dove & Caterpillar and *Fate from The Bridge, Part 2*

the empty space after an unfinished

The latitude of the bed you have spent the longest in

"unintended consequence"

The Forest

A Million Dots On A Dome

this last one will probably be better when it gets made into a song.
lyrics are only what i could hear over the original instrumental.

Earth / Snowman / Sea

[written 2009]

[Earth and Sea have the original cut-off formatting, Snowman has been edited]

My earth poem

The earth is a beauty,
just like any duty.
It's the only one,
which has lots of
fun. It has care and
I am aware, but, as
well as a dove, It's
one thing that I love!

My snowman poem

My little snowman,
When will you ever melt.
My little snowman,
How have you felt.
Oh, little snowman,
You'll soon melt.
Good bye old friend,
good bye old friend,
good bye forever.

My sea poem

It splashes, It sp-
-lashes, It's good.
Stones, pebbles, sea,
sand are some wonder[ful]
things at the seaside,
too.

The Cat Sat On The Mat

[from *Song List*, written 2017, as a joke to see how 'dark' I could take the concept]

The cat sat on the mat.
The cat played in the sun with his friends.
The cat was happy.
The cat thought he was better than the rest.
The cat took a test
Sunk down, got depressed.
The cat took a long look at himself and said,
'I should have tried instead.'
The cat looked down, at his cold feet
The cat took out a fresh sheet
Of paper, and scrawled a note
A comprehensive plan he wrote
To cure all of his ills
Heading up life's hills.

The cat would follow his plan
And he ran and ran
But slowly his childhood dreams faded away
He'd do his favourite project some other day
Why does he live his life
Like he's being chased?
What happened to the dreams
Of outer space?

The cat found a loving wife
There would be no strife
This cat would be upward bound
But he didn't see the hound
The hound with claws
Ready to put his life on more than pause
Ready to throw him under the bus
Dispose the body with no fuss

But then a new beacon of hope was born
It was so small, and they adorned
It with their love
But when push came to shove
Their trembling hands came down
They were soon to drown
In tears of their own creation
As the doctor continued his narration
They said it couldn't go much more
The cat cried and swore
'This isn't fair! I wanted more!'
They went down and pulled the plug
With a smooth, deathly tug

Spaghetti was it's favourite
It'd often stop and savour it
And say
'Thanks Dad, can I have some more?'
But now that same spaghetti
Lay face down on the floor
Ashamed of what he'd done
That he betrayed his loving son

Took him away from the pasta he loved
Persuaded by doctors and psychiatrists
Clean and gloved
Pushed and shoved

His wife shouted and screamed
His notes still telling him
He should have dreamed
Insults of 'bastard' and 'whore'
Were what drove that poor cat out the door
Without a special one to care for
Life, scattered behind him
Like the aftermath of war

And there the cat sat
Reminiscing of days on the mat
And dreams of other places
New people with new faces
In his brand new estate
It was getting late
This brand new park bench
Was all he had to clench
All his material possessions
After the divorce concessions

The cat took out his notes again
Grabbed his pen and then his cane
For if life wasn't playing nice
Then he'll just have to hunt some mice
He went to an alley and asked for the price
His brow sweating, hands cold as ice
He returned to his home with his new hope
At least it was less painful than rope.

For The Last Time

[from *Song List*, written 2017]

All these days of playground games
Have run away so fast
And all these ways we've changed our blames
We're not the same old cast
All the days we spent in ways
We'd climb up on the mast
Run the maze under the rays
Of sun drenched green grass
But turn your gaze to the haze
You're now the outcast

For every step we take
We trundle down the massive wake
The wake of those that went before us
And beg life, 'Don't fucking bore us!'

All these days of the lunch hall
Have gone away so fast
Don't run, you'll trip and fall
And now your arm is in a cast

For every step we take
We trundle down the massive wake
The wake of those that went before us
And beg life, 'Don't just ignore us!'

And soon the rest of you will slowly crawl
Your life is long and going past
An eighty year decent before
You fall and that's the last
We ever see of you.

For every step we take
We trundle down the massive wake
The wake of those that went before us
For this ending is the chorus

A Good Workman Never Blames His Tools

[from *Song List*, written 2017]

Every time we go karting
There's a striking correlation
Between the kart which I am starting
And the one with good acceleration

I know what you're thinking
'Has my poor boy lost his skill?'
And I haven't even been drinking
I'm not high, and I'm not ill!

So what's the reason for this mess?
Could the kart be causing this boy distress?
No, that would make us look mere fools!
A good workman never blames his tools.

But the answer to my failure
May be simpler than you think
This unusual kart behaviour
Your brain can't find the simple link

For my poor driving is not my fault
Grinding to a halt
On the asphalt
My lowly assault
On the asphalt

My kart's a piece of shit
There's nothing else to it
The fact I can't accelerate
Is something that I really hate
Despite the fact that I am half your weight!

My kart's a piece of coprolite
There isn't any need to fight
My weight's so low
I'm twice as light!
But then you choose to overwrite
The fact that I can drive despite
Having a kart that is downright
Anything but a delight!

But what's the real reason for this mess?
Could the kart be causing this boy distress?
No, that would make us look mere fools!
A good workman never blames his tools.

My kart's a piece of shit
There's nothing else to it
The fact I can't accelerate
Is something that I really hate
Despite the fact that I am half your weight!

So what's the reason for this mess?
Could the kart be causing this boy distress?
No, that would make us look mere fools!
A good workman never blames his tools.

My kart's a piece of shit
There's nothing else to it
The fact I can't accelerate
Is something that I really hate
Despite the fact I'm half your fucking weight!

0.00003%

[from *Song List*, written 2017]

In the time it takes to sing this song
Some time will have passed
Now to me it may not seem that long
But how long exactly, you ask?

Well if this song lasts just 3 minutes
And we're counting Keble time
Then just 0.00003% of it has gone
So short, you don't give a dime

But those little tiny pieces combine
Stacked on top, fragments of the now past
The forgotten past, so precious and fine
No wonder time seems to go so fast

So, in the time it takes to sing this song
Some time will have passed
Now to you it may not seem that long
But how long exactly, we ask?

And those days, they add up too
Again, small fragments, tick by tick
All three thousand, two hundred and thirty two
Give or take the days where I was sick

Those days add up into weeks
461 to be exact
Once more, adjust, make little tweaks
Count the time, make it a fact

These constant comparisons between time
Make very little difference now
As it has all gone, it's no longer yours or mine
So when you look at the time now, ask how

How am I going to spend my days?
How are you?
Spend them wisely, in all different ways
Who knows? Who cares? I know I do.

So, in the time it takes to sing this song
Some time will have passed
Now to us it may not seem that long
But how long exactly, we ask?

But how long, exactly, we ask?

The Mank Bus

[originally composed by Alistair and I, likely in early 2016]

It's the mank bus, the manky manky mank bus
You don't wanna know what lies inside
Blocks of foam and pieces of rust
Stench so bad I almost cried
(oh yeah, it stinks)

But why can't we have the good bus?
(yeah, the good bus)
Oh that's right, it's already full.
(yeah, already full)
Settle for the one which smells and rusts?
(yeah, smells and rusts)
Not even for a ride to the pool!
It's the mank bus, the manky manky mank bus
It's the mank bus, the manky manky mank bus

Cockroaches the size of cats
The engine makes fumes like a smoking pipe
Mice and fleas and bugs and rats
To see out the windows, you'll need wipes

And it doesn't even stop there!
Mostly because the brakes don't work
Radio gives up without a care
Broken gearbox needs a hearty jerk

Sometimes I think things can't get worse
But something happens every time
Once, we were passing a funeral hearse
And the waste sprayed everything lime!

But why can't we have the good bus?
(yeah, the good bus)
Oh that's right, it's already full.
(yeah, already full)
Settle for the one which smells and rusts?
(yeah, smells and rusts)
Not even for a ride to the pool!
It's the mank bus, the manky manky mank bus
Not even for a ride to the pool!
It's the mank bus, the manky manky mank bus
I can't believe this is allowed in a school
It's the mank bus, the manky manky mank bus!
It's the mank bus, the manky manky mank bus!

Seven Candles

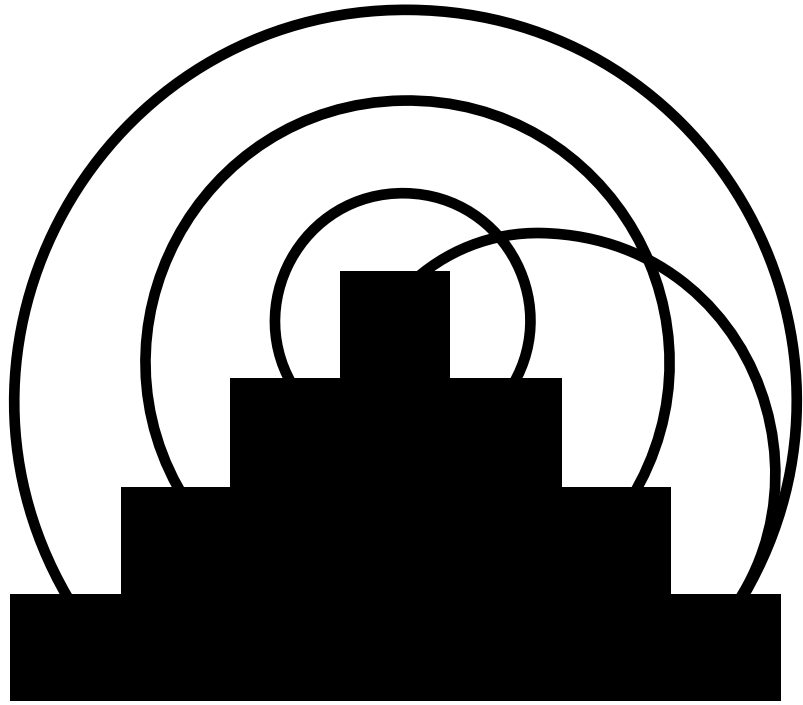
[written 2019]

looming - seven hundred foot candles in the wind
blowing, all moving, postulating a new way of being
they are tall now and one day you will see their tops
their ends, their silent friends surround and drown them
the wax is not gone, it's on the ground, melding to sand
that's all the same to them, all the elements unchanged
just the information that enrages entropy, endlessly

they are shrinking down now
they are shorter than before
and the world piles them up
and piles pyramids of mush
amongst their calloused feet
but they are not changed
in any real way, time cannot
age them, just like those men
who gave their lives for things
that scarred the lands before
their melted wax of wounds
feeds the sand and soil
never feeling hungry, endlessly

short now
no more
floor rise or
top fall?
who knows
matters not.
forgetting
failing to
remember
the candle
the top
the view
the wonder
the wind
that is
turbulent
at mushed
feet and
when the
world is
syncopated
or out of
phase then
nothing can
save them,
nothing will
make any
sort of
difference
to their
quality
of life
one day

they will
fade away



mundane

alex j. taylor

The Mundane Collection

Mundane

Seven hundred grams of breakfast cereal
I like that, and I like toast as well
Twenty four or so slices of mediocre white bread.
The countertop is somewhat faded.

The butter isn't warm yet, either
It's hard to melt with hands alone.
I'll be late to work - at this rate.
Not that that matters a great deal.

Toaster's on the blink again, the heating coils fail -
I wonder if the man who made this machine
Cares much about when he gets to work.
I'm going to stay a while.

Five minutes late is as bad as not coming in
According to some company whim.

Routine

Seven hundred parts, components for appliances
Assembled so quickly, deftly and smoothly
For the quotas that bend us back and forth
Their changing ideals, their new parameters

Only twenty four or so net-caught truants
Have been reeled in by the trawler's wrath.
I hope they're happy now.
I've scratched my name into some of these sheets.
No one will know.

A silent act of defiance in this deafening world.

Earthly

Redness is a property that many things have
But there are different kinds of red
They mix together, clay, blood, ore,
Minerals, magnificent and malice-driven.

Long ago, these people came with guns to subjugate,
Under false pretences that they'd integrate
But now their guns are run by us
We work for them, slaves yet again.

Companies sticking hands into the earth
Rotating metal hands, with buckets for fingers
To scorch and raze and promise days
Of future wealth when times are good.

They never are, they never will be
At least as far as I can see
Which isn't far, the walls cave in
The oxygen in the air grows thin.

We sing, in a desperate bid.

Worldly

Another seven hundred gone?
Send twenty-four score more to carry on.

Honestly, I don't usually have time
For this line of questioning but I'll
Take your advice, ask away if you'd
Like, but please advise,
I don't have much time.

About those people down there?
We are deeply concerned.
So much so we'll stop for a day
Give their families a break
No, their children won't starve.
They never do, we never let them.
Sometimes we think they want to go,
But they never do, at least on their own.

Go, you must go.
I have a meeting soon.
Go, go!

Now where is that other fellow?

Earthly, Under Six Feet Of Earth

Here lies
The mass grave of the unknown number
Who die to make a spark catch an eye
In some far away, never-reach-someday land.

The water never looked so inviting for so many
A bridge built by steel they had produced
Shipped back and forth across the world
Suspends them above a dangerous stream
And, like anyone else would
They think their best option is to
Join the innumerable.

It's hard to recognise their faces
For many reasons, contorted expressions
Reserved, constrained emotions,
Never let go for fear of failure
Daily, they hid their wants under a veil
And strode into those caves with a smile
Which held until their backs were turned

But when they looked back to check
They never saw their own deaths.

Routine, Interrupted

Wait again, my friend
Join the legions of businessmen
Who think they can escape
The rat race.

It is true that they have escaped
This so-called 'rat race'.
But they don't know that there's
An even bigger danger faced
Because up here, it's *still* a race
Only with dogs now.

Twenty four hour days,
Seven hundred days a year.
At least, going by how it ages you.

Walk home. Don't get a train.
Sleep in your suit, on the street
Maybe it'll rain. You won't care.
You're drunk. Throw up. You smell.
You're fired.

Slink back to the factory, metal sheets
Crashing around, dangerously close.

Well, I must add
You always liked the danger.
There was an air of mysticism.
Some weird theory prevented you
From moving closer
Up until it didn't
The average hue of your resulting pool
Was not red, like we would assume
It was darker, something was wrong.

We all went home that day
Not early, (this kind of thing happens a lot).
And looked in our mirrors, chemical plated
To check if our veins had faded,
Red turned to black,
Passion to hatred,
Similar but not the same.

The Mundane Comes Back

Packing a little extra in my suitcase for today.
Nothing much, an extra apple for lunch.
Mundane, I know.
A true, down to earth fellow.
Toaster's on the blink again, crumb tray's stuck.
Should buy another one.
Add it to my shopping list at some point.
Looked inside for once, the wiring was all messed up.
I hate this low quality import crap.
All scratched up inside, too.

Get in my car, a nice new one, too.
Drive to work in five mile traffic
At five miles an hour, listening to the radio,
Keeping the headlights and the heating on.

"An estimated seven hundred dead in-"

Where's that other station?
The one that played that song that Madonna sung
Can't remember the words, catchy as all hell though.
Vaguely remember it from my childhood. MTV maybe?
No - Whatever, it doesn't matter.

Hello, parking attendant.
Hello, parking attendant assistant.
Hello, doorman.
Hello, concierge.
Hello, secretary.
Hello, lift man.
How nice of you to call a lift for me.

Oh, the twenty fourth floor of course.
What do you take me for?
I'm sure he's expecting me.

A brief about the morning news.
A mine collapse, some chlorine leak
Updates of the workers in Guangzhou.
And now, to work.

I *must* remember to buy another toaster.

The Visit

[written in 2019 for a poetry club]

For when the bell does toll for thee in time,
And comes to drag you down beyond the world
Which you now see, and from above there will
Resound the sounds of blowing winds with new
And ancient tunes! And hymns, and everything
You had before and will now cease to be.

You loved a deity which spoke to you
And on those empty days where nothing moved
And nothing seemed to happen, anything
Could you ever feel you'd think you'd sink
Quite the opposite to how you thought
A life lived by a set of rules could go

So, while you were alive, you did all sorts
Of things that were slightly, morally wrong
But also right, to you, and so you've come
To where the air is warm, the seventh floor.
And why do you think you are here, is it
Because your hope was false, your actions cruel.

I never thought I had done nothing wrong
I realised by the time I'd seen the suffering
I'd caused, and when I'd seen the face of all
The ones who I had persecuted, I...

So now, here's one you seemed to hate, at least
Last month, before you came to terms with it.
She was born in nineteen twenty-nine,
Just four years after you, that's not much, but
She did things she wanted to, unbridled,
Free as the day that she was born, and you?

Both of you loved, both of you tried to be
Something that would rise above the mud
But you, you dragged her down, into the earth
With shards of broken glass and broken worlds
And in place of a god, you had a man
Who told you what you can't, and what you should.

Should you forgive? What can I say, decide
Yourself, she's here, and will be too, for all
Eternity, but that's if you decide
To be something below your previous words
And here you'll be, for as you sit below
The overflowing, burning holes where you
Had never thought you'd ever see alive.

And yes, there will be time for redemption
If you just walk over, say hello.
Exchange a few words about your lives
She can't remember who you are, but you
Should remember hers, while sitting there
Amongst the red, the black, the white of flags

And banners, burning through the night.

Underground Lands

[2019, for poetry society]

Falling, faltering, slight of hand
Show us what's beneath your palm
The secrets underneath the bland

Now a ball made of the sands
Of windswept lands of dunes, so calm
Falling, faltering, slight of hand

And the men they watch in bands
Enticed in by this moving charm
The secrets underneath the bland

People hear the echoed land
A distant cry as it's embalmed
Falling, faltering, slight of hand

The cups are falling into hands
They're full of things from empty arms
The secrets underneath the bland

The worlds collapse, the fires fanned
And as the men recite the psalm
Falling, faltering, slight of hand
The secrets underneath the bland

Election Campaign Mishap

[2020, for poetry society]

Tuesday morning, commotion throughout
Reverberations, cracked bell's sound
Leaden tune so fair, I had no thought
Wandering masses look distraught
Press is depressive: preach on the pros of naval aviation
Somehow - enthralled by this grand affair - we move downstairs
Greet groping crowds, tendril arms desire interviews
"Good grief." you say, "Hope nothing new makes any news."

Smudges form down my face, shine like fool's gold
(hmm...) could get such bottle-fulls and sell to some unsold
Use genetics, code, science - predict who will win - repulsively
Yes, thrown at them for money - fix unpaid funds, not because they have a need
Those higher cannot care less - alas - sit, slather pork-esque spam with mustard glee

(letters omitted: j, k, q, x, z)

(ie. the highest five valued scrabble letters - total value: 41)

That Doesn't Bother Me

[song from *Wittgenstein*, written in 2019]

If you've ever felt like you've needed to know
What lies ahead, what will go
If you've ever thought there's something you fear
Well don't come to me, your answer isn't here
And then once you find the answer you're looking for
You'll be disappointed, head down to the floor
For this fleeting vision of colours at night
That lasts through the right, and all through the light
Because if you want the permanent change
You don't look outside, you look in the range
The range of talents that you have inside
And before you'd wish you'd gone and died
Don't worry, I know you're not perfect
But that doesn't matter to me at least

Multi-generational Stereotype

[song from *L-Sides*, written in 2019]

Don't want to be a MGST
Why'd you code it to me?
Feel real uneasy, you see
And why is that?
I don't want to grow old or fat
I feel so lonely
And dreading all these futures
Which lie before me
Oh, please, help me
Contain my ways of lazing around

Multi-generational stereotype
One size fits all
Dad rock comes to call
And as you cling to the rock
And you stop rocking around
You began to think
And you begin to sit back down

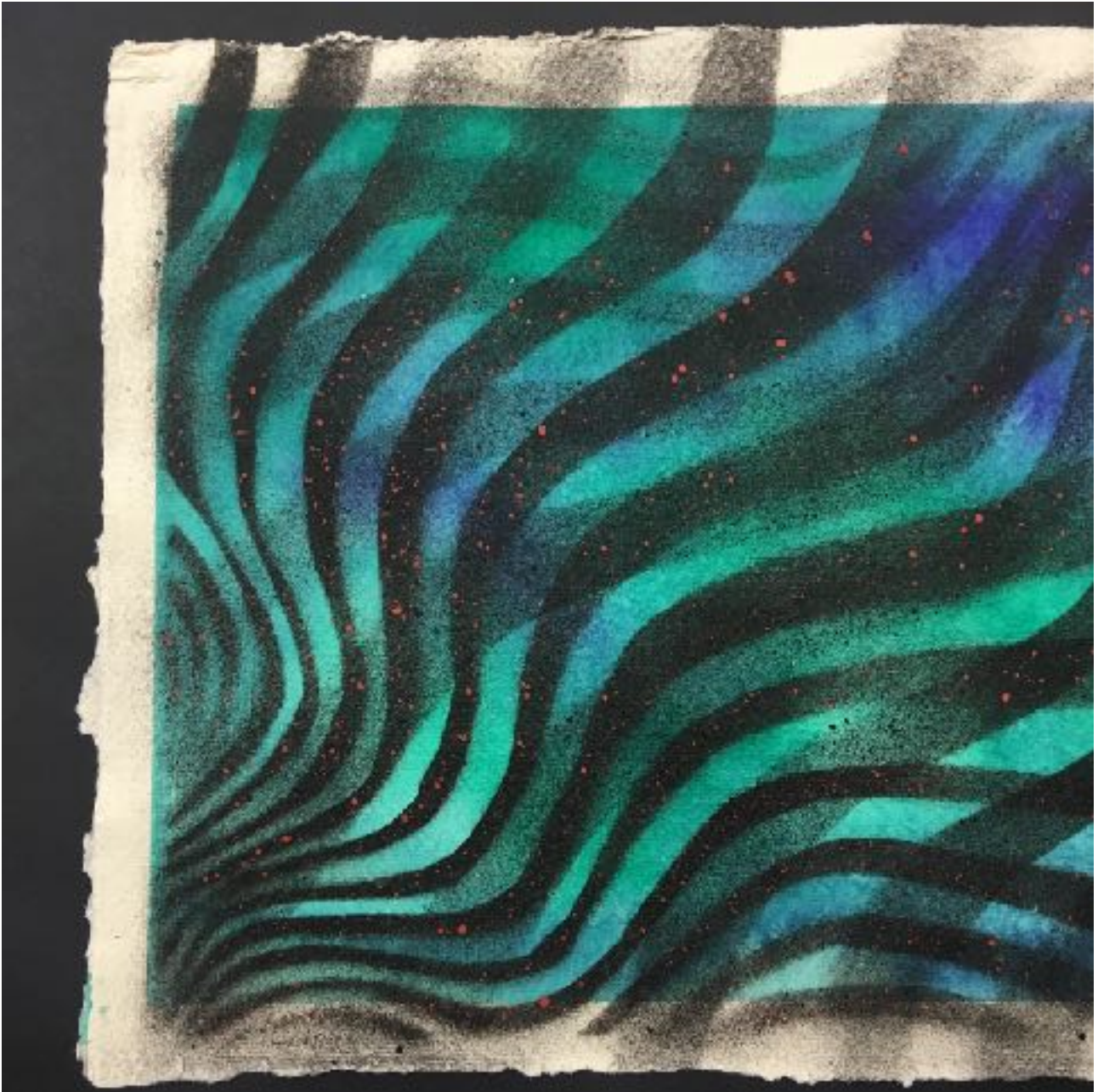
And your mind thinks of all the things inside
It spins and twirls a thousand random patterns
Out before your eyes
Try to connect
Make some sizing
Do some sizing
Of these crazy coloured rings
That you claim to see
But that's superfluous to both you and me
Oh, I don't want to grow old
I don't want to be bald or fat or grey or old
Or any things which one day come to most,
If not all in some way
I don't want to fall from grace

But think about those people and what they like
All these rings and crazy things that you have seen,
They've seen before
They may not implore you to see them before you
But anything they've done, you've done
And anything you've done, they've done

And let's put on some Pink Floyd song
I do not care which one
Which is so not typical for me
Why did I just say that?
You see, things aren't so normal, hehehehe
Put on the one about bricks for me
I don't care if I'm fat or ugly
I'll still have all of the memories
That will shine a thousand years inside of me
Especially of this night, you see

The Bridge, Part 2

[album, recorded in 2020]



Voice

I haven't used my voice
In such a long time
It shows

It really ceases to be
It groans
Under the weight of its own moans

Oh, why
Am I here today

Oh, why
Was I here yesterday

Oh, why
Will I be here tomorrow

Unless
You do something about it

Oak Silhouette

I am not a fancy man
I have no real life plan
I will never be your guide
Or your light
In your life

I never would say
Do things as you do them my way
I never hold the torch

I would never seem to be
A guiding light, like a horizon tree
Beckoning travellers with the call of its
Silhouetted leaves

Oh, I am not that kind of person
I cannot
I cannot
I cannot
I cannot help you

I am not a fancy man
I do not have any real real life plan
What I do is seemingly up to me
I am no silhouetted tree
I am not the kind of person
You want to
Take advice or
Roll the dice
With your own life
Against my experience

Birdsong

Oh, ho ho
Oh

There are
Birds on the horizon
They twitter and they tweet
A lesser mind would call that sweet
What are they saying
I'm no Doolittle but I'll put my little
Two cents

My opinion is that
They want to have a shag
Because they're animalistic
Just like everything else
In the world
Everything else in the world

They twitter and they chirp
They don't want much else
They are the equivalent of those who
Post relentlessly without end

Fortune Telling Clouds

Clouds screeching above the sky
They're phosphorescent and they won't die
They mix and they swirl in they ways of the world
And we can't tell what they'll be tomorrow

In a way, clouds are like your future
Very predictable, once they get here
Easily categorisable into different categories
But the reason why they got here, many different stories

Oh there's many different ways that clouds can form about
There's pressure bouts or something else that I don't know about
There's many ways that clouds can dissipate into the day
And there are even more ways that they can hang around
They're clouds
They're clouds

I do not know what will happen tomorrow
But I can dream what's happening
Now, right now, I can see what's happening
Oh, I see it's fading as quick as it came
Oh, there is no hope
I'm guessing the blame's upon somebody else
It's not good for your health
To try and work out who did what
Wrong every day
It's not the human way
It's not the human way
It's not the human way
It's not the human way
It's not the human way

It's not the human way

It's not the human way

Canals

Artificial rivers bust through
Bulky blocks of concrete
In the middle of a field
In the middle of the night

I cannot see the river
I cannot see the land around me
There is no way
Of going out without a fight

I must restore the countryside
I must bring back the fertile lands
I must do what I think is right

I'm wondering how
I'm wondering why
I'm wondering if I can rent a digger
The money's tight

Oh, ho ho
Why can't they keep the sheep
Why can't they make the mental leap
Why can't they wonder as they sleep
Why can't they imagine how nice that everything
Would be
If there was no more
Than primitive technology

Oh, there'd be no cars
There'd be no bars
There would be no drinking or glasses or

Maybe the countryside is alright with
Just a little bit of landscaping
I mean, bust out the lawnmowers
And get the pole cutters
And put up those rock fences

Build reservoirs as far as the eye can see
And cover all there is to field is plastic
I don't care up if you messed... up
I don't care up if you messed up
I don't care up if you messed up

Coat the lands with solar panels
And drench the world in solar, solar power
Oh, there's so much solar power
It's wonderful to see
The wind turbines just aren't for me
The seas of blue are less ugly
Than those towering
Beautiful, white towers

Dove & Caterpillar

There is a shrub
There is a dove
There is a wondrous thing
A birds' wing
Hollow bones
When they break
Do not groan
The world will take care of you
Oh, yes it will,
Everyone will make sure
Oh, yes
Clap your wings for the NHS
Oh, nothing is true anymore
And you
Don't help by going out at eight
Showing your hands as you masturbate
In a circle jerk amongst the other
People of the world in an act of
Faux patriotism
Oh, the ever growing schism
Between the people who know
What is right to do
And the people who wallow in

Caterpillar on the grounds
Too many legs broken to be found again
What will you do, my friend
What will you feel when there's nothing left to feel
Who is there to comfort you
In the times that you are ill

I think that you will have an uncomfortable surprise
When you realise
No one cares if you die
No one cares if you die
No one cares if you die
Oh, caterpillar
Caterpillar
No one cares if you die
Caterpillar
Caterpillar
Your death was no sacrifice
Caterpillar
Caterpillar
You are no longer in this world
Caterpillar
Caterpillar
You were not a boy or girl
There was no
Easy way to define you as
Something the public
Could latch on to
No, they did not care
For you when he saw
But now that you're gone
He still carries on

Fate

Aching, creaking, wondering, walking, flailing, talking
To communicate
Seeing, speaking, eating, breathing
Wondering yet again, is it too late
Is it too late?

There will be no more material to perform one day
Your influence is going and your power fades
Will there be a time where there'll be no more rhymes
That seem entirely unique

What do you do when you have to resort to
Using something more than words or raw emotion
Why do you have to have to make your audience cry an ocean?
Helps sell tickets, helps fill seats,
Helps you fill the hole in your heart really neat
And there's something you just can't beat
The stomping and roaring of hands and feet
With a standing ovation
Reverberation across the nation
A standing applause
All four bars
Why do we even try
I don't know
No one will know if you go away
You thought that I was saved
I'll never top that

I don't when or if I'll die
I don't know if I'll sit and cry
Will it be too early?
Will it be too late?
When will I lead my predetermined fate
If that's what you believe in
I'm impartial to receiving
All these opinions of my life
All the way I think about consciousness
It's revealable but not compressible
To the margins of a song
So why don't I take another minute to explain
Before you get bored and log off

Philosophy

I'm putting the guitar down for just a second
While I take some time to reckon
Why I believe the things that I do
I will explain why I'm me, why you're you

Why do we always come to
The same ways of explaining humans
Why do we insist on keeping
Things consistent habitually

Why are patterns so pervasive
Why are all these things so invasive
Why do we see faces in rocks
Why is everything how it is

I see that tree how it is
Because it is a leafy thing
And it has many branches
Oh, it has many branches

But a farmer might know it
By its' number or a
Name if it has one
I don't know

But if there is to be
A definitive conclusion
It's that it's the same thing
For both of us
But neither of us can agree
On what it is

That's what consciousness is
The difference between
The life or death of your
Pink, fleshy, bulbous head-machine

That's what it means
Pink, fleshy, bulbous machine
The one up in your head
Not the other one, instead

That's what it means to be
You for you and me for me.

the empty space after an unfinished

[album lyrics, written 2020, performed 2021]

I ask for nothing more than understanding
Of why this wondrous flight is landing
And elbows touch and rock together
Sailing past terajoules of weather

When we were up there, no one cared
About the world below, all frosted snow
Beautiful in its own right
But never any more than white

My skin feels pale and pallid
A thin sliver of me falls off, and I fail to catch it back
It's just skin, only the dead layer on the outside

I look inside the cockpit and both pilots are asleep
We're not nosediving, the plane flies itself
I wonder why they were even needed there
I suppose it's just for show or something

The drinks trolley sails down the aisle by itself
I manage to snag a drink off of it
It's not what I wanted, but it's what I've got
I suppose I should be happy

I feel ill, but not in a sort of upper-throat way
The pain is in my chest, and it won't go away
Like my seatbelt is on too tight
But it's been off all night

Checking back inside the cockpit, they're both gone
No one would have thought their jobs would carry on
The wires inside that hide beneath the panels
That's where the real mystery unravels

I don't care who I am, I don't care who you are
I don't care what I'll be, I don't care what you'll be
I wrap my arms around myself, it's as if we were
Hard landing on the Hudson, or something

We touch down, I walk right through the checkout
No baggage to claim, none that I care about
Nothing I need to keep myself around
The sliding glass doors open to a warming world
And I jump into a taxi, and we roll down undulating hills
Manmade, just like I said earlier, handmade by many
Blocks of concrete lifted into place by machines
And the people who work them seem to smile at me
They want my journey to be quick and swift
It's as if they know I don't

It's the worst taxi I've been in in a long time
Perhaps ever, nothing like the suspensionless, frictionless
Plane I was on, not twenty minutes ago
He looks at me and asks me why I have no bags
I was going to make a joke about smuggling drugs
But I feel that would have been in poor taste

I ask him to take me back via the scenic route
He says he doesn't know one
I ask him where he lives and he turns off of the motorway
And starts down a long country road

I honestly didn't expect anything special
I thought he'd figured out a scenic route or something
This man didn't talk much
But I knew he wasn't going to do anything

We dived deep into the depths of a derelict industrial estate
And the roads became lumpy, the trees became rowdy
Like the chicken wire prisons their airport brethren were held in seemed to anger these ones
They loomed, rather than merely standing
There was an understanding, they swayed with me
Some of them were bare-knuckled, a move by the council
To regulate their growth, or something

Right there, right then, is when I realised that that something
Was me, or at the least a part of me
I called to the driver and he stopped the cab
We both got out, as if compelled by some outside force
But I soon figured out this is where he lived
In these buildings, surrounded by these trees

No family to be seen, a destitute case
He said all he had left was the car
And I said 'I'm not far from that
I left myself behind at some point
I've got nothing left but this'
I point to myself, he looks at me in a way that makes me feel
I'm completely clear, and it's also clear that he's hungry
And it's all so clear, we hop back in, we grab a bite to eat
I didn't mind the guy, and even though he might not have been my 'conversational type', it was
still fun, all night
He sat up and talked shit about the things he liked
Like fishing, and hiking, all personal pursuits
Perfected in the company of no one else
He jokes about smuggling drugs to make money
And I laugh inwardly, missing the moment to insert my own quip
But I didn't feel like I had to

And you know what?
Sometimes, compared to this guy, I felt bad myself
I felt that my life had been spent going round in circles
I looked at my ticket in my pocket
While he went to the bathroom
And I saw that both the departure and destination
Were the same

I hadn't been anywhere, piloted round in circles by passed out pilots, a passenger to the
paralysed getting pissed on passes of the trolley, getting pissed at passers-by as they pass me by
And not for a single second did I ever wonder why

He was still in the bathroom when I left to walk
Where, I don't know, I've never done this before
I left some money for the meal, and lots more for the guy
Pretty much everything I had in my pockets, including a small piece of paper with my address
written on it
And I walked
And I rambled to myself on the way there

And I walked round the fiftieth corner I had never seen before
And there was my house and all, roof to floor
It wasn't some replica, no, nor a copied design
I saw myself watching TV in the front room
And he was happier than I was
The door invited me in, I know where I keep my key
And lo and behold, this guy just stares at me
He says 'hey, dude, how are you, this is my place now'
He seems to be able to beat me at everything
His posture is out of shape, but he's still taller than me
He's more charismatic than me, and he knows it
He likes more people than me
But I know I tried to get rid of him
Because he missed some things
He didn't stop to ask why, or look at trees
He would have been comforted by this man made breeze
That wafts in through the door, coupled by a fishy smell
The rubbish truck is here, and I see my opportunity
He's weak, really, so I point behind him
As his head folds towards his back
I realise he's paper-thin-skin
No more than two dimensions, always facing me
With well-rehearsed precision
But I roll him up into a tight sheet, and he fails to scream
I think he knows
He was supposed to go a long time ago

And I feel validated, somehow, as the bin is emptied, him inside, and nothing's changed. I think
there's more to be done, of course, more self-chiseling to do, and not in a gym-based way, but
that as well, but for different reasons, and so I think back to that flight, and wonder how he left
me, and feel glad at my mistake, and wonder why I grabbed at him as if he was something I was
sad about losing, and how the plane landed itself without the aid of any pilots, and what the taxi
man is doing.

I look back over, the truck has pulled away
And to replace it, the taxi man, with a smile unlike the one I saw earlier
He thanks me, I thank him, and I go back inside

Later on that week, I see him again
We go outside and talk
He seems more mellowed, like he could hear my cries
As he talked about what kind of fish he caught
Or their size, or how their eyes were worlds
Or how he watches planes in the sky
And he said this while we laid on our backs on a hill
Like something out of a film
And we saw one turning round in great loops
He joked it was trying to write something,
The universe was trying to send us a message
But the turning circle was too large,

Our methods limit what we can say
Or something.

Ode To alexmac

[written 2021]

In two thousand and sixteen I held you for the first time
Shiny and sleek in slender white packaging
You played me Jake Chudnow songs on hot summer eves
And I typed on your keyboard and waited for school
Half a million words or more fell out of me in those five years
And as the end of this new schooling chapter nears
I think you'll come with me some more

And I used you to watch BFDI, and I still do
And I wrote a diary on you, only used to,
And I poured out my innermost secrets on your keys
So please
Don't fray your charging cable, or rattle yourself apart
Even if you know you're only a computer
You're an extension of my heart

I missed you when you left me for a few weeks in November
I missed you sometimes on holidays, but I'd always tell you how they went
At least until the end of 2018, that is
I used you to look up all sorts of things
Some I shouldn't have been able to
And in more recent times you were a window to the world
A replacement for what I was missing
A canvas, a pad to write on, a sketchpad, a mixing deck
Whatever I wanted, you were there
And for each and every time the glow of your LCD screen brings me in
Away from what I was supposed to be doing
I think what would have happened if I hadn't got you
Or maybe if I had dropped you
One too many times.

Everything I've ever made is here now
Watching and waiting for the world to start
For what comes after the after-school
I wonder how long you'll last

I obsess over your filing system
I used to pour images into all sorts of places
Which then eroded down into smooth channels
I've spent more time with you than my family
Perhaps that's not a good thing
You were the soundtrack to my existence
Even when my music taste was poor
You didn't ask questions,
But made me ask them of myself
Organising my faults into a chart
To spell out the data that makes me.

Well thanks, I appreciate it.
You let me upload music and my books
And the Pink that I wrote too,
And all the embarrassing shit on Reddit
And all the YouTube clips of me
Dancing back when I was three
And my work,

And my life
My strange and sometimes stormy life
And you chronicled it for me
Much better than loose-leaf pages, free
To float wherever they pleased,
To lose themselves permanently.

Well, I wouldn't want that for you.
And as your battery gets older,
The rattling no longer subsides
The butterfly keys are no longer punchy
The grime begins to accumulate
Tiny chips and tears
And dents down the side

But don't try to hide them
Each and every mark retains
A slight memory to remain
Lodged deep with in my brain
So please don't fray your cables
Your new software is nice and stable
Sit with me, not on my desk
And I'll tell you how my day went.

The latitude of the bed you have spent the longest in

[written 2020]

It is as if it is the open sea
Clouds above and to my side
Hidden paintings, made for me
Are now shown, they used to hide
Under cupboards containing all I have worn
And all I ever will
So why are there no marks for me to mourn?

Elsewhere, relics of things passed,
A hanging hook to show things,
A picture chart, with heights attached,
Four doors which show more.

Behind the first is a collection of sorts
Shortened trousers and even shorter shorts
An old crew, a midnight meeting
Fake candles under bedsheets, flickering, fleeting
Relics from other places and countries
And trinkets, with weights, and colours,
They're not all mine,
But they find themselves here in time.

It is as if I have a sort of flashback
The non-threatening, oversized biplane wings
Make me feel attacked, the marks aren't quite black
Which brings a sense of impermanence to the air
Take a wet sponge to the walls, good as new
But what's left of you?

I sometimes find myself deliberately hitting trees
With lumps of metal, not shaped for cutting
But, free to do as I please,
I'll spent an hour out there, humming
Usually some unknown tune -
Nameless, but it's true,
With thoughts seeping into corners
Of my mind, permeating previously
Untouched segments which contain
Little to no sympathy or sentimentality.
I *must* make my mark on this reality.

The plans are here, they lay across my bed.
Funeral homes for the dying and dead
Office blocks, deep foundations lie
Above spaces where cubic drones cry
Not wishing this fate upon anyone,
Sometimes wishing the plot will be sold and done.

A million variations of the scenes
I see each day have come to me in dreams
They harbour holes of wholesome lives
The underlying thought which drives

This is not merely a desire to survive
Driving a straight line through possible change
As those corners begin to fill with rage
I no longer carve my name
I merely carve to play some sort of self-inflicted game.

Do the vacant hooks and picture frames
Punctuate my life? Do they explain
The struggle and the strife of a woman
Now unable to hold her hands together
With skin like wrinkled leather.
She loved me once, and does again.
And again and again and again.
Every time I see her, she sees someone new
And says the same kind of thing.
Aren't you handsome?
I love your hair.

This is the purest form of love,
Unknowing in its giving
But means too much to its recipient.

The picture which was once there
Is still somewhere else.
Stitched, made of hands
That would not yield
A thousand holes sealed
A colour coronation
Of a bear, my birth weight
And my full name,
Which she no longer knows
My face is merely another to her
So every time she takes her hands
And forces them to stitch me back
Remembering what lies under a thick fog
She is there, she smiles on,
She lies back, she smiles back,
She gets back at everyone sitting there.
Wit still sharp as the needle that sewed the bear.

Summer '13

[from *Summery*, recorded 2019]

Hot summer night
Way back in the early 10s'
Oh won't you come again
Please, I need you right now

With your hollow winds
And your Hypixel wins
Take me back to a land
Before the orange man
Take me back to a land
It's the same land that we live in now
But somehow better, somehow
I don't know
Please don't go
Even though you left many years ago

The cooling fan provides a breeze
The wind rushes through the trees
Your laptop is overheating
You chat to your friend 'cos you're sure he's cheating
And uh
It's pretty cool
Away from school
Away from school
For just a few weeks
It's so cool

And the breeze
Helps you to
Imagine all
The friends that you
Will meet again
When summer ends
And online pals -
You'll meet your end

And you look now
They're all gone
It's been a thousand days
Since they last logged on.

What did you see, Dylan0898
What did you see in me
As we played in maps like Turbine
Waiting for TF3

And to all those who were too young
To gain entry to the vaults of Payday 2
And to all those who spent their time
On mid-gen iPad games
Or low-end family PCs
Crafting solo scenes in gmod

I thought and thought a million times over with portals

And then xXx something or other came to the rescue
I needed you then, and still now, I miss you
Forever among legions of immortals
Their bodies live on in the keystrokes
That wrote their trader bios

It's not done yet,
It's far from over
What do you miss when you only check in
Every other October?

You miss a lot of things, as it turns out.

“unintended consequence”

[from *Don't Throw Rocks At The Ducks*, recorded 2019]

Don't sit there
The seat is taken
Unless you're him
I think you're much mistaken
Don't try and sit there
It's reserved for someone else
And by someone else
I mean someone who's not here anymore

I'm sure that you want to rest your back
But my buddy, he's gone and won't come back
So won't you give me one time
Just to save his lifeline
Let his spirit return to its rightful home
Right on the throne
It's
You're someone else

Sometimes when someone else dies
It affects their friends in more ways
Than they could have ever imagined of
And that's not okay
That's an unintended consequence

The Forest

[from *The Forest*, recorded 2020]

I walked out into the forest
It doesn't seem like there'll be anything there
I sit and stare
At the canopy
At the open leaves
And I sit and stand
Every once in a while

Times like these are when I think
That I should move to the countryside

To have all of this
Within arms' reach
All of the time, I
Never see why
I would ever
Have to take the tube again
I would never
Have to contend with rush hour
Nomadic lifestyle
With modern frivolity
That seems like the lifestyle
That's right for me
And it seems
To be
So beautiful
So beautiful
I feel so out of place in this wondrous forest
And I
Look up

It's pretty nice out here
I sit in again
Amongst the world at large
I wonder why I
Been out here before
In a wondrous cycle of release
Even though enclosed
In my own home
It's alright, there
Are places to go

"A garden to walk in
Is an immensity to dream in"
There are no excuses
For sitting and dreaming
To myself - this is it
This how it ends
No friends but trees

No friends but trees
No friends but trees

Remembering endless leagues

You played under the sea
It was an immense dream
By riversides and mountaintops
And steep, stark drops
Never wanting to be lost inside
Amongst a million trees you'll hide
Sitting around
Doing nothing
Just the way you want it to be
Wondering if you'll ever come to see
All that you thought you could
Will there ever come a time
Where you'll want to sit in line?
Amongst the trees
And un-orderly leaves
Something special comes and goes
It grows

Knocking nests, and leaves,
And pinecone bristles
As you make your merry way
Back to the front to meet your friends
Climbing trees that are built for threes
And hanging umbrellas in their canopies
One-upping nature
Having yourself a merry time
Eating pizzas and pieces of lime
Coloured sweets they got from their mothers
They don't know
How they tasted

Is there something about the colour green
That makes us so intrigued?
A slice of lime up in the tree
Eating pizza, so sublime
A leaf of basil on a homemade
Wedge of pizza, made yesterday
Oh, it tastes so good
'Cause you made it yourself
There is no
Other explanation

You are sitting in the forest
With friends in a
Dry muddy patch

There is a rope swing
Rising up from the ground
Waiting for you to use it
Else it will never be found
It's filling with water
With each passing minute
Will you get in it?

'New Grass' begins to play
Fades the end of the day
Wondering how there can be
So much left - it's
Ten o'clock
Time to go

Home

You all think this song's a bit melodramatic
You never did meet in that same way again

A Million Dots On A Dome

[from *The Same, But Different*, recorded 2020]

There are
All sorts
Of things out there

We sit
We look
We wonder and stare

There's no
One that
Falls down
Hereat

Or we
between
do escape
within our peers

Here they come
They go again
When they leave
It's no longer your friend
When you see
Those lights on the dome
You won't know
How you lived before

I didn't love you
I just hold onto you
You see
It is clear
To me

You're the ground
I never found you
That interesting
You're protesting me
And I don't see why
I should ever go back

Goodbye
I'll miss
You and
Your signs
Why not
Visit
Another time