

Death of the Lizard King and other poems

a collection of poems

by

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Death of the Lizard King

You can't see it from the path
 But it's there
 Squeezed in between the crypts
 And tombs
 A simple hunk of granite
 A brass square tacked on:
 "James Douglas Morrison"

No bust
 No statue
 No la grande monument
 Just dirty sand, neatly raked
 Covering scarred earth.

On the rock
 Above the plaque
 Sad flowers
 Yellow and Red
 Wilt in the midday sun

A security guard prowls by
 Eyes angry
 Gun ready
 Hurries along the eager happy snappers
 Grabbing memories by the Shaman's grave

They don't see
 Deep below
 Flaking in a crusty coffin
 The bones of the man himself

No leather pants now
 Hugging writhing crotch
 No beads
 No vest or unkempt hair

Just fibula and tibia
 Stripped of gristle and marrow
 Rotting quietly to the accompaniment
 Of ant and beetle

He was the Lizard King
 He could do anything

Millions knew his name

And now thousands still
Make the pilgrimage
Answer the call
To that lonely corner
Along Montmartre

To visit the final
Tour Stop
Of the man
Who opened the door

Desperate to catch the magic
One last time

To hear the secret whispers
Scattered across unknown highways
(Bleeding)

And all day they dig
With dirty nails
And battered hearts

Desperately retrieving
The magic that lies buried
But still very much alive

For them.

27

The rockstar's magic number

Jim Morrison
Ian Curtis
Janis Joplin
Jimmi Hendrix
Kurt Cobain

All dead at
27

The centre of the feast

when I'm gone
don't cover up my body
as it lays silent
on the cold barren stone

Leave my bones unfettered
and paint a smile upon my face
and do not cast your eyes down
as you file slowly past

But tell jokes and laugh
then listen
to hear me giggle
in response

And later hold not a mournful wake
but a bulging feast
and leave a chair for me
middle of the table, centre of the fun

Make sure my plate is overflowing
and my glass full to the brim
For that is where you
shall always find me

mouth full and belly laughing
chortling away
cheeks red pinched and merry
at the centre of the feast

The Whirlpool

Do you ever get the feeling
Deep down inside
That you're not part of the world
Don't share the same space
That you're just visiting for a short time
From another planet deep in the void
Where soon you'll return
Where everything makes sense
Where everybody speaks your language
Where you're just not so weird

You see there's this guy
It's like an episode of Seinfeld
Although it's not all that funny
For you
Or him

I think I might go live in a convent
And only come out on Sundays
On every second week
Of every fourth month
Of every third year
I just don't get it

You see when I was new born
A little ball of crap
In a crappy little crib
Someone came in with
Very fine sandpaper
and they wrapped my body
shedding the outer rim

They delicately rubbed off my
Top layer of skin
Shredded the outer rim

Leaving me naked, vulnerable
Unprepared

So now I'm one skin layer short
Ready to be kicked
And she did just that
Right in the cajoolies
Middle of the sweet spot

I'm not in the middle of my life
I'm watching it from the sideline
I'm on the edge of the real (pool)
Scared to put my toes in the water
So why can't I just dive in ?

I'm an addict
An alcoholic
An obsessive love nut
I'm gone
I'm lost
Down to my last cent
Spent

I'm cornered
I'm fucked
Sucked in
Sucked out
Chundered

Maybe I'm just really tired
I don't know if I can
Keep my head afloat
I'm slipping under the water
Drowning in it
Fast

Right up my bum
Slipping from the rope
The truth of my insane brain

I wish I had my own personal
Wind up Jesus
So I could wind him up
And he could save me again and again and again

I'm outside the pet shop window
Looking in
At the stupid little puppy
With his stupid little wet nose
Squashed up against the glass

What you couldn't believe
Always turns out to be real
Impossible

Incredible
Indelible
Real

Once upon a time
The veil slides back
And you glimpse the true horror
Of reality
That usually remains hidden

Life without filters
Full blown
In sens-surround-sound
Cinemascope
35 millimetre
Technicolor
Dolby Digitalised
Full on
Unedited
Uncut
Frightening
Fulsome
Full Blown
On top of you

I don't know if I can do it
I don't know if I
Can make it through
This day
Without You

I don't know if I can live
One more hour
One more minute
One more second

One more breeze
One more breath
One more ray of sun
One more glance

I can't breathe anymore
Life has sucked all the air out of my lungs

I don't know if I can live
Without You

I seem to be missing this layer of skin
Because I feel everything so much
Everything hurts so much
Everything makes me so angry
Happy
Silly
Sad

I just can't be outside it for one more second
I'm always in the middle of it
Drowning

There's something missing
I lost a piece
It fell out the window
On to the road
A few miles back

The weathercock on top of the stable
The hoof of the horse
The oar on the paddle of my little canoe
The last piece of the puzzle that makes
The whole crazy world make sense

May, 2003

i don't really sleep anymore

I don't really sleep anymore
 Just prowl the hose all night
 Fulfilling meaningless tasks
 Washing and drying singlets at 1am
 Eating dinner at two
 Chops and re-heated pumpkin
 Speckled with dijon mustard
 Between three and four
 I'm flicking channels between
 New and sport
 Motorcross on Fox 8
 Russian Soaps on SBS
 Turkish News
 Afghanistan, Iraq, Zim
 Walk up the stairs
 Walk down them again
 Walk up the stairs once more
 Polish my shoes
 Whiten my teeth
 And just around 5am
 When the milkman is delivering
 His load
 I scour the bookshelves
 For French love poems
 Turn the pages
 Not even bothering to
 Make sense of the words

I don't know the cause
 Of my unending unrest
 Concern for the world
 Running wild at large
 Pestilence
 Famine
 Terror on the loose
 War war war

Is it absence of love
 Or lack of inner peace
 Or cause I just can't fit the world
 Into my overstuffed head
 Is it the weather
 The moon and tide
 Or the words behind my eyes

Tumbling on forever and ever
Syllables without end

I don't have any answers
For this creeping indolence
Suffocating need
That keeps me up
Pawing the carpet
Like a love sick cat
Till first light mercilessly breaks

I don't even know
Who I am anymore
Where I came from
Where I'm returning to
Why I can't just
Shut up my skull
And be
Just be
In the moment
At last
Clear clean free

And when dawn does finally
Blissfully arrive
It's okay
Because tonight
Guess what ?
I can do it
All over again

Julian Cope is dead

Julian Cope is dead
Bill Drummond said

But Julian didn't die
He just went a bit weird

The Man With The Gun

Last night I dreamt I was shot
By this man with
The biggest gun I'd ever seen
A giant green revolver
The colour of mouldy bronze
With these enormous bullets
That he needed two hands to load
Into the gigantic chamber

He asked me to go outside
With his enormous gun
And I said "No thanks.
Not with that gun"
Which was understandable
Sure

So he didn't hesitate
He just raised his giant gun
With both hands
And shot
Me

Through the chest
Or was it the stomach
Or the ...
Put it this way
He didn't miss
And as I lay on the floor
In my dream
Bleeding torrents into the dirty brown carpet
Now red

I thought "This doesn't hurt so much"
But then
It was a dream

Then I thought
In my dream
"What happens now?"

"Big gun, big bullet, didn't miss.
I guess I'm done"

But then I thought

“If you dream that you die
In a dream
Then don't you die
Out of the dream
As well ?”

So I thought I better wake up quick
And I did.

Leaving the man
In my dream
With the big gun
To clean up the carpet
Smiling

Waiting for me to
Enter the land of closed eyes
Again

(May, 2003)

Marlene Off the Wall

Suzanne Vega
Wrote songs
About
Being lonely

Now that she's
Not lonely
Anymore

What will she
write songs

about ?

Ode to a virgin

Madonna

Half of the world wants to sleep with you

The rest already have

Why can't you just believe ?

Why can't you believe
 In something
 Something that means something
 Anything

You look like an extra from Eraserhead
 You masturbator
 You perpetrator
 Of crimes against language
 Against sound
 Against sense

Give us the best thing you can give us
 Silence
 And then maybe we could believe again

Why can't you just believe ?
 Why do you have to be so
 Sardonic
 Nasty
 Crass

Why must you make fun of
 Anything that frightens you ?
 Turn it all into a joke
 Wasting space
 Offending time

Why can't you just believe ?
 In hope
 Forgiveness
 Promise
 Tomorrow

All of life's answers are not
 In the bottom of your beer glass
 You're not that funny
 You're not that cute
 You just use a lot of words

Why can't you just believe ?
 A spiritual void
 You're not dying
 You're already dead

Ingmar Bergman's Art

Ingmar Bergman's Art
Consists of

Emotions
Rhythm
Light

In slightly different amounts

30
I went to see a film about
Ingmar Bergman

A documentary
Covering his art

Personal
Probing
Intimate

Rhythm
Emotions
And light

Bibi
discussing her pants

Eliot Gould
full of praise

The man himself
Surprisingly open

At at the end
Everybody got up
Quickly
Quietly
And filed silently
Out

Awkward
Embarassed

As if they'd just walked in
On someone
Having a crap