

Life writing

1. And bring him into the splendour of your kingdom of light.

Is there no end to your demands?

What do you want now? I'm busy.

You're so needy, it's constant, nag, nag, nag.

First its a shit, then a piss or you're cold or you're hungry.

Do you never just shut the fuck up?!

And the flesh magic reveals itself moment by moment

and the blood machine wants and wants and wants,

and a body meets a body coming through the rye

and asks, 'will you stay long?'

No, I am fleeting like you.

I have come to experience the miracle of the guts,

or were you hoping for something more... profound?

You could try to read the story from the bone dance,

the skeletal freak out. See what I have to do

just to live in this fucking dump.

2. For the love you have implanted in our hearts.

'What do you see in me?' she asked

I see the infinite void and time without beginning.

And she said, 'and this is what passes for love these days?'

No, love is writing it down. Look at these

symbols I have scratched in the dust.

And for a moment we were butterflies and knew

that all physical things are not physical but metaphysical,

and even the medium of air is only a thought

and while I was saying all of this

our wings... caught... fire.

'You're pathetic.' she screamed.

'Thank you, this is all great material.' I said.

So we set our bodies free to do their work
and we (though mainly she) made forms in the void
and their eyes broke our hearts like china.

3. On behalf of a man whose soul is departing, and who cannot speak.

Death has nothing to say,
it just stares back up from the grave,
like a thief caught dipping its cold hand
in the warm pockets of the living
in a supermarket queue.

It sits through all your boring stories
guessing your weight to the ounce,
knowing they all end the same way,
with a carcass, on a hook, in a deep freeze
with the door shut.

It stretches your skin as thin
as paper over your birdlike bones,
as your tongue protrudes
in one last flagrant blasphemy
and a final dead end.

In nomine Patris

et Filii

et Spiritus Sancti

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Intoned
from
behind a
curtain.