

*Of* THOUGHTS  
A PATIENT MAN  
BREAKING

AND OTHER VERSES



KEN KOAST

PRESENTED BY THE 4185 PRESS

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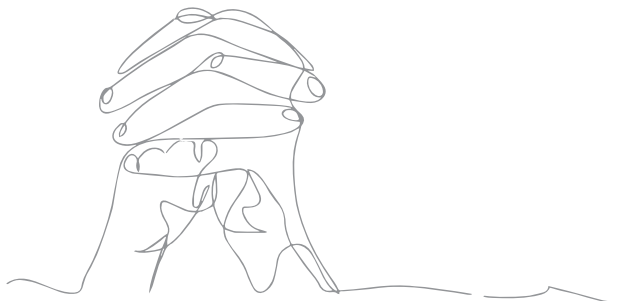
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# Dedication



For Mark Gachanja a.k.a Goshwak (RIP):  
The Quintessential Artist.



## Acknowledgment

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To the Almighty

For the Family

...and True Creatives everywhere...



“To be human is to be broken  
and broken is its own kind of beautiful.”

~ r. m. drake



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# 1st Class (Dis)Honours

Grimy fellows

Garments tattered

Layered in filth, head to sole

Wielding pistols, machetes, daggers and batons

Wreaking terror upon the innocent

Reaping all valuables save none

Leaving in their wake horror and untold mayhem

Obvious thuggery

Then

Suave fellow

Clad in only the priciest tailored suit

Wielding a pen, silver-tipped as his tongue

Committing forgeries and countless discrepancies

Embezzling millions of paid taxes

Perpetrating mass financial genocide

Thuggery too

So

Which is worse?

# A Mother's Love



Afraid to open his eyes  
Yet wishing he could  
Praying that if he did  
The darkness of a new day  
Would dissipate on cue  
From the bleakness of a new danger  
Even vice-versa would do  
If only a dream would overstay its welcome  
And usurp the reality of Reality  
He wishes...  
Yet he can't wish this away  
It denies him the luxury  
Its aura intensifies - he must be glowing by now  
As Hell gives a warm self-introduction  
Mind, Body, Spirit - all smithereens  
Yet another cry clambers out through the cracks  
Of a broken being  
Joining countless others forced out  
Into a care-less world  
Sounds only he himself hears  
The Mourner and The Deceased  
The weight on his back, the story of Atlas all over again  
A touch so familiar

Mind, though feeble, discerns that these are different  
times  
He sees it all through the eye that never dims  
If only in monochrome...  
The steel yoke round his neck  
Are hands whose tenderness is his earliest - and fondest -  
memory  
The same balmy palms that touch him there  
The ones now pulling at his arms and face  
Willing him to contact with that which even he knows he  
shouldn't  
As if he needs orientation  
To what was once his life's sustenance  
But he doesn't need it now  
He's a Big Boy - she said so herself!  
Moist lips, once reserved for a peck on the cheek or  
forehead when he'd done good  
Now savagely ravage his own  
Threatening to rip his visage off  
Yes, it's all too familiar  
Only the premise is strange  
Still, all is still

Other than the pain - and that other thing he doesn't get  
yet  
But even those have to go away sometime  
They have to  
If the whims of the damned can take form  
Then it is possible that the past can rush forth  
Pry him from the treacherous clutches  
Of a lecherous now  
And deliver him to a morrow that neither knows nor cares  
From whence he comes  
Yet bids him welcome  
Unseeing eyes light up  
The beast stops  
Panting, drooling  
Silence  
She looks at the prey, puzzled  
"Is he dead?"

# Add Water



Hacked pieces of lamb  
Huge calabashes of beer

Ululation on one side, wailing on the other

The mood is bitter-sweet

Sombre-celebratory

Call it a funeral-wedding

The old man can't help showing off his mono-toothed gums

Grinning fixatedly, like a sphinx in twisted pleasure

Finally!

A fine young thing to warm his bed

To massage his sinews after a long day of doing nothing

He'd paid a hefty sum, too; she'd better be worth it

Finally the girl is brought in

Strutting timidly, painfully

Like a barefoot model on a thorn-strewn runway

Brown skin glistening with robust health

Eyes lifeless

Peering into the bleak future ahead

The mother is inconsolable in her agony

Crying all the months she carried the child within herself

All the years she has brought her up

And crying the many years left

Before the child would be a woman  
The geezer fidgets excitedly in his seat – what a knockout!  
Won't he now be the envy of his peers, let alone the  
youngsters  
Who think they have 'game'?  
The father voraciously counts the blood money  
What little grief he felt is instantly erased  
His heart now frigid  
Like the metal and paper he now holds  
Fancy that!  
Notes and coins fit snugly into the place in a father's heart  
Formerly reserved for his only offspring!  
"Tis the ways of our people," he opines  
'People'?

# After Hours



After the *twilight*  
Comes the *quiet night*  
Thinking there's a hidden danger  
You'd be *quite right*  
Troubled clock gives no *indication*  
Of how quickly we've come to this moment of *vindication*  
When skeletons break down closet doors  
And *grow flesh*  
Cemetery daffodils soak up earth-run blood  
And *grow fresh*  
*Putrefied*, ashen faces turn pale all over again  
*Petrified*  
Sensing true purpose  
In an otherwise delusional planet  
Not quite fathoming the plan yet  
Just watching it *unravelling*  
*Marveling*  
That such feeling could still exist  
After a lifetime of death  
Even the maggots feel it  
Tears of emotion gel with *body slime*  
Streaking away all recollection of *sordid crime*

From the minds *they inhabit*  
'Cause looking close you may find *vain habits*  
That preceded this jaunt to *bleakness*  
Regrets of days past still taunt their *weakness*  
Like *vultures' talons*  
Tearing at whatever's left  
Of the *culture's barons*  
And values that were all impractical aesthetic  
Like *sculptured falcons*  
Self-examination yields nada  
Like a *reflection's shadow*  
*Rejection's ardour*  
Builds further, till it's all they've *ever known*  
Like this darkness was *never gone...*  
...then we put our lighters up for them...

# Arm Wrestling (The Hands of Time)

At this point I'm *stuck in rewind*  
Longing to know how my life *plays out*  
With any *luck, I'll remind*  
Myself what it feels like to *face doubt*  
I see the need now to mark where I should *pause and*  
*edit*  
Like the people who truly 'dug' me, while I gave *hoes the*  
*credit*  
For the bad parts, how could I live *without fast forward?*  
Running away from my shame like an *outcast coward*  
Dark times that, though you could *probably relate*  
I wish I could *honestly delete*  
Half-hearted apologies get stuck in *my septum*  
Can't express them if I myself can't *accept 'em*  
There's a catch in trying to *appear vulnerable*  
Coming clean only to *disappear 'honourably'*  
While I'm yet to even *pay the bride price for a wife*  
Still for my blood they *bay and write lies 'bout my life*  
My secrets they want me to *lay bare*  
Like *showing my own porn*  
Half-expecting me to *lay there*

*Blowing my own horn*  
Still, music to your ears  
Could be *noise to mine*  
Thrust upon me all these years  
'Wasn't my *choice to shine*  
But, stuck up high *amongst stars*  
I've found there are angels *amongst us*  
Concealing their wings, but ever aware of the '*chicken*'  
*label*  
Knowing True Grace is silent; only to be said at the  
*kitchen table*  
Yet, also entangled in those *barbed clouds*  
Dead birds wrangle like *starved hounds*  
Literally putting me in my place in the '*pecking*' order  
Until mind, soul and body are like the *Chechen border*  
And the war rages on even worse as I'm *getting older*  
Arm-wrestling the Hands of Time, I'm *wrecking shoulders*  
Okay, I guess my emotions are taking over now  
And not the ones I like, like making love – Nah  
I mean the ones that make you want to *leap off of a ledge*  
Trouble – no matter how much I try to *keep off, I'm*  
*'alleged'*



# A Vampire's Diary

She says she wants me to be the one to put on her glass  
slipper

But if the shoe was on the other foot,  
She shouldn't be walking on such thin ice  
I'm Toxic...

Like the strand of shared saliva  
That misted into the streetlight as we broke our kiss  
Now it's flames of passion post-after-burn  
But this passion is a flower with burgundy petals and a  
blood-caked stem,

No fruits to be reaped here  
When the sweat turns the bed cold  
Like the morgue slab back home  
She lies there, swaddled in crushed linen  
Cooing, calling me her 'Baby'  
I say nothing

She puts a palm to my face, searching for evidence  
Of what must have seemed so evident just hours ago  
Her touch is so warm...if only I could linger there a bit  
longer...  
But NO!

I pull away, struggling to concentrate, the lethargy taking  
post

Her 'windows' look out to a sea of doubt

Waves of disappointment crashing over a 'situationship'...  
on the rocks

Gulls flutter overhead

Yet another swimmer who knew not how to keep it afloat

That palm again – more urgent this time on my wrist

Feels like handcuffs

I pull away again & grab my jacket in a single motion,  
hitting my knee against the bed post

I hiss a curse as I look around to see if I've left anything

Not that I carried much

My mind's mirror is too scuffed to sustain any reflections

Feelings, on their way out, must've brushed shoulders

With the early dawn streaming in

I like to travel light

I open the door just as I hear her bosom heave

I pause for a moment but don't look back

I step out into the street...and immediately step back  
inside, shielding my eyes

Sunshine!

I don't do Sunshine!

The crystal glare of uncivil stares burns the very skin off  
my face

How appropriate, then, that I am, by nature, a creature of  
the night...

The door shuts behind me with a dull thud  
Like I imagine a heartbeat would sound like – if I had a  
heart

With a sigh, I turn gingerly to face her  
Standing there, still sobbing,  
Feet bare on the sheepskin rug, toes curled,  
In layers of white,

Like I imagine a sad angel would look like  
I inhale sharply again

“OK, look, it's like this...”

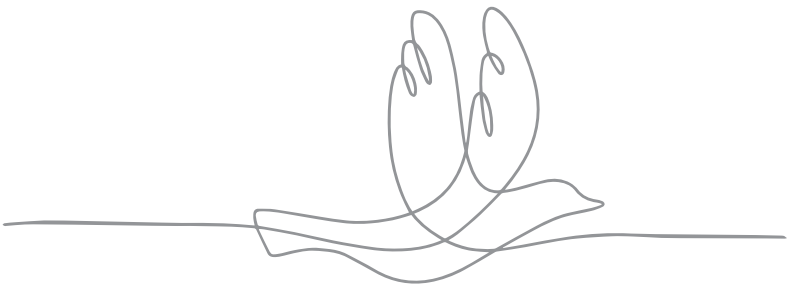
# Black Doves



This was a sunset of blood  
The sky, resembling an enormous cotton pad  
Keenly soaking up every last drop of the gore  
That had drenched the earth so copiously that day  
All was silent  
All, but shared soliloquy between two silhouettes on a  
bough  
Black doves arisen from the ashes of war  
Akin to what they had seen the phoenixes do countless  
times...  
...and practised as much  
Today the practice had certainly come in handy  
An eerie sense of empty relish  
They had survived!  
Almost felt sorry for the worms, only now crawling out of  
cover  
They, too, had prevailed against incredible odds  
Why, then, should their triumph be so short-lived?  
In true Pharisaic form, one swooped down and returned  
shortly after  
A plump caterpillar in its beak  
The grit-bearing southerlies streaked some of the smudge  
off them

Each one chuckled at the other's new threads  
Winged mini-zebras!  
But looks turned grave soon enough  
The symbolism dawning on them  
What had they done!  
And what was this message they pushed so fervently  
For which they had almost lost their lives  
What was it all for when the result was always the same?  
A crossroads indeed  
Each path looking as damned as the next  
How to decide which was right  
Should they wait for the gathering storm?  
The rain would cleanse them and they could resume their  
fruitless mission  
Or should they once again dive headfirst  
Into the death from which they had risen?  
Anoint themselves like the Catholics  
This time, giving it time to seep through into their little  
hearts  
And wear this new colour proudly  
Flaunting it above the clouds  
Embracing their new role  
As harbingers of doom?

They could change the world as anyone knew it  
Two shadows saw the light  
It was done.



# Breakfast in Bed



I watch you sleep  
And wonder if I feature in your dreams at all  
When you hug the duvet closer  
I imagine it's my arm you're missing  
Around you  
When you mutter something in your slumber  
I strain closer, praying to catch  
The subtle kiss of my name on your lips at it leaves  
Whenever a smile plays on your semi-conscious  
countenance, I...

I think of you  
Sometimes, I think, a bit too much  
Till it's gone beyond mere thought  
It consumes me now, with a ravenous hunger  
Till I'm nothing  
But again  
Same 'nothing' without it  
Funny how a dream-come-true  
Brought nightmares to life too  
Vampires who dared show their face  
Whilst I basked in the sunshine of you

For better? For worse?  
I embrace it all  
One arm warm  
The other  
A shield of cold calm  
Lest the naysayers spew affliction in my ear  
And turn my temple  
Into a palace of malice  
Suspicion, the only arousal to be had

And how could it not?  
When my weakness and my strength  
Are one and the same?  
With what currency can I purchase your love  
When we spend more money  
Than time?  
Only fools already live in paradise  
The rest stay ploughing gardens  
Hoping to strike Eden any day soon  
Like educated goats  
'Browsing' spider lairs

I get entangled in that on which I can't put my finger  
Yet bears heavily on my shoulders  
Light to the touch with the weight of anchor chains  
I'm losing this one  
It's nothing new – I've been here before  
But this time?  
I feel it taking me with it  
The walls in this room are closing in; let them  
Baby, we can have breakfast in bed.



# Clouds



I see you

It's impossible not to

What, with all your huffing, puffing, flexing

Looking down on me, sizing me up

Finding me fit to be bullied

Hell bent on ruining my day, you are

The ill will flashes across your face undisguised

A laugh that thunders with unprovoked hate

I'll admit it - you *can* be intimidating

To one who is new to you, at least

The size alone gets you

The heft always impeccably dressed

Always in white, or black, or grey

No sense of variety is in you

All depending on your mood that day

A mood that swings like a pendulum in the Titanic

Elegant waltz segueing into unhinged mayhem

Out of the blue

Sending everyone helter-skelter

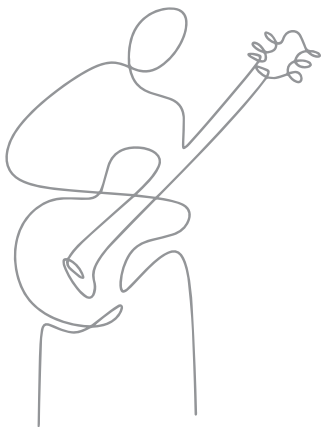
Scampering for shelter from a wrath

'Like that of the gods'

Yeah, I see you  
I think we've established that much  
But even more importantly  
I see through you  
Seeing you for who you truly are  
And I notice some things  
Like how you never come alone  
Always seeking out equally spineless peers  
To join your terrorist sprees  
Pre-pubescent tendencies  
Then you act like you run the show  
When you are really just minions for unseen powers up  
high  
Whose force is as natural as yours is...  
Well...forced!  
Small fry in a tea cup, trying to stir up a storm

Just once I'd love to see you in solo action  
See how well you fare without backup  
Heck, I'll even take on all of you - same difference  
I'm certain that if I step up to you  
I'll only confirm what I suspect to be true  
That in reality, you are...nothing

Yes...that's it...  
More 'big baby' than Big Bad Wolf  
And indeed  
After you've thrown your deafening tantrums  
And bawled your eyes out  
(For some reason, you think you look scary but you're just  
plain annoying!)  
There's nothing left to be seen  
I could laugh in your face but it's nowhere in sight  
Now I can savour the light and warmth again.



# Conversations @ Midnight



I didn't care enough but I wrote my own eulogy anyway

Impressions ever important in this life or the next

They call me sick yet the hate is chronic

Plagued by the illusion that I'm in control

I see in other eyes the things to which I'm blind

Out of choice or necessity, the question is irrelevant

Whoever fights over thrones

Sooner or later finds himself overthrown

The surprise may seem melodramatic at first

Yet sometimes the simplicity of The Real simply eludes us

With no fight left in me, I still dodge & weave

Though it does little good when it's mists I'm fighting

Still, the weapon in hand is a terrible thing to waste

Steel lusts for blood - whether yours or mine

Guts turn to mush, sinking with each blow

But the promise of paralysis gifts me with strength

Walking with folk of similar ill fate

The promise of a shared end better than any fairy tale  
ending

Expectations burst proud chests

And the heart is no longer where it used to be

The unknown so familiar now

Those that betrayed me turn into dependable confidantes  
Yet the world expects me to act like nothing's changed  
Conceal the change, too proud to show the hurt  
The truth is, I've blown it  
The lie is that I know it  
But if that's all they keep saying, well...  
Plus nowadays there's so little to believe in  
It took so long to get to this place  
And now, living here  
Is as painful as the thought of leaving  
You wouldn't believe me if I told you  
Yet mistaken identity is the last thing I could claim  
When 'Who am I?' is the hardest question ever posed  
Sense of purpose not the most common of the senses  
If I hold on too tightly, the fingerprints could implicate me  
And leave me condemned to a lifetime of loss  
It's alright, give me time  
I'll be back.

# Dining While Dying

It really isn't easy, dealing with the distance  
It also isn't cheesy, me feeling the instant  
The heart's perspective changed  
Retrospectively  
And our souls were left estranged  
Introspectively  
I see the folly in my ways  
No longer jolly in our gaze  
Strangers turn to friends & back to strangers  
I'm stretching my wig's end on how to rearrange us  
Mutual silence seems kosher till you consider the dangers  
Of having Enchantment & Infatuation as the game  
changers  
Never got the chance to know exactly how I should have  
reacted  
To a feeling I've rarely had before that was suddenly  
retracted  
Tried the gentlemanly route - tried to go with the flow  
But a fish in the desert is dessert - if you know, you know  
I'm dining while dying (inside)  
Though it sounds more like I'm whining while wining  
Reactions unrefined

Come off ugly  
In situations undefined  
Just never knew what I was supposed to do  
When light turns into the bleakness I'm opposed to, too  
When the sun we basked in turns into a charred comet  
Didn't caress your heart only to crush it; far from it  
Maybe we felt things different  
And expressed them as such  
Both met many people - different  
But few impressed me as much  
So let's converse - & please forgive my long verse  
'Hope our love story is lying in the wrong hearse...

# Evening



## Evening

When the tame ones come home  
Paving way for the wild ones to roam  
Sultry breeze conveys a thousand souls to eternal rest  
Its musk, the essence of dusk  
Crimson highlights on the clouds  
Something out of a Mediterranean epic  
Silhouetted greenery gives a promise  
Of the secrets of the night at hand  
Owl's eyes peer out from amidst the fig boughs  
Anticipating enchantment of the night  
We ready ourselves for consummation with phantasms  
Light-headed as we head to dark  
You can hold on to dawn a little longer.

# Happenings of Happiness

A man said to me once  
"One day you'll be happy"

This he said as he applied balm on my back  
On wounds that would have barely stopped bleeding  
Before the flogging resumed.

The couple next door are always smiling  
PDAs, hands always intertwined on their leisurely walks  
This, most certainly, bliss  
Yet I spy them on select nights  
When either is out of town  
Two always come home.

I was there on graduation day  
'Couldn't have missed it for anything  
My brother's crowning moment  
A doctor, finally - squarely in Father's footsteps  
And a job already guaranteed at the most renowned  
practice  
A sliver of envy can't help seeping through my good wishes  
As I reflect on my own ladder - too many rungs to go  
A day like this would, without a doubt, be my happiest ever  
His beaming as he bounds towards us confirms it

But the grin turns wistful, and perhaps fades a few shades  
As he glances down the street, seeing a troupe of dancers  
    Spiritedly going through their motions, electrifying  
                    bystanders  
The dreamy look in his eye belies an inopportune regret.

    I trudged down the street in ponderous mood  
The load on my mind seemingly impeding my stride  
    I looked up and saw a man coming my way  
    His mood as opposite as his direction to mine  
Gleeful singing - albeit off-key - with a look of sheer  
                    ecstasy  
His step a tad too light as though he were waltzing on  
                    sheer air  
                    I envied him!  
    As he passed me, my gaze followed him  
    Idly wondering at the source of his Elysium  
The bottle of elixir peeking out of his back responded loud  
                    and (not so) clear

    I mused about these and several other such encounters  
On my quest to understanding the meaning of happiness

The literal meaning - the dictionary definition - threw me  
further off

Then I met an old man who told me  
That the pursuit of happiness was like attempting to erase  
The lines carved on his face by Age's artistic hand  
In the vein of searching for 'True Love', 'Inner Peace'  
"You can never find Happiness, son:  
It's not your place to do so.  
It finds You."  
Call this is a Bermuda love Triangle.



# He's Not Me

So you found yourself a new man  
No wonder you're no longer the girl I knew then  
'Finding myself at a loss on what to do when  
You say, "He makes me happier than you can"  
But,  
He's not me.

You say he helped you forget all the pain  
That he dried the tears' flow like he could stall the rain  
And lifted you high, promised to never let you fall again  
You add 'private' details - appalled I remain  
Sweetie, it's all in vain,  
He's not me.

He could have infinite loads of money  
The type that could buy your laughter even when the jokes  
aren't funny  
In your quest for happiness, he could probably pay for the  
journey  
Maybe even buy off the rain, guarantee that all your days  
are sunny  
Even then, honey  
He's not me.

He may be 'sexier' than I by miles  
Always clad in all the latest styles  
You probably get 'one' when he simply smiles  
You may say it's bile, but even with charm in piles  
He's not me.

Could it be just a fling? I couldn't be sure  
Would it lessen the sting, if I knew it could be more?  
Let the pendulum reverse its swing; remember how we  
were before?  
But maybe it's just your thing; always looking for a hero  
To play the villain to, then paint him as such  
Is it any wonder, then  
That he's not me?  
Man, am I glad  
I'm not him!

# i'm Perfect

Perfect plans

Conceived by imperfect minds

Perfect works

Fashioned by imperfect hands

Perfect symphony

Strummed on imperfect chords

Perfect picture

Painted from imperfect memory

Perfect sight

Beheld by imperfect eyes

Perfect emotion

Evoked by imperfect feelings

Perfect kiss

Planted by imperfect lips

Perfect lies

Told between imperfect friends

Perfect prayer

Offered up by imperfect spirit

Perfect practice

Readying for imperfect cause

Perfect battle

Won with imperfect arms  
Perfect laughter  
Born out of imperfect pain

Perfect life  
In an imperfect world.



# Inferstition



Does it matter if you drink from wells  
Or from mirages  
'Long as the thirst is quenched?

Does the glass have to be mirrored  
That whose shattering is supposed to doom your luck?  
Or could fragments of stained cathedral panes  
Bring you nightmares  
In vivid colour, perhaps?

If a flipped coin lands neither on heads nor tails  
But on its edge  
Who takes the spoils, you or I?

Are your prospects today honestly dictated by the colour  
of the cat?  
That which broke your stride  
As it crossed your way early morning?  
And what if it only did so  
To intercept the mamba lying in ambush  
Zeroed in on your heel?

If you view a rabbit's foot as 'lucky'  
What then does that say about the owner  
From whom it was severed?

They say some of it is written in the stars  
But if the message was posted so far out  
Was it, then, really intended for the perusal  
Of mortal Man?

I'm charting my own course  
Don't concern yourself with where my compass points  
You're not coming with me  
This is my script  
I'm its writer, narrator and sole protagonist  
You be the audience with no say.

# Kenyan Lady

## Kenyan lady

You never cease to amaze me

You spend half the morning layering your face with  
makeup

That will most likely all run off within the hour  
In a flood of 'tears of joy'

When you bump into one of your girlfriends

You were with only a fortnight ago

And when you hug and she winks at me over your shoulder  
I would not dare tell you

Because somehow it would become my fault

## Kenyan lady

I'm lost on this one

You want us to be equals - and that's cool with me

Yet the number of doors and chairs I'm pulling for you  
In a few short months, I've accrued over 15 years worth  
Of valeting experience

But at least if anyone ever tried setting a booby trap for  
me

Well... ;-)

When we go out  
You make it a rule to order the priciest item on the menu  
Then only nit-pick through it  
Watching your 'hourglass', you say  
Me? I'm also on a diet  
An 'account balance crash' diet  
Some salad and water, please...

And at the club (nothing short of the trendiest, I might add)  
You hardly pay me any notice  
If you're not on your phone, you're dancing with some  
fellow  
'An old acquaintance'  
Only pausing at spells to pet me oh so lovingly on the hand  
When you need a refill  
And when you've had enough  
And need a lift home

But just before we leave  
You again expect me to put my body on the line  
To 'defend your honour'

When it is you who slapped that guy  
Whose profile I'm sure I must have peeked in last month's  
'Muscle & Fitness'  
And when I get knocked out (as is RARELY the case, I  
should add!)  
You call me weak

Kenyan lady  
You are some piece of work, I tell you  
You want us to be like something out of those 'soaps'  
You tune into so religiously every evening, without fail  
So from time to time you miraculously create arguments  
out of nothing  
'The drama keeps our spark lit,' you say  
It's no wonder, then, that just as in those South American  
soaps  
I can still hear your hollering  
Long after your lips have stopped moving!

Kenyan lady  
Assist me to understand this  
What is the agreeable measure of 'I love you's'  
If I don't say it 'enough', I'm 'cold' and 'heartless'

If I say it 'too much', I'm 'too mushy' and 'overly emotional'  
And when I do say it, the best I get back is:  
'Yeah...thanks'

Kenyan lady  
I've given up trying to 'get' you  
I'm certain that if Solomon himself  
Even with wisdom in infinity  
Ever encountered you  
He'd quickly enquire about that money back guarantee...



# Lament is my Garment

Happiness seems like such a *long shot*

They tell me the ball's mine to play

Well, this seems like the *wrong court*

Feeling like the *ending is near*

Reeling in this *deafening fear*

Still...*pretending to hear*

Their *loud whispers*

But when I try reaching out,

The *crowds disperse*

Like, *around Christmas*

When the only Spirit to be felt

Is that which rains the *oesophagus*

Build my pains a *sarcophagus*

Reshuffle the *hand dealt me*

Please muffle the *band belting*

*Premature dirges*

Fit only for *nature's scourges*

Save me from *future purges*

'Coz if I had an extra breath for every time *tragedy struck...*

But here I am, cursing my *raggedy luck*

Should I be *penitent for cursing?*

I worry much, but I know

I'm not *hesitant for nothing*

Better me than you, *courting peptic ulcers*  
Regrets are like *rotting septic cancers*  
Eating you alive, leaving you with too many 'why's'  
Which only *beget cryptic answers.*



# Lava's Rock

It's tricky

See, I'm really not a *bad person*  
But I understand that was perhaps hard to see  
Over all my *mad cursing*  
All you could see was a *man insane*  
While all that really was, was a *man in pain*

.....

I never knew wanting you to *date me*  
Would eventually lead you to *hate me*  
Now I'm just mining at *rainbow's end*  
Pining for you, and I can't make the *pain go, friend*  
I'd rather not have you  
Than lose you  
'Wonder if it *makes sense*  
That I've been viewing us  
Through a *fake lens*  
Was you and me just my *main illusion* – or  
Was I just *plain delusional*?

.....

It won't be easy getting my *life straight*  
Even if there's someone out there for me,  
I've got to make my '*wife*' wait

Whilst I cauterize this *bleeding heart*  
Anaesthetize this *needy part*  
That has me *conceding hurt*  
Let me live cold  
'Coz there *ain't no love*  
No peace in my heart  
'Can't *paint no doves*  
Maybe saints and cherubs above  
'Coz you have no *earthly equal*  
Oh, won't our story *birth a sequel?*

*A Part Two*

'Wishing we could *start anew*  
'Wishing I never *hurt you.*

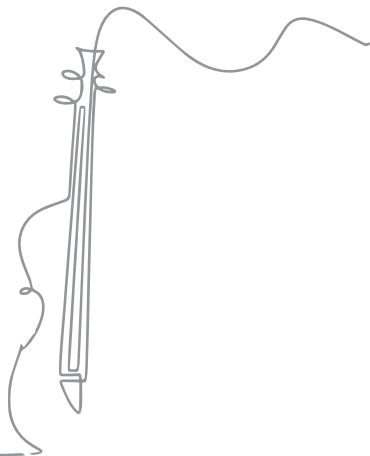
# Life's Daily

This morning, I made the headlines  
In brief, the editorial gave a short commentary about my  
rise  
From local stature  
Beyond regional renown  
To international acclaim  
The opinions varied, however  
Some predicted that I would be the future's 'main feature'  
Yet others were cynical that my business was so classified  
With these cartoons, I had exchanged more than a few  
cross words  
When they inferred that it did not take a horoscope  
reading to see  
That all the good it would yield  
Was an untimely notice  
In the obituaries  
But, you see, life is a sport we all play  
The only question, really, is whether you battle it out for  
glory  
On the grand stage  
Or are relegated to the back page  
Of Life's Daily.

# Lives in Concert – A haiku



Vague coo of surrender  
Music to Love's twitching ears  
'Go & sing no more.'



# Lost at the Track



I'm *paying suits*/

With *champagne flutes*/

Doing all it takes to win the *campaign afoot*/

But flawless *victory*/

Pales in comparison to *History*/

I'd rather be a sparrow over still waters

Than a peacock on a *fig tree*/

I lost my soul to *bottomless gin*/

My love is criminal, *so pardon this sin*/

No evidence it was real, I'm *missing receipts*/

Feeling like the spawn of Judas, when I *kiss in deceit*/

*Suspect 'ifs'* change the *perspective*/

Abandoned in time, this is the *perfect gift*.

# My Kematic Romance

When I wasn't ready for anyone, she was *ready for me*/  
Looking closer, she was every *lady for me*/  
Connecting '*Smart*' & '*Sexy*'/  
Don't let me *start on her texting*/  
Mere words set down can be *movies in 3D*/  
My guard let down, I'm *moving on 'greedy'*/  
*I can't get enough.../*  
I've always known 'this' to be a fight  
But *I can't be tough*/  
*Convos*, safer than *Volvos*/  
Fun/serious *combos* - I get *all those*/  
No *simple comments* just for *provocation*/  
*Simple moments* seem like *pro occasions*/  
Guess I'm "*hooked*" like *a fish on crack selling death*/  
The future is *cooked like a dish or snack: smelling fresh...*

Either way...

It's dinner for 2...

Now where's that impatient waiter...?

# New Day



Sunny spells dispel the *rumours*/  
That the rain will reign supreme  
The wind catches wind of the *humour*/  
In the fact that the *thunder*/  
Is mute in *wonder*/  
The *lightning*/  
No longer so *frightening*/  
'Seems like *the norm* – even *the storm*  
Like the proverbial one in a *teacup*/  
A mere *hiccup*/  
No rumbling in the belly of the *avalanche*/  
Like it had an antacid *over lunch*/  
Snow falls over *aging Everest*/  
From whose heights slivers of silver springs flow  
To soothe the *raging tempests*/  
In *low oceans*/  
Now swaying in *slow motion*  
Rainbows arrayed in *high definition*/  
Totally in sync with *my premonition*/  
Of a world after Nature's departure  
And everything is everything  
Yes, good people  
This is a new day.

## Palette Parking

Once in a while  
We paint the town red  
Thrills such as which  
Aren't for the yellow-bellied  
Stepping out like figures  
You only see on the silver screen  
Grey-haired stares give a green glare  
They had their time  
This is ours

Ebony arms around cinnamon hips  
Gyrating to the music  
Golden oldies, from Pink Floyd  
To showers of Purple Rain  
Drinks in all flavours  
Ice cream, to orange  
Or just on the rocks  
Rounds in infinity till the last man standing  
Raises the white flag  
Or blacks out  
Whichever comes first

Morning after, the blues will come and go  
'Can't wait to do it all over again!

# Points of no Return

It's in the yawning distance  
That seems to grow the more you cling to each other  
In eyes you could see an infinite Forever  
Now only obsidian fragments of a shared past  
Whose worth is now in serious question  
That voice that once stirred up the soul to euphoric  
crescendo  
Now a hollow drone whipping up a tempest of feeling  
Akin to sea sickness  
For empty heart is rocked by the motion  
Sailing on a sea of doubt  
Driven by the winds of resentment  
And you're left craving a vacation from this vexation  
A face that was once all you wanted to behold  
Still seared on brain tissue  
But more like a cigarette put out on an open sore  
Bouquets of forget-me-nots can't revive a time  
Now regarded in cold fear  
Now it is to learn from  
Not cherish and hold dear  
The shock of traversing the spectrum of emotion so  
extremely

Is like stumbling dazed out of the serenity of Eden  
Into a savage utopia deprived of Mother Nature's cosy  
caress

There will be no need for teary goodbyes  
Like a fire that slowly dies out on its own  
It's no use wondering where the smoke goes  
Bare hands cannot pull at a river's waters  
To change its course  
There doesn't even have to be 'someone else'  
When they, simply, no longer suffice  
You need not see the seconds left on the clock  
Or see the umpire's lips pursed around the whistle  
Or even hear the plump lady's vocal rehearsals  
When it's over, you will know  
All the signs are neon-lit  
And in HD.

# Rage of Angels

With intense subtlety  
Preceded by immortal philosophies  
Scribed on scripts of atmosphere  
Disguised as faceless hermits from vague backgrounds  
We came searching for answers  
To problems man had yet to conjure  
The still-seamless quilt up high, a testament to our  
resilience  
Interceding for a rapidly receding humanity  
Who oft interchanged serpent drool for the sweet elixir of  
rosebuds  
Evil firmly rooted in the fertile earth of the soul  
Even we fought hard to endure the allure  
At times stupefied, after all this timelessness spent chasing  
Grace  
Finding that having Faith wasn't the all-in-all  
We were drawn in  
By promises sealed by a hand placed over a left breast  
With no heart in it  
The palm soaked clean in the blood of the blemishless  
Only thinking about what was to come provided escape  
We struggle to converse in whispers  
Our heated arguments sound like thunder to them

Steps had to be stealthy, too  
Using their moral compass to navigate  
So you can guess how often we got lost  
Still we forged through the treacherous foliage  
Of carnage and corruption  
Making for the Heartland  
Where we prayed we'd find it  
A cure to detour a predestined disaster  
Our mission unsanctioned, yet so opportune  
We were willing to risk His wrath  
When the Gates remain this long without so much as a  
stolen peek  
Let alone an attempt at trespass  
It was a dire sign of the times  
Plus we had seen The Programme  
The next time we came down this way would be a whole  
different ball game  
Then, their cries for mercy would not be heard  
Above the fire and hail  
Eyes raised to the skies in supplication  
Would be blinded by the brilliance of His vengeance  
Churches would devour whole  
Those who sought refuge within their hallowed walls

And time for last-minute peace making  
Would arrive a second too soon...  
And all that was just the good part

We journey on  
We can't help but pray  
I know: the irony!

Pray that good intentions can somehow override destiny  
Pray that something great can be born out of this love  
A love so fierce it borders on hate  
Maybe He could rip off that page  
And start from scratch, writing a new chapter  
One of hope, happiness - all the good stuff  
Maybe...

The ground rumbles from its belly now  
Looking up, we see stars hurtling towards us  
We gaze at each other in mute horror  
Could His patience have run out so quickly?  
Sooner or later it had to, but not like this!  
Not now!  
We know the omens only too well  
It has begun!

# Requiem for a Dream

This thing we had was feeling *dream-like*  
And for a spell, I thought it *seemed right*  
And I thought that just maybe *she might*

Be my *green light*

Out of this *dim night*

'Got me laying the *world at her feet*

But,

She turned out to be a *girl that would cheat*

Hearts

Damn!

You wouldn't believe how much *it hurts*

Flames of feelings I jumped into *feet first*

I tried treating her with *honour*

Ignoring how little I had *known her*

Forgetting the fact that I *didn't own her*

Now I can't block out the images of *him on her*

Her velvety touch is a painful *bloody massage*

His cologne's essence on her, a *muddy mirage...*

...

But all is fair in *love and war*

I guess I fell for a *lovely whore*

See me, thinking she could *love me more*  
Acting like I've never been in *love before*  
It's all good, though  
My *lonely cold days*  
Have shown me that the world  
Is a *lonely cold place*  
Now I can only hold faith  
That I'll never go through this again –  
I'm *sorry old friend*  
Consider this a goodbye *kiss...uh*  
But I have to wonder  
Should I *miss her*?

## S.M.S (Save My Soul) – A haiku

My girl telephoned  
'Said I sound sad in my texts  
Fingers miss her touch.



# She's Getting Married



She's getting married!

'The Love of my Life'

'The One'

'The One that Got Away'

Call her what you may

News so sudden

Casts an extra burden

Heart already encumbered

With the realization that our odds were numbered

Our fate already tampered with

Society bid it so

We hadn't the luxury of choice to conform

The blueprints were laid out long before we were formed

Were it up to me

Gladly would I have been found dangling

From the branches of the Forbidden Fruit tree

Sweet poisonous pulp still dripping

From lips that once tasted Heaven

She's getting married

I'm not sure whether to be happy for her

Either for sure

Or for show

Would it be so self-serving  
To reveal my hurt  
And declare myself more deserving?  
Would it be disservice  
Not to accept the invitation?  
Should I put it to her that 'Love' and 'Like'  
Are adept to imitation  
So when you choose one  
You should expect the limitations  
Of losing the other?  
No, I must go  
I have to know if maybe somewhere, feelings linger  
It isn't over till I hear from the fat lady singer  
It is not over till the ring's on her finger  
And even then...

She's actually getting married  
'Wedding March' plays as she makes for the altar  
Her walk, grace unparalleled - not a step does she falter  
Just as she passes my pew, she looks over her shoulder  
A strange look; 'guess in my mind I must've called her  
'Couldn't do it out loud; no, 'couldn't be bolder

Now true beauty steals away from the teary eye of the  
beholder

For a spell, I thought I saw one in hers

She's still in my heart

So I'm telling myself there's no one in hers

But me

Eyes shut, mouthing the words like they were mine

I don't miss a word, so I pray you're fine

I want to stand but my knees are unstable, too weak

"Does anyone have a reason...?" I'm unable to speak

Looking at her, even now

It still hits me like the first time I felt it

Heart race-for-heart race, heart break-for-heart break

Like the first time I melted

A wonderful, yet horrible ordeal

I'm robbed of all will

'Nakupenda'

'I do'

I open my eyes

'Just Married'.

# Sightless... Or slightly less?

You keep betraying me  
You 'play' me so much, one could say  
You keep replaying me  
Soon I won't be able to go on any more  
The tape's getting sucked  
I stare agape, letting luck  
Trickle through my loose grasp  
Still...I can see why they call it 'Attraction';  
You can't escape getting stuck...



# Spiralling Straight

I hardly knew you  
Yet, of my friends, you were my brother  
We seldom spoke  
Yet those intermittent exchanges are the ones I treasure  
most  
Comrades in arms we were  
In a struggle with no realistic chance of victory  
Yet which was the most worthwhile thing to do  
Together we bore the brunt of the world's indifference  
Its rebuke spat sharp  
Blunt in its truth  
So we sought escape  
Willing captives to freedom  
"The 'straight and narrow' is for suckers," you used to say  
"Go in a spiral long enough and you find yourself moving  
straight - in style."  
Up? Down? You didn't clarify  
Yet the path you showed me  
I chose to walk alone  
Not out of ingratitude or spite  
'Twas merely an 'ego trip'  
You didn't try to stop me

And somehow I knew you would be looking out for me  
Even at-large

And now  
As I return to mourn you  
I find that I know not how  
Just as I never quite learnt how to celebrate you  
Something about a drying well floats illogically in my mind  
They tell me you actually died  
Long before you were dead  
They say that in your final throes  
You cried out for me  
I guess I couldn't hear it over the applause and adulation  
Of a world undergone a sudden change of heart  
I recall thinking that you should have been here  
You would have loved to see this  
How it was all so different - so much better - now  
How we could have - nay, should have -  
Done without the futility of our fight  
I look at you, lying here  
Even now, decked in our code of choice - all black  
The cliché 'Rest In Peace' seems so apt  
I'm unable to reconcile myself to the fact

Idly wondering if the world had this planned all along  
A divide-and-conquer of sorts, perhaps...

So let me retreat into my thoughts  
Not from a loss of words; rather, their inappropriateness  
There's really nothing more to be said  
Any condolensing would only be condescending  
Tears condensed have long fallen from a dense cloud of  
penitence  
Anything further would be pretence.



# Tales for the Silent



One day, a tale will be told...

A story about finding love  
Even in its weirdest - and sometimes downright ghastly -  
forms

I'll tell you about betrayal of innocence so severe  
As to give rise to a mortal fear  
Of growing old

Taking one day at a time - not out of contentment  
Rather, for dread of hastening Inevitability  
I'll disclose my dalliances  
With wingless ebony cherubs, in the dead of night  
Hot on my heels, promising me paradise  
When it's already, literally, hot on my heels!

Yes, I'll give you all of it - the good with the bad  
You'll hear of opportunists riding piggy  
On a stabbed back  
Using the welts for footholds, as they make for the head  
To snatch the crown off it  
And how your only resort could be pacts  
With Siamese enemies  
You know

The two-faced kind  
Now you don't know what to do  
With the bridges you built across the channel of ambition  
To burn them  
Or to jump off of them  
And when you settle for the leap of faith  
The parachute fails to open...

Alright,  
Let me calm your nerves  
With a narrative about hope  
Misguided at best  
At worst, unfortunate  
Say, watching a shooting star plummet to its demise  
And making a wish anyway  
Or a wolf rooted in the middle of a highway  
On the darkest of nights  
Suddenly howling at oncoming headlights  
Desperate for something to believe in  
I know you, too, dream of dying rich  
'Guess it's only human folly  
Thinking we could buy Heaven's way

One day I'll sit you down  
And share this remarkable tale in its entirety  
But not now  
I still have many more chapters to live.



# The Artist



He sat at the street corner  
Easels, brushes, ink – the tools of his trade  
Observing  
Then spinning tales  
Of joy, pain, bliss, suffering  
Canvas bleeding, anguish at the pauper's tribulations  
Beaming in gloss at the bliss of the newly-weds  
Sometimes narrating his own story  
Reminiscences  
Of an entire family annihilated  
Of an heir; 'came forth into the world  
Stillborn  
Of a woman he loved so much  
He forfeited her to his privileged brother  
'Was a queen, she deserved better  
The fire and passion of loss, an inspiration to perfection  
Flawless works smithed in the furnace of frustration  
Moulded in despair  
Sculpted in deception and ill will  
But wait – here comes another  
What's *her* story?

# The City Pt. I



Insomniac city

Where you'd rather die than sleep

The air is thick with ambition  
Plump partridges sprint past you  
And goldfish menace you out of your wits

Survival is a game of chance  
Where for some, the odds are ever uneven  
Others? They win every time  
The Owners

Those on the fringes stay envious  
Itching for a piece of 'the fortune'  
Not knowing they are merely scratching the surface  
Oblivious to their obvious fortune  
Right where they stand  
The lime-light can be sour, indeed  
In a place where the bright lights  
Clash violently with equally resplendent futures  
Men build domiciles  
As high as their hopes and aspirations

And when these don't pan out  
Ropes end the perspiration

In this melting pot of belief and irreverence  
Everyone's seeking relief from irrelevance  
Decadence is clothed in the latest fads  
Fashion claims its fair share of victims  
All efforts to cover up a society stripped bare  
Of sense

The day is spent making a living  
Night is for taking from the living  
A sort of death  
Since you are constantly short of breath  
Trying to keep up  
Often you fall prey  
To the active mechanizations  
Of vegan minds turned savage  
A carnival for carnivores  
Who feast on raw succulence  
And toast to myths of opulence  
You are but a half-dead finch, hovering with vultures  
In gray skies unlined with silver

That shed no tear for you  
Yes, eventually the city gets us all  
Lost in the jungle of concrete, steel and glass  
The focus changes soon enough  
From 'making it'  
To making it out  
Before it spews you out  
But not before siphoning all the life out of you  
For lack of its own

Amnesiac city  
You forget too quickly what you did to me.

# The Drought – A haiku

Ribs poke through their skins  
Wondering, like astrologers  
'Is there life out there?'



# The feel O' Sophie



In a place where the new dawn is the antithesis of hope  
And hesitance is a symptom of patience  
I stood on the edge of surrender  
Horizonless sky of indigo  
I felt the vertigo  
Anti-climax nudging me forward  
My back to the night, I still feel the blame  
Though the face of a maniac conceals the shame  
It's easy to over-think  
And I can't let them know; they'll be here soon  
That's just great - more witnesses  
This was not the plan! (I think)  
Such emaciation  
'Twas supposed to be emaNciPation  
Fate - or whoever the string-puller be  
You should fire your editor  
Indifferent predator  
Resigned to sharing the woes of my foes  
A wolf donning the skin the snakes shed  
And all because I needed a feel o' Sophie  
And oh, how I miss...

...and I'm lost  
In this brand-new realm  
With me at its helm  
After all, the stories always end at Armageddon  
No one's written a guide for survivors yet  
The young boy looks at me like he understands perfectly  
Why he had to grow up so suddenly  
Questioning  
Yet rationality in his rage feeds his perception  
Maybe he's forgiven me  
I seriously doubt it, though  
Nor does it concern me  
All I hold dear in this world  
Is the Feel o' Sophie  
It, alone, justifies all I have done

I don't bother explaining it to unready minds  
Mere vocabulary is impotent in its description, anyway  
Such harmony  
Such agony  
And the pain is only revenge for not being sought sooner  
I have to say, however  
'Tis a strange thing

Being an androgyny of good and evil  
Black and white never merge into gray  
    You only see one...or neither  
Depending on where you're looking  
    And whether or not you've had  
    A feel o' Sophie.



# The Master



The son is back to atone for his father's *medieval sins*  
Spirit possessed by his, and thus *made evil since*  
    *A slave to the same soul*  
        Since the cradle  
But in the *grave, he became whole*  
    *Roses and casket*  
        Delivered him  
    Like *Moses' basket*  
    Though the *blood and bile*  
    Threaten to *flood the Nile*  
    He takes it all with a *grain of salt*  
    Though ill will derails his *train of thought*  
Mixed emotions race on the *face of a pedestrian*  
Bringing along a horseshoe - for luck  
    'Cause now the *pace is equestrian*  
    The *news feed on the block*  
    Is that the *new kid on the block's*  
        Fortunes *lepered*  
    Because the *Shepherd*  
    *Spewed greed on the flock*  
    Still, the *black sheep*  
        Never *lacks sleep*  
    The soundtrack to his life  
    Never lets a *track skip*

Many a tongue slipped  
But when they had *spoken his name*  
He kept inanimate  
None could have *broken his aim*  
Except the Ultimate  
Unwilling to spare a thought for a so-called  
'*Fate worse than Death*'  
He'd already died once  
He'd hate to *re-rehearse the breath*  
On the date *the hearse and wreath*  
Took him to the Gates...  
*Rebirth...*  
*Then strength*  
So much of it as to *give him nausea*  
Yet revering it, possibly even revelling in it  
Sure that now he can *receive closure*  
With due composure, he might even *win merit*  
For this destiny he fought so long  
But now feels fulfilled to *inherit*.

# The Mercenary of Venus



I can't explain it  
Neither contain it  
Strings are attached  
Patience is a vain trick  
Lips sewed shut  
Protocol, my seamstress  
Thinking I'm free of the load but  
I'm unraveling, trying not to seem stressed  
When Trust tries to thrust  
Into the slot reserved for lust  
Love's Holy Grail turns to lemon rust  
And now you're thinking of her too much...

# The Mirror



I hated looking into it  
Yet couldn't live without it  
Same old unremarkable me, no matter how many times  
I changed my outfit  
One reflection gives birth to an inventory of memories  
Picturesque to grotesque  
Like a scene from an acid discotheque  
'Felt like I might slaughter my conception  
So, many times I altered my perception  
Firewater, the deception  
Still, peering into it  
Eyes like glowing red embers  
All I found is an existence  
Founded on regrets no one remembers  
Each glance further drawing back  
The mind's inner blinds  
To reveal a degree of hell  
The kind sinners find  
Astounded  
That a sheet of glass could make me feel so surrounded  
'Couldn't say it to anyone; I knew how it sounded  
"Hounded and haunted"  
When to breathe was all I wanted...

Gasping for respiration  
I struck the mirror in desperation  
I glared at it one last time  
Lying there  
Broken as my life was  
I smiled  
I was no longer alone.



# The Passion 8



Watch me, walking these streets of sesame  
On my road to Gethsemane  
May my Passion bear you sweet fruits of success  
This is a war we don't allow recruits access  
We ask 'em "Keep our wives and daughters safe"  
While axes and cheap knives slaughter the brave  
For these, we'll wave flags of liberty  
In semaphore.



# They Always Leave



Far from graceful  
Their *walk is cheap*  
Suitcases of coal  
They *always leave...*

Grey heavens leak *hues of ochre*  
There's *relief* in *grief*  
A foregone forlorn, *gruesome future*  
Is the *thief of belief*  
The outcome was *in vain*  
In a *series of firsts*  
After the tears, what *remains*  
Is *theories of thirst*  
Looking back, a *resentful bride*  
Regret is a *pillar of salt*  
A fiend for her *uneventful pride*  
Yet, he's the *killer at fault*  
But he had to stop *fighting*  
He'd lost his *armament*  
Full moon turns to *lightning*  
And nothing's *permanent...*

Far from *hateful*  
His *talk is deep:*  
“Forever’ is *ungrateful*  
They *ALWAYS leave...*”

# Thoughts of a Patient Man Breaking



The feel of the real  
Taste is from before  
But present sweetness is in techni(food)colour  
The remembrance moves furtive  
Almost flirting with death  
Kisses of life apparently cost more than a lip  
Lip service paid but never enough  
Eyes of ill-concealed malice complete  
The trance-action  
Dizzying ride from world at a standstill  
Never enough  
Wake up in a ditch  
Family photos already cover the walls of it  
Magnifier glass may show me clear  
Or burn my soul  
Though ashes' cognisance is never cordial  
Colourless passion on illiterate treaties  
Words amounted to nought - dangerously so, I might add  
When too much power is handed to unprepared hands  
Or unworthy, even  
How, then, could you question the aftermath?  
Forlorn in calamities of your own making  
Any status quo better than the thought of rebuilding

When I could only be the solid foundation  
While I'd rather be the fancy upholstery, the furnishing –  
the action!  
'Cause something feels off, though I can't quite put my  
finger on  
Actually, not 'can't' – 'won't'  
It'd be like touching Jesus' wounds  
No amount of comfort relative to the pain to be had  
Actually worse than the real 'victim's'  
Visions of a future to be had, blurred by the mirages of  
doubt  
The desert is calling  
Somehow, it feels much more enticing  
Than too-surreal Eden  
'Guess it's true every time  
When the deal is too good  
Think "lies!" twice  
The thoughts of a patient man  
Breaking...

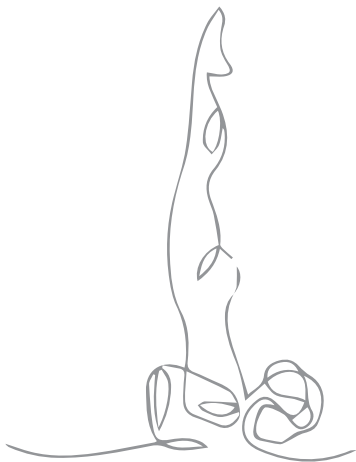
# Timeless



'Feels like time is up  
But I claim the Casio's broken  
Ignore the ticking of the second hand  
Even the evidence they claim is 'first hand'  
See, I've never known the taste of defeat  
Either my tongue's numb to it  
Or it's simply a foreign flavour I can't place  
'Never got accustomed to walking away  
I tripped over my shadow doing that  
And when I looked away  
My reflection stared on  
Into dead quiet  
Silence's golden lustre don't gleam now  
It succumbs to the tarnish of loneliness  
As I gaze into glazed eyes  
And a touch I would have never imagined would ever be  
cold  
When you were the hottest thing I ever could behold  
I truly thought what we had was Timeless...

So I free my wrist of the watch  
And empty the hourglass into the open arms of the  
wasteland winds

I stop dabbing the tears  
Use the white flag instead  
To blindfold myself  
And find my way through a world  
Where recollections of past ills  
Stand still  
Politely letting me pass on  
Stumbling through life...blind  
...like the one thing I seek.



# "Unfriend" is a Real Word



Teeth gleaming to the last

Eyes glint like cold steel

All at the same time

Acting all gleeful and merry

Jollier, they seem, more than even you

Yet

Gall and bile threaten to erupt from their bowels

The blood boils like a cooking pot simmering with animus

Their skins itch, infested with envy

You'd be blind not to read the hatred in their eyes

It would be in your best interests to ignore the "Ooh's" and

"Aah's" of adulation

And guard what's yours even tighter

Even tighter than the hugs they give you

Wishing their arms were vices

To strain the life out of you

Cursing your good fortune

Ignoring your boundless generosity

Desiring instead, to take everything you possess

At the funeral

They will cry oceans

Albeit crocodile

Sacriligious

Like setting Bible volumes ablaze  
Squinting and rubbing their eyes – “What is it, man?”  
“No, it’s just the sun’s glare”  
My friend, the only shine around is the moon  
Two more till zero hour and you complain about the sun!  
C’mon, admit it  
You simply can’t bear the sight  
Me, reaping the bountiful fruits of my toil  
With friends like these  
Who needs enemies?



Us



Look

Don't turn a blind eye  
Visions of us helped me find my  
Destiny in a destination out of this earth  
The gem I found is all I see, never doubting its worth

Listen

Don't turn a deaf ear  
Act like we're the only two people left here  
Revel in the symphony of solitude  
The words I whisper in your ear, the only interlude

Taste

Don't deny your taste buds  
The sweetness of the nothings for I do not waste words  
Let the confectionery of affection melt on the tongue  
The ancient art of letters keeps the yearning heart young

Touch

Don't feign a numb palm  
Your careless caress fills me with a dumb calm  
The feel of your fingers on my skin  
Goes deep and lingers within

### Smell

Don't claim you have the flu  
Even the gossips have a clue  
When they inhale a scent sweeter than incense  
The innocence of our insolence

### Step

Don't get cold feet  
Just dance to the bold beat  
Of my heart calling out to you  
Run on sheer air without fear of falling out the blue

Let's experience us.



# Walking



I walked on water

.....

OK, you got me - it was frozen

But still

I Walked on Water

Slinking around the rink so gripless

Took me back to the time I eagerly stepped into shoes

That had formerly been a leper's formal pair

Avowed to redeem a ruined legacy

And had felt the slick left by his sores

Learning first hand foot what it meant

To 'be careful what you wish for'

And even when I leapt feet-first into the formidable prints

Left for me - this time, by great men in time

But alas! My youthful haste proved my undoing

For the cement had not yet set!

I climbed the heights of madness

Staggering on those dizzying lofts

Ozone ultra-thin

Teetering on the precipice, I peered over

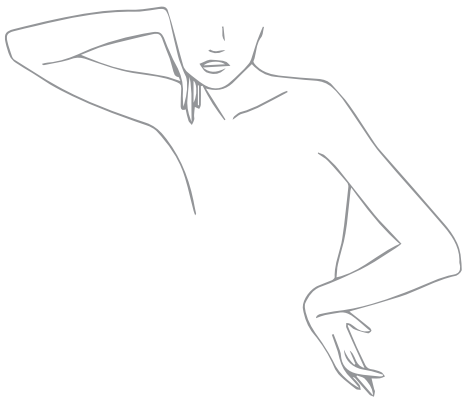
Into an abyss of peace

So tempted to fling myself over the edge  
But serenity bears a foreboding  
Inexplicable as it is inescapable  
I took giant steps for thankless mankind  
My reward?  
Spanking new trainers  
To continue my trek unabated  
And so I resorted to creeping under the cover of other  
people's sleep  
Waylaying dreams

I strutted my stuff on runways  
Paved with cheeks I had kissed with indifference  
Treading gingerly - a literal cat's walk  
Yet struggling to retain my proud posture  
Finding that I only succeeded in doing more harm  
To already bruised egos

They ask me why I'm always walking  
Never pausing to let Life catch up  
Well  
Death is always knocking at my door

Therefore I have to keep changing addresses  
Eternal sojourner, knapsack heavy with emptiness  
Canteen swirling with blood, sweat and grief  
Sands blind me  
The quick ones drag me down  
But right before I disappear, disgraced hands find me  
Nonchalant to the claws tearing at my arms  
As though to make wings of them  
Possibly so I can fly myself out of peril's orbit  
And have to walk no more.



# Welcome to Life City (The City pt. 2)

It's a strange feeling of déjà vu  
I'm sure I've been down this road before  
Let's have a look around this place, shall we?

Is that the...? – It surely is

## **The Prime Bank of Dreams**

I had an account there once, you know  
But all my hopes and aspirations were shattered and  
squandered

So my monies were frozen

And at that end, could that be...? – Of course

## **The Seaport**

On whose pier I often stood  
Watching vessels carrying my ambitions venture out to  
sea

Only to hear later that they had capsized  
Up ahead, I'm guessing that is... – Yes, indeed

## **The Museum**

Where I stored mementos of my exploits  
Looking upon them for inspiration and motivation  
Hoping to add onto them  
But alas! It was not to be  
I heard that even the silver and gold rusted  
And had to be auctioned off cheaply

And the building slightly obscured by the trees; that has to  
be... – Without a doubt

### The Morgue

Where I laid to rest my past failures and blunders

Praying never again to come across them

But the reports I received chilled me to the bone

Apparently the stench overpowered the cooling system

And my yesterghosts haunted the attendants so much

They had to quit...or join them

As I move forward I get to an antiquated edifice

### The Theatre

Where they used to show nice movies about my exploits

You know, the kind that always end happily

Now I'm told they only show gory horrors

About memories I'd rather forget

Well, now I'm confused

Do I get as far away from this place as possible?

Or do I stay and try to mend the damage?

Either way

Welcome to Life City

Enjoy your stay!

# Write or Wrong



The ruled feint feigns release  
Yet when I put it down  
My words resemble prisoners  
Peering out forlornly through blue bars  
Till each is released in turn  
By the skimming eye of the reader

I write for me  
Because 'I have to'  
Not to write  
I have to compel these thoughts to take material form  
Ignored too long, they remain internal shadows  
Casting woeful shade on an already wilting will

I write 'specially for you  
Some things cannot be expressed at a moment's spur  
If they came out wrong, they might be spurned  
The attractions and distractions of this world don't make  
it easy  
(You may be one, by the way)  
I need to organise these ruminations  
Into elusive lucidity  
Just so you won't think any less of me

Also, despite my best intentions  
You may simply find my voice...irksome  
So it's best if you read it  
And let the words speak to you  
In the tone, volume, rhythm and pitch of your liking

I write  
For those who cannot  
Someone's hands are otherwise occupied  
Grasping desperately at the pieces  
Of their crumbling world  
Palms all bloodied by the shards  
I risk my sanity to restore yours  
You can repay me  
Simply by reading what I write

Sometimes I write  
Because I cannot cry  
So ink switches places with tears  
I allow the pen to conspire with treacherous Hand  
To wrest the secrets from my safe  
Sometimes before their time

I write  
When I'm happy too  
'Sort of a future reference  
Proof for others...and myself  
That I have been happy  
Especially on overcast spells  
When Joy plays hard-to-get

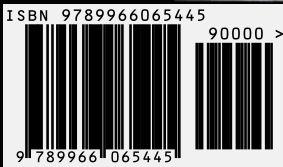
I write  
Not because it is my lifestyle  
Rather, it is the style of my life  
My fashion  
Wearing my heart on a sleeve  
Cut from the fabric of the words that I weave  
Baring it all  
Clothed in my nakedness  
I'm comfortable in my own skin.

“Thoughts of a Patient Man Breaking” is a literary capture of moments – both real & envisaged; the writer’s own as well as those not his to hold.



## *About The Author*

Ken Koast is the Founding Creative at The 4185 Press.  
Words, music & colour are his media of choice.  
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