

*A collection of seven poems written in 2017*

---

# 24 Hours

MY POETIC EXPLORATION OF  
EVENTS IN LIFE THAT MAKE ME  
REACT  
MAKE ME **EMOTIONAL**

---

---

# 24 Hours : Midnight

## Late night, food fight

---

FOOD FAST, FAST FOOD, GET IT, GOT IT, GOOD,  
HE SIGHS, NO SURPRISE, COOKING VICTORY FRIES,  
UNIVERSITY BOUND HE RESPONDS TO THESE ALIENS  
WITH A WITHERING GRIN,  
FRENCH FRIES WITH POTATO SURGICALLY REMOVED,  
WITH SALMONELLA TURKEY BURGER AND A SIDE ORDER  
OF SATURATED ONION RINGS,  
DRESSED IN FAT TO ENSURE OBESITY ENSUES.

IN THIS SERVICE STATION SOUTH OF STOCKPORT,  
HE HANDS OVER THE PLASTIC PROVISIONS, CONTENTS  
BULGING,  
TO THE ROLLY POLLY TEENAGERS, WHO LIKE PIGGIES  
IN A TROUGH,  
SATISFY THEIR APPETITE BUT SACRIFICE THEIR HEALTH,  
ON THE ALTER OF THE CHURCH OF 'I WANT IT NOW'.

BUT THEIRS IS A HIGHER PRICE TO PAY,  
THE FAST PACED FOOD MASSACRE ENSUES,  
THEY TRADE, INVADE THEN SLAYED,  
THEIR LIFE PRESERVERS TALL AND PROUD,  
WITHIN THE DELTA AMAZONIAN,  
BURGER COWS FIRE METHANE AT OUR PROTECTIVE SKY,  
CLOUDED SKY, CLOUDED EYE, CLOUDED JUDGEMENT AS  
THE ICE CAPS MELT,  
A TIDAL WAVE OF MASS DESTRUCTION,  
INDUSTRIAL NATIONS, EXPANDING THE GLOBAL NOTION,  
TEACHING THEIRS WORLD TO BECOME AS ONE,  
IN THIS KAYAK OF CATASTROPHE,  
WE RIDE THE RAPIDS OF INEPTITUDE, TO PLUMMET,

HEADLONG OVER THE WORLDWIDE WATERFALL OF  
DESPAIR.

FOOD FIGHT ENSUES, THEY BRUISE, AND LOSE, ALL  
SELF CONTROL.

HE SIGHS.

SECURITY CALLED, THEY'RE HAULED, APPALLED INTO  
THE BACK OF A BLACK MARIAH,  
AND SIT, SHAKEN BUT NOT STIRRED, VISION BLURRED,  
BUT UNPERTURBED,

**AS HE CONSIDERS THE HEALTH OF THE NATION ON SO  
MANY DIFFERENT LEVELS.**

---

# 24 Hours : 4am

## The sleek, bleak Mafia sheik

---

THE SLEEK, BLEAK, MAFIA SHEIK,  
WALKS UNDAUNTED BY THE DEATH,  
THE PREMATURE DEATH,  
OF HIS DEVOTED WIFE,  
WHO SLEPT UNPROTECTED, LOVERS BABY EXPECTED,  
HARSHLY REJECTED,  
A HARROWING STORY OF TRUST BETRAYED.

HONOUR KILLING, IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER,  
AND THE SON, AND AN UNHOLY GHOST,  
RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE OR INTOLERANT RELIGIONS?

CHRISTIANS COMMISSIONED CRUSADES,  
MUSLIMS MURDERED MILLIONS,  
BUDDHISTS BUTCHERED BILLIONS,  
ALL HISTORICALS OF HISTORIES RELIGIOUS HATRED,  
THE SHEIK RETURNING FROM HIS NIGHT ELSEWHERE,  
FEIGNS SURPRISE, GREEN EYES, THEN LIES,  
AUTHORITIES ONCE CALLED, APPALLED, ENTHRALLED,

A JUICY MURDER THAT HEIGHTENS CURIOSITY,  
OUR LENS DISTORTED BY CRASHING PLANES AND  
EXPLODING TRAINS,  
FINDS A CROSS TO CRUCIFY THE NON-CONFORMERS ON,

BUT RELIGION IS NOT PRESENT HERE,  
IT'S JUST A LABEL TO HANG INJUSTICE ON,

THE SHEIK DISTRAUGHT, DEMANDS THE FRONT PAGE  
NEWS,  
THE LOVER SLIPS, WITH PAYMENT MADE,  
ACROSS THE BORDER INTO OBLIVION,  
**BUT WHO'S THE DEVIL? WHO'S THE SAINT?**

---

# 24 Hours : 8am

## Blasted Faith

---

HE WALKS UNSEEN, THROUGH SHADOWLESS STREETS,  
BLACK RUCKSACK HEAVY WITH DISCONTENT,  
TIME IS TICKING, TICK ROCK, ANGRY CLOCK, RUN AMOK,  
HE PLAYS THE SCENE OUT IN HIS UNTETHERED MIND,  
SOON TO EXPLODE ONTO OUR TV SCREENS,  
HIS TICKET BOUGHT, THE ENTRANCE SOUGHT, HIS  
FEARS ARE FOUGHT,  
THESE WESTERNERS THEY MUST BE TAUGHT,  
IMPORTANT MORAL LESSONS FROM DISTORTED  
RELIGIOUS TEXTS,  
UNRECOGNISED BY THOSE WHO KEEP THE FAITH.

A STEP TOO FAR, ACROSS THE THRESHOLD OF THE TOWN  
BOUND TRAIN,  
HE CHECKS HIS WATCH AND TICK TOCK, THE FATAL  
HOUR IS DRAWING NEAR,  
HIS MIND, WHITE WASHED, LEAVES NO SPACE FOR  
MORALITY,  
HIS HEAD SPINNING, THE FINAL WASH IS NEAR  
CONCLUSION,  
THE CULMINATION OF A BITTER FIGHT.

AS POLITICIANS SIT IN WONDER, WIELDING POWER AND  
RHETORIC,  
THE GAMES A FOOT, OR A LOST ARM OR EYE IF YOU ARE  
A SOLDIER,  
BUT IN THEIR IVORY TOWERS THE FATAL BURDEN IS TO  
HARD TO CONTEMPLATE.  
DESPOT, SITTING ON HIS BLACK GOLD, UNSOLD,  
UNFOLD THE PLAN,  
TO MAKE IT RIGHTFULLY OURS.

FOR THE LOVE OF AMERICA, WE ARE BRAINWASHED  
INTO BATTLE TOO,  
BLINDLY CLIMBING TO THE HIGHER MORAL GROUND,  
SENDING INNOCENTS TO FIGHT THEIR FUTILE BATTLES,  
UNCONVINCING ARGUMENTS TORN FROM A PORTFOLIO  
OF LIES.

WE ARE ALL POWERLESS TO RESIST THIS FORCE OF  
TRUE STUPIDITY,

AND ON THE TRAIN INSIDE THIS TUBE, RIDING OUT THE  
STORM INSIDE HIS HEAD,  
HIS CHILDREN, SOON TO BE FATHERLESS, A GLORIOUS  
DEATH FOR A POINTLESS CAUSE.  
THE IMPACT, FEAR, A TOOL TO CONTROL THE MASSES IN  
ANY LANGUAGE,  
**IS LEFT TO RUN WILD, KILLING HOPE, IMPACTING  
MILLIONS.**

---

# 24 Hours : midday

## Yet in all innocence we start

---

HE CRASHED THROUGH THE SILENCE, UNPERTURBED,  
HEAD THROBBING, EYES SOBBING, ALCOHOL ROBBING  
HIM OF HIS SENSE OF REALITY,  
SLIPPING INTO THE DORMANT CAR, ALARM BELLS  
RINGING, NO TIME, NO TIME.

THIS WHALE BEACHED, SHE WAS A WILLING  
PASSENGER, IN THIS RACE FOR GLORY,  
THIS NIGHT, TOOK FRIGHT, AT THE SIGHT, OF A MORTAL  
MADMAN,  
CAREERING HEADLONG TOWARDS A LIFE STYLE  
CHANGE.

SELF IMPOSED, SELF INFLICTED, NOW SELF DENIAL  
ADDS TO THE TUNE,  
FACES CONTORTED, AMBLING TOWARDS DESTINY, THEY  
ARRIVE.

WHITE LIGHT, BLACK NIGHT, INFECTIOUS DELIGHT,  
THIS UNNAMED PINK BLOB SCREAMS,  
A ROARING WARNING TO THE WAITING WORLD,  
OF HIS INTENT TO MOULD LIFE'S FABRIC TO HIS OWN  
DESIGN.

YET IN ALL INNOCENCE WE START, TO MOULD THE CLAY  
TO OUR OWN IMAGE.

HE SMILES, SHE SMILES, WITH NO WORRIES ETCHED  
WITHIN,

FOR NOW THE MOMENT SHROUDS THEM, THE OUTSIDE  
WORLD A BLUR,  
AN IRRELEVANCE TO THE ENORMITY OF THIS PRECIOUS  
GIFT OF LIFE.

ONE WEEK LATER, ASLEEP, THIS LITTLE MAN DREAMS  
OF WHITE LIGHTS, STRANGE SIGHTS, FUTURE DELIGHTS,  
**AND BREAST MILK ...HE'S JUST LIKE HIS DAD.**

---

# Cat Nap

---



---

# 24 Hours : 4pm

## In the name of ...

---

RESIST, THE FIST, THAT KISSED HER RED HEADED  
CHEEKS,  
BLOOD FATHER, STEP TOO FAR MOTHER, UNCHAINED IN  
THEIR DISCORDANT MELODY,  
HORMONAL GROWTH IN TEENAGE BOY, SENSITIVE SOUL,  
OFFENDS THEIR SELFISH LONELY LIVES,  
INTO THE NIGHTS SILENT STILLNESS HE CHASES,  
SNUGGLED INTO ITS ICY COMFORT HE PULLS,  
FROM DEEP WITHIN THE RECESS OF HIS TROUBLED  
LIFE,  
THE LATEST COMFORTER IN A LIFE OF SELF DEFENCE.

THIS OBSCENE, MEAN, KILLING MACHINE NOW RESTS,  
IN IDLE CONTEMPLATION IN ITS OWNERS HANDS,  
AS CONFIDENCE RETURNS TO FILL THE VOID WITHIN,  
HE AWAITS THE CALL, THE CALL OF THE WILD.

SCIENCE, OH SCIENCE, THE DOUBLE EDGE SWORD,  
BATTLES TO DISCOVER THE UNDERLYING TRUTH,  
THE FACTUAL DNA FOUNDATIONS TO BUILD OUR LIVES  
UPON.

DERIVING, DERIDING, DECIDING,  
THE FUTURE DIRECTION OF LIFE'S ENDLESS JOURNEY,  
GUNPOWDER, IVF AND PROJECTILES COMBINE,  
GREAT BREAKTHROUGHS CROSS THE LINE IN THE SAND,  
POSITIVE IMPROVEMENTS IN THIS IRRATIONAL REALM,  
OF INTELLECTUAL RIGOUR,

WHERE GUNS ARE BORNE, SOLUTIONS ENGINEERED,  
AND LIVING HAS NO DARKER SIDE.

THESE IRRATIONAL STREETS DISTORT THE RATIONAL  
LENS,  
THE CHANT INSIDE HIS HEAD RESOUNDS,  
CHILDISH IN ITS SIMPLICITY, I NEED TO KILL.

ONE, TWO, WHAT SHALL I DO? TO YOU.  
THREE, FOUR, KNOCK ON YOUR DOOR?  
FIVE, SIX, HOW MY GUN KICKS,  
**SEVEN, EIGHT, LAY YOU OUT STRAIGHT,  
NINE, TEN, YOU WON'T DO THAT AGAIN.**

---

# 24 Hours : 8pm

## Children are the only way

---

TEENAGE KICKS, HE LICKS, SHE FLICKS.  
THE SMOULDERING ASH OF A CHOKING LIFE,  
INTO THE GUTTER OF OBSCURITY,  
HER FRIENDS EXTOL THE VIRTUES OF,  
BABIES BEHOLDEN TO THE WELFARE STATE,  
AT 17 IS SHE TOO OLD, TO HOLD,  
THE JOYOUS BUNDLE THAT LIFTS,  
HER LIFE ABOVE ACADEMIC MEDIOCRITY.

TO DARE TO DREAM, WOULD SEEM, OBSCENE,  
YOUNG MINDS PERUSE, A STERLING OPPORTUNITY.  
DON'T CREDIT THEM WITH SOUND INTELLIGENCE,  
CONSUMED BY GREED, THEY LEAD, A LIFE,  
FUELLED BY INFLATED EXPECTATIONS.

AND AS REALITY APPEARS,  
ON THE HORIZON UNDER DEPRESSED SKIES,  
THEIR CLOUDED VIEW OF WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS,  
RAINS DOWN TO WASH AWAY,  
ANY NOTIONS OF A POP STAR LIFE,  
TO LEAVE, INTACT, THE STILLNESS OF,  
THE EYE OF THE STORM, UNNERVING FORM,  
A CALM EPICENTRE WHERE SHATTERED DREAMS,  
SWIRL AROUND AT BREAKNECK SPEED,  
AND CRASH HEADLONG INTO THE FUTURE.

SHE LIES SO STILL AS HE ASCENDS,

TO PLACE HIS TONGUE ON HER RESISTANT LIPS,  
HER FEAR OF FAILURE LEADS HER TO BELIEVE,  
THAT CHILDREN ARE THE ONLY SOURCE,  
OF PERSONAL FULFILMENT IN A HOLLOW LAND,  
SHALLOW AND DEVOID OF DREAMS,  
SHE SCREAMS IN PAIN NOT ECSTASY,  
A JUVENILE BREACHES HER SELF ESTEEM, BROKEN  
DREAM, UNCLEAR,  
**IS THIS THE ONLY ROUTE TO DRIVE, HER FUTURE  
HAPPINESS?**



---

# 24 Hours : midnight again

## Who is the bigger fool?

---

ONE FOR THE ROAD, A BATTLE CRY,  
SHE FIGHTS CONSCIENCE TO SADLY REACH,  
THE DARKER SIDE OF THE DEAD END STREET,  
SHE FLIES, AND LIES, TO HER SURPRISE,  
FACE DOWN IN THE GUTTER OF DEMISE,  
HER FRIENDS IN CACKLING HARMONY,  
NO MERCY UNTIL THE CRIMSON TIDE,  
SUMMONS THE SCREAMING SIRENS TO,  
THIS TRAGIC SCENE OF PURE EXCESS.

ALCOHOL, THE LEGAL DRUG OF CHOICE,  
SUSTAINS AN EVER GROWING NEED,  
TO FIND ESCAPE INTO A FANTASY,  
A WORLD OF PACHYDERMS, COLOURED PINK,  
BLUE IN MOOD,  
WHO STOMP ACROSS A BROKEN LANDSCAPE,  
IN PURSUIT OF INSTANT HAPPINESS,  
WHEN FAME ELUDES THEIR OUTSTRETCHED HANDS,  
AND LIFE RETURNS TO DULL ROUTINE,  
IN THE FACTORY OF THE MINDLESS DRONE,  
WHERE INTELLIGENCE IS STRIPPED AWAY,  
TO LEAVE A HOLLOW EMPTY SHELL,  
THAT'S FILLED WITH ENDLESS ALCOHOL,  
SUPPRESSING SENSE AND OPPORTUNITY,  
WHY ARE WE SHOCKED AT THE RESULTS?

A DRINK, A DRINK, ANOTHER DRINK,  
SHE'S ON THE BRINK, BUT SHE WON'T THINK,  
SHE'LL SLOWLY SINK, SHE'LL SLOWLY SINK,  
THE GLASSES CLINK, AGAIN A DRINK,  
SHE PLAYS THE MINX, AND SINKS,  
HER CLAWS INTO A BOY WHO THINKS,  
HIS LUCK HAS CHANGED, THROUGH ENDLESS DRINKS.

HE WINKS AT OVER EGGING MATES, AND DOWNS HIS  
DRINKS,  
AND IN THE TOILETS, STALE AIR STINKS,  
SHE WINKS, HE BLINKS AND SINKS, ONTO THE WET AND  
GRIMY FLOOR,  
**AND IN THE MIRROR SHE REFLECTS, WHO IS THE  
BIGGER FOOL?**