

Remnants of a Daydream





Friday nights we're walking into town, I cannot stop
talking for a second.
Not even to consider my feet are no longer touching the ground.

On Monday morning I reappear but everything looks different than
before.

I have a desire to erase the past.
Overcome with the urge to
set all my journals alight;
Other days I remember I am useless except to write and write and write.

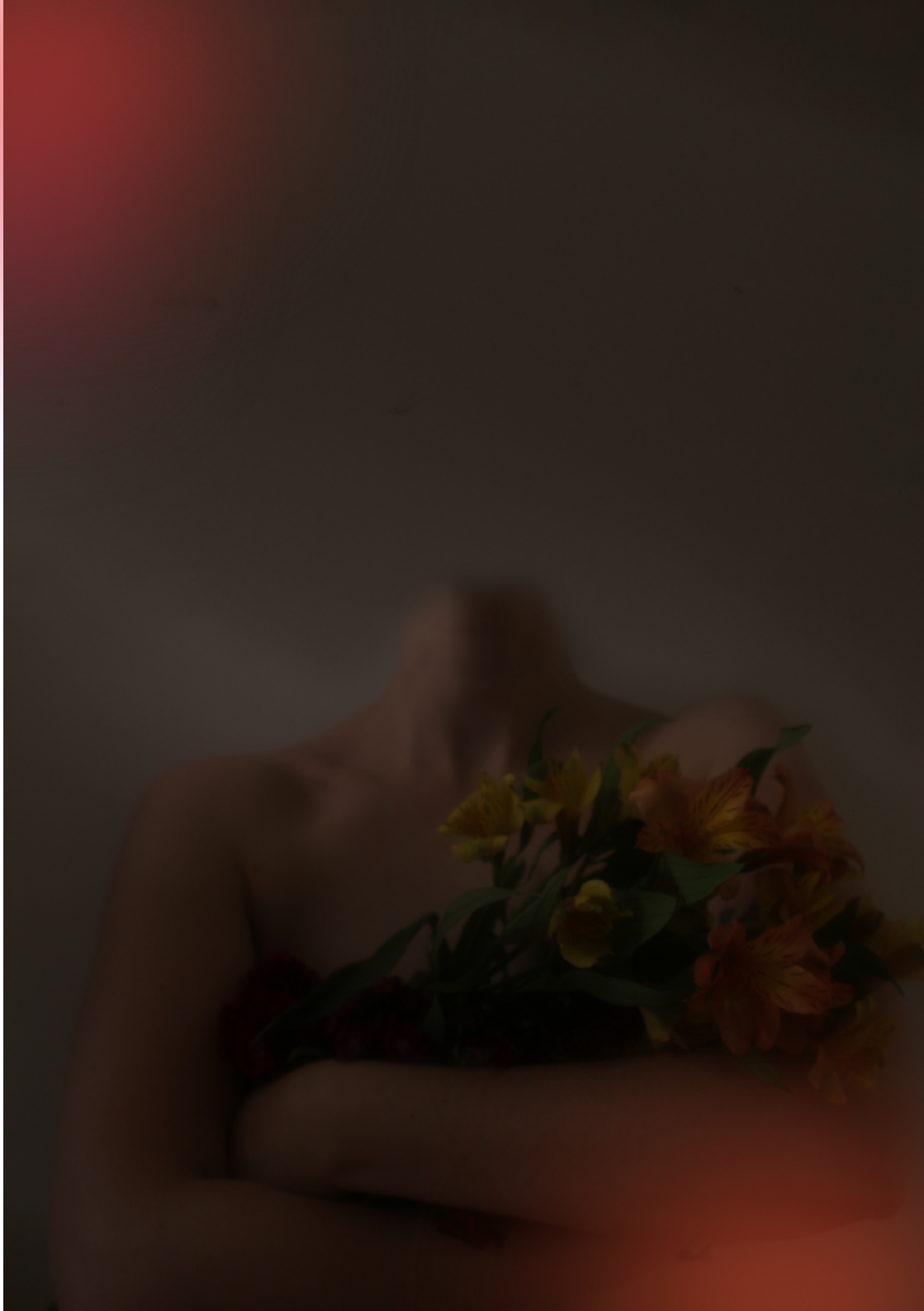
Some days I am only folded laundry.
All I managed to have done, is
Cotton fresh scents of family memories
that made me all I have become.

Sometimes I am so in love, I cannot concentrate -
and forget where I am.
How ridiculous is that?

Sometimes I am the strong sorrow that knows there is
no tomorrow
Tomorrow, I am an olive tree,
extending the branches over all my catastrophe.

In the night music moves me like a puppet on a string,
I think I know who I am, and then
who I am is changing.

Because my life is only spun from air and
remnants of a daydream.



Written during a French exit...

Here's an idea:
Let's disappear. Into a
cloud of smoke and leave
everyone wondering
where the fuck we've gone.

Only we will know we're
everywhere else
in a world with unlimited
discoveries. We'll go
without telling anyone,
travelling this world like ghosts.
Leaving no footprints, only wonderment
of whether we were really seen.

Written whilst listening to the rain...

Not knowing what to do today
I laid very still,
Let in a moment of thought
that could hurt me for a while.
Let Radiohead take me around the bends.
Rain beats calmly at my windowsill.
When I close my eyes thoughts
flicker back and forth like fireflies,
impossible to grasp.
Each fleeting and forgotten
as the songs pass.
I resist becoming a slave to a dream;
those fading and betraying things.
It should be OK that life is only
ramen on a rainy day
or any spare Sunday's.
Though there is a love I know, delicious
and soulful, like blackberries.
Our purple stained fingertips become
exhausted with love overload.

Written under the Wandsworth Sky...

My favourite palette is the Wandsworth sky,
Colours undefinable unless you have witnessed for yourself,
the ferocity of the pink,
the spilling and over-plump orange, and
a blue so vast you can believe in it forever.
Ever changing or ever the same, I never tire.
And though your face may crumble,
shocked and unsure,
not knowing what to say when I tell you how I feel.
Well, the words are spoken the same
as when I say 'I love you' to the sunset;
for nothing in return.

Written from a train out of the city...

Framed with flowers,
his face is a blur I can
only just make out,
from where I am seated.
Just enough to know he looks down,
not at me,
but at the train in which
I take my journey.
Does he know, I wonder, where it's going?
If he watches these traintracks all day
can he say with certainty
their direction: does he
watch them and dream of running away
like me?

