

THIS
BOOK
IS
ON
MKI

BOOK 1
POETRY
BY LEM FREEMANTLE

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Her

Childish innocence,
A wonderful thing,
Looking through the grasses,
I see her.
She looks at me,
With eyes so sweet,
And speaks in that soft voice,
She reminds me.
She reminds me of the soft breeze,
On a hot summers day.
She reminds me of the red sunset,
It's calming presence.
And she's gone.

Life

Reap it man,
Go on,
Fucking reap it.

Time

Sad,
Mad,
Addictive corner,
Took my life away.

Pen

Pen writes on paper,
Paper is lined,
Now it has some writing

SO I`M HAPPY, OKAY!!??!!?

Me

The certain mysteries of the world,
Can be explored and contained in a mere orange crystal of
thought.

No-one will see,

Only I,

What is to happen next.

The green grass blows in the wind,

The white clouds above just float.

Over there, across the tarmac,

I see the one I love.

Water

Water running through the ravine,

Water clear as crystal,

Water I drink to soothe my throat,

Kills me.

Remember the tonite

If, in one time of life,
You will reveal your mysteries to me,
I will remember the tonite.
I will remember a time of conquest,
A time when I was happy.
The yellow flowers will dance in meadows,
The hippies swing from tree to tree.
Yes,
I will remember the tonite.

To

To see,
To hear,
To laugh,
To sing,
To cry,
To shout,
That is what it's all about.

You

Lilac stones and paper buildings,
Were seen from quite a distance.
I sat in fields of black grass,
My mind wandering.
I remembered everything I had seen in dreams,
Every person I knew.
Then you appeared, and the sun went away.
My heart sank, my head hung low,
Depression had crept in.
I remembered how I felt for you,
And that you didn't for me.
Another came into your life,
You never spoke to me again.
I forgot to say,
Goodbye,
Nancy prince,
I love you.

Paper

Floating down the river,
I see a strange sight.
Not reeds,
Not bushes,
But plants.
The natives seem to be smoking,
This weird,
Native,
Plant.
They smile and invite me to them.
So I accept.
I join their strange ritual,
The smoking of the plant,
And suddenly,
As if asked to,
The clouds turn pink,
The skies go red,
And I laugh merrily.
I really like this ritual,
The smoking of the plant,
And I remember.

And so,
In to the depths of time.
Walk tall and proud,
Be one with all,
Rejoice in the mystery that is
Life.

To

I
Know
What's
Going
Happen
Next

Feel free to express yourself.

Be proud that you can

Fly high

Flying pigs flow through the breeze,
The mist obscures their view.

Flying to the sun and higher,
A show for me and you.

Fly high.

Now the cow's take over,

There's nothing more to see.

We find that in our darkest hour,

We fly sure and free.

Fly high.

To fly among the pigs,

So high above the clouds,

To see everyone, everything,

Be tall and proud,

Fly high.

The rabbits hopping in the fields,

Seen for miles and miles,

Look at them as you fly above,

They bring on lots of smiles,

Fly high.

To be at one with nature,

To see what we can do,

We need to fly as high as clouds,

Just me, the pigs, the cows and you,

Fly high.

Tiles

Time to see what's going on,
In the hills afar,
I must use my binoculars.
From the mountains,
In my cottage,
I lie down,
Not content with what is around me.
The coat that I wear,
Is one of anger,
One of greed,
One that will be worn for some time yet.
No more will be seen,
Even with my binoculars,
If the fabric is woven with the silk of depression.
For I will be dead.

Mine

There are few things that I love in this world,
4 in fact,
My computer,
My badge,
Marlboro,
And the other one,
Well,
I'm sure you can guess.

Locker

The locker in the corner,
Holds many secrets.
No-one knows the secrets,
But the person who holds the key.
The key,
In it's many forms,
Is a piece of wood with an inscription on.
The inscription often changes,
But now it says tonite.
The locker is with me,
And I,
At home,
Have the key.

No

Say no,
Say no,
To what is ahead.
Do not,
Do not,
Accept.
If you do,
You will regret it,
Say no,
Say no,
To them.

World

The green grass,
The blue oceans,
The deep caverns,
All go to make our world.
The birds up high,
The animals on the plain,
The trees in the forests,
Are all a part of our ecosystem.
To be destroyed by man,
Would be a tragic thing.
But not possible.
We can only destroy ourselves.

Clock

The clock sits on the wall,
Ticking.
Tic toc,
Tic toc.
The hands move round,
The seconds tick by,
And no-one stirs.
Tic toc,
Tic toc.
No more,
No more,
My head's going to explode.
Tic toc,
Tic toc.
The pressure! The pressure!
C'mon you stupid pen write!!!
Tic toc,
Tic toc.
Nooooo!!!!
Please stop,
Rrrriinnnggg!!!!
And out we go.

Pink

It hasn't always been this way.
I haven't always been this way.
Confused and baffled by everything i see.
Not knowing,
Or caring,
What was going to happen next.
It is brought along by the fact that i may,
In all probability,
Be in love.
How can I describe it,
This emotion that i have.
I know,
I will describe it using the term:

Pink.

When pigs could fly, and they were called
Floyd

The pig sat in his mud pit,
Thinking.
He was thinking about a song that goes on about flying,
Or some rubbish like that.
He rolled in his mud for a while,
And his friend came to see.
'What are you doing?' Questioned he.
'Keeping clean,' said the pig.
Strange, thought the other,
And the pig took flight.

Stones

Grey stones sat in the road,
Made of silk and cotton.
They jumped up in the air,
And shouted:
'thank god I'm alive!!'

Chalk

The chalk on the board,
Says many things.
The chalk on the board lets out secrets.
The greatest thing about this chalk,
Is not it's colour,
Is not it's shape,
But the magic that it gives out.
It writes the words,
In a mysterious way,
Flowing like a tap.
It stops,
We read,
The words it gives,
And we are happy.

Boredom

Boredom creeps into the mind,
Like rising damp on the wall.
Boredom sticks to your brain,
Like a fly to a wall.
Boredom melts your brain,
Like butter in a hot pan.
The deepest parts of your personality,
Will fade away to nothingness.
But keep at it,
You will survive.

The white duck

The white duck sat in a pond,
His webbed feet caught in weed.
He looked over head,
And saw Floyd.
“Hey!” He called,
And Floyd flew down to meet him.
“Yes?” Said Floyd, “what do you want?”
“My feet are caught, please help me.”
“Okay,” said Floyd, “I will.”
He helped him out,
They both took flight,
And the duck was shot down by the bloody farmer,
who lives just down the road,
from where he was sitting.
“oh well,” thought Floyd, “never mind.”

The end of book 1.