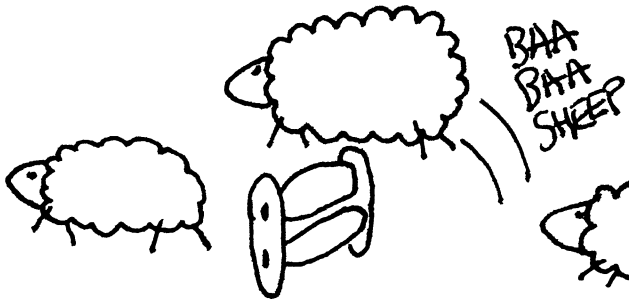
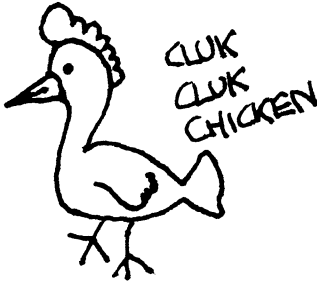
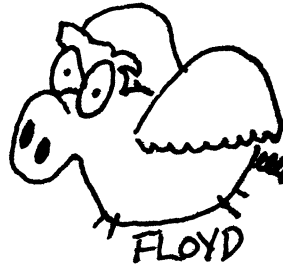


THIS BOOK IS ON MK II



BOOK 2
POETRY
BY LEVI FREEMANTLE

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See it burn,
Smell that sweet scent,
Feel your eyelids dropping,
Sleep.

The unfinished poem

The trees blow in the wind,
The corn burns in the flame,
Looking in the window,
I see her face again.
Wandering through my mind,
I see a strange sight.
She looks at me, I look at her,
Then we get a fright.
The demon I call him,
Jumps between our forms,
I hit him in the jaw,
In the dew filled dawn.
And then...

French lesson

Nancy,
Nancy,
Nancy,
Nancy,
Nancy.

That was uninspired.

Things

The glass in the window.
Dirty.
The carpet on the floor,
wiry.
The pen on the board,
green.
She just sits there,
writing.
I just sit here,
breathing.
No-one knows,
why.
No-one knows,
how.
No-one cares,
only me,
these things that I see.

Flask

The flask just sits there waiting.
What it is waiting for,
Nobody knows.
But it sits there.
One day someone will find out,
Exactly what it wants.
But until then,
It sits there,
 Waiting.

House

The red brick house stood on a hill,
Everything around it,
Silent.
Mr. Mc. Dreivel had lived there 40 years.
Alone.
His wife had died those many years ago,
Leaving him alone.
He sat there silently thinking.
To himself.
He rocked back and forth in his rocking chair,
Staring at the fire that had taken him half an hour to make.
His cat watched him.
It came to him rather suddenly,
You wouldn't have thought it possible.
He was all alone,
When the event took place,
When the glass fell to the ground,
Falling from his hand,
Spilling his drink,
Shattered.

He only knew what was happening for a mere ten seconds,
It had come through the wall,
Kind of like a ghost.
It took Mr. Mc. Dreivals life energy.
Th reaper had got him.
He was dead.
And alone.
On the hill.
In the red brick house.
Not moving.
Silent.

'70's man

'70's man
'70's man,
How do you do it?
I see you walking down the street,
With flares,
Platforms,
And a skin tight cream top,
With brown collars and cuffs.
It's all so strange and out of fashion,
Why do you wear these clothes?
You don't look cool,
You don't look hard,
You are '70's man.

Tree

The leaves grow on the tree,
Green and big.
The insect that lives in the tree,
Is green and small.
His antenna,
A complement to his head.
They droop.

Rhyme

Maps,
Baps,
Cats,
Mats,
Rugs,
Drugs,
Drink,
Think,
Smoke,
Choke,
Look,
Book,
Wall,
Crawl,
Draw,
Raw,
Out of space.

Then

Skipping through the fields,
Sun shining on us,
We smile happily.
The sweet scent of the flowers is around us.
Nine of us in total.
Smoking and drinking,
We are happier than ever before.
These are good times,
Happy times.
Relax,
Lie down,
Be at one with nature.
Be one of us.

999 - emergency services

When all is lost,
Do not fear,
For I,
The poet,
Am here.

The chestnut coffee,
Sits on a table.
No-one stirs,
Only the bees.
No-one knows what will happen next,
Only the wise owl.
But we wait,
For the time.

Fuck this for a laugh

We follow them,
And we listen,
We know not,
Where we go.
But we follow,
If they lead us,
To the dark place,
Then we stop,
And we no longer listen.

Stripes in the field,
Mesmerise me.
No longer,
Is life,
There.
Table sits there,
No longer,
Visible.
The light is taken,
From the bulb.
We are gone.

Wall,
On the side.
Wall,
Near me.
I look at you,
You listen,
To what I say.

The glass,
On the grass,
Is full of booze.
The glass,
Looks at you,
And says what I want to hear.
No longer am I sad.

Picture describes,
What I want to see,
The pink stuff,
Glares at me.
I wander,
What it is,
That makes me see,
This light,
That you shine,
On me.

The lips,
That I know,
Are cold and blue.
The lips that I know,
Just see.
So sleep,
And look,
At me.

Hair,
Gold and shiny.
The brown,
Is fine.
But,
The grasshopper isn't.
We can try,
To work it out,
In the end.

Hyper-drive in the universe
Powered by caffeine
Which oils the laws of time
To blow it's mind.
With the beauties of danger
And the inconvenience of love
To power it.
For infinite is undefinable
But then know not what we are
So when must it end?

The burning purpling sky
Surrounds as my
Feet sink in gratitude
To the ground.

It's not worth trying
Any more and the blaze
Of a lost love lingers
Painfully in my mind.

I share my cigarettes
With the simple chickens
As they share my
Fear.

A single tear runs
It's river down my cheek
And I fade away silently
Into the darkness.

My mind spins with
An appellation of surreal
Odours and ideas and
My brain is evacuating
Itself via my nostrils.

The uniformed concreted
Shutters into purple talcum
Powder to reveal a
Shiny goddess in all her
Splendour.

There is love in her
Eyes but what could
I say to a woman
Of such outstanding beauty.

I managed to steal a
Slice of her love before
She departed into a
Better world.

Blackness,
No more left,
No more seen.
Behave like this,
Red as a rose.
And see all,
Even the straw.

I sit in the corner,
Nobody knows.
I see a vision,
Of her.
I wonder,
What it is,
That makes me think of her.
 But it does.

On my travels I have seen a purple seagull,
Full of golden splendour.

Flying through the air,
Pigs all around me.
Their leader,
Floyd,
Says to me:
“Hello dear sir!”
And I say:
“Hello there Floyd!”

People come,
People go.
Everyday is new.
Hang in there,
They say,
But I can't.
They all know what it feels like,
They've all been there before.
Things change,
People change.
But I can't.

There is another mystery to life,
That can only be explained through time.
It tells of a certain machine,
A machine of solid gold.
It manufactures love by the ton,
Feelings by the gramme.
We all show this machine,
Some more than others.
It is sacred,
It is life.