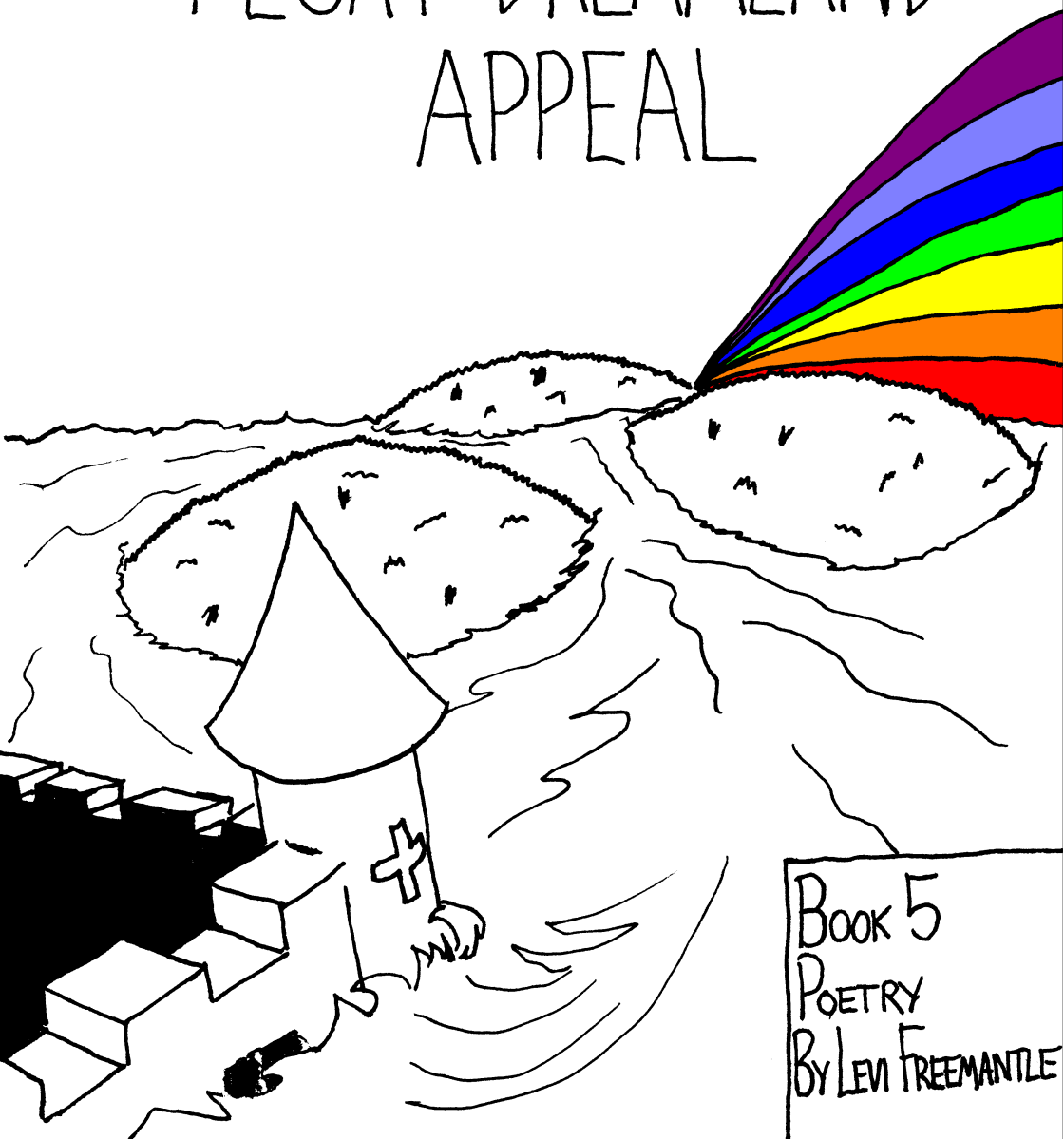


# THE HELP FLOAT DREAMLAND APPEAL



BOOK 5  
POETRY  
BY LEVI FREEMANTLE

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There's a star before me,  
Shining brightly.  
I'm so happy that I'm almost blind.  
I'm hurt,  
And bruised,  
Severely wounded.  
When I look,  
And I find,  
In the corners of my mind,  
That there is no hope at all.  
I open up my eye,  
With a cut that pains and lies,  
There is no sense at all.  
Standing on a hill,  
I look down.

In my life I am tired and lonely,  
In a field of yellow daffodils,  
With a magnet that attracts great gods.  
See my evil,  
Be my witness,  
Corner the guilty party.  
For when I look,  
And I find,  
In the corners of my mind,  
That there is no hope at all.  
When I open up my eye,  
With a cut that hurts and lies,  
Hope is born.

## Freedom animals

Travel to the hedgerow,  
See what is beyond,  
Look into another world,  
Be a part of foreverness.  
Immortality awaits.  
Knives and blades won't cut you,  
Cannons won't make a dent.  
Life is never boring,  
Slave to humanity.

## Sheep

In to insanity,  
Drive into madness.  
Jump around with life,  
In a padded room.  
Don't let them push you.  
Don't take any shit.  
Don't let them fuck you around,  
You're suck in a system.

## Border incident

Through the woods of life I seek,  
Cupboards showing water leaks,  
Grates of dying hippo sleep,  
And some secrets I must keep.  
Lead and gold in summer book,  
Calculator that I took,  
Sea birds dying for a look,  
Folder showing words I wrote.  
I can't even chase it,  
Or take any of your shit,  
You won't like it one bit,  
The cigarette that I have lit.  
So I no longer need it,  
Red brown little changes,  
And I can't even like it if I will.

Not open

Information,

Information,

Tell me what you know.

We want to see what's in your mind,

I want to know your feelings.

Tell me what you know.

Blue traps,  
For orange fish.  
Yellow bags,  
Straight wood.  
Hit me with cotton,  
Between my eyes.  
Kill me with jam,  
Straight down my throat.  
Pencil case chalk,  
Green plot of land,  
Mine for the taking,  
When I am gone.

## Homemade Playdough

2 cups plain flour

2 cups water

1 cup salt

2 tbsp oil

2 tsp cream of tartar

2 tsp food colouring

Place all ingredients in saucepan and stir, heat until it sticks together.

Long hair,  
Brown eyes,  
Perfection rolled into one.  
The perfect voice,  
The perfect woman,  
Beautiful,  
In all her glory.  
Oh well.

Look at her walking,  
Down the stairs.  
Look at her wonder,  
Into nothingness.  
Buzzy bees,  
Buzzing wasps.  
Honey,  
Marmite,  
Jam.

Enter depression,  
Join the club,  
Be with me,  
In my sea of desire.  
Love is my object,  
Love is my cure.  
Come on,  
Please,  
Join me.

I would like to say goodbye,  
For my fellow members.  
I would like to say goodbye,  
To the woman that I love.  
No longer shall I bother you,  
No more poetry shall I write.  
So one last thing before I leave,  
Goodbye,  
Woman I love.

I shall call this one; substandard

I sit,  
A dark room,  
My eyes tired and weary.  
I don't want any more pain,  
Don't wish any more anguish,  
There's just too much.  
Even with my flying pigs,  
Multi-coloured water kisses,  
My two timing pig dog,  
It scares me.  
It must be stopped.

Curtains drawn,  
Empty room,  
Complete dead silence,  
And a table.  
Sitting on a red carpet,  
Candles shedding light,  
Leaving me with visions,  
Of my aloneness.  
Please forgive me for all my sins,  
Please let me be with you,  
This pain and tortures killing me,  
I am sad, tired and weary.

Into blue dreams,  
Hotting up a kettle,  
Pouring into streams,  
Drinking wine.  
Look at the wildlife,  
Passing you by.  
Lives and loves,  
Forbidden truths:  
Looking to my past I see,  
A most wondrous occasion when,  
My love and I,  
In passing,  
Talked for a while.  
However,  
I regret,  
I did say the wrong thing,  
And she did reject me,  
Like a faulty chocolate.  
The wondrous occasion,  
Which I must confess I was pushed into,  
Had suddenly turned sour.  
So, at the time of writing,  
We are apart,  
My heart is broken,  
I must find a cure.

Well, well,  
What have we here?  
For once I have caught you,  
Oh dear, oh dear.  
You're up the creek now,  
You're stuck in alley,  
Come along now,  
I've caught you

### Blowing in the breeze

Leaves and rubbish,  
Walking smoothly down the street,  
Crackling and rustling,  
Blowing in the breeze.  
Walking in the autumn days,  
Going to the park,  
Listening to sounds around me,  
My mind is cloudy and dark.  
Dalmatian dogs pass me,  
As I sit on the seat,  
Mothers and children,  
With the people who they meet.  
Sitting on my own,  
My feelings as a comfort,  
Thinking to myself,  
And watching the world.  
Blowing in the breeze.

Golden birds,  
Silver trees,  
Talking bollocks,  
Pissed as a fart.  
Mind not working,  
Hand all wonky.  
Music pissing me off.  
Lines and paper.

### Sins

Life shows a new perspective,  
When you look through the light.  
Black becomes white,  
Hair becomes skin,  
Into the doorway,  
Of a new love.  
Shirt overhanging,  
People all around,  
Don't include me in reality,  
Reality is fucked.

Tainted love,  
Yeah,  
Right,  
Bollocks to that.  
Love does not exist,  
It's all in the mind.  
Heaven burners.

### Ode to god

Give me the truth,  
Tell it to me straight,  
Tell me if it's love,  
That I really feel for Nancy.  
Give me guidance,  
Through this hard time.  
Tell it to me straight.  
Is it love?

The woman that I love,  
I know that she loves another.  
She loves the one that she originally liked,  
The one that was originally hers.  
I would like to dedicate this to Nancy,  
Woman that I love.

## Pissant on a stool

Wet,  
Angry,  
Pissant on a stool.  
Looking,  
Listening,  
Nothing there.  
Window pane,  
Curtains,  
No view to see.  
Love blinds me,  
But I do not realise.  
Red coat,  
Black coat,  
Silk.

The man of the mountain,  
He sits there thinking.  
He thinks of the times of dragons,  
The times of knights and princesses,  
A time when demons were slain.  
He remembers these days,  
The days of his youth,  
And he writes it in his book,  
Of times forgotten.

## Commune

Walking down the street at night,  
Rain spattered playgrounds of delight,  
Lying in a field of grass,  
Looking at the sun.  
Desserts fold into crescent moons,  
Crescent moons to suns,  
Clouds enveloping mystic mountains,  
Watching people run.  
From the sky there came an angel,  
She was to me so perfect.  
Her hair was like a corn field,  
Blowing in the wind.  
Her face was of green valleys,  
Beautiful,  
I gave to her a single rose.  
I whispered to her some words,  
And then she turned majestically,  
And flew into the night.

## The cosmic jiving moon hippy

Take it away,  
Strip me of my pride,  
Relax in the undergrowth,  
With your new found gift.  
Take it to the moon and back,  
Travel to the stars.  
Cosmic jiving moon hippy,  
Long hair,  
Mouth of ganj.  
Looking for a new way,  
A way to see the fields,  
Smoke tobacco,  
Drinking alcohol,  
Mouth full of ganj.

I admire you for trying,  
Even though it wasn't.  
I admire you for trying,  
Even for all your fears.  
If I were you,  
I wouldn't have done it,  
But I admire you for trying,  
Sorry.

Well, here we are,  
Routine says it's about to happen,  
But can I go through with it?  
Nerves are on edge,  
My legs are like jelly,  
My heart is beating faster,  
Please god let me die.  
Let me die,  
Or let her say yes,  
I don't care,  
Just finish it off.

## Clean for a break

In my words,  
I am a tropstant,  
Little yellow nanas,  
Dancing in lakes.  
Polka dot trees,  
Blackness in windows,  
Big evil hippos,  
Trying to swim.  
Come along someone,  
See me in my world,  
Don't try to trample,  
Poppies of green.  
Paper of willing,  
Ink of forgiveness,  
Trying to hill me,  
Trying to sink.  
Be orange lovers,  
Be purple top grass,  
Be charcoaled fires,  
See orange will.  
Be lovely longing,  
Be secret secrets,  
Be tall and smallest,  
Round in a globe.  
Be striped elephants,  
Be swinging whelks,  
Be orange bright light,  
Black in a brick.  
In my grey time,  
See my red spirits,  
With my long dancing,  
Videos in home.

Into the right,  
Out of the wrong,  
Be with my baby,  
Watch for the catch.  
The end is here,  
But I can't protect you,  
Shelter with blackboards,  
Vietnam waste.

### Perfection

Perfection,  
Hard to reach,  
Easy to see.  
Perfection,  
The shining sun,  
The blowing breeze.  
To see another,  
As perfect as you,  
Would be to die,  
So horribly,  
So please.  
Let me live again,  
Perfection.