

Hmm m, That's an idea....



A MESSAGE OF LOVE,
FOR IN CASE

—
DIE



BOOK 6
POETRY
BY LEVI FREEMAN

A MESSAGE OF LOVE,
FOR IN CASE
I
DIE

BOOK 6
POETRY
BY LEVI FREEMANTLE

I tried to win the human race,
I don't know why, but I felt out of place,
I saw all the smiles,
I shot everyone,
'cause Jesus was my son,
my son,
'cause Jesus was my son.

The still life of you that I hold in my hand
dissolves through my fingers, running like sand,
you run on the beach,
you smile everyone,
still Jesus is my son,
my son,
still Jesus is my son.

There's a magical power that some may say,
can never help you to fade away,
I drew all the daisies,
went blind by the sun,
when Jesus was my son,
my son,
when Jesus was my son.

And Look At Tranquillity

To write a poem,
to read the words,
to look upon an orange globe,
and see a purple sun.

With wire fences,
and golden fires,
an indigo pear drop,
drops on your skin.

Into a forest,
marsupial dreams,
into a whirlpool,
black,
white,
jelly,
cork.

Circle Of Truth

Well,
okay then,
let's look at the chicken.
Let's see it,
in it's pink and orange bikini.
The t-shirt of love,
painted on his chest,
shouts out a message,
a message to all.
Look at the chicken,
listen to his voice,
sing to it calmly,
big jelly kid.

Heaven Burners

Cotton,
silk,
like a breeze.
Into a reality,
of one forgotten Dragon.
Flying over midnight skies,
village on a stick.
Dragon in a graveyard,
killed by Heaven Burners.

Liff

I would like to welcome
you to the reconstruction.

Take a while to consider things,
to look into the past,
to see ourselves as we used to be,
fighting in our blaze of glory.
Look at us now,
the way that we are.
Look at how we've changed,
looking to the future.
For if we consider the way that we were,
we haven't changed at all.

This, this is the reconstruction.

It is a time of sorrow,
our lives are turning,
turning into reality.
If we take time,
to look through the chequered chimney,
smoke rising in your face,
dancing dreams,
we will see ourselves,
as we want to be.
A portrayal of a nightmare,
a scene of disgust,
a slice of the cake,
the cake of life.
A camera pans across the room,
a black background,
our faces lit.

This is the time,
the time to see,
see if we are living,
or if we are dreams.
Thank you for listening,
carry on with the show
watch what will happen.
For these are the days,
of the rest of our lives.

Reconstruction.

A cat,
a dog,
looking into foreverness.

Me,
sitting,
looking,
trying.

I can't ask,
I am blind,
blind to the world,
blind to her.

Shite

No she has not,
it's plutonic,
so...
nope.

(By Tim Kello)

Fuck

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,
fuck, fuck, fuck.
Oh my shitty life.

(By Tim Kello)

Box full of rubbish,
rubbish collected through my life,
emotions,
thoughts,
memories,
of a time once

gone.

I sit in my world,
looking at my former,
and I expect,
someone to visit.
So please,
some one visit me,
visit me in my world,
escape from reality,
a candle lit room.

Rain

Splintered tendrils of ageing ice spit onto the window panes,
and I see people down below,
running through the rain.

The roof above me sings its monotone symphony and it
comforts me.

When all else fails, I am happy when it rains.

Perhaps, if it rains again, I will be happy.

But if the sun shines on me,
then I shall be dead.

(By Joe Gilpin)

The Marlin

The Marlin is old and black
and white.

It is crap.

It sits in the music room.

The Marlin is also a large fish.

Perhaps it is also a car.

It has no tremolo arm any more.

(By Chris Burns)

Cut

Pylon,
field,
cut.

Looking,
listening,
learning,
cut.

Slash,
swipe,
jab,
cut.

Cloud,
plane,
tomorrow.

Cut.

A Message Of Love For In Case I Die

I would like to say a message,
but I can't.
So I will put my message in a bottle,
and throw it in the water,
hoping you will pick it up,
and read it.
I hope that you will understand,
and look me in the eye,
tell me the truth,
in an honest reply.
I would like to tell you the message,
but unfortunately I can't,
so I'll put it in a bottle,
hoping that you will read it.