



A POSTCARD
FROM BEYOND
THE VALLEY
WHERE THE
DEAD SHEEP
LIE

BOOK 7
POETRY
BY LEVI FREEMAN

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Well,
now,
what can I say that hasn't been said before?
What can I do that hasn't been done?
What can I be that I haven't been already?
Do you want me to be different?
Do you want me to change?
Look at me as I am,
tired and weary.
The journey has exhausted me,
I am battered and bruised,
the road was long,
the sun beat down,
and I am here to see you.
Don't deliver the killing blow,
please say yes.

My fellow members and I,
have a proposition that could change your life.
We would like to ask if you,
would generally find it acceptable to,
be with us for the rest of our lives,
to be our idol,
to be worshipped.
We would like to offer payment,
of food and water, bed and rent,
for we would really like you to stay with us,
so that we can make a fuss
over you to make sure you're alright,
and guard you with our lives, with all our might.

Walking through the woods of sleep,
leaping hippos on to my hat,
lightning rod,
lightning rod,
because it's so damn,
so damn cold.

Cold.

Flying cities to the key,
looking through and on to my lap,
here we are,
here we are,
because it's so damn,
so damn old.

Old.

Building buildings on the tree,
wire fences blocking my path,
to the sea,
to the sea- cret,
'cause it's so damn,
so damn sunny.

Sunny.

And, to finish up my neat,
tons and tons of little pea pull,
red brick wall,
red brick wall,
'cause it's so damn,
so damn cold.

Cold.

Sitting on black mountain,
red grasses blowing around me,
darkness fills the sky,
with a dull bleak foreboding.
I can only find comfort,
in an injured hedgehog,
who I have tried to make well,
yet he is dying.
Everyone has left,
I am alone.
So I need someone,
to comfort me.
I just ask this one favour from you,
just this one favour.

The Death Of Jim Waters

Let's get this show on the road.

I am here today,
in the golden valley,
to celebrate the passing away of one Jim Waters.
I would like to say that he was a good man,
and that he was kind,
but we all know that I would be lying.
He was a bastard,
a crazy fuck,
who lived to plague my mind,
and disease my life.
I'm glad I killed him,
to see his brains,
painting the crimson carpet of love lost.
I'm glad his head sliced off so easily,
spraying my flowers with the water of life.
The blood stained walls,
Jim Waters life,
slipping through my fingers.

Heart On a Pedestal

Heart on a pedestal,
broken in two,
veins dripping blood,
the blood of love.
Darkness befalls,
an angel of light,
ripping through curtains,
of a clouded mind.
Patches of thought,
cleared of weeds,
cleared for roses,
roses of feelings.

Untitled

I called her an idol,
so perfectly formed.
I worshipped her dearly,
although I had hardly thought of her.
I almost fell in love with her,
she almost stole my heart,
I almost ran away with her,
but something told me:

NO!

Just don't do it,
don't believe your feelings,
it's not that obvious.
I didn't.
I didn't do it.
So now I just sit here,
on my stall in the corner,
darkness filling my veins,
penetrating my eyeballs.
It hurts,
it blinds,
it stings,
like an electric shock.
My emotions are drained,
but I'm strangely happy.
I'm hurt,
I'm wounded,
yet it is only skin deep,
and that seems to hurt,
in the light of the past.

Forgive me.

Restaurant

Once upon a time,
in the land of the living,
somebody called,
for the water of four.

A drink and a meal,
a meal of love,
presented on a table,
of inner confusion.

Confusion?

Yes,

you may ask,
but let me explain.

The confusion of one,
a lowly spirit,
confused of his feelings,
for a woman of dreams.

And now he sits here,
writing a poem,
a poem of love,
for

a

final

meal.

Reality Generation

Soap opera,
soap opera,
show me the way.
Will Phil marry Betty,
and Susan marry Dave?
Will Rob go to prison,
for the crimes he did commit,
did he really murder Kathy?
Oh tell me who did.
Will Pete's wife Julie,
leave that other man?
And is Pete having a relationship,
with that guy Dan?
Your world is so confusing,
and so realistic,
the acting is top grade,
I love you,
soap opera.

Welcome

Welcome to the future,
history kid.

Welcome to the future,
where technology is your friend.

Don't be scared of the moving picture box,
or the little brightly coloured man,
who moves with the stick.

Don't jump when the noise,
comes from the black box,
don't fear when your mind,
is put in different realities.

Science wont harm you,
electricity wont kill,
technology is your friend,
history kid.

The Traveller

Back again,
in the land of the living,
the place of my birth,
the kingdom of the fair.
It's good to be back,
in the good old place,
I'm sorry to be away,
for such a long time.
So many months,
so much time.
The romantic is back,
the giver of life,
the train of feeling,
destination Jekyll.

You're right to be paranoid,
they are all out to get you.

Listen to the music,
kid,
join the big band.
Jump on the wagon.

Endless Nameless

Welcome,
says I,
welcome to infinity.
Apart from the stars,
the planets of forever.
Rejoice in the knowledge,
given to you.
Be one of a million,
pick and choose,
bright light,
dark light,
doors to the past,
see my yellow waking,
the first and last.
My lucky demon,
screams for the pin,
the pin that holds life,
unfortunate sin.

Standing on a box,
opium dreams,
psychedelic peace monkeys,
feeding off the tree.
Try to remember,
the time of your life,
hidden in a party,
forgotten in time.
Sleeping through gutters,
then waters of life,
running on past,
the clear windows.

The rear view mirror,
displays an image,
the image of a likeness,
unseen.
Doppelgänger nightmares,
transform the soul,
soul of a nation,
dying in the cause.
Cause of a million,
becoming a copy,
copy of you,
personality of heart,
seen.

Recipe For Ten Pottery Close

Small shot Jack Daniels
Apple, strawberry and orange.
Denim.
Stir with gnarly old Biro.
Leave standing for two seconds.

Lez

It's piss funny
oh my god
sleep at his house
on the floor
old man's wine
butane
bucket
bub.
House of sin?
I don't go there any more.

(By Tim Kello)

Tucker

Helen, his bird
where is the Snes
he smokes pot
big time!

(By Tim Kello)

Isaac

No bird
no money
no application
no confidence
no decent folks
all the same,
good bloke.

(By Tim Kello)

Chris

?

(By Tim Kello)

Watch

Clock
time what
I don't care
I wanna stay
not go.
Seshing out
it's a laugh innit.

(By Tim Kello)

Spider plant
spider plant
looking at a cat.
Nobody with me,
to witness the event.
Let all go,
hang loose.

Party

What a party
caned as toads
sledged
watched porn
it's a laugh.

(By Tim Kello)

Broadhembury hall
sitting in a room
several young men
who knows?
The room is smoky.
Table stands tall and gaunt
yet in the atmosphere
rumbling voices sound
bodies litter the floor:
victims of their thought
spectral figures sink on the table
then the floor
monotone
let's go
the music is loud
things flash

(By Tim Kello)

Six Foot Blonde

Eh
uh
what the fuck
I dunno
scared that night
mind, body soul
to the holes
the shop
the city
and drink tea
good tea
with a railway floating
Then home
bed
breakfast
life.
This poem has meaning
my word- that word
women.
God don't say it
I want one
deary me
imagery

(By Tim Kello)