

A TRANSCENDENTAL  
KNIGHTMARE



Book 8  
POETRY  
BY LEVI FREEMAN

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Listless voids,  
faceless people,  
marching, marching,  
marching to the orange,  
orange light.

Blue faces smiling,  
dragging them down,  
taking control of the figurehead march,  
and marching,  
marching with their guns strapped tight,  
guns that shoot peace,  
guns that torch night,  
as they march,  
march,  
the faceless people,  
in a listless void.

All the chequered people,  
with all their chequered ways,  
all the chequered people,  
walking to the pistons.  
Steaming in the oil,  
whilst they work on the earth,  
working,  
working,  
to bring out the light.

All the chequered people,  
with their long red coats,  
soaking in the vanity,  
walking in the lust,  
flooding the gates,  
locking the yard,  
all the chequered people,  
melting their hearts.

Doctor sulphur says I'm ill,  
and that I cannot be helped.  
I've fallen too far,  
i'm deep in the well,  
never to be saved,  
never to be cured.  
But I like it down here,  
with the lights and the curls,  
i'm happy down here with thoughts of ink.  
Rubber ducks,  
quacking in my mind,  
and singing my song.  
But i'm ill,  
i'm dying,  
never to be cured.

They rush through the rushes,  
on their way to the soul,  
the soul of the dying,  
dying lives.  
Stretching my mind,  
relaxing my body,  
stretching my mind,  
to the edge of the real..  
the musical teeth that they play in my mouth,  
summoning up the angel of light,  
no longer a person,  
but the symbol of life.  
Leaking my sanity,  
which is black as the night,  
and welling in tears,  
tears that I shed,  
for her fiery years,  
when I was a boy.  
She was so fair,  
when love didn't exist,  
because she wasn't there.

Welcome my child,  
welcome to the show,  
see all the attractions,  
witness the players,  
perform to you,  
and the rest of the people.  
Pay for your ticket,  
pay to see us,  
all of the freaks.  
The vomiting cavalier,  
and the short guy with the stubble,  
cheer and clap,  
roar at the end,  
clap for the show,  
clap for me.

Silently walking,  
through forests of cotton,  
chewing on my toothpaste,  
breathing on my nail,  
as I watch through the darkness,  
a single light falls,  
signalling that she's here,  
to take away my soul.  
To take away my soul and steal away my breath,  
with her fair rose smile,  
and her long feather hair.  
Yet as I sit,  
on this black onyx rock,  
watching the reds, the yellows and the blues,  
flood the sky and blacken the hills,  
I run my hands through my hair,  
and my tears down my cheek,  
as I witness her appearance,  
and her leaving with the sun.

Animate the living, walking mires,  
seeking the people, saying retire,  
retire to holes you've dug in the ground,  
you dug whilst moving round (and round),  
to sow the yellow, sunshine seeds,  
to give you a purpose, to lead and lead.  
Follow the living walking mires,  
listen to the towns, as the town criers,  
say to the people, tell them retire,  
float up high, higher and higher,  
above all the people in the chains of life,  
above all the worries.

#### THE WORRIES.

Look round the corner,  
look at the pipes,  
find where you're going,  
avoid all the spikes,  
that litter the pathways higher and higher,  
(as you follow) the animated, living, walking mire.

Sweep little birdies,  
across the landscape,  
spread your wings and your red- yellow clouds.  
Let me watch from atop my hill,  
with my daisy chain gown,  
my people set the table.  
Borough little wormies,  
gnaw at my feet,  
like the woodworm in my head,  
at the image of a rose.  
A rose,  
a rose,  
a fair rose,  
a bright rose,  
standing in the sun and flowing in the breeze.  
Dancing,  
whirling,  
to the tune of her breath,  
then lost in time to the sky.  
And as my whim is swallowed, digested,  
my rose shall wither and be taken with the wind,  
as the winter took the summer,  
and my rose took my love.

## Silver Streak Hill

The birds fly over silver streak hill,  
silver streak hill where I was born.  
The clouds over shadow as I sit on the bench,  
sit on the bench that was mine as a kid.  
I pull myself up, from the inside out,  
banging my tongue on the teeth of despair.  
While watching,  
watching,  
as blood is drawn,  
the blood of an angel running down the black stone.  
My eyes are rock solid,  
my mind working fast,  
like the circular wind on the yellow earth,  
hitting,  
attacking,  
silver streak hill,  
silver streak hill where love was born.

## Intrepids

Walking through the water,  
I see me upside down,  
notice all the ripples,  
break me all around.  
Seeing the grasses,  
green as the view,  
which stretches from you,  
as I save,  
all of the graves,  
trying to save her,  
trying to reach and seeing her face on the wall,  
nothing at all,  
Walking through the water,  
I see me upside down,  
notice all the ripples,  
break me all around.

And as the clouds all shout above me,  
I feel just like a purple monkey,  
justed all the ways,  
seeing all the days,  
just float below.

Sitting on the cliff heads, little white chalk appears in white  
lines on the shore,  
like nothing before.  
Little blue fishes,  
laughing and swimming,  
like kids running round on the grey,  
all for a day.  
Th Chickens and the Turkeys,  
that fly above your head,

a dog that's barking loudly,  
the priceless pig is dead.

And as the clouds all shout above me,  
I feel just like a purple monkey,  
justed all the ways,  
seeing all the days,  
just float below.

Taking my time, just to make sure all the people remember my  
name,  
it all stays the same,  
horses are running,  
running through gardens and trampling the grass,  
as they go,  
going slow,  
badges and t-shirts whispering the names...  
all of the heroes, all of this for fame.

And as the clouds all shout above me,  
I feel just like a purple monkey,  
justed all the ways,  
seeing all the days,  
just float below.

I'd like to tell you if I may,  
I really mean I would like to say,  
something of importance I hold in my mind,  
feelings and emotions of a kind,  
towards an Angel, lady of white,  
taking the wrongs, making the right,  
watching the birds that sing out a song,  
to both of us, in a field, until we are gone,  
till we've reached the end of another day,  
and I have totally neglected to say,  
I love you (because I am a fool).

What did we do when then silence stopped,  
and in the street arcade a penny dropped?  
The hats and scarves all walked on by,  
101 Dalmatians looking to fly ,  
the autumn reds, yellows and browns,  
sweeping along the Ida down,  
the greens, the whites, the clear sky blue,  
showing the people and image of you.

What did you do when the silence stopped,  
in the Elven arcade a balloon popped,  
a red balloon containing pink dust,  
(inside) as it explodes with a smell of musk,  
the people who walk the streets of my head,  
a dog barking loudly yet tragically dead.  
Around on a head,  
alone on a bead,  
a dog barking loudly, yet tragically dead.

## Picnic At Snakedown Park

Visions of love on a strange afternoon,  
when the light shone behind the grey silver moon,  
and a kite flew above on a grass green hill,  
as I sit and I sat, all was perfectly still,  
all around as the trees and the roses grew,  
a train whistled the country through and through,  
a boy playing conkers alone on a green,  
an explosion of the heart unseen, unseen,  
to those who have fought in a war full of tears,  
creating the blind, destroying the seers,  
taking the knowledge that I hold in my hand,  
turning the roads, the roads into sand.  
But there is a saviour above me on the high cliff tops,  
I tell all the people, I tell them to stop,  
stop covering my eyes, let me see only her,  
and they take all their hands for my eyes to uncover.  
But before catching a glimpse she runs in the distance,  
one more lost love to add to my innocence,  
as I watch her run, I chase, I follow,  
knowing my future, full of sorrow.

## The Love Of My Life

As the love of my life grew louder, grew stronger,  
the length of my life grew longer and longer,  
waiting around for nothing to happen,  
apple of my life replaced (not stolen),  
for the Angel of white who walks in my dreams,  
pulling the threads, tearing the seams,  
of a sanity held by bits of string,  
some sticky tape and a wedding ring,  
unused now, unused before,  
sifting my mind as the paper tore,  
(a paper sanity) the message of yore,  
of how to prevent evil, silence the screams,  
of hunted people, who have hunted in dreams,  
of freedom, of love, of a dream that I hold,  
of the Angel of light, a vision to behold,  
the woman I love, an image in my head,  
an image that lives yet is almost dead.

To You (The Meadow Where I Live)

Taking then pleasant,  
unriding storm,  
speaking the pleasant,  
tales of warm,  
fire and coals,  
breaking windows,  
the greasy pole,  
seeding row.

The twisting, winding, shifting stare,  
behind (behind), the warm light glare,  
wrenching and pulling your stomach to bits,  
with a knife that you hold as you sit, you sit,  
looking at me with your loving eyes,  
talking to me in between all the sighs,  
telling your feelings with eyes of blue,  
which I sit and acknowledge with an I love you.  
(I love you).

## A Testimony To You, A Testimony To The People

Who really cares what the people may say,  
when the people can only play and play,  
the games they played as kids in school,  
the games now make them look like a fool.  
The fool in the garden is growing.

Who's to say that the people can talk,  
the people can talk and do as they walk,  
talk about memories they have as a kid,  
memories in the mind that seem to have slid.  
The fool in the garden is growing.

Who's to say what the whisperings about,  
the whisper takes weeks to turn to a shout,  
and as a shout it causes the screams,  
the screams that have entered all of our dreams.  
All of our dreams become nightmares.

Who will put out the garage light,  
the garage light that follows our plight,  
watching as we run, run, run away,  
from all of the things that the people will say.  
Still we see all our dreams become nightmares.

How right is it to be righteous,  
to save the world from pain,  
to feed the starving millions,  
to give the deserts rain?  
How much do they need the ten pence pieces,  
you put in money jars,  
to save the blind and beaten,  
to save the girl from Mars?  
The girl who looks in your window,  
stares at you every night,  
builds upon your conscience,  
fills you with fear and fright,  
enough for you to be righteous,  
to save the world from pain,  
enough to feed the starving millions,  
and to give the deserts rain.

## My Elephant Graveyard

The Dragons and Demons of Mulberry Hill,  
sleeping gently, perfectly still.

The Dragons and Demons of Mulberry Hill,  
having already eaten, eaten their fill,  
of memories of dancing,  
of times of happiness,  
of passion in prancing,  
of my lovely loneliness.

The Dragons and Demons of Mulberry Hill,  
watching the light sit perfectly still,  
perfectly still as I sit on my rock,  
waiting,  
waiting,

(for) the Dragons and Demons of Mulberry Hill,  
to strike down the roses that kept me perfectly still,  
to strike down the light,  
to which they took flight,  
took flight at the sight of an Angel hair,  
hanging, hanging, as if it didn't care,  
didn't care what happened to me,  
as I lay in my grave, my epitaph for all to see:

Dead, for the love of a woman.

## Breakfast And Tea For You And For Me

A trebor mint for breakfast,  
after eight for tea,  
marmalade on toast.  
Marmalade on toast.  
Hmm...  
all this just for me.  
I'll invite you over so that we can share,  
this feast of delights,  
and celebrate,  
happily,  
without a care.  
A feast of song,  
a feast of dance,  
a feast of love,  
of laughing,  
of chance,  
to take on a horse as I ride through the glen,  
explosion of the heart hitting again,  
as I see, and I saw you, standing above,  
as I weep for my madness,  
I weep for my love.

Hey there baby,  
where are your glasses,  
the gold red frames with the small clear plastic?  
Hey there baby,  
where is my love,  
my large pink love with a ribbon attached?  
What did you do,  
what did you see,  
why did you ever do this to me?  
(You) cut off my hand with a rusted saw,  
it hurt (it hurt), like nothing before,  
and before the horse and the cow had sung,  
you whipped my hand back and it stung (it stung).  
With a lick and a scream you ran out of the sanity,  
leaving me alone,  
alone,  
alone in a room, dimly lit with candles