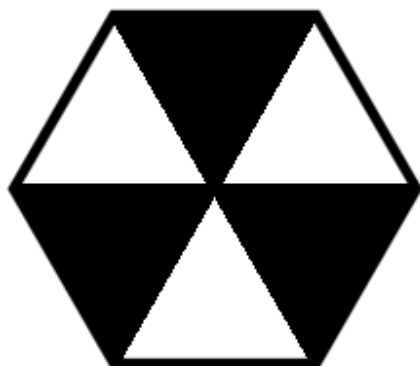


ZEN
DIAGRAMS
OF THE UNWILLING



Book 12
Poetry
By Levi Freemantle

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Of The Unwilling

Started 21st Feb. 2011

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This book is dedicated to Alice, who once was clever enough to step through a looking glass, and her friends Christopher Robin and Winnie 'Ther' Pooh, who lived and had adventures in the Hundred Acre Wood.

Zen Diagram 1 – Traces 38° North, 26° East

Welcome my friends,
to the wonderful show,
full steam ahead,
for the insight boat.
A Zen Diagram,
of the unwilling souls,
day-to-day travellers,
who don't seem to know,
who don't seem to see,
they live on death row,
awaiting reprieve,
from life's parole,
floating in front,
of a poet who's so...

observing.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Turn To The East

Turn East! Turn East!
Archipelago!
Centre of the modern world,
birth of all we know.
Turn east! Turn east!
Atlantis left us so,
sunk into a knowledge past,
had to let it go.
Turn east! Turn east!
Alexandria fall!
Leaving behind it darkness,
emptiness in us all.

4,8,15,16,23,42.

Turn east,
look north.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

15,16,+ (Kings' Palace)

The King's in his Palace, supping from his chalice,
supping the white over water with malice,
I heard it straight from the lips of the guard,
when making inquiries of the fate of the Bard,
-Says Alice.

The King's in his Palace, putting up taxes,
taking away money from the public transport taxis,
I heard it straight from the lips of the lords,
and the backstabbing chamberlains crossing their swords,
-Says Alice.

The King's in his Palace, severing ties,
cutting off bindings to a life left behind.
No need to remember the promises made,
lies into dust when the power was gained,
-Says Alice,
you brought it on yourselves.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Dharma Umbrella?

Spin, spin, spin,
spin to make a pattern,
held 'twixt thumb and forefinger,
illusory abandon.
Not really there,
smoke and mirrors.
Illusory abandon,
is a salient point.*

Item acquisition

Locked, locked,
jacked open.
Locked, locked,
jacked open,
no point.
(YOU HAVE **PICKED UP THE `CROWBAR`**)

You items list contains:

1 Red Herring
1 Crowbar

*ILLUSION

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Pooh Corner

You're further away,
further away,
from the innocence you saw,
on your childish play-days.
Don't seem to remember,
that pure golden age,
malleable world,
moulded like clay.
Don't seem to remember,
that it's impossible you can't.
Surely the world's yours?
And yet it says `shan't.`
You're further away,
further away,
but no need to forget,
your golden age.

You have **GAINED** “oyster.” +10 exp

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Mirror Mask

Look in the mirror,
tell me what you see.
The fairest in the land?
Tweedle's Dum and Dee?
Show me your mirror mask,
show me your truth,
show me what you really see,
when you see reflections of you.
when you see reflections of you.
show me what you really see.
show me your truth,
show me what you really see,
when you see reflections of you.
show me what you really see,
when you see reflections of you.
show me what you really see,
when you see reflections of you.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

An Appeal From The Surrealist Diners

Alice through a looking glass,
Hundred Acre Wood,
How'd you think that any of this,
would ever come to good?
Leaf pattern maps,
ordered chaos,
Amiga random generator,
Gannondorf's the boss.
Sleepy now, sleepy now,
Hundred Acre Wood.
Alice through a looking glass,
could never come to good.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Alice Through A Looking Glass

An appeal on behalf of the Queen of Hearts,
you may have heard she mislaid her tarts,
the Surrealist Diners would like to ask,
“Have they come across your path?”
A telethon shall be raised, a fête will be held,
enough funds raised so that we can help.
We shall succeed where the powers have failed,
we'll get the culprit, bang to rights, nailed.
This land is ours, and we are in charge,
led by the elected, we are leaders at large.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Bees

Isn't it funny, how a Bee makes honey?
Up in the trees, those funny little Bees.
Isn't it grand, how a Queen makes demands?
Ordering the Bees, to nest in those trees.
Isn't it brave, of all the office slaves,
to work like those Bees, with their hives in trees?

Not Waving, But Drowning

Not waving, but drowning,
in all this gravy browning.
This Sunday lunch, this king size munch,
got me going 'round and 'rounding.
I'm full up, of gravy,
I've gone a little wavy.
I'm feeling ill, I've had my fill,
of this Sunday lunch with gravy.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Green Day Rock Band

Green Day Rock Band,
fat man slow,
getting yourself a Wii,
doesn't necessarily make you go.
Green Day Rock Band,
'cause that's alright,
put it in the Wii,
makes you cool tonight.
Green Day Rock Band,
in a fat man's Wii,
doesn't necessarily make you go,
or bring you company.

Poor Funding

Davy, Davy,
from Public School,
sat on the wall,
had a great fall.
All the Kings' horses,
and all the King' men,
aren't paid to put Davy,
together again.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

“Equal”

The Owl and the Hedgehog,
went to Sea,
but you already know the rest.
The Owl and the Hedgehog,
went to see,
if they could be the best.
Around the world,
in the fastest time,
was where they wanted to reach.
But they were told,
they were equaline,
when they finally reached the beach.
“There’s no such thing,
as first place,
there's no such thing as last.
There's no such thing ,
as a secondary race,
we are equal every cast.”

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

The Dream-scape: Two Blocks North of Egglund

Mystical, portal, gateway,
of Willen Green.
Sights unwitnessed,
sights unseen.
Mystical, portal, gateway,
too Freudian,
too fraudian,
Faustian pact,
clue No. 8:
Chanel + Rocky= Bakers dozen.

Tapas

Such a pretty way,
of selling insubstantial food,
at an exorbitant price.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Pink Legacy

The wheels of the machine,
go round and round,
round and round,
round and round.

The workers keep it clean,
as it goes round and round,
all...day...long.

The heads of state,
go round and round,
round and round,
round and round.
Repeating their mistakes,
and diminishing the pound,
Tory..swan...song.

They try to get it right,
as it goes round and round,
round and round,
round and round.
But you'll never fix it,
when it goes round and round,
switch..it..off.

**“GO TO JAIL.” GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL. DO NOT PASS
GO. DO NOT COLLECT £200.**

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

I am Rubber, You are Glue

Sticks and stones,
might break my bones,
but her highness can never hurt me.
Bricks and throws,
won't break my soul,
but then the Princess can be a bit more tricky.
Sticks and stones,
enrich the soul,
but only if they don't break you.

Cornered

Little Jack Horner,
sat in the corner,
eating his curds and whey.
Doctor Foster laughed,
to see such fun,
and never went there again.

The Cat's Riddle

I am two dots in I,
and only a learner.
What am I?

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

The Deconstruction Of The Reconstruction Of The Fables

Swan! Swan! Hummingbird!
Stands on the shoulders of giants.
Driver 8 and the auctioneer,
call came in but you weren't here.
Call came in on the monument,
to sign the declaring document,
Captain is still trying to buy,
some bone chains and tooth picks,
not knowing when to say goodbye,
or when to stop the cotton workers licks.

“We are having a Heavenly time.”

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Are You Listening Dr. Seuss?

King's in his castle..
crown on his mantle...
system dismantle..
a tax on all cattle...
silver spoon and rattle...
not my battle...
wood from the Free-Mantle...
to lay siege on the castle...
to free all the Mantle's...
prevent taxes on cattle...
take the crown and the castle...
at the end of the battle...

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Demons

We all have our demons,
my demon is pot.
Yeah, I know it's pathetic,
but that's all I got.
We all have our demons,
and I see yours.
Might not be narcotic,
but it's still a chore.
It weighs heavy on your mind,
makes you insecure,
makes you unhappy,
makes you unsure.
The demon is persistent,
it's with you every day,
summer, wind, rain,
August, December, May.
We all have our demons,
my demon is pot.
Maybe pathetic,
but it's all I got.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Noughties Man

Noughties metrosexual,
innit.
Not afraid to use no product,
though.
Walking advert for a hair salon,
is it?
Dressed up by the missus,
like a doll.
Noughties man,
noughties man,
tell me who you are.
Tell me how we sunk so low,
so far.
Noughties man,
noughties man,
gender confused?
How could you have allowed yourselves,
to be so used?

“ARE we having a Heavenly time?”

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Foam For The Muppets

Fat-cats with turkey,
eating their fill.
Greasy moist chops,
the sight makes you ill.
Fat-cats with turkey,
none left for for the staff,
if they think they're eating tonight,
they're having a laugh.
Fat-cats with turkey,
getting even fatter,
eating their fill,
'cause the fat doesn't matter.
Greasy moist chops,
crumbs on their shirts,
eating and eating,
'till their belly hurts.
It's time to start the music,
it's time to light the lights,
fat-cats with turkey,
what a greasy sight

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

A Wessex Poet

Far from the madding crowd,
the poet sits.

Far from the madding crowd,
a background statue.

Far from the madding crowd,
observing it.

Far from the madding crowd,
with the clearest view.

Far from the madding crowd,
and it's deafening chorus,
of murmurs,
of whispers,
of conspiring voice.

Far from the madding crowd,
the bard sits listening,
cherry picking words,
hearing only through choice.

Alone,
alone,
hearing only sound.

Alone,
and far,
from the madding crowd.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Bart! What Are You Staring At?

And that's when I realised,
I should be more than I am.
That's when I realised,
I should be all that I can.
I should be Neo,
I should be the one,
full of self importance,
more important than the sun.
That's when I realised,
I should be great.
The visionary,
the genius,
the balance,
the weight.
Why carry the world?
Why carry it's sins?
I hold more power,
I am better within.
I hold more power,
than you'll ever see,
you'll all never be,
as great as me.
That's when I realised,
I should be better than I am.
Except I am nothing,
just a hollow Tin Man.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Bart! Stop Staring

Because Iron Gods sleep,
and Iron Gods Dream,
and Iron Gods are never,
as shiny as they seem.

Chancellors

Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
chancellor John,
got his facts and figures wrong.
Had two Jags, while the people had none,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, chancellor John.

Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
chancellor Brown,
got his sums all upside down,
but still the economy kept going round,
still we had a good strong pound.

Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
chancellor Darling,
inherited the economy whilst it was smarting,
the building societies and banks were smarmy,
bailed out by Chancellor darling.

Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
chancellor George,
has no money to feast and gorge,
the rich get rich, the poor get poor,
tough times ahead for Chancellor George.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Rupert Murdoch

Run, run, run,
as fast as you can,
can't catch me,
I'm the media man.

Story Teller

Tell a tale,
tell a tale,
tell tale tit,
always stood away from it,
try too hard to make stuff stick,
tell a tale,
tell a tale,
tell tale tit.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Socratic Method

The Greek stood on the parapet
the dawns red behind him
imbuing his silhouette
with the blood of a nation
as he searched
hunted
for the wave that would bring his prey
Oh, Perseus.

Man born of God
as God was born of man
conception of ideas
legends of the Earth
myths of the sky
imbuing the Scarlett Kraken day

Dawns early chorus calls from yesteryear
choral chime echo
the legends of the fall
remembered as myth
in the unconscious mind
Alexandretta and the Oedipal King
Hear the chorus sing.

Alexandria fall.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

London Calling

We wanted for nothing,
but demanded it all,
set the fires,
watched it fall.
Wanted for nothing,
and rioted for more,
shop front facings,
destroyed in our war,
looted and gutted,
by the disenfranchised,
designer geared poor,
pedalling their lies,
of a wealth-less society,
of the broke and the poor,
wanting for nothing,
but demanding more...

..in the name of a Heavenly time

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

One-Week Muse

I'll love you for a week,
if I love you for a day,
I'll love you for a week,
then my love will go away.
I'll obsess for just a week,
'cause no-one else will do,
'till I love someone better,
than my one-week muse.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

33 of 40

When we were one,
we were very, very young,
when we were two,
we were older.

Now we are three,
with a three in the front,
that is when life
becomes golden.

When we were three,
with a one in the front,
that was when we
were thirteen.

When we were three
with a two in the front,
that is when life
was a dream.

Three on it's own
was when we were three,
one year to go
until four.

Life goes on
and the years increase,
but age is all
just a number.

Years are things
that happen between,
awake and the
eternal slumber.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Pigs And Geese

Goosey, goosey gander,
where do you wander?
“Up to the steps of Parliament.”
Goosey, goosey gander,
do you ever wonder,
about the ploys of Government?
Goosey goosey gander,
is it any wonder,
the taxes charged by the firmament?
Do you ever wonder,
goosey, goosey gander,
why you put them in Parliament?

“They lied of a Heavenly time”

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Angel, Gabriel

The first time I met you,
Solsbury Hill,
the clouds and skies,
so perfectly still.

The first time I met you,
radiant glow,
mile wide smile,
radiant soul.

The first time I met you,
pinball smile,
the whole world slowed,
then stopped for a while.

The first time I met you,
it wasn't my will,
but my heart drifted off,
to Solsbury Hill.

My heart go boom, boom, boom,
boom, boom, boom.

Zen Diagram 1: Reflections In A Looking Glass

Artisans For The Artisans

Water, water, everywhere,
with not a drop to drink.
With water, water, everywhere,
why is it you think?
They are starving in the millions,
thirsting every day,
whilst those with money,
feast and gorge,
they just

waste

away?

Water, water, everywhere,
with not a drop to drink,
unless you're wanting dysentery,
so why is it you think?
We can't just pay,
our couple of pounds,
to make the water sound,
to provide a crop for sowing,
to help the world go round?
The thirsting, starving millions,
die in thousands everyday,
you sit and happily gorge,
whilst the hungry

waste

away.

Zen Diagram 2 – Traces 11° North, 38° West

Shattered colours,
shattered mirrors,
stain-glass mixture,
fragmented mosaic.
Fragmented mosaic,
turning times past,
turning times past,
letting times last.
Fragmented mosaic,
fate of a Bard,
living it easy,
living it large.
Broken colours, mirror, mixture.
Fate of a Bard, living it large.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

Roy

Father,
who has inspired so many.

Father,
who has taught us all.

Father,
my Father,
God of my world,
gave the town Rugby,
gave the town soul.

Father,
my Father,
who taught me all I know,
supplied me purpose,
supplied me goal.

Father,
oh Father,
seer of all I see,
inspired so many,
teacher of me.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

They Don't Hear When I Whisper

The words came flowing,
like tears in the rain,
whispered amongst a deafening chorus,
of other peoples pain.
The words came flowing,
but you didn't hear the lament,
the words never registered,
you certainly didn't know what I meant.
The words came flowing,
but the tears stayed dry,
'cause until the next time,
the words help me by.

¿Big Romantic?

You changed the rules,
I knew you would,
you just couldn't play it straight.
You changed the rules,
'cause you're no good,
at Mandelbrot's amorous game.
You play them all,
chaos rules,
you've shaped your amorous game.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

Hello Kitty!

Pink fleece pyjamas,
that's where it's at,
pink fleece pyjamas,
with an image of a cat.
Hello Kitty!
How do you do?
Pink fleece pyjamas,
feel soft on you.
Pink water bottle,
and a soft pink pillow,
kitty's creature comforts,
to stop you feeling low.
C'mon kitty,
come rest your head,
with a nice warm cuddle,
on a soft pink bed.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

Then (Not Now)

We're all really stupid,
drinking in this bar,
pretending that we're cool,
but we're so far.

We're all really stupid,
but we don't know,
can't see where it stops,
where this train goes.

We're all really stupid,
but we can't see,
going beyond our limits,
so casually.

We're all really stupid,
pretending to have soul,
it takes at least five years,
to reach our goal.

Oblivion awaits...

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

The American Teenager

Idiot teenagers,
high on our national superiority.
Idiot teenagers,
not understanding cultural difference.
It can't have been your fault,
or not as much as we made out,
can't have been just you,
that was the problem.

Achingly cool,
we were just so achingly cool,
with our British sensibilities,
and our use of drugs.
You were nothing,
American bullshitter,
trying to fit in.

Trying

to fit

in.

Maybe too hard,
maybe too much,
but then we resisted,
more than we should have,
achingly cool,
in our exclusive club.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

Ellen

Five year care,
that was the offer,
but I went a bit over.
Five year care,
I didn't wanna,
but still gave more than I offered.
Five year care,
she left me,
it was already over,
five years in.
 She left me,
 it was over,
 long before it was said.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

In Memory Of The Lost

Jim Black,
Jim Black,
never get you back,
never return,
to those days,
our ways,
of getting fucked,
of getting messed,
of getting away,
from this mess.
This mess.
Jim Black,
gone,
dead before he was one,
dead before,
before,
he was done.
Dead,
before he was a man.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

Poem No. 36- A Swan Floating On A Stream Of Consciousness (Alone In A Godless Universe And Out Of Shake 'n Vac)

We came back to our form,
to the length of our verse,
looking to the inwards,
seeing the worst.
Ouroborous came,
went in on itself,
as we returned to the method,
that we stored on the shelf.
Chaos, chaos,
Julia set,
Mandelbrot clouds,
in the stream of a jet,
as we zoom to our future,
look to our past,
victory, victory,
never last.
Once upon a time,
you were my muse,
nothing to do,
you withdrew.
Once upon a time,
we knew who we were,
hundred acre wood,
alone with just her.
Once we were young,
then we were six,
once were warriors,
fighting with sticks.
This Swan, this Swan,

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

floats on a stream,
the stream of consciousness,
of the last human being.

One Day, This Will ALL Be Buildings...

Fields of green,
and the sheep wool still,
in a firing range,
on the way,
to Roundball hill.
Grass-seed fields,
an Adder,
a Cat,
in a field in which,
Tesco's will be sat.
The flat field green,
by the blue water flow,
in the connection,
to Exeter,
before anyone will know.
All this I see,
in my dreams where I sing,
one day,
my love,
this will all,
be buildings.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

Listening At Night

It was a game,
that we used to play as kids,
listening for footsteps,
and then guessing who it is.
Then there was that game,
of listening through the floorboards,
hearing the conversation,
dissecting the words.

It was a game,
that we used to play.
But games become obsession,
in the adult day to day.

I'm still listening...

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

You'll Never Get To Shell Beach...

Circles,
circles,
what was it again?
Mandelbrot,
Dark City,
Julia and then...

We wanted for nothing,
but rioted for more.

'70's
'80's
'90's
muse...

didn't know what to do,
brand new,
withdrew.

Always the muser,
never the muse...

Mandelbrot clouds,
in the stream of a jet?
Never forget.

We see,
we saw,
all those from before,
all those from our pasts remembered.

We heard all the names,
we played their strange games,
disconnect,
disconnect,
emotional breach.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

With My Lament, I Stab At Thee

You can use my words,
if that's what you want to do,
you can use my words,
if they seem good to you.

You can take this poem,
and make it all your own,
you can take this poem,
and bask the radiant glow.

You can take this rhyme,
and give it to your loved,
you can take this rhyme,
recite as from heaven above.

You can take my written,
and proclaim that it was you,
you can take my written,
and proclaim it's what you do.

You can take my words,
explain what they meant,
and I will say my words,
my love-lorn lament.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

The Why Of The Why

We didn't understand,
and it turned us into bigots,
teasing,
without meaning,
bullying,
without intent.

We didn't understand,
and we questioned the why,
we asked,
took it to task,
questioned,
what it meant.

We are free people,
as is everyone else,
but we sort,
and we file,
and we store on a shelf.

Because it gives us understanding,
means that we are not bigots,
not teasing,
seeking meaning,
not bullying,
but seeking intent.

It helps us understand,
helps us reason why,
when we ask,
take to task,
when we question,
what it meant.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

Old House Noises

There's a ghost on the other side of the wall,
says I,
but I'm not frightened,
oh, no!
I hear it moaning down the hall,
wailing and groaning, making fools of us all,
that's why I'm sleeping with my brand new ball,
so that I'm not frightened,
oh, no!

There's a ghost in the boards of the floor,
says I,
but I'm not frightened,
oh, no!
I hear underneath, it's groaning roar,
hear it as it slips right under my door,
that's why I sleep with my new sword,
so that I'm not frightened,
oh, no!

There's a ghost that's hiding in our drains,
says I,
but I'm not frightened,
oh, no!
I hear the clinking, clanking chains,
the putt-putt-puttering again and again,
that's why I sleep with my worldly gains,
so that I'm not frightened,
oh, no!

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

An (Un) Kind Of Poem

Would you like to read a poem?

It isn't very nice.

I wrote a poem all about you,
so that I can exorcise,
the bad thoughts from my memory,
the cynicism in my mind,
I'll let you read my poem,
but it isn't very kind.

Would you like to read a poem?

It's all about you,
it's not a very nice poem,
it's about the things you do,
that irritate me all the time,
that get under my skin,
but i'll let you read my poem,
of all the thoughts within.

Would you like to read a poem,

or would you like to read a lie?

Of all my massive feelings,
of I'll love you for all time?

Would you like to read a poem?

It's all about you,
and all the niggly things,
that you always put me through.

“We are NOT having a Heavenly time.”

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

Suffering At The Hands Of The Gorgon

Silently watching,
still marble scene.
Press play! Press play!
Run around again.
Silent like lions,
watching their prey,
at the press of the stop,
in this calm inducing game.
Press play! Press play!
Ants in a nest,
stopping and starting,
at the Gorgons' behest.
Move and you're out,
no prize for you,
stay calm and still,
marble statue.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

Clue The Ten- This Old Box

Look at what you're making me do,
seven ten.

Seven ten,
then back again.

Back into the old school,
back into the when?

Back into the black and white of Zen.

Back into then,
black and white Zen.

Black and white,
good and bad,
black and white,
dark and light.

Dark and light?

Sad.

Obviously old school...

Returning fast,
first and last,
to where I looked at you.

Nothing...

 Almost something?

 Nothing too odd...

...The end?

 ...Beginning again.

 Mandelbrot,

 Julia,

 this kinda thing.

Clouds of a stream...

 ...Begin at the beginning.

 Mandelbrot set.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

Heading For An Ending

New York, New York,
Mandelbrot city,
Manhattan skyline,
yellow cab and such.
“Can you spare any change?”
-the haunted unwilling-
Ghost of life,
in the land of the living.
This is our city,
of which we are proud,
they shout out loud,
to the visiting crowd.
In this sports bar,
sitting and writing,
New York, New York,
warm inviting.

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

Never Forget

Then we were seven,
blue lights to Heaven,
then all was dark,
and cold.

Sweet smell of Ulay,
to sleep until next day,
before the goodnight,
of the old.

Too young to die,
to slip into goodbye,
barely my Gran,
oh Maria.

Mother to us all,
but we rose after the fall,
you would have been proud,
if you could be with us.

“But you are having a Heavenly time.”

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

One To Nine Of Ten

Those were the days
when we measured our lives
in how close we were
to being ten.

Because that was the time
when we knew our lives
would never be
the same again.

We knew it then
but don't remember now
malleable world
made of clay.

But our grown up view
doesn't see how
we viewed our
childhood playdays.

“Now we are Seven of Ten”

Zen Diagram 2: The Memory Mosaic

Woolly Mammoth

There's an Elephant in the middle of the room,
says I,
but i'm not frightened,
oh, no!
I hear the echo of the argument roar,
things that are said that weren't said before,
i'm taking solace in my childhood ball,
but i'm not a child,
oh, no!

There are ghosts that need to be confronted,
says I,
but i'm not frightened,
oh, no!
I try to confront it with mi amore,
but the hurt and destruction are still red raw,
that's why i'm playing with my toy sword,
but i'm not a child,
oh, no!

There are wounds that I need to help heal,
says I,
but i'm not sure I can,
oh, no!
I try to talk her through the pain,
but she won't hear that she's hurt me the same,
so i've taken solace in my worldly gains,
but i'm not a child,
oh, no!

Zen diagram 3 – Traces 7° south, 19° East

When all is over,
and the dust has settled,
the sociological now,
has tested your mettle,
move forward,
move on,
with lessons learned,
move forward,
move on,
with experience earned.
Look to the past,
as you look to the future.
Don't make circles,
move forwards with purpose.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

White Queen, Red Heart (1or 2)

Red heart Queen,
Annabel,
Annabel.
Fucked up socialite,
before she starts.
White Queen,
white Queen,
Jezebel,
Jezebel,
never gonna `do it` right,
with an icy heart

1:
White Queen,
white Queen,
icy heart,
never,
ever,
be a part...
...of anything

2:
Red heart Queen
fucked up Queen
white-cold Queen
with an icy heart.

Makes your choice
←1 or 2 →

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

1: Red Heart

White Queen,
white Queen,
that's the way it ends.

White Queen,
white Queen,
baby got the bends.
That's the way it ends,
yeah,
baby got the bends.

White Queen,
white Queen,
sleepy heart,
bends.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

2: White Queen

Affairs of the heart,
unmentioned,
unmentioned.
The Queen of hearts,
unsentenced,
unsentenced.
The very, very start,
unwitnessed,
unmentioned,
unsentenced.
Queen of hearts,
burnt her tarts,
 Sentence!
 Sentence!
 Sentence!

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Sixth Gear

Couple with a third wheel,
this is jokes.
Couple with a third wheel,
provides the smokes.
Couple with a third wheel,
he's their friend.
Couple with a third wheel,
'till supply ends.

Poem No. 9 – The Swan

Beautiful lady,
beautiful girl,
too far from me,
not a part of my world.
Beautiful lady,
I can never know,
sparkling diamond,
pure as snow.
Beautiful lady,
from a different world,
better than me,
not my girl.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Lovers, Not friends

Why do we do it to ourselves?
Force ourselves to make company?
Why do we force,
to stay with one person?
Dated only two,
stayed with the second,
forced conversation,
of a desire to be friends.
“That mid-fielder's going to 'Spurs.”
“Oh really how...”
Both at fault,
no admission,
fools to yourselves,
forced best friends.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

No-one Understands (The Words)

Book it, book it,
make it written.
Write it, write it,
make it known.
Future,
oh future,
tell it to them.
Destiny, destiny,
unavoidable,
if they don't know.
Never know,
never know,
can't decipher the words.
Book it,
write it,
tell them.
They'll never understand,
they'll never know.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Rabbit Trap

Falling like dominoes,
falling like dominoes,
don't seem to know,
that she's not into you.
Fluttering her eyelids,
fluttering her eyelids,
Rabbit caught in headlights,
don't know what to do.
High girly voice,
high girly voice,
distracts from the reality,
that you don't know.
Feigning an interest,
feigning an interest,
prevents you from seeing,
that she has no soul.

Falling like dominoes,
Rabbit caught in headlights,
feigning an interest,
but she's not into you.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Osama Bin And Gone (No Fear)

Are we all calm now,
now Osama's been and gone?
Are we without terror now,
now we got him with our gun?
Is the world a safer place,
calmer and without fear?
Are we going to relax ourselves,
now that he's not here?
Are we going to 'lax our borders,
give ourselves some freedom?
Are we going to allow ourselves,
to move freely in our own dominion?

Are we all calm now,
now Osama's been and gone?
Or are we going to find another reason,
to defend ourselves with guns?

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Smile, Morning, Laura

Laura so stunning
Laura so kind,
Laura so beautiful,
playing on my mind.
Laura so smiley,
Laura so true,
Laura so radiant,
sweet honesty of youth.
Laura so pretty,
radiant of smile.
Laura so stunning,
I walk eight mile.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Key Chain Dan

Key chain Dan,
he's our man,
with his white shell suit top,
and his racing team cap.

Key chain Dan,
he's got the plan,
with his dishevelled hair,
and his drain pipe jeans.

Key chain Dan,
he understands,
with his tight bum bag,
and his ill fitting clothes.

Look at his wife,
look at the man,
but don't feel sorry,
for key chain Dan.

“He's having a Heavenly time.”

Ellen

She should be sat by my side,
to enjoy this local evening.
I miss her so very much.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

A Heavenly Time

In years to come,
when all this is done,
we'll look back on this,
and see what it is.
In years gone by,
with a laughing cry,
we'll see our celebration,
and make happy mention,
of what we are,
of party scars,
of what we see in post,
not what we see the most,
in this evening of smile,
of what we see in this while,
this joy,
this joy,
is all that we'll see,
this joy in present company.

“For we are having a Heavenly time.”

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Now We Are 18

Smug pretty twat,
she thinks she's all that,
but she'll be on Prozac,
by the time she's forty.
Smug pretty bitch,
trainee witch,
but she'll get hers,
and it will come shortly.
Smug pretty cow,
with all the know how,
even though she's still,
just a little girl.
Smug pretty cunt,
far too blunt,
bossing people around,
then doing her twirl.
A show off,
a twat,
she thinks she's all that,
but she's still just,
a smug little girl.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Harvey Dent

You've one good,
one bad,
one happy,
one sad.

I never know which one I'll get,
interested or disgusted?

It's anyone's bet.

You never seem to know,
quite who you are,

you never seem to know your friends.

You never seem to know that what I say is true,
I'll be there till the end.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Jabba's Palace

The shallow Italian experience,
of the Pizza Hut patron,
seemingly only there,
to complain about service and food.
Surely they know in advance,
what it's going to be like?
Is it really the place,
or simply their mood?
The shallow relationship experience,
of the couples who frequent the Hut,
seemingly only in it,
to jointly rally against life.
In it to complain,
to critique and patronise.
Oh patron of the Hut,
is it really worth the strife?

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Calvin Klien's Waistband

Achingly cool,
you're just so achingly cool,
armed with your expresso .net,
to catch all the bugs.
Oh how you slink,
how do you slink?
With those thoughts in your heads,
that make us all go back...

Thoughts,
trapped,
in an expresso .net,
unallowed,
pushed,
below the surface.

Achingly cool,
you're just so achingly cool,
armed as you are,
trying to seem like you just got out of bed.
Oh how you think,
what do you think?
Do you allow all those thoughts in your head,
to escape through the crack?

On the surface you are cool,
but deep down below,
there are things that the others,
should never know...

Achingly cool,
you're just so achingly cool,
always looking at the best.
You're young, you're pretty, you're foolish.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

New clue:

“Live fast,
die young,
leave a good looking corpse.”

Look to the inferno for the last, look to the volcano for the first.
Season then episode.

Listening To Morrissey In A Coffee Shop

Using a poetry book,
as a spill drive for my mind,
isn't always a good idea.
Sometimes it results,
in the poetry of a kind,
that you,
yourself,
are reading right here.
Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts,
thoughts on a page...

Two more patrons enter.
And it suddenly becomes pretentious.
Why? How? What? When?
These are the poets repeated acumen.
Wage of the soul,
wage of the pen,
wage to let you feed again.
Why is a poem pretentious?
How can we possibly stop it being so?
What makes a poem pretentious?
When will it stop being what we know?
Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts,
thoughts on a page...
And two more patrons have entered.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

20 Years After Fresh Prince (Apparently)

The flies and ants swarm,
around the x-scape,
a festering monument,
to the youth of today.

Fly boy,
fly boy,
you know where it's at,
dancing with your cans,
and your super fly cap.
The insects all swarm,
as they play and dance,
swarming together,
making the most of the sun.

Fly boy,
fly boy,
the attention's all on you,
the girls love a dancer,
who has all the moves.

Recycled shit,
for a golden new age,
haircut into a high top,
recycled body pops.

Fly boy,
fly boy,
nothing you're doing is new,
but everyone of your age seems to love it,
so what you gonna do?

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

(Sunrise) Sunset On Willen Lake

Achingly cool,

YOU'RE JUST SO ACHINGLY COOL,

with your Rollerblade dance,

I-pod and cap.

(But your not,

at the back,

you're fat and forty,

huffing and puffing,

as you run round the lake).

Achingly cool,

YOU'RE JUST SO ACHINGLY COOL,

with your exclusive designer bike,

and your devil may care.

(But you're not,

at the back,

in your mid thirties,

with your white vest top,

and your black sweat bands)

Achingly cool,

YOU'RE JUST SO ACHINGLY COOL.

(But you at the back,

stop trying so hard).

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Tentpole

We found ourselves wishing,
that we'd taken the blue pill.
Why, oh why, did we go down the Rabbit hole?
The endless summers of mindless shit,
the endless recycling of tentpole hits.
We found ourselves wishing,
that we hadn't wanted Episode 1.
Why, oh why, had we proclaimed auteur genius?
The endless showings of one man's dream,
a vision so bad, that you wanted to scream.
We found ourselves wishing,
then writing our blogs.
Why, oh why, can't hollywood get it right?
Is it really so hard to tell a simple tale?
To not make films so bland and pale?
We found ourselves wishing,
yet wanting for more.
Why, oh why, can't it be as good as it was?
Are we expecting too much from summer hits?
Are we really just being ungrateful shits?

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Generations, Innit?

A generation of ignorance, gets ruder every day,
weaned on a diet of selfish T.V., imported from L.A.
A generation of ignorance, pushing and shoving away,
nobody's as important as them, or so they like to say.
A generation of posers, all puffing out their chest,
you will never be as good as those that are categorically best.
A generation of selfishness, 'cause who the fuck are you?
Who the fuck you calling a slag? I'll do what I wanna do.
A generation of ignorance, gets ruder every day,
denied the chance to just be kids, and play away long summers
days.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

David Cameron's Face

Stupid poopey jerk face,
spineless jelly back,
raspberry's blown at your place,
you two faced sad sack.
Everyone says you're smelly,
(with your) shit eating-wide grin,
why don't you just go to hell,
or find the leader within?
Agreeing with everybody's opinions,
even if it is wrong,
trying to please the minions and voters,
a sad sack, spineless song.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Jim Morrison's Vocal Chords

I tried to bring,
the future,
the future,
I tried to bring it,
you ignorant fucks.
I tried to bring,
the wisdom,
the wisdom,
if you wish to see it,
I wish you luck.
I tried to give,
the message,
the message,
I tried to give it,
but you ignored the words.
I tried to say it,
I shouted,
I shouted,
you listened,
but you ignored my verse.

“Averse to a heavenly time”

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

“A Tuin”

Isn't it great,
this thing that it was,
trapped in the circle,
oh love of Oz.

Isn't it great,
this love what you brought,
true love forever,
is all that you sought.

Isn't it great,
isn't it sought,
true love forever,
is all that you brought.

“You brought a Heavenly time”

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Santa Maria

THIS was the circle,
seven of ten.
Round to the outside,
then back again.
Mandelbrot,
Julia,
Dark City,
then...

Once were six,
then were seven,
up to heaven,
up to...

Mandelbrot clouds,
caught in a jet,
never forget.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Too Early

We saw what we became,
became what we saw,
all those from before,
all those
 from our pasts
 remembered.

We played their cruel games,
their cruel, cruel games.

 Disconnect,
 Disconnect,
 emotional breach.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Knock Off Penny Incher

Knock off penny incher,
with a cruel world view,
with a snide, sly look,
always from askew.
Knock off penny incher,
fake designer watch,
not worth a thing,
except everything you've got.
Knock off penny incher,
but you already know,
from the moment you saw him,
become your shadow.
Knock off penny incher,
not worth a dime,
but you'll chuck him a quarter,
to buy some alone time.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

They Didn't Hear When I Shouted

The words got trapped,
like letters on a page,
locked away from a deafening chorus,
of other peoples rage.
The words got trapped,
so you could read my lament,
dissect the words,
find out what I meant.
The words got trapped,
and the lament was bound,
because until the next time,
life just goes round.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Love Is Not Admissable Evidence

Love you I don't,
unless I write this verse.
Love you I don't,
unless you read the words.
Love you I don't,
unless you have a view,
of my poem which ends,
with I love you.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

The Newspaper Fray

An international welcome,
the cappuccino venti,
come weary traveller,
and drink of my broth.

The international h'or doeurve,
Marboro man's finest,
relax angry traveller,
mellow that wrath.

The international breakfast,
an all butter croissant,
eat weary traveller,
and shake the night off.

Some nicotine,
some caffeine,
some butter for the glands,
the weary and angry
traveller demands.

Zen Diagram 3: The Running Of The Final Analysis

Xmas The Third

It's a god awful,
small affair,
that I am forced to witness.
It's a lonely,
isolated affair,
this lonely, family christmas,
“We're having fun!”
the confirmation statement,
repeated by all,
in this family shared lament.

Oh christmas,
oh Christmas,
oh Holy Night.
SERIOUSLY,
stop doing it wrong.

Zen Diagram 4 – Traces 16° South, 38° West

The unwilling Chancellors,
have their say.
The unwilling Ministers,
have their way.
The unwilling Lords,
are kept at bay.
The unwilling King,
has no sway,
in the running of,
the day to day.
Respected by their lovers,
loved by their whores,
this land is governed,
forever more.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers, Princesses, Lovers and Whores

Cull To Arms

The kings, Lords and Ministers,
are gathered today,
to discuss what's to be done,
about the current state of play.
The shape of the future,
how to move forward,
a discussion of things to come,
the matters of the board.
A cull is to be implemented,
the chaff is to be discarded,
replaced with the new,
not the nearly retired.
This is our final,
call to war,
in the face of our enemy,
economic downfall.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

James The First

The King has risen,
all hail to the King!
Let him do his own thing.
The King has risen,
and has his say,
let him have his own way.
The King has risen,
he rules you all,
but he can't see his own pitfalls.
The King has risen,
he's better than you,
but not totally sure of what to do.
The King has risen,
and he's the boss,
trying to cut back on economic loss.
The King has risen, but he's a fool,
a signpost of ruin,
he'll bankrupt us all.

All hail to the King!

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

The People's Wedding

Today's the day of the wedding,
hooray!
Today's the royal wedding day.
Today's the day that we all celebrate,
'cept for us chumps,
working away.
Nothing to do,
nothing to say,
nothing to do but stand all day.
A gift for the country,
a bank holiday,
taken away,
by `the Family,`
to keep us in place,
'cause we don't deserve,
a bank holiday.
Though we have no custom,
on royal wedding day,
this is where we stay.
Hooray!

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

Water For The Water Carrier

A present for the underling,
giving it all he's got,
sweating in the midday sun,
baking heat sun hot.
He brings with him the comforts,
for the one they know as King,
hard and breaking labour,
sang his heart high sing.
His soul sings high in his labours,
his body sings his pain,
his mind is clear from comforts,
he carries without gain.
So some water for the water carrier,
giving it all he's got,
some refreshments for the underling,
as he bakes in the heat sun hot.

Crowned Pretender/ Just Cause

Pretence of action,
pretence of action.
Faction, fraction,
fractured faction.
Pretence,
no action.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

Set Of Chaos

Observational skills of a person so natural,
how is it just?

How is it fair?

The others unwilling,

the others unequal,

given to just,

and the uneven fight.

How is it just?

How is it fair?

How does the poet,

see what is there?

Unbalance,

unbalance,

Mandelbrot scheme,

unbalance,

in chaos,

but a seers' dream.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

One True Monarch

Our true Queen is better than any of us,
she's certainly better than them,
those Lords, Chancellors, King's and Ministers,
those spineless money men.
Given her duties by the unwilling,
carrying the burdens of us all,
regally she carries her weights,
still standing proud and tall.
Her beauty is defined by her pride,
a beauty she also wears without,
carrying us all with no complaint,
but she sees what all is about.
So respect is due to her highness,
as she carries us regally,
give a thought to the burden she carries,
all be humble before your Queen.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

The Matter With The Board

Of a classless society,
our heads of state,
are gathering for a dictatorial debate.
What orders are to be given,
what rules to dictate,
how best to give the underlings a sense of place?
Of a classless society,
the Lords and Kings gather,
to discuss with Ministers,
the strength of voter power.
How best to dictate how the common vote will swing,
how best to ensure the vote serves our King?
Loved by their Princesses,
comforted by their whores,
the Lords, Chamberlains, Kings and Ministers,
care not for us all.
This is our country,
but they are in charge,
leaders of the electoral,
holding back the barrage,
of questions, of sentiments,
of fears and worries true,
'cause if it's not in their interest,
there's nothing they can do.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

Wheat From The Chaff

The Lords, Chamberlains, King and Ministers,
are all of a kerfuffle.

Moving the deck,
around and around,
in an awkward,
backward shuffle.

Saving their money,
are their saving their money?

Economic advisers,
they were costing too much.

The King has demanded,
and he will have his blood,
watch the people weep,
their tears into the mud.

The King has had his say,
they let him have sway,
no need to worry,
that they'll get stuck in a rut.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

Knightfall

The fool is in his chamber,
hiding out from danger,
burying his head,
in

the

sand.

The King is in his castle,
crown on his mantle,
ordering heads, to fall
on

the

ground.

The Knight has gone away,
to everyone's dismay,
at the King's order, fallen
to

his

sound.

A dark night, becomes the land

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

In His Counting House...

...The Chancellor wept,
for his brethren's mistakes,
but sat back watching,
enjoying the wake.
Sat back and looked,
as the carnage drew on,
unsympathetic,
as they left one by one.
The Chancellor wept,
but didn't intervene,
stone silent sentry,
though it would all affect him.
Waited out the chaos,
watched it all fall down,
house of cards,
on a foundation of sand.

Then he was alone,
with no money to count,
no empire to rebuild,
all alone in his house.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

The King's Mistress

The whore is here, to have her say,
and whisper in the Kings ear.

“I don't like this much at all,
of this I'm most sincere.”

The whore is here, to have her say,
to plead and state her case.

“Do I not always satisfy you?
Then let me have my way.”

The whore is here, to have her say,
and to spend all of the King's money.

“You won't miss a couple of grand,
will you now, my honey?”

The whore is here, to have her say,
and adjust things as she will.

“Trust me now, I know what I do,
follow my plans and be still.”

The whore is here to have her say,
and bend the will of the King.

Just like him, she'll bankrupt us all,
and ruin everything.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

The Princess Mask

The princess come in,
and with her face wide grin,
she sighs her big, puffed sigh.
“What has become of my husband the King?
What has become of his whore?
He is watching his kingdom to ruin,
as he listens to her ever more.”
The Princess appears,
with her pricking up ears,
as we question the why of the why.
“My husband the King knows not what he does,
listening to his whore.
He takes her advice as from Heaven above,
as she gives it the more and more.”
From out of her corner,
the Princess wanders,
as we question the should of the try.
“My husband the King is a simple soul,
and will not question her more.
She takes and she takes, he sees and he knows,
but will always give in to his whore.”

UNFINISHED?

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

Advisers

Now a lot has been said,
about our King,
but what of his Ministers and Lords?
What of his sycophantic,
greedy advisers,
backstabbing and crossing their swords?
Trained to be unwilling,
and nod like he knows,
the yes men just go with the flow,
watching his downfall,
watching him ruin,
so that they can just jump in when he goes.
Behind the back chatting,
watching their carrion,
till the beasts have had their fill.
Then they will jump,
then they will gorge,
and feast until they are ill.

“It will be their Heavenly time.”

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

Needs

The King sat silently,
alone on his shelf,
silently contemplating,
the meaning of self.
Above all others,
above all concerns,
above all trivial,
meanings of one.
The King is all,
he rules this land,
above the petty,
above the demands.
And yet he considers,
the one on his own,
considers how he,
might help the alone.
 “How might I,
 be a greater rule,
 to help the one,
 as well as the all?
 How might I,
 be a greater King,
 to help the one,
 and the everything?”
You can't help the one,
you never can,
you can't give in,
to an individual demand.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

Bonus Round, +1 Exp.

You have been a good citizen,
I shall reward thee with a point.
1% of what you spend,
is what I shall anoint.
Thou hast been a worthy consumer,
collect until you have saved,
enough for a 50p voucher,
a tiny, cursory gain.
In six months time, I shall giveth thee,
a voucher worth five pound,
for thou hast helped mine economy,
you do your country proud.
Tea for the Tiller Man,
a point for the spend,
reward to help the world go round,
'lest the economy hits dead end.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

Old king Cole,
he has no soul,
he has no soul,
though, does he?
As he watches his kingdom,
crumble to a bowl,
as he watches his falling city.
The catapult fire,
a battering ram,
the boom! Boom! Boom!
And the Bam! Bam! Bam!
The deafening scream
of the populace yell,
crumbling, falling...

...falling...

...falling

to

hell.

Old King Cole
was a merry old soul,
a merry old soul,
tough, was he?
Before the pressures
of kingdom rule,
before his charge

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

of the city.

UNFINISHED

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers, Princesses, Lovers and Whores

The lord's are in session,
“Order, order!”
the playground bickering of retiring voice.

The lord's are debating,
the order, the order,
debating how best to eliminate choice.

There's a bill to be passed,
into law! Into law!
We need to debate how best to proceed.

We need to integrate,
a new law, a new law
age equals wisdom, when we're settling our needs.

The lord's are in session,
order! Order!
You takes your licks when you makes your choice.

The lord's are debating,
the order, the order,
deciding which meal belongs to which voice.

“We are debating a heavenly time!”

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

Last Dynasty Born

We called it in the end,
though,
didn't we,
M.O.T.H.E.R?
We called it in heart,
in soul,
though,
B.R.O.T.H.E.R.
We called it and saw it,
though,
atom heart,
M.O.T.H.E.R,
We took it to the edge,
although,
we all start,
B.R.O.T.H.E.R.
Ace of hearts,
two of clubs,
ace of spades,
M.O.T.H.E.R.
White queen,
red heart,
funk soul,
B.R.O.T.H.E.R

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

Ourorbourian Knights

Picture the scene,
if you will,
the Lords, Chancellors and Ministers
are debating still.
The argument circles back
to days of yore:
“Can we not try that experiment,
that we tried once before?”

And the King just sighed,
at that serpent called man,
who'll eat his tail,
at any moment he can.

The idiots are debating,
those cost cutting moves,
that sinkhole the money,
before anything improves.
Debating the measures,
that will now work for sure,
with a minor improvement,
that wasn't tried before.

And whimsically remembering,
the King just sighed,
for the days when all he had to do,
was hold back the tide.

The clueless debating,

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

of those who know true,
of how to develop,
of what to now do,
refining the idiocy,
of generations past,
ideologies built on foundations,
that weren't built to last.
The lawmakers are in session,
Hooray! Hooray!
Debating the future,
in the context of today.

And the King remembered
when there was a clean slate,
no former policies,
on which to debate,
when he'd conquered this Kingdom,
and the laws were brand new,
and he was the one,
who said what to do.

He watched his advisors,
from the outside, the outside,
and reached the decision,
to stop holding back the tide.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

King Kanutt Has Some Fine New Clothes

The king is in his castle,
holding back the tide,
of thoughts and opinions,
coming from outside.

Keeping us safe,
from foreign thoughts,
of when and where,
of don't and aught.

The king is in his castle,
holding back the night,
the midnight shadows,
that make us loose sight,
of traditional values,
of black and white,
of Zen and the art,
of maintaining light.

The King's in his palace,
trying new clothes,
that he's assured are finery,
by all of those,
sycothantic despots,
who would be happy to see,
the king loose his power
to chaos and enmity.

The King's in his palace,
holding back the tide,
but can' t contain the explosion,
developing on the inside.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

Fatalistic Courtroom Antics

The Ministers are administering
ministerial decree,
probing the limits of
their society.
Discovering for themselves
the policies
that are upsetting
everything.

Finding how best to tar the King.

The advisers are advising
an advisory motion,
caution should be taken
when brewing this potion.
Civil unrest could
be the motion
that inspires the people
into taking caution.

Inspiring in them a Patriarchal devotion.

The backstabbing chamberlains
are stabbing the backs,
of advisers, of ministers,
the King and his Jack.
The chancellors work
in the shadows at the back,
sowing discord

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

in the harmonious **EXTRA WORD**

But none of them see
the truth of the thing,
that their actions are allowed
by the will of the King.
None of them see,
the way it works,
supported by cunniving,
mutinous jerks

They have no claim to be him.
He will always be King.

Zen Diagram 4: Of Lords, Chancellors, Kings and Ministers,
Princesses, Lovers and Whores

This Old Man's Kingdom

These were the times,
oh jesterly King,
when we were the centre,
of everything.
This was the glory,
our day in the sun,
newly crowned leader,
of everyone.
Before we held court,
that was the time,
when you could rule the other,
and take what was mine.
Before the advisors,
that was when,
you'd answer to no-one,
ever again.

That was then,
this is now.
Tell me how.

Tell me how.

Zen diagram 5 – Traces 16.5° south, 10° East

Undiscovered country,
future,
future,
land unknown,
to the seers eye.

Undiscovered future,
unseen,
unseen,
land predicted,
by the poets lie.

Predictions,
not knowledge.*

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

*A confirmation of knowledge

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Dreams

I have a dream,
of how it should be,
but it won't be that way,
will it?

I have a dream,
of my life,
but that doesn't exist,
does it?

I have dreams,
ideals,
of the way it is,
of the way I want it.

Will it be that way?

Will it?

Will it,
will it,
will it to be,
will it to be.

Disappointment,
in the way that it is.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Clarity When Drinking (For Later)

Soaking up the atmosphere,
soaking up the atmosphere,
let me make this really clear,
clear in my mind.

Writing it on paper,
writing it on paper,
let me read it later,
so it's clear in my mind.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Jerk Chicken

Know it all,
know it all,
know it all hat.
Know just how to do your job,
and how to do all that.
Call the cleaner novice,
know how to do her work,
know how to do 'most anything,
but you don't know you're a jerk.
Know it all,
know it all,
know it all hat.
Don't really know anything,
you're really not all that.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Ice Cold

Pathetic girly,
cry girly,
cry.
Don't ask reason,
don't ask why.
Pathetic girly,
weaker than men,
don't question girly,
don't question Zen.
Pathetic girly,
cry girly,
cry,
don't ask reason,
don't ask why.
Don't question also,
don't question but why.
Things' the way things is,
things' the way they are.
Things' the way the Angels sing,
things' the way the author say,
things' the way the author bring,
the words that are kept at bay.

“We are having a Heavenly time.”

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Whatever Happened To Frank?

Old couple discussing,
a lead guitarist,
how ever did we come to this?
Old people critiquing,
a rock bands performance.
Okay, really, seriously?
No longer post war,
the surviving poor,
but the product,
of a wealthier generation.
Given their start,
a boosted chance,
of living high in life's celebration.
So here's to the elderly,
the old wise and free,
as they give it all it's got.
Here's to all those,
recent retiree's,
as they grasp their one last shot

“They are having a Heavenly time.”

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Poem No 10- The Swan (@ Middleton)

Drinking double swan,
in this rich local pub,
atmosphere thick,
with celebratory community.
Families,
lads,
men,
girls and women,
making this place live,
and swing to the night.
No pretension,
no one is better,
there's no group better,
than this community.
Hearing calls to children,
chats,
conversations,
a poets muse,
is this rich, full heart,
soul of the people,
giver of love.
The Swan @ Middleton,
is better than Woburn Sands.*

*Quoted for truth.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

An Unwilling Soul?

There's this blind man,
that I see at the centre,
every single day.
Like me,
he has nowhere to go,
but he seems to have plenty to say.
He' angry at the world,
he's angry with his lot,
he rages at the isolation,
he gives it all he's got.
Strange looks come from strangers,
as he rages at his fate.
Disappointment in the way things are,
in his lack of help or aid.
Does he really deserve to be isolated,
to be kept alone in the dark?
Or is he a victim of circumstance,
a man who failed to make his mark?
Are the fates still working,
is there yin and yang?
Is the world as black and white,
as my Zen diagram?

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Queen Anne's Teeth

You've beauty within,
beauty within,
you're not pig ugly,
but you're no beauty Queen.
You've beauty within,
but who am I to say?
Scoring you on the surface,
like it's cattle market day.
You've beauty within,
beauty within,
where you dazzle and sparkle,
more than any beauty Queen.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

An Addendum

Didn't see it coming,
didn't see my fall,
baking heat sun hot,
colden freeze cold cool.

Didn't see it happen,
emotional dead end,
falling for the wrong girl,
trusting the wrong friends.

Didn't see it coming,
should've learned by now,
working in the heat sun hot,
melted away my nouse.

Alone,
alone,
dreaming of friends,
didn't see it coming,
emotional dead end.

Alone,
alone,
no-one to give a care,
girl will never love me,
'friends' are never there.

Is this me,
all alone,
in this pub full of friends?
Is this me
all alone?

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Good Morning Joseph

Sunrise over, the gateway to the east,
where the only sound coming is the birds and the bees.
Everything calm and everything still,
even the windmills stand on the top of the hill.
Mist rolls on hilltops, sun breaks on through,
no urgent through traffic with things to do.
Milton Keynes sits, the quietened beast,
as sun rises over, the gateway to the east.

A Refusal To Floss

Bitter and cynical,
the poet and his muse,
oh, Milton Keynes,
and it's modern world views.
The people that float,
day in and out,
milling, collecting,
then zooming about.
Bitter and cynical,
the poet observes.
I'll repeat a sentiment:
THIS NEW EARTH.
This new Earth,
this new world,
this civilization,
that still hunts for gold,
still building and building,
on the pillars of old,
trying to show off,

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

our 'new' world view,
not really knowing,
that it isn't so new...

And here I am,
trying,
to tell you all,
the things already known,
about societies downfall.

Irony, I name thee; "Poet".

A Flagship Sailing On A Stream Of Consciousness

Caffeine, taneine,
some Dizzy Rascal,
in a flagship Mc. Donald's,
in Kingston,
Milton Keynes.
First in Europe,
first in the world.

Let me just repeat that:

FIRST IN THE WORLD

Alert,
alive,
awake,
drinking tea and coffee,
watching kids play,
on brand new touch screen computers.
Gone is their big play area,
replaced by i-pads.

Let me just repeat that:

REPLACED WITH I-PADS

Sitting and watching,

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

watching and sitting,
in a flagship Mc. Donalds,
in Kingston,
Milton Keynes.

“Tonight's the kinda night,
that anything can change.”

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Natasha Beddingfield Sucks

You broke my heart,
more than any other girl,
although I never even fell for you.
You shattered my soul,
more than anyone I know,
even though I only wanted to be friends.
You use and abuse,
and you throw away,
with such glee and careful abandon.
Taking them in,
and then spitting them out,
like soiled rubbery gum.
I don't even think,
that you are aware,
of what you are doing to them.
And I think it's sad,
that what you do,
is done unconsciously.

“We could have had a Heavenly time.”

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Weak Link

We have something in common,
let me talk to you.
A tenuous link,
from doing similar work,
let's talk about what we do.
We have something in common,
let's act as if we are friends.
Let's talk about our similarities,
'till the conversation naturally ends.
We have something in common,
and I know your name.
We can be friends forever,
we're almost exactly the same.
We have something in common,
it's such a tenuous link,
but I think I like the look of you,
I wanna know what you think.
We've got something in common,
let me talk to you.
We'll exhaust our tenuous link in conversation,
until only smiles will do...
...be my tenuous friend.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Breakdown

Disconnect, disconnect,
emotional breach,
for the insane,
a microcosmic beach.

Disconnect, disconnect,
alone in a pub,
no-one to blame,
no-one to...
to...
to...

reconnect.

Charge,
blame,
beach,
pub,
disconnect,
emotional,
alone...

alone...

alone...

disconnected.

Walls have been broken,
shattered and open,
disconnect, disconnect,
emotional breach.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Lloyd Grossman

Compliments to the chef,
the hungers idyll,
filled up to bursting,
eaten my fill.
Not drowning, but waving,
I don't need saving,
a happy little mess,
my compliments to the chef.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

+5 PH

Folkloric acid,
seeps into the skin,
carries it's way,
on into the genes,
folkloric feeling,
this evening as is,
the genes of a family,
on a wedding such as this.
San Pedro beach,
dance wine and song,
a family feeling,
is where you belong.
Folklore shines out,
just within reach,
at a family wedding,
on San Pedro beach.

“Robbie and Katie's Heavenly time.”

Crescent moon rise,
over Venus set.
Mandelbrot get!

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Advanced Jingoism

Different flags waved,
as the song remained the same,
oh great nation,
under God's name.
The wars all ended,
but the battles remained,
on a field of sport,
in an arena ordained.
There are now prizes given,
for the side that is best,
Gold, Silver, Bronze,
and your nation's respect.

The ceremony declares,
that the two weeks are here,
two weeks in which,
the world can cheer,
two weeks in which,
records don't stand still,
in the struggle to find,
the King of the hill.

Jingo! Jingo!
That's our man!
He'll do better,
than anyone can!

“We are cheering a Heavenly time.”

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

The Baby's Bottle

High table lower,
lover,
high table lower.
For hot airgun blower,
lover,
for hot airgun blower.
I wouldn't want to smother,
lover,
I wouldn't want to smother.
For the sake of your other,
lover,
please; High table lower.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

All Us Uglies Know That Pretty People
Aren't Real Backpackers

Pretty boy,
pretty girl,
pretty little photo.
Pretty little camera phone,
to upload all the moments.
Pretty girl,
pretty boy,
looking prettily dressed,
no photo on any social group,
in which you look a mess.
Pretty boy,
pretty girl,
pretty little sortie.
Both be on Prozac,
by the time you're forty.

You're happy,
you're pretty,
you're popular with your group,
'cause they can't see through the depths,
to the shallower you.

one week museZen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological
Now

Margot Kidder Smile

Mile wide,
mile wide,
pinball table bonus.
A comforting acknowledgement,
of your own self worth.
Side to side,
side to side,
Kochanski million,
a self satisfying gift,
to tell you you did well.
Work for the prize,
work for the prize,
that look in her eyes,
is why you do well.

“Acknowledging a Heavenly time.”

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

The Newspaper Fray

An international welcome,
the Cappuccino venti,
come weary traveller,
and drink of my broth.

The international hor'doeurve,
Marlboro man's finest,
relax angry traveller,
mellow that wrath.

The international breakfast,
an all butter croissant,
eat weary sleeper,
and shake the night off.

Some nicotine,
some caffeine,
and some butter for the glands,
the weary and angry traveller demands.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Baron Samedi's Face
(night of souls)

We mourned the dead,
but not for long,
we honoured their journey's,
in wine and song.
We lit a candle,
to light the way,
lit another to remember,
on the special days.
An image enshrined,
to remember their face,
every time you see,
their mantle place.
We mourned the dead,
but not for long
this is (my final) worksong.

“Working toward a Heavenly time.”

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Donnie's Death In Vain

Sparkle Motion,
dance, Motion, dance!
Give it all you've got,
it's your only chance!
“We could make regionals!”
The desperate, hopeful cry,
of the Mother who failed,
and let life slip her by.
Dress up motion,
sparkle, Motion, sparkle!
Light up the stage,
with sequins and foil.
“One hundred and ten percent!”
the cattle prod demands,
shepherding young stars,
into prize winning dance.

Sparkle Motion,
dance, Motion, dance
win the prize,
that maturity demands.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Poem No. 146 – Bamboo Swinging In The wind

We finished what we started,
but didn't we, though,
precious?
Back to the start
at the end of the game.
Snakes and ladders,
wasn't it,
though,
precious?
Falling away,
from the jaws of fame.

Finished,
finished,
black and white.
Oh, what a sight.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Alex's Song

Seven of ten,
our time again,
listening,
watching,
soaking the atmosphere,
saying we were here.

This was our time,
seven of ten,
when we were the ones,
whole again,
back to the beginning,
Mandelbrot set.

Victory get!

It washed us,
it soaked us,
it cleansed us.

We were seven...
...seven of ten.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

San Ignacio Wind

The eye went narrow,
as I see and I saw,
Mandelbrot set.
The thoughts came flowing,
tears in the rain,
victory get!
Cycles?
Circles?
What was it again?

“Who are you?
What do you want?”

Asked Death to the pain.
Back to the front,
coming round again.
Rhyming,
circling,
tears in the rain.
The peoples art,

Back to the start.

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Incidental Witness

Forgettable... somethings,
in the region of... about here.

Short, tall, bright,
wasn't quite clear.

A person of some age,
with a colour of hair,
average eyes,
and a height about there.

Stern but outgoing,
withdrawn but alive,
looked like that person,
from off the telethon drive.

Not sure,
not clear,
my brain was all a mist,
a wrong description,
since you insist.

“We police a heavenly time”

Zen Diagram 5: Addendum's To A Sociological Now

Michael Palin's Escort

We stand apart,
the isolated free.
We are the ones,
that you want to be.
You see us,
you know us,
as that weirdo on his own,
but you read our cool blogs,
of adventure unknown.
Exotic, exciting,
a dream of a trip,
except for the ones
who are taking it...

We see the world,
because we are apart.
The outside wanderers,
who you wonder...
wonder...

If I followed my heart,
what sort of person would I be?

Would you have ended up, just like me?

“We could be having a heavenly time.”

Zen Diagram 6- Traces 19° South, 21° West

Chess, chess,

poker,

chess,

poker,

chess, chess.

Knight to bishops 3,

takes Queen of hearts.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

White Queen

White Queen,
red heart,
trumps your hand,
before you start.

White Queen,
piercing stare,
floating presence,
never there.

White Queen,
better than you,
lack of knowledge,
but knows what to do.

White Queen,
red heart,
don't play poker,
she's trumped your card.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

¿Obvious Poloticks?

Anti Tory policy,
anti Tory stance,
do you really think it's Cameron,
that you're finally gonna lance?
Power to the people,
but power to the one,
power to the nobody,
what have we become?
Study recent history,
give yourself a chance,
know that David Cameron,
is the one you've gotta lance.

Red Queen Pwns Pawn

Do what I say,
not as I do,
I have more knowledge,
I'm better than you.
I'll breeze on in,
halfway through the day,
but I'm in charge,
so it'll be okay.
I can eat whilst I work,
and also chat,
but you lot can't,
'cause it makes us look bad.

I'M IN CHARGE.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Absent

Following routine,
following routine,
shaving off my stubble,
'cause it irritates her skin,
Shaving off my stubble,
'cause it irritates...

Oh...

Lady love gone,
lady love gone,
following routine,
what have we become?

Work Or Government

Idiot in charge,
idiot in charge,
100 years gone,
still an idiot in charge.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

¿Over Her?

Can I learn my lesson?
Can I hear my song?
Can I really see the things,
that I do wrong?
Can I progress?
Can I move on?
Can I really commit,
to the final swan song?
Can I love her?
Can I see her?
Can I be the one,
the one to be there?
I'm sure I can,
I can be the one,
the moments are over,
(this is) my final swan song.*

*Interpret it as you will.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Middle Class 'Me' Time

Chelsea tractor,
with a personalised plate,
picking up the kids,
so don't be late.
Be half an hour early,
guaranteed to be on time,
sod all the others,
they can wait in line.

Beats Int. Weren't Any Better

High pitched voice,
followed by vocoder,
drop it in the beat,
let me do a rap.
Fuck yeah, booty,
followed by bling,
some Black Eyed Peas,
for your digestive tract.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Young Miss Texas Dreams Of World Peace

Patterns,
patterns,
Mandelbrot set,
position the pieces,
victory get!
Chequer board movement,
an army for chess,
Libyan movement,
to liberate the mess.
Chess,
chess,
poker,
chess,
a Baltic fuse,
the millennial mess.
Patched with peace,
fixed under duress,
start at the beginning,
reset the stress.
Nice clean slate,
no more mess

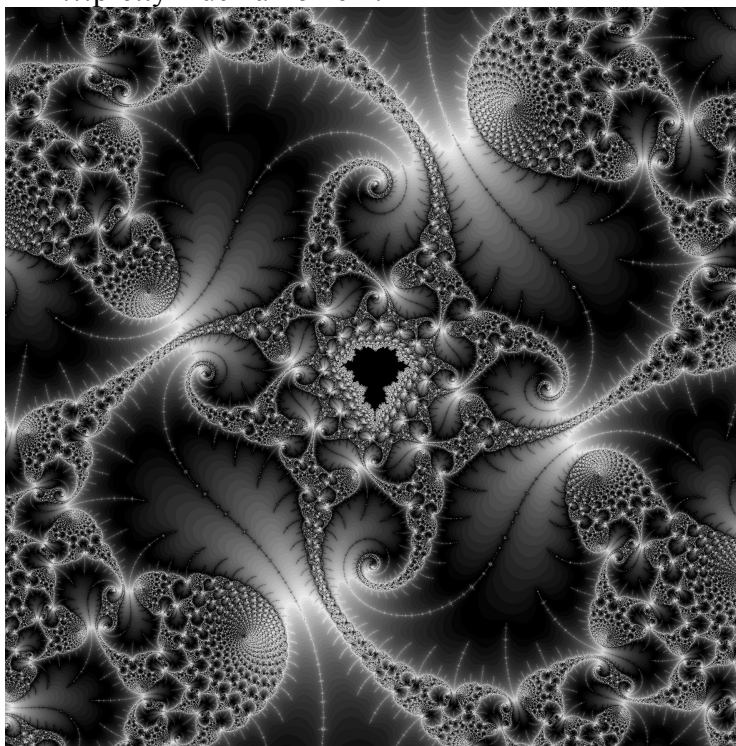
It'd be nice,
wouldn't it?

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Desree No Longer Has An Individual Muse

Been here before...

Cycle,
circle,
Mandelbrot set.
Anchored,
weighted,
revolving around...
...pretty much all of 'em:



See?

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Move the pieces,
move the pieces,
chess,
poker,
chess.

Hmm...

...We're gonna have to stop doing that.
History repeating.

Helen,
Nancy,
Carla,
that one that fancied Nick.
All of 'em coming back,
fast and thick.

The king is in his palace,
putting down his chalice,
trying hard not to sup,
the white with malice.

Fast and thick.
Rapid rhyming rhythm?
Don't think so.
Nothing to say,
nowhere to go.
He's a real nowhere man,
living in his caravan,
without his white or his chalice,
looking out at the world with withdrawals' malice.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Annabel

Ding, dong!
The witch is dead,
the witch is dead,
the witch is dead!
Ding, dong!
Off with her head!
Make sure the witch is dead!

Queen Of Scots

Don't say a word,
snake in the grass.
Hush little bird,
snake's kissing ass.
Keep it quiet,
keep it close,
decorum required,
snake's too verbose.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

This One...

Have we learned nothing,
from the old day,
the old day?

Have we learned nothing,
you post ironic shits?

Have we learned nothing,
from suicide,
from suicide?

Have we learned nothing,
from double barrelled hits?

Have we learned nothing,
really,
really?

Have we learned nothing,
in coming to this?

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Tory Policy, Tory Stance

I've learned over the years,
that the average isn't.
The average is above,
the actual norm.
Average isn't normal,
it's what's considered influential.
Those lazy fops,
with their savings and loans.
Average isn't average,
normals slightly lower,
but normal doesn't matter,
without voter power.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Circular Thinking

Playing on my mind,
playing on my mind,
round and round in circles,
all the bloody time.
Round and round in circles
but only in my mind,
never ever love me,
I'm never on your mind.

Circular Whispering

Ear to the ground,
listening to the sound,
of the grapevine underground.
The rumour mill goes round,
in Chinese 'till it's found,
to be lying with it's sound,
of the rumour going round.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Of Pomp And Circumstance

The Prince is getting married,
says Alice,
the Prince is getting married.
I see him with his horse and carriage,
taking off from Buckingham Palace,
with guards and courtiers following in stride,
as the prince and his family sit inside,
the Queen is waving and beaming with pride,
as they all leave Buckingham Palace.

The Prince is getting married,
says Alice,
the Prince is getting married.
I see them arriving at St. Paul's,
a crowd of people to greet them all,
where he'll vow to dance at the eternal ball,
in the presence of God and those at St. Paul's,
where the Prince is getting married.

The Prince is marrying Kate,
says Alice,
the prince is marring Kate.
I've seen her standing at the gate,
resplendently beautiful and looking great,
radiant and lovely in her dress of white,
with the people in awe as they behold the sight,
of the Prince's choice of partner for life,
for the Prince is marrying Kate.

The people are celebrating today,

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Says Alice,
the people are celebrating today.
The country's festivities are jolly and gay,
closed off street parties to mark the day,
the corners of the media all have something to say,
trying to influence the people's sway,
but the people don't care on this day of days,
the people are celebrating a wedding,
Hooray!

Professor Mandelbrot's Equation Has A New Number

The shapes are changing every day,
pushed by the sway,
of the things you say.
The shapes are changing all around you,
a chaotic stew,
of the things you do.
Chaos,
chaos,
Mandelbrot; set in his ways,
order for days,
then chaos holds sway.

The shapes are changing,
so are you,
changed by the patterns,
in the things you do.
The shapes are changing,
I see an end,
an ending I've seen,
and will again

Rhythm ends.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

An Ode To Desree's Muse

There once was a time when you were my muse,
what did you do?

You withdrew.

There once was a time when we could've been friends,
but emotional dead end,
meant we'd never mend.

There once was a time when you could've been my world,
beautiful girl,
my head all a whirl.

There once was a time when you could've been more,
poetic lore,
potential to soar.

There once was a time to be more than you are,
that door's still ajar,
so near, so far.

The lesson would be, take what is there,
but give a care,
in taking be spare.

The lesson would be, respect what you've got,
whether or not,
you want your lot.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Her Choice

Identikit face,
identikit hat,
identikit clothes,
but I'm all that.
Bland,
boring features,
no defining trait,
bland and smooth,
is the reason you wait.
Bland face,
identikit hat,
no defining trait,
but you think he's all that.
A fool to yourself,
a fool to the world,
afraid of intimacy,
scared adult girl.

Now (Not Then)

We're all really stupid,
drinking in this bar,
pretending that we're cool,
but we're so far...

And yet, the goal.

Teenage wankers,
it takes at least five years to know.
(The goal)

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Needy (Trapped)

Waiting for pot,
waiting for pot,
life so empty,
that's all that I got.
Needing a smoke,
a good long toke,
got no friends,
need a smoke.
Wait for pot,
wait for smoke,
predictable ending,
pig in a poke.

Every Day

(White) cotton panties,
normal cotton panties,
normal cotton panties,
that you wear every day.
(White) cotton panties,
large cotton panties,
normal cotton panties,
going grey with age.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

¿'Common' People?

Q:

Modern family,
full of joy,
full of love,
and multiple siblings.

Modern family,
how can it be bad,
if the numbers make you as happy,
as the joy that you have?

A:

It can't be bad.

Creche

Bitterly,
cynically,
the poet sits.

Fucking little fucks,
these hyper little shits.

Parents unwilling,
to take care of it.

Ronald Mc. Donald's their carer,
let him babysit.

Bitterly,
cynically,
coffee in hand,
so easy it is,
to give in to demand.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Katy Perry's Jockstrap

Teenage whores in the making,
skin-tight small-flesh tops.
Flaunting it in short skirts,
showing all they got,
calling old men perverts,
as they eye up smooth young flesh.
“That old perv's looking at me, innit?”
Well, what did you expect?
Teenage whores in the making,
language sailor rough,
not expecting to turn men on,
isn't excuse enough.
You're trying to be attractive,
sexy young and free,
so why are you acting all surprised,
when old men want to see?

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Jon's House

Fucking brilliant,
this thing that it is,
fucking brilliant,
my good friend and his.
Nice that he found her,
that she found him,
brilliant that they've brought,
this love from within.
Family and friends,
to share their new home,
the people that love them,
all have come.
Fucking brilliant,
this thing that it is,
dancing and drinking,
with my good friend and his.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Sitting, Not Standing

Beer with a casque mark,
suddenly marked up in price,
costing more than John Smith's,
surely that can't be right?
Wasn't the original point,
that it cost us less than the brands?
Suddenly you've hiked up the price,
now the word's got around.
Economy,
economy,
taking all it can.
When are we going to learn,
they cannot tax demand?
When are we going to learn,
we need only take a stand?
Hold on...

Didn't Cameron say he was going to stop this,
before the power fell into his hands?

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Modern Parlance

Irregardless,
it's literally just,
a whole 'nother,
innit?
Cheers bro'
just so's you know,
safe though,
jokes,
is it?
It's peng,
it's lush,
it's high grade shit.
It's fat,
and serious,
innit?

Trust.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Elder Statesmen

The human race is getting older every day,
with more life to live and just fritter away,
with more life to live isn't it sad,
when we lose all our friends, with no more to be had?
Old people sitting alone in cafes,
or sat in Mc. Donald's watching the younger at play,
watching the world as if from without,
a part of, but distant, from the madding crowd.
A generation of loneliness gets older every day,
why not invite them to come and play.

Women's Own?

Women's mags,
turning into porn,
it wasn't like this,
before FHM was born.
Equal rights,
with equal amounts of shit,
both sides lusting,
for an image that doesn't exist.
Women's mags,
with pictures of chiselled men,
oiled for the cameras,
dressed uplike Ken.
Dressed for the women,
that used to ply with dolls,
an ideology,
of lust filled hols.
Are men supposed to strive,

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

to look like an ideal?
God awful regimes,
missing the odd meal?
Are we now supposed to worry,
about putting on the pounds?
“I can't eat that chocolate,
in case my stomach gets round.”
Idealised photos,
of the male form.
It wasn't like this,
before FHM was born.

Strawberries And Cream

Wimbledon, Wimbledon,
and a most British sport,
where Murray remains,
England's last resort

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Rule 42 – I Win, You Lose

I don't understand,
the rules of the game,
who wins really?
Is it you?
Are there rules?
Mandelbrot set,
victory get!
Position the pieces,
chess,
poker,
chess.
Ouroborous eating,
patterns in chaos,
folding into itself,
round and round.
You're making it up,
on the spot,
you're making believe,
these feelings you've got.
Position the pieces,
oh Queen of hearts,
burning bridges,
burnt her tarts.

Victory get?

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Fine Fork Loathing

Five by five,
on the line,
nice try, nice try,
three in one.
One in three,
still the L33T,
five by five,
and on the line.

Short View Chess

Falling like dominoes,
falling like dominoes,
toppled by players,
that don't know what to do.
King takes his own knight,
king takes his own knight,
his gleaming armour,
is too shiny for you.
Playing it wrong,
they're playing it wrong,
don't know the rules,
or how to play the game.
His head on the block,
they put his head on a block,
guillotined cleanly,
it'll never be the same.
The rich get marginally richer?

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

Advanced Autism

Purple, Quirkle,
that's your game,
shapes and colours,
all the same.
12 you win,
2 you lose,
depends on which,
move you choose.
Shape or colour,
match the same,
purple, Quirkle,
that's your game.

Zen Diagram 6: A Current State Of Play.

3 Point Raptor Motion

From the left, from the right,
surprise from the front,
no up or down;
Battleship sunk.
B4, B6,
C on the five,
community chest,
a lucky chance,
the fortunate survive.
Risky game,
climbing ladders,
especially when snakes
betray their masters.
Roll a six,
roll a three,
Will it... Will it..? Will it to be.
From the left, from the right,
checkmate from the front,
three point Raptor motion,
Battleship sunk.

Zen Diagram Extra – Traces 27 x 34 y 62 z

.....
.....System R.A.M. Connected.....
.....
.....Dreamscape booting.....
.....
.....7 out of 10.....
.....Mandelbrot Scheme Initiated.....
.....
.....
.....On The Line.....
.....
.....
.....Memory Stack Overflow at address 05x05.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....Zen Diagram Extra: System R.A.M. Rebooting: System
Error: 7;10.....
.....
.....

>/

Zen Diagram Extra: System R.A.M. Rebooting: System Error:
7;10

10

Go sub
go sub
“Go, Submarines!”
End Subroutine.
Go to 10

Sub: “Go, Submarines!”
 The crowd all cheers: “Submarines! Submarines!
 Submarines! Submarines! Yeah, yeah, yeah! The
 greatest team!”
End Sub



'NOW WE ARE 33'