

1.

I watched Titanic last night
It was strange
It was dark
Last night
I made the decision to turn off the light
When I was watching Titanic
A more immersive experience I am told
And I'm sure, without the sun's interference being so bold
It would have been
Long summer days
Hot summer nights
Short nights too
The sun came up as the Titanic went down
When I was watching
I was clutching
Myself
Because when I was watching I was watching
My health, my wealth, my life
Play out on a screen
It may seem
Strange, seeing
As I am not a large boat,
Nor am I afloat on a piece of debris
But with such elegance, did that ship fall
That's how I want to go: calm, cool
Still shining, still playing the strings
Pulling the strings if it were to come to it - which I'm sure it will
If it were to come to it the strings would be more than still
They would be dead
But, as I said I am not a boat nor am I afloat,
But I promise you this, I am falling, I am most definitely falling,
As I sit here, alone, bawling
Not with freezing cold depths, will I be met
But in spirit I am the great ship that set
Sail with such brazen confidence,
And one that failed in such dramatic irony.

2.

Did you know that snakes can sense an earthquake 5 days before it happens? Isn't that so pretty? We fear them so much. Yet they hold the secret to our survival.

What?

Sorry, yes.

I'm not too sure why I'm here really.

My mum chose this place, she chose you, she chose for me to come here.

You're the therapist, you tell me.

If there wasn't something wrong with me I wouldn't be here.

So there must be.

I once wrote my name on the back of a ketchup packet. I split it down the middle and let the ketchup wander its way down onto my teacher's head. He didn't notice. I then wrote my name on another packet. And did the same with another. And another. I did this till he noticed. He was angry I think. I can't remember much of what happened. The most vivid thing I recall was the sight of the ketchup trickling down the side of his head and filling up the bottom of his ear. It was beautiful. It felt good to do that to him. I decided to chase that feeling.

It just made me feel much better for some reason. I even liked that teacher, he was kind to me.

The thing was, he used to always pretend.

Yes, pretend. As if nothing was wrong and everything was working smoothly. As if the riot wasn't clanging inside my head.

It's loud in there. Sometimes it quietens but mostly it's deafening.

He used to ignore the redness of my eyes. The impending doom that I am always so sure of. He doubted me.

We are nearing disaster. Well I am at least. All you have to do is open your eyes a little wider and you will see that something is coming.

I don't know what.

About five days.

3.

That "skip recap" button at the beginning of a new season,
It sticks in my head because I used to press it,
It never even crossed my mind,
I would just go for it,
Now I think about how much I lost from not watching those little clips,
The songbird tells me our story,
He plays it back to me,
I sit and I listen to the sound of your laugh and the sound of our life,
Your gone,
But now I never press that "skip recap" button,
Because now the recap is all I have,
And, yeah, do I cherish it.

4.

Summer makes me feel sick

Sometimes summer makes me feel good

Summer sometimes makes me feel good

Mainly though, summer makes me feel sick

Though summer mainly makes me feel mainly sick, it also sometimes makes me feel mainly lazy

Mainly mainly sick and sometimes mainly lazy and sometimes good

But mainly sick

But a manly sick

Not hold hair back

More like do it then it's done and then carry on

Carry on being manly.

Manly I do it

Mainly I do it wrong

My manliness

My sickness, laziness and goodness.

Sometimes, mainly summer, manliness and goodness mingle with my laziness and sickness

Goodness is lost in summer

In summer goodness is lost

Muddled with the sickness

Mother, the sickness

It burns the inside of my skin and peels off the entrance to contentment and now it is as if the happiness is lost because the entrance was peeled off and now I can't get back

Now my sickness and laziness don't just crop up during summer.

5.

Why do we sit here, watching the moonlight filter through our windows?
And how can we sit here, not letting the moonlight filter through ourselves?
Little twinkles of starlight flicker and refract through the knobby bits of my windows.
Small shadows are cast by my books and onto the backs of my shelves.
Screwed up on the floor are such silly choices.
A half empty can of deodorant and a magazine about fitness.
The room is silent save the sound of diluted voices.
A bible and a pack of cards and god as my witness.
The soft paleness of the carpet and ability to scratch.
Despite it taking so very long to attach.
The doorframe pull-up bar is rusty with neglect.
Even through this noisy clutter we forget.
A sharp remembrance sparks through the walls of the rooms.
The moonlight again unevenly moves and zooms.
Something pretty drawn or planted by someone special.
Prettiness frays or dies by the hand of the devil.
And far we travel.
Unhanded by the hardness of the gavel.
The door is hard to open and hard to walk on is the gravel.
My bag is heavy and trousers are tight.
The electricity springs me back across the gravel and through the heavy door.
The moonlight shines through my bumpy window once more.

6.

The sea sounds wonderful
(The fan sounds horrible)
I listen and the crashing calls me
(I listen to its dull monotony)
I amble aimlessly until I hear the wonders of the sea
(I pace my room wishing I was free)
It gives me meaning
(I feel useless)
I follow the gravelly path
(Can't remember when I last laughed)
And when it reaches the steps
(I reach some depths)
Leading down to the beach
(I want to scream I want to screech)
I carefully descend in the darkening light
(My mind doesn't feel right)
It becomes louder
(It's hard to hear her)
The crashing of the waves
(The thought of graves)
And I sit myself down on the cold sand
(Looking at my foot, my arm, my hand)
Speckled with small rocks and stones
(Now all I hear are the ringing of phones)
My eye line travels across
(Dizziness strikes me)
A horizon of lights to my left
(Fell down left bereft)
Two lines of shining bulbs
(Knock on the door, left it locked)
A cross on the distant church tower
(My devil shows me his power)
That takes centre stage of my view
(It's hard to know what to do)
The darkness thickens as the clouds blacken
(What to say, to feel, to reckon)
I walk up the stairs and walk home.
(I can't believe, I'm still alone).