

look who's singing



lars palm

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in

side your head
on collision with
a stone

wall you echo

*they're just a bunch of clowns
don't let 'em grind ya down*

mean
while else

where space expands
some more

while some claim
it's end
less

meanwhile a
while dances out

of the room playing forest

fire

i am made
of sugar cane
 am i man or
plastic bag?
 am i evil or
smiling?
 am i both? (*yes*
i am)
head made of
diamonds

making a copy of
your selves or that
key picked up from
the floor

phone put
back together again
unlike humpty dumpty
gotta die for your government
die for your country
that's shit

wiped from
your face like the blood
from my left index
finger unlikely to be
a method of suicide
at least on her first
night rid of him

there's a riot
in the place pigs

come to fly. where
we who are not

as others go to
send the jig up

& set fire to the
gallows. we need

to work out where
those pigs may land

& now they're
rigging. & now
an apple & an
orange. & then
you find a little

boot. *& then there
were none.* & then
some returned. &
then white noise
comes to distract us

these are mondays
manic or not no
body cares

& the 99 names us humans
may be able to recall are
in his left shirt pocket

& the camel resides in his
right one with the 100th

& who can remember to
ask about it unless it's
tuesdays like cheese &

*something's wrong in the heartlands
there's an evil that creeps across this land*

& how can you
forget about timing if you
want to be a comedian?

that's really all there is
apart from a slightly sick mind
& a recently washed angel

this
side
must
be
up

impossible
con
tent

star
dust
&
common
dust

by
the
light
of
a
goat
star

do
un
to
others

so
there
really
are
people

who
want
to
bomb
you
to
day?

woods are full
of hunters in
brightly coloured
vests

& there's a
siege of power
in your land

hand in your
arms

reaching
for something
on the top shelf
when maybe a
ladder would
be in order

heading west on the east
bound trail under a pale sun

sheep grazing by the waterside

*all i have to give you is
a love that never dies*

passing through this upper

class ghetto hoping i get
out alive

german bullying of greece

spanish bombs in andalucía

u.s deconstruction of honduras

israeli army snipers in gaza

be careful
take real good aim
shoot them in the back now

what they want i don't know
& i'm not inclined
to ask them yet

we didn't connect
this dot to that dot
this time we weren't
really bothered by
that & still *you can
make your deals in
the dead of night*
you can bribe who
the bloody hell you
like & this actor
or that version of
purgatory will never
purge a tory from
the things they've done
& dusted that shelf with
my head sitting on it

walked deep into
the desert thinking
this a great morning

mourning nothing &
no matter what mind
that gap & *adrenalin*

*is the strongest drug
that there has ever
been* & stones cuddle

with gravel making out
with water as in the
sea to form mud muddling

sounds being counted
as present & standing
up in canyons gone flying

go out
side for
no other
good reason
than the
notion that
it can
be done
we know
what's best
for you
is to
turn left
at the
corner shop
without robbing
it first

some things
have happened

some things
will probably happen

some kind of sun
will most likely rise

& it seems reasonable
to think it will set

the stage or in
its rut or settle

on a floor or
a window sill

& still all i
can say with any

kind of certainty
is that

elvis is dead
thank god

but what does
that mean? but
we could be some
what more strategic
in our approach no
matter what that
pilot thinks of
that

& still it's
not formally noisy
yet & you *don't*
trust anyone who
doesn't dance but
blowing bubbles in
the street in sun
light produces lovely
visual effects & a
whole lot of smiles

knowing what's
what

knowing when's
when

knowing where's
where

knowing how's
how

maybe even

knowing who's
who

who am i?
d r i

wondering while
wandering

through some
park

into some
pond

food is a good thing
whether on the wealthy avenues
or on those unlit ghetto sidewalks

roast fish & cornbread
or some ropa vieja

hanging out in the sun
to dry with a bottle of beer

to pass the time or time the pass

this is not
the time to
be sold

now in my
4th decade of growing
discontent

*throwing a
brick never felt
so damn good*

a neighbour
enjoys her
self

she is not
being quiet
about it

crossing the border
crossing the river

suddenly running into

this person who never sleeps
who has no need for sleep

singing under a rude sun

welcome to tijuana
por el coyote no hay aduana

singing under a manic moon

waiting by the bank of that same river
for a cloud to cooperate

so he may swiftly

cross the river
cross the border

suddenly proper summer
such as tropical
poets need it to be

krishna crowd dancing in the
street by a downtown shopping
mall

cities burning
in the summer
heat

& an hour or so further
north on the coast a long
needed blow

out

phrases in italics are fragments of song lyrics from, in order of appearance, Motörhead, Diamond Head, Anti-Flag, Sepultura, The Living End, Exodus, NoMeansNo, Metallica, Napalm Death, Black Sabbath, Clash, Ramones, Rev Hammer, New Model Army, Imperiet, Peter and the Test Tube Babies, 45 Adapters, D.R.I, Lee Perry, Dead Kennedys, Manu Chao, Blitz

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