

the assassin flicked a smile



delicately deviant

# the assassin flicked a smile

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# delicately deviant

Death is only the beginning  
Death is inevitable  
Death is certain  
Death is an outrage  
Death is sought  
Death is a lonely business  
Death is only appropriate  
Death is not a tragedy  
Death is not a game  
Death is a festival  
Death is near





# *dignity*

everybody prays  
that death will be quick

but not like this

death  
should be dignified

corpses should not  
hang from trees

as unknown politicians  
squabble over  
the length of a piece of silence

as news editors  
work out the equation which determines  
the value of a British life  
compared to an Asian one

as people suggest  
that what matters is which figurehead  
tells them to mourn

and god laughs  
as believers rush to justify  
the inexplicable

everybody prays  
that death will be quick

but not like this

death  
should be dignified

rest in peace

*"I have never seen such utter destruction, mile after  
mile. You wonder where are the people?"*

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## *inconsequential*

They are cheering.  
I have just been accused of murder  
and they are cheering.

Justice is about  
whether people think you did it.  
What you actually did  
is inconsequential.  
I'll go to the flower show tomorrow.

Journalists are jeering.  
They ask if I'll resign.  
They don't really care.  
It's what they say you did  
that matters.  
What you actually did  
is inconsequential.  
I hope this coffee evening will be fun.

The judge is fuming.  
He calls him a crook, a liar,  
whiner, parasite and fraud.  
And yet I had an affectionate  
relationship with him.  
And if enough people believe  
I didn't sleep with him  
Then whether I actually did  
is inconsequential.

The jury are deciding.  
For half of them it's too far fetched  
even for a very British scandal -  
Assassinated dogs and the botched killing  
of a queer male model.  
I wonder if I'll be re-elected.

The foreman is delivering  
the not guilty verdict.  
Enough people believe me  
That in the eyes of the law  
I am not guilty.  
And now whether I really did it  
or not  
is inconsequential.

*"Greater love hath no man than this,  
that he lay down his friends for his life."*

*- Jeremy Thorpe*

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## *or was it?*

"I've found her.  
Come here and see if we can do something for her."

There's nothing you can do for her.  
Face down in the bath tub  
in a pool of blood.  
It's too late for her.

"We saw her.  
She was talking to a man in a bar."

But did he do it?  
Strangle,  
beat and abuse her.  
Is it too late for him?

"I did it.  
It was me. Me. Me."

I've been her neighbour eleven years.  
I know everything about the case  
Everything about her –  
Intimately.

"It's not you.  
You are obsessive-compulsive."

But it was me.  
Or was it?  
But it was me.  
Or was it?  
The evidence doesn't fit.  
But I say I did it.  
Or did I?  
It was me.  
Or was it?



## *who would suspect me?*

I'm sitting on the wall  
Watching  
People on the pier  
People on the beach  
Just watching their lives unfold.  
When I grow up  
I'll be a writer  
And maybe I'll write about  
People like them.

I'm following them up the steps  
Watching  
As their eyes meet each other  
In a motionless embrace  
Just watching their lust unfold.  
When I grow up  
I'll be a writer  
And maybe I'll write about  
People like them.

I'm locking the cubicle next door  
Listening  
To sounds I can't quite picture  
But I think I get the gist  
Just thinking of how easy it is  
to hide in public.  
When I grow up  
I'll be a writer  
And maybe I'll write about  
People like them.

I'm hiding just outside the door  
Waiting  
It's just a tiny little flick knife  
Over in a flash  
Just righting one of many wrongs.  
And nobody suspects me  
Just an innocent little boy  
Saving the world from  
People like them.

And now I'm sitting on the wall again  
Watching  
People on the pier  
People on the beach  
Just watching their lives unfold.  
When I grow up  
I'll be a writer

And maybe I'll write about  
People like them.



## *guns do not cause violence*

An apple a day  
keeps the doctor away.  
A gun in the home  
makes a home less safe.  
Which of these is true?

Garlic wards off  
the vampires  
and guns are used  
five times more often  
to prevent crimes  
than commit them.

Wednesday's child  
is full of woe  
Thursday's child  
has far to go  
But the boy whose  
father takes him hunting  
is less likely  
to be delinquent.

Touch blue  
and your wish  
will come true.  
To preserve liberty  
it is essential  
that the whole body of people  
always possess arms.

Cross my heart  
and hope to die,  
Cut my throat  
if I tell a lie  
Guns  
do not 'cause' violence.

*Whether you're a hunter, competitive shooter, murderer, collector, drug dealer, or just someone who believes in our Right to Keep and Bear Arms, you can play a vital role in preserving our freedom for future generations.*

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## *is that you?*

Is that you?  
I can see your smile  
I can smell you  
I can smell your body  
Is that you?

No, this is the work  
Of my imagination  
You'll never be here again  
Day dreaming

I miss you.  
How could you  
Go away  
And leave this gulf  
between us?

You never asked for permission  
To come into this world  
And you did not ask for permission  
To leave

Shrapnel in the abdomen  
And chest  
You tried to stand but fell  
You fell to the ground  
And bled to death

And now every drop  
of blood in my veins  
yearns for you  
And every day  
I drown in my own tears

There was strong resistance  
You had rushed  
To help the injured  
Killed by your passion  
For others

That night they set fire  
to the house and the next  
day bulldozed it to the ground  
They buried you  
And I never got  
To pay one last tribute.

And now every drop  
of blood in my veins  
yearns for you  
And every day  
I drown in my own tears.

*From the testimony of a Palestinian woman.*

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## *news is coming in*

News is coming in that he has been shot  
There's no news yet of his condition

There is blood on his head  
There is pandemonium  
He collapses in her arms  
"Oh no"

It was with deep regret  
That they told us  
He was dead  
And the news spread

Within two hours  
Ninety-two per cent of people knew  
And they listened to  
The Funeral March from Beethoven's third

She looks pale and distressed  
And her coat is still smeared  
In the blood of her husband  
But she emerges with dignity  
For life always has to go on

And life has been given  
To a whole industry  
And their theories

"we shall pay any price  
bear any burden  
meet any hardship..."



## *a dead mother*

I've bought the children new clothes  
I've left them a toy each.  
But I've not written a note  
I wouldn't know what to say.

I got married because it was in fashion.  
And he was in fashion.  
But sex with him is nauseating.  
I'm not sure how to tell him.

I came to this country with nothing.  
Now I've a trophy husband, two kids  
And a huge dose of insulin.  
What am I really trying to say?

A dead mother is better  
Than a miserable mother.

I have always found the idea  
Of Speakers' Corner hugely appealing.  
I came from fascist Germany  
Where I couldn't say what I wanted to say.

Now here today  
With a syringe in a bag  
I can say what I need to say

A dead mother is better  
Than a miserable mother.



## *so what is the answer?*

If suicide is not the answer,  
Then what is the answer?

I know you didn't mean to make me cry.  
I hope you didn't mean to make me cry.  
You love me one minute.  
You hate me the next.  
You act like you hate me the next.  
Well I hate you.  
You disappoint me.  
I think I hate you.

If suicide is not the answer,  
Then why is my life supposed to end like this?

I know I don't want to do this anymore.  
I'm sure I can't do this anymore.  
I knew long ago  
That I'd never be happy again.  
Well it's finished.  
Oblivion.  
I'll be part of your past  
Part of the past.

Is suicide is not the answer,  
Then perhaps you're asking the wrong question.

I know I have never made you cry.  
I wish you would take some blame.  
There is nothing wrong  
Inside my brain.  
I'm not just depressed.  
Just pressed down  
By you.  
Death will bring us closer.

If suicide was the answer  
Then why am I still here?



## *a tragic waste of life*

... But how a 19-year-old girl  
could be allowed to die because her family refused  
a life-saving blood transfusion is just  
something I will never understand ...

... He could not see any future ahead of him –  
so he took the only way that he knew...  
the siege man, who barricaded himself against the world  
before taking his own life ...

... When the front wheel touched back onto the road  
it was not quite straight and he and his bike  
were catapulted onto one of the sandstone cuttings.  
He was killed instantly ...

... You know, it was an accident  
but to me they should not even be there.  
Royal Military Police are investigating  
the circumstances of the "tragic accident"  
and stressed that it did not involve enemy fire...

... Any time you walk in and see a bloody scene  
where someone has died and an officer is down,  
it's a sobering realization  
that what we do for a living is dangerous ...

... He was stabbed and killed on Saturday night.  
This is beyond tragic and puts all else  
into perspective ...

...185 persons die, 175 the first day -  
I saw about this on the news ...

...He was every mother's dream  
and now we've lost him...

... which serves to underline the chaotic  
and dangerous lifestyles which many  
of the victims have had ...

... what kind of life does one lead where  
so much emotion is spent on  
such irrational hate...

... the tragic waste of life through  
failure to realize  
the value of every moment.

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# *murder*

*An eye for an eye  
A tooth for a tooth*

gentle, caring  
mild-mannered  
stabbed  
repeatedly  
to death  
a combination of  
anger  
and revenge  
admits  
being the killer  
but denies  
murder

*If someone strikes you on the right cheek  
Turn to him the other also*

running  
mice in a treadmill  
hassling, harassing  
assaulting  
thrill-seeking  
two-by-four  
nails  
puncture wounds  
exhaustion  
overcome  
murdered

*If someone forces you to go one mile,  
Go with him two miles*

Working  
make ends meet  
teenager  
beaten, stabbed  
strangled  
burned  
anti-gays  
protest at his  
funeral  
not his  
murder

*I tell you: love your enemies  
And pray for those who persecute you*

seventy-four  
severely  
beaten

fifty-nine  
savagely  
butchered

three  
shaken 'til he  
wet himself  
slapped until he  
cried  
'sissy'

murdered

*Be perfect therefore,  
As your heavenly Father is perfect*



## *life or death?*

If you had the power over life and death –  
Who would you kill?

The preacher who preaches  
intolerance and hate  
The elderly driver  
whose dawdling makes you late

The autocratic leaders  
whose regimes bring pain  
The hooded youths  
who throw stones at your train

The corrupt officials  
who plunder aid that we sent  
A vague acquaintance  
who keeps things that you lent

The cold blooded killer  
who kills someone you don't care about  
The noisy neighbour  
who always seems to shout

The brainwashed young man  
who would bomb an innocent crowd  
The girl on the underground  
whose headphones are too loud

The predator who makes women  
fear for their life  
The stranger in the bar  
who got too friendly with your wife

If you had the power over life and death –  
Who would you kill?

The dictator? The rapist? The suicide bomber?  
Child killer? Mass murderer? Preacher of hate?  
Fanatic? Yob? Neighbour from hell?

Or no-one at all?

## delicately deviant

He was born, raised and educated in London and spent six years working there as a teacher in a state school, having worked previously as an EFL (*English as a Foreign Language*) teacher. He was also a co-ordinator for 'Creating Success' – part of the government's Excellence in Cities initiative. He currently lives and teaches in Spain.

As a freelance writer he was responsible for much of the drama performed at the 'Alive' youth events. His play *Goodnight Beautiful Girl* was entered for the Royal Court Young Writers competition. He has written for various publications (on topics as far ranging as spiritual gifts, first sexual encounters, and aborting gay fetuses!) He has also completed numerous schemes of work for primary schools.

He has designed and maintained a number of different websites, the most popular of which, by far, has been [www.delicatelydeviant.net](http://www.delicatelydeviant.net), which contains a selection of his poems written over the last eleven years.



