



bitter and twisted


delicately deviant



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Whose purpose is immutable?

Whose vision is perfect?

Whose justice is supreme?

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Invisible Chains

The day will come when I shall be free
When I'll step outside and at last can be me.

I'll cast off my chains and throw them to the ground
And scream for joy, without making a sound.

And no-one will notice as I run naked through the
street
The hour has come, there'll be no more defeat.

And everyone shall wake, not realising they've slept
They'll say they've dried my eyes, not knowing how
I've wept.

Equality has arrived and justice is supreme.
I am free. I am free. I am free.
I am free. I'm free ...
... I wake.



Not Like Her

Come closer,
I promise I won't hurt you.
This will be our little secret;
Our little game.
But no-one else must know.
You must promise not to tell
Or then I will make you hurt

Don't cry.
There's no need to be afraid.
I'm only showing you my love.
You know you want me to really.
We're doing nothing wrong.
You're no like 'her',
You don't think everything I do is wrong.

Lay still.
Hush, don't make a sound
It will all be over soon.
Then I shall let you sleep.
You must promise not to tell.
I promised it wouldn't hurt.

There is no such love...



The Institution

I was young when they first put me in
They said that it would be for the best
That I would be amongst others like me

There was no mention of the real world anymore
Hidden away doing mindless tasks
Doing as one is told

They would beat me
Beat the individuality out of me – that's all
All looking the same. All thinking the same

Sometimes you want to kill yourself
But they've prepared themselves for that
They tell you how wonderful it'll be when you go

They say I am lucky
I say I am bored
They say it'll get better
I say it'll stay the same

Thirteen years
Thirteen years I have spent
In this pointless institution
When can I start to live?



And God Said

And God said:

"It is with regret that I inform you of my decision
To give up my position
As Creator and Saviour of mankind.

It seems that I am surplus to requirements
That I fit not in your arrangements
That my role in life (and death) is obsolete.

In an age of independence,
who wants to be dependent?
Who can believe in what they cannot see?
And who on earth could sustain belief in me?

Why might you want to be forgiven,
after all you've done no wrong
And the edge was surely made for living on.
Who needs me to catch you when you fall?

So I shall clear a cloud and book my hols
And shut the Pearly Gates as I go
On my way below

I'll be seeing you."



The Colour of My Soul

The colour of my soul
- black

The colour of my heart
- bronze

The colour of my dreams
- blue

The colour of my screams
- green

The colour of my past
- grey

The colour of my future
- dazzling yellow

The colour of my goodbyes
- forever

The colour of my forever
- now

The colour of my soul
- black



Silent Words

I've often wondered how I can talk at
a thousand words a minute
And yet never really say anything at all
How I can talk and talk and talk
But nobody hears
And when you do hear the words
You don't hear what I'm saying

I say so much, but never what I mean
The words are there
They're imprisoned in my mind
They're desperate to get out
They try to escape, but the barricades
Rush up and they are trapped again

I want to tell you everything
I tease you with a little
But I barely tell you anything
These words have the power
To make me greater, but they
Also have the power to destroy

I'll shut up now
Before I say something I'll regret



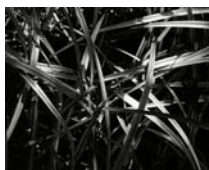
On High With Nothing to Do

I don't care where you were last night
Or who you'll be with tomorrow
I don't care for *our* future
'Cause I don't give much for diamond rings,
Forever and evers. Amen.

I don't care for 'to have and to holds'
Or 'from this day forward'
Because I don't care much for arguments
I don't care for bitterness
I give nothing for 'we have no secrets'
I'm not bothered by betrayal.

No I don't care who you'll be with tomorrow
But please be mine for tonight
I may not know you're name
But I'll never forget your face.

Probably.



fantasy

blood
blood gushing down the wall
gushing from my head
head cracked against wall
head pushed against wall

hair pulled
face on floor
wet
water gushing from urinal

man glances round
see him from the corner
of my eye
quickly turns away
zips his fly
leaves
doesn't turn back
pretends he's seen nothing

crawl to my feet
face slapped
fall
face cracks

pay

leave



The Aftermath

Pink sky fades to orange; fades to blue.
The moon sits alone,
The sun is gone.
The tide washes over my naked body,
Rubbing sand in my wounds.

The rocks have all come crashing down.
They will fall no more.
Gulls swallow
All that's been left behind.

Swim out of my depth
- again.
Call for help.
There is no lifeline
- not this time.

Pink sky fades to orange; fades to blue;
To black.



We May Not Know, We Cannot Tell

We may not know, we cannot tell, what pain they had to bear...

I will never know the true meaning of the word suffering
I will never know a feeling of such helplessness and complete
despair
I will never witness the depths of human depravity
Or come face to face with mortality, of ones so close

I shall never know how it feels to slave
I will never know how it feels to starve
Or to be beaten, tortured executed

I will never live in squalor
Or be crippled by dysentery, defeated by cholera
I will never know how it feels to live a life
With the bitterest of memories, and only metal for reward

There was never any victory
There can be no victory
When so many, so much
Has been lost

So let us never forget those who gave their tomorrows
And may we always say thankyou for our todays

And please God, may we learn

... for those dear souls who lost their lives, died to save us all...



delicately deviant

He was born, raised and educated in London and worked there as a teacher for six years. During that time he also worked 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 foetuses!) He has also completed numerous schemes of work for primary schools.

He has designed and maintained a number of different websites, including the popular *delicatelydeviant.net*, which contains a selection of his poems written since he was a teenager.



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