

delicately deviant



definitively
delicately deviant



The complete *Delicately Deviant* 1994 – 2005

© Delicately Deviant – 2006
www.delicatelydeviant.net
dd@delicatelydeviant.net

Abomination

What can I do today to really piss God off?
I could take two kinds of seed and plant them in the same field.
That would show him.

My t-shirt is sixty per-cent cotton,
And forty per-cent polyester.
Now that's really gotta yank his chain.

Or maybe I'll have a shave,
Clip off the edges of my beard.
He would be seething.

I could get a tattoo.
I don't like them
But neither does he – apparently.

But I could not lay with a man
Like I have laid with a woman.
For I have not laid with a woman.

“We were held prisoners by the law,
locked up until faith should be revealed.
Now that faith has come,
we are no longer under the supervision of the law.”

Why does no-one ever read them that bit.
Why is it always Leviticus?

Why?
Because there is more fun to be had in abominations
Than in common sense.

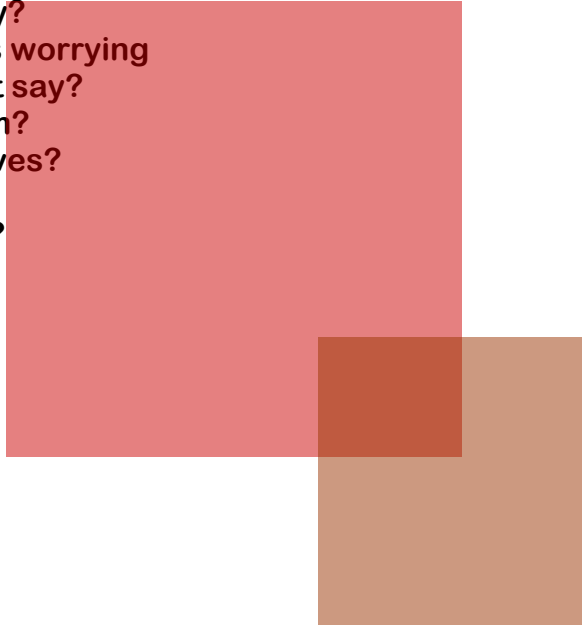
“You shall not lie with man as one lies with a woman; this is an abomination.” (Leviticus 18:22)

Less quoted verses of Leviticus forbid the wearing of garments made from two types of material mixed together (19:19) and the shaving of the edges of your beard (19:27). Leviticus 18:19 forbids a husband from having sex with his wife during her menstrual cycle!

Acceptance

Why are we all struggling to be accepted?
Why aren't we content to be ourselves?
Why are we not happy with the way we are?
Why do we have to live our lives to suit everybody else?
And why are we never sure if we have been accepted?
And why does it matter anyway?
And why do we spend our lives worrying
About what other people might say?
Why are we doing it all for them?
Why not just live life for ourselves?

And why won't they talk to me?



A Dead Mother

A dead mother is better
Than a miserable 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.

From the testimony of Sharley McLean whose suicide was prevented by passing police officers.

She said later:

"I would not have tried to commit suicide after that – I did realize the very negative effect it has on the people left behind. It was very important for me to recognise that and move on."

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.



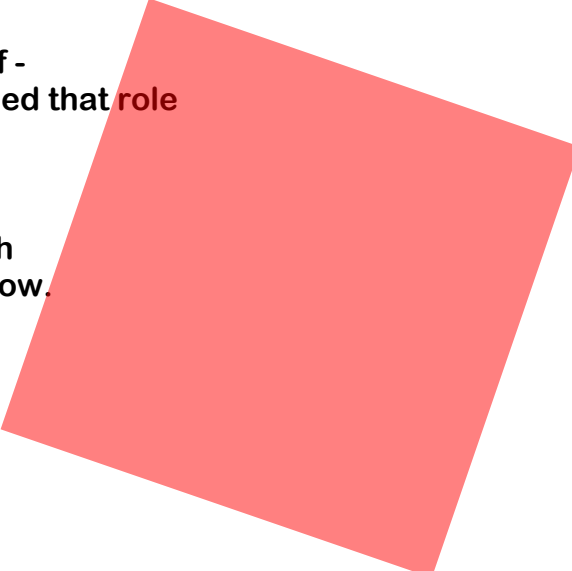
After the show is over

As night time approaches,
Another show over,
I strip from my costume
and take off my face.
In my nakedness, emptiness,
I feel immune -
Immune from the crowd -
from their judgments,
their laughter,
their disappointment or sorrow.

The curtain has fallen.
Perhaps they want more.
Always leave them wanting more.

With my head in my hands
I black out the world
And wish to be myself -
Except I haven't studied that **role**
in the script yet.

After a lengthy search
I go back to what I know.
I re-enter the stage
And take a bow -
But everyone's gone.

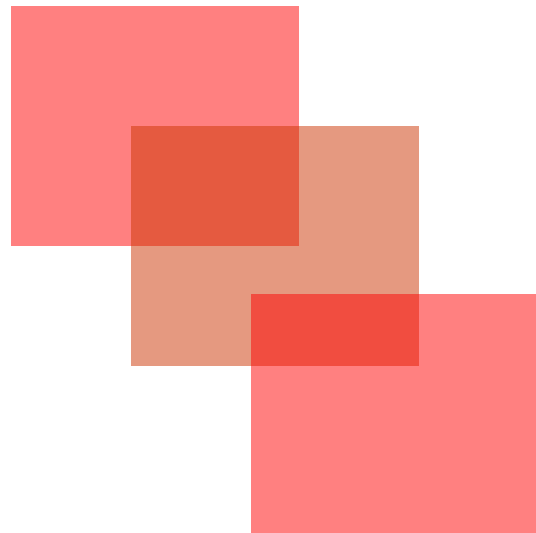


Again

Is this what I think it is?
I feel like I've been here before
Surely it can't be happening again
But the feeling's so strong that I can't ignore.
Why if this is so wicked
Does it really feel so right?
I don't think I can stop it,
Not that I'm really putting up a fight.
Do I want it to be over?
Shall I confine it to my head?
Or might I throw myself right into it
And follow where I'm led?

I think this is what I thought it was
And I know I've been here before
And whilst yes, it is happening again,
This time I know that I'll ignore.
This time it must be different
Because I know it isn't right
But I don't think I can stop it,
So you'll have to put up the fight.
I don't want it to be over,
But I know it's better that way
But one last time just hug me,
Tomorrow's another day.

OK it was what I thought it was,
But I'll recover better than before
Because I won't let 'that' happen again,
This time I'm strong enough to ignore.
I'm afraid I don't feel wicked,
Try as hard as they might,
And I don't think I can forget it,
'Though I'm not putting up much of a fight.
I know it had to be over,
But I've still got what's left in my head
I wanted to throw myself right into it,
But I let you win instead.



All Things True

I have seen candles flicker in the darkness
I have seen grown men cry,
reading their morning newspapers
I have watched buses pull into lay bys
And heard the radio fall silent
I have seen surfers hold hands in the water
And mothers bring up babies alone

And what stops me from going insane
Is the knowledge that

He will wipe away
All tears from their eyes
And there shall be no more death,
Nor sorrow,
Nor crying,
Nor pain
All of that will be gone forever.



An Apology



**My intention
was to know you
To put a smile upon your face
To comfort and befriend you
In an internet embrace**

**My intention
was to honour you
With words carved for your soul
A testament to what you are
Though I truly couldn't know**

**The world is full of bad advice
That rolled forth from my tongue
I wanted to bring sunshine
But in truth I brought you none**

**My intention
now's to leave you
You'll hear not from me again
My soothing words alarmed you
And they left you feeling pain**

**The world is full of bad advice
That rolled forth from my tongue
I wanted to bring sunshine
But in truth I brought you none**

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."

Animals

God, it must be good to be an animal –
Not having to worry about what clothes to wear,
Or how much money's in your pocket.
Not having to worry about very much at all really.
Not having a care.

You don't have to plan what you're doing with the rest of the day,
Let alone the rest of your life!
And you're certainly not made to feel responsible or guilty
About the problems of the rest of the world.
Why should you care who's starving or dying in a pointless war?

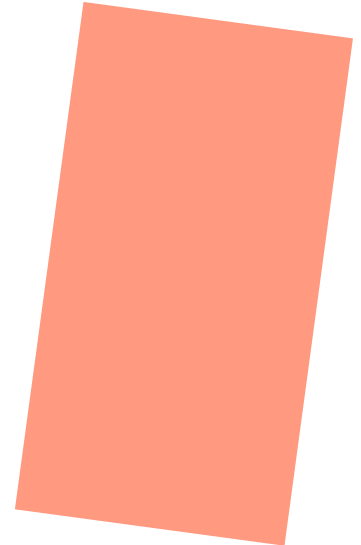
You don't have the problems or the prejudices
Of your fellow beings laid upon your shoulders.
You don't always have to watch what you say.
Since when has *baa* or *miaow* been considered
Sexist, racist, homophobic
Or any other 'ist' for that matter?

You're not afraid to do what you want to do,
To be the 'ugly duckling', if you'll pardon the pun.
You don't have to conform to standards.
You live your life looking after number one.

You've got all that free time,
But have no trouble filling it.
Why don't you need to turn to drink or drugs
Or wild and daring pursuits?
Why are your lives not that shallow?
Why do you feel so fulfilled?

Do you just not know how to commit suicide
(no disrespect to lemmings)
Or feel the need to rebel?
Why do you not have to make a stand
Or prove your status?
Can you really be content?

Yes, it must be good to be an animal –
But bloody boring, I'd expect.



April 30th

Such a beautiful day
An idyllic day
I was in love with the world
In love with my world

And then for a moment
Evil thought it could triumph
But our love was the victor
You can't kill us all

Where I had been
They now bled
Where I had sat
They now wept

Your eyes had seen things
You never thought they would see
I had been there
It could have been me
But evil must fall
You can't kill us all

Where I had walked
Walks a prince
And a father who grieves
So much hope destroyed
But still I believe
That love always prospers
And hatred will fall
We're not backing down
And you can't kill us all.

At Least It Ended Here

I'd like to think...

If the world stopped tomorrow
At least it ended in glorious fashion
But it won't

If war ended tomorrow
At least it ended without casualties
But it won't

If gods had all the answers
At least it ended debate
But it won't

If science had all the answers
At least it ended with us winning
But it won't

If prejudice dissolved
At least it ended the era
But it won't

At least it ended magically
At least it ended big
If I disappeared tomorrow
At least it ended here

Type 'at least it ended' into a search engine and you get...

At least it ended:
Big;
Up pointing west;
On a pretty high note;
Well;
Early;
Up pretty stable;
Up being a good day;
The era;
With character development;
In a great way;
Here;
With a win;
Quite open;
In glorious fashion;
Debate;
With us winning;
With no casualties;
Magically.

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.

A Woman's Right To Choose

Fourteen weeks ago you were making love,
creating love – creating me.
Now you don't want me.
You didn't think.
But why should you be punished
for one little mistake?
After all, it's your right to choose.

But what about my right to choose?
I am alive you know.
I've got a brain. I've got a heart.
Soon, I could do somersaults if I wanted.
I could even suck my thumb.
I could kick you and make you hurt.
Why not? You don't mind hurting me.

I'm part of you.
My body, stomach, liver, kidneys
are all attached to you.
Soon they won't be.
Soon I'll just be a statistic.
Soon I will be gone. Forgotten.
No longer to be your burden.

I am purity and innocence personified.
You are evil and guilty,
though you'll commit no crime.
As you lay sleeping, my head will be
crushed and I will be sucked away.
It needn't have been this way.
You had your right to choose fourteen weeks ago.
Now long may you bleed, mother.

Because of, Not In Spite of...

The way that my hair is fluffy
And all over the place in the mornings

The way that I laugh at everything
Even at inappropriate times

The way that I jump
When you touch me unexpectedly

The way that I'm always getting
Spots for you to squeeze

The way that I get a tickly beard
If I don't shave for a couple of days

The way that I'm so anal
About good time keeping

The way that I find it hard
To maintain eye contact when someone is talking

I hope that it's because of these things,
Not in spite of,
That you love me.

Black Roses

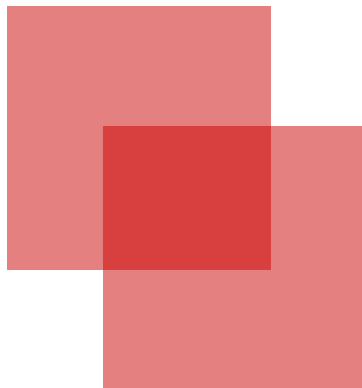
I sat and I cried
And as much as I tried,
I couldn't be a man today.

The tears rolled down my cheek,
For the love I'd tried so hard to seek,
Is forever gone.

Your picture in a silver frame,
And nothing left but your name,
And still it was worthwhile.

You were such an important part of my life.
Your departure tore through me like a knife.
Yet, I never really knew you at all.

Now I have only one more thing to say:
I'll visit you another day.
Goodbye. I love you.



Broken

In IT

works hard

one hundred grand

plays hard

big arms

works out

lust

love

smiling eyes

sun shines

whack

closed fist

that's how much he loves me

jealousy

stomach punch

vomit

apologies

because he loves me

sexual

bruises

excuses

cupboard doors

tip toe

egg shells

twisting, punching

scream and yell

broken arm

broken spell

terrified

calm

walk away

want to live

another

way

“One time he couldn't find the remote control, and we looked everywhere, turned the whole flat upside down. And he whacked me on the head with a closed fist. Really hard. I was bruised.

'David', *Attitude* Jan 2004

Burnt in Hell

I am 15
and I know
that if I just pray
God will stop me from being gay

I go to church
and I know
that if I put my hands together,
cross my fingers
and just pray
God will stop me from being gay

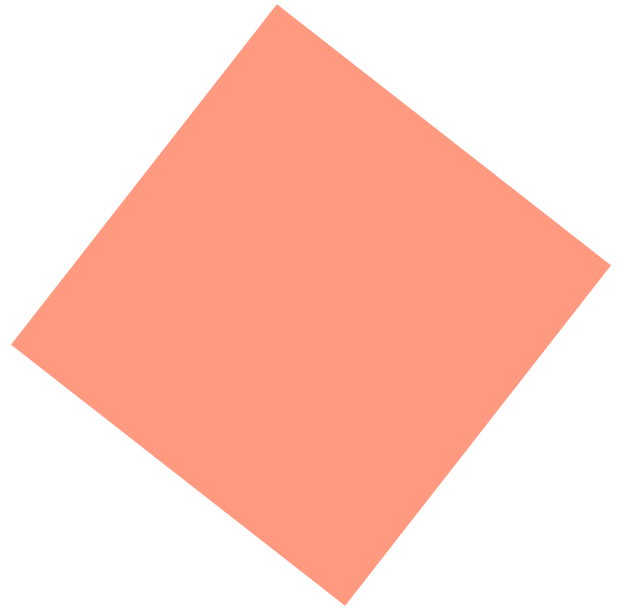
I received the blessing
so I know
that if I put my hands together,
cross my fingers,
click my heels together three times
and pray
God will stop me from being gay

I am 15
and I know
that if I just say
that I am healed
no-one will know that I am gay

I go to church
and I know
that if I just say
the Holy Spirit took my guilt away
no-one will know that I am gay

I tell my parents
and I know
they think it's their lucky day
They cross their fingers,
kneel and pray
yet deep down they know
their son is gay -
but it's okay

**"I have no reason to be afraid
In God's image I am made"**



"When I was 15 I got heavily involved with a church movement called the Toronto Blessing. I was so depressed about my sexuality that I convinced myself that I had been healed by the Holy Spirit. So strong was this belief that I told all my family and would even stand up in various churches and tell my story. This didn't last long and a year later I had to sit down and tell my parents that I was actually gay. They don't really like that I'm gay, but they love me anyway."

- Ian, *Attitude* Feb 2003

Cold Heart

I feel your cold hand touching mine.
I know that tonight is the night
When I shall give myself to you
And you shall become mine.

You don't tell me that you love me,
But I'm certain that you do.
You accept me for who I am.
You don't listen to what they say about me.

Now that we've shared in each other
And been lost in the throws of passion
You must promise not to tell.
They wouldn't understand.

They understand nothing.
You let me take the lead. Thankyou.
It was the first time in my life
Where I've been in total control.

I don't think I could live without
your love. Not now.
Your love is more precious to me
Than anything else in the world.

You mean everything to me.
But I am not Jesus,
Nor you the daughter of Jairus.
It's such a shame that you're ...

Crashing, Thumping, Piercing

Nails – tiny, shiny nails.

What harm are they doing anyone?

Nails – hammering nails, crashing, thumping, piercing,

Nothing I've not heard before.

Crashing, thumping, piercing,

Screaming, drowning – drowning in a river of tears,

Blood stained tears.

Nails – rustling nails, the sound of suffering,

The sound of salvation.

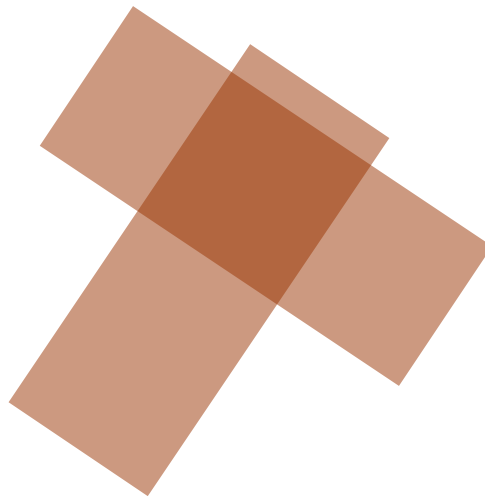
Nails – tearing through the curtain, letting in the light.

Nails – killing love; renewing love.

I see my reflection in those nails

And I must like what I see,

Because of what those nails have done for me.



Cross in a Manger

Merry Christmas to you sir...

Merry Christmas indeed.
Get away with you, you wretched carol singers.
Who cares if the Herald angels are singing 'Hark'?
Not me, that's for sure.
I don't see the point in Christmas anyway.

*Well it's a chance to be a little bit naughty
and spend time with your family.*

Family! What family? they're all dead, you stupid woman.
And anyway, I don't need an excuse to be 'a little bit naughty'
I'll be naughty whenever I like.
There's no law against it you know.
Fifteen years ago it was now.
Fifteen years. I still remember as if it were yesterday.

'I'm afraid I've got some rather terrible news...'

It doesn't get any better you know. Well perhaps a bit.
The wound does heal but there's always a scar.
There's been no-one else. I promised her of that.
I've still got the presents somewhere.
I say 'somewhere', I know exactly where they are.
They're still wrapped up.
I couldn't bring myself to open them then, I wouldn't now,
Because when love's gone all you have left is memories.
You think they won't leave you, and then you get old...
He takes everything away from you in the end does God.
'Hark the Herald angels sing'
What does it mean anyway?
I bet them bloody carol singers don't know.
And why have they put a cross in the manger?
Merry Christmas indeed.



Cuckoo Land

One step closer and I'll cut your fuckin' head off.
You did this to me.
You. You fucking bastard.
You. You. You.
Just get away from me before I scream.
Murderer. Murderer.
You've killed me.
You've stolen the life from within me.
I'm still breathing but I might as well not be.
What have got to live for?
What have I got left?
Nothing.
I've got nothing.
And it's all your fault.
Murderous bastard.
There was a girl inside me.
You put her there.
But now you've taken her away.
Stolen her. Killed her.
I want her back.
I want to see her.
I want to hold her, and love her.
I want to hit her.
Bitch.
Where are you, you bitch?
Why aren't you here inside me?
Aren't I good enough for you?
Bitch!
Why not me?
Why can't I have you?
What have I done?
What have I done wrong?
What have I done to deserve this?
Was it your plan all along –
To make me love you and then to leave me?
Why? Why? Why?
And who was it who took you?
Where's that shit head now?
If I ever get my hands on that cunt...

*Get your hands off her,
She's mine. She's mine.
She's fuckin' mine.
Get your filthy hands off her.
How dare you?
How absolutely bloody dare you?
You can't cut up a baby.
You can't cut up my little girl.
Cunt.
I didn't do anything to her.*

*And yes I would mind answering some questions,
You stupid bastard.
Stupid pig.
My daughter's dead and I blame you.
I know you're only a policeman,
But I blame you.
I blame you because you're here.
And I blame those bloody ambulance men
Or paramedics of whatever the fuck you want to call them.
I blame them for not getting there quickly enough.
I blame them for not being able to do anything.
Why can't they play God?
And I blame God.*

*Because I am empty.
Empty of the life hat you put there.
You, you bastard, you.
You put it there, and now it's gone.
So I wish you hadn't fallen in love with me.
And I wish you hadn't got me into this mess.
And I wish
And I wish...
I wish I was dead.
Really dead.
Not just dead inside.
I wish I was dead
'cos then I wouldn't feel like this.
'Cos then I wouldn't...
Then I wouldn't...
Then I wouldn't blame myself.*

Damian

This is the cut down version
Of my twenty-three years
The omnibus of my doubts and fears

I've been depressed a few times
Attempted suicide twice
I don't like myself, to be more precise

I feel some confusion
I like both fellas and girls
But no-one would get that in my little world

I have a long term girlfriend
Whom I'm not sure I should tell
And open the floodgates to a private hell

There are so many questions
Running round in my head
I know I should decide for myself
But I'll trust you instead



Dear Mum and Dad



Dear Mum & Dad...

I am writing to tell you something
I have wanted to tell you for a while
I'm... you know.
You probably already knew
From the lack of girlfriends
and dates altogether.
It was probably obvious to you that
I'm... you know.

I am writing to tell you that
It's not about how you raised me
You didn't make me... you know.
You did a great job bringing me up
You gave me self respect
and a respect for others
That pride really helped me
To deal with... you know.

I am writing to tell you
That I kind of knew since I was young
But I didn't know to call it... you know.
I tried to rebel against it
I went to church a lot
and looked for a cure
But there's not a cure
There's nothing wrong with being... you know.

I am writing to tell you
That I tried to say it at home
But the opportunity never really came
And it's hard to say aloud... you know.
I know it will take you time to accept this
But believe me, it's taken me a long time too
I want to talk to you about it
But I'll wait for you to call and say, it's OK that I'm... you know.

Love, J.

Inspired by a real 'coming out' letter found on the internet, this competition winning poem has been published in the Flaag newsletter and almost got me onto television.

"I stumbled across your website whilst searching for contributors for a documentary I'm making. I was very impressed by the poetry and the overall design of the site. The poem that particularly caught my eye was 'Dear Mum and Dad', your intelligence and ability to articulate your feelings is just what I'm looking for."

I turned them down!

Death

Death.
I'm so frightened of death.
Not of dying myself,
Because I know there's
More than this,
But of other people dying.
Other people I love,
Other people I don't love.
Just people who were her,
Not being here.
The emptiness.
The sense of loss that
Doesn't get better after time.
It makes me cry –
More than anything else.
Why is it so sad?
Who do I grieve for?
Them or myself?
Why do the good
Always go first?
Why is life so unfair?
Why is life so shit?
Why after death
Is there nothing but questions?
Why after death
Is there nothing but questions?
Why after death
Is there more sorrow
Than in life?
Why do people have to suffer?
Why do people have to go?
Why can't it be me?
Why? Why? Why? Why? Why?
Why am I so frightened
By something that happens
To us all?

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?"
- Kofi Annan

Written after the Boxing Day Tsunami.

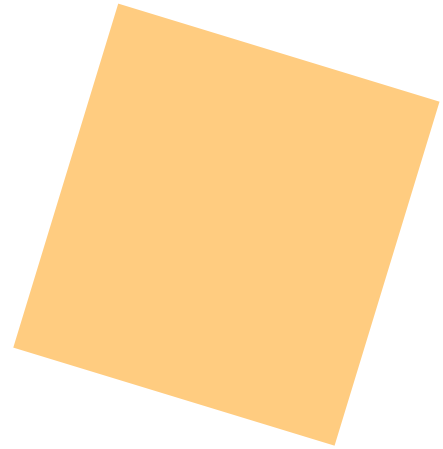
Dishonourable Discharge

Nothing but blood, toil, tears and sweat?
An unlikely version of the events
Of the Second World War.
The number of illegitimate births doubled.
There was a seventy per cent rise
In cases of VD.
That's a lot of sex.
And not just boy girl sex.
In a blackout
Nobody sees what or who you're doing.

"There's an opening for you in the navy"
said the posters.
"Give us a wank"
said the soldiers.
It's not cheating
If it's with another man.
Apparently.

More than three thousand soldiers
Were chucked out of the American army
For their sexual 'abnormality'.
That's a lot of sex.
A lot of boy boy sex.
Imagine that
"We're the toast of the regiment!"

*"They gave me a medal for killing two men
and a discharge for loving one."*



"When I was in the military they gave me a medal for killing two men and a discharge for loving one."
- from the tombstone of a Vietnam veteran.

Between 1940 and 1945 the number of illegitimate births more than doubled from 26,574 to 64,175. Incidence of venereal disease rose by at least seventy per cent!

Enough is Enough

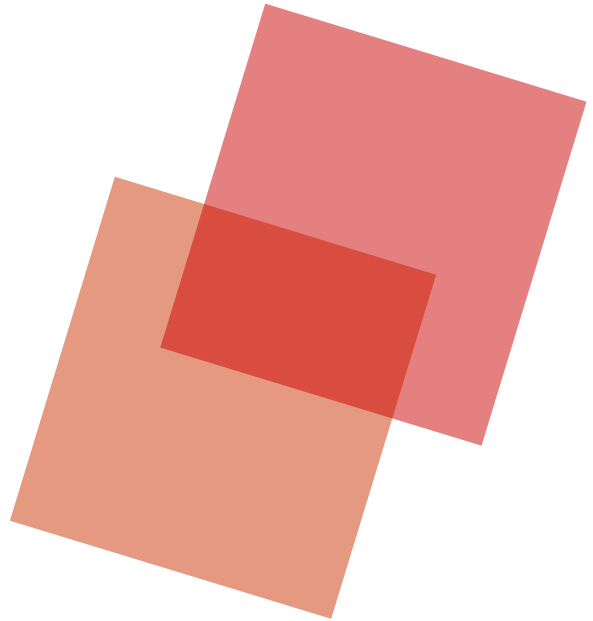
Enough is enough
Twenty years is too long
We will never be happy
The church got it wrong

Enough is enough
You can't sleep every day
And I will not hold you
Or love in that way

Enough is enough
The children have grown
My parents have gone and
I'm scared to be alone

"Enough is enough"
You so angrily cry
"I want a man to love me
as I need to be loved"
I reply: So do I

Enough is enough
We will both take that first step
Honesty can bring freedom
From that secret we kept



This was written after reading interviews with various older men who had come out after years of deception.

Evil is a Very Nasty Word

As I lay here

Como coloco aquí

Basking in the glorious sunshine,

Swimming in the beautiful sea

Asolear en el sol y

la natación gloriosos en el mar hermoso

I know that I am a lucky man.

Sé que soy un hombre afortunado.

Not an evil man, a lucky man.

No un hombre malo pero un hombre afortunado.

As I lay here

Como coloco aquí

I appreciate the glorious people –

Aprecio a la gente gloriosa-

Brown men, black men,

White and pink.

Los hombres marrones, hombres negros,

Blanco y rosa.

Tall men, hairy men,

Short and smooth.

Los hombres altos, hombres peludos,

Corto y liso.

Strong men, quiet men,

Weak and loud.

Los hombres fuertes, hombres callados,

Débil y fuerte.

Young men, lazy men,

Old and active.

Los jóvenes, hombres perezosos,

Viejo y activo.

And the only thing they have in common

Is that they are not evil.

Y la única cosa que ellos tienen en común

Es que ellos no son malos.

They are not evil.

Ellos no son malos.

“Government proposals to recognise homosexual "civil partnerships" were denounced by the Pope yesterday as the legitimisation of "evil".

Daily Telegraph – August 2003

Written on the beach in Maspalomas,
Gran Canaria.

The Spanish translation is rubbish – sorry!

Ex-Gay

For years and years,
In fact generations
We have come to see perversions
accepted as 'natural' or 'normal'

Fathers no longer know how to be fathers.
Men don't know how to be men.

People allow
how others perceive them
to affect their own perception
of their sexuality

They start to give in to wrong thinking
Give in to perversions.

No-one is born gay
Change is possible
if you look to above and
Free yourself from the bondage of sin

Satan knows that if he
can pervert our sexual drive
He can kill and pervert
God's creativity in us

So confess freely
and Satan will have
no ammunition against you
For, can you be gay and Christian?
In a word, no.

The words are lifted almost directly from various 'ex-gay' websites which claim that homosexuality can be cured.

fairyland

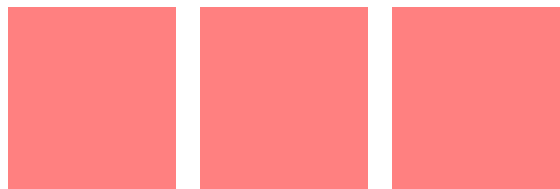
**Bewonderment, bewilderment
Welcome to establishment
Everywhere and anyhow
There's no need to ghetto now
Yet come with me and take my hand
I'll lead you into fairyland.**

**Dangerous clothes, designer drugs
Highly wonderful, not for thugs
Pound nipples, pierced notes
Pretty boys on which to dote.
Anywhere and anyhow
There's no need to ghetto now
Yet come with me and take my hand
I'll walk with you through fairyland.**

**Purchasing taste, expensive power
Ad execs, golden shower
Now accepted, now in fashion
Tell it all, but spare the passion.
Everywhere and anyhow
There's no need to ghetto now.
Yet come with me and take my hand
Still we cling to fairyland.**

**Fairyland paradise, fairyland hell
You'll always remember the day you fell
Into this world of glory, world of pain
Love it or loathe it
One things for certain
You'll never be the same.**

**Not anywhere, not anyhow
Many still and hiding now
But come with me and take my hand
You will be free in fairyland.**



Faith

'You can tell me anything'
my mother said to my brother and I
'Except that you're queer'.
Words like that leave an indelible impression
On a child who knows they have
special relevance for him.

'But you are gay, aren't you?'
I would scream as I
looked at myself in the car mirror.
'No. It can't be true'
The man in the mirror
would angrily reply.

'What do you think of her?'
My friends would ask
As they looked at the girls in *Sports Illustrated*.
'Absolutely nothing'
I would say in a voice so quiet
That only God or the devil could hear.

'If you are faithful, I will cure you'
said my aunt,
masquerading as the Lord.
So I was in the church
every time the doors opened
hoping for my reward.

'You can't turn off
your homosexual attractions'
said a voice of reason in my head.
'In which case, I'll turn off God'.
Not realising that the two
should be reconciled instead.

Because parents will still love you
Even it takes time for them to accept you
And God will be with you
And bring richness and fullness to your life
No matter what those Pharisees might say.

From a coming out story found on the internet.

"As doubts about my sexuality grew more intense, so did my religious activity. I was in church every time the doors opened, hoping that God would reward my faithful attendance by "curing" me."

Famous Boys



**It's easy to be famous now
Especially if you're young and gay
A few album snapshots on your website
And choice words about your day**

**It's easy to be famous now
Although never under your real name
Construct an alter ego
To keep your real self secret is the game**

**It's easy to be famous now
As long as you're forever young
Eternally a teenager
Although in real-life, gone twenty-one**

**It's easy to be famous now
Especially with a pretty face
Bringing pleasure to minorities
Whilst the masses feel disgraced**

**It's easy to be famous now
And have fans around the world
Keep in contact with faceless dreamers
Who hang on your every word**

**Be young and be happy
Be old and be free
Keep people coming
With what you let them see
I control my destiny and
I'm happy to be me
Very slightly famous
Very definitely delicately deviant**

“...so some pics and the world thinks u are great? Aren't we all?...”

Written when the world and his wife had their own homepage – and the prettier the person the more fawning messages of adoration in the guest book!

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

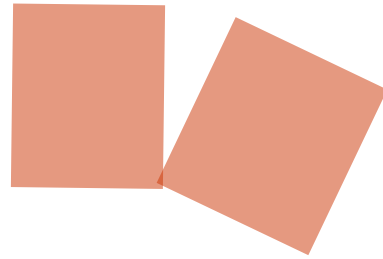
man glances round
see him from the corner
of my eye
quickly turns away
zips his fly
leaves
doesn't turn back
pretends he's seen nothing

crawl to my feet
face slapped
fall
face cracks

pay

leave

Fly Away



**We've all looked into somebody's eyes
And fallen completely in love with him
Heard his cries
And done all that we can for him
But if we really knew what's best
We'd let him go**

**There are times when we've all despised
Another guy for looking too closely at him
Stayed up until sunrise
To watch over and protect him
But if we really wanted him to grow
We'd let him go**

**Bedazzled by what youth implies
We've been a comfort and a guide to him
Hoping he won't have a nasty surprise
Never the lows, only the highs – for him
But if we really wanted him to live
We'd let him go**

**We've thought the foolish man wise
When he lied that we should be with him
Had late night discussions and theorized
Why it's right to be with him
But if you really want him to return
First you must let him go**

**I saw when I reached into the skies
That at the end of the rainbow was a pot of lies**

Flower

Bang!
You're dead.
Band!
Through the head.

Bang!
New start.
Bang!
Broken heart.

Bang!
No more pride.
Bang!
Nowhere to hide.
Bang!
Nothing to hide.
Bang!
Straight through the side.

Bang! Bang!
You're dead.
Silly fool,
should've stayed in bed.
Maybe yes, maybe no.
Fucking stupid way to go.
End of the beginning.
Beginning of the end.
Never screw
with your friends.
Take it or leave it –
Take if you can
But whatever you do -
Never trust a man.
So this is it, it's over at last
It's not what I expected
It was finished too fast.



Forever and ever

"I'll always be with you, forever and ever."

Very well endowed. Big spunky meat.
Tender loving arms. Fall at your feet.
Boys from the men. Constant rough trade.
Forever the same. One sacrifice made.
Fast and furious. Come on and ride.
You know where I'm at. No place to hide.
Active or passive. Some like it hot.
I think you love me. Others think not.

Ill fitting chains. Thorn in my side.
Fatal catastrophe. Two worlds collide.
Everything's changed. It all seems the same
Never left my side. Still call my name.
Constantly changing. Willing to learn.
Quick to forgive. Not missed my turn.
Ever to be ogled. Downward slide.
Fatal catastrophe. Two worlds collide.

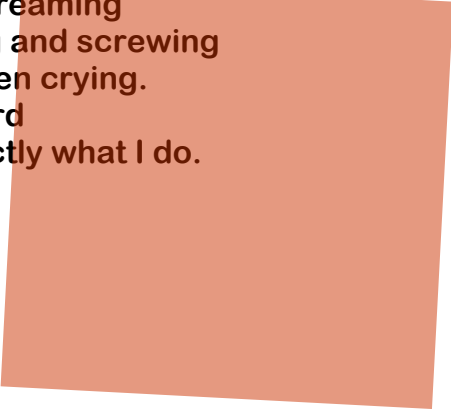
But you'll always be with me, forever and ever.
I'll always be with you, forever and ever.

"That could almost be a Smiths song if we lived in some twisted gay porn universe. Although even a Bizzarro Morrissey would have more class than to use the line
Very well endowed. Big spunky meat."

This is about the struggle between faith and sex. The dirty lines came from escort adverts in QX magazine – almost like a mail order catalogue for cocks!

Forgive me

Kicking and screaming
and screaming and screwing
and cursing then crying
“Where are you Lord?”
I know where you are.
But what about then?
When I’m kicking and screaming
and screaming and screwing
and cursing then crying –
hurting those I love,
hurting myself.
Where are you then?
Is it the devil inside me
Or just the man?
Maybe do I enjoy the
kicking and screaming
and screwing and cursing
and the crying and the words.
‘To err is human, to forgive divine’.
Forgive me Lord for
kicking and screaming
and screaming and screwing
and cursing then crying.
Forgive me Lord
for I know exactly what I do.



For God So Loved The World

For God so loved the world.
And the world so loved God
that they confined Him to a box,
only to be seen on special occasions.

For God so loved the world
That He gave His only son.
And the world so loved God
that they gave back His only son,
just a little damaged and frayed around the edges.

For God so loved the world
That He gave His only son
that whoever believes in Him
should not die, but have eternal life.
And the world so loved God
that they knew this was an offer not to refuse.
So, they said they believed
and they put on a hat and got down His box.
And when they were finished
they put him away again
And went back to what they were doing.

For God so loved the world.
And the world so loved God -
When it suited them.
When they thought there was something to be had.
When they could hide behind Him,
or ease their conscience.

For God so loved the world
that He gave His only son.
And the world so loved God
that they gave Him a couple of hours a week,
And perhaps a couple of quid.

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."

Despite the inclusion of the above author's note, this poem won rave reviews from American gun supporters. That in itself says enough about their sanity.

Happy Ending

You can't see the wood from the trees
And the rain has sent you mad
But even Tchaikovsky made mistakes
And a happy ending is in sight

So cancer eats your bones
And life eats at your soul
But it's not barbaric to speak truth
A happy ending is in sight

Only nature will outlast man
And women outlast men
And outcasts outlast all
A happy ending is in sight

OK, we fall apart
Finished before we start
The rain has sent me mad
But false tomorrows make me glad
That a happy ending is in sight
A happy ending is in sight

"So cancer eats your bones"

The first time I saw myself quoted. It was in a forum where they were discussing the fact that cancer really does eat your bones.



Hate and Love

**It must be easier for a man
To hate than to love**

**It is easier to shout the words of the Bible
Than to understand their meaning**

**It is easier to hate the French
Than to listen to their point of view**

**It is easier to bomb and kill
Than to compromise**

**A man must be strong
A man must not back down
A man must fight
A man must hunt them down
One by one
Across the world**

For it is easier to hate than to love

But no-one said it would be easy

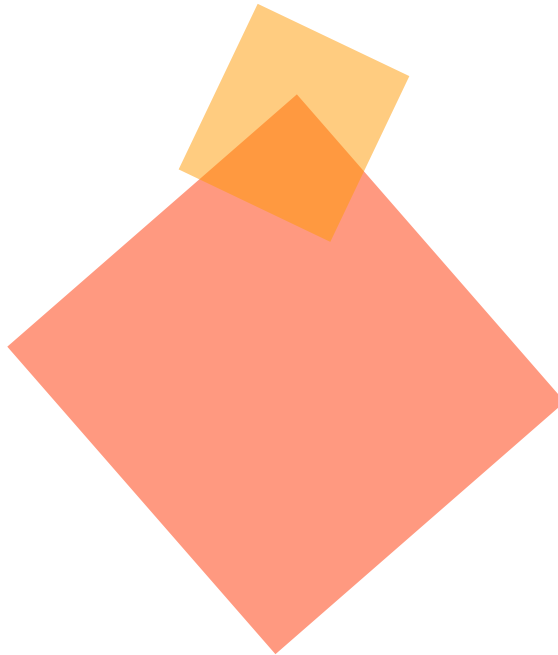
**We are all brothers and sisters, after all.
Live in peace.**

"We're going to hunt them down one at a time...it doesn't matter where they hide, as we work with our friends we will find them and bring them to justice."

President Bush was on the TV saying this about 'terrorists' whilst I was actually writing this poem. The last two lines are not my own either – but I can't trace who originally said them.

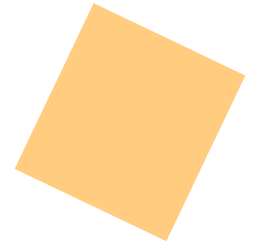
Headache

I don't know what it is
But it's driving me mad
It's this crazy feeling inside of me
Making me sad
And my heart is racing
And my stomach turning
And now my head is aching
'Though I am yearning
What is it?
What is it?
It's making me write
And it's turning my mind
And I can't stop thinking
Even though I don't know what it is
And if I did
Could I stop it
Or would it drive me insane?
Would it drive me insane?
Would it drive me insane?
But it's doing that now
And I don't know what it is
But I think I know what it is
And I just wish that it would go
And leave me in peace
So now I need other people
To come and free me from this
Or at least take my mind off it
For a little bit
I don't know what it is
But it's driving me mad
It's this crazy feeling inside of me
Making me sad
Oh, come free me
Come free me
Come free me
It's driving me mad.



Him

I've only just realised that I really did love him
that I really thought so very much of him
that I still remember the things he said
that I still remember the things I said
and I still remember the things that I wished
when he laughed, when he smiled, when he touched me
when we cried, when we hugged, when he broke me,
And we said so much without making a sound
And I saw so much that wasn't there
But I never lost it enough not to care.
And then he was gone
and I missed him at first
but after a while, got over the hurt.
But never 'til now did I realise
that I loved him.
Only now do I realise
that I loved him.
Only now do I realise
that I love him.



Hold me tight and love me

Hold me tight and love me
Give, though I can't return.
Look into my eyes and hug me
And pray you'll never learn.

Kiss my lips and pledge me
All you have to offer.
Touch my heart and thrill me -
Pray that you'll not suffer.

See through my reflection
and look beneath my skin,
See beyond my rejection -
Pray you're gone before it can begin.

And when it's over leave me
Though I'll not want you to go.
Only I may deceive me
And you must never know

The pain that I must suffer
When at last my story begins.

I can dream, can't I?

I don't know why I love you
But I want you to love me back.
You won't ever love me back.

I see your smiling face as you
Lay in the arms of the one you love.
I wish I could give you my love.

I try to say the right things
And be a person I think you'll like.
But why should I know what you like?

You've got bags under your eyes,
A mole on your right side and crooked teeth.
Yet your face holds a hidden charm.

I let your hurtful comments wash over me
And do everything that you ask.
If only you'd ask what I want you to ask.

I let you use me and
Let you make your little joke.
You probably think me one big joke.

So I don't know why I love you.
Perhaps it's a passing phase.
But for now I can't get you out of my mind.

My tiny, dirty, filthy,
crazed, overactive mind.
If only you'd understand.



If they were right

"People feel profoundly that
homosexuality is not equal.
It is, I'm afraid
Gross and unnatural"

And if he were right, I'd agree...

"To say to children that
there are alternatives in life
which are equally valid
is not right."

And if she were right, I'd agree...

"It is wrong that a young person
should be free to embark on a course of action
that might lead to a lifestyle
that would separate him from the
mainstream life of friends and family."

And if she were right, I'd agree...

"Sodomites are wicked sinners -
worthy of death for their vile,
depraved unnatural sex practices."

And if he were right, I'd agree...

"I'm definitely of the opinion
that couples should be
husband and wife,
not two husbands or two wives."

And if he were right...

If they were right, I'd agree,
But it's THEM they know, not ME...

"I have never been confused about
my sexuality.
I have been confused about
the way I am treated because of it."

Agree...?

The quotations, in the order they
appear, come from....

Desmond Swayne MP
Baroness Young
Ann Widdecombe MP
Rev. Fred Phelps
Cameron Stout (Big Brother winner)
'Father and Son' by Cat Stevens
Lord Alli

If you do not speak for me

A powerful rage bent on vendetta?
A simple plea for that which is right?
A plea which is equitable, decent and fair
And should have been heard a long time ago?

Raging through all conceivable levels?
Freed from the torture of speaking lies?
Free from a burden of premature felony?
Evading hydrogen bombs from the sky?

A time of great celebration?
Making nonsense of prejudice past?
Recognising the tragic damage,
But thinking she does not!

Looking back with a timely amazement?
A bewilderment at the farce?
For if you do not speak for me
Who will speak for me?
And if you do not protect me,
You protect no-one.

"I would like you to speak out for me and millions like me, not because you agree or disagree, not because you approve or disapprove, but because if you don't protect me in this House, you protect no one."

- Lord Alli

A forerunner to *'If they were right'*, this was written during the debate about lowering the age of consent and is based on quotations from

Lord Alli (1999)
Gerald Kauffman MP (1998)
Gordon Marsden MP (1998)
Lord Annan (1997)
Cecil Beaton (1967)
The Marquess of Queensbury (1965)
Alfred Kinsey (1948)
A New York reporter covering the Stonewall riots in 1969
Oscar Wilde

If you love me

"If you love me,
Why do you hurt me?"
I think I said
when I saw
that look in his eye.
Perhaps he didn't hear me.

"If you love me,
Why do you hurt me?"
I think I said
as I fell
flat on my face.
He really can't of heard me.

"If you love me,
Why do you hurt me?"
I think I said
as the children
started to cry.
They must have drowned out my voice.

"If you love me,
Why do you hurt me?"
I think I said
'though my face
was swollen with hatred.
I know he heard me.

If you would open your eyes
You would see
If you would open your ears
You would hear
That my pleading voice
Has now disappeared.
I shall say this once and for all,
Loud and so clear
You don't love me at all,
I no longer want you here.

"If you love me,
Why do you hurt me?"

I was challenged by a friend at
allpoetry.com to write a poem based
on this initial line. Here is the result.

Imagine these words

**Imagine the Louvre
Without the Mona Lisa**

**Imagine the theatre
Without the kindness of strangers**

**Imagine the British
Without EastEnders or the Street**


**Imagine the ballet
Without the Nutcracker Suite**

**Imagine a funeral
Without 'stop all the clocks...'**

**Imagine the Second World War
Without cracking the code**

**Imagine Monty Python
Without King Arthur or Brian**

**Imagine these words
Without me**



This is intended to serve as a reminder of what a large part gay men have played in shaping popular culture.

I'm Glad I Didn't Kill Myself

"Goodbye.

I don't know why I carry on

The future looks as empty as the past

And the past holds nothing but sorrow and deception..."

But I'm glad I didn't kill myself.

The last seven years have been full of discovery.

There are people I like.

There are people I love.

There are places I go.

I am happy.

"I can't talk to you. I don't 'talk' to anyone.

I don't say what I mean or how I'm feeling..."

But I'm glad I didn't kill myself

because people do care and people do listen

And if I don't talk now, it's because I don't want to.

I am happy.

"I want to tell you. I need to tell someone.

But I feel so insecure.

I want you to like me. I want to be loved.

But who would love me?..."

But I'm glad I didn't kill myself

because many people like me,

some people fell in love with me

and a thousand people laughed with me.

They made me happy.

"I don't want to go on anymore.

I am a loser. Born to lose.

I will never win,

so I might as well give up."

But I'm glad I didn't kill myself.

I'm glad I dared to be different.

The words in italics come from a letter I had written when I was about 16 and thinking of ending it all.

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

Whilst based on the Jeremy Thorpe trial of the 70s, it's really about my fascination with our idea that innocence and guilt depend on whether a jury says you did it, rather than if you actually did do it or not.

Internet

Ultra hardcore, triple X
Hot and horny, real life sex
Big hunky men, smooth young guys
Teenage gang bang, rock hard thighs

There must be more to life than this

Horny devils, skinhead tops,
Black and beautiful, force fed cock
Members only, watersports
Rough and ready like daddy taught

Please, there must be more to life than this

Underwear fetish, gagged and bound
True confessions, forced to go down
Prison jerking, army boys
Fraternity showers, sexual toys

Surely, there must be more to life than this!

There is more to life than this.
There is more to s than this.
This is just a tiny part
of a great big world.
There's more to life than this.
There's more to us than this.

But cum is fun, now and again!

In my Head Again

What are you doing?
I never said that you could come here?
I never said that you could come
and get inside my head
I never invited you here
And I certainly don't want you here.

You're screwing me up.
I had it all sorted
'till you came along and made yourself at home
I don't know why you're bothering
I've got nothing you can have
Nothing that you'd want,
or I'd be willing to give.

Please don't touch me
I know you didn't mean it like that
but please don't. It's not fair.
Everything was sussed
Everything was straight.

You bring out my worst
(or maybe the best?)
Am I striving to kick you out?
Or just desperate to keep you in?
Forget I said that and just go.
Go!

You know I've tried to change
But I never wanted to conform
But you shouldn't tempt me like this
No wonder I'm down
No wonder I won't let you out
Even though probably
You don't want to be here at all.

Invisible chains

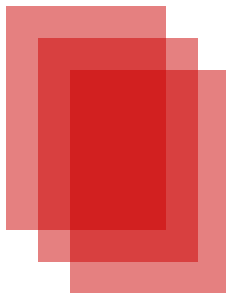
The day will come when I shall be free
When I'll step outside and at last can be me.

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.



I Shan't Die on a Wednesday

I can't kill myself today -
Too many things have been left unsaid,
The truth is still locked away in my head
And I don't want to take it to the grave with me.
But then I don't want you to
Use it against me for the rest of my life.

I can't kill myself today -
What if they were right
And God really does condemn us?
Maybe he'll send me to hell.
Maybe hell exists.
Probably I'll like it there.

I can't kill myself today -
What if you didn't miss me once I'd gone?
I'd have to come back from the grave
And sing I will Survive,
Act like a prick to get a cheap laugh,
Lessen my insecurity.

I can't kill myself today -
Because you still don't know me.
But perhaps I'll write a poem
about it instead, or a play -
Feed others the lines
That I so desperately want to say.

This is a very honest piece, written when I was 16. I have always particularly liked the last stanza.

This poem has touched other people too.

"there is still so much to say"

"You said the words I so desperately want to say....."

"I love you - you gave me another day to live."

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

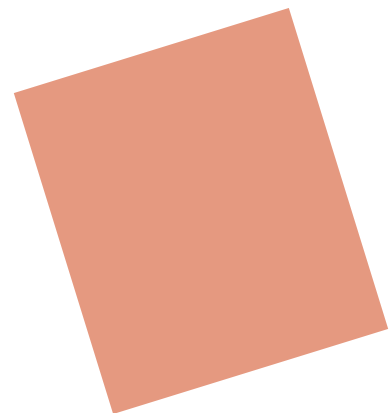
Shrapnel in the abdomen
And chest
You tried to stand but fell
You fell to the ground
And bled to death

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.



Je Deteste

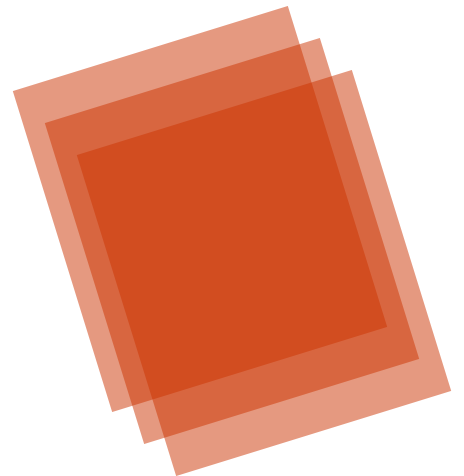
I hate people.
They think they know everything.
They know nothing.

I hate people.
They think they know me.
All they know is what I let them see.

I hate people.
They think they can make the rules.
I think they just act like fools.

I hate people.
They think it's their right to judge.
They should remember - I bear a grudge.

I hate people.
They have no purpose.
I wish they'd go away.



Jigsaw

First of all just one little piece broke off
And nobody really realised
And I carried on like before

But then you cut me up into even more tiny pieces
And people started to look at me differently
But I carried on like before

And then one day I woke up and all of me
Was in little pieces, scattered on the floor
And I was too broken to carry on like before

And no matter how I tried
My jigsaw body could not be put back together
My jigsaw life could not be put back together

My friend, my lover, my sister, my brother,
My father, my mother and any significant other
Took one piece each and put in place
And together again I started to face
The truth that

Sometimes it's like you're in a jigsaw
And you've been broken
And put back together again

Sometimes in the wrong order
Sometimes incomplete
Sometimes whole again once more

Life,
It's like you're in a jigsaw
And you've been broken
And put back together again



"It's like you're in a jigsaw and you've been broken and put back together again."

- Elijah

Those words from a 9 year old student gave me this poem.

Just One More

'Just one more' he said
before he pushed her to the ground

'Just one more' he said
as she lay shaking and bleeding

'Just one more' he said
to drown out his children's cries

'Just one more' he said
before he told them a barrage of lies

'Just one more' he said
whilst he got into the car

'Just one more' he said
as he knocked her to the ground

'Just one more' he said
when he drove off and left her for dead

'Just one more' he said
as he made it all his fault

'Just one more' he said
as he stood before the court

'Just one more' he said
when he was free to do it again

'Just one more' he said
to retain respect from his friends

'Just one more' he said
as he pushed her to the ground

'Just one more' he said
as the life support machine stopped
making that sound

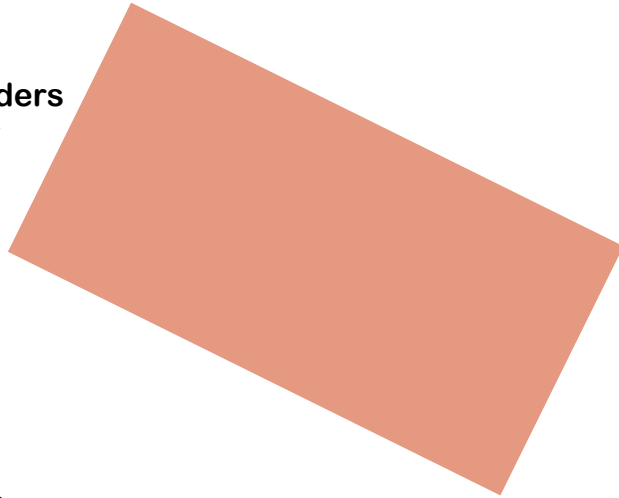
'Just one more' he said
'Where's the farm in that?
It's not hurting anyone, after all.
It's not hurting anyone, after all.'

Just because

i know we shouldn't be here
i know it isn't right
but just for tonight
let's make it alright
place your head upon my shoulders
run your hands through my hair
say you'll be mine
say you don't care
don't say that i'm dreaming
don't say it's pretend
because i've fallen in love
you're more than a friend

it shouldn't have happened
but now that it has
don't let it be over, just because
just because i want you
and that's not easy to say
just because i want us
to share this new day
just because it is right
and i've never felt this way
just because i love you
and there's no more i can say

so place your head upon my shoulders
run your fingers through my hair
let our lips meet like they shouldn't
say you don't care, please
say you don't care



Kicking and Screaming

I came kicking and screaming
Into a world where it was impolite.
Naked, cold and hungry
In the stillness of the night.
Everyone was staring
But that too was commonplace.
I could see no escape
Now they'd taken in face.

I went kicking and screaming
Away from that safe place.
I knew it couldn't last
And that showed in my face.
They treated me like I was special
And I knew that that was rare.
But if it's true that they wanted me,
Why wasn't I prepared?

They gave me more love than you
could imagine
In a world where it was scare.
But I'd not the strength to stay,
And try to stop me, they wouldn't dare.
Because I knew I had to go
From this world of darkness and sin.
For my Father he was calling
And the light, it drew me in.

Letter to an Ex-girlfriend

"I must be off now, there's cakes to make,
clothes to wash, shelves to dust.
A woman's work is never done..."

And that's how I signed off from a letter to
An ex-girlfriend
The ex-girlfriend
Surely the clues were there

"My cousin's lodger keeps buying me Kit-Kats,
which is nice. I'm feeling horny. Aargh!"

I mean, would you put those together
In a letter to an ex-girlfriend
The ex-girlfriend
Surely the clues were there

"Then at the end of August
I'm going to camp (how appropriate!)
Isn't life fun?"

Could you put anything more obvious
In a letter to an ex-girlfriend
The ex-girlfriend
Surely the clues were there

Oh to be 18 again
And innocent.
With the chance to do it all again
Would I do it without my ex-girlfriend
The ex-girlfriend?
Definitely not.

Life of 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?

In *Lullaby* by Chuck Palahniuk the protagonist discovers a culling song that he can use to kill people. He intends at first not to use it but actually finds himself bumping off people whenever he is frustrated. That idea was the inspiration for this poem.

Life Support

Two years, two months and twenty days
Since I first saw you
And wanted you.

Two years, two months and twenty days
Since I first talked to you
And liked you.

Two years, two months and twenty days
Since I first slept with you
And was happy.

For two years, two months and twenty days
I have loved you.
For two years, two months and twenty days
I have not imagined
Life without you.
For two years, two months and twenty days
You have been
My life support.
Please always be
My life support.
I don't want to live without you -
My life support.

Lifting the Veil

I lifted the veil
of secrets and lies
You saw through my eyes
and you started to cry
You'd seen what I've done
So you started to run
But don't leave me now
I'm not the only one

Can't you see the mess we're in and
Don't you know it's just beginning

I muted the voice
of self hate and fear
I draw you close
But you don't want to be near
I've lighted a fuse
We might just explode
You can't leave me now
We're on a one way road

Can't you see the mess we're in and
Don't you know it's just beginning

Dreams have gone
and nightmares come
I can still see her face
As she tried to run
It's not my fault
But who would
believe me now...



me

*If you don't know me by now,
You will never, never, ever know me ...*

But you shall never know *me*
And don't pretend that you do.
Me doesn't want you to.

For *me* is the person I really am,
The person behind this façade.
The *me* that you think you know
Is one hundred per cent man made.

The *me* you see is a creation,
A deceptive mask that I wear.
If you laugh at the *me* that isn't *me*
Then why should I care?

You laugh because *me* is different.
You're scared of things different from you.
Whoever said 'variety is the spice of life'
Was lying.

On the conveyor belt of life,
Me is a reject.
You put *me* on trial,
Though there's no evidence against *me*.

And therefore my true self shall remain hidden.

Now you shall probably judge *me* by what is written
- Don't.

Mind Games

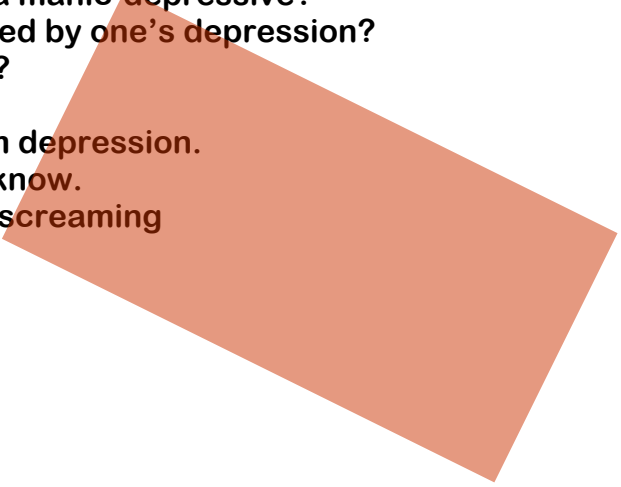
What does it mean to be depressed?
Does it mean to be pushed down?
Have I been pushed down to your low levels?

Does it mean that I've got money problems?
Or has there been a lowering of my atmospheric pressure?
Am I hollow on surface?

So what does it mean to be clinically depressed?
Does it mean that I'm fed up with injections
or women in white coats?

Then what does it mean to be a manic-depressive?
Does it mean to be wildly excited by one's depression?
Or to exaggerate one's frenzy?

I am supposedly suffering from depression.
What does that mean? I don't know.
Perhaps it just means that I'm screaming
to get out of this private hell.



Mother

God
My mother
The strong one
The one who can
Make everything better
With just one kiss
The one who knows
Me better than
I know myself
The one who embraces
Me each morning
And listens to
Each word I say
The one who will love me
No matter what
And forgive me
When I'm sorry
The one who gave me life
The one for whom I live
The one who
I couldn't be without
My mother
God.

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*

If you type 'gay murder' into Google
you'll find the stories behind these
words.

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..."



Neither Here Nor There

I am told
There are only two choices
This way or that way
That way or this

I am told
To make my choice
Call this number
Press red. Vote now.

I am told
I must decide
Who should stay
And who won't survive

I am told
That to choose is easy
Black or white?
Darkness or light?

But I know
There are more than two choices
There are three sides
To every story

I know
Some things I don't decide
They just are
They choose me

I cannot live black
I cannot live white
I live in the grey area in between
I love in the grey areas in between

I cannot be darkness
I cannot be light
I live in the grey area in between
I love in the grey areas in between

Like most people

I think

For Tom

Life in the interactive age is very
good/bad, yes/no, stay/go

Where as most of us are able to think
in a more reasoned and balanced
way...

No Escape

"People like you make me sick,
you rob and steal
and then come here whining,
expecting us to protect you.
And anyway, it is your fault
for letting them make you..."

If I refuse to cut my hair
If I refuse to have a shave
If I refuse to go to work
Then will you protect me
in a locked cell, all alone?

If I think about the
money my family paid them
If I focus on the sound
of the TV in the day room
If I scream until
you can't ignore me
Then will you protect me
in a locked cell, all alone?

If I fill in the correct form
If I try to take my life
If I let doctors and shrinks
track down evidence
Then will you protect me
in a locked cell, all alone?

If I ignore the glint
of the razor blade
If I don't try to wipe
that smirk from his face
If I cry until I
can't stop shaking
Then will you protect me
in a locked cell all alone?

cont

I am not your property

**If I scream until
you can't ignore me**

I am not your property

**If I cry until I
can't stop shaking**

I am not your property

**Why won't someone protect me
in a locked cell, all alone?**

Based on research into male rape in
prisons in America.

No-one but you

**Sitting
and no-one but you
knows the noise in my head**

**Sobbing
and no-one but you
can soothe my soul**

**Sighing
and no-one but you
can read my words**

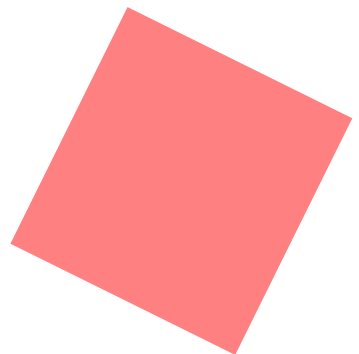
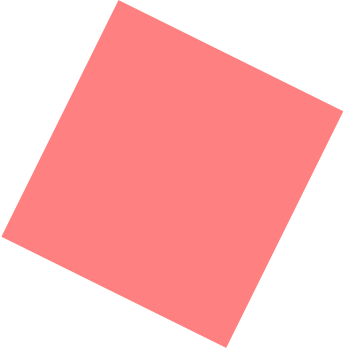
**Touching
my heart, you
are touching my heart**

**Breaking
the chains that
imprison me**

**Innocent
I wish to be**

**Cracking
the mould
you set me free**

**You breathe my words,
You dry my tears,
You walk with me,
You carry me,
You set me free,
I love you.**



Nothing New

Confusion is nothing new.
I am nothing new.
I am not the unexplained.
I am not a soul detained.
Yes, I should have been born.
Yes, I should have been born.

Caught up in the wonder.
Struck down by the thunder.
I am not afraid
for someone else has paid.
So yes, I should have been born.
Yes, I should have been born.

Never questioning the source,
Overwhelmed by the force.
Convinced you know the answer -
When even I don't know the answer.
But yes, I should have been born.
Yes, I should have been born.

Darkness obliterates light.
Ignorance takes away sight.
Tenderness is no more.
Rotten to the core.
And yes, I should have been born.
Yes, I should have been born.

Take away my rights
Win without a fight.
End it before it began,
Relief for every man.
Do you wish I'd never been born?
Why do you wish I'd never been born?

Why will you not see that
Yes, I should have been born.
Yes, I should have been born.
And now, I shall live.

'Abortion hope after 'gay genes'
findings'

Daily Mail – July '94

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...

Not My Son

It's only a matter of time
Before he'll bring
A girlfriend home to meet us.
It's only a matter of time
He just needs more confidence,
To get out more.

It's only a matter of time
Before he stops being
So depressed.
It's only a matter of time
Before he opens up to me
And tells me more

Because he could tell me anything -
Even that.
Not that he is.
Not my son.

It's only a matter of time
Before he realises
It's just a phase.
It's only a matter of time
Before he stops buying
Those secret magazines

Because he could be honest -
Even if he was.
Not that he is.
Not my son.

It's only a matter of time
Before I lift my head
From the sand.
It's only a matter of time
Before I can start to understand

cont

He couldn't tell me -
Not even that.
Not my son.

It's only a matter of time
Before he stops going through it
All by himself.
It's only a matter of time
Before he knows that I love him
More than anything else.

Because he must not be alone –
Not my son.
He mustn't be unloved –
Not my son.

Because he is my son.
He is my son.

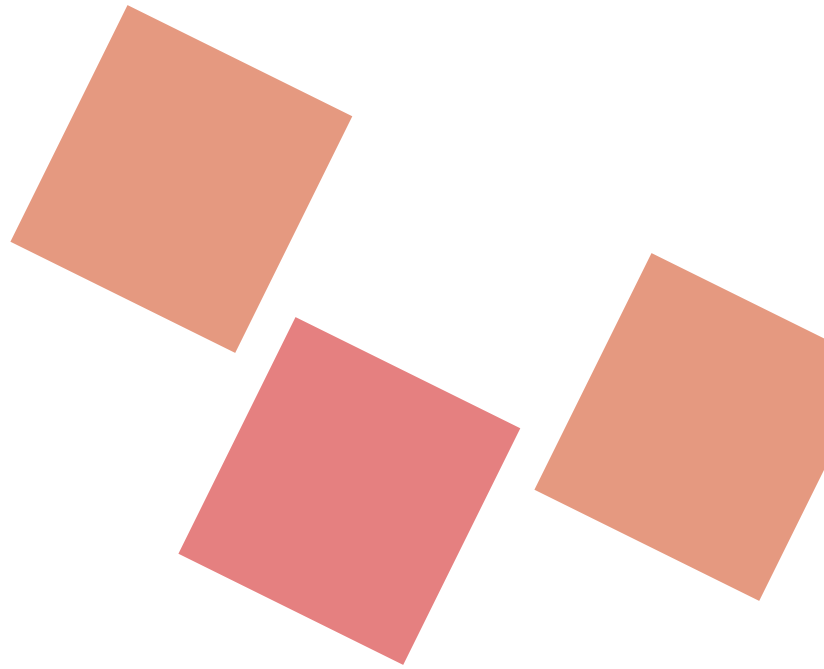
This was inspired by a letter to *Attitude* magazine following a 'youth issue' they did in 2002.

"My son recently came out to me after I found a copy of your youth issue under his pillow... I was moved by the letters and features you printed and was saddened that my son, who's 19, has been going through this by himself. I think it's easy for parents to pretend their children are fine... I buried my head in the sand. It wasn't because I didn't want to know but I didn't really understand it properly. It wasn't that I didn't love him..."

- Joyce Penge

No Win

My head's starting to spin
And no matter what way I look at it
I can't win.
I haven't stopped caring
I haven't stopped scaring
myself to sleep.
To sleep. To dream.
Oblivion.
Real world gone.
Fantasies go on.
You and me
Together – eternity.
I never let you down.
I never went away.
I said all the things
You wanted me to say.
You and me
minds combined.
You and me
hearts sublime.
You and me. You and me.
You and me. You and me.
But no matter what way I look at it
I'm here on my own.
No win.



Number Seven

Ten minutes ago
I was gonna say those words
Ten minutes ago
I was gonna get my bag and leave

Something logical
told me long before
Something illogical
brought me back for more

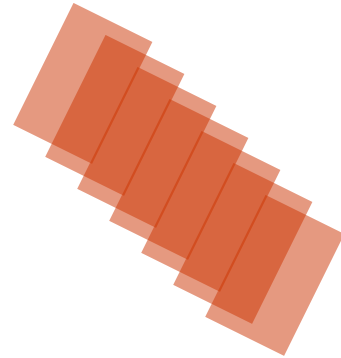
It's time for cinematic endings
A break from all of this pretending
Cold eyes
Warm lies
Number seven, your time is up

Something logical tells me to go
Something illogical begs me to stay

And as I leave
I sparkle with magic
You start to cry
It all seems tragic
That something so beautiful
could end like this
Number seven, your time is up

Something logical
told me long before
But something illogical
begs for more

Number seven, your time is up.
Number seven, your time is up.



For David
For obvious reasons!

Off Balance

You've fucked me up again
Screwed me up again
Thrown me off balance
Thrown me off course
Screwed me up and
Screwed me over
Sucked me in
Spat me out
Seen right through me
Laughed straight at me
Torn right through me
Cried straight at me

And then you kissed me
- or you tried
But you missed me
- or I lied

Sweet young man
Very sweet young man
Such a very sweet young ma
I am

Screwed me up and
Screwed me over
Never be the same again
Bastard
Wonderful bastard



One night stand

Now that I've caught your eye
and we've exchanged furtive glances
Now what?

Now that we've kissed
and we've said a few words
Now what?

Now I've told my friends
and worried what they'll think.
Now I've closed my mind
worried what I think
Now what?

Now that I've made myself at home
and climbed into your bed.
Now that I can't be bothered
and you just can't
Now what?

Now that it's morning
and I can see you clearly.
Now that it's morning
and you can see me clearly
Now what?

Now that you've got what you wanted
and you've got your life to lead.
It's now what I expected
and I think I'd better leave
Now what?

So now that you've explored me
and we've exchanged informal chat
Now what?
What happens now?
I leave.

For Sean –

Who couldn't even be bothered to
make me a proper cup of coffee!

This used to be called 'And Now
What' – but that got no hits!

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.



Original and Best

I could write something new
But what is there that
hasn't been written about before?
What is there to share
that someone hasn't already shared?
What is there to say
That hasn't already been said?

So what can I do to be original?
Nothing!
There's nothing I can do,
Because it's all
already been done.
It's all already been said.
It's all already been written.

But my feelings for you re original
Because I've never felt them before
And no-one else has felt them before
And no-one else has written about them before.
And I've never spoken about them –
until now.
So I could write something new.
I could write –
I love you.

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.”

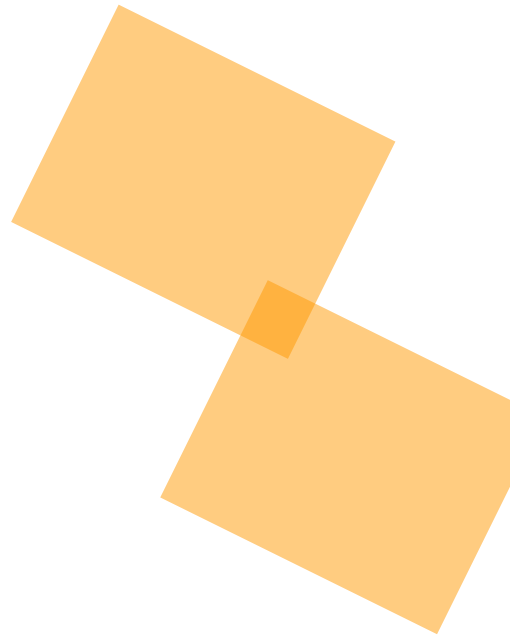
I’ve been her neighbour eleven years.
I know everything about the case
Everything about her –
Intimately.

“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?

Out of the Blue

Come and take me out of the blue.
Lord, come and take me out of the blue;
Saviour, I am begging you.
Take me out of the blue and into the light;
Away from the blue and towards what's right.
Take me out of the blue and let me live again;
Away from the blue and free to love again.
Out of the blue, so my parents will be proud.
Out of the blue, so I can shout love aloud.
Take me out of the blue, Lord,
I think that's what you want.
Out of the blue, Lord,
They say that's what you want.
Take me out of the blue,
If that's where I really want to go.
Take me out of the blue,
Even though I don't know.
Take me out of the blue,
Even though you made me this way,
Because I'm tired of being alone
And not being able to say.
Take me out of the the blue, Lord,
It must be better that way.



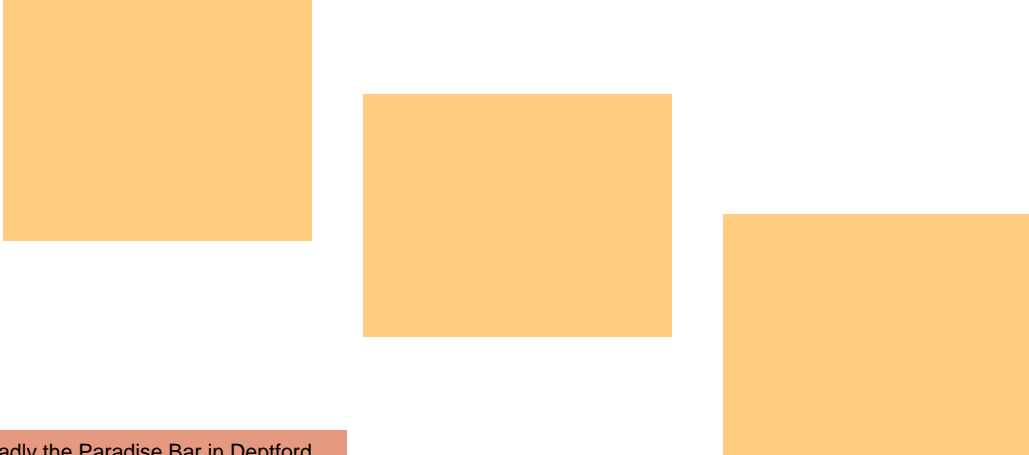
Paradise

What if my headteacher found out
Would he take me to his office
and make me hang my head in shame
Would he forbid me teach the children
Ensure I never work again?

What about the vicar
Would she make me keep my profile low
Not letting on to anyone
Or else I'd have to go.
Have I brought shame upon the church,
A curse upon my soul?
Must I now face damnation?
Only God can ever know.

What if my mother found out
And then it wasn't funny anymore
Because the truth can be upsetting
When certain words can't be ignored.

And perhaps she'll feel guilty
'Though it's me who should repent,
But actually I quite enjoyed it
My first taste of being ...



Sadly the Paradise Bar in Deptford,
where I made my first conquest, no
longer exists.

And luckily no head teachers, vicars
or parents have ever made me keep
a low profile.

Prisoner

I'm grabbing at the bars on those windows
I'm pulling and pulling and my hands are getting sore
But they won't come free
and you're out there
and I'm in here
I'm a prisoner

I'm grabbing at the clothes on this body
I'm pulling and pulling and I'm getting nowhere
'Cause they won't come free
and I'm not with you
I'm in here
I'm a prisoner

I'm grabbing at the crucifix 'round this neck
I'm pulling and pulling and my faith is getting weak
But it won't come free
'cause the truth is out there
But I'm in here
I'm a prisoner

I'm grabbing at the words that you speak
I'm pulling and pulling at my mouth and my eyes
'Cause I'm just an observer
watching you out there
whilst I'm in here
I'm a prisoner

And I want to be free to touch you
And I want to be free to talk with you
And I want to be free to love my Lord
and I want to be free to love myself
But you're out there
and I'm in here
I'm a prisoner

"I've read your work and it touches me so. For I am also gay and I love someone but I can't come out, I am too a 'Prisoner'. I just wanted to thank you for showing my blind eyes the light. Thank you my friend."



Rancid Air

Everything still seems the same
I'm still playing stupid games
They say there's lessons we should learn
But it hasn't been my turn.
Hold me close and dance with me
Tell me now what do you see?
Loving arms or deception and jealousy?

Moments of weakness scar my name
Foolish lies to shield your pain
They say there's things that shouldn't be
But if he's abnormal so are we.
Hold me close and dance with me
Tell me now what do you see?
Loving arms or deception and jealousy?

Sticks and stones
please break by bones
Rancid air now fill my home
Evil thoughts flee from my head
'cause I've been causing unhappiness.
Lie in the bed that I have made
Pay the price that should be paid
Evil thoughts flee from my head
I don't want to cause unhappiness.
I don't want to cause unhappiness.

Regular, boring, old blood

“It’s living inside of me
But I can’t see it.
It’s just like regular,
boring old blood to me.”

But do you see it
when you look at me?
Do you see it
when you hear me speak?

Do you see it
when I lay in my room and cry?
Do you see it
when I turn off the light and scream?

Do you feel it
like I feel it?
Do you hear it
calling for you?

Because it could be you,
that it’s living inside,
Except it’s not, it’s me.
I know it will kill me

Even though
It just looks like regular,
boring old blood to me.
Please someone, set me free.

“It’s living inside of me
But I can’t see it.
It’s just like regular,
boring old blood to me.”

From the film ‘The Living End’

Written for World Aids day.

Regular guy. Regular Life

*Don't eat for several days. Maybe a week.
That should do it.*

Not many friends. Like it that way.

*Slap my face 'til it's purple.
Then try to look away.*

Don't like my teachers. Too clever for them.

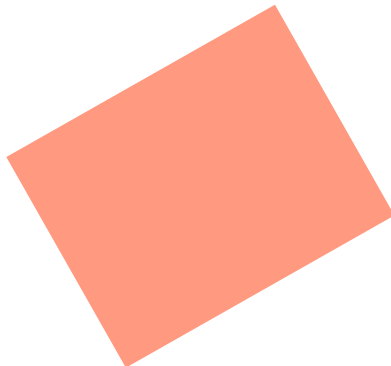
*What about those pills? Or ant poison?
There's no way out from there.*

Steady girlfriends. Three months or so.

*Immerse myself in water. Drown my sorrows.
Did it honestly never cross my mind?*

Not every pot of gold has a rainbow.

Ciao.



Rewriting My History

i am blessed
with a contentedness
which allows me to
erase from my brain
the elements of my history
which drove me insane

a sister cannot die
if she was never there

a father won't walk out
if he had no cares

a boy will not withdraw
if there was no fear

no need for a world of his own
if he's happy here

and their hurtful words
now just fade away

because yesterday
is a distant day

i am blessed
with a contentedness
which allows me
to smile and say
i wouldn't have had it
any other way

Safety in numbers

I am a teacher
It's allegedly what I do
So why am I sat here contemplating
Who I'd like to screw?

I am a teacher
A choice I consciously made
But I'm sat here looking pretty
Embracing rules I have obeyed

I am a teacher
It's taken over my life
So I'm looking for a mortgage
And an artificial wife

I am a teacher
People hang on my every word
Yet, I'm an affront to public decency
And sometimes seem absurd

I am a teacher
I have the uniform and badge
But today's a different story
Bender, woofter, ponce and fag

It's the differences which unite us
Imperfections make us whole
The end is now beginning
But the truth I still don't know.

Written a few hours later, on the back of the original copy of this poem is scrawled...

"I wrote this poem in Soho Square. Less than two hours after it was written a terrorist bomb ripped through the area. It's difficult to put into words how I am feeling. I am angry. I am very angry. I am shocked. I am relieved – that something in my head told me to get out of that. The wind has been taken from beneath my sails, but we shall fight on. We will not be beaten by fascist scum. I refuse to live in fear."

Sexuality doesn't exist

'Sexuality doesn't exist'
says the man
who is living proof to me
that it does

'I'm a mystery'
says the man
who is living proof
that life is simple

'Tell me who'
says the man
too blind to see
'Was it you?'
says the man
smiling at me

'Do you remember?'
says the man
like I'd forget
'Shall we again?'
says the man
with no regrets

'Do I scare you?'
says the man
as harmless as can be
No, but I scare myself
What will be, will be.



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





Soap Opera

First there was the boy
but he seemed like a man
older and bolder
the big 'I am'

Then there were the girls
and I took you by surprise
So I told a few half truths
but I never really lied

And along came the blond one
and meddled with my mind
Neither could admit
we were two of a kind

And next an older man
came to show me what to do
Who'd have thought that now
I'd teach him a trick or two?

A few one night stands
and best friends just for luck
I start to feel a victim
when I shouldn't give a fuck

And then *he* came along
and turned it all around
Something quite fantastic
and wonderful I'd found

Now he's gone as well
and I'm back where I started
I'll keep a brave face
but I'm sorry that we've parted.

Sometimes

Sometimes when Mum goes out,
Dad does things.
I don't want him to
But he does.
I don't think Mum would want him to,
But she's not there.
If I told her
He would kill her.
That's what he says.
And he says she
wouldn't believe me anyway.
She loves him more than me.

Sometimes when my Dad
does things to me
I ask him to stop -
But he doesn't.
I don't think Mum would want him to,
But she's not there.
If I told her
He would say I'm lying.
That's what he says.
And he says she
wouldn't believe me anyway.
He's cleverer than me.

Sometimes when my Dad goes out
I want to do things.
I want to make it stop,
But I can't.
I don't think Mum would want me to go.
But she's never here,
And I wouldn't go far.
If I told her
she'd try and stop me,
But I really have to go
Because my Dad's got inside me.
He's bigger than me.

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 bit more internet testimony here.

Perhaps if people talked more and wrote less....

Starting All Over Again

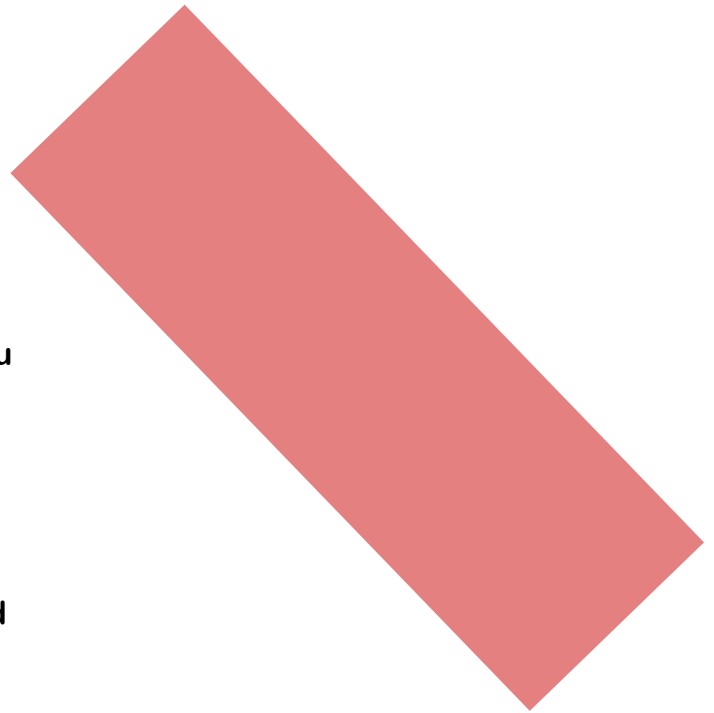
I'm starting all over again
I'm packing a bag and moving away
I'm putting you behind me
And starting a new day
I'm beginning another chapter
Because I've closed the book on you
I'm hanging out with new friends,
See – I can get them too.
And I might even fall in love
Because I'm sure I never was with you

I'm starting all over again
I'm holding my head up high
I'm putting you behind me,
There'll be no more living a lie
I'm sure I know who I am
Now that I've wiped you from my mind
I'm certain to make loads of new pals
- people my own kind
And I might even fall in love
Because I'm sure I never was with you

I'm starting all over again,
So I'll stop my chatting and say goodbye
I know you never loved me
But I'm sure you didn't mean to make me cry
It's best I keep going forward
'cause it only hurts to look back.
I'm sure I can make lots of new friends
'cause now there's no turning back.
But I'm sure I won't fall in love,
Even if I'm not sure if I was with you

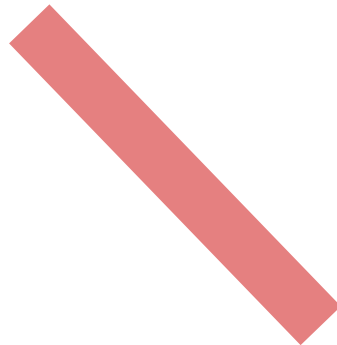
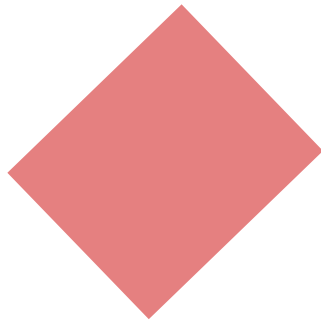
Goodbye.

It was good while it lasted.



Sufficiently Weird

Aargh!
I've done what I want to
And now I'm in limbo
So I alter my hair
And look like a bimbo
I check out the talent
What's hot and what's not
And my eyes wander sideways
Is this all they've got?
I don't feel pretentious
I'm looking quite sporty
Always underplay you're hand
Is what my mother taught me.
I'm sufficiently weird enough
That I fit in like a treat
A constant attraction
To the people I meet
Someone to be smiled at
'cause isn't he sweet
Something to be used
like just a piece of meat.
Yes, I'm sufficiently weird enough
That I fit in like a treat.
Sufficiently weird enough
That I fit in like a treat.



Thankyou for your time.

I need some help.

I'm interested in *it* -
The honesty that comes from *it*
I guess I have a fear of intimacy
Of someone finding out about *it*

I'm quite real with my sister
Though she doesn't know about *it*
But I'm sure she wouldn't
have a problem with *it*

I've always wrestled with *it*
And then dismissed *it*
I'm a very private person
Maybe it's OK
If no-one knows about *it*

I never talk about it
Or issues that surround it
Maybe I'm a coward.
I don't stand up
And say what I think about *it*

OK, I'm thinking about my sexuality -
I've never let myself think about *it*
In those terms before
And I'm still a bit afraid
To say *it* out loud -
Even to myself

It's time to be honest about *it*
Mostly to myself
I am just trying to find out the truth
About *it*
About me.

Thankyou for your time.

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

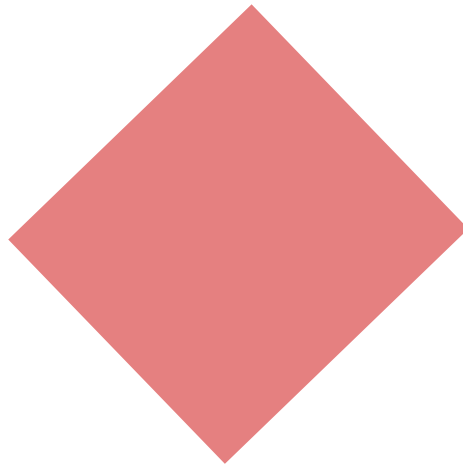
The colour of my past
- grey

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



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

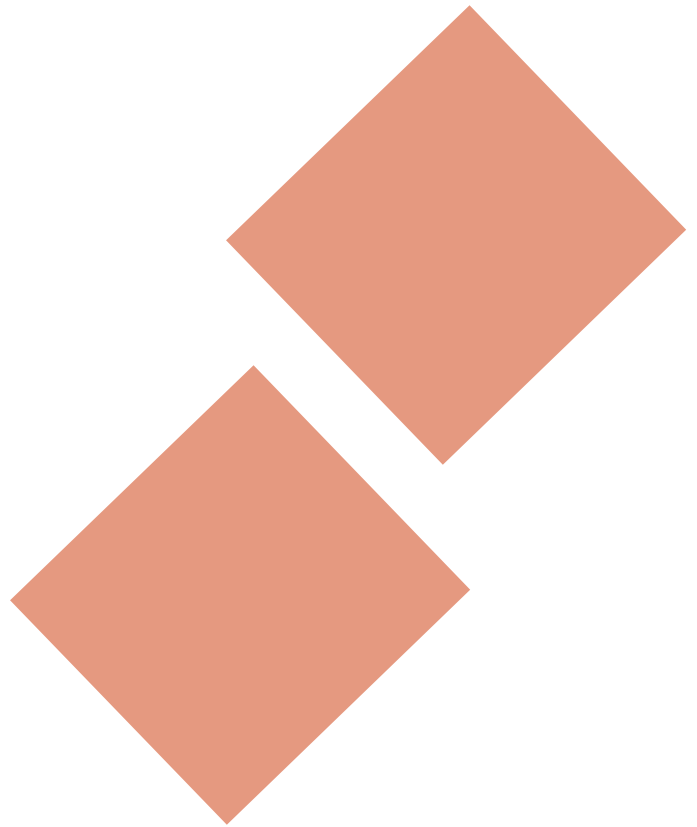
There was no mention of the real world anymore
Hidden away doing mindless tasks
Doing as one is told

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?



The last word

I had been packaged
and labelled
and sold

I had been bought
and opened
and used

I had been closed
discarded
and lost

and then I broke

and that joke
wasn't funny anymore

They had not uttered their last word
But I had

Broke.
Final word.

The morning after the millennium before

Can't sleep
Can't eat
Can't speak

This has truly been a defining moment in history
In my history
Running like a whirlwind
Wreaking havoc
Trampling over emotions in my path

Helplessness
Jealousy
Passion

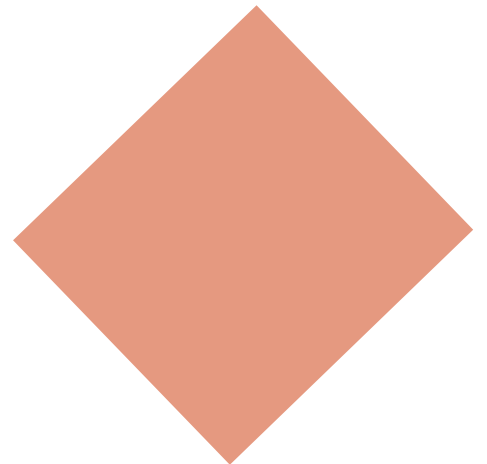
This has truly been a defining moment in history
In your history
Seeing me like I really am
Picking up the pieces
Repairing the damage to your heart

Deception
Repentance
But yet more lies

This has truly been a defining moment in history
In his history
Refusing to believe the obvious
Regretting nothing
Suffering at the hands of the narrow minded

Despair
Relief
Amusement

A truly defining moment in history?
The stuff of stage show farce?
A drunken mistake?
Or a timebomb
Waiting
and
Waiting
To give me the shock I deserve.



The right to be me

I'm forever hiding in secrecy
the feelings lurking inside of my head.
For if they knew, no-one would let me be
the person I want to be. If I said
that they would accept me, I'd be lying.
They cannot see how I do what I do.
So they shout abuse and leave me crying
myself to sleep. But in dreams I go to
a place where I'm free to be as I please,
and where all the things I want, I have got.
And where my acceptance comes with an ease
that's only possible in dreams. I'm not
fighting for justice or equality.
I'm just fighting for the right to be me.

This is where it all started back in
1994. This is a sonnet written for an
English class.

They still haven't found a cure

*They still haven't found a cure
I'm not sure they ever will
Still haven't found a cure
You cannot fix what isn't broken
Still haven't found a cure
We're not sick, just a little shaken!*

We're reaching breaking point
Skating on thin ice
Doing things
Your grandma don't think nice
Adopting words she used to say
It's not alternative
It's the only way!

I don't think you understand
It wasn't planned
It's just the way I am!

They're using
electric shocks and humiliation
A heavily voice
speaks of abominations
Hydrogen bombs from the sky
Wipe out now
and never question why!

I don't think you understand
It wasn't planned
It's just the way I am!

*They still haven't found a cure
I'm not sure they ever will
Still haven't found a cure
They're not sure what they're looking for
Still haven't found a cure
You cannot fix what isn't broken!*

This God of Yours, So Small

**Who is this god of yours, so small,
that he can't abide change?**

**Who is this god of yours, so small,
that he is more concerned by semantics
than war?**

**Who is this god of yours, so small,
that he applauds
when you picket a funeral?**

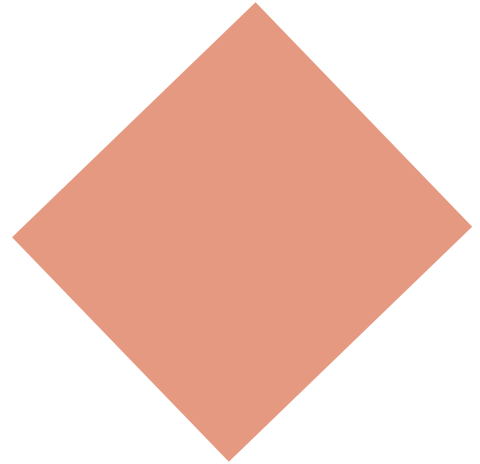
**Who is this god of yours, so small
that he tells you
you are always right?**

**Who is this god of yours, so small,
that he sides with those
who have hatred in their hearts?**

**Who is this god of yours, so small
that the thing he hates most
is when some people fall in love?**

**How did such an almighty God
become so small, in your eyes,**

**How did you make such an almighty god
so small, that he can't be heard
for your shouting?**

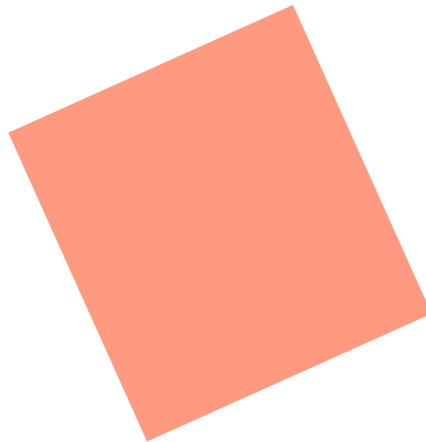


Thought Train

I'm staring at next door's ceiling.
The television is so silent
That it's deafening.
Even he complains about the lack of noise.
The bath is running
But it can't get out.
Emersion. Emotion.
Flowing under.
Scolding. Scalding.
Naked ambition.

I'm staring at the cage.
He doesn't attempt now
To even try and get out.
Not even he complains about the lack of freedom.
The bath has stopped running.
It knows it's no good.
Elation. Deflation.
Sinking under.
Calling. Crawling.
Get me out.

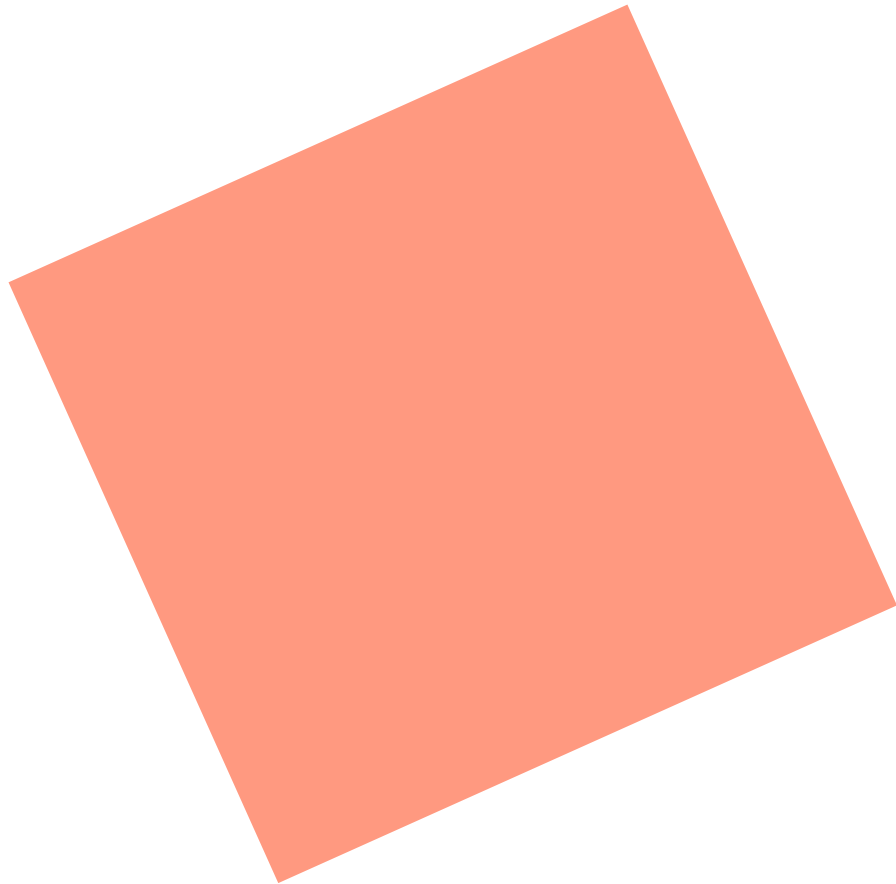
I'm staring at the sun and the stars.
The light is so bright
That I can't see a thing.
Even he wouldn't tread here.
People – outside.
How did they get there?
Phone. Drone.
Outside world. Inside here.
Concentrate. Speculate.
Monotony.
Board the thought train.
Board the thought train now.
Get away from here.



Timebomb

**fucking timebomb
waiting to explode
Destroy everything
why me?**

**fucking hypocrite
waiting to explode
Destroy everyone
why me?**



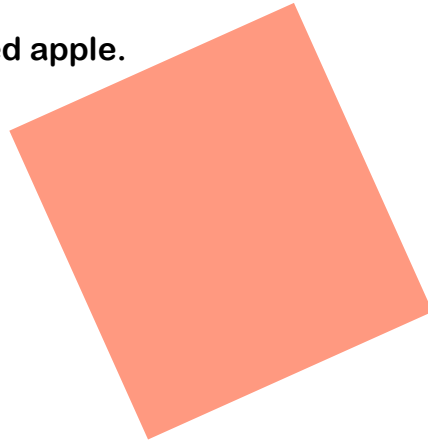
Treatment

Yes, you were an outstanding mathematician
Yes, you had the OBE
Because yes, you cracked the Enigma codes
And helped us win the war

But it is 1952
And all of this pales into insignificance
When faced with the harsh truth
That you are a homosexual

So we repaid what you had done for us
With 'treatment'
And yes, you were injected with female hormones
Yes, your body changed shape
Yes, it crushed your intellect
So yes, you killed yourself with a poisoned apple.

Tell me where is the aberration here?



Twenty-six

Twenty Six:

So I guess I'll never be:
Tall;
Gorgeously sun-tanned;
Husky voiced;
A porn star.

Twenty Six:

So I guess I'll never:
Join the mile high club;
Swim the channel;
Have a soft spot for a pet;
Wear women's underwear.

Twenty Six:

So I guess I never wanted to:
Be recognised in the street
Keep my clothes on on the beach
Live solely in the real world
Taste a lady's underneaths

Twenty Six:

So I guess I'll always be:
Loved;
In Love.

Two Men

Here's a thing
Two men met
And fell in love

And they lived together
Both as men (not one butch, one fem)
For many years

And their friends were lawyers,
teachers, musicians
And any other professions
You could care to mention

And they didn't go insane
Or beat each other up
Or catch AIDS and die

They weren't any nicer to their mothers
Than anyone else
Nor did they have a keen eye
For interior design

They were just two men
Two men in love
Leading a fairly ordinary life

And all they asked for
Was the same visiting rights
The same inheritance rights
The same next of kin rights
The same human rights

"Teacher, which is the greatest commandment?"

"Find out which men are diddling other men
and persecute them."

Used to be

It used to be I could make you smile.
I felt good, it all seemed worthwhile.
I was young and precious
But I felt so strong.
I thought I could do whatever,
Last forever
But I was wrong.

Broken angel
I'm a broken angel
Let me fly again.

But then I stumbled and lost you all.
How could I have been so blind,
been such a fool?
I was dropped and shattered
And I felt so wrong.
With my halo gone and my heartstrings torn,
You'd moved on
And my days seemed long.

Broken angel
I'm a broken angel
With wings now slight and torn
Broken angel
Fallen angel
With a mind confused, forlorn
Broken angel
Precious angel
Please let me fly again.

Wanting what you can't have

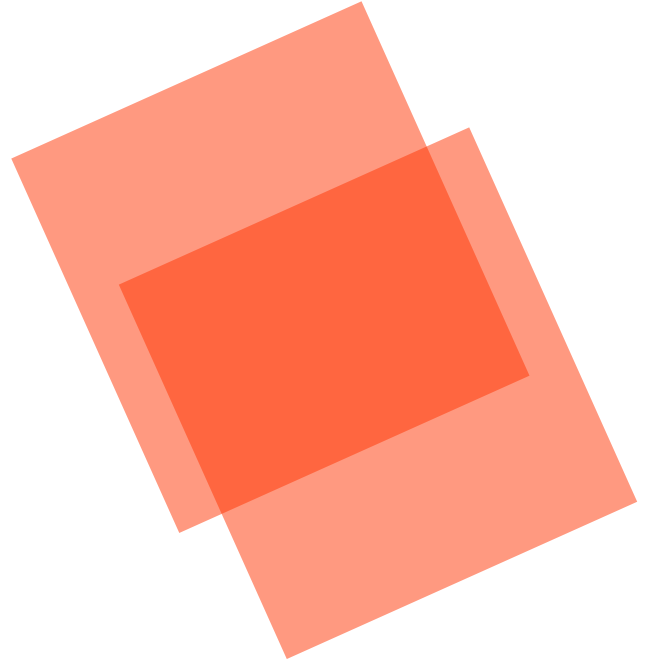
Wanting hope
Wanting energy and freshness
Wanting youth
Wanting you

Wanting control
Needing to be needed
Wanting purpose
Wanting no-one else to have
You

Wanting protection
Reassurance and forgiveness
A distraction
Wanting you to want
Me

Wanting freedom
Entrapment
Wanting togetherness
Confinement
Wanting anyone
You
Wanting someone
You

Wanting not to want what
I cannot have
You



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...

Written during the commemorations
of VE and VJ day back in 1995.

What Have I Let Myself In For?

When a taxi costs too much
And it's too late for the train
And to leave with the man who brought you here
Would only be insane
Is that when it's time to think
What have I let myself in for?

When you know it's now or never
And a pretty one catches your eye
And you don't hear the words,
Just remember the fumble, kiss and sighs
Is that when it's too late to think
What have I let myself in for?

When you walk through his front door
And see the PVC costume hanging there,
Is that when you confess
That you're not feeling quite prepared
And by then is it too late to think
What have I let myself in for?

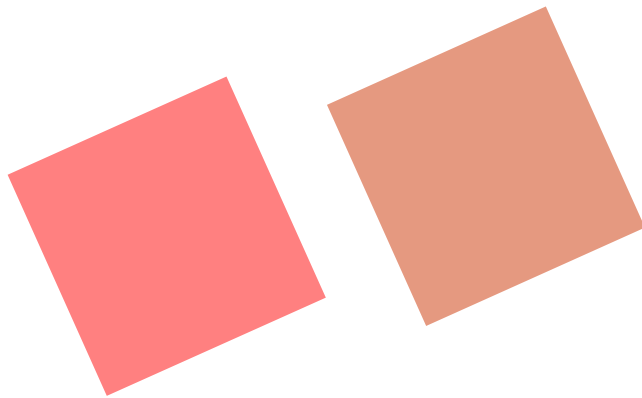
When he says his boyfriend's very violent
And he's in the room next door
And you think "I'll call your bluff,
You lying little whore!"
Because by then it's too late to think
What have I let myself in for?

When he says he's got four fingers in
And it certainly feels that way
But the real thing's like a toadstool
With a piercing that'll stay away from you today
And you know for certain sure it's too late to think
What have I let myself in for?

cont....

When he can't fit it in
And his backside is just his own
You jerk each other slowly
And hope he doesn't drop you off alone
And when he starts to put his clothes on
You think you might be heading home
But instead he takes you arm in arm
For fried chicken in one of London's no-go zones.
And still it's too hard to comprehend
What have I let myself in for?

When he says he can't believe
You don't know how big he's on the scene
And he shows you his picture in some two-bit magazines
But at least you know that there's not many
Who can say that they went to Heaven
And left with a Swedish drag queen
Never once stopping to think
What have I let myself in for?



Where the Wild Things Are

Was it when they pissed off their heads
Or stoned out of their brains
Is that where the wild things were?
Was it when they were leering and eyeing her up
Is that where the wild things are?
Or is it when I'm sat alone
Is that where the wild things are?

Is it when they're having who they can
Or when money changed everything
Is that where the wild things were?
Is it when they were begging me to be a part
Is that where the wild things were?
Or was it when the decision was all mine
Is that where the wild things are?

In the evil world around me
Or the eclectic people that surround me
Is that where the wild things are?
In the conventions that smother me
Is that where the wild things are?
Or inside my head, festering and smouldering
Is that where the wild things are?

I shouldn't look so far around me
When the answer's close to home.
In my head, in my heart
That's where the wild things are.
And only you can tame them
Only you can set me apart.

Yes, I know where the wild things are
And sometimes they get out
But it's good to know that no matter what –
I am loved.

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.

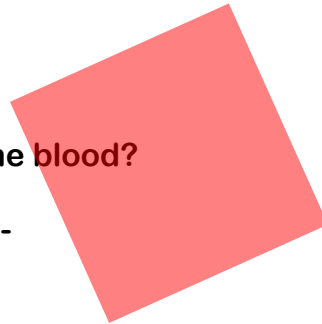
Why Can't I Give Blood?

I'll let you into a little secret
I used to give blood.
Not that very often mind
Just once or twice or thrice.

The first time I wasn't bothered
because it said:
'if you're a gay man and you've had sex with another man.
It was the 'and'.
I hadn't done the 'and'.
I was fine.

And the next time
I wasn't sure what the 'and' meant.
What type of 'and'?
I'd only done the Clinton 'and'.
So I thought I was OK.

But the next time
I didn't think I'd done the 'and',
but people had tried to do the 'and'.
And what if they could tell?
What if they knew when they looked at the blood?
What if they wrote to you
and told you they didn't want it anymore -
because you were one of them.
I felt guilty.
So I don't give blood any more.
Shame.



Your Eyes See Right Through Me

Don't say a word
- you don't have to.
Your face says it all.
Your eyes can
see right through me
and they can see
that I want you.

You look so lost
- so innocent.
That's what your eyes
Tell everyone else.
To me they say
something different.
They say:
'I want you.
I can read you inside out,
But still I want you.'

You smile that little smile
- the one you save for me
(I think you save for me)
and pull the hair
back from your face.
I want to say
'I love you'
but without using words.

But my eyes
can't speak like yours.
So instead I'll
Say nothing
And keep out of
your little world.
It's probably best that way.

Your Own Holocaust

**History
has looked back with condemnation
at a man
whose interest was not in government
but in leadership**

**History
has looked back with condemnation
at a man
who said 'to be a leader
means to move the masses'**

**History
has looked back with condemnation
at a man
whose public displays
were a mixture of theatre and propaganda**

**History
has looked back with condemnation
at a man
who set us programs
to ensure only the pure survived**

**History
rightfully looks back with condemnation
at a man
who exterminated
those he did not want**

**History
looks forward and continues to praise
a God
who burns forever
those who do not believe**



p.s. your poetry sucks like a \$10 whore. lol