



Centre for
Independent
Living CIC

**Poems for Perfect
People by Simon
Brisenden**

1987



Aim of document:

- This publication reproduces the second, of two, books of Poems written by Simon Brisenden, who founded SPECTRUM Centre for Independent Living (Then known as Southampton Centre for Independent Living) in 1984. Simon was a poet and a prominent Disability Activist from the very earliest days of the UK Disability and Independent Living Movements. This book of poems, published as they were written in 1987, powerfully represent the feelings and frustrations of Disabled People at that time. SPECTRUM feels that these poems are as relevant today as they were in 1987 – and we are proud to republish them as a tribute to Simon Brisenden.

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POEMS FOR PERFECT PEOPLE

BY

SIMON BRISENDEN

1987



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Vegetableism

I am a child of the earth
I've been a vegetable since birth

I went to school for vegetables
and learnt how to go with meat
I grew up and wore the stigma
of being something people eat

and in my very early vegetable days
I went through a religious phase
and asked God why he had made me
just to drown in a pool of gravy
but his answer was not detectable
so I became a Marxist vegetable
and bringing in elements
of a feminist critique
I formed a vegetable
liberation clique

the vegetable is political I said
and tried to undermine the state
we advocated passive resistance
to the knife the fork and the plate

and now I am writing a history in three volumes
(from a post-structuralist point of view)
of all the anonymous vegetable victims
who have perished in hot-pot or stew.



Favourite Perversions.

You're Scott of the Antarctic
and I'm a polar bear
you're Livingstone in Africa
and I'm a slave out there
you're Tarzan the ape-man
I'm a creeper round your tree
you're James Dean in his car
the steering-wheel is me
I'll drive you to distraction
I'm your favourite perversion

you're Al Capone's finger
and I'm a bullet in his gun
you're the Foreign Legion
and I'm the burning sun
you're the Roman Empire
and I'm its rise and fall
you're Queen Victoria
and I'm the Albert Hall
you're Marco Polo
and I'm the continents you've seen
you're Bogart in a movie
and I'm the African Queen
I'm the leeches sucking out your poison
I'm your favourite, favourite perversion

Poem continued...



Favourite perversions / cont.

you're the last of the Mohicans
and I'm Running Bear
you're the Politburo
and I'm the moonlight in Red Square
you're Michelangelo's wrist
and I'm Venus de Milo
you're nuclear war
and I'm a missile in its silo
you're a spoilt little child
and I'm anything you fancy
you're Ronald Reagan
and I'm what you do to Nancy
I am the President's plastic surgeon
I'm your favourite, savour it perversion.



Talking Dirty.

Having you around is becoming a chore
all this talking dirty is getting such a bore
I really didn't mind at first
sharing your concerns
all that stuff about orgasms
and the law of diminishing returns

and all that naming of parts
really was quite fun
when it comes to sex
you just name tune in one
but lately a suspicion lurks
that my function in your life
is doing all the dirty work
of your emotional housewife

now you know I'm not a prude
and I sort of like it when you're rude
but your trouble is my treasure
you're confusing sex
with pleasure

but maybe what we're doing
all this cud we're chewing
is something quite like screwing

and because I love you really
I won't ask you to stop
although it's now become quite clear to me
that you're the one on top.



Pork Talk.

God is a worm on the turn
he's an impossible accident darling
in this clone zone
one minute to midnight and he's
nowhere in sight

just pork talk
in front of the TV and in bars
on the streets and in Macdonald's
indoors outdoors up my arse
bankers and wankers
and people in cars
porking up and down in dirt
using and losing and cruising
and looking for a hand up
some skirt
my front room your front room
I wouldn't give them the time of day
it's the way they're dragged up
and drugged up degenerating masturbating
they're just animals I don't call
them human they're turning out fools
from all the schools
pork talk pork talk pork talk

Poem continued...



Pork Talk / cont.

darling please listen to me I'm getting desperate
I haven't had a joint since Tuesday
I'll pay you in cash or I'll pay you in kind
just give me a chew on your rind
I'm a disease I'm acne I hate myself
I'm an impossible shrew who
you still like to screw when you've
been out for a few with the pigs
just a quick half rasher
and you're a wife basher
and you never look me right
in the eye you kick and you punch
then I get your lunch
O I'm desperate and inebriate
on valium and mogadon I'd commit suicide
but my mother
say's it's what you take on
when you live with bacon

just pork talk pork talk pork talk
if it's not the miners it's the hippies
bastards what right have the got
it's not Russia you know
I pay my taxes and I want the fun
of seeing all the fucking queers get done
mine's a pint and a chaser and a packet
of crisps no need to hurry still
time for a curry and I wouldn't mind
tackling that bit of pork crackling
snort snigger fart piss down the wall
on the way home if I can get that far
in the car kill a few morons who should
be in the army anyway if I had my way
which I probably will
or I might watch a bit of video first
to get up a thirst with me mates
pull up a seat pull up your plates
then leave beg your pardon
I've got a pork hard-on

Poem continued...



Pork Talk / cont.

before you learn to walk
you learn to do the pork talk
I'm not crude or lewd darling darling
please turn the light on I know
there's a fight on but I'm really quite
right on my best friend's a woman
I'm not oppressive I'm not aggressive
I just want the light on so don't get
a fright on if you can't get laid
at University you never will and I
need the lumescence to aid my tumescence
have drink or a fag that will be
the cure and try not to roll on
this pile of manure I'll have a
joint till you get the point yes its
baby far out its cool
oink.....



Mills and Boon.

I hate to be boring but I've already read
the paperback you carry around in your head
the first time I read it I believed every line
but too many readers has broken your spine
your story has passed through to many mitts
the thumb-marks legion round your dirty bits

he's got nice hips nice face nice height
he's worth a little dinner by candle-light
the wine is smooth and you can tell pretty soon
he'll be Mills and you'll be Boon
in chapter one your love comes alive
you're knitting him sweaters on page twenty-five

you're building a home with imaginary bricks
and your singular orgasm on page fifty-six
by page ninety-two you can tell there's a fight on
you start out Shakespeare and end Enid Blyton
you keep giving and your spine keeps bending
but he's the one who writes the ending

and the paper's been wearing much thinner of late
there's something quite sticky on page one-o-eight
for after a while even the best story pales
and gets sold second-hand at car boot sales
one thing is certain (though all art is lies)
you're never going to win the Booker prize.



Seasons of Love.

The winter is coming
and it's going to freeze us
so I'll call you Mary
if you call me Jesus
and regardless of the weather
we'll always be virgins together

you will conceive
on the first day of spring
when the sky is a magnet
to all holy things
and whatever sails
at the sea of your breast
we'll welcome like ship-mates
aboard the Marie Celeste

in summer we'll burn
on the altar of our duty
a candle of wax
that will melt like your beauty
all our dreams will gather
at a famous reception
to balance the score
between truth and deception

our possessions will die
while we are still young
just like shadows
at the peak of the sun
for autumn arrives
with a knife to sever
the immaculate bond
that made us virgins forever



Scars.

The man who cut your skin
and delivered within
has he got any scars ?

the man who's sterile slice
left mind and body in a vice
has he got any scars ?

the man who bent your bones
and organized your personal zones
has he got any scars ?

the man who laid you flat
and said I'm in charge of that
has he got any scars ?

you do not cry alone
in rage

his blood is on this page



On the Death of a South African Poet.

We're breaking open the words in our head
because the words are heavy and bold
where there was silence there shall be voices instead
and we shall not do as we're told
where our words are chained our bodies are dead
living the endless death of the silent
so we're screaming out the words in our head
because our screams are sacred and violent

they're closing up the words in our head
in Johannesburg and Pretoria
where the sky is gold and the blood is red
and silence is the food of the oppressor
but they could not stop the words in your head
or hold them in the vice of their fear
for where the skin is black and the poet is dead
the words still ring out loud and clear.



Strange Mystique.

They say
that every person is unique
but some of us
have a strange mystique

can he walk or talk or screw ?
what exactly can he do ?
I suppose it shows
society cares
that I'm a public subject
destined to tick boxes
in eternal questionnaires

I used to raise defences
like gates across my face
dwell in sanitised interiors
imaginary sanctuary
so that beneath a cling-film smile
there lurked a satanic member
of a far superior race

taking on the guise of homo sapien
he was holy and fabulous
untouchable, with the power
of Gods and devils -
then he failed his 'O' levels
and all of his enjoyment
got lost in unemployment

and the people live in fear of us
because we are mysterious
they stop and gape and leer at us
grab their children pending delirious
reactions possible infections
perhaps a leak
of our mystique

Poem continued...



Strange Mystique/cont.

I'm a magical mystery tour
obscure in every pore
I'm packaged and I'm cellophaned
my holiness is deep-ingrained
a social worker to the nation
I'm such an inspiration

and if my ego gets a tweak
from calling it mystique
and if I know I'm beautiful
although its not quite suitable
I shall remain inscrutable
not entirely explicable
and on every questionnaire
will put
'Not Applicable'



I Motorway.

I motorway like lightning
heat on the rubber speed
I move too fast like love
too frightening
then catch my relativity
coming back shagged out
down the fast lane
ten years ahead
and a brain
like wet bread

I vicious delicious scientist of speed
motorway maliciousness
foot right down grinning
accelerating enervating

alive and dead
I A to Z
the life for me
not prose
but
poetry.



Somebody Elsewhere

I'm used to adverse reactions
and I have a certain sympathy
its just your alienation
that comes out when you look at me
and I can sense the desperation
in the eyes of those who stare
who is it that they see?
it must be somebody elsewhere

and the fear in their perception
strips their own soul bare
for the subject of their reflection
is really somebody elsewhere.



The Interrogation.

Christianity was built
upon foundations of guilt
you little shit.



Mr Insignificant.

I went to school
I got a job
and after that
I became a slob
I'm middle-class
I'm middle-management
and they call me
mr insignificant

I watch TV
I read a magazine
I'm never heard
but I'm always obscene
I'm a democrat
I'm SDP
I believe what I believe
insignificantly

I love my car
I drive my wife
I've got insurance
on my life
my wife is comatose
and quite indifferent
when we make love
it's not significant

I wear a suit
I like suspenders
I think Russia
wants to invade us
I go to the pub
I meet my friends
they say hello
mr insignificance

Poem continued...



Mr. Insignificant / cont.

I go on holiday
I see the sights
I pay my rates
I know my rights
I've got a son
he's not intelligent
his teacher says
he's insignificant

and after school
he'll get a job
and after that
he'll be a slob
he'll be middle-class
he'll be middle-management
and they'll call him
mr insignificant

junior....



Vandalise it.

its a job creation scheme
destroying the architects sixties dream
don't compromise just vandalise
its the logical conclusion of architectural
delusion
so hit them right between their lies
but they were only for the working classes
and one can only afford a modest sum
when it comes to housing scum
our plan is to isolate the smelling
in modest but pleasant high-rise dwellings
and before you even know it
a ghetto on the horizon we'll create
utility and profit
its what made this country great
they really don't deserve it
and bring back national service
and bringing up children do me a favour
I blame the silly sods who bothered voting Labour
and twenty years of washing lines
of damp and noise and suicides
and screaming that comes from deep inside
bury them all together
dig a great big hole
I think you'll find that our design
gives maximum control
its the welfare who cares no repairs
the lift is broken and up the stairs society
and one of its releases
is to break it in to pieces
its a logical progression
an honourable profession
a service to the nation
so don't just despise it
go out and vandalise it.



Completely Non-sexist Man's Blues.

Thanks for the memory darling
it was a wonderful affair
me in my radical dufflecoat
you with your bright orange hair

for a moment the world stood still
and life was one long party
until over some minor disagreement
you went out and learnt karate

but let's not dwell on bitterness
I'm still your greatest fan
of course you'll never find another quite like me
a completely non-sexist man

I'm not saying you were ungrateful
or a sordid twisted little bitch
I gave you the food of my love
and the diet was a little too rich

nor do I say I'm an expert
at the various sexual acts
let's just say I'd be bankrupt
if I had to pay Value Added Tax

and now that you're a lesbian
I still think you're rather cute
although I find it hard to be attracted
to a woman in a boiler suit

so thanks for the memory darling
its the one thing I'll never lose
as I sit here alone in my bed-sit
with the completely non-sexist man's blues.



New Technology.

I used to be a bastard to computers
demanding instant access to information
in every sense of the word a user
discarding them when I was bored
refusing to talk to them for days
looking at magazines full of them
always wanting a more up-to-date one
getting angry at the least provocation
walking out on them and feeling guilty
coming back later with new software
playing endless games with them
forever taking them for granted
expecting them to stay in the house all day
and light up the moment I touch them
ignoring the deeper rhythms
of their inner workings.

Now I respect computers
and treat them as equals
and am even willing to admit
that some are more intelligent than I.



He's Looking For a Thing with a Hole in it.

He's looking for a thing with a hole in it
he acts like someone has stolen it
for its his destined role
to have one to control
a thing with a hole in it

all his friends have got one
a thing with a hole in it and
they say it comes in handy when they're
hungry or randy and he'd give his heart
and soul to it as long as its
got a hole in it

his father had one and he's got this fear
that everyone will suppose he's queer
if he doesn't get a thing with a hole in it
in naval terms he'd like to drop his anchor
and he really would take time to love
and thank her for saving him from looking
such a wanker
someone like his mother or the one who married
his brother so that it's clear he's not the other
way inclined

he's looking for a thing with a hole in it
because he cannot cope alone with it
and it's his right by succession to get help
with his depression and ills became the best sort
of pills come with a hole in it

he's looking for a thing with a hole in it
and sometimes I think
I'd like to take him to my bed
and show him the hole
in my head.



Penetration.

in his dreams
he is an absolute sensation
a complete devastation
at the art of penetration - yet
at work he is a shirker
not a thrusting sort of worker
all his concentration goes on penetration
in his dreams

to the women in his dreams
nothing else matters -
the earth doesn't move
it shatters onto tiny
glittering shafts of climax, quite poetic
yet at work he's rather lax
suffers indolence attacks and lacks
ambition

in his dream-world of moans
and groans he is always remembered -
yet at work the women in
Sales and Repairs have such penetrating
stares that leave him feeling, reeling -
dismembered.



Gay Machismo.

I could be a cowboy
I could be a mechanic
I could be a sailor
or a soldier spreading panic
everywhere I go
I take my gay machismo

I really stick my chest out
I really strut my stuff
I like to get it smooth
but I like to give it rough
American footballers are my heroes
they're all such gay machismo's

cowboy or mechanic
my six-gun or my overalls
or maybe just T-shirt or jeans
clinging tightly to my genitals
I'm going to the disco
to dance my gay machismo

my hair is all greased back
my muscles are like a brick
I love to make you quiver
at the prospect of my prick
it continues to grow
thanks to gay machismo.



Shit.

children poke it
adults smoke it
dogs smell it
executives sell it
school kids are taught it
their parents have bought it
the unemployed queue for it
prostitutes screw for it
teenagers sniff glue for it
the TV portrays it
the radio plays it
the electorate swallows it
politicians wallow in it
the DHSS spies for it
pensioners die in it
policeman raid for it
journalists are paid for it
women clean it
or are in magazines of it
and some are killed for it
because men's minds are filled with it
soldiers are drilled in it
pop fans adore it
junkies try to score it
white people ignore it
black people are housed in it
their youths are aroused by it
Asians are given it
communities live in it
the economy is growing in it
profits are flowing in it
seeds are sewing in it

revolution
is simply the situation
in which the people
wipe the arse of the nation.



Pleasure Revolution.

everything is so dangerous today
reading a book or going out to play
watching TV you can get a heart attack
going down the shops you might never come back
your sexual peak is gone at twenty-one
life is over before it's begun

you take exams when your mind is a void
so when you grow up you can be unemployed
you meet St. Theresa on the way home from the dole
she saves your body but she throws away your soul
she turns out to be a female impersonator
so you give up sex and become a masturbator

you drink too much to ease the pain
you get cancer of the liver and cancer of the brain
you want to fall in love but you can't stand the heart-aches
you look into the mirror but then the mirror breaks
there's never any money in the palm of your hand
someone broke the promise in the Promised Land



Out To Lunch.

I've been having too much fun again
I'm completely out to lunch again
there must be something wrong with me
I'm living much too pleurably
when I know I should be serious
I'm often quite delirious

and I'm outside looking in
to the place I once was
and my body feels like jelly
and I cannot even speak because
I'm completely out to lunch again
I'm my own very best friend again
and I've got lovely wobbly bits
and I go wobble gobble wobble gobble
wobble gobble wobble gobble

it's all the fault of Cleopatra
the world's first hedonist
which I've discovered really means
she was always stoned and pissed
and being of historical bent
I know exactly what she meant

I am just a flower
in the greenhouse of desire
and I need a little shower
so I can get a little higher
so praise my alterations
and my out to lunch sensations

but then the telephone always rings
or someone comes to visit me
and someone's got divorced
or there's going to be a holocaust
and I try to take it seriously
but I realise its no good
so my mouth fights a rearguard action
while my mind leaves the neighbourhood
Poem continued...



Out To Lunch/cont.

and I wish I had a secretary
or better still a wife
someone to stop the nasty bits
intruding on my life
someone to love and need me
and also clothe and feed me
who'll make a pot of tea
whenever I am flat out
who will iron all my shirts
and be there to let the cat out
it would lend such credibility
to my masculinity

and we would be compatible
when it comes down to the crunch
for she would be hospitable
and I'd be out to lunch.



Almost Everything.

I am almost everything
I am almost an artist
I am almost a freak
I am almost in love
almost every week

I am almost happy
I am almost a failure
I am almost a feminist
apart from my genitalia

I almost have it all worked out
I almost know what life's about

I am almost everywhere
I am almost speechless
I am almost capable
of showing tenderness

I am almost alone
almost every day
but I almost wish
my friends would go away

I am almost drink too much
I can almost sing
I can almost do
almost everything.



Born Again Poet.

I hate poetry
its never done a damn thing for me
it shows a negative utility
just lies around all day in books
into which nobody ever looks
and its really got it in for me because
when I should be reading Keats or Shelley
I'm usually watching telly
and when I've got a bruise
and nothing to put on it
the last thing I want
is one of Shakespeare's sonnets

in the fast food fantasy land
there's no time for poetry and
in the post-punk paradise lost
its a positive vice
makes you seem
much too nice
it could ruin a man's credibility
reading too much poetry

but I just can't seem to shake it
so I'll just be big and William Blake it
on the chin and if I ever begin
to sound like a born again poet
please let me know it.



Body Language.

my gesturing for words
becomes a stutter

my touching at the sky of faces
is but a whisper

my moving through the halls of eyes
has no grammar

my writing on the streets of motion
has no reader

my dancing on the mirror of colours
is so deliberate

my body has a language with no alphabet.



America Is Waiting In The Kitchen.

and silence is as silence does
creep around this room of mine
smell the roses in the air
take a leaf from the olive vine
hear the beating of the drums
smell the smoke from distant fires
send me a message slowly
we don't want to break the wires

and violence is as violence does
once we had a real good time
hear the throbbing of my pulse
I lost my heart down a diamond mine
I possess only my possessions
neatly packed in a violin case
Hitchcock spent the night here
see the signs upon my face

and silence is as silence does
closing doors and reading books
smiling is a bad disease
it's been known to ruin good looks
come in here and be starved
I'll cook you some malnutrition
leave your rifle at the door
I'm the keeper of the ammunition

and violence is as violence does
once we had a real good time
hear the throbbing of my pulse
I lost my heart down a diamond mine
let's begin all over again
in the spirit of the great wild west
America is waiting in the kitchen
its much too late to be depressed.



Adult Movies.

Hitler's got his tights on
he's tickling Eva Braun's feet
he's sent out the Gestapo
for an Alsatian bitch on heat
he calls you on the phone
he asks if you're alone
and how about getting stoned
in one of your adult movies

better put your nails away
they leave too many scars
you say some of your friends are gay
but we're all movie stars
every time you break up
you put on extra make-up
and think of new games to take up
the time in your adult movies

and I swear one day you'll lose me
inside one of those movies

Kennedy is standing in the doorway
he's got America between his legs
he's talking to Hitler's Alsatian
whose teaching him how to beg
and he just won't let you go
because you're kissing Mexico
and he wants to paint your toes
in one of your adult movies

you're always at some festival
or kissing someone's cheek
your life is one long spectacle
in a different town every week
the last time I was there
you put lip-stick in your hair
and talked about the premiere
of your next adult movie

and I swear one day you'll lose me
inside one of your movies.



Cruelty Without Beauty.

with every table for two
you get a bowl full of spew
and exactly what you want
at the anorexic restaurant

you can have your body re-designed
to suit the ghetto in your mind
and the menu is obscene
it's devoid of all protein

in the spoons catch a refection
of your magnificent malnutrition
it's the only place for dinner
where you end up getting thinner

the service is by men
with a camera and a pen
they give everyone a label
as they lead them to their table

the owner has a licence
to promote your disappearance
and he only goes to bed
when all his customers are dead

in the morning he begins
to disconnect their skins
he serves their mind and heart
the next evening a la carte

and he sends off all their bones
to a factory he owns
where they put them in cosmetics
made entirely from anorexics.



What Enemies But Of Mine I Am.

When to go I go
in truly sickness of the paradises
it is and itself move darkly
through drifts and dreams of waking
to you a much lust and enemy
next latest dread of kiss alas
is go he is curse he
instinct sucks him from the swamp
a different go thus time
what enemies but of mine I am

evil eye like a plunging lower
compassion past it creeps to conquest
mixed possession of the mind
itch irritate breaking skin
flowering deeds a little too much
do not transparent hope of suffering
kiss and blow this rotten body
shame I hope I think I love
curse the bond my heart again
what enemies but of mine I am

shock the death in the air
I live decay and devotion
crucifix upon your sugar breast
punishment I sing but only touching
steal the thunder and the breaking
beauty liar redeemer drowning
I go love love fireworks
secret you starve quiet tears
what enemies but of mine I am.



By Some Oasis.

I am a hammer held above you
I think I hate you because I love you
I remember you
you're the one I couldn't forget
and my revenge is to fester
like some shadowy molester
of memories

I would wish you happiness
but I'm still a realist and anyway
I hope you're in a mess
then I'll know it's still you
feminist romantic
sexually sycophantic
we had a certain stealth
two moral anorexics
ruining each other's health

I am still a spike
and all I have now is reality
and my friends in the Foreign Legion
that may name a desert after me
in this particular region

sometimes the dunes flow smoothly
but other times in your memory I think
how dry this place is
and I go down and lurk again
by some oasis.



Parade.

You destroy me
with your parade
all your clowns and joy
walking by me
in your parade

you keep the elephants in your purse
such delicate extravagance in your palm
acrobatic so dramatic
I have to laugh and cry
lions jump
at your command
beautiful things glide
and fall spotlights dance
seals play ball

you flow past in colours
xylophones and drums and horns
salute your parade
and the horses glisten
down the street
of your parade

its a legendary circus
with microphones and midgets
bulging strongmen
sequined athletic thighs

and alligators
that kiss your toes
as you tap-dance by
with your parade.



England Is.

England is a tent city
rootless, truthless, youthless -
to be young is to be old
fed on contradiction
they live in dereliction
preserving malnutrition
as a weapon of the soul

England is a street-walker's paradise
policeman and prostitutes on the make
only difference is the coppers are coming
and the prostitutes fake

England is a jerk-off Jerusalem
behind the facade
disciples of De Sade
are watching us all
on video

England is a tent city
diseased by dispossession
they camp across the nation
hostages to frustration
to be young is to be old
is to learn to love
your mutilation.



Love and Peace.

let's go out and kill a hippie
let's really celebrate
it used to be the Pakis
now it's the hippies that I hate

it's all so bleedin provocative
that love and peace shit
how much love and peace would there be
without supplementary benefit ?
just answer me that if you can
and what really gets me annoyed
is they sit around brazenly smiling
even though they're unemployed

its not friggin California
thank heavens for our police
they'll always be there to protect us
from the threat of love and peace
what really gets up my nose about hippies
and I'll tell you this for free
is they wander round the country
being openly different to me.



Local News.

Here is the local news:
democracy is alive and well
or at least it would be
if it wasn't for the

social security shithouse scumbag swindlers
feminists Irish black lesbian gay ex-offenders
unilateralists perverts paedophiles and socialists

conspiring together
to undermine decency

luckily
the newspapers are now free

so instead of having to
go out and buy one

you get six
thrust through your door

which must be what is meant
by a free press.



A True Story.

And then I became the Prince of Wales and made my own video nasty and lived in a big big house met the Pope who said a special prayer for me and had more money than sense became a mass-murderer and women began to adore me appeared on the South Bank Show scored the winning goal in the Cup Final and the whole country knelt before me got married to Burt Reynolds who was ever so horny now I live in Hollywood and it's all based on a true story.



The Pain.

On the hot wires
of my flesh
you dance with
thorns of conquest
you are the bastard
Son of God
I am engraved by
your sweet electric wand
the lines of my life
you have sliced
you are the granite petal
the fragrant vice
I am screwed to.



On The Motorway.

Mary and Joe
met on the motorway
going a hundred miles an hour
in opposite directions
this situation
did not significantly change
during the rest
of their connections
on the motorway

Joe had the motorway
tattooed on his chest
and his hobby was being sick
on tyres that were slick
on the motorway

it did the trick for Mary
and they made love at her suggestion
at the next intersection
of the motorway

she said you better look snappy
because I want to be happy
he said happiness
is the final condition
its the ultimate collision
on the motorway

she wanted a piece of the motorway
so she could breed Pekinese
Chihuahua Alsatian crosses
and support good causes
and ride horses
along the motorway

Poem continued...



On The Motorway / cont.

but Joe said the motorway
was no place or a woman
and as he said goodbye he told her
love is a hard shoulder
on the motorway

so Mary became a teacher
and taught 'O' level greed
she said only men succeed
and only woman bleed
on the motorway.



First Person Absent.

I'm from the bureau of missing persons
and I am certainly one for learning lessons
a product of the leisure economy
I must have pleasure instantly
so I plug my brains into the mains
I'm an angel with electricity
running through my veins
I'm under-employed and paranoid
and I move just like an android
and do you know how much I love you ?
you've got a woman
but do you understand her ?
are you a victim
of your own propaganda ?

I take pills to improve my skills
but they give me indigestion
I've got high-rise indignation
and premature inebriation
I like my sex explicit
just in case I miss it
when I'm watching television
which is part of my condition
I'm polishing up my personality
to be a TV celebrity
I'll bring the Promised Land to the Jews
every night on the news
so automatically charismatically
I'd get my own chat show
and then I'd let you know
how much I love you
I don't see you
from one week to the next
then you walk into my room
without regrets

Poem continued...



First Person Absent / cont.

it all connects
the one who loses
is the first to blow the fuses
I've got metal for scenery
I'm surrounded by machinery
it waits for the kiss of my ignition
I'm an apostle for a new religion
there are no priests just electricians

m getting out of my league
suffering from metal fatigue
I must have sin beneath my skin
I must have thrills instantly
electronically intravenously biologically
my life is so intrinsically boring
I have to keep on scoring
and do you know how much I love you ?
does it come as a suprise ?
my love is straighter
than the arrow flies

in the city of deceptions
the streets are full of bad connections
and I live in a designer illusion
where pleasure is a means of destruction
whenever I get the itch
I just press another switch
and all of my desires
are fed through me by wires
whenever I'm upset
I make love to my TV set
I've got its heart and soul
under my remote control
and do you know how much I love you ?
and have you heard the worst ?
the bureau of missing persons says
you'll never find yourself
unless you find me first.



Poison Letter.

Shoot me with your gay poison
I want to climb your pleasure mountain
I want to be injected
to have my veins infected
its a sin to be selective
when you can be whole-heartedly defective
so please shoot me
totally uproot me
with that poison

something must have fractured
when you and I were manufactured
so instead of being bored
let's be fervently flawed
its bound to be a shock
but why go off half-cock ?
so please if you will
shoot me to kill

shoot me so I never get better
and ask you to return
this sincerely
poisoned letter.



Jam.

Ever since
I was a kid
had my hands
on the jam jar lid
jam with jelly
jam with pips
on my fingers
on my lips
jam with cream
jam with bread
jam in secret
jam in bed

jam for breakfast
jam for tea
has never been enough
jam for me
I like it orange
I like it red
I like to sit
and watch it spread
I even like
to lick the knife
it is the meaning
of my life

I always knew
how jam was made
and what to do
when the table is laid
I like it smooth
I like it rough
I never know
when I've had enough
from the shops
or make your own
I like it best
when I'm all alone.



Rocket Pad.

When I was much younger
who would have thought
that I'd grow up to be
a famous astronaut ?
I started by exploring
certain sorts of motions
then landed on the moon
with a shuddering commotion
I found myself swimming
in an ancient sort of ocean

and ever since that day
when I became a lad
there's always been some fuel
in my rocket pad

I've been all around the skies with it
and that's about the size of it
I've had some understandings
and some very bad landings
but I still find it surprising
that rusty old rocket keeps rising

even when I'm snoring
it goes remote control exploring
I find myself in the strangest places
where extra-terrestrials have grins
on their faces and that's because they know
where space is

if I send the right message to mission control
I can still lose my body down a big black hole
whenever terra firma gets me pissed off
I just count myself down to lift off
then hanging on tightly by the handlebars
I ride my rocket to the stars

feeling glad
about my pocket pad.



When I Grow up.

When I grow up
I'm going to be a cliché
working nine to five
each and every day
when he grows up
what's he going to be
only about half
as interesting as me

when I grow up
I heard my mother say
they're going to lock me up
and throw the key away
when I grow up
I've got big plans
to go around the place
doing the best I can

when you grow up
let me give you some advice
never let anybody
think that you are nice
when she grows up
I wouldn't be surprised
she'll end up on a bed
being psychoanalysed

when we grow up
we'll play a lot of games
go to lots of parties
and call each other names
when I grow up
I'm going to be a cliché
there'll be lots of things to do
and lots of things to say.



A Mother's Song.

I lost my brain in the supermarket
of marbles I now number nil
I had it when I collected my trolley
but it had gone before I went through the till
it must have been Tesco's or Sainsbury's
or a similar sort of place
but it's hard to remember details
when your head has an empty space
I remember the music resounding
and the shoppers all milling around
I was having some brussels weighed
at twenty-seven pence a pound
the children were running and shouting
so in one of those motherly ploys
I gave them my brain to play with
to stop them from making a noise
and since then I've been sort of drifting
the time just seems to flow
my yoga class became rather pointless
as I no longer possess any ego

of course I immediately complained to the manager
who gave me some biscuits and tea
he said it probably resembled a cauliflower
and was purchased for twenty-five pee
my Dave has been a tower of strength
he's uttered not a word of discontent
I'm still the woman he married he said
and it's hardly essential equipment
but I think it may dawn on him soon
that the children are now running amok
and the dog's not been walkie's for a fortnight
and the kitchen is covered in muck
and I vacuumed the garden this morning
naked except for a hat
and the meat-pie he's getting for dinner
is largely composed of our cat.



Oppressor.

You used to smell of cheddar
but you never will again
for now you wear Oppressor
the new deodorant for men

its got a really man-size smell
and on woman has strange effects
they cease to be able to tell
the difference between violence and sex

you will never again be refused
when you wear this magic stuff
they just queue up to be abused
and they've never had enough

you must have seen it televised
in that artistically creative ad
where a man Oppressively deodorised
is chased by women scantily clad

it gets inside a woman's brain
and turns them into a slave
they may leap at you from a moving train
or burst up out of a grave

so splash it on your front and back
and down your hairy grotto
now you're a mobile aphrodisiac
be prepared must be your motto.









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