

Gruesome Kaleidoscope

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Victories eclipsed by battles never fought;
Charges not carried through.
Flames extinguished by the very thought of light.
This is where I end up; on every shore
like plastic dreams coated in shit gift wrap;
caramelised effigies; slick filthy tat.

The ransom has been paid and the kids returned
but they have changed. None of the tech works
exactly as we planned, what's been left behind
is every chance we should have taken,
each opportunity squandered to the dust-filtered
wind; this endless air-conditioned roadblock
between flashing traffic lights in the desert.

Germs. Gems. Nothing lives for long beneath
these ever shifting dunes. I've got stuttered
icebergs breaking free at every twist and turn
as my body cracks and stumbles down
this vicious slimy track. And I don't have
your back. These are tall tales, lies we hardly
remember as answers to the questions
to the tests we never passed. Along and alone.

I think everybody should get together in a grim
firing line. And somebody (else) should be tasked
with pulling the dirty trigger. And somebody
(else) yet for digging that filthy grave.
And somebody (else) still for filling it all in.
And even then, somebody (else) now for saying
what little prayers come naturally to liars like us.
To the deniers. To the violent crimes that raised
us higher than the trees.

If everybody took one last look around
through this gruesome kaleidoscope
before passing it on, before the broken
cellphone conversations of our children
end up scattered on these shores,
Where I am now, where I can see
the monsters churning and smiling
and biding their sweet fucking time,

If everyone gave of themselves just one
butchered piece of this sick little dream,
perhaps then the gaps in the chainlink
fences of the prisons of our parents
would fill in and close and the shadows
would depart.

If every one of us offered a single
seat up on this hurtling twisting bus,
to dignity, to liberty, to grace in defeat,
while it hurtles and twists through our
grim little lives, down these old twisting
roads, over these old crumbling cliffs,
there would be nothing left,
and that is as it should.

As the waters rise above our eyes,
as the windows rinse one last elder
song down the final splashing isles,
everything we've been promised
and everything denied would come in
with the tide, and our dreams of the future
and the sins of our past would wash up
where I stand like some stillborn lullaby,
don't cry, baby, don't cry...

I've been sitting here forever as the infinite
slides by, my feet in the sand with my fingers
in my eyes. All these stars that tremble
through these tired bitter tears are as empty
blazing suns upon the empty freezing seas.

These are the pieces of me that I see,
empty and roving, and the further out
I go the less I understand, and the less
I understand the further out I go and the
deeper the loss and the greater the ache
for the memories untold left upon that shore.

Along with the tat and the dribble of the city
sewerage lines, blistered ugly clouds that
scratch across the sky, I've emptied my
veins of all I believe, all that I carry
and all that I've lost. And in the void
that ensues I've caught glimpses
of a song that either doesn't carry,
or doesn't carry long. But it's the sound
of this silence and in all that that belongs,
that finally catches up to tear me apart.

Gruesome kaleidoscope,

Every shake of the hand and another film unwinds,
back to the beginning as the credits filter out,
as the reels unfurl like angeldemon wings,
as the crowd disentangles and walks into the isle,
as the screen goes black as the curtains resolve
to keep the silence and the darkness as thick
as fucking crows.

This is where I go. This, where the music and the menace
and my final golden throws dissolve, into the endless
pittance, the furtive wasted glands that suck
from the living and around the gods revolve. This is where
purpose and pointless journeys coalesce, where virtue
and wonder unwind into flame, where the ashes of
my substance, the weak dance of my frame wreak
havoc on the chaos that comes when I go.

This is the empty siren that lifts across the city
that spans this brutal globe, an uninterrupted service
half founded in darkness half trapped in the light,
and the evening shadows and the morning furrows
are as pitch in remote, and the bones of the past
and the echoes of the enslaved heart reel and divide
and divide again, all the ages of man in reverse and
thrust, and the blood lives, and the old rusted pumps
all battered to hell, cannot stop pumping, cannot
halt the flow. It is into this ravenwing air that I release
the souls of the wanderers and the memories that
remain remain all the same, exactly where they fell.

The curtains, then, will flower when these dead men
arise and the land will endeavour to coat them in grease,
as the axils turn the tundra from meltwater ice
into partial and plenty, down hell's screaming throat
I roam, a voice lost in pleading, a song lost in gloat
down hell's screaming twisting throat when I go...

Into the purge of a century collapsed in on itself, gorged
on the inward bound beliefs of her children, all fat all
leering, all caked in animal shit and offal, and opals...

All relentless I have become, reaching beneath the surface
of greyscale waves to light the kaleidoscope once more,
your gruesome legacy unwound like some skinned snake
grown bloated on its young. Oh, if I could only make you
see, these eyes of mine torn through the veil and shorn

all these hands from the crosses you have borne, up each
and every ugly hill and the philistines goading and hounding
you every step of the way.

The bleeding that comes from leaving your best intentions
your only and ever once fitness of talent suited to loss and
dementia and sick craving murder, the bleeding that spits
and starts and never dies, as the raving mad mouths
of flies spit you out, over and out up the screaming throat
of hell into the clarion days of your shuddered manacled
planet, all heaving and gasping and grasping
at these thin matted straws

If only I could take you by the hands and wrack your arms
behind your back and crack your cage and let in the light
to your festered pupil heart tipped in screws and arrows
and the harrowed blood of technical dreams; your soul
all glowing and fetid green with the mesh clinging mass
of your smokestacked chances heated and chilled
and endlessly repeating your clockworked horror. If only

I could fondle your gross swathing breasts back into their
holsters that other men might feast on these slim blistered
miracles, what wonders, I tell, have I seen, to come through
mad and screaming, screaming and mad, as the unfetid
machinations curve through these wrists
dragging their carrion birds in tow.

Disasters mimic the lives I have lived; diseases guttered
fallow and the putrid, both, the land that heaves back into
sight and the bow that both butchers and butters these waves
into port, back into the city scathed of the platitudes
and perjuries of men. Not much else beneath the surface
then that hasn't been caught first and thrust into the light,
to be laughed at and frowned upon and pointed at
by imbeciles. And crones,

These are the homes that I have torn loose and flung into
an ever widening orbit, these are the captured sparks
kept from burning every borough to the ground, every verse
ever held unsullied from the sweaty meaty mealy palms of man
in the bureaucratic fungid halls of our untimely and unseemly
cantering disgrace. These are the tomes,

This is the holding cell where the forms bow and the worms
plunder the livestock and the lightning quick responses
that have caved beneath the mountains of feast and famine
and rock solid conviction, as plans become fetters
become fans that fuel these rising flames...

these sparks, these furrows, this ever engendering scheme
of viral virtues so lacking in tact, this planet that spins in
widening arcs and these men that grasp her ever
tighter, until she gasps, with their hands closed over
her mouth down the blood slicked screaming throat
of hell no words come out just sobbing don't sob
baby, don't sob.

I've learnt, in my own special way,
my retaliatory imbecile that
mimics what it sees, to leach the minerals from the nightsoil
corridors that escape the factories of your Heart. As it burns
with all the pleasures and the licence of a triumphant god,
gross in the yearning of its giving and taking, it's granting
and denying; These are the last swarms of an ever increasing
plague that festers around the core of a rotting appletart,
her cunt wet with lime and her gingered appraisal
all I have left of my one true thought, taken and denied
and offered for favours, not my own.

Lost then, and seeping, caged crippled and screeching down
this narrowing screaming throat of Hell, I fall, pick up the bones
and the splinters of bones that like chaff from the core have
rocked my foundations and chiselled and chipped away
at my once firm unaltered resolve.

Abandoned and beaten, by this excessed world, this stinking
fetid, heavy-breathing whore that holds you all in thrall, in curse,
in clutter and gravid instinct torn from the folds of her bosom
her rotting slick clit and tossed into the chambers of these still
seething halls, all the plastic oily vestige of an age of man
cantered and marvelled and broken and twisted along
some electronic fringe, where the muscle and the mucus
and the sinew grips the metal dreamframe machine into
an ever higher incantation, guttural grieving shrieking
gliding down the porous reeving screaming throat of hell
as I awake on the shores of these dreams barely whole
utterly not breathing smeared and galled and callous in
the caked drying crusted shit of the boasted offal of your
last great gasp at nothing nothing nothing nothing nothing.

Bastard and reeling, I stand, and in the distance witness
the final metaldream machine lift its marvellous visage
through the dimming acres of fire that has fled the flailing
falling planet and beyond, in my hands, there is nothing
in my dreams there is nothing in my eyes nothing
nothing to convince you your mistaken ways your
greatest entrance marred by nothing less than nothing

are all the stages abandoned and the curtains all closing
and the whole mystery house itself set on coldfire as
the mirage glitters off the stinking sinking dreammachine
and all the miracles then stolen now return and feed this
fleshy death and the dying laughter settles as a cloud from
which no rain will ever fall and dont die baby dont die,