

"Anon and on" by Peter Wolfe

draft by Alize Meurisse October 2010

Once I had sang my evil passion
Imagined,
It was my escape,
From then on
There would be no escape.
All holes, claws and iron ablaze,
With that mountain to climb
And a world to save
All I ever wanted
The sheer thrill to be unafraid.
As every moment passed away
The featureless reaches that furnish the brave
That damned fortune will be obeyed
If ever found
In my favorite maze

I could be God loves vapours lost
No caricature fast forever
Passing through you
Against no more –
He with legend merges love
Rude urges to share blood
Just.
For the angel darling
This is heaven to the deathbound soul.

People take drugs
Fuck up their life
Kiss butterflies
Kiss it goodbye
Broken mornings
To let, to die,
Make a decision
Change your life

I woke up unsure that ever had ever been before

Life or dream
The luxury Gamble to score
All the lies are killing me
Scraped up from the dirty floor
Rub my eyes focusing
This must be death at the door
Kicking pounding hollering
And that I can't think, is all I thought
Let me die still asleep
A silent roar
No surprise offering
Woke up again, ever unsure

The crystal sark
Dances in that dark
Golden sails blazing
Swaggering
Swirling horizons
Never leaves
Arriving
The horizon Gold
Starless, lifeless
A glimpse of our lord
Overboard
Drowning, dying
As is everything around me
Without moving
Golden wings
Leaves
Never arriving
Unsure

Is all we can be
Say faith a thief
A life without a belief

With no want to go on
The shadow is not the one
I drug my senses
And emotions
I trust in streets
Street expensive
Lose my family

Lose my friends
Crush vanity
Deadly
At least brave
At last
The saving grace
From the death I grasp
At peace I ask

And every love must have a top floor
With balcony
To hold hands on
Before you close your eyes
And leap from and fall
And no misfortune.
It haunts you.

And I was there to pay for her random
Merciless, senseless beatings in abandon

And now you're knocking down my door
'cause I don't like you anymore

I can do anything
And I don't like anything
And I don't know where it ends
Bet that's where it begins
So
The shrewdly contrived denial of the accused can remain standing

The world as you once knew it
Apostasize
Never will to be twice as master nature aviator
On the drifting ice
To the end of every universe tonight

Wracked with guilt and doubt
The gangman damned

That's when your blood runs cold
As she comes out of the shadows
With no particular place to go
The skin crawls

Hair stands on end
The day the world had to think again
To horror – hope
Lust to murder
Thus she spoke

Directly alter-ego spectre fears
My crepuscular slip power
One hell of a lapse
Too easy to turn cheek and scowl
Fucking Tuntty countenance to remind fate

It's been a year in the Randall camp
Evil did roll
No more to hide
And before my words
That terrifying silence
Saved no life

Come on come on
Hanging by a throad
The very last one
In the world

How long how long
Until you come to resent me
From now on
Tu us
This could be a dream
I may reborn
No form
Just as you realise
Why you're beaten!
No more to hide it from.

Meanwhile,
Inside a Pentagon
A million more sway
Sluck jawed
Groans and sickly subjects
In as much as a pain lower grants
One second clasped
In the lifetime

To die is granted n this innocent world
At large again

Here comes the sun
Bravely trying,
But it's no use
Alike me and you
It's not shining

Violence that cannot be destroyed
Must become transmuted

The way you walked was thorny
Though no fault of your own
But as the rain enters the soul
The river runs into the sea
So bears man to a predestined end
Your suffering is over
You will find peace for eternity.

I wake up, thank fuck
And feel like shit
I turn it on, take a hit
The fantasies are on, and are all on it
Thank you whoever you are for the
Innocent

I step back from the brink
Falling for you
Look at what I have
That only I could lose

Maximum paranoia

The short straw
My world changed from that day on

Again?...

I'm a wicked wicked man
Here goes nothing
Forget about the users

There's a suicide behind the best
Every night
To die is granted in this innocent world
At large

Palaces and castles n the clouds
Giant beams of dreams and poppy fields

The brown people

A recent future beckons
Tinted scenes
Repents
I reckon
That smile –
Caught me a little of guard.

From the moment of love
Humour me
Diabolical naïve reverie
To drawing a map of the human heart
The simple origin
How there you are
At the moment of love
Amusing

The sneer pocket
Your nasolabial fold
Yes I'm reading chick away
Stuff,
Stuff
Laugh a cold
Welcome booster
Inoculatee
Candidate ideal
KGB
Inter-galactic
War world
Thisty three
This year of their lord
Not cosmology
Control your family
That which is only me

And me only
Memory.

Survive,
I won't die
As long as I
Have something to give
In this life,
Time
And I don't cry
Moan of why
Life has passed
Me by,
And look at those
With envious eyes
When I believe life is on our
Side
Treat it right
Revere your given time
Don't give in
Give up and die
'cause these are the times
you don't have to fight
for your country or your
birth of night.
Undermined,
Classified
There could be a God
To decide
To confide
A lie
Is to sign
Your life goodbye

Rare discussion of early nineties
Went something like this,
What you got?
What you getting?
What you on?
Where you going where it can carry on.
I remember being sick of it
Rare as smells of teen spirit.
Raves, daves, doves, shaves

Close but actually far away
I love you, I'm gay,
Let's spaz the night away
For, for the elite it goes on
All week, fifteen pounds
To shifly speak, the amount
Of gurning. Shifty freak
That clique,
I don't regret but like
To forget for everyone
And everything ended a
Mess and incomplete.
Lunatique
The streak had its peak
A moment chic, then fashion
Turned its rugged cheek and
Dashed its children into the
Rocks to be only to be oblique.
I still hear them shriek
Up shit creek, with
Matchstick paddles
They said they were elite
Guestlist antique
Kontiki
BLEAK. The end ironic on incomplete street.

To that someone
I cant remember who
That told me to be
Only that wanted to

I feel most alive
In eyes,
Loved by the fair and lonely.

And crossing the frontier from dark to light
You pass the shadows, some of which bite

Whispering shadow talk an groping for
The well known handle of your own front door
With fingers that cannot feel it.

It is a horrible state and nothing can heal it.

It's just rocket envy
The pilot canary at the
Core hard procedure
Unsure of the future
Assure is a untruth
That's truth
Unless
Such words
That make the end
OBERON of our world.

My life in a day
Again a replay
Do I ever sleep
The scene of a crime
Still cramped and unkind
Clothes all blood and cheap
Am I awake
This is a mistake
No more to take
All I do is ache
For more and more
That's out of date
Plate
I don't appreciate
That term
Mate
To me it's like dislike
Even hate
Too late

I am alive
And I don't want to die
No more
Cause I have died before

Charge with the melody
Bloodthirst for words
Welcome to love me
That's how to learn
It always possessed you

And I share that curse
I'll always protect you
Now, when not of this earth
The tide turns
And won't return
It takes us on
For love we yearn.

Sitting here once again alone
Where to start
I just don't know
Someplace cold.
All to lose
Nothing to save
They can but choose
Nothing quite like that feeling, grave
To be able to
Is ably brave.

How to survive being someone else inside
It's the for sale sign
It's the loneliness you hide
The six-quid-kosh left its punchline.
In the caravan even the pedestrians
Had a oral glint

This is the place that can't have a name

Look at the monkey puzzle tree
About to break make believe
When you stay in touch
And the ego taste in quarantine
Lifetime has no guarantee

Just lost my way – simple as that!

Once I waited, aggravated
Awful truth
New I am on a ship
Drying out
Elephants on ashtrays
Wine stains
It's all here,

The film ocean cover
Colours untuned
Fish fundango
Drink is no joke
Unless you're pissed
Pauses as excuse
A disguise

The uneasy continues
Hurts the truth they say
I'm in a lot of truth
Then I liked to socialise, play guitar
Or swings
I lost my way as much as I could
Belt upside
Tonics
It's a game of joy and pain
It's always the same for me
Me more like it or not
No fly cool cabaret
Swansong singalong forlorn hope gone
Baby gone

Bernie came around today
By chance, the sun was glass
And the glass was grey

In a kind of fairytale
Where fairys are all drugs
And booze
I refuse to be cast a thought
And friends to dance the dance
I thought that I had lost my way
Before now
Where I'm paralysed and out
Of the game
It's a shout from the dark
Side of the street
It's the doubt and
The fear of everyone hat I meet

Oh no –

If you succumb to a dream
You'll wake up to a nightmare.

Mind ambrosia
Always over
Timeless
Ever closer

So it's not true
So it's all up to little you
The curses when a sunser cries
Nothing worse than you and more of your lies

Some know how to save or damn
A life with a word sang in emotion
In harmony with string and breeze
Naturally
To some
Others can learn
It's that beautiful

We can do the impossible that you don't
Understand
I could be philosophical
Go and join a band
Some of us have to wait
Others came too late
Some of us have it thrust upon
Some are born to be great
The moment of panic
When you realise
That what was before
Is a life of lies

I suffer from a lack of bones in the back
This is a time I can hurt This is a time of your life
Drink is easily common, what a state is a life
I wanted to die. As I said to myself. They made me
To die just like everyone else what I want to find
I never will and if thus is ife, how to fulfil?
I feel cheated
All unkind
Fuck knows why!

It was glam as to say, that's your lot, on your way
Where to go what to do, for a walk, not a clue
So I walked down a road to a park where
I used to play
There I sat in the grey autumn
Drizzle day watching wind take the leaves
Away
What to do at times like these
Some say god
And some say please
I was awoken, broken, soaking, had to be joking
I could barely breathe all cold and this was my disease
I never give up, I went to the bus stop had the fare to town, the train to hop
A friend in the city and a life I can mend
That Monday I'll never again because it's never the end. All you need is a friend. The end.
It just happened today. You could think so sad it makes you sick
Why so remote. The rock and the slope
No antidote

And when it begins it's the end of everything
That you loved
Broken everything. To awake – open eyes
Knife at throat – no surprise
Life with violence
Your tears and silence
And for me that familiar cell. Your kind of hell
Until you were caught in the act
It took years to escape the familiar comfort of attack
And as I always knew when you were
Gone I became who I wanted to become
East malling showbizland
Bingo village hall with my nan
I loved my granddad, he fought the war
He had a blue Indian elephant from Burma
Those curses he would murmur

State of the art chimpanzees
In what could be called control
Illusioneers
Frightening eh?
What you are taught, told amounts
Of nothing when we have instinct
Emotion and loving

Scary imagination
That artists have
Then becomes creation
Our writers, painters, poets
And the new masters of technology
All shall come true
This has been proven in past
And will again
So prepare for
Nightmares, in heaven
We mostly make terror to come
Those happy endings are second
To none
To trust in ever after is shown
To the world
Yet the state that
Remains is irreparable
Do not be fooled by this so called fiction
Just as space travel only became
When written
We are composing our own
Disasters and end
Unless one comes that can prove the pretend.

A declaration of fame
To be of that simple and naïve origin
Gossips humour in tragedy, reverie
From the moment of love
That map of the human heart
Terrifying – formidable
Imagine how there you were

And if we as a world were a book,
You'd find in the fiction section
Manifest disaster
In it you find Man saves himself
At the price of his brothers
You find slavery, war
Scientific magic, macabre
My hatred of cute cowardice
Ignorance and bourgeoisie
Proud as a penny
Of course you are

Chronic pumpage
And tricky disco,
All part of the upstart on
The hellebrity bandwagon
Splutters disregard with unhope
On a par
Starred bar
Plastered asshole
That are
Odds too far to break even
Answer
One more for the dark radar
Fuckar

Hang back
From the crack
Climb down
From that merry go round
Of brown
That bring you and everybody
Down
Around, your instance that
abound
with the stars
or the ground

have just injected my delight
ten of brown
ten of white
into the femoral river
and on
into the head
and to the heart
to reach the place
that some would name
art
a fine and easy place
directly said object-lesson
scorn, regret, ambition gone
a game to play that can't
be won

if using is the food of
love
play on

the miracle was over
chasms hysterical memory
your own people
friends-family
the miracle ad one mans saviour
is another when how brave you are

a generation chocked
eyes streaming
like wheels with no spokes

postpone the world truth alarm

a world full of monsters
shaped like toothpaste
and I forgot to brush

hype, silence
my young colony
it gang manifest
where before a new fond myth
in which we look for meaning
the truth addict must find
before whatever is found

take a reality check
from you that's one hell of a concept
scraping the barrel
with the debt set
druggy heels and depressed
why the upset?
Just to spite glitterati
I came out of the corner
Swinging a cat!

Lone ranger, tonto going to ride again
Those two great outlaws
'aint got money aint going pause
and anything come across their way

the gonna throw it down yay
ride ride

here I am again, Monday
sat hunched on the edge of my bed.
Outside, grey, unremarkable say
When I opened my eyes a while ago
I was cramped and cold and in my usual uncomfortable pose. First at least was coffee just a sip, then out came the bottle from under the pillow and a belt to start what may. Another then another and I passed out to wake again worse then the first time that was only a couple of hours away. Quite unwell; I went for a walk to the stationers and bought nothing as their attitude upset me. They thought I wanted to steal something. Anyway because I can I called dan and an hour later there I am crack and smack cooked then slammed into a trusty vein. Then followed a slight relief. I could complain but I won't, I shall try and make a life again

So he might lunatically mistake this
Wolf for his wife
So the man in the moon ended his life!

The more loyal a subject is of showbiz
More well well under
Under just about everything there is

Now for the latest apocalypse
A bulletin the optimist
Plenty of the pessimist
And point at stories pointless

Here I am the man gone wrong
Come from everything to none
Every chance and every dance
And all the beauty of the song

And at night I follow my death star
It dances in your eyes
Ad the dangers voice

In here, out there with the channel changer
Picture flashes, sex and danger
Emotional rest with marajuna
The time distress is but a stranger

Here comes the sun, highers I am

To remind him of his friend
That said it's alright
Little darling
What a day. The way it came over
Me made me cry cause at the same time I knew and I know why
Hope and dreams are just things that people want and won't ever get while it haunts their
every way a whiling doing what they can for others that need them for what they're really
worth not dying is a mountain in climbing but how I can say I've taken my first step and
I'm smiling and I like I like to say here comes the sun
And it's rising
And like you and me
It's shining, and shining
And shining, little darling
And it's alright

There is a hole
It has no bottom
It used to promise wishes
Then wishes are forgotten
Of soul what?
Has anything got one?
I could be what I fell
When feeling forgotten

Londond lateral snobbery
Like it's crushing spool
Children play the dead of day
Free periods for all

Hand over your wages
Do not step on the grass
Flat arrogance out as all the rage
Betrayed class
Rarely missed
To a target
And to observe that was
To become past
And how fast

I was once late to the hotel foyer
Acting hurried through revolving doors
A woman stood there waiting
Not pretending to not be botheres

In her look and way, though I would
Not say her age appeared not more
Or hardly could I believe that
Was my girlfriends grandmother.

I am god
I am young
Am a legend
Of no-one

My kingdom
Port of apricot
Flight Delayed until
The ways it went
As ever cute
And innocent

And I have not slept
Since I could be yours
And maximum paranoia

Silence roars
This is the year of the war
On the weird and all and all

I'm the lead in my movie
Who stars in yours?

Via tiny pitch violet flowers
And a map of the human heart
By sunlights jagged beam
Drives terror to the dark
As from cracks that appeared
A world flows,
A fortune tellers murder of crows
And the jaguar swings
By and by the cross
Of kings and mans great labours
Lost
Limps and scowls
London canals
Fast holds the grip
The jaguar howls

Ventures for works
For who shoots first
Reinforcements
And custody of hopes
Just hopes, of curses
It barely registers on my
Pain in coma-scopes
A miscomer, jokes
A world to save
The ned is no hoax
That's all folks
Dadadadada

A little drunkie there.

I believe in cynical

I'm there to fight
For what I like
To find someone to love and
Be alright
To not know of that love and care
To learn to live in comfort with
Despair
So young and natural
My music that will catch you all
Release me cause I'm man enough
To realise, it's not so tough
For sometimes it takes n big
Than to understand how small
He has become
And that will be the making of
The man and no mistaking
Be true to who you are and to the ones with which you want
To star in your life movie
Make it groove and be that
Man you can improve save the
World, coin the girl, and
At that moments (minute?)smash it down, what you found, you have to do it around again
and round and round. That sound that affection straight into
Into you really are
Injection
A faint return, a fade with

Just slight concern
A prelude to fall
My reception?

I used to like to shoot so much
Watch stuff like starsky and hutch
And if I had a joint to smoke
That was me, and what a joke
It made off with my energy
My care for anyone but me
Ended with nowhere to go
I didn't care.. and so and so
Lost count of all the times I died
Health was shot (?) my mind

I shall like to write this, with no
Idea what it will be other than
Something to ease my
Uneasy perception of time past and
To come. I have said before and it
Always is just there, like a grey cloud
In the sky that never moves
How fucking cruel to be given
The gift of thought, enough to know
That is cannot last unless you resort
To modern madness or what drink
And drug to as much misery you
Can muster until you die in sad
Circumstance. Glass half full though
Is we do not know. That's the best you can do. Fucking evil if you
Study and consider our circumstance
What does give me peace and
A time of being alright. Is
Being with someone easily
Loving them just being with
Them. A joint of grass helps
Most and enhances. It dances.

After the dance
Will you dance with me
Under the stars
Upon the cloud to cloud
Oh how I want

To be just wowed
Cheek to cheek
The waltz
He freak
The sugarshack
Could go all week
But such joy must be earned
Rare and trent
I love to dance
And just let go
It's the best that I will ever
Know
It can be sex
It can be sweet
It can sweep you off your
Feet
It can be a way to live your
Life
To waltz away when troubles
Rife
Music dance and love and
Life are such beauty i
Have made mine

What can I deny
Where are the barriers
We got my alibi
In here Siberia
Outside colditz
More hysteria
Crucial sensitive
Effects, I sense more strength
Against the pointless and
Violent acts

My shit with Vanessa
Boy proxy
I wish I was struck up in her boxy

Finding those moments
That were forgotten
Made match of money
To somehow

That can make sense
To all the adolescent
Unconsequents, if age
Even can mean anything
To any man or woman
Sacraments
Ran wild
A Serbian child
Afghanistan
Heroin
Stakes it claim
No need to explain
As all who dare read
Or have made a name I
Opiate use is here
And it is nature's unveil
My thinking went
To gunpowder
Chinese I'm told
Unless forced upon that
Peaceful fraction of our world
Is madness
Tragic madness that
Has become a machine that can kill more than a thousand
In a minute, and if I exaggerate
I don't really
It's so seriously fucked
Uninvented
You fucking Chinese
Bastards
Your turn. Stop it
Destroy what you invented

I arrived and ever since then
I have fought to convince that I
Am worth the air that I breathe
To who I love and I believe to be
Without I would not live
I see that kind of life
In sci-fi gloomy youth prophesise
It's all to blame on me
My arrogance and apathy
Just life everyone

Everything is wrong
And then it's gone
Strategic always wanted one
I know the year that is going on
Muff said
Know what I mean
Language, hilariously

THE PERSONEL HURT PAGE TORN OUT

The nightmare won't end
Terrain as so samp
Uneasiness discomfort
Not really worth the easy
Way to being going to full torment. Then courage has need to gather strength. The easy the
must becomes tomorrow
Again. OFOPCUCKTITU

Camp hope

Shall I sick
Shall I fall
Will I limp
Or shall I crawl
To got this of my check
I must
Talk of how it is to trust
Although all is hollow
No one looks you in the eye
And nobody would swallow
In life all that I treasure
Is trust so my endeavour
Without you should just give
It up and jump into the river

Every day this world goes
On
Forgotten and not learned from
Convinced we are invincible
By presidents and criminals
The agony that I call time
Has never not been left behind

At some point history was caught
To hurt and to control your thought
They try and explain their brain
Imagine not to think again
Why imagine me sat here
Fraught with the career
That cannot end
Begins again
Some do depend
Oh who I am
Sundown

And I could see you move on because of what you do for me
I pull you up when excited yet you know that you can
Happy to see you that look in your eyes and it hurts so good it's bad for me but we swap
our language these days. All you need to know is that I love ya' and always have and
support and want to know you forever. Baby.
Beautiful more every day. Life will come your way if you come as you are. And stay there
until it's time to move again but I know you will cos you're natural BASHY

Here comes the sun and something that I had
Done reminded him of one greatest friend
And he was crying and like the sun I was shining

But as with that life the time's not quite
And with the world before me being
Unable to take the opportunity. Hurts
Whats worse I know it at the time

Better late than never

This upheaval
Thought harmless
Or evil
Personal
It can hurt
Such drivel
From the experts signal
That mingle, gossip
Tingle
With the exchange
Of artificial dignity

Superficial integrity
The claim of vanity

I want to say
Something that's about
how I see you
What it is to have time
Together
As I write this down
It's because just a
Few moments ago,
I had a reaction – an emotion
a feeling. I can't for sure
That I have had before,
or it is forgotten.
There was more than pleasure
It was somehow a strength and confidence,
an excitement and
a beauty of company
and of
being appreciated;
something
That only you
have understanding of;
so rare
and new