

Though I Know

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if i tried harder, tired still, i could ride the bike like the other boys,
didn't try, only walked through the cow-field.

First time the car started we almost got out

There's drums in the pavement, like under the concrete. "Inner City Pressure"

And then from blue-gates to the park near costa. Trying to talk over the bass,
"Alpine Air Rises" – like quick splash of holy water on your cheek. It's easy to
forget in the grey that over that hill is where i grew up, with clear air and those big
fields. But i soon realise that i'm not really from there anymore. So i shut up, and
tune in, "If you care they'll never know".

Though under the drums it's more of me sitting table-for-one style in the pizza-
place in town, but it gives me something to want, to-long for that hour,

"It's not the post-pandemic cinerama that was forecasted",

though it's not the post-woke renaissance the creatives had broadcasted, with a
clean insight into why my best mate is lying in the field alone, thinking about
vodka and gender-debates (etc).

I guess it's a mere documentation of events, sitting on the fence,

"let's go ben's".

Three hundred and sixty five days without a word from you, it's like i'm growing
up

it's like i'm growing up

whilst i'm growing up;

So as i'm my hospital bed hooked up to the apple juice drip, i'm thinking about
how it's a preview, stag beetle, death rattle, sun.

As hypochondriac, as mono-monk, as Jean-Paul-Belmondo, as you.

When i get my car I'll stop at the petrol station and buy a meal deal, then root
around the woods, knowing all i can do is good, far away from what the drinks
made me, closer to the Mariners Apartment Complex.

I can stand i can stand i can stand, can you tell? I swear to god, you can see the
national grid so well from here.

"Who needs New York when you have Hertfordshire?"

People with a good sense of humour, people with nice teeth, people with displayed
gums, people who are out, people in love, people in fields, people in pictures,
people who are raw, people in grass, people in films, people in books, people in
songs, people you know, people who are gone, people who are here, people who
are strangers, people who you hate, people who run, disposable people.

Little birds, fly up the

parking congestion

Flocking in the orange mischief
over disposable vape pens

and churches, which are now only buildings
“doesn’t that make them more beautiful”
don’t know,
ask the king.

His quick-add love is real, I’ve seen it, don’t let it draw us apart, i won’t run a mile
to scroll through my phone in the scrapyard.
i call her “out there”, she doesn’t call none.
Less than call, on the call of the grave
I hear my Grandad call, he knows i have new questions and new names
I miss your wicked sensibility, It was yours.
I call for the reaper to leave me out,
he calls my home, like a teacher,
when i’m dead-sleep.
When i call you to come over, i’m calling it off,
-i hear the longing call for me splashing water on the coffin, and call for her body.
All this because i know behind my house
the hills wait, all toned and sleepy, daydreamed and forgotten, and all mine.
A stag
beetle wonders around them, i wonder around, i miss wondering. Around and
Around.

-He talks to her through media posts, creating fake poets to smoke-screen
his messages. In the rooms. So much space for you here.
“Last One To Base Is Cop” i heard you whisper as the feds smelt us. Running isn’t
as hard when it’s across these expanses.

and hey, you’ve got a laughing face and i’ve got fists for legs that are all tangled
like a Pollock piece. Stumbling

and These days i am nothing but then.
make me feel special again.

A little fly swam between orchids, dazed by the summer sun. She slowly
swayed between thick leaves of grass and oak-wood, whilst the clouds dispersed
gently. Her buzz was like a far away sax playing between a maze of backstreets,
fleeting between walls and whisky-drunk dreamers.

“I know this fly”, I said

I know this fly. – but you looked at me with sweat in your palms
whilst fred played in the summer dark
the drum trance, the drum trance, the drum trance, – and you said “shut up” like i
know i will when the metal builds

i see kids flying to the progressive house mix
i thought it was you
“with sweat bleeding down, i found you”
flavoured smoke, regulated jokes, whisky and coke, walk me home
“unplug the wires and kiss your mouth”
watching you play these

two parts
tires me out.
though i know
your face it feels overturned each time, like
a rare beetle found under dry wood.
though i know
this song i feel the drums in my lungs, pumping the blood into violet.
though i know i knew you i know i don't anymore.
though i know you knew me i know you still might do.
though i know these things aren't true and are self centred.
though i know
i will reach it if i try.
though i know i reach my hands to the sky to excels the drum and bass into the
trees.
though i know at your word i will beat to my knees.
though i know nothing i still knew you.
though i know i've watched a profile picture for so long.
though i know
all in all is all we are.
though i know this form is not efficient in simply saying what i want.
though i know it might be if i changed the font.
though i knew you as an italic, though "i knew you" – taylor swift
though i know what i know is only by me, made a myth.