

Spaceman

The spaceman looks out at infinity.
How can the human race feel so vast?
And yet so small as he looked out at the earth.
Perceptions can be altered.
Gravity inverted.
Time distorted
Safety turned survival.
Friends turned enemies.
Days turned to nights.
The Earth just goes.
Round
And round
And round
And round

The human race
Just gets.
Bigger
And bigger
And bigger
And bigger
Always confronted.
By the constants,
of
War
Disease
Famine
Corrupt politicians
Consumerism
Fascists
Racists
Sexists
Homophobes
Xenophobes
And all the other words
that end in.
“Ists” and “Obes”

The dark is coming.
Death is inevitable.

What's the point?
Why do we persist?
Why do we keep going?

Friends

Family
Birthdays
Weddings
Holidays
Bank holiday Mondays
Saturday nights out
Sunday morning hangovers
Three-day weekends
Sunday roasts
Takeaways
Pissing about with your mates
Fooling around with your loves

We do it
So that one day we can look out.
At infinity and witness
The rise of the dawn.

The Spaceman looked out at infinity.
And he smiled.

Sleep Paralysis Demon

Asleep, awake
Awake, asleep

I open my eyes.
To see two eyes
Staring back at me
But what on earth could it be?

I try and try.
With all my might
To turn on the fuckin light
But to no avail
My body has failed.
Even if I wailed.

Would anyone find me?
If THEY rushed in
Would it
BE
There?
Over there
Behind the door,

Creeping along the floor
Like a dog on all fours.

Asleep awake
Awake asleep

The creature is gone.
Has my mind gone?
How many in this room? it's me.
It's just one.

My Biggest Fan

It's fucking boiling today,
No air to speak of
The Hot sun baking my skin like a jacket potato.
I have things to do.
Jobs to look at.
People to see.
But I am rendered immobile.
I lie on my back waiting for the sweat to form.
And yet nothing comes.

I cry out gasping for water.
Too hot to move.
My mouth is dryer than the sand in a desert storm.

the heels of my feet pulsate.
they are white hot to the touch.
flesh burning from the inside.
I pray for this to end.

The long-defunct fan whirls away
In front of me
With what little power it has left
It has been on every day.
Every week
Every year

it's my biggest fan.
And yes
The irony is not lost on me.
For when it is 33 degrees outside
And I am forced to hide.
In what little shade I can
It is my only constant.

A long-suffering companion

Held together.
By string and Sellotape
Just as tired as I am.

But what is this?
I hear in the distance.
The loudest crack
ever to have been heard
It lashes against the sky.
Slowly the sound of rain
Drip
Drip
Drips
Out of the sky.

I look out the window.
And see the mother of all storms.
I release a heavy sigh.

Thank fuck for that.

The ghost in the armchair

It pains me to see you like this.
The familiar face
Looks vacant out of the window.
I paint a well-worn smile
As I come to greet you

Who are you to me?
Those eyes once filled with
The Sharpest intellect
And a smile with a wicked sense of humour
Stare back at me
The cogs turn
Then finally
“Oh hello Nath”
You, alright my darlin’

You are the same person.
At least physically
But the women within
Left,
went to the shops.
And never came back.

There are always good days.
And bad days.
And sometimes that magic
Sparkle
Flickers back to life like the last ember
Of a burnt-out fire.

But mostly they're bad.
How could you take her from us?
How could you do this to her husband?
How could you do this to her kids?
To her grandkids?

It's not fair. You are sitting in her chair.
Those beautiful eyes now
Glazed over.
And milky in colour
You do not see the world as she did.
You are but a ghost,
Sat in HER armchair.

Thank You

Here is a list of Thank you that I owe to the ones I love.
Thank you for being my friend.
Thank you for being you,
Thank you for loving me.
When I could not love me.

Thank you for the endless Laughs.
Thank you for your patience,
Thank you for not taking my Shit.
Thank you for giving me a safe place.
To reconnect, to unmask, and feel like me.

Thank you for always being my hype man.
Thank you for the 3 a.m. Goblin chats.
Thank you for the 3 a.m. deep chats.
Thank you for letting me,
Talk endlessly about Doccy Who.
Even if you think it's just alright.

Thank you for worrying about my physical health.
Thank you for thinking about my mental health.

Here is a list of Thank yous I owe to the ones who broke me.

Thank you for teaching me, to look out for No. 1.
Thank you for breaking my heart.
So, I could rebuild a better one.
Thank you for the shame.
Thank you for being cowardly.
So, I know now, not to be.

I forgave myself.
And I forgave you too.
Thank You for the cruelty.
Thank you for pointing those out with true loyalty.

Oh, on one last thing,
Thanks for letting me
talk endlessly about Doctor Who
Its Basically all I ever do.

Thank you.
Thank you.
Thank You.