

this is not
a composition
it is
how i feel

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i'm a grain of sand
a particle of clay
salt
dissolved
in the stream
the river
the sea
a tear drop
a glass of water
left by the side
of the bed
three days
now hungover
wondering
if it's okay to drink
i'm the sweat on my brow
my stomach gurgling
flatulent self
i'm a fucking glacial peak
in control
out of control
plotting my own demise
i'm scared
fuck
i'm so scared
now i've lost track
i gotta stop
i gotta go

the best kind of life
i think
is a life
in which happiness
is the outcome of my own decisions
and actions
and is blissfully unattached
to an other

i got in through
an open back door
or was it
a window
i dunno
but i was careful
not to break anything
on my way out
and when i was
inside i wondered
how it came to be
that there was a way in
the rest of me
was
a fucking fortress
no wait
a confusing
building of bureucracy
in brutalist style
i guess it was easy
for someone
to miss a window
or door
or for some
sympathetic employee

no one has one voice

no one one face

no one one way

of acting

(they're acting)

of being

of seeing

of knowing

all

no one knows

all

you can't be all

but figure out

who you are

figure it

fucking out

and implement it

he's got it wrong
who desires to leave
something physical behind
monuments and such
leave only ideas
after you're gone
ideas that live
in the minds
of the living
ideas that ignite
a passion for justice
and freedom
that burns on
in their hearts

crocodile acrobats
come out -
 covent garden
no
 wait
manfalout
 lycopolite
egypt
rome
and stand still
until
the civilised
 drop a coin

she arches her back
bends over backwards
til the jaws snap
then the crowd gasps
"what a show!"
she sighs
goes home
turns on the tee-vee
in a rented
shared room

the room-mate snores
-he's on night shifts -
i'll try and say it politely

rome wasn't destroyed in a day

war is no romantic thing
not something to excite nor entertain
and
i don't wanna know a thing about it
unless it's fucking raw
so raw it hurts
and the tears
never seem to cease
in their stinging

they came not by ship
to my land
because
my land is me
they came but by tee-vee
and by the movie
they came straight into me
they didn't have to brave
the wide seas
no rocky coast intimidated
these
"men"
my neighbours didn't resist
these
"men"
the caretakers
groundskeepers
and gardeners
cowed to them
bent to their will
planted the seeds
that those "men"
had brought
tended their needs
contracted the sickness
they brought with them

the sickness
they let in
but i'm not dying
not yet
i'm trying
trying
to decolonise myself

no matter who is by my side

i'll always run alone

and

who settles by me know

i'll never have a home

discontent

is encoded in me

it's the only comfort i know

you let the blood run dry

you could've stopped it

but

you never caused it

you never caused

the wound

you never asked me

to pour it

so i guess

it was never your responsibility

but you stood there

you were watching

you held me

and whispered

so sweetly

and i cut me

so deeply

to show you my love

i opened myself up
i wanted you to see
how bright it was
how fast it ran
for you
my blood

i shoulda realised
i left myself empty
and blood's better
in
than
out

i shoulda shown you
through my adult actions
how your love drove the blood
that made
me
run
that made
me
bright
now i've bled me dry

i
could've stopped it
i
caused the wound
i poured it
and my blood is no good
by you
in the street
by your feet
running down
into the drain
past the chicken bones
past the dead mice twitching
on the glue trap
sure
the light reflects
in the crimson
and that's nice
on a cold night in upton park
but that's not a life

i was gonna write a comic strip
about you

a poem

a story

a song

this?

you were a fantastic folk duo

an archer

a titan

a hunter

you were a player

cruelly playing

with the hearts of others

you were a

paranoid vision

readying to stab me in the back

you were a ball of indestructable
energy

an innovator

a lost cause

you were down and out again

and we

we were all crying

how we love you

but you're not a character
that simple words
can adequately sketch
not mine anyway
but i do wanna say something
otherwise i wouldn't have
started this, right?
individually
and collectively
you
are
everything
more real than the universe
here
now
you're tangible love, my friends
TANGIBLE LOVE
and it's that
you're out there
out in the world
that makes the world
bearable...

it was her lips not yours
made me smile
or rather
the idea
of her lips
the memory
the image still fresh in my head
and the feeling
in my flesh
seriously
it's twitching right now
writing this
and i'm in a packed
northern line train
north
(a regional branch of ASLEF is it?)
it reminds me
of being a teenager
excited in thought
on public transport

muse is not an object
it's not yr fucking object
okay
it's the love you feel
that opens a door
to see the beauty
in this life

the therapist told me
they were negative thoughts
when i said
what i thought was wrong
with the world
was that it?
or was it
unhelpful thoughts
and
it does no good
to think about life
in such a negative way
well
i think
if you can't see the world is
fucked
then you are

she would see you coming a mile off
with your
porn-film-fantasy-sex
with your
role playing power games

exploitative
degrading

distorted
desires

and competition based relationships
would she say-

" i've seen
how you look at my
sisters...
you degrade them
with your looks
they're not
looks of desire
not
looks of longing
of love...
they're the looks

through a telescope
of a midshipman
shouting
"land ahoy!"
and a crew drooling
and a captain
rubbing his hands
while word is sent back
to the company directors
telling the promise
of treasures to be taken
of a people to be taken
of a profit to be had
where SHE
has become a commodity
and a thing
to be conquered "

the sun is the most honest
thing we have
it's the objects
the shadows that lie
their relationship
to one another
creates darkness
and how do i interpret that
it's plato's cave
and
i guess
there are even
dark spots
on the sun

she said
you're painfully honest
but she doesn't know
that before every word
i say
every word
i wait
and try
in futility
to calculate
what i am s
going to say
by
others possible opinions
and
outcomes
reactions
here i write
and there is no way
to know you
the circumstances
time
place
the way
this will be taken

i had thought
to tear pages out
before such and such
reads it
that's the extent of it
but no
painfully
i present myself
here

it may seem obvious to you
but walking alone
watching through
the alley-ways
between the buildings
waiting
for the trees to shake
in the wind
to reveal it
the golden light
of the low lying sun
seems elusive
i sigh
as i look back
at the long shadow
awaiting melancholia
as the sun sinks
slowly
beyond my horizon
i breathe deep
the cold evening air
before it strikes me
the sun isn't down
its intensity doesn't cease
we just change our position

my blue sky

they said

my blue sky

was aggressive

violent

my experience

the pounding heart

the breath of life

pumping round my body

pours into my world

it's transition

an anger

that looks

ever forward

is calm after

the riots

after the fires

after the

outrage

the blue sky that comes

after the smoke clears

is

the beauty

that comes
through
the blood
ours
?

after the dust
settles

then
then we can enjoy
the blue sky
unencumbered by
aggression
and violence

process pieces
this is no end-point
these are moments
taken during a process

this process is ongoing
and will be
as long as
i
am

dap
london
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