



SWAN / SONG

S W A N / S O N G

< An ode to endless dreaming >

R A P E

Sounds of violence tear through the concrete jungle leaving mangled streets in their wake. I try to breath, but fiber optic cables are asphyxiating me. Nursed by fragments, my dreams hold me deep in the bosom of slumber. I watch myself being consumed by information until everything becomes ash. My world is flicked to the floor amidst nicotine-laced gasps until my attention is rudely ignited by the images flashing themselves on my television. Models float onto screen weighed down by the products they are selling. Food makes love to my eyes, leaving me with a strange hunger. Seduced by this orgasmic visual opulence, thoughts of brief comfort burrow into the forefront of my mind. Soldiers and hard-boiled eggs soaked in butter. Treehouses and forests. children playing hide and seek. Chasing. I am running so fast and can almost just about grab his shoulder. The stitch is tightening, but I manage to skim his panicked body before collapsing on the grass. The person that I just caught makes their way over to me and as the glare of the cloudless sky tightens my eyes I squint and as the light refocuses I am overcome by the grotesque realization that I am chasing myself. I am every child playing in the field. Rather than appeasing the overpowering dread that this vision has given me, I choose to stare at the sky until this world distorts. Like a channel changing I am alone again, staring at a load of naked cyborg woman selling some sort of genetically modified shaking dildo fruit. After consuming hundreds of hours of nothing but strange adverts I eventually appease the Chasers by purchasing something they are selling and they reward my obedience with a reality show.

E Y E S

The nation's eyes watch through hidden cameras as an obese middle-aged white male starves to death in a cage. Their appetites are appeased by images of his prolonged suffering. Since the first episode he has undergone an entertaining metamorphosis from a man with dreams of instant fame to a weeping sack of shit begging to be put out of his misery. His initial grins have transformed into hollow grimaces, raw from constant crying. Audiences lap up his tears and ratings skyrocket. Between screams and silent whispers his body hangs over itself contemplating its excessively pointless existence. The consummation of excretions brings hope that his ghostly spectators will grant him freedom. Their wishes are filled with anticipation for his funeral, which will undoubtedly be a star-studded affair. Millions tune in for what doctors state will be the final night of the show. With all these eyes watching his celebrity is finally achieved just after he ceases to exist. Everything goes black... the remote is lowered and I sit for a while staring at the blank screen thinking about the part of myself that I just lost.

P A S T

Darkness twinkles as ancient memories light the sky. A glittery reminder of lost moments dampened by the musk of the city shines through the vast infinite. Still hazy I turn my thoughts towards the machines responsible for this mist and all that echoes are images of myself rippling through the fabric of my consciousness. Endlessly replicating we consume, until all matter is staring back at us and only then do we realise the severity of our loneliness. Trapped in our prisons of thought we find sanctuary in abstract perceptions, when really it is in the absence of meaning that our true freedom lies. With this thought in mind my shackles vanish and a sudden excruciating pain ensues. Before the suffering has a chance to waken me, ivory wings burst out of my spine and carry me far up into the sky, offering, for the first time in my life, a chance to mix with the stars.

Images of my flight are carefully crayoned by a young version of my former self. Amidst the crude proportions and scattered lines, lies a hearty innocence that someday too will vanish into the horizon. For now I am contempt and solely consumed with colouring in this preemptive portrait and dreaming of life as a feathered creature. This lingers until everything is suddenly ravaged by violent scrawl.

W O R D

These scribbles soon grow into flowery language bearing over embellished words. A syndicate of lackluster gentleman gather in a large boardroom to discuss the negative implications that this could have on the planned death of language. The erosive power of soulless emoticons and the sorrow surrounding words raped into submissive abbreviations indicates that they are the ones having the last LOL. After much consideration they decide to abduct my inner-child and torture him until he tells them where he gets his imagination. After having his fingernails torn off with a pair of pliers he is forced to use his blood-soaked digits to sketch an answer to their question. Drowning in agony he draws the bloodied outline of a swan floating in a lake. Tranquility fills the room as the child is hacked apart and packed with the rest of my baggage. Satisfied with his answer they return to their office to write up reports and process statistics, whilst drinking freshly ground coffee and indulging in the occasional pastry.

S U I T

Writer's tears fill my mouth as I drink alone under a reddened son. Thoughts of slaughtered shepherds and absent advice about weathers to come chisel sorrow out of my face. Strips of flesh fall to the ground and are scavenged by suit wearing parasites. They smile viciously as they gnaw on my skin, ecstatic that they don't

have to walk all the way to Pret. I am even happier because I am starting to acquire that heroin chic look that is all the rage with the Gameboy wearing hipsters. All I need now is for someone to skim the top off of my gut, climb in and replace the opening with a Perspex panel. Then when it comes to the endless battle of one upmanship, I'll always have the option of lifting my shirt to expose a crumpled bearded face smirking inside of me. That grin slithers around until the feeling I used to get in my stomach on the drive to the local swimming pool floats to the surface. Saltwater seasons my throat as I struggle for air. Waves pummel me until nature's ragdoll mechanics toss me onto the beach. Before having the chance to contemplate this first death my body disintegrates, cascading until there is no difference between the sand and I. The morning sky continues to bleed.

T H E M

During my absence things start to brew. Storms gather and discuss fashion. Arguments derive from which fabric would suit reality. After an eternity of violence they make their decision. Weathers return and soon particles trickle down from the abyss. Fragment by fragment I am reformed, ready to construct another reality on a collision course with other eyes. There I will sink into their worlds and drown at the mercy of the lack of my own. For now I am content with wetting these sorrows with Gin and juice. Sipping stories from cracked tumblers and chasing dreams with bottled bliss.

L A N D

Irish society inherently craves dissection and destruction. I have walked many of the paths Joyce frequented in equal states of inebriation and with similar philosophical velocity and have found joy in the oddments that occur. From socially derelict and reality

detached homeless people, to a pseudo-homeless wanderer called Charlie, who had his head blown off as retaliation to an ongoing drug feud. When the mountains were on fire we would stand on top of them dancing amidst the flames. When the storms arrived we would stand on the end of the harbor and let the waves envelop us. We savored winter nights when everything outside became ours. Frozen towns became playgrounds, places of inspiration and creation. Swans often begged for a crumb and were fed scraps of takeaway from steamy cars filled with greasy gropers. The girls would be given a good rev until their climaxes replaced the proverbial swan song. When the mist of chip fat and sex sweat cleared the recital would end and the bow would be replaced by the dagger eyes of a spider-fringed youth rolling past in his sports edition Punto. A delicate encore came from his humming missus, still tapered to his foaming cock. I tried to listen, but the sound was drowned out by the overwhelming need to strip down to the bare bollox and jump off the harbor. After an inebriated swim in trash waters I took to running.

S W A N

Running with thoughts I race into oblivion. Chasing tired dreams of a former self until my brow becomes shiny. Whilst desperately trying to mop these rivers of sweat I realise that my arms are porcelain feathered and I am now gently bobbing in the aftermath of this sudden excursion. Drifting, not far from the harbor. The sun is blistering the surface of the water causing little rays of light to dance hypnotically back and forth amidst the occasionally crooked current. As I float towards the end of the pier a tunnel begins to form. Moving further into it the light is evacuated, leaving an ever-narrowing corridor forming a shape not too dissimilar from the barrel of a shotgun. With the pulse of a firing weapon I hurtle towards a distant place.

B A N G

Violent waves crashing sound like steady gusts of wind from up here. Cricket cries like car alarms echo through the constant blowing. Achy springs whine as I move towards the metal shutters separating me from the soundscape outside of my prison. Strangely I am contempt in guessing what is most likely an aural deception. Amidst the manifested infinite is a vast nothingness restrained only by the sounds that still pass through the left canal. Even if I suffer perpetually with sustaining balance, all is countered by the right side. It is in these barren tunnels that I long for a connection with myself, not weighed by the deceptions that are forced upon me by the complex organic components that shape my perceptions. I lie awake chewing at my fingers, smelling the crevices of my fingers, hoping to create a crack deep enough so I can escape into myself and hide there forever. The daily struggle of getting lost in a stranger's gaze saturates my thoughts, but before I can drown in the futility of my subjective manifestations I float back to the surface, only to get lost in another sneaky glance. What shocks me is that in the occasional moments were I am free from these eyes, I yearn for someone to stare. I can hear myself gently blinking as I write this and yet the severity of this story still has not changed. People often state that they are offering you all eyes and ears. The impossibility of this promise disheartens me, but also reminds us that there is no Kafka-esque metamorphosis to hope for, only slight moments were the eyes that deconstruct you are your own. She looks at me and I disintegrate...

D E A D

Still gunning for a rapport with Lady Existence I decide to stop being flaky. Lashing myself back together only to be launched onto a bench in a dreary cemetery. "In Memory of UR MA!" was etched onto the chipped woodworm infested seat. Unmarked graves where laced with rotting roses. Melancholy children

loitered, whilst the necros screamed in ecstasy as bone dust collected around their sweaty groins. Grinding away... Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. I watch these creatures devour everything. Until finally they bite into the sun and it bleeds all over the sky.

F O O D

Vaporised faces wave goodbye to their shadows as I grin at the Dominos man lurking behind my front door. Hotdog filled crusts circle me with mustardy sunshine. The things dreams are made of. Slice after slice is sucked down into my stomach, whilst I watch anorexic after anorexic gently massaging manipulated images of what I am eating. I place another online order and then continue watching. Men ride around in semen-soaked sports cars crashing into cunts. Chelsea's children unknowingly allude to Nietzsche, as they discuss nothing in cafes staffed with extras. They relish the taste of their own shit and dine accordingly. Dishy dishes flaunt their excessively immaculate hairlines, whilst their dates dump silicone into their bulging breasts. They stare straight into our eyes dreaming of coke filled condos and shoplifting, whilst we look into theirs and question the grainy rendering of our favourite objects.

B I K E

Industrial lungs bellow cancer. Erect chimneys tower over Ballard's concrete beauties. What's left of the sun disappears into twilight. The smell of death appears alongside trees caught in a gentle breeze. A tached girl rolls around a derelict apartment block on a retro BMX disintegrating with rust, her pitbull struggles to keep up. Its head is still firmly attached to its body. Shoreditch lifts her barbed skirt and all of the CCTV darts for a glimpse at her paint-soaked panties. Her smiles creep upward as Montana red dribbles down her concrete columns. Men jump from rooftops

to impress her. Policemen gift-wrap them and they are sold by the pixel to an audience that pretends they are shocked. These tarplins flap in the wind as they die on the street. Treats trickle down the pipes, flowing beautifully into my mouth. Sugar screams induce pancreas panic until I get hypoglycemic fit. Then I stare at the trees, scribbling green lines above penciled branches waiting for the summer to turn grey. Then I wake.

L A K E

On my way home from a busy day in the office I decide to take a relaxing walk through Hyde Park. As I wander aimlessly I see the swans gather in the water. Elderly people with young children toss stale crumbs onto the waters edge. The swans nibble amongst the reckless pigeon herds. Skinny smoggers run past desperately clamoring for air. Dogs shit desperately, leaves drop, birds whistle, planes soar, laughter echoes. The water cools my aching legs as it soaks through my Versace trousers. As I wade through the water tearing apart swan after swan, taking time to meticulously wring their necks, the only thought that I have concerns the irreparable impact this must be having on my hand-made Italian attire. I think about this in immense detail as I sink into the abyss of the bloodied waters. The city starts to scream. Then I sleep.

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