

# **LAST NIGHT'S THOUGHTS**

*William Helps*

### **Tonight, You Will See Me**

I fill me up with drinks,  
That fume the energy,  
That stores itself in my gut,  
And doesn't come alive till the night,  
When I let myself loose,  
Stoking the fire, engulfing my body,  
Stumbling back, "*as it may be*",  
Then thinking, and thinking some more,  
About everywhere I went wrong,  
I'll fall into the toilets,  
And look myself in the mirror,  
At the eyes,  
Is it the good shade of blue?  
At the hair,  
Hours spent cultivating the leftovers,  
At the nose,  
A lie that grew,  
You can't argue with honesty,  
I guess this is what I have,  
Fake it as no one cares,  
The speechless boy,  
Living his life in the same spot,  
What does it matter,  
If he enjoys his single dance.

### **The Inexperienced**

Young, conflicted minds,  
Walking home late at night,  
Alone and no longer wholesome,  
Putting up with loss and love,  
For far too long.

Let's lose our guts,  
Our hearts,  
Our minds,  
To the soundless words  
That we speak.

Bounce, clamber, spring,  
To the thoughts we bring,  
The buzz that ideas ring,  
And laugh at the prospects,  
That won't come true.

Listening to nothing,  
But white noise,  
To drown out the world,  
With a symphony of pearls,  
That no one would seek.

Alas it'll take nothing for,  
A kiss to ruin things,  
Or a look to loosen tongues,  
It's a pitiful horror,  
To think people can do good.

### **Everlasting (Interlude)**

The fixated cockroach crawls into the well, spiralling down, expelling liquid into the eyes of the nearby unsinged, as the fire extorts the omens of those who dared the complete picture, christening the smell of smoke, whilst the walls, slimy and unburdened, ensnare curdled screams of the midnight owls. Gorgeous lasses.

## **Little Mishap**

YOU drip me out,  
And crack me open,  
Draining all this blood,  
Silently sat sipping,  
So, touch my hand,  
Touch my arm,  
Oh, feel the ice cool.

NARCASSTIC mind lied,  
About the apologetic cries,  
Truth is who cares about,  
The freely spoken monsters,  
With the rainfall harsh,  
The fallout poisoning,  
It isn't good to feel radiated, broken, and burned.

STUBBORN little thoughts,  
Forced me to stay in place,  
I worked for this?  
Well who knew,  
Who knew that,  
Happiness doesn't come in two,  
Especially with a girl like you.

LOST myself in,  
What world I bred,  
From this obsession which spread,  
I went crazy,  
And worked to clogs,  
Chimed the bells,  
Fixed the clockwork.

WONDER why I,  
Told the same stories,  
Spoke the same verses,  
My little holy bible,

I wrote to woo,  
With preachy messages,  
I would spew,  
Trying to come across,  
A passage you could glue,  
But I was writing to a coop that flew.  
And now you are a stranger,  
Like anyone else,  
Where did your voice go?  
Oh right, I made it up in my head.

### **Do Your Face of Me Now**

You used to stand strong,  
But now you are an empty one,  
A bashful silhouette,  
A sadistic amateur,  
Who expects the implied,  
And you wonder where we hide.

Oh god! What a satisfying lie,  
You must lead,  
With your grapefruits and apricots,  
And your failing health,  
And ten second images,  
That trick no one.

*“Let’s cover my tracks”*,  
With new people,  
And mess up the footprints,  
That defined me,  
That shaped me,  
And shaped others around me.

Stop your voice,  
It is a prominent one,  
That will entrance many,  
And you don’t even know,  
The destruction it will cause,

I have witnessed it.

But your life is your own,  
Call it out loud,  
Happy as you are,  
As rhythmic as it is,  
As hurtful it could be,  
It isn't a trap if it is explained,  
It is our fault to shrug it off.

### **My Objectivist**

You got me high,  
And you threw me off the wall,  
And snapped me because,  
It was funny and cool,  
And guess who was the fool?  
Guess who was the hammer,  
The file, the vice, the nail,  
The tool.  
Yes, the little boy,  
Who everyone looks at for his morals,  
Bless him, he wrote something for you,  
He must feel so sore,  
That this world is,  
A carrier for his fate,  
Oh wait,  
Play him the violin,  
It might comfort him,  
It might silence him,  
It might tell him what poetry is,  
And what is important.  
Bring in a third person,  
What a way,  
What an outlook,  
What stupidity,  
What disgust,  
What judgement,

What change?  
When you laugh at repetition,  
And dance with a reputation.  
The fateful meeting of the goners,  
Existing in grimy vacuums.

### **Telescopic Camera Mouth**

There go the balloons floating to the floor,  
And I had to go because I couldn't cure,  
My inside from flipping over,  
As our train made its final stop,  
And I wondered where you got off,  
So I looked outside and jittered,  
With wide rounds fading romantically,  
Into the wind with desperation,  
Collapsing my tell all heart into a pit.  
I hold close to my chest all arms I throw,  
Whispering to the shadows that stand behind,  
*"Don't worry about the size of things"*,  
Reflecting my flipside as unchanged,  
Catching heads of people I care not for,  
Working towards the beating heat that exists,  
But faith could not kiss that cheek,  
It was too busy staring into the distance,  
For how long will this film develop,  
As long as the shower sprays and I stand,  
Heralding your golden globe and wonderful air.

### **Front Page**

Sweaty clubs and loud nights,  
Where will the whispers go?  
When I look at you,  
And people look at me.

A stamp outlined with our image,  
We look good in blue ink,

That's given time to sink,  
But is pressed from calls down the street.

You go to gracefully move,  
And hold on to nothing,  
My fault I suppose,  
Anticipating the avalanche sliding downhill.

Flickering headlines,  
On Saturday nights,  
A glow emanates around us,  
From what source does it flow?

### **Caves In**

You got me wondering around,  
And I will easily oblige,  
With your moves,  
And when my mind,  
Caves into itself,  
This will make me a half,  
And I will suck it up,  
Because I can't please you.  
Current situations tell me,  
That you don't care,  
About my mentality,  
As you are involved,  
In another case that will,  
Only result in a world,  
Where you will spin around,  
In experiences that don't,  
Put you away from people,  
And I will lash out in symbols,  
But that's my low act,  
You do you.

### **Cards Due**

Fold me something,  
A card that dealt me a chance,  
A trick that gave me,  
Something to make a spark kindle.  
Give me a fake hopeful appeal,  
That makes me wish for a moment,  
When I can look at you,  
Talk about us,  
And it will re-arrange.  
I could stroke your cheek,  
Tell you a funny story,  
About the man with straw hands,  
And a plastic heart,  
That still tried for what he could not touch.  
Give me something that will allow me to hold onto you,  
Pour the sorrow into my words and strengthen the bond,  
Where is the medicine to this conjured cough?  
Lying in the fate of nowhere, dissected by choice,  
Washed into the stream, gone, and,  
Farewell to the elk stuck in that falling river.

### **La fille de Paris**

I am the half,  
Resting on your stomach  
With locked luck gripping tight,  
As lush red emits,  
Championing the vision,  
Of sunrise.

The delicate blush of lace lined sheets,  
That lifts the garden of tonight's escape,  
With fleeting strokes of opening,  
A long-shot,  
Shared in the blossom,  
Of the Intoxicated.

Whilst melting along skin,  
I lightly explore,

A bracelet made along,  
A tender nerve,  
Of the French 'amour',  
That this taste will never rectify.

These offbeat beginnings block our eyes,  
As streams brisk us away,  
And quiet canyons erode below,  
Delivering echoes,  
Which wield bitter waves,  
That bodies anguish upon.

I suppose April has made me the fool,  
The leaves of Summer falsify us,  
Fields of envy cast,  
A dark light,  
And collision exists,  
But is never spoken of.

### **A Great Hopeless**

That soft bristle,  
A moment between contact and anticipation,  
A light kiss on your shoulder,  
And look into your eye,  
A smile,  
That somehow fixed it all.

I guess that is how time works,  
I do not understand what to do,  
When the burns shimmer,  
In the fluorescent lights,  
Of the unburden potential,  
That is expected of love.

I think about how happy you are,  
Feeling glad that it is so,  
Because I lost my chance dear,

Your sense overtook your body,  
A notable spirit embraced it,  
And my pestilence would only plague you.

Yes,  
the world rips into blues,  
But where would we be,  
Without our mistress,  
Of expectations,  
Holding up our medication,  
Saying that everything will be fine,  
Even when we are at our worse.  
Living without that touch of contact leaves nothing but wishful thinking,  
And aspirations of what it will all mean, blinds us from the happiness that moments feel.

### **Front Page II**

Living false has got to be a great world as it doesn't quite matter when you look back at it,  
And doesn't it make you feel like every claim made was a true one,  
One that made you happy,  
Isn't that right?

### **Remote (Interlude)**

The nowhere men perch on the windowsills, with the cheap air atoning for its pride, and  
silent formulas are exchanged in the forms of pupils, interlocked with the embrace of lust,  
the contents of its secrets spilling onto the rain soaked floors, as roars are found in the  
thoughts of nightcaps. You are anywhere but here.

### **Start Again and Watch It End**

Got those stitches,  
Ready to heal,  
Threw myself down some stairs,  
There was nothing to lose,  
Maybe the promises would work,

When I am busted, and bruised.

You got me staring,  
And my stomach bubbling,  
I might puke from expectation,  
A weak nail about to be pulled,  
Excused from duty,  
Handed a notice to never try again.

My perfect loss,  
Burning in a bottle,  
Embers flicker into moulds,  
Of images of hope,  
Things upon things,  
Holding onto this.

There may be more,  
Where are you?  
Time without it,  
I got wishes that it'll come back,  
But what lasts in the opportunity,  
Of ghosts figuring out my lunacy.

### **Transparent Cartoon Hearts**

Every time I look up,  
Cement pours in my feet,  
Hardening around my shins,  
I feel lonely because,  
Everyone else is still looking down.

This place we all occupy,  
It is all empty hue,  
The only faces we see,  
Are the ones that warm our screens,  
And we witness life as a play-through.

How can I tell,

What is forced and what is natural?

When no one bothers to meet,

As they quiver from the idea,

Of doing something new.

We shield our hoods with plastic blocks,

Tiring our thumbs as we build our lives,

And post another photo,

Because love is in a button now,

And spite can be subtle.

In hypocritical times I type,

But don't raise my voice,

This is what we all knew,

Would I say something isn't true?

When I know we once have all stood too?

I won't pretend I am a myth,

Because even I check to see if,

That green dot has flashed,

And I feel happy knowing you said something back,

A day later.

How can I connect?

When the only way is with a big F,

Or a little bird or poster on a wall,

Or a ten second flicker,

Or a concentrated thirst,

People seem so comfortable,

Being aimless heads in a bubble,

Living lives of love,

Through words and cartoon hearts,

So, wire me in,

I guess I got to pretend that,

I am venting all these cries,

Whilst looking at your open eyes,

A falsified image?

I guess I'll have to comprise.

## **Asleep in The Morning's Crimson**

Yelling incoherent signatures,  
Hoping the long-term inscription occurs,  
And never erodes away,  
As the acid of life being,  
Spits down fast.

Everything will be fine,  
But the bile forms into drivel  
May I declare more,  
It would fix my fear,  
That shadows smile at, glimmering by.

I would do it better,  
Take that chance,  
Fake the passages made up,  
Of a thousand words,  
Inscribed with splatters of hope and plea.

What sphere binds you here?  
Spun around a new frame,  
Leaving your footpath clear,  
I just wish I felt the same,  
You are worth more than I see.

Deliver me a new watch,  
Telling a different time,  
When everyone saw love,  
And happiness flowed through veins,  
Like sugar,  
Rushing into youth,  
I guess someday it has got to change.

I have loved lost,  
And lost loves,  
It happened in eyes,  
In countless shots,  
Moments live in smiles,

And kisses goodnight.

What can you expect,  
From what is already there,  
And what will never be,  
I guess you got to absolve the cry,  
Because we have all got to fly,  
Into tomorrow's sky.

Ice the wounds,  
That scars leave,  
And drinks cannot fill,  
That is how it will have to be,  
Nothing keeps it all together,  
But we can hope for a day when it will.

Things will be fine,  
In the passing by.

### **Our Honest Guardians**

Glue me back,  
Because I believed too much,  
And wrote about it all,  
Unknowing to the lives gone through,  
I suppose you got to wonder,  
How one can joke through pain,  
And cough amongst your peers,  
Thinking he can speak for you,  
Pathetic,  
As we should strive to gain,  
Your knowledge, your struggles, your pain,  
Horribly speaking on behalves of,  
The ones who we must promote.

I have no idea of what you go through,  
The voices of which ears are deaf too,  
But who I am to expect,

The ceiling, the concrete,  
Just know I speak of hearts, and scars, and stains,  
These are the blues of life which I portray,  
But we must save the ones,  
Trying their aspirations,  
And in turn what must accomplish,  
Dreams of balanced truth,  
Balanced expectations,  
Balanced foundations,  
Balanced say,  
As life is a checkboard we all have to play.

### **Spare Images**

Crowded spaces, or empty places,  
Is where memories will linger,  
As it spirals round my finger,  
I speak of how it comes back,  
And one must think this is pathetic,  
Or sad,  
I feel like I need to explain,  
What is going on,  
This is the side of me everyone sees.

The boy who writes his life on a page,  
Look at the dysfunctional love,  
Witness the sad mumbling of the quiet boy,  
You knew from high school,  
Or sitting in the back of the lecture theatre,  
Or standing in the corner of the club,  
What image you must conjure in your heads.

The truth,  
If there is a truth,  
I have no idea what anything is,  
I have no idea what is going to make me happy,  
I have no idea about sadness,  
I wake up and everything falls apart,

I lose a game and it is difficult,  
To wake up again.  
It is hard to take a beating,  
And stand and go, "*one more please*".  
Messengers said take your words,  
And fight for them.  
But have you ever fought with bruised knuckles,  
Black eyes,  
Bandages that'll leave you blind.  
Every moment I break through a stone,  
A brick takes its place.

It is tough to wake up,  
Thinking this will be it,  
You are going to make this day yours,  
When you are reeling from last night's thoughts.  
Do I help myself?  
No, I admit that,  
And I ask no one else to help too,  
Because those who try,  
Well they alone know what I do to myself,  
Thinking it will make it better.

Freedom is extinct,  
As I write about this snare,  
Because all I think is,  
About how unhappy I am.  
What is this environment?  
What is this life?  
Where are the picturesque images I was promised?  
Where is this happiness in love I was meant to find?  
I guess I just saw them in films,  
And read them in books,  
And listen to them in songs,  
I guess I believed the impossible,  
Would work for me.

I feel strange,  
Like one moment will wonder to where the memory,

Will take me,  
And I will strike back against it,  
But then think, and think again,  
What changed?  
I just go back and forth,  
And think hate over the exchange.  
Pathetic,  
Is that a good word?  
Load the question without ammo,  
And the gun won't fire.  
Look over the bridge,  
Down at the water below,  
And the concrete next to it,  
Think about the solidity of choice,  
And then again about how selfish it all is,  
Then think again about how selfless you have always been,  
And how you tried to make everyone else happy,  
And it got you nowhere,  
Then think it will be the first choice you thought for yourself,  
And suddenly a shoulder taps you,  
And you smile at the onlooker,  
And walk on,  
Until the next time you pass by,  
When it will happen again,  
Because it is the sad existence,  
As it is the only happiness I can think of,  
Dancing in the streams,  
Nowhere.

### **Pieces (Interlude)**

Times wonders for you, as it splits into groups, to screw up the imitations that hold shut your door, and tune up your harp, bringing back shapes you have place into a cube. Like new-borns in worship, discover this notion.

### **Basic Skies**

Stick it to the man, stamp it,

Laugh at the joke that doesn't live,  
And smile at the ones who speak too much,  
Lie drunkenly to the minds thinking about futures,  
That exist in the cold nights.

Drag the layabouts off their feet,  
Throw a couple down necks,  
Hold hair back, bang on toilets,  
Shouting vague questions,  
Knowing the answer.

Walk back alone,  
Where does faith go?  
A black house you place your key in,  
No one is waiting,  
Twelve is a pastime.

You've hit the books,  
Fizzled out the speeches,  
Rambled on a message that,  
Words give you dreams,  
And art gives you expectations.

Well, what a surprise,  
You've got yourself here again,  
I guess it is split,  
Admit the hesitation,  
And eat the cure of morning's issues.

### **Something to The Tired**

Dive back,  
Flip over,  
Slip down,  
And watch as you bring out a hand, one that was never grasped.

Dance alone,  
Sing along,

Lift off,  
And clutch to the motion of being kids in the dark.

Touch lips,  
Grip hands,  
Everything stands,  
On ends when the spoken words, are where emptiness never goes.

### **Slowly Catch Me a Fever**

Drop by that empty space,  
For the dispatched courage,  
And the silent fun held aloft,  
By the let go arm crosses.  
Catch the spinning body,  
Showing up in highs,  
With bright drips of solar,  
And metallic licks of the pulse.  
Grip the good ones,  
And dream of burned bad bones,  
List the aspirations,  
Tick the opportunities,  
Fall back into a lapse of comfort,  
Back footed in the company of darling imaginations.

### **Clouds III**

As quilted silk in the sky,  
    Fizzles, sores, clutters by,  
    Assisting in the faint participation,  
    Amplify me brisling in the sun, to the task taken.

### **Seeking**

I feel it all over,  
As I sit with what has gone by,  
The moments that passed with eye glances,  
And the overloads of information cracked into words.

The city that forged,  
Everything that no one knew,  
Would crumble the idealists,  
And stop the tapestry of romantic wallflowers.

Halt, resume,  
Walk the climb,  
Move around the monastery,  
As the day's dew begins to bloom.

Remember the time,  
You lied on the crest,  
And departed from scripture,  
Feeling a laugh come across the picture.

Collapse over the appeal,  
And the hearts you touched,  
The ones that ran away,  
Leaving you so fray.

Lying in a comfort,  
That it was just repeat,  
Which created times of distrust,  
Or even sadness in the softness of a sheet.

Love threw a shield,  
Over the opportunity dreamed up,  
Or it beat over the happiness,  
That could have formed, but never was nourished.

Expect nothing, exist,  
Excuse the fake finalities,  
Spend the nights gazing,

At what litters the sky, momentarily.

Lie back and write about,  
The things you wish,  
And what you want of perfection,  
But watch it speed past as you stick to blank pages.

Stroll past the unloved,  
And shrug off the lives,  
Unknowing to what happens,  
When the wanted collapse at your feet.

Gold city lights,  
Bronze cathedrals and stone walls,  
Blue eyed lampshades,  
Holding you forever in being.

If only nothing goes on from this,  
Brave when the ever dawn hits,  
Goodbye many times to my recollections,  
you exist in the unchained,  
Maybe we will meet again one day, but my honey exists in another night,  
And that is what the next seems to be,

so, guess I must bow out to my infinity.