

Broken Prayer

Jesus, there is no warmth in our deathbeds:
Autumn has stripped us of our dignity
and lambasted our precious petticoats of copper,
our valued pennies accrued in hardship
sewn together as a windbreaker against Winter;
our deciduous gardens hold no fruit
and the maggots cry out for an apple to fester in,
Here, bank accounts mean more than accountability,
interest rates mean more than interest in your fellow man.
We've been baked in the oven of transgression,
burnt skin cackling out like Tantalus,
beseeching and crazed by eternal thirst.

Jesus, there is no meat for our broth,
all we have are ancestors' bones to feast upon,
a hearty stew of heartache and desolation:
we mine poverty for potatoes, kinship for barley,
despair for carrots, and sacrifice our morals
for paltry snippets of week old beef
just to be able to extend our collective miseries
into a few more days of drought,
sinking our well of depression deeper into the cold.
We'll eat the rocks in our delirium.

Jesus, all we want is a home.
All we want is to sleep in the bed of a future.

Colin Dardis

This Is A Man

What is a man?
And what is a great man?
And where is God?
Claiming that God has died,
God has abandoned us,
mankind was His joke, His entertainment
and now He has grown bored of us,
and bored He should.
The dying doesn't interest us,
we give up on the dying
and let them have their last words,
last breaths, last meals, final wishes;
what does it mean to us, who have a future,
whose life is secured?
And God looks down at that security
and waits for your time to come.
He waits at your bedside
in sickness and health
and tends your brow,
your troubled, beaten brow.

Look at your tattoos, your emblems, your epitaphs,
your armbands, your palaces, your libraries,
your spaceships, your spears, your bloodshed,
your brothers, your slogans, your cities,
your manifestoes, your philosophies, your tapestries,
your martyrs, your monuments, your t-shirts
and consider this:

Death comes quickly,
and like a fire that swallows its neighbourhood,
there is no time to gather our possessions.

A great man has no need for possessions.
He can stand by himself,
secure in the knowledge that
his tree bore fruit,
and his fellow man ate of that fruit
and for a small moment,
they tasted salvation.

Colin Dardis

Waiting for the Bomb to Drop

They're waiting to drop the bomb,
their bulbous, greasy fingers posed on the button
as all our green fields are pockmarked with landmines
rattling in the winds of heresy, sandbagging our minds,
making escape the impossible dream;
so we build artificial minds offering artificial escapism,
digital fantasies to console our weeping
and plant distraction into our living rooms:
a pair of blinkers for every man, woman and child
to turn away from the festering corpulence of bankers
and unseen pioneers of legislation
queuing up to jump through the loopholes;
there is no tiger leaping through the flame here,
our economic tiger lies dead in a pool of failed businesses,
with the vomit of sub-prime mortgages and toxic debt
soaking into its stinking fur.
They pumped our children full of gasoline
and left them matchbooks for an inheritance,
a generation of ticking cataclysms,
an assembly line of suicide machines.

Let us break through these firewalls of cynicism
holding the fools of mankind to ransoms
that can only be paid with our entrapped souls,
forced into gas chambers, singing to order,
singing in order to forget the kiss of monoxide,
by the order of faceless generals called prosperity,
civilisation, the great white American dream
wearing the mask of hope.

Colin Dardis