



Mark Cantrell

*In the Words of
Chairman Me*

Redhack Press



In the Words Of
Chairman Me

Mark Cantrell
Copyright (C) January 2010



This e-Book Edition January 2010

First Published June 2004

Copyright (C) June 2004.
All Rights Reserved.

The moral rights of the author have been asserted under the provisions of the Copyright, Designs & Patents Act (1988).



This work is licenced under the Creative Commons Attribution-Non-Commercial-No Derivative Works 2.0 UK: England & Wales License. To view a copy of this licence, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/2.0/uk/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 171 Second Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, California 94105, USA.

Published by the author under the imprint
'Redhack Press'

Email: tykewriter@supanet.com
Web: www.mark-cantrell.blogspot.com

Typesetting & Design by Mark Cantrell

C o n t e n t s

<i>On Bended Knee</i>	Page 4
<i>Saying Hello To The 2010 Edition</i>	Page 6
<i>Foreword, With Chairman Me</i>	Page 7
<i>Author Speak</i>	Page 8
<i>Synapses Of The Soul</i>	Page 9
<i>Censor Not The Poet</i>	Page 10
<i>Sin</i>	Page 10
<i>Poem Without End</i>	Page 11
<i>Ode To Revolutionaries To Be</i>	Page 12
<i>Like A Salmon Swim</i>	Page 13
<i>The Poem On The Page Is Dead</i>	Page 14
<i>Reaper</i>	Page 14
<i>Serious</i>	Page 15
<i>Creator Of All Things Words</i>	Page 15
<i>On Judgement Day</i>	Page 16
<i>Chat Rooms</i>	Page 18
<i>Silly Me</i>	Page 18
<i>Silence</i>	Page 18
<i>All In A Life's Time</i>	Page 19
<i>Time Please</i>	Page 19
<i>Dial An Alchemist</i>	Page 20
<i>Blessed Dreamers</i>	Page 20
<i>Death Of A Universe</i>	Page 21
<i>Can We?</i>	Page 22
<i>What A Man Isn't</i>	Page 23
<i>Peace @ Last</i>	Page 24
<i>Peace Is More Fun</i>	Page 24
<i>Nobody Knows Your Name</i>	Page 25
<i>Government Health Warnings Screw You Up</i>	Page 26
<i>Ghost In The Window</i>	Page 27
<i>Revolutionary Chic</i>	Page 28
<i>Feeding Time</i>	Page 29
<i>Jigsaws & Scrabble</i>	Page 30
<i>Finding God</i>	Page 30
<i>The Final Poem</i>	Page 31
<i>Biography</i>	Page 32

On Bended Knee

*“If religion has something to say about living my life,
then I shall listen to advice sincerely given though I
cannot promise to take heed.”*

*“I shall not listen to instructions on how to live and
think, be they from any servant of a God or the God
himself. I shall not be told to obey, I shall not be told to
fear. I will not accept instructions on how to correctly
bend my knee before any Deity.”*

Mark Cantrell

In The Words Of Chairman Me

Saying 'Hello' To The 2010 Edition

HANG out among poets for any length of time and you'll eventually encounter the chapbook. This is a self-published tome, typically A5 staple-bound and home made, that has long been an essential element of poetic circles. One might almost say they are swapped around like business cards.

These days, the words of a poet have so many other potential outlets, courtesy of the internet and digital publishing, but when it comes to mingling in the social milieu of the poet – at lit fayres, open mics and writers' groups – the chapbook remains an important tool. Call it hardcopy file-sharing if you want, but one where there's at least some kind of fair trade partaken if not an actual cash transaction.

So, like many a social poet, supping beer at the venues, I self-published a handful of poetry chapbooks. I did the same for some of my essays and prose writing, cheaply binding them, and touting them to peers. I published, they sold in the small numbers I produced (as is par the course for chapbooks – their rarity is perhaps an essential aspect of their purpose), and then they passed into the backstory of time.

Until now.

It seemed an apt time to dust off the old DTP files and re-issue the paper chapbooks in a PDF ebook format, retaining the old look and feel as much as possible. So, here we have *In The Words Of Chairman Me* presented as a digital second edition.

There's more where this came from, so why not give them a try?

**Mark Cantrell,
Manchester,
10 January 2010**

Foreword

With Chairman Me



COMRADES! Congratulations on buying a copy of this not-so-very-well-read book. That will soon change.

As you have gratefully discovered, the gloriously gullible members of the Bond Villains Fashion Victim Appreciation Society (BVFVAS) are moving amongst you. They are persuasive, for they have right on their side, and profound arguments to entice the unacknowledged into parting with their cash.

The cosh is for those who show unwilling.

As we grow in number comrades, our sheer historical will becomes unstoppable. And so all shall know the benevolence of Chairman Me.

We shall smash those bourgeois recidivists who hark back to the reactionary days of free open mics. These deluded fools who fail to realise the inevitability of our historical imperative will see their free verses crushed under the iron heel of our pretentions.

Together, comrades, as we ride high on the success of the not-so-very-well-read book, we shall teach them the error of their ways. These fools who cling to such outdated precepts: that poetry should rhyme. That it should stir the heart and mind. That it should become a lightening storm crackling through the soul. Why these fools even think that poetry should be good.

We shall show them comrades!

Together.

Rejoice! The Recitation Is Upon Us!

**Me, Me, Me,
The Universe, June 2004**

Author Speak

THEY tell me my work is too political.

I should branch out more.

Don't have an opinion in other words. Don't think. Refrain from asking questions. Be banal. Join the flow of normality. Mine is not to reason why. That's what they really mean.

If I must do these things, then what is the point of penning words? If I am to turn my face away from those dazzling detonations of thought, why bother to be a poet?

I know not all poets are political, and this is no detriment to their work. Not all of my work is such either. Most indeed is not. But if we are expected to turn away from what inspires us and drives us on as writers, then we are betraying all the scribes of times past and times yet to be. Poets should burn with the fire that inspires them, whatever its fuel might be.

Mine is often what I am told not to be.

Don't be political.

Turn off. Tune out. Fade away.

Screw that.

I will follow my muse. I will write what inspires me. I will follow that burning path of creativity that streaks through the lifeline of my soul. And I will be political, as and when the mood speaks.

I am a poet. I go where the words take me.

Dare you follow me into these pages?

I dared.

But I am political, and unashamed.

**Mark Cantrell,
Bradford, 25 June 2004**

Synapses of the Soul

HERE in the cold night, when the world is quiet, the writer sits to think. The distractions of the day are hidden in shadow.

He has nothing now to divert him from the words, but the smoking cigarette and the steaming mug of coffee or the shot of chilled licqor to wet the tongue. For the dedicated writer, these are no distractions. They are essential components of the writer's craft. Both work to stimulate mind and brain, encouraging the two in their symbiotic and mysterious process of generating fantasy and imagination.

The writer pauses to inhale some smoke.

As he does so, his mind is blank, but somewhere beneath the void, neurons are working their magic. In collective harmony, they weave words and ideas. The process is as old and as timeless as the human mind itself. Rooted in ages past, even to the primordial origins of the human soul.

With exhalation comes the plume of words. They are zapped down the nervous system in a complex array of signals. Elaborate, and yet simple, they stir muscle and bone. A thousand signals move the machinery of arm and hand and fingers. Precision co-ordination of hand and eye discharges the words onto the written page, or the phosphor-glow of the computer screen.

While the writer poses, the brain works its mysterious magic. The results are the words that sear the human imagination. Each idea generated in the depths of the human soul, discharged like lightning through the tips of clumsy appendages. There to wait until scanned by a roving eye.

And then in reverse the lightning strikes. Through the darkest depths of the pupil, through the intense complexity of neurons that now decode meaning, the thoughts and ideas so carefully interwoven explode in a fresh mind. Meaning leaps through the void of darkness that separates our individual thoughts.

Words are the neuro-transmitters of the collective human soul, our fingers the synapses that bind us together as one human consciousness.

Censor Not The Poet

Don't subordinate
The poet to the
Narrow needs
Of party line.
Don't censor
The poet's words
To the cause
Of revolution's
Fervour.
Let their words
Speak; for
They are just
As revolutionary as you
In their own
Astounding way.
So shackle our muse
If you so dare,
And then you'll find
That poets bite!

Sin

If it is a sin
To live together
Man & man,
Woman & woman,
Or Man & woman,
In love
Then so be it.
Ignore the tyranny
Of God & Priest
And live & love
In blissful
Sin.

Poem Without End

One day
We won't exist.
And on that day
We will never have existed.
Our gathering here
Where we share our words
A beer
Laughter or tears
 Won't even be a myth,
 For we will all have vanished
 Along with our words & verse
 Into the singularity of past-time,
 Where even history
 Cannot escape the gravitational might
 Of ancient amnesia.

 And so, on the day
 That the Black Hole of time
 Swallows all that we were
 This poem will never
 Have been written,
 You will never have heard
 These words.

 So this poem can never actually end
 For it never ended,
 Only go on reciting forever
 Trapped beyond the Event
 Horizon
 Of the distant past
 Now and forever forgotten...

Ode To The Revolutionaries To Be...

To the Riders of the
Marxist Bandwagon,
To the self-styled
Elite of the future's
Revolution,
To the revolutionary to be:
Hear my words
As I say this.
I am working class
And not your slave.
I made my choices
In a confused & confusing
Life & time.
I lack the clarity
Of your narrow
Ideological prism,
I lack the luxury
Of your armchair hindsight.
So when you judge me,

Do so wisely -- if you are
So capable.
For myself, I doubt
Your ability, you slave
To the party line.
So remember this:
I am a socialist,
A member of the
Agency of Change
However so flawed.
So I say unto you
I am not your property,
Nor are my words or deeds.
Bear this in mind,
When you cast judgement.
At the end of this day,
I can only say:
“Fuck you!”

Like A Salmon Swim

We stand in the present,
Ever changing, from
One moment
To the next.
But what is it,
Really, this place where
We dwell?
The Here & Now
Is nothing
But a Vortex
In the stream of Time.
It's a sink-hole
Where Tomorrow's promise
Gushes
Into the Oblivion
Of Yesterday's Sewer.
It's the point of No Return,
Where the undertow
Of Time's ebbing Tide
Pulls us into the deeps of
Eventual Death.
Like you, my
Fellow travellers through Time,
I swim against the raging

Torrent
In the eye of that Temporal swirl.
For a while, at least,
I live like a Salmon,
Leaping and skipping and swimming
Against this chronological deluge.
But with every
Moment
That drains away,
A morsel of strength passes too.
My breast strokes weaken,
My stride declines.
For now, my head floats above
The meniscus of history,
But, it's only a matter of
Time.

The Poem On The Page Is Dead

The poem died,
So young,
So virgin pure.
Why?
Why did this precious
Thing die, so unfulfilled?

Because Author-Man
Was afraid, that's why.
Afraid
His creature would hide
Forever in the shade
Of his Mind,
Afraid it would go unnoticed
And deny his acclaim.
So in anger
And impatience, he stirred his pen
And poked and prodded
In the shade
To extract that poor
Shy
Poem.
And in so doing,
He crippled its delicacy,
Broke its frail magic,
Until it emerged
A disfigured thing,
Stillborn & dead upon his page.

Reaper

The Reaper lies
A'waiting
Out there in the shade.
Ever patient,
He sharpens his blade.
He knows you'll come
In time.

Creator Of All Things Words

Tell me where to go
And I shall tell you
How it's done.
Together we shall be a force
Unrivalled
And unreckoned
In the creation
Of Universes untold.
I, of course,
Will become God,

Serious

Life is far
Too serious
To truly
Take it so.
So laugh
And be merry
For tomorrow
We cry.

While you my humble
Acolyte
Shall recite my words,
And play the role of
Devil,
So that our servants
And the playthings we make
Will tremble
And bicker, and fight
For our glory.
And we shall watch them
From on high,
And stir them with pens
To do our bidding,
For in our Words
Are we Divine,
And, unless, published
Editors are but miserly atheists
That we shall yet
Smite...

On Judgement Day

And so it came to pass
That on Judgement Day
The armies
Of Heaven and of Hell
Marched forth to war.
Up for grabs was the fate
Of Mankind,
And both sides craved the prize.

Oblivious to this,
Mankind did His own thing,
And pretty soon scuppered
The Grand Cosmic Design,
For when the armies
Mustered, they found Man
Embroided already in Mortal Combat.
Worse still, things had greatly
Changed
Since last time Heaven & Hell
Played their Great Game,
For Man had so many
New & interesting toys...

So the General Gabriel
And the Warlord Lucifer,
Nodded a greeting, from across the
Divide,
As one professional to another,
And under flag of truce both rode

Forth to talk out there
In No-Angel's Blighted Land.
"Should not the humans be running
Scared
Before our Celestial Might?" Lucifer
Did ask.
To which Gabriel replied: "Indeed."
"Only, they don't look scared,"
Lucifer added. "More pissed off."

So General and Warlord felt like a
Pair of party poopers.
For Mankind did watch the Two
Angelic Hosts, a savage
Gleam within their eyes.
Such a gaze was enough to make
Even the most hardened Hell-
Spawned Demon
Or Smite-happy Angel think twice
About their Celestial Career.

"Lucy, old boy, we might be in
Trouble."

"Right there, Gabby. What does the
Old Grey Beard Upstairs
Have to say about this?"
Looking embarrassed, Gabby cleared
His throat.
"Not a lot I'm afraid,

The Old Boy's gone soft, and
Spent the last few Millennia looking
For His Inner Self.

In fact, I left him discussing
Zoroastrianism to that
Infernal Tree.
I think it's trying to convert Our
Lord."

At that, Lucifer raised an eyebrow,
Then he glanced
To his army and then that of his foe.
How mighty they looked in gleaming
Armour,
Bright Chariots and steeds of fire,
Swords ready, archers keen for the
Fray.

And then the Humans,
With their guns and tanks,
Airplanes and ships,
Their missiles tipped with
Chemical, biological and nuclear
Hell.

A great tactician, he fast reached a
Decision...

"Bugger this for a game of soldiers,
It's too bloody dangerous."
"I agree," Gabby replied, biting back
His fear.

"Those human's look mean, so let's
Get the Hell out of here."

With that they retreated,
And left the humans defeated
By disappointment.
In vain they cried
"Come back!"
But the Angels paid no heed,
And so Mankind went back to what
He did best:
Destruct-testing His fellow kind,
In a multitude of imaginative ways.

As for the Angels, they barred
The gates to Heaven and Hell,
Fearful that Man might force His
way In,
And so create Havoc as he did on
Earth.
There the Angels trembled, and
Cursed the day
That Man was ever born.
And the Lord Upstairs?
Well, He finally converted
To Zoroastrianism,
And the Apple Tree
Got promoted, and took on the
Mantle of God.

Chat Rooms

I went in to the
News room
But nobody was there.
I went to
Current affairs
Then books,
And nobody was there.
I tried the porn room
And found one
Sad wanker
Crying all alone
(And hey -- it wasn't me, okay).
I went to talk
About the weather
But there was only me.
Then I tried the
Stress room
But,
It was full of Moaning Minnies
And I couldn't get in...

Silly Me

I fell in love,
She said:
Don't be silly!
I asked her out,
She said:
Don't be silly!
She broke my heart,
She said:
Oh, don't be silly!
But,
That's me,
I'm very silly...

Silence

The paper is silent.
It has no words
To say.
Simply blank,
It reflects the light
Of an empty mind.
So pure, it is,
Yet filled
With promise,
For that silent page
Represents so much
Yet to say.

All In A Life's Time

Temporal flowing stops
To admire the view
Of A glowing simulacrum
That exists
In the framework
Of Arctic frozen ink.
The world goes on oblivious,
Gushing ever upwards
To the elliptical whirlpool
Plug
Somewhere in the sky
Of Cosmic Awakenings.
Stars waltz,
And whirl their crazy zig-zag
Around the pin-wheel
Of galactic clusters.
Black holes indulge
Infinite appetites for the
Beauty of Creation
And gorge on all that is.

I watch, side by side
With Time,
And capture the rhythm,
The ebbing flow,
Of universal calculation
With the slide-rules
Of poetic inclinations.
My pen pauses
To ask:
What does it all mean,
This dazzling, swirling miasma of
Chaos?
All is mystery,
Amalgamated in fertile union
With Enigma.
Perhaps the answer lurks
Here, somewhere,
Amongst the scribbled words
Of my Life with Time.

Time Please

Time is nothing but an illusion,
But closing time
Is the hard brick
Of reality
Hitting your face.

Dial An Alchemist

Dialectical Alchemists
Speak in garbled tongues;
High on mercury
Rising,
Fumes of leaden bull.
They tell me how
It's going to be,
And offer tea
Laced with spring time
Arsenide.
I knock it back,
My latest pint,
And laugh
For I have seen
And prophesied
Them saying
These things
For too many days
In kind.
And as they languish
Secure
In Hatter's Mad Bosom,
I see them smelted pour
And cast aside
By the yet real Forgers
Of Potential
Still waiting to be.

Blessed Dreamers

Blessed Be
The Dreamers;
From the cave
Painters,
To the artists
Of the Digital Web,
From the Poets
To the Musicians,
The scientists & visionaries,
To all who think beyond
The dreary norm.
Blessed be to them all
For they are the daring
Explorers
Braving the path
Of tomorrow's potential;
blazing lights,
Navigators of living
Each and every one.
Without them,
The nay-sayers
Can never be.
They are the burden,
We are their
Salvation.

Death Of A Universe

Take a life,
Kill that spark of spirit
And destroy a vast uncharted
Universe.
That's what happens
With just one death,
So multiply that
By the thousand
By the million,
Try even more.
No, these are not but statistics,
But the destruction
Of something greater & grander
Than the physical universe
In which we dwell.
For every human brain
Is more complex
Than creation.
This finite lump of fatty tissue
Is an engine to map
Infinity.


And on this
Earth
Are billions,
Less those obliterated
By the slaughter
Of war,
Famine, disease
And industrial squalor.
Kill a human being
Kill a universe.
So how long before
The bullet kills
The one significant Mind
That holds us all,
And so erases
All trace
Of this human race?

Can We?

Can poets create peace
Through their words alone?
Let's be true,
We face a powerful foe.
One that is armed
To their ferocious teeth
With guns & bombs
And mechanical death.
And we poets
Have only our pens,
And frail gossamer minds.
So how can we with words
Alone
Overturn this Empire of Rage?
By speaking true,
By shouting loud,
Until our words are heard.
For humanity craves
Peace & Life,
And so long as we recite,
We will make strong
The light
That reminds Man
Of his violent folly.

What A Man Isn't

Man is not a hunter.
Man is not a warrior.
The first he did,
In ages past,
Forced by the hand of need.
The second he did,
In later life,
Forced by the hand of Greed.
That was when he lost his way,
Went mad, perhaps, you see.
For now we live
In the midst of plenty,
But still we starve & die.
War rages across the globe,
And starving children
Scream.
Their's is the symphony
Of a race gone mad,
As we teeter on the brink.
For man is not a warrior,
Man is not a hunter,
Man is just insane.
There's still a chance,
He'll yet be cured;



We read that medicine here.
Shout out loud,
So he'll hear, and be guided
Back to hearth and home.
Then he'll remember:
He'll remember who he was.
Man is a farmer,
Man is a builder,
Man is a lover,
Man is a poet.
And when his memory
Thus returns,
He'll throw down his gun
And sit by the fire.
Their by our side,
He'll sigh away his weariness,
Find his inner peace,
And sing us his song.

Peace @ Last

After centuries
Of war
Comes peace at last.
All is quiet
On the Western fronts.
Bombs no longer
Obliterate flesh,
Bullets no more
Shatter bone,
Children scream in fear
No more,
And not a single
Mother weeps.
So rejoice
Rejoice!
At conquering peace
There is no suffering
At long last.
But wait. Listen.
Where are all the voices?
There are no shouts of joy
No laughing children
Just the song of birds
And the buzz of
Many bloated flies.
No people are left,
Only human remains.
No one can now rejoice.
Extinct is the Human Race,
And so on Earth,
There is peace at last.

Peace Is

Make Love,
Not War.
Make Babies,
Not bodies.
Create Life,
Not Death.
It's not difficult.
It's easy.
People have been
Doing it
For years.
It's fun too,
Much more so
Than War.
So put away
Your guns & bombs
There's much better
Tackle to
Play with,
And it doesn't
Cost the Earth.

More Fun

George W Bush
Has never met you.
He doesn't know your name
Or care about your pain.
All the same,
He wants you dead.
He believes
It's the right thing to do,
Or so he likes to say.
So kill you he will,
And all your
Friends & family too.
Your skin is brown, you see,
Somehow less human than his.
But your death will not
Be in vain.
War is good for business
So when you die,
Your children too,
The tills will ring out loud
Ker-ching!
Some fat cat
In the crude oil game
Will make a killing
From you
So rejoice
When that bomb explodes
Or bullet strikes:
You've done your bit
For global trade.

**Nobody
Knows
Your
Name**

But Still They Want You Dead!

Government Health Warnings Screw You Up

WARNING!

Smoking when pregnant harms your baby.

Oh SHIT!

Why didn't they tell me that *before*?

I might have worn a condom then.

Only...

Only, well...

I just don't like the taste of burning

Prophylactic.

I like my fags *raw*.

You know what I mean?

The red-hot glowing tip

Spewing

Smoke

For me to suck

All the way

Down

To my lungs.

What a rush!

The nicotine gives.

When it surges up my brain.

And *now* they tell me; this smoking's

All up the duff!

Better get a pregnancy test, I guess.

In The Words Of Chairman Me

That'll be fun, when I go into to ask.
Bet I get some funny looks.
But first, I'll get my latest fix.
Nice new packet of flammable stuff.
Hey! What's this?
Smoking may reduce the blood flow and cause impotence!
What?
You mean, it's all a phantom, this pregnancy?
All this sorry news, it's enough to make you sag in despair.
So much, then,
For that bloody condom.

Ghost In The Window

I see a face,
Across the way,
Reflected in glass,
And looking back.
Pale & spectral
Like a ghost,
I watch myself
And think:
That is my life.
Merely a reflection
Captured in glass.

Revolutionary Chic

How dare the working class
Make such a fool
Of our revolutionary cool?
Don't they realise
They are the agency of change?
They are the future,
The key,
To a world of virtue & peace.
But they won't do as we say.
They insist on
Fighting the fight, while
We leaflet on the side,
Bicker and sneer
At their working class life.
They fight and they struggle,
Blindfolded in the dark.
We could light the way,
We could share the fight.
But that would destroy

Our revolutionary pose,
And smother our hands
In dirt.
How dare the working class
Conduct their historical role,
Without we, the pseudo-
Marxist elite
To tell them what to do.
They should be our slaves,
They should hang on our
Every word.
They should lick our boots
And flatter our precious egos,
Because that is why, we feel,
Old Marx put them on this Earth.
The working class belongs to us.
So how dare they show us up,
And wreck our
Revolutionary chic.

Feeding Time

Take heed
You brazen
Vulture Lords.
You picked clean
Our bones
For far too long
Now you
Lounge so bloated,
Yet the day
Will come
When your laden
Table
Is finally
Overturned.
On that fine day,
The feast is ours,
We'll gorge upon
Your flesh.
We'll bite and swallow
Each & every
Morsel,
You first savaged
From our forms.
We shall eat you
Alive
And drink your
Blood,
We'll leave your bones
To bleach in the sun,
And we'll piss

My Dad
Is a psychopath.
Every day,
I'm home from school
He's waiting with his axe.
He chops me up
And boils the bits
To render them for glue.
Then he spends
The night
Fixing me back up.
My Dad
Is a psychopath.
He likes his puzzle games:
Slice & dice,
Like a jigsaw puzzle,
A little scrabble
Too...

In your dead &
Empty Skulls.
So heed my words,
You foul
Bloodsucker,
We are your
Carrion
No more!

Jigsaws & Scrabble

Finding God

Today, I found God.
There was a flash of light,
A trumpet roar,
As a car turned a corner
And dazzled my eyes.
And then
There,
In the after glow from a neon lamp
Was God,
A mess of shapeless rags in the gutter,
Meths in hand
Mumbling incoherent.
He sensed me and turned rheumy eyes
To gaze my way.
The filthy rags unfurled,
A hand beckoned forth,
And he spoke thus unto me:
“Spare any change for a down on his luck deity?”
For a moment I stared.
Then I found my voice.
“Get a job, you bum!”
I declared,
And kicked him in the head.

In The Words Of Chairman Me

The Final Poem

When the poetry ends,
With a final flourish
Or the pregnant pause
Of a lost thought,
What happens then
To the pen?

**Mark Cantrell,
Bradford, June 2004**

Copyright © June 2004/ January 2010.
All Rights Reserved.

Biography

THE physical entity known as Mark Cantrell was created in a little known genetics laboratory tucked away in Girlington, Bradford.

The conceptual software that drives him came some time later, and is still undergoing beta testing.

Meanwhile, he is a journalist, kind of a poet, and a novelist. At least, when he's not propping up a bar at one of the quieter drinking dens in the city.

In recent years, he has self-published several chapbooks of his poetry and journalism work. His short stories have appeared in a variety of small press publications, and for a brief period his second novel was published online as an ebook. It sold a grand total of two copies. Go figure.

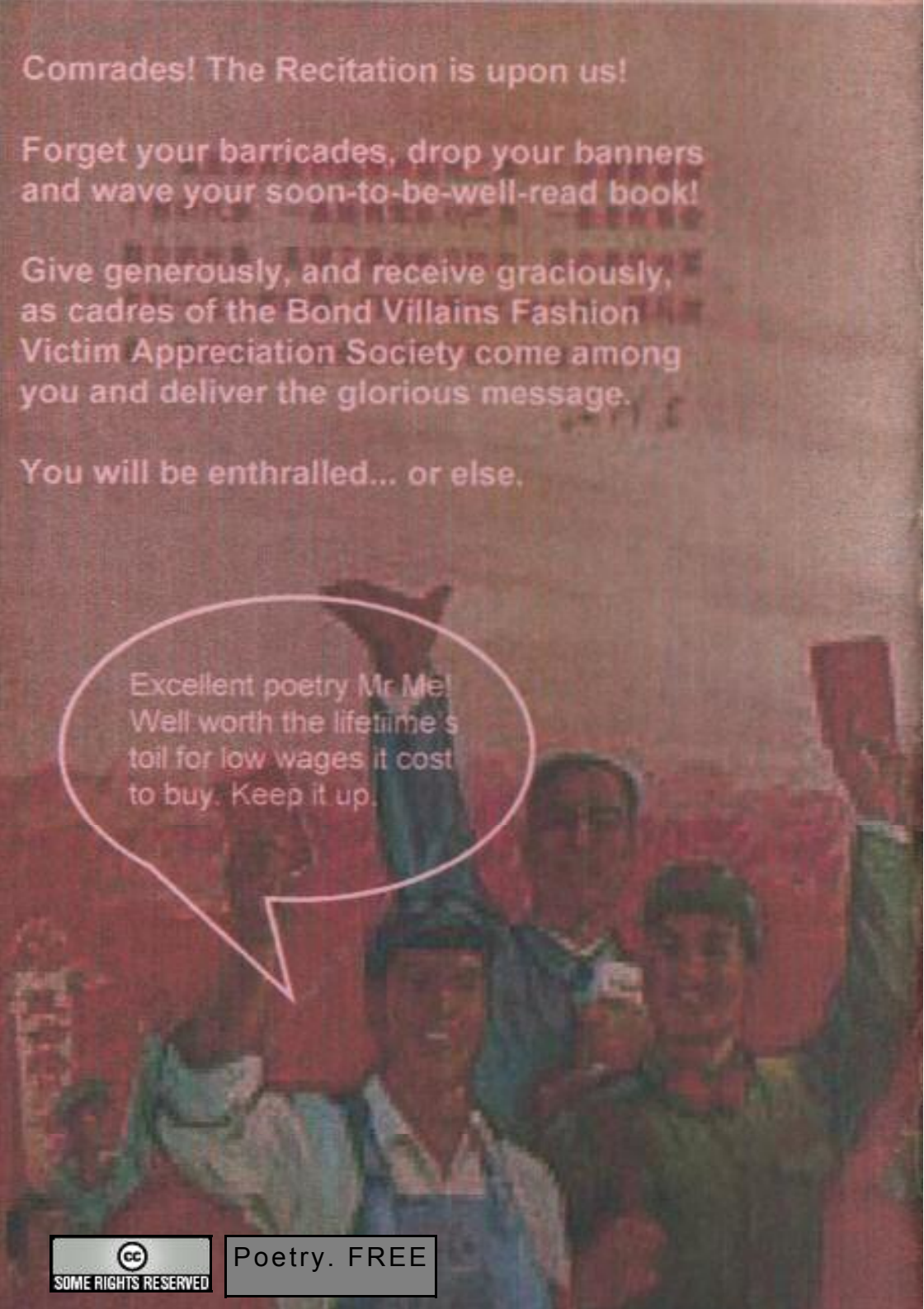
One day, he might actually do something that makes these mini-biographies seem interesting...

Comrades! The Recitation is upon us!

Forget your barricades, drop your banners
and wave your soon-to-be-well-read book!

Give generously, and receive graciously,
as cadres of the Bond Villains Fashion
Victim Appreciation Society come among
you and deliver the glorious message.

You will be enthralled... or else.



Excellent poetry Mr Mel!
Well worth the lifetime's
toil for low wages it cost
to buy. Keep it up.



SOME RIGHTS RESERVED

Poetry. FREE