

James, Of Monsters & Heroes & Men

Stray cats with fish heads
Feeding their litters
Feral kids fight
Over rats tailed from gutters
Bookie mouth brokers
Rotten fruit sellers
Pickpockets ghost through the crowd

He climbs onto boxes
By market stall traders
Toothless and grey haired
Thousand yard stare
He had a vision
Which broke the receiver
Receiving transmission
Surface to air

Either way. Im in awe of you
Either way. Well survive. Well survive

Conjuring devils,
Angels and demons
Only the children see shape to his tone
Laughing and crying
His song fell upon us
We buried his treasure along with the bones
Arms held aloft
A Y to the sky
Innocent witness
He testified
Drained of his purpose
He falls off the quayside
Absorbed by the ocean
Rolled by the tide

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Under the power lines
Which crackle and sparkle
Under the freeway
Now mostly rubble
The hungry still gather
To fill up with stories
Of monsters and heroes and men
Under the stars
Which prick us and call us
Connect us to hope
That perfections within is
Here on the ground
Were reckless and hopeless
Damned by the slip of a pen
Rambling poets
Manic with vision
We are the drivers yet we feel driven
Moths in the moonlight
Fooled by a flashlight
Caught in a jam jar
Gasping for air
Rambling poets
Manic with vision

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