

# Fish, Fugazi

Vodka intimate, an affair with isolation in a Blackheath cell  
Extinguishing the fires in my private hell  
Provoking the heartache to renew the license  
Of a bleeding heart poet in a fragile capsule  
Propping up the crust of the glitter conscience  
Wrapped in the christening shawl of a hangover  
Baptized in tears from the real  
Drowning in the liquid seize on the Piccadilly line, rat-race  
Scuttling through the damp electric labyrinth  
Caress Ophelia's hand with breaststroke ambition  
The albatross courtship marrytime tradition  
Sheathed with the walkman wear the halo of distortion  
Aural contraceptive aborting pregnant conversation  
But she turned the harpoon and it pierced my heart  
She hung herself around my neck  
From the Time-Life guardians in their conscience bubbles  
Safe and dry in my sea of troubles  
Nine to Fives, with suitable ties  
While I'm cast adrift as their sideshow, peepshow, stereo hero  
Becalm, bestill, bewitch, drowning, drowning in the real  
The thief of Baghdad hides in Islington now  
Praying deportation for his sacred cow  
A legacy of romance from a twilight world  
The dowry of a relative mystery girl  
A Vietnamese flower, a dockland union  
A mistress of release from a magazine's thighs  
This magdalene contracts more than favours  
The feeding hands of western promise hold her by the throat  
A son of the swastika of '45, parading a peroxide standard  
Graffiti disciples conjure testaments of hatred  
Aerosol wands whisper where the searchlights trim the barbed wire hedges  
This is Brixton chess  
A knight for embankments folds his newspaper castle  
A creature of habit, begs the boatman's coin  
He'll fade with old soldiers in the grease-stained roll-call  
Linger with the heartburn of Good Friday's last supper  
Son watches father scan obituary columns  
In search of absent school friends  
While his generation digests high-fibre ignorance  
Cowering behind curtains and the taped up, painted windows  
Decriminalized genocide, provided door-to-door Belsens  
Pandora's box of holocausts  
Gracefully cruising satellite-infested heavens  
Waiting, the season of the button  
The penultimate migration  
Radioactive perfumes for the fashionably  
For the terminally insane, insane  
Do you realise, do you realise, do you realise  
This world is totally fugazi  
Where are the prophets, where are the visionaries  
Where are the poets, to breach the dawn of the sentimental mercenary?