

# Piano Magic, The Journal Of A Disappointed Man

I slip and slide through my life, trying to get a grip on the rail. I'm grasping in the dark for a switch th

I have lost touch with everyone I went to school with, everyone in the village where I spent most of  
My lovers cannot be traced. I know. I've tried. I've taken trains to their cities and stood on street cor

I began my autobiography at 23 years old, with the intention that I wouldn't live 'til 25. But I'd done m  
I took a position at the Natural History Museum but left after only 3 months due to allergies. Whilst

Lonely, penniless, paralysed by the guilt of never having told my father I loved him, I wander hospit