

Poetry Series

Andrew Nawroski
- poems -

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Andrew Nawroski(10-10-2000)

I am a full time studio based practicing artist based in Wales UK. I write poetry that occasionally accompanies my art work. I have been writing poetry on and off for the past nine years hence my date of birth.

Qualification's: OCN, HNC, HND, BA, MA all in various art subjects.

.....Plastic Land.

Automatic instamatic £400 geld...

Adult toy rocket science....

With allsorts buttons.....

Packed to perfection....

By factory scientists

2 tone and 20 tone....

Touchy feely....

Printer friendly....

On an ergo dynamic wheelchair

Canon 1 Manchester United 0....

Fuji, Nikon, Pentax....

Or the new 1 billion pixel Zaxti....

All made in plastic land.

Andrew Nawroski

21st Century Shopping Mall

Built on a day in sin
Sand, girders and tin
Prefab shopping mall
For a working class clientele
Everything for sale
With chemist and optician
Open 24/7
All made in heaven.

.....
Social gathering if you like
Star parade caked music.
Push your food around Mike

.....
Prefab shopping mall
The Vatican
A pilgrimage every time
The Notre-dime.

.....
Walk down towering isles
To marry a barbeque
With blessed burger
You become the Pope
In prefab shopping mall.

.....
Checkout!
A gorgeous honey bun
With e numbered eyes
Or male hunky spunk
Wearing organic hair gel
Loving your food to death
Into recyclable bags
Or do it yourself
With smiley friendly computer scanner
Serving a mega ram lip service.

.....
However much you pay
Sacred food should stay
You cannot ever leave
Our God blessed sanctified

Prefab shopping mall.....

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A Snowflake

.....Falls in symitary
Boundless imperfection
Fits perfectly.....

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Age

Whatever became to dishevel then make crooked a spine,
and become to weak knee'd to measure a mile.
For if you could sing hearts would chime
and still make it a worldly trial.
So much to tell of how so free,
asks nothing then everything given.
For when old new it be,
is toward a grave still driven.

Andrew Nawroski

Another World

Grave shadowed shallows
Reaching tentacle eye laden breath
Whispers! Whispers! eye whispers
Whispering eye's
On on brain leaden beach.

Ghosts of worlds deeper hearts
Burst open wide like volcano
Spewing dreams to wandering souls
Then make God think
On raised minions
Creates another world.

Andrew Nawroski

Bread & Cheese Or A Snippet From Dostoevsky

'TODAY'! I am having bread and cheese for tea
Mark me! no ordinary bread and cheese
but special Dostoevsky bread and cheese
"Meaning" crusterly dried bread,
encasing penicillin spotted flaking cheese
with prelude of three symphonies
Giving praises to all cheese.

It is a rats delight!
From mighty culinary power
I hope to shit the bed when asleep,
then wake to a new morning refreshed.

19 alternate titles.

.....

1. Artists pay day.
2. The intellects diet.
- 3.76 Word Bad Menu.
4. Dostoevskys Love Life.
5. Shakespears Blink of the Eye.
6. Old Mother Hubbards Nightmare.
7. Chekov Screws Marilyn Munroe.
8. Critics Lecture About Nothing.
9. piE r squared = 2 Cheese Sandwiches.
10. I Love You More Than Words Can Say.
11. Okay! But I am Slowly Starving To Death.
12. The Cat Ate The Turkey On Christmas Day.
13. The Dog As Started Acting Strange Again.
14. How Not to Write a Poem about Love & Life.
15. Say Cheese & Smile When you Take a Picture.
16. Dont Forget to Brting a Bottle of Wine Around for Tea.
17. Quick Put the Radiio On There Might Be a Program on About Cheese.
- 18.65 Words in Cyberspace Torn from My Heart and Soul.
19. Poem: Andrew Nawroski 02010.

Andrew Nawroski

Bridge

When all occasion appreciated immortal sin
Guileless join of divide
Sentient did pass in quaint array
Such did cross where man could not
To inquisition plan became our way.

Passing time afford steel with concrete
Man stride monolithic arachnid mollusc sheet
Vein of life no care be gave it there
Where immortal sin did win
A plaque in state to tell with grin.

Hungry knowing such dreams
And imaginary
Speak to make a bridge of time and all
Circumvolve forever dream planets and God
Then stand to look tall
And fall with dream across its back
Then cross.

Oh bidding structured connection
Does animal see or care this plight
How you rid their space
To similar grace so few.

Come know over what we've done
Pass with glee
to a land of like glass anomaly
And fly with giant's wing claw n'all
To scrape God's chapel wall
Then sing to how be done
These bridges of kingdom come.

Andrew Nawroski

Catastrophy

Like tax on a fly
Over cracked ground
Armed favours wait
On burning generals children
Beckoning Lucifer awake
Whilst riding a grinning Russian dog
Slowly falls down
A widening crack.

Breaking our world apart more
It spins
On bent axis
Distantly
Through time and space
Then slows right down
Till we all disembark.

Andrew Nawroski

Christmas

CHRISTMAS.

Spare me the wrath of Christmas,
To live eternally in springtime bliss.
And be free from dolls and cake.
For god's sake haven't we had enough?
Cheap foods and all that useless stuff.
Prohibitions wouldn't stop this yuletide gad,
Madness of mind would surround man, woman, girl, and lad.
Shop windows would break, for miss of red not Jesus sake,
Drunks would cry, small children die.
This Christmas time is here for good.
Royal gentle holiday does any like your majestic way.
Carpet laid on table, dog and cat should moan,
Don't dream at Christmas it's all we have at home.

Andrew Nawroski

Cinema Love

All seated to nearest times,
Bags of sweets different kinds
Crushed velvet seats
One arm rest apiece
Eyes ready and wide
Sound fills the air
15 lectures on how to shop
Quick films coming soon
Film begins to play.

Novic moon waxing Exploding
Myriad dreams
I thought you were beautiful
Tried to reach for your hand
Falling in love over African beasts
Dancing through flower fields
Rolling mists
Raises everyone towards the sky
In meadows of fire
Constant implosion explosion
Terrestrial heavens
Planets of astronomers
Forms of life to much to dream
Universe brain of God

INTERVAL

Lights are raised slightly
Everyone sweating
Lights soften
Film returns
In a solitary room
Like a hanging museum
Colored purple, red, blue and white
Motionless on fresh carpet
Legs like steel gates
Heads slightly back
Drift away night
To war and conquer

On giant owl breaking nights
Crystal black water
Shine azure diamonds
Solid moon.

Hello! Yes! hello! Yes! Hello! Yes!
Yes! yes! hello! hello! Yes! Yes!
Sparkling flowers across your body
Dance soft echoes breeze
Lights brighten
We all stand and leave.

Andrew Nawroski

Cinema Love2

You never loved me when all was said
Until we watched a horror film together
The night of the living dead
And you gripped my hand real tight
Like you wanted to kill me outright
You whispered make love to me like nothing before
Stroke my body until I burst with desire
Lead my demons right out of the door
Lets frolic together in the eternal fire
Throw me about with all your might
Hold me inside out real tight.

Arising like a full grown stud should
I went to the kiosk and brought some popcorn
Came back and found on your seat
All folded nice and neat
A note that read
I have gone home in retreat
With the fellow in the next seat
To make love in our brand new bed.

Andrew Nawroski

City Life

Buildings to cloud skywards high
Over fence and walls seeing eye
Naked window shopping.

Children cool spring days
Dance spinal parent hoedown
Giggling through mountain tops
Inside vagrant smiles across roofs
Pockets full of statues wanting coin.

Retail superstar telepathic god of money
Filling spaces with fresh
Stray dog on mission new
Lifts a leg against crystal shop window
Leaves blood stained crucifixes
Whilst Friends collide and grin
And chat through milk ridden eyes
Walk away on abstract feet.

Pigeon's swollen claw
Hungry alone desperate blinking
Scrimmages amongst trails of dust
As women waiting for busses
Like sheep auctioned at church
Tug at their clothes for invisible
Making the smell of men
Who wait at home like shepherds
With thought's of chalk chanting siren wife's
Cooking long loafs of steel twisted bread.

A bird gripping tight
Moss green bark of misshapen branch
Whistles warning high
As aging tectonic plates of day and night
Grind slowly towards an end.

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City Life Part Two

Intro.

Psychotropic's sucking kisses high heaven,
through ozone hole paid by urgent wages.
Pigeons shaking mooned feather dust over wet guttering,
staring wildly hungrily through soul screaming eyes.
Intimate chatter amongst dirty city clothes,
speaking shifting smells of weather tightened flesh inside fresh grey wet leather.

Chuckling on bowed heads roll eyes upwards.

Stray hungry cat for same patch swells a pouting body,
kicks dirt high into a peach colored sky,
In late stretching Indian summers smoke.

The Man.

Alone at a newspaper covered wooden table,
beating steak as wooing virgin maidens to a stinking bed.
Form a slight ripple under paper from long ago meals - disguises,
brown wallpaper peeling upward towards stained hasty meals.
Maggots fall out a splintered table edge,
and wiggle blindly nowhere,
as he sizzle fries tender rump steak under blue neon light.

The Shop and The Man with his wife.

Outside corner constabulary empty,
food in never changing shelves form chiseled labels.
Waiting dialysis deep freezers for junkies and beggars,
Draw lottery to who sleeps on white velvet carpeting.
Papers next natural disaster,
eyes to feast in desire through another meal served meat with vegetables and
Yorkshire pudding.
Makes tomorrows conversations linger,
with hurried breath through pungent gold capped chattering teeth.
Never ending science fiction books filled stories on how to eliminate nature.
Books on fiction about how we should have lived a full life.
The bible telling you everything what you are about to do,
Is laid open for his wife to read the Ten Commandments out loud whilst he slowly
rapes her.
Over the splintered table edge battered rump steak thumps to the floor.

Two Dreams.

Asleep in a symbiotic flotation tank
Head lazily fastened backwards
Four hands playing with my head
Urgently working on something
Tingling the back of my head
I leave my body to observe what.

Two people wear white robes and masks
They work and pass surgical knives.

Seeing my brain exposed
Soft and urgent looking
Moving like pulsing vulvas.

It makes me hungry
Looking closer seeing
They slowly cut
My brain in half.

Then sit me up vertical
My eyes can't move
Transfixed on a fish aquarium
Big fish eyes look back at me
They all smile together and say
There you are now all better.

Instantly alone walking
Through a blazing desert
Hearing a distant rumble
Looking to it, seeing
A cloud of dust gets closer
Four wild rearing horses
Trample over me
Laying me flat on my back
Looking to see
They pull a carriage
With wheels protruding blades
Trying to stand to escape
It runs over me.

Looking again
My body separated
Into severed pieces

Looking again to see
My body gone
Just two eyes
Lay in the sand
My eyes
Somehow blinking
Alone in the sand.

Pressed spread eagled
Back against a towering cliff
Below rocks and roaring sea
Body slowly falls
Towards sharp rocks
Arms pushed out to them
They easily move away
Like floating drifting
Through space
Moving forward
My body through space
Pushing away drifting orbs
Speed hastening
Everything a streaking blur
Falling towards earth
Passing through earth
Laying motionless
In a sparkling void
Breathless breathing out -

Planets emit from my mouth
And circle my head
Trying to laugh
But more planets emit from my mouth
They circle my legs.

Distant people begin to get closer
They all peer at me
Knowing them all

My mother, father and sister dancing
Me trying to join in with them
At the centre of a room
Surrounded by a circle of people
Holding binoculars to their eyes
All looking at me
I ask what they are looking at
They all reply in unison
Your severed brain.

They begin to close in on me
So I dig a hole
Deep down
To some odd shaped wooden door
That won't open
Scraping hard with fingers
Fingers bleed and bone protrudes
Splintering the door open with bone
Finding it is a coffin lid
And myself inside
I weep hopelessly
Shaking my other body
It crumbles away
Into dust
Where four wild rearing horses
Come pulling a carriage
Side doors open
Staggering in
It speeds me away
With slamming doors
Taking me home
Dropping me onto
A Psychiatrist's couch.

Entwined in car rattling grills frying sliced lime
A sleep walker wakes another dream in another time
With memorable face flickering bones
Stand in a desert line by a cave entrance on thrones
Emitting squealing oysters of human races
Slowly crawls across faces.
Changing into winged fingers
That poke eye's to waken from sleep lingers.

To be continued.....

Andrew Nawroski

Crystal Mind Dancing

Shadow boxers crystal mind dancing
Social network devices
Digitalous cryogenic spirit
Freedom at ground zero
Crystal shadow boxer mind dancing.

Beep bleep side slide along to you
Temporary mental wedding
From satelite minister
Robotic vows
Contineous orbit
Genome clone
Married with reverend satelite
@ the telecommunications temple.

Crystal mind dance away
Get married twenty four times a day
Shadow boxers crystal mind dancing
24/7 - 12 months a year.

Dreams slip away.

Digital digits pressed one by one
Call again soon
Leave a message
Saying I want a devorce.

Ministry of ministers
Organisation for the organised
Lets start a revolution
In a parrallel universe
I'm on a monthly plan
Or maybe a contract
The new pimp line
Simply mind dancing crystal shadow boxing
Its all good fun.

Andrew Nawroski

Dash

First a world all mine
Eating odours
With astronomers eyes
I could touch horizons
My paws where giant
That crowned my head
Striding puppy legionary
Across forbidden fruits

7 Days 7 nights.

My belly stung
Hung like sacked bricks
From ribs of dried wood
On grating claws
And cracked paws
I searched for earlier delights
In places you only visit
When dead

For to long
Nothing but stanching cud
And chewed granite
Lifting me up
On dark hills
Seeing human speech
I sensed what it meant
So nice you appear.

Day

Trying to show people
Where I had been
All to far
No one could see me
Wanting to say
I no what you mean
When you speak
I just whimpered

Weeping silently
Trotting close
To speeding metal
Wildly Entranced
On coloured hum's
Drawn to the other side
Needing to walk through
All speeding breeze

12 days 13th night

Night became
Lighter than day
When pain took hold
And sleep lasted
For nothing
The cud tasted better at night
I would just swallow
Then be off
Over hill and dale
As sky grew lighter
The hum would drive me down
To the road
Running on cracked blisters
Seeing the coloured hums
Demented and wretched

Sanctuary

I came to a new place
Where all coloured hums collected
Near a big building
I sniffed its walls
And dashed through moving doors
Running through towering racks of food
I wagged my tail
At shouting people
And ran amongst isles
Stopping to wet
Like God making rain

People shouted louder
I was grabbed
From behind
Around my neck
And taken
To a small room
Unable to be still
Needing to be amongst rotten cud

They took me away
In a coloured metal hum
I became conditioned
And forgot how they spoke
All memories erased
Of metal colours
And giant nights
But maybe soon
Ill be off again
With giants paws.

Written after rescue of a stray spaniel trying to eat food out of my basket in Spa
mini mart at Caerleon Wales UK.

Andrew Nawroski

Defeated Victories

Meteors chiselled
into intelligent statue's
for apprehensive glory,
of a zillion memories.
To alpha, omega, Zen, Buddha, Krishna, mathematics and science
Timeless, stand still waiting
as God's lookout on a mountain peak
Head first tumble down,
and crash through sacred cathedral roof
shattering into a thousand intelligent statue's.
Who after singing praises to the Lord
walk away looking for Christ
within some heart of a new mountain,
and again climb to its peak
so they can look out for God,
only to once again fall head first downwards.

Andrew Nawroski

Don'T! ! Put Your Clock Back

Don't do it!
when the clocks go back
1 hour taken from your life
Until next year!

~~~~~

When it is given back  
in the strangest manner  
saved for a year  
in a giant safe  
with every-ones other hour  
guarded by the Grim Reaper  
who suddenly lets it out  
like a screaming apocalypse  
from another dimension  
changing your routine  
disturbing nature  
slowly wearing out your watch

~~~~~

Don't put your clock back
then!
you become an invisible entity
a nomadic time lord
wandering through crowds of chaos
a surreal, magi, futurist
needing nothing
whilst one step ahead
everywhere
with everything
time is all yours
King or Queen of the country
In your own time
in your own dimension
an astral traveller

~~~~~

So next time  
don't put your clock back  
and see what happens....

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# End Of Creation

Melting fusion heat  
Roaring below mirage clouds  
Drifting slowly aluminous foliage  
Softly enfolds itself around nature.

Gentle satin breeze  
God's blood  
Caresses time and humanity  
Whilst fading steel powders itself  
Saluting a trooping legionnaire sun.

Shadows fade together  
Outstretching slowly to form one  
Velvet chattering shroud on day's memory  
Lays itself down as giant dilating iris  
That slowly closes on light.

Andrew Nawroski

# For The Lonely Sad One

To sit alone and never cry  
Then pray not to blink with one eye  
But scream at the sky when happy is why.

To dance when old and grey  
and fly like a bird of prey  
It could be like our first day.

To waggle your toes, or point with one finger  
At something that should linger.

Never laugh unless you like,

These are so few to do  
That bring about new

To look at birds cats and dogs  
that say how do you do.  
Sheep and cows that move around  
and take in all the ground.  
Snow and rain that's never the same.

All this we can do to make something new.

Andrew Nawroski

# Giant Serpant Bear

Beautiful angel sat knitting hills and trees  
With silken thread and unicorn mane  
Needles of finest golden steel  
When finished looked down to see  
Tree's of diamonds with sapphire leaves  
Monster did prowl  
With legs and arms like serpent bear  
Did rip down all trees without a care  
The angel with tear in eye  
Flew down  
And asked the monster  
'Oh monster serpent bear why? Oh why? '  
Big monster with slits for eyes  
And grin of rotten teeth replies  
'Your trees are to beautiful for my eyes  
to see, so no one can enjoy such reverie  
Angel seeing the monsters saddened paws  
And granite weeping eyes  
'Poor monster serpent bear,  
I will make some trees for you alone  
To enjoy everywhere'  
Monster shuffled away and sat  
Solemn and glum  
With head drooped began to cry  
Angel sat high above  
Began to knit with gossamer thread  
And serpent tails  
Soon down below  
New trees began to grow  
Like towering jungles their leaves did hold  
Such animals no one dare see  
The monster looked up  
A smile began to spread  
Across his stone chiselled head  
He bound to the nearest tree  
And climb high did he  
Amongst such beasts above the ground  
Wild did roam  
Then gathered enough leaves and branch

With vine like rope he twist  
All to shape a splendid home  
As time past by  
Monster and angel soon forgot  
All that fell  
And monsters ways of old where he begot.

\*\*\*\*\*

Andrew Nawroski



# Glory For Apollinaire Guillaume

To die as none before  
All ghostly attire at war,  
In saintly badge sewn strong  
To lapel on wings blessed long.  
Then wave your banner in heaven to our Lord  
Where saintly angels do applaud,  
and give you seat over minion fold  
As eternal judge over wars God told  
That bellow day and night in innocent hell,  
Where you proudly fell.

Andrew Nawroski

# Green Azure Blue Diamond Sound

Eyes burst open wide to yawn  
In perfect crystal azure dawn,  
And sunlight make prismic facade  
For summer trees shaped with myriad braids,  
To voice over streams chattering schemes  
Shapes all breeze to path and follow  
With clouds dancing over phantom hollow.  
Leaden bird a song or cry  
To mate in cloud on high  
Point's away scarecrow seen  
Where summertime already been..  
Milking time cow egad  
With gentle hoof pasture had  
Leaves in tail driving rod  
To vex his horns on devils God  
Number plate ear part of a scenery  
Frankenhoff Florist to farm creamery.

Sky above purple dessert like gown  
Stir all life through wooden town  
Shrines a moon to ponder and wed  
All dreams of folk asleep in bed.  
Owl and fox who snap their feasts  
Planetary eyes cur for more beasts.  
Morning calls to everyone again  
And old sleeping dog with no shame  
Leaves his bed keen for sniff on same old ground  
Over green azure blue diamond sound.

Andrew Nawroski

# Holiday In The Cheap Seats

Jet white eagle bird  
Flying high!  
Through space & time  
Taking me away  
To another day  
To another zone  
To another place  
To a post office  
So I can cash my unemployment benefit.

Andrew Nawroski

# I Am The Weather 'Youngest Foal'

Youngest foal!

Fetlocks fore-hoofs find glorious percussion  
On earthly pace doth trot  
Graceful gaited smooth equine no lancelet.

Through wooded fawns and barren land  
Your engaging soul makes its stand  
To warm and beds you soon  
Then rest for all in angels moon.

Awaken! noble sire!  
Tread your way through thorny briar  
For man he waits and cruel is he  
To take you down that stony road  
Where you'll nay be free.

Andrew Nawroski

# Internet Heaven

If you were reinvented I would buy seven  
Glorious Giga powered solar servers made in heaven  
So I could be king for a day  
On my own internet highway  
Surfing dreams like Giga angel spy,  
and save them for when mine run dry.

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Downloading real things that come to life  
A Viking ship with eagle sails, or maybe a future wife  
Food all of a splendid taste  
Plucked from some land without waste  
Or a tree from far away ground  
Straight to my garden planted sound.

<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>

But if this not surely be enough heaven  
I would email a dinosaur to Mr Hurst down in Devon  
Or an aeroplane for my dad to fly  
On his weekend off in perfect sky  
and if my money should run out,  
No problem! some without a doubt.

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Andrew Nawroski

# Internet Hell

Jellified crystalline buttons  
Owing gas meter displays  
Inhale  
Animal mind recesses  
On glycoenic, psychedelic addiction.

Batman marries cat-woman  
As  
Social network God disease  
Whilst  
Playing mental masterbatory mind games  
In  
Central park brains.

Dream killing machine  
Epitaph timers  
For noose and tree  
Dance on pages  
Taking your free.

Morning poolside arenas  
Pedophiles and schizophrenics  
Stinking sit  
Walk away  
Midget pigmy style  
And take a shit.

Email ceremony divorces  
Password money  
Check it out  
Desk top e sign  
Fake diamond chime.

Andrew Nawroski

# Love Of A Word

Love of a word  
is poetry  
filling in-between each letter  
with empirical justification

Is not poetry enough  
without this  
to make a standard scream,  
and word to falter  
wither then die.

Love of a word  
is poetry  
in itself cannot be rewritten  
by muse on simple nave,  
but driven like battleship to heaven,  
and written in your grave....

Andrew Nawroski

# Memory Of A Dream

That dream you cannot remember  
But still relive -  
Through crisp chromatic color.

A possession of traumatic events  
Forced upon desperate memory  
Inside dormant experience relived.

Andrew Nawroski



# Memory Of A Hand Shake

No time did derange this fellow  
Who gave me word to follow  
In all attire their place  
Brings no sorrow  
A noble trait  
Clasp your hand  
and gesture with bow  
Oh candour in disgrace  
For believing thee  
and be-fooled I became  
In thy kingdom come.

Your wife I see her well  
She stands before my bed  
In sightly gown that you she wed  
and wear her saintly perfume  
Gently as halo around my head.

Sweet time you must have had  
Those days that saints befell  
In armour blazing flower  
That left nothing to tell.

I yearn to shake your hand again  
and dream upon dream  
She as my wife in saintly gown  
Fairly then would bed you down.

Andrew Nawroski

# Memory Of Love

Within palisades of our mind  
secretive moments of love pass through dreams,  
and find solace inside a chamber of watching memories.  
Reminding each and every memory  
how to be an eternal dream,  
Whilst all palisades slowly fall inward.  
Taking away any desire  
leaving a solitary furtive moment,  
Alone to weep.

Andrew Nawroski

# Midnight City

Walking guardian with child  
Saunter down a neon lit avenue  
Making smoke glazed vacant eyes  
Dripping tears on quivering lips trying to speak  
Caressing voltaic hazy chromium wastelands  
Little feet pressed trying not to walk slowly  
On a purple bleached pavement  
Are marched along faster.

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Distant siren calls across parameter  
Lead exhaust slow putrid drip  
Shroud silenced police car reverses  
Hidden panther gorilla motionless  
Waiting.

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Stooped forward on skier arms  
Drunk abusive staggers along  
Acting out some zombie alien lunatic  
With half blind homing pigeon pickled brain  
Tries to grunt a way home  
Only to collapse at his door  
Oblivious to some stray dog  
That urinates over his back.

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Chewing heavily on menthol gum  
Three girls wait impatiently at a corner  
Skin tight skirts grip their thighs  
Like fresh Howschwitz lampshades.  
Distant illuminated patrol car nears  
As it passes menthol gum travels at high velocity  
And spatters the patrol car windscreen.

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Helicopters circle less popular areas  
Pumping ray gun penetrating lights-  
Searching alley and hedge row  
For warm glowing dead owl criminals  
Who snake about on their bellies  
Until police dogs slowly eat them away.

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# Midnight Dream Car

Doors slamming in soulless steel  
Angel creating maggot meal  
Fly's with razorblade wings,  
A pure space opera sings.

Standing ovation with cellos  
Dreaming car in Satan's bellows.

Bullet ripping earth  
Grim reaper worth  
Universal killing machine  
Any colour but green,  
Stops and lays a bomb.

Andrew Nawroski

# Midnight Shop Windows

Palace corridors in percentage glory  
Monetary exhibits inside museum's story,  
Beckons day time in custom spirit to clean  
On an astral plane machine  
Selling other shops passing dreams.

<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>

Vastness surpassed for

Phantom owl

Over,

Walking pentagrams

In Satan bowl,

Sell! !

Bermuda triangles

and,

Titanic flying ships

For!

Fractal spatiality

Giving -

Infinite intelligent lips.

<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>

Melted sand barrier

oceanic tidal wave carrier,

Silken steel shrine their pillar

as infinite channelling mirror.

Priceless night everywhere

vampire ghosts haunting their,

Tremble on days money.

Remembering plastic wrapping funny.

Moon worshipers in light

political fairies of the night,

smiling proudly in feathered down,

Wearing Harrods star dust gown.

<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>

Who will buy thee!

For a token fee

No - one! !

Shop keeper away succubus

Platinum piercing cutlass.

From the universe shop

Sun arrives big top,  
So fade to wither your glory  
Until tomorrows dark hour story.

<>-<>-<>-<>-<>-<>-<>-<>-<>-<>-<>

Andrew Nawroski

# Mind Game

Blinking eye catches sight  
Twisted words on body twisted tight  
This way, that way, which way next  
Made for you, all out of context.  
<O>~<>~<O>~<>~<O>~<>~<O>

Blind vision, blind body, blinded  
Burning brain driving mind-ward  
Who started it first, to late to tell  
Your life is now a living hell.

<+>~<+>~<+>~<+>~<+>~<+>  
Bring me down, bring me up  
Read those tealeaf's in my cup  
They say its just for you  
This mind game cut in two.

<=>~<=>~<=>~<=>~<=>~<=>  
Alone you finally stand  
Mighty prize in your hand  
Stupid grin leaves a crease  
Where agony did never cease.

<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>~<>  
In voice gesture or verse  
Mental incest be no worse  
Just a scar with blood to drip  
Enough to sink a battleship.

<: >~<: >~<: >~<: >~<: >~<: >  
A clown could clearly tell you why  
That your truths are a simple lie  
And best your days in a simple dream  
Which makes your skull cry out and scream.

<>: <>: <>: <>: <>: <>: <>: <>: <>: <>: <>: <>: <>: <>: <>: <>

Andrew Nawroski



# Mind Of A Surrealist Pig

I am a trend setter  
Of the highest fashion  
With hoofs I love to chew  
Lying in cool mud they taste so good  
And I love them through and through.

My nose is a final frontier  
The edge of a universe  
And totally belongs to me  
I can balance myself erect  
On its perfect hairy symmetry.

Sleep is no problem at all  
When I'm fuller than full, and still want more  
I'll lay on my back to grunt for a while  
Then all night long snore.

And in the morning dew  
When I'm hit with a saintly light  
I'll go for a forage  
Covered in mud so I am out of sight.

But soon I no they will come  
In big rubber welly's, and grey leather apron  
All serious and fine  
Then lead me away like common swine  
To a place so dark and forlorn.

Then when I'm all wide eyed  
And wanting to suckle my mum  
They will slice off my nose  
Like it was made of sweet chewing gum.

Andrew Nawroski

# Mind Of A Surrealist Sheep

A walking cloud I nibble and chew  
Most of all day and morning dew  
I walk around then to my knee's will fall  
And scream out at nothing at all  
Wearing the strangest coat of finest twist  
That's all fluffed out like morning mist  
I am great in bed as a woolly vest  
From which I am sure you can guess the rest.

And when it grows much to long  
I'll scream out a wanting song  
So farmer shears can lop it off with such care  
Then leave me to run around all naked and bare  
In his field I nibble away  
Whilst milky cow chews her hay.

And when I'm done as night does fall  
I'll lay down for awhile away from it all  
And if I cant sleep due to unrest  
I'll count people wearing my vest.

Andrew Nawroski

# New Adam

Made in nature perfected skies  
Tomorrows dreams through emerald eyes  
With lazy ghosts coming down  
On machine of machines in canvas gown,  
That bleed your skin to jewel'd blood  
And makes new Adam supposedly good.

A churning breath from all we've done  
Brings to life a supreme machine son,  
Replica Christ dressed in scientific glory  
New new testament, a so called new story  
That could bleed us all dry in red  
Then saturate our world with living dead.

But come oh mighty scientific statue  
Some day you could bring us to  
A land of plenty with blessed love  
And baptise with saintly dove,  
You alone eternal one in everlasting steel  
The devils pact and scientific deal.

Andrew Nawroski

# New Title - A Propaganda Catholic's Letter

There is no hope!  
For the Pope.

Andrew Nawroski

# Nhs Glasses

Strained was my vision  
So off to the optician  
Who did a proper job  
Poked around  
With this and that  
Mechanical pen light  
Looked up and down  
Side to side  
Left and right  
Saw some charts  
All blurred  
Then I became scared  
When I looked into a box  
With protruding lights  
A sharp blast of wind  
That blinded me outright

With all this done  
And I became ready to run  
Here sir!  
'The finest lenses polished with sand  
Eager to try them out  
I put them on  
Felt a proper lout  
I looked into a mirror  
Suddenly my face went all a quiver  
And hair began to spout  
From my ears  
Shoulders and chest  
As I looked more  
I turned into a horse

They brought me some hay  
Said now go away  
So off I went  
Not happy at all  
Off home with glasses in tow  
When there  
Found it hard

To go with the flow  
But managed to sit and stare  
Wide eyed  
Like stallion mare  
At things  
I couldn't see before

Then I became aware  
This wasn't real for sure  
Something has gone wrong  
In all those tests  
These glasses  
Giving me unrest  
Tomorrow I returned  
Wearing glasses by Lucifer  
Walked in the shop  
And fainted.

Andrew Nawroski

# Old Wolvang

Through meadow whispering brook  
and blinding streams he took  
drank like starving alligator  
or ancient discoverer  
ember eyes glowing  
water spilling out black lipped throwing  
a dance and merry jig  
whilst gnawing a thrown twig  
or chase a rabbit or two  
along wooded burrows through.

#####

Then home he would sit  
like statue fit  
on magic down  
leering like demented clown,  
and if I should sorrow  
his head he would burrow  
deep in my burden like heavy caress  
taking it away in frolicking trespass  
and return to his magic dreams  
full of nightmare drowning streams.

::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::  
:::

Deep that night without sleep  
and to old Wolvang did creep  
he lay sombre on his side  
and his head he raised in such eyes wide  
to say farewell dear friend my time has come  
to leave you I must for my days where some,  
a whimper and sigh as head fell like rock  
and at the wall no tick came from our clock  
but a chime still did make the hour  
went through me like from bell tower.

~~~~~

That night I slept none with grace
and at light did find a place
where Wolvang did bury his bones
dig deep did I to make him space
not so wooden glade or meadow fine

but enough to bide his time
and place him there like golden statue
with little cross made from bones he left.

-

My days did pass with sorrow
to his bowl I would visit and borrow
his smell to mould together a shape
and lead hanging in sacred place
like memorial and holy space
of his time spent in natures way
black paws dancing night and day
we lived all we could
and made all we should
Farewell Wolvang you where the best! !
Farewell Wolvang you past every test! ! ! .

.....

Andrew Nawroski

One Dying Word

Resonant stations in composure
A previous listening sentence
Hidden in sentence love
Stupified became less.

For each echo killed each word
Leaving one grinding word
To dance in cavernous freedom
Singing silently to itself
As all speech dies.

Andrew Nawroski

Only One Dollar Dot Com

George Bush under pants 30 cents each
Gorden Brown sunglasses 68 cents great for the beach
Abraham Lincoln hat \$2-68cents a perfect treat
Marilyn Munroe skirt \$4-20cents slinky & sweet.

Margaret Thatcher gloves \$1-15cents the perfect fit
Charlie Chaplin trousers \$3-92cents the super sit
& Michael Jackson pyjama's only \$483,000.

Charlton Heston vest 74cents crispy & clean
Judy Garland bra \$4-98cents you no where its been
Lassie dog bowl's 5/84c
A gun 38/cc free delivery
Body parts made in China \$4-20cents
Babies \$10/50 cent with 50 free nappies
Haunted jacket \$400.

Holidays \$2000 on the surface of the sun
Genuine horse fertiliser \$30,000 per ton
Afghani rockets & satalites only \$2-17 cents
£50 notes only 7cents
Saddam Hussain neck tie \$1
\$200 dollar notes only 80 cents.

Escaped criminal \$80 great house guard
The planet earth quick sale at \$1-00cents
Free moon when you purchase earth@
Order today whilst stocks last...

Andrew Nawroski

Orgasm! Take One Every Three Days

Internal exercise
Or excuse for an epileptic fit
Brings you wide awake
With no measure

Sideways

Closer inside everything
With variable distance

Everything changes
Focus in and out

Like cheating at prayers

Trying to remember or not

Or just make it up

Then rest for three days

Andrew Nawroski

Paper Moons

Paper moons dancing above our head
Can we see them beckoning?
Turning slowly
Do we make them?
Spin around
On tender loving fingers
Gently pressing in place
Their loving glow.

Please say we did make them
So we can see more
How they flutter
Touch them now
I bet we could
Press them in place
Like singing ballerinas pirouette
Paper moons dancing above our head
So gentle they lay still.

Andrew Nawroski

Passions Of Smoking A Rollup

Angel winged paper wafer
increased saintly virginal
but for a cricket pitch white fold line
where you sprinkle and stretch
aromas from afar,
and gently pad them down
covering the membrane paper
with finger and thumb.
Softly folding
you spin it around
with daggered tongue,
lick across
a second - white gluey cricket pitch line,
and stick.
Feel between finger and thumb
before passing to your lips
then light.
Inhale.
Smelling,
as sweet aromas,
pass into your body.
loving its glowing embarked orange tip.
Temporary relief,
until the next one.
Omitations.

1. You do not always see the gluey strip and lick the wrong side.
2. After awhile brown stains appear on your thumb & first finger.
3. Sometimes when you put it in your mouth it sticks to your lips, and when you withdraw it stays there stuck and the burning end comes off onto the back of your two first fingers.
4. You often burn your nose when lighting it.
5. You become short breathed and can't run.
6. A black spot appears on your lung.
7. You die from lung cancer..

Andrew Nawroski

Pc 217622645863

{ } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { }

1 million percent brain service

Binary magic lantern

In hypersonic learning frequency

With telescopic, telephonic measuring means

At variable brain transfusion device

For next generation genius.

{ } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { }

your entire brain function

And live forever.

{ } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { } ~ { }

Andrew Nawroski

Private Limbless Hero

Private Limbless Soldier.
Shaking dancers making chances
Form rows of soldiers
Fighting battles in lost romances
Swinging on ropes over bell towers
Ringing songs as battle commences
Breaking legs at fields on slaughter
Bellies full of bombs making new laughter
Explode to feed another soldier
Lying limbless hero not quite fed
Spew out their mother and father
On dead enemy soldier.

Private limbless hero
Surrounded by circle of army
Each with gun to their heads
They all shoot together
And fall on private limbless hero
Who see's their limbs flutter
Together making another limb
That grows from his shoulder
So he can hold their pistol
Under his chin, then kill
Just another soldier.

Andrew Nawroski

River

In rivers deep floating across myriad time
hearts of love shall sing my sleep away
and beneath your soul my body lies
for dreams embraced of you
dancing fast on night for all
Let owls gaze upon in awe
and hoot till dawn, then sleep every lover's day
While fox, vole, blinking fish, and bird of prey
shall dance you merry breadth in loves caress
Along your winding banks with crinoline dress.

Andrew Nawroski

Safe Sex

Over visions of tortured souls
I ascended
and made union with your heart
Waiting like a gazelle cheerleader
you opened your condom filled wardrobe
I became high on lubricating jelly and rubber
With heaving chest you inflated one
It grew massive and raised you up
as you ascended out the window
I grabbed your ankle
Like two dangling mannequins
We floated high above the ground
your white sock became loose
So I climbed up your leg
and held your waist
We ascended higher
It took us out beyond all visible sky
We were proud and breathed hard
Our eyes like full moons
Slowly ground came into view
and we both splashed into warm salty water
We rolled over each other
Then lay with our backs on soft sand
Fine spray sprinkled our bodies
as we watched our condom
Float out to sea.

Andrew Nawroski

Solitude

Within palisades of the mind
Furtive moments of love pass through dreams,
and find solace inside a chamber of watching memories.
Reminding each and every memory,
how to be an eternal dream.
Whilst all palisades slowly fall inward,
taking away any desire.
Leaving a solitary furtive moment,
alone to weep.

Andrew Nawroski

Strange Thing

Strange thing appear,
nudges you soft
urgent simplicity.

Strange thing leave
a vacant why,
smooth's you down.

Strange thing forgotten
a place in time.
Playing its game,
that strange thing

Insane.

Andrew Nawroski

Strange Whispers.

Sometimes Whispering
I hear voices
Not normal voices
I see them whispering
When I lay down
A clicking finger sound
Travels around me
Then loud whispers say
Time to wash all meadow's
One eye is dilated
Staring at my wall
I blink and see more whispers

There are 3,042 hairs
On my left hand
I count them every night
With my dilated eye
And fall to sleep
Waking I hear more whispers
Gentle soft whispers
Coming from corners or walls
They follow me about
Then stop whispering
I can't find them
But they soon come

I hear them in a city
Coming from windows or doors
As I hear them
They grow in size
Whistling me over
Beckoning like virgin prostitutes

In deep resonant country
They come and follow me
From field corners
Or fallen tree's
As I listen they seem stronger
And sometimes I see them

Making colour shapes
They shoot forward
Silently through my body
Then start whispering

I try to hear words when they begin
But there are many
All jumbled up
Occasionally I make out some words
Short sentences louder
And they hurt my ears
I want to tell someone
But find I cannot
Maybe I'm insane.

Andrew Nawroski

Sucubus

Holding a war heroes Knife
close you Laugh in my ear
and enter my body through my side
moving upward to the medial pre-optic area
then steal my very soul
you hide it in the fridge
rumbling like a nuclear dialysis machine
along side some sausages
it waits solitary
changing the kitchen.

After two weeks
with Solvang hound of Satan
you call again
slip gently through my side
snaking backwards
this time to the hippocampus and temporal lobe
again you steal my newly regained soul
then hide it behind the curtains
they swish forward
moving like torn dancing parachutes
or wind blown crinoline frocks
I staple them down
to the window frames.

This time after four days
you return with twenty four priests
through my naval this time
shooting like an express train
up to my inferior collicus
and steal my regained soul
this time hiding it in the wall cavity
staples fly from window frames
curtains become rigid like starched collars
and the walls recede backward
I press my ear to the wall
trying to listen for my soul
Begging for it to return
nothing

I press my eye against the flat surface
hoping to see it
all I see is people filled rooms.

It comes every night now
slowly slipping in
through my side
upwards to steal my soul.

Andrew Nawroski

Sweet Siren Lullaby

Severn seas in tempest full
Sing sweet siren serenade
And blows a tune through pirates skull
To kill all that God ever made
Out it blasts in tornado force
Ripping out the ocean bed
Preparing to take its course
With souls of man and creature fed.

She waits now to take her fill
A smile to our ocean floor
Silent till all is still
Then up she roars to the very shore
A siren sweet deadly lullaby
Natures purest form
Myriad angels from the sky
A Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven storm
To kill all who dare listen
Then when finished with a fair taste
And her brow a finest glisten
She gently recedes in silent haste.

Andrew Nawroski

The Argument

We first met
Sat and stared
Vacant as when born
Time past
All changed
You pushed me hard
In the chest
I asked why
You turned away
I grabbed your shoulder
You squeezed my hand away
I tugged your hair
You turned and kicked my shin
I trod on your foot
You looked wild
Then bit my ear
I grabbed you tight
And held you down
You bent my fingers
I ripped your sleeve

It hung from your shoulder torn
So you ripped at my shirt
Buttons flew about
I stood in a rage
And threw your best shoes out the window
You screamed
And poked me in the eye
So I bit your hard
On your bare shoulder
You slapped my face
Then scratched my cheek
I let it bleed
And smeared your front
You scrambled away
To a drawer
Took a knife
I backed away
Into the kitchen

And grabbed a knife

We were like pirates
Fighting with swords
Grunting and panting
You stabbed my leg
I fell
Pulling you down
Onto your knife
Cutting your side
We lay on our backs
Breathless
Bleeding
With knives in hands
Turned our heads
To look each in the eye
And grinned
We pulled our bodies close
To embrace tight
As our lips met
Both knives plunged deep
Embracing
We became never before so close
As both together met eternal sleep.

Andrew Nawroski

The Brown Paper Package

Being so bold and quaintly told
a thousand lines to be writ where given
They said in the end maybe it will be sold
so to this task I was whole heartedly driven
My pen I did scribble away until callus did show
and my eyes became all a quiver
Hair covering my eyes did grow
and my body did all a shiver

Month after month, year after year
scribbling away like psychotic clown
Some kind of story did appear
so I took it to the man down town
Who wrapped it in brown paper with string
It simply bowled me over the moon
So I went home and started to sing
The story that had taken so long
had aged me all but thirty year
And now became my favourite song
that I sing whilst having a bath without fear.

As I lay long in my wooden coffin
and a blessing was given alike to my story written
Keeps a wide smile to this rested boffin
Who from brown paper wrapping will never again be smitten.

Andrew Nawroski

The Fly

Once I dissected a fly
Don't know why but dissected a fly
Put it under a microscope
And saw its blood flow before it should die
Moving inner organs like a isotope
So clean and pure the perfect thing
All neat and precise
Unlike some bee with a deadly sting
But all meant to be so concise
Then its blood did halt
And inner organs went all lame
I felt sad coz it was my fault
And thought never to do the same.

Andrew Nawroski

The Moon

On deep pools of star laden skies
Chimera shadow maker cries
In places of faces
Eternal dream to see
All of love so free

With shadowed skin
And bone poking flesh
Stare at such this moon
Your mood will ride
Its orbit afresh

Even sees all day
With azure backdropp hidden away
Coming soon moon!
Go crazy if you can
As it speaks your deadliest day

Controls the tide
Nay
Controls your mind
An alien
Another eye
God's camera eye
Powered by interstellar dust

There's no room on the moon
You mother would say
Because everyone is there
With Luna smile
That made you crash land
So you had to stay

See you soon
Oh beautiful moon
My mind is all yours
I can hear you pass
On galactic breath
Orbiting night and day.

Andrew Nawroski

The Omnipresent Toad

Perfect issue basic dna
Integrated control freak geek
Specialised one day trip away
Galactic traveller on spawn and seed
Spam and blind rss feed
Leap to the sky!
Rocket bloke - spaceship woman,
You are an omnipresent toad.

Fall out of word fall into light
Make it pay through the night
All at break neck speed
You no what you need,
Plugged in plugged out
Site builders noble scout
On special mode
You are an omnipresent toad.

Surf city time lord pay
Seen it all in a day,
Script, scripted digital servant
Shakespeare's dreams, a tekicolour merchant
Get down that galactic surf road
You are an omnipresent toad.

Andrew Nawroski

The Sparrow

Awoken by symphonic melody
From a feathered dinosaur
Beak wide as shifting tectonic plate
Squealing soprano! ! , chattering alto!
Impregnating a transitional melody
From God! ! .

~~~~~

Direct territorial sonic marker  
Through human subconsciousness  
Implanted subliminal time relapse capsule  
A future beacon, and nest for our brain.

~~~~~

Andrew Nawroski

The Suicide Note

I am so sorry and hope you will all forgive me
Please take care of my pets
Especially my hamster
He likes to climb on top of his cage every night
And a treat of some sliced apple now and again
I haven't much in respect of possessions
My musical instruments - you can give to charity
Or sell them, maybe use them as ornaments
And the little money I have left can go towards my funeral costs
I have chosen a quick and painless way to go
So don't worry if I suffered, I won't have.

I no I will miss the warm sun and bird's singing
But maybe I will still hear them
I'm so very tired all the time
And everyone seems so happy
All their happiness has become too hard for me
It has become like a leaden weight to carry around
So I feel I shall be better away from it all.

Tell my uncle Fredrick I loved all those old books he showed me
And make sure he doesn't drink too much again
You no how angry he gets
Anyway I no for sure I am doing the right thing
I've been alone now for many weeks
And have had time to think it out
I feel quite excited about it all
My pets seem to no what I have planned
And watch me more often
They seem to be giving me advice
And somehow agree when I show them things.

I haven't told anyone
Everyone thinks I am really happy
And always smile like I could never do
I want you to give uncle Fredrick my book on bird spotting
The one I got on my 16th birthday, I am sure he will like it
He loves colour, and it is full of colourful pictures
I am really sorry about all of this

But maybe it is for the better.
Your loving son.

Andrew Nawroski

Van Goughs Sunflowers

Given white ochre's
Released such vanity
On ivy laddered stems
That fed insanity
In your mothers vase
Making peasant light
On every brush stroke

Golden chemistry
Made by peasantry
Suns at super nova
How right you still are
Timeless Vincent
Each a new Cathedral
Worshipers consumed.

Andrew Nawroski

Velvetine Flakes

Garden of rivers, moon could rainbow trees
Sparkling flowers on midnight breeze
Dancing pixies elves and leopards
Making supper for three giant Shepard's
With fluffy bread and cakes a plenty
All laid out on velvetine with sentry

Sitting round for story or four
A leopard shouts out
Not enough we want more
One giant stands up
Leopard raises his claw
Giant breaths out
And leopard spots are no more

Leopard sits back down
To nurse his frame
And hide his shame
Another giant stands up
'What a grand thing
This leopard could sing'
'But no more' the leopard replies
'I will never live it down' and cries

'But now you are a panther ` the giant replies
Leopard still not sure of the demise
Jumps up and begins to sing
Both pixies and elves seeing it all plain
Magic a spell to make it rain
And the next night on velvetine flakes
They all meet again for stories fluffy bread and cakes.

Andrew Nawroski

Virtual Love.

Behaved in masturbatory hyperspace
On momentary relapses of procedure
Pausing for that virtual void
Where you climb inside to take a look
Then pause for another momentary relapse of procedure
Before returning in disbelief
So you can at least say
You did something.

Andrew Nawroski