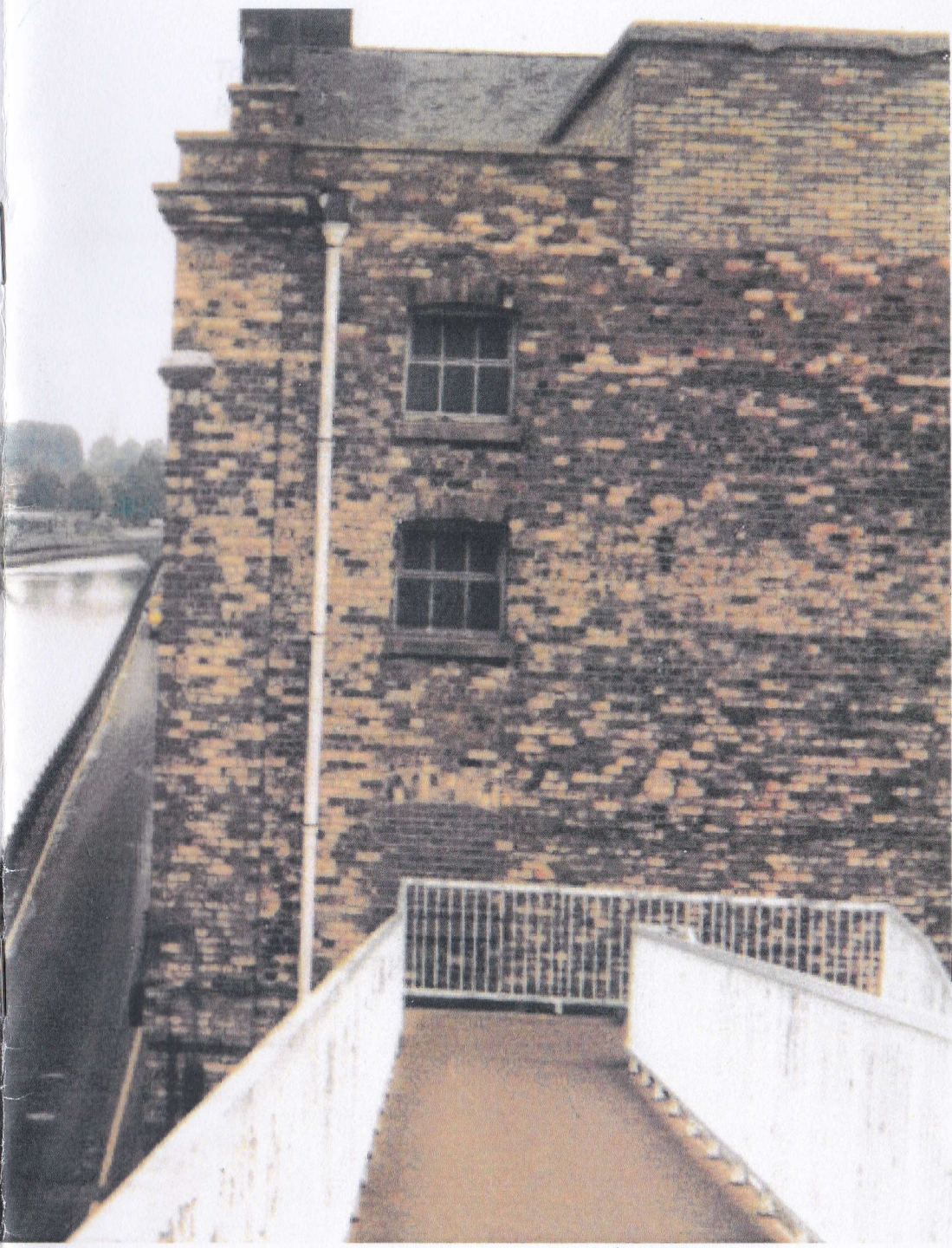


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Trouble

*Dosey doors snore and swing,
ascending steps taps footsteps' echo.*

*Evidently trying to do our jobs
fingers stain white leaved sheets.*



**The Creative Writings Of An (A)narchist
by Adrian Cox BSc (Open)**

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A Call For Moderation.

*Governments are the bane of so many people in everyday life.
Government agents such as politicians are self serving. They
manage to award themselves unreasonable amounts of payments
of tax payers hard earned money for their dubious work.
Governments are out to control. They seek to use the general
public for their own ends and so as we are outraged we are
PUNK.*

*All governments by their nature tend to be corrupt, some more
than others. When governments wage wars between each other
for their dubious causes then innocent bystanders die caught
up in a senseless power struggle that is government based. So
when you see the protests of (A)narchists and the
reflections of dissidents as graffiti, we are moderate in
comparison.*

Class war

*The rising
The rising
I want to,
I am the underclass.
This is class war!*

*This is for the thought, class war.
We've got no time
We've got no representation
We've got nothing
but a class war.
We've got nothing
but we've got to fight for it all
We've got to fight for nothing at all,
fight for it all.*

*We work all our lives,
We work all our lives to get no more.
We are the underclass,
We are the underclass we work for nothing,
We get nothing.
This is class war!*

*Why is it all the good's against us?
It's not a good existence.
This is class war!
Oh yeah!
This is class war for sure.
This is class war for sure.
Guerre de Classe
Je suis l'underclass.
C'est la guerre de classe!*

Fag Time

*To see the time
in red digital numbers
I pressed the button
on my new digital watch.*

*I drew on my cigarette
and remembered the joke:
What do you say to a one armed man
if you want to know the time?
'Got the time on ya cock? '
Then I got caught.*

*Teacher said,
'if you were supposed to smoke
you'd have a chimney on your head! '
as he knuckled each syllable on my head.
Up in his office I held out my palm
and he swished it with a cane.*

Glass Beach

*Waves gently crash
in distant froths salty brine
on drawback sand.*

*Beach pebbles rattle
smooth curved and worn
upon shoreline wash.*

*People gossip.
saunter back to vans
full of sandy hope*

*and scratched legs
with brush off hands
on sunburn red.*

*Fish swim batter fat
to be served with chips
and curry pot sauce.*

*An alcoholic sea
laps upon a beach
of glass broken bottles.*

Limitation

**You will find
within this work
a prohibition of
most words,**

**what you
will find is that
although no consonant
is missing,**

**I limit my work
in a way that I
cannot say outright.**

**Can you work out
what this
limitation is?**

Many Times

**I've been here many times,
many times before
and I don't know
what I can do any more.**

**Hope is eternal,
but I don't know no more.
I've seen it setting in the dusk,
I've seen it through the floor.**

**I've had so many chances
I decided not to take
and now I sit here skulking
for fuck sake.**

Melting Clock

*Morning wakes
to a cold sun.
Birds freeze
and drop from trees.*

*Opaqueness thaws
to the clarity
of transparent drops
that drip
tick
tock.*

Money Worries.

Deep in the heartbeat of the city the recession was biting hard. D.J. of 'no fixed abode' was living in a close knit social whirl of girlfriends. His dirty neglected brown Volvo Estate car was loaded full with his state of the art disco gear and treasured record collection. Like his initials suggest, he was a self-employed Disc Jockey in the city's countless pubs, clubs and function rooms. He was always looking for work from the public to finance his unsettled life style for girls and beer. It was washing him down in a fast flowing river of debt. He was desperately trying to keep his head above water.

Meanwhile there was a depressed and grumpy man called Billy. A television addict who was living in a caravan. He had to because he owed an enormous amount of money due to an obsession many years ago with fruit machines. It was a bit of a mystery what really happened. Basically it was due to criminally obtaining money through bankers' cards to spend on fruit machines. He admits that he owes over £10,000. A year ago he even had to sell his Volvo Estate to pay off some of the money. It was a rare occasion that he ever came out for a drink. Obviously it was a big problem to him. He was a hopeless case of the disease called money worries.

Known for being a bit of a rogue, D.J. had a working week which started every Monday. He signed on at 09.30 for his giro cheque. Because D.J. had no forwarding address it had to be delivered to his grumpy friend, Billy. There was an agent that gave D.J. weekend work but D.J. could only get his pay through a cheque at the end of the month. So one weekend in every month he had money to pay off some of his debts. One month the cheque never came and the agent could not be found. D.J. kept trying to telephone the agent but he

could not get through. D.J. was angry - he thought that maybe the agent had money worries.

A man called Jack (of all trades) did his business in the area with the help of John. Like two cowboys they rode about in a pickup van working in the motor trade, buying and selling. One year ago Jack bought a cheap old Volvo Estate off a grumpy man called Billy who needed to sell due to financial problems. It only needed slight welding and a shock absorber fitting on the offside front. As John was welding up the floor of the car from underneath, it fell on him and smashed his pelvis, which left him crippled for life. A law suit soon followed for damages. So the Volvo Estate was sold, to a man who happened to be called D.J. Meanwhile Jack acquired a condition that is spreading through the people of the city known as money worries.

Things were getting 'a bit much' for D.J. He was driving his Volvo Estate aggressively carrying the weight of an overdraft on his shoulders and the problems with people owing him money. What made him worse was that every time he turned left there was a cracking sound coming from around the front offside wheel of his car. He was just perishing the thought of having to buy a new shock absorber for his car when suddenly there was a loud snapping sound. D.J.'s complicated life flashed in front of him as a 360 degree view through his wind-screen occurred. The car screeched while spinning around in circles. His car would have skidded for a long way, if it was not for the lamp post that got in the way. His brown Volvo Estate was in a state. By the time the ambulance had got there D.J. was dead. The verdict was nothing new, misadventure through money worries.

Adrian Cox 1991

Play Safe

*To self confidently be or
to self confidently not be
that is the split infinitive.*

*To swim diffidents'
cold depths
'deep and meaningful'*

*or bathe
warm shallow waters'
'self confidence':*

*Happy shallow waters
the sun can easily warm,
where cold currents cannot pass beneath
you play there safe and warm.*

Why would you venture?

Seduced

**Beyond fashion
nakedness reveals itself,
not fashionably
not unfashionably
just nakedly.**

**Beyond nakedness
a shadow
projects itself across
the curvature of form
and interacts.**

**It comes across
as a silhouette
that does not touch,
but would like to.**

The Gravel Pits

SERIOUSLY bad music

**in a burst of song
guilty TUNES run away
dud NOTES fly off all OVER
and gang up on INNOCENT EARS.**

**TRAPPED BEHIND bars, doing TIME
a KEY SIGNICTURE thrown away.
a CHAINED MELODY AUDIBLE STRANGLES
MURDERS THE song.**

to a RHYTHMLESS DANCE.

My friend Andy lived down the street from me. His back garden was the gravel pits. It was a good place for wild birds and Andy had always liked animals and kept many pets. We would often go over the gravel pits to play. One day two men were over there shooting birds. This met with Andy's disapproval. We started shouting at them from a distance to put them off their shoot. It seemed to work, so we carried on playing like children do. Suddenly a gunman appeared from nowhere. "Don't move or I'll shoot!" he shouted loudly. We were terrified and ran, but we were trapped by water. I thought of diving in then changed my mind, in a flash the gun went bang! I froze, shaking with fright. My legs nearly gave way. They threatened to throw us in the water with concrete socks. After some time they told us to walk off. As I walked off I thought they were going to shoot. Just then I felt a hard boot up my arse and ran off to play another day.

Stranded

*Dreams come to me at night
but in the daylight
I examine myself
to a meticulous degree
and the piercing
of my sight
has destroyed
the human in me.*

*The window of opportunity
still shines its sunshine rays
into my house of dreams,
but the window is behind me.*

*A place in time
that is unreachable.*

The Gravel Pits

At the age of nine I lived in the suburbs close to the countryside, where I would enjoy to roam with my friends at the weekends or in school holidays. We would climb trees, make tree swings and scramble on push bikes. We would dare ourselves to descend steeper and steeper drops. We made a den each, deep into the woods where no one could find us. We would retreat spending hours of play time amusing ourselves in creative curiosity at our rustic environment. The stream was a fascination, for hours we would watch clear shining waters flow down, teeming with life. Near by there were air raid shelters left over from the second world war and the old skellingthorpe airdrome. There were gravel pits too. Their deep excavated craters had long since flooded where bulrushes, gauze bushes, thistles and nettles grew wildly about.

My friend Andy lived down the street from me. His back garden led onto the gravel pits. It was a good place for wildlife and fishing. Andy had always liked animals and kept many pets. We would often go over the gravel pits to play. One day two men were over there shooting birds. This met with Andy's disapproval. We started shouting at them from a distance to put them off their shoot. It seemed to work, so we carried on playing like children do. Suddenly a gunman appeared from nowhere, "Don't Move or I'll shoot!" he shouted loudly. We were terrified and ran, but we were trapped by water. I thought of diving in then changed my mind, in a flash the gun went bang! I froze, shaking with fright. My legs nearly gave way. They threatened to throw us in the water with concrete socks. After some time they told us to walk off. As I walked off I thought they were going to shoot. Just then I felt a hard boot up my arse and ran off to play another day.

Things have changed since I was nine, I am thirty three now. The gravel pits are private land for fishing. The airdrome and air raid shelters have been removed. The land is now part of the city domain with blocks of flats where dogs bark and children play in the streets. I think back with plaintive emotions.

Adrian Cox 1998

The Hang Of Life

*We're looking around
trying to find a way to be.
Just what it is like
we don't know what to say.*

*All the people
go through their lives
just looking for something,
Anything,
To get a hold of.*

*I never got the hang of life.
I never really got to know what it's all about.
Just learning to create
and watch the people as they go by their business.*

*Don't know what to say.
Don't know what to do.
I tried my best
to make my way.
I tried my best
to make my way.*

This

*screwed up
blotched paperwork
lies in the
waste basket.*

This

*'ready to be disposed of'
remembers being part of the fold,
in a pad with others.*

This

*once milky white
'yet to be defined'
turned out to be a doodle.*

This

*paperwork became
just another 'throw away'
of no real importance.*

This Mid Life Crisis.

To Play At Home

*In 1969 at 20 Arthur Street
near the football ground
a four year old boy
stands in front of the terraced house.*

*While the sun is shinning
bitter winds blow in gusts
through his clothes;*

*shadows of clouds
shoot across the road,
across paving slabs,
up red brick walls.*

*Cars of the sixties
park tightly on a match day
to backdrop roars
and distant cries from their owners
at significant moments,
while the Imps play at home,
just as he did.*

Trouble

*Dosey doors snore and swing.
ascending steps taps footsteps' echo.*

*Evidently trying to do our jobs
fingers stain white leaved sheets.*

*Movements are traced, inquisitions
follow us home into dreams' restless sleep.*

*Imagination bangs its head
on smooth hard walled corridors*

*and through an endless hapless maze of dreams
lifes dignity screams, in silence.*