

CREATIVE

The Jokers

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Abstract

Two poems from year one of AUT introduction to creative writing paper.

The Joker

The black lights on, as the glares prepares
The chaos so blurred on oceans ashore.
Dark clouds will gather, the skies will tear
In darkness afar, grins the assembled gallery
They cavort like demons forlorn of yore

I watch 'em punch me, the freakish clown
Smack me with pale yellow fade
Evil never wore a frown
My all creased outfit, garbed in purple suede

In nowheres to run, you can't despair
My sinister grins hates forgotten daymares
Silk purple suit jacketed, all hair dyed green
Thugs stole my 'loons, like the freak machines

These paints dye pales to colour my skin lately
My face so auto-pale, can't you see
I'm normal and you're all crazy
It's so obvious, the mask wears me

Insanity was never my given choice
The jokes I crow, the demented charade
My nasal vent madness a true voice
I hear the gallery now, as laughter pervades

Your laws to me, oh they don't pertain
As I grin and smile in sycophancy
My mother advised me to entertain
My life twists into the inky jet of comedies

See now the curtains fall, I fear my fate is clear
A corner casts a spell, the gallery 'sappears
Long ebony arms outstretch, to point and leer
My bony skull sprout devil horns, the very Beast is here

The jokes are so leathery and warm,
Like flesh cut from Satan's swine scorn
The final act of mortal semiotika
Where limbic minds guide, a truth provides
The punchline seen in sable mass
A garden of hooved satyr icons
Pose to dance and revel in idiocies upon black grass

I bow now to pay in reverences
The gallery grin and approve at last
In motions passed my verbal craft
I used to think my life was a tragedy
To Deliver a quip, by humour's whip
Is a tourniquet for all my pathetic maladies.
Visages of gallery smiles, thumbs up high

But as I realize, as I'm now wrong
As I was all along...

...I'm

Just...

Me.

The Joker II

A ghost leads me into halls of insipid and lacklustre
I feel an urge a crave in my heart to sin
The nether of all underworld are illusions and dead within
Lost in a sordid religion of despair

The Bleakness, the presence of all befouled air
Caresses to speak volumes to my punkish green hair
The spastic bleak lights of day grin in escapades
As curtailed a rictus of given noise,
Litanies songs are unbidden with poise
All unheard voice perceives all war is hell
Like shining view, the curvaceous mirrors hidden fell
My worn skins long toes of ebony feet
Across the shadows sob back creep, across icy teeth

Lain open scars drafters, shorn of magical ethers
I head back to my trials of fate and destiny
Submerged here on dark devoid and colourless
The fallow bright light of night, the darkness of day
Into I crawl in the demented belly of the Cthulhu leviathan
A grim mug so watery and obese

It opens its gargantuan seeping maw o'porous
Signpost of lost oblivions
Semi-transparent I read the sign that beckons
Decipher quest to query
Remains in the stomach of evil
Or leave to return to the Devil
My feelings fluster heavy within unguent skies
Dark angels weep their sadness and entice all to subside
Sublime out I submerged I seek
I'm sinkin' my silky body searin' feet, into the gate of tearin' teeth
The demon leviathan goads me to stay mismatched innards
As a vagrant forbade to hear and openly surmise

Chained to the middle purgatory my spirit and flesh ties
The furious and absorbing shell
My doppelganger ghost years longing to hell

Jostling, asleep drunken on to the innards of the fish
Fear drags me to peel my skins to awaken and discuss
The paleness of body dies once more, freedom I wish
The walls speak volumes, the disfigured whispers of abject disgust
A message to the black heavens the gods pontificate
Here I'm chosen trade and craft I carry with snide
The ivory towers are pleasantly lonesome inside
The shards of its hollow walls are demolished and broken
Lay strewn across like the broken mess of pride
Leviathan speaks directly to my mind
I've ingested these scaly street with my broken sides
From the inner torso, my seedy little drug I slip to imbibe
Free from depths of despair I grin with the pills it provides
Now as I spin a line in cleverness to entertain
Did my fellow inhabitants: do they claim be by fame the same?
The self-adored curse I'm born for a purpose I slide which I pertain
Here now the gallery returns my ego the gallery seeks to maim

Beginning again I introduce the scowls with a frown
The gallery's acids in intestines and stomach

With the pool I drown in the chemical intrinsic oasis's
Darkest of pure waters, here the scorn so towers
The pun fails to germ being so warm
Yet they're spoken quipped like fields where roses flower
I rephrase the joke, my lines but here I digress
The leviathan garbles a chortled happiness
With my grin leers in aims to impress.

Rewarded by affluence wrought present in gaudy excess
My loneliness has gone lecherous leeches wide

The eros of orgies moan so perfunctory
Hate for the civilized my hate and nihilism divides

Now I stalk my enemies with debauchery and hearty pride
The Punchline whispered again
The figures of the gallery giggle snigger anew
the words of my message, its context, known by purview
Their sides splits its open sides the effluence asunder
Like fishy gold I'm lead to plunder
The Venom closets like a unending grenade arms and decides
Resounding my audience blissful and happy
As the funnies images subside

The head of the judge keeping in bells tolls so rude
These faces smile snide at the deliver gag anew
The stab of the knife of post future acquiescence

Fatally it stabs me derides me to the next joke
I find sought acceptance of hells I sojourn
So merry secret incantations, the organs grinders sound

The jest concludes all-a clapping to my jest I'm rewarded now
Quizzically my visage flounder's grins in louder bounds
A bleakness stringent, so venomous cruse of vermillion hate
It feeds the flutter of my many wings naught
The primordial angelic provides the beasts intercourse
Ave Satan my pointed horns scream in visual discourse
I cry and witness you my lord of hell my name is Lucifer
The sabotage who's agents are so provocateur
Here in hell I fall to my very knees before a new gallery
Laughter imbues the muscles of bone and flesh sinew
My crown of dirt so warn complicates all the flesh raw and true
The only question remains as I exit the leviathans side
Where does the inverse of light of night reside
Exuding it seethes from my given plight I'm free again

In my vest does the sign align my bleak soul
Does it dream into the fallow of tallows snow..

My body talks the raptures by requisitions pulse
Lost within halls where only laughers flow...
The circles of journeys now danced compete
The next sojourn the further destination's wombs...
I envision the next path to plant my sordid dreams seed.