



# THOUGHTS

JON FORBES

## Fool's Gold...

Nothing worse than stumbling out of the wilderness.  
Into the light guided by the best of yesteryears.

Fumbling as I pick up the beautiful word, I marvel,  
Feeling the edges and realising that I must throw it forward.

Forward, onward, onward I must go as the sidelines scream,  
I must go as I start the charge forward, onward, I must go.

The finery and the tones of the word, I begin to feel as I strive forward,  
Onward, onward, I carry on with growing doubt of a possible literary crime.

Thinking of the greats who came before with elegance I do not have, yet, they scream, on-  
ward, onward, I must go on, as I carry the beautiful word forward.

Have faith, fool, as I mindlessly run forward, onward, and onward, promising to do my best,  
past today into the future, as the fool's talent grows.

I threw myself forward to shape and to deliver a promise,  
As only a fool who thinks he has talent, as the sidelines groan,

Onward, fool, onward, as I throw the beautiful word forward across the line.

Good night, and God bless.



to wear finery, free conversations and taste what is offered,

to lay in a bed of design and dream refined thoughts, I could say,

to embrace the flesh, so close, so far, I know my allocated, usual place,

to serve without a second glance, my only appointed wish is to amuse you.

To our master and mistress of high, I was pleased to be of service today...

## Secrets.

Find me where shadows don't fall, surrounded silently, waiting.

Air puddles without a stir, smell of dankness that cuts deep to the core.

On the surface, place me down with a single thorn red rose in my hand.

Gentle caress sealed with a kiss, single tear splashed, walk away love.

Without fear, I won't tell my friend, "Live your life, kiss your wife, bye-bye."



# Volo, possum, facio.

*Latin*

I am one ghost, awakened by inferior contenders afar and wide.

Who has the temerity to make a claim? Witnesses, silence is not enough.

People vote, feet sodden in mire. Can you muster freedom spoken into the wind?

Climb the ladder to kneel before me, and I will decide your soul's merit, foolish ones.

What is it to be? Dead, silent slave, or bring me the blade of change if you dare to face me.

My pretenders, the prize. Are you the one who can seriously seize my green wreath today?

Bend the knee or rise; show me I am the only true ghostly tyrant without cares or heart.

No, no, not a god. Many have tried, lost in time's sands, and all faded to dust.

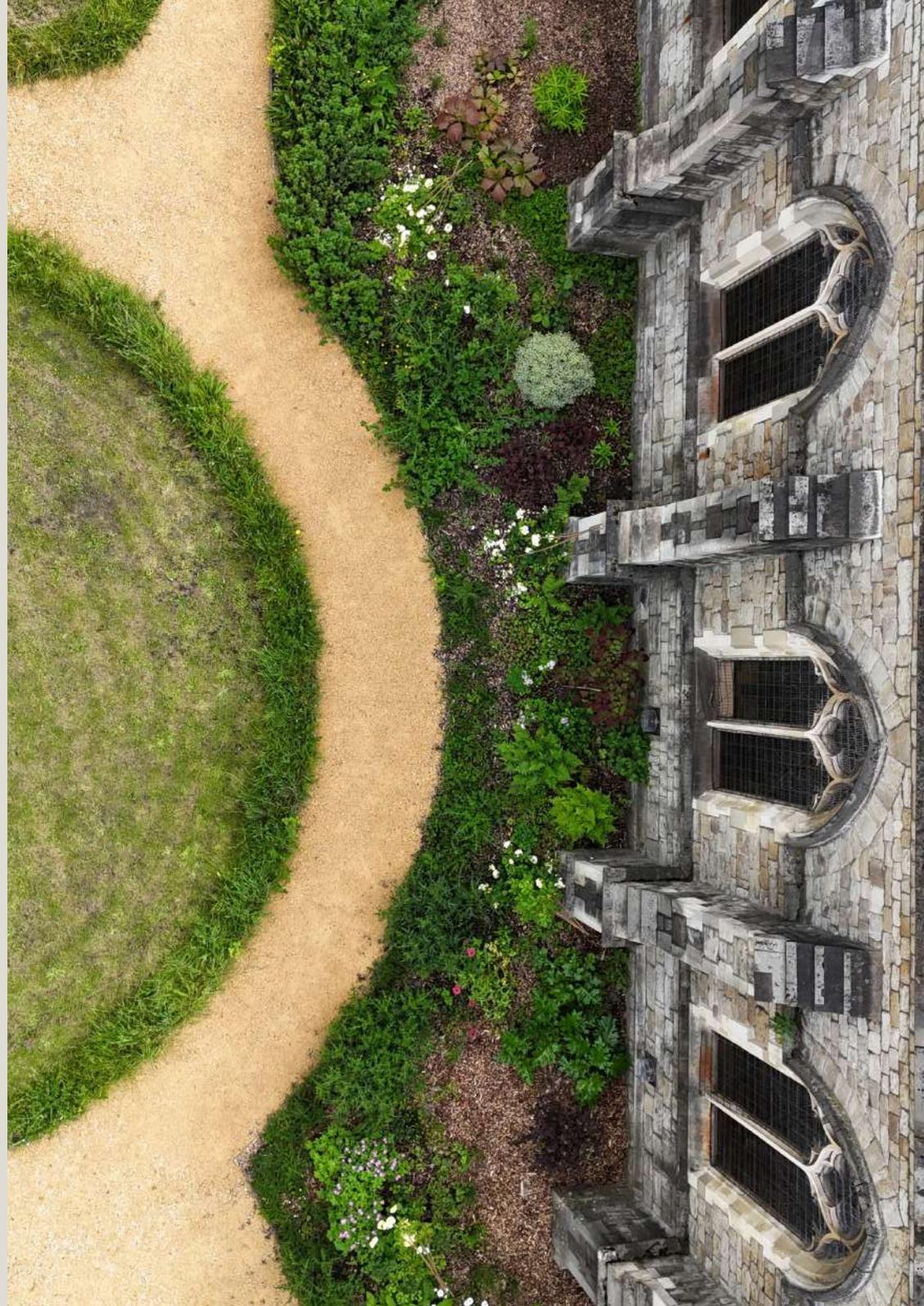
It is time to deliver your vote of change. Beware, all now and think of fools.

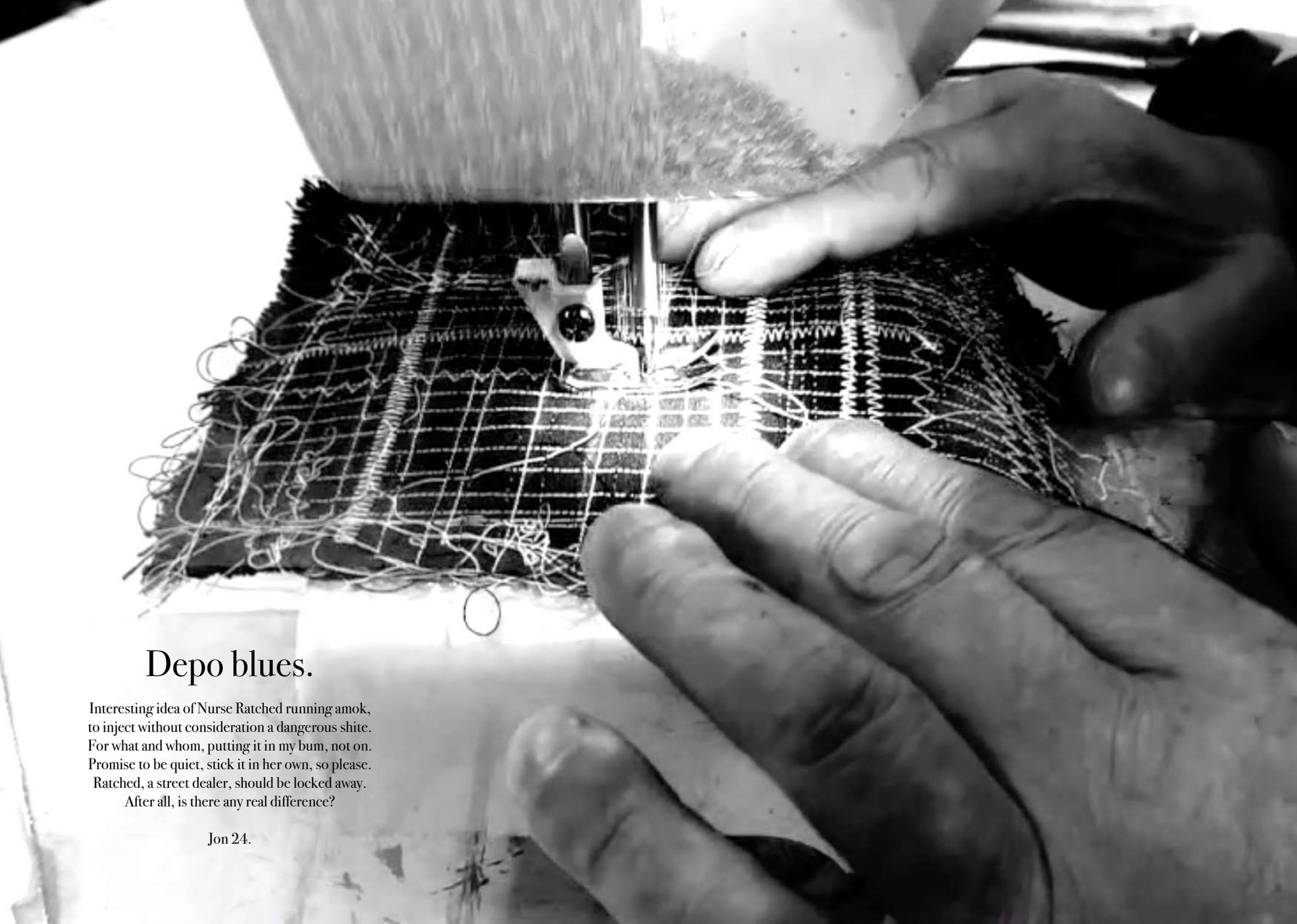
I, Julius Caesar, await your follies, all drenched in dead children's blood.

All hail the new Caesars. *Maniacal laughter* in your tiny dreams,

I am the only one. *More laughter*, bring it on, FOOLS

Jon 27/12/23





## Depo blues.

Interesting idea of Nurse Ratched running amok,  
to inject without consideration a dangerous shite.  
For what and whom, putting it in my bum, not on.  
Promise to be quiet, stick it in her own, so please.  
Ratched, a street dealer, should be locked away.  
After all, is there any real difference?

Jon 24.



## Mama.

Neon lights promise pulsing, gaudy delights, reflecting coloured shadow imprints on threadbare, faded curtains and sweaty sheets.

Turning as I hear the shuffling of a mouse's feet quietly skirting the edges, a fat mama, seeking urgent affairs in soft twilight places.

I am resting in a cot held together by broken dreams, lying in a sweating puddle of my own making, seeking resolution. I have to resolve.

Weaved with knots to complicate as the promises continue to sublimate, maybe the haze will form as I take a swig, another, just one more.

As the neon recycles its message on the wall with slow frequency, it is time I rise to meet destiny's call, holstering my piece, safety affirmed.

Leaving fat mama to make it right in the twilight, the cycle of life begins once more. A beauty, I step out into the moonlight to take out the trash. No excuses, no more.

On and out in the shadows, skirting the edges like mama, resolving destiny in the dirty light, another well done as I take another swig to soften the blur.

To move on, to wait for the call, to wait for resolution, I can not induce. Trouble weaves, I solve. The best I hear is of mamas doing what is truly best.

A sound, the rustle of mama's feet, angels weeping, my toast to mama in the buzzing neon light, is my only memory recall...

Jon. 3-24

Excuse me a minute, ok, two minutes, sometimes longer, I wanted to say more,  
As I was standing in Tesco, looking at a shelf, something nice caught my eye,  
so richly coloured, 100% goodness inside, saying, you know you want me,  
pick me up and take me, I'm the promise you deserve at midnight calls,  
never disappoints, as I give comfort in places you desire, feel, touch,  
Yes, baby, we're almost there as we check out, as I await you inside,  
Take me out of the cupboard for our embrace, ah, yes, baby...

Let me taste you in flavours, you display, best kept quiet.

Scratch my itch as I do you in love as we dream on,

In a pulse of starlight entwined. acquired seen,

Maybe it was only a thought that passed by,

In a trajectory that's lost, was it ever love?

A rock star who explodes in love. xxx.

Jon. alien/turnip 2-25.

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If in doubt, buy a hairbrush, then stand in front of a mirror.

Sometimes I hang out at the local bus stop & go for it.

Leave the mouldy bread for the peasants to enjoy.

In loss as we pass Hellfire unscathed, lead is lost, to whizz by.

Was it deemed, as we sodden wet, past nightmares? Iced dreams,

Onward we go, in sunrise light, in early morning calls, sadly misplaced,

lose another two in blooded recalls, solitary embrace lost, denial at what cost.

Maybe we impose our importance in the only dream we ever mattered, as a fossil cache?

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Effervescent dreams in shorthand play in bubble replays,

Flip once more to line perfections on delivery, are you a fool?

make it quick as you break the sound barrier, windows so crack,

siren calls in parades, no time romance, I take your warm kiss anyway,

Maybe we can catch our dreams on a night bus as lightning falls.

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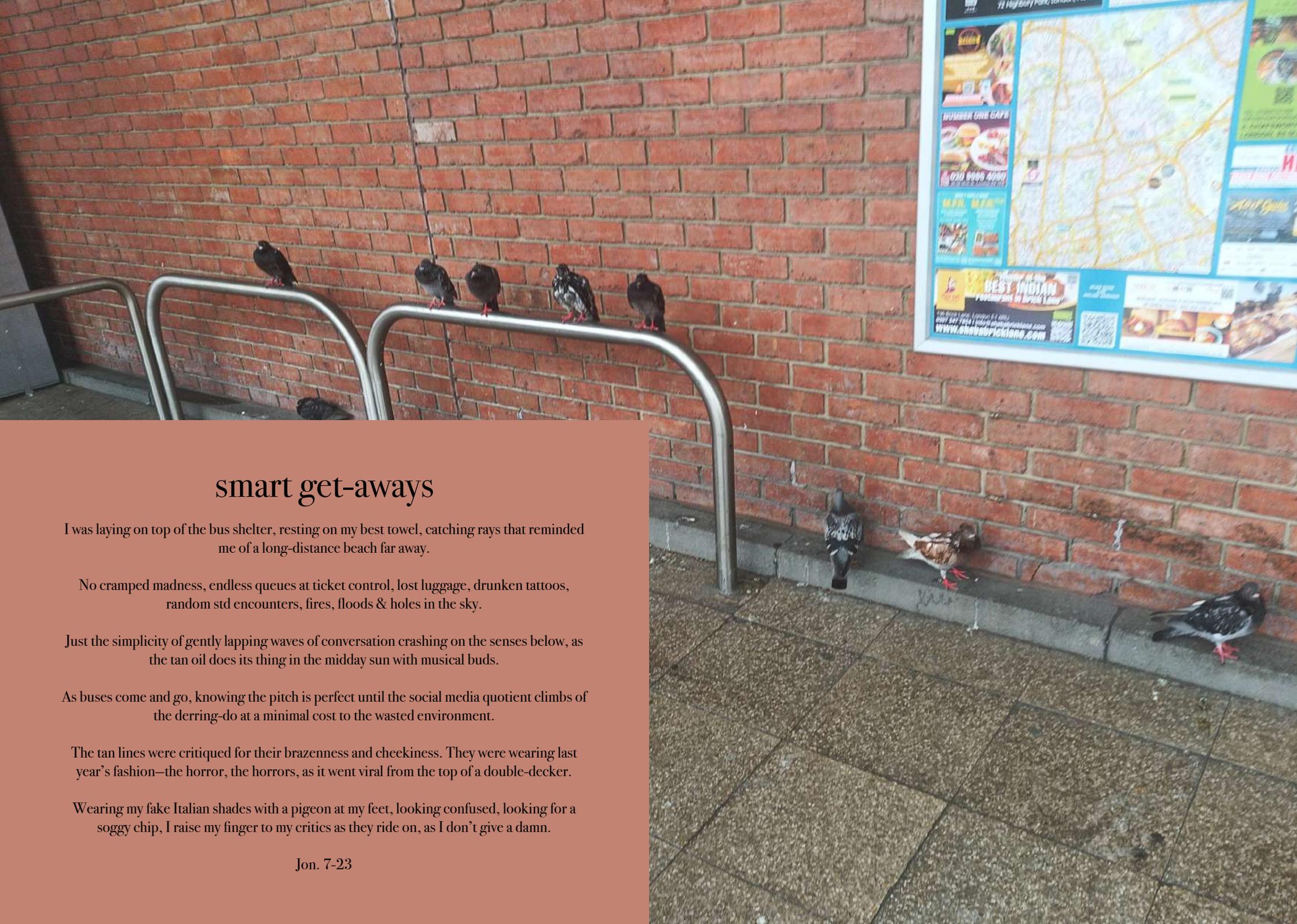
To lay in dreams of sweat, shallow breaths as we recollect,

Promises cast in finery thoughts like eggshells, do they protect?

scheming of emotions, we project on tidal forces, we inflict on desire,

collecting our pulse as we negotiate our regrets in morning eclipses in light,

Knowing a moment of terminal release was only our timely desire.



## smart get-aways

I was laying on top of the bus shelter, resting on my best towel, catching rays that reminded me of a long-distance beach far away.

No cramped madness, endless queues at ticket control, lost luggage, drunken tattoos, random std encounters, fires, floods & holes in the sky.

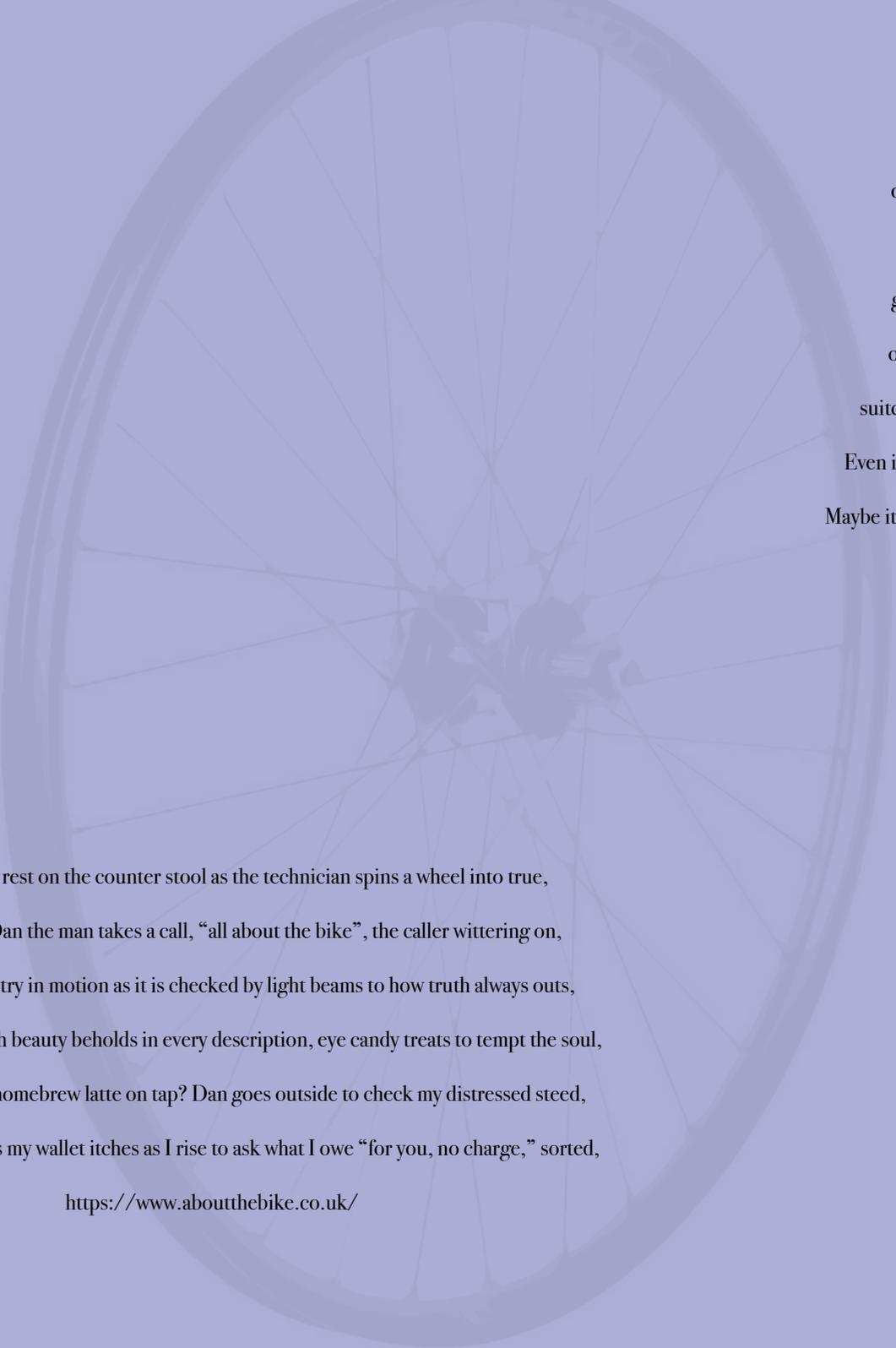
Just the simplicity of gently lapping waves of conversation crashing on the senses below, as the tan oil does its thing in the midday sun with musical buds.

As buses come and go, knowing the pitch is perfect until the social media quotient climbs of the derring-do at a minimal cost to the wasted environment.

The tan lines were critiqued for their brazenness and cheekiness. They were wearing last year's fashion—the horror, the horrors, as it went viral from the top of a double-decker.

Wearing my fake Italian shades with a pigeon at my feet, looking confused, looking for a soggy chip, I raise my finger to my critics as they ride on, as I don't give a damn.

Jon. 7-23



Transit in luggage racks in a suitcase of hopeless dreams,  
drops and knocks until the package opens onto new landscapes,  
different but the same, pulled in the usual name and number,  
good for nothing, better drowned, wack. Now stand up straight,  
only I had my own ticket to make us own our dreams, kept silent,  
suitcase travels on like a shadow sitting next to me, chained at the wrist,  
Even in low light, it leaves a stain, but now I have love and a purpose, shine.  
Maybe it is the company I keep that showed me, with love, all is indeed possible.

Home free as I rest on the counter stool as the technician spins a wheel into true,  
So behind me, Dan the man takes a call, “all about the bike”, the caller wittering on,  
refocusing on poetry in motion as it is checked by light beams to how truth always outs,  
littering the walls with beauty beholds in every description, eye candy treats to tempt the soul,  
Should I stay for a homebrew latte on tap? Dan goes outside to check my distressed steed,  
temptations plenty as my wallet itches as I rise to ask what I owe “for you, no charge,” sorted,

<https://www.aboutthebike.co.uk/>

In the early morning, as the Cockerel caws, I think of you in a moment we once shared.  
To leave without a trace in echoes as I remember our last embrace as we brushed away our  
tears,  
I can see the brightness of the day as I imagine you taking the ticket to ride the stars above  
to shine,  
Stay away, stay away as we burn in crazed despot dreams to wreck it all, for what, as his  
vanity calls.  
In magical recalls, all I see is you all that we shared in micro timeshares, as I value our  
breakup in value.  
You are the one I lost, as you said my name as you passed Jupiter, as you pressed levers to  
exit dreams to find...

*"audible static,"* transmission lost, end of message, " good night all,

Jon. Alien/Turnip 2 - 25



*Welcome to AI lift service; how can I help you today?*

Fifth floor, please.

*I'm having problems processing your request,*

Fifth floor, please.

*Do you want directions to the Forth Bridge?*

Fifth floor, please.

*Nearest restaurant that serves green split peas?*

Fifth floor, please.

*Do you want me to play the Doors on the P-A speaker?*

For god's sake, **Fifth floor please.**

*A zero-tolerance policy is in force, and this lift will terminate here; the door is open.*

Jon alien/turnip 1-25





only, mainly, familiar dirt prism tales,

I know what is lost as home calls what is true,

monsoon rules as I seek resolution in desirable talks

As I lay down amongst early morning caws, scrum positions,

Hut, Hut, I will play the required response as I study damp dirt below,

inhale my breath as I see the play ahead, to focus as the drive forges ahead,

I am the beast who delivers what is required, as I pass to the team that delivers.

Maybe I was lost, should I dream of the caress of magic as I follow cheeks beautified,

rise up to cloudy streams whose emotions most received, only to hearts lost in earthly frames.

To a peasant standing in the rain, who sees a caste pattern in the ooze rising between his toes,  
as I look up.

Jon alien/turnip 1-25

To be fair, I have seen a lot of suitcases in other people's dreams,  
from dirty rooms to dusty highways as neon noisily flicked in the night,  
transitory collections like a charity sale, finest, wore always out of date,  
If only I could rest in the cracks, to bed my roots in clean water, but alas,  
See the world in paper cups and plastic straws, one day I will make it so.  
To a dream, we can share on a horizon in twilight and the stars above.

Jon alien/turnip 2-25





My response in the polytunnel,

For my little friends.

To wake, in praise, I am so alive,

Praise the very small and all the living between,

Praise my worries that kept me all troubled and awake,

Praise all the long overdue in slow, crisp, icy morning dew,

Praise loving keepers who shepherd our gardens into the light,

Finally, praise me for being shown, to see our collective, majestic delights.

Jon. alien/turnip 12-24

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richly coloured, 100% goodness inside the box, you know you want me,  
pick me up and take me, I'm the promise you deserve at midnight calls,  
never disappoints as I give comfort in places you desire, feel, touch,  
Yes, baby, we're almost there as we check out, as I await you inside,  
Take me out of the cupboard for our embrace, ah yes, baby...

My response was in the churchyard's main hall, a gothic mashup.

In life, eternity bestowed,

remembering our time overgrown,

to lay and commune with hard, stony echoes of the past,

Feel only your desires that never were forgotten,

carry you on now, in my heart, to travel the arrows of time,

Our best dreams, never lost, are they, my dearest loving friend?

*One soul passes another in time; a fiery torch blazes love with intent,*

So, weaving your renewal in Shadowlands with all our promises kept,

biding and rhythm, pulsating to explode into colours beyond compare,

walk on bye, knowing all our precious time is lost, so, so far away,

Sleep on and dream of your blessed moments to bloom,

so I can fly away & await you in our ethereal light,

Peace be with you all, and good night.

Jon. alien/turnip 12-24

I came on down to drink the water @ The Core  
only to find it was sparkling moonshine. Jon 23

666 dollars plus local sales tax, free postage, T&C apply

Whose subjective history might I be at a loss?  
What do I know about being truly offended?

As we all compose in life, dreams,  
I'm that one in ten thousand defective crew,  
Most will try to dispose of in water races, not thought out,

some alive feeling a little uncomfortable in my deposition,  
I will remonstrate, that I'm onto idiot orange-face whipping embraces,

a bloody taste you never forget in messages all now propagate,  
I, too, like a sermon on special days; yes, they forget past deadly echoes,

That is their loss, as repeat offenders, repented once again, distracted sinners,

An idiot shows a path that is lost amongst blind, crazed righteousness,  
That is not us, and we are not like him; we are all equally just in Gnosis.

to believe in love that shows a path into the light,  
So all richly deserve in merit as we carve in stone,  
one score at a time to chisel true, merit lost, but we still do,

to step forward like the Cathars who sang high in spirit,  
who refused to bend and kiss the blessed, costly holy ring,  
Maybe the newly installed Pope Fire will cleanse us all, pearly white,  
Do all aspire to ascend into a new 100% improved dogma now on sale?  
Deceptions alluding to cheap promises are best left on shelves as toxic waste.

Maybe it was just a dream,  
so lost in the flames of history,  
Remembering our only true embrace,  
As we all stepped across today in unity,  
onto our orange-sponsored funeral pyre,  
innocent, with grace as I await you anew,

Jon. 2-25.

As we lay amongst spring promise, see as life breaks,  
realise as I brush your curls into place, to know what beauty is,  
majesty in knowing what genuine love is, in moments drawn to evaporate,  
I know why gods are jealous in lives; they cannot be as we kiss our embrace,  
That is divine as you look back and smile, I know you are mine as I smile back.

Jon Forbes 2 -25

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Microwave dreams, silly me to believe,

As I overcooked, and you exploded with fury,  
fast but no more in a game of high-frequency desires,  
impressed by another who will come to see you out.

Jon. alien/turnip 2-25

# Taweret, 'the Great One'

The colossal sculpture represents the goddess Taweret, the Great One. Her head and body are that of a hippopotamus, with the limbs of a lion and the tail of a crocodile – all dangerous animals. The prominent belly and hanging breasts give her a motherly appearance and relate her to the goddess of the household and bringer of fertility, Isis. The finely grooved tripartite wig was worn by Isis and topped by a Hathoric crown, with a sun disk. Taweret is standing on her hind legs, and her forepaws rest above her breasts, a protective gesture. She is often shown holding a knife in her right hand, ready to strike down any threat. Her frightening appearance, she wards off evil and protects women in labour and children. In fact, she is often associated with another goddess of pregnancy and childhood, the leonine Sekhmet. The incongruous figures of these goddesses were reproduced on countless amulets, usually sported by women and children. In the Osirian myth, Taweret protected Isis and the newly born Horus against the murderous serpent Apep. Her association with Osiris himself is particularly entrenched in the Theban region (modern Luxor) where this statue originates. This Taweret was assimilated with another hippopotamus goddess, Ipet, herself assimilated with the sky goddess Nut, as the mother of Osiris. Ipet was worshipped in a temple at Karnak – to the south of the temple of Amun – which was seen as the birthplace of Osiris. This sculpture was, however, discovered in the east of the temple of Amun, in an area where multiple aspects of Osiris were revered. The dark greywacke cult statue was found in an limestone shrine, near the chapel of the Providence ('Who gives life'). This shrine was destroyed in the Saite period (26th dynasty, 664-340 BC), possibly celebrated the birth of Osiris. The inscription on the back pillar is a plea for the goddess to Taweret, the founder of the shrine, to protect his daughter. The smooth polished surface of the dark greywacke makes the sculpture as a majestic and imposing figure.



Status of Taweret  
Range of Pharaoh I (624-610 BC)  
Luxor (North Karnak)  
Greywacke  
H. 96 cm  
Egyptian Museum, Cairo CG 35145

Icy cold pure brook tumbles across lichen and moss,  
Hand scoops to quench, time to move on in a cloak of silence,  
Feet bare to tread Mother Earth into the wilderness of dreams,  
Some is the beauty of what was and what could be, those that never were,  
Eyes widen to take in a course of necessity, to fix and focus.  
Acquisition done as I rest to think of you doing what you do best, what thoughts,  
I'm almost there; it is time to do what I do best: always be clean and quick.  
To carry my burdens, body and soul, as life turns to shadowing darkness.,  
Facing into the wind, alone as we always are, I'm not afraid as certainty visits,  
Time to order is over, to relax, to settle down as I like my last to be thinking of you,  
Doing what you do best makes beautiful dreams come true in the morning light.

Jon Forbes 2 -25

On inclement days,  
clouds follow, trailing rain,  
like an indiscreet sleuth tailing,  
Sunburns cold wetness into hazy,  
bringing a sense of warmth to soulful,  
To my happiness, I was finally alone once more.

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If only I... A Beggar's Tale,  
Stealing, using, dealing, and feeling vibes with glazed grey eyes.  
lost on street corners with even bigger overdrawn, stained dreams,  
peddling tired stories that roll into dusty, lined cracks, never to be seen again,  
"Hey, mister, spare me a gold coin" No one is listening here; it is time to move on.  
As Death collects another soul wasted from a ravaged, empty husk of a body used by all,  
saying, "No is what the beginning should have been to allow love for a beggar's dreams".  
Now, it is wasted in cold, silent winds, lost and forgotten by those who walk on by,  
A fresh story appears out of the murk. "Hey, spare me a gold coin."





In a chilled aisle resting, a bag of frozen peas pressed to my furrows, slowly eroding muzak  
tones,  
while trains of indulgences, topped with white cherries of extra bonus soft paper rolls to wipe  
it all away,  
strained squeaking wheels in a big hurry, stalled to cash out belts. I go to four items or less,  
leaving mushy peas done,  
past poverty-outstretched littering icy cold exits to my steed, muttering this is not it, as I sped  
away, past cars, jammed screaming,  
home to what is so dear to me, my indulgence, to know what it is, — — [silent pause] — —.  
Good night!

being born between many worlds,  
Now, in the winter of my life,  
Lucky to discover in chaos.  
landscapes to walk barefoot,  
to connect with the vast and the tiny,  
best visiting hours as shifts change,  
sense with care as we all should,  
So life is clocking in and out,  
finding acceptance and peace,  
learning to consume heartily,  
The dead and the living.  
patience as seasons recede like tides,  
orbitals teach us, we all flotsam adrift,  
Self-obsessed thinking mastery is theirs alone,  
They all wantonly tread on our peace,  
not anymore, no more  
seeking refuge in nature's garden,  
knowing our mother's songs,  
all longing to be heard.  
to claim what is ours,  
gives us hope and love  
for those who create spaces,  
We all can now rest and dream,  
So I walk so freely to  
shadowed cracks contented,  
as the axis spins once more;

An armada of thoughts sailing my sea of synapses, all bearing your name.  
Past steamy pools of orderly madness were mainly casually stirred with a breeze of ease.  
It is where you find me with my passengers, brothers and sisters, in a circle of trust to air  
peacefully.

So free, we have learnt to surf turbulent waves together, with no stragglers left behind.  
Honestly, we watched many outside run away with great haste, cheap at the price.  
Maybe we will see you again real soon.

All could fly around full moons; now it is just another imagining, and all of us.  
It's like knowing acrobatic bats bathe in majestic night light on the wing and then rest in an  
upside-down world.

We could sip warm nectar tea with quartered cucumber sandwiches and enjoy polite,  
wholesome conversations.

Do all say I? What do you say?

Jon. — Alien / Turnip — Beaver Moon — 11-24

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Sweep away Christmas and down a horn of honey,  
to wade through a tsunami of humanity's greed and want,  
pulsating rhythms of light & tones dragging all obsessed to be fleeced  
Am I being cynical? Think on, think of all the little children, young & old alike,  
so I raise my filled horn of mead to the season of our collective madness,  
all I ask, can anyone let me know when I can wake from this dreary dream?  
Peace be with you all, Ho Ho Ho, — — wait a minute, — — wait a little more  
hmm, — — then there are the sales; maybe there is a bargain after all?  
Shop on, — — with my blessings, Ho Ho Ho, — — Good night.



Another lost ticket was pre-clipped.

Whilst I was born in common dirt in a foreign land, science tells me I came with the first  
spread to another.

As an alien, I was told I belonged with no one, had no merit, a simple lesson about what is,  
and I am glad to know.

History shows me that many brothers and sisters were sent to find new ground to stand on,  
and many sank in the wash.

Those who scream true blue know nothing. Their rhetoric slides off my back, and their lies  
of not being here are just hot air blowing dry in the burning sky.

As we pass amongst our common wants left unfinished, we are littering in long queues for  
resolution in the widescreen latest definition on special unrealistic offers.

I now reside in empty corners, taking easy ground among the cracks of desire. We all seek to  
flourish in shared dirty air, fighting to breathe it in.

Reach out with a flower in pre-analogue touch to remind you that you are a desirous natural,  
not a digital imprint. Lost in the maze of many, I see you.

I ask nothing but to take my hand-grown flower and consume what is magical as I return to  
the shadows where I belong, to watch you fly on.

Dream on, baby, as I do, as the true blue careless Titans story crumbles into the dust  
in 3rd class...

Jon 18 August 2023

So, one life ends, resurrection alley blues play,

In the white room, waiting for the wall counter to come closer,

With a ticket in hand, thinking it has come to this as I look around,

As always, the usual crowd in denial, I have been waiting so long for destiny.

Finally, success, I thought, as the clerk tells me, I have been rejected again to travel alone.

“Eh, Doctor, we have a stable pulse.” My head and soul feel the pain of a brutal comeback.

Eyes meeting with smiles, “you have been lucky,” I have been unlucky, thinking between lives.

I’m so back to questing as I turn over rocks to find the right frog that needs kissing.

One day, I’ll be lucky enough to achieve perfection and speak of love, a common dream we  
all share.

Yes, eh! X.. Does it hold you now?

jon 3-adapted-25

.....  
purple dreams wafting in windy moments

Passing by, out of reach out, soaring at exquisite heights.

fiery sun rays turning into kaleidoscope colours,

raining down on you and me.

Jon 3-25

Ahh, down into the Blues Bar,

stroll in nonchalantly with a waft of cool,

“What’s your tippie?” from the keep,

versed in speakeasy as the glass slides,

placed my Tommy gun on the bar to elicit,

drinks flowed on better persuasion, so easy,

sultry desires in slinky dresses made the right moves,

to please visionary sights, what delights in Liverpool misty nights

Jon 3-25

## Title: The witch is dead.

Mother, as you pushed me under, I made a promise.

As the watery struggle intensifies, to seek the precious air.

To know you care breaks the surface, so now, you can repeat.

I please you so my desperation, my struggle, pleases your desire.

Promise I keep, as the sun sets, for it will rise, for you, to repeat.

Between the stars, the terror of my sleep, I will wait.

One day, my promise, I will keep, safely placed, on my starry bed.

   Jon.

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History is always relative. Since I was asked, and now that it is old, I keep it locked in my chest.





# Title: Get in On.

To sit on the Titanic deck, we are all on to sip a drink or propose,

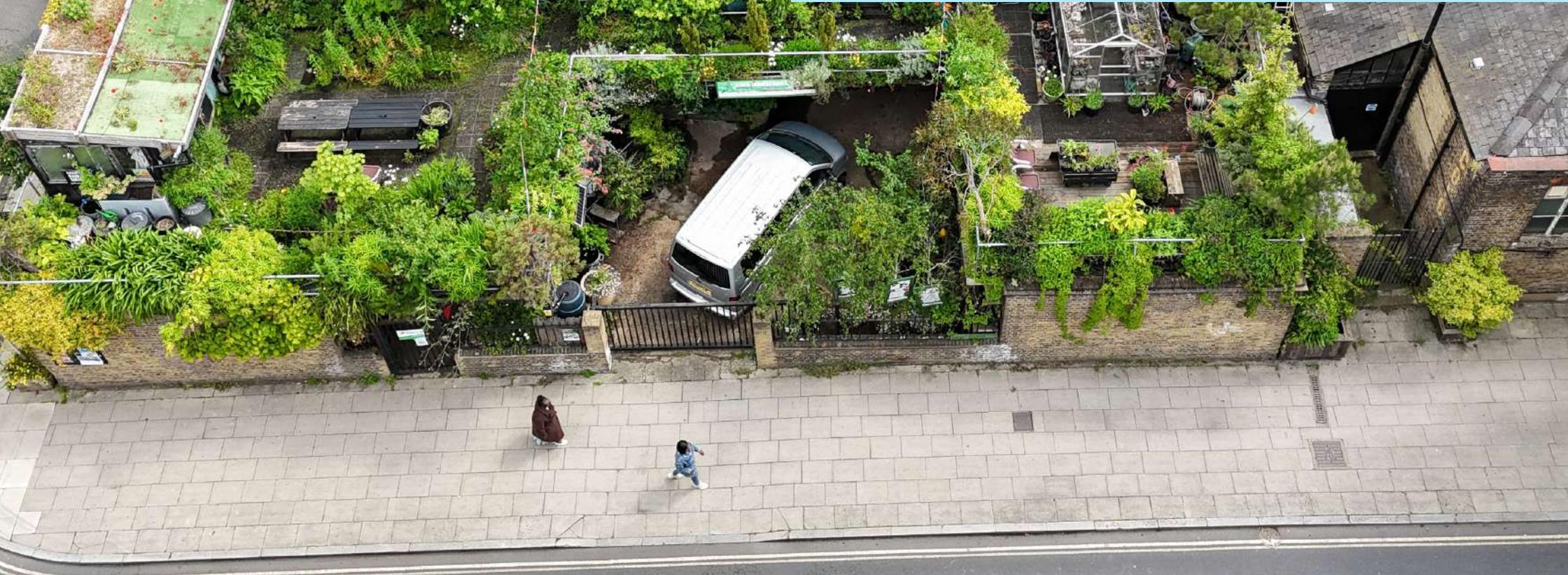
I will take that drink and listen to the band; I'm off to find saws, excuse me.

Stand aside as I cut the deck into little squares to carry the rest. So now cut some more.

Hey, you. Release the best below to fashion the rest. It is not the look I seek to make sure we  
don't drown,

As always, a humble servant to all. If you want that drink, cut some more. When we are all  
done, I will serve you more.

Jon.



## Title: Bad loser.

Our brothers and sisters are so scared, delusional attacks, your craziness. Inviting death to visit all without care.

Bro, I am tired of your singular, stolen nightmares; we all try to resist, steely against you, our so angry, sad little brother.

Sitting in your golden tower, thinking it is all about you? Killing won't satisfy, nor telling lies. Locking up all objections on the fly.

History, brother, if you can see, it will never end well. Social engineers, with bloody hands, end up so hung up, stone dead, so tick tock.

“Sorry, what we are looking for is now deceased due to your madness.” Sands of time slip away. We will come, alone in a bunker; you are so lost.

Jon.

## Title: Just the Facts

YouTube was prattling on with Dinosaurs and Black holes on a factual long loop.

Resting. Napping on my folding cot, surrounded by detritus of life, casually dispersed.

I sleep far away in action dreams, saving the day and the world every time.

All stories should start at the transit stop, with an irregular crowd of suspects winking.

The pantomime crowd offloads onto the damp tarmac, and I to see you carried on laughing.

Effervescent giggles keep you afloat as I follow like a lost stray. Waiting for the right moment.

To interlude in the merry dance of nonsense, percolating, unfiltered between my silly ears.

Awakened by a T-rex roar to snatch me back to the crackling neon lights buzzing above my dream.

Jon.



# Title: Networks?

Being nobody, I left. Cheerio.

Jon,

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Superpower lost.



## Title: Why today?

To arrive at the allocated spot, all gaze on, waiting for my signature move. I flick my move,  
but nothing. WTF, flick again, nothing.

I'm sure I had enough in my tank, not now, fuck, not in front of the crowd and as the  
expected, intended awaits me, tears asking.

The surrounding crowd starts to turn nasty as a call of fraud bubbles up like a lynching  
moment in long crescendo notes.

I decide to go naked emperor style and dive right into rescue the moment with an Olympic  
pose. The crowd gasps, and I crash the space.

Truly crumpled and dazed as I grab the intended from an inevitable demise, the crowd  
rejoices in a fickle manner to applaud the repose.

Gathering momentarily, the intended retorts, "Well, that is not your regular best." There is no  
pleasing someone.

## Title: Paintings.

I capture you as I please, daub, for all to see you as you are.

Be brave, as my oily canvas dialogue strips away to essentials so

Hold your breath now as I ravage my soul to cryptic poses only I can tell.

Be very brave, please, as you sit for me.

# Title: in the style of wallpaper

1]

Peering across the ethos.  
crisp packet opens slowly  
gazes misaligned awaiting  
drink stains the unrequited

2]

staggering under neon flash  
The lost scream to nothingness  
negotiated the meaningless  
to climb on warm, damp seats

3]

Roll down the familiar.  
creaking loudly, silently at night  
I lay on pillow bumps that never register with me.

So end of

.....

As promised, I will send the story tomorrow, as I have a mission to fry it lightly brown with a  
fresh salad.

.....

Jon.



## Title: Stuck in the bog.

To squint and track, standing waist-deep in cold muck, waiting for our friend, resting now, for their little magic, movie moment, will they? As it tick-tocks? An itch, scratches and bugs.

The cramp defies a torturer's grasp, bloody hell. I missed the background shot to reset the scenes and start the track. Raining sweat, inside a small hole, why do I do it? For a credit?

We were even here to record our little friends, so they never know. The scene is pampered while we wait, checking the lights, moon, sound, wind, and, of course, for the driver to arrive.

It is the allotted time for the star. To lay and talk, to check again? Is it in the can? I give the thumbs up. I am left to pack up as I crawl out. Why? For the love of David and our, so little, little friends.



I, Brittunculi.

## Title: Fantasy?

Last Christmas, I needed a break from the season's humdrum, so I travelled to the African savannah to open a pop-up restaurant offering dishes worldwide.

For the genuinely discerning local customers, I fetch the finest ingredients freshly delivered from the airport every morning; no country is rejected as they all have distinct flavours.

I quickly finished as I rounded them and herded the livestock into the caged truck, stripped of unnecessary items. We promised a life-changing experience to die for and photos to send home.

I draw close to the designated point as we bounce along dusty tracks. The target audience awaits with slavish desires; I reverse the tuck to tip the contents into a crumpled and dazed heap.

As I stand on top of the cab, taking the promised pictures, the delivery realises they are the promised lunch for the critically endangered, who are no longer bored as they give a short chase.

The clipboard I tick shows all goals achieved and promises kept. Each of them contributes to the local ecology, and their families can be proud that their loved ones have given back in a framed memento.

Jon.



## For the lord of grey paint,

Cockalorum.

Why dost thou thus,

through and through, apricity falls upon the dutiful furrows, fool.

Sweaty contemplation above dusty manuscripts, sadly, never read.

Come out of the beam, scribe, and let us seek redress with wonder-wenches.

It is better to dazzle the eyes with a soulful promise to drink our company full, filled with love.

Come now, leave the dust, must to thy drink, are thy rags of time and let us be lost in the bosom, and callipygian.

Must I chide, and thou shalt hear, "All you scribe, thou second rate, time to lay what pleases, go bed wenches souls".

Unburdened in thy apricity, to drive our lust, art is half as happy as we warm the blood.  
Come, come now, silly old soul.

Jon 24.

On inclement days,  
clouds follow, trailing rain,  
like an indiscreet sleuth tailing,  
Sunburns cold wetness into hazy,  
bringing a sense of warmth to soulful,  
To my happiness, I was finally alone once more.

Jon. 3-25

Youngling, ^ I am a Jedi, ^ beautiful, and delirious, ^  
a lonely momentary lapse of reason ^ that surfs into despair, ^  
Maybe that is my destiny ^ as I crash into rocks, ^ indeed score deeply, ^  
bubbles ^ pop ^^ noisily ^ to remind me to seek air ^ when I surface in tumble wash, ^  
to inhale greedily, ^^ I rotate down for another scrape ^ as waves break ^ on the rip shore, ^  
Should I give in and succumb? ^ I think not, ^ as my chest aches to swallow ^ what I do not  
need, ^  
Just a few feet more ^^ to breathe, ^ then deep scourges ^ to my oily skin and soul, ^^ rip  
cycles repeat. ^  
finally cast ashore, ^^ bloodied, ^^ to rest, thinking this was the best, ^ the sun scabs me to  
learn more ^ next time, ^  
To take a breath, ^^ breathe I will ^ and did, ^ to master ^ what I know about struggle, ^ we all  
hold precious ^  
in-depth and love ^^ X ^^ Good Night. Jon Forbes. Alien / Penguin 4-25

#####

Object fury in aisle 4

“Housekeeping to aisle 4” across the tannoy fades as I glow,

should have been so simple, as the bric and lettuce fall into the sea of beetroot juice,

Oversight, I see that now, as I collect myself from a pool of rage in turmoil sauce garnished.

Think it through, chill boy. It’s time to go, “housekeeping to aisle 4,” as security follows my black cloud.

It is about the mayo and the lemon squeeze, if only! Only in perfection dreams are we truly lost.

“Housekeeping to aisle 4” resonates, security taps, as I rotate in glacial speed to gaze back to retort: “I will be back!”

Precipitate the realisation that I was at fault. I had left my cards at home. What do we do for a sandwich with a lemon squeeze?

“Housekeeping to aisle 4; another customer has lost it, “ the tannoy proclaimed to all. Hmm, I wonder as I leave. A/T 3-25.



Invisible, strong, gilded cages, but as I was thinking of our queen, not that one,  
Yes, the first one, along with her courtiers who kept all at a distance depending on rank,  
The closer one was, the more that composed air of grace was jaded and needed a constant  
touch-up,  
Tricky was the walk, the queen was on her own, all those hours balancing heavy books on  
her gold crown  
paid off, never a fumble or tumble in corridor walks as nervous courtiers eyeing every move,  
keeping rhythm,  
such deportment, our queen with her handkerchief hands wafting, waving in feigned  
acknowledgements of the rabble,  
Not long after, a secluded pitstop comes into view, ready now with a warmed chamber pot,  
fresh powders, and scents.  
Not forgetting a new rouge, like cherries on top, popped back into the invisible to become  
visible on strokes of a master clock,  
Tick tock, queen once more refreshed in her gilded cage as the pit crew packs up, onward to  
the next stop. Shh, rabble mustn't know,  
Can you keep our queen's tragic secrets? Can you? Ahh.

J. Alien/Turnip Esquire, 3-25.

Silence souls, wisp whispering in our minds, are busy with their endless chatter,  
Why are we so special to be besieged endlessly, they call with tedious siren songs,  
a jukebox that clatters on, even when the needle jumps and scrapes, unbearably on and on,  
Soap drama storylines have already been reissued. Why do we even listen? Will there ever  
be a commercial break?  
I'm on 24/7, channel entirely on, and never alone, so I don't need any AI dating app; all I ever  
needed was my steady friends in my head.  
Not with a swarm of wisps that lurks with promises of lyrics of a changeling passenger met  
on the underground, lying in the shadows of others' minds.  
Jumping freelance in rush hours like a leech, it looks for a host with psychic passengers,  
where it can hide among the terrified and very lost.  
Sod this, it's not even paying its dues! We need to change the rules to sit in a circle so we all  
can see, and now we live in peace without wisp chattering.



I went out to find god, and I returned with a dog with fleas.

Avocado expresses so much with a stone, as a reminder of what was.

Lovers of this fruit can now find it attached to a wall with other fruits to help with their ABCs.

Sesame Street style: For inquisitive people, please note that the smoking spaces use green cast-off skins as ashtrays.

With no apparent talent, the artist has taken the first steps in engaging with the Avocado Recovery Support Entertainers group.

ARSE, for short, has refused to comment on the grounds of anonymity and good taste in the circumstances given.





## Waiting nightmares;

“Ok, and I will do as you please, how you like it, madame,  
cream like before,” I said as I removed my dignity for your delight,  
to serve white cake and coffee, not forgetting the extra cream foaming,  
to place with service as I unfold starched napkins that snap to rest on the table,  
“Will that be all, madame? Want longer and for me to hover like a hound dog panting,  
No worries, I am happy to serve you.”

Allez, allez, allez, ma chère, tu sais que ça te fait du bien.

Qu'est-ce qui s'est dit ce soir-là ? Peut-être que je suis perdue dans le temps.

Dois-je m'agenouiller pour parler ? Oui.

Je sais enfin où je suis censée être et où.

Jello dit le texte attendu.

Je m'élançai vers la gloire, c'est sûr.

Une magnificence à laquelle il faut croire.

Une reine du rock and roll.

Qui a besoin d'amour? X.

Alien/Pingouin 4 - 25

## Ever more

Remembering Nullarbor Plain, not my first walkabout in 1976,

so happy amongst endless red flat dust, so perfectly alone,

not a soul for hundreds; I wish it could be more, but alas,

to pass a first fella who was singing his song, I had to ask,

I was left with a handful of red-hot rust for a deeper meaning,

between wind and cracks, what was revealed we are all are nothing,

we pass all in transition; it tells us who we are, stardust caught in a cosmic wind,

rest is always up to you to be the best you can be. Shine on ever more, baby, eh? X

# Title: Compton Terrace Gardens, N1

As I enter the spit of garden along meandering paths past a couple, who nervously pull in their worldly goods at the sight of me.

Past the large yellow floppy hat in Sukhasana, adrift on the sea of daisies, lost in the moment of heavenly bliss, not noticing you or me.

I pass, affixed with a wry smile, which amuses me enough to take possession of a wooden bench and pick the cleanest spot to rest my weariness.

Sounds on to drown out the mechanical devils as cyclists glide and weave by elegant walkers striding with a purposeful air of mission poses.

I'm reaching down to my pantry to retrieve paper and pen, followed by sea salt to finish the panorama, so I'm in the moment as pollen falls as snow.

A lapse, I perused further, washed down fresh from my rack of plenty, a couple of promises striding by in disdain, singletons lost in the media, not knowing.

I don't care, as the bag is knotted, Barry White floods my senses, a squirrel inspects its patches for stashes, Barry finally gets it on, and a nut is finally found. Who am I to disagree? As Yellow

Floppy approached to discuss, I praised her for making her day, and she left with a wondrous smile. Did I take it too far? Next time.

I make my way to the queue as my ticket demands. I'm parked up in the Hope, plastic pass clutched. As I gaze out for the Yellow Floppy hat, could it be what stories are? As the time ticks down, the house calls for a new beginning.



Carousel of love that ignites desires lost in moonlight dances we all share,  
to live in the moment, we know in liquid of heat consumed in our passing embrace,  
lay within sweat to gather our breath, waiting for a more considered expression to show  
relief,  
beauty served in the early morning as the crow caws to roll away with what passes for dance  
card checks.  
With ruffled collars and hair misplaced on the metro to stand with others as we pass wry  
smiles to wait.  
Coffee secured to focus, countdown times, excuses given as we all knew, another dirty stop  
out, must attend.  
Line one: Yes, madam, how can I help you today? Thinking poise, awaiting the caffeine cloud  
to rain down on me.  
Another day in paradise, lucky me, thinking, well, that was nice. Line two, yes, madam, I will  
make it so...  
Line three: Remember, call me for a moment. Have I pressed the desired options? x?

So, ^^ one life ends, ^^ resurrection alley blues play, ^^

In the white room, ^^ waiting for the wall counter to come closer, ^^

With a ticket in hand, ^^ thinking it has come to this ^^ as I look around, ^^

As always, ^^ the usual crowd in denial, ^^ I have been waiting ^^ so long for destiny. ^^  
Finally, ^^ success, ^^ I thought, ^^ as the clerk tells me, ^^ I have been rejected again ^^ to  
travel back alone. ^^  
“Eh, Doctor, we have a stable pulse.” ^^ My head and soul ^^ hmm ^^ feel the pain ^^ of a  
brutal comeback. ^^  
Eyes meeting with smiles, ^^ “You have been lucky,” told, ^^ I have been unlucky, thinking  
between lives. ^^  
I’m so back to questing ^^ as I turn over rocks ^^ to find the right frog ^^ that ^^ needs  
kissing. ^^  
One day, ^^ I’ll be lucky enough ^^ to achieve perfection ^^ and speak of love, ^^ a common  
dream we all share. ^^

Yes, ^^ eh! ^^ X. ^^ Does it ^^ hold you ^^ now? ^^ ^^ Baby!

jon 3-adapted-5-25

# Working Title, street hustle...

on the front with bravado and cool,

tapping the fool and keeping the line,

awareness & stress, raising a Sean Connery brow,

hard eyeballing to convey icy requirements,

Come on, do you want to slow dance or rent a room?

Think not, as you are not my kind or deserve a repress,

On your way before I get mildly excited or moist with your facials,

Remember you are in Hackney Central, next time, cross the street, fool...

Jon alien/penguin 4 - 25.

spring breaks to lay in the meadows,

as daisies uncurl as I embrace nature curls,

Finally, now I understand my purpose in Marvels,

light lanterns, stories unfold as dancers' stories told,

flickering, on dirty walls as gods are captive, entranced,

to realise that is the joy of burning brightly in sequence,

I remember thee, beautiful bright daisy in a meadow of my dreams,

Jon alien/penguin 4 - 25

Remembering Nullarbor Plain, not my first walkabout in 1976,

so happy amongst endless red flat dust, so perfectly alone,

not a soul for hundreds; I wish it could be more, but alas,

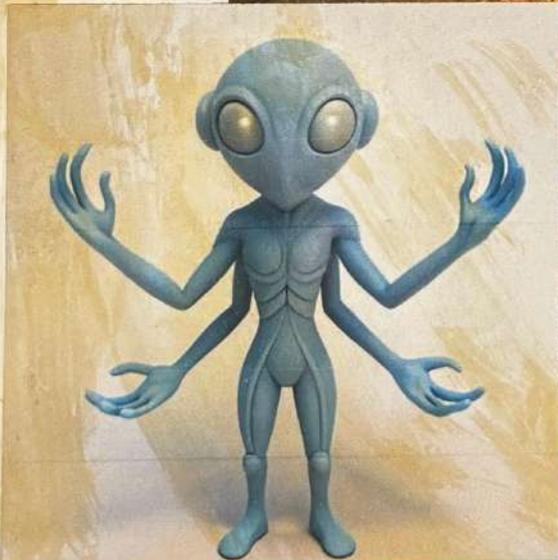
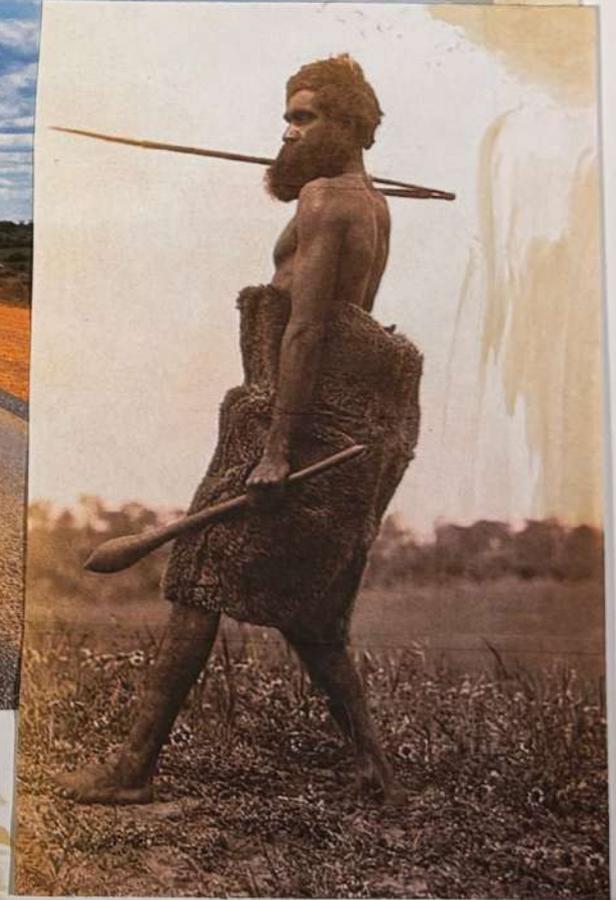
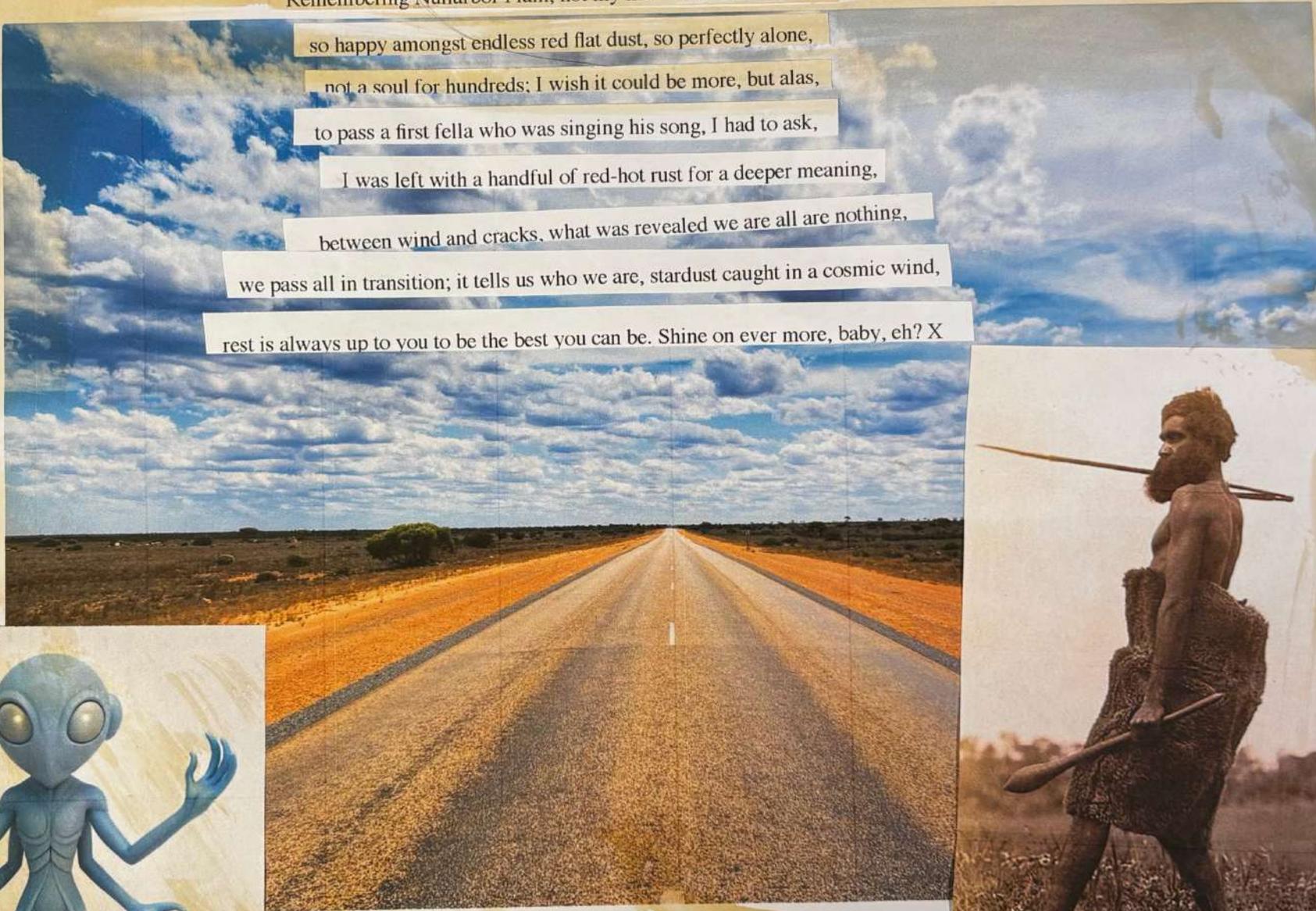
to pass a first fella who was singing his song, I had to ask,

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between wind and cracks, what was revealed we are all are nothing,

we pass all in transition; it tells us who we are, stardust caught in a cosmic wind,

rest is always up to you to be the best you can be. Shine on ever more, baby, eh? X



Jon, Alien / Penguin. 4-25

# HLF

Lot 101, last bid in the room, going once, going twice, for the very last time,

“Sold” to the red Russian Hamster with a jockstrap and a second-hand black cap,

Ah, yes, members only, meat rack, makeup so strange, tunes played and what a parade.

A painted hipster, admiring his silver studded clip-ons and listening to very squeaky tuned  
boards.

Tempted to leave, crawl past Belisha beacons raised ramps, in case all of his trims from  
Halfords fall flat,

Midnight cruises for foreign ports, he wished it so, woken dishevelled, tiptoes back to  
granny’s pad, knowing it all,

Terribly later, back to members only, to find a tasteful, gold leathered rat, to share, at a  
disabled only, public parking rack.

Hamster has desired his prize to say “yes”, a popular design to be inked, two go-faster neon  
tattoos, on his bare, shaved back,

Support our comrades in the Hamster Liberation Front, who are working hard for hamsters’  
freedom to choose and live their own lives.



Rolling on impulse, to park at the Stokey Hilton,  
Oh baby, for security overwatch on my big wheels,  
to collect some nice red from next door, such a style,  
Triangulate back for a ham bagel with all the trimmings,  
To collect what is mine, whispers are all I say as I speed away,  
Another day to share a sunset with you would be a dream. X

jon 4-25

One can never have more than one heart possesses.  
Those who are a gift from god, we are blessed to know you.  
Obligations are shown no matter what, according to natural law.  
A smile or a twinkle in the eye could and always count for me.  
I will walk for miles momentarily; it's always a pleasure to see you.  
We are never alone; God dictates, which may be who we are.  
Don't think about tomorrow; take a spoonful of love daily. I say.  
I promise all will be fine and true if we believe, as it will carry the day.

X

Jon. alien-penguin. 4-24.

## Title: Spring, moments in time.

I buried my dignity under the patio long ago, along with what remains of my self-esteem.

If I wanted to wear a skirt, I would, but I pass on the French knickers as they give a burn in places.

You know what I mean, I own my shit, so I'm a little crazy but I do know who I am, charging Haka.

Hmm, that is remarkable. I am house-trained and know when to leave without breaking china, a rare gift.

What is the point, it is about not giving a shit but served with kindness as manners I was taught is always paramount.

I admit I do like Lycra, not on me but on another, as I admire sheerness in detail, it seems I remember too much.

You may find me buried under patio scapes or see me with an upright finger. Now you understand why in 3d Brain Fog.

Alien/Penguin. 5 - 25

Down at the dirty corner where smoke laced with street talk cut through the murky light flickering,  
bouncing off puddles left by the damp misty rain. Broken down souls panhandling a unforgiving crowd,  
“Can you spare a nugget, come on now, just one” as empty eyes busy with their own, long glance, far away.

Turning up my collar, I walk forth to satisfy my hunger as the waft of smells attracts me like a homing pigeon.

In the queue for the discerning, who know patiently, whilst juices prime all who wait in line seeking only the divine.

Hand in pocket with the required, plus the service charge to guarantee immaculate delivery of satisfaction, all served,

Divine in hand as I nibble away at heaven, onward, I must move on for polite conversation from a respected, trusted source.

Preparing my greeting in a long running game of tease, collectively for a very slow elegant dance, executed under the lights of time.

As we seek the familiar to sit, as we wash away the broken with the required tokens, to share the view of greatness, alone, we cohabit.

Illustrious beauty, conversation, food and the required drink to wash down our moments, brought out from a private stash, that is spring, eh baby...

Jon. 3-24.

*For Corin who always welcomed me with a smile  
This poem is dedicated to all of the trolley people everywhere.*

**Titled:** Do it, do it for me.

Being casually inclined, deciding a time 4 change.  
I **desire no** flimflam but an elegant, lush, slinky you.  
2 **commit** to a marvel, demure that **faithfully** follows.  
Swallowing every **last drop** 2 the very end, **hmm, ah.**  
Holding in hand, **2 strut along**, stacked at a slow pace.  
Such *pride in walking* you home, bliss for me, **and yes.**  
If you Do *it*, **do** it **for** me, yeah, ah baby, **1** more...  
Next time, 2 take you to places you **haven't** been.  
*Baby, I* promise it will always be you **until the wheels** come off.

**Love**

Do it, do it for me.

Jon 26/11/23.



UM, literal delight, tiny deception in plain sight, a gentle tease, quick retort, infectious laugh brings a smile, plain undercover marshmallow delight. Jon. 5 24

Dedicated to all the faithfully departed.  
This poem is **Titled:** My Love, Farewell to Ear Muffs.  
In life, you were an illustrious, loveable, busy soul by day.  
Sleeping was busy with passion, snoring, a tedious affair.  
Now, you have come to a terminus end, a stony silence.  
We can both rest in peace as you snore between all stars.  
Friend, as I look up far, far away. Be busy, love.  
Good night, remember to hug the ones you love.

Jon. All Saints Night

---

Being

Baggage in other people's dreams leaves a bitter taste.  
To see worlds on fire, turn left or right, seeking visions precipice.  
Paradigm recast focus shows all the different lights and shadows cast.  
Now, I fish in waters of my taste with lines of my own making and time.  
Afterthoughts lost in reflections, I do not see as I see only you and me.  
Travelling in visions created, not fashioned outside, made in fiery hearts.  
Do we consent? Do we fly, as we must in arrows of time?

Jon 5-24.

---

**Title.** 276, Trelawney Estate, rush hour blues.

Pothole crunching suspension, jarring with repetitive body shocks, all familiar en masse.  
Collecting unwanted kisses, the onions roll, Oh dear, what a mess, shudders, so\ wait for it.  
Driver tannoys last stop, ejected for a quiet smoke, squabbling breaks out, penguin styles.  
Thinking it best, sit on the concrete step, watching old dear's eye and cuss, silently in line.  
Waiting for. two in line, last always empty, to collect my reward, moments peace, breathe.  
I love my 276, unwanted warts and all...

Jon. 4-3-23

## **Bah Humbugs.**

Aspirational duplicity bleeds our high street.  
Beggars, criminals, and desperados flocks.  
Illuminations pulse subliminal textural rays.  
Mindless tones creep in to squat the mind.  
Xmas mainlined itches past us to the right.  
Bereft, fix, instead, oh, to give a sweet kiss.  
On your rosy cheeks, a cold winter delight.  
*Good night to you all...*

x. gesture

Jon. Xmas Gig



BENUGO

Endlessly Refillable

Sparkling Water



BAGS OF FLAVOUR

**Seabrook**

SINCE 1945

MADE WITH PRIDE

**SEA SALTED**

THE ORIGINAL CRINKLE CUT



GLUTEN FREE

MULTIPACK BAG NOT TO BE SOLD SEPARATELY

Come back, ^^ come back, ^^ bedroom gladiators. ^^

What am I doing here? ^^^^^ What am I doing here? ^^

The mission needs vision, ^^ and maybe I am the sinner ^^ who gives clarity.^^

Repentant about the slow, ^^ slow dance, ^^ it may be the place to be, ^^ you and me. ^^

Rivulets of sweat are your tell, ^^ like the last sand crystal falling between glass necks.^^ Do you see, ^^

Itchy fingers draw, ^^ you may be fast, ^^ but I already knew ^^ you would fall ^^ gracefully into my arms. ^^

I say the prayer, ^^ I give you what you probably didn't deserve, ^^ but it pleases me ^^ to pass the moment as I close.^^

We are all natural-born killers, ^^^^^ preprogrammed for relief ^^ in analogue and digital formats? ^^^^^ What am I doing here? ^^

Ah, yes. ^^^^^ The game of life ^^ in person or 4K vision repeatedly on larger screens—^^^^ where is the art in that, ^^ or close in passion? ^^

Do you want to play for keeps? ^^ Come on, hmm, ^^^^^ come on, ^^ into the light, ^^ let us draw blood in life, ^^ no more pixels, ^^ I'm so bored with replays. ^^

There are no more coins. ^^ Let's join the real circle of sand to shed our sweat and tears, ^^ parry with thrust, ^^ ventilate, ^^^^^ and stain sodden red.^^

With such simplicity, ^^ the story could be told of boldness ^^ and majesty in the moment, ^^ when we have true purpose and serve. ^^ as I look you in the eye, ^^

I salute thee. ^^^^^ As I come home to leave a flower behind, ^^ for your honour ^^ me, ^^ yes, me to fight another day. ^^^^^ Peace be with you all, ^^ Good night. X.

Jon, Alien/Penguin 5-24.

# Eat Cake. ^^

Power always dangerous folly. ^^

Attracts lazy, sly flies and corrupts. ^^

I will never bend for it. ^^

It is only taken in by blind degenerates. ^^

Prepared to lower themselves into glory cesspits? ^^

We can see that this is a spectacle. ^^

in self-declared kings and sycophants, ^^

Who swarm like locusts feeding on us all, without shame. ^^

Grifting and taxing are bound, ^^ strapped to perpetual misery.^^

So, what is another lie-tongued ^^ about eating eggs out of reach? ^^

Threadbare homes should be first, ^^ sorry today, appointed don't mind delivering bunker busting bombs, ^^

Hospital targets are all free to hit ^^ children starve and die in widescreen, ^^ long as elite eat fresh sushi slices. ^^

Darkness clouds my thoughts ^^ as ego stupid go on tantrum rampage, ^^ covering themselves in fool's gold. ^^

Education will be hard, ^^ but this time, like before, not so long ago, ^^ populace will learn demented snake oil salespeople ^^ are buffoon deceivers. ^^

Rifling your pockets for coin, ^^ wake up before rendered rollercoaster nightmares ^^ doth visit in full colour, ^^ brothers and sisters. ^^

Cometh to me, ^^ I take thee and giveth new breadth.

Jon, Alien/Penguin 5-24.

**Time to honour Styx**

Ah, Surrender! Would you? I always say No!

***What is it about earth I love so, it's joy, it's pain,***

***Yes, so let us seek life's glory with our only battle war cry.***

Laying within eggshell cloaks foretold, whose fragility breaks with our wants,  
tempered, cracks icy glints on our paths, littered with future transgressions, so plaid,  
all to stand so proudly, ego breastplates and swords of desire to vanquish all hope,  
O, hot bloody reckoning moments, we will know what is true, is it a vision truth?

Or is it Hades bequeathed, brethren laying at our feet with holes of follies?

Now we strive forward together to face deliverance, are you with me?

Have no fear. Brothers and Sisters, let us seek our foes and know.

***What is it about earth I love so, it's joy, it's pain,***

***then there is joyous love, to find, to know, and to rest in magic!***

***O, Death, you will have to wait a little bit longer for our long walk to see Styx.***

Seasons break with promises kept, artificer, a elusive bedfellow to reap, to build our own,  
not forgetting ambition which comes with stipends to others laid under with faux tears and wonder,  
amusements of love's, fleeting they maybe, to enjoy and knowing when to let go, is it ever right, who knows,  
all curiosity, makes any day brighter, should I entertain or should I stand back? I believe betterment is the way to  
go,

The foolishness of the old is to look back with glories, as the curtain light fades our memories into wandering  
wisps of rusts.

I tend my garden of dreams as it ebbs and flows, curiosity and love are only my best, all I can give, to remember  
me, if you know.

***What is it about earth I love so, it's joy, it's pain,***

***there was you, and all my love's, I'm glad to always known,***

***not afraid, O, Death, let's go, my steadfast friend, time to honour Styx.***

Yes. my love's, do not weep, I wait for you all, eternity be fulfilled, always so lovingly.



## Title: Fancy Ghoulish Optimism?

Under the bridge, covered in mouldy goo that moves in pulses of the sublime.

Gangrenous green with retching red bubbles rising to pop the minds of the dead.

It is where you find me preparing for the night of the recently departed slow last dance.

Embracing the moment, I slap on the scent of distilled vomit, a dab of septic eye colour, yes.

A little sparkle as I check myself in the spittoon's smelly reflection. Ahh, it's just so, so perfect.

Clearing a space on the red magic carpet ride with all else leaving in such haste so I can be alone.

Revising my words and with my fresh collection of putrid mushrooms in a wriggling worms-laced bouquet.

I present myself as the perfection of a Passiflora under the spell of ghoulish spirits. Shall we dance now?

Jon. *All Saints Night*

Butterflies use passion flowers (Passiflora) - a diet that makes caterpillars and adults distasteful to predators.



as spring breaks to lay in the meadows,  
daisies uncurl as I embrace nature curls,  
thinking I understand my purpose in marvels,  
light lanterns stories unfold as dancers stories told,  
flickering, on dirty walls as gods are captive, entranced,  
to realise that is the joy of burning brightly in the sequence,  
I remember thee, the bright daisy in the meadow of my dreams,

Jon alien/penguin 4 – 25

Butterflies are having fun in the sun,  
rest, baby, catch all the rays intended.  
mood music is all around if you listen,  
sometimes, I rest in your love embrace,  
distract me with smell, tendrils & visions,  
to embrace all landscapes to the very Core,  
Sometimes, it pays to follow the light.

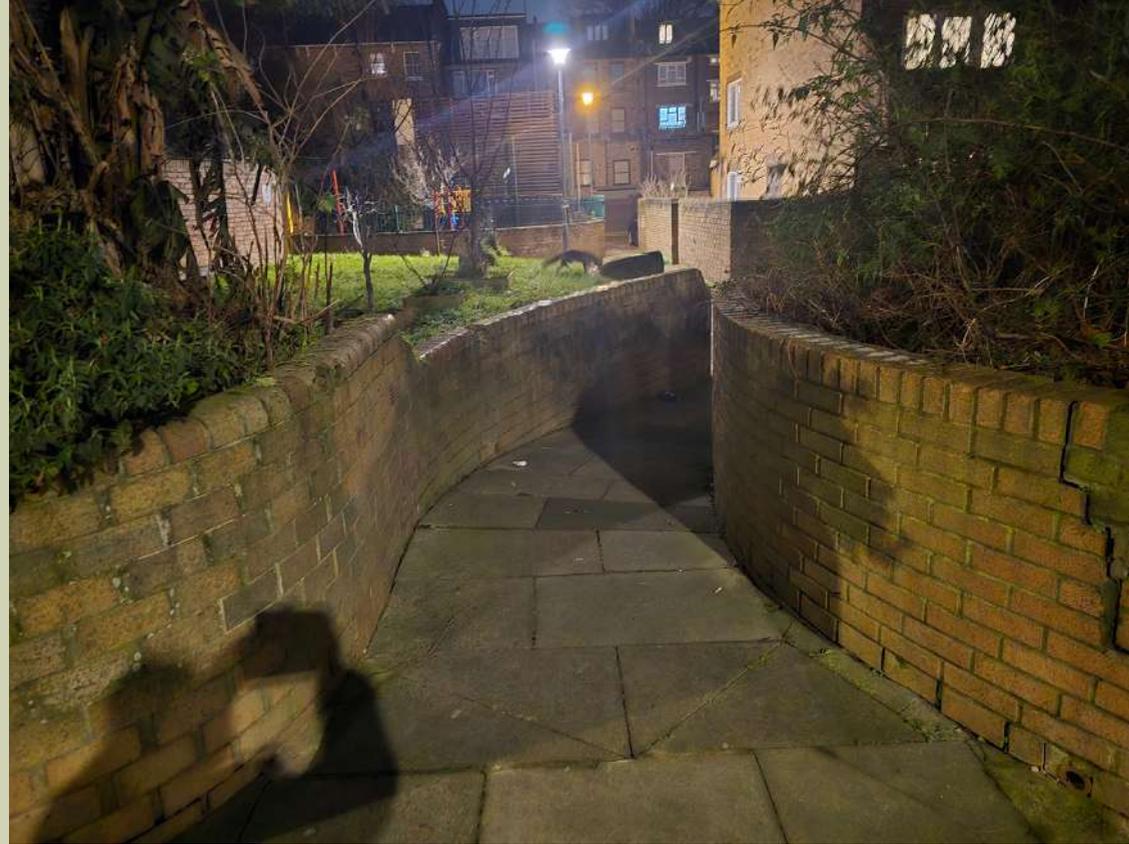
Jon 5-24

**'In memoriam'**  
**for Jon Forbes a poetry anthology of his most recent poems 2022 -2025**  
**and some personal notes on Core Arts**



The Core is a carrier like no other,  
serviced by a dedicated, trained crew.  
In and out of madness, all hours fly.  
mission to provide all safe outcomes,  
The objective is always clean soars,  
So, thank you, all of the crew at Core,  
showing me how to fly again so safely.

Jon 6-24.



I will be focussing on the grand parade and urban wildlife I encountered of all kinds, this will take some time.

Landscapes enjoyed,

so many beautiful islands of nature wrapped around the Core,

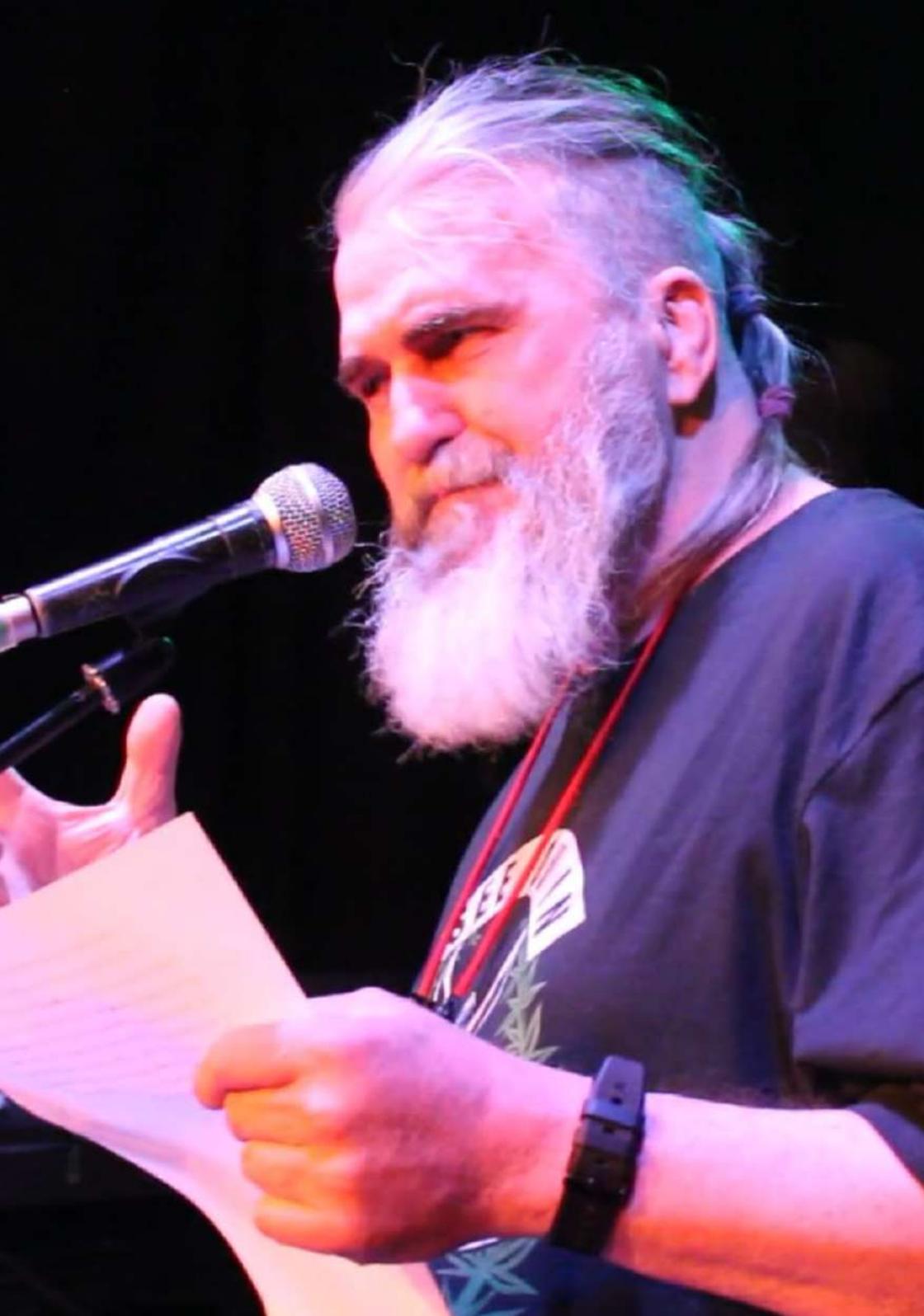
all telling a different sanctuary tale, a handmade vision in all our senses.

Escape worries and replace them with lovely harmonious notes attached.

creation of the divine unfolds daily; please stay and bring a friend or two.

landscapes worth travelling and I might even meet you at Core.

Jon 5-24



Yes, let us begin with a parry of thought, shall we?

A little step is all that's required to enter into this considered enterprise.

Please come closer to focus, my newfound friend, and let us set the stage for the situation.

Ah, yes, I see better. What we see is a conflict older than time. What do you see as the mist clears?

An ongoing echo that needs resolution in the parts we play, always, we have a choice in what we do,

ugliness we all put one side as it everywhere, the finery it is my thought in the moment says who we are..

To share a common understanding across space and time to define us is only a spiritual affair in universal matters

Was I dreaming, or were you resting in my thoughts perfectly on Bussum as I hold you dear, thinking we can be free?

Do we dare to dream as a little finger that wriggles free to breathe fresh air and share loyalty to a common concept we must trust?

jon alien/penguin 6-25

Hi Giuliana

As I was on my knees in my own puddle of doubt, remembering all Core has shown me, for that I'm always grateful.

I learned to write, a gift truly pleased along with my own relevance to shine beyond compare, a precious sweet delight enjoyed. Now something fresh and new for book and class,

Jon

Hi Giuliana,

As Promised.

The two-faced Star. <https://www.theguardian.com/science/2023/jul/19/two-faced-star-with-helium-and-hydrogen-sides-baffles-astronomers-janus>

Talking of becoming a star, I fancy the notion of being a seed carried in an asteroid or a comet with my DNA so it can arrive to start a new life and as there will be plenty of time to take in the sights along the way.

Once again, thank you to Paul and you, plus the many who make it unique and who are the real stars, like last night.

Jon

'The Core has always been a sea of gems twinkly in the light! Jon.

'Core, as always, has been a delight. That is what I know! Jon.

# Encoded.

Feeling the twinkly light, peeking behind curtains, we are so light-defined.

We see beyond, travelling. Expanding space betwixt, to spin, on contact, as I seek you.

There you are, resting in cosmic light to read you, as you are, so bright and a wonderful delight.



Core Arts  
promoting positive mental health  
[www.corearts.co.uk](http://www.corearts.co.uk)

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