

ONE TRUE DOG WALKIES LYRICS

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GIBBON

This is not a neat	(This is	Ambition) X2
little package	Hanging	
With a bar code	Upside	This
And a	Down	Is
Serial number	In your	Your
No shiny gift wrap	Wardrobe	Friendly
And no	In the shadows	Gibbon.
Beginning	Cast	
No polished	By your	
End of story	Undeclared	

LIVING WITHOUT SKIN

Standing on a
disintegrating crust,
remembering a
minute of history,
punch drunk on a
road of rocket cars
everyone with their
foot on the detonator
pedal.

You're living without
skin.

You're living in an
explosion.

Everything is
happening;
all the buses are
arriving.
Oil is in the tank.
Shell is in the barrel.
Rain is in the clouds.
Paint is on the brush.
You're awake with a
sleep debt.
You're asleep with a
real debt.

You're living without
skin.

You're living in an
explosion.

Everything is
happening;
all the buses are
arriving.

You're living without
skin.

You're living in an
explosion.

You're lying on your
back,
surfing on the front
door,
spinning in the sky.
You're living without
skin.
You're living in an
explosion.

**THE SEA KNOCKS ON
MY DOOR**

The sea knocks on
my door

to take me in for
questioning.

The sea knocks on
my door
to take me in for
questioning.

Streets are broad and
flooded.

Dawn is dark as
dusk.

The light has turned
to ash.

The deep sea blue is
uniformed
except for button fish.

The sea knocks on
my door
to take me in for
questioning.

Water runs uphill.
The crashing waves
are deafening
and deaf.

I shout to save my
skin.

I shout to save my
skin.

I need to know right
now,
what kind of kind are
you?

Are you the corralling
horses kind?

Is caribou your
totem?

Or cigarettes and
whisky?

Talons, teeth,
fins, tails,
afterburners,
dinner jackets, tiaras
and OPERA,

what kind of kind are
you?

Are you the soft and
open kind?

The essentially
different kind?

The kind kind

Are you the foxy kind
Or more of a snake?

IT'S A DELAY

I'm in pollution
distribution.
on my way
to work.

You're tripping me up
with your little
trolleys,

poking me in the
back
with your haversacks,
detaining the day,
obstructing the way,
killing the living
time.

It's a delay
You're making me
late.

I've never seen your
face before
I'll never see it again.

I'm trying hard not
to stare.
We're just commuters
with neutered futures.

Move right down
the carriage please.
We're just some
cattle.
This is a truck.
I don't want to see.
I want to read.
I want to sleep.
Don't touch.

It's a delay
You're making me
late.

You're much much
too close.
I turn around.
I take you with me.
I turn right - I touch
you.
I turn left - I touch
you.
I put my hands up
I fall over.

I put my hands
down.

I cant put my hands
down.

It's a delay
You're making me
late.

I feel you
I don't want to feel
you.

This is a truck.

We're just some
cattle.

This is a truck.
We're just some
cattle.

THE HEAD IS COLD

Boots are a warm
place.
The head is cold.
The groin is a hot
place.
The head is cold.

The belly is a fire
place.

The head is cold.

Cold is stillness.
Heat is movement.
The dead are cold.
The living are warm.
The moon is still.
The sun is
.....

Body of knowledge.
Body of love.

Iron is hard cold.
The breath is soft.
Bones are hard.
Blood is hot.
The skull is cold.
The heart is
.....

Heads of armies.
Heads of ranks.
Heads of navies.
Heads of banks.
Heads of government.
Heads of state.
Heads of religion.

Heads of hate.
Heads of persuasion.
Heads of drama.
Heads of invasion.
Heads of martyrs.

Body of knowledge.
Body of love.

DAD'S SKELETON*

I walked in the dead
body.

There were innards.
There were lights.
There were
raspberries and
cherries
and strawberries and
red berries
and clean beetroot
and raddish bunches
shining in the rain
on fruit crates, on
fruit crates
in the rain.

I walked in the body
more dead.

There were green
things and yellow.

There were cabbage
and banana,

sticks and stalks,
flowers and algae,

red cabbage brain,
parsnip spine root.

Algae creeping over
the stone

in the rain.

Rotten bone leaks in
the rain.

I walked in the body
more dead.

Everything was
turning green.

There were ligaments
in open hands

and ribs, the bubble
film screen

was turning green

over the silver stone,
the lining of the

stone,

grave stone grating
open

in the rain, the
pouring rain.

Dad's skeleton
wearing rags like
flags,
dancing invisible —
yes.

Dancing invisible —
yes —

With a melting
glacier following.

Long may those
bones rest.

They don't want to.

No. No.

IMAGINE WAKING UP*

Imagine waking up
in the beginning,
in the blindness of
sleep
broken by mumbling
premonitions of
sentences
with real verbs
and objects
utterly other

than the subject of
dreams,

objects marked
with names,
which are variations
of the noise of
breaking skin,
the froth released
in a pianissimo,
sweet, sibilant
serpent hiss
of language juice,

a voice speck in a
mask of earth
and sky, drowned in
background,
the applause of birds
scattering,
branch shaking
monkeys,
wind rubbing trees,
roaring waterfalls,
thunder, rain and
earthquake,
deluged.

Now spelling, as if
naming was
the thing itself,
as if there was no
context,
as if language,
despite the untidiness
of its rules
and the frayed spittle
drapery
of its bastard music,
was the only sound
a god could make.

In the beginning
is a catch-all universe
between sphincters,
a worm becoming
rigid with bone and
nerve
to carry electric
punctuation
to break the sound
wave
into ego digestible
portions for proud
humans,

who imagine
controlling the
vastness
with a dictionary,

deaf to the gape
of the dumb, stupid
animals
that swallow more
oxygen
before plunging
down into the
wordless
oyster bed

to come up with
exceptions,
pearls of exceptions
in unexceptional
places
caught in an
aphrodisiac
trick of the light
that was never
prophesied,
unless words were
planted as flags
and not prisons.

In the beginning
hidden
behind lips that edge
a cave
waits a dark diving
board
for breath compressed
to do a back two
and a half somersault
with two and a half
twists
and a pike off
to go hunting
meaning.

In the beginning is a
hush
like crow wings
on a moonless night
holding a body
pregnant
with an egg joke
being eaten by an
alphabet
waiting for the cloaca
of shadow
trimmed with coal
feathers.

DOGS

Dogs,
dogs growl.
Dogs howl.
Dogs bark
and whimper
to be
free.

Dogs hear things
humans don't.
Dogs are
telepathic.
Telepathy

is difficult.
You learn it
with Mother's milk.

The true dog
is hiding
its true shape
in your
neighbour's
best friend.

Dogs,
dogs growl.
Dogs howl.
Dogs bark

and whimper
to be
free.

Dogs use
a wet tongue
to make a
better
connection.
Dogs build
a thought
transmitter
with another
dog.

My mouth
is full of dog hairs,
my nostrils
full of a dog's
rich odour.

My ear itches
to be scratched
by my paw.

My face
is dripping
with dog lick.

NUMBERLESS

Looking for your
customs.

Waiting at the
frontier.

Is this a soundwave
or is it a thought?
Is it in your head
or at your ears?

Do you have a bill
for your electricity

or any another
utility?

Are you carrying a
driving licence
or any other form of
ID?

We're running away.
We're running away.
Don't be afraid.
If it's only in the
mind
it isn't real.

It's not so much
we're homeless.
It's more that we're
numberless.
You and me,
you and me,
we're less than leaves
on the telephone
tree.

YOUR HEART DRIVES
YOU*

Your heart drives you
You fantasize a scene.

Your heart can fill it,
all the colours from
the volcano
to the sea.
You choose. You do
it.

Your heart drives you
in exhaustion.
Your body is empty.
You hear your bones
rattle
like words of no
hope.
Your heart drives you

in exhaustion.
Your body is empty.
You hear the spectra
of chaos shatter
into deafness,
your deafness.
all the voices from
the grave
to the holocaust
talking to you.
You choose. You do
it.

You see you're
choosing,

fingers picking,
teeth cutting,
teeth crushing food,
teeth big as concrete
blocks,
that house
laboratories,
that crush the food.
You see, you're
choosing,
knife in one hand,
fork in one hand,
the correct grammar,
the grammar of
power,

what matters doesn't
matter.
Matter isn't matter.
You are a scientist
with a mystical desire
to walk with death.
So badly you want to
tell the truth,
you will,
in exhaustion
you will.

You forget your heart
drives you.

You will not fantasize
a scene.
You will not begin
again.
You forget

but your heart drives
you,
you fantasize a scene
that is the love
of coincidence,
like a lightning flash
of a five sense,
three dimensional,
world between us.