

Spaceman

The spaceman looks out at infinity.
How can the human race feel so vast?
And yet so small as he looked out at the earth.
Perceptions can be altered.
Gravity inverted.
Time distorted
Safety turned survival.
Friends turned enemies.
Days turned to nights.
The Earth just goes.
Round
And round
And round
And round

The human race
Just gets.
Bigger
And bigger
And bigger
And bigger
Always confronted.
By the constants,
of
War
Disease
Famine
Corrupt politicians
Consumerism
Fascists
Racists
Sexists
Homophobes
Xenophobes
And all the other words
that end in.
“*Ists*” and “*Obes*”

The dark is coming.
Death is inevitable.

What's the point?
Why do we persist?
Why do we keep going?

Friends
Family
Birthdays
Weddings

Holidays
Bank holiday Mondays
Saturday nights out
Sunday morning hangovers
Three-day weekends
Sunday roasts
Takeaways
Pissing about with your mates
Fooling around with your loves

We do it
So that one day we can look out.
At infinity and witness
The rise of the dawn.

The Spaceman looked out at infinity.
And he smiled.

Sleep Paralysis Demon

Asleep, awake
Awake, asleep

I open my eyes.
To see two eyes
Staring back at me
But what on earth could it be?

I try and try.
With all my might
To turn on the fuckin light
But to no avail
My body has failed.
Even if I wailed.

Would anyone find me?
If THEY rushed in
Would it
BE
There?
Over there
Behind the door,
Creeping along the floor
Like a dog on all fours.

Asleep awake
Awake asleep

The creature is gone.
Has my mind gone?
How many in this room? it's me.
Its just one.