

PAMPHLET NO.5 FOR SMHAF

I am a Cocoon

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across bedsides and tables

the cracks and tears played
with the light coming
through the yellowed curtains
across the hall

empty gusts
bringing in nothing
from the dawn of
money money money

no news except whatever
relies on us to lean out
windows, straining our necks
to hear over
lawns and dykes,
past mulberry bushes,

my eyes
were swollen
from smoke and
weeping
like ripe
fruit beginning to fall in
on itself

i felt again
her cool hands
smooth my brow

sweat sheening like a
polished marble floor

how the walls crumbled
tired eyes, books
and papers yawned open

asking us to
believe

believe in the whole
round-a-bout as though they
as if
they are affectionate and
desperate for our attention (!)

and how gladly I give it up
give it all up

beautiful meadows
to be basked in
backing onto nations
thru the scotch
mists onto

mountains, trees, seas,
travesties

*... never forget Robert de Brus was
a war-monger ... a war-lord fighting
not for 'Scotland' but for feudal power,
land and money, switching allegiance
whenever he saw fit ... now stitched
together, another pass on the shorts
of our national hero myth ... another
Scotland is possible, echo the cries from
the 1820 uprising: Scotland Free or a
Desert ...*

bless them
there that
have what

those have
not, such that I
have gone through the tender
green of day and ripened into fall ...

I shall endlessly
from my bedroom,
saviour away
endlessly and unthinkingly,
in excruciating
earnest,
salvos of aid,
salvos of the
wasteland ... the
one hand giving what the other
takes away, like an echo of past
palms reverberating up future
columns, glad hands offering: here

you go (oh, the poor wee soul) ...
but there is nothing there, just one
hand offering from the indentation
of where the previous one lay,
well worn in the giving (while
the goings good) empty palms of
empty-handedness ... and endlessly
endlessly what? endlessly think,
masturbate, commiserate, plead,
beg? ... reducing to ruin and
devastation, with cries of “I will not
harm you underneath” “I will not
harm you above a setting such as
this. Such beauty! Such mountains!
Such culture! Such history! ... it
traces blessings upon you, upon the
surface of you, so many blessings
given over ... so many blessings

overlaid to waste or not waste such beautiful scenery, where every home is a potential investment, it hid my own hand, hid from me all the clues that all along it was I (it was I all along), I was indeed the aggressor in this amnesiac paradise ... an altered paradise, a paradise full of tiny scraps, scraps of living, scraps of construction, scraps of tired eyes, smoked fruit, feeding the rest news jibblets on all the points, all along the way to Patsyland,
Oregano

this text has been adapted from a longer text of the same name, which is comprised of one-side of a dialogue interspersed with the thoughts of a paranoid schizophrenic singer I met once in a pub. I'm sorry to say I can't remember her name. To read the full version see www.slomo.scot for more details.