

‘Wake Up Call’
-by Rich Butnotfamous

This world is merely my own mind I'm meandering around in.

Manifestations of meyou,
Moving through treacle.

Treated to each other mes I am,
When acting's a dance with the face,
And loss of the self is replaced,
By signs bestowed,
Subtly by the low,
In others.

Isn't it odd that what we disbelievens out roundabout now?

Belief is just a word for love,
Bankers for money,
Junkies for drugs,
Intellect you all a piece of the dream I'm having of you.

My myriad mire mirror maze amazingly mimics my misbehaviour!

Moreover, memory's my mandatory modern day dream.

Pretend you're me, right now, what would you do?

You see!

We're all each other, so let's just all just fuck...

Oh wait, that's a different poem...

No actually wait, it is this one.

So yeah, I kinda want to fuck all my friends,
They're all meyou any way,
And why not to see,
Their faces masks of ecstasy?

See,
Now, fourth dimensionally,
Alive and dead you seem to be,
So drawing from your memories,
Of childhood is revelatory,
In the sense that shame is your sunshade, guilt is the beach,
Nakedness frowned upon, innocent speech,
Sent to sway us back into that soft padded cell,
Of a self,
In the not now,
But out of bounds.

Namaste.

Have a nice day.

Hajimemashite!

Even on grey,
Days,
Each people you meet,
In the street,
Comes complete,
With a 'you' you haven't met yet.

A requiem for the fear,
That keeps me appearing,
Unsung in amongst all regret.

It's all going numb.

The world I mean.

On the tube.

In Tesco.

Meyous made homeless from their own country.

Meyou,
Saw a homeless meyou,
The other day in the street.

Meyou was crying because it was so cold.

Meyou,
Offered meyou,
Some food but meyou,
Couldn't eat it because meyou,
Was pregnant and it was bad for the baby.

Meyou cried as well...

There are some meyous,
That abuse,
And infuse,
Rules,
And views,
In meyous,
Not me.

Stop looking outside at the me that you see here before me.

Use what's inside to unhide wholesome strategies.

Wake the fuck up from this dream that you're not me!

And give love to every part of yourself that you're hating.

In the beginning there was the word and the word was God.

Weyous' words.