

**Jimmy Mack Follies**

**(A Small, Unreal Universe of Performing Alter Egos  
Mocking My Arrogance and Showcasing the Gravity of  
My Grandiosity)**

By

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**A SMALL, UNREAL UNIVERSE OF PERFORMING ALTER EGOS**



**MOCKING MY ARROGANCE AND SHOWCASING  
THE GRAVITY OF MY GRANDIOSITY**

**JAMES ALEXANDER MCKENZIE**

*For my Mother and Father  
and Florenz Ziegfeld*

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### Acknowledgments

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I performed some of these poems in the guise of *Jimmy Mack Follies*' various alter egos at poetry-open-mic Rock The Boat at Summerhall, Edinburgh across 2023; I performed some of them in *Jimmy Mack Follies Variation* at the annual members show opening event of Embassy Gallery, Edinburgh and GENERATORprojects, Dundee in 2023; I performed some of them in *Jimmy Mack Follies* at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe in 2022 with PBH Free Fringe at Natural Food Kafe; I performed initial versions of some of the poems at *Farewell My Darlings* at St Margaret's House, Edinburgh in 2021; I performed initial versions of some of the poems in *Fenris Wolf & Ragnar Thorfinn Act 1* and *Act 2* at the Pier Arts Centre and Stromness Academy, Orkney in 2019, and some of them in *Act 4* at the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh in 2022.

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Act I

**Programme**

## Label

this play:  
a variety show parody  
saturated with wry,  
self-absorbed performances  
and metatheatrical devices

the title:  
'Follies' alludes to  
the lavish revues in the  
first half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century  
conceived by Florenz Ziegfeld

also:  
as the subtitle indicates,  
the title alludes to itself as a pretence;  
that the performer is sometimes mocking  
himself with his fictions

finally:  
the structure  
in the cover illustration  
vaguely makes reference to  
Edinburgh's Folly  
(the unfinished  
National Monument of Scotland)



Act II

**The Compère**

## The Compère Performs 'Opening Script'

*opening scene.*

*the theatre seems truly empty.*

greetings to my contemporaries.  
thank you for joining me  
for my lecture on art as institutionalized illusion  
expressing my urgent desire for a new medium.

you will be relieved I am sure to discover I am rational  
I have not lured you here on false pretences  
sometimes you will hear no irony in my voice  
though certainly I aim to outlaugh my despair.

I do not confine myself to straight narrative;  
I am well versed in the history of multimedia  
art movements and in the techniques of such  
Paris-based luminaries as Marcel Duchamp and Dada  
or Surrealist methods.

which of you would like to serve as my agent?  
the days of simple experiments are over.

it is indeed a fragmentary antinovel  
and it is implicit  
voluminous in drama  
from a pretentious, seasoned impresario or vaudeville singer  
challenging mainstream thinking  
and justifying my existence  
a myth of a ménage man.

the object of the meta-theatre is more interested in the operation  
than the patient  
it is only actors.  
perhaps I will cast myself as my student in a routine later down the line.  
perhaps the play will take care of itself  
showcasing things as they are in my domain  
content copied verbatim  
a new kind of drama

my unrevealing face  
my experimental theatre  
the masque is only a metaphor  
for the comedy of life  
without an audience.

## The Compère Performs ‘A Duke in His Domain’

a master of nobility  
performing at his portico  
welcome to my domain

the theatre of the everyday  
a dramatist tells an anecdote where  
the play requires  
may you all fall for it

may you all fall for my literary devices  
my deliciously inscrutable personae  
consider the dimensions of my  
objectivity

I am much more of a novelist  
than a character  
it is more concealed than a true  
confession

a master of technique  
realism gained through rehearsal  
a master of ceremonies  
continuing to develop the form

a duke in his domain  
celebrating the sheer nobility of what  
I am doing

*(The curtain is drawn for a moment and  
there are catcalls and scattered applause  
from the audience)*

## **The Compère Performs ‘Something is in the Way’**

Here I am, at the decoy house  
Contemplating how not to blow it.  
Here I am  
To overthrow the rigidity of the arts.

This is serious work.  
Supporting someone who is supporting  
You is the seed of a generation but I have  
No time for anything like that.  
I must muster the energy to  
Thread these passages together.

Matt Damon, Brad Pitt  
You are nothing compared next to me.  
I am built like a mother anvil  
And I smell like a collection of things,  
All musty.

Peanuts, mackerel, and sour dough.  
And on the page,  
I present my flesh and blood  
The real me.  
Consciousness wrapped in layers.

Let me take a look at the  
Schematics  
Let me open my phone and  
Talk to my performers.  
Perhaps my devices need serviced  
Perhaps there is a doorway  
Somewhere,  
Somewhere.

Here I am  
With indeterminate sincerity.

Here I am  
A labyrinth of me.

## **The Compère Performs ‘The Expanded Field of Painting’**

playing pool with an  
oil stick  
reminds me of a  
painting I made with  
a pool que.

## **The Compère Performs ‘People Are Going to Feel It’ A Poem for Dr Jock Howie**

People are going to feel it

You’re competently riding light  
&  
You’re freely pushing paint around the  
network

People are going to feel it

You are the dynamo sequencing the  
genome, Jock  
You are the particle accelerator

People are going to feel it

You’re doing a DJ set at the Balmoral  
Hotel  
You’re absolutely lit standing on the roof  
of your house screaming

People are going to feel it

You’re spending money  
You’ve got a naughty little Lamborghini  
called ‘Hurricane’ & you’ve got a private  
jet with ‘Jock Howie’ written on the side of it

It can take two days or it can take two  
minutes but

People are going to feel it

You’re drinking cocktails in a bed on the  
beach and the cold waves are rolling and  
the snowflakes are falling  
You’re like a transmitter soaking up the  
conversation you’re like a spreadsheet  
charting all the correspondence of the  
past with the present you’re a theatre of  
harmony a body of space a fish writing  
poems in water

I’m telling you,  
You’re in the zone, Jock

People are going to feel it.

**The Compère Performs ‘Love Lifeline’  
(Intro Piece for Romeo)**

Before I met you  
I was floundering in a  
Black expanse  
But now  
I am overjoyed.

## **The Compère Performs ‘The Game’ (Intro Piece for Dr Jock Howie)**

they say  
he’s getting old  
they say  
he’s losing it.  
but he’s got the  
accolades,  
he knows the game.

he doesn’t need his legs  
because  
he can read it  
he can read  
the game.



## **The Compère Performs ‘The Love Poem’**

Here I am  
To substantiate the rumours that you have  
Heard

But this is not about me  
I am not so important

It is you that is special  
I fell in love with you when we were in Paris

I fell through the tapestry  
And I split the atom

I stood there in the blue carpeted room  
And said yes  
Let's get rich together

I named you Baby Boy  
And Papa Kunst

Take me and dance me all around the  
Room, Papa

I just collided with the puggie  
A wonderful and very unique show

I am much too sexy to listen  
And you are so clever and sexy

We are the tip of the iceberg inverted  
The bulk of our mass is cosmetic

We are audacious in our apparent simplicity  
Look at how I move

My meagre slime is irreverent  
My secret mind is irrelevant

It is certainly nothing to do with my small  
Inconsequential mind

Subordinate to the beauty of the surface  
The richly  
Painted surface

## **The Compère Performs ‘No Pretence’**

This life  
This tomb of my  
virtue and honour  
with its rare fellowship that singular  
events engender

Static objects  
stones in a field  
Is it so impressive?

The speed in which we perceive reality is  
24 frames per second  
What is the meaning of doing dishes  
if you're not driven by something  
beyond pure necessity?

Perhaps it's not so stifling as I believed  
Did I not make it here  
with only notes on my phone?

Act III

**The Performers**

## **Airport Barman Performs ‘Stuck Inside the Service Lift With the Airside Blues Again’**

‘Look at that old-timer,  
His pint of beer is balancing on a fold!’

‘Look at that half-pint,  
He’s not catching any flights!’

The bartender’s cackle and refuse to  
Serve.

‘What table is this one going to?’  
The bottle spins through the air,  
Way over to the back of the pub and  
Smashes.

‘What table is this one going to?’  
‘32? Okay.’  
Wham!

‘Two meta-bombs for table 26 please,  
Harold.’  
‘Jesus Christ, what have you been eating,  
Harold?’  
‘You smell like you’ve been licking the  
Dog’s pussy, Harold.’

The customers redouble. They double  
Redouble.  
They multiply like a frothing pandemic.

‘Two meta-bombs for table 124 please,  
Finnieston.’

‘That Finnieston wouldn’t know what to do  
If you got him a drink.’  
‘He would be drinking it out of the dog’s  
Bowl.’  
‘Look at him,  
Disorientated, looking for his trolley.’

‘Why couldn’t I buy any chips or pizza  
And I can see those people are eating  
Chips and pizza?’

‘That’s because my colleague that told  
You they are off the menu  
Was given incorrect information.’

‘That’s not my problem.’

‘Without you there is no problem.’

Inadequate temperatures in the kitchen  
And half the food dissolved  
Into the floorboards.  
Lemons and limes ferment in tubs in the  
Staff quarters  
And, of course, there are the flies.

‘Let me just clear that food off the floor for  
You, guys.’

‘I’ll be back for the egg.’

‘He’ll be back for the egg.’

‘You’ll have a job in the circus next week.’

‘Double the wages.’

Something that resembles a customer  
Moves towards me  
But dissolves as it is coming towards me.  
Now,  
In come the porkers,  
Sixteen pigs ushered into the back.

‘Buttermilk-meta-burger and small nachos  
To table 132, Ted.’  
‘That’s right, Ted, over in Britney’s Garden.’

I hate working the till at the bottom end of  
The bar,  
Every time I nod off,  
I get woken up by screeching away-game-  
Supporters.  
I suppose they think they’ve raised hell.  
No,  
That end of the bar is not pleasant.  
And, of course, there are the flies.

‘Can I get a Beyoncé burger?’  
‘Go to the bar, you can’t order through  
Me.’

Corrosive yowls from a customer and the  
Blood drains from Ted’s face.

‘Sorry, Sir, food service has finished.’  
‘Flights haven’t.’  
‘Neither have manners.’

A customer lies in an oily pool,  
And the bodies are piled up.

And, of course, there are the flies.

A siren wails for last orders.  
Look at them all. Adrift in the shadow of  
Mammon.

The portcullis lowers.  
Service is concluded.  
In six hours, the airside bar will reopen its  
Doors  
And continue to splutter its trade.

## Romeo Performs 'Romeo'

I was born on the cold, hard, wooden floor.  
I am annihilated by the pressure  
But I keep  
going  
    Oh I keep going  
Oh why do I keep going?

I'm like dirt at the bottom of your shoes I'm vile it's horrible it's disgusting I'm okay  
I am puny and so I palm myself upon you,  
For I am a palmful,  
and my copious tears are more copious than my small hands.

I promise I will never speak again.  
Oh how pathetic,  
I can barely begin.  
I tell you everything that pops up in my head I'm the worst.  
Oh punch me in the neck  
    Oh drop me off the roof  
        Oh sell me to the streets  
            Oh peel off my face  
                Oh pour me down the steps  
Oh wire me up to your searchlight gadget,  
and find me some validation.

I've been going in circles in my self-reflective diary entries  
My frail, quivering core is bruised  
and  
Oh the pages  
    Oh the pages are scattered  
        Oh tip me out with the bathwater  
            it was me that smelt in the shop.

Look at me I'm brooding on my fate like a dying crab  
My trickling self-pity renders me loathsome an obscene buckled trunk exceedingly repulsive.  
All my life I have been in a mess  
    Oh I only want a drop  
    I only want a tiny drop  
        Oh your aversion for me is palpable  
        Oh send the eagles to feast on me  
            Oh find me cigarette butts in the shredded pork  
            Oh fill my cavity with paperclips  
            and feed me to the wretched dogs.

## Mouse

there  
is only  
one thing you need to  
know about me. I am  
very tiny.



## Dog

I	genuinely	do	care.
I	genuinely	do	
want		to	
know		your	
life		story.	

## **Dr Jock Howie Performs ‘Bollock Naked’**

bollock naked

bringing utter chaos  
to an already unhinged show

the southpaw pitbull here  
sharing you a story

bollock naked

in 1994 I wrestled my  
way out my mother

the remedial roadrunner  
here for guerilla warfare and  
to empower creativity

bollock naked

here to rock you  
gaunt dour vessels  
until your teeth rattle

here to reenchant the  
contrived coffinscape

bollock naked

## **Dr Jock Howie Performs ‘Well Nathan’**

*For Nathan Coley*

well Nathan  
my name is Dr Jock Howie  
but you already know that.

Nathan you’re no good compared next to  
me  
you’re drinking from the trough with  
the livestock and  
I’m sooking it out the bowl with the men.

Nathan you need Botox.  
I saw you scowling at the opening and  
your forehead was creased like  
the dog’s blanket

Nathan you’re breathing out your arse  
breathless and  
I’m busy handling business.  
Nathan you’re a punk

Nathan my arteries are intact.  
Nathan I don’t like your work it’s like  
roundabouts and Nando’s  
it’s miserable

Nathan I’d tell you to fill your bottle up  
down at the  
stream but you’d probably fall to pieces  
Nathan have you seen The Squeakquel?

Oh it’s terrific Nathan.  
Nathan this is terrible look  
at the state

imagine there was no one here to tend to  
the beach  
we all have to work Nathan.

## Entitled Misanthrope in the Audience Performs ‘Craiglockhart Road’

free me from  
this pedantic existence

spare me your life  
story

I’ll make up something  
and cancel you  
from the face of this earth

I used to think  
smartphones were a  
leash

now I think they’re a  
noose

here I am in the midst  
of modern mollycoddling  
and I’m not bending  
any kind of way for  
these kooks

my small world isn’t  
so stilted  
parts of it work

mostly when I’m not  
carrying people

I strive  
to not be so  
conditioned

and  
I should be  
immune  
to praise and  
abuse

I remember  
I used to tread hopelessly  
as authenticity knocked  
at the window

your flesh should be  
hanging off your  
skeleton

not hanging out your  
arse

get thee  
to a nunnery

life isn't an  
apology

## **Entitled Misanthrope in the Audience Performs ‘Tell Me This’**

tell me this

disposable avatars  
born to be collateral damage

where is the justice in a working week?  
& why are you all afraid to stop talking?

you are all inexhaustible  
you never shut up  
it's so you don't have to think.

you are all prosaic  
you are not gathering strength

but I am.

## **Fife Crusader Performs ‘Fife Crusader’**

*In Memory of Jocky Wilson (1950-2012)*

here is my introduction:  
it’s hard to find the perfect man.

frankly, none of us performing tonight  
know where the road begins.

I’m too busy, too tense, spread thin;  
the Compère is too complex;

and you wouldn’t dare take a drink  
from Chukowski’s boozy pools.

not like the serene  
pools of Maspie Den.

I make fun of everything  
and I’m not friendly,

I’m hostile.  
*(addresses members of audience)*

you look like you could do with a shave  
and a better disposition!

you can’t be Top Dog  
forever!

you should  
really know better!

you small  
prototype!

you turnip-  
root!

you should be blessing  
all things!

you should be the abundant pile  
you were meant to be!

you’re the Fife  
Crusader!

you!  
okay, I mean me.

I once threw arrows with skill  
like Jocky Wilson. cavalier,

with the helmet of a bean stuck at  
the side of my tooth,

but soul-searching in the wrong places  
put me in a bad mood.

thanks to the Sunbeam Revival Project though,  
which initiated at the Lomonds

I'm a resident of the  
local landscape, again:

the lodging panther with  
no baggage

forever.



## **Grim Reaper Performs ‘Plea’**

Here I am  
With my vanity degree  
Allegedly health incarnate  
In a hammock, swinging above the void

Wading through the fire of silence  
With a sea of burning inflections  
Muttering inanities and insanities  
With a distinctive agricultural hand tool  
And the mandate  
To maintain my portfolio

I am the source of my own security  
Cackling in an open-door-cubicle  
Licking what’s left of the bag  
Worked to the bone and hassled  
To my Core  
From recouping expended souls

Do me a favour, James,  
Take me off the roster.  
I don’t want to spend the rest of  
My life recovering sordid spirits  
Being the personification of death  
Is exhausting

Forge me a new path via whatever end you favour, James  
Shoot me with a sniper  
Yes,  
Empty a magazine through my body and  
Send bullets spearing through my skull.  
Yes,  
Skin me and  
Wear me like a suit.  
Yes,  
Cut my dick off and  
Feed it to me.  
Yes,  
Mutilate me beyond recognition  
And bury me where no-one is going to find me.

Please, James,  
Please  
Take me off the bill  
And assign me to a different post.

Act IV

**The Touring Bar Is Barred from Touring**

## Dr Jock Howie Performs ‘Whisky Whisky’

whisky  
whisky  
I need you.  
I’m never washed  
but I’m not new.

I’m driving an  
electric blue Lamborghini  
on the highway and  
I know where my TomTom caught fire  
last time,  
so I avoid that  
because I need that  
and I want you  
so I call you  
on WhatsApp.

I’m on a green phone  
on my iPhone.  
‘baby,  
I’m coming home.  
take off your clothes  
and get in the bath,’  
the speed limit’s 40 but I’m going  
fast.

fuck  
the frail libraries:  
I’ll advance your soul.  
buy my App on  
the App Store and I’ll  
help you grow.

I’m in this for the culture.  
I’m in this for the culture.

I’m doing this because  
I need to exist.  
I’m like Kilroy,  
a comic beacon resisting  
the abyss.

I don’t even need to think,  
I just got out the Lambo with my coffee  
and

I had a drink  
and walked into the bookshop.

I ran my finger along the spines  
of seven or eight books  
and knew  
that  
this  
isn't the shelf  
with any meta        works.  
I scoped out the next one  
and  
no, nothing there.  
but then

*(Jocky is holding 'Mantissa' by John Fowles)*

## **Dr Jock Howie Performs ‘A Mantis-Woman’**

A mantis-woman emerging from the  
Cubbyhole salivating at me  
Kelp-like hair  
Speciesless  
No ISBN  
Beastly cubbyhole  
Dragons enough in the forest  
One more madness is immaterial  
Obscene caresses  
Starchy copulation  
Unsavoury  
Beastly cubbyhole  
Thick globular discharge  
Paint with that at your peril  
Dice it up and make a fire  
A flashing look but enough to let me know  
That I don't belong  
Slopping back into the cubbyhole

## **Dr Jock Howie Performs ‘Edinburgh Auld Reekie’**

*For Sebastian Dangerfield*

Edinburgh  
Auld Reekie.  
    there’s me  
in the back of a black  
    taxi.

pushed out  
    a little Underbelly  
motherfucker  
that got in there  
    before me.

    we were on  
the move  
before  
he even  
    hit me.

    the taxi-driver  
looks  
like he’s got a boab  
    coming out  
    the side  
of his head. he  
    pushes  
the rear-view mirror  
    out to the  
side  
    and backs  
    out  
the drive.

‘turn left  
at the bottom of the hill  
    for Asda Chesser.  
    I want to get  
a  
meat  
feast.’

‘what’s that? a  
cheese feast?’

'no.  
I said  
a  
meat  
feast.'

it turns out  
I've won the  
lottery.  
look.

I've got tabs  
hidden  
inside my  
laundry. hidden tabs  
which made it  
under  
the grid. they  
made it  
all the way  
from Japan.

that's  
very  
very  
good.

back on the  
road  
and into the night.  
contraband.  
high-five.

Slateford Road. Craiglockhart Avenue.  
Oxgangs. the streets are alive.  
taxi-driver asks for payment. you are  
taking advantage of me  
and I won't stand  
for it. The meat on the floor  
makes me slip and  
I bang  
my  
knee.

## **The Compère Performs ‘Goosed’**

Throbbing gristle inside my head  
Dead centre

In the middle of my brain  
Come on James

Become and command thy character  
They told me I’m a crazy character

A wild animal actually  
It wasn’t me

It was the gristle  
Though we are inextricably linked

Who made you adjudicator anyway?  
You are a most unpleasant adjudicator

I’m really trying  
To get my house in order



## Barles Chukowski Performs 'EDI > LPA'

I woke up in the kitchen  
of a Chinese household

a family  
surrounded me

and they were crying.

they did not want the hand of  
friendship

and they did not want the  
swinging sporran.

outside,

a rugby ball plunged into  
a birdbath and it was hot.

a peeled chicken rested on a ledge  
baking  
calm and serene.

a child felt hunger like an acid burn  
while  
another had a touch of flatulence.

a small man rested his small  
head in the heather.

someone outside chapped at the  
window

and told the family to  
update their Instagram

and the family continued to cry.

they did not see  
the glory of

a roller not on a track

## Dr Jock Howie Performs 'I'm Here With the Accountants'

I'm here with the accountants and the  
lawyers in Auuulldd Reeekieeee  
I have begun the descent.  
given up cleanliness for a life of the  
spirit

give me a minute to confer  
with my colleague Toby.  
Toby slaps me right across the chops  
treats me to a little midweek sermon.

'you are the universe in my heart,' he  
says,  
'I want to break apart your body and  
make a house with it.'  
no tact.

'a repugnant lack of decency in that  
foul mouth of yours, Toby.  
save your breath for cooling your  
porridge,  
the taxi's coming.'

we manoeuvre ourselves through a den  
of thieves  
our movements are seismic  
burst in and steal all the cash  
knocked out someone in a&e  
all the action made my pecker  
stiff.  
red hot pecker.

mechanical engineering  
medicine  
marines  
apathy  
punk  
Toby's silent appraising stare.

very probably I went to bed and woke  
up with the sun  
yet I can see now I've been stewing in  
a pot.

decaying composition of the fleshy canvas  
a terrible macabre godforsaken image  
the end of my contract.

the end of my contract  
with the bestial lowlife misanthropic  
hive of appalling vertebrates  
the gas chamber of hanging fruit,  
and the foul obscenities  
and its repugnant lack of decency

the end of trying to keep my head above  
water in a climate of conniving mouth  
breathers.  
good riddance.

I clamber out of the pot.  
the joke's on them,  
I know the floor plan in the dark.

I am the fulcrum.

## **The Compère Performs ‘Strength’**

Here I am  
Practicing painting in the side room

Here I am  
Laughing in the dark

I am expressing myself with great strength  
Right now.

Strength can say so much.  
There is great freedom in strength.

It is a beautiful show but it is also  
A strong show.

What a beautiful sentiment.  
Here I am,

A supreme leader in his  
Supreme abode

I am so diversified  
That I do not know what I own.

Here I am  
Laughing in the side room

Painting in the dark.

## **The Compère Performs ‘A Poem for My Many Lawyer Friends’**

*For my many lawyer friends*

here I am  
for the spirit of humanity

here I am  
with a great many tabs on my phone  
opened and  
opened and opened  
for ordering booze

here I am  
digging up the bed like a  
Jack Russel  
in my drunken sleep.

last night I was drinking  
with Irish lawyers.

all my friends  
are Irish lawyers  
and we do this every Thursday.

my father tells me  
a fool and his money  
are soon parted

well, Dad,  
I must be  
the most foolish of them all.

## Grim Reaper Performs ‘Neo, Huh?’

I am but a man that reads his poetry out  
loud with his theatre  
My poetry is an avalanche of feeling and  
my theatre is a plethora of grandiosity

My grandiosity is an ocean in the bedroom  
hall and my plethora is a chapel in the  
fourth wall  
My ocean is a maze, and my avalanche is  
a matrix

But my author, Christ  
My author is a tyrant  
My author is living in a fantasy  
My author is leaching my body heat as an  
energy source

I am here in the dirt in the grit in the gutter  
In the mangroves limbs of protruding  
mangroves  
And he wants to subjugate me he would  
have them destroy me  
He wants me in my lane, but I will not  
churn his milk  
The wires are protruding from me  
He is a draconian puppeteer  
Clearly my assets are modest very  
modest  
But I will never give up.

My author, with all of his decorations all of  
his costumes all of his opacity all of his  
grandiosity and his masks...  
(*Hegemonized*)  
I ask  
Are experiences turned into fiction any  
less real?

Am I the person I did not want to be?  
Is he the person I did not want him to be?

Does he wear the cloth of a man that  
has failed?  
Do I?

Act V

**Sorrowful Encore**

## **The Compère Performs ‘No Pretence II’**

I am 28

A strange dramatist

Coming to terms with my  
Ludicrousness

Laughing in the face of despair  
Like Beckett or Donleavy

Trying to monetise my creative  
Practice

What am I calling this?

‘Picaresque Bullshit Metatheatre’?

‘A Well-Ordered Life’?

‘(Still) Jaded, in Search of My  
Fortune’?

‘A Toilet Bowl Wedged  
Between a Jacket Design’?

‘Mortification of Being Treated  
Like a Failure’?

‘A Thinly Veiled Ruse’?

‘Persecution Most Odious’?



## Second Wind Performs ‘Devastating Anvil’

torrent of anxiety and  
self-loathing

zealous-nothing

self-betrayal and  
narrative allusions

what happened to my authenticity?  
am I not devoted?

my morality’s debasement  
trapped me and has me trapped

I am told  
only the weak are sent out on paths without perils

yet clearly, I am an idiot.  
give me the perfect dogma

stone me

crucify me

employ me  
    compose the score  
        give parts to the noises when you mutilate my body parts.

ruin me.

(or award me  
for my poems)