

Poetry About Stuff That Is Awesome



Chris Kraken

*To the poets of The Columbus Writer's Block Poetry
Evening.*



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<http://www.chriskraken.com>.

Thanks

Thank you to the dedicatees of these poems for whom they were originally written and to the poets, organizers and audience of The Columbus Writer's Block Poetry Evening in front of whom all of them have been performed. Thank you especially to Scott Woods and Louise Robertson for invaluable help and advice on the completed manuscript. I am grateful to the people of Ohio for being so nice to me during my time in the US and to my parents for giving me somewhere to stay for a while when I got back. Especial thanks are due to Jeph at Questionable Content, [issue 420](#) of which inspired the cover, my interpretation of it appears with his kind permission. The origin of the red dragon is lost somewhere on the internet, but the unicorn appears by permission of [Jeff Ward](#). Sorry for what I did to it. The lady on the cover is the beautiful [Monica Brandt](#). This ebook was typeset using TexShop 2.26 on a Mac Powerbook.

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FANTASTIC TALES

for Sarah

From a **FREEZING VACUUM**,
Empire of a thousand stars,
I'd fly my turbo-rocket
Through the icy nebulas.

Resist Erotic Robo-replicants
From Dildoid-Beta Three
With their postronic-organo-technic-ju-jitsu-
karate!!!!

Until I came to the verdant planet
Where you rule with iron heel.
AMAZON QUEEN OF THE BIRD-MEN
For whom the seven planets kneel!

In your golden space-bikini
With **CYBER-BRAINS** in jars,
I'd risk my life to save you from
The **TENTACLES FROM MARS!!!**

Deranged by **MAD SCIENCE!!!!**
We'd speed through hyperspace,
And if Captain Kirk came near you
Then I'd **PUNCH HIM IN THE FACE!!!!!!**

An Experiment With Words

Six words were selected,
at random, from the dictionary.
Normal protocols were followed;
The words were confined to the page,
Stripped of context, injected with irony
And slowly parsed, one by one.

A control group was selected
Consisting of the following sounds:
Asthmatic wheezing, yelps of pain,
Orgasmic cries, shouts of anger,
A curt grunt of assent,
And the first babblings of a new-born child.

'Colossal' displayed agitated periodic motion,
'Dog' underwent a retrograde personality change
Characterised by megalomania and grandiosity
'Lurking' curled up in a ball and refused food,
'Food' began to break down.
'Some' ran away and 'Others' went mad.

Good agreement with previous studies was obtained.

Calling the Cephalopods

for Ric Shultz

Above the dark and ancient deep
We activate our transmission,
Scanning through the frequencies
We wait some confirmation
That the signal has been received
And our contacts have awoken,
Their lives are unextinguished
And the channel is unbroken.

At last they rise to our platforms
Floating, majestic and slow -
Airships adrift from their mooring
The darkness they've always known;
With wide and curious eyes
They see our outstretched hands,
But cannot reach our fingertips,
And by reaching understand

Our need for some recognition
From their ancient, sleepy minds.
Can they sense our jubilation?
Can they hear our ecstatic cries?
A young man dancing, in a frenzy
Leaps for the nearest dark shape,
Their only sign of compassion
Is their heavy and ponderous weight.

But perhaps his sudden passing
Offends their dignified march through time,
They slowly begin descending
Towards deep and mysterious tides.
They leave us bereft and uncertain,
Taking whatever they've learned
Of us, our dreams and our longings,
And our hopes for their final return.

The Melancholy Tale of the Shrimp and the Anemone

for Pauline

A freckled and frivolous shrimp there was
That lived on its own in a transparent tank,
Where the clownfish gathered in giggling schools
And the puffer-fish swelled and shrank.

How joyfully, how joyfully,
It shimmered and squivalled around,
Spending each day quite pointlessly
In a happiness deep and profound.

'Til one fateful day his wandering eye
In search of some krill his belly to fill
Strayed to a cavernous crevice so deep,
And in that inky black he saw the sea anemone.

'Oh dearest Anemone, darling and love,
You product of sublime nature's art,
Your elegant fronds waved like magic wands
As they cast their spell on my heart;

Come away with me to the depths of the sea
And never again shall we part.'
He gasped this complaint, threw aside all restraint
And began a silky and sinuous dance.

How carelessly, how carelessly,
He danced in a submarine stagger,
Cutting the water so effortlessly
Like a flexible, flashing dagger.

The anemone squatted inscrutably
On the rock where it was stuck fast,
And it did not reply, but it winked its pink eye
As the shrimp came capering past.

How close he swims, how close he swims,
To the pink and deadly stings,
Then all at once his own true love
Strikes and bites his head clean off.

In piscine pandemonium
A hue and cry is raised,
The neon tetras dim their lights
And the catfish cries "Revenge!"

How tragically, how tragically,
This brave crustation met its death;
Now all is mourning and silence
Save for the sea anemone's laugh.

Last Waltz

for Nicola and Tommy

There's a *château* outside a great city
Where I stand in the gathering gloom,
And the lights that gleam in at the windows
Are the glimmer of alien moons.

A couple commands my attention
As the last of the evening dies,
And the dawn is just an invention
Of dull and prosaic minds,

Though the wedding guests have departed,
And the band have all packed up and gone,
And no one that they know can see them,
They dance to a tune of their own;

Though the silence remains unbroken
By the wind or the call of a bird,
And the soft sigh of my own breathing
Is all that there is to be heard

Their steps are in synchronization
To the ghost of the tune in their heads
With no mis-step or slight hesitation
By blood and desire they are led.

And maybe my eyes are deceived
And perhaps the summer night lies,
But I depart to my empty bed
As they dance through the rest of their lives.

Pretty Things

for Derek Des Agnes

So what if we like all these pretty things:
Get gored by pink and lilac unicorns,
Are bound with tinsel and shiny rings,
See rainbows so bright they cause radiation burns.
So what if we like all these pretty lies:
Stories of worlds that pop like a bubble,
Words that glitter like sharpened knives,
And monuments smashed into gilded rubble.

Some pretty things cause ugly scenes,
Wakeful nights when time refuses to flow
To blot out the memory of terrible dreams
In which a hideous beast makes an unwelcome call
And comes close to whisper what we all know
That pain is the prettiest thing of all.

The Möbius Striptease

Ladies, Gentlemen
Your attention please,
For the fabulous,
Erotic, MÖBIUS STRIPTEASE!

Our own Salome
Takes to the stage,
In time to the music
She begins to sway,

In fevered frenzy
Her passionate hips
Describe first a circle
And then an ellipse.

The diaphanous fabrics
Fall away from her body,
Revealing convex, concave,
Geometrical glory.

She bends in a circle
Caught in passions throes,
Naked and lithe
She touches her toes.

Now for the finale
As the crowd gasp
She vanishes,
Suddenly, up her own arse.

Lonely Heart

I inspired the bards and the poets in Rome,
But now I have left my Olympian home.
Life for a muse is tricky these days.
Thank god, poetically, I swing both ways.
It could be a woman it could be a man
The one thing I want is someone who can
Put up with the fact that I've let myself go
That I'm not quite the beauty I was long ago
It seemed a fantastic idea at the time
When I was inspiring a feminine rhyme
Changing myself to the form of a man,
With good teeth, nice butt and immaculate tan,
I looked in the mirror, but only to find
It wasn't the body that I'd had in mind
A man, yes I was, no trouble with that
But good looks are something I totally lack.
No wonder the sonnet eventually turned
To a limerick; my poet erotica spurned,
And then I found, oh, bad luck on bad luck,
To my absolute horror, that now I was stuck.

Muse, aged 2000, is aching to meet,
Poet or artist, subtle disceet,
Solvent, GSOH is required
Who wants to do work that's divinely inspired.

Someone please answer and keep me alive,
Write to "Lonely Hearts" PO BOX 105.

How To Construct A Literary Device

Put in an lowly hero who was
orphaned in a war
His dim best friend, his pet musk-rat
And beautiful *amour*.

You may need many crankshafts
Of several different types
In your clicking, clunking,
Whirring, contrived literary device;

Put in an evil genius who wants
To take over the world
And his grinning, gurning henchmen
For the hero's jibes to goad

You may need to call a plumber
To wrangle all the pipes
In your clicking, clunking,
Whirring, contrived literary device;

Avoid the *deus ex machanica*
And put in a Tesla coil,
The villian's plans will be defeated
By a roll of bacofoil!

His plan to melt the polar ice-caps,
To win Wimbledon - TWICE
In your clicking, clunking,
Whirring, contrived literary device;

The logic will be twisted and disbelief will be
forklifted,
Suspended at dizzying heights
In your clicking, clunking,
Whirring contrived literary device;

CLUNK-KA-SHUGGA-CLUNK-KA-SHUGGA

In your clicking clunking
Whirring, contrived literary device;

SPUNG... CLUNK

The Notorious Higgs

They seek it here, they seek it there
They seek this boson everywhere.
They sometimes catch the echo
Of its condescending laugh,
There are rumors that it watches you,
When you are in the bath

But when they try to detect it
It is gone without a trace.
It could be in your garden,
Or it could be out in space,
It could be in the petal
Of a crimson damask rose,

It could be in a bank vault,
Or it could be up your nose.
Anywhere where mass exists
That's where it can be found
It could be in the ocean,
Or it could be underground.

It's known to certain physicists
And some of the police,
But most of all it's name is known
On Geneva's meanest streets.
It's rampant reign of terror
Breaks symmetries and lives.

The Large Hadron collider
Was silenced to deprive
The cops of vital evidence
Of where it had fled to,
And soon the elusive Higgs Boson
Will be coming to get you.

Broken Instruments

for Samatha

You take in broken instruments
About your tiny house,
The woodwind and the brass
Scattered carelessly about,
The Sousaphone beneath the bed
Its huge bell poking out.
Harmoniums in the kitchen,
The Marimba in the hall,
Euphoniums just everywhere
Leave hardly room at all
For the Ophicleide and Gamelan,
The Guan and the Oud.
The Sitar and the Mandolin
Are fighting for your love.
The Zither tends the oven,
Its baking you a cake,
The *Cor Anglais* jumps off its stand
To do your shopping for the week
Every night you go to sleep
To off-tune lullabies
A Callipoe for a headboard
And cuddled by Bagpipes.
They punctuate their actions
With wheezing broken sounds
Louder, ever louder
Filling up each room,

Building to one mighty chord
That brings the walls all
Crashing down
Bringing down your little house
And waking up the town.

Return to Albion

The punks in Camden are so OLD,
Though leather trousers are still sold
That have a certain latitude,
(The ghost of long gone attitude),
In the tightness at the crotch.

What purpose could such wiry men,
These misfits now and misfits then,
Have, in their time, ever served
When curses and guitars were heard
In pubs with sticky floors?

Oh ENGLAND, where is thy mucus gone,
Now viscous spit is no longer flung
In glistening and gleaming strands
From the mouths of these your sons
To splatter on some raving band.

Perhaps in KILBURN your spirit wakes,
Aye, and WATFORD too, it incubates
In LEWISHAM, in READING and in SLOUGH,
Growing closer and taking shape
Your faithful, aged servants wait.

Monsters

The sluggish flow of traffic
Devours the drivers lives
As a couple on The Embankment
Make for the Northern Line,

They leave the glaring lights
And the cry of car alarms,
As the ancient sleepy beast
Enfolds them in its arms.



Chris Kraken is a poet and tech entrepreneur who has lived in both Britain and the United States. His favourite animal is the Giant Squid and he is still slightly scared of triffids even though he knows they do not exist. He is currently not dead.