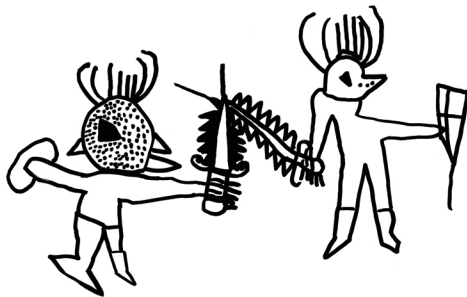
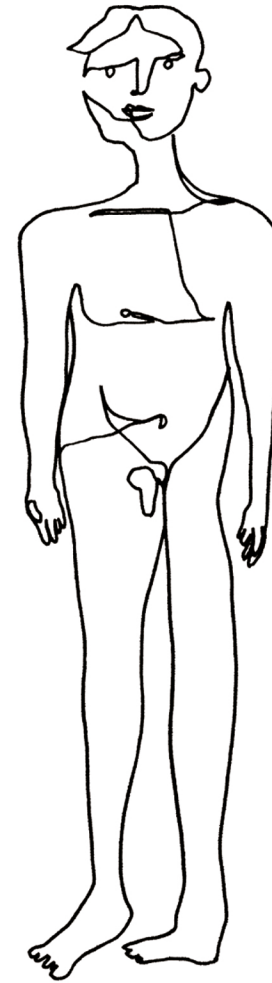


blueish



'blueish'
hugh vincent macdermott
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Special thanks to my family
and to Julia Cameron.

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Action Man

Action Man arrived
in a lunar rover
dressed as an astronaut.

We turned the living room rug
into the red valleys of Mars
and drove all around.

I never could have been an astronaut -
the idea of space
terrifies me.

One slip and you're lost forever.

Punch your way out of that one,
Action Man.

Blue Moon Trading

Arthur is a
Zen master.

I once shot him
in the arm -
point blank.

Arthur didn't even
flinch.

'I think you just shot me'.

I offered to let him
shoot my foot in return.

He declined and
we carried on
shooting tins
in the sun.

Bad Coffee

I spent years
sitting in cafés,
pretending to write.

Posing for hours
and making myself sick
with bad coffee.

Now here I am,
writing about nothing at all
and somehow, it means
so much more.

El Faro

"Welcome to El Faro,
What can I get for you mate?
Just some cheesy chips
is it?"

"Yeah, just some cheesy chips"

"£2.80 then please mate"

I paid up and
walked back down.

I sat on my bedroom floor
and sank them in vinegar.

Man, it was good.

Elderflower Pop

Grandma Kath gave us
a blue and white striped carrier bag -
sometimes it was just blue.

In the bag
there were two to four
green wine bottles.

In the bottles,
apart from flies,
was the most delicious
elderflower pop.

You take a gulp
straight from the bottle:
it's a sharp tang -
a fly goes down too.

You don't care,
not one bit.

Because that elderflower pop
is made entirely from love.

And flies.

Flips

I laid my coat
on the grass between
the mounds.

I tried a flip,
again and again
I tried.

I really did
but I was too small
to flip.

The other kids at Kirk
played different games
to me.

Witches

She led us to the dark place,
Quietly.

We lay there,
Our skins cold against
The pine floor.

Our innocence left us,
Quietly.

Golden Bite

I was right centre-back
dressed in brilliant blue,

with an advert for Golden Bite
fish and chips
slapped across my chest.

To my left was the captain,
Oggy.

Whenever the ball came close,
we would just smack it right back
and smile to ourselves.

It seemed to work every time.

Hammy

I picked Hammy up
by his shiny coat

I loved him
but I think this hurt him.

He bit.
I panicked.

Ouch!
I flung him towards
my P.E kit

I was so sorry.
He crapped on the floor.

We were even,
I decided.

Armitage Shanks

It's late.
I'm on the bottom bunk.

George's voice comes down
through the slats.

He tells me about
Spectres..

It is utterly terrifying
but I'm excited.

I'm afraid of the dark,
where my mind likes to roam
and manifest things.

G says that spectres
appear at night as
faces in the frosted glass.

All is not lost...
"They can be dispelled", G says,
"just by reading out loud".

I tiptoe to the bathroom:
as quickly as possible.
as quietly as possible.

I'm freaking the hell out,
I grab for the nearest words:

'Armitage Shanks'.

And I am relieved.

Jolly Fishing

That summer
I made a habit
of waking up laughing -
which is absolutely
the best way
to wake up.

A strange
sitting room
with dusty green sofas and
a faded floral carpet,

Matt flopped around
on the floor
like a fish.

Me and Jordan just watched on,
smirking like we did all the time.

Suddenly,

The T.V. turns on -
it's a cute, retro
Japanese game.

"Man, I can't believe it...
that game's called
Jolly Fishing."

I woke up,
my body flooded
with the sweetest joy
and the most beautiful laughter.

I'll never forget
Jolly Fishing
my mornings away
all summer long.

Jordan, the Jester

Jordan was a jester
his big eyes always
glancing sideways,
the air ready to burst
into laughter.

We danced around and wailed
all day, all night.

We'd say goodnight
then do it all over again.

For months and months,
We joked around and sang.

Breakfast on the steps of No. 16,
coffee in my orange mug and
Moo the cat at our feet.

We'd fill our backpacks
at Aldi for ten quid each -
We could eat for a week on that.

All we cared about was music
and laughing.
It really was hysterical.
My sides hurt as
I remember it.

N64

G's birthday,
a sunny childhood day.

After the bouncing,
we floated
down.

You were all next door
playing N64.

I'd never even seen one before.

Four controllers -
I liked the yellow one best.

Bam!
PK Fire
PK Thunder

Later,
Zelda.

Hyrule Castle and
the final, epic battle
against Ganondorf.

You were all older
and cooler than me.

Making N64
the best thing.

Mrs. N

Story time with
Mrs. N.

This time,
she sat down and took
off her leg.

She also had
a special blue swimming leg
with bubbles and starfish on.

She didn't like me one bit
and was a real bastard to me.

Years later,
people told me
that I kicked the leg
to see if she could feel it.

But I don't remember that part at all.

Nike Dunks

13.
Midsummer,
we're hanging at Rory's

He had a guy on BBM
so we went into town.

Nike Dunks,
Our backs up all the way
to the Subway bench.

An older, lanky mohawk
sat down next to Rory
and they swapped pockets.

We smoked our prize
out of the hayloft window.

All we got
was a headache each.

Paradise Lost

Birmingham was a lifeblur,
A real mush of emotions
formative, destructive.

Young, weak, learning
With no perspective.

Eyes on some imaginary goal,
trying to find meaning when
there was none.

Not there,
not for me.

A stale box was the void.
I sat there at a sad piano

thumping into six feet
of sound proofing.

Thud, plonk, crash!
Went the building around me.

Elbows on the lid,
head in my forearms.

The curry was good,
there was at least that.
And some very good souls too.

In that concrete wreck,
paradise was lost.

Pirates

That Mrs. N.
She squeaked all over
the assembly room floor.

Was it her white Reeboks?
or was it her plastic leg?

Dad didn't believe me;
"Is she a pirate?"

Squeak, Squeak.

I felt for her but she hated me and
once slammed the door on my big toe.

The floor was cold and
covered in black dust
which I stuck to my hands
and rolled into tiny balls.

There were one hundred kids
and only one that
loved me.

Honor sat next to me
with her sweet soul.

She held my hand
and beamed.

Plastic Swords

I spent all of my
pocket money
on plastic swords.

They transported me
as I walked down
the hot, sandy
pavement.

I felt so powerful-
I never wanted to be
born here.

I wanted to be a knight,
a warrior, I even said so!

But looking back,
it all seems so cosy

with words like
'Turbo', 'Max' and 'Ultra'
everywhere.

Pokémon 2000

I got my Gold
on my sister's birthday
It was so fresh and open.

Me and Leon, stood in line
to receive our promo cards:

Dragonite,
sealed in plastic.

It smelled so damn good -
real excitement.

The cinema was massive
and the popcorn stuck to my teeth.

A spotlight danced
across the floor
'WB'.

My clear purple Gameboy
was safe in my pocket.

Toys 'R' Us
was a treat and a trove.

We stayed up all night
Doing link trades.

Mew and Celebi,
totally impossible to catch.

Kids.

Power PC

I couldn't believe
my luck

When Dad gave me
his old Apple Mac.

There was no internet,
there were no games.

Just me,
in the reflection.

I sat there in my
little green room.

Underneath the dormer window
pretending to be a writer.

Clack clack
clack.

Typing away
at my very own
Apple Mac.

Prat

I once met a prat.

He stood there,
hands behind his back.

"Be quiet -
stop playing that music."

This probably made the prat
feel something, at least.

He stood there, now a taller,
more righteous prat.

After this small and prattish
victory.

Purple Micra

I didn't remind you
that we'd met before.

But it was
such a treat
to see your face
behind your
glasses.

Fast-forward:

You arrive
in what's left of
a purple Micra

You turn and look
back at me from the front seat,
exquisite, in that blue dress.

And you're shining
straight into my eyes
making me smile
like an idiot.

I was completely yours.

Quiet Hours

How wonderful
are the quiet hours

When silence
tugs at your ears.

A feltbuzz
of potential

tingling in the
cheekbones

urging you to just
make something

or sit there
right inside of it.

These are precious
moments,

Moments where
the world is transfigured and

Our madness
turns in for the night.

Scampi Fries

The old Mo,
that was a place.

A dusty old pub where
We'd spend cosy nights
Hugging our pints.

Delicious Brummy curry,
burning my lips and
beer relaxing my bones.

An old rocker leans on
the bar and throws us
a pack of Scampi Fries.

"Smell that"
said the dirty old bastard.

We gave him his laugh
and carried on drinking beers
in the corner.

SEGA

Yeah, that sound!
After school, probably 7 years old.

Sometimes we went to Jade's room.
Sometimes we played SEGA.
Sometimes Jade would just snog me.

When her lips
turned red from the snogging,
She'd play with my hair instead.

We hid under her covers and played
light games with a torch.

Sonic 2.
Kid Chameleon.
Bomberman.

I let her stroke my hair
because then I could play SEGA.

Jhana

I started sitting
alone in my room.

I did it because
there was nothing left
to do.

And no one left to blame
but my rotten self.

At first; nothing
but a sickening menagerie
of memories and worries.

Even the good memories were tinged
with bittersweetness.

Suddenly, I slipped through
and a space opened up.

Now the watcher,
I laughed and laughed
from this newfound angle.

I would forgive them
for thinking that
I'd finally lost the plot.

Sunball Fight (age 7)

In the light of the sun,
we want to have fun
me and my Mum.

It doesn't hurt
It feels quite nice,
It cuts right through
without a slice.

It's a blazing comet
It's a ball of fire
It's a happy feeling.

Tekken 3

There I was,
over at Tim's
with my leg stuck
in the kitchen chair.

Worrying that
we'd have to call out
the whole fire brigade.

My knee just wouldn't
fit back through.
"Sit still, don't panic"
Tim's mum said.
Tim's brother was a bully.

He would bully me
and even Tim
Every time I went.

But when the bully had his friend over,
he was nice and would let me play on
Tekken 3.

I sat there
against the bed
and played.

I was Yoshimitsu,
stabbing at a beach ball
with a lightsaber.

I figured that
people must have
two sides.

Feeling

That feeling has no place here.

Inside of me.

You're not welcome any more -
I've grown up.

I'll breathe you in and out,
making you smaller.

Each time.

The Piano

There is always the piano.

People tried to show me it
but that's not how it works,
not really.

As a kid,
my fingers would just take care
of business.

One day I discovered
that old mystic,
Scriabin.

Now there was someone who felt
just like me.

It was:
Angular, beautiful
and bizarre.

Then I heard Oscar too.
I was sold.

I fell into music
like that.

The Swing Rope

I'll never forget
that time I came round
- just for an hour.

We went to the river
and I was knighted with sludge.

'It's fine, Arthur got it just the same'
you told me. And now he was
King Arthur.

The slime was cold on my forehead.

But I felt so proud to be
welcome in your world.

You were the only kids
who imagined like me.

Now I belonged.

We leapt across
on the swing-rope
again, again and again,
into the nettles.

It was only slime.

So Hip

I hated her
As soon as I saw her

And now,
I'm disgusted with myself.

It's just that she tries
so hard to be cool

I won't fall
for that again

Self importance and
evil intentions!

Behind those curtains,
are genuinely dark things

Nobody else sees it -
my hatred bubbles.

It's all about her
not the music of course.

I hate that
She is me.

The Tale of Yard Nule

After our Quest
was done.

We celebrated,
and another one began.

A sparkling purple-ish night
and a very hazy walk home
through the dawn.

Saria's song
got us lost
Just like in the game.

The next day
Was a real scorcher.
Adventure time.

We're greeted at the gate
by some old bat
who tells us not to do drugs.

We did drugs anyway
and Yard Nule was born.

so was Frank Hammer
but we hardly mention him.

That day we uncovered
the very essence of humour.

Just for a moment,
it was really ours.

I lay there in the grass next to my friend
and watched the trees pulsating.

They really were:
- *Glimmering*
- *Shimmering*
- *Glowing*

I saw the dark forest,
its power was alluring.
I said hello,
but no thank-you.

And on our gentle descent,
a kingly theme
rang out across the
gorgeous fields.

Bodies (Under Siege)

Me and Art
did it right.

Steak and cheese nights-
I didn't even like cheese.

Steak, cheese and beer.
With a film we picked
because it was shit.

We sat there,
wolfing it all down,
revelling in the obscenity
of our choices.

Obscene though we were,
I stand by the fact that
Under Siege is a great movie.

Windwaker

A folkish melody plays.
I forget everything else
and inside, I beam.

I press start-
oh, that sound.

Now, harps and
three hearts.

The prologue begins in sepia,
and we recite it
word for word.

Everything feels fresh
at the Outset.

Yet there is pain.
Yet there is music.

We sit and feel the cel-shaded
breeze.

I know that world is still there
but it will never feel the same.

You

You make me cry
because there is
something I can't touch

And maybe you don't know it
but you have something
from beyond.

I want you to be my secret

I'm so glad that you
admire me too.

We will find each other
again.

La Théron

Last month
We said goodbye,
Au revoir, a bientôt, c'est tout!

To Monsieur Totti
And his very totti daughters.

The hammock and those
Sodding wasps.

Thunderstorms and
Endless pizza.

Bouilles pomiere and
The green paddling pool.

The crackle of dried grass
And the fence that taught me
Not to fuck with electricity.

To shitting on sawdust,
and staying up all night long.

But two things, two souls
Beat the lot:

Sean and Nikkie
We've still got.

Alchemy

Somewhere in Berlin ...
What's next?

Naturally, a man in a cloak and boots
shows up.

He likes the look of us and
takes us to the next hangout.

Through a beat up door
into some kind of
metallic aquarium realm.

The walls, floors and bars like
silver fishbone

There's a greenish glow -

The whole place is a
Geiger LSD trip.

Roki is dressed as a sailor,
she's expressive and beautiful.

Her bare feet are cut up by glass,
(I had bathed them for her earlier.)

Occupying the darker corners,
are some serious heavies.

The DJ, a balding alchemist,
taught me there and then
the ecstatic power
of the tambourine.

Fake

I'll admit it -
I'm a faker.

A fraudulent
flagrant
phoney.

Now it's your turn,
we laugh.

Live deep
in the cracks
and definitely
Learn to swim.

I know that
one day we'll
stop lying.

Fruit

All things
Destroy us slowly

Even the best of them
Even the best of us.

A soft whisper is
A deadly roar
To an ant.

Buy some flowers
Or better yet,
Steal some
From the
Garden of God.

Get a slapped wrist
And shake your first
At that miserable old man.

I'm tired of
The way things are
And I'm leaving.

Fangs

Her arms
rested on my shoulders

I hid my fangs
"but you have nice teeth"

She had
some kind of freedom.

MSN:
'have you ever kissed anyone,
I mean properly??'

I said not really.

The next day,
all of my friends knew already.

With each bell
I got more nervous

and at lunchtime
you were there

your arms went up

on my shoulders once again.

Oh my god.

Monkey Mind

My monkey mind
only knows
the shortest route.

At all costs,
my monkey mind
will find
(and eat)
that rotten fruit.

My monkey mind
only wants
to jump and play.

It seems as though
We are two things at once

And sometimes
I feel glad
to get in the way.

Meow

It's no coincidence.
There are cats everywhere,
The graffiti even says
'Meow'.

She's in town,
My Mother is at Stonehenge -
The last place we went in love.

I chance on
Wichita Lineman
On vinyl.

We have no idea
What we're dealing with
Here.

Cat's Farewell

Don't have much
Left to say

Don't have long
Left at all

I'll be just
On my way

You'll be fine then
Like you were before

(On my way,
On my way)

Will you still think of me?
Will you still watch out for me?
Will you still look up for me?
Will you still come after me?

Will you still sit on my knee?
Will you still sit on my knee?
Will you still be there for me?

Mango Face

Mango Face
You saved me from yourself

Mango Face,
Maybe time will tell.

Into you
I fell
I'm okay
Im very well

How did it get like this?
Every time I forget.

Just one more mango kiss
As a friend, won't you let
Me disappear-
old book on a shelf.

Mango Face
You saved me from myself.

F.O.G

Um...
I love me
A blank page

Brilliant white
Nothingness,
Awe not fear

One foot in
A formless
Place

Tiptoeing
Sometimes
Flying

Plants

If I were a plant
Soaking would be my thing
Light, sound, liquid
I would just stand there
And soak it right in.

I think I would make
such a good friend
I would stand so peacefully
For you, for anyone.
Will somebody choose me?

I have heard
Over one thousand conversations
But I haven't said a word yet
I can't.

Inhale me and
I'll show you heaven.
I am eternal
I am you.

Toast

I hardly touched
My toast that morning
The tea was cold and
There was so much pain
Between us.

There was no way
to recover from
What we had done.

I lost you there,
at our closest point

The photographs
In your bathroom
Changed meaning -
I didn't know
You anymore.

Without our masks,
We were torn in half
in the baking sun.
Pubs and shops
Became such weird places
To be.

That's the call
I never seem to make

To kill a flower
That's struggling
To breathe.

Spike

Stranded alone
in a witches' lair

You have no teeth,
You have no hair.

Dope

The World is literally
burning before us

We're so distracted
And for good reason

Do you have
The discipline left

To close your eyes
And see?

It's no surprise that
our bodies fail us

To be animal again
Would be a magical thing.

To sleep by firelight and
wash ourselves in the rivers of home.

Yellow Room

Next to her
In that yellow room

The sun comes in
In that yellow room

A three-mirrored dresser
takes the corner.

Sat on top,
there are perfume bottles
made from Rosaline glass.

It is calm -
her haven.

The bed is unnecessarily
springy and a lot of
fun to bounce on.

As I float to sleep,
stories whizz through my head.

I am lying next to my grandmother
and her Bakelite alarm clock
ticks loudly.

I don't care.
I am safe, I am loved
I am safe, I am loved.

Heartpiece

Look at that.
I've found some roots
Once again

And these ones,
I can call my own
And be so thankful...

Somewhere-
maybe this side
of time

I'll meet
The other piece
of me.

Wabi Sabi
Now there's some beauty I can
Sink my fangs into

Made more devastatingly pretty
By the noise and the haste
And all of our evil

Yes, I'll go placidly
Because I have this feeling
That I'll find half my soul there
If I do.

Stop

Learn to stop waiting
Learn to stop wanting
Stop to learn knowing
Stop to learn being

Learn to stop needing
Learn to stop clinging
Stop to learn laughing
Stop to learn seeing

Stop and stop!
You are fine
As you are

