

SERIOUS

Life is far
Too serious
To truly
Take it so.
So laugh
And be merry
For tomorrow
We cry.

MARY TALE

Mary
Had a little lamb
Its fleece
Was white as snow
Until, that is
She slit its
Throat
And let its hot blood
Flow
It tasted good
So she ate
It raw
Until there was
No more...
So now the lambs
All bleat in fear
In case our Mary's
Near.

MAN

Is not a hunter
Man
Is not a warrior.
These are lies
Fed to him
Since birth.
Break the cycle,
Learn the truth.
Man
Is a farmer
Man
Is a builder
Man
Is a lover
Man
Is a gardener
Man
Is a father.
And in all these things
He does so with
Woman
Without whom
He is not complete.

DEUS EX INSOMNIA

Walk into the shadows of a sleepless night, of a mind teetering towards the abyss of deprivation, when revelation intrudes through the event horizon that separates the lightness of being from the depths of hidden meaning. Out there, in the beyond, it's not all morbid raptures, there is laughter too, hidden in the drug of words.

Deus Ex Insomnia is the debut poetry collection by journalist and novelist Mark Cantrell. The perfect-bound paperback edition pulls together 80 examples of his writing, with the added sweetener of prosaic essays pondering the mysteries of the written word. He has a reputation for darkness in his writings, so taste his nightlife for yourself — and discover it's not all shadows in Mark's world.

Buy the book from Lulu, Amazon, or through good bookshops and be enthralled.

**Deus Ex Insomnia,
Poetry & and Prose by Mark Cantrell
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Deus Ex Insomnia



POETRY & PROSE

Mark Cantrell

FREE SAMPLER

By Mark Cantrell

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THESE AND MORE
IN THE FULL
COLLECTION...

*By The
Blurb
Shall We
Know It...*

THE doctors didn't believe me; they only believe in their pharmacopoeia — a lot of addicts do — but I made them believe in the end. I had to. The *others* left me no choice.

Too many sleepless nights had ripped a gash in perception. Out *there*, on the far side, through the fog of delirium, I sensed the presence. I wasn't alone. I saw them hinted and outlined by the weak light that leaked from the waking world: sculptures of silhouette utter dark against the shadows of endless time.

I knew; they'd been waiting, they'd been calling. Now they had me — and they forced me to sit and write. This is what they told me to say...

Like a
SALMON SWIM

We stand in the present,
Ever changing, from
One moment
To the next.
But what is it,
Really, this place where
We dwell?
The Here & Now
Is nothing
But a Vortex
In the stream of Time.
It's a sink-hole
Where Tomorrow's promise
Gushes
Into the Oblivion
Of Yesterday's Sewer.
It's the point of No Return,
Where the undertow
Of Time's ebbing Tide
Pulls us into the deeps of
Eventual Death.
Like you, my
Fellow travellers through Time,
I swim against the raging
Torrent
In the eye of that Temporal swirl.
For a while, at least,
I live like a Salmon,
Leaping and skipping and swimming
Against this chronological deluge.
But with every
Moment
That drains away,
A morsel of strength passes too.
My breast strokes weaken,
My stride declines.
For now, my head floats above
The meniscus of history,
But, it's only a matter of ...

all in a
LIFE'S TIME

Temporal flowing stops
To admire the view
Of a glowing simulacrum
That exists
In the framework
Of Arctic frozen ink.
The world goes on oblivious,
Gushing ever upwards
To the elliptical whirlpool
Plug
Somewhere in the sky
Of Cosmic Awakenings.
Stars waltz,
And whirl their crazy zig-zag
Around the pin-wheel
Of galactic clusters.
Black holes indulge
Infinite appetites for the
Beauty of Creation
And gorge on all that is.
I watch, side by side
With Time,
And capture the rhythm,
The ebbing flow,
Of universal calculation
With the slide-rules
Of poetic inclinations.
My pen pauses
To ask:
What does it all mean,
This dazzling, swirling miasma of
Chaos?
All is mystery,
Amalgamated in fertile union
With Enigma.
Perhaps the answer lurks
Here, somewhere,
Amongst the scribbled words
Of my Life with Time.