

VERTIGO . 2004

Oil on canvas.

Vertigo is about drug abuse.

The standing figure with her left arm held high, is on a high.
She is not afraid of heights when she is high, only when
she comes down. She's on top of the world as high
as two can be -sweets in her hands, unable to pay the fee.

She's at a place called vertigo.
The sugar kicks in, losing control, Cold turkey eyes her up,
she makes another Sunday joint And sees the rock and roll.

The lines are never ending, she has a cold, can't stop sneezing,
She's at a place called vertigo where the cold turkey is freezing.

Time to come down.

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Ten Views Of A Standing Figure

He gazes proud on his reflection,
The object of his reflection.

Placed on a pedestal he stands
Posing with deft caressing hands.

Shinning and perfect from head to toe
Till vanity leads to vertigo.

Propelled by caffeine coke and kicks,
The body rears and plays its tricks.

Rising to triumph above us all
He sees how far he has to fall.

His bones are ash, his seed is dead,
A thousand nightmares fill his head.

He vomits blood, his palms are wet,
He smokes a last none cigarette.

Pulling the collar above the coat,
He tilts the head to expose the throat.

The noose is tight, he swims in air,
Half-god, half puppet hanging there.

Now cast in stone, this statue's free
To tumble from our memory