

Logical Nonsense

Logical: *adjective* of or according to the rules of logic. Capable of showing rational thought.

Nonsense: *noun* words that make no sense. foolish or unacceptable behaviour.

Logical nonsense: *adjective* words that, according to the rules of logic, make no sense. An unacceptable capability of showing rational thought and foolish behaviour.

NOTICE!

This book has not been tested on animals

No Animals were harmed in the making of this book, a few trees probably but no animals, except for the ones living in the trees.

The author (me) accepts no responsibility for any adverse affects this book may have including:

Madness

Insomnia

Paper cuts

Loss of friends

This book contains strong language in parts and may contain subjects of highly personal, emotional, offensive and sometimes extremely boring crap.

This book also makes excellent replacement firewood.
The pages should burn at a satisfying 451 degrees Fahr.

THANK YOU FOR **YOUR ATTENTION!**

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1) The listener

I stood in the darkness and listened,
Listened as the sounds of the day passed on.
Into quietness they passed
And I listened.

A new sound could be heard as I listened,
Listened as the new sound took hold.
It had my undivided attention
And I listened.

The sound was now loud as I listened,
Listened as my thoughts were explained.
The sounds of the day changed in meaning
And I listened.

The sound took control as I listened,
Listened to every word it spoke,
It gave out its orders, for war to commence
And I listened.

The sound had new power as I listened,
Listened to its evil decree.
It told me to kill and I listened,
Are you listening to me?

2) Psycho

“Kill, kill, kill!”
The voice screams through my head.
I smile and say “yes”
Now the sane ones lay dead.

Some say I'm crazy
So here's my reply:
The voice in my head says
“I want you to die”.

They scream and they run
But they can't hide from me,
I need them to die
So that I can be free.

It's how I was born
And that's how I'll be.
I'll let you be you
If you let me be me.

3) Claustrophobic

I'm at the bottom
There's no way out
I've tried calling for help
But there's no one about.

The walls close in around me
I'm holding my breath,
I'm nervous and tense
And I'm waiting for death.

It gets tighter and tighter
In my soon-to-be tomb,
Is there no one can save me
From unpleasant doom?

I may as well face it,
It's the end for me.
A few seconds of pain
Then eternity...

4) Icon

The trumpets blared out
In a victory song,
The crowds stood cheering
As he came along.
On a horse of pure white
In his armour that glistened,
When he spoke to the crowd
They stood silent and listened.

Every maiden he charmed
With one look in the eye,
They cried out for his favour
As he passed them by.
At the end of the mob
He stopped and turned round,
The crowd stood and waited
Not making a sound.

The people worshipped,
He held his head high
And with a hideous laugh
He condemned them to die.
A panic ensued but nothing could be done,
He slaughtered them all,
The deceiver had won.

5) The Art of thinking

Man has progressed so rapidly since he began to think.
Science expands as our knowledge of nature accelerates.
Thinking's really good, isn't it?

Thinking causes delusions of grandeur.
Thinking causes man to kill man.
Thinking leads to desire for power, a lust for control.
Thinking leads to the realisation that you are nothing,
No one is anything.
We pollute Earth; we are its deadly disease.
Thinking leads to nowhere but pain, grief and disappointment.
Thinking leads to insanity.
Thinking is the downfall of man.

6) Logical nonsense

Once upon a time I was an everyday child
With normal thoughts, normal emotions, normal desires.
Then one day I did something stupid which shattered
All my delusions of normality...

I opened my mind and thought for myself,
Why does this happen? What does it mean?
Who is right? Who is anybody anyway?
Why is science unsatisfactory for me?
And religion so vague?

The proofs prove nothing.
Logic is nonsense.
Order is chaotic.
Good is bad and bad is good.
What is right for me could be wrong for you.
Either we stand divinely judged as sinners
Or evolution warped and buckled.

Knowledge is theory and theories are attacked from all sides
By people who do not know what it is they are siding against.
Your meaning of life is down to your own logic.
Mine is caught in a vicious circle.
There's no way out alive.

7) Empty

Empty faces watching, staring.
Empty minds thinking empty thoughts.
Empty lives of empty pleasures.
Empty homes and empty hearts.

Empty people stand in line,
Empty of love, overflowing with hate.
Empty faces look down in empty shame,
Empty souls with an empty fate.

8) The remains of the day

(or Paradise Lost)

In the morning we flourished – made ourselves strong,
Outstripped all others and took control.
By noon we were developing so fast- and were still accelerating.
After lunch we were tired and full from our meal
So we delegated, made deals, passed laws and created justice.

By dinner we had failed our justice.
Our laws had proved their own weaknesses.
It was each for his own and anarchy reigned
Till the powers that be fell down,
Back down to hell from whence they came,
Taking lives as they tumble the ten thousand mile drop
Leaving poverty, misery, pain.

As the dusk sets in and the stars come out
What remains to be seen grieves the soul.
The desolate wasteland once Mother Earth
Now barren and bleak – now dead.

9) Someone

Someone once told me to listen,
I listened and believe it was true.
I liked what I heard so I followed the call
And wandered along with the few.

Someone once told me to stand,
I stood and was singled out.
I was put in a box and labelled and filed
And left there with no-one about.

Someone once told me to think,
I thought and my brain became tired.
I thought about thinking and slowly went mad
And my brain said "up yours" and retired.

Someone once told me to speak,
I spoke and my words were a lie.
Some people laughed but the rest ran away
I was left on my own there to die.

Someone once told me to die,
I died and things didn't go well.
I screamed at the world to listen to me
But they're dying and are going to hell.

10) Endangered species

Planet Earth floats deep in space,
Thriving with life great and small.
Changing constantly, developing, maturing,
Making itself better equipped to deal with problems.

Humans, striving for intelligence, power and wealth
Have already scarred Earth, rendered countless species extinct.
Many more are endangered – need looking after,
Whilst all the time we can't control ourselves
And are evolving dangerously.
Sprinting headlong towards death – annihilation
By our own hands, only ourselves to blame.

Earth will be glad when it is rid of us,
An endangered species dumped like toxic waste,
Poisoning and destroying everything we come into contact with.

We can stop sitting smugly in our nice warm homes
Because we are inferior, not adapted to survive.
We need clothes to keep warm and shoes on our feet.
We are inadequate, not special – we have failed.
We have exalted ourselves by our pride
And we shall soon be humbled.

11) Selective annihilation

Unable to live, still trapped in the womb,
This natural safety now his safe little tomb.
No chance of a role on life's massive stage,
For sins of the parents he's paying the wage.

A soul with no meaning looks for somewhere to rest,
No deeds he had done in life's big, long test.
Silenced before he had spoken a word,
Passed into the next world unseen and unheard.

One act of passion, didn't stop till too late,
One simple injection to seal his fate.
Forgotten he wanders the realm of the dead
Looking for somewhere to lay down his head.

He never saw daylight, not even a glance.
No protests he made, never given a chance.
Does he know how close he had come to this Earth?
But he didn't get past the first hurdle – his birth.

12) The little black box

It is in everyone's homes,
Sitting, staring at us
Through its unblinking eye.
In the corner of our living rooms
Where we spend most of our time
Just staring straight back at it,
Letting it pump mindless drivel
Into our heads.
We grow accustomed to it,
In fact we can't live without it.

We are addicted to it
And we feed our addiction.
It shows us pictures
Of what we want to be
But can't, even if we try.
It scares us, it shocks us but
It excites us so we do not mind.
It makes us feel good,
And bad. We see the evil
And the heroic.

We see the impossible
Made possible, so now
We no longer know what
The real world, not the one in the box
Is capable of.
But we accept it and enjoy it.
We adopt it into our families
And devote more attention to it

Logical Nonsense
Than we do our families
But nobody cares; it's normal now.

David O'Neil

13) Non-stop-noise

It drones on, and on, and on.
It changes in pitch and volume,
Crying out for attention, to be noticed
But offending all who give it the time of day.
Endless drivel pouring out.
Nonsensical comments and claims it makes,
Illogical reasons for stupid actions.
Its ego swells along with its pride,
Both strained from puncture after puncture,
It deflates time and time again.
But it comes back for more,
Each time more bruised and battered than before
But each time more intent on this self mockery
Which it thinks creates admiration and envy.
I pity it as it sits there sulking,
Getting louder for fear of being ignored.
Maybe one day it will be stopped
And it will be forgotten forever.

14) Kings of the jungle

Worry is the route of many problems
Yet unanswered in the modern world.
This unfortunate disease of the mind
Was created by man in his downfall,
When we fell from our perfect, peaceful lives
With the birth of our limited intelligence
Which we used to create our limited logic
Which led to one man taking power over other men,
Having them at his command,
Living to his limited, twisted standards
Instead of fulfilling their perfect roles
As true kings of the jungle.

This unnatural attempt at leadership has now evolved
Into democracy, dictatorship – all forms of government
Who have dumped huge burdens
On every human they can claim,
Now heavy laden with the strains
Of having to labour and fret in order to survive.
These burdens we struggle with,
Unnatural, awkward, obstructive baggage.
“Responsibility” is a euphemism for the shackles
which cause pain, suffering, depression,
now major problems affecting the world.

The cure is simple, go back to how we were,
As we were supposed to be.
Evolution reversed, back to our roots.

Logical Nonsense
Kings of the jungle once more...

David O'Neil

15) Insanity

What's going on in my head,
Am I losing control,
Am I soon to be dead,
Am I paying the toll?

Have I done something bad?
I feel weak and in pain.
Is it something I've had
That has captured my brain?

Is it me at the wheel,
Or am I possessed,
Or in chains of cast steel,
Am I just really depressed?

Is my lifestyle all wrong,
Or my morals corrupt?
Will it be very long
Till my madness erupts?

I can't face the future,
I'm living in fear,
I can't wait for the time
When I'm far, far from here.

16) Raw war

The blood flowed quickly
From the casualties, the dead.
The fields all changed colour
Where the unlucky ones bled.

The sky had turned grey
From the gunpowder fumes,
Shallow trenches were dug
As substitute tombs.

The death tally rose
As the fighting persist,
Disposable heroes,
Each one of them missed.

Those who fled were shot down
As deserters they'll be known.
Those who didn't faced death
All together, alone.

Those who lost cannot care,
Either dead or enslaved
Or left homeless and hungry
The few that were saved.

Those who won march triumphant,
Their chests swell with pride,
The result of their efforts:
A civilisation has died.

17) Why

Life comes, not by choice.
Life screws up, it's no ones fault.
Life scars, it hurts everyone.
Life goes, the only certainty.
Why?
Because that's the way it is.

18) Free doom

Free love – ends in bitterness, regret.
Free sex – the diseases spread.
Free country – even water costs money.
Free religion – not taken seriously.
Free morals – but who's to say you're right?
Free conscience – riddled with guilt.
Free thought – never to be mentioned.
Free choice – but you'll pay if you're wrong.
Free spirit – permitted within set boundaries.
Freedom? Free doom.

19) Fate

I wandered alone and I thought.
I let my mind wander with me.
Left alone with myself what else can I do?
But wander and ponder around.

I pass people by; I can't read their thoughts
So inanimate people they'll stay,
Just scurrying around between burrows,
Not free to roam as nature intended.
Millions of inanimate people who live
In rows of lego-brick houses.
With identical trees in a row on the lawn,
With identical cars, identical fashions,
Identical families, identical lives.
Nature has no hold over them,
They are no longer her friend,
She no longer protects them.
Now they fight her and cannot win,
They will all be destroyed by their own ideals
But by then it will be too late.
Our endangered species will become extinct
And peace will reign on our Earth once more.

As I wandered I paused and sighed.
It's a shame but it's only fair.
Nature will have its way in the end,
The Earth will eventually recover from its disease
And we will all be happily forgotten.

20) Freedom

Control, the thing to strive for.
Is it necessary? Is it natural?
The birds of the air fly freely,
The insects can do as they like.
Why, then, is the most intelligent creature of all
Forced to live by rules set up by other men?
Freedom, for us, is a prison cell
With the walls camouflaged, hidden from view
So that we do not notice that we are trapped
And there is no way out.

We can no longer live surviving on nature
Although all we need is there to be had,
Enough for everyone, and plenty more.
But to try it would be a punishable offence,
To even think about true freedom is frowned upon
By those who think they know best.
So they come up with schemes and ideas
That leave you locked away,
Adding more bolts to the cell door.
They take these ideas,
This insufficient man-made order
And make them law – do or die.

Freedom is choice,
There is no choice.

21) Society

What's a man? He's an it.
What are two? They're a bit.
What are four? Just two more
And what is he for?

Is he shaped for that box?
Or will he break through the locks?
Does he fit in that hole?
He's a digit not a soul.

Is he right for this place?
Does he take too much space?
Shall we chop him to size?
Shape his world, till he dies.

Shall we move him around
Like a pawn on the ground?
Shall we force him to fight?
Then sacrifice for a knight?

Shall we give him no choice?
Take his heart and his voice.
Let him out on a lead
Till he comes back to feed.

He'll believe he lives well
In his own prison cell.

Logical Nonsense
We'll keep hold of the key
And then tell him he's free...

David O'Neil

22) Superstar

The better you play the worse you lose.
When you try nothing seems to go right.
Like having a choice but unable to choose,
Knocking him out but losing the fight.

The harder you work the more painful the loss,
The quicker you run the longer the pain.
Like winning against the end-level-boss
Then having to fight him again.

The higher you climb the further you fall,
You do well and more people run past.
Like taking the corner but hitting the wall,
Starting in first and finishing last.

Out for the count and then counting him out,
Knowing you should come in first.
Best of the best when there's no one about,
Deserving to win but ending up worst.

Running a mile but ten laps still to go,
Practice and you should go far.
You can try all you like but there's one thing I know,
Nobody's ever the star.

23) Higher

Up and away,
Gone for today,
Keep going up
To avoid coming down.
Tiredness grips me,
Physically lifts me,
This vegetative state
Makes me feel great.

Higher, higher,
The floor's on fire,
Can't stop now, feeling wired.
Feeling wired.
Feeling tired.
Exhausted I'll fly
Way too high,
There I'll die.

24) Friendship

Cured from your mind I bring peace with a knife.
In my compassion I'll free you from life.
Release from the torture of constant attack,
Fearless relief to be stabbed in the back.

Your friends have passed by, left you empty and sour
And mental confusion grips hour after hour.
I'll be your friend; I'll be loyal and true
And show you my love by killing you.

Life slips away in a stream of your blood,
It's hard to accept but you know it's for good.
Don't thank me now just lie still on the floor,
It's the least I could do, that's what friendship is for.

Hatred and fear are no longer a shame,
In the hell that you live that's all part of the game.
Pain in your head that has sprung from the guilt
Will fade far away when your love has been spilt.

Feel your brain lighten, an end to the pain.
Pass on into hell to begin it again.

25) Little red rocket

I'm being taken way up high,
Higher than the clouds
Past the moon, the planets and the sun.
Away from the problems of everyday life,
Past all the worries and fears
Into joyfulness, laughter and fun.
Sitting in my little red rocket
I can see for miles and miles
And all I can see is great.
My body's alive and I'm wide awake
I'm feeling amazing, this journey's so good.
I'm free as the wind, at one with all,
Nature's my friend, I'm safe.
I'll survive through this life, however short,
Better than those enslaved by normality.
And at the end, satisfied and free,
That's the perfect life for me.

26) Me

I am me but who is he?
I'll look and see and there I'll be.
Me is my brain.

But who controls me?
Him. Who? Me?
Me is my thoughts.

Me is an egotist,
An anarchist
And every other "ist."

Me is my brain.
It makes things work,
Except for me.

I try to write
But I can't spell "I",
My hands don't work
But me, my brain keeps going.

On and on... like "Ariston"
It's in your head until you're dead
But when you're dead
Who cares? You're dead.

Logical Nonsense
Why? Who cares?
Die. Who cares?
Cry. Who cares?
Try. Why? Who cares?

David O'Neil

(cont.)

Me is my voice
And what it can say
And though words are shit
And don't mean shit
I can't help but explain.

Me needs space,
Some place to waste
And not to think
Because thinking sends you mad,
It makes me think I wish I had
But if I had what would I do?
Just wish for more and more.

And wish for the next line,
Not so you could hear me whine
But just to make me feel fine.

Because me is me, it's big and free,
It's not held back by anarchy
Or any other word that should be me
But just can't quite describe me.

Me wants to shout,
Not to care and let it out
But I can't. Why?
That's me.

Me is this drug,
My bear, my cot, my safety rug.
Me wants to hold tight,
I think I won't but I just might

(cont.)

I don't know what
But it wants to rot
And I try to rhyme but I don't have time
Because me, my brain, keeps going.

And the only one who'll listen to me
Is me because it's me you see?
I don't know why, it's me.

Me is two different books
I'm hanging on by little hooks
But I'm still me.

And me is me, it should feel free
But it doesn't, why not?
It's me.

But I just can't help this being me
But if I'm not what will I be?
I'll still be me.

And me wants to be free, not me,
Whilst me is me I won't be free
And if I say "just wait and see"
What will I see but me?

Logical Nonsense

David O'Neil

I'm trapped in me but that's just me
And what is me but anarchy
And chaos in my head.

(cont)

What should I be?
I should be me
But I'm not me
Because me is me.
But who is me/
It's me, you see.

What am I if I'm not me?
If I'm not me I can't be free
But what if free?
Insanity.

So I am me, myself and I
And will be till the day I die
And when I die will I be me?
I guess I'll have to wait and see.

Thanks for reading **Logical Nonsense** by David O'Neil.

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