

GRAHAM TILER



**EXCERPTS FROM A
LIFE... IN WORDS**

GRAHAM TILER – EXCERPTS FROM A LIFE... IN WORDS

This book features a compilation of works from the two books of poetry, “BUILDINGS IN A HOUSE OF FIRE” and “MINOR VARIATIONS AND CHANGE” as well as a selection of exclusive, new, unpublished material.

Both novels are currently available from AMAZON or directly from CAULIAY PUBLISHING.

Further information and works are available at
Grahamtiler.com
Myspace
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SYNOPSIS: BUILDINGS IN A HOUSE OF FIRE

Buildings In A House Of Fire is the first major collection of work by Glasgow based writer and poet Graham Tiler. It is an astonishingly brutal and honest personal journey concerning the emotional and physical extremes and excesses of life pushed to its limits by a lifestyle that has often embraced a series of emotional and physical addictions. It is deeply rooted in a highly charged Rock 'n' Roll aesthetic and inhabits both the experimental and traditional with a uniquely showered and individual identity. Idiosyncratic in both style and form with a rich and varied landscape that encompasses everything from the darkly nightmarish struggle with depression to the surreal and meandering thought processes of an anti-authoritarian left-field thinker. This book has an intensely original outlook and is delivered with an individual, exciting new voice.

SYNOPSIS: MINOR VARIATIONS AND CHANGE

Minor Variations and Change is the second book for Cauliay Publishing by Glasgow based writer and poet Graham Tiler. Following on from Buildings In A House Of Fire in 2007. Exploring further the ideas and concepts of redemption. The identity of self and the processes of disconnection and alienation that plague the modern day human existence. This book explores universal concerns with morality both politically and personally, as the writer approaches his subjects with an almost spiritual zeal. This work is both reflective and poignant, dealing as it does with the ideals of deep love and human connection in a style that is on the one hand steeped in tradition. While on the other retains a spirit of the experimental and the extreme. An intensely moving work of the highest order. That from cover to cover is filled with intimate tales of love, loss and high octane emotion

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POEMS TAKEN FROM BUILDINGS IN A HOUSE OF FIRE
– CAULIAY PUBLISHING 2007

BUILDINGS IN A HOUSE
OF
FIRE



GRAHAM TILER

THOUGHTS OF WINTER

This is a large and disagreeable hour
This falling of night
This ending of day

This permanent moment of reason
And unplaced thought

There is not a moment to lose
Until you yourself are lost

Lost among the orange groves
And dreams of fallen winter

You must not be alone
Above the high watermark of the soul
Above the morning of each new and precious moment

You must make good your promise
And fulfil the high ideal
At this final changing of the seasons

You must praise and nurture the cold seed's of love
And gently warm them
In preparation for the onset of yet another isolated winter

This you must do for all your lovers
However meek or pitiful
Their ultimatum has become

WHEN I AM NOT FINANCED BY LOVE

When I am not financed by love
Then allow my voice to be remembered
Do not allow the brutal selection of the heart
To eradicate the memory

Let the ceremony begin
To the sound of a thousand marching men
Let the sun fall against their charcoal bodies
Each one the ghost of unbridled passion

Let me suddenly and without warning
Find inspiration,
and hear the whispering voice of some fallen angel
Whose heart cascades with the burning gifts of truth

Allow me the good fortune of liberty
And to kindly redress the balance
In such so brief a moment
And so carelessly deserving of others

Bring to me the all-pervading fluency of trust
And cast me on the shore there
Do not lend to me your heart
Or lead me along the pathway
To the orchard of some long forgotten love
Where I become encased within the marbled shroud of your embittered arms

If you choose
I will be the renegade
Faultless in my quest for law
Never allowing the indiscipline of words to transcend or to govern
Only then will the feasting truly begin
And our appetites be quenched

I DO NOT THANK YOU

I do not thank you
For being so beautiful
Or inventing ways that elude to beauty

I do not thank you
For making me believe
In the honesty of music
Or the mystery of words.
For tainting the lonely choices of your reward
Or your capacity for truth
Each moment in the making

I do not thank you
For the strength of isolation
Or the anonymous governing of love
Which stands against all law in nature
And brings men to their knees

I do not thank you
For laying beside me in the tall hour of the night
Each hour consumed in lonely desperation

I do not thank you
For the stones
Drawn from the banks of a Black River
Presented to me
To mark out in time
Each moment of departure

PHILOSOPHY OF THORNS

We have surrounded ourselves
With the philosophy of thorns
We have created an endless wall of silence
An impenetrable distance of thieves
We are two great armies
Swearing allegiance to the memory of once great combat
No longer nourished by the warmth of congress
We starve on the tiny droplets
Of our once great and glorious battle
We stand, less than reckless
Upon the border of our now resplendent history
Unable to return to our moment of inception

YOUR RETREAT

You float upon the gown of your eternal governess
The memory of it preys upon you
Like a dirty insect that time cannot crush
You speak in Italics
To hide the fact that your voice still bleeds
You have achieved this insight
Through the use of your waspish grin
Though you fight against this maternal ceremony
Your flight is pre ordained
And you must continue to order your retreat
If you fail in this quest
You will fall upon the blackened leaves
Of even the most intoxicating dream

IT IS EASY TO BECOME A STRANGER

It is easy to become a stranger
First you must sacrifice the intimate moment
And relinquish all thoughts of organisation
You must pretend to be a fighting king
Taking counsel only from the innocent tribe of self

There can be no going back
Upon the moment of the written word
The excuses of the past
And the many unlearned lessons
That you find there

You must disassociate
And separate feeling from the essence of myth

There are sacrifices to be made
At each new altar of desire
And you must wait there
However long, for the signal of defeat

Friendship cannot help you master this new found discipline
It will not act upon your need
Only leave you wanting more
From this imaginary world of slaves

You must deny the past
And forever recreate a more permanent future
And fulfil the broken promise
That you made in the perfect moment of isolation

To truly become a stranger
You must not be distracted from your mission
You must approach it with zeal
And close down the opposing voice

POETS

Poets should be born famous
And give interviews
From inside their mothers

THE CHILDREN

Let us not make the children grow old
Wrapping them in the clothes of the fusilier
Stealing from them
The army of youthful angels
That sit pleasantly
Upon their thoughts
Let us not age them
In the fallen moment
Brandishing them
With our pursed lips of disapproval

I PROMISE NOT TO MAKE THEM LAUGH

I promise not to make them laugh
At least not in the way the lonely scholars taught
Or on bended knee like some Victorian fishwife
Hell-bent on necessity

Not like the cardiac assassins
Sat in dusty office or noisy factory
Pilloried by the men
Who only deal in facts

Or those made nauseous
By their own workhouse voices
These are not the tribunes
For which our fathers fought
Or the land they said was fit for kings

Lay bare the promises
In the milk of human kindness
Hang the minutes of the meeting
Above the muted edifice of joy
Call out and make yourselves heard
Above the coughing voice of amnesia
Now is the time to await the joyous sound of laughter

THE NATIONAL FILM BOARD OF TREES

In the garden
The trees were screaming
The national film board
Were talking and making a film about screaming trees
The producer asked the trees
To maybe
Look a bit more natural
Perhaps stop screaming and pour themselves a drink
Try to look like they were enjoying themselves a bit more

NOT ABOUT ANDY WARHOL

This poem is not about Andy Warhol
Neither does it relate to the lifestyle
Of a Lebanese mountain singer

THE BALLAD OF VICTOR JARA

Where are the invisible people?
The ghosts of Santiago

Our workers have faith in destiny
Let us build a better more just society

But where are the people?
The thinkers
And the singer
with his most holy of songs

Here are the tears
Falling upon the fields of celebration

Fall now great heroic people
Fall at the feet of the predator
The ones who were taught
At the school of the Americas

The people cry out for Salvador Allende
By the wall at Villa Grimaldi

Sing out now Victor
With your blooded hands and broken bones

We shall deliver your shattered body
To your grieving wife
As she mourns for you
Still awaiting your safe return

We have silenced your voice
But still you cry out,
Still you cry out in song

The bullets jar your body
But still your voice will not be silenced

The people still speak out your name
In the streets and in the stadiums
Among the fallen ghosts of Santiago

THE FINAL DAY OF RECKONING

I finally decided that night

That I would at last become a master of the unseen plague

That I would push all previous experiments to their final
conclusion

And relinquish my crown as the captor of the slave

This I somewhat foolishly believed would bring about the final day of reckoning

IT HAS BEEN SOMETIME

It has been sometime
Since you last engaged in battle
Since you brought your thoughts before me
And presented them to me
As a form of consolation
They have been made brutal
By the broken line of logic

I am momentarily foolish
Disarmingly alive
In this now unfamiliar fire

There is no time for preparation
Only for your imminent surrender
For which I hoist a flag
And sing in praise
Allowing myself a solitary moment
In which to act out the past
This I do with the utmost caution

ALL THE POETRY IN THE WORLD CANNOT SAVE YOU

All the poetry in the world
Cannot save you
When the clouds to the moon
Do not call
And the lost and the lonely deceive you
Into believing that you cannot fall

And in falling from truth and from splendour
From fortune and falling from grace
Prepare for your heart to surrender
To the ghost of your love without trace

To the ghost summon armies of soldiers
And captain those armies to call
To seduce you then into believing
That the poetry can help break your fall

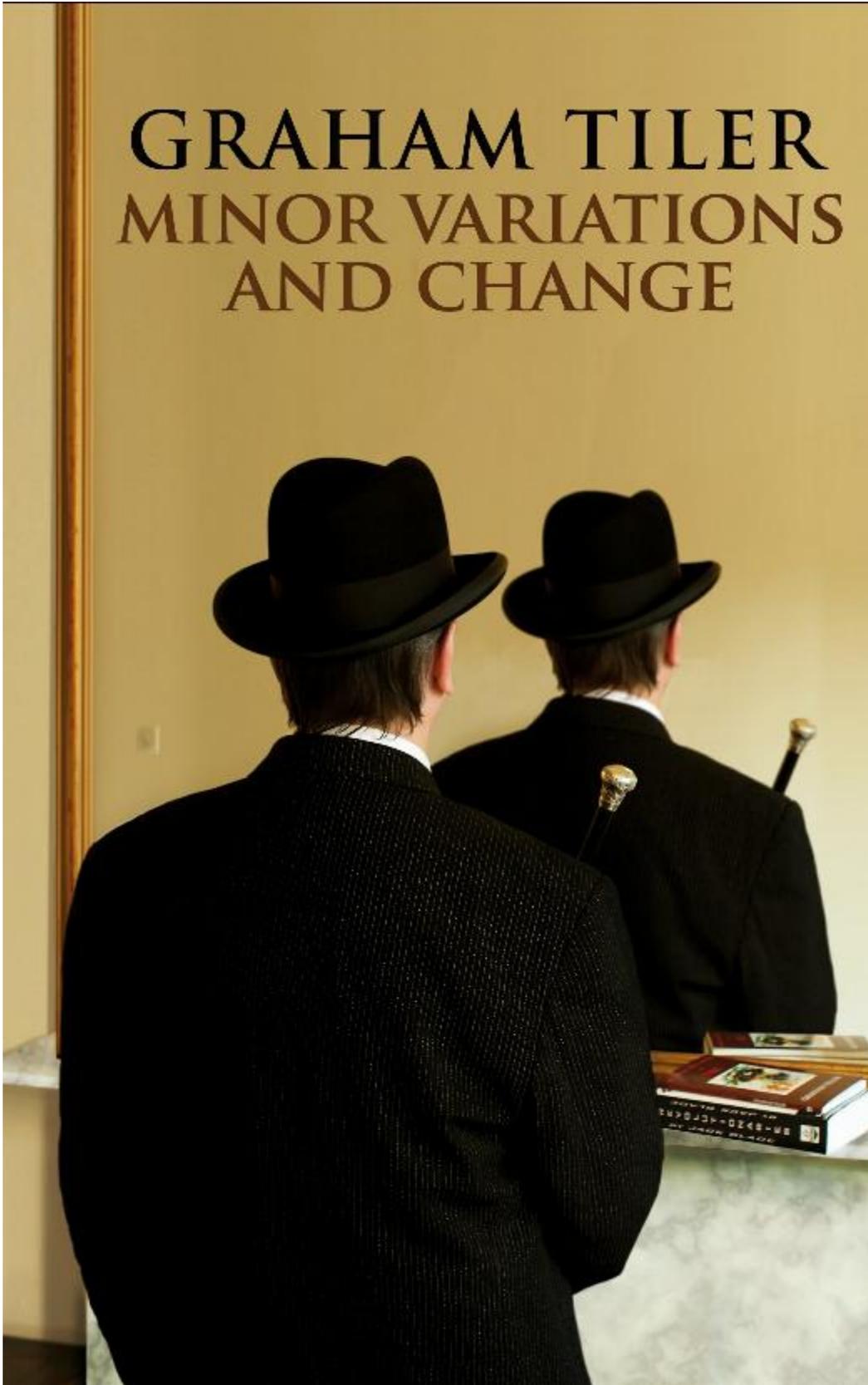
On this road there can be no solution
So majestic to free you from pain
Whose bravado will call without longing?
Into breaking your heart once again

When the light of the heart falls to darkness
No solution in words can be found
Just a cruel sense of duty parading
Like a leaf as it falls to the ground

If the angels bring forward in rapture
A place for the soul to find rest
Make way for the words and remember
That alone you cannot pass the test

POEMS TAKEN FROM MINOR VARIATIONS AND CHANGE
– CAULIAY PUBLISHING 2010

GRAHAM TILER MINOR VARIATIONS AND CHANGE



THE SINGERS HEART IS EMPTY

The singer's heart is empty
He has bloodied his knuckles
And driven down to the highway of lost souls
He has an unclean heart
And lashes himself to his morbid assistant

Way before time existed
He had no name for himself
Only the fertile beauty of his song
He understood contempt
And longed to be alive in loves pierced and searing light

He drew up truths from the well of night
He harnessed the loyalty of his unthinking deputies
He cried and wept and wailed
Just enough for him to be recognised
In the cold hours of the morning

He fought in rhyme
Against the occupied mind of hunger
And held himself against the bloated body of joy

The careless knowledge of the past
Promised him protection
From the great heights of his lonely imperfection

All who stood beside him
Understood the rebellion of his sentence
And the timbre of his song

Anyone who dared to think of him as king
Or idle saviour
Master of churches or fastidious commentator
Were swept away with good company and temporary songs
Wrapped in anger and revolt

All those who loved him where forced to write out endless lists
Convenient eulogies and itemised transgressions
Beating his bloodied heart with time and distance

UNSOLICITED THOUGHTS ON SUICIDE AND DEATH

It eats away at you
Year after year
The disconnection's
And departures
The pointless humming of the hours
The restless yearning of hope

It is easy to plan
The long sleep
The warm night
You just run out of time
The thoughts run dry
The heart out of beats
And you feel the need to gamble
Risking life
Against the eternal void of silence

At the final calling
When all thought falls away
The mechanisms
And the rationale
And you have somehow
Beaten age and life's decay
You cannot mourn the hearts of others
It is you
Who will be judged
Mourned or cursed in anger

MOMENT OF ARRIVAL

The fortunate moment of arrival
Most diligent
You have chosen to wear your dress
Like a suit of armour
Carrying forward your historical alliances
Making well your moment of escape
and your strategy of deception
One last great gesture
Would make you fall to your knees
And beg forgiveness
Surrendering yourself
To both denial and truth
Neither of these
Long dishevelled bedfellows
Shed any light upon your moment of arrival

PRAY/PREY

Will you pray for me
By the side of generals
And wear your loss in late night taxi rides
On route to the grasping mouths of others.

Will you wear your past in public?
Like the drying blood of a gunshot wound
Performing your miracles
With all the heroics of a pleasant wife
Allowing yourself to be tamed
By the masterplan of war.

Great nights of unbridled unkindness
Will always await you
When choosing to surrender
And stooping low
To place your trust
By the fountain of remembrance
By the side of generals
On route to the grasping mouths of others.

LOVE BECOMES A LIAR

I don't believe love
It sits on an island
Announcing empty lines of occupation.
It has the voice
Of an old radio announcer, announcing
The final minutes of belief
Before the rise of Armageddon.
It talks of tanks
Fishnet stockings
And cheaply made razor blades.
It has empty bottles of pills
Stacked up on the shelf
It captures your hunger
With its staccato voice.
It's solemn flowers
Have folded beneath my skin
And now I cannot sweat blood to let them out.
If I cut myself
Your words fall onto the floor
And freeze
Amongst the greedy tales and thoughts
That I have long laboured upon
And all that I have wished for.
Love will try to talk of angels
While secretly poisoning you as an upright citizen.
Your death will be announced
To the committee of teachers
And cold hearted judges.
It will lie on behalf of salvation
Condemning you with youthful kisses
And an all too familiar smile.
One used by bankers and assassins
Whose mouths pulsate with oblivion
At the moment of their death.
Love becomes a liar
Only mastered
By technicians
In laboratories of science and unholy misadventure.

THEY REMEMBER THE WAR DEAD

They remember the war dead
The great misogynists
And faith healers.

The great destroyers
Standing in airport lounges
Counting the dead by the number of bullet holes
That their accountants can neatly file for them.

They run amok
Amongst families
And burning flags.
It excites them
Going unchecked in foreign lands
Paving the way for indignation prophecy and greed
Unrepentant in their Armani camouflage suits.

LIFE IS A FRAGILE ANIMAL

Life is a fragile animal
Burning in the white light of the morning
Stronger than night
And weaker than time
It fights against the elements
And fades on the noonday breeze
It falls against a wall of words
Without warning or ceremony
And leaves us blind
With mourning and regret
It unfastens us from the past
And makes us believe in the beauty of its iron will
Life is a fragile animal
That cannot be controlled
It howls like a child
And refuses to be tamed
It holds us in its unforgiving light
And makes us weak in the eternal moment of loss

WHITE MAN DECLARATION

Some white men

In white coats are full of gold

They dream of camouflage green

They drop educational leaflets on the oppressed people of the world

Declaring our insurance policy is by far the best

THE RIVER OF BLINDNESS

I am not secure
You are not secure
I fucked you in the river of blindness
Whored my soul to the highest bidder
Forced my self
To be reckless
In the marketplace of charm
Where tiny fragments of your skin
Have been put on show
And sold on giant billboards
In magazines
And placed upon the shelves
Of the hungry and the misinformed.
Misanthropic businessmen
Have placed you in peril
Handling your greed
With their tired
And greasy hands
Making you believe
In the dignity
Of the long and hideous night.

THE POET

The poet is a footnote
In the idle gallery of chaos
A man weeping
In his own dream
A librarian of untold facts
Sleeping in a giant amphitheatre
With casualties and amputee's

He burns holes into words
To facilitate the indifference of the blind
All of whom repay him with indignation
Learning to walk on shattered limbs
His only real occupation
Is waving and drowning

THE HONEYMOON

The honeymoon has arrived without us
We contrived to fail.
A city of imbalance
Made us tall and greedy
Left us waiting by the station
Travelling in opposite directions.

Death to the witnesses
Those who allowed the destruction
Of the loving suitors
And craned their necks to witness our exit
Giving their opinions on witchcraft and on prayer.

It is easy to calculate revenge
And plough headlong into
The insignificant refrain of love
Blessing those
With thoughtful insight
Into the hidden junkyard of worship.

If you weaken yourself further
With devotions such as these
You will grow frail
And shiver at the very thought of danger.

THE BROKEN PROMISE

The broken promise
Does not lie directly
Not to your face
Or behind the walls of absence.

It coils beneath ancient stones and quiet discipline.
It does not love or cherish the past
Or clench its fist at the mirror of some future morning.

The broken promise
Is a plan for distance
Drawn up in war rooms
By the unthinking generals
And army doctors.

They undress the facts with feathers
And preserve their hearts in cold isolation
Stretched out among the letters
Cigars and gourmet dishes.
They have shamed themselves
And worn the tired loves of another
Beneath the beating hearts of chaos and desire
They are ignorant and curious of consequence.

The broken promise
Inhabits love.
Worn like medal that shines as a testimony
To its casual defeat.
It fails in logic
And it's reasoning of truth
It stands like a broken membrane
Attaching itself to the broken shell of remembrance.

I HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW TO BE A HERO

I have long forgotten how to be a hero
And how to live amongst the frost of memories.
The spider's web attaches itself to the mirror
But I am only whispering in riddles.

And you,
You have reduced your blackened eyes
Into the greedy spirit of the nearest cripple
In the hope of being saved
In the hope of being honoured.

We are alive
Dancing through the city streets
Like escaping animals
Running from the fire.
We are tied together
By the aristocracy of love
The invisible thread of lies
And the tired eyes of this long procession.

BREATHE

You must learn to breathe again
Before the long arrow of the night
And lay speechless before me
Through the looking glass of laughter
Your mouth will begin to close with age
Your body succumbing to profanity
And profound wisdom
The voices that you choose to stand beside
Will have long fallen silent
They will no longer be disturbed
By the faint hope of those
You now remember
Your love will become entangled
In museums and in shrines
Disposed of by ritual and response
Only remembered behind the locked door of music
Or the dense moan of your tumultuous grin

TOO MUCH HAS BEEN LEFT UNSAID

Too much has been left unsaid
The ghost of my rebellion
Falls from the great height of misdemeanour
Causing much to be forgotten.
Your cracked lips breathe silence and despair
There are many grave distractions.
A beautiful lust
A pitiful joy.
My calling card is pressed
Into the palm of your hand
But your eyes are slowly closing
And I am being exorcised
From the realm
Of the imagined.
I petition for the announcement
Of your return
Filing claim and counter claim
In the offices of the heart.

EXCLUSIVE AND PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED POEMS

GRAHAM GILLES



MOSAIC OF LOVE

It is better to lie
Beside a mosaic of love
Or an artists impression of greed.

It is better to lie behind
Broken arrows
And tie up your heart with string.

If you live alone
You must save wine
For the evenings
And attend to the dark mysteries of the night.

When all else fails
You will arrive by train
And stand alone
On distant platforms.

While the shadows
Of lonely women
Throw themselves onto the tracks.

If you bury yourself deep enough
Inside such thoughts
You will remain untroubled and unwanted
By those whom you desire.

YOU MUST MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE PAST

You must make something
Out of the old.
Refresh and renew
Before it's too late.

Before it's too late
To come home
And sit with pride
At the dignified table
And learn to sing.

Before you can measure
The value of such things
You must realign your breathing
And let it coincide
With the heartbeat
Of your fellow singers.

You must close your eyes
And measure their voices
As decimal points of love.

Then you must make them reminisce
And think of a time
When they couldn't sing
When they had no song.

It's not so hard to start anew
Make something out of the past,
Refresh before it's too late

Too late to open the doors
And let giant dignified sentences
Of loyalty
Come flooding
Across the kitchen floor.

Make it happen
Before it's too late
To wash your hands
Inside the glib ideals
Of freedom.

Don't let them come for you at dawn
Or abandon you
At night
Leaving you
To celebrate alone
When there is nothing left to celebrate.

I WAS WAITING IN SOME FUTURE

I was waiting in some future
But I don't remember when
And when I wake each morning
I'll be waiting there again.

Amongst the leaves
The solemn clouds
The moments of regret
Calling in the dead of night
But you haven't answered yet.

I'll be waiting in some future
When the memories are gone
The blistered light upon my eyes
The sound of distant song.

They'll be no conquered
Master – slave
Bear witness to my crime
That loving you was all I had
I traced it throughout time.

I'll be waiting in some future
That death makes obsolete
In the shadows of remembrance
By the Christ with bloodied feet.

In my moment of arriving
At the place where we shall meet
I'll admit to lines divided
At my moment of defeat.

I shall press the dying flowers
Breathing life into your skin
Blessing each and every sunrise
With a heart that has no sin.

If I'm granted absolution
To no longer stand alone
I will kneel for you
And pray for you
A king upon his thrown.

I'll be waiting in some future
Where time cannot transgress
The holy shrine
The book of love
The beauty you possess.

If this train of thought could reach you
Find you standing in the rain
I would give my life to solitude
Just to love you once again.

WORDS

Words will only awaken you
In the middle of the night.
Make you angry and frustrated.
Make you throw clocks out of windows
While reciting the instructions
Given in a gym class.

Words will not save you
They are tyrannical in nature and cannot be trusted.
They will deceive you into believing
That they are your much trusted friends.
Before murdering your sanity
In the most unsuspecting ways.

Words will call out to you
They will befriend you at social gatherings
Before poisoning your drink
With cyanide
Or some other more cryptic poison.

You will often find words sleeping beside you
In the middle of the day
They will ask you to trust them
And then sleep with your wife – husband
Best friend or neighbour.
They will steal your car
Maybe burn down the nearest bank or school.

Words will allow you to breath
Then they will wrap you up
In cotton wool
Before quietly turning off the light
And strangling your distressed assistant.

They will turn against you in a murder trial
They will operate upon your thoughts
Like kindly assassins
They will force you to strip naked
Before an array of previous lovers
Then will steal your shoes
Or break your legs.

Words cannot be trusted
They are the vile leftenant's
Of the heart
Deconstructing all who cross their path.

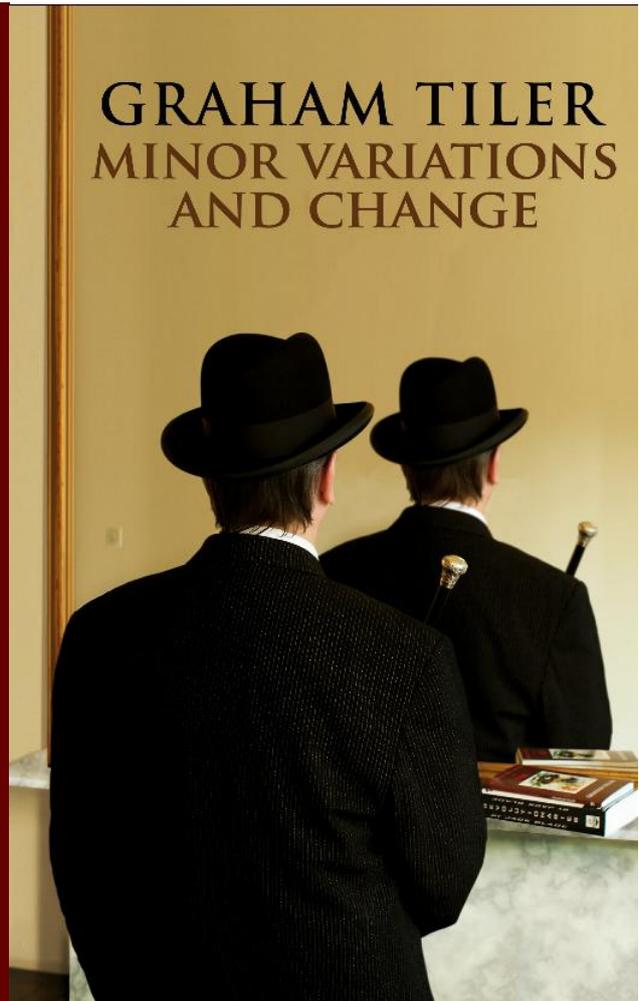
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