

Cayn White

Scraping the Barrel

Poems and Stupidity

Thanks to my Dad, Lorraine, Karl, Rory, Nan and the rest of the White family, Jay, Kelly and Little Alice Rose, Sara, Colm and Alice, Alice Harper, Keiron Higgins, Bernie the Bolt, Luke Hogarth, Jeff Dawson, Sarah and Neal, Geneviève Walsh.

All friends and performers who have given me the kick up the arse and inspiration to write this, sorry it's taken fifteen years, I'm a slow writer.

Apologies to anyone I've missed!

The ISBNs are not compulsory.

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Hello!

Thanks for buying/nicking this book, if you're just stood in the bookshop thumbing through the pages, well, hello to you too.

What you have here is fifteen years' worth of work, since 2005 I've been scribbling poems and performing at various punk rock gigs, poetry nights, festivals and the like and after fifteen years it finally seems time to collect some of them into a book, which you are now holding in your hot little hands.

There's a good mix of both old and new in this collection and hopefully there is something for everyone. Most of these poems are performance pieces, written to be shouted and screamed at the top of the lungs, give it a try, or even better come to the gigs!

Anyway, thank you for buying this collection, I hope you enjoy it as much as I've enjoyed the past fifteen years of writing and performing them.

See you at the gigs!
Cayn

P.S. Keep your eyes peeled for the "bonus tracks!"

The New Rock and Roll

Take to the stage
Red in the face
We're set to amaze
Ready to set your world ablaze
This is what we do, we're in total control
This is our poetry, the new rock and roll

Come to the gig and what do you find?
No instruments for us to hide behind
No crap, no lies, just you and me
Performances packed wall to wall with energy
Staying true to ourselves, never to sell our souls
This is what we do, this is our rock and roll

And then when you look into my eyes
You see not one hidden extra, not one surprise
Just a beating heart with no apologies
Not an on-stage politician with bullshit policies

And after three years I might have gone on too long
I'm still going nowhere, but still going strong
Giving it all I have, heart body and soul
This is what I do, this is my rock and roll

The Universe

You mark your territory
On social media
With pictures and memes
Each one broadcasting an inspirational quote
About how we're all one soul
And that the universe loves us all
But the truth is the universe couldn't give a fuck
About us, or what we do
We could die tomorrow
In a car crash, air explosion
Or mowed down by three busses
All turning up at once
Yorkshire style
And the universe would just shrug
And fill the vacuum we left
With another crying mouth
Wanting to be fed
Needing to be loved
Yearning to be successful
And willing to stop at nothing
To be fed
To be loved
To be successful
Ready to step on and over
Anyone it saw fit
Human nature doesn't favour the kind
No matter how much mindfulness you practice and
preach

Tv and media teach us
That the meek inherit fuck all
The race doesn't go to those
Who keep moving
But to the one who can throw the knives
Into everyone's back the quickest
And it frightens me and saddens me
When friends or families ignore each other
Over money or anything
And then as soon as the other person
Has left they perform a hatchet job
Ridiculing and minimising every contribution they've
ever made
Planting little seeds of doubt
That grow into full blown rumours
That tear apart their garden of Eden
In something that resembles Day of the Triffids
On Miracle Gro
And they stop at nothing
Until that former friend
Is a shadow of his former self
Destroyed, dealt with
They wash the blood off their hands
Fire up the computer
Go onto twitter
And type in the words
Hashtag, be kind
And remind us
That the universe loves us all
Regardless.

A Bit of a Boy/ See That Girl

A bit of a boy with a girl on each arm
Just watch how he turns on the charm
A different lass in a different pub
A bit of a boy is a bit of a stud

A bit of a boy knows what to wear
Knows how to make the lasses stare
A cut above, always first-rate
A bit of a boy is a fashion plate

A bit of a boy is a legend with the drink
As pissed as a skunk but his shit doesn't stink
Staggers and sways, unable to keep quiet
A bit of a boy is a bit of a riot

See that girl there? She's a bit of a slag
Probably lost count of the lads she's had
A sailor in every port, wrecked many a home
See that girl there? She's never alone

See that girl there? The one dressed like a slut?
You can tell by what she wears, that her legs never shut
Obviously gagging for it, everything's on show
See that girl there? She's not gonna say no

She that girl there? Pissed off her face?
Staggering and tripping, spilling all over the place
Only one volume and that's set to shout
See that girl there? She shouldn't be allowed out

It always puzzles me, it's quite the enigma
Exactly the same lifestyle, but with a different stigma
Equality? Not on the one-way street
Its the same battered boot but on different feet

Brand Loyalty

He wore the same make of shoes his all life
Even though after a month or two the sole would split
And stones from the canal would break through and dig
into his feet
Causing a once proud gait to turn into a painful limp
But he never swayed from them
Each trip to the shoe shop would result in him buying
the same pair of shoes
Eager to avoid upsetting a faceless CEO of a company
he knew only by name
A kind of brand loyalty.

He always drank in the same pub when in town
Despite the fact that the beer wasn't at its best
And he couldn't concentrate on the newspaper over the
noise of the new jukebox
Playing "whatever passes for music these days"
But, they knew his name, and his beer was always wait-
ing for him on entry
And he hated to think of the landlord going without the
weekly six quid he'd put behind the bar
So he'd stay, and feel like he was part of the fittings
Despite the fact that the pork scratchings had gone up a
shocking 20p
It was his own type of brand loyalty

He always voted for the same party
Even though the face had changed
And the policies had been chopped and altered beyond
all recognition
Leaving him wondering what exactly it was that he
voted for in the first place
But it was the party he always voted for
And they were giving him back control
Or taking back control, or something
So it was a case of better the devil you kinda know,
vaguely
You know, brand loyalty and all that.

In all aspects of life we like the thought of change
We'll shout about it in pubs, or at the football
When we walk out disgruntled before the whistle has
even blown for half time
“Sack the manager” or “fire the board” becoming battle
cries every match
But that's where it ends, we don't do much more
We grin, we bear it, we stay loyal
Like the dog to its master
Or the puppet to the hand
It's yeah, you've got it
Brand Loyalty

The Lottery

The lottery tickets
And discarded scratch cards
Amass on the dresser
A collection of failure
Collecting dust
“It could be you”
But it won’t be
As you can’t buy a fairy tale ending
With two quid
But in your head
You’ve already spent that jackpot
Debts cleared, new house, car
A little bit to charity too
To keep you grounded
But as each number drops
So does your heart
The jackpot rolls over
As do you
As you try to get some sleep
The next morning the TV tempts you with adverts
For bingo, lotteries and any number of bookies
“When the fun stops, stop” it advises
As you turn up the volume
To drown out the knocking
Of the wolves at the door

I Love a Good Fairy Tale

You say, when taken to task,
That you're not very good with words
And make some joke about not finishing exams
Before walking away laughing at your sub-par dad joke
And carrying on with your sub-par life
Which is, of course, everyone's fault except for yours.
But you use words all the time,
You wield them like a sword
To beat down on the poor and the weak
Or at least those poorer and weaker than yourself
Words like "loser" "scrounger" "waste of space"
Thrust into the heart of whoever you see fit to assault
Hoping that there's some girl nearby
So you can impress the unassuming, soon to be damsel
in distress
With your oh so superior wit
And then, you use your words as a shield
To hide behind, when the inevitable counter attack
comes
Words like "banter" or "I'm only joking mate"
Or even just "mate"
As you try to make your victim feel like he's in on the
joke.
And again to protect yourself from your potential prin-
cess
As the damsel turns dragon
And breathes her words like fire

Melting, burning and obliterating your defences as if
they were made from cardboard
By some lowly village idiot, who despite his high opinion
of himself
Has been in over his head
Ever since he popped his head out of the womb to say
“hello”
Which they was
And they had
You’re not a knight, in shining armour
You’re a twat, in tin foil
And a “happy to help in my menial job” badge
You’re no better than the rest of us
And the sooner you realise that
The sooner we can all live happily ever after.

It Can't be Beat

No use trying to find someone to talk
Zero point in going for a walk
It doesn't matter how many miles I put under my feet
It can't be beat, it can't be beat

No use in picking up the phone
True happiness is when I'm on my own
Spend the day with my head under the sheets
It can't be beat, it can't be beat

No use in trying to put up a fight
Close my eyes, close out the light
Shut myself off to everybody I meet
It can't be beat, it can't be beat

Am I a pessimist or just accepting reality?
Am I stuck with this in my personality?
Over dramatic or just accepting defeat?
That it can't be beat, it can't be beat
It can't be beat, it can't be beat

Too Far Out

You see me wave and you hear me shout
I'm too far out, I'm too far out
You wonder what the fuss is all about
I'm too far out, I'm too far out
In a sea of voices, hear me call out
I'm too far out, I'm too far out
Am I waving or drowning? Is there any doubt?
I'm too far out, I'm too far out
The evidence is there, in front of your eyes
I've been out of my depth all my life
A quick look'll show that self-doubt is rife
I've been out of my depth all my life
I don't wanna steel myself for another bout
I'm too far out, I'm too far out
Why force a smile when it's easier to pout?
I'm too far out, I'm too far out
No more self-respect, I've lost all clout
I'm too far out, I'm too far out
There's no more lies for me to spout
I'm too far out, I'm too far out
The evidence is there, in front of your eyes
I've been out of my depth all my life
A quick look'll show that self-doubt is rife
I've been out of my depth all my life
Am I waving or drowning? Is there any doubt?

The comedian

The comedian takes to the stage
Spit balling, machine gunning
Puns hailing down on the audience at a rate of knots.
The crowd reacts- applause, belly laugh
Audible groan, more applause.
Standing ovation, adulation
From the first joke to the last.
He bows, encores and bows again,
Takes his leave, sits back
Breathes.
Alone

Sticks and Stones

Sticks and stones, break bones
Words, hurt like hell
Breaks heal, words stick
Bruises fade from the stiffest kick
But taunts, will haunt
Long after we've grown
We become self-conscious
Self-hating, too self-aware
Starve ourselves, because we care
About what was said, years ago
Live in fear of a pointed finger
And a hateful remark
Sticks and stones break bones
But words don't half leave a mark