



Image from The Observer

Christopher Bernard

### Goblin Mode

I've given up.  
My eyes? Still shut.  
My light? Still out.  
My bed? Unmade.  
My cat? Unfed  
My plate? Unwashed.  
My cup? Undrunk.  
My sink full up.  
My gnat unsquashed.  
My pen? No ink!  
My underwear  
'm too lazy to soil it.  
Otherwise, I'm told,  
my clothes, they stink.  
My life? On hold.  
My career? In the toilet.

My politics?  
Don't make me sick!  
I do not do

what *you* want me to.  
I do not do  
at all. My fate  
I do not rate.  
My future *what?*  
I raise a finger  
to that slut!  
I stay in bed  
till half past six.  
That is the sum  
of my politics.

My sexual organ  
is asleep into the bargain!  
I fart on all  
your precious art.

I've given up all  
where I never fit in.  
Once I was smitten,  
but *that* turned to gall.  
My life lies flat  
on its plate, uneaten,  
my cookies all  
unchewed, unbitten.

I do not try,  
so I cannot die.  
My success is this:  
I am still unbeaten.  
My tangled life  
is the toy of a kitten.  
I can't be bothered  
to finish this poem.  
My universe  
is a verse un

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Christopher Bernard is . . . whatever!