

That's one way to say it... (a thousand miles from nowhere)

Milan Perkins written April 2002, typed Feb 12th 2003

As I was being led down the garden path, I watched water fall off ducks backs. I walked through the forest and as the trees fell, I could hear them. I found a piece of string which was twice as long as half its length so I clapped with one hand.

Further along I came to a house on fire and near it lay a frozen patch of spilt milk. I skated over the thin ice, held my breath and waited until the cows came home. When they did so, I put on my dancing shoes, kicked them off again and let my hair down. Having rolled out the red carpet, I sang a song of sixpence, whistled Dixie and gave a shit.

Feeling birdlike in my freedom, with my chin up, I wished upon a star and did something stranger than fiction. I swore black and blue, went away with the faeries, pulled myself together and totally lost the plot.

With no time to spare, having killed most of it and spent the rest, I went off to find myself. Now where was I? Far, far, away. Over the hills. I met a man who was over the hill but he was still young for his age and tall for his height. We went up shit creek together without paddles, only a hope in hell which then froze over.

As the sky caved in I reached for the stars and caught them red handed trying to steal my heart. Pigs flew overhead as dogs had their days or afternoon teas for two. Teddy-bears picnicked and fat ladies sang. The Pope changed religions, bears did their number twos in the alleys and rubber rocking horses came out on the white market. Of course it was a dark and stormy night by then.

The west had been tamed, wild geese caught and things ignored had gone away. So I watched the pot until it boiled, watched the paint until it dried and then watched the grass grow. I was on the edge of my seat when I noticed that it was always greener on the other side. The Dark side. So I looked on the bright side, turned over a new leaf and put my best foot forward.

The tables had turned with the tide and time stood still. Now was the time. The opportunity of a lifetime was knocking on death's door. The lights were on but no-one was home.

Somewhere over the rainbow the wind cried Mary as it found a pot of gold. Being worth its weight in itself, it doubled in price but was available at fifty percent off for a limited time only.

So I wandered through the land of milk and honey, drank beer, played skittles and drowned my sorrows in the far canal. I crossed wires and blindly led the blind to a dead end that was staying alive by being at loggerheads. We leapt to conclusions and burned our bridges on the way to Santa Fe but when we got there the cupboard was bare, so the little boy down the lane showed us a sight for sore eyes. It stuck out like a sore thumb and became a bit of a sore point so we left it for the sore losers.

We got to the point, down to brass tacks, you know, death and tax, shot the shit and had a barrel of laughs. Someone had a cow that was over the moon about fiddlesticks. Caring less, we figured, was more than not caring at all. Better than a hole in the head or a poke in the eye with a sharp stick.

With nothing to lose on the road to nowhere, we turned back and headed for anywhere. Were we there yet? Were we having fun yet? Behind the eight ball and out on the edge. Boldly taking the path more travelled. Tuning the fork in the road and changing horses in mid-stream. We beat the odds and ends and came up trumps.

We jumped the gun, prepared for the worst and found a way back to the time we were already in. There was a problem growing out of my hands so I nipped it in the bud and washed them of the whole affair. I rested on my laurels and had forty winks and a few nudges. I got off my arse and did something, I got off my face. I was out of my tree but branching out in a totally new direction.

I drew the line, the bottom line, the itzy-bitsy, teeny-weeny, yellow polka-dotted bikini-line. I was in line but way out of line. My pants were on fire, my heart skipped a beat but the band played on. The show mustn't have gone on for long enough because the tough got going before the shit really hit the fan.

It wasn't my cup of tea but it suited me down to Earth, even though I was the last man on it. I stumbled across the plain of mediocrity and found God's gift to women. It was a red herring. But there were plenty more in the sea so I threw it back.

I then told you so, having told you a thousand times that if I have to tell you again I'll say it with flowers. Or gusto.

As the mountains crumbled to the sea, the sun refused to shine and we played our cards right into their hands. We dealt with the issues at hand and tackled the problem. We had our wits about us and they weren't fooling anyone except around. We were kings for a day, out of control and seeing what was is store.

To cut a long story short, we used a double entendre-edged sword to make a wise crack. We were struck dumb by a feeling of warm and fuzzy butterflies as we faced our demons.

We went to great lengths and broke new ground over a dog's dinner. We laughed last and told tall tales to be careful what they wished for. We watched beggars ride horses. We tore the lining from every cloud and tailored the emperor some new silver clothes.

We cried wolf and cracked down on crime, which didn't pay peanuts. We monkeyed around with none of our business and went bananas. We found the way to a man's heart and dug up a girl's best friend. He wasn't the best boy, the best man, the first mate or the Godfather of soul but he did the trick with nothing up his sleeve. It was magic, done with mirrors and aces in holes.

He had a look in his eye and a chip on his shoulder. He carried the weight of the world on his back until the time came. He always had time for everyone. He rolled with the punches and watched the big men fall like flies on the wall. He did things by the book, on the whole, so we threw the book at him and he judged it by its cover. But what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. If it didn't kill him, the sticks and stones, then it would only make him stronger. So we called him names. Better the devil you know. Speak of the devil and you'll have a hell of a time. But be on the ball when you're having one, someone might just pull the carpet out from under you, throw a spanner in the works, a ghost in the machine or a cat amongst the pigeons on its ninth life's last legs.

But you'll always land on your feet, on the right track, on a train of thought headed in the right direction. Don't forget that nothing's perfect, well not all of nothing. You can't knock until you've tried it, unless of course you're sick of falling off the horse, or the wagon, or off the back of a truck, or for someone. That's deep. Time for a holiday, that's as good as a change.

Think positive. Take care. Expect the unexpected but don't let it get you down. Hold your head up high and take a good hard look at yourself. If you can't love yourself then how can anyone else have anything to do with the price of fish? Or the birds and the bees?

Like chalk and cheese or the greatest of ease, the piece of cake-walk that we went on seemed to last forever and a day. I loved the cut of its jib so much, I bought the company some happiness having left home without my card.

I remembered my toothbrush, packed spare underwear, cleaned up my pig sty, combed my bird's nest, put on a jumper so that I wouldn't freeze to death and started behaving childishly like an adult. I wiped the smirk off my face and waved the yellow flag.

I had hung around like a bad smell so they told me to go and find a dog with no nose. I taught the old dog a few new tricks and gave him a bone to pick. This old man came rolling home, this little piggy went wee-wee-wee all the way to the bank. You can bank on that, safe as houses. No time like the present and no present like the time, I can pencil you in but the details will be sketchy. As a rule of thumb I like to see how things work out in the big picture which tells us a thousand words. I'm taking care of all the little things so they don't come back to haunt me. I've used every trick in the book but it's all been done before. Naturally. Typical.

The Urban myth had drawn the final curtain so we kicked some buckets, threw caution to the wind and went down with the ship. As we waited a pregnant pause took our breath away. The cat was killed, being too curious about getting our tongues and we were left speechless. So we painted the town red with our knickers in a twist. It was a walk in the park, it was raining and we had all the things we'd saved for this day, it was a time to remember. But I was young then and youth is wasted on the young or is it that the youth are simply always wasted. Anyhow, I was a spring-chicken at a Sunday roast. I was done up to the nines, ready to wine and dine but with no place to go, no people to see and nothing to do.

Luckily we had greatness thrust upon us but we didn't move a muscle, didn't bat an eyelid, didn't give a shit. Saved by the bell that we wondered who was tolling for, we changed our minds and headed towards the light at the end of the tunnel.

We found two birds in the bush and caught one in the hand but we loved it so we set it free. We rubbed shoulders with the stars and dropped names in the mud. Our reputations preceded us and we stood upstage in their shadows.

"So we meet again" In La-la Land. The time and place for everything. The place where you can talk with food in your mouth and swear to God you can't take it anymore and that it's all too much.

Relax, follow your dreams and believe in yourself because your not fooling anyone else. Seize the day with a whole new outlook on life, then complain about how it's not as good as its earlier stuff. Imitate life. Imitate Art. Then just sit there and don't do something. Let your eyes go square, don't eat your crusts, see if we care.

All we've got is a fat chance, a slim chance and a kettle of fish. We're no better than anyone else at grasping for straws which might just break the camel's back, but we've been through the eye of a needle and there's no turning back now.

There comes a time in everyone's life when they've got to go with the flow, find out that them's are the brakes, hit the skids and that that's the way the cookie crumbles. The ball's in your court, life not a dress rehearsal so play your part and give it your best because the bigger they are, the harder they fall directly into my trap.

Fight fire with fire I say, colour outside the lines, have your cake and eat it . It takes one to know one but two to tango and three to make a crowd, so let's tango like we never tangoed before. Let's chew our food as many times as we like. Break all the rules but don't make a fool of yourself or you'll be forced to eat your words whilst we also feed you bullshit. Don't bite the hand that feeds you or even look a gift horse in the mouth or you'll be safer than sorry.

Life is full of froth and bubbles of champagne for my real friends but it's too short for that kind of behaviour. If you can't act like an adult then you can go to military camp or your bedroom until you learn how to sit at the table and use the lowest form of with the rest of us. Perhaps you'd like to share the joke with the rest of the class. Finder's keepers. I'll pay a penny for your thoughts if you think they're worth my while. They say that thoughts often look like their owners but looks can kill and be deceiving. It is in the eye of the beholder but love is blind. That was no woman, that was my Freudian slip.

It all boils down to the fact that I don't know much about art but I know it's a lot like riding a bike. The big wheels keep on turning, you learn something new everyday but don't forget us when you're rich and famous and fishing for compliments. When you're making big deals out of mole hills. Don't let them put you in a box and although good things come in small packages they must also come to an end.

That's all folks.

Ciao for now brown cow.