**Only Billy Connolly Forgives**

5. HEAD

Love loves working too much.

Love loves borrowing money.

Love loves taking up all your time..

Love loves not texting back.

Love loves drinking until it’s sick.

Love loves changing plans.

Love loves coming home late.

Love loves cockroaches.

Love loves cumming too quickly.

Love loves not cumming at all.

Love loves snoring.

Love loves asking for head in the morning before it’s even washed it’s fanny.

Love loves smoking in bed.

Love loves crying.

Love loves arguing

Love loves getting what it wants.

But love is in love

because love loves love. So love

Is in love with love.

Magdelen yawns.

Madonna explains:

Love is like sleeping in a warm bath,

It’s dangerous, but worth it.

The steady pace of it,

The uneven float,

The loosened muscles,

The growing stomachs,

O’ how I have revelled in the binges of love.

Magdelen snorts:

Patch that! Who wants to be the cunt that drowned in their own bath?

28. GUT

I came in drunk last night.

Had an itch I want to scratch,

On my triggered finger,

So I grabbed my lass and gave her that whisper,

But when I couldn’t cum,

I took my fist and I,

pressed it into her.

I don’t think it hurt her.

But it’s the threat that’s the issue here.

I went to the rape crisis centre.

They said they don’t let men enter.

I said -HOW THE FUCK NOT?

….

-Because of that.

See most women who work here have been attacked,

We don’t want to expose them to all of that.

Plus we’re only trained to deal with the certain way,

that women react. We can’t help you here.

So I wrote fuck up,

On the side of a dump truck,

Then I stole it and drove it,

Back to the slums,

Where I hide my tough luck.

Back at the flat I found a pound pizza in the freezer.

Can’t eat it cus I can’t heat so I discreetly leave it,

To defrost then rot. MY CAT!

Says I’m as cold as Jack Frost.

So I froze a bottle of frostys ate the ice,

And lost my heed. I said to the cat,

FUCK JACK FROST!

I’ll stick the claw end of a hammer in his nostril pull it

TIGHT LIKE,

I’m ripping anal beads out your dad’s

SHITE PIPE!.

Woah.

Just caught myself in the mirror there.

Almost didn’t recognise myself for a minute there.

I’ve lost a lot of weight and lost a lot of hair,

And I’m stronger and taller,

Now you can see the scar by my eye,

And the burn under my ear,

I can see why I might give some people the fear.

But I still feel like a thumb sucking wee boy,

Who needs to shout and scream to get heard above the noise,

Because no one ever listens to me,

Unless I’m pretending I’m happy,

Or they’re full of mandy,

Or there’s something they could get off me,

Only massage my back so,

I’ll massage their ego.

-I see you like my little brother.

Went on my phone to escape,

But all my mates were talking,

about rape rates,

in the United States.

When I looked up,

I was in a pub,

I thought -GREAT!

Then a collar chewer took the mic

To apologise for all the mistakes men make

Like war. Genocide. And rape.

After that it was all,

Bitches bitching about being bitches,

Until one bitch with the bad case,

Of resting bitch face,

Coke nose and ketamine spoon,

Got wired to the fucking moon,

And decided to share with the room,

Her open wounds.

-She was boozy, but she was wooozzzy too.

Bedroom eyes and a cracking dress,

The husky voice leaves me a mess,

She’s on stage she’s got to impress,

Commanding attention is a way,

Of taking back the power I guess,

BUT ALL MY MIND IS GOING TO IS SEX!

Access your feelings:

I feel frustrated I was unable to achieve orgasm last night.

I feel under a great deal of pressure to enjoy sex.

I feel jealous of the attention that women get.

Then I met a rad fem.

She said I was one of them awful men.

So I says hen you’re a perfect 10!

Stick with me I’ll show you your best ever weekend.

Sinking rums and bedding 1s,

Chewing blues and grooving 2s,

Ketamine keys and kissing 3s,

Smoking scores and scoring 4s,

Saving lives and pulling 5s,

Banging mixes and banging 6s,

Manna from heaven,

When I winch a seven.

Paying mates rates tay,

Fornicate way 8s,

Sniffing lines and shagging nines,

Sipping glens and nipping tens.

DRINKING MAD DOG AND

PUMPING YOUR MAW

DRINKING MAD DOG AND

PUMPING YOUR MAW

She said I was being abusive.

I said you know FUCK ALL about abuse.

Then some cunt with 4 chins said to me,

What’s the problem- get triggered baby?

NO! NO! AM FINE. AM FINE.

AM JUST RAGIN BECAUSE…

THE WRITING IS SO SHITE.

ABUSE DOESN’T RHYME.

ABUSE HAS NO METER.

ABUSE IS NOT A METAPHOR.

ABUSE IS A COLLAR CHEWING WEE BOY.

ABUSE IS WALKING TO IT’S GRANNY

ABUSE CUT OVER THE BLACK BRIDGE.

ABUSE IS A LONER STALKING AROUND THE PARK

ABUSE IS WALKING THROUGH THE PARK.

ABUSE THREW SHOES BEHIND A SKIP.

ABUSE TUGGED DOWN VICTIM’S PANTS.

ABUSE IS THE FINGER UP THE ARSE.

ABUSE IS THE COCK IN THE MOUTH.

ABUSE IS THE SHITE FILLING PANTS.

ABUSE IS A RETARDED PENIS.

ABUSE IS RUNNING AWAY.

ABUSE IS THE SHITE DRIPPING DOWN LEGS.

ABUSE IS FINDING ME.

ABUSE IS ASKING ME NOT TO TELL GRANNY.

ABUSE IS ME TELLING GRANNY.

ABUSE IS EATING UNTIL ITS BODY IS DISGUSTING.

ABUSE IS AFRAID OF TURNING INTO ITS FATHER.

ABUSE CAN’T STOP CONSUMING HARDCORE PORNOGRAPHY.

ABUSE CAN’T STOP SEEING THE FACES OF RAPISTS IN CROWDS

ABUSE CAN’T STOP TWITCHING.

ABUSE IS PERPETRATOR *(two fingers on forehead)*

ABUSE IS VICTIM *(two fingers on stomach)*

ABUSE IS BYSTANDER *(two fingers on left shoulder, then right shoulder)*

She said : I don’t think we should support men with a history of abuse.

Then I realised the truth.

Consider this my apology.

I am sorry.

I’ve got to take responsibility,

Because the cycle brings it on itself.

But all I said was:

-You and everybody else.

34. CHEST

Hurt hurts when it’s working too much.

Hurt hurts when it’s borrowing money.

Hurt takes up all your time.

Hurt hurts when it’s not texting back.

Hurt hurts when it’s drinking until it’s sick.

Hurt hurts when it’s afraid.

Hurt hurts when it thinks about cockroaches.

Hurt hurts so bad it cannot sleep.

Hurt hurts when it misses misery.

Hurt hurts when it gets hard in the morning.

Hurt hurts when it smokes.

Hurt hurts the ones it loves.

Hurt heals when it cries.

Hurt heals when it realises it was wrong.

Hurt heals when it gets what it needs.

Those who have been hurt, in turn hurt others.

Until all they can do is double down and repeat.

So hurt people hurt people until they scream

Hurt! People! Hurt! People! Hurt!

People! Hurt! People! Hurt! People!

Reasons this is relevant to Black Boys

* **Use of controversial language.** Because Black Boys used the language of race some thought the song itself was racist. I believe the song forces the listener to confront the racist construction of society. It gives a insight into how the stereotypes around race can infect the mind of the young. This infection is a type of emotional and cultural trauma. Bashy then gives a positive role model, which can help the young overcome these negative stereotypes. I tried to do the same thing but with the language around gender. Where I deviate in my approach is I try to hold a mirror up to the mindstate that the social construction of masculinity and traumatic experience of abuse can leave people, particularly young men, in. I use my personal experience to provide a catharsis for the listener, and my anger to provide a challenge to society at large.
* **Theme of growth / becoming a ‘man’.** ‘Toxic Masculinity’ has entered our common cultural lexicon. There is a feeling among young men that masculine expressions are inherently bad. As we get older we become horrified by our impulses and bottle them up for fear of social reprisal. In the hip-hop community in Glasgow I can think of two very vocal critics of feminism, the theory Toxic Masculinity comes from.. They argue that certain brands of feminism demonises and isolates men, particularly form working class backgrounds, struggling with poor mental health or social isolation . Recently Lumo, a young MC , chose to take his own life. In both these critics work it is obvious that since Lumo’s death they have realised that while feminism might not have been helping- neither were they. Since they have both spoken of the need for elders in the community to be more approachable, and offer more guidance. With this poem I am trying to speak directly to disaffected young men who have perhaps been through what I’ve been through. I wanted to write a story about these toxic impulses, and how my understanding of feminism showed me a way out. I wanted to write a story about forgiveness and healing, but not shy away from the hard realities of that journey. I’m not sure I know what it means to be a man in 2017. But I know I’m not the only one trying to work it out.
* **Strong role models.** I have titled this performance ‘Only Billy Connolly Forgives’. As a wee boy I loved Billy Connolly. He was funny, had Irish grandparents, saw all the ridiculous elements of Catholicism, made jokes about Glaswegian cultural idiosyncrasies. He always played with the split between masculine speech and feminine presentation. As a child he was molested by his father. He has said in his later life that he forgives his father. While it definitely contributed to his drinking and strained his relationships, once he was able to process it, the experience was just another part of his life. In the body of the work he isn’t mentioned, but I would be lying if I didn’t give him part of the credit for being able to talk about this sort of thing publicly.