

MARK SHEEKY
THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS

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Lyrics by Mark Sheeky

Music composed, produced, and performed by Mark Sheeky Child giggle recording by Sue Mascarenhas With thanks and love to Deborah Edgeley

Track durations refer to CD version

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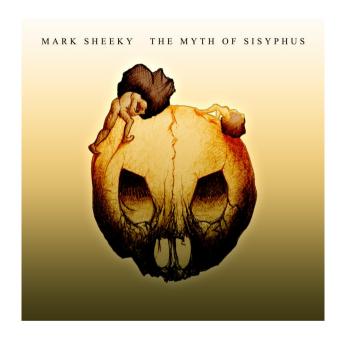
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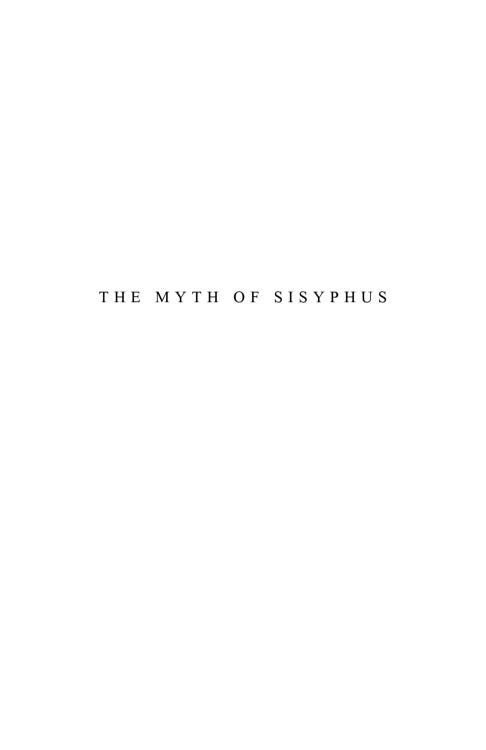
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- 2. Life in the Mirror (04:42)
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## I, Sisyphus

I've been pushing this rock for a million years through this desert black and my tempest tears.

With an ice wind and rain against me and a far-away peak to tempt me.

And I scream to the void, to the gods above, and I feel no anger. I feel no love.

And I hear no voices back As I roll my friend along the track, just a cawing of a raven black evermore.

I've been rolling this rock of pain.
I've been rolling this rock of pain
up this hill.
And I see the bones of those before me,
and I know the world will just ignore me,
or tell me to stop.
But I won't:

until I reach the top.

My skin is getting thin and my arms are broke, but my will is stronger than this cursed yoke.

And I cry to the shades around as I struggle on broken ground.

And I hear no voices back as I roll my friend along the track. Just a cawing of a raven black evermore.

I've been rolling this rock of pain. I've been rolling this rock of pain up this hill.

And I give my life to this rock, everybody keeps saying stop but I won't.

But I can't; until I reach the top.

#### Life in the Mirror

That's me in the mirror, those broken bits of face without a smile.

That's an empty room behind me where my parents used to live, when the candle used to dance on its frightened cake.

But I'd rather forget. Nothing is perfect. We are always missing bits, broken bits smashed away.

What I could have been if...
What I would have been if...
What I would be if...
Who I would have married if...
What would I have seen if...
Where would I have gone if...
What could I have done...
Or achieved...
If I'd believed or been believed in the world in the mirror

in the pool of the morningtime of life.

## The Exploratory Farmer

I rake the mud with fingers frozen into fork, pull back to reveal bone.

Bone.

Bone under the soil.

It is warm.
There is life here.
It says help!
Can anyone hear me?
Why am I so disconnected?
What is wrong with me?

I rake the mud with fingers frozen into fork, pull back to reveal bone.

Bone.

Bone under the soil.

## Light Blue Evening

I'll have a light blue evening.
I'll spend it on my own.
I'll watch the bright white moonrise from my window at home.

And when I sleep I'll dream of you, but I won't want to it makes me sad, but when I sleep I'll dream of you all the same.

So when you ask what I'll be doing you'll know what I will say; I'll have a light blue evening and a dark blue day.

### Nick Drake

Shadows of amitriptyline drift on the waters grey behind the sun. It's dead today, again.

And the fog radiates a voice somewhere among things like trees, or people, standing stones that echo unthought thoughts about being alone forever.

Sometimes there is no hope.

I float through fields of autumn corn, heavy with the dust of dusk and falling feathers, heavy with the bells of dew sweet, like the first star, like the last ring on the pool as it collapses to return distorted, a gift for our dreams.

The rain tastes of angels that comfort as they play behind a sun of silver and a rose moon of zen. They're dead today, again.
They're dead today, again.

# The Spare Bedroom of Reminiscence of Childhood

The lens of reminiscence; How it makes things sweet. How the colours feel nicer than they were.

Was the loneliness worse... Was the loneliness worse...

when this small bed was mine... when this wallpaper was mine...

when my mother was younger than me.

## We Shall See

Take my hand, follow me along the paths to obscurity. You might think that you're lonely, well we shall see about that won't we?

See that grave over there?
It is the family plot going spare.
You might think that you don't care well we shall see about that won't we?

See that note book full of dreams? Perhaps it's more than what it seems. Perhaps a life has died upon its reams but we won't see

about that, will we?

## I Care

I care,
but I don't care
that you don't care
because I care care care care even if you don't.
I care even if you won't.
And I don't care
what you think of me.
And I don't care
if you ignore me.
And I don't care
that you don't care
about the things I care about.

## The Invisible Man

No parts.
No broken clockwork heart.
No bits of hair to depart.
That's me,
that gap inside the crowd.
A snowflake inside a cloud.

I drift inside a fog all day. I close my eyes to find out that the world won't go away.

There's no-one to believe me. There's nothing left to leave. My body is clear as air. There's no eye that can see me. I blinked and I was gone. I woke up to find myself invisible.

Too bad.
My happy life went sad.
I've turned from obscure to mad.
I call,
but make no sound at all.
The mirror just shows the wall

Is this what it feels like to die? Appealing to a frozen sun inside a silent sky.

There's no-one to believe me.
There's nothing left to leave.
My body is clear as air.
There's no eye that can see me.
I blinked and I was gone.
I woke up to find myself invisible.

## The Problem of Suicide

I think of suicide, every day. It is the reflection, of death that fills me with joy, as I roll my rock in the heat, in the rain, to the best of my ability;

for I am master of my domain and an alternative of oblivion is infinitely worse than any toil and knowing this sets me free from humanity.

And I find love, knowing that all of my actions are indelibly branded on the universe and that even my most casual exhalations make a difference.