

MARK SHEEKY THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS



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Pentangel Books

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The Myth of Sisyphus

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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The Myth of Sisyphus

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THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS

The Myth of Sisyphus

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;

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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.

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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

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in the pool of the morningtime
of life.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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

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about that, will we?

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I Care

I care,
but I don't care
that you don't care
because I care 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.

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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

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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.

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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.

