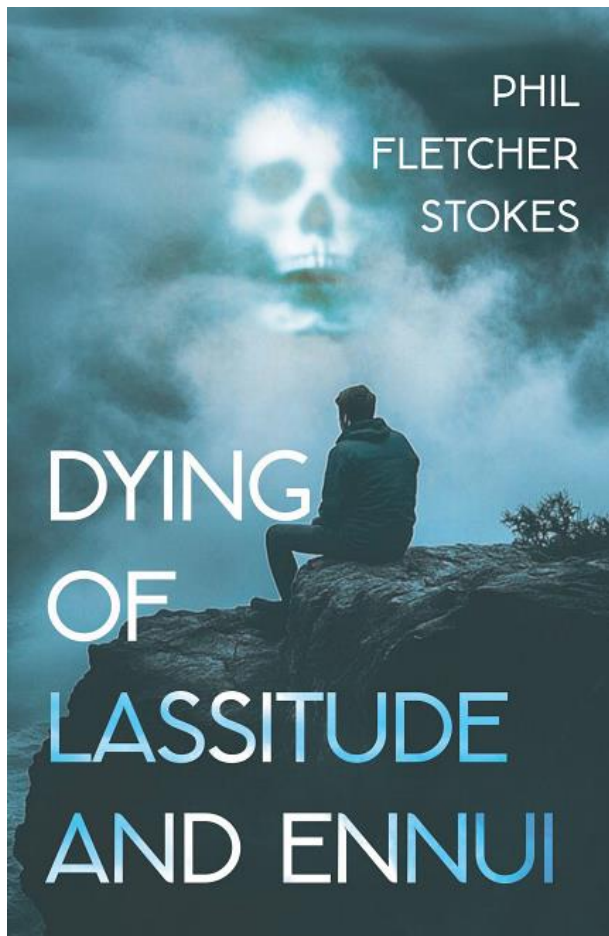
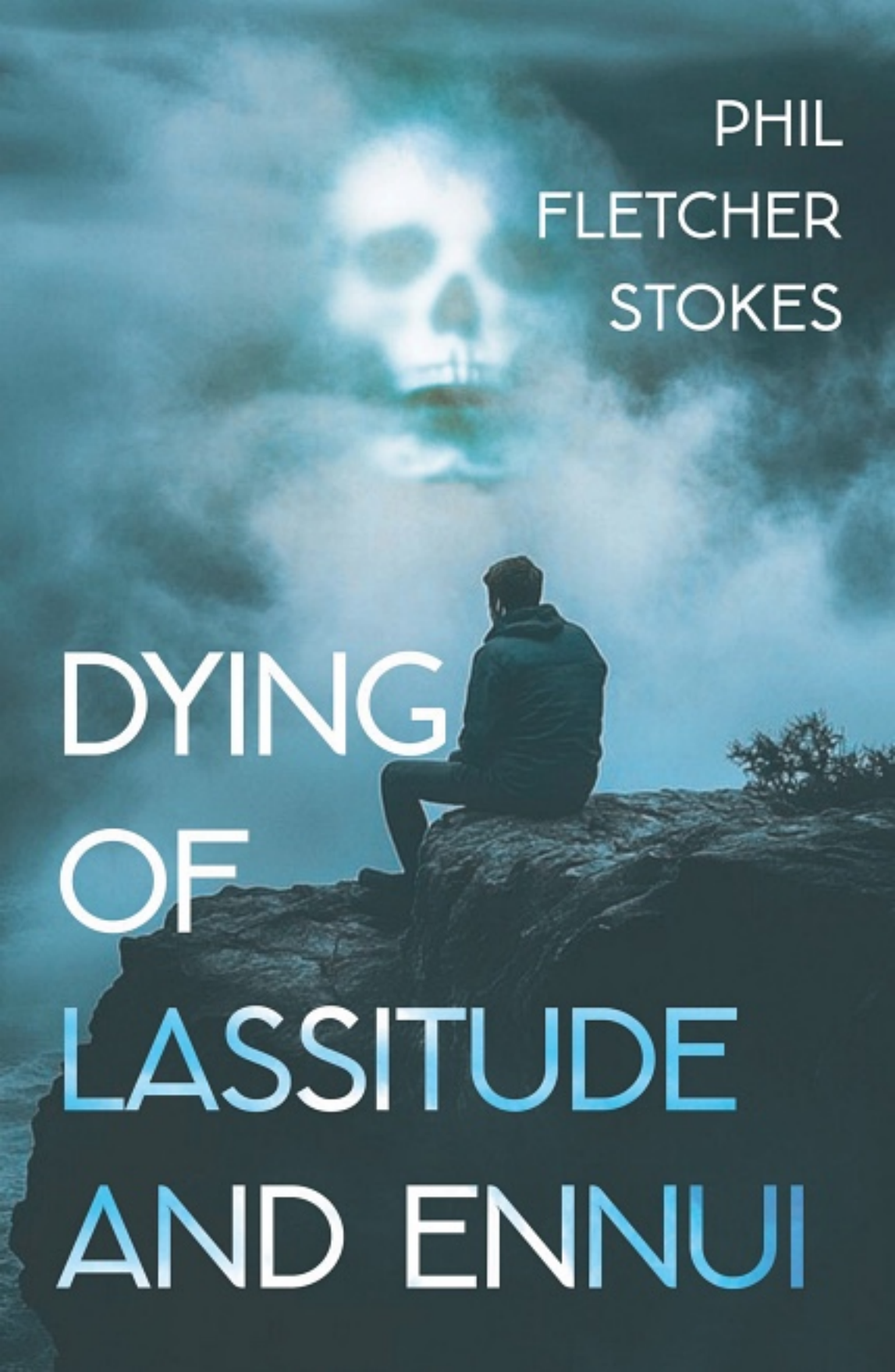




An author's final words...

Dying of Lassitude and Ennui
By Phil Fletcher-Stokes

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A person is seen from behind, sitting on the edge of a dark, jagged rock formation. They are looking up at a pale, cloudy sky where a large, glowing white skull is visible. The overall color palette is dominated by blues and greys, with the skull providing a stark white contrast.

PHIL
FLETCHER
STOKES

DYING
OF
LASSITUDE
AND ENNUI

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About the Author

I'm an old man of nearly seventy-seven years of age but I'm still young at heart. Publishing this collection is the last to do item to be ticked off on my bucket list. When I die, I won't be missed by anyone except myself.

If there is an afterlife, I'll find my paradise there. If not, it truly is game over.

Contents

Prozac Nation Revisited	1
War Zone	3
Another cold, grey day	5
When you're too cute to poop.....	7
Why are some humans so hideously evil?	9
An apron made of flabby skin	11
Love.....	12
The lesbian tendency.....	13
Total social isolation.....	14
Before you know it	15
There's nothing out there	16
My sick life.....	17
"I love it when you call but you never call at all." (The Feeling.).....	19
My spirit guide died.....	21
I'm feeling the pain of what's happening in Ukraine.....	22
The sixty-four (million) dollar question.....	23
Another precious day wasted.....	24
Infinity vs Terrestrial TV	25
Dying of boredom and despair.....	26
Pity the poor leafless tree.....	27
Today's "designer stubble" is tomorrow's one more "no shave" day	28
That uneasy queasy feeling	29
The lady passenger who died on the bus	31
The girl with the imploring arms and her legs apart.....	32
Boy oh boy.....	33
Cancel culture explained	34
Endless night.....	35
The Satanic Code of the Dark Lord Satan.....	36
Jerry Lordan, the world's most forgotten genius man.....	37

Oh no! It's Yoko Ono	39
Fanny magnet.....	40
Political Correctness.....	41
The gift of sight	42
Depression is really bad for arthritis sufferers	44
Females MUCK male sexuality right up	45
Old, cold, and alone at Xmas.....	47
Suffer the little children.	49
Emotional nausea	50
The Great Stinking Beasts (aka Satan & Co).....	52
Keep moving.....	53
Who was Banjolyn?	54
When there's nothing you can do about nothing	55
'Gawd bless' Lord Jeffrey Archer with book sales of 275 million.....	56
Life in the sun isn't all fun and frolics	57
Living in fear of the #MeToo vagina	58
'Whirling silently in space.'	59
The 'Queen' is dead.....	60
It's finally happened	61
Hopelessness.....	62
I am the great poet	63
Palpable evil.....	64
No scope for hope	65
Is Facebook slowly dying?.....	66
My case in favour of 'sex bots.'.....	67
The difference between fact and fantasy.....	68
Obsessing.....	69
Insidiously evil.....	70
Living in England when you're poor	71
Before you kill yourself.....	73
The harsh realities of life	74
Death by an Indonesian reticulated python.....	75

Abdulrazak Gurnah.....	76
Too many old people everywhere	77
Poetry in flux	78
Cunnilingus. (WHAT!).....	79
When good things happen	80
Shakespeare's plays	81
Robert Frost	82
Juvenile geriatrics	83
Out with the old and in with the new.....	84
The knee on my neck.....	85
F. Scott Fitzgerald, herald of deep despair.....	86
Emily Dickinson's nonsense poetry.....	87
Windows 11 is worse than lice infested pants and the smell that goes with them	88
I'm a keyboard warrior me	90
Malice in wonderland	91
Tears of a clone.....	93
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.....	94
A dead weight inside my suit case	95
A snapshot of Oscar Wilde	96
Arthur 'Rambo' Rimbaud	97
Was Dylan Thomas's 'John Thomas' as big as his ego?.....	98
Who are the thought control police?	99
Russia.....	100
Was Ted Hughes a monstrous murderous tyrant?	101
There's no money in the ATM again	102
Edna St. Vincent Millay. Poet.....	103
The art of wasting time	104
The prediction that came true minus the anticipated happy ending.....	105
In the absence of success.....	107
The tragic death of Jan Kerouac.....	108
Extremely alarming.....	110

Depression.....	111
Death wish or suicide urge?	112
Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. (Vladimir Putin take note.).....	113
Go and tell it to the Ukrainian and Russian dead	114
Exposing the myth	115
Still alive (after a fashion) aged 75.....	116
The absolute nightmare of (my) existence	117
Running a home.....	118
Kevin Watt's got what I want	119
Cheslie Kryst	120
Fake news?.....	121
The difference between Heaven and Hell	122
I hate death	123
Glued to it.....	124
Oh, to have intestinal fortitude instead of wet and windy guts.....	126
Decadence and decay	127
No more hanging around	129
The worst part of the day	130
I passed out	131
A lament for the environment.....	132
Christmas every day?.....	133
Human conflict?	134
TRD.....	135
Have sympathy for the virus?	136
Between the Straitjacket and the Scold's Bridle	137
The fame that never came.....	138
The loneliness of the long-term hunger striker.....	139
Why women will never be taken too seriously by men.....	140
Watching Earth from space	141
Levity	142
I almost became an achiever. (Repeatedly.)	143

Sunflowers everywhere	144
The Sickopaths.....	145
Iconoclastic grandiloquence.....	146
The cost of living.....	147
Vanishing point zero	148
I ate tomorrow's lunch today.....	149
Late life crisis.....	150
I'd like to be more robotic and less psychotic. (Much more actually.) ..	151
Self-isolating in social isolation.....	153
The misery gene	154
'Judas!'	155
Have I the right?	157
'St' Bob Dylan reaches 80	158
Oh no! Windows 11 is coming. Doh!.....	159
'Keep in an upright position.'	161
I'm still full of it, wit that is	162
Daily survival, or, I want my protective life force field back	163
Owed to Jim Morrison and Dr. John Cooper Clarke.....	165
Blanche Monnier.....	166
The centre of the universe.....	167
Symbiosis vs halitosis	168
The Devil's Playground.....	169
Eye candy Mandy.....	170
Expat blues	171
I found something to do.....	172
Bipolar molar disorder	173
Total indifference.....	175
Malevolent malaise	176
Legally blind.....	178
Spiritual imbalance.....	179
Actually.....	180
Soul Cancer.....	181

Life, death, and unconsciousness	182
Poisonous slime	183
Black magic spanner	184
The 'blues in the night.'	186
60 years of loneliness	187
3 steps to heaven	188
The poetry biz	189
I'm rejecting the social care program I've set up to help me survive....	190
I got up off my death bed to walk to the shops.....	191
Carcinogens	193
A near mishap	194
Here comes that stinking sinking feeling again	195
Positivity.....	196
Straight to the heart.....	197
It's the longing that hurts the most.....	198
Seriously though	199
Positive in being negative	200
Compassion fatigue and then some	201
Keeping yourself alive.....	202
Analysing death.....	203
Recreational sex	205
Battery hen condo farms	206
Oh, how I hate macho men (it's mostly them) and their murderous monstrous metal mayhem machines	208
4 'deadly' diseases of the human mind	209
Why do females have to be so g*d-damned mysterious?	211
Sightless.....	212
Killing time	214
Emptiness	215
Who the f**k is Louise Glück?.....	216
In defence of Johnny Depp	218
Learn to pace yourself.....	219

Dying of Lassitude and Ennui

All ebb and no flow.....	221
Let the old people die. (I'm on a caffeine high.)	222
Adapt or die.....	223
MFU equals the new normal.....	224
The Stepford Wives are coming, thank ***k.....	226
The rigours of keeping rigor mortis at bay	228

Prozac Nation Revisited

The queen of the misery market (“confessional”) is dead
I’ve just read on Wikipedia. Complications
from post operative breast cancer claimed her—aged fifty-two.
I’m on Prozac myself now and I think it’s the best
thing since sliced bread. It’s purged a lot of my
suicidal urges and dark moods and you can eat
whatever foods you like on it; I don’t drink
anymore, thank “God.” In retrospect, I think
tobacco and alcohol should be outlawed.
I’ve just read *Prozac Nation* and couldn’t help
thinking, *If she was the girl on the cover of the
book what the fuck did she have to be depressed
about?* She had brains and beauty in abundance
and all doors were open to her and people bent
over backwards to help her; even having her
own therapist on speed dial (Dr. Sterling) at
all hours of the day and night. My plight’s always
been my lousy eyesight since I was born nearly
seventy-seven years ago and being cursed with a rare eye
condition called microphthalmia (small eyes)
that even today is regarded as inoperable on to
put new lenses in. Having to wear bulbous
lensed glasses has left me feeling like a social
pariah since I was ten; relying on the kindness of strangers
when and where I could get it, few and far between
acts of human kindness and a lack of success
have left my mind and body in a mess.
I say I’ve got Satan’s knee on my neck thwarting every move I try to

make to rid myself of this demonic curse that's been worse than being
dead, because presumably, when you're dead, you'll know where you are
even if it's in Hell or an all-consuming black hole
that sucks out your soul like its bone marrow.

And today will always be the same as tomorrow ad infinitum.

And being given only sour grape water
to drink like Jesus on the cross.

All my life I've yearned for an Elizabeth Wurtzel-type
lady to be the boss of me and satisfy my sapiosexual
lust but now I'm too old and grey to be of

much use to an Elizabeth Wurtzel in any way,
shape or form except sycophantically to kiss her feet and beg her never
to leave me; a cruel Venus in Furs who only wants me for my money
(what

money I might well ask? I'm no Elon Musk or even a tiny fraction of him
and his wealth.)

Even if I only had a million quid, I'd be making an old fool of myself
chasing a Ukrainian bride only one-third my age.

Trying to make any money off the written page
is something else that's always been denied me,
so it looks like I'll be left alone to die in a garret
with my sightless eyes staring up thru the skylight
where the only sound will be the sound of the flies
fussing round my rotting remains.

War Zone

Imagine living in a war zone where your life expectancy from one day to the next can't be known. An enemy drone could target and zap your home out of existence with you and your family in it at any minute. This is the face of modern warfare where terrorising noncombatants and destroying essential infrastructure is the new acceptable (seemingly) code of conduct. But in fairness, the same method was used in WWII by Hitler's *blitzkrieg*—mainly on the UK and London in particular; countless homes were destroyed and thousands of civilians were wiped out before this rabid beast could be stopped. And now it's happening again in central Europe with no European leaders having enough guts to tackle the Russian bear in its lair for fear that its unprovoked onslaught against its next-door neighbour could go nuclear. But Russia's got a history of backing down when faced with superior military might from the US and the EU, but where is a John F. Kennedy when you need him to call Russia's bluff like never before to stop the slaughter of innocent women and children in this DIRTY WAR!? All I can do to help is write words like these that are hardly likely to bring the GREAT SATAN to its knees. My heart is aching while I write these words

at the mindless evil that short of a miracle can't
be stopped at a time when the white European
race needs to stand together like never before.

Another cold, grey day

I can't wait to get rid of today so I can get tomorrow under way even though it will probably be the same as today. But as each dreary day wears on, strangely enough, I get more optimistic that tomorrow will be better than today even though it rarely is. But hope springs eternal so they say and if my daily upswing in mood is anything to go by it really does.

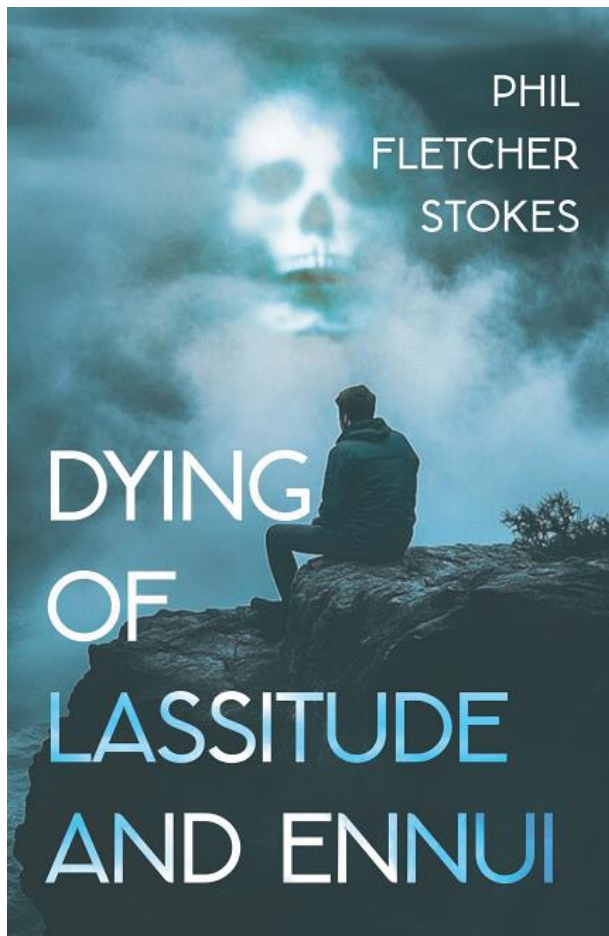
Due to a combination of poverty, disability, and now old age, my existence is the personification of monotony. If it wasn't for the internet, I'd go completely potty. What's this got to do with poetry you might well ask? Well, it's full of hopelessness and despair, which are meat and drink to your average poet. Isn't it because we love piling on the misery or is it only me who's infected with morbidity?

And it costs nothing to post on *All Poetry*, which I genuinely feel I can't afford to join and my lack of technical prowess means I wouldn't get the best out of it even if I did. My heart feels totally exhausted now from too much stress and strain over the past five decades of loneliness, social isolation, and Satan's knee pressing down on my neck for the last fifty years; giving a whole new meaning to the word lonely.

I'm only writing this because I feel a need to share.

I don't care if you don't have any pity to spare for
me; like the song says: "I get knocked down but
I get back up again, nothing's ever gonna keep me down"
till one day I fall down dead from a heart
ATTACK! Or die in my bed on a cold winter's
night with the moon shining brightly in my face
and highlights my rictus grin of death. And not
being discovered for years till all that's left is
my skull with the grinning rictus still on it and
a wasp's nest beneath my bonnet,
doggone it.

I think dementia's now kicking in with my memory
becoming like a sieve with all my memories
slipping thru it. This will be Satan's final sin against me
before I meet this evil deity
down in the raging infernos of Hell
where there will be more vile sins committed
against me for the whole of what's left of eternity.
Of course, eternity has no
beginning or end, does it? It's like the universe
going on forever in all directions sort of kinda
blowing the BIG BANG theory clean outa the
water. KABOOM!!! Those scientists who dreamed
it up don't know their a-holes from a hole in the
wall big enough to fit the whole universe in.



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