

Alas the day

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This book is dedicated to

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the second.

Thank you for the great compassion that you showed
throughout your life during your service,
and for your decades of tireless service to the country and to
the people of the United Kingdom.

You were a true blessing to the Nation.

This book is also dedicated with great appreciation to the
brave and the courageous men and women of the Armed
Forces who so tirelessly and dedicatedly, and patriotically
continue to serve the nation, and to those who have served the
nation including my Grandparents.

And the book is also dedicated to all those who have served
and to those who continue to serve the nation so tirelessly,
including the security forces and the Police forces of the
country, who have put their lives on the line, and who put
their lives on the line on a daily basis, and also to all of those
brave and courageous men and women who have died for
their country in the defence of the Nation.

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Alas the day

Alas the day, alas the night, when the voices cease and the words run from the page. When men, women, boys and girls are deprived through repression, oppression, racism and hate. And there is ill education of an age.

Because sadly for many on the planet earth, there is much about which to rage. And as they say the whole world is a stage. And unfortunately, with freedom of speech, although it is a great thing, many do not use their words wisely.

And in the newspapers and in the magazines and online and on the radio and on the television. What do we see? Violence of all kinds and people being unkind to each other and far too frequently. And we constantly also see stories of mostly unhappiness and misery.

And salacious stories are printed and shouted about in public constantly. By chat show hosts and journalists and gossip columnists who happily make money from people's misery. And it is a tragedy.

And it is not the way it should be. And I wish we could banish negativity from society. And make the world a more positive place to be.

And it is a battle that we fight constantly. But on we must go with the show. And although we try to smile through it all.

The constant negative stories are apocryphal. And I try my best to rise above it all. And many others do too.

But what does the human race do about it all? Very little indeed. And sadly, many people do not have time to try and make a difference. As they are too busy.

Racing around like crazy and working too hard. And struggling to feed, clothe and house their families. Whilst a few in the governments of the world.

Who mostly have good hearts and minds. To deal with all the world's problems have barely any time at all. And the others who do have the time to try and make a difference.

And do not barely have any resources to use at all. And with so much to say. And with so much written about the world's problems.

The world seems to turn more slowly. And barely fix anything at all. But still at least in the most of the world we have democracy.

But I hope that we can improve upon it all. Upon the chaos and the mess and decrease poverty. And violence of all kinds.

And I wish people will choose their words more wisely. And people become more caring. And I wish for equality for us all.

But alas the day and alas the night. When the voices cease and the words run from the page. When men, women, boys and girls are deprived,

through oppression, repression, racism and hate, and ill education of an age. Because it is no good for us as the human race at all.

And still to this day. There is still too much suffering and pain. And with all the education we have available, why cannot we seem to end it all? But I wish everyone would choose their words more wisely, and be more caring.

And I wish for equality for us all, but alas the day and alas the night, when the voices cease and the words run from the page, when men, women, boys and girls are deprived, through oppression, oppression, racism and hate, and ill education of an age.

Because it is no good for us as the human race at all. And still to this day. There is still too much suffering and pain.

And with all the education we have available. Why cannot we seem to end it all?

Peace and love

And so,
peace and love it flows with a flower in your hair,
and peace and compassion in your head,
and from out of the aftermath of battlefields,
from brutality, torture, war and death.
From Earthquakes and disaster zones,
from floods and places hurricane swept,
from populations ravaged by disease,
from famine and drought,

from mass shootings,
with the families of loved ones killed,
left depressed and bereft.
From the environmental disasters,
and oil spills covering beaches and seabirds,
leaving their rotting corpses,
and the ones that are still alive, distressed.
From mass deforestation,
from stabbings and acid attacks,
from the aftermath of homophobia,
and xenophobia and racism,
and from suicide bomb attacks,
from the innocent people that are killed and injured,
on pavements by cowardly terrorists,
innocent people brutally run over,
by cars and lorries in thirty seconds', flat.
From the inhumane slaughter of animals,
and the cutting off of sharks' fins for medicine.
From the removal of rhinoceros's horns,
and the capture of other animals in traps.
From the sickening shooting of animals,
by tourists on safaris,
who pose next to dead elephants and lions for fun.
From the images taken after,
where they stand with a hand on their hips,
with smiles like Cheshire cats,
whilst cheerfully holding a gun.
From the dictatorships,
where freedom of expression is oppressed.
Where opposition members are spirited away and beaten,
sometimes never ever to be seen again.
And if they are lucky,

sometimes returned to their families,
in a bloody and a broken mess.
And sometimes,
without all their limbs complete,
and with great tears of distress,
and often with scars upon their bodies and minds,
and carrying a trauma that will never mend.
But alas the day if it comes, that we have no humanity left.
Now, would not it be good,
if there were no more slaughter of animals for greed,
and no senseless torturing of humans,
no brutality,
and no perpetual war and death,
but better yet,
just permanent peace,
permanent peace and love instead.

Did the mountain

Did the mountain come to you when you called?
Did you call loud enough for it to fall,
and did it stand unmoved and resolute,
or lay in ruins at your feet,
large broken rocks and small,
and what did you ask it when you called,
did you wish for change,
did you ask for the answers to life,
or the why and the wherefore,
and the wonder of it all,
and as you lay amongst the answers,
did you find beauty or destruction,
and did you comprehend them,

as opposites to what you thought,
was the prism of your lens,
viewed through a different colour,
than that was what you sought.
was beauty disgusting to your taste,
was destruction more palatable to the tongue,
were you trying to satisfy yourself,
that everyone else was wrong,
and the language that was spoken,
did you understand it all along?
Or did you have to learn it,
for life is best lived with an education that is never ending,
and with a lifetime of constant understanding,
and a lifetime of comprehending.
for such brings about the improvement of humanity,
but alas, ignorance they say is bliss,
but to choose to live a dull life eternally,
would be the life of a fool,
and if you choose to live as a fool,
it is a wasteland full of regret and remiss,
and not worth remembering at all.

What good is the mind?

What good is the mind,
without peace in the twenty first century?
What is the mind, but a sea,
a billion neurons of interconnectivity,
points of light and possibilities beyond compare,
with billions of thoughts,
created floating gently through the air.
The brain, a universal tool, without which we are nowhere,

but in the ground,
and of the chemical elements of the universe,
the Earth, the sky and the sea.
But, for the evolution of the time of us,
so, do we, learn and educate,
and create,
and progress and advance,
and learn from past mistakes in history,
and sow ideas,
and try to understand and innovate,
and try to better ourselves,
and advance humanity,
and grateful for our chance at life,
we strive to live happily amongst friends and family,
and we struggle when the time is right,
and stand up and fight,
to improve understanding,
and protest war,
and from war set us free,
and victorious,
create a peaceful history.

Wild is your heart

Wild is your heart, but you are never there.
Wild is your heart and you are here,
there and everywhere,
and skipping over the mountains without a care,
and changing shape and form in the cold,
and in the warm air,
yes, little cloud, how I wish I was you,
floating free, floating free and without a care.

Chat show

What is it with these chat show hosts,
who entice the weak,
and the wounded to bare their souls,
for just the cost of dinner,
and a night in a hotel,
because easily tempted are those who wish to see,
the talk show hosts,
who strut upon the stage,
and who do belittle and cajole,
and tell people how they should live their lives,
whilst analysing them psychologically,
and whilst laughing in glee,
for so, they make money from the poor for free,
whilst the heartbroken, and the destroyed,
have their lives put upon TV,
and their problems, magnified for all to see,
but the talk show hosts,
they do not give a damn,
and they masquerade as friends,
but the willing victims are just a wage to them,
and the talk show host exploits them with no dignity,
and no humanity,
for with only words of indifference,
and a picture of money behind the eyes,
the soul of a talk show host,
is dark and of no surprise,
and oh, how they laugh as the money piles in,
for they are the sickest of all,
and exploiting the poor people with problems,
to them is no sin, no sin at all.

Wilful and wanton

Wilful and wanton is the destruction that you have caused,
from greed and hate,
you continued without a pause,
with it eating you up from the inside,
and you striking out, like a rebel without a cause,
for with the vitriolic words, you spew echoing so hollow,
and empty from your shallow soul,
what does it take, to change your mentality,
you with so stubborn and reckless a mind,
that the world would rather not know.
Now, have you never loved, and have you never truly felt,
have you never experienced true emotions,
because it seems,
you are just a shell of a human with bad intent,
and the Earth is poisoned by you,
and your veracity for harm,
and oh, I wish I could disown you,
for the Earth would be better off without you,
you with so little wit and intellect,
yes, and more evil, more evil than charm.

What of the light

What of the light,
and of the colour,
and of the sun's rays,
what of the brightness,
and of the grey,
what of nature,
and of how it affects our moods and ways,

for me, tis the colour blue of the sky above,
for when black as black,
as the night is present,
do I dream of the colour,
and the sun above,
and whence upon the day,
I look out the window, and I fall in love,
and no other colour do I wish to think of,
for it radiates many memories, and many pleasantries,
and upon my eyes, shining inside of me,
the warmth of which a tropical sea,
for blessed it is and blessed I be,
and no other colour would I wish it to be,
for tender is the blue,
tender is the blue that colours me happy.

On a rainy day in August

In a pub on a rainy day in August,
with a million thoughts going through my mind,
I, stare out the window,
and I calmly watch the world go on by.
Now, how many decisions, and thoughts are out there,
floating gently in the air,
and how many are out there that succeed,
and how many are out there that lead nowhere?
For such is the life of humanity,
I wonder, I wonder,
what the mathematical equation, of this complexity is,
and as the world goes by it escapes me,
and instead, I clutch my head,
and stare vacantly into my tea.

Bow down to the sun

I bow down to the sun, and I bask in its heat,
and I wonder at it,
because it tis such a sublime sight that I cannot touch,
but I can see,
and its magnificence,
it cannot be portrayed,
in all the letters of the alphabet, and in all the words,
and in all the languages of the world,
it cannot be described so easily,
and the sight,
oh, it is such a wondrous thing, the sun,
the sun, that warms the hearts of humanity.

Sunshine upon the coast

Sunshine upon the coast,
is better than a winter's discontent of grey,
and whence its raindrops fall upon the water,
you could sail a million boats,
and the rain, could sink them all straight away,
yet I prefer the bluest of skies any day.
Alas, those grey wispy ghosts,
but to the blue sky,
I salute you the most,
for the colour,
it imbibes me with rejuvenation,
which I feel straight away.
and every single shade lightens the soul,
for grey is never a colour that I wish to wear,
nor do I like it as a whole,

for it is filled with a dullness, and a sadness,
that hangs heavy upon the air,
and with belligerent clouds,
that loom threateningly overhead,
oh, how they fill me with a sense of dreariness and despair.
And though against the clouds,
I should not discriminate, on grey days, I do,
yet, they do not seem to care,
so, off I fly to the foreign sun,
where I can live life anew, in warmth and blue,
and live a happy life, a happy life beyond compare.

Upon each step

Upon each step upon the road,
there are a million thoughts as the sun beats down,
and the dust and the wind it blows.
and where the times are passing,
in visions of the destination,
there yet may dreams doth flow.
Dreams of inspiration,
and dreams of loved ones over far horizons,
dreams of ideas and thoughts on life,
dreams of words,
and feelings in a million machinations,
and with each movement of the body,
and with a poetry of limbs,
there is a glorious beauty contained skin deep and within,
and as the world fills you with its charms,
in beauty, and in vision,
and in wonder there is calm,
oh, that wonderful calm.

Oh, for how the heart is enshrined

Oh, for how the heart is enshrined,
and so, entwined,
in the wonders of the mind,
where I drown happily in your beauty,
and in the elegance of your eyes,
for there really could be no greater feeling,
because in you,
what inspiration and beauty there is,
and the gloriousness that is deep inside you,
oh, such contentment you bring to me inside,
and how wonderfully you set my emotions in motion,
and how easily you bring happy tears to my eyes.

Starlight and universe

Starlight and universe,
what are the wonders,
the wonders that you have lit up,
that human's have not seen,
and how far have you travelled,
and in what colours,
and elements have you been,
and of the complexities of your life,
what are your favourite forms and shapes?
From the stars,
and the planets, to the Milky Way,
from the animals upon the Earth,
to the trees,
and the oxygen,
and the breathing human being?

Alphabet what is your shade

Alphabet, what is your shade?
What are the complexities of your life today,
are you waiting there,
for a proper sentence with decent punctuation to be made?
Are you carrying good news,
or are you carrying sad news of events of the day,
or are you short and sweet,
or are you bitter made?
Do you flow gently,
or do you blow up like a hand grenade,
disturbing the conversation or printed word,
with expressive haste,
or are you used succinctly without waste,
or do you flower and bloom with impressive taste?
And in SMS,
or in emails or envelopes are you carried,
and opened to a sad, or a happy face?
For the best use of language,
the language of love, is the alphabets most impressive case.
And with words of love from mouths,
keyboards and pens pouring forth,
sometimes uneducated and poorly spelt,
sometimes intellectual, but with both,
feelings are delivered and always felt,
and whereupon they are shown on an expressive face,
and with every emotion,
in every language in humanity written upon us,
in upper and lower punctuation and case,
oh, what a wonder is language,
and the languages that are gifted to us, the human race.

Where is the key to your heart?

Where is the key to your heart?
Do you, keep it under the stairs,
or do you keep it on the balcony, or in the loft?
Or, do you only take it out on rainy days,
when a little warmth seems far off?
And what of it, when you do,
do you, hold it strong and true, or, with a gentle fragility,
hoping that it will be, better taken care of?
Because, falling in love is never easy, but where does it start?
Is it with a smile across a crowded room,
or with a simple glance?
Is it with a conversation across the internet?
Or, over the telephone,
or, just standing there, gazing in a gallery,
at a beautiful work of art?
And what of the first words when you meet,
that pour from your mouth,
do they flow easily, or do they slowly struggle,
and crawl uneasily out?
And the sensations that you feel, do they leave you counting,
how many that you have got,
and wondering of the ones that are yet to be discovered,
and do the sensations flow around your body,
and lift you up, or do they give you vertigo,
where you wonder, how far is the drop,
and are they bettered by experience,
or are your thought processes worsened by loss?
But, each time, each time, I hope for you a blessing,
that leaves you feeling, like a butterfly,
colourful and bright, and floating aloft.

What is history?

With so many lives lost from war,
what is history,
if we do not learn from it,
now, why does the human race continue to suffer,
when we are capable of such kindness,
and capable of such compassion,
humour,
intellect and wit?
And, for all the bones of the people that have been killed,
and who lay buried in the Earth,
with all the agony,
and the suffering,
is not life more precious than all the land,
the greed, and the wealth?
Oh, war and murder,
such a seemingly unending strife,
what is the point of a continually tortured,
and a murdered life?
Yes, do we really,
value life so little,
for such has been the history of man,
ever brutal and oppressive,
and with such great hate,
unleashed because of greed,
and with wealth,
profit and savagery going hand in hand,
now,
dear humanity,
I beg of thee,
isn't it time for another plan?

Wilderness

Wilderness, beauty,
brief silence,
shade,
the sound of birds,
the smell of flowers upon the longest of days,
and in the earliest of the hours,
I wait for your call, and whilst the time passes,
I take in it all,
I take in its beauty, and I sit in the sunshine rays,
and I hear your voice from far off,
and to your tune, the minutes I while away,
for you are effervescent, and with a wanton beguiling way,
and I await your news expectantly,
hoping for the happiest of days.

Edge of the pond

Here I sit at the edge of the pond,
as the dragonflies,
in their beautiful colours,
they hover elegantly about,
to the sound of bird song,
and in the trees the birds they sing,
and they pluck their feathers,
and to their partners,
they exchange the latest news,
and warn of any harm,
and of any incoming inclement weather,
and as I gaze into the water around the edge,
where earlier the tadpoles have been,

I see them moving all fully grown,
amongst the vegetation of exquisite green.
And, the insects,
oh, how they dart and float,
some under the water,
some across the surface,
like the world's smallest boat.
And in the grass,
around the pond the tiny ants do pass,
to scavenge and gather food,
and as they move quickly along,
the butterflies of white, they float on by,
headed to the allotments through the greenery,
and across the magnificent blue sky.
And look, here comes the well-fed cat,
from behind the tree,
moving in exquisite motion and poetry,
and meowing so contentedly,
and so friendly to me,
and then, up it gets upon my lap,
and positions itself until it is comfortable,
and it takes a nap.
And with no cares in the world,
and with its home close by,
it purrs so gently as a dog barks loudly,
yet it is not disturbed one bit, and it does not blink an eye,
for it is so happy to bathe in the summer's heat,
and dream, dream as the world goes by,
and then, I close my eyes,
and for a while contentedly, so do I,
and twenty minutes later fully refreshed I awake,
to the sounds of a lawnmower,

cutting the grass in the orchard,
to the sound of the conversation of ladies,
talking about their love lives and a recipe for cake.
And then, with a whistle,
someone slowly opens the nearby gate,
and their dog enters first,
and then so do they with a cheerful smile upon their face,
and they are carrying a can of beer,
and some food in a bag that has seen better days,
and after sitting down gently they quietly take their place,
and then, they say hello, and light up a cigarette,
and with a look of relaxation,
they smoke and stare into space.
And then,
whilst the church clock chimes out the time of the day,
to the sound of a beautiful English summer,
I think to myself;
this community orchard and pond is a blessed place.

Oh, sparkling sea

Oh, sparkling sea,
I sit here wondering where you will carry me,
will it be to the ends of the Earth,
or to the shores nearest me,
will there be a girl with a smile,
and a flower in her hair,
will she be, there waiting for me?
A beauty so happy,
so joyful and so carefree,
and with a wild sense of humour,
and with patience,

intellect and wit, to lift me up and carry me?
Will I be, forever in her arms,
forever embraced by her charms,
and will we eternally be,
wrapped in each other's thoughts and spontaneity?
For as steady as water flows from a fountain,
and as frequently as the waves crash upon the shore,
these thoughts they set me free,
and in my mind,
I am already packing my bags,
to see where she will be,
and with her in my mind,
I hope to stay forevermore,
but, we shall see,
we shall see I am sure,
and across the seas and the oceans,
I will keep looking until I find her,
and the search to find love,
the search to find love is over forevermore.

In the wind and the shade

In the wind and the shade,
and the light,
with the power of the morning,
and the sunshine upon the glass of the house nearby,
so, dances a curious beauty,
lofty and flickering and bright,
and with nature's plane and sunshine,
streams of colours,
dance in the naked eye alight,
and as I, a gentle observer, do sit and watch her,

upon her face she beams, and she whirls around in white,
she beams,
and whirls around with a million sparkles in her eyes,
and I wander in her sweet movement,
and I bathe in her presence,
and I while away the time so happily,
and contentedly as she passes by,
and I wait for her kisses,
and I wait to taste the pleasure from her sweet lips,
for her kisses,
are the equivalent of a whisper of a thousand poetic lines.

Poem to the Earth

O to the Universe,
O to the land, O to the sea.
O to the earth that has brought me up and blessed me.
For here I am upon where I stand.
From the universe,
and out of nature's firmament,
and from out of the earth,
from out of woman and man,
I am by chance a being with many choices,
and many plans.
A being created to learn, and educate,
and to wander and roam, and to be happy and sad,
and to feel every emotion and to grow,
and with some emotions already known,
and with others yet unknown,
to love and to share,
to be compassionate and to care,
to learn to exist, to wonder at this,

oh, such a wonderful gift,
whence did it come, and will we ever know?
Will we ever truly know,
for how lucky we are to be blessed to live,
and to breathe in all the seasons,
and to feel all the sensations,
and all the emotions in the sun,
the rain, and the winter snows.

What is the world?

What is the world with war and death?
What is it?
For with no love,
and no emotion and no relationships,
and no chance to exist,
in a human lifetime left,
such, as would it be,
with all humanity, erased and gone,
in the blink of an eye in the history of time,
extermination does not take time, in a time gone wrong.

Of the time it does not matter

Of the time it does not matter,
and of the days, and of the weather,
now the distance well that is irrelevant,
for I pay it no mind, and I pay it no matter,
and it is a pleasure to hear your voice,
and the words that you convey,
for I can picture your smile and your voice,
and how it soothes the aches,

and how it soothes the worries of the day,
yet, although you may be on the other side of the world,
I am with you in thought, and in thinking,
in thinking a little closer to you,
a little closer to you, across the Earth I am brought.

And when the day dawns upon the night

And when the day dawns upon the night,
and the night upon the day,
when the lights are bright,
and down pours colours of every shade,
the planet in its space,
does beat its heart amidst the millions of stars,
for in its infinite beauty and grace so it does take its part.
And on such,
so do humans toil and work, in the cloak of its embrace.
Upon the wonder of the planet and in its variations so filled
with grace,
for we are lucky,
deriving from the chemical elements and space as we do,
for in its creation, Earth is a planet so vast,
so vast that it would take years to cross on foot,
and that is our lot, and of our travels in the history of time,
us delicate and yet not so very few,
we go oer where the sunlight sparkles off mountainsides,
to the arid and the barren places in-between,
and so too by boat,
and by plane and across the all-encompassing sea,
To Africa, the Americas,
Oceania and Europe, Antarctica,
Asia, and Australia do we,

of all species,
join the migration and the immigration,
and from where we stood and stand,
we leave our mark,
we leave our mark,
from the birds upon the air,
to man traversing the land.

Leaving the shore

Leaving the shore and the beach,
to the sound of the waves crashing,
and to the horizon out of reach.
Softly do words echo into the darkness,
and out of sight as the light of the boat,
flickers in the solemnity,
and the soliloquy of the night,
the sailor turns the wheel and stares ahead,
and he thinks of his wife,
and he thinks of his bed,
and he speaks gently,
and he repeats a few words,
quietly after a breath,
till the eternal do I tread,
where there is no fear,
and no worry, and no emptiness left.
And the waves they continue unabated,
until no more is to be said,
for upon the clock of eight oh three,
he opens the cabin door, and jumps calmly into the sea,
and his body in the seas embrace,
in the seas embrace is forever left.

How are you?

How are you,
and do you really know,
have you found out about yourself,
from those psychology self-help books,
that you have read alone,
have you googled every condition that there could be,
have you developed hypochondria,
and every malady,
have you been to the Doctors,
for a remedy,
and now,
what did he say,
did he refer you to a psychologist for free,
yes, to someone decent,
someone adept at pleasantries,
and when you got there,
did he tell you to now,
lay down on the couch,
or upon a chair,
did he look into your eyes,
and hoodwink you that he cared,
and did he lighten your wallet,
with a delighted glee,
alas for you,
but, thankfully for me,
I do not go,
and I deny him his fee,
and instead,
I lay down upon my couch,
And I watch TV.

Diplomacy

Diplomacy is such a difficult balancing act,
a heady path,
with the greatest heights,
where treading so gently,
requires such tact,
but, how do you restrain yourself,
and train yourself not to react,
when the minds of war,
are in other people's heads,
and, in a rut, and set so far back,
and when the world is dangling on an edge,
how do you face the facts?
With the whiles of your ways,
and the learning of your days,
as the bombs lay awaiting upon their racks.

There is no tomorrow like today

There is no tomorrow like today,
but what of yesterday,
did it suit you,
following the sad news,
and what of the words they said,
today,
was it with a lightness of touch,
sprinkled over the flowers,
upon the coffin in the grave,
and as the vicar held the service,
and the Earth was cast away,
did you remember them,

in the best of times,
did you remember them,
in the best of ways,
did you remember them with a laugh and a grin,
and a happy face,
and of the music that they used to play,
do you remember it well?
And did you dance with them, upon a boat,
upon the ocean waves,
and did you recall,
recall, what they used to say,
do you recall what they used to wear,
and of their aftershave,
and of how they did their hair,
and of the jokes that they used to tell,
oh, do, pray tell,
and, as the vicar finishes his speech,
and the pall bearers solemnly walk away,
to the ringing of the church bells,
the vicar asks us,
what of your favourite experiences,
and the smiles return as you remember well.

Night but alone

Night, but alone and a Campfire on the coast,
where the stars shine bright,
and thine eyes fall happily upon the shore,
where the flotsam and the jetsam beaches,
and the waves do crash with a thunderous roar,
and there on the horizon,
as the ships do pass gently into night,

underneath the stars and the clouds that cloak the moon,
and with the glorious vision of sight,
beyond the cliffs there dances a glimmering of lights,
and as the seagulls rise upon the current,
and the embers of the fire rise ever more,
so beautiful in their brief existence,
to the sound of music,
so, do they float and fall to the floor,
and where the pebbles and the seaweed lie,
and the sand,
a solitary scuttling crab passes by that unlike me,
does not want to be alone,
does not want to be alone, under the tranquil sky anymore.

Old London town

Old London town,
from Big Ben and Parliament,
to Buckingham Palace,
to the murky brown fast flowing Thames,
flowing endlessly from its source of Trewsbury Mead,
with the start of it often disputed, but verified at the end.
Then passing the Thames Barrier onwards into the sea,
and out past Southend,
to the Gherkin,
to Canary Wharf,
and then the Millennium wheel,
to stroll the South Bank and Tate Modern yet again.
To the Millennium dome,
to Greenwich and the Planetarium,
back on the 188 bus,
to Oxford Street,

onto the Northern line,
to Camden Town and back again.
And from Wembley,
Kensington to Borough,
to Carnaby Street and Hyde Park,
to Mayfair and Billingsgate market,
to Wimbledon,
to Primrose Hill,
to Waterloo at sunset and Regents Park,
and by taxi and tram to Brixton,
Croydon and Clapham.
To Hampstead Heath, Primrose Hill,
Wimbledon, Streatham and Balham,
where millions of people are heading,
for events waiting yet to happen.
And as they do,
they glance at their watch and their mobile phone too,
aiming to get to their location,
whilst looking forward with great expectations,
to experiencing something new,
with someone else or alone.
And whether, for business or pleasure,
we have the Romans to thank,
and the passing of time,
for Londinium and London's growth and expansion,
is as fluctuating as the weather and wine.
And, with London visited by international visitors,
on ships and jet planes for their leisure,
and by coaches at regular patterns,
coaches with comfortable seats,
that for behinds cannot be bettered,
for the city financially it truly is quite a pleasure.

And the city,
the city is rapidly visited by people on their way to work,
and no matter whether the weather is icy and cold,
or sunny and wet,
they must get there no matter what,
no matter the conditions or the congestion met,
and no matter how bad it gets,
because get there they must quite emphatically yes,
and despite the road works that may delay them,
and leave their nerves in shreds, and their minds a mess,
arriving at work a little frazzled and distressed,
yet there may come some further struggle.
And, after a few hours with hopefully no trouble,
they can hurry away from an office,
that they would rather forget,
to get something to munch and quickly at the double.
And, by their own rapid footsteps they are spirited away,
to a piece of quiet in the organized chaos of the day.
Where to take a little time out for something to eat,
is quite a treat, as is catching up on the latest news,
and resting their minds,
and casting away their aching weary feet,
by taking off their shoes.
But alas, the working day it leaves a lot depressed,
with barely any time to stop, to ponder and rest,
and by the look on their faces, lunchtime is the best.
And with sandwiches, soups and salads all consumed,
they hurry off with no time for dessert,
but with just enough time for a quick trip to the loo.
And then away again, to somewhere new,
over to the bank and its ever-lengthening queues.
Where in their suits they stand,

with their armpits damp,
and their clammy hands.
Keen to pay off some of their mortgage,
that never generally goes to plan.
Then, after a twenty-minute stand,
a deposit and a thank you,
It is off to the post office, to buy some stamps,
from the man behind the counter called Frank,
the one with the handlebar moustache,
who has a swearing and a head banging cockatoo.
And Frank wishes them good day,
as he dreams of rescuing animals from a pet shop,
in a neon polka dot army tank,
and then waves a cheerful goodbye,
to the customer with a hand covered in tattoos,
as they leave the hustle and bustle of the bank.
Then, outside the office worker leaves quietly,
with despondent steps,
back towards the office,
past someone who rather unkindly, they call a tramp.
a tramp called John, who has sad,
funny and witty stories to tell,
and from inside his jacket the office worker,
offers some small change,
and some chocolate bars that are starting to melt.
And though the office worker does his best,
he wishes that others would as well,
before walking on in the heat,
and heading back to the office,
where his deodorant awaits and a fresh shirt,
which is much needed,
as he is beginning to smell.

Then, after maybe a little rejuvenation,
they get back to work, whilst looking forward to home,
and if they have a partner,
to making love to ease the day's frustrations.
And whether they get lucky who can tell,
and if they do not,
they always have their imaginations,
and the internet as well.
And in the parks of the capital of the Nation,
and in all of them including Regents Park,
Greenwich Park,
Hyde Park and St James,
there are people sprawled out upon the grass,
with picnics, drinks, cigarettes and alcohol,
and joyful laughter and conversations,
that flow in fits and starts.
Conversation about visits to the V&A,
with its Japanese art and design collection,
its ceramics,
its theatre Performances,
its pilates classes,
and medieval Renaissance,
and with Rodin sculptures,
all firing younger and older people's imaginations,
it is a great museum,
for further investigation and relaxation.
And so too, the photographer's gallery,
with pictures captured in the lenses of photographers,
with well known and unknown reputations.
And the Tower of London,
with its Beefeaters and its Ravens,
where they always are,

but if they were not, people would begin to panic,
but maybe, they have just jumped on the underground,
for a days' vacation,
or a new start at life at St Pancras station.
And, of the British Museum,
with its world collection of history,
and of objects from the Rosetta Stone,
to sarcophaguses of Egyptian Mummies,
Roman mosaics,
and a statue from Easter Island,
and tales of conquest and world civilization.
Where both younger, and older people alike,
hover like flies around displays,
that compete for the mind's attention,
and with something for everyone,
from every global location,
the day flies by quickly,
and satiates all fascination.
And with some talk of Trafalgar Square,
and of Nelson's column,
that stands so tall and proud,
and mighty in the air, they cheerfully discuss it,
before moving on to discuss the mighty British lions,
and the fountain there,
the fountain,
where people may take a dip,
to cool down in the particularly hot summer's air.
And then, as they eat their picnics in the park,
they move the conversation on to Piccadilly,
where people, do kiss romantically,
under the statue of Eros amidst romantic sparks.
And then, moving on,

onto Regents Street, Soho and Marble Arch,
where tourists, and others shop for gifts,
and lacy underwear at prices close to their hearts.
And hence,
further North whilst the wind blows forth,
so, the Hare Krishna's march,
down Oxford Street,
whilst chanting happily in anticipation,
on the lookout for the next heavenly destination,
whilst a little thirsty and parched.
But no matter how thirsty they are,
they avoid the pubs, the massive queues,
and the McDonalds burgers that others love.
And with no material things on their minds,
they do not give into temptation,
and prefer to stick to vegetarian grub.
For they are happy in simplicity,
and with what they have got,
and as for materialism they often explain,
that they have forgotten it with a shrug.
But then again, if unlike them,
you are looking for entertainment there,
from the cinemas in Leicester Square,
to the theatres and the musicals,
to the poetry readings, and the literature,
to the jugglers in Covent Garden,
to the people feeding the pigeons alone in Soho Square.
To the people standing as still as statues covered in silver,
whilst people stop and stare,
and now, quickly look over there,
to the people in Hyde Park,
who are rowing a boat,

and who are happily going around in circles to nowhere.
Their movement is so serene like Margot Fontaine,
and seemingly lighter than air.
And in London, where everything is available with ease,
from clothing, travel,
technology, history,
museums, restaurants, and great entertainment,
and plenty of shops, and locations all eager to please,
what else could you want,
and how could you be bored and displeased.
Because to get there it only takes a minute to an hour,
or more via the underground station,
or by taxi,
by bus, by coach,
by bicycle,
by foot or by Rickshaw.
And then, what of the history of London,
and of its founding,
From the Romans landing on the banks of the Thames,
as the local people looked on astounded and unsure.
To the great plagues,
in which the calls of bring out your dead,
horrifically never seemed to end.
To the building of St Paul's, by Christopher Wren.
To Pudding Lane,
where in September of 1666 AD,
from a bakery, the great fire of London spread,
and spread so rapidly,
and luckily, with great courage and strength,
the fire was fought,
and London was rebuilt from the flames,
and continued growing and transcending,

and grew and grew,
and it continues to still grow today,
and it seems never ending.
And then, through the first and the second world wars,
of which was its greatest test,
the United Kingdom struggled through the Blitz,
and we fought on like mighty lions,
as London was blown to bits.
And these days,
we remember gladly those who protected us.
For we were gloriously defended,
by the soldiers on the streets,
the barrage balloons,
the Navy and the RAF.
Against Adolf Hitler and his dictatorial insanity.
And surviving through rationing,
we did live us spirited Brits,
living off food grown by the land girls,
and others who toiled in the fields,
and who gave everything that they could give.
And so, fight on did all the factory workers,
and the military,
against the German bullets and bombs,
and incendiaries and the direct hits.
For Londoners were mercilessly slaughtered,
upon the street and at home in their beds,
whilst abroad, the Jews were malnourished and distressed,
and gassed in ovens and sent to their deaths.
And through the darkest hours,
we were led, to the sounds of Vera Lynn,
and by the brilliant Winston Churchill,
who with a cigar in his hand,

guided us with his tactical brilliance and with humour,
despite the black dog raging in his head.
And furthermore,
since then, by Queen Elizabeth the second,
who has served us graciously, and tirelessly,
and dedicatedly, and without question.
From the 1952 coronation,
through challenging world events,
such as the cold war and the Suez crisis.
Through the IRA campaigns,
and the tears and the frustrations,
to the 1970 change to the age of majority,
from 21 to 18 in voting,
that greatly pleased a lot of people across the nation.
And onwards,
through the founding of the European union,
to taking part in the 1977 Silver Jubilee celebrations,
and as punk took hold,
and the Sex pistols played loudly across every station.
Her Majesty guided us steadfastly along,
with unbending determination,
and through the 1982 Falklands war,
to the 1989 fall of the Berlin Wall,
and to the handover of Hong Kong, and the Gulf wars,
with those horrific visions of burning oil,
and such wanton devastation.
And through many sad African famines,
and droughts, where she gave her heart,
her caring, and her dedication,
and through the terrifying Bosnian genocide,
to Brexit, where despite Nigel Farage,
with sincerity, she managed it all, without hesitation,

in the United Kingdom,
and throughout the commonwealth,
with calmness, and with such great dedication.
And what is more, despite Prince Phillips gaffes and all,
with a smile upon her face, and the love between them,
both so strong and tall,
in London town, no world problem was unconquerable.
And so, here's to Her Majesty, and here's to London town,
with Notting hill carnival,
both day and night, with calypso as the sound,
the most colourful place to enjoy yourself,
and once a year, the most vibrant place to get down.
And with Chelsea pensioners in their uniforms,
and soldiers in sentry boxes,
in their Busby's standing tall and proud,
old London town, it is a great place for all,
and it has every transport to get around.
And, in the East End, with the Pearly Kings and Queens,
it is a great place to be loud,
and with every culture, every race,
and religion and sexuality,
and with a bit of knees up Mother brown,
and some pie and mash and liqueur,
and some cockney songs,
here's to the capital that beats at the heart of the nation,
and with eight million people,
it is a capital so proud and strong.
A capital that worldwide wins hearts and imaginations,
wherever they are found.
So, now let us raise a glass and drink a beer,
and loudly cheer,
"Here's to Her Majesty, and here's to old London town!"

Social networks

In the train,
do you wonder,
how many people you pass,
do you consider of how many frames their life would be,
if numbered in still photographs,
and, of their experiences,
what of these,
and how many of their days would be filled with activity,
and of those not,
and how many of their days would be happy and sad,
and how many,
best forgot,
and if the photographs,
of their lives were falling through the air,
and you could catch them,
and you were magically able to live as them,
and experience the experience contained within,
would you feel the same emotions,
and wish away,
your previous life to take up theirs?
And would you lose your memory,
your family,
and your friends?
And would you dress in their clothes,
with their thoughts now inside your brain,
and would you carry on,
with no thoughts of your previous life,
playing havoc with your head,
and with,
about which nothing to complain?

Wander as you will

Wander as you will as the lion in the maze,
and consider your options with visions of clarity,
and by educated ways,
for with such courage and strength,
you will turn the corner of the darkest of days,
and so, your eyes will meet the challenge,
because if you know yourself,
you are a lion that cannot be phased,
and you will be more powerful than such minds,
as would lead you astray,
for you are ready to strike at a moment's notice,
lethal to those without thought,
and lethal to those with thoughtless ways.

We meander through the meadows

We meander through the meadows,
with the lilies in the ponds,
we watch the gentleness,
of the butterflies,
and we admire the beauty of the flowers at the statue,
as the water flows,
and we remember the struggles of them,
the fallen and gone,
the women and men,
who fought for freedom against the wrongs done,
from Wat Tyler, to the Tolpuddle Martyrs,
and the Suffragettes, and Gandhi, and Malcolm X,
Nelson Mandela, and Martin Luther King,
and all those who opposed racism,

homophobia and hate and human rights abuses,
and we salute the teachers oppressed,
and the brave, the brave who proudly lead,
and we remember the men and the women sent into battle,
on the orders of those who thought it was best,
those who with their thoughts and minds,
and bravery and spirit,
and daring wit and shining intellect,
we salute you with such great stirring in our hearts,
as the water flows and you rest peacefully in your beds.

Redoubtable

Redoubtable is the word, for that is you,
for in the portraits,
I see the strength in your eyes with the fortitude,
and your smile, it portrays a weariness,
with a glimmer of mischievousness in the eyes,
and upon your face there is a wrinkle or two,
but Winston,
with the determination in your eyes ringing true,
truly what could I do,
to ever repay you,
for the war days have faded and passed,
but however, can I thank you?
For you, and my Grandparents,
and many others who fought like lions,
are the reason that I am here,
and no matter what,
from your courage and leadership,
and determination I could learn a lot,
because you were a brave and a courageous man,

who struggled through times dangerous and fraught,
and you,
and the valiant millions too,
who battled through the second world war,
and who so valiantly fought off the black dog,
I salute you and them Winston,
for all the springs, the summers,
the winters and the autumns, that I have seen,
and I will remember you as the sun goes down,
for without you, I,
and the country as we know it now,
well, it would have never been.

Modern society

What of modern society, and of capitalism,
of in which we are cocooned,
oh, what a malignant thought it is,
because we spend far too many hours slaving away,
to pay for housing,
to pay off the mortgage,
only to be put into a care home,
when we are elderly,
and for our houses to be sold,
and for all our money to be consumed by paying for care,
and how many hours do we spend working,
and how many do we spend on materialism too,
and working all hours to have the latest fad,
and bending too often to peer pressure too,
and what is the point of the stress,
when the idea of most products these days,
is to make your life easier,

but it has the opposite effect,
and for convenience's sake,
bills skyrocket no less,
yes, what a mess,
what a mess it is true,
now, wouldn't you,
rather spend more time with your friends,
and your family than you do?

Travel light

Travel light and steady,
and as gentle as a cloud,
and in yourself carry no vanity, no ego,
but with compassion, and understanding,
and with a heart that is strong and proud,
and as you do,
you will rise above life's problems to get a better a view,
and of those ignorant few who do not understand,
by your education,
by your education,
so, you will prove yourself a better woman or man.

Under the pergola

Under the pergola upon the lawn,
lays a book of old covered in tears from days long gone,
alas so many tears spilt over a world gone wrong,
for the song of life,
it weaves itself through the emotions,
and casts a lot of shadows upon the heart,
for when beauty comes,

so, we revel happily in such a delicate art,
such as it is and as glorious as the dewdrops on the grass,
reflecting light and colour instead of dark,
for such bitterness over thousands of years,
through war and death,
has cloaked the Earth,
and broken hearts,
and with the grim reaper taking far too many,
death has been long such of nature a twisted part,
and never knowing, when it will come,
we quickly spiral down into a hole,
without a light for the dark,
and we look for the answers of how it starts,
wishing for the best,
and hoping for a long life,
a life as long lasting as the stars,
but alas it is often not the way,
and with such shortness, there is not much time,
before another person has passed,
and under the pergola upon the lawn,
more tears do drop upon the book,
that contains the emotions of billions of hearts,
and the memories of the past.

Of this Earth

Of this Earth,
we are never to return,
and we do not really care any longer,
for it is burned,
scorched Earth by the will of man,
empty of humanity,

in all its stupid plans,
for it was split in two,
by meteors,
and the showers of the damned,
raining bombs upon the ground,
with almighty explosions,
flashes,
and inhuman sounds.
For this is the end,
and of the beginning anew,
flowing out of death into space,
and the future too,
and with everyone left,
heading to somewhere new,
the stars do shine so bright,
do shine so bright,
for the glorious few,
and in being alive,
humanity,
in its wonder,
and in its splendour,
it is transcended,
from the ashes of the old,
into the reformation of the new.

From the first time

From the first time I saw you Intuitive you seemed,
for from the sensitivity upon your face,
and with no airs and graces,
you are the one,
with which I could spend the rest of my days,

because you wear your heart upon your sleeve,
and do not count tears as a disgrace,
for upon the Earth, you walk with pride,
and with a soft and a gentle gait,
and as you walk the wind blows gently through your hair,
such as the locks of an angel flowing in the summer air,
and your smell is more elegant than the flowers,
and transcends them all,
for there could be no other that I would ever want to recall,
and along the road as we walk,
with your eyes and intellect as bright as the sun,
I admire your wit and your beauty,
and the way you look at everyday afresh and anew,
and with a joyous heart so full of fun,
and oh, how you smile at me,
and for the first time you put your hand in mine,
and we two, we two become one.

Charity

Charity.

You look at the changes taking place,
and you look at the world with dismay,
and you take one look at the promotional leaflets,
and throw them away,
for what is its worth,
when the news is more of the same,
and at your age,
what is the point in buying one in the first place,
because you have seen it all before,
and you have watched millions die,
you have watched more disasters,

more disasters than you care to remember,
and you sat transfixed for a while,
before becoming immune,
to the screams and the cries for help,
and you counted the people,
counting the money at charity events,
and from youth,
you even joined in raising money yourself,
but then, you became older,
and you became jaded, and wondered did it really help,
because, when the problems continue,
for decades without being resolved,
and your determination it begins to fold,
how frustrating it is, where logic is not applied,
and the problems are not permanently solved.

Moon and sky

When you look up at the moon in the sky,
do you look up, and wonder,
what happened to it,
and of the reason why,
and do you wonder,
was there an atmosphere,
and why is the ground so void and dry?
Do you wonder of the force that is gravity,
and what would happen if it fell,
and where would all the planets go,
if gravity disappeared,
now, who can tell,
and would they end up smashed into trillions of pieces,
on the universes floor,

and would someone come along,
and restore them once more,
and would they weep,
at the work that they had created before,
and would they bother to redo it in the same form?
Or would they not even try,
maybe they would,
but now would you or I,
and imagine the time it would take,
and would you have a reason to start again,
and what of the reason why,
and now imagine the lifetime of the beings who put the stars
and the planets in the sky,
and imagine the universe, imagine the universe being swept
away with a brush with a massive sigh.

Carry me over the river

Carry me over the river, to where I may lay,
so gently under the blue sky,
to dream the day away,
under the gentle clouds come what may,
to wander through the meadows,
in such lofty summer days,
through the beauty of the flowers,
and amongst the fields of hay where with you my darling,
my heart does float away,
and there, enraptured by your charms,
I am captured by the smile upon your face,
and now, I shall not want,
I shall not want when I am in your arms,
and I see heaven in your face.

Aurora borealis

Aurora borealis, out there in its colouring of light,
the aurora borealis,
it displays the history of time,
and far beyond our reach,
and with each shade and hue,
it is so glorious in nature's splendour,
as the light transcends anew,
and far over the horizon into infinity it travels,
with all of nature's subtleties,
and so, filled with radiance, and beauty,
gently it does linger,
for but a moment a flicker in the eye of humanity,
touched in our vision,
and in our own mortality,
fluttering amidst a swirl,
a swirl upon an ocean in the universe's firmament,
a moment full of spectacular transience and effervescence,
to heaven and skywards sent,
and whilst we stand, and stare from our earthly bounds,
we wander in our wonder at the infinite,
with each of us a little part,
and our humanity is captured by our imagination,
and a fluttering of the heart.

Myriad

Where the clouds do float in their myriad of ways,
and we wonder, what of their destination,
and the reformation of their gentle play,
for upon the Earth where do they sometimes fall and lay,

back up to the sky,
and into the blue and the grey,
aloft in their wilderness,
and with the freedom of their state,
such a grand design,
briefly here, and then so quickly taken away,
and of it perchance were we the same,
would not it be great,
and what wonders could be explained,
because if we could dance around the Earth,
and visit everywhere,
oh, to be free, to dance like a cloud,
so happy I would be,
and so gentle upon the air.

Gentility of the night

In the tenderness and the gentility of the night,
so do the star's shine down,
upon the firmament of the Earth,
to our great delight,
for such is the magnitude of your smile,
that to see it is a wondrous sight,
and oh, how do you look,
for in such awe am I, that the heart flutters every time,
with you so radiant and beaming and beauteous,
and your words so delicate and light,
for they linger so gently upon your tongue,
before passing out into the wondrous night,
and I,
I am gently and contentedly wrapped up in your company,
for you are effervescent,

joyous and inspired,
and with a positivity and a happiness in your eyes,
and with such elegance do you shine,
and your radiance it dazzles me,
and I revel in the deepest beauty of your eyes,
and in them,
I am lost to the world,
and set afloat in such bliss,
in the happiest of times.

Peace

If the world could foster the beauty,
and the warmth of the sun,
what a wonder it would be,
for happiness is a state of mind,
that breeds advancement in society,
and with such energy,
oh, what wondrous works could be begun,
because nothing could be finer,
than to improve the understanding,
and the betterment of every woman and man,
for with education,
and openness,
we can all be together as one,
and so, too by listening,
and with compassion in the war,
against war and death,
with kind hearts and minds,
it could once and for all be won,
and upon the Earth,
there be no hatred left.

Rain amidst the tears

In the rain amidst the tears,
do the reflections of the world,
carry to the Earth,
and the memories of those who have lived,
lay ever eternal in the water,
nourishing the Earth,
with new life with worth,
washing away the death,
and the slaughter,
magnificence amidst the ashes,
sparkling as the darkness fades,
and the memories of the trauma,
a rebirth anew in splendid forms,
marvellous in all their shades,
and full of variation and wonder,
and under the skies,
and the stars and the clouds,
amidst the blue and the grey,
and the lightning,
and the thunder,
so, will the world be refreshed anew,
refreshed with new hope and wonder.

Where the winter

Where the winter lies upon the land,
may the whiteness reflect the sunlight,
and the freshness of a new blank,
and empty plan,
for wherever the footsteps they may lead,

may they take us upon the right path,
and find us meandering in wonder and awe,
as the snowflakes fall,
for from the bitter wind to the sound of music,
and of the animal's call,
so full of rejoicing are we,
for alighting in bitterness,
so does the snowflake regale the Earth with its presence,
and of them all, they lay amidst the great,
the tiny, the large and the small,
for such is the beauty in one snowflake,
that to gaze upon it is a wonder whereupon it is installed,
for in inspiration,
and such as the pattern,
so, does it come, in no particular way,
and in no hurry at all,
for there can be no other yet, but for the day and the night,
such is the astonishing beauty of it,
for no lighter than a feather,
it does float through the air,
and upon such grey, grey skies it does fall,
and with no sound yet,
there lays such a beauty in the eye,
and of it so gentle and radiant,
and complex and magical,
and so, touched with splendour,
beauteous is the night, and the heavens so filled with stars,
whereupon we wonder of the light, and the planets,
and we wish we could travel up to them,
and above them all,
for no second is wasted,
or any minute or hour and no plan made,

with just the beauty of the light so slender,
so inspiring and full,
and whatever the changes of the weather,
and whether we can see clearly now,
what are they to thee,
those, oh, so clear blue skies,
with the fluffy clouds that float above,
everything is they to me,
those clouds that bring us the water of life,
and as we stand upon the Earth,
we are one with it,
and it with us, and so,
because of water,
we are alive in our human forms,
we the billions,
we the individuals,
and one and all.

Wintry skies

Oh, how the wintry skies do dull the mind,
for with a slow movement, the greys colour time,
ever oppressing the feelings,
and the pleasure of such a sunshine,
that can be found in the mind,
a mind that would rather walk in the light,
than be shrouded in the greyest of climbs,
for ever to ascend, is better than to descend in such grey,
and the likeness of colour, to happiness may be dismayed,
for oh, how the heart it cries for the lack of a summer's day,
and oh, how the heart it cries, how it cries,
because of the lack of sunshine to light our way.

Goodbye

Goodbye little island, the time has come,
for I am leaving your fields of green,
and the end of the journey has begun,
because what life will be I shall see,
for I am in hopeful mood,
and I toast the coast,
as it disappears in its elegant symmetry,
for my new life beckons, and the old one is done,
and never again,
will I stride upon England's pleasant pastures or its streets,
for the world awaits, and a lot of fun,
and with no cares in the world,
I will live the rest of my years,
I will live the rest of my years in the foreign sun.

Bewildered

Bewildered and lost,
and of such airs, that do plague the ponderance of because,
for what it is this,
the decision that cannot be made in a brief pause,
the decision that so ruminates, and cogitates upon the brain,
the decision, that meander through the many paths,
of different thoughts,
and wherein deciding, is never an easy thing,
for upon broken wings, you wish for simple things,
and of the raw emotions of the heart,
oh, how difficult it is,
how difficult is deciding on the matters of love,
and always, always such a delicate art.

Peace and quiet

Peace and quiet,
would be nice,
but outside the sirens cry,
and as the market traders shout,
and they sell their wares to the people walking by,
oh, what a life it is,
I say to the cat,
the cat,
who is sat upon my lap,
and who quite content purrs loudly,
and follows the birds up in the sky,
for such is the hustle and the bustle,
that to be still,
and to have calm is a pleasure,
but sadly,
it is far too quickly gone,
far too quickly gone,
in the blink of an eye.

Butterfly

Butterfly, strong, held up high in the sky,
oh, butterfly, now, wherefore do you go,
yes, I wonder this, as you float on by,
and if I was as light as you,
now where would I fly,
somewhere exotic,
with skies of blue and palm trees too,
oh, how easy life would be,
If I could follow you.

Define

Define the feelings of warmth inside,
feelings that come from love,
feelings of love that in its full bliss are hard to describe,
meandering as they do, through the thoughts,
a million times, for such is the beauty of love,
that shines in the eyes,
and so, it is greater than all who stand before,
and no matter whether rich, and no matter whether poor,
the light does shine like a beacon,
and sends your heart to the heavens,
to the stars and the skies, a wonder in its elements,
that in your eyes,
that in your eyes will live forevermore, forevermore.

Wanton and wild

Wanton, wild and weird, so it comes,
from out of nowhere from amongst the trees,
and the sounds it makes are of pandemonium,
and so surreal, it is hard to believe,
for what stands before me,
does not look like you or I, but of the galaxy,
and from a distant place,
that has barely seen the sun,
and it blinks, and so do I,
and I am wondering at it,
and it at I as one,
and as the wind it blows,
and the leaves, it tries to speak,
but with a foreign tongue,

now, what could be this creature before me,
I see but of it I have no recognition,
for I am captured at such a sight,
and though it does not scare me,
I am taken aback in wonder,
and with a little fright,
and then, we are quickly and inexplicably,
strangers from other worlds, passing gently into the night.

Under the moon

Under the moon, where hang the stars,
in-between the darkness,
so, the night walks its eternal path,
the eternal path,
that in time the call of creation has coloured the universe,
and so, has made its mark,
for in the void of light, and the shade and the dark,
such it is that humanity was born,
for in the explosion of sound and light,
so did the universe come to be,
and come to live, forever in our eyes,
and be captured in our hearts.

In my mind

In my mind, I set light to the world,
and wondered,
what if we all disagreed,
how many nuclear bombs,
how many nuclear bombs,
would it take to destroy humanity?

The stars

The stars, the sky, and you and I,
we while the time away with barely a sigh,
for in the company of just you and me,
so, the world turns, and what will be will be,
for in happiness, we hold each other and smile,
and laugh,
and as the clouds under the stars do pass,
we see in each other such intellect and wit,
and the emotions of the heart,
for light is the life that you have given to me,
and what would life be,
what would life be without you,
and you without me,
for you embolden me, and give me strength,
and I rise,
I rise intertwined in the rapture of your heart,
and I never want to be alone,
I never want to be alone,
but always beside you,
always beside you in the world,
where we play our part.

Fast upon the waves

Fast upon the waves we say goodbye,
and we smile as the shore it disappears in our eyes,
for what it is to travel,
ever leaving and arriving in the time of our lives,
for every experience and person met brings such life,
and so, teaches even the wisest of the wise.

Such

Such is this, and such is that,
yet, never black and white,
but shades of grey, and much of it at that,
and in its complexities, there is often much to wonder at,
and we bear it all, upon the Earth,
we bear it all upon the Earth, as actors in an act.

In the vastness

In the vastness of nature,
and in such glorious wonderment,
before the visions that rise and fall,
the call sounds of man and bird,
as the birds fly upon the breeze,
and rise up above it all,
therein the vision of the world in its glorious colours,
and magnificence does unfurl,
for in its magnificence,
so, are the joys of the world,
and in their infinite creations,
time has evolved the best wonderment of all,
the plants and the trees,
the human, the insect,
the mammal, and the animal,
and from out of nothing in a burst of light and sound,
so did creation come, and create all,
creations so wonderful,
and of also which to be so fearful,
and in their complex forms,
it was their destiny, their destiny to conquer all.

In the mind's eye

In the mind, I wander upon a thought,
I picture you there without a pause,
I revel in the vision of you,
and I feel your warmth,
and with each moment, as elegant as a ballet,
your smile it gives me strength,
and such hope,
and in happiness,
you carry me to the eternal joyous shore,
for such beauty there is,
where we happily elope,
where we happily elope forevermore.

Leaving for the last time

Leaving for the last time,
with no tears in the eyes, looking to the future,
and so happy in your heart,
with a million thoughts of the future in your mind,
and as the footsteps lead ever onwards, with joyous steps,
with joyous steps, may your life always be defined.

In the blink of an eye

In the blink of an eye such is fascination,
a passing moment,
a fraction of a second,
that so beguiles the eyes and inflames imagination,
for what a wonder the emotions,
and the feelings that feed the mind,

for in their beauteous thunder,
they rejuvenate you and carry you aloft,
aloft,
aloft in such momentous permeations,
leaving you in magnificent awe,
to forever wonder contentedly at every sensation,
for in the blink of an eye is fascination,
and what a wonder,
what a wonder it is for how it beguiles me, and oh,
how I hope to wonder at it forevermore,
for life in the blink of an eye it goes so quickly,
that it would be a shame to not live life to the full,
for in the blink of an eye there is such fascination,
and such sparks to catch a flame,
and to capture the imagination,
a passing moment,
a fraction of a second,
a second that so beguiles the eyes,
and inflames passion,
and what a shame is time,
when it flies so quickly,
and it is gone forevermore.

In the kindness

In the kindness of strangers,
may you find your way,
and in their company,
may you be surprised,
and may they bring light to your day,
for in every person there is goodness,
come whatever bringeth the day.

What is the sum

What is the sum of it,
of all, of every material thing,
for the cost of such happiness,
far too often, in the struggle to achieve,
so, does come great suffering,
yes, there is an imbalance,
that far outweighs the worth of everything,
for of such dedication,
when you look at it,
earning and earning and earning,
it is not worth the pain,
and the heartache that it may bring.

Of the river

Of the river, it flows,
ebullient,
and it bends and it snakes,
it snakes its way through the wilderness over the rocks,
and towards the sea,
where in its fast flowing and elemental form,
and so filled with leaves,
and the twigs of trees,
It carries them to their grave,
and from their mortal coil they are reborn,
ever to rain down upon the Earth,
and nourish anew such life,
that will spring from the land,
and excite the mind and the eyes,
and inspire every woman and man.

Strongly against the shore

Strongly against the shore the boat does drift,
and as the waves crash upon it,
the moonlight reflects upon the waters,
and in its glorious rise and fall,
underneath the cliffs,
where the rocks are,
the seagulls rest in the moonlight,
with their eyes on the horizon,
and with their thoughts upon the air,
and of the fish.

She walks beside me

She walks beside me in thoughtful mood,
she considers everything in her own world,
and in her solitude,
for she is an island,
she is an island when she does so choose.

In the woods

In the woods and the trees,
so, the verdant greens of the leaves,
do blow so gently in the breeze,
and for what it is worth,
there is nothing finer upon thine eyes to please,
and so, the mind does race and so set hearts at ease,
for in nature's splendour,
the sun becomes finer,
finer than the dull grey of winter that does displease,

for it so takes its toll on the mind,
and what a work of art is fashioned upon the Earth,
amongst the hills and the streams and the trees,
and what great freshness of the air there is,
that fills the lungs with clarity, and so, does please,
for as you walk amongst nature,
far across the Earth we travel,
and in the beauty of nature and time,
and in each footstep,
so, it does fill you with happy memories,
happy memories to brighten,
and heighten and enlighten,
the mind in its many glorious varieties.

In the darkest of nights

In the darkest of nights, In the darkest of times,
In the wildest of hearts,
In moments of clarity,
will you find, the path to the truth,
that forms in the crucible of the mind?

I dreamt across the sea

I dreamt across the sea, I dreamt of you and me,
I dreamt of us holding hands, and of your eyes,
and of all the visions that you had seen,
I dreamt of us, and your embrace,
and the pleasures of you and me.
I dreamt of us, and where we will wander,
for in our time upon the Earth, such is time,
and so magical, and so, filled with possibilities.

The door

The door, it stands there, but where does it go?
Because in its blue it is what it is,
but there are no visitors, and it is just a door frame,
in front of the mountains amidst the snow,
and if you hide a mountain, behind the door,
it will always be there, waiting to be climbed,
and waiting to be conquered,
but around it, you may go,
for if a problem is a mountain,
do you have the courage to face it,
or do you deny everything that you know?
It is not a disgrace to have your own mind,
and whilst others lose theirs that is true,
so, be true to yourself,
amidst the willing, and amidst the weak,
and do not bow to peer pressure,
and do what is only good for the soul of you.

A blank page

A blank page, a new start,
a work of fiction, or a work of art,
now, what inspires you in your mind,
to make a start,
for so powerful is creation, and so variable, and so flexible,
that it captures your heart,
and wherever your mind wanders,
so great are the possibilities,
that for generations in millions of memories,
it can leave its mark.

You were unaffected

You were unaffected in the summer sun,
you took your shoes off and smoked a cigarette,
you dipped your feet in the sea,
whilst the work was done,
yes, you of malignant intent,
and of intolerance,
and of great greed,
you paid for the bullets and smiled at the fun,
and you were happy,
you were happy,
when Kennedy in his motorcade was killed with a gun.

Sunshine across the clothes

Sunshine across the clothes of someone departed,
though the memories are there,
the tears well up,
and they are never gone,
but we remember them,
and we try to carry on,
for with memories of them in our hearts,
we hope that we will meet them again,
in such a warm embrace,
o the sound of their favourite songs,
but as sad as it is,
they will never,
never be replaced,
for life is far too short,
and how the heart aches,
as we wish against all hope that life could be prolonged.

Dull

Dull grey,
oh, would you kindly go away,
and have not you got somewhere else to be,
because your colour,
it never suited me anyway.

Angelic

Angelic,
with your Rubenesque curls,
what do you feel,
and what do you have to say,
because it is a day to ruminate at the actions of the world,
for many have fled a civil war,
and many have died upon the road,
yes, you behind the camera,
with your microphone,
the events of today you have seen before,
but does it make you cold,
when dealing with death is part of your daily workload,
and how do you cope,
with the constant visions of bodies,
the constant bombs,
bullets and guns?
Are you numb,
are you terribly numb,
or are you happy to keep being paid,
whilst watching,
whilst watching what a terrible world,
a terrible world it has become.

Behemoth

Alan Turing,
maths behemoth,
so strong and true,
we will never truly know your suffering,
and what the people did to you,
for you were unique,
and original,
and how fondly we remember you,
but they,
they cruelly tore you down with words,
and ignorance,
and did not understand,
and oh, how they criticized your sexuality,
and paid no mind to your pain,
and oh, how you suffered for your brain,
because of their stupid plans.

Through the pain

Through the pain,
through the hurt,
rise up, like a revolution from the Earth,
and fight the pain,
and fight the hurt with all your worth,
for with perseverance comes honour,
so, never give in,
despite the suffering and the hurt,
yes, never give in,
because with strength and fortitude and perseverance,
you will, conquer the lies upon the Earth.

The world

The world in its beauty,
does hang so beautifully in the sky,
and I wonder how it stays there,
for what a weight is the vision,
a vision that is beheld in an astronaut's eyes.

Walk a thousand miles

Walk a thousand miles in my shoes,
and come see the breaking heart,
come see, if you can take away my blues,
for weary of the world am I,
and by the world,
I am easily confused,
for you give of yourself so very much,
but little, little does the world give to you,
and those of good heart,
are sadly, often trampled underfoot by others,
who are uneducated and ignorant,
and who are uninterested in your problems,
and who definitely do not care,
do not care for your heart, or for you.

War

War, we make and mend,
and in our troubled times we do our best,
we persevere and if we survive, we are blessed,
for luck and fortitude can be a second guess,
and no matter the mind or the intellect,

a split-second decision can bring about great distress,
for the screams and the sighs can easily appear,
for death it haunts us all,
all, who walk the grounds where war appears,
for it is created in such misunderstanding and malcontent,
and it leaves haunted looks,
and limbs blown off,
and people shot through with bullets,
and vicious brutal people who barely repent,
and so, the blood soaks the Earth,
and fills the eyes millions of times,
and how easily we become subhuman,
guided by our leaders lies,
oh, what has this world become,
when we have not stopped killing after thousands of years,
with stones and rocks,
swords and knives,
and bombs,
bullets and guns,
and as many times as we can,
with such great blood lust in humanities eyes,
the human race,
because of which, does so often,
and so, so horrifically come undone.

The future

In this world, I have seen the future,
and we will be amongst the stars,
because if we do not destroy the planet,
or ourselves,
I am sure the sun will oblige, without having to ask,

and when it does,
we can only hope to be,
far away from here,
and in our spacecraft,
though we possibly, could never find,
a habitable planet for millions of years,
and despite our technology,
if we do not learn,
from the mistakes of the past,
we may eradicate ourselves,
and leave an empty floating spaceship amongst the stars,
and what good would that be,
when we have evolved to such a level,
as to make space travel such an art,
because it seems a waste to me,
for the human race,
to evolve and to travel,
and to still, be unable to get along, as in the past.

If in thine eyes

If in thine eyes,
I could see, all your visions in your mind,
would I be any wiser to who you are,
and would I understand you,
and the complexities of your mind,
for you seem fragmented, and always in a bind,
yet, you always pull yourself together,
and it amazes me every time,
for from out of thin air you pull such incredible things,
and from your intellect,
and organisation you can achieve anything,

and what I would not give to have your skills,
for to you it comes naturally,
but not to me,
and well, I will have to keep hoping,
keep hoping for those special pills.

Soon to be gone

Soon to be gone,
oh, how fast time goes,
when life is in the balance,
and the world whirls around you with so much to do,
and when all about you is wrong,
and when there is so much pain and hurt,
there is little hope,
for in the blackest of days,
you know it will not be long,
when life is extinguished,
and when life is gone,
and though you try to cope,
death is the final word that will affect you,
and your family for years to come,
and oh, what a sudden surprise,
filled with such viciousness that cuts you like a knife,
a surprise that savages your emotions,
leaving a wife and children without a husband,
and without a father,
and a husband and children, without a mother and a wife,
and oh, what a bitter time is the ending of a life,
for tears well up, and in their fall,
so, does the reflection of their loved one bite,
dissipating quickly,

for tears are so short lived,
tears over the sudden disease that has arrived,
a disease that smashes the world into pieces,
a disease that destroys all happiness,
and that destroys peace of mind,
and oh, what bitterness is an early death,
an early death in the history of our times.

Mismatched and misshaped

Mismatched and misshaped,
so, religions have been,
for they have delivered morals,
whilst slaughtering,
and whilst murdering many millions seemingly endlessly,
creating wars through hate and intolerance,
and with such vicious brutality,
through a holier than thou mentality,
believing each person's religion is true,
and through thinking barbarically,
and through thinking,
we will kill you if you do not agree,
because we have no time for others who cannot see,
that our ways of doing things are righteous,
and in the name of God,
we will blow you up,
and we will slit your throat,
and we will stab and behead you,
and torture you,
if you will not walk upon our path, you see,
for our morals beat strongly in our hearts,
because God has told us how we should be.

Ride out the storm

Ride out the storm,
ride out the storm,
that whips through your heart,
ride out the savagery,
that pervades you and that tears you apart,
ride out the thoughts,
that will make you turn from your path,
ride out people's negativity,
that clambers to get into your mind,
and into your heart,
for you are better than those,
those who try to assuage you,
for only you truly know you,
and to let them in would be catastrophic,
for with your anger and rage,
they would quickly soon breathe their last,
and they would be left floating dead,
left floating dead,
and bloody in the water, in the river that rages past.

We see the light

We see the light in the dark,
and we, we are enveloped in its spurious heart,
for it wraps us tightly amidst its work,
and caresses us, in its work of art,
and black is the colour,
black is the colour that my mood does impart,
for I think of you, and I am enraged,
and I, I am ready, ready for war to start.

Broken locks

Broken locks and windows and drawers ransacked,
clothes upon the floor,
and a broken mirror cracked,
and jewellery taken,
taken by those who have fled,
and who have been disturbed halfway through the act,
but why, why do you pick on the vulnerable?
And would you, upon your family inflict such an evil act?
Probably,
probably, alas.

Ever slow

Ever slow,
grief is a challenge,
that takes its hold upon the soul,
for it eats at you,
and it imbibes you with a deathly glow,
and though you are not dead,
though you are not dead,
morbidly is in your head,
and the darkness lingers,
it lingers like nothing else,
like nothing else that you know,
and with every tear,
a memory in your vision is sown,
and whether happy or sad,
it cuts like a million knives,
as your loved one's corpse begins to rot,
rot in the ground below.

Greed

Greed, resources, and the failure to listen,
and the failure to understand, because war is ambivalent,
and it has such contempt of man,
and such is war, because in how many brutal ways,
does it throw humanity to the floor,
and people scream and scream and beg for peace,
but are slaughtered mercilessly, and endlessly,
and in its sickness, humanity stupidly does not learn,
does not learn from the slaughter that has gone before,
slaughter that has devoured all with bullets and bombs,
ripping limbs from bodies,
leaving countries in ruins,
with buildings once beautiful now an eyesore,
and so many wars are needless and pointless,
and I would rather be leaderless,
leaderless than dragged to my grave,
for barely any reason at all, but, for a good cause,
I would still, put my life on the line,
and possibly lay in a foreign field forevermore.
Oh, such is war,
for it messes you up and installs horrors in you,
horrors in you,
that you wish that you had never seen before,
and war it leaves you surrounded by corpses,
and with less friends to talk to than before,
and people are killed in such sadistic ways,
and you die and you rot away,
and when you look at it,
war is rarely worth fighting for at all,
and never truly will be, I am sure.

Imagine

Imagine laying in the garden in the sun,
Imagine a new-born baby crying,
Imagine a soldier dying in the mud,
abandoned by everyone,
Imagine someone being tortured,
Imagine someone being slaughtered with a gun,
Imagine someone being stabbed,
Imagine people dying in a car crash,
because of a careless someone.
Imagine the smell of flowers.
Imagine the loneliness of someone,
someone with no relatives,
but all the hours in the day,
to feel empty and alone as one,
Imagine a volcano erupting,
Imagine all the creatures upon the Earth,
Imagine nature and its trees,
its hills,
its mountains,
its lakes and its sceneries,
Imagine the forces of nature and their worth,
Imagine a marriage with a horse and a carriage,
Imagine listening to music,
Imagine the big bang and the creation of the Earth,
Imagine a meal and the good company of friends,
Imagine swimming,
Imagine swimming with someone that you comprehend.
Imagine a good night's rest when the day is done,
Imagine a woman with a face of bliss,
laying in the garden in the sun.

There is a time to forget

There is a time to forget,
and there is a time,
to walk on into the sun,
for what has been,
any memory cannot always be overcome,
so, block it off,
and be at peace,
and compartmentalize,
any negative memories,
for you have the time,
and the capability,
to keep it behind a wall,
and it will do you no good,
to be reminded by others of it,
and do not dwell on it at all,
because you can train the mind and the heart,
and if you have the strength,
and the courage by doing so,
you are not weak,
you are not weak,
but powerful,
in your own mind,
for as a great lion walks the Earth,
you will move on from it,
where others fall,
and strong,
and full of pride,
so, you will be able to conquer anything,
you will be able to conquer,
any problem at all.

Stone, timber, wood

Stone, timber, wood,
standing here since time began,
unmovable except by man,
unmoveable except by nature,
with its wildest plans,
for of such forms,
we have shaped our homes,
and sculpted celebrations,
celebrations of the beauty of woman and man,
and the years have evolved,
such complexities from the Earth,
for we work as we will,
and nature works it, and we rebuild,
we rebuild when nature allows,
when it allows the weather to be kind,
and stone, timber, wood,
they have protected us from the cold and the heat,
since such it sprang forth from the Earth,
and of the heat,
and of its cool qualities,
we have learned of their worth,
for they have nurtured us and our families,
and we praise them,
for we are of them as of the Earth,
and millions of years old is the planet,
and it carries our hopes,
and it carries our dreams,
and is everything to us,
but we are only but an insignificant speck to it,
the universe.

Beguiled

We are beguiled so easily these days,
by the hard sell,
and beguiled by the façade,
that something new is always what we need,
yet, it is not true for me,
so, I do not listen,
and my world,
my world, because of it is more carefree.

Some say not much

Some say not much,
some say it all,
some say meaningless things that have no point at all,
some lie,
whilst others rise above it all,
some people are dishonourable,
some people are honourable,
some people, play the fool,
some people play it cool,
some people belittle,
some people encourage,
but why, why cannot we encourage one and all,
and turn the smallest of plans,
into the biggest and the most positive of all,
because, the human race, has the strangest of ways,
and in misunderstanding,
and in the inability to listen,
so, do we fall,
so do we fall.

In the past

In the past I see the future,
and in the future,
I will see the past,
for lightness is light,
and it can outlast the dark,
for with open minds,
and no question marks,
and open hearts,
so, the world's problems can be resolved,
and reconciled,
and humanity improved,
and by listening,
and by caring and understanding,
selfishness and greed can be surpassed.

We wait

We wait for the bus,
we wait for the train,
we wait for our loved ones,
we wait in the cold,
we wait in the heat,
we wait in the snow and the rain,
we wait for the holidays,
and we wait for death,
and time,
it makes us wait again and again,
and if I had time,
and I could talk to God in person,
about the time spent waiting, I would complain.

Gravity and gravitas

Gravity and gravitas,
this is the world today,
so dark and fast,
and with death all around us,
is unity and happiness worldwide,
too much to ask?

Here is Oscar Wilde

In the library, here is Oscar Wilde,
here is Kant,
here is Hitler in Mein Kampf,
here is Tolkien,
here is Tolstoy,
here is Sylvia Plath,
here is Sigmund Freud,
here is Winston Churchill,
their brains at rest upon the racks,
and here, the avid reader awaits,
ready to take them home and relax,
ready to devour the pages of their autobiographies,
and biographies,
and their words with beady eyes,
sat by the fire side,
and not ready,
not ready to face the world again that day or the rain,
but instead,
only tea and biscuits,
beside the fireside,
now, what could be better than that?

In such a fire as the sun

In such a fire as the sun,
the work of the Earth will be undone,
and humanity erased,
and burnt in the blackest of ways,
as the history of the Earth,
and the history of man,
is subdued and overcome.

Near midnight

Near midnight,
I put out the candle,
and look out into the night.
I gaze at the stars,
and at the moon,
and wonder with delight.
And I think,
what an incredible feeling it would be to travel so high,
for what gloriousness has nature created,
that we have not seen with our eyes,
and if I could,
I would,
travel to the heavens,
and sing to the moon a lullaby,
for it must be lonely up there,
and I, knowing me,
I would comfort it and care,
and we would stare, together at the Earth,
and I would ask the moon politely,
would it ever fancy visiting there?

Hang on to the moment

Hang onto the moment, and in a while,
make sense of the world where you can,
because it may overwhelm you,
like water overwhelming a dam,
and it may, it may catch you unawares,
so, hang on to the moment of peace and clarity,
where you can,
because peace and clarity, it dictates the sanity of man,
and wherever you are,
life is chaotic and despite your idea's,
life for you, life for you may have other plans.

Somewhere in the sun

Somewhere in the sun,
with someone,
somewhere with someone special,
somewhere outdoors,
in a beautiful place with someone,
the only one,
bathing in the rays of the glorious sun,
sat happily with the sun outshone,
by the smile on the face of my special someone,
sat revelling in our new relationship,
a new relationship, that is not known to anyone,
and oh, how glorious it is sat with her,
cuddling her in my arms,
as her heart beats against mine,
and her eyes, they sparkle and dazzle me as with love,
we are joyously overcome.

Of the tallest tree

The tallest tree in the world,
I would like to climb,
and pull the clouds down,
down from the sky so fine,
to rest upon the Earth,
and to rest upon them,
and to understand the Universe in my mind,
and what a pleasant way, to spend the day,
and not even notice the passing of a brief history of time,
for there are many different beauties in the cosmos,
beauties that inspire,
and how they take me and capture my heart,
the planets, the stars, the meteors, the shooting stars,
for such wondrous things are they,
and such wondrous works of art,
such wondrous works of art,
that I would be ignorant of them,
if it had not been for Stephen Hawking,
and his taking part,
in the quest for knowledge,
that was so etched into his heart.
Stephen Hawking,
who I thank in the heavens today,
and who I thank for his struggles,
and for his investigative art,
and as I thank him,
I picture his smile and it makes me happy,
for he is now omnipotent,
and ever intertwined in the heavens,
of which he loved with all his heart.

Through this hour

Through this hour and through this time, if we give a little,
we may disprove and dispel the darkness,
darkness that has cast shadows from human minds,
for humans they are conditioned into servitude,
and are led willingly blind,
and the need to fit in overwhelms the many,
and they follow other's thoughts so easily,
through the darkest of places that you can find,
and many believe, anything that is said,
and anything that is followed by a crowd is right,
yet it is not,
but peer pressure crushes many into conformity,
and into utter stupidity,
and there they will dwell in such hells,
that prove to be the biggest mistakes of their lives.

Of such great works

Of such great works, what is done to test the mind,
and improve the world,
for as simple as it seems oblivious are some,
for they partake of little,
and they give of none,
because they are selfish,
and hell bent and only looking out for themselves,
and as the world unravels,
and disturbs the happy and turns them into the wearisome,
so it is that the selfish greed is instilled in people,
and by them no solutions to hatred,
intolerance and world problems have ever been begun,

for blinded by their egos are some,
but they do not care, and they achieve nothing,
for their hearts and minds are as black as they come,
and in their selfish filth they watch people die,
for amongst their fineries and their wealth,
they gorge themselves as others come undone,
and they spew their words of greed and want and need,
and as selfishly as they started, so, they continue,
until the day is done, but alone in the world,
they do not mind sitting on top of humanities dead,
killed by the weapons of man that they have funded,
and with battles won,
but what good is the point of humanity,
when you are selfish, hateful and bitter,
and alone you sit, alone you sit,
with the devils work already done.

With open minds and open hearts

With open minds, and open hearts and with such clarity,
So, you will take the world to task,
for is not a better order too much to ask,
for in our eye's,
visions of a better future in our thoughts come raging fast,
bombastic and rapidly,
and of decency and morality, and civility,
yes, we wish for the best,
and hope that they will come to pass,
because the world is in such a state,
that I hope that with positivity,
humanity will cease destroying themselves,
and forge a road to peace, a road to peace at last.

Happiness and bliss

Happiness and bliss, intense feelings,
and of such a night is this, wondering at the stars,
the moon, the light, the dark,
and the intensity in the universes heart,
and forever in my eyes, forever,
I am thankful it does play its part,
yes, because it is unforgettable,
and incredible and effervescent,
and so beauteous in my vision,
and how gloriously the stars light up the night,
and how wonderfully they embrace me in my dreams,
long after the visions in my eyes depart.

Yellow flowers in the vase

Yellow flowers in the vase.
A book upon the table of such worth,
filled with deep meaning,
and philosophy that I carry in my heart,
and of learning and education,
so, it will build you up from the ground,
and so,
will you gently lay it upon the Earth,
wielding it as such a fine,
and such a delicate work of art,
and how fine it is teaching yourself,
from every source that you can find,
and improving yourself,
no matter how small the spark,
and of such variety inspiration is,

that we cannot celebrate it enough,
because how great it is for the heart,
and who are we to discriminate against such beauty,
and who are we to discriminate,
against the languages of the world,
that the world does impart.

There is a table and a chair

There is a table and a chair,
there is a conversation with oneself,
that hangs loftily in the air,
for it is of the day, and the possibilities,
but where the day will take you,
who knows where,
because if you have a good heart, and an open mind,
you are open to all possibilities,
and with no hopes and cares,
no problems will flatten you,
for with logical thought and intellect,
they will take you and guide you,
through any troubles,
troubles that may threaten to stand in your way,
and that challenge your life and routine,
for ways of which you do not care,
because simplicity is the best and life less complex,
with clarity and gentility,
and that, that is better than negativity,
and any ill will that others may throw at you,
so, leave them be, and let them rot in their despair,
and then rejoice,
rejoice in being happy, happy without a care.

I think of you

I think of you, and question in my mind,
do you catch a whisper of me upon the breeze,
or do you catch a sigh?
Because I have thought of you,
and I have thought of you and I, and I wonder what it is,
what it is in this imagination that makes me sigh,
for I long to be with you, and oh, how I have tried,
across the oceans and across time,
and though you may be distant I do carry you inside,
and for what it is worth, I still love you, I still love you,
even though all hope for us has died.

If by logic and common sense

If by logic and common sense, you cannot understand,
you cannot understand,
how incongruous your thoughts are,
then I sympathise, but realise this,
that because of your lack of education,
how misguided will be your plans,
but, then again, I will help you no matter what,
and I will point you to the books,
the books that you will probably not understand,
and you will probably place them upon your head,
assuming knowledge by osmosis is well read,
but alas, alas, I wonder what the point of evolution was,
when a human is so complex,
but all you have for brains, is nothing useful,
and all there is, is mostly,
the empty space, the empty space in the inside of your head.

Oh, what desolation you feel

Oh, what desolation you feel,
as fog hangs heavy in the air,
for gone are the sun's rays
amidst the tombstones,
as you pay your respects,
and leave the flowers there,
for someone that you used to know,
and for someone who knew you cared,
for under the grey clouds above,
and in the light rain upon the air,
your tears fall gently,
as the birds are silent to a ghost,
and the passers-by they stand and stare,
and such bitter memories,
bitter memories,
oh, how they hang heavy and sombre in the air,
oh, despair,
it is such a mixed emotion,
that it does not care,
and how it wilts the soul,
and how terribly it ravages the heart,
and in the pain and the agony of it,
it stabs and it stabs,
and it bleeds you dry as it works its art,
and seconds after seconds,
minutes,
months and hours do pass,
cutting you up long after you have left the grave,
and leaving you with your mood,
your mood, still as black as your heart.

From the cliffs to the shore

From the cliffs to the shore, across the sea,
to the land of nevermore,
to where your heart lies,
and in the country that you died,
I resurrect you in my thoughts,
and think of all the talks that we have had before,
and they fill me with great comfort,
and guide me through dark times,
and along rocky paths back to safety once more,
and you are as of the light to me,
and I walk the Earth in your shadow,
and I celebrate your memory,
for you were greater than all who I knew before,
and those who could not compare with your love,
or compassion, you were incalculable to,
for of such fine ways, you were raised,
that without which I would be nowhere,
yes, ever a rudderless ship, a floating on the sea,
and wondering how and why I would be,
neither here, nor there, neither here, nor there.

We imagine all

We imagine all, we imagine all that we could be,
and we wander in our minds, exploring all that we can see,
for what is there but inspiration, and aspirations,
because, to make us happy,
we must truly, truly believe,
and with no faith, what is there but despair,
and forever wanting this,

and forever wanting that is no good,
because without effort, it does not get you anywhere,
and though self-worth may be low,
listen to only your heart,
for only you alone truly know yourself,
and know your strength of ideas and of your beliefs,
and in your happiness,
and in your strength of mind and thought,
so, you will conquer all,
and with effort and perseverance,
and dedication nothing is unachievable,
and dedication is a lesson well learned,
and dedication, dedication is a lesson well learned,
by being well taught.

Forever in our hearts

Forever in our hearts we carry the scars,
the scars of everything that has ever damaged us,
and of everything that has torn us apart,
and so, we rebuild anew,
and come with determination and rejuvenation,
to make all before us,
cower before our strengthened minds and hearts,
for nothing but experience has formed us,
and the weak who have belittled us,
will be left frightened in the dark,
and those of ignorance and spite and bitterness,
let it eat them all, for it is such a bitter pill to swallow,
but what good is compassion,
for they are without question of no morals,
and of no conscience at all,

and so, we will live our lives trying to battle on,
and bravely trying to rise above it all,
for only when they are dead will they be humbled,
and in the afterlife,
they will still have no conscience,
and I will for one, I will cry to tears at all.

Unique

Unique, we walk at a pace that is our own,
we take our time, and we ponder our thoughts alone,
we of tranquillity,
and quiet and sensitivity that others do not know,
for in our hearts,
we are fashioned in our parts,
by our heightened emotions that guide our minds,
and thoughts,
in directions that others do not understand or know,
but I am glad to be me, glad to be me,
glad to be me walking alone.

On the shoulder you carry a star

On the shoulder, you carry a star,
for you, of the heaven in your mind,
what is the story that it imparts,
is it of a loved one,
of a loved one who broke your heart,
for your eyes are glazed,
and they are as empty as your glass,
oh, what befell you, what befell you can I ask,
for your look is of fragility,

a fragility that you have not taken to task,
now, I would buy you another beer,
for you are of such a tear, but I fear,
I fear that you would disappear, forever from here,
and I do not want it,
yet, you hold it all within yourself,
for you do not like to open up,
or call for help,
so, what can I do,
but wrap my arms around your fragile shell,
for the demons in you, can only be momentarily erased,
erased by the warmth of human ways,
as far as I can tell.

I've missed you

I've missed you, because I do,
and I feel it in me, and I feel it in you,
and I see it in the sparkle in your eyes,
and I feel blessed by you,
and I hear it in your voice when we are apart,
and I am happy, happy, in knowing that your heart is true,
and nowhere else would I rather be,
than in this heaven, and in love with you,
upon this stage where we play our part,
upon the beautiful Earth,
the beautiful Earth so blue,
the Earth that floats so spectacularly amongst the stars,
in the dark.
Oh, what a wonder it is, the glorious Earth,
the glorious Earth that provides such a beautiful home,
such a beautiful home for me and you.

Through the kitchen

Through the window in the kitchen,
I see your face,
I see the worry, as you wash the plates.
I see the tears you cry over the family meal,
the meal that you set upon the table,
that never took place,
and oh, the journey it was cruel,
because the car crash killed those you loved,
and how I feel for you,
and how I hate to see you in such a state,
and as you cry, I wonder why,
and I bemoan your loved one's fate,
and yes,
yes, how I wish it was not so,
how I wish it was not so,
as I gently lay the flowers down at your garden gate.

Patterns in the sand

Patterns in the sand,
and the sound of the sea,
and with the bluest of skies,
and the seaweed floating free,
the smell it takes me aback upon the shore,
and I am me,
for so still and calm am I,
and in quiet soliloquy, I am as happy as can be,
and so, I stand alone,
and I hold back time,
in such magnificent and tranquil scenery,

and I slowly cast my gaze upon the sea,
for where the boats are on the horizon,
and the seagulls are flying amongst the clouds,
as the sun shines upon the waves,
the light sparkles, and it glistens,
and it beckons me,
oh, how wonderful a place this is,
a place that I will never tire of in all eternity.

Tired of the night, tired of the day

Tired of the night, tired of the day,
I sleep to dream, I sleep to ease,
I sleep to ease the cares of the world away,
but, only for a little while,
to the nights dismay.
Tired of the night, tired of the day,
yet the day, happily, afresh it does come,
it does come again in the morning, and it rejuvenates me,
in such a splendid way, for light,
light through the windows casts itself upon me,
in such a subtle,
and in such a gentle way,
and it beguiles me, and I walk in its glory,
with its magnificence,
and my mind is set anew,
to fight the battles of the day.
Tired of the night, tired of the day, but still at night,
I stare at the stars in admiration,
and with so many wonders of the world to see,
unfortunately, unfortunately,
there are not enough hours in the day.

In the window

In the window,
I see you are sat of pensive mood,
with a view of the world to reflect upon,
but there is a calm in you.
But apropos of nothing, I see your world cave in,
as your eyelashes flutter,
and a tear begins to fall down your cheek,
in a suicidal act.
Now, what troubles you I wonder,
for your world is not as it should be,
and as the world passes by,
your heart, I am sure it pounds in such distress,
for it ruminates and it cogitates,
and your life, seemingly lays in ruins,
but I am a distant observer,
and I feel for you,
and I am caught up in the act,
and yes, I see your emotions and the tenderness.
I see you laid bare,
I see the gentility,
and I offer you a smile,
and you offer one back,
and you look at me,
with a look of determination and courage,
and there is a light in your eyes,
and things, things will get better I am sure,
because you are a fighter,
and by the look in your eyes,
by the look in your eyes,
you know how to bounce back.

Taj Mahal

There you stand in all your glory, the Taj Mahal,
for of beauty,
and love you tell such a great story,
for what a great work of art has been created,
and with such craftsmanship,
and dedication to love,
for you are built so proudly,
and with so much skill,
yes,
what a wonder it is the Taj Mahal,
and with which you the Mughal Emperor Shah Jahan,
did honour the love of Mumtaz Mahal,
who died so tragically in childbirth,
and who tragically from you,
the Mughal Emperor Shah Jahan did depart,
but, still after all this time,
the Taj Mahal speaks of a great love,
and with such incredible power,
and how beautifully,
it overwhelms everyone in its presence,
everyone who stands in awe at your artistry,
and in your elegance,
because love,
love so powerfully illuminates the heart,
and darkness,
darkness it never overshadows it,
for love is as bright as the sun,
no matter,
no matter when the sun has set,
and the sun has passed.

Redundant minds

Redundant minds,
that have portrayed so little good,
but more dismay,
now, what is it with the constant reporting,
that you repeat, over, and over again,
because do not you have something better,
and more positive to say?
And when there is so much negativity,
and it is so damaging to society,
what good is its repetition,
when there are much better,
and more positive things to report on,
that are happening,
happening in the world today?

Torquemada of the heart

Torquemada of the heart.
You tortured and tortured.
and teased and tormented.
but I loved you from the start,
for love is a funny thing,
and, in its complexities,
we are wrapped up in the pleasure,
and the pain that relationships bring,
and of the want and the need and the lust,
such a play is made in such a sensual way,
for we are upon the stage,
that such a relationship imparts,
for it is equal to both of us and in our equality,

we are both emotional beings,
and physical too,
for sexuality and sensuality,
how it inflames our passion,
and heightens them with such explosions and sparks.
Torquemada of the heart,
you and me,
are of a gentleness in the imagination,
that whips up such fervour in the love that we share,
for in nature,
there is a passion that lights up the world,
and that ravages our minds and our hearts.
Torquemada of the heart,
you are everything to me,
and I would never wish,
never wish to be alone without you,
for the world with you in it is a better place,
and with a vision of you in my eyes,
this dream,
this wonder,
it takes me to a higher plane,
wherefore thou art.
And all the words in the world,
could not describe such feelings,
but we have our emotions,
to write such things in the way that we act,
for in the magic of love,
and of the emotions,
and of the sensual arts,
how happy we are,
how happy we are,
in their glorious dance.

To the girl that I never knew

To the girl that I never knew,
I wondered you.
And I wonder of what you would have become,
had you had the chance to grow.
To the girl that I never knew,
such fate has taken away my heart,
and I curse the day that death did come to play,
for a life cut short renders the mind of such a mood,
and how it twists you up in such devastation and
destruction,
and instils such pain in your solitude,
and how it breaks the minds,
and the hearts of many who it holds in its sway,
for upon the world, it inflicts such viciousness,
and it comes in so many unexpected ways.
Yes, to the girl that I never knew,
I think of you often for I would have been your father,
I would have been your father,
and every day with a tear in my eye,
I will remember you; I will remember you.

Mountains

I struggle hard,
and climb the mountains to see the valleys below.
I breathe the fresh air, and I sit upon a rock,
and I wonder at the world in its simplicity,
so far away from civilization, and in tranquillity,
and there, upon the top,
I am truly free,

and it is the only life that I wish for,
and the only life that I wish to know,
uncluttered and peaceful,
for up here on the mountain top,
it is a pure vision of the world,
and I am clearer headed,
than in the contaminated cities,
and the noisy towns that plague me,
and my sanity down below.

Light

Shadows upon the ground,
that after a small matter of time cover the plants,
and the animals all around,
but not for long,
for they are chased away by the sun,
in its miasmic delicacy,
for such heat spurs on the warmth,
that spurs such growth,
and that enables us all to grow so rapidly,
so rapidly in time,
and in such great bounds,
for each step illuminates with its gloriousness,
and in its spectacular cadence,
and effervescence,
the world is lit,
and lifted towards the heavens,
where the sun takes it place,
for so, it brings forth the wonder of its energy to the Earth,
and in the light that filters and exists,
so, it twinkles in the eyes,

and the sunlight shines through the trees,
upon its earthly bounds,
and what a wonder,
what a wonder there is to see,
what a wonder in its beauty,
for in its beauty that amazes and astounds,
nature and light is everything,
and the colour,
the colours of life are so beautiful in their elegance,
and how wonderfully, the world does amaze,
and confuse,
and confound,
and with its incredibility,
and unpredictability,
that is its nature,
for nature transcends all in the universe,
where such spectacular life is to be found.

Get on with your life

Get on with your life they said,
but it is not easy I said,
when the memory is not what it used to be,
and there is damage in your head.
Get on with your life they said,
but with anxiety and depression,
and intrusive thoughts,
and a constant battle raging in your head,
It is not easy I said,
not easy for you to pick up the pieces of a shattered life.
because others do not always understand,
the chaos and the disorder,

that mental illness plays,
in an individual's head,
and everyone is different,
and all the self-help books,
in the world,
never get it totally right.
Get on with your life they said,
but it is not as easy as it looks,
I said,
because with mental illness,
it is a plague upon society,
a plague that ravages humanity,
and it deprives people's lives of days,
and months and years,
that could be much better spent,
that could be,
much better spent.

Sheets of rain

Sheets of rain,
they drive me to despair,
and I would rather be in the sun,
and in the warmth,
the warmth that brings such comfort there.
Sheets of rain,
they do not do much for me visually,
but without rain,
and without water,
I would not be able to exist,
anywhere,
anywhere.

Dilapidated state of mind

In a dilapidated state of mind,
how easy it is to relax,
and watch the world go by,
in a dilapidated state of mind,
how the thoughts struggle to form themselves,
and how the brow,
it furrows at the passing of time,
yes, in a dilapidated state of mind,
how numb you are with the cares of the world,
and how unsettling is the state that you find yourself in,
and how bedraggled,
and frazzled you are by the daily grind,
because the daily grind,
it eats away at you,
and it erodes at your thoughts,
and with such viciousness,
you cannot relax,
because empty you are,
and in this numb state,
you sit vacantly,
and your thoughts are dispelled,
with the little energy that you have,
and you sit in a daze, trying to think of nothing,
nothing at all, for life has set you back,
and while you try to recover,
even if you have all the wealth in the world, or no money,
what good is a stressful life,
when it destroys your health?

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