

Hello

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Winter

Winter, do not come too soon,
do not come too soon, I beg of you.
Because winter I much prefer the summer,
and you, you only make a fool of me,
because slip sliding everywhere,
is not the way that I wish it to have to be,
and I prefer the summer,
because how much more relaxing summer is,
so, forgive me, but the winter with its beauty is not for me,
and I would rather sit by the sea and take my time,
and relax my mind,
relax my mind in the calmness of the times,
than feel uncomfortable in winters bitterness,
and in its brutality,
and I would rather feel comfortable,
than in winters discomfort and discontent,
for that is no place that I wish to be.
So, I will be, by the sea.
I will be sat in the sun and enjoying myself,
because even when I think of winter,
it makes me shudder and feel unease,
and winter is fine, when you are inside,
but staying indoors any other time is anathema to me.
So, you can keep winter, because it is not for me,
and so, I will be in the sun, all year around,
and far away from winter,
because no, winter does not do anything for me,
except make me unhappy.

I sit with

I sit with you, and you smoke a cigarette,
and you stare into space,
and you sit there with that demure look upon your face.
You sit there with your hair a little wet,
but there is something wrong today,
and I cannot quite figure out what it is,
and you smile at me and try to hide your pain,
and it is not a look that I can forget,
because pain is so deep inside of you,
that it overwhelms you I can tell,
and there are tears in your eyes,
and your thoughts well, they give you hell,
and your tears are ready to burst as if a steady waterfall,
and I hold your hand and I try not to make things worse,
for the look you give it saddens me,
I have never seen so much sadness in you,
and the sadness in you it cuts me to the quick,
and I know your heart is aching,
but over what it is I do not know,
but it makes you sick,
and you cry but you will not say why,
but here we are,
you and I,
you with tears in your eyes and subject to such emotions.
And here,
sat in front of you I feel every ounce of your pain.
I feel your suffering ride over you like waves,
again, and again and again,

and I wish I could change the situation,
but you will not explain,
you will not explain, and I hold you in my arms,
and I love you and I will always will,
and I will love you through any pain,
yes, I will be there,
I will be there whenever I am called,
and I will be there no matter what,
to spite the tears that fall like rain,
and I will be there,
I will be there to ease your pain.

Shadows

Shadows in your mind,
shadows that fog the day and fog the night,
shadows that cast out the lightness from your mind,
shadows hanging there so heavily,
shadows that disturb one's piece of mind,
because they settle like a blanket,
and they cover the light in you,
and they scare away the brightness of your mind,
and how hard it is to shake them away and get rid of them,
and what a struggle it is,
for what moods come from a negativity of the times,
and how hard you have to fight off the black dog,
the black dog that descends upon you without asking,
and how glad you are when it lifts,
for it gambles with your health and with your state of mind,
and it is a peculiar thing that often is so hard to shift,

and I wish,
I wish above all else that it did not exist,
because its existence to me really is no fun at all,
and the shadows in your mind,
oh, how terrible for they settle like a blanket,
and they cover the light in you,
and they scare away the brightness of your mind,
and I wish I could banish them, for they are of such
detriment,
such detriment to humankind.

Sounds

Sounds,
sounds outside,
this time,
yes, nothing I know and nothing I know,
that sounds like humankind.
Yes, there is a hovering in the air,
a machine,
a high-pitched whining noise a disturbing sound,
a disturbing sound of someone else's thoughts,
and how incongruous they are to me,
and would that the sun would come up to them,
and were it to meet them in its fiery ways,
and devour them and erase them for all eternity,
that would be a wonderful thing,
for peace and quiet is a must to me,
and certainly not the sound of these drones,
these drones that disturb your mental peace,

without which you are much more likely,
to regain your sanity,
for they are not good for society,
and they pry and invade your life,
and all you want to do is shoot them out of the sky,
and send them crashing into the ground,
and falling into the sea.

Moving beyond

Moving beyond your love,
moving beyond its memories.
Moving beyond the heartache and the pain,
is never as easy as it could be,
because moving beyond it takes time,
yes, it takes time,
and how much time it takes to erase the pain,
and it will always be anathema to me,
because love is so fragile,
even when you think in a relationship you are strong,
along can come something to trip you up,
and love can so easily go wrong,
and heartbreak unfortunately,
came far too often to me,
and heartbreak,
I wish it would cast its wicked spell elsewhere,
and I wish heartbreak would leave me be,
because heartbreak is such a vicious thing,
that can start from such simple misunderstandings,
and love,

love it plays on your mind,
long after it has departed,
and left for the horizon,
and you are left alone,
trying to mend your mind,
and trying to fix your life that lays shattered into pieces,
and there is only time to fix it,
and how heartbreak it crucifies you,
and how heartbreak breaks you down,
into such jagged pieces,
jagged pieces,
that you cut yourself upon so many times,
and what a powerful thing love is,
and what a terrible thing at the same time,
and in the memories of love,
how they flicker through your thoughts,
and how they tease you,
with what you cannot have anymore,
and how they laugh at you,
and how your tears fall from your eyes so many times,
becoming a stream,
a river,
a lake,
a sea,
an ocean that flows through your mind like a storm,
and that destroys everything in sight,
leaving you amongst the debris,
leaving you amongst the pieces of your shattered heart,
and your broken love life,
and leaving you in misery.

Returned

Returned to once where you knew.
Returned in a coffin.
Returned into the Earth,
returned to the place of your birth,
returned to where we now mourn you,
yes, upon this day under the sunshine,
and the clouds,
and under the trees where your gravestone lies,
such a dismal day as always,
and with such grief and such loss and at what a cost,
losing a life through someone's carelessness,
losing a life through someone's poor decisions,
that have rendered you no more,
and who rendered you disappeared from the living,
and that render you in spirit so far from here,
well, it is a hard thing to think of,
but the reality is we will no longer see your smiling face,
and we will no longer hear your jokes,
and hear your laughter ever more,
and oh, how the tears will flow by the graveside,
and how they will return countless times,
and how the pain it will eat at us for the rest of our lives,
because brutal is the reality,
and how real the casting of the Earth onto the coffin is,
the Earth that we all come from,
the Earth that brings about the beginning of humankind,
and the Earth,
the Earth that covers us at the end of humankind,

the Earth where you are returned to,
the Earth that we stand on as we stand solemnly,
listening to the Vicar saying a few words,
and blessing your life,
as we with our mixed emotions,
live in the past and the present,
and remember you and the joy of your life,
and of your death, the misery, and the sadness of the time.

In my eyes

In my eyes,
I see you,
I see me.
I see us married,
I see us in a dream.
I see the day,
I see the festivities,
I see,
I see what could be, and I see how great things could be,
but if only it was reality,
now, how beautiful it would be,
and as I sit here now awake,
and wonder if you are out there,
if you are out there for me,
I wonder,
I wonder who you are and what you are like,
and what you look like,
and what of your sentiments,
and of your emotions,

and of your sense of humour and your wit,
because how variable people are,
and how much chance there is in finding someone,
that is right for you,
because it is as if finding a needle in a haystack,
and it is a torturous thing sometimes to want,
and to need something that isn't always there,
and it is a dream,
an ideal dream this dream of love,
but how great it is,
and how great it would be,
this love that will hopefully appear by chance,
and as if by magic from the air,
and whatever happenstance that it may come from,
how beautiful is love when it arrives,
and how lucky you are,
when you find the love of your life,
and how incredible it is,
when your dream becomes reality,
and how powerful love,
how powerful love is when it liberates you,
it liberates you with the happiness,
that it bestows upon you,
for it casts away any dark shadows there,
and it blesses you,
and fills your heart and mind,
with such warmth and light,
and how much you grow,
in the light without any cares,
without any cares.

In town

In town,
in town in the crowds going around in circles,
looking at this and looking for that,
oh, how the drudgery of life it gets to you,
and the materialism,
the materialism of modern life,
because is this what life is about?
The endless hours spent traipsing around,
the endless hours in queues,
the endless frustrations,
the endless boredom of sales patter,
that can bore you to death in a second or two?
The meaningless hours wasted,
to fulfil a basic function or two.

Hard is the heart

Hard is the heart,
hard is the heart that can see homeless people,
and feel nothing,
and hard is the heart of society,
when society does not solve the problem,
and how sad it is to see the homeless in the rain,
and how sad it is to see them suffering,
to see them belittled,
when they are suffering and in pain,
and how sad it is for there should be no homelessness,
no homelessness at all today.

Inside you

Inside you how swept up you are in your emotions,
and how your emotions they rule the day,
for you wear your heart on your sleeve,
and no matter what you are,
you are the bravest person that I know,
and as your tears fall to the Earth and explode,
your heart it palpitates in such rapid ways,
and you are so passionate,
and in your passions,
you contort yourself every day,
twisting yourself up,
wanting the world to be a better,
and a more righteous place,
because you are dedicated to the truth,
and you want to be loved for you,
and God help those who do not love you the right way,
because you are fiery,
and you speak with flames,
and the flames of your passion how overwhelming are they,
because they reveal you,
and your sensitivities and your emotions,
and you reveal them so openly,
and I love the passion in you,
when you put them on display,
because you are the most real person that I have ever known,
and I feel alive when I am with you my friend,
and how much brighter,
and more passionate is the day.

There is strength in numbers

There is strength in numbers,
but not if you all think the same,
there is strength in numbers,
and how great together it is,
if you do not think as if with one brain,
yes, there is strength in numbers,
but if you all think the same,
you only have a strength,
and not multiple strengths,
because individuality is much better,
to fight the world's problems with,
and it is better for everyone,
to have their own say,
and with freedom of speech,
and education,
no problems are too great,
and you can break down the walls that contain them,
and erase them from history,
if you all collaborate,
and anything,
and everything is possible,
and no problem is unsolvable,
and together,
you will be unstoppable,
and together,
the world's problems,
will no longer remain.

The darkness

The darkness has come,
and the stars are shining bright,
as the mist hangs above the ground,
and the time,
it nears midnight and so,
it is an eerie sight,
an unearthly delight,
as we walk through the fields,
with a torch in hand trying to find the way,
and oh, how haunting it is,
looking for ghosts,
upon a summer's eve,
and how creepy it is,
but it gives you a chill,
and a thrill that does oddly please,
and how the stars sparkle,
and do shine down upon you,
but how will we see ghosts,
if the mist hangs there so hauntingly,
and anyway,
where do ghosts go at midnight,
I do not know,
but if one jumps out at me,
we shall see,
and maybe I will ask it,
what it is having,
for a midnight feast,
as we walk through the cemetery.

Fail to understand

You fail to understand daily,
you fail to understand.
You fail to see but you do not listen as best you could,
and you do not take enough time,
and you do not take enough time,
and you do not have enough patience,
and it is anathema to me,
and I cannot get past your ego,
and I cannot see eye to eye with you,
and I cannot agree,
because agreeing with you,
agreeing with you,
would be as if turning into the devil,
and draining the sea,
and as if depriving the world of the water to exist,
and as if murdering the soul of everyone,
and yes, in your egotistical state you are no good to me,
and you are not wise,
otherwise, you would listen,
and I do not listen to those who do not listen,
because you only have time for uneducated talk,
and you only have time for you,
and such a discussion is no good for me,
and such a discussion is no good,
as it will go nowhere,
and it is as vapid as a blank wall,
and about as useless,
and as uneducated as it could be.

There goes nothing

There goes nothing,
there goes something,
something of nothing,
but of what I fail to see, for it is empty to me,
and I am sat numbly on a train,
as the distance grows further apart between you and me,
and as the distance grows,
how the heartache grows,
and though I miss you I should try to disagree,
because I want this pain to end,
I want this pain to go away,
and of it I want to be free,
because you left me on a Tuesday morning,
and took of all your things,
and you kissed me goodbye on the cheek,
and you took off your wedding ring,
and it is a moment etched in my memory,
a moment that will stay with me,
and I will shed a few tears I am sure,
and soon, I will be as far away from you as I can be,
but will the distance make me happy,
as happy as I once was,
I do not see it, but time is supposed to be a healer,
but here I am, taking my time on a journey,
through my thoughts on a journey to the sea,
on a journey on a boat travelling under a burning sun,
trying to forget about you,
as I stare blankly at the passing scenery.

It is time

It is time,
time to look at society,
for the problems that we see,
we see them repeatedly,
and how long,
they drag on,
for what seems an eternity,
and it seems,
it seems to me that we, the world,
we need to motivate,
and mobilize more often,
because how little time is spent,
on solving the world's problems,
far too little,
and not as much as there should be,
because we spend our time,
chasing material things,
and we waste so many days on inanities,
that most of the time,
we do not really need,
and if we thought a bit more often,
how much could be accomplished,
and how much better could the world be,
if we were not so fixated,
and selfish and greedy,
there would be no need,
no need for homelessness,
and no need for poverty.

After the morning

After the morning storm,
from whence such destruction was born,
and what a fearsome sight it is,
and what great damage there is,
caused in such little time,
and the time it takes to build a house,
is quickly forgotten,
because the destruction of the hurricane,
comes faster than in a blink of an eye,
and after the morning storm,
how forlorn is the land,
the land that has been savaged,
and lays there battered and shattered,
with the landscape devastated and ravaged,
it is such a bitter pill to swallow,
and such an awful sight,
when homes are destroyed,
and the landscape,
it reminds you of a battlefield,
where no one survives,
and where everyone has been damned,
and there is a ghostly silence apart from the birds,
and it reminds us how quickly our lives,
can be turned upside down and destroyed,
and it reminds us how powerful nature is,
and it reminds us how lucky we are,
how lucky we are,
if we manage to escape with our lives.

You

You with your violent streak,
you headbutted someone in the street,
and you picked on them,
because they were weak,
and because you thought you were strong,
because in your thuggish heart,
how grotesque you are,
and how despicable it is,
that for no reason at all,
you destroyed someone's life,
with no thought all,
and how psychotic you are,
with your rage and your anger,
and how terrifying you seem,
when you are in such a foul mood,
a mood so cantankerous and vicious,
a mood,
where you are so ready for war,
and you with your violent streak,
you head butted someone in the street,
and you picked on them,
because they were weak,
but with your lack of education,
and with the lack of compassion,
and your lack of understanding,
and your lack of patience,
you were the weakest,
the weakest of all.

Multiple

Multiple lives,
multiple times.
Multiple things that float through your mind,
because the world is a stage and you try to play yourself,
and you are as a human being,
trying to accommodate people,
and placate people so many times,
and when all you want to be is you,
and when all you want to be is true,
how can you when you feel the need to fit in,
because it is easy to be weak and it is hard not to give in,
and there is a time to listen,
and a time to stand up for yourself,
and there is a time not to bow to peer pressure,
because it will only damage your health,
and when you give in to peer pressure,
upon looking back at it,
it is frustrating to see how weak that you have been,
and when you try to be tougher,
it is not as easy as it should be,
but life is not a dream,
a dream where there is no conflict,
a dream where there is no hatred,
or misunderstanding and no peer pressure,
now what a dream,
what a dream that would be,
and oh, what a wonderful thing it would be,
if it were to become reality!

Inventory

An Inventory,
an inventory of things that we need,
an inventory to achieve,
an inventory of love,
an inventory of things to please,
an inventory of the heart's desires,
and a gathering of romance,
and how much there is to choose from when romancing,
and how much it takes to please,
because people have such needs,
such needs, and how great is the desire,
and what effort it takes,
what effort it takes to achieve,
and sadly, we are so many times tricked into materialism,
and the stress that comes with it, it blows your mind,
and when all is said and done, is it truly how a heart is won?
Because really, does love depend on material things?
No, it does not, and it should not,
and is it not the person that you love not,
the materialism that they may bring,
because if it was materialism,
how shallow a thing love would be,
because with love there is more truth,
than when unencumbered by materialism,
and materialism though it may trick you,
into believing that you need it to buy love,
that idea, is such a foolish thing,
such a foolish thing.

This disease

Gossip on the TV,
gossip in the chat magazines.
Oh, this horrible disease,
this illness,
that society breeds,
the awful need to know everything,
the need to gossip,
the need to intrude on people's lives,
and what great abuse it brings,
yes, it is a terrible thing,
this a sickness,
a sickness caused by lack of education,
and a lack of morals,
that brings society to its knees,
and the need to gossip,
it is a weakness in humanity,
for nowhere, but evil does it lead,
and it destroys people's lives,
and it damages people permanently.
Yes, what good is gossip for society,
when it devastates people's lives so frequently,
and so savagely,
and the people who publish it,
really do not care about the hurt they cause,
and make huge amounts of money,
and happily, rub their hands in glee,
whilst people who are written about,
suffer endlessly.

In the soil

In the soil,
in the soil where we bury the dead,
how much is laying there of human history,
that could turn human history on its head,
and how much human history lies under the oceans,
and how much history and advancement has been lost,
and what we believe may not be,
and we may be less advanced than the civilisations,
that are now dead,
and how incredible it would be,
and a shock to most of us,
if we did not all evolve out of the Earth,
but instead came from another planet,
in another galaxy, far away across the universe.

This jealousy

This jealousy,
this bitterness, where does it come from?
He shrugs his shoulders,
and she points the gun.
And he says,
“This jealousy, this bitterness from where does it come?”
But he gets no answer, and still, she points the gun.
And he steps back and there are no words,
and she,
she just pulls the trigger and laughs,
and in a second, he is gone,

gone from this life,
with his blood spilling on the floor,
and she, with a look of satisfaction,
walks out the door,
and how easy it is these days,
to kill someone with a gun,
and how sickening it is that they are so accessible,
and how tragic it is,
that it happens so often across the world,
and how sickening it is,
that people profit from people being killed,
for it is an evil, an evil in humanity,
oh, what has humanity become?

Delivery

He takes the delivery,
he makes a bomb,
whilst making tea.
He has his dinner,
and he says goodbye to his wife,
who knows nothing,
and he blows himself up amongst a crowd,
and oh, the screams,
and the agony and the misery,
and the blood upon the floor,
and the bits of flesh and the injured and the dead,
but what for?
And because of the inability to listen,
and the inability to be tolerant,

and the inability to be able to understand,
and nothing more,
what a shame it is that people are prepared to kill,
other human beings for so little,
and how many lives are lost,
and how many families are devastated,
and at what a cost,
a cost caused by illogical thought,
and if there was true logical thought and education,
terrorism would of course be no more.

Waiting

Waiting to see friends.
Waiting in the cafe,
watching the rain fall,
watching the rain sweep the streets,
in its torrential way,
oh, what a day,
oh, what a day,
for how lonely life can be without friends for tea,
and how great it is upon such a day,
because darkness,
it does me no favours,
and I would rather talk it away,
so, I wait in my contented way.
I wait to see my friends.
I sit in the café.
I watch the rain fall,
I watch the clouds,

I look for the sun, but there is no sun to be found,
and in the warmth how much better it is,
because how heat it does affect us,
through the colours of the moods,
the colours of the moods that upon the skies,
upon the skies that play with such fortitude,
and how beautiful it is,
when your friend arrives,
and their smiles light up the room,
and how bright and beautiful is life with them,
despite the gloom,
despite the gloom.

Letterbox

She puts a leaflet through the letterbox,
and she cares not what it is, and she vapes,
she vapes in the sunshine where she lives,
and she pushes the propaganda which she is given,
and it is a wonder,
how many people make their living from it,
peddling things that they do not believe in,
for we are carpet bombed into submission,
carpet bombed through our letterboxes,
with leaflets and political posters,
and advertising for brands, competitions, and religions,
nothing that most of us are interested in,
and yes, usually we are delivered nothing fascinating,
and nothing of any use for it is just a waste of paper,
and it could be put to a better, and a more educated use,

but she vapes and she doesn't care,
and she is paid for carpet bombing,
and it pays for her holiday every year,
and she carpet bombs all year round,
and mostly there is boredom whenever she posts,
whatever it is, she posts,
boredom all around,
and the trees,
the trees they generally get less every year,
and if she carpet bombs anymore,
there will be no trees and no oxygen,
and no breathing human beings anymore.

In the faces of war

In the faces of war, how haunting the looks,
that we have seen so many times before,
in the faces of war,
how much pain and suffering there is,
and how much agony in the cold vacant stares,
and in the numbness,
numbness that eviscerates any coherent thoughts,
it is terror repeated,
a terror repeated seemingly without shame,
over and over and over again,
and oh, the agony, the suffering, and the loss,
a terrible thing, and the tears are never ending,
and they flow with barely a pause,
and in the faces of war,
how many times have we seen them before.

And in the faces of war,
how devastating are the haunted looks,
and how tragic and how sad,
because for so many years,
how many times have there been wars,
and how many times have there been such genocides,
and such brutalities and cruelties,
and losses of human life,
that we have seemingly watched on a loop,
repeatedly a million times or more,
and in the faces of war,
isn't that enough to take notice,
and to learn, and to go back to the books,
for war never should be,
and war and death,
how often we bemoan its ugliness and its cruelty,
and throughout human history,
we carry on not protesting enough,
not trying to change the world enough,
not trying to listen enough,
and not trying to understand enough,
but if we did,
war would never again ever be, probably,
but most likely, the increasing speed of travel,
will put an end to war forevermore,
and what would be the point,
destroying whole countries in seconds,
for it would be as stupid as stupid can be,
as stupid as firing nuclear missiles,
and a much greater tragedy.

In this society

How rapidly life moves through the streets,
and through the places that we meet,
and in the streets,
how many people are living on the streets in the cold,
and in the wet and the heat,
and how many stabbings and murders there are,
in the cities that power the nations of the world,
and how people suffer from the malignancy of the times,
and how much distress there is from the financial crisis,
that overwhelms so many people,
so many people who struggle to survive.
And in these bitter days of poverty and homelessness,
how dark it is,
because what can people do,
when finance threatens their lives,
what can people do,
when Governments,
and societies and are so disorganised?

Over the horizon

My friend, over the horizon to you I will travel,
for there is no place upon the Earth,
where the complexities of life, do so easily unravel,
and in your company, how much clearer the world is to me,
and how much clearer I see the future,
and what I want the future to be,
because it is such a delicately balanced thing,

and you welcome me so openly,
and you listen to me and my problems,
with no frustration because you have years of knowing me,
and you know me inside out,
and you know me when I am angry,
and you know me when I like to scream and shout,
and you know me when I am at my lowest,
and at my highest, and in my sadness and in my happiness,
and when I am weak, and when I am at my weakest,
and when I am strong and when I am at my strongest,
you are there for me,
and have always been there through thick and thin,
and how much that means my friend,
how much it means for you were there at the start,
and you will be there up until the end,
because you listen to me and you comprehend me,
and you are patient and kind,
and what would life be without you,
and how great you are,
because you can move mountains with your positivity,
and with you there are no obstacles with your intellect,
and your brilliant mind,
so, thank you for always being there my friend,
and thank you for everything,
thank you for every little problem that you have solved,
and I will always do my best in kind,
and although you do not seem to have many problems,
because you have such a clarity of mind,
I will listen and I will understand you,
because for you there is always time.

Short and sweet

Short and sweet,
short and sweet,
the message of the time,
no,

well, never mind,
an opportunity lost, of the romantic kind,
short and sweet,
a little bitter,
a little twisted inside.

A poor decision that weighs upon the mind,
a poor decision that hangs heavily in the heart,
a poor decision, which clouds the vision in one's eyes.

A heartbreak,
a shattered mind,
a heartbreak caused so quick,
caused so quick by such a rapid decision,
the rapid decision of an unwilling heart,
a heart unwilling to bend,
unwilling to listen,
unwilling to take the time to try.

Short and sweet, the end of the line,
the end of the romance,
the start of what seems like,
the beginnings of millions of tears in your eyes,
and what a sad state of affairs,
but unsurprisingly how brutal, and how unkind love can be,
and how it rips up and how it tears apart your reality,
and how sickening it is sometimes,

and how awful the devastation,
the devastation that like a flood flows through you,
like the ocean,
the ocean so powerful, wild, and free,
and going where you do not wish it to,
and crushing your spirit,
and driving you over the edge,
and into a form of insanity.
Short and sweet.
The message of time.
A memory.
A painful one.
A decision that is not yours,
and how helpless you feel in its sharpness.
Short and sweet.
You with your goodbye.
Us, over, no, love anymore.
A bitter me,
A bitter time.

In the cabinet

In the cabinet there is a mask,
a mask you wore to our last dance,
and I see it,
and I remember you with an aching heart,
I remember us dancing slowly,
dancing under the stars,
and I hold the mask in my hand,
and there it is,

the memories so sentimental,
that they come flooding so quickly back,
and I remember what you were wearing, a red dress,
and I remember your smell,
and the music that we danced to,
and as I do a tear falls from my eyes,
and I remember you,
I remember the night that you were attacked.
I remember the night that you were stabbed.
Yes, I remember you.
I remember the night,
when you were killed,
in such a violent,
and such a horrific vicious act.
Yes, I remember the night,
when your blood,
it spilled onto the streets,
and I from my mind,
can never get rid of that,
and oh, there are so many tears,
and so many bitter and horrific memories,
but unfortunately,
there is no going back,
there is no going back,
no going back to the time,
the time when you were mine,
and alive in my arms,
smiling at me,
and beguiling me with your charms.
No, there is no going back.

Unanimous

We were united in unanimity, we agreed to disagree,
and you left it at that and I quite agreed,
because there is no easy way to say goodbye,
apart from with a bleeding heart,
and if you survive the devil, that is the loss of love,
how tough you have to be,
how tough of mind you have to be,
to pull yourself out of the dark,
and we were united in unanimity,
because things weren't working,
and it was you, not me who is to blame,
and we agreed to disagree,
and you left it at that and I quite agreed,
and we went our separate ways,
and at the end of the day
we were not well suited,
because you had a different view,
of the way that love should be,
because you like perfection and that wasn't me,
and you liked routine, and that wasn't me,
and it was a shame, and we clashed in so many ways,
and unfortunately, we were united in unanimity,
and we agreed to disagree,
and you left it at that and I quite agreed,
and I knew it really wasn't working,
when you told me it wasn't in no uncertainty,
and you threw my clothes out of the window in shreds,
and you drove my car deliberately into the sea.

Ragged

Ragged as the night.
Ragged but with a mind,
a mind so rugged and inclined to take the knife,
inclined to take the knife,
to slash whoever so does get in your way,
so, come forth whoever shall step up to your face,
come forth,
come forth those who would challenge you,
for that is the mood these days,
the mood,
wanting to be ready to fight,
wanting to cut up another,
wanting to kill another with delight,
wanting to kill another with barely a flicker of the eyes,
and wanting and wanton,
wanting at any time to be ready for a fight,
wanting to cut up another,
wanting to kill another
wanting to kill another with barely a rhyme or reason why,
except greed and hatred,
for ragged is the night,
and the pills that you have taken have made you high,
and off you go, out of your mind,
to look for your victim seeking the adrenaline,
and the rush that comes from stabbing,
with barely any sensible rhyme or reason why,
but why, is society such a way,
and so callous and cold blooded and unfeeling,

not that you care,
for ragged is the night,
ragged, but with a mind,
a mind so rugged and inclined to take the knife,
a mind so inclined to thrust it into the gut of an enemy,
or an innocent person,
a mind so inclined to let their blood spill,
as their life flashes before their eyes,
for ragged is the night,
and you are ragged of mind,
and discombobulated of thought,
yes, you with the inhumanity to humanity,
and the devil in his eyes,
the devil in his eyes.

Alone

Alone.

A single mother without a permanent home,
a single mother with a child that she does not know,
a single mother with despair in her eyes,
a single mother drinking far too much,
and doing too many drugs,
and attempting far too many suicides,
oh, how unfair it is she cries,
that she cannot see her child because of lies,
lies by the father that she was an unfit mother,
but it was him she cried,
he beat me to a pulp,
and no one believed her, despite the evidence,

and oh, how cruel separation can be in these times,
and how devastating,
and how maladjusted the child will grow up to be,
the child with no contact at all with the mother,
and with only questions why?

Alone,

a single mother who has got no home,
a single mother with a child that she does not know.
a single mother with despair in her eyes,
a single mother thinking and drinking,
and sinking into greater despair,
and wondering why life is so cruel as to taunt her so,
when she sees a child with their parent walking by.

Be this

Acting cool sat on a stool,

be this,

be this night.

Be still,

be still like it might,

it might happen, the end of time.

Yes, be so drawn, into your mind,

sat on a stool at the edge of the dancefloor,

with a rum and a coke in hand,

just waiting for the man,

waiting for your instructions, waiting for your lines.

Benny Franco, what do you know?

You got the money honey,

yes, the dollars are in the suitcase,

well, I will take them, if you don't mind,
and then, you will hand them the drugs and say thanks,
I'm all for an easy life,
but it is never that way, for there is that fear every time,
there is that fear that is hard to put out of your mind,
and you will be standing there,
with your hand in your pocket,
and one hand on your gun,
a second away from pandemonium,
and your life will flash before your eyes,
and your life, could be over before you know it,
and if you are not fast enough you won't get paid,
but you may get a bullet in the head,
or you may get a bullet in the heart one of these days,
a fair exchange for a kilo of cocaine,
but probably not what your mother,
or your family would say,
but you do not care,
and you pretend you are not afraid, but got to get paid,
got to get paid, then going to get laid,
and thinking of spending the money at the strip club,
down San Diego way,
and having the time of your life if luck is on your side,
but maybe tonight,
it will be an unlucky day and you will die,
but on your way, you go, still smiling,
in this vicious, life you know,
that most sane people do not wish to know,
but on you go, on you go,
walking down the street

I was hungry

I was hungry,
so, I ate,
I was thirsty,
and I was satisfied,
unlike those in Africa,
those with bulging bellies,
and bulging eyes,
and those with a hunger and a thirst,
that they cannot placate.
I was hungry, so I ate.
I was thirsty,
and my thirst was quenched,
and I was satisfied,
but they,
they have to wait amongst the flies in the Sahara,
and I have food so easily available upon my plate.
Oh, how we take such things for granted,
and how they can wait and wait and wait,
and how easily, I will be satiated,
when for them when all is said and done,
far too often it is too late,
and by the time food arrives on their plate,
why should this be on the Earth,
because we probably waste more food,
than with which we could feed,
the human race,
and it is a shame,
and a disgrace for the human race.

I sit alone

Covid 19,
I sit alone waiting for this virus to spread across the world.
I sit alone self-isolating wondering,
how long it will be,
before the human race is erased from humanity,
and I sit alone,
and I cross my fingers and what will be will be,
but are we not a virus too, a bunch of parasites,
because we have destroyed so much of the Earth,
and if we are not conquered by it,
then it will not matter to the Earth,
because it will live on,
and we will be gone forever from history,
and there will be no one left to be sad,
when humanity by disease is erased so easily.

Never going home

I am never going home,
I am never going home,
never going to roam,
never going to roam where my heart used to call home,
and rarely will I think of it again,
for it is a blank to me mostly,
after the death of so many friends,
and I am never going home,
never going home,
never going to roam,

never going to roam, where my heart used to call home,
for it is a void to me, and it holds barely a happy memory,
memories that I no longer wish to know,
because they bring more pain to me and suffering,
more pain and suffering than I have ever known,
so, this is goodbye,
goodbye to the place where I used to roam,
yes, this is goodbye,
goodbye to the place that I used to once call home,
the place that I called home,
you no longer have my heart,
and no longer will I see your shores again,
and with no sadness in my eyes I will barely cry,
and I will never again roam,
where my heart used to call home,
so, this is a goodbye, a final goodbye,
and a goodbye to all those friends that I know.

The world

The world in its place,
amongst the beauty of space,
oh, how incredible it is,
and how wondrous it is,
and how beautiful it is amongst the stars,
and how it makes your heart long to be amongst them,
and to travel so far,
and the world in its place,
amongst the beauty of space,
oh, how incredible it is and how wondrous it is,

and how long it has been suspended there,
a jewel in the universe,
that shines in the darkness that captures the imagination,
and holds you in its fascination,
a jewel in the universe that in your eyes is so glorious,
and in its beautiful sight,
there is no other,
no other that does compare,
and that does capture you with such a great delight.

Kill it quick

Kill it quick,
this love,
this love that is bursting out of control.
Kill it quick and take a hold of your soul,
and take a hold of your heart,
before it is shattered into pieces,
and you are left in the dark,
because romance is a deadly art,
and when Eros fires its arrows,
do not hesitate to duck,
because if you have a weak constitution,
now what good is love,
because love so often it treats you so badly,
and it tramples all over your heart,
and it will cut you up and it will disturb your mind,
and it will ridicule you,
for love it can render you blind.
So, kill it quick and do not give it time,

because it does not matter if you have a weak heart,
and a weak mind,
because love is always a gamble,
and love is rarely a joyful thing,
so, walk on into the sun,
because you most likely will be better off,
without the pain and without the suffering,
of which you wish you could explain.

I am

I am who I am, and you are you,
a gun wielding psychotic who,
who does not care for you have gone insane,
and you shoot those who have a better mind than you,
because you are a thug of the lowest kind,
and you resort to violence daily,
and you prefer hate to love,
because it is easier for you,
and it does not take much intellect it is true,
and you have such a short fuse and with it you kill,
you kill for no reason at all,
and you think that it will make you,
a more popular you,
but it will most likely make you a dead you,
and you will continue until you are in your grave,
and you should be ashamed for making your mother cry,
and what is the point resorting to such violence,
when you could lead,
when you could lead such a happy life and positive life?

Brought it

Brought it all, you brought it all.
The cheek, the wit,
the intelligence, and for you I did fall,
for you brought it all,
and you called to me with your sirens call,
and I listened to you, and it was all over far too soon,
because my heart had been stolen away forever and a day,
and I was amongst the stars and near the moon,
floating up so high in the heavens,
with a beauty such as you,
a beauty ever so indescribable,
and in every emotion, and with every sense,
how I feel for you, and my feelings are ever powerful,
and you put me at ease,
because there is no rival to your heart,
and there is no rival to your love,
and I am happy with it all,
because it is soft and gentle,
and it does not crush me in its crucible,
and some hold on far too tight,
and some to love, they barely cling at all,
but you give me space,
you give love, you give me care,
and you are compassionate,
and you make me happy,
and no matter the problems,
and the stresses you, help me rise above them all,
you help me rise above them all.

Amongst the leaves

Amongst the leaves, we lay at the dawning of the day,
where the sunshine plays, and the river it rolls away,
and amongst the leaves you hold me in your arms,
and you fill me with your charms,
and you kiss me so tenderly and gently,
and the seconds and the minutes and the hours,
do rapidly pass, and you fill me with such love,
and the smile upon your face it lifts me up to the heavens,
and the look of you, oh, how beautiful you are,
for in you there is such goodness it is true,
and how great you make me feel,
upon this lazy summer's day, as we talk for hours,
and of peace, and of things to be,
and how wonderful the memories, we are creating,
as the river it flows to the sea,
and oh, how delicate your skin,
as you hold the buttercup to your chin and smile at me,
and how great the laughter there is in you and me,
and your love it brightens me, and it caresses me,
and there is no better place to be with you,
than laid upon the grass, as the river flows to the sea,
and amongst the leaves we lay, at the dawning of the day,
and what better a way is there to spend it,
than with your kisses upon my lips,
kisses that land upon me so lightly like butterflies,
a beautiful sensation, and a sublime emotion,
amongst this tranquillity,
and the beauty of nature where we lay.

Peace

Peace may it be upon you,
may it be upon you whenever you need,
may you find it wherever you are,
may you always be at peace,
and find the soliloquy that you need,
because peace it does not come often enough these days,
and peace is not as always as peaceful as you would like,
and peace is far too shattered these days,
far too shattered in this modern society,
and peace will just let you be,
unlike war and disturbances which come far too easily,
so, may peace be upon you,
and may it be upon you whenever you need,
may you find it wherever you are,
and may you always be at peace,
and find the soliloquy that you need,
because without peace what good is the mind,
and how can it ever possibly cope in this modern living,
this modern insanity,
in which insanity breeds insanity,
in the rapidity of the times that we live,
and in this fast-paced suicidal living,
that brings us to our knees so often,
and is merciless more times than we care to remember,
and will not let us have peace so easily,
because finding peace is a struggle,
and peace how great it is,
and how great the escape from the insanity,

because peace is a revelation,
and peace it fires the imagination,
and in peace it is the best way to be,
because how you can exist properly,
properly without peace,
because the mind cannot live without peace,
and how destructive the lack of it,
for the lack of it it ruins society,
so, may it be upon you,
may it be upon you whenever you need,
because what good is life without peace,
and what good is another crazy person,
and isn't this world crazy enough without more insanity?

You ripped up

You ripped up your clothes,
you ripped up everything in your room,
you ranted and screamed and shouted things obscene,
and you burnt them all in the backyard under the stars,
and you wore sunglasses and ate ice-cream,
and in a happy mood you ripped up more of your clothes,
and you ripped up everything in the living room,
and you ranted and screamed and shouted things obscene,
and you enjoyed burning them all in the backyard,
under the stars and wearing sunglasses and eating ice-cream,
and you tried to grab the stars in the heavens,
but they were just being mean,
and they would not come to you,
and you could not rip them in two,

because they were far too high,
so, at them you shouted things obscene,
and you bathed in the moonlight,
and you tried to conjure up an exotic dream,
and nothing came of it,
so, you toasted marshmallows by the fire,
and sat looking for desire,
but the passion of the flames,
did not call out your name,
and no great romance came to you when you called,
and no love came from out of the fire,
which was a shame,
and though you were eccentric to me it did not matter,
but in the ashes of your memory,
I will always remember you laughing and smiling,
and burning everything in sight with a pyromaniac's delight,
and though your life did not end that way,
I can imagine you in hell,
and with a big smile on your face dancing with the devil,
and fulfilling every desire in your life's seeming eternity.

She shot you

She shot you,
she shot you in the head.
She shot you,
bang bang.
One second gone and you were dead,
and with brains and blood everywhere,
now what was it worth,

and what was it over something absurd,
something meaningless,
something pointless,
something not worth the effort,
something because of hatred,
something disturbing,
someone killed by someone faceless,
someone killed by someone discombobulated in the head.

The rapes of mankind

The rapes of mankind what sick evil villinary is this,
that inflicts so much damage and ravages the body,
the heart and the mind,
and how could anyone be so cruel,
and how could anyone be so depraved,
and how could anyone do such a despicable thing,
with no conscience at all,
repeating it over and over again,
and with no worries and no feelings at all,
and how awful it is that the rapes of mankind,
and humankind are sickening,
and the supposedly most moral,
commit rapes again and again,
the religious leaders,
the religious workers,
the nuns, the priests, the vicars, and the bishops,
they have continually raped repeatedly,
and are close to bringing religions to their final end,
and with their power and their money,

how they control and use their influence,
along with others in power,
who abuse their power and their trust,
and how sickening is their lust,
their lust to rape,
because is it that difficult to ask for permission before sex,
is it that difficult,
is it difficult at all,
not, really no,
it is but a case of morals,
but why do so many have no morals at all?

Homeless

Homeless living your life in a bottle.
Homeless on the street,
homeless in the sun.
Homeless in the rain and the snow without no food to eat.
Homeless and empty,
homeless and distressed,
and upset with nowhere really to sleep.
Homeless and without safety,
and fearing so many people that you meet.
Homeless and subject to vicious attacks.
Homeless and subject to verbal savagery,
that is inflicted because of the lack of compassion,
and because there is nowhere really to go,
where you can feel relaxed.
Homeless,
a second-class citizen at that,

and why is it so,
because no one seems to take enough time,
to make time to understand,
and it is a sad state of affairs,
and it seems like the end of the world,
and the end of life,
in this misery of the damned,
but when will it end,
when will it end because no one seems to do enough,
and no one seems to care enough,
and no one will barely take the time to get to know you,
and to get to know who you are,
when you are homeless,
because you are just trash in the gutter to them,
and you are easy prey and open to abuse,
and life is far too short,
and in the streets, there is no respite,
and barely anywhere to go,
that you can feel human again,
and on the street's life is so belittling,
and dirty and violent and threatening,
to children, women, and men,
and this is no life,
and how sad a place it is upon the streets,
where so many people lose their lives,
because of the lack of compassion in humanity,
and oh, how terrible it is this, insanity,
and how it hurts,
to see humanity so uncaringly,
never solving the problems of the world so frequently.

If you could

If you could understand me,
if you could understand me my love,
if you would listen,
if you would take the time,
if you would spend the time with me,
how would life be,
because I am empty of form and shape,
and void without you to guide me,
but if you could understand me,
if you could understand me my love,
and if you would listen,
and if you would take the time,
I would be complete,
and be able to dream of happier things,
far happier things than the grey vision of the day,
before me in my eyes,
and if you held me,
how these broken pieces of my heart would mend,
and how you would repair my mind,
because I am lost upon the sea,
and floating blindly towards the horizon,
and I feel lost forever and I wish to be found,
and to find you I would travel a million miles,
because my heart does not want to be alone,
and loneliness is so unkind,
so, if I could find you how much better life would be,
and how great it would be if you could understand me,
and how great it would be if you could listen,

and how great it would be if you would take the time,
and if you did how you would calm me,
and this broken heart,
and how you would calm this damaged mind,
and I am no good without you,
though I do not know you yet,
I have a vision of you,
a vision of my ideal woman in mind,
and I have dreamt of you,
I have dreamt of you so many times,
and I long for your arms,
and I long to see your smile,
and this grey day,
your smile would disarm it and the sun,
you would bring to me,
and you would inspire me,
and bring such imagination to my mind,
but alas if it was the case,
because how this life does drag on so,
drag on beyond the boundaries,
far past where happiness lies,
but if you could understand me,
if you could understand me my love,
and if you would listen,
and if you would take the time to get to know me,
I could easily put such misery out of my mind,
but alas it is a mirage, a mere thought in my mind,
a thought that hangs there heavily in the air,
getting nowhere,
a thought that most likely will only waste my time.