

A sad day

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Around the sun

Around the sun you seemingly run, around the sun,
far too close but fireproof with your heart unburnable,
and unbreakable,
because you take no prisoners, where love is concerned,
and you are the passionate one,
you are the passionate,
one who never surrenders to negativity,
the one who never gives in to cold hearts,
and when there is something wrong,
you quickly move on and rightly so,
for love to you is the greatest thing of all,
the greatest thing and you do not give in,
and you do not put up with inequality,
and you give love more than anyone,
more than anyone I have ever known,
and around the sun you seemingly run,
around the sun,
far too close but fireproof with your heart unburnable,
and unbreakable,
because negativity to you is unbearable and you take no
chances,
you take no chances at all,
for love should be love to you and undoubtable,
and I admire you for your thoughts,
and your feelings are true,
and you,
you would never hurt anyone,
you would never hurt anyone.

Ashen

Ashen and gaunt,
you look like you have seen a ghost who has come to haunt,
yes, you are as white as a sheet,
and frightened by what I am not sure,
by what I am not sure,
but you look ashen and gaunt,
and you have tears in your eyes,
but from whence did they come?
For you are like a storm to me,
and crying endlessly,
and blurting out your pain so rapidly,
and you sob unendingly to me,
and tidal waves of tears oh, how they come,
yes, tidal waves of tears they come again,
and again and again in the morning sun,
and I hold you, and you are in pieces,
and I will do my best,
I will do my best to ease your worries,
until the evening comes,
until the evening comes,
for you are dear to me,
and I have no wish to see you in such pain,
I have no wish but here come those tears again,
and again, in a never-ending refrain,
and I just want to take away your pain,
but you are ashen,
ashen and gaunt,
and you look like you have seen a ghost,

who has come to haunt,
and I hope in time you will explain,
and I can begin to help ease your pain,
a difficult task, but I will do my best,
and I will be here to the end,
to the end of the day and by night,
I hope we will have chased it away,
I hope we will have chased the pain away my friend.

Awful

Awful as it seems,
what a thrill there is in your peculiarities, yes you,
you who stand in the street and shout such eccentricities,
you who bombard everyone with your surrealisms,
and such strange expressions,
and oh, how you make me smile,
and at the same time what happiness you bring to me,
and I would give you a tip,
but you are not busking, and you do it all for free,
and how I laugh,
and how I feel slightly guilty,
at taking pleasure in your eccentricities,
but you seem to be happy, and you brighten my day and I,
I always go away with a smile on my face,
every time I pass by you,
and though you are a fool to some,
you are a lovable character to me,
and how much poorer life would be without seeing you
how much poorer life would be.

Books

Books, books, acres of books,
poor trees savaged because of their looks,
and their usefulness to humanity.
Poor trees formed into something,
that they were not meant to be,
alas poor trees,
how I revel in your murder with everything that I read,
and I do not feel guilty, but I should really,
and it is the same, text upon my computer screen,
and if all books were to stop being produced tomorrow,
I probably would get used to reading them digitally,
quite easily,
but I guess I am set in my ways,
but a change is good, if we are to breathe more easily,
and maybe I will after all,
stop taking part in encouraging the murder of trees.

Death

Death and taxes.
Hearses and taxis,
a journey,
a journey on foot,
a journey on bicycle,
a journey by rickshaw or tram.
A journey by helicopter,
a journey by plane or by boat,
so many journeys by humankind,

so many journeys upon the land and in the sky,
and I wonder how many miles we travel,
in this life because we never seem to stand still,
and we barely have any time to rest,
and it is no good for us at all,
for we with time are we not blessed,
but rarely do we have time for ourselves,
and we are mostly depressed,
and it should not be that way at all,
for it is all death, death, and taxes,
hearses and taxis,
a journey,
a journey on foot,
a journey on bicycle,
a journey by rickshaw or tram,
a journey by helicopter,
a journey by plane or by boat.
So many journeys,
so many many journeys by humankind,
but how many of them are valuable,
and meaningful and really necessary at all?

Disease

Money,
disease,
closed shops,
money not coming in,
prices rising,
money going out, people not working,

things not as they used to be,
half a million people dead worldwide,
and millions of people grieving,
and billions and billions of pounds lost,
millions of jobs lost,
people not working,
tens of thousands of jobs lost permanently,
lost because someone was not as clean,
and as hygienic as they should have been,
and here we are, unfortunately,
here we are with COVID-19,
COVID-19.

Eating fruit in the sun

Eating fruit in the sun,
sat upon a rock,
waiting for an earthquake,
waiting for a shock.
Waiting for you,
waiting for a time that hurries along,
waiting happily thinking of you,
waiting for you and your kisses,
waiting to throw my arms around you,
waiting peacefully and calmly in a day so tranquil,
for here amongst nature, you can find nothing wrong,
you can find nothing wrong at all,
and how powerful is the calm in nature,
from where you come,
as you watch the river flow gently in front of you,

yes, you decide this is where you belong,
the best place to be,
because in this peace your mind is free,
and here I am eating fruit upon a rock,
waiting for you to come,
waiting to throw my arms around you,
waiting for our day of fun,
waiting for our day of fun in the sun,
and we laugh, and we will run,
we will run along the river and swim in it,
and we will swim in it under the glorious sun,
for this day is ours and how hard fought it is,
and how hard it was to win this day for our own,
for life is such a struggle,
and how glad I am that we are here swimming together,
so happily, under the glorious summer sun.

Flies

Flies everywhere,
flies,
flies around my eyes, as I sit in a field without a care,
flies,
flies everywhere as I sit and I look at the skies,
and I imagine that they are having,
the time of their lives, these flies,
but I,
I am happy to sit here dreaming of flight,
happy to think of such speeds of travel,
and I imagine being able to travel,

anywhere in the blink of an eye,
and imagine being able to visit every continent with ease,
and what a great thing it would be to be so free,
and to travel so quickly,
from one side of the world of the next with barely a sigh,
with barely a sigh,
oh, to be a bird though, oh to be a bird, rather than a fly.

Get it into your head

Malignant and uncouth,
old and youth,
many disenfranchised people,
in the high streets and the pubs,
yes, there are those who often have much to crow about,
and I wish they would get it into their heads,
that these words of malcontent that they spread,
are of no good to the world,
no good at all,
for what is the point of them all,
for they are only bitter and vicious,
and oh, how you spit out them all,
and how you scream, and you shout,
and rant and you rave,
at anyone, whose opinions differ from yours,
on your latest drunken crusade,
because you find others' opinions such a bore,
yes, I wish these malcontented types,
would get it into their heads,
these near do wells whose words of malcontent,

are no good to the world,
and after a couple of seconds,
I quickly choose not to suffer them anymore,
because I am no fool,
and you are certainly no vocabularist,
no vocabularist at all,
and your words are bland and empty and meaningless,
and I wonder have you never read a dictionary before,
because I am sure,
with your words you have bored people to death before,
yes, I am sure, you have bored people to death before.

Go

A passing stranger,
in a terrible hotel somewhere,
a passing upon the stairs,
and a few words of advice,
go, go lightly. go lightly up the stairs,
go lightly past the drunk who sleeps in his chair.
Go lightly and do not disturb,
because he will ramble on more than his fair share.
Yes, go lightly, go lightly up the stairs,
and pray for your bed to still be there.
Because, in this house of ill repute,
the landlord does not care,
and he takes more for his rent than which is fair.
So, go lightly up the stairs,
and try not to wake the landlord,
because he will only ask you for the rent,

of which you should not pay him,
because it is the worst hotel we have ever known anywhere,
and we, we are saving so conscientiously,
to get away from this rat-infested lair.
And so should you,
yes, whatever you do go lightly up the stairs,
for you are likely to be faced with leers and stares,
and the shouts and the screams of the vagabonds,
which will only disturb your night,
but hopefully by the morning you will gone,
if you are not murdered in your bed,
for this place it is cursed I am sure,
so, good luck and good night my friend,
and may you awake to see the dawn,
and when it arrives, we will be long gone,
and I hope you will too,
be far away from there,
far away from there.

Good

Gossip columnists,
good,
it is not that something that you do.
Good,
no, it is not you for you belittle and you antagonise,
and you lie,
you lie repeatedly,
yes, you do,
yes, you do.

Good, it is not something that you do,
for you are not capable of good,
and I have met so many of you.
I have met so many of you,
and you have lies written through your soul,
lies that trip off your tongue so easily,
and you have done more evil than the devil,
because the devil has never been proved to have existed,
but you, yes, there is pure evil in you,
pure evil and mental illness, I am sure.
So, do not bother me,
for your words mean nothing me,
and I would but have your tongue stapled to a door,
but that is evil and not what I will do,
so, to hell with you,
to hell with you,
because you are not capable of good,
so, damn you and curse your wicked soul.
Damn you and curse your lies,
and your evil that dwells in you,
for you are not worth my time,
and if I wanted to be evil,
I would hammer your tongue to a door,
so, you could not talk anymore,
but what good would that do,
for you would only gesticulate,
and write such rubbish,
if you were brought a pen and paper,
I am sure,
I am sure.

Happy voices

Happy voices, a peaceful time,
free spirits running wild.
Happy voices,
happy voices carrying on the breeze inspiring me,
inspiring me, and taking me away from life's complexities,
oh, that simple joy,
happiness, laughter, and playfulness,
oh, what a beauty it is,
and sadly, there is far too little of it these days,
and it is a pleasure to hear,
and I wish there was more of it,
for it is good for the mind, and how it inspires me,
and how it makes me think,
of more simple times with less anxiety,
and I wish that is how life could always be,
and in the joy and in the happiness, I hear upon the air,
how it reminds me of how corrupted,
and overcomplicated life has become,
and it is a sad thing it truly is,
for there should be more joy in the world,
for modern life is far too much of a misery,
and here I sit listening to happy voices upon the breeze,
and oh, how they inspire me,
those happy souls running here and there.
Happy souls with the excitement of life,
running through their veins and once that was me,
and now here I sit, here I sit as jaded about life,
and filled with thoughts of financial despair.

Humanity

Humanity, humanity what a confusing thing it is,
and what an awful history,
for humanity it has never been as destructive as it is today,
despite us being able to communicate so much more easily,
and in so many ways,
oh, humanity it is a shame,
that we spend so much time paying for weaponry,
because talk is cheap, talk is cheap,
but it should not be cheap, as in the derogatory way,
because we pay lip service to peace far too often,
and far too often peace slips away,
and we should listen and understand more,
and we should spend more time,
educating ourselves in civility,
and we should learn from the past,
and we should learn more about diplomacy,
for our skills are not as good as they should be,
and there are far too many wars,
far too many wars and they have no need to be,
and they would be eradicated more effectively,
if we listened more,
and educated more because war is an abhorrent bore,
and humanity it never ceases to amaze me with its creativity,
and yes, we should talk more civilly than before,
because we have lost far too many people,
a billion or more, and what kind of a world would it have
been without war, a much more advanced one I am sure,
a much more advanced one, I am sure.

I am better off alone

I am better off alone,
because humanity gives me a headache.
yes, I am better off alone,
because humanity gives me a belly ache.
yes, I am better off alone,
because the world it leaves me in an anxious state.
and I am better off alone talking to myself,
on my two mobile phones.
I am better off alone,
because I get more sense that way,
and the words that I say are true,
and humanity generally ignores them,
but they make perfect sense to me,
and they ring true with such clarity,
and yes, I am better off alone,
because there is more solidarity,
the solidarity of me,
a less confusing state,
a less confusing state to be in,
a simpler way of living and that suits me,
that suits me down to the ground,
because humanity lives in false realities,
and lies constantly,
yes,
I am better off,
with the solidarity of me,
better off with the solidarity,
of me in soliloquy.

I am hungry

I am hungry, but I do not want to eat.
I am hungry, but I am walking away,
for my tears are falling and my distress is complete,
and a body lays in the gutter,
with its blood spilling onto the street,
and a body now lays cold and lifeless under a white sheet,
someone I do not know but I saw it all happen before me.
I saw the anger,
I saw the rage.
I saw the flash of the gun.
I saw a life.
I saw a life taken away,
and how terrible it was to see such brutality,
and because of it I cannot function,
I cannot erase the screams from my head,
and I am hungry, but I do not want to eat,
and though I am hungry I am walking away,
and my tears are falling, and my distress is complete,
a bloody day,
a day of shock and dismay as a body lays in the gutter,
with its blood spilling onto the street,
and that body,
it now lays cold and lifeless under a white sheet,
and I think of it,
and if it was not for timing it could have been me,
It could have been me, that body laying cold in the street,
another lifeless body in the USA,
another life taken away,

another crime against humanity on a sunny day,
in a not so sunny way,
but bullets in the USA come cheap,
and life is cheap,
and life is far too easily taken these days,
but I am walking away,
for my tears are falling and my distress is complete,
and a body lays in the gutter,
with its blood spilling onto the street,
and the family members are not yet aware,
but there will be hurricanes in their brains,
and trauma beyond words,
trauma beyond words,
to come on a sunny day where evil has had its way,
and left its brutality on display for all to see,
yes, horror, chaos, anger, and death,
gun crime in the USA,
disturbing people regularly,
and appearing far too often on TV.

I am not going

I am not going to be here for long,
for I have far too little time, and you have done me wrong,
no, I am not here for long,
and yes, soon I will be gone,
gone into the setting sun,
for your love was all wrong,
and though I do not have enough time,
I do not have enough time to keep meandering upon,

I do not have enough time to keep pondering upon,
upon your words, for them I wish I had never heard,
I wish them I had never heard, but they still linger on,
and they are as painful as the day that they arrived,
the first day that you spewed them forth so viciously,
from your mouth,
and with them you cut me like a knife,
you cut me like a knife with my words,
and my life went south,
and though I loved you darling it was all wrong,
and we were going at each other like hammers and tongs,
and our love was wrong,
wrong,
wrong,
and it was one sided,
and you demanded more than I could give,
and it was never enough to satisfy you,
and there was no life truly lived,
no life at all,
and my heart was broken repeatedly,
and I had nothing left to give,
and I am glad to be leaving you,
for it was all pain and no pleasure and suffering,
with which I could never live with,
because you done me wrong,
and I will carry on walking,
and I will try my best to move on,
but I cannot forgive,
for you cut me like a knife with such vicious words,
that I wish I could ram back down your throat,

but you are best left behind,
and in time I hope I will forget your face,
because your love I think it already is,
and your love it seemed so fake,
and here I am walking down the road,
trying to erase the memory and lighten the load,
the load of the suffering and the heartbreak,
that you caused me,
heartbreak that I cannot forgive,
heartbreak that I cannot forgive as long as I live.

I am tired

I am tired,
tired of your lies,
tired of your cries,
tired of your fake misery,
tired of your me, me, me.
Tired of you, for you frustrate me,
and irritate me and it is not how it should be,
for you deliberately set out to annoy me,
and cause me misery and how ugly it makes you,
and oh, how I cannot stand to look at you,
for you are repugnant to me,
but what makes you so?
Now I do not know,
but it is to me a bloody awful mystery,
and I wish I could ship you off to sea,
but unfortunately,
unfortunately, you live next door to me,

and it is not a possibility,
for you are a nightmare neighbour,
and probably always will be.
And I am tired,
tired of your lies,
tired of your cries,
tired of your fake misery,
tired of your me, me, me.
Tired of you talking to me over the garden fence,
and glad to go in for my tea,
so, glad to go in for my tea.

I close my eyes

I close my eyes.
I think of simple things,
for my day is far too complex,
and my mind is overwhelmed far too many times,
and when I close my eyes,
in the blackness and in my mind, there is a peace,
a peace that is so often hard to find,
and I imagine the stars in the heavens.
And I imagine them twinkling in my eyes,
yes, I imagine them,
and the thought of light it is a funny thing,
for just the thought of light, it rejuvenates me,
and it liberates me from the days blackness it does,
and my imagination it does too,
and my worries they are far away,
and I can sit for hours with my eyes closed,

and I can sleep whilst awake,
and I can sit happily in such a happy state,
and I can while the time away and not care at all,
and I can block out the world so easily,
and how glad I am, because the world is full of fools,
and it is good not to have to not suffer them at all,
so, I close my eyes and I think of simple things,
for my day is far too complex,
and my mind is overwhelmed by far too many things,
and generally filled with stress,
and when I close my eyes in the blackness,
and in my mind, there is a peace,
a peace that is so often hard to find,
and I am glad to have peace,
that rare peace,
and the time to finally unwind.

I feel

I feel nothing.
I feel nothing in this weather.
I feel grey,
I feel blue,
I feel empty,
I feel void,
I feel nothing inside it is true.
I feel nothing, and I am wanting for colour,
but the sun is as far away as can be,
and this day it is a misery,
and it does absolutely nothing for me,

and I feel grey, and I feel blue, and I do not feel awake,
and I do not like to exist in this kind of mood,
for I am far too easily coloured,
negatively by natures attitudes,
and I wish I was not, but unfortunately it is true,
and I feel nothing,
I feel nothing in this weather,
and I feel grey,
and I feel blue,
and I feel empty and void,
and it makes me annoyed,
and I wish God would get out his paintbrush,
and paint the sky a bit more colourfully than he seems to do.

I have no wish

I have no wish to be a King.
I have no wish to rule the world but all I want is for my life,
my life to be a simple thing,
my life to be a simple thing,
for the complexities of life seem to continually throw
themselves at me,
and it is not the way that it should be,
it is not the way at all you see,
for life it seems to have a sense of humour,
a sense of humour dipped in perversity,
and I try with all my might to keep it so,
but it never seems to work out and it is a shame to me,
it is a shame to me,
and though I have no wish to be a King,

and although I have no wish to rule the world,
I do not have time for many aspirations,
for my love is a mixed up,
messed up bombacity,
a bombacity of uncertainty,
a fractured,
and a fragmented thing,
and all I want is for my life,
my life to be a simple thing,
my life to be a simple thing,
for it is far too complex,
and it drives me into despair,
and it brings such heartache,
and I wish I could rule my heart a bit better,
and make it not such a sensitive thing,
but life is such a game of chance,
and far too many times,
it is much too damaging,
much too damaging,
and not as joyous as can be,
and I do not have as much control over my life as I should,
and though I have no wish to be a King,
and though I have no wish to rule the world,
all I want is for my life,
my life to be a simple thing,
my life to be a simple thing,
and it seems,
that I can only cross my fingers,
and see what life brings,
see what life brings.

I have this

I have this little thing of yours.
I have this little thing,
a little bracelet that reminds me of you,
and I carry it with me whenever I am feeling low,
for the loss of you was such a blow,
such a blow and I hold onto this bracelet,
through the rain and the snow and in the sun,
and I take it wherever I go
I take it wherever I go,
and I feel better with this memory of you,
because it soothes my soul,
and it eases my heart,
and the pain I suffer from the loss of you,
it is easier to cope with,
it is easier to cope with,
and much lighter is the burden of my sorrow,
for this little thing of yours is not big in size,
but I have this little bracelet that reminds me of you,
this little bracelet that brings the memories flooding back,
the memories of you,
and I remember you wearing it around your neck,
and I remember the smile on your face,
and I remember the beauty of you,
as you kissed me dressed in your finery,
and with your necklace too,
and the necklace,
what poignancy it brings,
what poignancy it brings to the memory of you.

I imagine

My friend,
I imagine you.
I imagine you a long way away.
I imagine you upon yet another sunny day.
I imagine you in California.
I imagine you in Malibu, sat upon the beach,
I imagine you, watching the world go by,
watching the world go by with a smile,
and with no cares in the world,
no, none at all for it is much better that way,
a better way of life,
and I,
I wish for it too,
and yet here I am married to you my childhood sweetheart,
but although I am happy,
I do ponder upon the meaning of life,
and the possibilities that could have been,
for there are so many choices in this world,
so many choices that are left alone,
and that never become reality,
and my friend I often imagine you,
I imagine you all that way away,
I imagine you upon yet another sunny day.
I imagine you in California.
I imagine you in Malibu, sat upon the beach.
I imagine you watching the world go by,
watching the world go by with a smile,
and with no cares in the world,

no, none at all and I sigh a wistful sigh,
a wistful sigh over what could have been,
for it was once a dream,
but now, you are living it for me,
and I can come on holiday to see you,
but who knows,
maybe life will not work out and I will be alone,
alone once more,
and maybe I will be headed for California,
to sit upon the beach at Malibu,
in a new life that I had never contemplated before,
and life is mostly chance,
and well, what are the chances of me in Malibu,
well, I am not truly sure,
but I am happy for now with you,
happy I am sure,
happy, I am sure.

I know

I know there is,
I know there is a place,
a place that we can go,
a place to sit in the sun,
a place to hear your tales of woe,
because I hate to see you filled with such despair,
so, let us go,
let us go there my friend and let us end these woes,
and let us pay them no mind for in time,
and with laughter we will shake them off,

and they will all be nowhere to be seen,
nowhere at all,
for there is no time upon this Earth for misery,
and there should be no time for misery,
no, it should not be,
and I know there is a place that we can go,
a place to sit in the sun,
a place to hear your tales of woe,
and it is my favourite place, and they play records too,
and we can sit on the patio out in the sun,
and make life a lot more fun,
and let us not be so apocryphal,
not so apocryphal at all,
and let us smile and laugh and cast away the dark,
and let us dispense with the woe,
for it is no good for your soul,
no good at all,
so, let us go,
so, let us go,
for the time is now and not tomorrow,
not tomorrow for happiness awaits today,
happiness awaits with drinks and cakes,
happiness at the bar, where we will get rid of your woe,
and I promise you my friend,
I promise you my friend this will be the end,
and we will be as drunk as skunks,
and there will be no more woe, no more woe,
and I care for you my friend,
and together let us get rid of all the misery that you know,
all the misery that you know.

I see you

I see you,
I see you the lonely,
the sad,
the bad,
the mad,
the happy,
the glad.
I see you,
the discontented,
the notoriously bad.
I see you when I walk through town,
I see you the serious.
I see the jokers and the clown.
I see you all.
I see humanity in its moods and in its rises and its falls,
I see you,
I see you all,
and I ponder you all,
and I wonder you all,
and I remember you and I paint you all,
for all the colour of the world is in you all,
and what a mixed lot you are,
but how happy you make me,
when I paint you upon the canvas,
a canvas filled with life,
a canvas filled with the beauty and the ugliness of it all,
and how glorious the colours,
with which I paint you,

for memories to me,
are much better in paint,
than in the photographs,
for it is my own work,
my vision,
my skill,
and no machine has been used at all,
and how happy it makes me,
and how happy it makes me,
this creativity,
and oh, how it inspires me,
because what a life it is,
the life of a painter,
capturing the life of the lonely,
the sad,
the bad,
the mad,
the happy,
the glad,
the discontented,
the notoriously bad,
and what a wonder it is,
capturing human emotions,
and what a beautiful thing it is,
capturing it all,
and how big a smile it brings to my face,
and how magnificent it is,
to be able to capture,
and create and paint,
the aspects of it all.

I sit

I sit,
I sit in the armchair,
and I have to contemplate your wit,
and it is like a speeding bullet,
a speeding bullet from out of nowhere,
because one minute it is not there and then it hits you quick,
then it hits you quick,
and here I sit, contemplating your wit,
for so often it passes over me,
it passes over me so, so quick,
and I,
I cannot always keep up with it and though I am not thick,
your wit and intellect are as sharp as they come,
and how you bombard me with it,
and here happily I sit,
here happily I sit,
contemplating your wit and how funny you are,
and how I laugh at every little bit,
every little bit.

I take

I take my time,
I pay not much thought at all,
I pay not much thought where I go in my dreams,
because it to me is like a black hole,
it to me is like a black hole and I forget it all,
I forget it all mostly,

for as soon as I awake my dreams depart from my memory,
and what they were of I barely have no recollection at all,
and I take my time and I pay not much thought at all,
I pay not much thought where I go in my dreams,
but they are a third of my life,
and a third of my life is spent asleep,
and I wish we did not need sleep at all,
for what great things could be accomplished,
if we had more time awake,
and would the world be better off,
would the world be a more caring place,
now I do not know,
but I ponder it all,
I ponder it all.

In my mood

In my mood such great fortitude,
such happiness,
such joy,
such pleasantries of you, and oh,
what a beautiful view of you,
you with those eyes piercing me right through,
and oh, that glorious smile upon you,
how it warms me inside and how it makes me feel so alive,
and how grateful I am to be with you because you know me,
you know me you truly do,
and here I lay, beside you cuddling you,
and feeling so many emotions and sensations,
and how great the occasion is when you find true love,

and what a wonder it is,
the wonder of you,
and in my mood,
there is such great fortitude,
such happiness,
such joy and oh, such pleasantries of you,
and how I revel in you,
and as we lay complete our arms intertwined,
intertwined beneath the sheets,
and with our hearts beating together in synchronicity,
what a beautiful thing it is,
our love and how much I love you,
how much I love you,
because I could lay here all day beside you,
and quite happily it is true,
because you give my life such purpose and meaning,
and your compassion and your understanding,
well, it is so beautiful,
and it envelopes me with such magic,
and I feel whole with you, I feel complete,
and my life,
my life is perfect with you,
for your love it rages like the sea,
and it flows over me like the waters that run so deep,
and you and me,
how gentle we are together wrapped in each other's arms,
and with the beauty of our love in our eyes and in our hearts,
and there is nowhere else I would rather be,
than embraced by your charms,
for of the world, it is the best part.

Joy

Joy,
joy,
joy,
happiness,
delightfully employed,
yes,
here I am sat with you,
the comedian,
the witty one,
the one that I love,
the funny one that I adore,
the one who makes me laugh,
the one who brightens my day,
every day,
and who lifts me,
out of the darkest of moods,
and carries me away,
gregariously,
and who brightens my day,
even when foul moods,
foul moods do come my way,
for you are to me,
like a summer's day,
full of fragrance and happiness,
and of such spontaneity,
and with such joy,
oh, how magnificently,
you soothe my cares away.

Loved

Loved,
loved yes,
loved once,
yes, you never forget,
for love is a precious thing,
and a many splendid thing,
from which I have no wish to digress,
so, let me only bathe in love,
for it is a pleasure that in only which I wish to exist,
yes, it is,
yes, it is for by love I have been blessed,
blessed with great happiness,
blessed in the sensuality,
and the emotions of love,
that rise and fall like a roller coaster,
and that travel inside me so quick,
that travel inside me so quick,
and that light up my face with happiness,
and with its magic it brings tears to my eyes,
and how beautiful is love when you fall so quick,
and oh, what a shock it is,
when it is unexpected,
and it arrives out of nowhere as if a lightning bolt,
and it awakens you from your slumber,
and it enters your heart so rapidly,
that you do not have barely time to blink,
oh, that first look,
oh, that first realisation of feelings,

that love brings such contentment and happiness,
that makes you want to sing,
that makes you want to sing,
and what an incredible thing,
what an incredible thing is love,
and what a beautiful and a blessed thing,
for there is no such finer thing upon this Earth,
than when love fills you,
when it fills you with its worth,
when it fills you with its worth that it brings.

My heart it beats

My heart it beats as if a butterfly.
My heart it beats,
it beats for you,
and I smile no matter under what kind of sky,
no matter under what kind of sky,
my heart it beats for you and oh, how I fly,
oh, how I fly,
because you lift me up as if on angels' wings,
you lift me up without a sigh,
you lift me up,
and with you in my life I wish for nothing,
I wish for nothing at all,
and what a wonderful feeling it is,
what a beautiful feeling,
and how you bring joyous tears to my eyes,
joyous tears for your words are like lullabies,
like lullabies,

and oh, how I cry such tears,
beautiful drops of water from my eyes,
beautiful drops of water from my eyes,
for oh, my heart it beats as if a butterfly,
my heart it beats,
and it beats for you, and I smile no matter what,
and no matter under what kind of sky,
for how glorious your love is,
how glorious your love it is all year round,
and how beautiful the sound,
the sound of the words that you say to me,
the words I love you and that I repeat back to thee,
because I love you and together, we are free,
we are free yet bound together in our synchronicity,
and as happy as can be,
as happy as can be.

Over the hill

Over the hill cautiously, over the hill on a bicycle,
you and me, with smiles on our faces and happy,
happily speeding down the other side,
as fast as we can down a country lane,
laughing as you hold onto me as we head towards the sea,
and oh, what contentment,
what contentment there is in our freedom,
to go where we will and so cheaply, as cheaply as can be,
for there is nothing finer,
than being on a bicycle for two, in the freshest of air,
and without any cares and headed for the sea.

Ready to kill

Beholden to none,
second to none,
owner of a gun.
Ready to kill,
ready to run,
ready with a degree in anger,
ready to disturb someone.
Ready to put the fear into someone,
ready to kill some slanderous son,
ready to kill some mentally abusive one,
ready to kill,
ready to shoot for a thrill,
ready with no timetable,
no timetable at all,
ready to end a life,
the life of someone,
someone who is making someone miserable,
ready to shoot them the evil one,
and for them, ready to end it all,
ready to blow the torturers head off,
ready to end the suffering of someone suffering,
for no fee but just for fun,
the avenging angel,
ready and prepared to kill,
and prepared to erase,
the wickedness of a torturous one,
yes, ready to kill,
ready to kill the torturer with a gun.

Take another pill

Take another pill,
take another pill to make you ill.
Alcohol in a capsule,
water rationed in a 22nd century thrill.
Take another pill,
take another pill to make you ill,
but what pill,
for we have them all.
A happy pill,
a very happy pill,
a pill where you will sleep for a week,
take one,
take two,
Take them all.
take another load of pills to make you drunk and ill,
alcohol in a capsule,
water rationed in a 22nd century thrill.

The end of line

The end of the line,
killing time.
Separated by a couple of feet,
and with a slight paranoia in the mind.
COVID-19,
separation anxiety,
am I separated as much as I should be from humanity?
And what a thing it is this separation anxiety,
what a thing not to be able to see your friends,

as much as you would like,
what a thing to dislike,
for this separation from our loved ones and friends,
it is a hard thing to cope with, but I am sure that in the end,
we will more than make up for it,
and we will certainly enjoy ourselves,
and probably after drinking too much,
we will probably be less separated than we used to be,
and we will be falling over each other drunkenly,
and in the end,
drunkenly at the end of the night when everything has
returned to normal,
and our social lives are regained,
how happy we will be once more with our friends,
happy and laughing and enjoying ourselves,
and putting the world to rights,
and celebrating the death of COVID-19,
our departed unwanted friend.

The gathering clouds

The gathering clouds,
the gathering clouds,
oh, how they threaten now,
how they threaten now,
the gathering clouds in mostly grey,
and a little white that darkens out the light,
the gathering clouds,
that threaten to follow me wherever I go,
and that threaten to unload their rain upon me,

and dismay me further still,
as I walk quickly home down the road.
Damn you,
do you not have somewhere else to go,
do you not have somewhere else to go,
because it is such a bore,
and because I have seen all your shows,
I have seen all your shows before,
and they leave me as if comatose,
when your dullness fills me with such depressing views,
views that I no longer wish to know,
that I no longer wish to know.

The moon

The moon is out,
the moon is out,
the moon is bright and hanging there in the blue sky,
and amidst the clouds scattered here and there,
I wonder at it and with it before me,
there is great inspiration before my eyes,
before my eyes,
and I wonder how it is held there,
how it is held there,
for the weight of it is incredible I should imagine,
and what strength there is,
as the moon is held as if by invisible strings,
invisible strings that hold it so high,
and held up there,
where it fills me with wonder and surprise,

oh, how it beguiles me this other place,
and though it is not much to look at for it is rather bland,
what a wonder it is to stand,
here upon the Earth and come up with plans,
plans for planet colonisation,
now, what could you do with a whole planet,
that has not been decorated yet,
except in shades of grey,
and with only dust leaving it,
uninterestingly dull before me,
but still, I wonder at it,
I wonder at it, and I think of the other planets too,
and it amazes me how they can float so easily,
so easily as apparently in the heavens as they do,
in the heavens as they do.

These uncertainties

These uncertainties of life,
this not knowing about what comes next,
there are too many problems in life,
and they always trouble me,
they trouble me more than they should,
and it is no good,
no good at all and time is painful,
so often upon the Earth,
and life is so often full,
and so, filled with things that test you and eat away at you,
and there are so many mountains and not enough molehills,
and how it depresses you,

and how life it grinds you down,
and it is as if a horrible dream,
a horrible dream that you cannot get out of no,
matter how much you scream and shout,
and life is insufferable far too often and so claustrophobic,
and how often you beg for an easy life,
but God does not listen seemingly,
and far too often and there is torture seemingly all around,
yes torture,
yes, it far too often abounds,
for life is more than challenging,
and there is little in life that does not get you down,
and these uncertainties,
this not knowing it always troubles me,
it troubles me more than it should,
for I want to be spontaneous,
but life it seems to have other plans and it is no good,
it is no good for you try to plan your life,
but life it far too often leads you down the wrong path,
and it ruins your plans,
and life is not as grand,
not as grand as it should be,
and all you can do is grin and bear it and smile,
and all you can do is carry on,
and usually always be damned,
and you can try to plan,
you can try to plan but life is a sarcastic thing,
and it laughs at you so often,
and what a wicked thing it is,
what a wicked thing it is,

taking you further and further away,
away from your ideas and your goals,
and these uncertainties of life,
oh, how they trouble the mind,
and how you worry about finance,
and how you worry about the time,
and how you worry about having far too little money,
and how you worry about having far too little time,
and these are the main uncertainties of life,
that far too often make you cry
and how you wish you could talk some sense into life,
but life, life it seems is more interested,
in being a pain in the behind.

The wind blows

If ever,
what a great thing it would be,
if never,
what a shame it would be,
and whenever and wherever the wind blows,
how I wish I were so free to follow it wherever it goes,
and how I wish I could float so freely,
and so easily with no worries and with no cares in the world,
and what a wonder it would be,
what a wonder to live a life so free,
and what a glorious thing to be so liberated,
and to be so light,
and to be able to travel through the sky,
with such unearthly delights,

and both day and night,
both day and night,
and as light as feather,
travelling through any weather,
travelling through any weather to wherever you wish to be,
oh, to be so high in the sky,
and travelling so easily and for free.

This emptiness

This emptiness,
this empty feeling inside,
this empty feeling in the mind,
this lonely heart,
this lonely heart who is closed,
and suffocated and void of anything,
and who has no wish to talk to anyone,
it is not me,
but it is a shell of me,
a shell of me and half a person,
half of what I used to be,
and it is no good to me,
but how I wallow in the mire of such misery,
and how I wallow in the mire,
and how it swallows me,
how it swallows me up and it should not be,
but it is me currently, and how I wish it were not,
because I fear for my own sanity,
and you have deprived me of everything,
and you have shattered me into a million pieces,

and I relive my life with you,
and in my dreams,
and I am not better for it,
but it haunts me your love,
it haunts me,
and I wish it away,
but it keeps returning to me,
the memory of you,
the repetitions of the visions,
how cruel they are to me,
these visions of happy times,
visions of the best times of my life,
yet no longer do they exist,
except in my fractured memory,
and in my broken heart,
in my broken heart that should not be,
but it is, and how unlucky I was,
that you deceived me,
and now,
I am a bitter me,
a bitter me, and I have no wish to be,
and here I sit,
crying far too often and in misery,
and how I wish it was not so,
and how I wish that our lives together had never been,
but then again, in a moment or two I will wish for it again,
for love is a complex and a cruel thing,
and a wonderful thing all wrapped up into one,
but oh, what great destruction love can bring,
what great destruction love can bring to everyone.

Time for a drink

Time for a drink,
a time to think,
a time to contemplate,
a time to cogitate,
and a time to ruminate,
over the day's events,
as we sit in the evening,
in a bar by the river,
where people swim and disappear,
with drunken cheers,
and where they revel in it,
where they revel in it,
and the river,
it gently flows by me as I sit,
and I ponder my thoughts,
and I wander through them all,
and I think it seems,
that the day is a blur sometimes,
and it does not feel like I exist,
or that I have existed,
and the day it has passed by far too quickly,
and with far too many sighs,
and here I am at the end of the day,
with a weary heart,
and with a beer in hand relaxing,
waiting for the glorious stars in the heavens,
to rejuvenate my weary mind,
and my weary heart.

Values

Values, so often in this world, they never seem to hold fast.
Values come and go like the wind,
rapidly flying here and there,
and everywhere and so often do not last.
Values, so many values,
constantly shifting and changing,
because of the multiplicity of the choices that we face,
for we live in schizophrenic times,
and we are bombarded by so many choices every day,
choices that bamboozle us and confuse us,
and that leave us overwhelmed,
and with such weary hearts,
oh, so many values, oh, so many opinions,
and oh, so many unhappy people,
living out their lives,
as if puppets guided by those with machiavellian arts.

Violence

Violence on the streets,
continual violence,
gun crime and knife crime,
now what can it mean,
only this,
only this that we are not educating correctly,
and that we are living in a fantasy,
and are not seeing the reality,
and it is a vicious cycle that continues unendingly,

a vicious cycle that continues unendingly,
even though we have all the facilities,
the facilities for education yet we do not teach correctly,
and morals are but lip service,
and it is not good enough for society
it is not good enough at all,
but we as the human race,
continually fail to see,
or do not care enough,
or both about humanity,
and it seems we care more about vanity,
and violence on the streets,
continual violence,
and gun crime and knife crime,
it never seems to stop,
and the only way it will seem to me,
will be when we all kill each other,
and what an awful thought that is,
oh, the stupidity,
oh, the stupidity of humanity,
and it is pure ignorance,
continually breeding such violence,
such violence that leaves such bitterness,
that festers and perpetuates,
over and over again,
yes, it is such a pointless thing,
because no one wins,
and society is damaged,
and healing never truly begins,
healing never truly begins.

Waiting for you

Waiting for the rain to come.
Waiting for the sun.
Waiting for happiness,
waiting for fun.
Waiting for the boredom to pass,
whilst laying upon the grass,
waiting for my love,
waiting to feel the beating of my heart, when you come.
Waiting to look into your eyes,
waiting to be mesmerised,
waiting for you the one I love,
and whilst waiting time, never seems to run,
time never seems to run fast enough,
and whilst I sit here waiting for you,
waiting for time to pass,
I wish that I could kill time with a gun,
but I know it is impossible,
and time always has the last laugh.

What wild wild woods

What wild wild woods these are.
What wild wild places that I roam,
and what wild wild places that I roam over muddy paths,
and over rocks and boulders and across the lakes,
the clear lakes and the muddied lakes,
and across the streams and the rivers where I go,
where I go.

What wild wild woods these are,
what wild wild places that I roam,
and what wild wild places I see,
before me as the wolves do roam,
and what a beautiful place it is their home,
and I,
I never in nature do feel alone,
I never feel alone in nature,
for it envelopes me like a blanket,
and it thrills me even when I am chilled to the bone,
and I am happiest alone,
happiest alone,
in these wild wild woods,
where I roam,
where I roam.

Who are you

Who are you, who are you?
Do you really know yourself,
do you truly know you,
and have you listened to your heart lately,
and have you listened to you,
have you given yourself time to understand you,
for far too often in this modern life there is no time,
no time for you,
and there is only time for fleeting moments,
and not much more than a few minutes,
or an hour or two for you,
and in the scheme of things,

what good can such a short time do,
because we all race around like crazy,
and we barely have time to stand still,
and of the good life we never have our fill,
and there are far too little thrills,
and it is of great detriment to me,
and you and far too often it makes us ill,
it far too often makes us ill,
and we do not have time to reflect and correct,
correct our problems and they continually pile up,
and what good does that do,
because it can only put us in an early grave,
and there are far too many lives lost that way,
and we need much more time for ourselves,
than we generally realise and than we do,
for how often life it so often drives us to despair,
and we are at a loss as to what to do,
and we continually feel the pressure of life,
we continually feel the strife of the chaos created by us,
and there is only generally misery in living this way,
and you generally do not have the time to think of you,
you do not have the time to think of who you are,
for time goes by faster than you think,
and we are generally worn out by life,
worn out by life and dead,
before we even know who we truly are,
and before we have generally even accomplished,
what we have set out to achieve,
what is the point in life with joy and no happiness,
and only struggle and strife, only struggle and strife.

You came to life

You came to life the minute you walked in the room.
You came to life like the summer,
but you were gone by June,
yes, you came to life, but you were,
really no one who anyone knew.
and you went to all the parties, and you socialised,
and with your beauty, and your pretty eyes,
you mesmerised all around,
and you told me you were an actress,
and you had such elegance as you crossed the room,
and you certainly knew how to tell a joke or two,
but you were gone by June,
you were gone by June, and I still remember you,
yes you, with your blonde hair,
and those blue eyes shining so true,
shining with enthusiasm and light,
oh, how great you could have been in,
whatever you chose to do,
and here you were at the beginning of a career,
socialising and networking,
and though I only got to say goodbye to you,
you endeared me to you with your wit and your charm,
and sadly, you were someone,
who I never got to say goodbye to,
a social butterfly, floating here and there,
who tried to advance your career,
a woman who seemed to be getting somewhere,
oh, angelic you, angelic you,

you, who left at dawn for a casting shoot,
but you were never seen again except upon a hillside,
in Los Angeles where you were found,
where you were found with your body,
partially buried in the hills,
from where you must have looked down,
under the starry night,
at Hollywood, Hollywood one last time,
somewhere where previously where you hoped someday,
to have your star upon the boulevard,
after you had made it in the town,
another person with unfulfilled dreams,
another person whose life was lost far too early,
taken by someone who had shown you around,
someone you explained your hopes and dreams to,
someone who told you how great you were,
someone who drove you up to the hills,
someone who could not take no for an answer and,
who then killed you, under the starry heavens,
upon the hillside, where you were found.
And now, there is only sadness,
and in the fleeting moment, that I knew you,
I knew your heart and you had the biggest one around,
so, rest in peace, rest in peace,
and I will think of you in heaven now,
I will think of you in heaven now taking your place as a star,
for Earth was cruel to you, but you could have gone far,
so, rest in peace in heaven,
where you will shine down upon us all,
as we look up at you from afar, you distant shining star.