

An empty glass

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A long walk in the Caribbean

A long walk amongst the trees and the plants,
and the ferns and the lush vegetation,
a tropical climb up,
up hills with views of the Caribbean seas,
and with views of the glorious sandy beaches,
oh, how beautiful it is a long walk amongst the trees,
and the plants and the ferns and the lush vegetation,
a long walk with you in the beauty of the Caribbean islands,
hand in hand with the sunlight in our eyes,
in the relaxed atmosphere of the Caribbean,
with you and me as relaxed as can be,
and as we stand amongst the lush greenery,
looking down at our boat in the harbour,
and at the sailing boats on the horizon,
oh, what beauty there is to see,
far away from the hustle and the bustle of the cities,
far away the noise, and happy to be just you and me,
taking time out from life, and not missing our old life at all,
not missing it one bit and revelling under the sun,
and looking out to sea,
and looking along the coast to the nearest town,
and at the people on the beaches,
who are as happy and as relaxed as can be,
and who are sharing a kiss or two,
between the lush vegetation,
overlooking the beautiful tranquil glorious Caribbean Sea.

Acting

Fake happiness,
acting out this feeling, being untrue,
pretending to be happy when it is not true,
oh, how often we do it,
but why is there such misery,
now, I have not a clue,
for it truly baffles me,
and it irritates me too,
and oh, how silly it is, how silly,
and I wish the world could see,
a reflection of the physicality,
of all the miserable people in the world,
displayed before them,
and then, maybe they would realise,
there is something seriously wrong with society,
and take it seriously,
because the mental health of the world,
is not as good as it should be,
but people amble on blindly far too often,
and often are their own worst enemies,
and so many instead fake happiness,
and oh, how I wish society was happier than it is,
and there were not so many problems plaguing the world,
and how I wish there were not so many people,
having to fake happiness to placate people,
and how I wish there was more happiness in society,
I truly do,
I truly do.

An empty glass

A clown standing,
a clown wearing around his waist the Earth,
an empty glass,
a broken heart,
a wave of the hand,
a dismissive art,
a heartbroken face.

A mime artist.

A tragedy that you cannot quite place,
until he pulls his problems as if from out of his heart,
the problems of the world pulled out in sufferance,
and as a piece of art.

And as he cries the tears of a clown,
he sits down and the clown slumps upon a chair,
with the world watching,
a clown,
with all the problems of the world upon his shoulders,
the clown the symbol of humanity,
the fragility,
the tragedy,
and with the symbols of the problems of the world,
now held in his hands,
environmental damage,
disease, racism, rape,
inequality.

Greed, jealousy, poverty.

Famine,
drought,

war and death,
and yes, as he does, a crowd watches,
and drinks,
and laughs,
and celebrates and points, waves and jeers,
and laughs and cries tears of joy,
and no one helps,
no one helps but they pickpocket him,
and they plunder his wealth,
and everyone parties and enjoys themselves,
whilst the clown suffers emotionally and physically,
and suffers in agony and in pain,
and suffers for his mental health.

And so, shall we see

In humanity and so, shall we see,
and so, shall we see,
the nature of life and its depravity,
and so, shall we see,
what savagery is yet to be,
what savagery,
because I think I have seen it all,
and it destroys me,
it destroys me constantly,
for there is so much war,
so much blood,
so many deaths,
online,
and upon my TV,

and in the newspapers,
and in the magazines,
and oh,
how terrible it is,
and it should not be this barbarity,
but nothing would surprise me,
nothing at all if we conjure up some new infernal machine,
some new infernal machine,
capable of destroying whole continents in a second or two,
a new infernal machine,
that can destroy humanity,
much better than we used to be able to do,
a much more efficient barbarity,
yes, it would not surprise me.

At the end of the day

At the end of the day,
do not take this the wrong way,
at the end of the day, you stay on your side,
and I will stay on mine,
for you wriggle like you have been electrified,
you wriggle like you have been electrified in bed,
in the evening time,
and I cannot get any sleep,
and I have no wish to count sheep,
until I can sleep,
so, you stay on your side of the bed,
and I will stay on mine,
and we will sleep just fine.

Big bang

There is no doom and gloom in this place,
there are only happy faces, happy people without a care,
yes, there is no doom and gloom in this place,
none, which is rare,
there are only happy faces with all the Gods,
not just one God,
sitting, and laughing and talking with everyone there,
and it is an unusual place,
filled with trees and gardens and swimming pools,
and orchards filled with fruit everywhere,
and I ask the Gods what it is called,
but they do not know as they have not named it yet,
and they lived somewhere else that they forget,
and they say,
they are having trouble with their memories,
jokingly,
then begin going on in great detail,
about the creation of the universe and the big bang,
and all the Gods except Thor,
shout in unison that it was Thor,
and they explain that he got frustrated whilst cooking,
and used his hammer to smash up some ingredients,
and there was a massive explosion,
and the big bang happened,
and all the other Gods laughed and roared,
and then they did not know what to do with it all,
so, they left it and put it in their cupboard,
and after several months,

whilst they were drinking and playing cards,
from out of the cupboard, they heard voices,
voices that they had never heard before,
what is that they all asked,
and the voices seemed to be coming from inside their
cupboard where the big bang was stored,
and they shouted into the big bang,
and the voices asked who you are,
and they introduced themselves,
and came up with the name humans for the lifeforms,
that were sitting on a round blue place,
somewhere in the big bang that they had never seen before,
and the humans said hello,
and shouted that they were bored,
and they said that they had problems,
with something trying to eat them,
and the Gods looked a little closer,
and saw these massive creatures,
much larger than humans,
with extremely large teeth,
who seemed to enjoy eating the humans,
humans who could not run away fast enough,
and the Gods called them dinosaurs,
and the Gods,
they talked amongst themselves for a moment,
and then came up with a plan,
and there were these big rocks,
big rocks floating around in the blackness,
around the blue orb,
so, they flicked these rocks at all the dinosaurs,

including the small ones and they were no more,
totally destroyed,
and all the Gods afterwards felt a bit bad about it,
and they did not want to kill anything else there anymore,
so, they said goodbye to the humans,
and the Gods went back to playing cards,
and the humans over the following months,
became more talkative,
and kept asking questions constantly,
so, they decided to teach the humans how to read and write,
and decided to write to them as often as they could,
and the humans asked how the blue orb was created,
the place where they lived,
and they said in unison,
"Ask Thor!".

Buried

Buried in the Earth,
a little piece of you that you gave to me as a present,
a heart shaped crystal upon a gold chain
a heart shaped crystal upon a gold chain,
that now contains my memories of you,
yes, there, underneath the soil every time I visit you,
a memory of you,
a memory of you in my mind,
the memory of the day that you gave it to me,
and as fresh in my mind, as fresh as those roses over there,
a heart shape crystal upon a gold chain buried in the Earth,
a little piece of you that I used to carry everywhere,

and when you were not with me,
I used to hold it,
hold it to my heart to feel close to you,
and with it I felt lucky,
and with you I was lucky,
and this heart shape crystal upon a gold chain,
that contains my shared memories of you,
and now it is buried in the Earth,
and as I stand here, we still share it we do,
we share it, and it contains so many memories,
of me and you, the present you gave to me,
the heart shaped crystal upon the gold chain,
that I took wherever we went to,
memories of you, memories of you,
as I stand beside you in the graveyard,
under the skies so blue.

But a little

But a little of you,
but a little of you,
a little of you that does colour my view,
but a little of you,
for most of you I like but there is that vicious streak in you,
a vicious streak,
and I do not like to see it in you,
the jealous you,
the jealous you that flares up,
more often than it should do,
and what am I do,

because I love you,
because I love you, but it is painful to view,
when you rant and you rage,
and you complain,
and you berate me,
and you jump to conclusions,
and you think I am doing something wrong,
but it is not me,
and you do not like it one bit,
when I point it out to you,
and you fly off the handle you really do,
and my mental health suffers,
and it is but a little of you,
a little of you that does colour my view,
but yes,
I still love you,
I still love you.

Careless driving

Were you,
were you filled with remorse,
were you numb,
were you crying,
did it shock you to the core,
did it shock you to the core,
to see someone dying before your eyes,
when you caused the death of someone,
the death of someone in a car crash,
through careless driving,

the cause of a mother and fathers,
and sisters and brothers' sighs,
millions of sighs,
millions of tears in the eyes afterwards and forevermore,
millions of sighs that should have never been,
millions of tears that should never have been,
and in that split second,
when you realised that you had killed someone,
did your heart sink like a stone,
did you think anything at all,
did you realise the gravity of what you had done?
Did you feel like a killer instantly,
or did it take a while to sink in,
or do you still believe it was an accident,
and do you tell yourself that it was nobody's fault,
when you were called the guilty one?
And do you cry at all,
do you cry over the death that you caused?
Do you feel shame and remorse,
at what you have done?
Does it haunt you day and night,
from the rising of the sun,
to the night filled,
with the stars in the heavens,
for up there in the heavens,
maybe each one,
maybe each one is a star,
each star is a person gone to heaven,
and do you wonder,
about the person's life that you took away,

do you wonder,
about what they would have become?
Do you wonder,
what they would have become,
had they lived?
And do you feel dumb,
do you feel numb,
angry at yourself,
and do you feel sad at the life taken,
do you think of them at all,
do you think of them in the morning,
and at night,
and do you suffer at all?
And have you sent your condolences,
to the family for this tragedy?
And did you ask for forgiveness?
And are you haunted by it all,
are you still haunted by it all?

Cars in the rain

Cars in the rain,
coming and going,
coming and going away,
coming and going away,
and that sound of the rainwater upon the road,
is gentle in its way,
and as I sit,
dull is the day,
but soothing in a soporific way,

and it helps me think,
it helps me clear the way,
it helps me clear the way of clutter,
and my thoughts,
my thoughts they come more easily,
the sound of cars,
cars coming and going past and away,
how it softens the mind,
and it brings such calmness,
calmness of mind,
as the cars come and go away into the distance,
cars in the rain,
coming and going,
coming and going away,
and that sound of the rainwater, is gentle in its way,
and here I sit,
with the light dull and grey,
but happy,
thinking away the day, thinking away the day.

Clouds

Ebullient, beautiful, glorious, and bounteous,
oh, what magic there is in the sky every day,
and how many fluffy clouds of all shapes there are,
fluffy clouds so disparate in their shape and size,
that come and go every day,
gentle giants, and smaller ones,
all with their own characters which abound,
and reform continually,

and that are so fluctuating in the sky where they play,
and what blue skies of all gradients and shades,
and what magnificence that beguiles the eyes,
that beguiles the eyes in a most magnificent way,
and how ebullient they are,
the clouds even when they are coloured grey,
with the light pouring through them,
and oh, how beautiful and glorious the bounteous the sun,
that shines upon me, with all the power of its heavenly rays,
and what a wonder to wander upon with the eyes,
and what magical surprises come my way,
and oh, how the sight inspires the mind,
and how my heart leaps at the sights before me,
as I lay upon the grass in the heat of the day,
and how grandly nature works its art before me,
and how grandly nature's mysteries intrigue me,
as I lay here staring up at the sky,
and the birds, and as the birds,
they fly on their heavenly way.

Come dance with me

My darling,
come and dance with me,
come and let me see your smile,
come and dance with me and romance me a while,
yes, come and hold me,
and let us dance in the glade beneath the trees,
and let me look into your eyes,
those gorgeous eyes as beautiful as can be,

and come and dance with me,
and let us dance romantically,
and slowly in the glade surrounded by the trees,
our favourite place,
our favourite place to be, just you and me,
dancing slowly in the breeze, turning slowly,
hand in hand as we look into each other's eyes,
and you mesmerise me, you mesmerise me,
and we dance gently and kiss softly,
as the leaves whisper on the trees,
we kiss softly as the leaves whisper on the trees,
and I kiss you, and you kiss me,
you kiss me so tenderly,
and oh, how beautiful you look,
and how radiant you are before me,
as we dance in the glade,
underneath the trees,
and oh, how we kiss, again, and again so gently,
as gently as the wind,
that whispers through the leaves upon the trees.

Damaged beyond belief

Damaged beyond belief,
and crying with such tears,
such tears,
and endless grief,
as you stand before me with a broken heart,
shattered into pieces,
and with such pain inside you,

and seemingly no relief,
and more tears, more tears and never-ending grief,
and sighs that seemingly last for years,
and memories wiped,
by far too many alcoholic days and nights,
memories wiped in the tragedy of so many of your years,
so many of your years that can never be put right,
and what you remember is not memorable at all,
in between the booze and the cigarettes,
there is emptiness, emptiness, and fear,
fear of it happening again,
fear as you try your best to stay away,
from alcohol, cigarettes, and all,
and all those people who are like vultures,
and who feed off you,
and who only have their best interests at heart,
and who do not care about you,
and your mental health at all,
and what a great struggle it truly is,
and how insufferable it is so often,
but you are doing your best, you are doing your best,
and all I can do is encourage you,
and it is a rocky road recovery,
but I know you, you are tougher than you look,
and I, I am proud of you,
and no matter what,
no matter what I will be here with you through it all,
I will be here,
here to pick you up when you stumble and fall,
when you stumble and fall.

Day

The working day comes and goes far too slowly,
for the hours they fly by,
and there is not much to please me,
and it is but a drudgery,
and it erodes my mental capacity,
and oh,
what a boring thing the day can be,
all work,
all work and not much fun at all and only misery,
oh, the working day it comes and goes far too slowly,
and the evening it cannot come fast enough,
and what a pleasure it will be,
what a pleasure it will be,
what a pleasure,
as I sit down to my dinner with a glass of
wine and good company,
and what a pleasure it will be,
as I relax,
afterwards by the fireside,
what a pleasure it will be,
and much better than the working,
day that crawls along,
like a snail and depresses me,
and it is but a drudgery,
and how awfully it erodes my mental capacity,
and how it grinds me down with the inanity,
and the lack of variety,
and truly I think,

sitting behind a desk all day is not for me,
and I must get out more,
I must get outdoors more,
and now, that would be the life for me,
that would be the life for me,
and the life I want,
yes,
please,
no more of this dull mundane working day,
no more for me,
for it is time for a change,
I think as I sit by the fireside with the one, I love,
time for a change,
a pleasing thought,
a pleasing thought,
that I revel in so happily.

Definition

I cannot see anything,
and attempting to see anything in this state,
is a mistake for there is no clarity in this state,
for the only definition is a cloudy vision,
oh, what am I to say,
oh, what am I to say,
for I cannot see where I should be,
and my vision is as blurry as can be,
and the path I think I am far from it,
far from where I should be,
and it is a mystery which way I should go,

and I cannot truly see,
but I know where I want to be,
I want to be with you,
I want to be with you,
yes, I do,
and I am little drunk you see,
and staggering down the street,
well, drunk is an understatement,
but it brings humour to all those that I see,
and if eventually I find my home,
and I am not found asleep up a tree,
will you hold me,
and will you cuddle me and kiss me,
in my self-inflicted misery,
I hope so,
and I will persevere,
because your arms and your warmth,
is much better than being found asleep naked in a tree.

Discipline

Oh, what it takes to create, discipline and dedication,
hard work and effort and inspiration to fire the imagination,
and how great a day in the sun is,
and to create in nature's glorious creation,
and for me, what better is there than the sun to me,
and the warmth that it brings,
for it brings inspiration so easily,
and whether I am out walking or climbing the trees,
what wonders of creation there are to see,

and how I come alive in my creativity,
with the sun shining down so brightly upon me,
in all its majesty, and what beauty there is,
and what magnificence there is wherever I am,
and wherever I am going,
with the sun out and shining bright,
and out amongst nature's glorious creations,
there will always be, there will always be inspiration.

I do not know

I do not know about heaven, I do not know about hell,
for I have never had them proved and people,
well, they have such stories to tell,
and I do not know about heaven,
and I do not know about hell,
and people tell me all sorts of things,
but they never add up to me,
and there does not seem to be much reality,
much reality in what people believe,
and it seems just a fantasy,
but well, at least they are happy with their stories,
for if it makes them feel good,
I am not the one to upset them and break their hearts,
with logic and common sense,
so, I do not know about heaven,
and I do not know about hell,
but at least people are happy with that they believe in,
and me, well there are millions of stories out there,
that will make me smile as well.

Down and out

Down and out,
in the middle of town,
down and out in the rainswept streets,
down and out with barely anything waterproof at all,
down and out with,
no shelter,
no warmth,
drunk,
high on something,
with hungry eyes,
and with barely any friends,
and with friends,
and with barely any or no family at all,
and in the snow,
freezing, suffering, and shivering,
in the sun and in the heat,
trying to stay safe,
and being attacked,
down and out amongst the fights,
and the arguments and the screaming,
and the anger and the frustration and the rage,
with the anxiety and the tears,
and struggling to exist with barely anything to drink,
and with barely any food at all,
down and out with barely anyone to listen,
down and out and relying on charity and charities,
and out in the rain and on a daily basis,
going through them all,

going through all these situations,
part of the daily struggle to exist and to survive,
not much fun at all,
not much fun at all,
and it should not be happening at all,
it should not be happening at all,
but it does,
and it is a continual war,
a continual war upon the mind,
a continual war upon the body and the soul,
and it is terrible shame,
when people suffer for no reason at all,
and in the twenty first century this should not happen at all,
it should not happen at all,
because we have enough for all,
we have countless empty houses,
and surplus food,
and there is no reason for homelessness,
and suffering to exist whatsoever,
and shouldn't we,
we as society get better at dealing with it all?

Drawn

Drawn to you,
drawn to you,
you of exquisite beauty,
with those delicate eyes that hypnotise,
and that beguile my senses,
with tenderness and a look of fragility,

drawn to you,
yes, I am drawn to you,
beautiful you,
and though I know I should not be,
I cannot help it you see,
I cannot help It you see,
but you tempt me,
you tempt me when you look at me,
you do, you with those beautiful green eyes,
and auburn hair,
oh, how I desire you,
I desire you,
and I want you,
I need you,
but what will my first words be,
I am at a loss,
but, oh, you do something to me,
you do something to me,
you make me feel alive,
even though I do not know you,
I want you,
I want you,
you delicate beauty,
and how magical you are,
floating so ethereally in front of me,
an angel of heavenly beauty,
an angel to me,
but what will my first words be,
what will my first words be?
I really do not know,

and I am struggling in front of your beauty,
for you captivate me with your eyes,
and your smile as you walk towards me,
you walk towards me as if in a dream,
and oh, how my heart leaps,
how my heart leaps when I see you looking at me,
and what a wonder you are to me,
but what will my first words be,
what will my first words be?
And here I am in silence with my thoughts,
looking at your beauty,
and here we are you and me,
here we are with you walking towards me,
oh, those eyes, oh, what beauty,
and oh, how beautiful you look,
how beautiful you look to me,
but what will my first words be, what will my first words be,
I try to think but I am distracted by your beauty,
and you coming towards me with that smile,
is like a dream to me, like a dream to me.

Dreams

A useless apparition,
a ghostly vision,
a premonition,
a graveyard,
a ghost,
a fading flower,
amidst the beauty of others,

that are still alive in the garden, of Eden,
the garden of Eden,
beautiful scenery and feelings,
a lake with a swan gliding upon it,
a ballerina pirouetting,
oh such, strange dreams,
strange dreams or fantasies or past memories,
oh, how mixed up they can be,
and how quick to disappear when you are awake,
visions and dreams gone in the blink of an eye,
as you rub the sleep dust away and yawn at the skies,
dreams, dreams gone away quicker than a wink.

Excluded by God

Excluded by God,
excluded by God from chance,
or so it seems as if God never lets me win,
and I feel as If I am second class,
and God,
yes, I know you roll the dice,
but it seems just a little one sided,
so, please God,
won't you just give me one chance,
one chance,
for that is all I ask,
and I don't ask for much,
and I always pray to you and with you,
I always keep in touch, so, please give me a chance,
one chance at romance,

for never do I seem to find a true love,
and it is breaking my heart,
and it is only fair for you to share,
for you to share chance a little more evenly,
than I have been previously aware,
and I am sure,
I am sure you do not, keep chance all to yourself,
and I am sure you care, so, please do share,
because it would be greatly beneficial to my health,
and my mental health,
and think how happy I would be with someone else,
rather than me being alone and miserable,
miserable by myself.

Fading away

Fading away,
fading away,
with not much to say,
fading away on your dying day,
fading away,
with your loved ones all around,
fading away with tears and smiles,
and with all the emotions to be found,
and as you sit around your loved one's bed,
and you sit there looking at the one you love,
and trying to find the strength not to cry,
and as you are sat looking at them in the eye,
and you are trying to find the right words to say,
and you are trying,

but they do not come easily,
and it is painful to look at them,
when they are in pain,
and they have not much strength at all,
and all you can do is hold their hand,
and reminisce whilst they look at you,
oh, how difficult it is,
how difficult it is,
and how painful it is as you reminisce,
and they are drifting,
drifting and fading away,
fading away,
on their dying day,
on their dying day.

Finally

Finally,
feeling,
feeling like the light,
feeling like the light has come on,
feeling like I have been waiting for the sun too long,
feeling happy in the inspiration,
that has taken far too long to come,
feeling like the light has come on,
feeling good after a flash of inspiration,
feeling good,
after the lightning bolt has come,
and feeling relieved and glad to be reprieved,
reprieved of the nothingness,

that I previously received in my brain,
for I waited all night toying with ideas,
and here is a great one,
at the dawning of the sun,
and oh, how my face it lights up,
with the wonders of my imagination,
and I am glad to have such inspiration,
and I am glad sat here in the morning sun,
glad with my idea,
being finally upon the page,
my idea fully formed,
after hours of thought,
oh, what a wonder is inspiration,
but why so often,
why does it have to take so long?

Fire on the horizon

Fire on the horizon,
as we stand on the shore at the edge of the raging sea,
fire on the horizon,
a ship aflame,
an ongoing tragedy,
fire on the horizon,
and it is but a speck, but human life is at stake,
and it resonates deeply as we stand on the shore,
and the waves crash around in front of us,
and a rescue helicopter flies over our heads,
and into the distance,
and a lifeboat speeds,

in the stricken ship's direction,
tragedy,
tragedy possibly,
and heroism and bravery,
fire on the horizon,
a ship aflame, a ship grounded on rocks,
mayday, mayday,
a rescue helicopter responding to the call,
with lifesaving equipment, the crew of the helicopter,
and the lifeboats are incredibly brave souls,
incredibly courageous souls,
off to rescue everyone hopefully,
as we stand on the shore at the edge of the raging sea,
as we watch the fire on the horizon,
and the ship aflame,
and the ongoing tragedy,
that hopefully will be a triumph of bravery,
and there will be all lives saved hopefully.

Fury

Fury like no other,
fury,
ready to tear you apart,
fury,
bitterness,
and hurt at your actions,
fury at your one-night stand and fatal attraction,
fury, anger, rage, a raging heart,
fury like no other,

fury,
ready to tear you apart,
ready with words to savage your lousy heart,
ready for the end of us,
ready to say goodbye,
ready to listen,
but ready to be gone in the blink of an eye,
ready to look at you,
ready to restrain myself,
ready to try,
ready to try to placate myself and calm myself down,
ready to listen to you and your excuses,
ready to look into your eyes,
ready to hear your excuses of infidelity,
ready to leave our relationship behind,
ready to leave our relationship behind without a sigh,
ready to be gone,
ready to be gone forever,
forever from you in the blink of an eye.

You are gainfully employed

The chat show hostess with the mostess,
you are gainfully employed,
employed to annoy,
employed to rip up and destroy people's feelings,
who about their emotions want to be revealing,
but they wish they hadn't afterwards,
and on the television shows,

where you the chat show host pretend to care,
you the chat show host,
who only really wish to pocket the money,
that you are paid to listen to their misery,
and as the money rolls in so easily,
you really for humanity do not care,
and you pretend to listen but your mind,
your mind is elsewhere,
and by looking at you,
your guests are not unfortunately intelligent enough,
to realise that they are being exploited,
and how sickening it is,
to see so many people destroyed by you,
and it is an awful thing to view,
an awful thing to view,
but still, you make millions of pounds you do,
you make millions of pounds you do,
and that is all you care about,
the millions of pounds and you.

Grandness and greatness

Grandness and greatness do not come to us all,
for some of us are short and walk tall,
and some of us are tall and feel small,
and some of us feel overwhelmed by the world,
and some of us cope with it all no matter,
what life throws at us,
and some of us cannot cope with life at all,

and some of us are strong,
and some of us are weak,
but we all need good friends and family no matter what,
for without good friends and family,
how empty is life without them to understand us,
and to listen to us,
because you can be as strong as an ox,
but without them you can still crumble and fall,
and grandness and greatness does not come to us everyone,
but how great it would be if happiness came to us all.

Great pillars of wisdom

Great pillars of wisdom,
are no use if no one listens,
and so, too great works of the mind,
and great advices given,
for they are truly not much use at all if no one listens,
and great intellect wasted it is a terrible shame,
and what,
what is the use if you talk until you are blue in the face,
what is the use if you have made great effort to explain,
and what is the use,
if you have made great effort to explain,
the solutions to problems,
and people continue,
people continue to make,
precisely the same mistakes,
over and over again it is true.

Great sheets of rain

Great sheets of rain,
the sound of raindrops,
the hushed quiet of the evening,
the raindrops falling,
falling rapidly out of the sky,
as you sit and write a letter to a friend,
thousands of miles away,
great sheets of rain,
and on the other side of the world the sun,
the sun,
so far away,
so far away,
and great sheets of rain as you write,
and as you wonder what a friend is up to,
what your friend is up to today,
your friend who is not beholden,
by the weather most days,
and you stare out the window,
and you wish, you wish it was the same,
but all you get is great sheets of rain,
great sheets of rain,
whilst thinking of the sun tens of thousands of miles away,
in the hushed quiet of the evening,
with the raindrops falling,
the raindrops falling rapidly out of the sky,
as you write a letter to a friend,
and look at the rain with a sigh.

Greyest of greys

Greyest of greys,
grey,
grey,
grey,
oh, woe is me today,
oh, woe is me,
for this weather is foul,
and it robs me of my humour so easily,
and how I wish for the sun,
and for the grey and the clouds to go away,
because I really cannot stand this all day,
grey,
grey,
grey,
oh, go away,
please do not bother me today,
because I feel so tired and sleepy,
when all I want to do is go out and play,
when all I want to do is go out and play,
and this grey really does not suit me anyway,
and I prefer brighter colours,
the brighter colours such as the blue of the sky,
and the yellow of the sun when it shines down upon me,
and which makes me feel so rejuvenated,
and that I feel so much more alive in,
than grey, grey, grey,
oh, please,
can you go away, forever and a day?

Headlines

Headlines,
shred lines,
cutting at one and all,
vicious,
sensationalism,
scathing and apocryphal,
newspapers empty of intellect and positivity,
and with nothing of any use to say to all,
headlines,
shred lines, cutting at one and all,
and with nothing positive to say,
no nothing at all,
but people still buy this trash, and still waste their cash,
and enjoy the suffering of others, oh, how sick it is,
how sick what brings people pleasure,
and how sick it is that people profit from it all.

I filter the coffee

I filter the coffee,
whilst you,
you tread softly,
on the rug,
you in your dressing gown,
bright eyed and all cosy and snug,
and I filter the coffee,
and the croissants are done,
and the fruit and the orange juice are on the table,

and we bathe,
in the light of the glorious sun,
and I pour the coffee,
and you walk over to me,
and your fragrance wafts over me,
and you wrap your arms around me,
and your eyes,
they sparkle in the light,
and you kiss me,
you kiss me gently,
and I smile as happy as can be,
as happy as can be,
and I am filled with love,
I am filled with the love of you.
Good morning my loved one,
good morning my loved one I say,
as we bathe,
in the light of the glorious sun.

I hoped

I hoped against all hope that you would be here,
at the dawn of the day,
I hoped you would, but I could not presume,
but you came with a smile upon your face,
and you came when I was in need,
and you came when I called despite you being far away,
and here you stand before me with open arms,
and ready to listen to me,
and you look at me and say to me, what is it my friend,

what troubles you today?
And I feel easier in me, once those words float free,
once those words float free from your mouth,
and I am less anxious with you, and you,
well, there is nothing that you would not do to help me,
and you have that confidence and that surety about you,
and you have that strength in you,
and that good and compassion in you,
and you seek to help wherever you can,
and I look at you,
and I know with you that I can trust you,
that I can truly trust you,
and here you are at the dawn of the day,
having come a great distance,
and you stand before me ready to listen to me,
and you look at me and say to me,
what is it my friend, what troubles you today?
And as soon as you say it,
I know my troubles; my troubles are about to go away.

I take a bullet

In a moment of anger,
I look at the sun,
and I wonder if it will ever deflate,
so, I take a bullet and I put it into my gun,
I take a bullet,
and in a moment of discontent, I shoot it at the sun,
and I, I am disappointed,
that the sun is still high in the sky,

and it will probably have the last laugh at you and I,
but I shoot my gun again at the sun,
and I in my anger and with my life's frustrations,
and irritations,
I shoot rapidly and feel an adrenaline rush,
and the stress it disappears,
and I continue until my anger is totally gone,
a little unusual,
but shooting at the sun is better than shooting at someone.

I think

I think I am going now,
but I am not sure,
because I am in one of those circular doors,
going around and around,
and it is a bit like life,
going nowhere fast,
and not always going where I like,
and I think I am going now,
but I wish I knew where,
but this circular door it does not care,
and it is a bit like life I swear,
now, I wish my life had a bit more direction,
because it is giving me a complexion,
and I seem to be going nowhere,
of which I am rather aware,
and I wish that life was better signposted,
for it seems determined to take me off course,
far too many times, and all it makes me do is swear.

Illiterate racist fool

You illiterate racist fool,
expressing yourself in the city,
and with your name tag and all,
you illiterate fool,
spraying your racist graffiti against the wall,
of which there is no need in the twenty first century,
and of which there is no call,
and it is terrible,
absolutely terrible racism in this day and age,
and insufferable,
yes, absolutely intolerable,
and definitely not acceptable at all,
go to school,
go to school,
you illiterate racist fool,
go to school.

In the folly

In the folly as the water flows,
it is funny,
funny what made people happy in the days gone by,
funny that people with more money than sense,
created these spaces to enjoy,
kind of eccentric but charming,
in the great grounds of some house somewhere,
where the owners have let their imaginations run wild,
where the owners have created these places,

that do not make much sense,
and have no room for comfort,
no room at all,
but are just for the aesthetic senses to enjoy,
yes, it is funny,
funny what made people happy in the days gone by.

In the light

In the light,
in the bright bright light,
in the light,
I come alive,
I come alive,
and I thrive,
I thrive in the light,
and it rouses me into gentility, but it gives me strength,
strength as I sit,
and I grow in it,
and with every ray,
how warm it is,
and how beautiful the sun,
the that inspires me,
as it works its magic,
upon me so softly,
so softly and gently,
and it lifts me up,
into such exalted states,
such exalted states,
where my words flow like wine,

and so easily they flow,
they flow from my mind,
and my imagination,
is captured by the fascination,
the fascination of the sun,
the glorious one
the magical one,
the elegant and the powerful one,
and what an incredible sight it is,
that fires up my imagination,
and that brings me inspiration,
oh, that wonderful effervescence,
from the glorious, beautiful sun,
the glorious, beautiful sun,
that exhalt's me every day,
and in which I sit,
and work,
empowered and energised,
by the glorious sun.

Kiss me

You and me,
upon a swing in the sun beneath a tree,
and the first kiss,
a glorious bliss,
sending me into heaven,
and thrilling my senses,
and sending excited shivers through me,
so, kiss me,

kiss me again,
for it is only 10.30am
and I have all day,
and no, I am not going away,
and I rather like the way,
I rather like the way that you kiss me so softly and gently,
and I love the way that you run your hands down my back,
and the way that you nuzzle into my neck, and you tease me,
and believe me, it is magic to me,
so, please do not stop, for there is no reason,
no reason to stop, because I love you and your kisses,
so, please do not stop, kiss me again,
for I like your kisses rather more than a lot,
and it is only 10.30am,
and I could go on all day, kissing away,
and your kisses to me are as glorious as can be,
and those soft and gentle kisses can never ever be forgot.

Let us roam

Sure,
certainly,
of course,
my kingdom for a horse,
my life in a bag,
light and nothing at all,
nothing heavy inside,
and with not even the weight of the world,
upon my shoulders,
yes, no weight at all,

so, sure,
certainly,
of course,
my kingdom for a horse,
so, let us go,
let us go wherever,
let us wander and roam,
let us ponder and wander together,
whatever the weather,
whatever the weather,
let us travel,
let us travel as light as a feather,
let us travel with smiles on our faces,
and happy to explore all places,
yes, let us roam,
let us roam,
let us roam together,
let us treasure wherever we will go.

Look

Upon the underground in comfort as always,
with no room to breathe,
look,
could you stop it,
could you stop it please,
because you seem to have your armpits in my face,
and my family will not appreciate it,
if you suffocate me to death you see,
look, could you stop it,

could you stop it please,
because I fear,
your armpits will be the death of me,
and my insurance company does not cover that,
and I do not think my family,
will find it too funny,
and death by body odour really has no appeal to me.

Measured

Measured, measured, you took the measure of him,
you eyed him up as you grinned,
and you measured him, and you did not listen to him,
and you knew to listen would be an egregious thing,
for he was dressed as an angel,
but he had eyes of sin,
eyes of sin,
and he was tempting,
but you walked away with your bible,
with a smile and prayed to God to be forgiven.

A mood

A mood may come and go, a mood may stay,
the weather may come and go,
but I wish it would be balanced,
and even for my mental health,
and not be so frequently one of morbidity,
for this is what these grey clouds and this rain does to me,
for it brings me a mood of grey,

and I have no fortitude for it at all,
so, I wish to have a change,
because the rain has been here for days,
and if it carries on any longer, I may go insane,
and that is not the way that I wish to live,
not even for a day, and a mood may come,
and a mood may go,
and a mood may stay,
but I only like the moods like the weather,
sunny and bright,
and the weather and my mood it certainly is not that today.

Never more

Hello,
never,
never more,
just goodbye,
just goodbye.
no, I will not blink an eye,
and I will,
I will just walk out the door,
I will just walk with money in my pocket,
with money in my bank,
and I will walk with nothing if I have to,
because I have had enough,
and I do not care for you no more,
so, hello,
no, never more,
yes, you will not be,

you will not be abusing me anymore,
you will not be abusing me verbally,
you will not be abusing me mentally anymore,
hello,
no, never more,
treading on eggshells,
no, never more,
because I have had it up to here,
with the mental abuse and the fear,
so, hello, never more,
never more with your mental abuse,
never more your evil despicable words,
with which you belittled me,
and with which you caused such mental anguish,
and anxiety and depression,
and suicidal thoughts,
no, never more, you evil despicable,
well, I will not say anymore,
and I am just walking, just walking,
walking out the door,
hello to you,
no, never more, never more.

Night flights

Night flights,
bright lights of the town,
a helicopter almost in the darkness,
as over the rooftops it flies as fast as you like,
and it heads for the horizon,

with that incredible sound,
and what a beautiful sight,
a helicopter flight,
and what great elegance and strength it has,
as it flies overhead,
and it heads for the stars in the sky and the clouds,
night flights,
bright lights of the town,
a helicopter almost in the darkness,
as over the rooftops it flies as fast as you like,
and it makes that incredible sound,
a helicopter,
a technological marvel that so rapidly gets you around.

Nobody

Nobody knows, nobody knows you like me,
nobody knows me like you,
nobody knows my sense of humour like you do,
nobody knows my wit like you,
nobody knows how much I truly care for you,
nobody knows how much I truly love you, nobody knows,
and it is still a secret just between me and you,
and our love is young, our love is young,
and how beautiful it is in its early blossoming,
and how grand is our love that we form each day,
that we form with each bit of time spent together,
and that we treasure, together,
with laughter and smiles and our explorations of ourselves,
and how we are growing into each other,

and understanding each other every day,
and how we hold each other so romantically,
and how we revel in each new discovery of us,
and the little things about each other that make us laugh,
and that inspire us, and that spark our wit and humour,
and imagination with our gentle play,
and how we frolic together,
in this new love that grows stronger every day,
and how intense our emotions are,
and how our hearts beat in synchronicity,
in our gentle play upon the stage of life,
where Eros has fired his arrows,
and where he has struck us both,
and how grateful are we for the day,
how grateful to be in love,
how grateful to learn more about each other,
as the magic between us grows stronger,
with every gentle and lingering look,
and with every touch and happy in our still secret love,
and happy in the happiest of our days.

Off to see

Off to see,
off to see a man about a dog,
off see you,
a friend in the night with an umbrella in hand,
off to see you playing live music in the club.
Off to the river to watch the boats go by,
off to see the flood, off to smell the roses in the gardens,

off to buy some clothes,
off to buy some clothes to look good in,
off to find some friends,
that I can believe in and trust,
off to dinner in the evening,
off to find you, the one that I love,
off to find you with flowers in hand,
and a beating heart in the first throws of love,
off to find you my new love,
with butterflies inside me,
and with such sparkling light in my eyes,
the chance gifted to me from the heavens above,
off to see the circus,
off to market,
off to buy some grub,
off up a hill,
off up a cliff to look out to sea,
off and happy wherever I will be,
off and happy being me,
happy being me.

On fire

On a rainy night,
intellectually on fire,
oh, such desire,
passion amongst the few,
a glorious few,
intellectuals too,
gathered in a group,

as often as we can,
gathered to better understand,
the inequities and the disparities of man,
gathered in a darkened room,
trying to dispel the gloom as best as we can,
friends and allies,
with strong minds and strong hearts,
brave hearts,
in the symposium of the damned,
the symposium of the damned,
called that because no one will ever take them seriously,
and they do not give a damn,
they do not give a damn,
but here they talk of the betterment of man,
and if only everyone would listen to them,
and listen to them and their plans,
how much better the world would be,
but sadly, it is not a reality,
but they do not give a damn,
and all night our minds are bright and sharp,
as the stars that pierce the night with their light,
they say to each other talk on my friends,
talk on and let us put the world to rights,
let us put the world to rights,
no matter what those outside say,
those who ignore us all, those who call us fools,
for at least we have civility,
and the probability of them changing the world,
hardly any I say, so, talk on my friends,
talk on, come what may, come what may.

On the outside

Outside,
is where you are best,
outside,
and with me,
inside as I sit,
drinking my coffee in peace,
you make funny faces through the window,
yes, you the youngster,
you, with the extra energy,
you, who your mother seems to have trouble controlling,
yes, you, you are delighted to see,
and you make me laugh,
and you are a terrible handful for your mother,
by the looks of things,
but it is funny to me to see,
you making those faces,
and great to see that exuberance,
that joy of life,
that excitement in the eyes,
that mischievous look,
and oh, the laughter,
you bring to me and the smiles,
the smiles as I drink my coffee,
on the inside,
and you on the outside,
you plague your mother,
with your exuberance,
and the people passing by.

Rain coming down

Rain coming down,
with a bottle of beer in hand as I sit amongst the crowds,
rain coming down,
as I sit in a covered space, amongst the human race,
with many, many frowns upon their faces,
and people worn out and weary,
who are getting out of the rain,
with as much shopping as they can carry by their feet,
and complaining miserably wishing that they were in Spain,
wishing that they were in Spain,
as the raindrops fall heavily on the street,
and people outside they splash through the puddles,
and they hurry and they scurry along,
as I sit here happily in my seat,
with no shopping and no worries,
because materialism is not for me particularly,
and so, I sit happily amongst the crowds,
and here with friends,
I am taking a break from the weather,
and the mood is as good as can be with company and smiles,
and because raindrops do not matter to me,
or any weather for that matter,
it does not bother me and does not furrow my brow,
and I am happy in company with friends wherever I maybe,
happy as the raindrops that fall upon the street,
happy with good company and cheer,
for that is much better than materialism to me,
and here I sit, as happy as can be.

Reduced

You were reduced,
reduced in two,
you were reduced into,
into something that you did not wish to be,
you were half of what you thought you were previously,
you were something that you did not wish to be,
and half of you was a misery,
a misery to live with,
and not the same as you used to be,
and after your partner died and you had cried copiously,
you were left empty,
as empty as can be,
and life meant nothing,
life meant nothing,
and you did not know what to do with yourself,
or how to cope with this sudden vanishing act,
by your partner when they shuffled off their mortal coil,
unexpectedly,
and how devastating it was,
and how terrible,
and how you felt as empty as can be,
and you now,
you now stand staring at the sea,
looking to the horizon,
and as you stand on the beach,
and reminisce where you used to hold hands and kiss,
and you stand with tears upon your cheeks,
with life half as good as it used to be.

Reluctantly

Reluctantly I am off to sleep,
weary and tired,
and after several of bottles of wine that were very cheap,
but I have fond memories of them all,
and they will keep me company in my sleep,
so, please forgive me for being rude,
but I think I have consumed much more than you,
and if I talk when I am asleep,
do not worry,
I am probably dreaming of making wine and do not be
surprised if I sleepwalk and order more supplies online,
because that wine was very cheap,
and my shopping habits are unique,
so, reluctantly I must say goodbye because I am off to sleep,
so, do not be surprised tomorrow if more wine arrives,
and if I order more supplies online whilst I am asleep,
yes, do not be surprised,
because my shopping habits are unique.

Revolution

You go around,
you go around again,
you go around again you and your friends,
and you talk and you talk,
about the same subjects again and again,
the same major world problems,
and you are full of hot air,

but you solve nothing in the end,
and you go around,
you go around again and again,
you and your friends,
in this revolution of nonsense,
this revolution of nonsense that has no reason to be,
except to please your mind,
and tickle your fantasies,
because you are unhappy,
unhappy as you can be with reality,
and you are not prepared to struggle for anything,
and you are not prepared to truly fight for anything,
and you are not prepared to struggle,
and come up with your own solutions to world problems,
so, you talk, and you talk,
and you go around again and again,
in this revolution of nonsense,
that makes no sense,
and I seriously question your sanity,
for this revolution continues,
and you spend all your time on it,
but the revolution has no purpose and no end,
and no real wish to bring,
these major world problems to an end,
and it is almost a quango, almost a quango of friends,
a quango where you achieve nothing,
a quango where you just talk and talk,
and the talking never ends,
a revolution filled with revolutionary talk,
revolutionary talk that actually leads nowhere in the end.

Sat here

Sat here,
sat there,
and uncomfortable,
everywhere,
and with you here and there,
and with me and you at a party,
where you keep trying to talk to me,
and with me sitting uncomfortably,
sitting uncomfortably,
because you seem to have a knack,
for eradicating interest from the air,
for you are as dull as dishwater,
and when I hear your voice,
it makes me blankly stare,
and I try not to,
and I try to feign interest in what you are saying,
and I try to be engaging,
but my brain switches off,
and I am eagerly looking,
for someone else to talk to,
anyone more interesting,
anywhere,
anyone with something fascinating to say,
but you seem to have scared everyone away,
oh, please dear God,
please come and rescue me,
and do not let me die of boredom any longer,
and please, please do not let me die this way.

Should it be

Should it be,
should it be,
that this is beginning of the end,
should it be the end,
then take me away on holiday,
and let us watch the explosion of the sun,
from a desert island,
because if this is the end,
then let us pretend,
let us pretend,
that we have a bright future together,
let us enjoy ourselves to the last moment,
and then whatever happens,
oh yes, we will actually have,
a bright future at the end my friend,
so, let us drink a toast to ourselves,
because from the future we cannot hide,
and when the sun explodes,
who knows, maybe we will not actually die,
maybe we will be in a parallel universe,
admiring God and his suntan,
and maybe we will have a new life,
waiting for people,
entering heaven in hearses,
whilst we sing hymns and verses,
and God gets to work,
on a new,
safer sun if he can.

Take me home

Take me home,
take me home,
I feel so alone,
so, will not you please take me home,
because I am as soft as can be,
and as gentle as can be,
and I have no fleas,
so, please,
please, look at me,
please look into my eyes,
yes, I am a cat, and I only meow,
and I rarely cry,
so, please take me home, take me home,
because I feel so alone, and I like attention,
but I am independent too, and I can cope on my own,
and I do not mind going out and roaming alone,
when you are not at home,
so, please look at me,
please look into my eyes,
please look into my eyes,
and please take me home,
because I know you do not want to be alone,
and I am as happy as can be,
with hugs and smiles and if you feed me regularly,
so, please look at me, please look into my eyes,
and please take me home,
and I promise you, I only meow,
and I rarely cry,

Tastes

Tastes change,
I have to say,
tastes change,
and now mine seem to change every day,
yes, tastes change,
and I seem to become more fickle every day,
yes, tastes change,
and there are more choices thrown before me,
in life than I can handle,
and I am like a juggler juggling all the time,
and I seem to prevaricate every day,
much more than I used to do,
and I wish my prevarication,
would go away,
but I am bombarded by choices,
by choices and voices,
how about trying this,
how about trying that I hear them say,
the many people,
who throw so many choices in life my way,
but I have enough of my own choices to make,
and there are so many choices these days,
that I could be here all day,
I could be here all day,
and not have made any choices at all,
and oh, how I wish,
there were less choices to make,
in life and I wish my prevarication would go away.

Tearing up

Tearing up inside,
tearing up,
with under your chin a yellow buttercup,
a yellow buttercup,
that you hold in your left hand as you stand on the lawn,
amidst the grass where you look forlorn,
and you,
you begin crying your eyes out before me,
a young girl in the summertime,
with a love gone wrong,
but what am I to do,
because I am your younger brother,
and I do not know the complexities of love yet,
and of love I have no clue,
and as you cry upon the lawn, I ask you what is wrong,
and you just shake your head and cry,
and will not tell me why,
but I empathise with you,
and I hug you briefly but that is all that you allow,
and I stand there watching you some more,
and taking it all in,
and it seems only mother can help you now,
and I do not where she is as you cry,
and all I can do is sigh,
because of love I have no clue,
no clue of romantic love,
but what a to do,
as there before me you stand,

with a yellow buttercup that you hold in your left hand,
and a tissue you or two,
and putting on quite a show,
crying and blowing your nose seemingly endlessly now,
and I wish I could help but I do not know how,
and all I can do is stand there and watch,
because that is all that you will allow,
as you cry and scowl,
and stand there with a yellow buttercup under your chin,
and begin sobbing,
and oh, I wish I could help you, but I do not know how.

This battle

This battle of your mind,
when it does it start, I wonder,
because you seem to have left your brain behind,
you seem to have left your brain behind,
and scrabble is no good if you have no linguistic skills inside,
but I can help you look for your brain if you wish,
because you seem to have the memory of a goldfish,
and playing scrabble with a goldfish is a waste of time,
so, this battle of the mind,
when does it start because I am of the rather impatient kind,
so, do you have a brain,
or would you like to borrow mine,
well, either way,
with the time you take to decide,
we could be here for the rest of our live,
the rest of your lives in the battle of your mind.

This deafening silence

This lack of proper moral teaching in society,
this great gap of emptiness,
this deafening silence in response,
to continual protests against violence,
and this deafening silence,
of continual repetition,
through lack of proper moral education does breed,
violence, hatred, racism, greed, and inequality,
and it is a terrible shame to see,
and why do we have it,
when we have so many religious leaders,
and teachers and moral leaders and influencers in society,
and what is their problem,
and what is it that they are failing to see?
Because violence, hatred, and racism,
and greed and inequality,
they are so frequently seen in society unfortunately,
and so, what are these religious leaders and teachers,
and moral leaders and influencers in society lacking,
and why, why are they so poor sighted,
and not seeing the problems clearly,
and why are they seemingly,
not able to work out the solutions,
to the problems in society,
because it does not seem rocket science to me,
and they have more money,
and are greater in numbers than me,
so, why cannot they teach morals properly?

To the ends

To the ends, to the ends of the Earth
to the ends of the Earth my friends,
for there is nothing here for us but an abysmal end,
and this society is on its knees,
amongst the hurricanes and the tornados of stupidities,
and the idiocy of many who are stuck in their ways,
and who cannot clearly see,
so, for us there is no reason to be here,
no reason at all, for this civilisation,
this society is doomed to fall,
so, let us go, let us go the ends,
let us go to the ends of the Earth
to the ends of the Earth my friends,
and let us begin,
because here there is only misery and suffering,
and it is no thing no thing that we should have to endure,
and we should not have to endure a war,
upon the sensibilities of our educated minds,
so, let us go the ends, to the ends of the Earth
to the ends of the Earth my friends, and begin again,
and let us not put up with the stupidities and the idiocies,
the stupidities and the idiocies here in this society,
designed only I am sure to bring us an early death,
and that is not for me,
and not for you,
so, let us go to the ends, to the ends of the Earth
to the ends of the Earth my friends,
and let us begin a new life and let us begin life again.

To the one that I love

To someone I love, to someone I love,
I am here waiting for you to come,
and I have the dinner on,
and I have a bottle of wine,
and I have the music on,
I have the empty glasses on the table,
and I have the candles lit,
and I have your favourite songs,
and I have you,
you soon to be coming home,
and I am sat looking at a picture of you,
as the smell of the cooking rises high and fills the air,
and I see you in the picture with your smile,
and your tousled hair,
and it must have been ten years ago now that photograph,
and you,
you have not changed a bit,
and how beautiful you look,
how beautiful you look then and now,
and when I am alone, I often visit it,
and here I sit,
with the smell of the cooking so fragrant in the air,
and I cannot wait for you to come home,
for you are the best thing to ever have happened to me,
and when I am alone,
I look forward to your arms,
I look forward to your charms,
because the day is long and wearying,

but you to me are everything,
and how you light up my eyes,
and put a smile on my face when you come home to me,
and oh, how glorious it is,
when you embrace me in your arms and hold me close,
and give me a tender kiss,
and here as I sit in the candlelit,
cooking dinner,
I hope you come home quick,
I hope you come home quick,
because I missed you,
missed you much more than just a little bit,
and I,
I cannot wait for you to come home,
I cannot wait for you to walk through that door,
and I cannot wait for you to throw your arms around me,
and for you to kiss me once more,
for you to kiss me once more.

Fixing a hole

Trying to fix a hole,
trying to fix a hole in the soul,
where it is as if the wind does blow,
and empty of heart,
and falling apart,
and hiding it so others do not know,
yet again,
fixing a hole,
fixing a hole in the soul,

where it is as if the wind does blow,
oh, such a repetitive thing,
but what can you do when you have no song to sing,
and you are empty and void and always cold,
cold of heart,
cold of heart and torn apart,
always with heartbreak and no love,
and trying to fix a hole,
always trying to fix a hole in the soul.

Ultraviolet

Ultraviolet light,
paintings of Jimi Hendrix,
paintings of Frieda Karlo,
bright and bold upon a wall,
paintings of Jimi Hendrix,
paintings of Frieda Karlo,
from a creative soul,
paintings upon a wall,
and under Ultraviolet light,
oh, how wonderfully they glow,
these pictures composed of large swathes of colour,
in paintings large and small,
and looking so beautiful in the ultraviolet light,
and painted with such skill,
an ultraviolet thrill,
a beauteous sight,
an explosion of colour,
an explosion that captures the likeness of Jimi Hendrix,

and Frida Karlo so well,
and the paintings are painted so well,
and painted with such skill,
paintings of Jimi Hendrix,
paintings of Frida Karlo,
both large and small,
in ultraviolet light,
paintings of Jimi Hendrix
paintings of Frieda Karlo,
so, bright,
so bright and bold upon a wall,
wonderful,
absolutely wonderful.

Unity

Unity,
togetherness,
happiness,
listening and understanding,
understanding each other,
supporting each other,
and educating as best as we can,
and inspiring,
encouraging,
unity,
the great cause,
to strive to be,
unified,
now, what greater a thing can there be,

but unity in individuality, and togetherness,
oh, what a great struggle it is,
and what a great struggle it can be,
but we, we need to try hard for unity,
for so many problems remain,
so, many problems remain in society,
and we can conquer them all together,
if we listen and understand more,
we can be unified by listening and understanding,
and how great society can truly be,
if we listen and understand,
and the lessons are there for all to see,
for if we, if we do not listen,
and we do not understand more,
then we repeat the same mistakes from history,
and we will only continue to face war,
and more death and catastrophes than before.

Wanting to collapse

Wanting to collapse,
wanting to be, set free,
and to recover from this social disease,
and this non-stop promotion that never ceases to be,
and constantly promoting this and promoting that,
and the constant parties,
and slipping in out and as nimbly as a gymnast,
and afterwards, wanting to collapse,
wanting to collapse endlessly,
with your head spinning,

and tired of all the air kissing,
and the fake tans and fake friends,
and as tired as can be,
and tired of living mostly in a false reality,
tired of the endless displays,
and exposure which comes with celebrity,
tired,
tired as can be,
and needing a sedative,
drugs and alcohol at 7.43,
at 8pm,
8pm hanging lifeless from a tree.

Will you

You said you had something to say,
and I asked you once,
and I asked you twice,
but you just looked at me with those gorgeous blue eyes,
and then looked briefly away,
before turning back to look at me again,
and you asked me will you marry me,
and a smile lit up my face and well what could I say,
what could I say to you,
for that feeling was bursting inside me of such intensity,
and I already knew the answer,
I already knew the answer,
I knew,
yes, I knew,
and there was such bliss inside me,

such happiness,
and such waves of sensation,
and it was like a million's dreams had come true,
a million dreams had come true all at once,
oh, beautiful you,
beautiful you,
with those eyes so blue,
eyes so blue,
how beautiful you looked to me with your black hair,
and dressed so gorgeously,
and impeccably in a summer dress that truly suited you,
and as I stood looking into your beautiful eyes,
and at your face,
oh, such a happy face,
a happy face with a smile a mile wide,
a beautiful happy you,
yes, you,
someone that I had loved for a long time,
who stood before me,
with that question having just left your lips,
yes you,
you who mean everything to me,
you who are so wonderful to me,
you who are so magical to me,
you who are so fantastical to me,
you who know me inside out,
inside out and all about,
yes, you,
beautiful you,
and I,

I stood there and was open mouthed,
but the happiest of men,
will you marry me,
will you marry me you said again,
will you marry me,
and oh, how my face lit up with a smile,
a smile a mile wide,
and oh, that feeling as I looked at you,
and what you had said was unexpected,
and I was lost for words,
and I was left open mouthed,
and left just staring at you,
just staring at you,
beautiful you,
and teardrops from my eyes began to fall,
as if rain from the heavenly skies,
and teardrops from my eyes began to fall,
as if rain from the heavenly skies,
and I asked you to say it again,
as the tears ran down my cheeks,
and as they did, I thought to myself is it true?
And for a split second I thought to myself,
as if it was as if a miracle that might disappear,
before my eyes, as if you might think twice,
but you held my gaze lovingly,
and tears came into your eyes,
and our tears fell together as if raindrops,
falling from the heavenly skies,
and I looked at you, I looked at you,
and I knew,

I knew the answer,
and after taking a deep breath I replied,
yes, I will,
yes, I will marry you,
yes of course I will marry you,
and you, you threw your arms around me and kissed me,
and it was as if the warmth of a million suns,
were shining upon me all at once,
all at once as I held you and I looked you,
and as I looked at you,
and with our tears streaming down my cheeks and yours,
your eyes sparkled like diamonds,
and I held you,
and I looked into your eyes,
oh, such intensity,
such intensity there was,
and such love and passion in you,
that I cannot describe,
yes, I repeated happily,
yes, I will marry you,
and you smiled brighter,
and you shouted in excitement with such joy,
yes, yes,
yes, you cried,
and tears of joy continued to fall,
from your eyes and mine,
and our tears they began to fall together,
amidst the beaming smiles,
our tears began to fall,
they began to fall, as if rain from the heavenly skies.

Yet another

Yet another dagger in the heart,
yet more banned books,
yet more banned music,
yet more damaged broken works of art,
yet another savaging of humanity,
and the putting out of the flames of creativity,
and free thinking,
and oh, yet another agony,
as inspiration now lays censored,
with the flames dampened into nothingness,
and only embers still visible amidst the ash,
as humanity's education,
and educational tools lay in the metaphorical trash,
and yes, it is a terrible crime,
but dictators do not mind,
and if you have a brain,
you will suffer with pain, in a never-ending cycle of violence,
against you and your family,
if you hide away such guilty pleasures as books,
and art and music,
if you are an intellectual living in the oppression of an age,
an oppression of an age,
where the dictator likes to keep you all in a cage,
and at every stage of repression and oppression,
there is yet another dagger in the heart,
yet another barbarian upon the worlds stage,
yes, yet another egotistical psychopathic maniac,
with a never-ending rage.

You breathe

You breathe,
hot and heavily after running down the street,
you breathe with your adrenalin pumping,
and your legs like jelly,
you breathe heavily with your hand on your gun,
you breathe heavily after an assassination attempt probably,
you breathe heavily after a lucky escape,
lucky to not be killed but were you the only one?
And did you kill, or did you miss I do not know,
and now you stand here before me,
shaking,
and out of breath and unfit,
but apparently unscathed,
with the sirens beginning to wail in the distance,
and you look at me temporarily,
and you size me up,
like a deer caught in the headlights,
and I wonder if there are any bullets left,
because I have no gun,
I have no gun,
and what are my chances,
hit or miss,
hit or miss?
I, in that second do not know,
but you luckily for me decide to run,
run fatty,
run, run fatty, run,
because you will not get far,

looking like a ton of weight,
100 stone,
and looking like you have eaten at every Mc Donald's,
under the sun,
yes, you will not get far,
yes, you cannot run faster than a tortoise,
let alone run faster than a police car,
so, run fatty,
run,
run fatty,
run,
yes, watching you should be fun,
watching you run should be fun.

You failed

Man, in a bathroom in front of the mirror,
looking at himself whilst he combs his hair,
he thinks he looks good,
in his intoxicated state and with his inebriated stare,
you failed,
you failed again,
you godamn drunk,
you are beyond the pale,
oh, what a hero,
what a hero and so derailed,
derailed in another bar,
with your wife and kids at home,
as you drink yourself to death,
and you drink yourself to death,

with the money that you have earned,
until there is hardly anything left,
leaving you wanting more and you more depressed,
and as you enjoy yourself,
your wife and kids they starve far too often,
and suffer in misery,
but tonight, they have something to eat,
something to eat luckily,
and so, did you,
but she burns your tea deliberately, and she spits in it,
but you are usually too drunk to give a damn,
and as you burn your braincells,
and your body struggles to stay on your stool far too often,
she has been working on another plan,
working on another plan to get away from you,
and she has been saving up money,
that you do not know about,
and she attends college,
and is a lot more sensible than you will ever be,
and all you do is learn nothing,
and you stagger drunkenly about endlessly,
oh, what a great father you turned out to be,
you drunken bum,
drunken bum,
yes, far too many of you around here in this city,
far too many in this city,
but luckily for her she has brains, and she is pretty,
far too pretty for the likes of you,
and she, not unsurprisingly,
regrets every moment with you,

she regrets every moment,
every moment with you,
and as she feeds her baby at home,
she is probably saying to him,
ain't life shitty,
ain't life shitty,
and you back in the bar,
with your heartless heart,
you stand before the mirror,
looking at you,
looking at you,
because you only care about you,
for about her you have not a clue,
you the drunk,
the intoxicated you,
what are good are you?
What good,
What good as a father are you?
None at all it is true,
yes, you,
you are just a drunken bum,
you are just a drunken bum,
cos I know her,
and I know you,
and you are just a drunken bum,
and she is better off rid of you,
better off rid of you,
and that is just my view,
my view, from my bar stool,
you drunken bum you,
you drunken bum you.