

# **A quiet night**

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## Bleak

Bleak of mind, bleak of heart,  
wherefore does thou wander,  
wherefore does thou think of when lonely of heart,  
wherefore does thou wander when bleak of mind,  
when bleak of heart, wherefore does thou wander,  
when the stage is far, far too dark,  
and what lifts you up,  
when there is such blackness in your heart,  
what lifts you up,  
what brings the light again, what brings the light,  
what brings the magic that inspires,  
and lights the eyes once more,  
for savage is the night when the loss of love,  
and the loss of life wraps itself around you,  
when the loss of love,  
and loved ones captures you in its mood,  
and it shatters your mind, and you are traumatised,  
oh, what great magical potion is needed,  
to rejuvenate the soul, when you are bleak of mind,  
and when you are bleak of heart,  
and wherefore does thou wander,  
when your heart is torn asunder, and your mind does pause,  
and is bombarded by a million thoughts,  
and your mind is like a whirlwind that never stops,  
but how you wish it would stop,  
yes, what does one think of when lonely of heart,  
because life is a struggle all the time,  
and how much of a battlefield it is,

and how easily darkness feeds the destruction of the mind,  
and how tragic darkness is when it swallows you up,  
and when it kills every feeling inside,  
and how you have to fight and battle,  
and conjure up a miracle,  
it seems these days to put things right,  
and what a miracle you need to lift your spirits,  
before you vanish permanently into the eternal night,  
and what a miracle you need when your spirits are low,  
and what a miracle you need,  
before you shuffle off this mortal coil,  
and it is the end, and it is far too late,  
for there is no resurrection from the ending of a life,  
as far as we know there is no resurrection at all,  
and nothing whatsoever to put it right,  
so, when you are bleak of mind,  
and bleak of heart,  
hold on,  
hold on with everything that you have got,  
hold on and listen to positivity in all its forms,  
and shut out any negativity and walk away,  
for if you persevere, and continue to fight,  
everything will be alright,  
so do not listen to the voices of the night,  
but walk on, and reach for the light,  
no matter how small a chink of light it is,  
just think bright, and surround yourself with friends,  
and learn to enjoy yourself again,  
and think bright, bright, think bright,  
until the passing of the darkness and the coming of the light.

## Blinding

Blinding, blinding lights,  
beauty as beauty as can be,  
bright bright light,  
glorious sun, yellow in all its colours,  
and with all its beams,  
all its beams pouring out of the heavens,  
and through the clouds,  
oh, what wonders in the sky there are to be seen,  
oh, what wonders, what glorious spectacularity,  
oh, what great heat,  
and what great feelings of the warmth,  
great feelings of warmth,  
that shine down so beautifully upon me,  
oh, what great wonders,  
oh, what great magnificence,  
and what great happy memories, walking in the sunshine,  
walking to the sea,  
walking hand in hand with you and as happy as can be,  
walking in the blinding lights of the sun,  
with our sunglasses on,  
and feeling so glorious in its heavenly rays,  
and in its magnificent colours,  
the magnificent colours that radiate so powerfully,  
and what better a place can there be,  
than walking in the sunshine, and walking to the sea,  
oh, what better a place can there be,  
than walking hand in hand in the sun with you,  
smiling and as happy as can be.

## Breaking through

Breaking through,  
breaking through the barriers of the mind,  
standing on the precipice,  
standing on the cliff,  
looking out to sea in the sun,  
looking out as the waves gently roll before me,  
and looking for humanity, looking for signs of humanity,  
looking for boats, looking for a sign,  
and breaking through,  
breaking through the barriers of the mind,  
inspired by the light, inspired by nature,  
inspired by jumping off of the cliff,  
inspired by leaving the Earth,  
and flying under a glorious sky,  
yes, breaking through, breaking through the fear,  
in the adrenaline rush of the time,  
breaking through the fear, and happy in the breeze,  
happy to be leaving the Earth,  
happy to be saying goodbye,  
happy to release the parachute,  
happy to float so free,  
happy as can be in the gentility,  
and in the miracle of flight,  
happy as can be, and happy in my thoughts,  
and inspired by all that I can see,  
and happy to be me, happy to be me, floating free,  
whilst looking in wonder at the glorious sea,  
and at all its effervescent, and majestic and magical beauty.

## Cancelled today

We cancelled today,  
we cancelled tomorrow,  
because we do not barely have any time,  
we do not barely have any time to beg steal and borrow,  
so, we have cancelled today,  
and we have cancelled tomorrow,  
for the time is now,  
and there is no time,  
for the end of time for someone has come and we must run,  
run away from what we have to do and what we have to say,  
because the funeral is here and there is such great sadness as  
there always is when the grim reaper comes to play,  
and today as always,  
there is such great sadness hanging heavily above us,  
and only time for tears,  
only time for tears,  
tears amidst the rain,  
tears amidst the coffins and the graves,  
tears by the graveside,  
dressed in black and in hats,  
as a crow sits upon a tree,  
a crow sits upon a tree,  
and we stand in misery, we stand in misery,  
with the Vicar before us,  
and the coffin in the grave,  
wooden and plain, wooden, and plain,  
a pauper in the rain, a pauper in the rain,  
found upon the street, a homeless man,

yes, a homeless man,  
who know one barely knew,  
anything of except for his first name,  
his first name until today,  
and the Vicar reads his name out loud,  
David Edwards,  
David Edwards, the Vicar says,  
and then reads out the eulogy, and the little that was found,  
a few handwritten notes inside his jacket,  
with a tobacco tin and a picture of an old girlfriend and him,  
and in the tin,  
the handwritten notes,  
with the rough outline of his life's history,  
David, was born in Greenwich, London,  
and adopted at the age of three,  
and David's adopted parents tried their best,  
but he was as rebellious as could be,  
and he,  
he ended up on the streets,  
before someone took him in,  
and he eventually joined the merchant navy,  
and he travelled the world upon the oceans and the seas,  
and he worked hard and playing hard,  
and had a girl in every port,  
girls whose names he could not remember,  
but he was happy, he was happy as can be,  
and he travelled the world for years,  
and eventually settled down and married and had a wife,  
a wife who after several years died in a car crash,  
and his life, it spiralled into misery, into misery,



and he was no longer happy,  
no longer happy,  
and he began drinking heavily,  
and he ended up on the streets far away in America,  
until he got lucky and made his way home,  
after sneaking onto a boat headed for Liverpool,  
and after he made it home,  
he tried to stop the drinking,  
but it was not to be,  
not to be,  
not to be,  
for he was haunted by the memory of his wife,  
who died in a car crash,  
a car crash that he did not see,  
but she crashed,  
she crashed into a tree,  
a tree,  
and his life continued into misery,  
and the last words that he wrote,  
upon the notes that he made,  
said simply,  
help me,  
help me,  
help me please,  
and they were written in big letters in marker pen,  
and seemingly written rather rapidly,  
and the note was found in his hand,  
as he laid dead upon the street, in the cold winter snows,  
the cold winter snows in which he had frozen,  
which he had frozen to death, with barely any clothes,

barely any clothes,  
and here we stand,  
remembering the man,  
remembering the man David Edwards,  
as the grey clouds hover above,  
and we pray for him,  
and for him to be received by God,  
and to receive God's love,  
and as we pray for him,  
we pray for him to be taken into heaven,  
and we stand in the cold cold rain,  
only knowing his first and his last name,  
a good turn out, a good turn out, beside the pauper's grave,  
but awful just the same, and such a shame, such a shame,  
a life of mostly misery,  
and agony and pain,  
a life of mostly misery,  
and agony and pain,  
oh, such a shame,  
another life gone,  
another lonely soul,  
another life ended far too early,  
a tragedy that should never happen,  
but it continues to happen,  
far too regularly anyway just the same,  
a victim of modern society,  
a victim of life's hard cold reality,  
a terrible shame,  
a thought, a reflection,  
a quiet reflection, beside a pauper's grave.

## Noise

The constant noise,  
the sound of everything noisy,  
the cacophony of every,  
sound of every sound ever employed,  
oh, the constant noise,  
and the ear splitting shrills of high-pitched whines,  
and shouts,  
and a buzzing in the ear,  
that does not sound like humankind,  
and something constantly talking incessantly,  
something mentally disturbed,  
something crazy,  
something born out of madness,  
and the sound of monkeys calling out loud in the jungle,  
and the sound of insects buzzing around,  
something determined to drive you out of your mind,  
a collection of the sounds of so many things,  
sounds from everywhere,  
from indeterminable things,  
who do seem not right in the head,  
something I wish would be quiet,  
something,  
a thing, perturbed, something of a din,  
something, seemingly manic things that I cannot place,  
something in dreams,  
something in dreams that disturbs me in my sleep,  
something vibrating me upon the sofa where I sleep,  
something in my brain,

something driving me insane,  
something in the darkness of my eyes,  
something and many things,  
that come out of nowhere,  
with great surprise,  
something,  
something whispering,  
something talking out loud to me,  
whilst disturbing the rhythms of my mind,  
something disturbing me,  
something of a mystery that lives within my dream,  
something irritating my eardrums whilst I try to sleep,  
and loud sounds disturbing my privacy,  
something of nothing,  
something in a dream,  
something stuck in somewhere pitched black,  
as I try to escape,  
whilst worrying about my sanity,  
something strange,  
something mean, in some goddamn awful dream,  
somewhere in the darkness behind my eyelids,  
some inescapable noises disturbing me,  
and the only escape,  
waking from a dream, a surreal dream,  
a dream as surreal as can be,  
an audio bombacity, upon my mentality,  
certainly, not normal to me,  
something of which,  
something of which when I awake,  
I am glad to be free.

## **Crumble**

See men crumble,  
see men live,  
see men die,  
see them gone,  
see them gone in the blink of an eye,  
see the tears, see the tears in loved one's eyes,  
see the suffering and the mourning in the aftermath of death,  
see men crumble,  
see men live,  
see men die,  
leaving you to wonder why,  
wonder why with a frustrated sigh,  
see life lost so meaninglessly,  
see life valued so lowly and so pitifully,  
see it repeatedly happen time and time again.  
Yes, see men crumble,  
see men live, see men die,  
see them gone,  
see them gone so rapidly in the blink of an eye,  
see their lives extinguished,  
see their lives lost through violence and war.  
See them lost in the fires of hell,  
see people with blood upon their hands,  
see them wanting to kill more and more,  
see the craziness in warmongers eyes begging for more,  
more death as the dead are still being buried in the ground,  
leaving you to question,  
does anyone not really care anymore,

does anyone not really care?  
Because all they seem to care about and want is more,  
more land,  
more resources,  
more bullets  
more guns,  
more bombs,  
more war,  
more war,  
more war than before,  
more war,  
war,  
war,  
war!!!!

## **Deluded**

Deluded, that is society, deluded is how things are, you see,  
deluded unfortunately, deluded for no reason at all,  
because we have access to all the education that we need,  
oh, deluded society, how frustrating it is,  
and how irritating,  
and how damaging is deluded bureaucracy,  
for there is far too much needless bureaucracy,  
and it should not be,  
because we are just wasting money for no reason,  
yes, wasting money, and it is not funny,  
it is not funny at all for society,  
because the money can be much better spent,  
educating people properly.

## Direction of the heart

There is no direction that a heart can take,  
there is no direction that a heart can take,  
that can never truly leave it free of heartache,  
yes, there is no direction that a heart can take,  
no direction that will speed you away,  
from the chance of pain,  
and mental pain,  
no direction at all except to be totally alone,  
and even if you do not love someone,  
then you can fall out of love with friends,  
and you can have disagreements with those that you love,  
and it can be apocryphal,  
for love is a fickle thing,  
and the most beautiful and the most painful,  
and the most sensational thing,  
and when filled with passion,  
humour, intellect and wit, how great it is,  
and how magical,  
and that is how it should be and how special it is,  
but how much heartache there is with love,  
how much heartache,  
and how excruciating the loss of love is,  
and how often it happens sadly,  
and how intense it can be, for it can drive you into insanity,  
and that is as destructive as anything in life that can be,  
and I wish I could avoid it,  
but the chances of that are a gamble,  
when you put your heart on the line,

looking for a romantic love,  
and when you think you have a true love,  
along comes surprise,  
and smashes love into pieces before your eyes,  
and such tears you cry, such tears.  
Oh, if only love was easy,  
but it never is unfortunately,  
so, when love comes to me,  
I always cross my fingers behind my back,  
because, because it seems the most sensible act.

### **Down by the fountain**

You were down by the fountain, you were drinking gin,  
you had a flash of inspiration in the sunshine,  
about beginning life again.  
You were down by the fountain, you were drinking gin,  
you wanted to sue God for making life,  
life so difficult in the beginning,  
but hopefully after death it will be better in the end,  
because you wanted to be Flash Gordon,  
and fighting off evil villains,  
but you were down by the fountain,  
and you were drinking gin,  
and you had a flash of inspiration in the sunshine,  
about beginning life again,  
for life it seems to be a dream,  
and the realities that we live in,  
are an abomination of the imagination,  
and all we seem to have is imaginary friends,



imaginary friends,  
and you were down by the fountain,  
talking to yourself,  
and you were drinking gin,  
and you had a flash of inspiration,  
in the sunshine,  
and you decided you wanted to leave the Earth,  
because on the Earth,  
there was only pain and hurt,  
and living here,  
well, when will it ever end?  
Yes, you were down by the fountain,  
you were drinking gin,  
and you had a flash of inspiration in the sunshine,  
and you called for God out loud,  
and you scared the clouds,  
whilst drinking and making a din,  
and then you were gone,  
off to see your kin,  
walking funny,  
and with less money,  
with life dragging you back,  
when you really wanted to be Flash Gordon,  
flying through space,  
fighting off aliens, fighting off an evil race,  
but you were no closer,  
no closer to being able to afford a spaceship,  
because you had spent the afternoon,  
down by the fountain drinking gin,  
trying to forget the world and thinking of sin.

## Drinking gin

Evocative,  
lingering,  
cold,  
happy on the outside and charming,  
but, unfeeling in your skin,  
oh, how you stare at me,  
from the newspaper so off puttingly,  
and how you stare at me so evocatively,  
how you stare at me,  
as the rain runs down the window pain,  
and sunlight comes through the grey clouds,  
and although I feel tired,  
so, tired inside and full of winter,  
I wish summer would arrive and would rapidly begin,  
but there you are in the newspaper upon the table,  
in a story that makes you look good,  
yes, there you are, helping the poor yet again,  
helping the poor with a big smile upon your face,  
trying with your fake airs and graces,  
trying to befriend the people in a publicity stunt,  
whilst your investments in weaponry,  
are killing people in a one-sided war,  
a war that only you can win,  
and how massively you profit, from the weapons sales,  
as you do such great work for charity,  
oh, this cynical world that we live in,  
and oh, how I cannot bear your sickening grin,  
how I cannot bear it as you,

staring up from the newspaper in black and white,  
look so evocatively like someone who cares,  
whilst I sit outdoors drinking gin,  
drinking gin,  
with my mind meandering,  
with my mind meandering,  
and upon my face a massive grin,  
a massive grin as the clouds blow by,  
and as I sit with my mind foggy and groggy,  
I try to get a hold of my thoughts,  
I try to get a fix on them,  
I try to make sense of my life,  
I try but the gin is fogging up my mind,  
in the light of these antediluvian times,  
and my thoughts,  
they are like shattered pieces of a mirror,  
and I cannot seem to put them together,  
looking at you for you are rather off-putting,  
and I sit staring at you,  
in a temporary moment of insanity whilst drinking gin,  
and this weather,  
this weather is truly wearing thin,  
so, outside I sit in the cold drinking gin,  
and I am cold on the outside but warm on the in,  
and here I am,  
sat here looking at you, until I can take it no more,  
and I throw the newspaper in the bin,  
and I return to my friends,  
and we talk of life and of reality and decency,  
and we all share good humour and decency,

of which I am grateful for,  
and how we enjoy ourselves despite the cold,  
as we sit in the cold drinking gin,  
and as you are alone,  
you on the newspaper,  
you warmongering thing, you are where you should be,  
you are where you should be,  
which rightly so, is in the bin.

### **Educate yourself**

Educate yourself in common sense and logic,  
and through logic there will be rationality,  
and through rationality there will be less fear,  
because you will understand all the choices laid before you,  
and the fear of the unknown will be less,  
and poor choices can be avoided, and because of this,  
you will be much better at making more rational choices,  
and better able to make the correct choices for you,  
and be happier through your education,  
and through using common sense and logic,  
of which through education you will be aware,  
and so, you will find your own path through life,  
and forge your own destiny with good skill and judgement,  
and reach your goals with determination,  
through choosing the best choices for you,  
of which logic and common sense fill you with,  
and are not based on chance and gambling,  
and rely on choices,  
being plucked randomly out of the air.

## Evening

Evening falling,  
coming down from up on high  
stars appearing and stars twinkling in the eyes,  
evening falling,  
clouds in the sky passing by,  
and sat wishing upon dreams as you and I,  
we spend a little time in amongst,  
the palm trees at the restaurant by the oceanside,  
and we drink a little wine,  
and we talk of our plans,  
our plans to buy a boat and sail across the oceans,  
and we talk of where we will go,  
and I drown happily in your eyes,  
those beautiful blue eyes,  
in which I could sail a million miles,  
and in them quite happily for the rest of my life,  
I will spend the majority so happily for most of my time,  
for in you I have met my equal it is true,  
and in you, you give my life such glorious hues,  
and how wonderful it is to be with you,  
for you are so passionate and caring and gentle,  
and you with your wit and your beauty,  
and your sense of humour and complexities,  
how you fill up my heart and my mind with a love so true,  
for I love every part of you, I truly do,  
and I never wish for anything else,  
nothing other than you,  
for you complete me so beautifully,

and in you there is heaven upon the Earth,  
and oh, how I revel in you,  
revel in your magnificence and in your intelligence,  
and how I laugh at your jokes,  
and how I smile at you,  
and how truly thankful,  
how truly thankful I am for you,  
for you are the light of my life,  
and how gloriously you light up my heart,  
and my mind with a love so true.

### **Getting closer**

Getting closer, getting closer to the end,  
getting tired, getting tired looking for friends,  
looking for friends upon whom I can depend,  
looking for understanding,  
and people who comprehend,  
looking to improve my sociability,  
looking hopefully  
looking to meet, people of intellect, wisdom, and respect,  
because I have had enough of ignorance,  
and stupidity around here,  
especially from the idiots in the street,  
intolerant people with no airs and graces,  
and with hate filled faces,  
people that utter such idiotic words,  
words filled with stupidity and imbecility,  
oh, how I curse that idiocy,  
of which they are fully replete.

## Heavenly

Looking into the sky,  
looking into the sky at night,  
looking up at the stars,  
looking up at the moon that shines so bright,  
and here I am sat indoors, sat at a table in the candlelight,  
looking into the sky, looking up at the stars,  
looking up at the moon,  
looking into the sky at night,  
looking up at the glorious heavens,  
and quietly sat pondering, pondering life,  
thinking of the meaning of it as meteors shoot across the sky,  
but wherefore they go who knows,  
and who knows why, who truly knows,  
but they are as fast as thoughts that flash through my mind,  
and as momentary as the thoughts that I pluck from the sky,  
and here I sit happily at the table in the candlelight,  
here I sit looking into the sky,  
here I sit looking into the sky at night,  
here I sit looking up at the stars,  
here I sit happily looking up at the moon shining so bright,  
here I am sat indoors at a table in the glow of the candlelight,  
with some food and a bottle of wine,  
ruminating and contemplating the universe,  
and what it must have taken,  
to bring the universe into existence and to create life,  
and how grateful I am for mine,  
how grateful for my time upon the Earth,  
how grateful for the majesty before me,

the majesty with which I view with such fascination,  
and such wonder and delight,  
wonder that so gloriously inspires,  
and that passes so happily before my eyes,  
a heavenly sight captured in the mind,  
and in the heart, as I sit at a table in the candlelight,  
full of happiness, and full of delight,  
oh, how powerfully the sight of the universe does inspire,  
for it lifts you as if upon angels' wings,  
it lifts you above all else,  
and it lifts you above the troubles of the world,  
and how easily they are forgotten,  
when looking at the majestic beauty,  
the majestic beauty of the glorious heavenly skies.

### **I am off**

I am off to fight an army, I am off to fight,  
I am off to fight an army of me, I am off to wage a war,  
I am off to wage a war upon my own body,  
I am off to leave sobriety behind,  
I am off to drink and to stumble and to wobble intoxicatedly,  
yes, I am off to fight an army of me,  
I am off to do things to my body,  
that my body tells me not too you see,  
yes, I am off to fight a war upon an army of me,  
a me who is usually quite coordinated,  
and instead, people will see a me,  
drinking as much alcohol,  
as much alcohol as there would be needed to water a tree,



enough water for a tree to survive,  
and enough alcohol for me to be as drunk as can be,  
and if I end up chained to a lamppost,  
or my head in a bin with my legs sticking in the air,  
I probably will not care,  
and I would not be surprised you see,  
because when I am drunk,  
my legs they have a tendency,  
a tendency to go everywhere and rather spontaneously,  
as spontaneously as could be,  
and my brain and my vision will not thank me,  
for my intoxicated revelry,  
but I will be happy as can be,  
laughing and talking all night in the pubs and the clubs,  
and drinking as much alcohol,  
as much alcohol as water,  
as there would be needed to water a tree.

### **I felt**

I felt the Earth beneath me,  
I picked it up and I ran it through my hands,  
and I stood in the sunshine and in the sunlight,  
and I grew my plans, I grew my plans,  
and I thought about it, and I planned to exist more outdoors,  
because indoors it was such a bore,  
and television was not much to write home about,  
and of television I was extremely bored,  
so, I felt the Earth beneath me,  
and I picked it up, and I ran it through my hands,

and I stood in the sunshine,  
and in the light,  
I grew my plans,  
I grew my plans,  
and in my head, I thought,  
and I planned to cross the world,  
no matter how long it would take,  
for I had a dream,  
I had a dream,  
and what a dream,  
to cross the oceans,  
and the seas,  
and what a dream,  
to explore the finery,  
of nature's glories,  
and what experiences there will be,  
and what a variety of people to meet,  
and what an incredible number of places to see,  
and how much better,  
travelling the world in the rain,  
and the snow and the sun will be,  
and how magnificent the experiences,  
and the beauty of the world will be,  
before my eyes,  
and what inspiration, in nature's creations,  
what great inspiration,  
far much more inspiration,  
than being stuck indoors,  
and stuffing my face with food,  
and watching my TV.

## **I hear the rain**

I hear the rain, I hear the rain,  
but I miss you like the sun,  
and I wish you were here today, but I can only complain,  
I can only complain to the sky,  
for you are miles away,  
miles away travelling to the other side of the world,  
and all I have is silence,  
and still, I hear the rain,  
and oh, how glorious it is,  
how glorious it is,  
in its never-ending refrain,  
and as I sit looking out the window,  
and watch the world go by,  
in a soporific way,  
how subdued am I, and as gloomy as the day,  
and I hear and I see the continual rain,  
and I can only complain,  
I can only complain to the sky,  
and against its nature, its nature to cry,  
to cry relentlessly, relentlessly upon my window pain,  
as it rains, and rains, and rains,  
I just sit here watching the world go by,  
thinking of you, thousands of miles away,  
yes, thinking of you,  
distant but always on my mind, and counting time,  
counting time until you are back again,  
and until then sat, I will be sat forlornly,  
watching the rain. rain, rain in a never-ending refrain.

## If I

If I, if I could walk across the sky,  
if I, if I could walk across the sky,  
and survey the world below with my eyes,  
I could view the creation of the world below,  
as if time had frozen,  
as if time had frozen and I was chosen,  
chosen to be God for a day,  
chosen to give the other Gods a day off,  
chosen by the other Gods to have my own say,  
chosen to have my own day of creation,  
chosen to be a God at play,  
and if I, if I could rearrange the Earth,  
what would I do with it,  
and would I remove humanity,  
because of the destruction that they cause,  
the destruction in the constant battle for supremacy,  
the constant battle for land and resources,  
despite there being land and enough resources for all,  
and now, I suppose that would be very sensible,  
yes, very sensible to remove them all,  
for all humans seem to do is destroy the environment,  
and start wars and kill so many fellow human beings,  
because they are intolerant so frequently,  
and they cannot seem to listen,  
and they cannot seem to understand,  
they cannot seem to understand,  
how to get along with their fellow man,  
and they seem have to no wish to,

despite it being better for humanity,  
and humanity,  
how far too often they seem to revel,  
in such cruel barbarity,  
against their fellow man,  
and how they seem to enjoy,  
inflicting suffering,  
and how they seem to enjoy,  
far too often bringing misery,  
so, if I, if I could walk across the sky,  
if I, if I had been chosen by the Gods to be God,  
whilst they went on holiday,  
would I remove humanity from the Earth forevermore,  
most probably,  
because what a beautiful place it is,  
and humanity well,  
they only destroy its beauty,  
and its tranquillity,  
and without humanity,  
how much better the Earth could be,  
how much better the Earth would be,  
if only I was God,  
if only I was God,  
so please, all the Gods,  
will you give that chance to me,  
because I am sure,  
I can do better than humanity,  
with its fixation for war,  
war, war,  
and misery.

## **In the distance**

In the distance of time,  
in the distance of time between you and me,  
there is beauty in silence,  
there is silence in beauty,  
and reflection of a magnitude rarely felt,  
and in the silence,  
I long to reach out my hand to yours,  
but it is nowhere to be seen,  
and it is but a muscle memory,  
a remembrance of that connection to you,  
a remembrance of our love so true,  
a remembrance of what love can be,  
and in the distance of time,  
and in the distance of time between you and me,  
there is beauty in silence,  
and there is silence in beauty,  
and there is pain,  
and there is such emptiness, and such loneliness,  
and such despondency,  
and how I wish I was with you,  
how I wish I was with you, but sadly, it was not to be,  
and I feel the loss of you every day,  
and it just will not go away,  
and you are so far away,  
but all I can do is live in memories and dreams,  
and all I can do is think of the good times that we had,  
and though they say time is a healer,  
all I can do at this moment is live a little regretfully.

## **In the footsteps**

In the footsteps that you walk,  
in the words that you say,  
and with whom you talk,  
and in the heart and the mind,  
do not let negative retorts disturb you,  
and ignore those ignorant few,  
who are less courteous than you,  
and do not let those ignorant few bully you,  
and do not let them belittle you,  
for you are better than those who,  
would try to grind you down,  
grind you down into the ground,  
with their uneducated opinions,  
and their uneducated views,  
and in the footsteps that you walk,  
and in the words that you say,  
and with whom you talk,  
do not waste any time at all,  
for there is no point with them,  
wasting a single second of the day,  
and you are much better off,  
simply walking away,  
and talking to yourself if you have to,  
because it will make more sense,  
and do less damage to you,  
so, ignore those ignorant,  
and uneducated few,  
and be, be a much happier you.

## **In the morning light**

In the morning,  
in the light,  
under the clouds as the birds do sing,  
what glorious warmth there is,  
and what wonders the day holds,  
as nature wakes from its slumber,  
and the sunlight spreads across the fields in all its colours,  
and oh, it is a many and a gloriously varied thing,  
and what great beauty there is outdoors,  
and what splendour there is,  
and what splendour as the mind begins to function again,  
in the morning in the light,  
under the clouds as the birds do sing,  
and the breeze blows gently,  
oh, how calm it is and how heavenly,  
a heaven on Earth, filled with worth,  
and as I walk amongst it,  
and the spectacular wonder that I see,  
I am filled with happiness,  
as I pass along the track and through the trees,  
and as the clouds gather high above me,  
how white they are and how bright,  
as the sunlight bounces off them,  
and they float gently along above me,  
and the yellow flowers in the field,  
how brightly they shine in their beauteous patches,  
in front of the woods, in front of the calmness of the trees,  
on a still quiet morning with no wind at all,



disturbing the leaves,  
and oh, how the sound of birdsong,  
that carries to me so beautifully, and so gloriously,  
and how it lifts the heart and the mind in a splendid dance,  
and how wonderful the birds are,  
with such splendid sounds that do float around me,  
from here to there and everywhere,  
oh, what a beautiful morning,  
and oh, how much there is to see,  
out walking amongst its fields and amongst its fineries,  
and what better a place to wake up,  
and rub the sleep from the eyes as the sun does rise,  
and as the night fades away,  
and leaves the mind quickly in its memory,  
what a beautiful day out in nature it is,  
and far away from the noise of the city  
and what a great place to feel alive,  
what a great place to feel the Earths majesty,  
the Earths majesty sprawled so beautifully around me,  
a majesty of jewels of all kinds,  
and of such wonders that fascinate so,  
and that so inspire the heart and the mind,  
such incredible wonders of grand gestures of creation,  
that light up the heart and the mind,  
with the wondrous colours that creation has prescribed,  
and what a wonder it is to exist,  
and what a beautiful feeling,  
to feel so rejuvenated by the sights that I see,  
and how amazing to be alive and to be me,  
walking through the fields,

past the yellow flowers as the sun shines down,  
as all around,  
there is a glorious world to explore,  
a miracle,  
a miracle of life in the morning light,  
and I how glad I am,  
truly glad to be amongst it,  
and truly glad to be alive,  
truly glad to be me.

### **In the sanctity**

In the sanctity,  
in the sanctity of your sanity,  
when you close your eyes,  
what do you see,  
do you have an image that makes you feel calm,  
do you picture a roaring sea,  
do you, do you see nothing,  
do you hear nothing,  
do you hear anything at all,  
in the quiet and in the solitude,  
what makes you feel happy,  
happy in the hard-fought silence,  
happy in the blank space of the mind,  
the blank space of the mind conjured up in times of stress,  
conjured up as if by magic,  
magic in time not so noisy and bombastic as the world today,  
the world with its chaos and disorder,  
that leaves you in such anxiety and in such delicate states,

and in the sanctity,  
in the sanctity of your sanity, when you close your eyes,  
what is the frequency of the calm,  
that you need to clear your mind, what is the frequency,  
for how beautiful it is to have that emptiness,  
and soothing sounds that you drift away to,  
in another realm and time,  
and how magical is the sound of nothing,  
the sound of nothing that so greatly calms the mind.

### **In the world**

In the world do you walk alone,  
do you walk alone talking to yourself on two tin cans,  
with a piece of string in between,  
in the world do you walk alone,  
do you walk alone sick of the world,  
that tries to invade your life every minute of the day,  
in every technological way,  
yes, in the world do you walk alone,  
and do you bend your ear about a secret only you know?  
Yes, in the world do you walk alone,  
do you have no wish for company,  
do you wish to avoid humanity  
well in that case you had,  
better climb a mountain far from home,  
you had better climb a mountain far from home,  
if you wish to be alone, because that is the only way I know,  
yes, better a climb a mountain,  
in this busy world if you wish to be alone.

## **In this**

In society,  
and in this theatre of life,  
in this world upon the stage,  
what things we suffer, and go through,  
and what pain we feel,  
and with so many acts in the play,  
in this theatre, in this theatre of life,  
in this world and upon the stage of life,  
how we wish we could erase the words sometimes,  
and how we wish that the words would change,  
for far too often our hearts are strained,  
so often by the parts that we play,  
and far too often by the props that we use,  
to get us through the day,  
because usually they turn out to be no help at all,  
and we cannot rely on them,  
so, we throw them into the audience, and we walk away,  
we walk away, and we struggle on behind the masks,  
and we struggle on behind the characters that we play,  
and so often,  
life is faked upon the stage of life that we play upon,  
and it is a shame,  
it is a shame it is that way, and how we rue the day,  
how we rue the day that unhappiness comes our way,  
and we wish to be happy,  
but we never seem to be happy as often as we would like,  
and far too often life seems to be a tragedy,  
and we have so many maladies,

that curse us with their twisted ways,  
and far too often there is darkness,  
and far too little light upon the stage,  
where we play our parts,  
in this complexity of life, on the world our stage,  
and how tiring it is sometimes,  
and how exhausted we all are,  
and how far too often we die far too early,  
and other actors, well,  
at least they are employed to take us away,  
at least they are employed to take us away.

## **Inspiration**

I can think of many things,  
but today I cannot think of a thing,  
well, nothing new it seems,  
no not one thing at all,  
not one thing inspiring,  
despite being surrounded by so many things,  
because I keep coming up with old thoughts,  
but when it comes to new ones,  
it is a blank to me and it is insufferable,  
so, oi, inspiration, where have you gone,  
because I have been standing here all day,  
but I have had no lightning bolts,  
no lightning bolts Inside my brain,  
which is a shame,  
because I love inspiration and fascination,  
but I get so irritated and frustrated when it does not come.

Oi, inspiration where have you gone,  
for you are nowhere to be seen,  
and how I want to be inspired in the warmth of the sun,  
oi, inspiration where have you gone,  
because here I stand, wracking my brain,  
and begging for inspiration to come,  
yes, here I stand in the warmth of the sun,  
bathing in its glow and hoping for inspiration to show,  
but today inspiration does not want to know,  
and I try to think of everything,  
but all I think of are thoughts that I have had before,  
and thoughts that have come on better days,  
and today here as I stand, hoping for inspiration,  
hoping for inspiration to come,  
but I am disappointed,  
and there is no spark today to light my heart,  
and to explode and to create the lightning bolts,  
and the flashes of imagination,  
that come through inspiration,  
and here I stand in the warmth of the sun,  
uninspired but happy,  
but maybe if I relax a little more,  
then inspiration will finally come,  
for inspiration is a funny peculiar thing,  
but in relaxation, that is how for me it usually comes,  
and sometimes finding inspiration is a struggle,  
and today seems a particularly difficult,  
and a particularly frustratingly irritating one,  
so, oi inspiration!  
Where have you gone, where have you gone?

## **It cuts me**

It cuts me,  
it cuts me like a knife,  
it cuts me like a knife that memory,  
that memory of you leaving me,  
yes, it bites at me so viciously,  
and it derides me,  
and it asks of me why I could not have held on to you,  
why I could not have held on to you,  
but you were not destined to be in my life for long,  
you were not destined to love me for long,  
and the words that you spoke did not explain much at all,  
and all I was left with was nothing,  
nothing except the loneliness in my soul,  
and how it cuts me,  
how it cuts me like a knife,  
it cuts me like a knife that memory,  
and I try to be me,  
but without knowing why,  
and I cannot be truly me,  
because you were the best part of me,  
and I feel so numb,  
so numb and empty that I cannot be me,  
no, I cannot truly be me,  
and I am left floating in a sea of pain, a sea of pain,  
with inside me,  
a tornado,  
a whirlwind, a hurricane,  
a craziness of discombobularity raging through my brain,

and a craziness in my heart,  
in the form of an earthquake shakes me repeatedly,  
and oh, how it hurts,  
and oh, how much pain,  
how much pain,  
and I wish I knew why you left,  
but every time I tried to call you,  
you put down the phone and did not take my call,  
and I do not have a conclusion as to why you left me,  
why you left me at all,  
because you would not give me the time of day,  
and all I could do was cry,  
and shout in frustration and rage,  
and angrily scream in pain,  
and all I could do was keep thinking that it should not be,  
and that you should never have left me,  
but you obviously did not feel the same way,  
because if you did,  
then this would not be the reality that I face every day,  
and oh,  
how my thoughts intensify in my mind,  
the longer I linger upon them,  
and oh, how their ferocity berates me,  
and how they frustrate me,  
and oh, how they assault me mentally,  
and how they mentally abuse me,  
and taunt me, repeatedly,  
and the thought of you leaving me it cuts me,  
it cuts me like a knife,  
it cuts me like a knife that memory,



that memory of you leaving me,  
and ever since I have never been the same,  
I have never been the same,  
and all I can do is complain,  
complain,  
and suffer because of lost love,  
lost love that wracks my brain with pain, with pain,  
oh, so much pain,  
so much pain,  
pain that I have no way to explain,  
pain that unfortunately,  
continues in a seemingly never-ending refrain.

## **Kill**

Kill, not,  
kill,  
not,  
and do not set your mind,  
upon such a destructive train of thought,  
and do not let anger get the better of you,  
and do not take up weapons,  
for any little molehill as you seemingly have the want,  
that you seemingly have the want to do,  
that you seem so intent upon so many times,  
that you cannot seem to break away from,  
and that you seem to revel in,  
for it is not worth the effort,  
and you, I wish you had it in you,  
I wish you had it in you not to,

but you, you seem to enjoy your psychopathic mind,  
and I wish I could placate you from your destructive course,  
but of course, you have no wish to,  
and you vent your anger over,  
any little thing that you come across that angers you,  
and it is normal to you, but it is not normal to me,  
and I have no wish for it,  
and I have no wish to see you live your life so stupidly,  
but unfortunately, and rather often in society,  
so many people seem so keen to resort to violence,  
and of their sanity I truly question it and their morality,  
and I wonder what it will take,  
for so many people die so needlessly,  
in greater numbers, which isn't so great a leap,  
from the numbers that now so many from violence do,  
yes, so many people die,  
but it should not be this way,  
it should not be this way,  
in this educated modern society that we have today,  
but unfortunately, there is so much poverty,  
and it drives people out of their minds,  
and how painful it is to see,  
the constant stories of violence and murder,  
in the newspapers, online,  
on the radio, on the televisions,  
and in the magazines,  
oh, it is a horror,  
and an abomination that occurs so frequently,  
and it truly is an anathema to me,  
to see so much brutality and misery.

KKK

We clambered over the barricades,  
we clambered over the barricades whilst drinking lemonade,  
we came to see your charade,  
your ugly parade,  
and you stood there with your racism,  
blowing up amongst the crowd like a hand grenade,  
and we looked at you and pitied you for your ignorance,  
you the KKK,  
you the KKK who used set fire to crosses,  
you the KKK who used to enjoy giving out racist abuse,  
whilst demonstrating so happily,  
you, the KKK who used to hang people from trees,  
you, the KKK who used to murder people so brutally,  
and so casually,  
you, the KKK, who now admit "black people",  
into your society for a membership fee,  
yes, you the KKK,  
who are less miserable than you used to be,  
you the KKK who are less intolerant than you used to be,  
you the KKK who now say it is about pride in your country,  
you the KKK, yes, you say you have a new policy,  
so, are you going to make "black people" wear black robes,  
now, really, what was the actual point,  
of your mass murdering racist insanity,  
and what was the actual point,  
of your torturing mass murdering lunacy,  
and really, what was the point,  
of your ignorance and idiotic history,

because, it really had no reason to be,  
and now it is becoming more and more clear logically,  
logically,  
because now you allow "Black members" into the KKK,  
for a membership fee,  
so really,  
what has been the point of your uneducated imbecility,  
what has been the point of your intolerance,  
what has been the point of your racism and your hatred,  
in human history?

### **Lions grin**

Do not give up,  
do not give in,  
face them all with steely eyes,  
face the world with a lion's grin.  
Yes, do not give up,  
and do not give in,  
be fearless and courageous and let battle commence,  
and put fear into the eyes of women and men,  
put fear into those uneducated fools,  
who may try to abuse you with their little brains,  
and who have nothing of any value to say,  
yes, put fear into the eyes of men and women,  
who are ignorant and rude,  
and put fear into the eyes of the hateful and the spiteful,  
and put fear into the eyes of the resentful,  
put fear into the bitter and the incalcitrant,  
and the belligerent,

put fear into those with cowardly hearts,  
and do not give up and do not give in,  
and do not let them tear you apart,  
and face the world with your intellect and wit,  
and use your compassion and your heart,  
yes, face the world with love,  
for love is much better than an existence,  
with a black and a hateful and a resentful and a jealous heart,  
and, so, to dispel the dark,  
use your compassion and your heart,  
and battle on through thick and thin,  
and face the world,  
face the world with a lion's grin,  
and put the fear into the intolerant and the despicably evil,  
and through your education put the fear of truth into them,  
and never give in,  
never give in,  
and tell the truth no matter what,  
and fight lies with all you have got,  
and face the world with the strength of a lion,  
face the world with a lion's grin,  
and do not give up and do not give in,  
and persevere with spirit and courage,  
persevere through all adversity,  
persevere with the strength of a lion,  
and with a mind that is always learning,  
and do not let those fools,  
misguide you with lies and untruths  
and do not let them win, do not let them win,  
but persevere and face the world with a lion's grin,

persevere and put fear into the eyes of women and men,  
women and men who would,  
belittle you with their cowardice,  
yes, face them all,  
face them all with your intellect and wit,  
face them all with the strength of a lion,  
face them all with a lion's grin.

### **Loquacious**

You of loquacious bent,  
you of never-ending words from which you do not repent,  
you mealy mouthed,  
angry foul mouthed verbally challenged lout of ill intent,  
cannot you for a moment repent,  
because all you do is irritate me,  
and I get no peace and quiet from you,  
and you seem to have,  
all the useless words that you could ever need,  
and you never seem to get bored of them,  
and how happy you seem to be,  
spreading their malcontent,  
and there is nothing of intellectual value,  
in the words that you say,  
so, when I see you,  
I look to heaven, and I pray,  
I pray for a lightning bolt to strike you down,  
so, from you I will not hear another sound,  
and that would be truly better for those all around,  
but unfortunately, God must be busy and cannot be found,

so, I will have to avoid you as best I can,  
because that is the only plan,  
a plan that is down to luck,  
but unfortunately,  
you mealy mouthed angry foul mouthed,  
verbally challenged lout of ill intent,  
you are of other intent,  
with your beer can in hand,  
as I wander through town where your life is misspent,  
and though I wish for you to not be so uncouth,  
and though I wish for you not to waste your life,  
with your disgusting verbosities,  
you seem far too often to aim them at me,  
with increasing regularity,  
and woe is me,  
because God is nowhere to be seen,  
and it is unfortunate,  
because you are only capable,  
of vulgar and obscene words which are far too often heard,  
and how they cut through the air,  
and shatter people's eardrums everywhere,  
and I wish you would read a dictionary,  
and learn some words,  
that are more useful to use in society,  
but you do not care about society,  
and you, you mealy mouthed,  
angry foul mouthed,  
verbally challenged lout of ill intent,  
you continue, until you are as blue in the face as can be,  
and from foul language never repent.

## **Love is a battlefield**

Love is a battlefield,  
love is a tragedy,  
love is a comedy,  
love is a malady,  
love is a remedy,  
love it rages inside you as if the oceans and the seas,  
love is powerful,  
love is powerful with you and me,  
and love,  
what a wonder it is when it creeps up on you unexpectedly,  
and what a thrill it is when it enters your heart,  
and when it lights up your soul,  
and fills your eyes with magic,  
and what a feeling,  
what a feeling,  
those emotions and sensations that rush over you like waves,  
and that bring such a huge smile to your face,  
and that create such happy memories,  
and how beautiful love and its intimacies,  
and its complexities,  
because love is a tragedy,  
love is a comedy,  
love is a malady,  
love is a battlefield, love is a remedy,  
and love is as glorious as can be,  
and being in love is the best feeling of all,  
and being in love,  
well, there truly is no better place to be.



## Morning

Morning,  
morning in the light,  
newspaper and coffee upon the table,  
sun shining bright,  
sugar in a bowl,  
sweet,  
as amongst the flowers there are honeybees in flight.

Morning,  
morning in the light,  
in the garden of delights,  
sat on the patio amidst the glorious flowers,  
sat in wonder looking at the beauty of the peony,  
the hollyhocks,  
the lavender and the hydrangea,  
oh, what spectacular effervescence,  
and colour and brightness there is that astounds the eyes,  
and what majesty,  
in this peaceful man-made fantasy world there is,  
in this garden where the wonders of it never fail to delight.

Morning,  
morning in the light,  
newspaper and coffee upon the table,  
sun shining bright, sugar in a bowl, sweet,  
as amongst the flowers there are honeybees in flight,  
and what delicate works of art are the flowers,  
that open early in the morning light,  
and how tender the fragrances,  
that do so beautifully rise, into the air,

and that fill your nostrils with a beauty,  
that overwhelms the senses,  
and that leave you almost breathless,  
and with such a smile and such happiness in the eyes,  
such happiness as you sit in the garden of delights,  
and what majesty there is,  
that fills the heart and the mind,  
and there is nothing that is better than to be,  
your own God, and to have the power,  
of creation and design,  
and in your own garden,  
and happy,  
happy in the garden of delights.

### **Nevermore**

You, yes you, you broke my heart too many times,  
and now for my own sanity,  
nevermore will I listen to you,  
nevermore will I trust you,  
nevermore will I look at you,  
nevermore will I place my confidence in you,  
nevermore,  
for my confidence in you has truly walked out the door,  
walked out the door forevermore,  
walked out because I should have known,  
you were not to be trusted,  
I should have known that you could never be true to me,  
because you were never even true to you,  
yes, I should have known that as soon as I saw you,

and as soon as I passed you,  
and as soon as you stopped me and said hello,  
yes, I felt there was something wrong about you,  
and God knows why I trusted you at all,  
for you had that look about you,  
that look of fake smiles and underlying unease,  
for you were too eager,  
too eager to please,  
so, nevermore will I trust you,  
nevermore will I trust in you,  
for your words mean absolutely nothing at all,  
and you come and go like the tide and the shadows,  
constantly shifting,  
always constantly, trying to make yourself look good,  
and you constantly shilly shally here and there,  
and no longer for you do I care,  
and I am better off away from you,  
because I have I no love for you anymore,  
I have no love for you,  
because you broke my heart so many times before,  
so, nevermore will I listen to you,  
nevermore will I trust you,  
nevermore will I look at you,  
nevermore will I place my confidence in you,  
no, nevermore,  
for my confidence in you has truly walked out the door,  
and your confidence tricks,  
and your machivellian attempts at befriending me,  
again, were wasted and I saw through you,  
but not soon enough,

but how happy I am not having to face your duplicity,  
and your constant lies anymore,  
for your duplicity and your constant lies I so despised,  
and I still do,  
and I am truly glad to see the back of you,  
so nevermore will I listen to you,  
nevermore will I trust you,  
nevermore will I look at you,  
nevermore will I place my confidence in you,  
nevermore,  
for my confidence in you has truly walked out the door,  
walked out the door forevermore.

## Noises

Noises of the night,  
black,  
starlight,  
moonglow bright,  
noises of the night,  
noises of the night,  
owls and birds,  
incredible audio delights,  
noises of the night,  
black,  
starlight,  
moonglow bright,  
looking up through the trees,  
looking up at the clouds,  
as they pass on by, enjoying all that I see,

enjoying the magic and the light,  
enjoying the magic and the light,  
as the shooting stars they capture my heart,  
and I enjoy you being in my arms,  
and as we sit upon the bench,  
and your warmth it comforts me on a cold cold night,  
and as the moonglows bright,  
your kisses light up my eyes,  
with their tender and magical and glorious delights,  
and as the stars shine,  
and your fragrance it takes me away to summer days,  
I look at you,  
I look at you and smile,  
for we met on a summer's night,  
and I remember you and the look in your eyes,  
and what magic there was,  
and your eyes how they sparkled,  
as the sunlight reflects off of the sea,  
and what a glorious vision you were as you came to me,  
for you came towards me as if in a dream,  
and I was knocked off my feet by the beauty of you,  
and how I felt my heartbeat so rapidly and with such  
tenacity,  
for you plucked at my heart strings, and made my heart sing,  
and you came to me as if in a dream,  
as if in a dream,  
and you to me were a dream come true,  
you with your long flowing hair,  
and that beautiful nose,  
and with you in that blue dress,

that enveloped you and your glorious curves,  
oh, how I fell for you,  
and how I remember those nervous first words,  
and how you talked to me so gently,  
how you talked to me,  
and how my heart it stirred,  
how my heart it stirred,  
and rose from the depths that were so low,  
because with you I was truly blessed, and I am blessed,  
and in your arms, I feel as radiant as the moonglow.

### **Out walking**

Birds singing in the morning,  
birds singing in the sky,  
sunlight from the heavens,  
my imagination running wild,  
my imagination running wild,  
as I walk in a cool breeze with inspiration in my eyes,  
and as I walk, the birds are singing in the morning,  
the birds are singing in the sky,  
and there is sunlight from the heavens,  
pouring down upon me,  
down upon me as the clouds float gently,  
as the clouds float gently by,  
and the birds they sing their songs,  
birds of all kinds with songs so glorious,  
and melliferous when I walk along,  
to the sound of musical intoxication by heavenly design,  
and what wonders all around me there are to see,

amongst the splendour of nature,  
amongst the streams,  
and what wonders there are,  
amongst the rivers and by the lakes,  
and in the forests and in the woods,  
and in the hills and in the valleys,  
and amongst the splendour of it all,  
amongst the splendour as the heat of the day,  
it rises and the bird song floats upon the air,  
oh, how spectacular the sun is in its radiance,  
and how beautiful the day is in its effervescent abundance,  
and how I soak it all in as I stand and stare,  
and oh,  
how greatly I am honoured by its presence,  
for in it, my heart leaps in such huge bounds,  
and it fills me with wonder,  
and it never truly ceases to astound,  
and the sun, it takes my breath away as it falls upon the land,  
and it falls so beautifully everywhere,  
and what an incredible day awaits me out,  
in the world filled with such gentility,  
a day of blessings,  
blessings filled with glorious, magnificent variations,  
of creation and tranquillity,  
and oh, in it all how happy I will be,  
how happy I will be out walking and exploring,  
in the clearest and in the freshest of airs,  
for I belong wherever nature is,  
because nature created me and it inspires me,  
and in it am free, free to be me,

free in the magnificence of the world,  
out in the sun,  
out in the rain,  
out in the snows,  
and everywhere,  
walking in nature,  
blessed by the visions that I see,  
blessed to be alive,  
blessed to be me,  
blessed to be living and breathing,  
amongst nature's wonders and its fineries,  
happy under the glorious heavens,  
and the magnificent skies above me,  
happy as can be in nature,  
happy to see it all,  
happy revelling in its majesty,  
happy to be me and so blessed by the glory of it all,  
and as happy as can be.

### **Out wandering**

Out wandering over hills,  
hills,  
across roads and past hedgerows and daffodils,  
out wandering in the rain, the sun and the snows,  
out wandering in the sunshine and the blue skies,  
and under the clouds and the windmills,  
and walking up and down the hills,  
and riding the bicycle for thrills,  
and wearing wellington boots,



and out walking in the mud and in the floods,  
and feeling happy in the sunshine drinking cider and wine,  
and feeling happy upon a bus,  
watching the countryside roll past and not minding the time,  
and out feeling good with such beautiful visions in my eyes,  
and happy rolling around in the grass,  
and feeling ecstatic in the woods,  
and boisterously climbing the trees,  
and happy in the streams and the rivers,  
and the oceans and the seas,  
and happy clambering over the rocks upon the beaches,  
and happy sitting on the sand that is as clean as can be,  
and happy in nature,  
happy in beauty,  
happy in nature's glory and its majesty,  
happy in peace,  
happy in silence and happy in tranquillity,  
and glad to be free,  
glad to be free to explore all that I can see,  
glad to be, glad to be me,  
wandering where I wish,  
roaming everywhere without a care,  
climbing over stiles and walking for miles,  
walking for miles and miles,  
walking, running, and skipping everywhere,  
and feeling so alive,  
and enjoying nature, and enjoying life,  
and out enjoying the freshest of air,  
with the leaves on the trees blowing,  
and with the wind rustling through my hair.

## **You come to me**

Over the horizon you come to me,  
over the horizon I see you,  
I see you as if in a dream,  
I see you come out of the mirage,  
I see you in your beauty,  
with your hair blowing in the breeze,  
I see you,  
I see your smile,  
I see the radiance of your face,  
I see you walking towards me,  
I see you with your legs that seemingly go on for miles,  
I see you reaching out to me,  
I see you happy,  
and happy it makes me,  
I see you as if in a dream with that slow-motion walk,  
I see you as if in slow motion,  
I see you mouth the words I love you,  
and oh, how my heart how it leaps,  
and oh, how gently you wrap your arms around me,  
and how sweet your kisses are,  
as you plant them upon my lips,  
and how beautiful you are,  
and those eyes,  
oh, those eyes,  
those eyes are like the finest Caribbean Sea,  
and how I could swim, in those eyes forevermore,  
for you are truly everything to me,  
and the gentility,

and the beauty of your passion,  
oh, how it beguiles me,  
and all your whiles how they thrill me,  
for we were meant to be,  
and that is particularly fine to me,  
and as you hold me,  
with your long arms draped around me,  
oh, how you kiss me gently on the neck,  
and the sensation of you lands upon me,  
as if butterflies,  
butterflies landing upon my skin,  
the most delicate and the finest of things they are,  
your kisses,  
your beautiful kisses,  
the likes of which are like a dream,  
like a dream to me,  
and I could spend all day in your arms,  
filled with your charms,  
and I with you will never be unhappy,  
for you and me,  
we were meant to be,  
and the warmth of you,  
the warmth of you next to me is heavenly,  
and oh, how my heart rises,  
how it rises with you in my arms,  
how my heart rises, as if an angel to heaven,  
and how great my love for you it is,  
how great,  
and how great my love for you,  
how great my love for you will always be.

## **Psycho analysis**

Psycho analysis, analysed by a psycho,  
what, what gives,  
what gives,  
oh, such persistency,  
and I am beginning to believe,  
that the psycho analyst is acting psychopathically,  
so, call a shrink,  
because I think the psycho analyst may be in need,  
and I think the psycho analyst may need sedating,  
so, damn the brain,  
damn this infernal over analytical machine,  
who often finds problems and things of which to complain.

## **Rain**

Rain and the gathering clouds,  
shattered skies,  
shattered skies with lightning bolts,  
with as much fury as God does allow.  
Rain and the gathering clouds,  
shattered skies,  
visions in one's eyes as powerfully incandescent,  
and as bright, and as quick as God does allow,  
and what a wonder they are,  
and how quick they wander across the sky,  
in their jagged shapes,  
their jagged shapes that are as sharp as daggers,  
and which stab at the heart of heaven,

which stab at the heart of heaven,  
as furiously and as powerfully,  
and as fierce as their mood will allow,  
and that so frighteningly,  
sends the stars into shock,  
that send the stars into shock above the Earth,  
but for what reason I do not know,  
but God must surely have the answers for this show,  
for surely it was he who put it on,  
but for what reasons,  
and of what reason is he so displeased with the heavens for,  
for in their beauty, I cannot see why,  
he would be so displeased,  
and it is a mystery to me why it should be,  
but it is glorious in their spectacularity,  
and as wondrous a vision that I have ever seen,  
as wondrous a vision before my eyes,  
that fills me with light and surprise,  
light and surprise,  
as the lightning that shoots across the heavens,  
that shoots across the heavens,  
in such glorious beauty,  
that so powerfully reminds us,  
of the power of nature,  
that regales our vision and imagination,  
and leaves us in awe and with such great sighs,  
for there is no sight as spectacular in heaven,  
no sight so incredible that makes our hearts palpitate,  
and that leaves us in such a state,  
and with such countless, wondrous excited sighs.

## Reflections

Reflections of me,  
reflections of me upon my mobile screen,  
reflections of me,  
reflections of the clouds in the sky,  
passing by,  
as I sit in the field with my technology,  
reflections of me,  
words upon a screen,  
creativity,  
photographs of nature,  
and videos of everywhere that I have been,  
reflections of me,  
reflections of me upon my mobile screen,  
my life before my eyes,  
with the capability to replay any time in my history,  
my time in history that I have captured so easily,  
and they say that maybe one day,  
maybe one day we will be,  
able to travel backwards in time physically,  
but now, we can only travel in time virtually,  
and that,  
that is good enough for me,  
reflections of me, getting lazy,  
reflections of me,  
sat in the sun doing nothing at all,  
yes, I should do more walking probably,  
more walking instead of just staring,  
at these reflections of me.

## Relax

Relax,  
unwind,  
slow it down,  
take your time,  
because you are finished,  
I am sure,  
so put down the pen,  
and let it all sink in,  
and relax again,  
for you have flowed like the ocean,  
with so many words,  
so many words like all the seas,  
and all the oceans combined,  
and all the words that have poured forth,  
and that have flowed backwards,  
and forwards upon the pages,  
yes, take pride in what you have created,  
and smile,  
smile,  
and though you have run out of time,  
though you have run out of time,  
and the day has run away into the night,  
tomorrow I am sure,  
there will be time for more,  
time for more words,  
so, now what, now what,  
isn't it time for a beer  
yes, a beer, I am sure.

## Reviving this life

Reviving this life,  
would have been pointless,  
for it is not the same,  
reviving this life would be a terrible shame,  
and reviving this life would be insane,  
for nothing around here does ever change,  
and all my things are in boxes,  
and I am glad to be moving far away,  
because my life here is over and totally ruined,  
and I am never happy anymore,  
no matter the friends that I have,  
no matter the friends that I have,  
nothing ever seems the seem,  
and I have no joy,  
I have no happiness and I have only pain,  
so, reviving this life, it seems pointless,  
because it is not the same,  
not the same as it once was,  
for it is as if it has been washed away in the flood,  
and as if nothing is left anymore,  
and I feel hollow and empty,  
and frustrated and irritated and I hate this place,  
I truly hate this place, and my things are in boxes,  
and I cannot wait to move far away,  
for my life here is ruined,  
and so, I rue the day, the day I moved here,  
but my happily things are in boxes,  
and all packed up to move far far away.



## Roar

There is a roar on the horizon,  
the rumble of the Gods I am sure,  
there is a roar on the horizon, a battle cry in the heavens,  
that parts the clouds in the sky,  
yes, there is a roar on the horizon,  
the rumble of the Gods I am sure,  
a roar, a mighty roar, a roar that scatters the clouds,  
and brings out the sun, and that fights off the darkness,  
a mighty roar of the Gods stirring up my soul,  
a roar shaking the heavens,  
bringing inspiration with such cloud bursting explosions,  
and great roars, great roars of encouragement,  
great roars that rouse my heart and my mind,  
and that light up my eyes with encouragement as I sit here,  
and as such loudness rages above my head,  
I am ready for battle with my creativity,  
and as the sun shines down,  
I have my imagination inflamed,  
and there is a rumble of the Gods I am sure,  
and I am ready for war,  
ready for war, ready to create such works,  
such works inspired by what I hear in the heavenly skies,  
oh, that mighty roar,  
a mighty mighty roar of RAF planes flying by,  
and yes, there are more great works,  
of inspiration to come I am sure,  
much more I am sure, inspired by the roar of the RAF,  
aircraft in the glorious British skies.

## Shadows

Shadows, light and soft across the floor,  
shadows across the chairs,  
shadows across the doors,  
shadows upon the trees outside,  
shadows in the mind,  
shadows of all shapes,  
shadows of such beauty,  
and gentility and of such magnificence,  
shadows upon the rocks,  
shadows upon humankind,  
shadows in the heart,  
shadows in words,  
shadows of moods,  
of various shades and kinds,  
shadows,  
shadowy drug dealers preying,  
upon the vulnerable in the night,  
shadows, shadows and cold killers lurking in the dark,  
love in the shadows, love in the shadows of your heart,  
love, not as bright as it was once,  
love on the edge, love dead,  
love no longer in your head,  
and love no longer in your heart,  
and shadows, shadows all dark and light and no stars,  
shadows obscuring your path,  
shadows coming and going,  
shadows so fleetingly disappearing,  
oh, what great fascination in the eeriness that they do impart.

## Simple lines

Simple lines,  
simple lines upon a page,  
a declaration of an age,  
a love declared, an explanation,  
a direction, a state of mind,  
in simple lines upon the page,  
evocative and explanatory,  
and as basic as can be,  
simple lines,  
simple lines upon a page,  
getting the point across so easily.  
Simple lines,  
simple lines upon a page,  
a declaration of an age,  
defining a definition so definitively.  
Yes, simple lines,  
simple lines upon a page,  
well-chosen words,  
minimal but much more meaningful,  
than a mouthful of words anyway,  
and I prefer them that way,  
I prefer words that cut to the quick,  
and that leave no one with any doubt,  
as to the meaning of what they have to say,  
yes, simple lines, simple lines upon a page,  
simple explanations,  
and much better explanations by being simple,  
because simple to me, simple is the best way.

## Words

Words,  
sounds,  
feelings,  
evocations,  
imaginings,  
ruminations,  
contemplations,  
fascinations,  
captivations,  
what words worth's of inspiration,  
what words worth's of inspiration from a dictionary,  
to fill the mind and with which to breed creation,  
and what beauty,  
what glorious beauty,  
what linguistic complexities,  
and varieties to fire the imagination,  
oh, what words to ponder over, and to wander over,  
and oh, what sounds, what feelings, what emotions,  
what evocations from the words contained within,  
that leave you in awe and begging for more,  
and that you understand more with every reading,  
and of everything written, how much of a pleasure it is,  
how much of a pleasure, to speak words out loud,  
and to listen to poems, plays and speeches,  
with their cadence, intonations, and rhythms,  
and what a wonderful thing is,  
the gift of language and the inspiration it can bring,  
oh, what a wonderful thing.

## Still water

Still water,  
still,  
still water clear and deep,  
gentility,  
peace and quiet,  
peace and quiet,  
and tranquillity beside gentle streams,  
calm,  
happiness,  
peace and quiet beside the gentle babbling brooks,  
amongst the trees,  
and happiness as the leaves whisper,  
happiness as the wind blows quietly through the trees.

## Strange

Strange tales,  
strange tales of love on a runaway train,  
strange tales of a night,  
only a brief night to somewhere far away,  
strange tales of candlelight and beaujolais,  
strange tales,  
strangers or not,  
strange to me, strangers upon a train,  
eyes meeting across a carriage,  
and holding a little conversation face to face,  
holding a conversation with few words,  
and sliding a briefcase,

sliding a briefcase under the table,  
but, what did it contain,  
did it contain the secrets of their shopping,  
did it contain the secrets of money-making schemes,  
schemes so grandiose,  
schemes of world domination,  
schemes of incredible ideas and ruminations,  
schemes of abominations,  
schemes and plans of bombs,  
and the machinations of war,  
schemes of secret societies,  
and secrets about alien beings,  
yes, strange tales,  
strange tales of love on a runaway train,  
strangers or not,  
but strange indeed,  
a briefcase slid under the table,  
oh, what a bored brain upon a train,  
has to do to stave off the inanity of a journey,  
a journey through industrial cities,  
industrial cities that mean nothing,  
and that are of no interest to me,  
and still, a day after,  
I am still left pondering,  
what it could mean,  
a briefcase slid under the table,  
very strange,  
very strange indeed,  
now, now, what could it have contained,  
and what could it mean, strange tales,

strange tales upon a train,  
strange tales and that lingering kiss,  
that in my memory still remains,  
oh, very strange,  
a lingering thought upon my brain,  
a lingering thought of strangers sliding that briefcase,  
under the table,  
a mystery,  
a mystery of strangers kissing,  
strangers kissing in the night upon a train,  
a strange tale of strangers upon a train,  
strangers upon a train in the rain.

### **Stupid heart**

Goodbye,  
goodbye to your stupid heart,  
your stupid heart that could not recognise,  
that you with your mood so black,  
could not ever overcome me,  
and that you could never swallow me up whole,  
and you never will in my life again play a part,  
oh, you and your stupid heart,  
you are better off elsewhere,  
you are better off alone in the dark,  
you are better off with your misery,  
you are better off pitying yourself,  
and crying endlessly without bothering me,  
for I have had enough of your dark arts,  
so, goodbye, goodbye to your stupid heart,

that incalcitrant and ridiculous heart,  
your ridiculous heart that knows no shame,  
and that has all the anger in the world inside it contained,  
and that rages angrily with such hurricane like ferocity,  
when you do not get what you want,  
oh, that stupid heart,  
that was all too eager to tear my mine apart,  
and oh, how I curse your stupid heart,  
and how glad I am to be away from you,  
how glad I am to be away,  
for I rue the day,  
I rue the day that I met you,  
for my heart was filled with light and the softness of love,  
and yours was as black as they come,  
and quick to stab mine with barbs so sharp,  
and so quick to belittle me with such vicious words,  
that you endlessly in your foul moods,  
spat bombastically at me,  
words that I despaired of for they occurred so regularly,  
that I could not bear it anymore,  
and to think of it,  
all I got was a headache and a heartache,  
and how I suffered for my health,  
after months of such vitriol,  
and I really could not take it anymore,  
so, I walked out, I walked out the door,  
and I am much better off without you,  
much better off than before,  
and I in being free of you and in spirit am rich,  
and you with your black heart are still incredibly poor,



and you I would not be surprised if you are just as bitter,  
and probably less courteous than before,  
and you I do not miss your black heart,  
and I am truly glad,  
truly glad my love for you has ended,  
and to have walked away from you and out of the door,  
feeling happier than I have ever been.

### **Tear yourself apart**

Tear yourself apart,  
and start again,  
tear yourself apart,  
and begin anew,  
and throw out the old love from your memory,  
and rejuvenate you, rejuvenate you,  
and lift yourself up from the ground,  
and lift yourself up out of the ashes,  
and pay no mind to old times and to only walking forwards,  
and do not immediately look at the old you,  
but continue,  
continue forwards as best as you can do,  
and clear your head with silence,  
and do not think of old love, old love that has gone,  
for it in the immediacy will do you no good,  
and you should walk forwards and continue,  
and try to be you again, and try to reclaim you,  
and then look at you and at the pieces of you,  
for in time the only way to repair yourself,  
is to know the truth, and to define who was at fault,

and in the heat of the moment,  
and in the aftermath of love,  
a love shattered and broken into pieces,  
the reality as uncomfortable as it may be,  
will heal you,  
it will heal you,  
and piece by piece if you concentrate on not placing blame,  
you will not get hung up on so much pain,  
and the agony will not linger in your brain,  
in a seemingly never-ending refrain,  
and you will return to the real you,  
and not the discombobulated you,  
and not the broken hearted you,  
but a you with renewed strength,  
a new you rising anew,  
a glorious you from out of the old,  
a better you,  
and in time a healed you and a you ready for a new you,  
and maybe,  
maybe ready for love,  
ready for love anew.

### **Tell me**

Tell me nothing, for I would rather be educated by only me,  
because there are too many lies in this world,  
too many lies that the world espouses,  
and too many lies,  
and I do not believe anything that anyone tells me anymore,  
and I am as cynical, as cynical as can be,

and I am not really surprised,  
that this is the way that it has come to be,  
for there have been so many lies in this world,  
and so many lies spread across humanity,  
so, tell me nothing,  
and be gone,  
be gone away from me,  
I beg of thee,  
and please tell me nothing and just stand there like a tree,  
stand there like a tree,  
and please,  
please do not bother me with your lies constantly.

### **The world**

The world,  
how it hangs there in space in its beauty,  
and how glorious it looks in its majesty of spectacular blue,  
oh, the world,  
how glorious it is,  
how magnificent it is to me and you,  
oh, the Earth, the Earth so blue,  
so, far from the moon with no one of its seniority to talk to,  
but oh, how it inspires,  
and how it captures the imagination with such fascination,  
and what glories it holds where we walk and where we talk,  
and the nature of Earth how varied it is,  
and how simple and complex it is,  
and how brilliant are all its colours,  
and hues that dazzle our eyes,

and that dance so spectacularly before our vision,  
wherever we stand and from wherever it is we view,  
and the Earth how gently it holds us in its arms,  
and from our Mothers and Fathers,  
and teachers how we learn of its fragility,  
and how it raises us,  
and how inquisitive of it we are,  
and how inquisitively we learn of it,  
and how brilliantly we are educated by it,  
and from it we learn of nature and how powerful it is,  
and from it we learn how devastating nature,  
and the forces of nature can be,  
and how we,  
from the simple elements of the Earth,  
we have evolved and can explore the Earth,  
with such inquisitiveness and tenacity,  
and how we,  
we travelling upon it,  
have and can conjure up such glorious,  
and such wondrous memories,  
conjured up from all the many possibilities,  
from the people that we meet to the places that we go,  
and that we have been,  
and from the wilderness of nature,  
from streams,  
rivers,  
lakes, oceans and seas,  
the clouds and the skies,  
and from the fields to the mountains, the woods, the forests,  
the individual leaves, and the plants and the trees,

oh, what an incredible world it is,  
and how it hangs there in space in its beauty,  
and how glorious it looks in its majesty of spectacular blue,  
and what a grand place it is,  
a grand place to love,  
a grand place to feel and to exist,  
with all the sensations with which the Earth,  
by the power of its creation has given to us,  
and blessed us with,  
oh, what a beautiful place it is to be,  
for we with our senses we can see,  
and we can feel everything,  
and in our emotions and by being surrounded by it,  
it is the greatest of symphonies playing upon our hearts,  
and the most captivating and the most fascinating of places,  
and how we are lucky to be born from it,  
and to stand,  
and to walk,  
and to sit,  
and to explore,  
and to dream, and to wish,  
and how incredible it is that we have risen from it,  
with such chance that the nature,  
of its beating heart has permitted us,  
and has granted us life as if from a wish,  
and how thankful are we,  
how thankful are we to be upon it,  
and amongst its many fineries to exist,  
and how thankful are we to be alive,  
and with our loved ones upon it happy to live.

## Therapy

Therapy,  
mentality,  
softly,  
softly,  
please,  
please will you listen to me,  
please will you listen to me,  
for I have voices in my head, and I am at my wits end,  
and I have been driven up the wall,  
I have been driven crazy,  
and I am not who I used to be,  
I am not who I used to be,  
no, I am more than me,  
I am more than one person you see,  
and my thoughts,  
they seem to have a mind of their own,  
in a schizophrenic way,  
disturbingly and regularly feasting upon my sanity,  
disturbingly feasting upon my sanity as I sit,  
rocking back and forth,  
as I sit not able to be me, no, not able to be me,  
but still trying to see the wood for the trees,  
but I cannot see,  
I cannot see and oh how this schizophrenic disturbance,  
it ravages my brain and my sanity,  
for I am disturbed you see,  
I am mentally disturbed,  
and I have such intrusive thoughts,

and people oh how they disturb me,  
people they constantly disturb me,  
and they do not understand me,  
and they belittle me,  
and they look down their noses at me,  
and they are so cruel to me, so cruel,  
and I wish that they would leave me be,  
I wish that they would leave me be,  
I wish that they would stop disturbing my mental health,  
I wish these voices inside my head would leave me be,  
I wish these voices inside my head would leave me be,  
for I wish from them to be set free,  
I wish not to be disturbed,  
but here I am being driven up the wall,  
here I am rocking back and forth,  
rocking back and forth with anxiety,  
and here I am mentally disturbed,  
darting this way and that in my jagged thoughts,  
with my eyes looking rapidly around the room,  
roaming wildly,  
and look, here I am with the marks upon my wrists,  
more than last time you see,  
more than last time you see,  
and here I am before you,  
but please do not pity me,  
but please do listen to me  
please will you listen to me, for I am at my wits end,  
and I have been driven up the wall by these voices,  
and by other people who do not understand me,  
so, please, please will you listen to me,

for I am not who I used to be,  
I am not who I used to be,  
and my thoughts they seem to have a mind of their own,  
in a schizophrenic way,  
disturbingly feasting upon my sanity,  
disturbingly feasting upon my sanity,  
as I sit rocking back and forth,  
trying to be me,  
trying to see the wood for the trees,  
yes, me,  
and me,  
me with my mental health problems,  
me with my mental health problems,  
wanting to get better,  
but unable to get better,  
and being driven out of my mind,  
being driven crazy,  
being driven into insanity,  
so, please help,  
please help me.  
Therapy, mentality,  
softly, softly,  
please, be gentle with me, be gentle,  
for I need therapy,  
I need therapy for my schizophrenia,  
I need therapy for my intrusive thoughts and my CPTSD,  
yes, I need therapy,  
because I am mental you see,  
so, please be gentle with me, and softly, softly,  
please, please, please help me!!



## **Traumatised**

Traumatised,  
love vaporised,  
empty eyes,  
hard to describe,  
such loneliness,  
such loneliness inside,  
traumatised,  
love vaporised,  
empty eyes,  
empty heart,  
empty mind,  
and dead,  
dead inside,  
no love,  
no feelings,  
no emotions,  
no more tears to cry,  
no more tears just empty feelings and traumatised,  
and numb,  
numb of heart and mind,  
numb from the torture,  
the psychological torture,  
psychological torture that is hard to describe,  
numb and dead and as empty as can be,  
and in such pain and agony,  
and with such painful memories,  
and sat there in the dark,  
with no love in your heart, and terribly traumatised,

and with love vaporised,  
and with empty eyes,  
and an empty mind it is hard to describe,  
such loneliness,  
such loneliness inside,  
and it is a shame,  
the suicide of the heart and the brain,  
and the despair when love has died.

### **Waiting for love**

A home, a home alone,  
looking out the window from the third floor,  
looking out across the palm trees in the garden,  
looking out to the ocean,  
the ocean as beautifully blue as can be,  
and watching the boats sail by,  
watching the birds fly,  
watching the people on the shore,  
and enjoying the peace and the solitude,  
in a great escape from the noise of the town's streets,  
the towns streets where the market traders compete,  
amidst the pretty coloured buildings,  
and the shouts and the cries of all who want to sell,  
and all who want to buy,  
but I am glad to be up here,  
glad to be relaxed staring vacantly out across the ocean,  
and I cannot complain,  
for I am relaxed and waiting for you to arrive,  
waiting for you to arrive in a little boat across the waves,

waiting for you to come and cuddle me,  
waiting for you to kiss me so gently,  
waiting for you to be in my arms again,  
glad to be in the fresh air,  
as the smell of the flowers rise up from below,  
in their gloriously fragrant refrain,  
and as I wait for you,  
as I wait for you in peace and soliloquy,  
as I watch the world go by,  
on a beautifully sunny and happy day,  
I stand thinking of you,  
and how gloriously you fill my heart,  
for life is so full and buoyant with you,  
and with you my love,  
my love for you flowers every day,  
and my love for you, my love for you is as colourful,  
and as beautiful as the flowers,  
whose fragrance wafts up from below,  
and I cannot wait for you to come to me across the waves,  
and for you to be with me on this summer's day,  
because what better a day is there,  
than a day with the one that you love,  
and a love that encompasses all of you,  
for in the emotions and the feelings of true love,  
how they move the Earth, the heart, and the mind,  
oh, it is an incredibly complex mystery,  
but one that leaves you breathless,  
in the magic of loves beauty,  
and how beautiful my love is when she comes to me,  
when she comes to me.

## Shooting star

Shooting star,  
how you capture me,  
how you capture my heart,  
how you capture me and captivate my imagination,  
as you shoot across the sky,  
and how you lift my mood,  
with the light that you do impart,  
and how you fill me,  
with explosions of colour in my eyes,  
explosions of colour that I revel in,  
and that I see flash before me,  
colours in their incredible variations,  
of beauty and complexity,  
and oh, what dreams and wishes you bring to me,  
for I too wish to travel across the sky,  
across the sky so fast,  
and how much you mean to me,  
because you are me,  
you are a part of me,  
a part of my future, a part of my past,  
and oh, how I look forward to travelling amongst the stars,  
and wherever I am and whether day or night,  
they will always be in my dreams,  
and always in my heart,  
pieces of magic that light my imagination,  
and that fill me with wonder,  
the wonder of existence,  
and I am profoundly grateful to play my part.

## **We of minds**

We of minds so disposed,  
we of hearts stronger than most,  
we of feelings and emotions so powerful,  
we of minds that rage like the sea,  
we of countless thoughts and minds,  
that whirl a million miles an hour,  
oh, how powerful are we in our creativity,  
how powerful are we,  
and how glorious it is to be like the sea,  
raging back and forth,  
crashing upon the shore of our minds,  
after bursting from our intellect,  
with glorious wonder and spontaneity,  
oh, how powerful are we in our creativity,  
how powerful are we,  
and how glorious it is to be like the sea,  
ethereal and powerful, almighty and beautiful,  
as the forces of nature create inside us those thoughts,  
those bright beauteous,  
magnificent thoughts that are conjured up from our dreams,  
and how great are our dreams,  
our dreams that we capture from memory,  
and that we express in clay, and wood, and fabric,  
and upon the page,  
and upon the canvases in such expressive bursts,  
bursts of creativity that we revel in,  
from the moment of their creation,  
to their magnificent and spectacular final forms,

that are hard fought and created in such intellectual storms,  
and how happy creativity makes us,  
and how happy are we,  
we of minds so disposed,  
we of hearts stronger than most,  
we of feelings and emotions so powerful,  
we of minds that rage like the sea,  
we of intellect,  
we of creativity and wit,  
how glorious it is to use each and every one of our faculties,  
and how the heart it beats when we create,  
and how our eyes light up with such expressive exertions,  
expressed so beautifully in our creativity.

### **What is the struggle**

What is the point of struggle,  
when you can live so easily in peace,  
what is the point of struggle when you do not see eye to eye,  
what is the point of struggle over land,  
and resources when there is more than enough ocean,  
and seas in the world,  
so, much ocean and seas to build new lands,  
and what is the point of struggle,  
when you can put your hands to work,  
upon much better plans,  
what is the point of it at all, and why struggle and die,  
because we can all live in peace,  
and there is no need for suicide and war,  
no need for suicide and war,

when you can build anew,  
with the many who share your goals,  
and who with smiles will be happy,  
to help build a new nation in the seas or the oceans,  
a nation that shines and rises out of education,  
and through education and listening rises up,  
into a harmonious society,  
and into a nation so grand,  
a new nation,  
a new nation,  
where you can build a life away from disagreements,  
and war and death,  
a happy place,  
a happy and majestic and a glorious and a safe place,  
a safe place for every child,  
a safe place for every woman and man,  
a happy place,  
a happy place for every family,  
with no disagreements over borders,  
a happy place with a better life,  
and a place to build harmony amongst all,  
a great nation of togetherness, a great nation of togetherness,  
and happiness,  
happiness upon a new island in the seas or the oceans,  
a new home, a new home where everyone can agree,  
that peace is much better than suicide,  
and much better than disagreements, war, and death,  
because to live in peace,  
for humanity is a far better plan than continual misery,  
I am sure.

## **Windswept**

Windswept,  
windswept and crying in the rain,  
with your hand on your heart,  
feeling pain,  
feeling pain,  
wanting to leave,  
wanting to leave,  
and head off into the grey dismal streets,  
and standing in a doorway amidst the buckets of rain,  
the buckets of rain that fall,  
and that gather in large puddles on the pavements,  
and in the street,  
as the sky above looks apocalyptic,  
and the wind it howls at you,  
and does not want to leave you be,  
and the rain it falls as heavily as can be,  
and you stand there windswept,  
windswept and crying in the rain,  
with your hand on your heart,  
and feeling pain,  
and feeling heartbroken,  
and with a shattered heart,  
and palpitations,  
and pain like daggers,  
like daggers in the rain,  
stood there on a dark night,  
on a miserable night,  
stood there feeling lost, stood there feeling alone,



and not knowing,  
which way in life to go,  
and out late,  
late at night,  
off to drown your sorrows in a bar somewhere,  
to temporarily fool yourself that love did not matter anyway,  
and for a moment or two to not complain,  
to not complain,  
and to get drunk,  
very get drunk,  
and to forget who you are and to forget this broken heart  
that plagues you and that rampages around your brain,  
so off you go into the rain,  
off you go down the city streets,  
looking for alcohol to numb the pain,  
to numb the pain.

## **Winter #2**

Winter, winter,  
bitter cold,  
breath upon the air,  
heading inside,  
heading inside to the cafe,  
to wait for the one,  
the one with the briefcase and a gun,  
the one who is all glowers and frowns,  
and seriousness,  
and heavy set with a heavy mood,  
that hangs like a cloud above his head,

waiting for him,  
waiting for a killing to be made,  
waiting to decide who should be killed today,  
waiting dressed in a smart coat and hat,  
with an expensive watch and looking very debonair,  
waiting for the hitman,  
waiting to give the orders,  
waiting to kill someone,  
waiting whilst holding a coffee,  
waiting with murderous thoughts,  
waiting to execute the plan,  
and waiting for the man,  
the man who puts bullets in heads,  
and who does not even care.

## **Write**

Write, write, write day and night,  
write wherever you are, write and be inspired.  
write about what you like,  
and about what you do not like.  
Write to enjoy, and write to inspire the mind,  
write to express yourself,  
and write anywhere,  
write to inspire the imagination,  
and write because of fascination,  
and write to illuminate the dark with the light,  
and write, write with an educated mind,  
and write anywhere and everywhere.  
out and no can hear you utter your opinions anywhere.