

# A handful of rain

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Dedicated to Bruce Forsyth, who was always witty and entertaining, and all the comedians of the world who make the world a happier place.

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## **A handful of rain**

A handful of rain, a heart full of glass!  
Pain and sadness and bitterness, and helplessness.  
Oh, how life makes you feel,  
and how often life makes you ill,  
for life is far too often, far too painful,  
and in many people's lives,  
there are many metaphorical buckets,  
filled with tears collected throughout the years,  
and there are many sad moments that you wish would pass,  
but they do not, alas.  
And of life, what a terrible thought the strife,  
the strife that life far too often brings to us.  
And with eyes and memories,  
full of the visions of the world,  
and its personal and global tragedies,  
and the inhumanity to humanity,  
that is constantly on the internet,  
the radio and on our television screens,  
how far away happiness seems to be,  
for happiness for many seems to be,  
a horizon that they never can seem to reach.  
And with many filled with mixed emotions and memories,  
oh, how terribly complex life is,  
and what sad tragedies in the memories lay,  
amidst the dust of the years,  
the memories that continue to bring so many tears,  
memories that continue to frustrate,  
and upset and perplex.

Oh life, oh, life, whatever next?  
A handful of rain?  
A heart full of glass,  
a bucket full of tears,  
and a mind filled with fears,  
tears and fears that we no longer wish for,  
oh, those fears, those fears,  
fears that we have cried over for far too many years,  
how we wish that they would disappear and leave us alone!  
Bad sadly it seems,  
there is no respite from the troubles of life,  
and there is often far too much wrong,  
and no way seemingly to put things right.  
Oh, life, the troubles, and the strife.  
What trouble there is on the Earth,  
but that is how life is, never easy, no, never easy at all,  
and how often in life we suffer,  
and how often life turns from happiness to sadness,  
far too regularly and erodes at our souls.  
And sadly, sadly, there are far too many in humanity,  
whose lives are filled with regret,  
and tragically, how often life is shattered by depression,  
and how many times in life we have shattered minds,  
and how many times we find ourselves lost,  
and far off course.  
And often, in countless numbers,  
many do weigh up the value of life,  
and wonder whether life upon the heart,  
and whether life upon the mind,  
is worth the emotional and the financial cost?

## Amongst the flowers

Amongst the flowers,  
amongst the flowers in the grass,  
under the bluest of skies,  
under the sun, as the breeze does pass,  
I have my memories,  
I have my memories of you, and I remember you,  
I remember you dancing here with me,  
in our youth amongst the flowers in the grass,  
yes, I remember you and I picture your face and your smile,  
and I remember the sparkle in your eyes.  
and the visions of you,  
they flicker through my mind for quite a while,  
and as I remember you,  
I remember you holding my hands and dancing with me,  
I remember you and me so happy and so carefree,  
yes, I remember you,  
and me in the happiest of our memories,  
and what great memories,  
what great memories Lucy,  
what great memories of you in your beautiful red dress,  
what great memories of you,  
what great memories of that fragrance,  
the fragrance that you wore that I can never forget,  
the beautiful fragrance of summer flowers,  
that I remember still as if it was yesterday,  
and your laughter so heavenly upon a summer's day,  
and what great memories of the two of us in love,  
in love amongst nature and its glorious splendour,

oh, what great memories that will never go away.  
And what great memories of us,  
dancing in the grass amongst the flowers as under the sun,  
the clouds gently passed,  
and what great memories of us as we kissed,  
we kissed,  
and what a feeling it was with your kisses so beautiful,  
and tender upon my wanton lips,  
beautiful kisses with which you knocked me off my feet,  
kisses that were so heavenly,  
ah, what great memories, what great memories Lucy,  
what great memories as I sit here,  
amongst the flowers in the grass,  
what great memories,  
and what great visions of you that I conjure up in my mind,  
and what great memories that I will always keep,  
in my mind and in my heart,  
and what great memories that I will always remember,  
and how often I do remember you,  
sweet, sweet Lucy, because I loved you with all my heart,  
and I will always remember you,  
the love of my life, the love of my life in the summertime,  
amongst the flowers in the grass,  
and on the place where we used to dance,  
the place where time stood still,  
and wish I could go back in time, but I cannot,  
and these days, these days you will often find me,  
here remembering you amongst the flowers in the grass,  
because here is where I feel closest to you,  
and I am often thinking of you and the love that we had,

as I sit under the glorious sun and the clouds that do pass,  
and what great memories they are Lucy, f  
or it is as if time has not passed,  
but sadly, you have passed,  
but as tear rolls down my cheek,  
what great memories there of you my love,  
great memories of you that I bring back to life,  
amongst the flowers in the grass.

### **Another day**

Another day,  
another life,  
a life lost,  
a brutal cost,  
a brutal cost for humanity,  
the reality, for humanity sadly suffers every day,  
the awful sickening violence,  
that the human race inflicts,  
upon themselves each and every day,  
this sickening violence and brutality,  
in the world that never seems to go away,  
violence that comes from knives,  
bombs, bullets, guns, and fists,  
and weapons of all kinds,  
oh, now how depraved is a human being,  
that can at the flip of a switch,  
so quickly take a human life?  
And any life lost,  
any life lost is a shame,



any life lost is a brutal cost,  
a brutal cost for humanity,  
and any life so needlessly thrown away,  
is a sad state of affairs in the world today,  
and so, depressing too,  
for what good can it do,  
another death,  
and with so many deaths that deprive society of such talent,  
and great possibilities for mankind,  
any death is a tragedy,  
and there are, unfortunately so many,  
so many violent crimes against humanity in the world today,  
and it is such a shame, a terrible shame,  
injuries after injuries,  
traumas after traumas,  
burials after burials, graves after graves,  
yes, yet another terrible failure to be human,  
through the taking of a life,  
in human society far too often today.

### **Battlefield of the mind**

I am a warrior,  
I am a soldier of thought,  
A soldier of thought in the battlefield of the mind,  
and so many times, I wonder,  
I wonder where my thoughts have come from,  
and I wonder where they have been,  
and I wonder have they existed in the air,  
floating there previously,

and I wonder for untold time,  
have they floated there as if in a dream,  
as if in a dream.  
Yes, I am a warrior,  
I am a soldier of thought in the battlefield of the mind.  
I think and I create ideas and schemes.  
I pluck ideas out of the air,  
and I conjure them up in my dreams,  
and I live in a world of ideas,  
and ideas they live in me.  
Yes, I am a warrior,  
I am a soldier of thought in the battlefield of the mind,  
and I live to think,  
and I live to dream,  
and I have such visions and ideas,  
and my ideas they grow from out of the smallest of things,  
and in my mind,  
I am happiest conjuring up thoughts and ideas,  
and I love to turn them into reality.  
Yes, I am a warrior,  
I am a soldier of thought in the battlefield of the mind,  
for I live to think,  
and I live to dream,  
and I am happy always thinking,  
and dreaming no matter,  
where my thoughts lead,  
and yes,  
I am happy lost in thought,  
and happy being lost and found in me,  
happy being lost and found in me.

## Catatonic

Here I sit,  
here I sit,  
upon the beach,  
catatonic in the envious sun,  
catatonic in the envious sun,  
the sun whose work is never done.  
Catatonic and frantically trying to keep cool,  
at the same time,  
yes, a bit of an oxymoron.  
Catatonic and platonic.  
The relationship of us.  
Catatonic and platonic, or is it,  
for we love it, the sun,  
but is it secretly trying to get rid of us?  
I have my suspicions,  
but still, here I sit not moving,  
not moving in the glorious heat of its rays,  
soaking up everything,  
and I enjoy it for its beauty, and I cannot imagine it gone,  
and how beautiful it is to just lay here so peacefully,  
and how beautiful it is to be free,  
and how wonderful it is to sit in the hot sun,  
and get absolutely nothing done,  
and how wonderful too, to not have to pay for the view,  
the glorious, beautiful view of the beach,  
and the sea that is absolutely free,  
and so far, so far from the city,  
where there is, only frantic mostly joyous work to be done.

## Contemplation

You stare into the sun,  
you watch the rain,  
you watch the snowflakes fall,  
you become mesmerised and you stare into the distance,  
you with your gloom, your numbness and your pain,  
you let the tears fall, but you grit your teeth,  
and you do not complain,  
and you stare into the sun, and you watch the rain,  
and you watch the snowflakes,  
you watch the snowflakes fall again and again,  
and you watch them in their quiet refrain,  
and you stare into the sun,  
already blinded by a broken heart, and the hurt and the pain,  
and you watch the snowflakes over and over again,  
and as you do you go through your thoughts,  
of lost love in a masochistic way,  
and how great is the pain that you feel,  
and how intense it is,  
as you in your agony wish for better days,  
but you seem to be stuck upon your agony,  
and seem to be continually,  
smashing yourself against the rocks over and over again,  
and you do not seem to know any other way to deal with it,  
other than facing it every single day,  
and as you stare into the sun,  
and you watch the icy rain, and the snowflakes fall,  
nothing ever does change,  
and you act as if your last love was truly your last,  
  
and you act as if your life is over,

and you act,  
you act as if nothing will ever be the same,  
and you are prepared,  
prepared to sit in the flames of hell,  
until your life ends,  
but what a terrible mistake,  
and what a terrible shame,  
a tragedy,  
a horrible malady,  
but I hope that you will change your mind,  
rather than sitting in agony forever,  
because being unhappy eternally,  
and not caring about life would be a terrible mistake,  
but I do not know,  
what the chances of you changing your life are,  
and I hate to see you throw your life away,  
but unfortunately,  
you seem so determined,  
to sit in the flames of hell until the end,  
but I hope for your sake that you have a change of heart,  
and I hope that you can find the courage,  
and the bravery,  
to pull yourself out of the funk,  
but you are the only one in control,  
control of your own destiny,  
and whatever it is,  
you truly seem determined,  
determined to make your life a misery,  
and seem to enjoy, being able to continually complain.

## Day

Day, dawn,  
sunlight, yawn.  
Day, dawn, no time to mourn,  
for the blackness of night has passed,  
and the stars and the moon have gone quickly away,  
quickly away at last,  
and here I am, awake,  
with my thoughts rising as if the streams and the rivers,  
the streams and the rivers that flow so gently,  
that flow so rapidly at their own pace quickly past.  
And in the rapidity, and in the gentility, I am happy,  
happy with my eyes adjusting to the light,  
happy to see the day,  
happy to have been comforted and rejuvenated by the night,  
and happy,  
happy in the light,  
happy to be dazzled by the sun streaming through the  
windows,  
happy to feel its warmth upon my face,  
happy opening the windows,  
and feeling the fresh air coming through,  
happy to hear the quiet solitude of an empty village street,  
happy to hear the birds singing,  
happy being nourished by the sun,  
happy with the breakfast that I eat,  
happy with my coffee,  
happy with the thought of the possibilities that may be,  
happy to be alive, happy to be me.

## **Come on**

Come on,  
come on,  
stride on,  
walk on,  
be gone.

Head for the horizon and stride with a passion,  
and stride with great determination and head for the sun,  
and head out of the darkness and forget the past,  
and pick yourself up and carry on,  
carry on,  
carry on,  
and look into the sun,  
and look into the light, and let the light fill your heart,  
and forget failure,  
yes, forget failure and put it in the past, and stride on,  
walk on,  
be gone,  
and head for the horizon and stride with a passion,  
stride with great determination and head for the sun,  
and lift your mood from out of the gloom,  
and forget the past and forget the dark,  
and forget your failures,  
and do not let them leave their mark,  
and put the pieces back together, and stride on,  
walk on, be gone.

Head for the horizon and stride with a passion,  
and stride with great determination, for every day is anew,  
and in every day, and in every footstep,

you can achieve success, if you believe in yourself.  
So, keep heading for the light and keep heading for the sun,  
And stride on, walk on, be gone.  
Head away from past failures.  
Head for the horizon and stride with a passion,  
and stride with great determination and never give up,  
never give up on your dreams and always keep going,  
and always head for the light, and always head for the sun.  
For, if you are tirelessly dedicated and persevere,  
you will reach the end of the road to success,  
and how glorious success will be,  
when for success you have struggled and strived,  
so hard to achieve, so hard to achieve it,  
and have struggled so hard to be happy,  
and have finally banished such negative thoughts that  
prevented your success, you will truly deserve every success,  
that with great mental and physical tenacity,  
you have so gloriously won.

### **Do you**

Do you, for things in life,  
do you beg,  
and do you plead,  
do you cry such tears from the want inside,  
and do you die,  
do you die a little every time,  
every time that you do not receive what you want to receive?  
Do you believe in luck,  
do you in life, do you,



do you beg, do you plead?  
Do you roll a dice,  
do you pray hard, do you wish,  
do you wish upon the stars,  
or do you believe in chance,  
and is your life a gamble,  
and do you gamble with your life in the hope to succeed?  
And do you in life,  
do you roll a dice,  
do you pray hard?  
And do you wish upon the stars,  
and do you beg, and do you plead,  
repeatedly for your prayers to be answered,  
prayers that are seemingly never heard,  
and your wants never fulfilled despite your beliefs?  
And are you always wishing and hoping,  
and never quite achieving,  
or succeeding in your desires,  
and in your wants, and in your dreams?  
And are you continually unhappy,  
and losing your faith,  
your faith in your will to ever successfully achieve,  
what you want you want to achieve?  
Or do you keep persevering and never surrender to failure,  
now, that is character,  
true character and that is true greatness,  
if you with fortitude can persevere no matter what,  
yes, if you can persevere against all odds,  
that is true greatness,  
and if you can with determination,

scale all mountains to reach the summit of success,  
that is true greatness,  
and when you can look down upon,  
everything that you have achieved with such great struggle,  
and with intellect, knowledge, and dedication,  
you will of success,  
deserve every little bit,  
because your fiery passions and determination have  
outlasted any failure that has been thrown in your path,  
and no matter what  
you will in time succeed,  
no matter what life may throw at you,  
and with a positive mind,  
you will reap the rewards of success,  
success that comes from such determination,  
and true mental strength and courage,  
the courage and guts that education,  
and determination breeds.

### **Erased**

Erased,  
erased from the memory,  
erased by a forgetfulness brought on by a disease,  
erased and such a shame,  
such a tragedy,  
erased and such a misery,  
erased and such a heartache,  
erased and plagued by such forgetfulness, such frustration,  
and such irritation.

Erased, oh, how cruel Alzheimer's is,  
and how cruel the tricks it plays upon the brain,  
and how cruel life is,  
and how much a fight to remember it is,  
and how we pray for a cure, and how we wish for a cure,  
a cure to this debilitating curse upon humanity,  
this curse that renders people totally devastated,  
and changed forever as human beings.

Yes, Alzheimer's,  
A what a horrible illness it is,  
and what an affliction, what a curse,  
but, yes, may there soon be a cure,  
which would be a miracle,  
but at the moment, well,  
we can only hope and do the best for our loved ones,  
our loved ones who so often cannot remember us,  
with their memories erased,  
and desperately clinging to the past.

Oh, Alzheimer's,  
Alzheimer's that bloody awful disease,  
Alzheimer's, erasing loved ones,  
and families and happy memories,  
erasing so many things,  
and leaving faces and minds as blank,  
as blank as an empty page,  
as blank as an empty page,  
a terrible tragedy,  
that education and science, has been so far,  
so far, unfortunately,  
been unable to erase.

## Feeling

Feeling my way in the dark,  
feeling the way with no sense of direction,  
feeling my world torn apart,  
and picking up the pieces of my heart,  
picking up the pieces of my broken heart,  
and picking up the pieces,  
while stumbling blindly looking for the path,  
the path out of heartache,  
the path away from pain,  
the path into the light,  
into the light again,  
looking for the path,  
with lovelessness and heartbreak rattling around my brain,  
and as I walk forwards feeling my way in the dark,  
looking for salvation,  
looking for the solution to lift me up out of the sadness,  
the sadness that lovelessness and heartbreak does impart,  
and I wonder how I got here in the first place,  
I wonder how the love disappeared,  
and departed from me, and from us,  
and I wonder where it all went wrong,  
but it is all but a blur to me,  
a blur and trying to figure it out is an anathema to me,  
and an unwanted misery,  
oh, lovelessness and heartbreak,  
how it skews your mind and how it torments you,  
and how it dismembers your ability to think clearly,  
and how much harder it is to decipher the truth from lies,

and how hard and how painful it is,  
when the one you loved so cruelly left you behind,  
and when you have so many feelings raging around inside,  
and you cannot figure out which way up you should be,  
and in the heartbreak and in the tears,  
you begin to lose your mind,  
and you begin to have to fight hard for your sanity,  
as you feel your way in the dark,  
and as you feel the way with no sense of direction,  
and as you feel your world torn apart,  
you try to pick up the pieces of your heart as best you can,  
and you stumble blindly looking for the path,  
the path out of heartache,  
the path away from pain,  
the path into the light,  
the path into the light again,  
but will you ever find love once more,  
and will you be forever changed?  
who is to say, who is to say, it is still a gamble,  
and the question if it is right will always remain.

## **Fire**

Fire burning bright,  
drinking wine,  
bloody red,  
fire burning bright,  
a notebook upon a table,  
open upon the pages, but not inspired,  
and with an empty head,

fire burning bright raging against what was said,  
raging against what your last words were,  
so painful and hurtful,  
your final goodbye to me,  
and so awful,  
so awful and now a bitter memory,  
and here I am drinking continually,  
drinking,  
bloody red,  
as the fire burns bright,  
and I am sat beside it,  
trying to write my heart out in a diary,  
between the covers of red,  
and unable to think of anything,  
unable to think,  
and void and empty but no words come,  
no words come at all,  
no words come big or small,  
and nothing to describe the heartbreak in words,  
and the goodbye upon the pages,  
takes its time to crawl from my mind,  
because losing you was a pain so hard to describe,  
and losing someone is always indescribable,  
no matter how many words are plucked from the sky,  
and losing someone is anathema to me,  
of the most vicious kind,  
and here I am, sat beside the fire,  
and with the fire burning bright,  
drinking wine,  
drinking bloody red with the fire roaring in the night,

and as I sit with a notebook upon a table,  
a notebook open upon the pages, but not inspired,  
and with an empty head,  
and drinking wine,  
drinking bloody red,  
drinking wine and trying to get out of my head,  
drinking,  
yes, drinking,  
and crying tears,  
and feeling agitated,  
and frustrated and irritated,  
oh, such an outpouring of grief,  
which I wish was brief,  
but unfortunately, it isn't,  
and I cannot get any relief,  
and here I sit distraught,  
and it won't quit,  
and it smashes around my head like a whirlwind,  
like a whirlwind as I try to say a final goodbye,  
and I try to think of something to write upon the pages,  
to stop you lingering in my head,  
and here I sit,  
frustrated by the fireside drinking wine,  
lots of wine,  
regretting lost love in the summertime,  
as I sit beside the fire burning bright,  
drinking wine,  
drinking bloody red,  
and getting nothing written,  
and just sat quietly contemplating,

and pondering,  
and cogitating and ruminating,  
sat here with a notebook upon a table open,  
open upon the pages but not feeling inspired,  
and with an empty head,  
and with so much pain inside my heart,  
and inside my mind,  
here I sit with it tearing me apart inside,  
and I sit and all I can do is think why,  
why did our relationship fail,  
and why did we ever end it,  
and how painful were your words,  
how painful that last vicious goodbye,  
oh, how painful,  
and oh, how I wish it wasn't so,  
because we could have worked at it harder if we tried,  
we could have worked at it harder,  
but it wasn't to be,  
and I try to erase this grief from my memory,  
and I cannot decide,  
and I just drink wine and cry,  
I cry endless tears sat beside the fireside,  
and I cry unable to think of anything,  
unable to think of any words at all,  
and I am unable to do anything to stop these tears,  
these tears falling continually,  
so here I sit, unable to think of anything,  
here I sit with wine, tears, and bloodshot eyes,  
and here I sit,  
with a million regrets beside the fireside.



## Flying overhead

Flying overhead,  
a meteor shoots across the sky whilst I rub my eyes,  
and a weariness creep into my body and my head,  
yes, flying overhead, birds in the sky less tired than I,  
but I am not quite ready for my bed,  
yet, I should lay down to sleep,  
but these thoughts of you,  
they keep floating around inside me and disturbing me,  
and I cannot help but miss you,  
and this pain will not go away,  
and it grows with every single minute,  
and so too these thoughts,  
that I seem to be unable to push away,  
and what can I say,  
what can I say,  
except I loved you,  
except I loved you dearly,  
but you left me on a summer's day,  
you left me forever never to be seen again,  
because you shuffled off your mortal coil,  
which is a deadly sin,  
and here,  
here I sit with a sad face,  
and how I wish these thoughts would go away,  
but here I am about to go to sleep,  
yet in my dreams I am sure,  
unfortunately,  
they will continue to plague me until the break of day.

## **This fragile beauty**

This fragile beauty,  
this fragile beauty of flowers and plants,  
these delicate wonders beside the water,  
how the light gently falls upon them,  
and how sombre the shadows,  
the shadows that the sun does cast,  
and how powerful the sun,  
and how beautiful the light that sparkles upon the water,  
and how gloriously the light that reflects upon the leaves,  
the leaves that are nourished by the sun,  
and how incredible the gentility,  
and the fragrance,  
that from the flowers in the grass does come,  
and in the gentle breeze I walk with ease,  
taking my time and I enter the water,  
and I feel the coolness hit my skin,  
and the water,  
it diffuses the heat in the middle of the day,  
in the burning sun,  
and how great the feeling,  
swimming amongst nature's finery,  
alone,  
but not alone adrift from the chaos of life,  
adrift but the happiest that I can ever be,  
far from the madding crowds,  
far from the villages,  
far from the cities and the towns,  
swimming, swimming around, gloriously free,

and so relaxed,  
like the leaves upon the plants and the leaves upon the trees,  
and here,  
here I am me,  
truly me,  
relaxing under the sky and the clouds,  
as the birds sing happily,  
and the birds and I, we are both happy,  
both happy in nature,  
and we, in the majesty of nature together are as one,  
and that is as glorious and heavenly,  
and as majestic as it can be,  
and how glorious it is to be,  
surrounded by nature and with nature as one,  
and the beauty of nature filling my memories.

### **Golden glow**

Golden glow,  
golden glow in the evening sky,  
colours of yellow and blue,  
and of various shades too,  
beauty in the evening,  
beauty in the summertime,  
birds upon the trees,  
and all is still, and there is no breeze,  
golden glow, turning into night in the finest of shows,  
golden glow,  
watching the sun set,  
a sunset so beautiful, as are all sunsets,

sunsets gradually turning into night,  
with the sunsets so glorious and light,  
how can you ever forget,  
for it is the most spectacular of sights,  
the falling of the daylight,  
and the raising up of the curtain of the night.  
Golden glow, colours of yellow and blue,  
and of various shades too,  
a beauty in the eye of glorious hues,  
a golden glow as we wave goodbye to the day,  
and goodbye to the night,  
and as we wave goodbye to the golden glow,  
and as we say hello to the black of night,  
the moon in the sky is lit up by the sun like a search light,  
and the sun shines upon it,  
with such incredible power, the power of its rays,  
as the stars twinkle in your eyes to great delight,  
and how majestically and how beautifully they do,  
at the end of the day in the heavens above,  
and how incredible is the falling of the day into the night,  
and how great a pleasure it is,  
to gaze at the stars, as the stars shine so bright,  
and what a beautiful way to fall,  
into the slumber of sleep, with heavens magic in your eyes,  
for it is such a glorious sight,  
and such an incredibly beauteous,  
and effervescent end to the night,  
and what an end to the night,  
the beauty of the dark and the light,  
and the beauty of the stars, the stars shining so bright.

## Holding on

Holding on,  
holding on to a heart that wants to leave,  
holding on to one sided feelings,  
holding on with great belief,  
holding on,  
holding on,  
knowing that the love that you feel is not reciprocated,  
and holding on to love that is instead of joy,  
bringing far too much misery,  
yes, holding on,  
holding on to what you want,  
but not holding on to what is the reality  
the reality of an empty love,  
and how great is the decimation upon the heart,  
and how great is the savagery of people,  
people who keep you held in suspense,  
until they can find something better elsewhere,  
oh, the reality of an empty love,  
the pointless empty love,  
of which you hold onto for far too long,  
and in which you wallow,  
and in which misery does continue to breed,  
continue to breed so needlessly,  
a love that you cannot bear to let go of,  
a love that eats you up,  
and spits you out and that numbs you,  
and that leaves you continually on the edge,  
and that pains you mercilessly,

yes, a hollow empty love, a love not worth a thing,  
oh, how you wish you could let it go,  
how you wish,  
but you cannot seem so often to find the strength to do it,  
and it lingers on,  
and it haunts you and it brings such great suffering,  
oh, unrequited love,  
born of a love that used to mean something,  
that used to truly mean something,  
an unrequited love squashed and squeezed and bled dry,  
oh, how you wish it would be reciprocated again,  
but how easy it is to continually delude yourself,  
and how easy it is to love someone,  
someone who's love of you no longer exists,  
and whose love for you,  
does not anymore to them mean a thing,  
but to you it means everything,  
and it is a tragic and a heart-breaking shame.

### **On the horizon**

On the horizon,  
I see you, and that is the best view for me,  
because you are, an anathema to me,  
and I am sure that you annoy most people,  
because from the grey clouds,  
I would if I could run fast enough,  
run from you to the other side of the world,  
and run rather rapidly,  
much more rapidly than I can run from you,

but I do always want to run from you,  
because the rain clouds they only depress me,  
they truly depress me,  
and how they ruin the mood of the day,  
and how my heart it sinks, and it drops,  
how it sinks and it drops, as if filled with rocks,  
and how by God does it so regularly bring such great misery,  
such great misery to me,  
now, I wish I knew, but the clouds they seem quite proud,  
and they grow and they grow, and I shout, and I shout,  
and I shout out loud,  
I shout out loud,  
and I wave my fists in the air in great despair,  
and I tell them to leave because I hate them with a passion,  
and I would rather worship the sun,  
of which I wish, it wasn't so rare,  
but, those clouds, those grey sombre clouds,  
for them I truly do not care, no for them, I truly do not care,  
and that is an understatement,  
an understatement of the year,  
and at those grey clouds,  
at those grey clouds I swear,  
I swear without a care, and I complain to the air,  
and I complain to the breeze, and I say can you, oh breeze,  
please take them elsewhere, because they drive me insane,  
and I think that they like it that way,  
and I wish of them, I wasn't so aware,  
because from them I need a holiday,  
but still, they would probably follow me there,  
they probably would follow me there.

## Houses

Houses,  
Houses, for you and me,  
houses so pretty upon the hill in the countryside,  
houses, so much more pretty,  
much more pretty, than in the city.  
Houses painted white,  
houses,  
happy homes sitting in the glorious sun,  
houses for you and me,  
but not for all,  
but houses should be,  
houses should be the sanctity of all,  
houses,  
houses standing proud,  
some large, some small.  
Houses,  
houses of over inflated value,  
houses,  
so many empty houses, and so many homeless people,  
across the world,  
and with so many homeless people worldwide,  
it really is not a fair and an equal society for all,  
and homelessness situation,  
it truly is apocryphal,  
and it truly is, a terrible tragedy,  
that there are so many people in the world,  
who about the homeless and about homelessness,  
do not care at all.



## How did this

How did this, how did this come to be,  
how did the love of you for me, develop said the sea,  
because you love me more, than I love you,  
and I wish I knew why you loved me so much,  
because how did this come to be?  
How did I come to be filled with rubbish and polluted,  
and in places, how did everything come to be dying,  
because, because you do not care at all,  
and you dump what you want in me,  
and because of you,  
your pollution is killing the life in me,  
and now I wish I knew because I wonder often,  
I wonder often, if you do really love me said the sea,  
but how can you love me, when all you do is pollute me,  
so, how can this be, the lies that you say to me,  
because, you say you truly love me,  
but you only use me,  
and you swim in me all day long,  
and do your ablutions in me,  
so, how, how can you love me,  
when you sail your boats across me,  
and you leave your oil and your petrol,  
and you throw your rubbish in me,  
so, how can you truly love me,  
because to be honest I really do not know how,  
how you can love me, no, I really do not know,  
and I utterly fail to see, I utterly fail to see how,  
because unfortunately it is not reality.

## **Hurrying along the street**

Hurrying along the street,  
hurrying along,  
faster and faster,  
wanting to meet the train,  
wanting to meet the train amidst the rain,  
oh, so many raindrops,  
raindrops falling again and again,  
as with an umbrella in hand,  
I rush under grey clouds with a grim face,  
as only the wind does allow,  
and I hurry along,  
I hurry along,  
faster and faster,  
footsteps quicker and quicker one after another,  
splashing in the puddles,  
with my head of all a muddle,  
heading for the train,  
as fast as I can,  
yes, heading for the train station,  
and the platform in the rain to climb aboard at 11.03am,  
and happy to be almost on my way to Spain,  
and so glad to be, almost away,  
so glad to be almost away on such a stormy day,  
and so close to being back in the warm,  
and so glad to be off,  
so glad to be off to see loved ones so many miles away,  
and so glad to soon be sitting down,

looking forward to start warming up,  
and to taking off the wet coat,  
and looking forward to watching the world go by,  
with a smile on my face,  
as with every minute, my loved ones get closer,  
and the rain,  
the rain it gets further away,  
and Spain gets closer with every second,  
oh, what a thrill it soon will be,  
to be, to be on my way.

### **I drink a little**

I drink a little,  
I drink too much,  
I sometimes drink not enough,  
sometimes I want to drink,  
and sometimes I drink to forget,  
sometimes I forget to remember how much I have drunk,  
sometimes I drink and I try not to remember you,  
sometimes I drink, but you I cannot forget,  
sometimes I wish I was drunk all the time,  
sometimes my memories are only full of you,  
and my body filled with beer and wine,  
and always I wish you were with me,  
for then I would have no sorrow,  
sometimes I wish you were here with me,  
sometimes my tears remind me,  
that your life was only borrowed,  
borrowed from the universe,

borrowed from the heavens,  
borrowed from the Earth,  
borrowed from where our love was filled with worth,  
but oh,  
how my heart aches because I miss you,  
and now I am alone, and only filled with sorrows,  
and time stands still and loneliness it creeps over me,  
and there is far too much beer and wine,  
far too much beer, wine, and sorrow,  
and most likely there will only be,  
there will only be a headache tomorrow.

### **I see**

Another war,  
another story on TV,  
another life lost,  
another tragedy.  
I see a bullet,  
I see a missile,  
I see a bomb,  
I see a gun,  
I see you,  
I see you, and I wish you to run,  
yes, I see a bullet,  
and I see a gun.  
I see you turning,  
then a bullet strikes you dead,  
and you fall to the floor in slow motion,  
with blood and brains exploding from your head,

yes, I see you falling in slow motion,  
I see you with that look of shock upon your face,  
and I see you hit the floor heavily and the dust fly up,  
I see you lifeless, I see you dead,  
I see you; I see you with a massive hole through your head,  
I see you so hauntingly on my TV,  
I see you and I imagine seeing all the people who have died,  
dying at the same time and how haunting that would be,  
and imagine seeing that,  
now, if people who had never served,  
saw it in real life would not it really put people off war,  
well, it most certainly would me,  
because war really is insanity,  
but still it has been on my TV,  
and for decades, I have seen far too many bullets,  
I have seen far too many guns,  
I have seen far too many bombs,  
and I have seen people who were,  
and people who have been,  
and I have seen people blown apart in such explosive arts,  
and I have seen people eviscerated with H-bombs,  
H-bombs exploding so brightly and shining like the sun.  
Yes, I see a bullet, I see a missile,  
I see a bomb; I see a gun.  
I see you; I see you and I wish you to run,  
but you have no chance to run,  
and in a split second you are gone,  
and your family will grieve,  
and they sadly will grieve for years,  
and have to suffer with their memories for years to come.

## **I have woken**

I have woken or so I think,  
and I rub my eyes,  
and I make a drink.  
yes, I've woken, or so I think,  
I have woken or so I think, but I am still not fully awake,  
and it will take more than a wink.  
yes, I have awoken or so I think,  
I have awoken from the brink of sleep,  
I have woken and am tired of counting sheep,  
and with every sip of coffee,  
alertness comes quicker than I think,  
and I am aroused,  
aroused from my dreams,  
and here I sit struggling to think,  
yes, I have woken or so I think, and I think,  
this day is what dreams are made of,  
this day is what great dreams are made of,  
and how great the day is beyond the windowpane,  
for the sun shines down so powerfully,  
and the sunlight pours through my window,  
and the beauty of its ray's shine so gently upon my face,  
and oh, how gloriously beautiful the day is,  
with its bright blue sky,  
for there are barely any clouds out to play, no, not today.  
Yes, I have woken, or so I think, and as I think,  
I stretch a little and I yawn,  
and it is still earlier than I think,  
so, I take a sip of my coffee, and I look at the trees,

and I see the birds sat in the branches, amidst the leaves,  
and I listen to their songs,  
and they all sing so beautifully, so beautifully,  
and how inspiring they are to me,  
and I am filled with wonder,  
and as I listen my mind begins to clear,  
and I feel more alive with each sip of coffee,  
that brings me back,  
brings me back from the slumbers of sleep.  
yes, I have woken or so I think, and I am awoken,  
and I, I am happy,  
happy because the day lays before me in all its glory,  
and the time is here, the time is here to create,  
to create a new story,  
for the Earth has been unfurled from the blanket of night,  
and the possibilities of the day,  
well, they bring a smile and a light to my eyes.  
but I am still not fully awake,  
and it will take more than a wink,  
it will take me more than a wink,  
but I do not mind, because I will be awake faster than I think,  
so, I take a sip of my coffee and I look out at the day,  
I look out at the day, and I think,  
and I think,  
I think what great possibilities there are,  
for out there is the glory of nature that inspires my heart,  
and out there in the colours of the day,  
my imagination is enthused by every bit of its glorious art,  
and I am truly thankful, thankful for life,  
and thankful for a chance to play my part.

## **In the arms of you**

In the arms of you,  
in the arms of you,  
nothing matters and nothing is troubling,  
and you,  
you are as soothing to me,  
as watching a river rolling gently past,  
and you,  
when I am in the company,  
of you how you fill my heart,  
and in the arms of you,  
what powerful emotions do play inside me,  
what powerful emotions do play,  
inside me like a whirlwind,  
of happiness and with you there is no dark,  
no dark, just joy, pure joy,  
a sunshine of the soul and pure love,  
pure love that makes me whole,  
pure love that inspires me,  
and ravishes me, enlivens me, and captures my heart,  
and how glorious you are to me,  
for you are of such beauty,  
such spectacular beauty,  
and how intense your kisses are,  
and how magically they transport me,  
for when you kiss me there is no you,  
and there is no me,  
and there is only,  
only us, there is only love, there is only we.



## **In the city**

In the city,  
in the street,  
the rubbish blown street,  
there is a car on fire and acrid smoke,  
acrid smoke rising higher and higher,  
and in the city, and in the street,  
the car burns brightly,  
and the flames engulf everything,  
and they dance their devilry,  
as the car explodes,  
in the city street,  
great showers of metal and glass fall down,  
vandalism complete,  
in the city, in the city street,  
and the wind it blows this way and that,  
and the rubbish it carries in the wind,  
as the sirens wail and a fire engine rushes to the scene,  
and a man walks away down the street with a smile,  
and with his hands and his body,  
smelling of petrol and kerosene,  
he punches his fist in the air,  
and he shouts something obscene, a victory of no meaning,  
but a victory to him all the same for he has no shame,  
no shame, and a very small brain and off he trots,  
and he thinks, forget the cost,  
because it is a cheap night in the city,  
and all it cost was small change,  
and he certainly will not complain,

unlike the person whose car it is,  
who soon will be standing there,  
screaming in anger in the rain,  
but the man who started the fire will soon be long gone,  
but he does not contemplate that he has done any wrong,  
for his morals are totally lost,  
and education is not his strong point,  
but it does not matter to him all the same,  
because the man only has a small brain,  
because the man only has a small brain,  
but still, he manages to be obnoxious,  
and idiotic and ignorant all the same.

### **Let us get going**

Let us get going,  
get going far away from here,  
for the crowds they give me a headache,  
and from them, I wish to disappear,  
so, let us get going,  
going far away from here,  
yes, let us get going,  
for the sanity of my mind is beginning to disappear,  
and I have little time for insanity,  
for upon this Earth,  
there are enough crazy people already here,  
so, let us get going,  
for solitude is more my thing,  
and such noisy aggravations are not needed,  
for in them I cannot think,

and they drive me to the brink,  
so, let us get away,  
get away far from here,  
for what is life without sanity,  
what is life in a continual bombacity,  
a bombacity of noise,  
that beats you around the head with countless voices,  
that I do not wish to hear.

## **Lofty**

Lofty heights,  
lofty intentions,  
lofty thoughts,  
high pretensions, but what will be the reality?  
Will it be good for you, will it be good for me,  
because ideas, thoughts, and schemes,  
they do not rely on chance, because chance,  
chance it forms so rarely into truth,  
and only by dedication and hard work,  
will dreams become reality,  
so, if you have high aspirations and fascination,  
and inspiration and dedication,  
and you do not rely on chance,  
and you do not have the mentality of what will be will be,  
with perseverance,  
you will reach your goals and achieve your dreams,  
but otherwise, there is a very good chance,  
that your dreams and your goals will never be reached,  
and your dreams will most likely never become reality.

## Never as much

Meteorites and asteroids,  
for what are they employed,  
are they designed by God,  
to have any particular destination in mind,  
because they fly seemingly aimlessly across the sky,  
and they seem to be going somewhere,  
somewhere that they have no clue of,  
and where they are going, I do not know,  
and I do not why,  
meteorites and asteroids,  
for what they are employed.  
Are they designed by God,  
to have any particular destination in mind,  
I do not know,  
but I,  
I, do not mind,  
because they are such a spectacular sight,  
in the heavens, flashing before my eyes,  
and how fast they move and how smoothly they fly,  
how smoothly they fly across the sky,  
but what of the wherefore, and what of the why?  
Yes, I do not know but I, I stare in fascination,  
and get great inspiration as they fly cross the sky,  
before my eyes,  
and I am left open mouthed,  
and my heart it leaps at the sight,  
and I thank the heavens and I wish could find out,  
but they are gone so fast, and in the blink of an eye.

## **Never as much**

Never as much as you want,  
never as much as you need,  
never as much as you would like,  
never as much you would like to see,  
money, money,  
it comes in and it rapidly goes out,  
and it is a stressful thing money,  
and mostly heartache it brings,  
and it is not funny,  
money,  
for there is far too much poverty in the world,  
and people driven crazy by want,  
and by desire and need,  
and money is spent so quickly,  
but how often and how little,  
money actually improves society.

## **Outburst**

You and your outbursts.  
Oh, you with that evil grin, how it sickens me,  
but how delighted you seem to be,  
with your evil machiavellian schemes,  
for they bring you great happiness,  
and you love to burst people's dreams,  
and you wear extra-large boots,  
to trample people's ideas into the ground,  
and of your heart there is barely a heart in you to be found,

yes, barely a heart,  
for of compassion and caring,  
of you it plays no part, no part,  
for you have never truly felt anything,  
and you never show any compassion,  
and I doubt in you there are many compassionate feelings,  
compassionate feelings at all,  
for you are like a robot,  
cold and empty and seemingly enjoy peoples suffering,  
yes, you,  
you with your Cheshire cat like grin,  
oh, how it sickens me,  
but how it lights up your face with happiness,  
and that is the way unfortunately,  
the way that you have always been.

## **Pain**

Pain in the head, pain in the heart,  
eros's broken arrows on the floor,  
eros, dead and trampled upon,  
eros, not so romantic anymore.  
Yes, pain in the head, pain in the heart,  
and the heart broken into pieces,  
and floods of tears,  
forming a rapidly rising pool of water,  
a pool of water rising high,  
filling the room with rose petals,  
that float in the water in memoriam.  
Love no more, love no more, love no more!

## Raindrops

In the raindrops, and in the puddles in the street,  
reflections of you, reflections of society,  
yes, in them,  
life goes by, often under far too heavy skies,  
and life is never as light as it should be,  
and in the raindrops, and in the puddles in the street,  
reflections of you,  
reflections of society,  
society scrutinized,  
society as it is, society as life goes by,  
society passing quickly in the blink of an eye,  
and my oh my, how rapidly life does fly,  
far quicker than we would like,  
and far less enjoyably than we would wish,  
and how we rage against the unfairness of it all,  
and how we get irritated that what we see and feel,  
and get from life is not what we want at all,  
and in the raindrops, and in the puddles in the street,  
reflections of you,  
reflections of society,  
reflections of reality,  
reflections of life,  
and not always what we want,  
but because of the reality of the time of our lives,  
and the truth of life unfortunately,  
far too often miserable faces are seen,  
and money and love generally, are the causes of them all,  
and the causes of suffering in society.

## **Ravaged**

Ravaged by the mind,  
ravaged both day and night,  
memory loss,  
forgetfulness,  
intrusive thoughts,  
contemplations,  
ruminations and contemplations of suicide,  
CPTSD,  
irritations,  
frustrations,  
anger and rage,  
CPTSD,  
Oh, how I wish it would die,  
how I wish it would go away, forever and a day,  
but it never seems to happen unfortunately,  
and all I can do is try my best to relax, and sigh.

## **Sat here**

Sat here,  
listening to the wind,  
sat here, as the voices carry across the sky,  
sat here as the wind blows happiness and misery,  
floats all around,  
and everything is whispers,  
shouts and sighs,  
oh, these sounds,  
how they disappear in the blink of an eye,



and as they float on by, snatches of conversation are heard,  
and emotions are mixed,  
and as they burst upon the air, of which so many are aware,  
how far they travel, and how great and small they are,  
and in one and all how they carry to you at all speeds,  
and how incredible it is how they are translated,  
and interpreted by the mind,  
interpreted through the neurons of the brain,  
that piece them all together,  
and that bring such feelings to wonder at,  
and to smile at and that can make you feel anger,  
and that can make you feel jealously,  
and that can make you feel envious,  
and that can make you laugh,  
and that can make you cry,  
oh, what a beautiful thing language is,  
and languages are,  
and what fascinations the visitations,  
that visit you upon the breeze and from up on high.

### **Seventeen days**

I was seventeen days from you,  
and so far away from you too,  
and you were so far away from the truth,  
and you were so uncouth,  
that no longer did wish to talk to you,  
for what good would that do, not a lot it is true,  
and I was seventeen days from you,  
after spending seventeen days travelling,

travelling along dusty roads,  
and along trails and highways that I had never known,  
and I had crossed a sea or two,  
and I was not with you as you wanted me to be,  
and I was alone as I wanted to be,  
and with every footstep that I took away from you,  
how much less painful was the heartache that I felt,  
the heartache that I felt because of you,  
and how much less distressing were my memories,  
and how much better I felt,  
and so, I kept going,  
I kept going until there was nothing left of you in me,  
and my heart,  
my heart began to heal itself,  
after suffering because of you,  
because of you disturbing my mind with unhappy  
memories,  
and because, it was the only sensible thing to do,  
to get away, to get away from you,  
for you only brought me heartache it is true,  
and here I am, so far away,  
here I am thousands of miles away across land and sea,  
and here I am. far away from you,  
and here I am once more again,  
once more again happy, and what a relief it is,  
and how thankful I am,  
that my happiness again has finally arrived,  
and how thankful I am,  
to be no longer heartbroken,  
and no longer feeling blue.

## **The society of you**

The society,  
the society of you,  
you keep yourself,  
you keep yourself to yourself,  
you really do,  
in the society of you,  
for you will not let anyone through,  
through your high walls into the society of you,  
for you are a lonely you,  
but you do not care,  
because no one else's opinions matter to you,  
and I do not blame you,  
for society is so mean,  
and so increasingly obscene,  
and I do not blame you,  
for having a society of you,  
for you, society is not what it should be,  
and it has only brought you misery,  
so, that is the way that it has got to be,  
but I do see you with a smile on your face,  
so that says something,  
and never, never ever have I,  
seen you with tears upon your face,  
unlike so often,  
on the faces of so many of the rest of the human race,  
so often on them as I do,  
and I am glad, glad that you like the society of you,  
and come to think of it, it now makes more sense to me too.

## Sometimes

Of an uneasy uncertain mood,  
sometimes I trace the raindrops down the windowpane,  
sometimes my eyes are filled with tears,  
and sometimes they fall like rain.  
Sometimes I wish for the sun but there is only snow,  
and sometimes I wish for happiness but there is only pain,  
and sometimes my heart is cold.  
Sometimes I feel like it is something that I truly do not know.  
Sometimes I wish you were here,  
and sometimes I want to be alone.  
Sometimes a fire rages inside my head,  
sometimes I feel as if my head is about to explode,  
from all my frustrations and irritations.  
Sometimes I feel as calm as a lake,  
a lake with no ripples at all and no wind that blows.  
Sometimes I catch the snowflakes.  
Sometimes I try to capture the breeze as it blows.  
Sometimes I count time backwards,  
but time still moves forwards, but that is the way that it goes.  
Sometimes I wish to be elsewhere,  
sometimes I wish to be here with no sorrow,  
and with no fear,  
sometimes I wish for kisses,  
but unfortunately, you are not always here.  
sometimes I wonder where I am going,  
sometimes I wonder where I have been.  
Sometimes,  
sometimes I feel as if I am living in a dream.

Sometimes I feel like a holiday.  
Sometimes I feel like eating ice cream.  
sometimes I trace the raindrops down the windowpane.  
Sometimes,  
sometimes I listen to the rain,  
sometimes I listen to the rain and its solemn refrain.  
Sometimes I am of a solemn mood,  
a solemn mood,  
but I cannot make up my mind whether to complain.

### **Step forwards**

Step forwards in the mind, step forwards in time,  
imagine Africa with no deserts,  
imagine the land no longer barren,  
and no longer dry,  
imagine the desert hoovered up and disappeared,  
imagine crops growing in huge warehouses,  
crops growing more often on land under African skies.  
Imagine the massive desalination of the seas,  
imagine no one suffering drought,  
and having nothing to drink,  
imagine people not starving,  
imagine a brighter future for Africa,  
imagine everyone well fed,  
and the continent with no starvation and drought,  
and imagine no more exclamations of why, oh why,  
why oh, why do we have another famine and drought?  
And imagine no one ever again,  
because of famine and drought needlessly having to die.

## The bells

The bells, the bells they ring,  
and the choir gathers in the Church,  
as the beautiful sun shines outside, the birds do sing,  
and it is a moment of loud beauty under the sun,  
outside the Church beside the stream,  
and it is a glorious place, a glorious place to unwind,  
and while away the time,  
and the birds are sat upon the gravestones,  
keeping the dead up with their beautiful voices,  
but I am sure they will not mind,  
and as we walk by the river, where do hover the butterflies,  
above the water as it gently flows,  
and tumbles over the half-submerged rocks,  
I dip my feet in the coolness of it all.  
I stand still in a gentle breeze and take my fill,  
I take my fill for it is sublime and it is magical,  
and I will stay here happily all day, painting away,  
and in the glorious sun how beautiful it is,  
and how beautiful the view,  
and I will capture the land and the butterflies,  
and I will capture the river and I will capture it all,  
I will capture it in paints,  
paints with their many beautiful colours,  
and in many brush strokes both big and small,  
and I will be happy in my work,  
after the noise of the bells has died,  
happy with the tranquillity of the bird song,  
which I appreciate above all.

## The clearest skies

Valentine's day,  
the clearest skies,  
the clearest mind,  
the bluest sky,  
the fluffiest of clouds,  
counting down the time,  
counting down the time,  
with a strong breeze blowing the leaves,  
blowing the leaves across the street from the park,  
blowing the leaves across the street in the dark,  
and with us dressed in winter coat and hat,  
and with the moon shining down,  
so bright as hand in hand with a loved one we race,  
we race off to a restaurant and something to eat,  
and we cross the street to avoid the traffic,  
and arrive in thirty seconds flat,  
and after being shown to the table,  
the table that is layed,  
and that has beautiful candles lit,  
I look at you,  
I look at you dressed so beautifully,  
I look at you and I hold your hand,  
and lean over the roses in the vase,  
and I lean over for a kiss,  
and then another before we sit down and order wine,  
and I pour a glass,  
and then, another for you in the restaurant,  
in the evening time,

and how beautiful you look,  
and how your eyes they sparkle so incredibly,  
oh, those beautiful eyes,  
and your beautiful mind and oh your fantastic wit,  
how I revel in it, for it is much to be admired,  
and a great deal to be loved,  
and here, here, happily we sit,  
we sit at the table on valentine's day,  
with the roses on the table and the wine,  
and we sit here hand in hand in the evening time,  
we sit here with a glass of wine and our hearts intertwined,  
and the magic is in the air with the laughter and the smiles,  
and oh, how my heart skips a beat,  
and how it gets faster with every kiss,  
and how glad I am to be here with you,  
how glad am I to be with you,  
and I am to be in love with you, truly in love with you,  
and holding hands with you,  
and how happy in the glow of the candles,  
with as many kisses as we wish,  
and I, I am so thankful for you,  
for being in love you with is a dream come true,  
and there is nothing better than loving you,  
nothing better than being here,  
on valentine's day in the candlelight,  
next to the roses and with you in such a happy mood,  
yes, there is nothing better than a kiss from you,  
there is nothing better than our love that is true,  
and nothing that lights up our love that lights up the room,  
and yes, there is nothing better than loving you.



## **There are**

There are the cowards, and there are the brave,  
and there are the courageous, and there are the tenacious,  
the tenacious who fight fiercely to achieve such great things,  
and who fight and who stand up for what they believe in,  
and who fight to exist in a crazy world,  
a crazy world that seems intent,  
intent on crushing human spirit every day,  
and there are the cowards,  
and there are the brave, the brave who go into battle,  
in the war zones of the world,  
and the brave who defend their nation at all costs,  
the courageous, the tenacious,  
those glorious fearsome few who will not give up,  
those glorious fearsome few,  
that put their lives on the line every day,  
those whose lives hang in the balance regularly,  
and those who go out to save lives,  
and face such dangers,  
with such great bravery against all odds,  
the likes of which,  
most people never rarely see in person,  
except upon screens in fiction,  
those people's lives who are in danger,  
whose lives are often brought to life in the cinema,  
and on the TV and in books and in magazines,  
where the dangers appear edited,  
encourage people to salivate seemingly more so,  
more so than to educate,

and the depictions of glorious stories,  
are only designed to titillate,  
and how often as children we play at war,  
without the realities and the horrors of war being taught,  
but maybe if we were taught the horror,  
and the realities of war,  
and the true and the gruesome realities,  
from an early age there would be less war,  
less war in the world today.

### **Three birds**

Laying in the grass,  
three birds flying past,  
three birds descending gently,  
three birds come to rest their wings,  
three birds tired of flight after flying upon the breeze so fast,  
three birds come to look for food amongst the grass,  
and the flowers under the sun in the beautiful sky.  
Three birds in their black coats,  
three birds singing and bringing happiness to my eyes,  
three birds that make me feel so alive,  
three birds descended and landed from up on high,  
and here, here am I,  
thankful in the nature that surrounds me,  
and that I so admire,  
for what a wonderful place is this,  
and how much it does truly inspire,  
and what a wonder it is,  
because how much it sparks my imagination,

and how much it rouses my heart,  
from out of every day's grinding existence,  
and how it takes me higher,  
to a higher plane, where happiness rains,  
firing the neurons in my brain,  
forming thoughts to ponder upon,  
and to wander along,  
as in the beautiful fields with the three birds,  
in the sun I happily lay,  
and oh, oh how glorious,  
how glorious is the day,  
how glorious is the day.

### **Looking through the trees**

Looking through the trees, looking through the trees,  
to a distant place that I have never been,  
looking to the fields where I have never been,  
looking through the trees,  
and sat in the sunlight and looking at the grass so green,  
looking through the trees at the birds in the sky,  
looking at the leaves blowing in the trees,  
looking for you, the elusive one,  
the elusive deer that so often runs past,  
but far too often and so often fleetingly,  
so often fleetingly leaving me with awe, and only a sigh.  
Yes, here I am looking through the trees,  
looking through the trees in the breeze,  
to the fields where you have often been,

looking through the trees where sometimes you are,  
and quicker than most,  
and to me you are like a mirage rarely seen,  
and as I look through the trees,  
looking through the trees to the fields,  
oh, how I wish you were here with your incredible eyes,  
those incredible eyes that haunt me,  
but today,  
today it is not to be,  
and I am just, looking through the trees,  
and you are only but a memory,  
but a memory,  
and you only linger in my mind,  
and there only today can I admire your beauty,  
yet now, thinking of you in the past,  
how I wish I was so fast, as fast as you,  
because I too,  
would like to avoid humans more rapidly.

### **Unmoved**

Unmoved,  
expressionless,  
unbroken,  
a few words,  
a few words so softly and so gently spoken.  
Unmoved,  
expressionless,  
unbroken an unbroken mood of morbidity,  
wishing for time alone, but sat with strangers,

and sat in a train and feeling as blue as the sky,  
and filled with emotions and tears about to burst,  
as if from a cloud,  
a cloud that hangs heavy overhead,  
as if about to burst and pour rain heavily down.  
Yes, unmoved, expressionless,  
unbroken, an unbroken mood of morbidity.  
A smile from a stranger,  
a hello, and a how are you,  
but you are not of a mood for conversation,  
and you reply the same few words,  
just a token,  
a token few,  
for you are too involved in yourself,  
on a train, on a train to somewhere far away from pain,  
somewhere on a train, with sadness addling your brain,  
in a never-ending refrain,  
a never-ending refrain.

### **Waiting in vain**

Waiting in vain,  
waiting in vain,  
for someone of who I only have their name,  
waiting in vain.  
Waiting in the sun,  
waiting in the snow,  
waiting in the rain.  
Waiting for a father,  
waiting for a mother,

a father and a mother that I have never known,  
and who have left me alone,  
who left me alone in a new home,  
who left me alone after they abandoned me,  
and who left me to try and get my head around it,  
and who left me in misery,  
but life was never the same,  
and here I am,  
waiting seemingly in vain,  
waiting at the train station for you to arrive,  
waiting after spending years wanting to ask why,  
after spending years of wanting to complain.  
Yes, here I am at the train station,  
with mixed feelings and only your name,  
seemingly waiting in vain?  
Seemingly waiting in vain?  
Maybe, but I hope I am to be,  
never abandoned ever again.

## **Walk**

Walk.  
Do not talk.  
Walk and be.  
Walk and be,  
and stride forwards towards the sea,  
and walk,  
but do not talk,  
just walk,  
and be, be happy,

for if you stay behind there is only misery,  
and in your brain how rattled is your sanity,  
so, begin your journey in solitude,  
and run as fast as you can,  
and run like the devil is behind you,  
and escape the shadows,  
where they plot to belittle you,  
and where they plot to damage you,  
and where they aim to break your spirit,  
and damage your heart,  
and damage your beliefs and damage what you feel,  
so run, run like the devil is behind you,  
and never mind the town that you left behind,  
for it is not worth keeping it in your mind,  
and it is best that you stride forwards towards the sea,  
and if you have to part the sea,  
do, anything that you can to escape the town,  
that brought you so much unhappiness,  
and so much misery,  
for they have no minds except of the evil kind,  
and you are better off by leaving it far behind,  
for there is no life living there and only despair,  
so, get the hell out of there,  
and go somewhere for which you do care,  
yes, go anywhere,  
and stay anywhere but there,  
for I fear for your heart and mind if you do,  
and why the hell should you care to be elsewhere,  
for elsewhere is far better than in misery,  
and in despair it is true.

## Wandered

I wander into the room,  
I wander in to see you and see you in a daze,  
and of an ill-coloured hue.  
I wander into the room wanting to see you,  
but I had mixed emotions about you,  
for you were crying on the phone,  
yes, you were crying on the phone,  
and did not want to be alone, but what was it,  
what was the problem, something solvable or more than one,  
but it did not matter to me, when you sounded so glum,  
it really did not matter, and now here I am,  
and into my arms you do run, into my arms you do run,  
with those tears running down your cheeks,  
and looking as fragile as they come,  
and I hold you close, and I can your feel your heart beating,  
with such fury in the state of your pandemonium,  
and you look at me with those sad sad eyes,  
and I, I look at you and we are as one,  
we are as one as two sides of a coin,  
me happier than you and you not as happy as you should be,  
and what is it I ask, what is wrong,  
and you open your mouth to speak, but no words will come,  
no words will come, and all I can do is hold you,  
and all I can do is feel you tremble in my arms,  
and see you cry,  
and I can tell it is going to be a long long old night,  
a long old night until your tears subside,  
and my work of compassion is done.



## **We have**

We have grown to believe,  
we have grown up to give,  
we have grown up to receive,  
we have grown to be lucky occasionally,  
we have grown to need,  
we have grown to want,  
and we have grown to believe,  
and we wish for so many things,  
so many things that we will not necessarily receive,  
for we are far too often greedy,  
and far too often we do not have enough,  
but desire is always there,  
and if we have, we do not always share,  
and if we have more than others we do not always care,  
but we always care for what we receive,  
and we may wish, and we may beg,  
and we may plead for such desires,  
but when we work so hard to achieve them,  
the time working to acquire what we want,  
it seems so disproportionate,  
for the amount of effort that we have to put in to receive,  
and in life, so often we are never fulfilled,  
and chance favours the few,  
and what good does always wanting do?  
For it pains the heart, with its jealous arts,  
and we far too often are denied,  
what we want to achieve,  
despite all the work that we do.

## **In a cafe**

A man sat in a cafe,  
all weathered and rugged,  
weathered and forlorn,  
weathered but he never rises too early,  
he never rises before the dawn.  
Gentle and quiet,  
contemplating,  
ruminating,  
staring into the distance,  
missing someone,  
missing someone and rather forlorn,  
and sitting there in the quiet,  
in the quiet of the morn,  
and not blinking,  
and not flinching at the day,  
but determined and staring ahead,  
imagining what is to come and happy lost in thought,  
and happy to let the day play out as it will,  
and happy to be spontaneous,  
and wanting nothing more than to be out in the fresh air,  
and in the morning sun,  
and wanting to be alone walking to who knows where,  
and wanting to drink coffee,  
until ready to explore the world as it comes,  
wanting inspiration in each footstep,  
and wanting to tread the fields,  
and view nature's glorious works of art,  
and wanting to be inspired by everything,

wanting to be out in the breeze,  
and in the fresh air,  
the rain, the snow, and the sun,  
and wanting soliloquy and quiet,  
wanting,  
wanting nothing more than to be free with no stress,  
which in this modern world is as difficult as it comes.  
A lonely man, observed from a distance,  
A lonely man, missing someone.  
A lonely man wanting to be amongst the fields and the trees,  
wanting to be at the beach staring out at the sea,  
and watching the waves crash upon the shore endlessly,  
and wanting to be in beauty,  
wanting to sit still without interruption,  
and admire everything that I see.  
A man wanting to be calm,  
a man wanting to be happy,  
wanting to be happy wherever he can be,  
but soon to be on his way to work,  
where there is little fun.

### **What I see**

What I see in humanity is too much complexity,  
what I see, is far too much stress and barbarity,  
what I see, is far too much violence in society,  
what I see, in humanity is far too much idiocy,  
and over bureaucracy,  
and what I see, is religion preaching morals endlessly,  
and failing spectacularly.

What I see in humanity is non-stop problems.  
What I see is far too much greed,  
what I see far too often is insanity,  
what I see are far too many,  
far too many mental health problems in society.  
What I see far too often is poverty,  
homelessness, famine, and drought,  
and slander and defamation in the newspapers,  
in the magazines, and online,  
and on the radio and on television,  
and what I see, is far too much killing and war,  
now why does this have to be?  
Because it seems crazy to me, absolutely crazy.  
And why should we let this continue to be?  
Are we so ignorant and stuck in a rut,  
well, it seems that way,  
and it does not make any sense to me,  
oh, the tragedy of poorly thought ideas,  
and solutions to the world's problems,  
that destroy humanity and society seemingly endlessly.

### **What you said**

What you said, what you said resonated with me,  
and I, in a strange way I quite agree,  
never more you said, never more for me,  
for I cannot take it anymore and I am at my wits end,  
and my mind has given up on world peace,  
so, I am off to start a war, I am off to start a war,  
because I am so used to seeing war you see.

## Where are you

Where are you, where are you,  
where have you gone,  
where are you now, are you with someone,  
and are you happy, are you truly happy,  
I wonder sometimes,  
but I will never know because you are gone,  
where are you, where are you,  
because there is a big empty hole in my heart,  
where you once were, but you are distant in my memory,  
distant and I wish it was not so,  
because I carry you in my heart wherever I go,  
and you were everything to me,  
and now you have disappeared,  
and left my heart so empty and me feeling so alone,  
oh, where have you gone, where have you gone,  
for I wish you were coming back,  
but I should not expect anything,  
and I should not hope for it, because I was the stupid one,  
the stupid one who had done you wrong,  
yes, I was the stupid one who broke your heart,  
and I regret it from the beginning of the day,  
to the end of the night,  
and in my dreams, I always hope to put it right,  
but I probably will never get the chance,  
and I will always regret it,  
but unfortunately, the reality is,  
that what I have done, the wrong that I did to you,  
the wrong can never be undone.

## Yet another

Another street,  
and across the road yet another lost soul,  
yet another person,  
whose heart is not so whole,  
yes, yet another lost soul, wandering alone,  
trying to regain sanity in a world,  
a world that is far too cold,  
yes, yet another lost soul,  
looking for peace and tranquillity,  
and happiness when inside their heart is in pieces,  
and is been shattered from damaged beliefs,  
and the failed systems of the world,  
and oh, how much temptation there is,  
and how unachievable success seems to be,  
and how unachievable happiness often is,  
and how far too often,  
how unachievable it is when life is so short,  
and everything in value is so overinflated,  
and how much of a struggle it is,  
when we place such great value on materialism,  
and the values of materialism,  
that we hold onto far too dearly,  
and when you look at it logically,  
there is really no emotional worth to most materialism,  
and generally,  
material worth is a great big lie,  
or so we are told,  
and well, it makes sense to me.

## **You blatherskite**

You blatherskite, you cause so much bobsy-die,  
you and your boffola,  
it is gonna take you to heaven before you realise,  
you and you're trying to poke people between the eyes,  
yes, you blatherskite, you cause so much bobsy-die,  
your use of language is like being sedated,  
and all I want to do is roll my eyes,  
you blatherskite, you cause so much bobsy-die,  
you and your boffola antagonising people all the time,  
yes, you and your boffola, you blatherskite,  
you cause so much bobsy-die.  
and I would rather listen to a shopping list,  
than you beating people over the head,  
with words that you so unwisely use,  
words that are only really angry abuse,  
because when I look at you all,  
I see is a blatherskite and you cause so much bobsy-die,  
and you and your boffola are better off elsewhere,  
because all they do is make me yawn,  
and I would rather you talk yourself to death,  
than bore me and others to death with your boffola,  
and before you do if I were you,  
I'd read a dictionary or two, because you and your boffola,  
well, I wish it was over,  
I wish it was over because it is gonna take you to heaven  
before you realise.  
so, when you talk, when you talk, try being sober.