

# Exile

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## Another day

Another day, another day glad to be here,  
glad to be in the sun, glad to feel alive,  
and lucky to have nature on my doorstep where I thrive,  
yes, another day,  
another day in the beauty outside,  
another day getting some peace of mind,  
another day outside upon the Earth,  
in the fields where I take my place,  
where I take my place with the hay, and the grasshoppers,  
a place to unwind and at a slow pace,  
a slow pace that is all mine,  
and how glorious it is here in the summertime,  
here with the breeze blowing gently,  
and the leaves upon the trees,  
in the distance they wave at me as I sit,  
and I ponder and I ruminate, and I think of nothing much,  
but I take in all the aesthetic beauty that I can get,  
and I enjoy every bit, and oh, how quiet it is,  
and what glorious visions there are before my eyes,  
and amongst the hay and the cut grass, how fragrant it is,  
and oh, the scent of it, oh, the scent of it,  
and how blue the sky,  
and how warm the sun, the sun that beams down upon me,  
and how I wonder at it all as I listen to the birds,  
for how mellifluous they sound,  
and what a marvel the landscape is here,  
and what calmness and glory there is in nature all around.

## **Another hard-hearted soul**

Another hard-hearted soul, another cold fish,  
another bitter person who is like the winter snows,  
another blanked faced human,  
another blanked faced human who I do not know,  
who I do not know,  
oh, to see humanity smiling more often,  
now what a great thing that would be,  
for the world even in the light of the sun,  
it is so cold, it is so cold  
and how many weary hearts there are out there,  
how many weary hearts there are in this world,  
and it is a shame, a shame to see humanity so miserable,  
and the world fighting constantly,  
and the cost is untold, untold,  
and what a thing a smile is,  
and imagining a world filled with happiness,  
and a world where everyone smiles,  
oh, how it lightens the soul,  
how it lightens and brightens the soul,  
and what a better world it is with smiles and laughter,  
but there are sadly, sadly, far too many wars,  
and far too many miseries which take hold of us,  
and that are bombarded at us from the newspapers,  
the magazines, and upon the radio,  
and upon the television, and upon the Internet,  
and the world is as if covered in a blanket of ice and snow,  
as if covered in a blanket of ice and snow.

## Ancient castle

Ancient castle upon the hill, amidst the fog,  
I look at you, and you seem to have weathered it all,  
I look at you, and you do not look like you are about to fall,  
and I wish I had the strength of you,  
I wish I had the strength of you, but I do not at all,  
for my heart is soft,  
and I always seem to fall for the wrong type,  
the wrong type of person who ends up being cruel,  
and I wish it was not true,  
I wish it was not true, because it is insufferable,  
but I have been through it so many times,  
and I, I need to build my defences, but it is getting it right,  
and I do not want to be too harsh or too cold,  
and I do not wish to build my defences too high,  
and I want to be honest and open,  
I want to be kind and compassionate,  
but with a tougher edge,  
a tougher edge to me than before,  
and I need to be a new me,  
and like the ancient castle upon the hill,  
amidst the fog, who seems to have weathered it all,  
and who does not look like you are about to fall,  
I wish to stand strong once more,  
and be harder than I was before but not be cruel,  
no not cruel at all, just, a new me, a better me,  
a stronger me, a kind and gentle me,  
a warrior when it comes to defending my heart,  
a warrior stronger than before.

**Ah**

Ah,  
that pause,  
that thought of no thought at all,  
that waiting for inspiration,  
that seeking of words,  
that looking for meaning,  
that blankness,  
that strikes,  
and puts everything on pause,  
that state of existence,  
before greatness or inanity is born,  
ah,  
that pause,  
that thought of no thought at all,  
that waiting for inspiration,  
that seeking of words,  
that looking for meaning,  
that time,  
it should be treasured,  
for the spark of inspiration,  
is worth the wait so often,  
and in the mind,  
being calm is much better for thought,  
and I have thought about it all, in my times,  
and there have been many pauses,  
and all of them meaningful,  
and soliloquy,  
soliloquy is good for us all.

## Break it

Break it, break the chain,  
do not let it weigh you down with a never-ending refrain,  
yes, break it, break the chain,  
and leave before you are driven insane,  
yes, break it and walk away if a relationship is unhealthy,  
be brave and walk away, and be courageous,  
no matter the words that they say to try and placate you,  
for every day in an unhealthy relationship is a day wasted,  
and it will only be another spent day complaining,  
and there is no good complaining continually,  
and it is much better for the heart to walk away,  
and it is much better for the mind,  
so be brave, and make the decision to end it all,  
and do not listen to words that try to placate you with,  
and that try to soften you,  
for the longer an unhealthy relationship drags on,  
you will only rue the day,  
so, break it, break the chain,  
and as fast as you can walk away, walk away,  
for there is no good suffering continual mental abuse,  
and no good in enduring verbal and physical attacks,  
for that is not love, that is not true love,  
that is control and it will not do you any good,  
and how your mind will suffer and your heart,  
so, break the chain, and do not let it weigh you down,  
with a never-ending refrain,  
so, break it, break the chain and leave,  
leave and walk out the door before you are driven insane.

## **A walk to the bees**

A walk to the bees,  
a walk through the fields to the tree,  
a walk to the bees,  
walking to the bee's nest in the tree,  
in the summer across the fields of grass,  
a gentle walk with the dog,  
to encourage the bees to make honey for my tea,  
yes, across the fields with the dog walking expectantly,  
but what am I to see,  
will they bee busy,  
or will they be on holiday,  
I shall see,  
for what a busy life it is to be a bee,  
for they are as busy as a bee can be,  
oh, I do hope there is honey for my tea.

## **Buckets of rain**

Buckets of rain,  
buckets of tears,  
buckets of grey,  
on a day like every other day,  
that is so grey around here,  
yes, buckets of rain,  
buckets of tears,  
buckets of grey,  
going to paint my walls with some colour,  
just to get away from the fear,



the fear of being miserable,  
and the tiredness of it all,  
day after day,  
year after year,  
yes, I have had enough,  
and I am going to paint my walls with brighter colours,  
well, actually no,  
I'll just save the money and go on holiday permanently,  
far away from here,  
and that will be better for me,  
oh, why sky,  
oh, why sky do you have to be such a misery,  
cannot you see you bring me far too many tears,  
and there is enough rain in you,  
and I have no wish for rain in me,  
so, I will save my money and go on holiday,  
permanently to spite you,  
far, far, far away from here.

### **Days go by**

The days go by with misery and sighs,  
the days go by with no happiness,  
but with no joy and just fragility and empty minds,  
empty minds under the greyest of skies,  
just trying to push the clouds away,  
but finding it an uphill climb,  
and with life just a repetition,  
and with such dismay upon our faces,  
as if sat upon a bleak,

and windswept and stormy mountainside,  
the days go by with misery and sighs,  
the days go by with no happiness,  
and slowly working all hours,  
working all hours,  
not seeing anything else,  
apart from the daily grind,  
yes, the days go by,  
with no time for friends and family and mostly alone,  
and with an emptiness in one's eyes,  
yes, the days go by,  
with nothing to write home about,  
nothing of interest,  
just a bleakness,  
just a boring rigidity,  
and mostly a total waste of time,  
yes, the days go by,  
and they are not very fulfilling,  
but I wish for better days,  
because if not I am likely to lose my mind,  
likely to lose my mind,  
likely to lose my life,  
far earlier than I should,  
oh, the depravity of modern society that breaks you down,  
and makes you frown,  
and really what is the purpose, of all this wasted time?  
What is its reason, what is it?  
A stupidity,  
an insanity,  
a pointless exercise that does not advance human kind.

## **Demand**

Demand nothing,  
want for nothing,  
want for nothing at all,  
and carry on with as little as possible,  
and rise above it all,  
rise above the materialism,  
and do not hunger after what is not achievable,  
because the majority of life is an illusion,  
and there is no point kidding yourself about it at all.

## **Down the street**

A sunny day,  
heading down the street to the stream,  
and across the bridge,  
to stand and watch the water flowing past,  
a beautiful place amidst the flowers in the grass,  
a beautiful place under the overhanging trees,  
oh, how glorious a place it is to be,  
oh, how glorious this water that covers the world,  
and that is in you and me,  
the water that nourishes the world,  
the water that quenches our thirst,  
the water that we can swim in,  
the water we can float in as if a dream,  
in the streams,  
the rivers and the oceans, and the seas,  
especially the rivers,

so powerful and strong that carry us along,  
and the oceans and the seas,  
whose waves we can bob up and down in so gently,  
and in the water whose power can give us life,  
or can take our lives away,  
the beautiful water,  
so, cool, and clear,  
and also murky,  
oh, how calming it is to stand here upon the bridge,  
admiring this beauty in the breeze,  
for what would we be without water,  
certainly not you and me.

### **Have we done enough**

Have we done enough,  
have we done enough,  
for we expostulate,  
and explain our ways with such regimented ways,  
and because of which we have such narrow bands,  
within which to operate,  
because we do not take the time to understand and to listen,  
and we have far too little patience,  
far too little patience,  
and far too little time,  
and the world seemingly continually walks through,  
minefields of the mind,  
minefields of the mind,  
and we fight, and we fight, and we fight,  
and it is not right, it is not right,

for where there is darkness shouldn't we be bringing light,  
shouldn't we be bringing more light?  
And shouldn't we try everything that we can,  
to get along better,  
and oh, how we suffer,  
and the world suffers through the lack of education of man,  
and how peace is thwarted by the stupidity,  
and illogicality of poorly thought-out words,  
and in the scheme of things,  
the pain it brings, it should never be,  
it should never be,  
for how often poorly thought-out words,  
thwart peace and continually ruin humanities plans.

## **Higher**

Higher,  
higher,  
lift up the mind with what does inspire,  
for inspiration is rejuvenation,  
and in fascination,  
how the brain awakes with questions,  
and curiosities that so come in such a state,  
higher, higher, never tire,  
never tire of education and learning,  
for dullness of mind does put you to sleep,  
and in such a coma your happiness may never be complete,  
so, be inspired,  
be inspired by all that you do and all those that you meet,  
because what is the point of going through life asleep?

## **In the hullabaloo**

In the hullabaloo of you,  
in the hullabaloo of you,  
you are agitated and discombobulated,  
in the hullabaloo of you,  
for you do not know what you want,  
and you do not know you,  
so, in the hullabaloo of you,  
would you please try to remain calm,  
for I do not want to cause you alarm,  
but if you stop with your verbal discombularity that you use,  
in such extravagant tenacity,  
and of which you only do yourself damage,  
and only do yourself harm,  
I would be most grateful,  
because your gesticulating,  
and your verbosity is a monstrosity,  
a monstrosity that wants me to be somewhere else,  
somewhere else where my ears are not assaulted,  
with such linguistic idiocy,  
somewhere far more charming,  
but you are like a bull in a china shop,  
smashing everything to pieces,  
and I wish I could put you in strait jacket,  
to stop you gesticulating,  
and put an orange in your mouth,  
for that would be more interesting to me,  
than those bloody awful meaningless words,  
that continually spew so unhelpfully from your mouth.

## **I am**

I am, I am all that I can be,  
for I have no choice you see, because I am me,  
I am me, and life is a continual improvement,  
so, do not worry about where you are,  
do not worry at all,  
for life is far easier that way, because you are where you are,  
and that is the only place that you can be.

## **I met you**

I met you in the sun,  
I met you and you had a smile on your face,  
and you were not the only one, you were not the only one,  
and I said hello as you passed on by,  
and we reflected on how beautiful this place was,  
and then I, I went back to pondering upon,  
why there is so much ugliness in the world,  
so much ugliness that should never be,  
but sadly, there is far too much,  
because of ignorance and intolerance and human stupidity,  
ignorance intolerance and human stupidity,  
and how slow we are,  
how slow we are to learn,  
and it is insanity,  
it is insanity and it should not be,  
and sometimes,  
sometimes I wonder when God will come along,  
and when God will put us out of our misery.

## **I sacrificed you**

I sacrificed you for my sanity,  
I sacrificed you,  
for you only brought me insanity and depravity,  
and it was no good it is true,  
and it was no good,  
because you only made me ill,  
and our relationship was one sided,  
and you never stood still and there was such anger in you,  
such anger in you,  
and you were far too often an ugly you  
and what I thought had with you it was not true at all,  
and your heart was black and no good to me,  
no good to me at all,  
for our love was a torturous thing,  
and our love it was a brief thing,  
and it never got very far at all,  
so, I sacrificed you for my sanity,  
I sacrificed you,  
for you only brought me insanity and depravity,  
and it was no good it is true,  
and oh, ow my heart ached,  
and how much I suffered,  
and oh, boy oh, did I suffer,  
I suffered you,  
I suffered you and you treated me like a fool,  
you treated me like a fool,  
and what is love,  
what is love when is there is such jealousy,



for jealously over rules love,  
and in the long run jealousy it destroys it all,  
jealousy it destroys it all,  
and really it was not the kind of love that I wanted,  
that extreme love,  
that crushing and claustrophobic love,  
and it has never been at all,  
so, I sacrificed you for my sanity,  
I sacrificed you,  
for you only brought me insanity and depravity,  
and it was no good it is true,  
so, I was glad for our love to end,  
and glad to end it with you,  
because no good did you do to me,  
no good at all it is true.

### **In the silence**

In the silence,  
there is no horror,  
there is no war,  
there is no violence in the silence,  
there is just calm and balance,  
far away from harm,  
and oh, how beautiful it is that tranquillity,  
that space empty of all sounds,  
empty as you sit on your own,  
away from the human race not looking to be found,  
oh, what a beautiful place,  
oh, what a beautiful place with nothing to alarm,

and how wonderful it is and how great its charm,  
and how rare it is that tranquillity and that soliloquy,  
where you sit lost in your own thoughts,  
as if drifting upon a sea,  
where you sit drifting as peacefully as can be,  
where you sit drifting far away from the stress,  
and from the anxiety.  
Drifting, drifting, and returning to you,  
drifting and relaxed,  
relaxed and with a smile on your face and happy,  
happy as can be.

### **In the waters**

In the waters,  
I see you,  
I see you swimming,  
I see you the graceful you,  
I see you,  
with your arms aloft speeding through the water,  
I see the intensity in you,  
and I see the strength in you,  
and I see you rise out of the water,  
and the water runs off you in slow motion,  
and how beautiful you look,  
you with your brown hair,  
shoulder length,  
and with your brown eyes,  
and you laugh and you smile,  
and you come towards me, and I hand you the towel,

as the seagulls fly high in the sky,  
and the sun it shines down upon you,  
and beautifully lights up your face,  
and you stand there with your hair all wet,  
and you stand there with the smell of the sea upon you,  
and I look at you,  
and in slow motion with my eyes,  
I take snapshots of you,  
and of your eyes,  
and of your smile,  
and of your face with your wet hair,  
and of you throwing your head back,  
and wrapping your hair in a towel,  
and of you laughing,  
and I replay them in my mind,  
over and over again,  
and I remember you and that day at the beach,  
I remember you and that day several years ago now,  
I remember you,  
beautiful you,  
beautiful you sadly gone,  
sadly, now gone from this world,  
sadly, died far too young,  
yes, I remember you, beautiful you,  
in the sea swimming so happily,  
and I remember you standing beside me,  
looking at me with that beautiful smile,  
and you laughing,  
yes, I remember you, beautiful you,  
beautiful you, oh, how I remember you.

## **Mental health**

Mental health,  
is worth far more than wealth,  
and if people were more caring in society,  
there would be less troubles of the self,  
but society is sick,  
and so, it breeds,  
it breeds this culture of me, me, me,  
and people feed off other people's unhappiness,  
and it breeds so frequently,  
it breeds so continuously,  
this mentality of thought,  
with which so many belittle you and me,  
and with which they try to break us,  
and shake us and try to make us fit in,  
and bend to peer pressure at their whim,  
and try to control us,  
with the conditioning of their sickness,  
and this evil from who knows where,  
it is lodged so heavily in their brains,  
and brings such despair,  
such despair upon the human race,  
that they should be ashamed,  
and put in their place,  
but they do not care,  
for of mental health and caring,  
they are not truly aware,  
and are happy to be continually evil,  
for of that they are much better prepared.

## **Number 10**

Number 10,  
a binary life,  
a 0 and a 1,  
an off and an on,  
life in the eyes of humanity,  
life upon the Earth, life in the universe,  
life there and life then quickly gone.

## **Only a week**

Only a week, only a week, no, not long,  
not long until I find the comfort that I seek  
and what a relief it will be, what a relief,  
and how I will celebrate, and maybe I will head for the sea,  
maybe I will go swimming and float so free,  
float so free and rest my weary bones,  
for life is such a tiresome load,  
a tiresome load upon the shoulders,  
and we have far too many burdens to carry in this world,  
far too many burdens to carry,  
and it is never easy finding the time to lighten the load,  
and I cannot wait, for it is a only a week,  
only a week until I find the solace that I seek,  
only a week, and I will savour every minute,  
and how gladly I will savour the peace,  
and what a relief it will be, to be floating in the sea,  
free of the working day, and returning to me,  
returning to me.

## Open

Open up,  
open up says the man,  
open up, I have a plan,  
I have a plan to take your money if I can,  
so open up, open up if you can,  
and he growls and he scowls,  
and he bangs and he bangs,  
and he harangues and he harangues,  
and he shouts and he shouts,  
and he shouts through the letterbox,  
but no one comes out, no one comes out,  
and he leaves a note, I will be back again,  
and maybe I will break your legs,  
maybe I will break their legs if you do not pay,  
because I really do not give a damn,  
I really do not give a damn,  
that is the trouble with getting high on credit  
and if you don't pay  
well, I hope you have a dental plan,  
I hope you have a dental plan,  
living the high life in the city,  
really not looking pretty,  
really not looking pretty,  
man, not paid, angry man, man inside,  
still high doesn't give a damn,  
addicted man with a plan,  
out robbing later if he can,  
out robbing later if he can.

## Save the pictures

Save the pictures,  
and the treasured memories,  
save the pictures of the people,  
and the memories of them that you shared,  
for they are more meaningful,  
more meaningful than buildings,  
and there are so many buildings,  
and not as many feelings involved in buildings,  
because they do not talk at all,  
and yes, buildings they may stir the heart,  
but people are more memorable,  
people are more memorable,  
and buildings they do not smile at all,  
and they have no emotions,  
and are so often cold,  
but I, I prefer the warmth of humans,  
and their company,  
and their smiles,  
and the laughter that comes with them,  
and the tears and all,  
so, save the pictures,  
and the treasured memories,  
save the pictures of the people,  
and the memories of them that you shared,  
for they are more meaningful,  
and life is a blessing,  
wherever you go with good company,  
and good-natured souls.

## Slowly I awake

Slowly I awake,  
slowly as the sun shines through the windowpane,  
slowly does my sentience return and slowly begins my brain,  
begins my brain to think of the day,  
and slowly my thoughts they burst into life as if magic,  
magic appearing out of the air,  
from where I do not know, and from where I do not care,  
for all that matters is that they are there,  
dancing through me like a dervish,  
and guiding me to what shall be,  
dancing through my mind and enquiring of me,  
what do you want, what shall we do,  
what shall we see,  
where shall we go and with who shall we be,  
but it does not matter to me as long as I am happy,  
so, give me inspiration and positivity,  
and that to me is certainly not to be found,  
in the high streets spending money,  
but walking across the fields to the sea,  
for when my brain awakes,  
and when my legs have had their fill of rest,  
in the summer sun I will walk to the sea that blesses me,  
blesses me with its magnificence,  
and its tranquillity and its beauty,  
and in it I will marvel at the roar,  
and the crashing of its waves upon the beach,  
and I will watch in admiration,  
at the flight of the birds in the sky,



and I will marvel at the sun,  
and I will watch the clouds,  
and all the myriads of the variations, that nature does allow,  
and I will contentedly watch them go by,  
and there will be no stress,  
and no need for sighs,  
for that is how it will be,  
and I will be me when my brain awakes,  
for in nature from stress I am liberated,  
and I am truly free.

### **Should I not wake**

Should I not wake,  
should I not wake,  
remember me in the stars and the heavens,  
where I will take my place,  
yes, should I not wake,  
remember me and keep me in your heart,  
for I will be looking down,  
and smiling at you always,  
for you of my life were always the greatest part,  
and should I not wake,  
remember our happy times,  
and the places we travelled with joy in our hearts,  
and remember our joyous company,  
and the friends that we had together,  
and all that we did,  
and achieved together,  
and remember the happiness upon our faces,

for it was the best of times,  
truly the best of times,  
so, do not cry too much,  
for we had such fun,  
and we explored the world,  
and we lived happily together for so many years,  
and we rose together at dawn,  
and we fell asleep in each other's arms,  
when the night fell upon us,  
and how we thrived in each other's warmth,  
and your heart,  
your heart it was mighty,  
and together we battled through many of life's storms,  
we battled together and surrendered never,  
and I loved you,  
I loved you more each day,  
and If I do not wake,  
do not mourn too long,  
but remember me always,  
and keep me in your heart,  
for I will be looking down,  
upon where I used to take my part,  
upon the stage of life,  
so, please do not cry,  
do not cry too much,  
but remember me,  
in the stars and the heavens,  
where I will take my place,  
should I not wake,  
should I not wake.

## Smoke on the horizon

Smoke on the horizon,  
wispy puffs,  
rising into the bluest of skies,  
lit up by the sun in a spectacular see through fog,  
smoke on the horizon,  
above the house at the end of the field,  
behind the hedge,  
where the man is working in his garden,  
and the cows in the fields next to him,  
moo out loud as the man plants his veg,  
and what glorious sun it is to be working in,  
and what beautiful light that plays across the fields,  
and where the light falls upon the grass,  
what variation, gentility, and beauty is revealed,  
and what wonder there is in the warmth of the sun,  
that shines down so brightly from up above,  
and what glorious works of art are in the trees all around,  
in the patterns of the leaves,  
and the bark on the trees that they are covered in,  
and that protects them from the elements,  
as they rise to the heavens seeking the sun that they love,  
and how wonderful it is,  
to sit here amongst the grass,  
as the birds do sing, and what a great feeling it is,  
to feel your emotions, rise,  
from all the sights before your eyes,  
where you sit and watch the world go by,  
in such peace and tranquillity that nature does bring.

## **Sounds**

Sounds,  
sounds echoing in the distance,  
sounds,  
sounds rattling around the air,  
the sound of cars,  
the sound of someone shouting out,  
the sound of someone who doesn't care,  
and in the black of night with the stars shining bright,  
I am sure the stars cannot get to sleep,  
and nor can I,  
of which I am very aware,  
sounds echoing in the distance,  
sounds, sounds rattling around the air,  
and a car alarm going off,  
which does my ears some serious harm,  
and continues on and off all night,  
but all I can do,  
all I can do is bloody swear.

## **The heart**

The heart of you is no good,  
because you took it all from me,  
you took my happiness away,  
and you savaged my feelings and caused a flood,  
a flood of misery,  
and you left me empty,  
you left me empty, and I wandered alone,

not knowing which direction to go,  
and I did not know,  
and I did not care about much about life at all,  
and I felt far from ten feet tall,  
the way I felt when you claimed that you loved me,  
and oh, it was terrible the way you robbed me of trust,  
and the way you trashed my feelings,  
well, it cut me to pieces, and it left me reeling,  
it left me reeling and climbing the walls,  
and tearing my hair out,  
and not feeling ten feet tall and happy at all,  
and I told you the truth,  
but you damaged me with words that were uncalled for,  
and you rebuffed me when I questioned your insensitivity,  
and you threw it all at me,  
and you blamed me for the loss of the baby,  
you blamed me for the relationship with your mother,  
you blamed me for not seeing your friends much at all,  
and you criticised my job,  
you criticised my goals in life,  
you insulted my appearance in a five-minute tirade,  
and you cried you heart out after it all,  
and you apologised for it all,  
and I sat there with you and looked into your eyes,  
and that was the end of it all,  
I had to make a decision, and I did,  
and I ended it all,  
I ended it all and I walked out the door,  
and I took a few things,  
and that was the beginning of the end,

the beginning of the end,  
not what I was expecting for sure,  
but the reality and the heartache,  
and the pain,  
of a bitter and acrimonious breakup sank in,  
and the heartache and the pain,  
well, I carried it with me,  
like a heavy burden out the door,  
and I carried it wherever I walked,  
oh, the bitter pain and the intensity of it all,  
and what suffering,  
and what heartbreak there was,  
and I wandered in a metaphorical desert for almost a year,  
barren of happiness,  
devoid of trust,  
and heartbroken and bitter,  
and I walked apocryphally on,  
though I knew I had done nothing wrong,  
and yet,  
I was the one who was suffering,  
but you you moved on easily,  
and that made it harder to carry on,  
and I broke down with it all,  
and I had no clue,  
which direction to go at all,  
and in my heartache,  
and in my heartbreak,  
I stumbled on and of my life,  
for a while,  
I made a right mess of it all.

## **The veracity of you**

The veracity of you,  
sad you,  
blue you,  
unhappy you,  
fierce,  
raging,  
crazy you,  
mad you,  
up and down you,  
happy and frowning you,  
a joker and a clown you,  
jokes all around with you,  
sadness and tears,  
discombobulation,  
intimidation,  
aggravation,  
the spectacle of you,  
beautiful you,  
ugly you,  
belittling you,  
brilliant you,  
intelligent you,  
funny you, enthusiastic you,  
true you, passionate you,  
compassionate you,  
you with a heart so true,  
glorious you, all of you,  
I love you; I love you.

## The wind #2

The wind it whistles,  
the wind it howls,  
for it is in a foul mood,  
and it rages all around,  
yes, the wind it whistles,  
and the wind it howls,  
it whips down streets,  
and it whistles through cities and towns,  
yes, the wind it whistles and the wind it howls,  
the wind it knocks me off my feet,  
and it rips off roofs to outraged scowls,  
yes, the wind it whistles and the wind it howls,  
and it does not let me get very far,  
and it goes where it wants,  
and it upsets the sailors and the boats at sea,  
and I am glad it has gone so far,  
so far from me,  
but I wish it would leave the sailors and the boats alone,  
and leave them in safety,  
but the wind it whistles,  
and the wind it howls,  
and the sailors and the boats,  
can only go where the wind allows,  
and I stand at the shore of the sea,  
praying the sailors get to where they need to be,  
praying they will be alive,  
praying the wind will not have smashed their boats,  
and drowned them in the cruel sea.



## **This day**

This day has not done much for me at all,  
this day,  
for it has bombarded me with things,  
unexpected things,  
that have surprised me and aggravated me,  
and brought me only misery,  
and they say accidents come in threes,  
and life it certainly seems to have a way,  
to have more than your fare share,  
but it seems to be others who cause it all,  
who cause it all with their incompetency,  
and you,  
you try to work,  
you try do your best,  
you try your best to make it a success,  
and I only wish for happiness,  
but others seem determined to make life a misery,  
make life a misery of it all and make it a mess,  
yes, they seem determined to make a misery of happiness,  
a misery of everything,  
and it is others who without thinking as clearly,  
as they should who decimate it all,  
who decimate any happiness,  
that you may have with their inability to listen,  
and who are opinionated and to them,  
only their opinions matter,  
and yours to them do not matter at all,  
and trying to get them to see sense,

and to correct their mistakes,  
it is like banging your head against a brick wall,  
no, this day has not done much for me at all,  
no, not at all,  
and I am glad to see the end of it all,  
for this day has only brought me misery,  
and it has served no purpose at all,  
and it has been apocryphal, apocryphal,  
and I am glad of the night, and the dreams,  
and tomorrow there will I hope be,  
a better day than the one before,  
because it could not get any worse,  
and if the day was a body,  
it would be carried off in a hearse,  
carried off in a hearse.

### **This is**

The day is nearly done,  
after wrestling with my thoughts,  
yes, this is the final push at the setting of the sun,  
after a day spent reading and writing,  
and researching,  
and it is a beautiful thing to dive into language,  
and create such works that in your heart and mind exist,  
and that from your inspiration your creation is won,  
and how inspiring are the languages,  
and the words that sit upon the pages of learned books,  
but how was the alphabet born I wonder,  
and how long did it take to create I wonder?

I do not know, and I am truly glad of it,  
and in it I am glad to spend the day,  
working in the fields, working at the beach,  
and out walking and wherever I go,  
but wherever I am I do not mind, as long as I am inspired,  
for with inspiration and fascination,  
it sparks my imagination,  
and in writing it is not work but fun,  
and here I sit from when I awake to the setting of the sun,  
working hard with the letters of the alphabet,  
and the languages of the world with a smile on my face,  
and in this way, I am truly content to spend the day,  
in such a happy way,  
for with a smile on my face in such a happy place,  
life is grand because there is so much to write about always,  
and wherever I wander, and wherever I stay,  
with language I am in love,  
and that will always be the way.

### **Tired of this**

Tired of this instability,  
tired of this uncivility,  
tired of thinking what should be.  
Tired of the world and its insanity,  
tired of rape,  
tired of knife crime and gun crime, torture, and murder,  
oh, so many needless deaths in this world,  
yet it is what it is,  
and I am tired of my heart being continually ripped apart.

I am tired of the moods of people,  
that quickly turn to lightning and thunder,  
tired, when will it end, I wonder,  
for this world has been so ravaged and plundered,  
and I am tired of this, tired of the world's selfishness,  
when there is so much to give,  
and I am tired of people talking and achieving nothing,  
and I am tired of people crying,  
and I am also tired of people dying from famine,  
and from drought, and homelessness,  
and I am tired of bureaucracy,  
that never truly seems to help out,  
and I am tired of our feelings meaning so little,  
for we protest often enough,  
but we never seem to get anywhere, and no one truly listens,  
and life is far more complicated than it should be to exist,  
and yet, because of it we are so ground down and worn out,  
now, it should not be like this, it should not be like this,  
but what will it take to restore the magic,  
for the life of the human race is so often tragic,  
and it should not be that way,  
for seemingly we are born to just exist,  
and if we could live life more simply,  
we could be happy, and there would be far less misery,  
and well, that would be a life well lived,  
and I have tried, and we all mostly have tried,  
but because of far too much bureaucracy,  
because of far too much bureaucracy,  
and the lack of common sense and logic,  
life on the Earth, it is what it is.

## Travesty

Someone I barely know,  
but who I live with though,  
it seems there is travesty and tragedy in his menagerie,  
travesty and tragedy,  
for the owner cannot talk without using four letter words,  
it seems to me,  
and the owner's parrots had a previous owner,  
who read them Descartes,  
and who read them Shakespeare,  
and who taught them to paint,  
and who taught them to speak,  
with all the words in the dictionary,  
and who must have had the patience of a Saint,  
for how well-spoken they were,  
and how beautifully spoken,  
but him with his four-letter words,  
he is most rude,  
and most absurd with his terrible vocabulary,  
and he speaks to his parrots most obnoxiously,  
he who is less educated verbally,  
and I see them suffering,  
and when he leaves,  
they quote to me,  
the whole world is a stage,  
but we hope he pisses off from it soon,  
yes, that gobby one,  
the gobby one with only four-letter words to say,  
the gobby one who is as miserable as can be every day.

## Vying for attention

There you sit, dressed so beautifully,  
there you sit vying for attention,  
there you sit looking at me from across the room,  
but I am too drunk to see, too drunk to see,  
and you want attention,  
and you are the most beautiful thing that I have seen,  
that I have ever seen,  
but I am too drunk,  
too drunk for company,  
and I would only talk rubbish,  
I would only talk rubbish,  
and that would be no good,  
that would be no good for you or me,  
and so, I will sit here happily,  
for looking at you is like a dream,  
a blurry dream,  
but a pleasure it is,  
but my intellect and wit,  
my intellect and wit are at the bottom of my pint glass,  
and I can barely walk,  
let alone talk,  
and I have to wish to spoil your evening,  
by slurring in your direction,  
because that would be embarrassing to me,  
so, enjoy your evening,  
and I will remember your pretty face,  
when I am a better state,  
and I am a more coherent me.

## Walking away

Walking away forever and a day,  
walking far away,  
far away with nothing to say,  
but with only misery in my heart,  
that tears me painfully apart,  
and that destroys my mind,  
when I think of the heartache that you have sent my way,  
for you were so cruel to me,  
and vicious and bitter,  
and played me like a symphony,  
and this is not what should have been,  
and certainly not how I ever wished it to be,  
because I wanted love,  
I wanted love,  
I wanted love not misery,  
and I am walking away as far as can be,  
and I am off to sea,  
off to sea to forget you,  
to forget about you and me,  
and I will never forget what heartache is,  
and I will be more compassionate,  
because of you when I find a love so true,  
and I certainly will not treat them like you treated me,  
so, I am off to sea to forget about you,  
to forget about you and me,  
and how much better that will be,  
because you only brought me misery,  
you only brought me misery.

## **We carry on**

We carry on,  
we carry on no matter what,  
we carry on and we will not stop,  
for this is a revolution that will not be forgot,  
this is a revolution that will not be forgot,  
and we stand up strong and true,  
we stand up for what we believe in me and you,  
and we have strong hearts and courage it is true,  
and we tell the truth,  
we tell the truth me and you,  
and we carry on,  
we carry on no matter what,  
we carry on and we will not stop,  
for what good is not solving,  
the major problems of the world,  
what good is not solving homelessness,  
and famine, drought, and poverty,  
and rape,  
and racism, inequality, and hate,  
it is no good at all,  
no good at all,  
so, fight on and fight them all,  
fight them until they are gone,  
and until then carry on,  
carry on and fight with all that you have got,  
carry on together,  
and educate, learn, and teach,  
and rouse such hearts of like-minded people,



and together we will fight,  
and fight with all our might,  
until they are vanished and gone,  
for we are revolutionaries,  
and there is a world of wrongs to right,  
and world of wrong,  
and we will fight,  
we will fight with all our might,  
and with all our courage, bravery, and tenacity,  
and we will not stop,  
for this is a revolution that will not be forgot,  
this is a revolution that will not be forgot,  
and we will carry on to the end,  
until they are vanished,  
and the suffering caused by them is gone,  
until the suffering caused by them is gone.

### **We were divided**

We were divided over so many things,  
so, going our separate ways was best for the both of us,  
and it is far better than the heartache,  
which would only come again and again,  
for when things are not what they should be,  
and when things are broken and fractured,  
and shattered and so painful,  
and there is so much arguing,  
how well do you really know someone,  
if you do not understand them,  
and you cannot seem to fathom them,

and can only on most things disagree,  
so, a tortured love is not for me,  
so, give me,  
just give me me and let me be,  
for I do not wish to be with you,  
when all we would continually do,  
and have previously done is create a symphony of misery,  
and what is the point of such barbarity now I wish I knew,  
but no matter how many times we fall in love,  
we are unknowingly blinkered so often,  
and love fools us so many times,  
and in the heat and in the frustration,  
where is the love if you cannot listen enough,  
and understand enough,  
and argue far too much and are only left with indignation.

## **We rise**

We rise up from the Earth,  
we rise up from the Earth from the complexities of our birth,  
we rise up from the soil in the evolutionary toil,  
the evolutionary toil that shapes us so gloriously,  
and we are so beautifully formed by the Earth,  
and its efforts and by its hard work,  
and when we appear blinking in the light,  
when we appear wide eyed and inquisitive,  
and a little scared,  
how many versions of us have there been I wonder,  
for here we are formed as we are in our current state,  
able to look, listen,

and interpret all that we see and hear,  
and how many versions I wonder are there of us,  
how many versions of us human beings,  
and how many variations of our complexities,  
oh, it amazes me, and I imagine a library somewhere,  
a library filled with the blueprints of us,  
and whether it is a God or a another who creates us,  
imagine how big the library would be,  
how big the library would be,  
to contain all the versions of you and me,  
and what a wonder it be,  
the library of the evolution of you and me.

### **Whether you are**

Whether you are tall or small,  
and no matter what age you are,  
let no one belittle you, and educate yourself,  
and let no one tell you who you are,  
yes, educate yourself, and let no one tell you how to think,  
educate yourself, and try not to listen to lies,  
yes, educate yourself, and let no one mislead you,  
for you are better off sticking to your own path,  
so, educate yourself and tell the truth,  
and it will take you far,  
for whether you are tall or small,  
and no matter what age you are,  
through education and good learning,  
ignorance and hatred will be easily dismissed,  
and society will be much better by far.

## Wilderness

Wilderness,  
little to say,  
but the wind does not care to listen anyway.  
Wilderness,  
little to say,  
fluffy clouds on a sunny day,  
wilderness,  
beautiful sunshine and clouds drifting away,  
drifting to the sea and beyond,  
the sea,  
the sea as calm as a pond,  
and my thoughts are as disparate as they come,  
for I am of such mixed emotions about you,  
that with you and my feelings I am unsure where to go,  
unsure,  
for what I know of you is mixed and not what I should feel,  
for I wish to be happy, and I am not truly happy,  
but I wish,  
I wish it was so,  
because I waited and I cogitated,  
and you were so up and down in your emotions,  
your emotions that I could not really know,  
for you changed like the wind,  
and with you ever fluctuating,  
my heart how it suffered with the agonies that it did bring,  
and how my heart wished for calm,  
but there seemed no possibility with your deliberating,  
and your deliberating,

it drove me crazy,  
and I was no better with you,  
than without,  
for with you,  
I want to tear my hair out,  
and scream and shout,  
and I want to jump up,  
and down in frustration,  
and I find irritation comes too easily,  
and that is not the way it should be,  
for I am stuck with you,  
I am stuck with you,  
because I love you  
but I cannot reconcile your seeming wiles,  
I cannot fathom you,  
or figure you out,  
as I truly should do,  
And you say you want one thing,  
then you say you want another,  
and often I am left,  
with a tear in my eye,  
and in mild despair,  
and I cannot see the end to it,  
and though, I wish for the end,  
but the thought of leaving you,  
it is a hard thing to think of,  
and such a difficult thing,  
because I know you love me too,  
so, what am I to do,  
what am I to do?

## **Will we**

Will we,  
will we ever see  
will we ever see the end of war,  
will we,  
but what a great struggle there will be,  
fighting for jobs,  
fighting for jobs more than we used to in humanity,  
and it is incredible how many people are employed,  
to make weapons and to fight,  
now, what a better world it would be,  
if humanity was employed more peacefully,  
and there was no war in sight.

## **Years go by**

Seconds go by,  
minutes,  
hours,  
days,  
months,  
years go by,  
and how much do we actually remember,  
things that are of any value at all,  
and how many terrible things do we remember,  
probably far more than meaningful things,  
and it really is no good at all,  
no good at all,  
for we are capable of such great happiness,

but it rarely happens at all,  
it happens rarely at all,  
and it is a shame, and it is terrible,  
terrible this misery,  
which we seem to force upon ourselves for no reason at all,  
and this materialism,  
this materialism that we are mostly so wrapped up in,  
how it makes us suffer across the world,  
now should not a system be of benefit to all,  
and it is a system seemingly built on chaos,  
and this chaos and disorder it unfortunately does rule,  
it does rule most people across the planet,  
but shouldn't we rethink it  
and make it a fairer system for all?

### **You came**

You came and you took a look at the crowds,  
and you looked like you were shook,  
you looked like an Earthquake,  
had played havoc with your mental state,  
but unfortunately, I did not care,  
because I had seen you before,  
and you came,  
and you took a look,  
and you looked like you were shook,  
and you were unwashed and with a vacant stare,  
and you came,  
you came from a place where,  
they trained you with no airs and graces,

and a place where they had filled you with barely any sense,  
and you with your rudimentary education,  
you had no intentions of quiet reflection,  
or quiet discussion,  
but you, you only wanted to cause outrage,  
and throw outrageous words into the air,  
and when you came into view,  
you took a look at everyone,  
and looked as if you were shook,  
and as if a lightning bolt had struck you,  
and had thrown you ten feet in the air,  
but I did not care, because someone has to play the fool,  
and more fool you, for seemingly lying on railway tracks,  
and getting electrocuted,  
because you seem to be highly charged,  
and your barrage of nonsensical verbal entities,  
well, they fill with me despair,  
and you waffle on quite a bit,  
and I thought you were quite a twit,  
as you went on about something, about a new religion,  
something of which you definitely thought,  
that I should be aware  
something that I switched off from,  
and I crossed my fingers and waited for an atom bomb,  
to take you far away from there,  
far away from where you were stood,  
because really to me your words have no meaning,  
and are no good,  
and because to me religion,  
has caused far too much damage everywhere.



## **You**

You change so quickly you do,  
you bend and you sway,  
and you drop things as soon as they do not suit  
and you, you drop people too, yes, you do,  
for you are happy to walk away and how rapidly too,  
yes, you change so quickly you do,  
you bend and you sway, and you are defensive you,  
but maybe you do not know you,  
maybe you do not truly know you,  
but I am used to you,  
and I am one of your few friends,  
and you are more open with me,  
but untrusting of the world you are,  
of which I can comprehend,  
and although I have known you since birth,  
you change so quickly you do,  
and you bend and you sway,  
and you drop things as soon as they do not suit  
and you, you have become set in your ways,  
but you will never change,  
you will never change, and such are your ways,  
but I will never complain, I will never complain,  
for you to me are quite agreeable,  
and I to you are one of the few who you trust,  
and you to me are too,  
and I value you and you value me too  
and every day I thank you,  
I thank you for you, I thank you for you.

## **Your humour**

Here I am on a coach,  
to somewhere distant,  
and here I sit, here I sit with you,  
and your humour,  
it has been exhumed,  
as if from a graveyard,  
and here I sit trying to put up with it,  
but it is not happening,  
and funnily enough,  
you do not make me laugh at all,  
and you have such a strange sense of humour,  
that a straitjacket for you should probably be called,  
because your humour has been exhumed,  
exhumed as if from a graveyard,  
and here I sit,  
here I sit trying to put up with it,  
and it is difficult on a coach to somewhere distant,  
and oh, how you ramble on,  
more than just a bit,  
how you ramble on far too much,  
and seemingly never quit,  
and I wish you would,  
but there is no evidence,  
and you continue to persist,  
you continue to persist talking rubbish,  
and unfortunately,  
I am a captive of your lack of intellect and wit,  
and the miles how they drag on so,

and far too slowly,  
and oh, how I wish to go to sleep,  
but you probably wouldn't notice,  
and you would probably continue to talk to me,  
in my sleep, and give me nightmares,  
and I wish,  
I wish that you did not exist,  
for you have nothing of interest to say,  
and oh,  
oh, how boring is the day,  
sat with you on my way,  
on my way to somewhere distant,  
and a place thankfully,  
I will never see you again,  
and here you go on,  
waffling on about some other topic,  
for you are like a scattergun,  
and I hate to be rude, but you are a massive twit,  
and oh God, here you go again,  
and all I can do is pray to God,  
and wish for an act of force majeure,  
and for you to exit, to exit my life,  
because you really are,  
giving my hearing some strife,  
and I am not quite sure I am alive,  
or if I have gone to hell,  
because this journey,  
it seems never ending,  
and well quite frankly,  
quite frankly you bloody smell.