

# **A steady heart**

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## Index

- 5 months, 3  
A hand, 4  
A little lost, 5  
A new day, 51  
A steady heart, 6  
Arches, 9  
As she waits, 10  
Bury, 11  
Bye, 12  
Clean, 13  
Cloudy above, 14  
Cold, 15  
Dangerous, 18  
Defying, 20  
Delete, 21  
Down, 22  
Drawn, 23  
Eyes, 24  
Fading out, fading in, 26  
Faraway, 27  
Fire, 28  
Fresh, 29  
Give me a call, 29  
Good evening moon, 31  
Gospel, 32  
Graceful, 33  
Health, 35  
I am just making a point, 36  
I Am on the way, 37  
I know no bounds, 39  
I need some fresh air, 40  
I try not too hard, 41  
If only, 42  
In the cemetery, 44  
In the mirror, 43  
In the river, 44  
In the wind, 45  
Luminescent, 46  
Magnificent, 48  
Meet me, 49  
Neon lit, 50  
No masks, 53  
No tomorrow, 54  
Off the hook, 55  
On the floor, 56  
Out shone, 58  
Piety and sobriety, 60  
Powerful, 61  
Raindrops, 63  
Run, 63  
She, 64  
Silent, 65  
Something of nothing, 73  
Superb, 67  
Sweet, 68  
Telephone on the table, 70  
Tenacious, 71  
Thinking of you, 72  
Time of your life, 74  
To the ends of the world, 75  
Waitin', 76  
Warts and all, 77  
Way up high, 78  
Whatever happens, 79  
Wherever you go, 81  
Wise, 81  
Yet another day, 8  
You with your ways, 82

## 5 months

Drawn to fight in a foreign land,  
in a foreign land for money,  
5 months,  
17 days,  
and three countries away,  
and in a daze,  
and in the dust and in the heat,  
we speed away,  
we speed away down a dusty track with no going back,  
no going back to the place where we were,  
with the village bombarded and ablaze,  
and shelled to bits,  
and with fearful eyes,  
and people looking like zombies with tears in their eyes,  
as we pass on by in a car filled with machine guns,  
with some of us brave and some of us scared to bits,  
we drive like hell,  
and we are fighting a losing battle,  
and we all have visions of horror in our eyes,  
and we are caught up in a warzone,  
5 months,  
17 days,  
and three countries away,  
with the possibilities that we will not see our families again,  
and we will cease to exist,  
and money, money it matters much less than it did,  
because what is money worth,  
what is money worth when you are dead?

## **A hand**

A hand,  
buried in the sand,  
some unknown man,  
some homeless man,  
about who people did not give a damn,  
a man who was found upside down,  
with bullets through him,  
and flies buzzing around,  
a case of mistaken identity in Mexico,  
where drug dealers do not give a damn,  
they do not give a damn,  
homeless and helpless,  
probably,  
in the desert hotter than a frying pan,  
in Mexico,  
with drugs to go, go, go,  
as many as you like,  
a place where you are likely to die in the crossfire,  
and be buried where you do not desire,  
but unfortunately, many do,  
in the desert, where they are eternally damned,  
damned before they are dead,  
and damned well before they plan,  
yes, Mexico with drugs to go, go, go,  
cuckoo, and bang, bang, bang,  
as evil souls fill holes,  
and drugs are far too often the masters of their destinies,  
in an unforgiving drug addled land.

## A little lost

A little lost,  
a little lost in the mist and the fog,  
upon the grassy hill,  
where time seemingly stops,  
as I am stood by the foot of the trees,  
under the soil,  
there lays a box, there lays a box,  
a simple box, with the hair of my lost love in a locket,  
overlooking the sea,  
where she drowned unhappily, unhappily,  
and found herself out of her depth,  
and was caught in the waves,  
and smashed upon the rocks,  
smashed upon the rocks,  
oh, my love how I miss thee, how I miss thee,  
because without you I am lost, truly lost,  
and all I have are your locks,  
your locks to remember thee,  
as I overlook the sea,  
and my heart it is as broken as your body,  
was upon the rocks, upon the rocks,  
and alas my love who is lost forevermore,  
oh, such tragedy and misery,  
and tears in my eyes, and how I cry,  
because all I have is the memories of you and your locks,  
your locks in a box,  
and visions of you helpless and drowning in the sea,  
and smashing against the rocks, smashing against the rocks.

## **A steady heart**

A steady heart,  
a steady mind,  
an eye on the time,  
a sunset glow in the sky,  
with a sigh,  
as wispy clouds pass on by,  
and the sun it lights my face as I smile,  
and I blink,  
arising at the dawn,  
rejuvenated by the night,  
and I rub the sleep dust from my eyes,  
and I wake filled with the wonder of a new day,  
and its surprise,  
and how calm the sunlight in the morning makes me feel,  
as I smell the roses in the vase,  
and I gaze at the cobwebs,  
and their intricacies upon the windowsill,  
and my heart,  
my heart how it warms at the thrill,  
the thrill of new possibilities,  
and the new chances that may come my way,  
and whatever the day holds,  
I will enjoy it in nature,  
where there is time out from modern life,  
and time out to play,  
and far away,  
I will take time out upon the hill,  
upon the hill to stand still and survey the skies,

and the beauty of the clouds,  
all white and fluffy as God allows,  
and I will watch the birds fly across the sky,  
and in my mind picture them as I,  
and me instead flying so elegantly upon high,  
and for hours I will revel in the sight,  
and in the tranquil thoughts that pass through my mind,  
and the beautiful sights that reflect in my eyes,  
and wonder at their magnificence,  
and their many shapes and forms,  
that lift up my heart as gloriously as the sunrise at dawn,  
and in nature,  
in nature I can never be forlorn,  
even on the darkest days,  
the sight of grey,  
it does not make my heart mourn,  
no,  
I revel in it,  
even if the rain upon my walk it tries to make me quit,  
I refuse,  
and I will walk for hours no matter what it throws my way,  
no, there will be no stopping me even on the darkest of days,  
but sunny days are much better for me,  
and across the fields down to the sea,  
down to the sea I will walk,  
happily, truly happy in every way,  
on a glorious sunny day if chance should fall my way,  
and what could be better whatever the weather,  
than the magic of nature that enthralls the senses so  
beautifully and so spectacularly in every way.

## **Yet another day**

Yet another day,  
another life,  
a change,  
and short of strife,  
in the evening with a love of mine,  
and a song,  
and dancing in the moonlight,  
in the bright lights,  
whirling left and right,  
with happiness in our eyes,  
and me out of time,  
two left feet me but you don't mind,  
you just laugh and smile and giggle,  
and we enjoy our time,  
and I admire your style,  
but yours is far more elegant than mine,  
and we dance the night away,  
with me mesmerised by your style,  
and the magic feet that you seem to have,  
and how fast time goes,  
in our happy throes,  
on the dance floor amongst the palm trees,  
in the heat of the night, between plenty of drinks,  
and we dance to our delights until the sun rises,  
and we fall happily into bed,  
and smile all through our dreams,  
still dancing in our sleep probably,  
and still happy from our wonderful night.



## Arches

In the arches,  
where you sleep,  
what do you feel,  
and what do you think,  
and what do you say,  
yes,  
to those when you pray,  
do you feel jealous and bitter and hurt,  
living amongst the dirt?  
I wouldn't blame you,  
I wouldn't blame you at all,  
and maybe it gives you a sense of purpose,  
but I cannot say,  
I cannot say,  
as you find shelter from the snow and the pouring rain,  
yes, I wonder do thoughts of jealousy drive you insane,  
do thoughts of jealousy drive you insane?  
And those people with everything  
do they make you feel sick,  
who at the thought of the homeless like yourself,  
do not give a second thought to you,  
under the arch where you sleep.  
Do you think of them as evil,  
do you wish them misery,  
as the wind whistles through,  
and you freeze in an icy breeze,  
and they sit, living it up,  
with all their home comforts and luxuries?

## **As she waits**

As she waits,  
as she waits for me,  
I watch the sea,  
I watch the sea,  
and I recall it and its power,  
and it calls to me,  
it calls to me,  
as I wait for her patiently,  
and I think of us swimming there,  
where the air is so fresh and clean,  
and visions of her smiling at me come back to me,  
and it is a beautiful daydream,  
while I kill time waiting for her in its pleasantries,  
and she, she swims up to me and kisses me,  
and how fragrant she is amongst the roaring sea,  
amongst the roaring sea,  
as she kisses me and cuddles me so tenderly,  
so tenderly amongst the waves, and what a memory,  
as my heart it pounds at the thought of her,  
and the seconds count down,  
and no time alone, is ever without her in my memory,  
and how happy I am knowing that she,  
will be here in no time at all,  
and how pleasant the sun is,  
and how warm she will be in my arms,  
after she has run to me, as if in slow motion,  
as if a dream, as if a dream,  
her gentle beauty, the wonder of her tender fragility.

## Bury

Bury your heart,  
and bury your mind,  
and take your time,  
with your boots upon the chair,  
and your mind elsewhere,  
yes, hungry bellies,  
need food to eat,  
in the back streets of Futura,  
in the slums,  
where no one barely sleeps,  
and the waves of happiness come,  
only with amphetamines,  
and guns,  
as on the streets the crazy roam,  
and at home,  
the TV tries to sell you dreams,  
dreams that are far too expensive,  
dreams of far-off places that you will probably never go,  
and that are far beyond most people's reach,  
whilst the insane outside they howl and screech,  
they howl and screech,  
and in the streets of Futura,  
the drunks they desperately drink the puddles,  
outside the brewery,  
where the beer it runs out in trickles from pipes that leak,  
and amphetamine dreams numb the babies,  
and their parents,  
and in the air great despair,

and poverty everywhere,  
in the Futura,  
where it is the survival of the fittest,  
and the parents they try to hack the cryptocurrencies,  
hoping to get rich,  
hoping to pay for medical treatment for every disease,  
Futura,  
a place that everyone wishes to leave,  
a place that wishes to be,  
a place where everyone is high and suffers for their sanity.

## **Bye**

Bye,  
bye,  
birdy,  
bye,  
bye,  
his favourite bird,  
gone and died,  
and here he stands alone in the pigeon coop,  
amongst the foul air,  
under the blue sky,  
a simple man,  
crying tears,  
crying tears of despair,  
a gentle man,  
a man who cared,  
a man simple in his mind,  
but kind, kind,

and crying amongst the feathers,  
as his tears they fall everywhere,  
bye,  
bye,  
birdy,  
bye, bye,  
fly to the sky,  
fly to the heavens and be good for me in the afterlife,  
bye, bye,  
birdy,  
bye, bye.

## **Clean**

Clean, in a way,  
as the snow it clears,  
the dirt it once more has its say,  
and underneath what lays,  
shoots of growth anew,  
magnificent and beautiful,  
coming through,  
rising from out of the cold into the warmer air,  
in the spring,  
as a river runs by and the leaves on the trees,  
they grow and blow lightly in the breeze,  
and the deer's they walk serenely through the trees,  
in their magnificence and in their beauty,  
as the sky so blue, envelopes the eyes,  
and the clouds they dance so beautifully on high,  
above the flowers coming through.

## Cloudy above

It is cloudy above the pub,  
and the people inside are full of happiness,  
and drinking wine and beer,  
and all the fine choices that the landlords offer,  
with smiles and good cheer,  
and everyone is laughing with their friends,  
and the ones that they love,  
and no matter the mood,  
and when tired of solitude,  
what could be better for you,  
than good company and good music too,  
yes,  
in the three compasses,  
a place where jokes abound, and there are no frowns,  
no frowns as people unwind,  
and ease their hearts and minds,  
after spending the day slaving away,  
working all hours,  
and after all the tiredness that comes,  
and the furrowed brows,  
what a joy it is to relax and unwind,  
with people with good hearts and minds,  
under the clouds above,  
in the three compasses,  
as merry as can be and in good company,  
whilst chatting away,  
and watching with joy,  
your favourite local musicians that you love.

## Cold

What is this world,  
what is this place,  
where is the hope?  
Nowhere near any human being,  
no,  
except only hopeful greed in the leadership,  
now why are there still dictators,  
on this Earth,  
and why does the world let them for so long,  
continue to terrorise their people in so many ways?  
Who knows, but there is logic to psychopaths,  
who are eternally crazed.  
And here,  
in the cold,  
in the cold in the city of fear,  
in the cold in a place with no cheer,  
yes, only cold,  
cold,  
cold that never disappears,  
cold and fear in a place,  
where everywhere there are only prying eyes,  
and anxiety,  
and despair and fear,  
in the streets,  
and in the houses,  
where there is no trust between families and friends,  
and only overwhelming gloom,  
as people cheer in fear, as a despot leers,

and stares at the people with smiles,  
and with mass murdering intent,  
behind his psychotic eyes,  
a mass murdering killer,  
a lunatic,  
a psychopath who likes to torture, and brutalise,  
and execute anyone who his command they deny,  
or who displeases him,  
as the dictator dines out,  
on the hard work of his countrymen,  
yes, a thinning lot with not enough to eat,  
as the despot grows fat and daily in size,  
and as the people live with never ending fear in their eyes,  
and they cry,  
cry and die,  
cry and die,  
and die in the most horrific ways,  
in the city of fear,  
a place with no cheer,  
where every footstep,  
and every movement is watched,  
and no moment goes unheard,  
in a machiavellian world,  
where for only blood and slaughter and greed,  
does the leader give a damn,  
and psychotic and neurotic is life in the city of fear,  
that leads people into early graves,  
and into hell to be eternally damned,  
yes, cold, cold, cold,  
as cold as the bullets who are used,



execute the oppressed unendingly,  
cold callous killers who spare no expense at all,  
happy to slaughter everyone,  
men, women, boys, and girls,  
whose lives are not lived to the full,  
and who are dead mostly,  
before they are truly old,  
whilst in the city of fear,  
the guns, are forever on guard,  
in a country so sick, ill, and traumatised,  
where guns and trigger-happy soldiers,  
frighten the families of the dead into complying,  
with more sycophantic worship,  
than they had ever planned,  
and as they do they sweat like pigs,  
just to please and put a smile on the face,  
of a sick mass murdering evil man.  
And oh, it is so cold,  
so cold,  
so cold in the city of fear,  
cold in a place with no cheer,  
a place with death never far away,  
from each girl, boy,  
woman and man,  
yes, in a city,  
a terrible city,  
where cruelty and death,  
death it seems to be the only plan,  
and the world, sadly continues on,  
without seemingly rarely giving a damn.

## **Dangerous**

Dangerous, insanity, the only reality,  
killers walking the streets,  
damaged people with brutalised minds,  
and lots of time,  
and money to find,  
in the darkened city streets,  
after a war,  
come the crimes, of greed and the mind,  
dystopia,  
in what used to be utopia,  
a place where people do not care,  
and where you are crazy if you go anywhere,  
and there, death comes easily you will find,  
in the city called Futura,  
where they will if you dare,  
step into the smoggy air, rob you blind.  
Futura,  
the city with the river and the rotting corpses carried inside,  
the corpses of test subjects,  
those with technological implants,  
victims of slavery and suicide.  
Futura, not one for the pure,  
but only those with souls as dark as the night,  
a place down upon which the stars,  
cannot be bothered to shine,  
a place where people spend most of their days in a haze,  
and taking amphetamines,  
and drinking copious beer and wine.

Futura,  
2047,  
killers on the streets,  
and in the windows,  
kids shoot the people outside,  
with their guns,  
and people hide in the shadows,  
trying to save their lives,  
as inside,  
the mothers and fathers are numbed with implants,  
and go to work,  
and switch off their brains,  
to numb the tediousness,  
and repetition that kills every emotion,  
and the boredom,  
on the slave lines,  
the slave lines of the factories,  
where they slave to save,  
on barely a wage,  
hoping to leave on a spaceship,  
and head to the sky,  
hoping to head to the stars and beyond,  
hoping for a new life,  
but many they end up in the river,  
victims of suicide,  
endlessly floating by,  
passed the city blocks,  
and the modification shops,  
as the children who are left behind,  
develop killer eyes and minds to survive.

## Defying

Defying age, defying time,  
the hands on the clock are stuck on nine,  
the time the earthquake hit,  
and of the house the earthquake it devastated every bit,  
and now the clock it lies amongst the rubble,  
where the only thing that has time for it, is a mouse,  
after the humans fled, in a frightening time,  
that destroyed the house,  
leaving memories and photographs captured in time,  
and countless empty bottles of wine,  
and time here it stands still,  
and the mouse it makes its home,  
where the humans used to roam,  
and silence is golden,  
after the civilisation has fallen,  
and nature retakes its crown and throne.

## Delete

A cold man,  
an uncertain man,  
all devoid and numb,  
going who knows where,  
maybe going to get a gun,  
yes, please delete my heart,  
delete my heart from your mind,  
because it will do you no good,  
and wrap it up in a box,

and throw it away for good,  
yes,  
please,  
throw it away for good,  
because I am no good for you,  
and though you stole my heart,  
I realised that I am better off alone,  
and I think I was conflicted at what I wanted,  
and I would only break your heart,  
so, please,  
delete my heart,  
from your mind,  
because it will do you no good,  
and I do not wish to be misunderstood,  
so, please forgive me,  
if I sound abrupt,  
but my heart does not know,  
does not know where it belongs,  
and it does not know what it wants,  
so, wrap it up in a box,  
and do please,  
throw it away for good,  
because I have no wish to be cruel to you,  
but my love it is no good,  
it really is no good,  
for I am like a stranger,  
coming and going in the night,  
where nothing is right,  
and you my dear,  
are better off with your books.

## Down

Down,  
down with a frown,  
yes, it is one of those days,  
where I feel like hanging upside down,  
where I can pretend to be happy,  
even if my misery is still there,  
yes, at least I wouldn't be in despair,  
and everyone would not run away at the sight of me,  
of me looking like a clown,  
yes, today,  
today I am down,  
down,  
down,  
and the blues they fill me,  
and far too regularly choose me,  
oh,  
today, I feel like hanging upside down,  
because it is making me frown,  
and it is not the way that it should be,  
because I try to live not miserably,  
but I am only moderately happy,  
and it is not the way that it should be,  
no,  
no,  
no,  
but it is this town that makes me frown,  
and I will have to put up with it for now,  
because there is no other choice,

and because I am suitably employed, and annoyed,  
because the wages are bringing me down,  
and today I feel like hanging upside down,  
where I can pretend to be happy,  
even if my misery is still there,  
yes, in case people run away frightfully scared,  
and so, I'll play the blues on my stereo,  
and hang around and work upside down,  
until my wages rise,  
and the boss he treats me with friendlier eyes,  
and life does not want to make me cry,  
cry and sigh all the hours of the day,  
as they far too slowly go by,  
and my life miserably ebbs away.

### **Drawn**

Drawn to the light,  
drawn to the light,  
night,  
moths,  
and dusty old bookshelves,  
and an empty chair,  
shadows across the room,  
shadows,  
here,  
here and there and everywhere,  
and must in the air,  
and silence,  
and despair,

and wallpaper peeling off the walls,  
and photographs in a frame,  
a little faded,  
and a man in a hat with a cat,  
looking debonair,  
an empty place,  
a haunted place,  
an eerie place with cobwebs everywhere,  
a home once,  
but now a home to nowhere,  
going nowhere,  
but falling apart at the seams,  
and into the Earth,  
oh, what memories must have been had there,  
oh, what memories must have been had there.

## Eyes

Eyes,  
eyes everywhere and smiles,  
legs like a million miles,  
your hair in ringlets,  
standing there looking pretty in your designer dress,  
upon the red carpet,  
promoting a movie,  
a crowd full of the happy faces of fans and the press,  
and questions, answers, and conversations,  
and publicity,  
and lots of false realities,  
and things not as exciting as they should be,



and people's aesthetic analyses gone wild,  
and criticisms no less,  
outer beauty,  
inner calm,  
false realities,  
stress,  
happiness,  
treading on eggshells,  
knowing that everyone will be writing about you,  
in the press,  
with the mental health of many of your friends not so good,  
you end up drinking too much and taking too many drugs,  
because of the stress,  
but you make a lot of money,  
but what good is money when your life is filled with stress,  
and anxiety and negativity,  
and you are always depressed?

### **Fading out, fading in**

He's fading out,  
he's fading in,  
his minds a mess,  
he's unconscious,  
he's slovenly,  
he's upon the sofa,  
with a grin,  
throwing bottles at the television,  
the same old terrible programs on again,  
yes, he's in there, and maybe,

maybe you will get more sense from him,  
because he's your friend,  
and I am just his wife,  
but I am not anymore cut out for this life,  
and soon to be honest,  
I think I am going to pack it in,  
yeah, I've had enough,  
I have had enough of his slovenly ways,  
and he no longer compliments me these days,  
and all I get is the same din,  
the roar of the television,  
and that grin,  
and I no longer love him,  
I no longer love him,  
but he's in there,  
and good luck with getting any sense out of him,  
because he is dribbling,  
and he's drunk almost a bottle of whisky,  
and a bottle of wine and far too much gin.

### **Faraway**

In the distance,  
but not too distant,  
beautiful,  
wonderful and magical,  
a large rock in the sea,  
as interesting as can be,  
jutting out of the waves,  
a place to swim to be free,

free of the crowded beach,  
a place that not many can reach,  
but I swim to it,  
through the waves,  
that are not too great,  
as the sun it shines down,  
and upon reaching it,  
what great pleasure comes to me,  
as I stare out to sea,  
and I relax and I enjoy the view,  
as the seagulls fly high across the sky,  
and I draw my breathe,  
and I sun myself in the sunlight,  
in the sea air,  
and I lay down as happy as can be,  
and it is always worth the effort to reach there,  
a place where I find calm,  
and a magical place,  
where the troubles of the world do not bother me.

## **Fire**

Fire,  
burning hot,  
memories burning of those who were not forgot,  
records of lives well lived,  
going up in flames,  
memories of our ancestors,  
our countrymen, loved ones and friends,  
their happy lives,

their sad lives,  
being erased in the heat of the fire,  
never to be seen again,  
yes, whole histories of our loved ones,  
and our friends,  
disappearing rapidly,  
and how terrible for humanity,  
but how quickly history can be erased,  
how quickly the achievements,  
and the creativity of the human race can be destroyed,  
the old in paper and in photographs,  
and the new in all technological ways,  
yes, how quickly they can be erased,  
in the fire that leaves the physical copies of our memories,  
of our ancestors,  
our countrymen, our loved ones, and friends, like ghosts,  
after the fire has erased them,  
and only the ashes and our memories remain.

## **Fresh**

Fresh as a daisy,  
freshed faced and rosy,  
and camomile laced,  
and smiling away,  
a beautiful lady,  
a beautiful lady sat upon a chair,  
upon the porch,  
without a care,  
in the glorious sun,

happy and content,  
and enjoying every ray,  
as the clouds they float gloriously by on their merry way,  
and she watches her children play,  
with happiness in her eyes,  
and love in her heart,  
love as warm as the sun that shines down upon her,  
and accents her face so beautifully in every way.

### **Give me a call**

Yes, let me know a time,  
because this time zone,  
it really takes some getting used to,  
now we are far away from each other,  
on opposite sides of the world,  
and I miss you I truly do,  
like you miss me too,  
so, please give me a call,  
and tell me that you've missed me,  
and I'll you blow you a kiss down the telephone,  
and I'll tell you that I've missed you too,  
because you know I do not like to be alone,  
no,  
no,  
no,  
but time is my enemy,  
and it is worse when I am lonely,  
and here I will wait for time,  
but it does not fly as fast as it should though,

because time it passes far too slow,  
slow, slow, slow,  
yes, oh, how it drags  
how it drags,  
and it feels like it will never go,  
as I count down the hours,  
the hours until you call me on the telephone,  
oh, what it is to be alone,  
when you are in another time zone,  
and the one you love is so far away,  
and your heart does so bemoan,  
bemoan the loneliness,  
but how the heart grows fonder with absence,  
but love down the telephone it is not the same,  
never the same at all,  
and here I wait in solitude,  
for the second hand to fall, and for the hours to pass,  
and for you to call,  
and for our lonely hearts to meet once more,  
across the sea and oceans finally,  
and what a relief it will be,  
because this time apart is killing me,  
and I cannot wait to hear your voice,  
and tell you that I love you,  
and you me,  
and our feelings flood out of us like a river,  
feelings that are as magical and as beautiful as can be,  
oh, time, how I wish you would hurry,  
because my true love is waiting for me, on the telephone line,  
but sadly, time does not understand my urgency.

## **Good evening moon**

Good evening moon,  
I see you,  
I see you and how you glow so beautifully,  
in the black of night,  
I see you,  
and you fill me with wonder and delight,  
and I wonder,  
how do you stay up there all the time,  
hanging so beautifully in the heavens as you do,  
not meaning to be rude,  
but with all that weight,  
the weight of a planet,  
the gravity that keeps you,  
what a work of magic it is,  
and how beguiling,  
and how tranquil it is when I look up at you,  
and I wonder if many years ago,  
there were any living beings upon you,  
yes, it is a quandary,  
a ponderance,  
and how beautiful it is to relax here,  
and think of you,  
with you shining at me as you do,  
yes, good evening moon,  
good evening to you,  
and thank you for enlightening me as you do,  
oh, how I wonder you,  
how I wonder you.

## Gospel

Gospel,  
she said,  
whilst smiling,  
and talking of the word of God,  
yes, every word,  
every little thing,  
yes, it is a wonderful thing,  
it is truly a wonderful thing,  
and down the Church every day I sing,  
I sing to God,  
because he knows me through and through,  
and he sees all of me,  
and he guides me through,  
through the good times and the bad,  
and the happy and the sad,  
yes, there is nothing that God cannot do,  
now can I interest you,  
can I interest you,  
if so please, have this Bible,  
and make up your own mind,  
yes, it is all true,  
and I see her smile and she is genuine and kind,  
and I,  
I take it,  
and I will read it,  
because you cannot understand,  
and until you do,  
you should not criticise religions,



when you have not learned of it,  
or only learned of it by others points of view,  
so, I take it with a smile on my face,  
and I will consider it with an open-minded view,  
and she walks away and says God bless you,  
and she is genuine,  
and heartfelt,  
and it is my duty to consider it with an unbiased view.

### **Graceful**

Graceful like a bullet,  
like a bullet,  
beautiful in its own deadly way,  
yes, you are deadly,  
deadly,  
with no second chances,  
because you sure know how to flutter those eyelids,  
and get your way,  
and oh, how you dance in that sensual way,  
swaying your hips,  
with lipstick upon your lips,  
and kisses ready to make their mark,  
and capture your heart,  
like an evil eros,  
yeah,  
you always make sure you get your way,  
and I,  
I for one am not going to play,  
I am not going to play one little bit,

or let your arrows pierce my heart,  
for I am sick of broken hearts,  
and distress,  
and I fear that distress you may send my way,  
and no,  
do not look at me that way,  
do not look at me that way,  
and with those eyes,  
and that smile,  
no, do not tempt me,  
do not lead me into temptation I pray,  
I pray,  
oh, I bet God would even be tempted today,  
just look away, just look away,  
yes, graceful like a bullet, like a bullet,  
beautiful in its own deadly way,  
yes, you are deadly, deadly to me but I,  
I cannot stay,  
no, no, do not lead me,  
do not lead me into temptation,  
but do I mean it?  
I cannot say, I cannot say.  
Yes, graceful like a bullet, like a bullet,  
beautiful in its own deadly way,  
yes, you are deadly, deadly,  
and I should run,  
and I should be far away, far away,  
but I am like a rabbit in the headlights,  
wanting to look,  
but not wanting to be snared in your sensual ways.

## Health

Health, healthy,  
healthy in mind,  
healthy in mind and body,  
and with your company,  
living live to the full,  
oh, what a glory, what a glory to me,  
to be, to be with you the one who,  
the one who makes me truly happy,  
yes, you,  
you who are tender of heart and sensitive of mind,  
and with a smile like the sun,  
and with such dazzling eyes,  
oh, what wonders in happiness we have overcome,  
and we are in happiness all the time,  
and we pay misery no mind,  
and we live life as bright as the sun,  
loudly and vivacious,  
and sporadically, and wonderfully,  
yes, how wonderfully we two move through life,  
with a blessed synchronicity,  
gifted to us because of chance,  
and because of chance we met,  
and yes, we dance, we dance through life in the light,  
and the black times we persevere through,  
and fight through with a smile,  
and with magic in our eyes,  
life is as wonderful as it can be,  
and incredibly fun, incredibly fun.

## **I am just making a point**

I am just making a point,  
you broke my heart,  
and I,  
I got a new start,  
and we went our separate ways,  
and you left in a blaze,  
and I,  
I turned to the dark,  
I turned to the dark,  
and I left you,  
and you left me,  
with disparaging remarks,  
and the fire it burned,  
and I threw your love letters upon it,  
and destroyed all the beautiful words,  
that had filled my soul and my heart,  
yes, I threw them all on,  
as your disparaging and bitter words,  
shattered my heart,  
bitter words that left me alone in the dark,  
and me sinking into drinking,  
drinking,  
drinking,  
drinking with anger in my heart in the park,  
and drinking at home,  
and drinking far more than was good for me,  
and drinking myself unconscious,  
under the stars where I often roamed alone.

## **I Am on the way**

I am on the way,  
to who knows where,  
no, I do not give a damn,  
and I do not care,  
yes,  
I am on the way to who knows where,  
master of my own destiny,  
with despair not the master of me,  
but free choice,  
and in it,  
it is much better for me,  
and I try to light the way,  
I try to light the way wherever I go,  
and all I wish for is for the folks that I meet to be,  
interesting and happy,  
and not vicious and barbarous,  
and bitter and verbally snappy,  
yes, I am on the way,  
to who knows where,  
no, I do not give a damn,  
and I do not care,  
yes,  
better elsewhere,  
than in the miseries of the city,  
where the mundanity it depresses me,  
and it leaves me cold,  
and agitated as I walk everywhere,  
choking on the smog,

on the dirty air,  
oh,  
that foul air,  
that gets into your nose and everywhere,  
yes, I am on the way to who knows where,  
master of my own destiny,  
with a smile on my face,  
after having given up the flat,  
and now,  
I am headed to the sea to live happily,  
by the seashore,  
where I will revel in its beauty,  
and the city life I will forget quite happily forevermore,  
as I live and breathe in the fresh sea air,  
and I walk along in the sunshine,  
along the glorious coast,  
happy as can be far away from the city,  
and empty of its misery and its terrible despair.

### **I know no bounds**

I know no bounds,  
I see no colour or age,  
and I do not discriminate,  
and I do not allow hate or racism in my brain,  
no matter the frustrations that may be there,  
I pay them no mind,  
and I waste no time on the racists,  
the haters, and those with rages,  
and I do not listen to hate speeches,

and I try to treat everyone equally and respectfully,  
no matter how rude they are to me,  
and I try to say goodbye to them civilly,  
and yes, I know no bounds,  
because I welcome everyone in my company,  
if they are pleasant to me,  
yes, I see no colour or age,  
and I do not discriminate,  
and I do not allow hate or racism in my brain,  
because everyone is equal to me,  
and that is the way that it should be,  
and how I wish that everyone was the same,  
and it is a shame,  
a shame that it is not,  
but I hope that we persevere and educate,  
and that we do not continue along such destructive paths,  
because the world has continued,  
making the same mistakes again and again,  
and it is a shame,  
that the world does not try harder to eradicate them,  
in every way, from the beginning of the day,  
to the midnight hour,  
give no racists, sexists, or haters your time,  
because it only encourages them, and spreads it more,  
now isn't racism, sexism, and hate,  
in the 21st century wearing thin?  
And isn't education a wonderful thing?  
And isn't a lack of education a dangerous thing,  
so, educate yourself, and do not suffer fools gladly,  
and the sexism, the racism, and the hate that they may bring.

### **I need some fresh air**

I need some fresh air,  
and I do not mind where,  
but anywhere is good to me,  
and I like to watch the birds up in the trees,  
the birds who sing so sweetly to me,  
and who fly so freely upon the wind,  
and they are my friends,  
my friends in need,  
and my friends who I feed when the times are tough,  
and when the weather is rough,  
and there is snow as cold as can be,  
and the rain it pours so heavily,  
and I repay them for singing to me so beautifully,  
and how wonderfully they do,  
and I am always there for them through thick and thin,  
and feed them I do,  
with a great smile on my face,  
in a camaraderie of man and bird,  
and I feed all the birds,  
and my favourite,  
the Robin whose beautiful colours do so gloriously please.

### **I try not too hard**

I try not too hard,  
but I try nonetheless,  
I try to fit in with you to get to know you,  
and I, I try to talk to you,



but you do not listen as well as you could do,  
and we do not quite understand each other yet,  
and there are awkward silences,  
and I struggle,  
but the alcohol flows nonetheless,  
and it is a difficult meeting,  
on a Tuesday morning with a daughter,  
a daughter that I have rarely seen,  
and have rarely been in contact with,  
and where she is coming from I can only guess,  
but I make the effort,  
and she smiles more than she used too,  
and she tells me,  
that she is moving closer to me to get to know me,  
and I am happy,  
and she seems fairly relaxed,  
sat there with her hair dyed different colours,  
a rebel like me,  
a rebel like me from across the tracks,  
a bit of a mystery,  
funny and intelligent,  
but slightly reserved,  
and cautious maybe,  
but it is my fault,  
after leaving her mother at an early age,  
but here we are today,  
trying to get know one another better,  
as we drink beer,  
and the jukebox plays Jimi Hendrix,  
and we try to relax.

## **If only**

If only happiness could be improved,  
if only everything you did,  
and when you did it was filled with such a light mood,  
yes, if only the world was not open to abuse by humans,  
who are damaging to the Earth,  
and who are far too often rather rude,  
if only, if only happiness could be improved,  
by there being no spite, or hate, racism,  
jealousy, and greed, and mental abuse,  
yes, if only happiness could be improved,  
and civility, oh, what a world it would be,  
and how much better it would be,  
if negative thoughts and evil words,  
upon people's lives did not intrude,  
oh, if happiness could be improved.

## **In the mirror**

In the mirror,  
reflections of you,  
a gentle fragility,  
a gentle you,  
facing yourself,  
looking at yourself,  
sometimes over analysing yourself,  
sometimes being too hard on yourself and critical,  
sometimes being complimentary too,  
and always being truly aware of yourself,

doing your makeup in the mirror,  
being positive, being negative,  
looking wonderful,  
looking awful, feeling awful,  
feeling beautiful,  
looking beautiful,  
and all the truths of you,  
and every day I see you,  
and no matter what the version of you is day by day,  
I love all of you, I love all of you,  
and oh, how you smile at me,  
when I catch you in the mirror,  
looking at yourself, thinking to yourself,  
about you,  
tender,  
gentle,  
beautiful you,  
no matter what you feel about you,  
I love you.

### **In the river**

In the river to the sea,  
I stand,  
as steady as I can be,  
I stand,  
and the water of life it flows around me,  
rapidly,  
so wild and free,  
and glorious,

as glorious as can be,  
and me,  
oh, how powerfully the water reveals itself to me,  
as I am at one with it,  
and it with me,  
and its majesty,  
how it reminds me of the power of nature,  
and how quickly it can overwhelm you,  
and take your life so rapidly,  
and spiritually the emotions it stirs in me,  
are as powerful as can be,  
and I in silence give thanks for my life force,  
the river,  
the river that flows so gloriously to the sea.

### **In the cemetery**

In Futura, in the mortuary,  
they tell jokes to dead corpses,  
and feed them to the animals,  
as men in bio suits,  
they play rock and roll music,  
and off the stomachs of the dead, they eat their dinners,  
whilst shopping for goods on their mobile phones and  
watching TV,  
as they try to smarten up their miserable homes,  
and in the cemetery by the polluted sea,  
it is as melancholy as can be,  
as the workers,  
they smoke cigarettes,

and whistle in between and stare out to sea,  
high on amphetamines,  
as they bury the corpses unceremoniously,  
and hide their drug dealing money,  
whilst laughing their heads off,  
and fall into the freshly dug graves,  
and claim they are working, by drinking all day,  
and acting crazed whilst reciting poetry.

### **In the wind**

In the wind,  
I hear a delighted scream,  
magnificent and loud,  
and happy,  
and excited like a little kid,  
yes, in the wind,  
a voice carries upon the breeze,  
and makes me smile,  
it makes me smile,  
to know that happiness still exists,  
and what a wonder it is,  
in a world so filled with troubles,  
and what a wonder joy is,  
joy in the wind,  
that reaches my ears,  
and lets me know,  
that there is happiness in life,  
and it is not only misery,  
in this world that exists.

## Luminescent

Luminescent,  
transcendent,  
effervescent,  
incandescent,  
magnificent,  
fire and flames,  
bending this way and that,  
and ever changing,  
in the evening as the moonlight,  
shines brightly through the trees,  
oh, what glories in the warmth that are before me,  
before me as I lay before it on my back,  
reaching for the stars,  
pretending to grab them out of the sky,  
oh, those magnificent twinkling lights,  
that shine so bright from so far away,  
those lights spectacularly captured beautifully in time,  
a vision different than the reality,  
the reality of the past that hits my eyes,  
light so gloriously reflecting ancient creations so wonderfully  
in the heavenly skies,  
and what hands must have made those I wonder,  
I do not know,  
but to see them how wonderful it is,  
those jewels of the universe so far away,  
inspiring my wandering mind,  
and that get me thinking,  
thinking of time,

the time that it must have taken,  
for creation,  
to create so many beautiful delights,  
and sights,  
that thrill the heart,  
and the mind,  
as I sit by the fireside,  
here on Earth,  
yet with heaven filling my mind,  
heaven filling my mind with magic,  
from out of time, it doth shine,  
yes, it shines beautifully,  
and it shines for me alone,  
in this soliloquy out in the wilds,  
and as I lay down before the heavens,  
and I am transfixed and transcended,  
and my heart,  
it is captured by its majesty,  
before the galaxies,  
that sprawl so gloriously before me,  
and that dance so wonderfully in my eyes,  
and I am beguiled, and I smile,  
a smile a mile wide,  
a smile,  
that the overwhelmingly,  
beauteous majesty,  
of heaven places upon my face,  
as if kisses from the lips of a loved one,  
whose charms,  
send my senses into overdrive.

## Magnificent

Magnificent,  
heaven sent wonderful words from your mouth,  
that light my heart and my soul,  
and that fill my eyes with wonderful surprise,  
yes, delicate words filled with beauty,  
that mesmerise,  
incredible well-chosen words,  
that you must have plucked from heaven,  
and stolen from God,  
whilst he was creating new stars and planets and galaxies,  
and now, how wonderful it is that you are here,  
to beguile, and to mesmerise me, so incredibly pleasantly,  
and with such great beauty.  
Yes, magnificent indeed, truly magnificent,  
and your words are a blessing,  
a blessing to me and truly heavenly,  
and truly a glorious work of art,  
now, how can I ever thank you, for your company my friend,  
and for the words that you do impart, so beautifully to me,  
all night, on a quiet, magnificent night, drinking wine,  
a night where I am being beguiled by your words,  
that envelope me so beautifully,  
yes, they are a masterpiece of verbal symphony,  
words that stir my heart,  
and that stirs my soul so magically,  
a night of happiness,  
a glorious night filled by the beauty of your verbal dexterity.



## Meet me

Meet in the morning,  
as the day is dawning,  
and do not fret or worry,  
and do not say sorry,  
because I have nothing on my mind,  
except to pass quietly the time,  
reflecting with you,  
with you, if you do not mind,  
because we need to,  
we need to just be,  
just civilised you know,  
and in harmony,  
because why, why is there a need for misery,  
a need for misery between me and you,  
and you and me,  
because we have been there before have, we not,  
and arguments are arguments,  
and best forgot,  
and my heart it is not cold,  
and I still love you,  
I still love you more than ever before,  
so, please do not forget that,  
and let us not rot,  
let us not rot in unending despair,  
at bitter words spoken,  
for with me there are no more left hanging in the air,  
and if we dare,  
we will get nowhere,

so, let us be together,  
and take our love,  
and in our moods let us be elsewhere,  
where there is no despair,  
yes,  
please, meet me in the morning,  
as the day is dawning,  
and do not fret or worry,  
and do not say sorry,  
because we can only walk forwards,  
if we do not talk backwards,  
and my love,  
I love you,  
I truly love you,  
and there is only love in my heart,  
only love to share.

### **Neon lit**

Neon lit,  
popping pills,  
taking hits,  
drinking alcohol,  
whilst others lay in pools of sweat upon the floor,  
and have fits,  
and the dancers,  
they dance upon the stage,  
and shoot those who try it on,  
and those who are stupid,  
or far too drunk they are blown to bits,

but no one says anything,  
in the pits,  
the Futura dive,  
where not everyone survives,  
and people roll their eyes,  
in their highs they roll their eyes out of their minds,  
people who are over medicated and far too relaxed,  
and whose bodies far too often quit,  
and the bar staff,  
are happy to take any money that they can,  
hell, they'd even take the money from a baby if they could,  
and no, they would not give a damn,  
not give a damn,  
in Futura,  
in Futura in the pit.

### **A new day**

A new day,  
a new dawn,  
a new life,  
the bright colours of the flowers of spring,  
here sat in the sunshine,  
by the pool,  
embraced by you,  
and your welcoming,  
your welcoming arms,  
and your charms,  
oh, what wonders you bring,  
what wonders, that make me feel like a king,

and what a glorious smile you give me,  
as you hold me and look at me,  
and then sing,  
sing,  
sing,  
beautiful melodies beside the pool,  
where the dragonflies whizz about,  
and the sun it warms me,  
and I am enchanted by your voice,  
and it is as gentle and as beautiful as anything,  
as anything that I have ever heard,  
and how it makes me feel inside,  
as the sound travels to me as if from another world,  
as if from another world,  
and you look so beautiful and elegant and within you,  
within you, you are like a jewel shining so bright,  
in your eyes,  
and in your happiness and in your soul,  
and how happily I sit revelling in your voice,  
and in you,  
and how wonderful you make me feel,  
and my eyes they light up as they reflect the glory of you,  
and how I feel as if lifted up upon angels' wings,  
as my heart it beats for you,  
and as I watch you the one that I love sing so sweetly,  
you are so heartfelt and tuneful,  
that it is such a glorious feeling,  
that I expect the birds to be by your voice,  
charmed out of the skies,  
and your voice it carries such powerful emotion,

that tears of happiness begin to fall from my eyes,  
and I am beguiled by you,  
so wonderfully and mesmerised,  
and there is nothing finer,  
and nothing more wondrous and glorious,  
than the delights of your singing,  
that it always brings the feeling to me,  
as if I am in heaven,  
and as I look at you,  
the one that I love,  
what delights you fill my heart,  
with as you sing before me,  
and oh, what glorious smile,  
that melts my heart a million times.

### **No masks**

No masks,  
no faking,  
just pleasantries,  
or that is what you tell yourself,  
in your social whirl,  
where you pretend to care for everyone,  
but there is not much real,  
deep emotional meaning anywhere,  
anywhere at all,  
and comments are polite,  
and thoughts are different,  
mostly undiplomatic,  
but that is the rules, that is the rules,

in a world,  
in a world where money talks,  
and no one really cares for anything else anymore,  
yes, except for their bank balance,  
and the money going in,  
and the money going out,  
and civilities and pleasantries,  
and money everywhere,  
society gone mad,  
where people are only paid to care,  
only paid to care.

### **No tomorrow**

No tomorrow,  
no tomorrow is there daddy?  
Haven't they got the button on the finger already daddy,  
a child asks with a wistful air,  
seemingly without a care,  
and her mother, and her father are too frightened to tell her,  
and do not want the child to know that they are scared,  
as the nuclear weapons lay waiting to be fired into the air,  
and as the leaders belittle each other,  
and threaten each other,  
and there are angry demonstrations everywhere?  
No tomorrow,  
no tomorrow is there daddy?  
Haven't they got the button on the finger already daddy,  
a child asks with a wistful air.  
And they look at her with fake smiles and pretend and lie,

it is just a play on the radio my dear,  
a play on the radio my dear,  
whilst on the radio there is chaos everywhere,  
and the parents they cross their fingers and hope for the best,  
as the child plays happily,  
and they can only watch their child play on the swing,  
expecting nuclear missiles to be fired at any moment,  
at any moment and their whole family to be decimated,  
and the land and the sea and everywhere,  
to be covered in radiation,  
and for there to be contamination in the air, and their family,  
eradicated in a flash of light and nuclear explosions  
everywhere.

### **Off the hook**

Off the hook,  
you stole my heart without a second look,  
and you captured my heart,  
and like an earthquake I was shook,  
shook to the core,  
after spotting you across the room,  
as you smiled a beautiful smile,  
that had me immediately wanting more,  
oh, how I fell for you so quickly,  
yes, it was destiny I am sure,  
as you stood there looking so pretty and pure,  
so, pretty, and pure,  
with your black hair,  
and your hazel eyes,

and looking magnificent in your red evening dress,  
a goddess,  
an angel,  
an angel no less,  
sweeping me off of my feet in an instant,  
and giving me butterflies inside,  
as you gazed at me leaving me beguiled and mesmerised,  
and my heart jumping for joy,  
as I fell for every one of your charms,  
oh, boy,  
oh, boy oh boy,  
what a sight,  
and what a night as you smiled at me,  
and enticed me with those gorgeous, gorgeous eyes.

### **On the floor**

Leaves on the floor,  
puddles and bits of the branches of trees,  
and in the puddle's reflections of me,  
a happy me as I walk down the street,  
headed for the store,  
going to buy you flowers,  
and the wine and the chocolates,  
and the romantic things,  
the dresses and the shoes,  
that on valentine's day will bring a smile to your face,  
and me too when I see you happy,  
but it is not truly necessary I know,  
just customary,



but the kisses and the tenderness and the smiles,  
they mean so much more to me,  
and your love,  
and the night in each other's company,  
is much more meaningful to me as it should be,  
as we sit at the table with a romantic dinner,  
that we cook together,  
whilst drinking glasses of wine,  
and we remember how we met,  
and laugh about that first night,  
that we went to kiss each other,  
and a car drove past through a puddle,  
and we ended up soaking wet,  
not funny then,  
but we laugh about it now,  
and we cannot forget,  
the first moment that we became a couple,  
and we will remember it as we hold hands,  
and gaze into each other's eyes mesmerised,  
the same as those early times in days gone by,  
as we sit opposite each other,  
with the roses on the table in the candlelight,  
making a toast to our love with great big smiles,  
and laughter while we dine,  
so much more meaningful to me,  
it is my darling valentine,  
much more meaningful than all the materialism,  
and time spent with you as always,  
is always truly beautiful,  
and as the wine flows,

I will be getting nervous I know,  
and I hope that it doesn't show,  
I hope that it doesn't show,  
as I pull the ring out of my pocket,  
and I propose to you,  
and already I am anxious but hopeful that you will say yes,  
and I hope that your face will light up with a great big smile,  
and your eyes will be all excited,  
and countless happy tears will flow,  
yes, much more meaningful than all the materialism,  
two happy hearts in love on valentine's day,  
in a happy home.

### **Out shone**

What a sight,  
what a sight,  
in the darkness,  
where out shone the light,  
from the black of night,  
and the sound of footsteps they carried through the air,  
as a man wearing a coat and a hat trod across the Earth all  
muddy and wet,  
and the torch pierced the blackness,  
as he struggled through the wind,  
whistling with all his might,  
and cursing loudly at the night,  
the night so malevolent and out to pick a fight,  
out to knock him off his feet with all its might,  
with all its might,

and with a seemingly bitter delight,  
as the rain was as ice,  
and as seemingly as cold,  
as the temperatures at the North Pole,  
oh, how it chilled his soul,  
oh, how it chilled his soul,  
as he headed off over stile and gate,  
with his gun,  
and his rabbits over his shoulder,  
heading for rabbit stew and all its delights,  
in the blackest most foulest of nights,  
as he struggled to keep warm,  
and the wind tried to knock him off his feet,  
with all its might,  
in the bitter bitter pitch black icy malevolent night,  
what a sight,  
what a sight.

### **Piety and sobriety**

Piety and sobriety,  
not for me,  
not for me,  
for I like to step forwards drunkenly,  
not always but sometimes,  
when the night and the telly has bored me silly,  
yes, I drink here, and I drink there,  
and I wander where I will,  
and I stagger everywhere eventually,  
and I see double most usually,

but the problems of the world are so great,  
that I need some reprieve,  
I need to be somewhere else you see,  
because life,  
life it does get to me,  
it does get to me,  
and it tires me,  
with its monstrous monstrosities,  
and it's boring inanities that play the devil with me,  
and I wish that life was easier,  
but unfortunately it seems never to be,  
and so, I like to step forwards drunkenly,  
not always but sometimes when there is company  
and I commiserate,  
with those who are suffering life's miseries,  
and we keep each other company,  
and yes, I drink here, and I drink there,  
and I wander where I will,  
and I stagger everywhere eventually, lighter on my feet,  
with the world gone from my shoulders temporarily,  
until the morning,  
when a headache will come crashing down on me,  
and the world is as blurry as can be,  
and the stresses of the world are the same,  
but I have helped pay for someone's wages,  
and put a smile on their face,  
but in the morning my smile is replaced with a look of pain,  
and the world,  
the world sadly remains filled with its stresses, and  
unfortunately remains the same.

## Powerful

Powerful feelings,  
seldom heard,  
because you are usually as quiet as a mouse,  
but tonight, you bring down the house,  
and your tears they flow like a river, and you scream,  
and you shout,  
and you do not mess about,  
and I have never seen you so fired up about anything,  
and it is the first time that I have seen you heartbroken,  
and tragic, forlorn, and broken,  
by your boyfriend,  
that cruel man that everyone warned you about,  
and the words you say would anger him more,  
if he knew what you had said,  
but you come to me,  
and I hold you,  
and you look at me and you have my sympathy,  
and you try to kiss me,  
and it is not what I have come for despite your beauty,  
oh, no, please do not tempt me,  
because it would not be right,  
and it will not soften your tears,  
or put anything right,  
and I can only listen,  
and hold you and try to repair,  
the broken pieces of your love life,  
and I can only offer you good advice,  
and you tell me he has belittled you,

and mentally abused you,  
and I empathise and I sympathise,  
and I will try to make you see sense,  
but I realise,  
that maybe you never will,  
and he will from his brutal ways never repent,  
and though you are intelligent,  
you are emotionally unwise,  
and no matter the tears,  
whatever I say,  
it will probably not be right,  
oh, what a night,  
heartbreak and agony,  
and the painful struggle to try to make you see sense,  
and to try to help you find the light,  
to try to inspire an epiphany,  
to help you come to your senses,  
to try to help you escape,  
from the vicious cycle that you tell me is your life.

## **Raindrops**

Rain drops upon the window,  
all the way down,  
beautiful bubbles of water,  
the water of life,  
reflecting the light outside,  
as the wind it howls,  
and the rain it comes down,  
a melancholic day,

a day to stay indoors,  
pondering your thoughts,  
and contemplating the calmness and the warmth,  
raindrops and heat,  
warmth and cold,  
relaxed,  
and reading a book,  
and diving into the imagination and finding inspiration,  
and happiness with stories of the old.

## **Run**

My friend,  
run,  
run to me,  
and come show me,  
show me that smile again,  
show me that grin,  
and let us dance,  
yes, let us dance and drink gin,  
in the evening,  
with the melodies of the music,  
moving us so rhythmically,  
how wonderful it will be,  
yes, let us get drunk,  
drunk and happy,  
and let us dance and forget life's miseries,  
because they are truly a mind-numbing sin,  
yes, run, run to me my friend from wherever you are,  
and show me,

show me that smile,  
and show me that grin,  
and let us dance,  
yes, let us dance and drink gin,  
in the evening,  
and let us dance upon the tabletops,  
upon the chairs and everywhere,  
like we have no cares,  
and let us blast the music out loud,  
as I know the neighbours are not in,  
because life is misery,  
and let us dance away its sin.

## **She**

Yes,  
she was here,  
in fear,  
fleeing for her life,  
from a psychopath with an axe,  
yea,  
Futura City police,  
they took out a revenge attack,  
and now there is a dead man with an axe,  
the policeman says to the reporter,  
and the reporter with his shoes all covered in blood,  
smokes a cigarette,  
yeah, he's not on amphetamines like most,  
and he has only just popped in,  
popped in on the shuttlecraft from the off-world colony,



and the reporter sighs at the news,  
and he seems disappointed the policeman notices,  
and seems mildly annoyed,  
but the policeman says,  
there was a whole family liquidised,  
and sacrificed,  
in a block of flats,  
in a voodoo ceremony,  
yeah, people high on crack,  
so, if it is a slow news day,  
why don't you write about that?  
And he shrugs his shoulders,  
but it ain't nothing unusual for Futura city,  
but it's the facts.

## **Silent**

Silent,  
still,  
plants dying on a windowsill,  
a broken glass on the floor,  
and a few blood stains,  
a woman crying in the corner,  
sobbing her heart out,  
sobbing her heart out,  
and screaming,  
and screaming in pain,  
yes,  
mental abuse,  
mental abuse last night again,

but not after today,  
the woman cries and sobs,  
and screams in terrible pain,  
terrible pain,  
and she wails like a banshee,  
never again to be the same,  
never again to be the same,  
her lover lying dead on the floor amongst the broken glass,  
with a gunshot to the head,  
killed in self-defence,  
with only himself to blame,  
with only himself to blame,  
mental abuse last night,  
but no more again,  
dead, dead, dead she cries,  
as floods of tears fall from her eyes,  
not of remorse but relief,  
relief,  
and she mutters,  
dead, dead, dead,  
oh, the pain, the pain, the pain inside!!!!

### **Superb**

Superb times,  
magical minds,  
intellectual wiles,  
no machiavellian kinds,  
but good hearts and good souls,  
swimming in the fishbowl of modern society,

looking to avoid the dull,  
yes, people educated and learned,  
ever yearning for good conversation,  
and intelligent stimulation,  
and wordy rock n roll,  
and lengthy talks of intellectual bent,  
from the dawning of the day,  
to the end of the night,  
a meeting of minds in the club,  
where the peace of mind is heaven sent,  
and there is civility,  
and endless possibilities of all subjects,  
and considered thought,  
and great respect,  
yes, superb times,  
with magical minds,  
and intellectual wiles,  
but no machiavellian kinds,  
but good hearts and good souls,  
in the club where good folks spend their time,  
by the river,  
trying to consider the world,  
and fix the worlds faults,  
and who spend countless hours philosophising,  
whilst drinking whiskey and gin,  
and where almost every minute,  
a new subject of a new tangent will begin,  
yes, a great the place the club by the river,  
where the wordy meet every Tuesday night at 7pm,  
with a cheerful hello and a happy grin.

## Sweet

Sweet delight,  
cherry flavoured kisses,  
candlelight,  
and the flames flickering high,  
with our moods as high as the sky,  
as we hold hands at the table,  
over dinner and wine,  
in the evening with magic in our hearts,  
and love in our eyes,  
and sensuality it flows in the throes,  
of our first date in the evening time,  
delicate and tender and gentle and playful,  
with passionate minds,  
passionate minds,  
and sensual touches,  
as the candlelight burns bright,  
and our conversation flows,  
with no hesitation long into the night,  
and grows more joyous with time,  
and each glass of wine,  
and we dine and we listen to each other,  
and the intricacies of you they unwind,  
and I begin to understand you,  
and you begin to understand me,  
and you pay me such compliments,  
that I almost blush,  
and the warmth it beams so powerfully,  
from your beautiful eyes,

and how they dazzle me like diamonds,  
and your smiles,  
oh, how they capture my heart,  
and set my heart aflame,  
and already,  
already your name,  
your name is written into my heart,  
and there are signs that love could be in the air,  
yes, love,  
that beauteous thing,  
that grows so quickly as if out of nowhere,  
as we sit at the table for two,  
so happy in each other's company,  
with laughter and smiles upon our faces,  
and your cheeks all rosy and mine too,  
and as we eat dinner,  
and drink glasses of wine in the summertime,  
with truly happy hearts,  
and truly happy minds,  
love begins to grow,  
with sweet delight,  
and cherry flavoured kisses,  
and candlelight,  
as the flames of the candles,  
they flicker high,  
and love and its radiance it grows in our eyes,  
and we share such beautiful sublime moments,  
and revel in our new romance,  
on a glorious evening,  
in the summertime.

## Telephone on the table

Telephone on the table,  
vegetables in a bowl,  
ashes in a vase,  
someone shuffled off of their mortal coil,  
a sombre mood in the air,  
crying everywhere,  
and broken-hearted tormented souls,  
a lost loved one,  
someone no more,  
departed and decanted,  
in a different form,  
as the food cooks,  
and the cooks they suffer more,  
and drink glasses of wine,  
glasses of wine,  
as the tears pour,  
as the tears pour down their face,  
bemoaning the loss of their loved one,  
who will never be replaced,  
and as the aromas of the cooking rise,  
there is morbidity in the kitchen,  
and countless sighs,  
a day for eating,  
a day for eating,  
and praying to heaven,  
with the vase of ashes on the table,  
and devastation writ large,  
in everyone's eyes.

## Tenacious

My friend,  
you were tenacious,  
ferocious,  
elegant and flirtatious,  
and funny,  
with a smile so wide,  
and so beautiful,  
oh, how I admired you,  
a most powerful you.  
You looked for the truth,  
and you protested against racism,  
hatred,  
rape,  
torture and murder,  
and there was no day,  
that you did not fight for,  
causes across the world,  
and oh, how incredible you were,  
with those so blue,  
and how intelligent,  
and intellectual you were,  
and your eyes,  
how they glowed,  
and reflected the inner you,  
and how glorious your heart shone through,  
and in your smile too,  
rest in peace my friend,  
whilst I drink to you, and I remember you.

## Thinking of you

Thinking of you,  
but what good will it do?  
Thinking of you,  
by the river in the fresh air under the sky so blue,  
with you getting further away in time,  
but not in my memories,  
as I sit here and throw stones into the river,  
and they make large ripples,  
and it is how I feel inside with every thought of you,  
impacts of pain,  
impacts of pain,  
shattering my brain,  
because my heart is still broken,  
with no one truly to blame,  
and it is a shame,  
because we were good together,  
but you had your dreams and your goals,  
and they were bigger than mine,  
and this time here thinking of you,  
it just brings it home to me,  
that I still love you,  
I still love you, yes, I truly do,  
and maybe I will call you,  
if I can pluck up the courage too,  
but I have the desire too,  
and here I sit remembering your smiles and your wit,  
and it makes me happy,  
and yes, I still love you, I still love you.



## Something of nothing

This is something of nothing,  
a little gift,  
a piece of magic from my heart,  
with which I have created for you my love,  
that from my mind does now exist,  
and I know it is not much,  
but wherever you go,  
please take it with you,  
and put it upon your mantelpiece,  
and I do hope it brings you happiness,  
and I hope you will think of me across distant shores,  
when you look at it,  
and long may it make you smile,  
and warm of heart when we are so far apart,  
yes, a little present my dear, a little kiss,  
now, please do open it, and don't tell me what you think,  
just show me upon your face,  
and I hope upon it,  
a heavenly smile will shower me with its grace,  
and wherever you are across distant shores,  
put it in your home and think of me when you are alone,  
yes, it is a present created from my mind and my heart,  
a heartfelt piece of art,  
yes, a little present from me,  
a little gift,  
created for you with some magic and my spirit,  
a happy sight in your happy home, wherever you roam,  
for wherever you come to live.

## **Time of your life**

You are having the time of your life,  
without a husband,  
without a wife,  
yes, you are having the time of your life,  
and you are free of everything,  
and you are captured by inspiration and imagination,  
and in its delights,  
and you are truly enjoying everything,  
and there is nothing wrong,  
and there is only right,  
and what a wonder it is my friend to see you happy again,  
to see you have that magic,  
that joy back in your life,  
and there is no day these days,  
that you do not have a smile on your face,  
and how happy I am my friend,  
that I have found you looking so well,  
and revelling in the light,  
the light of a happy life,  
a truly happy life,  
where you do what you please,  
and you damn every piece of negativity,  
and nothing gets you down,  
yes, oh, how happy I am,  
to see you having the time of your life,  
to see you with a smile,  
which is much better than the previous miseries,  
and seeing you sad of face.

## **To the ends of the world**

To the ends of the world,  
to see what I can see,  
to see the majesty of all that is new to me,  
to be free of my old life,  
and to rejuvenate myself with the magic,  
and to create new memories,  
far away across the continents and the oceans,  
and the seas,  
after flying over mountaintops,  
and the white snow-caps as the sun it sparkles off of them,  
and the glories have filled my eyes,  
and my heart with inspiration,  
and natures melodies,  
yes, I am happily on my way to the ends of the world,  
to see what I can see,  
to see the majesty of all that is new to me,  
to be free of my old life,  
and to wonder,  
and to fill my heart with the magic of inspiration,  
that the glories of the new sights before my eyes bring to me,  
yes, oh, what a wonder it will be,  
and how my heart will leap for joy at every new sight,  
and at every exciting possibility,  
oh, what a wonder is adventure,  
and how brilliant its incredible varieties and possibilities,  
to the ends of the world,  
to see what I can see,  
and how truly wonderful it will be.

## **Waitin'**

Rundown buildings,  
drab and dreary,  
rain-soaked streets,  
car fumes up to here,  
making me sick,  
whilst waitin' around here,  
in the noise,  
with not much cheer,  
whilst waitin' for the bus out of here,  
with the rubbish rolling down the street,  
whilst drinking beer,  
drinking beer,  
yes, it is a waste of time for the mind,  
living here,  
living here,  
where the locals are,  
more likely to eat a book,  
than read it with educated looks,  
and shout, scream, and leer,  
a place not one for staying in,  
a place where no one smiles,  
and where there is mostly fear,  
and here I am with a plan,  
standing in the rain,  
glad to be getting out of here soon,  
glad to be getting away on the bus,  
and happy as I see,  
the place rapidly disappear.

## **Warts and all**

Warts and all,  
us humans,  
we struggle and fall,  
we rise and we crawl,  
and we learn,  
and we learn nothing at all,  
and the frailties of the human condition,  
are scary to all,  
but the strengths,  
they help us balance all,  
and if we are educated,  
all the emotions and the feelings,  
and the inner most workings of our heart mind and soul,  
if we are learned, we are rarely phased,  
and no matter the mountains in front of us,  
nothing is unconquerable,  
and the road through life,  
the road through life is smoother for it all.

## **Way up high**

Way up high,  
in such lofty thoughts as do flood the mood,  
and where there is barely a thought of time,  
way up high,  
in the mind's eye,  
oh, what wonders the imagination can prescribe,  
and that improve the health of the mind,

positive thinking,  
a little reading,  
a little discussion,  
a little drinking,  
a little art,  
a little culture,  
oh, how gloriously they do bring such great light to the eyes,  
and do fill your heart with warmth,  
as you wander back and forth,  
and elevate the mind,  
in a simple time,  
that is as if sitting in the sun,  
yes, oh, what great inspiration does come,  
with a mind so uncluttered,  
and filled with inquisitiveness,  
and filled with awe at the works of nature,  
and the peoples of the Earth,  
and the technologies that give the Earth such worth,  
and how rapidly and magnificently they come,  
in a split second with a mind so calm,  
and with no weariness from mental stress,  
and physical stress inhibiting your thinking,  
how easy and enjoyable it is as you are one with the world,  
and as inspiration brings great creativity,  
and as your thoughts they fly through your brain,  
happiness reigns,  
and time passes in the blink of an eye,  
and thoughts they come without struggle,  
and so easily without barely trying, and with no sighs,  
and there is only happiness and contentedness and smiles.

## Whatever happens

My little one,  
whatever happens,  
sleep,  
and try to get a few winks,  
try to dream,  
and try to escape amongst the moonbeams,  
under the stars and the moon shining bright,  
and try to forget the day,  
and the misery by losing yourself in the night,  
the night where the magic happens,  
and where smiles come to you and relaxation,  
relaxation far away from that comment,  
yes, far away from that evil comment  
yes, please do try,  
please try hard for me,  
my darling little one,  
because it was an awful comment from that boy,  
and so unkind,  
but not everyone is so cruel,  
and not everyone has such an evil mind,  
so please rest your head my sweet,  
and try to forget those awful words that that boy said,  
and please do get some sleep,  
and play amongst the moonbeams,  
under the moon shining down so bright,  
and by the morning,  
keep saying to yourself that he was in the wrong,  
and tell yourself that he was stupid,

by filling his heart with darkness and by avoiding the light,  
and he was evil to fill his mouth with such bitter words,  
and hateful spite,  
yes, my darling,  
please go to sleep and play amongst the moonbeams,  
as the heavens watch over you whilst you dream,  
and whilst you dream, dream happy things,  
and wipe the memory of him away,  
and before you do know this,  
know that ignorance and rudeness is not right,  
and when you awake, remember your good heart,  
and do not let negative ignorant comments break your heart,  
and know that you are good and much better than he is,  
because you have such good manners,  
and much more pleasant manners than he,  
and you are better than he,  
because you do not use such terrible words as you heard  
because it isn't right,  
and when you awake, smile, smile in the morning sunlight.

### **Wherever you go**

Wherever you go,  
you make history,  
wherever you go,  
make it beautiful.  
We together,  
we stand stronger,  
and together,  
whatever the weather,



let no just cause be hindered by slow bureaucracy,  
let us prioritise,  
and speed along democracy with rapidity,  
and let us improve society,  
and let us make society more equal and happier for all,  
and let us build a nation who stands proud and tall, strong,  
strong, proud, and tall amongst the nations of the world,  
and let us work together,  
to bring about the advancement of society,  
for the betterment of all.

## **Wise**

Wise as an owl,  
but lost everything on the horses,  
been through alcoholism,  
and countless divorces,  
yes, wise as an owl,  
and with a furrowed brow,  
his heart was overruled by his mind far too often,  
and he thought differently,  
and it happens to us all,  
and oh, how we fall,  
oh, how we fall,  
some harder than others,  
but what good is the mind,  
when the heart,  
it disregards the most intellectual of thoughts,  
in the hope that someone won't be savage and cruel,  
savage and cruel.

## **You with your ways**

You with your ways,  
you with your strange ways,  
dropping everything,  
and disappearing for days,  
leaving your music on in the flat,  
whilst leaving an old woman crazed,  
leaving her to pull her hair out and go insane,  
dirty looks upon the stairs, as you pass on by,  
though she knows not your name,  
knows not your name,  
no, not senile, not stupid, not miserable,  
just sick of having to complain,  
and tired of wishing people would use their brain,  
use their brain,  
yes, every day is the same,  
to the old woman on the stairs who has given up caring,  
and who is not going anywhere,  
yeah, she thinks to herself as she gives you one last stare,  
and she waves her hand with a dismissive air,  
as you go on your way,  
laughing at every step probably high on something,  
oh, what is it with the youth today,  
what is it with the youth today?  
Another Old lady sick of today,  
another old lady with not much to say,  
an old lady who spends her time watching television,  
thinking of her dead husband, as tears roll down her face,  
and she waits for death to come her way.