

How the heart

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Aggravation

Outside,
in the cold,
cold climate of our times,
aggravation,
intimidation,
altercations,
shouting,
and guns,
and knives,
and decimation,
decimation of lives,
in the city,
stabblings and shootings,
and terrible violence,
and in the alleyways,
in the dark of night,
people are beaten up,
and battered and bruised,
and dazed and confused,
and lives are lost,
because of drugs and crime,
lives are lost because of a lack,
of education and respect,
and the poverty in society,
that brings out the worst in humanity,
terrible acts that,
leave such a mess,
for the loved ones of the lost who are left behind.

A solitary feather

A solitary feather,
upon the breeze,
as I watch and am stood mesmerised,
a solitary feather upon the breeze,
floating gently down from the sky,
a few seconds where you feel true tranquillity inside,
yes, a simple thing,
a simple act,
in a suicidal pact,
a suicidal pact with the ground,
where it will decompose,
and be gone in very little time,
very little time at all,
yes, a beautiful thing to watch,
with death the only meaning of it all,
but what a joy it is to watch it so gently fall,
and how elegant it is in its suicidal act,
floating left and right,
natures creation,
so aesthetically beautiful,
and simple but complex,
and the movement it makes you relax,
as you watch it float from left and right,
in white,
and how glorious it is,
as it falls after its death,
in the glorious,
glorious sunlight.

A day (my lineated poem)

A day,
some way,
to somewhere,
to where,
anywhere,
apart from the city,
the city,
for which,
I do not care,
for I,
am sick,
sick,
of the city air,
and I,
am leaving,
with no despair,
and so,
with a smile,
upon my face,
I run,
a mile,
to catch the bus,
out of the city,
the city,
which brings me stress,
the city where,
there is no peace,

and no relief,
from the constant anxieties,
and the rushing,
about the place,
which only,
brings me despair,
and how happy I am, with my plan,
to enjoy,
a day away,
upon the beach,
with my towel,
and my food and drink,
as the waves,
lap at my feet,
and the waves,
crash down,
and I,
admire the beauty,
and wash away, wash away my cares.

Another

I missed you,
I missed you so much,
I missed your voice,
I missed your touch,
and here you are,
standing over there,
and when you spot me, you smile and wave,
and my face and yours it lights up,

and then, after another second,
a precious moment, a moment not to forget,
as if in slow motion you run towards me,
with your arms outstretched,
and then, you are,
all of you back in my arms again,
so soft and fragrant,
so delicate and gentle,
and those kisses they are heaven sent,
and so sweet,
sweet kisses that I can never forget.
Seconds,
minutes,
moments,
moments with you that are truly blessed.
Oh, how I missed you,
and how wonderful it is,
how wonderful it is to gaze into your eyes again,
and to kiss you, to kiss those soft sweet lips,
as I hold you,
and we whisper those words,
those words that mean so much,
those words I love you,
those words that warm the heart so,
those words that the body reacts so magically too,
nature's way, natures dance,
natures dance upon the senses,
yes, oh, how wonderful it is to see you again,
and to hold you in my arms,
the delight of the day.

Another day

Another day,
another time,
another magnificent vision,
a beauty sublime,
a beauty sublime,
and all is peace and smiles,
and warmth,
warmth that transports me from my cares,
and from my worries,
and into the light,
into the light where there is no fear,
and only beauty and love to enlighten my mind,
and how warm is the love of you,
that burns so bright inside,
so bright, like lava erupting so powerfully,
and so beautifully,
oh, what a wonder you are to me,
and oh, how easily you enchant me,
and I remember that first time,
when you enchanted me in the blink of an eye,
and you bring me such happiness, that is so hard to define,
and as you stand before me dressed so beautifully,
you call to me in your red dress,
and you smile at me,
and you blow kisses to me,
as your dress it lifts up in the breeze,
before the roaring sea,
oh, how I melt before thee,

as you captivate me so sensually,
and so magnificently,
what a glorious love there is between us,
and what majesty,
and how delicate and wondrous,
is the simplicity and the complexity,
of the emotions that fill me,
as you kiss me and we dance together,
before the roaring sea,
before the roaring sea,
there is no you,
and there is no I,
but only we,
only we, before the roaring sea,
in the sunshine,
as the sunlight sparkles off of the water,
and you smile at me and kiss me,
oh, how great you are to me,
as time stands still seemingly,
and nothing else matters to me but you,
and nothing else matters but you to me,
and my heart it rises in excitement,
as we dance cheek to cheek by the roaring sea,
and how beautiful our love is,
and how wonderful it is being together,
and so liberating and free,
before the roaring sea,
and my heart oh, how it dances inside of me,
as your kisses land upon my lips,
kisses as sweet as honey.

Amazing

Amazing,
absolutely amazing,
the lightning as it flashes across the sky,
and lingers in my eyes,
and the thunder roars and rattles my mind,
and how hauntingly it reminds me,
of how powerful nature can be,
and of how quickly life can be erased,
from the face of the Earth in a blink of an eye,
and here I stand,
glad to be safe indoors and staring in wonderment,
and in amazement,
at the beautiful fearsome ferocity of nature,
that thrills me and at the same time chills me inside.

Beauty

Here I stand,
amongst the trees,
and the leaves,
the leaves of many,
colours,
colours to see,
oh, such beauty,
such beautiful,
scenery,
and glorious,
sunshine,

revelry,
and elegance,
and tranquillity,
and inspiration,
amongst natures glories,
that so beguile me,
and as I,
stand,
amongst,
the trees,
mesmerised by what I see,
in wonderment,
under the blue skies,
I am as happy as can be,
I am as happy as can be,
and oh, what a wonderful day it is,
as I feel upon my face,
the gentle breeze,
and I stand here in the fresh air,
with no plans,
no plans but to forget time,
and to pay it no mind,
no plans but to enjoy every moment,
and the glorious nature that sprawls before me,
in its magnificent beauty,
beauty that astounds the eyes,
and that takes away the breath,
as I, stand upon the hill,
amongst the trees,
looking down to the calm blue sea.

Black (lineated poem #2)

Black,
black night,
black mood,
crying in the gutter,
amongst broken glass,
sobbing,
alone,
alone in solitude,
as the rain falls,
down heavily,
after your lover,
has left you,
with a broken heart,
and anger,
and leaving,
leaving you hating love,
as you sit,
alone,
in miserable solitude,
hating all,
all that love,
that love,
and he did to you,
under the black sky,
in a black mood,
black as they come,
sat alone crying,
in great distress,

in your coat,
and in your pretty dress,
the read one,
your favourite one,
the that you always like to wear,
with no one to care,
no one at all to care,
but you,
miserable you,
in a black mood,
dazed and confused,
cursing the one,
who so cruelly left you,
and you vowing revenge,
as the tears,
roll down,
your pretty face,
and the fresh loss,
the loss of love,
how painfully devastating it is,
and how painfully it cuts at you,
and leaves you pained,
and damaged,
and crying,
crying as many tears,
tears as the raindrops,
leaving you wishing,
that love had never,
had never entered your heart,
and never entered your mind at all,

A brave new world

There is a brave new world that I wish I could see,
a brave new world of which so many of us also dream,
a brave new world of peace and harmony,
a brave new world that is problem free,
and I alone would be happy with the major problems,
of the world being solved,
and oh, what a wonder it would be,
and what a wonder to see,
but humanity it seems to want to continue to march,
in the wrong direction incessantly,
and to cause great misery,
and it is a tragedy,
an unwanted malady,
and I wish that humanity would see,
that thinking more clearly,
and using common sense and logic is the only remedy,
to the problems in society that we see,
oh yes, a brave new world,
that I wish would become reality, how great it would be,
but how many people are stuck in a rut, most of humanity,
and human beings are so often fixed in their mentalities,
that continual suffering is caused seemingly unendingly,
and how I wish it were not the case,
and how it frustrates me,
and how it irritates me,
but people are so blinkered that they continue to walk
backwards in the wrong direction,
because that is the only way forwards that they can see,

straight ahead,
because they have no logic or common sense in their heads,
and there is no brave new world for them,
because they are not as educated as they could be,
and they are ignorant,
and ignorance will not solve anything at all,
and because of ignorance,
there can only be, tragedies and travesties, and miseries,
and the slaughtering of innocents,
it happens far too frequently because of ignorance,
oh, perchance to dream,
that a brave new world we will one day see,
but it will not be,
it will not be if we do not work together more cohesively.
Oh, a brave new world,
how I wish it could be,
but humanity in its insanity it keeps marching backwards,
and every time there are murders and wars,
humanity hinders its own progress,
and there are far too many disasters available to see,
online,
in the newspapers,
in the magazines,
on the radio and on TV,
and how depressing it is,
and death,
death, sadly it comes far too often,
because of humanities stupidities,
and a brave new world currently,
it is as far from reality as it can be, as it can be.

A day (my lineated poem)

A day,
some way,
to somewhere,
to where,
anywhere,
apart from the city,
the city,
for which,
I do not care,
for I,
am sick,
sick,
of the city air,
and I,
am leaving,
with no despair,
and so,
with a smile,
upon my face,
I run,
a mile,
to catch the bus,
out of the city,
the city,
which brings me stress,
the city where,
there is no peace,

and no relief,
from the constant anxieties,
and the rushing,
about the place,
which only,
brings me despair,
and how happy I am,
with my plan,
to enjoy,
a day away,
upon the beach,
with my towel,
and my food and drink,
as the waves,
lap at my feet,
and the waves,
crash down,
and I,
admire the beauty,
and wash away,
wash away my cares.

A solitary feather

A solitary feather upon the breeze,
as I watch and am stood mesmerised,
a solitary feather upon the breeze,
floating gently down from the sky,
a few seconds where you feel true tranquillity inside,
yes, a simple thing,

a simple act,
in a suicidal pact,
a suicidal pact with the ground,
where it will decompose and be gone in very little time,
very little time at all,
yes, a beautiful thing to watch,
with death the only meaning of it all,
but what a joy it is to watch it so gently fall,
and how elegant it is in its suicidal act,
floating left and right,
natures creation,
so aesthetically beautiful and simple but complex,
and the movement it makes you relax,
as you watch it float from left and right,
in white,
and how glorious it is, as it falls after its death,
in the glorious,
glorious sunlight.

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in the cold climate of our times,
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and guns and knives,
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and terrible violence,
and in the alleyways in the dark of night,
people are beaten up, battered, and bruised,
and dazed and confused,
and lives are lost because of drugs and crime,
lives are lost because of a lack of education and respect,
and the poverty in society,
that brings out the worst in humanity,
terrible acts that leave such a mess,
for the loved ones of the lost who are left behind.

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and in amazement,
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that thrills me, and at the same time chills me inside.

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Another day,
another time,
another magnificent vision,
a beauty sublime,
a beauty sublime,
and all is peace and smiles,
and warmth,
warmth that transports me from my cares,
and from my worries,
and into the light,
into the light where there is no fear,
and only beauty and love to enlighten my mind,
and how warm is the love of you,
that burns so bright inside,
so bright,
like lava erupting so powerfully and so beautifully,
oh, what a wonder you are to me,
and oh, how easily you enchant me,
and I remember that first time,
when you enchanted me in the blink of an eye,
and you bring me such happiness,
that is so hard to define,
and as you stand before me dressed so beautifully,
you call to me in your red dress,
and you smile at me,
and you blow kisses to me,
as your dress it lifts up in the breeze,
before the roaring sea,

and oh, how I melt before thee,
how I melt before thee,
as you captivate me so sensually,
and so magnificently,
what a glorious love there is between us,
and what majesty,
and how delicate and wondrous is the simplicity,
and the complexity of the emotions that fill me,
and as you kiss me,
and we dance together before the roaring sea,
before the roaring sea,
there is no you,
and there is no I,
but only we,
only we, before the roaring sea,
in the sunshine,
as the sunlight sparkles off of the water,
and you smile at me and kiss me,
oh, how great you are to me,
as time stands still seemingly,
and nothing else matters to me but you,
and nothing else matters but you to me,
and my heart it rises in excitement,
as we dance cheek to cheek by the roaring sea,
and how beautiful our love is,
and how wonderful it is being together,
and so liberating and free,
before the roaring sea,
and my heart oh, how it dances inside of me,
as your kisses land upon my lips, kisses as sweet as honey.

Another

I missed you,
I missed you so much,
I missed your voice,
I missed your touch,
and here you are,
standing over there,
and when you spot me, you smile and wave,
and my face and yours it lights up,
and then, after another second,
a precious moment,
a moment not to forget,
as if in slow motion,
you run towards me with your arms outstretched,
and then, you are,
all of you back in my arms again,
so soft and fragrant,
so delicate and gentle,
and those kisses they are heaven sent,
and so sweet,
sweet kisses that I can never forget.
Seconds,
minutes,
moments,
moments with you that are truly blessed.
Oh, how I missed you,
and how wonderful it is,
how wonderful it is to gaze into your eyes again,
and to kiss you,

to kiss those soft sweet lips,
as I hold you,
and we whisper those words,
those words that mean so much,
those words I love you,
those words that warm the heart so,
those words that the body reacts so magically too,
nature's way,
natures dance,
natures dance upon the senses,
yes,
oh, how wonderful it is to see you again,
and to hold you in my arms,
and how wonderful to be with you again,
and to whisper those words I love you,
and how wonderful to feel,
such happiness again in your arms.

Beauty

Here I stand,
amongst the trees,
and the leaves,
the leaves of many,
colours,
colours to see,
oh, such beauty,
such beautiful,
scenery,
and glorious,

sunshine,
revelry,
and elegance,
and tranquillity,
and inspiration,
amongst natures glories,
that so beguile me,
and as I,
stand,
amongst,
the trees,
mesmerised by what I see,
in wonderment,
under the blue skies,
I am as happy as can be,
I am as happy as can be,
and oh, what a wonderful day it is,
as I feel upon my face,
the gentle breeze,
and I stand here in the fresh air,
with no plans,
no plans but to forget time,
and to pay it no mind,
no plans but to enjoy every moment,
and the glorious nature,
that sprawls before me in its magnificent beauty,
beauty that astounds the eyes,
and that takes away the breath,
as I, stand upon the hill, amongst the trees,
looking down to the calm blue sea.

Black (lineated poem #2)

Black,
a black night,
a black mood,
and you,
crying in the gutter,
amongst broken glass,
sobbing,
alone,
alone in solitude,
as the rain falls,
down heavily,
after your lover,
has left you,
with a broken heart,
and anger,
and leaving,
leaving you hating love,
as you sit,
alone,
in miserable solitude,
hating all,
all that love,
that love,
and he did to you,
under the black sky,
in a black mood,
sat alone crying, in great distress,
in your coat,

and in your pretty dress,
with no one,
no one to care,
but you,
miserable you,
in a black mood,
dazed and confused,
in a terrible mood,
cursing the one who left you,
and you vowing revenge,
as the tears,
roll down,
your pretty face,
and the fresh loss,
the loss of love,
how painfully,
it cuts at you,
and leaves you pained,
and mildly driven insane,
and damaged,
and crying,
crying as many tears,
as many tears as the raindrops that fall upon you,
leaving you wishing,
that love had never,
never entered your heart,
and had never,
ever,
entered your mind at all,
feelings that left you feeling like a fool.

A brave new world

There is a brave new world that I wish I could see,
a brave new world of which so many of us also dream,
a brave new world of peace and harmony,
a brave new world that is problem free,
and I alone would be happy,
with the major problems of the world being solved,
and oh, what a wonder it would be,
and what a wonder to see,
but humanity it seems to want to continue,
to march in the wrong direction incessantly,
and to cause great misery,
and it is a tragedy,
an unwanted malady,
and I wish that humanity would see,
that thinking more clearly and using common sense,
and logic is the only remedy,
to the problems in society that we see,
oh yes, a brave new world,
that I wish would become reality, how great it would be,
but how many people are stuck in a rut,
most of humanity,
and human beings are so often fixed in their mentalities,
that continual suffering is caused seemingly unendingly,
and how I wish it were not the case,
and how it frustrates me,
and how it irritates me,
but people are so blinkered,
that they continue to walk backwards in the wrong direction,

because that is the only way forwards that they can see,
straight ahead,
because they have no logic or common sense in their heads,
and there is no brave new world for them,
because they are not as educated as they could be,
and they are ignorant,
and ignorance will not solve anything at all,
and because of ignorance there can only be,
tragedies and travesties,
and miseries,
and the slaughtering of innocents,
it happens far too frequently because of ignorance,
oh, perchance to dream,
that a brave new world we will one day see,
but it will not be,
it will not be if we do not work together more cohesively.
Oh, a brave new world,
how I wish it could be,
but humanity in its insanity, it keeps marching backwards,
and every time there are murders and wars,
humanity hinders its own progress,
and there are far too many disasters available to see,
online, and in the newspapers,
in the magazines,
on the radio and on TV,
and how depressing it is,
and death, death, sadly it comes far too often,
because of humanities stupidities,
and a brave new world currently,
it is as far from reality as it can be.

Close your eyes

Close your eyes,
and let the light of the sun wash over you,
and pay time no mind,
for time it passes so rapidly,
and life is far too complex and stressful,
and we, in life, have far too little time,
far too little time to unwind,
and the mind,
what good is it,
what good is the mind,
if to ourselves we are not kind,
and we should be, to ourselves kind,
but in modern life we have far too little time,
far too little time to sit still and relax,
and life is often far too stressful,
and we waste far too much time in modern times,
and it is sad to see humanity,
race everywhere and do everything so rapidly,
and life like this it should not be,
and life should not be a struggle,
as great as trying to hold back the oceans and the seas,
so, when you can find the time,
close your eyes,
and let the light of the sun wash over you,
and pay time no mind, because you have earned it,
and, with a relaxed and a calm mind,
how much better it is for your heart,
and how much better life will be.

December

December brings something,
something shockingly new,
and the shadows,
they are gone from my eyes,
and in the cold light of truth,
in the cold light of truth,
I see the new you,
I see you empty of all that you knew,
and lost for words,
and barely able to recall faces,
oh, how terrible it is this devastation,
this devastation,
that Alzheimer's has brought to you,
and how cruel it is,
this eradication of you,
the erosion of a brilliant mind,
and soon probably the ending of a life,
and oh, how heart-breaking it is,
how heart-breaking it is,
and how sickening it is to see,
but this is the reality,
the new you,
a blank you,
a you,
that like a ghost sits there,
in a chair without a clue,
without a clue about those around you,
who care about you.

Exotic

You are exotic, neurotic, quixotic,
in your mind set, but you do not care,
and you would rather forget,
the practicalities of a normal life, and the daily grind,
and I admire you for your chaotic ways,
that leave most in a daze,
chaotic ways,
that leave a lot of people including your parents upset,
for you are a rebel and it is a pleasure that we met,
you with your neon hair,
and your mind a beautiful mess,
oh, how wonderful it is,
and how funny you are no less,
for you always have a cheerful smile upon your face,
and your happy go lucky ways,
they thrill me most days,
when you rebel, at everything that is wrong with the world,
in the most surreal ways,
and how crazy is the stage upon which you play,
the craziness of the world,
combated and protested by you,
with your beautiful verbosities,
that from your tongue so deliciously unfurl,
and that enter the world so delightfully,
and that bring me great respite from the negative
atmosphere of daily life,
against which you so rightly protest,
with your rebel yells and jollity no less.

Fairy lights

Fairy lights in the trees,
under starry skies as the leaves blow in the gentle breeze,
and down below, the sea it crashes upon the rocks,
as we stand admiring the views all around,
and we listen to the glorious sounds,
and the sounds of the birds and the sounds of the sea,
how beautifully they mix like a symphony,
a symphony of nature,
and how gently the wind, it whistles through the leaves,
as the moon it shines down and we are at peace,
but time, time we do not notice,
because there is only time for tranquillity,
and what a tranquil spot it is,
what a beautiful spot,
what a glorious place to be,
a magical place, and so wonderful on the eyes,
a true vision of majesty under the heavenly skies.
Oh, what a creation is this,
and what magnificence,
but who could have created this,
I cannot say, but it is sublime, truly sublime,
the most beautiful, glorious of summer days,
where the mind it just drifts away,
it just drifts away from the worries,
and the cares of the world,
and there is true happiness,
and a great smile upon the face,
as we stand inspired by the beauteous day.

Flashes

Flashes of brilliance,
flashes of class,
flashes of inspiration and wit,
and oh, how you make me laugh,
how you make me laugh,
and how easily,
you put a smile on my face,
and cheer me up,
even on the darkest of days,
and how well you analyse things,
and take the world to task,
and oh, how big your heart is,
for you give everything that there is,
to those who have not,
and you bring such light to the dark,
and I marvel at you in admiration,
and I admire your dedication,
to putting the worlds wrongs to right,
and how well you do it,
and with great thought,
and determination,
oh, what an inspiration,
what an inspiration you are,
for you are always there for me,
always there,
and you truly are,
you truly are my lucky star,
my lucky star.

Going to see you

Going to see you,
with anxiety in my stomach,
worrying will you welcome me?
And wondering what will you say,
when I ask you for more than the time of day,
who knows,
but when I ask you out for a coffee,
and with trepidation,
and my nerves on edge,
how my heart it will flutter and leap,
as I look at your beautiful eyes,
and at all of you as if a beautiful flower,
for you do so inspire,
my heart and my mind,
and on tenterhooks,
I wait anxiously,
to see what you will say,
and as you look at me,
the beauty that I admire from so far,
from so far away,
but will you reject me?
Now, I cannot say,
but at least it is a sunny day,
and there despite the anxiety,
there is happiness in my heart,
but will my heart be torn apart shortly,
after getting to know you,
will I be heartbroken in a week or two,

because how quickly I fall,
yes, how quickly I fall in love,
though I shouldn't do,
but after you have fluttered your eyelashes at me,
and smiled in your cute way,
your cute way that I have admired,
from so far away,
I will ask the question,
a simple question,
fancy a coffee or two today?
Oh, how easily feelings,
creep into your heart,
and your mind,
without you having a say,
and how anxiety can ruin the moment,
but here I go,
chancing my luck,
chancing my luck for love again,
but what will be will be,
and fate with the heart,
far too often how tempestuously,
it does play,
but fate is fate and yes,
I'll roll the dice again,
and I can only cross my fingers,
and see what you say,
but I will always play the fool,
play the fool for love,
and love,
it mostly fools me no matter what I say.

Goodnight

Good night,
good night stars,
stars that shine so bright,
and good night moon,
watch over me,
watch over me please whilst,
I dream of going into space and visiting you,
and as I fly through space,
with the world,
and with awakedness far, far away,
at the end of the day,
how beautifully upon my heartstrings,
with your majesty you do play,
and when I am awake,
and when I am asleep,
how lucky in my life,
I am to have the gloriousness of you.
The wonder of you.
Good night,
good night stars,
good night stars that shine so bright,
and good night moon,
now, where would I be without you?
Where would I be?
Still here of course, but not as happy as with you,
with you in my life,
oh, the grand and glorious,
and beauteous majesty of you,

goodnight,
good night stars,
good night stars that shine so bright,
and good night moon,
watch over me whilst I dream,
and I send my love, I send my love to you.
Grand and glorious
Grand and glorious,
eloquent and furious,
meaningful and not at all spurious,
those well-chosen words that you say to me,
oh, what a wonder is your verbosity,
and your linguistic dexterity,
and oh, how it thrills me,
as you speak and say out loud those beautiful words,
and deliver them so beautifully,
and how beautiful the sound of your voice it is to me,
and how wonderfully you captivate me,
and capture me so easily,
with your words and with your nouns,
and with your syllables and with your consonants,
and how easily they form in your mind,
as you think of what to say to me,
and how privileged I feel to be in front of you,
with your intellect on full display,
as your words trip off your tongue so rapidly and elegantly,
and like honey,
and I could stand here for hours and quite happily,
and I envy you,
because to you my friend words seems to come so easily,

and how I wish I was as elegant as you,
and as skilled in my verbosity as you,
but I do not mind,
because I have the pleasure of listening to you,
and I am truly lucky,
truly lucky to listen to you,
and all your wit and intellect like the sun,
it comes shining through,
and what a mighty fine wordsmith you are my friend,
and I am beguiled by all that you say,
and fascinated,
and I lap up every word,
and how much brighter is the day,
with the words that you say,
for it is as if,
you pluck the most beautiful stars from the heavens,
and from out of which you fashion your words,
with such beautiful effervescence,
and shape them with such skill,
and deliver them to me as if an angel,
coming down from the heavens,
upon their wings,
and your words,
it, is as if you sing them to me,
and how easily you lift me,
up out of the darkness,
and with their glorious bombacity ravish me,
oh, those beautiful words of yours,
how magnificent you are,
and how magnificent they are to me.

Hard night

A hard night,
a cold day,
a severe frost on the ground,
and nearby, an empty bottle of rum thrown away,
as a homeless man sleeps on a bench,
whilst another sits nearby on the next,
looking rough and unshaven,
and smoking away,
smoking away like a chimney,
in the early morning light,
in the cold cold day,
yes, it has been a hard night,
and the cold,
has given the bones a terrible fright,
and the chill, it will linger long into the day,
long into the day,
and as one homeless man sleeps,
there is great sadness in the other homeless man's eyes,
as the smoke from his cigarette, it rises high,
high into the air,
and the lit cigarette is the only heat there is,
and how cold it is in winter,
when you have no place to stay,
and the only escape is a bottle of alcohol.
What an awful place it is to be thinks the man,
as he looks at the empty bottle of alcohol,
and already rues the day,
already rues the day.

Hollow

Vacuous, hollow, empty, and filled with sorrow,
and with only tears to give,
you do not look as if you want to live,
and I do not think that you want to see tomorrow,
and you are missing your heart or so it seems,
and you seem to be, empty of dreams,
and as cold as the snows, that have built up around here,
and so, erased of cheer, and filled with bitterness.
Oh, how painful to see you looking so lifeless,
and to see you despise anyone who seems happy,
and to see you seemingly not care at all,
despite having the best family and friends,
around you that you could have,
there is something troubling you so deep inside you,
and I wish I could figure out what it is,
but the vacuous, the hollowness,
and the emptiness, what gives, what gives?
For you did not used to be this way,
and it is such a shame,
because I knew you once long ago,
and you have totally changed,
you have totally changed,
and I wish you were you again,
the you that you used to be,
because, what a terrible sight it is to see,
what a terrible sight it is to see you,
as miserable as can be,
as miserable as can be.

I got you

I got you,
I got you in my heart,
I got you in my mind,
I got you babe,
I got you all the time,
I got you no matter the highs or the lows,
and I'm here for you all the time,
yes, I got you,
I got you babe whether the weather is sunny or fine,
and I got you in the spring,
I got you in the summer,
I got you in the autumn,
I got you in the wintertime,
I got you always,
24 four hours a day,
always on my mind.

Imagination

Imagination.
I imagined a nation,
whilst sat waiting at the bus stop in the rain,
I imagined a nation without anger,
without violence,
without suffering and pain,
I imagined visions of happy people,
hordes of joyous people with no sadness in their eyes,
and with no complaints,

I imagined a nation and the world as the rain drops fell,
I imagined them both without problems,
where happiness is well cared for,
and advancement of the nation,
and the world runs at a sprint,
and not at a slow crawl,
a nation where we do not see the same problems,
again and again,
and how wonderful it would be,
but it is just a vision,
whilst sat waiting at the bus stop in the rain,
a perfect vision,
but sadly, for the world,
the problems in society,
are as numerous as the rain drops that fall again and again,
and the grey clouds that above me threaten,
for the rest of the day,
and possibly the rest of the week to remain.
And here I sit, contemplating,
and wandering in my Imagination.
And stimulation,
and fascination,
under the clouds of grey.
cogitating things that I want to happen,
and things that I want to see.
But oh, will they ever be?
I wish and I hope, but we will see.
And as I watched the raindrops fall,
and I had my visions in the rain,
I contemplated the ideal realities,

and the delusions,
and the truths of the world,
the cold hard truths,
and they are far too numerous,
despite how many times the world does complain.
But does anyone care?
Does, does anyone ever listen?
Does any God ever hear our prayers?
Is humanity on a suicidal mission,
to eradicate itself from the face of the Earth,
through violence,
and through wars that happen again and again?
Possibly,
but it is not a thought that for long I wish to entertain.
But what else is there to do,
whilst waiting for a bus in the rain,
hoping for the rain to wash the problems of the world away,
hoping for a better world,
but facing the reality,
that life and the world will never be perfect,
and the world will most likely,
face the same problems again and again.
And the best that I can do,
is hope that we never give in,
and we try, try, try again,
to fix the problems of the world,
and to encourage happiness.
Some reflections,
some quiet reflections,
whilst waiting at a bus stop in the rain.

I opened up

I opened up to you like a flower,
and you were upon me like the sun,
and you warmed my heart,
and from love,
I no longer wish to run,
because immediately I felt at ease with you,
and no longer like love was a dangerous drug,
and no longer like love was a bullet in a gun,
and how beautiful you are,
with those eyes of blue,
losing themselves in me,
as I lose myself in you,
and you,
you truly are a sensitive one,
and gentle, tender, and blessed,
and how precious you are to me,
and how happy you make me,
with those words so soft and gentle,
words as if they were like precious diamonds,
falling from your tongue,
like precious diamonds falling from your tongue,
and how you beguile me with every one,
every one,
for each is so beautiful, and magical,
and as I stroke your face,
and the feelings of love fill me,
I thank the heavens for you,
because you are a miracle to me,

and how you captivate me and soothe me,
and how lucky I am to have you,
and how much you believe in me,
and how you encourage me and inspire me in life,
and you are so beautiful and elegant,
and our love it is as if the sun,
the glorious sun,
and with me and you together, together as one,
there is no mountain that we cannot conquer together,
and how glad I am to be with you,
and how great it is that from love I no longer wish to run.

I want to

I want to throw me, and my heart into the sun,
I want to melt the ice,
the ice inside me that because of your bitter heart,
and your vicious tongue, grew out of nothing,
and it is a shame because, in me there previously was love,
and then again, I wish I could erase my heart forevermore,
and forget that I had loved you,
and forget that I have ever loved anyone,
oh, I wish I could throw me and my heart into the sun,
because I am now so cold and lonely inside,
but I cannot trust anyone ever again with my heart,
because love was no good for me, and it pained me terribly,
and I wish I could forget love completely,
because there was no real joy, and I to you,
I to you was just a toy,
yes, to you, the selfish one.

I watch

I watch,
I watch you switch,
I see you happy,
and then as if at a flip of a switch,
I see you unhappy,
and it is like treading on eggshells,
and it is hard to know what you are thinking,
but I wish,
I wish I knew,
but you,
you are a destructive you,
and you have so much anger in you,
and I cannot fathom you out one bit,
and alas it is true,
you say life has no meaning one moment,
and the next,
you are full of the joys of spring,
and you swing,
you swing back and forth like a pendulum,
and how hard it is on the both of us,
and how often despair,
it comes over you and plays with your heart,
and it is a sad part of us,
and it is a constant battle,
that has gone on long enough,
and you have no wish for pills,
you say, because they only make you ill,
and you say there are far too many side effects,

and it ruins your day,
and this discombobulated life we lead,
it is not easy, not easy at all,
and I wish I knew what to say,
because it seems to be,
it seems to be eroding our love away,
and this fragmentary love,
it is no good,
for you or for me,
and far too often there are tears and misery,
and when I ask if it is because of me,
you say it isn't,
and you just say it is a bad day,
and I just want to put an end to it all,
and I only wish for you to be happy,
and to make you happy,
and if you are not happy,
and I am not happy,
what is the point of it all?

I wonder

I wonder,
I wonder who,
I wonder what,
I wonder you,
I wonder what do you do,
what do you do now,
because you are so far away,
and we are not in contact now,

and I wouldn't know what to say,
for our friendship has drifted away,
and once, once we were close,
but now, you to me are like a ghost,
and I to you are the same,
and why did it become this way,
I do not know,
and I cannot say,
I cannot say,
but here we are thousands of miles apart,
and I think of the good times that we had,
and the laughs,
and I feel bad,
and I've tried to understand why we grew apart,
and it does pain my heart,
and I've tried to write you a letter,
and I've tried to express my sorrow,
at the distance between us,
but every time I try, it could come across as hurt,
but friends we once were,
and I have been longing to see you again,
although I don't know if you would be interested,
because you probably have moved,
on with your life I am sure,
and I can only but ask,
and maybe after a little whisky and gin,
I'll pluck up the confidence again,
because it is a shame how many people,
we lose touch with and never see again,
and life is far too short,

and through good times and fraught,
it is good to have friends,
and you are in my heart and mind still my friend,
and I am sure with effort we could reconnect,
because what is life without decent friends,
and you were a decent friend until the end,
and I hope we can be friends once more,
because life can be a lonely place,
and every friend,
no matter how distant should be cherished,
and life it should be filled with good company,
because without it how quiet it is,
without the laughter and the joy,
and the good times,
and how great it is for the mind,
friends,
friends,
and I hope you will be my friend again,
and I will write very soon,
once I have had a gin,
a whiskey or two,
and please in advance,
do forgive me,
if my writing stumbles across the page,
and because of my drunken state,
it may be hard to read but at least I will have made the effort,
even if I by the end,
the room is spinning,
and I fall into an alcohol ridden sleep,
at least you will know,

I have not forgotten you,
and soon I hope you will write back too,
my old friend,
until then,
May God keep you and your family safe,
and I hope your life is full and good,
and you are enjoying it,
and God bless you,
God bless you.

In silence we mourn

In silence we mourn,
the summer sun,
amidst the howling winter storm,
in silence we mourn,
and look forlorn,
as the darkness of the day, it breeds contempt in us,
and leaves us longing for the happier days of summer,
the icy wind it leaves us with sad faces,
as the wind it blows through the trees,
and the leaves, they fly so quickly through the air,
and we bemoan those sunny days,
that too quickly have come and gone,
as the wind it plays havoc with our hair,
and where we stride,
we are buffeted from all sides,
by the wind, who for where we want to go does not care,
and sadly, its icy bitterness with us it does share,
and though we are wrapped in a large coat and hat,

and wear gloves and boots and look very debonair,
how we wish were not here,
nor here, there, and everywhere,
where the wind chooses to carry us in its icy powerful grip,
but by the fire with a glass of wine,
and sat in an armchair without a care,
oh, how we mourn the summer sun that has come and gone,
leaving us in the icy chill of the winter storm,
hurrying along,
cursing the grey skies,
and the icy wind that fills us with despair,
on our way as quick as we can, to somewhere,
to somewhere better, where we will not freeze to death,
as the icy wind it tries to freeze our breath,
and our breath it hangs like a ghost upon the air,
and the icy bitter wind it does its best to finish us off,
and send us to an early grave,
oh, the despair,
the despair of the icy winter wind,
that plays havoc with our hair,
oh, please come back summer sun,
for this is the winter of discontent,
yet again,
and no, the winter wind it never repents,
and it never relents,
and it is not much fun,
and although the sight of the snow it is truly beautiful,
I am sorry wind, but I have to go,
so, blow, blow, blow, blow as you like,
but it will only make me go, go, go,

faster than you wish,
and whilst you, you try my momentum to resist,
and I struggle against you with great determined strides,
my mind will be on my destination,
and I will be thinking of sitting by the fire,
with a glass of wine,
as you howl at me so Icily and bitterly,
but I will not care,
I will not care.

In the black

In the black of night,
at the end of time,
at midnight,
before time is reborn again,
we sit looking up at the stars upon the porch,
and the planets,
and we, admire its delights,
and the moon glow upon us it does so beautifully shine,
and it is a wonderful moment in time,
a glorious moment,
a moment divine,
a moment with you,
and a glass of wine,
oh, how fine, the time, gazing at the stars,
the stars glowing in the heavens,
and what effervescent light,
that warms the heart and that inspires the mind,
and how incredible it is,

and how magical the view as the fire burns nearby,
and we hold each other's hands,
and watch in wonder as across the sky the meteors fly,
and the clock strikes midnight,
but we, we do not mind the time,
and how peaceful it is,
and how beautiful the stillness and the clarity of the night,
the night that brings us such delights,
as we sit under the heavens, upon our earthly plain,
both incredibly young in age,
and not as sage and wise,
as the universe that has created us,
that dances so spectacularly before our enchanted eyes.

Inhale

Inhale,
exhale,
breathe,
oh, what a thing it is to be alive,
to be alive and to be able to live as we please,
but then oh, what a shock was COVID-19.
Inhale,
exhale,
breathe,
but be careful where,
because there is a bit more paranoia in breathing,
than there used to be,
Inhale,
exhale,

breathe,
and worry about every breath,
and every piece of air that could potentially kill me,
oh, life,
life is not the same with that bloody COVID-19.
Inhale, exhale, breathe,
alone, alone in the countryside,
far enough away from the towns and the cities,
ordering my shopping online,
and going for a walk in the fields and through the trees,
and past the rivers and the streams,
inhale, exhale, breathe,
breathe in the fresh air,
away from other human beings mostly,
now, that is my life these days,
as unsociable as it is, but that is fine by me.

How the heart

In this life,
the heart so often it does fall apart,
and how the mood,
it can so quickly go from light to dark,
but what a glorious thing love is,
being born from the tiniest spark,
and how combustible love is when love is new,
and there are misunderstandings,
and often more than a few,
more than a few,
threatening early on to break our delicate hearts,

and threatening to shatter them into pieces,
oh, how often, early on, jealousy does play a part.
Love,
love wherefore thou art,
the love that does not break my heart,
now, I wish I knew,
because it is like the sea,
captivating me with its beauty,
but threatening to drown me,
threatening to drown me with its powerful ferocity.
Oh, how beguiling it is,
but how dangerous love it can be,
and sometimes, how easily it can drive you into insanity,
and love, I hope for the best,
but at best,
it is a tempestuous thing,
and a wonderful thing,
and a fearful thing,
and oh, what trepidation there is in the early stages of love,
but I love love, and how it makes my heart sing,
how it makes my heart sing,
and love, it is a glorious thing,
and a beautiful and a wonderful thing,
and in this life, how blessed we are with love,
how blessed,
but how often love falls flat and leaves us depressed,
and how often, we are right on the edge,
at the edge of the precipice,
and near the end of it all,
and always expecting and preparing,

for the heart to fall,
to fall from the greatest of heights,
to the lowest of them all,
oh, love it is the worst thing and the best thing,
but you never know,
what you are going to get at all,
for love, we often walk upon the razors edge,
and we often are sliced to pieces emotionally,
and left wondering,
why did I fall in love at all?
But it is better to have loved,
than to have had no love at all,
and if you do not try,
how will you know the beauty of love,
if you are always too scared to fall,
from the highest heights,
and always scared to fall,
as if from the heavens,
as eros did fall,
after getting too close to the sun,
oh, how painful love can be,
but oh, what beauty there is in love and oh, what fun,
what fun and joy there is to be had,
and that feeling,
that feeling of happiness,
how warm it makes you feel,
like bathing in the heat of the day,
in the glorious,
glorious sun.