

# **Beauty**

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## Air

The city,  
the air,  
smoggy,  
and unclean.

The noise,  
and the hustle and the bustle,  
and the misery,  
and the poverty,  
and the violence,  
and the drugs,  
and the temptations of sin,  
they are all around,  
as a Vicar walks through the rain in Soho,  
with a cheerful grin,  
carrying something in a brown paper bag,  
something obscene?  
Something for a Nun,  
something for both of them,  
something for a wild night in?  
Well, quite possibly judging by his cheerful grin.  
And then, he trips over the curb,  
and he drops his paper bag,  
and out pops some postcards,  
and they are rather boring,  
and not much to write home about,  
but the day has left me yawning,  
and it is all work, work, work,  
and here I am on lunch,

with my imagination running wild,  
well, temporarily because of the Vicar with his cheerful grin,  
oh, forgive Father me I say to myself, for I have sinned,  
by casting aspersions on you,  
but oh, what could have been,  
what could have been,  
I say silently to the Vicar with a cheerful grin,  
and he picks up his postcards,  
and rather sadly I have to go back to work,  
to be boring again,  
and work I truly think is a sin.

## **Beauty**

Beauty,  
wilderness,  
shade,  
sunshine and lemonade,  
sat amongst the flowers,  
whiling away the hours,  
and dreaming the day away,  
dreaming of you running towards me,  
with a smile upon your face,  
as your hair it blows in the breeze,  
and you run to kiss me,  
oh, what a thought,  
oh, what a vision inside my mind,  
and it has been far too long,  
since you have been gone,  
well, a few weeks, anyway,

but how my heart it misses you,  
and how quickly my heart it aches,  
whenever we are apart,  
and whenever we are apart,  
it is like the sun has vanished and gone,  
and I love you more each day,  
and how it makes me realise,  
how precious time is,  
and avidly, I count the hours until your return,  
as I sit under the sky so blue,  
in the sunshine,  
drinking wine,  
and dreaming of you,  
oh, my heart how it calls out for you,  
when we are apart,  
and how glorious it will be,  
for you to be in my arms once more,  
and to have your arms wrapped around me,  
and your kisses raining down upon me so tenderly,  
and gently,  
and your beautiful eyes sparkling before me,  
in the sunshine,  
oh, what a day,  
dreaming it away,  
glad to have the love of you,  
glad to have the thought of you in my mind,  
as it ticks and it tocks away,  
far more slowly than it should do,  
but here I am,  
thrilled at you coming home from all those miles away,

yes, here I am,  
a lucky man,  
lucky, to have your love,  
lucky to have you in my life,  
and soon, my love,  
I will propose,  
and ask you to be my wife,  
and what a thought that is,  
and that will keep me going through the lonely days,  
and the nights until you arrive,  
for you to me, are like the sun,  
the moon,  
and the stars,  
and as glorious as the sunrise,  
and when I stand before you,  
I see heaven in your eyes.

## **Danger**

Danger,  
danger everywhere,  
I swear,  
invisible people out to get me,  
voices in my head,  
and anxieties everywhere,  
yes, danger,  
danger,  
beware,  
oh, the screams and the shouts as I try to get them out,  
the voices in my head,

the voices inside me that torment me everywhere,  
yes, get out,  
get out,  
get out I cry,  
but oh, how awfully they invade my life,  
always without warning,  
and it is driving me to despair,  
yes, danger,  
danger everywhere,  
I swear,  
invisible people out to get me,  
voices in my head,  
and anxieties everywhere,  
and I wish they weren't here, but they are,  
and I want to bang my head against the wall,  
but it is not sensible at all,  
and I must do something to make it better than before,  
but what,  
I am not quite sure,  
and I want to end it all,  
but on my family, it would not be fair at all,  
the man says to me with tears in his eyes,  
and so, I hold him close, and he cries,  
and how truly terrible,  
how truly terrible it is,  
and how painful it is to see a man suffer so,  
so much misery,  
and I sympathise as I hold him tight,  
and I do not mind at all,  
and I wish I could find the right words to say,

but at this moment,  
at this moment words are probably not needed at all,  
or maybe they are to distract him from the voices in his head,  
oh, how difficult and how excruciatingly painful it is to see,  
and oh, how many tears do fall,  
do fall from his eyes because of the misery inside,  
and I try to find something to say,  
but I have not much to say at all,  
and all I can do is hold him close,  
and try to comfort him, and to calm him down,  
before he bangs his head against the wall.

## **Again**

Again,  
she cries,  
again, she cries,  
for sorrow is in her heart and in her eyes,  
and despair is deep inside,  
and she cannot seem to cast it aside,  
and again, she cries,  
again, she cries,  
and by her teardrops I am mesmerised,  
mesmerised at the contrast between the beauty of the tears,  
and the sorrow that they hold,  
and I think of the smile that she usually wears,  
and I wonder,  
who and what has caused this sorrow that cuts her inside,  
that cuts her inside like a knife,  
and time it moves so slowly,



and I have no choice but to wait for her to calm her mind,  
and again, she cries, again she cries,  
and her sorrow it is like the heavens,  
and the clouds have emptied all the rain inside,  
and I feel for her for sadness it is a terrible thing,  
but in this life,  
there is always an explanation,  
and only in time will it come,  
for the work of the devil is never done,  
and the demons inside her,  
are destroying her mind,  
and again, she cries,  
again, she cries,  
because time and the world to her has not been so kind,  
not been so kind,  
and all I can do is sit and wait,  
and hold her whilst she sobs,  
and bemoans the state of her life,  
the state of her life.  
and dry the tears that she cries,  
and listen,  
and support her by being there for her,  
until the dying of the sun,  
and until the night,  
until the night it comes,  
until the stars are shining bright,  
and the moon it shines down,  
and her tears have all gone,  
to my great delight,  
to my great delight.

## Dark night

A Dark night,  
as those with money,  
those with money are out in the hot summer night,  
and drunks lay in the gutter,  
as a vicar walks on by down the street,  
and his wife,  
she heads upstairs holding a candle burning bright,  
a candle burning bright,  
as people shout and scream down the street,  
and broken bottles lay in the gutter,  
and the rubbish it blows on by,  
the rubbish it blows on by,  
and the alcoholics they stumble,  
and friends fight, argue and cry,  
and the moonlight it shines down so bright,  
it shines down so bright,  
and people revel in the freedom,  
away from the working week,  
and there are happy faces in many places,  
and others in the darkened shadows,  
they take drugs and get high,  
they take drugs and get high,  
and the rain it begins to fall,  
and the sky it looks apocalyptic,  
and it threatens to unleash its full fury,  
and lightening upon and around one and all,  
as someone with a grudge smashes a window nearby,  
and a fox it sneaks down a side street,

looking for food to eat,  
and a man mugs another,  
in the shadows where no one should go,  
unless they have no sense at all,  
no sense at all,  
and here in the city, there is food for all,  
but many suffer and starve,  
oh, what a terrible world it is,  
where there is such inequality,  
and the rich,  
the rich they barely care at all,  
the rich they barely care at all,  
and people die because of them,  
and enjoy themselves,  
whilst others they are helped into early graves,  
by poor bureaucracy,  
and the rich they mostly do not care,  
and only care for their bank accounts,  
and that is all,  
that is all.

## **Daylight**

Daylight,  
might be good for some,  
but not for him,  
man on the bench looking glum,  
and I wonder what's wrong,  
but sadly, there are so many people in society,  
whose lives have gone wrong.

Daylight,  
might be good for some,  
but he's shedding tears,  
and I feel for him,  
and the world is flooded with tears,  
and for some the day is far too long,  
and time does run,  
far too slowly,  
and some they end it all with a gun,  
and here I am,  
looking at him,  
wishing him well,  
as he cries on the phone to his mum,  
about a lost love,  
oh, what it is to be a human,  
oh, what it is,  
and how sad often life is,  
and how many times we suffer,  
and never truly recover.  
Daylight,  
might be good for some,  
but by the looks of him,  
it feels like night,  
and nothing is right,  
and under my breath,  
I say good luck,  
and I hope soon for him,  
the tears do stop,  
and his heart mends,  
and he appreciates once again the sun.

## Dust

Dust,  
dust and bones,  
alone, in the desert far from home,  
beside a cactus,  
in the hot hot sun,  
taking it all in,  
and drinking water whilst taking in the beauty,  
and the blue sky,  
with nothing on my mind,  
but life and death,  
and death, it comes to us all in time,  
and I would cross the desert only for you,  
because that is the only time, I would be crazy enough too,  
and here as I stand,  
how fearsome it is the desert,  
and the heat,  
but the beauty it cannot be beat,  
and how beautiful the stars are at night,  
and how the stars, they inspire my mind,  
as I travel far away from you,  
my love so true,  
and how glorious they are the stars,  
and how effervescent like the heart and the mind of you,  
and in the desert,  
how glorious is the tranquillity,  
and the beauty,  
and the calm I feel,  
despite how distant in distance, I am from you,

## Everywhere

Everywhere,  
everywhere the sun falls upon the winter snow,  
how beautiful it is,  
and soon it will be melting,  
and I will be happy,  
to see the new plants,  
and the new growth,  
coming through the remains of the snows,  
as winter throws off its cloak,  
and the sun it encourages us all to go outside,  
and the birds they sing happily,  
and free time for me,  
is best spent at the coast,  
by the lakes, the rivers, and the streams,  
and in the forests and in the woods,  
and in the mountains,  
and amongst the beauty of nature,  
which often in winter by snow is so beautifully cloaked,  
and in the sun once it comes,  
I will swim, leap, and run,  
and spend time with my friends,  
and with them, laugh until the ends,  
until the ends of the days that unfortunately come too soon,  
and in the evening, under the stars and the moon,  
how glorious it is in the countryside with clear starry skies,  
and with starlight reflecting in my eyes,  
for it is a beautiful time that so gloriously inspires the mind,  
and it is of which I often dream whilst I am asleep,

and paying the day no mind,  
and what a glorious life it is,  
for there is so much to explore,  
and so many different people to meet across the world,  
people from all different places,  
and from all walks of life,  
and with so many trails to walk upon,  
and so many ways to travel across the world,  
what wonderful places there are to stay,  
and how grand and how glorious can be every day,  
and time, time is best spent,  
with the mind being inspired, fascinated, and educated,  
and in nature I am,  
and how happy I am every day,  
because every day is a beautiful day,  
and wherever I roam, I am at home,  
and how easily time, time it slips away,  
and how many memories I cherish from this life,  
this beautiful life,  
these beautiful days,  
for they are glorious,  
glorious to me,  
and they should be,  
and we should make them be,  
because life is precious,  
and there is nothing better,  
than spending it in nature,  
and with good friends and family.  
and with a happy heart,  
wherever you spend the night or the day.

## Everywhere

Everywhere,  
everywhere, there is nowhere,  
nowhere like here,  
nowhere like Rome,  
for sunny days are here to stay,  
and people are positive and happy,  
and every time I see her,  
she smiles at me even though I know her barely,  
she has begun to grow on me,  
and I, on her it seems,  
and she,  
she blows me a kiss,  
and I throw a coin in the trevi fountain,  
and I make a wish,  
I secretly make a wish that one day,  
she will agree to marry me,  
and I cross my heart and hope to die,  
if the heavens are against me and she turns me down,  
and she makes wish,  
that I was far away from her and across the sea,  
and God forbid, she makes me cry,  
endless tears,  
and she leaves me eternally unhappy,  
and she makes me curse at the thought of roses,  
chocolates and champagne,  
and she leaves me wondering why,  
wondering why she declined my offer of marriage,  
and why she had to make me cry,



and wondering why she made me sigh,  
and wondering why she made me frown,  
and contemplating will I ever find love,  
will I ever find true love and stop feeling down,  
oh, what a terrible thought it is true,  
and the thought of having my heart broken,  
and wanting to poke out my eyes,  
after being left wanting,  
not to ever see another beautiful woman again,  
but there is she is again,  
beckoning me, beckoning me to her,  
whilst blowing another kiss again,  
oh, the bliss and what a beautiful lady she is,  
and my heart it leaps,  
and will shall see, what will be,  
and I think, I think I am falling,  
falling in love again.

### **Hard times**

Hard times,  
empty cupboards,  
starving bellies,  
and food cupboards on the mind,  
distracted depressed faces,  
frustrated people with angry rages,  
hard times,  
and not many saviours,  
and countless tears,  
and hunger pains,

and people unable to survive on their wages,  
yes, hard times,  
and the use of food banks rising higher and higher,  
and people pushed to their limits,  
and crime rising high,  
and how terrible it is that so many people suffer,  
and starve,  
and yet so many people at such humiliation,  
and degradation do not even blink an eye,  
and what is worse,  
because of poverty and starvation,  
how many people die,  
and society it blindly stumbles on,  
making the same mistakes,  
and barely seems to be able to organise a solution,  
to hunger and poverty,  
yet, more people every day ignore those in poverty,  
and those who are starving,  
and the situation it gets worse every day,  
and nothing improves,  
and people commit suicide,  
and countless families cry,  
why, oh why,  
oh, why, oh, why,  
cannot we organise more efficiently,  
now, I wish I knew,  
but it is a sad state of affairs, a sign of the times,  
and humanity has lost its way far too frequently,  
and by not solving the problems we keep digging a hole with  
which to bury ourselves in that gets bigger every day.

## **How do you feel?**

How do you feel, said the man,  
have you sinned,  
do you feel that you can be saved?  
Are you wanting change,  
do you want to change the world,  
of the world are you ashamed,  
do the problems of the world drive you insane?  
Have you enough money,  
have you a roof over your head,  
have you food for your tummy?  
Just ask Jesus, and he will save,  
something I have heard before a million times or more,  
and something similar that I have also heard,  
from other religions too,  
and still, over the years millions of people,  
from famine and drought have died,  
needlessly, alas, it is sad but true.

## **I feel fine**

I feel fine,  
I take my time,  
I place the roses on the table,  
I smell the scent of them,  
and I think of you,  
and I,  
I cannot wait for you to get here,  
and to hold me in your arms,

and to kiss me on the lips,  
for time is my master,  
and it goes too slow,  
but I know,  
you will be here soon,  
at noon,  
and I will wait whilst thinking of you,  
and I will listen to our favourite songs,  
and put the kettle on,  
and put the roses in a vase,  
and for a while, I will look at you in the photograph,  
and oh, how beautiful you look,  
and that smile, I know it well,  
it makes my heart swell,  
and to have you, once more beside me in the sunlight,  
will be like the sun shining inside me so bright,  
for in me, your love is like a symphony,  
playing such a beautiful melody in my heart.

### **I feel fine**

I feel fine, I take my time,  
I place the roses on the table,  
and I smell the scent of them,  
and I think of you,  
I cannot wait for you to get here,  
and to hold me in your arms,  
and to kiss me on the lips,  
for time is my master,  
and it goes too slow,

but I know,  
you will be here soon,  
at 8.15pm,  
and I will wait whilst thinking of you,  
and I will listen to our favourite songs,  
and put the kettle on,  
and put the roses in a vase,  
and for a while,  
I will look at you in the photograph,  
and oh, how beautiful you look,  
and that smile,  
I know it well,  
and how it makes the heart swell,  
to have you, once more beside me in the sunlight,  
and how elegant and magnificent your smile will be,  
and how glorious I will feel in my heart,  
for in me, you play such a beautiful melody,  
and your love, it moves mountains,  
and time,  
time, with you is a glorious time,  
and what a wonderful heart you have,  
and what a wonderful mind,  
and there is nothing better than holding you close,  
as we dance cheek to cheek in the summertime,  
and the roses are for you, my valentine.  
6.59,  
6.59pm, only just over an hour,  
until I can hold you and kiss you,  
my sweet darling valentine,  
my sweet darling valentine.

## **I say goodbye**

I say goodbye,  
I say goodbye whenever,  
whenever I feel a tear in my eye,  
and in the moments before,  
we are likely to argue and fight,  
I say goodbye,  
and I head out across the street rather than argue,  
leaving home rapidly in the blink of an eye,  
yes, I say goodbye,  
I say goodbye,  
and you,  
you cry, and cry and cry,  
and well, I try not to,  
and I sigh,  
and I hold back the tears,  
and I wipe any solitary ones from my eyes,  
but why,  
why do we argue so,  
and why are we at times so incompatible,  
now, I do not know,  
but how, I love you so,  
how I love you so,  
although at times it seems I don't,  
but sometimes you are the gasoline,  
and sometimes the lighter,  
and sometimes me,  
and we explode,  
we explode at each other far too often because of jealousy,

and it is not right,  
and it should not be,  
it should not be, but it is,  
and it is a sorry state of affairs for two people,  
who for each other do so care,  
and our volatility it does bring me great despair,  
and I wonder in my darkest moments,  
will we ever get anywhere,  
will we ever get to a place,  
where we do not fly off the handle,  
because of jealousy in the air?  
I do not know but I hope so,  
and I hope and I pray,  
and I pray for the day that jealousy is no more,  
no more in our hearts,  
and there is harmony and true understanding between us,  
true understanding between us forevermore.

### **I tread carefully through the grass**

I tread carefully through the grass,  
trying not to disturb the tramps on the bench that I pass,  
and I breathe silently, because all I have got, isn't alot,  
and stealthily I sneak past,  
not wanting them to ask me for anything,  
and not wishing for anything to be asked,  
and I bemoan my miserly fate,  
and I bemoan my current state,  
because all I have is twenty-three dollars in my wallet,

and someone is supposed to pay me at sunset,  
but they'll probably pass,  
and although money's tight,  
I'm going out tonight,  
and I'm gonna have a barrel of laughs,  
and I am gonna drink lots of gin,  
and fill the night with sin,  
and not care about anything,  
because I am going to be with my friends again,  
and about money I won't give a rat's ass,  
no, I won't,  
because we help each other out,  
and today my wallet is rather flat and empty,  
but they'll help out,  
and how I'll laugh,  
and talk about money schemes,  
and hopes and dreams,  
and old memories,  
and chat up Lucy at the bar,  
like I usually do,  
and she, she will look at me,  
and let me buy her a drink,  
and she will tolerate me for a while or two and then be gone,  
and I will be back with my friends,  
bemoaning to them,  
that no she still doesn't love like I wish that she would do,  
and the night will pass,  
with as many drinks as I can manage, until I can barely walk,  
and the stars have gone to bed,



and there is a rampage throbbing in my head,  
and I'll wake, and I will have forgotten all that I have said,  
and I will drink copious amounts of coffee,  
and eat jam and bread,  
and spend the day wasting away in my bed,  
and then, in the evening I will start again,  
drinking, talking, and thinking with my friends,  
and hopefully by then I will have made some money,  
or been paid back the money owed,  
and then, I will rest easy, yes, I will,  
and how glad the working week I will be to forget,  
because it hasn't done much for me yet,  
and here I am, with nothing but grateful for small mercies,  
and grateful for the good company of my friends.

### **I wait**

I wait here, I wait here,  
I see a deer, I see beauty,  
I see fear, I feel tranquillity,  
you feel the opposite and flee,  
and I am left with my sensitivity,  
I am left with my sensitivity,  
as I ponder the fact that I have upset you,  
as you race away from through the trees,  
and you run away rapidly,  
and even then, in fear there is grace and beauty in you,  
and as you leave, it is hard to believe,  
and our meeting is all too brief,  
and there in me is a momentary grief as you disappear.

## **In me**

In me there are lakes, rivers, streams, oceans, and seas,  
In me, there is the Earth and me,  
and the heavens and the clouds and the universe,  
and I am everywhere and everywhere I am free,  
and I am free of mind and I think freely,  
and nothing constricts me,  
because I am the part of the Universe,  
and the Universe is me,  
and I live with no false realities,  
and existence is all there is and sentience,  
and I am grateful for all the universe provides,  
and what else is there to wish for,  
when I am part of the Universe,  
and I am the Universe,  
and I alone, I alone own me.

## **It is five past midnight**

It is five past midnight,  
and I see the sea,  
and I see you,  
and I see a piece of wood floating free,  
and I see a rock,  
and I see the sea,  
and I see the moonlight upon them,  
and I see the waves,  
and I feel their power within me,  
and I hold your hand,

and you look at me and kiss me,  
and your kisses,  
your kisses they are as heavenly as the heavens above,  
and the magic of you it lingers upon my lips,  
and in my heart,  
in my heart I am flying free,  
I am flying free,  
and your beauty it brings me such calm and tranquillity,  
and the daily cares and worries are not there,  
and this moment,  
how magical it is,  
this moment that we share,  
and everywhere is beautiful with you,  
and now,  
with the waves crashing at our feet,  
how glorious it is,  
here with you and me,  
and what majesty there is,  
what majesty there is to be found in simple pleasures,  
simple pleasures,  
with your hand in mine,  
and your arms around me,  
and your kisses upon my lips,  
as the moon it shines down upon us,  
oh, how beautiful life, it is,  
how beautiful life it is, with you and me,  
and how transcendent the moment is,  
that lifts you and me,  
and time, it disappears rapidly,  
and as I look into your eyes,

I know how much that you love me,  
and I know that there are years ahead of you and me,  
and in this certainty,  
how great a feeling it is,  
how great a feeling it is,  
a feeling as powerful as the sea.  
as powerful as the sea,  
and how beautiful it is with you and me,  
how beautiful it is here,  
with your hand in mine beside the sea.

### **Looking good**

Many,  
plenty,  
any,  
well, maybe a bottle of whisky,  
because I'm feeling frisky,  
and my gal,  
well, she's real swell,  
and hell,  
I ain't seen her for a week said the man to the cashier,  
who smiled as he took the money for the whisky,  
and threw in a pack of cigarettes for free,  
thanks, said the man,  
of you that is mighty grand,  
and the cashier smiled and said goodbye,  
and the customer with his trilby hat,  
he went outside to brave the rain leaden sky,  
as a few rain drops fell, ah, hell,

ah, hell he said and turned up his collar,  
and put his hood up,  
and walked past the window,  
and smiled at himself,  
looking good, looking good,  
going to be a real good night,  
real angel delight,  
me and my gal,  
rockin it to the morning light,  
with a bottle of whiskey,  
and crates of beer,  
and kisses and cuddles,  
and huggles by the fire,  
and filled with desire,  
oh, how we will be laughing,  
and filled with cheer,  
yeah, soon be home,  
and she will be there waiting for me,  
with the roses upon the table,  
and her and me,  
we were meant to be,  
and she, well she loves me,  
and that is all I need,  
and though I may sweat and toil too much for almost free,  
and struggle to pay the mortgage,  
a roof is roof,  
and it means nothing apart from that to me,  
but she, she, means everything to me,  
and when I get home,

just you wait and see,  
just you wait and see God,  
because I know your omnipotent,  
but there are some things I don't want you to see,  
no God, can you not take a night off,  
because me and my gal are making love all night,  
and it ain't right,  
you always watching me.

## **Low**

Low,  
low,  
down low,  
despair,  
far too many times,  
more despair in this life,  
more despair than I wish to know,  
and here alone,  
where my heart is not at home,  
how much lower can I go,  
because this heartache and this heartbreak,  
it has been more disastrous to me,  
and it has come upon me far too frequently,  
and fate, how cruel it is,  
when it forces you to contemplate the meaning of life,  
when there is no love in your life,  
and loneliness,  
it drives you insane,  
when you only have love on the brain.

## Many

Many,  
any,  
flowers will do,  
ten yellow,  
ten red,  
ten blue,  
yes, about flowers I really haven't got a clue,  
I really haven't got a clue,  
but for you, they are your favourites, and they will do,  
but they are not as beautiful as you,  
not as beautiful as you,  
but they will make you smile as they usually do,  
but the colour of your eyes,  
they are more beautiful to me,  
despite the flower's beauty,  
oh, how you enchant me,  
and how elegantly and majestically you lift up my spirits,  
as only an Angel can do,  
ten yellow,  
ten red,  
ten blue,  
and a hundred kisses from me to you,  
a hundred kisses from me to you,  
and how glorious they will be,  
as you wrap your arms around me,  
and you hold me so tenderly,  
and you look at me with those eyes so wide,  
in the summer light, oh, how glorious are your delights,

both day and night,  
and time,  
time, I pay it no mind,  
as I look at beautiful you,  
because how you beguile me and distract me,  
and how heavenly your scent it is as it washes over me,  
as you hold me so close,  
in the stars and in the moonlight,  
but you are more beautiful than they,  
oh, what a night,  
as the moon bathes itself upon heavenly you,  
heavenly you,  
and as I gaze at you,  
I fall deeper in love with you,  
for you are like an ocean to me,  
and I float as if upon a cloud with you,  
and you hold in your hands those flowers,  
ten yellow,  
ten red,  
ten blue,  
and you,  
with every second,  
you grow more beautiful,  
and your smile it grows a mile,  
as you see the ring I pull out from my pocket,  
and as I get on my knees,  
and propose to you,  
and I ask you to marry me,  
a tear rolls down your cheek,  
and one down mine,



and it is like slow motion,  
and it as if every second is like valentines,  
valentine's day,  
all rolled into one,  
and when you say yes,  
it is as if all the stars and the sun,  
they are inside me,  
and it as if all the fireworks in the world are exploding,  
as we look at each other and cry tears of joy,  
tears of joy and with emotions are overcome.

## **Mighty**

Mighty wind,  
mighty wind,  
how you make me smile and grin,  
as you try to knock me off my feet,  
and I try to walk,  
and I talk,  
I talk to you like a friend,  
and I say,  
I know you,  
and you know me,  
but when are you going to end,  
when are you going to end,  
because I have somewhere to go,  
and my footsteps are not as mighty as you,  
and you hold me back,  
and I have no wish for that,  
oh, mighty wind,

oh, mighty wind have I done something to offend,  
for you huff and you puff, and you blow,  
but wherever I go,  
you seem determined to put my footsteps to an end,  
and I wish you were my friend,  
oh, mighty wind,  
but how can I with you be friends,  
when you stop me from going wherever I wish to go,  
and when my time is short,  
and you blow me off course,  
you make me wonder what has upset you,  
and I wish I could appease you,  
but whatever I say,  
nothing seems to please you,  
and how infuriating it is to get somewhere,  
then to be blown back,  
and taken way off track,  
and alas,  
you continue to harass me again and again,  
but when will it end,  
when will it end oh mighty wind,  
I wonder often,  
because I do not know what you are thinking,  
and only when you stop can we be friends,  
and though I do not mind a gentle breeze,  
how furiously you howl at me,  
and we could get along,  
but you do not seem to wish it to be,  
to be that way,  
and I am blown by you each and every way,

and my progress is slow,  
and you follow me,  
it seems wherever I go,  
and it saddens me,  
oh, mighty,  
mighty wind,  
for thou art,  
a troublesome part,  
a troublesome part of my daily walk down the road,  
and it takes me far longer to go where I wish to go,  
and despite your anger and frustrations,  
I will shake my fist at you,  
because I,  
I am more determined than you,  
more determined than you could ever know,  
and despite you,  
eventually I will get to where I wish to go,  
and how happy I will be upon reaching home,  
and there I will sit with a cup of tea,  
as you refuse to quit,  
as outside you bother the trees,  
and the leaves with your strength,  
and I am glad to be of you free as I drink my tea,  
I drink my tea in sympathy with the trees and the leaves,  
who have done nothing to you,  
oh, mighty wind,  
oh, mighty wind,  
how can you be so mean,  
to so many that you know,  
so, mean to so many that you know?

## Music

Music,  
beats,  
lights,  
and sweat,  
and dancing all over the place on a night never to forget,  
a night with a smile on your face,  
and drunk and with your eyes glazed,  
looking happy but tired,  
and probably by the end of the night like death.

Music,  
beats,  
lights,  
and sweat.

Kamikaze arms all over the place,  
amongst other sweaty members of the human race,  
stumbling around expressing yourself,  
while your friends laugh, as you wobble all over the place.

Music, beats, lights and sweat,  
and chemistry, personality, and attraction,  
and drunken revelry,  
on a night that mostly you probably will forget.  
Yes, a fun time, where you are as drunk as a skunk,  
and flailing around randomly almost out of breath,  
and as the clock ticks down, you try every move left,  
and in your inebriation and your intoxication,  
at night time, every night is the right time,  
for dancing like crazy across every nation,  
like there's no tomorrow left.

## Oh, my heart

Oh, my heart, it does not bend or break,  
and it does not shake,  
in the unpredictable Earthquakes of your love,  
oh, my heart,  
it does not suffer fools gladly,  
and my heart,  
it is not a heart to forsake,  
and my heart,  
it will not shatter into pieces,  
and it will not cause harm or heartbreak,  
no, it will not, for my heart,  
my heart it is a good heart,  
and I share it with such an art,  
such an art that there can be no mistake,  
yes, my heart is as good as they come,  
and no one will have it undone,  
and no bitter or angry words can make it break,  
oh, my heart, what a part,  
what a part you do play in my life,  
and how grand love is when it is in my heart,  
oh, my heart, what a wonder you are,  
for you have guided me true,  
and I have never doubted you,  
and you of me are the best part,  
and how full life is when I am in love,  
and love how it does light up my heart,  
and how glad I am for love,  
because how sad it is to have an empty heart.

## One hour

One hour,  
one hour with you,  
and small talk and change,  
and no progress between me and you,  
because you fail to understand me,  
and I fail to understand you,  
and you do not see things the way that I do,  
and our love, it is ebbing away,  
in the minutes in the hour that we have together,  
and you look at me tentatively,  
and there are few words that come from your lips,  
and the words that you say are angry and bitter,  
and I am taken aback,  
and alas,  
alas, one hour with you is not the best time spent,  
because you will not repent,  
and your demands are far too many,  
and not what I was wanting to hear from you,  
and alas we get nowhere,  
and we agree to disagree,  
and we go our separate ways,  
and my heart it aches,  
my heart it aches,  
and we are closer to going our separate ways,  
and I feel in a daze, and I feel confused,  
I feel confused about you,  
and you rapidly walk away,  
when all I want is for you to be in my arms again,

but we are all talked out,  
and our relationship,  
it seems frittered away,  
and it is a shame,  
a shame that misunderstanding,  
and darkness,  
have clouded our way,  
our way to what I once thought,  
was a bright future,  
and now,  
now, all I feel is dismay,  
all I feel is dismay,  
and I wish it would go away,  
but here I am today,  
facing the reality,  
that we were not meant to be,  
and solemnly,  
I watch you walk into the distance,  
and my heart,  
it sinks lower than ever before,  
and how I rue this day,  
and how I wish for its end,  
and for you to have a change of heart,  
because,  
how heart-breaking it is,  
that we cannot see eye to eye,  
and our love,  
it is rapidly fading,  
rapidly fading,  
fading away.

## Overcast

Overcast,  
crowds of people,  
walking in the rain,  
with their umbrellas in the park,  
crowds of people walking past the pond and the ducks,  
crowds of people,  
some in silence, some in conversation,  
as the rain it sweeps the nation,  
and the crowds of people hope for better luck,  
and better weather, and hope to be somewhere else far away,  
far away from the grey, somewhere on a sunny day,  
and for the birds to sing,  
and in the Church nearby the people prey,  
and ask God to heal the sick, and fulfil their dreams,  
and for the Church roof to be fixed,  
and the vicar, he leads the sermon with a smile on his face,  
and he and the mourner's prey,  
for the end of wars far far away,  
and the rain it continues to pour,  
and God, well he must be upset,  
because the rain won't stop,  
and I wonder, does anyone prey,  
does any prey for God?  
And for his good health?  
I wonder this as the choir it sings as if angels from heaven,  
and a homeless man nearby curses God and the weather,  
and tells the rain to go to hell, and then the lightning begins,  
and for the rest of the day, it does not bode well.



## Politeness and beauty

Politeness and beauty,  
civility,  
tranquillity,  
magnificence and majesty,  
out for a walk, saying hello to the people that I meet,  
as a wave of calm, it fills me,  
and in me, there is a feeling of inspiration,  
inspired by beauty,  
and a stillness,  
a feeling of wonderment,  
a feeling of hope,  
a feeling of the wonders of what could be,  
a feeling of oneness,  
upon a path to who knows where,  
but I do not care,  
for everywhere I go there is beauty,  
everywhere I go there is beauty,  
and what I see,  
how it inspires me,  
how it inspires me,  
and lifts me as if to heaven,  
as upon the Earth I walk,  
I meet many who are as delighted by nature as me,  
and in whom I talk, there is happiness and wonderment,  
and how heart-warming it is to see,  
so many happy faces, far away from the anger,  
and the frustration that so many people feel in society,  
and how grand the scheme of things,

how grand,  
how grand the scheme of things,  
that lay before me in their majesty,  
and how varied the magical creations,  
the magical creations,  
that have taken so long to evolve,  
and oh, what great complexity,  
oh, what great complexities,  
that thrill me,  
and whenever I see something new,  
how my imagination,  
is captured by fascination,  
and of the wonders of the world,  
how wonderfully,  
what I see reflects in my eyes,  
and how much beauty there is to see,  
and what magic there is,  
around every corner,  
and how I wish I was a magician,  
a magician who was able to capture and create,  
such glorious delights,  
that inspire me day and night,  
and that take me away,  
away from life's stresses,  
and life's miseries,  
and life's tragedies,  
and what a walk,  
with joy and lots of talk,  
and a picnic in the sunlight,  
in the sunlight under the trees.

## Radical

Radical,  
ebullient fool,  
burning hot in your ignorance,  
spouting your words on the corner,  
like it would have a meaning to all,  
yes, you the radical,  
spouting your words so furiously,  
but chosen wisely,  
like an inferior machiavelli,  
a man with the mind of a clever idiot,  
the mind of stupid fool,  
oh, what a pointless exercise to be so obnoxious,  
and outrageous and racist,  
and so hurtful,  
but you,  
you use every hurtful word you can find,  
and no one says much at all,  
because they are too busy or don't listen at all,  
and you cloak your words and your phrases,  
with enough bite and disguise them,  
with words that not many people understand at all,  
and not enough for people to make a real complaint,  
and those rare few who understand you,  
have better things to do,  
than to listen to you after all,  
a man in the street,  
with lots to say,  
but whose words have no value at all.

## Resolute

Resolute,  
and confused,  
sometimes,  
sometimes not,  
in realms that I do not know,  
feeling lost and alone,  
and unhappy without you,  
and with you,  
on the other end of the telephone,  
and with me often,  
working away,  
in somewhere that I do not know,  
and with me not truly happy,  
but working myself to the bone,  
working myself to the bone,  
alone,  
alone in a foreign country somewhere,  
somewhere mostly for where I do not care,  
oh, how tiresome it is,  
and how lonely I feel,  
so far away from you,  
and really missing you,  
and though I earn good money,  
and lots of money,  
what good is it,  
and how can it ever be worth it,  
when,  
I never get to spend any real time with you.

## **She waves goodbye**

CCTV,  
she waves goodbye,  
she walks down the street,  
and she finds a crowd of people and prepares to die,  
and she doesn't blink an eye,  
and she gets her gun and blows her brains out,  
and it's a modern-day tragedy,  
and in society,  
it happens far too often,  
and sadly, it is nothing new to society,  
and it could happen to us all,  
because of the pressures of the times,  
and because of the stresses of modern life,  
and here she lays,  
a depressed woman who had no hope at all,  
a woman crushed in the crucible of life,  
and sadly, sadly, she was never anyone's wife,  
and she was never truly happy at all,  
and she did drugs and pills, and drank,  
but that was never enough to fix anything,  
and now it is over, there she lays in a body bag,  
another statistic, another body on the pavement,  
a woman who took her own life in front of onlookers,  
onlookers including women and men, children,  
and babies who saw her put the gun to her head,  
and who saw her pull the trigger,  
onlookers who screamed as she blew her brains out,  
and who were traumatised for life as they watched her fall.

## She

She was an emotional basket case,  
she drank,  
but not too much,  
but with her emotions,  
she was never out of touch,  
and she always picked the wrong men,  
and her tears they flowed again and again and again,  
all day and sometimes all night,  
and she wailed,  
and she sighed,  
and she bemoaned the loves of her life,  
and each time she cried,  
she swore that she would rather go blind,  
than fall in love again,  
and she put on a brave face,  
and the loves of her life were often a disgrace,  
and far too frequently,  
she rued the day that she had ever met them,  
and she often wondered what love actually meant,  
when the people she was in love with were often so mean,  
and not caring enough,  
and how terrible it was she thought,  
that they had changed her so,  
and how she wished that it wasn't so,  
and how jaded she was,  
and sometimes,  
sometimes she felt as cold as the winter snows,  
and love, she didn't want to give up on it,

but it had turned her into a basket case,  
because her heart was broken far too many times,  
and her mind at love or the possibilities of love,  
was filled with anxiety,  
and she despaired about why love had to be so difficult,  
and she wondered whether she could trust ever again,  
but she was weak,  
and head over heels she fell again and again and again,  
but love is love,  
and life is a trial by fire,  
and our desires,  
our desires to be loved,  
are the one of the greatest challenges,  
and love is a magical mystery,  
that Is fine by me,  
despite the heartbreak,  
so, what If I am a basket case,  
because I know that one day I will,  
no matter what find true love again,  
and though I have my good days and my bad,  
and far too often I feel sad,  
how glorious is the feeling of love,  
and how gloriously it makes my heart sing,  
and I wouldn't forgo love,  
no, not for a single thing,  
no, not for a single thing,  
for what is life without love,  
not much to write home about, so, I will take my chance,  
and I know I will go through the heartbreak and the misery,  
but in end, I will no matter what find true love again.

## Single

Single, solitude,  
a river, a palm tree,  
a beach, an ocean so blue,  
a glorious place, to lay and sit,  
as the waves they come and go,  
and as I watch,  
and the sun it shines down upon me, gloriously,  
how magnificent is the sand, that I run through my hands,  
and that I wonder at, as the waves they wash over my feet,  
and I am happy to have nowhere to race to,  
and to rush off and go,  
because this pleasure here, it is all I want,  
and the food and the drink that I have beside me,  
how wonderful it looks and how tasty,  
this lunch that I bought from the cafe across the sandy bay,  
and how wonderful it is to live life so simply,  
and to have such simplicity,  
and my heart and my mind,  
they are much better for it,  
and this solitude and this tranquillity,  
how it rouses my spirits,  
and how much better my life is,  
without too much complexity and frenetic activity,  
that I am used to in the towns and the cities,  
where there is work, lots of work,  
but I am not happy there, but here I am happy,  
happier than I have ever known,  
and happier than I expected to be.



## Still

Still, here I am with my umbrella,  
checking my watch, waiting for you,  
whilst holding a bunch of flowers,  
and nervously shuffling on the spot,  
nervously shuffling,  
whilst waiting to meet you,  
as the butterflies inside my stomach,  
they flutter about rather alot,  
and I feel uneasy and anxious,  
but I wish I could stop,  
I wish I could stop, but I cannot,  
and time it slips away like a drip falls from a tap,  
very slowly,  
and I should be used to this, but I am not,  
I am not sure that it will be any other way,  
and today,  
maybe you won't show,  
maybe you have changed your mind,  
and have already run away,  
and maybe I will be here till midnight,  
because I like you that much,  
yes, I like you that much,  
and despite your call even though you sound cheerful,  
my anxiety is getting the better of me,  
and the sky is glowering down at me threateningly,  
and my stomach is rumbling,  
and my hands aren't quite trembling,  
but I could do with a stiff drink,

yet, I think,  
I do not want to be drunk,  
I do not want to be a rambling idiot,  
who on the first date messes up,  
no, I have no wish for that,  
yet, you may never arrive,  
but I mustn't think like that, no, I mustn't,  
yet, you are not here, and time,  
time it seems to have stopped,  
and inside I am trying to be positive,  
and I scan the crowds nervously,  
and I say oh, God where is she,  
but I do not have to wait long,  
because there you are, running towards me,  
with a smile on your face,  
and with your arms outstretched,  
and my heart, it skips a beat,  
and how glad I am to see you,  
how truly glad I am to see you,  
but as usual, my butterflies inside my stomach do not stop.

## Still

Still, here I am,  
here I am with my umbrella,  
checking my watch,  
waiting for you,  
whilst holding a bunch of flowers,  
and nervously shuffling on the spot,  
nervously shuffling,

whilst waiting to meet you,  
as butterflies inside my stomach,  
they flutter about rather alot,  
and I feel uneasy and anxious,  
but I wish I could stop,  
I wish I could stop, but I cannot,  
and time it slips away,  
like a drip falls from a tap,  
very slowly,  
and I should be used to this,  
but I am not,  
I am not sure that it will be any other way,  
and today, maybe you won't show,  
maybe you have changed your mind,  
and have already run away,  
and maybe I will be here till midnight,  
because I like you that much,  
yes, I like you that much,  
and despite your call,  
even though you sound cheerful,  
my anxiety is getting the better of me,  
and the sky is glowering down at me,  
threateningly,  
and my stomach is rumbling,  
and my hands aren't quite trembling,  
but I could do with a stiff drink,  
yet, I think, I do not want to be drunk,  
a rambling idiot,  
who on the first date messes up,  
no, I have no wish for that,

## Sunrise yellow

Sunrise yellow,  
sleepy fellow,  
sleepy fellow laying in the grass,  
under the blue sky and the clouds that slowly pass,  
sleepy fellow,  
dreaming of who knows what,  
whilst forgetting the day,  
and dreaming it away.  
Sleepy fellow,  
maybe, while he's sleeping,  
he is playing amongst the stars,  
and the heavens,  
maybe he's dreaming,  
dreaming of all the kind people,  
and maybe he's giving the nasty ones a piece of his mind,  
maybe he's dreaming of his Mum and Dad,  
maybe he's dreaming of love,  
and the great day that he has had,  
as he clutches his balloon,  
and the sun, it shines down upon his face,  
and as he sleeps, people pass by,  
and smile at his contented face,  
as he twitches slightly in his sleep,  
and murmurs and talks to himself.  
and the day is mellow,  
as he lays in the grass,  
and the dandelion that is pressed up against his face,  
it is sunrise yellow,

and blessed is the day,  
as his parents look over him,  
and the love it reflects in their eyes,  
and they give thanks for his life,  
and for his arrival,  
which was, and is a glorious delight,  
and as the day,  
the dreams he has,  
I hope they are memorable,  
I hope they are memorable.

### **Tell me**

Oh, daydreams,  
daydreams,  
here, sat at a table in a cafe,  
looking at you from across the room,  
oh, do, tell me,  
please introduce me to you,  
and roll back the sea, the sea of mystery,  
the sea of mystery that I see,  
the mystery that beguiles me,  
and that mesmerises me,  
and that I am eager to see,  
yes, please, do enlighten me,  
because, with your beautiful smile,  
and your charm and your whiles,  
what wonder awaits in you,  
I am sure I will find out,  
and I hope soon I will know,

and your heart it will open to me,  
because for a long time,  
I have pondered you from here, and from across the room,  
and I have wondered you,  
as my heart it leapt when I saw you,  
and that smile of yours,  
oh, how it lights up the room,  
and how I cannot wait to be with you,  
and to spend time with you,  
and to listen to your stories,  
because you are like a jewel, like a jewel to me,  
and here in daydreams, I sit, and I contemplate it,  
and my mind, no it will not quit,  
and your beauty,  
your beauty I find it hard to resist,  
and daily, here I sit,  
wondering what it would be like,  
to be wrapped in your arms,  
and to be kissed by you,  
and to be filled with your charms,  
and to listen to you,  
and oh, how intently I would do,  
ah, daydreams,  
daydreams,  
sat here, wishing you would notice me from afar,  
oh, I wish I had the courage to invite you over,  
and introduce myself and ask,  
and maybe after a little Dutch courage,  
I will rouse my timid heart,  
and get up and walk over to you,

and politely ask,  
may I have the pleasure of your company?  
May I, sit here a bit,  
and chat with you if that is alright,  
and don't worry,  
I won't keep you until the morning light,  
and I will be, civil and polite,  
oh, daydreams,  
such funny things,  
such tempting things,  
sat here, looking at you,  
oh, you beautiful thing,  
you beautiful woman,  
oh, what I wouldn't give to spend an hour with you,  
if that would be alright,  
if that would be alright, I ask with my eyes and my smile,  
and you look and smile back,  
and my heart it leaps,  
and it might, it just might!  
Oh, the excitement, oh, the delight!

### **The wind blows**

The wind blows here,  
the wind blows there,  
the wind it blows everywhere,  
yes, the wind it continually whips the umbrella,  
out of my hand without a care,  
and I can barely stand on my feet,  
and it plays havoc with my hair,

and I can barely move anywhere,  
anywhere at all,  
and it is apocryphal,  
and no good at all,  
and I wish I was over there,  
but I try, and I cannot get there,  
and I am walking as if in slow motion,  
and though I want to be home, at this rate,  
it could be a year before I get there,  
and at the wind I swear,  
but it doesn't care,  
and the wind blows here,  
and the wind it blows there,  
and the wind it blows everywhere,  
yes, the wind it continually whips,  
the umbrella out of my hand without a care,  
and I get barely anywhere,  
but one day this year,  
I'll be there I swear,  
home,  
because about the wind I do not care,  
and it does not care about me and my hair,  
no, it does not care,  
and my hair it is here,  
there,  
and everywhere,  
but it does not care,  
and no,  
in the rain and the wind,  
it is impossible to dance like Fred Astaire,



oh, the despair,  
the despair of going nowhere,  
maybe one day this year,  
I will be there,  
home,  
but of getting there I do so despair,  
but the wind,  
the wind,  
it really does not care.

## **Thinking**

Thinking nothing,  
thinking not much,  
thinking alot,  
worrying about nothing,  
worrying about little,  
worrying about alot,  
the human race,  
we are far too often an illogical lot,  
we are far too often an angry lot,  
we are far too often greedy,  
and ungrateful for what we have got,  
and far too often,  
we do not think of those who have not,  
and we far too often do not think of the homeless,  
and those in poverty,  
we far too often do not try to stop the rot,  
and we far too often do not try to stop,  
the inhumanity to humanity,

and the wars that humanity starts,  
with truly giving the effects of war,  
decent thought,  
and now, isn't it time that we stopped,  
and thought,  
not a little but a lot,  
about the effects on society,  
and the damage that we cause,  
through the lack of common sense,  
and illogical thought?

### **This is an age**

This is an age,  
is it not,  
an age that mostly should be forget,  
an age that should be forgot,  
because of the wars that we wage,  
wars upon each other with the modern weapons of the age,  
wars upon common sense and logic,  
wars of intolerance,  
racism and sexism,  
and ignorance,  
and intolerance and hate,  
and wars upon our sanity,  
and wars upon our wallets,  
that leave many in poverty,  
and without food on their plates.  
This is an age,  
is it not, an age that mostly should be forget,

and because of all these wars should we not be ashamed?  
Should we not see that to advance humanity and society,  
we need to stop being so greedy and cruel,  
and disrespectful and intolerant,  
because isn't it rather insane?  
To continually act this way,  
and to have so little compassion and to be so money fixated,  
causing so many people to suffer,  
because of the financial inequality amongst the human race?  
Do people not really care about people anymore?  
Because it seems that way,  
because people dye homeless on the streets constantly,  
and only lip service is paid to the problem frequently.  
Yes, do people really not care anymore,  
about the famines,  
that kill people in their millions again and again,  
and not want a solution to its end?  
And do people not really care about guns,  
and knives on our streets,  
the kidnaps and the rapes,  
the tortures and the murders in worldwide society,  
well, it seems that way,  
because the world is in a terrible state,  
and it is a terrible shame,  
but who is to blame, who is to blame?  
Everyone, everyone who fails to use,  
common sense and logic,  
to tackle the problems of the world,  
because to solve problems,  
common sense and logic, that is all it takes.

## Through the window

Through the window,  
I see the trees,  
through the window,  
I see you,  
I see you smile,  
and your hair it blows gently in the breeze,  
and you wave at me,  
and blow a kiss to me,  
and I smile,  
and it is framed in my memory,  
a jewel in my mind,  
a jewel of a memory,  
a moment,  
with you looking so heavenly,  
so heavenly like an angel,  
a glorious angel to me,  
an angel standing there so beautifully in the sun,  
rousing my heart,  
and I, then got up from my seat,  
and it was like the four-minute mile,  
a quick leap,  
a rush,  
to be with you as fast as I could be,  
to be in your arms again,  
and filled with your charms again,  
oh, what a memory, captured in time,  
oh, the beauty of you so angelic,  
and heavenly calling to me.

## **Trash**

Trash,  
trash on TV,  
trash on the radio,  
trash in the magazines,  
and in the newspapers,  
and online,  
exploitation and misery,  
and barely any happy faces to see,  
barely any happy faces to see,  
and how sad it is,  
how sad it is, that in this life there is not much,  
not much positivity,  
and I wish there was,  
but sadly, sadly, people are too fixated on making money,  
making money and profiting from people's misery.

## **Today**

Today,  
tomorrow,  
day and night,  
rain, snow, and sunlight,  
I love them all,  
I love the spring,  
the summer,  
the autumn,  
and the winter,  
for they are all beautiful,

and time,  
I make the time to appreciate them all,  
and I love nature,  
and the power of the rain that falls from the clouds,  
and the lightning and the thunder,  
and the glorious sun that makes me wonder,  
what life would be like without any sun at all,  
and I do not let time be my master,  
because if you worry about time,  
you have less of it,  
and that is no good at all,  
and life is much poorer because of lack of time,  
and because of time that we waste on pointless things,  
things that rarely have any meaning of any value at all,  
and I make the most of today,  
because tomorrow,  
because tomorrow will be here faster than you know.

### **Typing slowly**

Typing slowly,  
typing fast,  
whenever inspiration does come to pass,  
and whenever the mood takes you,  
sometimes it happens slow,  
sometimes it happens fast,  
but inspiration and fascination,  
what a magic combination,  
and how great the feeling of creation is,  
upon the page where you leave your mark.

Typing slowly, typing fast,  
choosing your words wisely,  
choosing words that so beautifully stir the heart,  
oh, what better a thing could there be,  
than creativity and emotion,  
that pours forth so gloriously from your mind,  
and from your heart, from your heart.

### **Wake up late**

Wake up late,  
eat cake  
sit in the sunlight and bake,  
and take time,  
take time to contemplate,  
and wait,  
wait for the sunshine rays to fall upon your face,  
and relax,  
and meditate,  
and don't hesitate,  
and clear your mind,  
and think away,  
think happy thoughts,  
and positive thoughts,  
and inspiring thoughts,  
and don't stagnate,  
and look at the clear blue sky,  
and wonder why,  
wonder why it is blue,  
and imagine all the people living upstairs,

and imagine what it would be like,  
if they could call out to you,  
and what would they say,  
would they be happy,  
or would they be sad,  
and would they be depressed,  
and think they were in a terrible state,  
or would they be jolly and filled with glee,  
and be ecstatic and dancing in revelry,  
and happy to escape their old lives on Earth,  
and bemoan their life's worth,  
whilst crying countless tears,  
countless tears that fill up heaven,  
and wash everyone away,  
leaving only tears,  
and no happy days,  
no happy days,  
just sad days,  
days of misery that can never be replaced,  
oh, what a waste,  
oh, what a waste it would be,  
and a terrible shame,  
and imagine God banging on the walls of heaven,  
in frustration and pain,  
frustration at seeing the problems of the Earth,  
be proliferated yet again,  
and imagine God,  
God going insane,  
and decrying all that he had built,  
and feeling remorse for the devastation and the trauma,



that he had unleashed unwittingly upon the Earth,  
when that was not what he intended,  
and imagine every time the frustration of him,  
trying to make things right again,  
and only making things worse,  
and imagine him shaking his fists,  
at those who cause war,  
and at those who continually kill each other,  
and at the lack of love,  
that he had tried to imbue in each of his creations,  
all created from his magnificent imagination,  
and imagine him thinking of all creation as a curse,  
oh, what a sad day it would be,  
to see him wallowing in such misery,  
and imagine the bills for the lighting and the electricity,  
oh, no,  
I would not wish to be God,  
despite,  
despite all the beautiful angels singing around me.

## **Water**

Water, rivers, lakes, and the streams,  
oceans and seas,  
and the ebb and the flow of the waves,  
and the majesty and the mysteries of the deep,  
and the beautiful surroundings,  
and the glorious trees,  
as I sit and take them all in,  
the rivers, the lakes, and the streams,

the oceans and the seas,  
oh, how great the meditative state,  
that they do bring to me,  
and the beauty that beguiles me,  
and how they beguile me with their elegance,  
and it's magnificence,  
as I sit surrounded by nature,  
that does wonders to me.

## **What**

What is this,  
this I see before me,  
this sad face of yours,  
this sad face,  
this misery,  
yes, what is this,  
and why is it,  
and what is its reason for existence,  
and why are you in such agony,  
I wish I knew, why you are so blue,  
why you are so blue and as angry as the sea,  
as angry as the sea,  
for your sadness it is new to me,  
it is new to me,  
and your tears,  
your tears,  
oh, how they pour from you so rapidly,  
and this misery it should not be,  
no, it should not be,

and sadly, it is a horror,  
a horror of disenfranchisement,  
and the sight of you,  
it tears at my heart,  
to see you falling apart,  
to see you falling apart,  
and I do not,  
I do not have the answers to your misery in me,  
but I will listen,  
I will listen to you,  
and I will try to understand,  
and I will hold you and comfort you,  
and I will try to guide you as best as I can,  
but romance,  
romance is a difficult thing as far as I can see,  
but in time,  
with some wine, and talk,  
we can find out the cause,  
the cause of your broken heart,  
and we will fix it,  
and throw the old you into the sea,  
we will throw the old you into the sea,  
and in time you will be happy once again,  
you will once again be happy,  
because time they say is a healer,  
and we have all the time in the world,  
all the time in the world to put things right,  
and we will even if it takes,  
until the stars and the moon come out at night,  
we will put things right,

and now,  
now in these first few seconds,  
it is the beginning of the path to the end of your misery,  
so, come here,  
come here and cuddle me,  
come here and cuddle me,  
and we will put a smile upon your face on again,  
because life is far too short,  
far too short for misery.

### **Wild and free**

Wild and free,  
butterfly upon the breeze,  
as a river runs by,  
and you stand in the river and delight me,  
with your long black hair,  
and your beautiful eyes that mesmerise me,  
and as the leaves in the river, they swirl around you,  
time passes slowly by,  
and sunlight shines down upon your face,  
and your eyes they reflect the wisdom of a sage,  
as the river quickly past it does rage,  
and calm you stay,  
relaxing in the sunlight,  
in the heat of the day,  
as you hold out a yellow flower to me,  
and I walk towards you in slow motion,  
and splash through the water deliberately,  
and how you laugh,

how you laugh at me,  
and what a smile that you do give to me,  
what a smile,  
that lights me up like the sun,  
and how glorious you are to me,  
how glorious you are to me,  
and my heart how it leaps,  
and in our love,  
what better a place is there to be,  
and what better a place is there to be,  
than here in the middle of the river with you,  
as the leaves they swirl around our feet,  
and you with your beautiful smile,  
oh, how you beam so wonderfully at me,  
and the majesty of you,  
it is a delight upon my senses,  
and you, you are everything to me,  
you are everything to me,  
and nothing could replace you,  
no, nothing at all,  
and how beautifully,  
the sun it does light your face,  
and the glory of the day it is in you,  
as it is in me,  
and you give me the flower,  
and I put it in your hair,  
and you look like a goddess to me,  
you look like a goddess to me,  
and your kisses,  
they are heavenly.