

# Magical

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## The war

The war in your heart,  
it was gone you said over past relationships,  
and the time of your life it wasn't,  
and you said you wanted to run,  
because you were sick of the pandemonium,  
and you were sick of the chaos in society,  
on the beautiful Earth where you lived your life to the full,  
and filled it with worth,  
and the beauty of you,  
despite countless heartbreaks it still shone through,  
and though you were jaded about love,  
what could I do,  
because you were not ready for a relationship,  
although you said you did love me,  
just a little bit,  
the beginning of it,  
and you felt a little frightened by it,  
and not ready for it,  
and although I was,  
in the end,  
you only wanted to fly in the heavenly skies above,  
yet I,  
I wanted to be on the Earth with you,  
and I wanted to be in your arms holding you,  
but sadly, it never came true,  
and here I am,  
by the fire with my reflections of you,  
and with a glass of wine or two,

well, actually a bottle,  
and I thought of your smile,  
and I thought of your pretty face,  
and I thought of what we had,  
and I thought of what we nearly had,  
but we didn't because of fate,  
and I cried a tear over you,  
well, more than one or two,  
and you, when I think of you,  
how I it hurts inside,  
and over time how,  
oh, many floods of tears I have cried,  
countless oceans,  
sadly,  
sadly, it is true,  
and you said that you had to decided to leave,  
to leave to go overseas,  
and you weren't ready for a relationship with me,  
and sadly, that was how it was,  
and you,  
you never again have I seen,  
and here I am, sat by the fire with a glass of wine,  
lamenting unhappily what could have been,  
and what could probably not ever be,  
and I toy with throwing your letters on the fire,  
because upon reading them,  
I am filled with sadness and also desire,  
and it, it taunts me what could have been,  
and it haunts me my shattered dreams,  
and in these letters, there is joy and misery,

so, I hide them,  
and wonder where you are today,  
and I do not know,  
and I cannot say,  
and instead of thinking about it I drink the night away,  
I drink the night away until the sun comes up,  
and until my head hurts,  
and still in the morning light,  
there is no respite, from the love that got away.  
for you left me cold inside when you said goodbye,  
when you said goodbye on that summer's day,  
and that is typical of my luck,  
and with my hangover,  
I am sure,  
I will once more,  
be thinking about what could have been,  
and I will rue it until the end of the day,  
alas, the love that never truly was,  
alas, the love that could have been, but that sadly got away.

### **Threatened by clouds**

Threatened by clouds,  
no, no, no,  
I will not this allow,  
so, on a winters evening,  
I like nothing more than to hide,  
in the warmth of my happy home,  
and in the flicker of the candlelight,  
and in the flames from the fire,

whilst delighting in a bottle of wine,  
and in the peace and the quiet,  
and in the music that I like,  
and I let it take me higher,  
higher, higher,  
to another plane,  
to another plane,  
because music how greatly it does inspire,  
and how beautifully the melodies they play upon me,  
and how magically they rouse my heart,  
with such magical arts,  
such magical arts,  
that conjure up such wondrous feelings in me,  
and in me and in this mood,  
in this mood, I am truly free,  
and floating up on high,  
like a butterfly,  
and in the light,  
how bright,  
how bright my mind it is,  
and oh, what great intensity there is,  
what great intensity of feelings and beauty,  
that do so overwhelm me so wonderfully,  
and here, as I sit,  
I drink,  
and I think,  
and I ponder a bit,  
and I wonder at the flames,  
and at how they dance,  
and at their beauty and their power,

of with which they mesmerise me,  
and oh, how I revel in every bit,  
in every one of my senses as I take it all in,  
and how I admire every bit of the flames power and beauty,  
and in every bit of time, that goes by,  
because oh, how wonderful it is,  
how wonderful,  
and as the fire dies,  
I think, it never truly dies,  
because its spirit lives inside me,  
and it will not quit,  
it will not quit burning,  
because even when I am asleep,  
I have a fire inside of me,  
and how powerful it is,  
this spirit,  
this roaring spirit that lives within,  
this powerful force of nature and positivity,  
that burns so brightly within me,  
and that I carry through each day and night,  
and that shines so bright,  
and how wonderful it is,  
a positive spirit,  
a positive mental attitude,  
and oh, how great that is,  
to have it inside of me,  
for it is as wonderful as honey to a bee,  
and of life, how grand and glorious it is,  
and by the fireside,  
I drink,

I think,  
I wonder at it,  
at this life of which I savour every bit,  
until the fire dies and with weary eyes,  
I go to bed,  
with the fire in my heart,  
ready for sleep,  
and for the new day,  
and ready to enjoy every single bit of it.

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

To the ends of the world,  
to see what I can see,  
to see the majesty of all that is new to me,  
to be free of my old life,  
and to rejuvenate myself with the magic,  
and to create new memories,  
far away across the continents and the oceans,  
and the seas,  
after flying over mountaintops,  
and the white snow-caps,  
as the sun it sparkles off of them,  
and the glories have filled my eyes,  
and my heart with inspiration,  
and natures melodies,  
yes, I am happily on my way to the ends of the world,  
to see what I can see,  
to see the majesty of all that is new to me,  
to be free of my old life,



and to wonder,  
and to fill my heart with the magic of inspiration,  
that the glories of the new sights before my eyes bring to me,  
yes, oh, what a wonder it will be,  
and how my heart will leap for joy at every new sight,  
and at every exciting possibility,  
oh, what a wonder is adventure,  
and how brilliant its incredible varieties and possibilities,  
to the ends of the world,  
to see what I can see,  
and how truly wonderful it will be.

### **Whatever happens**

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

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

## Time for tea

Time, time for tea,  
time for you and me,  
time to be silly,  
as always, the usual insanity,  
yes, time to be silly,  
with you hiding behind the newspaper,  
that has holes cut out for eyes,  
so, you can look at me,  
and me with a tea cosy,  
pulled over my head,  
whilst we, we drink Darjeeling,  
and make fun of the news,  
and try to put some humour into its morbidity,  
yes, time for tea,  
time for you and me to be silly,  
because the world is stupid frequently,  
and the world is silly,  
but not the way that we would like it to be,  
but silly negatively,  
yes, it is definitely time for tea,  
with me wearing a tea cosy pulled over my head,  
and you hiding behind the newspaper,  
that has holes cut out for eyes,  
so, you can look at me,  
and so, we can turn the world on its head with jollity,  
and of sadness and tragedy we can be free,  
with our silly mentalities,  
yes, time for tea, time for tea.

## **Willing**

Willing the night to come to scare the day away,  
and sat at work with a tired heart,  
wanting the day to run away,  
wanting work to finish and wanting to play,  
wanting to escape with an eye on the time,  
wanting the day to end without too much stress and strain,  
and for the day to not drive you insane,  
wanting happiness but suffering the boredom,  
the boredom of the mundane working day,  
wanting pleasure instead of pain,  
as the time it ticks far too slowly by,  
and the hands turn as if in slow motion,  
a nine to five torture that drives you insane,  
as you sit staring far too often into space,  
not able to concentrate,  
and definitely not able to enjoy your day.

## **Wine**

Wine,  
a glass of wine, and then another in the evening time,  
as I bemoan the loss of you,  
an ex-love of mine to a friend of mine,  
and what a time to unwind,  
with a good friend and patient company,  
and I try not to cry,  
I try not to cry,  
but such is life,

and I wish I knew why,  
but love is a devil,  
and it has bedevilled me,  
far too many times,  
and this is the end of time,  
the ending of time for us,  
the ending of our relationship,  
but I wish I knew why,  
and here,  
I am alone with,  
bemoaning the loss of you,  
to a friend of mine,  
with a glass of wine,  
oh, teardrops and wine,  
and the aftermath of love,  
the decimation of love,  
the shattered heart,  
a broken dream,  
a thought,  
that makes you want to scream,  
oh, the pain that cuts you open,  
as you reflect on what went down,  
and here I sit, with your patience,  
as I go over,  
the brutality of love,  
the devilry,  
that beguiles me so easily,  
and that so easily breaks your mind,  
with a much needed,  
glass of wine.

## **You are inert**

You are inert,  
and you sit,  
you sit quite a bit,  
lost in your own thoughts,  
and lost for words,  
whilst the herds of the human race,  
they rush around at a frantic pace,  
and you sit, with sadness in your eyes,  
and oh, how you cry,  
because of the stress,  
that to you, you say the world,  
as an unwanted present does give,  
and your heart you say,  
from happiness has gone far away,  
and you wish you had a new one,  
because this heart of yours,  
has had its fill of heartbreak and tragedy,  
and it seems to be filled with every malady,  
and with such unhappiness inside you, you sit,  
you sit lost in your own thoughts,  
and I understand how difficult life is,  
but do not give up,  
and keep wishing for better things,  
and keep a positive mind,  
and in time, I have no doubt,  
No doubt at all that happiness will come again,  
and how wonderful it will be,  
to see you smile again my friend.

## **You sang for me**

You sang for me,  
you sang for me under the lonely tree,  
you sang for me,  
so beautifully,  
so beautifully,  
that you charmed the birds out of the trees,  
and how my heart it rose,  
how my heart it rose,  
as you sang such heavenly notes,  
and you smiled so gloriously at me,  
underneath the lonely tree,  
what a sight you were to see,  
the love of my life,  
singing for me,  
so magnificently,  
and the tree,  
it was less lonely,  
and me,  
well, I was as happy as can be,  
in the summer sun,  
drinking wine,  
and having fun,  
as you charmed the birds out of the trees,  
and you melted my heart,  
in the cool breeze,  
as your dress blew gently in it,  
and you sang,  
so gloriously to me.

## 6 windowpanes

6 windowpanes,  
blue sky,  
a tree,  
and tiredness in my brain,  
6 windowpanes,  
and rain,  
and feeling sleepy,  
wishing the day away.  
6 windowpanes, and sun,  
and enthusiasm and wonder,  
often views mostly of grey this time of year,  
and blue,  
and nature at its best and its worst,  
and happiness and dullness too,  
but what a view,  
what a view no matter the weather,  
in the warm and the cool,  
and at home,  
alone,  
alone with a book,  
relaxing,  
not listening to the phone,  
and engrossed in the stories,  
that I love the most,  
in my happy home,  
with my mind as calm as can be,  
on its quest to explore strange worlds,  
far from misery.



## Across the grass

Across the grass,  
along the path,  
I walk and I talk,  
and you laugh,  
you laugh heartily at me,  
and at my wet feet,  
as we cross the stream,  
and you give me your hand,  
and we cross the land,  
happy as can be,  
under the blue sky,  
in the sunlight,  
headed for the sea,  
oh, what a day it is, what a beautiful day,  
with you and me and nature,  
and how we revel in everything that we see,  
and how our hearts leap,  
how our hearts leap because of the majesty,  
of the leaves upon the trees,  
and the sunlight filtering through,  
the sunlight that lights your face so beautifully,  
the sunlight that is as beautiful and as warm as can be,  
as we walk and we talk, time is meaningless to us,  
and time we pay it no mind,  
and as the sunlight sparkles off of the water,  
you hold my hand so gently, and so softly,  
oh, what sensations you rouse in me,  
what glorious sensation that light up my heart,

## Adoration

Adoration,  
adulation,  
is not what I need,  
because all I need is time to breathe,  
because this love is far too claustrophobic for me,  
and your love is incessant in its bombacity,  
and it is too much,  
far too much for me,  
and although you have good intentions,  
and a good heart,  
you suffocate me,  
you suffocate me and I cannot breathe,  
and it stifles me,  
it stifles me,  
and our love is on the wrong track,  
and I try to tell you politely,  
but you do not listen to me,  
and soon, if this continues,  
I shall end it all,  
because this love,  
this love is the anathema of what I need,  
and I don't wish to be cruel,  
because our love was good,  
but you are drowning me,  
you are drowning me,  
with your worry and your jealousy,  
and by coveting me,  
like all the precious jewels in the world,

and by wanting no one else to share my life with me,  
even as friends,  
and I am because of it starting to feel dead inside,  
and our love it is becoming a tragedy,  
a tragedy,  
and love should not be a tragedy,  
no, it shouldn't,  
but a tragedy is what you are turning our love into,  
oh, please can't you realise,  
please can't you see,  
that this kind of love is no good for you,  
and that this kind of love is no good for me.

### **Amazed**

Amazed,  
astounded,  
dumbfounded,  
how uncool,  
what you said,  
about me,  
because you know it isn't true,  
oh, the jealousy in you,  
how terrible it is,  
and I do not know what to do,  
because I only love you,  
I only love you,  
but you suspect me of loving,  
and having affairs with everyone else,  
but you know it isn't true.

Yes, I am amazed,  
and astounded,  
and dumbfounded,  
but how uncool,  
how uncool you are,  
to be so cruel,  
but on the other hand,  
you have had your heart broken,  
so many times,  
and I know it is sad,  
but I wish you would treat me better,  
better than you do,  
and sadly, every day,  
it is like treading on eggshells with you,  
and how painful it is,  
but, how many times,  
do I have to try and persuade you,  
that my heart is true,  
that my heart is true,  
until I go blue in the face probably,  
oh, I wish you would snap out of it,  
and cease this continual battle,  
that you put me through,  
because I do love you,  
and I only love you,  
yes, honestly,  
honestly, it is true,  
it is true,  
you are only one for me,  
yes, I love you.

## **An empty bowl**

An empty plate,  
a breakfast that could not wait,  
a full stomach,  
and huge amounts of energy,  
energy aplenty,  
and ready to go,  
to go to the coast,  
to the beach,  
and anywhere with blue sky and sunshine is fine with me,  
and with you, so, let's go, go, go,  
because time moves faster than you know,  
and there is no time to waste,  
and the coast it is beckoning us,  
and how easily I could quite happily forget modernity,  
and live on a tropical island,  
far from the towns and the cities,  
that I bemoan.

## **Angel**

Angel,  
you were an angel once,  
but now you are lost,  
and back then, you came to me out of nowhere,  
carrying a cross,  
and you came to me with good intentions,  
and great thoughtfulness,  
and I knew you a while,

and you talked with great elegance and eloquence,  
and we were friends,  
and then, suddenly you were gone,  
and you disappeared for a year,  
and from you I did not hear,  
and now in you,  
I see a different you,  
and you are sad and filled with tears,  
and you have fallen out with God,  
and there is no happiness in you at all,  
oh, love,  
what a wonderful thing it is,  
and what a terrible thing,  
a wrecking ball,  
apocryphal,  
a tragedy for you,  
for no good at all did it do to you,  
and now, here you are before me,  
with you, still in your emotions,  
ruined and devastated from the love,  
which proved so terrible,  
and so terribly destructive,  
a love that caused you to suffer a fool,  
and here I am at the end of it all,  
prepared to pick up the pieces,  
and to care,  
and to put back your angels' wings upon you,  
and to raise you up once more,  
and to place you back in the heavens,  
from whence you did fall.

## Any day

Any day, any time,  
there is nothing like burning old valentines,  
old valentine's day cards in the fire,  
and when romance is dead,  
it does no good to keep it lingering in your head,  
because it has already reached the end,  
and the past is over,  
and history cannot usually be changed and undone,  
and there is, when you think of it only pain,  
and it is like putting a gun to the head,  
and pulling the trigger, again and again,  
and by thinking of romance that came to a natural end,  
there is no point crying anymore,  
because by thinking of it the suffering will continue,  
and when romance is long gone,  
why let the thoughts of failure linger on,  
because usually it is far too late to right the wrongs,  
and when romance is gone and when it is dead,  
what is the point of torturing your own heart,  
and your own head,  
because there is nothing left to be said,  
nothing that can usually change anything,  
and most of the time,  
you no longer know your ex love anymore at all,  
and by thinking of them, you are only setting yourself up,  
to be heartbroken once more,  
and tis better to wait for a new love,  
a love that you have never known before.

## **Better today**

Better today,  
better tomorrow,  
one step forward in front of the other,  
and with a smile upon my face,  
yes, I will walk on,  
despite the heart ache and the sorrow,  
and no matter what,  
I will grin at the human race,  
and I will put on a brave face,  
because I am used to heart break,  
and I have learned to rapidly leave heart break in my wake,  
and take the rough with the smooth,  
and move forwards,  
no matter how many pieces of my heart,  
are scattered all over the place,  
and heart break is a shame,  
but when love comes,  
what wonderment inside the heart and the mind is begun,  
yes, love, it is a glorious thing,  
and a beautiful thing,  
and a magnificent and a splendid thing,  
and I will persevere until I find the love of my life,  
and no heart breaks will put me off,  
from attempting to find love again,  
because I know,  
that in time there will come the right one,  
and past heart breaks will be forgot,  
and how happily my heart will sing,



when I find true love again,  
and find the right one for me,  
and get her to wear my ring,  
yes, in time the love of my life will come,  
but until then,  
I will put a brave face on,  
and keep moving on,  
from the dawn of the day,  
until the setting of the sun,  
and until the heavens appear,  
and the stars and the moon,  
they shine brightly down upon me,  
and at the end of each day,  
I will reflect as I gaze at the stars happily,  
and pray for heaven to send me,  
the beauty of love once again,  
yes, a new love,  
and the right one,  
the right one,  
yes,  
from the dawn of the day,  
until the setting of the sun,  
and until the heavens appear,  
and the stars and the moon,  
they shine brightly down upon me,  
heart break will not make me glum for long,  
no, because I know heart break it is only temporary,  
and the sun is in my heart always,  
and in love,  
in love I have faith,

in love I have true faith,  
and in time she will come,  
the love of my life,  
yes, I believe,  
and it will be,  
as sure as the dawning of the day arrives,  
and the setting of the sun,  
and as sure as the heavens appear,  
and the stars and the moon,  
they shine down upon me,  
in time, in time heart break will be gone,  
and she will be with me,  
and I will be in love again,  
and how happy I will be to find my true love,  
and for my heart by love,  
to once more be filled and overcome,  
and how glorious it will be,  
to hold her in my arms,  
and to kiss her,  
from the dawning of the day,  
to the setting of the sun,  
and also, when the heavens appear,  
and the moon and the stars,  
they shine down upon us,  
and we look in each other's eyes,  
and they are filled with love,  
and we are truly happy,  
happy together,  
and happy,  
and glad the battle to find a true love is done.

## Bright

Bright, beautiful,  
true, life,  
existence, you,  
yes, together, together we are greater,  
we are greater it is true,  
and in your arms, as we gaze at the stars,  
how magnificent they are,  
and the moonlight that shines down upon you,  
and no words are needed with you,  
to express the beauty of all that we see,  
because in your eyes, the happiness shines through,  
and how my heart it leaps,  
when you look at me like you do,  
how my heart it leaps, at the love in you,  
the love in you for me,  
and I because of happiness, could cry a tear or two,  
and as I hold you tenderly,  
the magic of the heavens is a wonder to behold,  
and every star in the sky,  
the light from them, it is like the light from you,  
that fills me so beautifully,  
and I am the happiest that I have ever been,  
as I stare in rapture captivated by you,  
and fascinated by you,  
and as you look at me so lovingly,  
I run my finger down your cheek,  
and kiss you upon the lips,  
oh, how sweet, how sweet are you.

## Chasing the sun

Chasing the sun,  
flying high,  
in the blue sky,  
looking down upon everyone,  
and how wonderful the view,  
as I sit next to you,  
and we look down upon the fields,  
the rivers and the streams,  
and the trees,  
and the mountains,  
and how tiny the buildings look,  
and the cars on the roads,  
as we fly so high and so quickly across the sky,  
how magnificent it is,  
that we can travel so rapidly to anywhere on the Earth,  
in a day or under,  
and what wonders there are to be seen,  
far and wide,  
and how many great people there are to meet,  
and how many people with great smiles and humour,  
and talent there are out there,  
all over the world,  
and what a beautiful world it is,  
and how majestic flight is,  
and what an incredibly beautiful thing flight is,  
for wherever you roam,  
you are not far these days from home,  
anytime you are away from home.

## Clouds

Clouds,  
in my mind and in my heart,  
I wander alone,  
and I am empty of all that I knew,  
and I have no wish to know anything about anyone new,  
no, no wish to know anything at all,  
because you drove me crazy,  
and my heart it has never recovered,  
and my mind,  
it feels numb,  
it feels numb because of you,  
and I wander cloudlike,  
wherever I go,  
and with the all the tears gone,  
and with feelings inside of the cold winter snows,  
I wish for warmth,  
but heartbreak is harder to throw off than you know,  
and wherever I go,  
I am glad to be alone,  
and much better for it,  
and soon I know,  
the sadness will go,  
but until then, I will wander like a cloud,  
upon the many roads of life,  
and I will take from my heart,  
from my heart this knife,  
this knife that you thrust into me,  
with your verbal barbarities,

that I could not stand whenever we disagreed,  
and I am glad we parted,  
and despite the good times that we had,  
and despite the sadness that is hard to shift,  
I am happy for life,  
and happy to have a life without love,  
because it makes me happier,  
than the times I have had with it.

## **Dark**

Dark and roomy,  
but no room to move,  
and alone in dismal solitude,  
alone at home,  
waiting for the snow to go,  
sat by the fire,  
keeping warm,  
and being inspired,  
in the wintertime,  
whilst the snowflakes fall outside,  
and the sky is dark grey,  
but here beside the fire I do not mind,  
and time it disappears so quickly as I watch the flames,  
and my heart it comes alive,  
on another snow swept gloomy day,  
in the woods,  
and how beautiful it is,  
with no pressure,  
and only creativity,

in which I so happily live,  
and thrive,  
and happiness how it grows so easily,  
inside in the peace and the quiet,  
despite the grey and the snowstorm,  
the quiet of the day,  
it thrills my mind,  
it thrills me with no one around,  
and with no one with anything to say,  
how well spent is the day,  
and how great is the light in my eyes,  
and the smile upon my face,  
as I engross myself in my writing,  
and in my artistic side,  
and the snow it does not bother me,  
despite me being stuck indoors,  
but the beauty,  
how great an inspiration it is,  
as I write by the fireside,  
and forget the cold, which only brings me dismay.

### **Detrimental**

Detrimental,  
elemental,  
a force of nature,  
forever blue.  
Oh, you got a mood upon you,  
a mood upon you,  
but what can I do?

What can I do?

Because I know that you are like thunder and lightning,  
and of what you want you have no clue,  
and dark is the day,  
when you come to me for advice,  
but I am never any good to you,  
and you are not as patient as you should be,  
and your problems go on unsolved,  
because you do not listen enough,  
and I am tired of your stories,  
and they are truly growing old,  
and the point is, why come to me at all,  
because you do not listen,  
and it is like talking to a brick wall,  
like talking to a brick wall.

### **End of the year**

End of the year, the end of time,  
a time filled with bitterness, a time of fear,  
a time of sorrow,  
and a time of goodbyes to those who have died,  
those unlucky many, the many who struggled,  
and fought so valiantly to survive,  
COVID-19, a nightmare of the 21st century,  
a nightmare that preyed on the weak and the strong,  
a nightmare that far too often killed our loved ones,  
in the blink of an eye,  
a man-made tragedy, from a man-made error,  
a modern curse upon humankind.



## Flying high

Flying high on empty,  
flying high,  
with nothing at all,  
no, not a penny in the world barely,  
but I am happy,  
yes, I am truly happy,  
and I am not brought low,  
by the anxieties,  
of most people's lives,  
because life lived simply,  
simply is a better life for me,  
and I live simply,  
and it is extremely good for me,  
and life lived in such a way,  
is much more enjoyable,  
and I do not want for much,  
and I do not desire great extravagance,  
and things that I can barely afford,  
and things that I waste,  
far too much time upon,  
things that have overinflated values,  
expensive things that do no good for me at all,  
so, yes, a simple life for me,  
is the best way for me,  
and the only way for me live,  
so, a simple life it is,  
and how great I feel,  
with barely any material possessions at all.

## Full

Life,  
stress,  
stressless,  
and no chance at happiness barely at all,  
and with not much money,  
and no fun,  
and not much work,  
but life,  
life,  
what life?  
Yes, in such circumstances,  
there is no life, only a big mess,  
and it is an empty life,  
and it is not a full life,  
and not a half full life,  
and because of the stresses and the strains,  
upon the mind and the brain,  
far too many alcohol bottles are far too quickly emptied,  
and life is not very often meaningful,  
but mostly unmeaningful,  
and very unhelpful,  
and not happy at all,  
but unhappy,  
and extremely miserable,  
and filled with self-loathing,  
and far too often feeling despicable,  
and far too regularly continuing  
and habitually continuing,

a habitual ritual,  
a cigarette in the morning,  
a cigarette every hour,  
and the girlfriend and I,  
drink beers,  
and almost bottle of whisky at night each mostly,  
and end up far too regularly,  
with a headache in the morning,  
awaking to a girlfriend who's angry and sour,  
saying that we had a fight,  
a fight that I do not recall.

### **Good day**

A good day,  
a bad day,  
a sad day,  
a mad day,  
a day away,  
and another day,  
like any other day,  
a day that went astray,  
a day with endless frustrating delays,  
a day with a headache,  
a day with bellyache,  
a day to curse,  
a day that went from bad to worse,  
a day with no money,  
a day when nothing seemed funny,  
a day in our modern times,

with far too much liquor, beer, and wine,  
and not man valentine's day cards,  
and days, far too many days,  
with broken hearts,  
and days that are far too stressful,  
and easy to forget,  
and far too many days,  
spent under grey clouds,  
and in the rain and the wet,  
and days filled with regret,  
and far too many days misspent,  
and countless days,  
that you wish you could repent,  
and that is life in these modern times,  
and many people are driven out of their minds,  
and our lives,  
are not as filled with happiness,  
as they should be,  
and there are too many days that we are misled,  
into believing we should all conform,  
to make a happy society,  
and that is not the way that I wish to live,  
and many others too,  
because what is a life,  
with no time to enjoy yourself,  
and what good are days,  
where you always feel depressed and blue?  
Not much good,  
for the heart and the mind,  
not much good it is true.

## Good night

Good night, goodbye,  
wasted time, wasted kisses,  
wasted time upon relationships that only made me cry,  
oh, those countless tears,  
those countless tears that have fallen from my eyes,  
good night, I will not miss you one bit,  
because I am glad to say goodbye,  
to each and every one of you,  
and time it does fly,  
and here I am with a new love,  
a new love that does not make me cry,  
and how much happier I am,  
that my intuition has improved,  
and I am better at choosing,  
and I am glad that I chose you,  
glad I chose you, because choosing to have a relationship,  
is never an easy thing,  
and relationships are like Russian roulette,  
and far too often there is more upset than love,  
and upset that I would rather forget,  
and how lucky I am to have you in my life,  
my new love that smiles at me so heavenly,  
and that holds me close so gently,  
and whose words are true and always well meant,  
yes, you are heaven sent,  
and those bad times,  
I will happily forget,  
I will happily forget.

## Higher self

Higher self,  
Higher self,  
time out,  
happiness,  
meditation,  
relaxation,  
it is much better for the soul  
than wealth, wealth, wealth,  
because it is not good for your health,  
and some say money it is a necessary evil,  
but only if you do not find the right solutions to problems,  
and you over value things,  
and if you do in that case,  
only misery can that way of thinking bring,  
and what good is that,  
because shouldn't you want your heart to sing,  
to sing instead of you crying,  
crying, over countless things,  
countless things that you wish you had,  
things that you cannot afford,  
and the work to achieve and buy them,  
it drives many people mad,  
and causes great stress and financial suffering,  
and suffering it is a truly terrible thing,  
and what good to the world is it when because of money,  
there are so many people struggling to survive,  
and in extremis because of money,  
and lack of food and medicine,

far too many people far too often die,  
and that is no good at all,  
and shouldn't we change our ways,  
and focus on well-being more often and mental health,  
instead of this awful, awful financial hell,  
that we have inflicted upon the world,  
well, it makes sense to me,  
because I do not see the point,  
of wasting most of my life chasing money continually,  
because I would rather focus on the higher self,  
my higher self,  
because time out,  
and happiness wherever you can find it,  
and meditation,  
and relaxation,  
and time with friends and family,  
well, it is much better for the soul,  
much better for the soul.

## **Hunger**

On television,  
hunger and hurt,  
and grim resignation in the dirt,  
with flies bugging his eyes,  
the eyes of a child,  
in the African sun,  
a child with its stomach bloated,  
because of the lack of food,  
yes, another famine and drought,

another failure by humanity,  
another life soon to be lost,  
another problem continuing for no reason at all,  
except for the stupidity of humanity,  
and the failure to see,  
that throwing money continually at problems,  
never really solves them,  
and never really eradicates them,  
and how often because of a lack of common sense and logic,  
people die so needlessly in their millions in the African sun,  
and what a crime it is,  
that humanity can be so stupid to not see,  
that by throwing money continually at problems,  
the end of the problem,  
without a decent solution will never come.

### **I beg to differ**

I beg to differ about your desires,  
they seem insane to me,  
oh, this incessant need,  
for you to be a star,  
to be not who you are,  
by creating false realities,  
wouldn't you rather be successful,  
by being you and being talented,  
rather than being a rent a gob,  
because what is the point,  
when there is more value in reality,  
because in reality there is truth,



but so many people who want to be celebrities,  
and who claim to be celebrities,  
and who only give their opinions vociferously,  
they have countless problems,  
and they suffer continually,  
a lot of the time,  
because of their own ego and conflict,  
and a lot of them,  
all they are known for,  
is shooting their mouth off incessantly,  
and far too many of them have no real talent,  
apart from being opinionated,  
and how empty and worthless that is,  
and that way of thinking and being,  
it is only detrimental to society,  
and it is not what society really needs.

### **I fell for it**

I fell for it,  
I fell for someone new,  
I fell for you,  
I fell for the look of love,  
that you cast upon me,  
you with those eyes that shine so blue,  
a second,  
a split second was all it took,  
and in my gaze,  
you were captured,  
yes you, with your fleeting ways,

but I stopped you and said hello,  
and my heart,  
my heart it already did not want to let you go,  
and how you smiled at me so gloriously,  
and how warm and intriguing you seemed to me,  
and how beautiful you looked in your black dress,  
with your earrings in,  
and with your hair a bit of mess,  
after coming in from the rain,  
and how enticing you were to me,  
you with your eyes all aglow,  
as I walked towards you,  
from across the other side of the room,  
a stranger who you did not know,  
but how you welcomed me though,  
and how my heart it melted,  
how my heart it melted when you looked at me,  
and simply said hello.

### **If only**

If only happiness could be improved,  
if only everything you did,  
and when you did,  
it was filled with such a light mood,  
yes, if only the world was not open to abuse by humans,  
who are damaging to the Earth,  
and who are far too often rather rude,  
if only, if only happiness could be improved,  
by there being no spite,

or hate, racism,  
jealousy,  
and greed,  
and mental abuse,  
yes, if only, happiness could be improved,  
and civility,  
oh, what a world it would be,  
and how much better it would be,  
if negative thoughts and evil words,  
upon people's lives did not intrude,  
oh, if happiness could be improved.

### **I'm gone**

I'm gone,  
I've been gone,  
I have been gone from your life for a long time,  
and I have probably been gone a long time from your mind,  
and now, now you call me on the telephone line,  
what is wrong,  
In the evening light  
In the evening light,  
oh, what glorious sun,  
and what a delicate beautiful aroma in the evening light,  
as I smell the flowers in the garden,  
and their perfume it reminds me of you,  
and I sit for a moment or two,  
and I smile to myself,  
and I toast your health,  
and the birds they sing,

and how gloriously they do,  
and how beautifully you do too,  
and I think to myself,  
how wonderful the melodies of the songs that you sing,  
and how magical they are to me,  
and I remember when you stood before me,  
last time singing to me so beautifully,  
a tune that you had written,  
and that had me smitten,  
oh, how my heart it melted as I listened to you,  
and the beauty of your voice,  
it soothed me through and through,  
and I drifted away,  
to a tropical place when you sang to me,  
and when you sang,  
I pictured a tropical island in an ocean so blue,  
and I fell into your eyes,  
and you had me mesmerised,  
and every time I think, how beautiful you look,  
you with your piercing blues,  
those beautiful eyes that captivate me so wonderfully,  
as you sang to me,  
and every time you sing to me, and you look at me,  
I fall deeper in love with you,  
and here in the garden amongst the flowers,  
I cannot wait for you to return and to talk to you for hours,  
and for us to hold each other close once more,  
and to watch the glorious sunset with you,  
and to watch the meteors flying across the heavens,  
as the stars and the moon, they shine down upon us,

and I revel in your company,  
and I revel in the effervescent beauty of you,  
and the evening with you is always a magical thing,  
and what a wonder is our love,  
and how lucky we are,  
to find each other,  
as we did,  
and how thankful for you I am,  
because, without you,  
without you what would I do?

### **In the street**

In the street,  
broken cigarettes and bottles,  
and ungainly people meet,  
In the street,  
where the wind it howls,  
and it tries to knock people off of their feet,  
In the street,  
the rain it falls,  
as the homeless shelter in doorways,  
with nowhere to go,  
and people pass them by without blinking an eye,  
not ever them wishing to know.  
In the street,  
drug deals are completed,  
and people go shopping,  
and people are easily lead,  
by all the advertisements like sheep,

and there are so many bargains,  
and there are many with barely anything to eat,  
in the homes where they sleep,  
but yet,  
they want all the latest technology,  
all the latest technology,  
despite all the gadgets breaking their bank accounts,  
and making their families weep,  
In the street,  
the advertisements in the windows,  
make everything look cheap,  
but upon the soul,  
it is as far from cheap as can be,  
and the slave like mentality,  
it is no good,  
but so many people from capitalism are not free,  
and so many people are always wanting this,  
and wanting that,  
and life is mostly a tiresome thing,  
and the heart it is always suffering,  
and in the street,  
many despondent people dream of better places to be,  
and many head for the bars,  
to drown their sorrows and their miseries,  
and in the street,  
many rush to and fro,  
never happy,  
never feeling complete,  
despite their families and their partners,  
life is soulless and empty,

and capitalism it destroys the minds of so many,  
and the human race,  
it goes nowhere fast,  
and lives are lost so easily,  
because of depression,  
ending suicide,  
a sad state of affairs,  
it truly is,  
when so many people are pressured by capitalism,  
and many barely and rarely have the time of their lives.

### **In this world**

In this world,  
they make you bend over backwards,  
to achieve even the smallest thing,  
and there is little time to relax,  
little time for peace of mind,  
little time to change tact,  
and barely any time for a tranquil mind,  
a calm mind,  
and peace inside,  
and it is sad,  
very sad,  
that the pressure of life forces you to be an acrobat,  
all bent out of shape,  
and from stress wasting away,  
wasting away all the hours of the day,  
and unhappy most of the time,  
and life it far too often leaves you flat,

and the world has gone mad,  
because even at home, there is no escape from the stresses,  
that leave you worn out and weary,  
and that make you want to lay down on your back,  
and sleep forevermore,  
to escape the stress,  
that invades your heart and your mind,  
and that you try to get away from,  
but no, you are not safe even indoors,  
and life it is far too often a stressful bore,  
and in this world, yes, they make you bend over backwards,  
to achieve even the smallest thing,  
and there is little time to relax,  
and it is a tragedy for humanity,  
that humanity is miserable far too frequently,  
and how much suffering there is,  
and what little enjoyment in life there really is,  
and how cruel it is, and how many people are trapped,  
and how cruel it is, that we all suffer far too much,  
and can't escape, a world of misery that humanity creates,  
a world of complexity, a world of bombacity,  
a world of stress, and of stressful veracity,  
that does tax us far too frequently,  
leaving us, with such melancholy and depressions,  
and maladies from its insanities, and in a terrible mess.  
oh, why cannot the world see, that it is no good,  
this way of living, because it only cuts lives short,  
from such despicable stresses,  
stresses that we are forced to endure,  
because of bureaucratic acts, a bureaucratic mess.



## **It is only me**

My friend, it is only me, so, do not worry,  
yes, it is only me,  
and I have just come for tea,  
and to see how you are my friend,  
because the lengths of the days are getting shorter,  
every day or so it seems,  
and the days of our lives are numbered,  
and we do not know how many cups of tea are left together,  
before we disappear to heaven,  
or knowing you and me to hell,  
where they will probably only serve gin and whiskey,  
and every alcoholic drink you could imagine,  
whilst having to watch and suffer the devil sat down,  
and with a sad look upon his face,  
and surrounded by flames and bored of his job,  
and sat with his hand upon his chin,  
whilst toasting marshmallows again.

## **Magical**

Black,  
Red,  
flowers against the wall and sunlight,  
and you,  
so magical,  
so magical,  
and beautiful and wonderful,  
oh, the elegance of you,

oh, the delicate you,  
oh, the funny you,  
the sublime you,  
the wistful you,  
the glorious you,  
the humorous you,  
the beguiling you,  
mesmerising through and through and through,  
oh, you,  
oh, you,  
wonderful you,  
you are in my heart,  
like all the seasons that I love,  
the spring, the summer, and the autumn,  
but no winter are you filled of,  
no, winter are you filled of,  
but only warmth and love,  
only warmth and love,  
and how easy it is to love you,  
and how powerful your love it is,  
and how glorious it is for it is like heaven in my heart,  
and it is like all the stars and the galaxies,  
and the planets in all their beauty,  
in all their beauty,  
for yours is a beauty that transcends all,  
and how thankful I am for you,  
and how glorious it is when you hold me so gently,  
and you kiss me as you do,  
you kiss me as you do,  
so tenderly and full upon the lips,

and when you do,  
it is like all the colours of the universe,  
that from your heart and your soul,  
and your eyes that do,  
come shining and sparkling through,  
oh, how I love you,  
how I love you,  
wonderful you.  
wonderful, beautiful you.

### **Magnificent**

Magnificent,  
heaven sent,  
wonderful words from your mouth,  
that light my heart and my soul,  
and that fill my eyes with wonderful surprise,  
yes, words,  
delicate and filled with beauty,  
that mesmerise,  
incredibly well-chosen words,  
that you must have plucked from heaven,  
and stolen from God,  
whilst he was creating new stars,  
and planets and galaxies,  
and how wonderful it is that you are here,  
to beguile, and to mesmerise me,  
so incredibly pleasantly,  
and with such great beauty.  
Yes, magnificent indeed, truly magnificent,

and your words are a blessing,  
a blessing to me and truly heavenly,  
and truly a glorious work of art,  
now, how can I ever thank you,  
for your company my friend,  
and for the words that you do impart,  
so beautifully to me,  
all night,  
on a quiet, magnificent night,  
drinking wine,  
a night where I am being beguiled by your words,  
that envelope me so beautifully,  
yes, they are a masterpiece of verbal symphony,  
words that stir my heart,  
and that stirs my soul so magically,  
a night of happiness,  
a glorious night,  
filled by the beauty of your verbal dexterity.

### **Moonshine Sunshine**

Moonshine,  
sunshine,  
bright light,  
dizzy heights,  
in the blackest of nights,  
amongst the stars,  
amongst the stars,  
glowing so beautifully in the sky,  
amongst the heavens,

the heavens that move the heart and the soul,  
and that enlighten the mind with wonder,  
that the sight does prescribe,  
a medicine for humanity,  
high above our heads at the end of a weary day,  
a beautiful magnificent effervescent sight,  
that so gloriously beguiles the mind and the eyes,  
and that excites,  
no matter the tiredness of the body and the mind.

### **Murky skies**

Murky skies, raindrops before my eyes,  
yawns and sighs,  
a dismal grey, apathy settling in my mind,  
the normal kind, on this kind of day, in the wintertime,  
not what I want to see but something that I cannot erase,  
as God he plays with the most miserable colour,  
and paints it across the sky,  
but only God knows why,  
only God knows why,  
and I have to look at it with a sigh, with a sigh,  
as that is all my body naturally will allow,  
and my eyes it makes them want to cry,  
but I decline them,  
because there are already enough tears,  
enough tears falling from the sky,  
maybe God is upset by the paint that was delivered,  
maybe it was not his favourite kind,  
but here you are God, here is a tissue to dry your eyes.

## One

One for unity,  
one for you and me,  
one hand upon a hand,  
one,  
together as one,  
your hand on mine,  
so delicate and graceful,  
and as calming as the sea,  
one,  
one beauty,  
the nature of us,  
the nature of we,  
together as one,  
hand in hand,  
as we walk the land, in the sun,  
with the sun so glorious,  
and shining down so beautifully,  
yes, one,  
together as one,  
and at peace in nature's glorious majesty,  
one,  
together, in harmony,  
oh, how magical this feeling is of you and me,  
for it is like a rose,  
so delicate yet so beautiful to see,  
and when I look at you,  
I see me,  
and how happy are we,

how happy are we,  
together as one, under the sun,  
in the light that lights up your face so beautifully,  
and how powerful does my heartbeat for you,  
as powerfully as the waves of the sea,  
one, what wonder is being together,  
with the one that you love,  
and how blessed are we,  
how blessed are we, as one,  
together, for you are as the sun, which does rise,  
and the starry heavens at night to me,  
and you, you say the same about me,  
and hand in hand,  
how magnificent we are together,  
revelling in loves beauty, revelling as one,  
and how glorious our two hearts,  
that beat together so gloriously.

## **Radiant**

Radiant,  
radiant beauty,  
as content as can be,  
radiant beauty as if a flower,  
amongst the dullness of society,  
radiant and elegant,  
and not as bland as many in your eccentricity,  
and certainly not bland in the way that you dress,  
but at peace in your individuality,  
and oh, what a smile upon your face,

a blessed thing,  
a happiness that comes from within,  
as we race to another place,  
in the underground,  
where there are so many miserable faces,  
and some leery grins,  
and I,  
I feel the warmth of you within,  
I feel the warmth of you within,  
and what a thing it is,  
what a thing,  
and as you leave you smile at me,  
and my heart it rises,  
and what I wouldn't give to see you again,  
what I wouldn't give to see you again,  
and feeling the need,  
I fumble for a pen,  
but you are gone, gone so quickly into the rain,  
leaving me with the warmth of you within,  
and a sorrowful grin.

### **Same time**

Same time,  
same place,  
a different love,  
a different heartbreak,  
the cost of life,  
and at the same time,  
time out of mind,



the same routine,  
feeding the capitalist machine,  
sat with you in a restaurant,  
eating the most expensive ice cream,  
whilst watching the world go by,  
whilst watching people with mostly sad faces,  
people who are mostly pushed for time,  
with nothing but money on their minds,  
and whilst watch people outside beg for money,  
as to them, people are horribly unkind,  
and the waiters they rush here and there,  
as we drink beer, and they bemoan their wages,  
and inside the kitchen,  
the Chef shouts and rages, at messed up orders,  
and the waiters from him they flee in fear,  
and pray for the end of the year,  
and we laugh and smile and joke,  
and then, leave the restaurant mostly broke,  
but happy and in good spirits,  
until we have to return to work,  
and then face the boredom of another week,  
another week to earn our keep,  
as we bemoan the amount of time that we have,  
and at night we lose sleep,  
and whilst trying to count sheep,  
capitalist nightmares keep us awake,  
and we try to put all those adverts that we have seen away,  
for of them we do not wish to dream,  
but capitalism with its machivellian schemes,  
it is a horror that we wish we had never encountered,

and that we wish that we had never been told,  
it is the way that it should be,  
because it helps society,  
but all it does is stresses me,  
and helps me lose sleep,  
same time, same place,  
same dreadful rat race,  
yes, a terrible disgrace,  
that makes the heart race,  
and that makes you palpitate,  
and that leaves you in a terrible state,  
and that leaves you worrying constantly,  
as you lay in your bed as you try to sleep,  
and you try to erase it from your head,  
and the night, it is a restless night in the week,  
with far too little sleep,  
and the weekend, it never comes soon enough,  
but we continue, and fight a battle that should never be,  
the constant battle for money,  
that if we think logically,  
we never need,  
and we will probably worry ourselves into early graves,  
and little time will be saved,  
despite all the technological marvels,  
that are designed to save time,  
how little time they save really,  
but this is the way it is,  
unless there is a miracle,  
but as I go to sleep, I will pray for the possibility,  
I will pray for the possibility.

## Shadows

Shadows,  
and roses,  
black and red,  
how beautifully the colours they juxtapose,  
and how wonderfully they fill your eyes,  
and leave you mesmerised,  
by the gentility of the rose petals,  
and the intricacies of their nature,  
a glorious delight,  
in a photographer's sight,  
captured in a second at the click of a button,  
months of growth,  
captured so majestically,  
that leaves the heart and the mind aglow with inspiration,  
oh, how great a creation,  
shadows, and roses,  
black and red,  
in a frame in the photographer's studio upon the wall,  
how wonderfully the photographer,  
with an eye for aesthetics has captured it all,  
the petals, the lines, the colours,  
the gradients and the shades,  
oh, what a wonderful view it is,  
from a foot or two away,  
magic, pure magic,  
by a magician with a great eye,  
sometimes two, but what a beautiful view,  
what a beautiful thing to view.

## Silver

Silver and gold,  
so many stories you have that are untold,  
and the stories you tell, you tell them well,  
and in your eyes, your eyes that mesmerise,  
and that are filled with warmth,  
and that are so inviting,  
and joyful, and funny,  
and never frightening,  
there is literary silver and gold,  
and such wonders to behold,  
such wonders to behold in the stories that you keep inside,  
and that you share with me,  
and how I delight in every word,  
that comes from your mouth,  
because every word that you say, they set fire to my soul,  
and how you captivate me with the stories that you tell,  
and no matter how many times you tell the stories,  
they never grow old,  
yes, silver and gold,  
that I'd what I call you my friend,  
and how I love you,  
for you are a hearty soul  
a hearty soul,  
and what better a place to be,  
than beside the fire with you my friend,  
drinking wine, and talking and laughing all the time,  
and not worrying about getting old,  
not worrying about getting old.