

Salomina Valentine

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Dedicated to Ben Marlborough,
whose smile and wit and intellect lit up the room.

Gone too soon, gone far too soon.

Rest in peace Ben.

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Shalom

Shalom,
shalom my childhood friend,
shalom,
although it has been far too long,
I wish I had seen you in life again,
but circumstance it has caused us to be worlds apart,
worlds apart because of your family,
your family moving to the other side of the world,
and though I had not seen you since we were younger,
I hope you were happy in your life,
and I wonder did you have a drink,
a drink at the end my friend,
and before the end did you walk the Earth,
and find such worth that filled your mind with inspiration,
and that did encourage your imagination,
and did you live in luxury or did you make and mend,
and did you spend your time,
learning something new every day,
and did you learn of nature and of the beauty of its ways,
and did you camp out under the stars at night,
and enjoy the quiet of the time with the love of your life,
and did you appreciate the weather,
no matter the season and no matter what it threw your way,
and did you work too much,
or too little,
or not enough and both night and day,
for you were intelligent and witty,
and quick and with such repartee,

and today, in more recent times,
were you encouraging to the people that you met,
and did you always have something to say,
and did you always have a joke or two,
no matter the mood of the day,
and were you happy in life?
For when I look at you so peaceful in your casket,
your casket that is open to the day,
you look so peaceful and serene,
and in the brief moments with the people here,
and from what people have said,
I can imagine in life that was your nature,
and that cheerful was your way,
and upon that thought I will wish you farewell,
and shalom my friend,
and long may you spread cheer as you did at the beginning,
and long may you spread cheer as you did at the end,
and long may you spread cheer in heaven,
so, shalom my long lost, now sadly found childhood friend.

Do not go

Do not go into the night, do not go into the day,
do not go without an open heart,
and do not go without an open mind,
do not go without compassion and care,
and do not go without being prepared,
to listen to what people, say,
for without those in your heart and in your mind,
how can the world have a good day?

You moved me

You moved me,
you moved me with your words,
you took your time,
you of a powerful mind,
you struck a chord and your voices,
they echo around my head, and they echo around the world,
for your words and your speeches are well remembered,
and your voices they carry such gravitas,
and they carry such dignity,
and such passion,
for they are the most eloquent words,
that I have ever known,
and in your words and in your writing and in your speeches,
and with your pleadings,
to change the world and in your calls to eradicate poverty,
homelessness,
inequality,
racism and hatred,
and war,
how great a vision in your mind did you create,
for with them and your call to arms,
and the call to take up a cause,
how you empowered people,
and made them believe,
that a better and a fairer and a safer world,
and an end to war was possible,
for you moved me,
and you moved and still do move,

millions of others with your words,
and you,
you took your time,
you of a powerful mind,
you struck and continue to strike a chord,
and you lived and meant every word that you said,
for through your education and with your dedication,
what great imagination,
you had to stir up the hearts and the minds of others,
and how well you taught,
how well you taught people to be brave,
and bold and courageous,
and what great sacrifices you made,
for there was loss of life and suffering in so many ways,
but whilst you were alive you gave everything you could,
and you fought for what you believed in,
and you stood up for what you believed in every day,
and because of you,
Winston Churchill,
Nelson Mandela,
Mother Theresa,
Gandhi and Malcolm X,
how much better the world is and how much more educated,
and how much more of a democratic place it is,
for you are remembered and revered,
and through the years,
your words are so powerfully moving,
for how skilfully,
how skilfully you used them,
and how powerfully you used them to fight,

and conquer oppression and fear,
for from out of chaos and confusion,
you brought understanding,
and you fought for peace no matter how difficult it was,
and no matter the threats to your safety,
you gave of yourself all that you could give,
and you fought for others,
so that they could be free from oppression,
and so that they, away from fear and in peace could live.

Flowers by the bench

Flowers by the bench as the river wends,
the river wends its way through the trees,
for in its beauty, it is so wild and free,
and the river it calls to you,
and the river it calls to me,
and how gently,
how gently as the flowers lay upon the bench,
the river wends its way through the trees,
and it flows past the Church under the sun,
and the bluest of skies, as a light and a gentle breeze,
it blows with such a delicate ease,
and in its elegance the river flows,
as the flowers sit in memory upon the bench,
in memory of those who once lived,
and who sat here in conversation,
about the beauty of the world,
and who in wonder,
looked at the beauty of the things that they could see,

for nature is eternal and incredible in its tenacity,
and in its beauty,
for in its beauty what finer a thing could there be,
what finer a thing to celebrate the loss of a loved one,
for how well nature it celebrates the life that was once lived,
by living in its many variations and in its spectacularity,
and how tenderly it honours thee,
for it honours the loved and the departed with these flowers,
these flowers that have been placed upon the bench,
to commemorate your memory,
and how many colours there are in the flower's elegance,
and how beautiful are the pleasures in them,
and the smell of the scents,
and how fresh are they,
and the memories of the loved and the departed,
and how great it is to celebrate a loved one's life,
amongst the nature that they loved,
yes, as the river wends its way gently through the trees,
and as the river it flows past the Church,
under the sun and in the bluest of skies,
as a light and a gentle breeze,
it blows with such a delicate ease, and it whispers,
it whispers to me as you the loved and the departed,
are remembered in this place,
remembered in this beauty that surrounds me,
for here where I now sit as you used to sit,
the river flows in its glorious nature,
for you are at peace amongst the Earth that buried you,
after death,
yet in death,

you are still celebrated by the living and by the Earth,
for the Earth with great passion,
celebrates you and your memory,
and it celebrates you through its creations of such elegance,
for in its delicacies how magical and how great are they,
and how beautiful the light of inspiration,
the light that lights the eyes,
with the splendorous visions of nature seen,
and what better to remember you,
than in the colours and in the fragrances of the world,
for from the Earth you came,
and here upon the bench as the flowers lay,
you will be remembered as the river flows,
and you will be remembered at the passing of the day,
and you will be remembered at the passing of the night,
and you will be remembered in nature and in words,
and you will be remembered under sunny skies,
and upon cloudy days,
and you will be remembered under the heavens,
as the stars give off such magnificent effervescence,
and you will be remembered,
as the stars that linger in your vision,
long after they have departed,
and so too will the memory of you,
in the minds of your loved ones stay,
and though I do not know you, I will think of you,
as the river wends its way through the trees,
and you will be remembered forever,
in the Earth amidst the nature,
and its glorious creations where you lay.

Romance is never dead

Romance is never dead,
because if you have no romance,
the thoughts of romance are somewhere in your head.
And romance it wanders here and there,
and never minds where it ends up,
for it matters not,
and the only place romance wants to be is in company,
for otherwise how could romance ever be,
and with fine looks and with fine words,
how it beguiles you and your emotions,
emotions and feelings that are heaven sent.
For we are all in love with romance or, so it is said,
and we fall in love, and we fall out of love,
but we are always ideally,
mostly looking for romance to brighten our lives,
and oh, how the aspect of love does bring,
such light to our eyes,
for the intensity of romance,
yes, it is always a pleasant surprise,
for it captures us unawares before we have even realised,
and romance it is such a great art,
for how it brings on such palpitations of the heart,
and my love,
my heart will beat for you so rapidly in the light,
and it will beat for you so rapidly in the dark,
and my heart will beat so rapidly,
for you under the moon and under the stars,
and it will beat for you so rapidly under the heavens,

for you are as beauteous as the heaven's art,
and in your arms,
how incredible and wondrous is romance,
because you I love,
and Eros has fired its arrows so true,
and they have found their mark,
and for you how great a love you are,
because in your compassion,
and in your caring,
and in your intellect and wit,
there is passion and there is daring,
and in your charms,
and in your arms, I am safe,
I am safe from harm,
and in romances full blossom we two,
we cast the world aside when we are together,
and we bathe in romances elegance,
and in its delicacies,
how great they are to thee,
great like light sparkling off the waters of the rivers,
great like the waters of the lakes,
great like the oceans and the seas,
great like the stars twinkling at night,
great like the beauty of nature,
great like the clouds in the skies,
and great like the breeze,
great like the seasons,
great like the sun,
the rain and the snow,
great like the romance between you and me.

Salomina Valentine

Salomina Valentine,
how thou art,
how thou art to me,
for you are so distant and lost in a happy memory,
Salomina Valentine,
Salomina Valentine, you live in a dream,
but in your eyes, there is a light and there is surprise,
and there is a beauty in whatever it is that you are seeing,
because in your daydream Salomina Valentine,
what is it that you see?
What is it that makes you happy and will you tell me
Salomina Valentine?
Salomina Valentine, will you share your vision with me,
for I long to be lost in happiness too,
and I see it in your eyes, and they sparkle with such mystery,
and Salomina Valentine will you take me away,
will you take me away forever and a day,
to wherever you have been,
for by the smile on your face,
it must be the best place that you have ever been,
so, please take me Salomina Valentine,
and let us dance a while there,
and let us dance under the stars,
and let us dance a while there without a care,
Salomina Valentine,
I wish to be,
I wish to be in your daydreams,
Oh, Salomina Valentine.

In this wonderment

In this wonderment,
in this moment,
in this kiss,
in this gentility,
in your caress,
in this bliss,
what more could I wish for and what more could I ask,
for the delicacy of your tenderness,
oh, how it warms my heart,
and in this wonderment,
in this moment,
in this kiss,
how great it is,
for in the power of it,
I almost forgot that the world exists,
and here I am a lucky man,
and how beautiful are the kisses from your lips,
for they are like silk,
and as smooth as you could ever wish,
and in the moment,
in this kiss,
in this gentility,
in your caress,
in this bliss,
I am so happy,
happier than I have ever been,
for with your charms,
how could I ever resist.

Gracious

Grateful in your name,
gracious in the things that you say,
gracious in the things that you talk about,
grateful for the night,
grateful to the day,
grateful of the stars in the heavens,
grateful for the planets,
grateful for life,
grateful for the Earth,
grateful for nature,
where we got our birth,
grateful for the sun,
grateful for the rain,
grateful for the snows and the rivers,
grateful for the seas and for the oceans,
grateful for our feelings and our emotions,
grateful for the mountaintops,
and grateful for the forests,
that we walk in and climb,
upon at our own pace,
grateful for all,
the creatures upon the Earth,
grateful for the air,
grateful that we are able to live and breathe,
grateful for the clouds in the sky,
grateful for the beauty of nature,
grateful for you,
grateful for I.

You recollected

You recollected where you had been,
you recollected what you had seen,
you recollected walking through the hollow in the mist,
beneath the branches of the trees,
you recollected a girl in a black coat,
and her smile and her face,
and you recollected the light in her eyes,
as she smiled at you as you passed on by,
and you walked through the glades,
and by the pools in the shadows and the shades,
that from the summer sun,
they kept you cool in such gentle,
and such delicate ways,
for how beautiful a walk through the forest is,
on a summer's day,
and how beautiful the smell of the pine trees,
and the flowers that have such fragrant powers,
in every hour of the night, and in every hour of the day,
and how glorious it is,
a walk in the forest to the sound of birdsong,
and in its beauty how melliferous it is,
for it soothes the mind and the heart,
and on your journey how it carries you,
and lifts you up in the bird's gentle throng,
along such enchanted ways,
and how great it is by the fireside,
with weary feet,
remembering the memories of the day.

There is little

There is little,
there is little on my mind,
for there is little to be refined,
and defined,
and in the history of my time,
I have been frustrated and agitated,
for the world has seemingly stopped,
and it seems to be going backwards,
in its calamitous ways,
for no reason that I can define,
and of the creation of good bureaucracy,
progress is so slow,
because it is like a tortoise on a roundabout,
never getting anywhere,
never getting anywhere,
and never minding if it does,
for there is little incentive,
whilst everyone is being paid,
because these days,
money still makes the world go around,
and the world,
it gets crazier by the day,
and what is there left to say,
for everyone is all talked out,
and worn out and tired out,
and keen to lay on their back and go to sleep,
and in their dreams,
make all their problems go away.

Come to me in your eloquence

Come to me in your eloquence,
for words in emptiness are not meaningful at all,
come to me open heartedly,
come to me prepared to put differences aside,
come to me with a smile,
come to me with humour and your wit,
and no prejudices and only yourself,
for in you and I we have the answers to it all,
and in this relationship who is at fault, a little of both,
but how can you repair love, if you do not listen,
and you are not prepared to give of yourself at all,
because love requires hard work,
and kindness and compassion and caring,
and in your eyes despite the rocky roads,
I see love and I see every emotion,
I see the shades and the colours of them all,
and there is hope for us for in my heart,
because I love you still and you love me too,
and together we will find the right path to take,
because where there is a will there is a way,
no matter how rocky the road,
and if we try hard enough,
we will find a way out of the darkness,
and we will be better at loving each other,
because what good is arguing,
yes, arguing it destroys the soul,
and we should be in time, happier by talking I know.

Youth is nothing new

Youth is nothing new for you are born every day it is true,
but what can you do,
for you grow the way you do,
and you are a living organism that in organisation brings
chaos into order,
in a pattern of such fascination,
and your body is always growing something new,
and in your skin how fresh it is and how old are you,
and do you worry about age,
now truly,
why should you when you are being born every day,
why worry about age,
for it is all in the mind, and not in the body it is true.

The themes of life

The themes of life they run through us all,
the emotions and the feelings,
the love,
the hurt,
the anger,
the rage,
the frustrations,
the temptations,
and in each,
how big,
how great,
how tiny and how small,

and how delicate and how incredible,
and how wonderful and how beautiful are they one and all,
for upon this Earth,
they are all conquering,
and there is no escape from them,
and what has brought us into this shape and this form,
this complexity from simplicity,
this complexity into which we are brought,
I know not for it is a mystery,
but is the Earth of a sentience born,
or was it born by chance,
because chance has a role in so many things,
but has chance designed our fate,
from the beginnings of humanity,
upon the Earth and amongst the heavens,
and the stars in the light of the sun,
the light of the sun under which we grew up,
and from whence our life's work was begun,
in the universe where we were given the choice,
the choice to choose and the choice to exist and to be,
and to survive and to thrive and to find a home,
and to find a calling that you can be happy in,
and to find friendships and love,
now what greater things can there be,
for upon this Earth where we live and where we roam,
how beautiful life is with our feelings,
and our emotions that define us,
and that allow us to express ourselves,
with our feelings of love,
hurt,

anger,
rage,
frustrations,
and temptations that we all come to well know,
because how great it is that inside us is imagination,
and fascination and desire and want and need,
and tenderness and compassion,
and memories and the ability to be educated,
and to educate and to grow,
and what a wonderful world this is,
and what an incredible thing life is,
and how great life can be in this body,
this body that from chance,
or sentience we are born into and that we live in,
upon this beautiful Earth,
this beautiful Earth that we are so lucky to call home,
in the gloriousness of the galaxy.

Greatly you are missed

Greatly you are missed,
greatly you are missed like a kiss,
greatly you are missed like a wish,
greatly you are missed,
and like a shooting star you were gone ever so quick,
for you burnt bright,
and you were never meant to last,
but in my eyes your memory lives on,
with visions of you,
and in visions of you all the memories that you created,

and in which you belonged in a time so sadly gone,
and though life was short,
you had a full life in the short time that you were here,
and then so quickly,
so quickly you disappeared,
and I wish we had still more time to converse,
a while longer because I miss you,
I miss you more than I can say,
and I miss your smile,
for your heart was true and your compassion too,
and what I would not give to see you again,
but you are a fading light,
like a dying star in the universe,
for you are neither here nor there,
and coming and going in my thoughts both day and night,
only to live,
only to live in my mind so bright,
for in memory how ebullient you are,
and how great is the delight,
for you take me away to those days where you and I,
we lived,
we really lived,
and how much duller it is with you gone,
for life it can be so cruel and life in the blink of an eye can be
so quickly gone,
and I wish to complain,
for your short life and the time you had,
although it was not too bad,
it has stolen you far too soon and it was wrong,
so wrong and the tears that I have cried,

I wipe them from my eyes,
and I try my best to carry on,
because life is not the same and it is a shame,
a terrible shame for you are greatly missed,
missed like a kiss,
missed like an embrace so warm,
missed like the rain and the mist,
missed like the sun and the snow,
missed like only you could be missed,
for you were so incredible,
so compassionate and understanding,
for you had a great heart and with your wit,
you lit up the room,
and I will remember you all year long,
and no years will pass that I will not wish for you to be here,
but I know in my heart and in my mind,
the great sadness of your departing,
for wherever you are and whether near or far,
I will keep you in my memory,
because in my memory,
you burn bright like candlelight,
you burn bright like a fire that warms my heart,
and in my memory,
you glow like the stars in the heavens,
where I am sure that you play your part,
and in my mind and in my heart,
you will never be gone,
for you are captured,
in the moments that we had together and in me,
in me you will always live on.

In this place

In this place no more happy voices,
no more choices to be made,
because in this place it is all but rubble,
laying there in a devastated state,
and in this place war has eradicated the lives of so many,
and it is an eerie haunting place,
and in this place,
the ghosts of people who have been raped,
kidnapped and tortured they fill the mind,
and upon the blood-stained walls,
what awful savagery has been inflicted upon humankind,
a savagery more vicious with each war,
more vicious with each torture,
more vicious with each rape,
more vicious with each killing,
because it in its horrific way it will shock you to the core,
each time you hear of it,
and each time you see it taking place,
because the reality of bodies blown to bits and torn apart,
does sicken you repeatedly,
and it will haunt your mind in a never-ending way,
but if it shocks so much,
why does it not shock so much the human race,
probably because it happens so often that they are used to it,
and having watched it second hand on the television,
and online,
and listening to it on the radio,
what seems like a million times,

nothing much shocks these days but it is a disgrace,
for we should not feel nothing,
we should feel everything for are we not human,
sometimes it is difficult to tell,
by the devastation and the countless deaths,
that have taken place,
and in the rubble how sombre it is,
and how powerful the permanent reminder of the loss of life,
because it should never have happened,
but through the inability to listen and understand,
and through greed and hate,
and sadly, for far too long death caused by war,
has far too often been humanities fate.

In these tired eyes

In these tired eyes,
in these tired times,
in this busy frantic society there is no peace,
no peace of mind,
and life in this wretchedness does not good health prescribe,
and in these tired eyes,
how weary are you whose thoughts are so barely formed as
to be unrecognisable,
unrecognisable as anything sensible at all,
and how wickedly tiredness affects them all,
and in this world what good is thinking if you are too tired
too barely think at all,
because nowhere will you get,
and, in this mire, you will stay,

and in this mire and so tired,
how will you achieve and how you will succeed,
for clear thinking in this state,
the state of the modern world,
that it does force upon you today,
force upon you with its sadistic ways,
it is not somewhere to be recommended that you stay,
for a second, a minute,
an hour, a week, a month, or a year,
but anyway,
this modern society it gives barely any peace of mind,
for the only place you will find it is far away,
far away in solitude and soliloquy,
and that is the only place to be free,
and even with tired eyes,
it seems logical and much more sensible to me.

Wretched vagabond

Gold digger, wretched vagabond,
you steal and you take, and you break,
you break everyone's hearts that you come upon,
for you know no shame and, in your game,
a stolen heart or two are good for you,
but it is a momentary lapse of reason for some,
and so, you plot and so you plan,
to get your own way if you can,
because you do not care about anyone,
who you can leave in thirty seconds flat,
and if that is what you want to do,

there is not much that they can do about that,
but you will do it no less for that is you all over,
because you are only after the money,
and to them when they are in tears of distress,
they will not find it so funny,
and they will be broken hearted,
and you will be callous and cold,
and pay no mind to their suffering,
and you will carry on regardless,
and I will not care for you when things go wrong,
for I have never understood,
the mentality of the likes of you all along,
because it is just wrong,
plain wrong,
terribly wrong,
and you have no morals,
but you will still spend their money,
for as long as the day and the night is long.

Sunlight in a babies' eyes

There blinking in the sunlight you did arrive,
and you laid there wide eyed,
and you tried to make sense of the world,
for in the dawning of the times,
this visitation is an incredible thing,
this baby being born,
a baby comprising of the genetics of two human beings,
because such beauty there is,
and what an incredible thing it is,

and on arriving in this world what did you see,
and what did you make of the first things that you saw,
and did you understand anything,
and how overwhelming it must be,
to see your first vision of the outside world,
and those smiling faces that are smiling back at you,
because how magical life is and how great is creation,
when you look into a baby's eyes,
and you see the light in them,
and how they smile reflecting back at you,
as you reflect at them and how beautiful it is,
yes, so many smiles upon smiles,
smiles that never seem to end,
smiles as warm as the sun,
a gift from the gods until the end.

Principle of life

Such is the principle of life,
because to exist,
and to replicate and to evolve this is it,
this is how it is described,
growth,
and such is the principle of life,
and no more and no less,
for in evolution there is revolution,
and in revolution there is a constant struggle,
to grow and to survive,
and such is the principle of life,
and it was a simple thing,

and then sentience came along,
and we analysed and over analysed every little thing,
and then through analysis,
we complicated every little thing,
and the misunderstandings,
and the want for things did grow and grow,
and the want for land and property and belongings,
and jealousy did begin,
and then there was hell on Earth,
hell, on earth with war, death, torture, and suffering,
and are we any better off now,
than we were as a single organism,
a simple thing?

You

You were seemingly innocuous,
you were seemingly unknown,
for you were a blank face to me,
and you wore no smile,
but they say,
you were the most generous person ever known,
and I admired that about you for apparently it was true,
and you were seemingly innocuous,
and you were seemingly unknown,
and in your time what a mind did you have,
for I know it is peculiar,
but it is a peculiarity that I wish to know,
for you never dressed to attract attention,
but you carried yourself with style,

and while I stand here at your graveside,
I wonder what your life was like,
for you lived your life mostly on the road,
and you with your long legs,
you disappeared over the horizon,
more times than anyone that I have ever known,
and you had no ego,
and you went where I never knew,
and whatever the weather,
in the sun,
in the rain and in the snow,
what was your purpose,
and what did you do wherever you did go,
for your life is a mystery to me and I am intrigued,
so, will you tell me a tale from your grave,
as I stand under the tree beside it,
as the wind through the leaves,
and the branches of the trees does blow.

Open the cupboards

Open the cupboards and bags on the streets,
and in the homes across the land,
and let us see what we can find,
for times are rough and times are tough,
and poverty how often it preys upon humanity,
and how often so many go hungry,
and though it need not be,
poverty is everywhere in society,
and it is a blot on humankind,

and with so much land for growing food,
why does there have to be so many people hungry,
well, there truly is no reason that I can see,
and poverty has decimated society,
yet so many people suffer quietly,
people too ashamed to ask for other people's help,
and from the shame how they suffer for their health,
and how they with little or no wealth pay the price,
and death by malnutrition is a cruel and a sickening thing,
but in modern society it happens far too many times,
and I wish it was not so,
but let us open the cupboards and the bags across the land,
and let us see what food we can find,
and help eradicate hunger from the land.

You go forth

You go forth lightly into the night,
and you hurry down the alleyways in the city,
where you stay,
and in your glorious coat of red and white,
your stealth is well known oh fox,
for you are faster than most,
and when it comes to survival,
you are not an easy prey,
and when you are looking for food,
there is nowhere safe from you,
but you have a charm about you,
and though you ravage whatever you find,
in the night you are barely seen,

and people pay you no mind,
but you have a charm about you,
you really do and in the city lights,
there is not a lot that frightens you,
and I admire you in your ways,
for you are calm and collected amongst the refuge,
and the stress and the chaos of society,
but I wonder oh fox,
do you miss the fields and the hedgerows,
and the fresh air and the beauty where you used to live,
and will you ever go back there one day?

Telescope

Astronomers,
through your telescopes what do you see,
there in South America on a plateau,
in the desert on the clearest of nights,
in the heavens amongst the stars and the galaxies,
and what have you discovered,
and has it been the fantasy of your dreams,
and how would you react,
if you found another life form,
another race, a sentient race,
would you be excited, or would you be scared,
and would you be happy to be,
the first to find life,
on a habitable planet outside for Earth,
amongst the many stars,
and the heavens and the galaxies?

And forever more

And forever more,
may you lay down your weary head,
in such comfort that you have not known before,
and may you be safe from harm,
may you be out of the rain and the snow,
and the cold forever more,
may you be with your families,
and your loved ones
and may you be happy,
in the warmest of homes,
and may you never starve again,
and may you never suffer violence again,
and may you never be ostracized again,
ostracised from society my homeless friends,
for the world has the power in its hands,
and the money to solve homelessness forever more,
because in not solving homelessness,
there truly is no point at all,
and what is more with a little effort,
homelessness has no need to exist,
because in the grand scheme of things,
with there being barely any money spent at all,
this sickening inhumanity to humanity,
can so easily be erased,
and now is the time,
for there is no time like the present,
to erase homelessness,
from society forever more.

In this air

In this air,
In this delicate delightful air,
with your feet in the water of the sea,
that ebbs and flows back and forth eternally,
in this air,
this delicate air,
how great is the power,
that rejuvenates our hearts and our minds there,
and upon the beach as the seagulls fly out of reach,
and cross the sky so gently upon the breeze,
how peaceful it is,
and how easily it is to be peaceful,
and without a care,
and the sea it throws itself upon you,
and caresses you,
and how greatly it calms the mind,
and takes you so far away from your problems,
and in the beauty of nature,
and in the beauty of the sea,
what a wonder is this elemental force,
that is of course part of you,
and of course, part of me,
for we rose out of the Earth,
and the Earth it defined our humanity,
and upon the beach,
with our feet in the sea,
how great it is to reconnect with the world,
and nature in such simplicity.

Sitting at the table

Sitting at the table with friends,
eating a meal and discussing the world,
oh, what emotions, moods, and feelings there are,
for they are so buoyant, light, and jubilant,
because life is darker than we would like,
and life is often hard to comprehend,
and as we sit here and we talk,
and we while away the time trying to mend our hearts,
so much better it is for our hearts have been broken,
again, and again and again,
because society has so many problems,
problems that never seem to end,
and in the world,
there is chaos but sitting at the table with friends,
there is an end,
there is an end to the chaos,
and how great it is when you can put it out of your mind,
with a good meal and a little wine,
and with the smiles and with the laughter of friends,
there is light and how beautiful it is,
and with such company,
the world's problems disappear,
when you put the world to rights,
and with such delight over a meal and with a little wine,
how great are the memories and how great is the time,
and with good company and wit and intellect and humour,
how much better could humanity be,
if we only spent more time in each other's company.

Religion and fear

What is it with religion and fear, and what is it,
and what good does it do,
putting the fear of God into people,
when no one has ever proved that God exists,
because there have been more misunderstandings,
over invisible Gods, than over anything else it is true,
and belief is a wonderful thing,
but after thousands of years of religiously praying,
are we any closer to knowing God,
and proving that God exists,
because whichever God you believe in,
we so far, do not have any proof,
and how long will this go on, well, who knows,
but wherever you are God,
I am sure it would be a pleasure knowing you,
and I am sure you could so easily,
if you were here end so much suffering it is true.

In this hurricane

In this world,
In this hurricane,
in this storm,
how your mind,
how your mind is torn,
for indecisive,
indecisive seems to be the norm,
because there are so many choices in life,

with which we are born,
and there are so many choices and paths to take,
and there are so many things to want,
and there are so many choices to choose that sit in our heads,
over which we salivate from night until dawn,
and we will pick them,
and we will tear them apart and anxiously discard them,
for there is mostly little time to define,
and a lot of time for regrets,
and we can be overwhelmed with them,
and in the eyes of humanity,
and in this framework in which we live how difficult it is,
because indecisiveness brings divisiveness,
again, and again and again,
and although we can be happy, we mostly pretend,
and the choices,
the choices they never end,
and in this world,
in this storm,
into the advancement of society,
and the advancement of technology,
and comfort we are born,
but how would we cope if it was all gone,
the choices,
and the convenience,
and the comfort,
and how would we cope upon the dying of an age,
and how would we cope in the destruction of its ways,
because we would have to start anew in simplicity,
and to most people no doubt it would be a shock,

a shock,
to which we may take some time to adapt,
because in our choices,
we would be very limited,
and there is nothing more humbling than that,
and for humanity to be humbled,
it would not be such a bad thing,
and we may regain our humanity,
hopefully,
because it has been,
sadly, lacking for thousands of years,
and the history of humanity,
has been filled with such brutality,
and if humanity was humbled,
by a massive catastrophe,
and our civilisations fell,
hopefully, there would be less wars,
and hopefully we could achieve peace upon the Earth,
for in humility,
maybe we would finally learn from history,
because death has haunted humanity for far too long,
and countless deaths have been caused,
by our own stupidity,
and for far too long,
and in our own inhumanity to humanity,
and in simplicity,
we can only hope,
and hope that maybe,
inhumanity,
will be forever gone.

Disappointed one

It is true that you went above and beyond,
you tried your best,
you aimed for success,
you tried your best to carry on,
because you wanted everything,
under the sun,
yet you in your imagination had high hopes,
but now you are sadly,
the disappointed one,
and you with tears in your eyes,
and with access to a gun,
you are despondent,
and more despondent than some,
and society it leads you to believe,
that everything has such a value,
but when its value is so over inflated,
and materialism it haunts,
and it taunts you with desire and want,
and it drives you out of your mind,
and life is spent trying to acquire,
and mostly wanting more than you need,
and it is modern society's disease,
and here you are with tears in your eyes,
because you cannot take it anymore,
and here you are,
with your trembling hand on a gun,
and here you are with a gun to your head,
the disappointed one.

Cloud

The cloud in the sky I imagine what it could be,
but in the clouds of your mind, you are you,
and you I sometimes cannot fathom what you could be,
for your mind it knows me not and you are a mystery,
and I imagine peace,
but you imagine war more often than most,
and peace it is far easier for me,
and what is it about your mentality,
and your destructive ways,
are you going through a phase?
Well, I will stay out of your way,
for I have no wish for war to start,
because all I wish for is for a pleasant summer's day,
and you are looking for victims in your disgruntled way,
and no,
I do not wish to know you,
and I probably could not prevent you,
starting war anyway,
for your mood is as foul as the night,
and your mind I pay no mind to it,
and though I do not mean to be rude,
it is better that way,
and before long no doubt,
if you start wars deliberately,
you are likely to kill yourself,
in some stupid way,
and the grim reaper,
will have the final laugh anyway.

Water

The water is nowhere to be seen,
and the trees, they lay dying in the breeze,
and the heavens have fallen, and society is on its knees,
and the sun it is a dying thing,
who awaits its fate in the galaxy,
and it is ready to explode,
whilst humanity tries its best to carry on,
whilst starving and dying endlessly,
and it is a vision of the future,
it is a vision of the future of society,
and where humanity cares there is little of it,
and little of it anywhere,
because humanity is its own worst enemy,
and piles of bodies lay in pits,
killed by diseases and malnutrition,
and they smell like hell and death is everywhere,
and humanity dies out in bursts and fits,
and in this vision that I had in a dream,
no trees, no trees to be seen, and very little oxygen,
and very little time left,
a reality that haunts me, a reality that could be,
and I am glad to wake up,
because this reality could become real,
if humanity does not change its ways,
and the time of the end will come,
and from the end of time humanity cannot run,
if humanity fails continually,
and does not learn from history.

You shut your mouth

You,
you shut your mouth whilst they talked,
but you were not interested in what they said,
because you wished to be far away,
you wished to be far away,
and in your eyes the light has gone out,
and there is not a you in you that I remember,
because it has run away,
and where it has run, I cannot say,
but I wish for you to be happy,
and as you are handed your ticket to another place,
what a relief it is because you are ready to escape,
the cliques, the peer pressure and the drug dealing kids,
and you wish to be away from the stabbings,
and the shootings,
you wish to be away,
you wish to be away from the poverty where you lived,
and I do not blame you,
for what reason is there to stay?
None at all and quite frankly, well I would do the same,
because society round here is a depressive,
that is all I can say,
and I envy your ticket out of here,
and I wish you well with a smile,
and when you are gone,
I will grin and bear society for a while,
because duty calls and soon I will be done with it,
and I too in some peaceful place will be far away.

In the dying light

In the dying light I watched you,
I watched you fade away,
in the dying of the night,
I see your face and I see you take your last breath,
and I see you pass away,
In the dying light in the night in the month of May,
we buried you under the cedar trees,
we buried you in the heat of the day,
and yet you are no more for this world,
and we each mourn you in our own way,
and we buried you under the cedar trees,
and we gave a few words each,
but they seemed inconsequential,
and paler was the day,
and what defined you,
what defined you has slipped away,
and you slipped quietly out of your shell,
and you have gone far away,
far away to a better place,
a place in heaven I pray,
a place where there is no pain,
a place where there is no hatred,
or intolerance,
racism,
rape and torture,
and killing,
a place where I hope you will be happier,
because on this Earth,

the brutal realities of life are far too many,
and you with your heart and mind,
are better off in another place and time,
and the inhumanity to humanity continues,
while you are gone,
and you are better off laying gently in the Earth,
whilst your spirit is elsewhere,
we will remember you both day and night,
as under the cedar trees and the sun,
and the rain and the snow,
and under the stars in the heavens you quietly stay,
and it is never peaceful upon the Earth,
and I hope life is better in the afterlife,
because death is not the best way of saying goodbye,
and I wish death had not been so painful for you,
so, whilst the leaves and the branches of the trees they sway,
may you rest in peace,
and may you find a better world,
a better world wherever it is you choose to stay.

The theatre of life

The theatre of life it is such an act,
you wait for someone,
you wait for someone to understand you or for them to not,
and they wait for you to understand them back,
they wait for you to understand them not,
and you feel what you feel,
and you try to fit in to society,
and you try to conform with the man-made realities,

and with your emotions and your feelings,
you try your best to be sensitive and caring and kind,
and you try to tread the boards with tact,
and in the theatre of life, there are so many acts,
and life is based upon how you react,
so, take your time,
and be sensitive and caring and kind,
and if you are gentle and peaceful,
how much better the play will be,
and how much better the world will be,
if you just be yourself,
because by being yourself,
how much better the memories will be,
when you leave the stage in life's final act.

After midnight

After midnight,
I count the stars and I,
I wait for the dawn,
And I sit by the fire as the embers rise,
and inside is, well I am not sure,
is it a feeling,
is it uncertainty,
is it intuitiveness,
I do not know but I feel empty,
for these nights are lonelier,
lonelier than before,
and these nights they do not feel right,
without you in my life anymore,

and I wish you were here,
for what is life without you,
well, I wish I knew,
because I am missing you,
more than you ever could possibly imagine,
and I am missing you,
and it is harder than I could ever have thought,
and I wish I could hear your voice,
and the soft words from your lips,
words that fall upon my ears like silk,
and your smile it beams at me,
and the sound of your voice is so beautiful,
and it reminds me of nature and of the flowers of summer,
and the crashing of the sea upon the shore,
and after midnight,
sometimes solitude is not always what you want,
when your memories of your ex-love,
are the only things that you have,
and when your ex love, has walked out the door.

Of this

Of this violence,
of these wars,
of this pain,
of rapes,
of murders,
of tortures,
of killings,
again, and again and again,

how great is the shame,
the shame upon the human race,
and what a fate has humankind brought to devastate,
brought to devastate anyone with feelings,
and sentience upon this beautiful place,
this beautiful Earth,
that in heaven,
amongst the stars,
that does rightly take its place,
and apparently in heaven there is such beauty,
but upon the Earth there is hell on Earth,
made by man,
and caused at such a sickening pace,
and how sad it is,
that upon war we seem to fixate,
but why we cannot fixate upon peace,
I do not know,
but it is not too late,
not too late,
and if we collaborate in a more effective way,
we could change the world for the better,
but humans are so used to tragedy,
and there is glory in bravery,
but some think that there is permanent glory,
in a glorious death,
but there is more glory,
in saving human life,
now should not we begin to save it more efficiently,
whilst we still have some human life,
upon the Earth left.

Window up above

There is a window up above,
a window where a woman is stood holding a cigarette,
a woman with a distant look in her eyes,
a look that you cannot forget,
and she looks out to sea,
but she does not see me,
and she slowly sheds a tear,
a single tear,
a tear that slowly rolls down her face,
as she remembers the life of the loved one,
that could not be saved,
that could not be saved on that fateful day from the sea,
and she always remembers the words that he used to say,
but she wishes it was not that way,
and she remembers the memories,
as fresh as they were the day,
and she tries and she tries,
and she tries to drink herself into an early grave,
and how sad it is to see and how painful it must be,
because a haunting look is written upon her face,
and there is pain,
there is anger,
there is rage and bitterness,
and how horrific her memories,
and how cruel is the sea,
and in her tears is the water that took her loved one's life,
and the water that contains his last memories.

In the black and the white

In the black and the white,
how much elegance there is in you,
such elegance as of the stars at night,
and the colours of you they are so powerful,
that they do give such incredible delight,
and in your eyes,
they carry my imagination and my mind,
and I,
I want you to be alive,
I want you to be real,
for your eyes they are so powerfully defined,
that my emotions are swept up,
in the contrast between both day and night,
and you fill me with desire,
a desire to be in your shadow,
and a desire to be in your light,
and as I look at your photograph,
what a wonderful world,
in vision is described through my eyes,
and you are a goddess to me,
and in black and white you come alive,
and your eyes are so beautiful,
and delicate and gentle that you entice me,
and I see how you could have been,
you with a smile so wide and glorious,
that If I could step into your world,
and find out what might have been,

I would but the vision of you, it is but a dream,
a dream of a memory, but it feels so current to me,
and it feels like a look of love,
a look of love in your eyes that could have been,
and in the photograph that I hold in my hand,
and despite the decades that may have passed,
I wish you could dance with me,
I wish you could dance with me the way you used to dance,
the way you used to dance in the ballroom by the sea,
and in the black and white,
of the photograph that I hold in my hand,
when I look into your eyes,
how I wish I could have been,
a part of your memories,
a part of your memories.

Mighty

Mighty are the clouds that dance so gently in the sky,
mighty is the rain,
mighty is the rain that falls from up so high,
mighty are you,
the wind that takes me off my feet,
in the fields under the stormiest of skies,
mighty are you the sun,
the sun who shines such beautiful light into my eyes,
mighty are you the snow,
the snow that blesses the Earth with its purest white flakes,
and that falls around me wherever I may go.
Mighty are you the rivers and the seas,

and the oceans upon which I float,
mighty are you,
you who love me and understand me,
you are mightier than most,
and you are mightier with your compassion,
and with your caring and your ability to listen,
you brighten my day every day,
and you make every night a glorious night,
and with a such a light,
such a glorious light sparkling in your eyes,
your eyes,
your beautiful eyes,
how they bedazzle me every time,
and mightier you are,
because you make me feel such emotions and feelings,
mightier and more powerful than any seas,
or oceans that I know,
mightier and more powerful than the rain and the snow,
and more powerful and mightier,
than the wind that does blow,
and though they all may have their beauty,
you are mightier though,
and you are mightier and more powerful than most,
and your love it is such a wondrous thing,
because it lifts my spirits,
as cheerfully as the birds do sing,
and your love it brings me to such heights,
and to such magnificent delights,
that countless tears do fall from my eyes,
my darling valentine,

and my heart, my darling for you,
for you it beats a million times,
and I love you for you and I am lost in you,
and my heart it beats for you,
it beats so true,
because I love you more than all the words,
and all the languages in the world,
could ever describe,
ever describe and show,
and I am happy in your arms,
and your embrace is as warm as the sun,
and in it I am contented,
more contented than I have ever known
because my darling valentine,
my darling valentine,
I love you,
I love you so.

Man in the high street

Man, in the high street attacks,
attacks with knives and stabs,
a man filled with hatred and ideology,
and immoral morals,
who with his savage mind,
and his thoughts of intent to kill,
is happy in his ideas,
and who thinks he is brave,
but he is far from that,
because he is inhuman in his thoughts,

and is corrupted by an ideology that is failed,
and with a little planning,
it does not take much for him to dream,
dream up extremely sickening acts,
and he was the despicable barbaric kind,
and in his evil shell,
he had barely any humanity as far as I could tell,
and he sought his victims,
and of course, there was no remorse,
and he thought probably he was going to heaven,
going to heaven in Streatham,
and he thought it probably would be quite pleasant,
but he wounded and he stabbed,
and he wounded and he stabbed innocent passers-by,
passers-by who with fear in their eyes,
they did their best to protect their lives,
protect their lives from the sickening beast,
the terrorist with a twisted mind,
but this time the passers-by they were lucky to escape,
because in so many other terrorist attacks,
such as at London Bridge,
far too many people have been injured,
and maimed and traumatised and have died,
but in Streatham with his fake bomb vest,
the terrorist thought he probably was going to heaven,
but the security forces and the police,
heroically protected everyone,
and luck was not on the terrorist's side,
and the terrorist was shot dead around 2pm,
on Monday the third of February 2019,

and what was going through his mind,
his corrupted mind,
his twisted mind,
his evil mind,
who knows,
but his mother with tears in her eyes,
said that he was radicalised in prison and online,
but why should we care about him,
because for those injured life never will be the same,
and for the terrorist's mother there is only,
confusion and shame,
confusion and shame,
and if the terrorist ends up in hell,
he in his stupidity,
will only have himself to blame.

We queue

We queue,
we queue to take the pain away,
we wait,
we wait to satiate ourselves,
and forget ourselves,
and forget the struggles of the day,
and in our inebriated ways,
how much better is the state,
that numbness of being,
the numbness of being,
that drowns your sorrows in its addictive ways,
because in its addiction it kills you inside,

but no matter what and no matter what may come,
many do not care,
because in alcoholism and drinking,
how much better is the day,
and in alcoholism and drinking,
life for many is vastly improved that way,
so, pass me a drink bartender,
pass me a goddamn drink,
for I have had enough of the world,
and its state and its craziness,
and of its depressive ways,
but why,
why should it be,
why should it be that way,
and why is the world so belittling and tough,
that it makes you drink any goddamn way.

Grave

Did you dance in the grave,
when you were liberated from life,
did you celebrate being at one with the Earth,
that created you in the first place,
did you feel saved,
did you feel saved without the worries of the days,
were you tormented by the things you had not done,
were you numb and weary,
and set in that state in a permanent way,
or were you cheerful and were you dead,
and were you dead back in the Earth

going from one living organism to a larger one,
a more omnipotent and a more powerful one,
more powerful than a single human being,
a human being that previously you had been born as,
and that you had departed and separated from,
and what is life when you are dead,
and what is life when you are alive,
because you are being continually born,
and continually dying at the same time,
but our sentience when we are dead does it live on?
And do you think more than you used to?
And with more sentience than before,
are you enlightened and do you talk to the universe,
do you talk of the state of the world,
and do you feel the pain and the horrors of the world,
or are you comfortably,
comfortably numb?

Seems like nothing

Seems like,
seems like nothing,
seems like nothing I know this feeling inside of me,
this feeling of romance,
for someone that I have never known,
and a spark,
a bright spark,
a sensation,
an emotion pouring out of nowhere,
but where it came, I do not know,

because it came upon me so quickly,
one look,
one quick look was all it took,
and how quickly I was wrapped up in you,
you with the long flowing hair,
and eyes so beautiful,
eyes of blue,
oh, how incredible they are,
and oh, how they pulled me towards you,
yes, I could drown in them,
and how my heart it feels in this instant,
for from the start I knew,
I knew it could be you, the one I could fall in love with,
the one I could give my heart too,
and in your eyes so blue,
I could swim a thousand miles or two,
your eyes so blue, like a tropical ocean and as warm too,
and yes, I know it is rather quick,
but I could love you If you could love me too,
and although I do not wish to be presumptuous,
the future could be so bright with you,
and your smile and your radiance, it invigorates me already,
and in your eyes, there is a gentle truth,
and I will hope for the best,
and I will hope we get a chance to spend some time together,
just me and you,
yes, because that would be an incredible thing,
because how easily I could fall in love with you,
yes, you with those eyes so blue,
beautiful you.

Ground to a halt

Ground to a halt far from where I wish I could be,
ground to a halt and stuck upon choices upon choices,
and deliberating because I cannot decide,
I cannot decide what or who to be,
and I have so many choices in modern society,
that I am spoiled rotten,
and with this many choices it is debilitating me,
and I wish it was easier because I am sure it used to be,
yes, but I need clarity,
so is there anyone else who could help me,
but then who would I choose,
for I have the choicest of blues,
and If I was not so blue and tired of choices too,
I could choose so easily,
because choosing to be complicated and overcomplicated,
seems to come so easily in modern society,
and we have fashion, and passion, and art and attraction,
and the news and the magazines that fill us with ideas,
and things to do,
and we have nature and travel,
and people to meet, and ideas to create
and places to be, but I prevaricate,
I prevaricate into my tea,
and my mind is bombarded and saturated,
and discombobulated,
and I am tied up in knots with my decisions,
and then finally I decide to choose,
I choose to roll a dice, and what will be will be.

Viewed from afar

Viewed from afar, in the mists of time, in my memory,
you are probably an elegance best viewed from far off,
and sometimes a vision I wish not to see,
but you tug at my heartstrings,
and I have the urge once more to make us a reality,
and although I have admired your beauty before,
in my dreams, I have seen it as many times as I wish,
but the vision of you, with your gorgeous black hair,
it keeps tempting me, pulling me back into a happier reality,
and in the dream, you ask to be loved,
and I loved you once, but I left you by the sea,
and I left with tears in my eyes,
because you did not truly understand me,
and I, in my dreams have reoccurring visions of you,
and they will not let me be,
oh, those eyes glistening in the sunlight,
and in the candlelight at night, happy old memories,
and the desire for you, the desire for you it builds again,
and although I fight it, how I wish I was in your arms again,
and how I wish I could be filled by your charms again,
and how I wish I could feel your kisses upon my lips again,
but it is just a dream, just a dream, just a dream,
and I do not know where you are, except in my memory,
but I am beginning to pine for you,
and I really should not have left you,
I really should not have left you by the sea,
and I really should have tried harder with us,
but the only one I have to blame for missing you, is me.

Cancer

This sickening thing,
this cancer that deprives you of life so slowly,
and quickly is such a vicious thing,
yes, this cancer appearing from out of nowhere,
as if a mystery,
a surprise but not much of a surprise cancer,
because it inflicts itself upon a large number of societies,
yes, cancer, such an unwelcome thing,
cancer, cancer that invades you and pervades your being,
with the sickness that it brings,
yes, cancer you despicable thing,
arriving with such shock, horror, and fragility,
and tragedy and devastation after diagnosis,
a diagnosis that leaves families left reeling,
from the illness that lives inside a loved one,
a fellow human being,
a human being whose life was previously fully lived,
and lived to the full,
and whose life is so suddenly on the edge,
never knowing when the end will be.
Cancer, oh, how it sickens you, and it rips apart your family,
and though you get all the treatment you can,
from the best doctors and the nurses there are,
it is what it is, and life could end who knows when,
and life could end so suddenly and rapidly,
and though we can hope for longer life,
we are probably kidding ourselves,
and will probably have a shorter life,

than anyone could have ever wished.
Oh, cancer,
such a terrible thing and with such destruction all around.
You try to hope for the best,
and there is therapy,
radiotherapy and chemotherapy,
and so much sickness and weakness,
that the pain never ends,
and with so many tears,
tears in the eyes of families,
tears in the eyes of mothers and fathers,
and sisters, brothers, nieces, and nephews,
and uncles, aunts, and grandparents,
and great grandparents and friends,
cancer, cancer, what a terrible thing it is,
a traumatising evil inside,
that clings to life with all it has to cling,
and though we invest in new medicine,
cancer shifts and changes and bends,
and it fights for its survival, cancer,
cancer it truly knows how to defend,
and it is a sickening feeling when people are first diagnosed,
and the shock and the pain, it drags on and on until the end,
cancer, cancer, when will it end,
cancer, when will it cease to be,
when will it be eradicated by humanity,
now, I really wish I knew, but cancer has no time,
and no timetable,
and cancer will never make amends,
and cancer, cancer will never be your friend.

Where do wishes go

Where do wishes go,
I wish I knew,
but I know not why, where wishes go,
do they go up into the sky,
do they mix with the rain drops,
and the sun and the snow.
Where do wishes go?
Do they go up,
or do they go down below,
are they written through the clouds in words,
or do they play as voices,
voices that call out to those below?
Where do wishes go, and God is it you, who takes them?
I wish I knew, because I have had more than one or two,
and they were never answered, so,
I would like to get them back,
if whoever deals, with them is out there,
and it is ok with you,
for what use are they to you,
because you must have more than enough,
more than enough wishes that is true,
and well, I would really like to rewrite them,
and send them somewhere else,
but who should I contact,
I do not know,
but this is my request, that I shout aloud to you,
please can I have my wishes back?
Please, and sorry for bothering you.

Echoes and calls

Echoes and calls across the valley they rise and fall,
distant voices barely recognisable,
echoes and calls to someone seemingly miles away,
echoes and calls that lift into the air and that carry
everywhere,
echoes and calls,
some happy,
some sad in a dream I had of a dystopian air,
echoes and calls,
meaningless but meaning everything,
these voices that haunt,
these voices that taunt,
these voices that disturb me and chill me,
and that plague my mind casting shadows upon the times,
and evocations of shadowy figures in my dreams,
that pluck the stars out of the heavens and that fill my mind,
with floods of antediluvian thoughts,
and in a very short time,
religious imagery flashes before my eyes,
and in them, God is sat in a corner watching the world,
and the people upon the Earth,
and God he cries,
and I, I offer him a tissue and he let out a massive sigh,
why oh why, he asks do they not realise,
that human beings were only a joke to me,
and I added them to the Earth at the last minute,
and now I wish I had not, for they only make me cry.
Why oh, why oh why he asks,

and I wish I knew,
because now,
sat watching God,
I understand,
why there so many Oceans,
and seas upon the Earth,
and across the many lands,
so many Oceans and seas,
multiplied,
multiplied by the tears that he has cried,
so many times,
and then,
in the blink of an eye,
I awake,
and I find myself upon a lake in a boat,
with no other humans upon the Earth,
and I cry and I cry, and I cry,
why God,
why, oh why, oh why,
why do not you come down here,
and join me I shout,
but all I hear back is a sigh,
and his tear drops begin to fall again,
and I feel his loneliness inside,
and I too cry,
and cry,
and cry,
but surprisingly,
after all that God said about humans,
he kindly drops me a tissue from the sky.

Lodged in your memory

Lodged in your memory is the man that you used to be,
because you are a shell of yourself, and in your mind,
the heavens have fallen,
and the stars have fallen into the sea,
and loves labours these days are lost on thee,
and love has cost you dearly,
yes, it has blinded you with unhappy experiences,
and misunderstandings,
misunderstandings that have jaded you,
and you are these days a misery,
for you were hurt by a few words,
a few words said in an angry tone,
uttered by the miscomprehension,
and misunderstanding of the woman that you loved,
the woman that you had come to love and know,
and the misunderstanding, it grew and grew,
and you grew slowly apart,
and you knew each other less than you used to,
and she cheated on you,
and you cheated on her,
and there was hurt and there was pain,
and acrimoniousness and bitterness did reign,
and jealousy,
a vicious cycle which repeated itself again and again,
and then, you split up,
and you both went your separate ways,
and your worlds were torn apart,
and your minds in a haze,

and you were left upon a battlefield,
full of damage and scars,
and broken hearts,
a mountain so unconquerable,
no repair was possible,
and now, loves labours are lost on thee,
and it is a shame to see you in pain,
and how dark it is to see,
the suffering in you,
for the world is a darker place,
with love gone away,
and I wish it was not so,
and I hope love it comes back to you one day,
because I hate to see you in misery,
and I hate to see your tears,
for they are as numerous as rain,
and for days, months, and years,
you have been the same,
and it is a terrible shame,
but I hope soon that some light will come,
and with courage you will find love again,
because what is a life without love,
except a bland emptiness,
a numbness and a weariness,
that far too often torments the heart,
and the mind again and again,
so, give me love,
give me love over that any day,
and I will wish for you the same,
I will wish for you the same.

Distillation

You have distilled yourself into a form,
you have been reborn, into a simpler form,
because life is far too complicated,
and the stress of the world,
has annihilated the normal states of the norm,
because in most of modern society's reality,
it is so pressurised,
that you will find yourself, looking for the door,
and for a place that was less pressured than before,
and this fracturing of society,
and the systems that are in place,
it leads you to question the world's sanity.
And when materialism drives debt,
and suicides rise sky high, this crazy world will do its best,
to drive you out of your mind,
and life under these conditions is not worthwhile,
and time to yourself you will rarely find,
and in this modern crucible of the times,
there is barely any life, just stress and strife,
and all the troubles you could ever want and more,
and so, you have distilled yourself into a form,
and upon a tropical desert island you sit,
far, far, away,
and I cannot say I blame you,
because in modern life,
where is the magic,
mostly vanished, because of the materialism that
encompasses it all.

Rewind

Rewind, cast your mind back,
remember your first love,
and what of them, what of them do you remember,
in the hazy distance that is so far back,
such simplicity and gentility,
such tender kisses under the cherry tree,
there in the summer sun,
with a heart beating so rapidly,
in the embrace of a young love,
a new experience that you had never felt before,
a feeling of magic as if heaven had fallen from up above,
and what a wonder it was,
what a wonder and such bliss,
and so invigorating and captivating,
a million emotions and feelings whirling around in the mind,
as your arms were wrapped around another's,
how great were the delicate waves of sensations,
and how beautiful the fireworks bursting upon the mind,
as time it passed so rapidly,
but you had no time for time,
and you paid it no mind,
and love is such a beautiful act,
and how easily caught up in it you were,
and in it how easily you were wrapped,
ah, those precious memories,
the memories of first love,
a love so powerful,
despite being so distant and so far, back,

Light

Moths around a light,
candle flickering bright,
the fire lit,
a book upon your lap,
a smile on your face,
a glimmer in the eyes,
now what could be better than that?
Reading by the fireside at night,
such a delight,
such a delight in the words that dance through your mind,
bringing visions of places that you have never seen,
conjuring up people's faces from far away,
visions in an evening dream,
dreaming whilst awake,
conjuring up things to be, and things that have been,
oh, what an incredible fascination in language there is,
sat by the fireside, and so gloriously taking it all in,
and in words and memories and in creation,
there is heaven and hell, and everything in between,
and what more could you wish for on a rainy night,
than to be sat by the fireside,
as the moths fly around the light,
and the candle flickers bright,
and with the fire lit and a book upon your lap,
and a smile upon your face,
and a glimmer in your eyes,
and your imagination running wild,
now, what could be better than that?

Never again

Never again in the eyes of humanity,
never again, for we all wish for its end,
we all wish for war,
we all wish for war to never happen again,
but in our idealism what is the realism,
and what is the reality my friend,
because we all want peace,
but some of us seem to have a different timetable,
and I wish we could all work together,
and bring about a harmonious scheduling,
that would finally bring war to a permanent end,
because how many more billions of people,
do we have to lose before we wake up,
and see that killing and its stupidity,
never advances humanity,
and how many times do we have to be told,
in the newspapers and on the televisions,
and on the radio and on the internet,
about countless more deaths,
and what will it take,
to make humanity realise that no one wins,
and what will it take to make humanity realise,
that in wars insanity there is only instability,
and in instability we all advance nowhere,
and without civility and in barbarity,
humanity can only suffer,
and lose in a vicious cycle, that never seems to end,
that never seems to end.

Clouds

Clouds,
they come hither and thither across the sky,
where they have come from, I do not always know why,
and they do not seem to care as they float on by,
but they are always beautiful, and always make me sigh,
and how I wish I could travel as they do,
and so lightly upon the air, and without a care,
for what magical abilities they have to, hover so lightly there,
and in all weathers, they have such variation and colour that
gives us their mood,
and in their size what gentility,
strength and fortitude,
and whether their pleasure or displeasure,
how glorious they are,
and what fascination they bring,
whatever the weather,
those fluffy clouds, they make my heart sing.

Magnificence divine

My love,
You are magnificence divine,
such an exquisite beauty,
with such tenderness that delicately lights the eyes,
and with a million dreams in them,
and a million feelings and emotions captured in time,
you are a vision of happiness,
only disturbed by a blink of the eyes,

and oh, how easily I can drown in them,
for I am lost in them,
and in the heavenly sight that sits before me,
you beam back at me a smile so effervescent,
and that so effortlessly, does make my spirits rise,
and in your beauty, I am at home,
and upon your angels wings you lift me to the heavens,
and with such gentleness you touch my soul,
and make me whole,
for heaven is you,
and how heavenly and how powerful your love is,
love that stirs up my heart and my mind.
You are magnificent,
you are Magnificence divine.

Beyond the trees

There is beyond the trees,
beyond the seas,
there is a woman who calls to you, and who calls to me,
and beneath our feet,
there is she too,
the creator of us all,
the Earth,
the Earth so blue,
and what knowledge holds she,
in her memory,
for so many things she has created,
we will never know them all it is true,
and how wonderfully she works her magic,

and so beautifully amongst the stars,
and how incredibly she gives us life,
and we feel the wonder of life,
through our emotions and in our feelings,
and in our minds and in our hearts,
for how glorious it is to be,
how glorious to exist,
and what glorious wonders we see in this life,
such wonders thanks to you,
the Earth so blue,
the Earth so blue,
who brought us up from the heart of you,
and who gave us our sentience,
and our humanity,
and yes, humanity should be,
more respectful to you,
for we have not been the best children that we could be,
and probably not as good as we should be,
but you the Earth will love us in your own way,
the way mothers do,
but no matter what calamitous things we do,
you will still be here,
for billions of years,
and we humanity,
maybe we will not be it is true,
but held up so high in the heavens,
so high up amongst the stars,
and under the skies,
you will still be you,
the beautiful Earth so blue.