

Like no tomorrow

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On the waste ground

On the waste ground,

in the detritus of life,
what cast offs and what pain,
and what ignorance there is,
and what misunderstanding there is,
that can sit there in your mind,
things that you wish,
that you had never experienced,
things that you wish you had never heard,
things that you wish that you had never seen,
on the waste ground,
in the detritus of life,
and I wonder how big,
is the capacity of the memory,
and how much time is taken up,
and how much space there is to fill with positivity,
for life it throws such negativity at you,
and the world suffers,
because the world despite its beauty,
is a vicious thing sometimes,
and how hard you have to fight,
how hard you have to fight,
to put back the beauty,
by creating new memories too,
and what a great struggle it is,
what a great struggle to find,
happiness these days,
in humankind it is true.

You may disagree

You may disagree but if things never change or improve,
so, will continue the destruction of humanity.
But if you stop the destruction and by listening and
understanding there can be harmony.
And yet, without harmony and understanding,
and listening how can we improve the world?
Because though you may talk and though you may disagree,
if we take the time to listen and we understand,
we can solve the world's problems and improve the world,
and we can save lives,
and improve humanity with greater understanding,
and advance the world,
and the lives of all with such a logical plan.

Doesn't

Do not, doesn't,
wasn't,
couldn't,
should be forgot,
they are all not much use,
for they bring such a negative connotation to life's plot.
Do not and doesn't,
wasn't and couldn't and should be forgot,
and in these simple words there is fear and frustration,
and how powerful they are,
and how much more powerful it is,
and how much more powerful if they are forgot.

Come to me

My friend,
Come to me and come to me with no sorrow,
come to me with no thoughts at all,
and come to me and spend some time and relax,
and be you again.
Come to me and let us talk a while,
let us reminisce and let us throw out the cares,
and the worries of the world,
and let us be.
Let us be us,
laughing and joking and smiling and free,
for happy hearts make their mark with positivity,
and in your eyes what better a sight is there,
than happiness, to, see?

You returned

You returned your heart in its broken state,
you returned your heart that no longer gave you happiness,
because you had too many sad memories,
and too few happy ones,
and you spent too much time on those,
who never cared about you in the first place,
and what a wrench,
what a heartbreak,
and what great effort it would take to fix you,
and to put you back in a happier place,
and the tears were endless,

and there was the anger and the rage,
so, you returned your heart,
you returned your heart in a dream,
because you no longer knew what having a heart did mean,
and it was of no use to you anymore,
because all it did was upset you,
and left you to collect the broken pieces from the floor,
and what's more a dream,
a dream is less painful than before,
but sadly,
reality is a numb and an empty place,
and when you awoke for your heart,
for your heart you did hold a wake.

You cooked

You cooked a recipe that you did like,
you put your heart and your soul into it,
and mixed in the spices, and you fed your family,
and you saw the smiles upon their faces,
and you were happy when they were filled with delight,
and then,
a bomb exploded,
and destroyed your house in the Syrian night,
and there were none of you left,
and your relatives, oh how they wept,
they wept for you,
and how sickening it is how quickly life can be ended,
ended by a war that had no real reason to happen,
ended because of intolerance and hatred and frustration,

and the inability to listen and the inability to understand.
And how great it is,
how great this weakness of man,
the weakness of humanity that shakes and breaks,
and rips up and tears apart so many civilisations,
so many civilisations across so many lands,
and through the bombs and the bullets you try to survive,
you try to survive the best that you can,
and you try to live a normal existence,
but it isn't easy when you have the threat of death,
hanging above your head,
and you are subject to pain and suffering every day,
and have been tortured by all that you have experienced,
and seen,
and the seconds and the minutes,
and the hours and the days and the months,
bring so much fear,
and you try to live, and you struggle to live,
and you try your best to exist,
and you try to be happy surrounded by your blessed family,
and suddenly you are gone,
obliterated and disappeared,
and nevermore to be seen again,
and the war continues but no one learns anything,
except how to kill people more quickly,
and no matter what wars will end, and wars will start again,
and humanity suffers and dies again and again and again,
but when will we learn, when will we learn,
and will we by failing to listen and failing to understand,
and by not learning about our permanent end?

At the end of the day

At the end of the day,
what has been has been, as if visions in a dream,
because time goes too fast,
and at the end of the day,
come what may in the day's memory,
do not dwell too much,
because you cannot change a thing,
and relaxation in front of the fire,
is a much more worthy thing,
because day to day life,
and earning money,
brings such distress so many times,
and it is best to put it out of your mind,
or you will drive yourself mad,
because life can swallow you up,
and swamp you in its act,
and life is a savage thing,
and it can bring so much pain and suffering,
so, why oh why cannot life be a much simpler thing,
I wish it could,
I wish it would,
I wish it would change and improve,
but we are all mostly stuck in a system,
designed to tire and confuse,
and you get so broken down,
and the frustrations grow inside,
and you want so badly to have a different life,
but what will it cost to have peace of mind?

On this occasion

Sometimes,
sometimes you are stuck in a rut, and this is it for me,
a crushing of the spirit,
a crushing of the spirit,
that has happened so many times before,
but on this occasion,
I have truly truly had enough,
yes, this is the time,
the time to leave,
the time to leave for the future,
the time to ignore the negative people that surround you,
a time to stand your ground and a time to believe,
so, stand your ground and believe in yourself,
and do not listen to anyone else,
for it will only make your life worse,
because so many times listening to other people it is a curse,
and so, do not listen to others,
for you are better off ignoring them,
so, from start to end,
do what is right by you,
and make your own decisions,
because others will only take you down the wrong path,
and on this occasion,
this is the time,
a time to leave the negativity completely behind,
and if you pay others no mind,
you can shape your own destiny much better,
and without others constantly Interfering,

how much better and happier you will be,
and clearer will the view be,
of where you want to go and of what you want to see,
so, never surrender to other people's opinions,
and remember advice should be taken with a pinch of salt,
so be yourself and listen only to yourself,
and your life will improve,
and how much better will be your health.

This disease

This disease,
this killer,
this killer disease,
how rapidly it can bring society to its knees,
because it comes and goes, as it does, please,
and despite all the medicines,
and all the doctors in the world,
can we ever totally eradicate diseases, and find the key,
the kill switch,
to permanently switch off any disease that comes along,
well, we can hope to eradicate every disease,
and we have hoped,
and we will continue to hope,
and we will continue to struggle,
and continue to persevere to research new diseases,
new diseases which far too often,
and far too rapidly do appear every year,
and of diseases,
how we in our omnipotence upon the Earth do live in fear,

do live in fear of disease,
and how quickly and rapidly they do spread,
because out of nowhere they do come,
and rear their ugly heads,
and oh, how quickly countless millions can be dead,
dead so rapidly,
and humanity could be erased permanently,
if we do not continue to invest in research,
and yes, there may be no medicine that can help,
and we will lay in our graves,
and diseases will continue to survive long after we are dead.

Tonight

Tonight,
this is us and we are not anyone else,
and we sit here at the restaurant and there is love,
love,
love between us,
and there is that quiet moment after we sat down,
where the feelings and the emotions began to flow,
and how magical it was,
how magical and what an incredible feeling,
an incredible feeling to look into your eyes,
and to see your smile,
because there is a timeless quality to you,
and my heart it pounds so rapidly,
and I always feel so uplifted by the beauty of you,
and by the beauty in you,
and you are so caring and compassionate and kind,

and you make life what is,
and I feel as if you brought to me,
the heavens and the stars inside,
and I feel the wonder of you,
I feel the power of your love,
I feel more than I have ever felt with anyone else,
and I feel on top of the world,
and I feel like nothing is unachievable,
because you give me such confidence,
and you,
you are there for me always and I sit,
and I hold your hand and I kiss your lips,
and it is like a dream,
like a dream to me,
a dream that I could happily relive a million times,
a dream that I can relive for the rest of my life quite happily,
a beautiful thing,
and oh, how you make me feel so calm inside,
you make me feel so calm inside,
and you make me feel so alive,
so alive,
and tonight,
tonight, it is just us,
just me and you sitting in the candlelight,
holding hands and discussing life and discussing our plans,
and life with you,
life with you is so relaxed,
and no matter the stresses of the world,
and no matter the worries of the world,
when we are together there is nothing better,

nothing better than me and you,
and I know I will always be with you,
and I know,
I know your heart is true and I love you,
I love you more than I can say,
and in the candlelight and in the light of the flames,
in your eyes what a wonder there is,
what a wonder,
for they beguile me and sparkle like the sunshine,
and I feel so at ease with you,
and how do I describe that feeling,
the feeling that you make me feel,
that feeling when you hold me,
for there are not enough words,
there are not enough words and not enough time,
so just be,
just be,
just be you and me and no other way,
just be,
just be together and relax,
kissing gently in the candlelight,
with my fingers running through your hair,
and my hand gently stroking your cheek,
and just be,
just be you and me,
and let us sit here with a glass of wine or two,
and have dinner in the evening time,
for what a fine night it is,
and what beautiful eyes,
and what a beautiful smile you have,

and there you are sat smiling back at me,
and here we are on the best night of my life so far,
the best night with you,
the best night to be and to exist and to feel your love,
and here right now I am so in love with you,
and so happy in your company,
and what better a night could there be?
For I love you,
and you love me,
and never more will I want for more in my eternity.

Sunshine

Sunshine bursting through the clouds,
and what great beauty there is in the light,
the light that brightens,
the greys and the whites,
of the eternal weather that hangs around,
that hangs around floating in the air,
wispy and fluffy clouds that roam the Earth,
that roam the Earth with no barriers there.
And with no barriers,
what a wonder it is,
and how far they can travel without a care,
and how I wish travel was that easy for me,
and so tireless and effortless,
and how incredible it would be,
with the ability to arrive,
anywhere you choose,
and with no pollution damaging the Earth anywhere.

Yes

Yes,

yes,

yes.

We can improve bureaucracy if you care less.

Yes,

yes,

yes.

The nodding dog,

the politician who agrees with everything that you have said.

Yes,

yes,

yes.

We can solve every problem if we just have the budget of course.

Yes,

yes,

yes.

We will do what you wish,

just give us some time to debate it,

yes,

yes,

yes.

No,

no,

no, we haven't done it yet.

Yes, yes, yes.

We still could do it if you just re-elect us,

no more no less, yes, yes, yes.

Carry on til the morrow

Carry on til the morrow,
and hold your head high,
for you fought bravely and courageously,
so, forget the sorrow,
and hold your head high and forget the dead,
for there are still bodies to bury yet,
but you are on your way to somewhere else,
and you should try to forget,
try to forget and just be thankful that you are alive,
because this is the end of the war and the end of these times.
So, carry on down this road and hide yourself,
well, wherever you can because you will soon be free,
despite treading this deserter's road,
so, save yourself and do not worry,
because there are only days to go,
and you have seen more bodies than most I know,
so, keep out of sight,
and don't let any bullets put an end to your life,
because the end is near and you can survive,
because you already have passed through so much fear,
so, be brave and move on out of here,
and just imagine what life will be far away from here,
and just imagine how incredible life can be,
and where you will be in another year,
so, on this deserter's road tread alone and do not,
do not give into fear, for your life is worth living,
so, get out of here,
because war is nearly over and soon, we all can cheer.

The sound of the birds

The sound of the birds,
oh, how incredible is the sound for it carries to your ear,
the sound of the birds that carries from there to here,
the glorious birdsong,
that comes from out of the skies,
and from out of the trees,
and from out of the grass,
and from out of the fields,
to land gently in the air,
in the sounds that you hear,
and how beautiful and incredible they are,
but I wonder what they are saying,
do they have conversations,
like you and me,
and do they talk of the inanities of the day,
or do they just keep it short and sweet,
in an educated way,
because the sound of birds, it carries mystery,
and how wonderful it is,
to hear birdsong,
because how greatly it brightens up the day,
and how incredible they are in their flight,
their flight that can take them,
so far across the Earth,
in a single day,
oh, such an elegant,
and beautiful flight,
that takes them so far away.

Say goodnight

Say good night and say good night to me,
say goodbye if you like,
for, I am leaving,
so, say goodbye, but do not cry,
for I am not here for long, and I will die, so say goodbye,
for I have no time for sentiments,
no time all,
just a quick recollection in the eyes,
just a quick recollection in the eyes,
so, say what you like and be nice,
and say hello, and say goodbye,
because I am not here for long and how time flies,
how time flies with the memories that quickly pass on by,
so do not cry for I have gone to the heavens,
I have gone to the sky.
And will you join me for a little while longer,
A little while longer,
because I otherwise will have to say goodbye,
and I will be gone,
I will be gone, no, it won't be wrong,
it won't be wrong because when you have got to go,
you have got to go and your memory,
it will be gone in the blink of an eye,
so do not cry, and if you want to take my hand,
and if you want to follow me to the promised land,
I don't mind, I don't mind.
Not that I'm lonely or nothing,
I'm just a memory, I'm just a memory passing by.

Polygamous heart

You love this and you love that,
yet love comes to you fleetingly,
and what will be will be,
but you love so much with your polygamous heart,
and you fall in love so easily,
and you love her,
and you love him,
and you love them, but are not in love with them,
and you love to love upon a whim,
because with your polygamous heart,
there is so much to love in this world,
and so many loves,
the loves of your lives,
the loves of things,
and your love will play out upon the stage of life,
as such a great part,
for you are Casanova like,
and when it comes to romance you truly play the part,
you play it so voraciously,
that there is no escape from your arms,
and you,
I love you for your open mindedness,
and because you are so welcoming,
And you openly embrace so many things,
and you are multi-talented, and your heart is so big,
and you desire the world,
and you are open to so many things,
and you give all that you can give,

and of your polygamous heart,
how it could capture the world through your smile,
and your beautiful eyes,
that could steal the worlds hearts,
and I admire you for you are true,
true through and through,
and I love you,
and as a friend,
I love you and your polygamous heart.

Helicopter

I see the helicopter fly overhead,
I see it race towards the hospital,
I see it rescue the injured,
I see it race above the rooftops again,
and go back towards the hospital,
and I feel great pride in the service,
that the air ambulance provides,
because how rapidly they respond,
and how incredible their dedication,
and wonderful their tirelessness is,
and how amazing are the doctors and the nurses,
at the other end,
who will fight for your life,
and in doing so put such incredible hours in,
and when I see them,
I think of them and of the lives that they have saved,
and I am thankful,
more thankful than I have ever been,

because through life,
through life you see so much pain and suffering,
and it is an incredible thing to see them in the skies,
and ready to save life again and again,
and how powerful it is,
how powerful it is to see,
and to know that the training that they have been given,
can on a daily basis,
changes the lives of families and humanity,
and we, we should honour them more often,
because on them depends society,
and how much pressure there must be,
because how they cope with it, I will never know,
but I admire them for how incredible dedicated they are,
and a life saved can truly change the world and its history.

Life #2

Life in its circulatory way it knows such peculiarity,
and life it is best contemplated by not thinking too much,
for clearer is the day,
clearer is the day when you do not force thought,
for in a simpler way, you can learn to define it, and be,
and the mind it will wander more easily,
and such as it is,
why should this life be more complex than it needs to be,
because complexity can kill you,
if you are always fighting adversity,
and it is better to channel your thoughts into being free,
and cutting out the stresses that need not be,

because life it flows more easily,
and you do not have to part the sea,
so be in soliloquy,
and do not worry about what you cannot see,
and let solutions come to you more naturally,
because overthinking can cause more worry,
and by worrying,
you will solve problems half as quickly,
half as quickly as you should,
so, take your time and unwind,
and let the mind find its natural path,
because in relaxation you can fix problems more easily,
and you will get there in the end if you persevere,
and do not rush to make time your enemy.

Find where you belong

Find where you belong,
and find what makes you happy,
because there is so much of the world out there,
and what is a place if you cannot be happy?
Happiness,
the happiness feeling,
it is so variable, and whatever makes you comfortable,
there are so many things to define it,
and you will never know them all,
and you will chase happiness all your life,
and at the setting of the sun upon your final day,
when you are dead and at rest from the world,
and in the world, you no longer play upon its stage,

will you have died with happiness in your heart,
and a smile upon your face?
Who is to say,
because only you can make it that way,
and so, find where you belong no matter the time it takes,
and be happy for the world in unhappiness, so it does break,
and humanity in unhappiness causes such devastation,
and damage in its wake,
and lives are lost in so many ways,
and sad is the world when that is the case.

Did you cry

Did you cry for the ocean?
Did you cry for the seas?
Did you stand at their edges and let your tears fall into it,
and did you cry over the damage done by humanity?
And did you cry?
Did you feel its pain and did you believe,
did you believe that things can get better,
did you believe that humanity can change?
Or did you despair because you care, and cry tears of shame,
and with your tears,
did you rejuvenate and help the oceans and the seas,
did you cast out the pollution,
by undoing what humanity has done,
thereby setting the oceans and the seas free.
And now what a wish,
what a wish that would be,
a clean environment in which to live for eternity.

Watched

Watched,
stared blankly,
modern television shows,
they do nothing for me quite frankly,
because I would rather look at a blank wall,
because that is more interesting,
more interesting to me,
but I,
I am a prisoner of my own captivity,
and I am with you sat on the sofa,
and I have to watch what you like and feign an interest,
but I stare blankly for it is rather innocuous to me,
and so full of vanity,
are these modern television shows that we see,
and I would prefer it if you kissed and cuddled me,
because that is far better entertainment, and it is free.

In each step

In each step that we take,
in each step with a brightness of the eyes,
how the light of new vision does fill them,
and colour the heart in its wake,
and what a feeling and what senses are taking place,
and what emotions there that do so gently,
dance across the face,
and how beautiful it is,
walking in any season no matter the colour of the day,

and where we walk no matter what how ebullient,
and rejuvenated,
we will be in the instant it is taking place,
and in each step oh, what grace,
what grace there is in meandering about the place,
and what hopes in moving forwards there are,
and how great is the day,
and with a lightness of mood and with steps so light too,
how beautiful is movement,
and how glorious is the motion that we create,
and in the evolution of us,
how powerful the mood of the mind of the day that we take,
that we take part in such motionary ways,
because it is a blessing,
a blessing to be so free,
and how lucky are we,
to sense and to feel and to experience the Earth,
the Earth in its majesty,
that does share with us its beauty,
and with such good grace for all to see.

Knife crime

Thrust, lunge,
thrust and lunge and cut,
cut her body,
cut her body up,
thrust and lunge and cut,
stab her in the guts,
another stabbing in the city, a sickness of the times,

a brutal and a vindictive and a horrific crime,
Stab and stab and cut, until she's doubled up,
and her blood is spilling onto the floor,
yes, it is a nonsensical crime,
and committed so many times over such petty things,
petty things such as drugs,
and fallings out, but how much longer can it go on for,
because this evil in the cities,
and the towns and sometimes villages too,
how much longer can this anger,
this intolerance, this lunacy, this craziness go on,
this craziness that infects the minds,
of those who are easily led and that prowls around,
and that is such an easy and a cowardly way,
to display your anger,
and anyway, how can it make you proud,
stabbing someone, cutting someone to pieces,
trying to end someone's life over something so little,
and as petty as drugs or misunderstandings,
but why should stabbing someone make you proud,
would it make your mother proud,
will it make your father proud,
will you be proud when you are older,
and if you have children,
will you be proud that you stabbed someone,
would you be proud that you killed someone,
or would you be able to look at your children's faces,
and tell them straight out,
I stabbed someone, I killed someone,
would you be truly proud now that the damage is done?

Mother and Father

Mother and Father,
only for thine grace dost thy inhabit this place,
this beautiful Earth,
this beautiful Earth where we traipse,
because you have designed it so,
to deliver us into this world so old,
and what a world it is and how grateful I am,
and how much time we have we will never know,
but we have time, and we have time only because of you,
because of you Mother and Father,
for only by thine grace dost thy inhabit this place,
this beautiful Earth,
this beautiful Earth where we traipse,
and so, I will tread in your footsteps,
for a little while to see where it does take me,
and to what I find there I cannot yet say,
but I hope it will fill me with inspiration and happiness,
and whatever may come and on which ever day,
I will learn from you, and I will succeed,
and I will make mistakes,
and I will find my own way in my own time,
no matter the time that it takes,
and I will always be grateful for you Mother and Father,
because only by thine grace dost thy inhabit this place,
this beautiful Earth,
this beautiful Earth where we traipse,
where we traipse under the sun,
the clouds and the sky and the stars,

and the heavens in their righteous place,
because how wondrous they are,
and I will thank you for all my life,
because how precious you are to me,
and how beautiful the life is that you have given to me,
so, Mother and Father,
thank you,
for only by thine grace dost thy inhabit this place,
this beautiful Earth,
this beautiful Earth where we traipse,
where we traipse through the sun and the rain,
and the snows and the spring,
and the summer, the autumn, and the winter,
and the wind and through every second of the day,
because through all of the year,
how lucky we are to be here,
and how lucky we are to have you, Mother and Father,
so, thank you and thank you for life,
for only by thine grace dost thy inhabit this place,
this beautiful Earth, this beautiful Earth where we traipse.

In the bookshop

In the bookshops amongst the shelves,
there is such a piece of calm,
where so many people's minds dwell,
and with so many words and topics,
to take you and fascinate you in such a spell,
a spell, a time,
an inspiration of the mind,

and with such tales to tell,
how they work their art into the heart and the mind,
and how delicate and beautiful,
and evocative they are of places and times,
and how incredible and wonderful it is,
to visit them in the mind,
because it can conjure up such powerful imaginings,
that sweep you off your feet,
and that can take you to another time,
and to another world where a new reality is applied,
and oh, how it can broaden the mind,
and what better a place to be,
with such choice for how powerfully it brings the voice,
the voice of the authors into the quiet,
and into the peace of your relaxed mind.

Do not follow

Do not follow everything,
do not follow everything and anything,
and do not bow to peer pressure,
and do not wait for people to tell you what to think,
for you will be weak,
the weakest link, and you will not get anywhere in this life,
because in this life if you do not know your own mind,
how can you achieve what you want,
and how can you find what you really desire,
and how can you achieve and reach your goals,
and how can you learn without the bias,
because without the bias forced upon you,

you will be much better off,
because an independent mind is a stronger mind,
a more creative mind,
so, do not bow to pressure and do not give in,
and do not blindly follow those leaders who dictate to you,
and who belittle you and mentally abuse you,
and who try to make you subject to their every whim,
and do not give in,
but be yourself,
and you will reach your goals and you will be happier,
far happier than you would have been.

On the bus

Sat on the bus with a view of the sea,
the glorious colour,
oh, how it beckons me,
and sat here on the seat,
sat here thinking,
sat here thinking of my feet in the sea,
and with the sun coming through and its warmth upon me,
how beautiful it is and how invigorating it is,
and how in the mind it sets you free,
and how it eases you and it pleases you,
with the beauty of its nature,
its nature so wild and free,
and what a journey it is,
what a journey it is to the sea, for it calls to me,
and I am happier there,
happier there than I will ever be,

and I will sit at the cafe,
and I will talk a while and breathe in the fresh air,
and I will sit and paint natures revelry,
because what a wonder there is in the colours,
and in the power of the waves,
and oh, how they crash upon the shore,
with that glorious sound,
that glorious sound,
that overpowers the sound of laughter in the air,
and how pleasant the day will be,
and what relaxation I will find,
and how calming the feeling will be,
for it takes you away from the franticness of humankind,
and I cannot wait to get there,
and upon the bus, how magical it is in the sunshine,
and in the air,
and how exciting it is to be on the journey,
to such a magnificent spectacular place,
headed for the circular beach, with the rocky promontory,
that beautiful and special place,
with the boats going here and there,
and headed for its sandy beaches, and its fresh sea air,
and what a way,
what a way to spend the day at the café,
and on the beach,
and what a great place,
to have dinner in the evening,
and how the heart it rises at the view,
yes, nearly there,
nearly there!

The thought was there

The thought was there then it disappeared somewhere,
it disappeared into the air,
another good intention,
another unfulfilled idea,
another idea that never came to fruition,
another idea that lays somewhere in the air,
another idea that along with the other thoughts,
that have gone nowhere,
what a shame it is that there is not a repository somewhere,
a global collection of thoughts,
that could be accessed by us all,
because what a great thing that would be,
because how many ideas are there out there that could
benefit society and global society worldwide,
ideas that never get to be,
and ideas that are sadly never seen,
and how many ideas do we have,
and how many do we create,
and how many come in our dreams,
and it must be an amazing astounding amount,
and to think of it they could hold the answers,
to some of life's problems and diseases,
and what a great idea a repository would be,
because it could benefit you,
and it could benefit me,
and it could benefit the world,
and it could make the world,
a happier place and safer place to be.

Dedicated

You were a dedicated follower of fashion,
and you had a passion,
and you followed whatever took your eye,
and you gave everything you had,
and you chased it here and there and fell in love,
bending this way and that but you were so needy,
and you were like a gymnast,
an acrobat, trying to contort yourself in every way,
trying to get people to love you,
trying to force people to love you,
sacrificing your individuality to be in love,
but it wasn't true,
and you just told yourself that,
and yes,
you thought you were in love,
but you were just desperate,
desperate to be loved,
and empty and hollow you were,
because you had nothing to give,
nothing, because you were bland,
and had let too many people mould you,
and you were you no more,
and it is a sad thing to see you so vacuous,
because you could be capable of real love,
real love if you just stopped listening to others,
and being moulded by them,
and only then will you regain your individuality,
instead of being told who to be,

and what love is,
and force-fed what love is through the chat shows,
and the magazines and the radio stations and online,
so, do not listen to them and regain your feelings,
and your emotions and throw out the falsities,
and the false realities,
and regain your true feelings and your true emotions,
and do not conform,
because in being told how to love,
and what and who to love,
your feelings and emotions are not really yours,
and are just pretend,
so, do not conform,
do not conform and be yourself again.

Had I seen you

Had I seen you before you went,
had I seen you,
I wonder what I would have said,
had I seen you,
would I have seen the pain inside your head,
if I had seen you,
would I have been able to help,
would I have been able to talk some sense to you,
and bring you out of such a mood,
and would I have seen you live,
for the suffering you were going through and the pain,
the emotional and the mental pain I cannot even begin,
I cannot even begin to understand,

but I miss you my friend and you are gone forever,
departed from this Earth after years of hurt,
and you have shuffled off this mortal coil,
for this life was no longer of to you such worth,
and how I wish it wasn't so,
but the burden upon your shoulders was so great,
so great it dragged you to your grave,
and there was no way,
no way for you to be saved,
but now you are free of the suffering,
and we, those who loved you,
our tears fall like raindrops,
raindrops upon the Earth,
the Earth where you are buried,
the Earth where I hope you will rest easily,
because you deserve it,
and life is never easy,
and it brings it home to me,
how precious life is,
and how we should make the most of it,
because leaving this life is sometimes a fearful thing,
but you feared life more and you chose death,
and here I am at your graveside,
under the sun in the sky,
and under the clouds as the breeze blows,
and the trees they whisper,
they whisper to me,
and they whisper to you,
as you lay asleep forever,
in your eternal soliloquy.

Broken bottles

Broken bottles upon a windowsill,
a broken window,
a door kicked in,
a dilapidated house,
where the wind and the rain gets in,
an eerie feeling,
a house with graffiti upon the walls,
And in the living room an old sofa,
where a homeless person has slept,
and on the mantelpiece there is a photograph in a frame,
a smiling face,
a photograph taken inside this house,
this house that is now a wreck,
a house filled with ghosts that haunt the place,
and with the eeriness of so many deaths,
this house has seen so many people come and go,
there must be so many ghosts at home here,
and elsewhere and upon the Earth,
but what I wonder would it be like,
if you could see all the dead people,
who have ever previously existed in life,
quite a strange thought,
and quite a strange feeling,
and quite a strange vision,
but something that fascinates me,
and if we could talk to anyone from human history,
now who would it be?
now, who would it be?

At the start

At the start of something new do you feel lost,
do you feel blank,
do you have a clue,
yes, you the creative you.
What do you want and what are you thinking,
nothing,
something,
then out of the air suddenly it comes a spark of inspiration,
the beginnings of an idea and out of it flows the beginnings,
of form and shape,
sometimes easily at first, and sometimes it struggles,
but how beautiful it is though,
and like a flower opening up, like a flower in the sun,
yes, a magical thing that builds step by step,
with the harmony of you,
and in harmony and peace it is such a wonderful thing,
and how the creativity comes in bursts with your brain,
snatching thoughts as if out of the air,
and oh, what feelings and emotions there are,
and how much passion there is that drives you there,
to the fully formed thought, to the fully formed idea,
and how great in its work is creation,
and in the inspiration, how spectacular the effort needed,
to bring it to realisation,
and time, time it flies so fast when you are in the moment,
and when you are enjoying yourself there,
and creation it makes the heart sing and the mind float aloft
with enlightenment as if sunlight travelling through the air.

In the ground

In the ground there stands a tree,
in the ground there is you and me,
and in the leaves so green,
and in all nature how colourful life is,
because life it comes in so many varieties,
and its complexities do bewilder the mind,
and oh, how glorious the nature of Earth that it throws up,
and in its many shapes how long did creation take,
now, I wish I knew for to see it throughout human history,
how mind blowing that would be,
because creation is filled with mystery, and so are we,
and that is the way it should be,
and because to know it all,
and to know about every little thing,
well, what a boring place the Earth,
and the universe would be.

The radio

The radio it plays our favourite song,
and it takes me back to the house where we grew up,
and it takes me back to those times,
those times that I always have such fondness for,
and I think of it,
and there is a simplicity that is gone from here,
a simplicity that I hold dear,
and this tune it takes me back,
and it puts a smile upon my face,

and there is no better place than in that memory,
for it is a beautiful memory,
and there are so many beautiful memories,
of you and me running free,
and of you and me in the fields,
and of us climbing the trees,
and of you and me dancing to this song,
because how it made us smile,
and laugh and jump along,
and I wish that the world was that simple now,
and I wish I had known,
how complicated the world would become,
because the world used to be so much fun,
and it is not the same anymore,
so, I have put the radio on, and it takes me back,
back to where I wish I could belong, and still that song,
it puts a smile on my face,
even though you are gone, even though you are gone.

I wait at home

I wait at home.
I wait for the phone to ring.
I wait for your call.
I wait for you.
I wait for you to arrive,
and I wait to hear you sing,
for your voice it lifts me up above it all,
above the stress of the day,
above the weariness and above the dismay,

because you have a beautiful voice and I admire your talents,
and I am in awe of you,
and you make my heart come alive,
when you sing to me down the telephone line,
and oh, how my emotions,
and my feelings become so brightened and heightened,
and how they do crash around inside me so,
so wildly and so powerfully,
and as we talk and we talk you are so bubbly,
so positive,
so strong.
So intelligent,
so caring and so compassionate,
now, how could there be anything better than this,
except to be with you of course,
for upon hearing your voice,
it makes me realise how much I miss you,
and how much I should be with you,
and alone in this empty room,
this empty room, which is full,
full of material things,
but empty without you,
I am happy to hear your voice,
because to hear your voice is so magical,
but I would rather be with you,
and so,
we will talk all night and say goodbye with a kiss or two,
and my angel,
my darling,
my valentine,

time really has no meaning when I am not by your side,
and so,
after talking to you I will book a flight,
and I will be gone to the place where I should be,
and I will arrive soon,
soon across the seas,
and I will step out into the burning sun,
where I was destined to be,
and we will embrace,
and we will be together as one,
because anyway what is the point of being apart,
far too far apart when you truly love someone.

You jumped through fire

You jumped through fire,
you tried to reach someone,
you jumped through fire,
you sailed through the pandemonium,
and you tried to rescue them,
but you could not rescue them although you were strong,
because they had lost themselves,
lost themselves to drugs and had been preyed upon,
preyed upon by drug dealers,
and your friends unfortunately were so woe begone,
and although you tried your best,
and although you talked and talked,
and tried to get them out of the mess,
and you tried to make them see sense,
and you tried to keep them away from the vultures,

who tried to prey upon them every day,
but they fell apart,
despite all the times that you tried to help,
and despite all the times you tried to save them,
and despite all the other help that they had,
they could only save themselves,
and they were not able to save themselves,
and they slowly faded away,
slowly faded away,
and you watched them die and you saw their suffering,
and you saw their pain and the pain it was agonizing,
agonizing,
and you tried to do your best,
but it was too late, and they sadly passed away,
and the sadness it sits inside you,
and hangs heavy there in your heart,
and the shame is there and the scars,
but there should not be shame,
because you tried your best and you were good of heart,
and you tried to be a kind Samaritan, but you lost someone,
you lost someone and you will never be the same,
but you are not to blame,
oh, the shame, but you are not to blame,
oh, the shame but you are not to blame,
and you keep going over this,
and keep tormenting your own brain,
and you try to block it out but these feelings they remain,
and they probably always will,
but it is an event that you can never change,
and it is another loss of life in society,

another figure in the statistic of life,
a horrific agony and a horrific loss,
over which you will cry another ocean of tears,
tears that will last for years over a loss,
that you do not wish to explain repeatedly,
oh, such pain,
and loss, an event that happens,
far too often in this world because humanity is frail,
and there are far too many stresses,
and without a simpler life,
deaths from drugs and alcohol,
will continue to haunt the world,
and will continue to send people to early graves,
and cause so much misery in loved one's eyes.

I wanted you

I wanted you,
I wanted you but I could not have you,
I wanted you and I needed you, but we could not agree,
and now,
now, there is a sadness in me, and we will never be,
for we did not see eye to eye and our hearts,
and our minds were not well matched,
and we never connected as I wished,
and I loved you and had feelings for you,
but they were unreciprocated and empty,
and empty was the feeling in me unfortunately,
and I wish it had not been so,
and I wished in a way these feelings had not crept up on me,

and I wish my heart and my mind were free,
because these pangs of emotions oh,
how it does feel so painful,
so painful to me,
because love is cruel sometimes,
and I never knew how cruel it could be,
and I try not to think of you,
but how it rather often overwhelms me,
and I am drowning in the sea,
a sea of emptiness not knowing where I am going,
and how long it will take to get there,
who knows
who knows,
maybe it will take eternity quite possibly.

Sunlight

Sunlight through the window upon my face,
sunlight so warm and travelled from such a distant place,
sunlight so glorious,
and in its glorious beauty I bathe,
and I feel inspired, I feel inspired in a way,
in a way that I do not in the darkness of day,
for how darkness casts such a negative space,
and it is not what I wish,
but the universe and the sun how powerful it is,
and how small a speck we are in it,
and how beautiful is the universe,
and how beautiful it is to be by the sun and graced by
nature's grace.

He pushed her through the window

He pushed her through the window,
and she ended up in hospital and how sick he was,
and how sick he is,
and how ugly his depravity of mind,
for so sick he is,
so sick it was that he could treat a woman so unkind,
and what,
what was he thinking,
well, he must have been out of his mind,
because inhumanity to humanity it comes so often,
and it is a blight upon humankind,
and I wish we could eradicate it and eviscerate it,
and never see or hear of such violence again,
because this evil in him it should never have been,
and this wickedness, this sin,
oh, how pervasive and invasive it is,
because she has it stuck in her mind on a constant loop,
and she never will recover from the sickness in him,
and what will bring his sickness to an end,
this sickness in him,
but it is good that she has left him now,
and she is much happier than she has ever been,
and of he,
I have no hopes for him,
no hopes for a great redemption,
no hopes at all because he has got no morals,
no morals at all, and he was never taught that well,

because if he had of been educated and taught well,
he would have realised that damaging people,
and hurting people is a sin,
but alas, he will never change,
for he has a permanent sickness,
a permanent sickness in him.

Lights in the harbour

Lights in the harbour blinking at the sea,
waves crash up against the dock,
boats bobbing here and there,
and people,
people walking along the harbour drunkenly,
and seagulls waiting for fish from the trawlers coming in,
and the boisterous shouts of groups of women and men,
and the sound of the wind,
as a man on a bicycle passes by and struggles in it,
and nearly gets blown into the harbour,
as people laugh happily,
and people walk up and down,
and in and out of the alleyways,
between the rows of quaint shops looking for food to eat,
and by the seaside in the evening time how relaxing it is,
with a holiday mind,
and how enjoyable it is, but not if you live here all the time,
because it is an empty place in the winter,
and in the winter barely anyone pays it any mind,
and the people they struggle to survive,
and in the summer, they make the most of it,

and earn what they can when the town comes alive,
and how beautiful are the towns by the seaside,
in the summertime,
and as the happy voices carry through the air,
and there is laughter everywhere,
and in the restaurants and the bars,
captured are people's hearts,
by a lightness of mood,
that comes in the summertime,
where there is a calmer peace of mind,
calmer than the nine to five existence,
of which they are used to and the daily grind,
the daily grind,
where the people struggle to keep their eyes open,
and the boredom away,
and how much better it is in the town,
in the summertime and in heat of the day,
and in the bright lights of the night,
by the harbour where people come out,
to ease their worries away,
what a life, what a joy, what a holiday!

Put the kettle on

Put the kettle on and make some tea,
and think of where we are going,
and look through the window,
as the rain beats down,
and as the rain trickles down the window,
what clouds I see.

Big clouds,
massive clouds, and in my mind such stormy seas,
but I do not fear nothing,
I do not fear nothing me, and I never have,
and I never will because death does not frighten me,
and I will go anywhere,
anywhere there is something new to see,
for there is rejuvenation in travelling,
and travelling across the water how beautiful it is,
and how powerful the journey,
because in the mind,
and in the fall and in the rise of the waves,
how every mile is felt,
and how beautiful are the skies and the clouds,
and how beautiful it is when the evening falls,
and the stars shine down upon you,
as you go on your journey,
and the heavens look so glorious above,
and how beautiful the stars who welcome you,
and how incredible their glow in their dazzling beauty,
that spreads across the universe for all to see,
and how great the journey will be with you and me,
and how excited I am,
because travelling is so liberating to me,
and I think of the coast,
and I think of the waves,
and the seagulls who fly free,
and I long for the journey,
and I long for the journey in excitement,
as I hold my cup of tea.

I lay on the couch

I lay on the couch.
I lay thinking of history,
and I wait for time and time waits for me.
And I wonder how much time has passed,
since there was peace upon the Earth,
and since there were no wars at all,
and no killings of humans,
and no torturing and no brutality,
and I wish for that to happen,
and I try to think positively,
and I try hard, and I try to believe,
I try hard to believe it could happen,
and I hope it will for humanity,
humanity it deserves a break surely,
because we have had thousands of years of killing,
and I wish we could leave it be,
leave the killing be,
and concentrate on something more peaceful,
something which makes more sense to me,
but what are the chances,
who knows, but maybe,
I will find the answer in my dreams,
and maybe when I wake up the world,
it will be a better place,
so, I will cross my fingers and go to sleep,
and I shall see,
for I am ever the optimist,
ever the optimist me.

In the car

In the car you left your cigarettes,
and I can smell them still, your brand,
and I smell the smell and when I do,
I think of you, and I picture your face,
and the laughter that we shared in here on our way,
to places that we could never forget,
for they are burned into my memory,
and recalled amongst the cigarette ash in the ashtray,
and by the unfinished ones with your lipstick marks on,
and in my mind, you are smiling at me,
and laughing at the jokes that we shared,
and happy listening to the music that we loved so much,
and I think of the stories that you used to tell,
and though it seems strange,
I can never clear the cigarette ash,
and the rubbish away for it is a memory of our final day,
the day we went to the beach,
and the day we stared out to sea so contentedly,
so contentedly you and me,
a day so happy in its simplicity,
and I think of when we swam in it despite it being so cold,
and I think of the barbecue and the drinks that we shared,
and the world is a sadder place without you here,
and amongst the leftover food wrappers,
and with the cigarette ash still in the ashtray,
you are here, and forever in my memory,
are all the days that we shared,
and I cherish them more now you are so far away from here.

Ruminating

Ruminating,
salivating,
contemplating,
cogitating,
sometimes,
I sit and sometimes I wish,
that my heart was harder,
and tougher than it is,
because it is very jaded these days,
and as the sun in the evening is chased away,
by the night,
so, my heart is chased away,
by the thought of love,
for it sort of sickens me these days,
and I get anxious,
and this world on me,
has been extremely rough,
and tears no longer rarely fall from my eyes,
such as they once would,
but I do not mind,
because I do not understand love,
and it seems the opposite to me,
and I really do not know what is love about these days,
because they say love is heaven sent,
but to me it is sent elsewhere far too often,
and though for people I still care,
I will no longer be a fool for love,
because for love I no longer care.

You closed the door

You closed the door,
and you went to have the time of your life,
and I stood on the street a little while,
because I had been here from nine to five,
trying to figure you out,
not knowing whether you wanted to work it out right,
and we talked in the low low candlelight,
and we had a glass of martini or two,
and the kids were asleep and there was no bitterness,
there was just a shell of me and you,
and this numbness inside it, was painful to you,
it was painful to me, but it was true.
And the kids well, they were happy,
and that is all that matters right?
Because how complex is the aftermath of love,
love that has shaken you like an earthquake,
love that has ripped out your insides,
love that has shattered your heart and tormented your mind,
and it is a hell so difficult to describe,
and I am glad we are done,
and we are through,
with this for everything financial is sorted,
and the kids are asleep thinking happy things,
and so, I will say goodnight,
and I will take my things,
and I will kiss you goodbye leaving as friends,
and I will look at you,
a different you,

and I will wave you goodbye,
as you go off to have the time of your life,
and the babysitter takes over,
and as I depart not knowing where I am going,
not knowing If everything is going to be alright,
how raw are the emotions,
in the chaos and disorder of the end,
the end of a romantic life.

In the evening

In the evening by the pool,
I sit contemplating the lives of fools,
and I watch the stars and grow lighter in my heart,
because there must be more intelligence out there,
in the universe than there is here on Earth,
and I wish there was more intelligent life here,
but humanity to the Earth it seems to bring,
such a destructive curse,
and what once was beautiful has been ripped up,
bombed,
poisoned and chopped up,
and the hedgerows and the land are filled,
and covered with rubbish,
leaving such devastation upon the soil,
and the seas are polluted,
polluted with oil,
and polluted with micro plastics and polystyrene foam,
and, from the shipwrecks that scatter far and wide,
their goods that around the world do roam,

and how long can we go,
how long can we go on,
with these wrongs,
that we do unto the Earth alone,
because we used to live off the land,
and we used to take more care of it,
a care that we now,
do not seem to know,
and these days we have become so impatient,
and so wasteful,
and so short of time,
that we choose convenience,
over the environment so many times,
and we blight our landscape,
and the streams,
and the rivers and the lakes,
and the seas and the oceans so often,
so, often without paying them any mind,
and it is a shame these crimes,
against nature by humankind,
and nature has its way of balancing things out,
and maybe one day,
nature will wreak its wrath,
and bring about the end of humanity,
and upon the Earth,
it may be the end of our times,
and it may be a response,
a response to our abuse of nature,
and our destructive societies,
and greedy minds.

Grounded in reality

Grounded but what is reality?

What is it?

Because so many people seem, lost like sheep these days,
and so many people are weak,
and so many people lose their heads every week,
and so many people drink themselves to death,
and there so many overdoses on drugs,
drugs taken because of the stress and the strain of life,
and in this life, there are so many wrecks,
wrecks upon the rocks of life's shocks,
and so many people thrown to the wolves,
and so many people shown such disrespect,
because this world is brutal,
and you can easily lose your head,
and the world, the world it will never let you forget,
for there are these days,
with social networking and the media,
permanent memories made,
no matter if they are erased from your head.

Wild

Wild is the way that you are.

Wild is your heart,

wild is your mind,

because you live in the wilderness,

and you have grown accustomed to being wild,

and I do not mind because I am wild too,

because it inspires me and my imagination,
and it sets fire to my heart,
and with you we can be wild anywhere,
and anyplace and anytime,
because this freedom of mind,
it is not barbaric and regimented,
and is kinder to me and you and it cannot be restrained,
for in being wild,
there is a brilliance of mind,
a brilliance of mind that can light the darkest of nights,
and push the boundaries away,
far away,
for if you are free to be you,
how the world can change for the better,
and though it is sometimes a darkened place,
if we all are free in our own individuality,
will it not be upon the Earth,
a happier and a more peaceful place?

As chance

As chance would have it,
as chance would decry,
you have no chance at all,
if you try to force chance into being,
for it is all in the lap of the Gods,
and life is always a gamble,
mostly no matter how hard you try,
and if you could dictate to chance,
what would be the fun in there being no chance at all,

and there only being certainty,
because everything would be known,
and there would be no unknowns,
and there would be nothing to be wondered at,
and how boring that would be,
and life would just be one big sigh,
and not even worth keeping in your memory.

I hoped

I hoped that you were ok.
I hoped for you,
because I wanted you to be that way,
and I thought of you often for you had such ill luck,
such ill luck that cursed you every day,
and also, I hope,
I hope that things can get better,
and I wish for you,
and I believe in you,
and I want you to find out that you have won the lottery,
or met your future wife,
because losing someone that you love is a tragic thing,
and you deserve some luck,
because death is a tragic thing that will never be forgot,
and this cloud that hangs above your head,
I understand it and I see the sadness in you every day,
and I wish it would go away,
because the darkness in you and the sadness in you,
how it ravages you,
and there is no lightness at all in you,

and you cannot think clearly,
and you cannot decide what to do with your life at all,
and it is a shame,
a tragedy,
and oh, there are such tears,
a death,
a malady,
the malady of life,
and how life plagues you,
and how it derides you,
and how it taunts you,
and haunts you,
and how I wish you to be you,
and how I wish you to be the old you,
but death how it knocks you for six,
and how grief can send you to lay,
so quickly beneath a crucifix,
but I hope for you,
and I will be there for you,
and I will listen to you,
for as long as it takes,
and I hope you will find,
some comfort,
and I hope to give you comfort,
because this blackness,
this malady does not suit you one bit,
and your tragic loss,
how it would be best forgot,
yet, how can you forget a loved one,
as if they did not exist?

Go

Go in,
go into you,
go into you where the light does shine through,
for, I have seen the devil in you,
the devil in you fighting you,
so, go in,
go into you I beg of you,
I beg of you do not keep this night in you,
for you are not that black of a mood, are you?
Because it does not suit you,
so, go in,
go into you,
and pull out the light for there is a goodness in you,
and I have seen it before,
and those eyes they seem like they could use,
the light a little more,
so, go in,
go into you and be the angel that I know,
for I have been scared by you,
and I do not wish for it to be so,
because you are better than those that you have around you,
those who are trying to drag you down into the ground,
below.
So, go in,
go in and pull yourself into the light my friend,
because you must fight the night or it will envelope you,
and if you do not fight it until the end,
when will the darkness end,

when the world is destroyed?
Destroyed from such pain and from such hurt,
and suffering that from the blackness is deployed,
deployed by the disturbance of the mind,
so, do not let the darkness win,
because no eternal night should fill you my friend,
because you are but an angel with broken wings,
and that is not how for you I wish it to end,
because I love you and I am here for you,
and I am here to help you rise,
to help you rise again,
because black is not your colour,
and you do not have a wicked heart,
but by chance so the darkness,
it was brought upon thee,
and from vicious love,
it did take its toll and play its part.
so, go in,
go into you,
and reach for the stars in the night,
and pull out the light from the dark,
and fill yourself with it,
fill yourself with the light,
and be brave and be courageous,
and let no darkness scare you,
or tear you asunder and fight the night,
fight the night and with your wings learn to fly,
and learn to fly towards the sun again,
and learn to let the light shine,
and learn to make the devil cry.

Who is out tonight?

Who is out tonight,
in the Brooklyn night,
anyone at all?

Yes, who is out tonight,
under the streetlights,
where the rain does fall?
Who is out tonight, anyone at all?
Who is out tonight?

The jokers,
the nefarious,
the pimps,
the hookers,
the sad,
the happy,
and the crazy,
all howling at the moon?
Howling at the moon like a loon?
Most probably,
and most probably, all walking tall.
Walking tall down these city streets,
full of drugs and full of alcohol,
and full of bad intent,
and going to smash the night and steal hearts,
and then spend the money, of every hapless soul,
every hapless soul,
who they have bedazzled with their eyes,
with fake romance,
and devilishly enticing smiles.

Water is a sin

A late-night cafe not far from Coney Island,
a man looks up at the waiter,
water,
water is a sin!!
So, give me gin,
because how am I supposed to,
contemplate the world drinking an ocean?
an ocean will only take my mind nowhere,
and not out of here,
because the world is as bad as it has always been,
so, give me gin!!
And spare me the excuses,
for though I may seem a little drunken to you,
I can out argue the world,
and though I could show you what I mean,
you would be here your whole life,
so, bring me gin,
bring me gin!!
Bring me a gin,
and I will drink gin to the end,
and I will toast this life,
and I will toast departed friends,
and though I will probably drink myself to death,
that will be better than this life will have been,
so, give me gin,
lots of gin!!
And watch me grin,
watch me grin.

Brooklyn diner

I am sat in Brooklyn in the diner,
and I know you and I do not know you,
I know you from around here,
I've seen you with a boyfriend or two,
I've seen the arguments,
I have seen you screaming your head off,
at some fool that was no good for you,
and I know that showing that you care,
does not come easily to you,
and you wear a mask,
and you try to keep your cool.
Yes, you with your hurt and your pain,
and with the agony of past hurts lodged in your brain,
I know you are trying to be balanced,
but there is something bugging you,
and your hands are a little shaky,
and your judgement is rather on edge,
and you are dangling on a precipice,
and you are dangling on a ledge,
and you are ready to jump,
and you are ready to attack,
for you have been savaged in love,
and now you are ready to be savage back,
and there are bitter years of bitter tears in you,
and these days you barely hold it together,
and about real love these days it comes and goes,
less frequently than the weather,
and about love these days you barely have a clue,

and you have lost all your ability to judge,
and now showing that you care,
does not come so easily,
to you.
And you are scared,
a scared little you.
And you are like Bambi,
with those eyes,
those hazel eyes,
that are filled to the brim with tears,
and ready to burst,
as if raindrops falling from the skies,
because your heart is in pieces,
and torn apart by so many lies,
and you will no longer tolerate fools,
and God help those,
who will try to do you wrong,
because you have little patience anymore in you,
and tonight, judging from the pain,
and the anger in your eyes,
God help those who try to play you,
because you I can see are at your wits end,
and you have crazy look in your eyes,
and in your coat,
I glimpse a knife,
and I am not quite sure,
what you are going to do,
but God help those,
God help those,
who come across you.

Eddie

Eddie,
he polished his boots,
he put on his suit,
he tied his tie.
He took his gun,
he took his gun and he prepared to die,
and then he combed his hair and for a second,
he closed his eyes,
and then, he took a deep breath,
and reopened them and headed out into the night,
and walked through the snows into the twilight,
with some chump change in his pockets,
and with a roll of dollar bills in his wallet he felt fine,
he felt fine and he lit a cigarette,
and walked into the night,
with the picture of a man's face in his head,
and with his killer eyes, there was little time,
yes, little time, and across the street he began to run,
and he headed for the diner,
to give someone a nasty surprise,
yes, Nick the Greek, the fat man twice his size,
and twice the size of most humans,
Nick the Greek, who most probably is gobbling his face off,
and chatting up the ladies who always sat there and smiled,
smiled no matter how disgusting he looked,
and they had it down to the letter and they made a lot of
money for their time,
and on a fateful night, Eddie entered the diner,

and pulled out his gun,
and there were screams and shouts,
and diners fleeing everywhere,
and Nick the Greek, there he was trying to be the valentine,
but not for long, for the ladies he was with saw the gun,
and they ran screaming with tears in their eyes,
and Nick the Greek he froze,
and Eddie, he shot him twice between the eyes,
and then he sat down to dinner,
and ate an uneaten plate of food on Eddies table,
and began to talk to Nick,
so, do you come here often, and how is your wife?
And he laughed his head off,
another psychotic mafioso in the Brooklyn night,
another psychotic mafioso eating dinner,
not worried at all,
because all the cops were paid off around here,
and the food was incredibly fine,
and he called to the waiter,
hey Rico, Rico, could you bring me the wine,
because Nick has drunk it all,
and Eddie laughed and Rico nervously,
did what he was told,
because he was used to that kind of thing around here,
and he knew them all,
and knew they were all crazy and mentally unstable,
but it paid his bills,
and he was just glad to be a waiter and just glad to be alive,
alive in the Brooklyn night, where not so many,
not so many survive.

Survive

Survive?

Survive?

Not tonight!

Not tonight!!

For favourable is not the light,

and your time is up,

and blackness comes as quick as a meteor across the night.

Survive?

Survive?

Not tonight.

Not tonight,

because favourable is not the light.

Body

Body.

Body bag, body bag,

it drags, and it drags, the body bag,

leaving a killer, feeling glad,

killer, feeling glad.

Looks like rain

Looks like rain, looks like rain,

but is it the tears, the tears of God,

maybe, but who is to blame, who is to say,

yes, it looks like rain, but is it the tears of God?

And have we really caused him so much pain?

Dirty river

Dirty river,
dirty river going into the ocean,
stood here at a place,
that I do not want to be,
stood here in the bitter wind,
with your things in my hands,
and with your clothes,
and your gun just as planned,
and with you dead,
there is not much company,
so, throw it all,
and to hell with it all,
oh, city,
city what do you see,
what do you see when you look at me?
A killer or a saviour,
or something unmentionable
a strong me,
a damaged me.
City,
do you pity me, for you see it all,
you see it all,
you see the sickness,
and the beauty of everyone here,
and I see very unclearly,
and I have forgotten what it is,
and I have forgotten,
what it is to be me.

Taken up

You're taken up, you're taken up, and I am by the graveside,
with a bit of whiskey in me, feeling a little rough.
And I hazily see the flowers,
I hazily see the flowers by your grave are genuine,
and it is a nice touch,
because you're taken up, you're taken up, but why,
why is the world so tough?
I wish I knew; I wish I knew.
because there is a pounding in my brain,
and a throbbing in my skull,
now what did they do to you, what did they do?
They left you alone on the streets shot through,
shot through, with bullet holes in you,
but what did you do, what did you do?
For there was a kid nearby shot too, a kid nearby shot too,
a six-year-old who got a bullet in the head,
who was too young to die that way, yes, too young,
oh, how brutally he was killed in the Brooklyn night,
his blood was all over the place and his brains,
Oh, why does this goddamn world have to be so so cold?
I wish I knew,
and as I hold onto your gravestone, hoping for an answer,
I get nothing, nothing but the thoughts of you,
but I get no answers and I expected no replies,
yet all I get, yet all I get is tears in my eyes,
tears and you have been taken up,
you have been taken up,
and I, I curse the sky, I curse Brooklyn and the sky.