

We were human once

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Dedicated to all those who fight, and continually struggle
to solve the problems of the world.

Thank you for your tireless efforts!

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Picture

She was happy, when she saw it in the first place,
the picture of her father,
caught his likeness in such spectacular ways,
and she smiled at the way he smiled and laughed,
and looked lovingly,
at the lines on his face,
and at the colour of his skin,
his skin so rugged but soft,
and his nose so elegant in its pose,
and in his eyes,
in his eyes his heart was captured with a light,
that sparkled so bright,
and in her mind was his mind,
and all the conversations that had taken place,
and what a memory,
what a picture,
what skill used in the paints,
and what an evocation of his being,
that lit up her face,
for in her eyes,
in her eyes he was alive,
and she was ever grateful,
as the tears of joy,
tears of joy rolled down her face,
and what a work of art it was,
what a work of art,
that captured her heart,
in the picture of her father,
the picture of her father,
that now takes his place.

Bird

Bird across the greyest sky off to somewhere new,
off to where the sun shines,
and I do not blame you,
for attached to the Earth am I,
and though I wish I could fly,
and seemingly at such ease that you do,
because your wings flap in glorious beauty,
and your efforts make it seem so easy,
and though I am sure it is not,
of your flight's delicate beauty,
I watch amazed and in admiration at you,
for you are an expert, but sadly, not me,
for I am fixed upon the Earth, and I have not the choice,
but I am not complaining at the wonder of nature,
and at your bird song and at the wonder of you.

Rugged and ragged

Rugged and ragged and worn at the edges,
humanity is brought low by words and pledges,
that never usually amount to anything,
for we aim for better societies,
but money eradicates many good intentions,
that people have when they begin to speak on such things,
and with money instead of building up fences,
we tear them down and build barriers,
because money is the barrier,
that prevents the world's problems from being solved,
and money unfortunately,
does not make the world go around.

On the beach

On the beach at night,
such beautiful stars do shine in thine eyes,
and so glorious and bright on the beach at night,
where the moon hangs so gently in the sky,
the boats do cross across the water,
towards the horizon in their gentle flow,
for on the beach at night next to the fire,
that lights our faces aglow,
we eat drink and be merry and rest our weary feet,
with happiness on the beach at night,
and we talk of the places that we still have to go,
and we talk of the experiences that we have had,
and of the bumps in the road,
and on the beach at night,
we enjoy such great company,
as the world has afforded us,
and we watch the sea as we rest,
and we are happy to be alive in life's journey,
and looking forward to the road forever onwards,
that we will know.

Reticence and recalcitrance

Reticence and recalcitrance,
two partners in belligerence,
that will not move and will not bend,
and do not make any sense,
and though you may talk and talk,
some people's mentalities are stuck in a rut,

but how will things change if you cannot comprehend,
and how will things bring any understanding,
of such problems that the world may have today,
for some people are loath to listen, and loath to understand,
but I baulk at them, and I persevere,
for what is this rigidity,
what is this rigidity,
that brings you out into such a fear?

I saw you at the start

Of drugs and into that world you fell,
and alas I knew you once, but you had changed,
you had changed from the person you were,
to an unpredictable person,
a person that I did not know very well at all,
and I saw you at the start, on the path to destruction,
I saw the headlines that featured you,
and I saw your behaviour,
that was out of character to the person that I once knew,
and you,
you mugged, and you robbed,
and you did what you did,
and I shed tears for you,
I shed tears for you, and we became distant,
and now I regret it,
but there would have been nothing that I could have done,
for I saw you at the start, and I read about you at the end,
and you gassed yourself to death in your car,
and when I think of you,
I think of you before all your problems,
and I think of all the great times that we shared,

and I think of the times when you were in such a state,
after your problems began,
and oh, how my heart breaks in two over you,
how it breaks in two,
for who you were,
and who you became, I could not fully comprehend,
or understand but I cared, I really cared,
but I felt helpless,
and I wished I could have helped more than I could do,
but no matter,
no matter how many times I go over it in my head,
it is too late, and you are buried in the ground,
and saving you was more challenging,
than I ever knew would be true.

No home

Wherever,
whenever,
how lonely are the city streets,
in all weathers and in the rain,
and in the sun, the cold, and the snow,
how lonely are the doorways where you shelter,
and how do you trust,
when you have such wariness that fills your soul,
and how do you survive on barely any food,
when it is a matter of survival,
and how do you live mostly without any family,
and how do you feel,
on the park benches,
and in the parks and in the city streets,
where no one barely listens to you at all,

except the charity workers who do an excellent job,
but why should anyone be homeless,
with so many natural resources available,
and available to one and all,
because in humanity,
in humanity should there not be,
more humanity in humanity, to solve problems,
and to help the vulnerable?

Castle

In the ruins of the castle,
I walk the grounds,
I look at the battlements,
and I imagine the battle sounds,
now, it sounds romantic,
but it is not,
because in medieval ages past,
and in such destructive and brutal ways,
they spilled such blood as was the want,
for when thine enemies wanted you dead,
how little choice you had,
but to fight with all you had got,
and with trebuchets, and battering rams,
bows and arrows and swords,
how quickly death came,
and though the ruins of the castle still stand,
and are remembered once more,
and the names of the battles are remembered,
the fallen,
and the dead by name,
by name are mostly not remembered anymore.

Cool breeze

Cool breeze and rough waves which belies the ease,
with which you row your rowing boat,
and with the arms and your limbs,
and the strength of the team,
there is beauty in motion that pounds the waves,
as you gently dip the oars in the sea,
and you cut such an elegant rhythm,
back and forth,
back and forth,
that is forever beguiling in its simplicity.

Fruits in a bowl

Fruits in a bowl of every colour and type,
fruits of the Earth that nourish us,
and are much admired,
for it is a simple pleasure,
but the senses are heightened,
in such subtleties that fall upon us,
for as we smell and taste,
we savour every moment,
and are nourished inside,
as of a kiss of the sunshine,
sunshine on a summers day that does delight,
sunshine, so, so bright,
and so glorious upon the senses,
and how grandly it does come,
in its heavenly wake,
and how beautifully and magnificently,
the sun it does delight once set in its place.

Life and death

Life is disputed by death, death is disputed by life,
and they fight and they fight,
but unfortunately, until there is barely any of the body left.

The health of the world

The health of the world is in a chaotic mess,
with war and disease ridiculing humanity,
for in humanities inhumanity,
the world's health suffers,
in its inequality of care,
and so destructively,
and with poverty all around us,
illness ravages us for all to see,
and with mental health,
and with physical disabilities,
we are all human,
but why, why are there so many people,
so many people who with money on their mind disagree,
and for suffering, do not really care.

Lightly as air

In the bower, so, you came,
so, you came as lightly as air,
so, you came with a spring in your step,
yes, upon the day to your marriage,
where I could have been,
but my dear, we were like wood to a flame,
and we were not to be together for long,

to such eternal shame,
yes, we were not meant to be together for long,
for you were wonderful,
but we had our differences,
and we were not the same,
and yet time, has passed so quickly,
and here I am enchanted by you again,
but in a more distant way,
and I,
I am glad,
glad that you have found peace,
and someone with which you have more in common,
and I will be happy for you I truly will,
truly happy, when you take his name.

Fine

Fine, fine, fine,
you give in this time, though you barely do,
but tonight, you drink a little wine, and I too,
and you are of an intemperate mood,
and I have drawn you out of your solitude,
so, tell me my friend, what is it that is bothering you,
for I can see it in your eyes,
and in your posture that something has riled you,
so, drink a little wine,
and we will find some time to relax you,
because I hate to see you sad,
and I hate to see you mad,
but whatever it is,
talk my friend,
and I will see what I can do.

Wage a war

Wage, wage a war.
Build such machines that can kill faster than before.
Yes, wage, wage a war,
destroy the cities and the countryside,
and the people quicker than before.
Wage, wage a war,
rebuild a country and bring peace
and happiness forevermore?
Wage, wage a war, disagree once more,
and once more, wage, wage a war.
Oh, so many people getting rich by selling weapons,
much richer than before.
Yes, wage, wage a war,
and build such machines that can kill faster than before.

Paranoid state

Arrive early, leave late, make sure no one sees you,
in this oppressive state,
for many are with cold war minds,
and so, you will get to know,
the anxiety and the paranoia of the place,
because the leader who took charge has such ill manners,
and will smash you into the ground,
if you criticise him with excessive haste,
because everything you do will be monitored,
and if you step out of line,
you will be arrested,
but I warn you my friend,
for your troubles you will get a broken face.

Oblique

Oblique and so bleak at times,
life for from you,
it cuts such a vicious wedge,
and it leads you along,
it leads you along a razor's edge,
and tis better to be wary,
for life is never guaranteed,
for time waits for no man,
and time,
time is your enemy.

The clouds

The clouds,
they gather on the horizon,
a recalcitrant lot,
and they bother the sun,
and it bothers them a lot,
and it is an unhappy marriage,
but both allow humans to live,
for from the elements that nurtured the Earth,
where life grew up,
and from up where it was brought,
in an eternal cycle upon the Earth,
it is a miracle that they coexist,
and if the weather did not,
the Earth would be barren,
and void of form like the moon,
like the moon,
and I know where I, would rather live.

Your voice

Before I see you, your voice it grates,
and it shatters the night,
you sound disturbed and mentally unbalanced,
and nothing seems right,
and then, I spot you on the street,
and your eyes are bulging,
and they would give anyone a fright,
for you are on amphetamines,
and it is easy to tell as well,
for that is your pleasure,
but mine is crossing the street to somewhere quiet,
and from the look on your face,
somewhere quiet is far better for me,
better for me than racing around out of your mind,
and not making any sense,
and displaying such unheavenly facial contortions,
and sights,
that are bound to give everyone a fright.

That life

That life was yours, but now it has gone,
for your long years,
have brought you to another home,
and I no longer see your face,
but I, I remember you,
and your smile for in my heart it takes its place,
and in my memories of which are dear to me,
I wander in such elysian Fields,
and I remember our shared experiences,

that through the years are burned in my brain,
burned in my brain, as if it was yesterday,
and what great memories are they, for they make me smile,
and in my vision, them I can clearly see,
yes, I can clearly see,
and with them I do not feel alone,
and in the photograph beside me there is a little of you,
and I remember the time that we spent together,
and I am glad that when we walked the Earth,
we walked together in each other's company,
and of those times, I took them all in,
I took them all into my heart,
and I never forgot a thing that we had experienced or seen,
and now,
now my friend,
there is and there always will be,
a little of you in me.

Across the fields

Across the fields when we walk,
across the fields in all weathers where we talk,
the light does shine down in its various shades,
and with the beauty of the light,
each colour colours your face and mine,
no matter what the mood portrays,
for light bends and weaves through time,
in its magnificence and we are affected by it in such ways,
such ways that affect such states of mind,
that life by circumstance has thrown our way,
for no matter what season,
spring, summer, autumn, or winter,

we take it all in,
and through the sunshine and the rain,
and the snow and the grey's,
we are captured in its variation,
for light from the sun and the sky and the clouds,
and the moon and the stars,
they portray the universe's heart in such spectacular ways,
and yes, we are taken to places of light and dark,
where our emotions play,
and we are captured in wonder,
where nature fill us with its glory,
and our minds are captured by the light,
that the universe does impart in its magical ways.

Vocation

What a vocation is life.
Yes, to live and to breathe,
and to experience and to feel,
and to travel the world,
and explore with the imagination,
the hearing, the mind, and the eyes.
What a great thing it is,
to experience things that you have never experienced before,
and oh, what a vocation is life,
and how incredible it is to meet and greet new people,
and to listen to them as they talk about their lives,
and how glorious it is to share such times,
as on the earth,
that in its wondrous variation it does prescribe.
Yes, oh, what a vocation is life,
and what a wondrous thing to learn,

and to grow with such strength in glorious fascination,
and curiosity that feeds the mind,
is a magnificent thing,
and so too, to be with family,
and experience the joys of the world,
and to share the love and a common bond in humanity,
and humankind,
and what wonders communication can bring,
for under the clouds, the sun, and the sky,
and upon the Earth so blue,
and under the moon and the stars that shine so bright,
in the night in the universe,
in the universe that created me and you,
how beautiful life is awaiting new experiences to be had,
with each day rendered fresh,
rendered fresh and new.

Unhappy

She was unhappy,
but she played at being someone else,
because she did not like herself,
but I said to her you are only kidding yourself,
and you, you should look inside,
and at that she frowned and sighed,
but that is the trouble,
when people do not want to face themselves,
and they cannot help themselves,
and they will not take advice,
and they will not listen,
but you cannot teach everyone,
no, you cannot teach everyone to be wise.

Suffragettes

You were beyond the pale, or so they used to say,
yes you, you who campaigned for change,
but when others tried to derail you, and slander your names,
Emmeline Pankhurst,
Emily Wilding Davison and many others,
you fought for equal rights and equality,
and bravely and courageously,
you stood strong you suffragettes,
and whilst many belittled your names,
you put your lives on the line,
and Emily Wilding Davison,
you threw yourself under a horse,
and you died for your cause,
you died for your cause in such a spectacular way,
yes, a spectacular way, but thanks to you,
thanks to you, the world has changed forever,
and for the better,
and we are more than grateful,
of the sacrifices that you have made.

Blood money

Lipstick kisses, the streets late at night,
holding hands in the city, as money changes hands,
and bullets are loaded in a gun,
ready to administer a contract on a life.
Now what is it to be a killer?
And what is it that brings you to such a state of mind?
To such a state of wickedness and inhumanity,
earning money through greed, and from depravity,

yes, you with a coldness of heart,
and a dark minded mentality, you walk the path of death,
and have forgotten the value of life, and what it meant.
For you revel in the money and with blood on your hands,
you will want more, when the money is spent,
and when the hole in your wallet,
is burning a hole in your mind,
you will not hesitate to kill another,
and continue to enjoy your life.

Conscious

Are you conscious of yourself, because,
I am worried for your health, and you seem quiet,
and out of sorts, which is unusual in a way,
for you normally bring such chaos to the table.
and you rip up the rule books,
and set fire to the world with revolution,
and express your rage out loud,
and as the world tries to catch up, with your master plan,
I smile to myself, for of your master plan,
whatever it is I am always proud.
yet today, you seem different,
and I am not used to you being quiet,
and I would not wish to change you,
for the world, the world is bad enough,
and an advance through revolution,
and an improvement, no matter how small it is,
is much better than going nowhere fast,
and better than having to live eternally, with the damned,
and the insufferable, that shatter your mind,
and that cut at your heart.

Spark

She lit the spark that caught her heart a flame,
she lit the spark,
and she said hello to a stranger,
and she asked may I know your name,
may I know your name,
but the stranger replied,
I am sorry, but I am just about to catch a plane.

She figured it out

She figured it out.
She figured out that you were wrong,
you with your wandering eye,
that caused her so much pandemonium.
She figured it out,
but she wished that she knew what you were like all along.
Yes, you,
you of weak moral turpitude,
you treated her badly and you did her wrong,
and you tried to take all her money,
and she kicked you out and cut up your clothes,
and when you left, she was grateful.
and away you ran into the setting sun,
away you ran with your reputation in ruins,
and every woman,
aware of a man who had no heart,
and who did not care except for himself,
and who only had an eye for your wealth,
and so, you are best left alone,
best left alone and feeling sorry for yourself.

Heart in your hand

You hold your heart in your hand,
and you are open to many,
but many do not understand,
and some see you as weak,
but I see strength in your willingness to listen,
and I see strength in your emotions,
and in your compassion,
whilst others see you as a victim and you,
you they cannot understand,
but you do not change,
you do not change for the world is a bitter place,
and the world is better off,
with your light that you shine upon the world,
and you are better off as you stand.

Corruption in the world

There is corruption in the world.
There are lies in the psychology of the brands.
They tell you this and they tell you that,
and they try to sell you everything,
and to make you break the bank,
break the bank with their marketing research,
and their marketing plans.
And they appeal to your better nature,
and they think that you are soft,
and they tell you it will make you feel better,
and it will make you happy,
and they tell you to think of how much time you will save,
by looking fabulous faster today,

for our products will be of benefit to you they say,
with words that assuage,
and your money will be of more benefit to us,
than you so please do not dismay,
for our products are fantastic,
and with their words they will part you from your money,
quicker than you think,
and if not, they will keep trying anyway.

The garden

The walls of the garden enclose me now,
and I am surrounded by the flowers,
and enveloped in their scent,
and under the blue sky and the sun I stand,
and the fragrance it enamours me,
and I revel in it as from the Earth to the heavens,
and skywards it is sent.
And I delight at the flowers glorious colours,
and I am brought alive by nature,
where time stands still,
and I am in Bliss.
And I enjoy the moment with the bees,
the birds and the butterflies,
floating and flying amidst the trees,
and the daffodils where they live.
And I wonder at the creator of life,
and at the time,
they took to make it all,
and I am grateful to be here,
and to be able explore the colours of the rainbow,
and the spectacle.

Damage

The damage has been done,
consistently upon the world,
by the savagery of man,
for evil seems to be inbuilt with the iniquities of leaders,
that pried piper like lead their countries to war,
and destruction,
over wealth and greed and land,
and the damage has been done,
through poor decisions,
and through their nefarious plans,
and though they are cowards,
many brave souls will die for them,
but how many of the leaders will die for their countrymen,
their countrymen whose lives they undervalue,
and about who they do not really give a damn.

We say

We say things we do not say.
We hold the words in our minds,
and in our mouths,
and we control ourselves,
whilst wanting to say,
everything that we should not say.
And we say it with our eyes,
and we calmly stay quiet,
because being quiet,
in front of the opinionated,
is usually better,
and I would rather be that way.

Bore

The world sometimes is a frightful bore,
for it leaves us be mostly,
so, we do not leave it alone anymore,
and we try to organise it from the chaos it was in before,
for the world sometimes is a frightful bore,
but sometimes it has enough of us. and with earthquakes,
and with monsoons, hurricanes, and typhoons,
it tells us to stop,
it tells us to stop interfering,
and it is a bit more exciting than before.

UC

UC.

IC.

We C.

We C where we can B

:) 4 we R free

& IC as 1 how gr8 2 can B.

4 I <3 u & u <3 me.

Abbreviatedly.

Emails and letters

I receive a letter now and then,
but mostly emails these days,
from my friends,
and I bet the trees are pleased,
I bet the trees are pleased that the world,
the world is murdering less of them.

Heavens

The heavens are in all of us,
no matter which religion we belong to or do not,
for we are all human,
and of such variation,
and the brain it is a wonder of creation,
for it holds the wonder of thought,
and the world that we see,
and the view is spectacular,
and we watch and listen,
and take it all in with a continual evaluation and refrain,
what beauty there is in the world and us,
and long, long may it remain.

Drugs

Shallow waters, still is the night,
moon, stars, rocks, and trees,
a sandy beach,
palm trees and music playing in the Caribbean night,
the Caribbean night,
filled with talk and laughter,
a busy harbour,
a quiet beach,
a boat laden with drugs headed for disaster,
for a storm is coming,
and though they know what many want,
they will not reach them,
and will be tortured, shot, and murdered quickly after,
for it is what it is,
a regular occurrence,

when you involve yourself in such chaos and disorder,
for desperation drives the few at the bequest of the powerful,
and those with money,
those with money who sell drugs in vast quantities,
seem greatly pleased,
whilst others feed their addictions,
whilst not thinking of the bodies piling up,
and the families and the children of drug dealers,
are left behind and left distraught after,
oh, such a cost it is death,
that the pleasure of the world orders,
but the drug users are mostly high on ignorance,
whilst the bodies pile up,
of much-loved sons and daughters.

Elements

People and elements of life,
fragmented and disturbed with people,
carrying inside them the false visions of the times,
yes, a mirror of society,
shattered and fragmented,
the reflections of the human mind,
because society is ill,
and the way it works is so hard to define,
so hard for it kicks,
it kicks and it cuts,
and it smashes you up,
it smashes you up and it wears you down,
yes, it wears you down,
and it takes you around the houses and off the beaten track,
with a lack of common sense and logic,

and the world and its population live in absurdity,
and the world continually fails to solve poverty,
and continually fails to solve famine and drought,
and continually fails to solve homelessness,
homelessness in their dystopian world,
their dystopian world,
where they lived unbalanced in their acts.

Sanity

We seek to find sanity,
for we are disturbed by others lack of peace of mind,
and we seek to find happiness,
but the colour of the days,
shadows the world with grey,
in the depression of our times,
and we seek to find clarity,
and humility, when we can,
and we seek to find compassion,
but it is lacking in the world,
for it is of such brutality and frantic activity,
for what is the illness inside humans,
well, I wish I knew,
and I wish I could understand,
for we seek to find the time to,
but life is immaterial,
to the materialism of life,
because the world has gone crazy,
so crazy and for materialism people die,
and people die to have the latest thing,
only for the next one to arrive, in the blink of an eye.

Through our radio stations and on our televisions

Through our radio stations,
and on our televisions and online,
we are pulled in to walk through the war zones,
with our eyes,
through our radio stations,
and on our televisions and online,
we are pulled in to see the suffering,
and the countless deaths time and time again.
Through our radio stations,
and on our televisions and online,
we see the bombs explode,
and hear the bullets whizz past on their fatal missions,
we see the explosions and the bodies blown to bits,
we see the crying and the distraught relatives,
the shell-shocked children,
and the women and the men who are covered in dust,
and rubble and who are in little bits,
but the doctors do their best,
but not everyone can be fixed.
and through our radio stations,
and on our televisions and online we see the destruction,
we see the torture,
we see the death,
we see the brutality,
we see the damage to humanity,
from the eternal war through which we live,
and which we hear about on our radio stations,
and see on our televisions,
and online and in newspapers,

and in magazines and we are desensitised,
for it is such a regular thing the malady of war,
the malady of war,
and the sickness in the human condition,
but our leaders do not listen enough,
despite our countless protests,
and the countless tears,
that have fallen from humanities eyes.

Bitter

Bitter?

Me?

No not I.

But I wish you well.

And I hope you treat others better,

for you treated me like hell,

and I wish you good riddance, for your tongue is vicious,

and it casts such bitter spells,

and though I will not be sorry to see you go,

I for one will cry no tears as well,

but I wish you a speedy journey, with the devil on your tail.

Work

What is work if it drives you berserk,

what is work if you lose decades,

paying off a mortgage and have a shortened life,

and what good is work,

if you cannot spend time with your loved ones and family.

What good is having no time, and what good is work,

if you have no work life balance and it destroys your mind?

Lone

Lone,
alone,
loan,
take the time to get far away from here,
for it will do you no good,
and it will only eat you up and chew at you,
and erode who you are,
and fill your world with cold,
for it is that kind of town,
so, go, go before it is too late,
for there is much here that is wrong,
and it will only kill your soul,
because it is a bitter place,
and the people pry and spy,
and dance to the tune of the devil,
while you, while you the rebel,
you are best far away from here,
for there is much ignorance and intolerance,
and happiness is not at home here,
in the quiet streets with the curtain twitchers,
in the town where everyone bitches,
in the town where no one has any good things to say,
so, go, go, go, for it will only get you down,
so be free my friend and enjoy your travels on the road,
for with your heart and the inspiration of everywhere,
new that you go,
enjoy yourself, for I fear if you stay in this place,
with its intolerance and hate, it will destroy you,
and send you to an early grave,
in the ground below.

We were human once

We were human once said the man,
as he looked at the graves of the war dead,
and wiped away a tear,
we were human once,
but we lost our way and death is never far away,
but we were human once, a long, long time away from here,
we were human once he cried,
as the thunder roared,
and crashed and the lightening flashed in the sky,
we were human once he said but I will not be here long,
but remember this, if we are the last humans on the Earth,
the world has gone wrong, and heaven will take us,
for we were human once and God will make us again,
and I look at the man, but I do not agree,
because to me personally,
I have my doubts, because God for far too long,
has been nowhere to be seen.

We do not need

We do not need your infatuation with the old.
We do not need your negativity,
for we are a new generation who see things differently,
and we are not so jaded by the world,
and we are not set in our ideas and ways,
and we are happier,
and we enjoy the world and its fascination,
for we explore afresh and create,
and we are different than you,
for in the freshness of mind there is inspiration.

Softened

Softened by the light of which he cast,
he branded you in the furnace of his heart,
and your tears,
your tears they now play,
like a symphony upon your cheeks,
for in your eyes,
he came to you of the light,
but he cut into you viciously with the dark,
for he was as black as the night inside,
and he with no humanity or dignity,
treated you disrespectfully,
and severed the strings of your heart.
What a coward,
what a cad.
I would advise you throw his memory away,
but it is too late,
for there is a fire raging inside you,
and a hurricane too,
and thoughts of revenge have landed upon you,
and are making their mark.

In the woods

In the woods it is time to relax for the night is young,
and the fire is lit,
and we have stopped in our tracks,
and nothing could be finer,
than to rest thine eyes upon the stars and the moon,
and to unload the weight of the world from our backs,
for vicious is the world,

and with such stress it attacks,
and ideally, I wish to be a hermit forevermore,
but if I never saw a human again,
my friends would disown me,
for there is joy in company and no stress,
but through the years I wish,
I wish stress was not so persistent,
and it did not keep coming back,
for it is vicious,
and the world is a strange place,
where life is lived frantically,
so never take anything for granted,
except death and tax.

The climate of our times

The climate of our times it breeds fear of the mind,
for life is controlled and cajoled,
and we suffer anxiety,
and frustrations of the mind in the climate of our times,
and they pervade every part of our being,
and we struggle to cope,
for modern society enslaves us in such complexities,
and the financial world,
and the bureaucracy we suffer it suffocates us,
for the world is overcomplicated,
overcomplicated by any complexity,
that they seem happy to devise,
for we want it all,
we want it all,
but everything in the world is seemingly never enough.

We have it all, we have not enough

We have it all,
we have not enough,
we have vast wealth and resources,
we have people in poverty,
who regularly use food banks,
and who suffer for their health,
we have it all,
and we have not enough,
for society,
is not well ordered,
and we struggle to organise,
and we throw food away,
as people with haunted looks,
struggle to get enough,
yes, we have it all,
we have not enough,
but we have famine and drought,
and death too often,
whilst the majority have never suffered,
but have seen people suffer on TV often enough,
yes, we have it all,
we have not enough,
but when will we get it right,
for there is food,
and water for all,
and if we are just better organised,
the world would be better off,
and there would be,
barely any stress at all.

Despatched

Despatched with a knife,
blood on the streets and tears,
tears later in mothers and fathers,
and siblings and relatives' eyes,
stab, stab, quick, quick,
run away a coward flees, someone dies.
Despatched with a gun.
Despatched with a knife,
shot and stabbed in the cities,
and the towns where it is the scourge of modern life.
Yes, despatched with a gun.
Despatched with a knife,
people looking to make money quick.
Societies assassins with no humanity,
no humanity writ large in their eyes.

Letting off steam

The steam rises in the morning,
and you stand there with your suitcase,
you with time on your hands,
and on a holiday to who knows where,
and I see you happy,
and I wish I was with you and without any cares.
For the day is long,
and work is tedious in a frantic world gone wrong,
and I wish I was with you,
and I wish I could come along,
but I work too much,
and my back aches and my mind does too,

and I wonder why the working life is so long,
for every hour of the day that we spend in a year,
the work-life balance is all wrong,
and because all we have is a month off in the year,
and the odd bank holiday and the rest of the time,
we are asleep on our backs,
it seems a shame that life and work cannot be arranged,
better to give you more hours in the day,
more hours in the day to relax.

Money

Money, money pervades everywhere,
money disturbs society with impropriety,
and with over inflated prices,
oh, how the pressure rises,
and with the stock exchanges falling and rising,
and companies closing everywhere,
materialism destroys many things,
and there are the homeless,
and the poverty-stricken and the suffering,
but not many people care,
not many people care,
and far too often unfortunately,
people lose their houses,
and people are not able to educate their children,
and the world argues over money with their spouses,
and money hangs over society like a dark cloud,
like a dark cloud,
controlling all,
and not benefiting everyone,
because money, because money is never equally shared.

The disappeared

I awoke with the sunlight upon the lawn.
I awoke with a clear head to find that you had gone.
I awoke and I looked, and I looked but you were not there,
for you had shuffled off your mortal coil before the dawn,
before the dawn,
and yes, of course,
of course, I was forlorn,
I was forlorn, for in the sea there you were found,
floating lifelessly around,
and sadly, you left me alone forevermore,
and now, how often these days I dream of you,
and how often I dream and whilst I dream,
whilst I dream, I have nightmares of the horrible news,
that left me heartbroken and reeling,
reeling, for we had been together a long time,
and I thought I knew you,
and I thought you were happy, but it was not true,
yes, it was not true,
because there was some darkness in you,
some darkness in you that I never knew,
and now,
now, I feel helpless,
for I was asleep when you gave your life to the sea,
and unfortunately, I could not stop you and you,
you will never be forgot,
and although the sea may have claimed you for eternity,
I will cry countless tears,
and my mind through the years it will never stop,
it will never stop thinking of you,
and the times that we shared,

and oh, how many tears I will cry,
in a never-ending sorrowful refrain,
that brings me no pleasure,
no pleasure but only pain,
and never,
never will the pain be erased,
and never will the pain of losing you ever go away,

In the park

In the park I fell for you under the dying sun,
and we woke from our slumber awakened with hunger,
and we rapidly ate the night and the delights at the
restaurant where our romance had begun,
and the stars were shining bright on the moonlit night,
and we remembered how we met over a glass of wine,
and we were enraptured in our time,
our time together,
and fate awaited us that first day that we met,
for there in your eyes I saw the light that shone upon me,
the beautiful light that sparkled so bright,
and yes, with your wit, intellect, and humour,
and heart we are happy as one,
for love conquers all,
and I,
I am glad it won.
I am glad it won,
because I fell for you,
and how glad am I that we are happy as one,
because love conquers all,
love conquers all,
and I am glad that love won.

Incendiary

Incendiary you are,
and of such ideas,
that tear everything apart,
yes, incendiary,
for you wield words like knives,
and you cut at the heart,
you cut at the heart,
for you are a vicious soul,
and I pity you for degrading the language,
of which you were taught,
and it is a shame,
for it does not deserve to lay in your mouth,
or upon your tongue,
and for such vicious fire and fury to come out,
and I believe,
I believe your opinions are so insular to you,
and that all you care about is you,
and to the world it means nothing,
but the bitter ramblings of someone alone,
who was hurt by the world,
and who is on a permanently destructive path,
but I cannot criticize you,
for it only makes you worse,
and it also sadly breaks my heart,
it breaks my heart to see the freedom of speech,
brought into the gutter by you,
and you are filled with your anger,
and I am sad to see,
your great determination to smash,
to smash the world apart.

We fight the night

We fight the night to seize the day,
for we will overcome the darkness,
and we will go forth in strength together,
and shine a light on the world,
and we will with courage and bravery,
cast the dark shadows away,
for we fight the night to seize the day,
we fight the night to secure freedom,
and peace and democracy,
and ensure there is tolerance instead of intolerance and hate,
and we fight the night to seize the day,
to eradicate those of ill intent,
who spew vicious words of hate,
and who inflame,
with their inflammatory rhetoric that they inflict,
upon the hearts and the minds of the people today,
and we fight those who inflict their rhetoric upon the foolish,
who are often uneducated,
and disgruntled,
and easily lead,
by the corruptions of religious texts,
and by hateful speeches,
that threaten the stability of the world,
speeches that try to control the way people think,
but we will never,
we will never give in to terrorists,
so, we fight the night to seize the day,
and we fight the night with all our might,
yes, we fight the night with all our might,
to eradicate terrorists from the world today.

We crash through

We crash through the barriers of pain,
we crash through and we suffer no fools,
and we suffer no terrorists of the brain,
yes, we ignore their words,
and we will not be tortured,
for with education, we shall as individuals remain,
yes, we shall remain sound in our minds,
and sure, in our ways,
for you belittle and cajole,
and try to humiliate with your ignorant ways,
and we will still be human,
we will still be human,
whilst the devil you remain.

The darkness of the soul

The darkness of the soul,
oh, how often there is little else,
yes, yes when you live in a world so cold,
so, cold that whenever you try to drag yourself up,
from the blackness it enters you like the devil,
and oh, how you wish it would go, the darkness of the soul,
the darkness of the soul,
for in the city streets,
and in the poverty,
and in the gangs and in the drugs,
and in the violence,
oh, such crushing blows that spread death and disease,
and of what use are these,

and of what use is failing to do nothing,
and what use is solving nothing permanently,
and it is frustrating,
and how often humanity seems lost,
when all is black and the cost,
the permanent darkness of the soul.

Transcended

You transcended to a place,
of which I do not know, and I stand here alone,
and I wonder do you look back at your old life,
and do you look down from the heavens up above,
upon those down below,
and do you miss people that you used to know,
and do you have a new life,
and do you have new relationships?
Do you have memories from the earth,
or are the old ones fresh and clean,
fresh and clean and as white as snow?

Misty morning

It is a lovely misty morning,
as the day is dawning and you disappear into the air,
and the mist,
the mist it hangs like a ghost around you,
yes, like a ghost so ethereal and magical,
and of such grey,
but the beauty of the mist, it transcends the world,
and it envelopes it like a blanket,
with you on your way to who knows where.

We kick up a storm

We kick up a storm,
we of individuality and form,
for we were born to fight against ignorance,
and to set fire to the inalcitrant and the belligerent,
yes, we of education,
and the courage and the determination to uproot,
those who do not care,
yes, the uncivilised and the vacuous,
and those of ill fascination,
yes, we strike out against the vitriolic, the bucolic,
and those with fixed minds,
and those that try to control,
and dominate with sublimation,
yes, we, we storm the barricades,
and break down the barriers with fierce determination,
for we fly the flag of freedom,
and we kick up a storm we rebels,
and we will march on,
we will march on,
to end your ill thought out and oppressive domination.

Over time

Over time, over time she waits.
She finds.
She captures photographs,
and remembers them all in her photographic mind.
Over time, she captures the language,
and the nature and the beauty of the earth,
in her eyes and in her mind, over time,

she waits with patience,
and measures the light with the skills,
that nature has given her,
and with incredible eyes,
she takes the photographs,
and in the still frames,
so does play out the movie of the visions of her life,
and of the wonder of the times.
and the photographs of the past,
they bring a smile to her face,
and a warmth to her heart.

She walks the world

She walks the world, a shadow of herself,
a silhouette even and I am concerned for her health,
and I look at her,
and at the sorrow in her eyes, and it brings a tear to mine,
and I in my emotions, am conscious of myself,
conscious for I wish to bring her no further pain,
but I have no happy news,
and the world as it is it turns,
and it burns with war, famine, and drought,
and the ravages of disease remain the same,
but what can be done,
for two broken hearts are usually in the end,
are no better together as one, and we both cry more tears,
for the work of the devil upon the world is never idle,
and the work of the devil is never done,
and we seem to be forever trying to fix ourselves,
through the devastation of the days and the nights,
and through the rising and the setting of the sun.

In this world

In this world,
so, it rises,
the feelings of annoyance in me,
for I am not able to be,
who I want to be,
and I am tired and stressed,
and I am filled with anxiety,
yes, so rises the feelings in me,
for I am irritated and frustrated,
and the world is discombobulated,
and I struggle and fight with all my might,
for the world is frenetic and bombastic,
and manic, and it depresses me,
and though I try to advance and progress,
in trying, it often seems as pointless a task,
as trying to hold back the sea,
as pointless as trying to hold back the sea.

Tides

The tides march back and forth,
towards an eternal shore,
and the land,
it kisses it,
and it begs for more,
and the tide it eats at the land,
and the land gives of itself,
but the tide teases you,
it teases you,
and says will not have me forevermore.

Far off place

From a far-off place,
from books,
languages, articles, movies, and art,
from diseases,
famine,
from wars and deaths,
from intolerance and racism,
riots and hate,
and from a far-off place,
history calls to us from civilisations nearly destroyed,
and from the angry,
the frustrated and the annoyed,
and from learning,
what is learning if only to be forgotten,
if learning is to be unemployed?

Sensibilities

In the Sistine chapel,
and the characters about the place,
and in the characters eyes that in wonder drew you to it,
and then the clothing and then the face,
in the Sistine chapel,
and the characters about the place,
and in its sensibilities,
in its sensibilities that were captured in the paint,
the detail took your breath away,
oh, Michelangelo,
oh, Michelangelo,
you really must have had the patience of a saint.

Angle and poise

Angle and poise,
the lamp it casts the shadow upon the model,
upon which you train your eyes,
and the light casts the shadow,
for you to capture in paint,
a picture upon the canvas,
for which the model is employed.
Angle and poise,
light casts the shadow,
and the model draws you in,
and you anoint her with colour,
as she stands still with calmness in her eyes,
and her patience is a virtue for with every brush stroke,
you outline the detail and lay the base colours,
and paint it in,
paint it in with thousands of brush strokes,
that are flattering and kind,
and the hours fly by and the days,
and where you create the art with the skill and the learning,
with which your brushes you employ,
and where the art comes from the heart,
and pours from the mind,
what an enlightening thing it is,
angle and poise,
and the art,
and of the art that you will frame in a gallery,
you will pray and hope for the best,
and if the lights are right,
and after much arduous work and effort,
you hope others will like and buy.

It amazes me

It amazes me,
this feeling of peace and inner calm,
It amazes me and I drift,
I drift away so far away from harm,
and it amazes me,
the stillness that I need,
it amazes me this soliloquy,
it amazes me,
for in being calm, I am happy,
and floating upon a sea,
and it amazes me that being is not as easy as it should be,
for in soliloquy,
In soliloquy I am me,
and with my vision,
I create a quiet place away from the world,
and inside me, inside me I am flying free, flying free.

It took time

Revolutions and evolutions of the mind,
It took time,
It took sense,
It took intellect,
It took patience,
It took bravery,
It took courage,
It took the lot.
It took me several years and a day,
for I was carried away,
In a revolution in a hall of mirrors that I could not stop.

Of a strong crowd

Of a strong crowd,
such chaos amidst the arguments,
chaos full of vitriol as tempers and alcohol allow,
and of strong minds,
and of strong hearts that rage as the eyes frown,
and of fists and punches and of savagery,
and of inhumanity,
and of blood that soaks the town,
what a strong crowd it is,
a strong crowd,
some with stronger opinions than others allow.

Scream

You broke the peace with a scream,
you shattered the night and turned,
on the light and you awoke from a terrible dream,
yes, you looked at the stars,
and the moon and you rubbed your eyes,
and realised that you had woken too soon,
and your mind was not of your control,
and so, you pointed at the sky
and angrily asked what it was doing and why,
but it gave no answer,
and you swore it was to blame for whispering to you.
Oh, how inconsiderate and rude.
Now what will you do, now what will you do?
Whisper at the moon when it is asleep,
and tell it the earth is much better,
and give the moon nightmares too?

Like a bullet

Like a bullet from a gun, you run.

You head towards the chaos,

you like the danger,

you like the pandemonium,

because it excites you,

and you like the destruction,

but unfortunately,

you are not the only one.

Like a bullet from a gun you run,

and you head towards the chaos,

and you wage war with your fists.

You wage war with knives,

you wage war with bombs,

you wage war with guns,

because there is evil in you,

and you prefer death to life,

and how happily you head towards chaos,

like a bullet from a gun.

Oh, what has become of you,

for humanity has lost someone,

and what has become of others like you,

because many lay in war graves,

and though there is no humanity in killing someone,

war is hell,

and you have to give it all that you have got,

yes, you have to give it all that you have got,

until your blood it soaks the earth,

and you are killed,

and the earth is no better,

no better off.

Hard is the floor

Hard is the floor,
hard are the city streets,
hard are the city streets,
where you have slept many times before,
the city streets where you have slept in the wind,
and in the rain and in the snows,
yes, and unsurprisingly,
you have become jaded and bitter,
and many people will walk past you,
and sadly, sadly,
you they will just callously ignore.

Annotated and dislocated

Annotated,
annotated and dislocated,
the librarian is distraught as the books are burnt,
and the Jews are sent to the gas chambers to be eradicated,
and the librarian filled with knowledge,
and emotion cries at the thought,
for a nation has been swept up for far too long in rhetoric
and Adolf Hitler's lies,
and the librarian on the crystal nacht is lost for words,
and though the pen is mightier than the sword,
there are not enough words to truly describe,
the horror of the many who have died,
and how horrific it is,
that knowledge in the hands of those with charisma and ego,
and who with fixed convictions easily lead,

those who cannot think for themselves,
and easily lead the blind,
and the librarian despairing of weakened heart,
from having lost friends and wearing a scarf,
with the words upon it of Arbeit Macht Frei,
he attaches a rope with a noose to a beam above,
and gets a chair to stand upon,
and puts the noose around his neck,
and hangs himself and commits suicide.

In the American diner

Lonely people with tired eyes, coffee pumpkin and pies.
A chef in the kitchen swears loudly and swats at the flies.
A couple kiss over amorously for all to see.
A man reads a bible with passion in his eyes.
A homeless man sits drinking coffee,
and eating the free food the waitress supplies.
A drunken man flicks his cigarette into an ashtray,
not caring for the world,
for he cannot anymore be bothered to try,
and he cannot be bothered to try to live,
and in the American diner,
drugs are dealt by those with no morals,
and only cash on their mind.
And in the American diner, a prostitute meets her client,
and takes the money for her time.
And two men with guns loaded,
two men with guns loaded head out into the night,
And a woman in a miniskirt wearing lots of makeup cries,
and in the American diner at night,
the jukebox plays the tune you have got Betty Davis eyes.

Broken society

Broken society,
frustration and rage.
Robberies,
burglaries,
muggings,
drug dealing and marijuana smoking at age 8.
Unemployment.
Xenophobia.
Racism and hate.
Domestic abuse.
Alcoholism.
Chat show hosts,
selling peoples souls,
and heroin users,
making more money than many,
many who struggle,
struggle to earn the minimum wage.
And religions with morals,
but with many followers who murder and rape.
Broken society.
Poverty,
and famine and drought,
and terrorists,
who blow themselves up,
unlikely to see the seven virgins,
for which they wait.
Broken society.
If there were gods,
why is the world in such a state?

Of such a radiant flower

Of such a radiant flower is this,
and how wonderfully it envelopes me in its aroma,
and how it awakens me with a kiss,
for in its delicate beauty,
I am lost in its nature, and I cherish it,
I cherish it and so wild and free it is,
and in its petals,
I wish to lay and be carried in my thoughts,
and ease my cares away.
And under the sun,
and under the blue sky where the butterflies fly,
I ascend to the highest heights in my mind,
and I ponder everything, and I wonder why,
oh, why cannot there be more days like this,
why, for it is glorious and magnificent,
and it colours me in its effervescence,
and it touches me like a kiss,
it touches me like a kiss.

In the winter garden at night

In the winter garden at night,
as the stars shine down,
and the moon glows bright,
what luck is this and what a sight,
as the meteors fly across the sky,
and the snowflakes are crisp and white,
and oh, what a beauty you are,

with your ebullient smile,
and eyes that awaken my senses,
and that fill me with delight,
because you dance like an angel,
amidst the roses,
that add fragrance to the night,
and your elegance,
and style is without question,
and I revel in it,
and in your company as the music serenades us,
and we with rhythm,
we move gently through the night,
and with you balletic in movement, and I,
I practicing to get it right,
under the stars,
amongst the snowflakes,
and in the winter garden,
and under the lights,
and in the candlelight,
we two romantics,
are ever intertwined,
in each other hearts,
and bodies and minds,
and ever romantic,
in the winter garden at night,
underneath the lights,
we kiss and dance,
as the stars shine down,
and the moon glows bright,
and how wonderfully you complete me,
and I am truly grateful for life.

Look I know her, but I do not

Look I know her, but I do not,
for she regularly takes a long walk down the pier,
yes, she of blonde hair and raging mind and heart,
she beckons the waves with her charms,
and tries to send them far away from here,
for she has desires to swamp them all,
for they abandoned her in a country far away,
when she was small,
and now, she wonders of her parents,
and of how they could be so unloving,
and callous as to abandon her and disappear,
and look,
again, she mutters their names,
and look, a tear,
yes, look and see how it drops,
and mingles with the waves,
look,
look as she wipes it away,
look as she wipes it away on another lonely day,
and on another lonely year.
Look,
as she gently caresses her pregnant stomach.
Look as the wind begins to howl through her hair,
yes, I have seen it many times before,
oh, look, she is climbing over the edge!
Run!
Noooooooooooo!
Too late!
She has disappeared far from here!

I wake up with the sparrows

I wake up with the sparrows.
I wake up with the lark.
I arise in the sunlight at the departing of the dark,
I arise and I will look to you forever,
and I will wonder at your contented charms,
and with each moment in such wondrous connection,
I feel such delight in your eyes,
for you dazzle me with warmth,
and no words are needed just feelings,
for so they race in my beating heart,
and where they reach in such lofty heights,
I am forever grateful,
and am happy of the time that we spend,
and as I hold onto you,
and kiss you gently upon the lips,
I am happy wandering in your eyes,
happy wandering for such love they do impart,
and oh, how beautiful are the wonders of you,
for how gloriously they fill my heart.

In defence of the country

In defence of the country I stand,
I partake of thought and of many plans.
I ponder this, and I ponder that,
and I try to understand,
yes, I try to understand what it is,
what it is that will erase stupidity from humanity,

and advance us to a better world,
a world that is simpler, and easier to understand,
and I wonder, but sadly,
there is never a day where positivity,
is not eradicated by the stupidity of man,
and humanities far too frequent, stupid ill-thought-out plans.

In the colour of the glass

In the colour of the glass, so much time has passed,
so much time for it is of the beauty of the age,
of the beauty of the medieval age of the church,
and of the age's past, oh, what craftsmanship,
and what time it must have taken,
and of those who have had such skills,
and who have rightly earned such great reputations,
great reputations from all the hours that they worked,
all hours and in such exquisite ways,
and of such a rare occupation,
and with the magnificence born,
standing before us above all the years,
the building and the stonework,
it weathers the weather,
which is almost as strong as the day it was built,
and it cannot be outdone, outdone by any modern creation,
for it stands alone, as the services are held,
and it stands proud,
and the gargoyles outside,
how magnificently scary,
they look as they scare away,
the evils from the nation.

In the crowds

In the crowds and in the street,
and in the people that you meet,
oh, what a colourful world it is,
and full of all nationalities who do exist,
and who partake of their place upon the earth,
and yes,
in racial harmony there is beauty,
and in beauty there is colour,
colour and harmony upon the earth.

Machine gun

Machine gun,
rat a tat,
you speak words like a violent acrobat.
Yes, you savage the language, and you scare the cat,
and you try to express yourself,
but you are as subtle at making a point,
and as blunt as a head beaten by a cricket bat.

Made of fury

Made of fury.
Made of hate,
oh, such a fire rages in you,
that it I dare not contemplate,
and you of bitter tongue,
you tear the world to shreds,
and you give them something to remember,
that they only wish to forget,

for you are of such ill mind, and poorly educated at best,
and you, you win no friends,
with such ill-thought-out composition,
and you stride the world with anger in your mind,
and with a verbal barrage spilling,
bombastically and ripping out the hearts,
and the emotions of those who know better than you,
but still, you think you know best, you think you know best.

Never lose faith

Never lose faith for it would seem,
it would seem that no matter the struggle,
that would render dreams wayward,
and render wayward dreams,
never lose faith but keep up the perseverance,
and do believe, for you must if love is to be found,
for love in this cold world,
it is the only sensible choice around,
and so, you must keep looking,
for being alone is not as pleasant as being found,
and yes, it seems,
it seems that in every look and in every glance,
there may be the start of an introductory conversation,
an introductory conversation,
that leads to further encounters of the heart,
and maybe you will be introduced with a smile,
or a shared passion,
maybe for meeting is such an art,
and so, never lose faith,
and in your mind and in your eyes be optimistic,
go on I dare you, take a chance.

Of such a vacant fog

Of such a vacant fog is the mind,
for it plays tricks on thee,
and it is a frustrating bind,
for your moods and emotions may go up,
and may come down,
no matter the matter time or wherever you may be,
for flashbacks of pain and suffering,
and anger and rage occur daily when you have CPTSD,
and when your concentration is wilfully little,
it will decimate your life shattering it into pieces,
and with such regularity when you have CPTSD,
and it will interfere in your relationships,
and it will damage you continually when you have CPTSD,
and though you may be triggered by many things,
and though you may struggle to cope with life,
of such a vacant fog is the mind,
that it damages the heart when you have CPTSD.

Once was the time

Once was the time where the daylight crept upon thine eyes,
yes, once, but now you are cloaked in your tomb,
under the greyest of skies,
and where the tree grows now,
and overshadows you,
and the grass grows wild,
and upon your gravestone your name has disappeared,
and I wonder who you were,
and I wonder what visions you had seen with your eyes,
and it seems a shame,

it seems a shame,
for you to be forgotten and not remembered anymore,
yes, a terrible shame,
and I try to imagine you,
and I wish I could bring the dead back to life,
for we could have talked for hours,
and I could have admired your mind,
but in your grey tomb you are long gone,
and the earth,
the earth has reclaimed you,
along with the history of time,
and so, I stand before you none the wiser,
none the wiser, but I pay my respects,
I pay my respects for your part in the world,
and here alone now I stand,
here alone I stand but will I be remembered,
and will we all,
once the sun has exploded and died,
and we are erased physically forevermore,
in a terrible all-powerful final destructive act.

Raindrops in puddles

Raindrops in puddles,
reflections of the time,
a vision of the world in my imagination and in my mind.
A vision of the future, a vision of more cultured climes,
washing the earth, reinvigorating the time.
Raindrops in puddles where I see the future,
and where I look forward to peace,
being brought upon the earth,
peace helped by those with robotic minds.

She cries such tears

She cries such tears broken beauty,
for she lies in discontent amidst the flowers,
and the rain and in the wind,
and of those who slumber eternally,
and who are not remembered in any sense,
she is oblivious to them,
and her head hangs down so tired of such loneliness,
and solitude brings little comfort,
for in her mind what is the point, when there is no one left,
and the wind it howls and the rain it blows,
and she recollects the memories of the dead,
living inside her head,
and she recollects,
for they are broken into pieces like a mirror,
and she walks the earth a fractured soul,
and she cries such tears,
and she walks the earth with her loneliness,
and in her black dress and in her shoes of red.

She lights the way

She lights the way for me to see,
and I walk with her through the trees amidst the lights,
and the summer breeze,
and she in her red dress she takes my hand,
and she leads me to a glade where the waterfall plays,
and we can swim for free,
and of the day we forget it all except for her and me,
and in our individual ways,
what shall be shall be for she is a wonder,

and a miracle to me,
and in her heart,
and in her humour and in her emotions,
and in her smiles, she sets me free,
and when, and when upon my way,
I can be what I can be,
in her touch she will light my soul,
and awaken me to life and of its many great possibilities,
because she works magic in my heart,
and I am open to the world,
and learned of all her feminine ways in which I bathe,
and which carry me through many troubles,
and with such vision and such clarity,
for she is of delicate sensitivity,
and she walks on air with no airs and graces that I can see,
and when,
when we hold each other close,
I feel the power of her warmth for we are as one,
and content and in each other's love,
in each other's love we are free.

Sunshine

Sunshine.
Sunshine upon a cloudy day,
Now, what but darkness,
could come with the disposition upon your face,
for you and your alcoholism and you,
you with your rambling ways,
you stagger here, and stagger there,
ranting and raving,
and bent upon such destructive ways,

and I wish I could help you,
but I have tried for years,
and for years and years you have done the same,
and you wake up in the morning,
and you head down the street to buy beer,
to block out your pain and what a life,
and what a shame,
because I knew you before,
I knew you when you were employed,
and well kempt,
but a relationship came along,
a relationship,
all tumultuous and rocky,
and destructive,
and emotionally wrong,
yes, but you took your part,
and in your eyes,
that were once full of life,
there is something missing today,
because you stand before me,
in your alcoholic haze,
and I, I wish I could save your life and yes,
I have tried many times,
but to my dismay,
It was not enough,
And I have given all I could give,
but here you are,
repeating the same mistakes,
again, and again and again,
despite the best advice of friends,
and your life,
continuously going wrong.

Through pain

Through pain,
through hurt,
rise up like a revolution,
and in your individuality,
rise up like an evolution from the Earth,
rise and forget bitterness,
forget hate,
forget jealousy and fight it with truth,
and fight it for all you are worth,
and with perseverance,
never,
never give in despite the suffering and the hurt,
and with truth,
with truth,
you will conquer the lies upon the earth.

The rain

The rain runs down the window,
down the windowpane,
the rain,
yes, the tears of billions,
the tears of billions from years of pain,
rain mixed with joy,
and happiness never forgotten,
of which some keep to themselves in quiet refrain,
and oh,
what a wonder it is,
the water of life,
and the emotions that it contains.

Wary of the light

Wary of the light,
wary of the light,
she comes to me,
on nimble feet,
a deer beneath the trees,
yes, a creature so wild,
and so carefree and so beauteous,
so beauteous in her colouring,
and in her exquisite symmetry,
and in her eyes,
there is a gentleness and a timidity,
and when I step forward,
and approach her in the moonlight,
I expect nothing for she is free,
she is free, and I am happy,
happy to delight in her company,
and with her gentle gait and rapidity,
it is but a fleeting moment of interconnection,
between her and me,
and I, I sense her nature is gentle and calm,
yet with a rustle in the trees she is gone,
spooked by a shadow,
that has her startled.
and I am terribly sad to see her leave,
and the image of her,
it stays in my eyes long after,
a great beauty to wonder upon,
a great beautiful memory,
a beautiful memory that in my heart,
and in my mind will always belong.

Mild and malcontent

With mild malcontent he stares out to sea,
and he fixes his gaze upon the horizon,
and imagines a foe that he hopes he will not see,
for he has a suspicious mind having lived through war,
and with such vicious visions playing in his eyes,
he finds it hard to define a friend from an enemy,
and what a horrific life it is, to be so brutalised,
and tormented, that in his nightmare,
death is all around and plain to see,
and if he could change the world he would,
but he is left with the visions of the bodies on the ground,
and the blood upon the soil and on his hands,
and life is precious,
and although he wishes he was not so misunderstood,
there is a haunted look in his eyes,
and the heaviness of war hangs upon his brow,
coping with evil whilst wanting good,
for that is all there is in the here and the now.

Broken inside

Broken inside and crying in the night.
Another lover gone.
Another bottle of alcohol in your hand,
that you hope will make everything alright,
but you are wrong,
and on this lonely path,
you will never make amends,
or yourself very happy for very long,
and although you can pretend,

you can pretend everything is alright with a bottle in hand,
through drunken eyes your problems will be magnified,
and the time of your death,
it will probably be soon to come,
but I pray you do your best, to cling to life,
but it is as unlikely as the death of the night,
and eternal living of the sun.

We come to this like a rock to the face

We come to this like a rock to the face,
for we are governed by a dictator,
and we will face bullets,
tear gas, oppression and arrest,
and we will be beaten and tortured,
nevertheless,
and yes, we will fight,
we will fight with our lives,
and we will march in the streets,
we will march for freedom,
and we will march for democracy,
for we come to this like a rock to the face,
and amidst the damage,
and amidst the bloody and the battered,
and the hungry with nothing to eat,
and amidst the baton blows,
and under every kick and punch, we will endure,
and we will rise up from the ashes of brutality,
and though, though many will lose their lives,
we will no matter what,
replace dictatorship with democracy.

The pictures in the gallery

The pictures in the gallery,
you will not understand them all,
and though long may you ponder,
at what they mean,
and though the time may pass,
in the house of the living and the dead,
and amongst the artists one and all,
so sublime is the skill that they have and have had,
now, what a world it would be and so bland,
so bland without any art at all.

Agile

Agile the night does come, and with a weary head,
so, let the stars fill your eyes,
and your mind and let the universe, and you be as one,
for it is awakened in its creation,
and the light and the dark, are of such a glorious spread,
and the stars they flicker in and out of existence,
and the moon, it hangs gently above your head,
and what magic holds it there in all its glory,
and so loftily as it lays upon an invisible bed,
and though I do not know all the names of the stars,
I know this, the stars are so bright and the light,
the light that filters into my eyes,
are such an incredible host of yellow,
and of various colours and shades,
that colour me with beauty in my eyes,
and it fills me with awe and inspiration in my mind,

and I call them the Angels of the dark,
and as I stand listening to the breeze,
and the wind it shows its appreciation in sighs,
what a magical work of art, are the galaxies and the stars,
the moon and the light that travels so far,
and what spectacularity,
has been created from all of nature's firmament,
spectacularity so magnificent,
in its bounteousness amidst the void,
amidst the blackness that beguiles,
you betwixt and between the light and the dark,
where there is life, death, and creation,
and there is so much complexity and simplicity,
that I could spend a lifetime staring into space,
and be happy and forever lost in its history,
the history of the human race,
a tiny thing compared to the magnificence,
of the universe so large.

Becalmed

Becalmed on an island in the sea,
becalmed watching the waves with a mind of simplicity,
becalmed sat upon the beach,
becalmed under a tree,
becalmed in a pool by a waterfall,
becalmed reading a book,
becalmed in nature,
becalmed in each other's company,
becalmed under the moon and the stars,
becalmed out for a walk,
becalmed on a boat on a river,

becalmed in conversation,
becalmed in education,
becalmed in the elements,
becalmed of the rain, the snow and the sun that does please.
Becalmed of them all and their fascination,
becalmed in the night and the day,
becalmed in thought and of its machinations,
becalmed in silence, solitude, and tranquillity.
Becalmed in the slow lane of life.
Becalmed in existence, becalmed in being free,
oh, how great it is, how great it is to just be.

Birds

Birds on the telegraph pole,
where have you flown over the world so old,
and how many miles,
and through how many sunsets did you go, I wonder,
for upon your wings,
and through the night did you sing, as the sun rose,
and as you flew to warmer climes that you know,
I thought of you,
and what I would not give to go where you go,
and little bird, your strength is greater than most know,
and I admire you,
and I will hope for a safe journey for you,
wherever you will go,
and I will look for you in the summer,
when through the sun you return, from wherever you roam,
and be sure of this my feathered friend,
you are always welcome to feed at the seeds,
on the bird table at my home.

Deep in the oceans

Deep in the oceans of the world,
deep in the oceans and in the wreckage of ships,
lays the world's history,
and deep in the oceans of the world lies ancient civilizations,
civilisations who have been swallowed by the oceans,
and lost from history,
and what is out there,
what is out there waiting to be found,
and waiting to be explored,
and waiting to be wondered at,
who knows,
who knows for currently it is a mystery,
but yet, in excitement we shall explore,
and we shall find probably,
probably that we are older,
older than we thought we were before,
and we will find we are more technologically,
advanced I am sure,
and in our times, we will have ebbed,
and flowed in our minds,
and we will have been clever and stupid,
and logical and illogical,
and we will have been peaceful,
and hateful in the climate of our times,
under the oceans what will inspire today's minds,
for from the old we will learn from the past,
and will we discard knowledge,
that is incomprehensible to us, and will we mind?
I hope not, for nothing,
nothing should be discounted in the library of humankind.

Hold the page

Hold the page, look at the blank space,
think of the words,
think of the thoughts that define the news of the day,
think of a fiction,
think of a fiction that will carry people far away.
Think of a true story.
Think of tales of tragedy,
and romance and war.
Think of the solutions,
to the world's problems today,
but whatever you write,
with education and vocabulary,
and the alphabet you can explain the world,
and educate,
and invigorate and inspire,
and fascinate and captivate,
so be at peace,
be at peace in your creation,
for enjoyable it is,
as it works its art upon the heart,
and the mind,
and so too,
on the people of the world,
come what may,
and we write to please those that read,
we write to please those in need,
we write to excite, we write to liberate,
and we write to free the minds,
of those who have been captured by lies,
and those who have been deceived.

Humans shoot bullets

Humans shoot bullets.

Humans get stabbed.

Humans use acid to attack.

Humans sell drugs.

Gangs, rob and steal goods and money,
and society is ravaged by the acts,
and people are tempted,
people are tempted by easy cash,
and gangs they prowl the streets in packs,
victims of crime,
damaged and physically injured,
who in their emotions can never recover,
by constantly looking back.

Peer pressure and greed,
societies disease, societies disease,
pushing people into ever desperate acts.

In perpetuity

In perpetuity the endless sea, it calls,
it calls to me. in perpetuity, the endless sea,
it smashes against the rocks,
and it rages, and it dances,
and by the moon it is set free.
In perpetuity, the endless sea,
oh, how it carries me,
how it carries me with beauteous and wild abandon,
to wherever I wish to be.
Yes, in perpetuity the endless sea,
it rises, and it falls, and in it,

what treasures are waiting to be seen and to be set free.
In perpetuity, the endless sea it has power like no other,
and it carries us, and it carries up into the clouds,
where it is released to water the Earth,
spurring on nature in its finery,
and at the seashore, at the seashore it calls,
it calls to me, and in perpetuity,
in perpetuity, the endless sea,
It will have no human,
no human to control it in its entirety.

Ethereal ways

You float in and out,
on such ethereal ways,
you with your devilish smile,
and your guile that carries you through the days,
you float in and out on such ethereal ways,
because your mind is a butterfly,
and butterfly I call you,
and your mind,
it touches lightly on certain subjects,
for such a short time,
such a short time,
that how much you get from them,
I cannot say,
yes, you float in and out,
on such ethereal ways,
and I watch you think,
and I see in your eyes,
the depths of your soul,
for your heart is solid and true,

and the intensity,
of those eyes so blue,
oh, what a wonder,
what a wonder,
yes, oh butterfly,
those eyes they pierce me right through,
yes, they pierce through me,
like a light through the night,
and like the sun,
through the sky so blue,
but what you think,
when you think,
I cannot say it is true,
and when you speak,
when you speak you are so elegant,
and I am wrapped up in your words,
for from seemingly such little thought,
you cavort,
with such evocative language,
and of such a books worth,
that elucidates every second of your thoughts,
thoughts that run so fast,
without a pause,
thoughts that make you smile,
thoughts that light up your eyes,
and thoughts that ease my cares away,
and in them I am educated,
and with you,
with you,
I fall deeper in love,
deeper in love,
every day.

Safe

Safe,
here in the house,
as the wind it whistles outside,
and the leaves blow from the trees,
as I sit by the fireside as quiet as a mouse,
and the house,
here in the middle of a storm,
it is a little forlorn and overwhelmed,
by the viciousness of the storm outside,
and I,
I am calm of course,
calm,
and in my own world,
as nature's fury outside it does unfurl,
the branches are snapped from the trees,
and they are outside tossed here and there,
and so viciously,
as I sit here by the fireside drinking tea,
as the flames they dance so beautifully before me,
and I warm myself,
after a brief trip outside to fetch logs from the shed,
and now, I sit here recovering from the cold wind,
before the fireside,
happy to not be blown off my feet into the lake nearby,
and happy in my contemplations of nature,
the all-powerful nature,
that so fascinates me and captivates me,
and that can kill me and that can keep me alive,
oh, what a wonder the power of it is,
the power of forces so elemental,

and so complex and ever evolving before my eyes,
that it leaves me thankful,
that there are no tornadoes or hurricanes here,
and oh, what a sight it must be and so terrifying to see,
but luckily for me,
I am safe inside my house,
sat by the fireside,
and as calm as can be,
and happy in my element,
as in the fireplace,
the flames burn away the logs from a tree,
and I relax in front of the fire,
mesmerised and beguiled by the beauty of nature,
and its elements that surround me so wonderfully,
as I sit here before the fire contentedly with my cup of tea.

Say it

Say it,
say it like you mean it,
and let me believe it,
let me truly believe,
because I am on the edge of the precipice,
and I feel uneasy,
and I feel uncertain where we are in our relationship,
and I want to know where we stand,
and it is not too much to ask is it,
well, it isn't to me,
so, are we to be,
are we to continue together,
oh, please do not pussy foot around,
and just tell me,

tell me, are we to be,
are we to be us,
yes,
are we to be,
are we to be you and me,
are we to be,
yes, please, do tell me,
because I see you before me,
and you are blank faced,
and I unfortunately cannot tell what you are thinking,
no, I cannot,
so, please,
quickly,
please, quickly put me out of my misery,
yes, please do,
because lately the road has been rocky,
and although lately things have started to settle down,
there is still that uncertainty in me,
and I do not like to be lost,
and I have no wish to be a sad faced clown,
and I certainly am not happy with misery,
so, please, do tell me,
are we to be,
are we to be you and me,
are we to be,
yes, please, do tell me,
I beg of thee,
are we to continue to be,
you and me,
us and we,
oh, please do hurry,
and relieve me of this uncertainty,

because I cannot take it anymore,
and it is driving me to the edge of insanity,
and oh, how painful this not knowing it is to me,
so, please,
please, do tell me,
yes, I beg of thee,
because I love thee,
but are we to be,
are we to be?
Oh, the agony
oh, the agony.
Please,
please end it all now,
please end this awkward silence,
because, oh, woe is me,
but only I hope, temporarily,
oh, please,
please, do tell me,
are we to be,
are we to be you and me,
yes, please,
please,
please,
I am almost on my knees,
so, please do tell me,
I beg of thee,
please let me know are we to be,
yes, please,
yes, please end this agony,
this agony of not knowing,
because my heart it cannot take anymore,
and I wish to know which direction we are going,

so, are we,
are we going to go our separate ways,
I hope not,
I truly do not,
because that thought,
is horrific to me,
oh, this feeling,
of not knowing it is killing me,
so, please,
I beg of thee,
please, put me out of my misery,
yes, are we to be,
are we to continue to be, you and me,
are we to be us,
are we to be together,
oh, please give me a word or two from your lips,
yes, a word or two,
a confirmation,
that we are to continue together,
now, that would be heaven to me,
heaven to me,
and much better than this moment of quiet indecision,
oh, the agony,
oh, please do tell me are we to be,
yes,
yes,
I beg of thee,
are we to continue to be you and me,
and our relationship,
our relationship that right now seems to be,
floating on an unending sea,
an unending sea of uncertainty.

In my sea of doubt

In my sea of doubt,
there is no light,
and only blackness in my mind.
And in my heart,
negativity it pulls me down,
yes, when I am alone in my sea of doubt,
in my sea of doubt when you are not around,
oh, how my heart aches when I think of you,
and stupidly when I am,
I wonder if you are seeing someone else,
and I get that sinking feeling,
and my heart is upon the ground,
ready to be trampled on again,
or that is what I fear when you are not around,
yes, because I have suffered so much heartache,
and so much pain,
and I have had my heart broken so many times,
yes, again, again and again,
that I find it hard not to think any other way,
oh, the pain,
oh, the pain,
how I wish I could think differently,
but the negative thoughts they beat me up,
in a never-ending refrain,
oh, the pain,
and how I do complain,
how I do complain, and it is such a shame,
when I am alone in my sea of doubt,
and when such negative thoughts,
continually attack my brain.

Oh, I wish could change,
and how I wish and hope that you will be home soon,
but while you are not my thoughts are stuck in this rut,
and it is so hard to get out of thinking this way,
and even if I wasn't with you and if I met another love,
I would probably with my negativity scare them away,
oh, the negativity,
oh, the pain,
oh, the self-doubt,
reflections of blackness covering my heart,
in what seems an eternal night,
an eternal night where there is no end,
yes, no end in sight,
and no sunrise to dispel the dark,
oh, the shame,
oh, the pain.

I wish I could be positive,
but heartbreak has through my life,
shattered me constantly into pieces,
and ever since I have not been the same,
not been the same after years of sorrow and strife,
and I fear I will be,
I fear I will be like this for life,
and I wish that wasn't the probability,
but it seems that is life's plan for me,
oh, the misery,
please, come home soon,
come home soon and cuddle me,
and hold me in your warm embrace,
and let me see your smile again,
your smile that so beautifully lights up your pretty face,
your smile that takes my doubts away,

until you go away again,
oh, my heart and my mind,
those negative thoughts are such a disgrace,
such a disgrace,
so please come soon,
and teach me please how not to be this,
but how can I approach you about this,
without scaring you away,
oh, the discombobulated in my brain,
oh, the confusion,
oh, the indecision,
oh, the jealousy,
please,
please jealousy,
please go away.

She looks to me

She looks to me,
but I do not know how to make things right,
because when I say my piece,
and when I say what I feel,
it is never right,
and we always disagree,
and on romance we are mostly like two ships passing,
not so quietly in the night,
and of romance when she tries to ask for my help,
we have such different views on things,
that whatever I say it never comes out right,
and when we disagree, she always has tears in her eyes,
and oh, how painful it is,
and although we are friends, and although I listen,

she will not listen, and she will not accept my advice,
and although I care,
I truly care,
we sadly on romance are like two ships,
not so quietly passing by in the night,
and we are miles apart,
and my heart although it feels for her,
my advice it complicates things,
and oh, how many tears do fall from her eyes,
and I try and I try, and I sympathise,
but oh, how she cries,
oh, how she cries. So be it,
peace and quiet is what I need,
no more the hurry and the scurry,
and the frantic life that only brings misery,
yes, I have had enough,
I have had it up to here with malcontent,
and stress and misery,
so no more the cacophony and bombacity,
that does ill content breed,
yes, just peace and quiet for me is what I need,
peace and quiet and soliloquy,
and places where I can be,
relaxing and relaxed,
and stress free,
because busyness no longer do I need,
and all I need is somewhere with quiet and calm,
so, I can think clearly and just be,
just be me,
unencumbered,
and unfettered by life's chaos and stresses,
that do no good for my sanity.

Solo

Solo,
so low,
did you never mean to find a place for your heart,
a place for your heart to be at home,
because you always seemingly stand in the rain,
and in the snow and in the sun alone,
and you,
you rarely smile and you seem to have no feelings at all,
and you seem numb to all the feelings that are known,
that are known to humanity,
and from which you always seemingly run,
for you are like the wind,
ever changing and fluctuating,
and on a path to what and where I do not know,
yes, you with your blank face and your empty expression,
you walk through town like a tumbleweed that is blowing,
blowing through town with barely a sound,
and no, I have never seen someone so immune to joy,
but you seem to ignore it all,
and like a robot,
automatically you do what you have to do,
and you keep away,
away from everyone that could bring joy to you,
or so it seems.
but what great tragedy has caused you to be this way,
I do not know,
and I will not hazard a guess in case I offend you,
so, I cannot say, but I find it hard to see,
someone so blank and expressionless and apparently empty,
empty of all feelings known to humanity,

and although I see you as a sad clown,
maybe you are really happy,
and live in an alternate reality to what I see,
but I hate to see such emptiness,
and someone so devoid of cheerfulness,
and it is an anathema to me,
and to me, life should be celebrated,
but unfortunately, life is not as easy as it should be,
and I understand in a way,
when you walk through town with barely a sound,
a mystery to me,
and that is the way you like it,
and that is right for you,
and you like to keep your own privacy,
and I do not blame you,
because we have our own privacy invaded,
so many times, in life these days,
so, actually please forgive me,
for you are you, and me, I am me,
and I will never know you,
and you will never know me,
and we, to each other will always be mysteries,
existing far from each other,
and the masters of our own happiness and destinies,
and maybe you will always look miserable to me,
but it is not my business,
but I hope inside you are happy,
and reality, oh, how differently we can view it,
and how different it can be, and how fixed we can be
viewing life through the lens of our own minds,
and through the conditioning of ourselves,
how wrong sometimes we can be.

Sound of rain

The sound of rain and water upon the streets,
and cars passing by, passing by in a never-ending refrain,
and so too, raindrops falling upon my windowpane,
and my heart, my heart skipping a beat,
when you come my way,
with those eyes so bright and so filled with passion,
and in your gentle fashion, across the room you softly sway,
and when you reach me, oh, how you kiss me so tenderly,
and how beautiful you look to me,
and how wonderfully,
you wrap your arms around me in such a tender way,
and what a way you have,
and what softness there is in your voice,
and how sensual are those words that you say,
and oh, how gloriously upon my heart,
those words they play,
when you say, I love you, I love you,
and I reply the same,
and oh, I feel such delight in the night,
as the butterflies in my stomach alight,
and we kiss so amorously,
in that first moment of togetherness,
where as a couple upon the sofa,
intertwined in each other's arms we lay,
we lay by the fireside in the heat of our passion,
our passion as warm as the fire's flames,
and as intense as the way that they dance,
but more beautiful and more magical in every way,
and we in that first moment of togetherness by the fireside
we so happily in each other's arms do lay.

Starlight and moonbeams

Black, night, starlight,
moon glowing bright,
my heart beating fast,
and kisses in the moonlight,
kisses tender and passionate,
oh, what heavenly sensations,
and oh, how beautiful are your eyes,
eyes filled with starlight and moonbeams,
that beguile me and mesmerise me,
in the glories of the night,
and what a wonderful feeling,
the feeling of love that all the languages of the world,
cannot praise as much as love should be praised,
and what joyous tears that fall from the eyes,
tears of joy when we two became one,
tears of joy when you held me in your arms,
and you warmed my heart as if the sun.

Sunshine

How beautiful are they,
sunshine through the raindrops on the windowpane,
sunshine through the window that falls upon my face,
sunshine in my heart,
sunshine in my brain,
sunshine wherever I go,
and wherever I go I am happy, and I cannot complain,
because I have a sunny disposition,
and I always try to be cheerful and positive,

because life is too short, to wrap yourself in clouds of grey.
but how beautiful are they,
sunshine through the raindrops on the windowpane,
sunshine through the window that falls upon my face,
sunshine in my heart,
sunshine in my brain,
sunshine wherever I go,
no matter the mood of the day,
sunshine lives in me,
and I would not have it any other way,
because life should be enjoyed with a positive mind,
and your troubles are not so overwhelming,
if you look at them with sunshine in your heart,
and with sunshine in your brain.

The wind

The wind,
how it howls and how it sighs,
and the sky, how it cries such bitter icy tears,
upon the gravestones, as above them an eagle flies,
an eagle flies in gloomy skies looking for prey,
and death is all around,
in the tombs and in the graves,
of the known and the lost all around,
and the eagle looks to kill,
far above the earth with its deadly precision,
that is always ready to be used at will,
and what a beautiful sight it is,
but not to its prey,
the unfortunate prey flying across the sky so grey,
and under the soil near the graves,

the worms eat the remains of the bodies away,
and new growth shoots up from the earth,
as a Vicar nearby throws earth,
into the hole in the ground where the coffin lays,
and the wind,
how it howls and how it sighs,
and the sky, how it cries,
such bitter icy tears around our ears,
as the Vicar begins his sermon,
and the mourners begin to cry,
and cry,
as the eagle flies up above on high,
and life and death continues,
and another person returns to the earth,
devoid of worth,
but not to the worms,
that will if they can happily devour them,
after the coffin is destroyed.

Time

After a boring day,
working most of the hours in the day,
time to fly to my favourite place to be,
a restaurant with a bar,
a restaurant by the sea,
yes, time to fly,
time to sing,
time to enjoy time finally,
and what it may bring,
and work was no fun,
for the daytime has gone,

and the day it was long,
and to me it did not mean anything,
and not much work was done,
because no joy did it bring,
and it never usually does at all,
so, time to fly,
time to sing,
time to enjoy time and what it may bring,
yes, better this than the day,
where there was too much work and no play,
because like a robot,
in the daytime,
I automatically did what I had to do,
and the day it was just a blur,
a blur to me that meant nothing at all,
to me it is true,
and here I am,
having arrived thankfully,
in the evening time at the restaurant by the sea,
where I am as happy as can be,
happy to rest my weary bones,
and rest my weary mind,
and ready to drink a beer, or two or three,
in the restaurant by the sea,
now what better a thing could there be,
than to be sat here with you,
beautiful you, incredible you,
my love so true,
oh, what better a thing could there be,
than kissing you,
to the sound of the roaring sea.

Tonight, tomorrow, today

Tonight,
tomorrow,
and today,
rain drops and smoke rising from the chimney tops,
and fluffy clouds but all grey,
all grey and hanging gently in the air without a care,
whilst I despair,
and wish they were off to somewhere,
somewhere else,
yes, anywhere,
no, I do not care where,
because I am alive and bright,
but I curse the grey of the day,
and I stride,
I stride through the raindrops,
the raindrops that fall torrentially everywhere,
everywhere as I head for home,
to warm myself by the fire there,
and what a welcome thing it will be,
to get out from under this grey misery,
and to dry myself,
and dispel this cold that threatens my health,
oh, what a day,
happy and bright and grey,
and full of contrasts,
and the wind,
the wind with its vicious icy blasts,
it tries to knock me off my feet,
but on them I stay,

yes, on them I stay as I quickly head for home,
and as I do I get soaked through in minutes,
and how glad I am to see the back of nature,
and how happy I am to reach home,
and the welcome sight of my doorway,
despite loving being outdoors and loving nature,
nature is so often gloomy around here,
and I will stay in today, I think by the fire,
and not care for natures moods that are on display,
and most probably tonight,
and tomorrow,
and today,
indoors I will stay,
beside the fire with a book and a cup of tea,
and with my imagination elsewhere,
elsewhere and happy far away from natures moods,
and its torrential rain,
and its many dismal shades of grey.

Trees

I stare at the trees, and I sit upon a log,
I watch the falling leaves,
as my breathe upon the air it does freeze,
and I have a clarity that I do not find in many other places,
and though I try in them I fail,
but alone in this soliloquy,
clarity it comes, it comes much more easily to me,
and time it stands still amongst the beauty,
yes, time stands still,
and there is no rush,
and my thoughts they flow much more easily,

and how quickly they formulate in the fresh air,
where I sit upon a log without any cares,
as the leaves they fall so gently and so softly,
and they float so elegantly,
backwards and forwards through the air,
a gracious fall from the branches,
as I pluck thoughts as if from out of nowhere,
and what a moment of creativity there is, amongst the trees,
in nature, and amongst its fineries,
and as I sit and I stare at the trees,
I do not care for the hustle and the bustle,
of the towns and the cities,
and my heart it is much better off,
and less pained by being there,
and filled with life's stresses and anxieties,
and here I have more time, more time to be me,
more time unfettered by modern livings stupidities,
and its incessant bombardment of things,
that I must want and need,
and that I must scrape and work hard for,
and save for seemingly never endingly,
and I am glad not to be there,
and I am much happier here and how thankful I am,
how thankful I am in this time of simplicity,
sat upon a log, watching the falling leaves,
as my breathe upon the air it does freeze,
and here I sigh no sighs,
and here I am at complete ease,
and oh, how wonderful it is,
and how much better I feel here,
away from the towns and the cities,
yes, how much better I feel, I feel in me.

Unanswered

Unanswered,
yes, a question of mine,
that falls to the floor as you sit in front of the fire,
and the flames rise higher,
and you sit there enthralled,
and as you do I watch you,
with the flames reflected in your eyes,
and I wonder you,
and I wonder where you are lost in that world of yours,
and I smile,
I smile at you,
and as I do, you catch me looking at you,
from out of the corner of your eye,
and I,
I lean forwards and kiss you and you smile,
a smile so bright,
a smile like a million smiles in one that warm my heart,
and that fill me up with light,
yes, light so bright,
and as you do, you kiss me so tenderly too,
kisses that will linger upon my lips,
long after I have passed out into the night,
and I do not ask if you are happy again,
because judging by the look in your eyes,
it is obvious that you are,
because you are filled with delight,
and though I,
I am loathe to leave you to head out into the winter snows,
that blow so cold around on such a dark night,
I ask for one more kiss please,

one more kiss please I say,
and you, you oblige,
and you kiss me again,
and I cuddle you and hold you so close,
and then say goodbye,
but it is only for a short while,
and so, I head out the door without a sigh,
and I carry you in my heart and in my mind,
the vision of you by the fireside,
with that smile upon your face,
as the bitter winter wind,
it bites at me and tries to freeze me to death,
as you sit happily beside the fireside,
and I, I walk through the winter snows,
to the shop to fetch several bottles of wine,
and the food it continues to cook in the oven,
and I carry the thought of you,
as the snow it tries to chill me through and through inside,
but no, it will not have time, because in no time,
I will be back home again,
kissing you and cuddling you by the fireside,
whilst we drink glasses of wine,
oh, my valentine,
oh, my valentine,
how you warm my heart even in the winter snows,
for no cold can make me unhappy,
with you in my heart and in my mind.
Oh, my valentine,
my darling valentine,
how I love you,
how I love you so,
and you love me too,

and how beautiful you look, beside the fireside,
with the flames reflected in your eyes,
and I will be home soon covered in snow I know,
but I do not mind,
and soon we will be,
back together again,
drinking wine,
romancing by the fireside.

We both

She is gone, our beautiful daughter,
yes, sadly, and terribly she has died,
and we,
my wife and I,
we are left alone,
left alone and distraught and wondering why,
yes, God, we both want to know why,
why have you taken her far before her time,
and we ask the question God,
we ask you and we plead with you,
for an answer with tears in our eyes,
why God,
why?
Why did you take our daughter well before her time?
Did you not know how much she meant to us,
oh, God,
oh, God,
what was on your mind,
what?
Because her death it is so cruel to us,
and we cannot truly understand why,

why, oh why, why God, why?
Why, did you take our daughter from this earth,
and at such a young age and in such an untimely fashion,
take her up into the sky,
why, God,
why, God,
why?
Why did you take her up to be in heaven with you,
leaving us broken hearted,
now that she has departed this Earth,
leaving us bitter and hurt,
and leaving us to cry endless tears,
and leaving us to face suffering and loss for years,
why, God,
why, God,
oh, why?
Why,
why,
why?!!

We in this time

We, in this time, we sit alone,
waiting for the sun to arrive,
we wait quietly before the dawn,
with a quiet contemplative mind,
yes, we, we in this time,
we sit alone,
contemplating,
ruminating,
cogitating,
looking at the world through weary eyes,

and we arrive awakened with the sunlight,
and we rise,
we rise with ebullient minds,
minds refreshed from the sunlight,
as we sit wiping the dreams from our minds,
and we are enthusiastic about the day,
and we will no matter what in the light happily stay,
and we will grow and create with our aesthetic ways,
and sit here writing and painting away,
and in the early hours by the river,
and amidst the flowers,
how glorious a place it is,
for here we can sit for hours and visualise,
and describe the place where we are sat,
and where we currently live,
where we currently live physically,
with rejuvenated minds,
and with pens and paintbrushes in hand,
and a canvas and a notepad before us,
as we survey all that we see,
and we capture nature in all its delicate beauty,
all its incredible fineries,
and how happy are we,
as we happily dispel the night with glee,
and get to work trying to describe,
such beauteous wonder before us,
that we see with such delight in our eyes,
and of which, we are mesmerised and beguiled,
and we are overwhelmed by the beauty,
the intricacies and the complexities,
yes, as we sit alone,
and relax and dispel any miseries that there may be,

how wonderful it is this peace,
and tranquillity and beauty,
this beauty before us that rouses the heart,
and the mind into acts of such glorious creativity,
that will be captured on paper and canvas,
captured with such majesty as language,
and paint can describe,
and with such skills as may be,
and as best as can be,
given the skills from the learning of our days,
in the sunlight where we sit alone,
contemplating,
visualising and writing and painting,
and surrounded by nature and in the sun,
in the sun that envelopes us,
and our creations so gloriously and magnificently,
and of which we are inspired in our hearts,
and in our minds to great new heights,
and with great delight,
how we revel so happily outdoors,
in the great delights of creativity.

We were

I was lost in the day,
and in the world where troubles abound,
but late at night on Earth,
we were nowhere to be seen or found,
for we were in a dream,
we were you and me,
together floating free,
floating free in a dream,

and happy upon the moonbeams,
and dancing so joyously,
for joyous is the sleep that brings you to me,
and in my dreams at night,
how the world and its problems are cast away,
and are so easily put away out of sight,
and how beautiful dreams are,
and how trouble free,
for when I sleep at night,
and with ease in the branches of a tree,
in a tree house overlooking the sea,
under the stars in the heavens,
under the moon that shines down so brightly,
and that lights the waves,
of the crashing and the roaring sea,
and as I sleep so peacefully,
I escape the troubles of the world,
and I meet you,
and we dance upon the moonbeams so happily,
and you,
you gaze into my eyes,
and I am taken aback by your beauty,
and as we dance,
nothing else matters to you or to me,
no, nothing else matters,
far away from the troubles of the world,
yes, nothing else matters,
except you and me,
when we dance upon the moonbeams,
in my dreams,
and we are happy,
and trouble free.

What great silence

In humanity,
what great arguments there are between us,
yes, what disagreements,
what hurt,
and after what great silence,
and far too often anger,
and what misunderstanding,
and what great distance between your truth and mine,
and oh, how we argue,
and on the Earth,
what great differences of view we have it is true,
and unfortunately,
you will not budge from how you view things,
and nor will I from how I do,
yes, because we wholeheartedly agree,
that we firmly believe in what we believe,
and we are going nowhere fast on so many subjects,
although, mostly we the world, we are educated,
we unfortunately do not listen to each other enough,
and we argue far too much,
and we go nowhere fast,
and the world is far more opinionated and fixed in its views,
and the world advances at a crawl,
and we fight more than we used to,
and it is a shame this impatience,
and this rigidity of view,
and how many people suffer because of this,
because of this disparity between humanity,
oh, the bickering,
oh, the verbal barbarity,

oh, the war of words, the arguments,
the fighting and the wars,
a nonsense of impatience and illogical thought,
that continues seemingly without a pause,
and that causes far more damage than it used to,
and also too, we have far more technological outlets,
to express our anger than we used to,
and how much more violence there is,
and how many more deaths than there used to be,
yes, it is a terrible shame, that despite being educated,
we do not listen as much as we should do,
and the human race suffers more, much more than it should,
when the human race has all it needs to survive,
and live and thrive,
but we suffer, sadly, far too often us human beings do,
and unfortunately, it is the reality these days,
but it should not be it is true,
and how much better the world would be,
if we just listened and we were more civil,
more civilised towards each other than we are,
because this deliberate deafness, is a stupidity of the age,
despite having all the technology to talk more,
more than we used to, and we unfortunately argue,
and wage more wars than we used to,
and how terribly the world suffers,
because of human stupidities,
and because of the failure to listen,
and if we were more civil and more civilised,
then lives would be saved more frequently,
and we would advance the human race and it would be a far
happier place,
a far happier place than what it is now.

When you don't know yourself

When you don't know yourself,
and you are lost upon life's rocky roads,
how you suffer for your health,
when you don't truly know yourself,
and oh, how much time is lost,
and at what a cost,
to the sanity of the self,
for you rush here and there,
and your thoughts they bombard you everywhere,
but you cannot decide on anything,
and although of thoughts you are not empty of them,
how the wealth of them and the indecision of riches,
it drives you to the precipice,
and how you suffer for your health,
when you don't truly know yourself,
and when you do not know any other way,
a simple life is far too easily,
and mistakenly put upon the shelf,
yes, when you are rich of thought,
or so you tell yourself,
and when you are lost inside yourself,
how difficult it is to find your way out of the maze,
and out of all those bombastic thoughts,
that you cannot decide upon,
and that you cannot find the right choice amongst them,
the right choice that would be the best for your sanity,
and for your mental health,
oh, how time slips by so easily,
and at what a great great cost to your mental health.

You broke my heart

You broke my heart,
you flipped the switch from on to off,
and you left me alone in the dark,
you left me alone after savagely shattering my heart,
yes, you broke my heart with simplicity,
and I received no explanation from you,
but off you flew,
and you cruelly broke my heart,
when you flipped the switch from on to off,
and told me that our romance was no more,
and in your heart, it did no longer play a part,
and then, you left me,
then you left me alone,
you left me alone in the dark,
but wherefore now though art?
Wherefore now though art?
I do not know but I pine for you still,
and every time I think of you,
my heart it shatters a little more than before,
and though I try not to think of you,
it is not an easy thing to do,
and my world is destroyed without the love of you,
because the love that you held for me,
it is no more yes,
and I am sad but blue,
and how I ache with this heartbreak,
and oh, how I wish it was not true,
for you left me on a summer's eve,
and how it surprised me,
because I thought we were stuck together like glue,

but it was not true,
no, it was not true,
oh, woe is me,
but not you,
not you.
Oh, curse you,
and curse this broken heart too,
oh, woe is me,
oh, woe is me,
and oh, what am I going to do,
what am I going to do,
because I am,
I am so empty without you,
empty without you,
and maybe,
maybe of a broken heart I will die too,
and oh, woe is me,
oh,
please come back to me do,
now, wherefore thou art,
wherefore thou art,
for thou hast torn me apart,
thou hast torn me apart,
and I sit here, and I cry alone,
I cry here alone,
and I feel so sad,
and so alone in the dark,
alone in the dark,
with my empty and my broken heart,
wherefore thou art,
wherefore thou art?
Please,

please come back to me,
and love me,
love me once more and please,
please mend my broken heart.
You infuriate me,
I infuriate you,
yet, I try to hold my tongue,
but what good does it do,
for you cannot hold your tongue,
and your words,
they pour forth from your mouth,
and are as foul as a corpse,
that lays rotting in the burning sun,
yes, you infuriate me,
and I infuriate you,
and though I have few words to say,
you pick on everyone,
and you trigger off an explosion of such a size,
that to me it always seems,
like a nuclear bomb,
oh, are we always to be sat in the fallout,
from your verbal bombacity,
oh, I do not know,
but how I wish that you would see,
how I wish that you would see,
that eviscerating me,
eviscerating me will only result,
in a relationship of invisibility,
and if you continue,
with your verbal barbarity,
I will soon be gone,
I will be permanently gone.

Touching the sun

Touching the sun,
oh, what a feeling,
the light that does come,
that does come from the sky,
and that elevates the mind,
and the rays that inspire me,
they rouse my heart like a valentine,
and as I reach my hand out to the sky,
I touch the sun,
and grab the sun's rays,
and rejuvenate myself,
in the rays that so beautifully play upon my face,
and the day,
with all this warmth it is a beautiful one,
and here on this beach I will sit,
and watch the waves,
the waves that refuse to quit,
and how happy I am,
with an ice cream in hand,
and doing nothing,
except relaxing,
relaxing until the sun is gone,
and what wonders there are in the light,
what wonders and colours that inspire the mind,
and that put any wrong right,
and each minute here in the sun,
it is a blessed one,
and each second,
minute and hour, they fill me with great delight,
especially, as there is no work to be done.

The first time

The first time, I saw you,
I lost my mind, for you were like an angel,
like an angel with your golden locks,
blowing in the wind in the summertime,
and as you said hello,
my heart it leaped what seemed a million miles,
and what style you had I thought,
that would most likely keep me happy in my dreams,
and how I wanted you,
from that first moment,
yes, you, the divine,
the beautiful you, the glorious you,
standing there before me so beautifully and so elegantly,
yes, it was like a dream come true,
and from that first moment I knew,
that I felt something for you,
and how powerful it was,
that feeling inside as you looked deep into my eyes,
and how happy you made me,
and how easily you made me want things,
that were far ahead of their time,
but I wanted you in my life immediately,
the moment I first laid my eyes on you,
and when you said hello.
and smiled at me so wonderfully,
and I replied hello too, I felt so alive,
but what would it lead to?
a happy heart and eternal sunshine?
Now that I wouldn't mind!