

# **Broke**

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## **Across the stones**

Across the stones to the streams and into the water,  
across the stones to the coolness of it,  
and there under the trees in the breeze,  
what beauty there is in the ripples and the gentility,  
and how powerful is the serenity,  
the serenity that descends upon me with its beauty,  
its beauty that enlightens me,  
on a cool daylight dream,  
here where I am as awake and as refreshed as can be,  
thinking in the cool of the day,  
and thinking how therapeutic it is to be in such gentility,  
where my mind flows like the stream.

## **Ah**

Ah that pause,  
that thought of no thought at all,  
that waiting for inspiration,  
that seeking of words.  
That looking for meaning,  
that blankness that strikes and puts everything on pause.  
That state of existence before greatness or inanity is born,  
ah,  
that pause.  
That thought of no thought at all.  
That waiting for inspiration,  
that seeking of words,  
that looking for meaning,

that time, that time it should be treasured,  
because the spark of inspiration is worth the wait so often,  
and in the mind being calm is much better for thought,  
and I have thought about it all in my times,  
and there have been many pauses,  
and all of them meaningful,  
and I do not mind because soliloquy is good for us all.

### **Ancient castle**

Ancient castle upon the hill amidst the fog,  
I look at you and you seem to have weathered it all,  
I look at you and you do not look like you are about to fall,  
and I wish I had the strength of you,  
I wish I had the strength of you, but I do not at all,  
for my heart is soft,  
and I always seem to fall for the wrong type,  
the wrong type of person who ends up being cruel,  
and I wish it were not true,  
I wish it were not true because it is insufferable,  
but I have been through it so many times,  
and I, I need to build my defences, but it is getting it right,  
and I do not want to be too harsh or too cold,  
and I do not wish to build my defences too high,  
and I want to be honest and open,  
and I want to be kind and compassionate,  
but with a tougher edge,  
a tougher edge to me than before,  
and I need to be a new me,  
and like the ancient castle upon the hill,

amidst the fog who seems to have weathered it all,  
and who does not look like it is about to fall,  
I wish to stand strong once more,  
and be harder than I was before but not be cruel,  
no not cruel at all,  
I just wish to be a new me,  
a better me,  
a stronger me,  
a kinder and a gentler me,  
a warrior when it comes to defending my heart,  
a warrior stronger than before.

### **Another hard-hearted soul**

Another hard-hearted soul,  
another cold fish,  
another bitter person who is like the winter snows,  
another blanked faced human,  
another blanked faced human who I do not know,  
who I do not know,  
oh, to see humanity smiling more often,  
now, what a great thing that would be,  
for the world even in the light of the sun,  
it is so cold,  
it is so cold and how many weary hearts there are out there,  
how many weary hearts there are out there in this world,  
and it is a shame,  
a shame to see humanity so miserable, and the world  
fighting constantly,

and the cost is untold, untold,  
and what a thing a smile is,  
and what an imagining a world filled with happiness,  
is and a world where everyone smiles,  
oh, how it lightens the soul,  
how it lightens and brightens the soul,  
and what a better world it is with smiles and laughter,  
but there are sadly,  
sadly, far too many wars,  
and far too many miseries which take hold of us,  
and that are bombarded at us from the newspapers,  
the magazines,  
and upon the radio,  
and upon the television,  
and upon the Internet,  
and the world is as if covered in a blanket of ice and snow,  
as if covered in a blanket of ice and snow.

### **Be not**

Be not of wicked heart I beg.  
Be not cruel,  
be kind and do not fill your soul with dark,  
for what is a soul filled with dark,  
it is not much of a thing,  
a thing that will not nourish you,  
and will not keep you whole.  
A thing that will suffocate you if you only keep its company,  
a thing of far too much heaviness that will burden you,  
and crush you and crush those who you meet,

because cruelty it consumes you so rapidly,  
and if you choose to live life in misery,  
how much sooner death will be,  
so, be not of a wicked heart,  
for it will do you no good to wield such arts,  
and how much better you will be living in the light,  
and with goodness in your heart,  
and with words of decency and compassion,  
how much better life will be if you treat people fairly,  
and how much happier you will be if you treat people well,  
because do you really wish to be the devil,  
do you really wish to be the devil and cast such evil spells,  
such evil spells into people's minds and hearts,  
something of which you seem to accomplish,  
far too often and far too well.

### **A walk to the bees**

A walk to the bees.

A walk through the fields to the tree,  
a walk to the bees, walking to the bee's nest in the tree,  
in the summer across the fields of grass,  
a gentle walk with the dog,  
to encourage the bees to make honey for my tea.  
Across the fields with the dog walking expectantly,  
but what am I to see,  
will the bees be busy or will they be on holiday,  
I shall see, for what a busy life it is to be a bee,  
because in the summer they are as busy as a bee can be,  
oh, I do hope there is honey for my tea.

## **Break it**

Break it,  
break the chain,  
do not let it weigh you down with a never-ending refrain,  
yes, break it,  
break the chain and leave before you are driven insane,  
yes, break it and walk away if a relationship is unhealthy,  
yes, be brave and walk away,  
and be courageous,  
no matter the words that they say to try and placate you,  
for every day in an unhealthy relationship is a day wasted,  
and it will only be another day spent complaining,  
and there is no good complaining continually,  
and it is much better for the heart to walk away,  
and it is much better for the mind,  
so be brave and make the decision to end it all,  
and do not listen to words that try to placate you,  
and that try to soften you,  
for the longer an unhealthy relationship drags on,  
you will only rue the day,  
so, break it,  
break the chain,  
and as fast as you can walk away,  
walk away, for there is no good suffering,  
continual mental abuse,  
and no good in enduring verbal and physical attacks,  
for that is not love,  
that is not true love,  
that is control and it will not do you any good,



and how your mind will suffer and your heart,  
so, break it, break the chain,  
and do not let it weigh you down,  
with a never-ending refrain,  
so, yes, break it,  
break the chain and leave,  
leave and walk out the door before you are driven insane.

### **Days go by**

The days go by with misery and sighs.  
The days go by with no happiness,  
but with no joy and just fragility and empty minds,  
empty minds under the greyest of skies,  
just trying to push the clouds away,  
but finding it an uphill climb,  
and with life just a repetition,  
a repetition and with such dismay upon our faces,  
as if sat upon a bleak and windswept,  
and a stormy mountainside,  
the days go by with misery and sighs,  
the days go by with no happiness,  
and slowly working all hours,  
working all hours and not seeing anything else,  
apart from the daily grind,  
yes, the days go by,  
with no time for friends and family and mostly alone,  
and with an emptiness in one's eyes,  
yes, the days that is how they go by,  
days with nothing to write home about,

nothing of interest, just a bleakness,  
just a boring rigidity and mostly a total waste of time,  
yes, the days go by, and they are not very fulfilling,  
but I wish for better days,  
because if not I am likely to lose my mind,  
likely to lose my mind,  
likely to lose my life far earlier than I should,  
oh, the depravity of modern society,  
that breaks you down and makes you frown,  
and really what is the purpose of all this wasted time?  
What is its reason,  
what is it,  
a stupidity,  
an insanity,  
a pointless exercise that does not advance humankind.

### **Derivations of you**

Derivations of you,  
derivations of you,  
your children who look just like you,  
derivations of you with those freckles,  
and those eyes and that hair,  
all short and blond mostly except for you with your ringlets.  
Derivations of you,  
all of you who stand before me,  
identical copies of you.  
Derivations of you,  
blue eyed and blonde and standing in the sun,  
with smiles so wide and having fun,

derivations of you,  
and what a wonder they are too,  
enjoying time with you,  
as they should do upon a beautiful day,  
upon a beautiful day in the sun.  
Derivations of you,  
a genetic replica,  
oh, what a complex thing genetics are,  
but how beautiful,  
and what are the chances I wonder of exact derivations of  
you?

### **Destruction of the mind**

Society,  
stress, stress, and destruction.  
Destruction of the mind,  
a multiplicity of thoughts and a mood of the indecisive kind,  
an unsettled mood,  
a mood of schizophrenia and anxiety,  
a mood that by being overwhelmed does drive you wild,  
and that does drive you around the bend,  
and that does make you want to tear your hair out,  
that does make you want to tear your hair out again,  
and again, and what sadness and frustration there is,  
and what rage there is,  
in this frenetic barrage of unwanted thoughts,  
thoughts that invade your waking life,  
and that invade your dreams at night,  
and what great destruction of the mind there is from the

overwhelming thought processes,  
the uncalled-for kind, the intrusive thoughts,  
and no, they were not kind, and they are not kind,  
not kind at all, but oh, how many people suffer,  
and how many people are unable to cope with it all,  
because mental illness,  
and especially schizophrenia it is apocryphal,  
and although people try their best,  
we have overstretched services,  
and we do not have enough time,  
to look after and care all the time for our family,  
and our friends who suffer,  
and it is awful how many people want to end it all,  
and it is awful how many people want to end it all,  
after being driven to the edge of the precipice,  
after being driven to the edge by the stress,  
and how devastating it is for family and society,  
and oh, how terrible this infliction is,  
this infliction of mental illness,  
that is such a curse upon humanity,  
this curse that comes from the pressures of modern life,  
and through poor choice and bad luck,  
and this bloody infliction it seems to get worse and worse,  
it seems to get worse,  
for we seem to have less and less time for ourselves,  
and we are always chasing time,  
and we are always working all hours,  
and in this life how the lack of time,  
and the overabundance of financial pressures and stress,  
it causes such chaos in the mind,

such chaos in the mind that is so hard to fix,  
and so hard to put right and how we pray for an end,  
and sometimes we pray to Gods,  
but there is no quick fix,  
and how often mental illness continues unabated,  
for the whole of human lives,  
and it is a terrible sight to see people in such distress,  
a terrible sight to see people in such pain,  
a terrible sight to see people's lives in pieces,  
a terrible sight to see people in such a mess,  
but we try our best to help,  
we try our best.

### **Down the street**

A sunny day, heading down the street to the stream,  
and across the bridge to stand,  
and watch the water flowing past,  
going to stand at a beautiful place,  
amidst the flowers in the grass,  
at a beautiful place under the overhanging trees,  
oh, how glorious a place it is to be,  
oh, how glorious this water that covers the world,  
and that is in you and me,  
the water that nourishes the world,  
and that quenches our thirst,  
the water that we can swim in and can float in as if a dream,  
in the rivers and in the seas,  
so powerful and strong that carry us along,  
and the sea,

whose waves we can bob up and down in,  
so gently,  
and in the water whose power can give us life,  
or can take our lives away,  
the beautiful water,  
so cool and clear,  
how calming it is to stand here,  
upon the bridge admiring this beauty in the breeze,  
for what would we be without water,  
certainly not you and me, certainly not you and me.

### **Draughty**

It is draughty in here,  
draughty in here,  
with the windows broken and boarded up,  
and there is a light bulb flickering,  
and people gathered around a fire.  
People trying to keep out of the winter snows,  
in the mountains where no one hardly goes,  
people hoping to live, people hoping to survive;  
their old homes destroyed by avalanches elsewhere,  
and here, where life is subject to nature and its cold,  
and where life is harsh and difficult,  
and where lives are lived with hardly any material things,  
what great smiles upon the faces of all there are, as they  
dance and sing next to the fire with their faces aglow,  
with their faces aglow and with smiles on their faces,  
smiles that are warm enough to melt the winter snows,  
smiles that are warm enough to melt the winter snows.

## Exile

He exiled himself on the 3.30pm train,  
he exiled himself to Spain.  
He sat on the beaches far out of the reaches of his family,  
who did not understand him or his brain.  
Yes, he exiled himself on the 3.30pm train,  
he exiled himself to Spain,  
to get away from the local drug dealers,  
who were like vultures,  
always trying to feast on him and his money every day,  
and he had no reason no reason to complain,  
and he lived frugally and took his time to repair his mind,  
repair his mind,  
from the devilish forces that he had left behind,  
the drugs and the alcohol,  
which had swallowed him up whole,  
and which could have easily left him dead,  
and they really did have a good go,  
at trying to kill him and had really addled his brain,  
and so, he exiled himself on the 3.30pm train,  
he exiled himself to Spain,  
and he went to live in the middle of nowhere,  
in the sunshine in a village by the coast,  
and he felt refreshed and anew,  
and any way what good is killing yourself,  
because of the undue influences of those,  
who do not have your best interests at heart,  
because that is no good and poor form for the mind,  
the mind that will only rot away in their company,

and tear you apart  
and yes, he was glad,  
glad that he had exiled himself on the 3.30pm train,  
glad that he had exiled himself to Spain,  
glad to be away from the drug dealers,  
who pursued him night and day,  
glad to be away from the drug dealers,  
who wanted to be paid, and who threatened him,  
when they did not get their own way,  
for anathema they are to decent people everywhere,  
who so easily get sucked in, sucked in on a whim,  
and easily tempted by something new,  
and oh, how easy it is too,  
and he is healthy and much happier,  
and he cannot complain,  
and he is glad,  
having exiled himself to Spain on the 3.30pm train,  
a far better option than overdosing and dying far too early,  
and lying in an early grave,  
lying in an early grave.

### **Furthermore**

Furthermore,  
further than before you goad me,  
and you push me and we,  
we are at war,  
but you tell me that you love me,  
and I tell you that I love you too,  
and we fight like cats and dogs,



but we are happy,  
and it is a strange relationship,  
but it is funny how you can get used to it,  
but it is not how it should be,  
but how we seem to tolerate it,  
because we are so alike,  
we are so alike you and me,  
and our lives are happy,  
and we do not always agree,  
for you are stubborn and I am too,  
and oh, the to do,  
the to do with me and you,  
but I love you,  
and you love me,  
and although we fight it is true,  
we were meant to be or that is what we say,  
and it is true until we argue,  
but that all over is just me and you,  
just me and you.

### **Gradients and shades**

In the gradients and in the shades of life,  
what complexities in life there are,  
and what choices there are to be made.  
In the gradients and in the shades of life,  
what variation,  
what incredible variation there is in every aspect of life,  
and what wonders there are,  
that lay themselves before you unexpectedly,

and through your own choices,  
from the trillions of thoughts,  
that are created and made,  
not an easy thing, and sometimes a frustrating thing,  
and an unhappy thing and a happy thing,  
but, sometimes,  
there are no choices at all,  
and mostly choosing what you want,  
is never an easy thing,  
never an easy thing when we are the undecided,  
the indecisive,  
and the stressed and the suffering,  
for in the gradients and in the shades of life,  
and in the darkness,  
and in the light,  
finding balance and harmony is not as easy,  
as you would wish it to be,  
and there are so many wrong choices,  
so many mistakes to be made,  
so many paths to take,  
so little time in our days,  
so little time in our lives,  
but always time,  
time to make the wrong decisions,  
and if we make the wrong decisions,  
always time to deal with the misery,  
and the suffering,  
but far too little time to celebrate,  
in the correct choices,  
and in the happiness that they bring.

## **Have this moment**

I see you.

You see me and I have this moment,

I have this moment of clarity,

I have this moment and I will be gone,

so, look at me,

look at me cannot you tell something is wrong,

for inside I am as raging as the sea,

and so, cannot you see the anger in me,

cannot you see that this is not where I want to be,

so, have this moment,

have this moment and I will be gone,

yes, you can bet on that,

and it will not take very long,

so, have this moment,

have this moment and I will be gone,

yes, look at me,

look at me, cannot you see,

how displeasure is spread across my face,

and cannot you see my invisible smile,

and cannot you see,

that my legs are prepared to run a four-minute mile.

Cannot you see that I wish to be,

as far away from you as can be,

for I do not like your character,

and I would rather hide up a tree,

and when I see you and you see me,

I will be leaving rather rapidly,

I will be leaving rather rapidly.

## Have we done enough

Have we done enough,  
have we done enough for we expostulate,  
and explain our ways with such regimented ways,  
and because of which,  
we have such narrow bands within which to operate,  
because we do not take the time to understand,  
and to listen and we have far too little patience,  
far too little patience and far too little time,  
and the world seemingly continually,  
walks through minefields of the mind,  
minefields of the mind,  
and we fight and we fight, and we fight,  
and it is not right,  
it is not right,  
for where there is darkness should not,  
should not we be bringing light?  
Should not we be bringing more light?  
And should not,  
should not we try everything that we can,  
to get along better together,  
and oh, how we suffer,  
and the world suffers through the lack of education of man,  
and how peace is thwarted by the stupidity,  
and illogicality of poorly thought-out words,  
and in the scheme of things,  
the pain it brings it should never be, it should never be,  
but how often poorly thought-out words thwart peace,  
and continually ruin humanities plans.

## **Higher**

Higher,  
higher,  
lift the mind with what does inspire,  
for inspiration is rejuvenation and in fascination,  
how the brain awakes with questions and curiosities,  
that so come in such a state.  
Higher,  
higher,  
never tire,  
never tire of education and learning,  
for dullness of mind does put you to sleep,  
and in such a coma your happiness may never be complete,  
so, be inspired,  
be inspired by all that you do,  
and all those that you meet,  
for what is the point of life,  
what is the point of life going through life asleep?

## **I am**

I am, I am all that I can be for I have no choice you see,  
because I am me,  
I am me and life is a continual improvement,  
so, do not worry about where you are,  
do not worry at all,  
for life is far easier that way,  
because you are where you are,  
and that is the only place that you can be.

## **I met you**

I met you in the sun,  
I met you, and you had a smile on your face,  
and you were not the only one,  
you were not the only one,  
and I said hello as you passed on by,  
and we reflected on how beautiful this place was and then I,  
I went back to pondering upon,  
I went back to pondering upon,  
why there is so much ugliness in the world,  
so, much ugliness that should never be,  
but sadly, there is far too much because of ignorance,  
and intolerance and human stupidity,  
ignorance, intolerance and human stupidity,  
how slow we are to learn, and it is insanity,  
it is insanity, and it should not be,  
but, sometimes,  
sometimes I wonder when God will come along,  
and when God will put us out of our misery.

## **I sacrificed you**

I sacrificed you for my sanity,  
I sacrificed you, for you only brought me insanity,  
and depravity, and it was no good it is true,  
and it was no good because you only made me ill,  
and our relationship was one sided,  
and you never stood still,  
and there was such anger in you,

such anger in you,  
and you were far too often an ugly you  
and what I thought I had with you it was not true at all,  
and your heart was black and no good to me,  
no good to me at all,  
for our love was a torturous thing,  
and our love it was a brief thing,  
and it never got very far at all,  
so, I sacrificed you for my own sanity,  
and I sacrificed you for you only brought me insanity,  
and depravity, and it was no good it is true,  
and how my heart ached and how much I suffered,  
and oh, boy did I suffer, I suffered you.  
I suffered you and you treated me like a fool,  
you treated me like a fool and what is love,  
what is love when is there is such jealousy,  
for jealously over rules love,  
and in the long run jealousy it destroys it all,  
jealousy it destroys it all,  
and really it was not the kind of love that I wanted,  
because it was that extreme love,  
that crushing and claustrophobic love,  
and it has never been what I wanted at all.  
So, I sacrificed you for my own sanity,  
I sacrificed you for you only brought me insanity,  
and depravity, and it was no good it is true,  
so, I was glad for our love to end,  
and glad to end it with you, glad to end it with you,  
because no good did you do to me,  
no good at all it is true, no good at all it is true.

## **I went to the river**

I went to the river where you swam.  
in the summertime, where your mostly happy day began,  
and where you had a smile on your face, or so I am told,  
and you before you went in the river,  
you bathed in the glorious sun,  
and then you disappeared, and you let the river do its work,  
and you drowned as quickly as your day had begun,  
as quickly as your day had begun with you waking up,  
and blinking in the sun, waking up and blinking in the sun,  
and yes, that quickly your life was over and done,  
and I have not quite come to terms with it yet,  
no, not yet, and I feel pain as I in my life have never done,  
and today, I went to the river,  
and I watched where you got carried away,  
I watched where you gave your life away,  
and the tears they welled in my eyes,  
and no words would come, no words would come,  
so, I, I threw some flowers into the water,  
and I remembered the good times that we shared,  
and I remembered you and your smile like the sun,  
and I watched the river flow and my tears fell into it,  
my tears fell into where you now permanently belong,  
and you are still unfound, you are still unfound,  
and never will I see you again,  
and for years to come, my tears will mingle with the river,  
as I remember you,  
at the place where you gave your life to the river,  
in the glorious sun, in the glorious sun.



## **In my tired eyes**

In my tired eyes,  
I sit on the ferry staring out to sea,  
I see the waves crashing,  
and smashing against distant rocks,  
and I, I think of you waiting for me,  
I think of you, and I smile,  
and the thought of you it liberates me,  
it liberates me from my weariness,  
because I have been away from you,  
for what seems like forever and a day,  
and in my thoughts of you,  
I am happy,  
and I am happy to see the coast disappearing,  
and am glad to be on my way,  
on my way across the ocean under skies of grey,  
and headed for warmer climes,  
and headed to you,  
across the ocean to you,  
where I will now forever stay,  
because I cannot bare to be apart from you any longer,  
and how happy is the day today,  
for here I am on my way,  
on my way to you,  
and your comforting arms,  
on my way to your charms,  
on my way forever to stay,  
and to make a home with you,  
across the ocean, under these skies of grey.

## **In the deathly hallows**

In the deathly hallows sorrow grows,  
in the deathly hallows where hardly anyone goes,  
in between the trees,  
with the large branches casting the shadows,  
across the ground,  
the boggy ground that waters the Earth all around,  
where the owls hoot and the animal's scoot,  
and there is a kind of fear in the air,  
that makes the hairs on the back of your neck stand up,  
leaving tingling sensations there,  
and there is a deathly silence everywhere,  
and a single grave under a tree,  
and upon the gravestone it reads I came to meet my love,  
I came to meet my love,  
and she murdered me,  
she murdered me,  
so, beware all who enter here,  
beware for all is not what it seems, for darkness lurks,  
and the darkness here can turn even love to death,  
under the black of night and the starry skies,  
and the moonbeams,  
and I am dead and no more will she trouble me,  
for she is dead too, and in self-defence I sent her to hell,  
and this place, this deathly hallows,  
was hell upon the Earth for me,  
yes, this place where you now dwell,  
let it be a lesson to you,  
because it certainly was a lesson to me.

## **In the silence**

In the silence there is no horror and there is no war,  
And there is no violence in the silence,  
there is just calm and balance far away from harm,  
far away from harm,  
and oh, how beautiful it is that tranquillity,  
that space, empty of all sounds,  
that empty space,  
as you sit on your own,  
away from the human race,  
not looking to be found,  
yes, what a beautiful place,  
yes, what a beautiful place,  
with nothing to alarm,  
and how wonderful it is,  
and how great its charm,  
and how rare it is that tranquillity,  
and that soliloquy,  
where you sit lost in your own thoughts,  
as if drifting upon a sea,  
where you sit drifting as peacefully as can be,  
where you sit drifting far away from the stress,  
and the anxiety.  
Drifting, drifting, and returning to you,  
drifting and relaxed,  
relaxed and with a smile on your face,  
and happy,  
happy as can be,  
happy as can be.

## **In your delight**

In your delight, in your gentle glow,  
in your heart, in the love that you know,  
what is the best thing of it that you know,  
what is it?

What is it of love,  
what is your favourite thing about love,  
and what makes your heart sing?  
What makes your heart sing,  
because what wonders love does bring,  
because love is such an incredible thing,  
and as warm as the warmth of the rays of the sun inside,  
as you are beside the one that you love,  
what a feeling from the chemical reaction,  
of your attraction that lifts you to the heavenly skies,  
oh, what a feeling that sets aflame the heart,  
and that lights up the eyes,  
that lights up the eyes.

## **It is a travesty**

It is a travesty my friend,  
it is a travesty for I have nothing to lend,  
and I can only borrow,  
so, I am sorry my friend,  
I am terribly sorry for I see you and I see your worry,  
but I cannot unfortunately for your problems make amends,  
but we can drink your sorrows away,  
for I have all the wine and all the beer that we could ever

need to make it a much more enjoyable day,  
and we have all day, we have all day,  
to try to find a way, to make your troubles end,  
so, how about it my friend,  
shall we sit, drink, and think,  
and your troubles, try to comprehend?  
So, how about it my friend, how about it my friend?

### **It is not unusual**

It is not unusual at all this feeling,  
this feeling of being unable to find it within yourself,  
and wanting to end it all,  
wanting to end something that is making you unhappy,  
that is making you suffer, that is causing you pain,  
that is making an educated brain,  
act as if it is uneducated with the stress of it all.  
Yes, it is not unusual at all,  
not unusual at all but it is fixable,  
and if you slow it down and rethink it all,  
do not be too hard on yourself,  
and do not rush at all if you can help it,  
and if you can do both those things,  
then any problem is solvable,  
and there will be less problems than before,  
and it is not unusual at all this feeling,  
this feeling of being unable to find it within yourself,  
and wanting to end it all, but persevere,  
persevere and slow it down and with time to think,  
any problem is conquerable.

## **Mental health**

Mental health is worth far more than wealth,  
and if people were more caring in society,  
there would be less troubles of the self,  
but society is sick,  
and so, it breeds,  
it breeds this culture of me, me, me,  
and people feed off other people's unhappiness,  
and its unhappiness it breeds far too frequently,  
yes, it breeds so continuously,  
this mentality of thought,  
with which so many belittle you and me,  
and with which they try to break us,  
and shake us and try to make us fit in,  
and try to bend us,  
using peer pressure at their whim,  
and who try to control us,  
with the conditioning of their sickness,  
and this evil from who knows where,  
it is lodged so heavily in their brains,  
and it brings such despair,  
such despair upon the human race,  
that they should be ashamed,  
and put in their place,  
but they do not care,  
for of mental health and of caring,  
they are not truly aware,  
and are happy to be continually evil,  
for of that they are much better prepared.

## Number 10

Number 10,  
a binary life,  
a 0 and a 1.  
An off and an on,  
life in the eyes of humanity,  
life upon the Earth,  
life in the universe,  
life there and life then quickly gone.

## Only a week

Only a week,  
no, not long, not long until I find the comfort that I seek,  
and what a relief it will be, and how I will celebrate,  
and maybe I will head for the sea,  
maybe I will go swimming and float so free,  
float so free and rest my weary bones,  
for life is such a tiresome load,  
a tiresome load upon the shoulders,  
and we have far too many burdens to carry in this world,  
far too many burdens to carry,  
and it is never easy finding the time to lighten the load,  
and I cannot wait for it is only a week,  
only a week until I find the solace that I seek,  
only a week and I will savour every minute,  
and how gladly I will savour the peace,  
and what a relief it will be to be floating in the sea,  
free of the working day, and returning to me,

## Open

Open up,  
open up says the man.  
Open up,  
I have a plan,  
I have a plan to take your money if I can.  
So, open up,  
open up if you can,  
and he growls and he scowls,  
and he bangs and he bangs,  
and he harangues and he harangues,  
and he shouts and he shouts,  
and he shouts through the letterbox, but no one comes out,  
no one comes out and he leaves a note,  
I will be back again and maybe I will break your legs,  
maybe I will break your legs if you do not pay,  
because I really do not give a damn,  
I really do not give a damn,  
Because that is the trouble with getting high on credit,  
and if you do not pay  
well, I hope you have a dental plan,  
I hope you have a dental plan living the high life in the city,  
really not looking pretty,  
really not looking pretty,  
man, not paid, angry man,  
man inside, man,  
inside still high does not give a damn,  
addicted man, addicted man with a plan,  
out robbing later if he can.



## Slowly I awake

Slowly I awake,  
slowly as the sun shines through the windowpane,  
slowly does my sentience return,  
and slowly begins my brain,  
begins my brain to think of the day,  
and slowly my thoughts,  
they burst into life as if magic,  
magic appearing out of the air,  
from where I do not know,  
and from where I do not care,  
for all that matters is that they are there,  
dancing through me like a dervish,  
and guiding me to what shall be,  
dancing through my mind,  
and enquiring of me,  
what do you want,  
what shall we do,  
what shall we see,  
where shall we go,  
and with who shall we be,  
but it does not matter to me,  
it does not matter to me,  
all that matters is that I am happy,  
so, give me inspiration and positivity,  
and that is certainly not to be found,  
in the high streets spending money,  
but that to me,  
is walking across the fields to the sea.

## **The veracity of you**

The veracity of you.

Sad you.

Blue you.

Unhappy you.

Fierce,

raging,

crazy you,

mad you.

Up and down you,

happy and frowning you,

a joker and a clown you.

Jokes all around with you,

and sadness and tears,

and discombobulation,

intimidation,

aggravation,

ah, the spectacle of you.

Beautiful you,

ugly you,

belittling you,

brilliant you,

intelligent you,

funny you, enthusiastic you,

true you, passionate you,

compassionate you,

you with a heart so true,

glorious you, all of you,

I love you; I love you.

## **This is**

The day is nearly done,  
this is nearly done,  
and after wrestling with my thoughts,  
this is nearly won,  
the final push at the setting of the sun,  
a day spent reading, writing, and researching,  
and it is a beautiful thing to dive into language,  
and create such works,  
such works that in your heart and mind exist,  
and that from your inspiration your creation is won,  
and how inspiring are the languages and the words,  
that sit upon the pages of learned books,  
but how was the alphabet born I wonder,  
and how long did it take to create?  
I do not know, and I am truly glad of it,  
and in it I am glad to spend the day,  
working in the fields,  
working at the beach,  
and out walking and wherever I go,  
but wherever I am,  
I do not mind if I am inspired for with inspiration,  
and fascination,  
it sparks my imagination,  
and in writing it is not work but fun,  
and here I sit from when I awake,  
from when I awake to the setting of the sun,  
here I sit working hard with all the letters of the alphabet and  
the languages of the world with a smile on my face,

and in this way,  
I am truly content to spend the day in such a happy way,  
with a smile on my face in such a happy place,  
and life is grand,  
because there is so much to write about always,  
and wherever I wander and wherever I stay,  
with language I am in love and that will always be the way.

### **Tired of this**

Tired of this instability.  
Tired of this uncivility,  
Tired of thinking what should be,  
tired of the world and its insanity.  
Tired of rape,  
tired of knife crime and gun crime, torture, and murder.  
Oh, so many needless deaths in this world yet it is what is,  
and I am tired of a heart ripped apart.  
I am tired of the moods of people,  
that quickly turn to lightning and thunder.  
Tired,  
but when will it end,  
I wonder, for this world has been so ravaged and plundered,  
and I am tired of this,  
I am tired of the world's selfishness,  
when there is so much to give,  
and I am tired of people talking and achieving nothing,  
and I am tired of people crying,  
I am also tired of people dying from famine and drought,  
and homelessness,

and I am tired of bureaucracy that never truly seems to help,  
and I am tired of our feelings meaning so little,  
for we protest often enough,  
but we never seem to get anywhere, and no one truly listens,  
and life is far more complicated than it should be,  
to exist,  
and yet, because of it we are so ground down and worn out.  
Now it should not be like this, it should not be like this,  
but what will it take to restore the magic,  
for the life of the world,  
and those living on the planet is so often tragic,  
and it should not be that way for we are born to just exist,  
and if we could live life more simply, we could be happy and  
there would be no misery,  
and well, that would be a life well lived,  
and though I have tried,  
and although we all mostly have tried,  
because of far too much bureaucracy,  
and the lack of common sense and logic,  
life on the Earth, it is what it is.

### **Useless information**

There you stand,  
and you are useless,  
useless as can be,  
and full of emptiness and useless information,  
and with no thoughts of your own,  
and that is what bothers me,  
people who cannot think for themselves,

and who only have second-hand stories to tell,  
who only have second-hand stories to tell,  
oh, you all bore me to hell,  
you bore me to hell,  
and instead, when I see you and you talk to me,  
I contemplate what I am having for my tea,  
and here you are,  
again, in the bar, and you waffle on endlessly,  
you waffle on endlessly,  
and you are as miserable as can be,  
and that is not quite what I want to see,  
but you side-tracked me when I was happy,  
drinking by myself,  
and you said you wanted company,  
you said you wanted company,  
but now I will need to drink more,  
and you as always will test my sanity,  
you will test my sanity,  
and I will try not to go to sleep,  
but you do buy me drinks and I try to listen you,  
but to listen to you,  
you need to be as lubricated with alcohol as you can be.

### **Vying for attention**

There you sit dressed so beautifully,  
there you sit vying for attention.  
There you sit looking at me from across the room,  
but I am too drunk to see,  
too drunk to see and you want attention,

and you are the most beautiful thing that I have seen,  
that I have seen,  
but I am too drunk,  
too drunk for company,  
and I would only talk rubbish,  
I would only talk rubbish and that would be no good,  
that would be no good for you or me,  
and so, I will sit here happily,  
for looking at you is like a dream,  
a blurry dream but what a pleasure it is,  
but with my intellect and wit,  
my intellect and wit they are at the bottom of my pint glass,  
and I can barely walk, I can barely walk, let alone talk,  
and I have no wish to spoil your evening,  
by slurring in your direction,  
because that would be embarrassing,  
embarrassing to me, so, enjoy your evening,  
and I will remember your pretty face,  
for when I am in a better state, and I am a more coherent me.

### **Walking away**

Walking away,  
forever and a day.  
Walking far away,  
far away with nothing to say,  
but with only misery in my heart,  
that tears me,  
that tears me painfully apart,  
and that destroys my mind, when I think of the heartache

that you have sent my way,  
for you were so cruel to me and vicious,  
and bitter and played me like a symphony,  
and this is not what should have been,  
and certainly not how I ever wished it to be,  
because I wanted love.  
I wanted love,  
I wanted love not misery,  
and I am walking away as far as can be,  
and I am off to sea,  
off to sea to forget you,  
to forget about you and me,  
and I will never forget what heartache is,  
and I will be more compassionate,  
because of you when I find a love so true,  
I certainly will not treat them like you treated me,  
so, I am off to sea to forget about you,  
to forget about you and me,  
and how much better that will be,  
because you only brought me misery,  
you only brought me misery.

## **We rise**

We rise from the Earth, we rise from the Earth,  
and from the complexities of our birth.  
We rise up from the soil in the evolutionary toil,  
the evolutionary toil that shapes us so gloriously,  
and we are so beautifully formed by the Earth,  
and by its efforts and by its hard work,



and when we appear blinking in the light,  
when we appear wide eyed,  
and inquisitive and a little scared,  
how many versions of us have there been I wonder,  
for here we are formed as we are in our current state,  
able to look,  
listen and interpret all that we see and hear,  
and how many versions I wonder are there of us,  
how many versions of us human beings,  
and how many variations of our complexities,  
it amazes me,  
and I imagine a library somewhere,  
a library filled with the blueprints of us,  
and whether it is a God or a another who creates us,  
imagine how big the library would be,  
how big the library would be,  
to contain all the versions of you and me,  
and what a wonder it be,  
the library of the evolution of you and me.

### **We were divided**

We were divided over so many things,  
so, going our separate ways was best for the both of us,  
and it is far better than the heartache,  
which would only come again and again,  
for when things are not what they should be,  
and when things are broken and fractured,  
and shattered and so painful,  
and there is so much arguing,

how well do you really know someone,  
if you do not understand them fully,  
and you cannot seem to fathom them out,  
and can only on most things disagree.  
So, a tortured love is not for me,  
so, give me just give me, and let me be,  
for I do not wish to be with you,  
when all we would continually do,  
and have previously done is create a symphony of misery,  
and what is the point of such barbarity, now I wish I knew,  
but no matter how many times we fall in love,  
we are unknowingly blinkered so often,  
and love fools us so many times and,  
in the heat, and the frustration,  
where is the love if you cannot listen enough,  
and understand enough, and argue far too much,  
and are only left with indignation and misery.

## **Wilderness**

Wilderness.

Little to say but the wind does not care to listen anyway.

Wilderness,

little to say,

fluffy clouds on a sunny day.

Wilderness, beautiful sunshine, and clouds drifting away,

drifting to the sea and beyond,

the sea, the sea as calm as a pond,

and my thoughts as disparate as they come,

for I am of such mixed emotions about you,

I am unsure where to go.  
Unsure, for what I know of you is mixed,  
and not what I should feel,  
and I am not happy, but I wish,  
I wish it were so, because I waited and I cogitated,  
and you were so up and down in your emotions,  
your emotions that I could not really know,  
for you changed like the wind,  
and with you ever fluctuating,  
oh, my heart how it suffered,  
with the agonies that it did bring,  
and how my heart wished for calm,  
but there seemed no possibility with your deliberating,  
and you're deliberating it drove me crazy,  
and I was no better with you than without,  
for with you I want to tear my hair out,  
and scream and shout,  
and I want to jump up and down in frustration,  
and I find irritation comes too easily,  
and that is not the way that it should be,  
because I am stuck with you,  
I am stuck with you because I love you,  
but I cannot reconcile your seeming wiles,  
I cannot fathom you or figure you out as I truly should do,  
and you say you want one thing, then another,  
and often I am left with a tear in my eye,  
and in mild despair and I cannot see the end to it,  
I wish for the end but the thought of leaving you,  
it is a hard thing to think of, because I know you love me too,  
now, what am I to do, what am I to do?

## **Will we**

Will we,  
will we ever see  
will we ever see the end of war,  
will we but what a great struggle there will be,  
fighting for jobs,  
fighting for jobs more than we used to in humanity,  
and it is incredible how many people are employed,  
to make weapons and to fight,  
now, what a better world it would be,  
if humanity was employed more peacefully?

## **Years go by**

Seconds go by,  
minutes,  
hours,  
days,  
months,  
years go by,  
years go by and how much do we remember things,  
that are of any value at all,  
and how many terrible things do we remember,  
probably far more than meaningful things,  
and it really is no good at all,  
no good at all for we are capable of such great happiness,  
we are capable of such great happiness,  
but it rarely happens at all,  
it happens rarely at all,

and it is a shame, and it is terrible,  
terrible this misery,  
which we seem to force upon ourselves for no reason at all,  
for no reason at all and this materialism,  
this materialism that we are mostly so wrapped up in,  
how it makes us suffer across the world,  
how it makes us suffer across the world,  
now should not a system be of benefit to all,  
and it is a system seemingly built on chaos,  
and this chaos and disorder it unfortunately does rule,  
it does rule most people across the planet,  
but should not we rethink it,  
and make it a fairer system for all?

### **You remain**

You.

You remain, you remain the same.

You do not change,

yes, you against the world like to bang and blame,

and you try to blow the world to pieces,

with your infernal brain,

and you, you remain,

you remain the same.

You do not change,

and you have got crazy ideas,

and some strange ways.

Yes you, you with the infernal brain,

you remain, you remain the same,

and you do not change,

and you against the world,  
like to bang and blame, and claim,  
and bang and blame,  
and claim everyone did you wrong,  
and you,  
you point the finger,  
and say that they sold your soul for a song,  
and you claim to have had words with God,  
and you claim that he will be coming soon,  
yes, you, you remain,  
you remain the same,  
but you do not change,  
and you are happy,  
with the delusions in your brain,  
and you claim you are normal,  
but I beg to differ,  
and when I see you yes,  
I head for the nearest train,  
because I could be stood here for years,  
talking to you and never get away,  
because you,  
you never change,  
and to get away from talking to you,  
I will get a pogo stick, a bicycle,  
a car, a lorry,  
I will get a train,  
I will get a plane,  
anything to get away from you,  
because you talk too much,  
goddamn you,  
and your infernal brain!