

At the silence

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A little plane

A little plane across the sky,
a little plane and I wonder where it is going and why.
A little plane across the sky,
and I wonder how far as humans we travel in our lives,
how far we travel in our footsteps,
how far we travel on bicycles and in cars,
and in trams and in buses and in trains,
and across the sky as the little plane it flies,
I wonder how much energy is generated,
in all the movements,
across the many miles we travel in the times of our lives.

A walk in the clouds

A walk in the clouds upon the mountaintops.
A walk in the sun,
looking down at the valleys below never to be forgot.
A beautiful view that lifts your heart as high the heavens,
and how wonderful thou art,
the glorious fields below,
and the water paddies and the buffalo's,
and the green fields of the slopes at the bottom,
of the mountain as we stand at the top,
and how grand the life below,
oh, such beauty and tranquillity as people stand in,
the paddy fields hard at work,
and how they plough and sow,
and how clear the view today,

and what smiles we have at the day,
and what smiles of the view that takes our breath away,
as we stand in the mountain air,
yes, oh, what smiles there are to be found,
and here as we stand at the mountain top,
there is just peace and quiet and tranquillity,
that inspires the mind and fires the imagination,
and as we look at the green fields,
and the blue sky and the clouds hanging low,
hanging lower than we are but gentle in their forms,
we bathe in the sun upon the mountain top at the dawn,
amongst nature's finery,
upon the majesty of the mountain we stand,
and we revel in the heavens,
as we survey the glorious beauty,
the glorious beauty of the majestic land.

Aggravation

Aggravation,
there is too much aggravation and too much frustration,
and society is as impatient as it can be,
and it is not what it should be,
because it should be,
vastly improved with all this moralising,
and with all this moralising that we seem to see,
moralising from religions mostly,
and still, in the newspapers and in the magazines,
and online and on tv,
and in discussions in society,

everyone talks and talks,
but society it seems to fail continuously,
and problems are only talked about and never solved,
so, what is the point of all this hot air,
because it never seems to lead anywhere,
anywhere at all,
and society,
society it seems to be happier to talk,
than to solve problems permanently,
and it is a shame to me,
a terrible shame and society is to blame,
because society seems to prefer gossiping,
than fixing anything,
and it is utter stupidity and utter idiocy,
and society could be with effort so much better than it is,
but unfortunately, there is far too much aggravation,
there far is too much aggravation and too much frustration,
and society is as impatient as it can be,
and it is not what it should be,
and oh, how I wish that people could see,
that it does not take much to fix problems,
if you take the time to think about things clearly,
and I wish that was the reality,
so, cannot we, society,
work a little harder at solving problems,
and society will be a happier society,
and wouldn't that be better for all of us,
than the hot air and the lack of action,
the hot air and the lack of action,
that we hear and see constantly currently in society.

And these eyes

And these eyes they have seen a lot,
and these eyes they have seen visions of happy times,
and times best forgot,
and these eyes have cried countless tears,
and these eyes have seen countless fears,
and these eyes have sparkled countless happy times,
and these eyes have seen countless horrors best forgot,
and these eyes have seen surprise in happy times,
and in good times they have seen a lot, they have seen a lot,
and how blessed are we,
by vision with which to see the world,
and the beauty of nature,
and to be able to lose ourselves in the aesthetics of nature,
and to wonder in awe at every sight,
and at the myriad of beauty,
in all the colours of the world,
that are captured by our vision,
and that are stored in our memories and not easily forgot.

Anger

Anger, anger not at thee,
no, I have no anger for thee,
no, I have no volcano inside me,
I have no swarms of hornets waiting to burst free,
and attack you.
Anger, anger, no, not at thee, for I am at peace with you,
so do not let anyone tell you otherwise,

because I know you have a good heart,
and there is kindness in your eyes,
but it is sad how many people fall for lies,
fall for lies so easily.
Yes, I really have no anger for thee,
so may peace be upon you,
and let us drink this amphora of wine and be happy,
and let us forget things that have never existed,
and let us get drunk,
and forget any silly notions,
that others may have brought to thee,
out of bitterness,
and brought to thee out of stupidity,
let us drink and think and talk and be happy.

Aura

You had an aura about you,
you had an aura it is true,
and you radiated a presence and you,
you came across as strong and you were gentle too.
Yes, you had an aura about you, and you always knew,
you always knew what to do,
and you always picked the right words that helped soothe,
no matter the situation that you were applying them too.
Yes, you had an aura about you,
and in your glow,
I felt safe with you, and I always carried you,
and what you said wherever I would go,
with your guidance,

there was nothing that was unconquerable,
and I with your words through life flowed like a river,
and life was much better with the kind words,
that you gave to me and how fondly I remember you,
for you had an aura about you,
you had an aura like an angel about you,
oh, beautiful you.

Broken mirrors

Broken mirrors,
bleeding hearts,
shattered reflections of you,
a picture of a woman in a photograph with a smile.
Distorted visions in a damaged world,
distorted visions in a war-ravaged world,
and bodies lying in a gutter in a world torn apart,
in a city with no heart,
a city after the end of a war and the cessation of violence,
a city with blood amongst the ashes and the rubble,
a city with bodies buried in the rubble,
a city with bullets through the walls and buildings on fire,
a city with great emptiness,
and a place only filled with ghosts and broken mirrors,
and bleeding hearts,
and evacuees returning to the remains of their homes,
looking for memories,
looking for a comfort of sorts,
looking for memories amongst the rubble,
looking for comfort now they are mostly alone, totally alone,

with their families now slaughtered and gone,
slaughtered and gone, and peace,
peace it rumbles bloodily on,
bloodily on amongst the ashes and the rubble,
as the remains of the buildings are searched,
and loved one's bodies are found,
and as tears fall from loved one's eyes,
and they cry over those blown apart,
those who were tortured and mutilated,
and shot and executed,
life in the aftermath of the terrible atrocities of war,
stumbles on, it stumbles on with barely any comfort at all,
with nearly everyone slaughtered and gone,
nearly everyone slaughtered and gone.

Early signs

Early signs of the ignorant and the intolerant,
a rock through a window,
some graffiti upon the bus shelter,
a disgruntled council worker,
an alcoholic stumbling in the supermarket aisles,
yes, early signs of the times, a new day dawning,
a homeless person awaking in the doorway,
a drug addict stealing someone's wallet,
a man punching a traffic warden,
7.45 am, 7.45 am, and they are alive, barely alive,
those of such malcontent,
and discombobulated thoughts,
those whose intellect is hard to find.

Eyes

Eyes.

Sunlight.

Blinking.

a fluttering of the eyelids,
rapidity and visions continually,
and dreams and R.E.M sleep.

A happy place,
a colourful place.

A glorious place,
a magnificent place of great complexity.

A tranquil place.

A chaotic place, a frantic place,
a calm place, a beautiful place, the only place to be.

Yes, here, and now, looking inside and out,
oh, what glorious visions there are to see,
and how lucky are we,
how lucky are those who are able to see.

Goodbye

The day is not,
not in my heart anymore,
and the memories have gone away,
and I linger a while sat by the fireside and I think of you,
with the day of your leaving burnt into my mind,
and in my eye's visions of you,
as I hold a glass of wine,
and remember the time that I last held you,

oh, beautiful visions of you,
and oh, how beautiful was the day that I last held you,
in the days before you died,
and how wonderful it was,
with your arms wrapped around me,
and how wonderful it was,
when we danced hand in hand to the music that we loved,
and I am pleased to say,
that you were happy when you left this world,
when you fell upon the grass amongst the roses,
and how sadly I remember that time,
for it was after you had spent a day,
in the beauty of the garden with me,
and I had only gone inside for a short spell,
gone to make some tea,
and when I returned you were in the middle of leaving me,
and you were laying upon the grass, clutching your heart
and how painful it was,
how painful it was to see,
but not as painful as it was for you,
but how frantic was the activity,
and how painful is the memory,
as I remember the phoning of the ambulance,
and the frantic activity to try to save you,
the frantic activity to try to resuscitate you,
and though I tried my best,
I tried my best, but it was not to be,
and whilst you were alive,
I kissed you,
And in between fear and love you looked at me,

and as I did, I stroked your hair,
and held your hands in the final seconds,
until I realised it was too late,
and you closed your eyes,
and from this world you drifted away,
and I was left alone and the tears, how they flowed,
the tears oh, how they flowed as I cradled you in my arms,
and how they flowed as I kissed you goodbye,
and how they flowed as I waited upon the lawn,
in the garden for the ambulance to arrive,
and how they flowed as the fragrances of the roses,
with their beautiful scents did rise,
as you departed from this world,
and countless tears I began to cry.

Guessing

Guessing which way, you are thinking, is an impossibility,
because it is like staring into the sun,
and I am blinded by you,
and I always admire the spontaneity,
which you throw at me regularly,
and I never expect anything but surprise,
and from surprise it is too late to run,
and I have been surprised by you constantly,
for you are full of joy and are never dull,
never dull at all,
for you are like a happy form of Russian roulette,
and I sit here,
and everything you do is so eccentric and zany,

and, in your presence, I feel alive,
and I am inspired by you and by your craziness,
for it is like staring at the sun,
and so bright and beautiful
and how wonderful it is to be blessed by you,
and by your company,
for with you we walk as fast as we run,
we laugh as in a lunatic asylum,
we laugh as hard as they come,
and boy do we have some fun,
boy do we have some fun!

Harsh

Harsh,
this life,
harsh the reality of life.
Harsh these times,
for there is so much struggle,
and suffering in humanity,
and so many people walking on blindly over precipices,
and so many people not knowing which direction to go,
and so many lost souls,
and so many people dead inside,
and so many people burnt out,
and so many people counting time,
and not satisfied with their lives,
and so many people depressed,
and with so many people committing suicide,
it is harsh this life,

harsh this reality,
and so harsh are these times,
and I wish these times,
were not so brutal,
but it needs a revolution, humanity,
it needs a revolution in thinking,
to overthrow the brutality,
and the ignorance,
and the wilful wanton need,
to follow like sheep,
because people seem unable,
to make up their own minds,
and it is harsh this life,
harsh this reality,
and so, harsh are these times,
and a revolution of thinking,
is the only solution,
because we will never change anything,
if we do not get out of the rut,
and if we do not continually,
dumb down society,
and continually commit,
intellectual suicide,
how much better society would be,
without such depressives,
and the stresses of finance,
or the lack of finance,
with which far too many,
far too many of humanity live,
in their very unhappy lives

I am going to sleep now

I am going to sleep now,
I am going to sleep with the visions of the day.
I am going to sleep to erase some of them away,
and I am going to dream,
and I am going to relive the best bits,
and throw the rubbish bits away.
Yes, I am going to sleep now,
so, goodbye day,
goodbye day and hello night,
hello,
because my eyelids are heavy and my body is weary,
and my brain is exhausted, and I cannot wait to dream,
so, goodbye day, goodbye,
but wherever you go,
remember me for the best of me,
and I will remember you the same way,
and fondly in my dreams as I dream my night away.

I am nowhere

I am nowhere to be seen,
I am nowhere to be seen with my eyes closed,
in the fields of green,
and by the streams with the sunlight beaming down on me,
oh, what a pleasure it is to be lost in the mind,
and what calmness there is in me,
away from the distractions of the visions of the eyes,
and in the blackness,

with just the sounds of the wind and the birds,
how much solace there is to be found,
and how the heart is nurtured by solitudes inspiration,
for in the blackness, I am nowhere to be seen,
no, I am nowhere to be seen,
with my eyes closed in the fields of green,
and here by the streams,
with the sunlight beaming down upon me,
oh, what a pleasure it is to be lost in the mind,
and in the tranquillity and peace,
which these days is so hard to find.

I am of discontent

I am of discontent, and working all hours,
and I barely have any time for fun,
and I am worn out and exhausted,
and tired and weary,
and the money is always spent,
and my health always suffers, and I wish to repent,
I wish to repent my stupidity at something,
Something that I should never have begun,
and the stress well it never seems to be over and gone,
and I am of discontent,
and I wish I could erase it all,
for this life is not what it should be,
and there are only mostly days, days filled with misery,
and there are only nights dreaming of anxiety,
and things left undone,
and when I awake, I cannot drag myself up out of bed,

and I have no wish to work at something that I do not enjoy,
for it is to me like against my head pointing a gun,
and what is the point of going through life,
going through life so discontentedly,
and of great malcontent,
and with great unrest in my heart,
and always feeling vacuous and empty,
and always praying for sleep, and ground down by it all,
ground down from a miserable work,
and never completely recovering from it,
by the setting of the sun,
and never recovering from it by the fall of the night,
and despite my sleep and disturbed slumbers,
still feeling just as tired,
and tired of what I am doing,
and tired of work even though, the day has only just begun.

I have a year

I have a year,
I have a year in my head,
I have everything that I could ever wish for,
I have a year of things to do,
and I will be alone,
and little will be said,
little will be said,
somewhere out in the middle of nowhere,
somewhere far away,
somewhere in a more tranquil place,
without so many troubles,

so many troubles every day,
and a year of being alone and free to write,
will do wonders for my health,
and I will be saner than in the cities,
and in the villages where I used to dwell,
and happier with peace and the quiet instead,
instead of the hell of the chaos,
that rampages in the towns and in the cities every day,
and happier without the noises that bombard the eardrums,
from every angle, and at every volume,
and from which you cannot get away.

I have walked

I have walked through the rain alone,
I have meandered down lanes,
and through the fields to my home.
Yes, I have walked through the rain,
and the sun and the snow.
Yes, I have walked alone in the freshest of airs,
and I, I have felt exhilarated time and time again,
in such happy moods,
and with all the inspiration before me,
and the beauty,
oh, how grand the heart does feel wherever I roam,
and how grand amongst the scenery of the lands where I go,
and what wonders,
are the magic of the sights before me,
that lifts any dark moods,
any dark moods at all,

that I wear like a black shroud around me,
covering any brightness that fills me,
and in solitude and in the tranquillity,
how glorious is the calm in me,
for I am lifted up as if into the air to float gently,
as if without a care,
and wherever I go I am happy wandering alone,
happy being free,
happy being me.

I succumbed

I succumbed to your charms once,
I succumbed when I was twenty-three,
and I fell for you madly,
I fell for you, and you were like the devil to me,
tempting me, but I did not complain,
for when I saw you in that blue dress you set me aflame,
you set my heart aflame,
and oh, how I lost my way, how I lost my way,
and you lead me off the beaten path,
and we had such a tempestuous relationship,
and a fiery relationship,
and how brightly together we burned, how brightly,
but today,
you will not even give me the time of day,
and I harbour no ill will towards you,
but you if you do see me,
you scowl at me and that is just the way,
just the way it is, and it is a shame,

but how often life throws water on the flames,
and sadly, we fizzled out,
and I never quite know why to this day,
and you seem quite bitter towards me,
but I succumbed to your charms once,
I succumbed when I was twenty-three,
and I fell for you madly,
I fell for you, and you still have your beauty,
but your temper has never changed,
and, I these days,
I walk on by,
and sigh,
with the good times a distant memory,
and things forever changed,
and you are still unhappy,
but not me.

I wait

I wait for her as patiently as can be.
I wait for her, and I always know she will never arrive,
when she says she will,
for she arrives when she arrives,
and the time rolls back and forth like the sea,
and well, I wait for her patiently and I am happy,
because she means everything to me,
and maybe I am a little under the thumb,
but love is young,
and I wait for her,
and the time is well spent, in my own thoughts,

thoughts that fly like the breeze,
and how heavenly are the kisses when I arrive,
and how beautiful she looks,
and how glorious it is when she throws her arms around me,
and how wonderful it is when we hold hands,
and time unfortunately it goes far too fast,
but I am in heaven when I am with her,
and there is magic in everything that we do,
everything that we do together you and me,
magic in everything that we do together, you and me.

If was a weaker man

If I was a weaker man, I would be half the man that I am,
for society, it cuts you into pieces so easily,
and it shatters your heart, and it tears you apart,
and it befuddles your brain far too regularly,
and it is a shame such pain, such pain that ravages the brain,
for it throws you into confusion incessantly,
and it is miraculously, always finding new ways,
new ways to disrupt your life, society,
and how often it makes a mess,
even if you are the most organised person,
because it seems to have the ability, the ability,
to throw you into chaos at any moment,
and attack your mental health far too regularly.
Now, if I was a weaker man,
I would be half the man, that I am,
and I would be suicidal by lunchtime most days,
but luckily, a weak man is not me.

I am walking

I am walking to nowhere,
walking to absolutely nowhere at all.
But I am walking somewhere, but to where I go,
I do not know, and I am not worried at all.
Out in the sun, the rain, and the snow,
and no, it does not matter, it does not matter where I go,
but all that matters is that I am relaxed and happy,
and have calm, peace, and tranquillity,
because finding peace,
is like finding a needle in a haystack these days,
and it is almost an impossible mission,
an impossible mission that we are unable to fulfil,
and I am walking,
and feeling good out in the middle of nowhere,
and step by step, the calmer I get,
and as the endorphins are produced in my body,
how great I feel,
and I wish that I could feel like this always,
and it is a shame that it is not always possible,
because to me life should be not wasted as it is so often,
and it is a gift, a blessed thing,
and I, when I am out walking, I feel ten feet tall,
and when I am in the mundanity of life,
I feel very small, and I feel ground down by it all,
so, ground down, and life seems meaningless,
and that is not the way that it should be at all,
and I am relieved to be walking to nowhere,
absolutely nowhere at all.

In space

In space amongst the stars, looking down,
at the beauty of the Earth in its blue,
oh, how glorious it is, and how magical too,
just hanging there so gloriously in the heavens,
and what are the chances of another planet,
another planet able to sustain life like the Earth does do,
and what beauty there is in the seas,
and the oceans and the land,
and what time it must have taken to create,
what great time to form something so grand,
something that is a small speck in the scheme of things,
something out of chaos, or something deliberately planned,
deliberately planned amongst the beauty of the heavens,
something of great majesty, something of an incredible age,
a wonder in the eye of the passing time,
in the history of the universe where we take our place,
and where we, as humans race around,
and are but a fraction of its age, amongst the stars in space,
where we have been gifted life, an incredible gift,
and what a wonder, what a wonder there is,
what a glorious wonder there is,
in existing upon it and living out life,
living life amongst the beauty,
and the gloriousness of all its forms and shapes,
and what a wonder it is to travel and to explore,
and to live out your days, fascinated and captivated,
amongst the heavens, amongst the stars,
where we are alive, and born, born out of such great chance.

In the cemetery

In the cemetery by the sea,
in the cemetery where I buried you next to the rosebush,
I linger in my thoughts frequently,
and I feel my heartbeat,
and I am aware of my own mortality,
much more aware than I used to be,
in the cemetery by the sea,
and here, I always tell you that I love you,
and as I think of life and how you went to war,
and how you fought for me,
I only have one thing that I wish for,
and that is to see my son once more,
across the other side of the world,
and to live with him until the end of my days,
and that is my wish,
and it is coming true, coming true finally,
and this will probably be the last time or two or three,
that I get to spend time with you,
and it feels sad, incredibly sad to me,
for you will no longer be near me, no longer at all,
and I will be on the other side of the world,
but you will always be,
you will always be in my thoughts Mary,
and the times shared in my memories,
and to honour you, I will scatter roses in the ocean,
and send them to you Mary,
as I read out your favourite poetry,
and I look for you in the heavens,

and then watch the roses float away,
and I will think of you,
and the kisses that you gave to me,
and the good times that we shared,
and I will have flowers placed upon your grave regularly,
regularly Mary,
and I will visit you at night in my dreams,
for I loved you more than anyone,
more than anyone,
you meant more to me than anyone ever did,
but until we meet again Mary,
I will send your favourite roses,
upon the ocean waves to you,
and I will think of you,
I will think of you in my arms the way it used to be,
the way it used to be,
as I remember you,
so far away across the oceans and the seas.

Killers

Killers on the loose,
killers on the loose with knives, guns, and bombs,
and torture and mental abuse,
killers on the loose,
cut loose,
cut loose by a lack of education, ignorance, and hate,
and racism and greed,
killers out roaming around alone or in packs,
savage barbarians out to attack,

out to attack those who oppose them,
and who look at them the wrong way,
out to attack those who do not like the words,
spoken by others, the words that others say,
yes, killers on the loose,
killers on the loose with knives, guns, and bombs,
and torture and mental abuse,
yes, killers on the loose, cut loose,
cut loose by a lack of education, ignorance, and hate,
and racism and greed,
killers on the loose,
a vicious society with not as much civility as there should be,
a society filled with anger and rage,
and the frustrations of an age,
a society living in fear far too often,
a society with people praying constantly,
praying for God to save them from this society,
gone rotten continuously.

Last goodbye

Earth beneath me, sky above, clouds, white doves.
Peace, peacefully laid to rest,
a friend with his hands across his chest,
a friend with a peaceful smile upon his face,
in a last goodbye, to the human race.
Goodbye my friend, rest well,
and may no worries travel with you to the other end,
may no worries and anxieties travel with you,
to the other end.

No flow

I am alone pondering my thoughts,
there is no flow in the river,
and all is dry,
and it is like my emotions, and the tears that I do not cry,
the tears that I do not cry anymore,
and I am sure that they are gone forevermore,
and I am glad to see them walk out the door,
for I have been heartbroken so many times before,
and I have no wish to be heartbroken anymore,
for it is no fun at all, and though I am not cold,
I have no wish for my heart to go,
anywhere near love anymore,
for the idea of love, it now sickens me to the core,
and love to me, love to me is a bore,
and I have no wish for more,
no wish at all,
and my heart is happy alone, happy alone wherever I roam,
and love it means nothing to me,
and heart shapes, kisses, and romance,
I am quite happy to leave them all behind,
and except my actual heart,
I would rather never see anything of hearts,
again, in a romantic context,
for love, love it only gave me a complex,
and I am happier than I use to be,
spending time staring at the empty riverbed,
than spending time with those ex-girlfriends I was with,
who only brought me misery.

Only peace

There is only peace outside,
and here I sit,
and it is becoming far too normal for me,
and I want chaos and disorder,
and riotous shouts of happiness outside,
and not this continual quiet that is seemingly never ending,
for this coronavirus it continues unabated almost,
and everyone is socially distanced,
and oh, how different is society, and how quiet,
and here, here I sit thinking of friends and family,
family that I have not seen for months,
and it is a strange feeling and rather empty,
still, at least there is the telephone and the internet,
and we can talk,
but outside it is still far too quiet for me,
so, would everyone out there please bring on the chaos,
and disorder for a while and liven up my tea.

Pandemonium

A friend said to me once,
I like pandemonium,
and I replied yes,
absolutely I quite agree,
I agree that there is joy in pandemonium,
for in this life, we have more than enough blandness,
and not enough vibrancy,
and the colour of life,

and the colour of us, how often it is bled from us,
and how often we are anaemic because of life,
and its continual determination to grind us down,
with its many inanities,
and I often wonder what God thinks,
or what the Gods think,
and I wonder do they laugh at us,
do they laugh at our wastage of time,
on so many needless things,
that have no point in the scheme of things,
for there are so many things in this life that should not be,
and we are left empty by wasting time, on so many things,
and it is utter stupidity, utter stupidity,
and there is more joy in pandemonium,
and I am sure that the Gods would agree,
and I wonder what their work life balance is like,
and what their timetable is like,
probably much more fun than ours,
and they probably always have a smile on their face,
as they create planets and stars whilst drinking their tea.

Ready

Ready for anything.

Ready to leave.

Ready for love.

Ready for an adventure.

Ready for the high seas.

Ready to travel.

Ready to travel across the world and across streams.

Rivers, lakes, hills.
Mountains and valleys.
Ready to walk.
Ready to hike.
Ready to swim.
Ready to cycle.
Ready to drive.
Ready to fly.
Ready to clamber,
and scramble over so many things,
that nature brings,
and ready to climb rocks,
and up trees,
and graze ourselves,
and skin our knees.
Ready to do and see.
Ready to learn,
ready to believe.
Ready for adventure,
and already ready packed,
and with smiles on our faces,
and ready to leave,
ready for excitement,
in the snow, the rain, and the sun.
Ready to be,
ready to be free,
ready to be free,
of the working life,
the working life,
that brings so much misery.

Scrabble

Close the door,
close the windows,
and let us talk,
because outside it is war,
it is a war on common sense and logic,
and oh, how the brain suffers It,
and how much better it is indoors,
with our cups of tea and gin,
and beer,
and here without fear,
without fear of illiteracy,
because out there it is a sea,
a sea of linguistic stupidity,
and oh, how disgusting it is to me,
how disgusting this linguistic barbarity,
and do you know,
do you know that when they use words out there,
they cut them in half and abbreviate them,
oh, it is disgusting to me,
and that is why I am in here with you,
with a dictionary,
and scrabble and civility,
and how much better it is for me,
because we can talk,
and drink,
and play until we with our double vision,
are making 14 letter words,
and are as drunk as can be.

Should you

Should you come across me,
do not worry,
because I always walk this way,
a little unsteadily,
but that is because I am indecisive,
and deciding gives me no pleasure at all generally,
and I walk unevenly all day,
and I avoid cracks in the pavements like the plague,
and cracks in mirrors,
and I cross my fingers whilst buying lottery tickets,
and I cross my fingers when I pray,
and I employ black cats,
to continually walk in front of my path,
and I avoid walking under ladders,
but I send someone else under them,
in case it is actually lucky,
and I flip a coin, and choose the third side around the edge,
well, I am rather superstitious that way.

Some people

Some people make a mountain out of a grain of sand,
some people do not have any plans.
Some people do not listen, some people do not understand.
Some people have nothing, some have it all,
some have great dreams,
some fail to see the point in life,
some people are miserable,

and others do not give a damn at all,
some people are happy,
some people are unhappy,
and some people want to be alone,
and some people cannot be without technology,
and their mobile phones,
and some people are afraid of technology,
and some people want love,
and some people do not care for love,
and the world in its choices is spoiled for choice,
and life is beset by problems,
and life is a gamble,
and we take our chances,
and we wonder,
how many opportunities we have missed,
and how many we could have taken,
if we could have planned,
planned better,
but in the scheme of things,
enjoy what you can,
for life is here and then it is gone,
and back to the soil we go,
and then onto heaven?
Who knows?
So, enjoy your life,
and your choices,
as much as you can,
for life for humans is far too short,
as is the universe,
and our creator's plan.

Strike

Strike a match, light a fire, burn what you like,
let us heat this place,
this cabin in the woods where we have our secret desires,
strike a match, light a fire,
yes, burn what you like,
and let us a talk while over whiskey and wine,
and let us talk of revolution,
and let us set the world on fire,
for it is a terrible place these days and a disgrace,
and a shame upon the human race,
and we can only improve it if there is a revolution,
so, let us drink, drink whiskey and wine in the evening time,
in this cabin in the woods,
where we can relax and get drunk,
and discuss all our ideas in secret away from our wives,
our wives who do not really understand,
who do not really understand our desires,
and we will spend some time here and grow our beards,
and intellectualise and live amongst the woods,
and forage for food,
and use our minds to plan this revolution,
this revolution that the world has been waiting for,
and whilst we live in this cabin in the woods,
away from our wives, growing beards,
and intellectualising,
whilst drinking beer and wine,
whilst others continue on, with their own bland plans.

Sunlight coming through the clouds

Sunlight coming through the clouds,
sunlight,
blue skies,
sunlight in which I wait,
I wait for you to run into my arms,
and you hold out both hands,
and in the bright sunlight I lift you up upon my shoulders,
and you try to grab the sun one handed,
and we walk, and you giggle at the sun,
and we are happy on holiday,
as far away from stress as can be,
and you have an ice cream in one hand,
and you point at the sky, and ask it why it is so blue,
and then you ask me too, and I say I do not have a clue,
but maybe God bought some paint and got it half price,
and you giggle and laugh,
and you drip ice cream on my head,
you drip ice cream on my head you do,
and we walk along the beach with you upon my shoulders,
as the sea breeze blows upon us,
and you sing a happy song and I join in too,
and it is a truly memorable day with my daughter,
as the sea rolls back and forth gently,
and we are as calm as can be,
and far away from home and on holiday,
and singing happy songs as we walk along in the sunshine,
and with you upon my shoulders,

you drip ice cream onto my head you do,
you drip ice cream onto my head you do,
and I laugh,
and we are as happy as can be,
walking,
and talking,
making sandcastles and swimming in the sea,
and we are as happy as can be on holiday,
on holiday by the sea.

The feeling grows

The feeling grows about you,
and you are not so good as you claim to be,
for you rubbed salt into my wounds when you left me,
and you flaunted a new partner in front of me,
when I was still in misery,
and woe is me and damn you,
for you are not so good as you claim to be,
and you rubbed salt into my wounds,
when you left me,
and I was in so much pain and agony,
and to see you together only brought me jealousy,
and I hated you, though I loved you,
and there was such conflict in me,
and the feeling grows about you,
and you are not so good as you claim to be,
and woe is me, but damn you,
I cannot erase you,
and the feelings from my memory.

Upon the table

Upon the table,
I have my plans,
I have my pen,
and my pencil,
and my paper,
and I have my imagination,
under my hat,
I have 16 books written,
and upon the table,
I have my plans,
my plans for technology,
my plans for the solution,
to famine and drought,
to homelessness,
my plans for energy generation,
my plans for denuclearisation,
my plans for communication,
my plans for travel,
my plans for saving human life,
my plans,
to prevent nuclear missiles falling on our heads,
my plans,
my plans,
and a beer in hand,
a beer in hand,
on a sunny day,
well, ain't life grand,
well, ain't life grand!

Variable

Variable light,
variable shades,
variable brightness,
oh, what great colours of light,
what great rays,
what great rays,
outside that shine upon me,
in such incredible ways,
and how beautiful are they,
how beautiful,
and how colourful the day,
the day filled with such light,
that travels from so far away,
and from another place and time,
illuminating the body,
and the mind,
and working its magic upon the heart,
where it fills you with its beauty,
and it leaves its mark,
in the light in your eyes,
and in the smile,
the smile upon your face.
variable light,
variable shades,
variable brightness,
oh, what great colours of light,
and oh, what great rays.
Oh, what great rays.

Wanting something

Wanting something,
but not quite sure what,
things in shop windows with far too high prices,
things that are functional,
but things that are overvalued a lot,
and there are whole families staring into shop windows,
whole families gazing at things,
their lives built around things, and materialism,
materialism and things with far too high prices,
that most people cannot afford to buy,
that most people will work all hours to acquire,
and with massive sighs, massive sighs,
and after they have bought them,
then comes the heartache,
and doubts about why they needed them at all,
and then, they end up working hard,
working hard to pay for mostly the displeasure of it all.

Waters

Waters,
waters flowing under the bridge,
fish in the stream,
sunlight coming through the clouds,
lighting up your face,
a beautiful golden light,
and me gazing at your beauty,
and as happy as can be,

and as you stand before me,
with your black hair and a red rose in it,
you kiss me upon the bridge,
as the stream flows underneath,
and I am lifted up as if into a dream,
a magical fantasy,
with sensations bursting inside me as if fireworks,
and as my heart it leaps,
I run my fingers through your hair gently,
gently,
and I hold you close as the babbling of the waters rise up,
and how my heart beats in time,
beats in time and in synchronicity,
and what a glory your love is,
oh, what a glory to be in love with you,
and to know your compassion and your love,
for how strong it is,
and how powerful it is,
and it is like the raging of a winters storm upon the ocean,
and I,
I wrap my arms around you,
and run my finger down your cheek,
and oh, how soft your skin,
oh, how soft,
and what a feeling it is to me,
what a feeling to me,
gentility and tranquillity wrapped within,
gentility and tranquillity,
and our love flows as the river,
but it never goes, and it is always within, it is always within,

and you kiss me again and again,
and it is like a crescendo of waves,
rising up that we float upon,
a piece of magic, under the sun upon the bridge,
and as we gaze into each other's eyes,
we talk in rhymes, and sing silly lines,
and oh, how glorious your beauty,
and oh, how glorious your grin.

We alter

Some of us alter when we want,
and we fluctuate like the wind.
And we go where we want, masters of our own destiny,
and we, we are happy with change,
because stagnation is a disease of the age,
and stagnation of the mind does upon the mind wage a war,
and time is wasted everywhere more than ever before,
and we are far too short of time,
but it is not sage, not good wisdom to waste time,
but humanity seems so fixed on wasting time,
so fixed that it spends far too much time looking,
for new ways all the time to waste time,
and far too short are our days,
and far too short are our nights,
but we have little time to change or complain,
and to be free you have to adapt,
but so many people get stuck in a rut, and it is a shame,
and what is the point if you ignore your unhappiness,
and continue along the same way.

We march on

We march on.

we do not stop even for the dawn,
and we fight the night,
and we persevere until the war is won,
and we continue putting words upon a page,
and all day we work away,
we work hard in our creative task,
and our imaginations runs riot,
no matter the grey clouds,
the rain, or the winter snows, or the sun.
Yes, we march on,
and we do not stop even for the dawn,
and we fight the night,
and we persevere until the war is won,
and until the words upon the page are fully laid,
and a story is told,
and whether it be fiction,
nonfiction,
books,
poetry,
or articles,
we march on,
we march with the love of language in our hearts,
and in our minds,
and we wrestle with the alphabet,
and the words of the languages that we choose,
and we look for a muse,
and inspiration where we can,

and we write with smiles on our faces,
and we conjure up stories,
of people and places,
and we talk of reality and fantasy,
and we march on,
we march on,
with our pens and our pencils,
and computers until the job is done,
yes, we march on,
and most days,
we do not stop even for the dawn,
and we often fight the night,
and persevere until the war is won,
and what a great day it is,
writing and creating,
with our imaginations,
and the languages,
that we know and love,
and how we struggle,
and try to grab words,
from the mind's eye,
and how hard we try,
to pull words out of the sky,
and through tireless effort,
and dedication and perseverance,
what great works are born,
that pour forth from our minds,
oh, what great works are born,
that capture our imaginations,
and the signs of the times.

We storm

We with compassionate hearts and minds,
we wage war on the ignorant and the intolerant,
and we barely rest, and we educate, and we learn,
and we put ignorance, and intolerance and hate,
and racism and sexism, and inequality to the test,
and we try to eradicate them as best we can,
and we storm ahead, and try to improve humanity,
and the lives of everyone,
for sensitivities and sensibilities,
are blessed by the education that we receive,
and by not learning we are as uncompassionate as can be,
and that is not the way that it should be,
and the only way to eradicate violence is to be educated,
and to be able to interpret, listen, and understand properly,
and if we do not, the rapes,
the wars and the violence and the murders will continue,
and there we will be perpetual war,
and violence through lack of education and intolerance,
and well that route it only breeds further stupidity,
and perpetuates misery, and what a sad state of affairs it is,
because when you are educated,
you can save lives, and that makes much more sense,
and is much better for the advancement of humanity,
so, we storm ahead, we brainstorm,
and we try our best to improve things,
those of us with compassionate hearts and minds,
and the more of us the better,
the more of us the better, for humanity.

Wild cherries

Wild cherries,
wild cherries in a bowl,
colour and beauty,
cherries as ripe as can be,
wild cherries upon a table,
and in the light of the sun,
as we sit here you and me,
as we sit, here as lazy as can be,
eating cherries,
we do not see the need,
to move barely a muscle,
for we in the sun are,
as chameleons,
and as slovenly as can be,
and that is the way that it should be,
for today is a day off,
a day off for you and me,
and here we sit,
unmovable and undeniably lazy,
and happy,
and with big smiles on our faces,
eating wild cherries,
as delicious as can be,
and what a way to spend the day,
doing absolutely nothing,
and so, far away,
from the rat race,
the rat race that only brings misery.

Wilting in the shade

Wilting in the shade and drinking lemonade.
Wilting in the shade,
wilting in the shade upon the esplanade,
on a beautiful sunny day,
and with barely a cloud in the sky,
as we gaze at the sea
and oh, how this calmness and tranquillity,
it clarifies the thoughts,
and how beautiful it is,
sat here with you and me,
and with an ice cream in the heat of the day,
as the sounds of the sea,
as the sounds of the sea,
they wash over you and me,
and we are as calm as can be,
as calm as can be far away,
from any frantic activity,
and how good it is for the heart,
this beautiful vision before our eyes,
and what wonders there are that inspire,
including the beach,
the shore and the sky,
and the clouds,
and the boats and the people in the sea,
and what excitement there is,
upon people's faces,
and what happiness,
and how happy are we.

You are

I know you and I always avoid you,
for you are hot headed and hard wired for destruction,
and you have a fascination with death and violence,
which does not interest me, and brings me no satisfaction,
and you are hot headed and aggravated so often,
that I cannot see the point of talking to you,
because what good would it do, for you lack civility,
and seem to rejoice in being repugnant,
and in torturing people far too often,
and you spend your time far too often,
spreading malevolent words,
malevolent words of which of course should not be heard,
and they are bitter and cold,
and the damage they do is untold,
and you are hot headed, hot headed,
and hard wired for destruction,
and a scourge upon the nation,
and I am glad when you shut your mouth and get drunk,
and I am sure that when you are gone,
in your head you will be causing a wonderful sensation,
but I am glad to be away from you,
at the other end of the bar with you out of view,
and well isn't it great if it works for you,
but it is a shame for the people,
that you seem to beat up on every social occasion,
from some ill-defined anger and some angry fixation.
of which of you regularly and intoxicatedly,
inflict upon the peoples of the nation.

One last job

One last job,
and you came to him, and he had a job for you to do.
And he gave you the gun and the bullets,
he gave you the gun and the bullets,
and you paid him,
and he shot your wife dead,
and you went for a beer with him,
then afterwards outside he put some bullets in your head,
he put some bullets in your head,
and he took your keys and took all that you had got,
and he went and lived life in the sun,
with all the death and the blood forgot,
and he carried on,
and he carried on as if nothing had happened,
and what great mental strength that must take,
and what great fortitude of mind,
and what a cold cold heart,
to carry on without worrying at all about the blood spilled,
and the bodies that had piled up,
and as you enjoy yourself,
and you sit happily in the sun,
glad to be miraculously alive,
what easy work you think,
what easy work you think,
bullets, guns and killing for fun,
bullets, guns and killing for fun,
a cold, cold heart,
retired in the sun.

You lay there

You lay there with such content,
you lay there with a starry head,
you lay there in your slumber,
you lay there so dreamily,
and I watch you so beautiful before me,
and I watch you smiling,
and I wonder what you are dreaming of,
far away from the night and reality,
and I lie beside you,
and I feel your heartbeat,
and I am as happy as can be,
and I am safe beside you,
as you as you breathe so softly,
so softly upon me,
and my skin thrills at your touch,
as you slumber beside me,
and oh, what a beauty you are to me,
and how beguiling you are as you dream,
and how beguiling to me,
and as I lay under the heavens,
and the stars and the moon,
which I can see through the roof,
soon I will be, soon I will be asleep too,
and maybe we will meet in our dreams,
under the stars and the moon,
and the moon beams,
maybe in the heavens above,
we will meet in our dreams.