

# Divided

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## **Alzheimer's**

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Empty,  
blank,  
empty,  
blank,  
not able to think,  
and with no words available in the memory bank,  
no words at all,  
and all I wanted,  
all I wanted was to be heard,  
but my memory is not what it used to be,  
and these days I forget most of the faces that I know,  
and oh, how easily they seem to come and go,  
and no matter who introduces themselves,  
their names are so easily forgotten,  
and how frustrating it is to me,  
yes, oh,  
my bloody memory,  
and this flipping Alzheimer's disease,  
oh, what a curse it is upon me,  
damn you Alzheimer's,  
I wish I could forget you as easily,  
as easily as the people,  
who mean so much to me,  
as easily as the people,  
who mean so much to me,  
who I do not wish to forget at all,  
but you Alzheimer's,  
I truly wish that you had never existed at all.

## Angry society

Anger and brevity,  
used far too often in modern society,  
because we have far too little time,  
far too little time,  
and history is full of anger and rage,  
and savagery and barbarity,  
and we,  
we try to avoid conflict as best as we can,  
and we always seem to be,  
coming out of the frying pan and into the fire,  
far too many times,  
and far more than we should be,  
and we as humanity have far too much anger,  
and far too little time,  
and we are very adept at brevity,  
which is used far too often in modern society,  
and tempers are far too short these days,  
and frustrations and irritations,  
they flare up like volcanos,  
and we rant and we rage far too often,  
at those that we do not know,  
and at those that we do not love,  
because we have far too little time,  
and we far too readily resort to ill temper and brevity,  
and history is full of anger and rage,  
and savagery and barbarity,  
and how I wish it were not the case,  
but sadly, it is,

and yet, we could live with a lot more civility if we tried,  
but unfortunately,  
the more and more pressure there is financially,  
the more verbal destruction there seems to be,  
and the more damage there is to society,  
and people become less happy,  
and society seems to be,  
becoming a more and more,  
regressive place to be, unfortunately.

### **Another cup of tea**

Another cup of tea,  
another gin,  
another bottle of wine,  
another beginning,  
another evening dinner,  
another conversation about the problems of a nation,  
another conversation about the problems of the world,  
another conversation about the reality of life,  
another conversation of the wars of the world,  
wars that bring such great decimation,  
such machiavellian brutalities,  
and such disturbing misunderstandings,  
that humanity seems to walk into so frequently,  
but, why should this be,  
why should this be the reality,  
now, I wish I knew,  
but I do not think about that even God can enlighten me,  
and he too is probably,

probably having another cup of tea,  
having another gin,  
probably having another bottle of wine,  
probably having another beer or three,  
probably having another evening dinner with the devil,  
and yes, I would not be surprised if they are best friends, and  
they get on quite amicably,  
and probably it is humanity that they talk about,  
and they probably laugh about humanities stupidity,  
humanities stupidity whilst talking over dinner quite civilly.

### **I am anti**

I am anti,  
I am anti you,  
yes, I am not for you,  
and I do not agree with you,  
now, say to that most people and that will be that,  
but there are some overly opinionated people who will look  
askance at you,  
and who will batter you,  
and beat you,  
and kick you,  
and try to delete you permanently from this world,  
and most painfully it is true,  
and all because they do not agree with you,  
and they will be thoroughly anti you,  
and they will give you so much abuse,  
for voicing your opinions,  
you will wish you had never bothered,

and these days it is a gamble more than it used to be,  
a gamble and a chance choosing who you decide to talk to,  
because verbal discourse these days,  
especially when alcohol gets in the way,  
can have you ending up in hospital,  
when someone idiotic disagrees,  
with the letters of the alphabet that you have used,  
and it is a shame,  
because we have all the education that we could ever need,  
and would not it be great if more people read,  
rather than watching TV,  
TV that continually espouses such salacious and invasive,  
antagonist controversial programming,  
programming which depresses people with intellect,  
and leaves their brains a nervous wreck,  
but not those people who do not care about intellect,  
and who want to blankly stare,  
and of intellect want to be unaware,  
and who enjoy being ignorant in their views,  
and who lap up these salacious programs quite happily,  
and who are far too easily amused,  
and through watching this rubbish on their televisions,  
their ignorance seems to grow and grow it is true,  
and they will continue to be anti you,  
anti you,  
and if you meet these "television intellectuals",  
with their vociferous opinions,  
may God help you,  
may God help you and your hearing,  
because when you are out for an evening,

and alcohol is involved,  
those "television intellectuals",  
well, I would avoid them if I were you,  
I would avoid them,  
because these days,  
they really are bloody idiotic,  
and angry,  
angry about even the smallest difference of opinions,  
and certainly, they know how to kick,  
and throw a punch it is true.

### **Asterisks, commas, and full stops**

Asterisks,  
commas,  
and full stops,  
exclamation marks,  
apostrophes,  
quotation marks,  
semi-colons,  
oh, we are an expressive lot,  
yes, we are an expressive lot,  
and how we seem, more and more capable these days,  
to express ourselves,  
in shorter and shorter ways,  
and we abbreviate more than ever,  
we abbreviate more than ever,  
for we have such little time unfortunately,  
to say rather a lot.



## **Black and yellow**

Black and yellow,  
glorious fellow,  
oh, bumble bee,  
how gloriously you fly free,  
free in the sky,  
hovering around me,  
darting around me,  
as busy as can be,  
oh, bumble bee,  
what a wonder,  
what a wonder you are to see,  
oh, bumble bee,  
in your black and yellow coat,  
you glorious fellow,  
what a wonder you,  
are amongst the flowers,  
and as fast as can be,  
collecting pollen so rapidly,  
and how you inspire me,  
and I wish I could be,  
as fast as you, you busy bee,  
but I unfortunately cannot fly,  
and you have a talent,  
and I am useless at collecting pollen,  
so, do not worry about me,  
I will not be taking your job,  
anytime soon,  
you busy busy bee.

## Blue and yellow

Blue and yellow,  
in the sky,  
blue and yellow,  
colours fading into each other,  
and clouds radiant,  
and so gloriously bathed in colour,  
and displaying such heavenly delights,  
as the sun sets before my eyes,  
and there are great swathes of blue and yellow in the sky,  
oh, how incredible are they,  
those magnificent colours,  
those colours that nature wields,  
so gloriously before our eyes,  
in the evening time,  
and as the night draws in,  
how those colours bring peace to the mind,  
oh, those blue and yellows in the sky,  
such incredible wonder,  
and magic in the evening time,  
pieces of heaven,  
pieces of heaven,  
so radiant in our eyes,  
pieces of heaven,  
magnificent in colour,  
and upon your mood,  
before we go to bed,  
oh, how they sing to us,  
as a heavenly lullaby.

## Burning love

Fire in the yard,  
fire,  
a burning love,  
a burning desire,  
fire,  
fire,  
love letters on fire,  
memories disappearing quickly,  
years of memories,  
memories erased in a bitter moment,  
a bitter moment and a moment of torment,  
fire,  
fire,  
embers rising higher,  
love letters burning in the flames,  
and letters quickly to heaven sent,  
and what was once romance no longer meant,  
no longer meant,  
love letters burning in the flames,  
and letters quickly to heaven sent,  
and no time to repent,  
no time to repent,  
for love is dead,  
love is dead,  
and the memories of love,  
they disappear so quickly in the flames,  
and they turn rapidly into ashes whilst the pain remains,  
and the bitter memory,

it will linger for what will seem an age,  
and will you ever love again,  
will you ever about love feel the same,  
who is to say,  
who is to say,  
as you stand next to the fire,  
as you watch your old love letters on fire,  
and the memories disappearing quickly,  
years of memories,  
memories erased in a bitter moment,  
a bitter moment and a moment of torment,  
fire,  
fire,  
embers rising higher,  
with love no more,  
with love dead,  
and the agony of heartbreak still raging,  
still raging in your heart and your head.

### **Catching the night bus**

Catching the night bus across the city,  
past the river and the city lights blinking so prettily,  
catching the night bus across the city,  
and racing to you as fast as I can do,  
upon the red bus, in the traffic in London,  
with the bus stopping and starting so frequently,  
as my heart it beats only for you,  
and as I think of our love so true,  
and the flowers that I hold,

well, they are not as pretty as you,  
and oh, how I smile when I think of you,  
how I smile as I catch the night bus across the city,  
and I sit here lost in a daze,  
and I do not mind the traffic,  
as I sit looking out the window,  
for the miles they so quickly pass,  
and time in a daze it flies so fast,  
and how quickly the bus journey comes to an end,  
and how glad I am to get off,  
and to see you,  
with a massive smile upon your face,  
and how I am glad to be running to you,  
running into your arms again,  
and to feel the warmth of you,  
and to rain kisses down upon you,  
and to feel yours too,  
and how beautiful you look,  
in your summer dress,  
and with your hair in ringlets,  
oh, what a glorious view,  
and oh, how my emotions rise,  
as I am wrapped in your arms,  
and I feel the warmth of you,  
and I feel the warmth of your love,  
oh, beautiful you,  
beautiful you,  
how I,  
how I love you,  
how I love you.

## **Cut out thine heart**

Cut out thine heart,  
cut out thine heart,  
for it is the darkest part of you,  
yes, cut out thine heart,  
and throw it away,  
for it is the blackest part,  
the blackest part of you,  
and it only brings everyone dismay,  
so, cut out thine heart,  
for you are so cold,  
and bitter and twisted,  
and you only have evil words to say,  
and your heart,  
it is no good to me,  
and I wish,  
I wish you were far away,  
so, cut out thine heart,  
because you will not be affected by it,  
and your mind,  
is not much good any way,  
so, cut out thine heart,  
for I have no wish to listen to you,  
and your dark arts,  
because they cast such shadows,  
upon the finest of the days,  
and you have such a gloom about you,  
and you have the capability to even chase the sun,  
chase the sun permanently away.

## Driven

Driven as the snow,  
driven as the rain,  
driven again and again and again,  
driven,  
intellectual adrenalin,  
intellectual adrenalin,  
gone insane,  
intellectual adrenalin rushing around my brain,  
exhilarated, buoyant, and enthusiastic,  
and my brain,  
gone haywire,  
gone haywire,  
and caught aflame,  
caught aflame,  
intellectual adrenalin,  
intellectual adrenalin,  
gone insane,  
intellectual adrenalin rushing around my body,  
a bombastic and fantastic mental work out,  
with the inspiration of books catching my thoughts aflame,  
and intellectual adrenalin,  
intellectual adrenalin, inspiring me as if the sunshine,  
through the greyest of clouds and the rain,  
as if a rainbow in the mind enlightening me,  
again, and again and again,  
oh, what great wonders books contain,  
intellectual adrenalin, intellectual adrenalin,  
my mind on fire with the stimulation that they contain.

## Dust bowl

A hurricane in the distance, a dust bowl,  
a house on the hill,  
and cherries in a bowl,  
the sun up in the sky,  
and the wind and the breeze, and the trees,  
with the sunlight filtering through,  
a dust bowl,  
so, here is to staying indoors,  
whilst the wind does prowl,  
here is to watching the chaos in the distance,  
unfurl from the sofa,  
and here is to drinking all the beer that a human can stand,  
here is to throwing out the day's plans,  
goddamn wind so foul, so foul,  
sat in a house on the hill and cherries in a bowl,  
watching TV,  
with nothing on but misery and war,  
as outside the wind does howl,  
and feeling kind of hollow,  
and vacuous and uneasy, and queasy,  
wondering if the wind is going to rip through the building,  
wondering if I am going to survive,  
wondering if it is going to be the end of the world,  
wondering if I can make time stand still,  
wondering if, wondering if I am going to live,  
whilst eating cherries from a bowl,  
whilst eating cherries from. a bowl,  
and watching TV that is bad for your soul.



## **In the fields**

Here I am, stood in the fields with the wheat,  
sorting the chaff, sorting out my thoughts,  
as the sky above inspires me without a pause,  
and the clouds they float on by of their own accords,  
they float on by like rebels without a cause,  
and me, I am rather sedentary amongst nature,  
and I am happy upon the Earth,  
where I feel grounded and astounded by all that I see,  
and how calming it is to me,  
and how great to me is nature and all its worth,  
and as I stand in the fields with the wheat,  
sorting the chaff,  
and pondering my thoughts,  
the sun beams and brings me out in a smile,  
and leaves me glowing long after the sun has set and passed.

## **Flutter by**

Flutter by butterfly, flutter by,  
what beauty in the eyes,  
what beautiful colours upon such beautiful wings,  
upon the gentle breeze under sunny skies,  
flutter by butterfly, flutter by,  
oh, what magnificent gentility you have,  
and what power you have in those wings,  
that amazes me every time,  
every time I see you before my eyes,  
and oh, how I wonder at you,

and at your incredible design,  
for it is a splendid thing,  
and how I wonder at you as you flutter past,  
as if in slow motion in the sunny sky,  
and how you delicate thing,  
you make my heart leap and sing,  
and how beguilingly you bring,  
such great inspiration as I sit here upon the bench,  
looking towards the trees,  
as you flutter by, butterfly upon the breeze.

### **Fruit juice and coffee**

Fruit juice and coffee,  
fruit juice and coffee,  
talk,  
talk softly,  
talk softly,  
because my head is raging,  
raging hard with the ills of the world,  
and vodka,  
and my frustrated imagination, and things left unsaid,  
because it seems,  
you to have get drunk,  
to see the world more clearly these days,  
and so many,  
so many people,  
suffer it all, and stumble and fall,  
stumble and fall,  
under the heavy weight of the world upon their shoulders,

so, here I am with my fruit juice and coffee,  
after a heavy night,  
so, talk softly, talk softly,  
for I am delicate today,  
and I will probably be all day,  
and maybe I will have the hair of the dog,  
and maybe a little wine,  
a bottle or two,  
because the world has gone wrong,  
the world has gone wrong,  
and no matter what I seem to do,  
no matter what I seem to do,  
in this world,  
drinking seems the only sensible thing to do.

### **Get it**

Get it while you can,  
get it, get it quick,  
get a tan, but do not let the sun make you sick,  
but get it quick,  
for it does not seem to last barely at all,  
and summer goes much faster than planned,  
so, get it while you can,  
get it, get it quick,  
get a tan, get a tan, but not too much,  
not too much, don't want no sunburn,  
don't want no sunburn,  
where every touch is as painful,  
as if having been in the frying pan.

## **I am getting near the end**

I am getting near the end,  
so, it is goodbye,  
for you have the ticket in hand,  
and I am here on a winter's day saying goodbye to you,  
I am saying goodbye, with a tear in my eye,  
but bless you, you have to do what you have to do,  
you have to do what you have to do,  
and you are about to head off,  
across the other side of the world to a new life,  
and I will miss you,  
I will truly miss you,  
for you mean more to me than I thought was true,  
and I feel it in my heart,  
I feel it so painfully,  
and I feel the tears welling up,  
but you have to do what you have to do,  
and how I wish it was not true,  
but it is,  
and you will be happy I am sure,  
and although I am sad,  
and I am happy and sad and glad at the same time,  
I have to be happy for you,  
I have to be happy for you,  
and look at you, look at you with your ticket in hand,  
and look at you with a smile so wide,  
and with such, enthusiasm in your eyes,  
bless you, bless you.

## Goodbye

Goodbye,  
a body in a coffin,  
someone dearly loved,  
someone dearly loved,  
someone no longer able to sigh,  
no longer able to feel,  
no longer able to feel happy,  
no longer able to love,  
no longer able to cry,  
a body in a coffin,  
hours after death,  
life here,  
and then gone in the blink of an eye,  
goodbye,  
goodbye,  
a life gone,  
a lifeless human being,  
no longer able to sigh,  
no longer able to feel,  
no longer able to feel happy,  
no longer able to love,  
no longer able to cry,  
a body in a coffin,  
someone departed from this life,  
someone loved,  
someone dearly loved,  
as I,  
I stand here mourning with tears in my eyes.

## Gun control

Thinking of the constitution in my own home alone,  
thinking of the right to bear arms,  
thinking of it as I hold my gun in my hand,  
thinking of the friends that I have lost,  
thinking of the friends that I have lost for no reason at all,  
far too many in societies craziness,  
and here I sit contemplating,  
contemplating,  
thinking of throwing my gun in the bin,  
thinking of throwing my gun in the bin,  
but will anyone else,  
I doubt it at all,  
I doubt it at all,  
and I contemplate,  
and I think of my friends faces,  
I think of my friends that have been killed,  
killed for no reason at all,  
and here I sit alone,  
here I sit with them gone,  
and with them no longer to call,  
and here I sit with a sadness in my heart,  
and as I sit, I think of the protests,  
the countless protests in the streets,  
and the constant crying mothers and fathers,  
and families on the news,  
endlessly crying,  
and endless burials and memorials,  
repeated again and again,

repeated in the newspapers,  
and in the magazines and online and on TV,  
and I keep thinking of them all,  
I keep thinking of them all,  
and I turn on the TV,  
and I watch the news with my gun in my hand,  
and there are more stories of gun violence,  
and shootings and death,  
more stories of gun violence,  
and shootings and death,  
maybe I will keep my gun after all.

## **Waiting**

Waiting in the evening,  
waiting in the evening sun,  
waiting at a cafe with a coffee outdoors,  
waiting with a gun,  
I always carry a gun,  
and here I sit frustratedly,  
here I sit, irritatedly,  
thinking of my relationship troubles,  
and on edge,  
and looking around at nothing in particular,  
looking around as someone looks at me,  
and what are they looking at me for I wonder,  
and I feel nervous and on edge,  
and as I sit drinking my coffee, I put my hand on my gun,  
and the man is looking at me,  
and the man is looking at me, and I am getting nervous,

and he looks like he recognises me,  
but he does not know me,  
and he gets up and he looks a little angry,  
and he walks towards me,  
he walks towards me,  
and I anxiously ready my gun,  
I anxiously ready my gun,  
but then he is gone,  
then he is gone,  
no harm done.  
Waiting in the evening,  
waiting in the evening sun,  
waiting at a cafe with a coffee outdoors,  
waiting with a gun,  
and I always carry a gun,  
and here I sit frustratedly,  
here I sit,  
irritatedly,  
thinking of my relationship troubles,  
and on edge,  
and looking around at nothing in particular,  
looking around as a woman sits nervously,  
opposite me with her legs shaking and her legs trembling,  
and she,  
she has a bag,  
a little open,  
and I cannot help but see,  
but inside she has a gun,  
and she is on edge and me,  
well, it is making me more nervous,



and from the look in her eyes,  
she must high be on drugs or something,  
well, she looks high,  
and her legs are trembling,  
and she keeps looking back and forth at me,  
looking back and forth at me,  
and as I sit drinking my coffee,  
I put my hand on my gun tightly,  
and I am getting as nervous as can be,  
and she,  
she stares at me,  
and she shouts something at me angrily,  
and I turn away and I ignore her,  
but I keep an eye on her out of the corner of my eye,  
just in case you see,  
just in case,  
and quickly I drink my coffee,  
I drink my coffee,  
and I leave,  
leaving her to tremble and shake,  
high on something whatever that may be.  
Waiting in the evening,  
waiting in the evening sun,  
waiting at a cafe with a coffee outdoors,  
waiting with a gun,  
and I always carry a gun,  
and here I sit frustratedly,  
here I sit,  
irritatedly,  
thinking of my relationship troubles,

and on edge,  
and looking around at nothing in particular,  
and there is a man with his girlfriend and a baby,  
a baby as cute as can be,  
and straight away he looks at me,  
he looks at me angrily,  
and I look at her and she is on edge instantly,  
well,  
maybe he's got a temper,  
maybe,  
and I look at him,  
and he looks at me,  
and I drink my coffee,  
and I feel nervous and on edge and as nervous as can be,  
and as I sit drinking my coffee, I put my hand on my gun,  
and the man keeps looking at me,  
the man keeps looking at me,  
and I am getting nervous,  
and he looks like he recognises me,  
but he does not know me,  
and he gets up and he looks as angry as can be.  
stop goddamn looking at my girlfriend he shouts,  
stop goddamn looking at my girlfriend he shouts,  
and I say I am not,  
but he does not believe me,  
so, I ready my gun,  
I ready my gun,  
and he lunges towards me and pulls out his,  
he pulls out his gun,  
and everyone around except his girlfriend,

starts run away from the scene,  
and instantaneously I have my finger on the trigger,  
and I have my gun cocked and I have fired at him  
and the bullet hits him in the chest,  
and he is a bloody mess,  
and he screams in pain,  
but it has missed his heart,  
and he fires at me but misses and his girlfriend's screaming,  
screaming with the baby in her arms,  
and shouting at me,  
and he goes to fire at me again,  
he goes to fire at me again,  
and it is as if in slow motion,  
slow motion but quick,  
and he steps in front of her, but it is too late,  
and I have pulled the trigger,  
and the bullet does not miss,  
the bullet does not miss,  
and it pierces right through him,  
and he falls to the floor dead,  
and the mother has a hole through her,  
she has a hole through her head,  
and her brains are everywhere,  
and the baby has been dropped on the floor,  
and is now lying in the man's blood,  
screams and sirens,  
screams, sirens, and blood,  
and in shock,  
frozen to the spot,  
screams and sirens,

screams, sirens, and blood,  
self defence  
self-defence,  
self defence  
mother and father dead,  
and a baby crying,  
amidst the blood,  
self defence  
self-defence,  
self-defence.  
and a bloody mess.  
I should have got rid of my gun after all,  
and this would not have been the end.

### **Hand up to the sky**

I put my hand up to the sky,  
I put my hand up,  
I try to grab the clouds,  
I try to grab the clouds,  
I try to pull them down,  
I try to lay upon them,  
I try to lay upon the ground,  
and I am sure that God,  
God is looking down upon me with a frown,  
and I do not blame him,  
because humans cause such chaos and disorder,  
upon the Earth,  
the Earth of which he once was so proud,  
and I shout up to him,

but he does not shout down,  
and God,  
he is probably is miserable these days,  
and does not probably care much at all,  
and God, he sits above it all,  
he sits above the Earth,  
and is probably much more interested in the other planets,  
which cause him less trouble,  
and these days of them,  
he probably is more proud,  
so, I put my hand up to the sky,  
I put my hand up,  
and I try to grab the clouds,  
and I want to feel close to God,  
as close as nature will allow,  
and though I want God to be happy,  
I wish he would care more,  
because he never seems to be around,  
and I wonder if he is lonely,  
and I wonder how he gets around,  
and does God wear really cool sunglasses,  
and in a gigantic snazzy spaceship,  
does he fly around?  
I wonder,  
but wherever he is,  
thank you, God,  
for the beauty of the sky,  
and the clouds and the heavens,  
a wonder that I never tire of,  
a beauty of which he should be incredibly proud.

## **Hanging out**

Hanging out,  
hanging out in the craziest of places,  
hanging out in the craziest of scenes,  
hanging out in the night,  
with the stars,  
hanging out in Hollywood chasing dreams,  
hanging out wired in the USA,  
hanging out rambling on,  
in your hyper educated way,  
hanging out rambling on,  
with your eccentricities,  
and your wit,  
hanging out with your eccentricities,  
and your wit captured so beautifully upon the page,  
hanging out smoking and looking cool,  
and more than a little crazed,  
hanging out writing amongst the lowlife and the highlife,  
getting up to the craziest of things,  
and writing about the travels with your friends,  
hanging out in a haze of smoke,  
and in an an alcoholic haze,  
hanging out,  
hanging out writing,  
and acting more than a little crazed,  
Hunter S Thompson,  
what a life lived,  
and what memories,  
so gloriously captured upon the page.

## Hard at work

Hard at work,  
mind going berserk,  
and thinking and thinking,  
ruminating and cogitating,  
and drinking,  
and sat in the sun,  
conjuring up ideas,  
from the whirlwind of my mind,  
a slave to the rhythm of inspiration,  
waiting for creation to flow like a river,  
waiting for ideas to appear,  
in a flash of light,  
waiting for that thunderbolt,  
to burst from my imagination,  
waiting, and enjoying my time,  
waiting with a bottle of wine, drinking red,  
waiting for my inspiration to flow like a river,  
waiting for inspiration to deliver,  
waiting for it to wash over me like a wave,  
waiting in the sun,  
waiting with my pen hand in hand,  
to put my ideas upon the page,  
an enjoyable evening,  
in the remains of the day  
waiting for my inspiration,  
to flow like a river,  
waiting for inspiration to deliver,  
waiting for it to wash over me like a wave.

## Horizon

Horizon,  
wheat field,  
trees popping over the edge,  
clouds and blue sky,  
a glorious view,  
with the sunshine behind,  
warming my mind,  
and as I am stood still,  
I take a pause from walking,  
and I am stood here thinking,  
amongst the varieties of nature and all that I see,  
and how incredible it is,  
to have evolved from the Earth,  
and the chemical elements of the Earth,  
that lay before me,  
horizon,  
wheat field,  
trees,  
and beautiful clouds,  
and a beautiful blue sky,  
oh, what beautiful things to see,  
and what glorious beauty,  
to fire the imagination,  
for nature how it fills me with curiosity,  
and how it fills me with great fascination,  
and oh, what great majesty,  
what great majesty,  
upon the Earth there is to see.



## **Hungry**

Hungry for education,  
hungry for thoughts,  
hungry for inspirations,  
hungry for ideas,  
hungry for time,  
hungry to put life on pause,  
hungry to be free,  
hungry to think,  
hungry for space,  
to clear the mind,  
hungry for flashes of brilliance,  
hungry and ravenous,  
for new ideas to feed the soul,  
hungry in my creativity,  
and inspiration when I am free,  
free to be inspired of,  
which I have,  
an aspiration to be,  
hungry for aspiration,  
and a desire,  
a desire to be taken higher,  
taken higher with imagination,  
through fascination,  
of which does inspire,  
and which makes me feel alive,  
for in inspiration I thrive,  
and what a joy is creativity,  
and what joy there is, in the creative me.

## **I love it here**

I love it here,  
I love it here,  
sat here in the fields,  
in the space that I create,  
the space in my mind,  
the zen like space,  
the place,  
the place that is so hard to describe,  
and all there is the empty feeling of nothingness,  
and what beauty there is in nothing,  
what beauty to admire,  
and as I sit free of the world,  
in the heaven of an empty mind,  
tranquillity comes to me,  
tranquillity comes to me,  
it comes to me so rapidly,  
and how calm I feel in my soliloquy,  
and time it halts,  
and how my mind stands still,  
and my body it recovers from the stress,  
and the weariness of the day,  
and oh, how powerful is the mind,  
with such calmness of mood,  
and what strength it gives me, and how it rejuvenates me,  
and in me I can be lost so easily and so hard to find,  
mind over body,  
mind over body,  
and my body certainly does not mind.

## **I walk**

I walk on past the shops,  
I walk on,  
and I walk on under grey clouds,  
and stormy skies,  
I walk on keeping an eye on the time,  
I put my umbrella up,  
and I do not stop,  
I do not stop,  
I head for the bus stop,  
I see Georgi,  
I see Georgi Markov,  
I see Georgi Markov,  
and I stab his leg,  
with the umbrella,  
I stab his leg,  
and I leave him with a mark,  
that will never be forgot,  
never be forgot,  
a victim of an age,  
a victim of the cold war,  
and what has changed,  
not a lot,  
not a lot,  
Novochok,  
Novochok,  
assassinations in a cold war,  
that humanity,  
and the history of time has not forgot.

## **I want to be with you**

I want to be with you,  
I want to be with you,  
but I cannot be,  
oh, I am so blue,  
so blue,  
so blue without you,  
and I want to be with you,  
I want to hold you and be close to you,  
but you do not want me it is true,  
and I am so blue,  
and you are so cute,  
you are so cute with those eyes,  
and that smile so beautiful to me it is true,  
and I am longing for you, longing for you,  
but you do not want me it is true,  
and oh, how I am longing for you,  
and I have got such a crush on you,  
and here I am sat in the café,  
with my eyes glazed over as I look at you,  
as I admire your beauty,  
and then look away,  
and I try best not to look too often at you,  
but I want to look at you,  
but I probably should not do,  
for it is unreciprocated between me and you,  
and yes, I fancy you,  
but you do not fancy me it is true,  
oh, what am I to do, oh, what am I to do?

## **I head for the bridge**

I head for the bridge,  
I cross it as under the bridge the boats pass,  
and on this river the traffic never stops,  
on this river the traffic never stops,  
and I walk with visions in my mind,  
visions of croissants,  
and coffee in a cup,  
and I am dressed up,  
dressed up in a light coat and hat by the Seine,  
dressed up and in Paris yet again,  
in Paris yet again,  
and I walk fast and quickly I reach the cafe,  
je manger mon cheri,  
je manger mon cheri,  
the waitress says in French,  
and I reply Oui,  
Oui,  
and then I ask,  
Madame,  
avez-vous des croissants s'il vous plait,  
et du jus d'orange dans un verre et du thé,  
and she nods and smiles, and she goes away,  
and I have a smile on my face,  
and I am proud of my little French today,  
I am proud of my little French today,  
and I can sit here quite happily all day, at the cafe,  
with a newspaper to read,  
and I can sit here quite happily all day,

watching the river flow past,  
and the boats,  
the boats,  
which I observe in my own quiet way,  
and I watch and wait for my croissants,  
and the jus d'orange,  
and the du thé,  
and I wait as the sun shines down upon me,  
and I think of the Champs-elysees,  
and the gardens of Versailles,  
and I think,  
of the restaurants at night,  
and the Chardonnay,  
and I watch,  
as a man shrugs animatedly,  
across the road at the market,  
and haggles over some fruit,  
and a pair of ladies,  
they kiss each other on both cheeks,  
and chat away,  
and the waitress brings me my drinks,  
and I think of the dusty books,  
in the bookshop of Shakespeare and company,  
as I drink the d'orange and the du thé,  
and I people watch,  
as they go by,  
and they live out their lives,  
on the stage,  
the stage,  
upon which they play.

## **In the newspapers**

In the newspapers,  
on the radio,  
on the television,  
and online,  
gossip,  
and chat,  
and most harmful at that,  
in the magazines,  
in the newspapers,  
on the radio,  
on the television,  
and online,  
gossip,  
and chat,  
peer pressure and bullying people to look thin,  
and oh, how sickening,  
these fashion columns in the newspapers,  
and the gossips and the gossiping,  
and the sickening bombardment of advertising,  
and the constant calls to follow every fashion,  
as if your life depended on it,  
and as soon as it appears in the newspapers,  
and in the magazines,  
on the radio,  
on the television,  
and online,  
oh, this awful gossip,  
and these "good" advices given,

"Good advices",  
given probably with malicious grins,  
and really such negativity,  
and misleading comments,  
that should not be,  
and how evil it is,  
how evil it is,  
this sickening depravity,  
that affects people's health so regularly,  
and that makes people miserable and ill,  
and drives people to the edge,  
and that drives people to their suicides,  
and how sickening it is,  
this passion for fashion,  
a passion for misinformation,  
and profit,  
that misleads the vulnerable,  
so many times, to their deaths,  
and this disgusting behaviour,  
the false help,  
and the false saviours,  
they all should be thrown in the bin,  
because it is a terrible thing,  
a terrible thing,  
and there should be regulation,  
because, the countless stories,  
of self-harm,  
and of suicides,  
are wearing rather thin,  
rather thin,



## Ingrained

I am ingrained with your love,  
I am ingrained with you,  
I am ingrained with your love,  
so simple, sweet, and true,  
and how lucky I am to be ingrained with your love,  
your love so simple and true,  
for you,  
you complete me,  
and you treat me so incredibly wonderfully you do,  
you treat me so incredibly wonderfully you do,  
and I wonder what I have ever done to deserve you,  
because how lucky was I to have met you,  
for it was a chance like no other,  
a fluke,  
a stroke of luck,  
a stroke of luck that I could not believe came true,  
for you wandered into my life from out of the blue,  
from out of the blue,  
and you blessed me by looking at me,  
with those eyes so blue,  
those eyes so blue,  
and oh,  
the beauty of you,  
you blessed me with the beauty of you,  
and I found myself drawn,  
I found myself drawn to you,  
and you,  
you were drawn to me too,

and we in slow motion we met,  
for the first time in the summertime,  
in the gardens amongst the flowers,  
and amongst the fragrances of the flowers so divine,  
and the sun,  
the sun was honoured to shine upon you,  
and the sun lit you up in your glory,  
and oh, how I fell for you,  
oh, how I fell for you,  
and how lucky I am to have met you,  
and to know you,  
and to know your wit and your intellect,  
and your passion and your compassion,  
and how wonderful you care for me,  
and you  
you complete me you do,  
and I revel in you,  
I revel in those eyes so blue,  
and you captured my heart from the start,  
with your glorious hues,  
the glorious hues of you,  
those gentle emotions,  
those sensitivities inside of you,  
and you,  
you with your personality,  
I immediately melted the moment that I saw you,  
and I am ingrained with you,  
I am ingrained with you,  
and I would not change a thing,  
and no matter what difficulties life may bring,

we together will get through it all with a smile and our love,  
and together no matter what life will throw at us,  
we will stick together through thick and thin,  
for our love is a most powerful,  
and a most sacred and a most blessed thing,  
and I would never wish to change a thing,  
for I am ingrained with your love,  
I am ingrained with you,  
I am ingrained with your love,  
so simple, sweet, and true,  
and how lucky I am to be ingrained with your love,  
your love so simple and true,  
for you,  
you complete me,  
and you treat me so incredibly wonderfully you do,  
and I,  
oh, how much I love you,  
how much I truly love you.

### **It has taken me time**

It has taken me time,  
it has taken me time to find my peace of mind,  
it has taken me time,  
because humanity these days is as crazy as can be,  
and it has taken me more time than I thought,  
and with all this chaos and disorder,  
I feel I am developing a mental disorder,  
for chaos and disorder,  
it really is out of control,

and how I wish chaos was more ordered,  
but I did not order it,  
and I wish it to quit,  
for it is an obnoxious thing that does not desist,  
and I only wish,  
I only wish for peace,  
for this modern insanity it is no good for me,  
because I cannot think,  
and I cannot hear myself think,  
and it is driving me to drink,  
and that is not the way,  
not the way that it should be,  
but unfortunately, it seems to be the reality,  
and how detrimental it is to me,  
and how much time It has taken me,  
and how much time it has taken me,  
time to find my peace of mind,  
yes, it has taken me a great deal of time,  
because humanity these days,  
is as crazy as can be,  
and I have had enough of this insanity,  
for there should be more time for peace,  
more time for you and me,  
and so, apropos of nothing,  
an idea came to me,  
to smash all the clocks,  
and to make time stop,  
and then, I will have all the time for peace that I need,  
all the time for peace that I need,  
and as calm a mind as can be.

## Lead on

Lead on,  
be a saint would you,  
for my eyes,  
they are a little weak,  
and I seem to have forgotten,  
where we should be going,  
amongst this maze of streets,  
and as the snow falls,  
I have no wish to freeze,  
and no wish to end up,  
in a permanent sleep,  
so, lead on,  
and be a saint would you,  
for my eyes are a little weak,  
and I am a little hungry,  
and my stomach is rumbling,  
and I do not wish to pass out,  
because I have eyes bigger than my belly,  
and well,  
being out with you,  
is much better than watching telly,  
so, lead on,  
and be a saint would you,  
for my eyes are a little weak,  
and I am extremely ravenous,  
and I do not wish to resort to eating,  
the people who are passing us by,  
passing us by in the street.

## **More so than not**

Out and about with friends,  
more so than not,  
and rather often than not at the weekend,  
and oh, what a glorious lot,  
and what a regular crew,  
out in the evening in the summertime,  
with beer and wine,  
and good company too,  
and what laughter and camaraderie,  
and happiness and frivolity there is,  
and what a wonder it is,  
with everyone in such high spirits,  
with which we toast the end of the week,  
the end of the week,  
that we happily say goodbye to,  
with such glorious hullabaloo.

## **Moth**

Moth against the windowpane,  
moth against the windowpane,  
you keep banging against the window,  
wanting the light,  
the light upon which,  
you will probably burn yourself to death,  
are you insane,  
are you insane,  
moth,

moth against the windowpane,  
you keep banging against it,  
again and again,  
wanting to come in,  
but trust me,  
you are better off outside,  
better off outside,  
where you are far less likely to die,  
and I would prefer,  
to see you that way,  
flying free,  
and not burnt to a crisp,  
upon my light bulb,  
because I would only have to throw you,  
out the window again,  
and you would be dead,  
and I am sure if you have time to think about it,  
I am sure you would rather be alive,  
and me too,  
because I would,  
only have to scrape you,  
off of the lightbulb and complain.  
Moth,  
moth against the windowpane,  
moth against the windowpane,  
please do fly,  
fly away,  
fly away and do not die today,  
because your life,  
your life is far too short anyway.

## **My glorious star**

My glorious star,  
my star in the heavens,  
my glorious star,  
I look at you,  
I look at you,  
and I ponder you from afar,  
and I wonder you,  
I wonder you,  
and all that you do,  
and I am inspired by the light that comes from you,  
for how incredible it is that it travels so far,  
and how incredible it is,  
and what wonders it does to my heart,  
and how you light up my eyes,  
oh, how you light up my eyes,  
and though you are but a little part of the heavens,  
you are my glorious star,  
and I wish upon you,  
I wish upon you for my dreams to come true,  
yes, I wish upon you,  
and you are always close to my heart,  
and you are always my lucky star,  
and I carry you wherever I am and wherever I go in my  
heart,  
and I,  
I always think of you in the day,  
and I wish upon you,  
I wish for my wishes to come true,



and I look forwards to seeing you again at night,  
for you bring so much light,  
no matter if I have had a bad day,  
a bad day filled with dark,  
and there you will be,  
there you will be at night shining downing upon me,  
my glorious star,  
my glorious star,  
oh, what beauty into my eyes you cast,  
oh, what warmth and inspiration you do bring,  
into my heart,  
my glorious star,  
my glorious star shining in the heavens,  
shining in the heavens,  
where you shine so beautifully down upon me,  
and how glorious you are my glorious star,  
how glorious you are.

### **Not today**

Not today,  
not tomorrow,  
no peace,  
only sorrow,  
not today,  
not tomorrow,  
yes,  
you can beg for peace all you want,  
but there is barely any to borrow,  
and if you find some peace,

it will probably only be stolen tomorrow,  
and there probably will be no peace,  
probably not today,  
probably not tomorrow,  
yes,  
probably no peace and only sorrow,  
and who is to blame?  
Humanity,  
yes,  
it is a terrible shame and a frustrating pain,  
now,  
when are we going to listen more,  
and understand more,  
because I really must complain,  
I really must complain,  
because humanity seems to have gone insane,  
and we are protesting and crying just the same,  
but there is no peace far too often,  
oh, I wish humanity would listen and soften,  
yes, I wish humanity would listen,  
and not be so hard hearted,  
for there is little love these days,  
little love,  
and it is a shame,  
a shame that the world is such a cold,  
cold hearted place,  
and oh,  
it really is a disgrace,  
a shame,  
a terrible shame and a curse upon the human race,

a shame that we are so resentful,  
intolerant, hateful, and bitter,  
and angry and impatient,  
and it is a shame,  
that we do not try harder to get on with our fellow man,  
but no,  
it far too frequently seems not to be the case,  
and yes,  
there probably is no peace today,  
no peace in humanity,  
and it is a terrible shame,  
that we do not listen more and understand each other more,  
and it is such a curse upon the human race.

### **On a long-distance line**

On a long-distance telephone line,  
I hear your voice,  
and my imagination it runs wild,  
you with your soft voice,  
and your intellect,  
your humour and your wit,  
and the laughter how beautiful it is,  
and how I revel in you,  
and how it carries to me and how it lights up my eyes,  
down the long-distance telephone line,  
yes, your voice it carries to me in words of passion,  
and I,  
I feel my heart rise,  
and that chemical reaction,

that audio seduction,  
oh, how it fires my libido,  
and how my imagination it runs wild,  
it runs wild as you seduce me,  
down the long-distance telephone line,  
and my ardour for you,  
it grows thinking of you,  
as you whisper sweet nothings to me and sexuality,  
and you,  
you tell,  
you tell me what you want to do with me,  
and what you are doing to you,  
and where you want to kiss me,  
and how aroused we are,  
down the long-distance telephone line,  
us with our love,  
and you with your sexy imagination and me with mine,  
down the long-distance telephone line.

### **Out here in the sun**

Out here in the sun,  
great swathes of light,  
great rays coming down,  
great rays travelling from yonder sun,  
travelling so many miles,  
far more than I could ever calculate by sight,  
but miles that I like to ponder upon,  
because the sun,  
because the distance of the sun,

has only been roughly calculated,  
and no one can get close enough,  
but God with his special gloves,  
and his fire-retardant clothes,  
he probably is the only one,  
probably,  
because if you do not have the right clothes,  
as Icarus found out,  
when he fell from on high,  
it is not much fun,  
and as he did,  
God probably held his head in his hands and cried,  
and Icarus's mother probably shouted at God,  
you should have put a sign up!  
But God never did,  
and according to God,  
being human is the survival of the fittest,  
and anyway, God he is not too bothered these days,  
about the stupid ones.

### **Overthrowing the angels**

Overthrowing the angels,  
overthrowing cupid,  
not that difficult a thing to do,  
when they are only in the imagination,  
and we are probably only being stupid.  
Overthrowing the angels,  
overthrowing cupid,  
not that difficult a thing to do,

when they are only in the imagination,  
and we are probably only being stupid,  
oh, it is incredible how many people believe,  
in God's and angels,  
and how many people believe in the devil,  
far too many,  
far too many I am sure,  
but we pray repeatedly,  
and we hope for love,  
and we hope for the sins of Satan to be gone forevermore,  
and we wish for peace upon the Earth,  
and for God to bring peace because we are useless at  
bringing peace by ourselves after all,  
and peace is mostly in the imagination,  
and we seem to be far too stupid,  
to bring it into reality at all.

## **Ready**

Ready for nothing,  
nothing ready at all,  
an in-between state,  
a moment,  
a reflection,  
a moment that is inconsequential and neither here nor there,  
but I do not care,  
because I am happy to just sit and stare,  
happy in the fresh air,  
happy with a calm mind,  
happy in tranquillity,

happy in tranquillity,  
doing nothing but existing,  
the most primeval of states to be,  
and I like,  
I like this simplicity,  
I like this simplicity,  
because in life,  
how little time I get to be me,  
how little time I get to be me,  
because life is filled with such chaos,  
and life is so rapid,  
and everything,  
is a million miles an hour,  
and the only time you get to relax,  
mostly is in your dreams,  
in your dreams,  
and this should not be,  
this should not be the reality,  
but unfortunately,  
it is far too often the only thing that I see,  
chaos,  
and living in chaos constantly,  
is as stressful as can be,  
and being stressed,  
is not what I want to be,  
I just want to be,  
I just want to exist stress free,  
and here I am free to be,  
stress free sat by the river,  
sat under a tree.

## Reflections of you

A view,  
a view of you,  
a view of you in a mirror with me looking at you,  
a view of you,  
a view of you looking at me,  
a glorious you in your red dress,  
and in your hat and with a smile on your face,  
and with your earrings in as I hold you,  
and I kiss you as gently as that,  
and what great love there is between us to be seen,  
what great love as we look at each other in the mirror,  
and our love is reflected,  
and collected in our eyes and in our memories,  
reflections of love so beautiful to see,  
reflections of love so genuine,  
and what great emotions,  
and what incredible subtleties are displayed before us,  
as we hold each other,  
as in the moment it feels as if a dream, a beautiful dream,  
but all the better it is because it is reality,  
reality in a mirror,  
reflections of love,  
so beautiful to see,  
reflections of our love,  
reflections of our happiness,  
reflections of you and me,  
oh, how great love is with you,  
and oh, how truly great love can be.



## Resonance

Resonance,  
oh, how you come to me,  
how you come to me in my memory,  
and how you resonate from history with your speeches,  
and how you inspire me,  
how you inspire me with your speeches,  
and the beauty of the language,  
that you use to stir the hearts and the minds of all,  
in both audio and in text,  
and in all such fine words,  
to bring attention to so many causes that you are,  
and were so passionate about in your hearts,  
and oh, how they resonate still,  
oh, how they come to me,  
upon the page and out loud,  
and how you come to me in my memory,  
and how you the greatest of the great,  
with your speeches resonate so powerfully from history,  
Theodore Roosevelt,  
Florence Nightingale,  
Malcolm X,  
Mahatma Ghandi,  
Martin Luther King,  
Nelson Mandela,  
Winston Churchill,  
and many more,  
many who so tirelessly devote their lives,  
to their given cause,

and those who gave their lives,  
and who lost their lives fighting without pause,  
such as Emily Wilding Davison of the suffragettes,  
and the many well-known,  
and the many forgotten campaigners,  
who fought so hard for freedoms,  
and who fought wars and who fought them all,  
war, racism, hate and intolerance,  
oh, how powerfully you resonate in audio and in text,  
and from the pages of history,  
and how you will continue to stir the hearts,  
and the minds for centuries to come of humanity,  
and inspired we will be by others whose speeches,  
whose speeches for their cause will be rightly remembered,  
as will they all and them never will we forget.

## **Returning**

Returning home,  
returning home alone,  
returning home after another day of work,  
with not a lot to write home about,  
an empty day,  
the usual grind,  
dull of heart and dull of mind,  
returning home,  
thinking about life,  
and the over complexities of it all,  
struggling,  
struggling the whole day through,

and not feeling good at all,  
and questioning what life is about,  
for it is nothing to write home about at all,  
an empty day of boredom and inanity,  
time wasted in the daily grind, time wasted,  
time wasted lining other people's pockets,  
and not doing much for my mind,  
but glad to be home, glad to be home,  
but seriously thinking of giving it all up,  
because it is only but insufferable,  
insufferable and not much good at all,  
time for change, time for change before I go insane,  
time for change,  
because rather than just existing,  
which is the bane of my life after all,  
I would rather live a life that is memorable,  
I would rather live a life that is memorable,  
for what good is a meaningless life after all,  
so, stuff it all, I think,  
it is enough to drive you into permanent depression,  
and into alcoholism,  
and what good is that, living on the precipice,  
living on the edge,  
and with nothing to show for it all,  
so, stuff it all, I think,  
I am quitting this life and the daily grind of it all,  
for it will only kill me early,  
and I would rather be on holiday,  
and travelling and reconsidering it all,  
and after all, life is far too short to suffer through it all.

## Salutations my friend

Salutations my friend,  
welcome to the end of the world,  
fancy a drink,  
for what else is there to do,  
what else is there to do,  
because our technology has decided,  
that they know how to run things,  
much better than we do,  
much better than we humanity do,  
and here we are,  
at the bar,  
so, fancy a drink,  
for what else is there to do,  
for our technology,  
has decided to overthrow humanity,  
so, what shall we have to drink?  
I think we have eight or nine minutes,  
and we could have time for one drink,  
or possibly two,  
so, what drink shall we choose,  
because we better make it quick,  
for our technology,  
has decided to overthrow me and you,  
and the nuclear missiles,  
are on their way,  
and that my friend,  
is the end of the world,  
the end of the world for me and you.

## **She has a boyfriend**

She has a boyfriend at the moment,  
and that is the way luck goes,  
she has a boyfriend at the moment,  
and I am left to cuddle,  
to cuddle myself in the mirror alone,  
she has a boyfriend at the moment,  
she has a boyfriend at the moment,  
and that is the way luck goes,  
yes, she has a boyfriend at the moment,  
although I wish it were not so,  
and unfortunately, they say love is blind,  
well, it must be,  
because unfortunately she has chosen him,  
me bitter?!  
Nooooo!

## **She**

She sits,  
she sits upon a bus,  
heading for the coast,  
and she,  
she wishes to be,  
she in her loneliness wishes to be by the sea,  
she wishes to be by the sea,  
for she is heartbroken,  
and this world oh how it has broken,  
broken her so many times and so easily it seems,

and she,  
she has such dark thoughts,  
and is plagued by such misery,  
and though she tried her best,  
love made her depressed,  
and love was not quite, what she thought it would be,  
and she,  
she wishes to be floating in the sea permanently,  
she wishes to be,  
for love only brought her such heartbreak and misery,  
and it was not what she expected,  
and she expected love to be all rosy,  
but it was not to be,  
and now sadly she wishes to be in the sea,  
in the sea permanently,  
and she wishes to escape life by drowning,  
because love was not what she thought it would be,  
love was not what she thought it would be,  
and now she is on the bus,  
headed for the sea,  
headed for the sea.

## **Shy**

Shy,  
shy,  
a little,  
but why,  
do I not know you,  
yes, I have known you for some time,

and I have enjoyed your company for quite a while,  
but something happened,  
something happened in me,  
and I,  
well, what can I say,  
I have fallen for you rather unexpectedly,  
and I should have seen it coming,  
but love,  
love, it arrived in the blink of an eye,  
and I,  
I stand before you,  
with my heart palpitating from the truth,  
a shock to me,  
yes, it is true,  
but how do I approach the subject with you?  
How do I?  
For you were a friend,  
and now,  
well, here am unexpectedly in love with you,  
and love,  
love, it arrived like a lightning bolt out of the blue,  
and I am aglow but a little nervous,  
and I wonder,  
I wonder do you feel the same way that I do?  
and how do I tell you,  
and how do I say it to you?  
How do I say that I have fallen for you?  
How do I say that I love you?  
Yes, I am anxious, but I want it to come true,  
I really want it to come true between me and you,

and I want you to love me as much as I love you,  
but how do I tell you,  
and will you feel the same way that I do,  
will you?  
I hope so,  
but I am a little anxious of telling you,  
but what else can I do,  
what else can I do but hope for the best and give it a go,  
and hope that you love me as much as I love you.

### **Stone and stones**

Stone,  
stones and rocks,  
they may be cold stones and rocks,  
but stones and rocks they warm my heart,  
with their many glorious colours,  
in their multiple types and solidity,  
and how strong they are,  
and how powerful it is,  
to keep back the wildest of nature,  
the roughest and the toughest of nature,  
and how incredible that they can keep back the hurricanes,  
the typhoons and the torrential rains,  
and the winds in their incredible speed and varieties.  
Stones and rocks, not so cold to me,  
but masterpieces of creation, without which,  
we would have to face the ferocity of nature alone,  
and of stone and rocks how glad I am for them,  
for how wonderfully they shelter me.



## Sunlight

Sunlight,  
sunlight and shadows,  
sunlight leading into the trees,  
branches across the path,  
sunlight little to be seen,  
sunlight,  
sunlight leading into the trees,  
sunlight and shadows going to where I do not dare,  
but I love the sun,  
more than the cool of the shadows beneath the trees,  
and being in the sun it means more,  
because the cold it only bothers me,  
yes, cold it only bothers me,  
and I prefer to be lit up by the sun that nurtures me,  
because it does much more to me,  
and in the sun, I am jubilant with effervescence,  
and effervescence is far better than shadows,  
and shade to me.

## Sunlight through a glass

Sunlight through a glass,  
sunlight through a glass,  
oh, how beautiful is the light,  
in its subtleties and its qualities,  
and how integral it is to you and me,  
light,  
and all the colours of the universe,

now, where would we be with only one colour to see,  
and oh, how boring it would be,  
but I prefer this wonderful variation before me,  
that brightens the mood,  
and that fills you with cheer,  
and how glorious and magnificent it is,  
and how fascinating it is how the light bends through,  
and spreads its palette before me,  
and how wonderfully it spreads the light,  
in all directions, and in all its glories,  
filling my vision with the colours from the sun,  
that pass before my eyes,  
leaving me wondering what a world would be,  
like in permanent dark,  
leaving me wondering,  
for a moment,  
but that thought it only leaves me,  
with the reality and sighs,  
so, a world in permanent dark is not for me,  
not for me I surmise,  
for I would rather be,  
looking at all the colours in all their glories,  
all their glories before me,  
and I look at the glass and the light bending through,  
and how incredible the light is that travels from the sun,  
and through the heavens and the skies,  
and how beautiful is the light,  
that bends and shifts its way through the glass,  
that sits there before my eyes.

## Surrounded by bird song

Surrounded by bird song,  
and sat in the sun,  
oh, what beauty,  
and what great voices the birds have,  
and with their glorious calls to the world,  
that bring me around,  
that bring me around from my slumber,  
and that fill me,  
that fill me with wonder,  
oh, that sound,  
that sound it is incredibly moving,  
and how the bird song it wakes me up in the morning,  
in the glorious sun,  
and oh, how beautiful their songs,  
are that they sing as the birds they fly in the blue sky as the  
sun shines down,  
and how the birds and their songs they transcend me to  
heaven in the gentle breeze in the freshest of nature's air,  
and how the bird song transcends me,  
for it is a wondrous thing,  
and as I sit amongst the flowers,  
and the fragrances that the flowers give off,  
how graceful the birds are,  
and oh, how delicately they hop here and there,  
and how serenely they hover,  
and how gently they fly through the air,  
and what power lies in their wings,

as they fly across the sky making it look so effortless,  
and oh,  
how they beguile me,  
how they beguile me with their many colours,  
and inspire me, as I,  
I sit in the morning light,  
and am filled with wonder,  
and am happy filled with nature's beauty,  
as the birds fly high in the sky,  
and as the sun shines down,  
my eyes they light up with inspiration,  
as I view the birds singing so gloriously,  
and nature and all its majesty,  
with a massive smile upon my face,  
a massive smile as wide as a country mile,  
and I am happy as can be.

## **Tangled**

A photograph in colour,  
a photograph of me and you,  
us tangled,  
tangled up together,  
us intertwined in our youth,  
our arms wrapped around each other,  
us kissing and frozen in time,  
with smiles and the light in our eyes,  
sparkling like the sunshine,  
reflecting off the water in the summertime,  
a picture of you,

a picture of you and me in our youth,  
a picture,  
a picture of truth,  
a picture of us in love,  
a picture of us kissing upon a bridge over a river,  
a picture of happiness,  
a picture of us frozen in time,  
a picture of us so gloriously happy,  
a picture of us in love,  
a picture of us in our youth,  
a picture of us, us in the summertime.

### **Quandary of you**

I do not know you,  
but here I sit in a cafe every day,  
I sit and I look at at you from a distance,  
I sit and I look at you,  
oh, the quandary of you,  
the quandary of you,  
I ponder you,  
I wonder you,  
I always wonder what mood you are in,  
and it is hard to tell with you,  
it is hard to tell,  
and I ponder you,  
and I wonder you,  
for you are as blank as a sheet of paper,  
and so, poker faced,  
I do not know what you are thinking

and what you are feeling under the surface,  
and I do not know what drives you,  
and what passion there is in you,  
because there seems to be none to me,  
none at all,  
well, that is my view,  
my view,  
and you go around as if a robot,  
and robotically you seem to exist,  
you seem to exist to fulfil an unknown function,  
of which I am not aware,  
and of life you do not seem to care,  
and you just go around with a blank stare,  
everywhere, and you never seem happy anywhere,  
and why live your life with such an emptiness inside,  
and why live your life,  
always worrying about what has upset you,  
and not moving on from it,  
why go around emotionally dead inside,  
why go around containing a never-ending supply of tears,  
and rainstorms and thunder,  
that threatens to burst out of you at any moment,  
and looking at you,  
I cannot tell with you whether you are in agony,  
or just bored of life,  
oh, the quandary of you,  
how I ponder you, how I wonder you,  
but I, I never understand you,  
but it is but a brief study of you,  
whilst I drink my coffee,

and have something to eat,  
and as I do you sit there like a robot,  
not talking to anyone ever,  
and when I leave you sit there all day,  
or so the waiter says,  
and when I pass in the evening,  
you are only just leaving,  
oh, the quandary of you,  
oh, the quandary of you,  
and I often walk behind you,  
and I want to introduce myself,  
yes, I do,  
but I am too shy too,  
you with your pierced nose,  
and your intense blue eyes,  
I do not know you,  
and I am scared to say hello to you,  
oh, the quandary of you,  
the quandary of blank but beautiful you.

### **The time**

The time is ticking,  
the clock is tocking,  
and I,  
I am watching,  
I am watching,  
wishing time to speed up,  
wishing time to go faster than before,  
and the time is ticking,

the clock is tocking,  
and I,  
I am watching,  
I am watching the hands go around,  
and how slowly they seem to go,  
whilst waiting for you,  
whilst waiting for you to walk through my door,  
whilst waiting for the love of my life,  
because I have all the time in the world,  
but the time waiting for you is rather a bore,  
rather a bore.

### **This is the final countdown**

This is the final countdown,  
the end,  
a time spent in such a state that I cannot placate,  
the feelings of loss,  
the feelings of suffering,  
as if being crucified upon a cross,  
and here I am,  
wondering why we have come to this,  
wondering why we are saying goodbye to each other,  
now, I do not know,  
and of this reason I am at loss,  
I am at a loss, and I am cross and upset,  
and I am disconnected from you,  
but I do not know why the reason,  
why the reason is,



I truly do not do,  
and here I am,  
filled with such sighs,  
wondering why we have to part,  
because in my heart,  
in my heart I still truly love you,  
I still truly love you,  
but what a to do,  
you want to go one way,  
and well,  
I still want to go with you,  
but you say,  
you say, it is over,  
over between me and you,  
and you will not give me a reason,  
and you,  
you crucify me,  
you crucify me you do.  
you have crucified me with your decision,  
and I do not know what to do,  
oh, crucified upon a cross,  
crucified,  
and you,  
you want to go one way,  
and I,  
with my broken heart,  
I, I despite your wishes,  
how my heartaches,  
and how I still want to go with you,  
oh, you crucify me you do!

## Up the track

Up the track,  
to the bench at the back,  
up the track,  
to sit and to get a view,  
a view of the sky so blue,  
and the sun too,  
and the woods,  
and the houses in the distance,  
where the sunlight pours down,  
and relaxation comes, without any resistance.  
Up the track,  
to the bench at the back,  
up the track, to sit,  
to sit where I used to sit with you,  
to sit and remember you,  
up the track, to the bench at the back,  
to sit and think of your smile,  
and to recall the memories of you,  
and of you laughing and telling jokes,  
oh, what great humour you had,  
and such intellect and wit too,  
and after climbing the hill,  
I will sit and take in the glorious view,  
and I will look at the sky, and the clouds passing by,  
and I will remember you,  
and I will wonder too,  
are you looking down at me from heaven,  
and remembering me too?

## Upon the lake

Upon the lake, upon the lake,  
we on the boat do sit and watch the world go by,  
watch the world go by as the boat it crosses the water,  
and we watch the wake,  
we watch the wake upon the lake,  
and we head for the islands,  
and the trees and natures mysteries,  
and there soon we will be, there we soon will be,  
and how peaceful it will be,  
setting up camp amongst the trees,  
and as the sun sets and the day departs,  
and the moon comes out and the stars shine,  
lighting up our eyes with beauteous wonder,  
and capturing our hearts,  
we will light a fire and cook food,  
and sing around the campfire,  
sing around the campfire in the dark,  
and we will be happy and well fed,  
and filled with wonder that the heavens do impart,  
and how beautiful it is to be in the solitude,  
and in nature and the peace that from it grows,  
for this almighty place amongst the trees and the flowers,  
how powerful it is upon the mood,  
and the creation of feeling good,  
and at creating happiness,  
from its inspiration which abounds,  
and the smiles upon our faces will be all around,  
as we sit upon the boat looking forward to the island,

and all the glorious sights to see amongst nature,  
and the trees and the plants that grow,  
for we have so much learn,  
and amongst such spectaularity,  
there is such harmony,  
and amongst the animals,  
the badgers and the deer that do roam,  
and that so fleetingly come and go,  
how beguiling they are in the night,  
as we revel in nature,  
and the moon shines and the stars shine so bright,  
yes, it will be a truly memorable night,  
a truly memorable night.

## **Upstairs**

Upstairs,  
downstairs,  
and in and out,  
and with far too little time to relax,  
and with far too much rushing about,  
upstairs,  
downstairs,  
and in and out,  
grabbing a coat, and a hat,  
or wearing something less in the heat of the summer,  
oh, there is far too little time to relax,  
far too much work and far too much rushing about,  
upstairs, downstairs,  
and quickly in and out,

quickly after making something to eat,  
and then quickly rushing out,  
now, it cannot be healthy,  
all this dashing around,  
for the mind it never rests,  
and how your heart it pounds,  
and how much strain there is upon it,  
from all the aggravation, indignation, and frustration,  
and how this far too frantic modern world,  
far too often leaves you in desperation,  
desperate for peace of mind and words that are kind,  
and some peace and quiet,  
to clear your head from the day's,  
frustrations that make you want to scream and shout.

### **Welcome to a miracle**

Welcome to a miracle,  
welcome to your birth,  
welcome to a miracle,  
welcome to the Earth,  
welcome to your parents,  
welcome to them both,  
because you are blessed to be alive,  
and come to think of it,  
I hope they turn out to be good for what it is worth,  
I hope they turn out to be good,  
because luck is not always on your side,  
but welcome to a miracle,  
welcome to your birth,

welcome to a miracle,  
welcome to the Earth,  
welcome to your parents,  
welcome to them both,  
welcome to life,  
and welcome to the beauty of the world,  
because a beautiful world it is,  
but, a little advice,  
some people are horrible,  
really horrible,  
so do not listen to the horrible ones who are bitter,  
resentful and jealous because it is not worth your time,  
so, do not worry about the horrible ones,  
because most people are very nice,  
and take your time,  
and observe the world around you for a while,  
and enjoy it all,  
for time is far too short in this world,  
so, welcome to a miracle,  
welcome to your birth,  
welcome to a miracle,  
and welcome to the Earth,  
and I hope for you,  
that your life will be full of surprises and happiness,  
and do not get too despondent,  
and do not worry about failure,  
do not worry about failure because you can try again,  
you can try again,  
and trust me,  
worrying is far more trouble than it is worth.

## Yellow

Yellow is the colour of you inside,  
yellow,  
yellow through and through,  
yellow is the colour of you,  
you coward,  
for belittling me like you do,  
yellow is the colour of you inside,  
you with an intellect that is lacking,  
yes, you,  
yes, the stupid you,  
the you without a clue,  
the you without a clue,  
who are deprived of humanity,  
and who have no humanity inside you,  
yes you,  
you are filled with idiocy,  
idiocy that makes no sense,  
yes you,  
you try to attack,  
but you end up flat on your back,  
yes, you with your racist views,  
yellow is the colour inside of you,  
yellow,  
yellow through and through,  
and oh, how you rant and rave in the street,  
and shout out your abuse,  
you, despicable racist you,  
you, despicably evil racist you.

## **You hold out your hand**

Sat here in a bar,  
some expensive bar,  
sat here in a bar out of curiosity,  
because I just fancied a change,  
and I thought I would sit in elegance for a while,  
instead of amongst the alcoholics in a pub,  
and amongst the deranged,  
and how good it is to have a change,  
and it is almost 8pm,  
and here I sit on a Friday night,  
drinking a drink,  
something unusual,  
whilst I take a look around and I think,  
and you,  
you appear before me like a goddess,  
with your hair looking like a million dollars,  
and those beautiful eyes,  
and in what looks like a billion-dollar dress,  
and you flutter your eyelids,  
and you wiggle your hips,  
and metaphorically hold out your hand,  
and you make a demand as you blow me a kiss,  
and you blow me a kiss,  
and ask me to buy you a drink,  
the most expensive on the list,  
and you demand everything with your beauty,  
and your sensuality that you flaunt,  
and with those eyes,



that could melt the hardest of hearts,  
but I, I do not oblige,  
for I am more than aware of your sensual arts,  
and of your type,  
and of your flim flams, and your scams,  
because I have seen so many of you before,  
and as usual you want something,  
you want something,  
but I do not give a damn,  
I do not give a damn about you,  
you with your beauty and your looks,  
and your only plan,  
to flutter your eyelids and to find a rich man,  
and as you metaphorically hold out your hand,  
and you make a demand,  
you demand everything for nothing,  
but I do not give a damn,  
I do not give a damn,  
and I politely apologise,  
and you frown,  
you frown so hard and sulk,  
and you ask again and flutter your eyelids and pose,  
and you whisper sweet nothings to me,  
which pass over me like the wind that whispers,  
through the trees,  
words that are empty,  
empty and meaningless your words to me,  
and so too your sweet nothings,  
your sweet nothings that are enough to melt most men,  
but not me,

because I am hard to the likes of you,  
I am hard but I am not a misery,  
and I will not give in to your demands,  
and I will not succumb to your charms,  
so, I decline you,  
and you sulk twice as much as before,  
and walk away,  
and I smile a wry smile,  
and take a sip of my drink,  
and you return to your seductive ways,  
and flaunt your sensuality,  
and I am happy to be alone,  
alone whilst the music plays,  
happy to be alone,  
safe from your charms,  
whilst you, you continue to flaunt them,  
in your most seductive ways,  
and I watch from a distance,  
as you slide up to someone else,  
and for them you make a play,  
you make a play,  
and do a little shimmy,  
and they smile,  
and you draw them in with your sensual grin,  
and I drink my drink and enjoy my night,  
as you are wrapped around him,  
as you are wrapped around him,  
in thirty seconds flat,  
oh, what an act,  
what an act.