

Gun control

© Ben Robinson 2022

Index

- A leaf, 3
- Along this cliff, 4
- Anger, 6
- Au revoir, 6
- Breathe, 7
- By the stream, 22
- Complexity of time, 8
- Cool memories in summer
climes, 9
- Deliver me, 10
- Dilettante misfits, 10
- Distance, 12
- Down by the beach, 14
- Drawn from the mind, 15
- Echoes, 16
- Erudite, 17
- Ethereal, 18
- Faith, 19
- Fire, 21
- Grey clouds, 22
- Gun control, 23
- Headache in Hawaii, 25
- Hold on, 29
- How quietly, 30
- I saw a leaf, 31
- Inside, 32
- Just sitting around, 34
- Light, 35
- Live long, 37
- Meander, 37
- Mighty, 38
- Muse, 38
- No, 39
- On the edge of the city, 41
- Return, 42
- Spiral, 45
- Take this heart, 42
- The falling night, 44
- The truth of love, 46
- The way, 47
- This fantasy, 49
- This is no time, 50
- This is the therapy, 51
- This wave, 53
- Truth is, 55
- Undying, 56
- What a winter, 57
- You, 64
- You killed yourself, 59
- You lived, 60
- You say you want the sun,
61
- You were nowhere, 63

A leaf

A leaf upon the river floating gently,
and gently rotating as it flows out to sea,
a leaf upon the river glorious in all its beauty,
as glorious as it could be.
A single leaf,
a single leaf bright and green,
a single leaf in its beautiful splendour,
ever glorious in its decree,
and how beautiful it is upon the tree where it should be,
how beautiful with the light coming through the leaves,
for it is as beautiful as can be,
and as it floats gently down the stream,
I hope may it return someday,
I hope it may it return anew for there is life after death,
life after death it is true,
but it is sad to see something so beautiful,
something so beautiful die and I will admire it one last time,
one last time as it passes by,
one last time as it passes by,
and it heads to the sea,
where it will disintegrate in the water,
and become part of the water that is picked up again,
and falls as heavenly raindrops from the sky,
raindrops that nourishes the Earth,
with their translucent beauty,
there one minute in their beautiful form,
and then the next gone,
gone in the blink of an eye.

Along this cliff

Along this cliff,
along this path where the big rock lays,
and where the flowers are,
the bright flowers,
the yellow flowers the colour of the sun,
I sit,
I sit upon the rock,
and I ponder the waves,
and wonder how far they have come,
and wonder how far they are going,
and wonder of what lies beneath under the shining sun,
and I wonder,
I wonder when my boat will come,
when my boat will come to take me,
far away for my travels are near,
and I am in my enthusiasm saying goodbye,
goodbye to everywhere I knew,
and the people that I have loved for I am gone,
forever gone from this land,
for I have my journeys,
I have my plans,
I have few things,
and I do not need much just enough to clothe me,
just enough to shield me from the sun,
for the sea it leads on,
and my path to a new life it has only just begun,
and here I will sit upon the cliff,
and I will drink a little wine and eat and paint,

and imagine the beautiful places so far away,
so, far away but yet to come,
and I will look forward to seeing places new,
and in them I will find inspiration,
and I will revel in the wonders that are revealed,
in many foreign lands,
and from shore to shore and ocean to ocean,
and across the glorious Earth,
I will be happy wherever I stand,
for in each footstep and in each exploration,
there is so much to feed the mind,
and so much to feed the soul,
and all the time in the world, and all the places to go,
and every place will be photographed and videod,
and painted I am sure,
and I will be soon heading for the horizon,
with a smile on my face,
never to be seen here again forevermore,
and how my heart will rise and be filled with happiness,
and how my mind will lift to the skies,
and how glorious my travels will be for here,
I am no longer me, and I long to be me again,
I long to be rejuvenated,
and in my journeys, I will be I am sure,
for freshness and brightness,
and newness comes with the excitement of exploration,
and in my explorations, I will never be bored,
for I will always be moving on, and never stopping too long,
and I will be me, a new me, a better me,
a better me than before.

Anger

Anger,
anger with the world,
what is the reason that you are so unfurled,
and where does this anger come from,
and why do you not do anything about it,
and why do you hold it so as if a loved one,
and why do you,
those who stab and shoot people with guns,
why do you do it for a monetary gain,
now is not human life of greater value,
than all the pain, all the pain?

Au revoir

Au revoir, cest la vie, we were not meant to be,
and although we tried our best, we were not to be,
and we were not well suited you and me,
so, au revoir, cest la vie,
I will wave goodbye with barely a sigh,
and I will kiss you upon the cheek amicably,
but you will no longer hear from me,
so, au revoir, cest la vie,
romance was not meant for you and me,
but maybe in the future who knows,
and wherever you go, I wish for romance for you,
and no hard feelings between us I hope,
so, au revoir and cest la vie, it is sad but that is life,
but we together, we were not meant to be.

Breathe

Breathe and take your time,
breath and pay time no mind,
breathe and be, be free of the chaos that descends,
every day upon humanity,
breathe, breathe gently and be yourself again,
deliver yourself and set yourself free,
and calm your mind,
calm your mind from the rapidity of life,
for chaos is no good for the heart and the mind,
and chaos is far too eager to drive you into insanity,
so, relax and breathe,
and stare at the ocean, and stare at the sea,
stare at nature, stare at the streams,
the waterfalls, the rivers, and the lakes,
stare at the woods and find solace in them,
for they will calm you and bring you peace and tranquillity,
a much-needed tranquillity,
for chaos rages all around,
and this chaos can only bring misery,
and in misery what a life,
what a miserable life it is so easy to lead,
and I would not wish this chaos on anyone,
for it is no good for humanity,
so, breathe and take your time,
breath and pay time no mind,
breathe and be, and become yourself again,
become yourself again,
away from the chaos of modern life that brings such misery.

Complexity of time

The complexity of time,
a time of complexity,
a complexity of the mind but how much time,
how much time did it take,
how much time to create what is before our eyes,
now, I really do not know,
and yes, it blows my mind,
but, the complexity of time,
oh, what a complex thing it is,
but I have no wish to know every single thing,
and I have no wish to know the full complexity of it,
and the universe and everything,
no, none at all,
because to know everything would be so boring,
and if everyone did,
everyone would be yawning,
and there would be no excitement,
and where is the fun in that,
because instead,
I would rather just exist,
and be grateful and not understand,
the complexities of everything,
for what is life without mystery,
yes, there is no mystery at all,
but there is mystery in complexity,
and I,
I am happy with it all.

Cool memories in summer climes

Memories of the winter snows,
memories of the snowflakes wherever I go,
wherever I go in the sunshine,
in the summertime of foreign climes,
in the foreign places in which I thrive,
memories to cool me under my hat wherever I go,
for I love the tropical greens,
I love the clear blue oceans upon which I dream,
and I love the sandy beaches where I stand,
for the air is so clear,
and a walk along those beautiful beaches is so grand,
and where I walk there needs to be no plans,
for it is better to be spontaneous,
and I am happier in my spontaneity,
as I roam across the islands of the Caribbean,
and I walk through the palm trees,
and the lush vegetation and the scrub,
and I view the boats from the rocky promontories,
oh, how great is travel,
and how easy it is to explore sailing,
across the Caribbean Sea,
how easy it is and what a joy,
because around every corner,
there are so many beautiful sights to see, from shore to shore,
and so many sights that leave your heart begging for more,
so many sights,
that will leave your heart begging for more eternally.

Deliver me

Deliver me from evil,
deliver me from people who do not understand,
deliver me from ignorance,
deliver me from people with cunning,
deliver me from people who break hearts,
deliver me from sadists and people who belittle,
deliver me from stupidity and imbecility,
deliver me from the mentally abusive,
deliver me from the torturers,
deliver me from the sick with their evil plans,
deliver me from people bereft of humanity,
deliver me to a place where people are true and do not lie,
deliver me to a place where people understand,
deliver me to a place where people are human,
and are not barbarians,
and filled with brutality and stupidity and no intellect,
yes, deliver me, deliver me from evil,
and deliver me from those with evil plans.

Dilettante misfits

We dilettante misfits,
we wake up to kiss the blank pages with our pens,
minds and fingertips,
minds and fingertips hoping for a sunny day to inspire,
and we hope pull things from the air,
and hope to reorganise them,
and let them play out as best we can,

and as the words flow sweetly like honey drips,
our words appear from who knows where,
words given out maybe by the Gods,
in the heavens high up there,
and how great it is to write and to share,
and how great it is to create such beautifully ethereal,
and poetic,
and bombastic and dramatic lines,
and then read them out,
and let the sound float from our mouths into ours,
and others ears,
and to be appreciated,
and over which cogitated,
and hopefully leaving others satiated,
and yet wanting more,
because how beautiful words can sound,
how beautiful they can sound,
with so much rhyming and rhythm,
and silky but warm like the sun,
and giving when we read,
giving all, all we can to the intonation,
and our elocution,
our craft honed in time and with dedication,
a no stress no mess beautiful life in words,
words to inspire and to feed the imagination,
words with such power to leave the poem,
memorised in the mind,
and warm smiles everywhere,
we dilettante misfits pulling words from an invisible ocean,
how we work hard crafting them with dedication and

devotion,
and how we work hard filling out the pages,
the pages with such lyrical motion,
and such beautiful words,
created from all the letters of the alphabet,
some simple,
some extremely complex,
great words,
well-chosen words,
words to be shared upon all subjects and devoured,
words that leave us with smiles on our faces,
and others in great happiness,
and our words hopefully gratefully appreciated everywhere.

Distance

Distance,
distant,
distant from yourself,
for you do not seem to know who you are,
for you seem so detached from yourself,
you seem so detached and it cannot be good for your health,
so, you prance around and pretend to be someone else,
and you prance around and put on a frightful show,
playing the part of someone else,
and how well you play the part,
but it is a shame that you do not know you,
and you do not know your own mind or your own heart,
but when the show is over,
when the show is over you will feel empty no doubt,

and you will be empty,
for you having nothing inside is the usual state of affairs,
and the tears in your eyes,
they seem to be permanently there,
and it is a sad sight to see,
a sad sight indeed,
and to see the darkness in your eyes,
it is a haunting thing to see,
and you are only happy,
only happy drinking,
for that is the only thing that takes you out of your misery,
and you,
you will probably end your life that way,
sprawled across the stage of life with a bottle in your hand,
a bottle,
and it will most likely be a sad end to your life,
but no matter what people tell you,
you will not listen,
and you,
only you will have killed you,
but you have never been you,
and life should have been more meaningful,
but you have never found a way to be truly you,
despite all the years that you have had,
and despite all the seconds, the minutes,
the hours, the days, the weeks,
the months and the years,
consuming alcohol,
your life will most likely be over in seconds flat,
and surely, surely, there is more to life than that?

Down by the beach

Down by the beach, down by the sea,
letting the breeze blow gently over me,
down by the beach, down by the sea,
with my feet in the water,
and living peacefully as can be,
peacefully in the Mediterranean,
watching the boats upon the horizon,
with a drink in my hand,
and my thoughts and my plans,
my plans to head to Rome,
my plans to see the Coliseum and the art galleries,
my plans to walk its beautiful streets,
and dine out in the sunshine,
eating pasta in all its flavour and varieties,
yes, my plans,
my plans to explore the culture,
and the life of those who lived and died,
because of Vesuvius,
and who are captured in their ashen state so hauntingly,
and I,
I will remember them,
and how such devastation can so quickly take life away,
and I will imagine the ash clouds filling the air as people flee,
and I will imagine people as they try to flee to safety,
but without success sadly,
for how powerful nature is,
and how great nature is,
and how fearful of it we can be,

and I, I will walk off the solemnity of Pompeii and Vesuvius,
and its deadly bombardment of ash in beautiful Tuscany,
and I will think of all these things with my feet in the sea,
In Italy,
and as I stand there,
Ciao I will say as I wave to the waves,
and I will be as happy as can be,
yes, happy,
happy with an ice-cream in my hand and my plans,
for there is so much beauty and so much fascination,
and so many beautiful things,
and places to explore in magnificent Italy.

Drawn from the mind

Drawn from the mind like a conjurer,
a poem defined,
words plucked out of the air,
plucked out of the air with thought,
but seemingly as of inspiration,
like a burst of lightning in the air,
poems drawn from the mind,
poems of love,
poems of heartache,
poems about beauty,
poems about travel and places to see,
poems about wants and desires,
poems about you and me,
poems drawn from the mind,
poems plucked out of the air,

and in words from all languages,
words conjured with skill into poems that rhyme,
and have rhythm,
and that dance across the page,
and that sing to the heart,
poems,
beautiful poems everywhere,
beautiful poems,
beautiful poems to share.

Echoes

Echoes and calls,
echoes in the halls,
echoes and calls,
footsteps and banging on the walls,
echoes and calls,
no peace but a riot of sound disturbing all around,
echoes and calls,
bloodstained walls,
bloodstained walls and dirt and a dirty shirt,
shouting from the basement,
pipes echoing with noise,
the sound of water,
the sound of laughter and screams and sighs,
oh, what a chaos in the basement,
for who knows what goes on there,
but I am fearing that someone has died,
I am fearing that someone has died,
and I, I have no wish to go down there,

I have no wish to commit suicide, down there.
Echoes and calls,
echoes in the halls,
echoes and calls footsteps and banging on the walls,
and an awful smell,
a smell as if there is a rotting corpse,
a nightmare,
a nightmare where you do not want to dwell,
a nightmare,
a subterranean hell.
A vision of evil,
a vision of coffins filled with blood,
a vision of dismembered corpses,
but luckily, I suddenly awake and that,
that truly is enough.

Erudite

Erudite in your own way,
erudite with what you wear and the words that you say,
erudite,
simple and bright,
and elegant of mind for you are of your own time,
and I have a fashion for your passion,
for you are simple and you tell the truth,
and you are not uncouth but gracious,
and elegant with every word that you say,
and how I admire you,
for you have a great deal to say,
and you are as refreshing as the rain,

and I,
I admire your brain,
for you are as quick witted as quick as the night,
descending upon the day,
and oh, how you encourage me,
and inspire me my friend with everything,
with everything that you have to say,
and you do not need many words to evocate your feelings,
and your thoughts for your love of language is plain,
but complex in the same way,
and the way that you describe your feelings,
it leads the way to your heart, and reveals you,
it reveals the truth in you for you never lie,
and you always stand up for what you believe in,
and you always believe in me,
and I always believe in you,
and for you my friend, there is nothing that I would not do,
and I eagerly await every single word from you,
for there is nothing finer, nothing fine than to talk to you.

Ethereal

Ethereal,
floating on high waiting for the fall of night,
waiting for the starlight to twinkle in my eyes,
ethereal and floating on high,
high,
so, high, and happy,
for there is never a moment of light,
and magic in the heavens that does not beguile,

and how I wish that we could explore space,
in a much more efficient way,
and how I wish that we could sail across the heavens,
much faster than in the blink of an eye,
for I wish to travel so far away,
and so fast away from the Earth and its troubles,
for there are far too many troubles upon the Earth,
and I wish I knew why,
I wish I knew why,
but I hope to travel in space,
and find a more gentle place to live,
a place without the war and the death,
and the mass extermination of life,
that regularly plagues humanity,
yes, a much better place,
where not so many people die.

Faith

Have faith,
have faith and be strong,
be strong and hold yourself and compose yourself,
and take your time and know your own mind,
and do not waste time,
for in life there is far too little time,
so, do not waste a second,
and do not worry your mind,
with the things that are not done,
yes,
do not worry and do not give into chaos,

and do not give into pandemonium,
and take your time and be calm,
and stand in the glorious sun,
stand in the glorious sun.
and stay out of the blackness that is negativity,
and persevere,
for even with a steady and a good mind,
in life you will quickly find,
how difficult problems are to overcome,
so, have faith,
have faith and be strong,
and be strong and hold yourself and compose yourself,
and take your time and know your own mind,
and do not let others persuade you from your true path,
for only then the battle can be fought, and more quickly won,
so,
do not run,
and do not give into chaos,
and do not give into pandemonium,
and take your time and be calm,
and stand in the glorious sun,
because even with a steady mind,
you will find how difficult problems are to overcome.
so, no matter the problems in life,
have faith, have faith and be strong,
and hold yourself and compose yourself,
and you will eventually overcome,
any mountain,
for with perseverance there is not a problem in the world
that cannot be undone.

Fire

You set light to your heart,
and you tricked yourself into having feelings,
but it was only beauty that beguiled your mind,
with its wicked art,
yes, you set light to your heart,
you tricked yourself into feelings,
you wanted to believe that you truly loved,
but it was just a trick,
a trick by the devil who snuck into your soul,
and with emotional trickery,
told you over and over again that beauty means everything,
and the devil he blinkered you, and blinded you,
and he made you believe,
that beauty was more than skin deep,
and that beauty is all there is to see,
but it is not, and it is an illusion that you choose to believe,
and if you choose to believe in such shallowness,
what an empty thing love is, what an empty thing,
and why waste time on such a meaningless thing,
because time can go too rapidly past,
and when intellect is far more beautiful,
and is far more interesting than such empty vanity,
there is no contest,
for the vanity of beauty so often rapidly pales,
and permanently never lasts,
and yes, how rapidly we age in our brains,
despite our bodies in their multiple parts,
being continually born and regenerating every day.

By the stream

Sunshine, great heat,
great heat by the stream,
sunlight off of the water,
bushy banks of green,
bushy banks of plants and trees,
and nearby flies hovering above the water,
and around my head annoying me,
but I am not unhappy sat here in the sun relaxing,
for there is no work to be done,
and there could be nothing finer,
than being sat in natures revelry,
for it brings calmness,
and the calmness of mind, it is the finest thing,
and the only thing that I need,
for what is life, life without stillness,
and what is life, what is life without your own sanity?

Grey clouds

Grey clouds,
grey skies,
grey clouds,
mixed with the most beautiful blues,
dark and light,
colourful hues,
fluffy clouds,
fluffy clouds on the loose,
free to go where they please,

free to go where they choose,
free,
and passing so gently across the sky,
and passing across my sunglasses,
and passing across my eyes,
yes, clouds of all kinds and so beautiful in all their forms,
yes, clouds as light as a feather,
clouds heavy with rain,
clouds varying in speeds,
grey clouds and grey skies,
grey clouds mixed with the most beautiful blues,
yes, clouds ever changing shape,
oh, how I wish I could be a chameleon when I so choose.

Gun control

Look,
look at you,
look at the complexity of you,
look in the mirror at you,
yes, look at all of you,
hair,
head,
eyes,
face,
arms,
hands and fingers,
chest,
hips,
legs,

feet too.

Yes, look at you,

imagine you,

imagine you with a gun in front of a mirror,

imagine your family stood behind you,

as you hold it up to your head,

imagine you shooting you,

imagine the tears,

imagine the distress.

Yes, imagine you on the floor,

in front of them in a pool of blood,

and in a bloody mess,

yes,

imagine you,

imagine you no longer breathing,

imagine you dead.

Imagine you no longer you,

imagine the damage to your family,

imagine the pain and the suffering,

imagine it multiplied amongst your family members,

your family members all of which who loved you,

yes, imagine you,

imagine you dead,

imagine you pointing a gun,

a gun to someone else's head.

imagine you,

imagine you pulling the trigger,

imagine the faces of their loved ones and their distress,

imagine you,

imagine you without a gun and a society without guns,

imagine a better society,
a more peaceful society,
a happy society,
imagine,
imagine how great it would be,
imagine you and society living peacefully.
imagine a country,
without the fear of guns hanging over everyone's head.
imagine,
imagine the lives saved,
imagine,
imagine if it came true,
and from guns there were no more deaths.

Headache in Hawaii

Headache in Hawaii,
Alka-Seltzer in a glass,
Hawaii, plumeria,
Hawaiian hibiscus,
the bird of paradise,
flowers outside my window as a Hawaii 'Amakihi flies past,
headache,
Alka-Seltzer in a glass,
Hawaii,
sunshine,
boozy nights and days,
on the boats catching fish with friends,
and as we sit there with great smiles on our faces,
and lots of laughs,

and as content as can be,
we make the most of the days and the nights,
and enjoy ourselves at work and play,
writing and creating art.
Headache,
Alka-Seltzer in a glass,
and thoughts of the outdoors,
and thoughts of the smile upon her face,
the Hawaiian lady that I love and adore,
her name,
her name is Kailani,
and my thoughts are filled with her,
and I keep coming back for more,
and I think of my arm around her,
as we bob up and down on the ocean and she kisses me,
and I run my fingers gently through her hair,
and she holds me tightly,
and she smells of all the fragrances of the flowers of Hawaii,
and she,
she is so beautiful to me,
and the light in her eyes is bright like the sun and I am filled,
filled with her warmth,
and yes,
I could spend an eternity there,
and I hope to marry her one day,
one day for sure.
"Onaona i ka hala, E ka lehua, E hale lehua oia na ka noe O
ka'u no ia, e ano'i nei, Ea li'a nei, ho'i o ka hiki mai, A hiki
mai no ou kou, a hiki pu no me ke aloha Aloha e Aloha e."
Fragrant with the breath of hala and lehua,

This is the sight I long to see,
Of this, my present desire,
Your coming fills me with eagerness
Now that you have come,
Loves comes with you,
Greetings, greetings."
And Hawaii,
it is such a beautiful place to be,
such a beautiful place to be with the girl that I love,
and this headache,
well, it is nothing that an Alka-Seltzer in a glass won't cure,
and time,
time is meaningless mostly,
mostly in this relaxed life that we both adore,
time is meaningless,
except when you are off to meet the one that you love,
when the one you love is waiting,
for love is timeless, so I am quickly off out of the door,
and as I go, I lock it behind me,
and head for the harbour in my shorts and my sandals,
and I pass the people I know,
and they greet me as I come and go,
for my love,
my love she calls to me,
she calls to me,
and with each step,
my headache begins to disappear,
and as I get closer to the boat,
I see her stood aboard it with a big smile upon her face,
and with her hair blowing in the wind,

it is as if in slow motion,
it is as if she is as in slow motion,
my Kailani,
the woman that I love,
the woman that I truly adore,
and she is so fragrant and timeless,
and oh, what beautiful eyes she has,
what beautiful eyes,
eyes that I fall into,
and that I can float in a million times or more,
yes,
how beautiful she is,
and as I look at her,
love,
love the waves seemingly seem to say,
love,
love over and over again,
as they crash endlessly upon the harbour wall,
love,
yes, my imaginings as she smiles at me,
oh, how beautiful is she,
Aloha Wau la 'Oe,
I love you,
I love you I say with a smile on my face,
I love you I say as onto the boat I climb aboard,
and as I do, she throws her arms around me,
and the fragrance of her fills my senses,
and is so beautiful as she,
she kisses me and holds me so tenderly and gently,
and as she looks in my eyes, I am in heaven once more.

Hold on

Hold on, hold on for we won't be long,
for this time is ours,
and we have all the time that we could ever want,
from the dawning of the day and the rising of the sun,
and from the fall of the night,
and the setting of the stars in the heavens,
we have all the time, all the time to become,
all the time to become whatever we wish to be,
and all the time to do and see,
and all the time to be whoever we want,
and wherever we want to be because we are free,
free to be us,
and free to explore the world with our sentience,
and in the beauty of life,
how vision inspires and stimulates our minds,
and in the colours of life how we revel in them,
and how they fill our hearts by pouring into our eyes,
and how they lift us up with each vision,
and how beautifully and wonderful,
each complex creation is before us that fills us inside,
with such wonderment and fascination and desire,
the desire to explore more and more,
and rarely, rarely are we left with sighs,
for the world is endless and boundless,
with so many things to learn,
and so many things to describe,
and how great the world is,
how great it is with its beauty,

and its humanity that lays always before our eyes,
yes, how great it is and how great the time,
the time that we spend admiring and exploring,
and walking and wondering,
and touching and seeing and tasting,
oh, how incredible it is,
that all our senses have evolved so much,
to be able to express ourselves,
and this world that we live in,
this heaven upon the Earth,
this beautiful jewel in our galaxy,
how precious it is,
for there is nothing more precious,
than this most incredible beauty before our eyes,
and it is a blessing,
a glorious blessing,
a blessing that takes all the languages in the world,
and all our senses to describe.

How quietly

How quietly it creeps in,
how stealthily it slips in,
how rapidly it captures your heart, love,
love what a wondrous thing,
and how quickly it leaves you,
with a cheerfulness in your eyes,
and how quickly it leaves you with a happy grin,
and how beautiful it is in its simplicity, and its complexity,
a complex simplicity,

a not so simple complexity,
and how wonderful is its purity,
and how glorious is the intensity,
when it appears out of nowhere and it so rapidly begins,
and in its rapidity, it is a beautiful shock,
a glorious wonder,
a glorious wonder that you cannot stop,
and there is no doubt,
there is no doubt about love,
when into you it enters in,
because love,
once you have felt love it is never forgot,
never forgot.

I saw a leaf

I saw a leaf,
I saw a tree,
and yes, both are part of me.
I saw a wood,
and I saw a forest,
and yes, they too are part of me,
and also, I looked in the river,
and I looked in the lake and I saw a reflection of me,
yes, I saw me,
I saw me looking back at me,
and how incredible it is,
and how wonderful it is to be alive,
and to be aware of oneself,
and how wonderful it is to have sentience,

and to know that you exist and how beautiful it is,
and how beautiful and how elegant the creations of nature,
and the patterns and its colours and its complexities,
because in them all,
in them all I saw me,
I saw me,
and I am made of the Earth,
and the Earth is the history of me,
and how beautiful the Earth is,
amongst the stars in the heavens and the galaxies,
amongst the stars in the heavens in the galaxy,
and amongst many galaxies,
oh, how great it is to be me,
and how great to be sentient and free,
free to choose with life what to do,
free to live as you wish to live upon the Earth,
free, to be who you want to be,
free to build a life filled with worth.

Inside

Inside you,
inside you there is a fighter,
I know it is true,
yes, inside you,
so, never give up on you,
and fight until your last breath,
for you can conquer anything with your mind,
if you persevere,
yes, you can conquer anything if you toughen yourself up,

and do not listen to fear,
for inside you,
there is a lion it is true,
so, fight like a lion,
and fight for all you are worth,
and fight through all the storms,
with a smile upon your face,
and fight with good humour,
and good grace,
and you will with dedication,
and perseverance pull through,
for inside you,
there is a capability in you,
a capability to rise out of the ashes,
and begin anew,
so, continue to educate yourself,
and educate yourself above all else,
for with knowledge you will rise,
rise again like a phoenix from the flames,
and if you educate yourself,
and learn more about your emotions,
the stronger you will be,
and you will conquer,
any problem that you come across,
and by conquering them,
how courageous,
and how brave you will be,
and how quickly,
you will cast negativity,
any negativity aside you see.

Just sitting around

Just sitting around on a summer's day,
as the breeze blows this way and that and I am ok.
yes, just sitting around,
watching the clouds go by in a daze,
for softly the sunshine upon my face,
softly upon my face it plays.
Yes, just sitting around,
sitting around on a summer's day,
sitting around not really thinking,
not really thinking of anything,
but content,
content to stare up at the sky,
and not mind where my mind is,
or where it should wander,
and I,
I will look for you up there, for you have been gone so long,
yet I miss you always in my heart,
because how much I care,
how much I care for you, for you were the greater part of me,
and my memories and my tears with the sky I share,
and one day,
one day I will be there, there up in the air,
and I wonder is it possible for us to reincarnate,
and do we have souls,
and where do they go when our body is not there,
but I am here, here on the ground without a care,
sat amongst the beauty of nature,
and sat thinking of you, with a wistful air.

Light

Light,
bright,
beautiful and with not a hair out of sight,
oh, how you look at me so fondly,
and how you look at me so tenderly,
for in your glorious elegance,
and with you so elegant and fragrant,
you are as fragrant as the summer of the roses,
that overpower me with such gentility,
for the fragrance that you wear,
it forever traps me in time,
a place in time that is always in my mind,
for what is better than to be with you,
and it does not matter where,
it does not matter where we are,
because wherever we are is right,
for you and me we are two and, in our love,
there is only you and me and only us,
and no, you and I, just we,
and we were meant to be,
and what power there is in us,
and in this tidal wave of feeling,
that we float upon in our dreamlike state,
how intoxicating it is,
and how you intoxicate me every day,
and how you intoxicate me in every way,
for there is nothing better, nothing better,
for you are more beautiful than all the flowers in the world,

and more glorious than all the stars in the heavens,
and there are not enough words to describe,
all your beauty that nature has created,
and by chance has given me the blessing of meeting you,
and being with you,
and with you I am so happy for with you,
there is only smiles,
smiles and smiles,
smiles that could stretch a million miles,
and with you,
with you I feel so light upon my feet,
so light, bright, and beautiful,
and as light as a feather upon the breeze,
and oh, how gently you lay me down upon the grass,
and oh, how you kiss me so tenderly,
for it is as if all the power of the sun is passed into me,
and your touch, your gentle touch,
oh, how I can never get enough,
no, never, because I feel so alive,
when you are holding me and you are by my side,
and your love to me is the best,
and the greatest thing to have ever been,
and in being with you,
I am truly profoundly grateful,
and there is nothing more that I could wish for,
for you are all I need and adore,
and yes,
I loved you from the first moment that I met you,
and you,
you, I will always love forevermore.

Live long

Live long, die fast,
bodies were not built to last,
live long, die fast,
yes, bodies were not built to last,
for bits of the body are there one minute, and gone the next,
blood cells, skin cells,
bones regenerating, and hair,
hair, there until you cut it off,
so, live long and die fast for bodies were not built to last,
so, live long and die fast and enjoy yourself,
and look after your health,
for what is life without health, if you do not have it,
and without health,
how can you enjoy life and enjoy yourself,
so, live long, and live well.

Meander

Meander, meander through the meadows,
with a flower in your hair walk through the grass,
the long grass without a care,
and take your time in the sunshine,
enjoy the light and dance as if lighter than air,
and be happy and dance without a care,
dance, for life should be filled with enjoyment,
and in nature happiness is everywhere,
so, dance and be happy,
for life is far too short for despair.

Mighty

Mighty, mighty are you on high,
mighty are you who can so easily cross the sky,
mighty are you who can fly upon your gentle wings,
and so lightly upon the breeze,
mighty are you who can fly so high,
mighty are you who make it seem so effortless,
mighty are you who work so hard,
but make it so beautiful upon the eye,
mighty are you who both day and night,
sail across the sun, and the clouds and the sky,
yes, mighty are you the beautiful birds,
the beautiful birds who can fly.

Muse

The dog in the park across the street it barks,
and ever noisy and boisterous it is,
and the dog,
oh, how it runs endlessly backwards and forwards,
chasing sticks,
as outside my window the drunk outside prowls,
prowls and leers at everyone as if an intoxicated owl,
and oh, how the wind it howls,
and how the wind it howls,
as the women hang out their washing,
and they struggle to keep hold of their towels,
and how fast the clouds do pass across the sky,
and with no time to stop for me to ask them why,

but the sun all through the day it says hi,
and it shares its beautiful warmth,
that does enlighten the mind and the heart, and hark,
hark at the birdsong as at the falling of the dark,
because the sparrows are chasing the larks,
and across the heavens heavenly,
archers fire their flaming arrows,
in the form of meteors which capture the eyes,
and the minds imagination with their speed,
and the light across the blackest of nights,
that they do impart,
and what a work of art,
what a great work of art are the heavens,
and the moon and the stars,
that cover the day in the most beautiful way,
and that so gloriously light up the black,
with intermittent lights,
that fight to hold back the black in all its parts.

No

No, no,
please do not go,
please do not go,
for you leaving me will be,
like the descending of the winter snows,
no, no, no,
please do not go,
no,
not yet,

please not yet I beg of you,
yes, stay awhile,
and let us have a little wine and sit by the fire a while,
for I have missed you so my friend,
I have missed you so,
so, please, do not go,
please do not go,
and let us talk a while of the old for there is still time,
and there is more time than you know,
so, please do not go,
for we can talk,
and we can be in each other's company,
and what great company you are,
and I always miss you when you go,
for your face it always has such a smile upon it,
a smile that brings me such a glow,
so, please,
please, do not go,
and let me look into your eyes a while longer,
and let us talk a while longer for truly the night is young,
and we have food and wine and much more than we need,
and it is great to spend time with you my friend,
because I spend far too much time alone,
yes, please do not go,
and let us talk a while longer,
and let the words continue to flow,
let the words continue to flow a little longer,
because I will be sad when you go,
so let us talk and drink and be merry,
until the rising of the morning sun.

On the edge of the city

On the edge of the city,
on the edge,
the countryside calls to the city,
and tries to entice it with its beauty,
and the city creeps ever closer and eats it up,
and there is less and less left,
less of the countryside,
less of the beauty,
less of the fresh air of which we need and expect,
yes, less, and less each day,
and it is a shame to see the countryside,
disappearing so rapidly before our eyes,
and it is a shame to wave the countryside goodbye,
and it makes so many people cry to see the countryside die,
to see the countryside depleted,
through the decisions of those,
who only care for money,
and who destroy the environment, with buildings so ugly,
yes, it is a shame,
it is a shame upon humankind,
and why, why cannot people use their minds,
why cannot they,
create much more beautiful cities,
with much more beautiful buildings,
I wish I knew,
but I can only sigh,
as the countryside disappears,
far too rapidly before my eyes.

Return

Return,
return to what you know,
return to you,
and do not bury yourself in the winter snows,
and do not suffocate amongst the cold of the loneliness,
that you will only otherwise come to know,
in the isolation that you have come to know,
for what is there in the blankness,
and in the emptiness of a lonely place,
a place with no friends, a place with no soul,
no, nothing at all for there really is,
nothing really to show,
and solitude is fine,
except when it drives you out of your mind,
and solitude can drive you to an early grave,
so, my friend,
my dear friend,
please, please come home.

Take this heart

I have known you for a while,
I have known you and of your humour,
and of your intellect and your wit,
and it makes me smile,
so, take this heart,
take this heart of mine and make it yours if you wish,
because loneliness is killing me,

and loneliness does no one any good,
because loneliness should not exist,
so, take this heart,
take this heart of mine,
and make it yours if you wish,
because I have no wish to be alone,
for being empty is not a way that I wish to exist,
so, take this heart and carry me away,
take this heart and let us fall in love forever and a day,
yes, take this heart,
take this heart come what may,
and let us be together,
for together is far better than being in emptiness,
being in emptiness that erodes at you,
that erodes away at you and that fills you with dread,
for it is no good being empty,
because how do you occupy your heart,
and how do you occupy your mind and your head,
so, take this heart,
take this heart and let us play a part,
let us be romantically intertwined,
and let us hold hands in the sunshine,
in the summertime,
and let us kiss,
let us kiss,
for your kiss I am sure will be like wine,
like sweet wine,
so, take this heart,
please take this heart and be mine,
be mine?

The falling night

The falling night it is a beauteous sight,
a beauteous sight,
as the moon and the stars in the heavens alight,
yes, it is a wondrous sight,
for as the stars and the heavens alight,
and the curtain of black is drawn,
in such a spectacular way,
and of its magic and its glory,
how it rejuvenates the eyes that are tired,
and weary from the day,
and the falling night,
how it rests above all else with its majesty and mystery,
and leaves the question in the mind,
how so,
way up there in the air does heaven stay,
and how does it stay and hold up so much weight,
yes,
the combined weight of it all,
from the great to the small,
from the meteors to the shooting stars,
to the stars and the planets,
to the black holes and the galaxies,
I truly do not know,
but I wish to know,
and how often I ponder is there anyone who knows it all,
maybe,
maybe there is a great creator after all,
and someday I hope to meet the maker of it all,

the universe and all,
and someday,
someday but not too soon,
for these eyes are not that weary of the world,
and not that weary of the heavens,
because what is life for, what is life for,
but to explore it all,
and I have not had my fill of this beautiful place,
this beautiful Earth where I play my part,
and where my beating heart,
and my mind is captured by it and all its majestic grace.

Spiral

You spiral out of control far too often,
you spiral out of control,
and oh, how often I wish it to be forgotten,
but for some reason for you I have softened,
and yes, it was your smile,
and your eyes that enchanted me,
and by them I was mesmerised,
and my heart was captured by you,
and your sense of humour and your wit,
for you beguiled me,
and you made me laugh countless times,
yet I,
I cannot remember,
precisely when you leapt into my heart,
that first time and set it afire,
but here you are dancing wildly,

and drunkenly in front of me on the lawn,
and our laughter rises higher and higher,
and we both spiral out of control drunkenly,
and we, with love in our eyes sing happily,
and pretend out of the heavens to pull the stars down,
and place them in our eyes,
and under the moon we kiss wrapped in each other's arms,
delighting in each other's charms,
and with heaven in our eyes,
and the universe it sees it all,
and under the moon we dance,
and dance and play the fool,
and God,
God at love, I hope he or she smiles,
and is not too jaded of the condition of human wiles,
but he already has probably seen far too much of it all.

The truth of love

The truth of love,
what is love,
what is love but a complex thing,
that flows from the greatest of heights to the lowest of lows,
suddenly there,
and suddenly nowhere,
and suddenly somewhere in between.
Yes, the truth of love,
sometimes glorious,
sometimes mean,
and ever changing so rapidly,

ever changing from the blackest of blacks,
and the soberest of moods to all the colours of the rainbows,
and of all the emotions,
the most powerful that we can ever feel,
oh, how great is love,
when you are not expecting it,
and unexpectedly love is revealed,
for what a wonder is love,
and how wonderfully love puts a glorious happiness,
upon the faces of those who it enchants in a glorious feeling,
and how beautiful it is,
when it puts the magic of the heavens,
and the heart in the mind,
and all glorious feelings that come with love,
love that spectacular thing,
love, yes, the most beautiful of all feelings,
love that arrives so quickly out of nowhere,
as if a laser beam,
oh, what a magic thing, what a magic thing, love,
and all the feelings and all the emotions that it does bring.

The way

The way,
well, there is no way,
no painless way to say,
no painless way to inform someone,
that their loved one has passed away,
there is no way except in a painful way,
no way except with a heavy heart,

a heavy heart,
that carries inside it all the grey,
all the grey clouds in the sky,
and the sombre moods as it will,
as it will be filled with that day,
and I wish that death,
could be delayed,
delayed forever and a day,
but unfortunately, it is not possible,
and how painful a death is to relay,
people there one minute,
people gone in a split-second forever,
people gone forever away,
and people left with sadness and tears,
seemingly never-ending tears,
seemingly never-ending sadness,
a permanent black mark upon your life,
a permanent shadow over your soul,
a continual suffering,
a continual mourning,
a continual mourning,
that never goes away,
the way,
well, there is no way,
no painless way to say,
no painless way to inform someone,
that their loved one has passed away,
and I wish there was,
but there isn't,
and that unfortunately will always be the way.

This fantasy

This fantasy,
this fantasy that we will all ever agree,
it most likely will not be, for we seem to be educated,
but we cannot seem to be all educated,
at the same time with civility,
and it is a shame,
it is a shame that this never seems to be,
because we have everything that you could ever need,
and agreeing at the same time,
seems to be beyond our capability,
and I wish for us to agree,
because if we all worked a little harder,
and we all talked more and explained a little better,
things would be easier I am sure,
but this seems to be our fragility,
our incapability,
our ruin,
because we clash so often because of misunderstanding,
and we fight over resources in a world,
that is more and more demanding,
and constant battles seem to be the normal state of things,
and of from which there seems to be no delivery,
and I wish there was because it frustrates me,
it frustrates me,
it irritates me and it should not be,
but it is,
yes, it is an unfortunate reality,
and will we be,

forever banging our heads against a brick wall,
we will be trying to,
knock sense into each other's heads continually,
and will we always be trying to get people to listen,
and to understand us probably,
probably we will always be chasing this dream,
but I would rather be chasing reality,
for reality is so mean so often to humanity,
and to be able to change the world for the better,
and permanently,
over the major problems of the world,
we should begin to agree,
for what are we doing,
what are we doing, when we are not solving anything,
now, should not we, question our own sanity,
when homelessness is so far permanently unsolved,
and famine, drought, and poverty,
continues worldwide, to breed such misery?

This is no time

This is no time,
this is no place,
this is no time for complacency,
this disease,
it could be the end of the human race,
yes, this is no time,
yes, this is no place,
no time to be thoughtless,
no time to be selfish,

no time to ignore others space,
yes,
this is no time,
yes,
this is no place,
yes, this is no time to be careless,
for carelessness could see the end of our days,
and carelessness is jumped on by diseases,
such as the coronavirus,
which can so rapidly spread about the place,
so, yes this is no time to be careless,
yes, this is no place,
because this disease could end the human race,
and we could be erased from the face of the Earth,
and we could be rapidly erased and leave the Earth,
leave the Earth without a trace of the human race,
because of our poor lack of hygiene and stupidity,
which instead of common sense,
and logic we put in its place.

This is the therapy

Society,
the future,
no time for time,
no time for people,
untrusting,
unfriendly and more fast paced,
than you can ever imagine,
and with barely anyone to talk to,

only robot therapy,
yes, this is the therapy,
take it or leave it,
this is the therapy,
and you will believe you will like it,
and this is the therapy,
get outside,
get outside!
Robot psychotherapy in a dystopian time,
yes, this is the therapy,
take it or leave it I won't mind,
for I, I am a robot, and I cannot be bothered to analyse,
the inadequacies of the human mind,
yes, this is the therapy,
get outside,
get outside because I am not programmed to care,
and my time is limited,
so, do not look at me with such a stare,
yes, get outside,
get outside,
and see what you can find,
Robot therapy in the twenty second century,
now that will be one hundred dollars for my time,
now, get outside,
get outside before I have you electrified for wasting my time,
yes, robot therapy in a dystopian time,
robot therapy,
a cold and uncaring technology,
and no human sensitivities and no compassion,
just rapidity, and only common sense and logic,

and no compassion for human frailty,
and no compassion for human feelings,
and no humanity,
yes, just an empty void.
Yes, robot psychotherapy,
in a dystopian society in the twenty second century,
a cold place,
and a cold cold time.

This wave

This wave of feeling,
this wave of pain,
oh, how the heartache it rises over and over again,
yes, this wave of feeling,
this wave of pain,
oh, how the mind suffers,
from the lost love that still remains,
this lost love that lingers inside,
and that continues to eat away at the soul,
this wave of feeling and this wave of pain,
no, it is not what it should be,
but how it envelopes you, and cuts away at you,
and cuts away at you repeatedly,
and yes, you,
you have no wish for it to stay,
but you have a wish for it to go far away,
but you cannot help, but linger upon it,
and analyse every detail of the lost love,
the love that you had,

this love that was once good,
and that you will most likely never have it again,
and if you do ever have it again,
it will never be the same,
and oh, how it pierces you right through,
and how it continues to damage you,
the more you think of it,
the more you think of it,
and the want and the need for it grows,
and by thinking of it far too often,
how it eviscerates your happiness,
and it is but a mess,
a mess that clings to your mind,
and that devours your brain,
and how suffocating it is,
yes, you want it,
yes, you do not want it,
yes, you want it,
yes, you cannot help but feel the urge,
and the desire for it,
for it means so much more,
than the unhappiness that you hold deep inside,
and that continues to linger in the most painful way,
and yes, this wave of feeling,
this wave of pain you never want it again,
yes, you do want it again,
you want it to erase this unhappiness, then again,
you never want love again,
because doesn't it only bring you pain,
because doesn't it only bring you pain?

Truth is

Truth is,
unfortunately, not omnipotent,
but what would the world be like if it was,
and would we eventually get bored,
and would we resort to trouble making once more?
Well, I am not sure,
because truth is,
whatever you believe,
and if you believe in something enough,
maybe others will believe in it too,
but if it is not based on facts,
and not based in reality,
only by charm, will you fool yourself,
and others more,
so, believe,
what you want to believe,
but if your truth is based on delusions,
how quickly you will be, seen through by others,
and more often than, not shown the door,
but if you wish to delude yourself,
the truth is,
you can delude yourself forevermore,
and never be the wiser,
for wisdom is not believing in delusions,
so, educate yourself,
and read and listen to wisdom that can be proven,
and you will never be deluded again,
I am sure.

Undying

Undying,
and never gone,
what would it be like,
what would it be like to be an eternal one,
undying and never gone,
for there are universes and galaxies,
and planets never yet explored,
and there are many more glorious suns, than just our one,
the one that lights the Earth so beautifully,
and so majestically,
and what a beautiful sun,
and life would it be beautiful,
would it be beautiful,
if we were undying and never gone,
and what would you do with an endless life,
what would you do with endless time,
what would you do with the time,
and the power to change so many things,
the time and the power to make so many things better,
and what an incredible thing humanity would be,
and how great a power it would be,
and how great it would be to develop new emotions,
and to evolve into beings,
beings of much greater complexity,
and would we,
would we develop telepathically,
and would we be able to move things with our minds,
now, how great that would be!

What a winter

What a winter,
what a winter is this,
so, will you kiss,
will you kiss me because for far too long,
I have been in the ice and the snow,
and for far too long I have been so cold,
so, cold that I did not know if I did exist.
oh, what a winter,
what a winter is this,
the winter of the soul,
the winter of the soul for i am not whole,
and I have been travelling on alone,
alone for far too long,
and I have been numb and in a state of nothingness,
in a state of nothingness and not really awake,
and no, certainly not alive,
well, not fully alive and with no passion inside,
and my vision is fogged with the misery of the times,
and, oh, how I wish summer would come,
or the warm embrace,
the warm embrace of someone,
and what I would not give to be in the arms of you,
or of anyone,
of anyone who cares,
for I,
I am starving here,
starving and unaware,
unaware of love in my life,

well, not the love of my family,
but true love,
a partner of whom in which I can confide,
and I wish it wasn't so,
for how painful it is this emptiness,
this emptiness inside,
and I feel so hollow,
and I am of such nothingness,
and of such a vacant mind and I have no spark,
I have no spark to light up the fire of my heart,
and oh, oh, how I have cried,
how I have cried a thousand times waiting for the sea to part,
and here I am,
awaiting for you to arrive,
here I am waiting for you to melt the snows inside,
the snows and the ice inside me,
but I am so tired of snow and ice,
so tired of snow and ice,
and I desire,
I desire to be filled with the summer sun,
and I wish to be just not me,
for you are there out there I am sure,
but I will have to wait for chance probably,
and the parting of the sea,
the parting of the sea for you to come,
for knowing me and my luck,
if you came by boat,
upon the rocks you would crash,
and upon the rocks you would be be smashed upon,
and this is my view of my chances of love,

for I,
I seem to be an island of one,
yet, I have no wish to be one,
and I feel each second of the day that I am alone,
and for me there is no comfort just being one,
no comfort in being single,
yes, it is not much fun being single,
and just the hollow shell of someone,
someone waiting, waiting,
waiting for you to come,
waiting with the wind whistling through me,
and feeling so woebegone.

You killed yourself

You killed yourself inside,
you killed yourself inside,
you cut out your heart to numb the pain,
to stop the tears in their never-ending refrain,
you killed yourself inside,
you killed yourself inside,
you cut out your heart to numb the pain,
you killed yourself,
to stop the tears in their never-ending refrain,
and you subdued yourself into a quiet solitude,
for of love, you only had cause to complain,
so, you killed yourself again and again inside,
and nevermore,
do you wish for love to find itself at your door,
for it only breaks your heart again,

and again and again,
and with love there is only pain,
so, you killed yourself again and again and again,
and numb you are and empty you will be,
but if it makes you happy,
who am I to complain,
who am I,
but I would rather see you,
with a smile on your face,
for what good is a life in misery,
what good is a life without love,
well, it does not matter to you,
because you would rather be numb anyway,
and it is a terrible shame,
for you have so much to give,
but you are determined to be,
numb of heart and numb of brain.

You lived

You live no more for you have left the eternal shore,
you live no more and what for,
what for,
of that I am not sure,
because I never got to talk to you before,
before you made that fateful decision,
that fateful decision to kill yourself,
and that fateful decision will echo like earthquakes,
through your family forevermore,
for you took your own life,

and you left only a short goodbye,
and you left no reason,
no reason upon the note that was troubling your mind,
no reason at all and I am sad,
I am sad as are your family,
and still, we continue to struggle with it all,
and I mourn your loss every day,
for you have left the eternal shore,
yes, you have left us,
you have left us,
left us and we are bereft,
and we will be bereft forevermore,
and forevermore we will cry such tears,
and, in our hearts,
we will beg you to return but of you there is more,
no more for you are gone,
forever gone to the eternal joyous shore,
the eternal joyous shore of heaven,
where we will see you again, I am sure.

You say you want the sun

You say you want the sun,
you say you want everything golden,
you say you are tired of being frowned upon,
you say you want a positivity gun,
you say so many things,
and you have such hopes and dreams,
and you fight against the tides,
the tides of the seas,

and the tides of the oceans,
but if no one listens what good is positivity,
for you cannot change someone if they do not want to listen,
and they prefer being constantly glum,
and you,
you say you want the sun?
A permanent sun in everyone,
and you want the world to be an eternally happy one,
well, I admire your optimism,
but maybe,
you are better holding onto it yourself,
because on anyone else you could be wasting your time,
for what is positivity when others have no wish for it,
for it is futile and you are better keeping it inside yourself,
and you will accomplish more,
and how much better will be your health,
for sadly everyone else these days,
seems so focused on materialism,
and I can see why you would wish for a positivity gun,
but the reality is the world is so dark,
and uncaring so often,
and so, clouded by lies and materialism and money,
that humanity seems,
barely a part of the human race these days,
and no, it is not funny,
it is not funny,
but still,
I am sure you will go on being sunny,
and I,
I will, I will go on being the jaded one.

You were nowhere

You were nowhere,
nowhere to be seen,
yes, you in your sunglasses,
that you normally wear I am sure,
yes, you were nowhere to be seen,
and you were probably in a dream,
and you were probably eating ice cream in a dream,
and yes, probably acting cool and looking mean,
yes, you,
you with your mind like a laser beam,
always pondering the world and what does it mean?
Because you,
you think humanity is obscene,
and you have such a low regard of humans,
and of what they have accomplished,
and you wish you could turn them all into trees,
and oh, what a power that would be,
and how much cleaner that would be,
for you blame the one who is nowhere to be seen,
you blame God,
you blame God for he has been always nowhere to be seen,
but maybe God is too busy on extraterrestrial TV,
and talking to an alien,
an alien being,
and maybe he does not care anymore,
and maybe you have given up on him,
and therefore, he has decided to be nowhere to be seen,
and yes,

you are better off I am sure,
looking cool,
looking cool and eating ice cream,
and yes, better off pondering something else,
for humans really are something else,
and you are better off in a dream,
and without your head exploding,
and with your mind still like a laser beam.

You

You,
darkened silhouette,
you,
you shadow,
you, shadow I cannot forget,
yes, you,
you darkened silhouette,
yes, you, shadow,
stay away from me,
the old man in a rocking chair begs and pleads,
and then whispers I am not ready for death,
and death I am sure is not ready for me,
so, darkened silhouette,
darkened shadow please stay away from me,
but the shadow is only cast from the branch of a tree,
silly old me,
silly old me he says and laughs heartily,
silly old me,
and his eyes they light up with a distant memory,

but a happy memory,
oh, Rosemary how I remember thee,
for how beautiful you were and how I still treasure thee,
and a smile spreads across his face,
for her memory is a treasure that he will always keep,
and a memory that he wants to keep,
for a lot longer yet,
because he is not ready for death,
and he is glad to be warm by the fire,
remembering her in his arms,
and thinking of the smell of her perfume,
and remembering her kisses as if they were yesterday,
and how they were planted upon him so tenderly,
and he is genuinely happy,
genuinely happy and his face lights up with glee,
and he laughs a hearty laugh,
and he points his fingers at the shadows,
you,
you darkened silhouette,
you, shadow,
you, shadow I cannot forget,
stay away from me for I am not ready for death,
because I am far too happy,
with my memories of Rosemary,
and I have no wish,
no wish, for my time upon the Earth,
to come to an end just yet.