

Winter

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Of my heart

Of my heart I give it all,
I give it all to you because I love you,
and in my heart, I too as you do,
I rise and I fall,
I rise and I fall,
and not unsurprisingly,
because of the death of a close friend of yours,
your mood is not happy at all,
and your moods these days are like a rollercoaster,
and it is not unusual,
and despite them all,
I give you my heart,
my heart that is tender and full,
full of love,
and you,
you are passionate but lost in your own world sometimes,
and loving you in the sorrows of death,
is not the easiest thing to do,
but I will always be there no matter what,
because I do love you,
and I have always loved you,
for you have a good heart, but you are a wayward soul,
and sometimes you look so lost,
and love seems so far from your mind,
but I bear with it all,
I bear with it all,
the good days and the bad,
and the moods,

and your solemn moments,
and your frequent wanting of soliloquy,
and it does not bother me,
because it is a natural process,
and I hope that soon,
soon you will find your way home,
your way back home to the real you,
back from the death of your close friend,
which of course is hard to forget,
and often,
often you are lost in your own mind and seem so sad,
and though I understand it all,
I wish that you would talk more,
talk more than you actually do,
because it is no good for you,
and although I know, it is not easy,
and although death,
death it is a shock to us all,
no matter what,
no matter what I will be there for you,
I will be there for you through all your grieving,
I will be there for you because I love you,
and because my love for you is strong and powerful,
and when you are in my arms,
I will try to help you to forget death and the sorrow,
yes, I will try to help you forget it all,
because I hate to see your tears,
and I hate to see you cry,
and I hate to see your tears fall,
and I want to lift you up into the light once more,

and I want to help you rise up above it all,
and I know it may take time with death on your mind,
but I do not mind,
because I want you to be well,
and sorrow does take so long to go,
and sometimes sorrow,
sorrow, it never truly goes I know,
but I will be here for you in the sun,
in the rain and in the snows,
yes, I will be here for you no matter what,
and I will be here for you,
and I will care for you through it all,
and no matter what and as sure as the snows will melt,
your sorrow will surely mostly go,
and soon my love,
soon, I hope that you will smile more again,
and soon I hope that you will be happy again,
but until then,
let me hold you and wrap you in my warm embrace,
and let me kiss you,
let me kiss you again,
and let me wipe those tears from your pretty face,
and remember this,
remember with every cuddle and remember with every kiss,
sadness will be forgot,
yes, sadness will be forgot,
and in time and with patience,
sadness will undoubtedly stop,
and life,
yes life, it will resume having fled such clouds of gloom,

clouds of gloom that shroud you now,
for death has got the best of you,
but not for long will death conquer you,
because death conquering you permanently, I will not allow,
no, I will not allow,
death to shroud your heart and your mind forevermore,
and soon,
soon we will walk together in the sun again,
and you will have a smile upon your face again,
yes, a smile as we walk along your favourite beach,
and along its shore after death has been cast far away,
across the sea and your happiness is all I see,
and your sorrow,
your sorrow it is no more,

A scream

Amongst the trees,
there is a scream,
a scream that pierces the air,
a scream of frustration,
a scream of aggravation from somewhere,
a shattered dream,
an agony,
an agony revealed from the distance,
an agony apparently without anyone except me to care,
and how piercing it is as the wind it howls,
and the rain it falls,
and as I walk,
I feel the hairs on the back of my neck stand up,

and that solitary scream from somewhere,
what was it caused by?
Sounds like wolves,
yes, wolves, but where?
Where are they?
I cannot say.
And I,
I better run,
run through the forest,
to see if anyone needs help,
for that scream was a seismic vocal shock,
that so powerfully shattered the air,
and in the pitch-black night I must beware,
beware,
for the forest is of an impenetrable kind,
and even with a torch,
how spooky it is,
yes, how spooky,
and oh, how it haunts the eyes,
and the mind,
and the heart,
how the heart it palpitates in this race,
this race to save a life?
This race to try to scare the wolves away with a torch,
and a gun,
but what will I find,
what will I find,
deep in the impenetrable forest in the pitch-black night,
will I find someone being attacked,
someone dying,

wolves with a lust for blood?
How my heart it races,
as I head towards where I heard the scream,
but what will I see,
what will I see?
Oh, the imagination it runs wild,
it runs wild, and the possibilities are already haunting me,
and taunting me,
and in the impenetrable forest as I race,
how ashen is my face,
and how heavily I am breathing,
I am breathing from this frantic pace.
Now, will I get there in time?
Will I find anything at all,
will the wolves attack me or flee from this spooky place,
I will see,
I will see I say under my breath,
as I race,
as I race,
with a little fear in me,
and some concern about whoever it was that screamed,
and I picture the possibilities,
and it does no good for me,
it does no good,
and I hurry along and quicken my pace,
and my heart it beats so rapidly that I fear,
this could be the last of my days,
and the end of my life,
oh, the horror of that scream,
and the sound of the fright,

run,
run,
run through the trees,
and jump over the fallen logs,
and run through the piles of leaves,
hark,
another scream,
another scream,
life still to be saved,
and the sound of wolves,
a bit closer now,
so, hurry,
and yes, as I do,
I have visions of wolves with enormous fangs,
and immediately,
the thought of someone in distress,
oh, run faster,
run faster,
and try to get there quicker,
quicker,
yes,
because there may not be long,
in this impenetrable forest,
where no one is likely to find you,
when wolves have attacked you,
and have torn you to shreds,
and eaten your flesh,
yes,
run,
run,

run,
yes,
there is a life to be saved,
and my heart,
my heart it still beats,
and I still breathe,
and I must get there at all costs,
yes,
yes,
prevent a death,
prevent a death,
no,
death shall not come to you I swear,
and I swear to rescue you,
yes,
run,
running through the forest,
in the pitch-black impenetrable forest,
where there is suffering ahead,
and possibly death!
Death!
No, you shall not have them I swear,
so, wolves, take away your evil fangs,
for I will eviscerate you,
from this darkened place,
and banish you from life,
if you do not flee to your lair,
flee to your lair,
yes, wolves,
wolves beware!!!

A silent stream

A silent stream,
a quiet moment of soliloquy,
a dream,
a daydream,
sat here looking for simplicity,
and finding it in the sunshine,
alone,
alone here by the stream,
with the leaves falling off of the trees,
and floating away so gently past,
as I calmly sit in the gentle breeze,
and as I sit in the sunshine so warm,
that makes me feel so at ease,
how uplifted I am by natures inspirations,
that fill my mind and my heart,
and in the quiet,
and in my heart and my mind,
what joy leaps inside me as I pass the time,
with such happiness expressed in my eyes,
and as natures glories are unfurled before me,
and the birds sing so beautifully in the trees,
how wonderfully nothing fills me,
fills me with its tranquillity,
and my mind it floats happily,
and gently as if a butterfly upon the breeze,
and it floats here and there and everywhere,
and I see clearly in the clarity of calm,
and I ponder and I wander in my thoughts,

admiring the beauty,
the beauty of the river reeds,
and I too admire the ducks and their glorious colours,
as upon the stream they swim gently past,
and a cat sits in the sun enjoying the warmth,
and the birds they float on high and fly so fast,
but me, I am happy in soliloquy,
and I am happy relaxing in the peace that I find,
for through life, it helps me see my way along the path,
and no matter how rocky the road I may tread,
and no matter what great mountains I have to climb,
in the calm how much more easily,
thoughts are clarified and refined,
and here the mind is a happy mind,
and the heart is joyous,
and joyously surrounded by the sublime,
the sublime glories of nature,
that here by the stream I find.

After

After the silence,
and the violence,
and after the rain has stopped falling,
and after the telephone has stopped ringing,
and the bird has stopped singing,
and the night has begun to fall,
we stare at the heavens,
and at their twinkling lights,
that shine so bright as I stand inside,

and I, I watch the meteors fly across the sky,
and revel in them,
and their spectacular transience and magnificence,
and I admire them all with a heart so full,
a heart so full of joy,
for how wonderfully they light me up inside,
as I stare into space,
and they reflect so gloriously in my eyes,
and how powerful,
how powerful the view, the view that lifts me up,
and carries me away,
and how romantic too, as we two,
we cuddle and we kiss in the light of the stars in the heavens,
and we take in the heaven's majesty above,
the majesty that takes our breath away,
and that so gloriously in our eyes does play,
oh, what a view, what a wonderful view,
and how romantic, how romantic it is with you,
and what a beautiful view is the heavens,
the magnificent beauty that I kiss you under,
and where I hold you close,
and run my fingers through your hair,
as I look into your beautiful eyes,
and I am mesmerised,
and beguiled as I fall into your eyes,
oh, those deep pools that I could swim forever in,
oh, how I wonder at them,
and how much I love you,
how much I love you, wonderful you,
truly wonderful you.

Alone

Alone.

Alone in my own world as time flies,
sat inside a pub watching the world out the window,
watching the world go by,
sat dreaming the day away with a pint or two,
and a wistful eye,
sat here, relaxing in my own space,
destressing the brain with no anxieties,
and no mind for the daily stress and the daily grind,
sat here and in my thoughts and glad to be far away,
sat here calmly and floating here and there in my thoughts,
and enjoying the sunlight coming through the window,
with a blue sky outside and a few fluffy clouds,
meandering their way across the sky,
meandering as I sip my pint happily,
without any cares in the world,
and I, I unwind,
and pay no mind to the time,
and here gladly, I am happy in my heart and in my mind,
and as the sun comes through the window,
and shines so gloriously upon me,
what a wonderful day it is with such simplicity,
and with a pint in my hand,
and with no mind on the time,
as the day goes by without a sigh,
how sublime it is, alone in my own world as time flies,
sat inside a pub, watching the world out the window,
watching the world go by.

An almost silent stream

An almost silent stream,
cold,
water flowing,
water flowing gently,
over rocks and carrying twigs and branches of trees,
and leaves,
and reflections in the water of happy faces,
gazing into the water lovingly,
oh, what majesty in the colours beneath,
beneath the surface,
the glorious colours of the rocks and the stones,
and upon the fish that swim around so rapidly,
and time,
time passes by so slowly,
and quietly,
and happily,
and in the eyes, there is a light filled with magnificence,
and visions of the shallow and of the deep,
and oh, how the heart it leaps,
how the heart it leaps at the sight,
as the stream flows below the blue sky,
and the leaves upon the trees blow in a gentle breeze,
and the mind it is calm,
calm amidst the wonders of nature,
that so gloriously thrill the mind, and fill the heart,
and create beautiful memories that inside you,
inside you,
you will forever keep.

Blindly on

Some people stumble blindly on, blinkered and scared,
and do not know or wish to know, the root of what is wrong,
and some people do not listen,
and even when help is given some people will not take help,
or advice and they stumble on in denial,
and proceed as if walking in the dark,
and metaphorically they cross their fingers,
and wait for a miracle to come,
and oh, how quickly time flies,
when you ignore your problems,
and you blame others for your problems,
and your suffering continues over and over again,
until you find yourself far too quickly, at the end of your life,
and with barely any happy memories,
and only memories of a life lived wrong,
and with far too many regrets and filled with misery,
and oh, what a sad life it is,
when you will not acknowledge the root of your problems,
and do not listen to others, who are trying to help,
or you fail to understand them,
and you blame others for everything that has gone wrong,
and you in bitterness find yourself at death's door,
and with tears of regret, and an unhappy heart,
headed for the Earth and a burial in the soil,
back where you have come from,
and having learnt barely anything at all,
and sadly, having lived a miserable and unhappy life and
not one filled with joy and fun.

Break it up

Break it up,
break

it
up,
put your chin to a buttercup,
let the yellow reflect upon you,
and let it fill you up,
for bright should be the light inside you my friend,
so, no do not let darkness in,
yes, break it up,
break

it
up,
put your chin to a buttercup,
and scatter the dark clouds with love,
and the light colours that allow you to be better off,
and not swallowed up,
so, break it up,
break

it
up,
put your chin to a buttercup,
and surround yourself with flowers,
and all colours no matter the hours,
for what good is the dark to love,
and how can you grow,
how can you grow in the dark,
when black is the only colour,

of which you surround yourself with,
and of which your soul is filled of,
and does not light up your mind and your heart,
and of the dark,
of the dark,
moods will only come to break your heart,
so, break it up,
break
 it
 up,
put your chin to a buttercup,
let the yellow reflect upon you,
and let it fill you up,
for bright should be the light inside you my friend,
so, no do not let darkness in,
yes, with all colours break it up.

Please carry some clarity

Please carry some clarity,
carry some clarity to me across the sea,
please,
I beg of thee because I cannot clearly see,
and I am lost, and I am no longer me,
I am no longer me,
so, please bring me some clarity,
I beg of thee,
I beg of thee my friend,
please bring me some clarity and help guide me,
help guide me,

because alas I am so confused and lost,
I know not when this lonely weary path,
through the forest of ill content will end,
oh,
oh, my broken heart,
oh, my broken heart,
how I suffer again and again,
and how torn am I,
torn like never before and no matter which way I turn,
I have no light to guide me,
and I walk alone in pieces in the dark,
in the dark,
clutching my shattered heart,
clutching my shattered heart.

Here I am

Here I am,
with all the time in the world,
with no worries or cares,
and only relaxation on the mind,
and tranquillity it is true,
and here I am,
caught up in the quiet contemplation of you,
caught up in the feelings that you bring me,
from your heart so true,
caught up in a mood,
sat in the garden,
catching up on my thoughts,
of my love for you,

in the garden,
in the solitude,
amongst the flowers,
under grey skies,
and alone for hours,
contemplating,
and ruminating,
and oh, how my heart it rises,
and how it lifts,
and how wonderfully I am enlightened,
with the beauty of you,
the beauty of you in my thoughts,
as my heart skips a beat,
and but does barely pause,
and the flowers and their scents,
how they remind me of you,
for you are as fresh as the summer's day,
and as fresh as the flowers,
in the garden where I lay,
and how beautiful your smile is,
that I remember when we are not together,
and although today we are apart,
the memory of you,
how greatly it lights my heart,
and as magnificently,
and as beautifully as the sun,
the sun now beginning to shine through,
shine through the clouds,
oh, wonderful you,
wonderful you.

Cloudy skies

Cloudy skies,
teardrops from God's eyes,
water from heaven that nourishes the earth,
and that brings great delight,
with new growth that the water feeds,
the water that God supplies,
the water that God supplies,
in a never-ending flood,
or so it seems in so many places,
but God,
why do you not cry over the Sahara,
that is so dry and for water so begs and pleads?

Coffee strong

You drink your coffee strong,
you drink it strong,
and you look at the world,
the world gone wrong,
and you have a dim view of it all,
and you hate the complacency and the bureaucracy,
and you hate the problems left unsolved,
and you wish you had a gun for every problem,
but no one listens to you,
and no one has ever listened to you,
and you are happy to be alone,
drinking your coffee strong,
because you have no rose-coloured spectacles,

with which to view the world,
this world gone so horribly wrong,
so horribly wrong,
and the reality of the world,
with its constant famine and drought,
and poverty,
and gun crime and knife crime,
and rape,
and torture,
and murder,
and wars,
they linger bitterly on,
and you want to shout and scream at the wrongs done,
and let all the anger out in your educated vocabulary,
as you have done so many times before,
but sadly, now you have given up,
and no matter how many times you complained,
still the world stumbled blindly on,
and now you in your heart,
you have accepted the state of humanities stupidities,
and its predictability,
and its seemingly never-ending want,
to erase humanity from the Earth,
and you want to shut yourself off from all of its wrongs,
and now, you are happier alone,
drinking your coffee strong,
and happier with your plans,
soon to be on an island alone,
without humanities stupidities facing you daily,
and continual stories of miseries and suffering,

and you will be much happier,
drinking your coffee strong in the sun,
far away from the newspapers,
the magazines,
and the radio,
the Internet,
and the television,
on your own island in the sun,
drinking your coffee strong,
drinking your coffee strong where there is nothing wrong.

You

You.
Cold lonely you.
I see you across the room,
I see you in your evil gloom.
I see you waiting to pounce,
I see you ruminating, cogitating, and salivating,
and wandering happily in the dark of your heart,
and I ponder you,
and I wonder what savagery are you awaiting to unleash,
and what awaits within you,
to rile you up so into such a beast?
A beast who will tear anyone apart,
with such a wicked and a vicious heart,
a beast whose barbs,
and cold callousness could freeze the world,
and shatter the world apart,
yes, in the dark of your heart,

what made you such a devil inside,
what made you so vicious,
what made you so bitter and vindictive,
that you thrill,
at wielding such qualities,
in no time at all,
and not even with enough time,
in the blink of an eye,
yes, oh, how quickly you bedevil people,
and break their hearts,
oh, yes, you do not care at all,
and sin to you is a pleasure,
and oh, how you enjoy it,
when you cut people to pieces,
and how you enjoy it,
when you shatter their pride,
and trample them into the ground,
with the vicious words that you utter,
and how you savage them inside,
with your wicked vicious tongue,
and your evil eyes,
and oh, how you savage them,
until you belittle them,
and leave them far lesser as human beings,
and cowering before you in such a form,
a form that is as ugly,
and as brutal as you can cause them to be,
with your wicked,
wicked cold callous heart,
and your evil plans.

Do not hold me

Do not hold me too close,
do not,
yes,
I am not one that finds it easy to forget,
and your words are never to be forgot,
for they were bitter and twisted,
and negative and malicious,
and they've cut me inside,
oh, how they have torn me to shreds,
and I truly feel like I have died,
and there are tears,
beginning to form in your eyes,
but, no, no, do not try to hold me,
for I only have anger and the pain in me,
and I am not of a mood to be verbose,
no, no verbal dexterity for me,
as your tears of regret,
they come instantly,
and I look at you,
with such anger inside,
and you look back at me,
with such tears in your eyes,
oh, those soft gentle eyes,
full of regret,
and full of sorrow,
and full of the repercussions of your vicious words,
and your vicious lies,
words and vicious lies,

that I cannot instantly wipe from my mind,
words that have shattered my heart into pieces,
and that have left me,
like a volcano inside,
and that have left me ready to explode,
at any further words that may utter forth,
from your wicked tongue,
if you would be so stupid to add more insults,
to the vicious words that you uttered before,
but I doubt it,
and for hours I expect,
countless expressions of remorse,
and sorrowful regret until I soften,
oh, how complex love is,
and how often,
how often it teeters on a knives edge,
and how hard it is to forget,
vicious words and lies,
that damage the heart and the mind,
and how painful the battlefield of love is,
how painful when love goes wrong,
and there is mistrust in your heart,
yes, mistrust that won't die,
and how crucifying it is,
as those vicious words,
they linger in your mind,
and in your heart,
and they twist you up in such an art,
and oh, how awfully they suffocate you,
and kill you inside.

Don't go

My friend, please don't go,
please, don't go to the land of winter and snow,
but stay a while,
and let me fill your heart with a gentle glow,
yes, please don't go,
but stay a while, and let me make you smile,
and let us talk and laugh under the stars,
and the heavens,
until the sun comes up,
and we are worn out and tired,
and a little hazy from drinking the bottles of wine,
yes, let us drink a while,
red and white,
both will be fine,
and let us talk and forget all our maladies in great style,
because for you my friend, I wish for the best,
and I have no wish to see you disappear so fast,
and I have no wish for our conversation to end,
so, please don't go, please, don't leave and go,
to the land of winter and snow,
but stay a while,
and let me fill your heart with a gentle glow,
and let our conversation meander,
here and there and everywhere,
and let us laugh and joke,
because I have missed you my friend,
and how I appreciate you being here my friend,
because to me you are as solid as an oak,

and always there for me,
and so am I for you,
and it is a shame that time does pass so fast,
so, let us drink this wine by the fire,
and let us forget the time whilst drinking wine,
and with smiles on our faces,
and great cheer in our hearts,
let not the conversation end,
until the dawn of the morning,
and the sunlight is streaming through the windows,
and reflecting in our eyes,
and its warmth entering our bodies,
and warming up our contented hearts.

Down the hill

Down the hill to the stream,
with a gentle breeze blowing,
through the leaves in the trees,
as I walk through the fields of grassy green,
and the sun it struggles to peer through the clouds,
oh, for a sun beam,
oh, for a sun beam,
to light me and brighten me,
upon my walk in the freshest of airs,
where I wander and where I roam, I do not care,
I do not care,
as long as I am amongst nature,
and its beauty,
my mind is calm, and my heart is happy everywhere.

Far off

Far off in the distance,
I see,
I see a vision,
a vision of how things should be,
but it is not life's reality,
and how great the difference between,
between how things are and how things should be,
but mostly, what should be is sadly not the reality,
and in this world, there is far too much misery,
and it should not be,
so, here I sit in my armchair,
with my visions of how things could be,
and with my visions,
of how great the world could be,
and I, I am a dreamer me,
and I am wistful and hopeful,
that humanity will snap out of its stupidities,
stupidities with which we,
we bombard the world so frequently,
and oh, how frustrating it is,
and how terrible it is to repeatedly see,
over and over again,
and although I try to do my best,
I am much like all the rest,
all the rest of humanity,
and I feel powerless,
and though I try to help things change,
and although I truly try my best,

unfortunately, upon the Earth change is far too slow no less,
and how often humanity suffers,
because of the lack of common sense,
and logic used in society,
and because of greed and inequality,
suffering is perpetuated seemingly unendingly,
and oh, how many tears are cried,
as many tears as it takes to fill all the lakes,
the oceans and the seas,
oh, what is it with humanity?
I wonder and I ponder,
and I sit in my armchair,
and I have visions of how I wish things to be,
and oh, how I wish they were the reality,
because I want a peaceful life,
and I wish there was an end to the troubles and to the strife,
and an end to pollution,
and an end to gun crime and knife crime,
and nuclear proliferation,
and robberies,
and rape and violence,
and kidnappings and torturing,
and murdering,
because this world is such a beautiful world,
and all these horrible things,
are such an anathema to humanity,
and we can do much better,
and try much harder to solve problems,
well, that is what I feel,
and here I sit in my armchair,

with my visions of how things should be,
but unfortunately,
the reality is nowhere near what it should be,
and it is far worse,
far worse than it should be,
and it truly,
it truly saddens me,
and I pray for an end to all the misery,
and I can only try my best,
and I can only hope for the rest of humanity to join me,
and hopefully we will see a change,
and like a phoenix from the flames
rise,
rise up out of the ashes of our brutal past,
and begin anew with peace in everyone's hearts,
and how much better the world would be,
if we ditched our brutal and barbaric and greedy mentality,
yes, I am a dreamer me,
and we in time shall see,
if there will be a change in humanity,
because it is awful how the world conducts itself now,
yes, rather greedily,
and the world unfortunately,
starts far too many wars from which people profit
financially,
and it is horrific to me,
and so, I ponder this,
and I pray for better times to come,
and yes,
I am a dreamer me.

How the heart seems

Oh, how the heart it seems today,
for it is as if it is cast far away,
far away upon the sea,
and flowing back and forth and not settling at all,
and constantly moving indecisively,
oh, what a misery,
what a misery within me,
what a debilitating thing,
what a conflicting thing,
not knowing where happiness lies in my heart,
yes, not knowing exactly what I want,
and not knowing exactly in my life where I should be,
it is a misery,
and oh, how I wish this would end,
this uncertainty,
but these days it seems to come so easily,
yes, so easily to me,
and what a frustrating thing it is,
and I wish I had better clarity,
but the heart it clouds the mind,
and it fogs the brain so easily,
and oh, how indecisive the heart seems today,
and how annoying it is,
for it is as if cast far away upon the sea,
and it is not finding any way back to the shore at all,
but instead floating endlessly,
endlessly back and forth,
forth and back endlessly,

and oh, how my mind,
how awfully it suffers this internal misery,
and how cruel a heart can be to oneself,
and I wish it was not,
and I cannot decide what is worse,
the heart tricking the mind,
or the mind tricking the heart,
but whatever it is,
it is a misery,
a misery that I could do without,
but today I am truly lost,
contemplating the joy, the pain, and the agony,
the joy, the pain, and the agony of love,
oh, is love necessary, is love necessary?
Right now, I do not know,
because I, I far too frequently agonise over it,
and it destroys me,
and it shatters my mind,
and it destroys my sanity whenever I think of it,
and maybe I think of it too much,
and maybe I try too hard,
and maybe I should not think of love at all,
and just let it be,
just let it be?
But, oh, how indecisive the heart it seems today,
for it is as if cast far away,
far away upon the sea,
floating endlessly,
when instead, I,
I want the shore and the ground beneath my feet,

but here I am, as if floating upon the sea,
here I am not sure at all whether love is any good for me,
because heartbreak in the past, it has jaded me,
oh, the agony of the uncertainty torturing me,
so, please stop,
please stop dear heart and mind,
please do stop I beg of thee
because I am as indecisive as can be,
and time unfortunately it does not stand still,
and if I wait too long my life will be gone,
and about love I will still be,
I will still be as uncertain as can be,
but when I am dead love will not torture me,
but I would rather be alive and happy than dead,
so, please do stop dear heart and mind,
please do stop thinking and pondering about love oh,
I beg of thee, I beg of thee,
please let me think of something else,
and please, please put me out of my misery.

How

How, how in this world of want and need,
and abundant wealth and greed,
does the world not believe,
that there are better ways of doing things,
that do not decimate society and bring great poverty,
yes, how in this world of want and need,
and abundant wealth and greed,
does the world not believe,

that there are better ways to live,
and better ways to treat people,
that we do not currently seem to see,
because currently,
materialism clouds our view and brings about great insanity,
and brings about great suffering amongst humanity,
and great poverty,
and why,
why should it be,
this craziness,
this lust for money,
and constant wanting of anything of value,
that we seem to value above all else,
and certainly, value over human beings,
and how sad it is,
how sad it is to see,
and we are unfortunately far too blinkered in society,
and we, we see so many homeless people on the streets,
and how they survive, God only knows,
and it is a miracle so many times,
and no, they should not have to live in such misery,
and with such miseries as hunger,
and lack of shelter that blights their lives,
and of which they truly suffer such horrible ignominy,
no,
no,
no,
this should not be,
but it is sadly,
so, what will it take to change humanities mentality,

I wish I knew as many others do too,
and it is a terrible insanity this cruelty of inequality,
this inequality because of materialism,
yes, it is a terrible insanity that should not be,
no, it should be, but yes, unfortunately,
we have far too much on this planet of me, me, me,
but when will it end?
When we are wiped from the face of the Earth,
wiped from the face of the Earth by our own stupidity?

I am alone

I am not alone for long,
but I am alone,
and visions of you they flood my mind,
and at the thought of you,
my heart,
my heart it dances inside,
and here as I sit under the moon,
my eyes reflect the moonlight,
and the thought of you,
it warms me so beautifully inside,
and though you are away,
I know you are not far away for long,
and soon you will arrive upon a summer's day,
and we will dance,
we will dance together under the moonlight,
and under the stars,
and your kisses you will plant so gently,
upon my lips with such tenderness,

for your kisses are as sweet as honey,
and oh, how they fill me with such bliss,
glorious bliss.
Kiss,
kiss,
kiss,
oh, what a thought,
and so too, how beautiful you are to me,
and no, I cannot wait for you to arrive,
and for us to embrace again in the moonlight,
and how happy together,
we will be both day and night,
and in the sun where we lay together,
by the river that never sleeps,
our love,
our love it will blossom with each moment spent,
like water to a rose,
like water to a rose that is from the heavens sent,
and our love,
our love is heaven sent,
because you are everything to me,
and my love for you,
my love for you it rages inside me like an ocean or a sea,
so powerfully,
and you,
you are the best part of me,
for we are one,
we are one you and me,
and luckily fate brought me to you,
and you to me,

and time, time cannot move fast enough,
and soon thankfully,
you will be here and smiling so beautifully back at me,
and soon missing you,
as we dance under the stars,
will quickly be a forgotten memory,
and together again,
oh, how happy we will be,
reunited in each other's company,
and with our arms intertwined,
as we reconnect and we kiss each other so tenderly,
how beautiful it will be in the moonlight and under the stars,
where we kiss again and again so passionately,
and we dance with happiness,
with happiness once more in our hearts.

I find

I find,
I find my heart at times,
I find it wandering here and there,
and everywhere,
and looking for a heart and a mind,
that are compatible with my own,
and looking for a place for my heart to call home,
because for me it is not better being alone,
and I have no wish to be alone wherever I roam,
for I am not truly me on my own,
and I do not live as fully as I should alone,
or feel as much as I should,

when I am in an enforced soliloquy,
forced upon me by chance,
and by fate that does not to my heart relate,
no,
no,
I do not wish to be alone,
because on my own I am partly lost,
and do not know the direction in which I should go,
and yes, it seems unnatural to me,
that I should be on my own,
and I find,
I find my heart at times,
I find it wandering here and there and everywhere,
looking for a place to call home,
and I am not truly happy,
and I am not fully me alone,
and there is such dullness without love,
and I am not egotistical,
and I have no wish to only love me, me, me at all,
yes, because how boring that would be,
and how selfish of me,
so, please, fate and chance,
please, bring me someone to love,
so, I can be fully me and so that I can truly be happy,
yes, because finding love is what I need,
and when I do,
when I do how big a smile on my face there will be,
and how much happiness there will be in my heart,
for how glorious love is and the magic of love,
and how beautiful life is when two are in love,

and love,
how beautifully it reflects in the eyes,
and, love,
what a wonder it is,
and such a glorious work of art,
that plays upon the strings of the heart,
for from out of nowhere it comes,
and how it shines upon you,
and inside you so warmly as if the sun,
so, please, fate and chance,
let there be no total soliloquy for me,
but instead, let there be love,
yes, let there be a true love for me,
please, please, I beg of thee, let love find me,
and let there be love inside my heart,
and let me be as happy as can be.

I took my time

I took my time and I waited with the wine,
I waited for you,
as I sat outdoors at the cafe in the summertime,
and there I pondered you,
and your beauty and the light in your eyes,
and oh, how beautiful you are,
and what a wonderful surprise,
what a wonderful surprise,
it was to finally meet someone with a like mind,
and to find someone with such a sense of humour,
and such a good heart,

and I thank my lucky stars,
that you have come into my life,
and roused my once jaded heart,
for you brought me love anew,
and helped me cast away the dark,
and your intellect and wit,
and compassion and caring,
its easiness all my cares and my worries,
and no more is there any despairing,
and as here I sit,
with a glass of wine in hand,
I anticipate your arrival,
I anticipate it and it magnifies my happiness,
because absence makes the heart grow fonder,
and what a wonder the connection between us,
is, the connection that causes such sparks,
and how beautiful our romance is,
and how I savour every bit,
with a glass of wine in hand in the summertime,
what a wonder it is,
and how glad am I,
that chance has brought you into my life,
and how glad I am to be with you,
and glad that together we have so many future plans,
and soon,
soon, how wonderful it is,
that you will be my wife,
oh, how grand life is,
and the complexities of chance,
that have brought you into my life.

I was here

In the cafe,
I was here for a little while,
as the snowflakes fell out of the sky,
and I saw you cry a while,
in your designer clothes,
and with nary a smile,
and of such a mood,
a mood as black as the day,
and you,
you sat alone and I looked at you,
I looked at you in your distressed state,
as so many many tears ran down your face,
and you did not know which way to look,
but you should not have been ashamed,
yes, because I know pain,
I know pain,
and you were that day all over the place,
and still in my mind,
I have your face etched in my memory,
and the pain you were feeling it tugs at my heart to this day,
and when I think of it,
I still feel the sensations,
and the sympathy for your pain that you felt,
and though I beckoned you over that day,
you would not come to me,
though I wanted to talk to you a while,
and to take you out of that lonely place,
that lonely painful solitude that cuts you into pieces,

if you do not express yourself,
and you do not get it off your chest,
and oh, how difficult it is,
when your eyes are blinded by tears,
and your mind is in a maze,
a maze of conflicting emotions,
and thoughts that take you around in circles,
and that make you feel so uneasy and crazed,
crazed by pain,
pain in a never-ending refrain,
and oh, how I felt your pain,
how I felt your pain that day,
as you looked at me with those sad eyes,
and with those countless tears running down your face,
tears that I could not explain,
as the snowflakes fell outside,
and your heart was as cold as the day,
but alas you would not come over to me,
and I could not attempt to understand you,
and attempt to take away your pain,
which was a terrible shame,
and now, in my mind,
the vision of your agony it unfortunately remains,
and I wonder about you,
and I hope,
I truly hope that you are in a better place,
and I hope that you are far away from tears,
caused by what heartbreak?
What heartbreak?
I do not know,

but I think of you in my prayers,
and I pray for you from it to be saved,
to be saved from heartbreak,
and heartbreak it truly is not an easy thing I know,
and with time heartbreak it will go,
but unfortunately, it happens in life so many times,
and you are an emotional soul,
and as delicate as a butterfly,
and you probably always will be,
and I wish I could see you again,
and tell you and reassure you that there is no shame,
no shame in tears that fall like rain,
no shame at all, for they are truly beautiful,
and not ugly at all, because they cleanse the soul,
and it is the beginning of the end,
and a rebirth of the soul,
and it is good for you and not shameful at all,
and yes, I still think of you,
and I think of us all who suffer heartbreak,
and I hope that you will find some comfort,
and emerge reawakened and bettered by it all,
because the road leads ever onwards,
and heartbreak never lasts as long as love,
and of that we all should be thankful,
and wherever you are now,
I hope you are in a better place, and with a happy face,
and you are smiling in the sun some place,
yes, some place where there is no heartbreak at all.
And I will look for you,
no matter the sun, the rain, or the winter snows,

I will look for you,
because my heart does not want to be alone.
Yes, I will look for you,
because that is the only way my heart wants to go,
on a journey looking for love,
because it is far too miserable being alone,
and no matter the sun, the rain, or the winter snows,
when your heart is empty and you want love,
no beauty, not even the beauty of nature,
can fill the empty space alone,
so, I will look for you wherever I am,
I will look for you across the world no matter where I go,
because love is a truly blessed thing,
and an inspirational thing,
and how it lights the eyes aglow,
and how it fills the heart with loves glorious revelries,
and how it makes you leap for joy,
and feel so content inside,
and how powerful it is,
for with just a look,
with a touch, with a kiss, what wonder and magic there is,
and oh, how the soul does lift,
lift you up, as if into the heavens upon angels' wings,
and oh, how much joy there is,
and how many happy tears are cried,
and love, love cannot be denied,
unlike the misery that you feel Inside of being alone,
and I have no wish to be alone,
so, I will look for love,
I will look for love across the world wherever I go.

In the dark

In the dark I lay,
and you have not shattered my heart,
yes, In the dark I lay,
and you have not torn,
my world apart.
Yes, in the dark I lay,
without a broken heart.
And in the dark, I lay,
having erased you from my mind,
and left you in the past,
and no longer thankfully,
no longer have you a hold of my heart.
Yes, In the dark I lay,
and you are in the darkness of an age,
an age gladly passed.
Yes, In the dark I lay,
and no, no negative,
thoughts flow through my mind,
whilst looking at the stars,
and oh, how beautiful they are,
as they shine down upon me,
from the heavens so glorious above,
and how wonderfully their light it fills me with beauty,
and how majestically they capture my heart,
and in this soliloquy,
how happy I am,
without your love,
without your love here under the stars.

In the dead of night

In the dead of night,
in the candlelight,
with the stars out and the moon shining bright,
how beautiful you look,
and how elegant in your red dress,
and how glorious your eyes are and how bright,
yes, what a beauty you are,
and your voice, it is as silky as can be,
and it melts me instantly,
and it brings me such great delight,
and what a wonder it is to hold you in my vision,
and how my heart it flutters,
every time I see you,
and every time I do not,
absence makes the heart grow fonder,
and apart from you in my mind I wander,
but there is no greater delight,
than to see you before me my love,
and to hold you in my arms so tight,
and to kiss you in the dead of night,
in the candlelight,
by the fireside,
as outside the stars are out,
and the moon outside,
is shining bright,
yes, oh, how wonderful it is to be with you,
and to be able to gaze into your gorgeous eyes,
that I lose myself in every time,

and as I wonder you,
and we kiss and we cuddle,
the whole night through,
I am in heaven with you,
beautiful you,
yes, oh, how I wonder you,
and how you awaken my senses,
as you so gloriously do,
and how alive I feel,
as your heart it beats next to mine,
and we make love,
under the starry skies in the summertime,
with your mind and mine,
and your heart,
and mine intertwined,
how beautiful are your sensual delights,
that set me aflame so gloriously,
through the passionate night.

In this contagion

In the mindset of a materialistic age,
in this contagion of want,
and need over everything else,
in this war of greed,
in this inequality,
and in the poverty,
where is the humanity these days?
For rarely seen it is,
rarely seen at all,

and life, life because of finance it is crushing,
crushing mostly and abysmal,
and not much good,
and certainly not filled with happiness at all,
and how sad it is to see,
so many people suffer because of money,
and how sad it is to see,
so many people die for the want of it,
and after struggling in their lives,
to acquire as much as they can,
and working far too much,
and not earning as much as they should,
despite all the hours worked,
and the unhappiness of so many jobs,
that do not bring happiness at all,
and how tragic it is,
that so many people sadly suffer,
because they do not have a roof over their heads,
and are rarely able to feed themselves at all,
yes, this world it is sick,
and the worlds priorities are back to front,
and our bank accounts,
and material things,
they are to most people,
of much more importance,
than people starving and being homeless,
and a travesty it is,
how we delude ourselves,
and allow ourselves to be deluded,
by materialism and material things,

that we mostly focus on only them,
and we seemingly do not value people's suffering,
and misery barely at all,
and what great pain there is inflicted upon us all,
and how likely it is because of finance,
that great civilisations will fall,
and how many people will die because of finance,
yes, isn't it awful,
yes, it is, truly horrible,
and really, shouldn't we rethink our priorities,
shouldn't we rethink them after all?

Life,
work,
finance,
happiness,
and the balance and the imbalance,
and the suffering,
because of the inequality of it all?

It is

It is, and it was,
it is and it was hard to see you cry.
it is and it was hard to see the distress in your eyes,
yes, it is, and it was so hard to find the right words to say,
but I have truly tried so many times,
and unfortunately, my words stumbled uneasily out,
and I comforted you as best as I could,
but you were angry at the world,
and wanting to scream and shout,

and I listened and I tried to understand,
but all I could do was wait,
wait for the monsoon of tears, to empty from your eyes,
and you have such beautiful eyes,
yet, at times they are so sorrowful,
and it was so harrowing,
to watch the incredible pain in you,
the incredible pain inside,
and how I wish you would cast,
the person away who caused you so much hurt,
so much hurt, even for a day, a day out of your mind,
but you, you dwell on those dark thoughts,
over and over again,
and your world it continually caves in,
and you dig yourself deeper into an emotional black hole,
a black hole that swallows you up whole,
and that you rarely escape from,
and it is sad to see how broken you are inside,
for inside you is a black hole,
torn apart by the absence of light,
and I wish it wasn't so, no, no,
I wish it wasn't so, oh, no, oh, no,
here comes another monsoon, of tears from your eyes,
and oh, how you cry, oh, how you cry,
and I, I feel helpless upon the sea of your tears,
and it is sad to see you this way,
but it is the reality unfortunately,
and all I can do as quietly as I can is sigh,
and wait for you to get it out momentarily,
out of your system, and watch you cry, cry, cry.

Never to be repeated

Pain,
pain,
pain,
never to be repeated,
yes, you were in my heart once,
but now you are deleted,
and although you did once capture my heart,
I have sealed your memory behind a wall,
and I am much better off now,
and I rarely think of you at all,
and now, all I think of you is that you,
you were a fool,
a cruel fool and replaceable,
because surely there must be,
someone much kinder than you,
yes, it is true, so,
good riddance to you,
and how glad I am to no longer,
have you in my view,
and although you enchanted me once,
and enticed me,
and captured me with your beauty,
your heart and your soul,
your wicked mind was no good to me,
no good to me at all, no, no, no!
So, I am glad to have left you far behind,
and glad that I have finally managed to pick up,
the pieces of my broken heart,

and at last,
I have fixed it,
and I am tougher now,
tougher now than I used to be,
but I wish I never had to learn,
in your vicious school,
but the lessons you taught me,
have made me a better judge of character after all,
and these days,
these days I suffer no fools,
and wherever you are now,
I hope that you have learnt something,
about how to treat people,
because you were jealous far too often,
and played mind games,
of which you should be ashamed,
and these days,
I am glad to say,
I have smile on my face,
although I am alone,
and you are behind a wall,
and I block you out,
and I rarely think of you at all,
and it is much better for me,
because when I do think of you,
all I think of you,
is that you were so cruel,
a cruel fool,
with a black evil heart,
that to me,
to me was no good at all.